

Poetry Series

amar qamar
- poems -

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amar qamar(19.08.1981)

I have experienced and seen many things in my short life, and put them to paper in the form of poetry, to inspire people and to provoke thought.. Read, learn, and enjoy

Battered Wife...

Darkness surrounds her, as she cries,
Blood oozes as she dies...
Bruised and battered a pitiful state
The consequences of her partners anger his hate
'I should of stopped it', she thinks, 'now it's too late'
She had plenty of warnings leading up to this,
The abuse, the hot irons, the beatings the kicks
'It's not him, it's me, I made him angry', her excuse
'He loves me, he cares, and I'm annoying that's why he's like this'.
'When I'm quiet, and I do as I'm told. He smiles and he cares'
'He loves me, he holds me while he strokes my hair.., '
'For this love, I'll take all that's thrown at me...'
'For my family and the future... I can take it'
SHE HAD THOUGHT...

She lays there her head in her sons embrace
Only five, and already seen too much evil in life
Her heart burst with pain as she sees his face
A twitch in her stomach as she holds a sharp rusty knife
'I won't see you grow up' she sobs 'I won't see u go to school'
'I'll miss your first girlfriend, your wife, and my grandkids'
'It's my fault I should of left him, kept away, I'm a fool'
'ARRRRGGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHH'
Her cries get louder so does the hurt...
As her blood soaks into her son's favorite shirt...
He walks in, dazed, gives her a kick as he gets a beer
'Help me', 'think of our son' she whimpers
He walks past and pretends not to hear
'Be a good boy, be a brave boy... run away...'
'Don't cry, mommy loves u, move, just get away'
Not for much longer, she feels, have I got left
She pushes him away with her final strength...
'Go to Ben and Jill's, go next door...'
He gets up, runs to the back door and looks back
'go' she whispers... 'I love u, remember that'
All alone, Darkness surrounds her, as she cries,
Blood oozes as she dies...

amar qamar

Boy Racer...

Cigarette in hand, as I cruise along
Relaxing and chilling, full blasting 2pac's song
Their heads pop out the windows they yell and holler
Dressed up, and hyped up, bling round their collar
In their hopeless ritual of trying to score dates.
Chatting and laughing, these are my mates
Wincing with embarrassment, I slide down my seat
A few of them are actually cute, my heart begins to beat
I'm the shy type though... I put my foot down
I speed round the corner, and through the centre of town
Night time is falling, and streets lights get going
Music gets louder, the beats start flowing

WHOOOSH! ! ! !

I get overtaken, OMG! ! ! I can't stand for that
Not from a Astra, and on top of that, HIS FAT...
Pedal to the metal. I get up his rear
Revving my engine, my beast I want him to hear
Adrenaline starts to pump, I feel alive
Thinking, yeah baby, this is how to drive
Weaving side to side, he won't let me pass
Changing gear, I slip past him fast
In and out of traffic, we both want to race
I'm too far ahead, his about to give up the chase
I've never lost yet, and I won't today
I rip through the gears... Oh Sh*t! ! ! get out the way! ! !
A couple of kids come on to the street
I try and brake. I press hard on the pedal I slam down my feet
All in slow motion, but still I have to swerve
Smash and bang, I slam into the curve
Roll over twice, and crash into a ditch
Last thoughts are "my dad's going to kill me. sh*t! "

The tear filled eyes of his parents, I can't bare to look
It's been a few weeks, and I'm still a little shook
I get flashbacks, and nightmares of the crash site...
Have hardly slept since that ill-fated night
Now I'm here, and facing his parents, he was only 18
Those dead eyes, the blood, guts, like a horrible movie scene

Head out the front window, a piece of metal embedded deep
My best mate, he sometimes visits me, while I sleep
I blame myself, so does every person I know
Even those who were with me, at the time non said go slow...
They too hate me and accuse me, they've left me deserted
When I walk down the street, their eyes get averted
Abandoned and alone I'm left on my own
No more calls to come out, to chill, no one to phone
To live with my guilt and pain it's what I deserve
There is a place for me in hell now, it's on reserve
My best mates back now, he always comes to chat...
Wants me to join him, tonight I might just do that...

