

Floods of Deserted Dreams

By

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(Maryam's book has been sold out in the market)

This poetry collection is dedicated to Ghizala Rizvi;
my mother, my father, my teacher, my confidant, my mentor,
my guardian, my protector, my idol, my compass,
my daily dose of sanity, my everything.
Amma, a thousand lifetimes would not be enough for me to
thank you for everything you have done for me.
I love you Mother

Deserted Dreams

And when the grim reaper severed my quivering seams,
The heavens merged to witness floods of deserted dreams.

The glittering constellation shattered in denial,
As my severed veins began to flood forth like the Nile,
And as my dreams embezzled my sanity and fate,
I kneeled by the grim reaper and beseeched him to wait

The Rat Race to the Top

Turn the surge of your wretched fate,
Turn its tide before it's late.
Your future is marked by all that's bleak,
So hurry and contend, ascend to the peak.

Here you will discover vast treasures to loot,
And no accountability when you'll put on your suits,
No pangs of guilt, and no pangs of hunger,
So gentlemen and ladies please proceed to plunder.

So bite if you must
Kill for your lust
Wear your eyes' shutters with dogmatic trust.

And when the poor man's children play with the herds,
Listen to them chant these melodious words.

"Run and hide
Find a place to reside
There's a famished and greedy man out to prey
There's a ravished and needy man gone astray"

So turn the surge of your wretched fate,
Turn its tide before it's late.
Your future is marked by all that's bleak,
So hurry and contend. Ascend to the peak.

Him and I

Often I hear,
To Him we're dear,
He forgives us if we hold Him near,
Thus I continue to dare,
Testing His patience year by year,
Caught in every trap and snare,
Shedding not a single tear,
Blinded by guilt and numbed by fear,
And yet I continue to dare.

Affluence of the Obscene

An image filthy and obscene,
Decreed my resurrection,
For these eyes had never seen,
My guilt-ridden reflection

A perceptive man is ensnared in a child
As streets house the many unnamed
The subservient are ravaged in the open wild
Chained by dwellers cruel and untamed

The conformist and the creep
Are found in equal measure
The shallow and the deep
Stay rooted in displeasure

Heaven's hues can no longer be seen
The smoke is ambushing what once was green
Now stretches of land impersonate one scene
Victorious are the doers of the illicit and obscene

An image filthy and obscene,
Decreed my resurrection,
For these eyes had never seen,
My guilt-ridden reflection

The Whistles of a Kettle

Vacant echoes of sharp memories
Like music now the sounds of the sea
Warm afternoon chats in the living room
Over a hot cup of steaming tea

The gentle touch of a mother
Preparing meals with warmth and vigour
Now the whistles of a kettle
A thousand memories trigger.

Eternal Bliss

Your conscience acknowledges superior sin,
Thus your character fails to make you repent,
Your personality envelops the latter within,
And you gladly sell your soul, for a dime, for a cent.

While I'm in a state of eternal bliss,
Swaying gently and slowly on this precipice

I'm unmoved, unbroken, by your hate,
I relish knowing I can mould your fate,
So dread the day I lose my mirth,
For that day will be your last on earth.

For I'm in a state of eternal bliss,
Now that I'm swaying on this precipice

The Virgin Ground

She awakes at the break of dawn,
To respond to His call of prayer
She performs her duties anxiously,
Her hope's shadowed with trepidation and fear.

She watches her demon from her porous shell,
It barter her soul for an iniquitous spell,
She conspires of escape from her two-walled cell,
Her throat is throttled; she yearns to yell,
Her bare bones grow brittle; with nothing left to sell,
She turns to her demon in hope and pell-mell.

Disappointment fills every vein and nerve,
As she watches her demon leave and swerve.
She bellows and roars like a wounded beast,
Stricken with grief,
She begins to kneel on the reef.

Her forehead meets the awaiting ground,
She snivels and whispers a deafening sound,
Her forehead greets the virgin ground.

Desolate Child

You desolate child,
Living on the streets,
In this selfish cruel city,
That never sleeps.

