

# UNIVERSAL ANTHEMS

Revolutionary Message for a Global  
Cause

Aadil Farook

Foreword by Prof. Dr. Dato'

Baharuddin Ahmed, IIUM, Malaysia

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Malaysia,

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The tradition of writing poetry has been a significant part of Islamic culture and heritage. Since the time of Saidina Ali, the fourth caliph, to Hassan al Basri and Rabiah until the recent time with the appearance of Sir Muhammad Iqbal in Pakistan, Amir Hamzah in the Malay World and Yunus Emre in Turkey, this tradition continues to survive and flow like the rivers of faith flowing into the sea of tawhid (oneness of God), the destination of Muslims' inquiries of what constitutes reality? In any case, in the contemporary Muslim world, the number of poets and thinkers are not as many as they used to be. There are new issues of thought and fields of inquiries that are becoming dominant which involve the world of sciences and modern technologies. These in a way have acted as many challenges to religious doctrines and the intellectual traditions of Islam itself. Regarding this, the poems of Aadil Farook should be welcomed. His poetic expressions deal with the many intellectual aspects and issues that challenge the modern contemporary Muslim mind especially those who were exposed to the Western ways of understanding nature, God, mankind, human capacity and capability of knowing themselves. Even though Muslims in general and Muslim youth in particular are involved with various challenges which are facing the contemporary world and society, the inner

yearning for truth and reality will always pose as the major challenge of life. They have to know who they are and who they should be, being men of religion as well as modern and post-modern men. Aadil Farook has shown the great talent as a poet. He reminds me of the great Pakistani poet Muhammad Iqbal who posted the various challenges to the modern minds of fellow Muslims of his time. Aadil travels from God to creation, to the questions of facing the world today and the final salvation of the human souls in the Spirit of Muhammad (Ruhul Muhammad) which has been discussed by poets throughout the Muslim world in the past and remain to be popular until recently. Contemporary writers like Hossein Nasr, Annmarie Schimmel, Naquib al-Attas and many more have made lengthy discussions on this cosmological and the spiritual reality of the Prophet of Islam. Aadil has managed to bring this doctrine in his poems which were beautifully written. I strongly believe that the major spiritual doctrines, the intellectual aspects of religion and the doctrine of human salvation should continue to occupy the central intellectual exploration so that the modern Muslim mind may not stick to the mundane and trivial aspects of life. Throughout the history of Islamic intellectual tradition, culture and heritage, all schools of thought whether legal, theological, philosophical or mystical have flourished in abundance. The writings of Aadil Farook have brought back glimpses of what the Muslim intellectuals have been discussing before. Looking from this aspect I should say that his poetic works have brought the tradition of Islamic intellectualism into the contemporary debates and discussions. I should congratulate him for his effort and talents.

## REVIEWS:

### SECTION 1:

Diane Donovan, Editor, California Bookwatch, USA, 2017:-

Inspired Discourses presents reflections on God and greatness in a collection filled with references to Islam, tributes to caliphs, and insights on Islamic perspectives of life's tragedies and events, and is an especially recommended, inspirational pick for followers of Islam already well versed in its foundation concepts.

The first thing to note about these reflections is their special admonitions to Muslims to better understand not only the spiritual foundations of Islam, but the historical, social and political impact of its presence in their modern lives. Readers should thus expect discourses that offer insights, enlightenment, and much food for thought about a range of events and issues which create new understandings of Islam's active presence in the world (i.e.: "The appointment of Abu Bakar as caliph wasn't through elections/but was simply taking a pledge or an oath of allegiance/To consider it as a modern voting process/is ignorance to Islam's original sources/Were the first four rightly guided caliphs politicians?/ If yes, they wouldn't have earned such reverence/They were men of the highest standard of excellence/who never desired societal status or prominence ...").

This is not to say that spirituality isn't a key component of these discourses: the faith-based survey incorporates this at a basic level ("A Muslim should believe in goodness's eventual victory/Although it's in contradiction with the present history/God lives in both serial time and eternity/The glorious Quran affirms its possibility..."). It is a tribute to Aadil Farook's approach that these insights take on wider applications and meaning as they trace the history and impact of Muhammad and his followers in the world, providing verses rooted in historical facts, spiritual evolutionary processes, and individual pursuits of God: "Many companions were enlightened by Muhammad's radiant aura/Yet none was granted as much supervision as Ali Al-Murtaza/At 10, he was mature enough to accept Islam/Who knew what wonders lied in his palm/He grew into a man of innumerable shining traits..."

By now, through just these few examples, it should be evident that Inspired Discourses cannot lay claim to being a 'poetry collection' per say, but is a series of lyrical discussions and tributes that outline some of the most deeply-held tenants of Islam, showing how different people reflected and fostered the growth of Islam in the world. These tributes don't limit themselves to ancient history, but include reflections on modern individuals, as in the poem 'Junaid Jamshed: 1964-2016,' about a famous Pakistani pop star who devoted his life to Islam. Written after his death, it reveals the icon's impact, through his music and presence in the world, as a reflection of Islamic faith: "The world may remember you as a musical icon/But preachers will mention you as Iqbal's falcon..."

But, why write such a treatise? What motivates the heart and mind of the author to produce these reflections? Appropriately, this question is answered in 'My Autobiography', a personal reflection that remarks on those who have "stabbed in my heart" without motivation, who have

made fun of his poetry, and who have attempted to thwart an artistic and spiritual journey. This piece should ideally be at the opening of this collection because it powerfully and succinctly captures the drive behind producing both this and a prior gathering: "For me, there is no art for art's sake/But a higher purpose I won't forsake/How many English Poets have chosen Islam as the aim of expression?/How many people write for years without a word of appreciation?/The laymen consider me firing empty guns in the dark/But scholars claim my works possess a special spark."

If all poetry collections - particularly those which held deeper reflections about life and spirit - were to include such an opener, they would be more clearly understood and appreciated by their audiences right from the start.

The purpose is clearly crafted in this revealing introduction: "My contributions to Islamic Thought aren't for the masses at all/But for thinkers who crave for Muslims to rise after their fall/For some people, religion does turn them into celebrities/But for me, it's a thankless job with no support or ease..."

Even more revealing is the inclusion of a Q&A interview with the poet/author, which hopefully will conclude the effort and which also sums up the many perceptions and contentions of Islam which were outlined throughout the collection:

"Q. If there would have been any prophet after Muhammad, who would it be?

A. Umar

Q. What is the most absurd error?

A. Understanding Quran without reference to Sunnah.

Q. What is the biggest delusion?

A. The aspiration of bringing a revolution in the society without bringing a change within one's own self."

The result is a commanding, authoritative collection which is 'neither fish nor fowl' - not strictly a literary poetry collection; but incorporating the best strategies and powerful language of free verse into a wider-ranging celebration of and tribute to Islam and those who have walked its path to change the world as well as their own hearts and minds.

Very highly recommended for those with prior background in the faith who seek a blend of inspiration, history, admonition, and explanation all packaged into a lyrical tribute that virtually sings of human efforts to embrace God.

## SECTION 2:

Diane Donovan, Editor, California Bookwatch, USA, 2017:-

Enthused Verses: A Lyrical Catalog of Religion, Philosophy & Spirituality offers Western readers a rare combination of poetry and reflections on Islamic spiritual and Muslim social concepts using a range of precise, intricate topics. These range from what it takes to become a Rumi to the paradoxes, uncertainties, and meanings of enlightenment.

If this sounds like a weighty read, it should be advised that Enthused Verses, while thought-provoking, is anything but dense. The poems challenge readers to pay attention and think, but they are not inaccessible and use free verse poetry to bridge disparate worlds.

One good example of this process is 'Enlightenment', which moves from the paradox of science and the various scientific disciplines which have attempted to define mankind's pursuits to the real meaning of awakening as it moves from science to broader human endeavors: "Science devoid of emotions ends in relentlessness/inviting nothing but lack of human finesse/In the waves of its times, Philosophy drowns/leaving serious thinkers looking like clowns/Psychology mocks man's dignity/ascribing acts to ego's affinity/Art's reliance on only feelings/is a medicine without healing..."

The message and strength of poems provide much food for thought into various aspects of Islamic religious and social thinking: "It is said that one should submit to a Shaykh for inner purification/Yet there's not a single verse in the Qur'an stating it as an obligation."

By pairing these concepts with a free verse delivery system, Aadil Farook succeeds in capturing the subtler nuances of Islam and sentiments of much of the Muslim world, offering Westerners many contemplative passages that are enlightening.

### SECTION 3:

Ghulam Sabir, Chairman, Iqbal Academy Scandinavia, Denmark, 2012

"I am not a poet but I developed a taste of poetic language after reading Iqbal, Rumi, Hafiz Shirazi and some of the Western poets. Aadil Farook contacted me and requested just to read his poem at page 62, "The Ummah's Cry". However I have gone through his whole book, "A bard from the East". As a result I am surprised not because a young Pakistani of 29 could have such feelings for his country and people but because the education system in Pakistan is so hopeless. I could never imagine to emerge from this soil a talent like him. This young man has changed my desperation into hopefulness. His following verses have touched my heart;

Let He await your return  
Whether you yearn for it or not  
Let Him embrace your being  
Whether you earned it or not

I noticed that my eyes were wet when I ended the last verse of this poem. Aadil seems to have been inspired by Iqbal, the poet-philosopher of the East. Aadil's book is a marvelous piece of literature rather an addition to English Poetics. For Pakistan, this boy is an asset. I am proud of him. I may add that the book is wonderful and worth reading particularly for the younger generation, so that some of them may be able to catch the right path after getting inspired from some of the insights of Aadil Farook and are able to dive into the ocean of the Self to be able one day to serve humanity".

## SPECIAL COMMENTS

Mr. Aadil Farook has many mystical and philosophical approaches and dimensions of understanding Islam. In the footsteps of Iqbal, he possesses a revolutionary zeal and a clear yearning for renaissance of Islamic heritage and way of life. He feels pain when confronted with the atrocities and cruelties in the social life and depicts them beautifully in his verses. His talent to compose verses so fluently is highly enjoyable for readers, students and academicians of all genres.

Professor Dr. Muhammad Ahram Chaudhary, Pro Vice Chancellor, University of South Asia, Lahore

His poems are so amazing, powerful and beautiful. I see in him Muhammad Iqbal is being born. Professor Mulyadhi Kartanegara, SOAS Centre of Islamic Studies, UBD (University Brunei Darussalaam)

His poetry is charismatic in all senses: aesthetically, emotionally, linguistically and above all spiritually. I appreciate his sublime thoughts reflected through most suitably linguistic items. Dr. Ansa Hameed, Assistant Professor, Department of English Language & Literature, International Islamic University Islamabad

Since many years, I have been searching for someone young who can become the future leader of this Ummah but I was hopeless. However, now, finally I have hope.

Prof. Fateh Muhammad Malik, Former Rector, IIUI

Undoubtedly he possess a poetic mind complemented with a good sense of rhythm. In his poetry, I sense a commitment to an ideal which he preaches using symbols and metaphors. I share his wishes and am happy that he is pursuing his talent.

Professor Dr. Amir H. Zekrgoo, ISTAC (Institute of Islamic Thought & Civilization), Malaysia

“I am deeply impressed by what he has written, more so after hearing that he had not undergone any formal or intense study of the holy Qura’n. He seems to have been inspired. That is a gift from Allah swt. On the whole his work is commendable. I congratulate him”.

Iftikhar Ahmed Sirohey, retired four-star admiral who was the 10th Chief of Naval Staff of Pakistan Navy

“Transcendental, taking us to the level of Imagination that only fakirs and Sufis can aspire to. Encapsulates the essential beauty of the Quran and the nobility of the Prophet without any semblance of hectoring or preachiness”.

Dato’ Seri Anwar Ibrahim, Leader of Opposition of Malaysia (Pakatan Rakyat)

“Beautifully written and thought about” – Junaid Jamshed, Former member of Vital Signs

“Wow! extremely powerful i really enjoyed reading it and felt the passion .....great writing” – Dr. Samina Ahmed (Wife of Salman Ahmed, Junoon)

“A though-provoking book that is a good addition to english literature” – Zaid Hamid, Defense Analyst and Strategist

“I am proud of you” – Saleem Kashmiri, former headmaster of Aitchison College Lahore

“Your poetry is Excellent” – Orya Maqbool, Writer & Poet

“I have benefited a lot from reading your poetry” – Javed Ahmed Ghamidi, eminent Islamic Scholar

“Excellent poetry” – Dr. Khalid Zaheer, Al-Mawrid Insitute of Islamic Sciences

“Just Superb” – Prof. Arif Iqbal Rana, LUMS

“Excellent work” – Dr. Benaouda Bensaid, International Islamic University Malaysia

“Fantastic. I am blown away by the treasured selection of your words”- Mohammed Ibrahim Qazi, Director Foreign Relations, UMT, Lahore

“Its very impressive” – Dr. Hasan Sohaib Murad, President, UMT, Lahore

## Preface

I have neither read poetry nor learned it. Yet I am a big admirer of its exponents because they can say in one line for which a writer may require many pages. I neither know nor care for the rules of English Literature. My only exposure is constructive, meaningful, mature and beautiful lyrics from great songs I have heard since childhood. In the Islamic worldview, art is not an end in itself but rather a means towards a higher purpose. I am not exactly a poet and don't have any aspiration to be one – I am a young man with a cause, a mission. My genre is religio-philosophical. Some of my writings may be only relevant for Muslims, some for all believers and some for all human beings. My works may not be read for pleasure alone but to understand bigger issues of life at a deeper level. Elucidation of important themes and relevant topics of concern is the goal. As long as I provoke people to enter into their intellectual and spiritual domains, I am not bothered if the literary gurus criticize my works on the basis of expression rather than thought, style instead of meaning, delivery and not content because they wrongly consider art for art's sake. What is the use of flowery language without answers to questions for a seeker of knowledge? I consider myself an instrument the Divine Consciousness uses to convey vital messages.

This is not exactly a new book but mainly a compilation of 3 books earlier published in Pakistan with some additions and changes. Despite excellent reviews by internationally recognized individuals, the books went totally unnoticed due to some unfortunate reasons beyond my control. So I decided to launch their collection worldwide. The first 3 sections comprise those books. I have kept their order opposite to the actual sequence but I have retained their original titles. Thus, I may disagree with some of my own earlier works but I didn't edit them because I want readers to see the actual evolution, progression and maturation of my thought. Intellectual

honesty demands that I do not change my works to please anyone and, instead, retain their original content.

Substantial work has already been done on Islam in Urdu & Persian poetry, especially by Iqbal and Rumi. Similarly too many books on Islam can be found in English prose. But there have been very few poets of Islam who used English as an original language - that is what makes my book worthy of being counted. I dream of the day when it will reside on the bedside of innumerable people throughout the world. I am not an idealist but, at the age of 36, only optimism yields positiveness. Since it is God who blessed me with both a talent for writing verses and the gift of insightful reflection, it is only inevitable that I invest my time, energy and ability for His sake!

## Section 1: Inspired Discourses

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## The Existential Narration

Is life a supreme puzzle?  
Is it an unsolved riddle?  
Is it really a gift from God  
or a test that cuts like a sword?  
Is it actually the conquest of evil  
or virtue's manifestation in few people?  
Is it the nurture of intellect in minds  
or disclosure of emotions of all kinds?  
Is it the drama that is simply too real  
or the gradual opening of fate's seal?  
Is it as organized as empirical Science  
or a random set of events with no signs?  
Is it mere occurrence of tragedies for the pure?  
Does it have an equalizer after its tenure?  
Isn't throughout history havoc been played?  
Is it worth the price that was paid?  
Is it only an opportunity for our talents' display  
Or a chance to perform deeds that won't go away?  
Is world peace only a utopian idea of the naive?  
Hasn't this planet been chaotic since Adam & Eve?  
Awful is the record of human nature  
Is man the most superior creature?  
Does religion unveil the mystery  
or only plant a rootless tree?  
Neither books nor experience gives answers  
Knowledge is built on weak pillars  
Mystics say that without a clean soul  
Thought is deprived of the right role  
Uncertainties diminish in the self's mirror  
When man goes beyond philosophy's border  
When he drowns in the divine love's ocean  
When he tastes flavors unknown to reason  
However, man cannot understand this  
without being in that state's bliss  
For most, this discourse makes no sense  
But the reward of surrender is immense  
I am myself stuck in that zone  
where vanity isn't yet blown  
Maybe I will never attain that spiritual level  
where hearts aren't corrupted by the devil  
But I will always acknowledge my insignificance  
infront of those who have gone the distance!

## Conquer the World

Rise above daily chores  
Throw inhibition on the floor  
No more slavery to mundane deeds  
Man is elevated when fully freed  
From the goblet of life, pour in your heart  
An endless stream of vigor to set you apart  
Let every morning embrace new targets  
Let your eyes be blind to all limits  
Be numb to every impulse of fear  
Meet each doubt with a haughty sneer  
Though easy isn't the striving to excel  
"Nothing is impossible", heroes tell  
Greatness is the outcome of dreams  
No matter how unrealistic it seems  
Make your thirst the sole guidance  
And perseverance, the only reliance  
Sharpen the knife of your defining trait  
Cut every hurdle that lies in your fate  
Allow yourself to be challenged again and again  
So your footsteps traverse an unwalked lane  
Whether it is talent or virtue  
Be such that others follow you  
None of your indulgences is a vain venture  
But a path towards a glorious future  
Your every act shall be a beacon of inspiration  
Each expression, a symbol of self-actualization  
Let the diamond within you shine profusely  
So your feat is hailed by entire humanity  
Conquer the world, O aspiring champion  
It's a mere jungle, you're the lion!

## THE GLOBAL CAUSE

As the cosmos keeps expanding without hesitation  
It's creator continues to cling to untiring compassion  
Stars, sun, planets, galaxies, all submit to His will  
Man alone defies Him with vain desires to fulfill  
Science, technology, progress has made it a conviction  
That humans are good enough to not need revelation  
This confidence turned into a delusion  
That religion is nothing but an illusion  
Atheism is now the new fashion  
With its constant appeal to reason  
Intellectuals are challenging the roots of tradition  
Claiming to serve the cause of human elevation  
Nietzsche had predicted the awful outcome of killing God  
Horrific atrocities of last century proved he wasn't flawed  
Even then the world didn't learn its lesson  
Now again it's following the same pattern  
Humans are haunted by their emptiness within  
But calling them towards Truth is deemed a sin  
Violence, unrest, injustice is the order of the day  
Satan, it seems, is elated to have the final say  
In this hour of need, one nation was supposed to show the way  
But is itself drowned in mundane acts and unfair play  
It has access to the knowledge that enlightens heart and mind  
But it's immersed in ignorance of the worst kind  
It was destined to be the leader of humanity  
But it has become the symbol of insanity  
It was meant to be a beacon of unity and hope  
But sectarianism has totally shattered its rope  
It was born to be a manifestation of the divine  
Corruption and failure now form its only sign  
It was created to be a symbol of dignity and honor  
But humiliation and lowliness govern its culture  
Once, it was a synonym of revolution  
Now, a home to slavish imitation  
Once, the cornerstone of inventions and discovery  
Now, the other name for stagnancy and lethargy  
Once, the source of renaissance in the West  
Now, a dying bird in a wretched nest  
Its blunders are highlighted in the news  
Revival seems like chasing wild goose  
Nothing it has learned from any mistake  
Norms of forefathers, it doesn't forsake  
The religious community is devoid of critical thinking  
Indifference of liberals ensures the ship's sinking

Religious lot cannot leave worshipping false idols  
Liberals lack deep insights to see traps of devils  
Both are disloyal to their esteemed Prophet  
As a savior, both are indeed misfit  
Both make holy scripture a misunderstood book  
Both fail to grasp the ultimate outlook  
One made blind adherence to fallible personalities  
The other couldn't see flaws in secular philosophies  
One simply lacks the spiritual level it aims  
The other lacks intellectual caliber it claims  
One continues to live in a fool's paradise  
The other doesn't know what's virtue or vice  
Both are guilty of false diagnosis  
Both are unable to end the crisis  
Zionist enemies exploit this scenario ruthlessly  
Waiting for Mahdi or Jesus won't set us free  
O' ummah, what has made you so impotent?  
That you are treated like an unwanted servant  
Why do you seek sympathy for your defeat?  
Rather than standing up on your own feet  
God doesn't change the condition of a nation  
Until it changes its inner disposition  
If Christianity is love, Islam is power  
Why then are you a crushed flower?  
When will you rise above differences within?  
And consider every Muslim as your kin?  
Neither be a Sunni nor a Shia  
But be a genuine seeker of Allah  
Even giants like Iqbal couldn't wake you from your slumber  
How many Aadils are needed to show you the bigger picture?  
If you wish to fix the world, embrace Muhammad's legacy  
Strive for the fusion of genius and inner purity  
Only Islam offers both spirituality and system of governance  
Which complement all dimensions of human existence  
Remember change is only a possibility  
If passion and vision are in unity!

## The Unanswered Question

Since the very dawn of mankind  
it has baffled many a great mind  
Why would God allow so much suffering?  
The worldly show, is He really running?  
The dynamics seem to contradict His attribute  
and still we have to pay to Him tribute  
A gem cannot be polished without friction  
Man cannot be perfected without tribulation  
There's a reason why saints of every era  
have found this life to be an enigma  
On one hand, they are the ones most loved by Him  
Yet, in a sea of affliction, they have to swim  
Trials are proportional to man's status  
Our true worth, they unveil to us  
Only prophets are free from the need of purification  
Their tests are nothing but for us a demonstration  
They teach us what is gratitude and patience  
Why humans are the best of all creations  
But what is manifested when man is spiritually ill?  
Evil and injustice are the outcomes of free will  
Or he would've been a mere puppet in God's hand  
and his aspirations would be like castles of sand  
But much deeper than that is the real mystery  
if known, we won't challenge divine authority

What is the philosophy of our existence?

It is love God wants us to experience

which is impossible without pain's occurrence

just like darkness is to light's prevalence

If no grief be there on a planet like this

who would be inspired by heaven's bliss

Monotony is the other name for extinction and death

Change is the constant since time's first breath

God is extremely proud of His state of infallibility

So He confines this trait only for His own majesty

Human knowledge is of a very fragmentary nature

We will understand only on meeting our Creator!

### 3. The Great Misconception

Have you ever wondered why the modern man  
is in such a conflict with the Divine plan?  
Because he sees everything with the wrong lens  
His distance from the truth is thus immense  
He thinks every talent, skill or ability  
is to earn nothing but personal glory  
When he has quenched this desire of caprice  
he feels it's the ultimate level of bliss  
He calls it self-actualization  
I label it self-destruction  
No one is born with any faculty  
that is a hindrance towards reality  
How can God make someone into an actor or a dancer  
when His teachings are to ensure none is a sinner  
A single verse of the Quran, can you quote?  
or from the prophet's life, any anecdote?  
which tells us that instead of piety  
we should only strive for competency  
The entire concept of religion  
is under a spell of delusion  
It is falsely said, "if you've got it, flaunt it"  
God granted woman beauty but ordered to conceal it  
So tough is the path of humility  
to not seek any worldly nobility

Spiritual masters aren't fools

to break contemporary rules

They always stress on the lower-self's annihilation

Because in God's eyes, worth has a unique criterion

This isn't another philosophical contradiction

This is what I call as the great misconception!

#### 4. A Small Dialogue with the West

They say that Islam was spread solely by the sword

I say it upheld equality among the family of God

They say that in warfare, Holy Prophet himself took part

I say self-defense was the motive right from the start

They say that terrorism is the consequence of only Islam

I say even during battles, Quran shuns bringing undue harm

They say that Pakistan is the home of every extremist

I say your vision is unclear due to rumor's mist

They say that to technology, this Ummah has no contribution

I say Science is an outcome of the old Islamic civilization

They say why don't Muslim countries embrace Western democracy?

I say Quran claims we'll be misled by following the majority

They say, "male chauvinism defines the social setup of your religion"

I say no other society in history has granted more rights to women

They say why didn't Islam immediately abolish the norm of slavery

I say it's wisdom to tear off bad habits slowly gradually

They say that Islam opts for conflict over harmony

I say why did its founder sign Hudaibya treaty?

They say what are the practical steps for achieving peaceful co-existence?

I say spirituality, economic justice and political control in sequence

They say how can we make this world a better place?

I say apply Muhammad's method in time and space!

