Poetry Series

Muhammad Mirash

- 19 poems -

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Muhammad Mirash (7th augest)
I am Mirash from kannur,
Works:
no

Dream Girl

Time is like that girl who came in dream. First she smiled, came to near. talked to me about the valleys, streams of her garden, about who are coming next, what they will do, who will teach them, what will happen to them. what am i? And Who is she? voice of an anonymous singer, came to our ears. She said, it is her time to go back. She has gone. To the silent nature... To there, where the virgine earth enjoying spring. I called god, 'for what, you did it to me?'
Angels of heavens shocked, and they became the echo of my question. 'For what my lord? ' He answered to my prayer. told, He may give me a birth to meet her. Yes, He did. But, again lost. And it continues.

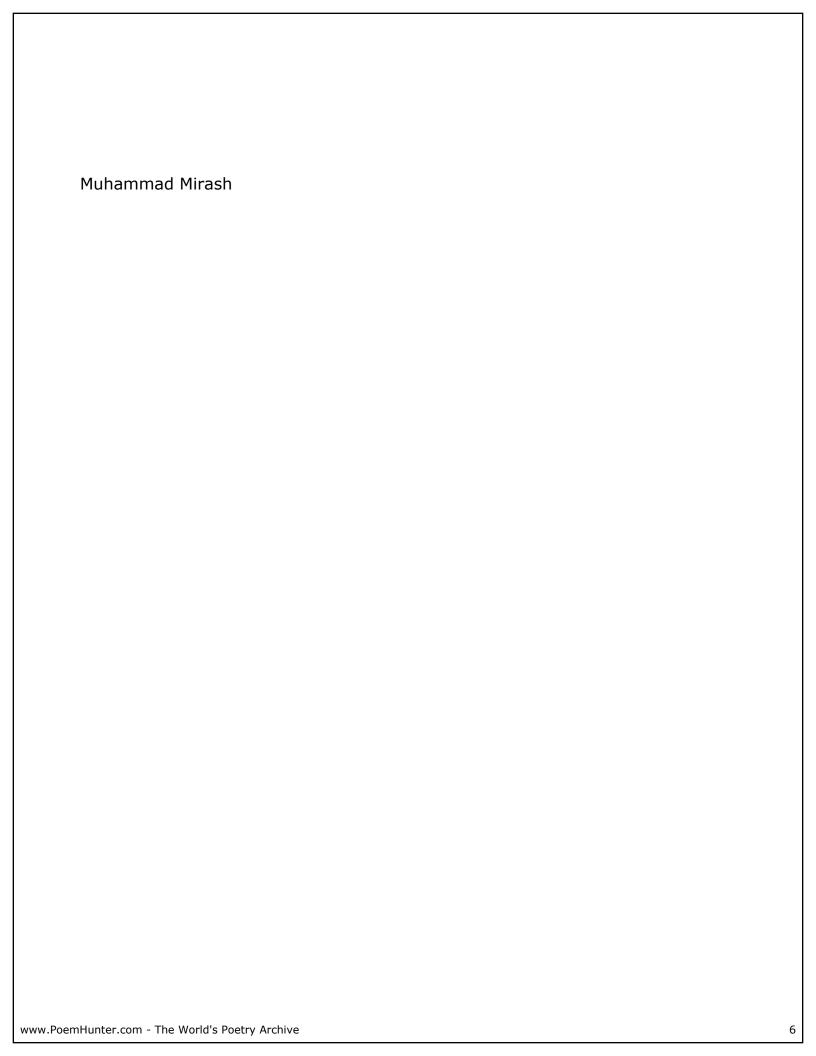
Dreams

To see what's afterthe shady dreams,
once a girlstarted a journey alone.
Hero of unforgetable dreamcame to hold her hand,
on her way.
Then,
shade of dreams turn to horror.
After allonly the salt of tears,
are hersto reach back from the dream.

