

a half century today that he's no more here, but his words resound always, in heads 'n surrounds !

11. Lahore: Punjab **That Day My Father Died** 2007 (65 years)

16/01/1948	He had 9 years	Brother's Birthday
16/01/1957	(My 15 <sup>th</sup> . year)	Writ: 15/01/2007
16/01/1978	(My 36 <sup>th</sup> . year)	French Nationality.

Dear Dr. Azam Chaudhry (Sorbonne, Paris) *Friend of Long Date*  
 For ... My Sis ... & Ibrahim (Dr's son) ... **& Memory of Ammi.**  
**Wish All of You ... My Best Wishes.**

Morrow is 16/01/2007 ... 50 years past, on same, my Father Breathed his Last; while Innocent Brother Dear of 9 ... Danced and Clapped his Hands for a Merited Birthday Present.

... **He Got NONE** ...

In the Same Home, exact 15 days later (31<sup>st</sup>.) ... did die Uncle ... also named same.

**Abdul Hameed**, father of Sultan "**Chotay**" Bhai. Since so 50 years, I fest NONE 16<sup>th</sup> Jan. Elders gone, Family destroyed, I so became an Elder Young ... for over a 3<sup>rd</sup> Century ... waiting that youngs take over ... Since then, I have **0** & I will have **0** ... This is My Single Rule of Life ... Be it clearly understood. Thus I pass this day alone, all alone ... **for it starts me to THINK.**

**What is Life & What is Death ...**

**What is Dream & What is Reality ...**

**What is True & What is False ...**

**What is Reverie & What is a Lie ...**

**Where's a Divide? Compromise? Confession?**

**(or Christianity ... or Islamic ... or TAUBA ...)?**

**I I I have found NONE ... Have U U U?**

But What I I I have only found is ...

**"I Confess that I am FALSE ... I a Liar."**

*And now, allow me to explain U the Why ... of the Whole ...*

**Gents came from far all gay**, with a Laugh & a Joke.

They knew not that ... the Young at the door, was the Elder's Son.

10 Meters away, they put a VEIL on their NOSE, to HIDE their SHAME,

& Burst Out in TEARS, a CRY 'n BLOOD 'n SAND, replacing Ho Ho Ha Ha Hi Hi.

In 1 hourSsss, I Learnt a World a 100 timeSsss: **& Hypocrite I am, I; & I for ever'rrrr.**

**r u also?** Ô, a Bit? **NOooo!** So Let US **Laugh & Smile** & do a *quick Quick-Step*, Yester & Now & Morrow. And please, on the 27<sup>th</sup>. of **01 January 2007**, will start an Islamic year with **Muharram** ... which was always surely APT for SACRIFICES: **Let Us Unite to Divide** ... U & Me & b = V. Promise ???

**-Iqbal-**

**"Mullah ki Azan aur hai, Mujahid ki Azan aur "** ... Let's b FRANK: True or False ?

Then if I CONFESS ... WHO 2 CONFESS 2 ? WHO 2, U U U or Mi **Mi** Mi ? Hi **Hi** Hi ?

CONFESS or TAUBA ? Which ??? My EXCUSES !!! **Ô** Dear DEAR Friends !!!

It's with a SOFT Heart, that I write this 2-day !!! (a bit distorted) 2 All !!!

& So Let us call all **Mi Evil** ... as THOUGHTS just FLY away ...

\*\*\* **To Get POWER** ... **We Can Even Pose as MUSLIMS** \*\*\* *(Unknown)* Hi Hi ?

**Père**

comme c'est réconfortant  
de vous tenir le doigt  
mais dans quelques temps  
où seras-tu toi ?

**Père**

pourquoi aidez-vous  
tous ces gens  
qui en leur bon moment  
t'oublent  
subitement ?

**Fils**

je donne toi et leurs ce que j'ai  
et puis  
quelle autre raison d'être  
ai-je ?

**Père**

je vous comprends  
le refus du mal  
est devenir grand  
des deux grandeurs  
du corps et de l'âme  
d'accord  
pour une fois  
je donne l'autre joue  
mais explique moi  
ce que tu feras  
si on te frappe  
encore et encore sur cela ?

**Fils**

si tu peux emporter  
au-delà  
de ce monde  
cette joue  
" **frappe** "  
mais apprends  
à laisser déjà  
ce que tu dois laisser  
ici

**Pa**

so recomforting 'tis  
to see you hold my hand  
but after some time  
where will you be ?

**Pa**

why do you help  
all 'n the sundry  
who in their good moments  
forget it  
suddenly ?

