



Words, *Words* and Words

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Words, *Words* and **Words**

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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.