

An aerial photograph showing a vast, dense colony of purple sea squirts (ascidians) covering a rocky coastline. The squirts are in various stages of growth, appearing as numerous small, rounded, purple structures. The surrounding water is a deep blue, and the rocks are dark and jagged. The overall scene is a striking display of marine life.

# Stimulus

M. Farhan Ahmed

# Stimulus

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A collection of poetry...

By,

Muhammad Farhan Ahmed

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## PREFACE

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It is true that writing poetry has never failed to solace a timid and sensitive individual like me. It's indeed an amazing feeling to pour out your innermost emotions on the page. It feels as if one is sharing their deepest thoughts with someone who shares their sentiments; understands the emotions that nobody else could ever fathom. There absolutely is something special about the pen; the way a perturbed one gradually begins to be solaced as the pen bleeds - whether it be a depressive piece of writing, or a euphoric one.

The passion to write poetry infused somewhere within me all of a sudden, when one of my very respected and cherished teachers of middle school, who personally commended my writing skills, asked one day, "Why not try your hand at writing in verse, Farhan?" Quite over-whelmed by the idea, I began doing so, but it was long before I could develop my poetic skills seriously. I began writing in 2011, when I was a seventh-grader.

My poetic skills began showing considerable improvement, when I joined this excellent website called Allpoetry in 2015, where I observed the writing styles of other poets, participated in writing contests, got followers, and received invaluable commendations and critiques over my poems. I must confess that what I am today, is much because of Allpoetry.

I seldom write about personal life experiences. To be very honest, most of my poems that seem to be personally dedicated to someone were merely written for the sake of self-satisfaction. There are a few pieces, however, dedicated to people I hold in high regard and esteem. Just one of them is "Ode To A Cherished Friend" – a token of my appreciation and affection towards a very close friend, who has always been supportive and solicitous.

I used to write depressive poems initially, but now I'm more drawn towards positive and spiritual themes. I got this inspiration to write motivational poetry from the commendable religious lectures of meritorious speakers and scholars like Nouman Ali Khan, Bilal Assad, and Mufti Ismail Menk; just to name a few. Most of the spiritual poems I've written contain Arabic

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terms, so as to further enhance the “strength” of the poem.

I choose to write in free-style rhyme, and am personally not much of a fan of forms requiring strict metrical and syllabic patterns. I’ve written a few triolets, haiku, acrostics; and also ghazals - freshly-introduced in English poetry. However, I believe a poet should not be bound by so many strict rules and conditions because after all, poetry is an art, not a religion. And in art, the only thing that matters is what you personally are inspired to do and there’s always room for innovation.

I will continue writing poetry, and hope to publish more volumes in the years to come, Allah willing. Once again, I express my humble gratitude to all those who supported me in getting my very first book published, and earnestly pray for their happiness.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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I would especially like to thank Kevin, the owner of Allpoetry.com, for creating this wonderful platform where I was able to get invaluable critiques and suggestions for the betterment of my poetic skills.

I am also obliged to Lulu.com for their fruitful services in getting my first volume of poetry published.

And of course, a big thanks to my parents; for without their unconditional support and whole-hearted prayers, this success could never have taken place.

May the Almighty reward all of you abundantly, for being so supportive.

## Dedication

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Dedicated to my teachers, who have given me inspirational lessons that I shall always keep in mind and benefit from,

And...

To a cherished friend who has always been there to uplift my spirit.

## A Little Note To Cherished Fans

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*O my precious fans! I cannot thank you enough  
For those words you write, that content my soul.  
Your words are like nectar to a hummingbird;  
I am always by your love's tenderness consoled.  
Whether I reply to your lengthy texts or not,  
That doesn't affect how dear you fans are to me;  
An artist's words mayn't be ample to pay back  
The fans that praise his work without growing weary.*

### **A Little Note Of Wisdom**

Endeavor and toil to achieve your worldly goals,  
But never at the expense of spiritual duties.  
For the day you'll be sent to your final abode,  
Nothing shall illumine the darkness, but noble deeds.

---

## Is That Someone You?

I oft feel someone cleansing my heart with pure, sterile love -  
A love that seems worthy of trust, and from fickleness free...  
I oft feel someone disentangling the woes 'round my heart;  
Is that someone You, O Allah, O benign Lord Almighty?

I oft feel someone pacifying the stormy weathers in my soul;  
Constantly reminding I amn't alone; He'll ne'er forsake me.  
I oft feel someone assuring me my patience shan't go unpaid;  
Is that someone You, O Allah, O benign Lord Almighty?

I oft feel someone instilling a spirit of valour within me,  
And then I proceed even on perilous thorny paths fearlessly.  
I oft feel someone abating the pain whenever am I wounded;  
Is that someone You, O Allah, O benign Lord Almighty?

I oft feel someone telling me that He alone shall suffice me;  
Someone listening to me, solacing me, answering me.  
I oft feel someone whose every trait is unparalleled;  
Is that someone You, O Allah, O benign Lord Almighty?

---

## The Battle With Satan

Even when you've progressed a great deal, on the road to heaven,  
You'll still observe Satan intruding in your ways, oftentimes;  
Drawing you to sins; making them appear luscious to the heart,  
Coaxing you to believe, solace is attained by committing crimes.

He's done with those, who seek mirth in horrendous misdeeds.  
Now he strives to lead those astray, who've unblemished souls,  
By flooding up their minds with lust, anger, grudges, and doubts;  
Chortling sinisterly, when their thoughts and hands lose control.

Seek Lord's refuge, whenever the devil shows up in your path,  
Fear God's wrath; from His punishment, no one can ever flee!  
Suppress each satanic temptation; prove the power of faith  
And if you ever sin, despair not of God's unmatched mercy.

