Poetry Series

Tajudeen Shah

- 46 poems -

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Tajudeen Shah

A marketer by profession, teacher by passion and a poet (with all humility, as friends say) by nature. born in India, resident in the Arabian Gulf. Brought up by parents of exceptional values, thanks to God, and still keeping most of their qualities and heritage to make them feel proud of what they composed in their youth. Literature has always been my passion, so did ran after most of the English romantics with great enthusiasm. Malayalam poets of immense quality imagination and craft is the gentle impulse that keep the fire intact. Urdu Ghazals contributed me to practice the tenderness of romance, love and devotion; devotion of various types. let us start building our relation with this uncut expressions. as moods and thoughts may keep varying, would be great to read a later state of mind. Good Morning.

‘Something' to ‘One Thing' is Everything.

‘One Thing'
We have not fully known.

Though 'Something‘
Surpasses everything.
No thing is
Beyond ‘One Thing'.

Everything
Is made for ‘Something'.
A few things
Are Invented.
Most things
Are discovered.
Other things are
Made by ‘Something'.

Nothing
Is hard to ‘Something
With ‘One Thing's support.

'Something'
Compasses everything.

Everything
Is after ‘One Thing'.

'One Thing'
Demands Something,
Dictates everything,
Permits many things,
Prohibits a few things.

'Something'
Chases everything
Not knowing anything.

Still,
'One thing'
Loves ‘Something'.
For
'Something'
To ‘One Thing' is everything.

Tajudeen Shah

A Blessed Fate.

The first raindropp on my nose tip
Landed after her long-fated trip!
A crystal crown at first-fall emerged,
And many a rainbows blossomed!
Sending chill shivers into my sinews,
Marrows, veins and soul centers,
Made my eyes seal and arms raise
To the heavens, sending prayers
For her, me and surrounded mates!
Blessing my lips, chin and neck,
Took her abode in my bosom,
For, her mission immortal is over!
As the morning zephyr pronounced,
She has been in void's cocoon
Since ages attaining this form;
Sun's lusty desire on Ocean,
Turned on her pent-up passion,
A tender flake of cloud was born!
As any other form of life in nature,
She too had miles to traverse,
To know her fate and nature.
The crystalline mistress of all
Invaluable substances ever born!
Harnessing for this ethereal,
But ephemeral flight, on order
Of the most Benign Being,
She sent praises in profusion.
How could she be in delights
Knowing fate since ages!

Tajudeen Shah

A Blissful Write

She came stealing in,
Fused in my sense and Soul.
Rain drops still drummed
Over the thick green leaves,
As wet air teased
Wooden window panes.
Power goes off during
Rainy nights, a blessing
For those who engage in
Soulful disputes by the moon!

Whispers made us settle
The arguments of moods.
Her lips moistened, eyes
Lost links to her brain,
It seemed, as she boarded
Wings of winds and waves!

Searched and found a pen,
With quivering fingers
She started a writing,
Until the last dropp of
Ink filled was done!
Ecstatic end of an act
Full of passions, pain
And delights immense.
Intelligence and wisdom
Played not much a role.

Had her first work done
And in dreams waiting
For an auspicious pulse
To publish and feel proud!
Spring-bound gardens
Sing in her praises now,
Rainy Moon-lit nights are,
I See, not far behind! .

Tajudeen Shah

A Flood In Memory.

Flood waters gushed in!
No trace of grass could be found,
Except a few grass-woven roofs,
That too remained shedding tears!
Mango trees lost arms, some shoulders,
Coconuts perched on its strong boughs;
The mighty survivors of all seasons.
Snails, Frogs, Snakes and gnats,
Ants, bugs, Lizards, spiders,
Set out their predictable exodus!
King Fisher and Woodpecker found
Abode in hollow jack fruit tree!
Poor and feeble mass, hunger-stricken,
Assembled by the wet school floor,
Waiting for the next food-serve;
Hot porridge and wild-roots boiled.
Burning chilly dish adds the heat
On their ice-cold tongues.
Mothers had their saved rags in lap
With their tender ones mewling in,
Their ribs netted with wrinkled skin.
Fathers looked at the skies and winds,
Returned to the wooden benches,
Cursing their fate, while the slant drops,
Pierced on swollen waves of yellow Flood.

