

Poetry Series

Tawfeeq Hasan Khan
- poems -

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Tawfeeq Hasan Khan(April 15,1999)

I'm a pensive boy of 15 now(2014) , and I like to quench fun out of almost I am the thief who steals fun, yes I am an emperor of a different pensive world established here in this materialistic world, and I appreciate the one who can see that world of stillness and of pensive beauty...

A Hope That You Too Will Understand Me

Days were passing merrily in my schooldays,
But who have heard of what the fortune says...
If I have heard it before, I would take each breath,
Just to live and for nothing else since then till death...
I can't explain in words that then how happy was I,
When I got a teacher whose heart is as vast as sky.
But I should have remembered that in a sky,
Night comes when sun sets and day does die...
With that heart where now came the darkest night,
What do I really feel is now no longer in her sight...
But in place of sun, a moon of hope gave me a tint of scintillating light,
Accompanied by thousand stars of hope sparkling in this darkest night...
The day to come is eagerly awaited by my thirsty little eyes,
As I am waiting for never-ending day to come and sun to rise...

Tawfeeq Hasan Khan

A Lover's Ambition

The day you met me for the first time,
Your footsteps in my ears created chime.
Your thoughts dug in my mind a deep hole,
As you occupied a space in my heart and soul...
When I glanced at you,
You turned your view.
Was it a sign of shame or anguish,
Which I could never ever distinguish.
I will wait for you like a painted still,
As I loved you once and always will...
You never shared your view,
Nor even I shared it to you.
But a flawless love still do shines through our faces
That we love each other from hearts' core to its surfaces.
We may not see the sun of tomorrow,
Or even today's dusk who does know?
But my wish for love do will only die
When it will be fulfilled with a sigh...
I will wait for you like a painted still,
As I loved you once and always will...
When I was weak, you have been my power.
When I was sad, you came to me as a flower.
Remember this, neither you are one nor I,
As we are one since we did born till we die...
O God! the pursuer of heavenly pursuit,
Embed her happiness in mine as your tribute.
I will wait for you like a painted still,
As I loved you once and always will...
Don't ever feel force from above,
Just understand my quest for love.
I not only want to stay with you on earth I cry,
But also to stay together forever even after we die...
I don't want us for our deeds to muffle
Which I would surely like to shuffle,
And divide them unbiased among us,
So to travel together in hades' or paradise's bus.
I will wait for you like a painted still,
As I loved you once and always will...
Whenever my misdeeds made you bitterly weep,

Your tears dropped in my eyes and didn't let me sleep...
But whenever before, your misdeeds made me bitterly weep,
So as not to awaken you, it were my eyes where those tears I did keep...
As I've told that I will wait for you like a painted still,
Just because I have loved you once and always will...

Tawfeeq Hasan Khan

A New Dawn To Start A Journey

O thou traveller, this is a vital voyage,
Keep patience while turning each page...
It's is the start of a new journey, a new dawn
After the last night spent on the same lawn...
Keep upon you, faith and trust of your own,
At times when others just leave you alone...
It is a vital time and a rarest chance to quench,
Benefits of going today, plans for coming tomorrow...
Rather than to sit on a couch or a bench,
Singing melancholic songs of yesterday's sorrows...
As to succeed doesn't mean not to fail at all,
But to rise up each time we have a fall...
From the phases of youthfulness, quench life's beauty,
Before it gets cold here, you should have your tea...
As souls come and souls leave this world of sorrow,
As for you, there may or may not exist tomorrow...

Tawfeeq Hasan Khan

An Eternal Sleep

Have you ever seen beneath my subtle happy eyes?
You'll find tears of sorrow behind my soothing lies...
I have not got your love on earth where I desired,
Where I've found it is on dreams when I was tired...
If not on earth, even with each laboured endeavour,
Well it's fine then, I must sleep here forever...

Tawfeeq Hasan Khan

Bliss Of Earth

So vast is the ceiling that is made of stars,
Seeing which we can spend a day of ours...
Less is destiny, more is desire,
So vast is the floor of soil we see...
Our feet can just admire,
but can't reach its destiny...
So soothing is the breeze,
That comes touching the trees...
The flowers which grow near fountains,
Have always melt away my frozen pains...
And the grasses that grow on earth,
Sooth me as if today I took birth...
The mesmerizing moon in nocturnal skies,
I can't wink, as once it has stolen my eyes...

