Poetry Series

akram saqib

- poems -

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akram saqib (14 APRIL)

Iam a free lance writer and poet.writing for cause is my special field.

Works:

TISSUE PAPER PERSONALITIES
I SEE DREAMS

//Invalid

All I know
Know you too
Reside in heart
As we were pert
Music in thoughts
Some thing brought
Astonished and strange
Quarrel's it arrange
Invalid it makes
becoming at stake

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//an army of grief

An army of grief
Knows me well
Rampage and rout
At me it spell
Musings are dead
Somberness spread
Availing loneliness
Quibbling and press
Invidious emotions
Ballistic motions

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//always stood by you

Always stood by you, o, you
Knowing that you are mine
Reversed happened ever to me
Alone I now face boo! boo!
Moan at your all moonshine
Stopping and hovering like a bee
Although annoyed and refused
Queer fish I have become
Inciting my wrath and muse
Benevolent how i would become?

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////////////////////////////////////POVERTY

Plight of people
Overlooked by the rich
Verily the selfishness
Eternal greed of man
Raucous vintage
Truly the savage
Yearning for more and more

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////////////////////////////FEAR OF LOVE

Unable to diagnose
Why gloomy heart repose
Why pangs bloom like rose
Agonies of conscience depose
Phobias bring me so close
Ideas and thoughts enclose
Heart like savage throbs
Eye’s ache from behind
Dance on the tear’s bows
Is it love or thing above?
What is it nobody knows?
Sleep leaves the eyes alone
Rest on the dried boughs
Like a stick hollow and frail
Continuously decompose
Bit by bit grain by grain
Chip off my fleshy pose

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////////////////THY DELICATE LIPS

Thy delicate lips
Thy delicate lips
Ye talking eyes
Yond curly locks

These velvety hands
Cone shaped Fingers
 On a Brittle wrist

Milky white feet
And prominent nose
Under lucky forehead

Are well arranged
As a rhyming scheme
In a classical sonnet

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/////////////////You are

You are
You are like wind
Whose gracious presence
Can only be felt
With quite elegance

Your entity is light
Paramount perfection
To praise thy traits
Words beggar description

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////////////////SONNET: PRAY FOR MAN IN JUNGLE

Crane and vultures zoom in the air
Finding smell of dead humanity
Also on the waste land is bear
Sharpening his teeth on poverty
Lions are there and the elephants
Showing their power over the delicate
Wild hounds are also behind the scents
Of the poor stags to annihilate
The heavenly knights have gone sleep
After drinking from the treacherous lake
In sound slumber can not creep
The horrendous dreams to awake
Raise thy hands together to pray
For keeping the beasts away

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//////////women rights

I live at home
Do daily chores a bit
The bread and butter
Goes to man by writ

I enjoy the serenity of life
I enjoy the honorable living
I am mistress of only my husband
It is by law taking and giving

I don’t hanker after money
I need not to sell my body
When I was toddlers

It was my mom and dad
Who looked after me?
And up brought me
With great care sensibility

I became young and adult
And as a result
They married me to a young man
Who works and earns
And our love always yearns

He says little dolly a dove
And the young brat an eagle
In return we love him
And take care of him
When children hug him
His worries go out from the brim

I massage him in head
And on body, when he lies in the bed
He is never a furious knife
All of us live a harmonious life

Living in the boundaries of morality
I enjoy many a Liberty

I do not permit other men to see within
Towards my honor and my life
I do not go on dating
For mundane obnoxious things

For satisfaction and for money
And for fulfilling lust
I do not fall under and do not lick dust

My jewel is Chastity
And honor is my abode

Patience is my wealth
And happiness I rode

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/////////LIES AND LAWS

Fox like treachery
And lame excuses
Lies and laws
Made excuses
‘Civilized’ world
Tactics such uses
Life and love
Are just refuses

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/////////The fanatics

Fierce and flagrant
Furious and ferocious
Fancied by the futile
Fulsome and fanatic
Ferocious fangs
Of bigotry
Filled with gall
Finding foul or fair
Forums for fallacies
Fun and fury
Felling for ever
Foundlings and adults
Flora and fauna
Forests and footpaths
Flies and fleas
Flabby and frails

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////////Walking along the sea shore

Walking along the seashore
I could think but no more

You were doing my flying hair
With briskly strides front and rear

Hiding behind and running along
Nothing then seems will happen wrong

But alas it was love that never lasts
In the world of creed and caste

You left me and at the same place
I often come to find my lost grace

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////////Who is our enemy?

Satan and his colleagues
Making many many leagues
Pursue humans to create
A dubious, vicious debate
Produce such passions
Divided men into nations
Embossed a sense of pride
On the human hearts dried

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//////sparrow and cat

O sparrow
O sparrow
Either you are week
Or delicate
It does not matter
For flabby cat
She catches you
To eat you up
You are for her
Wine and a cup
You shrilly shriek
Can not awake
Sympathy in the slake

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/////Babies

Before them the walls of my home
Were just like the burning Rome
Walls were lighted with lamps
As the lonely military camps
The amenities of life all
Were nothing but tax and toll?

The siblings came and enlightened
My villa as well as my life
Everything attached was brightened
Made me to forget, every strife

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/////LOVE IS ALL AND EVERY THING

Always use words
Softer than silk
Keep your heart
Purer than milk

Use your eyes
To see sacred things
Use your hands
To widen friendship rings

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////Drug addiction

Drug addiction
O man
What gives you?
This insane
Habit of falling
Unconscious in vain
Falling on filth
For finding food
Nothing in mind
Nor cash or kind
On the road side
Quite open and wide
You often faint
Before reaching home
Or just on the door
Everybody abhor
Your this futile lore

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////IN YOUR EYES

n your eyes
Fears arise

I do gaze
But in the haze

Of pelf and power
Of wealthy hours

I draw blank
In my plank

Loneliness resides
And hate abides

Hate for me
That is the

Fruit of love
And over above

A pain arise
Due to eyes

You did flirt
With my heart

And I believed

And I received

Dark days ahead

The night’s dread

When I see

In your eyes

Fears arise

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////ONLY SOIL IS LOYAL

Why are you vain
O hollow man
Do you know?

These useless piles
And clever guiles
Would make you bow

They would gust
In form of dust
As volcanoes blow

You would be not
More than a thought
So do not sow

Thorns in the soil
That would recoil
Although slow

Think of the earth
The pain and mirth
That would glow

Might be you are royal
But would go in soil
Its the constant flow

O the man hollow
soil is to follow
that you ever plough

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///Friends are like brittle glass

Friends are like brittle glass
Once broken might surpass
The sharp thorns that pierce
And come upon like a fierce

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///LISTEN TO THYSELF

O! Trainer master
I am the king
This is crown prince
Make his mind waster

Manners of court
He has learnt
Strengthen him so
To make invincible fort

O thy lordship
I would surely do
All my best
With greater hardship
Master trainer to the prince commands

O the prince make hustle
Go to the dense forest
Listen in quietness
What the leaves rustle

Do report back
The voices quiet
I'll make up
If something lack

PRINE
I spent days a lot
In chasing vices
Perused them closely
But understood them not

MASTER
Go again and now
Listen with great care
What quietness says?
And report me back so
PRINCE
O master I have returned
With a lesson that I learnt
The way of esteem and respect
I've from loneliness earned

The success of a man lies
In the sounds that vies
With the conscience
In the deep deep silence

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///MOTHER

The beauty of butter flies
The freshness of flowers
In you alone lies
The passionate powers
-
The shining of the gold
The softness of petals
Firm determination
in your bosom rattles
--
The height of mountains
The colors of rainbow
The light of your love
Keep every body glow
--
Understanding of a friend
Brightness of stars
Guidance of a sincere leader
Are just your metaphors
--
beauty, freshness and love
height glory and shine
you bestow on your child
like that of spirits divine
--
Collecting such loving traits
Nature does mother creates

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///My heart bleeds

My heart bleeds
But face smiles
The tears tore eyes
But for a while
Love is strange phenomenon
O my friend
Cannot be concealed
With any guile

