

Poetry Series

Shahzada Imtiaz Ali

- poems -

Publication Date:

November 2009

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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Dejection: My Ode

Went to a stage and proved as chic,
Mine get nothing and returned as sick.
Talked with travelers about what they tick,
Got a simple answer what you pick.

Convened, to a finest man, and traveled through a ship,
Searched in gardens but found crickets chirp.
Traveled to space and found through moon's grip,
Yet the sun's rays lead me to nothing and I dipped in dip.

I searched over the world and take no rest,
It grayed my hair but got no conquest.
Searched over searched, as I prepared a test
Hope seemed ending till I found an agony best.

Agony; my friend, my hope, my wish,
You are mine, no one can you crash.
Stay as long as you may flash,
My promise with you; bear you in splash.

But optimism in my life; still alive, as hope
My hope is one that never ever drupe
O my Allah! My only hope;
May rest my soul in Heaven and make Eden as my crop.

Shahzada Imtiaz Ali
15-07-2008

Shahzada Imtiaz Ali

DRY LEAF

A dry leaf that dead, to let the place, new leaves,
Bear the pain of coldness that turned it to freeze.
Give flames to chimney and bliss the breeze.
Ant found, accommodation and underneath it as ease.
A fly rest at him when troubled in water at cease,
Goats eat, having nothing all the day, for hunger's release.

Ought agony to behave same, to place some new grief?
If they are not demise then man's soul bear all in brief?
Should not, comes and courage man, strong their belief?
Oedipus's fate that oracle's play, rid into agony's relief?

Shahzada Imtiaz Ali

Even Killers Not Kill

Lonesome;
That overcomes all over,
Like the clouds,
On mind!

Darkness of night;
That frightened and,
Enveloped all lights,
Of wisdom!

Wish;
That fills heart with passion,
And entertained,
To senses!

Love;
That pregnant to zeal and,
Give you an idea about glow,
To heart!

Virtue;
That done with bright resolution
And relaxed,
To soul!

Agony;
That comes more quickly,
And enveloped
To bravery!

Courage;
That helps like a best buddy,
And, teach to live
To human!

Fatigue;
That comes after sins,
And disgrace,
To conscious!

Traditions;
That nerve change and,
Cursed a lot,
To body!

Fate;
That never change nor altered,
And strengthen
To faith!

Loyalty;
That grows in heart and ruled over mind,

And congregated,
To souls!

Isolation;
That wishes of friends and companions
And run to wipe out,
To feelings!

Shahzada Imtiaz Ali

First Glance

First time, I can feel sensations in my senses
Lost my intellect, lost my thoughts and lost my identity
So young, so adorable, so imposing; not uttered in sentences
Effigy, non speak able, as a statue losing maturity
Beautiful eyes, happy smiles, enormous gait at all,
In chilly zephyr, things seems like wonder, near reality
Words buffering in my mind, my weariness fall,
Let emotions be at height, put my sentiments in hospitality

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I am not any more alive

Impediments are everywhere,
Nothing but mendacity is alive,
Where should I have to go?
I am not any more alive.

Developments and expansions; new century,
And mayhem in my country?
Where should I have to go?
I am not any more alive.

If you have no passport, you are officially dead.
Do you think I am alive? My identity is snatched.
Where should I have to go?
I am not any more alive.

People do mistakes and refer my name,
Is it not the murder of my fame?
Where should I have to go?
I am not any more alive.

I try; even to die with my friends; at the last wheeze,
What you know? I am a man of full stature,
Where should I have to go?
I am not any more alive.

A man, full of vigor and vitality,
A man, full of youth and novelty,
So impressed, so dejected, so sadly,
Says; I am not any more alive?

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Imaginations

Things, being imagined in minds,
Buddies, being valued through kinds

A day was bright, I found a pal,
It could think by, as my personal call.

My conscious turned as flicker,
I lost my words and moved as bilker.

Affection emerge, the chum is not outsider,
My words: that has gained my affection louder.

Though, the heart, moved constantly,
As I think, the buddy behaved me consistently.

Now, laying in my heart, and build me fantastic,
My imagination imagined; it was my heart's static.

The buddy rest, in mind, eyes, lips, heart and in mine,
My gasps, my imagination, hold the scene from time.

SHAHZADA IMTIAZ ALI
10-08-2008

Shahzada Imtiaz Ali

In Allah's Protection

Peccadilloes changeth into virtues, and
Troubles truncate and bring life's rapture.
Agonies vanished, feelings calmed
In Allah's protection, nothing left but ecstasy.

Misdeeds and misfortunes; blanked the paper, and
Worries bound, way to success opened.
Doubts and suspicions that bring fear, now purge the mind.
In Allah's protection, nothing left but ecstasy.

Night's fear, that brings darkness in sunlight, and
Fear of loss and fear that ever exist in the universe.
Horror of enemies, threat of intruders; comes to end.
In Allah's protection, nothing left but ecstasy.

In doomsday Allah's protection; ecstasy and
Purgation of my body and soul; Brings me into life
Because; my soul's wish and my heart's petition; mend
In Allah's protection, nothing left but ecstasy.

Shahzada Imtiaz Ali

Let me a breath more

Once there was a man
And dejection was still his fan

Snow was also fall at him like his crony
And gifted him, his best agony

And I was there, elect to choose my best
On trial, accept all to finish my thrust

Oh man! I am not Kagwa of Huntsman
I am courageous, still agonies are my fan

In the way to heaven, let me up more
On the life's shore, let me a breath more

Let me a breath more
On the life's shore

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My Lord: My hope

Agonies; come on and kill the last hope
Fetch the joys and demise them the last crop.

But you devil, not even think about my mother
She is a mystic saint's, and a holy virtue's mother.

