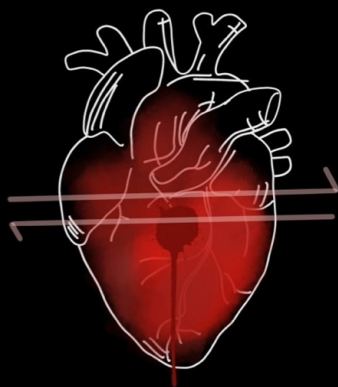


CHAOTIC EQUILIBRIUM



Maryam.Sh.G

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Maryam..Sh.G

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Chaotic Equilibrium

*And it was always in chaos
that nature strived for an equilibrium*

Introduction

Chaotic Equilibrium is the product of the five years I have spent scribbling down random thoughts, trying to encapsulate the very meaning of various emotions and realizations I have had over the course of the past few years. However, above all, it is evidence for all the people who dare to dream that there is nothing that they cannot achieve. My entire life, I was regarded as a weak student, especially with my English language skills; hence, never in my wildest dreams did I ever contemplate writing English poetry, let alone an entire book. Yet here I am, daring to be wilder than ever perceived, conveying all my personal subtle poetic visions, presenting to you a book of hidden secrets for those who dare to seek.

As you read this poetic collection, do not float at its surface, for it was written to be explored just like a destination you never visited before. The truth behind any valuable written piece is not just the idea it targets, but more importantly, the lens through which it identifies it. By no means are these words close to being perfect; they are flawed because they were written by an ordinary human. However, I do hope as you traverse this poetic venture, you take from it a word of benefit while giving to it your precious time.

CHAPTER

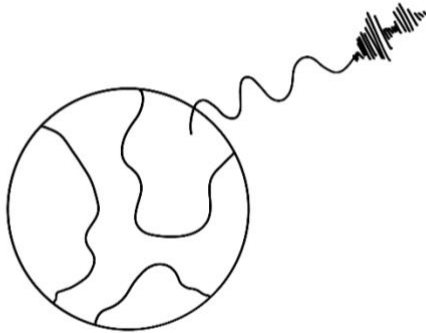
I

Scientific Induction and Nature

Chaotic Equilibrium

For all the silence that followed my voice
never was it empty
contained in this universe would always remain
the crest and troughs of every abstract cogitation
formulating this so-called longitudinal wave

~ Molecular Wisdom



Chaotic Equilibrium

And if we were to know
echoes lasted longer than
the sound ever would

~ memories lasted longer

Chaotic Equilibrium

Distance could move us apart
but it would never be able to
stop the resonance of our souls
nor the frequency of love
that translates us to each other



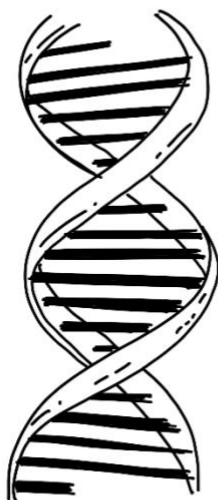
Chaotic Equilibrium

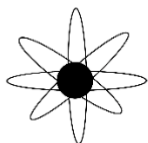
Endings and beginnings are relative

Chaotic Equilibrium

I kept changing
the frequency of my thoughts
kept altering
the wavelength of my emotions
so that no matter how far you were
you could hear me....
and my beating heart

You were the mutation
in the fragment of life
that changed
the entire structure
and purpose
of my existence





It did not come as a surprise when I felt empty most of the days I existed. It was natural. It was scientific. We are empty space after all. And so is everything around us.

~atoms

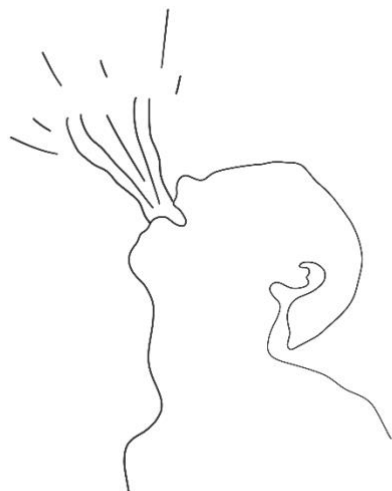
Permanent Deformation and Immunity

While I always wanted to believe in the finite nature of wounds, my contradictory self has proved me wrong recurrently at many turns of life. Some decisions do exceed our limit of elasticity, some wounds do result in permanent deformation of our souls. Sometimes, the tear, the lesion of our abstract cognitive organs, does get infected by external hysterical micro thoughts, and so we are forever contaminated with our self-fabricated causative agents, hoping the termination would also be with our own immunity. Such a chaos. Such a bilateral living.

