

Poetry Series

Usman Hanif
- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

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

Usman Hanif(15-06-1988)

A Gothic Romance

She calls me;
in the voice of her own
she whispers;
the catastrophic tales,
the devastation so serenely,
that the war seems to be a bliss
and she calls my name...

She calls my name;
under the warm wax
of the burning candle
her subtle silhouette
drops with the melting light
The flame flickers with the whispers
and the whispers dance with the flame
I watch the dance of the candle
and she calls my name...

She calls my name;
from far deep depths of the grave
Her tombstone gurgles
the voice of her own self
Six feet deep her corpse breathes
and she calls my name...

She calls my name;
in her grungy voice
Her voice is rich
with the aroma of camphor
I feel the death before
and she calls my name...

She calls my name;
and the earth buries the trees inside
The eerie light is always so still
with the mists adding more to the calmness
Her voice disrupts the silence
and she calls my name...

She calls my name;
with the hovering shadows
the shadows that live with her existence
Her voice is like the glow
the cemetery glows with her brightness
The devils stop annoying the preachers
her voice makes everything still,
so still that i wish to be always here
like the dead oak
who is the part of the whole scene
who could feel her voice
whose roots wake up on her calling
and grip him more firmly to the earth
But after all, he's a dead oak
neither am i alive
only her voice lives
and her calling keeps me alive
and she always calls my name...

03-07-08

Usman Hanif

A Meeting With Fairy Godmother

i slept, i saw what i can't see
under a tree of immortal fruits
the great fairy godmother,
penetrating ultimate glee in me

'o mother! o mother! how come you seek me',
i said to her, beaming with spilling glee
'there are no bells to toll and your bliss
has come to rescue me from this murky mist'

she smiled with smile which made her sublime
the mother, i felt as though i called her mine
she raised her hand, floating clouds merged
i felt only something peaceful and shrugged

she said, with the voice so sweet n mellow
'son! you fell from the high peaks to shallow
your clear heart made people break you apart!
you called me, called me in your pure heart',

'can a mother see your grief, you conceal?
can she leave alone her small charming teal?
you got nothing but only His blessing! '
i wept and wept, and she smiled while caressing

i felt as though every misery was gone
my eyes widened and my brows relaxed
i felt isolated from this world so mean
she cuddled me in her lap, i felt keen

'my child! might Lord keep you beaming,
give you the peace, you felt in heaven.'
and echoed, ' heaven, heaven, heavennn!
wind grasping me away, i felt so craven

i cried while gasping, clutching her hands,
'mother! please don't leave me alone here!
mother! get me away to heaven in your lands!
mother! please help me! ', i collapsed there.

'i will never leave you my son, feel free',
while fading away in the light, whispered she
'i'll guide you to the doorstep of heaven,
my son, you will survive, you will fly, my son...'

i fell in the depths, her smile growing wider
and her presence making me mightier and mightier
in the horizon, grasping a leaf, there flew a dove
i woke up, with the power of her eternal love....

19-08-2006

Usman Hanif

A Night Before Battle

</>Lying in the open and gazing at stars
Gives me nothing but the war of thoughts
The thoughts try to defeat one another
but die in vain to let in new thoughts

Shield below my head sword in the hands
my head visualizes the attack of bands
Blood rush through my head n heart
on the ground of thoughts my spirit lands.

There is no one to fight, no blood to spill
Below is the dissolving ground of thoughts
Hordes and hordes of vermins wait to kill
with no blade to fight, no armor to defend

Ground changes the colour, blood gushes in brain
The gray matter churns and creates a new aura
the pressure creates and makes me insane
Everyone stabs me, kills me to the end of pain

And I lie dead on the ground of thoughts
these thoughts become thin, start to disperse
everything starts to blur in the clinging knots
Something influences me like magic, like a curse

A ray of light sparkles and penetrates my eyes
And every creature pounds every inch of me
Stars have gone and the light has arrived
Amid the preparing comrades, lies me.....

