

THE REMAINING POEMS

1991

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F O R E W O R D

I am not a poet  
Not even a versifier.  
I just pen down  
What I feel sincerely.  
It lightens my burden  
Gives me satisfaction.  
My imagination  
Is fragmentary.  
I write short poems  
for my relief.

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THE NEWS

They ask about the news  
The Great News are  
About which they wrangle;  
They should know then  
They would certainly know.

Did we not create the mountains  
Erected them like pegs?  
Made pairs for creation  
The night for garment  
And the day for work.

We built the sky as a roof  
Decorated it with lights  
We poured the rain from above  
For the growth of vegetation  
And filled gardens with fruits  
And flowers of various hues.

And when the trumpet will blow  
The gates will be opened  
For you to be marched from graves,  
The Hell will be for the sinful  
And Paradise for the pious.

The righteous will drink  
From crystal goblets  
They will be saved from lies  
And silly chatter.

All the souls and angels  
will stand in silent rows  
None will dare to speak  
Except with our permission  
And he will utter only Truth.

That day is bound to come  
When the disbelievers will say  
Alas could we become  
Just bits of clay.

O! ALLAH

O! my Allah  
Friend of the lonely  
Companion of the solitary.  
You are always near us  
Never far from us  
You are present everywhere.

You are All Powerful  
None is stronger than you  
You alone are Alive  
And Eternal  
You support everyone.

You are the light of heaven and earth  
You have decorated the world and the sky  
You keep the universe intact.

You who remove all pain and suffering  
You give comfort to the grieved  
You cure all distress.

Most Merciful of the merciful  
All my needs are before you

Save me from  
death in distress.  
Make me one of those  
Whose faces shine with bliss  
And one of those whom  
You have selected for favours.

WHAT I WANT TO BE

I do not want to be  
A troubled Hamlet or old Lear.

I am not Dicken's David Copperfield  
or Hardy's Gabriel Oak.

I must not become  
Dostoevesk's Idiot  
or Conrad's Marlow.

I do not want to live  
Like Eliot's Prufrock  
or Yeat's Old Crazy Jane.

I could not be  
What I wanted to be  
For I did not will it strongly.

Why should I try and adopt  
A fictitious character?  
or write a monologue.

My wish is to exist  
As a true Muslim  
To gain sole satisfaction  
In His Peace and Mercy.

OJHRI CAMP

Fateful day  
It seems the end of world  
is near.

The twin cities are rocked  
smoke flares shoot up.  
The hills resound  
as rockets fly.

Houses collapse, bombs burst;  
Missiles rain havoc  
From Ojhri camp.

Deafening is the thunder,  
Roaring blasts  
tear limbs from flesh.  
The dying groan  
The living cry.

Hospitals are full.  
The cause of disaster  
Will not be known.

Many people have disappeared  
Some have been-buried alive.  
This havoc is the result  
of our own sinful doings.

THE SURVIVAL

I have not learnt the art of living  
 I know there is no bigger fool than myself  
 Only He has preserved me  
 And I appear respectable to a few.

I have done everything to harm myself  
 And yet I continue to live  
 Because of His Mercy  
 And some people treat me kindly.

Many who were wiser, better organised  
 Leave me surprised, how they suffered  
 In this sorry world of affairs  
 I have stayed in a peaceful corner.

SELF-PITY

Knowingly and unknowingly too  
 I have harmed myself  
 By my own inactivity.

My life has been irregular  
 And undisciplined  
 I have learnt nothing.

A pundit once told my mother  
 "Your child will be contemplative."  
 I have always been brooding.

Making no efforts, delaying.  
 I have ignored my responsibility  
 How could I achieve anything?

What I have lost  
 Cannot comfort me  
 Now that I am over seventy.

Only Allah's mercy  
 Can save me.



MY POETRY

A feeble old man  
Chewing tobacco with betel  
I am despicable.

Of what use is brooding  
And writing pages after pages  
Presenting my lazy thinking  
As poetry?

Need I communicate  
My ennui?

Who will read  
This composition  
Which shows no skill?

My articulation  
Is for own satisfaction.

None should publish  
Such rubbish.

SICKNESS AND CURE

Sickness is the result of sin  
Prayer is medicine  
The cure is repentance.

Thou alone art praiseworthy  
There is no god except Thee  
I am among the wrongdoers  
Forgive me.