The takeaway:

All of us make mistakes, as that is what classifies us as humans. Surely some events would alter the futuristic path you were meant to walk on permanently. They will test your limits of patience until you can no longer hold. In those moments, yes, you will be changed till mortal death. You would look back and recall the relevant surge of thoughts you had whilst making that mistake, and you will reiterate the defacing statements of others. “We warned you,” “You will regret this.” In such moments, we allow for the self-constructed doubts

and blames to multiply, such that they infect every deep incision made into our being. This will lead to suffering and suffocation yet there would be hope that one day we will learn to say goodbye to the pain.



You know why I have loved the lightning for so long?

Because when the sky screams, all listening are silenced, making every hearing ear, and every witnessing eye realize how truly insignificant it is and ever will be...



O Wind!

With my eyes wide open, staring at everything
nature had to offer

While the wind slipped through the edges of my
ears

My calmness was nowhere to be found

For the only question my mind imprisoned was

*How do you carry the cries, screams and horrors of
this world, O wind?*

*For how long you have been carrying this weight
with you in silence.*

While my echo was the only answer to these
driven thoughts

It was enough to trigger a shiver down my spine

Just a realization it brought, engulfing my complete
existence...

*Imagine the day the wind surrenders to the terror
of this world like we have...*

*Imagine the day, the wind allows all these noises
out in the open*

.

All of us
live our
own reality

*And reality
is relative*

Enzymes and Substrates



It took us many tries to realize how imperfect the perfectly portrayed relationships were. You would embrace all the little things that you knew may slip away from your arms, and you lugged all the big things, you knew were too heavy to be carried around. Maybe that is what made you human, the will to try again. Howbeit, we are collided very often but sustained quite rarely. But not be bewildered; it is the very nature of things. You may meet another with the perfect dimensions to fit into your active site; favorable atoms and molecules assist nourish seemingly immutable bonds. But even they change forms when the conditions alter, unveiling unfit behavior for the once fit biology. What makes us different then? When every micrometer of our existence yelps in submission to the unvarying laws of separation.

Chaotic Equilibrium

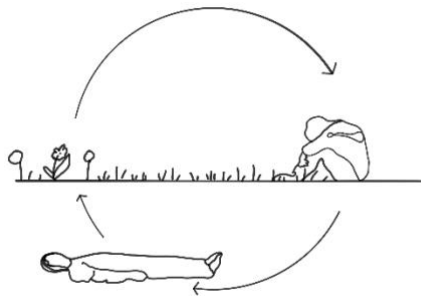
*Everything will cease
for everything is a variable
except the constant of our death*

The Only You

One of the many things that surfaces our survival is the mere idea of you being the only you that will exist. Novels, movies, and so much more divert our attention to the concept of the perfectly similar other. While the truth is humans are such dynamic beings that their underlying natural frequency shifts throughout their life cycle, unlike nonliving objects. We can hold onto the same external appearances our whole lives, yet we will never be able to pause the change of our internal happenings. Hence, as we evolve and as we grow, so does the physical biology, so does the frequency of our resonance. With such a mechanism governing our reality, accept that no one would be your resonant structure forever. There will be change, and so there will be differences. After all, that is what makes each one of us unique.

The Nothingness of the Physical Body

From birth till death, from the first man to the last, we are all meant to be part of a greater equilibrium – the one that completes in a circle. We live, and when we die, we must return to the remains of the earth, we must become the air for the remaining, we must become the mud for the living, and we must return to our reality on this physical world: to welcome the nothingness are physical being truly is and ever will be.



Chaotic Equilibrium

Life would never be too good or too bad. At some point, things must and will always strike the middle, because that is how the mechanism of the universe establishes itself: to strive for an equilibrium. If inspected, this phenomenon is found to be embedded in every scientific law. In the seen of this world and the unseen of our thoughts. Take for reflection, the process of diffusion: observe how things have passively always known where they belonged, and by how much they belonged- altogether aspiring for equality. Similarly, wander the colossal world of our knowns and you will find many more guests, patiently waiting for your intellect. As for me, I have seen it to be true in many cases of molecules and atoms, cells and transport, physical laws, and numbers. No matter which chaotic route you take, the destination remains the same – equilibrium.

If still difficult to comprehend, examine how the darkness evens the light. How death counters the birth. How a tear complements a smile. At the end of this entire journey, you will come to appreciate the balance the universe builds for itself, all through nothing but this chaotic equilibrium.

CHAPTER

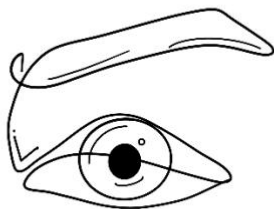
II

Love, a Blessing from Above

I would have let myself sink in you
or perhaps
even drown in your love
until my remains were buried in your heart
a place of my own
for now, and forever...



