Poetry Series

Salman Javid

- poems -

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A Stranger Like Me

A stranger, unlike others,
And very much like a family;
Living far and away,
But always with me;
Speaks a different tongue,
But always in touch with me;
The eyes, the hair, the smiles,
Always on my mind;
A reminder of everything,
The respect, the trust,
And many other noble acts,
That are between us;
Making me proud,
All the time!

Salman Javid

And There You Are

Miles and miles apart,
But closest to the heart;
In happiness, can see you smile;
In misery, can share my sorrows;
Always, as if, you are here,
With arms around and eyes looking,
Telling something, I new knew,
Sharing what was never being shared,
A place, a time, of our own,
An impossible possibility,
An improbable opportunity,
But isn't life full of these,
Isn't this world a strange place,
Where strangers comes across, in a random walk,
And suddenly no longer remain strangers,
Where power of one person rules the fate,
Where love and truth always finally wins;
If that isn't the case,
Then this world would no longer be divine;
Divinity, is what, drives destiny;
And what's in destiny can't be neither won nor lost;
It only happens at a time,
Which always looked like the right time, in the end!

Salman Javid

Destiny

Like a lovely maiden,
Luring humans;
A powerful magnet,
Enticing victims;
A force driving actions,
Differentiating Humans,
Segregating victors;
A scent worth smelling,
Causing Events,
Determining Futures;
The gift of an earnest labor.

Salman Javid

Hallucination

Vision makes us think,
Words let us say,
Through the invisible light,
We look around and see;
What if all these
Shades, colours and shapes around us
Start eluding us
Numbing all our senses
Enchanting and charming us
Like an enticing and luring maiden,
Creating a mirage of sight, a delusion of mind;
Leaving nothing else
But only a shadow of
Hallucination!

Salman Javid

I Remember

I still remember you in my every breathe,
But then every my breath tells:
You are always besides me;
Like a shadow, moving close by side,
Listening, talking and smiling;
I can see the love in your eyes,
The happiness in your smile;
I standing at the corner of the street,
Where you live and waiting,
Looking up and down,
And moving by and by,
But then saw you coming,
And everything freezes in time,
and the picture of that time, in my mind!

Salman Javid

I, The Lord

Time and Space, don’t bound me;
Resources are not scarce for me;
I do, what I wish;
Choices, do not entice me;
I give, life and death;
But, these don’t bind me;
I am All Supreme,
Magnificent and Merciful;
I am the one, who will judge,
The Day of Judgment;
I am the voice of the Truth;
I am the Ultimate Reality,
The others are mere frivolities;
Everyone listens to my commands,
Those don’t repent;
My Message is Universal;
My Voice Transcendent;
My Face has a Magnificent Veil;
Those who discover me,
Are rewarded,
Here and hereafter;
I make possibilities,
Impossible;
My Will makes impossibilities,
Possible;
I am the Greatest Mystery;
The Only Being worthy of Worshipping;
The Force behind the Universe!

Salman Javid

If I Wish

If I wish to hold
I wish to hold your hand
If I wish to live
I wish to live a life for you
If I wish to see
I wish to see you besides me
If I wish to believe
I wish to believe in you
If I wish to seek
I wish to seek a life with you
If I wish to love
I wish to have your love
If I wish to wish
I only wish you!

Salman Javid

Like A Rainbow

After rain, the seven colors,
Stretching a mile, under the sunshine,
And forming a magnificent sight,
Thee calling it a rainbow;

A rainbow shines,
Only after a heavy rain,
Thy swept away,
The dross in the sky;

So also thee patterns of life,
Becoming visible, after a delirious time,
Thy washes away,
Illusions of sight, delusions of mind;

A time, separating,
Wheat from chaff, good from bad,
A time, when,
One is at his own, to pay the price!

