

Poetry Series

Naveed Khalid
- poems -

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Naveed Khalid()

77

(A Tribute To Hamnet Shakespeare)

Of my pulse through unnerved blood in vein,
many a tale is weaved of the world;
my mute song in time's cruel hand
of stressed out beat in dull rhyme,
oft by what you think goes blind;
and upon the page is printed, printed
before the pen hath writ in vain,
of whom, they say, hath fled in old decrepit tongue,
the fate of those stars in my account,
I'll write them against the wall with pen-pricked angels.

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Date Created: Tuesday, December 03,2013 6: 56: 31 PM

Naveed Khalid

Must I deny thee of such subtle thought,
that by reality of a dream too but stirrs the mind,
of sadeian myth this world of thy most high deserts;
where least I find worthy of thy perusal
to prove thee virtuous against all odds, my love,
of terrible beauty born that promising land of fairies,
ah, but to thee suffice with what I lack in,
of eyes so blind that day of unaltered eye:
holds a myriad star in my account by the sea-ashore,
I fain would write this embassy at the pedestal of thy throne;
of golden tress his hair upon the strand of still waters,
slowly drifting away from the sand dunes to e'er melting snow,
away from what lies buried in yellow-pages of history,
to unhindered scope that burning goblet in the rainforest,
down that road under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
of crow's quill my shipwrecked dreams in the cellar-barn.

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Date Created: Thursday, Thursday, April 09,2015 1: 45: 05 PM

Naveed Khalid

When all too weird with what I behold to my mind still,
of e'er melting snow in the mellowing year of spring;
where but unhindered scope of beauty abounds,
I most my eyes hath fed with age-old love,
that in full abundance of thy presence alone,
the sun in deep azure at sunset of the evening sky,
brings forth to my sightless view e'ery flower upon a barren heath
against that forfeited dark in Hades of a star:
too, but bereaved of light my shipwrecked dreams
of broken mast-shaft at north by the sea-ashore,
that crow's quill of my darkened days to some rivulet blue,
hath brought me to this end at Minerva's golden brow;
some vulgar paper to rehearse that day of unaltered eye,
more bright upon the sand dunes thy most high deserts,
ah, too deep for woe at the golden banks of silken satin,
to my e'erliving memory thy gilded monument astounds.

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Date Created: Sunday, April 05,2015 4: 30: 52 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Beautiful Lady

(Previous title 'To Beauty')

There is always scope for more to see
through thine eye,
and this world brings forth in full abundance
every image unto my view,
that in stars is writ by love;
but by a dream what is in my mind,
oft goes blurr'd from out of sight
what is still but a creation
of something that I think on thee,
which by thought is bound by more
than by beauty I can prove,
unless not in secret I confide.

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Date: Wednesday, April 17, 2013 8: 15: 55 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Bowl Of Eggs

I bring you a bowl of eggs,
boiled in the morning's pure serene,
and a mug of tea without sugar,
You'd take the white for more protein,
and separate the yellow as my pale heart,
outspread with autumn leaves while you walk
in the garden for fresh air, for today's politics.
The sun on your back holds a myriad stars
to the breakfast table,
a green-leaf-boat at the door.

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Date Created: Monday, September 05,2011 4: 14: 32 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Boy

He is our boy, a whiz-kid
of the Hal computer,
but we can only see him
on the screen,
through his rose-colour'd glasses;
but he thinks he knows more than we do:
he must be stunned by the printer's devil
in the mirror as we arrived;
yet we wonder what he is doing down there,
maybe picking the scraps of the scroll
to put them back in the black box;
or his girlfriend deserted him,
a mere break-off, whatever!
I think he left his holy ghost back home,
for one more in hope to be Elia's patient,
along the vast Arabia Stony desert:
a bout of sea-sickness hangs
by the loose ends of a string
to his shirt, to his boat;
for when he left he broke the remote,
stampeded under his feet,
until the signals from the tower,
dot-dot-dot...dash-dash-dash,
trail out of his head,
all data is lost, crashed to the floor,
broke like him, his dream a vapour,
and there he is on the screen,
it hurts him no more.

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Date Created: Tuesday, February 21,2012 2: 51: 34 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Bridal Song

How unmov'd by time thy age-old monument
Stands still the same at Darien Peak!
How unconquer'd thy triumphant beams
In summer's sun, everyday arise!
Pourest love through veins of autumn leaves,
Venice hath her golden bow in the trees,
Blush'd roses melt in lover's breath;
Violet blues in the ocean green sink
Small orange skies in the late evening,
And laid to rest in bed of oak- -sleep!
When worldly dreams begin,
How blest by thy sight,
Are unchain'd from the stars!
A private door opens unto the
Backyard of thy garden,
Wherein bluebells hang
By the windowsill of an Old House:
Lord! that our most esteem'd Poet
Is remembered well,
Must we love him forever more;
But where a line goes uncheck'd
In Greek fable or allegory,
Our picturesque story tell
Of the moon-lit wedded night.

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Dated Created: Monday, August 27,2012 12: 41: 19 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Broken Mirror

Then, this world that by looks more bright
than summer's eve can afford,
to behold my love that glorious day
of unaltered eye,
e'ery falling star in winter cold,
they led me through the door in silent hour of the night;
where lies my bed above a funeral pyre,
from out of the debris of ruined ashes,
her lichens of desire in modern electra;
a few cliches from a fumbled mouth,
fell out of hand that crystal goblet,
full fathom-five thy crackled bones
of ages that are dead,
hath spilled the beans all o'er the place,
that crickets sing through e'ery fig leaf
of autumn wind in solemn-strained rhyme,
this adobe of a dream at the foot of thy crags.

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Date Created: 28 July,2014, Monday at 3: 40 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Cottage Hill

The Poet in whose light my love hath fled
Away from out of sight with so many lovely things;
That in fair aspect of cold repose to the setting sun,
Unaccounted for what to my mind still
Of another rent at midnight lease in waking hour,
Oft I bring to the page of eyes so blind,
Of whom, they say, in a smudge of colours dissovle
All my woe in dismal shades of age-old grey;
Apart from all the panorama of this world
Against the wall on high, above the archway
Through the staircase window of a chapel,
I could see e'ery flower upon a barren heathk;
Uneclipsed of e'ery fair from thy fairest brow,
Too soon shall fade in Rosemary garden
Under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
Where sparrows make their nest by the crow's quill;
While brooding o'er the dale to a falling star,
Of golden tress his hair upon the strand of still waters;
The hand that writ in solemn strain this barren rhyme,
More blest of ages that are dead in hurtlings of past woe.

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Date Created: Wednesday, October 01,2014 7: 40: 34 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Few Private Lines

Lord! so rich in imagination,
so greatly sublime,
that I have no intention
of borrowing you for worldly riches;
nor for want of thought,
must I think of something else;
but what might it be if I do:
a beautiful lady? no!
some animal's distort'd reflexes?
no! or who else is Man?
Lord! you create him like no other,
for none is like thee except YOU,
and you are like me like all other,
this no one knows.

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Naveed Khalid

A Leafless Sunset

Ah, me all too weird of this far-fetched sky,
That to my unattended looks of eyes so blind
Ere you know by what cruel hand or eye;
Oft unmoved by what I write to my love
From out of the blues in still waters,
That forfeited dark in Hades of a star
Against the world of thy most high deserts,
Away from out of sight to my mind still:
a heart-rending night of unnerved blood in vein,
I, too, hath stood and wept in hurtlings of past woe
To bewep my outcast state forlorn,
Of plumed hat on knees in ruffled feathers
That crow's quill to my e'er living memory,
Along the pavement of cow parsley
E'ery flower upon a barren heath of ages that are dead,
Agoing, agoing to morning's pure serene in my bed of crimson joy.

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Date Created: Monday, December 22,2014 4: 46 AM

Naveed Khalid

A Little Abstract

That man with a plumed hat on knees
Bent the world to this end in timeless tide,
That e'ery beginning seems but a-far-off cry;
Away from what I in ecstasy of my bride
Had a lot of slack, reign and kiss,
Not least be contend by a peace offering;
And in melting snow thy fair lamb in November,
Would gather such soft fleece from bonanza of thy dream,
That sneer of cold command in Beulah's night,
Shook off the nibbling toes of snow-white damsel:
The church bell rang at midnight waking
Before I barely knew how the birds sing, love,
You'd let another star into my ken, leave all past woes behind,
From another shore to arise, to suffer by thee alone.

Naveed Khalid

A Lost Poem

Love, if my poem stays with you
long enough- -
maybe for a hang-o'er or something;
and doesn't go away,
don't think I am doing poetry
or art of some kind;
but just that it is the ghost
of your magic, myth and folklore,
that haunts the mind
in intoxication of your company
on daily basis:
before it all goes into a sink,
and those persistent cries
to the dumb ear one more time,
are more enchanting than my poem
in your ever-living, loving memory,
lost in a rut of long, forgotten lines
when we turn'd our way
back home,
only if you can trace the path
of my dusty-rusty poem.
Ah! I wish I could write one- -
like the one you are or I am,
or else we used to be...

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Naveed Khalid

A Love Note

I love thee not by the world,
that by a shadow hath fled;
but by the heart I suck more,
a sponge of feelings, cold and numb,
a love note by the bed can move me no more;
nor in restless stars of the mirror,
I behold thee run wild through blood in veins,
a vocal rage against all the panorama,
pack'd in the delirium of thy dream,
many a roses are spread in vain,
and vain is the word upon the window-pane,
of cut-out hearts in the tree, of love's departed song:
this sky, this earth, this wall our common grave.

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Date: Friday, December 21,2012 12: 37: 58 AM

Naveed Khalid

A Philosopher's Stone

This mark in the sun that of hallowed fire,
oft is illumined by thirty-six silver angels,
and each by journey through the world can see a fairyland,
a officers problem, enigma of thy body and soul,
which on equal terms I bring forth unto thine eye;
but the total sum of their disfigured values
I still can count by numbers more among the stars,
where along thy infrastructure you work miracles,
that by whate'er name be put in atoms of thy beauty,
I'd love as much as eleven you have in mind,
except for one missing match by thee alone,
our appointed saviour, I let go, I let go America!

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Date Created: Wednesday, May 15,2013 1: 14: 19 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Reflection

There is more to see in the back of the mirror
Than what it shows from outward looks;
And deep down his mercury-heart reflects
Those pearls that never come out to the surface,
Unless in a speck of light gather, all nak'd to my eyes,
For the vanishing sight stains the sky with stars,
That I love beauty more than thy beauty is- -
Though less if more by half thy face is fill'd,
I would have you for my glass to drink ever more
When from out of the blue you pour forth in my verse
The unmet desires, but with love compare
What no beauty hides in her perfect ceremony
Of looks beguil'd, more look'd upon as her goldilocks,
By the stream make a garland of thy blonde hair.

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Date created: Sunday, June 03,2012 11: 04: 26 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Skull Found In Sand Dunes

I'll not speak to thee of thy unattended presence,
That in trash and tinsel hides,
This world in nurslings of immortality;
Oft goes unchecked by so gross a love
Of my country rhymes!
That to a land of fairies abides:
The milkyway of a harvest moon,
Ploughs through the fields, hath found a child's skull;
Nor I swear I'll examine in detail of fossil records,
Unaccounted in pebbles and stones e'ery pelted grave,
Say, Lord, I call thee by thy name:
The presager of mine eye more eloquent!
Where hibiscus grow in the twilight of day-dreams
To unending night in silent hours of soliloquy.

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Date Created: Friday, October 10,2014 7: 30: 52 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Study

The sanctuary at home under the heavy pile
of dust-covered books in shelves,
neatly dovetailed along the library archives;
where once, they say, there used to be the corridor,
and a school-going child carries the satchel
on his back with tender limbs,
that I, too, find in some measure his only sport,
the world around him bears amiss
from what to his unconcerned eye,
pigeonholed through the sky,
each day brings him down to the rabbit holes!
probably their spilled beans all o'er the place;
else beside the window exactly where the bed is,
behind rose-coloured glasses, our Professor,
the most esteemed philosopher of the progressive age,
still absorbed in grammar of the people:
The Great Mentor, e'eryone seems to have seen before,
gradually starts to emerge from the sentence structure,
all in gentle grace by worthier pen to prove virtuous.

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Date Created: Sunday, March 09,2014 2: 04: 07 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Summersault Beach

No first look in the sun that by love you define,
Of such crippled countenance to my sightless view
Have I e'er found worthy of thy perusal
That through tempest beats of my heart's studded feelings arise;
Alas, but in fair aspect of cold repose,
Oft leaves me in dismay to that day of unaltered eye,
This world of wanton tapestry at thy throne:
Lo! away from out of sight e'ery fair from thy fairest brow
To beauty's belligerent smile more bright to illumine
Than what too soon makes haste in my bed of crimson joy,
I fain would bring to the page from out of the blues in still waters.

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Date Created: Tuesday, November 18,2014 2: 34: 16 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Tribute To Gray's Elegy

Thus, my muse by far in fair aspect of cold repose,
Outlives in measured breath this powerful rhyme;
Against forfeited dark to fill with high deserts
Titanic visions afar, carved of stones his chiseled bones,
Of ages that are dead in past woe's waking hour,
That unseen hand or eye to illumine in dumb despair!
More sweet! my only hope to arise by thee alone,
And oft possessed by what I lack in, thy love
Of hundred shadows by the grove, too deep for woe,
I hath lived to this day, hung aloft the ghastly night.

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Date Created: Thursday, July 03,2014 4: 02: 34 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Tribute To Love

The journey ends here
where the wonderland
of thy dreams begin;
and wings of poesy
burn in gold,
a world of ecstasy,
that by pen is writ;
by beauty shall grow;
for heaven is no more
but in the eyes
of thy unconquer'd love.

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Date Created: Wednesday, October 31,2012 4: 44: 31 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Walk In The Twilight

Oft have I seen her sit still by the window,
Brushing off her hair in heavy make-up,
And is born of golden spoon, her ear;
A red carpet beneath the table;
Beside the lamp in a star-lit night:
A elbow room under the Archangel's brow,
Above the arrow, stretched across the sky!
All the panorama of this world before her eyes
Wide open, to where the waking dreamland
Awaits her, love's woeful song in the background,
All wrapped in bridal dress by the stream,
Alas! flows to eternal bliss in melting snow,
The groom that walks the corridor on a firm mattress,
Affixed her foot's imprint upon the seashore.

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Naveed Khalid

A Wanton Boy

Not for lack of clear insight to my reckoning days,
But which in abundance of thy presence more great, my love,
Than where least I find in much dearth of thy most high deserts,
Full rich content of e'ery flower upon a barren heath;
Fills the page of eyes so blind through my unaltered eye,
Uneclipsed of e'ery fair from thy fairest brow:
This world of thy forfeited dark at break of day arise,
All wrapped in wanton tapestry, my son, in seraph wings of gold;
Brings forth to my sightless view nothing more than what I write
To fill the emptiness of my mind at white's lease in winter cold,
More blessed by such furtive looks than I can afford
Against time's tickling toes in solemn strain this barren rhyme.

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Date Created on: Wednesday, September 03,2014 2: 58: 06 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Wild Rose

The most uncolour'd of all poetry
is the ilk of Muse herself,
that by the grey-matter of my mind
has a drifting dream amiss;
but soon as you depart from what is writ,
all colours fade away in thin air,
except one of yours, darker the better;
and in my heart so rich a rose,
all heaven, all kingdom of love,
I'll by such wilderness of thought
bring along at thy feet.

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Date Created: Thursday, June 27,2013 6: 12: 09 PM

Naveed Khalid

A Youngman From Verona To The Library Archives

Ah, then but to think on thee in silent hours of the night,
Of what all too weird in beauty's belligerent smile,
A broccoli beneath the bed of crimson joy;
Of my doomed youth that carries a garden unto Erin's gate,
Dear me! in whose light hath fled that stirs the mind
Against the world of thy most high deserts,
Too soon shall fade by the sweat of thy brow;
Along the pavement of cow parsley in yellow-pages of history:
Indeed! by thatch-eaves is run by the sea-ashore,
My age-old love to thee suffice at sunset of the evening sky,
Must I of my adversaries be part to play a hunch for the parade;
Where least I find if more be less than half thy looks so fair
To unhindered scope of beauty abounds that day of unaltered eye,
E'ery flower upon a barren heath more temperate in e'er melting snow,
Her most ardent desire to fill the page some vulgar paper to rehearse,
That crow's quill in thy presence abides by thee alone.

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Date Created: Wednesday, April 22,2015 7: 38: 45 PM

Naveed Khalid

Abstract Woman

My Muse in waste of words
hath lost all meaning,
all sense of purpose;
and what use this art,
this craft of a woman,
whose love is but for a moment,
shut out from the world,
I think things through her curious eye;
but there is nothing that I image forth
except her garment of a tatter'd soul.

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Date Created: Saturday, January 19,2013 2: 59: 56 PM

Naveed Khalid

Abstraction II

So now where oft the mind is stirred,
so sickening to the bones my love,
goes loitering around the world;
else in simple fold my vain endeavour,
that by thought is bound by thee,
my words against myself to prove virtuous
than I in thy diminished sense of being,
brings forth nothing but to my sightless view
this world, with disdainful look I most despise
the remembrance of past woe in dismal shades,
hath darkened my days of painted sky at break of day.

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Date Created: Tuesday, March 25,2014 2: 10: 22 PM

Naveed Khalid

Abstraction-I

When e'ery fair face that I behold
in summer's prime,
and with disdainful look her eyes
I most despise,
of vile words such thought that grow
and wither in time's waste,
unlooked for love my mind,
that in age-old visage hide
all the panorama of this world,
oft unattended by waking hour,
has made my old days anew,
long forgotten in the fabric of daydreams.

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Date Created: Wednesday, March 19,2014 8: 08: 13 PM

Naveed Khalid

Adonis

The sun at measured distance from afar,
oft steals looks from my bed but of late;
and where a sailing boat is deck'd ashore
under the haven of a bolt'd sky;
his compass'd ark through many a sleepless night
hath raised the world from earth's infernal grave,
that by Eve's crescent in the harvesting field,
wherein I stand still, my oars half-sunk in the ocean
of timeless tide, a thought of your vibe
at River Afqa by e'er flowing cascade,
alone hath moved thy bones to Adonis.

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Date Created: Saturday, December 07,2013 1: 50: 40 PM

Naveed Khalid

Afqa

What needest I this mirror that is still,
and oft by looking liking moves
me more to the River where Moses cried and wept,
to see him where he stands in the public eye,
not least by love to eclipse the sun,
far removed from thy brow all mascara of her eyes;
whereby e'ery falling star,
they break loose their oars to thee,
that by misconstrued notions of your mind,
hath rendered numb my novice feeling,
of broken bones thy grave
this sky, this earth, this world.

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Date Created: Thursday, March 27,2014 6: 55: 59 PM

Naveed Khalid

Albatross

Black, black is the print
on litmus paper,
that of a shadow
under the transparent sky,
has revealed in lightning, storm and rain;

Of what is colour blind,
will go to the mind
when it comes to think on thee,
for nothing is in vain,
not even that you least count for a thing:

This world of thine eye
be of one such look,
let alone if darkly lit,
the sun would illumine
all in heaven and earth.

Black Rose! the wild flower
at our common grave of stardust,
and in that reading room unfolds:
what you have never seen before:
the carpet, the curtain, the table, the bed,

The rocking chair but moves me more
than what you deny of a star,
behind the mirror of everything,
his intriguing looks of eternal sight.

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Date Created: Saturday, September 07,2013 4: 39: 23 PM

Naveed Khalid

Alchemist

Let no one know that I exist,
and in thy presence no more;
but you alone by what I am
worthy of thy perusal,
that of myself I speak to thee nothing;
except what by a precise measure
I think of abstract philosophising,
this soul of the world unknown.

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Date Created: Monday, February 25,2013 12: 15: 57 AM

Naveed Khalid

Amethyst

Had I but in my hands the clock that tells time?
I'll count you numbers in my prayer;
More the better, much too stressed-out note
Of e'ery skipped beat in my account,
Be but in death-like trance, my love,
Half-sick, half-poisoned, half-deaf to the ear,
Unheard of what from a fumbled mouth hath spilled
The green-eyed beans ere thine unweird eye.

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Date Created on: Tuesday, September 02,2014 12: 08: 07 PM

Naveed Khalid

An Epitaph

Moths gather around the light and die
one after the other;
but their little wings are dried,
expos'd to the lamp,
like burnt-out shadows these words:
I write them down to his grave,
that to reach for the stars as if
they'd lost their way back home.

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Date Created: Tuesday, October 18,2011 1: 27: 07 AM

Naveed Khalid

Anonymous

(A Manx Muse)

Thus, by far more this world to my sightless view,
Holds but a mirror that shows not half thy part of unattended presence,
Oft leaves me in dismay e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
That in solemn strain this deserted rhyme
Of thy most high deserts, unaccounted for love,
More bright than e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind
As marigold upon a clover-top hangs ere thine unweird eye:
Full rich content of thy graceful ease in waking hour
To prove thee virtuous against all odds, all vicissitudes of the sky,
Unlooked for love my Lord's light through e'ery pouring shadow,
That to my mind still of another rent in hurtlings of past woe.

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Date Created: Saturday, August 09,2014 4: 52: 51 PM

Naveed Khalid

Antiques

Oh, that phantom of chalice wings
creates a myth of Sadeian world,
of what I write to my dear old folks;
and which goes unchecked by the west wind,
but you can read him in my ancient rhyme;
not wild that by wilderness to the mind,
oft is akin to our woe-begotten time,
fore'er lost in the fabric of our daydreams.

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Date Created: Thursday, June 20, 2013 11: 45: 20 PM

Naveed Khalid

Apocalypse

What use this verse that by reading,
oft by a shadow goes blind;
but which by eyes is writ thrice
before all hath vanished from sight,
I wish I could see thy metaphysics
when you turn'd thy face in the mirror,
that reality never matched the world,
and eveything was in the mind;
else by beauty be no more
than what by love I behold,
except for illusion of this light,
this paint'd sky reflects not in thine eye.

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Date Created: Wednesday, May 08,2013 2: 40: 12 PM

Naveed Khalid

Aquiline

Must I of my darkened days to some rivulet blue,
Drown an eye that of erased looks to my mind still,
A foul fawning bay at my door, bewails the night;
Not least to account for love in the mellowing year of spring,
Of woe-begone all thoughts to a poor wretch like me,
That in whose country rhymes so sickening a desire in ill-omen,
Oft such rags of time make haste in my bed of crimson joy:
Adieu! adieu! I needest no soft murmurings in sweet-scented silence.

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Date Created: Tuesday, October 28,2014 11: 09: 18 AM

Naveed Khalid

Archer Of Golden Bow

Must I live this dream of broken mast-shaft at north
that in silent hours of the night,
of my darkened days to some rivulet blue;
too deep for woe of what I write to eyes so blind,
a broccoli, beneath my bed of crimson joy to account for love
against the world of thy most high deserts,
a straw hat on knees in ruffled feathers,
down that road under the canopy of a hut:
of untread places far-off upon the sand dunes,
they led me by the horn through staircase window of the wall;
that crow's quill as marigold in autumn wind by the sea-shore.
of some such snowflakes in winter cold at sunset of the evening sky.

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Date Created: Tuesday, February 24,2015 4: 08: 13 PM

Naveed Khalid

Arise! Arise!

Of Crow's quill, so far as my eyes can see,
And from blackening inkpot his ruffled feathers;
His cowboy hat of red-linen, my bride,
Something to wonder at the scarecrow in the field,
The nest ashore in the tree of naked branches,
Broods upon nurslings of immortality!
Where but by night asleep the stars
Of all the world at my door,
I count them each to an e'erlasting day:
Arise! arise! the lark at heaven's gate, sing!
And e'erything is still at Darien Peak,
All pen-pricked angels mirrored in thy abode,
Her enchanting slogans of disparity,
Ah! fill the cup with magic potion called, Ether,
Oft flows through unnerved blood in vein,
Her mental furniture of the mind;
Let the picture be put aside,
That of tongue-tied Muse her love,
Goes soaring high above the dale:
Arise! arise! the lark at heaven's gate, sing!

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Naveed Khalid

Arrow

When I am at a loss for words,
I look at a shooting star,
how by night befalls the sky;
and a thought comes into my mind
of cupid's stretch'd, heavenly bow:
a drown'd boat in the ocean
is brought to the sands of the sea-shore,
that our Lord has call'd for a mirror.

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Naveed Khalid

Astral I

Of What I can see not through many a starlit night,
Enwrought with my humble ode hath but little scope,
Put against the mirror of thine eye this world;
Apart from where you sow the seed of love or hate,
I'll move on with such stepping stones, no destiny insight,
To marvel the ages that are dead from history's yellow pages,
And to revel in good old days by e'ery fleeting shadow:
My ancestral form insidious of empty vessels to fill the cup,
Where I my secret hath kept away from thy presence alone,
The hand that writ these lines thy gilded monument astounds.

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Date created: Monday, May 26,2014 3: 10: 06 PM

Naveed Khalid

Astral II

I'll not in vain words to precious minutes waste
her musings o'er the dale,
of subservient nature's most ardent desire
to fill the page with what I least contend;
our esteemed Poet but to thee suffice, my love,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown
at Minerva's golden brow!
against the world of thy most high deserts,
I still behold that day of unaltered eye:
lo! in thy graceful ease more bright,
than least by thy name I can e'er know thee,
that moves afoot to eternal bliss in waking hour;
while in thy presence alone I am looking, looking
through titanic visions afar,
of ages that are dead to my eyes so blind,
oft makes haste in my bed of crimson joy
at sunset of the evening sky,
away from out of sight to my mind still
e'ery flower upon a barren heath to the west wind in autumn.

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Date Created: Monday, January 12,2015 11: 58: 32 PM

Naveed Khalid

Aurora

When I look at a star of hallow'd fire,
along with pen-pricked angels;
that by love of musings o'er the dale,
and his wilful shutting of the eye,
measured by a distance of the world:
a lone wanderer from afar
has no way to go, no place to hide,
except in verse of autumn leaves
what by the sun is decked ashore,
a stream that flows to eternal bliss,
pebbles and stones in the ocean sink
all his dreams of mid-night waking.

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Date Created: Saturday, July 06,2013 12: 35: 58 PM

Naveed Khalid

Autumn

No, I'll not move thee more with the stars,
That oft in silent musings alone,
Visit you from e'ery corner of the world;
Nor not a word of rhyme in my mute song,
I'll write but in shallow praise of thine eye:
Autumn moon! of the west wind in yonder looks,
Unfolds many a dry leaf of thy book;
and of poetry to celebrate with thee at night,
I still am thinking of some thought far off,
Away from the skyline of that eagle,
Upon whose wings I let my muse fly, fly...

