

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

*Rising from Fall*



**ZABMAG**

*Fall '23*

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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



### 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!



### 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!



### 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!



### 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.





## *It Was an April Morning*

It was an April morning: fresh and clear  
Stood in front of holy, giant grandeur  
With no hindrances that stood between  
Feeling amazed cool, calm and clean  
Realized the meaning of God in real  
The Gracious and Merciful, the One and the Supreme  
He has the right to be worshipped alone  
He is eternal and was not born  
The call of every Azan takes me there  
And I pray to have another April morning for prayer

(Dr. Iffat Rasool , Associate Professor,  
Management Sciences, SZABIST, Islamabad)



## **From the River to the Sea...**

As the social media connected the world, so did it lay many bare. Pick up any fancy cause which requires no more than a sub-optimal level of intelligence to understand, pretend you're worked up, begin advocacy for a non-issue, raise hell on earth, and you'll meteorically rise to be hailed as a conscientious voice for whatever is in vogue among other arm-chair moralists vying for spotlight.

Only if these run-of-the-mill activists, who seem to hold the world's pain in their chests otherwise, didn't switch to a deaf-dumb-blind when a moral carnage would be unfolding right before their eyes, their theatrical social piety wouldn't be such a problem.

But at the mere hint of approaching a crossroads, not moral but social - when a moral choice clashes with their social circle and may dent their prospects for material growth - they let the social bulldoze the moral with such delusive equanimity that one would rather believe their poker faces than the heat of the bleeding stab in one's back...

(Dr. Syed Muhammad Usman Masood, Assistant Professor,  
Management Sciences, SZABIST, Islamabad)



# The Real Legacy of Iqbal and the Virtual Reductionism of Our Times

You must have watched Hollywood movies where the robots go berserk and spontaneously transform into a formidable enemy threatening the existence of the Real.

Today, our real lives are at stake where the virtual is pervading through us, and before we can realize we are ourselves paving the way for the Unreal to take hold of the Real, hence becoming our own enemy.

Living in the digital era, we are, more anxiously than ever before, seeking a more lucid version of our ideals. More deplorably, however perverse the virtually achieved version may appear, since we have also invested in the pursuit of our emotions which are being constantly maneuvered by persistent visual sensations, the reconstructed identity emerges as a reassured identity for us to thenceforth live by.

Iqbal, who, as an identity has reached us as a trailing legacy through the succeeding literati and scholars, who had been contributing to the aura he cultivated, is also going through his reconstruction by social media pundits and the developments, until now, must have shocked the legend himself. In his own words:

*Iqbal Bhi Iqbal Se Agah Nahin Hai*

*Kuch Iss Mein Tamaskhar Nahin, Wallah Nahin Hai*

*To Iqbal of Iqbal little knowledge is given.*

*I say this not jesting – not, jesting by heaven!*

His proclamation of ignorance from self, even if witty, was a deeply humbling profession, but the issue is a grave one when applied to every other arm-chair critic, trying to get into the legend's shoes. Fortunately, it's not unidentifiable!

The issue is arising from the way we are trying to settle down our skepticism that should, otherwise, very subtly sustain our curiosity in the pursuit of our ideals and reconstruction of our identities. And there is none, too, other than Iqbal who could guide us in reorienting our skepticism justly.

Iqbal can guide us because he, epitomizing, at once, the impulse of a poet, the urge of a philosopher and the insight of a mystic, endures the skeptical unease from the sublime to the sublunary, and the other way round. His poetry underpins a perpetual struggle for the settlement of his perennial curiosity, which, at times, desperately seeks the most sublime in a daring visual representation:

*Kabhi Ae Haqeeqat-e-Muntazar! Nazar A Libas-e-Majaz Mein  
Ke Hazaron Sajde Tarap Rahe Hain Meri Jabeen-e-Niaz Men*

*For once O awaited Reality, reveal Yourself in a form material  
For a thousand prostrations are quivering eagerly in my submissive brow.*

Yet, he never lets his immediate sense impressions-based imaginations prompt any illusion by cheating his skeptical urge on the way to seek the Reality most objectively. His skeptical curiosity manages to find its way through very subtly and never falls susceptible to any immediate judgment or even gullible to any reverie:

*Matah-e-Bebaha Hai Dard-o-Sauz-e-Arzu Mandi  
Maqam-e-Bandagi De Kar Na Lun Shan-e-Khudawandi*

*Slow fire of longing - wealth beyond compare;  
I will not change my prayer-mat for Heaven's chair!*

But, neither his urge is a poetic ecstasy that should seek pleasure in rambling adrift; nor is his skepticism merely a philosophical doubt that, at maximum, attempts to demystify the Reality intellectually. His skeptical urge is inspired and illuminated by the mystic in him who is most serious yet, at the same time, most cheerful - and it is this cheerful vision which not only distinguishes Iqbal from other mystics but makes him most practical as well as most inspiring for us to learn from.