They could not hide the dismay of
An impending disaster, that would
Shatter their small dreams
Into many a chips, beyond bonding.
Stars got blind by the broken clouds
Ascended from the abyss of horizons.
Nocturnal chorus of legendary frogs
And of beetles added awe and gloom.
Some slept with open eyes and sense,
As they knew how dreadful the water
Might turn in the monstrous night,
Sweeping off every trace of existence!

Morning is differentiated with
Pale rays that struggled the clouds,
And crows delightfully bathed
In water-pots of school kitchen.
Days of waiting and hopes elapsed,
Shelters invaded by dreadful guests;
Epidemics and calamities one by one
Caused their pulses go weaker still.
Merciless rain and flood objected
Even Sandy graves, while yellow eyes
Exchanged silent looks; "Whats Next'!
When tears drained off,
Drought invaded hearts.

Life has its occurrence scheduled,
To measure man's perseverance.

Tajudeen Shah

A Kingdom is Lost.

I sit chanting the incantation
Of nothingness at times.
When my inner self tolls,
Piercing myriad luminous curtains
Appears the wonder bird
By the golden window.
Nature has her ways of
Blending and uniting.
When the million-colored,
Multi-winged get tired,
She sits panting at the sill,
Still with nose and eyes full of hopes.
A breeze with heavenly scent opens
Her ways wide to virgin worlds.
Incantations take new births!
Whispers turn euphonious notes!
Rain, Sun, Blossoms and Birds
Add chorus to the new music!
Rainbows descend over tall trees,
Rabbits run in mirth across.
All remains serine and live
Until wife chides, ' in trance again,
Unworthy pursuits are you in? !
Alas! One more Kingdom is lost.

Tajudeen Shah

A Kite's Fate.

Beyond imaginations my adornments are!
Fluttering my colored wings above winds,
That has her roots above tall trees,
Do I ride to kiss the blue eternity!
Often do I realize my bound-destiny
By the fingers where the thread ends.
For a caprice of the master fingers
Or by the rage of the gust, my bondage
Ends, and to some autumnal tree top
Do I land bleeding to destined death.
My share of salvation is the liberty
That I enjoy after my death; when
Color-drained paper-wings on a shattered
Self is submitted to the self-less skies!

Tajudeen Shah

A light, Black and White.

A fetus is getting matured
For futurity immediate
In the blessed womb of time,
With features of a better breed
And a fate of strange splendor.
How many of us would survive
The cadence of its deliverance
Unto this delicate land
Is what makes thinkers sad.
Ignorance is sure a blessing
For those who are most daring.
Events similar in history are rare,
But no wrong-doers could bear
The outcome of such clamor!
Opening the shell of time would
This new light peep in to souls,
Cleaning them of old stains
Done to many a feeble mass.
Colors would all fade off, save
Candid black for all living and
Splendid white for oblivion.

Tajudeen Shah

A Natural She

“She had long hair
Many would envy!

Full soft pink lips
With a specific line
Projected sharp,
One could make
Her heart’s contour.

Eyes, Wide and wild
Reflecting a smile
In its line and lashes,
But had deep hidden
Whispers that only
I could read certain.

Her breathe made me
Bite her cheeks
And tease her nose,
Cause it smelled as
Tender Mango leaves!

She was hostile to
Make ups or scents.
Her sweat smelled wild
As pineapple blossoms,
That often lured even
Angels good and bad.”

Adorned her for ages
With desires immense.
Fate had plans secret,
Diverse and lethal!

Tajudeen Shah

A Potion, Your Option.

Socrates Contemplated,
Shakespeare Performed,
Shelley Composed,
Newton Realized,
Hippocrates Diagnosed,
King Solomon Ruled,
Alexander Conquered,
Tansen Sang,
Rishi Vyasa Narrated,
Lord Krishna Sermonized,
Lord Buddha Inspired,
Emperor Ashoka Sacrificed,
Jesus Christ Cured,
Prophet Mohammed Consoled,
M. K. Gandhi Abstained,
M L King Orated,
Lady Diana Loved,
Hitler Hated,
So do the Timeline leads
To unending abyss of
Yesterdays and Tomorrows!
7.055 Billion would Rage,
As History, Philosophy,
Literature and Lineage
Won't be an apt Potion for
Hungry Bellies and
Craving Minds of Today…
Device Your Option, Please.