I FEEL ASHAMED

I feel grieved,  
I am ashamed of my deeds  
I have debased myself  
I have wasted my life.

I have been inconsistent  
Irregular and irresponsible  
I have been sadly foolish  
I have proved myself  
Thoroughly incompetent.

I have sinned knowingly  
Acted most unwisely  
Repeating the same mistakes  
Over and over again.

Now that damage has been done  
It seems too late to mend my ways  
My efforts are too feeble.

Drowning myself in grief  
Every breath is a lament  
A sob every moment.

Almighty Allah! I beg forgiveness  
I turn to Thee  
Instead of cursing myself  
I just pray to Thee.

Make my loss a profit  
Transform my evil deeds  
into virtues.

Sin is sickness  
Prayer medicine.

THE REALIZATION

Thou gave me life  
So I have lived  
Thou enabled me to live

If I have survived  
It is because of Thy mercy.

I could not exist  
Without Thy will.

I realize Thou art  
My Benefactor  
Cherisher, Sustainer  
I seek Thy pleasure.

I solely depend on Thee.

PRAYER FOR MY WIFE

Ya Arhamur Rahimeen  
 Most merciful of merciful  
 Be merciful to her  
 She should not suffer  
 Any further.

Lying on her sick bed  
 She must not be depressed  
 Nor feel distressed.  
 We have loved one another  
 Forgive all our sins  
 And failures.

When the time comes for exit  
 From this earthly abode  
 Our souls should go together.

Reward us with a place  
 In Paradise  
 Where we live for ever.

SINCERELY

I am ashamed of myself  
 I have failed miserably.

I have betrayed the trust  
 I have proved worthless.

It is surprising to see  
 That people respect me.

There is no sin  
 which I have not committed  
 Not innocently, but knowingly.

And yet He who gave me life  
 Gives me more opportunities  
 To reform myself.

May I be saved a dismal end  
 I repent sincerely,  
 He alone can help me.

SALVATION

Blessed are those  
 Whose virtues lead to other virtues  
 Whose earnings are increased  
 By daily profits.

They live righteously  
 And enjoin good on others  
 Their efforts ennoble society  
 They exercise pious influence  
 And carry on the reformation work.

Woe to those who indulge  
 in sloth and luxury.  
 One sin leads to another  
 Blackening the heart  
 By soul destroying activity.

Men will be judged by their deeds  
 The good rewarded, the wicked punished.  
 Harboring noble thoughts is worship  
 Acting upon them brings salvation.

HOW SWEET

How sweet are the breaths of peace  
 After pain and distress  
 The relief when fever subsides  
 The joy of health  
 The calm after the storm  
 When the soft breeze is fresh.

May it be the same  
 When the soul leaves the body  
 Free of all stress and strain  
 Throwing away its burden of sins.

But all the gain certainly  
 Is through patience and prayer?  
 And His continuous remembrance  
 So I must love Him deeply.

DREAMS

I dream many a time  
That I am near Mekkah  
Very close to Haram Sherif  
I see Hazret ji going  
But cannot view the Big Mosque  
I have lost my way.

I feel worried distracted  
By strange mad people  
All around me cluttered  
With bags and baggage  
I am impure, unclean  
In search of water for Wuzu  
I rush here and there  
Eager to perform Namaz  
Asking for a clue.

So close and yet unable  
To perform the Umra.  
How could I be so neglectful  
And unconsciously busy?  
Deprived of the blessings  
Of putting the Ihram  
And performing Tawaf.  
I feel dismayed utterly.  
I wake up with grief  
Thinking of what I miss.

I have dreamt all this before  
And the opposite has taken place  
A visit to His House is overdue.  
I the undeserving may be  
Again allowed entrance  
And rewarded with the  
Fulfilment of my wish  
To visit Mekkah and to see  
The Kaaba in its full glory.

TO MYSELF

What have you gained?  
Living for seventy years  
In so many places  
Making friends, playing games  
Eating delicacies,  
Travelling by planes  
By cars by trains  
Reading so many books  
Learning nothing.

The departure is near  
Do you know your destination?  
Have you prepared  
For the end? No.

You have been forgetful  
You have been wasteful  
You have been neglectful  
You have been sinful.

What can you do then  
To be saved from total loss  
When the blame is fixed?

Submit even now  
To a discipline  
Lead a life of prayer.  
You have leisured enough  
Do some work  
Writing poems does not help.

WHERE DO THEY GO?

Where do they go?  
Do you know?

