

HARMONY

POEMS BY
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PREFACE

I was in perfect harmony with nature when I wrote these poems. Autumn a season with falling leaves and bare trees is considered by most as gloomy, but oddly enough it inspired me to put pen to paper to make this humble effort of writing these poems.

This is my first attempt at writing poetry and probably leaves a lot to be desired but encouragement is what is required.

I sincerely hope that you would enjoy reading these poems as I have writing them.

ZEENAT IQBAL HAKIMJEE

INDEX

<u>Sr. No</u>	<u>CONTENTS</u>	<u>PAGE NO.</u>
1.	GARDEN OF EDEN	7
2.	NO MORE TEARS	8
3.	WHETHER GENUINE CAUSE OF ANGER	9
4.	POSSESSION	10
5.	THE BANANA	11
6.	LEARN FROM YOUR MISTAKES	12
7.	SACRIFICE	13
8.	COMPANIONSHIP	15
9.	ROMANCE	17
10.	GUILT COMPLEX	18
11.	TILL DEATH DO US IN	19
12.	ENCOUNTER	20
13.	HEAVEN IS AT HER FEET	21
14.	INNOCENCE	23
15.	RESORT TO QUILT	24
16.	LIFE IS SACRED	25
17.	MY WEAKNESS IS MY STRENGRH	27
18.	CHILDREN OF LESSER GOD	29
19.	ALL THAT GLITER IS GOLD	30
20.	BEYOND THE GRASP	31
21.	DEATH UNKNOWN	33
22.	LIFES UPS AND DOWNS	34
23.	LIVE AND LET LIVE	35

<u>Sr. No</u>	<u>CONTENTS</u>	<u>PAGE NO.</u>
24.	BUZZ OF TELEPHONE	36
25.	INNOCENCE	37
26.	THE EACH HIS OWN CHARACTER	38
27.	CONFESSIONS OF A TERRORIST	39
28.	JOY AND SORROW	41
29.	MEMENTS OF BLISS	42
30.	I FEEL CHEATED	43
31.	WHATS COOKING	45
32.	COURTSHIP BETWEEN THE CAT AND THE CROW	46
33.	BE PUSHY, FRIEND, WHEN REQUIRED	47

GARDEN OF EDEN

My spirit soars up to the sky,
As I on the lush green carpet lie.

Ecstasy envelopes my always
...melancholy heart,
As, sudden wind blown ripples,
In the pond start.
As the winter suns, warm rays,
Caress my being I do sway

Frolicking and frisking, from here to there,
Like a lamb, the desire, I wish to bear.

May you bloom forever, my Garden of Eden,
Make my thoughts soar upto, The Seventh Heaven.

NO MORE TEARS

As you leave for greener pastures,
Tears flown down the cheeks at your departure.

The migrating bird flutters its wings,
Over for it, is the season to sing.

The Bentley turns round the corner
Disappears from sight, now and forever.

I shall miss your nudge and touch,
For our friendship others could vouch.

But since the 'Sea of Gold' is at a distance,
Leave for it right now, this instance.

WHEATHER GENUINE CAUSE OF ANGER?

Enraged I stroll towards
The counter,
To involve myself in
A brutal encounter;
The salesman gave me rupees
Five less,
A gruesome mistake that
He should confess,
Was the well aware
Of it,
Or did the mistakingly
Di it,
Remains to be seen
Or is it
My frustration built in.

POSSESSION

I own you, your every movement is mine
To do as I please

Why did you do this why did you do that
Raise your voice, or your eyelid bat

Its our of the question I won't let you out of my sight
You belong to me only to me, you are my birth right

Just the other day your momentary absence felt like
multitude
Was it the toilet or were you astray,

I am suspicious, you I possess.
Do not leave me, I shall feel the betray,

Your look and smile elsewhere, your touch
Are all for me, me only,

From others, to be kept at bay
Do not ever make a start with darling, for another,

It will make the other want to come hither
I feel bold and beautiful in your presence

But am at a loss in your absence
I own, you, you I possess,

THE BANANA

So I am meant to be fed to the monkey,
Wail till you have an encounter with my peel,

Without the night, stars you shall see,
For still life I join hands with friend apple,

Different shapes of me decorate a cocktail
I lie on the table as the knife slices me open,

An incision in my centre, split into pieces,
My seed in you sprout a plant

The likes of which you have to see to believe,
They should call you sprout a plant

I make 'shakes' about the reference
What you treasure to eat,

Out of which you should not make mincemeat

LEARN FROM YOUR MISTAKES

While jogging I tripped over lace,
Next time tied my shoes with grace,

I sang out of tune at the dinner,
Practice, well almost made me a crooner,

I fell when somebody pulled the chair away
Brushed my right hand, to my Utter dismay,

It was my turn, I said
Tit for tat,

And hurt to my content,
The guilty brat,

In the run with,
Trail and error

I have grown to be
A lot wiser.