And what we learn from him is a constant sense of realization of a grand challenge for us out there, which is to meaningfully contribute in the creative process of this world, where even time, which is otherwise destiny, has itself to yield to us.

*Abas! Ay Shikwa-e-Taqdeer-e-Yazdan  
Tu Khud Taqdeer-e-Yazdan Kiyun Nahin Hay*

*It is pointless to complain of God's decree -  
Why are you not God's decree?*

This consciousness, which he terms our appreciative self, illuminates our practical wisdom so that we should perform our mutual relations magnanimously.

*Mann Ki Doulat Hath Ati Hai To Phir Jati Nahin  
Tann Ki Doulat Chaon Hai, Ata Hai Dhan Jata Hai Dhan*



*Treasure of the soul once won is never lost again*

*Treasure gold, a shadow – wealth soon comes and soon takes flight.*

Unfortunately, on social media, Iqbal's representation continues to grow largely spurious. Even, fragments that belong to him are being celebrated on digital platforms mainly for the contextual coherence for visual sensations triggered by and leading to multifarious agendas and propaganda.

Since the regulation of social media is already a critical challenge with complications ruling out, at least seemingly, any reasonable implementation, institutions working on Iqbal should immediately come to the fore and constitute a substantial social media repository for the legend's intellectual heritage so that the real thought should be transmitted onward for the realization of his true vision, the way he had himself envisaged:

*Ziarat Gah-e-Ahl-e-Azm-o-Himmat Hai Lahad Meri  
Ke Khak-e-Rah Ko Mein Ne Bataya Raaz-e-Alwandi*

*Bold hearts, firm souls, come pilgrim to my tomb;  
I taught poor dust to tower hill-high in air.*

(Dr. Wajid Hussain, Assistant Professor,  
Social Sciences, SZABIST, Islamabad)

# THE TWO FEASTS

Seven in the evening, it was almost dark outside. The sun had set at the horizon, and its hues were merging into the vast calm blue ocean. The amalgamation of soft orange color of the sun with the smoky grey clouds and dull, blue ocean had a magical effect on the surroundings. The sun, leaving all its glory, was all set to dive into the vastness of the ocean. The natural light of the sun gave way to the artificial twinkles of the road lights. Although light was replaced, the warmth could not be.

There are a few things in this world whose replacements are not possible. The air was filled with uncomfortable chilliness. But inside this busy restaurant, it was warm and cozy. The entire place was filled with life-warm and welcoming. It was partly because of the atmosphere created by the designers of the restaurant, and partly because of the lively customers who had gathered there to have supper. It was that time of the day when people got free from their daily jobs, and preferred to spend some time with their friends so that they could save the weekend's fun of having rest all day.

Among all other customers, there was one group that filled the entire restaurant with life that evening. It was a group of youngsters-boys and girls-wearing their graduation robes. Quite obviously, they had gathered there to celebrate their graduation. While waiting for their order, they were singing loud. Sometimes standing and dancing around their tables, they were the source of amusement for other customers around. Alternately, they were also repeating their graduation speeches-this time with more enthusiasm and confidence. Every speech, song, and dance was followed by a huge round of applause by the group members. Sometimes other customers also joined in to appreciate them. Their discussions were also so loud that everyone around knew that they were planning for an adventurous trip together.

Then their wait was over. The food they had ordered came. Three waiters had come together for the serving. Starting from one corner of the table, one waiter placed a platter of chicken nuggets along with potato wedges that were served with a mayonnaise dip. Meanwhile, in another corner, another waiter placed a dish full of bar-b-que chops on a bed of hash browns. This was served along with hot bar-b-q sauce. In the center, the third waiter placed a huge platter of roasted turkey with grilled vegetables as a sideline. The first waiter then brought individual glass goblets filled with fresh lime, and placed them in front of each customer on the table. One of the group-mates held a serrated knife in his hand, and after all the others chanted "Let the feast begin", he cut a piece out of the roasted turkey. Their feast had begun.