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///SCIENCE OF LOVE

Madam Curie
 Invented theory
And Einstein
Revealed new sign
Newton's motions
Created new notions
Boyel's law of gas
Ran with a race
Resonance Theories
Became great queries
Fusion and fission
Completed the mission?
The science went on
Left back drone
Gave man missiles
Which are just guile?
Genetic revolutions
Are not its solutions
Thing that was basis
Of human races
Is absent from all
But is only gall
Think out all above
The science of love

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///The angry Youth

Young blood has cuddled
Where is the warmth of your blood
Where are the huge determinations
Where have gone the thoughts sublime
What is map of your destination
the dance romance and making of love?
Is not only the aim of life

are you not losing the hawkish eyes
Are you not missing the lions roar

the day of youth comes every year
think of that what it leaves rear

the empty tins of tins of cold and hot drinks
the soda and wines empty vessels
the pitted dancing floors and dim lights
the lustful gestures and emotional nights

the youth is blind every body say
and it very easily sway
do you prove that it is right
or you show your moral might

do you think of those naked feet
and the cheeks rot finding to eat
the empty stomachs and frozen thoughts
the life has given any thing not

you aimed at to change the world
but you are just a passing bird

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///The Beauty

Why the flower shower
why the stars throw
bouquets of smiles
and quantum of lights
why the rainbow glean
and sharpens its shades
when you change face
its color fades
why the birds of good omen
the cuckoo
and nightingale
sing sweet songs
to make you avail
why the poets write
 beautiful poems
why the wizards devise
the charms of your beauty
to mesmerize
the swaying guys
all the poets and birds
the bows of rainbows
the flowers and stars
 just chips of
 your eternal whole

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///THE BLOCKED LANE

O my love
O my love
Let us seek
A thing unique
embrace the sky
with emotions high
should become one
with the shining sun
with love feather
let, s rise together
world should praise
emanating love rays
keep me in touch
with you very much
don, t turn your face
enhance my grace
o my love
o my love
the world is filled
and is chilled
with extreme jealousy
freedom is a fallacy
 try to mitigate
the pain in the fate
of the modern man
in the blocked lane

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///WHY

It was you
Deserted me who
It was you
Refused me too
Ignored me all the time
And my rhyme
Hushed me away
Make me stay
In my own craze
For your praise
You were just not
And never thought
Of affections and beauty
Love and duty
Now call me back
When I am on stake
Of the time and rhyme
Of the unknown clime

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//Alma mater

All my dreams and all my aims
Loving care of your discipline
Molded me and bestowed a name
And earned me a fame

Money fame and fortune
All became mine due to you
Transformed me into a personality
Empowered me with authority
Rendered me into a complete whole
Surely I could not get goal

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//I KNOW O MY LOVE

I know o my love
Haunts you flower
And the colors of bower
Of the butterflies
For you I bring
The beautiful wing
And the garlands of petals
The selected and wild
Perfuming and mild

Roses like your cheeks
Bosom as you breathe
And your arm’s wreath

These colorful wings
Mouthpiece of mood
Happy and rude

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//Meet me like words of book

Meet me like words of book
In dreams beautiful
Do not fear from my eyes
Become sweet fragrance
And into my mind sneak

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//YOU ARE EVERWHERE

The pretty models learn their gait
And take steps like a cat
The dancers learn how to spin
Turn and twist their waist
Opera’s artist beautifully moves
With a great rhythm in her gait
But your stroll and pretty moves
Are quite natural and delicate
When you step on the floor
Falls on my heart straight

The trees and boughs
Clouds and rainbows
The flowers and rose
The colorful shows
Valleys like bows
Morning rays glows
The verses and prose
All but nothing
Only your pose

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/@ALL CAPITALS!

WHAT IS LOVE AND WHAT IS HATE
TWO SIDES OF THE SAME COIN
LOVE FOR ALL AND HATRED FOR NONE
WITH THIS TOUCHSTONE DO ALWAYS RATE

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/MOTHER -(FOR MOTHER'S DAY)

MOMENTS WHEN LIFE FRIGHTENS
OGRE OF LIFE, BLOOD WHITENS
TEARS SHINE ON THE CHEEKS IN LINE
HIDEOUS DRAGONS OF GRIEF ASSIGN
ERSTWHILE FEELINGS AT ONCE CLIME
RAYS OF HOPE FROM MOTHERS CHIME

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/The distances brings

The distances brings
The hearts closer
Strange memories
Make us weep
Beloved complains me
Of ignoring
Whose thoughts always
Swept my sleep?

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/The Only Lord

Highs and lows
Hays and pines
Hilarious and gloomy
Hypocrite and righteous
Harems and castles
Honeys and galls
Hips and heels
Heads and hair
Hands and minds
Hard and soft
Hardy and mild
All will end
And would remain
The only Lord

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“Piece” of mind

The entire energies do we waste
With great care and much haste
On discovery and invention
To enhance the human tension
All the weapons and device
Sins evils and much vice
The fatal bombs, rattles bombs
We rear the cattle bombs
Vicious circle of the power
Expands like the waiting hour
Wish for monopoly and force
Engulfing peace expanding course
Say no to all such deed
Pay only a little heed
Invent devices loving and kind
Just by using a “piece” of mind

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A TO Z (human toys

HUMAN TOYS

About a bitter truth do speak I
By God gracious tell not lie

Clamors of my shrilly call
Does not rise but they fall?

Enhance the troubled hours
Fortify the vanity towers

Game or fun or sport flat
Hanging like useless bait
Incurring the wrath of fate

Jumping like a baby toy
Knocking humanity with great joy

Leaning bowing with devil’s device
Mounting higher on the crest of vice

Norms of this fleshy life
Offers me but only strife
Pierce through like sharp knife

Qualms of thing like conscience
Rest on the inventions of fatal science

Sit on my nerves and suffocate
Tightly fastened us with the debate

Untoward always this happens
Vanity phobia are made weapons

With remote are controlled all
Xenophobia is to mix the gall
Yawning gap and rising toll

Zealot’s killers and fanatics
All are my real mechanics

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A DECREE FROM TIME

What have you done
O, Adam’s son
I am waiting
And celebrating! !
A sense of loss
That ever amass
Up and up
Like teemed cup
You sold me
Be or not to be
It all depends
On the other ends
Ate me like rice
You got the price
Of my old age
That is a cage
A cage of life
A huge strife
I’m unable to do
Why waiting for you
In the home lonely
I am the only
Every thing here
With every flare
But you are not
Letting me rot
Perhaps is it
The fate’s writ
In this wilderness
No one to redress
Loss of your age
And the burning page
Of your heart
Like ember in dirt
Not burnt nor cool
Rotating in whirlpool
I request thee
Please agree
Hold me from hand
Come up on the land
On the land of love
Where every thing above
Would be the rule
Of every thing jewel
Come on with me
It is time decree

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A DIALOGUE

A dialogue

Rulers
“The written verse
 Of great men
The traverse of
Dark den
Dungeon and raids
And pretty maids
Elegant advances
Many winning chances”

People
“The woes and worries
The late and hurries
Tolls and mums
The screams and bombs”

Ruler
“The charging horses
Is royal catharsis
The shining swords
The upbraiding bards
The art of war
The wounds and scar
The rhythm in gait
The rhyme in fate “

People

“The worries of bread
Often me dread
Epidemics frighten
And are stricken
Like a gold fish
Without any wish
 Walking like dead
Bowing our head”

Ruler

“The conquerors the bold
With spoon gold
Born to rule
O the folk fool”
You demand loaf
You demand roof”

Ha! Ha! Ha!
Ha! Ha! Ha!