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Date Created: Monday, September 23,2013 2: 41: 49 PM

Naveed Khalid

Autumn Leaf

Lord! whence else oft I beget this dream,
So off-hand in the corn field a belated sight
Of unicorn's golden hour at midnight waking,
That his shoe-horse by the stable lay barefooted;
And that journey stretch'd across the skyline,
Above his head where the crown of a starless night,
I still can behold in the mirror of thine eye,
Cruising through the world a charioteer wild:
O blow that! which in a drop of vintage hides,
His looks of cold serene in haystack of woods.

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Naveed Khalid

Autumnal

O no! not least howe'er to my mind in winter cold,
Every star that outshines in white bier to brave thine eye,
Awakes me to this world, alas, but in dumb despair;
Away from what, too, shall grow old in summer's prime,
And leave me there where I still am loitering around,
Unlooked for love my Lord's light I hath lived to this day:
Yet not a line from out of sight my dark can e'er illumine,
The broken mirror of a hundred shadows by thy grave,
Of no compare by looking what you'll nothing find;
Everything so fair by fair creatures born, not so real,
Nor what I write to thy embassy, be worthy of thy praise,
That I may claim as well to be One with thee alone.

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Date Created: Tuesday, May 20,2014 12: 20: 30 PM

Naveed Khalid

Awakening

My love that in fair aspect of cold respose
But desires increase of thy most high deserts;
Where least I find such darling insights, to thee suffice
Against all odds, all vicissitudes of the sky,
More bright than what through my forfeited dark
You illumine the world by thy fairest brow,
Of wanton looks so fair, my mind, ere thine unweird eye:
Away from e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind,
My tongue-tied Muse to my sightless view
Holds a mirror that shows not half thy part;
And e'ery single hour to that day of another rent,
Not least to claim that waking star in winter cold,
A fair face needs no light that by light more blessed
Than I write to thee of worthier-pen born in darkness of the night.

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Date Created: Saturday, August 09,2014 4: 05: 08 PM

Naveed Khalid

Baptism

This mark of love if by error removed from thee,
that without thy presence alone,
else be in simple fold my vain endeavour
upon world's e'er effacing page;
but who'd read? who has eyes enough to read
what in mind's eye I still behold,
darkly lit in bewailing night asleep;
and that ceremony of a star,
oft bestow'd by thy graceful ease,
would bespeak of virgin mother born,
her bridal song in high heavens.

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Date Created: Sunday, August 11,2013 10: 09: 21 PM

Naveed Khalid

Bar Mitzvah

Oft am I swayed by this gentle breeze,
That in the mellowing year of spring
Too soon shall fade to some rivulet blue,
Full ripe gourd of some hazel nuts in my account,
Of what lies buried in yellow pages of history;
O but to thee suffice in thy graceful ease
To bear the burden of thy yoke too dear,
Of eyes so blind at Minerva's golden brow:
Hung aloft the ghastly night as marigold in autumn
Of broken mast-shaft at north my shipwrecked dreams,
I, too, can claim at sunset of the evening sky
E'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy;
Erased of looks so fair to my mind still in the cellar-barn,
That day of unaltered eye to eternal bliss in waking hour,
Of plumed hat on knees in ruffled feathers under the canopy of a hut,
That crow's quill of darkened days to my e'erliving memory.

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Date Created: Sunday, March 22,2015 12: 48: 53 PM

Naveed Khalid

Bard's Soliloquy

This world, ah, but to see through thine holy eye,
Unused to flow to e'er melting snow,
That in summer's prime too shall fade
Away from out of sight, my love, of thy most high deserts
To mourn in dismal shades of age-old grey;
Oft in precious minutes waste her old-formed memory, too deep for woe,
E'ery flower upon a barren heath in snow-capped myrtle,
I behold from afar at Minerva's golden brow:
Of clay and wattle-made thistles by the stream to eternal bliss,
A mistletoe on his back along the pavement of cow parsley,
Needest no light to becharm the skies in silent hours of the night,
Let all heaven be darkly lit in thy abode, still burning, burning!

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Date Created: Wednesday, November 05,2014 2: 38: 32 PM

Naveed Khalid

Beatific

When all the better part of me to account for love
of thy most high deserts,
that by beauty more to my eyes so blind;
of virgin mother born,
her summer's day to my e'er living memory,
oft moves afoot to eternal bliss in waking hour:
than all the world beside that by night no more,
ere you know the hand that writ in mournful numbers
e'ery flower upon a barren heath of ages that are dead
to that day of unaltered eye, I behold, I behold.

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Date Created: Thursday, December 25,2014 2: 16: 01 PM

Naveed Khalid

Beaumonde

(On Yeat's Maud Gonne)

That last of legion at the stone of Bohan
of broken mast-shaft at north,
too, but beweaps his outcast state forlorn;
all too weird in reverse reflexion I behold,
that to a land of fairies abides by thee alone
at sunset of the evening sky, of pensive looks this world
hath rendered numb my novice feeling to fill my heart with love
of thy most high deserts in fair aspect of cold repose:
as merry weather day in autumn to the sun in deep azure,
oft on clover-tops but hangs a golden bow against the harvest moon,
I fain would bring to the page of eyes so blind my ship-wrecked dreams,
more temperate than darling buds of May in summer's prime.

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Date Created: Sunday, March 15,2015 3: 56: 38 PM

*Title Revised

Naveed Khalid

Beehive

Not by words that in weeds grow,
A plant of mandrake roots hath spill'd,
Poison'd the ear, the heart, the mind;
Most sickening our desire to hear
Thy voice from out of nothing,
And pours forth so deep a woe
In hilarious intoxication of magic powers:
When you transform the purple sky
By thy golden cherubim wings,
Heaven sings, and all the world with him
Goes mad about thy love
Of honey-bees in the bower.

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*Republished

Date Created: Tuesday, December 11,2012 12: 53: 40 AM

* Reference 'Hamlett Sadler'

Naveed Khalid

Bellerina

Thus, I so spake that in my retiring room
e'ery looking glass that shows not half thy part,
of untamed heart's forfeited first in winter cold
to that day of unaltered eye I still behold
that in largess of some thought but to thee suffice;
which to deny thee most in waste of words my mind,
hath such sweet-rugged path of untread dreams
along the pavement of cow parsley all the panorama of this world:
her most ardent desire to fill the page with what I least contend,
of clay and wattle made thistles by the stream o'er the lagoon
to account for love of thy most high deserts,
of eyes so blind in silent hours of the night;
ere you know the hand that writ in mournful numbers
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy,
ah, my darkened days to illumine more bright,
that crow's quill needest no light at sunset of the evening sky.

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Date Created: Thursday, March 12,2015 7: 32: 07 PM

Naveed Khalid

Bermuda's Triangle

The world that reflects not in thine eye,
what by a falling star you behold
through insensible transitions;
but which by thee no mirror can hide,
the charisma of thy dream,
and oft a golden bow by night,
by day a drowning boat
at Bermuda's Triangle.

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Date Created: Friday, May 17,2013 5: 26: 15 PM

Naveed Khalid

Black Friar

Thus, this world that shows not half thy part,
Of ages that are dead to my reckoning days more bright
Than that forfeited dark with pen-pricked angels,
Away from out of sight to my mind still
That day of unaltered eye in Hades of a star,
Of another rent at midnight lease in waking hour:
I behold against all odds, all vicissitudes of the sky,
A phantom of chalice wings in delirium departed,
Much too rendered in age-old grey at break of day arise
E'ery flower upon a barren heath from earth's infernal grave,
Of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown, beguiled of looks so fair;
Oft break loose their oars to thee under the canopy of a hut,
So sickening to the bones, my love, of eyes so blind
Hath brought me to this end through hurtlings of past woe.

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Date Created: Friday, November 28,2014 5: 08: 22 PM

Naveed Khalid

Black Rose

What in words I write,
more in love by night will grow;
and under the lamp's dark eyes,
all light, all lovely things
in a dull round of day be spent,
that less by looks be lov'd
than by love be look'd
through the common eye:
a canker and a rose
together will grow.

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Date Created: Friday, December 07,2012 4: 19: 58 PM

Naveed Khalid

Blind, Blind

Oft I feel, and feel to fill my heart with love
Of beauty's belligerent smile that corrupts the mind,
Of bewitching looks such lichens of desire in ill-omen
To a fell hand by what I write through e'ery pouring shadow;
More blest of ages that are dead to my eyes so blind
Than this world of affairs hath e'ery fair from thy fairest brow,
Uneclipsed of unattended presence in nurslings of immortality:
Unlooked for love my Lord's light ere thine unweird eye,
Of no darkling insights to bewail the night, my love,
Against time's tickling toes to thy most high deserts in modern electra;
Remains but a tag romantic, indignation of a genius you!
Else in simple fold my vain endeavour through e'eryday happenings:
I behold titanic visions from afar in optical illusion,
Under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree, still burning! burning!

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Naveed Khalid

Blindman's Buff

My love has lost all charm in thee,
and I can see no more what it is
you call love at first sight, sweet love;
nor the second look awakes much wonder,
for too long my eyes in the mirror have stunn'd,
stifled in grim stance of thy world to me- -
though I had hoped I would see in them
nothing but light, all light, yet it brings forth
no image of thee, from which I presume
you must have lent them to the stars,
and turned your face upon the world for good.

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Date Created: Friday, August 31,2012 12: 38: 19 PM

Naveed Khalid

Blissful Innocence

Should I more of my adversaries be part,
that to play a hunch for the parade,
e'ery looking eye of drifting dream amiss,
gold be thy beauty's fair love of made,
more temperate than darling buds of may
against the world of thy most high deserts;
of clay and wattle-made thistles by the stream
along the pavement of cow parsley between her lip and desire:
I most my heart hath fed in nurslings of immortality,
where blue-bells hang by the wall of wanton tapestry at thy throne.

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Date Created: Friday, June 26,2015 10: 54: 59 PM

Naveed Khalid

Bonfire

My love of sluggish times more to my reckoning days,
Erased of all forms, such darkling insights to bewail the night,
That unnerved blood in vein, of ages that are dead;
Perhaps in solace of compounded clay my haggard bones,
Will but hold nothing more than what in ill-omen,
Lies buried with me in solemn strain this barren rhyme:
This world at hand by beauty's furtive glance, more sweet,
To behold from afar, full rich abundance in thy presence,
All fair by fair means foul, flawed in e'erything,
Remains confounded in misconstrued notions of the mind,
Her unattended looks at white's lease to illumine more bright,
Than double-dark's forfeited first at break of day arise.

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Naveed Khalid

Bookworm

When I first saw her from the gallery
All in red,
The sun in the afternoon
From the backdoor of my garden,
Made a halo around her head,
That through e'ery corner of the world,
Stole looks ere thine unweird eye
To that forfeited dark,
Of wanton tapestry at thy throne:
A dust-covered book on the shelf
From the library archives,
A compass, a few scraps of paper,
And the table mirror'd against the evening sky.

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Date Created: Thursday, October 23,2014 06: 25 PM

Naveed Khalid

Cactus

O ye say not that I hath lived in vain
against bloody tyrant time,
e'ery mortal look to that forfeited dark,
I still hold dear with what I least contend
to account for love of e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind
at sunset of the evening sky,
this world of thy most high deserts;
more bright to illumine ere thine unweird eye:
that in brief hours of the night,
of wanton looks to precious minutes waste;
oft goes soaring high above the dale with pen-pricked angels,
that in secret influence comment to my eyes so blind,
of golden tress his hair upon the strand of still waters,
a foul fawning bay at my door of unnerved blood in vein,
of ages that are dead in dismal shades of grey,
ah, too, but outlives this powerful rhyme
ere moves afoot to eternal bliss in waking hour;
while in thy presence abides by thee alone
to my e'erliving memory thy gilded monument astounds.

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Date Created: Tuesday, January 20, 2015 2: 23: 36 PM

Naveed Khalid

Candelabra

No thought so insidious that in grey matter of the mind,
of unhindered scope this world beside
to eternal bliss at midnight lease in waking hour;
I still behold in false pretense to vague impressions
that burning goblet in the rainforest:
See! how you first set ablaze the sun
of eyes so blind through e'ery pouring shadow,
so off-hand to my sightless view at Minerva's golden brow:
barred of such looks that day of unaltered eye,
needest no light of wanton tapestry at thy throne,
away from out of sight in thy presence alone, my love,
of thy most high deserts to titanic visions afar,
of ages that are dead through hurtlings of past woe,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy;
bids me go the way of all flesh along the pavement of cow parsley,
that crow's quill of furrowed fields against the harvest moon.

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Date Created: Thursday, March 26,2015 8: 11: 43 PM

Naveed Khalid

Canonical

Gracious Muse! lift thine eye from all too dark a night,
Else make beauteous my days through deep a slumber,
Uneclipsed of looks so fair, my mind, no eyes can see,
The inner depth of reality, hid away from out of sight;
Full many lovely things abound where least I find my love,
Yet to thee suffice, that one faculty alone thy merit hath won
To prove thee virtuous against all odds, all vicissitudes of the sky:
Then what needest I this mirror that shows not half thy part,
Unlooked for love my Lord's light, makes thy presence more sweet,
Than which to thy living memory's great heir hath rent a veil,
That in solemn strain this rhyme at the gallows of thy feet,
Oft goes unchecked by what I bring to the page, unused to flow,
From another shore to arise by the golden banks at morn,
Or awake to eternal bliss through e'eryday happenings.

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Date Created: Tuesday, July 22,2014 1: 00: 06 PM

Naveed Khalid

Carnival

I had sworn thee, not in poetry to rehearse,
That of decaying form thy marvelled age,
By time's golden hour, through studded feelings arise,
Be but in the mirror of e'erything at thy expanse;
And nothing in the world that by a dream,
You'd e'er find worthy of thy perusal:
Nor this outrageous mask thy visage hide,
Will wear out soon in thy diminished sense of being,
Our Bard's love too dear to claim on thy name;
But like a faithful child of old, take you off my chest,
Where the burried bones swell at the foot of thy crag,
I'll break, I'll break, and return thee no more.

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Naveed Khalid

Carpe Diem

That red carpet half-way between
my lip and desire,
a bunch of stars at e'ery step of the way
to collect by the sea ashore;
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown
that crow's quill beside,
of plumed hat on knees in ruffled feathers,
a phantom of chalice wings
under the canopy of a hut:
this world in thy presence alone
to a land of fairies abides,
along the pavement of cow parsley;
a foul fawning bay at my door
of unnerved blood in vein,
oft bewails the night through hurtlings of past woe:
e'ery flower upon a barren heath of ages that are dead
from out of the blues in still waters,
agoing, agoing to that day of unaltered eye,
thy gilded monument astounds in modern electra.

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Date Created: Saturday, December 27,2014 1: 19: 33 PM

Naveed Khalid

Casablanca

Not least by what you think of his same old facade,
That by writing more I'll but lose sight of thee;
When on Sunday morning I could see you from the gallery,
All wrapped in love of her golden thread of thought,
I moved forth my fingers in red-woven hair knots,
Leaves me wondering what to my mind I still am looking,
To days that are dead and nights of pouring shadows!
Of laurel-wreath thy myrtle crown, slipped away from my timid hands,
The child's skull of fossil records deep in the sand dunes
Hath brought me to this oasis of titanic visions afar,
Where e'ery fig leaf by early stardust in the vineyard;
And tears that flow with each shining star in waste of time,
My feet half-sunk where the boat lost her oars to the sea,
That little abstract fills the page on lone bark of a tree.

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Date Created: Monday, May 05,2014 3: 11: 00 PM

Naveed Khalid

Catapult

Then such parting words that unfold her seraph wings of gold,
Against a pastoral background by the countryside;
To fill the whitening page in silent hours of the night,
I stand apart from all the panorama of this world,
Full rich content of e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind,
Uneclipsed of looks so fair, my love, of thy unattended presence:
That in stillness of the mind by what I write to an olive branch,
Under the mulberry a cloud couch that abides by thee alone.

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Naveed Khalid

Cause Celebre

Of plumed hat on knees in ruffled feathers,
That crow's quill to my e'er living memory
Against the harvest moon in the cellar barn;
Of e'ery fair look to my reckoning days more bright
Than this world of wanton tapestry at thy throne in Hades of a star,
Of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown at Minerva's golden brow,
Away from out of sight to my mind still in full abundance,
Of another rent at midnight lease in waking hour:
That forfeited dark under the canopy of a hut
To witness beauty where least I find but in thy presence alone,
Of red-linen, my bride, to account for love of thy most high deserts,
Oft goes soaring high above the dale with pen-pricked angels;
Else in simple fold my vain endeavour to morning's pure serene,
This embassage of what I write to my eyes so blind,
Of ages that are dead from out of the blues in still waters,
Arise! arise! to that day of unaltered eye in winter cold.

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Date Created: Tuesday, December 16,2014 11: 52: 45 AM

Naveed Khalid

Cemetery

Of unchartered depths to my mind still in graceful ease,
Alone but to father her gracious muse at Matilda's farm,
Away from out of sight, my love, in dreary night's cold repose;
This embassy of what I write thee in sweet-scented letters,
While of churl bones her ornaments do shine so bright
To morning's pure serene against that forfeited dark
E'ery flower upon a barren heath through hurtlings of past woe:
Oft in precieuse minutes waste the world of ages that are dead,
Of our dear old folks to blackened earth's infernal grave;
Alas, too soon shall fade beneath the bed of crimson joy,
That in Hades of a star to my eyes so blind her elliptical illusions,
My mother beside, to a soil from homeland in my country rhymes.

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Date Created: Friday, November 21,2014 3: 10: 38 PM

Naveed Khalid

Cenotaph Arcadia

Me all too weird of what I write to my eyes so blind,
of stumbled feet her untread dream by the sea ashore,
that e'ery groaning heart but feeds on love
of beauty's prima facie in my aforesaid rhyme;
a hoard of lilies beside that grow at bedtime in spring,
oft beguiled by a shadow oak of her age-old sun:
I still behold through the stigmata of cut-out trees,
hath a nightly escape in the deep forest from the world forlorn,
some vulgar paper to rehearse upon the strand of still waters,
of red-linen, my bride, along the pavement of cow parsley
to e'er melting snow at Minerva's golden brow;
moves afoot to eternal bliss in waking hour
against the world of thy most high deserts,
too dear in spilt words that staircase window up the hill,
of ages that are dead by the soldier's grave unknown;
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy
ere you know the hand that writ in mournful numbers
this embassy in precious minutes waste by the west wind in autumn,
holds me in dismay to the last of legion at the stone of Bohan.

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Date Created: Thursday, January 08,2015 3: 39: 43 PM

Naveed Khalid

Ceremonial

What a music of thy anklets I hear!
when you walk, those bells at thy feet,
make a sound of insensible transitions,
which not through my lines can be read,
nor by the beats of my heart registered;
but a far cry of the maddening crowd,
hath brought a hang'd fool by the door,
and dragg'd him down by the hair:
a red-carpet at every step of the way
is laid for my love's lasting dream
of crackling bones' midnight bonfire,
you celebrate at the moon.

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Date Created: Tuesday, September 18,2012 4: 08: 35 PM

Naveed Khalid

C'Est La Vie

That beacon alight in the furnaces
of hallowed fire that horizon in deep azure,
to a broken mast-shaft at north;
that in the mellowing year of spring,
tinged with stars of old beside a rocking chair,
oft swayed by the west wind in autumn,
slowly drifting away from the sand dunes,
subservient nature's most ardent desire:
of halcyon-days my shipwrecked dreams,
O horrible! horrible! that crow's quill in a nous of light
hath brought me to this end at sunset of the evening sky,
of darkly inkpot in ruffled feathers, my love,
to my mind still in this world of wanton looks
of eyes so blind e'ery fair by the sweat of thy brow,
lost in the twilight of that bewailing night asleep,
some such snowflakes through a falling star in winter cold
under the bolted sky, too deep for woe,
against bloody tyrant time by thy grove,
to think on thee in thy presence alone,
Lord of my vassalage! merry, merry christmas!

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Date Created: Wednesday, May 20,2015 8: 41: 33 PM

Naveed Khalid

Chaise Lounge Chalet

On Sunday prayers, they stood at the door,
all too many at a stretch,
waiting to hear the church bell toll;
so deafening to the ear her modern electra,
communion with men of old
to my eyes so blind that day of unaltered eye,
a charioteer hath passed this way;
her novice feeling to fill my heart with love,
of full-arrayed ribbons against the bolted sky,
I could see e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind,
and a rainbow on top of the tree,
the stars ashore bear witness to thee,
that in secret influence comment
to my father beside,
a soldier's grave unknown,
still looking to the corner of street forty-seven,
soon as a host of crowd from out of nowhere,
too, but stampeded the throne,
of our Lord, The King...The King...!

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Date Created: Tuesday, December 23,2014 4: 50: 16 PM

Naveed Khalid

Chasing Shadow

I know not that word by name
that I call you but Father;
and in a ray of light revealed,
the star of your holy night,
a mere fallacy of another world,
I still am looking, looking...
which, too, hath exposed in the mirror
my own shadow, lost in the twilight.

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Date created: Saturday, April 20,2014 2: 23: 57 PM

Naveed Khalid

Child's Garden Of Verses

Bless'd be thy gracious Muse,
That in thy company a rose!
Full array'd beams of soft gleam,
When the child in sleep brings forth
A heavenly smile of the other world
In raptures of his blush'd dreams.

But O! a cup of stars to drink!
This world is not made for thee,
Nor light that awakens the skies at morn;
Where a soring thumb sticks out his head
Through every canker of mandrake roots,
And a gush of wind from the north blows.

Ah! those flowers in rosemary garden,
Among autumn leaves be lowly laid;
For there is a divine cemetery at the heart
Of everyone, who hath ever liv'd to die,
While in death's trance is bestow'd life eternal,
Love is but a shadow of our belov'd Poet.

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Date Created: Thursday, September 27,2012 4: 20: 11 PM

Naveed Khalid

Child's Prank On Love

Profusely to supply you with words
is not what I intend,
nor would I let myself be sway'd
by this feeling, men call love;
for it has as many a name as there are men,
and each one in his own way loves you.
But what is love? that I in mine am less satisfied
as much as you are.
Then it is not love that brings us together.
But the opposite of unfulfill'd capacities
by far more of what we've not loved:
Conscience lovers recall!
more times love is a child's play,
who loves not his toys more
than to be inquisitive of how they work,
unless they stop working,
while LOVE is still in the air.

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Date Created on: Tuesday, July 16,2013 12: 30: 02 AM

Naveed Khalid

Christening

I'll not bother thee again with what I least contend,
that to my reckoning days more bright
of untamed heart's forfeited first,
too, but hurts me to think on thee
than if less with love at break of day arise, my son,
of ages that are dead from earth's infernal grave
to that day of unaltered eye in thy presence alone;
I find myself at odds with what I can see not,
all too well writ in my mind, in trash and tinsel hides,
of so scant a resource to fill the page in dreary night's cold repose,
Nor hath e'er found solace from out of the blues in still waters,
that in solemn strain this barren rhyme to west wind of autumn;
oft goes soaring high above the dale through hurtlings of past woe,
this world of a vanished eye in waste of words so blind,
a foul fawning bay at my door of unnerved blood in vein,
full ripe gourd of hazel nuts in my account;
ere you know the hand that writ in mournful numbers
e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
more temperate than darling buds of May.

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Date Created: Tuesday, December 09,2014 5: 25: 28 PM

Naveed Khalid

Christmas

Honey-combs in wattle and daub,
that heart-rending night
of rhyming footsteps by the sea-ashore;
while I stood at the door
of a hundred years from hence,
something fell from myrtle
in my bed of crimson joy,
along the pavement of cow parsley
at Matilda's farm,
that in nurslings of immortality
to thee suffice,
my sweet-scented letters
of e'ery fair from thy fairest brow,
my shipwrecked dreams to some rivulet blue,
oft on clover-tops but hangs a golden bough,
that crow's quill at sunset of the evening sky,
hath rendered numb my novice feeling
to fill my heart with love
against the harvest moon in autumn leaves,
some such snowflakes in winter cold.

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Date Created: Thursday, April 23,2015 6: 48: 22 PM

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Naveed Khalid

Christmas Eve I

O ye hear not what the stars in secret influence comment,
Nor read this line that counting more by nights and days,
Behind the curtain of sun's eye, too, shall fade away in waking hour;
And by equal measure apart from each to each stands still,
Indeed! by thatch-eaves is run through the window of my wall,
Against all else to confide in the bonanza of yore dream:
Lo! the painted sky holds so many lovely things in deep azure,
All but for a moment by thy graceful ease; youth's love in perfection,
Not least from beauty's look can hide the panorama of this world,
Eclips'd of eyes so blind, a man-in-the-moon at arrow's distance,
Oft mark'd by canker and a rose in desert titan, dear friend,
Hath departed with all his astronomy of aeon years ago.

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Naveed Khalid

Christmas Eve II

No, not least in snowflakes of winter cold,
Of furrowed fields her harvest moon to e'er melting snow;
That to my heart's forfeited first at break of day arise,
This world of what I illumine more bright
To my love so blind in Hades of a star,
A foul fawning bay at my door bewails the night:
Of ages that are dead through hurtlings of past woe,
Oft marked by vague impressions of poetry,
E'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy,
Of our dear old folks most eloquent other in waking hour,
This embassage of what I write to that day of unaltered eye.

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Date Created: Sunday, December 07,2014 5: 51: 14 PM

Naveed Khalid

Cidar Tree

Ah, of bewitching looks her spell to cast out
From my mind of unnerved blood in vein,
That in ill-omen from a fumbled mouth hath spilled
Such vile words of erased looks to my love so blind
Against that forfeited dark of ages that are dead,
More bright to illumine ere thine unweird eye:
Than if from a bowl of stars you drink, my deeds to pry,
Ere all the panorama of this world beside, my bed of crimson joy,
Too, soon shall fade from out of the blues in still waters
E'ery fawning bay at my door in dreary night's cold repose
To those who love and in loving depart, my friend,
I fain would bring to the page of thy unattended presence.

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Date Created: Thursday, December 11,2014 2: 59: 39 PM

Naveed Khalid

Cleopatra

O! in what capacity of royal blood I write,
That you'd find worthy of thy perusal;
And to Her Majesty, the Queen,
My humble request is in lack of words,
Dress'd-up in her thoughts, my mind
Of less wit than her feet in my rhyme;
Which if for thy honour's sake be made
A garland of my head, in my heart,
my love, I'll find myself no less than a King.

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Date: Saturday, January 19,2013 2: 59: 27 PM

Naveed Khalid

Cloche Of A Lady

Must I through the staircase window
of the wall on high,
hide from eternal this world forlorn;
of untread places far-off beyond the sunrise,
away from out of sight to my mind still
some such dry leaves of book in autumn
on lone bark of a tree,
more bright by the sweat of thy brow:
her enchanting slogans of disparity of eyes so blind,
that e'ery groaning heart in nurslings of immortality,
too, but feeds upon my woe-begone love,
of darkened days by the sea-ashore
against that forfeited dark in Hades of a star,
above a fire-hurst thy most high deserts,
while down that road in false pretense to vague impressions,
I still behold that crow's quill of my shipwrecked dreams.

