

Feminist Perspectives in the Poetry of Parveen Shakir

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ABSTRACT

Parveen Shakir has remarkably evolved the cult status in the annals of Modern Urdu poetry. She was a professor, poet, a journalist and a Pakistani beaucocrat. She is an indefatigable poet, who gives vociferously a vent to her own feelings, emotions, life experiences, and her relationship with her husband, and son in general and society in particular through poetry in an ebullient way. Her excellent and spectacular oeuvre includes *Khushbu* (Fragrance) (1976), *Sad Barg* (Marigold) (1980), *Khud Kalami* (Talking to self) (1981), *Inkar* (Denial)(1994), and *Mahe-Tamam* (Full Moon) (1980) et al. She left the world physically at the paltry age of forty two in an accident but her poetry still interests and intrigues readers across the globe irresistibly and incessantly. However, her poetry is out rightly subjective and is a serene stasis of her philosophy and life's traumatic experiences. She is the voice of women in male dominated society. Love, loss, longing, female consciousness, atrocities on women, segregation in office and society , and other feminist issues, are dominant themes of her poetry Most of her poems explore nature of pangs of pain and sufferings, its hues, its impact on human soul, and its last inference . She wrote soaking her pen with the blood of her bruised soul, is perceptible in her works. The present paper, however, aims at probing the various feminist perspectives that her poetry explore to. The traumas, which the women undergo - depression, desperation, desertion, dejection, dementia, mental anguish etc. are discern in her work. We witness perpetual clash between her wish to live and to thwart the patriarchal forces and their menace against fair -sex in the entire gamut of her poetic output. Giant Pakistani literary luminary, Ifthihar Arif is highly appreciative of Shakir for expressing “the young lot through her thematic variety and realistic poetry (blogspot.com, 3)

Keywords: *Love, loss, longing, nature, female consciousness, patriarchy.*

Parveen Shakir has cemented her permanent place at the parnassus of Modern Urdu poetry. She may be deemed as pioneer of modern feministic poetry in Urdu. She was Professor in English but she felt that her true calling lay in Urdu poetry to serve the humanity by giving distinctive voice to feminine world, as it would increase reading public. Her first volume of poems *Khushbu* (Fragrance) (1976) gave her a meteoric rise in the horizon of modern Urdu

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poetry. Poetry was a passion for her that she ascribed in her bones, as her father and maternal father were established poets. The waves of exuberant and exhilarated that swam in her mind, and couldn't waive her sensibility, converging in enchanting passionate poetry. Her chariot of creativity ran amuck in all-pervasive traditional glories and social inhibitions. She resorts to main genres ghazal and azad nazm (free verse), harping and hovering around various literary techniques, and harnessing feminine perspectives. In the preface of her first poetic volume *Khushbu* (1976), she bares her will out:

On the crumbling threshold of the fugitive moments, holding on the shoulders of the wind, a girl is standing thinking; what she must express to you? Years earlier, in the serenity of night in wee hours, she had prayed to her God that He should reveal her girl out. I'm firm in conviction that her God might have smiled at her innocence and plainness of her wish. (Girls of tender age that no greater calamity than self-awareness befalls on inhabitants of earth), but God granted her request. And so at an age when others wish for the moon, she is blessed with light of the magic world that will leap her into thousand gated city of self where there is no turning back (K.P.17). (Translated)

Parveen Shakir is highly venerable and venerated Pakistani poet of Urdu language. She gave silvery and silky touch to Urdu ghazals and nazms; writing in light of female experience and consciousness: a bold gesture which was never expected or witnessed in a male dominated society. Clothed in fabulous vocabulary, studded with rubies of images and symbols, she made young hearts enraptured, enlightened their souls. She started writing poetry at a very tender age. Love, loss, longing, feminism, gender inequality, customs and traditions, female segregation and humiliations, and other societal dilemmas are some dominant themes than spread across her entire creative corpus. In the preface of *Sad barg* (1980), She avers that her crime was that she was born in tribe where having a thinking mind was a crime. The journey of her poetic genius, from being buoyance of a young girl full of promises and potential, a dutiful mother and to her evolution as a fully socially and spiritually conscious woman, is phenomenal. In a socially restrained and restricted society, she carves her own female identity. Parveen Shakir's poetry subverts the rhetoric of women's liberation, says Dr. Sabat Khan in *New Age Islam* (July 8, 2024), she further adds:

