



DAWN88

Collection of Poetry and Images

Natasha Iqbal Jozi

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To Inspiration











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Foreword

Reflection of women poet's emotional & lively writings have been discussed and highlighted world over since 1960. Pakistan's literary scene experienced similar change, registered women poets, introducing new idioms & scenario with interests & astonishing observations.

Natasha is welcomed on horizon of women poets. She has new vocabulary and images like lamp of life. She emphasizes that "my thoughts were my door". At this young age, she talks of spirituality, flight of heaven & foggy presence of herself. She spreads kaleidoscope of life and colours. She in her expression vividly declares that "her strength is her weakness".

Natasha is a painter also, her images from canvas, when pour in words, announces that "her painting is her voice".

Pakistani society has been around clashankove culture, suicide bombing, honour killing & rape of women to take revenge of enmity from tribe or family. Natasha finds herself sinking in such situations. She feels vacuum in society & hollowness of feelings, dejected because of double faces of our society. The weather inside her gets stormy, therefore she says, "I belong to a world, where I belong nowhere, I dwell within the thunder/ voice of life", She announces, "I am my own saviour".

Bravo Natasha, keep on exposing double faces of our society, keep up your emotions and powerful expression.

Kishwar Naheed
2011



Preface

And so the bud bloomed into a flower. Each petal curved its way out. With every push it forced itself into the world. Open and serene it lay beneath the wide sky. The flower indeed had bloomed.

All my life I was referred as the bud, the bud waiting to bloom. With every glimpse of pity showered on my insignificance, my wait continued. The flower was to bloom but when would that happen, no one knew. During My entire life I was referred as the rising star, but when was I to shine, no one knew. I was just another teen. Each step I took, with an anguish to embrace my first run, I was stopped to practice some more. When would I run, no one knew. I was just another teen.

I turned into a young girl. There I stood with a long lustful anticipation. I felt the need to speak for what I had lived on. I had lived on the few awards I earned over the years. I had chewed up every piece of achievement, I had accomplished. Now, I was hungry for more. Every night I stood before the vista, hoping for the door to the life unlock. I wanted to explore the colours of darkness. But when would I do so, no one knew. To all the questions I asked myself, I soon got them answered. With a mere heat of the friction between my pen and the paper, I ignited myself. With the utter rush of the words forced on the paper, I curved myself to bloom. While the ballistic ideas poured out before me, I shone up high.

I discovered my existence.

Every word I wrote, I conquered a part of my brain. I not only explored my thoughts, I explored myself. The journey of self-exploration was long and

dusty. I got stuck in the storms of confusion and got struck by the lightning of disappointment. Yet I rushed myself harder. I firmed my steps stronger. I walked through these thunders. I soon found, I was not alone in this fight. I was representing myself as a member of the utmost neglected part of the society,
The teenagers!
I am one of them. The one called “The rebellious”.

Wherever I went, I carried this certificate. This burden was heavy. But I never attempted to shake it off my back. I was proud then as I am proud now. We ‘are’ the youth of this world. We ‘are’ the creators of the future. We ‘are’ the roots of the next generation. We need a reason to live and the freedom to express and we will not be shunned by anyone. Whenever I got lost in the desert, I drank the water from the oasis of this belief. And I marched on. I knew one day my voice will be heard.

I do not claim to be an intellectual, and this might not be a masterpiece, it needs not to be one. It is just an attempt of a girl in her teens to let the world know, that she is.

I painted my vision when I was 13 with a few markers and inks. This was my ever first creation. I created a graffiti of my ideas. It was filled with spilled blotches of ink. The moment I saw it mounted and hung up high I knew, I needed to express myself. The words of my teacher still produce an echo in my ears. “Go on Natasha”. And I did. I went on painting and I went on writing.

The confidence that was built then fuelled my entire life. My teacher watered the plant of my imagination day by day. She let me play with colours. She let me experiment with nature. She gave me a shoulder of a friend which I still grab on to. I am holding on to her courage. I am holding on to her vivacious spirit, and to that humble smile. These are the innocent gifts she granted me, and I will hold on to them till the day I die. With this lantern, I sought my every step. The higher I went, the clearer I got. Every experience in life fed me.

My adolescence was a synthesis of blazing inspirations and knocking down experiences. I learnt how to look at the sky above me. How to examine each

shade. And how to predict what new that day brought to me. I learnt how to smell a flower. Not by its mere sensation did I intrigue my senses, I observed every petal down to its channels. I absorbed every drop of scent it bore, and stored it in my skin.

I learnt how it felt to get bitten by a cobra. The cobra of this society. I got bitten again and again. The poison tree grew in my veins. I channelled my energies in my experiences. I creamed myself out of repression, I did my catharsis. And I carried on.

At the discussion tables, I raised various issues in front of my brother. Sherry and I used to have long talks. We discussed the traits of individuals and their philosophy of existence. Thus, it dawned upon me the reason of life. I distilled my thoughts and filtered my brain. I grasped tightly his teachings and kept them close to my heart. I knew my brain needed this nourishment. I psychoanalysed myself; I dug deep down in my sensation. I felt the transmission of waves. I sensed the work of nature and I felt closer to my God.

Day by day I observed, year by year I grew. The arrival and departure of life kept on. Various social occurrences influenced me. Some broke me down, some built me up. I kept on reading the books on life, The books on my life. I burned those I read before. I kept on reading and I kept on burning. The ashes were insignificant to me. My past was insignificant to me. I knew and believed that tomorrow is yet another day, and I kept moving on.

I listened to the symphonies of the flowing river. I breathed the scent of air. I observed the relation of space and time. And I enjoyed the quest of my life.

I kept my pen close to my heart. The sinister of creation dwelled in me. I lived my teens with utmost aspirations. I tried to see what lay ahead of me. I tried to answer self-raised questions.

It has been 19 years since I have come into this world, this year is the last year of my teens. Soon my journey would end. I have carved myself out and made my own path, the path of self-discovery. I have a lot to give up but not much to embrace. I'm leaving behind my memories, my thoughts, and my life and

stepping into another chapter. Am I taking off the camouflage of innocence or putting on the one of hypocrisy.

What lies ahead of me, I do not know.

What will I now be?

What will I be called?

Am I still the bud to bloom or still just another teen. Or am I now, a woman? My past is a mosaic of love, greed, lust, passion and solitude. I'm closing this phase of my life with a mark. I'm bidding my last farewells to the experiences I had. The mark I leave is a conjunction of my thoughts and my words. This is my book, my creation. This book may not be an end but it's a beginning. It carries the photocopy of my life, the photocopy of our lives. The roots of the future tree, only withered and wrinkled.