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A gloomy Scenario

I have not heard anything from you
I was then much busy too
To remind you about, the last shout
Of the mercenaries, whose guns sprout?
The crop of bullets, in recurring bout
To paralyze minds, and life of all kinds

Surely, have you, heard these too
But have been waiting, for calculating
How much children, have they under run

The merciless crops, of guns
 pops Up to the hill,
to kill and to kill and to kill

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A HUMBLE REQUEST

O the poet, the sensitive fellow
Minister of lyrics, sweet and mellow

Seer for young and peer for old
Painter of moon and the sun gold
You depicted the worlds unseen
Shapes of people with brush keen

Have you ever tried to take a look?
On dry tears that made a hook
Those blind eyes wanting in sight
Deprived of every single birth right

In this world of lust and wealth
Are ever sick deprived of health
Have you tried to ever cast
A cursory look at his past

Was he not like that child?
Who was tender innocent and mild?
Who grew old with silver spoon?
Who was able to play with moon?

He grew old in such circumstances
That had not afford much instances
To become rich and opulent
Even opportunity was opponent

Or his cast color and creed
Oblige him to be inferior breed
Or his nationality makes him so
That he is living only to bow

Look around please and write something
That could toll and in the ears ring
Those who have monopolized earth
And are hungry to snatch mirth
? ?
? ?

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A MIRROR

We receive from all around
Only our deeds rebound

Hear we only that thing
We in the ears ring

Words of love do speak
For themselves and send to peak

World around us mirrors same
It reflects our name

Do the good without reward
It is only its award

Nemesis is at work ever
It does justice wastes never

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A POET

POET

Poet and moon are very near
Only have momentary glow
Eyes when are filled with tears
Themes of morning overflow

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A PRAYER FOR SON

S
O
N

Soar higher and higher
On the zenith might not stop
No one might catch your fire

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a prime moment

the moment when
you saw me in dejection
and asked me, why
are you so sad?
i wondered and looked up
you came closer and
put your palm on my forehead
to wipe out the sweat
i was lightened from all worries and
at once i burried
all my thoughts and sad feelings
the moment i rejoice today
and call it a prime moment of my life

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A STATUE

On thy face is thy palm
In thy soul is a great calm

In thoughts deep you are lost
Peep through always into the frost

Have become eternal your this gaze
To looker on always amaze

Thy sitting posture, changes not
And pretty gesture with love fraught

By praising your smile poets and sages
Have become famous and earned wages

No body knows what these rows
On thy forehead something shows

Perhaps About man you are worried
In his thought are you buried?

Your lips are bound but they sound
A foresight of, sweeping change around

When love would be reside in all
No casualty and no death toll

People will live in close relations
All around with peace, would be the nations

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A SUICIDE BOMBER

A suicide bomber (1)

I am suicide bomber
Here is my tale
-
You often say
I am for sale
With just money
You can avail
And hire my services
For destruction and to derail
-
Smooth running matter
Make my soul rattle
They always batter
Me like a battle
I kill human
As Butcher cattle
-
Who is at back?
That makes me rake
The rocks I slake
White and black
Men of god
I kill and track
-
Do such harm
As have been never done
I eat people
As you eat bun
I know I
Will be no more
But you also can not run

A suicide bomber (2)
Why I choose the evil side
Why can I not choose to avoid
In my mind and in my eyes
There are many what’s and many whys
Make me importune to at once rise
-
One word exploitation I say
Even in the words of your pray
Hypocrisy deep in your heart lay
-
Why I am poor and devoid

Of even bread and am deride
By those people who have cried
-

Do you not know why a hen
Become bold and fight then
A cat snatches a chick when
-
My siblings died for reason what
And their breaths why were shut
Why cat caught and why they gut
-
Among my people happy I was
Unjust dealings and undue laws
Became the effect and its cause
-

My dear now you should decide
Am I right or false way reside
Is it easy to commit suicide?

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A WEALTHY NATION

To grab power more
To snatch everything
To become ruler sole

You always bore
Like this a tinge
Burning your soul

You went to the core
To devastation bring
Between the two poles

With wealth you lore
And praises sing
Of brains with hole

The world you tore
Death toll you ring
A rule out you dole

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All Around

When I see all around
To you only I found
You are every where o lord
In the sky on the ground

It is your presence that
Everywhere whose emblems wait?
Invite me to recognize
Find out the redemption gate

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ALONE

When you are not
Then cries are fraught
Pain and agony
Again hold on me
Dreams often awake
Screams do smack
DrOP me behind
Crop up in mind
Fears make tremble
Tears then ramble
On the rosy cheeks
Moan with shrieks
Why you are not?
Why you are not?

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AN ACTIVITY

A man does a lot of chores
Performs many tasks
On holidays relaxes he and basks
Working days allow not him
To stop for a while or to lay
Busy like bees he is to astray
Unable to stop or pause
 To think about a cause
His own entity is his clause
Can not hear the thing
Like bell that ring
Do not ponder and cogitate
Humane emotions irritate
Neurotic and paralyzed
With money acclimatized
Engrossed in his self
Making merry like Elf
Engrossed in thyself is your brain
Prithee see the sufferings of the man
Adopt an activity to see around
Not flying but on the ground
An activity very petite
To serve the appetite
Of a starving man around
With poverty that rebound
Pile up bit by bit
So surely wins your writ

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An application

Respectfully I state
That cannot wait
And the thing above
Am sick of your love
Your curt remarks
Always hurt
The law you devised
Is nothing but flaw?
All waning in passions
Like warring nations
Can not attend
And cannot defend
Always my position
So kindly grant me
Leave from thy love
Leave me alone
To bemoan

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ANGRY NATURE

WHAT WILL ANGRY NATURE DO
WHEN
THWACKS OF DEBRIS
SLIDING MIGHTY GLACIERS
ZOOM OF SHOOTING GUNS
CLOUDS OF WHIRLING SMOKES
SHRILLY SHRIEKS OF
SWEAT SINGING BIRDS
EXPLOSION OF
NOVEL TYPE OF BOMBS
MAKING EVERY CREATURE
RUN A MUCK
PRAYER HOUSES IN DOLDRUMS
PRIESTS MULLAHS AND NUNS
PRAYING BUT WITHOUT EFFECT
RISING TOLL DAY BY DAY
THE CALAMITIES GROWING LIKE HAY
WITH WRATH NATURE IS SMILING
WHY THE MAN POKED NOSE
INSTEAD OF FOUNTAINS RISE SMOKE
COOL BREEZE DOES NOT BLOW
MEADOWS ARE THE DESERTS NEXT
EARTH IS QUAKING WITH MORE FORCE
THE WATER LEVEL RISING HIGH
FORECASTING A LAST DELUGE

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apology for modern poets

O the sages of time
Are guiding your rhymes
Like the great bards
Or you just playing card?

No, no never at all
You are mixing the intense gall
In the veins of new generation
Just for getting the remuneration
Singing such lustful songs
Which incite for only wrongs?

Eliot Keats and Wordsworth
Sobbing for your written mirth
Joke with the humankind
You do ever and not mind

Milton can not jolt you
Even Dryden cannot too
Pope Spencer and Shelley
You have pushed them to alley
Coleridge’s fantastic mind
Is unable to you bind

What for you write o dear
When some aim is not near?

