

# Primeval Call

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*Faiz Ahmad*

I am alone  
and someone is calling my name  
from beyond the seas of the world.

My hands are weak  
and the moments escape  
from the edge of my fingertips.

My bed is cold  
and my eyes always watch the  
longest part of night on the wall.

I am sad,  
sad like the pen that  
travels along the white page of separation.

I talked to the people of this town.  
There is no breeze that  
blows over their words.  
Nobody takes the shade of  
the oldest palm seriously.  
I saw shadows that open their wings  
above every sleeping man.

There have been moments of delight too.  
I met a woman in spring time,

who was so lost in comprehending the flowers,  
that their colours sang hymns  
right in her eyes.

I saw a poet who,  
like a cloud,  
was full of rain that washes the words.

I saw many children,  
their hearts full of balloons  
that had escaped into the winds of time.

Someone is calling me again.

I shall leave this place.

I shall sail with the waves.

I shall sail with two dreams on my lips.

The walls around the loneliness  
of a fish shall break,  
and the blue song of sea shall pour.

Dawn shall overtake my boat,  
and lead me into the  
widest expanse of myths.

The sky shall drift into my silence,  
and like a bud,

I shall blossom from the ancient soil.

# Paper Boats

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*Faiz Ahmad*

Our house was at the end  
of the flight of a hoopoe.  
The soil was moist,  
where I chased tales of faith.  
I had discovered a tree  
that opened into the clouds.  
And love that spilled out like water  
from a broken jug at the  
sudden attack of a smile.

My grandfather died  
at the instant of mangoes turning sweet.  
My grandfather died,  
before two hand waves at the station.  
Mother took a deep breath,  
and burst into tears.  
When he died,  
his cupboard was full of sorrow.

Life was a search for the lake  
where my boat of paper shall not drown.  
Life was the pure shape of fruits,  
and I was careful to not  
tread upon the dream of a housefly.

Life was the song of a vagabond  
who knocked on each blue door.

Life then was simple,  
like the air I breathed,  
simple as mother's palm.

A face full of moon.

A bucket full of clouds.

A hand full of freedom.