

**ALLAH IS ONE AND ONLY ONE**

Allah is one, and one is He  
Bow to Him, and bend thy knee  
Above is He, above to All  
Happy is He, Him you call

He listens to one and every one,  
Straight approach Him, He shall attend  
Great is He, greater than all,  
He created all things, big and small

Alone is He, to help and guide  
Be seek His help and praise Him beside  
Be strive for good, and avoid temptation  
Serve Him best, pray for salvation

Lord is He, Chief of the Chief  
Who created the world, that's my belief  
Powerful is He, all powers to Him  
Forgiving to all, forgiveness is by Him

Let us believe, firm belief  
He is to live, to live and live  
The rest shall die and pass away  
Even the Mightiest has least stay

So, why not bow and follow Him too  
Who can make the things and destroy them too  
Who is Merciful and kind as well?  
And hears our whispers and voices too well

He is the one and one to pray  
Others, being nothing, do us betray  
Why then live in false belief?  
Allah is one, this should we believe

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**G O D**

25.11.1961

Oh God of earth heaven and of Sky  
Oh Greater of things, which in lie  
Oh Master of Spirit and of Soul  
Oh Master of world as a whole

Oh powerful of kingdom, of all the time  
Owner of universe, of every regime  
You made the earth, just as subservient  
For man to enjoy and to get sustenance

Made pairs, for us to multiply  
With peace, truth and should gratify  
Lord's blessing and soothing of "Divine"  
In the way of return, as goes a line

But, man has done, all the evils  
And desires to go more and more  
To keep, keep the candle burning  
Poised the earth; with all his learning

Is this the justice, as man has done?  
Day and night with change or like  
In his own will of choice or of fun  
Of doing evil, Oh in the lap of holly Earth

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## WHAT IS ISLAM?

Islam doesn't mean to terrify  
 Any, caste, creed or a nation  
 Its tenets are clear to verify  
 Oneness of God and to Mohammed (SA) devotion

It believes in accounts, on day of last \*  
 All values are added even deeds of past  
 Our acts and deeds are fully awarded  
 Killings of innocents are fully recorded

To kill an innocent is a big grave sin  
 That will take you to hell's domain  
 Your fate will then be the gloom and din  
 Of hell's fire and there you'll remain

But for saving a life of human race  
 You are honoured with everlasting grace  
 In this life or in life hereafter  
 For bearing a true Muslim Character

Islam is for love, peace & equality  
 And justice to all, whether high or low  
 So follow the right path, wherever you go  
 And pray to Allah, with true humility

(\* day of judgement)

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**QUAID-E-AZAM**

Prof. Dr. M. A. Soofi

May peace of Allah be upon you, oh Quaid  
 May your soul rest in paradise, oh Quaid  
 May you enjoy majestic and splendid time  
 May you be surpassing in Heaven's regime

Oh, you unbearded, lean and thin soul  
 In this continent, or on the whole  
 Oh, You excelled with no analogy  
 With thy long efforts; and firm ideology

No doubt, Iqbal sowed the seeds  
 Excited, initiated and moved with pleas  
 Of liberty, culture and of a Nation  
 Escorted the concept, just in relation

To attain or achieve a Muslims' Home  
 Home of rest, home of peace and home  
 Of Justice, in the Islamic way  
 With our culture, as we say

It was your, firm and lofty thought  
 It was your undaunted will & heart  
 Against your rivals; against your foe  
 Packed with wealth; as did oceans flow

You did all that, and moved so high  
 But stayed so little, don't know why?  
 In your own garden, in your own State  
 With your sons, benevolent of us, Oh late

We were young, when you left  
We were alone, as you slept  
Dark was approaching from every side  
And lust for power, storms of pride

All our hopes vanished so soon  
With Liaqat's assassination, like eclipse of moon  
And, thus traitors with selfish mind  
Were in chairs, nobles were rare to find

Our land turned into an arena of chaos  
The Nation was scattered; but wished for the pious  
We look to the doors of heaven, to open soon  
For your appearance, the discipline like a moon

Our country is drowning right in the sea  
Among the nations wear with heavy loot  
Our work is dishonest, and without any suit  
Bold we are so with corruption's plea

What do we need? A team, a team of workers  
Some may be lawyers, a few may be thinkers  
More may be others but with democratic will  
To alter this land, with their wisdom and skill

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## 14<sup>TH</sup> AUGUST 1947, THE INDEPENDENCE DAY

O, The Day, the Boon, the Independence Day  
 The happiest, the shining, the glorious worth  
 Of this veritable heaven on the mortal earth  
 O, the beginning of freedom, O Independence Day

O, the Day of the Muslims rising Sun  
 The biggest Islamic State, has now begun  
 The Day is welcomed by every State  
 Green Flags and standards, are sign of late

The Day of infant child and youth  
 The Day of peace, and world's sooth  
 The Day of emancipation of a thousand lives  
 The Day of Muslims and their eternal ties

The Day of lightening the ancient name  
 The Day of brightening the olden fame  
 The Day of international power and swords  
 The Day of opening of historical doors

The Day; we remember what Quaid said  
 Thee enjoy! Sorry to stay, prohepsy Quaid  
 The Day of Discipline, Faith and Unity  
 The Day of glorious success & power till eternity

The Day the 56<sup>th</sup> international day  
 The Day the happiest, rejoicing day  
 The Day in power, the Red letter Day  
 The Day, the world famous potential Day

