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Ghazal

Mushtaque Barq

Feathers of faith up above in the Blue
To revisit recess for better review

Bird of glass globes let touch summit
Of past to locate the bards venue

Carpet of concertina no more on the roads
Has 'might' forgotten to impose curfew?

Let the stout storm ravish the tyrant tent
Who then shall pick a bone from residue?

Fed up of calm tears in my tattered hem
Let on the poor cheeks settle morning dew

In ambits and close rooms nay mark my fur
Wings of promise need nay ruthless bamboo

Crows, sparrows and cozy doves wail in vale
Who can then put into cage sweet cuckoo?

Bruised arms let embrace free and the fair air
To let the peace make for all a long queue

Of raw and rotten narratives no sale
For a genuine view needs a heart true.