It is but a fight between your faith, and the accursed Satan;  
Whose eyes are always upon those ready to do noble actions.

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## Self-Promises

Dear self, I promise, when I rejoice downcast fellow beings,  
I shan't expect to be given lavish gifts and big returns.  
I'll just be grateful, that I could lend my needy friend a hand;  
Love unconditionally, for that's how inner solace one earns.

Dear self, I promise, in joys, I'll thank Lord for being bounteous,  
And will neither complain, nor forget Him, in the days of strife.  
I'll remember that He trials His chosen ones, and also that He  
Never puts His slaves in trials beyond their strength to survive.

Dear self, I promise, I'll do the utmost to forge my future,  
But won't tie my self-worth to my number of achievements or feats.  
I'll be a man of character rather than one of big treasures;  
Live not for temporal gains - but for being spiritually complete.

Dear self, I promise, though I'll earnestly effort in my career,  
I'll spare some time to rest, and observe nature's unnoticed delights.  
The roar of clouds ready to shower, the rain thumping my skin,  
The birds' sweet morning chants, the elegance of starry nights.

Dear self, I promise, I shall strengthen my shaky confidence,  
Unearth my secret potential, believe in my unique worth.  
I shall silence the negative voice inside that belittles me;  
Crush all the fears that kept me heedless of my strength, since birth.

Dear self, I promise, these promises shall be more than fligid words;  
I'll gift you a happiness heartfelt – a solace that shall endure.  
Quit depending on others toiling in their own tough battles -  
Because it's upon me to make you feel blithe, serene and secure.

---

## **Ghazal: Why Unveil My Heart's Wounds And Bruises**

Why unveil my heart's wounds and bruises to any Adam's offspring,  
When there's a Being, who truly knows how to handle the healing?

Often have I to unlearned judges, read my melancholy ghazal -  
They all added more doleful, depressive words, while editing

I couldn't gladden another fellow, throughout my life's voyage  
He, pleased by one worthy deed, showered monsoons of blessings

I had to sell my respect, each time I looked upon others for support  
He, handed me what I yearned for, without exchanging anything

A boundless height possesses His pillar of unalloyed love;  
Even the ones mothers constructed, failed to be so towering

O the Majestic, the All-Aware One, the Supreme Bestower,  
Your sublime benevolence, never can I succeed in fathoming

---

## **Beauty And Deeds**

Despite how clichéd does it sound, it is, the timeless truth-  
The beauty of the inner is what bears fruit in the end  
Fair skin, velvety hair beguile the eye at the first sight,  
But nullified, when the deeds leave the admirer discontent.

---

## **Journey To Victory**

Ne'er let societal pressures control you like a puppet;  
Let the passion control you, that runs like blood in your veins.  
Ne'er desert your garden of dreams growing bigger each day;  
Work with diligence, and the desired fruit shall you obtain.

Abandoning your passion to please the ones around you,  
Is what's called utterly destroying yourself from within.  
Ne'er heed to fools who won't get sick of degrading you;  
For if you follow them, your reign of success shall ne'er begin.

You'll find folks, who'll disgrace you with baseless criticisms;  
Lend an ear not to them, but to the whispers of your soul.  
And whenever a pessimist thought pops up into your mind;  
Know it's just Satan, trying to make you give up your goals.

Ne'er mourn, when God shuts the door you wished to enter;  
For when He closes one door, He opens umpteen others.  
Don't lose hope, when the flowers of success begin to wither;  
Realize, that neither spring, nor does autumn stay forever.

Destined are all to set foot into the castle of success  
Except complainers, pessimists, and those who surrender.  
Just listen to the voice of the soul, set your targets, and  
With bricks of patience and persistence, forge your future.

---

## Aesop's Fable: The Caged Bird And The Bat

A sweet-toned humming bird, trapped in a cage,  
Mellifluously croons a sorrowful song  
In an ebony-dark and dismal night;  
Ne'er does the bird sing in hours of daylight.

A bat stops by, enthralled by the strain;  
Questioning the bird as the melody ends,  
"You sing flawlessly, O Mister Mellow.  
But why do you hum never in day's glow?"

The bird eyes the bat - the newly-made fan  
And answers him in a melancholy tone,  
"On a fair day once, I sang in glee  
But a vile, heartless human caged me!"

Smiling wryly, the clever bat remarks,  
"Had you but taken precautions before,  
Ne'er would you have to suffer this pain.  
Crying o'er milk spilt is futile and vain!"

---

## Renewal Through Forgiveness

Often, you may remember, the way people betrayed you,  
All schemes they had taken to destroy your soul's solace.

Myriad vengeful thoughts might in your heart lie;  
Arduous, may it seem, to quiet those voices of malice.

Though, you might've been wronged, in the wickedest ways,  
And indeed, it is no sin, to pay remorseless fellows back -  
Ever asked your discontent heart, the very question:  
Isn't life's journey much simpler, by lightening your knapsack?

Why not, with forgiveness; with mercy, answer your each foe,  
And cleanse your heart of thoughts, that stifle your inner peace?  
Forgive, not for them - but to make that peace breathe again;  
Why even have thoughts that just perturb you without surcease?

Forgive, for beloved is forgiveness to the Almighty -  
Forgive, for He'll forgive your sins and crimes, as a return.  
Treasure your true companions who hold you in high esteem.  
As for the fate of your betrayers, that's God's concern.

---

## Haiku

Crowds of luscious blooms  
releasing heart-melting scents -  
butterflies swarm

---

## The Poet

There lies he, alone in room, in the silent, tranquil night...  
On his desk - books, a pen case, and a candle flickering.  
He sips his tea, contemplates; then he puts his cup down;  
Tears a notebook page; takes his pen, and begins writing.

