



SZABIST
UNIVERSITY
ISLAMABAD



ہواخیم زن کاروان بہار
ارم بن گیا دامن کوہسار

Rekindling your springful spirit

ZABMAG
Spring '24

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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.



MUHAMMAD IBRAHIM - DESIGN EDITOR

COMPUTER SCIENCE BACKGROUND AND A PASSION FOR ART AND MUSIC HAVE TURNED ME INTO A VIRTUOSO I ALWAYS YEARNED TO BE. I AM EXCITED I AM PUTTING MYSELF INTO WHAT YOU WILL READ AND ENJOY.



HOORAIN SHAHZAD - DESIGN EDITOR

YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBOURHOOD FINAL-YEAR SOCIAL SCIENCES WIZARD IS HERE! I'VE PERFECTED THE ART OF TURNING COFFEE INTO THEORIES AND THEORIES INTO LAUGHS. I PROMISE, NO SOCIAL THEORIES WERE HARMED IN THE MAKING OF THIS MAGAZINE! HAPPY READING!



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!

نمی دَانم چه منزل بُود (امیر خسرو)

I wonder what was the place where I was last night
(Amir Khusro)

نمی دَانم چه منزل بُود شب جائے کہ من بودم
بہر سُورِ قصِ بے کل بُود شب جائے کہ من بودم

I wonder what was the place where I was last night,
All around me were half-slaughtered victims of love, tossing about in agony.

پری پیکر نگاری، سرو قد، لالہ رخساری
سراپا آفت دل بُود شب جائے کہ من بودم

There was a nymph-like beloved with cypress-like form and tulip-like face
Ruthlessly playing havoc with the hearts of the lovers.

رقیبایاں گوش بر آواز، اودرنواز، من ترساں
سخن گفتن، چه مشکل بُود شب جائے کہ من بودم

The enemies were ready to respond , He was attracting, I was dreading
It was too difficult to speak out there where I was last night.

خدا خود میر مجلس بُود اندر لامکاں خسرو
محمدؐ شمع محفل بُود شب جائے کہ من بودم

God himself was the master of ceremonies in that heavenly court,
Oh Khusrau, where (the face of) the Prophet too was shedding light like a candle

On the Intellectual Poverty and Dullness of the Modern Writer...

A fundamental problem in the social sciences and humanities - particularly, their Western conception - is that the modern writer is expected to transcend emotions while presenting his analysis. Moreover, he needs to demonstrate this convincingly, to avoid being seen as prejudiced in any way.

In biographies this almost always comes at the cost of some form of vilification of the subject. That is, to come out clean, to show his objectivity as a historian, he has to resort to intellectual nitpicking, scrutinising the traits of the protagonist. Sometimes this means to recreate her personality in the cast of the limited archival evidence available, and to pass it on as 'the truth'.

The common thread running through most of these pseudoscientific stories is self-interest. The protagonist is shown to have acted in interest of maximising their political and/or economic power. Thus, the 'dispassionate' and 'incisive' writer thrives upon denigration of the protagonist and offers an apparently analytical slant that claims to be free from emotions.

An unintended consequence of the quest for such 'objectivity' is that - apart from satiation of narcissistic tendencies within the writer - writing has mostly become useless. Almost every 'non-fiction' article or book has the same worn-out 'plot': he, she, they, had this interest or that, which motivated them to pursue a certain action, and/or grow into a certain kind of personality. The winner here is the writer, essentially, the framer of the one being written about.

That a mother, a brother, a king, a sage, a scientist, or a sufi, can just not be benevolent, and be motivated by a higher cause other than greed, comes from the imperative upon the modern writer to situate things in an excruciatingly profane setting - that is also dull and ugly. The underconfident scribe, in a quest for acceptance, embarks on the beaten path of explaining art in mere mechanistic terms, to be accepted in the post-renaissance world.

When you encounter such a write-up - and you will come across many - please give him space, but don't be so dull. The world is a fantastic place, and indeed fantastical.

Dr. Syed Muhammad Usman Masood

Assistant Professor, Management Sciences, SZABIST University, Islamabad

Realm of Resilience

“A LOT CAN HAPPEN BETWEEN NOW AND NEVER.” Life is far too important a thing ever to talk seriously about. What is this brief, immortal life if not the pursuit of a legacy?