SACRIFICE

It seemed like my paradise was there to stay,
Everything I always wanted I possessed,

To hold to cherish till, I was dead
The envy of the crowd, I swayed to the rhythm

My heart beat and my breath hummed,
We were five in all, two boys and a girl,

The mild summer and a picnic by the beach
Snowflakes on the mountains not our of reach

On holiday or at work
Happiness and contentment always at my doorstep,

Suddenly fate started changing for worse,
The truth came home, not an act to rehearse,

He had to leave my side for greener pastures,
The children went along, all for one, one for all,

I was left all alone, to wipe my tears,
One by one they left me for a motionless floor,

I was all alone, all alone.

COMPANIONSHIP

Hold my hand, take me to the land,
Where name nor brand,

Will come in between true friends,
Shall go to their house,

Feeling like a louse,
Smiles, warmth, mirth and cheer,
Encompass me from all sides...

Take me away from my swing of mood,
Feel I well and good.

True friendship is hard to find,
With materialism in mind.

Wherever you are, come and touch me,
For I am abound with sincerity,

A friend I receive...
To avoid the mire....

Always be there.
Give meaning to my blank stare.

ROMANCE

I love you, my dearest, my cherub,
The sunset and sunrise are for me a spectacle & to
behold

Because of your warmth I do not feel the cold
Of the cloudy, dark winter nights,

Logs to burn I need not, nor do indeed the light.
Tomorrow is always a day to look forward to.

In your company life is a bundle of joy.
A tear rolls down my cheek, and shines and
sparkles

It beautifies my skin and gives it a certain glow
In your adulation it had to flow.

I captured to kitten through your eyes,
And whispered a lullaby by your sound

Togetherness should last and last.
I am in love, I am in love.

GUILT COMPLEX

Enclosed in a shell like a tortoise,
Keeping away from the lively movements & noise,

My own I fail to recognize,
Do not shake hands with me please

I am no more, no more at ease,
I suffer from a guilt complex,

Was I the one to destroy a friendship
Or lose my temper in a relationship.

The other day I threw some litter on the road,
Turned a deaf ear to the call for prayer,

I suffer from a guilt complex
I am amazed at my faults.

Have I them or have I not?
Is it just the state of my mind

Or has somebody without cause have me to remind
Of a non-existent situation,

Will I ever surface, I suffer from a Guilt Complex.

TILL DEATH DO US IN

Last night I woke up from a dream,
To realise, that it was not what it seemed,

My companion for my relaxed hours,
Was wet through and through...

No I had not done it...
It was the thunderstorm that possessed it:

I totalled the time,
That flew past the chime,

That rung from my alarm,
To raise me with charm

Out indeed I shall pay no heed
The mattress and I look alike

Bulging from the sides-out, vital statistics 40,40,40

ENCOUNTER

On my travels such was my plight,
Did Gulliver or Passepartout with all their might,

Slip in a puddle in broad daylight
Were they bait, to such a trait,

In their Sunday best waiting for a suitor
Who would pronounce romance truer

The mishap with the hair
That turned bald and bare...

Thinking of the worlds miseries...
Had there been no fisheries

No salmon and no trout
To bring about a prick in the mouth;

With the writing to bleed
Promising a bond in a deed.

HEAVEN IS AT HER FEET

From the moment a child opens its eyes.
To the world and its ties:

She nurtures it like a steadfast rock,
Right from pant to frock.

“And I shall guide you,
On the path that I walked on,

Before you came along.
In sickness and in health,

In poverty and in wealth,
Whenever I needed company,

You gave the note to the harmony.
Sit tight little one...”

INNOCENCE

As the child looked with his eyes wide open,
I thought, on innocence I would write a poem;

Unaware of the sins committed by society.
Oblivious of death and calamity:

Playing with a toy gun in the hand,
As if the real one has not harmed the land;

Exist, does a lie, denied,
The solemn truth will always preside;

Early in the morning shall I arise...
To greet with a surprise;

The coin planted in my garden
Shall burst into a tree?

