

Poetry Series

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti
- poems -

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Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti(12-03-1971)

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti, popularly known as Zulfiqar Bhatti is a professor of English, poet, author textbook and article writer. After graduating from engineering university started his career as engineer. Soon after he became a professional engineer he realized that he could do well in the field of literature/writing and teaching as most of his early life ideal personalities were his own teachers. His childhood dreams drew him towards the field of literature and he associated himself with the profession of teaching after having done his masters in English Literature from the University of Sindh

A Happy Child Nursery Rhyme

I am in the park,
happy like a lark,
A happy child am I,
Who swings very high,
Swings very high,
up in the sky.

I like to sing and play,
On the good Sunday,
With chocolate, chips and cheese,
Chocolate, chips and cheese,
with gentle cool breeze,
Under the green trees.

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

A Promise

O land of love and peace!
The devils try to forcibly fleece
Your identity from the globe,
Knowing not your sons on probe
Will never let them do
And shed their blood for you!
Will send them to hell soon
And make you free of every goon.

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

A Weapon Free World

You will see no more
Weapons in the world,
If my dream comes true
And the war is hurled.

Weapons kill
And weapons burn.
Weapons are terrible,
They always turn

Man into corpse.
Heaven into hell.
I have seen children
What should I tell?

In the lap of mothers,
With bleeding eyes.
Death over every one
Like a vulture flies.

Play your part,
Come and Awake!
Don't waste time.
Move and make

A weapon free world.
Without any plight
What the world would be
Without any fight.

Where peace prevails
Like a paradise
Come! come! Come!
Reach and rise.

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Allah, The Merciful

Praises to Him who deserves,
He who is the Lord Almighty,
Was when there was nothing,
And will be in the Eternity.

He enlightens our dark hearts,
And He is for us beacon of hope.
He Who takes away all the pain,
If we keep hold tight his rope.

He always answers when we pray,
And never leave us alone in pain.
He blesses us with all we need,
Bright sunshine `nd shower of rain.

Those who keep faith in Him,
And in His name they only pray,
He, the Merciful and Beneficent
Will never let them stray.

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

An Apology To Charles Mackay

We are ashamed, sir dear
We are ashamed.

Neither the earth glistened
In the ray of good time,
Nor we are still
In the way of good time.

Pen is serving, not right
But the mighty lord,
Kneeling bowing bending,
Instead of superseding sword.

Nations still quarrel
To prove them stronger.
Men are being slaughtered
For the sake of honour.

Men are being burned,
Terror rules the world,
Birth, not the worth
Still fools the world.

War, the monster of iniquity
Has worn different masks.
Somewhere proving pride
Somewhere deadly tasks.

We couldn't bring the good time
The good time once you dreamt.
"Let us aid what we can"
We have forgotten what you meant.

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

An Ode To Wealth

Is there any? No, I guess no limits you have,
And your victims, seem, never survive,
Though you ruin, yet people for you crave,
And unbound of all bonds for you thrive,
You cause of all the vices in the world,
Lo! For you but all strive very high
Your admirers always in pain sigh
Find no peace, but in the deep abyss hurled
And sometimes you yourself become their grave.

Is it your love that pushed them into pain?
Or stunning power that drives them ahead?
Are all your enchanting looks fake and feign?
Or sometimes, you too, take a majestic tread?
For Pharaoh People know, No Moses heard,
And it was your tempting hold
Yes for you was Jesus sold
'Ts true, to you, all relations are really absurd
Love, passion, friendship entirely insane.

The prettiest thing, no doubt, you seem, 'ts right,
Cause you not only bring all joys of merry life
But for your possessors bring main and might,
Nothing remains rough, and nothing in strife
What all you want get, what all you wish hold
Hence dearer, all adore you a lot,
And tie with you their love's knot
But you destroy all who come in your fold
So in your presence good ones always feel fright

You are, no doubt, the biggest enemy of the soul,
And you make people richer, their hearts poorer
You breed in them greed, nothing but for the dole
With infected inward, they remain no more purer
Too, they waive their vision and become all blind
Neither they perceive the truth
Nor can they know the sooth
Lust and leisure, but never find peace of mind
Abyss of anguish, agony their ultimate goal

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Bless Me Peace Of Mind

Dear Lord, bless me peace of mind,
So that easily I shall find,
The ways of virtue, not of vice,
To be bold, brave and nice,
It will give me courage enough to fight,
and to help the poor in the plight,
Your blessing will surely make me wise,
to understand life's mysteries and ties

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Butterfly Butterfly Nursery Rhyme

Butterfly, butterfly
Teach us how to fly
Your wings are colorful
You are very beautiful

Butterfly, butterfly
Do not fly high
Come down come down
Yellow and red, blue and brown

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Can An Inspiration Be Killed?