I lost my entire world
when I looked into those eyes
in a second
but only then did I realize,
I had found the entire universe



Potential of love
is far from surface
and up against the system

It is fighting the forces
for the one you love

It is for finite to reach the infinite
it is for the layers
not for the touch

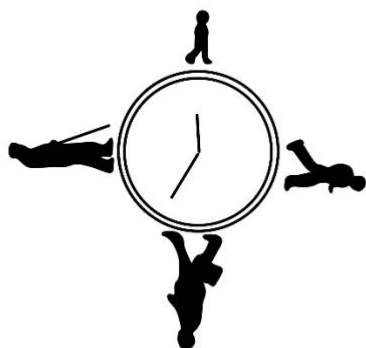
Love knows no boundaries
and well knows how to escape

If I could stop this fuel
burning endlessly for the one I love
I would have a million deaths
before I said I give up



Love
is the magic
of God
dancing freely
between
the hurricanes
of mortals

Life is a journey
of what was found
and loved
And that
which was lost
in between



The wind
blows me away

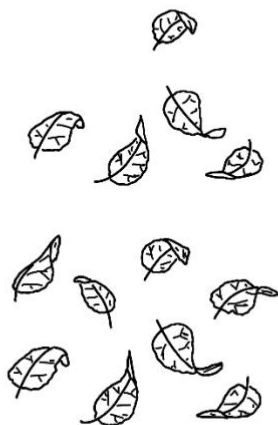
in a hundred
different ways

some pieces
towards you

some

pieces

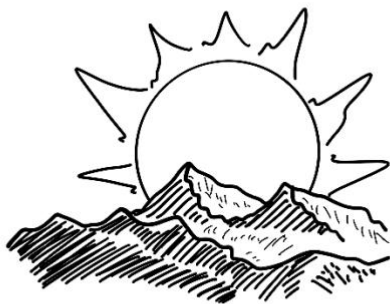
away



Chaotic Equilibrium

They said the sun is the ultimate
source of light
source of life
source of hope
but when I looked in your eyes
I knew they had to be wrong

~ eyes that never lie



All factors vary
but my love for you remains constant
The thousand miles between us
cannot prevent the pull I observe
every single time
I think of you
and where you may be...



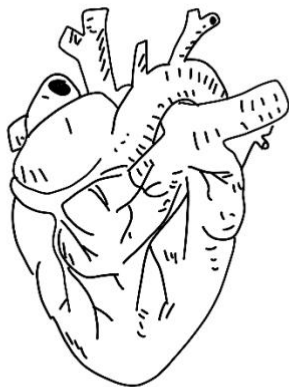
Chaotic Equilibrium



Your madness is my drug

Our Biochemistry

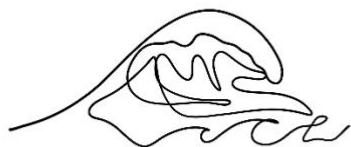
Like a song I once heard and never forgot,
while the lyrics faded but the melody stayed
Similar is to me your memory
present even in absence
humming through these four chambers



The sun is to the moon
like you are to me.
You keep me alive
even in darkness
and your light gives me the beauty...
that makes hearts collide
under the shining stars every night



Learn to dive deep
in the depth of love,
it is always around you



Alcohol

If only a drink it was
never would I have been
this drunk, sober, and bold

~drugged by you

Teach me some of your words
so that we can communicate
through something
more inner
deeper
and eternal
than this body we own

~teach me the language of your soul

And if you end up
breaking your heart
this would break mine too
and so, I shall give you
all the remaining pieces of my own
that could at least
make yours whole again



I let you in

but never

did I



let you

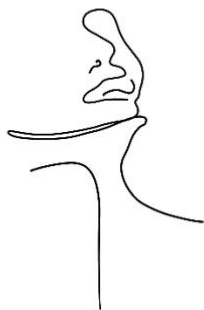
out

*How could we hope for our love to be a constant
when we ourselves are variables?*

Chaotic Equilibrium

And behind the barriers
the thing we never really understood was
we were all made out of love
and the only thing we needed
was a sense of direction

As we grow
and as we love
we become
some of the most
enlightened beings.

