

# Causerie

*A venture of insightful notions*

*e-magazine*

**September**

**ALL HATS NO  
CATTLE!**

By  
Bint e Nadeem

**ORPHIC  
LIVELINESS**

By  
AmbivertQuki

**ARS POETICA**

By  
Sheikh Mahirukh

**THE INEVITABLE  
WORLD OF SOCIETY**

By  
Jewels Khan

**Lust**

By  
Pallavi Dadhich



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# Editor's Note

## Causerie

*/ˈkəʊzəri*, French *kozri*  
noun

an informal article or talk, typically on a literary subject.

Well, well, well! We are here after many months, but at least we reached the shore finally and tried to grasp your grains of thoughts into this ocean of words, Causerie. Ladies and Gentlemen, I hope you are fine and tried to fight against the universal disease that hit us recently; we could see the traumatic situations around that lead us to diversified thinking over time. On August 5th, the mushroom cloud attack had occurred and turned the tables; it changed and caused a long spell of silence with words of prayer for lost people in whole the world. Without getting into the depth of this matter, we can only relate our lives and put forth our concerns practically and mentally, for the human nation.

Moreover, this month, September is known as the Suicide Prevention Month, as it is more than important for us to try out best and prevent suicidal attempts at all costs. Because in histories, this month has been recorded on the basis of suicidal cases and the graphical ratio. Humans need the stability that has been confused everywhere. For instance, extreme insecurities, constant sadness, unexplained aches, inexplicable stress are all the red flags that anyone or even you could be facing, and now or tomorrow it may lead to something as big as suicide. So don't forget to take good care of yourself, and keep an eye on the people around you. Only we can help us! Be kind and don't judge.

With all this in mind, finally we are back! Yes, we admit this downtime of Causerie has been long-drawn, but trust us, we have been working hard behind the scenes and we are sure, your patience with us will pay off even harder this time! As our website is now official and we are offering a lot of services which include, graphic designing, content writing, and publication services in high quality printer papers. So is there anything to wait for? Visit our website and avail our services now!

To conclude, a huge round of applause and magnificent respect for our editorial team members who stayed along with us, thanks to all of our honorable readers as well as the writers who possessed great patience all this time! You matter to us! We must say keep coming with your prestigious work so we can publish them in our e-magazine.

Last submission date for the October issue is 30th of September.

OVAIS SHAIKH

**Founder  
Editor-in-Chief**

**CAUSERIE ISSUE 5**  
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# "Orphic liveliness"

By  
*ambivertquki*

Drenched Soul  
Wretched earth  
Here an there  
People are lost  
Food, shelter  
    ~what?  
they are looking  
mayhap  
    ~the peace

drained though  
even restrained  
Will you think?  
they will need  
your expenses?

Nah! Nah! Nah!  
It's all about  
the humanity  
Is it worthy?  
Or, is it worse?

where we are?  
how we were?  
What will be?

Damn, damn,  
Mind is a mess  
Heart is tired  
but still  
this human  
looking for wit  
    ~smile  
    ~sincerity  
    ~compensation  
    ~evaluation  
    ~spiritual fellow

the world is  
    ~creepy  
the piece of it  
faded into fog  
Hustle and bustle  
    ~got dull

but the hands  
still lifting in the air  
    ~for prayer  
May all worth  
    ~peace  
    ~blessings  
    ~meaningful life



# "Contradiction and love"

By  
*Sarbari Bhowmick*

You want to discover  
the back of the mountains,  
by walking and finding new shades,  
that no one else had ever known of.

"Would the other side be  
as beautiful as it is from here?  
Does the snow there melts in seconds and the rain freezes before  
falling?  
Does the moon becomes visible  
before the sunset?  
Do you think we'd find Chinar trees there?"  
- Sitting beside,  
the curious you, ask me such questions, pointing towards the hills.

I know you want me to hold your hand and walk uphill,  
through the austere path.  
You want me to wipe off  
all the tiredness from your forehead.  
You want me to show the directions, easing your way.  
For I am the only one,  
who can take you away from normalcy, and hand you over to ecstasy.

But my beloved,  
you know my love for the sea.  
How can I hold back the desire  
to be in its moving stillness?  
Just you and me.

It might sound clichéd,  
but whenever I stand ashore,  
I could hear a call  
from the depth of the sea.  
The call leaves me wanting  
to feel how strong the waves can be,  
to believe in the mirages it has,  
to witness the place  
where the sea meets the ocean,  
and the ocean meets infinity.