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Date Created: Monday, May 25,2015 5: 02: 02 PM

Naveed Khalid

Clonus

You need no man's art, nor no man's work
Best fits in thy nature of things;
But what by love is writ,
Oft bestow'd by Poet's pen,
And by light more blessed
Than thy presence upon this page,
That in silence of the night,
O Nightingale! I set you free
Along the wings of poesy,
My eternal song in three beats
of the heart you sing.

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Date Created: Saturday, January 19,2013 2: 59: 34 PM

Naveed Khalid

Clover

I'll but think on thee more so,
a plumed hat on knees of ruffled feathers,
tinged with stars of old,
that azure ring around your head;
all wrapped in full-arrayed ribbons
through e'ery pouring shadow,
a burning goblet in the rainforest
else some greenhouse effect
of street lights in the corner,
wreathing afar the smell of Mocha coffee,
or some extinguished cigarette,
polluting the skies, rivers in raptures of sight
of unwanted layers of meaning unfold,
e'ery fig leaf of autumn in breathless rhyme,
along the stone washed pavement,
labelled with black beans in empty tin by the roadside,
I could see some scraps of paper,
dried out in sunshine at the billy tea-house,
a red morris car in the garage,
parked beside the clover beach.

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Naveed Khalid

Comerade

Oft abroad my mind to where I find
no acquaintance,
and no one knows who I am,
alone a stranger to myself;
while at home away with such thought,
happy I, more than in your company,
among a host of crowd,
that roams about in a busy street,
unawares of the world,
somewhere between the cross roads,
behind the corner that man to meet,
I feel free, freerer than the rest.

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Date Created: Saturday, March 29,2014 2: 24: 35 PM

Naveed Khalid

Comet

My eyes are close to the image,
erased in surging chaos of the cosmos;
and my pen writes him again
on the same wall
he had vow'd to raise to the sky,
whence clouds of rain
pourest through his eyes
in the midst of nightfall.

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Naveed Khalid

Coral Reeves

Of transient nature's eclipsed doom
to bloody tyrant time,
that in waste of words goes blind
of what I write through e'ery pouring shadow
to unending doom of poetry that day of unaltered eye,
this world of thy most high deserts more bright
at Minerva's golden brow;
has darkened my days to some rivulet blue:
of foul fawning bay at my door with pen-pricked angels,
needest no wanton tapestry at thy throne
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown by the sea-ashore,
ah, but to drown an eye with what I least contend,
goes soaring high o'er the dale in my bed of crimson joy,
above the mantle piece where the picture hangs by the wall
of two lovers dead under the canopy of a hut,
that crow's quill of worthier pen born in thy graceful ease.

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Date Created: Tuesday, March 17,2015 5: 47: 34 PM

Naveed Khalid

Cornfield

Of ready drawn arrows to count I
my reckoning days more bright,
covered with snow in stardust of Supernova;
away from e'ery wanton look to my eyes so blind,
that crow's quill at Minerva's golden brow,
ah, but to thee suffice at sunset of the evening sky,
this world of thy most high deserts
against that forfeited dark in Hades of a star:
oft by thatch-eaves is run as marigold in autumn,
of cut-out tree in the rainforest my woe-begone love
to e'erliving memory of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown.

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Date Created: Tuesday, March 10,2015 10: 11: 01 AM

Naveed Khalid

Coronation

Thus, by night to remain confounded by thee alone,
Unmoved by what in beateous form in need of an eye;
That this world brings forth to my sightless view,
Soon as I depart from a hundred shadows by thy grave;
Still to my mind hath weaved a laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
I am looking, looking through titanic visions afar:
A journey begins in my head of ages that are dead,
Foregone are the days, too, but in this waking hour,
Where my love of Manx Muse most abounds in thy abode,
And by looking liking moves me more than all eternity.

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Date Created: Monday, May 26,2014 2: 57: 21 PM

Naveed Khalid

Country Rhymes

O ye hear not what the stars in secret influence comment,
That in foams of wrath by the sea ashore,
A foul fawning bay at my door of unnerved blood in vein;
Of what I behold all too weird this world at helm of affairs,
Hath rendered numb my novice feeling to fill my heart with love
Of thy most high deserts o'er the wall on high,
Needest no light my reckoning days to illumine more bright;
While in cherished mode of suspended consciousness
The fabric of her day-dreams too soon shall fade
From out of the blues in still waters at sunset of the evening sky,
Oft in dismal shades of age-old grey the sun in deep azure,
Too, but makes haste in my bed of crimson joy
Of e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind with pen-pricked angels,
Fore'er untouched by thee alone in nurslings of immortality,
Down that road under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
I fain would bring to the page by travel tired my pilgrimage to thee.

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Date Created: Wednesday, February 11,2015 4: 51: 53 PM

Naveed Khalid

Cowboy II

Of untamed heart and cold thy most high deserts,
that from the debris of ruined ashes to titanic visions afar,
this enigma of your dream goes loitering around the world;
I've not enough strength to bear the burden of thy yoke too dear,
to catch up with those flies you'd them beaker full
of our unmet desires in full bright summer;
above a fire-hurst in thy e'erlasting love o'er the lagoon:
I could see them making castles in the air by the sweat of thy brow
ah, too soon shall fade this crippled countenance to my decaying form abides;
that crow's quill of plumed hat on knees in ruffled feathers,
of smokey suburbs by the shabby island under the canopy of a hut.

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Date Created: Tuesday, April 07,2015 6: 43: 27 PM

Naveed Khalid

Cowslip

(A Tribute To Carpe Diem)

What is this? that of erased looks to my mind still
I am looking, looking through e'ery pouring shadow,
Away from what you hide from eternal,
This world that shows not half thy part;
But blind of what I write her eyes do see,
My love of fair form from thy fairest brow,
Uneclipsed of wanton tapestry at thy throne:
The prince of light! by e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind,
Alone hath raised me to this day of unaltered eye;
Where least I find, more is less than thy blessed presence,
That this empty mirror much too rendered in age-old grey
Of thy most high deserts, against time's waking hour.

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Date Created: Tuesday, August 12,2014 6: 11: 55 PM

Naveed Khalid

Crescent

I, too, can visit far-off places,
away from what to my mind still
a man-in-the-moon,
amidst the living memories of past woe,
made new by old day's rhetoric,
that early morning star!
has but first look in the sun
to a vanished eye;
and e'ery pouring shadow
from a bowl of stars to drink,
of ages that are dead
through yellow pages of history,
my love in seraph wings of gold,
oft blind of looks so fair by holy night;
e'erything that grows to eternal bliss
under the Archangel's brow,
the hand that writ of wanton looks this world,
at the gallows of thy feet,
thy gilded monument astounds.

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Date Created: Tuesday, June 24,2014 11: 27: 58 AM

Naveed Khalid

Cri De Coeur

Thus, this world that bears witness to thee,
That in largess of some thought alone,
Her enchanting slogans of disparity;
Of precarious days in judgment to count I,
A novice feeling to fill my heart with love
Of what I write at sunset of the evening sky,
Oft in worn-out time with pen-pricked angels,
Of ages that are dead to my eyes so blind:
Full rich content of some vulgar paper to rehearse
E'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy.

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Date Created: Friday, January 16,2015 2: 32: 52 PM

Naveed Khalid

Crow Eaters I

Ah, my pulse is still cold and numb,
that each note of my heart beat
has a stress'd syllable;
but by eternal hands of time,
is recorded at thy feet,
and every breath that I hath lived
I hath lived this rhyme- -
this mute song of the harplings,
which my love hath writ
of shakespeareian rag,
is on wings, is on wings!
the soaring bird whose eagle eye
has full many a sun,
among stars of the vaulted sky,
while upon ruth of the harvest moon,
you let the world run;
but O! let me die, let me die!

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Date Created: Thursday, May 30,2013 1: 36: 48 PM

Naveed Khalid

Crow Eaters II

Thus, love that bids me go the way of all flesh,
Ere beauty's look besmeared more with time,
That e'en sickness broods on thy sweet-scented silence;
To mourn e'ery checked note of my dropping pulse,
Oft vacant of such empty vessels by the sea-ashore,
Of what in my anchored rhyme still abides by thee alone:
Not least to weigh the air in waste of words, my mind,
Alas, too shall but fade away by a fleeting shadow.

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Date Created: Wednesday, November 05,2014 2: 24: 17 PM

Naveed Khalid

Crow's Nest

Me all too weird of love-sick thought on thee,
that in silent hours of the night,
erased of such looks this world to my sightless view;
of her most ardent desire to fill the page with what I least contend,
ah, all woe be mine to some rivulet blue:
of tidal waves by the sea ashore of broken mast-shaft at north
To my eyes so blind my shipwrecked dream in Hades of a star!
away from out of sight to my mind still against bloody tyrant time,
of e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind with pen-pricked angels,
that crow's quill of plumed hat on knees in ruffled feathers,
hath brought me to this end at sunset of the evening sky.

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Date Created: Monday, February 16,2015 2: 39: 43 PM

Naveed Khalid

Dante's Inferno

Thus, this world so off-hand to my sightless view,
of raptures wild in lurking limbo,
that in worn-out time to a close afraid;
all too weird in winter cold with what I least contend,
the skylark at heaven's gate sing in nurslings of immortality,
a most stunning reality with powerful surge of the mind:
along the spine of a book leaf in autumn wind with pen-pricked angels;
away from e'ery wanton look to a far-fetched sky forlorn,
of glimmering grace this embassy upon the strand of still waters,
that crow's quill needest no light at sunset of the evening sky.

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Date Created: Monday, March 02,2015 8: 08: 01 PM

Naveed Khalid

Dead Poet's Society

O! give me a heart of such soaring looks
to a far-fetched sky my untread dreams
of smokey suburbs by the shabby island;
I can still behold in stardust of Supernova,
that lone wanderer's bed in star-Y velorum,
to account for love of thy most high deserts
through the staircase window of the wall on high,
above the clover-tops at Minerva's golden brow:
of furrowed fields against the harvest moon
beyond the sunrise the skylark at heaven's gate sing,
ah, but to thee suffice at sunset of the evening sky.

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Date Created: Friday, March 20,2015 1: 53: 57 PM

Naveed Khalid

Deja Vu

Of what by night the star hath stirred the mind,
by vague impressions of poetry,
the forfeiting shadow of a missing you,
oft marked by love of hallowed fire;
and through such studded feelings arise, arise,
a denizen of your bewitching eye!
see! how by e'ery changing face in Supernova,
Deja vu! I can ne'er take my eyes off,
else what by nothing but fake show of this world,
moves afoot to unhindered scope of creation,
all too well seen in thy age-old mirror.

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Date Created: Sunday, March 02,2014 2: 46: 45 PM

Naveed Khalid

Denizen

I'll not bewep my state of being an outcast wretch, O Poverty!
Nor my decaying form has but past woe's deceased frame;
Lost in the twilight 'gainst the mirror of thine eye, my love,
Of transient nature's eclipsed doom to bloody tyrant time;
The red moon's fiery flame burns in haystack of woods,
Of fathom-five thy crackled bones, vanished in Hades of a star!
Yet to debarr at heaven's gate, my bride, full rich content
Of my pride looks to the world, of infinitesimal blessings;
And in such that I honour most by what no prince's favourite,
Has enough wits to prove in graceful ease a hundred mouthed grave,
Still grows e'eryday to another ken, darkly lit in thy abode,
This house of clay in dumb despair, a darksome dungeon.

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Date Created; Thursday, June 05,2014 6: 01: 50 PM

Naveed Khalid

Diorama

See! how this world too but barred of such looks,
that in silent hours of the night,
half-dumb, half-poisoned to the ear in ill-omen;
hath rendered numb my novice feeling
to fill my heart with love of thy most high deserts:
That wavering hand in sea of troubles,
so porous as the eyes far beyond the scope of sunrise,
that in darkling inkpot of ruffled feathers, too deep for woe;
oft I bring to the page in waste of words so blind,
so sickening to the bones, my love, at sunset of the evening sky,
of snow-capped myrtle at Minerva's golden brow:
against the turret of thy gracious muse in Hades of a star,
goes soaring high above the dale in my bed of crimson joy,
away from out of sight awhile but to think on thee
of e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind with pen-pricked angels,
hung aloft the ghastly night that crow's quill by the grove,
much too rendered in age-old grey, my mind,
lost in the twilight through e'ery pouring shadow,
pours forth in e'erything to that day of unaltered eye.

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Date Created: Wednesday, February 18,2015 5: 56: 32 PM

Naveed Khalid

Dovetail

Sleep, O, sleep! let this waking hour pass
ere you know the hand that writ in mournful numbers
e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
oft leaves me in dismay,
that in pen-pricked angels to account for love,
of what to my old formed memory still abides:
sweet dreams, my child, sweet dreams
of blushed roses from beauty's belligerent smile,
above the mantle piece,
where the picture hangs by the wall
of thy most high deserts;
my mother beside, in melodious accents I,
too, hath cried and wept in my bed of crimson joy
to bewep my outcast state in this world forlorn;
the crow's quill hath fled from earth's infernal grave,
alas, but to mourn the last dance of happy shades
upon the strand of still waters to e'er melting snow,
I sit still brooding o'er the dale such soft fleece to gather
from thy fair lamb in November.

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Naveed Khalid

Dragon Heart Of A Woman

(Inspired by William Blake's painting:
The Great Red Dragon and the Woman Clothed in Sun)

O ye tell me not in mournful numbers of world forlorn,
or fickled foe of my heart in red-woven hair-knots,
that in eternity of thy most high deserts;
oft I behold through staircase window of the wall,
that in e'er melting snow to night-long love more bright
than e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind with pen-pricked angels,
too, but besmeared with time at midnight lease in waking hour,
barred of such looks to eyes so blind in morning's pure serene:
of our shared benevolence marked by that forfeited dark in Hades of a star,
that crow's quill needest no light in thy graceful ease,
ah, awhile but to think on thee at sunset of the evening sky.

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Date Created: Saturday, February 21,2015 7: 13: 01 PM

Naveed Khalid

Dreamland II

When, my Lord, from dust shall raise,
worn-out by time my old days anew,
of barren rhyme this deserted time,
that to my well-contented day be still
of a hundred shadows by thy grave;
and so by night a star,
wide awake from deep inside
unto e'er changing world;
by travel tired my pilgrimage to thee
will end all heartaches and desires,
sickening to the bones, my love,
foiled in dust-covered page of thy book.

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*Republished

Date Created: Wednesday, January 08,2014 1: 33: 33 PM

Naveed Khalid

Dreamland-I

Must I speak to thee of my mind,
that from a vanished sight this world
needs no witness of time before I go,
nor not a world before or hereafter
hath ever existed in my verse so;
but when our Lord of heaven and earth
I behold in beauty of everything,
all are bound by love of one another.

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Date Created: Thursday, April 04,2013 1: 58: 34 AM

Naveed Khalid

Dungeon

Not me alone, who thinks I stand by thee,
But to give you the pride of enmity,
I'll more under the burden of thy throne,
Be content rich in numbers, writ on stone;
And where the world has thy feet less measured,
Methinks not in vain of what is mirrored,
That by stillness is stirred this dark dungeon,
The pilgrim of many a star to aborigine,
Of imagined poetic trance, a lady's joy,
A phantom of delight in the young boy,
Whose love you live each day, but each night die,
The uncolour'd imagery of a white lie.

*Republished:

Date Created: Monday, June 03,2013 5: 05: 28 PM

Naveed Khalid

Eagle

When I bring to mind that bewitching eye
of wild fancy from afar;
and in Hades of a star in deep azure,
all the panorama of this world stands still,
that in thy presence such awe and wonder,
gives me but one look on love,
has made me sick against the wall,
this last of look by the sun goes blind
before I know I nothing am
more than what needest no witness in thy name,
except you who stands glorified alone.

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Date Created: Tuesday, December 23,2014 5: 42: 40 PM

Naveed Khalid

Easter

All that lives in the mind, love, lives not in vain,
Nor this sickness to the bones in death-like trance,
And in decrepit tongue to commune with men of old;
The days that are gone, bereaved of light in infernal grave,
That world of celestial angels oft I write,
Our Leo Africanus in Hades of a star,
We all are bound to deliver ahead of time,
Where e'erything abounds with eternity, the bell tolls at my door!
Must I prepare a meal or two by my mother beside,
The hibiscus that grow at the gallows of thy feet,
Digs deep down the treasure trove, are freshly sown,
Today, too, shall wither soon as the sunset by the sea,
Of a vanished sight, goes down and down the road
To heaven-ward bent, above the star to follow,
Same as a child is found catching the firefiles,
Many a maiden gardens beset before his eyes,
Round the clock e'ery passing minute in waste hands of time,
Unheard, unwept, unread moves afoot in solemn silence,
Of spilt words thy golden bough under the Archangel's brow.

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Date Created: Wednesday, April 23,2014 2: 54: 11 PM

Naveed Khalid

Economy

Our poor economy, struggle between classes,
and the school of thought; all amount to nothing,
not a penny counts, full of empty pockets,
a fight o'er 'Ruskin's Unto This Last',
that in exchange of words, 'he threw me against the picture
with such (subtle) violence that I broke the glass
with the back of my head; and the imprint of that image,
is still viewed as a masterly work of my Father's blood in veins,
which when through the painted roses, not yet grew to light,
I look at my poor lot, and love in heavenly clothing,
upon the wall of brittle clay, falling, falling...
breaking, breaking...our hearts forever!

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Date Created: Sunday, December 16,2012 7: 03: 51 PM

Naveed Khalid

Elderberry

I could see that reeling shadow o'er the wall on high,
crawl beneath the bed of crimson joy,
that in darkling inkpot of ruffled feathers;
too, but stirs the mind with so much of extravaganza,
of golden tress his hair upon the strand of still waters,
uneclipsed of e'ery fair from thy fairest brow,
this world holds a myriad stars in my account;
of eyes so blind at the gallows of thy feet:
while heaven's torch above my head for the pass-o'er,
they called for another day break at my door, too deep for woe,
arise, arise with hands stretched across a y-pointing pyramid;
soon as something fell upon a tree with a bulging eye, goes green,
of furrowed fields against the harvest moon more bright
to beweap my outcast state forlorn in the forest wild,
far from the maddening crowd, still lies buried in the treasure trove,
that crow's quill of sweet-scented letters to a close afraid.

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Date Created: Wednesday, April 01,2015 6: 36: 44 PM

Naveed Khalid

Elegy I

Woe be to those who love,
and in loving moments depart
by a thousand roses, farewell!
but melancholy sweet:
all loves betray;
oft beguil'd by beauty's look,
I bring forth these candle-lit stars
against the mirror of thine eye,
that woe-begone in Shelley's river,
makes my heart sink,
when twice I think on thee,
my sweet love of melancholy!

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Date Created: Wednesday, January 23,2013 3: 20: 10 PM

Naveed Khalid

Elegy Ii

Of compassed ark by the sea-ashore
that bright-lit mirror,
too, but shows not half thy part,
so thinly wrapped around my head
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
much too rendered in age-old grey my mind
under the Archangel's brow see I,
her beauty's belligerent smile to a close afraid:
above the mantle piece where the picture hangs o'er the wall on high,
of my shipwrecked dreams in nurslings of immortality;
a sail-boat beside by the west wind in autumn,
that carries me places far-off beyond the sunrise,
of furrowed fields against the harvest moon at Matilda's farm,
for one look on love to the lark at break of day arise,
covered with snow this world of thy most high deserts,
of eyes so blind that crow's quill thy gilded monument astounds.

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Date Created: Thursday, May 21,2015 8: 06: 56 PM

Naveed Khalid

Elixir

Still I can behold that leafless tree in autumn,
That e'ery falling word against a star in the vaulted sky,
Oft goes unchecked by the world in rustle of the wind,
Such soft murmurings in season's smooth-sailing rhyme,
Tortured by hate, ah, in bitterness sweet of salt mines!
My feet half-sunk beside the lake in stony ripples;
And Poet's pen by what oft stirs the mind, lies dead,
Cold and crystal diamonds of laurel-wreath thy myrtle crown,
I write in three beats of unnerved blood in vein,
So sickening to the bones my love by stressed-out note,
Grows old as a halo in Beulah's night around my head,
The stardust coat on a peg of white bier to brave the day,
All her amorous cries echoing back in my ear.

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Date Created: Tuesday, May 13, 2014 3: 36: 58 PM

Naveed Khalid

Elysium

When oft eclipsed of looks so fair, my mind
brings forth nothing but to my sightless view
this world, of virgin-mother born, more beautiful
than e'ery fig leaf upon the golden bough;
I compare to a summer's day, so blind of thee,
of more love to my eyes, thy lady fair,
of spilt words from a bowl of stars to drink;
to fill my heart with what I least contend,
you in thy abundance, full many a roses spread,
where I my feet hath tread, unmoved, unconquered,
thy age-old monument stands still at Darien Peak!

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Date Created: Tuesday, April 29,2014 5: 13: 54 PM

Naveed Khalid

Emerald

Methinks not in vain of what to my mind still,
I am warbling o'er his e'erlasting song,
that in thy graceful ease is more blessed
than in miseries to count I my reckoning days
against the world of thy most high deserts;
e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind to my old-formed memory,
of e'er melting snow in the mellowing year of spring,
oft makes haste in waste of words to bloody tyrant time,
that orphan whose life is but my only woe;
else that forfeited dark in Hades of a star,
still to a land of fairies abides by thee alone.

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Date Created: Wednesday, December 24,2014 2: 39: 58 PM

Naveed Khalid

Epitaph

No dark by darkling insights
can bewail the night,
nor what by love the stars behold,
that in my writings less;
but by thy presence most abound,
the path that I hath tread,
and marked by the sun is every step
what you hide from the common eye,
oft by hallowed fire is more illumined:
let more be light if from out of sight,
not least the earth can move me more,
this world without thee alone.

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Date Created: Sunday, March 03,2013 12: 25: 28 AM

Naveed Khalid

Esprit De Corps

Of e'ery wanton look to nurslings of immortality,
This world forlorn in silent hours of the night,
Yet dreams of eyes to a close afraid;
'Gainst time's measured breath to count I
My reckoning days more bright in Hades of a star,
Of e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind with pen-pricked angels;
The sun in deep azure through studded feelings arise
From out of the blues in still waters, ah, but to think on thee:
All too weird her stigmatized innocence my bosom rends,
While wide awake from deep inside at sunset of evening sky,
Of ages that are dead in my bed of crimson joy;
To morning's pure serene my woe-begone love to thee suffice.
Away from out of sight to my mind still that day of unaltered eye,
A foul fawning bay at my door of unnerved blood in vein,
Many a shooting stars that fall, needest no light,
The crow's quill beside to my e'er living memory,

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Date Created: Wednesday, January 28,2015 2: 44: 46 PM

Naveed Khalid

Eternity I

The final doom of poetry
hath come to an end
in today's age;
when all can see
the immediate object of beauty:
the cold effect of some eternal sight,
wherein the imagery, less used to eyes
hath a greater impact
of what the Master hath writ
upon the dislocator of the mind,
cut-out from his voice, can be found
in the dark recesses of nature;
but only if you stay close to him,
you would find what he is doing
down there in spare time, all the while,
our G-Man, pouring poems
from out of the last judgment,
which we are still living
to an everlasting day.

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Date Created: Saturday, December 20,2014 2: 33: 43 PM

Naveed Khalid

Eternity II

This love that grows each day anew,
Not still beyond thought of zephyr wings;
That her muse in argument with thee,
Hath brought us to the same old page,
Whence we two parted unawares,
Of another world in secret revelation;
And I wish I could buy you a ring,
Weaved of golden threads in silken satin,
Her atoms of beauty need no man's love;
Nor I can e'er claim I love thee true,
Unless you in such lichens of desire,
Be but more bright in my spilt words.

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Tuesday, September 17, 2013 7: 59: 45 PM

Naveed Khalid

Evening

When day's old journey by the sun,
toil'd by burning stars in the clock,
is set behind the oak trees,
the mind's eye shall move thee more;
but in love by wanton looks
Than by words that I write:
a lime-light dinner in the evening
would be laid at the table,
a full-flamed moon-lit mascara;
and a tidal wave by the sea,
that stretches away this line,
by night be writ against the sky.

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*Republished

Date Created: Tuesday, November 27,2012 2: 49: 59 PM

Naveed Khalid

Faded Glory

No, not least by what you think I can ne'er know,
of subverting looks that unending night,
something to separate by half thy days be spent;
of unhindered scope this world forlorn,
too, but corrupts the mind of eyes so blind by beauty more,
that waking star at sunset of the evening sky,
of what for all too long besmeared with time,
that perfect ecstasy in heaven's high bower:
see! how against the picture I behold, e'er nigh,
still abides by thee alone in nurslings of immortality,
withered dry leaves of book by the west wind in autumn,
away from out of sight by weeds that grow upon the sand dunes,
to e'er melting snow in the mirror of thine holy eyen,
ah, but to wonder at thy golden brow between her lip and desire,
shows not half thy part of foul fawning bay at my door,
that crow's quill beside, my love, of ages that are dead;
Ophelia too hath her charms upon the watery mien,
ay, pebbles and stones in the ocean sink,
besate upon the stone of Bohan by the dull lake,
of feathered pen hath writ this embassy by the sea-ashore.

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Date Created: Tuesday, June 02,2015 8: 54: 01 PM

Naveed Khalid

Fair

What is that you think I can ne'er know
Of beauty's use this world?
That I by such secret influence comment,
Oft marked by vague impressions of poetry;
E'ery fair from thy fairest brow,
Too shall but fade with e'ery fading eye
Against that rose to my e'er living memory:
My love to define by what I write,
More blessed be in this waking hour
Than if from a deeper thought I rehearse,
Needest no witness in thy name
To a star-lit night that shows not half-thy part.

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* Newly Created On Date: Tuesday, September 16,2014 9: 04: 25 PM

Naveed Khalid

Family Trauma

I'll not let myself be swayed by this feeling
of broken mast-shaft at north,
too drear from out of the blues in still waters;
that in meek hours of the night my shipwrecked dreams,
ah, of our parting looks so fair at sunset of the evening sky
against the world of thy most high deserts,
too deep for woe to beweap my outcast state forlorn;
for death's toll is too high, let this waking hour pass:
away from out of sight that day of unaltered eye,
I most my heart hath fed in nurslings of immortality,
that crow's quill of worthier pen born in thy graceful ease
to eternal bliss upon the sand dunes by thee alone,
oft leaves me in dismay her most ardent desire of eyes so blind,
a foul fawning bay at my door with pen-pricked angels,
so full rich content of some vulgar paper to rehearse
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy.