Sometimes, I ask myself whether I should truly believe in destiny or legacy, but both are nothing without a meaningful life. No matter how much knowledge we accumulate or what skills or strategies we learn to strive through life, nothing is what it seems. Trust your instincts, for they never lie. I knew you can't judge a book by its cover. However, you can by its first few chapters and certainly by its last.

I came from a very small city in District Mansehra. I grew up in a village where, unfortunately, education is a mystery & opportunities are a cloudy dream. In search of dreams and opportunities, I came to another city to try my luck in a few of the best colleges in Pakistan, alongside ten thousand other students like me who were chasing their dreams and striving through different life stories. Once you cross over, there are things in the darkness that can keep your heart from feeling the light again. Life is full of surprises.

Embrace them, for they are what make us human.

I never felt the real joy of happiness, a sense of achievement, or accomplishment until I received an offer letter from one of the best boarding schools in Pakistan, and of course, my alma mater, “Abbottabad Public School, Abbottabad”. I studied in my village until the 5th grade and then, for the first time in my life, at the age of 13, I decided to move to another city alone where people were unknown, and roads were strange, and never knew a different journey full of envy and possibilities was waiting for me.

In this world, everything has a price. The question is, are you willing to pay it? I still remember that I didn't even know how to knot my tie properly. I always found fear to be my most valuable sense. I was too scared to speak or engage with any of my fellows, and then I spent seven years at boarding school, nothing less than heaven on earth. Living miles away from home and with different people from different cities at such a young age teaches us the best and priceless lessons about life. Everyone has an agenda. The trick is figuring out what it is before they figure out yours. You need to take your opponent's side if you're going to see things the way they do.

Life is all about perception. It's what you make of it that counts. I learned the art of perspective, perception, and patience in a hard way but from the best. People only see what they want to see. It's easier that way. The art of conversation lies in listening. Fight every battle everywhere always in your mind. Everyone is your enemy, everyone is your friend, every possible series of events is happening all at once. Live that way, and nothing will surprise you. Everything that happens will be something that you've seen before. Know your strengths, use them wisely, and one man can be worth ten thousand.

I learned my strengths and weaknesses and how to manage them accordingly. Strength and power are brittle without wisdom. For the first time in my life, I realized life can be hard and yet full of possibilities. Each passing day becomes a memory and a priceless legacy we carry in life forever. After college, now I have to move again to another city for another journey. Four years ago, I came to Islamabad to pursue my bachelor's at Szabist Islamabad, again different people, different city, and new opportunities and a new mindset. Life never remains the same throughout different journeys and different phases of life.

Education is not bound to learning at class but at every moment of life either it is socially or morally. We experience everything the hard way for the first time it happens either it is sadness, happiness, love or incident. The only thing matters is your loyalty and commitment to the experience because the value of loyalty came above all else. And it also teaches you the most priceless lessons about life. Love is more powerful than reason. Commitment is the foundation of the very life and you should stick to it no matter the personal cost. When you've known me longer, you'll learn that I mean everything I say. "Even the lies?" "Especially the lies." Always remember that wisdom is learning the boundaries of one's designated lane, crossing that lane change the core of empathy, love and respect. Positive change is always welcome by everyone but not everyone wants to bring positive change in others life. Change is law and no amount of pretending will alter that reality. I have found in my experience that people rarely change and when they do, they are not to be trusted.

The true measure of a man is not how he behaves in moments of comfort and convenience but how he stands at times of controversy and challenges. I met some amazing people here, and I can see each person has a different life story, a different perspective to see and measure things, but I believe we don't need to make formal alliances with people you trust. As difficult as it sounds, the thing is to stay calm. In whatever environment, give yourself the opportunity to slow down, take a breath, observe, and reflect on the situation that you're in and the path through. Every place has its own vibe and culture, how they behave, what they do, and why they do, it took me two years to understand their perspective. But the real question is, how far can you see things, opportunities, embrace them, analyze them accordingly. I opted for a career of my own choice, made mistakes, learned from them, and repeated the process but never regretted any decision. Regret is the cancer of life. It eats away at your soul until there's nothing left.

What I learned is that everything we hear is an opinion, not a fact. Everything we see is a perspective, not the truth. Never let your emotions cloud your judgment. That's when mistakes are made. Today, I'm 24 years old and after spending almost half of my life away from home, I can say it was all worth it. Now I reflect back at the very beginning when this journey started. I knew many talented people, but now I do believe hard work beats talent every time. Practice what you know, it will help to make clear what you don't know yet.