You want to peek  
onto the other side of the hills.  
I want to transverse the sea.  
You say my beloved,  
where should we head, initially?





# "Ars Poetica"

*By*  
*Sheikh Mahirugh*

Fabricating the profile of paper  
With the threads of my fascinations  
Drawing strokes of my twinge  
With the ruddy hues of gore

Over the canvas undyed  
My artist of locution  
Burned his mushy lingo  
Into the embers of gold

Under the caress of wind  
Ardour assorted with nemesis  
Macerate into the sods  
Escaping scents in aura

Behind the heftiness of alps  
Over the loops of brook  
Gliding boats of paper  
Durge the inks of harmony

Those horrendous thunders  
Allying with the sparkles  
Discern the torment of freckles  
Drizzle the rains of mercy

Memories of his departure  
Are enshrined in my heart  
Among the ruins of souvenir  
His shrine is enchanted

# "Dark side of life"

*By  
Maisa Kanwal*

Life that stopped, years ago,  
the charm that lost back ages,  
was just a count of days, months or years  
Though she's been living each moment  
As if it were a talk of yesterday

She just sealed her lips  
Fabricated the smile on it  
The eyes seemed dried  
Yet it's hurricane every night  
No one knew, but her pillows

The story repeated every night  
Every day she lived for others  
Yet, her thoughts crept her at all times,  
The haunted memory never let her sleep tight...



# "Antagonist"

*By  
Sapna Bhatt*

I am the antagonist  
Of my own life  
The hero within me  
Is now dead,  
The evil in me  
Has created a barrier,  
And parted me from the rest.

Was there a hero in me?  
Or was it just the dark  
In which I played,  
Thinking it was  
A lively sunny park.

Changed myself so much,  
I don't know who I am.  
The world is now a labyrinth,  
With all the hefty bends.

When I look in the mirror  
There is nothing,  
I can see.  
It shows just a dark void,  
Which I never wanted to be.

I wish I was loud enough  
I wish I was little strong  
I wish the hero in me would wake,  
And right everything wrong.

POSTER

BIRAND TUNCA



# Who Are You Trying to Be?

*By  
Riya A*

You stare at me with your judgmental eyes  
I try my best to be like you  
To dress like you  
To act like you  
But you never acknowledge that part of me  
You just judge me from what you see first  
And assume how I'll act and behave  
Well if only you would listen to my words first  
You'd know I'm my own person  
Someone you'd never get to know  
Simply because of how you let your eyes deceive you

But now I say screw it  
It's time for me to act like me  
Look like me  
And to just be me!

# "Pandemic (COVID-19)"

*By  
Ashiq Hussain Sadiq*

A calamity is born in the Land of The Yangtze  
A decree of death globally dispersed  
A novel Grim Reaper, The COVID-19  
A plague full of horrors widely accursed.

