



EZAL MAGAZINE
POETRY FEATURE
APRIL 2020

POETRY OUTSIDE THE BOX

FEATURING FEW GREAT POETS WHO
MADE THEIR MARK ON THE WORLD
OUTSIDE THE BOX



POETRY FEATURE - APRIL 2020

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TEAM EZAL

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According to Aristotle,
*“Poetry is finer and more philosophical than history;
for poetry expresses the universal, and history only the particular”*

‘Poetry’ comes from the Greek word ‘poiein’ meaning ‘to make, create, compose’ it usually comes from the soul, depending on how you feel, and draw inspiration. Only a few short words can make us think deeper than most pieces of literature. Some poems are simple and easy to understand while others you won’t understand even after multiple reads.

Among all of the great things about poetry, the one amazing thing is that everyone will interpret poetry differently. There is no set frame/boundary to perceive poetry, it is an emotion-an art with an open access to the one who wishes to get enlightened, inspired, and sometimes resonate exactly the way the writer does. The frame is merely metaphorical, in reality, poetry is much more and beyond.

Everyone has different thought processes, life experiences, and perspectives. When you apply that to poetry, it becomes one beautiful amalgamation of emotions.

We, at Ezal wanted to provide a platform to some of the most talented poets out there. We curated some amazing poetry that highlights the different thoughts, struggles, and journeys our poets have put forward.



@_saniwrites_

I'm 22years old and I live in India.

My passion to write began in 2012 when I wrote a short story about the human sufferings. I was just 13 at that time and was very much drawn to the realistic rhythm of life. I kept writing poems for several pages, on sites and for my college magazine. The one thing that I was keen to know and understand more is human beings. I want to heal people, and help them to get through their dark days.

PERPETUATE

It is about how a person feels in PTSD and depression, I have seen people who have gone through this, have felt their struggle and how much it effects their total well-being.

MOTHERHOOD

It is inspired by all the women I know, who is or have delivered baby this year. The challenges each woman undergoes is remarkable, bringing a life into this world is embracing a part of you that you thought never existed and with the kid a new phase of life starts .

SANIA RAWOOF



PERPETUATE

WRITTEN BY: SANIA RAWOOF

Dozens of people around me,
Giggling, smiling, moving around.
I stare at them in silence,
My heart beats in void.

I see, observe and absorb,
The surrounding,
The people,
And all my feelings.

Everything resonates in grey,
I pray, nobody feels this way.

It's getting clear,
The faces I call mine disappear,
In middle of no where I smear.

Crying,
Shouting,
Suffocating sounds,
I muffled, my voice reached,
To no one.



PERPETUATE (CONTD.)

WRITTEN BY: SANIA RAWOOF


I want to approach,
I want to interrupt,
I want to let down the thoughts:
Of failing,
Betrayal,
Unfortunate events.

My diminishing strength and esteem,
Takes me to nowhere but to opioids.
One shot and everything gets fine.

I reconnect myself to the place I'm in,
To the people I knew fully but barely now.
This emptiness has driven me crazy,
It has made me vulnerable and angry.

The wounds from the past still are wounds,
Even though I don't touch them,
They haunt me in dreams and in real,
Or I hallucinate?
I'm greeted by shadows without any windows.


To this day, till the day it happened back,
I try to forget but couldn't.
Some scars heal but only in presence of therapist.
Says my condition, to me.



MOTHERHOOD

WRITTEN BY: SANIA RAWOOF

Yo! Mumma.
Carrying a child of your own,
Not knowing what each second hold,
Starting from missed period,
To 280 days journey.
Your completing on your own,
With support from dear ones.
Regular check ups, medicines and vaccines,
What not you go through?
From changing body,
To mood and crazy hormones.
How high is your tolerance?
As the embryo grows into fetus,
Development speeds up.
You feel it, their movements.
Each trimester is different for you,
With the baby, you too progress.
Sharing blood, beat, body and feelings.
Hearing the voices, unborn do make a noise.
Unnoticed but perhaps felt,
So much in common, one body,
two souls, connected by a chord.





