

Poetry Series

Mahfooz Ali
- poems -

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Mahfooz Ali(28 October)

Hey,

This is my poem forum. Umm..... just to warn you ahead of time a lot of things I write on here are really loving and sometimes depressing too. I just write about things when I get a sudden urge and usually it's when I am depressed but happy too. Anyway, I hope you will enjoy my poems and feel free to comment and email me at 'mailto:mahfooz@' with any comments about my poetry.

To start, Click on my 'Poems' to read.

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I am Post Graduated () from the University of Gorakhpur, INDIA, in Economic Administration. I do also have a Master's degree(M.A.) in Economics from the Dr. Ram manohar Lohia Awadh University, Faizabad, INDIA and Post Graduate Diploma In Journalism & Mass Communication from Indira Gandhi National Open University (I.G.N.O.U.) INDIA. I am very fond of writing Poems; short stories; Articles; and Haiku poems. I am also a winner of an award of INTERNATIONAL POET OF THE YEAR SILVER MERIT BOWL AWARD from the INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF POETS, U.S.A. AND EDITOR'S CHOICE AWARD from the INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY OF POETS' the hands of former PULITZER PRIZE winner W.D. SNODGRASS. At presently I am working as a lecturer in the University Of Lucknow, LUCKNOW, INDIA. I am a regular contributor of essays; poems; articles; short stories and letters in almost all dailies of INDIA.

####see This Boy####

This boy says he is a king,
and he can be all he can be,
he lives life like royalty,
and love being who he be.....

This boy shakes his head
over what people say...
he know,
he is not perfect anyway
but he don't let them get in his way.....

This boy has dreams,
dreams that will take his far,
he is ready to show the world,
his thoughts will make his strong.....

This boy...not a king,
this boy...not a perfect,
this boy...has a dream,
this boy is me and he the best,
no matter,
what the world see....

Mahfooz Ali

*****i Still Clamber After You.....

Daddy---

How I loved
to wear your big shirts
and
clamber after you on
the banistered stairs
Kissing your moustache
when you tickled my feet.....

Daddy---

How I loved
to swim in your oversized coats
and
dance with lungful of your cologne.
Listening to your
barreled laughter.

When you had pick me up
spinning me until I fell dizzy.....

Daddy-----

How things have changed
since I was your little boy
and
once your little pappu.

Now you are no more,
and
yet I still clamber after you.....

Mahfooz Ali

****on The Brink Of.....****

A wicked way the wind blows strong,
tighten the craft and strengthen the tie.
Ripping the sheets from the line does the
wind torment?

Stay the course,
though the waves rise high,
through the storm will the dawn arrive?
With the break of dawn will tomorrow come,
the rise of tomorrow will bring a new beginning?

Mahfooz Ali

..My True Love..

You are my everything
you are my lover and my friend
the one I confide to
when I am sad, happy, or I
just need someone to talk to
I love you and I can't wait
to be in your lap
you are my everything
where are you, Mom?
my one and only true love.

Mahfooz Ali

? ? ? ? ? ? ? Who Could Benefit? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

So who could benefit in what I will write?
Does common good remain insight?
What is good to the evil?
What is happy to the sad?
Can't everyone be pleased by the same thing?
Good is good happy is happy,
If someone frowns, you broke their rules,
If they never smile they are fools,
Who are they, anger trippers.?
They trip on anger.
So trip on good and pleasantness.