: ASHITHA

Flowers

I didn't think that the love is like this. I didn't think that love a girl is much complicated like this. Because I was watching love, standing out side. But now, I am in love. Is it love? Actually, No. LOVE, what a meaningless word, I am thinking this from the heart of my city. I can understand you my friend. Some times, me too have to suffer. He said. 'Do you know, how long the heart played here like a kid? I shared dreams for a life with her. at that class room. I gave my self, But she didn't. It was just act. My dear, You didn't think about the religion, about your status, when you enjoyed my love. Now, you see I am not from your religion. Not suitable for your wealth. Okey, you may go now, with him, who can hold your handwith the mahar of a piece of gold. Please throw memories to the waste basket.' I can see my friend, your heart is burning in the grave of love. The died love. Why shall I follow true love? True love, this is my flowers on your tomb



judgement day

soul of shadows have white colour today. To hide the hidden criesof shadeless. Now, blood will flawbellow the beautiful valleys. To him, to eat flesh from died. Here, the the sticks of black hands are horrible than the guns, and no untouchablityto white trishools. Here, increasing the tones of red. Instead of to rise three feet upsun is burning on their stomach. If today the marbiles are in colour of blood, dear poet, you can die now. Don't wait more. Never, that day 'll come.

Let us Live in Hell

Let us forget all, No savior will come. Then, why are you acting as you don't know the path? Come on, Being calm is foolishness. don't be a stupid, by showing another cheek to beat. If only the violence can shake their minds go, break the laws, only the blood can change the rules, say, 'take my blood'. If the fire of revolt is your only way to liberation, burn their empire. You have another way too. I think you may choose that, Let us forget this country, hungry stomachs, crying children, and search in three seas for suitable tombs to live. As queen's dog says, we have to be a super power. So, We should forget the bluddy beggars, money is not to give for the hungry. It is from his father, Let us sensor the tweets in the hot hearts. If this is your decision, you can live here, under the dog of prince and queen. I shall search for my tomb.

Meaningless

I heard it from my half sleep the death of a girl once I dreamt. she came to my home to escape from her father, who is drunk and cruel. that fear flowing eyes, his roaring. I sharpened my ears. what really happened? he, the father died today. then the children? yes, the eldest girl, she had passed away before an year. I had shocked. got up from the sleep. younger girls are in orphanage. they said, they can study there, get peace and better than their home. what can I say? how meaningless is this life? the body I dreamed was eaten by khabar

Parallel Lines

Every one have a story. You may ask that -'Is the life always different from others?' No, but yes. you are not me, Even you and me say we are one, and the different forms of one. What do you know about my sufferings? What do you know about the nights I had cried? What do you know about the moment I shocked? Nothing.because, You didn't suffer. you didn't cried from heart. You didn't face the crowd as ashamed and no words in mouth. And you cannot imagine a time you lost the things you are proud to have. But I can, He can. that is why our stories moving parallel.

Promised

what, Is it to say-what i am going to say? I don't know. But the died dreams will not wish canan lands, blood of the child, who doesn't knowwho are you, and who he was him self. Ever-It is their plight, to be cruzified. Since the god decided to throw them to deserts. But that old truth, older than the holly lands, older than books, and the prophets. Our father, my, your, and theirhis seeds on two wombs, brother-we are one, Think before you take the gun, and before the cries of innocent childen. Before you fight for your religion/nation. your brother is killed by your arms, she is your sister, who begged to her child. You may be jew, you may be muslim, or christian, but you are killing your own blood for centuries. For what? Which god told youthat this is for the faith? He didn't called us Jew, muslim or christian. Dear my brother, shall we stop? For our children, for their dream to live.

Questions

Questions which weren't asked, Answers which weren't satisfied. A seven year old boy, sitting on the lap of father, at the father's 'nikah', had queries. In the marriage function of the the girl, he loved a lothe, the teenager had to ask. When he beats and abuses, the pregnant wifethe son had soundless questions. He has to ask, to the girl rejected the love, for friendship. But they didn't. Generations are wandering With the bundle of Questions. And they are in confusion not about the big queries, but only in those small question marks. Crying in the shade of darkness, pleases to the hot to save. After all, they 'll stand in front of the big question, without questions in their hand.

Radhika

If the legends repeatedthen, who will be i? I thought, Oo muralidhar, none other than you. Who's your Radha? When she asked, ambadi and brindavan came to heart. Radha: some times, she may still waiting for me. You want to be who? Radhika? I asked to her. Radha: she is a lover, and 'll be a lover for ever. She is loving him endless. never be his own, but ever she is his own. Was before the births, and before the creation. Say, do u want? 'NO'. I know, you can't. Radha, i was thinking about you. After thatwhat were came, how many were came, but you, only you....never. Yes, i know-I was.