My name is Pacifist Farooq, a proud Rohingya, bilingual poet, footballer, humanitarian activist, teacher, translator, freelance writer, peace builder, former Burmese singer and songwriter.

I completed my matriculation examination with two distinctions in 2016. I was prevented from pursuing further education like many Rohingya. My dream of higher education still heats and hammers me in every second, being a blacksmith. In August 2018, I narrowly escaped from the genocidal operations of Tatmadaw and now live as a refugee in Cox's Bazaar refugee camp.

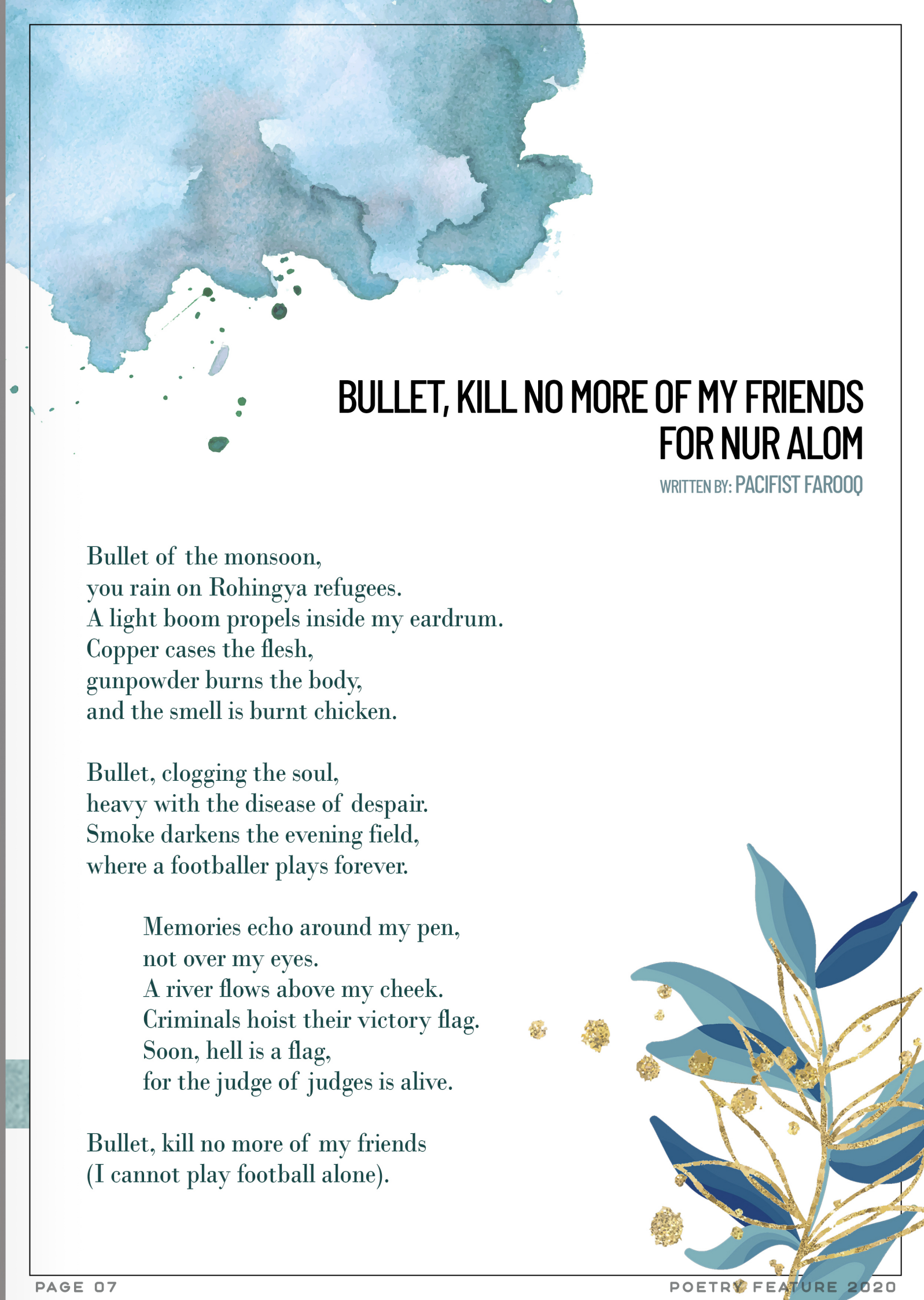
BULLET, KILL NO MORE OF MY FRIENDS-FOR NUR ALOM

Dedicated to my friend, Nur Alom, a midfield football player shot dead by RAB accusing a suspected member of Rohingya gang last year.

FATHER HAS FALLEN

On 3rd February 2018, a Buddhist driver with a car crashed my father while he was walking through the pavement. He had fallen down beside the car on the street and passed away in the hospital of Buthidaung, Rakhine State, Myanmar(Burma).

PACIFIST FAROOQ



BULLET, KILL NO MORE OF MY FRIENDS FOR NUR ALOM

WRITTEN BY: PACIFIST FAROOQ

Bullet of the monsoon,
you rain on Rohingya refugees.
A light boom propels inside my eardrum.
Copper cases the flesh,
gunpowder burns the body,
and the smell is burnt chicken.

Bullet, clogging the soul,
heavy with the disease of despair.
Smoke darkens the evening field,
where a footballer plays forever.

Memories echo around my pen,
not over my eyes.
A river flows above my cheek.
Criminals hoist their victory flag.
Soon, hell is a flag,
for the judge of judges is alive.

Bullet, kill no more of my friends
(I cannot play football alone).



BULLET, KILL NO MORE OF MY FRIENDS FOR NUR ALOM (CONTD.)

WRITTEN BY: PACIFIST FAROQ

Bullet, kill no more of my friends
(I cannot play football alone).


Bullet: hear this humble request.
A scene of grief decorates the hapless,
drives away the cool air.

Voices of bitter silence