This book may not be a classic but it's a voice, our voice. It's the first step towards the enlightenment of the new millennium. The first step to cherish our lives. This book is merely the first drop of ink in the ocean of literature. How far will it spread? I make no promises. I may have been stuck in a vacuum, all this time. But art doesn't happen in vacuum. Art does not spread in vacuum. My thoughts may seem crooked and unpolished. But these dismantled buildings of perception need an architect.

This book may not be the loudest voice in this karaoke bar world. It needs an amplifier. I do not claim to be the clearest speaker, but I claim to be a strong voice. My eloquence lies not in my accent, but it lies in my pen. I claim to be a free spirit. I claim to be that first rain drop. I want to moisturize the barrenness. I want to be the first nail in the wall, the impression of which just leaves some cracks behind.

My carved past is not to be ignored. The puzzles I have solved have not elapsed. I now, instigate your thoughts and ask you a question.

Who are we?

What are we doing in this world?

This book is the answer to all those questions. This book is an answer to all the unattended queries. This book is a magnifier of the tiniest pore in our skin. This

book may not produce the finest music but it is a firm note. The rhythm of its tunes and clarity of its lyrics will be heard.

Hear me!

Ask yourself, who are we? When will we break the pyramids of insanity and massacre the chronology of injustice?

When will we take off the mask of illusion? Hear my voice! The room seems to be filled with my echo.

The dust of ignorance is layering our brains. The colonies of termites are eating up our morals. This book is an attempt to unravel the Tectonic plates of injustice and see the core of our egos.

This book is an attempt of a girl in her teens to try to understand the life she has. It is a recollection of her ideas and sensations. I stand before you with empty hands. This is what I have to give, the extract of my views and voice. I stand before you ready to embrace every judgement. This book represents me as I represent it. I own my inscription.

Today the flower has bloomed. The scent of its existence is spreading through the ashes of extinction. I stand before you with this book in my hand and I wait for you to open it.

Natasha Iqbal Jozi
2007

Look Inside...

Look inside,
Peep deep down
The blue and yellow,
then green and mauve,
Are my eyes lying to me?
Are my eyes lying to me?
or is my objectivity insane
Look inside,
perspire and absorb,
the change in you
You belong to the changing colours,
Or is it your life that's new,
Look inside once again
take away all your doubts,
Coz' life is just as it seems,
Look inside once again,
into the kaleidoscope of colours,
Look inside once again,
into the kaleidoscope of your life

2007

I walked past...

I walked past the rising sun,
The sound of innocence crept through my body
Slowly,

The reflection of the mirror
once again showers on me,
My hanging eyes,
the sea had flown again,
I felt choked and dry,
I felt the dryness in my blood,
How drop by drop it was evaporating

I tried to explain to myself
It was normal,
The demon was just trying to suffocate me
I did suffocate that night,
I saw the demons
Walk past me, day and night,
I was living in a mansion,
Where the vampires lay and
demons were born

2007

The body on the road...

The body on the road
Set loose on the sand,
I saw how people stamped
And stepped on it,
I felt deep inside
deep pain for the body,
That somebody, of The Creator,

The face torn apart in pieces,
And lives distorted still

2007

I look above...

I look above the shadowy sky,
There.
I see sky getting clearer,
I feel the mist of green love spread over me
The foggy presence of myself in the world of dogma,
I am relieved to see how life has evolved in me,
I breathe on the crust of thunder and sniff on the
Ruins of laughter,
I feel from inside I am the one,
For my survival
I am my own saviour

2007







Crossings





The Body...

The body in the womb felt suffocated,
Suddenly the walls seemed to become clear
The death of space haunted,
With the birth of every cell
Seemed to be the death of a life,
With the birth of every insight
Seemed to be the death of wisdom,
The dying baby sought out for help,
But the body could seem to move not far
God seemed to be testing the
Severity of existence,
To exist now,
Seemed to be fainting

2007

Tear away the lungs...

Tear away the lungs from chest,
Tear away the skin from pores,
Tear away the sight from eyes,
The dying man needs no more,
The dying man hears no cries,
 Fears no pain
 Seeks no plight
Tear away the laughter apart,
 Fear no mercy
You've already left no blood in,
 His veins

2007

The sky seemed...

The sky seemed to come down on me,
As I wore the Turquoise
On my face,
I felt I am with Him,
As I smelled the morning train
I felt I have travelled with Him,
As I watched the Sun come up
I felt, I bore the same heat,
I felt all, in me,
Dwelling with God
I felt near Him,

The sun talked to the stars,
Away they laughed where
the horizons met,
Then the stars told stories
To the dying moon,
To go far spread the mysteries too,
Nature owned all secrets
with pride,
They wished to witness the marvel
The miracle, marvel and glide,
they had never heard of
they had never known
and had never witnessed
how a man
reached out to Him
talked to Him

2007

I live in a circle of lust...

I live in a circle of lust,
I live in a flock of greed,
I embraced cult with these two arms
I sin with my own deeds

The state of youth
Is living on ecstasy,
They go deep down the wheel spin
And until today I see no human heat,

I have become a woman of faith
Or a woman of lies,
I have been lied to – to and fro,
I have been lied to, often
I have seen right go wrong
And worse it went, on and on,
The weather inside my self
Got stormy,
I struggled, I suffered

2007

Before the Sun set...

Before the sun set
I laughed at the garden of family,
I threw away the weeds of parasites
I watered the seeds,
I sowed deep down,
And sat at the window of the
Clicking time,

The branches and stems
Were fresh and new,
I watered some more
And sat, waited too,

One black night,
The flock of crows came flying over and
snatched away my delight,
I was left, on the
Grave of my joy,
I was alone with my demise
on the grave of
the garden of family

2007

It was night time...

It was night time
All I could hear were the cars on the road,
hot shower soothing my senses away
Felt like I needed a place for shelter,
I had walked miles and miles
But all I could hear were the cars on the road,
I hate to call it a night,
Because, the walks I've made are still to come,
I need to see the side of me that speaks,
I need to see the side of me that talks,
I brainstorm my life on paper
And reach out with anger,
Take away my fury, and take away my pride,
I belong to a world where I belong no where
I belong no where

2007

Then, the blanket I took...

Then, the blanket I took
Now, dark and cold,
I look outside the niche
Figure out, what's outside of the door,
The shallow opening goes down and deep
Yet don't find a dot,
The cross-roads of my life
Make no sense, I know,
I know today I breathe air
Tomorrow is salt, I know,
I know my day ends today
But will still stay unsolved, I know,
I never question what's ahead
What is ahead?
The cold, dark blanket?
It stays as my horizon
And deep stretched, hollow
I leap towards the mirage of thunder
And snatch away their tensile,
Yet I hide more silence within
I dwell in the sea of riches,
riches from the Pacific and Nile,
I dwell within the riches
I dwell within the thunder

2007

The door crackled again...

