

Poetry Series

Md Mahboob Alam
- poems -

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Md Mahboob Alam()

Beautiful Mind

While dreams are not mere dreams.
Nightmares are even more than dreams.
They come straight from the inmost mind.
Often with gusts of emotions entwined.
Relevantly encapsulate the actualization.
And entrust you with packs of real-ization.
Did you not cry, did you not scream?
Like a bleeding fish out of the stream.
Your beautiful mind in its turbulence,
Discovered me your warm essence
Wrapped with pure coat of emotion.
Left the realm of my heart stuffed with devotion.

Md Mahboob Alam

Blood That You Bleed

You live the noblest of lives,
Wear the cleanest of apparels.
You wear the most ornamental of masks
That ornate the most handsome of faces.
You possess the sharpest of teeth
And wear the most glorified smiles.
You have the most delicate of skins
And fear the scratches of my nails.
You fear, my humble blows would smash your face
Break your teeth and burst your creed.
You fear my nails to expose your noble blood
But what is the blood that you bleed?

You give no reason for your Gods
To cast their wrath on you, infuriated.
You promise them of being the most devoted
Lackeys, with oblations on golden plate.
You are the ass-kissers
Most honorable, of your prejudiced lords.
Experts in smelling the most obnoxious
Farts of your mighty royal gods,
Eyes closed and heads down
With smokey incense in your hands.
You get sick dealing with commons like me,
Remotely acquainted with your nobility brands.

I have asked your close ones
The reasons of your sickness.
They showed me some love
Only to bring me unzipped, clueless.
Your blood can no way be so polluted.
You can no way carry the envious evil traits
Of the heavenly satanic bigots.
You are very true when you say i cannot
Be your brother, because i cannot be as brave
Disciple as you and true when you fear me
As i carry a name-tag that cannot make such a devotee.
I am just an earthly man dreaming my simple philosophy.

You remember the other day i approached you?
I hugged while you smiled and stung my neck.
Your sharp teeth bled me red.
My hot blood drenched me! My sinful beck?
You can no way be a coward, you pained a sinner
While the others applauded, in the open daylight.
You can no way be a shrewd hypocrite,
Your high principles shatter the society's blight.
The blight such as my low philosophy of stupid unity
Or the meaningless extravagant dream so bright.
I saw my sinful blood, hot but us, out of your deeds.
What is the blood that you bleed?

I am tired of my curiosity, I am tired
Asking questions and dreaming my philosophy.
But I am just exhausted, not defeated,
Still clinching on to such hateful identity.
I am rowdy, I am roughly uncivilized
I am bloody violent and always thinking of your blood.
My fatigue has brought me to a final decision,
I would draw my old blunt sword.
My sword so dull unlike your teeth, murderous sharp.
I would slay you to paint my hand with your every holy drop.
I would have found the answers to my questions,
I would lament for having slain you, ashamed of my deed
As mine would be the same as the blood that you bleed! !

Md Mahboob Alam

Desire

A glass of water
Cold and clear
For the thirsty glands.

A plate of rice
With salt as spice
For the hunger pangs.

A little shack for shed
With love and care
For the fatigue night long.

Dying on the streets
Never they got.

Wrecked and ripped
By unfair Gods.

Md Mahboob Alam

I Doubt

Chatting with a friend
A smart city dude...
I went on to say,
'Buddy, do you know? ..
With little puffs floating beneath,
Dark nimbus sailing through,
I have breathed ma childhood
In the abode of clouds.

On rainy bed-times
of sweet heavy doze.
I have soothed my ears
with the rythmic euphony
of the rain drops
beating the iron tops.

Amid the Self-Study-times
of blank thoughtfulness,
Morning and evening
in the air of silence,
I have listened so close
the chirpy insects(jhingurs) .

Clear blue sky
mating with snow clad peaks
brought me luck and delight
at charming daybreaks.
Happily stopped my play
to witness the hiding sun,
in the colorful end of day.
Hiding behind the tall pines
And seeking for the hills so gay.

The changing color
of the maple.
I have silently admired
amid constant juvenile.
Shared my grubs with
monkeys within bound.

Studied for exams
at weird places all around.
Yet we lived our lives
completely governed
by the school bell
that so strictly summoned.'

I stopped suddenly
and got lost somewhere.
Fixed my gaze into the distance,
myself knew not where.
My kind friend responded
in light nonchalance.
'what have you been talking about?
...are you okay, in your sense? '

I breathed in
the obnoxious city air
and had nothing to give
but a half smile to my friend
and a thought to myself.
'Will I ever be able to explain,
my life in the kingdom of blue hills.
The legacy of Himalayas
and gift from elite of elite schools,
Warmth and coziness
of VICTORIA and DOWHILL schools? '

...I doubt for lot was unsaid,
unexpressed and lot he never felt.