**Son**

give you 'n them I what can I  
'n then  
what other reason to be  
have I ?

**Pa**

understand you I  
refusing evil  
is becoming great  
of this pair in greatness  
of corpse 'n of soul  
so ok  
for once  
give I the other cheek  
but explain me  
what will you do  
if one slaps you  
on this one again 'n again ?

**Son**

if you can export  
unto the beyond  
of this world  
this cheek  
" **hit** "  
but learn  
already to abandon  
what must you abandon  
here

quand le tonnerre  
de ce monde  
aura éclaté  
puis dans tes debris  
est-ce que tu auras  
ailleurs d'autres biens  
que tes pensées autres ?

**Père**

comme c'est réconfortant  
de vous tenir le doigt  
mais **père**  
promettez-moi  
quand le mal de ce monde  
m'envahira  
tu viendras me voir  
ne penses-tu pas  
je serais perdu sans toi ?

**Fils**

je ne suis qu'une pensée  
**je te donne ce que j'ai**  
**puis t'es seul**  
tout est seul  
ainsi est la loi  
de ce monde  
mais n'oublie pas  
que ton âme est la seule ta voie  
même Dieu s'oblige  
de te la laisser n'est-ce pas ?  
et **fils** je t'  
embrasse cette dernière fois  
maintenant va jouer  
dans les jardins épineux de ce monde  
ce n'est qu'un aspect du paradis perdu  
et quand on se retrouvera  
dans l'au-delà  
on rira de tout cela  
n'est-ce pas ?

when the thunder  
of this world  
will burst  
then in your rubble  
'twould remain  
elsewhere other goods  
than your other thinks ?

**Pa**

so recomforting 'tis  
to see you hold my hand  
but **pa**  
promise me  
when the evil of this world  
will attack me  
come'll you to me to see  
don't you think  
lost'll be I without thee ?

**Son**

am I not but a thought  
**give U I what have I**  
**then U'r lone**  
all r alone  
so is the law  
of this world  
but forget it not  
that your soul is Ur solo way  
even Devine does self restrict  
to leave it U na ?  
'n **son** I U  
embrasse this last day  
go now to play  
in the thorny gardens of this world  
'tis but an aspect of the paradise lost  
'n when we'll reunite  
in the yond  
one'll laugh afore beyond  
na ?

... 16 janvier 1982 ... Un Impéreur du Cœur ... **Khan Sahib Mian Abdul Hameed** ... An Emperor of Heart ...

un quart de siècle aujourd'hui qu'il n'est plus là, mais ses paroles résonnent toujours, en tête et autours !

**a quarter century today that he's no more here, but his words resound always, in head 'n surround !**

Born 29<sup>th</sup>. Octobre, 1941 ... **Tariq** Naturalised French 16/01/1978

**Papa Khan Sahib Mian Abdul** **Hameed** Hijrat Authorised : Pakistan ... 16/01/2011

**Mama Bégum Méraj Hameed** **Suharwardi** UK Accorded : Join Family ... 15/01/2015

Sis **Tahira** Hameed ... 01/03/1943

Bros. Mian **Kausar** Hameed ... 16/01/1948 ... **Papa pass** ... 16/01/1957

**Server Ashraf Mian Bihari** ... Teller & **Confident (Illiterate)** ... "Bury me in Thorns as in Life"

**Ustad** **My Masters**

1. **Qari Muhammad Azeem** ... **Scribe of Qura'an (Uncle)**

2. **Feroz Nizami** ... **Music (Classic)**

3. **Faiz Ahmad Faiz** ... **Poetry (Lenin Prize, 1962)**

4. **Syed Imtiaz Ali Taj** ... **Theatre (Author 'n History of)**

5. **Ahmed Mirza Jamil** ... **Noori Nastaliq (Calligraphy)**

*(He invented the Modern 'Fonts' in Urdu & Arab)*

{TH '**Atomic**' : based on studies of **Hazrat Amir Khusro** ... Darbar-e Balban, 1272}

*Primary :* St. Anthony's High School ... Lahore

*University :* Government College (Ravians) ... Lahore, Punjab

*Advanced :* Institute of 'Chartered Accountants' ... England & Wales

*International :* Systems of Production (on Computer) ... Europe: Latin (South)

**Global Primary** **National Chart of Accounts on Computer (\*)**

1. M.I.S. (Industrial Giant: BSN) (\*) 1970 ... France, Fabrication (Glass) (\*)

2. Data Bases : Liquids (CIBA-Sandoz) 1973 ... Basel, Schweiz (Chemistry)

**Inventions**

3. '**Atomic**' Urdu & Arab Alphabet ... **Unicode Consortium**

4. '**Atomic**' Urdu Key-Board (Computer) ... **NADRA Nat. IDs**

5. '**Atomic**' Urdu Computer (Localisation) ... **Microsoft**

**Concepts**

... **Quod Erat Demonstrandum** ... **Euclide**

6. **Qura'an** Evolutive Dimensional Structure ... **QEDs** Vahis Reveal ...

