Poetry Series

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- 19 poems -

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Barricading Terrorism

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Lots of doing on neologism, theism and animism
Everyone has built a thanatotherapy of terrorism
Why they lost communal way of consensus
To forgive divine, to err is humanism
Why this vitality changed into witticism
No man in earth is cherub-like phenomena
But there cede this war-mongering adventurism
The hoity-toity belief of selfism ought not to prevail
No more epitome of unconditional hooliganism

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Beauty

Let me ask what is beauty?
Is it eternal rhyme of enfolded charm
Is it 'imaginatio' for the woebegone
What is it all about after all?
Is it a scent of maiden's bliss
Scruplous food of bashful lessie
Is it a climax to reach a pitch of glory
Is it a chill in ice-capped mountains
Is it a mean to achive something high
Or a patchwork of exorbitant smile

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Being Conscintious

Am I an ant? A bird? Or a torment of hunt
Promiscuous in nature lackadaisical in form
Casting aside a rueful tale of melancholy
Replete with gnormous pressure of norm
Layers after layers in my persona degenerated
Jolted by the twist of predetermined storm
No way to escape no way to cast-asunder

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Disambiguation

Certainly it is veracity, not prevarication
In this life there is much pace but less variation
For Hamlet 'To be or not to be' is a question
For Time there is no cessation
Well in people's lineaments there is no sensation
For you it can be ne-plus-ultra
For me it is verbal detoxication
In this awfully shaky world
Who has gotten a heartfelt adoration

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Enigma

The world is enough to read
A hyperbolic sense of creed
Te path is cocksure and neat
There is no mercy nor do any plead
Hath divine power come to thee?
An idiosyncratic sense of gelid
How to vouchsafe this flibbertigibbet
It is wine upon world is sullied
A miniature of towering high bid
What for the womb? What lull deed?

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Illumination

I am waiting for my turn
When there would be no more ludicrous pun
The world would be safe heaven for fun
Child will not waste time and learn

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Love

Love everything and love the love you love
Love is a word an incomparable anticipation
love is a mockery having wings to fly
Love is decorum of truth the legacy of attention
Love is not concocted story or a piece of bun
Love is what you are what you do whole nook of function
Let this love never stop in its infinite motion
Love is beauty for eternal one's and ailment for an alien
Love is sombre of truth and desire nonetheless mitigation
Love is so on and so forth love is being and becoming
Love is genre of onerous charm and sea's combustion
Love is holistic it is winsome will of norm
Love is bird's chirping love a clandestine click of commotion

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Man

What a finest piece of art is man
Anabolic in strength practicable in wisdom
From the time immemorial the birth of Adam
Creation of everything till Mohammad(SAW) the totem of wisdom
Being vicegerant on earth and shepherd afterward
To correct the fallacy with miraculous speech of wisdom
All art and craft are superficial or none-the-less comparable
Unto the height of his majestic conundrum

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O Velvety Earth

O velvety earth
O symbol of hearth
By just painting thenatography
How come they know thy Worth?
Avuncular, grandpa and such and such
Bereaved in the garb of death
There shall be no agony after me
This wishy-washy stillness has robbed my wealth

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PHS

New ways of life has deprived
A man from real PHS
No word is more swer than entail
One onother due to PHS
Embarking into the feat of 'phantasio'
Alas! they lost eternal rhythm of PHS
Is it any way to track-down gramer of peace
Without managing the practice of PHS

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Placebo Effect

Is it encaged in a 'coock a doodle do'
Or placed in a waffle art
Is it all alpha and omega
Or all null and void
Is it tug of war on for hankering gains
Is it a 'booty' after a war-mongering pains
Is it a leaf of palm trees
Or an orchestra of melodious musical string

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Power Of Belief

With all if's and but's
That may not happen you want to seek
The way wish gives birth to another
Reaches its ephemeral peak
Every wish may not come true after all
As man's stature is so weak
If the Be of Omnipotent took away from the lives of bees
They will not gevern the way they seek
The tree may lost its aesthetic beauty
Like a child forgot to to play hide and seek
This all about the power of belif
Which vanquishes pain from far beneath
Which soothes in pain like nurse's arm
Like careworn child in a guileless tweak

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Practical Wisdom

Here to go where or whereever to go
You will find a lack of practical wisdom
And the people have some liking
For the devlish musicality of freedom
Freedom that is eating its own prey
Freedom that rusts like an ores of iron
This interior monologue this symmetry should be enchained
LIfe is but a shape of crashing system
They have named the days for Ma and Pa
Just to set themselves free from the shakeles of their wisdom
Are the days finding justice via peculiar arrogance
Are they went-off like a bud of flower's bloom
That we should ask to vouchsafe generation
So the bevy of girls may rest with a balm in their womb
They could inculcate the wisdom of all wisdoms
And the grandeur of multiple form

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Quizzicalness

Should i shut my eyes
like others have shut
Should i work like those
like others have worked
Should i durst not courage
Like others did not
Should i mock that mob
Like others have mocked
Should i fight my wars
Like others have fought
Should i seek my goals
Like others have sought
Should i fog in the mirror
Like others have fogged
Should i burst into tears
Like others have sobbed

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Real Eistence

Except Him All-Powerful and All-Praiseworthy
No one has ever gained a real Existence
Unto me and you is bewilderment of nothingness
We a void nullifying folly of fulsome transience
Chuggling, work for chateau and chimerical fancies
Infinitesimal in size Lilliputian in munificence

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The Incombustible

My feelings are there
But the lava is still pantomime
There is no rush or hastiness
calm and cool where the wind takes it by
Cynosure to take heaven in hands
The man who has lost its cliche
The warmth and incombustible roar of gallantry
The anthropomorphic agony of desire
Has wretched man from the balm of life

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Time

I am time who knows
Who knows but
I am what I am
The shadows are thin
The nights have veiled in
Like a turkey cock
Like a doodle I am doodling
In your
Life there is lack of timing
I have wits, what a razor sharp wit
Monolithic culture have been flowering
I remained runners up and all encompassing
Circumnavigating you became a laughing stock
Stunning to see my caliber like a rock
Whatever will you do?
I have least inclination
I am jaunty
You are skinny
Who will eat the booty?
Time is moving scandalously
A world full of bankruptcy
How and why I glamorize it all
Is least potent and more finicky
I am the dowry for the women
And evangelist moving slyly

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Virtue Vs Evil

Wherever you are wherever you go
I will go with you hand in hand
A faltered state of agony and lust
I will go with you hand in hand
Vying for the amelioration of offspring
I will go with you hand in hand
Injecting an age-long flight from right
I will go with you hand in hand
The endearment of wealth and spendthrift
I will go with you hand in hand
Wherever is the wretched face of human lure
I will go with you hand in hand
The pitfall of human lot has waged a spiritual war
I will go with you hand in hand

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Writing In The Air

Why he is writing in the air
Why he is writing in the air
He writes but no billetdoux
There are limitless sanctions no fair
The love is all as it is not fair
The fickle-minded prima facie lost its pair
Life is not like husky flute player

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