## 5. Democracy or Islam?

So often we hear from the tongue of the pseudo intellectual  
that this Ummah needs democracy to rise from its upheaval  
The so-called learned do not realize the contradiction  
that lies between Islam and democratic dispensation  
In the very definition of democracy  
is the negation of God's sovereignty  
Of all things, man becomes the measure  
of right and wrong, he is the author  
for its operation, skepticism is inevitable  
to any transgression, it can grant approval  
Be it homosexuality or prostitution  
No guidance from divine revelation  
The Quran claims that majority on earth follow mere conjecture  
If you abide by their opinion, you'll be the eventual loser  
Without spirituality, Nafs dictates the mind of a human  
There is no guarantee of truth in such a situation  
According to great scholars, ijtihad is not an open mandate  
Everyone doesn't have the right to it in an Islamic state  
Shariah is not a playground of the ordinary laymen  
It's an expertise demanding intellectual acumen  
The Holy Prophet's habit of mutual consultations  
was due to the high caliber of his companions  
To label it as democracy  
is nothing but idiocy

The appointment of Abu Bakar as caliph wasn't through elections

but was simply taking a pledge or an oath of allegiance

To consider it as a modern voting process

is ignorance to Islam's original sources

Were the first four rightly guided caliphs politicians?

If yes, they wouldn't have earned such reverence

They were men of the highest standard of excellence

who never desired societal status or prominence

O' Muslims, beware of your enemy's deceitful trap

Follow the Sunnah if you want to rule the map!

## 6. The Fortitude of Islam

Many great men have walked on this planet, earth  
Some are destined for greatness right from birth  
But some undergo metamorphosis at a later stage  
Yet they are remembered with awe in every age  
One such special human being is this poem's subject  
Although words can't grant him his due respect  
By his conversion, faith was given certitude  
Through him, Islam was granted fortitude  
On a critical issue, when he would give his opinion  
To affirm it, God would send a similar revelation  
Wherever he would enter and reside  
Satan would runaway and hide  
When an earthquake shook Madinah's land  
He struck it with a stick in his hand  
and said, "why do you shake? have I not done justice on you?"  
It turned motionless as if just a silent bird had flew  
When the people of Egypt started complaining  
that the river Nile had stopped flowing  
With conviction yet humbleness, he wrote a famous letter  
and asked the governor to throw it in the water  
Suddenly changed was the fate of river Nile  
as if the angels had descended for a while  
Saints and sages are known only for their spirituality  
Yet this man defined a multi-dimensional personality

All-encompassing vision of a leader

Intellectual genius of a scholar

Immutable courage of a holy warrior

Humility of a God's messenger

Unshakable will of a conqueror

All facets in one character

The beautiful petal of the Muslim flower

The worldly manifestation of Divine power

Even Western annals of History testify to his gigantic figure

He was ranked 52 among 100 most influential people ever

Muhammad said, "Allah speaks through the tongue of Umar"

"If there was a prophet after me, it would've been Umar"!

## 7. The Nursery Rhyme of Eid

O' Brothers & Sisters, Congratulation  
For yet another Ramzan's completion  
One month of spiritual purification  
Four weeks of soul's gratification  
The ideal method for sins' deletion  
The perfect way for inner emancipation  
The best therapy for mind's relaxation  
The only cure for heart's wrong fixation  
Muslims don't celebrate the avoidance of fasting  
But rejoice on Allah's mercy that's everlasting  
Although we didn't do anything of worthy significance  
But we sincerely hope for Allah's full acceptance  
However, it's time to seek refuge from Satan  
He is back with the same evil intention  
To be free from his poison's infliction  
We desperately need divine intervention  
And to defend ourselves against Nafs, the inner serpent  
We need the companionship of Allah's sincere servant  
Lets pray that Ramzan wasn't a temporary vacation  
but the first step towards self-transformation!

## 8. Iqbal's Concept of God: My Poetic Description

The definitive root of all occurrence is a will directed rationally

Allah is the unique name given to safeguard its individuality

The Quran negates the pantheistic interpretation

and stresses upon a personalistic conception

In a universe governed by change and relativity

The only absolute constant is light's velocity

Thus light is a metaphor for God but doesn't mean omnipresence

Unlike the perception of other Muslim thinkers of prominence

Even the word 'infinity' doesn't signify spatial extension

But intensity of which this universe is a mere expression

Since the cosmos is dynamic, God is essentially creative

In the affairs of all creations, He is always active

The Ultimate Self is omniscient and All-knowing

but His knowledge isn't like that of a finite being

It is not discursive that passes from subject to subject

But He himself forms the ground of the known object

Omnipotence is undoubtedly His Divine Wisdom's consequence

It isn't only reflected in miracles but in everyday experience

There is no clash between it and evil's immensity

For life to be a challenge, it is man's propensity

A Muslim should believe in goodness's eventual victory

Although it's in contradiction with the present history

God lives in both serial time and eternity

The glorious Quran affirms its possibility

Iqbal was not just a philosopher but also a true lover of God

No wonder his thoughts were in cohesion rather than discord!

## 9. The Pride of Islam

Many great individuals have walked on this planet  
Yet they couldn't claim resemblance to a prophet  
One man holds such a high station  
whose worth is beyond imagination  
Even before entering the fold of religion  
His was a story of moral perfection  
But when he acknowledged Muhammad's prophethood  
Between him and God, no veils stood  
His later life, many biographies have captured  
By his existence, God Himself was flattered  
If I start counting the virtues in this special person  
The dictionary runs out of words for a description  
Whatever lied in Muhammad's heart was poured into his  
No spiritual transformation can ever match this  
When Treaty of Hudaibia aroused immense frustration  
His character calmed down the critical situation  
When Muhammad's tragic death made Muslims restless  
Only his intervention turned them speechless  
When Muslims were clueless about caliphate's legacy  
His appointment gave them bliss and sanity  
When Muslims witnessed the emergence of false prophets  
He ordered the extermination of such Satan's puppets  
When Muslims needed Quran's compilation in the form of a book  
the collection of different parts of it, he undertook

In the small tenure of three months and two years  
He systematized the caliphate to run the affairs  
When payment of Zakat was being refused by people  
He declared a holy war to turn them feeble  
Arabia was divided into provinces under his administration  
Scrutiny of officials was a part of his constitution  
Under his rule, there was no growth of Biddah  
Every act was analyzed according to Sunnah  
An epitome of Quran's standard of the word, "taqwa"  
On Judgment Day, he will cool down the anger of Allah  
I am compelled to make this humble confession  
My verses can't do justice to this human  
O' Abu Bakar, you used to have admiration for poetic skill  
I hope your soul accepts this small gift from Aadil!

## 10. The Gate of Knowledge

Many companions were enlightened by Muhammad's radiant aura  
Yet none was granted as much supervision as Ali Al-Murtaza  
At 10, he was mature enough to accept Islam  
Who knew what wonders lied in his palm  
He grew into a man of innumerable shining traits  
Whether deep philosophy or high mystical states  
As a holy warrior, he was the most lion-hearted  
Those who fought him had their souls departed  
As a judge, he was hailed by Muhammad as the best  
No baffling case could ever put him to test  
As an orator, he was par excellence  
His speech induced awe and reverence  
As a commentator of Quran, no interpretation was free from his opinion  
As an expert of jurisprudence, he understood divine will with reason  
For 6 months, Khalid Bin Waleed had failed to spread Islam in Yemen  
When Ali was sent, the tables were turned within days by his acumen  
About his character's caliber, there are no 'buts' and 'ifs'  
He belonged to the league of 4 rightly guided caliphs  
Prophetic guidance had endowed him with immense wisdom  
Yet critics blame him in the name of intellectual freedom  
So much negativity has been written about his role as a leader  
Not a single historian acknowledges how much he had to suffer  
Enemies of the first two caliphs were outright disbelievers  
But Ali had to face the wrath of his own believers

Thus he was challenged by the worst circumstances

An ordinary Muslim would've been out of senses

About his greatness, how can there be any disagreement or debate?

Muhammad said, "If I am the city of knowledge, Ali is its gate"!

11. Just a small thought

Since the advent of Adam and Eve,

Mystics have asked us to believe

that the highest achievement is self-annihilation

Yet since we are captivated by self-actualization

this idea doesn't appeal to us at all

It is only when we break down and fall

we realize that how feeble we truly are

for us to work and shine like a star

each and every iota of our very complex body

should be in a state of perfect tranquility

To such an unbelievable extent

we depend on God's intent

If He doesn't take care of us

and grant us bounties surplus

We are nothing but just another organism

this humility isn't taught by any ism

only religious experience can guarantee

such a profound sense of spirituality

in which you don't get carried away

by your normal routine every day

so much gratitude we should offer

that only seldom we have to suffer

No wonder, the prophets laughed little and wept more

because life's reality is an ocean without a shore

Such a deceiving illusion is this material world's outer getup

That's why Muhammad said, "people are asleep; when they die, they wake-up"!

## 12 A Bundle of Contradictions

O' God

I have such a strange relationship with you

I can't comprehend what you put me through

Sometimes you grant me surprises of the most pleasant nature

I feel like laying my head in prostration forever

But sometimes you put me through so much hell

that I feel so hurt, I can't even yell

Sometimes you seem to be the Grand Designer of the cosmos

No Science or Philosophy can bring in my faith any loss

Sometimes your creation has so many imperfections

I simply fail to be in a state of appreciation

Sometimes you give me so much honor and glory

As if between you and I, there is a love story

Sometimes you make me go through so much humiliation

As if you want to teach me a bitter lesson

Sometimes I am flattered by the talents you let me taste

Sometimes I am frustrated by seeing them go to waste

Sometimes my complaint against you is a neverending river

Sometimes, at the thought of your majesty, I shiver

In my life, you have so many roles to play

That I am baffled as to what to pray

Perhaps, you'll always remain a wondrous mystery

Only death will unveil you in front of me!

13. Thank you Dear Readers

You may not be aware of it at all

but you raise me when I fall

When I had totally given up writing

My literary spark, you kept igniting

When I think my mind has become fully empty

you sow the seed of intellect's tree

When I see your name in my inbox

I get rid of my mental blocks

Whether a critique or an appreciation

You help me in self-transformation

You may encourage me or you may belittle me

In either case I testify to your sincerity

I may not know each one of you on a personal level

Yet our bond is pure without the whims of devil

Since many years, my career has been in a state of crisis

But your presence in my life is a source of bliss

Never think you just belong to an emailing list

Ask my heart, how often you are missed

Lets hope our relationship forever remains alive

And of your input, I am never deprived

You can criticize my works as much as you like it

But I'll always consider it in the right spirit

As long as you take out time from your busy schedule

In my lyrical kingdom, you'll always rule

Pray that God keeps moving you with my words

and grants me the best of both worlds!

#### 14. A Message to Islam

I have written around 100 poems about you  
Yet I fail to understand what is true  
Truth does not seem as simple as is portrayed  
Reality is far more complex than is displayed  
I do know that you are the best religion  
But I can't prove on the basis of reason  
Your veracity can only be gauged through experience  
Why does the world demand rational evidence?  
Science is too shallow to fathom your multi-dimensional nature  
Philosophy can't satisfy the knowledge-seekers of high stature  
Perhaps, only Mysticism quenches the human thirst  
No wonder, it reaches the destination first  
It frees man from the choking and deceptive web of logic  
Too much indulgence of which only turns the soul sick  
It demands too much humility  
rather than mental ability  
The one who doesn't go after proof  
eventually hits the sky's roof  
Faith and belief aren't everyone's ball-game  
To the intellect, they may appear lame  
Beware of West's infatuation with the mind  
An untainted heart, they can't find  
Till today, the phenomena of consciousness perplexes them  
Because they consider brain as the root rather than stem  
It is pure love that is the real master  
or the spiritual journey is a disaster!

## 15. THE REVOLUTION

With utter dismay, the Ummah sees its face in the mirror  
Defeat, humiliation and despair forms the entire picture  
In the last two centuries, many movements have taken place  
that claimed to change the dynamics of time and space  
Yet none of them was successful in bringing an Islamic revolution  
Because, with the prophetic methodology, they were in contradiction  
From a great scholar, I have learned the revolutionary process  
I sincerely hope that my message reaches all the masses  
It starts with a ground-breaking ideology  
shattering all 'isms' with its philosophy  
Intellectual cleansing takes place through preaching  
For which modern means are a source of blessing  
Knowledge of Islam is transferred as much as possible  
without which pollution of minds is inevitable  
Mere intelligence can't traverse, towards truth, the journey  
Wings of faith are granted to set humans free  
Then the influenced individuals are brought on one platform  
Without unity and discipline, failure is the norm  
Then the leader imparts a special training to his people  
So that the impact of anti-Islamic efforts is feeble  
This most vital step is known as spiritual purification  
the religious counterpart of West's self-actualization  
Followers are transformed so that they reach the level of servitude  
Divine light is poured into their hearts granting them fortitude

Since, at this stage, the number of adherents of Truth is only few  
They adopt passive resistance to the opposition they're put through  
This attitude in contrast to the enemy's cruelty  
earns the sympathy of the silent majority  
Thus, slowly and gradually, the number of supporters increase in number  
Active resistance without violence wakes the common man from slumber  
Initially, civil disobedience is encouraged without fighting  
But the time arrives to overthrow the ones, ruling  
A direct physical confrontation between the two is manifested  
Courage and integrity of revolutionaries are tested  
Now there should be no obstacles in implementing the word of God  
Be it armed conflict, military struggle or through the sword  
If ideology is powerful, it can't be confined within a country  
If based on reality, it will transcend geographical boundary  
This is the supreme technique of the dervish known as Muhammad  
If not applied, the Ummah will remain just a puddle of mud!

## 16. The Godless Delusion

Be not baffled by the prevalence of many a smiling face

It is the perfect mask for the sorrow of human race

How can a pain that is of a spiritual nature

be erased by indulgence in a physical venture?

The tragedy of man is that he has mistaken

momentary pleasure with real satisfaction

How can a mind full of falsity be at ease?

How can a blemished heart be at peace?

So much has been said on the concept of consciousness

Yet modern thought is devoid of intellectual finesse

Microscopic exploration of matter is the obsession

As if the spirit is in a state of recession

Is the quest for quenching never-ending curiosity

possible without comprehending ultimate reality?

These so-called sages claim to be path-seekers

Yet time unveils them as truth's disbelievers

Laborious learning of facts yields just information

But mystics gain special knowledge through intuition

Genuine bliss is indeed a very rare phenomenon

It's the fruit of intense self-transformation

Contemporary standards of success are ego-boosters

Endless inner voids turn us into imposters

How can ignorance to the self's need

give birth to a truly amazing deed?

When the soul is disconnected from its origin  
Contentment is merely a theoretical description  
Only once, I have experienced that ecstasy  
that Sufis manage to possess perpetually  
I can never deny that divine force  
that links us to our actual source  
As long as pure religion is deemed as life's rival  
Pursuit of happiness will remain a viscous cycle!

## 17. The Unnamed Lyrics

Till the esoteric dimension isn't understood

one will remain deprived of servanthood

Till the veils are not lifted

one is ignorant no matter how gifted

Till the Listener is not flattered

one's prayers are not answered

Till one doesn't feel a Divine Presence

one's religiosity is devoid of essence

Till all the faults, one doesn't admit

one's worship is a body without spirit

Till all doors aren't knocked

one's ascent is blocked

Till the thorns aren't felt like roses

one cannot claim to experience gnosis

Till intellect is not negated

one's humility is over-rated

Till logic isn't unseated

one's faith isn't completed

Till pride isn't spilled from above

one's heart isn't filled with love

Till the path is travelled without a master

one cannot be labelled as a traveller

Till one's worth is reckoned significant

one's progress will stay stagnant

Till other's aren't seen as superior  
one is denied freedom from anger  
Till one's own caliber is the reliance  
one isn't granted the trait of silence  
Till there is no shattering of ego  
one's passions, one can't forego  
Till the higher consciousness isn't awakened  
one's self is a symbol of being decadent  
Till one is deaf to the beat of this world's drum  
one continues to be endowed with pearls of wisdom!

18. On 14th August

Beloved Pakistan, Happy Birthday  
For you, I should've written an essay  
But I would prefer to pay  
a small tribute in a lyrical way  
So many talents, you've managed to display  
You're gifted with bounties not to decay  
In crisis, don't let your resolve sway  
Your image, the media tries to slay  
You're beautiful no matter what others portray  
To your accolades, blind are they  
On your ground, as I lay  
I feel your fragrance's spray  
With sheer sincerity, I say  
We are honored to reside on your clay  
Whose saints don't let us go astray  
May no nation use you like an ashtray  
Your pact, let no politician betray  
To your enemies' plan, don't fall prey  
Strive to keep your tears at bay  
No matter how much you are in dismay  
Your future is brighter than a sun-ray  
Your radiance will never fade away  
On this earth, you're bound to stay  
With the vision of Jinnah, let none play  
With the fervor of Iqbal, we all pray

To Islam, may your constitution be a stairway

The Divine Code, may our leaders obey!

## 19. ANTHEM 2016

When humanity is under the spell of whim's seduction  
When thoughts are twisted by Satan's deception  
When feelings are filled with Nafs's dictation  
When there isn't left any purity in intention  
When faith doesn't possess an iota of conviction  
When success is measured by ego's affirmation  
When education is sought for wealth's accumulation  
When knowledge is gained just for domination  
When prosperity is seen as buildings' erection  
When peace is meant for the victim's subjugation  
When sincere activists only encounter exasperation  
When the Creator is assumed to have undergone extinction  
When man perceives no wonder in his own creation  
When intellect succumbs to Darwin's theory of evolution  
When spirituality is dressed in a false conception  
When humility is surmised with a weak connotation  
When wisdom is marked by the power of argumentation  
When truth and reality are only terms for demonstration  
When genius is used for the purpose of ostentation  
When the will isn't under the Almighty's submission  
When fate is believed as an unworthy intervention  
When life is only for desires's gratification  
When existence seems body and soul's bifurcation  
When Islamic worldview is deemed as mere imagination  
When religion is blamed for the world's awful situation

When leaders are used as tools to worsen the condition

When terrorism reaches the stage of systemization

When books & speeches can't inculcate moral elevation

When endless information doesn't give an explanation

When Muhammad's method isn't applied for revolution

When no new prophet will arrive for salvation

When all isms have failed for evil's eradication

When the entire philosophy needs reinterpretation

Go, fetch some water and perform ablution

With God, enter into a private conversation

Put your head in a state of prostration

Experience your self define the word, transformation!

## 20. An Aspirant's Confession

O' God,

Take me away for I want to return

I've seen it all, I've taken my turn

This life is a veil between you and I

Give me death's wings so that I fly

Our divine covenant, I've completely forgotten

This world has rendered my memory rotten

Insignificant chores have engulfed me

It is high time you set my spirit free

Acknowledge my restlessness to meet you

Don't let me belong to the negligent crew

With you, so many have fallen in love

I yearn to witness what resides above

For how long I'll continue to write heartfelt poetry

Without sowing the seed, I wish to see the tree

I ain't one of those who are steadfast enough

to keep fighting with caprice and Satan's bluff

the longer I exist

the lesser I resist

My entire being, this sinfulness bites

I am denying my soul of its rights

I see myself attaining no heights

It is like chasing afar kites

Only grave will really punch my ego

when I'm buried from head to toe

Against fate, I have no grudge

I know you're the best judge

I am pleased I haven't lost my literary touch

I am no mystic, words are my only crutch

Psychologists can't rightly interpret this confession

They can only label it a sign of depression

As long as I breathe, you will remain hidden

Let Azrael come so I see your shining sun!

## 21. Ode To Someone Special

Just when it all seems a dead end  
and nothing is easy to comprehend  
the damage is impossible to mend  
Only failure, I apprehend  
To my existence, misery appends  
It seems futile to make amends  
there are no prayers to ascend  
to my cries, none is to attend  
No new person worthy to befriend  
No one to advise or recommend  
of confusions, life is a blend  
Fate becomes a rule I can't bend  
My experience, no one to commend  
Too many adversaries to contend  
Everyone wants to offend  
My rights, no one to defend  
No more blessings to descend  
Upon anything, I can't depend  
No more energies to expend  
No boundaries to transcend  
No open arms to extend  
No virtue to intend  
Not even a penny to spend  
Fears and doubts, I can't suspend  
Success is a myth, a bygone legend

A single smile, I can't pretend

And tragedy has become a trend

Waiting for me is someone only God can send

She is my mother, my angel, my best friend!

## 22. Homage to an Exceptional Human

In a wild world, so full of thorns  
You save me from being hit by scorn  
In the wake of despair and hopelessness  
You console me with sheer tenderness  
When I assume God has abandoned me  
In my heart, you plant faith's tree  
When I start denying the wisdom of fate  
In my mind, you restore a sane state  
When I feel I've been betrayed by life  
You cut pessimism with sanguinity's knife  
In times of utter pain and need  
You ensure that I don't bleed  
When I think my talents will soon vanish  
You ignite them and they never relinquish  
In the advent of thunder and storm  
Your shelter keeps me safe and warm  
When I am entangled in chains of grief  
Your words and actions bring me relief  
When a permanent frown is seen above my chin  
Your embrace transforms it into a pleasant grin  
In the emergence of the intent to blame  
You are self-introspection's candle-flame  
In the jaws of adversity, when I am stuck  
You pray to the heavens to send good luck

When I am about to wear the attire of rebellion  
You prove me patience is the trait of a champion  
When I doubt the veracity of religion  
You remind me of God's special acumen  
Just when I thought I couldn't write any further  
You inspired me because you are the best father!

### 23. Part 2: An Aspirant's Confession

O' God

Grant me a long life so I may serve you more

In the skies of excellence, I want to soar

With all my faults, you chose me for vicegerency

I'll never lose hope when there's divine clemency

The longer I'll live

More bounties you'll give

On your path, harder the struggle is

In the end, the higher the bliss

More than anything, I seek perseverance's wings

to be patient is the hardest of all things

Urgency to reach the destination is itself a veil

As long as I strive, I will never truly fail

Ignite in me love's fire by which ego is melted

A heart full of pride means a journey halted

For our covenant's remembrance, make me see your signs

Bestow inner sight rather than Philosophy or Science

Endow me with pure intent so every chore is worship

from the cup of servanthood, let me have a sip

Inculcate in me act of repentance again and again

Purge sins from my soul by your blessings' rain

I am no one to judge my own rank in your eyes

Become my crutch so that I may continue to rise

In crisis, let faith prevent me from feeling blue

Reveal your wisdom in whatever you put me through

You are the real source of my talent  
I cannot keep this secret as latent  
How could I dare to give you an advice?  
Let that poem be a fortuity in disguise  
If the people consider me a man gone mad  
I'll consider the ridicule a worldly fad  
Other than your pleasure, I have nothing left to ask  
Let angel of death come after I fulfill my task!

## 24. Knowledge

No school of thought debates on knowledge's importance

The Quran and Hadith grant it so much prominence

Yet its definition is a matter of dispute

Even among the scholars of high repute

For some, it's the accumulation of information

For some, it is the intellect's formation

For some, it's the tool differentiating wrong from right

For some, it is the nourishment of an inner sight

But the most profound explanation

is about the mystical transformation

Knowledge is that light which when enters the heart

compels the knower to act on it from the start

It is the process that unveils the Almighty

It is growth of the trait of humility

It is a fruit of neither intelligence nor ability

It is that which brings, to the self, tranquility

Knowledge is what connects the soul to its origin

After which religion isn't a matter of compulsion

It is what makes piety as the natural disposition

When sin seems to man a source of repulsion

Beware of the perils of modern era's scholarship

Without spiritual experience, reading books is hip

If one becomes a seeker out of mere curiosity

One may acquire fame but won't reach veracity

Truth or reality isn't the outcome of human inquisitiveness  
but for those who adopt in front of God, submissiveness  
History has taught that genius isn't the mark of wisdom  
Brilliant minds of the West have embraced Islam seldom  
The messed-up world of today needs another Imam Abu Hanifa  
Who, for forty years, can offer fajr with ablution of Isha  
No wonder they say, "seek knowledge from cradle to grave"  
The more you will know, the more you will crave!