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Bullied

The laughter long gone
Was happy and wild
Confidence undone
Now a sad little child

Bullies so evil and cruel
Poor kid too scared to go to school
That dreaded walk of the damned
Day begins with being poked and slammed
Then never ending abused and put downs
Kid's mock and wicked laughter resounds

'Better not tell anyone, or worse will come'
'You're a waste of a human being, total scum'
'Why not kill yourself, you don't belong'
'You're weird, no one likes you, now run along '

The smart joyful child now vanished
Rosy cheeks now so pale
A sad shell of his former self
The once energetic kid, now seems frail

Finally had enough, the parents are told
To school they go with anger barely controlled
The teachers they berate and scold
The bullies are warned and their parents informed
The days that follow, the bullies seem reformed,

Slowly but surely bad days are left behind
Now joyful playtime, and new friends are made
Cheerful child has returned, with a happy mind
Glad to go to school, no longer afraid

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Childhood

My life, what a waste,
It didn't start until it was too late,
Not much of a childhood, not much of a fate.
Never notice, never seen,
All them years, stuck on automatic, a machine.
The anger, the anguish of things I should have done
The fun, the laughs, what? There wasn't none.
Strict parents who ruled with an iron fist
The berating the beatings, you get the gist
Being brought up like this I became a recluse
Not point arguing or talking back, there wasn't any use
So I became a prisoner of my own quietness and shyness
I watched from within, with silent sadness
Staying at home from morning to night, just me alone
Never having friends over, just me on my own
Never going out, just me and my books,
Became frightened of people and their judgmental looks
My confidence was beaten and battered
What little courage there might have been, was shattered
Wasted time, and wasted years
Locked away in my room, trapped with my fears
Then I went to college and things all changed
The chains suddenly slackened, it felt a bit strange
To suddenly be free and to do as I desired
Suddenly I had so many mates, I felt inspired
Though I put my head down and studied hard in class
Afterwards I chilled, cruised, and had bare laughs
I lived everyday to the full, as if it was my last
Clubbing and partying and having a blast
Chatting up girls, and sessioning till late
Not knowing what day it was, never mind the date
I lost my way a bit, the straight path I finally managed to find
Now that I'm older I remember those days fondly in my mind
I haven't lived many years, but definitely lived those two
All those lost years crammed into so few...

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Dont Pity Me.... Help....

I see your stare, I see you care
I see your pity I see that you almost dare...
Tears fill my eyes, sadness is etched on my face
Look upon me and see deaths embrace
I feel it in my aged bones, one day soon, I'll be free
Death will be my escape, hopefully...
Still I have many pain filled days to bear
The weight of the world upon my shoulders
Scraping and scuffing are the burdens holders
Sun pounds down, I'm weary beyond belief
I crave some water, some shade... anything for some relief
Instead I'm rewarded with another pack on my back
As my aged blisters begin to crunch and crack
Knee's about to give, I try not to tumble
I hear my master's irritation, I hear him grumble
His angers building up as usual, I hear him rage n roar
I try to set off, but I just can't move no more
I see his anger, he raises his whip,
It stings, it hurts as it's brought down on my injured hip
I wait for the next, it never comes. I see him frown
As I struggle... thrash... bumble... and fall
Seems to take forever until I hit the ground
This time I know it's over, once and for all
After what seems like forever, the dust settles around...
Eyes barely open, I see him run as he gets me a drink
Water tastes nice, but it's not enough this time...
A look of sadness crosses my master's face, also regret I think
I feel it's too late, I'm just too tired and weary
At last the rest I desired has finally come and I can sleep
I feel myself going my eyes are getting bleary
I feel for my brothers, who suffer and who have yet to endure
For this hatred, anger, abuse and cruelty, I pray for a cure

