

Poetry Series

**Tahir Ibn Manzoor**  
**- poems -**

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# Tahir Ibn Manzoor()

I am a Kashmiri by birth, but a blogger by choice and writing is my passion. I am a passionate blogger. I am voracious reader I love Internet surfing, reading & writing about politics, sports. I have my own ambitions and dreams and working continuously to achieve them.

Writing has been a passion of mine in a last few years. I have been writing a lot, and publishing articles on my personal blog, local dailies, on Facebook, and third party websites.

With My words, I can move Readers. When we work hard at something, when we want something bad enough, we will get it, but first we must earn it.

Things do not happen overnight. We must reach our goal by working at it. My passions are mostly revolved around writing, and I love to write.

# A Picnic To Springs

Boarded a bus, and a strange feelings struck to the mind,

It was the morning breeze that forced me it to rewind.

Watched a river flowing slowly and pigeons praising its beauty,

The unheard voice pierced my ears, and the lonely driver was on his duty.

The happiness was on everyone's face, and it was the sign of craze,

Long bridges were connecting the conflicted zone, and I saw everything was landing on the moon, haze.

Now, I knew what was inside everyone's heart, everyone was looking very smart,

The fields of saffron, on the other side cattle's were grazing, and it was a whole barren land for us.

Watched those tall poplar trees, and I felt those were day-ghosts, and I found fuss,

Suddenly, I found dozens of chinar trees, and there was a peace in my heart

because of Him, who kept everything with ease.

[The author is a student of Convergent Journalism at Central University of Kashmir. He tweets at @TahirIbnManzoor, and blogs at I]

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# An Unrequited Love

When I saw you my heart sung a song on a cloud nine,

That was the day I asked to myself that somebody would be mine.

Through the corridors in an institution I searched for few,

It was the addiction that attached me eternally to you.

Within me at times I felt a strange pain,

I left it to be healed by saying; on a given day it will be a gain.

Seeing you through those leaves of chinar - was it a madness of my bruised heart,

Leaning back on a bench, all I could understand that it was an undefined thought.

The façade somewhere of something was of the Huri, and a silent spectator,

Through the stairs he went up and down just to have a glimpse of a collaborator.

As the volcano was about to explode in the heart of an oppressed,

The oppressor chuckled, and let the oppressed to die again and again.

Shall I bear the thorns in a way or mourn the loss,

The life has its own balance scale, and a lesson for undefined soul.

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# Fall A Lesson

When fall takes place even the mighty Sun lose its shine slowly,

The trees are losing its beloved leaves, and passers-by trample the leaves.

When a ray of sunlight hits the earth; it turns everything to yellow that I believe is a fall,

My eyes are longing for the greenery again and again which I know is all.

It seems everyone has a look that has blurred I hope it will regain its (shine) again,

Autumn teaches us resistance, a ray of hope that we can survive, which is not any fallacy.

To me it's a hardship for trees to survive and regain the occupation again in spring,

Sitting in a classroom I can see a chinar tree turning to yellow while leaves are falling on the ground.

From the valley of springs sitting on a green patch and garden is yellowish everywhere,

It's the time for us to believe the nature has its own pleasure in its lap we live.

From the valley of saints leaves are falling with the wind of bold,

Winter is knocking at the door it's the time to dominate the people with cold.

I can see leaves are falling with mere goodbyes, falling against  
the wind,

This brutal wind is not letting the leaves to survive again.

The branches are murmuring dear leaves we know you will rejuvenate again,

The pain is inflicting within the bud, the branches are feeling the numbness, and  
are withered.

Leaves fall of its own, a pall of gloom on trees occurred  
Weather wails and autumn sails through murrey.

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# In The Paws Of Fear

Shivering with cold, I'm hearing the strange voices,

Down the stairs I went, I felt like I'm meeting a ghost.

Those haunting memories are still disturbing me,

Going through the slum lanes I found a pearl.

Talking to the people there, was the process throughout the fear,

The camera was my only comrade, and the cell phone battery was already drained.

Meeting the elderly people was in my fate, the trees of chinar were representing the land of saints,

The place was a very holy, for the residents, painted in yellow.

Some nincompoops has created a fuss around,

The things which they couldn't settle in a proper way down.

A stranger came and asked my name,

There was no one whom I could blame.

A chimney of a brick kiln was like a gun muzzle pointed at me,

Breaking down the dawn and dusk by throwing out its smoke through nozzle of  
the stack was not free.

Down the road I met few sullen people,

They spit out that; it's a terror for us.

In a brickyard, the boys were holding a wooden bat,

Somewhere in the mind I felt it was time for that.

The banners were lamenting, and the wounds were fresh,

The fall has joined mourners who were suffering from the fear as a tress.

A camera was unable to capture the landscape shot,

A lens-man was not near the object which was clear pot.

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# Koshur Lost In Thoughts

Dear Son, you're the colorful Umbrella of all seasons,

I am the peasant of my thoughts, I lived, and you were the reason

Down the tubes of my veins I found you making a gateway,

Thought a wind of anguish would swept my life away

Saw the streets painted red; thought blood is just colour for them,

Martyrs of the soil fought hard, occupation of oppressor brought mayhem

Pellets fired, Stones hurled, bullets pierce bodies, probes take place; it's Kashmir

Words; Occupation, Aazadi (freedom) has many injected colours; Martyrs, Bullets, Pellets, PSA, AFSPA, Stones, Hospital, Deaths and Probes paint it red.

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# Life Is A Test

What life actually is? Is it a joy in suffering or a test through the pain which some might have - as the happy ending and for some it might not? This remains the question God has the final answer.

The cradle was the place of paradise for me, and from the crawling to walking on my own legs worldly matters filled it with filth.

The bridge of deeds from birth to death makes a way for the paradise or hell, life and death is untimely bell.

Sometimes I lived my in embers and in the state of Joy - the clumsy I was - the addictive I was - death is any time gift to all. It's the destiny I too believe in like all.

One day I shall die, bidding a goodbye to this worldly joy I am living with. The fight is on between the Life & Death.

When I will die they shall wrap me in a shroud - put me in a coffin and I will be on their shoulders for the final JOURNEY; that's a graveyard which seemingly is eternal.

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# Voice From Kashmir

I could feel the pain of a father in his blood,  
I could feel the sacrifice of a mother in his blood,

I could feel the love for his sister in his blood,  
I could feel his unconditional love for his family in his blood,

I could feel the pangs of separation and sacredness in his blood,  
I could smell the painful stories of others in his blood,

I could feel the loneliness at times in his blood,  
I could see him as the martyr in his blood,

I could see the angels; waiting for him in Paradise, in his blood,  
I saw him irrigating the land of Kashmir with his own blood.

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