



HEART

Mansoor Ahmad

Dedicated to
Baba Sahib
Hazrat Ubaid ullah Durrani

My heart! Not just a heart.
A souvenir of our Union; and
in the gloomy darkened soul;
an ambiance of Your Beauty

A place of pain and pleasure;
A false frontier amid 'I' and 'Thou'.
A bazaar of despicable illusions,
for Truth to inhabit, the only lodging

Well within the beat of cupidity;
yet a prospectus of adorations.
Relentlessly moaning the Absence;
Passionately longing the Presence.

Empty and muted in its Nothingness,
Commanded to 'Be'; Crammed with echoes of 'being'
The faithful knower of the Cosmos;
it's light, shining bright and eternal

My heart! My sole destination;
an encumbrance on its own path.
Often mislead, yet arrives.
Nonetheless, the leader of the Caravan

A form of the Formless;
An expression of the Boundless.
I earnestly know it not;
Thou alone: its Guest its Protector.