Sighing, memories of merriment and sorrow he recalls;  
Turns them to words dressed in metaphors, adorned with similes.  
A tear or two come to his eyes as he reminisces - and  
When these tears come, his pen begins to bleed with much more ease.

The hours go by, and the candlelight grows dimmer, and dimmer...  
But he's still in his enchanted poetic world, roaming around.  
His pen bleeds, and bleeds, till his eyes blur, and he falls asleep.  
He wakes at morn, pleased reading his poem so deep, so profound.

---

## Wishing In The Moonlight

Reclining on a curvy rock,  
I gaze at the moonlit sky,  
mutter in awe, "Subhan Allah..."

My eyes twinkling,  
as they behold  
the starry sky's beauty...  
looking like a black hijab,  
all adorned with tiny white jewels,  
glowing subtly;  
and softly...

The full moon as lonely as me,  
lying in the midst of  
the crowd of glistening stars,  
looking fair, fresh and beauteous;  
a few dark spots blemishing its figure;  
its round and chubby face...

Chirping crickets jumping around,  
playing hither and thither.  
Fireflies fluttering around,  
shining like little diyas.  
Whispery breezes giving me chills;  
my hair sweeping back,  
as they blow with gentleness...

As I relish the night's tranquility,  
easing off my pains and woes;  
I glance at the sublime moon,  
blemished, yet beauteous...  
And with a sincere heart,  
I say an earnest prayer,  
to the Benign, Forbearing God,

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"O Lord, O Allah!  
O Turner of the hearts!  
The moon this serene night,  
makes me utter this little prayer.  
Turn my insanitary heart, O Lord,  
clean, fresh and pure,  
cleanse off its covering of sins,  
Renew it;  
forgive it...  
and make it fair and fresh,  
like the beautiful moon..."

And of course, O Compassionate,  
Some sins, some shortcomings,  
I shall indeed always have,  
For I'm but a human being...  
Inherently imperfect,  
like the moon up above -  
blemished,  
yet beautiful..."

---

## **Prayer And Effort**

Prayers alone don't suffice to bring dreams to fruition;  
Accomplishing aims requires a man's earnest efforts, too.  
Believe struggle as the water pail, prayer the fertilizer -  
Shall ever without moisture, the seed's growth continue?

---

## **Astaghfirullah!**

Countless are Your blessings, like the stars of the night sky...  
Around me, I see Your myriad gifts, that I mayn't deserve.  
Despite my endless complaining – my constant ingratitude,  
You didn't cease your rain of presents - how unique is Your love!

The only word on my lips today, is Astaghfirullah!  
My sins are great, but not greater than Your mercy, O Allah!

Woe to me, that in heedlessness I spent my whole life,  
Without remorse; without shame, always disobeyed You!  
My heart blackened from the filth of numberless heinous sins;  
You spared me, no matter how much transgressive I grew!

The only word on my lips today, is Astaghfirullah!  
My sins are great, but not greater than Your mercy, O Allah!

One of Satan's followers, kneels to you, in repentance!  
This transgressor, has finally your greatness realized...  
He's after all a son of Adam, who's learned from mistakes;  
Then committed, to look better than before, to Your eyes...

The only word on my lips today, is Astaghfirullah!  
My sins are great, but not greater than Your mercy, O Allah!

---

**Triolet: Abundant Peace Be Upon The Chosen One - Mustafah!**

Abundant peace be upon the chosen one - Mustafah!  
Our Liberator, our Teacher, our unrivalled Leader,  
Who bore bitter afflictions to spread the Word of Allah.  
Abundant peace be upon the chosen one - Mustafah!,  
Whose valedict'ry wish will, evermore, bless the Ummah,  
Whose teachings shall, till Qiyamah, always keep spreading wider.  
Abundant peace be upon the chosen one - Mustafah!  
Our Liberator, our Teacher, our unrivalled Leader!

---

## **A Heartfelt Prayer**

May each beat of my fickle heart be now for You, O Allah!  
May Hidayah, I be granted, throughout my stay in this world;  
May the accursed Satan's whisperings never captivate me;  
On this path that I've chosen, may I never turn backward.

May my heart never collapse in the well of heedlessness;  
Whenever I commit a crime, may I know that I've done so;  
May I recall You in each ordeal and moment of merriment;  
May the love of the Blest Mustafah, in my veins, always flow.

O Al-Haadi! May my Ibadah be worthy, as it should be;  
May in boundaries of Taharah, I, till my demise, stay;  
May I succeed in finding the gates of Jannah on Qiyamah;  
May my heart be able to recognize Mustafah that day...

---

## Handling Judgmental Nitpickers

No matter how wise are your actions, and apt your frame of mind,  
You'll always meet nitpickers judging your every choice, every view.

Futile is wishing to change the way petty-minded folks think,  
Why not rather become oblivious, to whatever they think of you?

Sound is your outlook on life, and exceptional your talent;  
You need not anyone's appreciation to prove your worthiness.

God didn't send you down to collect attention from others;  
It is solely you who must know, and commend your uniqueness.

Turn a deaf ear to the criticisms of pesky faultfinders;  
It's not them, but your self-esteem, that determines your value.

Nobody's approval, nobody's judgment, defines your position;  
The worthier you deem yourself as being, the worthier are you.

---

## **A Song For Mum**

As I rest my head on your laps, stroke my hair lovingly,  
Sing me a lullaby; send me to tranquil, deep slumber.

Breathe a prayer on me; revive my enfeebled spirit;  
Let my heart refuge in the haven of your love, O mother!