The Day of the foe, marching on  
 The Day of the foe, neglecting Treat  
 The Day of us, to turn the table on  
 The Day of youth to give, bad defect

O, Thee youth; gain the olden power  
 Rise, rise captures the HISTORICAL POWER  
 Do collect thy strength in full scale  
 Ready for fight even with tooth and nail

Thy green Flag should fly over very paradise  
 Thy blood should shed in the way of Muslim ties  
 Thy DEATH THY LIFE FOR THIS HAPPIEST DAY  
 THY LOSS, THY MOTION, GOD DO WILL PAY

O, RISE FOR THE Historical Day  
 Remove dangers, obstacles in thy way  
 Stand firm likes a rock against thy foe  
 Thy Day, thee have to make invincible so

The Day should be defended at the cost of lives / life  
 OUR CLAIM PEACE, JUSTICE BUT READY FOR STRIVES STRIFE  
 Thy Day, the Historical, International Day  
 The scattered, the gathering the 56<sup>th</sup> Day

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TRUE DEMOCRACY

06.12.1959

The days are not; when election was a pleasure  
The convessing was wrong, and more so the swear  
The swear was nothing, but only for the time  
To grind own axe, at name of poor regime

They were the rich, to play with the blood  
Of poor, countrymen, and even of kith and kin  
Just, but for self interest of Governing chair  
With the least desire of country's affair

The things have turn under the laws  
Of nature and guidance in a Flaw  
Which being perfects and perfect in Act  
For welfare of land and for her protect

Is true, he is to defend and is to see  
To check the invader by force not with plea  
And to live for the land and die for the land  
In its laps with respect, honour and glory

But, he can welcome in for the state  
When disaster, creeped for her fate  
By its proclaimer and selfish soul  
To gain and acquire for to enjoy

The time has come with its change  
Of mind of a new school of thought  
For to the people, new era brought  
To elect of choice for to represent



This law is a law of the people  
For the people and by the people  
It shall go high for to shine  
In the History being so new and so fine

So men and women beware, not to slip  
To cast the justice with vote of slip  
To a right and not to a wrong  
Slip is precious for the state

Do think twice or thrice before you cast  
Judge his mind, behave not only caste  
He may be poor, matter is very little  
Should be firm well wisher and not a brittle

If your decision is wrong, just  
For to see relation, cast and rich  
And not the real represents  
Is clear evidently for State's ascent

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**MY ISLAMIA COLLEGE PESHAWAR**

1949-1951

**Oh My College**

Thy splendid domes, Thy lofty tower  
 Thy Central clock, strikes the hour  
 Thy green-wood and red sand stone  
 Enhances the edifice, all alone

Thy hostels are cultural beam and gay  
 Thy vast grounds are lively for every play  
 Thy charming features of magnificent mosque  
 Thy Khyber Union stands with green parks

Students are happy like blossomed flowers  
 All alike in black shervani during College hours  
 They are Brilliant minded with rosy cheeks  
 All will go to zenith, like mountain peaks

Thy College beautiful sites; remind the olden care  
 Thy College beautiful place reminds the olden affair  
 Thy College beautiful building outdid, the very paradise  
 Thy College beautiful gardens and fountains sooth the eyes

Thy steps are on a progress and onward  
 Thy intention to achieve; climax of the world  
 Thy lesson is "Discipline, Faith and Unity"  
 Thy lesson is serve and moral and affinity

Thy produces, the greatest like late Abdul Qayum  
 Who raised to University, thus Darul Aloom  
 Echoes of freedom with sound knowledge  
 This is why, I love Peshawar Islamia College

**CREATOR OF UNIVERSE**

16.03.1958

Creator is He; for all the things  
 From uni-to multi, He who brings  
 Gives, shape and Form differ to each  
 Ways and means for search and beseech

Of all the Creation, "man is the best"  
 Only act and do, being for to the rest  
 From angle to straw, except to do  
 Duty assigned, is only to peruse

Secret of superiority is the 'Brain'  
 Which can think and also can attain  
 The power to decide, Right and Wrong  
 Fighting for own with will of strong

It is the brain, and the 'will'  
 Which make a life, or a 'still'  
 And prosperity lies, in of these  
 Make them fully for to ease

To sit idle & quiet is; but to waste  
 Of time, energy and also blessings  
 Given by God for enjoy and stressing  
 The Right to save and for to chaste

If one can't think and can't also do  
 For one's feelings and aspiration too  
 Is lacking entire, a thing called brain  
 Completely neither man nor even a sane

Belief for things to stir and move  
Except only God to make and do  
Is true to brim; but for the things  
And self for man, only be who brings?

God neither Guide nor shall help  
One who can't think even for self?  
Yes, He shall help & also assist  
Those, who can ponder & also resist

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**TRIBUTES TO LIAQUAT ALI KHAN**  
**First Prime Minister of Pakistan**  
 (14 Aug 1947 to 16 Oct 1951)

Thy tragic death, was unexpected  
 The critical stage, how thee selected?  
 Loss of thee, is loss for us all?  
 I wonder now to whom may we call?