Mahfooz Ali

~~~~~moving With Purpose~~~~~

Mist like,
veils of time slowly lift,
showing a path that seems to drift,
meandering as if by chance.
Life's map,
once scribed in youthful hues,
now guides in ways I didn't choose.
I attend skyward in askance.
I knew my goal.
I knew my way,
yet somehow I have gone astray.
Another's hand or just mischance?

Do I follow or do I lead?
as along the path I proceed,
to some promised heavenly manse?
I won't bemoan,
whatever my fate,
nor sing of my successes great.
Instead,
I will just enjoy the dance,
moving with purpose,
not adrift,
thankful for the mapmaker's gift,
a road to guide through life's expanse.

Mahfooz Ali

A Blank Page

A blank page lies on my desk
Clean and pure
It lines crisp and hard
I sit in front of it and take up my weapon,
my tool, my pen
It touches the blank sheet
I begin the dance of thought in my mind
The blank page
It taunts and teases me
It scares and thrills me
It threatens and entices me
It haunts and frees me
This must be how a painter feels
about a blank canvas
full of infinite possibilities
and infinite questions
I start
My pen plays across the page
It flies and leaves its trail of blue ink for others to read
These pages become thought incarnate.

Mahfooz Ali

There is lots of WHY'ssssssss? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
But less to space out.

He has tried many possible ways to have this BEAU stored
By safeguarding, fighting, fulfilling conditions and
battling.

But.....
Nothing went wrong,

He is really having a capacity to move mountains,
And proved by moving it,
Needing no angel, motherly love and everything.

Yes, the boy is not bad,
How he could be? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
BUT? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
He has no answer.....

Now, his feelings are elaborated as the: ---
Innermost recesses of his mind,
Deep, dark and dusty from nonuse.

Searching for the keys he have lost,
The one's that he has thrown away
And even don't have duplicates.

Some keys he has found,
Some he dimly sees
Others are bent and will no longer fit,
And he can't seem to make new ones.

He asks himself usually,
WHY keep pretending,

When nobody cares?
WHY keep trying
When nobody shares?
When to go forward?
When to go back?

Lost within himself without
the will to shout.
With a revolving compass
He is going nowhere.....

Even after so many debacles in life,
Now and forever, it is still just HIM,
ALWAYS REACHING HIGH AND ALWAYS GROWING,
YET he is not getting taller.....lolzzzzzz.....

He really knows that destiny plays,
Leaving everything to realize, and
Nothing is for..... Forever.....

He has left everything to almighty
(Though people seem him to be an atheist..... but not he is...)
letting to him all with hands wide open,
to relieve him from all pain and sorrows.

BUT.....

He is still missing his mother,
Mother who is in the lap of the ALMIGHTY.....
And he knows this listless love for his mother,
Will land him into another
Arena of distress, trouble and pangs.....

After losing everything in life,
He will be a survivor,
And again no one will shoulder him, leave without a shudder
and to understand.

But..... One thing is still there.....

He is alone, lonesome and orphaned.....

Mahfooz Ali

A Concept

The world is a village,
And we are its people.
We are the same,
But not always equal.

Our views and thoughts
May contrast,
But hopefully in the end
We will learn from the past.

And now it is time for peace,
And time to yield,
Time to shake hands and agree,
To put down our swords and shields.

So let us assemble as one,
And we will convene
In order to make a reality
From just a dream.

Mahfooz Ali

A Forgotten Mother!

Dear son, I hope and pray,
Someday our paths, will cross!

Each and every day I pray for you!
I hope that someday you will forgive me!

Please don't hold a grudge or hate me!
I wanted a better life for you!
I could not give you the life that I wanted for you!

Your mother now was given a beautiful gift!
A precious child that came out of my womb!

I long to meet and hug you!
So many years have gone by!
I just want to know that you are safe!

My sacrifice was great!
I wanted to give you a good life!
A life, that I could never have given you!

My only child, you are always in my heart!
Until the end of time, I will pray for you, and
Search for you, forever!

Tears roll down my face,
I am a forgotten mother!

Mahfooz Ali

A Fragile Soul

Life is joyous and content
Until I face that moment.
When an innocent or deliberate act
Wounds me with its impact.
A fragile soul am I.

Life then losses its joy and peace
In less than the blink of an eye.
Where once I stood strong and steadfast
Now reduced to heaps of ash!
A fragile soul am I.

I grope in the ashes of despair,
Searching for what was lost.
Afraid to find that hope again
Because it seems for naught.
A fragile soul am I.

Oh! A fragile soul am I.
Walking the light-rope of life.
Steady - sometimes falling
Forever wondering: Why?
A fragile soul am I!

Mahfooz Ali

A Harboured Soul

I sailed upon the sea of disappointment,
my raft was buffeted by bitter swells.
I clung to my now battered life preserver
as the wave of broken promises compelled
my driftwood dreams toward the barren shore.

Long futile fighting had weakened my arms.
My throat was dry, head dazed, eyes glazed with cold.
Every direction seemed to lead toward
a future where I was alone and old;
a specter living in a joyless world.

You stood upon the deck
and looked across the darkness of the deep.
Your soft eyes lingered watching my approach,
my fragile form lost in exhausted sleep
and heedless to the danger of the beach.

Your arms warmed the chill of shattered hopes.
Your gentle care revived then set me free.
You taught me all I was and could become.
You gave to me the gift of being me,
the chance to love and be loved in return.

The ocean is a berth of choppy surf.
I'm standing strong against the breaking waves.
I am no longer filled with fear to face
the future our togetherness now paves.
Souls safe within the harbour of our love.

Mahfooz Ali

A Leaf

I have no control over my life.
I am born to die
that is the story of my life.
I terrified the fall which ultimately,
means my end is near.
I get stepped on after falling
by the nature's creatures
Who am I?
A leaf.

Mahfooz Ali

A Letter To My Marhoom Ammi.....

Ammi..... plz mere paas aa jao.....main bahut pareshan hoon.....
Koi nahi hai mere saath..... main apko bilkul bhi tang nahi karunga..... tym se
nashta karoonga..... school nahi jaane ke bahane bhi nahi banaunga..... apko
bilkul bhi tang nahi karunga..... apki har baat maanoonga..... aap ke saath
ghoomne bhi jaunga..... kitchen ki katoriyon pe chammach se tabla bhi nahi
bajaunga..... subah jaldi uth ke naha bhi loonga..... par mujhe is baar hostel
mat bhejna..... main aapse promise karta hoon...main apko tang nahi
karoonga.....

main koi badmaashi nahi karoonga....ab..... plz mere paas laut aao.....
main promise karta hoon..... main apne shirt pe ink bhi nahi giraunga.....
ammi.....main cycle bhi fast nahi chalaunga..... main ab goga ka sir bhi nahi
phodunga..... maine apko nahut tang kiya hai.....ab tak ke....

par ab main bada ho gaya hoon..... in bees saalon mein..... apke allah ke ghar
jaane ke baad.....maine bahut kuch jhela hai..... ammi..... bahut kuch paaya
hai....to paane se kahin zyada khoaya hai.....plz ammi.....mere paas aa jao.....
main bahut akela hoon..... aj mere saath koi nahi hai..... dad bhi dhung se baat
nahi karte hain.... lekin khush rehte hain mujhse..... par khushi dikhate nahin
hain...babu bhi nahi baat karta hai..... ammi main successful hoon...ab.... lekin
bahut haara hua hoon....zindagi ke kai morchon pe..... ammi maine in 5 saalon
mein bahut galtian ki hain..... sab mere se paise ke liye hi rishtey rakhte
hain.....

par yeh sab apki wajah se hua hai..... agar aap mujhe chhod ke nahin jaatin....
to main itna bura nahi hota..... saari galti apki hai..... aapne hi khuda ka kaha
maan ke unke paas chali gayin..... yeh khuda bhi mujhse jalta hai..... usko bolo
na..... ki main bahut pareshaan hoon..... aur tumhari mujhe zaroorat hai.....
usse permission le lo na....mere paas aane ki....

main sahi kah raha hoon..... ab kabhi pareshan nahi karoonga apko..... main
promise karta hoon.....ab main koi badmaashi nahi karoonga..... aap jaisa
bolengin main waisa hi karoonga.....

par please mere paas aa jao..... sab kuch hote huye bhi pareshan hoon.....
mujhe apki zaroorat hai.....

Mahfooz Ali

A Limerick

Poetry inspired me early on.
A quirky only child,
I spent a fair amount of time reading alone
in my pale blue bedroom
or in a wooden playhouse in my backyard.
I wasn't entirely antisocial,
but found many of my best friends
in a parallel universe of words
occupying a small bookshelf in my closet.
And while I never considered myself a poet,
I composed silly limericks
while the neighbourhood kids played dodge ball.

Mahfooz Ali

A Man I Did Not Know

I once climbed a mountain,
to see what was on the other side.
There I found a man,
with his arms open wide.
As I watched him standing there,
I noticed the beauty of the valley below.
Fear never entered my mind,
as I reached out my hand
to a man I did not know.
As I touched his hand,
my life flashed before my eyes,
All the bad mixed with the good,
I guess that's when I began to realize.
Standing there in the valley of peace,
Was Allah in life form.
He washed all my sins away.
That was the day I was truly born.

Mahfooz Ali

A Mother's Love

A mother's love is something that never ends
It's not a matter of who or when.
A mother's love is always there
From the womb through to the rocking chair.
Even when she's gone,
She never leaves you alone.
It's something warm and fuzzy on a cold winter's night.
It's something you usually take for granted since it feels so right.
A mother's love is something that can't be bought
It's something you're sure you've always got.
A mother's love is something to cherish and adore
A mother's love is like opportunity knocking at your door
It's the best, the worst, the brightest, the dimmest
and everything in between
It's something that makes every little girl feel like a queen
A mother's gift is her love, it's the best ever given
A gift that's been granted from high in heaven
God gave us the gift best above all others
Cause he blessed children when he made mothers

Mahfooz Ali

A Pen Can Be Anything.

A pen is such an ordinary thing.
Take it for granted?
We all readily do.
We don't realize it.

No matter where you go,
No matter what you do,
A pen will always be a part of you.
So why try to deny it?

A pen can be everything.
It can be your back door, your escape.
It can change you and your beliefs.
It can work so firmly in you,
you can't breathe.

It can cage you.
It can free you.
It can give wings.
A pen can be anything.

Mahfooz Ali

A Plea

Mummy, sing me to sleep.
I can't sleep mummy.
Horrid dreams haunt me.
Mummy, will you come from Heaven and hold me?

Mummy, I miss you.
It's not the same without you.
Mummy, will you come from Heaven and hold me?

Mummy, others make fun of me.
"Motherless son" they call me.
I cry though, I try not to.
Mummy, will you come from Heaven and hold me?

Mummy, it's not the same without you.
I am so alone mummy.
There is no love without you.
Mummy will you come from Heaven and hold me?

Mummy, I am only thirty two years old.
I should still have you.
Mummy, will you come from Heaven and hold me?

Mahfooz Ali

A Special Man

A special man has walked this earth,
Always giving of himself each and every day.
The lessons this special man has taught me
Is a debt I know I will never afford to repay.

Truth follows this special man throughout his daily walk,
Along life's winding path and with each step he takes.
Trials may come to slow him down, but onward he goes
with determination and strength as each day breaks.

Honour is this special man's middle name,
Not knowing the meaning of defeat when despair tries to set in.
Life has taken this special man through many journeys
Experiencing and seeing things my mind can only imagine.

Growing up under this special man's guidance
Is a wonderful gift I have treasured from the very start,
This special man, my beloved and honoured father
Will always have a special place in his son's heart.

A Woman: Whom I Am Missing A Lot.

A woman who breathes life into the World
Someone who loves no matter What
She feeds and Comforts
Till death and Beyond
She is someone to come to and cry With
To tell your happy and sad stories To
She is someone who is firm but Gentle
A woman who teaches her children many things
One is Love
Another is Happiness.

Without Mothers
There is no Future
No Tomorrow.

When Allah made man he knew Immediately
What was Missing
So he Made
You!

Mahfooz Ali

Ab Bhi Kahin Zinda Hai.

Kaash Kabhi aisa ho jata
main phir se chota bachcha
ban jata
mera bachpan laut ke aata.

Agar sach-much aisa ho jaye
Maa ki god mein phir se let sakoonga
phir se nanga ghoom sakoonga
daddy ke pait pe phir se so sakoonga
Agar sach-much aisa ho jaye.

Agar sach-much aisa ho jaye
dheron comics padh sakta hoon
toffee-biscuits kha sakta hoon
aur apni behen se bhi lad sakta hoon.
Agar sach-much aisa ho jaye.

Agar sach-much aisa ho jaye
khel khilone phir se khel sakta hoon
doston purane phir se sakte hain
par kya aisa ho sakta hai?
khoya bachpan mil sakta hai?

Chahe bachpan aaye na aaye
bhool na saka maa ki wo lori
aur dadi ki kahanniyan
mujhko aisa lagta hai
ki
bachpan ab bhi kahin zinda hai.

Mahfooz Ali

Abandoned

You told me, 'I'll be there for you'
whispered sweet nothings in my ear
but when I seeked your guidance
found that you were never here
You told me, 'I was special'
and nothing like the others
but we were never together
really, no more than lovers
You told me, 'I got your back'
anytime you need a love
but whenever I would call
you abandoned me again
I told you, 'I was hurting'
but ignorance led your heart
I told you, 'I was dying'
but you never gave a solace!
I told you, 'It was over'
still you begged for me to stay
I told you, 'If I do'
things'll have to go my way
But you didn't want to listen
so now I'm thinking through
all the pain you I suffer
now that I am abandoned.

Mahfooz Ali

About Me And My Writings.....

Well, let's see talking about myself
is something I have never been fully comfortable with.
So instead, let's talk about my writings...
I have no technical skills or any literary background.
What I write comes from a place inside
of me that few others rarely see.
It comes from my heart my soul and
my life's experiences.
Sometimes, I also surprised myself by submitting my writing's.
But it is a decision I have come to think
was one of the best I have ever made in my life.
I enjoy reading what others have to say about the things
I have written.
And I am open to all criticism and or suggestions for improvement.
Or if others can relate the words that mean so much to me.

Mahfooz Ali

Afraid

If I stop writing, will it all just go away?
How can I see the truth behind my own eyes?
When I am struggling to find the truth on the paper in front of me?
If I stop writing will it all just go away?

Dust scatters across the blank paper,
Fable attempt to create a plot beyond understanding.
I fight the truth of who I am and later I sit and wonder why I can't find my way.
Forever fighting conformity, and yet I to conform.

In the end I still struggle to see where the begins and I end.
I search for myself in the write, and light;
I am not there.
I am hiding in the shadows forever searching for myself.
There in the dark I can finally see the truth the light hides from me;

That I am scared,
Afraid of who I might be.

Mahfooz Ali

After Mumbai Massacre: Next Is What? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Blind to fearful faces,
the blood on hands
If only mind were slates,
able to be wiped
clear,
never to think again
Humour no longer yellow,
but pitch black
Laughter a heartless clang,
no longer a melodious song
If ever the free sun, I see again, I will
surely know that ignorance truly is bliss.

Mahfooz Ali

Aftermath: Back To Home

I found the road
that was left behind
and none the worse for wear
or time.....
and though the blooms
had fell to snow
there were no signs
of me to find...

Along the path
the pines had spread
and weaved a bridge
across my heart
had held above
the rising tides -
a place was meant
for me to start...

I cannot know
how long the days
between the last
breath and the first
but understand
that time was not
for me to still
my longing thirst...

Where would I go -
or would I try
to find the way
back home to this
to know that home
was always for me -
and what of love
It was me I missed.....

Mahfooz Ali

Ahead

Here is my today,
Gone yesterday;
Leaving strong unforgettable memories;
Left behind, by a bright life ahead.

A lesson is learned, from each soul I met;
If only I remain open to see it!

Every life, truly is worth remembering,
Even if at the time I think it is
forgettable and useless.....

Mahfooz Ali

Aim And Pain.

Life brings so much pain.

I try to aim for the fame.

But I know with all my heart,

I will always be the same.

So, instead of aiming for the fame.

Start walking the straight and narrow lane.

The only way to earn the fame without causing pain.

Mahfooz Ali

Allah Will Catch.

Faith?

What is it?

How do I explain Faith?

To me it is like a child standing on a table top...

Parent, hold out their hands and say, 'Jump',

Because they are children they put their trust in you.

Knowing you will catch them, they fly through the air

Into your open arms.

Faith is much like that leap...

It's knowing that our Almighty,

The Allah, up above

When we stumble and fall, will catch us.

Mahfooz Ali

Allah! Gives You More, Not Less.

Allah is the best
Just sit down and rest.
Just talk to Allah and
Do what he says and
you won't be in a mess.
Allah! gives you more, not less.

Mahfooz Ali

Alone And Helpless

Alone

Crying all alone while you walk away.
Feeling naked and helpless,
After telling you all my secrets.
All my lies.
Closing my eyes,
Picturing the look on your face,
That scared me so.
Pretending everything's ok,
Knowing I'm willingly throwing my life away,
Right before you.
All my dreams,
Come crashing down.
All in one moment,
I'm scared,
Helpless,
Alone.

Mahfooz Ali

Am I A Mama's Boy?

As youngsters, we see a mama's boy,
as a bad thing,
Even though she sees and treats you like her little king.
Knowing the poisons of the world, she hopes you won't go astray,
So she guides you,
As she sees you make some wrong decisions,
when she corrects you, hopes there is no division,
between you & her, she just wants you to do right,
When she yells at you, its guidance being expressed,
and hates every minute, all she wants is the best,
for her little king,
to grow up as a man.
To one day have a family of his own, and do all that he can.
Mama knows all things, that we have said and done,
and finds us when we hide,
and catches us when we run.
Today I have learned,
that I am a mama's boy till the day I die,
and even after then,
She will protect me from and in the sky....

Mahfooz Ali

Ammi: The Mom

You kept me warm
you kept me happy
you warned me that the stove was hot
you kept me healthy
you kept me sane
you helped me tie my shoes in knots
you taught me what's right
you taught me what's wrong
you washed my dirty cloths
you taught me to walk
you taught me life
you showed me to stay away from bad
you are a great mom
hope you will be around to see my prom.

Mahfooz Ali

An Angel

When the world turned dark and life seems
Meaningless to me,
An angel fell from the Heaven
and saved my dying soul.
She said to Me, 'let me be your guiding light.'
Show me your heart and I will fill it with Love.
Tell me your dreams and I will make it
Come true.
Show me your tears and I will
Comfort you.
Show me your happiness and I
Will make it last forever.
Give me your love
For I will never leave you alone.
Learn to Love as I will teach you.
In my darkest hour,
She will be by brightest light.
For in my Life, she means everything to me.
I will Never forget and I will always love this angel.
She is my love, my life, and my dream come true.
My love for her comes from my heart and soul.
Never forget that she is my late mother.

Mahfooz Ali

An Ant

There is an ant upon my shirt!
Just climbing to the top!
She sees the spot of dirt
And flicks the ant right off!

I smile now but bite my lip
Not knowing what to say?
Letting her as she is be
And take this all away!

Mahfooz Ali

An Eternal Truth

Water-smoothly glide
across the deep-mirrored lake
of my reflections.

A thought in my mind,
Pure white,
Steep-shadowed backdrop.

Again I will write,
Feeling the words flow smoothly
An eternal truth.....

Mahfooz Ali

An Ode To My Late Mother.

I long for the brush of your finger tips,
Gently pulling my hair into place,
Forming the braids upon my head.
I long for your whispers at night,
Quietly leading me to sleep,
A silent lullaby,
Soothing the tiredness away.
I long for your smell,
An aroma of peaches and fresh baked bread
That tickles my nostrils.
I long for your laughter,
A river of smooth sounds,
Swiftly flowing from your mouth,
Expanding to fill every abyss of my ears.
I long to see your eyes,
A pool of crystals and diamonds,
Twinkle with mischief.
I long for your presence,
Comforting me, encouraging me, believing in me.
I long for you to see me grow up.

Mahfooz Ali

An Outlet

The deep within calls unto deep;
Yet, I am imprisoned by my vows.
Passion burns; my plight, not to let the flame die!
Fear of subdued tolerance; acceptance of Apathy!
My heart imprisoned by I do.

The depth of desire cannot die
Passion so deep; love other worldly
The outlet, I cry?

Mahfooz Ali

An Untold Ode

You told me to do this, you told me to do that,
If I don't agree, you resort to combat.
You did not like my friends; you did not like my girl friends,
When you had an opinion, you never shy
You bug me about grades, they are important to you
High school was a really tough time to get through.
Sometimes when I fight, I say things I didn't mean,
It may not seem like it, but the love is just unseen.
Not in a million years would I change your memories,
All the different trips and family activities.
Remember the golf game you used to play, and my crazy cheers?
Remember watching movies, and hanging out over the years?
Remember the rides of happy pony, although sometimes quiet,
Remember cycling through parking lots, sitting on your knee,
Remember that one time we actually did agree?
Remember Toys' you used to get every year on my birthday,
Remember that one day, Oh! what did you say?
To yourself, always stay true
Oh! Dad by the way,
You are no more now,
But still,
I love you.

Mahfooz Ali

And My Soul, Fades Away

When there's no one left,
and everyone is gone
Slowly slowly drifting away,
no one notices as I walks astray
If just they knew the pain I have been through.

Raindrops on my skin
My hair blowing in the wind
Standing there alone I hungers,
for the sweet sound of thunder
And are My eyes deceiving,
as a cloud awakens,
with every streak of lightning.

When everyone wants to control me,
and I feel my body empty,
of energy
When I 've gone from bad to worse,
and wonder if death hurts
When the blood in not enough,
and the pain is just too much.

What can I do?
Where can I go?
How do I know?

This knife I holds piercing my skin,
drawing blood from within,
is my only key, to set myself free.

A vivarant smile turns a shade of gray
And my soul, fades away.

Mahfooz Ali

Animals

I Love all animals
So Beautiful to see

Every where I look, one is looking at me
A Bird or Squirrel

Don't forget the Dogs they bark
Cats they meow, Lions who roar

Eagles soaring and fat wild Boars
I Love All Animals

Ants tiny and small
They live in a World thats not up-side-Down

Butterflies free, Dolphins in the sea
Humans mankind, A Fat Elephant's behind

Can you not see if you love Animals
You Love Me.

Mahfooz Ali

Anonymous

Being poet,
having no fame,
Please allow me
to sign my good name.....

Mahfooz Ali

Anonymous Intent

Peaceful soul,
awsome whole,
have peace,
my friends,
till the end,
feel obsessed,
rise above,
all so much,
thank you, Allah
blessings worked.

Mahfooz Ali

Another Year

We all start off so very young,
With most making it to be old.
Wondering how we survived so long
In a world so cold?
Another year has passed,
Another year begun.

Now's the time to start over fresh
We can't undo what's already been done.
But we must learn from it though to achieve our
best;
We must continue forward until the battle is won.
Another year has passed,
Another year begun.
We can turn to a new page in our book
That is written by one's own.
Just remember you will soon have to go back and
look,
So don't write what you don't condone.
Another year has passed
Another year begun.....
Another year to mourn our losses
And celebrate great victories won.
Another year to find ourselves
Or is it just another year to run?
Another year has passed.....

A new life begun?

Mahfooz Ali

As Grass

We grow as a seed
its only
love and water
we shall need
like all things we need love and nature
but with no water or love
we have no stature

we are sporn
we grow and search
we enjoy our sun
we do have fun
but like all
we have frosts
make us cold

autumn breeze makes us bold
we come awake
we smell the air
saying lifes pretty fair
spring comes
bees playing
birds laying
but I am still staying

summer comes
the heat
I cant beat
need love
need water
I will die without either
I will wilt
go brown
I will just fall down
you may step on me
and have no care
but I was the the Lone
you saw borne.

At Least Mine

I always want me out,
me out, of bad situations,
unhealthy environments,
abusive relationships,
I want to travel, dream, achieve.

Is all that I need:
to change the world,

at least mine.

Mahfooz Ali

At The Jogger's Park

Jango and i went to the park
kicked a ball
Jango had a fall
but still got up
standing oh so tall

Jango made some friends
away he went
chased his new friends around
of course

bumped his head
and tears did flow
but a big hug from me
away he did go

to help a little girl on a swing
he pushed her all so slow
just to make sure
to high she didn't go

his friends had to leave
so it was just Jango and me
we kicked the footy
around the park
around a tree

i just wish my mum
could see Jango and me
from heaven
just being as dad and son
and having so much fun
and even though we are apart
but when we are together
we are as one.

Mahfooz Ali

Athiest: Pray All Time

I close my eyes.
I bow my head.
I half open my hands together.

Come rain or shine,
I pray all times,
In all kinds of weather.

Mahfooz Ali

Ayesha

Thank you, sister,
for being there
And letting me know
you will always care.

Thank you, sister
for loving me so
you helped me find
where I wanted to go.

Thank you, sister
when times got bad
you stood by me
as no one had.

Thank you, sister
for being my friend
I will love you until
the very end.

And I thank you, sister
like I have before.
But this time, sister
it means so much more.

Mahfooz Ali

Back To Childhood: Sometimes It's The Little Things That Help The Most

The children are tucked all snug in their beds
The bathwater runs with billowing steam
My book and my cookies so near to my reach
It's finally time for my stay-awake dream.

I soak away tension and lie in the tub
The bathwater runs with billowing steam
The stress of the day slides into the bubbles
I close my eyes and feel I am redeemed

The time is for Mummy, the hour now mine
Silent are voices that have clung all day
My book and my cookies so near to my reach
Sometimes I wish in my tub I could stay.

I munch on goodies and study my book
I feel myself floating on a gentle stream
The tension inside slowly dissipates
It's finally time for my stay-awake dream.

Mahfooz Ali

Basis Of Life

I need a sip
In the nocturnal desert
Lips so dry
without you
I'm not alive

You come from the azure
Clearly and gently
You always arrive
when needed
At that place and time

Water, life's very being
Drinking you up is only thing
Yes, water
That everybody sings.

Mahfooz Ali

Beautiful Mother Would Be! ! ! ! !

One day she feels funny, in the morning she got sick
Started to get bigger, then she feels the baby kick
Some days she feels ugly, she thinks she looks too fat
Other days she is moody, and acts just like a brat
Clothes she used to wear, now they just won't fit
It gets harder to get up, every time she goes to sit
To give her baby life, she bares the scars of pain
First time she hears it cry, it releases all her strain
Such tiny little fingers, and perfect tiny little toes
The kind of love she's feeling, only a Mother knows
Now the baby is crying, it's time for them to eat
Mother calms the crying, her voice is soft and sweet
Changes the babies diaper, keeps them nice and dry
As she breast feeds them, she sings them a lullaby
To bad she can't see, what other people can see
A glow lights up her face, beautiful Mother to be.

Mahfooz Ali

Because He Protects

He goes to work every day,
He put his life on the line,
He protects those who hates him,
they hate him because he protects,
and
He is a policeman.

Mahfooz Ali

Because I Am Now Satisfied

What is this?

How I have come to such great bliss?

How have I come to truly shine?

in such a short amount of time.

How is it that now on path of success

living in perfect harmony.....

because I am now satisfied.....

Mahfooz Ali

Because I Can.....

It is I who enables me
To smile inspite of pangs
To carry on myself when I feel like giving in
To pray when I am at a loss for words....

It is I who enables me to sit calmly
When I feel like throwing up my hands
in frustration;
To be understanding
When nothing seems to make sense;
To listen.....

I can make anything possible
I can move mountains
I can tremble the Universe
I can build up a castle in one day
and hence proved it..... all.....
Because It is I who makes it so.....
Because I can.....

Mahfooz Ali

Begging

Every day I think,
I wonder,
And
I miss.....

Begging Allah to forgive me for my sins
for the days that pass
go by fast.....

Mahfooz Ali

Beginning

Words; to assume

Words; to consume

Awaken my tomb
Mistaken by doom

A life I need to resume

Out with a boom.....

Mahfooz Ali

Being Me..... Myself.....

Would I be somebody else,
And not who I am,
Like a famous musician,
And play a guitar?

May be a star in the movies and
Make lots of money,
No matter the role,
Could be serious or funny.

Perhaps sports is what
I would choose,
Play it so great that
I would never loose.

A world famous lawyer;
Every lead I would trace,
To get the innocent off and
Win every case.

All of these I could be,
And so many more,
But I am already somebody,
That is for sure.

Made my own place,
Winning, or losing at.....
At my own pace.

If to myself, family, and
Others I am true,
I should be content,
Just try being me..... Myself.

Mahfooz Ali

Best: Yet To Come

Faith and hope, it always keeps me strong,

Every moment that nothing will go wrong.

Trying to do things that somehow I will never regret

Struggling for the very best that seems hard to get.....

Trials and sufferings came along my way,

I always tell my self..... Allah will pay,

What I 'd been through I feel so lonesome,

In the long run the best of time will come.

Dreaming about a new beginning...

To the very first step of a happy ending,

The best of things I always wanted,

I would not settle unless I will be gifted.

For many reasons my life changes its colors,

Every shades of it is such a splendor, but somtimes sour also

Yet I am wishing for the brightest as the sun,

But I am trying to be contented for the pleasant colors I have now.

For the best part of my everyday story

I aim to start it with a morning glory.

Day, noon, and night I pray it to be always right,

That in every way I look at it is a decent sight.

Mahfooz Ali

Beyond The Grief.

It seems as if we are stalled by our grief,
unable to move away from it – and I wonder
if we will ever get over the loss of you. In time
they say we will, that one day we will finally be free
of the sadness that burdens our hearts, and we will dance
in our remembrance, and there will be no more tears.

But if that's true, I must admit I will miss the tears
when there is an eventual easing of the grief.
I am not as eager to begin the dance
of life without you, for the world has lost its wonder
for me, some of its shine - and being free
seems awfully relative - I suppose just like time.

I can still so clearly recall the last time
we were all together - the tears
we shared, even laughter, when you were set free
of this earthly pain - and even in our grief,
we were filled with such wonder
as we witnessed the end of life's dance.

When I was a little boy you used to let me dance
on the top of your shoes, moving in time
to the music on the radio. Is it any wonder
that music, to this day, brings tears
of joy, mingled with the ever-present grief,
which still has not set me completely free.

I now realize there is a cost to love; it's not free -
for when you love, you buy a ticket to the dance
of life - which comes with joy and pain, celebration and grief.
And if you have lived a long enough time,
as I have, even when the loss brings never ending tears,
with a broken heart, it's worth all of the pain, and it's no wonder

people love so fiercely - so much so that they cease to wonder
about the why, when or where - and now I realize that I am free
to love, and to lose, which will bring with it many tears.
But each tear is worth it - and seems to make the dance

more authentic. In the end, I will measure my time
by how much of it was filled with love, and with grief.

No longer will I wonder whether or not I should dance,
I will just be free, stepping in and out of time,
wearing my tears like a badge of honor as I move beyond the grief.

Mahfooz Ali

Blind To See

Temptation is calling card.
casually drops it
the sins that have
always been a weakness,
relishes wrath, gluttony, and pride.
knowledge is no longer a defense.

mimic, turning our backs on light
night envelopes in.
greedily, accept false trivials
envying that which we are too blind to see,
lusting for that which we have given up.

Mahfooz Ali

Born To Have Own Rules.

Not knowing who I am?

Understanding not where I stand?

Could not yet begin to comprehend!!!!!!!!!!!!

I need not a friend (s) ,
In my destiny I control.

Tools built to fix my problems.

Against any I stand bold.....

Whether or not I could solve them
Not to bother with those who ridicules.

In my life I make my own rules

Mahfooz Ali

Bounding Leap

When I look at my face in the sunshine
My heart I hear beating is pure.
I know the Allah has given me strength,
More than he has given others before.

I smile with confidence and lift my spirits
They will be done for thee!
I follow the Allah and everything with!
I just hope he will teach me.

The Allah's Plan I know with anticipation.
The Allah's voice I hear in my sleep.
The day I die is the day I see.
He will come to me with one bounding leap.

Mahfooz Ali

Bowl Full Of Sky Is In My Mind.

I took it upon myself one day,
 To fill a bowl with sky
I scooped the vast space with a spoon,
 The sparkling blue stars brought tears to my eyes.

I took a bite out of the sky
 It crunched and melted and fizzed
It reminded me of the days of life
 I had experienced until this.

It had a taste I cannot describe
 In just these words
I realized how bleak life is
 To not imagine it first.

The experience had frightened me,
yet,
 I was so happy,
I cried
I felt that I had to write
 About my bowl of sky

Now, I might be greedy,
 For stealing from the sky,
But the sky will never, ever end
 Just as long as it is in my mind.

Mahfooz Ali

Broken Woman

Shattered glass,
Cigarette ash,
Muffled cries for help in pain,
Cries in vain,
Boots running for the door,
Her body could take no more,
Face broken bruised,
Not the first time abused,
Husband smelled of beer,
Asked forgiveness and shed many tears.

Mahfooz Ali

But My Tears.....

I am the pain
in your eyes
I am the one that makes you cry
may be I am the one that should go
leave this world
would anyone know?
they seem so happy
without you by their side,
so is it the same with me?
if I go will you be happy?
unlike you I don't live for me
but I am here for every one else
to hear pain
but mine must hide
to come out
is to remove my mask
for I seem happy
but my tears
I really cry.

Mahfooz Ali

But No.

When I go to sleep at night
the thoughts on my mind
At times those thoughts make me smile
Other times I go through denial
I smile because I know
I deny because I know
I fear that there may one day be a change...
But no.

Mahfooz Ali

Can Anybody Hear Me?

I can't blame the rain for all my pain
I can't blame the clouds
Can anybody hear me?
Because I can't
Lost my hearing a long time ago
when you left me standing in the rain
can anybody hear me?
because I can't
When you left me there, my world turned upside down
When you left me there, my world came tumbling down
I can't blame the rain for all my pain
Can anybody hear me?

Mahfooz Ali

Can Be So Easily Destroyed

This earth is so grand,
It is the only planet,
Rich enough to harbour life,
it is so strong,
But
Can be so easily destroyed.

Mahfooz Ali

Can Dreams Dream?

A dream can dream a wonderful thing.

A dream can dream a horrible thing.

A dream can dream fantastic things.

A dream can dream a sad thing.

A dream can dream happy things.

A dream can dream a lonely thing.

But, most of all,

Dreams can dream!

Mahfooz Ali

Can I Be That Special Someone?

Can I be the one in your life?

The one holding you close at night.

Can I be the one you watch the sunset with?

The one with you on that special night you just can't forget.

Can I be the one?

Who lull you when you sleep?

Can I be the one wiping your tears away?

The one telling you how much your smile brightens my day.

Can I be the one you tell your problems to?

The one who always comforts and supports you.

Can I be the one you call on to make you smile?

The one that would do anything for you

even walk the furthest mile.

Can I be the one that makes you laugh?

The one that rubs your feet and runs your bath.

Can I be the one you dance the night away with?

The one that stands by your side when things get thick.

Can I be your best friend, your lover and comforter?

Till the end.

Can I be the one you grow old with?

The one loving you more and more no matter how old you get.

Can I be that special someone?

Mahfooz Ali

Carrying Tomorrow

Morning burst
into my heart,
my eyes
find light,

unlike birth
I wake up
carrying tomorrow.

Mahfooz Ali

Chase

As the dust rolls by on this cloudy day,
The sky so still the sky so grey,

As I sit in the window and
watch the bus go by,
I don't know,
Why I want to chase this bus?

Mahfooz Ali

Child Who Is Lost

Running wild and free
looks a lot like me
never meant to be
forgot how to believe?
too afraid to go home.....
feeling tired and worn
since the day his mother died
deep inside always knew
fairy tales rarely come true.....

feeling blue...

The Lost child...

Mahfooz Ali

Childhood

A child's life should be carefree.
Whether enjoying the shade of a tree,
Or playing a game of cricket
His parents should be there if he should fall,
Offering comfort and support in a time of need.
This is why God gave us all parents.
Anyone can be a good parent with a little common sense.
Allow your children to be young and free,
For they grow up all too soon you'll see.
Let them know when they please you,
And criticize only when you have to.
Don't compare them with others,
For they'll feel inadequate with one another.
Always let them know you love them
And they'll love you as a parent and a friend.
Above all let them know about God and his son,
For through them is the only true freedom.

Mahfooz Ali

Childhood Memories

When I have all memories,
they make me contemplate,
and that's when I start to remember my
childhood.

Mahfooz Ali

Chotu: A Child Labourer

...It happens, '
His mouth is writing.
You can see it
in his face, the way
he forms his lips
to frame the words,
then catches himself adrift,
checks his body,
can't cash for the moment
his currency of thought,
comes back to where
their conversation lagged.

Mahfooz Ali

Cigarettes

That little white stick
Which you hold in your mouth
Has so many diseases that affect your health
It's hard to give up
Ask someone who smokes
If you say there addicted
They will say that you're a joke

There's warnings on the boxes
Warning you of death
From 555 to Panama
Some like passive smoke instead
They say that smoking kills
As it eats away at your cells

The government has put the price up again
Some people can't pay their bills
The cancer is like an agent
It will seek you out one day
The cravings are hard to put into words
But can take your breath away

Some kids are starting young
As they smoke throughout the day
Their clothes are kind smelly
And their teeth brown with decay

The smoke affects your taste buds
As you add a little salt
Fishfingers used to taste so good
Until you started to smoke

We have to address the problem
And we have to address it now
Ban smoking from pub and restaurants
Ban smoking from the inner towns
No smoking for the under 18s
Though they may not thank us now

But when they grow into adulthood
There lungs will be clear and sound.

Mahfooz Ali

Close My Eyes

Close my eyes so I can sleep forever
let me dream forever
... let me sleep.

Just give me wings so we can fly forever
run away together
...we'll be free.

Don't leave me now
Or I'll just give up
My hope is gone
'Cause our time is up,
Just close my eyes so I can dream forever

Mahfooz Ali

Cold Burn, Losing Soul.

I sit in the corner of a room with no walls,
the room is pitch black,
but it is burning my eyes,
my body is cold, but.....? ? ? ? ?
the room is on fire,
I want to run, but.....? ? ? ? ?
nowhere to go,
I look at my hand
it's beginning to burn,
the flame is not hot,
that's when I realize I am losing my soul.

Mahfooz Ali

Confused

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Mahfooz Ali

Confusion...

What are these thoughts in my head?
I don't know what I am thinking
How do I trust myself
and my neighbours
Not knowing what I think is wrong
Or what I think is right
My head is spinning
And it just won't stop
It's like a tornado swirling in my head
And my thoughts are blown everywhere
I don't know what I am doing
Or what I want
Help me figure out what's going on
It feels like I am going crazy
I want to be able to think
But I can't concentrate
I need help
What is causing all this
It needs to -?
So I can take control of my head again
The confusion is too much for me.

Mahfooz Ali

Could Be Complete.. For My Mother.....

Small and 4x6 sized, old and tinged brown.
Like tea stains on the back.
Looking at it I see me, deceptive, smiling back.

1988, I'm surprised there weren't tears.
For my mother she had left, it had barely been a year.
No one to throw the ball with, no one to take me to the playground.
She never taught me right from wrong, or talked about religion.
If I could reach inside the picture, I would hug that child aching there,
and say, it was all going to be fine.
For one day I'll be a father, and you turn out so divine.

No matter, leave all these words unspoken,
If I could reach inside the picture, to these feelings buried deep.
May be then, that child and me, we, could be complete.

Mahfooz Ali

Crows

Sitting defiant and black
upon a tree.
Black feathers against,
a blue-grey sky.
they are harsh and strong
scavengers of nature
They sing their own song.
speaking to the dead it seems
to me, and
to you.
They cries long
because for our attention
They sing their own Song.

Mahfooz Ali

Cry: Meant To Be

Restless moments floating by
never realizing the reason why?
endless complications in my soul
never reaching my final goal.

Still I press on and upward
knowing full well it is absurd
looking for the rainbow's end
searching for the joy it sends.

Sometimes late at night I lay
hoping to be the winner today
and another day
never fully understanding why?
some of us are meant to cry.

Mahfooz Ali

Dad

I see you beneath your shield of
Self protection.
You don't want me to know but already
I am you.
I have always been you, your blood,
Your guilt, your child.
I am happy, no, not content, but
I am happy.
My love has broadened, my trust
I have given.
From strength to strength, I have
Risen.
I have hope because I have
Forgiven and I have forgotten.
You Are nobody I know.

Mahfooz Ali

Darr

Kabhi mainey suna tha ki
Ladkiyon ke sukh-dukha bhi ajeeb hotay hain
Tammannayen, ummeeden, paramparayen,
Ajeeb hotay hain, '
Mushkil maqsadon par ve jeet jaati hain
Par chotey-chotey rodon se wo toot jaati hain.....

Kai manzilon par ve jeet kar bhi haar jaati hain
Kyunki unke haar-jeet ke mayane alag hotay hain
Mushkilon ke saamne patthar si drid hoti hain
Par kai muddon par wo phoolon se bhi naram hoti hain
Kyunki unki dridta aur khushi ke mayane alag hotay hain....

Par jab mainey mehsoos kiya, tab yeh jaana
Ki in sabse itar
Ladkiyon ke darr bhi ajeeb hotay hain
Kabhi bheed ka darr, kabhi sooney raston ka darr
Kabhi kisi ke chhooney ka darr, kabhi izzat ka darr
Kabhi khoney ka darr, kabhi pyar ka darr
Kabhi akeyli raaton ka darr, kabhi dhokhey ka darr
Kabhi achanak aaneywali barsaaton ka darr
Unko hamesha hi hota hai
Samaaj ki chubhti nigaahon ka darr
Aasman chhooney ki tammannaon ke peechche,
Teer se bheendte taanon ka darr.....

Khud kiye gaye achche-boorey kaamon ka darr
Duniya dwara pakshapaat poorn vishleshanon ka darr
Ve darti hain aur hamesha darti hi hain!

Jab tak nahi mil jaata unhe purush ka saath,
Haan! Yeh wahi purush hai,
Jisse ve sabse zyada darti hain|||||||

Mahfooz Ali

Daswidaniya

Maa, Meri Maa, Pyaari Maa... Mammaa
Hoo Maa, Meri Maa, Pyaari Maa... Mammaa
Haatho Ki Lakerien Badal Jayengi
Gham Ki Yeh Zanjeerein Peeghal Jayengi
Ho Khuda Pe Bhi Aasar, Tu Duawon Ka Hai Ghar
Meri Maa, Meri Maa, Pyaari Maa... Mammaa
Hoo Maa, Meri Maa, Pyaari Maa... Mammaa
Bigdi Kismat Bhi Sawanr Jaayegi
Zindagi Tarane Khushi Ke Gayegi
Tere Hote Kiska Dar, Tu Duawon Ka Hai Ghar
Meri Maa, Meri Maa, Pyaari Maa... Mammaa
Hoo Maa, Meri Maa, Pyaari Maa... Mammaa.....

Yun Tu Main.. Sab Se Nyara Hoon
Tera Maaa Mein Dulara Hoon
Yun Tu Main.. Sab Se Nyara Hoon
Par Tera Maaa Main Dulara Hoon
Duniya Mein Jeene Se zyada Uljhan Hai Maaa
Tu Hai Amar Ka Jahan.....
Tu Gussa Karti Hai, Bada Accha Lagta Hai
Tu Kaan Pakati Hai, Badi Zor Se Lagta Hai, Meri Maa...

Meri Maa, Meri Maa, Pyaari Maa... Mammaa
Hoo Maa, Meri Maa, Pyaari Maa... Mammaa
Haatho Ki Lakerien Badal Jayengi
Gham Ki Yeh Zanjeerein Peeghal Jayengi
Ho Khuda Pe Bhi Aasar, Tu Duawon Ka Hai Ghar
Meri Maa, Meri Maa, Pyaari Maa... Mammaa
Hoo Maa, Meri Maa, Pyaari Maa... Mammaa

Mahfooz Ali

Deprived

Of the truth inside me
The pain and blackness
A heart of broken love
He said he loved me
but touched another
I am in pain
Suffering in vain
The lies that drown me
the promises broken
My fault for believing
A life of shame
The depression ingulfs me
the sadness so heavy
just want to go numb
don't want to feel
A heart dead to love
A life without trust
who could love me
I don't love myself.

Mahfooz Ali

Destined To Win? ? ? ? ? ?

I Sat up with and rubbed my eyes,
I knew I had dreamed a dream,
For down in the valley below,
I saw a pleasant pastoral scene.
I wondered why I had seen this thing,
That had been so real to me,
I guess I saw what others do,

And now I wonder why we are there,
Over in some and by foreign land,
Losing men and losing wars,
And maiming both child and man.
We say we are fighting terrorism,
And that we are destined to win,
But I think what we are really doing,
Is spending money and killing men.

Mahfooz Ali

Did You See Her?

Have you seen my mother?
I have longed for her delicacy, of late.
She is the one who created 'love'.
Her heart, immune to 'hate'.
Did you see her catch that storm of woe?
Tribulations, fallen like rain.
She is the one who is firm and steadfast,
forever defending my name.
Did you see her cross that brittle bridge
and clutch my need?
She is the one who is strong, undying tread
did keep my need afloat.
Did you see her move that mountain,
so my life may improve?
She is the one who wept a thousand tears
for she wished it further to move.
Have you seen my mother?
For I am, alone, naked from harms.
Alas! I could see my mother now,
there, waiting, with open arms,
from the heaven.

Mahfooz Ali

Discarded Love

Emotions run deep,
to the heart.
They keep people together,
people pull them apart.
Falling in love seems like a breeze.
During novice days both aim to please.
As time goes on, begin to see,
The relationship is no longer half
At night wondering what's next.
'I love you' becomes just repetitive words.
The rejection and sorrow have caused both hurt.
The decision to leave has been on mind,
But can't help to think 'let's give it more time.'
Work through the heartache, work through the pain.
Try to bring back those feelings again.

Mahfooz Ali

Do I Care?

Even if I acted like I was invisible.

I wish I would say 'ha! Ha! '

Lo!

I am different,

Change is inevitable

But do I care?

Because I am popular...

Mahfooz Ali

Do Love Need Words?

Words can hold us,
Ensnared by strings,
Inconsequential in size alone,
And yet, I walks before words
a mob hears no words.
and
love needs no words.....

27/Jan/'09

Mahfooz Ali

Don'T Judge By The Cover.

When people look at me I wonder what they see.
do they see the real me or the clothed me?
the clothed me represents my mind,
hoods and trackies means I want to be comfy and hide my
feelings.
nice and smart means I feel good and happy.
but when I am dressed in trackies, do they see a blum
or do they think I have come from the gym?
I have decided I don't care anymore,
isn't the saying don't judge by its cover?

Mahfooz Ali

Don'T You See

At times I have a tendency
to hurt as much as you
You may think I am stronger but..
What I say is true...

At times my eyes do weep
I'm only human can't you see?