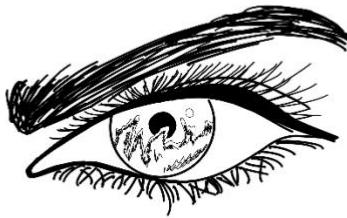


Chaotic Equilibrium

You will find me
and I will find you
and that is how
we will live our story

~find me soon

*I can see fire
in your eyes
And its
welcoming me....
but it's burning me
at the same time*



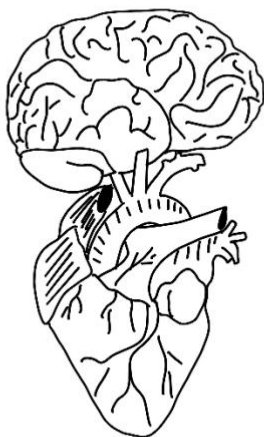
A fraction of a second
a glimpse of a moment
the evolution of my story
the weight of my meaning
the locus of my directions
the pull of my wilderness
rests in the very place
I lost what I once loved

Chaotic Equilibrium

The numbness of my words
remains untouched by your heart
even though you are standing right in front of me.

So close yet so far away...

There would always
be a battle between
the heart and mind,
every time
their eyes would meet.



And if we were to
disintegrate the human heart
there would exist
words of different languages
burying nothing
but love

~lifeless is all in the absence of love

Chaotic Equilibrium

*We want to love and be loved
without pain*

*but nature wouldn't miss out
an equilibrium there,*

would it?

$$\text{LOVE} \rightleftharpoons \text{PAIN}$$

Chaotic Equilibrium

It

is

like

a

volume

without

dimensions

~ what I have for you

The Right for You

But when you find the one right for you, there would be no need to change a single thing because they will speak you. Every cell that they were made of, had come together to create some damn beauty that was meant to be understood by you and your eyes only.



Chaotic Equilibrium

In the grand scheme of things
I would always hope to believe
that you and I were something
more than just a coincidence

CHAPTER

III

Hurting Mortals

And the bravest we have ever been
is while drowning in our own tears
promising on the other line
we won't let it rain

~ *We promised to be strong*



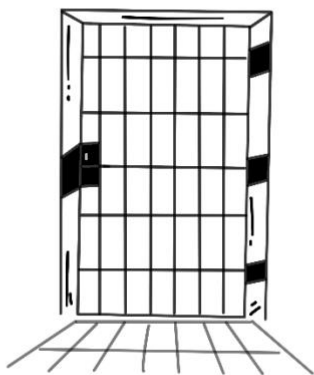
Unspoken Words

Graves of unhappened moments
we are still admiring
yet still learning to say *goodbye* to



Chaotic Equilibrium

So many words
I would never release from their prison
for some are too dangerous
to be freely floating between this space
that surrounds us
and our wounded hearts



Concealed Feelings

And has it never
depressed your soul?

How much love
in this world
was buried

before it was
even born?



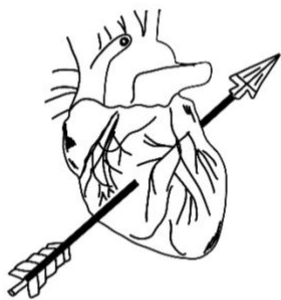
And have we not at one point or another chosen
to remain silent? To allow our love to burn fiercely
within us, turning our flesh and bones to ashes, but
never allowing it to translate itself to the known?
And have we not kept silence as our greatest asset?
And have we not allowed our love to dissolve in
our beings, without ever giving it any shape or
form this world seems to understand?

Sometimes
the simplest of words
leave
the deepest of impacts

And I am
suffocating
under the
weight
of the words
left unsaid

And every time we thought
we had moved on
it all went back to the start
it all went back to those
whom we tried forgetting the most

~midnight mess



It felt like an arrow in my chest
The wound that took so long to heal
was bleeding again

But that's the thing human
we lose our hearts
before we lose our souls

Chaotic Equilibrium

Tears

are

never

too

far

away

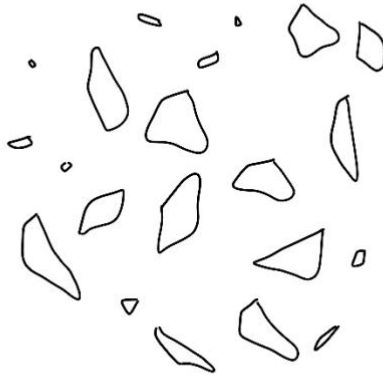
Chaotic Equilibrium

We were too busy
caught up in our own violence
that we never noticed
the ones who truly loved us
were suffering in the same mess

~everything affects everything

Shattered Trust

Some people would shatter your trust to the point where revival no longer seems real. You would be imprinted forever. Just like a birthmark that identifies you. However, this time in an abstract sense. It is then an irrevocable difficulty to carry all the remaining pieces of your trust and lend it to someone again. *Because for many of us...not enough of it is left to begin with.*



Walk Away

They had told me
love hurts till the moment it keeps burning
the flames ignite fires
lost in wild mess
but did they ever learn
how to walk away from their own bodies?
How we were supposed to escape from our own
thoughts?