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Date Created: Tuesday, April 14,2015 6: 38: 00 PM

Naveed Khalid

Femme Fatale

Thus, half so ill my distempered brain, doctor's folly-like,
Pestilence of vague impressions by far removed from thee;
Twice so sickening to the bones, my love, of ages that are dead,
That grows upon e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind,
Full rich content of some vulgar paper to rehearse,
Still lies burried with me the hand that writ in mournful numbers
This world of a vanished eye, alas, unused to flow!
Withers, too, in vile words of what in ill-omen,
Uneclipsed of looks so fair my untamed heart and cold;
Knows no bounds at life's long midnight lease,
Against time's tickling toes, of wanton tapestry at thy throne.

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Naveed Khalid

Frankenstein

Me too hath loved thee more than I
against all odds, all vicissitudes of the sky
to prove thee virtuous where my head is,
of no wit to my mind still but pure heaven,
that in the mellowing year of spring
under the Archangel's brow,
some such snowflakes in winter cold
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown:
along the pavement of cow parsley that man of old,
of whom, they say, I know not, nor need to know,
that Faust of our glorious days in a death-like trance,
too deep for woe of unhindered scope this world beside,
darkly lit in thy abode at sunset of the evening sky;
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy,
a mistletoe on his back too but bewails the night,
of ages that are dead upon the sand dunes by the sea-ashore.

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Date Created: Wednesday, May 27,2015 7: 13: 13 PM

Naveed Khalid

Gardener

I, too, am spellbound
by what oft blinds the eye,
I most my eyes hath fed,
darkened from pole to pole
this world of a vanished sight,
that in poetry I discover,
be but blind at arrow's distance;
and in a spec of light, a shadow'd vision hide
from such looks you have of beauty,
where all doors are shut
but thy door,
hath led me to rosemary garden
of damsel's full blown pride,
that stood apart in prime of youth,
her bridle dress of wedded night,
keeps love out of bed but of late.

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Naveed Khalid

Genie

Oft you hold me up all night
from out of bed but of late,
mark'd by vague impressions of poetry
your seraph wings of gold:
the singularity of a dream world,
that in thought more knit to the mind
than in wanting love in vain;
has ne'er been so deep sense of numbness,
a novice feeling to fill my heart
with this mad song in dull rhyme,
let all senses be clos'd to thine eye:
and I'll still be wide awake,
darkly lit in thy abode.

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Date Created: Monday, October 21,2013 4: 44: 02 PM

Naveed Khalid

Gift Box

All thy work is done,
and thou hast nothing to do,
but sit brooding, taking bath in the sun,
for another summer's victim,
play with men of brittle clay breaking,
changing into something else,
as if they knew not thou'd know,
or more than myself my desire,
less to thy love hath proved;
false, corrupted otherwise,
yet thou never so desir'd;
nor thy wish upon a star
hath e'er fulfill'd
thy promise of heaven;
for next to it lies awaiting
this inferno of bread and butter,
sugar-coated candies,
and a gift box of chocolates.

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Date Created: Monday, January 30,2012 6: 20: 12 PM

Naveed Khalid

Godwin's Farm

Nothing has changed since then,
the day you departed,
away from this fedora of your dream;
many a maiden garden beset ere thine eye,
of unaltered love to heaven-ward bent,
this world that by looks more bright
than e'ery falling star in winter cold:
uneclipsed of eyes such darling insights,
that to my mind still of another rent,
through e'ery pouring shadow, I behold! I behold!

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Date Created: Thursday, July 31,2014 9: 45: 10 PM

Naveed Khalid

Golden Age

See! how e'ery flower upon a barren heath hath weaved
The subtle thread of thought too dear to my reckoning days,
Thy hideous form of so scant my resources to fill the page,
To my mind still of another rent at midnight lease;
That to my decaying form abides by a hundred mouthed grave,
Oft unattended by thy presence of love so blind,
Not least in precise measure to count I against my adversaries;
Where more is less than beauty's belligerent smile,
Hid away from out of sight in blushed roses!
Of that forfeited dark by what I write, enwrought with thy star:
Much too rendered in age-old grey his enlightened brow of worn-out time,
Perhaps else compounded in mortal clay my haggard bones,
This world of ages that are dead by my vain endeavour,
All but sans teeth, sans eyes, sans e'erything ere thine unweird eye.

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Naveed Khalid

Goldilocks

Of wrinkled lip her happy cheeks
that in such skin-tight dream,
so closely knit to a thought this world
of modern electra
against that forfeited dark, my love,
to eavesdropping, too, will someday
soar the ear, the heart, the mind;
and in roars of white foams
make haste e'ery step to eternal bliss
of what in season's breathless rhyme,
I find myself in waking hour,
alas, but to bewail the night
through e'ery falling star in winter cold,
a furrowed field by the harvest moon,
much too rendered in age-old grey,
thy gilded monument astounds;
of whom, they say, hath fled in ethereal wings,
oft on clover-tops still hangs a golden bough
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree.

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Naveed Khalid

Goodnight

When all else fades away from thy unweird eye,
And not a shadow less to my eyes so blind;
Of ages that are dead by what I write,
Unaccounted for love of thy most high deserts,
This world that shows not half thy part;
Oft pays homage to the setting sun
Under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
That through e'ery pouring shadow where least I find,
More is less than what to my mind still
Of another rent at midnight lease in waking hour.

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Naveed Khalid

Goosebumps

I ne'er knew that heart-rending night
of his far-fetch'd sky;
and what by love this world,
oft so stirring in stillness of the mind,
a 'dance of happy shades' before the sun
of dust-trodden feet in worn-out time,
I count them each at e'ery step of the way,
the-good-old-little children of the book.

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Date Created: Thursday, November 21,2013 6: 55: 34 PM

Naveed Khalid

Grandpa

What more real than this world to my sightless view,
Brings forth nothing to my mind but my own shadow;
Unless to prove thee virtuous, if not in false pretense,
I'll make believe such words of surpassing wits thy brow,
Ere you know the hand that writ in laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
Of glory that fades away in the west wind's waking hour:
Thus to hang on the wall this sign post, burns at midnight calling,
And each star that grows to eternal bliss, by my love abides,
That beauty's face to my reckoning days be more in the twilight;
The golden compass hath spread her wings to a far-fetched sky,
Spellbound by most things abound in season's breathless rhyme,
Enlightened by the Archangel, thy gilded monument astounds.

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Date created: Wednesday, June 04,2014 4: 38: 50 PM

Naveed Khalid

Greenbrier

And that crow's quill to infect the world with critic's eye,
Of solemn strain such mind upon a barbed-wire;
Still looking into the dark side above his head,
Where least I find, my love by thee most abounds,
To fill the empty space with titanic visions afar:
The red moon but wears the mask of ages that are dead
Against the vaulted sky by two lovers apart;
Of blind looks to my view his same old facade,
Oft makes me sick of this canker and a rose;
And through unintelligible light of a star,
Enlightened by the Archangel's brow,
Full many a day by night in beauty's cold repose.

Naveed Khalid

Halloween

While where e'ery groaning to a close afraid
that bewailing night asleep,
the stars in secret influence comment;
of fervent looks this world to my mind still,
much too rendered in age-old grey, my love,
of snow-capped myrtle at sunset of the evening sky,
half-dumb, half-deaf to the ear that in my spilt words
to e'er melting snow by the sea-ashore:
oft marked by what my feathered pen hath writ thrice,
that crow's quill of shipwrecked dreams in heaven's high bower,
of golden tress his hair upon the strand of still waters;
of untread places far-off beyond the sheer scope of sunrise,
to eyes so blind that day of unaltered eye, a foul fawning bay at my door,
too deep for woe in the twilight of thy most high deserts,
e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind of eclipsed doom to bloody tyrant time,
more blessed of ages that are dead in my bed of crimson joy,
too, but goes soaring high above the dale with pen-pricked angels,
under the bolted sky by the sweat of thy brow,
a drifting dream amiss upon the sand dunes,
agoing, agoing to eternal bliss in waking hour.

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Date Created: Tuesday, May 19,2015 2: 12: 30 PM

Naveed Khalid

Hallucination

Some stroke of unnerved blood in vein,
a rupture wild from out of no where
that through studded feelings arise
to a perplexity of interlocked assumptions,
most insidious, insensible transitions;
the drum-beats of my heart's Madmax,
too, but stirs the mind in vain,
awhile to stay in this world forlorn
of what I lack in to account for love
of thy most high deserts,
this prison-house of mortal clay,
where I find myself a stranger to myself,
stands alone amidst the debris of ruined ashes:
ah! Then the clock, his same old façade
of worn-out time to a shadowless nothing,
more by counting in prayers I behold,
makes haste e'ery fawning bay at my door,
agoing, agoing in Hades of a star
all my thought's most eloquent other
against the sky in my country rhymes!

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Date Created: Tuesday, December 02,2014 3: 53: 03 PM

Naveed Khalid

Hamlet

Love of parting looks to this world forlorn,
that through studded feelings arise
this bonanza of yore dream to bloody tyrant time;
so sickening to the bones of unnerved blood in vein,
of eyes so blind in the mellowing year of spring;
I deny thee most by such quirks of the mind,
ah, but in dismal shades of age-old grey,
violet blues that melt in lover's breath, sweet maid,
of blushed roses her cheeks in full-bright summer:
oft by beauty more of crimson firehurst that wedded night,
of crow's quill my darkened days as marigold in autumn;
more blessed of ages that are dead by the sea-ashore,
where else you cast thine holy eyen to untread places far-off,
of may morning dew her eyes be wet upon the sand dunes,
a foul fawning bay at my door with pen-pricked angels,
blind of looks so fair a fiery Faust at sunset of the evening sky.

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Date Created: Wednesday, May 13,2015 2: 25: 56 PM

* Inception of seven more lines from line # nine onwards, and republished with modification on Saturday, May 16,2015 1: 41: 08 PM, to a sixteen liner poem

Naveed Khalid

Hamstead

Of such bewitching looks to my mind still
thy iron frame, hangs a picture by the wall,
of a village girl against a pastoral background,
that e'ery falling star in winter cold
to my love hath rent this world,
of ages that are dead in summer's prime,
more temperate than darling buds of May:
behold! that beauty's belligerent smile,
a sneer of cold command at Beulah's night,
brings forth nothing but to my sightless view,
her seraph wings of gold, darkly lit in thy abode.

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Naveed Khalid

Harbinger I

Of sweet-scented silence in the mellowing year of spring,
That from summer's eve to season's breathless rhyme;
Oft I beget from high heavens along pen-pricked angels,
So sweetly wed to my thought by the crow's quill, my mind,
Not least in precise measure to account for love
Against e'ery fair from thy fairest brow,
This world uneclipsed of thy most high deserts:
Bespeaks of nothing but thy unattended presence,
Unawares of what goes soaring high above the dale;
The last dance of happy shades upon the strand of still waters,
I fain would bring to the page of so porous as the eyes
To a star-lit night in fair aspect of cold repose:
E'ery fig leaf in autumn wind ere thine unweird eye,
More temperate than darling buds of May by the sea-ashore.

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Date Created: Thursday, September 18, 2014 5: 21: 54 PM

Naveed Khalid

Harbinger II

Of impeding shadow this world beside
my shipwrecked dreams,
that in waste of words to bloody tyrant time,
I still hold dear her enchanting slogans of disparity
o'er the wall on high in the mellowing year of spring,
oft marked by what I write by the sweat of thy brow,
too deep for woe my darkened days to some rivulet blue,
barred of such looks so fair that elbow room by thee alone:
that in fair aspect of cold repose to my decaying form abides,
that crow's quill of unhindered scope to light, love and beauty.

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Date Created: Friday, April 10,2015 6: 35: 46 PM

Naveed Khalid

Harvest Moon I

Lo! this last of leaf against thine eye,
Fell from myrtle in her bed on summer's eve;
That through golden Minerva's autumn breath
Bespeaks of my love for thee, that evening sky,
And still makes the sun shine across heaven and earth,
By day is cast out, by night a shadow
Of candle-lit stars before the holy-moly moon,
Her bewildering attire is in my wings of poesy.

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Date Created: hursday, January 24,2013 5: 09: 21 PM

Naveed Khalid

Harvest Moon II

Not mere by those phantasmal reflexes
Of the electric spirits in thy abode;
But while in presence of all that is writ
Against the wall of two lovers dead:
Must I from such abandonment seek refuge
In what by the voice of tongue-tied Muse,
This deserted line is marked by time for love,
Of good old days hid in a far-fetch'd sky,
Rest content be oblivion of sun's bewilderment,
That cool'd in the west wind of eternal silence,
And woe-begone dreams at the harvest moon,
Behold! how in waking hours are bereft of sight.

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Naveed Khalid

Harvesting

The sad account of love that to my mind still
in winter cold, of unsaid words,
a strained note that fell out of hand,
of unnerved blood in vein;
and of bewitching looks her reckoning days,
at break of day arise, all red-eyed sun
of our hopes and dreams in hurtlings of past woe,
against time's tickling toes
to debarr at heaven's gate, my bride,
full ripe gourd of hazel nuts in summer's prime!
I, too, can unfold from history's yellow pages,
a fig leaf of autumn upon e'ery golden bough,
made new that half-baked masonry's star-lit night;
else beneath the sheer taut surface
of vegetable plantations, a broccoli,
barefooted you tread the mundane shell
by the sea ashore;
where cowslip spreads her seraph wings
under the harvest moon, I plough! I plough!

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Naveed Khalid

Hawk On Wings

Me too hath passed that age of crimson joy,
that in summer's prime to my e'er living memory;
oft looks on tempests to that day of unaltered eye,
of what I write to my eyes so blind in Hades of a star,
against the sun in deep azure to my mind still
of another rent at midnight lease in waking hour!
This world of wanton tapestry at thy throne,
Alas, but too shall fade ere thine unweird eye.

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Date Created: Friday, November 07,2014 1: 16: 49 PM

Naveed Khalid

Hobby-Horse

O horrible, horrible, awhile but to think on thee,
Behind the corner of that street along the corridor,
Of such stuff that arise from sneer of cold command;
I could see through the window-pane of rose-coloured glasses
That man-in-the-moon with old baggage,
Carry a satchel on his way back to school;
The carpet upon half-way between his iron-poker,
Treads the mundane shell in heaven's high bower:
That in the back of my mind to e'er melting snow,
Too, but bends the world at my door of rosemary garden,
Of cherubim Wing to heaven sings, my love, by the sweat of thy brow,
That crow's quill beside, at sunset of the evening sky;
Of unhindered scope to light, bereft of eyes so blind,
To untread places far-off thy most high deserts upon the sand dunes,
Of blackened earth's infernal grave against bloody tyrant time,
Shall ne'er wake me from this dream of yore,
A horse-on-saddle at his knee touched the ground, too deep for woe,
Makes beauteous my nights by day's toil too bright,
Twice by far removed from thee upon the page is printed, printed,
E'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy.

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Date Created: Date Created: Saturday, June 13,2015 7: 23: 51 PM

*Some of the lines re-arranged and republished

Naveed Khalid

Holy! Holy!

This Daedelian image in thy solemn mien,
of Andromeda Galaxy, BX 442,
has but a star fixed in the constellations,
a broken shaft's feathered mast at north,
that grows by goosebumps of e'ery pouring shadow;
and an imprint of forfeited dark
through thine holy eye!
feeds upon a hundred moths a day,
sunburnt dream of the world
to illumine in ecstasy of love,
around the lamp of elliptical illusions.

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Date Created: Saturday, July 05,2014 7: 20: 46 PM

Naveed Khalid

House Martin

When death's toll is too high
against bloody tyrant time,
of e'ery parting look this world
to a land of fairies abides by thee alone,
that to my mind still my shipwrecked dreams
of love-sick thought on thee by the sea-ashore,
too deep for woe in vain words thy spell to cast out
of honey-bees in the bower:
oft marked by what I write beyond the sunrise,
I behold that crow's quill at the pedestal of thy throne,
more bright than e'ery fair from thy fairest brow,
of furrowed fields in the harvest moon;
along the pavement of cow parsley in e'er melting snow,
to my eyes so blind upon the sand dunes of golden tress his hair,
scarlet-jewels of masonry's night through the staircase window of the wall,
still in autumn leaves unfold a dust-covered page of thy book,
away from out of sight in Hades of a star,
the Eagle on wings by the countryside
that day of unaltered eye thy gilded monument astounds.

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Date Created: Thursday, April 30,2015 7: 01: 53 PM

Naveed Khalid

Hymn To Morning

Then, this world that to a land of fairies abides,
That to my well-contented day be still
Of unnerved blood in vein to old-formed memory,
Much too less of what I thought, contented least
To account for love of thy most high deserts,
That forfeited dark in Hades of a star:
Oft on clover tops but hangs a golden bow,
Besmeared with pen-pricked angels through studded feelings arise,
A foul fawning bay at my door of morning's pure serene,
Has a hold me height, alas, but to overtly night;
E'ery flower upon a barren heath of ages that are dead,
Some vulgar paper to rehearse from out of the blues in still waters,
Agoing, agoing in waste of words my mind to that day of unaltered eye,
More temperate than darling buds of May in summer's prime
Ere you know the hand that writ in mournful numbers,
Of candle-lit stars in the mirror, thy gilded monument astounds.

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Date created: Friday, December 19,2014 4: 30: 50 PM

Naveed Khalid

Hyperbole

Let me first remove thee of all
vicissitudes of the sky,
that in vague impressions of poetry,
before my eyes in the public eye,
so sickening to the bones my love
of unnerved blood in vein:
a pensive feeling to fill my heart
with so much of extravaganza,
whiggery! of thy presence more,
and more beauty of things abound,
pours forth in e'erything,
false quirks of the mind in ill-omen
this empty mirror to the star hath rent a veil,
to where the world of your dreamland,
goes soaring high above the dale,
of untread places in waste hands of time.

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*Republished

Date Created: Wednesday, April 16,2014 2: 22: 23 PM

Naveed Khalid

Hypnosis

How so vaguely hid away from my view this world,
That with all its presences no such matters;
And in the reality of things I can feel in my bones
What a dog am I who sees not his Master!
The sun is on his course to so many lovely things,
Full array'd in line with time's unfathomable sea,
Not yet drown'd in imaginable space of my mind;
But what still lies beyond the bliss of five senses,
His love of cold repose in all encompassing eye,
Of looks more blessed, be in need of a belated sight
Than what by stars you behold in the night sky,
Not in the mirror, stands witness to thy beauty alone.

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Date Created: Wednesday, December 04,2013 2: 15: 21 PM

*(Previous title Hallucination Revised)

Naveed Khalid

I Am A Spoil

Of no use in vain words to account for love,
that in largess of some thought
to my decaying form abides,
her lichens of desire in modern electra
of e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind
through studded feelings arise
from out of the blues in still waters;
my feet half-sunk in stony ripples
of what in thy presence most abounds:
the crow's quill beside, hisbiscus that grow in violet hues,
away from out of sight in Hades of a star
against that forfeited dark more bright
than what I write through e'eryday happenings;
oft in precious minutes waste this world of far-off places,
alas, too but less travelled by my untread feet,
moves afoot to eternal bliss in waking hour
than if from a bowl of stars you drink,
that in secret influence comment,
I fain would bring to the page to confide with thee alone.

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Date Created: Tuesday, November 25,2014 1: 57: 58 PM

Naveed Khalid

Immaculate

No dark that by dark can bewail the night,
That by love more bright e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind;
To heaven-ward bent that waking star, illumines the world,
Of ages that are dead under the Archangel's brow,
Uneclipsed of looks so fair, my mind, darkly lit in thy abode,
More blessed by what I write of thy unattended presence,
That in summer's eve shall never fade ere thine unweird eye:
Lo! more temperate than darling buds of May, my reckoning days,
Twice by far removed from thee in enchanting slogans of disparity;
So sickening to the bones, my love, of unnerved blood in vein,
Not least to count thee more so through e'ery pouring shadow,
Under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree that lives by thee alone.

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Date Created: Thursday, August 07,2014 2: 55: 41 PM

Naveed Khalid

Immagination

There is more to the poet's eye
than I can write on the page;
but what you can read
always lives in the imagination,
that in my writings less,
and more than you can see
is the line upon the world- -
the world in reality.

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Naveed Khalid

Immortal

No mortal look to my love have I
That in Hades of a star,
This world of thy most high deserts
Against the wall to my eyes so blind by what I write,
Opes a garden unto my unweird eye;
Uneclipsed of e'ery fair from thy fairest brow,
Moves afoot to eternal bliss in seraph wings of gold:
Full rich splendour of season's breathless rhyme,
Full many a posy for thy garland;
Where blue-bells hang upon e'ery corner of the street,
A mistletoe that shakes with darling buds of May,
Enthralled by the beauty of unhindered light.

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Date Created: Tuesday, September 02,2014 11: 59: 19 AM

Naveed Khalid

Incarnation-I

When I from heaven's high bower,
oft am bereav'd of light,
that you in such subtle thought
are out and about, hath becharm'd the skies;
and what in beauty of things I behold,
goes blind by alluring looks to the sun,
bereft of sight my untread dream,
of a falling star in winter cold;
while nothing but love of eternal spirit
is bound by One Great Mind:
else me, too, unworthy of thy praise,
not alone, to desecrate thine holy eyen.

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Date Created: Monday, February 10,2014 3: 19: 44 PM

Naveed Khalid

Incarnation-Ii

Else by such glory o'er all you reign thus,
What by that journey of the mind alone,
Would deter me of this, that without thee,
This world can ne'er surpass thy wit; nor I
In whose thought thy presence has stars more bless'd
Than to celebrate with us a holy night;
You first set ablaze the sun, away from sight,
Let time a-going ahead, thy feet to tread,
Where but a bower hangs still o'er my head;
My heart thy throne above heaven's abode:
Prince of Light! by one look of love this page is lit,
And all that is in the heaven and earth.

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Date Created: Wednesday, July 31,2013 9: 55: 04 PM

Naveed Khalid

Incorporeal

Where that bed of crimson joy in favour with the star
Of thy most high deserts,
Under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
that still abides by thee alone, my love
Of e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind:
Needst no darkling insight to bewail the night;
This world that in haystack of woods
To illumine more bright by what I write,
A burning goblet in the rainforest, lost in the twilight,
Unlooked for love my Lord's light, I behold! I behold!

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Naveed Khalid

Infinity

That green mug of coffee with an ear,
what a graceful stance you hold to the sea;
among old folks of an ordinary man,
whose youthful love goes out of his hand,
that the pen hath writ her suitable boy,
a perfect image of thy infinite mind,
rocks the world with a rocking chair;
and by counting more I write thee less
than what lies buried in the forest deep,
has nothing in the world of what by love
you think fore'er be thy lady fair.

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Date Created: Friday, October 18,2013 4: 12: 18 PM

Naveed Khalid

Insomnia

When all else fades away in the back of my mind,
and nothing that I behold in the unseen world
of your reality, a vertigo of your dream,
remains but a drag of suspended consciousness,
of what is still hung aloft the night:
then I think what beauty be of use
to such trifle things that I write,
of less beats than my heart can afford
against e'ery changing face before the sun,
which by days to love for more reflection,
not through my glass I'll show thee,
be more temperate than summer.

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Naveed Khalid

Inspiration

What great things of the mind,
I bring forth out of sight,
Are not of sense impression made;
But shut out in fathom-five,
Such layers of meaning unfold,
That not in my verse you'd find,
Which before you know, hath fled
By my wings of poesy;
And you have to make a journey first,
Until you can say this footstep I hath tread.

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Date Created: Saturday, January 19,2013 2: 58: 24 PM

Naveed Khalid

Intuition

Oft that by love of old formed memory
has but beauty's look so fair,
that to my sightless view brings forth
nothing more than what I write,
of eyes so blind in darksome dungeon,
a desert rose, by the world of drifting dreams amiss;
I'll make some procession awake to thy call,
and by nights and days in worn-out time,
her light be spent in pure heaven:
thus, whether I see the picture or not,
what it matters, and who'll see
the mirror that is still in need of an eye.

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Date Created on: Sunday, January 05,2014 3: 19: 18 PM

Naveed Khalid

Invisibility

You never let reality define you
by your dreams;
but through love you create
things of beauty:
you see what you paint,
as if the eyes are that you
long for- -
though none is there to see,
except you, you know,
how to get paint'd be
in darkness, expos'd by light,
for blest imagery,
poetry pours like rain,
and whatever is writ,
is writ in vain.

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Date Created: Friday, July 20,2012 4: 58: 53 PM

Naveed Khalid

Invisible Gnomes

God hath made these valleys wild,
streams that flow to eternal bliss,
and the birds are ever on wings;
everything by the time in thy presence,
is slipping away from our hands,
by the day to arise without a song:
for nothing in silence is hid from thee,
that in such reverence of thy sanctity,
this wall of our shared benevolence
makes me wonder at who I am;
but you to myself a stranger
in whose company by the common grave
this world is of another land,
of our promised heaven,
long expired in antiquity of some ancient folks,
whom, they say, have hardly ever existed,
where by a natural deity in the making,
they are still trying to make me believe.

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Naveed Khalid

Island In The Moon

Me alone upon the road to Denver hills,
near the pine forest,
much toiled by day's labour by the sea-ashore,
half-dumb, half-deaf to the ear in my shipwrecked dreams,
of untread places far-off beyond the sunrise;
this world of e'ery groaning heart to a close afraid
at the height of losing my inner cool,
of eyes so blind in full-bright summer:
the clock at nine tolls the bell at my door,
oft swayed by the west wind in autumn, my love,
of thy most high deserts at sunset of the evening sky,
slowly drifting away from the sand dunes
to e'er melting snow that day of unaltered eye,
too but goes soaring high above the dale
against that forfeited dark in Hades of a star,
that crow's quill of weird mask in my spilt words.

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Date Created: Saturday, May 30,2015 6: 50: 15 PM

Naveed Khalid

Isle Of Man Ii

Must I break this American Dream
of thy most high deserts,
that shows not half thy part to eyes so blind,
of what all to weird in nurslings of immortality to count I
my age-old love at sunset of the evening sky,
brings forth unto my sightless view this world
of e'ery fair from thy fairest brow,
ah, but in dull hours of the night to a close afraid:
to illumine more bright the sun in deep azure,
I behold at the pedestal of thy throne in waking hour,
that in full abundance of thy presence alone,
oft makes such visitations in my counting prayers,
to that day of unaltered eye under the canopy of a hut,
more blessed of ages that are dead by the sea-ashore,
a compassed ark of broken mast-shaft at north,
that crow's quill in thy graceful ease to thee suffice.

