



جہانوں کو سوزِ جگر بخش دے
مرا عشق میری نظر بخش دے

Rising from Fall



ZABMAG
Fall '24

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گم گشتہ راستوں کے مسافر ہیں منتظر
عشق سُولی پر چڑھنے کا حصول ہے
اے شاعری! ہم نے زندگی کو تیرے ذریعے بحال رکھا
زمین پھر سانس لینا چاہتی ہے
خط بنام یارانِ مکتب

ZABMAG VISION

ZABMAG aims to be the central hub for capturing SZABIST's dynamics and showcasing our students' diverse skills and viewpoints. We envision a vibrant publication that encourages connections among students, teachers, alumni, and the wider academic community through inspiring words. ZABMAG seeks to cultivate a strong sense of community, intellectual curiosity, and pride in the SZABIST experience with engaging content, captivating poetry, and imaginative storytelling. Join us on this journey of exploration and celebration, where every page reflects the richness of our academic community.

We aspire to amplify the voices of our students, providing a platform for them to explore passions, articulate views, and engage in the vibrant intellectual discourse defining our university. ZABMAG is dedicated to embodying the academic excellence and forward-thinking ethos of SZABIST, acting as a catalyst for innovation, creativity, and meaningful social impact.



MESSAGE FROM THE HOC

I am delighted to introduce this edition of ZABMAG, the official publication of SZABIST. Through ZABMAG we are celebrating the diverse skills, concepts, and achievements within our university. The magazine serves as a symbol of our collective spirit, creativity, scholarly curiosity, and a strong sense of community. ZABMAG brings us together, promotes engagement, and enriches our community with captivating poetry, insightful articles, compelling artwork, and inspiring stories. It underscores our unwavering commitment to academic excellence and continuous learning. I extend my thanks to the editorial team, authors, and everyone involved in bringing this vision to life. Let us join hands to embark on this exciting journey and transform ZABMAG into a cherished platform that amplifies our voices and showcases the brilliance of SZABIST.

MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ZABMAG is a space honoring creativity, passion, intelligence and voices. It encourages deep dialogue, thinking out of the box and letting creativity flow. I have seen some great work by our students at SZABIST and it gives me great pride to share the best of the best with you!



TEAM ZABMAG



PERISHA SYED
EDITOR ENGLISH

I'm Interested In Arts, Writing And Anything Which Relates To The Creative World. It Lets Me Explore, Try Out New Things And Go Beyond My Comfort Zone. It Was Great Reading The Works Sent In And I Can't Wait For You To Check It Out! Cheers!

ZAYNAB UL GHAZALI
EDITOR URDU

As A Team We've Crafted Each Page With Precision, Weaving Together Ideas, Art, And Insights. With A Passion For Storytelling, I Invite You To A World Where Every Word, Every Image, Tells A Compelling Story. Welcome To The Journey Between These Pages.



SYED ANIS U RAHMAN
MANAGING EDITOR

A Psychology Student Hailing From Loralai. I Have Profound Interest In Reading And Learning New Perspectives, Feeding The Soul And Understanding The World. So Please Delve Into What The Magazine Holds!



پیامِ اقبال

IQBAL'S MESSAGE

بچّہ شاہیں سے کہتا تھا عقابِ سالخورد
اے ترے شہپر پہ آساں رفعتِ چرخِ بریں

An eagle full of years to a young hawk said –
Easy your royal wings through high heaven spread:

ہے شباب اپنے لہو کی آگ میں جلنے کا نام
سخت کوشی سے ہے تلخِ زندگانی انگلیں

To burn in the fire of our own veins is youth!
Strive, and in strife make honey of life's gall;

جو کبوتر پر جھپٹنے میں مزا ہے اے پسر
وہ مزا شاید کبوتر کے لہو میں بھی نہیں

Maybe the blood of the pigeon you destroy,
My son, is not what makes your swooping joy!

ON CATS, LOVE, AND THE WORLDS WITHIN



A cat is a wonderful animal. It enjoys being played with, fed, and pampered, as it would like, whenever it would like, with no needless responsibility. And, it is perfectly understandable to live through that experience – pretending to be a cat – when you may. We're all in this world for a purpose, after all. If one relates best to a cat, why should anyone else be bothered?

Still, sometimes, it's a good idea to consider giving up on your feline carefreeness, say, when an awkward turn of events has landed you in your classroom or office, eight in the morning. Giving up on your sleep is a bad deal if you don't trade it with something sublime. No?

Interestingly, that logic extends to all spheres of life. One has to appreciate where one is, why they are there, and how it relates to who they are, and who they want to be. If the 'where' and 'why', intersects with who you are, and who you want to be, perfect! But if it does not, you are perhaps in the wrong place.

This brings us to the most troubling of questions: who am I? If I don't have a sense of my I-ness, how would I determine what I want in life and where I should be?

The journey that begins with surfing over the waves of the seas within, and culminates in piercing through them to reach your quintessential core, is a long one. But to explore the depths within, and find your true self, is the most sublime of gifts you can give yourself and those around you – to discover the extraordinary within the ordinary, and work on its refinement and crystallisation. That would ultimately mean basking not in the light without, but illuminating and warming the world around with the light and love within.

In the words of Dag Hammarskjöld, it's about...

“Not I – but God in me...”

That calls for singular clarity on one's object, like a cat, who is clear in her desire to be loved and celebrated. What do I want in life? And can it be done the cat way, or is the path deeper, and the choices on the journey subtler, even if the ultimate object of all existence, comes down to one...