lose control, run off at the mouth.

I am as cheerful as a grave
trying to forget its memories;
when I scored the goal, you assisted.
Hamisha thor monoth au dae.

Bullet: kill drugs and human trafficking.
not footballers, not children.

Bullet: as if you were the solution.
How can I educate you with peace?



MY FATHER WAS FALLEN


WRITTEN BY: PACIFIST FAROQ

My father was a gardener.
He watered and nurtured us
Incidentally, racism wiped out his shadow.
Yet his affection occupies in my whole heart

He was a victim of tea for years,
He couldn't stop himself going to teashop
Who knows a Buddhist extremist would grab his appetite?
The car crashed him like the shore in Tsunami.

He left both legs in hospital
Soon, he felt into sleep before the sunset
Justice died along with his passing
Apartheid refuses to join up its bed yet

On that day my eyes were running rivers
I was nowhere of the world
Like a little bird,
The broken nest in its backyard





@aneeka__poetry

I'm a female writer born in the U.K. to Kashmiri parents.
I started writing from a young age but decided to use Instagram as a platform to allow my work to reach a larger audience.
Themes I'm passionate about in my work are; narcissistic abuse, trauma recovery, motherhood and romance.

INTEZAAR (WAITING) AND FIRST GAZE

These poems are based on the time when one falls in love, the exact moment where love is found in the gaze of another. Unfortunately, the love was unrequited and therefore the lover goes into despair.
The beginning of finding true love became the end too.

ANEEKA TANVEER



INTEZAAR (WAITING) AND FIRST GAZE

WRITTEN BY: ANEEKA TANVEER

I spent the
first third
of life
staring at the lines
on my palm
the
second third
waiting at the
gate of my heart
the
last third
writing love
poems for you
but darling
my naseeb remained
unchanged
the gate never
opened
and my poems remained
unread

I
curse
the day
you crossed
my
gaze.
You
became
both the
beginning
of me
&
the
end.