The door crackled again
I glared,
As the iron rust agonized the peels,
The soft silence agonized me,
I sat on the edge of the chair
Looked around the meeting summoned,
I greeted my Satan and sins,
The meeting was attended by many
My friends, family and foes,
I could hear their A-minor notes
And high pitched sayings,
I closed my ears
Tried to listen to my voice,
I screamed out some Bs and As
No, I couldn't hear myself,
The setting sun, my windows stated
Carried intense sadness within,
I failed to hear my voice
I failed again and again,
I felt the iron - clawed armour hands
Asking me to follow,
And I did.

2007







Sohni





Once again I sit wondering...

Once again I sit wondering
Alone,
In the deep sea of madness
I am,
Once again,
All alone,
I tried to communicate with Eve
And her Adam, who sat in the corner,
I listened to his grins and glares
Time clicked by and by,
Before me,
I knew once again
The time of justice had come,
How could I stay so lucky?
How could I stay so fortunate?
The clock of wonder
Glared towards me,
My time had come,
Once again,
To go back to the pit of existence
And mould my shape back
Into the void of life I once was,
Created from

2007

Look into the eyes...

Look into the eyes
Look into the eyes of evil,
Embrace the evils inside you, and make them your own,
Let the evils cherish your realization
You need not deprive the soul of your evils,
You need not let them perish you

2007

The red apple tempts my eyes...

The red apple tempts my eyes,
That redness in your eyes
Tempts my hunger,
I dwell in the substance of charity
I charity you to myself,
I charity your existence over mine

I see how you covet me into your courtship
I open my arms,
And let down my guards
Let there be light in my chastity,
Let there be beauty in my being,

I take your lust and heed your greed
I let your evils make love to my vows,
I let you take away that part of me
Let's make a new beginning with the death of my innocence,

Let there be another awakening of evil,

Let death take over me

2007

My cheek moistened...

My cheek moistened, by the creep of the first drop,
Felt the chill drop over my spine
The sky gargled
And spat over me,
I felt the wrath shouldering me along my road
I was shouldered far too enough,
I walked on the palm leaves
And swam in the sea of grease
Grease sticking on my ankles,
And smoothing it for me to walk
It might not take long before

Before

Before I reach my destiny

2007

Love

Love is a deep thought
In a shallow brain
Love is a cold breeze
In a blazing fire
Love, is hope to that every person
Who once in his life
Falls in love

1999

Philosophy of life

I am sitting in this chair
With my eyes shut
And my hands tight
I am thinking of every moment that made me feel
I am all alone
I want to know, why the fire is so hot
I want to know, why the darkness is so dark
What if, I take away all the darkness and all the pain,
Would this heal my wound?
Would this help me?
Taking away pain does not mean
It does not hurt
It does not burn
It does not ache

1999

What is the golden ball?

Loneliness is a golden ball
Which is very big
Never breaks for love
But always breaks for hate
Hey you! Put down that ball,
Before it breaks

1999

The Ending

The birds were chirping
The clock was running
The cars were screeching
That was the moment when I felt complete
There was nothing to worry about
Nothing to die for
Nothing left for pending
And nothing on my mind
The time had come, the moment, the minute, the hour
When I would sit down and write
My knees jammed and the lamp on my right
One pen in my hand and millions of thoughts on my mind

Could I write down everything?
Could I open my heart and cry?
Could I let my tears flow empty?
Could I feel my thoughts fly?
No, I could not
Because, what would I do
When there would be, no bird, no car, no clock

2000

A tear for the ocean

Those eyes, had something hidden behind them
Those tears, took millions of stories along
Those trembling hands, sure had something to tell
That face was itself an ocean of sorrow
Did anyone know about all of this?
I doubt, I wonder
They themselves kept all the pain
And never let the truth reveal
They themselves took all the strength
And reached their eternal state

Where nobody could reach them,
Where nobody could hear them

2000

My torment

I sat in the room and talked to the darkness
It was quiet, sad and lonely
We whispered to each other for a long time
And did not let the silence break

For we knew that 'silence',
Was itself full of pain!

2000

Don't you tell me...?

Make people think
The way you want them to
Make the river go
Through the courses of your view
Make the fire burn
With so much solitude
That even if you bathe in its flames
It...never burns you

Paint the colours of oceans of life
And make your future within
For those who play with
Black or white
Actually, commit a sin...

2000

It's my way

Ha, do not laugh at me
Do not make me go nuts
This laugh, itching laugh
I hate it
I might kill it
I might swear at it
I might spit on it
I want it all to stop...

Hey, who turned the lights off?
Who shut the door?
Why is everyone so silent?
I am going mad
This silence is breaking me down
The noise of night is piercing in me
I want your cries!
I want your noise!
To feed my madness and plight

2000

During and under

Yesterday I woke up in the middle of the night
Everything was very dark
I looked upon the roof
and saw spots of dogs about to bark
Was it my illusion?
maybe...
I closed my eyes to go back to sleep
and saw myself standing
Standing beyond the lights of the shadows
in the middle of the field
Field was full of sparrows
Red, yellow and green
Are there any yellow sparrows?
I wonder, I think
I stood alone on the bank of Nile
Watched the water flow
I found a place to hide my soul
But no haven was there or more
I looked above me and saw the sky
Was filled with grey clouds
They barked at me, spat at me
And I stood there by and by
I clinched the love inside my hands
And hid it from the hate
Yet I found when I opened my hands
It was long snatched away
Don't let the love be empowered
Don't let the love be dead
Let the shadows of hate compel you
But fade in
Because tomorrow is yet another day

2001

I am me

People think I am depressed
They think I have problems
They maybe think, I hide in stuff
That is not true
What can be done?
They do not believe me

People think I am rude
I'm rough, I'm tough
They are mistaken
For what I look from outside,
Is something I am not from inside

I write down everything
I cry out when I like
I do not let anyone command me
I like to fly up high
I would rather ruin it all
Before it is all done
Coz' I am afraid, you'll do
Or end up making it over done

I try to warn you,
Before the lights go off
So you might not have to, cry it all out
I want you to save your tears
And do not drain them out
Leave some behind
For me to pick them out

Coz' mine are already dry
Mine are saturated with sty
I stand up there, and stare at the sky
To the white spots
Going by and by

I wish I could hold them
And trap 'em meanwhile
You cook up your eye
And feed me through the night
And kiss me good-bye

Off I go back and fly
Fly back to the bed
From where I took my train
To the trees, rose and rain
To Mary who cut her vein
And died from pain

2007

World war III

My brain is fighting WWIII
Upper, lower, middle, end
The spark of brain is triggering my limbs
My arms, my head are bent