Thy presence was of historical fame,  
 Thee wert best, this we may claim  
 Thy demeanor and thy determination  
 Against thy Foe, was full of perfection

It was your thought, for national dignity  
 Among the nations, ye declared unity  
 As Quad's soldier, thou fought with bravery  
 Surpassed thy enemy and ended the slavery

Muslims became free, all efforts are lauded  
 Iqbal, and Quaid, are fully awarded  
 Pakistan is a blessing, but Kashmir is a must  
 For our land, it is like carotid artery trust

Thy struggle, thy words will remain  
 History's pages will ever retain  
 Thy vigor, truth and sincerity  
 Thy acts and deeds, in their totality

Why didst thou disappear, and shut thy eyes  
 In the dark grave, lonely there thou lies  
 Why thou selected this lonely place  
 Kindly tell me, what was the case?

Was thy, duty, a tiring one?  
As the only guide of this nation  
Thou haste left us in the hour of need  
And left thy country to slowly bleed

So come to us once again  
And show no all how to sustain  
Ourselves in this world hostile  
And stay with us for a while

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**MISS FATIMA JINNAH**  
**WELCOME TO KHATOON-I-PAKISTAN**

With myriad delights; heartiest welcome to you  
 With majestic prides; a magnificent welcome to you  
 With humblest words; thousand honours to you  
 With grateful hearts; a million thanks to you

Students are over-whelmed with excellent pride  
 The highest lamp, has lowered its lid, its joy to hide  
 The atmosphere is an ecstatic and rejoicing one  
 To receive thy honour as a glorious sun

Thou, the pole star of the State  
 Thou, the real image of the late  
 Thou, the admirer of noblest worth  
 Thou, the patriot of the holiest earth

Thy enthusiastic feelings of glorious deed  
 Thy august deeds in history we shall read  
 Thy cultural schemes of highest success  
 Thy intellectual views of lasting progress

Oh! Thou leader of the verdant everlasting fame  
 Oh! Thou bouquet of talents; here you came  
 Oh! Benevolent to each, the champion of the public weal  
 Oh! Benefactress, thy brother's fame is firm as steel

May you live long, accelerating the enterprises?  
 So, your brother's State; to zenith rises?  
 May you live in health with profound everlasting bliss?  
 May our state be a leading one, this my heart does wish

What else, can make happy \*Ilahi, Haq and me?  
 At the annual function thousand face we see  
 The function at which ye will distribute the prizes  
 Itself an example of the accelerating enterprises

All thanks, all honours to Khatoon-i-Pakistan  
 How can we forget, who founded Pakistan?  
 Whose natural endowments were determining factor?  
 Who, throughout his life proved as a real benefactor

At the annual sports function of King Edward Medical College on  
 20<sup>th</sup> Dec. 1952.

* Prof. Col Illahi Bux -	Principal, King Edward Medical College, Lahore
Prof. Dr. Abdul Haq -	Principal, de'Montmorency College of Dentistry, Lahore
Mr. M. A. Soofi -	1 <sup>st</sup> year student

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**PAKISTAN MILITARY ACADEMY-**  
**KAKUL AND CADETS**

1952

Hilly illustrative sights are all around  
Blossomed parks with lively compound  
Breeze refreshing breeze from hilly tree  
Pure water, running and falling free

Culminated instruction of dawning country  
Centre of knowledge of modern infantry  
The proudest area producing high command  
The richest area fulfills country's demand

Oh place, Oh place, worth living place  
Spirit of patriotism, martyrdom in every pace  
The strongest, the bravest, is the atmosphere  
In front of foe, no sign of fear

Cadets are masters of future, honour and fate  
The toughest task is easy to demonstrate  
No nation, country, or sword except of it  
No honour, power or arm is to fit

Saucy swimming arms of cadets, swaggering feet  
Boldly faces their aimed at the highest seat  
Commanding demeanor, with glorious uniform  
National heroes ready to face the terrible storm

Advancing, walking true and bold  
Marching, commanding can't be told  
Fatigue is far, whole day work  
Ready to conquer, no sign of shirk

Thus brave advancing of those will tremble, the foe  
Shining schemes, shall compel the foe to go  
Glorious green flag with star and moon  
Green sign will cover, the globe very soon

Congratulation to the Cadets for their part  
Must they complete task by every sort?  
Their death, their life for Pakistan  
Their aim to make invincible Pakistan

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QUETTA

02.07.1958

The natural glimpses; prevailing here  
 Are rejoicing too and pretty fair;  
 Hills apparently only red and bare  
 Are precious coins of country's affair?

Earth is a worth; but scanty of water  
 Snow when falls, its surface did alter  
 Herbs, sherbs and plants are precious  
 Vegetable being nice; fruits are delicious

Ranges of mountain; not air defending  
 Snowy heaps being, hard for ascending  
 Peaks of the mountain or glacial of snow  
 Dangerous in nature; when "Qandari" winds blow

But, soothing both, refreshing alike  
 For make the soil, minds to like  
 The sun and moon tried their best  
 Couldn't achieve, the natural contest

No doubt, moon has silvery grace  
 Benefits of sun, no one can trace  
 But the peaks, are only energy store  
 For, people turn happy, soil grows more

Height of the station brings the rain  
 Clouds when heavy, rain in chain  
 Marching of pills, in enjoying way  
 About falling of snow I can't say

Karez, is the only productive source  
Sui gas can change; whole discourse  
This too with territorial flow  
Can run Industry and every other show

Thus, Quetta is city, clean but dry  
Marvelous, cantt' under bloomy sky  
Buildings are not lofty and high  
To face, the Earthquake, reason why?