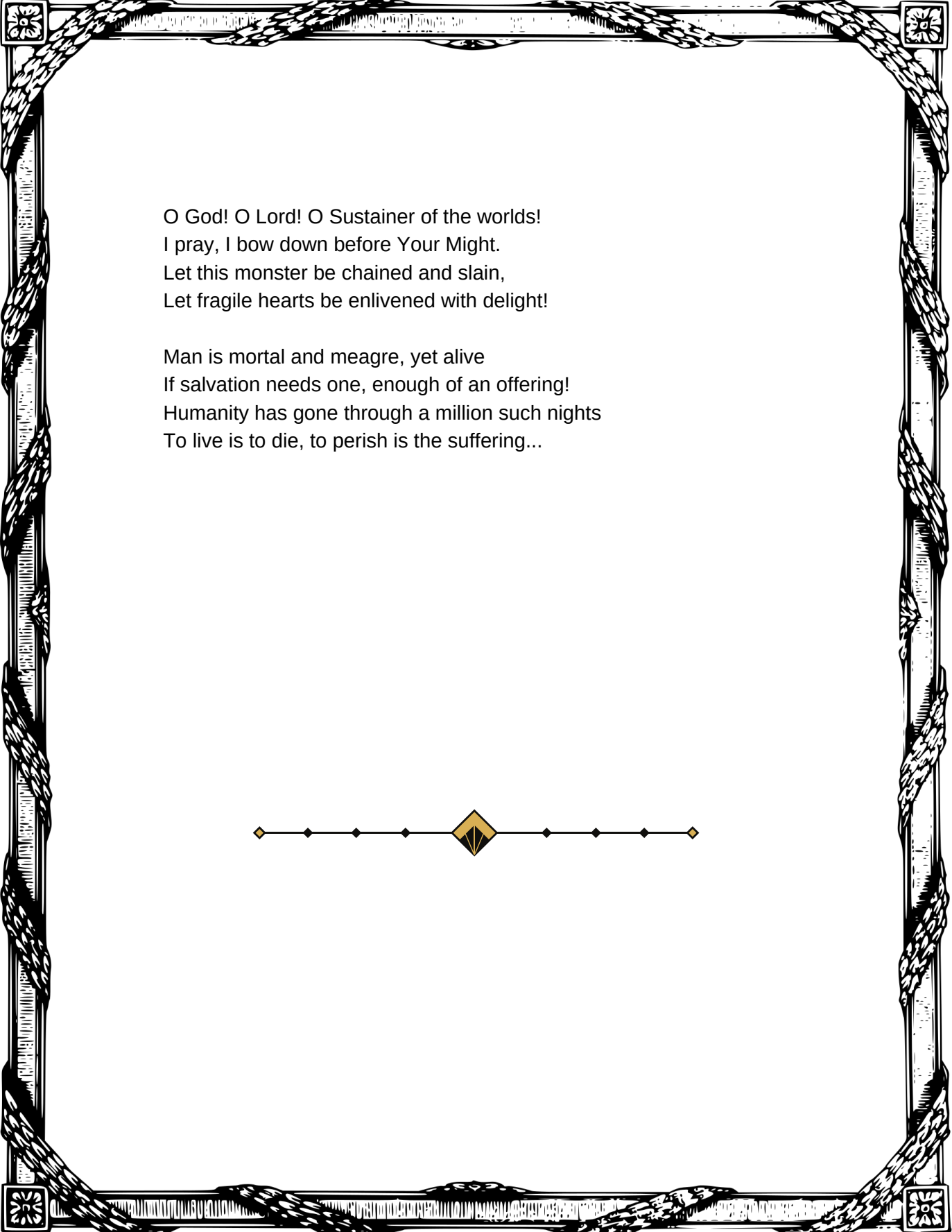
Man is heedless, a cretin before Nature  
Until he meets the inevitability of death  
So did he do in The Land of The Yangtze  
And found his destiny, an agonizing breath.

In a moment, in a while, this agony got spread  
Both Orient and the Occident are victims of Pandemic  
España, Italiana, and the Land of the Gallic  
The paragons of Renaissance, the souls academic.

The Persian soil got poisoned with death  
And poisoned too is the Land of the Rivers;  
Each Western soul is shivering and shuddering  
Every Eastern tribe with fear, thus quivers.

Now each and every mouth gives a verdict  
"This will work...That won't in the least."  
The world has gone to a frantic freeze  
Someone must chain this ruthless, wild beast.

Each penniless pocket is wailing and sobbing  
Man is loosing his interest, his occupation.  
This monster is feeding such grossly another one  
Chest beating is for hunger, not for suffocation.



O God! O Lord! O Sustainer of the worlds!  
I pray, I bow down before Your Might.  
Let this monster be chained and slain,  
Let fragile hearts be enlivened with delight!

Man is mortal and meagre, yet alive  
If salvation needs one, enough of an offering!  
Humanity has gone through a million such nights  
To live is to die, to perish is the suffering...





# "Lust"

By  
*Pallavi Dadhich*

"Hey you!! Yes you hungry thirsty man of lust, what are you laughing at... by sniffing my hair, you can bring the bad smell of your lust to my body, but my soul is still pure. What are you seeing in between my thighs with the eyes filled with lechery. Because you made me cry, you think you are very great? Hey animalistic person go and see, your mother is crying as she gave birth to a person like you. I think when you were born you had seen your mother's breast too, with this same filthy look. Today your wife is crying, who has given birth to your baby girl, that your depravity may infect this young girl too. She is sitting in a corner so that the part of your demonic self does not touch her new born son. Today your mother is embarrassed and regrets that she killed her daughter and saved a fiend like you for inheritance. She should have killed you at the same time, so today her daughter would be illuminating the name of this society. Looking at my small, soft hands, you think I feel weak but I am not weak and I know my strength! Don't you think that you're safe because nobody is watching you; my God knows. And you're weak to such an extent that you can't even capture me on your own, you need a helper for that. Hahahaha... My God is great, and He will give you a terrible death in the same way."



# ALL HATS NO CATTLE!

(HUMANITY CRIES FOR EMPATHY)

*By  
Binte Nadeem*

Hunza (yells): You're so cruel, that's animalistic!

Hayat (laughs while moaning): Hahah..Huhh!