The years shall move on, and your prince's hair shall grey,  
But I'll always surrender to your love, true and unsullied.  
Though strong enough I may have grown to battle the world myself, yet,  
I am still the clingy little child, without you, incomplete.

---

## Renewal Through Gratitude

Even on days when only misfortune knocks at your door,  
There shall still be umpteen reasons to wear blithesome smiles.  
Quit whining about what's absent, dwell more on what you own;  
Practice gratitude to make the present, and the future worthwhile.  
When tragedies befall the heart, and hopes within grow drowsy,  
Begin counting each blessing that you possess, one after one.  
Realize how abundantly has the Lord endowed you.  
As for troubles He put you in, there lies in them a lesson, hidden.  
Each hardship is a test of faith, and a trial of patience;  
The less you lament and complain, the easier you'll get through.  
Muse on the harsher battles others in the world are facing;  
You shall yourself know how much fortunate and blessed are you.

Happiness isn't bound with perfection, but living gratefully;  
And gratitude is allowing the perturbed self to be free.

---

## Haiku

Falling crimson leaves  
get gathered by crafty folks-  
simple adornments

---

## Ode To A Cherished Friend

The magic of your sweetness carved out a new life for my heart,  
That wilted, when it got in the unclean hands of betrayers.  
These rains my eyes shower, are rains of bliss, unlike before -  
Each drop reflects my gratefulness towards you, for being sincere...

Today, my pen croons these tender verses for you, O cherished one!  
I've learned to smile again, all thanks to your affection!

Though long may be the distances between our homes, but,  
This absolutely cannot affect how much our hearts are close.  
Your sublime love brought me the happiness I had for long sought;  
You're the enlivening morning wind that blows away my sorrows...

Today, my pen croons these tender verses for you, O cherished one!  
I've learned to smile again, all thanks to your affection!

You're the bright spring, that painted the gloomy world within me;  
You're the genuine gemstone, I had been searching for, since years.  
I can't repay you, but I vow to be a true companion,  
And a faithful gardener, who'll of our love's plant, take good care.

Today my pen croons tender these verses for you, O cherished one!  
I've learned to smile again, all thanks to your affection!

---

### **Ghazal: No Traveler E'er Finds Piety's Path**

No traveler e'er finds piety's path to be a primrose-strewn one-  
But patience does buttress the delicate heart, once the path's taken.

Some understood the divine realities, from the very start;  
Some descried the truths, after their deluded hearts were broken.

Those who felt too impure to pass through the doors of purity-  
Perhaps, unaware were they of the vastness of His compassion.

Through myriad ways can the vexations within be mitigated;  
To vanquish them once and for all, is solely one solution.

An immeasurable contentment, Farhan relished in His love;  
For this time, he hasn't beheld some captivating illusion.

---

## **Lasting Comfort**

I always found myself trapped in a queer  
aggravation and emptiness,  
When through worldly desires I would seek  
fulfillment and happiness;  
For ephemeral things can ne'er bring joys,  
perennial and whole -  
Lasting comfort embraces the soul, when  
spirituality is goal...

---

## **Spiritual Couplet**

In the vicious storms of misery, woe and despair,  
Solaces a heart naught, but a heartfelt prayer...

---

## **To God, The Strength-Giver**

Whene'er your love rouses in my tattered little heart,  
You enclose it in an armor of hope, and it feels sound.  
Each wound, each sorrow slowly begins to heal, as  
Sincerely and devotedly, to You, I kneel down...

In search of solace, I've attended Satan's calls so much;  
Disobeyed You in arrogance, and been his comrade  
But had always ended up deepening my sorrows;  
Until I hadn't turned to You, the pains ne'er seemed to fade.

My soul now feels cleansed, and I can finally breathe...  
Now there's only one wish that lies deep within me;  
May my heart always with devout faith plump remain  
And may my bond with You, Lord, strong forever be

It's easy to just step on Your path; road of righteousness...  
Journeying on this rugged road forever,  
is the real test!

---

## Solace In Solitude

After long restless hours of hectic work, duties, meetings,  
Some time in unbroken solitude, everyone must spare;  
Reminiscing blissful times, bracing the heart for the future,  
Praising the Lord, counting His gifts, making silent prayers,  
Forgiving all your enemies, and forgetting all their acts,  
Remembering the affection of your dear beloved soul-mate,  
Stepping outside in the eve, the calm breeze fanning you,  
Beholding the sky's blending colors, as the sun begins to fade,  
Harking back to past achievements, and recalling your worth -  
Knowing you can win life's challenges, in the years to come.  
Musing, reflecting, pondering in this haven called solitude,  
The once-jaded heart seems stronger, grateful and gleesome.

---

## Haiku

Whispering breezes,  
Birds singing praises to Lord -  
Melodies in morn...

---

## **A Possessive Teen To His Parents**

I may often quarrel, and answer back, when you yell at me;  
For a while forget who you are, and all you've for me done.  
My tongue loses control - and gets hasty, when you scold me  
But ever pondered, what causes me to be so outspoken?

I've since birth, seen only your love to be true and heartfelt;  
Sensed sincerity in all those warm smiles and embraces.  
You two cherish my heart in a way none else does as much;  
You two placate it in the times of tears, sighs, and losses.

This heart cracks, when sharp and bitter are your words and tone;  
It never hurts, when someone else's words or tone, are so,  
Because my trust lies not in their hands, but only in yours!  
Even the slightest thoughtlessness of those loved, brings heavy woe.

I never mean what I blurt back when you're furious at me-  
It's just that possessive hearts, like mine, shatter too easily!