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Published in The Quetta Times – 5.7.1958

**ADVICE FOR TRUTHFULNESS**

Oh ye young man don't you know; what do you do?  
Towards the poor and other needy too  
You intend to do; what you should not  
Against ye sense & people's thought

Your acts and deeds are not so high  
As you avoid the truth; and tell the lie  
Your conscious is neither strong, nor brave  
As you can't oppose; the ill behave

So try to grow and cultivate your manner  
Go ahead, with morale's banner  
This is the Right way for your success  
The only secret for man's progress

You act should coincide, what ye say?  
Hard though it; at last it will pay  
Go and think over it again & again  
My words are simple and mere plain

Dr. M. A. Soofi  
Dental Surgeon, Civil Hospital, Quetta – 1958

SWEET FACE

Quetta

The sweet face; admiring body  
 Thinner though; exciting personally  
 Charming manners, sober mind  
 Intelligent too; but lesser kind

Handsome, is and handsome does  
 Self-respect is cause to reserve  
 Rare too is chance to talk  
 Remains aloof to mix and walk

Her smiling lips surpasses the rose  
 Symmetric feature, her arched brows  
 Lightening eyes with full attain  
 Broad forehead and wise brain

Her colour is also bloomy like  
 Neither 'Rosy' nor too bright  
 Resembles only silvery like  
 As Nature baths in Moon's night

Her talk is sweeter more to honey  
 Usual wise; but Unusual funny  
 Expression less, thinking more  
 The reason only, anger in store

Her fingers being all geometric one  
 Artistic flow and skilful run  
 Nails; but the rays of sun  
 Relieves pain and pleases one

The thing for liking is to know!  
 Moraled youth, how did grow!  
 To get and attain this too high  
 Respectfully this lady, the reason why

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DREAM

1966—London

Oh! ye dear Flower of blossoming rose  
Answer me today in simple prose  
How you appeared in my dream?  
Talked, walked and loved in a stream

But vanished so soon, on my wake  
Without breakfast, tea or a steak  
Rather, grumbled and also ran  
From my dream and from my brain

Tell me how these both got together?  
Like negative positive altogether  
Walking talking and disliking  
What I consider yes or striking?

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**FOR DR IQBAL SOOFI**

1966-London

When I see a pretty flower  
I only think of your  
For, there is hardly difference,  
Between her and you?

Flower is one, admirers are more  
Here and there, there and here  
Bee is anxious not to spare  
The petal juice is always rare

Bee is true to her job  
To store the honey is her job  
For healing and pleasure mind  
Pleases the others, with Allah's kind

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**BRITISH COUNCIL AWARD**

20.03.1966—London

I owe my highest regard  
 Not exactly for my award  
 But for excellent help and service  
 Extending to all with noble purposes

Help in study is a humanitarian cause  
 For minds are enlighten only because  
 Of guidance help and sincere thought  
 Of British Council, for which it was brought

Cooperation of workers is like glowing spark  
 Philip, Abbey and more the great Clark  
 Leech Willington are ready to accommodate  
 Jens is keen for hospitality in her mandate

So each and all, all and each  
 Good and kind, kind and liberal  
 More friendly less are official  
 To all's help, and those for beseech

(Written on British Council for Hospitality and scholarship. These names are of workers in British Council Office - London).

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**MY ARRIVAL IN LONDON**  
**General Impression On Great Britain**

20.03.1966—London

What a pleasure is to be in London?  
 Where people are fair such as London?  
 London is a host a source of learning  
 In Art Science and Philosophy of earning

It is a city both of joy and glee  
 Ancient to modern is an act of plea  
 In every walk and every life  
 In regard to duty, all are ripe

City is equipped with pump & show  
 But all big or small stand in a row  
 For self right in journey or so  
 Or in club or church to bow

London is a city surpassed in wealth  
 In wisdom, tact and scientific intellect  
 To be on lead or to rule the earth  
 Culminated mind are only being worth

Nation is alive! honest and alert  
 Regular in act thickening is correct  
 For self wise and eyes to erect  
 Exemplary tomb path as perfect

Liberty is common more in ladies  
 Ladies are master, house of ladies  
 Lady is Queen her respect to all  
 Thus land of ladies, we may call

Note: This impression is limited to London only and after sometime when I shall go outside I could possibly add more.

**TAJ MAHAL AAGRA**

Not architecture alone, but the proud passion of an Emperor  
Wrought into living stone love gleaming beauty  
And brought to life, with full splendor  
The beauty of the mind and noble loves piety

LOVE

I did look but for a while  
Her answer was a little smile

This was my first advance  
Talked to love, just by chance

Now I can't go and leave  
Your talking is in my believe

My immediate thoughts to grace  
Though I have to run a long race

I stood there love disappeared  
It was confirmed it would never reappeared

16 June 1951

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**NO FEAR OF DEATH**

Quetta - 20.07.1960

Oh, God, one thing I wanted to clear  
 That, I don't at all, hesitate or fear  
 From death, or to die, at any age  
 For my belief is firm, for my "page"

If there is fear, I couldn't do  
 What? What I wanted to do?  
 Not for own, but for job's profession  
 Of relief and for its progression

My desire is to do more and more  
 For human beings and to restore  
 All my assets and colossal task  
 Promote and quench my thirst, allas