Hunza: What's wrong with you?

Hayat (mumbles while staring the chopped flesh of her hand): Nothing

Hunza: Can't you just stop that! It hurts.

Hayat: It hurts even more.

Hunza: But this won't end that pain.

Hayat (mumbles): It does.

Hunza (rebukes): How can you say that? It's just your foolishness, I have been warning you for-

Hayat: You don't know nothing.

Hunza: So I wanna know, what's that you have been hiding for so long?

Hayat (whimpers): It's like my nerves want something, but my ... life can't afford that.

Hunza: You're crazy. People are all temporary, if somebody leaves, this doesn't mean you're going to cut your flesh in their pain. This doesn't make sense at all!

Hayat (chuckles while speaking): Yeah it doesn't, has any of this world ever made sense? From love to hate, life to death, smile to sigh, everything is just a mechanism. It keeps on changing, He keeps on renovating.

Hunza (raves): So? What it has to do with this? Is that a reason of why you hurt yourself?

Hayat: Life's an excuse of death. How many people around are dying? Do you know? Do even care to know? You think everything's just the same inside out!

Hunza: Ummm-

Hayat (screams): No! It isn't, it isn't!

Hunza (relents): I know this. I know you're in pain, but I am here to support you, with all of my heart. This way of reacting to that pain is dangerous.

Hayat (apathetically): It isn't a reaction, it is the pain. These pains, scars are now a part of me. I can't live without them. I want them to be permanent. I want to feel them deeply. You know each time a string of pain hits me; I carve it on body to stay there forever. There wasn't a great logic behind this!

(Hayat simpers)

Hunza: But you can instead try avoiding it, right? Control yourself from self-harming. You can do it.

Hayat (snaps): Let's not try to understand and advice those who cannot be explained. Have you felt me through my heart? Have you ever heard my echoes in you? Have you? Have you even tried?

Hunza (laments): Ahmmm.. I can't feel you, I am not able to, and that's the truth. But I can understand; I am-I am aware that you are in pain.

Hayat: That's not enough to advice someone and have opinion about them! You know that I'm in pain, but do you really feel it? Does your heart ache like mine? Do your beats speed like mine? Is your mind numb like mine? Do you lose your mind often, like I do? Do you have people around you who just don't understand you? People who are busy in making smooth judgements, instead of understanding the battling ones. Do you? Do you face this misery each day?



Hunza: Emmm. See-

Hayat: Have you ever laughed so badly on your suffering? I don't think so you've ever! It's not any person whose love kills me, it is my own self, I am suffocated in my existence, I am caged in myself, I want freedom from things I don't know of, I am dying for things I don't know, I am not normal like you all, I can't think the way you do, I may look just like the other girls, harming themselves for seeking attention or whatsoever, but I am not, I am dead inside. You call me crazy? And that's the truth, I guess.

(Hayat giggles)

Hunza: See, you've got patience, right?


Hayat: I'm not an impatient person! I am not a loser who failed at patience. It is like this pain is gushing out of my heart, like the fizz of a drink. And I can't handle this pain. It's not easy. Some of us are tested more than the norms. It's consuming my existence each day, not only my emotions, but my physique feels it each day, I'm not as same as you. I'm a monster for myself, because I've pained myself more than any other person has ever pained me, emotionally, mentally and maybe physically! I cannot save me from this fire. It hurts like a complete hell. A. Complete. Hell. And you want me to not be abnormal? I am dying. It is death (titters).

Hunza: It really does hurt, more!

Hayat: I don't love sadness. Do you know how happy I am when I feel full, when I feel enough for myself. The time when my body is free of all aches is so liberating for me!

Hunza: Ahhhh ... We don't bother to walk in someone else's shoes, we just don't try thinking with someone else's head, feeling with someone else's heart, we just don't! All that matter to us are our own judgements and opinions about them.

Hayat: Hmm



Hunza: You know all these days I have been thinking that you're just no more the way you used to be, and you're changed because you are no more interested in our relationship. It was supposed to be my last conversation between us; but I truly misunderstood everything! I am-

Hayat: I am okay with that. They think they understand and know everything but they really don't. They don't know what lies behind the curtain of each one of us. They don't! They hear laughter, but don't feel sighs that are equally loud. They just let people be the way they are, until those people are laughing and cheering on their faces; they don't care.

Hunza: Ahhh! I am one of those people, very sadly. I was supposed to understand you, but I didn't. I don't know why we all believe our thoughts more than the real situation of the other person. Why are we so quick to advice and judge? I don't know, why!