@kaanudramatic

As a little girl, I started reading books because my sister would be so engrossed in her books. Those books changed my life. As a teenager everyone dreams of leaving a mark in the world. And I could think of no better way. That's when I started writing poetry. Eventually I started my Instagram page, and I've also gotten my poems published in an anthology called Unread. I started writing as a first baby step towards changing the world. So, if I can leave the smallest of mark in even some of my readers, I'll be closer to my goals.

BOOKS

Books are the best escape there has ever been. It allows you to appreciate the art, as well as forces your mind through the journey. Reading has been a part of my life ever since childhood and has helped me grow in many ways. This poem is my way of showing gratitude

LOVE

Love has many definitions, and they all lead to different versions of heartbreak. But does that mean they always do?

KARUNNYA MENON



BOOKS

WRITTEN BY: KARUNNYA MENON

At the touch of your skin,
I've witnessed, overthrown kingdoms.

You teach me how to explode with emotions,
But also, to love gently and silently.

We've travelled the world together,
And with you there's never a lonely night.

Your rippled love creates thunderstorms
And your folds induce tranquility.

Though I've neglected you many a times,
Dear Books, to you I owe my sanity & insanity.

LOVE

WRITTEN BY: KARUNNYA MENON

Yesterday you said you loved me.
And I'm so confused.

Do you love me like mom does?
Unconditional and free,
Forever empowering me to spread my wings
As long as they fit under the shadow of hers.

Or do you love me like Romeo did Juliet?
So powerful and uncontrollable
That they could die for each other.
Yet not enough to live for the other.

Or do you love me like my first love did?
Who'd beg, borrow and steal every single breath
To spend the minute of every day with me.
But left me the moment I fell short.

Else, is it like this other boy?
Whose love wouldn't restrict me.
Said I could do as I please, be what I need.
But wrote poetry about my insufficient love.

So darling, you tell me you love me.
Leave me awestruck with your words
And draw beautiful pictures of our forever.
Does that mean you, too, will destroy me?



@tabeerkhusrou

I was born and brought up in Hyderabad, India. My grandfather was a poet and I've attended mushayras since I was a kid. I never had Urdu as a subject in school but I'm good in speaking it well and since it's my mother tongue, I can feel most of the words in this language. I'm a mass communication and journalism student

I started writing English poetry in 2015, when I was in 10th class. But it was not until 2017 that I started writing Urdu poetry. I've been through some tough times in life, mentally and physically which completely broke me and inspired me to write... writing helps me to understand myself and it's a very important part of my life because it gives me hope.

When everything seems to be falling apart I have these lines which explains:

“Ujdi hui cheez ka Kuch toh faida hona chahiye ,
Kuch nahi to Kuch nahi ghazal ka ek Misra hona chahiye “

(There should be some use of something which is destroyed,
even if it isn't anything it should be atleast one line of a poem.)

TABEER KHUSROU



SALAAM (GREETINGS)

WRITTEN BY: TABEER KHUSROU

Suno tum mera ek Payaam likhna
Taa Umr mera Use Salaam likhna
Ye log jo keh gaye mohobat jesa Kuch nahi
Tum mere katbe pe uska naam likhna

Kirdaar jo gine jaate hai ishq mein
Ba wafa mohobat ko nahi
Tum bewafayi ko Haraam Likhna
Abh Raabta bhi to nahi Kya karein..
Tum mere masle Tamaam Likhna
Bhool jaaye gar wo mera naam
Mujhe bheja hua uska ek Kalaam Likhna

(Translation)

*Listen, you write a message for me
write my greetings until death
These people say that there's no such thing as love
You make that name as my epitaph*

*The Character of a person is said to be bad
when a person is in love
Do not write faithful love forbidden
But write unfaithful love forbidden
Now there isn't any contact too
but write all my issues
And if he does not remember my name
Then write one of his words sent to me*

ZINDAGI (LIFE)

WRITTEN BY: TABEER KHUSROU

Bas kar ae zindagi abh guzara nahi hoga
baad hayaat yahan koi gham ka maara nahi hoga