You see the departures  
Daily in large numbers.  
None of them returns  
Where do they go?

The grave is a proper place  
But a temporary abode.

Millions of them lie low  
Buried, but would awake  
One day, you know.

We all come from Him  
And to Him will return.  
If you know it, then  
Why not obey Him?

THE EXIT

This is certain  
That you must go  
And you should know.

Sooner or later  
You must go  
Get ready now.

There is the exit  
You have lived enough  
Do some good deed  
Before you go  
And Pray to Him  
Be saved from woe.

THE ACCEPTANCE

When the struggle is over  
 A gift for a Momin  
 Is His loving care.

And there are further rewards  
 The end of all worries  
 The acceptance of His pleasure  
 The life in Paradise  
 The company of the blessed  
 And peace for ever.

SHERGARH

Arriving at Shergarh I learn  
 This place is historical.

The mosque appears bright  
 with a green lawn outside.  
 The ancestral tombs stand on a mount  
 Surrounded by a cluster of trees.  
 There is a vast space  
 before the calm horizon  
 Where your eyes can roam freely.

Nothing can disturb the peace here  
 So plunge in meditation and prayer.

That person is best  
 who serves humanity  
 For the sick there is a dispensary.

The Almighty is most merciful  
 To Him is our gratitude.  
 His blessings are infinite  
 Always and everywhere.

So forget life's fatigue  
 There is all the comfort  
 After suffering and distress  
 If you continue your labour  
 The reward is His pleasure.

INDEPENDENCE DAY 14TH AUGUST 1990

We gained our independence.  
 What have we done to preserve it?  
 Living in debt totally,  
 Where is our self-reliance?

Politically and economically  
 We are not free  
 And culturally ignobly  
 Under Satanic influence  
 Neglecting all spirituality.

We call ourselves Muslims  
 Which is in name only.  
 Where are the signs of obedience  
 In our daily existence?

Is this our love of His Prophet?  
 That we follow the lead  
 Of His sworn enemies  
 Ignoring the consequence?

Absorbed in the material world.  
 And fearful of death.  
 We are one with Jewry  
 Proclaiming only falsely  
 Freedom and democracy.  
 We have failed miserably.

This day of Independence  
 Is not for silly joy.  
 But for reflection and soberiety  
 We have not fulfilled the pledge.  
 We made to the people  
 With seeming sincerity.

If we want to survive  
 We must repent honestly  
 And strive in our duty.

TO THE POLITICIANS

Seeking assistance of foreign powers  
 Gaining power by betrayal  
 Paying lip service to democracy  
 Making speeches, hiring agents  
 Actually you look after  
 Your own selfish interests  
 Leading the nation to disaster.  
 Prospering with bribery.

You care for the party  
 And forget the country  
 You use your followers  
 To create disorders  
 Chaos and Corruption  
 Unmindful of the consequences.

Filling the newspapers with rancour  
 Issuing false statements  
 Denouncing your opponents  
 Telling lies or breathing fire  
 You excite mobs to violence  
 And protect the wrong doers  
 Letting lose the dacoits and criminals.

Ignoring the message of love and peace  
 Playing in the hands of Muslim enemies  
 Neglecting prayers in luxurious living  
 Revealing contempt for Islam  
 Forgetting your merciful Creator  
 How will you gain salvation?



Acquiring illegal property  
 Throwing parties, making tours  
 Wasting huge sums of money  
 Leading to the inflation  
 You have ruined the economy  
 Increased the national indebtedness.

Dividing people in warring camps  
 You have sought and acquired power  
 But this is all temporary  
 You will be punished for your sins.

After Marianne Moore

This is just a parody.

Poetry requires leisure  
 You have to detatch yourself  
 From the environments  
 And then reflect  
 Upon what you have done  
 And wanted to do  
 But could not do.

The possibilities seem endless  
 Without any striving  
 Or active participation  
 But the attainment is nil.

Whatever you write is nonsense  
 With no meaning or message  
 So keep on composing  
 When occupied with nothing  
 Finding relief in absurdity  
 Pretending to grasp the reality  
 Which you can never understand.

NOW THAT YOU ARE AWAY

Flower of my dreams  
 Your picture is in my eyes  
 Once you were encouraging  
 But I was afraid of sin  
 Now without touching you  
 I shall remain content  
 used to unfulfilment.

Sweet was your moon smile  
 which I could not kiss  
 My attempts were failures  
 you were mine only  
 In imagination.