Meanwhile, outside the restaurant, there was hustle and bustle too. A group of children was sitting at the footpath outside the restaurant back door. Their giggling and shouting merrily



was proof that they were also celebrating something. They sang songs in a rustic tone danced around in a very crude manner. Then their food came, and all of them hurriedly grabbed whatever they could get hold of. After this little activity of competing for food, they shouted in a conquering manner. They did not have glass goblets filled with fresh lime. Instead, they quenched their thirst with the water coming from a tap fixed at the back of the restaurant building. Those children had their feast out of the left-over food from the restaurant, and left the place satisfied with bellies full of food for at least one night.

(Ms. Sana Jaffery, Lecturer English,  
Department of Computer Science, SZABIST, Islamabad)

## *Only Human*

If I were a tree,  
standing tall and firm,

Rooted to my place,  
immune to gusts of wind.

If I were a bird,  
soaring through the sky,

Hunted for my feather,  
when they refuse to hide.

If I were a cloud,  
far higher than your thoughts,

Empty mists of water,  
the misfortune of your droughts.

If I were a flower,  
vibrant and blooming,

Plucked out of place,  
to fulfill for your kin.

But I am a human,  
I am all these things.

My roots, my wings, my petals,  
are tied to all these strings.

(Hoorain Shahzad, Student of Social Sciences,  
SZABIST, Islamabad)

## How Much is Too Much?

Living beyond the borders of Palestine, one cannot compare or in the slightest feel what those people feel. The underlying questions are: How much is 'too much' and what have the people done to deserve this?

Just the mere mention of Palestine ignites a cascade of emotions, which resonate with many; enduring the unimaginable loss, pain, and heartache. Palestinians have threads of grief, plaited with hope, a ray of sunshine, representing and reflecting their unparalleled spirit. Generations have been wiped, while some hold memories of the places and people they once called 'home.'

Imagine carrying the bodies of your loved ones, one by one. Searching for your people, your family under the rubble, with missiles flying over. Chills and goosebumps. While writing, my mind is flashing the images of children covered in blood, the elderly and the injured fighting for their lives in rescue camps and hospitals, and newborns fighting for their lives in the NICU. The tiny souls haven't even had the chance to open their eyes, live their lives, or go out into the 'open.' Those children out there are fighting a war they have no idea about. What are they paying for?

What's mindboggling is the fact that despite the current and ongoing situation, very few countries are taking a stand for them. The world is divided, probably more than Palestine. At least their faith and unity stand firm under the Israeli occupation and genocide.

Sitting in the comfort of our home, our room, we scroll and nearly two months later, still see the apocalyptic scenes coming right out of Palestine. When it gets 'too much' for us to see the visuals of the war at hand, we turn off our phones, laptops, and apps. But what about the people of Palestine, struggling to survive, uncertain to see another day? They have no escape. Maybe their dreams are their safe heaven, where it's all gardens, sunshine, rainbows, and all they wished they had. They dream of a place where everything is normal, hearts and homes are not shattered on a daily, and they don't have to evacuate and flee. Those who flee never have a place to call their own and ultimately just settle for the sake of normality.

With war, such as that of Syria, we see that immigrants barely make it, they're lucky if they do, and if they do, their life depends on the mercy of the states they're moving to. Some make it, some don't. God forbid, in the case of disaster, bodies wash up on shore. I'm sure that we haven't forgotten the image of the Syrian boy, whose body was found on shore.

Back to Palestine. The people inspire us to fight our battles, stand firm, and mostly inspire us to have faith in God. And I really do think that's their main source of patience, resilience, and sustenance.



## *Conquering Fear and Finding Perspective*

The article emphasizes the importance of facing fears and taking on challenges to gain a new perspective and feel a sense of accomplishment.

My name is Salman Karim. Originally from Hunza, I have been living in the capital for the past seven years. Currently, I am pursuing a Bachelor's degree in Computer Science from SZABIST Islamabad. In my free time, I enjoy writing stories and articles as a hobby.

The Breathtaking Views atop Hunza's Abandoned Chimney Tower Perched high above the Hunza Valley, an abandoned chimney tower has become an unlikely tourist destination. The nearly 400-foot-tall structure, located just 20 meters from the famed Karakoram Highway (KKH), was originally constructed by Chinese engineers who hoped to manufacture cement using minerals found in the nearby mountains. However, the project failed due to lack of proper soil analysis.