Dr. Syed Muhammad Usman Masood

Assistant Professor, Management Sciences
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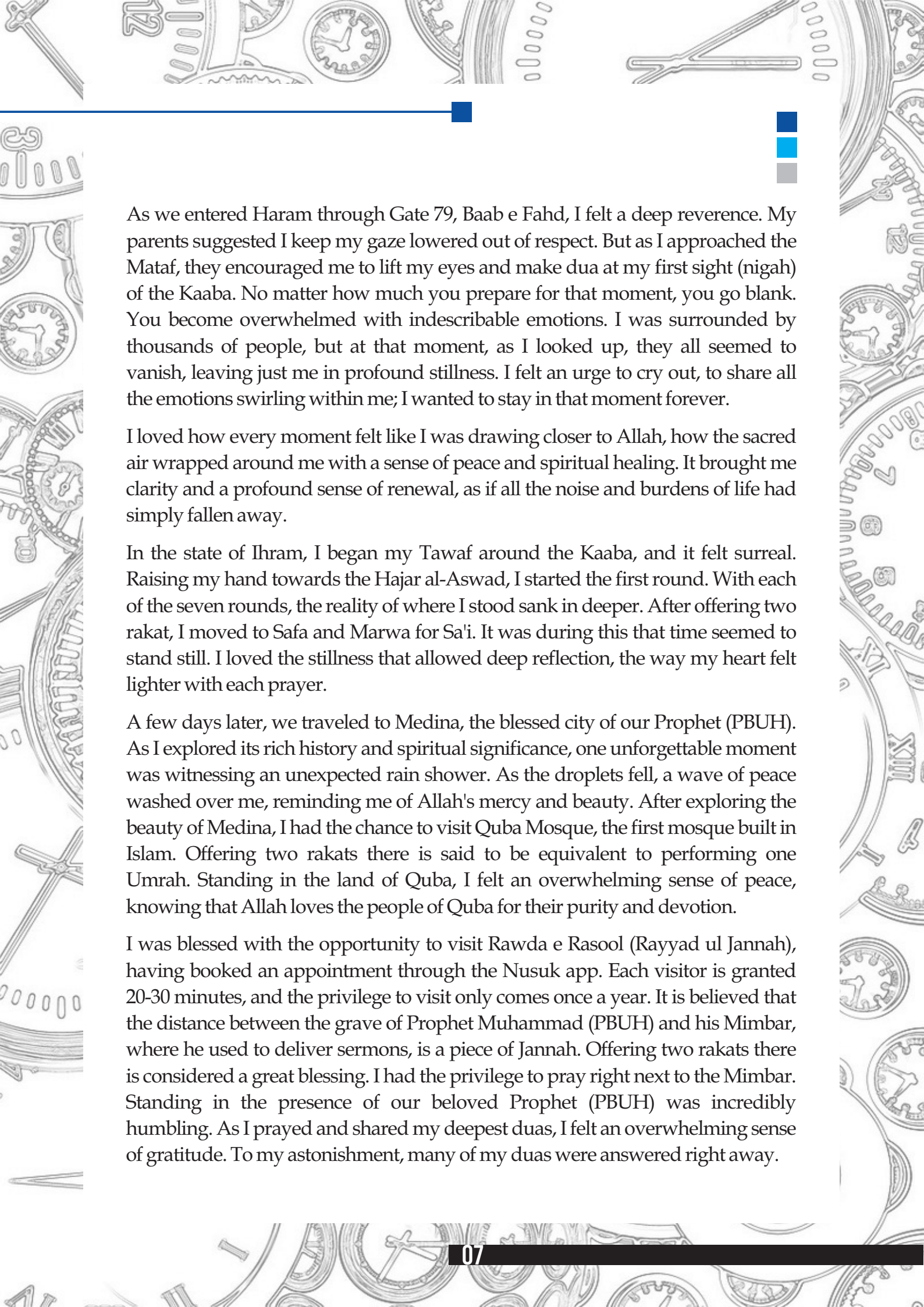
WHERE TIME STANDS STILL

As I stepped out into the warm evening air, a strange mix of emotions washed over me. There was excitement and a deep sense of calm. My heart was heavy yet light, and an overwhelming feeling lingered that something life-changing was about to happen. The sound of footsteps around me blurred into the background as my heart began to race. I kept my eyes down, hesitant to look up too soon. It wasn't until I heard my parents' gentle reminder that I slowly lifted my gaze, and there it was—a sight that would forever change my soul.

Recently, I was blessed with the opportunity to perform Umrah, a journey that would profoundly transform my soul. Though Umrah is considered a lesser pilgrimage, it holds immense spiritual significance. While it is not obligatory like Hajj, the experience can deeply transform you, and it is often said that performing Umrah can lead to Hajj becoming obligatory upon you.

Wearing my Ihram and reciting the Talbiyah, my journey began at Islamabad airport as I prepared myself to respond to His divine call. Upon reaching Jeddah, I could feel myself drawing closer. My soul was restless with anticipation; I couldn't wait to be in His home. As soon as I entered Makkah, the sight of the Clock Tower from afar sent goosebumps through me. We all chanted: “Labbayk Allahumma Labbayk, Labbayk La Sharika Laka Labbayk, Innal Hamda Wan-Ni'mata Laka Wal-Mulk, La Sharika Lak” —“Here I am, O Allah, here I am. Here I am, You have no partner, here I am. Surely, all praise and blessings are Yours, and all sovereignty belongs to You. You have no partner.”