Will you ever forgive me?
For eating heartily when you begged?
For laughing merrily when you wept?
For watching heartlessly as you slept?

You desolate child,
Living on the streets,
I am this selfish cruel city,
That never sleeps.

Such Was That Victory

That surge of victory sucked me in,
It became my shell and I, its shadow.
I crawled beside it patiently,
Watched it conquer every pasture and meadow,
I instinctively smiled and whispered softly,
"This victory has done my labour for me."
I held it like a sword against a shaken enemy.

That surge of victory had sucked me in,
It had elevated me to my destiny,
I'm now an element of the earth and the sea,
Such was my ecstasy,
Such was that victory.

Soft Weightless Pleasures in the Sky

Soft weightless pleasures in the sky,
I won't console thee, I won't comfort thee,
For I want thee to cry me a sea,
Just drench this city mercilessly.

Soft weightless pleasures in the sky,
Thy tears are a source of glee to me.
I won't console thee, I won't comfort thee,
I want thee to cry me a storm and a sea.

Helpless

I felt forever devoid of laughter
When I learnt about the impending disaster

The pain and disbelief,
Of slipping control,
It surpassed the growing grief,
And began to swallow me whole,
And I could no longer feel helpless,
As it fed on my meek soul

And I felt forever devoid of laughter
When I heard your cries in the wounding disaster

Beads of Fate

From that high coveted stage,
Hymns of love resonate,
Beads of moisture soak my face,
As I unwearyingly wait.

As hymns of love reverberate,
I beseech sovereignty,
When mended notions resonate,
I implore autonomy.

Demise

This abyss and bareness I cannot fill,
As I tread deeper into my life,
Reflecting on what I have needed still;
Weighing faith, courage and the vigour to fight

But I lack the will to defend or wound,
And my strength lies rusting at my sides,
For me all I build is a brittle tomb,
And seeds that shall sprout after my demise

Bitter Apathy

Egoism's glazed her thorny way,
She's old and brimming with dismay,
Malicious and odious each day,
Every step of her wretched and bristly way

In moments of rage I'm amazed to see,
My passions turn to lethargy.
In each delight of lunacy,
Destiny unfolds in apathy.

An Ode to Poverty

When we plunge our teeth,
Into our chunk of meat,
We should listen to the words,
Of the man with no feet,

“It’s cold and I’m humbled and blind,
How should I keep my carcass warm?
For all my days I have longed to find,
A vanquisher who will destroy these norms”

Crushed Hopes

Moments of truth fabricate a sphere,
As weakened walls of distress surround me,
Crushed hopes drench the atmosphere,
As winds of anxiety begin to pound me

They pass their verdict at a distance,
Feeding tales of my indifference,
And I stand in awe as they assume,
And watch in fear as they presume.

Crushed hopes drench the atmosphere,
As winds of anxiety fabricate a snare,
I drench my robes with tears of grief,
As I cry goodbye and they turn to leave.

Rusty Wings

My restless spirit's wedged in a cage,
A cage that marks the boundaries of its forbidden flights,
My spirit's resilience shakes with rage,
As I live a life of submissive and subdued delights.

Rusty wings and the urge to soar,
Once again nature's temptations roar,
And the desire to see valleys and spin to the shore,
Makes the presence of my sanity lastingly obscure

But my mind's core is sore,
Memories I so agonizingly store,
Craft this cage's each unlocked door.

They meet me in dark corners on dark days,
And ask me to meet their sensuous gaze,
Their sensual ways,
Shall mark the end of my days

Rusty wings and the urge to soar,
Once again nature's temptations roar,
And the desire to see valleys and spin to the shore,
Makes the presence of my sanity lastingly obscure

Darkness Surrounds Me

Darkness surrounds me
Though I seek luminosity
Darkness surrounds me
It feeds my vulnerability.

As darkness consumes me
I scream and shriek aloud
As darkness consumes me
I speak and plead to God

Those who surround me
Hear my silent yielding cry
When darkness surrounds me
I desire to know why.