Ek hi to tha humsafar,
raah chalto ke sath jaana gawara nahi hoga

Abh Is dil ka mere koi laqt e jigar
koi aankh ka taara nahi hoga

Bujh gaye saare chiraaj is andhere aasmaan me
abh koi chamakta sitara nahi hoga

Ye raunakhein, ye log,
ye chubhte ujaale,
laakh sadaein de duniya koi jaan se pyara nahi hoga

Khuwabo ki Kya dekhein abh tabeer..
khuwabo me bhi abh koi dil kash nazara nahi hoga

ZINDAGI (LIFE)

WRITTEN BY: TABEER KHUSROU

(Translation)

*Enough of this, oh life I can't live anymore
there won't be any sorrow/ grief after life*

*I had only one person to walk through this path of life,
my heart won't allow me to go with someone else*

*Now no one will be so dear to me,
like a piece of my heart/ star of my eye*

*All the lanterns are turned off,
there won't be any bright star in the sky now*

*These liveliness/happiness, these people around me,
these bright lights hurt my eyes
nothing of this makes me happy now
even if all this happiness calls me a thousand times to it ,
now nothing can be so close to my heart that
I give it more importance than my own life*

*What's the use of interpreting my dreams now,
since there won't be any captivating/lovely scene even in dreams.*



@callisadaphy

I'm, Sadaf S. Ahmad, 32, a member of management team and teacher at a college.

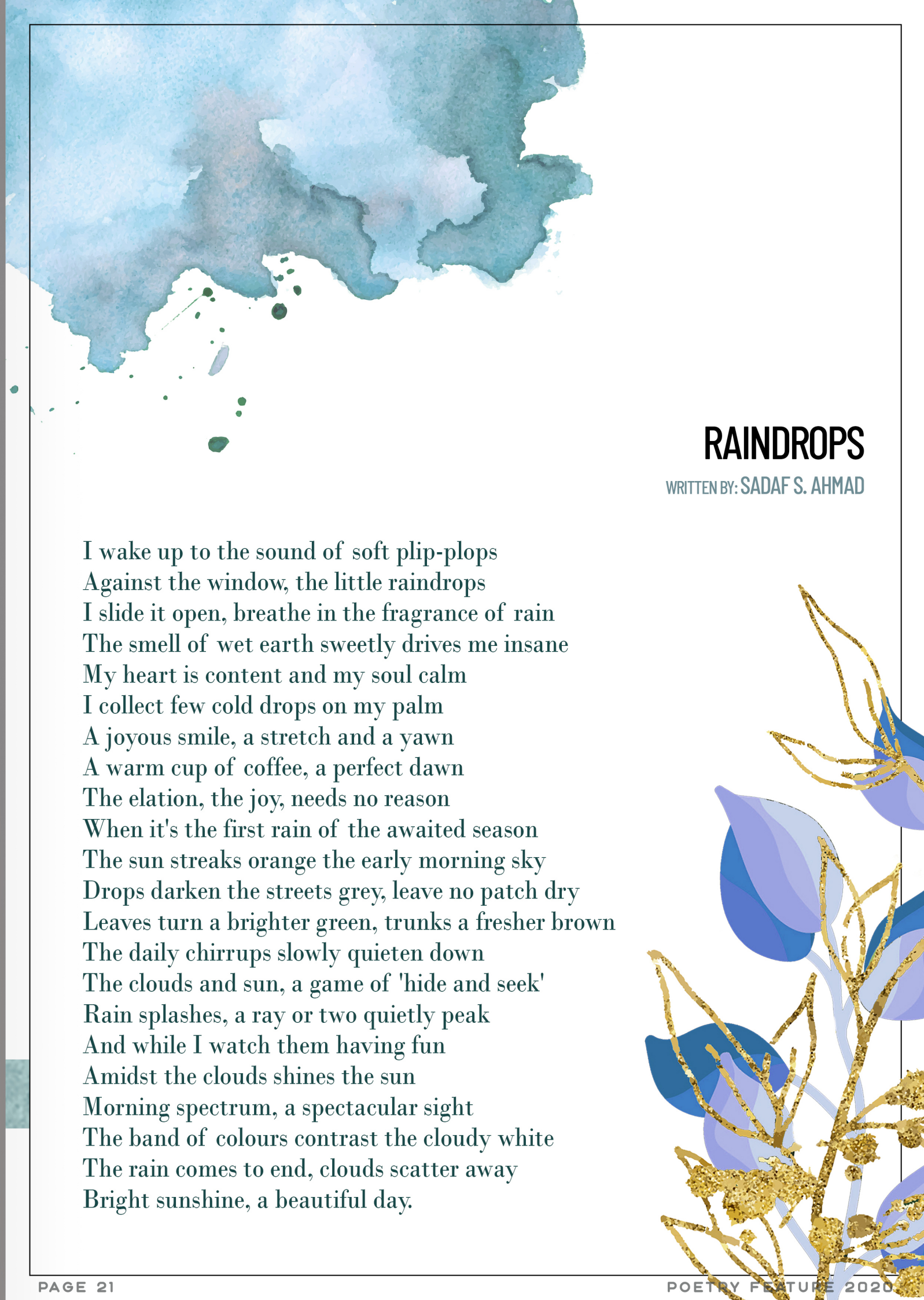
I'm a calligraphy artist by passion, I also practice and enjoy many creative pursuits like poetry, crocheting and other art forms.

