

THE PRIMEVAL CALL

By Faiz Ahmad

I am alone

And someone is calling my name

From beyond the seas of the world.

My hands are weak

And the moments escape

From the edge of my fingertips.

My bed is cold

And my eyes always watch the

Longest part of night on the wall.

I am sad,

Sad like the pen that

Travels along the white page of separation.

I talked to the people of this town.

There is no breeze that

Blows over their words.

Nobody takes the shade of

The oldest palm seriously.

I saw shadows that open their wings

Above every sleeping man.

There have been moments of delight too.
I met a woman in spring time,
Who was so lost in comprehending the flowers
That their colours sang hymns
Right in her eyes.
I saw a poet who,
Like a cloud,
Was full of rain that washes the words.
I saw many children,
Their hearts full of balloons
That had escaped into the winds of time.

Someone is calling me again.
I shall leave this place.
I shall sail with the waves.
I shall sail with two dreams on my lips.

The walls around the loneliness
Of a fish shall break,
And the blue song of sea shall pour.
Dawn shall overtake my boat
And lead me into the
Widest expanse of fables.
The sky shall drift into my silence
And like a bud,

I shall blossom from the ancient soil.