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Epiphany Of Death

I lay awake sometimes, thinking of death.
Getting closer with every breath.
Can't bare to think of the abyss of forever.
Conscious never ending... Never....
An infinite existence, a pit of despair.
Why is it only me who seems to care.
I'm a true believer in heaven and hell.
But there's never going to be an ending, no final bell.
What will I turn into, will I still be me.
A crazy deranged soul, that's more likely.
I'd get bored once everything's said and done.
Nothing new and nothing to come.
Even in heaven, forever seems too long.
Am I thinking weird? Can I be wrong?
Damn, wish I never thought of it.
Wish I could forget.
Life's but a drop in the ocean of infinite.

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Feeling Of Anxiety

Scared of what? I can't say
I got to go, have to getaway
Heart begins to thump, to race wild
Feeling frightened, alike a child
Breathing quickens, I want it to slow, get back in control
But it is like I'm digging myself an unfathomable hole
Deep inside, I begin to drown, I am sinking
I going to die right here and now, I start thinking
Begin to sweat and body goes weak
A quiet place of calm solitude, is what I seek,
The whole world, my brain, my existence, I need to escape
Sometimes death seems a way out, frightening thoughts, take shape
Maybe I will find peace in the afterlife
But I'm terrified of death, just as I'm frightened of life
The mysterious nature of life and death, keeps me feeling insane
Unbidden Thoughts well up, disease my mind, my bane
I try thinking of my family my kids, this does actually help a while
But then weird thoughts spew up, like malevolent bile
People ask am I alright? I hardly dare to speak
Lest I mentally break down and totally freak
Stop being a wimp, get over it, You have a good job and life...
You should be thankful, you are not poor and living in strife...
What is there to get anxiety about, they say...
It is a shadow I cannot name it, grasp it, no physical demon to slay
Popping pills seems the only method
keeps the unknown phantoms at bay
I need help, someone or something to take it way
Hope I wake up one day and it is all gone away
Like a bad dream
Please let it be true, I pray.

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Happiness

Happiness is a fairytale
Never ending quest, the Holy Grail
Life is tough and full of grief
We may see a glimmer, but it's oh so brief
Happiness a delusion, we all try to achieve
A dream is a dream, there to deceive
Contentment is all that is attainable
Even that is not sustainable
We can have pleasure and delight
All warm and bright
We can laugh and smile
But this too does fade, after a while
Life, death, family and graft
Though you're not sinking, you're still on a raft
Tedious humdrum, day in and day out
You doing what is expected, of that there is no doubt
You would say you are happy, I'd say content
Happiness ever after, this lie, I resent
Don't get me wrong
I do wish it to be achievable
Truly being happy, to me is not conceivable
Maybe one day I will come round
Find out, that to this monotony, we are not bound
To the idea of happiness, someday I may awaken
Wait just a second, I think I was mistaken
They say money doesn't make you happy
For me I think it would
A few million on the lottery
Then find happiness, I could

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Holiday

At the end of the day
When all is said and done
We got to play
We have had some fun
Away from reality
The laughs and smiles
Much needed remedy
From the daily trials

The joy and thrills
The sea waves wade
The hike in the hills
The grins on their faces
The special faraway places
From one to the next we blunder
Their eyes shine with wonder

Memories made
Moments stolen so rare
Though they fade
Many stories to share
To last a lifetime

