

Ghazal – “Blood and Ink”

The blood on swords turns to ink
And shattered swords bleed out ink

A blade that cuts has cutting words
A sharper sword, a sharper ink

It falls in blotches on a sheet
Words take shape from dripping ink

A blade can kill by spilling blood
A blade conquers by spilling ink

It flows through a saber’s veins
The blood of swords is running ink

Don't hide your wound, Saad, let it drip
It's turned from blood into ink

Ghazal – “Goodbye”

Accept my friend a long goodbye
From one forgot upon goodbye

Does the bee that’s plump with nectar,
Stop by rose to say goodbye?

Can the field that’s quenched by rain
Hear the wind that says goodbye?

Does the oak, in emerald splendor,
Upon the eve, bid sun goodbye

I stood naively waiting when
Your back and gait had said goodbye

I thought I could not hear you when
Your silent speech had said goodbye

I entered and was shown the door –
To Saad the world has said goodbye

Ghazal – “Void”

I speak to Void as none else listen
He speaks to me with longing beckons

We sit to gossip days away
We're locked and chained in conversation

I sing to him a song of silence
He offers me his own rendition

He bewitches me by empty gaze –
I'm swallowed whole without resistance

Each hollowed corner holds untold delight
Each shade of black a new revelation

Who will grab me from this emptiness?
Snatch me, save me from this condition

You've peered too deep Saad, gone too far
Cries don't emanate from your location

“Hold My Hand”

I just need you
To hold my hand
And be with me
As I stand
Looking out
Into the distance
Where trees attend
To every instance
And mist wraps
Their every leaf
In dew that drips
Like tears of grief
Wrap your hand
Around my hand
And just be there
Where I stand

“Secrets”

We have secrets
You and I
I whisper to the sky
You whisper to my heart

We have secrets You and I
I dare not speak to anyone
Who knows not
You like I

We may have secrets
You and I
But You are secret still
And lost in them am I