

Poetry Series

**Rafeeqe C.K**  
**- poems -**

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**Rafeeqe C.K(30-09-1989)**

# An Entreat To The World

Let your eyes turn towards the innocents;  
Undergone to the Crusades of immolation.

Let your ears sharpened towards the wails;  
Raised from the denizens of Palestine.

Let your incisors burnished to gnaw the Zions;  
Dared to devour the holy terrain.

Let yourself be a warrior full of beans;  
To tear asunder the wolf in sheep's skin.

Let your loins be girded for an impending chaos;  
That'll render your land a levelled plane.

Let the Holy Land be armoured by your haloes;  
Defending herself from the roaring drone.

Let the Holy Shepherds be protected in your assylums;  
Rooted to the spot is each and everyone.

Let me ask you the whys and wherefores,  
Of being derelict, of hope on the wane.

Rafeeqe C.K

# Change

More to do as methink  
But it requires all norms  
To be replaced by ink  
And it'll give you raptures!

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# Cruelty

An armed soldier triggered own gun,  
Aiming innocents to be killed then..!

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# Delhi Mourns

Oh My God!

Why do people get lost  
of their common sense?  
How could he do that?

Repulsive!  
Intolerable!  
He did spoil a blooming-  
bud of next generation!

Evil spirits still haunt Delhi...!  
Shame on you!  
the public minger!

Don't you have wife?  
Aren't you newly married?

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# Dunno Why?

I do not know why?  
Albeit oblivion has crept inside,  
Rhythmic pulsation made me wry,  
As you abided with me side by side,  
As you leaned forth and stole a kiss shy.

I do not know why?  
Even after the leaves have fallen apart,  
The grove of passion rendered them bloom again,  
Reminding us the morn spent in ride,  
In spree, in spout as on cloud nine.

Knowing not, I had laid supine,  
Keeping your love abreast in rain,  
There stealthly you sneaked me upon,  
Rubbing your fluffy cheeks against me,  
Cuddling each other crooning again.

I had covered your halfly winked eyes  
With a kiss and caress of my wet lips.  
Let me know why had you used my poems  
Of mine to mug up buzzing at times.  
I could know it boosted your joys.

You had kept that fragile violin  
Holding tightly to your bossom  
Letting the shuddering strings strummed again,  
But to no avail time with no shine  
Grinned upon our love's shrine.

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# Inspiration

Each day's sun casts its ray  
Through the curtains of clay-  
Clad window panes makes lay  
Of mine be sung its way.....!

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# Jinx

The door is ajar,  
The window panes are broken asunder,  
There is something sinister,  
'The horror! The horror! '

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# Let Me Say

(Pantisocracy = Egalitarianism)

Is the world free from the power's clutches? ?

Power, the ubiquitous!

Empires, Dynasties, Darbars, Governments  
each exerts 'power'.

Patriarchy, Matriarchy, Master, Lord each  
craves for ruling over the 'other'.

Is there any alternative? Yes, there's!

Once it was there, but people made fun of it,  
they let it down.

I'm damn sure, still 'hope' is in  
desperate need of us to be hoped.

It's none, but 'Pantisocracy'.

Get it rejuvenated, regain the vigour  
of Coleridge who failed to render it eternal.

Let's have our hands put together,

to be in a world where there'r no 'Chauvinistic Pigs'!

No vainglorious masters, no beastly bragging politicians,  
no hideous costumes, no more pounces upon the innocent mortals.

Where there'r no encroachments, exploitations and blood sucking.

Hey, the mortal man!

Have a look at animals.

'They are so placid and self-contained', stand and look at them.\*1\*

'They do not sweat and whine about their conditions,  
no one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,  
not one kneels to another' \*2\*

Oh, man! You are not born to lick the boots,  
or to scavenge the stools which other defecate.

Sing with Brown: 'we'r tired of beatin' our head against the wall  
and working for someone else.

We are people, we'r just like the birds and the bees.

W'd rather die on our feet, than be livin' on our knees, say it loud' \*3\*

Isn't there still hope for a world in which all are equal?

\*1\* & \*2\* : Walt Whittman,  
\*3\* : Brown, the blues singer.

Rafeeqe C.K

# Lifeless Rubber

I am a mere glossy rubber  
Smearred with lubricants.  
People recourse to me  
To render their hungry  
Haste futile,  
And tireless ocean  
Of the 'other' dipped out.  
Nymphos often resort to me,  
Promiscuous men as well.  
I am a short-lived creature,  
Meager disposable substance.

To many religions,  
I am a taboo,  
Because their practitioners  
Beget like mushrooms,  
And to others ambivalent.

Chinese embrace me  
Like anything else!  
I am the part and parcel  
Of their bedtime.  
There rule is my raison d'etre!  
Irish people too  
Offered a warm welcome to me,  
Since the Anti-Abortion Act  
Crept into their nation.  
I am one of the most wanted  
Commodities in the market.

I am proud that I could  
Curb the population.

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# Love

Love that is unexpressed  
Is like the coffer of the miser..!

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# Mirror

Looking into mirror,  
My face has been changed,  
My countenance as well..!

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# Ode To My Beloved!

Eventhough you are not beside me,  
I feel those gentle caresses  
Which were gifted by your tender palms.

Eventhough you are far from me,  
I feel those hearty pulses  
Possessed by your divine passion.

Wherever you may be,  
Always I remember those days  
Which were spilled over by love-stream.

Those clasply shared moments  
In which we and our dreams  
Dissolved quite each other.

Even if you won't return again,  
I behold your countenance,  
Your smile that moved my vein.

Those delicate expressions  
Which showered the smell of love on me,  
Either touching or not touching.

Those ineffable lustres of your face  
Helped the spring's flowers  
Be filled with honey dews.

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# Scapegoat

Dictator depicted his raptures,  
Even to topple down trodden ones  
Who he beholds as 'scapegoats...'

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# Thirst

Water may be the solace to the throat  
But can it lessen or quench my thirst  
For what I am searching for,  
Tramping across the shallow shore?

Having determined, confident as well,  
I gently walked treading on the shell,  
Being astray to get from this cosmos  
Whatever that'll satiate me more not less.

(October; 2011)

Rafeeqe C.K

# Unrequited!

Love that is unrequited  
Is none other than the hoarded barn!

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# Woe Of A Fallen Leaf

Oh! Blizzard, you scalped me out the tree  
Where was I ecstatic and free  
Seperated being am I, can't be in glee,  
Rendered me out of spree.

Behold! you, the young green leaf,  
I know your vanity 'i am a young stuff'.  
You now are a part of Tree in the buff  
And I've been under an awful cliff.

Before my falling people got my favours,  
But now, Blizzard, you made me in chaos  
Letting me fall down deep into crisis.  
Oh God! Turn my hereafter in your bliss.

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