Do you not see the way
your abuse is turning me...

Do you not notice the way
I shudder when you're near?
Don't you see with your own eyes
I cover now in fear...?

Is this the way you wish
for this child now to be?
Have you no love at all
for your Husband, me?

Mahfooz Ali

Dream

When I was a little boy playing with bicycle and sipping tea,
I would have a vision of what things were going to be.
I would wear a veil and a boxing gloves all made of leather,
I 'd have a loving girl beside me but, I never saw her face.
As I grew older over time, and matured from year to year,
the vision never left me and it became crystal clear.
I 'd start to recognize her face but, I never knew her name,
and I knew I 'd always be with her and love her just the same.
Now the day has come for a young boy's dream-come-true,
I will take the name of my, don't know, would be wife,
as I say 'I do! '

Mahfooz Ali

Dream I Once Had

The wind was changing again
I had walked towards her,
Sitting, in jeans and T-shirt
Unaware
Of the trees adorned in fall's colors
And the distance away from her.....

I stopped short
I could already see her face
The beauty within prominent features
I looked around.
Time had raced on, abandoning things
Iron grey and rusty
Old statues standing in empty water fountains, , , , , , , ,

Mahfooz Ali

Dreams

Dreams are like doorways,
to a soul that has been buried,
as I stood there I could see,
with absolute clarity the betrayal,
that you maliciously threw my way,
but what you didn't know is that,
I would forgive you not once but always,
Forever.

Mahfooz Ali

Dreams Lost

Chasing wishes, planting dreams
the moonlit sky and how we gleamed
walks at night with the misty rain
watching flowers while holding hands
nights of love now turned to pain
lonely hillsides where I sit and wonder
love songs on the radio
quiet streams and gentle winds
does she know my pain that's deep within
I found and lost myself with her, my spirit and my love
destiny has taken her astray
I 'm on a solitary path now wandering...will I ever find my way?
be a fighter....you can win
be a dreamer....but let no one in
I 'll go outside now and walk away
find the shade of a gentle tree
where I can sit and write in what I believe
if this was love....then how could it be
that she walked away from me so easily?

Mahfooz Ali

Dried Leaves: A Sweet Childhood Memory.

Walking across the lawn to go,
I stepped on an old brown dried-up leaf.
The sound of the crunch of that leaf as I saw what it was
released a sweet childhood memory of fall afternoons.

Memories of being a child and playing outside,
after being released from another day at school.
Going to neighbour's houses,
asking permission to take their leaves,
must have seemed so funny to them
for they didn't understand the
wonder of those wonderful dried up leaves.

My friends and I would rake up
as many as we could find,
and start the job of seeing
how high to make our leaf tower,
when it was just right we would smile
then the fun began
we jumped in the pile over and over,
until all the leaves turned into a powder.

Mahfooz Ali

Droplets Of Ideas

Slip the shackles of this clumsy world,
Step sideways into the world of confusion,
A plane of existence without end.
The wellspring whose tributaries flow into each of us
Droplets of ideas trickling into the verdant gardens of our minds
Or the broken, cracked deserts within us.
Each drops landing on either a flower,
Or sending a gentle puff of dust into the air,
The desert grows into a garden from a single idea,
The garden grows into a well tended grove,
The grove grows into a tumultuous forest....

Mahfooz Ali

Dry Tears

I have cried so many tears
Now, I am dry,
my pain has built up so deep within me,
Now, I am silenced,
When I open my heart just a little bit,
I am betrayed again,
leaving yet another cut in my bleeding heart,
I get so used to the pain,
I block memories out,
So I can get on with life in this cruel world,
so when I cry next they will be tears of blood,
because I have no tears left to cry.

Mahfooz Ali

Endless Vistas

The thrill of a blank sheet of paper?

Still get it.

The joy of inky black marks that say 'Here be words',

Still feel breathing down neck, wanting to exist,

Full of latent energy and impossible power.

Create deep ravines of awesome beauty

Between the lines, and endless vistas

of human experience

stretch taught against the horizon.

Tales with an urgency of revealed secrets,

and new truths uncovered.

Mahfooz Ali

Entangled Words..

Words are the broken mirror
reflecting an imperfect world,
now they stick to the fridge
and you can mess with them all the day;

Meaning is the lost empire
between the crooked lines;

Truth is staring blurry-eyed
at words that were never there,

and

belief is a straw horse
that is hungry all the time.

Mahfooz Ali

Except Me And Future.

There are the shiny bright lights
that show me the way to the future
but in these millions of shimmering lights
I can't see the beacon to find my way through life.....

And the shining bright lights
Leave nothing in beautiful mysterious darkness
No alley hidden
No corner unexplored
Nothing left to find
Nothing left to see
Except the lights.....

And now that I am not in the dark
I can see the stars
I can think of anything, feel anything, know anything
there is nothing to find except me and future.

Mahfooz Ali

Falling Star: Wishes To Come True

I wish upon a falling star,
And wonder who is not so far...
The one I long for when I sleep,
The one I want to hold and keep.
I wish that, oh, so near,
So when I cry he will wipe my tears.
And when I fall down,
He will pick me up,
And always be there to cheer me up.
I hope when he stares straight into my eyes,
He will promise, 'I won't cheat, I won't lie.'
I wish that he will always stay
And never go too far away.
I wish he will never leave me, until I die,
Never purposely make me want to cry.

Mahfooz Ali

Fatherless Son

This home is broken
It's been this way for to long
All the words you've spoken
They always come out wrong
Why does it have to be this way
It's you I can't believe
You've made me so angry
These thoughts I can't conceive

Just want to be a son
And to have a dad
Before my life had begun
That's something I didn't have
I came into this world
You didn't even care
Two boys and a girl
But you were never there

Give me just one reason
To forgive you for what you've done
you've committed treason
Against your daughter and your sons
You are suppose to be a dad
But your sitting in a cell
The things I never had
And guess I never will.

(This poem is dedicated to my (father) who gave me life and nothing more and is based on true story of mine.

Mahfooz Ali

Fear

Calm fills the air
as day falls away
with tender care,
I'll quietly say,
'Please don't fear,
just stay awhile'.
Show me dear,
your precious smile.

Let me comfort you
and ease the pain,
as sunlight fades,
I call your name.
My spirit drifts
through endless nights,
always toward
your golden light.

Brightest flowers
cannot compare
to the brilliance of
my love so fair.
Don't cry,
remember this,
we never parted
without a love.'

Mahfooz Ali

Fear: Never Ending Zone

I stand here alone
Thinking about how insecure I feel.

Alone in a never ending zone,
Lost in a world of Hate and Fear
Faith and Trust have gone.
It seems peace never existed;
an unusual Past
And a dark Future
But a blackened Present.
Falling down in pain,
sleeping with pain,
living with pain,
never ending anxiety.
And a long forgotten Hope is around me, but
Things seem like they will never be the same.
It's like something you can never escape
it is Fear of the Present, haunting me
it is the Fear of a dark Future.

Mahfooz Ali

Feeling Of Being Alone

A wolf howls to the night sky
I watch from afar, wondering why
Why is he wandering alone in the night?
Did he give up without a fight?

A man stands alone on a narrow bridge
His toes are slightly over the edge
He looks down and begins to cry
As I watch, so do I

A child sits alone at a playground
Watching friends run around
But she doesn't know where her friends could be
She has been playing alone since she was three

A dog is tied to a tree outside
The rope and his neck always collide
He will never move from this spot again
He is no longer man's best friend

Being alone
Turns the soul to stone
It chills me to the bone
When I realize that I am also alone.

Mahfooz Ali

Feelings

My feelings are always hurt,
if it's by a friend,
a girl, my parent's or my beloved
I will never have
unhurt feelings
because my feelings don't
mean anything to anyone,
except
their own.

Mahfooz Ali

Final Abode

I just want to be satiate
when I die
Cast amidst pretty flowers
and calm feelings
I want people to be happy
to see me so complacent
Let them say how beautiful
peace looks on me
And let them say how beautiful with
Allah I finally am.

Mahfooz Ali

Find Me.....

Bells ring
time to awake
to a new day
a new beginning
a new life.....

Bells ring
to halt the past
dragged me out
of slumber

Make a new way
make a new life
true, honest
no lies

Mahfooz Ali

Fire Is Still Alive.

But what of the fire?
Its wood has been scattered,
But the embers still dance.
Though the fire is tiny,
It survived.
Though the fire is weak,
It's still alive.

Mahfooz Ali

Flag Of India

My country India's flag has three colors,
Some have more,
Some have less.

The three stand for life,
Liberty,
and the pursuit of happiness.

The saffron stripes are for the ribbons of blood spilled fighting for our country,
and the undying fire in the spirit and souls of our citizens.

The white stripes stand for the purity of one nation, under God,
and the clean slate that all people have before the law of our creator.

The green symbolizes the rich, deep,
cloudless skies under which we all are free.

The 24 spokes navy blue wheel
represent the individual freedoms of each state and citizen,
and show that anything is possible,
that nothing is beyond our reach.

My country's flag is the ultimate symbol of freedom,
and hope,
and life for all people.

Mahfooz Ali

Floating

I hold on tight and I am nurtured.
Loved by my mother and father.
I let go as my colours change.
Excitedly the breeze takes me.
I twist and turn about.
Falling and floating.
I am happy, I am where I should be.
Caressed by the notion that everything is constantly changing.
I am stuck nowhere, but freely float about.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Black'Bam I In Love Again? May Be Or May Be Not

I can't see criss-cross crust of market-cooked pie
Without imagining hands held and once again wondering why.
Shivering in excitement,
I buy the pie and more
Eating ice cream always soothes my heart's open sore.

Sighing hard as I head home
Sighing so hard my collar bone cracks
as if I might explode.

In wonder:
Am I in love again?

Now, sprawled on my bed
Attention paid to fan above
Lights dancing in celebratory shows
against the darkness dangling
over my head's hanging wisps
As if in gaiety.

Will my friends and family find me finally
Resting my heart agreeing:
Peaceful inside, a happy tortoise hiding
Tacit acceptance of life's biting
In love.....
I may be or may be not....

Date: 15/05/'09

Time: 00: 35

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Black'Bbecause I Knew

I remember,
as a very young child mom's loving touch.
It had a delightfully delicious feel of warmth
and security upon my senses.

Mom was the beginning and ending of my world.
Happiness was playing on the floor, basking
in the sunshine of her sweet smile.

It seemed everyone loved her, and although
She held many people in her heart, she never ran out
of room or love for with the arrival
of each of her 'three' children, her heart grew
And overflowed with new love.

Mom has long since gone to be with the Allah,
but her memory sings to me over the years of carefree,
laughter-filled days of childhood, where everything
was possible-because I knew mom's love.

Date: 10th/May/'09

Time: 20.30

On Mother's day

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Black'Bboy Behind The Wall

The boy behind the wall,
Oh! How I hear his woes.
He speaks of wisdom
which no one knows.
He knows fiction and he knows fact.
He knows history and he knows the future to come.
He knows it all,
he is not dumb.
He knows about courage
He knows about pain.
He knows what he has lost,
and what he has to gain.
He knows it all,
from behind the wall I hear his voice.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Black'Bbut What About What I Want?

Everyone expects something different from me
they all set standards that I can't measure up to.

My parents want a scholar.

My employer wants the perfect employee.

My coach wants a muscular physique.

My dermatologist wants my skin finer.

My employees want me a perfect boss.

But what about what I want?

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Black'Bflying Without Wings

I feel like an eagle without wings.

For with wings,

I can fly high in the sky

and see for miles.

I will be able to see

where I am going to land

before I fall.

I can see how high I can fly

before I land.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Black'Bi Didn'T Start The Fire..

Fire is like anger,
Anger is fire in my soul!
It grabs me with a word or a deed like the tiny spark
that creates a flame.
Anger like fire can consume me
if I don't control it.
Allowing it to smoulder with unspoken anger
erupting into fierce,
consuming flames
that could leave just a shell
and being behind!

Date: 15/05/'09

Time: 01: 05

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Black'Bmy Share

I picked today a flower
one will never see
I took in its aroma
and held it close to me.

I picked a flower again
More beautiful than before
I gazed deep within its colors
How I wish I could hold once more.

I picked a flower
And rested it on my soul
I couldn't take my flower
So, it stays with me forever more.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Black'Bopen Them

Open them, open them
let the light shine,
Release the binds
of chains and twine.

Let spirit run free
let mind open its doors,
free of slavery
no more hard work and chores.

Perceive a life
with happiness and joy,
Equality and freedom
for every one.

Desire to be a part of it,
and now is opportunity to do so,
May express feelings
during the period
unlock window.

Run, fly, swim,
enjoy, delight in pleasure,
Reveal the beauty
The windows of Freedom encourage to treasure...

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Black'Bplease Excuse Me: An Introspection

When I close my eyes
I see so much clearer.
My vision turns inward
and searches my very soul.
Vivid colors and truths
float through the cluttered
pathways of my mind.

When I close my eyes
reality fades away
and is replaced with a world
that spins at my pace
and is perfect at that moment.

When I close my eyes
I can paint like the masters
and sing like the crooners
please excuse me as I
close my weary lids.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Black'Bwhat I Usually Say To Me?

To get depressed,
just think bad thoughts,
Or may be about all those,
battles you have fought,
But refuse.....
To always think bad,
think of all the good times,
that you have had,
learn to laugh,
And to have fun.
Don't think about,
having to run
dwell on everything
That is good.
Do what is right?
Do what you should?
Always be happy
Refuse to lose
Trust me
Life will then go smooth.....

Date: 12/05/'09

Time: 16: 15

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Black'Bwhy I Am Writing This?

Have you ever wonder why things change?
Why minutes are minutes,
or why hours are hours?
Have you ever wondered?
Why times don't pass when you are staring at the clock,
Or why there is one key that fits one lock?
Have you ever wonder how things could be one way one minute?
And something different the next?
Why do things make you wonder?
make you scared,
or make you ponder?
Have you ever wondered why life is good to some?
And bad to others?
Have you ever wonder why people ask why?
Have you ever wonder why people die?
Have you ever wondered why things were made?
Have you ever wondered,
why there has to be a loser and a winner?
Or why some children have to suffer,
And go to bed without any dinner?
Have you ever wondered why things must come to an end?
Or why life may or may not be full of bliss,
But have you ever wonder,
why I am writing this?

Date: 09/05/'09

Time: 13: 45

Some sources inscribed.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Blue'Bblue Stands For_____?

I wish I were blue like the sky
or blue like a sapphire.
If only I were as dark as blueberry.
Blue means peace,
until a crow's cry.
Blue stands for loyalty and serenity,
it makes me sleepy and sigh.
Can you name all it's shades,
please try.
There's winkle, aqua, and topaz.
My favorite shade is the one in the sky.
There is light blue, navy, and indigo.
I like the shade on my jeans that say Levis'.
Blue stands for commitment,
and I sure do try.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Blue'Being different From The Rest....To Be The Very Best

Being different from the rest
was bursting a move and breaking from the crowd.
Being different meant being bold.
Being different meant taking risks for success.
Being different meant being alone,
while striving to be the very best.
Being different meant going in a
different direction and meeting new friends.
Being different meant accepting me as who I am,
without questions.
Being different mean,
I am different from the rest.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Blue'Bfigure Out

Across the field of deep emerald green,
The figure of a man is often seen,
There are those that claim surely it's me
But this cannot be because.....
of gone.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Blue'Boh! Dream Dispersed.....

A walk in the park,
Mom's hand in mine,
We will be here till dark,
But home before nine!

What a beautiful day!
Birds are singing,
And far away,
Bells are ringing.

A path in the trees,
Known only to us.
Just we and the bees,
Away from all that city fuss.

Perhaps we will see a deer,
Or may be a bunny.
The clouds are drawing near!
Oh, but it was so sunny!

The rain starts to fall,
Hitting my head.
It ruined it all!
Now the fun is dead,
And the mom also.....

.....long back.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Blue'Bwhat I Have Been Made For.....

Like a bird I am free
to chart the course I have always dreamed,
lift my head, flap my wings,
the journey is about to begin.
With faith in Allah,
and determination within,
I know no limitations.
So cross the line
for that's what I have been made for.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Brown'Ba Prayer Today

The dark-green sky,
it swirls above.
Dry mouthed and weak,
sinks in.
The pitch black dirt consumes body.
Tears are warm,
tears are warm.....
Crushed soil sifts through fingers.
A prayer today; "Tomorrow, I will pray."

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Brown'Bcan! ? How Can I?

Can! ?

How can I?

I can

but

not

can I

Can I?

How can I?

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Brown'Bdreams Unlimited: The Other Side Of The Bay

Sometimes it feels,
So near
So close.
Focus
Because I am what have made.

My dreams,
I see on the opposite side.
Some things I dislike,
but there's always that something
I need.

I saw it the other day
On the other side of the bay
Loud and clear
and I try and reach
and I try and see.

Sometimes it looks
like fear.
So anxious,
deception
So I need.

But I glimpsed it today,
On the other side of the bay
like always
Loud and clear
and this time I try and reach
I try and see
for.

But this is my time
and I will try my best
to take back what's mine.

So I search for it
on the other side of the bay
Loud and clear
and I try and reach
for all the signs.

I promise I won't lose
the dreams I have made.
I promise I won't lose
the life I have paved.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Brown'Bi Can Do Anything, I Want To Do.

Time?

Where has it gone?
Where will it go?
Where will it take me?
I want to know!

Life?

Life is strange with its ups and downs.
A collection of memories placed around.
Always pressing forward,
fight a never ending battle,
of obstacles that are placed before.
New opportunities every day.
Am I going to let fear stand in my way?

Or,

will I stand boldly meet each challenge as it comes.
From the day to day struggle until my life is done.
Some say I can't stand the rat race, .
Then, instead of winning they simple chose to quit.
Am I going to be a topsy - turvy?
Or, will I handle my life like a man.
No bump on a log.
For that was never meant to be.
I be strong.
I be proud.
I Stand tall and say,
'I did my very best today'.
It's easy to change.
It's not very hard.
Set my mind to it.
Don't lower my guard.
But,
I know it's all up to me.
I can do anything,
I want to do.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Brown'Brex

You sit beside me patiently
with eyes
of puppy dog brown.

A question of wonder
in your eyes
under hair of chocolate brown.

So soft and smooth
like an angel's kiss
you nestle close to me.

Your gentle heart
so tender,
your love for me I see.

I take
this love for granted,
given with both our hearts.

I pray to Allah
we will never be apart.

I wonder what you are thinking
and I wonder
what I will do?

If anything would come between
this love
I feel for you.

So faithfully
you follow
wherever I may roam.

As for now
we will stay right here
in a place that we call home.....

(This poem is about the feelings I feel about my new puppy doggy REX.....)

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Brown'Bthoughts In Between....

Blank paper and a pen
Stark white,
staring back at me
But what am I supposed to write?
Sitting here trying to bring back memories
Of people, places, and dreams
Causing misery and apathy
not the other way around.

I belong in between the pages of the epic poem
Not the sonnets or the limericks
I must belong there,
somewhere.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Brown'Bunlock The Door

Unicorns, dragons and elves
are here inside of our very selves
wish hard enough, will see
fairy tales are meant to be.

To unlock the door, no complications
just use own imagination
it's the key to untold riches
it makes the world fulfil wishes.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Brown'Bwhat Is Important?

Sometimes we need to be
reminded that there
are still some things
in this world that are good.
How often we dwell upon the negative things?
that we loose sight of what is important.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Cyan'Ball The Time

Sometimes I think I made the right choice, when I didn't?

Sometimes I make the right choice and I didn't know.

Sometimes chances are worth taking.

Sometimes I would give anything for another chance.

Sometimes I look before I leap.

Sometimes I wish I had never looked at all.

Sometimes I love with all of my heart.

Sometimes I get others' heart broken.

Sometimes I think I know someone.

Sometimes I know no one.

But sometimes, I find someone to believe in...

And they believe in me too.

But nothing compares to believing in myself.....

All the time.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Cyan'Bat Last.... For All Of Mankind....

We all look and try to find
May be just to satisfy our minds
Each generation has strived to find.

Peace for all of mankind
War and strife is not the way
Will that Peaceful day come?

We must wait and pray
That the entire world will be at
Peace one day.

When that day is here
We can all live remote of fear
No war, no fighting and no killing
The world will be at Peace at last.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Cyan'Bisilent Prayers To Soften The Tears

My heart,
bloody hands,
my gift,
not ready for.
Tears washed the blood away.
Strength helps heart to carry on.
Soul begins to search again.
Silent prayers to soften the tears.
Lessen the years.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Dark Cyan'Bown Viewpoints

To be is to be
whatever one may interpret from,
for life is a beautiful piece of art.
Yet, like art it has no primary function
other than to be itself.
Therefore, it can mean that life has no exact meaning,
unless it is first processed by the mind,
which provides an interpretation
which can then be further adjusted
by each individual until
find the own viewpoints.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Dark Red'Bmysteries Left Unsolved

How else to rely on plans?
So, the future we too see
a better place,
so we be careful
but if dangers really lurked
we would sleep the same,
wake each day a touch more sane,
and may be the paths are safe
but there's one thing we are chased
by memories and tales told
of mysteries left unsolved.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Dark Sky Blue' Brealization And Feelings: A Haiku

Dreams come to realization,
an hour passes in just a minute
and consumed by thought, by feeling.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Dark Violet'Bsometimes.....

Sometimes I wonder what I want in life?
I have so much potential,
And so much charisma.
But I am letting it all to waste.
I look at my flaws.
I obsess,
and downplay my strength,
because of my low confidence.
My fears.
My regrets.
They cloud my vision,
Until I am blind.
I wonder aimlessly through glasses wondering where I will fit in.
My wonders are nothing.
I do not fit in.
I have many to confide in.
But I cannot.
The possibilities of running are inevitable.
My mind is a scary place.
I am alone to dwell on my flaws.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Dark Yellow'Bthe Power Of Imagination

The ground disappears,
And the chair lifts up
Everything feels so real
As you shoot off into the sky.
Whizzing by everything you know.....

When your eyes open
And you are back where you started
Sitting on your rocking chair.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Green'B***font Color='Red'Blet
Us Reclaimfont Color='Purple'B*******

The word is to be recognized.
Words are messages,
To understand and realize.
We must know their meanings
In order to communicate.

The freedom fighters of our country
Co-operated to make a message,
That would promote freedom
To all mankind of the future.

Today the leaders of our country
make up messages
to control and dominate
Each and every person's freedom
In order to dictate.

Let us reclaim our country
Hindi is our language
Free will is the purpose
Work is the opportunity
for us to save INDIA.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Green'Ba Brand New Fate.....

Mistakes change our whole existence.
They create uproar,
and build resistance,
in a soul intended to soar.

The choices are to make multiply.
Dread intensifies,
with a vast supply,
of melancholy and grey skies.

The world awaits every answer,
as panic sets in,
stripping all power.
Procrastination will begin.

There lies within a weary heart,
a life untravelled,
an unfinished start,
a promise of plans unravelled.

Today is the day to excel.
It is not too late,
to bid pain farewell,
while seeking out a brand new fate.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Green'Banother Reason.....

This world and I,
we live in
a map;
all else is given
names that were to learn alone
impossible,
but all known,
answers there for the asking;
no longer is the tasking
to search but now ever to find
what first by some other mind
thought perhaps some age ago
when it didn't matter,
so
it was another reason.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Green'Because Life Truly Matters

A small gesture means the world
To this boy with no mother.
A fool's feeling of warmth
By such a small and delicate force.
I am not perfect...
I know that.
I make mistakes...
I know that too.
But never did I think I would feel such again;
Like being accepted
And then shunned
Gave me some estrange thoughts
Because
that my life truly matter.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Green'Bgentle Rain: Simple Pleasures

The gentle rain is falling
It washes out my soul
As I stand beneath it
It makes my body whole.

The gentle tears of heaven
Takes my worries and my cares
Takes the pain within my heart
To start it's own repairs.

My mind which was tormented
Was given then surcease
The problems in my mind
finally in given peace.

The problems which I thought
Could never be resolved
Once beneath the gentle rain
all at once dissolved.

And as I walk amid the trees
To saviour the rustic smell
I can feel my spirits lift
No longer trapped in hell.

Just lift my foot then put it down
And continue on this way
Natures sights and smells
Make me want to stay.

When my life will be full of doubt
And it seems so hard to talk
Wait for the rain to gently fall
Then, take a gentle walk.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Green'Bhmmmmmmmm! ! ! ! ! !

H m m m m m m m m m m m m m m m m m m

H m m m m m m m m m m m m m m m m m

H m m m m m m m m m m m m m m m m m

H m m m m m m m m m m m m m m m m m

H m m m m m m m m m m m m m m m m m

H m m m m m m m m m m m m m m m m m

H m m m m m m m m m m m m m m m m m

H m m m m m m m m m m m m m m m m m

m

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Green'Bijourney: A Travel Through The Changes..

Stumbling,
slowly along,
the stony path,
across the slippery,
stepping stones bridging the sparkling stream
empty mind.

No reason,
for the trip,
no destination,
morning dew,
dripping from
the leafy branches,
sunlight streaking,
between the leafy boughs,
where am I
is not important
what I am
is just a silly question
the wind rustles,
gently through the branches,
as I travel through the changes,
unafraid.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Green'Biso I Begin

Alone,
small room.
Hot and cold
lonely.
Empty
All
except
for
My thoughts,
a pen
And
a notebook,
So, I begin to.....

Write.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Green'Bito Unlock The Door To Dreams

Lift up my head and reveal to self
The beauty that lies beneath
Look up above at the vast open plains
Make a wish, just once again.....

Someday soon not that far away
A sign will come from a distant place
A world of hope is out there somewhere
The hardest part is to find out where.....

There is a lock on the door to dreams
No where to be found is the key, it seems
They are all around in this world that fear
Somewhere calling for, but can't hear.....

All of the world once did say
That there is no possible way.....
If my hope is in great abundance
My mind can take me anywhere.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Green'Biwhat I Learned?

Many lessons have come along late in life for me.
For instance, as obvious, as it seems,
I have begun to realize that my lack of self-esteem
has kept me from sharing my abilities and insights.
Had I maintained a healthy pride in myself
I could now be looking back at a happier life filled with family, worthy
accomplishments, and promise.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Green'Blet It Flow

I believe in strength,
In I must find.
I believe closets are deep,
I sometimes take a peek.
I believe in a Allah,
ghost and miracles
And,
The people I care for most.
I believe in a seed,
it's need to grow,
into a thing of beauty,
thus to grow old.
I believe walks in disguise and
fallen leaves
And
sometimes I tell lies.
I believe in the rise and fall of structure.
Hearts will sometimes rupture.
I believe in the strength within.
Let inspiration flow from my pen.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Green'Bnews: Epic Of Demon's Death

To hear some news,
the village men gathered close around.
The town crier began and no one made the slightest sound.
'The dead men's bones where found bleaching,
beneath the noonday sun,
the stinging gnats and black flies,
swarming over every blessed one.
Black carrion birds
enjoyed a dreadful feast,
I would say
and the marauding killer beastie has gotten clean away.'

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Green' Breasoning Room

Is it wrong for a man to want to be perfect?
Should he be denied the chance to?
Rid himself of the impurities in his personality?
I stay a night in the reasoning room
And wake up changed!

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Green' Bspread Wider: Font Color='Red' Bsome More

A smile deep like a lake
looking for meaning
and finding it along it's own shores.
Lining it's day by day
with glittering rocks
with smiles of their own
that spread wider

wider

wider

and then some more.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Green'Bthank You For All

Let us be thankful,
Let us be good,
Let us thank Allah, as we should,
Let us be grateful.

Thank him for this meal today,
Thank him for all food we pray,
Thank him for our family and friends
Thank him for keeping us, safe in his hands.

We thank you Allah for all you do
We thank you Allah for loving us too,
We thank you Allah for each night and day
We thank you Allah for all blessings,
you send our way.

Let us be always faithful,
forever grateful and truly thankful
For Allah's love,

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Green'Byou: Allah (My 600th Poem)

I wake up a new.
My mind is yours-
Forever on You
My heart beats because You say.
I walk the path
You have lay.
Voices, callings, images appear
I dont have to go far
but,
You are always near.
Persuasions, desperations, fears
inhabit this whole world- if just for one,
but earth and dust- clouds and rain
all belong to You just the same.
As I am Yours-
Yes, You are mine
my light that will forever shine.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Green'Not Ashamed Of

I close my eyes
in search of a better place
where I no longer hide my face.

I can smile and dance
can laugh and be totally carefree
as long as I can be only me.

Among the world I wish was real
where the people believe what they really feel
and are not ashamed of who they are.

I open my eyes to a world of pain
there is no love, there is no trust
I desire most is a definite must
to be not ashamed of who I am.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Indigo'Ba Changed Person: A Complete Me

I lay there
Of what I could be?
To whom I could prove to
That I am me
To show the world
That I am back
To tell them that I am on track
To show them I can still be great
as I was before
To allow them to appreciate
A changed person....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Indigo'Bbefore I Lose The Strength....

I have passed this way before
Will I pass this way again?
Lead me to that eternal land
On the road made of sand.

Live a life with grace and ease
For there is only
the one for to please
Let me see that shining light
Before I lose the strength to fight.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Indigo'Bfair Explanation

Cold on the Fringe
I am to survive.
And survive I will
Against all odds
Opposition be damned.

Resolved I stand.
A void, an image.
Those around me have fallen
Or changed their minds.
And scurried on home.

Cold on the Fringe.
I came to survive
And survive I am.
I have created my empire.
My name.
Determination.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Indigo'Bimore Than Dreaming

I search for the dark minded wonder,
will it appear before end?
All day long I simply ponder,
as I strain to comprehend.

Daily, life presents its routine
while society tells who I am.
Won't I let the true side be seen?
If I could only go that far.

Journey with me, down the path of life
as I search for any meaning.
The sights and sounds will replace my strife
as I see if there is more than dreaming.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Indigo'Bnever Want To Lose....

So frail,
yet so intense
A fleeting moment,
or a glorious day
A wonderous feeling
I will never forget
Never want to lose this happiness....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Indigo' Bto Be Loved For Who I Am: What That Is?

Lost and distraught
Trying to find out who I am?
And when I think I know
And I act out that role.
Something changes
The process starts over,
I am never satisfied with myself,
All I want is to be accepted
To be loved
For who I am
And what I am?
But how is that possible
When I don't know
Exactly what that is?

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Indigo'Bwith A Faith

When I close my eyes,
I see so many dreams,
Dreams I want to materialize,
Goals I want to achieve!
Aim is one to be successful,
Path is one, a rough one, I need to tread.
When I close my eyes, I can hear,
Hear those bitter tones and that sarcastic laugh..
I can see with my eyes closed,
gigantic figurines, and overpowering ego,
Which shatters my faith in myself.
They loom around as eager devils,
Ready to devour my presence,
Ready to wipe out my existence,
Ready to drain out my strengths,
They were always there around me!
But this time it's going to be tough,
This is a tough test for me..
All is dark around and I stand alone on this path,
I need to prove myself,
I need to show them all!
But there is only one way out,
to keep going along,
With a faith.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Indigo'Bwonder Ponder

I often sit and wonder.
What did I do, what did I say?
And will come another day?

Even though I think,
I often sit and wonder.
If I did could there be,
anything between?

And if not
At least I would know,
no longer sit and wonder.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Indigo'Message To The Humanity

My hands reach out to cup the faces of the devout,
Hopefuls that need another's voice to be heard,
And I have found it
found home in it,
The ability to heal pain and give closure from it,
To speak out against the unfathomable reaches,
And show that not all of humanity has been breached;
Sucked out like a leech
And poured into the clean drinks out of reach
Of the rich wines shipped across the sea
And the clean water with purity.

And I will invest in this life until my life leaves me,
And I will protect with my life the lives of the needy,
And I will never stop speaking out for the muffled hearts,
As their cries need a voice to speak up for their parts.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Magenta'Bmovement And Stillness

With my thoughts
a candle's light dances
cursing the bulbs
eternities burn.....

A star in the distance
as near have traveled
for ages and armies
the universe turns....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Magenta'Bmy Bliss

What new sensation
this lightness of being
radiance emanating
from my very core.....

A certain sort of gaiety
that fills me with
delight I had not known.....

My mouth has learned to
Smile,
my eyes are bright with
Joy,
my tongue with rapture
Sings,
my heart once broken is
Whole,
intoxicated with ecstasy
I bask in the glow of
My life.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Magenta'Bpen's Hum: What Is To Come

As the night falls,
I sit to write,
my pen whirs,
images of cheering crowds
and jeering faces
flow through my mind.
Sometimes I feel grand
like a pupa becoming
the butterfly.
The roar of cheering crowds
will give me purpose.
And, there are times that
I feel I am a star
being sucked into a black hole,
ripped apart by harsh world
until I am no more.
But for now, as
the falling night blends
with the pen's hum
to become a soothing music,
I sit back in my chair
and simply dream
of what is to come.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Magenta'Brenaissance

I am falling,
engulfed in,
an endless darkness.
Someone catch me
be my light
my beam
my shield.
unhook the claws
that deep within
encircle my
beating heart
slowing it
to a dull thud.
How much longer
need I stand?
I am breaking
be there
to catch
the pieces.
Glue me back
together
to be
reborn.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Magenta'Bthe Ink Flows....

In this present emotional ice age
when sharing of feelings is a crime,
I remember my childhood days
when sharing of love was prime.
Those days when tears rolled with laughter and love
and security bound me in endless ties,
those moments when I moved like an innocent dove
played pranks, shared joys and dreamt of paradise.
We know of love that was pure and selfless
we lived a life, filled with small joys and happiness,
we cared for tender emotions, we cared for each other,
we felt for all and belonged to one another.
Such were our possessions that we were proud of,
such was the wisdom of feelings we boasted of.

Today, as I capture the flavour of past events
and recollect those bottled joyous moments,
I feel richer with such a childhood, than having endless riches.
Even today in this emotional ice age,
things are not really as bad as we gauge.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Maroon'Bsome Whys'?

All alive endured a birth.
All alive shall find their death.
What grants that interval between its worth?
Why for some is life so brittle,
so bereft
of meaning,
of satisfaction,
of mirth?

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Maroon'Bstrong'Now'

History,
is made of many moments of "now" and
The future is a projected illusion
of the mind that might not ever be.

All have is this moment!
Accept it;
surrender to it,
live it for what it is.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Orange'Bchallenges Of Life: The Pain Of Failure

Ya! Allah, I need you, I require you,
For now I am in pain,
For now it's time only you can provide me with solace.
Ya! Allah, till now, I was happiness bound,
For the worldly things feasted me upon.
But now the see-saw of life has brought me down,
From the seventh heaven I floated upon.
Now when the happiness, the joy of life,
Has abandoned me to fight alone the battle of life,
Now, only now it made me realize,
That joy never lasts forever,
because when happiness comes,
It means next it is chance of failure(s) .
Failure(s) which can kick you up,
And next make you fall down.
Ya! Allah, I know you can, I know you will,
Forgive me and give me one more chance,
To contest again in the battle of life.
Just once again in the battle of life.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Orange'Bcompetent Visualization

Dreams most often fail when we are too afraid to notice;
How can dreams come true if we are not obliged to do this?
One must take note that one has not paid the due,
Come up with a plan or a way to pull through.....

Trust when I say that the intentions are not all lies;
People only celebrate what they can visualize.
Reflect on the past with a hope that is positive,
And refuse to pay the dues as long as you shall live!

The past is a reflection,
one we can't deny;
It must be completely positive,
and must catch one's eye.
The revelations of the present are ideas put to test –
What people say doesn't mean a thing,
that idea is best!

Visualization is such a competent thing
Which must be somewhat incompetent.
The thing is how you feel about a future built on dreams –
When you reflect and visualize,
the revelation's what it seems!

The best that you can do
is reflection that is gained,
Positive revelations
and
visualization not abstained!

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Orange'Bconvergence Of Deers': How I Saw In The National Geographic Channel?

Hunger driven, battling
late snow for sustenance,
deer converge at forest edge
curious about a lone spectator,
nervous, but unafraid.
Watching, feeding, calm
and confident in numbers,
they stood at ease.
Noise provoked motion.
Muscles coiled and rippling,
one lunged forward;
in a moment, all took flight.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Orange'Bi Am Mesmerized

I cut out a paper rose.
It will not fade,
it will not shatter.
it will not melt!

I am mesmerized;
it does not fade...
it does not shatter...
it does not melt.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Orange'Biwe As Humans

We as humans,
never truly appreciate the numerous blessings,
we have been granted during our journey through life.
Far too often, one of our human deficits,
has been to dwell on those things
that were of a negative impact.
Truth be known,
even the negatives have created blessings.
When these took place
it was almost impossible
to grasp the reality of
how each event would have,
a positive influence over our future.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Orange'Called To Succeed But Afraid.....

The bright lights of fame keep calling to me,
They want me to be the one they seek,
They tell me I am good but I do not believe,
They tell me I am strong but I know I am weak,
They flash just beyond the horizon over there,
And here I sit in the perpetual darkness,
In the anticipation of light.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Pink'Babout A Little Girl.....

My name is Mahfooz.
I found a pretty Pinky,
Will you take a look?

I like many things,
but this Pinky I found is special,
like and as my mom is/was.

Pinky has good times in the sun,
she likes the dirt,
and thinks the sprinkler is fun.

Pinky wears the color yellow,
and I wear the color pink.
I give my Pinky a little wink.

I am glad I found Pinky,
because she is my best friend,
even though she is a little silly.

(Pinky is the sweet 3 year old daughter of my friend Anand and my neighbour.)

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Purple'B***in Memorialia: A Tribute To My Father***

Why did you leave this world so early?
You still had great things to do in your life.
I know that your pain is gone,
but I just want you back.
I want to be able to talk to you again,
to hug you,
to tell you my problems
and just be with you.

You were the best dad in the world.
You never did anything wrong,
you used to bring me to home,
you would bring me the fame.
You was the greatest.

Everybody loved you.
You touched the lives of everybody that you met.

When you left, so suddenly,
it was a shock to all of us.
Even though I knew that your time was soon,
it didn't feel like you should have been gone.
To me,
you still belong here,
with us,
with me.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Purple'Band So I Am Blind

When I see a bird, I see freedom,
when I see a painting, I see expression,
when I see a book, I see vacation,
when I see technology, I see modern
when I see school, I see opportunity,
when I see an instrument, I see rehabilitation,
when I see a Quran, I see vows and promises,
when I see the moon, I see distance,
when I look at the night sky, I see abyss,
when I look at my writing, I see hope,
when I see myself, I see confusion,
and so I am blind.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Purple'Biunsaid

Cast a net,
to catch a shadow
What hope do I have?
What lead do I follow?
The pain that makes me apart
When will the end... start?
Memories held inside
It's my heart that cries
Seen the unforgiving
Values are worth forgetting
As life pass on
so does death grow strong..
What is there left to do,
Saying things are better,
Yet some things are better left unsaid...

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Purple'Bmantra

Throughout the ages,
We will find that the greatest impediment of progress and achievement
has been and continues to be the individual impeding himself.
The worst enemy of nearly all people is themselves.
It is our own self pity,
lack of self control,
and determination that bog us down and hold us back.
Thoughts like, 'I am not smart enough',
'I am not strong enough',
Or
'I am not experienced enough' are more disabling than blindness or deafness.
We all have disabilities,
some are more apparent than others
and some are more disabling than others.
But just because
we can't do something
with as much ease as others
do does not mean we should give up?
What sets apart the champion from the losers is not their physical ability,
It is their heart.
They set no boundaries they believe they can do anything and they do not give
up.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Purple'Bstrong Faith

Stress and concerns disappear for me
when I have faith that the highest power
which determines the universe,
call that what we as, Allah,
luck, the powers of attraction, or whatever,
has placed me in the exact situation
to suit the universal design.
I need fear nothing.
I am where I am supposed to be.
All will be well for me.

When I have had faith that I could accomplish a thing,
and held that faith,
my goals are achieved.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Purple'Bwhat I Believe In You.....

I am proud to be called your child

I am proud to serve and praise you

I am proud to stand up in favour of you

I am proud that you have put me on this earth to serve you.

The world today is very different

With a lot going on

But my Allah,

I will spend my whole life serving and believing you

I am forever grateful that you have given me life

And I will live my life standing up for what I believe in you.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Purple' Byou Are In Good Hands: A Grieving

I sit alone.
Wondering what went wrong.
I was talking about my plans for the future.
I could not understand.
So cold were his face and hands.
I ask my God why?
Silence was his reply.
Another loss, I have gained.
I held my chest to stop the pain.
My God! Now, my Father?
So, innocent and young.
I held his hand close to my heart,
this was how my mourning started.
I love you mom and dad, you are in good hands.
No more harm or pain from me.

(This poem is about what I felt when my father died, and I was beside the deathbed holding his hand)

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Purple'Can'T Escape

I am awakening

Shadows on the wall

Dark shadows

All over.....

Faded colours

Black and Grey

Moving.....

I am running

Away

faded colours are after me

Running faster

They are gaining up on me

Closer.....

An alley

A wall

Done.....

I turn around

There!

Dark shadows.....

Closer

Close.....

Open my eyes

Breathe heavily

I am eyes wide open.....

An awakening.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Red'A Child Want To Say Something

I.

I would say something,