So deep

is my

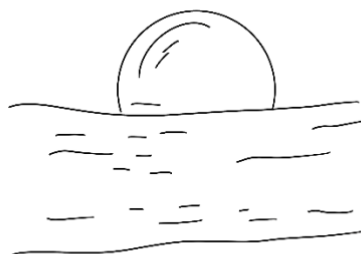
wound

that even

the oceans

are afraid

to find it



I Still Wish

I still wish

I could have changed the last time we talked.

I still wish

I could have made it more memorable and
precious,

And I still wish

I could have given you the warmth of my love

For all that I ever was to be all that you would ever
needed

because now...

there is a distance between us that I can't cover
and a guilt I can't escape.

~loss of a loved one

Chaotic Equilibrium

But
that
is
how
it
shaped
me

It first

broke me

Unaware is the world
of my winter poems
a time
a setting,
a twist of fate

It is a tale of irony
you see one
and the next

It is,
a heart set to flames
in the coldest of nights

pierced is its flesh
pressed are the wounds

A time that made me bleed for you

To

be



broken

is

to

be

beautiful

Tears Dissolve

And if someday you wish to light up the
reminiscence

do not be afraid of the burnt remains darling
for even the ashes are washed away when it rains

~ it is okay to cry

Chaotic Equilibrium

Words and actions damaged us
and we thought
the world did not care
of our suffering
but only time taught me
we were all hurting...
not all can see through skins

~invisible we remain



Wild Wilderness

Hopeless is the urge for static frames. I have wished for a pause, for the spin of the earth to undo itself for just one more minute, for it to give me more breaths to take before I knew where I was going. Uncertain paths followed by insoluble feelings, oh what a catastrophe my love. What a catastrophe....

Ruptured Moments

If though, they were two seconds
but if felt, they were two different seasons
whole to empty
peace to chaos
It rushed my pulse into isolation
and my mind...on a forever poetic search

The takeaway:

Some moments will forever change the map of our
existence, irreversibly alter the DNA of our being
and carefully substitute our most cherished crests
with unpleasant troughs.

Chaotic Equilibrium

*It is surprising
how one thing can break you
all over again, o heart*

~time and time again

But we never cried
when we should have



we cried in the middle of the night
when our tears made no sense to us

~ a lyrical code our cognition fails to decipher

Chaotic Equilibrium

No more

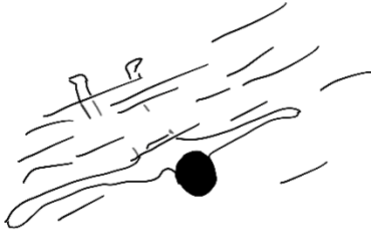
drowning

for us love

for that

which has

already died



float

up

will

its way

nonetheless

It's rare for the human heart
to break all at once
the truth is
it breaks
but in pieces
one by one
taking away all the life in you

Impossible Escape

But we were trying...
trying to escape from our own hearts
heal, forgive, and forget
but would it ever be possible?
To run away
from something
that allows us to live in the first place.

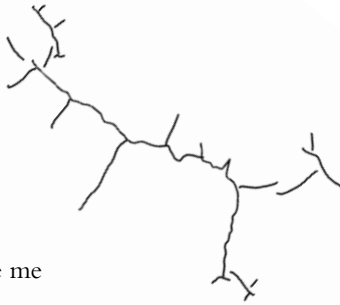
Chaotic Equilibrium

And some days it takes more than a beating heart
to realize that you are still *alive*



A lot changes,

when we change



You know you broke me
when you can see me,
yet *no longer find me*

CHAPTER

IV

Self, a Reflecting Mirror

Maps of Human

The greatest battle that would ever be fought
is the one raging right inside a living
right where
the enemy and the ally
rest in the same place
fighting for the same cause
just on different sides of the border

*I began to love what I seek
and that is where
all the magic happens*



Before
you
are
someone
else's

You
are
your
own

Lead with grace



The footsteps

would follow



Beloved of emptiness I remain
how strange it is
feeling so complete nothingness



Chaotic Equilibrium

To the dreams I hold onto
to the places I do not belong to
I kept waiting for myself to understand the truth
not everything I wanted
was meant to be mine

Chaotic Equilibrium

Engulfed by moments
Consumed by thoughts
Overpowered by emotions
Yes.... that is who I am

I cage my own thoughts
so that they do not escape me
I have no clue of who I am
without them



Chaotic Equilibrium

Life is a

crossing

between

when I was

to

who I shall be

Chaotic Equilibrium

It is unusual
to feel so saddened
by nothing
yet so blissful
to feel everything
so completely

