

Poetry Series

Halima Ahmed
- poems -

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Halima Ahmed(07/20/1987)

क व ि त ा

The beginning of each word is the same- Poetry. Its just in different languages.

Poetry is my weapon
to fight the evil thoughts
in my head
and to move on in life
from the past experiences
and to rejoice the
beauty of life

Gabay for me
Is a means to express
My depth love for
My loved ones
And appreciate the beauty of
My Somalinimo
It's the means through
Which I ensure
My hope
For a greater Somalia STILLS ALIVE!

क व ि त ा is my special
way of celebrating
languages and cultures
and
of understanding "the other"
and of
learning to be a tolerant
being.

ا ل ش ع ر is embracing all that
I am
All that I was
And all that
I will be

mashairi is all about
learning the value of friends,

appreciate life,
enjoying it
and inhaling the beauty of it,
while exhale the ugly part of it

is the only way
I remain certain
that our humane side
shall prevail our evil side!

is my way of understanding
The complexity of
Life
And its secret codes

is my way
Of dwelling
My soul in
The land of my ancestries
And reclaim our identity
As the Nation of Poets!

Poesía is my way of celebrating
This day of us
And our undying love
And our passion
And our future
And you!

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A Note Of Appreciation For My Father

Can I ever thank you enough for being the wonderful man you are?
Abo, thank you for your patience,
For your unconditional love,
For the warmth in your hug,
Thank you for your encouragement,
For your heart and ability to forgive my mistake,
Abo, my life is just as incomplete as the land is without the rain,
It is as if there is a constant reminder of something precious missing,
Like the feeling of inadequateness,
Or the loss of someone dear,
Abo, my love for you will never cease to exist,
Waan ku jeclahey
Appki yaad dil ko rulati hai,
Aur kitna saal yeh khamooshi rahe gaye?
How long will the lines of anger, misunderstandings, and disappointments last?
Kitna paas bhi app kitne door ho abo macaan?
I'm sorry for all the pain that I have caused your heart,
One should be truly honored to have a father like you,
As days go by I understand the value of relationships,
The value of my father can never be measured,
Thank you for being my father,
For being the incredibly intelligent man that you are,
For being so compassionate,
for your passionate love for your religion, people, family and education,
I pray that in the hereafter we can share sit together and chit chat,
And thank you, even in absence, for being the biggest influence in my life.
Abo you're the best force in my life and I love you from the bottom of my lungs

(:
With love and respect,
Your little girl,
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Don't

Don't preach if you can't practice it.

Don't say if you don't mean it.

Don't take if you can't return it.

Don't make it worse if you can't improve it.

Don't cause sorrow if you can't give happiness.

And never kill, because you obviously can't give life!

Halima Ahmed

Fighting With The Demons

'Truly, to a happy state shall attain the believers: those who humble themselves in their prayer, and who turn away from all that is frivolous, and who are intent on inner purity.'-[Qur'an 23: 1-4]

The locks of the hell fire are opened,
your back, huh?
Been a month of blessings, and prayers,
A month of reconnecting with my Almighty lord every night and every day,
but your presences ruins it....your back...
As the magrib prayer of the last day of ramadan approached,
my fears of being reconnected with you returned,
yesterday, I missed my prayers,
I fight myself, jihad ul nafs isn't easier,
perhaps that's why the prophet told the sahab the hardest jihad is the struggling
within,
Why oh lord couldn't we have ramadan all year around?
The peace and tranquility of salah is no longer the same,
I fear I might stumble, somewhere,
not worship you as I ought to be doing,
Ya Allah, increase your love in my heart,
help me practice placing my forehead on the floor often,
Ya Allah the demons seem to be tempting me,
every where I look I see the worldly pleasures calling me,
Demanding I take part in the haram of this dunya,
Ya Allah help me sharpen my sword of fighting the demons and jinns,
Help me sharpen the tip of my Salah, and increase the rakats of my Salah,
Help me concentrate more on my salah,
Ya Rabb alleviate my soul,
and make the day I stop performing my salah the last day I spend on this earth,
for my forehead burns me if it does not touch the floor five times a day,
my hands yearn for the Sunnah prayers,
my knees cry to bow down and pray to their lord,
my heart battles the demons to make my body perform wudu,
Ya Allah make my salah the sword I defeat the jinns with!