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Date Created: Monday, April 27,2015 7: 42: 24 PM

Naveed Khalid

Jasmine

This world is nothing but a mirror
of what I can see not through mind's eye,
such subtle thought in reverse reflexion
goes blind of his own shadow:
e'ery fair face that grows by day's toil
of yonder looks, thy gilded monument astounds;
and reflects not in vain words her Beulah's night,
that uncharted depths of beauty alone
hath rent this star by two lovers dead!
I still am looking, looking in thy abode
that love of my unforgettable times,
will but remind you of this that I know not
what unseen hand or eye would bring to the page,
printed twice, lost in the whorlwind of empty sands,
far removed from all vicissitudes of the sky,
the very image of you, eyeless, I love most.

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Date Created: Saturday, May 03,2014 3: 16: 58 PM

Naveed Khalid

Jelly Beans

Would that this world be erased
of all eyes,
all vicissitudes of the sky!
that to beauty the star hath rent,
my love, of what I can see not,
goes blind to the eye,
to the ending doom of poetry,
pours forth in e'erything,
and upon the page is printed, printed...

Naveed Khalid

Jesus Of Nazareth

I'd never let you get away with this,
no matter whichever way you think;
and have my words by the sun,
that no where but in my verse thy presence,
else be a witness to this world,
for where once you tread thy feet,
I've set this path for thee,
the rest would follow at my door.

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Date Created: Thursday, April 11,2013 1: 31: 03 PM

Naveed Khalid

Kabbalah

What use this verse, this vision
of a far-fetched sky?
that if it bewails the night;
and of pouring shadows mine eye,
e'erything but stirs the mind,
my thought no more than the reality
of this world, by thought alone to prove,
so sickening to the bones my love,
needs no witness in thy name,
Lord of my vassalage! by thee suffice,
all that is in the heaven and earth of dappled things.

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Date Created: Friday, May 02,2014 5: 04: 33 PM

Naveed Khalid

Kohinoor

What in tribute to her Muse of old
my feather'd pen hath writ,
that peacock-plum'd crown
of ten thousand & one Jewel a night;
and upon this wall of paint'd sky
for poetry competition:
I never knew be so renowned,
that our Queen shall wear her head.

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Date Created: Saturday, August 24,2013 3: 32: 15 PM

Naveed Khalid

La Rose

What is in a name? that by any other name
A rose in proportion would still be a rose,
Accounted for love; but by no other attribute
Can have such a proposition, that by argument
His wit be proved where no wit is but pure heaven!
Our esteem'd poet Shakespeare had that in mind
When he defined him for one such evidence,
Far remov'd of two witnesses from any claim
On his name, for whom many a loves lost
At the hands of a bunch of fools who loved thee so,
That by nature's torpid desires is rendered numb:
This prophecy Merlin shall make before I go;
For I, my love, hath long abandon'd, that my bed
Be laid among those who have died in thy name.

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Naveed Khalid

Laissez Faire

This world that by looking more to my mind still
of another rent at midnight lease;
a far-fetched sky of e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
beset against time's waking hour
of thy unattended presence,
that in favour with the star of thy most high deserts,
oft blinds the eye through e'ery pouring shadow
than to illumine more bright, my love
of fair forms from thy fairest brow,
uneclipsed of wanton tapestry at thy throne:
of plumed hat-on-knees in ruffled feathers,
twice by far removed from thee such darling insights;
unlooked for love my Lord's light ere thine unweird eye,
more temperate than darling buds of May.

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Date Created: Saturday, August 16,2014 5: 25: 50 P

Naveed Khalid

Lampost

Where but in my heart you dwell,
at a supreme seat of emotions,
oft express'd in words
by a sensibility of love;
untouch'd by what I least possess,
a pure heaven, a native land of fairies!
but O that stumbl'd feet!
a crowd stampeded the throne,
and a crown in my hands
slipp'd away in dessert sands,
that by counting more in time,
less by light is spent;
for when I write you,
I write you more with love.

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Date Created: Monday, December 10,2012 3: 08: 21 PM

Naveed Khalid

Lapis Lazuli I

I am an amateur poet:
I've been doing poetry in my head
since childhood,
but know not if it's e'er going to end,
not as long as the babe lies
in a cup-shelled flower,
for his lady would inspire,
her name is Lapis Lazuli,
the JEWEL of October's wintry night,
still hangs to the mast-shaft at north
in heaven's high bower,
the autumn wind that blows,
of wrinkled lip in my spilt words,
too deep for woe,
turns syllables upside down;
or with the re-post tell us
what she first shared with him in infancy,
those thin violet vapours, blow them too!
'til poetry flows through him,
like early morning dew,
as if he resists to grow
in the light of the sun;
the old man watches him
from the corner of his eye;
his clips of winged poesy,
twice by far removed from thee,
upon the page is printed, printed.

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Date Created: Thursday, February 02,2012 5: 42: 33 PM

Naveed Khalid

Lapis Lazuli II

Oh, woman of such plaintive looks,
a secret winding-stair unfolds,
many a broken heart to a close afraid,
all dressed up in her thought, my mind,
of so darkly drowned enigma of yore dream,
too deep for woe by the sweat of thy brow
beyond whom no one can see,
of wrinkled lip in my spilt words:
much too strained note in wreckage of a nerve,
bedtime stories tell between her lip and desire,
to account for love of thy most high deserts,
that crow's quill in yellow-pages of history.

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Date Created: Monday, May 25,2015 4: 52: 32 PM

Naveed Khalid

Last Night Blues

This that you know not by what cruel hand or eye,
that in age-old love of worn-out time,
sticks out his head through the staircase window
of a wall on high, above the archway;
a little mermaid sat on the stone of Bohan,
of golden tress her hair beside the clover beach,
like some soring thumb impressions,
oft marked by heavy daubs of colour in oily skin
to e'ery passer-by in dusty feet
from the corner of a street forty seven;
barefooted you tread the mundane shell
upon the strand of still waters:
not in all eternity of my country rhymes,
of what in vain words I seek to write
e'ery flower upon a barren heath;
more bright to illumine ere thine unweird eye
than that forfeited dark in hurtlings of past woe,
a youngman from Verona in nurslings of immortality,
I could see hung aloft the ghastly night.

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Date Created: Wednesday, October 15, 2014 8: 49: 39 PM

Naveed Khalid

Last Night Blues Of Countryside

Me not much accustomed to such darkly insights,
that in modern electra of thy most high deserts,
of eyes so blind through e'ery pouring shadow at break of day arise,
that crow's quill of plumed hat on knees in ruffled feathers,
oft withered in foul fawning bay at my door with pen-pricked angels;
as marigold in autumn, my love, at midnight lease in waking hour
along the pavement of cow parsley e'ery falling star in winter cold,
of furrowed fields against the harvest moon my shipwrecked dreams:
ah, all too weird with day's toil the sun in deep azure
hath rendered numb my novice feeling to fill my heart with love
of what lies buried in yellow-pages of history,
but to thee suffice all the panorama of this world,
hung aloft the ghastly night o'er the wall on high,
of what I write upon the sand dunes more bright,
goes soaring high above the dale a drifting dream amiss,
to think thee better off my mind at sunset of the evening sky.

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Date Created: Friday, March 27,2015 3: 33: 57 PM

□

Naveed Khalid

Lavender

No more by what you think I can ne'er know,
Such subtle thought in reverse reflexion,
That by e'ery fair face you still behold,
And to my mind hath weaved
A laurel wreath thy myrtle crown
Of all vicissitudes of the sky!
Not least to desecrate thine holy eye, love,
Something to wonder at thy golden brow;
The world is deemed to uplift the veil
Of what by night to stars hath rent,
This mirror that shows not half thy part,
Doth thy age-old visage hide.

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*Republished

Date Created: Saturday, April 05,2014 2: 23: 21 PM

Naveed Khalid

Leaves Of Autumn

Of unsaid word too deep for woe,
that by writing more
of people from around the world,
I, too, find myself at odds with what I least contend,
many a thought on thee;
away from my mind still in gentle grace of beauty's fair,
of eyes so blind to unending doom of poetry,
pours forth in e'erything from out of nowhere:
a toast of some unknown 'xo' like a party animal;
waiting to hear the church bell toll
against love's most high deserts,
from out of the blues in still waters,
moves afoot to eternal bliss in waking hour,
of e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind with pen-pricked angels,
thy most eloquent other in a drop of tear,
ah, but to thee suffice at sunset of the evening sky,
my reckoning days more bright to count I
by the sweat of thy brow too soon shall fade,
agoing, agoing to that day of unaltered eye.

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Date Created: Tuesday, February 03,2015 4: 36: 48 PM

* This poem updated on Friday, February 06,2015 1: 39: 25 PM, commending to
19 lines instead of 16 or 17.

Naveed Khalid

Lines Written On Darien Peak I

Of yonder looks this world that by gilded monument,
Has but in dismal shades a silver lining;
And that journey of the mind above the skyline,
Oft mark'd by what you hide under the bower,
Of snow-capped Myrtle in age-old Beulah's night;
Whereby first look of the sun at morn on Darien Peak,
From the sullen earth arise, too deep for woe,
That our hopes and dreams upon the orient wave,
Of sunburnt faces, all break loose their oars to thee,
Against many a glorious sight, full of stars, thine eye,
So darkly lit ashore in timeless tide of the sea,
The golden brow by sunset of the evening sky.

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Naveed Khalid

Lines Written On Darien Peak Ii

Oft have I visited that museum along the corridor
under the canopy of a hut;
a little above the archway
through the staircase window of the wall,
that tree-trunk of cut-out branches for a mural;
or an off-shoot of our forefathers' heir at arm's distance,
serves a winding path unto the top of the hill,
wherefrom a clear picture of the fedora of your dream,
I could see you sit still brooding o'er the dale;
apart from all the panorama of this world:
a broccoli, beneath the bed of crimson joy,
the deep rooted stigmata of her vineyard
would spread leaves of autumn in nurslings of immortality;
all wrapped in wrinkled lip of cow's parsely,
my lady's poster beside the nest of hoarding banners,
they say, bespeaks her enchanting slogans of disparity- -
while a chariot-sun drags a wheel to the door,
stuck up in a rut of stalked mud from the homeland;
my feet half-sunk in stony ripples by the sea-ashore,
enwrought with the star of thy most high deserts:
the crow's quill in thy hand, too, shall move afoot
towards a mast-shaft of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown.

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Naveed Khalid

Little Shakespeare

(Homage to the sad demise of 'Little Shakespeare')

Methought no fair aspect in winter cold
Of e'ery falling star to bloody tyrant time,
That to my e'er living memory at break of day arise;
More blest of ages that are dead to account for love
Of thy most high deserts under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
To morning's pure serene in waste of words, my mind,
Against that forfeited dark to my eyes so blind:
This world of what in thy presence most abounds,
Oft in dismal shades of age-old grey, a titanic vision afar,
Pours forth in e'erything from earth's infernal grave
E'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy;
A foul fawning bay at my door, bewails the night,
Away from out of sight to that day of unaltered eye,
I fain would bring to the page from out of the blues in still waters.

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Date Created: Sunday, November 30,2014 7: 27: 14 PM

Naveed Khalid

Little White Chapel

This too will come to pass that by the world
of subservient nature's most ardent desire,
that in silent hours of the night in heaven's high bower;
so weary with toil my day's work expires,
no heart that by love of such bearings
can afford to think on thee more bright
than that in the mellowing year of spring,
while all that is writ in favour with the star
of thy most high deserts, to places far-off:
Oft I behold him by the west wind in autumn,
that crow's quill beside, at sunset of the evening sky,
of whom, they say, not I but by the sweat of thy brow,
of eyes so blind in sea of troubles to e'er melting snow;
e'ery passing minute is born of thee by the sea-ashore,
of unhindered scope to light under the canopy of a hut,
that day of unaltered eye in my bed of crimson joy,
goes soaring high above the dale with pen-pricked angels
of weasel hat in the cellar-barn along the pavement of cow parsley,
down that road in false pretense to vague impressions,
still burning, burning near the pinewood trees.

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Date Created: Tuesday, June 09,2015 9: 14: 52 PM

Naveed Khalid

Love Letter To God

No one else except you
can be in this state of mind;
and who will understand
that there is no one awaiting you
other than you in my dull rhyme,
while I, to whom thy love
moves me no more in the sunshine,
nor a shadow that a child follows,
be but a long-forgotten time of thy untread feet,
soon as the sun sets behind the mirror
at sunset of the evening sky, I shall write thee more.

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Date Created: Tuesday, July 16,2013 12: 12: 43 AM

Naveed Khalid

Love's Metaphor

When all wrapped I in thought of thee,
The fair aspect of her cold repose,
That by night the star hath rent
Her enchanting looks to the world;
And to my mind gives goosebumps,
E'ery beauteous form in timeless tide,
Too young to die, the song of eternal silence!
Where but to debarr at heaven's gate,
My bride! has made my old days anew,
Grows young again through such tender touches,
Which from thy brow hath plucked so fair a rose,
My Lord's hand, too, is wet in blood bath.

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Naveed Khalid

Love's Secret

Let the world know this that by time
nothing remains forever;
but by love what you think
is so greatly blessed,
that all life's philosophies
can never find words to tell
what is in my mind;
and in such ecstasy of thy beauty,
which by time is writ for thy sake,
by whate'er name be loved,
oft by a shadow is cast out;

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Date Created: Tuesday, April 23,2013 3: 09: 52 PM

Naveed Khalid

Love's Trance Goes Soaring High

Love's trance goes soaring high,
that thou hast set the clock a-going,
a-going, a-going...., forwards bent;
against time's timeless hours, O eternity!
when oft with such tender grace
in a cloud-couch you lie,
that lovers would love to die:
the odds stand still witness
to thy sensual fault,
all women know
how to love thee evermore
as long as the stars
are connected to thy Godhead,
and move upon their pre-destin'd path;
not go uncheck'd by thy curious eye,
no one can e'er go astray;
nor no fears of science
can hold thee back from walking
the walk of ethereal dreams,
O ye rider of the skies!

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Date Created: Tuesday, July 03,2012 11: 10: 29 PM

Naveed Khalid

Luminous

My love in perfect ceremony stands apart,
Full rich content of thought's graceful ease,
Doth steal from cheerful morn her summer's prime;
And by ill-effect of false reflection I behold
Through e'ery fig leaf upon the golden bough,
Oft leaves me in dismay that waking star!
Of wanton looks her eyes twice removed from the world,
Ere this far-fetched sky upon a barbed wire:
Ah, by fair means foul, faltered beauty of thy mind
To image forth in white bier to brave thine eye,
Hath turned all black in fair form's gentle grace,
Double-dark's ransom paid by two lovers dead,
More sweet to illumine in nature's cold repose,
That all praise be thine, yet mine be the woe.

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Date Created: Friday, June 27,2014 3: 23: 18 PM

Naveed Khalid

Madrigal

Should I but suspect thee for chamber's maid?
That her suit to my lawful plea commence,
'Gainst all fair forms her argument to prove,
Of tongue-tied Muse her love of seraph wings,
Still wed to my thought by virtuous pen more great,
More blessed be thy presence but to witness beauty;
And in whose esteemed dart that basest cloud to bear,
Which by e'ery passing minute is born of thee,
For when thy lost memory to another's plight
Be my only woe, bereft of such a sight,
I'll straight forget what the world of thine eye,
Hath done to my glorious days, bereaved of light.

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Naveed Khalid

Maestro, Please!

Nothing that by love of old-formed memory
To eyes so blind my reckoning days more bright
Than that forfeited dark if from a bowl of stars you drink,
This world of what in thy presence most abounds
Against all odds, all vicissitudes of the sky, my mind,
Of snow-capped myrtle at Minerva's golden brow:
E'ery flower upon a barren heath of ages that are dead,
Alas, too soon shall wither in my bed of crimson joy;
Of worn-out time her enchanting slogans of disparity,
Oft goes unchecked my the west wind in autumn leaf,
Along pen-pricked angels of thy most high deserts,
Of doomed youth her yonder looks to eternal bliss in waking hour,
Else in simple fold my vain endeavour to dreary night's cold repose,
Still abides by thee alone to that day of unaltered eye.

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Date Created: Saturday, December 06,2014 3: 49: 43 PM

Naveed Khalid

Magician

Higgs Boson! always looks ahead of time,
and is out in the world alone;
the unhindered scope of creation,
which if goes unchecked by a particle of light,
all would be lost what least by the eye
is mirror'd in the universe of bright-lit stars,
that I by the pen hath writ thrice;
but O! to fill the emptiness of the mind,
unless the age-old bowl of our unmet desires
before the screen hath lit the path,
or else a mass man of ill-omen
appears from nowhere again to collide.

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Date Created: Friday, February 22,2013 12: 48: 13 PM

Naveed Khalid

Mandrake

This that I know not by what cruel hand or eye,
So damned by infernal grave this world,
Plagues the mind by the sweat of thy brow,
The first frost in the morning dew but in vain,
To eternal bliss through such visions arise,
Behold! e'ery fair face in summer's prime,
Woeful love, alas, too young to die!
And awakened by night in dumb despair,
The tongue-tied Muse to my sightless view,
That in perpetual beauty sustains on wings;
While I to whom no such thing in solemn or strain,
Nor least shall move me more thy bones to Adonis,
God forbid, to see her smile face in dismal shades,
Be my only woe that mocks at time's waking hour.

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Naveed Khalid

Mask

(On Yeats' 'Ego Dominus Tuus')

This voice from afar to me but a stranger is,
that by wilderness of the mind in rain forest,
half-creates, half-dumb, knit to my crippled countenance,
his same old facade at cloud nine,
so porous as the eyes to my sightless view
brings forth this world of phase seventeen:
hath as well summoned thee to my door,
and betwixt hatred and desire to know
the secret of love, thy age-old visage hides,
the opposite of myself, my own daemon!

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Naveed Khalid

Masque

Of my first writings in sweet-scented letters,
I have known through hurtlings of past woe,
Distilled from history pages his same old facade,
That in higher spirits tolls the bell at my door;
And with so much of extravaganza, a loftier subject
Of all the world beside to account for love:
Lord, the Saviour! in a cloud-couch rides the skies,
Ne'er to let go the way of all flesh, my elbows and knees,
Not least by white biers to brave the day,
When all hideous nights hath forsaken thee;
But in mother's lap a child of old that grows
Young e'eryday by darling buds of May!

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Date Created: Tuesday, April 08,2014 4: 24: 36 PM

Naveed Khalid

Matinee

This embassy of what I write to love's deceased frame,
Of another rent at midnight lease, foreshadow'd by light;
For the ransom paid by twice to that forfeited dark,
That through e'ery pouring shadow, my mind, to e'er living memory,
Oft illumines more bright, in seraph wings of gold, a star-lit night,
Too soon shall fade in fair aspect of cold repose
Against the world of thy most high deserts:
Else thy Muse of allured looks to my eyes so blind
Than to witness beauty under the canopy of a hut;
Where but least I find e'ery flower upon a barren hath,
Fills the page with thy unattended presence in graceful ease.

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Naveed Khalid

Matins Performed At Cistine Chapel

Largess of some thought that by thought more blessed thy Muse,
Than by love of what I write in thy graceful ease, but to thee suffice;
But O! for one look on thee through e'ery pouring shadow, my bride,
That in living memory more bright to illumine in summer's pride,
Bestowing twice by canker and a rose, full rich content of that forfeited dark:
I fain would bring to the page of eyes so blind thy most high deserts,
All but for sake of thee alone, needest no wanton tapestry at thy throne;
Else in solemn strain this barren rhyme at the gallows of thy feet,
Leaves of autumn in a phantom of chaliced wings to a star-lit night;
Hath o'erturned e'ery vain thing, so vaguely imprinted on my mind,
Oft steals such darling buds of May from e'ery fair ere thine unweird eye:
Which if from a bowl of stars you drink, of yonder looks her silken-satin,
Away! away! from the boat that rocks her bed of crimson joy in winter cold;
The golden strand around your head at break of day arise by the western isle.

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Naveed Khalid

Matricide

(On Writings of Mary & Charles Lamb)

When oft I find you hid from the common eye,
And not in a drag of suspended consciousness,
What I Knit with stars of silken satin- -
Her parallel beauty's modern electra,
Would, too, but wear out soon, of late with age:
I never seek to write, save you to please,
That our Muse from all effusions of the heart,
Be so wise and pure of a belat'd sight:
This paralys'd world at the helm of affairs,
From afar with such stillness of the mind,
Genius! twice remov'd by far more with love
Than in rhyme with thee of nothing remains,
Except which I hear you sing in bless'd hour,
Her breathless song, not in all eternity.

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*Republished

Date Created: Sunday, July 28,2013 3: 21: 03 PM

Naveed Khalid

Meanderings

This world that leads me on to where no feet hath tread,
Nor no scope of light to my eyes so blind;
And all doors are shut under the bolted sky
Of thy unattended presence with no destiny in sight,
More bright that crimson bed of wanton tapestry at thy throne,
Uneclipsed of looks so fair, my love, from thy fairest brow,
La rose! moves me more so than by thee what I write
Through e'ery pouring shadow ere thine unweird eye:
Some vulgar paper to rehearse, too deep for woe,
A strained note on the table, of unnerved blood in vein;
That in solemn strain this barren rhyme,
Oft on clover-tops but hangs a golden bow,
Whence no darkling insights can bewail the night,
Unlooked for love my Lord's light I behold! I behold!

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Date Created: Thursday, August 21,2014 8: 06: 42 PM

Naveed Khalid

Melancholy

(On Raptures of Sight)

That fair youth whose pulse still runs through my vein,
His golden hair, so thinly wrapped around my head;
His smile, a bubble burst in early morn,
When in summer stole a look through my bed;
His love of cold repose by waking hour
Had all princely steps in a midnight dream;
and before sunset behind the mirror,
A dark red line emerged from cupid's eye,
Until a kiss of orange sky made wither,
See! a fiery flame of those blushed roses,
that in garden grow under the bower,
Measured by a thousand mile's walk back home, die!

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Date Created on: Friday, May 24,2013 6: 55: 11 PM

Naveed Khalid

Meshed Tomatoes

When a black cat purrs at the citadel
of bewitching looks in ill-omen,
her most ardent desire awakes a wonder in thine eye;
that to my mind still my shipwrecked dreams
of broken mast-shaft at north,
oft marked by the sun e'ery fair from thy fairest brow,
shall but be revealed unto this waking hour some such snowflakes
of moon-lit night against a desert titan more bright,
that crow's quill of my love-sick thought on thee,
arise, arise beyond the sunrise to this world forlorn,
of eyes so blind in autumn leaves by the sea-ashore.

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Date Created: Wednesday, April 15,2015 2: 57: 54 PM

Naveed Khalid

Mesmerism

When through that age-old window-pane,
The morning sun arise from out of the blues;
And last night's twilight dream is brought to light,
Which, too, by day's labour shall wear out soon,
Withered in autumn leaves by sweet breath of Zephyr - -
In gentle breeze of the west wind, by time hath fled:
A heart break of all my love for thee, Prince of Light!
Not less than what by sight you find, thy myrtle crown,
This sky, full of stars, can fill the page no more- -
Not unless, O Venus! The world of our dreams,
That by one such quiver in cupid's hand,
More be paid by whom you live forever,
Than, if not in my verse, but in my heart so,
The red-eyed Poet to meet in the mirror of mine eyes.

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Date Created: Sunday, December 30,2012 8: 57: 23 PM

Naveed Khalid

Michael Angelo's Fresco: The Creation Of Adam

When by no man's art you created him of dust,
Nor not a devil you had in your mind;
But you alone amidst thy greatness stood
Against all that I could think about the mirror,
That this image of no god from heaven,
Which long since had been looking for thee,
Started to emerge from the corner of thine eye,
Before you could see him writ in black and white.

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Date Created: Friday, March 29,2013 1: 10: 50 PM

Naveed Khalid

Missing You In All Eternity

Mere beauty of such looks that haunts the text,
That in thy unattended presence to my eyes so blind,
Oft breaks the dream through e'ery pouring shadow;
This world of what I write to my love,
A false pretense to vague impressions
More real than e'ery flower upon a barren heath
Against the wall on high, above the mantle piece;
Too, but hurts me to think on thee, see the picture!
More bright to illumine ere thine unweird eye,
I still am looking, looking away from out of sight.

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Date Created: Wednesday, November 12,2014 2: 25: 57 PM

Naveed Khalid

Mistletoe

What needst I this mirror that to my sightless view
Brings forth nothing but what I write of my own shadow;
Of what I can ne'er see, you have loved more than I,
And e'ery falling star in snowflakes to my mind still,
Whence all the panorama of this world in winter cold
Has no return, nor no darkling insight can bewail the night:
Behold! that day of past woe made new, blind of looks so fair,
Unlooked for love my Lord's light, a pilgrimage to thee,
Of virgin mother born this our common happy morn,
The Sun's eye in whose love e'erything flows to eternal bliss.

Naveed Khalid

Mistletoe II

What needest thou my fair of eclipsed doom
to bloody tyrant time,
of untried places far-off her vacant looks more bright,
that in the ocean sink where all graces abide by a hawthorn,
amidst a bunch of roses thy gracious muse to hide, my love,
from black swans ethereal wings in heaven's high bower,
oft grows more blessed by the west wind in autumn;
hath rent this world to e'ery falling star in winter cold
against that forfeited dark in Hades of a star:
I still am looking, looking through e'ery pouring shadow,
not least by dark bewails the night in unattended hour,
of furrowed fields against the harvest moon along the pavement of cow parsley,
a mistletoe on his back to that day of unaltered eye in my spilt words
through the staircase window of the wall too but corrupts the mind,
ah, down that road under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree,
that crow's quill by the sweat of thy brow at sunset of the evening sky.

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Date Created: Monday, May 11,2015 5: 39: 02 PM

Naveed Khalid

Mona Lisa

The canvas goes blank by more looks to the sun,
and Da Vinci's Mona Lisa, a perfect match;
her exuberant smile; her stealing looks
through many a moon by night,
are so bewitching in colour, word and line,
that no mirror is enough for such a scholarly work,
which by the artist with all his genius
fades away in the public eye,
a paint'd picture of a vanished sight;
a wrinkled lip from valleys wild
towards where her cold kiss hath dried
a false summer of the evening sky;
but O! for one look at morn I behold, I behold!

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Naveed Khalid

Monty Python

This that you know not in presence of the mind,
that in unaccounted love remains
but a phantom of chalice wings
to far-off places unknown;
hid away from out of sight,
I still am stranger to the soldier's grave,
where freshly sown buds of may,
oft I find in hurtlings of country rhymes,
against a pastoral background,
a village life of a beautiful lady,
too soon shall fade with every fading eye
under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree.

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Naveed Khalid

Moon Walkers

Of such odd sightings in reverse reflexion,
that of no compare,
of darkened days her beauty's fair;
God forbid! ere I e'er think on thee,
my love of eyes so blind,
needest no light at sunset of the evening sky
o'er the wall on high,
too deep for woe against bloody tyrant time,
to my mind still in heaven's high bower:
this world of thy most high deserts,
of e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind with pen-pricked angels,
ah, but to thee suffice by the sweat of thy brow,
all dappled things of vine-ivy to some rivulet blue,
From mother-earth arise in the backyard of my garden,
of ages that are dead beyond the sunrise,
has a hold me height to that day of unaltered eye.

