Poetry Series

Muhammad Mirash

- 35 poems -

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Muhammad Mirash (7th augest)

I am Muhammad Mirash from Kannur, Kerala, India.
I am a degree student doing BA English Literature.I love poetry and also fiction.
My world is different.My world is different.

Works:

no

Darkness

Forget not - for what?
For the memories of a broken love?
In another side of memories,
for the blood drops of a friend?
For a meaningless love?
For her song?
Or that crying eyes
which are still in my eyes?
For that girl who talked with her eyes?
What should I keep in mind-
smell of hot liquids,
or the sound of chains?
For what-
for thinking again that I killed my wishes
and my heart is broken?
No, fill my heart with darkness.

Muhammad Mirash

Death

Ever, ever it is.....?
what should I believe?
Is there any life to be alive?
towards nothing,
from nothing,
and me my self-what?
Evenings were fadeout and didn't get me up.
I fell from the hand in which
I had seen the care,
no, never...
No one is here to love me.
I have nothing to trust.
That means,
I am failed.
I have no right to speak.
But Still, I am breathing.
I can cry.
I can hear my heart beats.
Never the tree asked me
on the death.
Yes, I am alive.
But, I was died
or living like died.
O..the Angel of Death,
now you can take only my soul.
I will be here.
I am not him,
I am that what between me and the world.
If you still want me alive,
then why don't you say-
I have someone..
I have to do some thing...,

Muhammad Mirash

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.

Muhammad Mirash

Dreams

To see what's after-
the shady dreams,
once a girl-
started a journey alone.
Hero of unforgetable dream-
came to hold her hand,
on her way.
Then,
shade of dreams turn to horror.
After all-
only the salt of tears,
are hers-
to reach back from the dream.

: ASHITHA

Muhammad Mirash

Fate

Some times,
I have to come there like you.
Or the life may take me there.
I can see a future against my wish.
Dear friend,
that will be horrible than the hell
for the men like us.
We were learned to break chains.
But these chains are dear for us.
Then forget every thing.

Muhammad Mirash

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 hand-
with 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

Muhammad Mirash

Illusion

While the madness swallowing the thoughts,
what is in mind?
Gladness or depression?
Wishes are coming again
 and heart says - stop.
A mad heart and tongue.
A wish to see the world
 as the creator created at beginning.
Don't you know only the creator is stable?
I had created tombs in my heart
 for my dreams.
I had cheated you.
you are sleeping there,
where you born.
destroyed by the creator
 or you got tomb in womb.
sorry,
only the God is true.

Muhammad Mirash

judgement day

soul of shadows have
white colour today.
To hide the hidden cries-
of shadeless.
Now, blood will flaw-
bellow the beautiful valleys.
To him,
 to eat flesh from died.
Here, the the sticks
of black hands
are horrible than the guns,
and no untouchablity-
to white trishools.
Here, increasing
the tones of red.
Instead of to rise
three feet up-
sun 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.

Muhammad Mirash

Let Me Cry

O darkness,
cover my face.
I want to cry.
I want to give freedom
to my tears to
cry loudly from the
hidden heart.
man in the life
and the dream,
to the depth of water.
I am crying,
that last smile,
last shake hand.
in my sight,
face of that children
going to be orphan.
I can't hide me from the sharp memories,
let me cry.

Muhammad Mirash

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.

Muhammad Mirash

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

Muhammad Mirash

Meeting with God

She has gone for ever.
She was mother,
who is not in memory.
She was a friend.
And she was love,
stood with him
in the arrival of the angel.
But she will never come again.
She is no more.
Blood drops coming from heart.
But Skies are near to you.
Messenger is coming
as the rain of blessing.
Come on,
with this horse from the
 garden of God
 to unseen worlds.
Hells to paradises,
in the palace of the father
 with holy spirit.
Come,
At a moment,
from the heart of holy city
 to the infinity of the sky.
An illiterate born in desert,
going to the court of creator of the universe,
will sit with him like a dream.
Tears have gone by his presence.
In a half night,
mind filled with the truth of the world.
O father of the world,
I realized what I am.

Muhammad Mirash

My God

My soul had started his journey
 from darkness.
By the anger to you
 for not continued the breezes,
 water streams were jumping towards the death points.
while I am saying thousand times,
 you are not exist,
O My God,
heart was murmuring your name,
saying 'I have no doubts in you'.
my anger may be
 on the sun, moon or the stars
 who blocked the waves between us.
or on the fate played on me,
or is it to the angels
 who didn't carry my miseries?
I have lost all my reasons
 to hate you.
But wont take the bundles of religion to get you.
O My God,
dreams of time of our meeting
 making my dreams paradise.
Allah, I can see you
 in the light of my heart.

Muhammad Mirash

My Religion

They wanted chains
 above the freedom, around the mind,
and between the people.
When I comment on an issue,
 They said:
 'How can you say it?
Don't you a.....? '
I said 'I am not.' 'What did you say,
you will be get out of the religion. '
I know what I said,
I don't want to be stucked in millenium old ideas,
To be a silent listener of commands.
I am going to quit.
when I supported a person,
 some of them said: 'it is the matter of our belief,
 How dare you to criticize us with this name? '
so, my name is their problem.
some says:
 you are belong to us by this name,
so, obey us.
 And some others:
 you are belong to them,
 so, look your matter,
don't come to us.
but I am belong to none other than me.
I am the prophet
 and I am the priest
 of my own faith.
Don't come to teach me
 with your eyes and tongues.