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Archives

All the chambers of my heart
Throb and keep me alert
Your love keeps alive
It is just an archive
Archive of past times
All the seasons and climes
Of the love passed away
Of the rhymes crossed away
All the unheard songs
All the rights all the wrongs

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Art of teaching

Teachers teaches us a lot
Inculcate wisdom and thought
In the way admonitions act
Those increase the intellect
Everything he tells before
Evaluating our core
To what pressure we will yield
Estimates he and then wield
But life is of different kind
Teaching man by shaking mind
It tests courage with tribulations
Teaches after examinations

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BIG BANG

Thrashes and bash
Your thoughts rash
Creep into heart
Bang with crash

Explode in feelings
To create commotions
Heart rises healing
Super flow emotions

When the dusts settle
A pang like thing
Increase and rattler
Make me sing

The songs of rubble
Lyrics of pains
Odes of trouble
Epics of remains

The star which awakes
Tide of agony
With quietness slakes
Marring my destiny

I revolve around
Round the axis
Never on ground
Land and relaxes

akram saqib

BREAK, BRAKE OR BARAK

HERE ARE LEADERS
THERE ARE LEADERS
WORLD IS FILLED
 WITH THEIR READERS
SOME ARE THE SHAMS
OTHERS JUST NAMES
OFTEN THEY BREAK
PLAY DUCKS DRAKE
WITH THEIR LANDS
TO EARN THE RANDS
MANY PULL BRAKES
AND ESCAPES
TO THE ALLIEN LANDS
LET US SEE
WHAT WILL BE
 ROLE OF THE
REVEREND BARAK
BRAKE OR BREAK?

akram saqib

Bulletproof conscience

Have you ever heard?
 The men in the helm of affairs
Wept for the downtrodden

Either clean shaven or with beard
With long robe or dress of bears
Felt for the poverty ridden

Have you heard?
The men in power
Of the state and of the world

Ever this incident has occurred
They stopped their land rover
To see the trembling of ‘slaughtered bird’

Have you ever looked?
From the abyss to the sky
The powerful state or powerful man

Showed any mercy to the booked
Tried to lower the casualty
Spared the week from the can

It is the charisma of the wealth
And abetted by the modern science
Usurpers want to extend

Their boundaries and their wealth
With the bullet proof conscience
That might not for awakening tend

akram saqib

CHILD LABOR

CHILD
C Chilled emotions of the human
H Heinous crimes commit
I Inauspicious times it invites
L Lord looks with awe and grief
D Deeds of this superior creature man

Labor

L Loving and innocent faces
A Are callously employed as
B Beasts of burden
O Of their own races
R Rendering services assigned for ass

akram saqib

CLICK ON RIGHTCOMMAND

Always click on rightcommand
Fulfill my only demand

Never show me cold shoulder
Create always a new folder

Not hurry and be not agile
Do not delet my love file

If forget to save in haste
Recover files and re-paste

With USB of your eyes
Transfer data from archives

Extract with winRAR
All tools of love bar

Explore with IE 8
Read my heart and then rate

Do not make a file corrupt
Shut not window in abrupt

If rechecking is required
Do it without pride

akram saqib

DAYS NEVER LAST

Often I think
About you
When the feelings of love
Come over above
I can not think
And only blink
My eyes with awe
Which come to a thaw
I think about the days
When do we play
On the ocean’s bay
I sob for the days
Which often raze?
The pillar of strength
Which was a labyrinth
I sob for the past
That could not last
Left me all alone
To keep on bemoan
On the days of the past
This could not last

akram saqib

DICHOTOMY

THE HEAVY RAIN DEMOLISHED
 MY MUD GRASS HOME
PEOPLE ARE HAPPY THAT
 FLOWER WOULD BLOOM'

akram saqib

DO YOU KNOW?

Do you know?
What woes are
Do you know?
What does mar?

Ends the spice of life
Cuts like a sharp knife
Hearts into pieces
And grief increases

Do you know?
What is worry?
Do you know?
Why they bury

A living man
Into a terrain
Of tears sobs and sighs
And Fill the hearts and eyes

akram saqib

Do you remember?

Do you remember?
When we were
Two bodies in one soul

Do you remember?
When our love was
Our only console

Do you remember?
Often we forgot
Our entities and became one whole

Do you remember?
The days When
We set love as our only goal

Do you remember?
When we were
Like opposite pole

Perhaps not
A rival has thrived
To cajole! !

Do you remember?
Do you remember?
Do you remember?

akram saqib

DOOMSDAY ON THIS EARTH

Drones are drawn
Dreams are destroyed
Dust of devastation
Destitute and devoid
Dark and dreary
Drab and dried
Death derailed
Doomsday day envied
Dance over corpses
Devils beguiled

akram saqib

Evoke the Muse

I came across a moth eaten book
That was gnawed at from every nook
In the center there was some matter
It was written in strange letter
There were pictures of holy birds
But did not reveal anything words
Pondered o0ver to catch the sense
But was impossible thence
Arabic Latin or was Greek
It was difficult to the peak
I brought it to my peer
Who was a saint and a seer?
I inquired about all symbols
He became agile and very nimble
You can not understand this
Main things from within you miss
Only those can understand it
Who love human more or a bit
You are adamant and stone heart
Your passion dry and words curt
Muse of love must be evoked
In thy heart and prejudices revoked
You are divided into cults and clans
To occupy worlds are your plans
No sympathy for human kind
Cut the throats like a blind
It is quite impossible for you
Useless would be your boo boo
First evoke love in your heart
Think every man is built from dirt
Words then would their meanings reveal
The writing of the book would then appeal

akram saqib

EXTINCT HUMANITY (a sonnet)

I wandered and I roamed
City to city and every town
To find an entity called man

In the cities it was gnomed
Were there buffoon and clown
Human were under ban

Futile hurries and lustful worries
Greed that changed breed
Transformed man into beasts

With his own hands he buries
Eternal values of loving creed
Celebrate the funeral feasts!

Look out man and repent
Before going to extinct

akram saqib

FATHER

FATHER
Feelings tender and divine
Assets piled you for mine
Taught me to live with grace
Hugged and always embraced
Esteemed respect and honor
Reserved for me a great bower

akram saqib

Fort of sand

What will happen?
In this blind den
What is the end?
Of this new trend

When my future
I think about
I fall a prey
To dubious doubt
I feel this world
A brittle land

That is fort
Constructed with sand

akram saqib

From the old people's house

When I lie on the Soft couch
I come by a severe Reproach
Reproach of the days
Which were in your ways!
Reproach for the love
Which I kept above
Above every thing each
Where does only reach
The elevated thoughts
But I have got
A severe blow
From the time's bow
It pulled me back
I fell like a sack
Returned on the coach
To get other reproach
From the Youngman
Who walk in vain?
He looks like thee
When comes round me
He snubs in the way
As you, on the day
When I was at home
With you and your mom
Your mom passed
And I was crossed
In grief and gloom
But keep you bloom
Like smiling flower
As spring shower
Oh, my eyes rain
All in vain
You brought your "life"
In the form of wife
Alas! I did so
With my father lo!
I thought him a bar
And days are not far
When I would become
A deep deep humm!
Feeling me a bar
You will debar
Me from the home
Making a gnome
Took me from hand
Like a sacrifice rand
Put me behind
With affected kind
Get me piled
In the wild wild
Old people house
Like a plagued mouse

akram saqib

From the old peoples home

In the dark den

I lie on the coach
And often reproach

When you and I
Planned to marry

Marriage and love
And kept above

When we conceived
Afterwards received

Then did not think
And now blink

Thirst for hug
That will tug

Promise to come soon
Not in blue moon

akram saqib

Among the emotionless men

My past and my youth
Those were in the same booth

Did not foresee
Outcome of the

This love and passion
Of the short duration

Twinkling lovely eyes
Were like pies

On our past
That did not lost

Fill my breast
That is a crest

In the dark den
Among the emotionless men

Glasshouse of conscience

You would hear no doubt
No sounds within
And no voices without

In this soundless world
A strange knowledge would sprout

Warning you about the sounds
That chases like the hounds

Voices of the satanic deeds
Rhythmic beats of false creeds

Listen them with alacrity
Of thoughts and of mind
Focus on your goal alone
And always be determined

akram saqib

Grand finale

In the lurch I requested my friends
To lend me few cents
Some snubbed me and other reviled
The other were from this act beguiled

Some others admonished me to earn
Does not any thing like this from friends yearn?