This earth is full of men and men  
 Who multiply more, more, and then?  
 Rot the holy earth by their misdeeds  
 All the movements; with illegal pleads

To pick such, useless and harmful soul  
 Shall not at all, create any gap,  
 Among the good or those who don't rap?  
 False-hood cap for to be pious soul

But to pick up this very youth  
 From his way, way of run, and  
 Line of action, of well-being and  
 For pure human being, to sooth

Shall do, create difference among  
All, on the earth, in the heaven  
And before you, today or doomsday  
In respect of well being to pay

So, if this youth remains for long  
His desire, will and the determination  
Shall be doubtlessly fruitful and useful  
Both for human and his will to prolong

Oh God let me live to complete  
This task, assigned me to do  
Only task, not else on floor to do  
Which boldly my saying can repeat

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VALUE OF A MAN

To be a man is a great virtue  
 Then to be a great in others  
 For a man sprinkles manners  
 While others assemble dirt and sin

But, to be a pious "MAN"  
 Is difficult then to be  
 A doctor, engineer or pleader  
 In the way of act and behave

To be a man, is a gift of divine  
 And is to be acquired too, to shine  
 Only with pursuance and self-pursue  
 Can attain, surely worth to admire

Wealth and names are not only glee  
 But scattered under the feet like  
 Falling winter leaves of tree  
 With neither virtue nor spree

Seeds are to be in hope for  
 Future plantation and progress  
 But not the leaves of distress  
 Which die in fame, not of worth

Wealth and a profession are for a day  
 To enjoy and play with this play  
 It vanishes so soon, with vanishing rate  
 Can't compare it to an ever state

Thy high moral? Sweet manners  
Thy good action and thy deeds  
Thy sincere help and thy soothing seeds  
To a human soul, are higher virtues?

Is a thing of great Virtue?  
For this day, and the Day of last  
Stands for my soul and my part  
In my mind and in my heart

Wealth & designations are only space  
They fall under the feet of man  
Like withered leaves of tree  
And are taken to place of infinity

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**HOPE**

1958

I always hope against a hope  
 No matter; is or is not a scope  
 I believe in a try; repeated try  
 For labour remains never a dry

No harm; at all for a genuine hope  
 For hope is a world; world is a hope  
 Disappointment is nil; success is a hope  
 Stand for the hope; there is the hope

My hope is first; my hope is last  
 To and tomorrow like my past  
 For hope is a right; right is a hope  
 Universe is full; but full of hope

Why to be out, out of hope?  
 When hope is a thing; thing is a hope?  
 If truly, try for the hope?  
 Why, hope is not to be hope?

Hope is I; I am a hope  
 My day is a hope; night is a hope  
 My pond is hope, act is a hope

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COURAGE

Quetta –1960

Listen; Oh boy, man of tomorrow  
Worries and distress do come in life  
But to face truth, to avoid sorrow  
Or its art and act of strife

For it gives hurt to soul  
Who being tender mere tender  
In its structure, and as a whole  
And stands for full oppose, being male gender

Under hard and ease to charge  
Of glory and eternal fame  
Brings at large a heavy large  
For to enjoy and purify the name

The creed of Sorrows  
Turning to glees by tomorrow  
Listen Oh boy man of tomorrow  
Woves and distress do come

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**SLEEP BUT SOUND**

15.06.1951

I want sleep but pair sleeps  
Pair sleep is pure blessing  
There is only love & lovely kissing  
This is the sweet sleep and sound sleep

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**DEATH**

15 June 1951

Oh Heaven with glowing stars  
Allow me to live in your living bazaars  
If not I will come by force  
Open and break your stronger doors

I too tired of this life  
This is the reason making strife  
You should not stand in my way  
Or far this loss you shall have to pay

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**To Greet Abdullah- My Grandson**

Abdullah is a lovely son  
Prince like a boy as only one  
His smile is attractive and a rare one  
He plays well, enjoys all fun

He is dear to all and each  
Rabia Fakhar desire to reach  
Higher age in order to teach  
Abdullah knowledge to preach

Abdullah is a sweet hope  
To all of Fakhar's best scope  
To live more and more  
To enjoy His life with full score

All of us wish & pray  
Abdullah should grow & gray  
Islamuddin wish desire top ray, longer stay  
Rabia Fakhar life to portray

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**BEAUTIFUL FLOWER**

Charming leaves & fairy flower  
Let me come near to you  
To give you shelter from the rainy shower  
Beautiful flower, allow me to kiss you ever

If you mind I may smell you alone  
Your fragrance is attractive and is known  
Your beauty is mortal like morning dew  
Let me enjoy your sweet smile as juice

Oh flower you and I may meet again  
If the next spring brings, us rain  
Oh flower! Rain adds to your beauty  
But only the Bee enjoys your bounty

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THE MOON

Quetta Nov. 1958

Thou art the king of the happy night  
Thou are the master of this delight  
Thou the silvery and beneficial light  
Two hearts can meet in thy sight

Thou glimiest part plays the nice  
When the shoulders are common devices  
Thou dimly part is common factor  
It gives like the biggest sector

When hearts were busy in their part  
Though were interested to know the art  
Impossible for both to move apart  
Although thou tired by every sort

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LOVE

26.12.1957

Love is to love and love it again  
The thing is such; a few can attain  
Love with the heart and love with the mind  
Blessed are those; who could find