With the money, chocolates I shall buy
And build a house, Hansel Gretel style

RESORT TO QUILT

The dark cold winter night,
Bring a shudder and a chill to the night

The star at a distance so high.
Part oblivious, because of the cloud in the sky,

The severe, pouring December rain,
From which even the umbrella covered, refrain.

I love to stay indoors,
And protect myself from the downpour.

I snuggle up warm and cozy in my eider-down
quilt,

Watching television, sipping coffee,
Plunged on my bed, with my pillow at a slight tilt

LIFE IS SACRED

In the Garden, the blooming rose.
Tucked in the vase, in a pose.

The sweet fragrance, spread in the air,
Lending grace to an otherwise, room bizarre.

The rich red velvet of the petals.
The crowning glory of the green sepals.

The beauty of this natural piece,
Has at last now, withered and died;

Reminds one all the time,
Life should be lived to the brim,

In case this virtue is denied.

MY WEAKNESS IS MY STRENGTH

If there can be appeal
In the scar on that face,
I will take my weakness
With a lot of grace,
If every tumble gives you a chance
To rise erect with a new stance,
When the going gets tough
The tough get going
Yesterday, I fell to-
Get up again and start moving.
In the classroom the young boy
From his neighbour snatched the toy.
The truck rammed into the car
With all its might,
Killed the occupants and threw
Them out a sight,
The sky roared with thunder
Scared stiff as they went down under.
My weakness shall be my strength,
May I never misuse it
Even for one moment.
The meek shall inherit the earth.

ALL THAT GLITTERS IS GOLD

The morning sun shines through the window,
Making the face beam and glow.

I suddenly feel the urge, to rise and shine.

My feelings take a turn, towards
The lofty and divine,

As I escape the barricade of my bed,
The wasted, whiled hours I now dread.

The sun has injected into me a Potion,
Which makes me want to drive into motion.

The golden globe warms the earth,
Returns the gaiety and the mirth.

BEYOND THE GRASP

Take your outstretched hand,
See dreams of the promised land.

Butterflies in different colours.
Dive and leap and soar,

Honey and nectar on the doorstep,
Would one find such a place on the map.

Where no misery, no bitterness, no sorrow
Looking forward always to a better morrow.

This is what Utopia is all about,
Neither begged, borrowed nor bought

DEATH UNKNOWN

After death the era seems
Bleak and dreary,

Woven around it an aura of mystery.
Will I have to repent for my sins,

Or will I be classed divine.
All questions answered at the
mercy of time-

Will I be in Gods domain.
Or will me be, Satan slain,

If I knew distinctly I would
Have an upper hand.

God rules supremely over the
Law of the land.

I am afraid of the outcome of death
Will it or will it not be as I suggest

LIFES UPS AND DOWNS

As the mountaineer up the mountain ascends,
Traversing the path that he will have to descend.

At the sight, an ordinary man
Would have shuddered.

Up hills and pitfalls, All a part of life.
Whether it is easy going or only strife.

Sometimes an obstacle comes in the way,
Sometimes it is smooth going all the way,

Lifes ups and downs add to its totality,
Lending to it an air of immortality.

LIVE AND LET LIVE

You took her out to the
Cosy restaurant for dinner,

I was vociferous in-my appeal,
For you as sinner.

Social taboos should never erect
A wall between us,

Otherwise our relationship
Will take a turn for the disastrous,

My catty instincts
Were aroused by your-

Blast of voice
If only I could have told myself

Never mind, its his choice.
The norm of the day is

Follow a strict diet
A pound here or there will not

A tremendous impact
Make on the weight

Live and let live,
Take and learn to give.

