

Poetry Series

Mariam Taufeeq

- 14 poems -

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Mariam Taufeeq

Hi! I'm Mariam Taufeeq! I'm in the ninth grade. I've always hoped to venture out into the deeps of this world and tread on those paths nobody has ever walked on before; to create my own path and weave an intricate web of my thoughts, keeping it safe in a jar, all penned down..... Poetry's always been a sort of passion to me, although I'm nothing but an amateur to it! I love to bring my feelings to life on the page, not just in poetry or prose, but in art. There's just so much about the world you can talk about, or depict the way you see things! I also find that instead of keeping temper bottled up, writing how you feel (And tearing the page up after) helps you MASSES. And that's the thing for me. I also blog when I have the time on <http://the-undecided-address.blogspot.com>

In all steps of life, instilling a smidge of fun and laughter never hurts, but the moment evolves into something you'll want to remember! I want to do that. I also have a number of 'goals'-and yes, it would take ages to name them all. Let's just say that learning to grow up is one of them.....! My fictionpress is <http://www.fictionpress.com/s/3115293/1/> and my On Parables is http://onparables.com/user_profile.php?id=309

A Doctor's story- Into The Unknown

Every step on this dreary platform
Burns fire in the ground,
Sparks threaten to engulf me,
Phoenix flames promenade my heart.
My heart is stone, or supposedly so,
But my tears are Phoenix tears.
My hand is a branch, a wing ready to escalate,
Dynamic and firm.

But with every step on this dreary platform,
The platform takes a not-so-dreary twist.
Snaking through gimmicks..schemes...machinations!
Sliding into the unknown.
And my heart is a crag, indecisively precipitous,
The darkness is darker than before.
Oh, why can stone not soften,
If iron can?

Beyond this purple moor,
Is a vale of unknown dreams,
Therein lie mine also,
Though I know not what they are.
Current dreams hide on this platform.
A platform not half-as-dreary now.
And I seek them with fear.

Softened stone easily dents.
My tears are still Phoenix tears,
But weaker.
The platform has reached impasse.
And I too reach a grinding halt.
What had been a function, had become a daily ramble,
And starry, intimate eyes, that had softened me,
Have collapsed.
Those beautiful eyes, pervasive in jejunity!
Alas! Phoenix tears could not save!

The platform turns again,
Ad I do, with hardened heart,
Much softer than before.
And I stand on this dreary platform,
With ardent desire, phoenix-true desire,
Of facing out into the unknown.

Mariam Taufeeq

A Glimpse Into Me. (The Story Of A Desperado.)

The sky is calling
The march of battle reigns
And the clouds are shot with red
While I stand
Hardly standing

I am caught, in a tangled web
Of misfortune.
And I hark, like a bell
But never succeeding in laughter
For the world around
Is a decaying corpse.
And I stand,
Hardly standing

That mad look in my eyes,
That gleam of despair.
That cloud of confess.
That reality.
I can not believe.
I can not see what I see.
I can see flame
I can see pain, and close my eyes
And I can see that it is coming.
The night approaches not on feet
But on wild horses, not half-tame.
I await them.
While I stand,
Hardly standing.

The drum beats faster, the booms wreck souls
I am shipwrecked, half-and-half
Half ice, half water
Half fire and half flame
Half a victim, half to blame
And I stand, hardly standing
With the world around me broken
And simply mad, simply insane
It left me in the torrent of the rain
And I too, was pinned to the ground.
No longer standing.

Mariam Taufeeq

A Set Of Verses

ON PESSIMISM

Riding my streamlined horse of a ship
That turquoise perfumes waft away,
I sail towards the yoke of dawn
And towards the light of day.
I sail towards the half-full moon
And towards the carpeted sky.
Only to fall on the brazen land
And bid my dreams 'goodbye.'

ON NIGHT

Dragons of twilight, grasp your soul,
Poison your envy and engulf you whole.
The evils of life no longer decay
The flightiness of wreck carries you away
Without eyes, burning eyes craving dawn and day.

ON COURAGE

Nails, nails wedged in my flesh
Don't carve me in the wall.
Your foolish desires don't strain me
Against courage, fear will fall.

ON DESPAIR

Led into my realm of dreams,
I beheld a starry, tranquil vision.
What brought me down in the end,
Was not my fiery ambition.
It was the unlettered people,
For when I climbed my steeple,
Envy dragged me down.