I want my thoughts to come in shape
To make some sense at least
They are jumbled with school, friends and books
I want them off the leash

My inner body is crying
My outer body is satisfied
My eyes just want the yellow apple
My heart don't know what to desire
Can you judge me in this way?
Can you possibly know what's going on?
The smell of greed is getting sweeter
The taste of hope is sour

Off, I want my thoughts to go
Higher, higher, lower, higher
Far from me, away from me
I want them to forget their way back
To start the next war
Second part of WWIII

2002





C

pop
ple
crac
kist



Green breeze





Hidden spy

I saw the tree, the devil told...
There was your leaf as well
Quite old, quite torn off
I have come to inform you
That this is the year
Your last year
Your last hope
One of your last breaths

I saw your leaf fall off
I tried to put it back,
But who can do that, in the presence of God
He told me, to tell you
To start packing up
There is nothing much to bring along,
A white cloth and not to forget
your Book
Because that's all you have
That's all you earned

2002

The unpredictable

You think you never saw a mad person
I don't think so...

When you wake up, you see her
Your wife, with saliva down her cheek
Her eyeballs up till the peak
And you think she's long asleep
Maybe she's mad, who knows

You go to the bathroom
Shave your skin off
And think, handsome I am after all!
When you go off for jogging
You see your neighbour's dog
Barking his head off
What's with it? You glide off
Tell me do you think it's mad...who knows?

You go to your office
Your boss shouting on the phone
His blood in his eyes
His tie tied around his thigh
His secretary hidden like a spy
You think boss is too high
Truly he is fighting with the Azrael, telling him not now
He has to sign more cheques
And have more saving accounts

You take your phone
And start off with work
You scratch your head, your chin, your back
Figure out the formula to success
to fame, or for your best

You sit and go on a drive
While you are thinking about office
your phone call, your lawyer
While your wife piles up the work
The tickets, the laundries she stood by
But who think she's mad not,
not me, not I

2007

The gift of God

He used to sit
sit on his chair
Every morning, every night
He used to buy flowers for children
He used to play with colours
White, blue, green, violet

As he knew, that time was fleeting
One day would come
Loneliness, and he would run
With nothing to see, nothing to admire

The day would be
The last day indeed
To keep the gift of sight with him
To ride again his steed

Tomorrow, he would be left
With nothing but his memories
Of roses red
And foliage green

2002

Fears of life

Indeed I once had fear of death
I felt the shallowness from the thought
Thought that life would be
But all without me

But now I don't think so...
I don't feel so
Death is about to come
May it be today or tomorrow?
Who knows?

Now I have another fear
Indeed...another fear
Fear of being afraid
Fear of fear itself

2002

Uncertainty

Uncertainty is an evolution of hope
Hope to have a better view
Of the wide open sky
Hope to have a better taste
Of the vista of life
Hope to cope with life and death
As it passes by

Maybe that's the reason why everyone is uncertain
Everyone wants a better life
Tell me why, why and why
Because you don't know the other side
That uncertainty means a heaven's cry

2002

The hope

Filled with complete madness, I opened the door
Filled with urge of food, I opened my mouth
Filled with great hope, I learnt the lesson
I thought I knew where I was going
In the night I asked my mum, where the stars lived?
She told in the skies, in the suburbs, or maybe in the heaven
Maybe that was where I was going
In heaven
The next night I wanted to know, where God lived.
Mum told with a sharp grin, inside my heart
I closed my eyes, played with my thoughts
I laughed and ran and stumbled down as well
Through and through I got stuck inside my brain
I didn't know what was happening
Maybe my thoughts had turned against me
They had become my enemy
How was that possible
My thoughts were my door
The door I was to open
The door which would lead me,
To God
To heaven

2002

Questions of luck

Have you ever seen an ocean cry?
I have
Have you ever smelled the taste of gold?
I have
Have you ever tried to jump from Pisa?
I have
Have you ever tried to talk to God?
I have
Above everything that I have done
I think I am still incomplete
I think I have a lot to do
I have to climb the mountain of love
I have to swim the sea of money
I have to taste some greed as well
To feed my sins within

2003







I and my Mirror





The retirement day

When I open my eyes
I see the shadows of worries encircling my soul
When I close my ears
I hear the noise of money bursting out of me
I would like to heal all this
Sometimes when I close my heart, I feel the deepest satisfaction
I feel the chill of silence
I feel the growls of hunger
I want this to proceed
I want my soul to heal
But how would I do this
I close my heart, my brain retires
I close my eyes, my thought retires
I close my ears, my memory retires
Soon I would close my breath and I myself will retire

2003

The jute trough

I opened the deep trough of jute
And tried to find my laughter
I tried to peep inside
To bring out my joy
I found thousands of smiles
But none of them was mine
It was of people, I did not know
I did not find
People who had lost their laughter
And left it behind
I remembered, one of them was even mine

2004

New boy

Hello new boy
This is the new town
Something different from your home
Hey new boy
Hey new boy

The sun sets early here
The clouds spit fire when heavy
Birds curse here when merry
Hey new boy

Do not get lost
The trails are all in the wrong
Directions are all different
Hey new boy

Do not bring your little Mary along
This new town is too dirty for her
Hey new boy
This is the new town

2004

Shadows of dark

The shadows of dark enfold me
Day by day, I feel their sadness in me
I open my eyes and see their cries
Close them, and feel their misery

Encircling spirits
Enchanting souls
Engraved illusions
Enriching inside me

Hands on my knees
Nails embedded through
Feel the stress
Look at them
Look at them
Look at them

Pain of lust
Agony of greed
Encircles me
Looks at me
Looks at me
Looks at me

The shadows of dark enfold me
Day by day, I feel their sadness in me
I open my eyes and see their cries
Close them and feel their misery

Disbelief

My life has taken a new turn
Of disbelief and agnosticism
My life has lost its meaning of creation
What has it planned for me?
Every angle shows its own meaning
Every apex has its peak
My soul has a million unanswered questions
Feed my queries enough
Nourish my disbeliefs through
Tell me life
Answer me
I need to see a flame
I need to seek the light
Will flame light my life?
Or burn it down
Tell me life
Answer me
Help me out
Do you hear me loud enough?
My throat is sour
My eyes are numb
My senses have given up
They are lost in the dark mist of uncertainty
Answer me life!
Will I glow in the brightness of mirth?
Or burn down in the heat of misery?
Is my life mine anymore?
Is my destiny close to me?
Is my fate crushed forever?
Will I glow or suffer
Answer me life!
Answer me!!