Tajudeen Shah

A Reaper Still...

It was a sunny morning,
The Bard was glad and strolling
By those fields of Scotland.
Dorothy on him leaning
With lighter feet and feeling,
All her views on lowland.
To know this nature closer
Sent her senses farther,
For finding hues of new land.
"Behold Her! Single in the field"
Whispered, as wonder ceiled
Seeing lass of highland.
Noting worth and its beauty
The poet did all his duty
For his sister who was thirsty.
Behold the Solitary reaper!
Who has turned a clever creeper
Soothing human souls deeper.
Still her `Melancholic Strain'
Resounding all those terrain
Where slow cloud-flakes land in!

Myself floating
In the cool currents of delight
Seeing Those Heralds
Of Moon's Blue Castle!

Tajudeen Shah

A Refined Kingdom, Save Man.

Animals: (In general)
With consent do they mate,
Keep manners fine and great.
Pleased are they as contented,
Fail never to act when intended.
Hunt only when they are hungry,
Kills none if not at all angry.
Angry is when attacked,
To nature are they attached.

Cats.
No cat ever got trained,
Nor did signs get fixed,
Still do cats get noted
For manners well displayed.
Shy are they by nature
With concerns always greater.
Even nature's call is attended
With care genuine, not pretended.

Fly.
Flies do dine on nectar,
Never do break any petal.
Hues and scents they Admire,
Never do they any Conspire.
By Dancing do they land,
On soft boughs of plants.
Concern great on haunts,
Gardens blush as she sings.

Birds.
Birds migrate beyond miles,
Never miss any end trails,
Nor any one go astray,
As one do they all obey.
Time and space is specific,
Though habitat not so pacific.
Fail never to feed,
The younger ones in need,

Ants.
Ants move in groups,
Daily ON its toils,
Live on man's spoils,
For future always stores,
No malice ever is shown,
Though their domains blown!

Man.
How can a mirror reflect
When the light is all in neglect?

Tajudeen Shah

A Rusty Chest

Ages showered hymns of events.
Witnessing them have I turned stale.
Wisdom engaged in meditation profound
Within my layered chest for ages!
Latches, Locks, Key holes,
Grooves and gaps all got blocked.
Imaginations mated passions,
Nature witnessed silent aging.
Trapped up thoughts and moods
Got tired of time-tides and broke
Into knowledge brooks, causing
Culture blend and turn to One!
Knowing not the depth of chests
Do Man still toils clearing rusts.

Tajudeen Shah

Absolute Complexity.

What creed are we following?
How do I know who is behind
Humiliating manipulations?
The creed I know is sad;
White, black, pale and brown
Short, tall, rich and poor,
Named after nations, beliefs,
Religions and sectors.
None is there whom you really
Can call 'a Global citizen'.
What had He in view, shaping
Man in best of moulds, was
Nothing but the beauty so
Promising as colors mingle!
We wronged in knowing
A design so divine!
Spreading ruin and ban
Turned all colors into one;
The brightest red of all
Races, using refined weapons!

Tajudeen Shah

An Impulse From Nature

Bluish white haze lingered
On old house roofs proclaiming
Dawn's majesty blended with
The sweet scent of chill petals!

Full dew drops perched still
On dense green leaves with
Their tiny crowns; the reflections
Of tender Sun and shivering blooms.

The morning zephyr kept taunting
Virgin blooms, who blushed
And giggled while green leaves
Had misgivings deep within.

What on earth does not contain
A message for thinking men,
As seasons have their music
That define human destiny too!

Bounded are both living and non
With specific collective missions,
As Morning, Noon and Evenings
Setting human moods and thoughts.

Tajudeen Shah

Another Specimen of Life.