Muhammad Mirash

Night

At night,
in the unclear movements of
 lips of the long dreams,
 again the winter of a dew drop.
When the eyes refused rain,
I had fell in dream.
your beauty in the cloth
 which is coloured by the roses-
making me mad.
Your love rising me,
 to the world above words.
While you lying in my shoulders,
 your smell creating flood in my rivers,
in a kiss
 your breath flowed to my breath.
In the zenith of dream,
it turned single colour,
and flowered
 with the flowers of your smile.
Made you mine
by the gold of my dream.
In the depth of seas,
mountains,
where the first love blossomed,
valleys, where the nature
dissolves in man,
dream of night is spreading
my fire in your woods.

Muhammad Mirash

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.

Muhammad Mirash

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 know-
who 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 their-
his 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 you-
that 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.

Muhammad Mirash

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 lot-
he, the teenager had to ask.
When he beats and abuses,
the pregnant wife-
the 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.

Muhammad Mirash

Radhika

If the legends repeated-
then, 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 that-
what were came,
how many were came,
but you,
only you....never.
Yes, i know-
I was.

Muhammad Mirash

Silence of the Sky

A light came,
after I was taken to the skies,
a new silence.
Silence of the skies.
By lying in the carpet of the silence-
in the white sky,
I had dreamt.
The girl of my old dream,
the mist.
I had asked her
the most thoughtful questions.
After reading her sorrow,
I asked: 'who are you? '
Silence of the eyes say nothing.
Without breaking the silence,
she wrote,
I thought you will open my pages.
But you opened only the last.
it was my end.
she weeped.
I realized what I did.
But She is not here,
I am too late.

Muhammad Mirash

Summer

As your wish,
To see for you,
To not open my eyes,
Flower trees kept for you,
Reminding summer clouds,
Red flowers of sacrifice.
Mind will forget
what are asked,
Smiles will be erased.
But,
What I did?
O my beloved....,
Was I waited for this?
I withered my flowers to forget?
Winters, rains
do you forget all my words?

Muhammad Mirash

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 stops-
 i 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?

Muhammad Mirash

The Beast

He will come
with well cloths
and sweet words.
He will open a big
world to you.
He will build malls.
And he will say:
Here, no conditions,
no limits and-
No iron chains
around the market.
Every thing for you.
I will give you
the real freedom.
I will ask: is it freedom?
You will shout to me
stop profanations.
Then you will go to his palace.
After dinner,
he will face you
in his that classic
black gown,
you will realize, it is
that old ghost house.
And no palace never created.
You will 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 will understand
what i said
and you will
ask for help.
No one will hear you.
Becouse no one will survive.
And that is the day
of end.
You will die
your country will distroy
he will sow his seeds.
But he can't stop,
we will reborn
and the mass will establish
the equality for ever.

Muhammad Mirash

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.

Muhammad Mirash

The First Moment of Love

As it is the first time,
and first moment of love-
i feel shy.
'I 'll love you as your wish'
when she heard
this from my lips-
she thanked and-
i 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

Muhammad Mirash

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.

Muhammad Mirash

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.

Muhammad Mirash

Thus Story Ends

I didn't sleep yesterday.
Gloomy heart was shaking
with- what?
Truth is that,
love is selfish,
Doubt is natural
but the mind created stories
in the mind from that,
that is ugly.
How horrible!
Mind is producing stories
in every second.
Yesterday also
started with those stories
and ended with me.

Muhammad Mirash

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 love.
But,
the truth is always incomplete.

Muhammad Mirash

Truth of Heart

What is flowering in your eyes-
 Shine of my broken dreams?
what is in that book
 you look to avoid me-
 The comic pictures of my lost spring?
why are you laughing?
my eyes are moving -to where?
 And you are sitting quiet.
 Oh! I can't see you.
 Burn my heart.

Muhammad Mirash

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.

Muhammad Mirash

Waves

After that muted storms,
my rain is over in her nights.
I will not come again.
You will never see me.
As you are going,
you didn't try to see me.
I had seen the very seans of leaving.
First my joys,
in that sorrow-tears,
heart before we met.
My blood left me alone.
My faith,
I threw my God,
Then my party.
Wonder is that
nothing happened after all these.
So, nothing in your absense.
I am nothing to stop you,
but when the reachable oceans,
hug you by throwing waves to die,
you will go to flood,
by the light,
the distence from me to you,
is you to you.

Muhammad Mirash

While a Day Dies

This is the fate of every week end.
Darkness comes,
today and tommorrow.
It throwed to thorny grounds,
 and the birds who were silent,
welcomed death
 with a song at that night.
Last fire to the ghosts
 haged in the rings of saturn.
flaming thoughts are irritating.
just a word, a smile,
that was enough.
But when I came to you
 with the moon,
  who was bathed in the ash of week,
I get only the dead bodies
 in the red battle fields.
I had avoided
 the days of messengers.
cheeks meditated of the hot first kiss.
And the same heart
 creating stories on the beloved,
about whom I thought on nights
 without sleep.
 A day dies.
 Ending smiles
 going to steel the tears.
I can close the eyes to stop,
but you are still
 embracing the stillness

Muhammad Mirash

Wind

At beginning,
I was a breeze.
Then the snow
was alone.
I touched on the lotus buds-
born 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 believed-
that 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.

Muhammad Mirash

Yesterday

Do you know,
my hands are empty now.
 Empty as my love,
 empty as my heart,
but saying
 only one of many things,
'I am not sad now'
if this is not sadness then what?
 You can say yes.But
 this is me.
I was living in the middle of the sea
for years,
then understood,
 A storm is to come,
not a salty breeze.
 My feeling, as the sea
tasting like tears.
 Oh! is it an endless slavery?
 O my dream of yesterday,
come once more,
 I want to hear your poem

Muhammad Mirash