---

## **I Am Still Incomplete**

Though I no longer complain, every friend of mine is unreal,  
I still feel, my wounds of loneliness, haven't been fully healed;  
For the ones close to my heart, all live miles and miles apart,  
While those near to my home are far, faraway from my heart...

---

## **The Dauntless Muslimah; The Proud Hijabi!**

Some may claim she's oppressed;  
Submissive to the men in the house -  
And that she's denied freedom;  
Forced to veil up by her spouse.

When in reality,  
She bows before no man; no oppressor -  
She wears her veil with dauntlessness,  
with confidence; with glory!  
She submits exclusively,  
to her Lord, Allah Almighty...

For she's a Muslimah, she's a Hijabi!  
Unapologetic, about her faith -  
She wears her sable robe - openly, and proudly!

Some may say she's backward,  
Not matching with beauty standards.  
And that she doesn't fit in -  
Her modesty seeming too awkward.  
But that doesn't affect her -  
For dignity prevents her,  
From tying her worth with how appeasing,  
Appears she, to men's eyes -  
She knows well, in pleasing Allah alone,  
Her nobility and value lies!

For she's a Muslimah, she's a Hijabi!  
Unapologetic, about her faith -  
She wears her sable robe - openly, and proudly!

Some may call her foul names  
Out of their spite, their hostility;  
While hypocritically,  
They claim they're,  
Liberals, who aim to spread tranquility.

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But neither does she hold back,  
Nor compromise on her ideals!  
She walks away, forgiving them,  
Praying for them, out of her sympathy  
She knows well, that all they need  
Is Hidayah, from the Almighty...

For she's a Muslimah, she's a Hijabi!  
Unapologetic, about her faith -  
She wears her sable robe - openly, and proudly!

---

## Grandmamma

Endearing tales and lovely poems in her mind,  
For the little audience, wait keenly.  
They but, in video games, contentment find,  
While Grandmamma stays glum and lonely.

Teardrops slither down her grey, wrinkled face  
That she dries when they're caught by other's eyes.  
All she yearns to have is an embrace,  
And the love of grandchildren, before she dies.

With big surprise hugs, she in e'ery morn,  
Welcomes them, and kisses their cheeks soft.  
They shove her away and leave her forlorn,  
In night's murkiness, she sobs alone oft...

And her man - he dwells in the land above  
Who had in the days of his youth demised!  
Leaving back his echoing words of love,  
And memories that dampen Grandmamma's eyes.

Her uncaring daughter, too, brushes aside  
The woes visible in her look downcast.  
And even when she's smiling bright and wide,  
From within, she's missing her joyous past.

The emotions drowned in her heart ne'er  
Can those reveling in their youth understand.  
But when dotage will whiten their hair,  
They'll too be longing to hold a warm hand!

---

## Scenes Of A Rainy Day

A huddle of dark dim clouds, covers the sky,  
The sky's bright blue color fades into a dull grey.  
The harsh scorching sun, knowing it shall rain today,  
Hides behind the dreary clouds preparing to shower.  
Altogether, they let out loud and mighty roars,  
And tiny diamonds fall from the heavens galore.

Insects, in an instant, flee to their flimsy homes;  
Raindrops slide down leaves; cool breezes begin to blow;  
Origami paper boats drift on puddles slow;  
Plants quench their thirst, savor their long-awaited drink.  
As they finally recover their sublime green color,  
They thank the kind Lord for bringing such weather.

The playful folks throw their umbrellas away,  
Dance in the rain whole-heartedly; merrily.  
Trees sway with the smoothly-blowing winds cheerfully,  
Birds bathe, while poets scribble verses on the rain.  
The grief-stricken, glum faces wear their smiles at last;  
For nobody can escape from the spell that rain casts.

As the Almighty stops the lovely pleasant rain,  
He leaves behind a fragrance slight and mellow.  
A river of thankful prayers, in all hearts flow,  
Rejuvenated feels every fellow's mind.  
But the show hasn't ended yet, there's still much to see;  
Like the rainbow God will paint on the sky, with beauty.

The hard-working oxen, the camels, rise again.  
The farmers gaze at their ripening crops with glee.  
The old, unwell folks feel energized and healthy.  
The sun returns, gradually brightening the world;  
Step out of the world of gadgets, my dear reader,

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Value nature; it's the art of our Creator!

---

## Renewal Through Self-Belief

You're the builder of your future, your own companion,  
And the controller of your spirit, inner solace and glee.  
Walk on your road fearlessly, with the lofty gait of a king,  
No matter how many pebbles, bumps, or obstacles, you see.  
No angel or superhero, will descend from above to help;  
You're alone a great warrior, if only you choose to believe  
The strength lying beneath a big load of fears and doubts-  
Fling that away, and then you shall your true power perceive.

One surrender, will keep you from striving the next time;  
One brave act, and you'll be confident to take a step greater.  
One surrender would load in some more fears within you;  
One feat, will leave you euphoric, to've done a tough endeavor.  
Brace yourself, and begin your grand journey to victory;  
The abode of success isn't as far as it might seem to you.  
Shun all fears, agitations, needless thoughts of failure,  
Know your God-gifted hidden power, realize your value.

---

## **Allah, My Benign Lord, Is With Me!**

The so called friends, my silly heart once treasured and doted on,  
Thinking my hands will be entwined with theirs eternally,  
Deceived me, without wondering how miserably shall I weep  
But I'm not lonely, for Allah, my benign Lord, is with me!

The fake comrades who'd overwhelm me with their huge promises  
Never bothered to fulfill them; they played with my honesty.  
They might be wondering, no-one's there to abate my soul's grief,  
But I'm not lonely, for Allah, my benign Lord, is with me!