The first step towards getting somewhere is to decide that you are not going to stay where you are because life always spins around our own made decisions. A psychological mindset works far more than physical effort if we have to aim for the long term. No one should know what you know and what you don't. Your personal self should be three steps deeper than the public one. Why is it that when one man builds a wall, the next man immediately needs to know what's on the other side?

The most powerful psychological mindset I have learned over the years is concentric construction. Are you familiar with Master James of St. George? The favoured architect of Edward I. Do you know why? He literally built castles within castles. Impossible to penetrate. You could breach the outer wall only to be faced with a heavily fortified gatehouse and barbican, and a high inner wall lined with archers. Pity the poor foot soldier who made it that far. The architecture of your mindset should rise stone by stone each year. No one can get inside to hurt you. We all wear masks, some more than others. People always have a way of revealing who they are, but we ignore it because we want them to be who we want them to be. You just have to give them space and time to do so. No mask can be worn forever. Channelling yourself in the right direction into the future by learning from the past is the best approach yet. The past always finds a way to catch up with you. It's just a matter of when. The journey will continue as it builds legacy for the coming one's and never forget "A LOT CAN HAPPEN BETWEEN NOW AND NEVER."

Ahsan Khalid

Student of BS Software Engineering, SZABIST University, Islamabad



Dying October

Watching from afar,
The footsteps are approaching me really fast,
Palpitation & sensation felt in the whole body,
Just like an October flower,
That stays with you,
Blossom you,
You start living your life again,
With a recurring belief that nobody can snatch it away
But who knows that October is just a delusion of healing
scars,
For a while, it makes your life worth living,
Then, a scratching sound of broken glass,
Oh, you heard it, right?
Because you are the victim of this illusionary star
You came back to your old life,
Everything has changed now,
An emotional fool believing in the goodness of the people,
Even after living through many dark nights,
You live the delusion,
Your reflection in the mirror stands out, but your heart is
still there,
Who waits all their life to step into that world again,
The hollowness arrives,
It takes you to the point zero all over again,
The autumn dryness kills you slowly
Until October hits you hard again to face its wrath readily!

Rameesha Sheikh

Student of MS-Media Studies, SZABIST University, Islamabad

Enlightened Pain

Pain shows us the light in the darkness
It nurtures our personality
We want to get rid of it
But it lasts forever as a loyal partner
People regret because they feel pain makes them unworthy
The reality is;
You lose yourself in light of happiness

What you seek is seeking you. Janise, the name as everyone regards it "The Gift of God," but her personality embeds insecurity and fears. A short-heighted girl brought up with inner scars, a lone person living an aimless life. She belongs to an upper-middle-class family, easily influenced by the glittering personas of others.

One fine morning, Janise encounters a physically challenged girl in a park. Nirma, MPhil student of social sciences. Janise, being absent-minded, is spending her me-time sitting on a bench. Suddenly, she sees a girl with a walker beside her. Both are unaware of what lies ahead of them. Janise quietly observes Nirma. She couldn't stop herself and started approaching her. There is some magic in the air that attracts Janise towards her. Both of them instantly felt a deep connection. After formal greetings, without any hesitation, Nirma starts sharing her upheaval journey. Nirma's parents put their heart and soul into giving her the confidence to face the devilish norms.

Her life span of 24 years was a roller coaster ride one can't dream of. The pain, the agony at the hands of your relatives, society, and the way she dealt with her inner turmoil. Janise wondered and asked her curiously, "How did you gain this strength from?" Her response left Janise speechless, and she almost lost consciousness momentarily. Nirma responded hesitantly, "My childhood friend shared a few lines with me, and she read somewhere that pain stays with you as a loyal partner. People regret because they want to get rid of pain so it won't make them unworthy, but in reality, people lose themselves in pursuit of happiness.... These lines were so powerful, so poetic...

For me, it is something enlightened pain that keeps you moving." Nirma's father gives Janise water to comfort her. Janise constantly thinks about Nirma and scrolls her Instagram.

Ten Years ago, Islamabad

A girl, 17 years old, was crying at night. The dim yellowish LED lights lit up the room and slightly removed the horrific darkness. That teenage girl picked up a pen and wrote down a few lines:

“Oh God, tighten up my heart with your love and show me the guiding light, so peoples’ taunts and ridiculous remarks about my physical appearance won't let my self-esteem down.

Pain shows us the light in the darkness

It nurtures our personality

We want to get rid of it

But it lasts forever as a loyal partner

People regret because they feel pain makes them unworthy

The reality is;

You lose yourself in light of happiness!”