O, agonies of her you just shut up and forever flee,
Come to me, even doubled or more but let the mother free.

My Lord! The Master of Heaven, the creator of the universe,
Your blessings the great and enormous, fill my mother's purse,

My Lord! Who grow plants, and rained from the sky
Be close and put your blissful hands on her slight cry.

My Lord! Sovereign over the sun and moon,
Look not so fierce and purged her soon.

My Lord! Who give hope, breath, health, bread, joys and many more,
Depict all for my mother's wish and do some more.

Let the agonies, agonies of the world, fall over me and do it fast,
Purge her! Purge her! And purged without any contrast.

Shahzada Imtiaz Ali

My Soul's Joy

A day was bright my imaginations increased,
All intact and I became pleased.

Beauty! ! In happy smile; let me pant,
My eyes never seen like, heart in my heart

The sea of beauty can be seen,
In every where her eyes reflection has been.

That can be my soul's joy!
My intellect comes to arty!

A chum; beautiful eyes and happy smile!
Where should I have to cure and police?

A demotic touch to beauty
I write it; I gain my wits security

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On Alliance

There, the two, most natural,
Quite natural and unique at natural,
Intellect more than a man and verdict in communal
That two, who never fond at loll;
Dealings are accustomed, straightforward and exceptional,
Vocalizations are rustic, epic and rational.

How much they engaged,
It is never elucidated,
Exceptionally dear each in intend,
They are good friend.

There, the two, the next of two, most buddy,
Quite buddy, and unique at buddy;
Favourite in talking and dear in cast, but not in study;
Oh! They must come in with, and not bloody.

I think they are five in number.
Let me unfaltering and wait till end my labour,
There names are; to be defined later,
They are: a slender and a dimpled and one having glasses and one as debater.

The fifth one;
You decide, nothing short a fun,
My prayers are with each one.
O! ! ! Dear five, get win, in every inspection

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Pain is still short

When the sky turned black,
And even ally depart and fake;

When nights entered into devastation,
And horror seems a sovereign of pulsation;

When good collaborator left in demise,
And the pains turned as it great debacle fries;

When associations let down in lament,
And fiascos make you without bones in ligament;

When passionate heart overcome under brutality,
And mind turned into oblivion by cruelty;

When agonies marked the only source of joy,
And only death seems solution or annoy;

The woes, the afflictions, the distresses, the sadness and disrelish,
All these are my friends to the way to till perish;

My heat, conclude; out of any danger:
Friends of sorrows are chum and, friends of joy are stranger.

Tears in my eyes! And tears! And tears! Even in verse!
Praying to the only power over universe.

To be having buddies over the self,
Let me weep more over the night in elf.

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Poetry Missing Rhymes; The Vocabulary

Attraction, attract attentively, attaining ally;
Bear before being betrayed;
Cast, creed creeping, cramped;
Devil denoted dictions delivery;
Emotions estimated, emotions expectedly elusive;
Feelings frightened, feelings fraught filled fertile;
Gestures guessing genius genders;
Having honesty higher hope happily
Intimated individual involving intellectual instinct;
Justifying, judging joke junk javelin;
Keen knowing knowledge kingship;
Loving long leaving lewd;
Meet man mislaid mock masterly; majesty
Not neat notation nor nice nation; naked
Opposition openly over oaths; owl
Prevalently putting pathos pardon; poet
Questions quest quite qualities,
Rivals reveal reprisal, river raged,
Services seek solutions; submit success,
Teachings through thoughts think; truthful
Union unique urged upon utopia.
Vocabulary vast viewing; verses
Winning wisdom wreak wrestling worst
Xenophobia Xylophone
Yielding younker yank youngest; yeoman,
Zaniness Zest zeal zilch

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Take over the charge to agony

Not is nightmare,
It comes in the real,
Covers over me and enveloped me.
Mind getting tedious, sense gaining silly,
It appears that every thing is launch vanishing.
Then I reflect;
Being born was, starting to die.
I retort to the conscious;
I never worried about death.
Then
Tears fall, and tears fall
Agonies start coming and fighting with my hope.
Ah! The demise of soul is start,
My conscious voice led nowhere, and
End.
Agonies take-over, take-over over head to toe,
And, it touch the capillaries of heart,
And beat and beat as necessary, heart beat.
Each part trembled in horror, and
Agonies take-over the charge,
The poem is written.

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The Photo

Love, peace, mercy, pity, sympathy and harmony
Not get, all these, but in honesty.

Poignant faces, inexpressible voices and feelings dejected
Mind got manacles, relaxation fell parted

Miseries of folks and miseries of beasts
Gnaw my heart and ruin soul's zests

Friends fall apart and nothing left; Company,
Blood thickened, freeze, stance mere, and agony

Can, get I soul's ecstasy, deserts and barrens
No hope, no photo, no joy, every where, warrens

The photo of the city have nothing but ominous
Where I run to tell, who is staying pious?

My Lord! Please save my county and lives
In Swat, the photo is noting but demise.

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The Tresses

When we want to change our accommodation,
Then I made a selection.
Now, years are gone in affection.
But, I am still on my direction.
I lost my way, it needs correction.

Do you know how I lose it?
In the tresses of her I lost.

Oh! ! Unfortunately, she doesn't know.
And, I am, walking in her ringlets slow.

Can you imagine in lives?
Lovely eyes, happy smiles,

Full of excitement, never forgettable, beautiful and enormous,
Black and dark; her sweet tresses

I saw a lot of young maidens.
But, not so beautiful, even in Sweden

Yet.
I am still losing my way in her unfathomable ringlet.

I am feeling well and vast.
When I think her, in past.

Every thing might be changed but;
I can't forget.

Because.....
I lost my way in her magnificent tresses.
Although my heart, eyes, breathes and every thing full of her love
Yet, she is calm and in peace.

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