No body came to take care
Of my starving near and dear
My child sick and wife deceased
Due to a few pennies deceased

What are then these so called friends?
When they can not help a needy fellow in ends

akram saqib

Heart and dirt

I request thee
O my son
Just for one
Time, hug me
Hug me and embrace
Enhance my grace
In this old house
In the cage of mouse
I would be
The one and only
Whose son comes here! !
To see his father

But o disappointment!
Your each movement
Is not for me
But for property
You come to see
For the aim of thee
Either living or rather
Die or lie
Eager for my will
When will fulfill

Every thing of mine
Was to one day join
You and your dear
You leave me rear

Have chosen dust
For this world just
Have filled your heart
With the dirt and dirt

I request you son
For time only one
Meet me sincerely
In this blind alley

akram saqib

HEAVEN OF HEART

O my dear I can not decide
Have you gone or still abide?
In the heaven of my heart
That remembers you a lot
Your love tender and most kind
Always fills up my mind
I feel you in all the gestures
You seem walking amidst pastures
Sometimes with thee I walk
Hands in hands and sweet talk

And often with love you call me
In my dreams of reality

(DEDICATED TO MY PUPIL AND FRIEND MOHSIN WHO DID A LOT FOR ME)

akram saqib

Home sweet home

The glittering eyes of my children
The waiting arms of my wife
The happy strides of my son
The innocent twigs of my life
The hopeful looks of the walls

The angelic gossips at dining table
Discussing the uses of leisure
The drawing of the maple
It itself exudes fragrance and pleasure

akram saqib

I lament the so called liberty

I lament the so called liberty
That has made me the slave
Of my lust and lost me into dust

Oh! I was wife and a celebrity
Then was able to enclave
 With my husband in a gust

The awry, times have gone
Boys are there to make friend
I am devoid of husband

Marriage replaced its very form
Dating become the new norm
Gone has peace and the calm

Men devised the novel trends
The love affairs in dating ends
Wife is not there and husbands

The unique and unprecedented
The priceless and very exalted
Relations have defaulted

akram saqib

I SEE DREAMS

Sometimes, I see
Peace and harmony
Justice and integrity

Sometimes, I see
Love and prosperity
Shaping the destiny

Sometimes, I see
Tolerance and Respect
Among the whole community

Sometimes I see
Goodwill and Equality
Faith and unity

Sometimes, I see
Affluence of commodity
End of poverty

Sometimes, I see…
Sometimes, I see…
But dreams only!

akram saqib

I want to Prostitute my art

1
My hungry wife told
Rebuffed and scold
About that masterpiece
Which did wealth increase,
People do not know,
But come in a row,
Watch this lovely painting,
Top it in ranking,
Scene of love depicted,
Without feelings restricted,
Hugging swans in the lake,
Blossoming flower in the back,
The rosy cheeks and red lips,
Curving for beautiful kiss,
But oh! The powers divine,
Now it is not mine,
I sold it for bread,
Hungry children and dread! !
The name of a mediocre embossed,
Of the creator forever crossed,

II

What a beautiful marvelous piece,
Reflects glory of ancient Greece,
What a wonderful sculptor!
That is giving off luster,
Who did that, tell me who?
Name of sculptor, look into,
The poor and hungry artist,
Was made to sell his wrist,
The wealthiest of our city,
Made this piece praise worthy,
The lands that had trimmed wet soil
Are folded empty like a coil,

III

O what a lovely show,
Like the after shower bow,
Colors mixed and discriminate,
Enough glowing more hibernates,
Hundred days did it take?
Streams of sweats did it make
The mind that thought these lines
Is constrained to prostitute thine,
He was made to prostitute his art,
To fill up stomach, keep away dart,
Running like the spinning wheel,
To get only two times meal,
Millionaire is cashing his name,
Against few pennies getting fame,

IV

The adulation and admiration,

Goes to those who are in possession,
Riches bounties and coffers are,
The today’s artists only power,
That is why I have decide,
To get the wagon to ride,
That is running with out passions,
And has renamed art the prostitution,

akram saqib

I will be back soon

A letter from you
I get just now
Wish me come back
But tell me how?
In reply I say
Gloomy are my nights
And dreadful day
I too feel
Like fish out of water
But am to kneel
If I return
Think a little bit
Who will earn
 The eyes that wait
Of our siblings
Fixed upon the gate
Nothing has I
Except your love
But can not buy
Livelihood I earn
My family for
I too yearn
I'll be back home
After some time
Then shall we roam

Wait until then
I pile up a coffer
And return when

akram saqib

If I draw random lines

Those become your façade
If I think about your love
I reach the grand arcade
When I speak about your place
The words enhances my grace
What are you for my soul?
Part is I and you are whole! ! ! ! ! !

akram saqib

IF I WERE

The president
Of the mankind
I would try
To apply
The rules of justice
And fair play
All over the globe
The peace and harmony
Would throb
With the hearts

Of mankind
I would bind
The poor and rich
In one stitch
Brotherhood be
The Key
To live and let live
If I were

If I were….

No one would
Sleep
Without food
No one would be
Killed
And chilled
In the name
Of terrorism
And for the fame
If I were….

If I were….
I would not
Let to exploitation
Of The poor
And down trodden
Would not let
Sectarianism grow
With one blow
I would throw
Hatred and fanaticism
From the world
If I were….

If I were….
All the religious bigotry
And infidelity
Complex of superiority
Difference of opinion

Transformed into union
If I were….

If I were….
Let not any power
To discriminate
Any body
Fair or black
With the plain bower
Of humane shower
Would not let
To under rate
The poor and wealthy
Possess relations healthy
If I were….
If I were….

akram saqib

IN SPITE OF-

Folks often celebrate
The religious festivals and the days great
Exchange greetings
And good wishes in such meetings
But o dear
I only celebrate when you are near
The days are years
If you are far I only leer
Wish you a happy life
Pass your days and nights without any strife?

akram saqib

INSIGNIA

When I was a little child
My eyes struck on the wild
Beauty of the flora and fauna
Poisonous gall and delicious manna
I enjoyed the every aspect
Felt in them honor and respect
I gazed the frightening waves
Stopped my eyes on the rays
Hilly scenes very attractive
I followed like a detective
Winds and falls of the season
Inculcated in me a reason
The hustle bustle of the towns
Hue and cry of the mourns
The loving gestures and the frowns
The follies of the clowns
Gaiety and all the sorrows
Of today and the morrows
Weeping eyes full of tears
The wolves and the hungry bears
The jungles and the safe heavens
The hot beds of the ravens
The emblems of thy Entity
Insignia of being Thee
Love and hate, friends and foe
Opened the gates to know you

akram saqib

IT WAS WHO?

It was you
Deserted me who
It was you
Refused me too
Ignored me all the time
And my rhyme
Hushed me away
Make me stay
In my own craze
For your praise
You were just not
And never thought
Of affections and beauty
Love and duty
Now call me back
When I am on stake
Of the time and rhyme
Of the unknown clime

akram saqib

JOKES OF THE MILLENIUM

Is it possible?
Man is living in peace
From North Pole to Australia's
Either Iran or Israel
Love is man's new alias

Without any power politics
Nations living together
Clever states ceased playing tricks
Striving to lend a hand rather

All around is religious harmony
Respecting are all the sects
Differences for money
Are now abolished acts

Superior is no nation
Any color or any creed
Equality is the passion
Of all the human breeds

akram saqib

Just like a dropp of dew

Just Like a dropp of dew
Along with many or a few
Who dropp on the vast ocean?
Forever lose their personal hue

Become the part of Mighty Ocean
Never thought of their emotion

Those which fall
On the beauty of rose
Shine for moment
Making a pose
Fade with the first ray
With those all on the hay

akram saqib

KEEP AT MUM

There are bombs
Here are bombs
World is like
An arsenal
Peace and harmony
Are closed channel
Safety and security
Are just aerial
Terrorist strike
In all annals
Diplomatic world
Exchange banal
Poor is slaughtered
Like a mammal
All away bombs
To keep us mum

akram saqib

LIKE THE RETURNING WAVES

LIKE THE RETURNING WAVES

The fragrance of love, you do not feel
Exuding from my agonies, pangs and grief
Wounds of harsh words that did not heal
You bestowed upon me, in my love’s brief
Wrapped around my heart is a long reel
Of memories, dreams like coral reef
Heart felt passions and the love sessions
The foaming waves and a great flair
For me notions your living fashions
Turned your head and give yourself air
You do not strive to establish relations
Like the returning wave who leaves a layer
Of the oceanic species and her beautiful signs
Can you not revive the deep love of mine?

