

Can the soul speak to the soul?

Let the darkness of night descend on all of us
A thick, cozy, warm darkness
That eliminates multitudes of identity
Based on sex, color, race, beliefs and ideology
Where soul can speak to the soul
A monastery which illuminates the inner space
Much better than
All the knowledge produced in the daylight dictates
Of power, wealth, and podiums of arrogance
Let the freedom to be prevail
Over the desire to be a secluded me
Let the dark oneness of night
Overcome the bright daylight walls
of breaking news, sermons and speeches
Isn't the ambiguity of darkness-
A step ahead of certainty of shallowness of clarity

Fayyaz Baqir

January 8, 2015 Tilburg

Self and Other

I saw a big hole in my heart
And felt the sliding mist in my eyes
And an indescribable desperation
Started flowing in my blood
There is no 'net connection' that can fill this void
There is no energy left in my body to surrender
There is no melody in the air to melt in my ears
An unformed emptiness is squatting all around
I cannot reach out to the other
Because I cannot reach out to myself
I need gunshots to break the silence
To heal my wounds
To let the Sun of new day dawn on me
Isn't it strange?

Fayyaz Baqir

January 29, 2015

Fear and Hope

The fear and uncertainty
Has shrunk me into a caricature of myself
How can I find the space to unfold me to greet myself?
Where can I find the ladder?
To carry me through the dark stairwell of experience
To an unreal light of a clouded sun

Fayyaz Baqir

January 29, 2015