Hayat: That's because we want everything to be good. We don't want blood on our body, but we don't mind it running in our body. We like smiles, no matter whatever they hide. We just want things to be the way we want them to be. And that's where we are mistaken. Things can be much more different than what we think of them. The norms are no more norms. We need new norms of understanding, believing, and accepting.

Hunza: Hayat! I agree with every bit of your words, but couldn't you have made me realize this some time ago? I could have understood all of this before yelling at you, crazily!

Hayat: You have looked in my eyes for a million times, haven't you? Didn't you ever notice that bleeding heart inside of me through my eyes? They say eye is the window to the heart; but sometimes, it's not. These eyes scream each moment, each second. You know, every time I meet someone, I look at them with a smiling face and screaming eyes, and I wish for them to ask me that how I am feeling, I wish to have a deep chat with them, I wish for them to ask me about my heart and head. But no! We don't pay attention to these things, that are tiny yet gigantic.

Hunza: I apologize. I just don't know what to say further-how can I help you now?

Hayat: Just accept me as I am, don't criticize me for things I do, because I've already beaten myself a lot, and a lot. Don't judge me when I act weird and strange. I just want a shoulder. I just want you to talk to me, even when I try to avoid you. I don't want anything, except acceptance and understanding.

Hunza (sighs): Hmm...I'll try my best, In Shaa Allah. May Allah SWT give you shifa.

Hayat: Ameen!

Hunza: By the way, are you alright now?

Hayat: We don't need to be alright in order to live. Most of us aren't alright. Let's not lie! But yeah! I am alright.

(Hayat laughs)

Hunza: Hahaha. You've learnt to be like them!

Hayat: haha! Long ago!

(Laughter)

"Verily, God is compassionate and is fond of compassion, and He gives to the compassionate what he does not give to the harsh."-Quran

"I start prayer and I want to make it long, but then I hear an infant crying, so I make my prayer short, because I know the distress caused to the mother by his crying."- Messenger of Allah ﷺ





# "Golden Era"

*By  
Sadaff Khan*

O you memories!  
You're all mine  
I love one among you  
My childhood,the only beautiful time

When I was a flying bird  
Stress free and care free  
Enjoying to the fullest  
Playing on the tree

O you memories!  
You're all mine  
I love one among you  
My childhood,the only beautiful time

Nothing to worry  
Nothing to say  
Scared of none  
Playing with clay

O you memories!  
You're all mine  
I love one among you  
My childhood,the only beautiful time

The best part,the golden era  
The legacy that continues  
My childhood,My childhood  
Brings me back to the old tunes

O you memories!  
You're all mine  
I love one among you  
My childhood,the only beautiful time

# "Live While We're Young"

Hey girl I'm waiting on ya, I'm waiting on ya  
 Come on and let me sneak you out  
 And have a celebration, a celebration  
 The music up, the windows down

[Zayn:]

Yeah, we'll be doing what we do  
 Just pretending that we're cool and we know it too (know  
 it too)

Yeah, we'll keep doing what we do  
 Just pretending that we're cool, so tonight

[All:]

Let's go crazy, crazy, crazy 'til we see the sun  
 I know we only met but let's pretend it's love  
 And never, never, never stop for anyone  
 Tonight let's get some and live while we're young  
 Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh  
 Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh (and live while we're young)  
 Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh  
 Tonight let's get some

[Harry:]

And live while we're young

[Zayn:]

Hey girl it's now or never, it's now or never  
 Don't overthink, just let it go  
 And if we get together, yeah get together  
 Don't let the pictures leave your phone (oh oh)

[Niall:]

Yeah, we'll be doing what we do  
 Just pretending that we're cool, so tonight

**"One Direction"**

LYRICS

[All]

Let's go crazy, crazy, crazy 'til we see the sun  
I know we only met but let's pretend it's love  
And never, never, never stop for anyone  
Tonight let's get some and live while we're  
young

Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh  
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh (wanna live while  
we're young)

Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh  
Tonight let's get some

[Harry:]

And live while we're young

[Zayn:]

And girl, you and I  
We're about to make some memories tonight

[Louis:]

I wanna live while we're young  
We wanna live while we're young

[All:]

Let's go crazy, crazy, crazy 'til we see the sun  
I know we only met but let's pretend it's love  
And never, never, never stop for anyone  
Tonight let's get some and live while we're  
young

Crazy, crazy, crazy 'til we see the sun  
I know we only met but let's pretend it's love  
And never, never, never stop for anyone  
Tonight let's get some and live while we're  
young