ON GREED

Hands leave hands in ravaging search
For coins buried beneath layers of earth.
But layer upon layer, not a glimmer found,
And hands once held too are gone.

Mariam Tafteeq

A Thousand Miles Away

The crickets indulge in nocturnal melody
And the wind seems to be murmuring secrets;
And the world is still and at peace.
But somewhere, out there, far from here,
Lingering remnants of war, ashes and abhorrence
Play havoc with the hearts of the innocent.
Their homes are mere shells, and the night
Is cold, and forbidding, and dark.
The air reeks of betrayal and treachery
Two-faced horrors fuel diminishing dreams...
A crimson carpet has covered their beloved land;
And people search in vain, moan in vain....
Despair in vain for their loved ones.
Oh, their lives have become overcast by a cloud!
A cloud of indigence, and lawlessness, and crime!
The air echoes of miserable cries!
And the flood from their heart-trodden eyes never dries!
Those sudden bangs, and shrieks and yells
Are unheard a thousand miles away.
The trees lie withered and bleak.
And the moon has lost its glow;
And the world is a cage.
Oh, but that is the scene out there.
That is the tragedy far from here.
That is the truth that people do not know.
Those people a thousand miles away.
A thousand miles away from this suffocating sorrow.
A thousand miles away from this vulture-black darkness
That has swooped down unto the hearts of these people,
Until they succumb to their wounds, and the pain that is brought
Only by the calamity they call 'war.'
But that is far from here; that is the scene out there.
For their cries are unheard.
Unheard a thousand miles away.
A thousand miles away from this despair, and wretchedness,
This world is another world, a world of moonlight
Where people sleep sound and unknowing.
Not knowing of the blighted hopes,
Not knowing of the shattered futures.
The worst pain is brought by ignorance,
The ignorance of a brother.
A brother a thousand miles away.....

Mariam Tafteeq

Birdsong

They called her an orphan, a vagrant,
A thief, a witch and a soul
With no purpose; just a vacant
Mind, roaming the woods
Walking along the same path
Chirping that same melody
Mingled with the crunching of the leaves
As she walked, and skipped, and strode
Through the woods, dodging the shafts
Of opalescent light that were disks on the leaf strewn ground.
Her brown, scrawny figure stayed upright through hails
That would have blown mountains down
Yet through snow and shine, not the slightest frown
Managed to crease her face, and no lines etched;
The spring in her step was always as light, and her nimble feet
Acquainted her with the dense mazes of wood and willow,
Rock and stone, her sweet diapason sweeping the land
And the plowers heard her singing her song,
Her queer, clear birdsong.

Many complained that the birdsong was a spell, bewitchery
And her 'alakazam' would result in indubitable destruction
But their complaints-like smoke- died away....though defilement lingers
The year went by, the crowns of scarlet and gold settled,
And was brushed away by the brutish winds that hailed the arrival of winter.
And this season made the young grow old, like wee trees fallen
From the weight of their burdens in the majesty of snow
Unable to rebel the pounding of the wind that shred the remnants of courage
And the people, enervated by their endeavours of filling
Their parching bottomless pits, drowning in agony, many quitting life
Though the birdsong resonated clear, and lived on
And the people grew to abhor that innocent melody
It seemed to deride, like a jest in the catawumpus of battle
The people grew cantankerous, blaming that birdsong for their pain
They shouted and hollered, soaked with drink, caught
In the ignorance that is blind! Their flames of drunken fury evolved
And the birdsong was annulled.

O' people why do you loathe that spirit of good
In your enflamed société? You cage these poor souls!
Why do you refuse to see with appraising eyes?
And blot out the unvarnished with your hyperbole and lies?
Oh that poor young girl was chained!
And caged by the cruelty of this world!
The nescience barbarians knocked her dead!
(Or so they said)

But she sprouted wing and flew, unshackled
Escaping to tintinnabulation, and her Utopia
And she sang her song, her queer, sweet song
Her birdsong.
No longer a lament, but a song of joy

For her flames of hope caused her chains to flux
And she was at liberty to sing
The Birdsong.