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Immortal

I'm writing this, so I'm not forgotten
Actions and intentions ebb, once the bones be rotten
I once planted an apple tree, to leave my mark
As tall as a house, still unbeknown, still my name in the dark
I once painted a painting and wrote a book
So I can get famous and find me a nook
Though I had talent, it wasn't in my heart
Other talents I searched for, so I could stand apart
During this period, I discovered I could rhyme
A talent well hidden, but there all this time
Eternal is my pen, the quest for immortality my aim
Immortal be the victor, the champion of the game
I was here! ! ! I want it to be known throughout the ages
"He was extraordinary", I wish to be written in the history pages
Once great kings, lie in their graves, many unknowns
Once powerful men, ruling from golden thrones
Nevertheless for those lucky and the few
Enshrined in history, I inspire to be one too
Here's my challenge to future generations
Even after the coming and going of great powerful nations
My words will be read, and my name will resound
My voice will live on, it will never be drowned

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Myself

Why can't I just be me?
Why should I care what people see
Voices say wear this, act like that
So what if I don't integrate,
and not part of the pack
I have my own style and look
The cover, isn't what's always in the book
Sense of myself is mine to seek
Don't think to back me into a corner
To categorise me, as if I'm weak
My method is my individuality
Don't try and judge my mentality
I don't need the fashions or trends to impress
It's not up to you how I behave or dress
Uniqueness is what makes us grand
Why be part of the herd, dull and bland
We are the ones people will remember
Better to glow among coal like ember
Just accept me, instead of condemn
That being said, now, how do I tell them...

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Nightmare

Darkness surrounds me, completely shrouded,
Thinking and movements totally clouded
Try to run but my legs go weak
I hear movement, the stairs creak
Hidden behind a cupboard, crouched on the floor
I reflect how it started, with an eerie knock on the door
Eyes to the peephole it wasn't a man I observed
I saw an angel of death, can't be real, that's absurd
Stunned by the vision, I could not believe my eyes
Until he opens his mouth and expelled millions of flies
Scrambling to the kitchen, I seized a large knife
Weapon sorted, I was prepared to fight
As I turn back, he emerges though the wall
Clothed in black, skeletal figure and awfully tall
Smell of decay, putrid stench of death he exudes
He glides over, I slash at the darkness he imbues
Knife slides through, he smiles with evil glee
I whirl around, stumbling up the stairs, I flee.
That is how I ended up trapped, with him creeping closer
Useless knife held close, not making me any bolder
His shadow now looms, and coldness chills my bones
He whispers my name, in deep raspy tones
I push against the wall as if it will absorb me
Backed in a corner, some sense I finally see
I will stand to meet my fate, what will be will be
Surprise on his face a testament to my audacity
I take a deep breath knowing it is my last
He suddenly smirks, comes at me so fast
Then I am in darkness, fast deep breathing I hear
It was only a nightmare thank god death is not yet near...

amar qamar

Oppressed And The Oppressor

You can see, yet you do not see
A hole, where a heart should be
You can hear, but do not heed
The screams and cries of those that bleed
Can speak, but are strangely quiet
Oblivious to the disquiet

You can clearly see the discrimination
But are programed by the oppressors narration
Your humanity has turned to stone
Your hatred of the oppressed way overblown
'They are a different faith. Their colour isn't right.
They are the enemy we have to fight'
You're taught they are evil, your side is always right
Is it right? That people are harmed?
The child, the father, the mother, sister or brother
Who these tyrants say are bad, so they kill and smother

Beleaguered and desperate, they had arisen
Millions now sealed in an dilapidated prison
and still their homes and land being forcibly stolen
These unfortunate wretched people
The world has left alone and broken

Your logic, 'the invaded should sit and take it,
We are justified to kill and maim as we see fit,
Slay all who oppose us, scare them straight,
How dare they fight for liberty,
They should just accept their fate,
If to the occupation they don't submit,
Stamp them into the ground, defiance we can't permit'
The women, the children, the men, and the old
All a viable target, a fictional tale can later be told'

What can be done? Pause. Let go of hate, Just a fraction
Give peace a chance, stop the territorial expansion
Split the land and each to his own
Let go of the loathing, leave each other alone
Just stop the killing, every life is dear