The Suppressed

I didn't look into the old cloth in the desert.

my legs were shivering.
hell is near,
which burns and beats.
the poet who said,
untill the day when the cries of the suppressed
and the laugh of exploiters stopsi will continue my struggle,
asked last night:
the suppressed became lords
and the new suppressed became the same after struggle
then how can i take rest?

The Beast

He 'll come with well cloths and sweet words. He 'll open a big world to you. He 'll build malls. And he 'll say: Here no conditions, no limits and-No iron chains around the marcket. Every thing for you. I 'll give you the real freedom. I 'll ask: is it freedom? You will shout to me stop profanations. Then you 'll go to his palace. After dinner, he will face you in his that classic black gown, you 'll realise, it is that old ghost house. And no palace never created. You 'll look out side, you can see, there your brother is hanged, They sold your mother land, They raped your sister, And now nothing is yours in this world. You 'll understand what i said and you 'll ask for help. No one 'll hear you. Becouse no one will survive. And that is the day of end. You 'll die your country 'll distroy he 'll sow his seeds. But he can't stop, we will reborm and the mass establish the equality for ever.

The cloud

Let me back to the rain from the eyes of a cloud. the year which was sad ending. here, the waves in mind from the shake of thoughts and floods from the empty, stress in mind, heart beats, prayers, then let forget. but this empty heart-it will close its doors never. that is my fear. some times i may fell into the black hole of died memories. then you must go through that way. don't see me even you saw. without smiles, and say 'nuisence' to tear hiding clouds.

The First Moment of Love

As it is the first time, and first moment of lovei feel shy.
'I 'Il love you as your wish'
when she heard
this from my lipsshe thanked andi stopped.
'There is no need
of thanks in love'
she asked 'why? then
what is need in love? '
i smiled 'I don't know'
then again 'why? '
just 'I don't know'
she know what I meant.
I know what she wants.
But we don't know
how to say.
Because we are in love,
above words and actions

THE FOOT PRINTS

The foot prints i left in the path of dream. the beauty of darkness. tones of darkness which no painter can copy. I became a dream walker. nothing should leave except these foot prints. that was my pledge. but i left. if the dream is only the feelings in the hijab of colour of illusion, i loved that illusion. I liked the covers. divine music is raining to the empty rooms of soul in the sleeps. To the lover of letters, i will come. foot prints are appearing infront of which i left. your poem appeared in dream in which i thought the spring which did not come came. no, spring in soul is not by flowers but by the paper. not by the letters of love, but by your poem from the soul. yes, you are right. tomorrow may be yours.

The Savior

Where the ice of thoughts are melting, where vapors of tears, going to die, there i'll take birth. With the iron sword of words, With a pen, with the fingers in keyboard. without crown and throne. Without the county, and without a single praise. When i start my preach They 'll throw stones. My blood 'll come with the history of, injustice. They 'll laugh, as the demons in false scriptures. Then, the horrible years, of pain and tears. They will throw me from my own land, where i born, where my grandfathers are sleeping their last. none in the world 'll love me, except she. I know that's love. But i have no time to give it back. There 'll happen a flood of thought. At last, They 'll say no man other than me can save them. I can, but I won't. They should hug their worst.

Truth and Imagination

When I was told-'seeing play without sense in story'. I thought to say I am in deep love with story and have no thoughts of play. There is a contradiction of being your truths, false and my imagination-truth. Your truth may have origine but not end. And my imagination is ending without starting. I didn't locked any one. If any, that will not be love. She will disappear from sight as the dew in january. I am not ready to cover your truth, by covering my heart. She is my lové. But, the truth is always incomplete.

Unknown Lands

She had taken my heart with a little curiosity. I had refused but? when I praised the god, she asked for meanings. But i didn't realise then everything is born without meanings. I entered in her depth. I thought she too. But the pain of breaking my thoughts. I asked with tears. How can you measure love? I didn't get a reply. I shall agree. I shall forget every thing. But one thing. What do you do if that time come? I was thrown to this unknown island. but the wonder is that she is also here.

Wind

At beginning, I was a breeze. Then the snow was alone. I touched on the lotus budsborn from, the navel of the sea. I take this shape at last, by some one's works. That time, You was the sea. I wrote in you, at the blueness of the ocean of letters. 'Will you wait for me? ' 'For ever, every where, ' you'll hear what my, pen have to say. You said. I believedthat has a smell of promise. I made waves on you. But you are like a statue, like one don't know any thing. Enough, i am going to the mountains of time, as air, as invisible. In my old shape, As a wind.