They tried to kill you but
Can an inspiration be killed,
Your blood even strengthen hope
And faith in the dark hearts filled.

The candle of love that you lighted
Brought an end to the night of terror
You know betrayers always bring
Their disaster by their own error

They thought your voice will be
Silenced for ever with your death
Never knew that your martyrdom
Would give all souls a new breadth

Now in the bright sun-lit day that
Has been brought by your sacrifice
All the vicious villains will be chased
And be brought to an end every vice.

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Chivalry

Chivalry is not to fight in the field,
To kill the crowd and not take shield.

Nor it is to defy the death,
And try to fight till the last breadth.

Fray the foe and stay with strength,
Keeping in the chaos line and length.

It is to subdue, the soul in the plight,
And always be by the side of the right.

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Death

Among all which draw out our breath,
The greatest of fears is nothing but death,
Which you feel follows everywhere you go
Yes, but not to those who follow this foe.

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Deceivers

I often think of people who deceive others
Never think of people's rights and druthers
Who feel nothing in playing with feelings
And keep above all their own dealings
They never think of others' whether they
Would plunge into pain or dismay
Being selfish, they do it all to gain glory's fit
In order to be successful in the world, they do it
For their own sake, wishes, desires and pleasure
But of course nothing they get from love's treasure
And when the Lord decides for them fate, decides
With no mercy and kindness to suffer, besides
The're doomed and get back whatever they designed
For others, and no saviour, aide and help they find.

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Determination

Perhaps, sometimes life reveals
Some secrets, which when we know
We then become more wittier
And Know, most friends are our foe

So, the wise are, who neither share
Secrets, nor depend over friends
For the victory, and of course dare
To set for their success their own trends

And they must not keep hope into those
Who, never hesitate to boast the support,
But with you for their designs, actually foes
Success depends not looking at others court

Yes but determination and untiring effort
Make somebody victorious, who never wait
But begin to move towards the destination
And they turn in their favour their fate

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Efforts Never Waste

Yes, with the break of the morning
Even after the dreadful storming
Houses whether scattered on the plain
Or stand still in the sleepy lane
Where the feeble sparks of lanterns did move
But after all efforts could not remove
The darkness which was all around
But left not hope and were not downed
They knew they won't be able to turn
Darkness into light but from history they did learn
Need not to go in the search of the light
Bear the time, as the day will surely come after night
Efforts never waste, efforts never fail
Success does come honour does hail
Those who struggle for the right, and fight
With valour and not lose hope in the plight

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Haikus About Faith

When all leave us alone,
Faith embraces
And let us not moan.

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Haikus About Friendship

Our friends' Value and worth
We come to know
In our misery not in mirth

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Haikus About Hope

Hope takes us ahead
Even when
Our reason is dead

Hope never let us down
We move ahead
And wear victory's crown

Hold only the God's rope
Hoping in people
Is hoping against hope

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Haikus About Life

You ask me what is life?
An undue compromise
And nonparallel strife!

Like a fast flowing stream,
Long life passed,
But it feels like a dream.

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Haikus About Loneliness

Loneliness is like termite
One may seem well
But the soul is in plight

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Haikus About Love

All efforts we render
In love, not
To fight but surrender

Love is life people say
But from the valley
Of death passes its way

Strange is love's cruise
It is the only game
We eagerly want to lose

All the claims of love
Are false if it is
Not the all above

All the claims of love
Are false if you
Won't remove ego's glove

Love doesn't look nice
If you don't
Surrender and sacrifice

Love is but to subdue
Yourself and come
Into beloved's hue

Love doesn't see but feels
And finds sooth of
Soul in the surrender's deals

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Haikus About Soul

Soul, that is ambitions' slave
Is nothing but
A soiled corpse in a grave

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Haikus About Wiat

Waiting for those who leave
Is as if, like
You yourself deceive

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Haikus Of Sadness

Spring's breezes gently pass
On the Indus bank
You are not with me, alas!

Autumn deserted look wears
You in my mind
And in my eyes tears!

Parting summer days
I, lonely think
Why this life's phase?