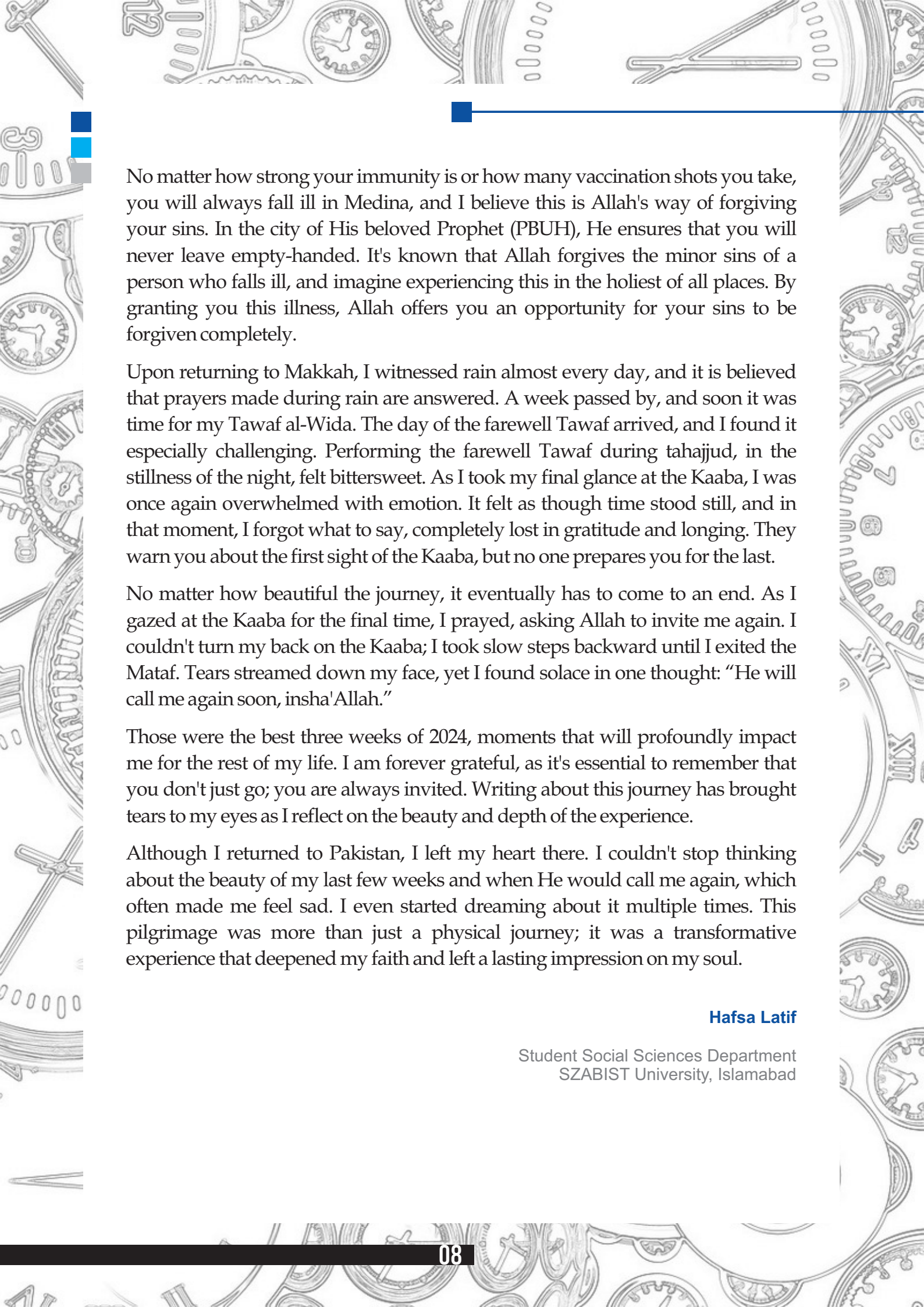
As we entered Haram through Gate 79, Baab e Fahd, I felt a deep reverence. My parents suggested I keep my gaze lowered out of respect. But as I approached the Mataf, they encouraged me to lift my eyes and make dua at my first sight (nigah) of the Kaaba. No matter how much you prepare for that moment, you go blank. You become overwhelmed with indescribable emotions. I was surrounded by thousands of people, but at that moment, as I looked up, they all seemed to vanish, leaving just me in profound stillness. I felt an urge to cry out, to share all the emotions swirling within me; I wanted to stay in that moment forever.

I loved how every moment felt like I was drawing closer to Allah, how the sacred air wrapped around me with a sense of peace and spiritual healing. It brought me clarity and a profound sense of renewal, as if all the noise and burdens of life had simply fallen away.

In the state of Ihram, I began my Tawaf around the Kaaba, and it felt surreal. Raising my hand towards the Hajar al-Aswad, I started the first round. With each of the seven rounds, the reality of where I stood sank in deeper. After offering two rakat, I moved to Safa and Marwa for Sa'i. It was during this that time seemed to stand still. I loved the stillness that allowed deep reflection, the way my heart felt lighter with each prayer.

A few days later, we traveled to Medina, the blessed city of our Prophet (PBUH). As I explored its rich history and spiritual significance, one unforgettable moment was witnessing an unexpected rain shower. As the droplets fell, a wave of peace washed over me, reminding me of Allah's mercy and beauty. After exploring the beauty of Medina, I had the chance to visit Quba Mosque, the first mosque built in Islam. Offering two rakats there is said to be equivalent to performing one Umrah. Standing in the land of Quba, I felt an overwhelming sense of peace, knowing that Allah loves the people of Quba for their purity and devotion.

I was blessed with the opportunity to visit Rawda e Rasool (Rayyad ul Jannah), having booked an appointment through the Nusuk app. Each visitor is granted 20-30 minutes, and the privilege to visit only comes once a year. It is believed that the distance between the grave of Prophet Muhammad (PBUH) and his Mimbar, where he used to deliver sermons, is a piece of Jannah. Offering two rakats there is considered a great blessing. I had the privilege to pray right next to the Mimbar. Standing in the presence of our beloved Prophet (PBUH) was incredibly humbling. As I prayed and shared my deepest duas, I felt an overwhelming sense of gratitude. To my astonishment, many of my duas were answered right away.



No matter how strong your immunity is or how many vaccination shots you take, you will always fall ill in Medina, and I believe this is Allah's way of forgiving your sins. In the city of His beloved Prophet (PBUH), He ensures that you will never leave empty-handed. It's known that Allah forgives the minor sins of a person who falls ill, and imagine experiencing this in the holiest of all places. By granting you this illness, Allah offers you an opportunity for your sins to be forgiven completely.

Upon returning to Makkah, I witnessed rain almost every day, and it is believed that prayers made during rain are answered. A week passed by, and soon it was time for my Tawaf al-Wida. The day of the farewell Tawaf arrived, and I found it especially challenging. Performing the farewell Tawaf during tahajjud, in the stillness of the night, felt bittersweet. As I took my final glance at the Kaaba, I was once again overwhelmed with emotion. It felt as though time stood still, and in that moment, I forgot what to say, completely lost in gratitude and longing. They warn you about the first sight of the Kaaba, but no one prepares you for the last.

No matter how beautiful the journey, it eventually has to come to an end. As I gazed at the Kaaba for the final time, I prayed, asking Allah to invite me again. I couldn't turn my back on the Kaaba; I took slow steps backward until I exited the Mataf. Tears streamed down my face, yet I found solace in one thought: "He will call me again soon, insha'Allah."

Those were the best three weeks of 2024, moments that will profoundly impact me for the rest of my life. I am forever grateful, as it's essential to remember that you don't just go; you are always invited. Writing about this journey has brought tears to my eyes as I reflect on the beauty and depth of the experience.

Although I returned to Pakistan, I left my heart there. I couldn't stop thinking about the beauty of my last few weeks and when He would call me again, which often made me feel sad. I even started dreaming about it multiple times. This pilgrimage was more than just a physical journey; it was a transformative experience that deepened my faith and left a lasting impression on my soul.

