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Of typing undelivered letters inside shack

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Inside my shack, I sit under a table lamp smoking a cigarette from bruised lips, sipping cold drink and typing letters to my beloved with my ink and blood stained fingers.

Smoke in dull room and ink on the bright paper usually totter my unexpressed, vulnerable feelings.

Even, the table bear testimony to letters written to my beloved as it carries the weight of ink and blood dripped from my cracked fingers.

I type letters of love, separation, longingness from a typewriter as old as my love for her.

Thick rimmed spectacle bields me now, as letters have weakened my eye sight.

Rattling of typewriter and mumbling of words is soothing music for my ears.

Stench of ink, blood, smoke, lighting match is fragrance for me. It's a scent I linger in like a bee on the flower.

My rough hands never stop and tire. I pat my palm, fingers and prod them to keep typing weighty, lovable words for my physically distant but spiritually eternal denizen of my frangible heart__ My Beloved.

Exciting ambient outside always wears me out but suffocating, smoky ambiance inside my messed up, chaotic shack entices and comforts me.

Spending time with my few loyal friends; solitude, typewriter, lamp, paper, mirror and a small bin in the corner, has been additive for me.

Each gust I worship as I believe might have travelled across the abode of my beloved. I sniff at it and behave as a demented, lost lover wallowed in the abyss filled with enduring love for distant beloved. I twirl inside my shack and shake my head like a Dervish.

I delicately pick my letters in my hand and recite them. Reading is insolent, so I recite holy manuscript in my brazen voice.

Completion of letters is like triumph for me where I holler,

“Hail you my beloved,

Where there's no Moon, there's you.

Where there's praise, it's for you.

Where there's my letter, it's for you.

Where there's love, it's for you.

Where I live, there I breathe your name.

Where I die, it's for you."

I wait for a messenger to take my torn letters or I wish to deliver them myself to her.

I have waited long enough but there's no one to take them. It is like no one is left and everyone is dead.

Maybe, I took a long time writing letters and messenger had already left the town.

Maybe, if anyone exists here, he hasn't loved ever and doesn't want to deliver my letters to her.

Now, I talk to the wind, commuters, travellers, vendors from the land of my beloved.

I ask them about her but they give me names 'Crazy, Mentally ill, Demented, Wandered'.

Maybe, I deserve names,

As,

I am crazy about her and

I wander around her dwelling.

Azan sounded from the Masjid of her town is only soulful and melodious lyrics I listen. I listen like still leaves listen to the whooshing tune of wind.

Post box under the shades of Chinar looks deserted, dismal and latched seems their letters have reached their destinations.

Even, my town is desolate. It smells like a rotten meat. Perhaps, all the lovers have died and delivered their own letters to their dead beloveds.

Oh my beloved! Beneath the Earth,

I want to leave my town of callous humans,

I want to be with you now,

I wish I die now and someone buries me beside your grave so that I could deliver my unexpressed feelings to you.

Letters fashioned with my ink, blood, feelings are lost.

Letters of lost lover are lost in thin air.

Some lay scattered and torn around the bin like corpses of men slaughtered by ripping off their hearts.

Some buried deep inside the trash bin in the corner of my disordered Shack.

And some stained with the filth of this 'World of callous humans.'

Neither I died

Nor I and my letters reached her.