Usman Hanif

A Stupid Poem

Go grey grow grey
lay dead where the dead lay
dead led away to decay
beware of the vultures
pursuing your trail

dark day marked grey
enjoy the rust of autumn hay

say say what comes, say
give dying words their own way

Play play get ready to pay
the price of your lost game

Mind you play what you say
the game of life where you pay
where the only end lies beyond your bay
where, whether you save or slay,
at the end, you'd be the one to stay,
in the house of sin you say
with no window, no gate...

29-7-2009

Usman Hanif

Absolution

when the truth inside stops hindering
when the autumn trees stop withering
in the heart the silent bells toll
in the head, dark shadows crawl
God starts shutting the heaven's doors
and satan starts paying what it owes
the faith starts shedding like the tears
like the praying man's diminishing fears
the mind bluffs, the heart strucks
something bungs the painful ears
the fading hands play the rag doll
make it stand and let it fall
and what becomes of that forlorn man
who enters into the great satan's clan
so satisfied like free from any lapse

his innerself...

huh! what left to collapse
with an empty living corpse
and when God calls upon him
he refuses upto his will's brim
tries to cast out his own self
he doesnt know, the God within himself
with a cloth wrapped around his eyes
and staggering on a bridge of lies
head'n'heart fastened with no caption
to skip the right path's interception

and he doesn't know that one day
under the thick coat of clay
in front of God, the world far behind
the guilt, regret lost, he would find
and if he were to judge his verdict
what would he do, what to predict

to the hell?

all life for which he sowed

the seed of sin
the ultimate hell, which showed
trembling soul would be thrown
should any mercy be shown? ? ?
so why didn't he refuse that crowd
that mislead him, clear and loud
could his sighs retrieve the past?
the pleasure, that passed, too fast

and all that punishment he deserves
for himself, he infers
and what would God do?
no idea, neither any clue

Do God has foes? ? ?

Why wouldn't He forgive him?
whilst he be sitting on the toes
with the guilty face's grim
angels standing at the gates
of heaven...

and the hell for him, which awaits

he's on the disposal of deeds...
and the mathematics of the deeds
who knows...
only the God knows...

(13-04-2007)

Usman Hanif

Arriere Pensee

Brave enough?
Ever dare to plunge into your own self
Watch inside your mind
You'd never wish to have a peek again

Down deep into the dark depths
Of a whining whelp's withering woes
you'd see your reflection
plagued by the spurting thoughts
Of a carved up mind
trying to entangle you
inside your own self...

Usman Hanif
03/04/11

Usman Hanif

Awakening

Forlorn from lying dead
the Corpses returned to life.
Fed up with worshiping their gods
they finally broke them to pieces.

Besieged forgot their fear
leaving assailants in dismay...
They breached the walls that protected them
they fought the fear that had imprisoned them
they conquered the fear to the glory
but were slain ruthlessly by their enemy
Cries became warcries
and death became even deadly...
When the earth was crimsonized
they ended the war...

Amongst the dead ones their swords sparkled
their tresses celebrated their courage and danced
and forlorn lay the slayers
like the living corpses;
forgetting their gods;
whom they loved like girls love their dolls...

Soon there will be another army
attacking them for another awakening!

13-08-2009

Usman Hanif

Because Death Wants To Die Now

Because all will repeat forever and ever, death takes its leave forever, the question of return - never.

repenting on the bad crop the reaper tells random events of the saga why death wont come back - ever.

'Accused of made up verdict
Strangled up in devil's grip
The law whispers
something unknown
Of joys in the name of crime
And death hangs at the gallows
closing eyes to those object
to the law that prevails.

Eyes fear to look into the eyes
Hope lulled to sleep by the lies
Freedom silenced by their cries
Wisdom snatched from the wise
The humanity wont ever rise
Until sufferings come forth
and make their last sacrifice

The afflicted mother no more cries
Silently watches them take her child
The hungry no more ask for bread
They watch them take away their breath
The jaded lie aside in the silence
Awaiting if their death may return

(it starts from here actually)

Law prevails, death fades, silence fades
away...
Death sails, endurance fails and law still prevails
But cruelty leaves trails as blood leaves stains
trails pave - the routes to reveal ways
to belief...

That awakes the courage to slay
the law that still prevails

And when the courage awakes
Death comes back; not to the dying
but to the law that silenced their justice
To law demise becomes last resort
And chaos becomes the new law
Which some day has to fade away
Into the old law that once sent the death away.'