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Hope

He who believes in fate and fall,
Never loses hope at all,
Knows in life there comes time,
When all goes wrong, nothing fine
Remains around, we feel alone,
Our heart hurts and makes us moan,
But our hope pushes us ahead,
Makes us toil, though time bad,
We fall and rise and lump and move,
finally we find us out of groove.

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

I Will Never Give Up

You may go on, go on to continue,
Whatever you can, and desire to subdue,
My passionate soul, but will never give up,
And will always raise our heads to live up,
Even if cut into thousand pieces,
But will never change our thieses,
And I am not worried even if killed,
My blood will show the path to my guild

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

In The Honour Of Mothers

May heaven help me and hail me the height,
So shall my pen be able to write,
In the honour of those whose name when we take,
It makes the mind glow and heavy hearts light.

In the honour of mothers, whom himself Lord praise,
The poor poet tries, but finds not phrase,
They never live their life, they never hesitate,
On the cost of their comforts, they their children raise.

Have they not dreams and have they not need,
Yes indeed, but they always sacrifice,
Working and waking, toiling and training,
For making the life of children nice.

Neither summer nor winter they take into account,
Their charms and choices are linked with the child.
How weary and worn out, tired and troubled,
But always for the child, mellow and mild.

We were feeble and faint, delicate dependent,
Frail in the form, crept and crippled,
Who was there, with us and always took care,
Our soul slumbered, When her love rippled.

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Intention

Never wait for your goodness to grow bigger,
But carry out deeds even very small they are.
For, not the help but intention is counted,
And makes your deeds worthy on the par!

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Justice Delayed Justice Denied

Delay not justice listen to the cries,
Leave your slumber, wake up and rise.

Masses mourn with hearts out worn,
Ask for help with their tongues torn.

Of course you are not at the devil's side,
But you know; JUSTICE DELAYED JUSTICE DENIED.

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Let Me Not Bless With Wisdom

Dear Lord, let me not, bless with wisdom,
Blessed ones are always weary in tears.
And those who `re blessed with the help,
Live their life without any fears.

Dear Lord, help me live within limits,
To be content with what I own.
Wish of having, much, lot and more,
Makes us mad, we always moan.

Make me strong to be much bold,
To be very kind to those who hurt.
If evil entice me to Wrangle and Revenge.
Halt me, help me to avoid and avert.

Help me to help, to those who suffer,
Make me able, to wipe away their Woes.
Enlighten my heart, to be with the truth,
to seek the strength, and forgive my foes.

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Let The Friends Not Go Away

Sincere friends, no doubt, are healers of our pains and plights
Sooth us even in the misery when the world leaves us alone,
Cause the world is only ours in our merriment and delights
And the friends, with us in our cheers and also when we moan

Friends! let the friends not go away at any cost, stop them,
Sometimes misunderstandings might occur and create disparity
And, if not carefully dealt, faith fades and relations break
And know, what makes them not to go away? your sincerity

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Let The People Live

No man on earth can deny and dare,
Duty to dust and fight to fair,
for tales tell us if there were a few,
Brought death over them in despair.

Make not a wall between the bread,
And those who die of hunger,
You won't find a hiding place,
If they make their mind and lunge.

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Let's Raise Our Voice

Honour to those who always fight,
For their land and for their right.
They feel pain of the humankind,
Anywhere in the world if they find,
Any misery or humans in trouble,
They raise their voice out of rubble
Of unconscious heap of human souls,
Look into the death's eyes with dare,
They never think and never care,
Of their own lives; but the people's plight
And raise their hate to haul the height.
Against all atrocities which forcibly compel
Suffering human beings to crush and quell
Let's join them for the sake of humanity
For the sake of honour to avoid vanity
To make miserable world a peaceful place
With no feelings of bias, blood and race.

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Life

Life is no doubt
But a teacher stern.
In its own way
It makes us learn,
The value of things
Which we do own,
By depriving us
Of them and moan.
It seems beautiful,
Yes it is indeed,
Until we strictly
Follow its creed.