The companions I had called my thoughtful, selfless brothers  
Were but disguised foes, who misused me remorselessly.  
They may be elated - I've no-one to redeem my tattered heart,  
But I'm not lonely, for Allah, my benign Lord, is with me!

I still pray, Allah keeps them under His shade of blessings;  
I shan't pray against them - for at least, I loved them sincerely.  
I forgive them, and am ready to live, without their support,  
But I'm not lonely, for Allah, my benign Lord, is with me!

---

## **Futile Knowledge**

If knowledge failed to adorn your head with humility's crown;  
If you learned solely to scorn those lesser in intellect;  
If knowledge rendered you arrogant, conceited and vain;  
Woe to you! You're still ignorant -- and deserve no respect!

---

## Chin Up

Chin up, I don't wish watching you weep like that, dear friend;  
Even though your foes are the victorious, smile; just let go.  
Let not your spirit down, for with conviction can I say,  
Like today you're envying them; they'll envy you tomorrow!

It is never failure that makes one a miserable loser;  
A defeated man, is but one, who quits the desire to proceed.  
Ignore your enemies, let them gloat; let their pride delude them.  
You keep efforting, till you prove, how much you can succeed!

Victory does elude, once or more; but one day, out of where,  
It embraces the one to whom no trial could put in despair.

---

## Eternally Discontent

They run after money to fulfill their inner selves  
They claim, it's nothing other than wealth, that perfects life.

They argue it's status that defines your importance-  
They hunt for their filthy lusts to keep themselves alive

Their contentment lies in nothing except material-  
What glitters and shimmers, is all they'd ever admire  
Their thoughts all revolve around gaining more and more  
Unquenchable and endless, are indeed their desires

How foolish are they, I say, to never give up, when  
Even after myriad pursuits, all in the end  
They get is a half-filled glass of joy, and deep within  
They themselves know they'll never be completely content

---

## Recall

Grieve not, as the mind flashes back your merry past  
When life's struggles and shackles leave you downcast -  
Recall God's bounteousness through these memories.  
He's still there, and your patience He truly sees -  
Know each suffering's followed by a monsoon of glees.

---

## Miserable World

How miserable; lamentable is the world of today...  
Ironically declining, in the name of modernism.  
We live in an age where science progresses ceaselessly -  
Hollower, emptier, shallower have but our selves become!  
Children too busy for elders; elders too busy for children -  
Neither of them, lending each other an attentive ear;  
Teens selling their modesty, just to fit in the circle;  
Mothers abandoning their kids to move along in their career.  
Everyone reveling in gadgets; no admiration for nature.  
Everyone obsessed with status - zero self-esteem.  
The youth chained by their addictions to drugs and to lust  
Spouses dwelling together, yet so faraway, do they seem...  
Racism justified in the name of freedom of speech;  
Sinless children, women being killed, in the name of peace.  
Life's nothing more than lust, food, money, and rivalry -  
Humanity's light is dimming, dwindling, without surcease...

---

## Hopeless Ashes

In the midst of all vain, blazing arguments  
over politics;  
over culture;  
over sects;  
over faiths;  
Alas! Many friendships,  
holy ties of love and kinship,  
fervent bonds between hearts,  
meant to be cherished;  
meant to be treasured -  
with the all the ego and the arrogance  
that only oiled up the searing flames -  
miserably and terribly,  
ended up,  
in hopeless ashes...

---

## **A Little Note Of Positivity**

Keep up, though strewn on the road, a million thorns, you find  
Chin up; though others have reached the end, and you're left behind  
You're desolate, wounded, torn and tattered, but keep in mind  
He ne'er lets one's patience go to waste, for He's ever-kind.

---

## The Ideal Gift

Hasty to unwrap the present boxes, one after one,  
I dashed to my room, soon as the birthday party ends;  
In some lay fine watches of expensive famous brands;  
In some lay nice perfumes with winsome floral scents.

An adorable greeting card was stapled to each box,  
Even they weren't so plain - and seemed to cost dearly.  
The sweetest birthday messages were written inside;  
How generously had all spent, just to make me happy!

I almost forgot to check the little yellow envelope  
Sent by my dearest friend, who lives quite far apart.  
Queer to get something this little from him, whereas,  
The costliest gifts, sent those, not so close to my heart!  
Yet I smiled, for it's always the thought that matters more,  
And so, I started opening the envelope, steadily...  
My slight smile bloomed into a bright toothy grin;  
Hands shook, eyes twinkled and widened excitedly!

It was a card, he created with his own blessed hands!  
Yellow paper roses embellished the borders,  
A "Stay Blessed!" glittered note, written in the centre;  
And a dainty white bow on the right upper corner.  
It was this card that brought tears of sheer bliss to my eyes,  
Despite the other presents being pricey a great deal.  
He had put in his effort and his time just to make me smile,  
And that effort, that time, is what makes his gift ideal!

---

### **Fatima Bint Abdullah**

In the fierce battle of infidels, and doughty Momineen,  
An innocent lass, aged twelve, too defended Allah's Deen.  
Though neither a sword, nor an armor, could be with her seen,  
She, in the war, was one of the strongest Mujahideen...

---

## To A Failed Student

So you're all shattered and wretched for failing the exam  
And all you're hearing is "You didn't study much" everywhere  
And you know they just don't, and never will, understand  
For as much as you could, you did make efforts sincere

But I ask - what did you intend as you sat to study?  
What was the goal that you set - was it your own anyway?  
Were you studying for yourself; your own future and success?  
Or just cramming; fearing if you fail, what shall people say?

Were you enjoying all those accounts, laws and theories,  
Were you absorbed in it all, or was it more like a chore?  
Did you drain all your energy in the fear of failure,  
Or you believed in yourself; knew you'll pass for sure?

