

Poetry Series

Ata Khan

- poems -

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Ata Khan

A Journalist by profession.

I write to feel light.
And to convey, in what i believe is, right.
In an easier way for me to write,
and for any reader to grasp...

I will always raise my voice, before it fades out.

Lets Share

I see, observe
And I ponder
The more I do
The more I cry
Then I ask myself
Angry and hurt
Why, why, why

Why we have
And you have not
Why we smile
And you cannot
Your children deserve, too
What ours succeeded to
Just like that

Why then we
The privileged,
Are still worried
About our future
And of our children
When will this greed of ours
Come to a halt
And when will we stop pinching
The only loaf off you
And yours
So you can live too

Ata Khan

Palestine is her name

(Let us feel like a war struck child for a second) .

'Kill him too, '
i heard one say
before i become
their next prey

i woke up
in a noisy hall
people all around
like a busy mall

my left arm
and the shoulder
still bled and hurt
i, an eleven year old
weak, and not so bold

'Mother, O'Mother, '
i cried out aloud
none paid attention
though, it was a crowd

A doctor approached
and tried to fake a smile
asked my name
a mere skill to tame

'where is my father
did they kill him too? '
I wept and I asked...

I will never forget
the unbearable pain
of how brutally
my sister got slain

The smile vanished
from doctor's face
what could he say
in such a bloody case

After a long, long...pause
he looked at me,
and holding my hand
caressed my hair,
his one eye was dry
but, the other had a tear

'O My newly Orphaned'
begun he so

'We live, and
we were born
in the biggest prison
of the world,
This was our own home
Palestine is her name
where, its 'defamed occupier',
brought itself to shame'.

Ata Khan

Plastic Octopus

I was simple, a very happy chap
before falling into the credit card trap
but after I got one, I rushed to the store
brought home presents in a colourful wrap

My wife got excited, and kids were delighted
but none could see the spreading blaze I ignited

Fake power to spend brought-in a new trend
to consume more, without depending on a friend

I'm passing sleepless nights, my dawns are a plight,
the ever-smiling contented heart now, is forever contrite

To the mirage of class and style, I lost the liberty, and my smile
why, sadly, I sold my freedom of being enslaved to a bank file? ? ?

(I wrote this one after i saw a friend of mine pulling his hair as he was receiving
frequent calls and a threat of legal action from the collections department of an
Octopus Distribution Dealer.....) .

Ata Khan

Princess and the Stranger

Deep,
black eyes
unfamiliar,
yet known eyes
lost, in the air
gazing..
tranquil, clear
shining, smiling
and so bright,

Whispered
'O' stranger,
come and see
do you see what i see?
rainbow dances
around me
flying doves
surround me
dewdrops fall
how longingly
to kiss,
and embrace,
with warmth,
my cheeks, lips,
and this face..

The whirling breeze
my locks it
ruffles..
In loving, softness
nature speaks,
my heavenliness,
it celebrates..

But stranger,
confess
you may
What brings you
here today? '

Her eyes still lost
in the air..
Was it hope, or despair?

'O'Princess
this i know
What you whisper
is very unique
What you see
is even rare
I, thus feel
most mundane

to follow an obvious
path ordained
I can't see
what you see
But,
what i see
you can't admire

I see you
and these eyes...

Ata Khan

Princess, and Her Flying Carpet

Dreams and sighs
Moans and groans
Hidden,
Deep down, inside.

A suffocated silhouette
On a flying carpet
Quest to discover
Hope, yearning, and
The desire.

Carpet flies
But, no replies.

Can't be seen
Heard, or spoken,
The growing blaze of
Her internal fire.

(Dedicated to the oppressed female in our societies) .

Ata Khan

Valor?

Bombs
Bullets
Blood
Bodies
Screams
Sirens
Horror
Devastation

Celebrations
Toast
Grins
Laughter
Vanity

Bravo!

Ata Khan

Winter and Hope

This is how my village was until fifty years ago, where there was no electricity, and therefore, no television or devices to keep the family members unnecessarily busy and occupied)

First snow atop the hill,
sends a chill to the spine
it melts down all hopes
for the morning sunshine

men, women, pets and cattle,
bit dismayed, amidst lull and calm
iced winds, blades cutting through,
yet into a storm it has not brewed

hordes of men hurry and store
piles of extra wood and grass
time for them to hibernate,
talking and singing to hour-glass

each one must tell a story,
sitting by fire, under lock n bolt
happy women, busy with stove
lots of tea, meat and broiled poult

Father and sons, one by one
climb the roof of their muddy abode
with shovels, spades and iron blades
they brush aside the unwanted load

Every winter passes thus
with such fervour and desire,
for a sunny and brighter morning
so as to smother the burning fire

Ata Khan

Z'ma Mor (My Mother)

It was a rainy day
Driving back home
The car steered me
Towards you
Your grave...

Can i ever forget
How much you liked the rain?

The white
Wet
Marble of your grave
Sparkled like your smile

Every falling drop
Bounced to embrace me

I could feel you, and
how happy you were
But I could also hear you
Say this
Very clearly

'Za Bachiya baraan de (Go my child, it's raining)
and you don't have an umbrella'

12th April 2009

(The title, and verse translated, are in Pashto language)

Ata Khan