True love is not easily attainable  
Life becomes hard and even unbearable  
When it comes; though, it comes in a way  
That's so delightful, I just can't say

Brave are those; who could afford  
To die for love; there they scored  
To die for love is a noble deed  
Living for ever; name their lie

This is the life; in love affair  
Rest being nothing for to care  
Love only love and love in mind  
Love with "beat" and love will find

\*\*\*\*\*

Published in The Quetta Times – 28.12.1957



**AT THE DEATH OF SAYED FAZAL HADI S/O SAYED SAFI  
ULLAH SHAH OF TORU NOW RESIDING AT MARDAN**

My heart overwhelmed with the deepest grief  
To hear, thy father, slept an eternal sleep  
All of sudden, my hair stood upon the spur  
Unable was I there, to move and stir

If I write with ink of my blood's tear  
The pinching death of thy father, dear  
My pen will cease and hand won't move  
My pumping, will stop to lose its prove

Thy holy father, Chief of the race  
This loss, this gap even I can't trace  
He the Sayed, master of the golden deed  
His holy history ye will ever read

Friend, death lays its joy heads to all  
Not itself but at the back and call  
All, thou and I have to die  
Gird up thy loin even shy

All the grieves are great in this number  
To Sayed lies in a lasting slumber  
Do pray to God for Fazli Hadi at every time  
Sing holy songs with every step of rhyme

Not, my advice; but is order of the Lord  
Obeying to parents pleases to God  
So, remove the grieves, come to prayer  
Loss is certain but is overcome by prayer

(These few verses are presented by Dr. M. A. Soofi, friend of Sayed Fazli Rabbani son of Sayed Fazli Hadi).

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YOUNG GIRL

06.02.1958

What fault committed I ?  
Ceased here coming why  
Is any of reasons lie  
Why feel to less & shy

Is it good not to come?  
How far, is nice as to firm  
This habit is not to keep  
Should't allow it to reap?

It is bad, and both in loss  
Aparted me and people laugh  
Come smile and talk again  
Be happy, and not in refrain

Nothing here, but to enlighten  
Mentally, cordially and with sight  
Pray to God make it bright  
Make us one with differ slight

\*\*\*\*\*

PRETTY GIRL

16.3.1958

Be bold, today and tomorrow  
Medium only to avoid sorrow  
Of life and misery of the day  
Thing very precious I did say

Cowardliness even for a moment  
Shall destroy joys and glee  
Make ye life out of spree  
Only weeping forever and lament

Why not to fight for the day?  
Brave only, me are to obey  
Others shall go to the wall  
None shall be, at their call

So, to live, rise to occasion  
Decide, decide a full decision  
To make the life and a sublime  
Living together with love of regime

\*\*\*\*\*

SPOUSAL WRATH

05.02.1961

The day has come, long awaited  
 The day did appear, which was dated  
 Years before or long before  
 Today, thus acquired its score

This day is unlike and above to all  
 Over to three sixty four or of any  
 For its superiority and value unfall  
 Glory culminated with glees many

This day is a turn, turn in life  
 Or a lovely twist, read to strife  
 Prevailing liberty or freedom is no more  
 A delicate dealing, of course unlike before

But it is towards a better charge  
 Change of mind and of heart  
 Soothing, refreshing with own part  
 Part forever, with highest range

So, far this day & for this part  
 Pole to pole, step to step  
 North to south, east to west  
 Walked a lot, spousal to brought

But, could not find, any of  
 My heart my eye, thus thereof  
 Reached to zenith and to sky  
 To bring the flower, choice to my

For my friend, thick old friend  
To whom I know and trend  
Towards liking with mind so high  
Thus succeeded from therein sky

So my dear Bhabi and lovely Haneef  
Accept my Rubby with green tiny leaf  
Rubby shall shine and green is ever  
For resting, progression but disturbance never

This day is not, not only for one  
But for all, Friend, father & mother  
Kith and Kin & to Haneef Brother's  
As glowing star and shining sun

Dr. M. A. Soofi  
At the occasion of marriage of Dr. Haneef Chaudry MBBS, W.P.H.

\*\*\*\*\*

**MYSELF**

29.05.1950

I, a young, with prime of youth  
And pious with esteem of truth  
In my act; and in my morale  
In my day alone or with

Under the clouds, heavy clouds  
Clouds of dirt and of sin  
Taking the man; under and in  
For to lavish and to relish

For a day or for a moment  
Is very hard to save  
And remain alone and aloof  
In this world, world of lie

Inch to inch, floor to sky  
Only God's blessing is to rely  
In this run, youth of prime  
Specially gifted to my regime

It is a tussle, very long tussle  
Tussle of luck, to make luck  
Luck of life and its fortune  
For to stay and for its perfume

\*\*\*\*\*

TO IQBAL

6.2.1958

What fault committed I?  
Ceased here coming why?  
Is any of reasons of to be lie  
Why feel to less & shy

Is it good not to come?  
How far, is nice or being firm  
This habit is not to keep  
Shouldn't allow it to reap

It is bad, and both are in loss  
Aparted we and people laugh  
Come smile and talk again  
Be happy and not in refrain

Nothing here, but to enlighten  
Mentally, cordially and with sight  
Pray to God make it bright  
Make us one with differ slight

\*\*\*\*\*

**BEAUTY OF MOON**

10.04.1966

It is possible for me to decide  
A rolling mass in the Sky  
A glittering jewel, reflecting rie  
A pleasing thing with a little hide?