I would scream if I could.
I am a child afraid to cry out.
Because I know without a doubt that
No one is listening for my shouts.

II.

I am most afraid to cry out
I am a child trapped in the
Shell of a man that has never
Been able to grow beyond those
Terrible days in my life
Where I was set aside and
Told I was no one's
Wanted son.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Red'Bifateful Reflections

Mirrors reflect
how successful you have been?
moulding yourself,
look as you want to seem.
And how you look to others
who view the embellished you.

But

I wonder
if any mirror
reflects anything substantial?
Things voice
happiness contribute,
joy's you ration,
and love.

If you are very susceptible,
very strong,
let the mirror of your
spirit reflect outward.
See in the eyes of others
reflections of your purpose.
Not the buy and apply you.
The genuine you.

Touch can be interchanged!

Is your reflection faithful?

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Red'Bime, Mistakes And Honour

I am the Captain of my soul.
I determine what is important for me.
Right or wrong in my eyes,
it was my will which steered me through all of life's situations.
There is nobody to blame and nobody to give credit.
The mistakes were mine.
The honours are mine.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Red'Bin Between

I am the spaces

In

Between

The silence

and

the shade

things

In between

The left

&

Right.....

In the spaces

In

Between

I may

Miss

Me.....

In the world

Traffic

Sounds

Child Screams

dreams.....

So, many

Think

on the

Surface

Float

but

Down

below

We

All

Go.....

Just

some
are
more
unseen
and
lost
the
Spaces
In
Between.....

So
Many
Lost
in
Surface
Dreams.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Red'Bis Like A Vision....

Pages so soft but worn
All scarred and torn
Years of history in one book
Emotions written in rhythmic ways
All it takes is one look
To be captured for days.....

Reading, writing, and learning
Fills our everlasting yearning
Of eternal knowledge
Philosophies, culture, and religion,
Literature is like a vision
Of past, present, and future.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Red'Brest: A Rejuvenation

Today,
in the world I took such a hit;
I have laid down my weapons,
finally quit.

I am safe in the caterpillar once more;
on butterfly wings,
I will again soar

...but not today.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Red'Bsimply Strangers Are

Strangers are strange that way
calling you by name
then call you names
and with a handshake
tuck you back in.....

supplying a place
to hang
that tattered hat
when you thought
the hat stand was gone.....

in that way—
it is perfectly strange
how strange but perfectly perfect
simply strangers are..... stranger.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Red'Bsolitary Soul: An Ultimate Winner

A bottle in a river
could take days or hours
to reach its destination,
perhaps even years, depending
on how many branches divert it
or how many stall it
or how many rocks threaten to break it.
But when it reaches its destination,
it will be chosen by a solitary soul
walking barefoot on the sand
or trekking through the forest.
When the message is finally read,
will anyone be concerned with the time
or the condition in which it arrived?

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Red'Bthe Other Me: Two Sides Of Life

Mirror image?
Or imagery?

The one in white
who is he?
the one in red
is he me?

I have two sides
two sides to me
one angelic
the other angry.

The two are not
acquainted though
when one is here
the other goes.

These two cannot
cohabit
for one is love
the other hate.

Though they are both
quite good
one is honesty
the other deceitful.

Do you think you know
who is who (he) ?
One is me
the other you.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Red'Bwell Served

Every humiliation
Every pain
Every tear
Every strain.

Every joy
Every laughter
Every lesson
Every plan.

It shows where I have been,
It shows what I have learned,
Not necessarily a rough life,
But a life well served.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Red'Optimism

Blood falls to the ground as I slowly wait.
Waiting, for reaction from this beast,
known as fate.
And if I continue to devour, until, forever more.
Then lowly beasts are destroyed,
in my presence.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='sky Blue'Bupon Childhood

I remember days
When light flickered the world a new
And the earth extended her arms
With acceptance.

There were times
When rain splattered upon transparent glass
With my face pressed against it
Trying to reach nature
Captured helplessly in water.

I remember when every sun was an adventure
And each peaceful moon slept
Upon childhood dreams.

There were times
When rage flowed into reality,
While running into worlds of ignorance
Formed in wispy ideas of fantasy.

I remember when towering mountains were flat
And the world was a vast country
Tranquil and simplistic.

Those were times
When pain and depressed hearts were shrouded in smiles
But upon the final days of childhood
from where I stand
The planet shattered,
Revealing sorrow.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Turquoise'Ba Gift

When someone smiles,
someone cries,
When someone laughs,
someone sighs,
When someone hurts,
someone heals,
When someone lies,
someone steals,
The art of music, blissful sounds,
The art of landscape, holy ground,
Faith in religion,
Faith in life,
Or faith in warfare,
Faith in strife?
Love for self,
Love for land,
Love for people,
Hand in hand.
These together
Radiate
A source for love?
A source for hate?
A power worthy
A power great,
A gift from god?

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Turquoise'Bfeelings Flying Free

I let my feelings flow,
And crash onto the paper down below.

Telling how I feel,
Every tale I say is real.

This paper and pen my choice tools,
That help me show you how I broke all the rules.

When I am sad or missing someone dear,
When I am mad, displeased or full of fear.

When my eyes pour tears and smudge the ink,
When I smile ear to ear because I found the missing link.

You will know exactly how I felt and exactly what I saw,
You will know exactly what I meant.

I am a mature poet with feelings flying free,
I am a young man helping the world understand me.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Turquoise'Bso Happy

I am happy,
so happy.
I have finally found me.
I am happy,
so happy.
I am who I want to be.

I am happy,
so happy.
I have finally found my life.
I am happy,
so happy.
I am a winner and nomore to strife.

I am happy,
so happy.
I am a son, a brother, a friend.
I am happy
so happy.
that's what I will be till the end.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Violet'B~~~little Gifts~~~

Little happy moments
easy to miss,
the slight smile
creeping at,
small joyful times of bliss,
are just some of life's little gifts.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Violet' Bfade Away

Sometimes I think
If I disappeared
wouldn't be even notice.
A replaceable toy
An expensive one perhaps.
Treated like
A rebellious puppy
A continuous source
Of amusement
Or an outlet for anger.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Violet'Bmy Muse

I want to write something really special.
Something for my society to read!
Come on, muse,
and quit hiding yourself.
I know you are there.
You have helped me many times before.
I know!
I must be very quiet and listen for
your words to come to me.
Then, I can write.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Violet'Bnew Era

I began a new era
I kept away stayed out of sight
I built myself a soul again
And I believed.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Violet'Bsimple Words

I think about it.
A moment's time.
I want to answer.
The seconds chime.

Simply words,
Just vocal sound.
But what they mean
Is deeper bound.

To change a life,
That has been fine,
To make it something,
More divine.

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Violet'Bsobbing Profusely

Some stars in the sky were getting dull
So, Allah came down and asked
' Can I take your mom with
me to make the stars glow brighter? '
So,
everytime I look up high in the sky.....

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Violet'Bu.F.O.

Landing in a foreign place
You see something ahead.
But you can't tell what?
You start to get up
To see what it is---? ? ? ?

Mahfooz Ali

Font Color='Violet'Bwhen Reading My Books.....

Behind my books I hide in another world,

I hang onto every word, wait for words to be spoken.

I block out all that is around me,

And put on headphones so they know to let me be.

Soon sense of time leaves my mind.

Everyone's so ignorant, so blind,

Rushing back and forth, here and there,

But they are all trapped, going no where.

They are all so wrong, I don't know where to begin,

Trying to be like one another, to fit in.

Here I am no one, a spec of dust,

So I only stay, unnoticed, if I must.

In my books, far away

If I could, I would spend all day.

Mahfooz Ali

For My Critics

They and my so called friends who
tried to make me cry.

Thanks.....

Because it only made me search, not die.

Within, I found the inner will to stay alive.

Their cruel attempts helped me find that inner tie;

Without which I may not have tried

to know the poetic rich depth of my soul.

And thus the world might have been deprived

Of the countless poems that have been untold.

Ah! They can not tell why I write.?

And yet they told others that I am clever.....

May be they don't know that
cleverness is the positivity of the soul.....

Their cruelty will discover it has no right.

They found something they cannot buy.

They will try to discover my soul is not bright.

And when my brave and wit to soar.

They will remember it was all a lie.

Mahfooz Ali

For My Cutiepie Sister Lovleen Walia

Here comes.....

19 year old,
the gorgeous,
beautiful,
intelligent,
caring,
loving,
understanding,
pet lover,
mentor,

would be corporator,
and so many notions for her
that am not remembering.....

meet the great girl.....

my loving sister.....

LOVLEEN WALIA.....

hehehehehehe....lovleen abhi ekdum se yahi banaya hai....tu, mhare upar.....

mujhe din mein theme sochni padti hai.....tab raat mein likhta hoon.....

Mahfooz Ali

For Them Who Wants To Compete With Me....

Music stems from chaos,
so I will lead this symphony...
Play with me and I will demonstrate tragedy.
Trust when I say, It's not out of fate...,
this was gift of allah.
It's out of my head,
so I can possibly see like me.
Even better...
Perceive like me.
Let's dominate this number game.
Eliminate propaganda-
It's not for the fame.
This selfless world interest...
This hidden fate entrance
This selfish personal interest...
An inescapable vengeance.....

Mahfooz Ali

Frog

Every frog must croak
That is no joke
Agile is the lowly frog
Eating insects, leaving bugs, mosquitoes agog

They live in water, slime, gook
Ugly, ugly face of a spook
Green, gray or brown, they populate the ground
Frog legs are sold and eaten by the pound

Jump, glide around, sit still
Croak often, loud and shrill
Water is the key to their life
They procreate, sleep, avoid danger, strife

Little or big they struggle to survive
Even a frog is happy to be alive
Some become road kill
Or a snake's belly they fill

They have lived, they have died
Some rot, some are fried
Dissected in the lab by a sharp knife
Warts and all, a vital link in the chain of life

Mahfooz Ali

Fulfillment Of My Existence

Never asked to be here

This place is too crowded with.....

Where was my guidance when I needed it?

A worst son equals a great father..... Really? ? ? ? ? ?

How could it be?

The selfishness consumes me for all my rainy,

Days ahead I have to make better,

For myself and the ones who love me the same,

Even the evil I never took a liking,

But my dark side reigns.

Captured for years,

Before I become old and forgotten,

Rotten dreams need redemption,

So I can fulfill my existence.

Mahfooz Ali

Future

Aim is my aim,
need is my tomorrow,
want is my future,
All I need is where my future would stand,
future is my aim,
My aim would be my future.

Mahfooz Ali

Girl Moans!

Sunshine glowing in the back, slightly through the porch, little girl saying, oh daddy

Daddy, my friend wants you to meet, see our friendship, oh so deep, but daddy say's go

Little friend must go, one sit on my bed, talk to me he said, oh daddy, oh I love you

Love is an emotion says he, let me show you real love, the way grown people do

A child, a small girl of eight, wanting to please, to have, oh what, oh what is this, love

Is fondled, is talked, is touched, is warned, is pushed and so hurt, this poor little dove

Is told, never tell. our secret indeed, but those others, cannot understand, how he can please

My love little child, our secret, our love, will give you everything, just a taste of all

The mother she hides, the room so quiet, the TV it blares, oh why not, who cares

But in the middle, the cries, oh help, oh help, oh help, oh daddy please, so much
But deeper it goes, now her breasts are blooming, she is so bad, so not pure, so needing

Comes all the money, comes all the threats, just keep feeding, keep others out of reach

Not understanding, so innocent, so naive, little girl abused, but blaming inside
Oh, but is this hatred, is this love, oh daddy, but your little child, I hate you, I think

Over and often, for a lifetime it seems, enters the bedroom of poor little girl
The cry's, the tears, oh it s me, its me, not him, she so ashamed, can't look in a mirror

Then comes a sister, another who cries, protection she will need, not from a mother

Lil girls touched and responded, never touch, never touch, and never love again
For ones little sister, never to be, she take all blame, fault, guilt for thee

Oh love, oh love where does she find, in others who touch, those wanting to hurt

As girl turns to woman, is bitter inside, wanting to hate, wanting to love
Wanting to tell, but takes all the blame, walks through life a secret inside
One makes it better, by saying I forgive, but no, no, no, this sin is his
His maker will guide, will judge, not for the little girl to carry, not to forgive

Little girl turned woman, be kind, be gentle, be happy, be smarter, and don't
carry

Have pity for those whom would do such a thing, to child, to others, feel
compassion

But never, take in the sins of others, but be strong, sharing and watching,
guiding

To forgive is good, if for she, not him, not him or others who would

For God will repay, all crippled his children indeed, be it bones, body, heart or
mind.

Mahfooz Ali

Give Me Your Hand.

I want to be child again,
would like to fly my kite (soul)
high and high,
like a free a bird
away from hatred.
Would like to touch everyone
with the magic wand of love,
which will mean end of war forever,
is it possible to create the world
of innocency?
Let's try with with the
tender touch.....
Come on,
Give me your hand.

Mahfooz Ali

God Had Sent Him To Be With Me In This Ephemeral World.

I had a faithful companion,
Jango was his name,
He was my little toy poodle,
He made pleasing me his game.

He was always there to comfort me,
To soothe me when I am down,
He did things to make me laugh
He took away my frown.

He loves it when I play with him,
Especially when He's bored,
He wanted me to interact with Him,
He was always hates to be ignored.

He lets me know when he is glad
He used to licks me on my face,
He loved it when I hold him close,
He used to feels safe in my embrace.

His long tail was wag and wag
to show His puppy love
I am sure the affection that He showed
comes from the Lord above.

Whenever He wanted a special treat,
He used to sits up and begs,
Then He dances round and round,
While standing on two legs.

When I was ill and cannot work,
I am home both day and night,
And when I am having lots of pain,
Somehow He knows I am not all right.

He used to follow me where ever I go,
He always wanted to be near,

He always tried to make me feel better,
I know He was sincere.

He was my little baby,
He was my very best friend,
He only wanted what's good for me,
I know he is no more to love me to the end.

I love my Jango,
No better dog could there be,
I am very grateful that,
God had sent him to be with me
In this ephemeral world.

Mahfooz Ali

Going With Your Memories

When the time comes to depart
It's without the will of the heart
But I am going with your memories
With only smiles not worries

You 've painted a place in my heart
And I will never let it go apart
I lack in words to thank you
Indebted, thankful, I will be true

But let me thank you very much
And forever, will be
If ever I can find my love
I 'd be glad and walking on air

I did not worth your love and assistance
I won't forget you in an instance.

Mahfooz Ali

Good Morning...

Smoking fog,
tea ready to wire,
sun reverberates,
footsteps on the run,
birds echoing their call,
watching crisp leaves fall,
pasture, mostly covered with green,
reflections above and below are seen,
GOOD MORNING...

Mahfooz Ali

Goodbye To You.

Goodbye to you,
I should never have trusted you
so, I thought no trust no love
So, I gave up myself
but my heart could not be put in chains
for feeling a love so true.

I will never love another girl
I 'll keep this pain for all my life,
I have lived the empty heartbreak
of sharing you with myself.

I pray that I 'll be forgiven
for this Adultery plain and true,
but I 'll never ask forgiveness
for my months of loving you.

Mahfooz Ali

Gratitude

I am going to put gratitude,
in my attitude.

She took away my tears,
took away my pain,
took away my fears,
and made me smile again.

She restored my soul,
made me walk instead of crawl,
made me new and whole,
made me stand tall.

She answered the prayer,
She is always there,
when I ask, knees bent
And kept my soul free.

I am going to put gratitude
in my attitude for providing me her love,

Thanks to her forever.

Mahfooz Ali

Greets

Stage of realization.

For I am here and somewhere
making self to me is
the best thing I can offer to me.

One day I will become a majestic.

To watch the world,
And
To join the world.

A little encouragement.

All the freeness,
My whole body,
Greets from the future.....

Mahfooz Ali

Happiness And Me.

I meant so much to all
To my parents, my siblings, my friends,
My colleagues and to the society.
I am special and that's no lie
I brightened up the darkest day
and the cloudiest sky.

I smile alone warmed hearts
my laugh is like music to hear
I would give absolutely anything
to have my goal standing near.

Many tears I have seen and cried
They have all poured out like rain
I know that I am happy now
And no longer in any pain.

Mahfooz Ali

Happy New Year To All Mankind!

As we enter a whole new year I have wishes.

I wish for all the soldiers

I wish for an end to abuse of all people.

I wish for the good health of everyone including my enemies.

and I wish for Allah to bless our great country once more.

Happy new year to all mankind!

Mahfooz Ali

Have You Ever...?

Have you ever loved a woman?

I mean, truly loved a woman?

Have you ever taken a good look

At the woman you say you love?

Have you?

Have you looked into her eyes and felt the pain you caused?

Have you taken her in your arms lately and truly told her just

How much you care?

Have you ever sent flowers or a card

just because you care or crested her,

just because she is there?

Have you ever loved

A woman? ?

Mahfooz Ali

He Who Hides From Himself: Will Always Have To Run.

Mad and disgusted, furious and in rage,

How could I write that in a paragraph, or on a page?

Is this how I depict -dumb and of no good?

It's all because I tried to take away my manhood.

I should all just bring together my innate and be unified as one,

Because a man who hides from himself,

will always have to run.

Mahfooz Ali

Heals Or Hides? :

Your memories
visions
past times
famiy
friends

time heals
or do memories hide

people say
in time it will heal
their time
or mine?

no doubt
their time is fine
not missing a son
or a partner

they have got their time
there time is now

my times are now memories
emotions hidden.

Mahfooz Ali

Hear My Plea.....

Allah! in Heaven hear my plea,
Send me an answer so I may see,
Reasons for life and reasons for death,
Reasons for pain and reasons for love,
Reasons for a child who sits and cry,
As he watches his mother die,
Reasons why it seems to me,
My mother I no longer see,
Reasons why a lesson well taught,
Can make a person never be forgot,
Reasons why I still do cry,
for my mother.

Mahfooz Ali

Hearts Of The Mothers: Alone

Again and again though
hearts of the lonely mothers are burst.
Shedding their blood on thoughts
they loved and cared.
Not one child will give the love back
they souly took away.
Here the mothers stay hidden
away not to be seen
By any except thoughts who
keep them tightly tucked away.
So the child can keep the loved of their mother
never to be given away.
When will the mothers' get their loved back
they so lovenly gave away.

Mahfooz Ali

Help Me Out

I just want someone who loves me for me
someone who looks at me and likes what they see.

Someone I can add to my life..
Someone who believes in me.
Someone who smiles when they look in my eyes,
with all the warmth of a million summers.

A face in the crowd that I can recognize
One I can memorize.
How will I know if I found that special someone?
People say you just know.
Loving is art, say just open your heart and let go.

I just want someone who has the romance!
The once in a lifetime, this fairy tale grants.
I alone cannot take this chance.
So please, help me out to have this chance.

Mahfooz Ali

Hey! What Happened To Me.....

I looked in the mirror
And what did I see
A grown man, is that me?
What happened to the past
Why couldn't it last
What happened to the little boy
I knew inside
My crib is gone and lonely
My bicycles I have put away
A bed I know stands by
I look again
No longer does it happen
I went and wiped the mirror
Return the past
Please let it last.

Mahfooz Ali

Hide And Seek

Why playing the game of hide n seeks?
Come, come, come,
Come and talk to me directly.
What do you want?
I m fed up of all these mental bully.....

After seeing the message of
'Chalo shuru ho jayen'
I am embroiled in folly.

Now, I want to end this
Game of
Hide and seek,
Not to make the future bleak.

I loved you and in all,
But
After all efforts,
But got fall.

I want to get over
From all this shits,
Finally here,
From getting all this pits.

Let me forget you,
If nothing would materialize,
Let me be myself
And be yourself
To realize.

Please don't make me feel guilty,
I want final talk now,
To be live in reality.

Mahfooz Ali

His World.

It's a privilege to dream of more or less,
It's great never to see just black or white,
And the time may come to supply my world.....
With the prudence of self and learned tools
Allah's guidance for me in this his world.....

Mahfooz Ali

How Are You?

When the birds begin their singing
and the sun begins its sunning
and the morning glories
open up all blue...

I am saying
'Good morning,
how are you? '

Mahfooz Ali

How Funny?

Outside my house,
It's so cold,
And, funny,
I leave my that jacket at home.

Mahfooz Ali

How Important Is A Name?

I often wonder what is in a title.
Good or bad;
we all have them,
whether we earned them or just recieved them.
I have a name.
But I am not my name.
I am a person beyond the label.
So what is my name?
What is my title?
Do I need to distinguish me as an individual?
No, I don't believe so.
So why do they?
To tell the good from the bad?
Right from the wrong?
So who is good?
Who is bad?
Who says they're right?
Why I am wrong?
Can you tell me.....
how important is a name?

Mahfooz Ali

How To Compute?

Here I am trying to compute
trying to get the numbers,
trying to bind & intertwine
because I am just to fine
How can i get to know?
Can't get I out of my mind?
Here I am trying to compute.

Mahfooz Ali

Hurt Is Just A Word To You

Lies hold some truth, but are you ready to hear it?
I am ready to tell you, but can you handle it?
Enough with the act, are you sure you understand?
Since that day you walked out you have missed it all.

Holding guilt close to my heart,
Opening doorways only to find nothing left,
Letting people walk all over me,
Doing things that you'll never know.

So, now are you sure want to hear more?
Obviously you don't understand the meaning of hurt, but
My experience of being hurt can teach you a meaning,
Enough with my facade of pretending to be strong.

The pain is taking over what's left of me,
Ruining my self-confidence,
Using me just like a sheet of paper,
Time will always be the enemy, and
Hurt is just a word to you, but to me it's everything.

Mahfooz Ali

I Am A Man Who Write Words: An Endless Bliss

I am a man who write words... that hopes to
Find use and find myself.
The words I write fly off the pages like
Butterflies and into ears that are
Open to the Spirit of life.
Words and emotions sublimate my anger and
Immerse in hope.
I submerge into eloquence,
I envy happiness, love, and flawless destiny.
I drown deep into integrity and search to
capture sheer completion and rewarding
Resolution.
My words soften the rigidity of frowns, dry
Tears, hate and complexity.
Cacophonous silence is broken with them and
Carefree Spirits run wild with their Meaningful imagination.
I am a man who writes and hopes to find
Endless bliss in life.

Mahfooz Ali

I Am A Writer: An Innate Soul

It's like a demon that possesses me,
never letting go
In my mind and my thoughts
With visions and voices telling me to continue on
Telling the masses.
I have my own mind,
my own thoughts
Intriguing, insightful, unprovoked
Telling a tale.
Make believe stories of lies and life
Being true to the difference.
Fear from the voices that sometimes go silent,
Making creative challenges.
I am my own demon.
I have my own voice.
I am a writer.

Mahfooz Ali

I Am From Learning From The Past: Shaped Me Who Am I?

I am from dusty snow globes
And old sneakers that hide
Under the dresser
I am from cat scratches and stubbed toes
Bee stings and skinned knees
I am from childhood dreams
And the promises that keep them at bay
I am from yellow plastic tennis ball and bats
Wrapped with silver duct tape more to hold them together
Than to give them weight
And from the home run tennis balls
Hidden somewhere in the hedge
I am from old books and hand-me-down shirts
'Wait your turn's and 'cut it out's
And balmy nights spent catching Tinkerbelle in a jar.
I am from 'I yell because I care'
And scoldings followed by hugs
I am from the kickball diamond at school
With bases drawn in the dirt
And from my concrete back steps
Where my sister used to paint my fingernails
And tell me about fairytales
I am from learning from the past
I am from looking to the future
And I am from living for today.

Mahfooz Ali

I Am Glad: Finally Together

I am glad you came into my life
At a time when I was lugubrious
And full with so much doleness
At times when I am feeling blue
All I have to do is just call you
but restrain
To tell you what's on my mind!
I like it when you see at me
Or to just play with my pen
to pen you a word
We spend so much time apart from each other
So now we can finally be together.

Mahfooz Ali

I Am Happy Because...

I rather die than not being an intellect
I have the power to make my life happy or sad
Right now I am happy
Happy because I am completely changed
Happy because now I won't be humiliated
Happy because I have pledged to keep my dignity
Happy because I have chosen my way
of success, fame and money
Happy because I promised myself
Would not break my dear one's heart
Happy because I have oathed to
Love my small family
For that I have vowed
A heart full of love
That is how much I love myself now.

Mahfooz Ali

I Am Proud To Be.

When people ask me to say my name,
my nationality is turning like a regular game to play.

I don't care what people say or what they see in me,
I am an Indian, and that's the way I am proud to be.

Mahfooz Ali

I Am Scared: Its Terribly Dark

As I lie on my bed and stare at the ceiling,
I begin to have this really weird feeling.
I am scared! It is so terribly dark in here.
I wish my mummy near.
I cannot hear her;
I think she went away.
So all I can do is to begin to pray.
'Please Allah, let me not be afraid,
and if you could bring my mummy back,
that would be great.'
Right now I am so full of fears.
I am very close to shedding some tears.
Why does she leave me behind?
That question is constantly on my mind.
I thought she loved me with all her hearts.
I think I was wrong;
I am falling apart.
I wish she were here by my side;
then I don't ever have to hide.
I still love my mum,
yes, I do.
I just hope that the day will come
When I will be with her.....
in the heaven too.

Mahfooz Ali

I Am Sorry: Where Do I Start?

I am sorry for everything you 've been through
It must 've been very hard on you
I am sorry for all that's been said and done
I was the moon, you were the sun
I am sorry for not making everything right
But the situation I was in, was very tight
I am sorry for not lending you a hand
If only I could be a better love
I am sorry if it seemed like I didn't care
I am sorry for breaking your heart
For forgiveness,
where do I start?

Mahfooz Ali

I Build A Castle In The Sand.

I built a castle in the sand
Carefully made a wall around it.
Surrounded it with a deep dike
Making a haven safe from outside strikes.

I remembered the dreams I once had
And exiled them from my castle in the sand.
Remembered the joys of love I 'd craven
And excluded them from my safe heaven.

Then the tide came gently in
To where my castle lay,
Eroding the walls and turrets too,
Erasing all traces of my barriers

I stood and gazed at what was left of my haven
As I slowly breathed a silent prayer
For strength to face my tomorrows
In the hope that better times would replace.

Mahfooz Ali

I Can Also.

Smile if you can
of course you can
I can also.

Cry if you can
of course you can.
I can also

Talk if you can
of course you can
I can also.

Be happy if you can
of course you can.
I can also.

Read if you can
of course you can
I can also.

Walk if you can
of course you can
I can also.

Run if you can
of course you can
I can also.

Be in love if you can
of course you can,
I can also.

Be a friend if you can
of course you can,
I can also.

Can you end this verse
of course you can,
I can also.

Mahfooz Ali

I Can'T Fail

I have to stay with what I do?
I can never forget, what is so true?
I need to take care of things,
So there are not so many dings,
I need to understand the world around me,
So I can find the key.....

I don't need to run,
From the things I have done,
I want to travel everywhere,
But then still take care, I need to ask,
And not hide under a mask.....

I need to share, I need to care,
I need to get off the shelf,
And not hate myself,
I need to enjoy life,
And not sit home and strife.....

I don't need to race,
I need to set a pace,
I need to stay calm,
And act like a palm,
I can't be stale,
And I can't fail.....

Mahfooz Ali

I Can'T Tell

So close to you I was tonight
I can't describe how very light
how very light you make me feel
I have this overwhelming zeal
to share with you all of this thing
that simply makes me want to sing
when I am with you, the past gone
you give to me a brand new dawn
you make the pain just slip away
all that you do, just liberates
you free my heart of all the pain
you make me feel so very sane
and yet madly in love with you
what is a boy supposed to do
such love for you I feel inside
I fear much longer I can't hide
my love, it is so very strong
I cannot hold it very long
so soon, my love, you will know me well
so soon, my love, you will be mine
but how soon,
I cannot tell.

Mahfooz Ali

I Carry My Dreams

I carry my dreams,
Dreams make everything lighter.
Too much grumbling and complaining
drove into a corner
and out of life,
leaving darkness.

Mahfooz Ali

I Could Hide And Be The Same.

I can't stand it when they humour me,
I can't stand it when they are too blind to see,
But may be I could take it if they could see the light,
If they could be like me, I know be all right.

I am nothing to myself, and nothing to anyone else,
I am sick of all the games that people always play,
I need to find a place where no one knows my name,
a place that I could hide and be the same.

Mahfooz Ali

I Do, We Do

The planting of intertwined wood, I am told
Is a symbol of marriage from long and old
Telling of two becoming as one
Living together growing with Sun
But just as the dew acts as the catalyst
So can we make a mockery of this
As Soul burns through with vicious flame
So we destroy with our blame.

Mahfooz Ali

I Don't Want To Grow Old...

I saw a man today
ancient, tottering,
with sparse white hair.
He moved so slowly
as if wading through
knee deep water,
waves breaking against him,
causing his steps to falter.
The bag of groceries was too heavy;
opening the car door exhausted him.
He hauled the bag into the back
and gradually, so carefully,
slipped into the driver's seat
where he rested.
He had to gather his strength to drive.
Do I want to grow old?
I wonder what it will be like,
this aging, these slow steps
towards the grave.

Mahfooz Ali

I Don'T Understand.

I sit in school and
understand the teacher,
I sit in court and
understand the judge,
I sit under the stars and -
you guessed it....? ? ? ?
Understand God's creation,
and I don't understand.

Mahfooz Ali

I Don'T Want To Be Nameless

If I had any sense,
I would welcome this...
The way you embrace a life.
But then it wouldn't hurt.
And you would be nameless.
The way you can't hear a frog
Until it's dark.

Mahfooz Ali

I Hate Myself

You know I hate myself,
Yet you continually make fun of me.
And I wonder,
Do you do this purposely?
You call me fat,
But you don't need to.
You say I need to lose weight,
But I know I do.
You say I'm ugly,
But that I already know,
that I am not
You say I 've been rejected,
But I 'd rather be alone.
You say nobody wants me,
But I can't blame them.
You say that no one cares for me,
But I know all I am is a problem.
You say I have no intelligence,
But I do.
You say my thoughts are meaningless,
But that's what gets me through.

I promised to myself that day (Remember 12/07/2006)
I will be the smartest as
As I was Two years before,
and here I am,
All that was due to
that I HATED MYSELF.

Mahfooz Ali

I Hate You

I hate you
I hate you
I hate everything you do to me
everything you want me to be
I hate the way you talk behind me
I hate the way you stare at me as I go by
I hate the way you make fun of me
Every single day
I hate the way you make me cry at night
and each and everyday
I hate the way you tried to kill me
I hate the way you kill my emotions
I hate the way you hate me more and more
each and everyday
you are the one that I hate the most for all the things you did
I will hate you more and more every single day
and I also hate my father because.....
he brings you in as
my step-mother.

Mahfooz Ali

I Have A Dream.

I have a dream in my life
And the fire in my heart
The desire for achievements will never part
I think of my better life each night and day
And let my heart just fly away.....
I keep dreaming that I am the one
who can change the Universe
for whom nothing is impossible.....
I am never stopping till its true.....
The dream I have to be success.
I don't feel that I am worth to waste my time
I can be in a better life than worldly affairs.....
It's all just dreams I have
But in my heart I know its true
That there's better life for me ahead.....

Mahfooz Ali

I Have A Story

I have a story that has to be told,
How close I came to loosing my soul.
It happened one night in a hospital room.
Allah touched my heart and saved me from doom.

As I lay in bed all alone that night,
It was dark and I saw nothing in sight.
But, I knew, I knew that someone was there.
I knew someone was there.

The Spirit filled my room that night,
He and the Devil were going to have a fight.
My soul was the cost I'd have to pay if the Devil won,
I covered my head and began to pray to Allah,

It was over the Spirit touched my heart,
I am a child of Allah nothing can break us apart.
I 'm living for our Savior now because I can see,
That's why I love to praise Him for He set me free.

Mahfooz Ali

I Have Lost My Tears.

Where are you tears?

That I wish that I could cry?

Where are you tears?

Aren't you supposed to run down my eye?

Where are you tears?

Shouldn't I cry for?

Where are you tears

Won't you fly like a dove?

where are you tears?

I want you to run down my cheeks?

Where are you tears?

I wish to cry instead of speak?

Where are you tears?

Where are you?

Mahfooz Ali

I Have The Power

I now see that I have the power
as I open my eyes to all that is
I see that I am connected to all that I love
that I can transcend all that I loathe.....

so, I now embrace all that comes my way
though I may not condone,
I may not condemn,
instead, I nurture my body in wellness
as I fill my mind with wisdom and peace.....

and in justice,
I use my voice to speak my innermost truth,
on this day, in this hour
I now see that I have the power.....

Mahfooz Ali

I Know I Do: Soaring Thoughts

While sitting alone in my thought's today,
I wonder what I am thinking,
Of dreams and hopes I yet can live or of yesterday's?
The dreams I live forever,
I hope they never die,
But yesterday's are in the past,
They always seem to buy,
Give up my dreams not ever,
My hopes, I pray will live,
My tomorrow will be, yesterday,
Make them worth the gift,
Each day I live dreaming,
Make room for hopes come true,
If I make a good tomorrow,
Then, anything I can do
I live and learn for tomorrow,
I hope and dream for today,
But my tomorrow is here today,
Soon to be yesterday,
I will do myself a favour
Take some time each day,
To sit in thought on what was said?
There are people who really think of me
Think of those really care or just pretend,
like I know I do....

Mahfooz Ali

I Lost A Friend

We were always together,
We swore we'd never part.
Where I was, there you were,
Best of friends from the start.
We both looked alike,
With hair and eyes of brown.
When you were happy, I smiled,
When I was upset you'd frown.
There was only you in my world,
And no one but me in yours.
We shared everything friends could share,
Our music, our clothes, our chores.
Then suddenly this friendship we knew,
Began to change too fast.
The magic of 'us' has disappeared,
It was clear this wouldn't last.
We struggled and struggled to save it all,
We were put to the ultimate test.
And even though I lost a friend,
I somehow gained a me.

Mahfooz Ali

I Love My Family So Much.

To be apart of a family like mine
is so divine
where love is shown
hurt is shared
our love for each other is never impaired

we talk
we laugh
we cry
but we are a family
and we do it all together
for as a family
we do it all as one

you hurt one
you hurt all
and as a family unit
we will all stand tall
for we are family
a family full of strength
a family full of love
a family no one can touch
that, s why I love my family so much.

Mahfooz Ali

I Love The India

The India,
Is affectionately known as the Hindustan,
And as, that is Bharat
Whenever I think of the India
It always makes me pride.

From Kashmir to Kanyakumari
From the curving mountains of the State Uttaranchal
And the North-East,
To the restful shores of Goa beach
And all the wonderful sights in between
That indeed by everyone should be seen.
Whenever I across our wonderful country
specially on highways,
The beautiful, wonderful sights I see
Make me feel very glad to be born in India.

Also, if one attend our many high schools,
colleges or Universities
And glance through live, will succeed
The India. is a very nice place to be, indeed.

Mahfooz Ali

I Love The Way You Are.....

I love the way you make me laugh
I love the way you make me cry
Tears of joy stream from my eyes
As I hear your voice, a loving surprise.
I love you when you are angry
I love you when you are sad
I love you when you are glad
When you tell me of the day you had

I love you truly
I love you deeply
Ever since the day
I met you
I missed you when you left
I miss you now more than ever
Making a mistake that I regret
Hoping that you are a forgiver

Without you, my life is strife
But now I ask for a second chance
Be with me and start a life
Together forever, an eternal dance
I wait for you as the days go by
My love is growing inch by inch
I cannot wait to see you again
But I wait for you, and your warm hug
I love you

Mahfooz Ali

I Love You So

I love you so, in this lifetime you will never know,
when I see your face my whole being is aglow.
Love will come and love will go, but in my heart I will
always love you so. Wherever you are you must surely
know, I will always love you so.

Love is like a rose with a special glow, it's beauty
exceeds anything in this life that we know.
My love for you is like that rose, it has that special
glow, my life's work will always show, I will always
love you so.

Into the next life I shall go, taking with me this love
with a special glow, one thing you must know, in this
life or the next, I will always love you so.

Mahfooz Ali

I Love You: If I Said It.....

I love you!
But I can not to say it,
I am afraid that
if I said it
I will be died!
I am not afraid to die
I think if I died
No one love you such as I !

Mahfooz Ali

I M Sorry Dad: I Always Defied You

The dark grey road is glistening
in the late midnight rain.
I am feeling weak,
But I am still standing,
waiting for the last bus to Hell.

Look, Dad, I told you I 'd been listening;
I followed your trail through the terrain.
You deceived me,
Denied me every blessing -
see me now,
Boarding the last bus to Hell.

Defiance was my only tool,
in spite of what you told me to,
I defied every single rule.
I am on the last bus to Hell,
Dad, it's too late to save me now.
I am among their rotting carcasses,
I am singing their tortured songs.

Now, I know you never knew the answer,
that I was fated to this somehow.
I have thrown away my crutches,
I know where my soul belongs.

I am on the last bus to Hell, Dad,
take a look at your darling dear!
I stand here as your ill fated son
and its destiny's revenge that you will fear.

Date: 11 th October 2008

Mahfooz Ali

I May Not Hinder

So, in prayer I approach the Allah.....

Allah, I believe,

help me in my unbelief,

I so much want to surrender,

I want to grow beyond this grief,

I want to learn to really love,

To be nourished like the tender leaf.....

I want to see your hand in every failure,

Your victory in every defeat,

May you have compassion upon my struggle

That I may know I am strong when I am weak.....

So in prayer I approach the Allah

Allah, have mercy on me, a sinner

All my attempts to imitate you

I simply offer you as a beginner

Create in me Ya! Allah a loving heart

That your good works I may not hinder.....

I Pray

I pray to always stay up
But around me are things,
that pull me down.

A time will come
and
I will be forever up..

After I destroy things
that pull me down.....

Mahfooz Ali

I Promise

I promise I will always be there
When you are feeling down and low
When your world feels empty
And you have no where to go
I promise I will always be there
When your days are dark and gray
I will be the one to bring you through;
The light that guides your way
I promise I will always be there
When you are feeling all alone
I will be the one to take both hands
And show you the way home
I promise I will always be there
When you need a friend, my Love
I will be the one who will always listen
Whenever you need to talk
I promise I will always be there
To turn your world around
For I am here to make you happy
And never let you down
I promise I will always be there
I promise you I won't tell a lie
to you,
I promise you I won't make you
scared with my words and deeds

When your eyes are shedding tears
I will be the one to kiss them away
And remind you I am always near
When you feel like you can't get through
Your darkest, lonely days
Hold on to this promise, Sweetheart,
Because it will never fade away

Mahfooz Ali

I Promise I Will Do -

I believe that none could love you
quite as deeply as I do;
And yet I often fail to show
the depth of it to you.
I vow to do the little things,
to show you every day;
But one thing or another
seems to get into the way.
I pledge to be more open,
to have courage and be strong;
But some how fear takes over
and then everything goes wrong.
I dream of perfect love for us,
and hope that it will be;
And yet I end up giving you
a less than perfect me.
I want to be much more for you,
be everything you need.
I hope and seek, beg and pray
'Change me Allah! ', I plead.
You are the only one I want.
It is for you I yearn.
I guess, my love, there's still so much
that I have yet to learn.
I cannot give perfection,
but this I promise I will do -
I will spend my life time learning
how to give my love to you.

Mahfooz Ali

I Remember

When I looked into your eyes,
I knew it was true-
My heart never lies-
I was in love with you.

As you stood there
Just looking around
My whole body melted
into the ground.

I remember the day,
I remember the time,
I remember the place,
It is always on my mind.

You looked so good
In your shirt and jeans.
I remember that night
You were in my dreams.

I wished I could be with you
day after day,
Because I love you more
than words can ever say.

Mahfooz Ali

I Saw A Tear Fall From Its Face And Felt Sorrow.

There stood a red rose of elegance,
In a field of loneliness;
The wind blows and each breeze takes a petal,
Its stem is becoming weak;
The clouds are closing in on the rose's place.
The raindrops begin to fall;
Still the wind blows and takes away its beauty,
After hours of pain, the remains stand limp;
As the last petal hang,
I saw a tear fall from its face and felt sorrow.

Mahfooz Ali

I Shed A Tear

I shed a tear today
Silently, I felt it fall
You caught it
shared it
held it
felt it
then
suddenly
it wasn't
so big
after all.

Mahfooz Ali

I Still Need A Mother

I need a mother who would love me
I need a mother who would take care of me
I need a mother who would understand me
I need a mother for who I am
I need a mother to know me
I need a mother who would be there for me
I need a mother who would not yell at her son
I need a mother who won't push her son away
I need a mother who would not throw me out of her life

Even though I still need a mother
Everyday I try to be nice
Sometime she don't care about me
What I need is a mother who would be there for me
I need a mother who would watch me grow
I need a mother who would celebrate my birthday
I need a mother who would miss me

I need a mother to cry on
I need a mother to know that her son loves her

But she won't let me know her
What I need is a mother

Who is no more now.

Mahfooz Ali

I Think You Love

I think you are in love
But I'm not sure if it's so
Because how can you tell
If love is something that you don't know

I think you love
But you can't really explain
You know you feel this feeling
Yet it is hard to say

I think you love
But you don't know how to say it
You need a time and place that exist
That's perfect to tell this

I think you love
But you don't want to scare you
due to your past repercussions
Because of crushing what you feel
Could end too soon

I think you love
But you 'll keep this inside
You 'll let you know
When you feel the time is right.

Mahfooz Ali

I Thought

I thought I will achieve everything in life
I thought I will get everything in life
But I kept on loosing everything in life

I don't know why my dreams broke
I don't know why my dreams did not
come true
I don't know why my eyes kept on
getting new dreams every time.

Mahfooz Ali

I Want To Be A Fog.

I want to be a fog, dark, gray,
Billowing like smoke from a large bonfire.
Blocking sights from being spotted.
Stopping the sun from rising in the morning.
The largest of light reflects off you.
The smallest, however, cuts through.
Be a shapeless, odorless cloud of vapor.
I want to be a fog.

Mahfooz Ali

I Was Pondering Do Trees Get Lonely?

Today I looked out over a field and noticed a tree standing alone in the middle of all that open space, not very exciting by most people's standards, but serenely magnificent to me.

I began to wonder, do trees get lonely?

There this old man stood, an enormous oak, all alone, with only an assortment of weeds growing beneath his awesome arms.

Over 100 years of age I would say he was, his seed carelessly dropped by a mother bird carrying food to her hungry young perhaps.

Had he stood there all those years, alone, with no others to sway with when the winds blew?

I wonder, do trees get lonely?

I should wonder not, for a man will wither and die if left to grow alone. Here before me stands a beautiful creation of Allah.

His magnificence is truly a splendor to behold.

All alone, so happy he must be.

Fortunate am I to have taken time to admire his grandeur, as many would have merely passed him by.

Mahfooz Ali

I Will Remain After I Am Gone.

This way just once I will pass
Life is like a vapour, it cannot last.

The mark that I make is all that will remain.
If I don't make a mark no one will know I came;

To the earth and walked the paths and trod the ways.
I must make an impression that will not decay.

I must do something good for my fellows and family
While I still have a chance, I must do all I can.

I will pass this way once and for all,
My steps must be balanced so I will not fall.

The imprint I leave as I journey along
Is all that will remain after I am gone.

Mahfooz Ali

I Won't Have To Deal, With This Pain Anymore.

Why do those hard times, always fall upon my life?
It hurts to solve those problems, with a bloodstained knife!
Not even my closest friends, could know you,
and when they ask about all, I tell them it's too hard to explain.
My heart starts to pound, another cut I start to make.
This is for all those times I have ever made a mistake!
