



# Words, *Words* and Words

Dr. Khalid Sohail & Sain Sucha

**Words, *Words* and **Words****

by

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**&**

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&

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# *Dedication*

*To the ever rejuvenating memory of all those friends who started with us on the life train but stepped off it at various junctions;*

*and,*

*To all those co-travellers who aspire for a better world built upon human effort and understanding.*

# PREFACE

We write words to convey a message from one person to another!

The way sentences are constructed and arranged, and the content of the final product decides how we, in a literary sense, would call it a poem, a story, an essay or just some other means of communication. Then there is rhyme and rhythm, comedy and tragedy, fact or fiction – all that composed of words in one form or another.

Both, Khalid Sohail and I have used words over a very long period. Both of us are natural scientists who with the passage of time felt a greater attraction for sociological and philosophical topics than pure scientific work. We have tried to express in words what life has taught us, so far.

Both of us believe in Humanism as the ultimate solution for our co-existence with other people and all that exists on the planet Earth.

This joint venture caters our thoughts in three different forms. It is up to the readers to decide in which order they prefer to read the book. As long as there is some sort of response – positive or negative – we would cherish the opinion of our readers.

Toronto, Canada & Sollentuna, Sweden

Khalid Sohail & Sain Sucha

November, 2016.



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# Poetry

**Khalid Sohail**

## ***A Darvesh Is Born***

*One Saturday morning  
when he woke up  
he felt so light  
he could easily fly like a bird in the air  
or  
swim like a fish in the ocean  
He had been experiencing  
subtle but profound changes in himself  
changes so subtle  
nobody could observe them  
but so profound  
he could not ignore them anymore  
When he got out of bed  
he felt like  
a cool breeze of the morning  
When he looked into the mirror  
he smiled  
and spontaneously kissed himself  
he had never done that ever before  
That morning  
he became acutely aware  
his beard had turned grey  
making him look wiser*

*When he went for a walk  
and saw flowers in the park  
rather than plucking them for his sweetheart  
he let them smile  
so that they could experience  
their natural life*

*When he sat near the lake  
he could  
feel the cool breeze  
and hear  
the sound of the waves*

*He felt in tune with his environment  
He had never realized  
rocks and flowers and wind and water could communicate*

*He felt like a child  
who played for hours  
with leaves and rocks and sand on the beach*

*While walking on the lakeside  
he saw  
the sea-gulls and the geese*

*He went close to them  
and was surprised  
they did not fly away*

*He offered them seeds  
and they ate*

*right from his palm  
When he touched their wings  
they looked at him  
with friendly eyes  
as if asking.  
Do you want to borrow them?  
When he looked around  
he saw a little boy  
standing quietly  
watching him feed the birds  
Although  
there was no exchange of words  
yet  
there was perfect communication  
between him, little boy and the birds  
They were in harmony with each other  
After a few minutes  
when the little boy  
saw his mother  
he ran  
and the birds flew away  
and he came home  
That evening  
rather than reading ten stories  
he read one story*

*but re-read it many times  
until  
he felt in touch  
with the essence of the story  
and the soul of the writer  
That night  
when he was in bed  
with his sweetheart  
he gently kissed her eyes  
rather than  
passionately kissing her lips,  
“Don’t you want to make love to me?”  
she asked in a tremulous voice  
“No” he said  
for the first time in his life  
“Don’t you love me anymore?”  
she had tears in her eyes  
He kissed her tears affectionately  
kept quiet  
and after a few minutes  
fell asleep in her arms.*

## ***A Social Butterfly***

*There was a time I felt free  
like a bird  
who could fly where-ever he wanted  
like a fish  
who could swim anywhere in the ocean  
like a cool breeze  
who could kiss any flower in the garden  
and flowers I kissed for years  
roses and tulips and bleeding hearts  
I was a social butterfly  
I used to go to parties and flirt  
flirt with  
young women, old women  
single women, married women  
white women, black women  
I flirted with them all  
I used to believe in free love  
And then I met a woman  
who had  
smiling eyes  
and  
a heart of gold  
She offered me*

*a gift of love  
treasure of commitment  
bounty of intimacy  
and I started to dance with her in ecstasy  
She showed me  
loving one woman in a meaningful way  
was better than  
flirting with dozens of women  
So I fell in love  
and grew in love  
and enjoyed the gift of intimacy  
I learnt to love  
the soul than the body  
the essence rather than the surface  
When I stopped flirting  
and loved one woman compassionately  
I had more time  
for my art and music  
I created more  
stories and poems and songs  
It was a blissful life  
But gradually I lost interest in romance  
and was enticed by wisdom  
I started to love her  
more as a person than a woman*

*more as a friend than a lover  
and that made her  
frustrated and angry and resentful  
She tried to ignite the spark  
the spark she had killed  
Finally she got so disillusioned  
she left me one night  
And now  
after all those  
years and decades and centuries  
I have become  
more contented as an artist  
more peaceful as a saint  
and lead a celibate life  
while she feels free  
like a bird  
who can fly where-ever she wants  
like a fish  
who can swim anywhere in the ocean  
like a cool breeze  
who can kiss any flower in the garden  
and flowers she has been kissing  
roses and tulips and bleeding hearts  
She goes to parties and flirts  
flirts with*

*young men, old men*

*single men, married men*

*white men, black men*

*she flirts with them all*

*She has become a social butterfly.*