Salman Javid

Misery

Ask some pitiable,
And he will tell:
For the joys of life,
Don’t come with money alone,

Ask a wise man,
And he will tell:
How many affluent had withered?
And why, they did so;

For some,
Misery is like a ghost,
Chasing wherever they go,
A shadow overwhelming their souls;

Misery like enemies,
Only knows how to accumulate,
It’s unlike friends,
Who only come and go;

The beauty of misery,
Lies in its indiscriminate ways,
It affects, whether someone is:
Wise or fool, meticulous or cool;

Once it comes,
It seldom goes,
And remains steadfast,
Like an honest associate!

Salman Javid

Nothing Closer To Life

Nothing closer to life than death,
Nothing a better friend of life than death;
Life and death are no different,
Perhaps they are only the two phases of the truth,
One mortal, the other immortal;
So, if they are no different:
Why the living are afraid of death;
Why the living crave for longevity of life;
The end of which is certain one day,
Like the glow of candle in a dark night;
Unlike the mundane souls, the more blessed ones,
Know thy nothing closer to life than death,
Thy preached of life after death,
Where all mortals would become immortals one day!

Salman Javid

Picture

Captured by a camera,
Sketched in lead and brush,
Depicts a thousand words;
The words, full of colors:
An archaic of memory,
A story of history;
Gives life to
The bitter sweet past,
The path
We once followed;
A bible of life,
A history of time,
A connection to the past,
A reminder of the past!

Salman Javid

Tale Of A Lad

Today, I tell,
A tale of a
Precocious young lad;
A noble youth,
Who writes and
Says verses;
A man behind his time,
But beyond his age;
A youth of many talents,
Who encounters troubles,
At strange places,
‘coz of his talents.

What if, God is kind,
To give him the talents,
But cruel enough
To put him in troubles;
How long could
He survive,
After all he is nothing
But a mortal;
Even men twice his age,
Can’t bear
Half the miseries,
He suffers,
Now and then, and
Everyday.

Even a brave lion gets
Vanquished by a wolf-pack;
So how come a weaker soul survives,
For long,
The unabated attacks of
The legion jackals.

Time and again,
God is kind
To Keep him survive,
In strange ways;
But now the sand of time is
Nearly full.

Looking at this lad,
One can only pray:
May thy lord help his soul,
May thy lord extinguish his miseries,
May thy lord show some miracle, and
Give him
What he truly deserves!

Salman Javid

The Face

The face, of destiny, and
of life and happiness;
The face, of an angel,
always looking;
The face, of divine and love, and
of a very dear friend indeed;
The face, inspiring actions,
motivating to face difficulties;
The face, for which one lives,
and can die;
The face, so soft as a petal,
divine as a reflection of thy Lord;
The face, of purity and honesty,
the most sincere Act of God;
Thy Lord be kind,
to let hold that face;
Thy Lord be kind,
to feel the face;
Life offers many intrigues,
of which the face is the greatest;
The sign of life and love, and
everything else, is only the FACE!

Salman Javid

The Fight Within!

Vice is a great virtue of the wicked,
It emancipates him of the banes of:
Honesty, hardwork, and endurance;
It liberates his soul of:
Morality, truth and righteousness;
So the wicked is left with nothing within;
And he pleases himself as he wishes,
But he’s never satisfied,
Because he can’t ever be satisfied,
And always remains a pitiable soul;
Who roves aimlessly to please himself,
And no matter what the world calls him;
He knows that he is empty from within,
As he has left with no fight within!

Salman Javid

The First Person

Oh, thee Gentleman!
When the time will come, and
The bell will toll;
Will embrace with
Brotherly Love;
Even put lips,
Against thee bright forehead;
And bow with respect.

The acts are subtle;
Thy feet smooth;
A Man,
Whose ways supreme;
With such tenderness,
Have cared;
With such patience,
Have listened;
For these and
Everything else;
Thank you forever!

Salman Javid

The Journey

Life is a journey,
A long and twisted one, in which,
We find ourselves- we lost ourselves,
And find ourselves again after getting lost;
A journey, which never ends,
As at every end, there is ever a new beginning;
So it goes on, even beyond death,
As at times even death is not significant,
If that is not true then,
Why we know so many of the past,
Such great souls, who will ever live,
And help us out in our journey too,
So one should look at the great of the past,
And live to extend our journey beyond our times!