Better to live in peace than in fear

(just my thoughts, your free to disagree)

amar qamar

Regret

Echoing of a melody
Resonating in memory
Straw less grasped
Heart once clasped
A choice taken
An option forsaken
Soul cut deeply
Love lost cheaply
Happiness time forgot
Space of hopeless blot
Stains not removed
Lot never to be improved
Taken too long, delayed
Stitches worn and frayed
Too long seated, I have sat
My beating heart now flat
Regret gliding on wind
A pitiful thing...

amar qamar

Rock Bottom

When rock bottom I did finally hit
Low as any could go, the deepest pit
I happened across a wise man
Or he may have just been a mad
"Heed my words carefully,
For they will certainly change thee"
Grinning from ear to ear, he said to me.

"Only one now, where there where two
Suffering and sorrow inside of you
I see that you are worried and fearful
Death of a loved one, departure so tearful
Do not be scared of what is to come
Or to a slippery slope you will succumb"

"You are your own worst enemy
You know acceptance is the key
You feel orphaned and alone
Frightened of the future unknown
Do not fear, for fear is the enemy of will
Do not let it settle in your heart
For fear to go on living, it will instill"

"Drowning in what has been
Agonizing about the unseen
You will squander your life away.
The past is a story already told
The future a story yet to unfold
Do not worry about tomorrow
For the present is the show"

I carefully considered his ravings
Before lifting myself from the ground
Gathered my courage, then homeward bound

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Self Harm

It calls me closer, its calls me near
'Just once and it'll be over'
Death whispers in my ear
Irresistible is its sweet entice
Staring down, which one to slice,
I observe my previous tries
My unseen hurt and earlier cries
No peace in my mind, no peace in my head
The quiet intelligent me, long since fled
Anger and rage consumes me
My minds demons bursting to be free
The walls of my cage finally cave
'Just be still, just be brave'
I slash down with an improvised knife
'Forget this world, forget my life'
Blood oozes and drips down the drain
A slight tingle but no real pain
A Calmness comes over me
My last attempt please, it's got to be
'Sc*w everyone, that's made me into this'
The very same people who I'm going to miss
Tears stream down my cheek,
My head feels heavy, I get dizzy and legs go weak
Darkness surrounds me, I get a glimpse of the abyss
I embrace the darkness, then hear a shriek...

Then nothing.... Blankness, no sound
I feel my body drifting
I hear scraping, something's stirring around
Surrounding me, I can here creatures shifting
I hear a scream, I hear a moan
I want my family, I'm all alone
I hear cry, I hear a sob
And realize it's my own
I know I have sinned, still I pray to god
'Please get me out of this hell'
I start to yell...
No sound out my mouth, only in my mind
No one to help me, no one for me to find

I've never felt so scared....
My soul finally screamed and despaired
'I give up...'

A light? ? ?
My consciousness returns
As it starts to get bright
I feel myself falling
A faint faraway voice, I hear someone calling
Brighter now, getting brighter still
I feel myself escaping from this hell
Has it been months or has it been years?
Since I was stuck in that prison,
Trapped with my fears

I open my eyes, and look around
I'm lying in a bed in a hospital gown
The worried looks on their faces makes me ashamed
Sitting and staring no one makes a sound
'Sorry' is all I say...
Mother start crying, my farther is sad
Finding me like that must have been bad...
I get a kiss and a cuddle,
A pat from my father,
My minds in a muddle
I still manage a small smile,
And close my eyes for a while,
I promise myself, from this day on and till I die
I'm going to be the best person I can
Or at least try
Like a old cliché
'Live everyday like it's the last'
Forget all the bad days, I'm leaving them in the past
The sun is shining, my dark clouds have vanished
My demons have gone, finally banished
Life is good, life is great,
Forget wallowing in self pity
I tell you, straight.

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Something Lost...