7. **Qura'an** Translation Methodology Simplified ... **QTM** Word Under Word ...



Mon fils si tu parles  
C'est une rayure  
Sur une pierre  
Qui une éternité demeure  
Donc tu veilleras sur tes mots.

Toute ta vie mon fils  
Tu surveilleras tes actes  
Ne salis pas ton proche  
Ni tes aïeux ni ton être  
Le respect de ton être  
Tu le tiens  
Dans tes mains  
Et tu le sauveras mon cher fils  
Le meilleur respect de toi-même  
Est le respect des autres.

Et mon fils tu seras fier  
De ton être et ton sort  
Puis tu aideras tant de gens  
Ils te feront bien du mal  
Et tu souris quand je parle  
Mais tes actes sont pour toi  
N'oublies pas que dans ce monde  
Tu as à solder tous tes comptes.

Ces cinq lettres qui font amour  
Tu les trouveras bien plus tard  
Quand le temps sera mûr  
Et ton sang sera pur  
Tu pourras aimer donc une femme  
à la hauteur de ton âme  
En amour tu donnes ton Cœur  
Ne cherchant jamais le retour  
Seul le destin fait le tour  
Tu vaudras ce que tu voudras toujours.

My son if you speak  
It's a rayure  
On a rock  
That an eternity stays  
So'll care about your words.

All your life my son  
You'll control your acts  
Don't dirty your nears  
Nor your self nor your sears  
The respect of your being  
You hold it  
In your hands  
And you'll know my dear son  
The best respect of yourself  
Is in respecting all others.

And my son you'll be proud  
Of your self 'n your sort  
So you'll aid many a folk  
They will hurt you at their will  
And you smile when I speak  
But your acts are for you  
Forget not that in this world  
You must balance all accounts.

These four letters writ as love  
You'll find much too late  
As your times will mature 'n wait  
And your blood'll be pured  
Only then you'd love a maid  
At the height of your soul so made  
In love you give your Heart  
Never hoping a return  
Only destiny can oe'r-turn  
You'll be worth your want as worth.

(10<sup>th</sup>. anniversary of her death ... hoping to have deceived her never ever.

Why is nature so economic 'n close-fisted on such persons ?)

A true Imperatrice of the Heart ... **Méraj Suharwardi Hameed** ...

Simple sont les règles de ce monde  
 Mais moins simple est de les pratiquer  
 Avec grandeur et honnêteté  
 Tu suivras ton bon sens  
 Et tu feras ce que tu penses  
 Souviens-toi de ce que je dis  
 Même s'il te paraît inédit

“ **les plus proches font plus mal  
 de plus loin  
 que les éloignés  
 de plus près.** ”

Et mon fils quand tu seras grand  
 Tu comprendras ce que je dis  
 Je suis peut-être une vieille vie  
 Mais les souvenirs sont bons  
 Quand les aimés s'en vont.

Elle me manqué cette mère  
 Qui m'a porté de mon père  
 Qui m'a fait si vieux si jeune  
 Elle est morte et puis encore  
 Aussi vieille que les siècles  
 Mais qui veille d'une bonne mine  
 Que ces vieilleries qu'elle m'a apprises  
 Ne vieillissent jamais depuis  
 Des vieux débuts  
 Des vieux temps des vieilles gens.

Maintenant **tariq** est si grand  
 Et son être est son maître  
 Peu de choses  
 Font un peu le tracé de sa vie  
 Peu de paroles d'une grande dame  
 Peu de fierté et d'amour  
 Et le respect de tout  
 Et le peu qui l'entoure.

Simple are the rules of this world  
 But less simple is how to practice 'em  
 With grandeur 'n honesty  
 You'll follow your good sense  
 And you'll do the best what seems  
 Remember ever what I say  
 Even if appears it out of the way  
 “ **the most near make more hurt  
 from more far  
 than the further  
 from more near.** ”

And my son when you'll be grown  
 You'll capt what I said  
 Am perhaps an old life in bed  
 But souvenirs are only good  
 When the loved become dead wood.