This town will keep on nourishing and perishing
in the name of law that they crave to idolize...

11/15/11

Usman Hanif

Beloved Foes

The foes you see, those you foresee
they conjure, the curse on thee
they bewitch you, by voodoo dolls
when your sorrows show, away they flee
welcoming your miseries with grins
inside having the satisfied glee
for you they dont care, but you care
so for their clan's betterment
do one thing... set them free...

Usman Hanif

Booze Keeps Me Alive

Don't leave my glass empty
Listen to what i want to say

Keep me away from the taverns
I don't want to walk home
The bitter ale is sweet to me
Bring all the booze to my home

Beat me with the horned oak cudgels
Throw me in the streets
But don't worry about my debt
Bring all the booze to my home

Ignore the priests' curses
Foresee my child with the brats
Just keep up in the line of your nose
Bring all the booze to my home

Take the the price of them, take my life
eat the stew, keep my knife
'cause i would never give up wine
so Bring all the booze to my home

You say I'm alone, I'm not alone
See! My child playing there, You see?
See, the smoke coming out of the stove
My lady is cooking, wait! We'd all eat
But before all of this disappear, run
and Bring all the booze to my home

The door's always open
Like you, they come and go
but no one ever returns again

You aint my family, then why dont you return?
My whole world went to the skies
And you try to be like my world!
Never!

Go to that tavern, and do me a favor
Bring all the booze to my home

I don't want to lose that memory
That i still see in this rune
so i keep my memory alive
Don't ket my memory die, go away
and Bring all the booze to my home...

20-07-2008

Usman Hanif

Bury Me In My Home

Let the soul creep in my shadow
Wake me up when you're gray
Eat my meal, throw the ladle
Shine the sun, cast them away

Dig the hole in the ground
Bury me in my home

Break the bells, call no funeral
Don't let them say the prayer
Say me bye, like my humor
Never become them, be my heir

You'd lose the foes you found
Bury me in my home

Save yourself with the sword
Avoid the burden of the shield
Fight them in the name of Lord
Follow the way, you can't see

Dig the grave, make no sound
Bury me in my home

Face the demise, lose the war
Hug it with your pain
Keep your soul, not lose it far
Feel the surge of dying again

Do the job, you are bound to
Bury me in my home...
The zone that I own

Bury me in my home...
Bury me in my home...

Usman Hanif

Camouflage

When rivers stop to flow, winds cease to blow
stars fade to glimmer, darkness start to glow
thoughts become words, words become feelings
the curtain of eyes fall, while starts the show

when pleased seems sad, everything around changes
when sorrows become joy, to the hell guilt chases
blood flows like streams, thoughts blow like winds
altruism prevails, selfishness diperses like traces

something falls from the depth, nothing rises from the peak
dust is eaten, air is drunk, bound are left to creak
water stops to flow, blood starts to blow in the head
winds grab the blow, and thoughts become dark instead

chains grab the mind, feels like a warrior slain
rises the warrior with burden on sword, what a shame
no war! no attack! no blood, what a defeat received
to the hell, darkness, guilt, disgrace, regret achieved

feels like killing the rabbits and taming the snakes
like thinking with hearts and doing with brains
like destroying the lives and saving the deaths
but i am still strangled, clutched in the chains

the chains! the chains with strength more than lead
the chains! with existance like shadow under a shed
what can i do to resume the flow of winds and rivers?
my mind leaks the thoughts, the whole world shivers...

12-06-2006

Usman Hanif

City Of Joy

when i walk down the street
i feel the pain in my feet
the pain of the misery, the regret
of the wounds that always bled
when i see, where i ought to live
i get nothing, what would i give
to live, give n take is necessary
otherwise, to only demand is herassy
In the street where i getup to die
and where i am resurrected again
the pale hands of mine
the dark eyes of mine
the bleeding brain of mine
everything seems fine
my misery is divine
my misery?
when i see the murderers
when i see the gamblers
when i see the thieves
their hands full upto the sleeves
with the wealth of those
with the blood-bathed corpses
are all their innocent foes!
this is my misery and their pleasure
my conscience, their wealth, all treasure
one day i would be their enemy
and they would backstab me
with me they need to tackle
and remove the last obstacle

then we both would feel the pleasure
me in divinty and soul that could fly
and them, in their own city of joy...