Words could not convey  
 what you knew without saying  
 Now that you are distant  
 There is no excitement  
 of contact inevitable.

Do you then remember me  
 with all your thoughtful maturity?  
 I have no claims over your memory.

There would be no occasion  
 For shame or disgust,  
 I will never get an opportunity.

THE INTEREST

Keeping at a distance  
 Growing older everyday  
 I am still interested in you  
 Living in separation.

We cannot get together  
 And there can be  
 Nothing to gain further  
 No trial, no error.

This seems enough  
 That we are friendly  
 And remain wishing well  
 For one another.

THE OUTCAST

I must now express myself  
 I try my best to avoid you  
 I have suppressed the desire  
 Even to look at you.

I have made many attempts  
 To forget you, but no  
 I cannot do so  
 Unless you reject me for ever.

Sweet were the dreams, I saw you  
 Treating me kindly, lovingly  
 And I prayed for you  
 I wanted to kiss you.

Now worn out with age  
 I lack all courage  
 Faint with desire  
 And hate myself  
 Do tell me please  
 That you dislike me.

Let me remain an outcast  
 Ignore me completely  
 For loves embers still grow  
 in the ashes of Hope.

LOVE IN OLD AGE

Shame O! shame.  
 I have known  
 Lust and rage  
 In old age.

Lack of control  
 Painful excitement  
 Troubled soul.

Sinful flesh  
 Lips and breasts  
 Appeals of sex.

Unfulfilled desire  
 Foolish temptation  
 Sad repentance.

God Almighty  
 Save me from  
 Hell - its fire.  
 I am seventy.

CONVERSATION IN IMAGINATION

I realise what you said  
 The contradiction  
 Between what I say and do.  
 I am a frail creature.

Professions of piety  
 Attitudes of prayers  
 Cannot hide my  
 Sinful nature.

In the foulness of my heart  
 I imagine that you love me  
 And I want to kiss you  
 And to embrace you.

Then I repent and feel ashamed  
 I try to avoid you  
 But the conflict in me  
 Cannot be resolved easily.

You have been so kind  
 And often checked me  
 Sometimes with anger  
 How can I be good to you?

THE ATTACHMENT

Once she liked me  
 And I loved her  
 She can never be mine  
 I cannot possess her.

She comes to me  
 And I look at her  
 But she belongs to another  
 I must live without her.

We cannot be together  
 Nor speak openly  
 But I always think of her  
 This ends the matter.

TOO LATE

It is too late now  
 Both for me and for her  
 To love one another  
 We can never be together.

I managed to annoy her  
 I cannot be foolish again  
 Even if she is willing  
 I should not approach her.

I must keep an appearance  
 Maintain a friendly nature  
 But forget that we were  
 Once so close together.

NIGHT AND PEACE

Peaceful are the nights  
 When I remain awake  
 And remember Thee.

Thy remembrance  
 Gives all the satisfaction.

I have never worked hard  
 To seek Thy pleasure  
 Yet Thy kindness has been immense.  
 I cannot thank Thee enough  
 For helping me so much.

Bless my parents  
 Who were so affectionate  
 Bless all the believers -  
 Men and women.  
 Let me love those  
 Who love Thee.

Make my sons and daughters  
 Steadfast in prayer  
 And they should live  
 In the company of the righteous.

SHE REMEMBERED

I can never forget her  
 She loved me so much  
 She cared for me so much.

I remember her affection  
 She was a wonderful mother.

She sent me to the mosque  
 When I was a child  
 Took me for Hajj twice  
 As she grow old.

When she died in London  
 She was eighty six  
 Till the end active on her feet.

We buried her in a grave  
 With tears in our eyes  
 She rests under the shade of a tree  
 May we meet again in Paradise.

SHE IS IN C.M.H.

The August night is cool after the rain  
 Sweet smells the Lady of the night  
 My wife occupies a bed in C.M.H.

She has been operated thrice  
 Will she then survive?  
 I remember her virtuous life.

She is still in intensive care  
 Looking completely exhausted  
 Unable to eat anything.

She has remained hardworking  
 Given birth to eight children  
 Now grandmother of twenty three.

Regular in offering tahajjud prayer  
 Always reading the Quran  
 Soft, silent and subdued  
 She has been loved by everyone.

We have lived together for forty five years  
 She has been running the household  
 It makes me sad to think  
 That she should be no more.