I miss this ma  
 Who me ported off my pa  
 Who made me so old so young  
 She's dead 'n then again  
 As old as the begin  
 But who looks on of a good mien  
 That these oldnesses me she taught  
 Come never old as brought  
 Since such an ancient start  
 Of older times of older guard.

Now **tariq** is so grand  
 And his self is his sage  
 Lil so little a thing  
 Trace the curve of his life  
 Lil bit of words of a grand'dame  
 Lil bit of honour 'n of love  
 An' the respect of all  
 An' a lil bit all around at fall.

(Le 10<sup>ième</sup>. anniversaire de sa mort ... j'espère ne l'avoir déçu jamais.

Pourquoi est la nature si économe et avare de telles personnes ?)

Une Impératrice du Cœur ... **Méraj Suharwardi Hameed** ...

... Roma: Italia

**This is a Book on BEAUTY**

(1993)

This is a book on Beauty

written with Beauty.

So please DO NOT read it

if you cannot beautify your life  
or live on with beauty.

This is also a book on human beings

beautiful people who can become better:

It shows no ways no methods

but it can hopefully make you feel deep inside  
that you can be better and much better  
than you probably are or have been;  
ONLY willing.

**There is absolutely NO violence in it.**

*So please DO NOT read it*

*if you try your best  
NOT to be better.*

Unfortunately, to become known, since commerce is now

Our Sole Soul, Dearly, very dearly;

This book must be published: and costs are costs,

(So any publisher), if not wholly and purely and

totally and plurally insane,  
would want his money back;

Hard! But it's not his fault! Pity! None's fault!

Sincerely I apologize for it! And I am very sorry;

it's not my fault either:

**Not am I of man, who made the Rules of Mankind!**

*So please DO NOT buy it, specially*

*if you have NO excess of money.*

Probably, one fine day, a dear fine friend

will loan it to you  
in moments of loneliness  
this handsomely lonesome book on Beauty  
with Beauty:  
so respecting Poored Beauty  
and (my book on Beauty Abandoned!) Dear, dear friend!

*But one day if I can, I will gift it ... free; yes free!*

**To you ... and the world ... of Shackles and Jackel's-Hides ... free and free and free ...**

... (p.s. **2016** ... by modern means ... I've put it on www ... Wao We'r Weak ... hi hi ... Quote, but plz, just acknowledge author's name) ...

9. Paris **Mon ANCIEN Serviteur****My ANCIENT Servitor**

1980

quand je serai mort mon fils  
 tu m'enterreras sous un arbre  
 sous l'ombre d'un arbre  
 c'était un être  
 très très simple  
 un grand maître plus grand que d'autres  
 il m'a raconté des histoires  
 de ' ici et là-bas '  
 de ce qui était et n'était pas  
 mon fils tu seras le poète  
 de la douleur et de l'amour  
 je t'apprendrai tant de choses  
 sur ce qui est ta cause  
 la douleur de l'amour  
 de la finesse de la vie  
 des larmes des gens  
 qui ont souffert dans le temps  
 mais mon fils quand je serai mort  
 tu m'enterreras comme je dors  
 sous l'ombre d'un arbre  
 il était un être très très simple  
 un grand maître plus grand que d'autres  
 mon ancien serviteur  
 et quand j'enterre mon âme  
 dans un soufflé très calme  
 sous l'ombre d'un arbre  
 je pense à cet être  
 mon ancien serviteur  
 enterré sous les ombres  
 d'un arbre qui pleure  
 et son **tariq** qui chante  
 et les oiseaux l'écotent

when I'll die my son  
 you bury me under a tree in thorn  
 in the shadow of its borne  
 'twas a person  
 so so simple  
 so great a master the greatest of all  
 he recounted me stories  
 of ' where 'n there '  
 of what came to pass 'n what did not  
 my son you'll be the poet  
 of pain 'n of love  
 then I'll tell you many so a tale  
 of the brunt of your cause  
 of the pain of love  
 of the fineness of life  
 of the tears of the gents  
 who have suffered in the times  
 but my son when I'll die  
 you'll bury me as I dose  
 in the shadow of its borne  
 'twas a person so so simple  
 so great a master the greatest of all  
 my ancient servitor  
 'n when I bury my soul  
 in a wisp so calm  
 in the shadow of a palm  
 thinking 'twas he a psalm  
 my ancient servitor  
 buried in the shades  
 of trees which weep  
 'n his **tariq** who chantes  
 'n birds listen to sleep

**Maître Ashraf** : Qui m' avait élevé depuis bébé ... (20 ans) **Son Conte de Fée Continue Encore** ...

**Master Ashraf** : Who brought me up since child ... (20 years) **His Fairy Story Still Continues** ...