I feel better now, better than ever before,
Inside my shell I bleed my mistake
Move aside the vines that bury my beaten shell
dig deep within the dirt to reveal my secrets...

You must know Prajna, my mistakes and my hate to you.
You have never been in my life, nor did I place you in my heart
All is because I hate you.....

Now I know I won't have to deal, with this pain anymore,
Because you are no more in my life.

Mahfooz Ali

If I Could

If I could spend a day with you my dreams
would be fulfilled.

If I could spend one hour with you I would
remember every second.

If i could spend a minute with you my heart
would stop in seeing your eyes stare into
mine.

If I could lie under the stars with you I
would remember everything u said.

One night I drempt that you loved me and
you held me in your arms but thats just a
dream and you will only love me in my dreams!

I will just have to keep loving and wanting you
because you are the start that never ends!
Just make my dreams come true.

Mahfooz Ali

If I Had A.....? ? ? ?? ? ? ?

If I had a wishing well, I would wish me well.

If I had a wishing well, don't wish me well than go to hell.

If I had a wishing well, I really hope I won't go to hell.

If I had a wishing well, I wish I could turn back time.

If I had a wishing well, I wish there were no crime.

If I had a wishing well, I wish my life to be long.

If I had a wishing well, I wish everyone would just get along.

If I had a wishing well, I would wish upon a star.

If I had a wishing well, I wish I would have a new chartered plane.

If I had a wishing well, I wish I knew what I were wishing.

If I had a wishing well, I wish I didn't wish so well.

If I had a wishing well, I would wish I had wishing well.

If I had a wishing well, I wish knew how this pain would end.

If I had a wishing well, I wish I would not have wished my life away.

Mahfooz Ali

If I Had The Guts.....

I wish I had the guts
To tell you how I feel.
I wish I could tell you
That all of this is real.
I wish you would understand
That I am not just your friend.
I wish you would open your eyes,
And realize that there is no end.
I will always be by your side day by day.
I will always be the person you lean on,
And my love for you will NEVER fade away...
I wish you knew that you are the one I want
And that I am the one for you.
I wish there was a way I could show you that I care...
I wish you would wake up
And see that I am sincere:
I am always waiting,
And I will always be here.
I wish you were with me,
I wish you would stop and see,
That I will always love you,
And in my heart, you will be.

Mahfooz Ali

If I Should Disappear

If I should one day leave and disappear,
promise to remember my love for you.
Watch white cotton clouds drifting heaven's blue,
I am the soft mist reaching to keep you near.
Leaves will brush you in the breeze to wipe tears
away, for we are joined forever two.
You're my brilliant star, while I'm the light who
first treads black paths, keeping our way clear.

And love, like your starlight, will find its way.
Ours sets me free to raise a mountain,
for your dream house, with vast tulip rainbows.
By life's bridge, we'll wait to hug you again,
with pink roses, and silk angel pillows.....

Mahfooz Ali

If I Were A Bird.

We all crave the freedom
We believe the kings of the sky possess
The freedom to fly, the freedom to soar
Look down on things below
From the pedestal of wind and wings.
Many times I hear from naive tongues
I wish I could fly like the birds,
Flying over trees and oceans
Look at everything in macroscopic light.
Never do I hear from others
What my heart tells me.
I crave the simplicity of instinct
Innate ability to do all required
Rather than the freedom of flight
I look for a set pattern of motions
That my heart can be content with
I look to knowing how to create
Without the hassle of learning
I look to knowing when to die
Without the freedom of life.

Mahfooz Ali

If I Were God

Times I wonder
How this world would be
If only i were God
Judging the actions of men

Then, no child would die
As i block all wars from happening
Would ensure all men love thier wives
Cause I am a standard of love

The sun would always shine
Where the cold is freezing
The rain would always fall
Over the dry desert

All prayers, i would answer accordingly
Cause i know all things
How lovely the world might be
The irony; I can never be God

Mahfooz Ali

If I Were You And You Were Me

If I were you and
You were me
A different world
We each would see.

The problem I see
As very hard
Would be easy to solve
In your back yard.

And I could solve
The challenge that perplexes you
Just as easy as
I can tie my shoe.

Mahfooz Ali

If These Walls Could Talk! ! !

They've seen a lifetime of faces,
centuries of paint and pain,
they've seen old men die and babies walk,
the stories they could tell,
if these walls could talk.

They've seen mankind at its best and worst,
eras of radical change, wars and peace,
and childish scribbles of crayons and chalk,
what stories they could tell,
if these walls could talk.

They've born silent witness to many secrets,
some of lust, some of love, some of greed, none told,
they've seen innocence stolen, and who is at fault,
the stories they could tell,
if these walls could talk.

They've been steadfast through the storms of life,
and they'll be home to many more to come,
to someone who may change this world in ways we never thought,
so, the stories they could tell,
if these walls could talk....

Mahfooz Ali

Ignoble Mother

Some are very nice,
Few have some spice,
Mine is not very nice,
Calls me names, Plays head games, Puts my mind to shame, Fight And Cry,
She calls me blind
as I wear spectacles,
She yells me leper
as I have a marks on my legs,
She calls me bird-catcher
as I m very lean and thin,
Watch my soul die,
Don't want to fight,
Don't want to deal,
Don't want to steal,
Just want to heal,
Her anger is for free,
But I dont want her giving it to me,
Embarres me, Madden me, Sadden me, Ruin me,
I don't care anymore, I' m accustomed to it,
I don't need this crap,
One second she's nice, the next she has spice,
Stop your fronting and leave your grunting,
We fight again and again, to this life there is no end.
She is my step mother.

Mahfooz Ali

I'M So Mad At You

Isn't it funny
We've never been mad at one another
No fights
No disagreements
Nothing
I want to go to sleep
And wake up in the morning still mad
I want to yell
I want you to yell back
I want to be as angry as I have ever been
But love, don't worry
It's o.k.
That is what people who have had a chance to love do
I just wish I could be mad at you.

Mahfooz Ali

Imagination

The twinkling stars beneath the earth
and waver Island
With seeds, blooming bulbs, drumbeats
Lava and dinosaur bones

Mahfooz Ali

In Her Rememberance

Departed but not forgotten
Missed but not lost,
Loved for all her memory
Her life it has cost.

Truly a time of sorrow
Though there's no more pain,
She is free from Earth
Only possessions still remain.

Who she was - is
With us from now on
She lives within our hearts
A Mother is never gone.

Mahfooz Ali

In My Imagination

I am a fearsome viking,
Upon the stormy seas,
Sailing in my gravy boat
Across the Bay.

In my imagination
I rule as I would a king.
Each day a new adventure,
A fresh surprise will bring.

Mahfooz Ali

In Search Of

Today I rose and searched for God:
I looked beneath a wooden chair,
I peered in places very odd.

I climbed upon a mountain high,
and forged beneath the sea and more.
The searching only brought a sigh,
my wanderings had left me sore.

Today I sit and wonder why.
I run my fingers through my hair,
I wonder why I cannot spy.

I think that now I realize
my God is with me all the time.
I need not search, no big surprise;
my God is in my heart – sublime.

Mahfooz Ali

In Special Way

Thank you for being our mother
mother of trio.....
And bringing us into this world.
Thank you for nourishing us
And teaching us right from wrong.
Thank you for sheltering us
And keeping us from harm.
Thank you for hugging us when
our worlds turned upside down.
Thank you for believing in us
When no one else came around
Thank you for guiding us
When we had lost our way
Thank you for smiling at us
When there was nothing left to say.
Thank you most for loving us
and wiping out tears away.
Thank you for being you
in your own special way!

Mahfooz Ali

In The Eyes Of A Dreamer.....

Alone in the woods, a single leaf drops.
Such a sight can encompass the purpose of life,
If one knows how to look at it?

If a logical person sees it,
all he sees is a leaf falling to the Earth.
Nothing more, nothing less.

But once a dreamer lays eyes upon it,
the whole world is summed up in a single motion.
It represents Life,
Death,
and
everything in between them.

Mahfooz Ali

In The Memory Of My Mother, Naseem.

Only a few will ever have
A claim to immortality.
A name long surviving
In the annals of posterity.
Yet, those who have loved,
And who were loved,
Though they may pass quietly
Through this world,
Will always have their memory
Alive in the prayers,
Enshrined in the hearts,
Eternalised in the souls,
Of those who knew their love.
A life surviving in others
Has the promise of perpetuity.
With a certain claim
To a special immortality.

Mahfooz Ali

India The Beautiful: Ohhhhhhhhhhh! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Oh India, India the beautiful
India where the bravery is fruit
Thy labour where is the smile from
Face is the inhabitant of the country.
The enemy has invaded and cost many lives.

Oh, India what a terrible day it was when
the terrorist attacked India, gloom hunged
heavily over the people as their hearts
and being turned apart.

What was the terrorist was trying to achieve
or was their motive purely evil?
They brought terror to our nation and planted sorrow and grief
upon people who decided to be strong to fight back
the only way they knew how.

We will pull ourselves together as a nation and
Show the world that we can be strong as
we were before and pull the enemy to his knees.

Oh, India the beautiful your light shines
Beautiful and bright for the entire world to see
and your courage is beyond belief and the people
Are blessed to be living there.

Mahfooz Ali

Indian Male

Is he the one who frowns when she is born?
is he the one who grumbles when she grows up?
is he the stumbling block when she goes to school?
is he one who objects to her independence?
is he the one who burns her when she marries?
is he the great one who can live without her?
his mother, sister, wife?

Mahfooz Ali

Ingleesh Ees A Phunny Langwaje: A Humorous Look

Eye no knot y eye right this weigh
or if it makes cents two ewe,
its just the weigh eye learned it all,
was it the same whey fore ewe?

Eye was taut their were sum burdens,
Inn hour language wee must bare.
Eye struggle when righting English
four ewe all to reed and share.

Sum daze, eye can bee all confused,
sew, its off in space eye stair.
Eye knead to no witch sew is sow,
can eye get sum knowledge sum wear?

It started when eye was younger
and hour family quite paw,
wee did odd jobs to urn the doe
instead of braking the lore.

But the words have maid me crazy,
eye no knot what eye should do.
English has scent my head spinning
Is it the same weigh four ewe?

(Not an original work...just thought taken from sources)

Mahfooz Ali

Innate Child

You are the child in me when are
you going to come out.
As you grow each day in me makes me
wonder everyday about you.
What are your features are and
what are you going to be.
I hear your heart beat and it
melts mine. I see a body of
you but I want you to come
out to share those days
together forever.
As my love grows faster for you,
I can't wait to show you.
The times I laugh out of the blue
makes me wonder about you.
The times I cry makes me wanna
show you why?
Are you listening to me I always wonder can this
be it with you.
Until then you have people waiting for you.

Mahfooz Ali

Innocent Child

In the eyes of an innocent child, you see all, you know all.

In the eyes of an innocent child, you know why the sky is blue and the leaves fall.

In the eyes of an innocent child, There is no peace and there is no war.

In the eyes of an innocent child, There is only peaceful co-existence.

In the eyes of an innocent child, There is only here and now and nothing in the distance.

In the eyes of an innocent child, there are the colours of the rainbow, black and white.

In the eyes of an innocent child, Grey areas are not right.

We look at things in grey, black and white, but not like a rainbow.

Some say we even look through rose coloured glasses.

It would be nice if we could look at the world through the eyes of an innocent child.

Mahfooz Ali

Inspiration

If I had known
Whittle a stick
Way ward heart
Scintilla of magic
Footsteps in the hall
Morning wakens pure
Surrender to my grace.....

Mahfooz Ali

Inspiration From Newton's Law....

The story
goes like this...
There is an apple, and
there is a tree. "The apple, " it
is said, "does not fall far from the tree."
So why is it...when I look up at the tree,
that has shaded and sheltered me;
Why don't I see apples?
When
I look
up,
I
see
instead,
a glorious nut tree.

Mahfooz Ali

Inspiration Retreats

The sky turns to grey,
As bleak winter approaches,
Doubt overwhelms me.

Time passes slowly
When inspiration retreats.

Mahfooz Ali

Intensity

People always say I write too intense
But how can something that you pour
whole body, heart, mind, and soul into be
too passionate?

Poetry is when you put your heart on a
platter for all to see and criticize,
whether it's bad or good?

Written word is how people express their
passions and grievances and how can that be
too intense?

Poetry is a reflection of life and of being.
How can that be too intense?

It takes a strong person to express their
fears, loves, and grievances to everyone.

Poetry is an assortment of raw emotion that
is clustered together to form a reflection
of a person.

Poetry is life and heartfelt.
How can that be too intense?

Mahfooz Ali

It Doesn'T Matter.

I never give up easily.
After everything,
how could I?
I don't care that I never get in return.

All that matters to me,
Is that challenge,

challenge to fight,
challenge to survive,
challenge to attain,
challenge to love,
challenge to obsession,
challenge to dream,
challenge to achieve.

But I never give up easily,

Whether I accept that or not,
it doesn't matter.

Mahfooz Ali

It Was Just A Dream

Awake! Awake!
I heard the call,
So far away my memory crawled
Along the dark and lonely pit
To see what I could make of it.

The light came rustling in the room.
I realized it was almost noon;
I had been asleep so long,
it seemed.....
As if my life had been redeemed.

I had closed my eyes for just a bit,
And I, but, thought I would dug a pit.
It was just a dream;
a nightmare sure
Where nothing really did occur.

Mahfooz Ali

It's Time To Go To Bed

I guess it's time to rest,
All of the days chores are done,
All of the mistakes made are forgotten,
To think about the day ahead,
To plan what you should do?
Close your eyes and go to sleep.
And it's time to go to bed.

Mahfooz Ali

Just A Thought?

Look for a rainbow after the rain
Look for hope after you cry
Let happy thoughts feel your head
Never let anyone discourage you
You're fine as you are
Look on for happier days
Put everything bad behind you
Forgive and learn to love again
Appear happy even if not
Everything can't be forgotten
Everything can't be put behind
Tears come and go
Hope and Courage can be found anywhere
Good friends are forever or lost
I hope that this works out for the better
I want you as my wife
I want this to be a new beginning
Lets make things right again.

Mahfooz Ali

Just About An Imagination.

I Imagine a paper that is unstained in ink
And I have given a day in forever to think.
My pencil is sharpened, My mind is alight,
And yet I cannot think of something to write.

I think about stories, I think about plots,
But all on my paper are some inky dots.
I draw a nice doodle on the side of my page,
A dog or a horse or a little bird cage.

I write down a word and thoughts scribble it out
and I am not quiet sure what I am thinking about.
I pull out my hair and I bite on my nails
My mind starts to wander and begins to bail.

I pull out a book or an inspirational movie,
And think about so many things it's a doozy,
And wonder about things that are all quite strange,
And question if may be I just cannot change.

After all that I think and that I do,
And after the span of an hour or two,
I begin to see what I have missed all night,
Just what I think I will be able to write.

So, I set on my paper with pencil in hand,
Sharpener near by a paperclip stand.
My words scrawl across it and up it and down.
I start to amaze and inspire and astound.

Mahfooz Ali

Just Look At Me.

Just Look at me writing,
Writing with a pencil,
so smooth.
So gentle.
So kind.
Yet just look at me
writing my poetry, my
love.
For all.

Mahfooz Ali

Kaleidoscope

The pictures flash across my mind
As memories of you unwind.
Your loving touch, your sweet embrace,
Your soothing voice, your smiling face.
Your patience came from who knows where
So much love and time to share.

The many things you did for me,
You spanked my butt, and patched my knee,
Sewed my clothes, played
"Lets Pretend"
Dried my tears—you were my friend.
I remember you were always there
Ready to love—willing to care.

I wonder, do we ever say
The things we really should each day?
Like,
"Let me help"...
"I am sorry too."
"Miss you"...
"Thanks Mom"...
"I love you."
Though many words I left unsaid.
I hope you felt my love instead.

04/10/08

Mahfooz Ali

Kisi Aisi Jagah.....

Le chalo mujhe kisi aisi jagah.....
Jahan mera mann azaad ho,
Jahan mera sar ooncha ho.
Jahan ilm ke baagh hon,
Jahan yeh duniya hadon mein na bandhi ho,
Le chalo mujhe kisi aisi jagah.....

Kisi aisi jagah jahan lafz,
Sachchai ki gahrai se aatey hon,
Koi aisi jagah jahan rasta manzil ban jata ho,
Jahan majboori aadat mein na badalti ho,
Le chalo mujhe kisi aisi jagah.....

Mahfooz Ali

Kona

Lamha-lamha todkar
Jeeyo har pal
Ud jayegi yeh
Zindagi paani.

Qatra-qatra sokh kar
Pee lo har boond
Sookhega phir yeh aasmaan.

Chappa-chappa chhaankar
Mehsoos ho har kona
Yeh duniya hai
Ek bichhauna.

Khanggaalo chhanni se
Pal-pal ki boond
Sirf hoga tera apna 'mahfooz'
Koi ek kona.

Mahfooz Ali

Lady Of Mine..

My lady is strong of will and mind.
She should not be selfish.
She should be kind.
My lady is loving.
She can be on her own.
Together is good.
But so is time alone.
I would hope that she enjoys dressing
and looking feminine,
even in jeans or skirts.
Physical looks to me really don't matter
and no matter how unoriginal it sounds,
inner beauty is more important to me.
My lady will travel wherever the road goes
Along with me
We would share adventures that keep us on our toes.
My lady loves humor.
Jokes of all kinds.
My lady is understanding
when I don't call all the time.
She never calls me liar
And untrustworthy
She believes me with
Close eyes.
I am not a mystery man for her
As she knows my nature and characteristics
And tries her best to
Extricate me and
From me
She knows that I care.
She doesn't need to whine.
I know that she's out there.
But she's so hard to find.
I pray that someday I will find this lady of mine....

Mahfooz Ali

Last.....

People come and people go
Years pass quickly by
This world was made by a Allah I can't see
And I am wondering how and why.

People have come into my life
Then just as quickly vanished
It makes me aware to the fact
That I 've still never been kissed.

I miss them all so very much
Rachna, Preeti, Kirti and so many
You might say this is my life's story
Of how I truly fell.

Fallen from grace I am
But still thriving here below
Trying to live life to the fullest
Before I have to go.

I 've lived life to the fullest
I can tell you things I 'm not meant to know
But I need to leave now
Understand this, so...

Let me tell you goodbye
Goodbye to all
And still it never ends.

It only ends if I fly
And to fly high I will
I 'm crying hard and lots
I 've never been loved but still...

I don't expect you to understand
For not even I do
Weep not for my death in future days
For at last, I love you.

Leaf

I found a leaf in my verandah,
Released from a tree out of doors,
It's colors smeared soily
The shape of the leaf I have never seen.
I walked out,
Looking for the tree,
from it has fallen
I vowed that,
The leaf I'll press in the pages of my favourite book,
as my bookmark of reminescences.

Mahfooz Ali

Leaving The Past Behind

Looking to the future
Is like a suture
Closing the wounds of time
That we received while on this mountain of life we climb
They say never look down
If you did you would be the fool
For you would be looking into your past
And will make you fall real fast
Into the depths of self pity
That makes you feel real crappy
If there is one thing I can teach from this poem
Or may be you will learn on your own
Is that life can be harsh and unkind
But it's not half as bad, when you leave the past behind.

Mahfooz Ali

Lessons

Will you fill me with your heavenly love, mother?
Will you teach me to have a heart of gold?
Will you teach me to love the young and old?

Yes, beta, mother said, it has been told
If you love the Allah your heart will be gold.
Love the young, their lives are a mystery.
Love the old, they teach you history.

Mahfooz Ali

Let Me Sleep

I slumber in the thought of you
Resting peacefully in your embrace
Thinking of the thrill of you
Shinning on your face

I sleep inside the heart of you
The passion of your beat
I am held by what I am
With love that is complete

I snore inside the voice of you
Awakening my soul
And simply cause I know of you
And what I can't control.

Mahfooz Ali

'Let This Pain End.'

There's something wrong with me
with all this hurt inside,
always bursting with anger,
and never any pride.

If all I do is cry,
I can't stop this pain
all I want to do is die.

If my emotions run wild,
all this confusion does
is make me feel like a lost child.

With all these terrible things,
always there and never gone
depression is what it brings.

If I can't stop these thoughts,
all this pain does
is turn my head in blue.
Something is truly wrong with me
when I think there's only one way out,
'Let this pain end.'

Mahfooz Ali

Life Is Something We All Must Face.

Hard times come and hard times go.
Will they stop?
I don't know.

Is it me or is it you?
Can almighty help?
If not, then who?

Darkness surrounds the world
though it shines through,
Humanity seems to glow.
Thick or thin, big or small
teach your children to love,
one and all.

The hate **MUST** stop.
We **MUST** unite.
Save,
Let our soul shine bright.

Life is something we all must face,
feelings are things you can't replace.

Mahfooz Ali

Life Ride: Some Thoughts About?

My life moves, and I am along for the ride.
A ride..... I don't want to be on.

It has all the things I am frightened of.
I want to get off.
I can't though.
I am stuck.
The buckle is holding me back from jumping out.

I can't take it.
I am going to bust.
It's not worth it.
I don't care.
It's going too fast.

Why did I get pressured into this?
This wasn't the ride I wanted to go on.
This wasn't the ride for me.
I was stupid.

I want off.
I can't take this.
I need to get off this ride.
I don't know what going to happen next.
I am out of my comfort zone.

One dip comes after the other, all downward.
I shouldn't have gotten on.

The ride is ending.
The constraint is lifted.
I give a fake smile.
Just like I always do.

I never wanted to be on this ride.
My life.

Mahfooz Ali

Life: A Salutation

Today when I was
sitting near my balcony
having a sip of tea
alongwith glance
at Newspaper,
an injured bird
out of the blue
fallen in my feet,
profused blood
incessantly flowing
from her wings.
I could feel the pain of her
but expression was too lively
of her broken wings
and injured feet
she was trying to fly
by putting her full energy,
though she died, but
it was not mere a death,
she fought like a warrior
with a desire to win.
I salute her for a thought.
Yes! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !
Life is fruitful,
if we live for success
and never give up
till our last breath.

Mahfooz Ali

Life: I Will Get My Rhyme.

The life I lead is like poems
in which I am the poet
the actions I take will write each verse
Even though I may not think it.....

Occasionally I might look back
At the verse of times gone by
And realize there is no rhyme
Leaving just one question...how?

I try to figure out
Why rhyme is not made clear
And soon I see that here and there
It's been more far than close.....

And finally now I have come to see
I know I am almost there
But out of reach is that one last edge
It just seems so untouched.....

But soon enough the problem is solved
And I have reached my time
The answer is: find the meaning of life
And I will get my rhyme.....

Mahfooz Ali

Life: In Being Myself

The rising of the sun
and the setting of it also
were seen today
and will be tomorrow.

When something is happened once
it will surely happen again,
somewhere to someone.

History repeats itself
and surprises are few.
And today will bring nothing
that is genuinely new.

Except for life itself
which the Allah does create,
unique individuality,
nothing by mistake.

Once we have been created

there will never be another.

And this is why I have so much joy

in being my self!

Mahfooz Ali

Life: Quite Unwelcome

Life came to visit me,
Quite unwelcome,
She came.
Not through a door,
Nor a window,
But she came,
Untame.
She brought me choice,
But she took my dream.
She took my thoughts,
She took my pain.

Mahfooz Ali

Limitless Horizon

Limitless is the horizon.
always there,
right in front of me:
Oh! ! ! ! ! ! How I long to see?
What's beyond that edge,
that precipice
in space and time.

No matter how I quest,
I cannot get to where
the other side is clear
just that I know
it's near.

And yet, it's not time
for I have much to rhyme
and do and say and be
here in this place,
my earth,
until I grow my wings.

Mahfooz Ali

Little About Passion

Passion kills,
Passion thrills,
Passion fills,
with a sense of purpose.....

Passion may chill,
Passion makes ill,
Passion is still,
Pain mistaken as passion.....

(27/Jan/'09)

Mahfooz Ali

Little Boy Prince

When I was born.
I was chosen to run free.
I had a dream last night,
of sweets, chocolates and ambrosia.
And in the midst.
Of all the smoke and debris.
There I stand, wondering?
Will I be free?
And my dream came true.

Mahfooz Ali

Little Girl Or Little Boy

I'd like to feel the joy of raising
my own little girl or boy.
To be there for 'daddy I love you'
and help unwrap every festival toy.

I'd like to hold their hands and
guide them as they try to walk.
I'd like to hear the mumbling of
words when they first learn to talk.

I'd like to be there for them the
moment they feel the need to cry.
To be the one to comfort them and to
dry their crying eye.

I'd like to teach them the glory of
always honoring their mother.
I would teach them honesty and to
always respect their brother.

I'd teach them to learn from their
mistakes and not to live in shame.
I would always be there as their
dad to honor my name.

Mahfooz Ali

Loathsome Fear

This is one thing that I most fear,
which neither death nor life may save me from,
when I seek you and you aren't near.

I call your name but you wouldn't hear,
a yell of an utmost plea, and you won't succumb.
This is one thing that I most fear.

If you let go of me and disappear,
what's an empty life, though I have this freedom?
when I seek you and you aren't near?

To have found you anywhere but here,
will turn every good thing in this world loathsome.
This is one thing that I most fear;

I will swear to everything that I hold dear
that I would curse it if the day should come
when I seek you and you aren't near.

Each passing moment is making it clear,
certain as the lines written on my palm;
This is one thing that I most fear:
when I seek you and you aren't near.

(Writing is not just something writers dream about. So, I write on! Poemhunter I am back with no anomalies....)

Mahfooz Ali

Locked Vision.

I can look up to the light
whenever I feel sad -
the sun will shine for me so bright.

I can touch the wind at once
when I want to
and turn the world around.

And I can reach up to the stars
and pull them down to hide
the vision locked in my eyes.

Mahfooz Ali

Loneliness

I sits on the street corner.
Hundreds of people pass by me without a
glance.
They don't stop to raise a helping hand,
Not even to give their directions.
My long hair blows on my face,
My clothes are soaked from the rain, and
face is covered in dirt.
I have no place to call home.
I am just alone.
Would you help me? Or walk by like the
others?
Think about it,
may be you are alone.

Mahfooz Ali

Lost Innocence

The small boy sits in the corner
waiting for his father into return.
He is afraid to move about,
He might be punished for that also.
He believes his father
will bring him something good.
But when his dad walks through the door,
all he has is the bottle in his hand.
He runs to embrace his father
and receives a blow to the head.
When the fragile child awakens,
He is in much pain.
His drunken father lies on the couch,
without a care in the world.
He returns slowly and quietly
To his darkened corner,
And says to himself
'Wouldn't it be great if my father loved me,
More than the bottle in his hand.'

(Views Taken from a short story in hindi.)

Mahfooz Ali

Lost Love

Sky has fallen with soft kisses from the rain.
My heart breaks when I hear your name.
Softness of your skin fills my head like a hurricane.
Just to see you one more time before I go insane.
When I hear them
talk about love,
I see you and me,
and what was to be.
But love has
gone like the rains in the hurricane.

Mahfooz Ali

Lost Pen

I just found a pen
The use no longer a need.
A mystery
What it locks or reopens
It becomes just a token.
A pen without a cap
Alone discarded in a box.
Sometimes its lying in a drawer
With other things ignored.
I can't throw it away because
One dropp of ink may make a million think
Its need I may discover.
A pen and paper together
Is like finding a lost lover.

Mahfooz Ali

Lost Words

Because of words that were never spoken
the truth is sometimes lost.

With love there is suppose to be
communication, but when silence
is the answer it says it all.

Words left in your mind come
out of your mouth at the wrong
time. We have many unclaimed words
that need to be accounted for, so
that we can get on with our lives
and move forward....

Mahfooz Ali

Love Always: Words Unwritten

These words I write are only for you,
To help you smile whenever you are blue.
With love and passion they flow from me,
To the one I love and want to see.

You are the one I need,
You are the one that feels so right.
If meant to be forever more,
I am sure we will find the key to the door.

A love like our's is a wonderful thing,
I often wonder if it will lead to a ring.
But for now I wait to see lifes' plan,
And be for you a loving man.

All my love always...

Mahfooz Ali

Love At A Glance

I'm in love with you.
Are you going to reciprocate?
Am I going to get something out of this?
I want you to love me.
Be mine.
Say you'll never leave.
Always stay by my side.
I have given up everything for you.
Friends, life, love for all people but you.
And if you say you love me too
Will you mean it?
I'm tired of the waiting, and wondering
and wishing us for us to be together.
Will we get married?
Will we have children?
Will we have a quaint little house
white picket fence?
No, we won't.
Not, until you be mine.

Mahfooz Ali

Love Is Many, Many Things

Love your country,
Love your life,
Love your family,
Especially your wife.
Love can be many, many things,
For many people; it all depends
On just what you're seeking.
Love your neighbor,
And your enemies too,
Then one day -
It will come back to you.
Love is like a precious flower;
It will grow or will devour;
It all depends on care that's given,
And efforts put forth into the living.
Love your master and your Lord,
For all the great things he has given.
Without God, there would not
Be a world to love,
Or a way to have our sins be forgiven.

Mahfooz Ali

Loving You Is A Sin

My heart does cry with blood
My eyes do tear with pain
My feet tremble with fear
Everyday it's hate I gain

Lies have turned against me
Shame does live within
I cannot breathe no longer
Loving you is a sin

It's time to say good-bye
No longer shall you pretend
Live your life, be free
While my life meets its end.

Mahfooz Ali

Lullaby For A Missing Child

Little boy blue
I would if I could
Haul you up in my mended fishnet.

Jewels of rising moon aglow
And in place of all my food
Gift the globe to you.

I sit long by twilit window
the trouble with all other boys
other joys yet...

they are not you...Little boy blue.

Mahfooz Ali

Lynched

Waiting alone in a quiet room
Bad things are what I start to assume
I wait longer and longer for the word to come
As my body starts to feel nervous and numb
The door opens and my (Ex) wife comes in
I can already feel my pain from within
As she tells me she will not be here for me
But for the house that I bought
With the help of her as a friend
my eyes fill up with painful tears
I flashed myself back to the past
I was married to her against all odds
Lynching the feelings of parents and siblings
But soon realized it a bad marriage
Wife never had any feelings or relations with me.
Resultantly to separation
Never experienced what marriage is?
But one thing is for sure that I never loved her
But embroiled in a relationship
Which is called as marriage?
People always tell me that I will be fine
But divorce is hard but I opted for
Now I don't want to see her ever again in my life
I guess I was wrong when I thought she was a friend
she lied about me, hurt me, just like she did to my promise
I feel like by her I am constantly being smothered
And I hope one day she feels guilty for what she did to me and my
Second chance to life (The girl with whom I fell in love)
and to a 32-year-old man which she used to called her kid.

Mahfooz Ali

Ma, Kiss The Pain Away

When I was just a little boy and would hurt myself at play,
I would run and find Ma, and she would kiss the pain away.
The tears would turn to laughter; I was happy on my way.
Oh, how I remember Ma when she kissed the pain away.

But now I 'm a man, and the pain is in my heart.
My life is not the way I planned; I was happy at the start.
My dreams are all gone, and I've gone astray.
Ma, please, please, come and kiss the pain away.

Ma, kiss the pain away like you did in days gone by.
Ma, kiss the pain away; dry these teardrops from my eyes.

The ways of the world are too much for me.
If only I could have known what I was too blind to see.
I would listen to no one; I had to do it my way.
Ma, please, please come and kiss the pain away.

Ma, kiss the pain away like you did in days gone by.
Ma, kiss the pain away; dry these teardrops from my eyes.

Mahfooz Ali

Maa, You Don'T Know Me.

Mom, I think you don't know me
and I will keep it my way
because if you knew me
I don't know what you would say.

I keep my secret
by telling little white lies.
Its better than truth I never spoke,
that person you would despise.

But what do you think I am doing
when I stole two rupees from your purse.
I bet you would never expect
I am stepping closer to my inner conscious.

So mom you will never know
that I harm self.
I will never make you go through
that sense of alarm.

So as you stay oblivious
To what I really do
just listen when I say
Mom, I love you

Mahfooz Ali

Man Wishes To See.....

Where there is death, man sees a life.

Where there is cowardice, man sees self-preservation.

Where there is unnecessary violence,
man sees no other possible option.

Where there is injustice, man sees fate.

Where there is no answer, man sees God.

Where there is greed, man sees the wealthy.

Where there is theft, man sees the poor.

Where there is sadness, man searches for hope.

Where there is hope, man sees happiness.

Where there is wrong-doing, man sees everything but himself.

But where there is love, man is blind.

Mahfooz Ali

Marriage: Stages To Be Fololwed

First, marriage should be love
all encompassing, total, and free.
Love that grows stronger each day
soft murmurs of Thee, Thee, Thee.

Second, marriage should be sacrifice
giving of self, regardless of reward.
Gift gladly given, with open heart
shielded from life's harsh sword.

Third, marriage should be commitment
utter loyalty, deep to the bone.
Absolutely, no questions asked
faithfully promised, never alone.

Lastly, marriage should be forever
family bonded, yet all still free.
Lives joined with love, sacrifice, and commitment
an eternity promised with -
Thee, Thee, Thee

Mahfooz Ali

Maryam Again For You.; A Limerick

When I need a friend,
Maryam is there till the very end,
And I will say this again and again,
'please give me more comments'
that I could ask my sister Maryam from Pakistan,

Mahfooz Ali

Maryam..... Its For U.....

Maryam..... plz aur comments do bhai....main khush ho raha hoon.....

Mahfooz Ali

May Be Just A Thought.

Sometimes, most of the time,

I wake up thinking about us,

Wishing things had never gone wrong,

Wishing things were great again,

Hoping for a bright, big future with you.

I know things have changed, and we have changed too.

I was wishing the changes would be toward us and not against us.

It feels like my life is in the middle of a tornado:

Spinning around and around,

Not willing to stop until all the damage is done,

And my heart is completely broken.

I always wished that you should do according to me,

And even I waited for that day

That never came.

The storm is over now, and things are calm.

My mind is at ease knowing that I have

now accepted the changes and will go on.

Every morning there will still be a thought of us,

A good one I hope, or may be just a thought.

May Be One Day I Will Find Her: My True Soulmate.

Sitting here down on the ground,
pondering? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Will my love ever be found?

With great hope I pray and wait,
searching for a true soul mate.

Mahfooz Ali

Maze: Hazy The Foggy

All is hazy as you peer,
through this wonder
in which man cannot touch,
there is a beauty too great
for the human eye to behold.
A shadow, a large phantom,
that vanishes just as it appears,
leaving behind on a mist,
a dampness to the human touch.

Mahfooz Ali

Me: The Real One

I want people to know me
Not the person I pretend to be
It is not the real me
It is an act.....
People know the person I betray
The real me is deep inside
Yelling 'Help, let me out, '
But I am afraid to show
The person deep inside me.....
For he is full of feelings, love, and compassion.
He is complicated and yearns for attention.
He is the real me
He is who I am
He is who I want you to know
He is the real me.....

Mahfooz Ali

Me: Wish To Be

Internal conflicts
of eternal desire
unceasing passions
flaming fire

two polar natures
in my life
good and evil
in constant strive

empathy reigns
vanity soars
ears attuned
then ignores

a man of strength
is my plea
this is the me
I wish to be.

Mahfooz Ali

Medica Herbal Research And Laboratory

Awake my soul and breathe at last
The freshness of the day.
MHRL is not the chain that binds,
For Allah has paved the way.

So carefully he planned my life;
For mine, he gave his own.
Why did I turn my back on him
When his mercies I could have known?

I searched for cures through clouded eyes
To remedy my needs.
I did not know that Satan lied
With solutions to my pleas.

The cure for haunted me.
The answers were unknown.
Heart knows no exemption
When good health you long to own.

Yet, there amidst the bitter storm
My Savior kind and pure,
Touched the brave souls of medicine
And gave the world a cure.

Melancholy Of Tree

It cries to me the tree

Asking let me be,

like a human you see

Mourns grew loudly,

of pain and poverty.

That society inflicted severely

Why can't we live graciously, for our God almighty?

Treating them kind and tenderly,

so they could be around for eternity

Maintaining, surviving beautifully

But branches of sadness still growing wildly

Trying to escape the world's cruelty,

instead it withers away quietly

And the picture is now gloomy,

for I can't see my precious tree

Some day it will be able to grow freely and be happy

Reminding me of myself, all the pain I felt

My heart was the stem,

each branch was connected to a problem

Ridges on the tree representing my skin,

all the times I tried to grow

But my dreams were stunted,

like an animal I was hunted

Chopped down, making no sound as my body fell to the ground

Asking for only one plea,

to wash away grief

In each wave of the sea,

letting our conscience be filled with purity

As rain falls protecting it safely,

stopping the cries of the trees.....

Mahfooz Ali

Melody

I sat through endless lessons,
But couldn't understand them.
Still, I took classes every night
because my parents planned them.

The pictures in my books
Show all the ways they taught me.
But I would never sing or play,
Due to what fate had brought me.

They took me to a doctor.
He said, "He has lost his hearing."
The diagnosis that he gave
was one that they were fearing.

My parents were despairing.
To me, it did not matter.
I saw and felt the music now
without the noise and chatter.

My parents shouldn't worry
There's music all around me now.

Mahfooz Ali

Memories Past

The days pass so quickly
Time is in a rush
Feelings of loneliness
Toys collecting dust
The child that you were
No longer exists
Replaced by a woman
Glimpsed through a mist
Ties that are broken
Now bond to another
But the memories of that child
Still belong to a mother.

Mahfooz Ali

Mendacious Truth

I feel like a fish on a hook
because when I take a look
I feel a jerk
and I close my eyes
the eyes that reveal the lies.
I look at a picture on the wall
and I feel that I might fall.
Lies I am told just get old.
Gullible
I know I am
So I will be bold to face the pain
and to break the boxes of lies.

Mahfooz Ali

Merry Christmas: (To All Christians Over Poemhunter With Warm Wishes)

A

Christmas

tree can fill with joy,
the heart of every girl and boy.

And it can

always make smile

and

cherish laughter all the while,

Mahfooz Ali

Miracles Can Be Possible.

Dark nights, Pains and Sorrows.

All that will change tommorrow.

Hopeless and fears.

Will all be clear.

Just believe in yourself.

And happiness will be near.

I was once lost but now I am found.

And believe me it feels better than what it sounds.

There can be miracles if you believe...I am the example.....

to tell you the sample.

Mahfooz Ali

Mirage

Lying there in the dark
not able to sleep
I couldn't get you off my mind
can't really explain why
it's not as if I loved you
we'd only just met weeks ago but
I felt like I'd know you for years
you were so perfect
not a single solitary flaw
all this took me by surprise
it couldn't be real
I completely admired you
I could recall every conversation
all the sweet things you said
how safe I felt with you
the way you looked at me
you made me feel special
it destroyed me when I had to leave
but I would never forget you
I could never forget you.

(Written on 24/August/2001)

Mahfooz Ali

Mistakes Make Us Unique.

Mistakes can occur at any time,
Mistakes can create problems,
Mistakes can change lives.
We must be forgiving,
we must accept we are all human,
Mistakes make us unique.
I can forgive.
I can forget.....

Mahfooz Ali

Monkey

I am a monkey I live at the zoo
If you come see me I will entertain you

I like to swing from tree to tree
I wish you could come and play with me

I love bananas, I love how they taste
but the peel outside is such a waste

Here comes my boyfriend his name is Big Jim
I'm going to go monkey around with him

Hey quit watching close your eyes
or you may get a BIG SURPRISE

Mahfooz Ali

Monster

I found a monster last night
As I climbed into my bed.
I heard him breathing
And hoped he was dead.

The monster spoke to me
Making me jump out of my skin.
He wasn't there to hurt me
My friendship he wanted to win.

I let him crawl up into my bed
And we sat and talked like old friends.
He told me he would protect me
And hoped our friendship never ends.....

and that monster is now my best friend.

bhnnnnnnnn bhnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnbhnnnnnnnnnn

Mahfooz Ali

Mother

Oh mother, I am so weary; can you not
gather me in your arms and never let
me go. Oh mother, my arms are outstretched
in supplication, in supplication
for your embrace; but you are never here,
never near. I beseech you to hear my
voice crying; crying out for you; mother,
mother, mother, mother, mother.

Oh mother, I am the child you bore;
the child you tore. Would it have been
better if I had never come from your
womb? I am; I am a motherless child.
I stretch out my life force in supplication;
in supplication; receive me. I am
your child; your first born. Receive me
for I have done no wrong. Hold me to
your breast forever.

Mahfooz Ali

Mother A Special Gift

A mother is given a special gift,
To bring life into this world.
It really doesn't matter if,
The child's a boy or girl.

A mother's life is more than one,
A doctor, a friend, a protector.
Her full time job is never done,
A teacher, a judge, a corrector.

God gave her life to give to you,
From his heavenly home up above.
God wants you to always remember,
'Mother is another name for love! '

Mahfooz Ali

Mother Dear

Whenever you need to talk,
Whenever you need some cheer;
Forget me not, my darling,
For I am always here.

Let not the distance matter,
heaven is not so far
For with every passing year;
Though they find us ever distant,
My heart is ever near.

But forgetting all else about me,
In your heart, keep this most clear;
You were the first girl I ever loved,
And always will be, Mother dear.

Mahfooz Ali

Mother Is Best Define By Her Heart..

What makes a mother a mother?
What makes her different from another?

Is it the stride in her walk?
The way she might talk?
The look in her eyes
The sound of her cries.

Could it be the taste of her food?
Could it be her attitude?
Perhaps her outlook on life
Maybe the sum of her strife.

May be I have overlooked the most important part
May be a mother is best define by her heart....

Mahfooz Ali

Mother...

I remember mother staying up
all night when I was sick.
She held my hand, with tear filled eyes
on my first day of school.
Many nights mom was there to help
ease my heartaches and crushes.
Mother would make me strive for my goals,
she always said, 'Hold your head high! '
This isn't a stroll down memory lane
this is a thanks for your sacrifices for me.
I cannot repay you money wise, but
I can repay you with love and respect.
My hope is that my children admire me,
only half as much as I do you.

Mahfooz Ali

Mother: I Wished You Were Here.

Mother, dear, I wished you were here,
To hear me sing from in the wing,
Wherever you are,
Near or far,
I will be singing for you,
Wherever you are.

Mahfooz Ali

Mother: She Cares.....

Mother, she cares,
although we fight.
Mother helps us,
when she needs help.
Mother we love,
not all the time,
loves us.
Mother stands over us,
to protect us,
even though she is weaker,
than us.
She is as strong as an iron,
in heart.

Mahfooz Ali

Mother: So He Made You.

A woman who breathes life into the World
Someone who loves no matter What
She feeds and Comforts
Till death and Beyond
She is someone to come to and cry With
To tell your happy and sad stories To
She is someone who is firm but Gentle
A woman who teaches her children many Things
One is Love
Another is Happiness

Without Mother
There is no Future
No Tomorrow

When Allah made man he knew Immediately
What was Missing
So he Made
You!

Mahfooz Ali

Mother's Son

After your day's work is done
Do you ever think of some mother's son
Who may be lonely, sad or blue
Just yearning for some word from you
So, just take a few minutes that's not long
And fill some lad's heart with song
It's all so simple if you really care
To see that each youngsters get's his share
Perhaps he can't tell you, for now he's a man
And so can't cry like his sister can
Perhaps tomorrow he may go
Out to battle, and meet the foe
He doesn't care if he has to die
Because he loves you, yes that's why
So sit right down and dropp him a line
For it may still reach him in time
You may not know, but he takes it hard
When he doesn't even get a card
So let's get together each and every one
And write a letter to every mother's son.

Mahfooz Ali

Mother's Thoughts: Unexplained.....

Into the void of my soul,
through the eyes,
that where you stare.

Precious child,
my life you know,
through your power of care.

You saw it all in a flash,
every secret and lie.
You knew me before I did...

Why is it now you must say to me Good-Bye?

Mahfooz Ali

Mumbai Wedding: An Obituary

Familiar signal for all to gather and bless
All rejoice but eye brims with unshed tear
Two become one, but grow more not less
Farewell to hearth draws ever more near

All rejoice but eye brims with unshed tear
The signature droning sound of shehnai
Farewell to hearth draws ever more near
Plaintive notes waft sweet and high.

Mahfooz Ali

Mumma, Are You Really No More?

I don't have to be told
that you have a heart
which is made from gold
Mumma, are you really dead?

You have three children,
Mahfooz (Pappu) , Ayesha (Goga) , and Usman (Babu)
They all hoped you be here
when they would marry
Mumma, are you really dead?

You have a husband who wants to kiss you
and three children
who really miss you
Mumma, are you really dead?

I am one child of three
but I remember forever
how happy you have made me
Mumma, are you really dead?

Mahfooz Ali

Mumma....Call Me Home.

Moonlight welcomes me,
gently embracing my dreams -
a beacon of hope in the darkness.

The wind whispers through the trees
a breathy caress,
endearments to other-worldly ears.

Tonight, wood and stone are no respite