May Almighty Allah give her health  
 Prolong her peaceful existence  
 Multiply her virtuous deeds  
 Till she gains a place in paradise.

THE QURAN HER COMPANION

The Quran was her companion  
 She recited it day and night  
 And remained ba wazu.

The Quran delighted her heart  
 It should be the light  
 In her grave too.

May it be her intercessor  
 A guarantee of Thy favour,  
 A constant Protector,  
 A source of Pleasure.

GRATITUDE AND PRAYER

For seventy full years  
 I have received Thy bounties  
 My Cherisher!

For seventy long years  
 I have lived in safety  
 My Protector!

When I plunged in sin  
 Thou hast pardoned me  
 My Forgiver!

Make my end comfortable,  
 Reward me with Thy sight  
 O! Glorifier!

SELF PITY AND POETRY

Will you care for  
 An old scarecrow  
 With whitebeard and sad eyes?

Will you love me  
 When none likes me  
 And I feel ignored  
 Required no more.

You are sweet and lovely  
 For my rhetoric  
 I only possess  
 A hoarse cough  
 And a lean skeleton  
 Supported by a stick.

Considering myself a poet  
 I write poems after poems  
 Which will never be published  
 Only I will read them  
 And then throw them  
 In the waste paper basket  
 For a rhythmic effect.

RESPECT

Now I think of it  
 I am ashamed of what I did.

I transgressed the limits  
 Clasped you, kissed you.

You were angered, disturbed  
 You saved me from sin  
 So I respect you.



POEM PRAYER

Thou hast given me opportunity  
 To remember Thee  
 Made my life easy.

Thou hast saved me from  
 Toil, pain and sickness  
 Knowing my capability.

I cannot thank Thee fully  
 I have neither art nor skill  
 My prayer is poetry.

AS I GROW OLD

In my old age  
 The subsistence has increased  
 More clothes to wear, more foods to eat.

As I grow older  
 He extends further support  
 He has helped me more and more.

How can I thank Him for His bounty  
 May my last moment  
 Bring Him closer to me.

ZIKR

For every breath inhaled  
Say subhanallah,

For every breath exhaled  
Say Alhamdolillah.

For every morsel, every sip  
Alhamdolillah.  
He keeps all alive.  
Only He is the greatest  
Allahoakbar, Allahoakbar.  
La Ilaha Illallah.

There is no god except Him  
Live in submission  
To gain satisfaction  
Be grateful.  
Thank Him, Praise Him.  
He looks after all of us  
Serve Him, Live for Him.

DEATH II

Browning said he didnot fear the fog  
For Iqbal a smile on his lips  
was the mark of a Muslim  
When he breathed his last.

My dear old mother  
often talked about death  
But in her last moment  
She wanted to be saved  
May Allah protect her.

My son it is said  
Gave a hearty laugh  
He fell from the roof of a bus  
Travelling in His path  
May Allah give him reward.

My wife in her sleep  
raves and feels afraid  
She looks like a corpse  
After her sickness  
And leaves me aghast  
May Allah give her health.

How will I meet my end  
Seems uncertain  
So I recite the Kalima  
In anticipation.

Death is mentioned as  
A reward for the momin  
Dear to one who loves Allah's Prophet.

DISMAY

Saudi Arabia occupied by U.S. Forces  
 Can there be greater dismay  
 The land of the Prophet  
 Under the satanic sway?

The Arabs fight one another  
 And remain divided among themselves  
 They have now invited  
 The sworn enemies of Islam  
 For the defence of the Holy land  
 To plan and manoeuvre on desert soil  
 Take possession of wealth and oil.

Their naval vessels block the gulf  
 Aircraft loaded with bombs and missiles  
 Are ready for disastrous attack  
 The Arab rulers are figure heads  
 With all their riches - pawns and puppets.

The Israelis wait for further expansion  
 From the Nile to the Euphrates  
 Their friends in the Superpowers  
 Are willing to assist them.

The Muslim world has proved powerless  
 To defend itself. It depends  
 solely on others for national security  
 There is no cohesion or Islamic unity  
 We obey others and accept orders  
 From all except Allah and His Prophet.

We are the villains  
 Planning own destruction.  
 Fouling the fair name of Islam.

THE AFTERMATH

Men have perfected and refined  
 The weapon systems of own destruction  
 For unprecedented slaughter.  
 They pride on their capacity to overkill  
 Neglecting the ecological disaster.