In one of those icy winter nights,
From the public phone booth
Did I knew desires sprouting
With pale roots and curly shoots!

Secret and open meetings,
Off duty hours of interactions,
With usual thrills and prayers
She came IN, who is now 23.

True the scripture, NO leaf do fall
Without His will, turned true to us.
If days lived together counted,
Not be elder than a year in all.

Daily curses, complaints,
Finding faults and blaming,
Regretting the follies past
Do both of us live unduly.

Looking back with dim eyes
Can’t find anything unjust,
But others point deeds INSANE,
That drains blood and marrows.

Savings left is lots of toils,
When needed most, cant help
Or get helped, no one to blame
Even the shadow-less destiny!

Tajudeen Shah

Apple Vs Bullet.

Millions of apples dropped,
Before and after in history.
Gravitation theory could escape
The dark castle of ignorance
Only when an apple knocked
Sir Issac Newton's head.
A decoy that changed an old notion.
Many a political and social systems
Must get such knocks to clear off
Their dark notions.
The mass of a bullet
Can never compete an apple.
But the speed could be fatal,
For changes immediate and sensible.

Tajudeen Shah

Behold, an Eskimo Kingdom

Eskimos live on caribou,
Fish, berries, whales and seals.
Hard biscuits and tea warm ‘em
Other than what had from nature.
What a delicacy when blended
Caribou meat, seal oil and
Artic berries with ice flakes,
‘Akutok' their creamy delight!
Snow dwellings in winter,
Tents of skins on summer,
Eskimos called both an Igloo!
Their Chief had to be skilled,
In hunting or Fishing, whom
Advises sought when needed.
Brave hunters and gatherers
By nature, moved in groups,
When seasons changed, for
Life's course for every race
Is different in many a ways!
Their bodies covered by skins
Of Polar bear, fox, seals
And Caribou kept them warm
In their Frozen kingdom!
Huskies drawn sleds to slide
Over, Kayak for single hunter
And Umiaks to carry families
Across the icy waters, were
Their conveyance natural.
Wild whales when appear
Eskimo group would hunt
With skill and might sheer,
A survival on frozen thorns!
Stories that have traversed
Generations on drum beats
Made them dance during
Winter nights for hours long.
Responsible valorous men
Gathered food for families
When women made clothes
And cooked for their men.
Fur-bearing fox and bear
Were hunted for skin, fish
And seal for flesh, in ocean,
Rivers and streams all seasons.
Sought aid of‘Shamans' to make
Spirits appear to cure when sick,
Ensure a good hunting and
To control the weather hostile.
Even in their frozen minds
Forms of art had its place,
With many available stuff
Had manifestation of skills.

A brother Eskimo grins on
Looking at his FB screen,
By the frozen Greenland or
Siberia, Alaska or Canada!
Might be in pursuit of new
Techniques for hunting,
Shaping, shearing, sailing
Still with his Sealskin boots on!

Tajudeen Shah

Both in Traps, Man and Ant.

There was a ant leader
Who had a notion strange
To lead his fellow beings
For a long traverse across
The oldest cemetery
By the city skirts.
It took ages
To complete this strange stride.
When they all assembled,
To their utter embarrassment
Could find ways all closed intact
By human sealant barring their way out!
Man by this end in his observatory
Had his investigations done,
Authentically recorded for history
From the movements,
Communication waves and behavior
Of poor innocent ants!
Biblical or Quranic reference
On their association with King Solomon
Might have caused this fated-trap!
Man today leaves nothing unexplored,
Though himself trapped in wisdom's cage!

Tajudeen Shah

Emancipator, Still Out There?

Sharpened many a tools precious
And opened human cell-centers.
Contemplated varied fields
And found maimed Soul-Centers.
Shocked when saw maxims
Trampled and cast over sensory slums.
Varied faith lost leaders
As books today lost readers.
All got confined to Self-Centers
And in luxuries sank all mentors.
Politics polluted like sick rivers
Spreading myriad miseries to lives!
The fate of the downtrodden remains
As in legendary bondage days!
An Emancipator emerges from skies
Beyond the star-lost Voids!

Tajudeen Shah

Emotional Cadence.