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Hoyo Macaan/ Meri Pyari Mama [my Lovely Mum]

Mother, how often have I taken your presences for granted?

How often have I disobeyed you?

Pained your heart,

Frowned upon your guidelines of being a proper lady,

Oh hoyo macaan,

How often have I caused you to shed tears?

Regret,

Disappointments,

Anguish,

Hoyo macaan,

How often have I forgot to tell you that my love for you exceeds all limits,

Measurements,

Human ability to fathom,

Hoyo macaan,

I wish you know how much I love,

How much I appreciate the sacrifices you made for me and my siblings,

And although we hardly hugged,

I now realize the time you spent earning for our living was essential,

The blankets that covered us at night,

Necessary,

The food we eat,
Crucial for our survival,
The clothes we wore and the shoes we had
Were the source of your smile.
And although, hoyo macaan, we missed on each other's life greatly,
I always held you close to my heart,
Always loved you,
You protect me in your womb as a fetus,
As an infant cared and nurtured me,
Prayed and showered your love on me as an child,
Taught me the beauty of life as a young girl,
And even, today, as the distance keeps us apart,
You still continue to teach me the most valuable lessons of life.
Hoyo macaan,
Have I told you lately Waan ku jee lahay,
And have I told you,
You top the list of blessings Allah Ta'aal has bestowed on me,
And that your resilience as a Somali woman,
Has taught me to be the woman I am,
To be grateful,
To love,

Respect,

And count each blessings of Allah Ta'aal as the most beautiful jewel

Hoyo macaan,

Have I told you lately my love for you grows by the hour?

The more I become mature,

The more I wish I never did anything to hurt you,

Pain you,

Hoyo macaan,

How I wish I could fulfill every wish of yours,

And protect them with the tip of my fingers,

How I wish I never said NO when you asked me for something,

Hoyo macaan,

I pray the almighty Allah Azza wa Jal to provide a garden of serenity and tranquility for you in the Hereafter,

Pardon your sins,

Pave your way with his blessings,

Hoyo macaan,

I hope I am worthy of the paradise that lies under your feet,

Of your love,

Of your compassion,

Of our, hopefully, reunion in the hereafter

Hoyo macaan,

Have I told you lately main aapse bahut pyar karti hu?

Your little daughter,

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I Am Angry!

I am angry at the lack of government in my land,
Angry at the fact that it is been two decades too late to fix things,
Mad at the ignorance of my people,
Outraged at the way my deen is misused,
Disappointed at reality of my beloved country,
Helpless at the young men being recruited,
How many more will be persuaded to kill?
fight their people?
blow up themselves?
How many more mothers have to see the death of their children?
Wasn't forcing them to beg for shelter elsewhere enough?
Tonight as I read news about Somalia,
More deaths,
More children dying of hunger,
More mothers crying at their misery,
Tears drop...tears drop, and they dropp again
And
yet another night I sleep with anger, sadness, helplessness and frustration over
the conditions my land.
When will we stop preying on Somalia like vultures?

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Me Vs Me

Then life was for

Chilling,

Clubbing,

Partying and hanging out

Life then was all about the MOMENT

Happiness was to be exclusively acquired for NOW

Who knew tomorrow would come

Life was much or less like a drug then

The rush and excitement of few minutes

Overshadowed the importance of life..

Then my life was a small "me" that was

Confided in a small

Miniature me!

A me that was far from being the REAL me!

Today's ME however has survived the miniature me

Of the past

Today's ME is much more stronger

Confident

And happier than the me of the past

The ME today is contended with life

With Allah Ta'aal

With the mistakes of the past

And with the ME within the ME

The ME of today, unlike the me of the past, can stare in the mirror for long time

Without any guilty of ugly soul

The ME of today loves the ME of today

This ME understands the immortal being

And that our abode is not this earth

The ME today knows that we don't live for mini moments,

Like miniatures do,

But we make moments,

Gigantic moments,

To last us a memory of life time

as the Prophet peace be upon him said

'Behave in your earthly life as if you were to live eternally;

and in your life in the Hereafter as if you were to die tomorrow.