## 25. Philosophy of Religion

Although God is above any weakness or need  
Yet there is a secret He revealed indeed  
With someone, He intended to share His splendor  
So, in front of Him, that being would surrender  
He wanted it to experience true love's feeling  
Which angels couldn't taste despite worshipping  
That is why He chose to create man  
Despite the implications of this plan  
Without its opposite, can any emotion be appreciated?  
In the bigger picture, could love exist without hatred?  
With hatred, suffering, too, became inevitable  
In the divine scheme, it was indispensable  
Otherwise who could claim more innocence than a prophet  
Yet, by tribulations, they were most often hit  
And still they remained unconditionally in a state of gratitude  
Because in their hierarchy, love had the highest magnitude  
Not just in theory but in practice as well  
This world revolves only till lovers dwell  
That is why the Day of Judgment won't ever arrive  
If there's a single heart where love does thrive  
Take lessons from the story of Satan  
Had love been the basis of his religion  
On God's command, he would have fallen into prostration  
But only for the beloved, one embraces self-negation!

## 26: A Poet's Dilemma

The poet's duty is to enliven those who are down  
But how can I praise a nation about to drown?  
By being optimistic about our future, do I resemble a clown?  
Should I stop writing and, instead, sit, criticize and frown?  
In Islamic worldview, art isn't just for art's sake  
But for inspiring people towards ideals they forsake  
To inject life into those who are afraid of that ache  
that's involved in bringing the change you want to make  
But when I look around what's happening in the globe  
the more I learn about Ummah, the lesser I probe  
It inculcates so much despair, misery and ambiguity  
that I ask, "is it rational to promote positivity?"  
Should I actually show my readers the real picture  
on which lies nothing but the devil's signature?  
Am I too naive to be possessed by so much zeal?  
Are we living in a world that can really heal?  
On my lips, should I shrewdly put a permanent seal?  
Can I curb a heart that can know, not just feel?  
On one hand, our prophet showed us the path of revolution  
On the other hand, our progress is such a slow evolution  
It seems Muslims are only waiting for Imam Mahdi  
Not realizing even he alone can't taste victory  
God is simply too full of Justice to offer an undeserved conquest  
He lets Dajjal's followers win on basis of dedication to the quest  
Between unflinching hope and sheer pessimism, I am an enigma  
this is, unfortunately, what I call as the poet's dilemma!

## 28. Eid-ul-Azha Nursery Rhyme

Don't be fooled by your mind's inhibition  
Be seduced only by your heart's conviction  
You may use your intellect as much as you can  
Pilgrimage is a story of romance between God and man  
Your thoughts cannot even fathom an iota of this act  
This is the greatest manifestation of the divine pact  
For those devoid of faith, this is a senseless ritual  
For pilgrims, a journey from mere theory to the actual  
For souls untouched by love, the height of being fanatics  
For lovers, the ultimate response to Satan's tricks  
O' Muslims, celebrate your victory over conceit  
Your worship brought your ego under your feet  
For the human spirit, this is the best treat  
It's not just a pious deed but a real feat  
Your life had revolved around worldly chores  
But now you knocked on the special doors  
However, as God's vicegerent, your task isn't fulfilled  
By your personal purification, don't yet be thrilled  
You are endowed with a gigantic challenge at hand  
To ensure dominance of His Law on this land  
Preaching alone isn't the way of our beloved Prophet  
Follow him in entirety so the candle of change is lit!

## 29. A Critique of Philosophy

Not long ago, I was in love with Philosophy  
But now I see Islam totally differently  
Philosophy begins with the very notion of doubt  
which, inevitably, inspires the person to flout  
Skepticism is its primary hallmark  
which extinguishes faith's spark  
It's an open invitation for free thinking  
which contradicts the act of believing  
It robs everything of sanctity  
It challenges religion's authority  
It claims intellect as the sole reliance  
It denies the need of divine guidance  
It relies on tools of logic, reason and rationality  
which can't guarantee correct pursuit of spirituality  
It glorifies the thought possessing originality  
even if its indifferent to truth or reality  
Modern academia has categorized it as an art  
thus laying the false foundation from start  
In life, man has only a limited tenure  
All remains well if the heart is pure  
Then the mind doesn't need any cure  
Philosophy can't do this for sure  
No wonder, journey of many Muslim philosophers ended in its denial  
Rather than quenching their thirst, it put them in a trial  
They finally found answers in a different path's adoption  
It was Sufism that granted their souls satisfaction!

30. "What is it?"

It has struck too many souls since man's inception  
As a phenomenon, it's too prevalent to undergo rejection  
For the strong, it's the birth of a new human  
For the weak, it's the entire personality's destruction  
For some, it reveals their hidden potential  
For others, it turns them utterly feeble  
In theory, it turns us far more spiritual  
In practice, it draws us closer to the devil  
It fully shakes the very fabric of our character  
It shatters common beliefs of God and hereafter  
Literature labels it as life's X factor  
Art transforms it into a beautiful chapter  
Philosophy cannot see any benefit in its experience  
Religion ascribes it a vital place in our existence  
If granted a choice, even prophets won't embrace it  
None knows why it has to be written in fate's script  
What is it which forms the subject of this poetry?  
It is nothing but the mysterious Science of tragedy!

### 31. The Alma Mater

In an age of intellectual crisis and spiritual sickness  
When the entire Muslim Ummah is in sheer mess  
When the educational system needs reconstruction  
The concept of University seeks a new definition  
Conventional religious schools fail to meet challenges of this era  
The modern academia, without Islamic ethos, is also a dilemma  
Need of the hour is the existence of such institutes  
Where modern knowledge is intact with its roots  
Where contemporary research meets traditional wisdom  
Of too much information, the mind isn't a victim  
Whether the old generation or youth  
Hearts tirelessly search for the truth  
Where no branch of learning is secular  
Every discipline reveals a sacred nature  
Where reason embraces divine revelation  
Human efforts inspire God's intervention  
Where competition is devoid of ill will  
In motivation, impulse of ego is nil  
Where Quran is the reservoir of guidance  
And Sunnah exhibits its actual eminence  
Where global leadership is the aspiration  
And service to humanity is the slogan  
Where dominance is a means not the end  
Love is the perpetual force and trend  
Matter and spirit aren't in duality  
The self is in harmony with reality  
Not just in theory but also in practice  
Fusion of worldly success and eternal bliss  
Oh readers, this isn't just a dream  
Or a preacher's emotional scream  
This is the mission of the ideal alma mater  
that generates individuals of esteemed stature  
who do not blame the circumstances or situation  
but look into themselves for igniting a revolution!

## 32. The Divine Music

Go way beyond the reach of mere logic  
for once, identify your soul is sick  
Beware of the genius of Satan's trick  
Be moved by your conscience's prick  
Shun arguments of that shallow critic  
who doesn't know the path of a mystic  
In the wall of love, be that brick  
which none can remove or pick  
Whether life is joyous or tragic  
Whether truth is simple or ironic  
No occurrence will make you frantic  
Fear is turned off by a single click  
Let this world not turn you nostalgic  
No matter it seduces you with gimmick  
Bookish knowledge can't guarantee any magic  
Unveiling becomes slower than a clock's tick  
Beat your carnal self with that stick  
which transforms a scholar into a gnostic  
whose speech isn't of a usual cleric  
but is preserved as a museum relic  
He is devoid of the desire to be iconic  
Yet becomes virtue's unrivaled yardstick  
The Prophet's shoes, let your tongue lick  
so you, finally, hear the Divine Music!

### 33. The Esoteric Song

O' ostentation

Vanish. I am about to write

O' fame

Approach me not. I know my intent

O' pride

Leave me. I am beautiful without you

O' ego

Runaway. I have chosen innocence

O' people

Silence. My will isn't your dictation

O' world

Don't entice. My self is pure indeed

O' Nafs

Surrender. Your fate is slavery to me

O' Satan

Give up. Love has outplayed intellect

O' jealousy

I am contented with what I have

O' anger

Humility taught me overcoming you

O' lust

My definition of beauty has changed

O' power

My strength lies in weakness in front of your Owner

O' path

No philosopher am I to be ignorant to your secrets

O' cosmos

I am not a scientist to reckon you a mystery

O' knowledge

The disciple in me learnt that you can be a veil

O' Muhammad

I seek you in every master but none approaches you

O' God

I pray that this isn't narcissism in disguise!

### 34. The Universal Memorandum

Quantum physics shakes the very foundation of materialism  
It shatters the entire paradigm of scientific atheism  
Gone is the age of division between Science and Spirituality  
Both are nothing but distinct aspects of the same reality  
Consciousness is anything but an epiphenomenon of the brain  
Far more complex is its actual source and domain  
After discovery of heart's hidden dimensions by Neuro-cardiology  
Indeed, the time has befallen for a brand new Epistemology  
Truth may be, sometimes, logical  
but its manifestation is ontological  
No more questions arise about the purpose of existence  
Which methodology to ascribe is of grave consequence  
Higher religion makes man transcend space and time  
Can there be a message more powerful and sublime?  
Modern man wonders which fabric of thought to sew?  
He simply fails to construct a holistic worldview  
Will he comprehend the fragmentary nature of human knowledge?  
Lack of unity of intellectual disciplines, will he acknowledge?  
Bereft of vision was he to grasp Darwinism's implication  
Shouldn't he be ashamed to use the word 'civilization'?  
Too vulnerable is life to be dictated by a false synthesis  
Whether or not you believe in concept of eternal bliss  
Before another global war strikes the earth  
While no new prophet will be given birth  
Need of the hour isn't waiting for a heroic savior  
But striving for veracity in our own endeavor!

### 35. THE ALCHEMY

No God am I to define evil and good  
Yet man enough to express selfhood  
By Aadil, I want love to be understood  
and wish to burn like a piece of wood  
I yearn to see beyond space and time  
Worldliness is but a spiritual crime  
I crave for the shattering of norms  
For breaking inhibition's all forms  
Enough of living without an inspired philosophy  
Adherence out of fear doesn't bring any trophy  
It is love that dispels myths of reason  
It reveals the self's hidden dimension  
It unveils the sacred nature of a human  
Being unmoved by the body's deception  
It fully lifts every kind of curtain  
Divine Presence, it will ascertain  
Because heart is its source of cognition  
It's the cause behind soul's ignition  
It fosters that special everlasting ideology  
where coherence is the only terminology  
where seeking the Truth isn't a game of chess  
Reality is clear as a sun's morning caress  
Man rises above daily chores  
In the seventh sky, he soars

Welcoming even the tribulation  
as an opportunity for elevation  
In his dictionary, every word carries a positive connotation  
His mind traverses the spectrum of faithless speculation  
Then he is granted that secret password  
No image of existence is left blurred  
He is that evidence endorsing God's own breath  
This is the consequence of one's ego's death  
Discursive language is devoid of transcendence  
To encapsulate concepts of such essence  
This experience culminated in holy prophet's ascension  
whose self didn't need further transformation  
He was closer to God than two lovers in a kiss  
No mortal in history came near than this!

### 36. From Agnosticism to Islam

Not long ago, I was an agnostic  
Possessed attitude of a skeptic  
I was exposed to an army of truth's adversary  
When my foundations were still in infancy  
In the name of intellectual credibility  
I thought I was serving the humanity  
Old convictions were totally shaken  
A dangerous venture, I'd undertaken  
Little did I know, there was more to Islam  
which can't be captured in one man's palm  
Although I had no ulterior motives to serve  
I didn't give the attention it did deserve  
I deemed new findings as source of enlightenment  
Not realizing they too will undergo effacement  
Evolution does explain when man reached earth  
But lacks evidence defying Adam's special birth  
In describing what happened before, Darwin was a hero  
But the proof of apes turning into humans is zero  
Modern Science never mentions Muslims who gave much earlier  
ideas about this theory with full eloquence and vigor  
I dreamed of the utopia in John Lennon's "Imagine"  
But I overlooked adverse repercussions of sin  
As a pacifist, I loved the notion that war should never prevail  
But jihaad, ironically, restores peace when other efforts fail  
Two world wars proved religion alone doesn't cause division  
False non-religious doctrines too lead to havoc's creation  
Islam is criticized for having many a version  
Yet spirituality, its ideal, only fosters cohesion  
No Philosopher has ever proposed an entire system of ideology  
In which all dimensions of existence may bind in harmony  
Only Muhammad can be credited with such a feat  
All the genius should surrender to his feet  
Did he acquire any formal education at all?  
All arguments against prophethood thus fall  
Did he achieve that for personal glory to some extent?  
Nature of impact is criterion to judge one's intent  
Vain desires can bring fame, wealth not morality  
Men of God aren't corrupted even in authority  
The rightly guided caliphs ruled but not for power's lust  
Though imperfectly, they strived for societies to be just  
The Imams manifested the dynamism in Islamic thought  
Fallible indeed yet scholars of the highest sort  
Multiple interpretations in the same book  
is a testament of Quran's diverse outlook

Reason without revelation is a strange guide  
Sometimes elevation, sometimes down-slide  
Had intelligence alone been a safe carriage  
Modernity would've shunned same-sex marriage  
Knowledge is indeed a double-edged weapon  
Without ethics, even technology is poison  
Islam's opponents are ignorant to Arabic language  
Their weak opinions, why should we acknowledge  
Even Einstein's works, if read, out of context  
can be dismissed as pillars too weak to erect  
Islam is belittled for rights of the female gender  
Why most converts are women if its an offender?  
As a code of life, Sunnah defines practicality  
Not allowing Sufis to escape from reality  
Iqbal wasn't a fool to advocate its wisdom  
He examined both East and West's spectrum  
Humanists claim philanthropy as the greatest action  
But isn't indifference to God a major transgression? I pray I stick to this path of self-discovery  
Within it, endless vistas be explored by me  
My humble advice to apostates is return my friend  
There still is a new beginning after every end  
Islam is not just another faith or belief  
Dig deeper; you'll heave sighs of relief  
Ignore its people who make you doubt its veracity  
Consider them as only taints on its real beauty  
This world is designed to break our heart  
So we may recall our journey's start  
Even before birth, we were born  
Before this night, there was dawn  
Someone had asked us, "am I not your Lord?"  
All said, "yes". This realm is mere fraud!

### 37. Search for the Truth

According to Einstein, facts are inferior to imagination

Thus poetry isn't less than an academic dissertation

It is animals who, for knowing, have to see

Humans are gifted with a superior faculty

Had our earthly existence spanned a millennium

I would be the first to embrace skepticism

How exciting would it be to challenge everything

To doubt and turn certainties into nothing

But for tenures as short as sixty five

Is that a wise approach to life?

A single field of knowledge, can you show

in which the seed of faith, you don't sow?

Do you verify every information that its experts claim?

Be it Science or Religion, approach is the same

I believe in atoms because Scientists taught me

Not for once, I experimented in a laboratory

Due to historians, we affirm Aristotle's figure

That is blind reliance not scholarly vigor

People worshiped God because messengers told them to

What then makes them so different and untrue?

Where the prophets manifested simplicity

Free thinkers only invite complexity

Instead of giving answers to questions

They create a plethora of confusions

To humanity, what is their contribution?

Mere speculation or insightful conclusion?  
Can we live normally if we only suspect?  
Isn't time more important than any aspect?  
Infront of revelation, why we be humble?  
Because unaided reason makes us stumble  
God is defined as the greatest conceivable being  
But even that is just a way of perceiving  
He is unexplained by any intellectual endeavor  
Every attempt will only leave a sense of wonder  
That is the beauty of His nature  
Every generation has to rediscover  
Because hadn't it been like this  
This journey wouldn't bring bliss  
In His transcendence, there is profound wisdom  
An all-knowing human would drown in boredom  
If there is nothing left to learn  
If no higher status to earn  
What would inspire us to remain alive?  
Monotony would kill the urge to strive  
In our imperfection  
lies our evolution  
Thus for our finitude  
we must offer gratitude  
What the West needs is comprehension of this reality  
Its clash with medieval Church was an inevitability  
A scripture not preserved isn't divine in the first place  
It cannot cater the continuous changes in time-space

When priests were committing atrocities of the worst kind  
Arabs were exploring this cosmos with a genius mind  
Had Islam been an outdated set of absurd convictions  
Its golden era would've been devoid of inventions  
The Quran infused a spirit of revolution  
for building a glamorous civilization  
In the quest for learning, Muhammad said, go as far as China  
where there wasn't even a trace of knowledge of Shariah  
The holy text and its commentary both resisted corruption  
And this status simply belongs to no other religion  
Heartening it is to see America infatuated with Rumi, the Muslim poet  
But very few read him say, "I am the dust on the path of the Prophet"  
The world may reach the end of history  
God will remain the supreme mystery  
Philosophy leads us to a closed paradox  
It is only love that finally unlocks  
It isn't objective to deny love's power  
Rather a mistake of the highest order  
Our ordinary level of consciousness is elementary  
In it, our ability to understand is fragmentary  
It is only in God's unveiling  
We realize our own failing  
That is why genuine Sufis recognize Him  
as we experience water when we swim  
They don't look into the universe for signs  
A spiritual heart doesn't need any Science  
Even for an atheist, death opens the inner eye

That's why Muhammad said, die before you die  
Modernists propose Islam's reinterpretation  
Need of our age is self-purification  
It is ego that perverts the soul  
Over minds, hearts have control  
No matter how much education one may acquire  
Without humility, one is a prey to desire  
A sick spirit upholds the logic of Satan  
that argument which caused his expulsion  
Today, subscribe to the correct Epistemology  
Day of Judgment won't accept an apology!

Throughout history, genius people have walked on this planet  
Nature blessed them with gifts otherwise impossible to exhibit  
Scientists presented theories that turned our outlook upside-down  
Philosophers generated ideas which made all other opinions drown  
Artists displayed talents adding new dimensions to life's beauty  
Poets and Writers granted insights undiscovered by majority  
Leaders showed us the path towards a major revolution  
Humanitarians proved love's power beyond any emotion  
Inventors changed the world with introduction of technology  
Saints manifested evidence for our potential for morality  
Sportsmen unveiled how practice leads to perfection  
Hitler personified intellect led by evil ambition  
We should ask what is the method for measuring the greatness of any human?  
Grandeur of purpose, scarcity of means and astounding results are the criterion  
Who is that one king among entiremankind  
who must capture every heart and mind?  
whose knowledge hasn't yet been surpassed by any scholar  
whose unparalleled success is both spiritual and secular  
who conquered everything whether beliefs, ethics, law or land  
whose teachings make ideals and reality both go hand in hand  
who was a thinker, mystic, legislator, soldier, orator and ruler  
who defied the division between politics and religious fervor  
whose strategy on peace and war stands the test of time  
whose guidance is for every age practical and sublime  
whose economic principles can end the crisis of our generation  
whose treatise on medicine can give health a vital direction

who alone brought a system of values and acts  
with not a single flaw if based on only facts  
whose message transcends language, race, culture and nationality  
who is in the modern era, the most misunderstood personality  
In tainting his image, truth's adversaries tried their best  
To this, countless books written against him attest  
Since critics cannot undermine his achievement's immensity  
The only way left is to attack his character's integrity  
A layman who doesn't understand the complexity of his mission  
is easily influenced by such distorted discourse's narration  
I challenge the educated and literate individuals  
Can you name one man with superior credentials?  
Infront of his caliber and righteousness, I submit  
He is none other than Muhammad, the last Prophet!

This cosmos has witnessed countless mortals  
Yet one being epitomizes the word "miracle"  
He is none other than Isa, son of Maryam  
Of body and soul, the perfect equilibrium  
Whether it is Islam or Christianity  
Both affirm his affiliation with divinity  
Hardly, a descendant of Adam is born untouched by Satan  
He and Maryam remain the only privileged exception  
From virgin birth to speaking from the cradle  
To shatter laws of nature, who else was able?  
Of Iqbal's theory of self-hood, what can be a superior demonstration  
than to bring, in the spur of a moment, a table of food from heaven?  
It is he who created the birds from clay  
As if it's nothing but a child's play  
Not even the greatest doctor can ever make the blind one see  
Yet this carpenter made Science subservient to his decree  
No power on earth can undo death's hold  
But he made existence enter a new fold  
How out of limits were his deniers in their vice  
Even his foreknowledge didn't let them think twice  
His life defined Muhammad's mystical dimension  
His return will signify Muhammad's revolution  
In Quran, he is the most mentioned person  
In Sufism, he symbolizes ego-annihilation  
He is God's spirit as well as God's word  
Such lofty titles, he alone has deserved

Muhammad said he is the closest to Isa in this realm and hereafter

What did enemies of Isa achieve other than deluded laughter?

O' Prophet Isa, you left behind only a woolen garment, a slingshot and two sandals

Time will not end till mankind sees you rule the world and crush the devils!

This heart bleeds at the Ummah's plight  
Will this darkness ever turn into light?  
Is Muslim renaissance only the utopia of fools  
Or will divine intervention break all rules?  
Muslims remain divided into so many sects  
Only a magic wand can nullify its effects  
Every faction is so convinced of its own superiority  
As if it has a stamp of the Ultimate Authority  
On trivial differences of jurisprudence or theology  
we consider each other as a rival or enemy  
In spirituality, self-righteousness is a cancer  
It makes us blind to the bigger picture  
After holy prophet, whose interpretation can be without error?  
With revelation sealed, infallibility belongs to no scholar  
Ironically, great men of knowledge never claim perfection  
Yet their followers make them idols out of admiration  
Whether it is a thinker's rationality or a Sufi's intuition  
There is no finality in it, let it be under examination  
Wisdom demands respect for, not adherence to, learning of the past  
Islamic Thought must be flexible for a world changing so fast  
It is intellectual excellence that grants religion beauty  
Abu Bakar, Umer, Usman and Ali affirm this reality  
What model have we shown to the West?  
Only our atrocities, they can attest  
Who would embrace our ideology?  
We ourselves disprove its veracity

When will we rise above our petty conflicts within?  
A keen struggle for unity, will we ever begin?  
The enemies of truth laugh at our decadence  
Will we ever do something of significance?  
God never transforms the condition of a nation  
Till its people change their inner disposition  
Only a return to the Quran's original teachings  
can revoke outcome of our immense failings  
Only the essence and spirit of Sunnah  
can end this endless dilemma  
An education system blending secular and religious sciences  
is the solution to an otherwise perpetual crisis  
Nourishment of faith combined with nurture of talent and skill  
A unique responsibility, every individual has to fulfill  
It is the youth that attains self-actualization  
that can become leaders of next generation  
Let none possess the right to declare someone a disbeliever  
Peace, love and brotherhood must be the dominant factor  
Let none be punished for charges of blasphemy  
Till the court hears his side of the story  
Let no citizen dare to take law in his own hand  
Or fabric of society will be crushed like sand  
You may call it mere poetry or just a dream  
I long for the day when you'll join my team  
Neither I am a traditionalist nor a modernist  
I only crave for the pure Islam to exist!

42. A Letter to Holy Prophet (SAW)

With remorse, guilt, regret and shame  
This sinner writes your beautiful name  
These impure hands tremble with fear  
Whether you are far away or near  
What can this beggar say in your kingdom?  
Infront of you, no speech has any wisdom  
In your presence, even giants like Abu-Bakar  
completely forgot about their own stature  
This transgressor has wasted 35 years  
Yet these eyes remain devoid of tears  
This life has defied Sunnah's legacy  
Isn't this violation a blasphemy?  
This hypocrite's tongue affirms your prophethood  
But this heart hasn't believed or understood  
This criminal did compose verses in your praise  
Yet, with true love, this soul wasn't ablaze  
This mind does acknowledge your greatness  
But this body performs deeds so faithless  
Your companions used drops of your sweat as scent  
They did know what being Allah's messenger meant  
Your enemies recognized you as a father identifies his son  
Is Aadil worse than them to not realize you are the one?  
On hearing how you suffered, these ears fix their attention  
Yet this cruel Muslim fails to undergo transformation  
The book that was revealed on you is no doubt divine  
But this evildoer is still unmoved by this sign

For all knowledge, your book is the real criterion  
Why then this ignorant man is without conviction?  
This universe wouldn't have been created but for your existence  
But this offender can't change himself despite such reverence  
During ascension, you crossed that point which Gibrael could not  
Still, in worthless acts, this blameworthy self is caught  
Such a lofty status you hold that Izrael asked for your permission  
So low is this poet to seek other ways for inspiration  
Your lengthy prayers for this Ummah made you weep  
This astray man is so unjust to a bond so deep  
You are the hidden source behind Rumi's Masnavi  
You ignited the flame of Abdul Qadir Gilani  
With the authority of Moses and the compassion of Jesus  
Who deserves to be the most exalted teacher for us?  
With Khizer's sagacity and Yusuf's beauty  
Who has more resemblance with the Almighty?  
It was you who manifested Allah's glory  
Otherwise religion was a tragic story  
Without your veneration, there is simply no virtue  
Endless worship by Qadianis possesses no value  
Even Mother Teresa's charity may need your stamp  
For your denial turns the sun into a mere lamp  
Without your approval, Deepak Chopra's insights are futile  
Without revelation's guidance, mystics can become vile  
So blessed are those who see you in visions or dreams  
Either they should cry or dance with joyful screams  
You forgave your worst enemies on conquest of Makkah

Of such moral excellence, is there any replica?  
Only your imitation threatens the world-order of Iblees  
You are the force that can alter heavenly decrees  
Even disbelievers say you are the most influential person in History  
Yet, as a follower, this culprit can't claim any sincerity  
To you, the Creator Himself sends salutation  
What then is special about this communication?  
I know that you are alive in your grave  
For you to read this letter, I crave  
On the Day of Judgment, I would not at all be able to face you  
But I'll rely on your intercession as your words are true  
When all other prophets would be worried for their own fate  
You alone would be concerned about your Ummah's state  
My salvation will solely depend on your intervention  
O' Muhammad, don't abandon me for my actions  
Countless wrong-doings have been committed by me  
Consider this confession a mark of humility  
Indeed, I am spiritually deaf, dumb and blind  
But you are a mercy for the entire mankind!