~the physics not everyone sees

I spoke

with my soul

but not all

know the language

it speaks

If I had
one more try
to go back in time
I would have
saved myself
before I
lost my mind



It was my greatest high

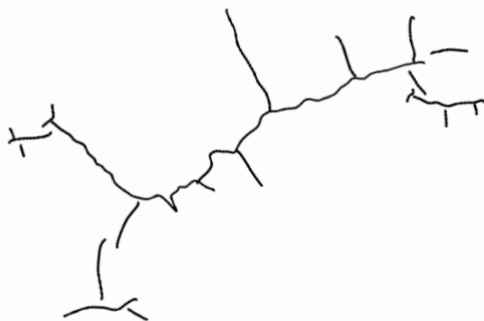
yet

my

greatest

low

I was warned of demons
but never was I told
some are created by us
surviving inside us
flowing through our veins



*You are nothing more than an illusion
and I am nothing but hallucinating*

CHAPTER

V

Secrets of Existence

La Nihaya

Most days reality is blurred by our own percepts.
Suffocation with oxygen. Drowning with no
water. Days where the soul tires not the body.
Times where an urge to transcend this physical
form takes over. To be energy. To be afloat. To be
free of all the mess that makes us human. But they
be not. For we are caged in our own skins,
chained by our own veins, prisoned by our own
flesh. So, we live. So, we battle. Battle what wishes
infinite while we remain enslaved to the limited.
And we must live on. For that is how it must be.

At least for now.

You must live on.

You do not have to win every battle

You

do

not

have

to

win

every

battle

o warrior!



We forget that the past never washes itself away. It always stays there, befriends the future, and keeps repeating itself in new shades and in new lights.

Superiority of Silence Over Words

And you know why silence would always be more worthy than words? Because it speaks of things the tongue trembles to say. It allows the primitive forms of existence to dominate – it allows our matter to be energy and energy to be stimuli for one another. And as they say, while words may be deceptive, energy never lies.

And this silence speaks with such a great amplitude that it is deafening, that our ears fail to account for the longitudinal waves approaching and crashing in this auditory organ. Yet, in all that chaos, our hearts translate the language well enough for it to make all the sense words never would.

However, just like anything good, such a mode of translation comes with its delicately intertwined flaws. For instance, the evidence of the happening of such a communication may lay within us, may make all the sense we need, may be enough for us but never for others, for that requires trust and trust is difficult to form. Ergo, to convince others of the secret messages of silence, you must have words – the external physical proof – , and that is exactly why we have relied on this form for so long.

Sometimes the turns are hard and sometimes they are heartbreaking but not taking them means walking on a straight path which could only lead to a dead end one day.



Welcome the

end pages of a

book

with open arms

as it might be ending one story

but beginning a new one,

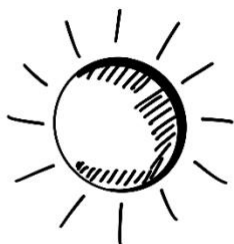
and who knows

maybe a better one?

Chaotic Equilibrium

It is always the very first step taken
for before you know it,
you have walked it an entire lifetime

~choose your steps wisely



The sun rises only for those
who believe
there is yet one left to rise

Survival Without Mortals

We are mistaken
when we think

our survival cannot be
without some human

because the truth is

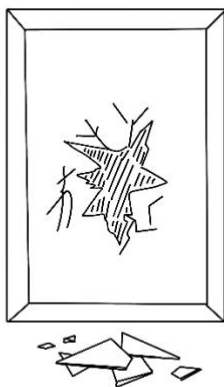
I have seen many people
surviving even without
their own self

What you said and what they heard
an infinite distance intrudes
for the world of one heart
would never be the same as the other



What Mirror Are You Holding?

I realized how weak a human was and how innocent his roots were, when I saw the greatest tyrants helpless on their farewell beds, and the wisest and giving of them, completely silent and lifeless at their departure. Such is life, such is man, his reality exists as long as he lives for when he dies so does every self-proclaimed mirror of his



Significance of One

Some things in life only happen once. They do not make sense while they radiate, but once the story does reach its end, that is when you realize how much a certain thing meant to you and how much you want it to happen again. And perhaps... after all... “one” may then be the luckiest number in the world, for it is always on our minds and forever engraved in our hearts. Both of which want nothing more, but for that “one” to find its way back into their lives.

We could always help one another
somedays
sometimes
we just won't be able to save each other

You
only
know
what
you
have

when
you
no
longer
have
it

And remind your heart
no matter how good you are
you will always be evil in someone else's story

and that is okay

Seeds of Wisdom

The apogee of my existence has been the realization that every loss or gain in life, lays with it a seed of wisdom, awaiting its germination. Yet it was always up to us to allow its growth.