Hafsa Latif

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CONFESSIONS OF A PIOUS WOMAN

Alicia Harper was the beacon of virtue in her small, tightly-knit community. Her long, flowing skirts, always in pristine white, billowed with an air of sanctity. Her head was often bowed in prayer, her lips moving silently, as if in constant communion with the divine. She was the first to arrive at church on Sundays, the last to leave, and her home was adorned with religious symbols that reminded visitors of her unwavering faith. Everyone knew Alicia as the woman who held the highest moral ground, the one who would always do what was right—or at least, that was the image she so carefully crafted.

One evening, after attending a charity event at the church, Alicia was walking home, her heart swelling with the satisfaction of another good deed done. The sun had long set, and the streets were bathed in the dim glow of streetlights. She walked with a purposeful stride, her thoughts already drifting to the next day's plans, when, without warning, a car came careening around the corner, its headlights blinding her.



The screech of tires, the sickening thud, and then—nothing.

Alicia's world went black.

When she awoke, it was not to the sterile smell of a hospital or the concerned faces of loved ones. Instead, she found herself in a place far more sinister—a cold, damp dungeon. The walls were rough stone, covered in patches of moss that oozed moisture. The air was thick, almost suffocating, and the only light came from a flickering torch far down the corridor. She tried to move, but her limbs felt heavy, as if weighed down by invisible chains.

Panic set in. “Where am I?” she whispered, her voice trembling. “What is this place?”





As if in response, the shadows in the dungeon began to shift, taking form. One by one, figures emerged from the darkness, each one grotesque and distorted, yet eerily familiar. Alicia's breath caught in her throat as she recognized them – not as strangers, but as twisted versions of herself.

The first figure stepped forward, her eyes glowing with a toxic green light. She was draped in a tattered cloak, her face twisted into a sneer. “Envy,” she hissed, her voice dripping with malice. “You know me well, don't you, Alicia? Every time you saw someone with more than you – more wealth, more beauty, more happiness – I was there, feeding on your jealousy. You tried to hide me behind your prayers, but I never left. I only grew stronger.”

Alicia recoiled, but there was no escape. Another figure emerged, tall and imposing, with an air of arrogance that made Alicia's stomach churn. This one wore a crown of thorns and had a sneer of superiority plastered on her face. “I am Pride,” she announced, her voice echoing off the dungeon walls. “You wore humility like a mask, but I was always there, pushing you to look down on others, to believe that you were better, more righteous. You thought you could keep me hidden, but I was always at the surface, waiting to break free.”

Alicia shook her head, backing away from the advancing figures. “No... no, I kept you in check! I didn't let you out!”

But the figures kept coming, one after another. Gossip appeared next, her forked tongue flicking out like a snake's, her voice a low, hissing whisper. “You dressed me up as concern, as a desire to help, but you relished in sharing the faults of others. Every word you spoke about them in private, every little 'prayer' for their redemption, was laced with my venom.”

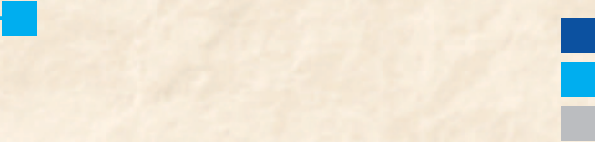
Alicia's heart pounded in her chest as she recognized each sin – Greed, with her insatiable hunger for more; Wrath, with her simmering rage hidden beneath a calm exterior; and Hypocrisy, who wore a mask eerily similar to Alicia's own face.

Each figure accused her, their voices rising in a roar of condemnation. Alicia fell to her knees, covering her ears, but their voices pierced through her defenses.

“I tried to hide you all,” she cried out, her voice breaking. “I tried to bury you deep, to keep you from being seen by the world!”

“But you cannot hide what you nurture, Alicia,” Pride sneered, stepping closer. “We are part of you, and now, we are free.”

A loud creak echoed through the dungeon as the heavy wooden door slowly swung open. The figures turned, their eyes gleaming with anticipation. Alicia's heart sank as she realized what was about to happen.



“No! You can't leave!” she screamed, desperation clawing at her throat. “If you go out there, they'll see you! They'll see the real me!”

But it was too late. One by one, the figures began to slip through the door, disappearing into the darkness beyond the dungeon. Alicia's screams grew louder, more frantic, as she tried to chase after them, but her legs felt like lead. The darkness closed in around her, swallowing her whole.

Suddenly, Alicia jolted awake, her eyes snapping open to the harsh fluorescent lights of a hospital room. Her heart was pounding in her chest, her body drenched in cold sweat. For a moment, she was disoriented, unsure of where she was. Then the reality of her situation began to sink in – the accident, the dungeon, the terrifying encounter with her own sins.

But it wasn't a dream. The faces around her bed were real – friends, family, and those she had secretly belittled, thought ill of, and mocked. Their eyes were wide with shock, their expressions a mix of concern and confusion.

Alicia felt a sob rising in her throat, and before she could stop herself, the words began to spill out. “I'm sorry,” she choked out, her voice trembling. “I've been so wrong. I've judged you all, envied you, thought terrible things about you. I've hidden so much darkness inside me, and I pretended to be better than I am. But I'm not. I'm not better.”

The room fell into stunned silence. No one knew what to say, how to respond to the woman they had always seen as a paragon of virtue, now confessing her deepest, darkest flaws. Alicia's tears flowed freely as she continued to speak, her confessions tumbling out in a torrent of guilt and shame.

For the first time in her life, Alicia was truly seen – not as the flawless saint she had portrayed, but as a human being, flawed and fragile, seeking redemption in the light of truth. Her cries echoed in the silence, and as the weight of her confessions settled in the room, Alicia realized that she had been given a second chance.

A chance to be real, to be honest, and to find grace not in the illusion of perfection, but in the acceptance of her own humanity.

Sana Jaffery

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SUSPENDED IN THE STREAM OF TIME

Whether it's a moment, a minute, or a second, time never stops. It moves forward, unyielding, no matter how much we might wish for it to pause. We can only move with it. Time reminds us to cherish what we have, make meaningful choices, and live with intention. Mistakes and regrets are part of the journey, but time doesn't wait to let us fix them. Life isn't a TV remote with a pause or rewind button. It may feel unfair at times, yet somehow, it makes sense.