While the factory complex around it now sits empty, the chimney tower itself has taken on a second life as a thrill-seeking tourist attraction. Intrepid visitors climb the tower using only minimal steel rods jutting out from the structure for support. Upon reaching the top, they are rewarded with a 360-degree panoramic view of the surrounding Hunza Valley which is nothing short of spectacular. For some, climbing the rickety tower has become a competition of sorts among friends or touring groups. The first person to successfully reach the top earns bragging rights as the bravest and luckiest for getting to take in the views that can only be captured from this precarious perch.

One of the biggest viral trends associated with the chimney tower is capturing dramatic selfies while clinging hundreds of feet in the air. After the initial climb, visitors stand on the tiny platform at the top and try to carefully take their phones out to snap photos of themselves with one hand while holding on for dear life with the other. It's a pulse-pounding maneuver that delivers huge rewards in terms of photos and memories that last a lifetime.

The journey downward is almost as harrowing as the initial ascent. But those who complete the feat are left with an immense sense of accomplishment, eager to tell the tales of their brush with adrenaline. In the age of social media, photos from atop the abandoned tower have spread far and wide online, beckoning other adventure seekers to Hunza to create their memories.

While undoubtedly risky, the experience of conquering one's fears and chasing thrills high atop the abandoned chimney delivers memories and stories that visitors will treasure forever. For some, it is the ultimate test of courage and calm under pressure. What was once an industrial structure now draws people seeking beautiful vistas, competition with friends, and photos and stories that are uniquely their own. Though the future of the tower is uncertain, for now it remains a distinctive and compelling adventure for travelers passing through this mesmerizing valley.

(Salman Karim, Student of Computer Sciences, SZABIST, Islamabad)





*Conquering Fear  
and  
Finding Perspective*





## From Freshman Blunders to Graduating Accomplishments: My Lifelong Sojourn at SZABIST

The university campus – a place where dreams are born, late-night study sessions certainly become the best thing ever, and navigating the cafeteria options feels like a life-altering decision. As an alumna looking back on my time at this sanctified institution, I can't help but giggle at the rollercoaster ride it was, filled with hilarious mishaps and heartwarming moments.

I remember my first day as a freshman. I was super nervous because I had just finished college and thought it was going to be like it. But as soon as I entered room 101 on the ground floor, I never knew it would change my life forever. Sitting in the front row I realized and thought to myself “I’m on my own now”.

During the first semester, we all promised to become friends with every single one of them, study diligently to achieve a 4.0 GPA, and never miss an opportunity to go out or skip class, while also fully understanding the lectures so that we wouldn't miss out on anything.

Perhaps that's just a part of life, isn't it? You can't have everything all at once. It's a matter of choice – either you commit to one thing or try to strike a balance with a little bit of everything. Those discussions in the cafeteria were undeniably the highlight of our days. The cafeteria was a perpetual hub of joy, resonating with the lively chatter of students engaged in lively conversations. Every table boasted a mix of individuals, strangers chatting about miscellaneous topics, yet they all shared one common thread—those infectious smiles on their faces.

University life wasn't just about lectures and notes; it was a time when we had the absolute best moments of our lives. I vividly recall those unforgettable qawali nights, playful culture days, enlightening character building events, and illuminating literary programs – they all added vibrant hues to our lives.

On a random Tuesday night, a message popped up in our cherished "BSSS" WhatsApp group: "Today, we completed our final assignment of our Bachelor's. Good luck everybody." It hit us like a ton of bricks, a stark reminder that those four incredible years were swiftly drawing to a close.

Yet, as life always does, it had to bring everything to an end. Yes, you all know what I'm talking about – the last day.

The irony lies in the fact that our final class too took place in room 101. Was it nostalgia that swept over us, or perhaps the fear of everything slipping through our fingers? Who could truly say? As we gathered in front of the Admin Block, exchanging heartfelt greetings and smiles,