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Life Is To Serve

Lord has blessed us life to serve
Not to blow up in ashes and smoke
How can one help others and solace
When he himself needs stoke
Nor can bring any good for him
Neither of any worth for others
Being a black mole on the life
Becoming a burden losing all druthers

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Love Makes Life Beautiful, Brave And Bold

When? I know not it crept into my veins,
Holding hold of me by its powerful reigns,
Molded and turned me to a man unbound
Of the chains and reigns of things around,
I was not then the slave of lust and leisure
But the worth of worry could I measure,
And it made my vision clear enough to see
In the darkest vales of desires to see
This led me to lands of faith and hope
And that made me easily live and lope
Without any fear and with no any hold
Love makes life beautiful, brave and bold

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Love Unfettered

It is no doubt no matter for love,
To be bold and face, though frail, fray.
Of adversity, asperity, power and proud,
Love though lone, can never be a prey.

Chains and bounds of so-called norms,
Can easily be broken by love profound.
When love wants, dreams come true,
It has remained always unbound.

No tactics of tyrants, no plights of power,
Has ever subdued love unfettered.
Whoever wrangled to sully it or slay,
Love never is defeated, remained bettered.

No monarchy can mold love, neither tyranny,
Towards their side and find any favour.
Yes, but if one wants to win love with love,
Can subdue and surmount with no endivour.

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Must Not Withdraw

No matter how slow we begin to move,
But if the pace is paced, in the right direction,
Sooner or later we are due, to be rewarded
With what we wanted - our destination.

Our destination, may be, far, far away,
Inch by inch, bit by bit, but we move.
Must not withdraw without being afraid,
All the obstacles, surely, will nature remove.

In the course of our struggle we might be alone,
We may lose hope if we lose aiming at the goal.
Moving and marching, aiming and advancing,
Will make up our mind and strengthen our soul.

Out in the world, tales tell us, those who sleep
They neither reach anywhere, nor get anything.
And those who keep on moving, though tortoise,
Always win the race and victorious songs sing.

We must not afraid, of fortune or fate,
Keeping in our mind, it favoures the brave.
"Despair is dangerous", must be our motto,
Success goes to them, who keep on and crave.

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

No More Ignorance

A sleepless and terribly dreadful night
All around are the winds of misery and plight
When the sky poured down the fires; death
Prevailed everywhere in the length and breadth.
But the sons of soil are out in the field to foil
The devilish plot against motherland's sweet soil
Determined not let the enemies win, and
Make their people migrant over their land
Atrocities with those unarmed who can't fight,
Ignorant of what happens around them and
You slowly move their land beneath their feet
You but surely with your ultimate fate will meet
Because how long can one sit and see, who knows
The foes all together conspire which shows
No more ignorance, but if, will be fatal and final

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Ode To River Indus

O, dear Indus, the witness of millenniums'
History, traditions and culture
You feed us with your sweet water
And in your lap you us nurture

You might be a mighty channel
Of flowing water for the world
On your course with water southward
Moving, marching, whirled

But of course for our nation
No doubt You are, but the life
which quenches our thirst, and

Grows for us grain in rife
You, dear Indus, like our mother
And of course our culture's cradle
You feed us with all your love
With your sweet water by a ladle

You, in the length and breath
Of our dear motherland
Make our life so lofty,
And make our living grand

The originator of the culture
Of the ancient Indus Valley
Begin for us form Monserver
And keep on your untiring sally

Through mountains and forests
And over the vast plains
And stretch across the valley
Through your countless veins

That infuse life in us all
And teach us not to give up
Through your untiring efforts
We learn how to live up

You witness of valiant accounts
Of gallant sons and daughters
Tell us to continue and carry on
With your sally of waving waters

With your water pure you nourish
Not only our bodies but our souls
And make us strong, determined
To get whatever we set our goals

Yes you are, but our beingness
Land without you for us sear!
You are great and strong and,
For you we live, you for us, dear!

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Rain Nursery Rhyme

When it rains,
We sing and dance,
Cause for merry making
It's a great chance.

It's no more hot,
It's cool, cool, cool.
We jump play and run,
In the water pool.

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

So-Called Champions Of The Human Rights

No matter if you lose sight and see not,
But what to those who vision clear claim,
Can see pebbles in the children's hands,
Cannot see bombs dropping over them.

The burning bodies of toddlers,
Painful bleeding mothers' eyes,
Mean nothing to them, neither rubble,
Of collapsed houses and the deafening cries.

But they do say, children's protest annoying,
Slogans raised for freedom blackest crime,
Without any slightest feeling of shame,
They say they do it to wash away the grime.

The so-called champions of the human rights,
Silent with dead conscience and lost insight,
Are the black mole on the face of humanity,
Instead of lessening misery augmenting plight.