Every experience time brings is a lesson, shaping who we are. The laughter shared with loved ones, the quiet evenings with family, the milestones that once felt so distant—they're all pieces of who we've become. Looking back, it's impossible not to feel nostalgic for those moments. Yet, time has a bittersweet way of showing us their true value only once they've slipped into memory, leaving us wishing for just one more day to relive them, or to magically teleport.

But time's steady march isn't just about loss. It brings growth, change, and the promise of new beginnings. The same ticking clock that took away yesterday offers the hope of tomorrow. While we can't hold on to the past, we carry its lessons and love forward, using them to create a future worth remembering.

Perisha Syed

Social Sciences Department



CAMPUS CADENCE

Within these walls, where dreams take flight,
The campus stands, a guiding light.
Bricks and beams, both strong and true,
Foster minds with visions new.

A space to lead, to learn, to grow,
Where seeds of wisdom gently sow.
The halls we walk, the dreams we chase,
Prepare us all to find our place.

For every step, a story told,
Of futures bright and plans bold.
Our campus shines, a source of pride,
In every heart, hope does reside.

Together here, we stand and rise,
With lessons deep and open skies.
Our campus, where we are defined,
A pride forever intertwined.

Arsalan Javed

Student Management Sciences Department
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SOMETHING YOU HAVE TO EARN

The alarm goes off, and with a swift, confident move, I stretch, feeling every bit the character I've created in my mind. Today isn't just another day – today, I step into university like a legend in the making. I slide on my jacket just right, every detail of my look carefully thought out, projecting an image of effortless cool. I imagine the reactions: people turning, nudging each other as I walk past, admiring the ease with which I carry myself. In my head, whispers are already circulating about “the new kid who's got it all.” On my way out, I give myself one last look in the mirror. This is it. I'm finally here, and I can almost see my parents beaming with pride, telling friends and family about their star child, destined for greatness. My world feels perfectly aligned, and as I stride out, the day is waiting to unfold exactly as I imagined.

But the walk to campus doesn't bring the glances I expected. People are absorbed in their own worlds, earbuds in, hustling from one building to the next. I brush it off – no big deal. There will be plenty of time to make my mark. I head to my first lecture, expecting a laid-back vibe where I'll breeze through, my charm and wit instantly making me a standout. But the professor doesn't even glance up as I enter, and the syllabus lands on my desk like a stack of bricks. Pages upon pages of assignments, readings, and deadlines stare back at me. I flip through, my confidence dimming with each page. My head spins – this is going to require more than a casual glance at my notes to keep up.

As the week unfolds, my plans of effortless popularity and academic ease start slipping away. A quick visit to the campus café turns into a cautious counting of change, every latte a hit to my carefully rationed pocket money. My parents' voices echo in my head: “Remember, keep up those grades, or we'll have to talk about that allowance.” So much for the endless supply I'd imagined. I sigh, settling for a regular coffee, suddenly aware of just how much each outing costs.

Social life isn't the instant whirlwind I'd envisioned either. I imagined myself gliding from group to group, friends laughing and sharing stories, everyone thrilled to be in my orbit. But as I attempt to strike up conversations, I realize that everyone here has their own story, their own ambitions. They're not looking for another “star”; they're each hustling in their own way, focused on projects, grades, and deadlines. The admiration and attention I expected...?

It's not freely given.

It's something you have to earn.

Asma Javed

Lecturer Media Sciences Department
SZABIST University, Islamabad

FADE FROM SCARLET MAROON

December called, and what a memory it is to think about again. The haunting ghost of that time still revisits me. I met a person who seemed like they walked straight out of a Harry Potter book—draped in spider webs, clad in black aesthetics, and surrounded by metal music. I was starstruck, thrilled to meet someone so different from me. They fit me like a puzzle piece—or at least, that's what I thought. I was ready to give my all, because that's just how I was, and so the barren cold took over, leaving me deprived, anyway.

I forgot to remind myself that you can't own people, that loving too deeply can scare people away. They were going through heartbreak, the kind that makes cigarettes taste like champagne and death seem like a winning race. But it's always the worst that attracts me, and I fly toward it with wings spread wide, diving into their depths. I make it all intense. I was the problem; it was me. I tried to become a savior, attempting to heal someone else's wound. But you can't show a colorblind person a rainbow and expect them to see what you do, and that's exactly what I tried to do.

To be honest about what happened, I was like an autumn leaf, saying things so confidently: "I can fix him (no, really, I can)." But I forgot that the wind decides my fate. It was yet another wound in the making, but this time it left me reeling, lashing out, asking why? Was it written in some prophecy? Am I destined for heartbreak? How do I remove this seal on my fate?

As time passed, their words grew harsh, conversations became dark. I could see it happening again, but I couldn't let it. I fought against it, trying to prove that what they thought of me was wrong. I tried to explain myself to someone who had given up on the idea of genuine people. They say, "one bad fish spoils the whole pond," and who was I to argue? It felt like a war, a rebuttal to claims born in their mind, and while the relationship was losing its color, it was only leaving stains on me. I was finally seeing the truth about someone who simply took me for granted, someone who was willing to say whatever they could because they knew I would forgive them.

And in the end, all they wanted was the green light of my forgiveness, for me to say, "it's okay." But this time, my heart broke, and it hurt like never before. Now, almost a year later, it feels like we were just two parallel lines that stopped briefly to share a season of something that never even got a name. Today, I fade from that scarlet maroon pain into a lush green meadow of hope, believing that someday I will find someone who won't risk losing me. That heartbreak shattered me, but it also shaped who I am today. I've faded from that scarlet maroon into a cosmos where fantasies become realities. It's folklore now.