Parveen Shakir is a legend whose poetry has a lasting impact on listeners that cuts over social and temporal barriers. Shakir's poetry is especially fascinating because of its strong feminist undertone, which gives even more relevance when examined from a postmodernist perspective. It's important to

understand how her art undermines gender stereotypes and captures the complexity of modern life (Newageislam.Com, July 8, 2024)

She is a great singer of love. To show its various shades in varied exquisiteness seems to be the leitmotif of her poetry. She is of the view that when love transcends all worldly barriers, it becomes divine inspiration, and when beauty touches the frontiers of raptures, it turns fragrance, and fragrance is realization of beauty. The realization of beauty underlies her creative genius. She is intensely aware that only 'love' can break vicious stasis of emotions she is engrossed with. There is wistful wishing and romantic longing in her. She is deeply aware of her longing and as a poet artistic form to her chilled up personal feelings vehemently. The beauty of her poetry lies in the fact that she holds on the reins with strong grip. We are mesmerised by her sharp images, short utterances, and enchanting turns of rhyme to leave us breathless with a strokes of ecstasy. Her craftsmanship serves her as the microphone to amplify and glorify her feelings lying her heart. Mark the following lines of her Ghazal in her collection of poems *Kafe Aina (The Edge of Mirror)* published posthumously where we find a glimpse of her creative genius:

Harfe taza nai khushbu me likha chahta hai
Baab ek aur muhabbat ka khula chahta hai
El lamhe ki tawajjoh nahin hasil uski
Aur ye dil ki use had se siwa chahta hai
Ek hijabe tahe iqrar hai mane warne
Gul ko malum hai kya daste saba chahta hai
Reit hi reit hai dil me musafir mere
Aur ye sehra tera naqshe kafe pa chahta hai (Kafe Aina, 29)

Mark the felicity of expression and her excessive courage to own the dominant presence of love, and craving for it in these lines from a ghazal from volume *Khushbu* (1976):

Ku ba ku phail gayi baat shanasai ki
Usne Khushbu ki tarah meri pazeerai ki
Kaise keh dun ki mujhe chod diya hai usne
Baat to such hai, magar baat hai ruswai ki
Wo kahin bhi gaya, lauta to mere pas ayaa

Bas yahi baat hai achchi mere harjai ki

Usne jalti hui peshani per jab haath rakha

Ruuh taka a gayi taseer masihai ki. (Khushbu., 105)

We have to accept the fact that love came easily to her pen as rain from clouds rather than pain. Love is a most powerful emotion that she craves for. Love is not the last destination of her poetry but a willingness to reach the shores of bliss. Rich with metaphors, she sings hymns of love. Mark the following lines of the poem of the collection *Khudkalami* (1971):

Kuch to hawa bhi sard thi , kuch that era khayal bhi

Dil ko khushi ke saath sath hotha raha malal bhi

Baat wo Aadhi raat ki, raat wo pure chand ki

Chaand bhi ain chait ka, upper se tera jamaal bhi

Sab se nazar bacha ke wo mujh ko kuch aise dekhta

Ek dafa to ruk gayi gardishe maho saal bhi

Meri talab tha ek shakhs wo jo nahin mila to phir

Haath duwa se yun gira bhuul gaya sawal bhi

Shaam ki naasamajh hawa puuch rahi ek pata

Mauje hawae que yaar, kuch to mera khayaal bhi (Khudkalami, 9)

Parveen Shakir's early poetry hovers around love, and its reciprocity nonchalantly. She not only brings a feminine perspective and sensibility to poetry but also picked up issues pertaining to women and their social, economic and moral emancipation. She expresses pain and suffering that women undergo in unrequited love. She regards women's esteem above everything as she thinks women are boon to the civilization. Tejaswini K. evaluating Shakir's poetry from feminist perspectives through Klages avers: "Parveen Shakir's ghazals are based on love, women power, restrictions on women, social atrocities, etc. The poet's verses talked about her cynical beliefs on eternal love and restrictions placed on women in the name of gender, religion and law (Klages 107). Parveen is of the view that women who are free spirit, have every right to carve niche, maintain dignity and identity. Mark the following lines of a ghazal taken from her collection *Inkar* (1994):

Hum ne hi lot jaane ka irada nahin kiya

Usne bhi bhul jane ka wada nahin kiya

*Dukh odhte nahin kabhi jashne tarab me hum
Malboose dil ko tan ka libada nahin kiya
Jo gham mila hai bojh uthya hai uska khud
Sar zer bare saagharo baada nahin kiya
Kaare jahan hame bhi bahut the safar ki sham
Usne bhi iltefaat zyaada nahin kiya
Aamad pe teri itro charagho subo na hon
Itnaa bhi bood o baash ko saada nahin kiya (Inkar, 34)*

And in the following lines, she rues the penance of unrequited love, but she longs for salvation.