Present Moment

The phrases “Enlightened Pain” and “Guiding Path” stuck in Janise’s mind. She turns the first page of her diary and reads the prayer aloud that she made at a tender age.

Nirma repeated the lines once written by Janise during the phase of emotional breakdown and the very reason behind her dizziness in the park.

One year later, Janise dives into the social-political arena to serve her community. She is again sitting on the same bench, the same park where she met Nirma. Janise sees a girl again with a walker. Suddenly she starts jumping and in a high-pitched voice calling that girl, “Oh Gosh! Nirma”. Nirma, on the other side, breathes deeply.

She stayed silent without uttering a word. Janise was taken aback, thinking Nirma had forgotten their first encounter. Janise moved away and turned her back. A shuddered voice hits her ears:

“I told you that your pain will show you the light because darkness cannot erase the darkness, but light, the guiding light, will heal you.”

With teary eyes, Nirma tries to stand on her feet without the support of a walker and takes a few steps toward Janise. Janise couldn’t believe her eyes. She again rushed to hug her, and their spiritual-magnetic connection changed their pathways. Janise earns high self-esteem after getting inspired by Nirma, and Nirma finds motivation to take a step forward from Janise's journey and consistent struggle with her inner scars and trauma.

Rameesha Sheikh

Student of MS-Media Studies, SZABIST University, Islamabad

A Journey from Golden Ages to Dark Ages.

During its peak, Rome reigned as the most dominant empire globally, a time when paganism was prevalent and religion was of little concern to states or entities. Rome was a force to be reckoned with, conquering any empire that crossed its path. However, the rise of Christianity marked a shift from the pursuit of imperial glory to religious devotion. The Bible was translated into Latin, becoming the cornerstone of the masses' faith.

The Roman Empire split into East and West, dividing Christianity into Orthodoxy and Catholicism. The East adopted Arabic due to reverence for the Quran and teachings of Prophet Muhammad . The Western population faced challenges with Christian doctrines and Latin jargon, leading to Protestantism and a gradual departure from traditional Christian beliefs. The rivalry between the East and West often symbolized the rise of one civilization at the expense of the other. Eastern society strayed from fundamental principles of Islam and succumbed to Western influence due to colonization, duplicity of leaders, and the allure of Western ideals. This led to a diminished understanding of their faith and monopolized Islamic knowledge through Arabic, by religious leaders.

The decline of the East's once great empires - the Abbasid Caliphate, Ayyubid Sultanate, Ottoman Empire, Mughal Empire, Delhi Sultanate, Khwarazmian Empire, and many others - can be attributed to a shift in priorities towards power and wealth. This shift led to a loss of the foundational principles of Islam, which had been instrumental in the past glories and Golden Age of our civilizations. As a result, we ceased to achieve victories like those at Badr, Yarmouk, and Panipat, or to make conquests of cities such as Mecca, Jerusalem, Constantinople, Ctesiphon, Cordoba, Daibal, and Edessa.

Gone are the days when our enemies fell at our hands, such as Abu Jahl, Rustam, Shivaji, Reynold, Vlad, and Raja Dahir. The faith and fervor that once fueled our successes and glorified the Almighty Creator have waned, leading us into a prolonged period of decline known as our Dark Ages. The allure of Western propaganda has further distanced us from our roots, perpetuating this decline.

It is imperative that we rekindle the elements of faith and devotion that characterized our Golden Age if we are to reclaim our former glories. By doing so, we can once again rise to greatness and achieve victories that will be remembered for generations to come.

Syed Anis U Rahman

Student of BS Social Sciences, SZABIST, Islamabad

The Dilemma of Chasing Dream

At least once in our lives, we reach a point where we have everything we have ever dreamed of. However, suddenly, with one wave of reality, it all seems to vanish. A similar thing happened to me in my life. I got this realization that, even when all our dreams come true, there exists a poignant gap between accomplishment and true satisfaction. Sometimes, when you attain all the satisfaction, you still feel that something is missing in life because of the things you left behind just to accomplish the dreams you've had. But, in the end, those things turn out to be your nightmare; reality carries away all the things you have in your life—sometimes breathtaking views do not guarantee an enduring sense of joy. Continuing to chase your dreams does not guarantee that you will have all the happiness or satisfaction afterward. Life is unpredictable; we are not sure whether we will live another second or not. So why are we chasing dreams and not living in reality? Why are we carrying the burdens of the past and the tensions of the future, not enjoying the time we have in our life? Maybe this second of our life is all that we have.