akram saqib

MAKING OF A POET

1
Playing carelessly, in the colorful world
Watching the curveting dancing bird
Always happy like a pretty fawn
Morning evening and in the dawn
Worldly wisdoms remained at length
Sincere love and emotional strength
Were my days and my nights
No worries about the bereft rights
Earth was to me living verse
Unable to compose a phrase terse
II
A NIGHTMARE awoke me a day
Changed the pattern and the way
Everything went upside down
I trembled from the study brown
That dragon was of the appetite
With mouth gapped and full might
Closed in my thoughts in a wall
Nobody turned there on my call
Faded away all the zest and vigor
Could not reclaim the vanished rigor
III
Fell in love with a pretty mate
To escape from the
She showed love and did flirt
Soon her gestures made me alert
To desert me, was her hurry
Love in this way did she burry
IV
The living verse turned into a ruin
Such that which could not go in
Then started looking into my self
As do the fairies and the elf
Was I a prey to senseless world?
Passionless hungry and absurd?
Mind was crushed and thoughts frozen
Emotions chilled and peace broken
The same state for a long time prevailed
No chances were by me availed
V
One day a firefly like thing
Crept into mind and stayed cling
Heart was heated and thoughts melted
It so happened that they pelted
The bricks and stones and innuendo
On the events passed long ago
VI
Heart felt warmth and thoughts heat
THE LOVE came again but only to beat
Hate antipathy, and animosity
Started then a strange curiosity

Eyes began seeing the real worth
The inside gloom and skin deep mirth

VII
SANG THEM ALOUD ON THE HEART CORD
PEOPLE NAMED ME A GREAT BARD! ! !

akram saqib

MAN AND SEA (1)

MAN AND SEA (1)
SEA
O, dwarfs, what do you think
Shallow are you as my brink
Can’t conceal a little badness
Divulge in the public with madness
Look at me who am boundless
Buried are coffers but am soundless
You get power and begin elation
Poverty incite you on relegation
If feel sad and you weep
Similes my use for your grief
If jubilant happy and gay
On my waves you want to stay
Bad or good virtuous or vice
In me abode indecent and nice
I abhor not the man behind sin
You kill him, either he a kin

akram saqib

May god stop the very day!

Of relief, I heave a sigh
When see you in spirits high
Love in eyes and passions in heart
For my feeling showed no curt
I feel flying in the air
Leaving world in the rear
And in heart I ever pray
May god stop the very day!

akram saqib

Mein tori maina

Mein tori maina
Mein tori maina
Tosay hay chaina
Mein tori maina

Dali dali jaon
Toray hi gun gaon
Tohay bhi preet mosay
Utni hi Hay na?
Mein tori maina
Mein tori maina
Bagian mein toray dairay
Toray dowar pahairay
Do nahin char nahin
satoon janam rahna
Mein tori maina
Mein tori maina

akram saqib

MOON

Morning makes me to weep
Ocean from fears me sleep
On sunset I borrow light
Never can myself bright

akram saqib

my eyes brown

My eyes brown
Are pouring down
Gems of love
And up above
Without any reason
Are rainy season
Never are tired
As have hired
Tears at the cost
Of love lost

akram saqib

MYTHS OF LOVE

CUPID
I believe in love
I feel for it
It is my faith
It is my writ
-
longings of my heart
And my aspirations
Not at all escape
All my desperation s
-
Sit before me
I want to gaze
Never ending beauty
That ever amaze
-
VENUS
Heard she with passion
And then she spoke
Your futile efforts
Can not evoke
-
Can not I promise
Fidelity love emotions
these are pity matters
Old tales and notions
-
CUPID

O, GOD, what have you said
Feelings of love are now dead
You say it real and call it a fact
Or just face saving like tact
-
But o dear of mine I want
To love And catch the time
with sacred emotions
want to be sublime
-
Venus
O naive fellow
Why are you in a row?
And want to be sublime
Have lot of money and extra time?
-
Suppose you go sublime
And become a sky
The stars of red tears
Would fill up your eye
--

akram saqib

NATURE reacts

If I think of the earth
On it nature does mirth
The nature in its fury
Deciding like ruthless jury
Seas and oceans catapulting
Tsunamis do not halting
Earthquakes shake the whole
Mountains turn black hole
Why is so I can’t know
But before god can only bow
To save earth and save the man
He is the only who does can

akram saqib

NO MORE

I am no more
Going to find
In you the love
Or things of this kind

I loved you
And was blind
You put me
Only behind

Sincere I was
As well as kind
But towards pelf
You were inclined

I guessed wrong
That I can bind
You and your love
Except cash and kind

Now have decided
To leave you behind
As I am no more
Going to find
In you the love
Or things of this kind

akram saqib

O THE SAGES OF TIME

O the sages of time
Are guiding your rhymes

Like the great bards
Or you just playing card?

No, no, never at all
You are mixing the intense gall

In the veins of new generation
Just for getting the remuneration
Singing such lustful songs

Which incite for only wrongs?

Eliot Keats and Wordsworth
Sobbing for your written mirth

Joke with the humankind
You do ever and not mind

Milton can not jolt you
Even Dryden cannot too

Pope Spencer and Shelley
You have pushed them to alley

Coleridge’s fantastic mind
Is unable to you bind

What for you write o dear
When some aim is not near?

akram saqib

O THE YOUNG MAN OF MY AGE

Where is the warmth of your blood?
Where have gone the firm determinations
Why have vanished your thoughts sublime
Why have you ignored your destination?
Dance romance and making love
Are the chores you keep above?
The hawkish eyes have gone blind
You have mortgaged your delicate mind
The lion has learnt from you to roar
Instead of metal you became oar
The day of youth we celebrate
To push you up and accelerate
We celebrate it every year
But what is this you leave rear
The empty tins of cold drinks
Bottles of wine on the brinks
The pitted dancing floor and dim lights
The lustful gestures and emotional nights
Think about it o young man
Are you doing the right thing?
Are you going on right path?
Are you prepared to take control?
Of the affairs on the roll

akram saqib

Often I think and oft I see

Often I think and oft I see
The alien clutches, I want to flee
I can not wait and can not rate
Ins and outs of, this troubled debate
Who is terrorist and who pacifist
Who are supporting and who resist?
World wide phenomena of destruction
For purpose only to ensue reconstruction
To occupy the resources, oil and energy
To maintain monopoly and keep hegemony
Limbs are being cut, like tree boughs
Corpses are piled up in many rows
No one to burry, no one to weep
No one to cover them no one to heap
The clash of civilization this was not
But the power hungry has it brought
The end seems farther and gruesome
Of this brutality, foul and fulsome
No one is ready every one stubborn
Not letting to live the world citizen

akram saqib

ON THE EVE OF CHRISTMASSS

I saw and I found
Bleeding humanity all around
Hatred, revenge and pride
Sneaking from its every wound
Nations with chains of ego
Everywhere are ghastly bound
Snatching from one another
Hollow bones like hound
Imprisoned in opaque cells
No light where, no sound
Religions, sects, castes and colors
End not fight but rebound
In the whirlpools of animosity
Sinking man in the pound
LET US PRAY FOR THE MAN
O sky! Stars! And o ground!
Love affection and respect
May spread all around

akram saqib

part and parcel

1-A happy aviary

1-I dare to describe
Symbolic tale of ups and downs
The words he in dreams scribe

2- An unknown holy and old seer
Revealed the action
I describes as I hear

3-Showed to me the age past
When there resides not any man
Birds and animal could only last

4-World was, the haven of love
Swan and stags, dear and fawns
Eagles were, the friends of dove

5-O, times! Fowl played the foul
Vultures, the enemies of living
Like the jackals one day howl

2-JUSTICE PREVAILED IN THE LAND

6-Ostrich was the just king
Took care of every inch
All around prosper bell ring

7-He roamed, flew and run
Observe his people day and night
Midnight oil he used to burn

8-He was on such a stride
Went too far from the centre
Laud he came was dried

9-No bird sang, no green flowers,
Clouds were few and passing fast,
No rains there and no bowers

10-He flew and flew away,
Went into deeper and more deeper
In the trance of his sway

Too much curiosity

11-Astonished he became at once
When he saw a kangaroo
Whose running was exuberance?