*Chalne ka hausala nahin, rukna muhaal ker diya
Ishq ke is safar ne to mujh ko nidhaal ker diya
Milte hue dilon ke beech aur tha faisla koi
Usne magar bichadte waqt aur sawaal ker diya
Mumkina faislon me ek, hijr ka faisla bhi tha
Humne to ek baaat ki , usne kamaal ker diya
Mere labon pe mohr thi , per sheesha ruuh ne to phir
Shahar ke shahar ko mera waaqife haal ker diya
Muddaton baad usne aaj mujh se koi gila kiya
Mansabe dilbari pe kiya mujh ko bahaal ker diya.*

Parveen Shakir is trend setter in Urdu poetry, who has influenced the poets of her time and thereafter. Her fellow poets Kishwar Nahid, Fahmeeda Riyaz all her highly appreciative of her poetry, and her endeavour to paint it in feminine colour. She expresses feminine perspectives colouring it themes of love; loss, longing, tension, conflict, separation, patriarchal menace, and will of women for survival facing the stiffness in and around their society. The following lines of a ghazal unravel the wretchedness and haplessness of woman when her love is unfulfilled, and trauma she undergoes:

*Wo to khushbu hai , hawaon me bikharjayega
Masala phool ka hai phool kidhar jayega
Hum to samjhe the ek zakhm hai bhar jayega*

Kya khabar thi ki rage jaan me utar jayega
Wo jab ayega to uski rafaqat ke liye
Mausame gul mere aangan me thahar jayega
Mujh ko tehzeeb ke barzakh kaa banaya waaris
Jurm ye bhi mere ajdadaad ke sar jayega.

In Parveen Shakir's Poetry, we witness three distinct stages or layers of expressions and her philosophy, the evolution of her feminine consciousness. In first stage of creative journey, we see the force of feminism, where women is shown as a dynamic lover, which is not observed in Urdu poetry, it might have genesis in Hindi lyrics. She gives the dominant voice to women, and leanings and longings, clothed in beautiful similes and metaphors as 'fragrance', 'flowers', 'clouds', 'butterflies', 'firefly', 'lake', 'moon', 'stars', 'night' etc. She expresses without blushing and blinking eyelids the tender feelings and sentiments, the youthful damsels overflow with. She romanticises the mundane realities and experiences of life, which a young woman undergoes. In poems 'Tu Barman Bila Shudi', 'Nidamat', 'Wasteland', 'Tawaqqo', 'Dhoop Ka Mausam' and 'Othello' etc, she gives romantic colour of feminine sensibility to mundane things. In the poem 'Othello', She says:

Apne phone pe apna number
Bar bar dayal karti hun
Soch rahi hun
Kab tak uska tele phone engage rahega
Dil kudhta hai
Itni iitne der tak wo kis se baaten karta hai (Khushbu, 166)

And in the Dhoop ka Mausam, she sings:

Sehra sehra bhatak raha hai
Apne ishq me sachacha chand
Raat ke Shayad ek baje hain
Sota hoga hai mera chand (Khushbu, 182)

Parveen's creative flight didn't halt at this stage of the depiction of her youthful musings, but carried on in incessant flow but touching and thwarting established social taboos. The second remarkable change in her creativity is seen in her consciousness and realization of the self, and