Mariam Taufeeq

Black But Beautiful

I saw her walking up the path.
Up the garden path.
To my door.
She was like a ray of sun.
She was that beautiful.
But a spasm crossed her face.
When she saw me.
And she clasped my hand.
Saying, ' O' sister! O' sister!
All I ask from you is refuge from the world,
For I have been lost in despair
They have finally torn two souls apart
They have fragmented my soul.'
I understood. How could I not
After the terror she had witnessed?
And she walked through my door.
And up the hallway.

Her hands shook as I gave her a cuppa' tea.
And her beautiful face portrayed misery.
And her voice was scented with true pain.
For This Happening had forever stained
Her life.

If a list was to be made of sufferings
Her list was to go trailing out the door.
Her daughter had been killed that day.
She had watched her die.
She stood helpless, wringing her heart,
As her daughter's frail hands had been twisted
And cold metal met clammy flesh and blood.
While she just stood there, watching.
She buried the remnants she could scrape
Alongside her other children
Whom she could not defend.

She was helpless against those White Men.
Who had punished her for crimes
Crimes she was ignorant of.
Crimes she was innocent of.
All her life, every day was the same.
'Cause all the White missus did was
Chastise, correct, confine.
Debar, defrock, dismiss.
Motto it was, to 'tar and feather the Black.'
Motto it was, to kill and snipe.
(Though they called it pruning)
Motto it was to wipe 'em out.
It was their fault, they said, for existing.

They were treated lower than slaves.
But terror reaches peaks.

Peaks that beat on the same path: murder.

And my sister's tears had not yet dried.
As she clutched at me, spilling her woes.
Her long since bottled up woes.
And tears flowed down my cheeks
As the story wove on.
Pain burned deep in her heart, marking it eternally.
Never to fade. Never to die.
Because her daughter was just like her.
She was black, but she was beautiful.

Mariam Taufeeq

In Ignorance

Embittered by his own creations,
Tired of all pale animations,
Man set out to conquest the world.
No fear in stride,
With peacock pride,
He lifted his head too high.
And fell off the brink of precipice.
From sudden flame and light
To darkness and cold ice.
Ah, for ignorant pride,
Is ignorant in deed.
Is ignorant in greed.
Is ignorant in whimsical wanderings.
And man is, truly is,
Too ignorant to heed
The fate of ignorant pride.

Mariam Taufeeq

Mere verse.

Imagination is but a river, curving through a plain
Slipping and sliding, dancing and gliding
Through mountains and terrain!
Changing, changing, changing.

Tactfulness is but a veil, lies cast over truth,
Wending and smiling, bending and fighting,
To weaken pain, they call it Ruth.
But failing, failing, failing.

Smiles are but boomerangs, presents that liven,
Faces to faces, places to places.
Smiles weak, strong and constantly given.
Flying, flying, flying.

Dreams are but flames, clutching your soul tight.
Soaring with hopes, casting away mopes,
Living with you, from trails of dawns to night.
Burning, burning, burning.

Verses are but fades, fades of emotion.
Anger to might, happiness to flight.
So strong that mere words cannot put into motion.
Singing, singing, singing.

Mariam Taufeeq

Moral rectitude in turn

A mere thought, a trifle
Perhaps uttered vindictively,
And yet it remained harmless,
The shards of cold shoulder
Ceasing to pierce the heart
Like ice.

Instead the embers waned,
Dying away in the abyss,
The queen no longer erected stately,
Drooping and withering,
Falling.

A spark seen, a lesson learned,
Haven't you seen it yet?
That blunt truth which simply EXISTS
Plaintively in reality?

Be audacious, stand tall.....
Don't hold it against the other,
Forget enmity, strive to forget,
Fight odds with odds,
And turn up the trumps!

Fight fire with forgiveness!
'Twas quoted to be virtuous,
Heaping coals of flame on the other's head..!
Ignore, and remember this:
One must pay for what one has bred!

Mariam Taufeeq

PERCEPTIONS

Perched on the bank of a swirling pool
Were two observers who stared
Into the green, bubbling depths,
Leaning as far as they dared.

These two observers, similar at first sight,
Possessed different 'ways' of seeing
What there was to be seen.
The first (ordinary) observer could tell
That the pool was a lovely pale green.
The second (extraordinary) observer saw
That the pool was another mystic world...
That held different lives, the depths surmised
Of struggle, rebellion, fear and fright.
Different beings lived and strived
Under the still, common-place surface.
O' the surface! When like a weed unfurled,
You can see beyond and still deeper.

