

WOMAN

By Matloob Bokhari

Yester night, everyone was asleep fast.
The winged air in summer night was still.
No star was blossoming in the welkin.
Moon which dazzles was also away.
The sky was wearing a black cloak.
The queen of the night and stars of the sky
Have come from celestial sphere on our planet.
Earth at night was brighter than the day.
Helen, ringed by moon and stars, was sitting
Like a fair sun in the company of a pale pumpkin.
The twinkling stars were singing an echoing song.
Man went on moon, it is not a wonder.
Moon came to kiss a woman is a marvel indeed!

Bio:

Raised in the haven of beauty and music, he passed his childhood, the days of wondrous curiosity, in a small village, Bhatiot – a mystical land of Shah Fateh Noor Bokhari. In the sweet summer nights, it was his dearest pastime to sit aloof gazing at the moon trailing behind the fleecy clouds. The beauty and mystery of the sky, flushed with brightness, developed in him a pensive mind. During long winter night muffled in mysterious silence, the whistling wind passing through the recesses of window and the symphony of raindrops falling on the roof-top in the quiet night gave new hues to my imagination. In the valley of fauna and flora, he heard the unheard sounds of the nature.

Dreams, the greatest gift of heaven, provided him the soothing pleasure by taking his soul to the inscrutable lands of beauty and wonder. The ideas descending in the realm of dreams, completely possessing, urged him to commit them to writing. Most of his poems are the creation of his dreams. The principal purpose of his composing these poems is to preach peace and sing the glory of beauty and love. His poems provide food stuff to those who have tasted the flavour of ambrosia.

He is the PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, PRESENTLY TEACHING IN
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