It's not that you didn't study, but you studied with fear-  
Fear to forget, fear to fail, fear to be called a failure.  
You failed because you chose to listen to the inner critic  
Unheeded the talent you hold - great beyond measure.

---

## A New Motto

I shall brighten the morn; eliminate its wonted dullness,  
I shan't for miracles wait, but brighten it myself, instead.  
I'll beautify this day, plain and mundane, like any other  
By slaying each tormenting thought living within my head.

I'll smile toothily, gratefully, even on days rather gloomy.  
I shan't wait for joy to come, but would create it myself,  
By feeding my heart with optimism and firm, resolute faith;  
Instead of flaws, into my praiseworthy aspects shall I delve.

Throughout life's journey, I'll keep a motto simple yet so sublime:  
Glee isn't by life's state defined, but, by thoughts in the mind!

---

## Words Of A Strict Teacher

O dear students! I know my words are oft too harsh,  
For innocent hearts like those of yours to sustain.  
I know the world to you all is a large playground,  
Where there aren't any rules that drive one insane.

You fold planes out of pages, fly them in the class;  
Making devilish smiles as they strike my bushed head.  
I know you mock me when I am facing the board;  
That's all because I'm strict and my face is oft red.

I scold, because I care for you, like a father.  
I don't wish to spot any flaw in your personality;  
I want you to differentiate between right and wrong,  
Know life's purpose, other than just earning a degree.

My task isn't to make you cram baffling formulas,  
But to brighten your future and enlighten your mind.  
I yell at you oft, but my heart is fatherly;  
I love you more than you think, and am not unkind.

My words, my emotions you mayn't get now, but,  
When you'll reach my age, you shall surely understand:  
'Tis vital to heed the lessons of all teachers;  
Like parents, they'll ne'er want you to hold Satan's hand.

---

## Golden And Red

That luster in those eyes sapphirine  
Has deluded innocent hearts umpteen;

Her arrow-straight ombre satiny hair,  
With heavenly sheer grace dance in the air.

Her alluring voice - her iv'ry-white face  
Cause many to forgo lowering their gaze

They praise her beauteous charm to the skies,  
By their sublime words her soul gratifies

She's a beauty queen; vain, bumptious -  
Towards everyone openly contemptuous

For sure, she treasures her dazzling flair -  
Valueless, but to her, is a lover sincere...

---

## Happy New Year Anyway

I see fireworks blooming like fresh, flamboyant flowers, in the sky,  
Adorning the sky black as sable, with the brightest colors.  
I see euphoric and lively folks dressed up in glitzy outfits,  
Swirling, twirling, screaming, singing in glee and with ardor.  
I see towers, pillars, homes, lightened with elegant lanterns,  
Aunties rushing to the malls, jokers enchanting little tots...  
The whole world's busy in festivities this new year night,  
While I'm sitting 'lone on a park bench, lost in my thoughts.

How delightfully is everybody celebrating today!  
As if the Earth shall be a better abode for us, this year;  
As if the leaders drowned in self-love shall, at last, be replaced;  
As if the cries of those encompassed by poverty, they'll hear;  
As if the enmities, between so many lands, shall now end,  
And all nations will sing together a song of love and unity;  
As if morality will be taken more important than wealth;  
As if the myriad humans on Earth, will know what's humanity.

This year's the same as those passed, why even celebrate today?  
I see nothing good coming ahead, but happy new year, anyway.

---

## To The Hopeless Me

When sorrows and despairs, drain every inch of your patience  
And solace is nowhere to be found in life's arduous journey,  
Drown into the ocean of Allah's love, for as you would do so,  
Your heart that died before death, shall then breathe finally...

Why abandon your iman, wallow in doubt and misery  
When you already know, there's no such wish He can't make true?  
Your dreams shall into reality bloom when you pass this test  
That He often takes to evaluate, how faithful are you.

Grieve not at the trial, only meant to purify the soul,  
For the believer, the trial is verily, a blessing in disguise  
Kneel down to your Bounteous Lord, in wholehearted Sujood  
With patience and sheer faith, be elevated in His eyes .

---

## Unsurpassed Is Allah's Mercy

Unsurpassed is Allah's mercy, and His mercy is for all,  
Even if all one's done till today, is devilry and sin.  
Let not the crimes done in past despair you of His mercy,  
Repent sincerely, and you've made your first step to heaven.  
No matter how impure and how sinful, has your soul become,  
'Tis never too late to weep in heartfelt Sujood and redeem.  
You've spent long ages falling for Satan's tricks and treacheries;  
Now to make you doubt Allah's mercy, is his foremost scheme!

Despite how grave and obnoxious may your misdeeds be;  
Unequaled is Lord's love, and boundless is His compassion.  
Misdeeds cannot be undone, but deleted from the scrolls,  
For the doors to Allah's supreme mercy, are always open!  
He is Al-Wahhab; bestows He, His servants endlessly.  
He is Al-Ghaffaar; mercy is the greatest, of all His traits.  
So, as you kneel in remorse, keep in mind, you'll be pardoned  
His grace is much beyond your ken, dear brother in faith!

---

## Ode To Spring

How beautiful is spring, the season of color; of splendor...  
The time when God adorns the Earth, with His exquisite art.  
He greens the trees; embellishing them with the finest fruits;  
Blooming flowers release scents, rousing the glum hearts.

How enchanting is spring, the season of color; of splendor...  
The time, when the grey Earth, disguises itself as heaven.  
Squirrels play in trees gaily, plants renew and grow fast;  
Nightingales sing merry songs, that go unpraised by none.

How magical is spring, the season of color; of splendor...  
The time, when butterflies steal hearts with their lively dances.  
Soothing breezes blow to calm one's grief-stricken soul  
That forgets all its woes to witness Lord's masterpieces.