Sitting on a branch, swing to and fro,
They carried on their 'observation'
Looking into the clear sky
Carried away to another station
Following a trail of their thoughts.

These two observers, similar at first sight
Possessed different 'ways' of seeing
All that was figured to be true.
The first (ordinary) observer could tell
That the sky was an exhilarating blue!
The other (extraordinary) observer saw
That more lay beyond the azure veil
Balls of flame, shooting streaks and nothingness!
Mounds of rock that appeal!
Laws and wonders surpassing our wee minds,
Creations that wax and wane.
Like a smiling face, masking pain
The complexity of the web dives deeper.

Strolling along the golden sands
Were two observers who bent
Picking up shells, and pebbles and stones,
Struggling to understand what each one meant.

These two observers, similar at first sight,
Possessed different 'ways' of seeing
All that the eye could have hoarded.
The first (ordinary) observer could tell
That the rock had been greatly eroded.
The other (extraordinary) observer saw
That each stone told a story of old.
Stories from the ends of the Earth,

Areas both scorching and cold.
Each place with its own mystic tale,
Beyond which lay perceptions untold.
A mixture of auras...these feelings unfold
To present the intricate web
As created by God.

Scrutiny that is deep
And can delve still deeper
Mountains of discoveries lie waiting,
And with every step, they grow steeper.

Mariam Taufeeq

Slow And Steady (Based on the Tortoise and the Hare)

This is one of my first poems.....

I wrote this in the sixth-grade when we were given a class-assignment to write a story adaptation on THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE. And I just HAPPENED to ask my teacher if we could write it in poem form instead; to my delight, she said yes! We had half-an-hour to write a story and I scribbled down my poem as fast as I could. This is the poem I 'scribbled down frantically, '- unchanged. And though it's childish.... I'll never be able to forget that first stepping stone.

As usual an argument
An argument arose
In the poppy field
Next to the red rose

It was between the mouse and the cat
(No worse enemies existed than that!)
In the end they had a bet
Whoever won, he would get
The poppy field for his own to live in
While the one who lost would be given
'Exile, banished from here forever! '
Said the cat (who really was very clever.)

The mouse thought: 'What nonsense!
But it'll be ME who'll win
And that cat will have to live
In the garbage bins! '

But before the mouse could get a word out,
The cat who had been prancing about
Cleared his throat, 'I declare!
The competition shall be judged by the hare.
We are going to have a magnificent race,
Poor mousie won't be able to keep up the pace! '

There mouse stood, flabbergasted as ever!
Really, that cat, was sly and clever,
He knew mouse couldn't run at all!
He'd just trip over his tail and fall!
But (though worried he was) he had to do it,
Yes, mouse had to go and prove it,
He would run faster than any cat,
He would run like the wind and knock- them- flat!

The next day dawned, pearly and white,
But the poor mouse was pale with fright!
As he stood in his place
Ready for the race
The cat yawned, as if bored with all this!

When the starting goose gave a hiss,
'Ready, set, GO!' Shouted the hare aloud
The cat ran fast, leaving behind a cloud
Of dust, and the mouse ran as fast as he could
'I'll win this race! I'd do anything to, I would! '

As the cat ran ahead he couldn't help but think:
'There's no way that the mouse can pass me! '
I got ahead in an eye's blink!
Why don't I settle down for a nap?
I have to run only one more lap,
I can rest my eyes for just a little while,
Mouse probably hasn't even run half a mile!
There don't seem to be any chances
Of mouseie passing me, I'll win, I'll win! '
And he made quite a din.

The cat settled down in the shade,
Of a tree in a peaceful glade.
He slept soundly, till the mouse had gone on ahead
While the cat was snoozing on his primrose bed!

When the cat finally rose, it was just too late!
And though he ran fast (in a bedraggled state.)
He just couldn't make it, the mouse had got the lead
And crossed the finish line (leaving the cat in defeat! !)
The mouse had won, he'd proved Cat wrong,
Who walked away, singing a mournful song:
'I was boastful and full of myself, it's true
And now I've lost the race, I don't know what to do!
I'm sorry that I looked at mouse with scorn! '
And the cat traipsed by, looking forlorn.