The pollution of nature  
 The deaths and decomposition  
 Are because of the sins  
 of greed, hatred and ambition,  
 And the foulness within.

Our misdeeds lead to suffering  
 And punishment for disobedience.  
 There will be further chaos,  
 And no prospects of peace  
 Till there is a moral and spiritual order  
 In the Middle East.

Having seen the havoc  
 In Kuwait and Iraq  
 Can you deny the existence of Hell?  
 And its awful miseries.

But this is just a semblance  
 of the final catastrophe  
 When there will be only smoke and fire  
 And myriads suffer tortures  
 Subject to Almighty Allah's decree.

None would celebrate a victory  
The winners and the defeated  
will mourn in grief together.

No truce will bring respite  
There will be no ceasefire  
But merciless thrashing and battering  
By the angels with iron clubs.

Only a few will escape punishment,  
For the believers and the righteous  
There will be the rewards in Paradise  
And pleasures which none can experience on earth.

It is our duty to make the people understand  
The message of the Prophets for mankind  
They follow the Devil,  
Prevent them from falling in the trap,  
The ummah must fulfil the responsibility  
of inviting men to the submission of Allah.

### The Elders

Maulana Zainul Abedin said  
"His life is useless  
Who is afraid of death  
One who does'nt know how to die  
Does not know how to live."

Maulana Palanpuri said  
"The greatest sinner is he  
Who does not consider himself a sinner.  
The best sinner is one  
Who repents".

Tauba and Istighfar  
Are for protection  
Allah's forgiveness.

RAMADAN MARCH 1991

Again the Ramadan comes with its blessings  
 I cannot put in much effort  
 I seek only Allah's forgiveness  
 It's spring, the flowers bloom  
 The mosques are full of worshippers  
 People hurry for Taravih prayers.

You can feel the visible difference  
 In Pakistan, the life routine is changed  
 We can achieve a breakthrough.

The Quran is for our guidance  
 If we understand the significance of fasting  
 And accept the discipline.

We can be honoured only  
 By accepting the mission of the Prophet  
 And reciting the Kalima in right earnest.

There is peace and sweetness  
 in His remembrance  
 And purification through Salat

The gates of Paradise are opened  
 For those who seek His pleasure  
 And pray before Sehr and Iftar.

Woe to those who lose  
 This excellent opportunity  
 Woe to those who fail to reform themselves.

THE HEIGHTS

Those who laboured hard  
 And worked sole purposely  
 Have reached their goal  
 Or are near it.

They will be on the pinnacles of glory  
 I view their ascent  
 Admire their efforts.

The burden of my sins  
 Makes me sorry  
 And has weakened me  
 I lack their energy  
 For the climb upwards.

From below the valley  
 I remain a spectator  
 Longing for their company  
 At the hill tops.

I can only join them  
 In my wishful thinking  
 Their limit is the sky  
 I cannot gain the heights.

DISCIPLINE

Take not the devious path  
 Waste not the precious time  
 Mould your conduct  
 Regulate your behaviour  
 Then see the result.

A disciplined life  
 will bring satisfaction  
 And peace to your soul  
 To end the strife.

Be not dismayed  
 Exercise control  
 And cheerfully  
 Submit to His will.

DOUBT

I remember my follies  
 And I feel ashamed.

I have become aged  
 Without getting wiser.

I wasted my years  
 My songs are cries  
 Lost opportunities  
 gain no prize.

Making no effort here  
 How can I acquire  
 Thy sweet pleasure  
 In the hereafter?

IN TROUBLE

O! Almighty  
 My soul is troubled  
 The sins which seemed beautiful  
 Have plunged me in darkness.  
 What seemed attractive  
 Has lead to suffering.

Purify my heart of filth  
 Wash my breast clean  
 Save me from despair.

I cannot proceed further  
 My last breath  
 Should bring me closer  
 To Thee.

Thy nearness I seek  
 Confer Thy favour  
 Draw me nearer  
 Reward me with Thy sight.

ONLY HE WILL REMAIN

The days that are over  
 will not return.  
 The hours you have spent  
 will not come back.  
 The travellers that depart  
 will not return.  
 The birds that have flown  
 will not find their nests.

The relatives who are dead  
 will not embrace you.

The family gatherings  
 which were enjoyments  
 will there be no more  
 what is past is over  
 The future uncertain.