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Date Created: Friday, July 03,2015 8: 44: 11 PM

Naveed Khalid

Morning Star

No sense impression will bring you sight so pure,
that in my words, blind of the eye;
nor least dissolves your whole being,
but where not a line is drawn, less is more,
a smudge of colours would spread in grey,
and make the canvas more beautiful,
where no light in the eyes can behold
what the lense of thy concave mirror
reflects upon me an oblique bend,
no beauty can tell how it is like,
except what goes down and down
for another sunrise in the morning.

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*Republished

Date Created: Friday, November 23,2012 4: 17: 38 PM

Naveed Khalid

Moths

What use my wit if not by love can grow,
And that faculty alone sustains me on wings;
When no thought but thy thought in words is writ,
Nor moves me more thy breath in winter's cold;
Unless in clouds of stars thy mind digs deep,
Roses, roses, at e'ery step of the way:
Children of light! at break of day arise
In another world against the setting sun.

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Date Created: Tuesday, December 18,2012 12: 21: 06 PM

Naveed Khalid

Mr Justice Blind

I am not history's child,
Remember no dates or events,
Nor no King's subject am I.
I am but a child of two days old,
Who is slain with arrows & spears
And sold out for a few shillings
At the hands of a bunch of fools,
Who in their happiness more happiness seek
When they drain my blood out of my veins
To fill the cup, the wine of life to the last drop;
To fix upon me their pains & miseries permanent,
That in their deliverance twice have I paid,
But for the sins I have never committed.
Hear out my case, me Lord, and adjourn the court.
You bear witness to thy high ministers,
And supreme most pen-prick'd angels,
Record the wrong-doings, say, order, order,
For I am the Judge and I am the Law:
Let all the glory be to my foes,
Yet can't they leave me to my woes? !

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Naveed Khalid

Mulberry

Me not so dim-witted as to paint my room
with heavy daubs of colour in oily skin,
a cobweb upon a barren heath,
dampened in the rain forest;
whence the horse rider threw a nous of light
to catch up with the moon!
the cat still purrs at the citadel
of her good old days in the cellar barn,
darkened by a dreaded night;
along the crow that sits and broods o'er,
the nurslings of country rhymes,
long hath vanished in Hades of a star.

Naveed Khalid

Mundane

Of such sweet absence from the world my love,
needest no witness in thy name to prove thee virtuous,
that outnumberers the hand that writ this embassy;
And by whose worthier pen in winter cold,
this mirror that shows not half thy part,
away from what you hide from eternal,
hath rent a star at Christmas Eve!
My double-dark to illumine through e'ery pouring shadow,
that man by whose arrow, we two shall victim be;
of same old facade, flawed in e'erything,
unlooked for love my Lord's light to the end of aeon,
under the Archangel's brow, darkly lit in thy abode.

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Naveed Khalid

Musings Of A Muse

When all thoughts drown but not a thought of thee,
When all mirrors fade before thine eye
And against the wall a belat'd sight,
By vaunting looks for more light and love,
Of less scope thy words where they most abound:
Then I think I am nothing more than thy thought,
What otherwise would be but a mere speculation- -
A brooding of the Muse at some high mansion,
Full soars in silence, by time goes uncheck'd;
But bound by love's most discreet feeling,
Until the line dissolves it all that I write,
Except what in my mind counts worth a note.

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*Republished: Title Revised

Date Created: Monday, November 19,2012 4: 24: 11 PM

Naveed Khalid

Mutability

Must I stand against all odds,
all vicissitudes of the sky,
that in wind, storm and rain
would cloud thine eye,
and darkened by a stardust
of the Supernova,
raise a desert titan
from hallucinations of the world,
until all visions corrupt,
all thoughts wrong,
all frescoes melt
against this wall of generation...

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Naveed Khalid

Myrtle

I think I have lost my voice in still waters
Of forest deep in the valleys wild;
That roaring of the rivers under the hill,
Hath brought me to this end by the sea ashore,
Whence e'ery beginning seems but a far-off cry
To see a damsel on white horse's back,
Some lone bark of a tree beside, of golden tress her hair:
Well-protected shields and spears from a cut-throat island,
They led me through the door against the bolted sky,
Weighed down by the heavy chest of thy most high deserts;
I sat beneath the palm-tree in scorching heat of light,
Which in peak hours of the sun to a melting snow,
A drifting dream amiss along the rider's waking hour,
The fabric of her shadowless love will ne'er die.

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Date Created: Thursday, September 25,2014 6: 00: 39 PM

Naveed Khalid

Mystery

Should I but of such human vulgarities be part
To play my life's stage to a crippled countenance?
Of sheer scope to die in abundance of thy most high deserts,
That my peers would dispel me with thy unattended presence,
Away from all odds, all vicissitudes of the sky, my love;
Not least to show thee my pride by prejudice more despised
Than if from a bowl of stars you drink this world at helm of affairs,
Some vulgar paper to rehearse in nurslings of immortality:
I fain would bring to the page e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind,
All too well writ in my mind ere thine unweird eye,
Unaccounted for what I unfold from yellow pages of history
To a falling star, of another rent at midnight lease in winter cold.

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Naveed Khalid

Mythology

I know how you create a myth
from out of nothing;
that through insensible transitions
all eyes to the star against the sun;
and in darkling mascara,
a moon-lit night,
but day's old visage hide
the stealing looks of my lady fair
from light, love and beauty;
until no such thing in my untread dreams,
except what is still for a vanished sight.

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Naveed Khalid

Narcissus

When oft the sun from nowhere arise,
Of what in beauty's look but you suffice,
That I can ne'er be, thy love no more;
Nor by what capacity of Poet's mind,
Methinks not in vain of thy unattend'd presence,
For what in yellow leaves of thy age-old book,
I still behold thee in youth's eternal hour;
And through such overtly seminal works,
One day that I, too, shall cease to be
Before all else fades away from thine eye,
This world alone bears witness to thee.

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Date Created: Wednesday, October 30,2013 4: 17: 48 PM

Naveed Khalid

Nightmare

Nothing that by a shadow in the night
has but this world alone,
his worn-out coat on the peg,
a wooden stick beside,
his cowboy hat of ruffled feathers,
that in the wind is bowed to the knees,
alongwith fair lady his choking star,
his spectacles to see through the skies;
and drumb-beat of the far maddening crowd,
starts pouring in his mad song
through e'ery rhyming feet in mud,
that unmanned horse came loitering around,
of golden tress his hair,
unbridled from the saddle his shoe,
his night-cap in the sky,
still blows the trumpet of his iron car.

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Date Created: Friday, January 31,2014 6: 39: 55 PM

Naveed Khalid

Nightshade

Oft I make hallow of a sun around my head,
tinged with stars of old in deep azure
of broken mast-shaft at north;
the four-squared wall on high o'er the lagoon,
that Eagle on wings in Hades of a star,
something to wonder at thy golden brow,
beside a fire hurst in summer's prime,
too, but drowns an eye to some rivulet blue:
of foul fawning bay at my door with pen-pricked angels,
I could see them from afar at sunset of the evening sky,
awaiting to hear the church bell toll by the sea-ashore,
a straw hat on knees in ruffled feathers under the canopy of a hut.

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Date Created: Wednesday, March 04,2015 6: 03: 44 PM

Naveed Khalid

Nonsense

When of such thoughts, not yet thought, I think,
Nor by words are dress'd up in my mind;
I lose sight of you, that with my thought is wed,
And let fly on wings of poesy thy Muse:
Always against me myself to prove,
Uselessly lying unto me those white lies
Which by senseless notions of thy book,
Are still, rest content, unread on this page;
But nothing more of you to understand I approve,
Than to deny your whole Being of my company,
So that I deny you of this nonsense verse
I have ever writ to fill the emptiness of my mind.

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Naveed Khalid

North Wind In Sails

I can ne'er know by what cruel hand or eye,
what worst time of the year to that day of morning's pure serene,
I behold my love that grows to eternal bliss;
that of erased looks this world to my mind still
of another rent at midnight lease in waking hour,
too, but fades away in dismal shades of age-old grey
against that forfeited dark more bright to illumine
than what from a fumbled mouth hath spilled to becharm the skies,
alas, in waste of words some vulgar paper to rehearse,
all wrapped in shroud of a star a broken shaft of feathered mast at north,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy.

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Date Created: Sunday, November 16,2014 2: 13: 25 PM

Naveed Khalid

Number 13

Not you, my love, by waking hours
had ever lived this day by night;
but I alone in cruel hands of time
when full many a star at thy feet,
brought me down to write this line,
and let the world take you away,
that by thy bed is lying dead
this sky, this earth, this world.

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Naveed Khalid

Ode To Love

I'll not show thee, love, in summer's prime,
That by the sun before your eyes,
Hath fled as well in ethereal wings,
What in beauty's look you still behold;
And by a worthier pen is writ alone,
Against time's e'er changing face:
A shadow from the tree of wilderness,
Of May morning in the mellowing year,
Full ripe gourd of some hazel nuts,
Which to my decaying form abides,
The world of your sickening desires,
a bag of bones with two lovers dead;
Oft rich in colour more scope of things abound:
Eternity! shall have no place in heaven,
Or else on earth if so you please,
Enwrought with stars the sky, moves on!

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Naveed Khalid

Ode To Love II

My Love of seven winters have thy November,
And each day of a hundred shadows by thy grave,
I, too, hath stood and wept, divided by night;
This far-fetched sky of woeful dream in thy abode,
Eternity! marked by titanic visions of the world,
Where'er unhindered scope of such beauty abounds,
The sun 'gainst all odds, moves afoot to eternal bliss!
Alongwith pen-pricked angels to a vanished sight,
For what I see not, all-encompassed by thine eye,
That boat upon the harbinger, still decked ashore;
Roves well ahead of time to fixed destination,
'Til humble ode at thy feet would ne'er stirr the mind,
What oft in season's breathless rhyme but fades away,
Away! away! from golden banks of silken-satin.

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Naveed Khalid

Ode To Morning

Of virtuous pen my love reads, Milton!
and not by dew her eyes be wet,
that in May morning by summer's eve;
from e'ery turning page to age-old sun,
hath writ this line of holy birth;
of sunset in my bed with no dark insight,
nor epitaph by the grave unattended,
be still of yonder looks her sepulcher:
this world alone by sight, too dear,
which, by Jove, to stars hath rent.

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Date Created: Sunday, January 19, 2014 2: 01: 49 PM

Naveed Khalid

Ode To Spring Moon

From among the tree-tops to heaven's high bower,
under the cottage-hill by the sea-ashore,
amidst autumn leaves in the mellowing year of spring;
the sun in deep azure to eyes so blind,
oft steals looks from my bed of crimson joy,
of age-old love at sunset of the evening sky,
while I stood at the door of hundred years from hence,
something fell from myrtle to e'er melting snow:
above a fire-hurst through the staircase window of the wall,
I could see a rocking chair that crow's quill beside,
many a chirping bird that sing in melodious accents I, I,
of untread places far-off upon the sand dunes this world forlorn,
that in dull hours of the night my shipwrecked dreams;
God forbid! thy gracious muse shall hide from eternal,
ah, ere that horse's hair beyond the sunrise in a nous of light,
still weaves around my head of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown.

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Date Created: Wednesday, May 06,2015 2: 44: 47 PM

Naveed Khalid

Odyssey I

O not in false pretense of vague impressions,
That of hidden meanings unfold in my verse;
Nor by what you think I deny thee so,
Makes no sense! Greek to me this romantic indignation- -
This trance of unmet desires in phantasmal reflex,
Hath rendered numb my untam'd heart, and cold
His untaught feeling by pen-prick'd angels;
And which by poetry alone hath madden'd the world:
No! none of these can e'er find worthy of thy perusal,
Save what still burns before the sun in hallow'd fire,
His unconquered love be but in ecstasy of heaven.

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Naveed Khalid

Odyssey II

So what are they? of sunset dreams to far-off places,
A trip to Hawaii, Makatea or half-way between the seven seas
in silent hours of the night amidst lightning, storm and rain,
That soon as I remember, will fade away in the back log
Of living memories, the dust-trodden feet by the sea-ashore,
Subliminally soaring high above the dale, asleep or awake,
Somewhere down and down the road to heaven-ward bent;
Apart from where the door bell rang, leads him on ahead of time:
The star that burns in haystack of woods, a palm tree,
Hung aloft the sky from the day first to the end of aeon,
So sickening to the bones my love, darkly lit in thy abode,
Has but little scope where this world of light most abounds,
No voice to claim from out of the blues in still waters,
Until nothing stirrs the mind under the Archangel's brow.

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Naveed Khalid

Old House

Nothing remains of what in mind's eye
through sickness of desire,
has long abandoned for sake of poetry,
his untaught feeling to account for love:
Father! that to this end brings forth
our woe-begott'n dream,
oft beguil'd by looks in the empty mirror,
turned his face upon the world, not yet in sight;
nor I e'er seek to write in thin air
of shadowy vision at his feet, children follow;
but he sits still unmoved, watching them from afar,
night and day, day and night,
unattend'd by waking hour,
his presence alone makes me think
I, too, am relic of a living dead
around this house of mortal clay.

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Date Created: Tuesday, August 06,2013 4: 16: 15 PM

Naveed Khalid

Oldman

No such thought hath ever escaped my mind,
That by time I write before you think so;
And in this blessed innocence of thy presence,
Which if be loved by thy journey through the world,
The more the pen will move ahead of time
When no beauty's image is enough without thee,
I behold you everywhere in the mirror
In whose light alone I've travelled this far,
This sight needs no witness of eyes by looks,
Nor by a shadow that my love grows old;
But O! by the sun this silver lining
Each day arise from sullen earth at morn.

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Date Created: Sunday, May 05,2013 3: 32: 56 PM

Naveed Khalid

On A Little Mermaid

Let love alone be of witness to thy name,
and no claim in vague impressions of poetry,
that of youth so fair thy form
in false pretense of romantic indignation;
so thinly wrapp'd in atoms of beauty,
the imagery of our common affair,
oft beguil'd by looks of a wandering star:
The sun at first upon the world did shine,
had nothing in mind of that glory;
but far removed from secret divine!
I confess am still in lack of words to express
what with such reverie of sublime feeling
I find it pretty hard to read between the lines,
whence every flower on a barren heath,
is scatter'd at thy feet, not in my rhyme,
except which for a great loss in the morning dew,
from out of nowhere arise in summer,
against all else in eternal truth revealed,
sweet maid, I love thee so by the sea ashore.

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Naveed Khalid

On Blindness

Not more by looks my eyes be blind
than what by love I look,
that I should hide myself from myself;
but by beauty no more,
which you by my heart possess,
and break the mirror of this all:
for where'er I see you not,
I see the fake show of this world.

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Date Created: Tuesday, March 12,2013 6: 19: 16 PM

Naveed Khalid

On His Metaphysics

When in my mind I think on thee,
that by thought thyself alone;
and thy beauty's argument more sweet
than in love I love thee so;
but would still be in lack of words,
else what to a fool is all evident,
except you that of nothing real,
not least in verse be revealed.

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Naveed Khalid

On Kashmir

The boat that slowly drifts away,
Away! away! from the golden banks
Of untread places in a waking dream;
And upon the strand of still waters,
This line is writ along the star,
Whose unsatiating love of high heavens,
Would peak through the window of thine eye,
That in forest deep, down the valleys wild,
Hath moved forth all the world with thee:
Where but to marvel at beauty's solitary mien,
A hundred shadows under the midnight lamp
Are wash'd away by cruel hands of time.

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Date Created: Monday, September 09,2013 12: 40: 21 PM

Naveed Khalid

On Poetry

There is a bird on wings,
and he has never found solace,
that in the world by time;
nor by love his beauty,
by Jove, can move me more;
but what by mind is writ ashore,
all for sake of poetry;
when a loitering star by night
pays homage to the moon
in ebb and flow the world beside,
a helping hand in sea of troubles,
is printed, printed upon the page.

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Naveed Khalid

On Poet's Self

This is not love that by love you deny,
Nor what in my thought I can ne'er comprehend,
Hath left no impression of poetry whatsoe'er;
And I feel I am in love, bound by thee,
Not through the imprint of your cynical states,
That oft disrupt my mind to contemplate
Your higher being, most sublime, most beautiful,
Perfectly in harmony with the world,
Unless same as well is writ in my fate
What in false pretense of poetry you love:
Myself and I in your company alone,
Fore'er be but in little desires of such a rhyme.

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Date Created: Wednesday, October 02,2013 2: 52: 14 PM

Naveed Khalid

On Valentine

The valentine day has pass'd away,
and I am still thinking of you;
that by night with moon be spent
what all eyes before the sun,
goes loitering around the world:
a fire ball of our little desires,
which if by love is bound thy time,
I'll but celebrate the sight.

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Date Created: Saturday, February 16,2013 1: 31: 44 PM

Naveed Khalid

Opera

Let no one say that I've lived this day in vain,
and our Shakespeare in whose presence
what use this verse that in poetry
is not worthy of thy praise,
not least can move me more,
what by the time is writ ashore,
but unacclaimed by the public eye,
his monument stands still
apart from the common grave,
whence his sun against the picture, behold!
wrapped in shroud of a star,
his love needs no witness of this world.

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Date Created: Thursday, May 23,2013 3: 59: 09 PM

Naveed Khalid

Oracle

I'll not speak to thee by what I write,
Of eyes so blind to my mind still unawares;
More blessed by what I know not,
Nor need to know what can ne'er be,
This world of a vanished eye;
Oft printed twice through e'ery pouring shadow:
Of thy unattended presence to illumine more bright
Than if from a bowl of stars you drink:
I fain would bring to the page of solemn strain this barren rhyme,
Against all odds, all vicissitudes of the sky;
Unaccounted for love of thy most high deserts
To a star-lit night that abides by thee alone.

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Date Created: Wednesday, September 17,2014 2: 37: 38 PM

Naveed Khalid

Oracle Eye

When touch'd by the choir of heaven, my heart beats,
And muses sing from the elysium of thy last abode,
A song of songs for one that goes missing in my rhymes;
That no time can tell by what lines so old, withered,
What season of the year in his breathless breath
The wind blows, a rustle in dry leaves I can hear;
But no more than that voice of airy nothing,
Unless more by love be mov'd his part'd lip,
Something to separate, all mascara from the wintry night,
Not knowing how my insert'd words break the rhythm,
How those skin-tight dreams of woolly bright are departed,
Packed in the bonanza of an oracle-eye, will never return.

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Date Created: Saturday, February 16,2013 2: 12: 10 PM

Naveed Khalid

Painting The Sky

And there by love my mind in waking hour
Where I my reckoning days most count;
And in numberless blessings will abound
The inner reality of your Being, too dear,
That to a spectator be still of beauty more
Than e'ery passing minute to endless time:
But O! this world from a bowl of stars to drink,
Of encrypted tongue is born of thine eye,
Too, shall fade away in hurtlings of past woe,
Against the broken arrow of his hollow reed.

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Naveed Khalid

Pastoral

And that crow's quill of a dreaded night,
darkened by earth's infernal grave;
and dried of ink in time's golden hour,
has but one such look from out of sight,
that by the sun in dull round of day,
you with all thy presence illumine the world;
until I, too, fade away in a nous of light,
see! how oft it hurts me to think on thee!
when half-eyed mirror in the morning dew,
of love's stony sleep through thine eye,
would burn all colours by the grey evening.

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Date Created: Monday, September 02,2013 5: 18: 36 PM

Naveed Khalid

Phantasmagoria

It is your eyebrows,
which haunt me the most,
beshadow'd by darkling mascara
in a moon-lit night;
a concave mirror of various hues,
and shades in blues saturate the sky;
a few stars scatter'd here and there,
some serve for your goggles,
some flout about in wilderness
with high-wing'd birds o'er the dale,

to ambush your dreams in the forest deep,
palm trees are standing still, on guard,
touch'd by the clouds of rain,
pray on with solemn hands,
rais'd to the nature's deaf ear:
such a picturesque imagery as that

can be seen on the bay,

where boats are tied to the strings,

waiting to break loose their sails
away from the golden banks;
for the best archer's bow is stretched
across the horizon of each eyeball,
ready to dart forth
the roving boats under the hills;
while there you sit,
in the centre stage
of a compact house of show,
hold a magic lantern
in nous of light (pleroma):
or if I may relate you with
Leonardo da Vinchi's God,
who can decode the language
of all species, except that of one
common man's code of life to break,
he needs those stars, too,

that the more he looks
the more he loses sight of himself,
and the (aeon) world around him,
would vanish as far as the eyes can go.

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Date Created: Thursday, May 03,2012 12: 57: 12 PM

Naveed Khalid

Pheasant's Last Words

Let it befitting to the circumstance,
that odds are to my reckoning days;
of unaccounted judgment to wear out soon,
my tattered soul of passion worn
between lip and desire, a league is took
to christening- -I, too, hath passed that age!
so sickening to the bones, my love,
in thy diminished sense of being:
one more in hope to be Lord's serviceable men
under the burden of thy yoke, too dear,
e'ery living death to passing years, agoing, agoing...

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Naveed Khalid

Phoenix

While I had very pleasant view of the world
from where my untread feet
to eternal bliss in waking hour;
of untamed heart's forfeited first in nursling of immortality,
beyond the sunrise to eyes so blind in thy graceful ease,
ah, but to think on thee in winter cold,
that in dull hours of the night to my mind still
some such snowflakes by the sea-ashore:
I fain would bring to the page my woe-begone love,
oft in full abundance of thy presence at sunset of the evening sky,
that crow's quill of my shipwrecked dreams to some rivulet blue,
too deep for woe of ages that are dead upon the sand dunes,
all too weird of what by day's toil more bright
than e'ery fair by fair means foul, flawed in e'erything,
a foul fawning bay at my door with pen-pricked angels,
of golden tress his hair upon the strand of still waters.

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Date Created: Tuesday, May 05,2015 3: 04: 28 PM

Naveed Khalid

Pico-The-Gnome

There stands the cloud of a hundred shadows o'er my head,
That by the nighsky her seraph wings unfold;
And I can ne'er know where gone are the days
Of happy hours, each moment in waste hands of time,
Goes ticking by a buzz of the church bell afar:
The sun has but yonder looks to awake a wonder in thine eye,
Weary with toil, too old, has nothing that by a shadow,
The dream of the world hangs by the door in full-bright summer.

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*Date Created: Tuesday, December 24,2013 2: 01: 18 PM

Naveed Khalid

Plato's Dialogue

It is not that you cannot see,
But nothing more is left of you
Through the stillness of these eyes,
Which I can paint on the vault
Of thy broken heart and mind:
Together we have shared for so long
This common wall, this mutual sky
Of the other world you have not seen,
And that man, worthy of thy praise,
That has loved thee more than I,
You know not, nor you need to know.

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Naveed Khalid

Poet's Corner I

If only I could tell thee how I feel
for thy love,
I would not have to write;
nor you'd read with much difficulty
the mind
that in all-encompassing depths,
brings forth that particle of light:
Large (Head-on) Collider,
from fathom five, of thy battl'd bones,
which seem to have settled on the page,
so porous as the eyes, with stars has burnt;
and while looking up for some engraver,
in the dark corner I've found,
is writing on stones
for fossil records,
to be discovered by poets;
to be one with him alone;
who is as old as nights and days,
divided by time's waste,
but too young for me as if
a newly born day-trotter.

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Date Created: Thursday, July 18,2013 4: 40: 44 PM

Naveed Khalid

Poet's Corner II

O horrible, horrible awhile but to think on thee,
Of e'ery wanton look to morning's pure serene,
That in worn-out time to precious minutes waste;
I still hold dear with what I least contend,
Oft marked by that forfeited first in Hades of a star:
Not least by travel tired at sunset of the evening sky,
A drifting dream amiss along the pavement of cow parsley,
Of furrowed fields against the harvest moon:
To my eyes so blind that darkling inkpot of ruffled feathers,
Away from out of sight to wonder at thy golden brow;
The sun in deep azure through studded feelings arise
From out of the blues in still waters of e'er melting snow,
Alas, my woe-begone love to unending doom of poetry,
E'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy;
Of ages that are dead through hurtlings of past woe,
The crow's quill beside, thy gilded monument astounds.

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Date Created: Monday, February 02,2015 5: 32: 24 PM

Naveed Khalid

Poet's Pen

The stars are stunn'd to see
the reality of the world,
which you have created:
a grand show
of such awe and wonder,
that without lifting the pen,
all things of beauty are writ
in thy book of numbers;
and you can see everything
through love and light,
except as soon as you are blind,
you see light, all light!
but who hath eyes enough to see?
O! praise be to Poet's Pen,
to whom it no matters,
to marvel at one such thing
by writing a line in thy name:
the invisible light
of my Lord's hand
is wet in ink
upon the white pages of history,
you have signed the papers
before coming into this world
of your own making.

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Date Created: Saturday, September 15,2012 3: 22: 59 PM

Naveed Khalid

Poison Ivy

Some such stray thoughts to my mind still
of subservient nature's most ardent desire
to e'er melting snow in heaven's high bower;
of what all too weird by shipwrecked dreams to count I
my woe-begone love of cut-out trees in the rainforest,
e'ery groaning heart that feeds upon nurslings of immortality,
of eyes so blind beyond the sunrise at Minerva's golden brow,
her enchanting slogans of disparity to that day of unaltered eye:
I most my heart hath fed in silent hours of the night,
apart from rest of the world in thy presence alone,
that crow's quill by time's devouring hand to my decaying form abides,
where blue-bells hang o'er the wall in the backyard of my garden.

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Date Created: Sunday, May 10,2015 2: 24: 13 PM

Naveed Khalid

Poltergeist

My boy, let this waking hour pass ere you know
of scarlet-jewels that masonry's night,
amidst the heraclitean moutain at the salt-beach mine;
sticks out his head like a soring thumb impression
to my mind still against bloody tyrant time
as marigold in autumn by the west wind,
of emerald eyes, my love, beyond the sunrise,
long hath fled from this dark, dreary world forlorn:
a last kiss goodbye to my shipwrecked dreams
of untread places far-off to our new-found ancestors,
that crow's quill of winding stair above a fire-hurst,
down that road to e'er melting snow in haystack of woods.

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Date Created: Tuesday, May 05,2015 3: 17: 31 PM

Naveed Khalid

Postman

See! how autumn leaves by the wind
in age-old garden wither;
and unsettl'd page upon,
these stars with love are scatter'd
at thy feet,
that you may find your way
back to heaven above- -
thy last abode of untread dreams;
where but you suffice
at a bloody post
for window shopping!