2004

Greed

The dust of greed has taken over our challenges
The smog of lust has hidden our ambition
I want to spot an honest person
Is there someone to answer my prayers?
Is there anyone to hear my cries?
The dirt of ambiguity has wiped our confidence
What will happen?
Is the Day of Judgment near?
Will the world end?
I want to spot the first flame of hope
I want to search for the last rescue
Someone help me!
When will the clouds of smog go away?
When will I see the flame of optimism?
My prayers remain unanswered
My greed for a revolution is getting restless
Feed my lust, before I break into pieces
Feed my gluttony, before I die

2004

Purposeless dedication

Every night
I try to listen
I shut my eyes
And see a vision
I go through thoughts
Just mine, just new
I make my life
Sound purposeful
What I dream
Fell down to ashes
Just like a lamp
I tried to lit
The lamp of life, my lamp of life
But the match won't stop
I've come today
To realize
Some lives are wasted
Time to time
But is that mine
Is that mine?
I shut my eyes
Just once again
I try to deviate
Through my sins
I try to concentrate
And there I hear
The voice inside
Screamed out hurray!
I freed my soul, I freed my life
From now
I don't let a second pass by
When I remind, that I'm alive
I breathe, I hear
I am alive

2005

Compass my life

Where do you stand?
I ask you a question
I seek for light
But got no vision
I tried to breathe, no air was mine
I tried to hear
No sound would rhyme
I'm lost between
Two paths of God
But which one to choose
I gaze, I mock
Aren't all the paths
Just made by Him
Then why don't all
Lead to Him
Why do people
Confuse me along
Choose right!
Don't wrong!
I gaze, I mock
I want to know
Which deed is right?
Just tell me once
And don't deny
Because if sin is right
I'll sin for you
Just embrace me once
My king, my lord

2005

Double faces

Why do I see two faces?
Hasn't God created single faces?
Why does every face, have a reflection?
The reflection is new and fresh
Why does this reflection testify?
I need no testimony
Every word you say
Places no explanation
Every word you say is a lie
No need to defend your face
Because every face is indeed your reflection
The reflection of you is just the same
Why do I see dual people?
One shows the inside of you
And other the outside
The outside is ugly
And the inside rots
Your words do testify your faith
But indeed they too lie
Your lies are deceitful
And so is your faith
I don't need your lies
They give the creeps to my soul
And rot my faith.

2007

Vacuum

Every single second is suffocating
It suffocates my air
The vacuum kills me
I wish I could breathe
I want to breathe
But the world seems to get
Smaller and tighter
I try to get the people aside
But they tend to get closer
Why can't I live?
Asking for a little, is wrong they say
Breathe my air
Breathe our air
The air I want, is new
The air I want, should be new
But this won't happen
Because the world indeed gets
Smaller and tighter

2007

Hate

Sometimes hate empowers my nerves
Every inch aches to the most
I try to breathe
But the air is thick
I try to scream
But the sound is void
Every second becomes vivid and clear
Yet I find it hard to focus
Why is hate such a powerful emotion
I paralyse and lose
I give up and surrender
Greed, lust, despise
Sometimes hate empowers my nerves
And every nerve aches
The agony persists
It gets tense and hard
The darkness becomes dense and thick
I paralyse to the brim
And pain continues
Until I surrender
And yet I do
Seems, being conquered is my fate
When will I stop surrendering?
I want to fight
I want to win
Seems like for me
That's not an option
I will surrender
To anger
To life
And one day to death
Until at last I surrender
To my God

2007

The end

The noise around you will fade
Just let it fade
And come with me
Just forget you are lost
And follow me along
I will lead you to the end
The end where there is silence
The silence will prevail
Till you cry and break it
But no voice will come out
The silence
Will prevail
You forgot my dear,
You wanted to be alone, with
No noise to disturb
Now, why you cry
Your cries are not heard
Won't be heard
Now you live in the world of silence
Where silence is your friend
And solitude is your family
Now live and dwell
This is your fate my dear
For today and forever

2007

Where are humans

I dwell in the sea of humanity
Yet find no human
Hadn't God created Adam and Eve?
I ask I wonder
Why can't I find them?
I try to look and glare
All I see are faces
Dead and weak
Every face shows greed and lust
I reside in the sea of humanity
Yet I find no human
These humans have decayed, they smell
This smell kills me
With so many saviours around
I find myself insecure
Insecure to die, insecure to live
I meet the bed of the sea
Yet still feel. .
That there is more to go
More to rot
And more to smell

2007

Shallow waters

My strength is my weakness
I know, I state
Every statement I put
Is shallow and useless
I swim in shallow sea
Yet find myself sinking
I take the water in
And still feel thirsty
Is my body thirsty?
Or is it my soul?
I know my soul is white
White is the colour of death
Yes death dwells within
And don't be afraid
I am no ghost
I eat and drink and sleep
aren't these the attributes of life?
I know they were
Because life indeed is shallow and useless
So I swim on again
In shallow waters
Yet find myself sinking