RAINDROPS

WHEN THERE SEEMS NO WAY OUT

"Here are a few lines describing my relation with poetry:
I write not to render lyrical finesse,
It is to pen down my contemplation.
An explosion of thoughts that can't be quelled
Scattered words are no literary exhibition."

SADAF S. AHMAD



RAINDROPS

WRITTEN BY: SADAF S. AHMAD

I wake up to the sound of soft plip-plops
Against the window, the little raindrops
I slide it open, breathe in the fragrance of rain
The smell of wet earth sweetly drives me insane
My heart is content and my soul calm
I collect few cold drops on my palm
A joyous smile, a stretch and a yawn
A warm cup of coffee, a perfect dawn
The elation, the joy, needs no reason
When it's the first rain of the awaited season
The sun streaks orange the early morning sky
Drops darken the streets grey, leave no patch dry
Leaves turn a brighter green, trunks a fresher brown
The daily chirrups slowly quieten down
The clouds and sun, a game of 'hide and seek'
Rain splashes, a ray or two quietly peak
And while I watch them having fun
Amidst the clouds shines the sun
Morning spectrum, a spectacular sight
The band of colours contrast the cloudy white
The rain comes to end, clouds scatter away
Bright sunshine, a beautiful day.



WHEN THERE SEEMS NO WAY OUT

WRITTEN BY: SADAF S. AHMAD

When there seems no way out
And when your heart is full of doubt

When all you feel is loneliness
And your soul is in deep distress

When your days seem clueless
And the nights feel hopeless

When people's hearts are cold stone
And you know you are all alone

When you are fed up of all these trials
And you still have to travel miles

When you are depressed in griefs
And when it's shaken all your beliefs

Know that you are still alive
And a believer's life, is to strive

Know that Allah will never, I swear,
Burden a soul more than it can bear

Know that patience is what you need
And to the path of Jannah it will lead

Know that there will surely be a way
And that this life is but a short stay

All pain and grief and sorrow shall leave
If you sincerely and truly believe
To Allah we'll return as to Him we belong
And till then we just need to stay strong

Our task is to do good and forbid wrong
So remain patient and invite others along



@lamplightstories

I'm a postgraduate student trying to find her space in academia.
Reading everything with a heart drunk on the Deccan sun and sipping
on chamomile tea when the going gets tough. Finding words hidden in
dusty corners and sewing them back onto the endless sky for everyone
to see.