Wanna live, wanna live, wanna live while we're  
young

(C'mon, young) wanna live, wanna live (wanna  
live while we're young)

Wanna live, wanna live, wanna live while we're  
young

Tonight let's get some

[Zayn:]

And live while we're young



# MINI POESY

## Fragile Egos

Put the anger where it belongs  
 On the paper  
 Let it form your words with the mighty pen  
 That wrote history and laws  
 For white men by white men  
 They oppress  
 What they cannot possess  
 Ego so fragile produces fear  
 Not able to see  
 The empty shell they are  
 Soulless, Loveless and therefore cruel

©Ana Delaš



It is never a matter of success  
 It is the matter of the way you succeed  
 So, it's better if you keep patience  
 And don't possess any kind of greed

©sada786

Hollow mind  
 Continuous torment  
 Never let you at ease  
 You think, you'll move on  
 But you feels dead  
 and ripped apart  
 eventually

©Ambivert Quki

my heart quills your name  
 in the blinding sunlight  
 to shade my breaths  
 from turning into ashes  
 in remembrance of you

©Aisha.K



# "Ever you wonder"

*By*  
Mazhar Hussain

Ever you wonder we are living two different lives in two different worlds  
One is after sunset and other is after sunrise  
Eyes are red, woke up tired  
Tears exploded in his heart last night  
He met one more time with himself  
And lost the battle with all regrets  
Getting prepare for the outside world  
With sick mind and aching heart  
Ever you wonder we are living two different lives...  
Spending sunlight like a warrior  
Molding all sadness in laugh and lies  
Getting high in the emotions of low-key  
Deceiving all memories like he has no past  
Soothing the noise of life into music  
Like a new born kid in this world  
Without any miseries and worries  
Ever you wonder we are living two different lives in two different worlds  
One is after sunset and the other is after sunrise  
Floating in the memories of someone  
Faking smile like there is everything alright  
Rejoicing all the fears he has  
Crushing pain with the wings of hope  
Forgot, what happened last night

One more sunset and there is loneliness  
Again drowned in the voidness  
There is no lullaby and there is no one to see his tears  
Ever you wonder we are living two different lives in two different worlds  
One is after sunset and other is after sunrise!

# "The angel"

*By  
Mariyam Milhan*

Like the devil she was crushing souls  
Impregnating fear for the longest of times  
And the menacing smile always intact  
Mercy, not a word in her dictionary  
Her worst was put out to the world  
People flinching away from her way  
And cringe with every word she spells  
And she loved it, loved the way they  
Quiver and shrink back in fear  
And the satisfaction that she's safe and sound  
By the way she is, her joy knows no bounds.

But everytime she looks in the mirror  
She couldn't miss out the light trace of her halo  
That once she wore so proudly but not anymore  
For she realised, she was on her way to death  
With her heart on the sleeve and her halo gleaming  
She couldn't get herself to smile like once she used to  
It pained her to see herself changing  
But she couldn't pin it on her, to take responsibility  
Because she needed to adapt the way the world wants her to  
So that any conflicts and agony can be avoided  
And now she's fluent in disguising.

She doesn't see where life is taking her anymore  
But she's willing to take a chance.

# "Tears"

*By  
Neelam Lashari*

It hurts, it hurts like hell.  
I cried, I cried a lot but no one knows.  
The tears were falling down my eyes;  
I was vanishing, vanishing like hell,  
I was devastated, broken and finished.  
But, who cares? Did you care?  
No,  
But, now I am stronger, stronger like hell;  
Now, I realized;  
Those were the tears,  
And  
Those Tears were rolling down my eyes,  
With every tear I become stronger, stronger & stronger.



# "The inevitable world of society"

*By  
Jewels Khan*

Why is it-  
That smiles are suppressed  
When tis' not a boy?  
Why does the word not spread  
But the wails of murdered joy?

Why is it-  
That her name is overhung  
Only when connected with a man's;  
And for every right and wrong  
She is refused to make a stand?

Why is it-  
That a highbrow  
Cannot be a she?  
Caged with bars of expectations  
And broken fundamentalities?

Why is it-  
That she is labelled as 'potent';  
Only if she knows her way around the kitchen?  
And the things she knows the ropes of;  
Forever remains hidden.

Why is it-  
That everyone steals a piece of her ambition;  
Every time she confides and yearns for them to listen;  
Her wishes bottled into propelled decisions,  
Are flung far into the sea of tradition?

And if you know the answer to my why's-  
Yet you refrain to speak,  
Then you're as broken as the word-  
"The inevitable world of society".