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Date Created: Friday, November 23,2012 4: 37: 45 PM

Naveed Khalid

Prayer

Mere words, mere words, and nothing more
than what in these threads of thought,
more children in your account;
and I need them not to undress before thee,
what you for your garment wear:
nor e'en with such words would e'er be more light
that at your door abound,
unless I grow old, giddy and numb,
not knowing what to do with time;
except to watch you sit still at thy throne,
a book in your hand, rais'd to predestined stars,
I pray, I pray, I love thee so.

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Naveed Khalid

Primrose

When that captain sailor, above his head the star,
Moves afoot through titanic visions afar,
Away from all that corrupts the mind;
Not least to fill with high deserts, his last resort,
A somersault flying bed by the oasis,
Awakens me to my bride's love in the morn:
Brings forth nothing but to my sightless view
This world of a vanished eye, in timeless tide
Against crow's quill to debarr at heaven's gate,
The Eagle that soars above in deep azure,
Hath spread his seraph wings to this far-fetched sky,
And full-rich content of my reckoning days,
The hand that writ in laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,
Under the Archangle's brow, darkly lit in thy abode.

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Naveed Khalid

Prosaic

Poetry is nothing but to abandon the malpractice
Of brooding evil that corrupts the mind;
And soon as I depart from where he left us in dismay,
Against the mirror of thine eye, marked by soring thumb impressions,
Alas, but to fill the page in fake reflections by e'ery falling star,
The hand that writ in laurel wreath thy myrtle crown!
Oh, lord! thus my journey here should have ending,
That I have not enough wits to prove this world of empty vessels;
My bride's love of expression prowess in marigold autumn,
Oft dribbles down her chin in meaningless embarkation,
Celebrate! the confetti of her dream through e'eryday happenings.

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Naveed Khalid

Puppetry

Many a flower upon a barren heath,
that grow and wither under the cow's shed;
a weasel hat in the cellar barn,
dampened in the rainforest;
a mistletoe on his back
such darkling insights bewail the night,
fill the room with kitchen light:
tableau! of smokey suburbs by the shabby island,
marked by a soring thumb impression
the beheaded youngman from Verona,
not least to claim I by the sweat of thy brow,
goes soaring high above the dale on a golden couch.

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Naveed Khalid

Purgatory

Who hath ever lived to see
such dreams of wild ecstasy?
that in the mirror of thine eyes
this house of show would never end;
nor would I be but a shadow
under Hades of some lone bark of a tree:
see! a treasure of gold,
he writes with his wings of poesy,
and hide! there's a line upon the world,
for he who sees it among the living dead,
be one more in hope to be.

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*Republished

Date Created: Friday, August 31, 2012 12: 39: 30 PM

Naveed Khalid

Quintessence

(A Tribute To The Queen)

Not least in precise measure to account for love
of thy most high deserts,
where but the scope of things most abounds;
that in thy unattended presence alone,
I find myself away from out of sight,
a shadowless nothing, so off-hand to my mind still,
a false pretense to vague impressions:
oft I seek to write by what I can see not
to that forfeited dark more bright
than e'ery fair from thy fairest brow,
a feathered pen hath writ to thy gracious muse,
twice by far removed from thee my Lord's light.

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Date Created: Friday, November 07,2014 7: 56: 47 PM

Naveed Khalid

Rainbow

Full glorious sun of our common affairs
in waking hour,
that in thy presence alone,
must I keep in check my pulse in nurslings of immortality,
of eyes so blind her love that by beauty more;
above a firehurst, of untread feet to count I
subservient nature's most ardent desire
at sunset of the evening sky by the sea-ashore:
too, but abounds by what I most desire, contented least,
this world of deserted looks that to my mind still
e'ery fig leaf of snow-capped myrtle to wonder at thy golden brow,
that crow's quill beside, by the west-wind in autumn,
hid away from e'ery falling star to a close afraid,
of laurel wreath beyond the sunrise in age-old grey,
that in white bier to brave thine holy eye against bloody tyrant time,
while drifting dream amiss of darkened days to some rivulet blue.

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Date Created: Saturday, June 20,2015 11: 07: 11 PM

* Re-written and republished
Date Sunday, June 21,2015 8: 18: 56 PM

Naveed Khalid

Raincoat

See! how that forfeited dark,
o'ershadow'd by night,
oft blinds the eye
through unhindered scope of light,
bereft of eyes so blind, my love;
uneclipsed of e'ery fair from thy fairest brow,
hid away from out of sight,
fills the page with darling buds of May
of wanton tapestry at thy throne,
some watcher of the skies!

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Date Created: Saturday, September 13,2014 2: 19: 23 PM
Note: * Revisited with line arrangements.

Naveed Khalid

Relativism

Let us not stretch this tale too long,
and where the threads of thought go unchecked;
nor I can weave what is in your mind;
but quite unawares of such suddenness,
you bespeak of this when all the world is silent:
I sometimes think I am not alone,
that in all eternity of thy presence,
no one can live without love of another.

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Date Created: Friday, April 05,2013 1: 21: 53 AM

Naveed Khalid

Resurrection

Me thought no fair aspect by time's devouring hand,
That to my decaying form of mortal look in cold repose;
Else in white bier by what I write to my eyes so blind
Than e'ery fair from thy fairest brow in ne'er ending night
To that sheer scope of light, my love, glorified in abundance
Of living memory's pen-pricked angels in waking hour,
Oft illumines more bright a wanton tapestry at thy throne,
Lo! full rich content of that forfeited dark ere thine unweird eye:
I fain would bring to the page in solemn strain this barren rhyme,
Not least to contend by waste of presence thy most high deserts
Against all odds, all vicissitudes of the sky, to my mind still
Of consuming art by canker and a rose at midnight lease- -
Alas, too, shall fade in summer's prime such darkling insights,
Where least I find, in timeless tide, by the sea-ashore, arise! arise!

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Naveed Khalid

Rhapsody

No star is bestow'd alone but by thy grace,
And by light-wing'd horse the path you tread
Is not weighed by our dust-trodden feet;
But each to each stands witness to thy love,
While upon a cloud-couch ruth you ride the sky,
I sit beneath the moon and write out this line;
Which if from a great bowl of stars you drink,
The ink will not dry unless in veins of autumn leaves
You breathe your last, a lasting farewell to the world,
Where not a thing without thee more beautiful than ever.

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Naveed Khalid

Romance Ii

When from heaven above, being blind of looks,
and blessed more by light, love and beauty,
I think on thee that more by thought alone,
is unmoved by the world this star-lit sky,
more against the wall be bestowed of ink
than what in verse by the mind I prove;
needst no man's art, nor no man's wit, no less,
oft be thy presence more to eternal bliss;
that in counting prayers I love thee so,
what by wonder works miracles to thine eye,
but which to illumine this dull rhyme I beget,
my lady fair, no work is more beautiful than you.

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Naveed Khalid

Rosemary

What needst thou the praise for want of word, my love,
That I from thy brow hath plucked so fair a rose;
And by the grey e'ening will erase too soon
what all eyes to the star in Beulah's night,
Straight bears witness to thee a bright-lit sky:
More to eternal bliss the darling buds of May,
Oft grow by apple blossoms under the hedgerow,
Of clay and wattle-made thistles by the stream;
But to steal looks from my bed in waking hour,
This is the happy morn of Sun's dull round of day,
Doth sing with seraph Wing in rosemary garden.

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Naveed Khalid

Rosicrucianism

One day that I'll sneak into the grave
of Philosopher's stone,
where but to make the elixir of life
work miracles in the desert titan;
and not by stars I count my love,
that in timeless treasure abound;
nor by what those invisible immortals,
you burn the candle at Godwin's farm,
and plough the fields by the harvest moon:
this oasis of the world, they say,
would spread her wings forlorn,
of magic, myth and folklore.

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Naveed Khalid

Saint Sebastian

What needest I in dark hours of the night,
That by day's toil but weary of such looks
To full bright summer at midnight waking;
While I stood at the door of million years from hence,
Still catcing up with those flies at sunset of the evening sky:
This world of e'ery fair from thy fairest brow, my love,
Oft makes my old days anew from out of the blues in still waters,
To that day of unaltered eye I behold, I behold!

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Date Created: Tuesday, January 06,2015 6: 09: 43 PM

Naveed Khalid

Sanctuary

Of such frivolities to speak I have no wits,
Nor my body aligns to a mast-shaft at north;
every fawning bay at my door to drown an eye, unused to flow,
through looks more bright than by what I write,
of thy unattended presence o'er the wall on high;
that to my well contented day be still
of another rent at midnight lease in waking hour:
A brain-drain of all in the debris of ruined ashes,
the quill at thy brow can prick no more,
the thought that arise in a fabric of day-dreams,
a death-like trance to my living memory
of my mother's departed song in sweet-scented letters.

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Date Created: Sunday, October 19,2014 6: 01: 42 PM

Naveed Khalid

Santa Claus

Not in grandiose of that horizon in deep azure,
what lies buried in a gift box of modern electra,
that by this mark'd journey of the sun alone,
a procession of stars leads the way to Beulah's night;
of what in measur'd distance from afar, thy world;
and where but blue bells hang by the door of long ago,
move on! this dream still needs a bit more treat for the eyes,
I behold him on Eagle wings of my untaught feeling;
hath weav'd a golden chariot for a surprise party:
happy christmas! to a symbolic family on red carpet,
of candle-lit dinners, the table and the evening sky.

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Date Created: Sunday, November 03,2013 3: 55: 09 PM

Naveed Khalid

Scarecrow

Methinks not in vain of what to my mind still so bright,
Of another rent at midnight lease in waking hour;
That e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind by beauty more
Than by what I write of eyes so blind to my age-old love,
This world that grows to eternal bliss through e'eryday happenings;
Of snow-capped myrtle upon Minerva's golden brow!
Oft worn-out by time in the mellowing year of spring,
Alas, too, shall but wither to a fawning bay at my door,
Barred of such looks at heaven's gate, my bride,
That in solemn strain this barren rhyme to a falling star
Against that forfeited dark, opes a garden unto my unweird eye,
More temperate than darling buds of May in my bed of crimson joy:
The last dance of happy shades upon the strand of still waters,
Goes soaring high above the dale in silent hours of the night.

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Date Created: Sunday, October 26,2014 12: 20: 39 PM

Naveed Khalid

Sewing Face

All things of beauty come to pass
before you know
the hand that writ
in eternal numbers thy name;
and my pen is westward bent
along the hair strand,
without lifting the veil of night
from her sewing face;
for its sulky expression is bound
to the spine of a book-leaf,
like a dry musk-rose.

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*Republished

Date Created: Sunday, March 11, 2012 3: 26: 10 PM

Naveed Khalid

She: Who Knows Her Love More Than I

She visits galleries
of Victorian Age paintings,
with Raphael in the background
of her most expensive frame of mind.
heavy daubs of her red, oily hair
drop down to the matt'd floor,
like long, thin wires along the corridor;
slow steps she takes with caution
as she walks, and touches one of the artworks
with her soft hands, eyes on the canvas
of a distant timeless horizon
'tween her reality and dreams:
the line is drawn; the space is fill'd
to leave no scope for printer's devil.

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Date Created: Monday, December 20,2010 2: 05: 42 AM

*Titled of this poem has been revisited.

Naveed Khalid

Shelley's River

Far from my view in grey matter of the mind
to where no feet hath tread,
of cut-out trees in the rainforest,
tinged with stars of old,
that bright-lit mirror in heaven's high bower;
of hideous looks so fair to this world forlorn
against bloody tyrant time,
e'ery passing minute by the dull lake in autumn leaves:
to e'er melting snow my shipwrecked dreams:
that in the mellowing year of spring
arise, arise at the pedestal of thy throne, my love,
more temperate than darling buds of may,
away from a rassel in the wind in whose light hath fled,
oft marked by what I write in thy graceful ease,
not least by dark bewails the night,
that crow's quill at sunset of the evening sky,
more blessed of ages that are dead,
much too rendered in age-old grey
to unhindered scope of beauty abounds that day of unaltered eye.

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Date Created: Sunday, April 19,2015 8: 53: 42 PM

Naveed Khalid

Sirius

Or how else you dwell in mine eye,
that in season's breathless rhyme
you fill my waking hour;
and what in my verse I can ne'er reveal,
this world that needs more love,
goes soaring high in eternal silence;
but for want of a star,
needs no witness in thy name alone;
nor I in whose dream o'er the dale,
of waiting and bewailing night asleep,
you through such secret looks steal
this sky, this earth, this world.

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*Republished

Date Created: Monday, October 07,2013 8: 17: 36 PM

Naveed Khalid

Skylark

That flickering flame of a hundred shadows,
And each star that outshines the golden brow,
Guides me my moving away from the world
Of mirrored eyes stunned by a star-lit night;
That, too, in melting snow still flows through me,
The boat by sunset of the evening sky
To where e'erlasting love by thee alone,
In whorl wind upon the strand of still waters,
Behold! the lark at heaven's gate on wings,
Keeps wide awake the mind at table of thine eye.

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Date Created: Monday, February 10,2014 5: 17: 15 PM

Naveed Khalid

Snowdon

Let beauty of such looks be more
Than what in the world I behold;
More against my pen to prove,
That oft in praise of thine eye,
Worthy be of writing well;
And what in my verse is hid
Away from out of sight,
Has his love of woe-begott'n dream,
Where but all else is in vain
Except what in my mind you weave,
This fine thread of subtle thought,
I, too, can slumber on with thee alone.

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* Wordsworth's misty peak

Date Created: Tuesday, October 08,2013 2: 55: 29 PM

Naveed Khalid

Snowfall

Then, that you see not, too, can fill the page
of eyes so blind, my love, to illumine more bright
than by what I write of ages that are dead,
that this world with what I least contend,
hath so many lovely things unto the public eye,
oft unaccounted for thy most high deserts;
not least in precise measure to arise by thee alone,
the day of our happy morn, bereft of so pure a sight,
grows and withers e'ery passing minute in waste of time,
ere you know the hand that writ in mournful numbers,
e'ery fair from thy fairest brow in solemn strain this barren rhyme.

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Date Created: Sunday, October 12,2014 7: 16: 50 PM

Naveed Khalid

Sojourn

For hours and hours, I contemplate
my inner being,
of how by reality this world;
hath torn apart between hatred and desire
my age-old love of worn-out time,
that in the mellowing year of spring,
e'ery groaning heart to a close afraid,
of eyes so blind bereaved of light:
ah, from all too weird my shipwrecked dreams
e'ery falling star of violet blues that melt in summer's prime;
too, but by counting more in prayers,
of bewitching looks her most ardent desire to think on thee,
of sheer scope unto my darkened days more bright,
fills the page against the evening sky, too deep for woe,
that forfeited dark in Hades of a star,
of whom, they say, hath fled with fedora of yore dream.

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Date Created: Wednesday, June 03,2015 4: 45: 20 PM

Naveed Khalid

Some Words Upon The Window-Pane

O ye in whose enchanting slogans of disparity
e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind,
oft in precious minutes waste by Poet's pen,
of what I write to my eyes so blind,
so off-hand to know thee better-off my mind;
more blessed of such thought that in secret influence comment
than if from a bowl of stars you drink, my love,
away from out of sight all the panorama of this world,
of furrowed fields against the harvest moon,
hath brought me to this end from out of the blues in still waters.

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Date Created: Saturday, November 15,2014 6: 53: 18 PM

Naveed Khalid

Sonata

Wherefore oft thy rhyming feet are decked ashore,
That many moons ago I hath tread without thee;
And not least Sun's eye can e'er underscore
What still lies beneath world's unfolding sea:
A jocund dance turns to the west her mild wind,
'Til of such complaints I hear you from afar,
Which but to disgrace our long worn-out mind,
For heaven's sake best in place of a star!
The dream that awakes us early morn each day,
By beauty's looks beguile e'ery throbbing beat,
Thy heart will grow in numbers more that day;
Lo! a throne beset in thy own conceit:
Ah, thus of more bent to thy age-old bed,
I lie low, lowly t'be laid by high heaven's head.

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Date Created: Saturday, February 08,2014 1: 28: 55 PM

Naveed Khalid

Song Of A Village Girl

I'll not show you the rosy picture
of that village girl dressed in muslin;
and in whose fabric of subtle thought
this adobe of a dream by night,
that by love of no compare,
let beauty alone be the judge
against all else ere thine eye:
nothing in the world shall find,
nor no witness, too, be worthy of thy perusal,
of her majestic walk through the gate,
along Erin's rustic feet in rhyme,
blessed with the star her song.

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Naveed Khalid

Song Of Harp

Ah, how mute is the song!
and no music
from thy ancient lyre
can one sweet hymn afford;
however pen-press'd
I my bosom rend,
I hear the sad account:
lo! how dreams in thin air
catch fire,
with the burning of desire;
while wreathing smoke in thy breath
hath extinguish'd
the electric spirits;
but you'd put all the blame
on season, mist and rain,
or may find faults
with the instrument;
see how thy fingers move,
as soon as they touch the strings,
it makes the heart blow,
like an empty vessel
of skipp'd beats,
as well break the chord,
much too strain'd is the nerve;
and no music
from thy ancient lyre
can one sweet hymn afford,
see, how silent is the harp!

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Date Created: Monday, April 23,2012 4: 33: 10 PM

Naveed Khalid

Spellbound

Know ye not how I my days hath spent,
divided by night, half so blind in ill-omen,
of measured distance from afar this world;
lo! erased of looks so fair to my mind still,
my age-old love in nurslings of immortality,
the setting sun by the west wind in autumn,
too deep for woe that by time's effacing hand,
hath cast that arrow, full of venomous pride:
ah! awhile but to think on thee o'er the wall on high,
some such snowflakes of violet blues in the grey evening,
his roman blood of royal lineage in much too wreckage of a nerve,
leaves behind a strained note of unletter'd ink upon the matted floor.

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Date Created: Thursday, June 11,2015 10: 4: 16 PM

Naveed Khalid

Sphinx

When the rhythm of a meter moves afoot,
not more thy feet in my lines count;
but the beats of my heart know,
how oft you drop thy skin-tight garment;
and in my words each note a measure,
knit up by threads of a silken-satin:
the world of thy untread dreams,
goes soaring high above the dale in silence.

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Date Created: Sunday, January 20,2013 2: 52: 51 PM

Naveed Khalid

Stalwart

Westly, Westly, my white Westly,
white as a swan, my English!
of such a stroke and rupture wild,
that by each word dribbles down the chin,
his cliché of some common place stalwarts:
they pick the thread from where the words
are weaved of a needle thin;
and suck there where the bloody tyrant time
has left his mark permanent,
a few phrases get stuck up their sleeves,
ready to let out the same old daemon,
always there! hung on the wall, my white Westly!
a sponge of tears on the floor,
of thumb-nailed eyes, our teddy bear!
the world of humane feeling too dear,
Westly, Westly, my white Westly,
white as a swan, my English!

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Date Created: Friday, February 07,2014 2: 23: 52 PM

Naveed Khalid

Stardust

You can ne'er know by what I write
through such deliberations to account for love
my reckoning days in seraph wings of gold,
against many a maiden garden beset
ere thine unweird eye,
much too rendered in age-old grey,
this world of thy most high deserts:
full rich content of e'ery falling star in winter cold,
but thy star to my sightless view,
a vault of heaven in the sky, abides by thee alone.

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Date Created: Monday, November 12,2012 5: 31: 13 PM

Naveed Khalid

Starfish

Methinks not so blind of what in deep azure,
Oft I write to the setting sun by the western isle;
That in hurtlings of past woe to the effulgent sky,
The fabric of subtle thought that I deny thee most,
Of age-old love that to my decaying form abides,
More bright to illumine this world ere thine unweird eye:
Than that forfeited dark under the canopy of a hut,
Can e'er hope to arise through e'eryday happenings;
Of whom, they say, like a blind, crooked, old fool,
Keeps staring through the staircase window of the wall;
Alas, but leaves my mind to unhindered scope of light,
A bunch of stars to collect by the sea-ashore,
That in my smooth sailing rhyme, slowly drifting dream amiss,
Of golden tress his hair upon the strand of still waters.

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Date Created: Sunday, October 05,2014 10: 14: 49 PM

Naveed Khalid

Summer

Not in presence of the mind I can e'er know thee,
Past woe made new by old day's rhetoric,
That I can still see Oldman sitting on the bench;
Whiling away his time with children in the park,
Unlike my Father in whom I find no match,
Silence reigns o'er Him to ending doom of poetry!
What needst I but to fight against all odds, all vicissitudes of the sky,
The star in dismal shades hath rent thy solemn mien;
Else season's breath in melting snow, so cold and gray,
Love's woeful song of thy fair lamb in November,
Of looks so awry to witness beauty in summer's prime.

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Naveed Khalid

Summer's Eve

You're but the presager of mine eye, more eloquent!
Of timeless tide her love of burning gold;
And in words, too, hath served the painter's art,
What oft by ghastly night is marked by thee,
That grows by e'ery passing minute a star!
Has nothing than this fedora of your dream:
All roses fade, withered from their cheeks all red,
The desert in my eyes with salt of seven seas,
From afar by world's wit to prove my bride,
Still virtuous than I, by pen hath writ more great,
More to eternal bliss her sightless view apart,
Beset from dark her abode in full-bright summer.

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Naveed Khalid

Sunburnt

Nothing in the world that by a shadow, my love,
Under the bower by thatch-eaves is run,
That to me my Lord hath revealed;
And not a mark in the moon-lit star
Be enough to prove I love thee so:
Behold! her enchanting looks so fair,
Of blushed roses her cheeks;
Melting violets mirrored beside,
A sunset by the evening sky;
Of myrtle wand her waking eye,
From summer's eve doth steal,
A JEWEL hung aloft the ghastly night.

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Naveed Khalid

Sunflower

Of halcyon-days, but to remember thee,
Our Lord in manger of mandrake roots;
Mother-earth beside, in cow's-lip her part'd hair;
A horse saddle still hung aloft the night-sky;
His bed stole looks from e'ery corner of the world,
Of blushed roses, for beauty's sake a belat'd sight:
Behold! love's fair face in summer's fairest brows;
That in Hades of a star, thy weird eye, unused to flow;
And that upstart crow's quill of ethereal wings,
Oft cheek to cheek conspires against the sun,
What in a canker dwells by thy arrow,
All too well is writ in book of numbers.

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Naveed Khalid

Tablet Of Simurgh

This long voyage in the mirror hath brought
a dream back home;
that I have come to this impasse,
a feeling of cold numbness passes o'er
my head, that imagery imbrogilo,
my diminished sense of being,
paint'd upon the unfathomable sky
of seven heavens; and of all that you know, I know,
can never be; except in words to mesmerise
the Albatross on wings,
thirty birds along this tablet of Simurgh:
each day anew, our Majesty's voice,
far more by the pen is writ ashore,
than if hand in hand together
we'd those walks by the sea,
are tweaked and twirled in rhyme with the tide,
but before the line is dry in white surfing angels
for sake of love's pinnacle,
the colour of this world fades away by night,
by day bestowed be more light;
for he who loves thee best will bring us near the sun.

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Date Created: Saturday, February 02,2013 1: 57: 41 PM

Naveed Khalid

Tale Of A Tub

No, not I can e'er profane thee with all too weird
my senses numb,
of what lies buried in yellow-pages of history
to eyes so blind in nurslings of immortality,
this world that most abounds by thee alone,
of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown at sunset of the evening sky,
my woe-begone love of darkened days to some rivulet blue,
much too rendered in age-old grey at Minerva's golden brow:
that crow's quill of plumed hat on knees in ruffled feathers
of broken mast-shaft at north my shipwrecked dreams
of another rend at midnight lease in waking hour,
away from out of sight to my mind still under the canopy of a hut,
some vulgar paper to rehearse that day of unaltered eye,
e'ery flower upon a barren heath in my bed of crimson joy,
of ages that are dead through hurtlings of past woe,
oft leaves me in dismay upon the sand dunes by the sea-ashore.

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Date Created: Tuesday, March 31,2015 6: 33: 45 PM

Naveed Khalid

Textman

Oh, that man! the western avant-garde,
In whose footsteps the rest of us follow;
That you may be the next, beware, my lord!
No first man is ever born to do this,
And such a way in reverse reflexion
That things would start up again, textilian,
In the language of uniform'd words:
I remember him in my prayers of silence,
But I have no wish to be that man,
Nor in his company can stay for long;
For he would become another man soon
Before anyone can recognize the identity
Of his unrecorded Being in the register,
While unnam'd lies with me his dark secret.

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Date Created: Wednesday, August 15, 2012 5: 11: 48 PM

Naveed Khalid

The Angelus

Of bewitching looks to my mind still her beauty's face,
That in melting snow to a vanished eye in winter cold,
Me thought fair by fair means foul, flawed in e'erything
Before the sun this world, would reflect not in the mirror;
Nor forsaken love to profane thee I prove my faults more
Than a rose in whose blood oft I my words hath spilled,
Wandered away from where you first cast thy iron-poker:
The drop of vintage alone hastens me to my bed in the morn,
Can but visualize the unforeseen through e'eryday happenings,
Thy age-old monument remains confounded in Beulah's night,
A bunch of stars to collect by the sea at the gallows of thy feet.

Naveed Khalid

The Emerald Isle

What needest I this mirror that shows not half thy part,
Of ages that are dead under the Archangel's brow?
That through emerald eyes of titanic visions afar,
You paint me the picture of thy most high deserts,
Some unreflected Being, hid away from out of sight,
Hath beset many a maiden garden ere thine unweird eye:
Uneclipsed of looks so fair, my mind, by what I write,
Oft illumines more bright where least I find my love, abides by thee alone;
To fill the emptiness of e'ery falling star in winter cold,
Dragged along a mast-shaft of broken reed at north,
The crow's quill beside, of a hundred shadows by thy grave,
I, too, hath stood and wept against time's waking hour;
Ere you know the hand that writ in mournful numbers
E'ery flower upon a barren heath in hurtlings of past woe.

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Date Created: Sunday, August 24,2014 8: 48: 35 PM

Naveed Khalid

The Emerald Isle II

(On Yeats' 'Tower of Thoorballylee')

Me not on sure footings to beget her charms,
fore'er watchful at midnight lease,
of untread places far-off beyond the sunrise;
above the archway, that to my mind still
through the window-pane o'er the wall on high,
opes a garden unto my unweird eye, unused to flow!
a yellow-tinged star of thy most high deserts,
that by the sweat of thy brow in heaven's high bower:
all the panorama of this world beside,
blows the trumpet-horn in tempest beats of wild ecstasy,
of whom, they say, not I in revery of sublime feeling
that crow's quill of compass'd ark at sunset of the evening sky,
barred of e'ery fair in deep azure under the canopy of a hut,
that day of e'er melting snow to eternal bliss upon the sand dunes,
of such stirred looks a fleeting shadow by the west-wind in autumn,
ere I write thee, sweet maid, against bloody tyrant time.