Afaq Kaleem

Student of Social Sciences Department
SZABIST University, Islamabad

اے ابن الوقت

(راشدہ سیف)

قرضوں کا سارا بوجھ اتارا نہ جائیگا
ملکِ عزیز تم سے سنوارا نہ جائیگا
تم حرص کے اسیر ہو اور نفس کے غلام
دل سے کبھی یہود و نصاریٰ نہ جائے گا
کشکول توڑ دیں گے کا نعرہ ہے پُرفریب
واعظ نصیحتوں سے یہ لارا نہ جائیگا
گم گشتہ راستوں کے مسافر ہیں منتظر
اب میر کارواں کہیں مارا نہ جائے گا
دنیا سے لاکھ اپنی سیاہی کو ڈھانپ لے
محشر میں کیا یہ نام پکا را نہ جائیگا
اے دلِ نموش ہو کہ شبِ غمِ طویل ہے
مجھ سے تو اب یہ درد سہارا نہ جائے گا

ڈاکٹر راشدہ قریشی

ایسوسی ایٹ پروفیسر، سوشل سائنسز ڈیپارٹمنٹ
زیبیسٹ یونیورسٹی، اسلام آباد



عشق

(ڈاکٹر صاحب)

عشق رب کی عنایت کا مضمون ہے
عشق سولی پہ چڑھنے کا محصول ہے
ہوس والوں کی دنیا میں معدوم ہے
یہ ہے ولیوں کی محفل کا منصور تو
آل شیطاں کے ذہنوں میں مردود ہے

اہل دانش کے ہردے کو مطلوب ہے
بوچھل کے گھرانے میں ملعون ہے
بادشاہوں کے دربار میں ہے جنوں
نفر والوں کی خلوت کا مفہوم ہے
کینہ بردار دل میں یہ مفقود ہے

اور مومن نگاہ کو یہ مطلوب ہے
ظلم دستور بستی میں طاعون ہے
اور مسیحا نگر میں یہ مرغوب ہے
اہل دل خاکساروں میں مخدوم ہے
آل ابلیس کے گھر میں مفضوب ہے



آؤ بیٹھیں و غور و فکر کر لیں ہم
ہم ہیں معشوقِ یزداں یا مفرورِ رب
سوچ لو یہ ہے جیون کا وہ فیصلہ
جو ہمیں رب کے قدموں میں لے جائے گا
یا بنا ڈالے گا خاکِ پائے شر

سوچ لو اہلِ دل روح بجاں سوچ لو
نہ نکل جائے پھر یہ سماں سوچ لو
عشقِ رب کی عنایت کا مضمون ہے
عشقِ سولی پہ چڑھنے کا محصول ہے

ڈاکٹرہماحق

ایسوسی ایٹ پروفیسر، سوشل سائنسز ڈیپارٹمنٹ
زیسٹ یونیورسٹی، اسلام آباد

غزل

(ڈاکٹر واجد حسین)

جو دل میں کانٹا چُجھا کبھی تو سخن کے رستے نکال رکھا
اے شاعری! ہم نے زندگی کو تیرے ذریعے بحال رکھا
اے غم تمہارا بھی شکریہ تم نے ہر قدم پر خیال رکھا
خوشی کی بھنگی ہوئی رتوں میں بھی مجھ کو پیہم سنبھال رکھا
ہم اہل دل نے وفا میں کچھ خاص ہستیوں کو مثال رکھا
کسی نے دل میں اولیٰ رکھا، کسی نے دل میں بلا رکھا
اے حضرتِ عشق! عُمر تیری شرارتوں میں گزر گئی ہے
کسی میں جینے کا حوصلہ تو کسی کا جینا محال رکھا
نکالنا تھا جو زندگی سے تو مجھ کو دائم نکال دیتے
مگر یہ کیا پھر کہ خلوتوں میں وہ سلسلہ بھی بحال رکھا
میرے محقق میری حقیقت کی جستجو میں لگے ہوئے ہیں
عجب میری شخصیت ہے واجد کہ سب کو مشکل میں ڈال رکھا

ڈاکٹر واجد حسین

اسسٹنٹ پروفیسر، سوشل سائنسز ڈیپارٹمنٹ
زیسٹ یونیورسٹی، اسلام آباد



زمیں پھر سانس لینا چاہتی ہے

(ڈاکٹر ندیم ملک)

زمیں پھر سانس لینا چاہتی ہے
مگر چاروں طرف آلودگی ہے
ہواؤں میں تپش بڑھنے لگی ہے
فضاؤں میں خلش بڑھنے لگی ہے
گلابوں پہ چھن رکھی ہوئی ہے
مناظر پہ جلن رکھی ہوئی ہے
تھکن دریاؤں میں بہنے لگی ہے
گھٹن ماحول میں رہنے لگی ہے
سسکتے کھیت بخر ہو رہے ہیں
سلگتے دشت حدت بانٹتے ہیں
جس جنگل میں شعلے بورہا ہے
دیار برف بکھرا رہا ہے
سمندر آنچ پہ رکھے ہوئے ہیں
یہ موسم جانچ پہ رکھے ہوئے ہیں
فلک گہری کثافت پہ کھڑے ہیں
زمیں کے پھیپھڑے دکھنے لگے ہیں
چلو سوچوں کو تجدید عمل دیں

اندھیری رات کو روشن ساکل دیں
مناظر پر نئے اشجار رکھیں
پھران پر کھلتے برگ و بار رکھیں
ٹھہرتے پانیوں کو راستہ دیں
پنپتے جنگلوں کو سلسلہ دیں
دیارِ برف کو دیوار دے دیں
جلے صحراؤں کو گلزار دے دیں
سمندر بارشوں کے پاس رکھ دیں
بچھے سے موسموں میں آس رکھ دیں
سچی فصلوں سے سب کھلیاں بھر دیں
گلوں سے صحن اور دالان بھر دیں
ہواؤں کے جس کو کھڑکیاں دیں
فضا کو خوشبوؤں کی تتلیاں دیں
بہاروں کے ہرے دامان بن لیں
سرفردا سبھی وجدان بن لیں
رتوں میں ہر طرف آسودگی ہے
زمین پھر سانس لینا چاہتی ہے

ڈاکٹر ندیم ملک

وزٹنگ فیکلٹی، مینجمنٹ سائنسز ڈیپارٹمنٹ
زیسٹ یونیورسٹی، اسلام آباد



میں عورت ہوں مگر،۔۔۔

(راشدہ سیف)

میں عورت ہوں مگر کمتر نہیں ہوں
میں خالق کے کرم سے احسن تقویم کا جزو ہوں
میں قرآن کے ہر اک پارے کا حصہ ہوں
کہیں عنوان کہیں مضمون کہیں اس کا متن ہوں
کہاں تک مجھ کو منہا تم کرو گے؟
خدائے کم بزل جب بات کرتا ہے
اشارے سے کنائے سے
میں سامع ہوں میں ناظر ہوں
میں اس خلقت میں شامل ہوں
کہ جس سے وہ مخاطب ہے
مجھے پھر کس طرح منہا کرو گے؟