Emotions swelled likeSolway,
Tides made cadence strange,
Caused us both to loose clutch
Over sane oars of tender passions! .
She has her stand, and
I have mine, Both clashes often
In chase of a pacific landing.
It all started off when power went off,
And humid air invaded
The whole house
And irritations sprouted like mushrooms.
It all ended after a series
Of matured babbling and tears
Consoled, rather pacified the scene,
But the early morning bird had
Her prayers still ON, though
We the ungrateful dived deep
Into soothing slumber.

Tajudeen Shah

Fate has no Shadow

Lengthy shadows of tall trees
Found great delight and pride
On the open vetrified varanta
Of a Silent village house.
I sat burning on the hearth of
Family confusions, silently sobbing
And contemplating profoundly
On follies unlimited that appeared
Sheepishly on mind's screen,
Transforming me another shadow;
Though no light of any kind
Had its mercy to cause me a shadow.

Tajudeen Shah

How Can I...

From your soft, full lips,
A tender kiss when slips,
And lands on mine with a hiss,
Causes my SELF to miss.

The lilt when your lips part
From mine is what reminds me
Of the vibes-driven waves of
Desire and passion you set in.

Who would like to part
From You, Oh, blessed damsel,
Though ages drag
Dark veils on waning youth
And scowl-full decrepitude!

Tajudeen Shah

I Wish I knew!

I wish i knew
How days give way to nights,
Nights of warmth, hopes and fears,
Fears that engulf all of man,
Man who craves many a Missions,
Missions of endurance in this fleeting life,
Life, undergone invariable interpretations,
Interpretations of variables and constants,
Constants that are not true, but pretended,
Pretended are we mortals with a million masks,
Masks that are meant to veil our true self,
Self for which man is in unending Quest!
I wish I knew all these and more!

Tajudeen Shah

My Lost Asylum, Wisdom.

She was tender at heart,
In love with a story book
That contained butterflies,
Gardens, lawns, sheep,
Shepherds and brooks.
Devoting attention fully,
Kept on reading slowly.
Paused, mused and resumed,
While words grew sentences,
And gave birth to paragraphs.
Pages matured day by day,
Until her eyes moistened,
With the very last line ended
On the heavy black tiny spot.
She ran to the first page
In pursuit of her intimates,
But could only find
An aged author bearing
Lines of title glaring.
Flies carried wisdom
To distant virgin gardens.
Shepherds with herds
Migrated into unholy lands.
Lawns merged in brooks,
And got asylum in seas!

Tajudeen Shah

One Who has Lost All Three.

A poet was interviewed,
Of his latest collections.
Had his views well-expressed
Of his intimate reflections.

When asked of future plans,
Replied, “No plans for future,
As today is full of regrets;
Of yesterdays,
And of misgivings
Of unborn tomorrows”

Why should one plan
When all three is lost!

Tajudeen Shah

Only Speakers

The stage was all set to welcome
The Business Man of the year!

Ministers, Social Leaders,
Cultural and Religious Dignitaries
All on stage had the same
Smile, Conventional and bleak.

Lights ON, slogans of praises
Echoed, and echoes delivered
Them to the heaving mass!

Opposition was criticized for being unfair,
Merits of the ruling flew profusely,
Traits and credits of the winner
Began to float in the damp air.

The Award winner announced
His plans of investments for the poor
And charitable activities he is into.

Heavy mass inspired by the promises
Applauded as if they have had
Great shares of today and
Most secured futurity assured!

National Anthem caused the crowd
Stand motionless, followed the
'Disperse' announcement.

When the last bamboo pole of the stage
Was untied, I found a female child,
Lying unconscious on her filthy rags
With dry tendrils and half opened eyes!

She was bitten by hunger-snake
Constantly for days, caused her
Liver go pale and pulses weak.

Some sayings of the speakers still
Hung on the toxic puff of fireworks!
Piercing my soul, sipping hot tea
She mumbled 'many a speakers'!

Tajudeen Shah

Poetic Code

Poets do have a certain code,
They decode many a codes
Hoping a better social code,
But can't decode coded codes.