In the dance between dreams and reality, we confront the profound truth that fulfillment is a dynamic state, a journey rather than a destination. We should just embrace the unpredictability of life so that even when the waves of reality threaten to wash away our dreams, they leave behind the beauty of the journey that we have.

Hira Shehzad Malik
Student of BSAF, SZABIST University, Islamabad

Nostalgia Culture

Times are rapidly changing and greatly evolving. Everyone is running a marathon in attempt to stand out, catch up and keep up with the ever-changing norms,. Amidst all this, lies an urge, a yearning for something familiar, soothing, giving a sense of solace. Nostalgia is something we all look for, even in the smallest things. This feeling ignites a longingness to bring back the magic of the earlier years and experiences.

Nostalgia culture mirrors the human desire to, in a way, link to the past and relive the past; memories, moments, reminisce times with our loved ones, after all, those events and times shape who we are. This influences our day to day lives, music, movies, and much more.

For instance, in the realm of entertainment, we sense a touch of nostalgia. Classics such as those of Frank Sinatra, Elvis, George Michael in Hollywood, remakes, and covers of Muhammad Raffi, Kishore Kumar, and Lata Mangeshkar bring back the good times for the older generations and introduce Gen-Z and Millennials to the classics. Life comes full circle.

Producers and directors cash and capitalize on nostalgia, by recreating films such as The Legend of Maula Jatt, live action adaptations of The Lion King, the Beauty and the Beast carry a sense of nostalgia. I remember watching these original Disney films on CDs and VCRs (I'm not that old, I promise), the remakes and newer versions take me back to the simpler times.

Maybe social media has a role too, in bringing back these memories. Sharing childhood pictures, videos, taking part in throwback/flashback challenges brings back the fond memories and gives us solace. For the newer generation, social media is your time capsule, and one day, looking back on it will bring a smile on your face.

Nostalgia shapes who we are. We honor and have a strong sense of heritage and belonging, accompanied by the motivation to move forward and explore what life has in store for us. It keeps us grounded and focused in this oh-so-rapidly changing world.

Perisha Syed

Student of BS Social Sciences, SZABIST University, Islamabad

Pictorial Highlights Spring '24



Pictorial Highlights Spring '24



وائے اقوام مشرق

(راشدہ سیف)

مجھے افسوس ہوتا ہے تمام اقوام مشرق پر
کہ جن کی تنگ گلیوں میں
جہاں کی وسعتیں محدود ہوتی ہیں
جہاں پر آسمان کا رنگ ہر دم سرخ رہتا ہے
جہاں انسانیت کی روح مردہ ہے
فقط انسان زندہ ہے
مجھے افسوس ہوتا ہے
مجھے افسوس ہوتا ہے تمام اقوام مشرق پر
کہ جن کے علم کے روشن صحیفے آج بھی اب تک
کتب خانوں نے مغرب کے سنبھالے اس طرح جیسے
کہ علم وقت کا داعی ان سے بہتر ہونے نہیں سکتا
مگر یہ اہل مشرق مفلس و نادار و دریدہ
کہ جن کے ہاتھ خالی ہیں
کہ ان کی سرخ آنکھوں سے
شکستہ خواب کی سب کرچیاں
لہو بن کر ٹپکتی ہیں
مجھے افسوس ہوتا ہے
مجھے افسوس ہوتا ہے تمام اقوام مشرق پر
کہ جن کے بحر و بر کوہ و دمن سب دشت اور صحرا
رکھے ہیں رہن غیروں نے

ڈاکٹر راشدہ قریشی

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

یہ معاشرہ

(ڈاکٹر ہاشق)

یہ مردہ دل اجل نما	ہے دل گرفتہ سچ یہاں	عجب معاشرہ ہے یہ
نفوس کا ہجوم ہے	جوئل سکے نہ دل کبھی، یہ ان	فہم سے ماورہ ہے یہ
جو زندگی کی لاش کو	دلوں کا مرثیہ ہے، کر بناک ساز ہے	محببتوں کا قتل ہے
اٹھائے پھر رہے ہیں سب	وہ خواب جو ہوئے فنا	ہے نفرتوں کا کارواں
وہ ظلمتوں کا وار ہے کہ جس کے	یہ سپنے وہ ہیں بے اماں	شرافتوں میں جل مرے
ہاتھوں زندگی کا ہر چراغ بجھ گیا	یہ قتل بے حساب ہے	نفوس کی چتا ہے یہ
عجب معاشرہ ہے یہ	یہ روح میں جلتی آگ ہے	نفاستوں کی موت ہے، نزاکتوں
فہم سے ماورہ ہے یہ	وہ جس میں بیٹوں کے مان	کی دلخراش چیخ ہے فغاں ہے یہ
	جل گئے وہ راکھ ہے	یہ جھوٹ پھوٹنے کو ہے