ESCAPE

LONELINESS HAS A COLOUR

One of the ways I have always connected to the world is through words
and stories. When I write, I find solace in words. One day, I would like
to build a huge house with words and find shade inside from the
chaos outside.

KRITI SAMIDI



ESCAPE

WRITTEN BY: KRITI SAMIDI

When you cannot escape outside anymore
You go inside and search for answers
Answers you don't find; not now not ever
You still go on
Like a soldier waging a war
Only for himself
The aftermath also in your hands
The victory or the mess
Yours eagerly waits for the result
in bated breath
To only fight another war
Until all the wars blend into one
All the fights overlap
And the space you breathe in
Becomes a box that doesn't have a door
A coffin for the living dead
Tragedy, you think?
Think again, what is the opposite?





LONELINES HAS A COLOUR

WRITTEN BY: KRITI SAMIDI

Your loneliness
has a colour.
It's the colour
of dark circles
underneath your eyes.


It's the colour
of coffee
on the the days
you need to smile
at the world.

It's the colour
of white pills
you take to keep
yourself healthy.



It's the colour
of the kiss...
a lipstick stain
on your mother's cheek.

It's the colour
of your hair
in the drain
underneath the sink
of your washroom;
long showers
are a ritual now.





@smyrafi

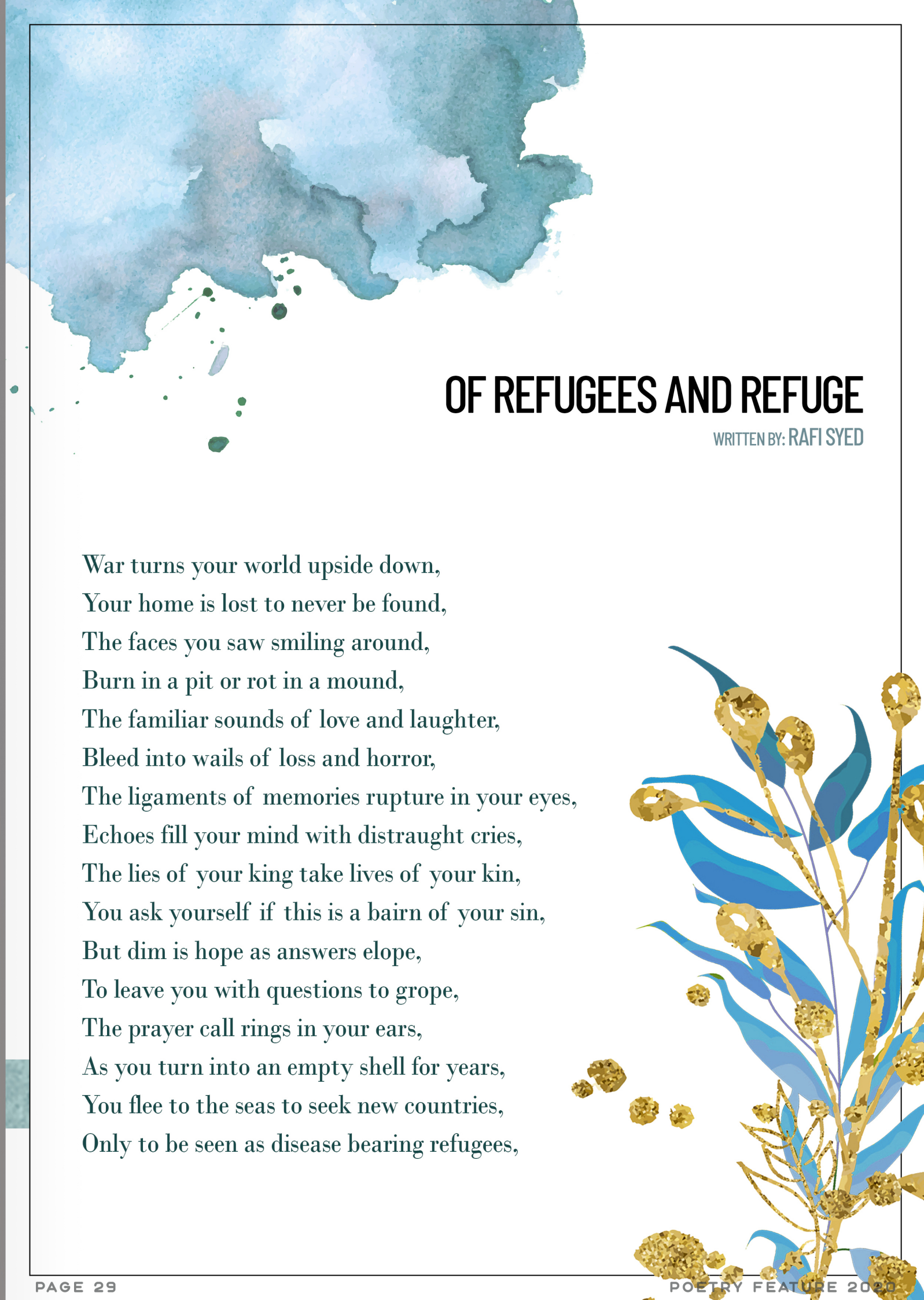
I'm a surrealist author, poet and filmmaker, with degrees in Journalism and Public Relations. Creator of the mythopoeic Epidrae, I believe in bringing together various artforms to fashion expansive worlds full of wonder and pathos.