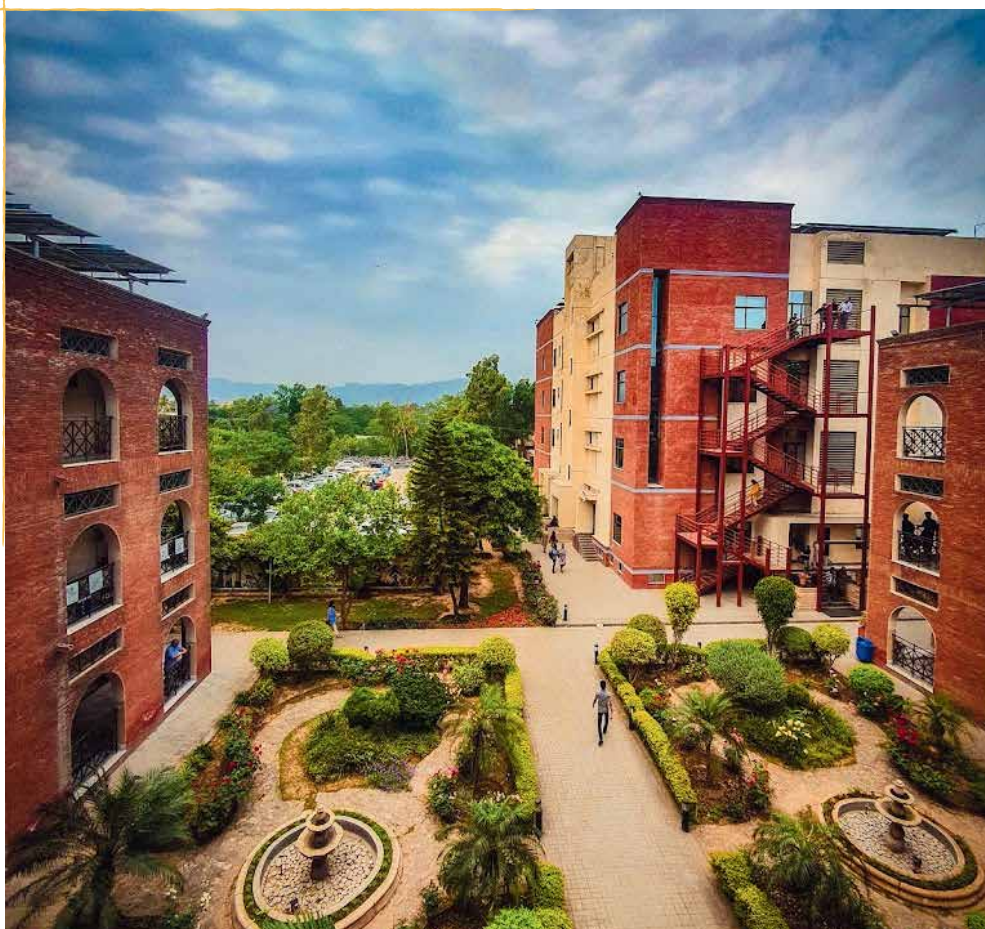


tears welled up in our eyes. But deep down, we all knew that we would remain in touch, forever connected.

As we walked out of the campus, a collective realization dawned upon us: the best four years of our lives had come to an end, and the likelihood of reliving it was impossible.

My time at SZABIST was a blend of uproarious laughter and heartfelt tears. It taught me that life's best moments often come from the unexpected – from misadventures to lifelong friendships. So, to all the alumni out there, remember to cherish the funny and emotional moments that make university life truly unforgettable. After all, it's the mishaps and friendships that shape us into the resilient, nostalgic alumni we become.

(Hafsa Latif, Alumni, Social Sciences, SZABIST, Islamabad)



## OUR OBSESSION WITH PROGRESS

We have this undying obsession with progress, and because of this we indulge in discussions of such a nature and end up taunting each other and our country. We define progress as the development of materials; such as infrastructure, new mobiles, and the appearance of individuals. A shift from Eastern dressing to Western style is something that we deem as progress. A person who is victimized by such thoughts is a hypocrite.

The way I define progress is that it does not have an appearance just as thoughts and feelings have no appearance. In individuality, one's good appearance is a manifestation of his/her thinking; similarly, progress can be witnessed once our collective thought becomes progressive. However, that never means turning your back on your identity, values, culture, and most importantly, religion.

First and foremost, we must have a certain degree of tolerance before acting with fury. We must evaluate and investigate things we do not like. Secondly, certain dogmas put a halt on our progress, such as the dogma of the "blue and black pen". Black pen for questions and headings while blue for answers and explanations; switching from one pen to another; say takes two to three seconds. We have a population of 220 million people; now we do the math, and we are wasting years in just a single day.

We generally confuse corruption with bribery. But we should know that anyone who does not fulfill their responsibility is a corrupt person. Do we fulfill our responsibility? Forget about the government officials; there are more civilians than government officials. I think 90% of us will be hesitant to answer this question, which means the real onus lies with us rather than those few at whom we point our fingers. How will a nation full of corrupt people progress?

