

Poetry Series

NADYA AWADH
- poems -

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NADYA AWADH()

Close It?

You close your eyes
not to see it
but still you do.

You close your ears
Not to hear it
but yet you do.

Then you try
to close your heart
only that it won't
or rather can't.

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Sun

The sun also falls,
in buoyant rays
such that it calls
much of the joy
from the living souls
to come forth
and rejoice and be gay.

And when it falls,
it makes all to rise
and when it breaks,
it builds all
the thinnest leak
brings the biggest links
and you are all happy
and you are all well

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The Doors That Would Not Open

I was told
that right now
i had something to unfold
but i failed to retrace
all that had passed
and believed in block walls
rather than open doors.

What happens
if for so long
you linger by a door
knocking and waiting
knocking and waiting
but not a single response
from that within.

You roam around
looking and longing
for the slightest move
of the knob
but the looking,
the longing,
so lacking,
so blank.

Blame me not
if i presume there are
no doors,
or at least those
that open,
for standing in front
of a shut door
is much more
like standing before
a solid block wall.

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The Heart Speaks Louder

A snake may hiss
A baby may cry
A hammer may sound
and even thunder pound.

All these, clearly will be heard
the hiss, cry, sound and pound
the ears will for all of these
be a judge with much ease.

But then from somewhere
deep, hidden and far from finding
is a fruit whose mere silence
has a voice loud and of less pretence
but greatest in influence.

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