گلیوں کے کتے

نجیب بھی ہو، خلیق بھی ہو	سگان کو چہ سلام تم پر
وضوح و حرمت کا جام ہو تم	وفاؤں کا اک جہان ہو تم
ہیں کیوں یہ لعنت بجان تم پر	حدِ محبت تمام تم پر
کہہ پر تو مہر و ماہ ہو تم	پناہِ آشفۃ جان ہو تم

ڈاکٹر ہاشق

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

غزل (ڈاکٹر واجد حسین)

زمیں! تُو نے بھی اپنی گود میں کیا لال رکھے ہیں
غضب جن کے تو سُل سے فلک نے ٹال رکھے ہیں
تمہارے وصل کی خاطر بجائے ہجر میں آنسو
غموں کے قیمتی موتی خوشی میں ڈھال رکھے ہیں
خدا نے رکھ دیے ہیں شاعری میں بھی مجدد کچھ
کہیں رومی، کہیں غالب، کہیں اقبال رکھے ہیں
تعجب میں فلک والے بھی آنکھیں پھاڑ کر دکھیں
زمیں والوں نے کیا کیا دل میں فتنے پال رکھے ہیں
ملے ہو بعد مدت کے تو کر لو کچھ توقف بھی
خدا معلوم کتنے ہجر کے پھر سال رکھے ہیں
نہ پائے چین میرا دل کسی بھی دور میں واجد
سبھی تاریخ کے ادوار تک کھنگال رکھے ہیں

ڈاکٹر واجد حسین

اسٹنٹ پروفیسر، سوشل سائنسز ڈیپارٹمنٹ، زیپسٹ یونیورسٹی، اسلام آباد

آئینہ

(اسما جاوید)

چلتے چلتے ایک دم ٹھوکر سی لگی۔ ہڑبڑا کر نیچے دیکھا تو جوس کا خالی ڈبہ تھا۔۔۔ یا شاید اس میں کچھ جوس ابھی باقی تھا۔ پہلے تو میں جھنجھلایا مگر پھر دوبارہ گھر کی جانب چل پڑا۔

”مجھے ہی دیکھنا چاہیے تھا۔ اللہ جانے میری نظر کہاں تھی۔ غلطی میری ہے۔۔۔“

اچانک ایک خیال میرے دماغ میں کوندا۔ ”یہ میں خود کو الزام کیوں دے رہا ہوں۔ غلطی تو اس کی ہے جس نے یہ ڈبہ پھینکا۔ نہایت بدتمیز اور بداخلاق ہوگا جس نے یہ ڈبہ پھینکا۔ جوس خریدنے کی استطاعت ہے، یہ نہیں جانتے ڈبہ کہاں پھینکنا ہے۔“

میرا پارہ چڑھنے لگا۔ یہی سوچتے سوچتے میں گھر کے کنارے تک آپہنچا۔ بچے باہر کھیل ہی رہے تھے۔ ان کو ہنستے کھلکھلاتے دیکھ کر میری ساری کوفت خود بخود دور ہو گئی۔ بچوں نے مجھے دیکھا تو میری جانب لپکے،

”ابو آگئے ابو آگئے“

”چلیں چلیں“

”مارکیٹ چلیں“

”کل چھٹی ہے۔ آپ نے وعدہ کیا تھا“

”ٹھیک ہے چلتے ہیں۔ بس میں آپ کی امی اور مٹے کو بھی اندر سے بلا لوں۔ منہ ہاتھ دھو کر ہم سب ابھی تھوڑی دیر میں چلتے ہیں“

میں نے انہیں تسلی دی اور ہم گھر کے اندر آ گئے۔

تھوڑی دیر میں ہم سب تیار ہو کر مارکیٹ کی جانب رواں دواں تھے۔ مارکیٹ کچھ ہی قریب تھی تو ہم پیدل ہی اس کی جانب چل پڑے۔ اچانک ایک چھوٹی سی چیخ نے میرے قدم روک دیے۔