15-01-2008

Usman Hanif

City Of The Saints

Those were the times
In clay, humans were buried
And now the soil is extinct
The clay has been finished
Where to bury them?
To dig out our graves;
No place is left

You walk above me
On the corpse floor
The mosaic has been buried
Under our own uproar

I still imagine your existence
How odd would it look?
You would be strolling
Amongst ourselves, all dead
Hah! Like sand blowing;
In the desert of sand

You are our own memento
Stop there and listen
To my voice, my grave
My friends, all the saints...

All around is death plague
Aye! The saints are rotting
Would they be resurrected?
But why am I asking
Am I a saint?

I was a saint
In the city of saints
We ate the flesh and bones
And the ale of blood to drink
We needed religion no more
And we kept on drinking

The rights were given to them

The outlaws preached the religion
They told us the ways;
To spill blood, to brew ale
We were so virtuous;
Those beasts feared from us

When the saints died away
We needed not to bury them
The earth roared at our acts
Storms blew at our necks
But after all we were saints
And saints are always blest

No one heard the earth
It kept on crying nonstop
And abruptly the cries died
A silent storm, burning inside...
And then the earth trembled
The dust storm started
And the earth consumed itself

To mourn at the demise of earth
No one was left, outlaws neither
We were celebrating there, dead
How serene was our death!

Our funeral was celebrated
And God buried the earth
We were the soil
And earth was the corpse...

03-03-2008

Usman Hanif

Could You Live Again?

o'! the dead one, could you live again?
to see on my wry face, that grin again
to let me forget all the bitter thoughts
to clear my vision, could you live again?

to let my wet eyes see something seen before
to be with, with whom i had always been before
to let me bring back all the rusted memory
to let me think again, could you live again?

yes, i know the dead ones could never live
that taken one can He never again give
if you were alive, then i would also be
to see me dead, could you live again?

the flowers blossom, but the bees never hum
dead leaves of autumn fly in the rain
the spring of my mind has become the autumn
to change the weather, could you live again?

loitering in the graveyard of the world
i am like a dead body living without you
my body emptying without soul and blood
to bury my corpse, could you live again?

17-04-2006

Usman Hanif

Cracking Time

running the endless destinations
realizing forgotten imaginations
unfolding the forgotten treasures
controlling the spilling passions
managing the endless journeys
imagining the forgotten memories
and getting mad at the madness
with or without tempting worries
noticing and ignoring the thoughts
getting tighter, the strong knots
forgetting and remembering the truth
and getting nothing from the shocks
something present in the body cracks
in the head or chest, something snaps
bloodlines start to emerge from the head
in the leading mind, some thought lags
burns everything that comes to mind
disrupts every ray that tries to shine
supporting the tumbling urges in the heart
to get the line inside the drawn line
ladders of the thoughts but no steps
long, long way to run but with numb legs
blinding light, nothing to fall at
giving every wrong, the correct checks
provides lubrication but no smoothness
blood reaches, but persists the weakness
nothing involves everything confuses
it cracks, and everything becomes a mess.....

04-05-2006

Usman Hanif

Death, The Destiny

when the death breaches
the walls of flesh;
the blood gushes
through the veins
spreading the joy
among the nerve cells
to arm themselves
to ready themselves
to experience...
the ultimate orgasm
to engross in the cause
to attain the maximum
pleasure of the pain;
that the death has come to...

the muscles twitch in joy
the eyes bulge out
the tongue rolls
and the gritting teeth
cut upon the tongue
to disconnect the language
of pain from the flesh...
All celebrate the news
that the death has come...

even the life sits back
serenely enjoying the orgy
of the celebration
that it's destined to...
The pain screams in joy
that the death has come...

camphor smells all around
and its rich aroma
opens even the single pore
of the flesh...
and the life flies away
so calmly, announcing
that the death has come...