The voice that magnetized ears has faded  
The face that stirred souls lies buried  
The maestro of timeless melodies isn't alive  
The hand that penned anthems won't survive  
The mind that embraced change has turned thoughtless  
The heart that throbbed with Pakistan is motionless  
The body that traversed paths for God is dead  
The spirit captivated by Islam has now fled  
The tongue wrongly accused of blasphemy is silent  
The force that inspired youth is no more resilient  
The cruel ones never pardoned your mistake  
But He knows your repentance wasn't fake  
No matter how many rivals labelled you a liar  
People couldn't stop buying your brand's attire  
So many Muslims use and cherish your scent  
Every Sunnah is a cause of spiritual ascent  
The world may remember you as a musical icon  
But preachers will mention you as Iqbal's falcon  
Special prayers of many saints are with you  
May you eternally belong to the blessed crew!

Till today, right from the start  
Many people stabbed in my heart  
What really inspired them to do so?  
Only Judgment Day will let me know  
Many people made fun of my poetry  
Yet never did it halt my journey  
For me, there is no art for art's sake  
But a higher purpose I won't forsake  
How many English Poets have chosen Islam as the aim of expression?  
How many people write for years without a word of appreciation?  
The laymen consider me firing empty guns in the dark  
But scholars claim my works possess a special spark  
Should I pay attention to the ignorant majority?  
Or give importance to the knowledgeable minority?  
My contributions to Islamic Thought aren't for the masses at all  
But for thinkers who crave for Muslims to rise after their fall  
For some people, religion does turn them into celebrities  
But for me, it's a thankless job with no support or ease  
Hatred, jealousy and bias always accompany me  
The evil in human nature, I often see  
Aitchison College taught me, "Perseverance commands success"  
If I hadn't upheld it, my story would've been a mess  
Listen! I am totally indifferent to the quantity of my readers  
In 950 years, Prophet Nuh had less than 100 followers  
  
Isn't history full of individuals whose message attracted audience

only after death when time unveiled their significance?

Perhaps, when I will be no more breathing

My discourse, Truth-seekers will be reading

Then the world might understand who actually was Aadil

A man without sanity or a void impossible to fill?

In the hereafter, if God asks me what did I do except being a sinner?

I'll quote the last Prophet, "Speak the truth even if it's bitter".

For Seekers of Truth

Many brilliant minds tried to comprehend Him  
Many restless hearts strove to capture Him  
So much ink was used to describe Him  
Countless pages written to explain Him  
But all failed utterly in their quest  
As if making an unwanted request

Why does the holy book bring tears in one set of eyes  
while convincing another it's just a pack of lies?  
In the end, it is the recipient that will decide  
A seeker isn't comparable with humans of pride  
Intellect can only embrace a part of the way  
Knowledge alone can't save from going astray  
Intelligence is fruitless when the soul is sick  
The wall can't be built with a crooked brick

There are innumerable veils between man and God  
Reliance on only Science is a method so flawed  
Logic itself has many a limitation  
Philosophy can't promise self-realization  
So what to do to reveal the Supreme Mystery?  
Acceptance of inability is the lesson of humility  
If you have understood something completely  
Know that it can't be God, the Almighty  
For the real test lies in submission alone  
Not finding all answers in this temporal zone

Path of spirituality demands us to believe and learn  
The opposite order always leads to a wrong turn  
Empty yourself of this illusion called ego  
So faith doesn't let any question be a blow

If religion hasn't come up with a new conversation  
Atheism too clings to the same old argumentation  
If saints failed to present new discourse for every era  
Satan too ran in same circles without a fresh idea  
The similar problem of evil haunts us even today  
Same complaint against God after an unfair play  
This world was designed to be a trial not a dwelling  
Trying to turn it into heaven is an ancient erring!

"Trip to Murree"

This silence in hills echoes your majesty  
This greenery around paints your glory  
This soothing breeze carries nothing but your mercy  
These mountains remind us of our own fragility  
These vast skies reveal only your grandeur  
This glowing sun uncovers only your splendor  
This crowd of people manifests your aimed diversity  
These chirping birds are singing to your symphony  
This fire in chilling weather depicts your warm welcome  
These discussions on deep issues portray your wisdom  
This peace prevalent signifies your own will  
This bliss exists without any drug or pill  
This solitude provokes us to seek your companionship  
This isolation proves life is solely on your fingertip  
This love within family symbolizes your compassion  
This freedom from grief or worry points to your heaven!

"Advice to my Nephew"

Life is indeed a mysterious journey  
Like a fruit from a hidden tree  
Sometimes it will baffle you  
You'll doubt if anything is true  
Sometimes it will shatter your plans  
And turn dreams into garbage cans  
In those times, be patient like your prophet  
Although it is really tough, I admit  
Don't ever give up on virtue  
Let your inner voice govern you  
Sometimes life will be a spring garden  
Success will seek you, be certain  
In those times, be not so proud  
That you mock rest of the crowd  
Be grateful to the heavens above  
Be the fountain of genuine love  
Don't let the world's injustice make you bitter  
Evil can't be removed by evil, do remember  
Make friends who are happy on your success  
Ignore those who want you to have less  
Never hate your country because it's in trouble  
Be the agent of change to burst the bubble  
Never lie to your own family  
Speaking the truth sets you free  
Cleverness can bring you power and money  
But it's righteousness that leaves a legacy  
Go after brilliance and not fame  
Let your work shine your name  
Confidence is the hallmark of a believer  
Humility isn't deeming oneself inferior  
In setting goals, be an idealist  
But in approach, be a realist  
Aspire only to be the very best  
But don't forget life is a test  
Don't let the Zionists' glory shake your faith or belief  
On the Day of Judgement, they'll be devoid of relief  
Do not ever look down upon any mullah  
Knowledge bringing arrogance isn't from Allah  
Remember the divine book in your heart  
From the rest, this will set you apart  
Safeguard it till your last ever breath  
Learn its meaning till you embrace death  
Many great people have lived like candles that are lit  
But they were nothing in front of the sun, Holy Prophet  
Follow him in actions as well as words  
So you're blessed with best of both worlds

When I am old with no one to look after me  
Your compassion and wisdom, I'll crave to see  
And when I will finally meet my Lord  
I hope my sincerity, you'll applaud!

A Short Note for Readers

They say I write only for being praised  
At this false accusation, I am amazed  
Religion, Philosophy, Spirituality aren't commercial themes  
My opponents' opinion isn't based on facts, it seems  
Transfer of knowledge is the main aim  
not acquisition of wealth or fame  
Let the Day of Judgment decide my destination  
that my verses are written for which intention  
They say I write only for artistic satisfaction  
This, too, is indeed a wrong allegation  
Too obvious is this from my selection of topics  
I won't stop as much as it bothers my critics  
Innumerable times, I confess  
Literary acumen, I don't possess  
Love for the truth, if I can transmit  
Does it matter if I ain't hailed as a poet?  
They say I borrow ideas from past thinkers' imagination  
A fine line exists between imitation and inspiration  
For people like Iqbal, I have admiration  
Because I am a drop, they are an ocean  
I never claimed to have wisdom  
In front of them, I feel so dumb  
I don't even consider myself an ordinary scholar  
Yet I bleed to see humanity on verge of disaster  
It is nothing but only God's infinite generosity  
He delivers messages even through sinners like me!  
An Interview with Aadil Farook (Prose)

Q. Why is there so much chaos in the world today?

A. Man is a combination of body and soul. Today, only the body is fed while the soul remains sick to the fullest.

Q. How can we feed the soul?

A. The soul's origin is celestial in nature and thus its sustenance and nourishment is also from above.

Q. What does that mean?

A. The human soul is a mere breath of the Divine Spirit of God - its food is only His remembrance

Q. What is the purpose of life?

A. Unveiling of God

Q. What is the aim of religion?

A. Development of humility on an individual level and manifestation of God's law on a cumulative level.

Q. What is the definition of intelligence?

A. It is the measure of one's control over the desires of the lower-self.

Q. Besides intellect, what are the traits of a real scholar?

A. Fear of God and recognition of the dangers of sins.

Q. How can an ordinary person like me acquire wisdom?

A. Remove love of the world from your heart.

Q. What is the definition of dunya?

A. Anything that distracts man away from his Creator.

Q. What is the criterion of true knowledge?

A. That which instills sheer humbleness and converts theory into practice.

Q. Do you agree with the modern standards of Academia?

A. No. Current scholarship is only an estimate of one's information

Q. What is the height of ignorance?

A. Doing exhaustive research on nature and yet failing to conclude the existence of God behind it.

Q. What is the objective of Education in Islam?

A. Purification of Nafs

Q. What is the challenge in claiming love for Holy Prophet?

A. Anyone who actually loves him will be totally surrounded by hardships

Q. What is the biggest dilemma of the modern age?

A. It is not just an age of sinfulness but that of fitnah where the distinction between right and wrong ceases to exist.

Q. What is spirituality in your eyes?

A. Islam is a highly practical, realistic and pragmatic religion in which spirituality can only be attained while fulfilling all the prescribed duties of a normal everyday life.

Q. Then what is the false version of spirituality?

A. That form of mysticism in which a seeker becomes totally unconcerned about the plight of other people and is bothered only about his own inner peace.

Q. What does God want from us?

A. Serving humanity while being in the boundaries stated by Him.

Q. What is the essence and spirit of Sufism?

A. An uncompromising sincerity of intention.

Q. What is your advice to people suffering from depression?

A. Do not seek happiness as that is the attribute of heaven not this world. Satisfy yourself with Zikr.

Q. What is the concept of a momin?

A. The attainment of such a level of piety when talents, abilities and skills are invested solely to earn the pleasure of God.

Q. What is the worst type of hypocrisy?

A. Seeking worldliness through religion.

Q. If we are deceived by Satan, what deceived Satan himself?

A. Vanity.

Q. Why are Muslims so full of decline since many years?

A. TheUmmah's strength lied in unity rather than division on the basis of sects. Today religious people are more proud to be affiliated with a certain school of thought rather than just being a Muslim.

Q. Holy Prophet himself said that difference of opinion will be a blessing in hisUmmah. Why?

A. Because intellectual ventures are an inevitable source of diversity in interpretations which is itself a good thing. However when ego interferes or rather dilutes this activity, people turn extremely self-righteous and hence scattered.

Q. If there would have been any prophet after Muhammad, who would it be?

A. Umar

Q. What is the most absurd error?

A. Understanding Quran without reference to Sunnah.

Q. What is the biggest delusion?

A. The aspiration of bringing a revolution in the society without bringing a change within one's own self.

Q. What is the most common misunderstanding?

A. Majority don't realize that only God has the right and the insight to judge a person's worth.

Q. Do you have any message for the entire world?

A. Yes. In the eyes of God, success is directly proportional to the preparation for the Hereafter!

## Section 2: Enthused Verses

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## Spirituality: Part 1

Deceptions of lower-self have no end  
Every soul needs a God's friend  
A seeker deprived of guidance  
Is a lamp without radiance  
His own thought, a novice cannot decipher  
Whether it's from above or Satan's whisper  
Disciple's reading of a thousand books  
isn't comparable to a master's single look  
Fools challenge the necessity of a master  
Deeming their brain cells travel faster  
Slow are they in spiritual progress  
Religion was never a game of chess  
Experience, the only way to wisdom  
Too vulnerable is a young son of Adam  
Companionship of elders is the blessing's key  
The hidden door to treasures, you will see  
Beyond the text of revelations, if you don't go  
Seeds of Quran and Sunnah, you'll never sow  
Don't you compare a bee to a spider?  
Honey and poison flow from the same nectar  
Reflection without remembrance dulls the heart  
Perpetually, the traveller sticks to the start  
So tough is to stop the self's tide  
Only service to humanity kills pride  
Though love peaks at one's own teacher  
Reverence is reserved for every scholar  
So different is the path of reformation

Accolades are won by ego's negation  
Big isn't the deed that forms a nation  
Criterion is purity beneath intention  
Beware of the dawn of tribulations  
No one is ripe by desire's gratification  
Free yourself from your want's affirmation  
No one becomes a Rumi without submission.

PART 2: Spirituality

For eminence in the court of God  
Seven valleys need to be crossed  
Journey begins with thirst for knowledge  
To the learned, angels too pay homage  
Superiority kisses a scholar's feet  
Satan finds him hardest to cheat  
His sleep is envied by even a worshipper  
Whose nights of prayer are not worthier  
For the faith to possess reliance  
Done must be acts of repentance  
Blind is man to his own fault  
Purification stays at a halt  
With shame, God's door be knocked  
In his own eyes, man must be mocked  
Hurdles lie on the path to rectification  
Poison is heart's mingling with creation  
Long hopes, jealousy and haste  
Render the spirit a waste  
To the heart, every organ is a road  
Alive or dead, they determine its mode  
Trials befall on a true servant  
To rid him of the inner serpent  
Baffled is he by worry of sustenance  
Till he wears the trust's fragrance  
Apprehensions of pessimism drown him  
Till he confides his cause unto Him  
Patience, a virtue so rare  
To see all from God as fair  
Fear and hope are two inclinations

Balance of which leads to perfection  
By fear, the carnal self is humbled  
Hope ensures the aspirant doesn't stumble  
Both states manifest the unseen  
Heaven and hell of Divine scheme  
Many are the spiritual afflictions  
None worse than self-appreciation  
Narcissism is a satanic trait  
In theism, a forbidden gate  
Sin that ends with humility  
Better than pride born of piety  
At last, lies the valley of gratitude  
God's favors descend beyond magnitude  
In this world, the reward is gnosis  
Though you were neither Nuh nor Moses  
To Him, offer unbounded praise  
Even Muhammad be saved by His Grace.

Muhammad (pbuh)

Muhammad's companionship had so much spirituality  
Sufism, as a separate institution, wasn't a necessity

Thought and action formed one community  
Mysticism was divorced from insanity  
Man's psychology was handled with such fragility  
A new chapter written in the book of Psychiatry  
Grandeur was seen caressing humility  
Sainthood blended with ability  
Speech, a fusion of sweetness and austerity  
All dimensions existed in one personality  
Human self gained touch with total reality  
Brotherhood acquired that level of affinity  
Utmost hatred, replaced by altruistic morality  
Dictionaries reintroduced the meaning of equality  
From leaders to servants, all owed accountability  
Oppression of women turned into unheard equality  
Education reached every home without a university  
Illiteracy of Arabs gave way to sheer prosperity  
Reason climbed that peak of sagacity  
Intellect wandered among both poor and nobility  
Means were utilized in scarcity  
Yet results emerged in multiplicity  
Though unwaveringly was upheld God's unity  
Still drawn were paths up to infinity  
Devil's mates were reduced to a mere minority  
Within a decade, the world saw divine authority  
From a seed to an industry  
Fresh foundation was laid to each ministry  
Philosophy arrived at the end of its mystery  
Dictated forever was the course of history!

The men of God

Isn't it a matter of extreme amazement?

There exist men who seek self-effacement

Infront of a king, their heads are held high

But infront of a common man, their egos die

Times confront them with arrows and spears  
Yet, of God alone, they possess any fear  
So often they face adversity and affliction  
No storm or thunder unsettles their conviction  
Their insight shows them our inner features  
But they conceal it from every creature  
Even in crowds, they practice renunciation  
Of the ephemeral pleasures and attractions  
Though they escape from this world's claws  
They shine and excel for a higher cause  
They bleed with sorrow for humanity  
Yet their faces glow with sanguinity  
Satisfied are they with destiny and divine decree  
Because they witness the One who owns the key  
Against the lower-self, they strive all life  
Though painful, they cut it like a knife  
They fast till their lust leaves them  
They deny the root from becoming a stem  
They know much more than the intelligent  
Yet wisdom turns them totally silent  
They bother only about what they earn  
They are indifferent to that beyond concern  
They are afar prejudice and bias  
They envy only the pious  
At night, they shun their beds  
Tears let their souls be fed  
Even while in seclusion and solitude  
Their blessings spread in multitude  
Their compassion sees no material loss or benefit

They love none more than God and holy prophet  
Their high stations, they never mention  
Struggle earns them state of extinction  
They humble themselves in front of all  
He raises them without any fall  
By His courteousness, they are flattered  
Even before asking, their prayer is answered  
Their bosoms are filled with magnanimity  
They pray for even those with enmity  
Consequently, they become His hand  
By which His power prevails on our land  
Between Him and humans, they tie the cord  
They deserve to be called as the men of God.

Tribute to Sir Allama Muhammad Iqbal

When religious thought was on the verge of destruction  
God sent Iqbal to carry out its reconstruction  
For five centuries, it had been stagnant  
Rose of intellect was no more fragrant  
Thinkers wonder, "Does God exist"?  
Iqbal asked, "Does man exist"?

What is the true nature of reality?

All discourses fail on departure from spirituality

Is there a possibility of religion?

Higher levels of consciousness are the beacon

Why do we need religion?

It soars above philosophy's region

It unveils Science's inadequacy

With reality, it seeks intimacy

What is time and space?

Thought's mortal imprint on the Ultimate Ego's face

God isn't a current flowing through every particle

Each infinitesimal itself is His disclosure

Universe is a mere concept

God is the actual percept

God is to nature what man is to personality

At stake is a cosmic struggle for immortality

Heaven and hell aren't locations but states

Wholly undetermined is the realm of fate

Even for disbelievers, there is no everlasting torture

There will come a time when He will be their redeemer

Heaven, too, is not a holiday or vacation

but an abode for spirit's self actualization

What is the principle of movement in Islamic Thought?

Either perpetually dynamic or it is naught

What was the essence and spirit of Islamic culture?

Exploration or discovery was an everyday venture

Criticized has been Iqbal for being an Islamist without a beard

In prayer, his legs trembled in front of the God he feared

Madly he would weep on only two occasions

Mention of Muhammad (pbuh) and Quran's recitation  
Asked is secret behind his poetry and people's fixation  
Ten million was the count of his prophetic salutation  
It is irony's zenith that he was knighted by the West  
The same civilization, his works put to a harsh test  
What makes Iqbal so rare and unique?  
It wasn't just genius and truth's seek  
He became a mystic of the highest order  
Beyond the finite, lay his border  
From mental slavery to enlightenment, the revolution was swift  
Only once in a millennium, God grants this earth such a gift!

#### THE CONTROVERSIAL RHYME

O God,  
Weren't you better all alone?  
Without this universe's zone  
Behind curtains and veils you hide  
Effortlessly dictating the cosmic tide  
So many question marks are raised by you  
With uncertainty, innumerable lives passed and flew  
Shockingly, you gave birth to the Nafs

and strengthened your own enemy's bluffs  
Wasn't Satan enough to lead man astray?  
Or do you love to witness foul play?  
So much blood has been shed by man  
Are you sure about your Divine plan?  
So many innocent ones are victimized  
Are you Omni-potent or paralyzed?  
No matter how much you promise hereafter's bliss  
People will continue to crave for worldly justice  
If you are the only true Scientist  
Why blame free masons or Zionists?  
So often the evil ones leave their mark  
Though they are devoid of spiritual spark  
So poorly, preachers justify hell's existence  
Not knowing it is against your benevolence  
For the prophets, I have utmost sympathy  
The way they held onto you as the priority  
Perpetually, you claim being the Sustainer  
Although the streets are filled with beggars  
For reliance should we choose your Oneness?  
When your followers suffer in loneliness  
So tough is the path of true believers  
Yet a thin line separates them from sinners  
Sainthood is hailed for its theoretical beauty  
Irrespective of whether it has practicality  
None is more complex than human nature  
It has baffled men of Kant's stature  
Should I deem life a gift or a test?  
While I see misery from east to west!

## The Coherence of an Incoherent Discourse

Religion is not a piece of cake,

If misunderstood, its a burning lake

Iblees is a deceiving snake

He adorns the interpretation that is fake

no matter how much progress the intellect will make

Without soul's purity, brotherhood bond will break

The prevalence of tolerance will be at stake

When will we learn for God's sake?

Shia, Ahl-e-Hadees, Deobandi, Brailvi, Wahabi

without dialogue, none should claim divinity

all must go the distance to reach truth  
or choose to remain like a broken tooth  
Whether Naqshbandi or Suhrawardi  
Whether Chishti or Qadiri  
all assert the same message  
and take us to the safest passage  
Faith lies in between fear and hope  
or the ummah will be an untied rope  
Everywhere I see preachers with self-righteousness  
while declaring they are in a state of humbleness  
Does it matter if you are Muslim or Jew or Christian  
if you fail to meet the prophetic criterion  
Dilemma is that form of Sufism  
which shuns activism  
and advocates escapism  
gives birth to yet another source of schism  
In essence and spirit, its opposed to Sunnah  
In a scholar's eyes, its just another Biddah  
Don't overvalue the power of reason  
its just a faculty of a vulnerable human  
Supremacy of love has to be acknowledged  
so that we drink the cup of knowledge  
With tears, I pray  
for that blissful day  
when there will be peaceful co-existence  
despite upholding intellectual difference!

## "ENLIGHTENMENT"

See the swing of our age's pendulum  
it has the thrust of relativism  
It hinges on subjectivity  
with amplitude of uncertainty  
paradoxes about truth threaten our conviction  
they defy all forms of intellectualization  
Reality is a puzzle harder to sort  
after the ascent of human thought  
Too dry is conventional religious discourse  
for those seeking belief and reason's intercourse  
It provokes faithlessness  
in minds of inquisitiveness

Science devoid of emotions ends in relentlessness  
inviting nothing but lack of human finesse  
In the waves of its times, Philosophy drowns  
leaving serious thinkers looking like clowns  
Psychology mocks man's dignity  
ascribing acts to ego's affinity  
Art's reliance on only feelings  
is a medicine without healing  
Literature although elevates our imagination  
but fails to take us to any destination  
For the soul, hedonism is a poison  
pleasure alone isn't guidance's beacon  
Fascinating is the discipline of Neurocardiology  
It has shaken paradigms of every ideology  
So complicated is fusion of heart and mind  
never will be seen a marriage of this kind  
Concept of intelligence must be revised  
Even the materialists would be surprised  
So often we undermine the power of intuition  
not realizing it isn't rationality's negation  
Worthy are sentiments of patriotism  
if they don't turn into nationalism  
We gave birth to so many isms  
but none worse than terrorism  
Limitless is the hunger for dominance  
never-ending is the anarchy's sequence  
If foreign policy is dictated by greed's influence  
Talibaan or Al-Qaeda is an inevitable consequence  
Even if Satan and nafs never existed

Zionism and free masonry be desisted  
Everyone has the right to read holy book's text  
Yet the endeavor is futile without knowing context  
Let the world be ruled by that nation  
whose individuals undergo self-actualization  
Humanity searches for definition of success  
Love is the cure for global sickness  
I am neither a prophet nor a visionary  
there is only one word in my dictionary  
For the tower of harmony to be erect  
peace should be endorsed by every sect!

