Karachi – The city of walkers

This is a silent walk tutorial. Each sound recorded in this track is a glimpse into my walks or my friends walks. Each video has its own album cover that was witnessed during the walk. At the end of this playlist, all the sounds are layered and jumbled into a 9 minute long piece. It incapsulates everyone's walking experience into one.

1. 1) Exkishmish medem – Budh Bazaar
2. Walk with the intent of eavesdropping in here.
3. A silent walk inside Budh bazaar near Aladin park. From hammering of bazaar tents to the bantering of salesmen. This is a snippet of an every Wednesday soundness. The crowded chitter-chatter of a Karachi's worth of antique scavenge.
4. 2) Hazaron khauf k taaley - Abdullah Shah Ghazi mazaar
5. Walk like it is an Ibadaat.
6. This sacred space of Karachi is of a known saint, Abdullah Shah Ghazi. In the middle of a silent walk, the mazaar finds itself hosting piles and piles of threads and locks. All attached to the fences. Where do the locks and threads go once the wisher leaves? A worker of the Ghazi pays a visit and cuts down each thread. One snip here, and one snip there. I wonder if the locks ever disappear.

3) Hum road k musafir hai – Saddar

Walk in hopes of crisscrossing paths with fellow walkers.

Hum road k musafir hai, Hum kabhi kabhar miltey hai. The trucks speak their own tales on a busy day. This silent walk was a chase after a ride, it was a walk with a purpose. But the wandering soul is ever so delighted with the traffic when the engines around aren't growling. On some days, the travelers are preached by mystique mantras such as this one.

4) I love you, Jaanam - Gulistan e Jauhar

Walk like you are in search of love.

Walking on a street charmed by rickshaw music is a humming of its own. Jaanam, meri jaanam, swoons a hopeless romantic on its faithful walk to their Jaanam. The low musing of the song, against the winds of a humid Karachi, can only be blossomed with graffiti on a certain wall. A declaration of love, from a jaan to another jaanam.

1. 5) In the suburbs of Irfan loving Junaid - Safari Park
2. Walk to wonder and wander.
3. Irfan love Junaid 01/09/2009 You have to see this requited love from 2009. To get to this one little hut, you have to walk along with the caged birds. You have to pause and wonder what they are going through, wonder if they are yelling or singing or musing to their own requited love. Wonder if these voices make sense to you. Wonder if the watchers are enlightened by the birds or mirroring in fascination. And when you meet the end of these cages, pause at this little hut. You must. You must. You must.
4. 6) Khushamdeed khatra - Musalman Cutchi Khatri
5. Walk as if welcoming danger.
6. There is loudness next to these chalkboards, and closed doors. There are roaring mumbles and undecipherable whispers. Kids are buzzing inside madrassa rooms, and teachers are interrupting once in a while. There is a motor running, a car turning, silent zoning. There is something brewing and you just can't put a finger on what it is. Pat your heart. For it fears the demons haunting your walk.

7) Stuck in this sinkhole - Gulshan Iqbal

Walk like you are finding your way out of a sinkhole.

What good is a walk that doesn't have engines around it? A city of ruined sinks, alarms, and silencers. It is not a city of people, but a city of cars today. There is a bit of soil around the roads, and a small group of branches dangling from the corners. And here you are watching the vehicles living on.

8) Choo choo bolay sawari - Cantt station

Walk like you have a few hours before hopping on to your train and leaving this city.

Peak through the looking glass of a train, see the corridors whisp in wind. Lonely wouldn't suffice today. There are passengers everywhere. All waiting to hop aboard. All planning to leave this place. Listen to the announcements that make no sense. The nonsense of laughter, and of alienated goodbyes.

9) Karachi - The city of walks

Karachi is a universe- we all know for sure. It is hustling and bustling as they all name it to be. All of us walking our way from this street to the other, from this shop to a car, or from this place to our house. These walks alone are microscopic tales but when I put them all in one place, and jumble them up to create havoc. Instead, I get a Karachi that is a haunting void- of life and sobriety.