Tawfeeq Hasan Khan

Freedom To Break One's Heart

Freedom will be thine,
Never it will be mine...
The freedom is to break one's heart,
And to take thine from mine apart...
This freedom is the most painfull of all,
As it is undoubtedly what do I call,
The most painful and bloody freedom...
How this to thine soft heart did come?
I know thou know how to run thy sword,
That can even run through heart of lord...
I know thou know how to burn and melt an ice,
To heal the wounds of thy sword the pain is twice...
At day if I say that I am look'st the moon,
All will surely say that I am in fact a loon.
But the pain of thy sword even haunted me to heaven,
It did dwell in the good dawn chorus as a cry of raven.
Oh I never thought that thou will be so cold blooded,
Whose heart only with poison of greediness is flooded.
Thy heart is the place where I was sinking,
A thousand sips of pain is what I was drinking...

Tawfeeq Hasan Khan

Green Lovers Shall Get Love Back

Our green lovers give us food,
Our life is also what they give...
Still we don't give them what we should,
Rather, we don't even let them live...
Yesterday, all seasons were green,
Today, even spring has lost its soul.
Wherever those days of green have been,
My love for green shall not turn ole...
O greenery, you're beyond my eyes,
Let me know, where can you be found
All will surely turn green under the skies,
If my hope and belief are firmly wound...
Whatever people say, whatever they do,
But I promise, I'll put back your soul in you...

Tawfeeq Hasan Khan

I Shall Not Turn Away

I know that, verily I am much afraid,
As I am turning from what have I said...

I have to remain here, as I can't lie,
That 'I will stay here forever till I die...'

I have been eating the food that grows here,
Then how can I leave it alone at times of despair?

Where I took birth, verily it is that piece of land,
Then how can I ever think of leaving its hand?

Giving blood in return of years spent in living,
Is much less as not cursing then forgiving...

As to taste the dust is better than cowardice,
As in fleeing away, our defeat is that of twice.

As losing souls is better than losing that land,
Which has once given us a place to stand...

Tawfeeq Hasan Khan

Maternal Love

A girl lived somewhere in the world of maternal love,
And she slept on her mother's lap as serene as a dove.
Her mom when caressed her fore-head with her gentle hands,
All her pain smoothed and did flow like by wind the soft sands...
Her mom's caress made her dive into a deep and serene sleep,
And made her feel gentle dreams unaware of her eyes to weep...
When upon her eyes a droplet rolling down her mom's cheek fell,
It woke her up in such a tragic way that even words fall less to tell...
The gentle hands of her mother turned serene and soullessly cold,
Which left her alone along with her tears in this loneliness untold...
But her mother's goodness is still alive somewhere in her heart,
And she says-"I can only feel now that what for me thou art? "
Her friendship made me feel the real value of a maternal love,
That it weighs the same as the bond between a nest and a dove...

Tawfeeq Hasan Khan

Some Advice

Am I not sad if there is not a tear on my face,
Is there is no pain if there is not a wound to trace...
Oh thou morn, show me thy sun;
Bring with it the brightest fun...
Oh thou cloud, quench my yesterday's pain
By dropping on me thy most soothing rain...
Oh thou noon, by placing thy sun above,
Drain my last night's pain with thy love...
Oh thou evening, make thy sun set soon,
To bring with thou thy most melancholic moon...
Just to make me remember again,
Of the last night spent in pain...
Oh thou night, bring thy darkness again,
So as no more will I see thy given pain...
Oh thou death, quench my soul from my body apart,
So no more will I feel the frost of thy cold heart...
Oh thou ears, let me hear no brimming sound,
Of the river of pain in which I was drowned...
Oh thou eyes never look thy beloved as it's a crime,
That takes nothing else but the lover's time...
Oh thou tongue never utter words so sweet,
In front of those who know only how to cheat...