Salman Javid

The Magic

Immanuel Kant, a man limited by means;
But a man of immense means.
A great visionary,
Giving a dyad we call the Categorical Imperative:
A good deed is an end in itself;
Treat others the way you want to be treated.
The basis of modern morality;
Even without the All Mighty,
Teaching; to use power fairly,
And to treat all men equally.

But beyond this mundane idealism,
There is Someone, who writes the story of the World.
Omer Khayam calling it the Writing Finger;
The Writing Finger writes and it never stops.
The Greek philosophers call it the Unmoved Mover.
The Ultimate Cause: only nothing comes out of nothing;
Something giving birth to the Universe,
Evolution cannot happen in emptiness,
Creation kicking-off the Evolution.

So, what keeps the World evolving?

Who made a humbled chieftain Ghangez,
The Greatest of all Khans ever.
Who, when still young and obscure, was told:
To have the greatest ruling dynasty ever.
The House of Timor reigned supreme for centuries,
In both east and west.
Never losing a battle in his lifetime;
The most fearsome of all conquerors;
But, when was dead,
No one knows the place of his morgue to pay respects!

A short and lonely Corsican,
Becoming the hero of the French Revolution,
And claiming himself Emperor of France afterwards.
A man of many talents, rather of too much talent,
A general, politician and a law giver.
Leading France to many wars, crafting the modern nation-state,
Giving his own law the Napoleonic Code.
The person behind the modernity of Europe.
Keeping Europe in flames till leading his forces to Waterloo;
Imprisoned and exiled, died of poison on a small island,

Why yet an other short Austrian,
Who never knew of his father.
A struggling painter, authoring Mein Kampf in prison;
Becoming larger than life- fuehrer of the Germanics,
And leading Germany and the rest to the Greatest War ever.
Terrorizing and trembling the world with his speech and might;
Vanishing the Allies in the beginning, surviving a dozen death attempts;

But later on becoming a victim of his own excesses and holocaust.
A symbol of hate world over for killing fifty million in five years;
Who once spelled bound his nation with his oratory and manner.

No statistician and logician,
Could come-up with the facts and reasons,
To justify the assent of:
Ghangez of Mongolia, Napoleon of France and Hitler of Germany,

They are just a few mundane examples of: The Magic,
The invincible divine force behind the rise and fall of men and nations,
Ruling the world- irrespective of caste, creed and belief system,
Manifesting itself in the visible and invisible miracles of the mundane World.

Like the trilogy of the mundane lives,
There are higher lives of the Chosen Ones like;
Moses, Jesus and Mohammad,
Where the Divinity of Magic is Most visible,

A Hebrew child living in the palace of a Pharaoh;
The Pharaoh killing every Hebrew child lest not the child,
Who was prophesied to cause his demise.
The child nurturing in the Pharaoh's laps,
And causing his demise upon reaching his adulthood.
Leading his people in wilderness for forty years,
In the hope of a Promised Land.
Speaking to the Lord and asking to reveal His Divine Self;
Becoming unconscious when the Lord manifested Himself,
And came down the Hill with the Ten Commandments

A child without a father;
Crucified, when young.
A messiah waited for a thousand years;
Brutalised and terrorised to death,
His body kept in cave, but was not found the other day.
Came to his people after death,
And will resurrect at the End of Time,
To save the World.

An orphan by birth,
The only prophet of Arabia.
A perfect man, A complete man;
A man of peace and war;
A man achieving it all, but humble to the core.
A man teaching respects and rights;
Telling us we never knew.
A man whose foot steps we must follow;
A man, who once understood, is always followed.
A man too big to describe.
A man whose deeds akin to his name:
Muhammad- the eulogized one.

How come all these men;
Different by caste, creed and time,
Stood so powerful, to change the World.
Is it not Divine Magic then what else?