The Aroma of Revenge

Intoxicating,
The burning flesh of wounded beasts,
I bite and grind,
As guilt makes a quick retreat,
Overcome by defeat.

Intoxicating,
The acrid smell of scorching meat,
It makes its shallow retreat,
And I watch like a famished beast.

It is intoxicating,
The burning flesh of wounded beasts,
You too like all others want to feed,
On their scrumptious and delectable meat

Individuality

Individuality,
A sin of the highest decree,
A burden when in company,
A source of glee in privacy

Individuality,
Contours a unique destiny,
One that leads to the horizon and
The coveted sky and the open sea

Individuality;
Amongst children a clever lad,
One who speaks a strange tongue and
Is often reckoned to be mad

Stark Reality

I am tired and exhausted,
Of this flattened sympathy,
I long for selfishness,
To be freed of agony.

I am tired and exhausted,
Of shadowing this fantasy,
When others who engulf me,
Clench stark reality.

I am tired and exhausted,
Yet I weave my web of dreams,
I stroke my lids and savour,
Countless flowing bitter streams

Mine

Strokes of illusions on my aching skin;
Like mirth drinking streams of sweet wine.
As dancing souvenirs await my fingertips,
I watch delusions and timepiece combine.

An indebted content feeling of bliss;
Has fallen in an endless pit of time,
Manifestations embody my gentleness;
As drenched cravings witness the sublime

Subconscious Whispers

My friend all you require,
Is a gentle timely haul,
But it's courage that you're lacking,
And you dread a nasty fall

And you dread miscalculations,
Fearing a push might turn to a shove,
And the prospect of regret,
Dangles gloomily above

Loneliness

I play the role of the unknown,
Watching joyful familiar faces,
I often bear a stranger's tone,
In countless well known places

My cheerfulness is affected,
Concealing wounds I often attend,
My false demeanour's perfected,
Genuine glee I often pretend.

Tomorrow too will be marked,
By my wishes gone amiss,
Tomorrow too will be marked
By my budding loneliness

Love Redefined

Love's an emotion I so often confused
With affection, compassion and trust
Love's an emotion I so often accused
Of madness, obsession and lust

But love is not an emotion;
It is an act that I must mime.
It is a deed of selfless devotion;
It develops with the course of time.

Love it befriends distance;
The two survive and thrive together,
The latter makes the former grow;
And learn the value of that other.

However love often befriends lust;
Such a misconstrued emotion,
It breathes life into our senses;
And sets our taut bodies in motion

Time

Time it withheld,
Its celestial cushioned palms,
It cruelly veiled the warnings,
And paved my path to harms

It watched my fall from grace,
My being it debased,
And when I tried to rise,
It struck my scorching face

And when I tried to hide,
With pleading gentleness,
It burnt my prudent pride,
With reckless ruthlessness

And Time it withheld,
Its heavenly cushioned palms,
It cruelly hid the warnings,
And led my course to harms

So Easily Amused Are the Children

So easily amused are the children

There are millions that snicker inside my womb
I sense their fears and taste their wounds
Yet I cannot reach them or protect
The child who was born to be raped and wrecked

So easily fooled are these children

They raise their palms up to the thrown
They suffer to whisper a silent prayer
For souls that exist besides their own
On this diminutive and delicate sphere

So easily abused are these children

Legends of Us

When you held my hand for that passing second,
I was blinded by the glare of my heart's bliss,
The flames that rose within me beckoned,
And my dazed intellect ceased to subsist.
It subsided in the presence of your rays of glory,
Your charm, your aura, was not transitory,
When our destinies crossed at that timely bent,
For my mortal being you were heaven sent,
And I witnessed legends of us materialize,
In some parallel universe unseen by your eyes

Smoke

As wisps of smoke mar my watery eyes,
Childhood memories materialize,
As twirls of smoke ascend to the skies,
Childhood recollections terrorize

As whirls of smoke stall each sense of mine,
Wings breed at the axis of my weakened spine

This taste of liberation,
When immersed in quick sand,
This haste of inclination,
Only I can understand.