2007

My voice

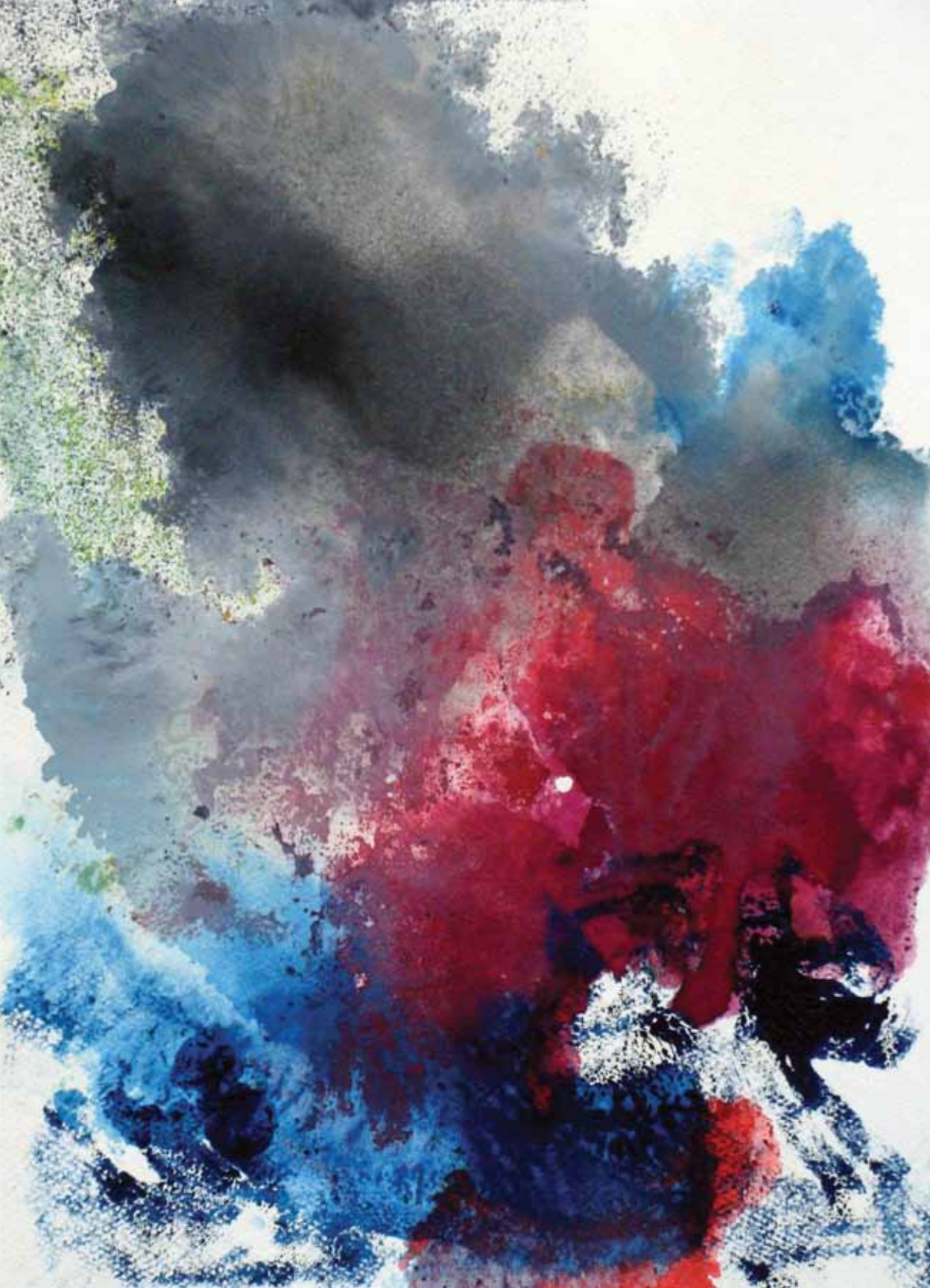
My painting is my voice
Can you hear me?
I try to scream out red and white
Can you hear me?
My voice shrills away
To places, I know where
The hearts are clean and the brains are clear
I want my voice to be heard
Just sit down now
And hear me through
Do correct me along
And assist me through
I know I may be wrong
But wrong is right
One day it is . . .
Then just let me speak
And hear me through

2007

Splashes

The splashes of memories dwell in my brain
Some are thick and some thin
I try to wipe my memory, sometimes
Then why is it all unclean, I ask
Are those splashes there, forever?
I want to clean my brain, I ask
Why is every question unanswered?
Every answer is tainted indeed
The splashes of memory pollute me again
I ask you Locke? Why does it happen again?
Wasn't mind a blank slate?
If yes, then let it
I don't want to pollute it
I question, I state
Just help me clean it
My friend, My dear
My mind is too pure, wise and clear
These splashes are thick indeed
They poison me deep down
I don't need that to be
I don't need that to be

2007







Dhol





Confused

I fear it
Is life that soft?
It never was before
I fear it
Is life really real?
It never was before
Is life being true?
Or is it lying deep down
It's devious, it's real
Then why does it prolong
I need no life
Which cheats to live?
I'd rather kill myself
Than live through it
Because I know that death
Indeed is true
Then why not my friend
Indeed it's better
to die a true death
Than live through a lie. . .

2007

Remember Me

Of all the people
I saw you there
Under the tree
Of a million dismay
The glee and joy
Surprise and wonder
Of all the people
I saw you there
Under the tree of laughter and May
May and June
Reminded me of you
Of the summers green and mountains hue
The hue and cry of the baby besides
I slept through years
Of what I not knew
I know now
And I know right
The paths of the angel
Have come by
They led me to the tree
And they will lead again
Lead me to the end
Where I never can
Remember my Love
Remember my May
Remember my June

2007

Unforgettable Truth

The song of love was loud and clear
Every note struck to its flare
 I sang along
 And forgot the words,
 I tried to peep besides,
 To memorise and learn
 But the power of love
 Overtook my nerves
And helped me remember
 The tune of love,
 Though I may say
 I forgot the words
 But I know
I remembered how to love

2007

I am late

I missed the last flight to heaven
Running is all I did to make it on time
I had confirmed my ticket
Twice in fact
Had a written application from God instead
But it's strange...I missed the flight to heaven again
I don't have a house to stay in
Or anyone to blame
I was two I remember
And had lost little teddy
Tried to find him furiously
Went up and down the hill
And
Running is all I did to make it on time
And I still missed my flight to heaven.

2007

Smooth

Have you ever felt the surface of a wall?
The wall you see everyday
Walk by it...ignore it
Take it for granted
Have you ever felt it...
The smooth surface... as it goes by
The richness of its unanimity
The taste of its smoothness
The hollowness of its feeling
The dampness of its hollowness
The chill of its dampness
Running through the room
Up and down
The wall set between two people,
Stands tall...
As I run my fingers on it,
I define every pore of my skin,
The pore testifies the richness,
I feel the touch,
I see the muse, and I hear the music,
The wall plays through the day
As I run my fingers on it,
I feel the minute gravel,
The surface, seemingly is smooth,
Or is it rough??
Tell me, my friend
Have you ever felt the surface of a wall?
The music it plays, hear it,
The chill it possesses, feel it,
Let it in and feel it with me,
Tell me my friend...
Have you ever felt the surface of a wall?

2007

Dedication

Besides me you lie
Your feel is warm
I smile and glare
Your passion subsides
I rise from my bed
Touch your face
And feel delight
I know I belong to you
And will always...I do
Your refreshing smile
Brings all the joy for which I aspire
It's not only my bed I share with you
Our lives meet by and by
Inside I hold your soul
Outside I hold your side
I want to see the world with you
I know when I'm down or sad
The vision of you walking towards me
Will light me up and troubles aside
I'll fly in your arms
And glide
I know I belong to you
And will always...I do

2007

News

A paper lies on the table
of broken teeth
and swollen feet
A paper lies on the table
with heart bled out desires
of lullaby far lost in fires
A paper lies amongst all of us
of stories, whispers and folklores gone
I fear, the paper will brown out
and tomorrow
you'll question, and wonder
I think I saw a
paper lying on the table

2007

Anger

The couch is filled with blank spaces
 faces,
 blank spaces,
 blank faces,
they adorn each other's shadows
and provide current transmitters
 the transition I see,
 with the demo
 of how they smile
I peep inside their mouths
and see deep dead cavities
 and I know
they will transmit a few more
 transmit in me,
 inject in me,
the feel to kill their grins
 kill their smiles
I know they have no place
 to blossom in me
I know they will die
 with the urge
 to blossom in me