Tajudeen Shah

'Semiya', My Pride.

A tiny wooden boat was
My asset that would sink
If exceeded the weigh of
Myself, around kilos fifty,
When I was aged sixty.
One warm hearth fed on
Coconut and rice husks,
A sand-pot full of 'Semiya'
Made of rice flakes, yellow sugar,
Cardamom, nuts, milk, cumin,
Cinnamon leaves, dry ginger,
Water and a pint of salt; that
Made my 'Semiya' sweeter still.

Had four old glass cups
To feed those who would wait
With craving taste buds by
The shady backwater banks
As a routine, for my narrow
'Sweet-bowl', to appear dancing
On the swollen dark green waves!

Their hope-lines were thinner
Than their fishing lines, but
Invariably enjoyed my treat,
Paying the small coins in return,
Sometimes, more, often less.
I fed generations, some turned
Stars, some waiting voyage,
Most still hold the glass up
Above their open mouth for
The last dropp to ooze and fall
On their giggling tongues!

My recipe was my course,
The research, theses, marks,
Awards and references that
In 45 years long sweet-serving
Never had any regret, nor my
Long array of village faces
Ever had scowls of any sort.

Now I wonder, with such a
Paltry income, how could I
Manage the marriages of all
My daughters, and a small
Shop for my heedless son!

Life has always been intact,
Though my tiny boat had often
Broken by startling tides!
Thanks to God, the merciful,

All ended well with me, but
Children today work long hours
And make a heap of winnings,
But without any natural sweetness,
Either in flesh or in soul!
Their delights are strained,
Temples full of swollen veins!

Tajudeen Shah

She Keeps Growing.

Wisdom transforms often,
Keep growing and traversing,
Crossing boarders of everything;
Seasons, generations and nature.
Fall of stars not her concern,
Waits for none of any grade,
Keep mounting all heights to
Enrich her SELF, to bless
Those who seek her earnest!

Tajudeen Shah

Souls' Request.

The treasury of Souls
By The Lord's Domain
Is always intact.
For each planet
A different store;
As Angels, Evils and Mortals.
He orders, rather destines
Them terms specific
To traverse light miles
Towards the lenient planet.
When incarnated in
Varied shapes,
Most implore the Master
For an instant release!
Some beseech to leave
Them in chaste cages
For perennial ages;
To remain blessed
In the most enduring
Cycle of rebirths;
Of angelic bards!

Tajudeen Shah

Struggle and Rescue

A specific whirlwind
Was in duty by the ceiling,
Knowing not the fate of a beauty fleeting,
Who turned pale and Panic,
As she lost the tender hold
Of her brilliant wings.
What a struggle, to save
A few moments most precious

From the fated, feeble pulses!
Not many a years, like man, is ahead
For her to take risky chances.
From the soft pearl-shaped egg
To the tender leaf-eater duly turned
Into the adorned cocoon towards the
Ephemeral liberty of colors and mirth,
She already has had her fated struggle.
A merciful finger-mission rescued
Her from the innocent fatality.
When the leaves of the wind appeared clearer,
She got control of her proud wings and sense
To cheerfully dance around radiating gratitude.
Her concept of nature, a virgin paradise,
Has been polluted and maimed
By the inconsiderate, beyond measures
Causing, even imaginations loss wings.

Tajudeen Shah

Sweat Drops

Why 'you' and 'me',
Instead, Why not 'we',
To enjoy this boon divine;
Life, from the Lord so Benign?
Many a prophets were sent
To refine man's contempt,
But, lessons we learnt
Were not of clear intent.
Days of rain and pain
Made my mom insane,
Who had children nine
With such large intestine!
As we licking fingers,
Found a frail one lingers,
With narrow swollen ribs,
And yellow gloomy eyes.
Blending water, salt and flavors,
Mom could make cups of favors!
Salty sweat in many a drops,
Sprouted on his concave temples.
What a splendid crystals;
Spell of mutual love in mortals!

Tajudeen Shah

The Compass.