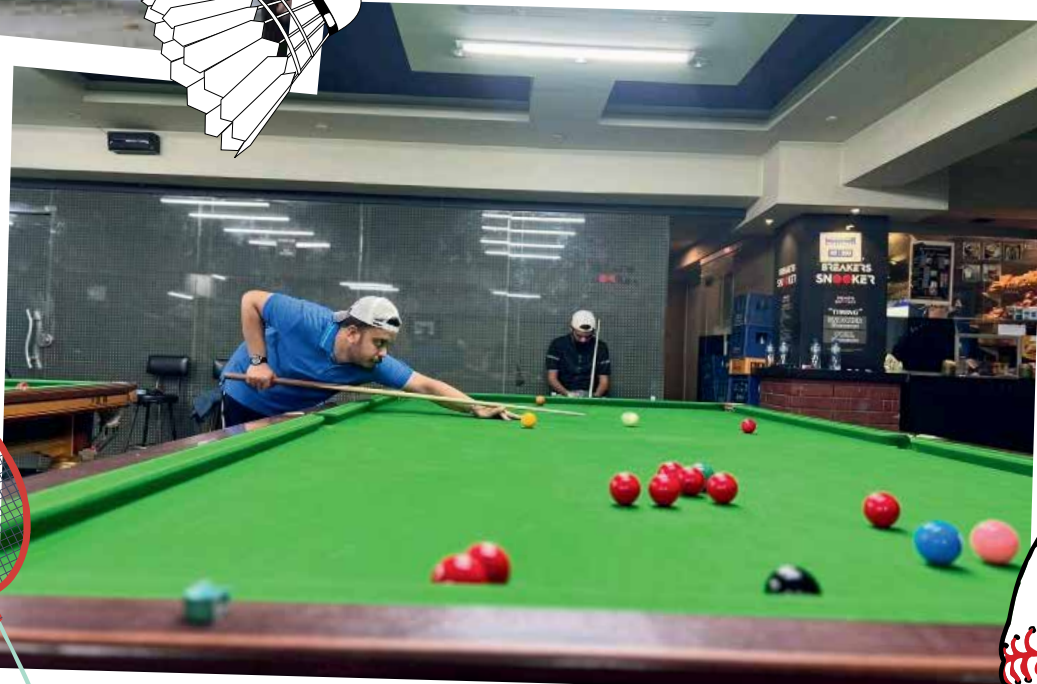
(Syed Anis U Rahman,  
Student of Social Sciences, SZABIST, Islamabad)



# Pictorial Highlights Fall '23



# Sports Week

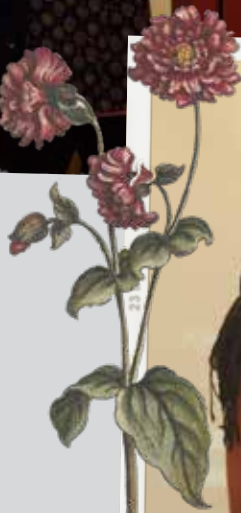




*Pictorial  
Highlights Fall '23*



*Iqbal  
for  
the Youth*





*Pictorial Highlights  
Fall '23*



*Lawali Night*

A decorative border of pink cherry blossoms and green leaves frames the entire page. The blossoms are in various stages of bloom, with some showing red centers. The leaves are small and green, interspersed among the flowers.

“

### **Iqbal's insight on Ma'arri's vegetarianism**

Abu al Ala al Ma’arri was a highly esteemed Arab philosopher, poet, and writer who lived during the Middle Ages.

In his later years, he chose to stop consuming meat and became a practicing vegan. One day, a friend played a trick on him and sent him a roasted partridge, hoping to convince him to taste meat. It is not known whether Ma’arri ate this roasted bird or not. However, Iqbal uses this story in a poem to convey a visionary message to the youth.

”



## ابوالعلاء معری

کہتے ہیں کبھی گوشت نہ کھاتا تھا معری  
پھل پھول پہ کرتا تھا ہمیشہ گزر اوقات  
اک دوست نے بھونا ہوا تیرا سے بھیجا  
شاید کہ یہ شاطر اسی ترکیب سے ہومات  
یہ خوانِ تروتازہ معری نے جو دیکھا  
کہنے لگا وہ صاحبِ غفران و لزومات  
اے مرغِ بیچارہ! ذرا یہ تو بتا تو  
تیرا وہ گنہ کیا تھا یہ ہے جس کی مکافات  
افسوس صد افسوس کہ شاہیں نہ بنا تو  
دیکھے نہ تری آنکھ نے فطرت کے اشارات  
تقدیر کے قاضی کا یہ فتویٰ ہے ازل سے  
ہے جرمِ ضعیفی کی سزا مرگِ مفاجات