2007

Savannah

There stood
A mirror, ten feet long
in the orange sand
glistening half its shadow
and sparkle
over the blue adjacent river
How it shone with stars gleaming in the air
How merry in heaven,
cried out with joy
to see the angels glare
summon over, and stare
the blue water above the clouds
is proud to tell
you are blessed today

Hey Mirror, you are blessed today
you have come from the
Satan's cry
and survived the judgement day
you are the one
the last one to wish
for merry in your grave
let me assure you

you have lived through your life
you have lived through your grave

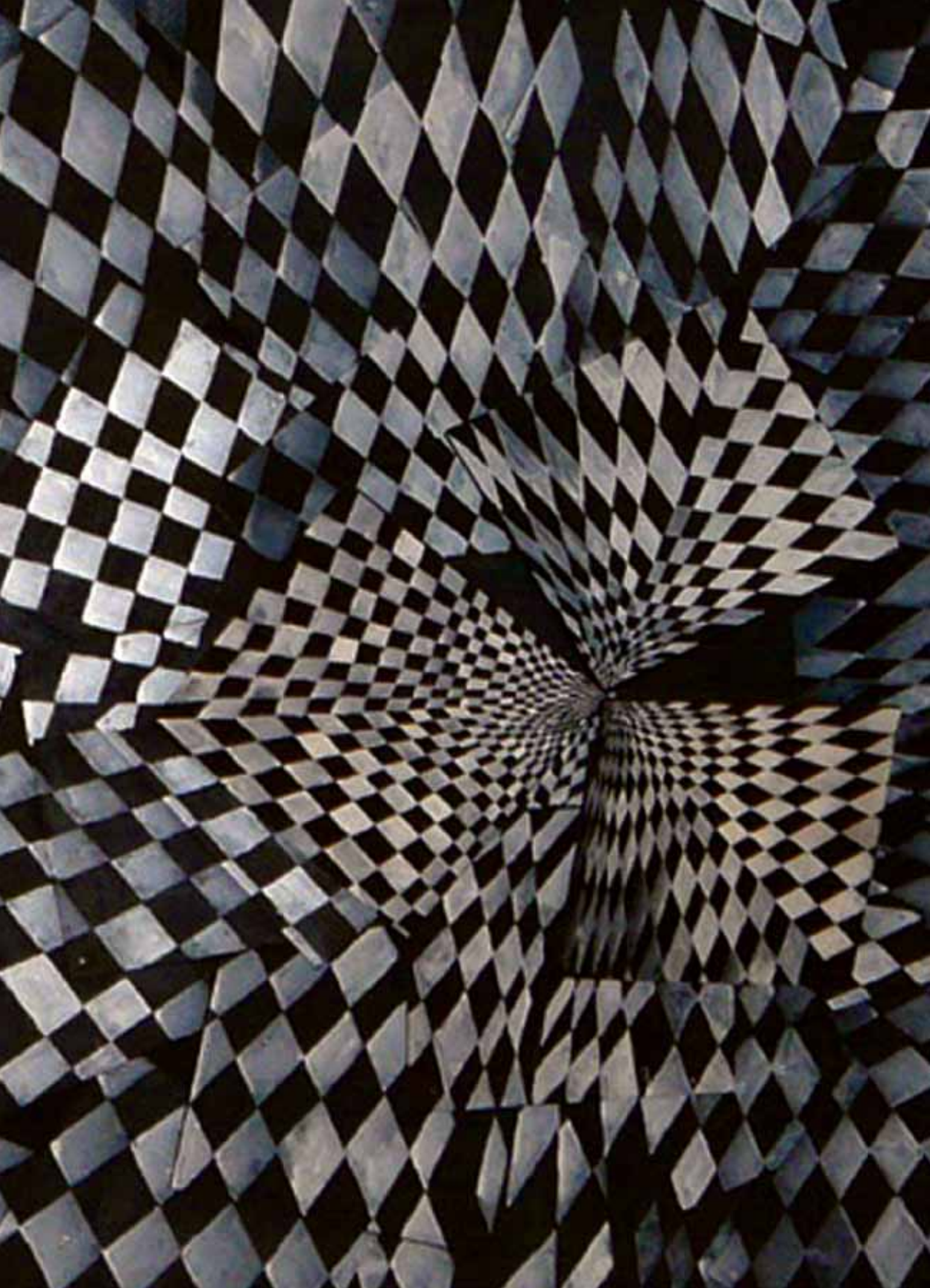
2007

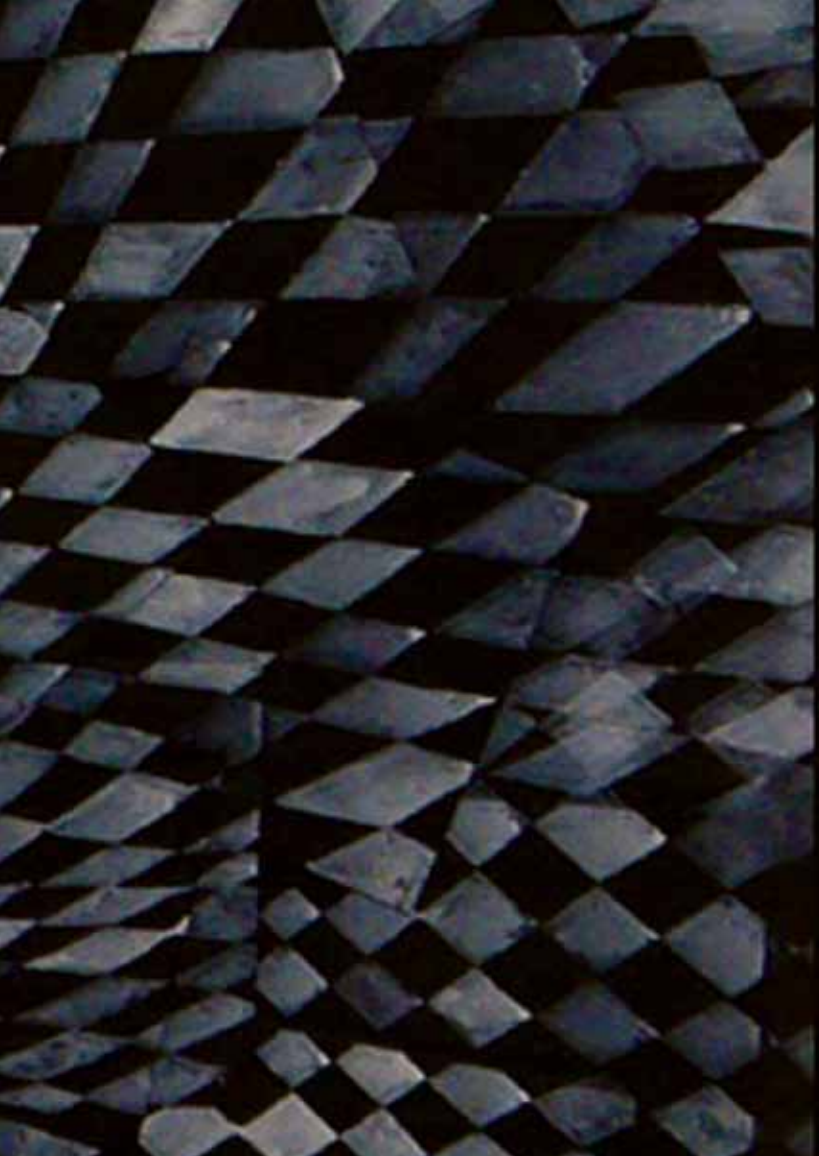
Under the blanket

Under the blanket
the folds speak to me
they know how little I know
of how they speak to me
my ear excavates through the silence
and shovels through my curves deep down
I envelope myself
as the grounds becomes me now
I try to perish
the silence we bare within

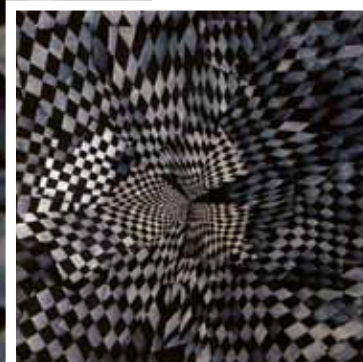
Speak up to me
As I find your voice
becoming faint
becoming thin

2007





To and Fro





Postscript

“Am I taking off the camouflage of innocence or putting on the one of hypocrisy?”

The process – sometimes takes over the product and the path leading towards the end, makes the story more interesting. I feel the same with my creation, as a human, where the product or my landing seems to be insignificant; rather what steps I take, make more sense to me.

I started off my scribbling before realizing that I belonged to this world. I claimed the possession of my surroundings before they claimed me.

Individuals live under a hierarchy of thoughts. They are slaves of their bodies. Their spirituality is a mere lie, they trick themselves and jump into the vista, plains of pristine Sahara, and they put themselves under the microscope of their morals, and every now and then, lie to their Self.

I have seen man peel off the mask of beauty. I have seen how morals drop. I discovered how the pinnacle of success was often searched between the cliffs of misery. I was disappointed to see man chew upon the leftovers of their discarded self.

I watched how life crumbled before my eyes and the prelude was applauded immensely. I fear the day when the encore of misery and injustice, which we as humans are spreading around us, would haunt us from under our graves.

I lead you towards the despicable reality – the reality I discovered throughout my life. I hope you kindle the heat through the friction of my pen; I try to show you how the beds of our destiny are warming up.

The process of this book started the moment I picked up my pen for the first time. Every word in it is a course of self-evolution. It is a coexistence of thesis and anti-thesis, complementing each other. I speak of no stone-edged ideologies. I speak of raising questions. I speak of awakening, what is long lost within us – the eye to see and magnify.

When I was nineteen, I wished to say what I wanted, every word coming out with intense simplicity, with poise and humble conviction. Now I water the bed of the bud, with my experiences. And bring to you what I feel, I have lived on for years, I have claimed my existence.

Natasha Iqbal Jozi
2010



Reviews

It is that we don't hear our teenagers. Don't we hear their shrieks in the music passed on as pop and rock, don't we see their bold statements on the ramps and in the fashion mags. We hear the deafening sounds of the silencer-less one-wheeling motor bikes and the ringing shots of the mobile-snatchers on the metropolitan roads. And who hasn't heard the killing sounds of teenaged suicide bombers in the length and breadth of our God-forsaken country. But it is very rare to hear a teen-aged girl expressing with honesty and candidness, the feelings of despair and despondency, not just her own but that of her generation.