\*\*\*\*\*



**BE BRAVE OH! BRAVO**

Be bold, today and tomorrow  
Medium only to avoid sorrow  
Of life and misery of the day  
Thing very precious I did say

Cowardliness even for a while  
Shall destroy joys and glees  
Will make the life out of sprees  
Only weeping forever will be style & lament

Why not to fight for the day?  
Brave only, me are to obey  
Others shall do go to the wall  
None shall be at their call

So, to live rise to occasion  
Decide, decide a full decision  
To make the life sweet & sublime  
Living together with love of regime

\*\*\*\*\*

## FAITHFULNESS

It is, not at all good, to tease  
 A person with no reason and plea  
 Except to know, judge and see  
 His will, heart and endurance

But neither it advisable nor is good  
 To test a heart of a great man-hood  
 Who claims an exemplary and leading one?  
 In sense of faithfulness as Abraham's son

There are, ways to catch intact  
 The man, his sayings and other's more  
 To test and experiment on the floor  
 Of earth; but with sense of intellect

But, mind never tries to test the youth  
 Who had already gone, under this before?  
 And proved successful with required score  
 In Morale, intellect and culminated deeds

If, still in dark and not satisfied  
 About the man for whom to be decide  
 Do try him hard in some other way  
 Let not him in worry and extra delay

Just ask him stand, there and then  
 Until, you come, you come, when  
 You like, except with clear heart  
 And mind; and also his essential part

Ask him to go to the end of Globe  
Till; for call with just of love  
But love of sincerity in that call  
Must be glowing like sputnik- Ball

And in the last, ask him to die  
He shall die to get and attain  
At cost of life, his heaviest chain  
Of love, affection, him soothing thereby

So, this is the man to whom you try  
In the way of this Pseudo- paradise  
Who believes in sincerity and least cry?  
For him success and honour thus there lies.

\*\*\*\*\*

**FRIENDSHIP**

16.01.1958

No doubt, we have to believe  
 Nothing in universe is so ever  
 Even the Sun, Moon, Stars are never  
 Except realms of friendship and of love

The love, not of coverings or costumes  
 The love neither of lips nor of wrist  
 For, it passes so soon and dies away  
 Only sole affinity shall ever perfumes

When more and more affinity is there  
 Hearts beat; so high in lovely, atmosphere  
 Thus came together nearer, nearer  
 Catered, gathered; but soon apart

Pace the things; on natural accord  
 Lays the saying on eternal record  
 Obeys the order, of human and Lord  
 Ways the doing of Heaven and God

Thus, happiest day last with gloom  
 Departed from all; and specially from whom?  
 The manners talk and sense of love  
 Were worthy to praise and so to preserve

\*\*\*\*\*

Published in The Quetta Times – 18.01.1958

S P I T

Spitting does not grace  
 To a gentle and a well behaved  
 At place, a place; public place  
 For it spreads disease and dirt

“Spit” is not at all simpletearia  
 It contains, millions of bacteria  
 Some are patho; more are not  
 A few are virulent as we are taught

One is more dangerous and dread  
 Can kill the man and do also take  
 More to cemetery; several to bed  
 Or add in number; sanitoria to pack

It is that, whose death toll is high  
 To-day dawn’s day or even any day  
 With least difference of sex, low or high  
 Myco-bacteriam tuberculosis, Koch say

It remains alive months to months  
 In a shadow or without rays of Sun  
 Even it would not die at heating low  
 Or in a week antiseptic, it keeps its flow

To avoid the dirt and the disease  
 Should not we spit; as it pleases?  
 To each and one; one and each  
 More so does, our religion this preach

It is a lesson, one of the lessons  
Of Muhammad, the Holy Prophet  
Always, who spat in his own cloth?  
Wished too, to be followed this oath

Islam is a way, way to life  
Way is clean; a way to purify  
Soul to body, body to soul  
In existence or in strife

To please God alone, not to spit  
To follow the Prophet, not to spit  
To save the human, not to spit  
To serve the land not to spit

“Spit” is but a habit, more  
Habit least of use which only peruse  
Unhygienic manners and dirt  
Here and there, a there abd’here

So, boys and girls, young or old  
Eradicate this at once, the habit from fold  
Only or welfare of you, for you  
Please follow it and do also pursue

\*\*\*\*\*

**T A S K**

29.05.1960

To die is not at all Shy  
 For my heart and For my Soul  
 Or for my belief, high or low  
 Today, tomorrow or any other day

As, it shall come with due accord  
 On the floor of earth, whose laps  
 Are winded under the bloomy Sky  
 To place a person to answer thereby

But, if you need earlier to die  
 For own pleasure, soothing high  
 Not too “impose” or not so “diffi”  
 At least, for this youth and his belief

To die, shall be honour and also glory  
 For the purpose and for the path  
 For the way and for the cause  
 In its pursuance according to laws

After, his death, he shall not die  
 But shall make the history more alive  
 For this world, though immortal  
 Immortal; but not so immortal

So, to die, is to live, an ever live  
 Not for a year or hundreds years  
 But it goes over, on its wings  
 Of affinity from dawn to dark

\*\*\*\*\*

**CORRECT BELIEF**

One, who believes in Almighty God  
 His Angles, Prophets, and the Books  
 Obeys fully parents, and also looks  
 For relatives, orphans and needy well