Too deadened to sense the pain,
Of not knowing God's design,
Or discern His planned terrain,
For an armoured soul like mine

Her Masterpiece

You thrashed like the cosmos within my grip,
You lashed in vain at my fingertips,
When our heavens rumbled with passion and wrath,
You fought predestined tears in my sunken ship

Truly God is great,
For She took more time,
To create Her masterpiece,
To create you the sublime

My heart declared your advent before you materialized,
And I watched you build your dreams on my futile, fruitless lies,
How could I have known to you, what I failed to comprehend?
When my mourning knew no boundaries,
My indifference knew no end?

You thrash like the cosmos within my grip,
You lash in vain at my fingertips,
Our heavens gaze with glistened eyes,
As you drown fighting tears in my sinking ship

The Crash

The unfolding of unplanned events,
And the feeling of my body rising,
In that last moment,
I saw my animal instincts rudely awakening to the need of self preservation,
I foresaw my body awkwardly sprawled on the pavement,
Lifelessly adorned in worldly necessities

The severity and trauma that resulted,
As metal battled metal,
Made me lose my balance momentarily,
And I awoke to the reality of a broken limb.

The edges of my broken bone,
Now quite like freshly sharpened knives,
Generously cut my flesh and I,
I lay quite helplessly at the mercy of an uninvited butcher.

Yet today I realize that had that night failed to wrap its hours the way it had,
I would have made many irreparable mistakes.

Thus the unplanned,
Saved me from the orchestrated,
Truly fate knows better,
The temperament of the created

Brother

He was a gentleman at the age of three,
An emblem of lost nobility,
Polite and dignified he comforted me,
When I was as feeble as feeble could be.

When I felt frail, weak and terrified,
I would crawl under his soothing shadow,
And he held me knowing he had to provide,
What our father would not resolve to bestow.

I missed him much whenever he left,
Like a child afraid of being devoured,
By wolves in packs sensing tenderness,
I would wait for his return for hours.

The sound of his voice echoes with laughter,
Void of pretensions, he is his own master.
And now his shadow's not within my sight,
And I remain bare under the blaring light.

In him I've found my guardian and confidant,
Such is his grace, such is his stance,
We would talk for hours and play for days,
And he tirelessly sought to improve my ways,
A humble and kind soul he taught me to be,
My brother Raza, my sheltering tree

Adolescent Love II

If thy love makes me candid,
If thy love makes me pure,
If thy love gives me hope,
Then thy love is the cure.

And if thy love is the cure,
Then loving thee is not a sin,
Yet walls of laws and religion,
Chain my swelling needs within.

And if I remain chained within,
And if I never thee embrace,
I will sever each wall brick by brick,
To hold thy hand, to touch thy face

And if I beg thee to believe,
And have undying faith in our tomorrow,
Then thee I can promise and assure,
A life marked by love and free of sorrow.

The Nagging Preacher

“Rapes, thefts and traffic-jams
Now too many to be noticed
Plots, deaths and countless scams
Now too many to be noticed

Ill-constructed and intertwined roads
Home to the many unnamed
Unsystematic and clogged billboards
Dwellers wild and untamed

Lack of laws in every sphere
This city epitomizes
Lack of pity, lack of care
This city characterizes

Now is the time to make amends
Or regret the aftermath
We must correct the present trends
Or plan for nature’s wrath”

This Holy Mountain

No sight could be as mesmerizing
As this beauty clad in white
No sight could be as tantalizing
As this shrine within my sight

Not all the stately sovereigns,
Clumped with their worldly treasure,
Could match its stance and elegance,
Through any man-made measure

I must mount this holy mountain,
This splendour immersed in white,
I must mount this holy mountain,
This pyramid within my sight

Mother

You radiate.
Making the brightest stars blush,
And the fairest maiden flush,
You are the axis and the reason,
Why nature often spares us.

Mesmerized they watch you,
You're their centripetal force,
They worship all your gestures,
So you may bless their course.