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

The Battle Field

This piece of work is translation of Sur Kedaro which is one of the 32 chapters of Shah Jo Risalo, the great poetry book of renowned mystic poet Shah Abdul Latif Bhitaiform Sindh Pakistan.

Canto 1

1

The month of Muharram arrives, heart for the princes sinks

God knows better, as he does whatever he likes, thinks

2

The month of Muharram returns but the Imams did not,

I might meet the lords of Medina, God I pray thee a lot.

3

The stalwarts left madina and they did not come back

Am in Plight for those went away, dyer, dye clothes in black

4

Plight of martyrdom was nothing but blessing

Yazid knew not about their eternal love, passion

To sacrifice their lives for their ultimate love

And die for their word their way, their fashion

5

Plight of martyrdom is nothing but pride pure

Stalwarts to know the Karbala's tragedy obscure

Canto 2

1

The Imams leave Madina when the moon sets there
Equipped with swords, lances, axes and eagles along
To the battle field went the sons of Ali where
They will take the field with iron weapons strong

2

Settled in Karbala, the field of fierce battle
Faced Yazid's army with great vigour and whim
With stunning strikes and with their teeth rattle
Fierce battle couldn't make their passion dim

3

The Prophet's siblings came to the land of Karbala
Their fine swords downcast the enemies to slaughter
No doubt the unfearing and undaunted in the battle
Were the sons of the Prophet's beloved daughter

4

Stalwarts came to the land of Karbala
Brave, worthy of praise, undaunted
Earth jolted, and skies too shivered

With valour they their enemies enchanted

5

He gets friends slaughtered, beloved ones killed

And puts his closer ones into pain and plight

He does whatever wishes and whatever likes

Of course there lies some secret of deep insight

Canto 3

1

Is there any, saw gallants fighting in the field with valour great

Blood all around and death, feel the way fair, where life under threat

2

Gallants shine axes, swords and holding lances erect high

They relax them not, eager for martyrdom, ready to die

3

Charging and marching and fighting are the gallants' trends

They keep on assaulting and, too, take care of friends,

4

The warriors came across with deafening sword strikes

And the stalwarts one after the other came down dead

Bloodshed all around, bloodstained bodies scattered

All around is hue and cry, and the field is all red

5

Warriors in the war shout and charge

And here cried one there the other breath

Trumpets cry at high on either side

Heroes and horses embraced the death

6

Heroes and horses shorter lives lead

Either at home or in the battle field

7

Martyrs' bodies are brought back

In the battle field is hue and cry

Wives mourn for'em in the shack

With soiled hair on death of ally

8

Clad in wedding clothes, get ready and come along, groom

And fear not in spears strikes till you earn martyr's bloom

9

Say not the husband fled away the field,

Pleased if hear, killed with wounds in his face

But If he bears in the back, I would die

Of unbearable pain, plight and disgrace

10

With out-thrust neck, proud wife sing aloud

Whose husbands were in the field martyred

'Such brave and undaunted warriors' they say

'With their blood red they their clans honoured'

11

I'd love If you die fighting and I for you cry

But. dear husband flee not of the field

Life's nothing but a very short ally

Shame forever which carping taunts yield

Canto 4

1

Dew fell or the twisters made them reach a weald

There came night over Ali's children in the battle field

2

Yazid, put not Ali's children in the quarrel's plight

You will never avail whatever will be Hussein's delight

3

Cruel Kufains came to the tyrant's fold

Imam determined not to give up faith

Though under the impure people's hold

And gladly braced a martyr's death

4

Cruel Kufians sent word in the name of Lord

We your slaves, you the master of us all

Must you come once, we for your wait here

Be our saviour and listen to our eager call

5

Cruel Kofians allow not drink water in Karbala

There the children remember Ali, their father

And look around for Muhammad, the Prophet

Ask for aide from tyrants around that gather

6

Early in the morning there came a bird

At the Prophet's shrine cried with painful moan

From the land of Karbala with saddening word

Seen swords striking, aide the children own

Canto 5

1

Hassan not there to aide Hussein in plight

And he is far, far away from his natal sod

Where Yazid assaults over him day and night

With his well trained, equipped warrior squad

2

Hassan not there to help the brother in the battle

If were there would have helped and sacrificed

Now, no one else is there to offer some aide,

Who could for Hussein his enemies have sliced

3

Not all in the battle field remain bold and brave

But only who care not life and for death they crave

4

He yet loves life if he does take shield

Gallant waits for none but marches ahead

Among all the warriors in the battle field

Stalwart all aloan jumps to fight instead

5

Make doubt free heart, if want thee victory

Assault and wrestle and take not shield

Strike with spears with cries and shouts

Lumber cut enemies, take the battle field

6

Hur, the sturdy stout came straight and said,

Am but a slave to your grandfather, the Prophet nice

May I get his blessings as I am here to present

Myself, my soul and body for you sacrifice

7

Hur, though came from the other side to fight

He was with Hussien from the core of his heart

'My life is for you dear lord' said the true knight

Allah doesn't burden a soul more than his sort

And I will do whatever I can against the plight'