Angels from Light,
Satan from Fire,
Man from Dust,
Man turns Dust!
Light has no pith,
No marrow in Fire,
Dust has a core;
Hot, cool and pure.
Many a Dimensions,
Millions of Hues,
Moods, Thoughts,
Passions and Emotions,
Only dust has it all.
No Origin, No End,
Still has a Mass;
'Soul' we call the Compass.

Tajudeen Shah

The March.

Soldiers, Ants, Students
Patriots all do march,
With a discipline
To maintain an order,
To eradicate evils,
To inspire generations.
No one knows why Politicians!

Tajudeen Shah

The Only Difference Was…

Novels
Stories
Poems
Plays
Articles
Lectures
Shows
Travelogues
Reviews…
Filtered many,
During dreary days
And insipid nights,
In pursuit
Of acumen.
When found new ones,
Previous turned obsolete.
Inquisitive chariots
Landed at the
Battlefields of repetitions,
Where all SOLDIERS marched
With specific:
Intention
Uniform
Style
Armor
Anthem
Soul
Determination
Discipline
Creed
Oath…
The only difference was
Imaginations and Passions!

Tajudeen Shah

The Time Tree

Time set out journey
All alone by The Noble gesture.
Stars followed time
As obedient shadows since then.
Winds took directions
Within granted walls of nature.
Void in perennial gloom
Suffered left overs of milky ways.
Atom boasted loud
Keeping element's trait in whole.
Sun Stood Solid
With his energy treasures full.
Seas Smile with crystalline waves
Concealing cool richness beneath.
Rivers flow blessing
Lands and creating cultures.
Brooks giggle and sing
Persistently Of man and nature.
Planets all are blessed,
Each with a nature specific.
Earth got her mates in turn,
Man, Lilies, Lotus, Dragon flies,
Bees, Honey, Ants and Beetles,
Rainbows and Butterflies,
Who compose a melody euphonious,
Accompanied by rain and winds,
For generations who would visit
The most enduring Time-Tree!

Tajudeen Shah

The Untiring Explorer

Civilizations are bound by Revelations,
Unbounded are prophets,
And immense are prophecies;
All meant to refine the most blessed creation; Man.
Ages have trodden over generations,
Still He remains the same Savage at hearts,
Save a very few who has ever attempted
To explore the very SELF.
Uncanny his intentions and goals,
And tame less by nature though,
Man, the untiring excavator trace
The hidden, invaluable and shining Absolute!
What a worthy design the creator done,
Who remains challenging reasons ever!

Tajudeen Shah

Those Deliverance-Craving.

Absolute reality
Has got a million wings!
Salvation is not
In any holy, specific destination,
But in devoting
Every pulse of life
For those
Who have destined
With no destination.
Oh, dear poet(s)
Keep adding
Fragrance and Hues
To this blessed planet
With your
Pulsating shoots
And sanctifying myrtles.

Let those deliverance-craving

Immerse in your (our) blessed
Verse-Rivers!

Tajudeen Shah

Towards Destinations.

His Soul is Dark
And a Build Solid,
With White and Yellow
Stripes on his face!
Silent Securities alert
How to deal with him.
No visible fatigue ever,
Nor any act he dictates!
Even Emperors found
Proud in Adorning him!
He is named after Kings,
Queens, Rulers, Celebrities,
Events, Inventions and all.
He remains a silent witness
To many a lives parted!
Culture has often counted
On his style and features.
He shelters the needy,
Though himself has none!
Men looks at his eyes
With respect and awe!
He sets many a Rules
For men to Maintain,
And Lessons to tag on.
Summer or Winter,
He is indifferent, But
Is Insane when it rains!
He is Vein and Marrow,
Even DNA, of Ages,
As history recorded and
Generations followed!
Leads All to all Destinations;
Chosen or Destined!

Tajudeen Shah

Varied Treasures

Treasures are in many a forms,
Deep in Skies and Oceans,
Mountains, Lands and Caves,
Rivers, forest and in hearts.
Exploration tools are varied,
But the same for all except heart.
Gets filled with delights immense
When found,
Though values varied.
But only Pain mounts
When heart's worth
Goes below one's count.

Tajudeen Shah

We Bards Pray For You.