I had it once, now it's gone
Like a knot it's been undone
Was once so tight, now so slack
Happy times I wish I could have back
I sit a home, and feel so lonely
It'll be great if that was all, if only...
Zombie on the outside, the living dead
But so many questions floating around my head
Confusions rains down, it pours
Pandora's Box, I've opened the doors
No sign of anyone who can help
No sense of feelings or of myself
Where can I find the answers
Who am I? What am I?
Am I a dream? Or am I the dreamer?
Am I a thought? Or a complex computer,
How do my thoughts start? What makes them end?
What makes me do this? What makes me do that?
I know I overanalyze, I can't help it
Thinking and gazing into space, as I sit
Why can't I accept the wisdom of those around
Not letting myself accept the answers I've found
I want to free myself from my mind
And not just to pretend
Everything's okay everything's fine
I want to be NORMAL... When it's going to end....

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Storm At Sea

CRASHING waves... SMASHING seas...
Bringing sailors to their knees.
As they struggle to save their lives
Hoping and praying, help arrives.

The stormy seas as dark as coal,
Preventing the sailors from reaching their goal.
Battered and bruised, but still they fight...
Staring ahead, into the dead of night.
Rocking and rolling as they try to stand...
Hoping against hope, that they soon reach land.

Bleary eyed from lack of sleep.
Down in their cabins, huddled like sheep.
As they're rocking and rolling down beneath
Weary sailors above, resist with gritted teeth.

hours later, as the storm starts to dissipate,
It leaves a calm tranquil sea in its wake.
The veteran sailors know the battle is over, and they have won...
As they contemplate, other storms yet to come...

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The Clown

I make people laugh, I like to see them cheery
Mask upon a mask where is the real me?
Clever, witty and amusing to see
Hundred laughs a seconds, a jester it's great to be
Kids love me, Grownups adore the clown
Guaranteed to make you giggle I won't let you down
But what makes me laugh, who cares for the fool?
I'm no better than the TV, a stereo I'm just a tool
Who cares for the real me, the man beneath?
The unseen man walking behind the grin and teeth
The guy who seems so happy all the time
Who cares for me really? No one gives a dime
Where is the karma, where is my smile?
Not the drawn on one, that's been on a while
No one's ever tried to get close or show me affection,
I know people too well, I can see past their protection
Pretending to love me, as false as my mask
I see past the lies, tell me the truth, that's all I ask
For now I'm content to do as I have always done
No point wallowing, what will come, will come...
So I draw my smile my facade back on my face
The act s started again, off I go to be a mental case...

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The Island...

No mans an island, what about me
Miles from anyone, a desolate island in the sea
People come and visit, but no one comes to stay
One of these day's though.... I'm hoping, as I pray
There's a shadow on the horizon I can barely make out
Come over and visit, I'm wanting, to shout
But I'm just an island, and have no voice
So I wait, just wait, because it is her choice
My heart skips a beat, my spirit begins to soar
This is the one, I'm positive. I'm sure,
Year after year but still no nearer,
A whisper in the wind, I swear I almost hear her
Season after season, as I'm smashed by the ocean
No hint movement, no emotion or motion
Deep in my centre, where the passion blazes in my heart
Not for too much longer, I feel, will we be apart
But I'm an island I can wait until the end of days,
People still visit me, but no one yet stays
I relax and wait, and ascend my mind
Darkness surrounds me, as I go blind...
Millennia have passed as I wake from my slumber
I search around for the one I that I hunger
She rest right next to me, without me knowing
I'm jus glad she's here my insides are glowing
A smile in my heart, happiness in my soul
There are now two islands, in the middle of the sea
Forever and ever, together we'll be...

