

## Imagined Piety

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Epitome of piety, symbol of love.  
God salutes and angels bow.  
Sincerity flowing from thy absence.  
Beauty emanating from thy presence.  
Visible from thy forehead scar.  
Visible from thy forehead scar.  
Source of light, thy eyes prove.  
Dried souls thy locks (visible) woo.  
Veil as the heavenly dress.  
Innocence and simplicity tightly press.  
To go on and seek thy hand.  
All the world and the land.  
Hold thy hand in my hand,  
As strong as magic wand.  
Visible from thy forehead scar.  
Visible from thy forehead scar.  
Your shoes as the throne,  
Laces as the twinkling moon.  
Your chapal as an ingot.  
Highly sold but cheaply bought.  
See thy love in my heart.

End my dark by shining my lot.  
Visible from thy forehead scar.  
Visible from thy forehead scar.

### **Hope in Anarchy**

That is when things fall apart.  
Loot of innocence morals short.  
City filled with lust and shame.  
All busy in the game of fame.  
Mullas wander but to show.  
Thugs and bandits make it through.  
Not love, but lust that is might.  
Anarchy at height, dark is bright.  
Torture, killings day in and day out.  
Innocence marred faith in doubt.  
Murder of peace no birds on trees.  
Sportiveness caged asked for fees.  
Love stands all that we can have.  
To burn for that God longed to save.

### **Unleashed Mind**

Released from queer fetters,  
That baffle thee of thought.  
Oft I ram into that quarry,  
Indecisive bounce void of all.

Uneasy what it would make,  
To the mind devoid of thought.  
Ever bilious to be in that dark,  
Thoughtless am I not to resolve.  
Jumbled puzzle my mind is,  
Switched around all the pieces.  
Upside down it turned and lost,  
Somewhere out in the space.  
But all instant a glimpse flashed,  
Perchance I had an epiphany.  
Of that wealth the soul longed for.  
Bliss the gift providence made,  
It brightened the heart, perished shade.  
Things unknown it made me know.  
Heart open the thoughts to share.  
Knowing that I always cared for.

### **About the Author**

Mohmad Aslam hails from Bandipora district of North Kashmir. He holds Masters in English from Department of English, University of Kashmir and is presently pursuing Doctorate from the Said varsity. He is a freelance writer & writes on myriad themes & topics. He previously served as Lecturer English on academic arrangement in School Education Department, Government of J&K.