Tawfeeq Hasan Khan

Sounds Of Hope

When does someone rings the bell,
Oh it's a hope that words can't tell...
I run towards in a hope to find,
You standing and waiting behind...
I open the door and find someone else,
To ring even my hope not just doorbells...
At five O' clock, when do I cross that lane,
The hope that you too will cross gave me pain...
When do I hear a bicycle's horn,
That hope in my heart does reborn...
When I look back in a hope to see thou,
Someone else is there and I ask my hope how?
When I hear the sound of a postman inserting a letter,
I still hope that this may be yours to feel much better.
I go and pick each letter in an eagerness to see,
And when I reach the last one I hope it may be of thee...
When do I find that the last letter isn't thine,
I blame that blind hope that was only mine.
Now only thing I can hope is to dream you while sleeping,
And when on dreams I do always hear the sound of weeping...
I can still remember after so long that this voice is thine,
And I try to search you just to make you calm and fine.
Even in my dreams, my hope is hearted but blind,
So even then, I can just hear you but cannot find...

Tawfeeq Hasan Khan

The Day For Eyes To Close

For so small a glance,
Are my eyes still in wait...
Who knew this chance,
Will almost end in fate...

O my bright eyes,
Never again recall,
The time where past lies,
As tears may have a fall...

Why you have a shine?
Is this the shine of tears,
From those eyes of mine?
Or faith overwhelming fears...

The pupils are still in wait,
In iris for years, are those,
Waiting were pupils for date,
The day for the eyes to close...

Tawfeeq Hasan Khan

The Frozen Bench

In a past frosty morning of a spent winter's day,
Those eternal memories in me will forever stay...
As when the winter will come the next year again,
It'll remind me of you and will melt my frozen pain...
How we walked down that snowy lane in blizzard of frost,
I held your hand in fear to find you nowhere or else lost...
We used to sit on a frozen bench of a kind,
Unaware of the silent death standing behind...
And you held me in your arms and told,
'To live here warmly, it's way too cold...'
These are my arms where you took your last breath,
It is that frozen bench where you met that silent death...
During end, it was my shoulder where you last did ever lie,
But I promise, I'll never let that frosty winter's day die...
It is that winter where you are and will be still alive for me,
What else more memorable than those winter days can be?
Oh my dear, it was that winter when we first ever met,
Unaware of few moments left for scintillating sun to set.
Even today I sit on that bench and remember each moment,
And, I feel that the other half of that bench is now vacant...

Tawfeeq Hasan Khan

This World Is Merely A Crowd

This world is merely a crowd,
So people residing here shouldn't feel proud.
Of there existence here in this dense forest,
For they're merely a pest.
Busy in pestering each other,
Enemy in mind but mouth says brother.
The life is satirical indeed,
Rich helps the rich but not the one in need.
Chainsaws and axes are the objects to which a person bows,
And these evils cut the trees whose seed the nature sows.
People are discarding wastes all around,
Disturbing the nature's peaceful sound.
But I know that as we're polluting nature,
Someday we'll be bounded by nature's vengeful curvature...

Tawfeeq Hasan Khan

Turning Pages Of Past

Past pages often are too close,
Last ages often far to those...

Unravelling relation wound nowhere,
Untravelled elation found somewhere...

O love, Are you lost or am I?
O love, Far you were, far was I...

Sands of sorrow flow in that hourglass,
Hands of morrow slow in that flower grass...

Just a small chance do give me please,
Just your small glance did give me ease...

Never was I there for you, still am I,
Ever am I there for you, till I die...

Tawfeeq Hasan Khan

Words

Words may stick or they can pierce,
Words may bless or they can curse,
Words can be mild or can be fierce.
Once spoken can't be taken back,
Kindness is what it may lack,
Or it can heal a sort of crack.

Tawfeeq Hasan Khan

You'Re Still In Me

As a sun in a noon,
In an eve as a moon...
For me, you've always been,
But to the rest unheard unseen...
At night with moon as a star alone,
The one whom I can call my own...
As an oasis in the Arabian sand,
A destiny in uncertain land...
For you, maybe that's why,
I'll never mind to die...

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