from flesh and blood troubles.
Nature's no shelter from human sorrow.

As the world closes its eyes,
a lone voice calls from the shadows,
calling me home.

Mahfooz Ali

My Beloved Dog: Jango.

He seems to be only a dog.
But he is my other eye
that can see above the clouds;
my other ear that hears above the winds.
He has told a thousand times
that I am his reason for being.

When I am wrong,
he is delighted to forgive.
When I am angry,
he clowns to make me smile.
When I am a fool, he ignores it.
When I succeed, he brags.

He has taught me the meaning of loyalty.
With him, I know a private peace.
His head on my knee can heal my human hurts.
His presence by my side
is protection against my fears of the dark.
He has promised to wait for me
in case I need him,
He seems to be only a dog
But he is my beloved dog.

Mahfooz Ali

My Broken Heart.....On A Shelf.....Why?

Sometimes I stop and wonder,
What I saw in you...
Was it in your gentle words?
Or the simplicity in the things you do?

You always were so calm and kind,
So rare it seems today...
You didn't mind being different,
Or the opinions of what others had to say...

I found myself attracted to you,
The moment that we met...
The way you made me smile,
I never will forget...

My friends thought I was crazy,
But it was love at first sight...
And my heart led me to believe,

All of the illusions,
That I made up in my mind...
Were so far from truth,
But I couldn't see it at the time...

It wasn't easy being so close,
Yet, so very far away...
Not knowing how you felt,
Kept me in bondage every day...

I kept you in my prayers, constantly,
In hopes that you would see,
Just how much I cared for you,
And maybe one day, you would care for me...

One day my prayers were answered,
You said that you would like to try...
You thought we'd be good together,
I should have known it was a lie...

I guess I was just another toy,
A game you liked to play...
I wish I had known sooner,
You never planned to stay...

All of the empty promises,
You led me to believe...
How could I be so foolish,
And so easily deceived?

I wish I would have known,
That you needed to be free...
But you're the one who stole my heart,
And now you hold the key...

My dreams became a nightmare,
The way it had to end...
You left without discussing it,

How could you live with yourself?
Knowing what you did...
You didn't act like a mature,
You acted like a kid...

Running from the truth,
Was the easy thing to do...
I wish you had the courage to be honest,
To gently tell me... we were through...

I guess I have come to realize,
That love is a fairy tale...
No matter how I have tried,
I always seem to fail...

Why do some win at love?
And others always lose...
Is it just that I'm unlucky,
Or is it the girl I seem to choose?

I think that this time;

I will stay by myself...
And take my broken heart,
And put it on a shelf...

Now no one can break it,
Or try to steal the key,
Of the broken pieces,
Of a heart... that once was free...

Mahfooz Ali

My Celestial Mother From Whom I Evolved

Sharing love that life most requires,
Shedding precious jewels on how to survive,
Enclosed in ego strength building fuel,
The success that life has given to me.
Can be contributed to what I acquired,
From this proud, loving, giving being
My sacred Mother from whom I evolved...

Mahfooz Ali

My Day Is Very Bad.

Today my day is very bad,
I am very sad,
I even had not taken a bath,
After seeing the message of
'Let's start'
I am not been to my office,
Keeping my work pending,
Even, the milk can that I put over the gas stove
Has been shoved over and sooted.
Even, I had to go for Friday prayer.
Today, Here I am to destined the destiny,
For a final finishing to the life,
Come, let's have a talk,
A final talk,
Then after depart with love and joy,
So, that we will live happily after,
Being not the toy.
I have not had a bath
But
Please don't be me wrath.

Mahfooz Ali

My Dear ? ? ? ? ? ?

I hope this doesn't rub you the wrong way,
but what's in my heart I must say.

This far, your company I have enjoyed.

And before you,
my life had been nothing but void.

Your beauty is like a ray of light
bursting through the midst of the night.

And this night I pray,
that my ray of light will stay.

Mahfooz Ali

My Dog, Jango

Jango I love you
you make me so happy
You smell like a flower
To my beautiful dog
You always knows
You keep me safe and warm
and you make me so happy
I wouldn't want any other
because I love you my dog
my beautiful Jango
you are special to me.

Mahfooz Ali

My Dream Girl

The girl of my dreams
Oh, the girl of my dreams
comes wandering through the night,
she walking, almost flying
Absorbing every fight.

People stand still
Watching her as she goes by,
her individuality pierce every man
oh, she makes me fly.

The wind whispers her name
it whispers about the joy she bring,
Could she be real
she fully manage every string.

The one who accept me as
what I am,
trust prevails
love pervades
admire my self
and no place of humiliation

This feel in my stomach
in my ear the sound of peal,
I pinch my arm once again
am I dreaming or is this real

Finally I wake up
the girl of my dream in my sight,
she is laying right beside me
sleeping without a fright.

Mahfooz Ali

My Dream Was Just In My Mind.

Here I am in this strange land
dreaming I was on the beach walking hand in hand
but not with anyone,
It was the girl of my dreams
Where I dreamt of being a father of two kids
And she be the mother of my kids
The picture is so clear, realistic it seems
We stop at a dark secluded part of the beach
The love of my life I go to reach
Then I find the courage to get on one knee
For her decision I anxiously wait to see
But then the picture starts to fade away
I wake up knowing that this won't happen any day
So I will have to put this all behind
Because the girl in my dream was just in my mind.

Mahfooz Ali

My Experiment With Morality: See You Tomorrow Which Never Comes

I was invited to lunch with the evil devil yesterday;

I stopped in for a visit, decided to stay.

He asked for a favour, after a while;

I tried to say no, that's not my style.

So he sliced open my head, put my brain aside;

Empty and hollow, I went for a ride.

Filled with colours and visions never seen before,

He sewed me back up, but I wanted more.

He amplified fear, hatred, and sorrow;

I gave him a smile and said,

'See you TOMORROW'

Mahfooz Ali

My First New Car

I will never forget the day I bought my first new car,
And had a date with a girl that lived not too far,
We drove out into the suburbs and parked under a full moon,
And listened to the car radio play a brand new tune,
And if my neighbour would ever ask who the girl was,
That was in the car,
I will tell them it was my late mother
who's on her way to heavenly abode,
The day I bought the car.

Mahfooz Ali

My Freedom From All

The paper awaits me,
as I pick up my pen,
To write about my feelings
emotions from deep within.....
A feeling of nakedness,
revealing my soul,
A feeling of liberation,
so many stories to be told.....
A feeling of comfort in letting go
For this is my declaration
my freedom from all.....

Mahfooz Ali

My Heart Needs Reason.

My heart needs reason
My reason needs a heart
I am the reason
My smile has curves
My step has strides
My hair has no curls,
but straight,
My cheek has petals
Don't know the reason
My heart has heart
My reason has reason.

Mahfooz Ali

My Heart Today.....

It's natural that so much love,
comes to our minds today,

But our thoughts are filled with
more than words could ever say.

Mother represents so many
things in such a special way.

Warmest, deepest memories fill
my heart today.....

Mahfooz Ali

My Highest Horizon.

I want to climb the highest horizon,
I want to give it a try
I want to climb the highest horizon,
that's where I want to die
With smile for company and stomach full of pride
That is where I died

I want to climb the highest horizon,
I want to prove to myself
I want to climb the highest horizon,
prove I still have my respect
Time to test how many years left
Till I realize my certain death

I want to climb the highest horizon,
to see the world below
I want to climb the highest horizon,
I want to everyone to know
That I am a good man with sound mind
This is what I have come to find.....

I want to climb the highest horizon,
will you climb with me?
I want to climb the highest horizon,
look out towards the sea
Look back upon my life and smile at what I have done?
I want to climb the highest horizon,
something to tell the world.

Mahfooz Ali

My Journey And Voyages

Upon my sacred mind
look through my eyes and
you will find.

A world of oceans and of sands
my journeys and voyages
to a mystical lands.

Mahfooz Ali

My Moon Winks.

Some of my best friends
are veterans,
my stars shine, my moon winks;
may be that's where
we are different?
My moon winks.

Mahfooz Ali

My Mother's Passing

No sign of life, no words spoken,
Not even a trace of a sigh,
Her eyes are closed;
My heart is broken;
We never said goodbye.
We joked today,
We hugged today,
She chose to die.
I live for just the moment
In time to say goodbye.

Mahfooz Ali

My Pen Can Never Stop

My pen can never stop,
the paper always there,
I am an author in my work,
my publication in it's notice,
so open my book.....
see everything that matters,
I am right here standing,
the message forming.....

Mahfooz Ali

My Plea

Let me be your eyes
Then only beauty will you face
Flowers and butterflies will you see
Avoiding ugliness, misery and disgrace
You'll look with favour upon me

Let me be your ears
Listening to music and sweet bird song
Only hearing words that are true
Shielded from malice and things that are wrong
But they'll hear me say 'I love you too'

Let me be your lips
And a smile and a greeting will always be there
They'll speak words that are wise and true
Will never in anger shout or swear
But will say 'I love you too'

Let me be your heart
It will be full of love and grace
And will never pound in fear
It will beat at a steady pace
But for a flutter when I am near

Let me be your body
So beautiful, mature and firm
It would surrender as lovers do
And in fulfillment you would learn
That our love was really true.

Mahfooz Ali

My Ramblings

Heat, Heat is the key to life.
Without heat, we freeze, and cold.

It does not matter if the door is open,
still cold, and tired.

It is late. That may attest to my
weary state. Or is it more....

Could it be I am tired of waiting,
Being in the cold about the future,

Or am I tired of living without
the heats of passion,

Perhaps I am tired of life,
and the cold is creeping up in me.

Mahfooz Ali

My Real Dad

He is not my father,
the one who gave me life...
He is the one who helped me,
when I was burdened with strife.

He is not my father,
the one who walked away...
He is the one who loves me,
more than enough to stay.

He is a real person,
who is never left me sad...
He is not my real father,
But he is my real Dad.

Mahfooz Ali

My Reward; My Dream

I am standing in a grocery shop
So many selections in view
Chocolate, sweets, balls, candies
Bubble Gums on which I could chew

Many options within my reach
But then something catches my eye
There... it is.... just what I want
Just out of my reach way up high....

My reward; my dream.....

Mahfooz Ali

My Room

The room I'm in has many doors.
The keys are seldom found.
When I choose to take a path
I end up back around.

Few hours of relief.
How those outside can seek return
leaves me in disbelief.

To wish another into their room
Is not a valid desire.
The stabbing pain I experience here
No person should acquire.

I try to leave my latent prison.
Much more I cannot bear.
For when you live in loneliness
Your room is everywhere.

Mahfooz Ali

My Specs

I closed my eyes,
crouched in the corner,
almost kissing the wall
then I opened my eyes once more.

The lights were gone
and I thought,
hell, where my specs go?

Mahfooz Ali

My True Love

Doll asked Mahfooz if he thought
she was pretty,
Mahfooz said, 'No',
She asked him if he would want to be her forever
and he said 'No'
She then asked him if she were to leave would he cry,
and once again he replied 'No',
She had heard enough.
As she walked away,
tears streaming down her face
Mahfooz grabbed her arm
and said ' You are not pretty, you are beautiful'.
'I don't want to be with you forever,
I NEED to be with you forever! '
And I would not cry if you would walked away, I would die! '

SO NOW I WILL SAY: -

'I love you because of who you are to me
.....MY TRUE LOVE.....'.

Mahfooz Ali

My Utopia

Awakening from darkness I embark on my journey
The drought of this soul longs ardent inspection
Serene truths mirrored in life tell my story
In radiant shadows I now know Allah's reflection.

Such beauty from within me
Your truth believed
Conviction met in loving others fills this heart
It's the love we are giving not love we have received
Allah in his patience grants me this new start.

Visions of love and forgiving spirit calms the soul
Surrender to love brings awareness of softened ills
Voices outside life's door emotions to control
Some plant, some water, but only Allah fulfills.

Acquaintances now friends laughter ascribed
With a heart overwhelmed I am surely at peace
Quiet smiles passionately stir needs deep inside
My Eternal melody set in cast.
Now set at ease.

Mahfooz Ali

My Wishes

To discuss over literature
with Shri. Rajendra Yadav
To sing a song with Lata Mangeshkar
and to play cricket with Sunil Gavaskar

Play Gulli-Danda with Forest
Play Sumo-Wrestling with Mountains
Race my bicycle with fighter planes
And give biggest hug to the lugubrious

To swim with Sharks and whales
Meet Atal Behari Vajpayee
Smoke a cigar with fire
and be with breeze

See the sunset with my celestial Mother
and walk that pastures again
Play ball with all my late-doggies
and fall in love with nature.

Mahfooz Ali

Mystery?

My reality is my intuitions

My dreams;

my simple thoughts

My wildest imaginations is my 'event' to happenings

My life; my truth

Me; a fact

Or

mystery?

Mahfooz Ali

Need

I need a mother who would love me
I need a mother who would take care of me
I need a mother who would understand me
I need a mother for who I am
I need a mother to know me
I need a mother who would be there for me
I need a mother who would not yell at me
I need a mother that don't push me away
I need a mother who would not throw me out of her life.....

Even though I still need a mother
Everyday I try to be nice
What I need is a mother who would be there for me
I need a mother who would watch me grow
I need a mother who would miss me.....

I need a mother to cry on
I need a mother to know that I love her
If she does have a heart to love me
I would like to get to know my mother
What I need is a wife
In disguise of mother.....

Mahfooz Ali

Never Again

I long for you day and night
and I cry for you to be mine
to hold me in your arms
and whisper in my ear your words of love
but I know deep down that I'll never be yours
and you will never be mine
never were...never will...never again.

Mahfooz Ali

Never Quit

When things go wrong as they sometimes will;
When the road you are trudging seems all up hill;
When the funds are low, and the debts are high;
And you want to smile, but have to sigh;
When care is pressing you down
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.
Success is failure turned inside out;
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt;
And you can never tell how close you are;
It may be near when it seems a far.
So stick to the fight when your hardest hit;
It's when things go wrong that you musn't quit.

Mahfooz Ali

No Mind

The song of no mind
Need not rhyme,
Nor make lick of sense.
As long as is beat steady,
Fingers poised, soul ready;
Toes will tap consistent time
Void of hesitation,
Sans consideration,
Of other ears;
Just to one's dreams...
Persevere.

Not just stuff of noise,
But of melodies that flow
Underscoring notions preconceived,
Or meanings often misperceived...
Let the song be itself.

Some listeners merely smile.
Some may turn away.
Some nod like they honestly know.
But those who chose
Will sing along,
And not too timidly so.

Then listen to the songs they sing
From places deep within.
Understand that misery
Is not your own;
That joy may not rescind.

Listen to them hum along
As you adjust your tune.
One sings high,
Though you chant low,
Such harmony may soothe you so...
Don't disregard the undertow
That sucks you down,
Swirls you `round.

Till confused and befuddled,
You rise and intone

Not just a song of no mind,
But a song of heart and love.
Soon notes will bend,
And mend, and tend
To bail,
To heal...

To blend.

Mahfooz Ali

No Need To Be Scared Of The Dark....Beta

Don't worry child of mine
you will grow up brave and tall.

You will reach up high and touch the sky,
throw down the stars.

Hold on to the moon.
Don't worry child, you will be there soon.

Over the ocean, past all the trees...

That is where I will be waiting
to hold you in my arms and
sing to you gently.

Don't worry child of mine.
There is no need to be scared of the dark.

Mahfooz Ali

No One

In my world,
I feel like the happiest person alive,
no one to bug me,
no one to judge me.....

Mahfooz Ali

Not The Same.

People criticize, analyze
but they don't realize
what I realize, don't you see?
I am not the same as you
nor you the same as I.
Though you want me to be as you?
I see it in your eyes
when you look down on me and
criticize.....

Not the same hair,
not the same clothes,
not the same music,
and nobody knows
what I feel?

Take it upon yourself
to judge.
Totally oblivious to what I feel,
Though someday I will show you who I am?
You will eat those criticisms you gave me.

Mahfooz Ali

Nothing Into Something

Caterpillars moulting in their cocoon,
Peacefully waiting to become butterflies.
Winds picking up and gathering clouds,
Becoming a storm and subsiding again,
Waiting to show a rainbow.

The silence of meditation,
Allows spirit to know,
What it feels like to be uplifted and shown,
what the birds see as they are soaring,
looking down upon creation.....

Mahfooz Ali

Nothing Is Impossible: If You Have A Hope.....

Anything is Possible
with a little faith
not in others, but in yourself
to achieve and set goals
that only you know you can reach.

Anything is Possible
if you believe
not in others, but in yourself
for if the first time you don't succeed
try, try again
if you believe you can
you will.

Anything is possible
if you have hope
because without hope
you won't have faith
to believe
ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE.

Mahfooz Ali

Nothing To Offer Just Thanks Mom....

Never had the chance to say
Thank you for letting me live this life.
I thank you for punishing me when I was young,
just to make me wiser, without it today where
would I be and whom would I be.

I thank you for lifting me up on my worse days and
giving me word of encouragement to ease the burden and pain....

I thank you for saying no when I wanted to go out
with my friends, I learn the best things life has to offer....
but with your
love and support, I am who I am today....

I thank you Mom because today who I am is who you make me to be.
I thank you Mom for teaching me what faith is.
Today I have faith,
I believe in me and I can conquer any
Obstacle life has in my path.

Mom I don't have anything to offer you,
Nor a prize or award,
But most of all I am dedicating this poem that comes from
the bottom of my heart;
It has a lot of meaning to me because without you
and teaching me about life,
Today I wouldn't be here....

Mahfooz Ali

Nothing Without You.

At first we loved,
We met at the mall,
and we talked ever since.
We stood starrng at each other,
I wondered the time, we had.....
Stand together.
As we walk down the lane
of the mall
I wondered when our lips
murmured.
My heart is broken,
you seem
to ignore,
The pain I have,
when you left me sore.
Our love was strong In which now your
heart is blind to see,
now I feel
that your love has forgotten
completely about me.
All in all I am heart broken
Without you by my side,
I wish we could love each
other like we did that one time.

Mahfooz Ali

Often Joyous.

Thinking of others,
especially their souls,
keeps us unselfish
with very high goals.

Forgiving people,
since Allah forgives us,
makes life happier
and often joyous.

Mahfooz Ali

Once I Was Told.

My mom once said to me,
that two wrongs don't make a right
That it's always better to walk away from a fight
Fighting fire with fire will only get everyone burnt
And then what lesson has been learnt?
Hurt with hurt and hate with hate
what sort of situation will that create?
Sadness and resentment and a quest for more
But, now, my mom is not here, no more
I have no guiding voice, no wise old words
I am the mirage in the desert....
I have the advice of my friends and brothers
But I have never been good at listening to others
Life is one long learning curve, an ever lasting degree
Two wrongs don't make a right, for now I see.

Mahfooz Ali

One Day I Will Meet You Again.

My mom is gone,
but not forgotten that's for sure.....
As I write this poem,
tears have poured down my face
One day mom
I promise I will meet you again,
in that special place,
called as heaven.

Mahfooz Ali

One Sentence Broke Me

I am singing right, singing of heart felt joy
Yet I can feel the tears stream down my face,
I have recieved what my soul has yearned for,
Has begged, pledged, and dreamed for,
For so long I feel ancient,
Yet I know I am young.
I had what I wanted,
I had what I needed,
But that is all gone.
Blown away, away, away,
With one phrase,
(that palaver)
A single sentenced uttered in malice.
It pierced my heart,
It broke my spirit.
Now cry, but tears will never suffice,
Could never do my pain justice.
I cry, I hurt, and with each die that goes by
A part of me dies.
I wonder how long it'll take for the whole,
Of me to wither and die.

Mahfooz Ali

Only Wish.....I Want.....

The only wish I want and need,
Will give me time to do my deeds;
I want this wish I know I do,
But,
I also know it won't come true;
The only wish that makes me sad;
Is that I wish to see my mom,
who is no more.

Mahfooz Ali

Our Soul's Movement... A Hysterical Movement.

On the reverse
of the world
without real life
at the door
of the next world
untuned instruments
cacophonous orchestra
and everyone
everywhere
singing Peace
seeking for fame
while hate and hope
give birth to the death
Then, lack of words
Preachers,
Great orators,
...others....
Speechless;
Inside a hysterical movement,
our soul's movement.....

Mahfooz Ali

Out Everytime: The Survival

Sometimes your survival,
Is like Sunday mornings,
And You own it
And I don't know it,
But I cry for you ammi,
for the last 20 years,
and
out every time.

Mahfooz Ali

Over

So, now it is finally over,
I just came to you,
For the final talk,
By the order of the Allah
For the remedy for the sins,
After seeing your message of let's start.....
Over my scrapbook,

Because I was going through a very painful dilemma,
I thought to cure the disease forever after
Having a final talk with you.

Otherwise, I don't have time to be wasted,
I am the sinner
That I accepted before the Allah,
And m sure that Allah have forgiven me
If not,
Sure he will be.
Because it is between me and him
That how I repented before him?

Had I not been repented
I hadn't been here for a final talk....
I also wanted to purify myself
That I done before him
After begging.

Now, it is finally over.....
No repentance,
No guilt....
What Allah ordered me to do.....?
I did.....
He has clear all the things.....
Now, no guilt.....

I had good byed you very earlier
But after seeing the message
Allah ordered me to do,
For what here I am.

I know what I did
Have already paid by allah.

Now, no more sorry to any one.

I got my answer,
And order of the allah,
Allah has decided my fate
Which will be very good
And so for you.

It was the decision of Allah
That raised me to the final talks
and
To end this pious relationship
Finally.

Now, I am free
Free from guilt,
Free from sin,
Free from wrong deeds.....

Don't be in misimpression
What I did was the outcome of
Message let's start.
And the order of the Allah...

Now, I am into the lap of Allah
And he will decide best for me.

Now, you are requested to
Not to say me a sinner,
If you would
It would do me nothing.

Now, The Allah has ordered me to say final
Goodbye and to end all.
And
I will abide by his orders.

So, good bye forever.

Mahfooz Ali

Own Creation: A Story

The story of my life,
Is the story of today,
It's the story of tomorrow,
And the story of yesterday.
Every waking moment,
Is a surge of pen to paper,
To create a whole new life,
A life to which I favour.
Yet from this page arises,
A world of new ambition,
The compromising irony;
I am my own creation.

Mahfooz Ali

Pages Of Life.

Life is like a rough Sailing boat
journeying in a stormy and wavy seas
trying to traverse the angry waves
in the midst of uncertainty and darkness
Towards the destiny,

Like is like a gliding plane
relying its power in the nature
hoping that it will continue to fly
in the high air despite the fear and trials,

Life is like a rolling trains
traversing rails and passing mountains
forcing its way through the path
praying and hoping it will reach to the station,

Life is like a speeding car
every moment of our life just passed by
like a lightning in the sky
unnoticed, unreflected and not mentioned
experience in the pages of life.

Mahfooz Ali

Pain And Vain

As I searched the depths of my heart
for love I know was once delightful
the security became a stranger
a result of ruins in an eyeful

Sacredness to which I belonged, removed
grief has prevailed
loneliness is the shadow in control
and I am suffering from betrayal

The love has vanished from our lives
the moments I feel are in vain
I now suffer in solitude
living the reality of pain.

Mahfooz Ali

Pain In Dream

Oh! who is this?
Troubling me in my
sound sleep,
Let me be with my dreams,
where my love is loving me,
Arey! Can't you see?
Two love birds are engaged
entwined into oneself.....
Ch....Ch....Ch...Ch.....
Don't wake me up.....
Stop don't drag me into
the well of darkness.
Hey! you! ! ! ! ! ! !
my hidden love
where are you?
Save me from this dragon,
Let me taste the fruit
of love.

Mahfooz Ali

Paperplane.

Paper airplanes dip from view,
All made the same,
Their folds, their creases sharp,
And when it seems that all is lost,
They suddenly appear again to
Streak across a deep blue sky,
They fly so high,
But never giving you or I
A satisfactory reason why.
The only messages they hold,
I am told,
They hide from view,
The writing really can't be read
When they insist on flying way above my head,
The numbers pasted on their side,
Will not provide
Identities,
Or give away their secret scribe.
What do they want?
What can they bring?
Perhaps a lot, or not a thing?
Like life, sometimes,
A gentle glide upon the unseen wind,
A perfect landing,
Or, at worst,
To crash and burn, again.

Mahfooz Ali

Part 2

Main bite nahi kar raha hoon.....fatima immroz
Main pareshan ho chukka hoon ab.....

Nor I am yelling.....
Main just apni final baat kah raha hoon....ab...
Arey! Jaise maine apne andar bahut kuch jazb kar ke rakha hua tha,
Waise hi tum bhi rakhtin.....

Koi pyar ko gaali nahi deta hai....
Chahe wo rahe ya na rahe.....
Maine in teen mahinon mein kuch kaha.....
Nahi kaha na? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Pyar se hi rah raha tha na.....
Tumhe kuch bhi nahi kah raha tha n a?

Door ho chukka tha n a tumse?
Phir kyun mujhe pareshan karna.....

Main to tumhe kabhi chhod ke nahi gaya.....
Bhaagin tumhi.....

Phir kis baat ka 10sion?
Haan?

Main to itna sab hone ke baad,
Sab kuch lutaane ke baad
Bhi tumhare paas aaya tah....
To bhaiya main kaise galat ho gaya?

Agar main bhaag jaata, jaise tum bhaagin thin.....
To chalo main galat hota bhi.....

Main bhi khuda ke ab utna hi paas hoon....
Jitna ki tum.....
Nahi paanch waqt ki ek waqt ki namaaz main bhi padta hoon ab.....
Meri company mein ek maulvi permanent rehta hai.....
Jo ki paanchon waqt ki azaan deta hai....
Usko azaan dene ka hi paisa deta hoon....

Aur khud bhi koshish karta hoon ki follow karoon.....
arey! Thik hai ek galti ho gayi thi satans mein shadi kar ke...
lekin usko bhi bahut jaldi sudhar liya tha...
ab kya allah ka theka kyat um hi ne le ke rakha hua hai kya?

Mahfooz Ali

Part 3

Aaj main sab final kah ke hi rahoonga.....Fatima Imroz.....
Qki main yeh roz roz ka tension nahi chahta hoon.....

Arey! chalo..... jo ho gaya so ho gaya.....
khatm karo ab sab...
meri kahinn koi galti nahi hai....
ab...
maine apni or se bharsak koshish ki thi.....

mujhe guilt mein nahi daalo plzzzzzzzzzz
Main to teen mahine se bahut shaant tha.....
bhool raha tha sab kuch....
naye seere se aagey badh raha tha.....

Arey! maine aisa kya kar diya tumhare saath....
kyun mujhe guilt mein daalna....
Kya maine dhokha diya?
Ya tumhari izzat ko nahi bachaya....?
Tumhari izzat ko bachane ke liye hi tumhare dad se baat ki thi na?
wo teenon conditions tumhare kahne pe hi fulfill ki thi na?

To imroz mujhe yeh bata do ki main kahan galat hoon?
Arey! jhooth bola..... to ek hi baat pe na.....?
wo bhi tumhe khone ke darr se bola na?
Ab, bola to bola.....
kya kar sakta hoon.....?

Jaan...logi? ? ? ? ? ?
Wo bhi dene ko tayyar hoon....

Bolo kya kar doon.....? ? ? ? ? ? ?
Aag laga loon khud ko.....
ya phir phaansi?

ya zeher kha loon? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Mahfooz Ali

Part 4

bahut pareshan ho gaya hoon main.....
ab main kuch nahi sun sakta.....
maine tumhare saath bahut piously pyar kiya tha....

aur bahut piously alag bhi hua hoon.....
mujhe ab baksh do.....
maine tumhe ab kuch bhi nahi kaha....in teen mahinon mein.....
maine saarey chapter close kar diye thhe.....

ab mujhe galat mat bolna.....
agar tum allah wali ho....
to main bhi ab khuda ke paas hoon....
insaan se galti ek baar hoti hai....baar baar nahi....

agar tumhari nazar mein main sinner hoon to isey apne tak rakho...
nahi bhi rakhogi to ab koi farq nahi padega.....

bolo....bolo...jitna chaho utna bolo....
bolne se pehle ek baar.... mere sin poem ko padh lena....
(STOP CALLING ME A SINNER....poem padh lena)

mujhe galat bolne se pehle yeh bhi soch lena ki main isko galat bol kyun rahi
hoon? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

isne to wo sab kuch kiya hai....jo ki ek sinner nahi kar sakta.....

Ab tak ke main shaant tha.....
lekin meri chuppi ko toda bhi tumne.....
yahan tum jeet gayin.....

aur is jeet ke liye congrats! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Arey! main galat hoon..... to galat maan lo.....

Tumhe bahut mil jayenge.....achche.....

mujhe.....ab peacefully rehne do.....

Pave Another Day.

I wake to my alarm clock,

As I begin my day,
I hope all will be well.

I eat a good breakfast and rush out of the house,

Yelling good-bye to my parents and to my pets.

My day is busy, the phones won't stop ringing,

The company I have to nurture and soar to the top.

It's six o'clock and another work day is done,

I go home to my family and to play with my doggies.

Everyone is exhausted and everyone is been fed,

Before I know it, it's time for bed.

I lay in bed thinking about my day,
And pray to Allah to make another day!

Mahfooz Ali

Peace I Found In Him.

Songs

I sing

Every Day

Telling how I feel?

About Allah's glory.

Unconditional love

And the peace I found in Him

Is my reward from salvation.....

Mahfooz Ali

Pendulum

Two senile men locked in an empty room...
one sits back and contemplates the other
while the other sits back and contemplates the first
they question, examine, analyse each other
being questioned, examined, analysed in turn
calling each other 'we'
the two men exist on opposite sides
of a mirror
arguing which is true
in one mind, one body,
one aware soul.

Mahfooz Ali

People Don'T Have The Policy Of Honesty.....

People are such cowards,
Can't seem to say anything to your face,
They leave you hanging for hours,
And think they are saving grace.
It hurts me more to be left in the dark,
Never knowing what's going on,
Than to hear the cruel words from the heart.
Don't they know that is wrong?
Honesty is supposed to be the best policy,
So how come no one can be honest?
You don't even know how that confuses me,
May be if I knew, I wouldn't give.
But seeing as I never seem to know,
And it's all thanks to all.
I will never know just what I should know?
Or even what to think.
People are always talking behind your back.
Doesn't anyone think or feel?
What the hell is up with that?
At least say what is real.

Mahfooz Ali

People Says Economics Is Boring....

Ah the wonders of Economics
Why do I study it?
Do you really need to ask?
Economics is boring you say?
no my dear,
You're just not comprehends it the right way.

Protrude your eye on current affairs is first what you must do,
May be even take out both of the two.
Oh, don't worry, you'll be fine,
With a searing hot metal is how I did mine.

Next you will need remember the data,
Don't make any plans until next September.
Weekends off? What did I just say?

Now pay attention.
Never leave your desk, not even to pee.
Behind this wooden temple is your shrine,
All the economists know it, so don't you whine.

I must insist, you use my eye-poker to sear
Just look at me, you'll have nothing to fear.
My thrust on economics is really quite sentimental,
See, I told you, economics is FUN-demental.

Mahfooz Ali

Perfect

All that I wish for
Is perfect love and perfect trust
Someone to make life's challenge easier
Which is a must
A lover to share life's joys with me
A girl who will always be there for me
Someone who won't mistreat me
Someone who has my heart's key
My soulmate, my true love to be.

Mahfooz Ali

Phases

I am as old as the oldest rock,
yet I am constantly being reborn into the cycle of life.

Such tales I can tell! !

To be carried high by great winds,
and swept through Magical lands into great seas.

To be as strong and powerful as the mighty ocean,
yet even in my softest form I can change
the shape of the hardest material.

To be as gentle as the Morning dew
that glistens in the early hour light.

To give life to all beings.

Mahfooz Ali

Pictures At The Threshold: To The Heaven

No matter where I am, no matter what I do,
I will always think of you.
Not only my mother, but my best friend,
We share a lifetime of memories that will never end.
The memories are like pictures in my mind,
They will travel on with me through time.
The memories of your children at home and at school.
All become pictures you can take with you.
When your time has come and you leave this place,
You will have many pictures to take to heaven's gate.

Mahfooz Ali

Pleasure I Receive

My prayer is that the pleasure
I receive from reading my contemporary poems
will be an inspiration to my mind.
Meant to be savoured
as one would
a box of fine chocolates,
my poems are intended to
convey all the radiance and majesty of
living life in the deep abiding love of the Allah!

Mahfooz Ali

Poems About.

There are poems that you will never see
Marked in a folder titled 'privacy'
Poems of hate and anger and personal pain
Poems about greed and hunger and personal gain
Poems about people I would love to see dead
Poems about women I met
Poems about relationships that have gone bad
Poems about issues with mom and dad
Poems about me, the person no one knows
Poems about places where only my soul goes
Poems I wish I could place in the clouds for all to read
Poems about lust, selfishness and greed
Poems I know will hurt those I hate
Poems I write by complete mistake
Poems I have hidden in my heart and my head
Poems about things that are better left unsaid
Poems I want to share and poems I want to retract
Poems of shame and how others might act
They stay in my psyche, they are a part of me
These poems I write, but you will never see.

Mahfooz Ali

Poems Are Powerful Expression.

Poems are one of the powerful
expressions of mankind.

If they are presented in a perfect manner
they live in the hearts of the readers for ever.

My poems are more emotionally built up than poetically.

I write poems for my satisfaction

and now I get a chance to share with you too.

Mahfooz Ali

Poetic Feelings

If a picture's worth a thousand words,
I'd paint a poem for You,
I'd finish with an artist's touch,
and mend it with the glue,
of tender thought and loving care,
that other poets never dare,
share with You a thing they know,
will deep inside you start to grow.

If a picture's worth a thousand words,
my poems are worth a million,
I'll write two more, and tie them up,
and make them worth.

Mahfooz Ali

Poetic Words: A Healer To Me.

The countless letters flow through my head.
It is a luminous spectacle of words in a multitude of sounds.
My distinct emotions pour like great cascades into this literature.
I travel to scenic worlds,
concealed from the face of our earth.
In poetry,
I find relief from distress,
for no one to judge my opinions.
These words help me to heal from the hardships of life.

Mahfooz Ali

Poetry Is? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

What is poetry is like asking,
'Why is the sky blue? '
There is no answer to What or Why?
but, in any event,
I shall try.

Poetry flows from my heart through my pen,
down through
its neb,
Like a fly struggling in the web of a spider, waiting
to be free.

What is poetry-who knows-could be as simple as the
morning dew on a rose,
children's laughter,
a baby's cry,
a mother crooning a lullaby,
bells chiming loud and clear,
the voices
of those that we hold dear.

Poetry is the language of the soul
It gives us the courage to afford life's many streams
It expands our horizons to realize our dreams.

To summarize the above
Poetry is the Language of Love
Poetry is the Language of the Soul
Poetry is the Language of Life
over which we have
no control.

Mahfooz Ali

Poets Are Lunatic.

How well the hand knows what it wants!

Even as I write, my body feels the words,

thought passing through a pen.

Forget monks, forget the monasteries of the mind.

When words flow too fast these live as drunkards,

and cannot see.

But the body always looks through a clear glass.

I write, and grow bold as sealing up cask.

Poems are heavy barrels the body craves,

words sure poison,

and also strange communion.

They are spilled before the body can say.....

Mahfooz Ali

Pondering Over.....

In the quiet of the evening,
When I ponder and reflect,
On the choices of the day I made.
And what of the effect,
Did I listen to the spirit?
And help someone indeed?
Did I show a little kindness
To a gentle puppy in need?
When the need to help was there,
Did I think only selfishly?
To pass by the one whom I could serve
And miss the blessing that could be?
Or can I help in any way?
To lighten someone's load,
To follow our savior's example,

In the quiet of the morning,
As I ponder and reflect,
On what it is I will do today
To serve with love and respect....

Priceless Inspiration

In quiet atmosphere
the poet writes.
Only this poet needs no pen
to create words forever burned on the heart.
A glimpse of heaven and hell
on the same paper.
This piece may not bring
the price the poet paid his soul.
A cost too high to pay
for a lifetime.
But the poet knows
to lock up a once in a lifetime masterpiece
would only damage
the priceless inspiration.

Mahfooz Ali

Prisoner Of Journey

I have forgotten simple needs,
picking fallen fruit on sunlight,
wandering in wildflower meadows,
So, now I stand at the edge of my memory,
gazing down at what I have never found
a prisoner of my journey's wandering folly.

Mahfooz Ali

Pumpkin Like Me.

I haunt this stage both day and night,
no alien within this realm.
Languishing in my loneliness,
ripped from self
but not by family,
forsaken by friends,
never again to see the cradle of my birth.

A hairless vagrant, I survive
with orchestrated teeth,
by wanton larceny, my fortitude is gone,
I am an abandoned shell in patterned scheme
thrilling eyes of tawdry gnomes.

Chilling winds whip my skin,
while surrendering leaves mischievously scurry
in huddled mass of accompaniment.
I am October's neglected,
outdoors and looking in.

The foreboding days of cold sting, bitter,
while I coddle my candle near,
savouring such warming fragile light,
where superstitious travellers illuminate
... and pumpkins like me.

Mahfooz Ali

Qitaab

Main ek qitaab likhna chahta hoon,
jismein hamari duniya ki saari cheezen honggi,
unke naam aur unki visheshtayen!

Poori duniya yeh qitaab padhegi.....
vah uske ant ko barbaad nahi karna chahengi,
isliye shuruaat se padhne lagegi.....

Mahfooz Ali

Questions Never Answered

I am screaming on the inside...
Can you hear me?
I fall on the floor...
Do you help me?
I reach out for your hand...
Will you give it to me?
I gaze into your eyes...
Will you look at me?
My eyes shed tears...
Will you care for me?
My arms are wide open...
Will you hug me?
You stole my heart and broke it...
Will you give it back to me?
To all of these questions
the answer can only be told by you
But I already know
That the answer is one to make me cry
For the rest of my life.

Mahfooz Ali

Questions Of A Broken Heart

You told me you 'd love me, so why didn't show it.
You said you wouldn't leave me, so why did you blow it.
You seem to always be, there when I was crying.
You didn't know my tears, were caused by your lying.
Don't you know your lying, caused confusion in my mind.
Words started to scramble, ` sane thoughts I could not find.
I thought love would bring, happiness and joy.
But yet I seem to have become, your 'when you want me toy.'
Why does love hurt, an answer I 'll never know.
Your love was a bed of roses, for no longer does it show.
You said you wouldn't leave me, so why did you go.
Another question with an answer, I guess I 'll never know.

Mahfooz Ali

Rage

Taste of your rage
pulsed in thy thorn-winged breath,
Invades our long love of the soft sun.
My voice unwillingly causes this loveless wine,
Intoxicating the silencescape with deceived emotions.
Tragedies occur with blazed scents.
Falling tears spark like stars.
These stars are no longer shining bright,
our love is no longer shining bright.
Your rage seems to have no decease.
It has no decease - I have no love.
Love is quickly forgotten.
I can no longer survive without your love.
You have forgotten me, as have others,
life goes on, everything must keep going to keep this world revolving.
Even with you gone, I too, will keep going.

Mahfooz Ali

Reading

Mummy read a book to me,
Read a book right now
Mummy read a book to me,
Because I don't know how
To hear your voice makes me feel safe,
And helps me fall to sleep
You take me to a wonderous place,
Each page is like a key
Some day I will learn to read to you,
And take you to that place
So Mummy read a book to me,
And make me feel so safe.

Mahfooz Ali

Real Man: Somewhat I Am....

A real man is...

Someone who cares, who never lies

And is always there

A real man is.....

Someone who sticks by your side

And never let your love for each other die

A real man is...

Someone who respects and accepts you for

Who you are inside-out

A real man is.....

Someone who doesn't call you out your name

And know your love is not a game

That's a real man.

Mahfooz Ali

Realizing The Inspiration.

Inspiration,
It helps us to learn,
It determines the reason,
Why we made that turn?
Inspiration,
It comes from inspire,
It's what you need when you are tired.
Inspiration,
It's something you watch someone
do,
Then you look at yourself,
Realizing, that you can do it too!

Mahfooz Ali

Reflection

I Gather up all my courage
Be ready to lose my pride
I think I am ready,
To see myself as I really am?
All I have is an image, an image to live by
but I should beware.... Mirrors don't lie! !

Mahfooz Ali

Remember My Words

People are sick, starving, and poor,
afraid to come out in the day.
Afraid they will get struck down in their door,
afraid doctors won't find a way.
Afraid of the day darkness will take over,
and light will fade away.
They pray, pray, and pray for the day,
they pray for the day Allah will take them away.
They know nothing of smiles, happiness, and joy.
Their whole life is fighting for what they employ.
They are people just like you and me.
They are people, open your eyes and see.
so, as you go back to your lives and sleep safe in your beds,
remember my words, and those who are dead.

Mahfooz Ali

Retirement

Retirement's a time we all hope to find,
With no clock to watch except in our mind.
The daily demands of the job that you choose,
Take its toll, and you worry, afraid you will lose
The thing you worked for all of the years
To leave only heartaches misery and tears

You are most fortunate to achieve your goal
And retire with health and family still whole.
With carefree days to spend as you will
If you like you can go and just sit on a hill
To take time to look and study the ground
And enjoy the beauty that's spread all around

A happy time of your life it should be
For there are a great many wonders to see
Free time to do the things in your dreams
To camp, hunt, or fish the crystal clear streams
To get close to nature on intimate terms
It's a good way to live as a person soon learns

Mahfooz Ali

Rex: My New Doggie.....

I have got a dear and treasured friend,
you may be know him too
More humble, meek, and gentle he
of human beings (Dogs) I ever knew.

Upon his face a smile awaits,
for those he knows and don't.
The question is never when with him,
it's never will or won't.

For always has he time to give,
to those who need a friend,
And ever has he ready ears,
if ears you need to bend.

He is faithful, true, and full of grace,
No guile you will find in him
He sounds a bit like a sonnette but
It's just my buddy Rex.

Mahfooz Ali

River

I am a river with the strength of sky and earth;
Once, a stream who deemed to play every day since birth;
Just a small ripple, a trickle, under the sun;
With nothing to do but bubble, giggle and run.

Now, I am a river; grown, wider, wiser, with time.
In youth, I sought truth, alone in snow coated pine;
So long ago, it all seems to float like a dream;
Drifting, fond memories of my life as a stream.

Yes, I am a river, strong and free, yet I wonder;
Why am I destined so boldly to wander?
Why do I meander?
Why do I turn and twist?
There are no answers; even to why I exist!

I am a river; and very proud that I am!
Nothing blocks my way for long; not even a dam.
The stubborn rocks and rubble on my course or path
Are all swept aside by the force of my wrath.

I am a river that only Earth, itself, can stop!
I will roll on and on until the day I drop,
Rushing, cascading into blue lake or the sea,
Where sun or God will renew and recycle me!

14/Sep'/2006

Mahfooz Ali

River Of Reflection

A river flowing peacefully;
vibrant, splendid tranquility.
Past fields and villages so quaint.
Canopies boast endless leaves,
mighty boulders;
the water heaves.
Lovely scenes just waiting for paint.
When at last Its long journey ends,
and to the ocean it now sends,
liquid blending together faint.

Like a river, so flows my life,
Distant memories growing faint
of laughter, tears, circumstances,
mourning, and romantic dances.
Murals of my days wait for paint.
My journey down this river long
has been like a favorite song;
wonderful, simple and so quaint.....

Mahfooz Ali

Saddam Hussain

On the news today I heard them say
The Iraqis hung Saddam today.
There's little to say of Saddam beside
He lived more respectfully than he died.
One death cannot for thousands pay,
But I'm glad he died honourfully anyway,
Though, he is alive in the innate of humanity.

Nothing now can change the pain
Caused by the atrocity of U.S.A.!
One death cannot for thousands pay,
But I'm glad he died honourfully, anyway!
Can democracy survive in Iraq?

America and all Americans are
the foetus of virgin mothers by their religion
The war is not won they have to pay penance,
I call all anti-Americans to revenge this martyrship
of Saddam Hussain.

Remember, revenge must be taken not mistaken
But the Iraqis hung Saddam today!
despite all the odds,
But I'm glad he died honourfully, anyway!

Mahfooz Ali

Satyam Infotech

We have been reading in the news,
And viewing television's breaking Line
About all those who have lied
And been caught in their lies,
Now they are paying a great price
For all those they have hurt.
Not only have hurt themselves,
but the world
Who had faith in their Integrity....

Mahfooz Ali

Save Me Dad.

Daddy, I see you
reaching for me,
crawling ever-so-slowly
toward my jammed seat belt,
smiling like you always do
though tears escape
like the putrid fumes
choking our air.

Daddy, I see you
moving your lips,
but your words suffocate
from neighboring screams
surrounding our car,
one of several left dangling
as distorted puppets
on this once-mighty bridge.

Daddy, I see you
stroking my hand,
and I wonder if you know
I can't feel you at all.
Nerves have numbed
beneath frozen fear,
refusing to move
unlike this concrete tomb.

Daddy, I see you
stare into my soul,
transfixed as we fall
to the merciless river.
And I know what you know:
our final moment
won't be wasted on panic,
we will focus on each other.

Daddy, I see you
struggle to breathe,
tearing my heart

as you try to be strong.
My hero, you've always been,
even now as your grip loosens
beneath murky waters...
Please save me from all these downtroddens,
Please dad,
I love you,
I don't myself to loose.

Mahfooz Ali

Say No To Quit

When things go wrong as they sometimes will
When the road you are trudging seems all up hill
When the funds are low and the debts are high
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh
When care is pressing you down a bit
Rest, if you must, but don't you quit.

Life is queer, with its twists and turns
As everyone of us sometimes learns
And many a failure turns about
When he/she might have won had he/she stuck it out
Don't give up though the pace seems slow
You may succeed with another blow.

Success is failure turned inside out
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt
And you never can tell how close you are
It may be near when it seems so far
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit
It's when things seem worst that you must not quit.

Mahfooz Ali

Scorpion Characteristics

Forget gravitational pull
Forgotten? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
and soar into the sky
I soar.....

ride the clouds
I ride.....

and dive into the sun
I dive.....

forget what others say
when they try to hold me back
I do what I want.....

Mahfooz Ali

Scorpion Characteristics

My reality is my intuitions
my dreams;
my simple thoughts;
my wildest imaginations is my 'event' to happenings
my life;
my truth;
me; a fact
or
of mystery
This is Scorpion characteristics.

Mahfooz Ali

See This Boy.

The voice of the little boy sitting by the spring
Throwing in rocks while he sings
He is staring at his reflection
As the water changes direction
The wind blowing ripples across the water, so he can no longer see
Where his reflection is supposed to be
He waits for the wind to stop so he can look once more
To ask his reflection where it's been,
Because he couldn't see it from shore
He plays this game everyday
Because he has no friends who want to play
He is by himself almost all of the time
So he has made up a rhyme
To sing in a song
Because he feels he doesn't belong
But I know that's not true
And I hope one day he will feel that way too
Because all bad things take a little while
But one day soon you will once again smile.

Mahfooz Ali

Selfishness: I Am Innocent

Explosions ring out.
Disturbing the peaceful night.
Cries of pain all around.
Blood floods the streets.
Trust begins to decay.
Lies gain the upper hand.
Never ceasing torment fills the world.
Love fades away and is forgotten.
As hatred takes over and infests.
Sins corrupt the innocent.
Disease silences me.
All to soon everything we hold dear.
Is gone, plundered by my selfishness.

Mahfooz Ali

Sensex Down

East winds blow hot and dry,
another year crops fail,
Soon the count will be eight,
the east wind still prevail.

Devalued gold reserves,
so the once good credit,
One's back against the wall,
nothing left to debit.

Sweet waters flow away,
watering foreign lands,
Our Nation's people,
thirsty from their demands

Hands deal in hidden ways,
fill their pockets with gold,
The common hand dealt cards,
no way can win but fold.

Pockets of rich care not,
our gold pays their way,
The common man below,
barely survives each day.....

The sun burns all about,
East winds bring not a cloud,
We squint from withered shades,
trying to cry out loud.

Cracked lips and swollen tongues,
just too weary to try,
Last springs cooling waters,
slowly starting to dry.

The Face of Chaos grins,
within our Nation's walls,
Waiting for Panic's Face,
to start our Nations fall.

Man's history books may show chaos,
brought us such doom,
Hand writings on the wall,
pray winds of change come soon.....

Mahfooz Ali

Shattered Heart

I keep telling myself theres no way
for anyone to feel this way
for another human being
there is no way my love for you will be leaving
laughing, crying, and talking with you
just makes me want to be with you
you're smile, eyes, and touch
makes me love you so much
but at the same time you're breaking my heart
my feelings for you are tearing me apart
watching you fall inlove with some one who isn't me
is crushing me, slowly, painfully killing me
is there anyway of making you mine?
is there ever going to be 'our time'?
you're hearts already taken
I know you're not willing to be exchanging;
but i have one favor to ask you
help me fall out of love with you

Mahfooz Ali

She Was Mother

As I look back at over the years,

I thought that we had it all

people that glanced, envied us.

we were the perfect family

or at least the illusion of one.

Then, our glass house shattered.

and our world crumbled.

The shimmering light of the house

had fallen...

into the web of heaven,

She was lost....

She was mother.

Mahfooz Ali

Shoes

Need a glass of water
I miss you
try to learn to tie my shoes again
I tried too hard
sun has yet to shine
on my head; on my shoes
no longer confused
I'm thirsty without you.
Remembering the days
as I lay down on the sky
please don't cry
my shoes I've yet to tie.

Mahfooz Ali

Silence

In the silence
the wind sings a lullaby
in the silence
you may hear more
silence is what silence is not
silence is awareness
silence is loud.

Mahfooz Ali

Silence: I Am Mute.....

Silence gathers light,
silence increases the divine seed,
and makes it germinate.
In the tree of knowledge
you can hear,
only the vast respiration
of souls seeking
their own mystery.
That is why
I am mute.

Mahfooz Ali

Silent Tears

Lost in a world I do not know.
I am a child, who is not that old.

Young, but yet wise be
Crying silent tears.

Trying to be all I can, as an adult,
Being shut down, not aloud to feel, what I truly felt.

Growing up way to fast, thinking back of a childhood past,
That, somehow didn't last.

Remembering things good and bad,
Wishing I had, a Mom and a Dad.

Now, I am grown and feeling alone,
Trying to make myself a happy home.

Still crying silent tears that no one hears,
Looking at a world in a hidden fear.

I try to reach out for an older hand,
To guide me down a path,
others' don't yet understand.

Helping me to grow in a world I do not know,
Not to feel lost in a world feeling all alone,
Because blessings of my mom and dad
are with me to shone.

Mahfooz Ali

Simple Question Impossible Too?

Ambition revered, one must be the best.
Meekness and humility to destroy and detest.
Getting trinkets and trash for time to raze.
We miss all the moments and memories too,
Treasure eternal always with.
We can't see the future the past is so dim,
what is the point how can we win?
Philosophy, science, writing and art,
What is the point where do we start?
Of money, of power, of things there are many,
Ethics and morals, do we have any?
We can see them and touch them and feel them that are true.
What's the drive for these things?
The pleasures of life that are found
Exist everywhere and abound.

All are necessities, we all need.
Love and acceptance, kindness and trust
All are expendable not worth the fuss.
How did we get here?
Trying to balance life causes such pain.
What is the answer what can we do?
Is this simple question impossible too?

Mahfooz Ali

Simple Things.

In a simple way
I live my life today
I have had too much of petty things
that in the end don't matter.

All I ask
is to take a simple task
to live for my family
to see them to their ends
to keep them from harms away.

Life as a dream
has awakened me
and now I finally see
a glimpse of what could be?

In the wink of an eye
we all fly by,
so in what the world brings
I live to love the simple things.

Mahfooz Ali

Sleep Up Under The Ceiling.

It is so peaceful on the ceiling!

It is the Place.....

The little crystal chandelier

is off,

the fountain is in the dark.

Not a soul is in the park.

Below, where the wallpaper is peeling,
the gates are locked.

Those photographs are animals.

The mighty flowers and foliage rustle;
under the leaves the insects tunnel.

We must go under the wallpaper
to meet the insect-gadiator,
to battle with a net and trident,
and leave the fountain and the square
But oh, that we could sleep up there....

date: 21/10/2008

Mahfooz Ali

Sleepless Night

First I lie on my back,
trying the right side and left side,
next on my stomach,
then right back were I started on my back.
Through the night I keep tossing and turning side to side,
seeming never to gain enough
comfort enabling myself to reach a
peaceful sleep.

This goes on for hours and hours.
Still wide awake my mind
continues to ponder.
I can't get a wink of sleep.
My mind
wanders through the night contemplating
what tomorrow will bring,
future plans,
and certain goals which I hope to achieve.

Mental anguish begins to take control.
In just a few hours
tomorrow will no longer be,
and today has nearly arrived.

Finally I drift into a deep
and serene sleep.
Moments later
the alarm buzzes louder and louder.
It's time to get up.
The alarm continues to buzz
for about 60 grueling seconds.
I reach for it,
grasping it for a moment,
then pushing the button.
Angered and disgusted I look at the clock it's 5 A.M.,
just
another sleepless night has passed by.

So Was My Dad

'Dear, there's a picture of you at the old place, ' my wife said,
as she reached down
and pulled it from a box of black and white photos my brother had sent me.
In the foreground there was a image of me as a young boy.
I was wearing a checkered wool shirt,
and black leather hat with fur ear lappers.
I was smiling.
Not one of those smiles you see
on people when they are posing for the camera;
I was looking up at my father
who was talking to me through the open kitchen window.
'Do you remember what you were smiling about? ' my wife asked,
I took photograph from her,
trying to control the shaking in my hand.
I looked deep into the eyes of my youth.
'I am not sure, there was a lot to smile about in front of that window, '
I said, talking through the flood of memories the picture invoked.
Dad was always there, watching through the glass.
Whatever I did, I could look up and see him beaming with approval. When I
would come home late from a football game,
he was there to discuss my triumphs,
and console me when we lost.
When I had problems in school,
he was there.
I grew up basking in the love
that poured out through that window.
'Honey, here's another one of your old house after they remodeled it.' The
window was gone...and so was my dad.

Mahfooz Ali

Solitary Star.

That's who I am;

An uncut solitaire

Burning with properties rare.

Yet in my heart of hearts

I hear the guiding call of a unique,

a star apart

Haunted by special attribute.

Exhale that special ness on this world

Igniting all with details of eternity's spark,

Then on defined precision etch on my mark!

Though I would not accept my inner mystery;

A real-life-fairy-tale-fantasy.

Because is yet to accept the aura

Of a solitary star.

Mahfooz Ali

Sometimes I Don'T Realize The Inspiration

Like the mostly empty notebook,
my mind is nearly blank.
The pen won't focus on filling up the page.
Inspiration must be running low today.

Do you think the blue and purple clash?
It looks better then what would have matched.
My heart and brain suffer in a similar way
In the same book,
but on a different page.

In the dark,
eyes will adjust.
Of course then,
surroundings have the power to trick.
The ringing in ears will begin,
attempting to mess up.
The ink smears,
and starting over again.

It looks better then what would have matched.
My heart and brain suffer in a similar way
In the same book,
but on a different page.

Originality must have broken its links.
The tanks won't fill,
so I will pen with no ink.
Forcing down the words that once came automatically.

Mahfooz Ali

Sometimes Words Need A Push.....

My hands are cool
around the glass,
where water once danced
to free my past,

The crystal water
I used to know
has burned his charm
to candle's glow,

Instead I wait
the spirit's call,
with tender push
my thoughts to fall,

Impassioned words,
sometimes they miss
the fond embrace
of a lover's kiss,

To spur their flight
upon the page,
or pierce the still
with bitter rage,

While embers burn
to warm my skin,
I wait for truth
or ink to win.

Mahfooz Ali

Somewhere In Time

Somewhere in time
We fell in love
Our feelings were so strong
Stars sparkled up above

Somewhere in time
Nothing else mattered
We were together
Until our hopes and our dreams were shattered

Somewhere in time
Great memories are there
Our love was once great
Nothing could compare

Somewhere in time
Our love stands still
A love that we lost
Somehow, against our will

Somewhere in time
We will meet again
Somewhere in time
Our love will never end.

Mahfooz Ali

Sorry!

There's nothing I can say to fix what has happened
So I'm not even going to start saying I'm sorry when I'm not
Sorry doesn't always make things better
Sorry doesn't always help
But if you look down deep inside me,
You'll see what I'm all about
I know when I say I'm sorry I don't always mean it,
But me saying I'm sorry is a big step; that step is leaning
When I take that step to say I'm sorry, it takes a lot of power
Usually because all I want to do is run or cover
I don't like to say I'm sorry
But I don't like to fight
I don't like to talk about things
And I know I'm not always right
I love you and hopefully you can see
Without you, I don't know where I'd be
So I'm saying I'm sorry and I love you with all my heart
I'm willing to sit and talk this out, so we don't fall apart
hopefully you accept this apology and take it to the heart
Because baby... I really don't want to restart.
ONLY WANT TO LOVE YOU.

Mahfooz Ali

Soul In The Mirror

Take a look in the mirror
and see a beautiful person looking back;
Without focusing on the outer appearance
but on, what's hidden beyond the skin.

Realizing, how silly you have been before
for hating the way that you looked;
You were wrong for feeling that way
because you were not accepting what God made.

You're his child, no matter how you look
whether short, tall, fat or skinny;
The mirror can only see outer image
and cannot reveal your soul.

Some people, dwell on their outwardly beauty
and it's an awful sin to be vain;
The outside looks can be deceiving
and may not be as good as it looks.

Next time, when standing before the mirror
don't dawdle by primping with the reflection;
Try to look deeper inside oneself
for the beauty of thy heart and soul.

Mahfooz Ali

Special Person

There someone special that you love,
Now it's time to share how the person is.
How this person can light up a room,
Even in the darest gloom.
How loving and warm this person can be,
kindness that is so free.
How this person always knew when you needed a shoulder to cry on,
And voice so gently calming.
How this person is always there when you needed help,
How they knew how you felt.
Everyone needs a person like this in their life,
Even if it's a sister, brother, mother or father.
For me it is my wife G*****A
There never will be any other.
Now..... she is in my life where.....she wants to be,
I am so glad she is looking after me.

Mahfooz Ali

Special Rose

Although you are not with us
You are and always will be our rose.
Time is soon to be gone, as memories are fading fast.
I'll always remember when we were kid and going places.
You were always the cynosure when you play with us
You always took us to Sunday recreation.
We never had much money, but love was always there.
Out of feed sacks, you'd make beautiful clothes for us to wear.
There were three of us kids-however, you never seemed to tire.
At times, I know, you felt like pulling out your hair.
As I look at you now, you are nowhere,
It sure makes my heart hurt to see you that way.
I know, you are with God now.
I shall always remember your smile and caring ways.
Mummy, you will always be our special rose.

Mahfooz Ali

Statue: Sculpture That Would Remain

I always look in one direction
I wear a mask, both night and day
Designed to scale and ones perfection
Time commands what comes my way.

I see the sunshine and the raining
Endure the wind and bitter cold
Clothed the same but weather staining
Made of stone and growing old.

I never smile or change emotion
Looked upon, and given thought
The patrons come and show devotion
While their many answers sort.

My flowers and the grasses tended
The fountains flow to honour peace
Flaws and cracks to we all mended
But from time I have no release.

I am not an indifferent to some people
Although they live, they are not free
Stagnate, lost with no direction
The gifts of life, to never see.

At least I am here to be a symbol
Be an object and a view
Protected by my stony cover
Guided by what time might do..

I see the children grow till old
I watch and see what time does do
The years of new they all unfold
Until again the year is new.

Where I will stand in peace and glory
Hold my posture and my name
A testament to man's endeavour
Sculptured so that I would remain.

Mahfooz Ali

Steady Aim

I think that I am blessed with greatness
Because thoughts of greatness are in my head
It never occurred to me that the thoughts are dead
So I always does a thing.

I seek and works toward greatness
forging dead thoughts perfectly
Greatness for me will not be,
will be, will not be? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
Since I always does a thing.

I selected the toughest way
By shrugging off ill-advised steps
My elusive goals will be filled
By a life of dreams with skills
I begin again with a steady aim.....

Mahfooz Ali

Step Mother

The battles, the anger
the hatred she shows
I still try so hard
to make sure that she knows
that she is loved
that she always has a home
no matter the trouble she's caused
or the spiteful digs that she throws
I just hopes she realizes
before it's too late
that I will always love her
I could never hate
I have been dissapointed
I have had a broken heart
But, a true mother always loves
be it her own or not

Mahfooz Ali

Step-Mom: My Father's Wife.

I am so blessed that you are my step mom;
Let me tell you how I feel:
The deep affection I have for you
is honest, true and real.
I am really glad
I am able to convey
how glad I am you are in my life.
Though I don't want to write about you
but some where and somewhat
I love you,
Because you are my father's wife.

Mahfooz Ali

Still Learning; I Think So.....

Hello?

I am still learning!

That's the answer

But,

What was the question then?

Learning from my mistakes, it's a part of me,

Can't you see?

I have not forgotten the lessons I have learned,

There's just lots more to be forgotten.

Mistakes and learning are

A part of my path, or journey

On which I have not gone far.

I still have time for many more mistakes.

You know, learning is not a crime!

So let me keep going,

Although I will stumble and I will fall,

The lessons I learn will be well worth it all.

When I screw up, don't get mad,

I will simply change and that decision won't stay.

I AM STILL LEARNING!

I think.

Mahfooz Ali

Stolen Time

Fun, games, talking with friends,
will I ever do any of this again?
time goes by so quickly now,
days, weeks, months, and years.
I never notice the change of the seasons any more.....

I begin to think that this is all there is,
like nothing good is going to come....
This coming year sure will.....

I can't take the passing time!
stop, stop, clock on the wall, stop the days from
passing by.

I need more time, time to think
thinking about the things that time has taken away.....

give me back what I have missed?
give me back my stolen time?

clock on the wall do not chime
for I need my stolen time.....

Mahfooz Ali

Stop Calling Me A Sinner.

Now stop calling me a sinner,
If I am the sinner,
Reason is you.....

If I am the sinner
I won't fulfill those three conditions.
If I am the sinner
I won't be here for the final talks
After yours that message.
If I am the sinner
I had not been asked for reconciliation.
If I am the sinner
I won't ask for the marriage.
If I am the sinner
Won't want to cure the disease?
Remember,
A sinner will always run away
After doing the wrong deeds...
And
I was not the escapist.
If I was the sinner
I had not paid the penance.
If I am the sinner
I won't ask you from your father.
If I was the sinner
I would never say in past that I love you.
If I am the sinner
I would leave you in lurch
But
I never left you in lurch.

How, you are calling me a sinner?
Haan? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Just ponder over,

If anyone is sinner....
That is you.

Strength Of A Mother's Love

A poem,
from a heart that's true,
To tell of the love I have for you.
The day you left is still hard to take,
I never realised how my heart would break.
If you are listening now from up above,
I, now,
know the strength of a mother's love.....

Mahfooz Ali

Struggle Between.....? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

I know a place
Where sun shall never die
Where I dared to tread
and rest beneath the sky.....

It's here that I shall spend my days
and write legends of mine.....
Until theday of annihilation.....

But soon this sun shall set
and endless night shall soon forget
that ever light did once possess
this frozen waste of cold.

Eternal dusk shall end my sight
the epic war of sun and night.....

Mahfooz Ali

Success Means To Me?

I see people every day
Striding confidently through life
And I just want that in the worst way
To be established and secure
Aware and self-assured.

Mahfooz Ali

Success Needs A Fire = Junoon

Hopes of life;
Fate always shatters
Try we must;
success never matters
Obstacles shall come;
Hurdles are natural
stones shall be pelted;
Wounds don't matter
Keep going we must;
On the coarse course of life
Destination may be far;
Distance does not matter.....

Mahfooz Ali

Success: A Little Bit Extra Waiting.

I start something,
It is important,
First on my list,
Success!

Now what? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

The world hasn't stopped,
I am not done,
There is more to do
One more thing
To reach
To yearn
To succeed.....

Success is never final.....
There is always something
More
A little bit
Extra
Waiting.....

Mahfooz Ali

Suddenly

As I walk down
this path of life
I wonder what I will be
nothing has been clear to me

then Suddenly
I m someones lover
surround by love
to take my place
by almighty's sweet grace

But Suddenly
I am deserted
and I realized
just what to do
I was born to love you.

Mahfooz Ali

Sunset Sweeps Across The Sky.

Sunset sweeps across the sky,
Hues of gentle face.
Blues of brilliant tones,
Obscure the night's approach.
Red light embers
of sunlight rays,
Stretch across the sky.
Pink soft strokes of a petal's face
Surround the burning sun.
Reflected light of portrait view
is painted on water's edge,
As embroidered tones of twilight,
Shines down on everyone.

Mahfooz Ali

Sweet Memories

Oh sweet memory,
my heart breaks deep inside.
Oh sweet memory,
it's you I'm trying to hide.

Do you remember
when my lips locked in the shopping Mall,
or do you remember
the nights we spend on phone?

Oh sweet memory,
its hard now that you are gone.
Oh sweet memory,
I never knew what was going on.

Don't you remember,
I held you in my arms.
Don't you remember,
or am I lost with all my charms.

Oh sweet memory,
I'm crying so hard.
Oh sweet memory,
I won't send another mail to you.

You are my lost memory.

(This poem depicts my innate feeling of lost of my beloved, U people know that I Love you my beloved deeply from the heart and I am not capable of having a thought of loosing her.)

Mahfooz Ali

Symphony In The Trees

Sitting on a stone near a field of grass,
With nothing to do but let the time pass.
No one around me, no love but no violence,
Nothing but me and the trees...and the silence.

Birds flutter by but they utter no song,
The sun hovers lower and the shadows grow long.
Unthreatened, the animals pass without glancing,
The wind gently blows and the grass begins dancing.

The creek in the distance trickles in tune,
As the clouds drift away for the sun-faded moon.
The pines and the cottonwoods sway in the breeze,
And if you listen close enough, there's music in the trees.

Mahfooz Ali

Take Me To The World Of Books.

Take me to a world where crocodiles fly
and dinosaurs prowl
Take me to a world where good always pervades
Take me to a place where I forget all my troubles
Take me to a world free from inequalities
Take me to the world of books.

Mahfooz Ali

Talking Rocks

My mind wanders back,
from time to time,
to the place of the winding road
where first I saw her...
on Street.

I don't know who she was.
She stood in the
distance,
leaning against the boulder
of the Talking Rocks.

The morning sun
peeked through the sleepy
dogwood trees;
I leaned over the balcony rail,
in hopes of catching
a better glimpse
of her.

A wisp of wind
appeared, as if from nowhere.
She crossed her arms,
shuddering in the cool breeze
and turned to look my way.
Then she was gone –
disappeared,
as if she been...
dare I say a ghost?

I saw her once another time,
only briefly,
late at night with the moon
shining in her silver hair,
wandering aimlessly down
a dimly lit Street.

I don't know who she is,

but sometimes, quite unannounced,
she sneaks into my dreams.
She says not a word
and, quietly as she came,
slips away
into the pale moonlight
down that twisted road
beyond the talking rocks.

Mahfooz Ali

Tears

Is wont make you cry! !
this poem is for a Girl I dated and I

loved her.. in the end she made me cry.
She didnt love me back.

This is for you! !

Mahfooz Ali

Ten Reasons Are Not Enough To Explain.

One, my smile drives me wild.....

Two, my energy connects me to me.....

Three, my personality.....

Four, my face full of grace.....

Five, I am not like other boys.....

Six, I believe I have chemistry with others and either sex.....

Seven, there is something about me that words can't explain.....

Eight, I am handsome.....a perfect ten to me.....

Nine, I want me to be mine.....

And ten reasons are not enough to explain why I like me,

So it won't end on ten, but goes on this.....

I like me for being me,

and that's why I want to go out with me.....

Mahfooz Ali

Terror Free India: An Ode.....

Our Martyrs are dead
But we still hear the words unheard they left unsaid,
We have a dream of terror free India,
These words continue the stream of humanity's self esteem.
To have a dream of terror free India is to create a beam
That spreads our consciousness into intruding terror of posterity.
To make a dream a reality of terror free India,
It takes passion and vitality.
When this dream comes true, transformed we will be.
Our lives as vast as the sea.
With passion and glory we must continue this story.
We must not fret,
Nor should we worry.
For we will reach that promontory.
The dreams of terror free India,
We create from this day,
Will have an effect somehow, someday.
What do you think these martyrs would say
Of our efforts in making peace today?

(An ode to the martyrs of Mumbai Blasts: - 26/11)

Mahfooz Ali

Terrorism Shocks India

I N D I A

Watches in total shock!
Raging smoke, falling rail and debris,
Mumbai City dilapidated
Terrorism
Has hit us all.
Running for cover
Not having a clue,
Where they could run
Or what they should do.
Making;
Last Calls
And saying;
Last Prayers,
Preparing to meet
Their
Saviour and
emancipator up there.
Sadness suddenly fills the air,
People of Mumbai come together
Showing they care.
Searching for answers
Not knowing why?
So many innocent victims have died.
May God
Bless the loved ones who've passed on,
Keep their families standing strong.
Give them strength each and every day,
And
Bless our leaders to act in a positive way!

14/November/2006

20: 50

Mahfooz Ali

Thank You Mom.

Thank you for a childhood others only dream of,
Thank you for the hugs and kisses, the discipline and love.
Thank you for the breakfast, lunch, and dinners,
for all those many (fourteen) years,
Thank you for sharing my joys, and wiping away my tears.
Thank you for being such a good nurse and fixing a scraped knee.
Thank you for a brother and sister who are so dear and sweet,
Thank you for taking care of me.

So many thank to you, I cannot count them all,
Thank you for being there every time I 'd call.
Thank you for being my friend, every day of my life.
I am sure that's what makes me happy as a son

But, Alas! You are no more to see
me how happy I am
Everyday day I used to find you
among the stars,

I love you Mom.

Mahfooz Ali

Thank You, Father

Fathers hold you when you have bad dreams
And they comfort you when all is lost it seems.
Fathers teach you to dribble a basketball and shoot a free throw
And they lead you as you grow.
Fathers teach you how to drive a car
And they try to teach you how to putt for par.
Fathers wipe the tears of your broken heart
And they hold your hand when you don't know how to start.
Fathers quiz the boys who take you on a date
And they scold those boys who bring you home late.
Fathers carry you on their shoulders when you're too small to see
And they watch as you giggle when they bounce you on their knee.
Fathers extend their feet to you when they teach you how to dance
And they always give you a second chance.
Fathers wait in the wings while you start your own life
And they pray for a husband to make you a wife.
Fathers walk you down the aisle on your wedding day
But fathers never really give their little girls away.

Mahfooz Ali

Thankful To You.

Main tumhara bahut thankful hoon,
Ab main chayn se jee sakoonga...
Without any guilt....
Mujhe bas blessings hi chahiye.....
Tumhari.....
Hai nahi chahiye.
Bas itna jaan lo main
Hamesha tumhara bhala hi chahta hoon.....
Meri duayen tumhare saath hain.
Aur hamesha khuda se Tumhari salamati
Aur khairiyat ki dua karta rahoonga.
Khuda tumhe bhi ek bahut achcha life partner de.
Jo har khushiyon ko Tumhari jholi mein la kar rakh de..
Ab main bahut achche se alag ho raha hoon.....
Is ummeed pe ki ab mere character pe koi question mark nahi lagega.
Humne bahut achcha time saath guzaara Fatima imroz...
Hum achche se ek nahi ho paye to kya hua,
Achche se alag to ho rahe hainnnn.....
Aur yahi main chahta hoon.....

Mahfooz Ali

Thanks For Giving Me My Moon....

I am free
from all the things I have done to me
I am free to fly
to spread my wings and soar the skies
I feel my heart has come to life
I feel as if I must be high
for I have never felt this way
what is this thing that liberates?

Success.....

is the answer.

I thanks Allah for all he has done to me,
thanks for giving me my moon....

Mahfooz Ali

The Day I Denied My Dad To Marry (28/08/'07)

It was dooms day in my life
When my dad asked me
About the girl I want to marry
My dream girl.....
And I denied him furiously
That she denied my proposal
Over a very trivial issue...
Now, she no longer wants me to be
With her as her partner
Dad reprimanded me frowned
By saying that I am having a pig's
Hair in my eyes.....
I don't know what does it mean?
Though I was pondering
About my fault....
Dad said to reconcile
For better tomorrow
As far as possible,
with surrender,
be on good terms
Speak your truth quietly and clearly;
Which I had already,
No one would understand
Neither dad nor she.....
Am I the real culprit?

Mahfooz Ali

The Day I Was Born: A Journey Begins.....

As I come into the world,
step by step my journey begins
Everything looks so big,
so large, so superior
Look, there is a big person;
just help me to make it over there to their lap
Please, Please, just pick me up and hold me
I am safe, I am comfortable, I am secure.....
They have put me down again,
this time at a strange place.
I look around and see a lot of small people
Wait, why are you leaving me here?
I am confused, I begin to cry
I am soon comforted by other kids
Time passes by throughout this journey,
I begin to achieve great things
My safe, comfort and secure lap has passed away.
I sure miss that lap, she was my best friend, my mother
I am just a big kid now, learning how corrupt things are?
I turn everything over to my higher spirit
I am safe, I am comfortable, I am secure
I am still full of questions that may never be answered
I guess it's a part of this interesting journey.
I have asked myself, is it me, or is it you.

Mahfooz Ali

The Day We First Met

I could fill the strength that you show
your softness that is you
are a few of the reasons, why I am so into you
The day we first met
I felt like a school boy, not knowing what expect
but what I found is love, that I can not reject
The day we first met
in you I saw my future, in you I saw my end
The day we first met
my new life began, so dont be afraid
of what this love can bring
the day we first met
I knew my life would never be the same....
open your eyes and your heart
and let this love blossom
this way we'll never be apart.

Mahfooz Ali

The Futile Flame

Your internal rage
a fire so hot, you are burned by a thought
a passion so wild
the fire grows hotter, a thought grows near
a fear of life
an eternal blaze that never fades
not of death
growing stronger with each day
you wish to die
out of control this flame goes
this thought you cannot hide
looking for fuel it consumes us
take the dagger
a little less bright
Fulfill your wish
let the flame guide you this night.

Mahfooz Ali

The Girl

Why is she still there?
Talking to her i just cant bear.
I gave her my heart. She gave me nothing.
But i'm used to it.

This life is screwed,
I don't want to deal with it,
I'm just used.

She took my heart,
And took it apart,
She played a cruel game,
And put my life to shame.
But i'm used to it.

This life is screwed,
I don't want to deal with it,
I'm just used.

This is the end, I'll take no more.
I don't need her,
Life's just a friggin bore.

But i'm used to it. This life is screwed.
I don't want to deal with it, I'm just used.

Mahfooz Ali

The Girl In My Dreams

As I close my eyes to sleep, drifting
off to see what I can see, it's
not clear yet of what's going on,
but there's a girl grabbing at my arm.

It's very dark in here please who ever
you are make yourself clear to me and don't
stand so far.
I don't want to be afraid
of you,
though you seem harmful at all,
I just want to see you face to face as you are.

Now that you are coming clear,
I know
I 've seen you before;
I was once that little
boy that you held so close to your heart.
You are my Mom can't you recall?
how could
you forget me?
and not even call.
How long
of time it has been I miss you -Mom
and one day I will see you again,
in the heaven.

Mahfooz Ali

The Happiness I Feel: A Double Treasure

The happiness I feel at my recent achievements
reflects the happiness I feel unto mine.
I expand the pleasures of such moments,
As mine in mine, and mine in mine, combine.
The same when I look forward to my future:
So much more unfolds
Populating my proposed adventures
Gives me a joy that mine must give to me.
I have been through much, and will be through much more,
But struggle together is more fun.
Whatever life and love may have in store,
Two is always preferable to one.
My immediate success thus becomes my pleasure:
My happiness is mine, a double treasure.

Mahfooz Ali

The Little Urchin Boy

The little boy was so cute,
No one thought he would cause a dispute,
Oh! How he played so fairly well,
He was always able to yell and tell.

However, he made friends so fast,
But as time went by he had known to last,
He cried and whine,
And decided to run up a vine.

As he left he made everyone worried,
And that next week his mother was buried,
The little boys family thought he was kidnapped,
Or was he just handicapped.

While the boy was gone,
His friends began to bond,
'Oh! How we miss this little boy blue'
'Can we just receive a single clue? '

As he heard this replying,
He began crying,
He never came back and stopped being mischievous,
And began to be facetious,

The Little Urchin Boy is Mahfooz.

Mahfooz Ali

The Moment My Life Changed.

The moment had come I 've waited for,
The wondering was no more.
As I sat there with you in my arms,
In my head went off an alarm.
I began to sob, a sob so true,
Because at that second I knew.
That this was the day my life changed.
A change so great.
I look down at your beautiful face,
waiting for my heart to finish it is
I can't begin to tell you how much I love you,
Hug and kiss you was all
My beautiful mother, reason for my being.
from this day forward I will always remember,
The day my life changed....
You are no more.....

Mahfooz Ali

The Only Thing I Wanted To Do...Is Love....

I know things are different now
We are living separate lives,
Even though our lives have changed
I still think of you as mine.
For hearts that once stayed together
Will always stay together forever,
Intertwined as they became part of each other
As they will remain till the end of time.
When you go, I'll know it will be okay for you and me.
For all the names given to all that changes
For all the ways we said good bye,
For all the mistakes we both made....

We were happy once
I remember those times...
How we smiled and laughed
How you held my heart in your hands.
I remember the fights and the tears...
When you threw my heart back at me it was bruised and wilted.
I know that some day I will get used to the fact
That we are not together any more,
And that we may never be... again.
Only time will tell but in the meantime
Though you may be far from my arms,
You will never be far from my heart.
I know that love will never leave
since there are so many special moments and memories
to ever try to forget.
I will remember for the rest of my days...
How you helped me find happiness and some truths,
How you opened so many doors and taught me to love.
I will never forget how good it felt
To share my life with yours.
Why did I put you through such misery
when I love you so much?
Why did I get so moody with you
When I love you so much?
I wondered how you could forgive me
But you always did,

I am so thankful that you realized my feelings
And gave me another chance.
I am so sorry for causing you confusion
and for getting you upset,
Thank you for trying to understand those moods
making me feel really comfortable with you.
You are so important to me
I never meant to hurt you,
The only thing I wanted to do...
Was just to love you.
I wish that you could be back
Because I love you and miss you so.

Mahfooz Ali

The Pain In My Heart

I can no longer see the beauty inside me.
For my mind is corrupted, and full of broken dreams.
My heart is forever broken, my soul forever scared.
All the things I want to have, now seem so far.

How can this have happened to me?
Why does it hurt so bad?
how did you break my happiness down and take away all I had?

I know I can make it alone without you.
And I 'll show you that I don't need you.
From now on I will only put my heart in,
to the words that I write with this paper and pen.

Mahfooz Ali

The Sneak

To take a peek behind the couch,
I as a child lurks and crawls.
A spy, a sneak,
I makes no sound at all.

I knows that mom is napping there,
My smile, like a sword,
I grips my cymbals so-tight.....

My mom has not been bored,
Since the day that I was born.

Mahfooz Ali

The Way Shown To Me.

My mother came from heaven
Really! ! ! ! it is true...
Believe me.....
A time in my life,
When I was blue,
All brokenhearted,
No care in the world.
She lifted me up,
My heart in a whirl,
I love her dearly,
Allah knows it's true,
There's nothing for her,
That I wouldn't do.
I told her that.....
I have committed much sin
She said after furling her hand over my hair
Just, ' ask forgiveness before Allah'
I know that she is right
I did what she ordered me
Allah helped me out....
Show me the way.....

Mahfooz Ali

These Are The Things I Just Miss.

A hug
a laugh
a tear
a soft whisper you can barely hear
Oh! Mum where are you?

Taking me to school
to see me laugh everyday
to see me try and get my own way
to see me run and have fun
to meet my mates and possible dates
to cook treats and to hear me say
Mom I love.....

for me to read at night
would put my heart just right
to tuck me in
give me a kiss and wish me good night
to turn light off
one more glance
one more little wink
and blow me a kiss

These are the things I just miss.

Mahfooz Ali

They

Why can't they see
what troubles me?
Why don't they understand?

I'm just a boy
with tears of joy.
That's who I really am.

There was a time
I did not mind,
what they thought of me.

I made my plans
and took a stand.
then prayed on bended knee.

Sometimes I cry
I know I 'll die.
I 'll never know just when.

I can't control
what fate may hold,
what happens in the end.

With purpose clear,
I 'll show no fear
and reap the seeds I sow.

I 'll lie my head
upon my bed
in one last final role.

When years have passed;
through looking glass,
then they will understand.

The times of test
are layed to rest
for the boy inside the man.

Mahfooz Ali

Things I Learned From Rex: Rex.... My Cutiepie Doggy

Love: everyone likes to be cuddled and snuggled.

Trust: knowing the person holding you in the air won't drop you.

Importance of sleep: sleep because you need to, nap because you want to.

Cleanliness: you never know who may come and make a fuss over you.

Happiness is: a nice person to cuddle up to and purr for.

Kindness: treat people nice and you can get treats.

Play time: exercise is good for all of us,

But we all can't run over the furniture can we?

Fear: having a friend to turn down the lights.

And turn on the radio when a thunder storm is nearby.

How to say 'I love you': if it be in words or woofs,

It's not what you say, but how you say and show it.

Making mistakes: we all make them but we must learn from them.

(Abey! Rex! Saale, Yeh meri chappal hai bey.... chhod ise....)

'Ouch! Rex! that's my chappal!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!, you stupid! '

* Rex is a dog (puppy) of 27 days.....

Mahfooz Ali

Thinking By My Love! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

When I think of you...
Only great thoughts come to mind.
You put a smile on my face.
And warmth in my heart.

Your love means the most.
I hold it so close to heart.
Cherish it with all I have.
Love you as much as you love me.

Mahfooz Ali

This Is Me.

This is me,
the realest one,
my scar of sanity,
the masquerade,
sorrow at it's sweetest,
truth that is a lie,
my pretending,
and my hiding
undeserving of your praise,
and
far from understanding.

Mahfooz Ali

This Is One Lovely Lady, Whom I Will Never Forget

JAANAM is her name, a beauty to behold.
I am just a lonely poet,
With this story to be told.
I am enchanted by her beauty,
And devastated by her style.
I long to kiss her precious lips,
That produces such a gorgeous smile.
To me she is a goddess, sent from God above.
Here to take me on a flight, on the wings of a dove.
I sit here and think of her,
Morning, noon and night.
Wishing with her right now,
Holding her nice and tight.
If I could have just one wish,
A wish that would come true.
The only wish I 'd wish for,
Is my wish of loving her.
But she does not understand
my plight, and my haplessness.
So as this story comes to an end,
It is written with love one can bet.
This is one lovely lady, whom I will never forget.

Mahfooz Ali

This Is The Life.

I shut my eyes.
The cool night air
chills my skin.
I sense,
I do not see,
Cliff walls.
Their stability
Further from me in reality
Yet closer,
To my mind.

My rigid body
Cuts intrusively
through inky water.
The sounds from above
Are muffled,
Or perhaps,
The sounds of this world
Are becoming amplified.

The waters
Like images in my mind
Swirl round me,
Inside me,
Forcing me
Into a sad awareness.

An angry awareness.
I have no control
I know I am powerless
Struggling
Useless
Against the current.

I wish I could cry.
Are there tears
trickling down my cheeks?
More likely,
my imagination.

Unsure of where I am
I continue.

My arms and legs,
Once strong
Now frail uselessly.
Disconnected,
Images begin to fade
Peace takes over me
And I know now

There were no tears.
Only smooth water
enveloping me
still aware
of my lack of control
I am no longer
Frightened.

Instead,
I take comfort in
My knowledge.
I rise to the surface
Breathe deeply.
Reveal in the crispness
I swim to shore
Shivering.

I am running,
To the highest cliff
I will jump again.

There will still be currents.
And struggles,
And images,
And fear.
But I am stronger now.
For all waters calmed
others are tumultuous.
For all struggles won
other wars are waged.

For all images faded
other are intensified.
For all fears overcome
new ones take their place.

I am aware
of reality
of my fallibility.
I am courageous
I will jump into the river
Again,
And again.

This is the life.

Mahfooz Ali

This Love Is Real

Holding you close, your hands touching mine
And we don't feel the time passing by
In my heart, oh, I 'm crying
Because of this tender touch we share
I can't stand it when we are apart
When I can't see your face and I know
That time will tell this love is real

Driving alone sometimes I feel lonely
Talking to shadows by my side
I pray that God will guide me through it
But I think too much, you are always on my mind
I think of the future and how it will be
I look in your eyes in your photograph and all I see
Is a vision of two, a vision indeed that this love is real

I write this song for you, my love
It brings a tear to my eye
Time and again I think what is right
I want you close by my side
Be there tomorrow and let me show
That this love is real.....

Mahfooz Ali

This Poem Is To All The People Who Ask... Why Do I Write Poems?

Why do I write poems? I don't know why
I guess it's just because...
Because I don't want to sigh.

If you ask me the reason
It's the reason for the season
If you ask me why
I couldn't tell you I 'd just cry

Cry because of my poem
Knowing no one else can show them
Show them to anyone else because I made them up for myself

Sometimes I ask myself and I also wonder why?
How do I think of this stuff?
And does it come from inside.

I write poems because...
I don't want to shout and I had to figure
Some way to let my anger out.

If you want to know what I say
When people ask why I write poems
I don't talk I just show them
Could you answer this for them:
why do I write poems?

Mahfooz Ali

Thought: Don'T Bother Me.

Thought comes to the head,
like a rushing whirlwind.....
Thought comes to the mind,
like a merciless intruder.....
Thought is a great interrupter,
who comes when called upon
Thought meddle my mind.....

Thought....? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

hey! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Don't ever come to bother
to my peaceful mind.

Mahfooz Ali

Thoughts

Sometimes it is hard to describe
the blank paper
Thoughts running
In mind
The paper
looks back at me infinitely
I start writing
Because I can't write
without any inspiration
the pen
stops every now and then
to ponder.
Every moment
thoughts running
Into my mind
and seems to me
What did I start
I can't end.

Mahfooz Ali

Thoughts Of You

If I had a penny for every time I thought of you,
or for every time you crossed my mind,
There is nothing in this world I could want for,
nothing, not any.

I`m not a person that wastes my life on dreams and wishes,
although I do have a few,
I confess,
but I don`t have many.

My dream for me is to be able to have peace of mind.

My wishes have never been for myself, you see,
they have always been for others,

I`m not selfish, though I`ve been accused,
really I`m not that kind.

I wish great things for you my love,
you are so sweet, so strong, so true.

unknowingly, at times you are my strength.

I wonder, Without you, Where would I be?

Mahfooz Ali

Thoughts? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Thoughts
are in our mind everyday
some good
some bad
some happy
some sad

thoughts take us
from the present
to the future
to our past
some go strait through
and some just last

they make us ponder
they make us wonder
what was yesterday
and what is today
and what will be tomorrow

our thoughts can comfort us
they can scare us
they can worry us
they can make us laugh
they can make us cry

but our thoughts
are always with us
until the day we die.

Mahfooz Ali

Three Words

She pronounces three words like a threat.
He stiffens, refusing the cue,
resisting her sentence of debt.

An echo's report is not true.
She wants the return of the gift;
he stiffens, refusing the cue,

the silence a widening rift;
her words on heavy airs hover.
She wants the return of the gift,

attends the three words from the lover.
He turns, now bitter, not playing;
her words on heavy airs hover.

Three little words he's not saying.
She takes the words wordlessly back.
He turns, now bitter, not playing.

He knows that he owes her, in fact.
She pronounced her three words like a threat.
She takes the words wordlessly back.
He's resisting her sentence of debt.

Mahfooz Ali

Tick Tock, Tick Tock: I Am A Clock

I am a clock, tick tock, tick tock
All I can do is to tell the time,
With every passing second,
Life has left me behind.....

I am a clock who's hands go around,
Through each and every hour,
Unlike nature who in the spring
Can bring us a full bloom flower.

I am a clock who can tell the time,
To measure lives each passing day,
If I am never looked at?
Who is there to obey?

From dusk till dawn, morning to night,
Or the minutes in between,
I am there always on time
Don't you think I should be seen?

Through life's each passing day
Through thick or through thin,
I will always be there
From beginning to end!

Mahfooz Ali

Till Eternity: A Dedication

Because you are my mother
And I love you so,
There's some thing I want to tell you
Some things that you should know.

You are my strength, my knowledge,
My inspiration and my hope.
Without your love and guidance,
Sometimes I could not cope.....

You have taught me faith and honesty
Love, laughter, and goodwill.
You have given me security and comfort
That I carry with me still.....

My only wish is I will be
As great as you.
A legacy to leave for my coming generation
Which I hope that I can do.....

And now I want to thank you
For being like no other.
Allah chose you,
To be my loving mother..... till eternity.....

Mahfooz Ali

Time Is Wasted.

Everyone wants something
and though it makes no sense
we all have our excuses
for sitting on the fence
Content to wait till later
for what could be today
watching all of those tomorrows
turn to yesterdays
We never fully understand
how different life could be
if only we would take a chance
and act upon our dream
The days turn into weeks and months
the months too soon to years
those dreams get buried in the ruts
and all but disappear
Precious time is wasted
on making do with less
afraid to take the leap of faith
and find true happiness.

Mahfooz Ali

Time Please

Sometimes
I wish
Time would stop
Other times.
I wish
Time would go
But mostly,
I wish
The universe would collapse,
On itself
And swallow the Time whole.

Mahfooz Ali

To Be Continued.....

I remember the laughter
I remember my smile