# Quotes

The world says Love is a big word  
but for me Hate is the biggest of  
all.

©Aisha.k

Life is like a dancing floor and  
you've gotta dance like nobody's  
watching you least you should fail  
to give your best.

©Asifa Raza

Headaches are amazing, they burn  
to boil our brains so they can  
evaporate vapors of thoughts into  
the air.

©ovais43

Words etched in the deep heart  
Feelings caged in unsaid verse  
The ink dried page blank left

©Sahnah

Never ever let your,  
Job title or financial status,  
become your introduction.  
Get that inside your head.

©UshbaUrooj

# "Betrayal"

*By  
Aqib Javid Bhat*

Looking for the rawness in a storm,  
The wave of peace betrayed.  
Remembering the pledges thee made,  
The flame burnt my eyesight.  
Where are thou, my tearful smile?  
The existence of mine is fading.  
Doth not my absence matter?  
Is the savor of death so delicious?  
Thou used to weep at my smile,  
Knowing, I mask my sadness.  
The soul within thy self is wailing,  
Waiting to be loved by a broken spirit.  
I can't bear the wagging tongues anymore,  
Let me listen to that voice again.

# "Infinite Sky"

*By  
Brenda Marshal*

They said,  
"Make the sky your own,  
Look for your dreams above,  
Solace your withered soul,  
Let go your slips and never be foul."  
But, did they never tell you,  
"The sky is endlessly infinite,  
Some dreams are left in disguise,  
Forlorned souls can't be easily bloomed,  
Slips are meant to be gloomed."  
Did you never tell yourself,  
"Beget your own abstract clouds,  
Your dreamy canvas awaits your sound,  
Paint it down with motley shades,  
Let your soul never fade.  
Pity for your slips and sins,  
Forgive, be forgiven!"



# A bird with no destination

*By  
Laraib Ashraf*

A free bird I am;  
I have no destination only passing through the ways  
I'm nobody my home is nowhere  
I have wings but I can't fly  
I am not caged but I can't be freed;  
My ways are lost my companions are gone;  
Along with my ways, there are hurdles, obstacles and miseries,  
I want to flee but am chained;  
I can see the sky  
Big and alone  
Horrible and cloudy  
So far to be reached;  
I can see the moon;  
Shiny and bright  
But unable to hear my pleadings;  
I can count the Stars  
But I can't count my pains;  
I can feel the air;  
But can't tell her my sorrows;  
I can see the birds;  
But I can't call them to be with me  
Such a lonely soul I am;  
My destination is nowhere...  
You can feel me everywhere

werden

# "وقت"

By  
*Uzma Firdous*

پہسلی ریت میں چہیے کنکر کی طرح  
باتھ سے گرتے ہوئے خراش دے جاتا ہے  
کسی بے نشاں کی طرح چپکے سے گزرتا نہیں  
وقت گزرتے سمے اپنی چھاپ چھوڑ جاتا ہے

By  
Aqasha Abbas

میرا دل ٹوٹ جاتا ہے جب میں چھوٹے چھوٹے ہاتھوں کو کالک سے بھرا دیکھتی ہوں میرا دل پھٹنے لگتا ہے جب میں روشن آنکھوں میں جگنوؤں کی روشنی کی بجائے کبھی نہ پوری ہونے والی خوابشوں کو حسرت بنا دیکھتی ہوں میرا دل خون کے آنسو روتا ہے جب میں ان معصوم بچوں کو چلتی گاڑیوں کے پیچھے بھاگتا دیکھتی ہوں۔۔۔ آخر کس لیے؟ کیا ہے ایسا جو ان بچوں کو اپنی جان سے زیادہ پیارا ہے؟ آخر ان بچوں کو کس چیز کی طلب نے یوں چلتی گاڑیوں کے پیچھے بھاگنے پہ مجبور کیا ہے؟ کس چیز نے ان کے ہاتھوں میں قلم کی بجائے بھیک کا کاسہ تھمایا ہے؟