she evolves herself as poet who questions oppression of women by forces of patriarchy, and raises voice against social stigmas that erode the rights and freedom of women. The poems highlight her concerns about women and their safety in the poems like 'Ek Udc ki Diary', 'Shahzadi ka Alamiya', 'Unt ka hafiza Rakhne Wale' and more vociferously in 'Tomato Ketchup'. These poems highlight the bare and bold confessions of love, vulnerability and sexual tension. However, she later challenges several constructs - of women poets' persona and treatment, of working women in orthodox society of her country and other burning political and social issues. "Tomato Ketchup" is a very pathetic poem, underlining the ordeal and ultimate suicidal death of modernist poet, Sara Shagufta, who rose to fame by virtue of her insight and intelligent that riled her husband, and marriage culminated in a disaster. She again marries by her own, but is blamed inordinately for death of child at birth, she then fell in love two more times but all the marriages failed miserably. Unable to face the scathing and bone chilling stiffness, she committed suicide at the paltry age of twenty nine following the footsteps of Sylvia Plath. In the poem "Misfit" of her collection *Khudkalami* (1981), she is enraged with the misfit social hierarchy, and how women with bold retorts and progressive mind rile the male dominated society. She also describes the plight and predicament of working women, and their sandwiched pliancy between office and home.

Parveen's creative journey passing through vicissitudes of youth, from youthful vigour to enlightenment of the self, and reaches in evolution of her awareness about socialism, dynamism of society, motherhood and best articulation of thoughts and their exemplary fusion with feelings. She saw the realities of life and the world observantly, and sewed them in poetic garment with romantic colour. She blows trumpet against the patriarchy and atrocities meted out. to woman. The most scathing attack on patriarchy is seen in her poem 'Bashir ki Gharwali'. In so many poems, she is diabolic against men, and her jibes are razor sharp. In the poem 'Ek Buri Aurat', she compares men with wolves hounding looking for lust. She gives a clarion call to all women to be independent financially, and challenge the patriarchy, be safeguards of innocent women who fall prey to these wolves. Parveen Shakir indicts religious conservatism, gender and class inequality, social and political oppression, and partisan attitude towards women. In the poem 'Khud Kalami', she speaks against male hegemony, and advocates liberty to women to test their potentials that is undermined due to patriarchal norms. In the poem 'Ek Ala Afsar Ka Mashwara', she describes how women were treated in offices, and how a senior officer pokes fun of poetry, and status of poets in the society, reminding her Bronte sisters'

writing with pseudonyms as Curren, Anton and Ellis Bell. She rues her spending lunch time with her senior fellow Parveen Agha, as the ambience was so much hostile for women. In the poem ‘Sajda’, she laments at the pathetic plight of women in male dominated society, as it likes to lower the voice of women in the society. Mark the pain of a woman inherent in these lines of her famous ghazal:

Pa aba gil sab hain, rihai ki kare tadbeer kaun
Dast basta shahar me khole meri zanjeer kaun
Mera sar haazir hai lekin mera munsif dekh le
Kar raha hai meri farde jurm ko tehreer kaun
Meri chadar to chini thi sham ki tanhai me
Beridai ko meri, phir de gaya tashheer kaun
Neend jab khwabon se pyari ho to aise ahad me
Khwab dekhe kaun aur khwabon ki de tabeer kaun
Dushmanon ke saath mere dost bhi aazad hain
Dekhna hai, khenchta hai mujh pe pehla teer kaun. (Sadbarg, 88)

Parveen Shakir’s social awareness about deterioration of human values, political turmoil and understanding of pulse of modern life is evident from her last stage of her creative flight. In the poem “Monetization”, she rues the deterioration of human relations, values and dying humanity in the maze of crumbling economy of the country. In “Steel Mills Ka Ek Khususi Mazdoor”, she talks about the dangers the mill workers grapple with in eking out their livelihood. It unravels her compassionate self, as she feels for poor labourers who are the backbone of the society but whose services are not hailed. They burn their skin in front of ferocious furnaces, they get good wages though, but they don’t know about the contract about that are compelled to sign that is like death warrant. The poem questions the apathy of society and government towards factory workers, who mortgage their self-esteem for the growth of a hypocritical society In yet another poem, “We are all Dr Faustus,” she talks about people selling their ego, and self-respect, and how they lose their identity in glimmer of riches. She rues about the impact of industrialization, and how it turns humans mechanical, and they are engrossed in the rat race to become rich in luxuries. The poem “Shazadi Ka Alamiya”, she throws light on stiffness Benazir Bhutto faces while being in the office as Pakistani premier, when the party workers demanded undue favours after getting rid of oppressive long military rule. In the poem

“Sindh ki Beti Ka Apne rasool Se Ek Sawal”, she presents the very dismal picture of the society. She was very disgruntled and dejected at the dismayed and disturbed prevalent situation in her country. The poem illustrates her increasing political insight, and concerns about the disparaging peace and order. She puts her heart out before the apostle of peace and wishes establishment of peace in the society. Mark the following lines where her concerns for mankind props up:

*Bast hai Ye Hamari jis me ab bhi
Khushboo teri naam ki basi hai
Barood me kyon naha rahi hai
Shaule use kyon nigal rahi hai
Jo shahar ko apni shakhsiyat me
Shabnam tha, gulaa tha, saba tha
An aag hai , khuun hai, dhwan hai
Ye shahar hai, saneha hai, kya hai
Kuufa hai ke karbala hai, kya hai (Inkaar, 143)*

The sweetness of the fragrance of a bubbly poet turns sour slowly, when she got separated from her husband, Syed Naseer, who was a man of different world. The compatibility between the couple pillaged due to high flying fame of wife, while he remained a humble medico serving the army, far from the madding crowd. Her extreme self-respect and self-esteem didn't mellow her to any whimpering indulgence in self-pity. She needed a vent to express the feelings of her accumulating injured and enraged hurts. Her poems now show her life and growing consciousness vis-a-vis life and its futility. She is of the view that the world around her is full of transitory beauties and wishes, and gradually she is disillusioned with the cosmos. She is pathetically aware that in the absence of love and care, her world has turned dark, dull and doomed. She felt the barrenness in her life after departure of her husband, she had all associations and aspirations with him, she served him as friend, mother and wife, and she always saw her image in his eyes. The poem ‘Judai Ki Pehli Raat’, brings catharsis of her emotions, she thought him as the part of her existence and soul. Sans him the moon has departed, the garish sun has set in and envelops her in the shadow of memories. Mark the poignancy of her pain after separation from her husband:

Har cheez faasle pe nazar ayi hai mujhe

Ek shakhs zindigi me hua mujhse duur kya

Sab khairiyat ka sun ke badan sard pad gaye

Kis ko nahin khabar ke hai bainulsatur kya

Takriime zindigi se bhi ab dast kush hain hum

Is se ziyada nazar utare huzuur kya (Inkaar, 54)

‘Motherhood’ is a very enchanting aspect of her much-morose life, which is a rare revelation of her illustrious poetic career. The poems written for her son, Murad, is a happiest episode of her much-estranged life, fetching her tranquillity and positivity. She is disgruntled and depressed in the absence of love and care in her life. The presence of her son, however, redeems her world. Her bitter tone changes into soft tenderness, love and compassion seeing her son playing, and making everything haywire in the house. In the poem ‘Shararat Se Bhari Ankhen’, the fountain of her love bursts jubilantly, she finds boundless joy saying that there the house is filled with iridescence of laughter and playfulness. The poem ‘Apne Bete Ke Liye Ek Nazm’, she is at her eloquent best showering motherly love on her son. These very heart-rending poems are the only source of consolation for an utterly helpless and hapless woman, who will not live to see him growing adult. She wrote many poems for her son, after separation from her husband, and these poems offer a perspective, of how she feels fostering him as a single mother. When her only son, Syed Murad Ali, asked her what to write, Parveen became nostalgic remembering the days when father had told her to practice love, honesty and truth, how they maligned her life by patriarchal world so she exhorted her child forgetting her ordeals:

Ek maan agar mayoos ho jaye

To duniya khatm ho jaye

To mere khushgumaan bachche

Tu apni lohe ayinda pe

Sare khubsurat lafz likhna

Sada sach bolna

Ehsan kerna

Pyar kerna

Magar ankhen khuli rakhna (Inkaar, 47)

Her poems for her motherland take our breaths away, seeing the intensity of her passion to serve the country, and to see it at the pinnacle of glory. In the poem “ Apni Zameen Ke Liye Nazm’, she is best at her ecstatic self to find moon descended on country’s flag, echo of azan in a democratic country reverberating hearts, fragrance flows freely in the air, and the journey of dreams of the soil is the music of land, air and love that has reached upto us. In the ghazal” Bakht Se Shikayat Hai Na Aflaq Se Hai”, we see the celebration of her being grounded, and unfathomable and unflinching love for her country. Mark the depth of love of a Full Bright scholar for her country:

Bakht se koi shikayat hai na aflaaq se hai
Yahi kya kam hai nisbat mujhe is khaaq se hai
Khwab me bhi tujhe bhulun to rawa rakh mujhse
Wo rawaiyya jo hawa ka khaso khashaq se hai
Bazme anjum me qaba khaaq ki pehni maine
Aur meri sari faziilat ishi poshak se hai (Inkaar, 13)