#### ISLAMIC THOUGHT & CIVILIZATION

Judaism is based on too much apprehension  
Christianity talks about only affection  
Between two extremes, we require a religion  
which is harmonious in every dimension  
Hinduism seems driven by superstition  
Buddhism lays emphasis on self-annihilation  
Modern age is full of spiritual starvation  
because all isms promise no salvation  
Need of the hour is knowledge not information  
which will satisfy the human inquisition  
that would cater practical implication  
whether in theory or actualization  
It has to answer every kind of question  
Be it of intellect or divine revelation

It can only come from He who guarantees perfection  
Against whom, we cannot raise any objection  
To problems, it should grant a solution  
If applied, it must bring a revolution  
No one can deny the genius of man  
of which even God Himself is a fan  
but man fails to construct life's philosophy  
without guidance from a higher authority  
Man wants to be free from every cage  
but wisdom doesn't come from only rage  
Unconditional freedom isn't the trait of a sage  
You may write it down as an essential adage  
The prophets were not fools to adopt slavery  
Although they were the ones with utmost bravery  
They were closest to the real human-self  
Otherwise man can become an animal or elf  
Their perception drew a picture of reality  
Even their emotions weren't devoid of objectivity  
They suffered so much for their piety  
Yet never sought sympathy due to dignity  
With Muhammad, prophethood reached its peak  
otherwise the future of man was bleak  
He was compassionate and meek  
Yet was not cowardly or weak  
By him, every iota of truth would leak  
Poor Satan turned into a helpless freak  
The attire of vice could not stay sleek  
The army of virtue grew stronger every week  
Abu Bakar ensured that even after Muhammad, justice would prevail

Although the enemies tried their best to let the system fail  
Through Umar, believers gained their deserved crown  
Expertly, he captained a ship that could not drown  
Usman's benevolence and generosity  
remained a symbol of angelic quality  
Even today, thinkers are baffled by Ali's sagacity  
Yet fame and prestige never spoiled his humility  
These four great men were Muhammad's disciples  
Who else could have inculcated such principles?  
About Muhammad's influence in history  
there isn't any doubt or mystery  
Even disbelievers have acknowledged his contribution  
For giving birth to an everlasting civilization  
With no prophet to come, stop waiting for Imam Mehdi  
Rectify the devil within your own six-feet-body  
Without self-transformation, you cannot change the society  
These are the dynamics of the work of Almighty  
Why confine the practice of righteousness to only Ramzaan?  
For the remaining months, is there a book other than Quran?  
Again and again, preachers raise slogans of Sunnah  
Beyond the beard and turban, there is seen no replica  
Extremely difficult is the acquisition of true humbleness  
A pampered ego turns even intelligent people restless  
Arabic terminology of "taqwa" is tremendously deep  
If we understand it, we won't laugh or sleep  
Pitiful is Muslims' lack of dominance  
Expecting miracles and blaming providence  
Double standards rule the actions of Saudi government  
All wealth is spent upon extravagance and entertainment

What is the role of Free Masons and Zionists?  
Are they only the talk of conspiracy-theorists?  
Everyday we hear chants of peace, love and tolerance  
How can it happen with leaders like Obama's existence?  
Should we call it foreign policy?  
or a display of sheer hypocrisy?  
The world craves for the global atrocity to end  
Not knowing that it is only Islam that can really mend  
No single sect, I will defend  
In one group, all must blend  
No school of thought, we can offend  
The meaning of oneness, let us comprehend  
No new messenger, God will send  
On Muhammad's teachings, we have to depend  
Such is the beauty of Islamic thought  
if followed, none would have fought  
We have had enough false saviors and politicians  
Without pure intent, it is a mere worldly exhibition  
I am neither Iqbal nor Rumi or Ghazali  
I am a sinner with just a heartfelt plea!

## Iqbal's Educational Philosophy

Development of the entire personality is education

of which primary studies form the foundation

The child must value himself as an individual

So that in future his role becomes special

The child must be treated as mind and body's unit

Idiocy it is if in isolation they are treated

In the first period, he must have a congenial environment

For unconscious learning to occur, he must have a free movement

At home, this edifice is laid

or later the price will be paid

In the second period, he learns with the aid of apparatuses

This helps in the grooming of his five senses

Writing, arithmetic and language take priority

or the child becomes a case of inferiority

In the third period, he is given a broader outlook

The secrets of universe are introduced as a book

For practicality, he is taken out of classroom

this helps in letting the young flower bloom

Iqbal stresses a lot on the importance of self-realization  
accomplishment of one's natural faculties, powers and passion  
The child is gifted with innate potentials which he has to realize  
or there would be no goals, dreams and ambitions to actualize  
This, however, is not an easy task  
one has to dig deep beneath the mask  
It requires proper understanding of child psychology  
Mishandling of which would lead to regret and apology  
Iqbal preaches the significance of freedom  
Too much subservience turns children dumb  
They can excel only with self-determinism  
which is the need of this human organism  
Their real attributes are not to be kept latent  
or there will be no blossoming of gifted talent  
For character-building to take place, man cannot be in isolation  
Environment should make him embrace courage and determination  
instilling traits of fearlessness and taking initiative  
to transform the world for the better and positive  
According to Iqbal, nothing is worse than inactivity  
He shunned that version of religion breeding passivity  
From life's struggles, if one seeks escapism  
It is only a web of Satan, not Sufism  
Iqbal's educational implication is that deeds must be purposive  
He was a big critic of investing energies in a vain motive  
Life is too precious to be devoid of aim  
Like lethargy, purposelessness too is lame  
In Iqbal's paradigm, the intellect carries an immense weight  
Without opinions and judgments, mind is a home of no gate  
Critical thinking and independent analysis should be inculcated

Herd-mentality and intellectual dishonesty must be eradicated  
But, according to Rumi, the spiritual guide of Iqbal, intellect alone shouldn't be over-rated  
it can only be beneficial if with heart's purification, it is amalgamated  
Encouraged must be creativity and innovation  
man's endeavors must be always in evolution  
Iqbal shunned the practice of blind imitation  
which can kill any kind of civilization  
No one is educated if cut off from the society  
Solitude isn't the mark of a strong personality  
Unlike Greek thinkers, Iqbal believed in the role of sense-perception  
Although a poet, he didn't live in a world of dreams and imagination  
Acceptance of world's harsh realities, he advocated  
The pragmatism of a leader, he appreciated  
He saw no clash between material well-being and spirituality  
Aspiring for lofty ideals along-with mundane affairs is morality  
Last but not the least, in Iqbal's worldview, love is the essence of religion  
It has to be taught from the first day that this sentiment is for every human  
irrespective of belief, caste, creed, sect, ethnicity or race  
So that we can make this earth a truly better place  
Iqbal was an intellectual giant whose thoughts were full of complexity  
But I have tried my best to deliver his message with utmost simplicity  
Iqbal wasn't a prophet; so you have the right to disagree  
but you can't doubt that by Quran and Sunnah, inspired was he!

## FROM THE DIARY OF AADIL FAROOK – PART 1

Who am I? Am I a believer or an agnostic or an atheist?

I seriously dont know in which state do I exist

I feel that there are so many kinds of humans inside me

I dont know if its multiple personality disorder or hypocrisy

I have so many unanswered questions

which spoil my natural disposition

I wish I could sit with Iqbal, Rumi & Ghazali

and ask them to disclose this life's mystery

Why did God create man and earth

Such a big risk, was it worth?

They say evil is an indispensable part of His scheme

Like angels, prophets, does Satan too belong to the Divine team?

So much suffering has occurred throughout history

It simply goes against the wisdom of Almighty

To disbelievers, how can a Merciful Creator give eternal punishment?

The way all holy books preach it provokes sheer astonishment

Is man really the most superior creation?

Dont his credentials offer a different opinion?

Even if I blindly accept veracity of religion

Within Islam, there is so much confusion

Why cant a Non-Muslim seeker of truth enter heaven?

Without exposure to revelation, can there be pure reason?  
History of Islam was written 300 years after its advent  
Is it the reality or what a Muslim had to invent?  
Sufism, too, raises many issues  
Its arguments are as weak as paper tissues  
The four major Sufi orders claim adherence to Sunnah  
Yet many scholars label their practices as Biddah  
Did the holy prophet endorse the act of "bayt" (initiation)?  
Did his companions ever indulge in "muraaqba" (meditation)?  
How can we follow a Shaykh with so much conviction  
when he is neither a prophet nor has perfection  
In "fiqh" (jurisprudence), why do we need to subscribe to one Imam?  
Can all teachings of Quran and Hadith be gathered in one man's palm?  
With so many interpretations of Islam, how can Muslims be united?  
With so many sects, what example of the Ummah is being cited?  
Is the concept of holy war in accordance with human rights?  
Can tolerance be upheld with the prevalence of such fights?  
Do divine scriptures really guarantee global happiness?  
or can there be bliss in a secular state with faithlessness?  
There was a time when I had no fear of people  
Today the world scares me; I am so feeble  
I envy my wife for having a faith so strong  
No matter what happens, her beliefs dont go wrong  
Despite tribulations, she sings an optimistic song  
whereas I am more unstable than a ping-pong  
Is it my sins that give me dissatisfaction?  
or is contentment only a theoretical fabrication?  
Oh God, I dont want to die in this mental dilemma  
while the devil laughs at my condition of hysteria!

## PART 2

Belief in a realm beyond sensory perception  
is in clash with human nature's foundation  
For conviction, man seeks evidence  
How can religion demand adherence?  
If intellect makes man a great being  
blind faith is a cause of his failing  
It is said that pride is an evil trait  
and the shortest path to hell's gate  
Then why is God so full of narcissism?  
How can pure Light emerge from His prism?  
If our spirit is nothing but His breath  
We too shall liken humility to death  
Yet He commands us to adopt humbleness  
ascribing to His definition of righteousness  
Who can deny the ego's positive energy and influence?  
History was written by deeds owing to ego's prevalence  
Religion is labelled as the natural way of life  
Then why do our instincts cut it like a knife?  
Full of contradictions is the Almighty  
No wonder His believers are in disunity  
On one hand, He says He is in need of no one  
On the other hand, He loves praise from everyone  
He says among His creations, humans are the best

Didn't He know earlier most would fail in the test?

If He is responsible for giving sustenance to every living soul

Why we have to do all the struggle and play the actual role?

From morning till night, worldly chores surround us

What kind of spirituality does He want from us?

If happiness guides the best code of existence

Why does religion justify suffering's abundance?

if you think out of the box

everything seems a paradox

Am I like this because I am too lazy

or that I have gone completely crazy?

Neither of East nor of West, I am stuck in the middle

Will I die without finding answers to the divine riddle?

## WAR ON TERROR

Today, who cannot be horrified by the war on terror  
The modern media ensures our information is at error  
Dictates foreign policy of Zionists a grand strategy and play  
Worlds apart are their ulterior motives and what they say  
Defense and security of Zionists is the primary aim  
or they would have never played this dirty game  
It is the oil and energy resources in Middle East  
that turns Zionist authority into a hungry beast  
So crucial is the Muslim World's current geography  
Global trading routes and water paths hold the key  
Adherence to religious rituals doesn't bother the enemy  
The motive is abolishing political Islam as an ideology  
Threatening the emerging economy of China  
and curbing the revival of a new Russia  
is also part of their sinister agenda  
that fully hides their fears and hysteria  
Just like Iblees cannot tolerate the love for Sunnah  
They cannot see nuclear power in the entire Ummah  
Starting from West Africa, Muslim map ends at Pakistan, my nation  
No wonder this small country lies at such an instrumental position  
To break Muslim territory into smaller weaker portions  
Ignited are differences between Shia Sunni factions  
Idiotic it is to see current affairs in a secular manner  
while enemies cling on to a fanatically religious banner  
Now you will ask me on what grounds do I say so?

To claims of secularists, history is a big blow  
In classical Judaism, there was no concept of a Jewish state  
Only in 1880, a new sect appeared which was born to hate  
This is what we call as the cult of Zionism  
Never has there existed a more dangerous ism  
These people are not just another sinners  
Behind curtains, they are Satan's worshipers  
If you doubt it, see their impact on Palestine  
How ruthlessly they pursue their evil design  
Very few authors are courageous to write freely on such topics  
Neither human nature nor coincidence explains the awful politics  
I am aware most will label my opinion as a conspiracy theory  
I don't believe out of bias but on basis of ground reality  
If Muhammad was alive today, what would he do in this situation?  
Not many scholars attempt to answer this million dollar question  
Remember that he wasn't only a prophet but a revolutionist  
Because he wasn't alone but had special companions to assist  
Neither would he belong to Talibaan nor Al-Qaeda  
Neither ascribing to Osama nor acting like Obama  
Sufis say he would only focus on spiritual purification  
Activists say his role would be of a genius politician  
Traditionalists say his method would still be the same  
Modernists say this analysis is naive and lame  
Militants say a holy war would be his solution  
Humanists say peace would be his contribution  
Skeptics say religion isn't practical beyond pen and paper  
Atheists would challenge his moral and intellectual caliber  
Who is wrong and who is right?  
I simply don't possess the foresight

I wish I could spit on the face of Saudi leaders and kings  
And ask them what is the use of their wealth and earnings?  
It is said that Muslims are responsible for mass-destruction  
Bombs and weapons weren't fruits of the Islamic civilization  
At my poem, you may laugh or you may sob  
Even a fool knows 9/11 was an "inside job"!

"An Agony of the Highest Order"

Why do I attend religious lectures  
while I indulge in sinful ventures

Why do I wear the attire of faith  
while I refrain from holy water's bathe

Why do I pretend that I am a believer  
while I defy teachings of our redeemer

Why do I claim revelation's veracity  
while I escape from jaws of reality

Why do I nod my head in truth's affirmation  
while I am filled with doubts and exasperation

Why do I say yes to Islam's beauty  
while I feel burdened with its duty

why do I have pride in being a Muslim  
while I am just another creation of Him

Why do I declare love for the holy prophet  
while, in imitating him, I see no benefit

Why do I often lift my hands for a prayer  
while I have no conviction in its listener

Why do I engage in intellectual discourse  
while I fail to authenticate its source

Why do I speak of ideals that are lofty  
while I don't transform my lame personality

why do I wish to possess an enlightened mind  
while my heart is of an extremely impure kind

Why do I keep the Quran on an elevated place  
while, in life, I have a totally different face

Why do I envy those who are righteous  
while even my desires are not virtuous

Why do I crave for the pleasures of heaven  
while my soul is tainted 24/7

Why do I deem hell as a house of torture  
while I can't find peace in worldly adventure

Why do I dream of becoming an expert scholar  
while, to acquire knowledge, I don't spare a dollar

Why do I avoid entering Satan's zone  
while I also cling to logic alone

why do I present a show of humility  
while my bosom is so full of vanity

Why do I talk of love and tolerance  
while conflict is my everyday occurrence

why do I enjoy the company of pious people  
while my effort to become alike is so feeble

why do I ponder on the concept of self-actualization  
while talents alone can't guarantee eternal salvation

why do I blame circumstances and divine planning  
while my own willpower is perpetually weakening

why do I glorify my inner state  
while I deny the wisdom of fate

why do I bother about global disparity  
while I am unjust to my own family

Why do I sing aloud God's praises  
while my emotions are transient phases

why do I hope for a reward in the hereafter  
while my intention is not to please my Creator

Why do I write such critical poetry  
while I remain devoid of spirituality!

## Religion Vs Secularism

No matter how many religious sermons we deliver and preach

People only believe in what their own life experiences teach

No matter how much we endorse God's manifestation  
Human beings seek to live for self-glorification  
No matter how many prophets are sent  
The norm of man is spiritual descent  
No matter how many idols we break  
Our hearts uphold gods that are fake  
No matter how many times we circumambulate the Kaaba  
Our lives revolve around a neverending secular saga  
No matter how many stones we throw at Satan  
The current world order is run by his dictation  
No matter how many times we prostrate before the Almighty  
At the end of the day, we adhere to worldly practicality  
No matter how many times we drink water of zumzum  
Our stomachs are fed by an interest-based-system  
No matter how much we propagate the message of obligatory charity  
Human nature and prevailing circumstances provoke greed not purity  
No matter how many times we fast during Ramzaan  
Our deepest desires are not inspired by Quran  
No matter how much the Muslims advocate the holy commandment  
They cannot provide a living model of an Islamic government  
No matter how much we criticize the disbelievers of Islam  
We benefit from the technologies invented by their arm  
No matter how much we praise the non-political way of Sufis  
It ensures that our country is led by a bunch of goofies  
No matter how many times we arrange Tableeghi congregations  
Pakistan will remain one of the most corrupt nations  
No matter how much we speak highly of Iqbal and Jinnah  
We overlook that they were the products of Modern Academia  
No matter how much you try belittling Western Science

On it, contemporary religious discourse has reliance  
No matter how much the universe's design demands Divine Intelligence  
The history of evil presents arguments against His existence  
No matter how much our religion offers a wholistic ideology  
Majority of the literate ones want to be free from clergy  
No matter how much we crave for a spiritual epistemology  
Many fields of thought are based on Darwinian anthropology  
No matter how much we prove the disadvantages of Secularism  
Religion will always continue to give birth to sectarianism  
By this small poem, you may be amused  
Which philosophy is superior? I am confused!

### A Critique of Religion

It is said that man is a fusion of soul and body  
Yet, spirituality is a phenomenon he doesn't embody  
It is said that man is the best among God's creation  
Yet no animal has caused so much devastation

It is said that for providing sustenance, God is responsible  
Yet, to save people from dying of hunger, He is unable  
It is said that this universe is full of intelligent designs  
Yet innumerable imperfections are anything but God's signs  
It is said that man was created only for worshiping  
Yet there are countless angels constantly prostrating  
It is said that every person is accountable for his own deed  
Yet there exist people who preach till their hearts bleed  
It is said that Satan failed in the test by the almighty  
Yet he presented a logical proof of his superiority  
It is said that seeking truth through mind is a false rule  
Yet intellect is claimed to be man's most special tool  
It is said that flawed is Darwin's theory of evolution  
Yet religious thinkers can't prove divine intervention  
It is said that virtuous people don't indulge in politics  
Yet we continue to cry on the system's dirty dynamics  
It is said that mysticism is the higher dimension of religion  
Yet its practices aren't derived from original sources of revelation  
It is said that one should submit to a Shaykh for inner purification  
Yet there's not a single verse in the Qur'an stating it as an obligation  
It is said that by holy prophet, humanity's ills were healed  
Yet he was involved in killing infidels on the battlefield  
It is said that God's only criterion to judge man is piety  
Yet there are so many other attributes like talent and ability  
It is said that all the sayings and actions of Muhammad are preserved  
Yet, for Qur'an alone, God promised infallibility to be reserved  
It is said that the current era is that of human degradation  
Yet the modern man has discovered new forms of inspiration  
It is said that God's messengers were recipients of highest worth

Yet they attracted and convinced only the minority on earth

It is said that hell is an abode for man's cleansing

Yet there's never-ending punishment for disbelieving

It is said that there's hidden wisdom behind every occurrence

Yet the concepts of good and evil are in existence

It is said that I have gone totally astray

Yet, that I keep writing poetry, I pray!

### A Muslim Response to Critique of Religion

Between material and spiritual domains, there's no bifurcation

Every worldly chore is worship if done with the right intention

Man is the only being in whom Divine Attributes are manifested

To him, unconditional superiority, the Quran never granted

The tragedy is that the current world order's economic system is Zionist since birth

God's claims of providing sustenance are coupled with man's role as vicegerent on earth

Best thinkers of Islam have never been attracted to the intelligent design argumentation  
Imperfections in universe exist because God choose evolution as the process of creation  
Unlike Western Thought, Islam never claimed religion to be a personal matter alone  
Preaching is man's responsibility of righteousness's prevalence in time-space zone  
Logic is a double edged sword which can also be used for any false ideal  
Driven by sheer arrogance not ignorance was Satan despite being rational  
Intellect is a fusion of reason and intuition in Islamic Philosophy  
When the heart is pure, the mind is bound to capture the reality  
Darwinism has loopholes even acknowledged by non-religious Scientists seeking evidence  
Transformation of an ape into a human is backed by neither rationality nor experience  
Political struggle itself isn't an endeavor which is unholy  
Only reservation is if it becomes a hurdle in spirituality  
The word 'mysticism' was misunderstood after religion's seed was sown  
There are ontological levels of Islam if Shariah is the stepping stone  
The intense need of a Shaykh was advocated by even a genius as profound as Rumi  
to assume he overlooked the Quran isn't scholarly insight but a layman's naivety  
The Holy Prophet wasn't just a messenger but a revolutionist of the highest level  
It is impossible to establish justice without fighting its opponent and rival  
All positive traits other than piety are God's special gifts to the humanity  
Self actualization occurs when talents blossom in a soul possessing purity  
Sunnah is the commentary of Quran, an essential part of the Islamic banner  
Intricate details of Muhammad's life were preserved in a perfectionist manner  
Perhaps the biggest lie of the modern era is the prosperity of man  
Means not deeds have taken priority rather than the opposite plan  
Even disbelievers confess that holy prophet is the most influential person in history  
The number of followers does not lay the foundation of truth or veracity  
According to Iqbal, there is no everlasting torture for any human for sure  
Even infidels, heretics will be removed from hell after punishment's tenure  
The sun of virtue cannot shine without the existence of vice

"Of knowledge, We have given very little to man" is Quran's advice  
You may call me blasphemous or mad for the questions I raise  
But in the path of self discovery, it is just a temporary phase!

#### A Small Yet Conclusive Discourse

Often, I ask myself this question that why do I write?  
Because, for me, things are neither black nor white  
In life, there are too many grey areas  
Unanswered questions, riddles and dilemmas  
Every field of knowledge is full of contradictions  
whether of human intellect or revealed religions  
Undoubtedly, man is the most complex creation  
Never should he be understood in simplification

Higher than an angel, lower than a beast  
He is in all forms be it in West or East  
Should he live for mere pleasure  
or glorify a God beyond measure?  
Should he subscribe to one definition of success  
or find infinite paths leading to happiness?  
For himself, are Science and Technology his best yet gift?  
Can any other endeavor revolutionize everything so swift?  
Is there anything that can lessen, if not eliminate, rifts?  
Isn't Philosophy prone to go wherever its age's air drifts?  
Is this uncertainty part of a grand design  
or does it point towards something divine?  
Is spirituality just a sugar-coated word  
or a phenomena that can heal the world?  
Does Psychology depict the real human nature  
or is it just another intellectual venture?  
Can art inspire man to attain unmatched elevation  
or is it only a quest for personal satisfaction?  
I am not advocating supremacy of any school of thought  
I am simply portraying crisis of the educated lot  
No matter how much divided be modern humanity  
It should agree with the goodness of humility  
It must acknowledge the limits of man's faculties  
False vanity will only bring it down on its knees!

## A Silent Prayer

O' God

My bond with you is not fake

Only you keep my conscience awake

My confessions make me calm

My fate lies in your palm

You alone are worthy of majesty

the cosmic definition of beauty

To my restless soul, grant serenity

Bestow what you owe as the Almighty

Show me your glimpse for one moment

So that I fall down with wonderment  
Let my carnal self and Satan bring no harm  
Don't let me be baffled by this world's charm  
Never let my sanity depart  
My deceitful ego, tear apart  
In the love for the prophet, make me drown  
So that on Judgment day, I'll wear a crown  
Enlighten me whenever I am in a state of haste  
Ensure that an atom of faith doesn't go to waste  
Give me one merciful gaze  
Let my impure soul ablaze  
Make my sins lighter than a hair  
With envy, let the angels stare  
Vanish the sinister thoughts from my head  
Let blessings descend as when Quran is read  
My complaint against you was a mere lie  
My barren heart never let my eyes cry  
Let me shiver with fear of your wrath's thunder  
Leave my will with no choice but to surrender  
No shelter can make a difference whether I am above it or under  
Without the genius of your guidance, my whole life is a blunder  
Make all my inhibitions and doubts disappear  
Honor me by indulging me in your love affair  
When I seek the truth, always be around  
By your hidden wisdom, make me spellbound  
It's never enough when your praise is said  
Transform me into a slave till I am dead  
Make this supplication the coolness of my eyes  
Stop me from every act that you will despise

Let people cherish my poetry more than any feast  
Put impact in the verses of this bard from the east!

