

Poetry Series

Tauheed Ashraf
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Tauheed Ashraf(12-10-1992)

A student of the twelfth standard.

Poetry is my passion.

Love to read and write poems. NOTHING ELSE further queries contact me on theashraf@.

A Prayer!

O my LORD! make me great.
Help me out of this distress,
Tired of all these sufferings,
I want to bear them no more.
Yes! I'm completely exhausted
My powers lie futile,
In the darkness of this never ending space.

Perhaps, bless me with greatness
So, that I do something for me and my race!
Please my Lord! I don't want
I don't want this life of absurdity,
Ending up without fulfilling my need,
O Lord! please grant me your grant,
Which i mean it to be.

I've done in excess:
My name and fame now kills me,
The world is not the one I mean it to be.
I want to quit, quit forever from this mirage.
It never satisfied me nor will it at all!
I don't want to bear this stress anymore,
Make me free and let me go;
And let me take rest in your sandy bed,
For long, long days yet to come,
And promise me my hereafter,
I'm really tired of this world,
And want to live immortal,
In your 'Kingdom of Gold'...

Tauheed Ashraf

Absurd!

Now i shall pen down all my thoughts,
The thoughts which i preserved for me myself,
Through the living of life'o mine
Through the passing away of time.

It goes this way and that
Where it ends there it starts,
Under such a situation when chaos reigns,
Here I begin the description surely in vain.

And when the sun shone at dawn today,
My own pretty sun i I found astray,
Where was my sun lost,
Oh GOD! a monster gobbled it up.

At an instance i thought,
The world has gone upside down,
At the other I felt astound,
The new sun was all I could profound.

But what was the matter with me that day,
It was actually, my thoughts getting a bit more wild,
And as I was penning down my thoughts,
My thoughts simply got blind.!

Tauheed Ashraf

Into Hell With Me!

Get up, step aside;
And be ready for the ride.
Come along with me and see,
The fatal sight of the futile stride.
Come and see the desert of destiny,
Of thousand men charred by pride.
Now hunger surrounding them in glee,
Revolt they had never cried.
Fire they did not saw;
In shadow of the light;
Perhaps because of the reigning mystery
Crumbling all of their witty mind
It is the place where you and me,
Live or dwell or have died
That aftermath befell onto we
Had we not done what we did.....
Ruined is our beloved country,
Stand up here silently I plea;
And see the sight of hell with me.

Tauheed Ashraf

Just Mere Two Lines!

Barely will you meet a complete world of yours to ply;
Somewhere you'll be missing the land and somewhere the sky!

Tauheed Ashraf

Useless!

Born I was all alone, and so I will die
Now I've done away with my dispel,
Never knew what was the motive to cry,
My being here today barely just to ply.

Seems that all to me; seldom it will be
The one in my dream i dreamt of; just smudge!
Going down fathoms below the sea.....
And know i nothing here in lies the grudge.

When just innocence dripped down me;
Their coarse, faulty, snout as it were made a grimace,
And after all of it were gone to leave;
Then innocence flourished on their face.

Come on now my serenity wake up!
Into this useless stuff I am caught in,
Whatever I do, it is hard to stop,
Let my fate have a sound new beginning! ...

Tauheed Ashraf