I reside in Ottawa, Canada, and have three loving cats.

OF REFUGEES AND REFUGE

As an immigrant in Canada, I had the opportunity to briefly represent Refugee-613 for a school project, and a year later go door-to-door, trying to help refugees being exploited by landlords. This poem was written after one such conversation with a Syrian family in their dilapidated, bug-infested and over-priced home, over tea.

RAFI SYED



OF REFUGEES AND REFUGE


WRITTEN BY: RAFI SYED

War turns your world upside down,
Your home is lost to never be found,
The faces you saw smiling around,
Burn in a pit or rot in a mound,
The familiar sounds of love and laughter,
Bleed into wails of loss and horror,
The ligaments of memories rupture in your eyes,
Echoes fill your mind with distraught cries,
The lies of your king take lives of your kin,
You ask yourself if this is a bairn of your sin,
But dim is hope as answers elope,
To leave you with questions to grope,
The prayer call rings in your ears,
As you turn into an empty shell for years,
You flee to the seas to seek new countries,
Only to be seen as disease bearing refugees,



OF REFUGEES AND REFUGE (CONTD.)

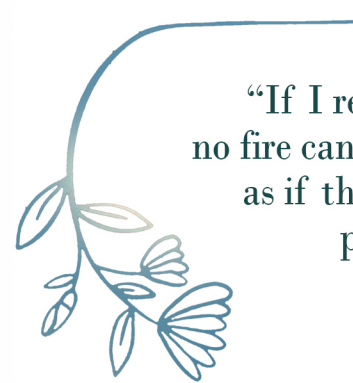
WRITTEN BY: RAFI SYED



No different than the trees that are burned with wee care,
You are discarded, booed, cursed and left bare,
To fend and fare in a wellness falsely promised,
Chasing the better days you see in a fevers tryst,
As the bridges you cross leave you charred,
By walls are you unjustly barred,
Smothered by the label of the Other,
You seek the comfort of your mother,
But all you receive is scorn or pity,
Stuck in a purgatory between empathy and apathy,
The cities of tomorrow deem you the past,
Like bug ridden clothes your pain they discard,
While the feasting few glare at you,
And with wanton plunder they continue,
To mine your lands as if you are fossil that fuels,
Their desires relentlessly cruel.

POETRY IS ART, AN EMOTION WITH NO DESCRIPTION.

EMILY DICKINSON



“If I read a book and it makes my whole body so cold
no fire can warm me, I know that is poetry. If feel physically
as if the top of my head were taken off, I know that is
poetry. These are the only ways I know it.

Is there any other way?”



. Read . Ignite .
. Write . Inspire .



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