Only the stars that set  
 will rise again  
 Till the resurrection  
 When they too will be scattered  
 He alone will remain.

A PRAYERA PRAYER

We are the wrong doers  
The forgetful ones  
neglecting our duties.

We wake up to receive  
The reminders  
Then forget ourselves.

Yielding to temptation  
Exercising no control  
Indulging in wastefulness  
That brings only loss.

Our activities are soul destroying  
And make us habitual sinners.

He the Merciful  
Has saved us so far  
Given us opportunities  
To reform ourselves.

We should then repent  
O! Almighty Allah  
Give us a fresh start  
Change our wrongs to right  
Save our necks  
From the fires of Hell.

ACCEPT MY PRAYER

O! Allah  
Thou listens to what I say  
Thou art aware of what is apparent  
And what is secret about me  
Nothing is hidden from Thee.

I am in dire distress and need  
Thy support for strength.

I tremble fearfully  
I plead guilty  
I have acted sinfully  
Accept my apology.

I beseech Thee  
Like a beggar  
Who is blind and needy.

I cry  
With a bowed neck  
And flowing tears  
Before Thee I prostrate  
To rub my nose in dust.

Do not then reject me  
Most Merciful of merciful  
Kindest of all  
Accept my prayer,  
And assist me.



ANOTHER PRAYER

So infinite is Thy Mercy  
 Every moment is a blessing  
 I feel it fully.

My prayer, my life, my death  
 should be for Thy sake only  
 I should live to remember Thee.

For give me, purify me  
 Let me join the lofty  
 of Thy company.

Make my grave  
 A garden of paradise  
 Give me the bliss of eternity.

YET ANOTHER PRAYER

O! Almighty Allah  
 Thou hearest everyone  
 Thou seeest everything.  
 Thou hast no companion  
 And no Assistant.

O! Creator of the Sun  
 Bestower of light to the Moon  
 Thou provides shelter to the needy  
 Thou nourishes the infant baby  
 Thou joins the broken bone  
 And heals the fracture  
 Gives health to the sickly.

I pray to Thee  
 Make the Quran  
 A cure for my distress  
 A flowery spring for my heart.

O! my Cherisher  
 Give me the best in this life  
 And in the hereafter.

I PRAY TO THEE

Who can help me  
None except Thee.

I am a total loss  
who can save me  
None Except Thee.

How can I get rid of it  
The evil that has possessed me  
Satan is my enemy.

Woeful and depressed  
In this old age  
I feel so sorry.

I turn to Thy remembrance  
Forgive my disobedience  
I pray to Thee  
To Thee only.

THE CLOSE

Thou gave me  
Full seventy years to live  
To enjoy thy blessings  
I proved an ungrateful wretch  
wasted Thy gifts  
Did not serve Thee

Now at the close  
I have only remorse  
That cannot suffice.

But Thy Mercy is boundless  
Forgive my sins  
And utter incompetence  
Turn my loss in profit  
Tilt the balance  
in my favour.

Make my death a blessing  
For me and  
For those after me.

THE LAST PRAYER

I have become old and feeble  
Broken down completely.

O! Allah forgive me  
Have mercy upon me  
Unite me with the lofty.

Make my death a blessing  
And bless me after death  
Allah Almighty!

Give me the sweet relish  
Of looking at Thy Face  
Give me with the longing  
Of meeting Thee.

NEARNESS

He is not far  
He is so close to you  
Closer than any one else  
He is very near you.

Because of your neglect  
You have not realized  
How near He is to you.

Wherever you go  
He is with you.  
Turn your face in any direction  
His face is before you.

How can you forget Him?  
Why don't you live  
In the bliss of His Company.

He sees everything  
He listens to every one  
He knows everything  
Why don't you pray to Him  
With your heart and soul?

ADVICE

You are sadly depressed  
Because you wasted your life.

Desires lead to errors  
Pleasures do not last for ever  
The sins that you committed  
Have deprived you of energy.

Grieving over past mistakes  
Will not help  
The opportunities that you missed  
Can only evoke sighs.

Despise yourself for being useless  
But lose not faith in His mercy.

THE EPILOGUE

Allah Almighty!  
I have wasted enough  
And gained nothing.

I should not linger more  
I must not relax further  
The end must be most productive,

Enable me to make a final effort  
To turn my loss into gain.

Death should bring  
Peace and salvation  
Accept my submission  
I know it's late.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

Recollections

Wajid Ali 1985

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