How fantastic is spring, the season of color; of splendor...  
The time, when nature is bestowed again with the beauty it lost;  
A life of weariness; of dullness is brought to fullness when,  
God prepares this art exhibition for us - free of cost!

---

## Sunset

The sleepy, setting sun fades from yellow, to carrot-orange...  
He's an artist, who creates splendid paintings 'fore bed time;  
He turns the sky from blue to amber, then to a deep, deep red;  
Weaving a scene attractive to the eyes, soothing to the mind.

He turns the green trees and grey buildings, black as ebony,  
The clouds get an orange shade, darker than that of the sun;  
Some of them float in front of him, veiling half of his figure.  
As he further descends, seawaters start sketching his reflection.

The still, crimson waves sheen like diamonds in the gentle light,  
Photographers snap pictures, of fine views of the sunset.  
The tiny sand crystals glow vermilion with the sunrays,  
Birds end their melodious songs, each flying back to its nest.

The sun turns purple, keeps darkening, until it's gone to sleep;  
Nature-lovers like me, write on the scenes they had witnessed.  
When the shackles of my dull, colorless life exhaust me,  
The splendor of nature's beauty fills my heart with happiness.

---

## Today I Felt Remorse And Cried For You

Today I felt remorse and cried for you-  
For the first time I've thought so much of you!  
Heaven's angels ushered you to the road  
Where lies our clement Creator's abode.  
Watching you steadily from here depart,  
A spear of rue went deep into my heart.  
To each of your calls, I'd turn a deaf ear,  
Yet you'd make sincere and heartfelt prayers,  
That I be successful in e'ery phase  
Of life; and live a thousand merry days.  
I'd talk to you seldom, and if I would e'er,  
'Yes' or 'No' would be the words mere,  
I'd utter and then leave your small, dark room,  
Leaving your feelings, emotions staying entombed  
In a corner of your heart, so sad and downcast  
That shattered when Grandmamma breathed her last.  
I, your blood, lived just a few steps away...  
But far from your shade I fancied to stay -  
Grandpa, how unfair, how callous was I!  
Maybe my thoughtlessness caused you to die...  
I am missing you though we were ne'er close;  
And how cruel is life, quite well my mind knows!  
For a man's woe, it makes one understand  
The day he migrates, to his Master's land.  
Today I felt remorse and cried for you-  
For the first time I've thought so much of you!

---

## Tale Of The Vile Snake

A ravishing snake as green as emerald  
Sways with elegance, like a transverse wave.  
Pentagonal small shapes decorate his skin -  
In boredom, he dwells within a dusky cave.  
Roams hither; thither, waiting for a guest.  
Someone with a torch enters the cave one day;  
The torchlight gently bright'ning the whole place,  
Arousing the snake waiting for his prey.

It was a man, dressed in a cream-white coat;  
A glow of innocence in his turquoise eyes.  
He beholds the snake's bonny green figure -  
Feels secure, for a flute in his bag lies.

He imprisons the snake's heart with strains  
Releasing smoothly from his amber been.  
The snake's graceful dance enralls the man -  
Rats hide behind rocks, and enjoy the scene.

The snake also savors every part  
Of the spellbinding melody, while the player  
Thinks he has discovered a new friendship -  
So queer, so unique! But naive and sincere.  
As he ceases the flute's rhythmic music,  
The snake stops too, feeling revitalized.  
But as his friend turns back in valediction,  
A heinous thought appears in the snake's mind..!

"I desired merely to relish the melody  
And that desire of mine, I've fulfilled through him -  
So of what worth really is he anymore?"  
He thinks, readying himself for the vilest sin..!

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He leaps; wraps himself around the man's neck,  
And viciously gives him a venomous kiss.  
The rats watch the bleeding man with pity;  
"May in ever-lasting peace rest he..." they wish.

Dying, the man with his blurring eyes looks  
At somebody he mistook to be his good friend...  
He bleeds, and he bleeds, until it's all over -  
While the snake enjoys watching the whole torment.

Disloyal, dishonest, just as any friend today  
Was the snake, bored in his life of darkness.  
He enjoyed and used his friend's honesty  
And trashed his friendship, as he turned useless...

---

## **A Prayer As I Take The Next Road**

The primrose path I've walked for long, is reaching its end;  
Lone, on a bumpy perilous road, I must now journey.  
I must bid farewell to those who shielded me with their love;  
All I have is deep lessons, and memories, they gave me.

My eyes dampen, as I wave my comrades in valediction,  
With whom I'd been after a long-lasting loneliness bestowed...  
Once again, the spears of loneliness pierce through my little heart,  
As I learn, none of them, will walk with me on the next road!

O Lord, may forever, the sparkle of their lovely smiles stay!  
And this woe - this separation, I be able to withstand.  
Strengthen me, for I'll have to face the upcoming foes 'lone;  
Walk with my own feet - build myself with my own hands.

---

### **Acrostic: Salah**

Submit yourself to the Mighty Allah - the bounteous Lord!  
All worldly sorrows shall be effaced, once you kneel down to Him.  
Let your despondent soul be restored; let your pains be fully cured,  
And let each sin be washed away, by exalting Al-Haleem;  
His mercy is abundant, so are His blessings, for He is Al-Kareem!

---



**Muhammad Farhan Ahmed was born in Rawalpindi, Pakistan in 1999. He resides in Islamabad and is currently a student. He began writing at the age of 12 and since then it has remained his passion.**

*Featuring:*

*To The Hopeless Me  
Renewal Through Self-Belief  
Unsurpassed Is Allah's Mercy  
And Many more.....*

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