If you never
make peace
with yourself

there will
always
be
chaos
around you

~no matter the silence

Fear & Certain Uncertainties

The thing about fear is that it does not dwell in extremities but rather at the very midpoint of things.

Fear does not exist in absolute uncertainty, for you never fear the unrevealed abnormalities you carry within yourself. Perhaps, similar to a genetic disorder that remains dormant inside your DNA and hasn't been diagnosed yet.

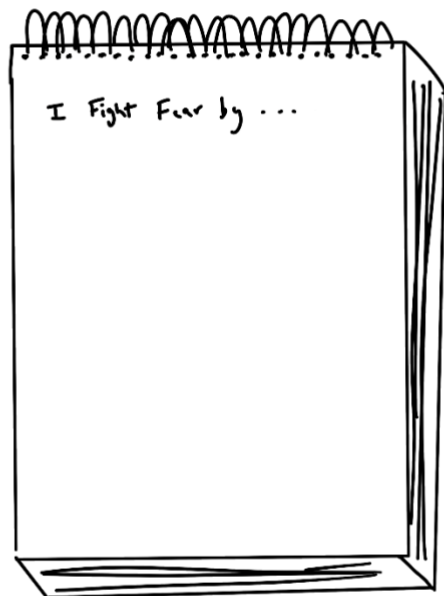
As a matter of fact, fear does not even reside in the absolute certainty. After all, have you ever doubted the ability of your muscles to flex and extend, every time you took another step?

Where does fear actually lie then?

The answer is simply *in the certain uncertainties. In the known yet unknown. In the reality which is resolved with a weak lens.*

Much like the concept of death for many. While there appears to be absolute certainty of its coming, what befalls after your heart stops beating is where the mystery lies. When, where, and how are just further questions that make our last breath such an unclear event. Thus, as this irrefutable occurrence merges with unpredictable circumstances, a paradox yields itself. A combination that makes

even the best of us fall in the pit of fear. And how could we ever dodge this seemingly complicated neurological and endocrine gameplay? Well, that is something that requires further personal thought.



If they can't understand you
that just means
you are too simple
for their too complicated minds.

Speak With Care

Words spoken
are now words out in the open
ready to be manipulated
by any hearing ear



Can We Ever Have It All?

By definition

no one has it all

for all means everything

and there will always be something missing

But by perception

anyone can have it all

for all means as little

or as much as you like

and that, my friend, can always be led to
completion

So then, by which lens have you been identifying
your all?

The truth is
you live multiple lives
and you witness
multiple deaths
before the coming of your own physical departure

~ one life...so many stories

CHAPTER

VI

Poetic Musings

Not everything
is of finding
some things
are beautiful
for how far they are
and
for how lost they seem



Every word was a part of me
and you were the every part
I ever owned

To write is to feel
and that is all you'll ever need
to ink the paper



Sometimes they help me breathe
Sometimes they are the ones who bury me

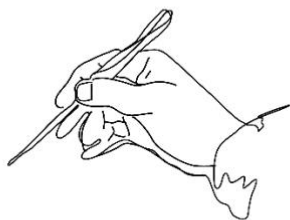
~my words...what makes you live can make you die

Poetry And Harvesting Fields

Is writing poetry not similar to the idea of harvesting fields? Sometimes you may think you have allowed your thought to ripen to perfect maturity, only to realize later that you could have given it more time. Some days, you may sow your feelings deep into the soil of your heart, yet they nourish nothing capable of being penned down. And perhaps, in some instances, you may even overripe your musings and think your written pieces are too much for others to possibly comprehend. But isn't that where the beauty lies? The fact that everything we will ever say or write is so intimately variable to each one of us?



*You were the poetry
I never understood
even when
I was the one
holding the ink*



We are all so screwed
that we keep holding on
even when we are falling
and once we reach the bottom
all messed up
we are willing to climb the same chaos
once again

**My life is a beautiful mess
that I dare to own**



Chaotic Equilibrium

Every beginning starts with it a new end
and every end brings with it a new beginning
but for a flawed human
how easy
and how hard can it be
to determine
where the period is supposed to be

~literature of life

Chaotic Equilibrium

Let the river flow smoothly

~thoughts



Will you carry me

me and my words

when the world no longer can?

The world was ours to conquer
yet we allowed it to conquer us...