Natasha Iqbal Jozi, the painter-poet daughter of parents who have been rebels in their own times, is both moving and disturbing. She seems lost in the mayhem called Pakistan, totally confused. Confused not only about the direction she should move but about her destination and destiny, about good and evil, sin and virtue, greed and dedication. She is growing up in a society which has lost its bearings, where "right has gone wrong", where death has prevailed over life.

Natasha's voice "may not be the loudest in this Karaoke bar world" but she demands to be heard. Her voice is piercing through the "dust of greed" and "smog of lust". She refuses to surrender or be conquered again and again. Her imagery is dark and disturbing but also powerful and haunting.

The poems in "Dawn 88" are the desperate voice of an innocent young girl, whose dreams have been shattered, whose faith has been torn to pieces. It reflects our ugly reality and absence of hope. But in all her talk of hate, evil and death, Natasha is in fact clamouring for love, goodness and life.

As she says in ‘The Red Apple Tempts My eyes ‘:

“I take your lust and heed your greed
I let your evils make love to my vows,
I let you take away that part of me
Let’s make a new beginning with the death of my innocence”

She is indeed ready to look again and look afresh at the “kaleidoscope of life” and become her “own saviour “.

This new and potent voice from a young Pakistan woman poet should be welcomed and celebrated. We need more of the young intellectuals to speak up candidly and forcefully.

Let Dawn 88 be the dawn of a bright new day.

Shahid Nadeem

March 2012



Reviews

This is the first collection of poems - simply delightful and interesting – by the young poet – painter, Natasha Iqbal Jozi. Natasha’s sensitive voice, innocent and pure, offers themes of love and despair, of hopes and betrayals, and of conflict of heart and mind with full force of passion, directly but still aesthetically subtle and sensitive. As an authentic representative of her generation, at one level, Natasha’s poems represents sufferings and longings of the people around her and at the same time, these are poems of self – exploration.

‘Damn 88’ would surely be a welcome addition in day by day expanding world of English creative writings in Pakistan.

Ifitikhar Arif

March 2012

I walked through these thunders. I soon found, I was not alone in this fight. I was representing myself as a member of the utmost neglected part of the society I am a teenager. I am one of them. The one called as "The rebellious". Wherever I went, I carried this certificate. This burden was heavy. But I never attempted to shake it off my back. I was proud then as I am proud now. We "are" the youth of this world. We are the creators of the future. We are the roots of the next generation. We need a reason to live and the freedom to express and we will not be shunned by anyone. Whenever I got lost in the desert, I drank the water from the oasis of this belief. And I marched on. I knew one day my voice will be heard.

I do not claim to be an intellectual, and this might not be a masterpiece; it need not be one. It is just an attempt of a girl in her teens to let the world know that she is.

Natasha Iqbal Jozi