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The Mob

Hunters become hunted
The hunted become lost
Hearts get clouded
In a permanent frost

Rules are rules
Rules to be adhered
Thoughts put to standby
Hearts to be cleared

Pleas on deaf ears
Integrity dissolved
All hands now stained
Intelligence devolved

A river of anger rages
Non against the flow
'Kill them, Gut them'
Hypocrisy at its best
Justice a forgotten quest
Judgment passed on rumour
Evil breeds...
A black cancerous tumour

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Time Flies By

Autumn leaves
Springtime bloom
Summers sun
Gone to soon
Winters comes
An icy blast
Another year
Just flown past

Say goodbye
It is time to die
Far in the future
Believed it was
Fresh and full of ego
Young not too long ago
Days ignored
Did not stop and appreciate
Now it is too late

Time to let go
Mind and body
Both say it is so
Terrified?
Rest easy my friend
Do not be afraid
Your journey is beginning
It is not the end

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To The Stars

Humanity spread across the expanse of space
Into the unknown, as if a race
Starship after starship spread the seed
After that first step, we were finally freed
From the cradle, the branches were spread
As if glass roof was lifted from overhead
Billions of people chose to escape the mundane
They flew willingly into unfamiliar terrain
Faster and bigger ships were constructed
Go forth and multiply they were instructed
So humanity spread out into the solar system
From there, the stars, like a living organism
Star after star, galaxy after galaxy
There where wars on the universes tapestry
Wonders where seen, new life forms detected
Love and death and other human traits reflected
This was a dream I had one day
Humanity needs to go, for here we cannot stay
We have overpopulated the earth, we are now forsaken
It is guaranteed to happen, once that first step is taken
It's our only choice in order for civilisation to survive
One small planet is too small for so many to thrive
Stop wasting money on wars and guns
Instead explore the universe, and its infinite suns

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War On Terror

They Bomb us, we attack
They hit us, we hit back
Freedoms war on terror
Our biggest miscalculated error
The repercussions unexpected
Our freedom and liberties restricted
Innocence killed and bombed either side
The unsuspecting victims with nowhere to hide
Only the most evil and powerful prosper and grow
As our desensitized hearts watch TV and say "so"
"Doesn't effect me, let them do what they desire"
Thugs and army alike, rampage and kill, like guns for hire
But the bombings increase and getting closer to us
But we don't see it, wondering what's with all the fuss
A million miles away but still so near
One day it'll hit us or one so dear
Then with anger that knows no bounds
The circle will start again, round and around.....

amar qamar

Worklife

Day after day same monotonous routines
Work and more work is that all it means
From this moment onwards until I'm old,
Be walking to work, rain, snow and cold
Depressed and lifeless beyond belief
I'll be frail and old before I find relief
Tired and bleary and eyes like lead
Thinking, can it be any worse if I was dead
Where there are no more worries or heartache
But I have to struggle with life, for my family's sake
So similar are the days, they all seem hazy
Another 50 odd years left, I can see myself going crazy
I want to sleep for an eternity. And wake up refreshed
Ready to take on the years that are left
But that dream I'll have to wait for, for when I'm in my grave
Knowing my luck, it'll be my old dull life that I'll crave
But where there is a will... I'll find a way
I will battle up life's hill. Day after day
Like many who have come and gone before me,
I will survive and succeed, just wait... you'll see

amar qamar

Writing Poetry-My Process

Empty pages glare at me
Bright white sheets stare back mockingly
Snuggled away in my den
Thinking constantly about what to pen
Hoping a good idea would pop into my head
Useless ideas pop up instead
Just static in my mind, drawing a blank
Running on fumes from an empty tank
A slight glimmer, an idea seems to sprout
Eureka! My mind seems to shout
I start to write down, feel a little tense
I look down at my work, it doesn't make sense
Have to twist and turn a sentence here and a word
Like trying to corral a unruly herd
Now I am ready to commence
The words start flowing like a flood
As if a flower is starting to bud
I scribble away, for what seems like hours
Until I have lines of rhymes soaring like towers
Pleased with what I have? No just yet
Have to leave it alone, the paints still wet
Come back days later, and read what I penned
I few mistakes, sounds weird, it's not the end
Chop and change, and new lines here and there
Exaggerate this and add a little flair
Now it is ready for all to see
Hope it is good, for the people will judge

amar qamar