Parveen Shakir chose a pattern weave out her tapestry of poetry possess the accuracy and brilliancy of a skilled craftsman. The readers are found agape and breathless to catch the intense urge of her style. She primly paints feminist perspectives on love, loss, longing, romance, marriage, freedom, identity and other social issues in two poetic forms; ghazal and azad nazm (free verse). She integrates similes, metaphors and symbols in her poetry beautifully. Her ghazals are blistering blend of classical tradition and modern sensibility. Generally, her ghazals comprise five to ten couplets, but two consecutive couplets are not related with meaning and context. Her free verse more varied, and hover around social issues, including gender inequality, segregation of women at work, political turmoil, patriotism, deterioration of human values etc. She uses images tinged with beauty to express her feelings and emotions as ‘clouds’, ‘girl’, ‘night’, ‘zephyr’, ‘breeze’, ‘moon’, ‘flowers’, ‘fireflies’, ‘butterflies’, ‘stars’, ‘sky’, ‘ocean’ and ‘lake’ etc. she also uses symbols relatively such as “sun”, “forest”, “tree”, ”journey”, “earth”, “snakes”, “wolves” and “dust” etc. Thus she presents various feminist issues vehemently and vigorously. Mark the charm underlying her enchanting poetry:

Taza muhabbaton ka nasha jism o jaan me hai
Phir mausame bahar mere gulsitaan me hai
Khushbu ko tark ker ke na laaye chaman me rang

Itno to suujh bhujh mere baghbaan me hai

Varna ye tez dhoop to chubhti hame bhi hai

Hum chup khare hue hain ki tu saibaan me hai (Inkaar, 76)

It has become the passion with her poetry to dive deep into in her wounded soul and gauge the unfathomable mysteries underlying human cravings, existence, realities, and all paraphernalia of life. She feels alienated and awful being divorced by her husband. The segregation, cruelty and indifference of hostile world flares up in bonfire of anguish. She lent all burden of her gurgling emotions on the small shoulders of her son. After the blitzkrieg of time full of fury fear, she feels stranded, stripped of false promises and feigned pretensions – of both the outer world and world within. She lands in no man’s land -lonely and lost. On her tragic untimely demise, legendary novelist Quratulain Haider said: “Parveen Shakir’s death is quite shocking. Untimely death of a young and beautiful artist, she would become a myth” (nation.com). Mark the poignancy and ecstasy of the following lines of the poem “Westminster Abbey”:

Ankhon Ke Liye Jashn Ka Paigham to Aya

Takhiir Se Hi Chaand Ab Labe Baam to Aya

Us Bagh Me Ek Phool Khila Mere Liye Bhi

Khushbu Ki Kahani Me Mera Naam to Aya

Shab Se Bhi Guzar Jayenge Gar Teri Raza Ho

Daurane Safar Marhalae Shaam to Aya (Inkaar 129)

And also see how death bell seems to be ringing:

Maut Ki Aahat Sunai De Rahi hai Dil Me Kyon

Kya Muhabbat Se Bahut Khaali Ye Ghar Hone Ko Hai (Inkaar, 12)

To conclude, we may assert that Parveen Shakir’s poetry explores various social issues, particularly the plight, and predicament of women, and their position in society. Despite her relatively short life, her contribution to development of Urdu poetry is significantly immense. She forayed in realm of Urdu poetry, when there were some powerful voices of feminist poets like Ada Jafri, Fahmida Riyaz, and Kishwar Nahid looming large, she didn’t only let readers fell her dominance but she also outshined them. Her creative chariot flies from the feelings and emotions of young feminist artist full of promise and potential to her realization of the tongs of her selves, and to evolution of her outgrown feminine social, cultural and political

consciousness and motherly love. The enigma, enchantment, and excruciation underlying are upshots of feminist perspectives towards her poetic themes and of her readers that change cogently in amplitudes of appreciation. We may sign off with touching tributary lines of Ali Sardaar Jafri (rekhta.org):

Jannat me hai jashne nau ka saamaan

Mefil me 'Majzaz-o-Bairon' hain

Maujuud hain 'Keats' aur 'Shelley'

Ye marge jawan ke sare ashiq

Khush hain ki zamine pak ik

Nau-marge-bahar aa gai hai (rekhta.org)

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