یہ چیخ فوراً ہی زور زور سے رونے میں بدل گئی۔ چھوٹے بیٹے کا پاؤں پھسلا اور وہ نیچے پڑی اینٹ سے جا ٹکرایا۔

”میرا گھٹنہ“

کیلے کے چھلکے نے اس کو ایک لمحہ کے لیے بھی سنبھلنے کا موقع نہیں دیا۔ بیگم نے فوراً اس کو اپنی گود میں اٹھالیا۔

”کچھ نہیں ہوا بیٹا“

”کچھ نہیں ہوا بیٹا“

وہ فوراً سے اس کا گھٹنہ سہلانے لگی، ”بس ابھی ٹھیک ہو جائے گی۔

”بس کچھ بھی نہیں ہوا“

”وہ دیکھو آئس کریم والا“

”چلو چلو جلدی چلو، کہیں آئس کریم ختم ہی نہ ہو جائے“

آئس کریم ختم نہ ہو جائے، بیٹا اس ڈر سے تھوڑی ہی دور جا کر اپنا درد بھول گیا اور ہم بھاگ مارکیٹ پہنچے کہ کہیں اسے درد دوبارہ یاد نہ آجائے۔

بیگم نے چاٹ ڈبے میں ڈلوائی تو بیٹے نے شوارما خریدا۔ اور چھوٹے میاں نے تو آئس کریم ہی خریدنی تھی۔ خریداری کرنے کے بعد ہم کھاتے کھاتے گھر کی جانب واپس چل پڑے۔

”دہی لگتا ہے پرانا ہے کہیں میرا پیٹ ہی خراب نہ ہو جائے“

بیگم نے یہ کہتے ہی چاٹ کا ڈبہ سائیڈ پر پھینک دیا

”خوامخواہ پیسے ضائع کیے“، وہ بڑبڑائی

”پتہ نہیں کون سا دہی ڈالا ہے آج“

تھوڑی دور جا کر بیٹے کا برگر ختم ہو گیا تو اس نے بڑے اہتمام سے اس کے کاغذ کا گولا بنایا اور دور کسی چیز کو تاک کر نشانہ لگایا، مگر شائد اندھیرے میں نشانہ خطا ہو گیا اور وہ کاغذ کا بال و ہیں ہمارے قدموں کے آس پاس آگرا۔ خدا کی کرنی اسی وقت منے کی آئس کریم گر گئی اور پھر اس کا رونا دھونا دوبارہ شروع۔

اس سے پہلے کہ لوگ ہماری طرف متوجہ ہوتے ہم نے گھر کی طرف قدم بڑھانے کی ٹھانی۔ اسی اثناء میں پیچھے سے آواز آئی

”ہائے میں مر گئی“

پیچھے مڑ کر دیکھا تو چاٹ کے ڈبے پر سے ایک بوڑھی عورت کا پاؤں رپٹ گیا تھا اور وہ سڑک پر چاروں شانے چت لیٹی تھی

”بیڑا غرق اس کا جس نے یہ ڈبہ پھینکا“

”کھانے کے پیسے ہیں“

”تمیز دھیلے کی نہیں“

”اوہ تیرا ستیاناس“

اللہ پوچھے“

اسما جاوید

لیکچرر، میڈیا سائنسز ڈیپارٹمنٹ، زپسٹ یونیورسٹی، اسلام آباد

وہ شہید زندہ ہیں کشمیر اور فلسطین کے نام راشدہ سیف

فتح کے فسانوں میں	خون بھر گئے ہیں سب	جب شام کا گلگوں سورج
خون کے نشانوں میں	وہ شہید زندہ ہیں	آزاد وطن کی فضاؤں میں
درد کی زبانوں میں	اس شفق کی لالی میں	مغز بی سمت ڈوب جائے گا
طبل جنگ کی تانوں میں	اس لہو کی سرخی میں	تب شفق کی لالی میں
وہ شہید زندہ ہیں	اس بدن کی گرمی میں	ان حسین چہروں کی
وہ شہید زندہ ہیں	اس زمیں کی خوشبو میں	دل کشا جھلک ہوگی
قمریوں کے گیتوں میں	وہ شہید زندہ ہیں	دھوپ میں جو جلتے تھے
پرتوں کے سینے میں	وہ شہید زندہ ہیں	اور کڑی مشقت میں
دلہنوں کے چہروں میں	ان ہوا کے جھونکوں میں	ہر محاذ پر آگے
پھول کے نگینوں میں	ساتھیوں کی پلکوں میں	اس وطن کی خاطر جو
وہ شہید زندہ ہیں	کپکپاتے ہونٹوں میں	لٹ گئے ہیں راہوں میں
	جھلملاتی آنکھوں میں	کٹ گئے محاذوں پر
	وہ شہید زندہ ہیں	پروطن کے غارے میں
	وہ شہید زندہ ہیں	اور شفق کے رنگوں میں