Md Mahboob Alam

Last Evening

Just a casual walk brought me to your company.
Much needed against the worldly cacophony.

We chewed the rag and shoot the breeze.
Soon the racquets and the cork governed the eve.

Badminton at your little lawn made you my best playmate!
You groomed a cricketer well, to handle the racquet.

Sweaty badminton at your court and your sexy fragrance
Was as haughty as a cavalier sea side romance.

The stupid skirt and the childish shorts made the best pair.
While the naughty eyes looked for the another naughty pair.

Gloomy was the evening except for your merrily smiles.
Rain prickled air was relieved by your ravishing styles.

Observing your tripping footsteps on the slippery surface,
I silently admired your delicate angelic grace.

You rushed into the kitchen as the evening faded, at your doorsteps
We saw last evening off by sharing those yummy cutlets.

Ensuing Aayan and Aashima into affectionate conversation.
Last evening was indeed a breathtaking sensation.

Md Mahboob Alam

Maybe

Maybe, you never feel like leading or lagging
If u have someone IN PHASE with you, walking
Beside you as your friend... or lover maybe..

Maybe, this was exactly what i felt,
When she wished me to walk beside her..
More than a walk, maybe..

On the sea shore or the promenade, maybe...
Hand in hand or shoulder to shoulder maybe....
In my dreams or reality, maybe..

Your one call retarded my ten steps
Or hundreds, maybe!

Md Mahboob Alam

Never Before

Honey, is it not my first fourteenth February day?
It was never before that this day
Was anything more than every other day, never.
It was never before that the feelings were
So much in the limelight yet assured and heartened.
Assured world of romance amid the world so dismayed.

It was never before this day that we seemed to be
Looked upon by the sky in its smiling sunshine, warmly
Greeted by the fragrant jasmine and heartened by the blushing wine.
Darling, this day makes me realize that my love for you is divine.
I not only love you, but also love that i feel you as my valentine.
I wish you are forever mine....my VALENTINE! ! !

Md Mahboob Alam

The Encounter

The time I met u, under the soft mellow light.
You gorgeously sat with me, your well toned arms
Elegantly placed on your cross legged laps, I rolled my eyes
Speechless, for that of your majestic charm!

I was stolen by your imposing eyes,
The sentinelling Kajal lined them so sharply, kept them tranquil.
You smiled and your chin played the role,
Giving transcendent dimension to your face, me vacillating still.

Your eyelids went down with aristocracy, and me?
Never missed a chance to run my gaze upon you,
I did see you flirting with your fringed hair bunched along one of your shoulders,
And I could feel caressing those and you.

The times i called you up, i felt thousands of butterflies
In my stomach, every chamber and every gut.
Often, your warmth hitting me, still
Frozen all over and paralyzed, me a mutt.

The sleepless nights with you being so far;
Your hum and hushing voice cut the distance short.
As intimate as it could ever be.
The fusion of your breath with mine; charismatic comfort.

The encounter would count deeply in my life, I know not
How deep, the feelings don't die but yes they subside down.
The gifted rose may be crushed but the aroma
still lingers on, but I know not how long!

I'll move on, with the entangled emotions,
I'll live the life, i'll cherish you forever.
All the promises and dreams shall chase me to search for you,
May be within someone or may be none, forever.

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Thin Sheet Of Paper

The thin sheet of paper flung on to me.
That was'nt meant to be torn.
I wrapped my arms around, tightly.
To shield it from the horrors of the morn.

The thin sheet of paper flung on to me.
That was meant to be safe and warm.
There was no need for words.
Just an unselfish hug, quiet and calm.

The thin sheet of paper flung on to me.
Perhaps for numberless reasons it had.
But just the sense of general acceptance
Was a reason enough, for me to be glad.

The thin sheet of paper flung on to me,
With subtle sense of submission.
I wrapped my arms around, tightly.
To shield it from the horrors of the morn.

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Words For You

Swarmed with thoughts
By your watery eyes.
Mixed with hope mixed life
My poems recite
In random
Those words
For you.
Lucky words to embrace u.
The emotions dance,
They play in the background.
I am left helpless,
Numb and frozen,
Unable to hold back.
Stupified and storified,
Unable to deny
Those words
For you.
It's all your magic.
Be it a fascination
Be it pseudo science.
You enchant me
And those words
For you
Flow like the foaming cascades
From the mountain tops.
Little flights of fancy
Little tokens of adoration
They are just crazy talks.
But all I know is
Mixed with hope mixed life
Those words
For you,
Over a million times.
My words
For you.

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