This is the real ME!

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Midnight Encounter @ The Bus Stop

I swear the hatred in his eyes could pierce a hole in my heart...

His sly smile displayed his despise for people like me

His questions showed years of hate for my kind...

“Why are you out this time, ALONE? ”

He constantly tried to provoke me with his questions,

He represented everything-a corrupt uniform man stood for...

He threw more questions at me: Just like they do in 24....

I answered indifferently...

I could see my attitude hurt him..

I could care less he was a cop...

My only concern then was just to get home-to sleep...

As he was leaving...he chanted take care ma'am....

Take care- sure. That I should..of Policemen who pick question people like me..

Funny how out of 15 people..I seemed a potential threat.....

Did the scarf on my head madden him?

Or were his eyes hurt by the beautiful color of my skin?

Or was it my accent? Which was a proof for my foreignness...

Perhaps it was the fact that I was a woman...

His eyes bulged out because of the sharpness of my tongue...

Whatever it was-I enjoyed this encounter....

His anger somehow pleased my heart.

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My Cell Phone ♥

Lately the source

Of my happiness has been

My green phone

And although I love the color and appreciate the green side of life

That has not been the real reason

You see my phone has made me realize

Something no human

Has ever done before....

And that is

I have realized the beauty of voices

And no- not voices of singers

But rather regular people like you and I

I hold the phone close to my ears

And it instantly transfers

The depth of our conversations

to my heart

My phone has been well aware of this

Stranger rendezvous

No wonder it has been

Shinning in the dark these days

Forcing me to connect with a stranger

Miles and miles away

Praying for the unity of my hand

With the hand that holds the phone

On the other end

♥

10/31/09

9: 45pm

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Pass It On

Stop...

Reflect and appreciate

The beauty of life

Smile....

On precious priceless moments

Of the past

Laugh

Your heart out

On stories that tickle every part of you

Appreciate

Our existence

These rhymes

Forgive

Let go of miserable feelings

And sadness

Love

With all your heart and soul

Do it like there is no tomorrow

Relax

Life is not hard

There is always someone

Who is in a worse position

than you are

Pray

Place your forehead

On the floor

And ask for forgiveness

Dwell

Your soul on your Lord's remembrance

And his words

And commands

And his mercy

Anger

Forgo it

Abandon it

Forget it.....

Jealousy

Never be

or indulge in it

Share:

The beauty of life

Happiness

kindness

Knowledge

Seek it

treasure it

love it

pass it on

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Poems Somalia-My Homeland!

Oh, Somalis!

How long will you exploit, mistreat and abuse my land?

How long will you fight and decorate my earth with the blood of my people!

Will I ever become unaccustomed to the echoes and the unpleasant sounds of guns?

Would I ever see a brighter a day, a day, where Somalis can ever come together and embrace one another!

Will there ever be a leader like Aden Abdulle Osman, the first president?

Do you ever hear the plea of this land? Do you ever feel the plight of my children!

Where are your conscience

Somalis?

My 49th Independence Day is approaching, what is going to be my ceremony!

Yet, another Somali killed because of tribe?

Yet, another mother desperate and praying for a way out!

Yet another child dying of hunger and thirst?

Where are the days where Independence day was embraced with celebration!

Songs, dances, feast and happy Somalis?

Somalis who would wave the flag up high!

Somalis who would pride themselves for being Somalis, rather than darood, hawiye mise isaaq?

Somalis who would respect and adhere to the Quran and follow the teachings of our beloved prophet Muhammed Salallahu 'alayhi wa salam/?

Somalis in the west celebrate this day in lavish venues, with music, and hilib iyo bariis, obvious to the fact that the ones back home are still in a state of chaos, hunger and absolute poverty!

Somalis, when would you realize the fact that you have preyed on my land like vultures for so long?

Abused it.

Disappointed it!

Exploited it.

Failed it!

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Praying For The Betterment Of Somalia

So long, yet so little has changed! ! !

Is Somalia destined to be the way it's?

Media shows it as a failed state... Doesn't that hurt or disturb the peace of your heart?

Would we want our homes and families to be labeled as a "failure? "

When will we see Somalia as a country, and stop making it a tribal nation?

