

Masterpiece

These stacks of books, hardbound,
a useless usage of paper.

This splendid spread of ink
black spots artlessly spilled.

Their cause is yet to be found.

Some less fortunate experts of poetry and art
for subsistence's sake or perhaps for mere fame
have scattered these lines.

For the crime of reading these lines
countless innocent generations
with a beggars bowl of knowledge, skill and wisdom
have begged for life, throughout their lives
everywhere!

Ah, the eternal torture of time.
The bygone unconscious creator, time.

Devoid of reflections, the darkness praised.

Ah, the crushing loneliness of life
To think, overthink and keep thinking...
The bane of few naïve delusionals.

Today I have finally decided

To take my revenge from time
Through the dusk on a plain paper
I will draw some crooked lines.

*By Jaun Eliya
Translated from Urdu by Abdur Rehman Khan*