Parts of earth at times
Remain in deeper gloom.
Lamps of humble breed
Emerge in place of need.
For ages stand blazing,
Challenging days and nights.
One of them is fighting
Against the call of fate.
How long one can stand
When age is ninety four!
Many a tubes are woven,
Nurses vigil as angels,
Silent Kith and Kins
Whisper get well wishes.
Media blending posts
For catching public eyes!
Let us bards too send
A Get Well Wish in place.

Tajudeen Shah

What Keeps Us Allied.

Two things keep me allied
To this nature and You;
A multi-layered Spectacle;
Distant and short vision on
A progressive lens pattern
With age-covering frame.
A dual-sim gadget that feed
Radiation deep even to souls,
Ignoring scientific warnings,
Of hazards enormous and brutal.
Eyes are but shining balls with
Black and white glossy shades,
Caged in fleshy lids with
Lashes set to filter visions!
Mobile phone; reminds you,
You are Connected, Chased,
Monitored beyond all escapes.
How I wish the days John Milton
Composed ‘The Paradise Lost'!

Tajudeen Shah

When God Speaks...

Words of God;
Prophets Conceive,
Some Follow, Some Not.
Priests Do Preach,
Some Listen, Some Neglect.
Poets Do Gift,
Some Read, All Benefit.
Generations Maintain,
History Repeats!

Tajudeen Shah

When Returned.

It was like riding a vehicle
Without break, and wheels punctured,
Grease drained, and oil turned Sticky-black!
How mercilessly his domain collapsed,
Himself devastated in measures
Beyond human imaginations!
One thing that pacified him is
The ungrateful negligence of fellow beings.
Though presence was unseen,
Owing to reasons foreseen,
Things all reflected in a better scene.

Tajudeen Shah

When SHE Was In

Most beaches shine
With sands silver and golden,
But only when the sun smiles.
Our beach always beam,
Both in the sun and the moon,
As many a minerals live in.
Usual was the day with,
Fathers playing cards,
Children chasing waves.
Mothers cooking curries,
Tourists gallivanting by.

A bizarre patch of cloud,
Opening its mouth wide
Approached the silent sun,
As light-lost stars fumbled in void!
Waves drawn deep into the sea!
Varied fish exposed to the shore,
Rocky pits turned naked,
Lethal sea-creatures gasped!
Colorless foliage heaved,
Octopus vomited tender fish!
A cemetery of shells opened
Bare to the sky and wind!
Most fish asphyxiated,
While very aged, heavy-scaled
Clung to the slippery moss
Praying to Poseidon, with
Eyes rolled up like aged frogs!

"Ah! a miracle to our eyes,
In history never heard or seen
Though tides up and down
Often engulfed our lives
By this sea shore since ages".
Uttered all when they gathered,
Rushed with nets, rags and leaves
To gather the instant fleshy catch
They found on the sea's bare belly,
When waves ebbed off!

No one knew the impending,
The malignant fate hidden,
The rehearsal of annihilation,
The moment of commotion,
The ferocious nature's wrath!

Dismay gave in to mirth in minutes,
Even passers by joined to pick
The treasures exposed, without toil!

A million matured lions together
Roared in a chorus by the safari?
An abyss like rift occurred
Between Himalayas and West cost?
Layers of skies broken and fallen
On the oceans' laps?
Control-lost planets smashed,
And debris scattered in dark void?
No one could really make out
What had happened, but only feel,
That they were tossed to the heights
Of houses, trees and poles.

She was in; Tsunami!

The aftermath we all know,
From great Media coverage on,
Nature's dance of destruction,
As Illustrated well in celluloid.

Tajudeen Shah

Why Blame the Youth..?

Why blame the youth,
Who is familiar not with
The ways of life you had in the past,
Who is not fed with
The quality of food
You had in olden days,
Who is now exposed
To toxic air and nature polluted,
Who is being engulfed
By many a dreadful temptations,
Who is hostile to the serenity
Of relations, owing to the life
So hectic and restless,
Who is indifferent in many ways
Because of unnumbered insecurities?
Let us consider them considerately
To make them believe in themselves!

Tajudeen Shah