06-10-2008

Usman Hanif

Deathtrap

To die of suffocation,
life is like a deathtrap...
Just like a fish feels
the death out of the water.
And buried in the air are us;
with no air to breathe
we just need the death to breathe

We're the creation of the clay,
the clay which we would soon become,
and we suffocate in the air...
But the presence of earth
below our feet relieve us
how calm are the dead in the grave!
We just need the death to breathe

The cries that we make,
the feelings that we create
and then we feel the pain,
all of them are asthmatic fits
all would be left here...
And we would be alone in the grave
we just need the death to breathe

Here We sleep and wake up,
we again sleep and wake up again
we feel relieved and troubled again
we keep on creating these repetitions.
and how busy are we in our routines!
Which makes life so limited.
Actually life is not the peak;
it actually is the start of decline,
the decline towards the death
and every newborn is cursed with it.
Still we infer it as a bliss!
all our life is a disturbance
and no one would disturb our sleep
we just need the death to breathe...

03-03-2008

Usman Hanif

Delirium

Camouflaged laughter,
Imitations of the past.
Burning evolution inside;
The reflexes are still aghast

Brewing upon the fire of impudence,
The conscience is at stake
Blood gushing against gravity;
So perilous is my fate...

Cool and calm I sit alone
Ripping apart, the 'flesh and bone'
I try to deface my cadaver
With delirium of my own...

Usman Hanif

Disowned Corpses

My eyes witness
the ritual of degradation
The clotted blood
within the dead veins
The stiffened bodies that stink
And the agile hands
that stab them and cut them
The pale skin never reveal
the red flesh on the bones
And the ribs always concealed
the heart that is now dead
The virtual knife runs
through my chest to the throat
I could feel the pain
that the dead corpse could not
Those hands would never tremble
'cause they know the only truth
that they are the disowned corpses,
left here to cut at their ease
to make the soul a corpse...

My eyes witness
what they never wish
to see those hands
that pierced them so brutally...

12-09-2008

Usman Hanif

Doesn'T Remind Me

a skeleton dangling from a tree
a sword buried in the earth
an arrow jutting out of the skull
doesn't remind me of the death
but direct me to the eternity
cities sleeping under the graves
numerous born under the shades
and here, a warrior blank to cruelty
leaves sprouting out of the tree
no flesh growing on the rotting skull
a day would come when you see
dead and alive drifting away free

a corpse floating in the sea
a scarecrow on the mercy of the wind
a dark cave from where the bats flee
doesn't remind me of the death
but of the brain that makes the head
of the drifting spirit that makes the flesh
of the light originating from the shadows
and an arrow across the unshielded chest
bells chiming in the west, birds flying above
here comes the roar, the warrior falls
the leaf of peace falls from the dove
and the chiming dies, the death crawls
the warrior dying, the clouds crying
the blood flowing, the winds blowing
the book of 'eternal' life has been read

all that
doesn't remind me of the death....

Usman Hanif

Fool Are Never Fool...

Fools always have nails
To scratch their heads with...
They always find trails
To stumble their ways with
They always have arguments
To shut the mouths with
They donate themselves
To others to play with
My friend, what i owe you
My wisdom, to tackle with

But mirrors show everything
I used to be a mirror
And now i realized;
while watching in the mirror
That i am that bald man...
But i aint grow the nails
to scratch my head with...

13-04-2008

Usman Hanif

For Mehro

Your name is engraved on the images of the tombs of lost identity;
whence the lost souls loiter in the world of dead living ahead
Bumping on the walls dividing time and space,
where time's still and the energy flows
Where ashes become flesh and flesh becomes soul
Where dying is like flying a kite with the thread of death entwined with the
thread of life
Where the roads to nowhere meet their ends
Where the rainbow is crimson and the rain falls like a volley of blood clots
Where life has ears and death is deaf
Where the fusion of life and death gives birth to eternity
Where I am attached through my own self
Where I see your name engraved across the meandering lines...
yes your name is engraved on my heart! ! !

06-08-2009

Usman Hanif

For My Mother...

The eerie light in my sombre life
Bring me the mysteries of afterlife
One mystery is up ahead
still unsolved...
'tis the light!
'tis the light that heals,
that leads to eternity...
'tis the insignia of selfish, selfless love!
It lies in my hands but unsolved
The hand which I'd have to let go
And the secrets of the love hidden
Would be kept hidden...
And the light would keep on gleaming
The light, so sublime emits from...
From my treasure, my mother...