### Part 3: From Aadil Farook's Diary

I run out of ideas for a new content  
I am not God who can perpetually invent  
Every concept is a swinging seesaw  
with no permanence of a fixed law  
none can keep an artist in chain  
without expression, I turn insane  
To any norms, I am not bound  
where there's eccentricity, I am around  
Pride made me think I am a shining sun  
Now towards humbleness, I want to run  
Between me and truth, hindrance is 'I'  
otherwise the limit is above the sky

I search for the perfect spiritual guide  
who won't abandon me and be side by side  
With people, I seek a true bond  
From friendship to love and beyond  
my past tries to haunt me wherever I go  
that my future is bright, yet I know  
Few innate gifts, I have embraced  
so that talent doesn't go to waste  
From hypocrisy, I want to flee  
no veil be between you and me  
I yearn for the trait of being brave  
and grasp every opportunity I crave  
I detest even the thought of being alone  
to have no loved one and be on my own  
I don't want to be wanting sympathy  
I must be as dignified as I can be  
I want to be in that ideal state  
with nothing to regret or to hate  
I need perseverance in every phase I go through  
With only God and my own will to rely onto  
I am not interested in becoming a sire  
I want prayer to be enough for my desire  
In self-discovery's journey, I want to find  
the answers to all the questions in my mind  
Once, I wanted to have the highest religious grade  
But I realized that isn't what for which I am made  
I believe life should be a funfair  
with no responsibility to take care  
Iqbal said that this world can become heaven

If given character and healthy imagination  
History counters this point of view, I suppose  
there is chaos as soon as the last prophet goes  
I wish there is wetness in my eye  
and that my inner voice doesn't die  
I hope my works can bring a smile  
although even for a little while  
Neither I aspire for literary genius  
Nor claim my knowledge is tremendous  
I am just a mad man with a thought-machine  
my heart is the king; my mind is the queen  
I want to live a life that is sublime  
and leave a mark till the end of time  
For hereafter, I dream of a blissful eternity  
But that is only possible if my master is He!

## A Loud Prayer (On Behalf of Muslims)

O' God

We are drowned in the pursuit of sheer lust

We have become our own enemy with full thrust

In your words and actions, we have lost trust

Rekindle our faith and conviction, you must

False theories have made people doubt even your infallibility

In the name of intellect, some question Muhammad's credibility

We only sing praises of our bygone glory

No matter how pitiful is our current story

With mercy, let our pride's bubble burst

So we know that our own cure comes first

For Quran and Sunnah, evoke our thirst

In their wisdom, make our minds immersed

By pomp of Zionists, we are infatuated

Our slumber ensures we remain dominated

Some of us are busy in ridiculing clerics  
Some of us label each other as heretics  
Spiritually, we are blind, deaf and dumb  
No wonder we can't regain our lost kingdom  
Saturate our hearts with love for each other  
So that our ship does not sink any further  
For success, the Prophet's companions relied on piety  
Yet our educationists emphasize only on ability  
On the face of Ummah, there are so many bruises  
Yet we don't differentiate between thorns and roses  
Criticism of disbelievers is our only scapegoat  
"They did this to us" is our favorite quote  
Our leaders are addicted to a life so lavish  
What would they leave for the poor to cherish?  
Where is the uncompromising simplicity of Muslim caliphs?  
When, about accountability, there were no 'buts' or 'ifs'  
When our highest authorities are seduced by caprice  
A joke will be made out of the meaning of justice  
Pseudo intellectualism has given birth to such scholars  
who are willing to exchange knowledge for a few dollars  
Make our thinkers go beyond the domain of perception  
Convince them that the only reality is our religion  
Save our believers from the delusion of those astray mystics  
whose obsession with pleasures is a prey for Satan's tricks  
Infuse selflessness in the souls of the youth  
Engage them in a persistent quest for the truth  
About our decline, there is simply no mystery  
Teach us the lessons from our written history  
Let us not wait for the arrival of Imam Mehdi

Make us search for our own inner identity!

Mystical Dimension

To live is to seek the truth

To die is to unfold the mystery

To love is to kill the ego

To know is to seal the lips!

## My Perception

Excellence isn't in the claim of having found God

but the realization of the inability to find Him

Humility doesn't lie in considering oneself inferior

but the conviction that every virtue is God's favor

Life is not the continuous pursuit of happiness

but a tireless struggle against harsh realities

Success isn't the avoidance of failure

but the lesson learned after each mistake

Spirituality isn't adherence to religious rituals

but the possession of a purified heart

Genius isn't the criterion for understanding religion

the essence and spirit of which is humbleness

The greatness of prophets isn't being absorbed in complex matters

but the conversion of complexity into simplicity

The dilemma of Muslim Ummah isn't being ignorant to Islam

but the construction of an incorrect hierarchy of objectives

God doesn't demand perfection of deeds

but an uncompromising purity of intent!

Poem # 100

When God met loneliness for the first time,  
a light was formed and named Muhammad  
When God wished to reveal Himself,  
He created the cosmos  
When God wanted His attributes to be manifested,  
Adam was born  
When God exhibited the meaning of the word, "piety"  
Abu Bakar came into being  
When God displayed the personification of leadership  
Umar acquired existence  
When God showed the softness of human heart  
He sent Usman  
When God proved the depth of knowledge  
Ali was granted life  
When God illustrated the insignificance of physical beauty  
Bilal emerged on the scene  
When God willed the Quran to be understood  
Abdullah Ibne Abbas was chosen  
When God planned to bestow glory on a warrior

Khalid Bin Waleed was selected

When God gifted someone with the zenith of intellect

Abu Hanifa was given birth

When God blessed Sunnah with preservation

Imam Bukhari was elected

When God explained the contentious nature of mysticism

He let Ibn-al-Arabi teach

When God safeguarded the veracity of Islam

Al-Ghazali took the task

When God established the peak of poetry

Rumi wrote Masnawi

When God decided to define a reformer

Shah Waliullah began to work

When God demonstrated the impact of genius

Iqbal entered this world

When God desired to elucidate the fruits of perseverance

Jinnah embraced the opportunity

When God blended greatness with humility

Mufti Taqi Usmani played the role

When God exemplified the practicality of spirituality

Shaykh Zulfikar Ahmed Naqshbani accepted the responsibility

When God revealed the importance of preaching

Maulana Tariq Jameel took charge

When God unveiled a modern day Sufi

Prof. Ahmed Rafique Akhtar became a scholar

When God stirred controversy

Ghamidi appeared on TV

When God warned people of the dangers of learning without guidance

Bilal Qutab became the example

When God gauged the effect of conviction  
He tested my wife  
When God put the ultimate contradiction between words and actions  
He made me!

## Education Part 2

From cradle to grave, it is the duty of man  
To seek knowledge as much as he can  
It is not just a tag of human brilliance  
but an inevitable consequence of existence  
It is intellect that enhances his stature  
more than any other living creature  
It is the fusion of mind and heart  
that lays the foundation from start  
the roots of ignorance are thrown  
the seed of enlightenment is sown  
It evolves into a spirit that is free  
Fruits of success grow on this tree  
Becoming a pride for humanity is the vision  
a garden of wisdom, not just information  
Self-actualization of humans is the goal  
An equilibrium between the body and soul  
This is not just another dream  
But a part of the divine scheme  
Tireless struggle is the response to this challenge  
Against the army of Satan, it is the ideal revenge  
Otherwise, peace and happiness cannot prevail

Welfare and education are ends of the same tale  
This should be the ethos of every university  
so that parents are proud to pay the fee  
scholars should be restless to teach  
Newer and bigger milestones to reach  
students shouldn't aim for sustenance to survive  
But to explore, discover, invent and thrive  
Each branch of learning be there  
Every kind of talent and flare  
From professors to the laymen  
all must acquire unique acumen  
In order to embrace worldly dynamics  
Let institutes offer more than academics  
By sports and co-curricular activities, the campus be enlivened  
Having a multi-dimensional persona, the graduates be reckoned  
Life be an unforgettable venture  
More exciting than any adventure  
Modernity has brought intellectual rivalry  
The solution lies in a wonderful library  
In times of a spiritual starvation  
Mosques must grant inner satisfaction  
Our age is that of cut-throat competition  
Only power and dominance find attention  
Nations with a low literacy rate  
are bound to be in a pitiful state  
Where are the Muslims who attained an unmatched height?  
Even beyond resources, logic, imagination and sight  
Who knows what wonders Islam can bring  
the melody of triumph, it can still sing

O' Allah, inspire this Ummah towards global leadership  
From the cup of glory, let it finally take a big sip!

#### Tribute to Pakistan's Founder

In 1876, on 25th December

Someone was born whom Muslims will always remember

His name was Muhammad Ali Jinnah

an unmatched hero of the modern day Ummah

About him, so much has been said and written

Yet his real persona remains sadly hidden

He has been labeled as fully Westernized

So many false theories have been surmised

No one has ever denied his intellectual caliber

But most are bent upon proving he was secular

His speeches, statements have undergone misinterpretation

Even his admirers have misunderstood his real mission

His high spiritual level has been rarely acknowledged

May be God is the only one who can let it be gaudged

His image, no matter how many critics and rivals try to taint

His greatness was verified by dreams and visions of a saint

However, since he was not a prophet

He was not worthy of being perfect

As a young man, he was a barrister par excellence

Early in his life, people saw him with reverence

So often, politicians have an exaggerated slogan

Yet his three words were unity, faith, discipline

His unflinching leadership was a special factor

In him, there was a glimpse of Umar's character  
Although he was a true symbol of patriotism  
Yet remained devoid of the ills of nationalism  
His insight into religion and politics was unfathomable  
His enemies, too, realized that he was "unpurchasable"  
Indeed, he was a gem with the most stunning qualities  
Very seldom, this earth is blessed with such personalities  
Had he lived more, ours would have been a different country  
He wouldn't have surrendered in front of chaos and bigotry  
For the manifestation of truth, he always stood  
a living example of Iqbal's theory of selfhood  
From biggest challenges, he would never flee  
No wonder, he altered the course of history  
Destiny bestowed on him the winner's cap  
That is why he changed the world's map  
His decisions directed Islam's fate  
He managed to create a nation-state  
a personification of perseverance, courage and wisdom  
Undoubtedly, he deserves to be called as Quaid-e-Azam!

## A drop's ode to an Ocean

Although his reliance was ethics not talent  
He was born to become someone eminent  
In his soul, there wasn't an iota of vile  
On God's face, he provoked a pleasant smile  
To acquire greatness, he went an extra mile  
With patience, he underwent every trial  
Due to faith, he had an unshakable confidence  
He exhibited both piety and brilliance  
Since revolution was his only goal  
He adopted every kind of role  
For Satan's deceit, there was no room  
it was spirituality in full bloom  
of mind and heart, he was the ultimate blend  
No wonder he was God's best friend  
He was the most distinguishable face in the crowd  
Yet he was never guilty of feeling proud  
His head was not in the cloud  
His self never spoke aloud  
He would bleed on humanity's problem  
Of compassion, he was an emblem  
For veracity, he always stood  
Yet he was misunderstood  
opposition followed him wherever he would go  
Prayer ensured he would never turn low  
He proved his rivals wrong again and again

Sheer dignity never made him complain  
Only truth was uttered by his mouth  
there was none like him from north to south  
With reality, he was in perfect equilibrium  
As if the cosmos was tuned to his rhythm  
He is the most influential man history has ever met  
Even the angels envy him to the fullest, I bet  
Of all human, he was the most handsome  
But that wasn't what made him plum  
No one could match his character's beauty  
He was a living proof of God's divinity  
He was free from every carnal passion  
His path was the only way to heaven  
Success was his struggle's fruit  
His insistence, we all salute  
He has been the subject of so much poetry  
Of glory, he is the seed as well as tree  
For him, I wish I could compose a song  
whether to do it is right or wrong  
O' Muhammad, indescribable are you  
For all your life went through  
This Ummah cries on the humiliation it has to meet  
Deviance from Sunnah is the cause of its defeat  
Secular education has taught us a different lesson  
Only your method can free us from this prison!

## Admittance in front of God

I am drowned in sins from head to toe  
I beg you don't reckon me as your foe  
Wherever I go, my guilt envelops me  
whatever I do, conscience pricks me  
My faith is as fragile as a leaf  
I transgressed the bounds of belief  
I am a contradiction of the highest order  
I am in a state of spiritual disorder  
Again and again, I hear a preacher's sermon  
Yet I remain as dirty as a drop of semen  
I adopt companionship of the righteous so often  
But never does it make my heart soften  
till when I'll hide behind a mask of hypocrisy?  
while my soul is addicted to Satanic heresy  
I talk about Muhammad as if I imitate him  
But I act according to a different film  
In front of God, I always fail to submit  
as if I've developed a personality-split  
From my eyes, will there ever be tears to flow?  
Will there be a time when I'll conquer my ego?  
From my dictionary, the word, "will-power" is absent  
That is why I am a case of constant descent  
Even in virtue, I am devoid of pure intent  
No wonder I am deprived of being content  
Is this the point of no return?  
or there is still time to learn?  
Although you have shown the method of repentance

I am weak and only able to write this admittance

I am a Sufi in words alone

my deeds are tuned to another tone

My poetry can grant me worldly acclaim

but my character still remains lame

As a husband, as a stepfather and as a son

There is no role in which I attain perfection

Perhaps I may never become a man of piety

Include me among the sinners of humility

On Judgement Day, with justice, don't treat me

I can only be saved by infinite mercy!

God's Admittance in front of Aadil

Even if your sins are greater than the span of space  
I'll erase them with a single tear on your face  
Your guilty conscience is faith's mark  
It proves you have a spiritual spark  
No matter how often you act as a transgressor  
If you admit your folly, you are a believer  
Man is a blend of the traits of an angel and Satan  
These two opposite instincts create contradiction  
Although you were born from a mere drop of semen  
I blew divine spirit into your mother's abdomen  
Companionship of the righteous does teach a worthy lesson  
but it's my remembrance that causes soul's purification  
Fear of hypocrisy was even in the heart of Umar  
It's a sign of humbleness in men of caliber  
In deviance from Sunnah is maybe your action  
But love for Muhammad can grant salvation  
You live in an age of trials and tribulation  
It's tough to follow the path of submission  
In front of me, even if you cannot cry  
Sincere realization lets the ego die  
Will power is bestowed on those who truly seek it  
There are no miracles for those who wait and sit  
Impure intent implies weak conviction  
Of false gods, it is a depiction  
Till your last breath, you can return to me  
Don't ever lose hope about my clemency  
Your confession is something I treasure  
To me, it does bring sheer pleasure  
Sufism is indeed the most misunderstood topic

Your words show you aren't outrightly sick  
Your poetry is a gift from me and a blessing  
If people benefit from it, continue writing  
If you try to please me with utmost honesty  
I'll put love in the eyes of your family  
I completely despise the proud worshipers  
but I do forgive the repentant sinners  
While you are just an ordinary man without piety  
Even the prophets enter heaven due to my mercy!

Part 4: From the Diary of Aadil Farook

What is the purpose of life?  
between good and evil, a strife

What is its essence and spirit?

To its diversity, there's no limit

Where do we come from? Where do we go?

Despite endless information, man doesn't know

Is there really a proof for the existence of God?

With intellect alone, man doesn't play the right chord

Do we need presence of angels above?

Humans should spread the message of love

Besides the body, is there a soul as well?

We are still ignorant to where it does dwell

Does faith promote unity or division?

The concept of religion needs a revision

Independent of belief, can there be morality?

Divine guidance isn't the only ethical philosophy

Can Islam endorse peace on a global level?

Each sect considers the other as its rival

Is the pursuit of spirituality futile?

With it, man can go an extra mile

Is the prevalence of truth an actuality?

It is not perception but the reality!

### Satan's Secret Message

The worldly dynamics have changed

from religion, why not be estranged

If faith is still to be adored

Ground realities will be ignored  
Why should belief interfere with your decision  
While I keep hitting targets with full precision  
With the advent of innumerable irrelevant distractions  
Idiocy it is to seek, in Islam, inner satisfaction  
Take a look at Muslims and their plight  
Between themselves they continue to fight  
Divided they are into many a sect  
Missionary preaching has no effect  
Even those with sincerity misunderstand a vital fact  
Revolutionary activism without self-change lacks impact  
People like Rumi do not start from altering the societies  
Transformation initiates from their own souls and bodies  
My followers run through a safe passage  
Because Muslims don't grasp Quran's message  
The trick is to keep them away from Muhammad's methodology  
and inject in their education an ulterior secular psychology  
I ensure they remain busy in mere argumentation  
rather than striving for their own rectification  
Although I am satisfied with the progress of my mission  
But my entire work turns nil with Ramzaan's completion  
So many sinners are saved from hell by God's compassion  
I wonder my world-order has failed to meet its vision  
You know that I am an optimist and yet I confess  
Without Ramzaan, my story would've been a success!

## Fall of Modern Intellectualism

Since ages, mystics claimed that heart is a special organ

But Science called it only a pump for blood circulation

It was as late as the 21st century

Neuro-cardiology made an amazing discovery

Like the brain has information-processing cells

In the heart, as many as 40,000 neurons dwell  
This is just the start of a fascinating exploration  
Very soon, Science will accept the mystical opinion  
No wonder, Sufism's whole institution  
is based on heart as the foundation  
The Sufis were not fools to emphasize it  
As much as the rationalists defied it  
In divine text, whether Sunnah or Quran's revelation  
More than 100 times, the heart is mentioned  
Yet modern education lays emphasis on mind alone  
While tuning the heart to a distorted tone  
However the heart speaks truth only when pure  
it is subservient to the Nafs if its impure  
That is why the truth and the modern man are poles apart  
either denying heart's intelligence or submission to a diluted heart  
Between these two extremes, lies a man of God  
Hence his knowledge's horizons are so broad  
Even a thinker of Iqbal's caliber  
considered Rumi as his teacher  
He revealed the ultimate secret  
of the true nature of intellect  
When intellect is the sole reliance  
It deprives man of heart's radiance  
which otherwise is the center of spirituality  
unveiling the entire spectrum of reality!

## An Inspiration

No matter how often Satan knocks me down

I'll repent to wear the believer's crown

No matter how often Nafs makes me sin

I'll ensure never dies the voice within

No matter how often the world labels me a loser

I'll look forward to a paradise in the hereafter

No matter how often unwanted events perplex me

I'll comprehend God's wisdom in every tragedy  
No matter how often a loved one breaks my heart  
I'll forget it to build a relation from the start  
No matter how often I am presented secular information  
I'll look at holy prophet's life to seek inspiration  
No matter how often I am impressed by a skeptic  
I'll surrender to an argument that is Quranic  
No matter how often I am moved by human intellect  
I'll choose divine revelation if I have to select  
No matter how often I assume to possess intelligence  
I'll continue to pray to be granted His guidance  
No matter how often I misunderstand spirituality  
I'll always liken my ego to truth's animosity  
No matter how often I am seduced by mere talent  
I'll reckon piety as the only feature that is salient  
No matter how often I am mocked for my idealism  
I'll declare it yet as the only enlightening ism  
No matter how often I am surrounded by controversy  
I'll free myself from the false tag of blasphemy  
No matter how often I am deemed as a disloyal bard  
I'll write because this pen is my only winning card!

## The Ramzan Effect

O' God

Hearts are blackened by sins

Souls are tainted by whims

No mortal can become our savior

Immerse us in your blessings' shower

Minds sow seeds of doubt

Thoughts seduce us to flout

No genius can erase our confusion

Erect in us a tower of conviction

Ignorance is the cause of becoming proud  
Between you and us, conceit is the shroud  
No intellectual pursuit can curb arrogance  
Ignite in us the flame of divine guidance  
The holy month has dawned  
To foster a spiritual bond  
Since we are saved from Satan  
Transform our own inner pagan  
Adorn us with the garb of piety  
so that we feel your magnanimity  
Where we were traversing the path to hell  
Drag us to heaven whether we smile or yell!

#### An Act of Worship

Oh this is such a bliss  
like a bride's first kiss  
Finally, I put my head into prostration  
and swallow my pride without frustration  
At last, I lift my hands for a prayer  
my plea crosses the sky's seventh layer  
I confess my intellect's actual triviality  
and take the road leading to humility  
I open the holy book for answers to questions  
and nullify the devil's perturbing suggestions

Nothing can stop this spiritual quest  
Man's superiority, even angels attest  
The time has come to capture moments of joy  
and feel like a child with a brand new toy  
No more misery, guilt and regret  
Just God's graciousness to interpret  
In front of Him, the more you're humble  
In front of others, the less you stumble  
If I seek no worldly reward  
I may have truly found God  
Pakistan chants, "go Nawaz go"  
I say fight with your own ego  
Give your caprice a big blow  
Make your heart whiter than snow  
Contrary to the common opinion  
Love is the essence of religion  
Now, I may be deemed as human  
because this is my real origin  
In the sea of my self, I was a warship  
This sudden peace is an act of worship!

## Return to God

Though I haven't crossed the journey yet  
your splendor has made my senses beset  
Though I haven't found answers to my questions  
your wisdom marks the end of my exasperation  
Though I haven't removed sins from my deeds  
your guidance has saved me from denial indeed  
Though I haven't been able to lift your veils  
your mercy ensures I don't give up when I fail  
Though I haven't ascertained that my ego is shattered  
your acknowledgment of my effort makes me flattered  
Though I haven't achieved state of a contented soul  
your blessings always make me understand my role

Though I haven't understood intellect's limitations  
your existence is proved by divine interventions  
Though I haven't seen glimpses of any prophet  
your book reveals their images bit by bit  
Though I haven't succeeded in quenching my thirst  
your planning makes sure my bubble doesn't burst  
Though I haven't witnessed splitting of the moon  
your signs and symbols will confirm it very soon  
Though I haven't compensated for my spiritual deficit  
your teachings inspire me towards sky as the limit  
Though I haven't tuned my life to a vision so broad  
your love will make my death a happy return to God!

## APHORISMS

1. Modern man is so proud of the fact that he landed on the moon. During childhood, Muhammad used to play with it like a toy. How ironical!
2. The issue with Western Scientific paradigm of knowledge is its epistemological underpinnings which claims that the words "unscientific" and "untrue" are synonymous
3. The problem with religion, throughout history, has been the wide gap between theory and practice.
4. The dilemma with the discipline of Psychology is the study of human behavior without any reference to soul or spirit.
5. Had peace been an unconditional goal of Islam, the holy prophet would not have participated in wars. The historical record of human nature tells us that being at peace with injustice is a mark of cowardice rather than wisdom.
6. Greatness of the first 2 caliphs of Islam was their ability to combine righteousness with dominance.

7. What makes Iqbal an intellectual giant is his contribution to the philosophical dimension of Islam after a stagnancy of 5 centuries.

8. What made Rumi unique and special (besides poetic genius) was that despite being a dervish, he was a thoroughly original thinker.

9. The issue with contemporary Academia is not false information but knowledge without self-purification (tazkia-e-nafs).

10. Not through books but by personal experience, I have learned that there is nothing that God despises more than pride.

11. If there is Satan to lead us astray, who made Satan go astray? Only vanity!

12. In one way, Satan passed God's test by not bowing down before anyone but God.

13. Islamic Banking shouldn't be called Islamic Banking but "halaal Western Banking".

14. Tasawwuf will always remain a highly controversial subject because it enjoins practices not fully proved by Quran and Sunnah yet authenticated by spiritual masters.

15. For people of extremely high IQ level, there is an even greater test as they have to negate more reasons to disbelieve.

16. Modernity has brought innumerable ways of inspiring man towards happiness. It has become a bigger challenge to understand the Quranic verse that only in Allah's Zikr, hearts find satisfaction.

17. The hardest thing to achieve isn't genius but to avoid ostentation while remaining a genius.

18. There is no sight more displeasing than a religious man of arrogance or hatred.

19. Religion claims. Philosophy seeks. Science proves. It is a wonderful combination.

20. What differentiates a truly spiritual person is his ability to convince people without reliance on strong arguments.

21. There is no topic more confusing in Islam than the status of Music.

22. Mysticism will continue to inspire seekers of truth because it lays emphasis on the need of bringing a revolution within one's ownself.

23. The beauty of the eloquent language of Quran is that it is neither prose nor poetry.
24. It is indeed the most technical endeavor to pick and choose what to take from which scholar
25. The problem with the Sufi orders (silsila-e-tasawwuf) in the subcontinent is that a disciple (mureed) has to follow one religious figure rather than imitating the good in every virtuous personality.
26. Imran Khan can become a great leader only if he has the humility to take guidance from a man of knowledge.
27. There is a very thin line between humbleness and weakness; it takes a lot of intelligence to draw it.
28. Any achievement will be nullified by God if its driven by ego.
29. If there was no ego, this world would have been a paradise.

