

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Mohammed Abdul Samad()

Decades In Ksa

In this realm more than two decades,
With my foot prints, marked impress;
Set out my journey to motherland,
With my coddle to this beloved land.

Looking wide back to see the flashback,
Could see changes in colors, spirit and so on..
Delight sums up while seeing result behind;
Drawn together not doodles, but a monument.

Heaps in deserts gradually erased, where
Grooves and greens invaded to its Pleasant.
Rhythm of richness enchanting everywhere
Royal Dreams flying serene to its high skies

Nature changed a lot than decades passed
Rain frequents unlike olden days witnessed
Roads and Cities become routed and planned
Highlights everything, the proud is proclaimed

Different national visages, tongues and accents;
Their exerts, lives and Hopes for this very nation,
The history shall reiterate in golden inscriptions,
"This country is built on the sweat of expatriates."

Could hear the songs of my lovely birds,
As they feel become lone and so alone
Past was colorful, fragrant and cheers
Hugging all in means; fixing farewells.

Waves of butterflies' wings lulls to my ears,
As they want to follow their affectionate.
Flowers blossom its charms the way I pass,
Dews cover its petals like glittering tears at par

This moment, I am thankful to God ever Might;
And of course to colleagues, my subordinates.
You were my power and passage to all means,
And this spell out of my pen drops only for you.

No summit for growth; climb constant to invade,
Forget not the roads passed, keep a sign ahead.
Look back and front for light, feel sun is above,
Shatter not your eyes; it is God's gift ever you got.

Mohammed Abdul Samad

Memories Of Melancholy

Memories those falls from the soaring nostalgic
Wakes me up from the valley of arduous Lethargic
Gazing around my eyes to see the Heavens above
Shatter the clouds my vision and push me to move

Set out my fathoms and footsteps to my sanctuary
As vision, it gushed out from the core of melancholy
The time I depart from the chaos of this desert saddle
His Majesty would offer me a fabulous home cradle.

A flowchart being drawn off, as a dart it was thrown off
The moment it hit the target, collided all to smash off
Memories become zilch and perished in heart's mum
Aroma of candor gone faded; felt hard to sum up life.

Memories those falls from the soaring nostalgic
Burns all the passed moments, recorded historic
All comes and goes through the same windows
And everybody should pass through the shadows!

Web of shadows everywhere and spiders at the centers;
Everybody forced speak to darkness; hence no mentors.
Scholars to be scolded as they are fools of the superlative;
The kins are dominants, whose spell outs are affirmative!

Foresee the horizons at far distant, as still it is not gloom
Fly with new wings of vision to bright when reaches soon
Hope and hard mission may waive the present status quo.
Gallop to the destination and harvest astral tomorrow so.

Memories those falls from the soaring nostalgic,
Brings a change of vivid mindset as mesmeric
Winds back the shadows from the fading paradox
Beseech to Almighty for not to fetch again orthodox

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Society

Though all shivering the dance at hips,
Could see unwillingness of every lips
Many lips are laughing in harmony
But all hearts lose of its symphony

The crowd is in love as they brace,
But alerts each other when gaze.
Passion to feel unite as a society
Inner reality quests 'is it necessity? '

Chill doses the ambiance to elders
The Hell fades away for youngsters
Dazzling, dancing pretty relevance
Dizzying the hearts united in silence.

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