ڈاکٹر راشدہ قریشی

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

غزل

(ڈاکٹر واجد حسین)

قطرہ ہوا لہو، کبھی دریا ہوا لہو
ہے وسعتِ جہان میں پھیلا ہوا لہو
دل بھی ہوا سفید، ہے سینہ جگر سفید
ہر شخص کی ہے آنکھ میں اترا ہوا لہو
اشکوں نے مٹتوں سے جو رونا کیا تھا بند
پلکوں سے پھر رواں ہوا ہنستا ہوا لہو
دنیا ہے آج گنگ، فلسطین میں مگر
کیوں شور کر رہا ہے تڑپتا ہوا لہو
واجد لہو لہو یہ گلستانِ دل ہوا
کلیاں ہوئیں لہو بھی، لالہ ہوا لہو

ڈاکٹر واجد حسین

اسٹنٹ پروفیسر، سوشل سائنسز ڈیپارٹمنٹ، زیپسٹ یونیورسٹی، اسلام آباد

حال سنو اک بستی کا۔۔۔

(ڈاکٹر محمد شفیق، بشکریہ ڈاکٹر واجد حسین برائے تصحیح)

حال سنو اک بستی کا جہاں عشق کے پیروکار
عمل سے عاری کرتے تھے سب جذبوں کا اظہار
دین سے رغبت بھی تھی ان کو تھا اسلام سے پیار
کٹ مرنے پر دین کی خاطر رہتے تھے تیار
قرآن کو چوم کے آنکھوں سے تھے رکھتے زیب طاق
اور آیات کے ڈال کے رکھتے اپنے گلے میں ہار
دین سے ان کو پیار بہت تھا اور خدا سے عشق
نبی ﷺ کی خاطر جان بھی دے دیں ایسا تھا اظہار
عشق، جنون، محبت، الفت، سب جذبے تھے پاس
اک جذبے سے عاری تھے جو جذبہ تھا کردار
ایمان کی دولت دل میں لیکن دھوکے کا بھی پاس
سچ کا تھا احساس بھی لیکن جھوٹ سے بھی تھا پیار
حال ہماری بستی کا بھی الگ نہیں شفیق
حق کی بجائے باطل پر اب اپنا انحصار

ڈاکٹر محمد شفیق

اسٹنٹ پروفیسر، مینجمنٹ سائنسز ڈیپارٹمنٹ، زیپسٹ یونیورسٹی، اسلام آباد

غزل

(محمد یاسر)

یہ سردشام، یہ ترے خیال کی خوشبو
ہوا چلی تو نکل آئی شال کی خوشبو
عجیب طرح کا موسم ہے یہ اداسی بھی
فضا میں پھیل گئی ہے ملال کی خوشبو
نکال کر مجھے لائی ہے دشت و صحرا میں
مرے وجود میں رقصاں غزال کی خوشبو
مرے طیب مرے دل میں دونوں رہ جائیں
یہ رنگ زخم کا اور اندمال کی خوشبو
یہ زرد رنگ کا چہرہ، یہ سرخ رنگ گلاب
مہک رہی ہے بدن میں وصال کی خوشبو

محمد یاسر

سٹوڈنٹ آف مینجمنٹ سائنسز، زیپسٹ یونیورسٹی اسلام آباد

غزل

آج شیشے میں جام کتنا ہے
دیکھیے انتظام کتنا ہے
مختصر وصل کی ہے شب گرچہ
عمر کو بھی دوام کتنا ہے
ہجر کو وصل سے ملاتے ہیں
آنسوؤں کو بھی کام کتنا ہے
ان کی نظروں میں قدر کتنی ہے
ان کے دل میں مقام کتنا ہے
درد دے کر بھی پوچھتے ہیں حضور
صبح کتنا ہے، شام کتنا ہے
آج کیسے مزاج ہیں زینب
سوز کیسا، کلام کتنا ہے

زینب الغزالی

سٹوڈنٹ سوشل سائنسز ڈیپارٹمنٹ، زینسٹ یونیورسٹی، اسلام آباد





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