Magic not limiting to the very great only,
But as what is preached by
Moses, Jesus and Muhammad,
The magic lies inside us-the divinity is inside us

It is what keeps us going,
It is what takes us out of our misery,
It helps us when needed the most,
If there is no magic then there is no change,
Life be dull and stale,
Which it is at times,
So to push us for change,
A change driving our lives,
Turning an infant old, overtime,
A change giving rise and fall to men and nations,
A change making us experience the unexpected,
A change taking us to new places and faces,
A change winning us friends and admirers
The manner of this change is so
Nonchalant, at-ease, and smooth,
What a modern day theorist calls:
A Random Walk, which makes our measures meaningless.
No one have a clue to measure the randomness of this random walk,
Which always affects us with a perfect causation,
Which makes, orphans, kings;
Which makes, poor, rich;
Which teaches us to learn,
Which takes our hand to fulfil our dreams,
And to meet our unique destinies

Because of this magic,
Both the religious scriptures and
The ancient and modern wise men,
Agrees on dispensing justice,
Because if humans fail to dispense justice,
Then the Mighty One dispenses His Own Justice,
Even when His Justice is a bit cruel for the one,
Who did not do justice with justice,

So, if you wish to experience The Magic,
Then acquire some qualities in yourself,
And do your work with a missionary zeal,
Sooner or later, the magic will start to set,
It will take you to a different level,
But only after a long hard journey,
Will take you there where you intend to reach,
Because if it will not,

The world would become an empty space,
Only an adobe for the devil and devil incarnate,
And surely this world would never be such a place,
Because the magic will never let that happen!

So, like David, every religious person, may say:
Immanu-El (God-with-us)
And a modern day secular, may say:
Everyman for himself and God for us All!

Salman Javid

The Mystery Man

A smooth operator,
Walks on the water;
A simple folk,
With subtle ways;
A man of imagination, and
Contrast;
A man of supreme class,
An untouchable soul;
Silently comes and swiftly goes, and
Leaves no clues behind;
Says a few words, and
Leaves a mystery behind;
A cultured caring man,
An architect of design and destiny!

Salman Javid

The One

Who created the Sun,
Who created the Earth,
It’s the One, who created,
Both you and me;

A Force beyond senses,
A Might behind actions,
A Mighty One,
Who is the only One;

A sustainer ever so vigilant,
An Arbiter beyond Comprehension,
It’s the One,
Who needs No One;

It’s the One, who is the Lord of Everyone;
The Supreme Being;
The Creator of Heavens and The Earth;
The ruler of destinies;
The architect of fortunes;

It’s the lone silent soul,
To whom we all submit,
And raise hands for
Devine mercies and boundless bounties!

Salman Javid

The Place Where I Work

The place where I work
is full of;
rumors and rumormongers.
People happy in knowing;
what others are doing,
what others are getting.
People with immense myopia,
People full of conceit and envy.
Seeing all what is around,
I solace my soul by saying;
to envy is in human nature,
to count other’s blessings is a curse.
And these sins are known to mankind since
forever!

Salman Javid

The Power of Verses

Thy can’t be said in a thousand pages,
Could be said in a few lines;
The lines of
Shakespeare, Byron and Pope,
The lines of
Ghalib, Hafiz and Mir;
The essence of life,
The epitome of Mind;
The lines thy Ignite ideas,
Thy conceive ideas;
Some like homer’s
Even create The world
Of Hercules, Achilles and Zeus,
Of Helen of troy and Many more!

Salman Javid

The Price

Every chattel has a price,
Every moment has its too;
There is a price of a bargain,
A price for every sale;
Sacrifice too has its price,
There is a price of every
Benefaction, sheep and the goat;
Mortal men have their price,
While the immortals have none;
The victim of fortune is the one,
Whose price is yet to be determined;
There is a price of every
Relations, friend and the foe,
But not of thy soul!