### Section 3: A Bard from the East

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Even color-blind people see black can't be white (Prose, 2003)

YOU and I

I was devoid of existence

You blew life into me

I was filth as origin

You gave superiority amongst creations

I was a mere loaf

You molded into perfection

I was deprived of vision

You put light in my sight

I was infantile, helpless

You laid me in a mother's heart

I lacked a unique identity

You put letters in my name

I was needy of expression

You put meaning in my call

I had no speech or sense

You put words in my mouth

I was a crawling creature

You gave posture of a human

I was made of a deadly caprice

You put innocence in childhood

I was a slave to temptations

You put will over wants

I didn't fear your presence

You put curtains over deeds

I frowned on every need

You gave sustenance after each sin

I longed for you not despite reliance

You gave love despite independence

I remained distant, indifferently

You kept awake for proximity

I only counted what I lacked

You picked gems within dirt

I took qualities as inheritance

You chose from your treasures

I fell from all of my virtues

You bore vices to grant elevation

I owed success to ability

You put fortuity in fate

I ignorantly chased false paths

You lessened hurdles on the way

I unconsciously moved in dark tunnels

You kept illuminating their ends

I followed traps, unaware

You guided me their locations

I, naively, ignored your directions

You wisely negated my negations

I transgressed without guilt

You forgave without apology

I declined to take one step

You promised the journey left

I kept my tongue unquenched of thirst

You abled me to utter your name

I denied my hands of their shelter

You finally lifted them for a prayer

I deprived my brow of its home

You at last put me into prostration

I ambled by a speck

You came miles closer

I toddled towards you

You came rushing to me

But Oh helpless lyricist

Why are you writing it?

Your words lack any expression

Your expression has so many voids

Voids that are filled by your own nothingness

Your verses fulfill not an iota of the due right

Yes indeed,

My words are a mere creation, when they say

Because my heart is a creation, when it feels

Since my mind is a creation, when it thinks

And this hand is a creation, when it writes

Because,

I'm myself only a creation, not the Creator

Indeed,

I'm just a man. You are Allah, the Almighty!

"DIALOGUE WITH THE COMMON MAN"

They say how can we oppose the ways of the world?

I say a dead body only follows the current of water

They say why be out casted?

I say the best of us is seldom one of us

They say how be free from conflicts within?

I say diminish your ego and everything is clear

They say how can we reach the truth?

I say don't let norms dictate it

They say how do we change ourselves?

I say fear not the rejection of aftermath

They say how be of worth in His eyes?

I say strive not for elevation in other's eyes

They say how do we recognize the Almighty?

I say cease to live for self recognition

They say why not verify His laws?

I say how many question the verdict of a judge?

They say what if we justify a sin?

I say that distinguished Iblis from Adam

They say how pursue righteousness to the fullest?

I say adopt indifference to opposition

They say how be liberated in His slavery?

I say how be free in submission to our caprice?

They say why not seek this world?

I

say its Creator calls it a wing of a mosquito

They say why not pleasure if we have temptation?

I say why not restraint if we have guilt?

They say why leave material race for Hereafter?

I say how prefer a temporary over the permanent?

They say why doesn't He answer our prayers?

I say since when is He accountable to us?

They say why believe if disbelievers rule everything?

I say what more proves this world's insignificance?

They say why are our enemies so shrewd

I say

knowledge is a double-edged sword

They say how imitate a prophet we didn't see?

I say he wept for you without knowing you

They say why does the system run that way?

I say can it run without our input?

They say why do leaders take false decisions?

I say nations are reflected in them, not the opposite

They say why worry if everyone else strays?

I say how many Gods do you acknowledge?

They say why revolt against the society?

I say conformity to it is worse than rebellion

They say how curb youth's hunger for sins?

I say then why fear their passion for religion?

They say why not moderation in religion?

I say why ambitiousness in seeking the world?

They say didn't the prophet declined fanaticism?

I say people, yet, labeled him a fanatic

They say why be preached by the illiteracy?

I say how many of the literate aspire to do so?

They say why do clerics depict hatred?

I say how does it feel to be looked down upon?

They say why the flag bearers lack tact?

I say do you even possess intentions?

They say why do they all have the same words?

I say don't we all have the same actions?

They say why are preachers mentally subjugated?

I say how many of you aren't slaves to modernity?

They say why do they yell so loudly?

I say they address deaf ears

They say what do scholars do when a Tsunami strikes?

I say what about you when a blasphemous turns knighted?

They say why mosques be heard outside their walls?

I say ceremonies are heard in the whole neighborhood

They say how prosper if madressas be around?

I say what was the nucleus of your golden age?

They say why hold sermons at places?

I say what else counters the ignorance on media?

They say why do the learned shun religion

I say Satan knows more than anyone else

They say haven't the times changed?

I say our Lord is the same

They say aren't those laws outdated?

I say inventions, not instincts, turn obsolete

They say hasn't man achieved so much prosperity?

I say objects not humans ever improved

They say didn't we reach the moon?

I say did it solve matters on earth?

They say what about science and progress?

I say did we attain inner peace?

They say does that negate its

accomplishments?

I say

the highest landmark is satisfaction

They say didn't we make this world a global village?

I say did it bring hearts nearer too?

They say don't you see how tall our buildings stand?

I say look how primitive our conscience remains

They say how small have the distances become

I say how enormous has the arrogance grown

They say why not purchase more for luxury?

I say happiness lies in simplicity

They say why not heighten competition for fame?

I say lessen it for tranquility

They say why do the women dress that way?

I say how often do you lower your gaze?

They say why not accompany the rich?

I say you'll never thank God after it

They say why mingle with the lesser class?

I say you won't realize your fortune otherwise

They say why not fits of laughter?

I say it yields none but dead hearts

They say why weaken and cry in front of God?

I say sensitivity is a virtue not a fall

They say why repent when we are just humans?

I say why defy Him when we are just creations!

## "DIALOGUE WITH AN ATHEIST/AGNOSTIC"

You say what is the proof of God's existence?

I say would you be tested if there is one?

You say why believe without evidence?

I say show me an outcome prior to a trial

You say scientists explain everything without God

I say will they be tried if they fail to do so?

You say a ship cannot sail, load and unload on its own

I say pity on you that the universe runs by itself

You say why does God lack a visible role in our lives?

I say you be forced to believe Him if not

You say where is God when injustice takes place?

I say why do we have free-will if He has to stop?

You say how is He Merciful in those times?

I say how is He answerable for our deeds?

You say why would a man dying of hunger believe Him?

I say you suffered nothing and yet you disbelieve

You say why are some born with disabilities?

I say how many of the abled worship Him heartily?

You say why is there a hell if He is Most-Loving?

I say how disobedient are you to still be put there?

You say why did God create evil?

I say how would goodness exist otherwise?

You say why worship someone who doesn't exist?

I say the loss is greater if opposite is the case

You say how do I define an unknown God?

I say a genius said, "to define is to limit"

You say if everything has a Creator who created God?

I say creation pertains to those who are born

You say science is on the verge of creating life

I say what if the world is on the verge of destruction

You say why be a fool and rely on faith?

I say you disbelieve out of pride not intellect

You say why a God we cant see, hear or touch?

I say why time or happiness which are only felt?

You say humans created superior things than God

I say all came from a mind you didn't create

You say science is too far ahead of religion

I say the Book says earlier what science says later

You say why not question the voids in religion?

I say why not accept the limits of your wisdom?

You say knowledge comes from intellect alone

I say there is no intellect without knowledge

You say why follow religion and not other schools of thought?

I say revelations are divine not philosophies

You say give me one truth out of blind faith

I say doesn't the whole world plan for a tomorrow!

## A BEGGAR IN THE KINGDOM

Do I proclaim to serve you?

Servantship is riddance of all claims

Why call myself a believer?

My belief in dearth is sustenance

Can I call you my best friend?

I can disclose none to the All Knowing

Would I ever grasp your splendor?

I can lose all but mortality

Should I find you beyond stars?

I haven't yet discovered you within

Can I express your beauty?

Words aren't born since eternity

Shall I confront your vision?

The purest of hearts be bathed thrice for it\*

Do I wish to be humble?

My heart betrays my head in prostration

Do I dare to fear you?

I haven't broken all idols yet

Could I deem life as owned?

I possess not even that I breathe

Can I claim love for you?

Its division is an attribute of others

Am I in submission to you?

I would've preferred worship over poetry

Will I be granted heaven or hell?

Both are one

Till your Curtain is raised!

\*Muhammad (pbuh) during ascension (miraaj)

## THE UNTITLED SCRIPT

Love turns finiteness into infinity

but my Lord is Himself infinite

Don't call Satan accursed

He bowed before none other than God

None chokes like the bound of desires

Sufism is the freedom within

Remembrance stems from disconnection

When am I not in His reach?

Should He lift one Veil?

Or I shatter the innumerable illusions of self

Could I be enveloped in His ambiance?

A heart is intimate with but one

Why laud beauty if I'm blind to nature

It's His artistry concealed underneath

The entirety is but His

A dervish has naught but all

Why bother the scorn of endless tongues

A mystic isn't born till ego's death

Had saints known sainthood

None would've attempted it.

I, revealed

Sins, the only souvenir of my past

Guilt, the enduring friend

Ego, the queen of my palace

Lust, the only stone of my castle

Indulgence, my only persistence

Lament, the only salvation

Self, the only compass guiding me

Indifference, the only escape

Taint, the only fingerprint

Loss, my only signature

God, the outtake from my wish list

Angels, the only repellent

Possessions, my only bounty

Blessings, the only dispossession

Burden, the only one to carry me

Fear, the only lift

Darkness, the only shade

Change, the path uncrossed

Actions, the most wanted weapon

Words, the only shot left!

## The Cloth of Divinity (Hijaab)

One veil bothers you to the bones  
Lifts thousand veils of God  
Let it be no rival to beauty  
Only God is beautiful if unveiled  
Deem not your worth less in it  
Treasures are meant to be hidden  
With whom you share your beauty  
Does God lose sight when concealed

The heat felt under the cover  
quenches the scorching blaze of hell  
Flout to please one inner self  
and give birth to an army of evils  
Had God been reliant on eyes  
He would've closed them on your exposure  
What elevation do you seek  
To be the feast of eyes drenched with voracity  
Isn't it truly honor  
when admiration isn't bought through charm

Is it liberation to display

Shackled by the trite of beauty

Only once in a lifetime,

a bride's cover is lifted by none but her man

Perpetually, God bestowed this favor on you

There's a cloth heaven yearns to be wrapped in

the one you were to be enveloped in

On that Day

When the human race would shudder

and rush to God with sheer dread,

God Himself will take a step ahead

for the glimpse of a veiled woman!

## THE FORGOTTEN ENTITY

Neither shun slavery nor prefer white skin

Only Bilal's footsteps echoed in the corridors above

Crave not Umer's kingdom or Usman's treasure

Seek Ali's wisdom and the humility of Siddiq

Envy not the glory of Muhammad

Reckon the moments lived in eviction

Wish not Yousaf's beauty or Daud's voice

Climb only their mount of will within

Try not to borrow the magic of Musa

Fear the sight that stole his senses away

Marvel not at the age of Nuh

Count those who listened to him

Worry not about the tenure of evil

Absence of one is presence of the other

Escape not from the images of grave

Preservation was meant for Pharaoh alone

Be blind to the color of roses  
Eye none but the crimson of martyrs  
Run not from a doctrine that restricts  
Feel like the captive imprisoned in bliss

Hear not Mozart's melody or Beethoven's symphony  
Hunger only for Bilal's call to pray  
Neither sun rose nor night vanished  
Till his voice reached Lord's Throne

Veracity was revealed, not culture  
Diminish rituality, let essence prevail  
Once practice was known, pretense unknown  
Now sermons be hailed, manifestation unheard of

If you want to know prophethood  
Face the sudden eclipse of comrades to fiends  
Had I been God  
I couldn't have chosen it  
Since God is He  
He perfectly bestowed it.

## THE GOD OF SINNERS

The earth vows to swallow us  
yet calmed  
it's His kingdom only

The waters simmer to sink us  
their rage humbled  
it's between He and us

The air is perpetually charged  
held starved nonetheless  
He knows the unknown

The angels beseech for our death  
their hopes buried  
He sees what they don't

The nights promise malevolence

their claims beset

its He or none

The clouds dare to own thunder

their threats threatened

none exists unless He intends

The lightning grows monstrous

all fears erased nevertheless

who else is the King?

The sun yearns to scorch us

the phenomena seized

none stirs without His will

The sky declines to lit up

the moon defies it

each star salutes none but the Master

The mountains linger to demolish us

their swelter frozen

none erupts unless His vehemence

Gabriel warns to conclude it all

his roar silenced

all is mortal but the Immortal

But the devils within go on satirizing

He smiles back

only He discerns the idiocy beneath

Still, we cling on to merriment

His smile fades

only He writes our epilogue.

## THE UNSUNG MELODY

Truth is drowned in a sea of irrelevance

Falsity has worn the attire of reason

I am fooled by the illusion of freedom

Seduced by the winds of change

I've turned into a formless water

a trackless eagle with wings alone

My lips are sealed by the air of indifference

I am tied with the chains of conformity

Every day brings a vision unmet

Every night carries a task unfulfilled

Lies within me

a storm of emotions

an endless rain of thoughts

mounts of intentions

Yet I own nothing but words

Words that possess

neither the sting of swords

Nor the impact of hands

nor the march of footsteps

just words

But

there would've been neither an Ali

nor an Abu Bakar

neither an Umar

nor Muhammad

if they had words alone!

## Heaven & Hell

Neither there's a garden nor a fire

Both are idols I broke without fear or desire

One you seek and of the other you're afraid

It isn't worship but only a wise trade

If virtue is born from reward or loss

A long journey you still need to cross

Love of the world you call a veil

and immortality alone you choose to hail?

if hoar is what your eyes seek at night

worthy you aren't for glimpsing Divine Light

your heart flutters for heavenly wine

of Him, didn't you find a better sign?

If your palace was dressed with taint

Would you still remain a saint?

In eternal bliss you wish to stay

one forbidden fruit drove Adam away

Sinners too dread the bite of a snake

If not for Him, your deeds are but fake

Oh fool

See neither heaven nor hell

When you'll find Him

You'll have better tales to tell!

“Nature & I”

a drop perturbs the pond's serenity  
a tear razes the peace of my heart  
the drop's caress bares what's beneath  
the tear unleashes tales unheard of  
due to fragility, soon the ripples fade  
owing to callosity, my eyes dry quickly  
as myriad drops mingle into one  
sundry scripts become one story  
waters don't turn arid  
and tears are no fluke  
The sky's tint draws my own despair  
The rainbow flaunts roles of my play  
Lushness of fields brings me forged smiles  
Hanging nights carry signs of my burdens  
Moonlight's color is defied by its severity  
The minority of tears deceives its own pain  
  
Just as days and nights

carve a path for the sun

Birth and loss of tears

raise me and then make me fall.

The Riddle of Life

Learn till knowledge laughs

Pray till God loses clemency

Walk till routes are untraceable

Strive till struggles betray

Hope till miracles embrace nature

Seek till secrets finally yield

Sleep till you see your dream

Cry till you run out of sorrows

Shine fortunes under dim stars

Put verve in paralyzed souls

Wear wrinkles of labor not age

Taste high with its reward's drug

Follow footsteps of changed paths

Be not haunted by ghosts of success

but always long for their visions

Before any volcano erupts

your lava shall melt it away

Before every love dawns on you

your sun should greet it earlier

This world has now grown

into a shriveled dry rose

You be the first raindrop

kissing it's dying petals

With fibers of your soul

paint the image of life

Destiny may throw the picture

but can't steal the artist

Never leave your people in ruins

Weren't angels enough for worship?

Though open, remain unpredictable

as a false desire that may stray

or a fed curse which can stay

be cold as a law

but appealing as a sin

sweet like playfulness

yet strong as a ruling motive

and as smooth as your death.

---

## A letter to God

Love was my terrain

I was captured by you

Love was my kingdom

I was ruled by you

Love was a seduction

You were my indulgence

Love was a beauty

You were the sensation

Love was poetry

You were the fire

Love was my art

You were the madness

Love was genius

You were the spark

Love was sustenance

My survival was you

Love was my soul

You nourished me

Love was elevation

I fell for you

Love was a feat

You were my failing

Love was my performance

It's perfection was you

Love was a victory

My glory was you

Love was a crown

I was hailed by you

Love was hidden

Yet revealed you

Love was a garb

I wore you

Love was intoxication

You took me higher

Love was the guidance

But I followed you

Love was a sound

with echoes of you

Love was a cloud

You rained on me

Love was wealth

I earned you

Love was a possession

My treasure was you

Love was my freedom

Yet a slave to you

Love was a river

I drowned in you

Love was my grave

Yet buried in you  
Love was a religion  
My certainty was you  
Love was a prayer  
Its heart was you  
Love was a prophet  
my salvation was you  
Love was my deity  
I was blessed with you  
Love was a life  
My breath was you  
Love was a friend  
I was nurtured by you  
Love was an embrace  
I held on to you  
Love was the sun  
Yet a shadow to you  
Love was time  
Commenced with you  
Love was a truth  
Its reality was you  
Love was an eternity  
The existence was you.

---

## The Anthology of Ironies

Could the ring of life be held  
circles don't commence or end  
From yourself, can you run  
if spirit and body are one  
Is it love if at you God stares

Yet in front, He never appears

Can joy survive without pain

Lovers call it a broken chain

Why care for blame or credit

You are not the world's pivot

Does the drunkard lose his sense

last sip gives him calm, immense

Can fireworks let a morning dazzle

Can paled rainbows grant splendor

Isn't the rousing of dawn caressed

when the night had rung silenced

while surrounding you, is air a companion

when it blew away, did you lose someone

Be it a diamond necklace or a cloth ribbon

for a dog, both are collars to kill freedom

Can you take off chastity never worn

Or hear in beloved's whisper a roar

Is love without beauty a fool's myth

or affirmed by an old lady's warmth

But isn't love overthrown by beauty

if nature enchants you by its bounty

can piety illuminate a heart's night

original colors are revived by light

Do you really prefer loneliness over enmity  
Fishes tremble outside water, clean or dirty  
Is there change in the lines on your palm  
When every occurrence turns into a harm  
Shall you greet death with welcome  
if an emotional seesaw, you become

Can we label our life as a friend  
it won't leave us before the end  
Could the angel of death be disloyal  
Alike he treats beggars or the royal.

---

### The Universal Quest

Walk not on waters yet  
Stand firm on His ground  
Trace not paths soon  
Show Him hunger first  
Climb not in air to reach sky  
Your deeds must earn Him  
Try not to move mountains  
Till you fall for Him alone

Look not for shelter above  
Let Him be the storm in you  
See not the bright of stars  
He'll blind you to darkness  
Aspire not to go distances  
With Him you own the end  
Fear never the journey left  
He'll turn trees into towers

Say not a word with tongue  
Let the heart speak to Him  
Strive not to look beyond  
Let your wonder see Him

Listen not to melodies around  
Grant an ear to His Symphony  
Write not your own songs  
Make Him the rhythm of you

Dwell not why shall you know  
He doesn't deprive the naive  
Give not all you have  
You lose Him in doing so  
Strive not to prove anything  
Success is failure to claim Him

Grow not roses of love  
Let Him shield the garden first  
Wait not for petals to blossom  
Till His water runs through it

Wear not morning smiles  
Till His sun rises for you  
Endeavour not to prolong days  
Till His moon shines for you  
Wish not for a goodnight kiss  
Till His dawn caresses you

Draw not horizons yet  
Till He holds your hand  
Catch not the world at once  
Till He embraces you alone

Wipe not tears from eyes  
Heal broken hearts for Him  
Take not everyone in arms  
Till you be touched by Him

Words are a mirror to us  
Poetry isn't a gift to Him.  
Salvation is our own need  
Love is no tribute to Him!

---

## The Lost Treasure

Fumes of passion glittered eyes  
Pearls of light shimmered faces  
Heavenly laces tied hairs  
Unheard hysteria discerned voice  
Entrenched poetry defined words  
Soldier's buoyancy ruled acts

But now,

The more you hunt within  
Lesser the place for Him  
Deeper the sink  
Lower the sea

Is it the human self?

Or

A warped kingdom.

### CONFESSIONS OF MUHAMMAD: His Imaginary Tribute to God on Miraaj (Ascension)

If your entire mystery be reached

You be engraved in my destiny

If clouds of thoughts be held

You be every figment of my mind

If bursts of emotions be stirred

You be an endless valley in me

If a silent deep aura be created

I be numb to everyone else

If verve of my heart be foreseen

All my breaths, preserved for you

If windows of heaven be opened

your scent be known to me

If I had written revelations

your words be not poured in me

If echoes of divinity be escaped

I be deaf to your voice

If ironies be run from

I be sightless of your light

If autumn be deprived of its trait

all my secrets be unshed for you

If similarity in disparity be proven

your face be seen in my mirror

If equality be likened to inequality

myself in your presence be shown

If two unequal halves be created

only one of us completes the other

If precision of intuition be described

your silence, discerned more than speech

If grains in Gabriel's palm be counted

My moments in your awe be reckoned

If span of east west be traversed

horizon of your visions be marked

If mountains be separated from might

I be compared with my obsession

If oceans be poured in one goblet

my heart for you be unconcealed

If fire without spark be claimed

my state on your sight be revealed

If matter's inferiority to nature be judged  
Aisha's ears not her diamond be seen  
If wealth's triviality before love be proved  
gold strands be replaced by Fatima's smiles  
If the bliss of touch be expressed  
Khadija's fingers be rested in mine  
If bond of proximity be explained  
Abu Bakar be locked in my arms

If a fiber be displayed to the seraphs  
Bilal's shoelace be bestowed in heaven  
If unity of souls be comprehended  
Let Ali never be deprived of me  
If the fervor of Umar be rivaled  
my insanity without you be shown  
If perfection be formed from amorphousness  
I disbelieve in Yousaf's humanness  
If Daud be inspired to sing  
your glimpse be shown to him

If fragility of human senses be unlocked  
my defense on your disclosure be shown  
If women be unsaved from voracious eyes  
Your unveiling be my only plead  
If enrichment without decoration be denied  
your freedom from embellishment lingers

If pinnacle of covetousness be bared  
the moon be asked on your adornment

If outcomes of wars be rewritten  
I be ending each as your captive  
If sanctity of culture be preserved  
I be holding you as the only ritual  
If martyrdom be the aspired act  
I be cherishing submission to you  
If loyalty be proposed after death  
The will of my phantom is yours

If Moses' failure to stand you be sensed  
the glow of your face be confronted  
If disbelief be merged with worship  
my inner prostration be under trial  
If extremity be adopted for once  
every man be shunned as profane  
If one blasphemy be forgiven  
no prophet served you well  
If Godhood be mine  
Adam be punished as much as Iblis  
If atheism be challenged ruthlessly  
my own station be most at stake

If division of love and lust be refused

this poem's authenticity be doubted  
If impurity be dropped into intentions  
My failure be to write for someone else  
If humility be separated from greatness  
My presumption be to have done justice  
If an angel be enticed towards a sin  
My fear be to provoke vanity within  
If an eruptive storm be submerged  
in my confession, I be incapable  
If something be ended before completion  
Forever, my pen remain devoid of ink

If possessions be distinguished from wants  
The pain of our separation be foreseen  
If immortality of humans not resisted  
my struggle for your consent subsisted

If one thing be changed about me  
My being may not return to earth  
If one thing be changed about you  
the phenomenon of change be defied.

---

FRUITS FROM A PROPHETIC TREE – An ode to Muhammad SWS

I may enhance my grandeur  
but your majesty is the king  
I may never be emancipated  
but your honor is the fixation  
I may relish to own everything  
but your comfort is the earning  
I may hunger for applause  
but your call is the ascent  
I may battle for supremacy  
but your heart is the empire  
I may envy a queen for her palace  
But your companionship is the bliss  
I may be wasted in aims afar reach  
But your stature is the endeavor  
I may bequeath jewels in a museum  
But your foot's dust is the memento  
I may undergo spells of ecstasy  
But your presence is the elation  
I may doubt charm's blend with worth  
But your instance is the verdict  
I may be immune to demons  
But your embrace is the lure  
I may float on a water torrent  
But your eyes is the drown  
I may be unmoved by ambiance  
But your fragrance is the envelope

I may fetch zamzam from Makkah  
But your sweat is the relic  
I may trust purity of Mikael's glance  
But your emergence is the measure  
I may do everything for a return  
But your tolerance is the crave  
I may wish to become a poet  
But your delight is the reward  
I may see Divinity in mortals  
But your creation is the Art  
I may succumb to Izrael anytime  
But your death is the exception  
I may yearn to glorify God  
But your praise is the way!