12- Flying sometime and then he hops,
It was fashion of this shape
Running was not less than pops

STOOPS TO FOLLY

13- Landed he and closer he went
Told him about all his state
For learning that he bent

14-To learn strange art of racing
His strides and long jumps,
His alacrity and his pacing

AFFAI RS OF THE STATE

15- Birds were worried not to find
Months passed and he came not
The king loving and very kind

16-Whispes were there about his death
Some catastrophe has on him fallen
That made him not to breath

17-The time servers and the selfish
Curveted and flapped their ugly wings
To attain throne arose the wish

18-The ugly vultures thought it right,
The auspicious time for to get their dreams
To usurp the crown without fight

COUP D'TAT

19-Gathered around them the ambitious fowls
Vicious and most devilish minds and thoughts
Were selected advisors for the full bowls?

20- Crows were the soldiers falling on filth
Encircled by the birds of bad omen

Birds of passage looked with a satiric mirth]

KINGLY WISHES

21- The king fell to his passions
Pleaded the kangaroo to teach
Strides and steps of his fashion

22-A lot of risk is involved in this act
Do not learn is the best
Kangaroo told him with respect

22 -Kangaroo told him with woeful request
The dangers and risks hidden in the act
Not bow before it, is the way best

23-The adamant king could not deviate
From his childish wish for fly running
Every thing the kangaroos tried to negotiate

SYMPATHETIC ADVICE

24-kangaroo was cool and very calm
Very judicious and wise enough
Stay here for the night, he put the balm

25-Special food is a prerequisite
To learn the art of landing strides
Without which no one can exquisite

26-Ostrich ate the meal with relish
Offered by the kangaroo as his pupil
And admonish to be not lavish

DUCKS AND DRAKES

27-Vultures fell on the throne of the king
Did not spare a meager entity
Occupied the castles and the everything

28-The sparrows, larks and the swans
The humming bird and nightingales
Pigeons and ducks doves and fawns

29-vulture arrayed the strange squads
The seagulls were the magistrates
And bats were the day guards

30-The opossum was the appointed judge

The black bird was made attorney
All were ordered not to budge

LOSS OF GLORY

31-The king drank from the kangaroo’s hands
Strange passions ran into veins
His wings rose and feather’s bands

32-Whole his body shook severely
Fell the feathers except a few
And few wings remained barely

33- With the dawn the ostrich awoke
Their was no little feather on his body
He had lost his royal cloak

34-kangaroo came and told about
The kick backs and strange strides
Half flew he and half rubout

35- The king learned a thing very odd
Happy over his masterly gains
But lo and behold! What did he nod?

PLUNDERED STATE

36- Vultures plundered the throne royal
Scavengers gnawed the flesh alive
The fowls were at mum on the fate’s recoil

37- If some spoke against the dictators harsh
Lives of theirs were in danger
The punishment was to bury them in marsh

38- Rich became and proud the stooges toadies
The sycophants and the blackmailers
The real thieves and the hardies

39- Doves were imprisoned and the larks
Lurking over the love was the swords
Of fierce vultures and ambitious darks

40- Principles of love respect and harmony
All buried in the abyss of lust
Rulers the usurpers and the rules money

DICTATES OF DICTATORS

41-all the happiness pomp and gaiety
Vanished away and all were to think

To run for life and have flight mighty

42- Worries closed in and king thought
How would he reach out and restore
This misfortune his follies brought

43- The home land far away and the risky ways
The flights undone and the wings lost
Lost glory does not come back by prays

44- No fairy would come and no gnome
He was to run and only run
To set the things right at home

45- Vultures spoiled everything of the state
Laws and lawyers cops and corpses
Each and everybody they did vitiate

46- The sick aviary was to explode and blast
With the clumsy handling and the rough attitude
If the vultures as king were to last

47- A new thing vultures and their ranks
Ensued after coup, they introduced
Transferred national assets to foreign banks

48- Looted and plundered they every one
Conspired against the native whole
Thought if booked they would run

49-The coffers became their personal wealth
The nation starved and looked for
To get some aid for falling health

50- They were vultures and dead they ate
Scavengers they were and that’s why
For living being was only hate
RETURN OF THE NATIVE

51- The ostrich laggard and hopped
At the borders of his beloved state
He was told that he was dropped

52- On the borders he was stopped
And was not allowed to enter
His lands was for him blocked

53- Gloomy he became and with severe grief
Astonished bewildered and strangled
Unexpected happened in that brief

54- Furious he became and told guards
I am the king and rule this land
Tell this to your fictitious lord

55- Arrested he was on this talk
The guards escorted him to the court
Some in front and some behind walk

56- He was dethroned, and did he know
On reaching court he was told
It was useless to make a row

DISAPPONTMENT
57-He pleaded the courts and judge
An owl appointed against the post
He was adamant and then nudge

58- Just one was made to retire
A toady was assigned the post
Whose services dictators hire

59- Ostrich was gloomy and disappointed
Not for throne but for fowls
Their lives were being exploited

60- Wept he from heart due to compassion
For the poor birds and other beings
Sorrowful he became for his nation

61- Pondered over the plight and the state
Destroyed by, by the bad birds
Determined to get back, early or late

LUCK ENCOUNTERS

62- He then approached the eagle saint
Sick of vultures rule living away
Tired and hungry he was to faint

63- Eagle’s hospitality made him revive
His holy plans and his life
He felt himself in the heavenly hives

64- Eagles stopped him when he spoke
Need not explain, knew everything
No one can in vultures, sympathy evoke

65- Eagle took him to the royal court
The armies of wild bees in the way
Voluntarily along with him cohort

CATCHES AT A STRAW
66- The greedy vultures did not easily resign
The price of life, and amnesty asked by
And some carcasses daily and no fine
66- Eagle’s arbitrations for his nation
Made ostrich to regain his throne
Serve with the same old passion

Conclusion
In this way the tale ends
The poet for all honesty recommends

More it does symbolize the man
Fall In the abyss that easily can

Ostrich daring, dignified and just
Request every body, think it must

The vultures are self explanatory
Smelling death in the earth’s cemetery

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POET

POET

Poet and moon are very near
Only have momentary glow
Eyes when are filled with tears
Themes of morning overflow

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Repent Not Then (a sonnet)

In the lonely days and nights
Remembering you all alone
With the stars in gloomy lights
Memories of the love bygone
Make me to roam the sites
Sit there and bemoan

Tables would turn one day
You would too one day sob
Can not live in easy way
Others pleasures who do rob
Surely then you would say
It was not a lover’s job

Would thirst for love true
Your heart would throb too

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Sense of loss

About you I think
Then could not blink
I gaze in the skies
With wandering eyes
Those feelings of love
Why kept I above
I think about the days
Falling of the rays
When do we play
On the ocean’s bay
I sob for the days

Sob for the past
That could not last
Left me all alone
To groan and mourn
The loss of emotions
I mourn and bemoan
Love’s sojourn
I swear of my soul
I can not condole

Loss of sense
Sense of loss

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Song of millionaire

Money O money!
Come on honey!
My aim is?
My game is?
Each and every
Cent and penny
Money o money
Come on honey
Will keep you
Will heap you
Don’t astray
From my way
Night prevail
And horror hail
To vale dark
Where skylark
Do not coo
But I boo boo
Will worship
And will sip
Manna or gall
Whatever fall
From your lip
O my sunny
Money o money
Come on honey

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SUN

THE SUN

Scorching heat and chilling cold
Under my wings reside
Nonplussed coward and very bold

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THAW

After many Years, one day I saw
My lady in calm, and a thaw

Warmth of my emotions made thee melt
Storm of my love on you did pelt

Stones of sweet words, rosy flowers
Doubts vanished and appeared bower

You said me with love o’ darling
Filled my heart as one gargling

Addressed me with as she spoketh
A strange ecstasy in heart evoketh

Love you, love you, and love you too
Are our words for feelings true?