Salman Javid

The Princess And The Jungle Boy

Long ago,
There lived a princess in her castle,
Who had a pretty face
And eyes and manners to match;

One day she left her castle,
And got lost in the jungle;
There she met many a wonders,
And suddenly her eyes met someone;

A jungle boy,
With dark black eyes
And a body like ivory,
A true marvel of the nature;

At first sight of the princess,
The boy melted- like ice in a hot summer day-
All at once he felt something deep inside,
It was nothing but love at first sight;

As the two approached near,
To see each other up close and personal,
The castle guards, searching for the princess,
Came rushing in, taking away the princess with them;

The jungle boy ran hard, but the stallions were faster,
The princess on her way back looked behind,
To catch a glimpse of the boy, but the boy faded away,
In the fog and dust that were left behind;

After the princess, nothing else left for the boy,
Only but the memories of the momentary past,
His days spent searching, his nights, dreaming,
The boy could not overcome, his love for the princess;

And one day was caste away,
Looking for her over the ridge of the castle,
The princess might have also felt something,
But never said a word afterwards!

Salman Javid

The Silence After The Whispers

He never professed, to be a friend;
He only made felt, of his friendship:
He never said a word,
He only whispered in the ear,
For a better tomorrow:
The wonderfully surprising whispers,
The whispers for changing the world of tomorrow;
The whispers of hope and imagination;
The whispers, those were
Prized so much;
Now the whisperer has gone for so long;
and may not be for so good;
Leaving behind nothing, but
The silence after the whispers!

Salman Javid

The Stars

Look above and see,
The Thousands of Millions shinning stars;
The stars stitching the universe,
And embroidering our milky way too;
The stars forming a dozen shapes,
Of A lion, a goat and a maiden and many more,
Some call these constellations, whilst others zodiacs;
A few had even lived their lives, exploring these,

The stars writing the history of the Universe,
Thinkers see the roots of life in them,
In fact nobody may ever know:
How thy did form at first,
How thy would disappear in the end;
May be all at once, may be one by one!

Salman Javid

The Tears

Sitting across, and Talking of the future;
The future full of dreams;
The dreams of protecting each other,
The dreams of never hurting each other,
The dreams of sacrificing,
One’s life for the other;
All of a sudden, the tears,
Started flowing from thee eyes,
Like a fountain from the melting ice;
When thy loved one realized,
These are dreams and
Will always remain dreams;
Ever since, thy heart has melted,
And has become full of tears!

Salman Javid

Thee Respect Within

The world a strange place,
And power its strangest act,
The act of making
A mundane divine
The act enabling to
Think like thy Lord and feel elated

But many a hapless souls now
Were great and powerful once
Before the lure of a sycophant
So, what’s important is
Not weighing the words
But the intentions behind
Thy call
Thee Respect Within!

Salman Javid

Thou Goodness

In the very best of times
In the very worst of times
What has remained true is:
Thou Goodness

Thou Goodness of
Awaking the Giant inside
To face the challenge
Thou Goodness to
Reach out when in need
Thou Goodness to
Know thy never knew before, and
To know thy self as well

Thee can question thou self, but not
Thou Goodness!

Salman Javid

Values

One man dies for honor,
Other kills for a penny;
One protects his brethren,
Other betrays a nation.

One overpowers libido,
Other a sinful soul;
One lives for his morals,
Other for money and ego.

Skin don’t make a difference;
Language is not a barrier;
Money is a mere thing;
What is important: Are only the Values.

People build life on values;
People give life for values;
Nations are built on values;
Nations are nations: ‘coz of values!

Salman Javid

What I Be!

What a rose be,
Without its scent:
What a human be,
Without a soul;
What the world be,
Without a lord;
What a couple be,
Without a child;
What a good be,
Without an evil;
What a day be,
Without a night;
What I be,
Without you!

Salman Javid

You Are You!

(This is the Openning Poem of my forthcoming book: Reflections)

My poems are for you;
My message is for you;
My imaginations are for you;
My wisdom is for you.

You are the one,
Who has made me a poet,
A learning and caring man;
A man of all seasons;

You have captured my
Imaginations, words and the pen;
When I think, I think of you;
When I write, I write for you;
I lift my pen for you;

No one else is like you;
You are the one, who is you;
People ask me, who are you;
I dedicate this book to you!

Salman Javid