You're the force of nature,
You astound and glisten,
You maintain your stature,
Whilst you kneel to listen

The radiance of your splendour,
And the greatness of your essence,
The humbleness of your grandeur,
And the truth in all your lessons

Your saintliness proceeds,
The faults of every other,
Whilst they call you Ghizala,
I proudly call you Mother

My Knight in Shining Armour

Bright, brave and beautiful,
Courageous, charismatic,
Dynamic and dutiful,
Magnetic, enigmatic

An intellectual intellect,
A kind and patient preacher,
Quizzical and comical,
A sympathetic teacher

Entertaining, energetic,
A pleasant philanthropist,
Artistic and athletic,
A faithful enthusiast

A selfless visionary,
Chivalrous and generous,
A vivacious virtuoso,
Judicious and virtuous

Walls

One knows it's not a life much lived,
When bricks and mortar are heard grieving,
And people evoke no sentiments,
In a blemished life of innocence

When I sense walls weep at my dirge,
Green leaves parch, misfortunes surge,
And my sanity fails to comprehend,
That I knew no man until my end

Now I clench these bricks with my crimson lips,
For their roughness exudes such tenderness,
In my life of blemished innocence,
People induced no sentiments

Cyclic Sin

The impending fear,
It simmers through the air,
It takes time to settle in,
And we're numbed by cyclic sin.

Disguised and exposed,
Are the extroverted and the closed,
Sheltered and ravaged,
Are the well-fed and the famished,
Noble and malicious,
Are the stingy and the gracious,
Shallow and deep,
Are the conformist and the creep,
Famous and infamous,
Are the icon and the anonymous,
Temperate and rude,
Are the naïve and the shrewd,
Youthful and aged,
Are the unchained and the caged

The saint and the sinner,
The loser and the winner,
The beggar and the diplomat,
The rabbit and the cunning rat,
Are all numbed by cyclic sin,
We are all numbed by cyclic sin

The Renaissance Man

And he found himself reminiscing again,
Of a roaring revolution,
Led by the Renaissance Man

Like an open book,
He turned each page,
As destiny unfolded,
He shook with rage.

Dawn of the fear of anguish,
Of mandatory duties,
Led the dawning of vigilance,
Of an awakened visionary

Know that he has set sail,
He is the Renaissance Man,
Know that he will prevail,
For he's the only one who can

A Recipe

Add three teaspoons of compassion,
A cup of moral fibre,
One tablespoon of etiquette,
Now let them simmer on the fire.

When the mixture begins to boil,
Add two teaspoons of gallantry,
Three glasses of knowledge and
Four cups of humanity

To add a little magic,
Add one heaped cup of faith,
Two cups of passion and
Add personality to taste

Mix five teaspoons of trust,
In one cup of benevolence,
Add a chunk of cheerfulness and
A bowl of self-assurance

Keep in mind when serving this dish to nature,
Don't alter the recipe with varying ranks or stature.

Adolescent Love I

The night we ran freely on the drenched sand,
Barefooted and bare-hearted,
We clasped onto each other's hand,
Knowing we would soon be parted.

We understood each other's thoughts,
We knew pain would follow pleasure,
But the glittering constellation made,
Our woes fade into each other.

The mortal that lay before me was,
More glorious than what shown above,
And as I watched him with glistened eyes,
My heart swore to treasure his love.

The scattered sky blazed like a thousand dreams,
So much was said so little spoken,
At that moment I uttered a silent prayer,
Wishing his heart would never be broken.

Immortality

The haunting tunes of the wind-chime,
The echoing calls of prayer,
The clock in my mind's chamber,
Times death as it draws near

And every gush of priceless air,
My trembling lungs draw in,
Rushes to my mortal limbs,
Even those maimed by kin

I've learnt that I need not be old,
To live a lengthy life,
I've learnt that I need not be bold,
To swallow bouts of strife

The maddening tunes in the wind,
The thunderous calls of fear,
My chamber's clock hums silence as
Immortality draws near.

To Whom It May Concern

You mended every gash,
And worshiped every blemish,
Void of pretensions,
My rarity you relished.