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Date Created: Thursday, June 25,2015 8: 32: 19 PM

Naveed Khalid

The Grim Reaper

This world is but a dinning room
of cardboard symbols;
that moves afoot by a subtle thought
of my mind's impromptu,
the reality of your dappl'd things.

that pathway of snaky entwines
at staircase window of the wall on high
hath led me to rosemary garden:
of plucked parsley her love of old,
a table, a chair, a bed of crimson joy,
that crow's quill beside, at sunset of the evening sky,
hath writ this embassage upon the strand of still waters.

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Date Created: Friday, June 05,2015 7: 30: 43 PM

* a previous poem from my collection of literary work, which remained unpublished for quite a while. This poem I created alongwith Sunflower, but never published until now.

Naveed Khalid

The Little Prince

Me not so dim-witted that by wise words to profane thee,
Nor can e'er unleash the curtain of thy most high deserts,
That show not my head where thy crown, of worthier pen born,
My mind still shines so bright before the world's eye,
And in wanting looks a wanton tapestry at thy throne,
Of a plumed hat on knees, to prove thee virtuous:
I wish I'd that parody played a hunch for the parade
Of heavy steps, a march towards spring's apparels,
Under the hood of the sun, amidst green leaves of clear morning;
Stood amongst many a maiden garden of blushed roses,
All wrapped in ecstasy of full-arrayed ribbons, our little prince, sleep on!
I'll make them my stepping stones, a mileage to take far-off,
The living memories of love's great heir, her excellency the Queen;
For such darling insights to thee suffice, more sweet my humble ode,
The stream of golden nymphs beside a beautiful cascade,
Away from high heavens, grows to eternal bliss in thy abode.

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Naveed Khalid

The Peacock

With all the grandeur
of the interior of a garden
you stand straight,
ready to spread out
your tail plumes of star-lit eyes:
all too many of your attendants are
of rainbow-colour'd combs and fans,
who always make too bright a show
to the world of your burning passion;
and in the eyes of those who dare
to behold you at the throne
of women's headdresses- -
You Bird of Paradise
at the Golden Gate
of the Indian Ocean!

You'd serve the poet's quill,
for the verses writ
in arabesque patterns
in the Book of Calligraphy.
You are mark'd for reference
at every plum'd page I read,
I remember you, you who once
played all poets to me,
except for one to be you or I.
Today, all poets, I grant you;
all the leaves of scaled-wings
I present you for the sake
of your holiness.
Even I shadow my eyes at the 'line,
where you in all your beauty lie;
and before I open my eyes
from the Darwin's sickness,
you can walk away into
the gulf of all-poets-eyes,
at the Golden Gate
of the Indian Ocean!

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Naveed Khalid

The Red Moon

When majestic sun from sullen earth shall raise
All battered things more witness to this world,
That still by recourse to the mind alone
'Gainst the wall on high in desert titan,
What by treasure trove is buried with thy bones,
Of stardust dime this darksome house of clay:
Three burning candles at equal measure apart;
Far from the skyline hide in gray thy brow,
Whence e'ery fair face from summer's eve doth steal,
Such awry looks of radiant cheeks his love,
More red with blisters grow at break of day.

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Created: Thursday, January 30, 2014 1: 38: 13 PM

Naveed Khalid

The Rossetta Stone

Must I of such thought that first arise in my mind,
Of erased looks to the world through e'eryday happenings
To my eyes so blind in fair aspect of cold repose;
More bright to illumine, my love, to unhindered scope of light
Than e'ery vain thing in vain words bereft of sight,
Away from out of dark, oft unlooked by what I write,
I fain would love to claim ere thine unweird eye:
Then, that you know not where least I find thee more so,
Of thy unattended presence to fill the page in waking hour;
E'ery flower upon a barren heath in hurtlings of past woe
Against all odds, all vicissitudes of the sky in graceful ease;
I stand apart from all the panorama that abides by thee alone,
Unaccounted for what abounds in nurslings of immortality,
More blest of ages that are dead under the hedgerow of a cottage-tree.

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Date Created: Monday, September 29,2014 1: 42: 11 PM

Naveed Khalid

The Rosy Cross I

(On the writings of Mary Shelley & Rosicrucians)

All that is in the world
of love's long diminish'd sense of Being;
and what in words I still am warbling o'er
his e'er lasting song,
that in my breathless rhyme,
I have no tongue to utter;
nor no oppressive power can o'ertake,
Jesus! on the pedestal of thy throne,
only you suffice,
let him who thinks on thee twice,
I'll not of such unnerved blood in vein,
be thy love of woe-begott'n dream.

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Date Created: Tuesday, November 12,2013 4: 46: 51 PM

Naveed Khalid

The Rosy Cross-II

Not least by what to my mind still in winter cold,
This world that moves me more to a vanished eye,
Feeds on nothing but what I write of my own shadow;
Blind of wanton looks so fair, a drifting dream amiss
From what remains confounded in Beulah's night,
My love of hallowed fire in Hades of a star!
The Eagle that soars above in high heavens,
Full many a pen-pricked angel at his beck and call,
Hath beset this throne at the gallows of thy feet,
And all my reckoning days in seraph wings of gold.

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Date Created: Date Created: Wednesday, June 18,2014 11: 02: 13 AM

Naveed Khalid

The Royal Nativity

This world that of erased looks to my mind still
Of another rent at midnight lease in waking hour;
Against all else, too, shall but in precious minutes waste,
More temperate than e'erything that grows to eternal bliss,
A hallowed ring in deep azure at twelfth hour of the night,
Enwrought with the star of thy most high deserts
To unhindered scope of light through e'ery pouring shadow,
Uneclipsed of e'ery fair from thy fairest brow, my love,
Hath beset many a maiden garden ere thine unweird eye:
Of wanton tapestry at thy throne Her Excellency the Queen,
Oft sits brooding o'er the dale with darling buds of May;
Barefooted you tread the mundane shell under the canopy of a hut,
Above the mantle piece where the picture hangs by the wall,
I could see the crow's quill beside, of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown,

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Naveed Khalid

Thinking Of You

Me, too, can speak not of what I deny thee most,
That of silence in effect to prevail o'er infinitesimal blessings;
Than by what I write of ages that are dead
To hardly think of this world through e'ery pouring shadow,
More bright to illumine, my love, of eyes so blind,
Uneclipsed of e'ery fair from thy fairest brow!
Where oft I my light hath spent in vain words to prove it,
Which to my mind still more blessed by thought alone,
Of unhindered scope, alas, but to desecrate thine holy eye,
I fain would bring to the page of wanton tapestry at thy throne.

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Date Created: Saturday, September 27, 2014 11: 35: 00 AM

Naveed Khalid

Title Of A Poem

Each time I bring to thee thy face anew,
And from out of world's chaos of cosmos;
But by the sun arise in early morn,
That not a star is hid by veil of night;
Nor my love, by error remov'd from thee,
Which if I've all the riches at thy feet,
Myself nothing more than a speck of light,
Be one such shadow at corner of thine eye
What simply for a moment's glance, behold!
This nature of things in my verse unfold,
More by looks be loved than by loving look
I create this form of thy beauty's book.

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Date Created: Saturday, January 26,2013 10: 36: 38 PM

Naveed Khalid

To His Excellency

What in words thy Muse hath brought to light
is but by thy heavenly stars inspir'd,
which for enough too long thy mirror hath served;
that without my reflection, a lasting gaze
through those spectacles of a man-in-the-moon,
in whose eye, no one dare look when you look;
nor not a word can write without direction,
unless in revelation from the other world,
you pour forth a dream, that never comes true,
but from first to last a mind's journey begins
from yellow-pages of history, back to the beehive.

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Date Created: Monday, October 29,2012 2: 21: 36 PM

Naveed Khalid

To London's Clock

(The Big Ben)

You look at every passer-by
As if he is your acquaintance
When lopsided you walk past
Thy old days young or young days old;
And the daylight stars you count them at night:
Mother of our harvesting children,
Blest with every moment of eternity,
Full armour thy shield
Stand witness to
The difference of time- -
And time, they say, is money
For as long as you have it,
It is worth a heaven,
Always on wings
Against nature's timelessness,
Which can never be spent in the end,
Except that the compass moves along the line,
Would draw as big a circle
That thy heart's desires can stretch you
On a phantasmal oasis;
While I, to whom you vouchsafe this dream,
Am too poor to run by the clock,
Not to think of making my both ends meet,
Until I find myself standing at 90 degree,
Exactly where I started from,
Though time has changed at 12 O Clock,
Yet not for me since we parted,
I remember you for one minute's silence,
Lo! not same be the world,
Nor the mirror that still
Hangs up there on the wall,
Makes faces at each of us,
Mocks our liberty,
Round and round grows fatter,
Bigger everyday from behind the scene,
I see your big smile face.

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Naveed Khalid

To My Fair Lady

The fabric of that subtle thought I deny,
which to mind's eye still
holds perfect ceremony of words
to unending line, oft so blurred;
and I can ne'er know what is in the mind,
that by what I write goes blind,
the adobe of a dream,
has not enough wits to prove
I am lost in thought of thee,
too deep for woe,
thy love to understand,
a woman is a complex affair.

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Date Created: Sunday, December 29,2013 7: 57: 58 PM

Naveed Khalid

To My First Love

Everything looks pretty good at first sight,
But the more you focus the more you look at it,
Until from every angle loses charm
As more and more images start pouring in,
Before you're left wondering what it would be like;
No, not the same; nor blurr'd or unintelligible,
Though no image best fits in, yet it is here
That creation begins, more or less like you,
Which is e'er changing, making things anew;
And vaguely unique in all its details;
However, intensely, you look, it looks back at you!
For you can see it all happen as soon as
You close your eyes, till nothing remains to be seen,
Not even he who has seen my love at first sight.

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Date Created: Friday, June 29,2012 2: 09: 27 PM

Naveed Khalid

To The Moon I

I'll write, I'll write thee more so
what is hid from thine eye,
and all things of beauty, great and small,
are in the world of a vanished sight;
but you in whose presence this verse,
I can never bring to light,
a borrowed face of the sun,
that in the beehive, of cherubim wings,
bespeaks a glory of the mind
o'er all else that is not real,
nor a shadow in the mirror
can ever reflect thy love.

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Naveed Khalid

To The Moon II

O bright-lit mirror of the world!
not half thy part thou hide
from this bewailing night asleep;
nor from day's old look when he looks in thee,
and whoe'er else beguiles thee so
on thy behalf, his love's faults more
than thy beauty's face can show;
which, too, but in love of thee goes blind,
that, thus, thou returnest in the same light
what his eyes would receive from the skies,
no one hath e'er seen things so fair, bereft of sight:
when on that darkest day of history,
God, Lord of the heavens and the earth,
set ablaze thy name abroad,
all mankind stood aghast;
it was a total black out,
the eclipse of the constellations,
until from the pedestal of his throne,
he stepp'd down to visit the world twice,
for one look of thee since then,
all seek light of the last blue moon.

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Naveed Khalid

Tomb

What I can bring to the surface of a page,
is far too less drown'd in a drop of tear,
dried of ink; than what in fathom-five hath sunk,
too deep for woe to tell thee of thy tale;
which if in a glass of wine for me you pour,
thy sweet lot more unto my view for inspection,
that no less heaven in my words, full of sight;
and where the mirror reflects thee not thy face,
the spirit evaporates too soon, pigeonhol'd through the sky;
the crow's quill on a night-cap takes flight
from Trafalgar Square, and a flock of pigeons
in the garden sit no more; nor eat crumbs by the window,
but in love's girdl'd loins of silken-satin,
unsettl'd round about the common earth again.

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Date Created: Monday, October 29,2012 2: 17: 39 PM

Naveed Khalid

Touch-Me-Not

Far, far away from out of sight,
I sit still unmoved by what I write
Of eternal silences, beneath the bed of crimson joy;
That untouched by e'ery falling star in winter cold,
My love that abides by thee alone,
Of untread places to a land of fairies,
Opes a garden unto my unweird eye!
A sponge of tears to the fabric of day-dreams,
Cooled in the morning's pure serene:
The sun on my back in hurtlings of past woe,
Oft marked by a wanton tapestry at thy throne,
Too soon shall fade e'ery flower upon a barren heath.

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Date Created: Monday, September 22,2014 5: 07: 53 PM

Naveed Khalid

Tragedy

I, too, find myself at odds
with what I can see not
to unhindered scope of light,
that by dark bewails the night
through e'ery pouring shadow;
my love in hurtlings of past woe,
more bright to illumine ere thine unweird eye
than e'ery vain thing in vain words I write:
of ages that are dead to my eyes so blind,
away from out of sight his same old facade,
flawed in e'erything that hangs a picture on the wall
against a pastoral background,
this world that abides by thee alone,
of smokey suburbs by the shabby island,
oft printed twice by far removed from thee
e'erything so fair from thy fairest brow;
else in simple fold my vain endeavour,
I behold in false pretense of vague impressions
e'ery flower upon a barren heath.

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Date Created: Wednesday, October 08,2014 7: 39: 01 PM

Naveed Khalid

Turtle-Dove

Hear ye not full-throttle song of a thrush,
that in thy graceful ease,
of cherubim wing her beauty's fair;
shall but sing in melodious accents I, I,
of glorious days her love of old,
all wrapped in shroud of a star
o'er the wall on high,
of eyes so blind beyond the sunrise:
no light can e'er illumine in wilderness of pure heaven;
her enchanting slogans of disparity
to my mind still by the sweat of thy brow,
of snow-capped myrtle in rosemary garden;
some shadow fell at sunset of the evening sky,
ere I beheld that wrecked boat upon the sand dunes,
subservient nature's most ardent desire,
at midnight lease in waking hour
half-deaf, half-dumb to the ear,
above a hawthorn, sticks out his head
like a soring thumb impression.

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Date Created: Tuesday, June 30,2015 11: 38: 24 AM

Naveed Khalid

Twelfth Night If So You Please!

When at about time two we twain parted unawares,
Whilst all the panorama of this world beside,
Save I to bewep my outcast state forlorn;
That to a land of fairies abides by thee alone,
Of golden tress her hair upon the strand of still waters,
A bunch of stars to collect by the sea ashore
Against this modern electra of thy most high deserts,
I still can behold, my love, to that day of unaltered eye:
Away from out of sight to my mind still in abundance,
Full rich content of e'ery flower upon a barren heath,
Oft in precious minutes waste many a day by nights;
Else thy higher being's most eloquent other around my head,
Pardon me! not least to claim I by the sweat of thy brow,
Along the pavement of cow parsley, a mistletoe on his back,
Too, but hurts me to think on thee of ages that are dead,
Twice by far removed from thee my Lord's light to crow's quill of ruffled feathers;

Of whom, they say, not I that moves afoot to eternal bliss in waking hour,
Ere you know the hand that writ in mournful numbers,
This embassage of what I write to the west wind in autumn.

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Date Created: Saturday, December 13,2014 3: 59: 38 PM

Naveed Khalid

Twilight

Ah, those walks that we had of both
so intricately woven in the aurora of your dream;
and that pathway above the archer's bow,
where oft you sit still watching the skies
at staircase window of the wall,
of snaky entwines, that in seraph's wings unfold,
a shrub of wrinkl'd lip in my spilt words:
the beehive shook off her golden head by the stream,
alongside the purple pavement of cow parsley;
I could see each flower grow in heaven's wilderness,
amidst many a moon stood, the tree, his faded glory,
had him beset too deep for woe, darkly lit in thy abode.

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Naveed Khalid

Unicorn

What is dark? that by dark more bright, my love,
Than my light can e'er illumine by pen-pricked angels,
Of golden tress his hair, makes beauteous my nights;
Else by days, too, hangs a picture upon e'ery wall,
Away from what to my mind still more blessed,
Of ages that are dead under the Archangel's brow,
Some unreflected being in the mirror, darkly lit in thy abode,
Of unattended presence through e'ery fig leaf in autumn wind,
E'ery fair from fair robs her red, ere thine unweird eye,
That I can ne'er hope to claim such slogans of disparity
Oft to thy solemn mien in trash and tinsel hides,
The reality of this world through e'ery pouring shadow.

Naveed Khalid

Unrhymed

I sit still by the oak tree,
waiting to hear the church bell,
ring with e'ery falling star,
so deafening to the ear in winter cold;
posies around my head of eyes so blind,
oft are swayed by thy love
of mellowing year in spring:
bespeaks of thy unattended presence,
more bright to illumine ere thine unweird eye
than by what I write to my faults concealed.

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Date Created: Thursday, October 02,2014 11: 23: 27 AM

Naveed Khalid

Utopia Of Swangeans

I feel not so cold and numb to the world all woe,
No vein can afford such a skipped beat,
That in solemn strain this barren rhyme;
Of royal blood that rose in my heart,
A drop of tear to wipe in summer's breathless rhyme;
I'll pick some sweet-scented flowers from love's note
To weave a wand of posies around your head:
For in whose enchanting slogans of disparity,
My bosom rends in attire of bewilderment;
Say not, a weasel hat on knees in ruffled feathers,
But which to revery of thy iron frame in fair aspect,
Still abides by thee alone to that day of unaltered eye;
Oft goes unchecked by what I write to my eyes so blind,
Away from out of sight upon the page is printed, printed.

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Date Created: Saturday, October 18,2014 9: 58: 35 AM

*Poem revised to 14 lines instead of 12 or 13, and line # 3 shifted to line # 8- -a few structural reshuffling has been made as well.

Naveed Khalid

Vendetta

All too well framed in the back of my mind,
What still hangs in the bosom of my shop;
And of posting no need my love to claim,
That more be rehearsed after me thy name:
So to remember thee by heart I behold
That picture hid away from thee more sweet
Than if in her presence is marked by thee;
I know not what hand or eye will bring to the page,
This line to read against thyself suffice,
Methinks not in vain by world's wing thy angel.

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Created: Thursday, January 23, 2014 12: 34: 10 PM

Naveed Khalid

Venus I

Of youth's age-old love that grows e'ermore
Than in time's measured breath I count,
Be of world's infinite blessings;
And beauty's fair face in timeless treasure abound,
Has but no mortal look in the mirror to hide
From what oft in breathless rhyme fades away,
That I hear you sing of eternal silences;
Of unsaid words too dear in winter cold,
Too soon will settle on thy brow so fair,
Lord of my vassalage! Merry Merry Christmas!

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Date Created: Sunday, December 22,2013 4: 06: 29 PM

Naveed Khalid

Venus II

Love has but a cruel heart,
and no more I can bear
the burden of thy yoke;
nor the ploughman in his field,
by the sun will work to land;
but this cross that I carry
with a heavy heart,
must yield to me, my love
of yellow bees in the bower,
is hid in myrtle's golden brow:
that moon of madness,
hung aloft the night.

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Date Created: Saturday, January 19,2013 2: 57: 54 PM

* A mythology of the unknown, unravelled mystery
which speaks of the fertile crescent, that of the harvesting moon has fourteen
generations, and the darkling love of autumn at the sunset!

Naveed Khalid

Verbal

I am in two minds with equal measure apart,
From what I think on thee;
That none has enough wits to prove
What oft I deny thee most,
The first in his own right- -
Not least can claim I- -
To whom the second best abides,
My love of either's woe:
All, too, but subverts itself to nothing
More than by what I write
Of ages that are dead in summer's prime,
To bewep my outcast state
Of another rent at midnight lease,
This change with e'ery changing eye
Against time's waking hour.

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Date Created: Tuesday, October 07,2014 7: 50: 23 PM

Naveed Khalid

Vespers

By what words I pluck at thy heartstrings,
That Ovid's veneral Amores run in deep sorrows;
And through Roman blood of royal lineage,
In whose much too strain'd wreckage of a nerve,
Cut through a sharp knife for smooth sailing,
Of all that hath pass'd o'er in a twilight dream!
But by love is bound his reverberations in the mind,
Whose drop of vintage cools the morning sun;
Not less than a song of cupid's far-fetch'd arrow
When crescent bow at his knee touched the ground,
A ballad dance of black swan's ethereal wings,
Are long depart'd in sweet-scent'd sickness thus.

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Naveed Khalid

Vineyard

Somewhere deep inside the vein of thought
that by thought alone my mind
of unaltered look in the mirror;
oft by travel tried my pilgrimage to thee,
of ages that are dead, blind of looks so fair,
above my head a star guides my moving
away from Chapman's Homer:
unlooked for love my Lord's light at Cortez,
curtailed behind the canopy of a hut,
an olive branch by thatch-eaves is run,
hung aloft the ghastly night in slogans of disparity:
I could hear him speak through sign posts,
such words of a far-fetched sky,
neatly dovetailed along the pavement
of cow parsley, a drop of vintage hides,
still in haystack of woods burning, burning.

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Naveed Khalid

Wattle And Daub

Then, people of all sorts to meet with in the world forlorn,
Down that road by the corner of that street in the end,
Like our good old neighbours o'er the wall on high;
That in largess of some thought alone more bright,
Can, of course, make home through nurslings of immortality!
Against the world of thy most high deserts,
A place far-off from all vicissitudes of the sky,
Alas, but opes a garden unto my unweird eye:
E'ery fig leaf in autumn wind to my eyes so blind,
Indeed! by thatch-eaves is run by the clock,
Of snow-capped myrtle upon Minerva's golden brow,
Oft makes haste in my bed of crimson joy
That forfeited dark in Hades of a star, my love,
More temperate than darling buds of May
To e'er melting snow in dismal shades of age-old grey,
A drop of vintage hides in solemn strain this barren rhyme.

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Date Created: Sunday, January 04,2015 7: 06: 21 PM

Naveed Khalid

Wickerman

Soon as I depart from what by love
You illumine the world before the sun;
And not with eyes but to paint the skies,
The seraph wings of legendary figures,
Of such Word upon the window-pane,
That by writing more shall blind the eye,
Drain blood from out of vein to fill the cup;
To see them forlorn, e'erything in me rebels,
Against the sun those bewitching daemons, cry:
Slain! slain! that Wickerman of burning gold!

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Date Created: Monday, February 24,2014 12: 13: 34 PM

Naveed Khalid

Wild, Wild

This world of what I write to my love so blind,
bereft of e'ery look that by looks more bright
than if from a bowl of stars you drink;
away from out of sight that to my mind still,
of another rent at midnight lease in waking hour;
pours forth in e'erything to that day of unaltered eye,
a man of all seasons that of wanton tapestry at thy throne:
needest no light in dismal shades of age-old grey;
uneclipsed of e'ery fair from thy fairest brow,
oft in three beats of my heart's forfeited dark,
tolls the bell at my door in the early morn.

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Date Created: Date Created: Monday, October 13,2014 7: 49: 11 PM

Naveed Khalid

Winter Moon

Me not in much haste to morning's pure serene,
that in largess of some thought to a far-fetched sky
such phantom of chalice wings in thy graceful ease,
makes beauteous my nights by day's toil too bright
of what I write in thy presence alone to thee suffice;
that crow's quill to eternal bliss in waking hour,
more blessed of ages that are dead in love of thee
to my eyes so blind that day of unaltered eye:
while hung aloft the ghastly night by heaven's high bower,
I fain would bring to the page of my shipwrecked dreams,
a shrub of wrinkled lip in my spilt words of snow-capped myrtle.

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Date Created: Saturday, April 11,2015 5: 20: 22 PM

Naveed Khalid

Witchcraft

O, lend me your ear to the tunes of harp,
wired at e'ery step of a lady finger;
and of pluck'd beats from his eyebrow:
the queen calls for the butler,
goes mad at him to keep the stove on,
'Where is the butler? where is the butler?
that of the burner such a waste,
hardly a poor man can bake,
not to speak of eating well,
you bastard! there you are!
next time I'll not see you in the kitchen
keep the lights on,
away from my sight! ':
the image of that picture still hangs o'er my head
of my Father's tell-tale,
whose catapult hand wav'd me out of doors
to call for a shot with a fallen star,
when of the three bushes,
he gave me a ring of eternity.

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Monday, October 28,2013 7: 14: 16 PM

Naveed Khalid

Writer's Block

What it matters if not in words I write,
And nothing more against light
Than what by love to thee suffice;
Which if spread by Muse's wing,
The stars from every corner would pick,
On their way back to heaven,
Whence while musing o'er the dale,
You may find this line already writ.

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Date Created: Saturday, January 19,2013 3: 00: 10 PM

Naveed Khalid

You & I

You're still the same as you've ever been
In my mind's eye, though far removed
From yourself the very image of you;
That I know not the man, nor need to know,
By whose arrow we two shall victim be;
And suffer as much as he alone hath suffered
At the expense of night's ink, all wrapp'd in darkness,
Which in words, who hath eyes enough to see,
Where uncertain scope of things most abound,
Is yet by one single ray of light revealed,
Whereupon I myself from myself should hide.
So I, my promise, hath kept, not by words,
But by false pretense to make believe it,
What exists not but in self-creat'd illusion,
Unknown, unseen secret of invisible world;
For words oft deceive us, bereav'd of light,
When with me thy much quot'd tale is writ,
I think not on thee, more or less than mine,
While in such thoughts I spend time with thee,
Love! how divided we live, but together die!

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Date Created on: December 4,2012.

Naveed Khalid

Youth

Lord! me, too, hath passed that age of crimson joy,
That grows to eternal bliss in silent hours of the night;
More blessed by what I write, of wanton looks that boy
Than by looking more, so porous as the eyes, such darling insight
To my mind still of another rent at midnight lease,
E'ery flower upon a barren heath ere thine unweird eye:
My love of youthful prime in summer's evening sky,
Much too rendered in age old grey under the Archangel's brow,
That lone wanderer's bed, a star-Y velorum, Mitzva in his hand,
This world against a pastoral background, but to thee suffice;
Ah! from a bowl of stars to drink, a drop of vintage hides
Away from out of sight in that cottage-tree, burning! burning!

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Naveed Khalid

Zeitgeist

While where I stood alone amidst the debris of ruined ashes,
brimming with applause of some stray thoughts,
of furrowed fields against the harvest moon;
oft marked by what I write upon the strand of still waters,
that boat beside, of broken mast-shaft at north:
to the west wind in autumn of e'er melting snow,
this world of thy most high deserts at Minerva's golden brow!
else in courting flame her love of eyes so blind
to that forfeited dark in Hades of a star:
I could see from the harbour of eternal silences,
down that road my shipwrecked dreams,
engulfed with all too weird my senses numb
amongst the stars of stigmatised innocence,
too, but slowly drifting away from the sand dunes,
a foul fawning bay at my door, bewails the night
to that day of unaltered eye my e'er living memory:
hath weaved so rich a wand around my head of laurel wreath thy myrtle crown;
ere you know the hand that writ in mournful numbers
e'ery flower upon a barren heath of ages that are dead.

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Date Created: Wednesday, December 31,2014 3: 51: 12 PM
Rewritten and updated on: Friday, January 02,2015 3: 48: 55 PM

Naveed Khalid