Keeps his word; to friend and foe  
 Equal in just to all land so  
 Believes fully in Day of Last  
 Remembers too “doings of the past”

He helps to one and every one  
 Charity gives, even “loviest son:  
 Worries; but for an eternal life  
 Ready to go to hardest strife

His action being true to kind  
 For humanity to, to every mind  
 Relieve its suffering to set free  
 Troubles turn into circle of spree

One, who stands, stands by these  
 Follow Him in hard and ease  
 Is only and only on Right Way  
 Friend of His, do this I say

\*\*\*\*\*



KASHMIR

Huge mountain with extensive height  
 Lofty peaks packed with snow white  
 Perpetual spring, flowing river  
 Flowing canal just like a mirror

Green plants, fruity trees  
 Delicious vegetables, rice free  
 Sloping ground, floating ground  
 It is the same all around

Weather fine, climate nice  
 Each inch, presents a paradise  
 Stout body, fairy face  
 Healthy looks beautiful race

Tower beauty with electric sparks  
 People happy with blossom parks  
 Lofty buildings, cemented buildings  
 Long roads with curving & bending

Trade high, commerce bright  
 To reach high, desire of might  
 Beauty sites beauty sights  
 Happiest night, fourteenth night

All goods illiteracy great  
 Salivary minds with few traits  
 Nature soft, air light  
 People good leader fright

Taxes high salivary tight  
 Freedom rare, except constant fight  
 Against the Indian Foe  
 Freedom is need, spirit to grow

\*\*\*\*\*

**OXFORD**

8.7.1966

When I reached, the city of Oxford  
Sun was peeping so high, over in the sky  
Under the shadows of heavy clouds  
Giving me a welcome, with cultural shy

The city, reflected, the typical angel style  
Of Architect, customs and faces bright  
Oalmn and quietness both were there  
Beauty was around and sights were fare

Slopes of velvet, on every side  
A vivid view of the country's pride  
Bed of Roses in its boasmns  
Violet, Rubby and all are blossoms

\*\*\*\*\*

**TRUTH**

Don't you know; what you do?  
Towards the poor and others too  
You intend to show; what you are not?  
Against ye sense, and people's thought

Your acts and deeds are not so high  
As you avoid the truth; and tell the lie  
Ye conscious neither strong, nor brave  
As it can't oppose; the ill behave

Try to grow and cultivate your manner  
Go ahead, with morale of banner  
This is the key for your success  
The only secret for man's progress

Act should coincide what ye say?  
Hard though it; but at last, it pay  
Go and think over it again  
My words are simple and mere plain

\*\*\*\*\*

Published in The Quetta Times – 1.2.1958

## MY TEETH

Always, I sing for my natural teeth  
As the nightingale chirps with every breath  
Always I am happy with my thirty two teeth  
They chew my food; like the industries bees

My life is gay and delicious one  
For had I all and missing none  
All work and work with every play  
About their cooperation I can't say

This, set of soldiers are with every unity  
Chewing, brushing is their foremost duty  
This set is also column of beauty  
Adds in my speech; till the last affinity

For, I get them examined at each six month  
Although hospital is at great length  
My every act is at Doctor's advice  
Brushing them even twice or thrice

My food is also with proper moved  
Besides others, do I vitamin include  
So, all my teeth are healthy and stout  
Not an easy task to take them out

\*\*\*\*\*

Published in The Quetta Times.

**TOOTH'S CRY**

Torment itself is a pinching pain  
But pain of mine is hard to explain  
I, in the body as a smallest organ  
Like leading pole above in heaven

I may be a grinder soldier or only beauty  
Brushing at night; is for me is thy duty  
For I am a guard of digestion regime  
King of relish for all the time

Oh! I've been treated without clemency  
Was lingering torture in my residency  
Barber's septic knife was with blunt edge  
Quake did destroyed my crown edge

I was firm in thy jaw like a rock stone  
But, dragged me out; where I'd grown  
Put me away for only my decay  
About this condition, I cannot say

I may expect my happiest day  
As dawn of science is towards its way  
So, my horrors shocks are just to be out  
My curing and healing are near about

M. A. Soofi  
Student of 1<sup>st</sup> year BDS, de'Montmorency College of Dentistry,  
Lahore -1952

\*\*\*\*\*

**STRUGGLE**

I worked, worked, worked a lot  
For my theme and for my thought  
Struggled in my day and in my night  
Both were equal in my fight

I suffered suffered heavy suffer  
For my pursue, for my pursue  
For the day, day of spree  
Suffering still without any glee

But I am sure, I am sure  
Shall get my cause get my cause  
In my way, way of the laws  
For my day and day of pause

18.05.1960

\*\*\*\*\*

**EVERYTHING LOOKS NICE**

Sky looks nice with the bright moonlight  
Garden looks nice with the lady of light  
Country looks nice with geographic sites  
Mountain looks nice with its height

Rain looks nice, when it is light  
Day looks nice when it is bright  
Nature looks nice, when it is fourteenth night  
Love looks nice with the pair delight

Soldier looks nice when he is in fight  
Commander looks nice when he is in left right  
Student looks nice when he is in polite  
Poet looks nice when he is to write

Man looks nice when he is in alight  
Baby looks nice in flying her kite  
Lady looks nice when she is right  
Face looks nice when it is bright

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