22-04-2008

Usman Hanif

For Those Whom I Hate Most...

For those whom i hate with utmost
desire to give them a slow death
their wincing and agonizing cries,
will be heard around the dark forests
as elegies to the dark lords...
and they would lament at their fate...

For those whom i hate most
brew up your last soup
'cause you'd be the bones in it
the bats will drink the soup
and die of prickling pain in spine
the pain of the damped screams
shouting their death upon their faces;
whining their fate on their faces!

For those whose death I'd be the host
I'd hold the lantern and mash up
your remnants into the wet soil
granting you the grave, you hate most...

For those who play with the rose
I'd mince the offspring of hatred
which you call love!
be my friend and get hated
or feel the fury I saved for you...

22-05-2009

Usman Hanif

Hear My Ripples In The Sky

I'm a pond
A pond of blood

People passby
Throw stones in me

I am mute
I could not respond

Yet i could react
My retorts are ripples

The sky is deaf
And the ripples make no sound...

People are numb
They still throw stones in me

Stones are innocent
They just sink

All are blind
Everyone keeps on tripping

Beyond the sky
Might there be ears of the deaf

So i am steady
I keep on sending the ripples

Clouds might have ears
One day they might pass by...

The wary clouds might
Hear my ripples in the sky...

15-02-2008

Horizon

I wonder where does the horizon lies
The brink of earth or the depth of the skies
His steps get the counting finished
And still it moves away until he dies

When he pauses to rest, it also stops
forlorn, he stands up, runs again for it
The horizon wakes up, again the game starts
He runs and runs, becomes insane for it

In this cold game of nature he never wins
And on his bold struggle, the nature grins
He speeds up only to annoy the great guest
When he feels fatigue, it also takes rest

When he loses hope it again tempts him
And when he follows, it again cramps him
He desires to break the sky n earth apart
But feeling pathetic, he sees the dark

During his last nap, he witnesses a dream
he is lying on, where earth and sky meet
In the mists, over the line joining the two
He stands up astonished, now what to do

And then he watches the sun has risen
He feels peace, leaves worries to drain
But he wakes up, by the gleam of the horizon
To start, his neverending jouyrney again

Only to unveil a set of vague lies
He runs, rests, thinks and ultimately dies
I wonder where does the horizon lies
The brink of earth or the depth of skies

19-06-2006

Usman Hanif

I'M Food For Them...

Oh dearie, i mashed up the ant
it would surely avenge when i'm in the grave
by ripping my organic flesh off the bones

Opportunity is a matter of time;
I spare the rest of them now
and they would eat me then...

They're mites for me and I'm food for them;
saved as a live ration eating and getting fat
to be eaten when I'm gone to the grave...

22-05-2009

Usman Hanif

Imagine Your Reflection

Imagine...

A man held a bone
of his love begone
Imagine;
imagine him standing
surrounded by dogs
And growling with anger
that they don't snatch it away
And they surround him
'cause it is their property

a face against twoscore snouts
a growl against a chorus of growls
hands crackling in front of claws
teeth clattering against their jaws

Beside him lays a cat; dead
and he holds the bone as as a dagger
as if trying to protect the dead cat
and their frothed snouts are ready
to tear him apart...

Yes, they are more in number
but their minds are contradicting
to them; he's their prey...
and to him; they all are on four
as if submitting themselves to his command...

it looks as if they all are awaiting his order...
but they are not...
they await his anger to drain into fear
then they digest him...
and he laughs at their waiting in vain!
The cat lies there; still dead
the whole scene is a still picture...

One day, either of those dogs
will dare to attack him
and when it will start charging 'wards him,

the hide of dog will fall off him;
revealing a human warrior; attacking the vermin!
And then the hides will start falling off,
the most intimidated legion of mankind
they will force him to cower
inside the wall of their arms...

but now, they await the warrior to take step
and they start their siege...
but still... this picture...
this picture of the man, bone and his faithful dogs,
is sold at a heavy price;
the picture; painted by dogs themselves! ! !