We continue to be the nightmares of innocent mothers...don't they deserve a peaceful home?

We continue to deprive young children of their rights...aren't they entitled to a better life in their own homeland?

We continue to kill our neighbors and brothers and sisters... doesn't Islam teach respecting the lives of humans?

We continue to look elsewhere for shelter and better life....why are we making yourselves orphans intentionally? ?

Warlords...why do they still have the ability to make us their slaves and use us for their benefits? ? ?

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Ramadan Muslims

We dust off the Quran,
Bring out the prayer mats,
Fit praying in our schedules,
Thank Allah,
Dwell our souls in his dhikr....
Send our blessings on the prophets and companions,
We proclaim and live Ashadu Anna Laa ilaha illa Allah wa ashadu anna
Muhammdan rasulo Allah.
We pray five times a day,
Sisters dress modestly,
Brothers revive the sunnah of growing their beard,
We lower our gaze,
We relive our actions of last Ramadan,
We live as muslims merely this month,
We practice hypocrisy at its worst,
We say Islam is our deen 24/7,
Yet our actions make us Ramadan Muslims.

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Rapists In Uniform

Cursed was that night,
The night my flesh was a feast for the nine wolves...
I wailed,
I Resisted
Kicked and Pushed,
But the devils nailed my hands on the floor,
Resistance, they said, will only bring more pain and tortures...
Therefore, I gave up!
Gave up on life as I was surrounded by the herd of wolves,
One after the other
The stole my innocence of being a woman,
My Somali pride,
My hope of being protected by my people,
My faith in humanity: why have we become incarnated devils?
My self respect: I can no longer look in the mirror.
The rapists in the uniform stole my identity!

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Silence!

Silence hurts

Silence kills

Silence destroys

Silence is frustration

Silence is madness

Silence is evil and deadly

So, why should anyone be silent?

Speak up and break the silences because when you do that there are chances that you won't do what evil wants you to do....

Let your feelings flow out! !

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The Customer

This was an actual conversation that took place between me and a customer of mine.....

She screamed from the door "do you speak French"
With a fatigued smile, I informed her, no ma'am but we have someone who does.
As I made my way to find, my French co-worker, she tapped my shoulder.
African?

Uncertainty of her inquires, I said, excuse me?
She said, "are you African" with a tone that conveyed a deep message.
A message of betrayal,
Long struggle and sadness,
I sensed the nostalgia behind her voice,
The agony of being a refugee,
I swear, every wrinkle on her face had a story of their own.
Are you African?

She asked again...This time with firmness in her voice
Yes! I am an African.

She came closer, and with a smile on her face she asked in a whispery tone
"are you a Muslim"

I said in a voice louder than hers when she asked "do you speak French"
Yes, Alhamdulillah...I am a Muslim.

As if my hijab has failed to make that statement,
Or perhaps the long black dress I wore
Alhamdulillah, I am a muslim.

With sadness in her voice,
And a dropp of tears from her eyes,
She said..."It was a beautiful faith"

Before, fate forced me to abandon my faith...
Her tale was compellingly sad and confusing, ...
But my manager demanded, I get back to work....

As I sit to pray Magrib now,
I look forward to that old customer of mine, perhaps tomorrow or the day after..,

Who screamed with pride "do you speak French"
Asked in a soft tone "African"... "Are you African"
And in a whispery tone..said "are you Muslim"

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The Fajr Call From Africa

te.

With a reluctant mind, I answer the daily routine call.

"Hello dear, get up it's time"

How come across oceans you never fail to make this call?

Same words exchanged at every dusk, the voice gets sweeter by the years

Get up,

Do wudu,

Pray,

Go to school,

Read verses from the Quran on your way there,

Keep hold of your tongue,

Keep your heart conscious of Allah swt,

"Dear, are you there"

Hmm, with a sleepy mind I mumble.

Dear, it's time to pray! Time for Fajr,

I hear the women scream in the market place,

I hear laughter of the children,

The almost incomprehensible concern of your mother,

I hear her say "why call the land of infidels"

The land where you have no one,

You say mama it's a call for fajr,

Time to remind for fajr salah,

My sister over here, annoyed with the phone,

Who inevitably calls at dusk?

He says "dear, my duty is accomplished"

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