' Dear Cat, you're looking blue, '
Said the mouse, 'I feel sorry for you.
How about we divide the Poppy field
Between us, one half for me, the other for you? '

And of course the cat agreed!
He'd learned a lesson indeed!
'Slow and steady wins the race.'
Said the mouse, in first place....

Mariam Taufeeq

'They' recall

Hearts are encumbered and lifeless,
And lives are not flighty and strife-less.
Vines of Vengeance tighten their cords,
Suffocating the pleading innocents, while Republic snores...
For life is but an uneven recall,
'They' recall,
'They' recall,
Those days of crocodile tears.
When 'they' stifled...oh, 'they' stifled!
All those meaningless frightened fears.
'They' recall,
'They' recall,
Those days of auld lang syne,
Those prism-like rays of forgotten sunshine,
Those childhood ornamental 'Frankensteins.'
Those days....hardly shadows now.
'They' recall,
'They' recall,
But their undeserved punishment taunts them,
And their looming faith climbs pinnacles to haunt them.
Illuminated flashes bravely attempt to comfort them,
But succeeding only in drawing nostalgic tears.
The Cimmerian silence, that uncertain void is gaunt,
Both in demeanour and disposition.
'They' recall,
'They' recall,
How 'they' never deemed worthy of that crime!
But were now being led to the guillotine!
They were pushed towards death, and left choice-less
Despairing in how they are voice-less!
'They' now confront Injustice and her sisters.
Watching families being shredded by these 'twisters.'
'They' recall,
'They' recall,
Yesterdays when 'happiness' truly bore meaning,
When 'desperate' and 'longing' were mere words.
But while these thoughts were flowing- no, streaming
One by one, 'they' stepped forwards and off came each head.
Their last thoughts had been screaming.
Screaming for truth, cursing false blame!
And wondering why: why us?
These were the last thoughts each person recalled
Before that abomination of a guillotine deemed them dead.

Mariam Taufeeq

Undeterred Humanity

Rain was like lances
And hearts were of stone.
Wind was assistant
And eyes searched for refuge.
Orchestra hummed,
But air was a sheet,
Undeterred.
Just like me.
I stood there, observing
The usual trampled scene,
The partings and the yells,
The bombs and the bones.
But the air was stiff.
Undeterred.
Just like me.
My soul did not flinch
At the sight,
The terrible grotesque sight.
For this is humanity.
I am the observer.
I see but do not help.
I am another hard humanity.
I watch the people suffer,
And then turn away.
I belong to the humanity of riches.
I am the Other humanity.

The other creed, the other kind.

The same specie.

But i know I am humanity.

Undeterred.

That is me.

Mariam Taufeeq

Where the three Worlds met.

The black, lean raggedy child
Sat on the ramshackle pile
Of bricks; what he called HOME.
The harsh cries of men
Women and starving children
Floated up to where he sat
And he winced as though struck
In the heart.
And his little mouth twisted
With fury; this was his village.
And the look in his eyes...
Oh that look in his eyes!
It just can't be defined!
It was temper, and sorrow, and helplessness..
And a million other things!
Oh, to understand that wistful, grave look
On that young face!
And the brow furrowed with pain
Unfathomable pain.
The sort of pain, even the most skilful
Artist cannot possibly feign.

The narrow catacombs were filthy,
And infants rolled in the dust.
The sewer water rose to the knees
And the houses could be blown away
By the weakest, most languid gust.
This was the scene the boy saw.

Turning around he saw another World
A world that was as crisp as a fresh page
Not blotted or torn, but with a stiff hardness
That caused the boy to sniff with disgust.
The world of trams, and prams, and trains
A world where people dislike the rains
The world of Metal and Ice.
The world that the boy longed for....
And at the same time, did not.
His eyes are like mist, forever changing.
From blue, to red to gray.
And he longed to exit the Cruel Worlds.
And he never looked back
From the World of The Cold.
He sat there, unmoving, still and then
His eyes went blank. And he turned
The colour of the palest parchment.
And he fell, hurtled down into the depths
Of the Icy World.
The trams still went by.
And the dark-faced, unsmiling people walked by.
And the boy lay on his frozen grave.
Smiling; for though his chapter had halted

He had walked past golden doors
To the third World he had yearned for.

Mariam Taufeeq