20-07-2009

Usman Hanif

King Of Demise

Glistening shadows, sombre view, eerie light
Surging pain, twisted trees, cries in sight
Clattering blades, running through their necks
Spilling blood, choking throats, dark in night
Whispering silence, dancing corpses respawning
wolves are howling and vultures in waiting

I fought the way i should... but forlorn
so find my grave, to erect my sword upon
Cuts sprout out the skin, hold my heart
I want to cry out, Gabriel seems way far

Let overthrown knoght be the king of demise
the victims shall at last see the surprise...

29-05-2008

Usman Hanif

Lamenting Shadows

On the far bank of the river
A small lantern hangs in the dark
A small halo hovers around it
And rest of the night mourns,
at the sight of the dying light...

I sit there along the near bank
the water stagnates like my blood
Numb with the paralysis of the cold sight
I breathe the ephemeral breaths of hope...

'They all died while constructing the bridge
Went afloat in front of my eyes
And since then i'm sitting there;
watching the dying lantern,
hoping for any of them to come out
But neither they come out nor the light dies...

I'm breathless, tearless, lone, lifeless...
And the darknes laments at the sight;
The sight reflected in my dead eyes,
The sight of the dying lantern...

Sometime, when the light would die
I'd embrace my friends,
I'll embrace my friends begone
I'll embrace the lamenting shadows...'

21-02-2009

Usman Hanif

Lets Somersault In The Heaven

lets somersault in the heaven
we would soon be contented here
we would then desire for the hell
we would long to be burnt bare
sorrow would be diminished
we would long for some duel
tears would long to come out
in this silence, no one would shout
our nature would be left to spoil
no chaos, no uproar, no turmoil
so lets create our own upheaval
lets somersault in the heaven...

11-01-2008

Usman Hanif

Life Of My Death

My only difference
Between life and afterlife
is my death

My only triumph
upon the whole universe
is my death

My only freedom
of thoughts from mind
is my death

My only distinction
from the angels and devils
is my death

My only decision
after all my decisions
is my death

But death is short-lived
and the thing that pleases me
is my death

Life always presents span
and the shortest spanned
is my death

I can grasp everything
but the thing out of my bounds
is my death...

08-03-2008

Usman Hanif

Lifelike(Less) Saga

Look...

look into your heart
you see something?
she aint the last wish
she aint the last resort
that you behold within...
you look at desires
you aint coming out of shell
Look at what you have;
not at what you want

Look into your heart
through the eyes
of a weakling...
of a dying wish
of brazen irony
of your own self;
you'd see a world
that's all yours
you're at peace here...
no matter you die or live
you are in your heaven
with no one to intrude
with no one to disrupt your peace
not ever she could enter there...
does she live here too? ? ?
then you aint here...

Look into your heart
through the dead memory
of your past
through the echoing laughters
that dissolve into you
with a sweet aromatic pain
that you own but you want to own
where want to reach and lie there
where something more than life exists...
is life everything?
is she life to you?

(aarghhh)
you are still outside
knocking at where you live! ! !
unaware of your presence
still responding to desires

Come out of your heart
now look inside your heart
through the eyes of yours
follow the gaze straight
until the gaze diverges
into a wide landscape
where water shimmers, sun gleams
filtering the light through mists
where keliidoscopic grass dance
where you live...
is she there again?
no she isnt there...
its place where you belong
not where you live...

you're heartless soul
follow my gaze
i'll show you my world
here i go leaping deap
into the cherished memories
we go both along without her...
remember we go alone
you see my world
where time stagnates and i flow
where life's still and i grow
where i am wish i am desire
where i aint the scapegoat
where i live one step ahead
like in wild; frolicking around...
i am the king of world
i rule my own world...
i live; i live in you...

you own a world so unknown
you made it; you made me
and now you find an escape

from yourself, from conscience
from life that you created
only for desire; not for what you have?

you own everything
still you are at a loss
your lifelike saga has to end
before you give it a start...

