

Poetry Series

Syed Faizan
- poems -

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Syed Faizan(30-06-1987)

Syed Faizan was born in the city of Mysore in Karnataka, India in June,1987.

After

completing his schooling in Mysore he commenced his Medical education at the Mysore

Medical College and Research Institute (MMC&RI) in 2005 and graduated with a Bachelor of

Medicine, Bachelor of Surgery (M.B.B.S) degree in 2011. He intends to pursue specialized

training in Psychiatry.

Faizan started writing poems when he was eleven years old, Nature being his first Muse. He

has continued writing poems ever since and this cacoethes scribendi has over the years resulted

in an oeuvre comprising hundreds of fugitive Sonnets and other poems. His poetic efforts have

been primarily directed at attempting a fusion of Western and Oriental, particularly Indian, ideas

of Poetry and he has, to this end, experimented with Oriental forms like the from writing

he loves philosophizing, playing the Violin, painting and travelling

Hope And Destiny-A Sonnet From 'Indian Sonnets'

All things that are and those that have yet been,
Are but mere waves on times eternal flow,
All that the world doth see and has yet seen,
Shall fade away from sight, a mere shadow;
Wherefrom do these immortal waves arise,
That labor on to kiss their native shore,
How many suns shall rise and set and rise,
Each just the same as that which set before.
How shall a man, a mote be truly free
Of flux in cyclic time-hope! It stands
Alone, bids us, 'repose in destiny',
An answer to the man who understands-
That life but leads us to our destiny,
As myriad rivers end -all in the sea.

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Is There A God? -A Sonnet From 'Indian Sonnets'

One day I met my own mortality,
Saw vicious death was virtues sole reward,
Oh! Must, at last in dark absurdity,
Both good and evil end, 'Is there a God? '
And then I saw the angry face of sin,
That pulpits, public squares and pens applaud,
The voice of truth that lay entombed within,
While untruth reigned without-'Is there a God? '
And as I walked along I met my fears,
Fears meaningless, fears that I must record,
In lonely verses inked in lonely tears,
In tears that cannot fall-'there is no God! '
Then Lo! I heard the answer of true love,
'First look within O ye who look above! '

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Of Man And Nature In Totality-A Sonnet From 'Indian Sonnets'

In Art we find our own humanity,
By deifying our self defeating doubt,
And find within, that pure sincerity,
Which is denied us in the world without.
For 'tis the sole prerogative of Art,
That it may truth and honesty attest,
And only he an artist is, whose heart,
Will to the world unveil his minds unrest.
While reason seeks to make the many few,
And grasp the world in gross generality,
The artist finds generalities issue,
Within the laws of personality,
And thus his vision renders truth more true-
Of Man and Nature in totality.

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The Riot-A Sonnet From 'Indian Sonnets'

A perfect picture of domestic life-
A child immersed in play, innocent still,
Wisdom in the man, patience in the wife,
He is at work and she at chores; until,
Upon the horizon a crowd of men,
Appears with Crosses, Swords, Trishuls; aloud
Invoke a 'Christ', a 'Ram', an 'Allah', then
They kill, rape, rob and burn; until a cloud
Of human beings haunted the ev'ning skies,
Each holy soul now wrapped in heavy smoke,
Wingless, formless, in silence upward flies,
-Just then innocence cried; the silence broke.
-I know not to which faith belonged those cries,
I wonder still which God those cries invoke.

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