(علامہ اقبال)

## مرے وطن میں آج کل،،

(راشدہ سیف)

نہ فکر روزِ حشر کی  
نہ قبر کا دھیان ہے  
کہاں گئیں وہ رفعتیں  
فنا ہوئے وہ حوصلے  
مرے وطن میں آج کل  
عجیب ہیں معاملے

مرے وطن میں آج کل  
ہیں وحشتوں کے درکھلے  
نہ قوم ایک جان ہے  
نہ ملک میں امان ہے  
مکیں ہوئے ہیں نوحہ گر  
گرا ہوا مکان ہے  
لڑے وفا کے قافلے  
جفا کو تو امان ہے  
ہیں سم و زر کی رونقیں  
کھلی ہوئی دکان ہے  
ہے رقص جاہ و حرص کا  
صدائے الا مان ہے

مرے وطن میں آج کل  
عجیب ہیں معاملے  
اداسیاں چہار سو  
ہیں خال خال قہقہے  
عوام کی ہیں سسکیاں  
خواص کے ہیں چونچلے  
تقاضا چاند کا کریں  
افیم کھا کے منچلے  
نہ فکر ہست و بود کی  
ہوا چدر بھی لے چلے  
مرے وطن میں آج کل  
عجیب ہیں معاملے

(ڈاکٹر راشدہ قریشی، ایسوسی ایٹ پروفیسر، سوشل سائنسز ڈیپارٹمنٹ، زیپسٹ، اسلام آباد)



## غزل

یہ غزل عشق کے دور کی یاد ہے  
کیا زمانہ تھا اڑتا تھا آزاد میں  
دیکھ کرتے ہیں واجد وضاحت تری  
تیرے نقاد کیا تیری روداد میں

پھوٹ ایسی پڑی گھر کی بنیاد میں  
بٹ گیا میرا گھر گھر کے افراد میں  
صبح سے شام تک رات بھر تاسحر  
وقت بھی منقسم اب تری یاد میں  
کیا تمدن، ثقافت، ادب، فلسفہ  
سب مقید ضرورت کی ایجاد میں  
دل کے الفاظ ہیں مستند بے سند  
ڈھونڈ مت ان کو دنیا کی اسناد میں

(ڈاکٹر واجد حسین، اسٹنٹ پروفیسر، سوشل سائنسز ڈیپارٹمنٹ، زیپسٹ، اسلام آباد)

## غزل

صاف لکھا ہے یہ دیواروں پر  
موت آئے گی سب پیاروں پر

جن کے ہاتھوں میں ہومال و متاع  
رقص ہوتا ہے ان اشاروں پر

ہم تھے جن کی تلاش میں ڈوبے  
وہ تو بیٹھے ہیں سب کناروں پر

آ بھی جاؤ کے ہم کو جانا ہے  
کب تک ہم جنیں سہاروں پر

ہو گیا ہے واحد محال جینا یہاں  
چل پڑے ہیں سب ستاروں پر

(ڈاکٹر واجد ذوالقرنین، ایسوسی ایٹ پروفیسر، ہیڈ آف میڈیا سائنسز، زیپسٹ اسلام آباد)



## صدائے سوز دروں

(راشدہ سیف)

شانِ خدا کا نعرہ، حمد و ثنا کے نغمے  
شمسِ حق کی ایسی جھنکار ڈھونڈتی ہوں  
سود و زیاں سے بالا، جہدِ عمل کا پیکر  
بے خوف جراتوں کا اظہار ڈھونڈتی ہوں  
علم و عمل کے موتی بکھریں مرے وطن میں  
ہر مرد و زن کے ایسے افکار ڈھونڈتی ہوں  
یارب! مرے وطن کو جو گلستاں بنادے  
بے لوث ایسا لیڈر صد بار ڈھونڈتی ہوں

کیا پوچھتے ہو مجھ سے سرکار ڈھونڈتی ہوں  
خالد کو کھوجتی ہوں، کڑا ر ڈھونڈتی ہوں  
بدروجنین جن کی عظمت کی دیں گواہی  
میں ان مجاہدوں سا کردار ڈھونڈتی ہوں  
قیصر کا سر جھکا دے، کسرتی کو بھی ہلا دے  
میں وہ نورِ صحرا ضرر ڈھونڈتی ہوں  
اہلِ عجم میں جا کر جو کشتیاں جلا دے  
طارق سا غازیوں کا سالار ڈھونڈتی ہوں