akram saqib

THE ANGRY MOB

You see, I am
A man of love
You see, I
Never deviate
You know, I
Keep my word
You know I
Always appreciate
Your embraces
And your warm breaths
Your fleeing nature
Like that of bird
It is my job
To ever seethe
The love dormant in
Thy heart, like
Angry mob

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THE BLIND LOVE

The blind love
Beauty and love
Together resided
Heavenly resorts above
And were guided

By the spirits divine
Incited them to always align

Gamboled they hand in hand
Place like a fairy land

Happy like victorious prince
Jealous were the happiness thence

Love, importune for beauty
Forgetting her divine duty

Hovered over like a moth
On the lightened luminous path

Never would they go astray
Promised under the broad day

One night they were making love
The beauty saw shining moon above

The moon light was so sweet
Beauties praised it and too repeat

Love was jealous of beauty infidel
Could not bear the moon rival

Come at beauty with a hard blow
Plucked out love’s eyes glow

Since that day the love is blind
And the beauty does not mind

Love and beauty part the way
Since that day are at bay

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THE CORPSE WOULD GROW

The corpse would grow
Dried blood glow
The darken nights

They would fight
For the dead right
And will incite

The downtrodden
And would broaden
the

Vision would awaken
Rich would be taken
By the poor dead
Who for the bread
Sold his soil
Must be recoil
I

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The Jaundiced Eyes

Man is never sick
Of the severe nick

In circle divide
Put humanity aside

Hiding in the hole
Religions play the role

All the opposite faiths
Sword unsheathes

In the other’s back
Stab and blood slake

For heinous acts
Divide men into sects

Everybody behind
Terrorist of a kind

To banish others
Sisters and brothers

Muslims and Jews
And Christian hews

Hindus and Buddhists
Are all fascists

If they deviate
And alleviate

The real teachings
And the preachings

Of their saints
Differently paints

Who is to come?
Dispose this bomb

Of jaundiced eyes
What’s, who’s and why’s

akram saqib

The POWERFULL

I am the power
Below my bower
Are decided
The bullet’s shower
I am the power
If you are rebel

But are capable
I would help you
Like the crow’s pebble
I am the power
If you are weak

My help is bleak
Let you not shriek
Due to oppression
I am the power

All kinds of “cracies”
Are my policies
Brutal use of power
Are my legacies
I am the power

All organizations
Are in collaboration
Always abet me
In all possible fashion
I am the power

Poor are exploited
Rich are invited
For attaining coffers
Looted from the blighted
I am the power

My ostensible fights
For the all human right
Are my devices
That help me flight
I am the power

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The Reconstruction

Look out, O! Person wise
Our status cannot rise
All above the world around
If our hands are bound
With the human conscience
Why is this for fatal science?
Why have we devised
Drones, Daisy and revised
Versions of killing weapons
If destruction does not happen
How can we reconstruct
Until we do not destruct

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THE SECULARISM

What love is and what is hate
What is destiny and what is fate
Think not of such ethereal things
Be carefree and carry on the binge
Of thy heart not of your mind
Live a life of special; kind
If you ponder over your fate
Abhorrence for highs it will create
About your destiny if you think
Animosity for usurpers it will link
Arms and ammunitions of thy emotions
Waste not on the futile notions?
Look around you and find love
Live a happy life like that of a dove

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THE TERRORIST

Here are limbs
There are limbs
Fly in the air
Like lovely things
Cut cut cut
Cut them more
Shut shut shut
Shut the door
The door to respect
And every respect
Of humanity
And opportunity
Always conspire
To build empire
Of the lust
That makes rust
The very foundation
Of all nations
Nothing should remain
To erect again
Fort of passions
Of harmony of nations

akram saqib

think about it sons

/////ESPECIALLY FOR FATHER, S DAY

A tale I heard
From my dad

Of a father
 And his lad

The father was old
And have sold

His time at
The rate of fate

Together they abode
But were electrode

In their thoughts
There were large slots

They quarrel always
As the waves with bays

Between them
 Was no emblem

Of love and respect
 And no aspect

The son one day
Decided to throw away

His dad from his house
Like a mouse

He tied him in sack
Put the sack on his back

The dad was on the shoulder
Like a boulder

Decided the son to throw
At some place very low

Get rid of him
Along the lake's brim

The son reached the shore
And was unable to walk more

Put the sack on the ground

And looked all around
He was to bury his father
But could not do rather
Father preempted risk
And yelled out in brisk
When the son untied ropes
Went away his hopes
But as an effort last
He speaketh very fast

O my son
I have done
The same task
That you ask
This is the place
Where lies my grace
Of my childhood
With whom in this wood
I doth played
And have made
A lot of fun
And have run

But oh! In old age
In a fit of rage
I buried him
At this brim
Where you dig
Beneath this ridge

I request thee
Must me burry
But some distance away
As here my father does lay

It was a shock
To that dried rock
In the dusk's dark
When awakes the lark
He brought the dad back
Buried the empty sack

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TO THE CUCKOO

Thy beautiful throat
The poets have admired
And thy similes
The lovers have hired

Amused are they from ostentation
Do not know the real frets
As their feet are above terra firma
All above realities and the facts

Living in the world of ideas
Not in the facts and figures
Affected by the affectations
Not aware of the life’s rigors

Whose eggs the cuckoo gnaws at
The simple thing every body know
Whose offspring die before birth?
Is called the ugly crow

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Victims of torture

Victim of torture
At length are exploited
By the masters benighted
In each and every field
The slave always yield
Keep their heads down
In spite master he frowns
All his orders obeyed
Not one is delayed
But he wants some joy
And unsheathe rod of alloy
Unleashed is the inner Satan
With the furrows of batten
On the naked body of slave
He digs many a grave
Face mouth eyes and hands
Are swollen due to bands
These struck so fast and heavy
As advances the furious levy
Victims of torture do not speak
And their salvages becomes bleak
The perpetrator is never tired
But stops hand when annoyed
Unfortunate victims flutter
Not permitted even to mutter
As after shock of a quake
World raises slogans and awake
But what is this for man
When milk is split cry is vain
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Warm palms

O love don’t be so proud
Come down from the cloud
Waiting you with open arms
Missing your warm palms
Remembering the joyous times
Rhymes and sensuous climes
When they passed on arms
Strange feeling alarms
How much love you showed
How many times we bowed
I stopped you with a tug
Aspiring to with you hug
We embraced so tight
The soul did feel a sprite
But those days have gone
Now I am all alone

akram saqib

What real night is?

I

Do you ever think?
When stars do blink
And the moon shines
Are all the signs

Signs of a night
Mitigation of might
Of the mighty sun
Who has to shun
The scorching light
And no more bright

No at all not
It's a Gordian knot
Those having little knowledge
Only they acknowledge
They only say so
While sages say no

II
Watch thee not moon
That appears at noon
And the sharp eyes
Watch stars day wise
III
In fact the night
Is the absence of light
Light and reflection
Of peace and affection
When passions and love
Go up much above
And its signs fade
In the place looking jade
In the abyss they sink
Humanity does not wink

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Why?

Why the drones kill
And uproot the hill
Why the clusters pop
Cut the human crop
Why mercenaries hunt
Make their weapons blunt
The daisy cutter fall
And mix up the gall
In the blood of man
Fill up his brain
With hate and revenge
The generations will avenge
Upon the human fellows
By hanging them on gallows

akram saqib

You are my soul

You are my soul
You are my whole
Waiting for you
Always going to
To find a ray
On your way
Ray of hope
On the slope
Of your love
Like a dove

akram saqib

You too will repent

DO Not lead me astray
Come away
DO Not become so rude
And allude
DO Not make excuse
And misuse
DO Not cut my heart
And flirt
DO Not think me small
And fall
If you do so
And bestow
Grief and agony
Make my destiny
You do will repent
And not spent
Your days and nights
In so giddy heights

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Your soft hands

Your soft hands
When they comb
Into my hair
All my pangs
Fly in the air
Burn with the
 Warmth Of
 Your palm
Your soft hands
 When they comb

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