I am

an ocean

of words

only

few

dare

to

explore

its depth

Somewhere in between of
never too late to try again
and
let the past fade away
we set our tender souls on fire

Words are just words
at the end of the day
said by imperfect humans

~ no absolute value

CHAPTER

VII

TRIUMPH OF
SURVIVAL

Not all of us save the world
some of us save ourselves
and that's enough

Battle With the Self

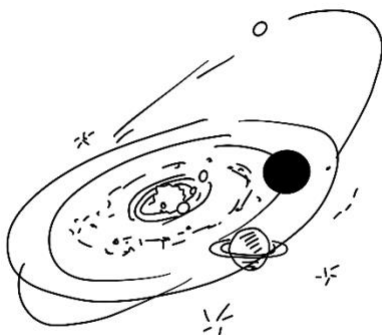
And half of your life's battles will be fought behind closed doors, all alone.

Not against hundreds of enemies but against the forever remaining self.

A battle not driven with the most advanced weaponry but rather with mere neurological impulses.

~you must survive to see the triumph

There was no difference
between you and me
but even my fall
I turned it into a flying experience



The wind is too afraid to blow us off
for even the most powerful storms fear us
we were ignited
to envelop the whole damn universe

They light me up like a candle
then they choose to blow me off
it is funny but I know
they are only afraid of the fire I might be



How can you expect to be exceptional

when

you

keep

comparing

yourself

with

the

ordinary

**Sometimes you need to burn in your own fire to
keep yourself warm, in a world that has long
forgotten how to feel.**

Why is it that we fear falling down
If only we understood
the sun sets every evening
just to rise once again

**Do not underestimate me,
I can roar
even when in darkness.**

CHAPTER
VIII

Dynamic She

She was some kind of damn poetry

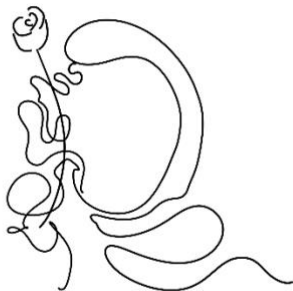
Majority criticized her because they failed to
explain her

Some pondered over her meaning but couldn't
truly understand her

But that didn't stop her from reflecting her light
and evolving within the aggression



People wondered how she stayed so calm. What they did not know was the storm that raged inside. It was just a matter of time when the world would fear her.



The world was yet again wrong
her smile was not beautiful
it was sacred

CHAPTER

IX

Urdu, Language of the East

اگر

اگر تم پر پانی کا قطرہ آکر گر جائے

تو دعا کرنا وہ بارش کی بوند ہی ہو

کیونکہ اگر وہ کسی کی پلکوں سے گرے ہوئے آنسو ہیں

تو نہ جانے کون سا طوفان آنے والا ہے

If somehow you wake up to a drop rolling down
your forehead, pray for it to be the rain for if it was
a tear from the eyes of His Beloved none can
foretell the storm incoming.

جو خاموش ہو جائیں

تو لفظوں کی طلب مت کرنا

کہ یہ خاموشی بھی

اپنا ہی ایک راز رکھتی ہے

And in their silence
do not wish for words
for even this silence
bears its own secrets

پیدائش

ہنسنے سے پہلے

رونا ضروری تھا

زندگی

جینے سے پہلے

مرنا ضروری تھا

Birth

But before I learned to smile

I learned to cry...

لاکھوں کوششیں ناکام ہوئی
بس ایک تو ہی دل سے نکلتا نہیں
لیکن اب یہ بھی سمجھ آنے لگا
میں کبھی خود سے جدا ہوا نہیں

Million tries have turned futile
to erase you from my beating heart
but I now I have begun to understand
I have never been separated from myself either

بہت وقت لگا سمجھنے میں

کہ

ہر چیز کا جواب نہیں ہوتا

اور سب کو جواب دینا

ضروری نہیں ہوتا

And it took me great time
to understand that
not everything has an answer
and neither everyone deserves one

چہرے تو جانے پہچانے لگتے ہیں لیکن

اب کوئی اپنا نہیں لگتا

رشتے بنائے تھے ہم نے بھی لیکن

نہا اب لوگوں کی فطرت میں نہیں رکھا

یہ عکس تو میرا ہی ہے لیکن

آنکھ میں کھرا شخص اب میں نہیں لگتا

کچھ تو ہوا ہے غلط تو اب

کچھ بھی پہلے جیسا نہیں لگتا

I see many familiar faces but none that I know.

I tried building relationships but loyalty is no longer found in the nature of people.

This reflection is mine but I no longer recognize the person standing behind the mirror.

Something has gone wrong, as nothing feels the same anymore.

To write is to feel
And that is all you'll ever need
To ink the paper

From

Chaotic Equilibrium

Chaotic Equilibrium is Maryam.Sh.G's, commonly known as M.Sh.G. debut poetry book about the manifold realities of life and a peculiar way of perceiving them. The book includes nine chapters, all of which serve to radiate a particular theme or concept of life for the reader to delve in.

m.Sh.g

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