محترم قارئین میں بتاتی ہوں آپ کو وہ کیا چیز ہے جو ان معصوم بچوں سے ان کا بچپن چھین رہی ہے۔ وہ چیز بہت خاص نہیں ہے ہمارے لیے کیوں کہ ہم اس چیز کو اہم نہیں سمجھتے۔ اگر ہم ذرا بھی اہم سمجھتے ہوتے تو ہمارا کوڑے دان کبھی ایک رات کے بعد ناقابل برداشت بدبو سے نہ گھرے ہوتے۔ جی آپ بالکل ٹھیک سوچ رہے ہیں۔ میں روٹی کے چند لقموں کی بات کر رہی ہوں۔ اسی روٹی کے چند لقمے ہی ان معصوم بچوں کو چلتی گاڑیوں کے پیچھے بھاگنے پہ مجبور کرتے ہیں جس روٹی کو ہم دن میں کتنی دفعہ کوڑے دان کی زینت بناتے ہیں یہ بچے اسی روٹی کی خاطر کشکول ہاتھ میں لیے در در پھرتے ہیں۔ ہم ایک روٹی بھی اس نیت سے نہیں بنا سکتے کہ یہ ایک روٹی کا سودا میں اپنے خدا سے کر رہا ہوں۔

میں یہ ایک روٹی کسی بھوکے کو کھلاؤں گا تو خدا قیامت کے دن مجھے اس ایک روٹی جتنی نیکیاں دے گا۔ بے شک خدا ہمیشہ اچھا بدلہ دیتا ہے۔ ایک روٹی روز ہم کسی بھوکے، مسکین کو کھلائیں گے اور روز قیامت یہ روٹی ہمارے لیے نیکیوں کے پہاڑ کی صورت منتظر ہو گی۔

اس دن یہ پہاڑ ہمیں جنت میں لے جانے کا سبب بن سکتا ہے جس دن انسان ایک ایک نیکی کو ترس رہا ہوگا۔ وہ دعائیں اس کے علاوہ ہیں جو اس مسکین انسان کے دل سے ہمارے لیے نکلیں گی۔ کیا ایک روٹی کا سودا ہمارے لیے بہت مہنگا ہے؟ کیا ہمارا دل غم سے پھٹ نہیں جاتا جب ہم کس بچے کو صرف چند لقموں کی خاطر روتا دیکھتے ہیں؟ وہ معصوم اپنی ہر خوابش سے دستبردار ہو جاتے ہیں، خود کو خوشیوں سے انجان بنا لیتے ہیں لیکن صرف ایک روٹی کے لیے وہ ہاتھ پھیلانے پہ مجبور ہو جاتے ہیں۔ کیا کبھی کسی روتے ہوئے بچے نے ہم سے کھلونے مانگے؟ نہیں نا؟ وہ ہمیشہ روٹی کے لقمے مانگتا ہے۔ وہ ہمارے بچوں کے سامنے پڑے ان کھلونوں سے نظریں چرا لیتا ہے کیوں کہ وہ کھلونے اس کو زندہ نہیں رکھ سکتے۔ وہ روٹی اس کو زندہ رکھ سکتی ہے جو ہمارے باورچی خانے میں پڑی رہتی ہے اور ہم باہر بوٹلنگ کرنے کے بعد اس خراب روٹی کو کوڑے کی زینت بنا دیتے ہیں۔ آؤ عہد کریں کہ یہ روٹیاں خراب ہونے سے پہلے اپنے محلے، اپنی گلی میں موجود غریب اور مجبور گھر میں پہنچانی ہیں۔ ایک وقت مقرر کر لیجیے کہ اس وقت ایک روٹی ان معصوموں کے گھر دینی ہے جو روٹی کے چکر میں پڑ کے تعلیم سے محروم رہ جاتے ہیں ایک روٹی آپ بھجوائیں گے تو ایک کوئی اور بھجوا دے گا۔ ان بچوں کو یہ روٹی پھر سے ان کا بچپن لوٹا سکتی ہے۔ سودا مہنگا نہیں ہے زرا سوچیے گا!!!



## "غزل"

By  
Kamran Mumtaz Ahmad

بات یوں رد نہ کر دعا کی طرح  
پیش آیا نہ کر خدا کی طرح

گر بوجھا میں، نہ کچھ دکھے گا تجھے  
میں ہوں شمع، نہ بن ہوا کی طرح

میں نے عادت بنا لیا ہے تجھے،  
روز ہوتی ہوئی خطا کی طرح

دل سے گھرچوں، یا لمس سے نوچوں،  
مجھ میں پھیلا ہے تو وِبا کی طرح

فاصلے مٹتے ہیں، مٹانے سے،  
آلیٹ جائیں ہم قبا کی طرح

تجھ سے بچھڑا ہوں جب سے، ہوں بیمار  
پھر ملا نہ کوئی دوا کی طرح

زیست آواز تھی، اب بازگشت ہے،  
کہو رہی ہے کسی صدا کی طرح

عشق کے کاروبار میں احمد،  
وہ ملا ہے مجھے نفع کی طرح

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