BUZZ OFF TELEPHONE

Be hold and me apprise
Of the current inflation and rise

In atta prices and the general
And of course dowries too

Acquaint you I shall with the
So called water and loo

Escapism with my telephone
From the hullabaloo

Hi, Hullo, how do you do?
Hadn't we just met

Before an hour or two
Serves me right

If it was hate at first sight,
Out a sight, sorry upright, my telephone

Bill read
Not in units, tens but in hundreds

INNOCENCE

Huddled close by, yet far from the fire blazing.
Watching the cinders creating in the light, the night,

Hush, hush in subdued tones they sat whispering,
The vegetation surrounding them swaying, to and fro
in the door,

The draft humming and wheezing through the cracks,
In the corner, the phone as silent as a graveyard,

The settee and settlers comfortable in its warm
embrace,
Victorian paintings in the background, depicting grace,

The image of romance portrayed,
Tring, tring, the bell of the telephone sounds,

The wife speaks to her husband's company,
Suspicious aroused, seething with rage and jealousy,

She bangs the phone and envisages the courts,
Breaking the bond of trust that friendship is all about,

Between man and woman so clean and so pure,
Yet so distant and aloof to the short sighted.

TO EACH HIS OWN

May I have enough tolerance,
Not to take offence;
At whatever character trait
The other may portray:
If he does not possess....

....A sense of humour
Or enjoys spreading
Every once in a while....

A rumour.
Enjoys coming late,
Or does not felicitate.
Why does that foul my mood?
When I sometimes am up to no good.
Do I not see reason,
In the coming season;
What harm can
 A living, loving soul,
 Do to my whole?
If God has pronounced
The Day of Judgement,
To account for every one's temperament,
Who am I to be displeased,
When somehodv does that or this.

CONFESSIONS OF A TERRORIST

Possessed by the devil,
I strode out to do evil.

With enmity written large on my face,
Somebody has to be dad in deaths embrace.

Just yesterday a child became an orphan,
And a couple were worried by the ransoms burden.

The fetters of depression behold the city,
Where everyday criminals like me enter captivity.

Karachi, Karachi of yore
Shall hot surface will not surface

Whilst I trigger my double barrel bore.

JOY AND SORROW

The begum dashes by in -
- Her flashing car,

To meet a companion at -
- A destination afar.

At a meeting point
In a parlour,

Five boys voraciously
In a corner ice Cream devour,

The silk saris and golden bangles
Glittering in the light,

The high heels and the leather purses
Presenting a sight;

The beggar in his torn
and tattered assemblage,

Spreads out his palm
And asks for patronage.

MOMENTS OF BLISS

The mild rays filtering
Through the tree;

The winter sun beaming
In glee,

The lush green grass
Beneath me,

Forming a carpet softly;
The birds chirping in the trees,

The insects frolicking from here to there
The morning dew drops thinning in the warm air;

An apple in my hand
I keep the doctor away;

What more can one ask for
I to myself say.

I FELT CHEATED

She was single and lonely,
All of her belonged to me;

At the corner of the building
Looking like a bride,

I spotted her needing
Help at her side

Chivalrously I opted
To do the needful,

She seemed thoroughly pleased
And blissful:

Then suddenly a car stopped by her,
With door flung open.

A man sat inside.
With wide open arms which did her beckon.

Alas; To my dismay, i was left alone,
Near me no more now, but an illusion.

WHAT'S COOKING

la Ra Rum go the prancing, dancing,
Flames of the stove,

Amused by this scenario, is the meat
Being cooked above.

The groin softens to the warmth of the fire,
With the cabbage and potato.

It forms an empire.
The unveiling of the platter,

Reveals, fit for a king, matter.
Copied from television this recipe

Is a treat, When near and dear ones,
Altogether do meet.

COURTSHIP BETWEEN THE CAT AND THE CROW

My backyard is livened up
By the cat and the crow.

From a distance they for each other
A liking show.

Caw Caw, Meow Meow they hark & howl.
A din enough, to disturb the neighbouring fowl

Both of them perched on the dustbin.
Turn by turn.

Waiting for a morsel, from the kitchen to return.
Up goes the left over meat, in the air,

What ensues would ashame 'The battle for the
chair

BE PUSHY, FRIEND. WHEN REQUIRED

In the line of bill payers at the bank,
As the fairer sex,

If sick don't just be blank
"Ladies first", "excuse me 11", "before you please"

For deals with unpaid bills,
Ask for goods back, threat if you will,

Repeat the request for a job.
You may make it from the mob,

Instead of standing, share the seat on the bus
Isn't it much better than making a fuss,

Whatever you do during tug-o-war, do not push
the rope
Or you'll be the laughing stock amidst cries of,
"What a dope",

Sometimes an obstacle comes in the way,
Sometimes it is smooth going all the way,

Lifes ups and downs add to its totality,
Lending to it an air of immortality.

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