

## She

See,  
I fell in love with her the first time I laid eyes,  
ears,  
smell on her.

There was a smell on her,  
Somewhere between sub continental saffron scents,  
And Saturday night stale cigarettes.  
She,  
melodiously caressed my ear drums with every syllable that left her perfectly parted lips,  
I wished to kiss.  
I approached and said miss,  
May I have this dance?

She looked me up and down and said,  
You'll have to do better than that.  
I stepped back, and said,  
*Dance,  
Dance like a dervish  
for our lord who knows all,  
overflows wine glasses with happiness every time you smile,*

*Last night the sky complained of overcrowding from the tears that took flight from joy  
When I rediscovered God in my heart,  
courtesy of you,  
And I swear I haven't ceased smiling since.*

She said Rumi?  
I said Hafiz.  
She shook her head and said Zohab  
Then took my hand and we began to dance the dance of lovers.  
She whispered secrets in my ears,  
I recited couplets in hers.  
She never critiqued my words,  
Rather asked for more  
With every word spoke our feet lifted from the ground towards the seven heavens,  
She inspired rhythm with every tipped touch of her fingers.  
If I were a singer I would simply sing songs for her,  
and her,  
and her.

See she, she loves my words,  
She is my words,  
But words,  
words can never do her justice.  
It's just that she is light,  
Is love,  
Is life,  
Is like no lover before her.  
Nor like any that shall proceed her.

See,  
the mysteries of the universe are clear to me in her pupils  
Cupid shoots missiles  
Let love consume you like I do  
And have since I saw her  
I have since I laid eyes,  
                  ears,  
                  smell,  
                  touch,  
                  taste on her.

There is a taste on her  
That has forever stained my lips  
For she is my comfort,  
                  My confidant  
                  My mistress  
                  My lover

For she is poetry.

Zohab Khan

## Imagine

Imagine

Imagine a world where people are treated as equals,

Imagine a world where people are not categorised

by skin tone,

religion,

gender

or size.

Imagine a world viewed

through the innocence of a child's eyes.

Imagine no sorrow when a soul dies,

for a soul flies after closed eyes.

We

try to live our lives in New York minutes,

As we pushing our lives to new world limits,

And new world orders.

While the old world

still busy burying daughters,

For they prefer sons.

Only for those sons to pick up guns

and kill sons of righteous ones,

And those righteous ones

tell their sons

that those sons

killed their sons

So their sons kill those sons

And sons

kill sons.

And sons

kill sons.

And sons

kill sons

And Sun Tzu was wrong.

For there is no art in war

For Art is love,

And there is no love in war.

Imagine we loved more

And love for the sake of love,

For the love of love is the best love above all.

Imagine a world with no wars

and hearts with no doors,

exposed raw.

Imagine the life of another

is the life of a brother

Imagine every embrace filled with the love of a mother's.

Imagine a world of no strangers

and only kindred neighbours.

It's about time hatred becomes out-dated,

And our differences celebrated.  
Our forefathers waited,  
But we  
the people  
shall wait  
no  
more.  
Today we take our stand.  
Imagine no French Burqa bans  
And bikinis in Afghanistan  
Imagine Hong Kong Hanukka,  
And white Christmas Mecca.  
Imagine no off shore refugee processed prisoners  
And a history of Aborigine Prime Ministers  
Imagine Palestinians marry Israelis  
And make beautiful beige babies

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Imagine a world were people are not categorised  
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religion  
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Imagine.

Zohab Khan

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MEgPTuH1MUg>