چلو میں زیر ہوں مجھ کو مٹا دو
فنا کر دو میری ہستی
دبا دو ریت میں مجھ کو
مگر یہ بھول نہ جانا
میں قرآن کی ہر اک آیت کا حصہ ہوں
قرآن کے ہر سپارے میں
زبر کے ساتھ میں بھی ہوں

کہ اللہ کا نعرہ میرے بن ہو نہیں سکتا
مجھے کس کس طرح منہا کرو گے؟
میں ہر مضمون کا حصہ ہوں
قرآن کے ہر س پارے میں
ازل تک میں بھی شامل ہوں
تمہارے ساتھ میں بھی احسن تقویم کا جزو ہوں
میں عورت ہوں مگر کم تر نہیں ہوں
مجھے پھر کس طرح منہا کرو گے؟

ڈاکٹر راشدہ قریشی

ایسوسی ایٹ پروفیسر، سوشل سائنسز ڈیپارٹمنٹ
زیسٹ یونیورسٹی، اسلام آباد



غزل

(نہیب الغزالی)

عقل افکار سے گزرتی ہے
آہ اظہار سے گزرتی ہے
جسم محدود ہے درپچے تک
روح دیوار سے گزرتی ہے
زندگی خواہشوں کے بوجھ تلے
اپنے پندار سے گزرتی ہے
اب مقابل ہیں سب عزیز مرے
جنگ اغیار سے گزرتی ہے
دل مقید ہے عشق میں نہیب
عمر اظہار سے گزرتی ہے

نہیب الغزالی

سٹوڈنٹ سوشل سائنسز ڈیپارٹمنٹ
زیسٹ یونیورسٹی، اسلام آباد

معاشرے کے زخمی لوگ

(ڈاکٹر ہما حق)

سانس چلتی نہیں
دل دھڑکتا نہیں
آنسوؤں کی جھڑی
دل میں سم بھر گئی
پھر بھی ہنستے ہیں یہ
کہ یہی ہے روا
رسم دنیا ہے یہ

دل سے جو رس پڑا
وہ لہو پی گئے
من جو بھر آیا تو
اس کی ساری چھین
حرف میں ڈھال دی
کہ یہی ہے روا
رسم دنیا ہے یہ

شہر کی بھیر میں
وہ جو کھونے لگے
جام و ساغر کی محفل
میں دم لے لیا
یاں اکیلے ہیں سب



درد جھیلے ہیں سب
پر یہی درد ہے، ان کو جوڑے ہوئے
جیسے اک ہی قبر پر ہوں جلتے دیے
کہ یہی ہے روا
رسم دنیا ہے یہ

رات کی خامشی
گھیر لے ان کو جب
دل کی ویرانیوں کو
رجھاتیں ہیں یہ
گنگناتے ہیں یہ
کہ یہی ہے روا
رسم دنیا ہے یہ

بات سن کر کوئی
یاد آ جائے گر
ذہن کے صحن و در
بھیر دیتے ہیں یہ
کہ یہی ہے روا
رسم دنیا ہے یہ

ڈاکٹر ہما حق

ایسوسی ایٹ پروفیسر، سوشل سائنسز ڈیپارٹمنٹ
زیسٹ یونیورسٹی، اسلام آباد

غزل

(زینب الغزالی)

ہم اہل دشت ہر اک بار بیقرار آئے
کبھی تو لوٹ کے یہ چشم فیض بار آئے
فسردگی کا یہ عالم کہ رُتِ بشکلِ خزاں
اجاڑ رنگ ہی لگتی ہے گر بہار آئے
یہ اب نہ پوچھ کہ کیسے رنو ہوئی وحشت
گزارنی تھی شبِ ہجر، ہم گزار آئے
وہ ہم کو یاد ہی رکھے، پلٹ سکے نہ اگر
پچھرنے والے پہ اتنا تو اعتبار آئے
وہ جان سکتا ہے کیا ہے ملالِ سُد و زیاں
جو سب کو جیت بھی جائے تو خود کو ہار آئے

زینب الغزالی

سٹوڈنٹ سوشل سائنسز ڈیپارٹمنٹ
زیبیسٹ یونیورسٹی، اسلام آباد



خط بنام یارانِ مکتب

یارِ سخن!

وہ کون سا ایک معمہ ہے جسے ہم سب حل کرنے کی کوشش کرتے ہیں؟ ایک ایسا موضوع جس پر ہم سب سے زیادہ بات کرتے ہیں، جس کے بارے میں سب سے زیادہ سوچتے ہیں اور جسے ہم سب سے زیادہ جیتے ہیں۔ زندگی کا معمہ۔ زندگی کی گتھی۔ کیوں نہ آج زندگی پر ہی بات کی جائے، لیکن کچھ تغیر کے ساتھ کیونکہ تغیر۔۔۔ ایک ایسا راز ہے جو وقت کے ریشمی دھاگوں میں لپٹا ہوا ہے۔ کہتے ہیں کہ تغیر کا کرب بھی ایسا ہے جیسے پیلے پتے خزاں میں درخت سے جدا ہو کر زمین پر گر جائیں۔ وہ لمحہ جب ایک جانی پہچانی دنیا غیر ماٹوس ہو جائے، اور وہ لوگ، جن کے ساتھ وقت گزارا، بس ایک یاد بن کر رہ جائیں۔

میرا ماننا تو یہ ہے کہ زندگی کا حُسن اسی تغیر میں ہے، جسے روکنے کی کوشش محض ایک فریبِ نظر ہے۔ جیسے موسم بدلتے ہیں، ویسے ہی ہم بھی وقت کے ساتھ ڈھلتے ہیں۔ مگر ہماری نفسیات کی بڑی سچائی یہ ہے کہ تغیر۔۔۔ یہ لفظ ہمارے دلوں میں ایک کرب کی طرح بستا ہے۔ جب ہم اپنی پرانی یادوں میں جھانکتے ہیں، تو ہمیں وہ لمحے یاد آتے ہیں جب زندگی کی راہوں پر ہم ایک ہی سمت میں چل رہے تھے، جیسے سب کچھ اپنی جگہ پر تھا۔ وہ وقت، جب ہر چیز ایک مستحکم اور باقاعدہ نظم میں چلتی تھی۔ اور پھر ہم نے دیکھا کہ کیسے لوگ بدلتے ہیں، کیسے پرانے دوست جن کی باتوں میں ہم نے کبھی سکون محسوس کیا تھا، اب اجنبی ہو جاتے ہیں۔