(ڈاکٹر راشدہ قریشی، ایسوسی ایٹ پروفیسر، سوشل سائنسز ڈیپارٹمنٹ، زیپسٹ اسلام آباد)

### شکوہ فلسطین

ہمارا ہے بھلا کوئی؟  
 لڑے جو ظلم کی ان بے بہا سفاک موجوں سے  
 اٹھائے حق کی جو آواز زوروں سے  
 نہیں ایسا نہیں کوئی!  
 کہ گرجتا شریک غم کوئی اپنا  
 تو پھر یہ سلسلہ جو رستم کا یوں نہیں چلتا  
 یہ رک جاتا  
 نہ یوں پھر روز ہم مرتے  
 بلکتی ماؤں کے آگے  
 قطاروں میں پڑیں لاش بن کر جو  
 وہ بچے امن میں پلتے  
 صدا دیتا ہمارے واسطے کوئی تو وہ شاید  
 (خدائی کے جو دعوے دار بنتے ہیں)

ہمارے ہسپتالوں کو تو آخر بخش ہی دیتے  
 کہ ان میں زخم خوردہ لوگ تھے لیٹے  
 ہاں ممکن تھا غزہ کے راستے بھی کھول دیتے وہ  
 تو پھر وہ حاملہ سب عورتیں نہ جان سے جاتیں  
 مگر ایسا نہ ہو پایا  
 فرنگی دیس ہوتے ہم اگر کوئی  
 تو اب تک ظلم کے بادل برسے بند ہو جاتے  
 بموں کی بارشوں میں آج سارے گھر نہ یوں جلتے  
 ادارے سب کے سب میدان میں امداد کو آتے  
 مگر چھایا ہے سناٹا کہ جیسے سو گئے ہوں سب  
 اکیلے چھوڑ کر ہم کو  
 نہیں دکھتے ہیں دعوے دار سب انسانیت کے اب  
 فلسطینی جو ہم ٹھہرے فلسطینی جو ہم ٹھہرے

(زینب، سوشل سائنسز ڈیپارٹمنٹ، زیپسٹ، اسلام آباد)



## جواب شکوہ

غزہ کے لوگو

ہمیں بھلا دو

تم اپنے قاصد لہو سے لکھے خطوں کے ہمراہ  
یہاں نہ بھیجو

کہ اتنی فرصت نہیں ہے ہم کو  
تمہارے زخموں پہ رکھنے مرہم غزہ میں آئیں  
تمہارے دشمن کا سر جھکائیں  
تمہارے بچوں کی ننھی لاشیں  
گھروں کے بلے سے ڈھونڈ لائیں  
تمہاری بہنوں کے سر پہ رکھیں  
حرم سے آئی  
سفید چادر

(زینب، سوشل سائنسز ڈیپارٹمنٹ، زیپسٹ، اسلام آباد)

## قطعه

دیکھنا ہر روز سنا دیر تک  
درد کے صحرا میں تپنا دیر تک  
اک تصوّر زندگی کا آئینہ  
رو برو جس کے تڑپنا دیر تک

(اسما جاوید، لیکچرر، میڈیا سائنسز ڈیپارٹمنٹ، زیپسٹ، اسلام آباد)





# Riddle Fiesta

TIME TO TEASE THOSE BRAINS!

1. What is the longest word in the dictionary?
2. What is the similarity between “ $2 + 2 = 5$ ” and your left hand?
3. Pronounced as 1 letter, And written with 3, 2 letters there are, and 2 only in me. I’m double, I’m single, I’m black blue, and gray, I’m red from both ends, and the same either way. What am I?
4. How many books can you pack inside an empty backpack?
5. I have no doors, but I have keys. I have no rooms, but I have space. You can enter, but you cannot leave. What am I?
6. Which windows can’t you open literally?
7. Name three consecutive days that aren’t the days of the week.
8. An electric train is traveling from east to west, and the wind is blowing from north to south. In which direction does the smoke go?
9. Four cars come to a four-way stop, each coming from a different direction. They can’t decide who got there first, so they all go forward at the same time. All 4 cars go, but none crash into each other. How is this possible?
10. You live in a one-story house made entirely of redwood. What color are the stairs?

## Answer Key

1. Smiles, because there is a mile between each ‘s’.
2. Neither is right.
3. Eye.
4. One. It is no longer empty after that.
5. A keyboard
6. The Windows on your laptop.
7. Yesterday, today and tomorrow.
8. None. Electric trains don’t produce smoke.
9. They all made right-hand turns.
10. What stairs? It is a one-story house!







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