Poetry Series

Awsaaf Ali

- 9 poems -

Publication Date:

March 2014

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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Awsaaf Ali (27th August 1997)

Hi, I am a poet from Hyderabad. I have always found writing intriguing. Since childhood, I started scribbling meaningless words but as I went into the depths of the situations, I started writing about them instead of sharing about it with anybody. I randomly started writing love poems and then later started writing dark poems and have written many other poems on various topics. Some poems are written in a total subconscious state and some are on the true hallucination experiences. I believe I've secret absurd disorders which make me feel eating any sound or consuming any kind of light.

Death

Thy rose rots, ami'st my feet an' the door,
Pleading, the fragrance its to be sucketh an' bitter wine pour,
Blisters dropp'th from thy swirlin' shore,
Boun'less pain stabbeth me more,
Thy gift'd feather, thy ink pouch, leather,
Those symphonies maketh me smile, no more,
Beneath the cores de pumping meat, I solemnly adore,
Curious stem o' rotten rose whispereth,
Thy reminiscences under my chest crawleth,
Mysterious reas'n attracteth thy death.

Awsaaf Ali

Death: II

Frozen blood o' thee lie,
I stareth thy te'rs crawleth,
Numb fingers o' thine,
De'd rose, soken wine,
Waitin' fo' the soul o' mine,
Tranquility ami'st us flasheth,
Melancholy too faces death,
Reminiscences t'en frozeth,
Whispers face silence,
Thy pouch, ink bleedeth,
Thy feather shrinketh,
Knees, the ground, no more toucheth,
Thy body, und'r my roof, freezeth,
My soul, fr'm thy body, drifteth.

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Death: III

Soul o' thy chirpin' melodies,
Ink o' thy timid symphonies,
Collects me, t'se calmeth tranquilities,
Requiem t'en pierceth my heart,
Blameth me, she, consumed h've I,
The light, b'low the gallow t'at lie,
Blameth me, she, stolen h've I,
The sound, droppeth o'er her lip,
Enigmatic melancholy, me,
Serenely, thou, me h've dippeth,
Solemn agony, fragnance o' thee,
Silent solace, dream o' me,
L'ft shadows o' my licketh be,
Eternal soul, weepeth un'r thy tree,
Why? Trappeth my soul thou,
Why? Not it flow an' fly free,
Bitter wine t'en, show color o' thee.

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Death: IV

Strings o' de'd piano singeth,
Voices beaneth its heart, expelleth,
Movin' sadness o' my grave, murmureth,
Coffin o' t'se broken love weep'th,
Every pint o' her voice, serene tasteth,
Every drop o' her saliva, my lips t'en consumeth,
Eyes h've I open'd, memories t'se,
Enigmatic'ly disappeareth,
Hairs o' mine, tranquil breeze pusheth,
Words within my mouth, die in t'at war o' silence,
Shrinketh bosom o' mine, fume exposeth,
Yet the requiem, w'th victorious head o' silence, stoppeth hath not,
Burstin' blisters on fingers o' mine, squeezeth the throat o' thy piano.

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Death: V

Contemporary words hath I evaded,
Sweared to swear thine,
Fo' the respect o' thee faded,
Throwed me, e'ry words o' fame thou lied,
Only for t'se blasphemious plight,
Curious cherishity o' mine birth hath taken,
Quiet blade o' thy palm, hath rest broken,
Unrelated bloods' related as blood,
Mates, masked t'en thy hath brought me to cut,
Tranquil drops o' life, heat kisseth, fast flow'th,
Taste o' t'se machetes, my body tast'th,
Final screams 'n my mouth, silence stuff'th,
Drops o' my own blood t'en blind'th me,
Lips o' thy blade seal my n'ck with t'at kiss,
Final beats o' my heart 'n thy hand pumpeth,
Mysterious reas'n attract'th my death.

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Love In Infinity

In the wild dimensions where the love raced into infinity,
There she whispers from the black hole, 'love is just another name for curiosity...'

Tasting the sound that drops from her lip,
There it licked the light under that shade of the gallows...
When the tears dried on the banks of the dead ocean,
The rocks rested with the air in the cave of ice...

Repeated blisses, on those lips, those repeated kisses froze,
Where she dropped her attire and threw her velvet shoes.
Where the heart of love shall stop beating on the curse of misunderstandings,
Darkness shall hug the cave, where with me, you're withstanding!

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The Bleeding Smoke Of Love

Under the cloud where the velvet smoke bled,
'Love's a curse' the smiling soul said;
The blood in the dwarf's heart then froze,
When an indecisive liar presented her the rose...

The fingers around which my ring would slide,
On the clod evening, she would be, my bride,
Breathing in, exhaling kisses, she'll be by my side,
Where on a heavy monster, we'll go off on a love's ride,
Behold, and kiss my eyes,
I don't crave to know the plight...

If ever, the delusion of this imagination doesn't lie an illusion,
On the naked dawn, I shall suck your lips; raping the confusions...
Words will then bleed letters,
As I look at my unsent love letters,
Each letter now the fire shall batter,
When your head's on my chest, nothing's better...

Let your naked breast touch my chest,
This is a dim light in the darkness of miles, called love,
Which gives plight, or rises all above,
Pull me closer, don't shove,
I'm the dead pegion, you're my dove!

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The Pluviophile

For months, I waited to embrace her,
And then she came,
I cuddled her with no shame,
Standing naked under her presence,
Like the broken door of heavens,
She hugged me with impeccable love,
Smiled and presented a shove,
I was lost in her million eyes,
And then I begun making love with her...
Sucking her lips under her,
I opened my eyes and realized,
That every word she said, she lied,
I dint lie the only person who kissed, cuddled and made love to her...
Every person under her, she loved,
I crawled back into my abode,
Slashed my vein, and showed,
The love for her, as my blood mixed in her tears,
She wept, and there, forever, I slept.

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The Unseen Saw

The thief of Acrona, I lied,
Robbing tourists and escaping plight...
The inevitable magic in my eyes,
Was spotted in the princess' eyes,
The land beneath her legs moved,
The time instantly passed and on the royal bed, we droft...
Kissing her perfect bosom,
I laughed, in the gloom,
Then I had got her lip caught,
And the voices of love,
The ears of consierge caught!
He then broke the wooden door and came in,
Looked my face angrily and held my chin...
Dragged naked to the gallows by the king's command,
Hands and legs tied, pulled by the heel with the face kissing the sand...
Legs mine, half stretched, tied by the log,
I looked at her and heard her sob...
And when the execution begun,
My face covered with a thick lenin, hidden...
Some pins of random order touched between my nude thighs,
I could not look at the ground nor the skies...
Four leather legs I could smell,
Covered with mire and the saw begun to dwell...
I felt the saw cutting me for the following hours,
Then my soul kicked itself out my body,
Where the crowd look at my parted body and whispered ''gross''.

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