## The Ummah's Cry

Let the flower of sanguinity bloom

Whether the zephyr of conquest blows or not  
Let the clouds of unity burst  
Whether the rain of tranquility falls or not  
Let the strings of struggle be plucked  
Whether the melody of triumph echoes or not  
Let the shades of brotherhood prevail  
Whether the color of love forms or not  
Let the sagacity of revelation rule  
Whether intellect's grasp captures it or not  
Let the wings of faith take you far  
Whether reason's ascent reaches there or not  
Let the fervor of heart behest you  
Whether mind's consent is granted or not  
Let the alchemy of religion transform you  
Whether tribulation's heat melts you or not  
Let your ship sail to the shore of sainthood  
Whether the rock of calamity hits it or not  
Let your eyes drown in tears  
Whether your limbs sinned or not  
Let the rhythm of Quran fail your senses  
Whether your ears hear the beat or not  
Let the words set your spirit ablaze  
Whether the language estranges you or not  
Let the verses carve endless paths in you  
Whether your mortality bears it or not  
Let the chapters unlock new vistas for you  
Whether knowledge is expended or not  
Let life's pendulum hinge on Sunnah  
Whether the air lets it swing or not  
Let yourself traverse Muhammad's path  
Whether his footsteps are followed or not  
Let his attributes envelope you  
Whether you saw him or not  
Let his lamentation stir you  
Whether you heard it or not  
Let salutation provoke him to greet you  
Whether he is present or not  
Let piety unseat talent

Whether prestige is bestowed or not  
Let belief defy logic  
Whether the world has changed or not  
Let deeds engulf means  
Whether time space cater or not  
Let yourself shatter the fetters of disbelief  
Whether you are mocked or not  
Let a Sufi be mightier than a tyrant  
Whether he is feared or not  
Let holy warriors be as worthy as the genius  
Whether they are envied or not  
Let your soul wear the vicegerent's attire  
Whether your body is worthy or not  
Let your will write fate  
Whether the Grand Pen has dried or not  
Let the cosmos connive for you  
Whether you knew it or not  
Let your acts alter history  
Whether prophethood is sealed or not  
Let God rejoice your creation  
Whether the angels comprehend it or not  
Let Him hail your existence  
Whether Satan surrenders or not  
Let He await your return  
Whether you yearn for it or not  
Let Him embrace your being  
Whether you earned it or not!

## The Plead of Despair

I wish to illumine skies of fortune  
By just a stroke of His matchstick  
I wish to soar as high as a smoke  
Flying from a cigar in His mouth  
and displace that roof  
which lost it's burnish  
I wish to be the tree that grows forever  
Yet it's branches bow down in front of heavens  
I wish not to be another star in the herd  
But the comet blazing after a millenia  
I want to run twice as fast as light  
So I can open the door of my past  
to read that twisted tale  
to live again in those moments  
and not take one deed for granted  
So i turn this perpetual tragedy  
into a cherished chapter of my life

Oh you who reside above  
You punish because you are Just  
But if I be allowed to break silence  
Penalty must be paid  
But not greater than the folly!

### The Nursery Rhyme of Adulthood

When friends turn into foes  
and the river of agony flows  
When hearts turn to stones  
we become but flesh and bones  
When souls are set on fire  
with vengeance, a blazing desire  
When humans turn into beasts  
odium remains their only feast  
  
When nectar of amity is sealed  
Yet taste of jealousy is revealed

When the seed of trust is sown  
But the tree of spite is grown  
When candor is surmised as idiocy  
Acumen lies in a mold of hypocrisy

When the voice within falls asleep  
And the ocean of lust runs deep  
When virtue is thrown or sold  
And the sins are seen as gold  
When you climb the mount of vice  
But crawl on the road to paradise

Prayer is reckoned as mark of weakened  
Mask of deceit won't unfold conceit  
Hope is deemed a daft man's dream  
Love is lost like a coin never tossed

Should we cling to the rope of belief?  
Or is faith a tired man's relief?  
Is God of this kingdom really there?  
Does He play the game of life fair?

I bleed yet breath  
I undergo anguish but don't relinquish  
To the devil's whims, i won't surrender  
And this sense of triumph is so tender

Neither I'll weep nor wish to fight  
I want to eye with the inner sight  
I am not a saint or a sage  
Just someone at odds with the age!

2011

Too much information, a confusion  
Veracity, the hindered diffusion  
Right and wrong, no more a fusion

Evil forces, a perpetual intrusion  
Spiritual death, their perfusion  
Only escapists opt for seclusion

The world seems an illusion  
Life has become a delusion

Revolution, our only solution.

Pakistan

Land of the pure

so much to explore

riches lie beneath the floor

baffles me, to adore or abhor

whether libraries or stores

we knock on similar doors

from mothers to whores

we carry the same lore

Mullah's preach doesn't score

Sufi's hush, only to ignore

Mufti's knowledge, intellectually dour

Teacher's sermons continue to bore

That persona of flair lies no more

I don't want to implore

for a penny or crore

Injustice, i wont endure

Zardari, it's your last tenure

Wake up Pakistan

from an endless snore

Now your lion has to roar!

---

## Secularism

Neither He's affirmed nor ever denied  
Yet servitude to Him is always belied  
From man to society, from conscience to state  
Everything stripped of Him like a blank slate

Education and academia now worlds apart  
Rumis Ghazalis won't grow from the start  
Even art lost the innate aesthetic  
Commerce now guides it's cosmetic

Talks of towns ruled by human capital  
Where is man's true inner potential  
Life is monotony, man is a machine  
Inspired ones detest such a regime

scholars or farmers, politicians can't fool  
Yet, for masses, morality becomes a tool

Leadership, the most feared spiritual gamble  
in heaven's peak or hell's dip you'll ramble

Ethical cloth woven by threads of apathy  
Transgressions finally earned sympathy  
If altruists turn into anomalies  
Egos are fed not the families

If in all's hands, money is health  
If cartel of few, a curse is wealth  
Whether Zionists outside or Qadianias within  
All play alike and belong to the same inn

If modern revivers cant heal global malaria  
Blame not true reformers for mass hysteria  
Wishfully aimed peace with religion out of scene  
World-wars born out of the same inhuman gene

Muslims on Friday, Christians on Sunday  
Is work or bank the Sustainer on Monday  
Mosques churches swiftly turn us holy  
God is dead till for Him we live wholly.

---

## Al-Fatiha

Praise is for Him alone

Nothing is that we own

To Him, everything we attribute

even when in the champion's suit

His consent writes our flourish

His will decides our anguish

Spirituality lies in actions

Unity dies with factions

Differing opinions are a blessing

Intellectual variance is harnessing

God spoke words of plurality

so we conform as a society

if on situation you put all blame

it quenches your passion's flame

when a diligent arm raises its hand

you can built fortresses out of sand

Beg not these pharaonic rulers  
Besides He there be no helpers  
Religion and world are to marry  
so the cup of victory you'll carry

Minds may not draw right lines  
His light saves us from crimes  
Its from Him if you be guided  
Its yourself if you are blinded.

Al-Baqarah"

Virtue does form spiritual flowers  
But politics and battles grant power

O' Muslims,

In Makkah Allah only called you refine  
In Madina you were deemed as divine  
Makkah was a story of love and hate  
Madina brought you an Islamic state

Understand your enemy  
as you know your family  
they bother not if for piety you strive  
but they can't see your regime thrive

Kafir minds not the reality of God  
But he won't accept Him as Lord  
Never he says He doesn't exist  
he loathes His laws to subsist

Islam was never tough to mimic  
Beware of the hidden hypocrite

he acts as if your own cousin  
Inside him runs deadly poison

O' Humanity,

Zionists strengthen Satan's team  
struggling to unsettle His scheme  
Free Masonic trick conceals knowledge  
and sends the rest to school or college

Without hatred, your races colors aren't at stake  
Through them, grasp different slices of His cake  
Take heed of the warnings from Nostradamus  
Change yourself before a catastrophe changes us.

---

## ZIONISTS, THE CURSED ONES

You wear an angel's face

Yet a serpent under it

carrying sparkling eyes

hiding darkness inside

not the black dressing a night

that haunting sinners in graves

You are a sight so loathsome

even if blind, i'll shut my eyes

You burden shoulders of poor

who work for your dreams

You care for creatures

only to be traded

You are a sinister air

defiling a peaceful world

that single drop

turning holy water into poison

Tongues differ from hearts

like you from God

Hands resemble minds

as satan to you

Deserts of hell, crossed like light

Because, there, your sun shines

Of it, you are least afraid

as that is your real abode

you are flowers that blossom

for the wings of a brute

our illness, your rejoice

our suffering, your celebration

As beauty belongs to beholders

Blind are you to your own mess

Your innocence, lighter than hair

Your failings thicken your blood

at times USA at times Pakistan

at times India or Afghanistan

you play with nations

like a deck of cards

Whether Bush or Blair

Whether Osama or Obama

men used and thrown

like tissue papers

Whether Muslims or others

Matters not who is killed

as the cause still lives on

Now, I am no more naive

Since I have known you

Today,

I am no more illiterate

as I have written on you!

### The Ghost

By my footsteps I was led  
to a man's last ever bed  
after many years i paid visit  
to the body of a soul, misfit  
friendless even in neighborhood  
so innocent yet so misunderstood

In morality's wall, a clean brick  
shoes of false kings, didn't lick  
Since a true tongue has to prick  
he won titles of insane and sick

His vehemence could've led him to stars  
People's venom denied him of going far  
they made his heart full of scars  
as if he was an alien from mars  
though to tribulations, he was prone  
tirelessly he would serve, not moan

Despite sitting beside the grave  
I couldn't pray or calmly behave  
Restless to discover his name  
even if many ended the same  
Couldn't read words on the stone  
By wind of time they were blown

But just as I thought to leave  
what I saw I couldn't believe  
The writing on that wall  
Made me shiver and fall

Shock turned me nil  
I just laid there, still  
It wasn't a haunted hill  
Or my father's lost will

Due to humans that had wandered ill  
the corpse belonged to myself, Aadil.

## The Future

Beyond matter, eye has limits  
Galaxies are filled with spirits

Time has reached that era  
Space of lies is a plethora

Whichever genre is your adherence  
There's a world behind appearance

To lift the curtains from reality  
Needs much more than sanity

As much as once hailed

All isms have failed

In hearts none sailed

Minds, now derailed

Yet nature's law stays a rule

Thus history won't be a fool

If man's origin is rehearsed

Fortunes would be reversed

From the blithe to a mole

Each holds a special role

Whether scholars or belly dancers

Many queries need their answers

By the chosen ones, God doesn't drool

chaos will no more be our cosmic pool.

## Education

Secular and religious appear as segregation

In unity they were a celestial combination

Sadly they are a source of division

Their marriage alone grants us vision

Intelligence not memory is the measure

So acquisition isn't devoid of pleasure

Earnest aim is concept, not fact

Information can yield only tact

Sow that kernel of creation

Parrots, better at imitation

How shall you judge superiority?

When the criterion is conformity

You know not if wrong or correct

If the tower of logic alone is erect

Food for both spirit and mind

Or the heart would turn blind

Enlightened path is to be shown

And not making of mental clone

For its nectar to yield honey

Hunger isn't power or money

Alike are not knowledge and ability

You only fly with wings of humility

Yet piety and genius, a dual yardstick

Or try never to cure a world, so sick.

Islamization

Gain from West's accolades in Science

But their Philosophy isn't the reliance

Though nature speaks truth of all kinds

Their theories give birth to deluded minds

Helpless in unraveling human soul

Psychology leads us to lizard's hole

Stirred can we be by their art

If purity lies in it from start

Shariah should encircle artistic forms

So essence prevails by Islamic norms

Politics depict democracy as salvation

Based on neither experience nor reason

Grants a beautiful mirage of liberty

Hidden beneath slavery is its reality

But Economics, their worst ever system

Extremes are both capitalism socialism

One ties the knot of inequality

The other robs one's property  
Their currency be it paper or electronic  
Is the cancer, temporary and chronic  
Distant is not that time on earth  
Gold and silver alone be of worth  
Quran elucidates from Physics to Biology  
Need of hour is only Western technology  
Whether rulers or ruled or academia  
Impotence of knowledge is dilemma  
Worlds apart are modernity and westernization  
Cultures of Muslims put out fire of Islamization

If Zionist enemies rely on mass deception  
It inevitably invites nuclear reception  
Proudly, we embrace ideology not fundamentalism  
Do we really deserve the tag of terrorism?

Islamic Modernism: Blessing or Curse?

Love for change is nothing but our human nature  
How can it oppose a religion of Islam's stature?  
Why would the divine code of conduct restrict novelty?  
Doing so would be, on God's part, sheer cruelty  
But adoration for modernism is a double-edged sword  
Who knows it better than man's creator, God?  
If life's vital issues were left to only human intelligence

Disaster, chaos and havoc would be the only consequence  
Reconstructing modernism is a gigantic challenge to Islam  
so the fruits are enjoyed without bringing harm  
No one can ignore the impact, on history, of the Industrial Revolution  
Yet Islam alone has the caliber to not undergo any revision  
Still there is a group among Muslims who have always believed  
that the contrary is true and thus are fully deceived  
Now times have changed, they always say  
With Quran and Sunnah, they often play  
Their major stance is to blame the ulema  
for the pathetic state of this ummah  
So passionately, they indulge in Islam's re-interpretation  
without even fulfilling the prerequisite qualification  
Their spiritual level doesn't match that of who they accuse  
a set of such proud people, why would God choose?  
They judge Islam on basis of the clash between Science and Christianity  
Not realizing that we don't have to do the same for prosperity  
They sadly equate the ulema's contribution with the priests' control  
Although history proves that the two have a totally different role  
In the name of research, they tamper with traditional wisdom  
From modernity, they only learned unconditional freedom  
Ijtihad is the only Islamic endeavor they fervently advocate  
They enter the city of knowledge through the wrong gate  
No wonder, they end up pleasing liberals to a high extent  
Because they aren't scholars no matter how pure the intent  
Perhaps an ideal instance is that of jihad, the holy war  
Why not be bold enough to admit what it's really for?

Why be apologetic and only stress on preaching's importance?

Are we slaves to remain content with ummah's impotence?

Didn't our Prophet label jihad as the sixth pillar?

Was Muhammad only a Sufi or also a warrior?

All these questions were answered fourteen centuries earlier

No need to redefine their authenticity like a loser!

## Muslims

Why wonder at global upheaval?

Romance with world, root of evil

Nationality is the pen of justice

Disappears thus the ink of bliss

Dream seems the book of glory

Brotherhood, a forgotten story

Ritual is Islam but heart is untrue

In His court even Satan will sue

Before malice think twice

Salvation lost, a big price

If you betray with full ease

intellect has an inner disease

Forever, you can't deceive others

deeds are babies, you are mothers

Of the worthy one you pull leg

Earning becomes as if you beg

Provoke not the victim, the innocent

Feelings cost not for a penny or cent

Beware of that silent sufferer

his rights you cannot conquer

he asked none for any succor

only he knew what did occur

You may tarnish men of God

But can you snatch His sword?

O' Ummah

Wish not for Al-Farabi or Ibn-e-Sinnah

When you can't breed a single Jinnah

Lawns form from caliber of grass

Thus leadership is devoid of class

You'll see not perpetual plight

If you truly fear Divine might

None can harm even your hair

let alone this universal despair.

Sayings / Quotes

Music taught me harmony within differences

The repetition of history depicts the circular dimension of linear time

In physics, light turns potential colors into actual colors. In metaphysics, the rule stays the same while the object is man

The agony of philosophers is their endless struggle for reason in an irrational world

All thinkers commit the folly of turning personal experiences into universal laws

Will you find light in the West where even the sun is blinded

Even color-blind people see Black can't be White

How can man be free from God when God Himself needed man for His manifestation

The more I see life, the more I see the need of another one to replace the injustice in this one

No drama surpasses real life where it is harder to be real than to act

It is strange that we claim imitation as the highest form of flattery but fail to follow the Sunnah

Had man been in no need of God, he wouldn't have formed idols of stone

If your belief is fortified by hearing Him, an idol-worshipper has more faith than you

Modern maturity is losing the virtues of a child while retaining the vices with far more complexities

A poet can say in one verse, profoundly, for which a writer may need a whole book

Nothing is more unfortunate than when your fruits are overlooked for their roots

Open-mindedness without values is like a house of open windows without walls

Modern intelligence is the measure of smartness at deeds irrelevant to the meaning of life

Modern Art is nothing but a beautiful outlet for a miserable void within

No book or academic endeavor can match the mind of a sufferer

One moment of mystical experience yields more knowledge than a thousand books.

Language is lost for words to describe a state of spiritual witnessing

Where the intellect of a scholar ceases, the love of a Sufi starts.

Although both a prophet and a Sufi know a lot but where the prophet's superior wisdom doesn't let him disclose it, the childish ecstasy of a Sufi turns him vocal.

Had intuition not been a source of intelligence, there would have been neither art nor poetry nor music.

If the modern man had used only half of his brain with a purer heart, he would've grasped the truth twice as much.

The irony of man is that he longs for greatness but not suffer before it

Arrogance is the highest state of ignorance-only the unknowing sees his significance.

None truly found God unless his ego was shattered into pieces. What bites most refines most.

The difference between calculating the height of Mount Everest and climbing it is similar to that between the conceptualization of and adherence to religion.

Little skepticism yields intelligence but lots of it yields meaninglessness.

Religion without philosophy is dry. Philosophy without religion is uncertainty.

The role of Science is less to prove Religion, more to refute Atheism.

Faith is not irrational but the consequence of a long sequence of rationality.

Wisdom is found in neither books nor sharp minds but in a heart free of worldly desires.

Modern Practicality is nothing but fear of false gods combined with lack of insight.

Madness is the first step towards greatness.

Education without lofty ideals is like religion without morals.

The greatest men were not those who were not humiliated but with humiliations for a higher cause

The mental age of a man is determined by life experiences, not biological age.

There is nothing more despicable and yet inevitable about human nature than being judgmental.

A conformist believer will always have much more hypocrisy than a disbeliever

It is not tolerance but lack of courage to not rectify falsehood to avoid making foes

Modern Literature is nothing but wonderful expressions of meaningless thoughts.

Modern Morality is a code of ethics that avoids displeasing the creation while being indifferent to the displeasure of their Creator.

Modern Success is a fool's endeavor to impress many other fools

Secularism is the name given to an idealism which helplessly hopes to combine peace with materialism

Modern respect is egotism under the guise of dignity.

Modernism is that which strives to solve the ancient problems of man with newer and much lesser effective solutions.

Everyone is a genius. Some do not discover it, some do not actualize it and some are undiscovered by others.

The hardest thing is not to achieve genius but to avoid ostentation with it.

It amazes me to see how genius is attributed to ability instead of the life experiences that ignite it.

Intelligence is conceptual ability, not factual memorization. Intellectuality is a deeper version of it. Talent is the ability to create. Genius is the sum of all three.

Islam is a combination of the virtues of both East and West whereas the Muslim Ummah combines the vices of both

The prophet of today is he who examines modernity with such perfection that he is neither influenced nor rejects without reason.

It is senseless to believe in the finality of prophethood and yet deem his teachings impractical.

Education System promises nothing but money to those who lack the talent to earn otherwise.

Academia hardly deals with creativity, originality & depth of thought.

EVEN COLOR-BLIND PEOPLE SEE BLACK CAN'T BE WHITE"

Written in 2003

A fragile rope further breaks. Threads lying here and there so clearly resemble the sufferer. These people know; it is in their book that the rope never existed; the writer created the other end too. In fact there lies an invisible chain. Mathematicians will say that the shortest path between ends is the straightest. Religion agrees with it too, given a path does exist. No one would witness a place like this where the dead and alive both are bones. If the dead one's life was taken away, the alive do not even have one; it is a pity indeed.

The whole scenario of these people is like a hollow cavity. Even if fully filled, the top will still lie at the ground not the sky. It is indeed like a tragic drama without the stage; we do not get to see how the

performers play but only frown at its end. Such is the irony of tragedy that they are afraid of falling but living at the edge nonetheless. It's so obvious that to avoid drowning you don't have to be the best swimmer; only need to be safe on board. It is a place where sins are not part of fate but are manually included in destiny. Because where power is God and money is the prophet, submission is justice and surrender is salvation.

The saddest part is that the equation does seem balanced; the more you have, the lesser you give and the bigger you are, although a bird eye's view will tell that for a balance, both sides have to be equal too. And an even clearer view will remind you that on a balanced scale, both sides have to be in harmony as well. Sadly, another extremely false equation is being balanced as well. A bridge of rights exists between both ends with one fallen and the other upright. These people keep pushing it up while others keep pushing it down; strangely everyone thinks it is being stabilized in such a way.

So far is sense from intellect, so distant is intellect from knowledge, but so close is knowledge to faith, the forgotten word of our dictionary. Faith, the tree of truth with branches of success emerging from the roots of morality, a burst from the seed of religion, but who cares to sow this seed in the first place?

Those people who do not suffer and are little free, sadly don't have the passion to exchange ends. And those who are "completely free" are not free at all; another irony is the combination of superiority and slavery; remember that Satan is free whereas humans are not. It is like a great race, after which there lies an even greater fall; they won that, stood there and then trampled. Then they found out that the fall leads to the start; the transition from the greatest to the prevailing resembles the angel of death, so cruel and so swift. This is because they are those who avoid sorrows and fear pain but remain numb to troubles.

I know whatever I have written so far is very vague, ambiguous and highly unclear. Now replace the word 'they' with Muslims. Let one end of the rope be them and the other end, the Kufaar. And let the rope itself be the relation in reality between the two. Now read it all over again and I hope its clear as crystal that you will find no rope at all!

## SECTION 4

### SONG LYRICS

#### “FADES AWAY”

Seen a warrior's burst of rage  
seen a martyr's life outgrow his age  
seen vile in great men  
seen beauty in false women  
seen rivals of a genius  
seen tyrants hailed among us  
seen the envy of a friend  
seen love draw its own end  
Seen a rainbow fade when it should stay  
seen a summer wait for the next may  
seen a leaf wither from its youth  
seen weather play with our moods  
seen a victim plead for his right  
seen a culprit with his last lie  
seen guilty hands turn to pray  
seen aggression overwhelmed by grace  
But the world just doesn't run on grace  
In the crowd, you're just another face  
when you're gone, you dont ever leave a trace  
seen faith take hold of our reason  
seen wisdom go out of season  
seen hatred for a chosen prophet  
seen sacrifices with regret

seen ironies turn to the truth  
seen lies bearing the fruits  
seen impact of just a thought  
seen actions ending with naught  
But the world just doesn't run on grace  
In the crowd, you're just another face  
when you're gone, you dont ever leave a trace  
seen voices live longer than singers  
seen a maestro play with bleeding fingers  
seen life in a dead man's painting  
seen victors go down fainting  
But the world just doesn't run on grace  
In the crowd, you're just another face  
when you're gone, you dont ever leave a trace  
Like a whistle it fades away  
Like a whistle it fades away  
Like a whistle it fades away

#### "PEACE"

Before we reach a point of no return  
We must look at ourselves and learn  
It's so easy to only point fingers  
And let chaos continue to linger  
It's at home, charity must begin  
The change must come from within  
Let your heart be the guiding star  
Let life's journey take you far  
Brothers and Sisters, we are one  
We are rays of the same sun  
All these troubles would cease  
If we truly strive for peace  
Listen! Don't ever curse this world  
Beware! full of vibes is every word  
On the way, light candles of hope  
Let all hold onto a single rope  
Without unity, there's no education  
Without love, there is no religion  
With passion let your spirit ablaze  
to rewrite fate on time and space  
Brothers and Sisters, we are one  
We are rays of the same sun  
All these troubles would cease  
If we truly strive for peace  
Don't think this is just another song

but an anthem for which we all long  
Its not written with ink and pen  
But with the blood of many men  
Brothers and Sisters, we are one  
We are rays of the same sun  
All these troubles would cease  
If we truly strive for peace!

“SOUL SPEECH”

Here I stand in front of you

So blessed are very few  
Still I don't fulfill your right  
Why don't I fear your might?

My possessions, I don't own  
I am needy down to the bone

You see everythin'  
You witness it all  
You know my every sin  
Yet you love me, God

I bite the hand that feeds  
You put curtains over deeds  
I seek bliss in a vain act  
But you keep sanity intact

Your mercy, I'm lost for words  
You're the King of all worlds

You see everythin'  
You witness it all  
You know my every sin  
Yet you love me, God

In this confession, I find peace  
You are the one I shall please  
I, not the world, must change  
This aim is within my range

My vanity, I'll relinquish

Your pleasure, my only wish

You see everythin'

You witness it all

You know my every sin

Yet you love me, God!