Now I burn rather gently,
Over a blatant flame,
I knew I'd be defeated,
In our foolish lovers' game

I keenly searched for flaws,
But met your flawlessness instead,
In you I found a lasting calm,
Unknown even to the dead

And in this wicked world,
Where fears are complicated,
You loved me with an honesty,
That I both prized and hated

Now I cry fruitlessly,
Over an aching flame,
I've surrendered my deliverance,
In our star-crossed lovers' game

The Nightingales

I heard the nightingales sing a song of serenity,
Immersed in thoughts, I smiled at the calming silence they ensued.

I smiled in solitude,
And I smiled an honest smile,
One that gladly accepted,
Its hasty invitation

Their song lulled me into an afternoon stupor,
And I was grateful for the humanity they displayed,
As they gently asked me questions about my years....

It was then that I realized,
I was an infant starved for affection,
I was an old man starved for discourse,
Our language surpassed perfection;
I was a reawakened corpse.

The seconds turned to minutes,
The minutes turned to hours,
Until finally the night cloaked our rendezvous,
And I announced my remorseful departure....

And though it has been long,
Since I heard them sing their song,
Fond memories make me smile,
A wholesome, honest smile,
One that willingly accepts,
Its seldom invitation.

To The Man Who Left

I could never forget those times,
When you fought my battles for me,
I could never forget each time,
Your renewed strength I yearned to see.

And how can I not weep?
When your time had come at last?
How can I let your memory be,
A token of my past?

Did you know you were the centre,
Of all that I held dear?
To whom now do you render?
And what now do you bear?

You abandoned me with nothing,
But a heart I've turned to stone,
Now I spend my days with strangers,
And I live my life alone.

My Only Company

Another day, another need,
To be what I aspire to be,
Another dialogue with myself,
Another sea of fantasies

Another walk, another night,
Another wound that mocks my fright,
Another lad who instills fear,
Another visionary snare

Another stroll outside alone,
Another street that chills my bones,
A cat ambles along with me,
This cat's my only company.

The Bizarre Woman

Today when I stood by the forgotten path,
I met a bizarre woman.

She dared to dream,
Not ordinary dreams dreamt by us ordinary mortals,
Her dreams were thoughtful visions of a distant future only she could see,
A future my mind's eye failed to discern

This wandering woman was a wild woman,
For her reflections were more concrete than the earth she stood on,
I had often envisioned her existence before,
But I had doubted it nonetheless,
Before today

This bizarre woman spoke of bizarre ideas,
And she conveyed them with a sincerity unknown to me,
A sincerity that could only be dreamt of
By us ordinary mortals

I loved her instantly,
For she dared to share her dreams with another wandering stranger,
Her dreams were dreams I had never dreamt of dreaming,
Dreams that the ages would deem,
Visions of an extraordinary woman

Lingering Remedy

The moonlight shines through soaring holes,
As she burns her final lump of marijuana,
She gently inhales the smoke that ensues,
And squirms with delight as she brings the burning remedy closer to herself

She inhales profoundly through her weary nostrils,
But this does not suffice for long,
For rising bouts of distress,
Call for a greater dose of the lingering remedy

Hence she inhales with her mouth....

Divine

The smoke mingles with her tears,
Together they leave an acrid taste in her arid mouth,
But this does not last for long,
For rising bouts of distress,
Call for a greater dose of the lingering remedy

Hence she inhales with her mind....

At last,
Divine liberation

People

Don't invest your time, energy and love in people,
For they have a conscience, and the power to choose,
They may doubt the purity of your intentions,
They may feel burdened by your expectations,
Don't be a nuisance,
Don't invest your time, energy and love in people.

Does the number of people who will revere you after your demise really matter to you?
If it does, it shouldn't, for you will be dead enough to sense neither disappointment nor joy.

In a global world of power struggles, changing themes, and futuristic schemes,
Should you really have the time to worry about why someone somewhere said something about you?
Invest your time, energy and love in ideas instead,
Ideas that may help clothe one and feed another,
Ideas that may help people respect lives that are lived differently from their own,
Ideas that lack hidden agendas or pretensions,
Ideas that may help you live a life worth living.