Then braced martyrdom and well played his part

8

Wearing combat hamlet, audacious stalwart proud and sure

Stood undaunted though turned red with his blood pure

9

Beard bloodstained, teeth too, red like pomegranate flowers

Turban in the battle field shone like the full fourteenth moon

His mother to feel proud in the company of Muhammad, the prophet

Praise is for the vigorous gallant, martyred on the tenth's afternoon

10

The mother cleansed the Karbala's dust, and Ali wounds of the martyr

The Lord Almighty pardoned for the gallant's brave blood's barter

Canto 6

1

O warrior lord! throw thee onto the spears till thy last breath

For such an adorable sight for the years waits the death

2

As the goats cover mount, the vultures on the battle field

The warriors charge and chase and follow and fight

Widows of martyrs to raise the price of blue in numbers

They are to wear the mourning clothes after the plight

3

Vigorous warriors can't stop fighting in the field

They battle in the name of Lord and sacrifice

Their lives before Imams, and warmly welcomed

With flowers' wreathes by virgins in Eden so nice

4

Heaven is the home to stalwarts where they go

To Eden they move then, and meet the Lord

Bless me with a chance great, O, dear God,
And show me their face with your kind accord

5

Hassan and Hussien mourned by three clans
Men and brutes and angels in skies
Birds, too, cried, the bloved ones depart
Oh lord, eternal honour for them apprise

6

Those heartily adore not, Hassan and Hussein
The Creator Lord will never forgive them

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

The Lord Of The Ring

When all the doors you pass are shut,
And all the roads you travel are blocked,
When the life seems to be dump and dull,
And the luck seems to be locked.

Leave not the rope of the hope,
Even if you so feeble feel,
Make your mind and call your courage,
It brings in the brain zest and zeal.

Have not you heard the spider's struggle,
That showed the path to Bruce the king,
Who thought and fought to gain his glory,
That made him finally the lord of the ring.

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

The Love Of Land

Life is nothing but to turn into ashes,
If not lived with love of land.
All the cracks such love crashes
And blesses you a grandeur grand
The miracle is as you turn down to earth,
Your grace grows higher `nd higher to skies
All the pains and plights suffer dearth
And like a sovereign sun you come and rise.

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

The Profoundest Love!

The profoundest love that is ever made
Is the love of motherland, dears
That makes us bold and brave,
And waves off all our fears,
It turns men into humankind,
And they reason of their creation find
Love of land infuses in them celestial breath
Which keeps them alive even after death.

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

There Would Be Someone Waiting

By: Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Not all but trees crowned with still green,
And yellowing fallen leaves with wind fly,
And the beautiful moments we can still glean
Under the pleasant shades when clouds ply
In these passing days when nature attracts,
And you my dear friend say farewell why?
My eyes wet, heart aches, breaking all contracts
You, leaving me making pain my only ally.
Why people part others like yellow leaves,
Why they become for their interests so sly,
Knowing without them their heart heaves,
But you must listen before you say bye,
In the course of life so sweet you dream
If you find you alone and weary, and spy
Infidelity, and feel sad and want to bream,
Need not to recall the past moments and sigh
Go back with firm belief that there would be someone
Waiting for you with heart broken, wet eye, I.

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Time Will Show Worth Of All

Measure not the sincerity of friends,
Time will show you worth of all,
Those with you in cheers and delight,
Probably won't, answer to your call,
When you're in trouble or lagging behind,
Most of them'll fly and flee.
Lose not hope and make no mourn,
Let them go and gain their glee.
This is how heaven helps us all,
Showing the faces of foes in friends,
Driving the devious away at all,
Teaching us, training us, the life's trends.

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti

Worth

Whatsoever traits the world may adopt
But to betray the nation is not worthy of man
The invader's power is the fact no doubt.
But to bow and live before him insane!

Zulfiqar Ali Bhatti