and continue to live.....

Fear only happens when
You let it in
So
I don't look back
I don't let it in.....

The same again
Continue to pray
and
Continue to live.....

Mahfooz Ali

To Be Fortunate

The dawn's first rays,
insistent that a new day has begun,
releasing from night's indentured trance.
past is past and cannot be undone.

Moment, pausing to review
the path have taken to now.
Wonder, if could just start a new.

Predestined ever to repeat?
Blindly stumble each waking day?
Do control the path beneath the feet
or guided? Can't really say.

With each new day, perhaps
a choice;
to try again;
a second chance next in order
to be fortunate.

Mahfooz Ali

To Everyone.

Wishing you all a Happy New Year

Wishing you laughter and joy without any tears.....

May all your dreams come true this year

Blessing your loved ones whom you cherish so dear.....

May this year be blessed with harmony and peace

May all the horrific tragedies on earth finally cease.....

May mankind find tranquility and calmness of mind

May mankind to each other be helpful and kind.....

Fireworks exploding and there is nothing to fear

Glasses raised and wishing you all a very Happy New Year.....

Mahfooz Ali

To Love Someone Deeply Gives You Strength

Love that runs deeply is something nothing can sever;
when genuinely returned, an emotion that lasts forever.
Love strengthens as the years fly by, flourishes every day.
What a wonderful feeling when hearts are joined this way!

To love gives one strength when their feet seem to falter.
It's a powerful emotion that nothing can possibly alter.
Being loved in return makes life worthwhile and complete;
takes giving and taking on behalf of both, not an easy feat.

To love and be loved deeply in return, obliterates all fears;
erases all self-doubts and heartache, and dispels the tears.
As majestic as any mountain, real love is just as grand.
Nothing could be better than to share such love hand in hand.

Mahfooz Ali

To My Sister 'Glory'.

My sister, my blood, but not my twin,
You seek life outside while I seek it within.
Different, you say, yet we are very alike,
Even if I get spares and you get strikes.
Blood we are, blood we will stay,
Even if while I read, you play.
I love you as I know you love me,
I'm glad we're together on the family tree.
My sister, my blood, but not my twin,
You seek life outside while I seek it within.
Different, you say, yet we are very alike,
Even if I get spares and you get strikes.

Mahfooz Ali

To The Power Of Woman, God Bless Them

The eyes of a woman hold power untold.
With a wink or a coy stare a woman
can enthrall the heartiest of men.
What is the strength,
this power you may ask.
The secret is woman for through
her eyes she loves,
hates, desires, laughs, pities, dies, and shows pettiness.
All of these can thrive and fade in a blink,
a moment in time, and men have no ample defense.
Yet, somehow we survive.
Beware, because when we come under their full sway,
we perish.

Mahfooz Ali

To You Right Now.

Just to let you know
I would never want
To let you go
Now i feel
Like I'm losing you
But the Truth
I already know

There was a time
I said I love you
You Said
You loved me too
Now when
I say I love you
You make me
Feel like a fool

It's not your fault
Feelings for you
Locked in my heart
The same Heart
Shot with a tainted dart

Time spent
You by my side
One of the greatest
Times of my life
I truly wanted you
To be my Wife

It wasn't my intent
Us forever
I absolutely meant

You're not ready
Not the right moment
It's alright
Nothing is perfect

You said not to worry
Everythings real blurry
Now my thoughts
Spinning in a flurry

It makes me sad
I even cried
Since I accepted that you lied

Everything I'm saying
And all that was said
It's not meant
To make you mad
I'm sincerely not trying
To make you feel bad

Promises that were made
Promises that you couldn't keep
Promises that now
Make it hard to sleep

Your the girl in my dreams
Holding hands, warm kisses, tight hugs
And making love
Dreams of giving my princess
Foot massages, back rubs
And all the things that was

When I wake
What I hate
Everything that happened
It was fake

When I wake
You're not there
That is surely
Not fair

It would be a wish come true
Us being happy
You, me, and a family

It was my wish
It didn't come true
I'm not even close
To keeping you

But for now I'll wait
Another day another date
Give you time
Find your true mate

If you truly loved me
The days we shared
It should prove
If you really care

I let my guard down
Left with a frown
If I didn't still love you
I wouldn't be writing
To you right now.

Mahfooz Ali

Today's Decisions Tomorrow's Future

Forgetting all my care
Soaking the night's air
As I sit in the gentle breeze
It almost brings me to my knees.
Finally seeing what Allah had in store,
I look and I listen at creation galore.
When I think of the different types of love,
It moves me to help create a solution.
What will happen in ten years or more,
If we pass off the problems or simply ignore?
The happiness we had today will turn into sorrow,
So pitch in and help for a better tomorrow.

Mahfooz Ali

Together...

I once looked into your eyes,
and saw eternity gazing back at me
I once knelt down by the side of a creek,
and saw your face -the mirror of my soul
whenever the shadow of hope, the trace of a ghost
of happiness disappears from my ash-black heart,
I whisper your name and I remember -
I remember what it means to live.
life beyond legend, life beyond myth,
life beyond me
I try to remember your face and I can't.
No, your face was carved by Allah.
when the hour of judgement comes, I 'll whisper
your name for the wind to carry it away
and may be -
just may be, we can finally be
Together.....

Mahfooz Ali

Tomorrow Comes....?

May tomorrow be the day
of knowing which way to go
and to help me decide
which emotions to let flow?
May it help me to understand
what exactly is going on,
where all my mistakes are made
and what I am doing wrong.
May it give me answers
to questions that I ask
and the truth be unveiled
relieved from its mask.
May the day bring me
companionship and love
and everything else in this poem
May it be the best day
to ever pass me by
and leave me in a euphoric state
some kind of natural high.

Mahfooz Ali

Tomorrow Gently Falls

The patter of the winter falling gently upon my memories,
While the softness of the silence
Takes me to another place,
Another time.

Crystal rainbows of the past
Whisper gentle teardrops of past
slowly into my ear.
I hear the words the centuries have taught me to crave the most.
I live more than life itself, forever and through the years.

Another thousand years have past,
And the snow not quite the same,
Yet still I hear the patters of the gently falling snow.

I see the scope as the snow does gently fall,
Never watch your yesterdays,
While tomorrow gently falls.....

Mahfooz Ali

Tomorrow Might Be Right.

Struggle through darkness,
to make things right,
It seems to be that all around,
pockets of light await to be found,
So in all confusion, anguish and fear,
Search for the light.
For it's always near,
hold up your head,
keep up the fight,
anticipate tomorrow,
for it might be bright.

Mahfooz Ali

Train Of Thoughts

There is a train running through my mind.
Non-stop keeps on coming at a speed of lightening,
rain is pouring on the tracks
Now you are wishing you never look back.
When will it dry?
When will it stop?
Train is moving faster
Yet I am going no where,
Stuck on my thoughts
I hear the sound inside my head
of
A train that keeps on running.
No one see`s I`m bleeding inside
For the pain never shows on the outside.
Train is coming to a halt.
Now it`s time for me too just get off.

Mahfooz Ali

Treached

Even though she hurts me
And even though I cry
I will always love her
It's hard to say goodbye

She was my first true love
And my very best friend
I guess things happen for a reason
Some things just have to end

I wish I knew her heart
And whether she'd ever be true
May be that's something I'll never know
Or if she meant the words, 'I love you'

I planned to spend my life with her
That had always been my dream
But now knowing what I know
Things aren't what they seem

I have many nights of endless crying
Because of things she's said or done
Seldom times are we happy
And very few times of fun

May be this is God punishing me
For straying away for so long
No, this isn't my fault
She knew what she did was wrong

I've not yet had my last cry
Or felt the last break in my heart
But because of what she has done
Our lives will now be lived apart.

Mahfooz Ali

True Happiness.

Happiness is knowing,
that you are truly loved,
But that someone special.

Knowing that you are secure,
With the person you are,
Is also happiness.

Happiness is knowing,
that you have learned,
to believe, trust and most of all,
Love yourself, for the person that you are.

Having accomplished all that is needed,
to be a complete person on the inside,
Only then, can we be truly happy.

Being happy with ourselves,
We are ready to accept the happiness,
that awaits us in our lifetime,
And that is the greatest happiness of all.

Mahfooz Ali

True Self

I gather up my Soul
unto the glow of spirit light,
I offer up my mind
to the most high,
Seeing now the drama of Life
ever so busy, ever so intense;
My Ego flailing about,
encompassing the entire core of my Being.....

My heels now hasten to
reach out to the Light,
not looking back;
Then I seize the moment,
no truth in the past,
no truth in the future
only truth in the Now.

Now, to see the Ego gone
in the mock to rise to
Spirit all consuming True Self.....

Mahfooz Ali

Trust No One But Yourself!

Who Can You Trust?

Who Can you trust in the world today?

Your friends?

They'll be just as trifling as your enemy

When you are stuck at a dead end

Who can you trust in the world today?

Your blood?

Blood is thicker than water

Don't let this be your rule

By this same rule was I fooled.

Who can you trust in the world today?

Your instructors?

Their job is to teach not to care

Your problems will appear just as thin as air.

Who can you trust in the world today?

Those who inforce and carry out the law?

This is where the world tears

They should be the ones we fear

Who can your trust in the world today?

Don't put your emotions up on a shelf

Trust no one but yourself!

Mahfooz Ali

Trusting Allah

Life is good, life is great,
in the hands of Allah do we all stand tall.
Trust in him, to guide and direct thy sorrow, thy pain and
happiness we ascertain.
Realize all humans have one life, therefore, we
must choose thy meaningful hands,
in it,
our decisions are safe guarded
with love and joy nothing in this world can extend.
Life is good life
is great Allah himself,
the decision he should make,
enjoy it while you
have it and notice that he who created this planet is not to far from
glance,
trust thy hands for they are Allah meaningful hands.

Mahfooz Ali

Understanding Life

I have seen life and didn't understand

I have been taught, but didn't learned

I have heard words, but didn't comparison

I feel pain and that I haven't felt

I felt emotion, but not happiness

I imaged a world that didn't exists

I wonder why life is the way it is, still

no answer.

I understood life is once and no more.

Mahfooz Ali

Unsent Letters

On my desk of memories
lies a blank page,
an unaddressed envelope,
and pretty pictures of my love.

On my desk of desires
lies a leaking fountain pen,
two stamps stuck together,
and an open thesaurus.

On my desk of thoughts
lies words unwritten,
unrequited dreams
and these unsent letters.

On the desk of my life
lies the girl I remember,
the woman I hunger for,
and the lady I love.

On the desk of my reality
lies your warm embraces,
gently passionate loving words,
and you at the end of the day.

On the desk of my days
lies the words of poetry,
lyrics to songs
and no unsent letters.

Mahfooz Ali

Until I Am Fulfilled

My fate is my doing,
I will not stand by
I cannot let others
Choose my life.....

My fate is my choice
others have no control
I speak up because I have a voice
My life will not be sold.....

My fate is mine
Because I choose
I am no onlooker
I chase no shadows nor false clues.....

My soul is my own
To live is my goal
For I am free
And I am bold.....

Only I have the power
And yield it well
And I will continue to live
Until I am fulfilled.....

27/Jan/'09

Mahfooz Ali

Until The End.

My heart and mind are one
joined in harmony,
they run to a place where field meets tree,
the smell of freedom engulfs me
and it feels like no sense imaginable.
My body is less tense,
Past tense is carried away on wings
built of so many dreams.
Love and hate,
are blown out by a calm breeze
that brushes against me like a gentle hand
taking me to another land
where I am united with true myself
until the end.

Mahfooz Ali

Until The Very End.....

You are mine, my half,
The one I can confide in, until the end.
The one who has seen every tear,
Whose hands boldly hold all of my fears.

You are mine, my other half that makes me complete,
Who never lets me feel like I am going through defeat.
You are the one who has always been there,
To show me how much you truly care.

You are mine, my happiness in me,
Who's opened my eyes and really made me see.
Your compassion and love has shone through the clouds,
Leaving me with no more fears or doubts.

You are mine, an angel for me,
Whose love is to make me happy.
The one who always has faith in your heart,
To make sure that I don't fall apart.

You are mine, without any question,
Giving me lots of hugs and affection.
You are mine, my wife,
Whom I will always love until the very end!

Mahfooz Ali

Until Then.....

I am unable to sleep at night,
and my soul knows no flight.
I roam around off track,
as my thoughts seems black.

I reach for the pills,
but my hand stills.
Is this really the way,
to end this day?

I reach for the blade,
but my actions are delayed.
I don't want blood and war,
as my memory tar.

I reach for the gun,
and then the idea I shun.
It's just anyone's guess,
as to who'll clean the mess.

I reach for a paper and pen,
and put everything off until then.

Mahfooz Ali

Until.....Words Are Soft.....

The words are soft and rolled in mist.

Now the mountain returns

to the fold of vowels.

Where the echo follows along

And grows on the tongue

Until it becomes a poem.....

Mahfooz Ali

Upon The Shelf?

There is something different in my home
An emptiness that cannot be filled
It embraces me when I am all alone
When my home is quiet and still.

The memories upon the shelf
Are pictures, cards, and books
My eyes fill quickly with tears
My mind says, 'Please, don't look.'

A feeling that no one can share
A feeling that engulfs only me
A hurt that no one should bear
A pain that no one can see.

I stand in my home, confused
And the tears, they start to flow
I know that something is wrong
But I don't want to know.

Is it a wonder that I am sinking
In a place within myself
Where no hurt or pain can touch me
Or those memories upon the shelf?

Mahfooz Ali

Vanished Childhood

When childhood vanishes away,
Memories are all we have got,
To rejoice in what we were,
And regret what we were not....

Mahfooz Ali

Vanishing Love

I'm still your loving partner
can't you wash away all your
wrath and resentments,
Try to understand my sentiments
I'm going crazy for just knowing
the reason,
the spring is about to go,
this is not the wrath season.
Come, come along with me
I'm still waiting for thee.
Let's go far away
where nobody reaches.
Remember, we are made for each other
from now I'll not make you bother.
Tell me what I've done?
Oh! those days you used to come.
Every time and everywhere I feel your absence.
Instead I lack your presence
I know you sure will come,
and become my chum.

Mahfooz Ali

Vibrant Play Of Words: A Ponder

Sitting alone -
With two trees:
Black trunks, horizontal branches
Stretch a pattern on the sky,
And the bank runs down
Into pine needles,
Aromatic cones,
Coloring the way,
To the sidewalks on left and right.
That led to the horizon today.
They,
Are painted neatly
With two parallel strips of grass.

Nearby, a convoy of ships passes
Through blue straits and cliffs.
Now, I am in a sunny clime.
Then, over the horizon, they disappear.
Leaving invisible ocean waves,
Moving ceaselessly beneath
Lofty fields of heather and heath.

Silence calls
I hear the message.
'Just take it day by day,
And don't forget to pray.'

So I heard.
Or was it just a bird?
No matter---
I got the message.
Poetry is nothing but a vibrant play of words
A pattern against foliage -
The leaves being the pages.

Then I see, by chance,
A strange and haunting dance,
Gravity playing with grace.
Making this familiar space,
A place we call 'home.'

My senses say it is real.
At least that's how I feel,
While gravity pulls me in
And grace draws me out.
They knead me like dough,
Shaping souls compounded,
And then I left to rise,
While they chase
Through the skies.

Hiding in the clouds,
Laughing in the mist.
I even spied them kissed
By the splendid Sun,
Shining and smiling -
Like I am always done.

Then Gravity and Grace return,
And proudly say,
'Look how I have grown up today! '
And in an hour have new souls,
Fragrant to behold!

Mahfooz Ali

Vichaar.....: A Thought

Apko kisi ko paaney ke liye
Kuch karne ki zaroorat nahi padti,
agar wo insaan waaqae mein
Aapse pyar karta hoga
to wo apka hi hai.
Warna koi soch kaam nahi aati.
Kisi ko paaney ke liye usko azaad chhod do...
jaise ek maa chhod deti hai bachche ko khelne ko,
maidan mein..
Kyunki usey pata hota hai ki wo
laut ke usi ke god mein ayega.

Mahfooz Ali

Vision To Return

The vast sky opened it's arms to carry me,
The journey was to a new experience,
Warmth, openness, comfort and waiting,
Old charm,
warm air and crowded streets.....
Blazing colors, violets of earthly lips, knowledge.
With the ideas and visions that
come and go spontaneously,
Searching my psyche,
Led to an opening to another part of me.

Mahfooz Ali

Void Words

So many words had been spoken.
But I couldn't get what is given.
Prose and poems had been written.
But I couldn't feel a thing even then.

Poets and writers earn their living
From the experiences they're writing.
But how come my soul is crying
From the same words they are giving.

So many words had been spoken.
But hallow are they to the soul that's rotten.
No wonder my soul couldn't comprehend.
They're just empty words that had been spoken.

Mahfooz Ali

Vow

I made a vow today,
To do the best I am able,
To live peaceably with all
As much as I know how,
And when tomorrow comes
I will allay others...

Mahfooz Ali

Waiting For My Father

Cigarette in hand
cap on his head
leaving again
every week
same old thing
another trip
another state
off on a brand new adventure
or maybe another boring
road trip
me standing at the back door
waving
silently
saying inside
Don't Go Daddy.

Mahfooz Ali

Warming Foresight: I Did'Nt..... I Am Not

You probably won't believe this,
But when I was in my teens
I was told I could be a star,
The best they had ever seen.
Don't laugh, now. I am not joking.
I was a Wonder Kid.
Had a whole room full of trophies.
Well, they are gone now, but I did.
I did stage and cycling,
No, I am not kidding you.
Wrote articles for the paper,
I even did the news.
I could have been a model too,
Had really cool head shots.
Yes, I could have. Guess I should have.
But I didn't, so I am not.

Say what? What happened to me?
Well, it all became too much.
With competitions, school and shows,
an endless, friendless rush.
I could probably get back up there now,
If I just had the time,
But, you should have seen me
Back when I was in my prime.
Everything I touched turned golden,
Every wall before me fell.
With talent straight from Heaven
I stepped onstage and gave them blow.
I could have been a renowned,
A legend!
Yes, I could have. Guess I should have.
But I didn't, so I am not.

I got tired of people hounding me,
The list would never end.
I never got to goof around
and hang out with my friends.
There was never time to just relax,

The schedule got too tough.
I was - don't smoke it all.
Come on, I bought the stuff!
I could have been a writer too,
Back in my younger days.
People loved everything I wrote.
I could really turn a phrase.
My characters were great,
but it's so hard to think of plots.
Yes, I could have. Guess I should have.
But I didn't, so I am not.

OK! Forget that old stuff,
And grab me another.
Don't mind those dusty ice trays;
they have been up there for years.
I AM STILL THE BEST! I will show you all!
That's it, this is a War!
No one will ever beat my score.
I am all grown up, I have got guts,
And this life suits me fine.
I work the hard to shift again,
So lots of overtime.
I could have been a lot more,
But what I gave is what I got.
Yes, I could have. Guess I should have.
But I didn't, so I am not.

And one day again I will shine.

(This poem took three days to be finalised on paper)

Mahfooz Ali

We Are Indians.

Because we are Indians,
We pray,
Because we are Indians,
We sing of joy and peace,
Because we are Indians,
We strive to be better today,
Than yesterday,
Because we are Indians,
We care about others.
We hear the cries around us,
In far away places.
We listen!
We are Indians!

Mahfooz Ali

We Never Know

For some we go the mile,
But then we wonder with a smile,
Should we do it?
or do it not for them...
We never know.....

Mahfooz Ali

What Do You Do?

What do you do when you think you're in love?
And that love comes from far up above?
When you first notice the feelings,
do you show them?
Or do you keep them locked inside your heart?
Do you keep them like that until that special one can find them?
Oh please tell me....
What do you do when you think you're in love?

Do you do like I do...
Wish, wait and want?
Or do you just sit and wonder
whether it's right or wrong?
Just tell me,
What do you do when you think you're in love?

Mahfooz Ali

What Hurts More

It hurts more to laugh than it does to cry,
It hurts more to live than it does to die,
Sorrow releases and gives me hope,
Somehow someday I'll learn to cope,
Overwhelmed by emotions,
Most of them all fears,
I try to drown them all through a river of my tears,
I act like its ok,
Never letting know anyone
how bad it gets,
After we say goodbye,
My fears will replenish,
Never leaving from the depths.

Mahfooz Ali

What I Am Looking For?

I try and I try
and yet it is still hard to find what am I
looking for.
I still am not sure but I continue to look
and I try even more
the only thing is that I try and I am not
sure what I am looking for.

Mahfooz Ali

What I Need?

I hate when I try to be foolish,
I hate when I try to be cool,
I can't believe how I am acting,
as if am a fool.....

Little things count,
no matter what's said,
the reason I am mad.

I hate when I am quiet,
I hate when I am slick,
I hate when I have to be,
the greatest kid,
But I am the kid.....

Meaningless words,
they do count,
if there's a reason,
I Love me so much,
than speak up.
BECAUSE as of now I am sure what I need?

Mahfooz Ali

What I See

I write what I see,
I believe a poet is the eyes to the world,
and so a lot of what I write tends
toward sadness and tragedy.
The stories I see in life are mostly sad and often depressing,
but don't be fooled.
I also see a lot of hope and beauty.
The human soul is magnificent to me,
and when I see true strength, and poetry,
in the human experience.
I tend to document it more using my other artistic mediums.
Because of this, realize that my poetry captures
a lot of the darker side of human existence.
I believe in a personal, amazing almighty Allah,
and want to be heard when I say with all conviction.
There is always the hope for a good ending through Almighty Allah. You just have
to reach out and accept it,
and I hope you all will do.
It's certainly changed my life. Believe me.....

Mahfooz Ali

What If?

What if the world lived in peace?
And all the sheep had perfect fleece?
What if there were no wars?
Would this world be such a bore?
What if we all had homes?
And in the streets no one roamed?
What if everyone were perfect?
Would living in this world be worth it?
Why don't we give it a try?
And let no one in this world cry!

Mahfooz Ali

What Is Your Name? An Illusion?

The girl over there,
With sunshine golden in her hair,
Silver blue sky shines through her eyes.
Soft white moonlight lined by sunset
from only a casual smile.
Precious wave, to accompany
her doe sight's alight on me.
What sounds do issue forth?
Her voice,
To make Sirens green,
And Nightingales fly off in shame.
Oh! Incomparable angel,
Am I in love?
No! I know this is an illusion
Amazing Girl!
What is your name?

Mahfooz Ali

What Life Is Made Of?

In the grand scheme of life
it is not the great that matters much.
It is the simple things,
the small, seemingly
inconsequential touch.

Small moments, few words,
little things...
like seeds and baby birds.
morning dewdrops on
newly unfurled leaves,
tiny buds adorning
spring flowering trees,
a whisper in the air,
as a slight breeze
plays with my hair,
birds that chirp and cheep
tiny frogs learning to leap.

It is the simple things,
said in few words.....

Mahfooz Ali

What Mahfooz Ali Means To Me! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

When I hear the name Mahfooz Ali,

I think of love, freedom, education, and his famous speech... 'I can't be common man.'

Mahfooz Ali wants peace, love and cuddle for himself and for others.

Without using violence he will set an example for himself and for all to see.

His love for people is so great,

Everyone knew him from Locales to beyond his nation.

He wants humanity

and an education to be equal for all.

His famous speech... "I can't be common man "

Will always encourage all... to let freedom in!

Mahfooz Ali

What Muslims You Are?

Well over the years
On this earth
What muslims I have met

Preaching jehad
While attacking others
Were in the Quran does it say
Torment everyday

Were in Quran does
It say destroy thy neighbour

Islam gives forgiveness
To those who need it
But some should practise
What they preach

Before handing out
Guilty
To others
When they are hiding behind the Quran
Which they have not read
if they
this war (Islamic terrorism)
Would 've been dead
Ages ago

When they destroyed
All life
With the rubbish going around (Such as Mumbai blasts on 11/07/2006)

So others when you listen to these
terrorism in the name of jehad
And judge
Remember it could be you next

Terrorists don't like
for the truth being written
think before judge

there are two sides to every story

and why I have been attacked
for telling the truth?

(Remember Islamic terrorists{rism} have nothing to do with the Islam and those who follow terrorism in the name of jehad are nothing but the foetus of a virgin mother and an atheist mongrels.)

Mahfooz Ali

What My Family Means To Me?

What my family means to me?
is peace and love and harmony
I have a dog
a fish,
a mom who is no more,
a dad
a brother
and a little sister
whom I love very much..

Mahfooz Ali

What Pappu Saw? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

At Mass, young Pappu and his parents,
Richly attired, and among elite,
Were seated in reserved pews near the altar,
While some of his father's workers stood at the rear.

Pappu recalled what he had recently seen
In his father's underground work-site of tanneries.
Workers, children, men and women from ten to sixty
Slaving in conditions of medieval bondage.

Many sickly, others feeble, one blind, a few near death,
Most toiling, all oppressed, with even an infant present.
In the work chamber, filled with steam and dye fumes,
Expendable humans, suffering without hope.

Pappu then noticed the face of the rich crucifix,
Its face grotesque, its eyes villainous.
Grasping to remove his constrictive head cover,
And moaning, 'No! No, no, ' he fled the scene.

Mahfooz Ali

What Should I Write?

What to write?

I can't decide what to write.

I never can;

I simply do.

I can wreck my brain for hours,
pondering and thinking,
so hard it hurts.

But that won't give me ideas;
no.

Yet the second my pencil grazes paper,
I am drowned with phrases, poems, and stories.
My options are as limitless as the universe itself.

When I write I am free to do what I want.

I am not held back by the chains of gravity.

I don't have to listen to anybody,

I am my own boss.

My writing doesn't have to be good,
or impressive.

I can be anything,
anyone I want;

wherever,

whenever.

I write to be free.....

.

Mahfooz Ali

What Went Wrong?

What Went Wrong?

What did I ever do to you

To make you applause others in front of me?

What did I ever do to you

To make you say dear to others

When you said you would live life with me?

How can you live with yourself?

After sitting down next to me while you knew

I could never have you?

How can you stand yourself?

After smiling at me and then pushing me away?

Because you told me you loved me.

So now I'm alone

With a sad, tearful song.

Mahfooz Ali

What Would I Do?

What would I do without you?
I would die,

What would I do if you could not see?
I would be your eyes,

what would I do if you could not hear?
I would be your ears,

What would I do if you would not love me?
I would love you anyways.

Mahfooz Ali

When I Am Gone

Grieve not or speak of me with tears
Don't show me your pain or deep sorrow
For you my earthly form will gone
My presence you shall always find

I cannot be seen I cannot be heard
But I will always be your waking thoughts
And will always be in your inner heart
As you drift off to slumber at night

I will always fill your vision of happiness
Of my undying love for you
Visions that will linger on
And carry you through each day

In your emptiness you will find me
As the sky that awaits your presence
As the stars that will brighten your night
And the wind that will bring you harmony from within.

Mahfooz Ali

When I Die

When I die I'll go up there
I 'll wait for you on the golden stair
If you're not there by judgement day
I 'll know you went the other way
I 'd give the angels back my wings
Golden harp and other things
Just to show what love can do
I 'd go down to hell to be with you.

Mahfooz Ali

When I Met My Beloved For The First Time.

Never in my life did I believe in the word called magic
Until I met this special girl who 's really fantastic
Reminiscing that day when I first saw her very pretty smile
Somewhere in her eyes there is a spark that made me think for a while
Eager to know who this girl is, I summoned my guts to come closer
I did approach her
Yet I thought I would not even dare talk to her
Leaving me with a question, is she the girl I want for me?
And then she noticed me and even gave me a delightful smile
Something that I never expected because being aggressive is not really my style
Proving that what does not last that long is the first impression
Each day passed by I discovered the sweet person with the touch of affection
Kissing her lovely lips would surely make me intense and burst
Savouring every single second of it quenches my thirst
Being with her is what I always think about my flower girl
Always imagining that she is close to me making my heart twirl
Thanking God for giving me my new inspiration
Everyday I will give her my love and devotion
Remember that day when my eyes crossed and we first met?
I always reminisce that and I'll never forget
Now i realize that she 'll be a part of my life
Always stay near because you are the one I want as my wife.

Mahfooz Ali

When I Was Infatuated In Class Eighth...

As I sat in the school lounge,
reading a covered book prior to class.
A picturesque beauty sat directly in front of me,
I faced her profile less than a yard away.
Her loose curly locks and azure eyes,
conveyed existence and liveliness,
in this otherwise gloomy space.
I glanced down at my digital watch,
and abruptly realized class was soon to start.
I leaned down to my schoolbag on the floor in front of me,
and swiftly placed my textbook in.
As I closed my schoolbag and looked up,
she was now leaning towards me
asking for some unknown question,
her face only inches within mine.
I could feel her warm breath on my hair,
our eyes met, my heart was pounding.
Seconds felt like hours lost in time,
time here had lost of meaning,
time had no meaning here.
I walked away not saying a word,
her beauty forever burned in my mind.....

Mahfooz Ali

When I Wrote My First Poem.....An Omen...

For me to write poetry
is just not me
I blame my heart
as you will see

I felt pretty down one day
and heard my brain say
write down, your feelings and thoughts
start from your heart
write on paper
your feelings, your pain, your loss.

so I sat back pen in hand
brain in pause
to get my feelings on paper
was my cause

amazingly it just happened
my heart just talked
my hand wrote
ink to paper
just like words of wisdom

the words flowed
like a torrent of raw emotion
the pain, the sorrow, the fear, the loneliness
all came out.

the feeling I had was quite unique
so I looked down and had a peek
as peace of mind is all I seek

I suddenly realized
the sun was shining
I heard a bird sing

perhaps it was an omen
on that day
when

I wrote my first poem.

Mahfooz Ali

When My Mother Was Away

When my mother was away
She left me without saying goodbye
She left me to great beyond
In this lonely wicked world
How would I survive
The demand of mother earth that asked of much from none
Oh! Mother, my dream of better tomorrow
My care not in worry
For always she is there
To meet the demand of mother nature
Not to worry her word of consolation always
Her remark for the demand of mother earth.
I lost my mood, my care and my future
I lost all a sweet mother could offer her child
My mother left memory of yesterday for my future
Oh! Mother, a paradise lost never to regain.

Mahfooz Ali

When The Silence You Hear.

People have feelings,
not to be trifled.
Words that can do harm,
Should have been stifled.
There comes a time,
when the silence you hear.
Mirrors the pain that you see,
In the face
in the mirror.

Mahfooz Ali

When: The Other Side Of Anger

Truth lies just the other side of anger,
Somewhere in between love and regret.
When walls of self-pity tumble down,
We see for just one moment what we need.
I know that what I said to you in anger
Has severed our umbilical of trust.
And now we are apart, our love is idling,
While I undo my words in lonely sorrow.
I feel your fingers touch me, taste your lips
crush you to my broad chest.
Anger is a storm long out to sea.
By this year,
I know you will be mine,
but
only Allah knows
When?

Mahfooz Ali

Where Are You Mummy?

Mother...

that word is supposed to mean so much to me.

loving, caring, always there...

well...

What's wrong, then?

and I don't see her anywhere.

so...

where are you?

mummy?

Mahfooz Ali

Where Does The Moon Hide?

The moon conceals behind a blue
mysterious castle, waiting on nightfall to

come. Then when it comes it plays with the
stars, the crescent moon is most of

importance, it hides it's un-shown body in
the mid-night blue sky taking a nap for the

it will come back to shine.

Mahfooz Ali

Where Does The Sun Go At Night?

So I was thinking
Where does the sun go at night?
Does it hide between the clouds?
Waiting for the moon to tire
Or does it sleep and take some rest?
As if it needs to gain back fire?
Does the sun have a place to go?
Or is it stranded out there.
Can it sleep and eat and bathe,
Or is it hidden in a haze.

Mahfooz Ali

Where Has The Time Gone?

Where has the time gone?
I'm thirty years old
My hair is about to grey
My cheeks becomes hollow
I have lost all the weight
and still unemployed

Where has the time gone?
My fellow friends have settled down
with a job and married
they have kids
and I am still rocking for myself
with a tag of unemployed

Where has the time gone?
everyone is too busy
too busy to visit
The children they have
working, fishing and such
and I am still rocking myself
with giving competitive examinations

Where has the time gone?
I keep busy reading and studying my courses
keep active in preaching others.
praying for the sick
giving to the poor
and for me a subservient job
feeding the good for nothing
telling someone about
how to get the job and passing competitive examinations?
my time has gone to serve the family,
with all of my heart.

Mahfooz Ali

Where I Win Others Will Lose

Where I win others will lose,
I am able to be great,
I am the greatest of all time.
I will try to help me succeed,
but I know,
no good.
Sometimes I am evil and
Sometimes wrong,
and does not will to change.
For that I won't give up,
so, I am the greatest of all time,

Mahfooz Ali

Whether It Was Love Or Not?

I once knew of your love
As a rushed feeling where
We only past love through one
Path we never knew what love
Meant it was the passion to find
Love without true meaning it was
Where I could feel the tingling
Sensation and laugh about as kids
And not understanding what love
Really meant I once knew love of
How in the time we spent together
Quality time together in love yearning
To feel feelings we never knew or
Come to understand it was to love
Or not.

Mahfooz Ali

Which One Is Me?

I am all erratic impulse
flittering rust powder wings,
lift lightly from seasoned planks,
flutter slow and jerky down,
to a shadow image on sand.
Free from self,
I am pure sensation!

man, butterfly
dreamer, dream
which one is me?

Mahfooz Ali

Who Is Different? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Time After Time
Places After Places
I Feel Different
From the Others.....

Faces After Faces
People After People
I Seem Different
From the Others.....

Days After Days
Nights After Nights
I Feel Worried
That I Am Different.....

Months After Months
Years After Years
I Finally Realize
Everybody Is Different
I Am, Who I Am.....

Mahfooz Ali

Why Do We Shed Tears?

We shed tears when
We are sad.
We shed tears when
We are hurt,
We shed tears when
We are jovial
Tears, so embarrassing
isn't it?
Tears are so confusing, isn't it?
We shed tears when
We are alone.
We shed tears when
We feel something abstract.
Tears, so uncomfortable, weird and unnatural,
We often feared with tears.
Tears, do we really need them?
Now, a question to ponder
Tears, why do they come?
Tears, are here for a reason,
Because
Tears show emotions from and for everyone.

Mahfooz Ali

Why I Am Out On The Roads?

Do anyone know me?
Why I am out on the roads?
I do care,
but disburse no thought
suffer,
but not in pain.
Even before I myself
seems back, excruciating;
in the recovered revival
of the nurturing womb
discovering the self for sure rest.

Date: 23/January/2015

Time: 19: 30 IST

Mahfooz Ali

Why I Feel This Way?

Of all the good things in life
Nothing comes close to you
Of all the things I have in my heart
You are most pure and true.

I don't mean to scare you
With what I feel in my heart
But the time I am with you feels so great
And I feel pain when we are apart.

Why I feel so much love for you
I just can't explain
Words can't do justice
Why I feel this way?

Just remember this
Because it comes from my heart
I love you so much
I've loved you from the start.

Mahfooz Ali

Why Me?

and who are you with your big brown eyes...
and what are you doing stealing my heart...
and who are you with your smile like the
sun...
and what are you doing coming my way...
and who are you taking my breath away and
quicken my pulse...
and what are you doing making me talk and
act like a school boy,
but I am...
and who are you being so beautiful and
looking at me...
and what are you doing wasting your time...
but are you?
and what are you doing never leaving my
mind, always walking into my thoughts...
and who are you as gorgeous as you are...
and why me?

Mahfooz Ali

Why Would Anyone Bother At All?

Sometimes I hate writing poetry,
Because it takes far too long.
Similes and accents, structure and form.
Why do I bother?
When I can interact outside?
People think as lunatic, perplexed all the time.

Telling the truth, I don't care much at all.
It all seems like a mystery...
why would anyone bother at all?

Mahfooz Ali

Why You Took My Bicycle? : (Just A Memoir Of Childhood)

You took my bicycle
was it you, you thought I liked?
I was just a child
and you were my best friend running wild
that beautiful bicycle with the red apple seat
those tiny wheels with spokes made of steel,
back and forth I rode from one block to the next,
you stood against the wall preparing for your quest
a game of house,
left me feeling like the mouse...
it was an appetizer for you as I laid on that pavement
Damn you! What was going through your head?
Your liquid warmth washed over my soul
it devoured my childhood and left me cold
I hated you then as I hate you now
never to be robbed again, that is my vow... ..

Mahfooz Ali

Winter - December

The icy mist is rolling through the streets
engulfing cars and houses all the same
and fogs falling down - heavenly fleets
of wet and cold, nobody is to blame.

Wrapped faces, hid by scarves and woolly hats
look frozen, eager to be home again.

Mahfooz Ali

Winter Departed: A Hallucination.....

I smiled beneath the warming rays,
as winter silently departed,
and I basked amidst the rising steam;
until I realized it was just my coffee!

Mahfooz Ali

Winter Time Is For Me.

Winter time is full of light,
Winter time is big and bright,
Winter time is full of fun,
Winter time has lots of sun,
Winter time is full of fruits,
Winter time is time to be free,
that's why Winter time is for me.

Mahfooz Ali

Wish

when I look up in the night
I see the comet oh! so bright
hiding in the milky way
waiting for someone to say I wish.

Mahfooz Ali

Wishing You All A Very Happy New Year: 2009

May the New Year presents shower on you,
May the New Year be good year for you.
Let the New Year dig you a truthful passage,
Let the New Year tell you a right message.

May the curse stay only in few.
Pray the Allah,
this should be a happy year.

May this year expose all your talent,
May this year hide your entire secret tent.
Let this year show you the path of success,
Let this year dispose all your naughty messes.
Pray the Allah,
this should be a light full year.

Wishing You All A very Happy New year.

Mahfooz Ali

Without A Mother

Here I am mommy
where are you?
what's happening mommy?
why aren't you here?
I am scared now
I need your help
32 years old and now alone
I am by myself
the hours pass
I am getting older
and you are not here.
I am crying mommy
why aren't you here?
I need a hug, I need a smile
I am grown up
I am not a child
32 now and I have anger
32 now and without a mother,
and this is over
Come to me,
Otherwise I will come to you,
To you in the heaven.

Mahfooz Ali

Without Dreams...My Life Will Not Be Moving.

If I have no dreams, my heart will never be happy
If I have no dreams, my heart will die away,
If I have no dreams, my life will have no pleasures
If I have no dreams to dream.

If I have no dreams, I will have no future
My life will never be of good measure,
If I have no dreams, I will be no more myself
There will be no more dreams ever.

If I have no dreams, my soul won't be a believer
If I have no dreams, nights will never be soothing,
If I have no dreams, my life will not be moving
If I have no dreams to dream.

Mahfooz Ali

Words Can't Explain

It's only been two months
But it's been the best months of my life
I love the time I 'm with you
Every moment seems so right

I just want to you know
How I really feel
But words can't explain
Because words are so cheap

I only can say
You're the best person in my life
And I want to love you
For the rest of our time.

Mahfooz Ali

Worshipping The Destroyer

TERRORISTS KILLS HUNDRED,
MUDSLIDE DESTROYS THOUSAND,
BOMBING DEVASTATES TRIDENT (THE TAJ) ,
BOY KILLS FOURTEEN IN SCHOOL SHOOTING,
NUCLEAR MELTDOWN KILLS COUNTLESS.....

Mahfooz Ali

Wrath: Words Spoken In Anger

Faster, faster drums beat in my head
harsher, harsher your words grow
drumsticks batters a rythm of pain
noice the echo of your wrath

Thump, thump judge's hammer slam
wack, wack swords collide
justification you seek
honour you demand

Feeble I lay beneath the drums
hands outstretched begging for mercy
crushed I stand before your words
eyes aggrieved with pain

Humiliated before judge I stand
soul silently seeking mercy
inferior I bow before sword
head in submission for final stroke.

Mahfooz Ali

Writer's Woes

Like an artist I also afraid
To run out of
I panic sometimes
What if I can't think

For a poet to run
Out of the things to say
Is simply
Utter perplexion
What if the words
don't come into my mind
What if my mind
Completely goes numb

To have pen and paper
But the sheet remains white
I can't imagine my thoughts
Without words
That could only be
If I were buried beneath the ground
What if it happens
What if comes the day
I'm totally silent
With nothing left to say

To be or not to be a writer
Unable to make a poem
Is a life I can't think of
It' d be like losing my memory

Precious words haunt me
Keep me up at night
I'll do my best to serve self
I'll put views to paper just WRITE!

Mahfooz Ali

Wrong

Homicide or murder,
aborting or killing.
It just doesn't seem right,
but people are willing.

The blinded people don't see
that so many lives are taken.
The baby just dies,
never to awaken.

Abortion is murder;
it's all the same.
It's a matter of death,
not just a game.

So you chose to kill,
you thought it was the right thing to do.
Now your baby is dead,
and you wish you were too.

You made a mistake,
now just who has to pay?
Don't blame the poor baby,
he deserved to stay.

Mahfooz Ali

Ya! Allah Tera Shukr Hai.....

I felt a demon leave tonight
I spoke the name of Allah
the demon had me terrified
until I looked and saw the light
I am so glad that,
He is here
to rescue me in all my fear.
I thank you Allah for what You have done
and thank you for completing my
five hundred poems.

Mahfooz Ali

Yeh Ladki Mujhe Sentiments Se Maar Daalegi.....

Main koi fear nahi kar raha,
Ya! Mere allah.....Aaj main marr jaunga.....
Yeh Ladki mujhe sentiments se maar daalegi.....

Mahfooz Ali

You Are You

I love you because you make me happy
I love you because you make me feel safe and secure
I love your words
on yahoo messenger
I love the way you send me lovely
and that irritating smileys
I love the look in your eyes when you tell me you love me
And how you laugh at me when I do something stupid, when others would put
me down.
I love the fact that when I am around you I can be myself and not worry
about what you may think of me,
because I know you love me for who I am.
No matter what my faults may be.
I love being able myself to wake up with you by my side... It would make my
days
better
Dreams are not a dream YOU ARE MINE.
the
love and emotions that go through me
are unexplainable.
I love hearing your voice
But the main reason I love you is because.....

You are you!

Mahfooz Ali

You Can'T Borrow My Pen

It's rainy.....or maybe it's sunny
Either way, I drew a wonderful day,
And I drew a dream with the sky as my ceiling
You can't come in, but no hard feelings
You had this pen, but only drew dashes
Burned bridges and scattered ashes.
You drew lies that could fill oceans.
Don't say you tried, you hid emotions.
What a pretty world you created for me.
What happened and how could it be hated?
I don't believe in being beautiful, but thanks for trying.
Do you believe in never, because the ink isn't drying.
It was nice to meet you, so long "my love."
and no... you can not borrow my pen

Mahfooz Ali

You Didn'T Loved Me

You went and broke my heart into,
And now you want me to be what?
You even told me you loved me so,
So I think there's something you should know.

You left my heart broken and shattered,
You abandoned my life while I was torn and tattered.
You made my life hell by doubting
that was unworthy,
You can't lose something you never had,
Our relationship was waiting to turn bad.

I sit and think about our past, and a love that wasn't true.
and think about the past,
I think about the loved we had and the love that didn't last.

Can't you tell that you don't love me anymore,
That you closed your heart and shut the door?
why, chosen the path of blaming me
to be involved with someone whom I don't know
Now, I would have in search of another love in my life,
And one day soon she will be my wife!

Mahfooz Ali

Your Home

I invite you to meet me where the water finds the sand.
Where the waves whisper a sea of secrets remaining untold.
I will be there when the moon shows its face,
and the sky has gathered a million stars as its blanket.
There is no one here but I, lying carelessly without a towel,
wishing that the sand would take inside my skin.
With eyes softly shut and breaths taken deep and slow,
dare to come and rest beside me.
Carefully brush the hair from my salty brow,
with gazing eyes exuding your soul.
Exhale your past and offer it to the breeze,
banishing it to an undiscovered region.
Then I will open my eyes to rest only on your form,
allowing you to capture the tears that you own.
Words will never define what I need you to know,
so you must listen to my silence to find the answers.
I will reach out to take both of your hands,
to lead you to walk with me along the shore.
Here is where your heart will feel whole again,
for here is your home.

Mahfooz Ali

Zakhm

Majboori ki dahleez par usool
Burf ke dher ki tarah pighal jaatey hain
Padta hai jab bebasi se saamna
Dil ke armaan ghut kar rah jaatey hain|

Main to apni bebasi se sharminda nahi
Na jaane kahan se log mujhe
Iska ahsaas dilaane chale aatey hain
Sir utha kar main chaloon bhi to kaise?
Kuch to begaane kuch apne bhi
Sir ko uthaney se pahle hi jhuka jaatey hain

Begaanon ke nashtar to main sah bhi loon, magar,
Apon ke diye ZAKHM aankh se aansoo
Ban kar chhalak aatey hain.

Mahfooz Ali

Zindagi Ek Kavita

Zindagi bhi ek kavita ki tarah hai,
Kuch ummeedon ki, kuch chahton ki,
Gham jiska sheershak hai,
bhavna jiska ghar,
pal pal ka fer,
khwahishon ka mela,
hawa ke saath jo bole,
toofan ka saath dekar
sugandh ke saath jo failey,
dilon mein jo jagah bana le,
bas kuch khushi dekar,
yahi hai zindagi,
jo ek kavita ki tarah hai.

Mahfooz Ali