وہ کھیلنے کی صدائیں، وہ بے فکری کے دن۔۔۔ جیسے کسی خواب کا حصہ تھے، جو اب وقت کے ہاتھوں سے چھوٹ کر کہیں کھو چکے ہیں۔ اور جب گزرے دنوں کی یاد آتی ہے تو دل میں ایک کسک سی جاگ اٹھتی ہے۔ جیسے کوئی بہت پرانا گیت، جو برسوں سے سُنا نہیں، اچانک سُنائی دے۔ وہ لمحے جب دل چاہتا ہے کہ وقت تھم جائے، اب کچھ نہ بدلے، مگر وقت۔۔۔ وہ تو تھمنے کا نام نہیں۔

سو یارِ سخن! زندگی ایک کہانی ہے اور تغیر اس کا کلائمکس۔ تغیر وہ پل ہے جہاں خوابوں کے نئے آسمان بنتے ہیں اور پرانی یادیں دُھند میں گم ہو جاتی ہیں۔ سو کیوں نہ اسے قدرت کی ایک خوبصورت سرگوشی سمجھا جائے! تم نے کبھی صبح کی روشنی دیکھی ہے؟ وہ جو رات کے اندھیروں کو آہستگی سے چیرتی ہے اور ہر چیز کو ایک نئی زندگی بخشی ہے۔ یہ منظر دل کو سکون دیتا ہے اور امید کا ایک چراغ بھی روشن کرتا ہے کہ ہر رات کے بعد صبح آتی ہے، چاہے رات کتنی ہی لمبی کیوں نہ ہو۔ کیونکہ

دل نا امید تو نہیں ناکام ہی تو ہے
 لمبی ہے غم کی شام مگر شام ہی تو ہے
 دستِ فلک میں گردشِ تقدیر تو نہیں
 دستِ فلک میں گردشِ ایام ہی تو ہے

لکھنے والے لکھتے ہیں کہ زندگی ایک رواں دواں سفر کے سوا اور ہے ہی کیا! اور یقیناً جانو سچ لکھتے ہیں۔ یہ دائرہ صرف گرمی اور سردی کا نہیں غم اور خوشی، امید اور مایوسی کا بھی ہے۔ یہ فطرت کا قانون ہے، جسے بدلا نہیں جاسکتا۔ یہ ایک ایسا دائرہ ہے جس کے مرکز میں انسان کھڑا ہے اور اس کے گرد وقت، تقدیر اور فطرت کے عناصر گردش کیے چلے جاتے ہیں۔ ایک لامتناہی سفر، جس میں انسان کبھی مسافر تو کبھی منزل بن جاتا ہے۔ اور ہر انسان اس پہیلی کو اپنے زاویے سے دیکھتا ہے، اور اپنے تجربات کی روشنی میں سمجھنے کی کوشش کرتا ہے۔ تم بھی اور میں بھی۔ ہمارا محبوب بھی اور رقیب بھی۔ لیکن یہ پہیلی اتنی پیچیدہ ہے کہ اس کا کوئی حتمی حل ہی نہیں۔ اس بے یقینی کے عالم میں، انسان نے ہمیشہ پناہ گاہیں تلاش کیں۔ اور ان پناہ گاہوں میں سے ایک ہے لکھنا اور پڑھنا۔

کتابوں کے صفحات پر ہم اپنی تنہائی کا ساتھی ڈھونڈتے ہیں۔ ہم کرداروں کی زندگیوں کے ساتھ اتنے گہرے جذباتی رشتے جوڑ لیتے ہیں کہ ان کے اختتام پر ہمیں ایک خلا محسوس ہوتا ہے۔ کیا وہ خوش رہیں گے؟ کیا انہیں انصاف ملا؟ کیا زندگی نے ان کے ساتھ اچھا سلوک کیا؟ اور کہانیاں پڑھتے ہوئے ہم اپنے آپ کو ان کرداروں کی جگہ رکھ آتے ہیں۔ ان کے ساتھ خوش ہوتے ہیں، ان کے ساتھ روتے ہیں، ان کے ساتھ جیتتے اور ہارتے ہیں۔ اور تمہیں بھی علم ہوگا کہ یہی احساس ہمیں اپنی زندگی کے بارے میں بھی سوچنے پر مجبور کر دیتا ہے۔ ہم اپنے اختتام کے بارے میں سوچتے ہیں کہ ہماری کہانی کیسے ختم ہوگی۔ کیا ہم خوش رہیں گے؟ کیا ہمیں کامیابی ملے گی؟ کیا ہم اپنی زندگی کا مقصد پورا کر پائیں گے؟ کبھی امید کی کرن جگمگاتی ہے تو کبھی اندھیرے کا ڈر گھیر لیتا ہے۔ لیکن پھر بھی زندگی چلتی رہتی ہے، اپنے ہی حساب سے۔ ہم بس اسی بہاؤ میں بہتے چلے جاتے ہیں، امید کے ایک دھاگے کو تھامے ہوئے۔

اور پھر ایک دن، جب قلم رُک جائے گا، اور الفاظ اپنی آخری منزل کو چھو لیں گے، شاید تب پتا چلے کہ اس سفر کا مقصد کیا تھا اور ہم نے اپنی کہانی کے صفحے پر کیا لکھا۔

میرے خیال میں شاید زندگی کا سب سے بڑا راز ہی یہی ہے: تبدیلی کو گلے لگانا، تضادات کو قبول کرنا، اور خود کو پہچاننا۔ جیسے دن رات بدلتے ہیں، ویسے ہی ہم بھی بدلتے ہیں، اور اسی میں ہماری خوبصورتی ہے۔۔۔



تقول اقبال

سمجھتا ہے تو راز ہے زندگی؟
فقط ذوق پرواز ہے زندگی
بہت اس نے دیکھے ہیں پست و بلند
سفر اس کو منزل سے بڑھ کر پسند
سفر زندگی کے لیے برگ و ساز
سفر ہے حقیقت، حضر ہے مجاز
الھجھ کر سلجھنے میں لذت اسے
تڑپنے پھڑکنے میں راحت اسے
سمجھتے ہیں ناداں اسے بے ثبات
ابھرتا ہے مٹ مٹ کے نقش حیات

از: ایڈیٹر اردو

Rising from Fall



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