25-12-2009

Usman Hanif

Memento Mori

Find me in my subliminal home
You'd be found playing
with the children of my neighbors
whom i always tormented...

why don't you fall down
and receive some cut
some permanent cut on yourself
tattooed for life
as an insignia of youth
you'd cherish these days...
and you'd forget my neighbors
whom i always tormented...

but don't enter the home
the home of underground...
the background of our play
'twould fall down upon us
burying us in the graves...
with the crimson skies upon us
he would resurrect us
and again kill us...
'cause we spoiled the play
we fell the house of mine
and the neighbors would laugh
they should laugh, it's their right
'cause these are those neighbors
whom i always tormented...

where are the props?
who'll act like the willow?
the willow that caused rain
the shower of misery upon us
and we'd always laughed it off
we laughed and suffered...
people judged us...
as the happiest creatures ever
and the willow showered its wrath...
oh that mad tree...

I finally had to cut it off...
it fell upon our neighbors
whom i always tormented...

they all perished
you played with the skulls
in the debris of rotten corpses
we only feared from burial
and they've no graves
rotting up in the open
and you are happy! ! !
they aint the toys!
they are real corpses
of our imaginary neighbors
whom i always tormented...

skulls are always bald...
whatever you hide, it falls down
in your feet...
uptil now you didn't speak!
where are your shoes?
where's your life?
why are you rotting among them?
arent you among them?
among those neighbors
the neighbors of my subliminal house!
the neighbors...
whom i always tormented!
I know I always tormented you!

06-05-2008

Usman Hanif

Mock The Puppeteer

Hey ragdoll!
You wave to me
show me the teeth
make faces at me...
The threads with which he operates you
you stare at me

I don't care who you are
you just watch out for your threads
watch if they get entangled,
like the dilemma in your head
like the crippled conscience
like your control over the hands
like a smile:
which you always put on yourself
Like a smile:
with no teeth...
You want to hide the teeth
and you could'nt hide them
You have pins in your head
feel the tingling pain
like those voodoo dolls
like those dolls
who even don't have their own body
you borrow the bones and play foul...

When he pinches you
i feel the tinge inside
like some hand tearing me apart
and you laugh...
always laugh!

Still you laugh
even if he breaks your leg
you'll laugh
'cause you've your lips sealed
for always...
concaved up
like an empty platten

with the desire of water
Even when the puppeteer would die
you would laugh
you would always laugh...

02-04-2008

Usman Hanif

My Brother

Perhaps,
i'm a seed
i'm the wheat
i'm the bread
i'm the need
i'm anything

Perhaps,
i'm an ox
a skinny ox
in the fields
of the silent force
the silent force known.
yet unknown
in the mind
of the overthrown.
my tetherer
my brother...

Then,
what's the woe
my fever, my glow
my friend, my foe
the haunting whipping
desperate scarecrow
the breeding, eating
small hazardous foe
the pleasant, cool
famine-casting snow
the flood...
fast rushing flow
the water of fatigue
twinkling on my brow
the light borrower
the star, the dim glow
the pathetic end
of every debut show
that once grasped
could never let go

who is he
why's he so
'cause he's me

Usman Hanif

My Dying Cockroaches

the toothache of the dreams
fake surge in the real teeth
and the need of a toothpick
feels the thing stuck in them

finger seems the best weapon
to extricate it from the teeth
and while you feel them, you also see them
(hidden cameras in the head? ? ? what a dream)
a knot of hair like mousetache!
you pull them off...
comes out a half cockroach
with its set of feelers
stuck in the teeth...
and now you feel the crawling
of the hairy legs in the mouth
all their feelers stuck into the teeth
and the toothache is now disgust!

puke all the thing out!
the yellow worms are the puke
and the almond cake is missing
no grinded almonds!
one of the teeth is broken
and coming out are the feelers
as seen in the creeks
and when they were burnt
with the flame of match
and witnessing the flinching
of the cockroach...
all the same occurring
in my mouth!

now is there left anything...
to open the eyes upon!
the dreary eyes would never wish
to see these images saved on the retina!

deprived of hearing sweet lies,

when you start seeking these creatures
such things happen!
may even intimate you with them
by such absurd means...

Usman Hanif

My Fiction Movie Child

My child thinks I should die
though he loves me;
But he's sort of enthusiastic
He just wants to act like father
And to him, a father is the one
who lifts the children on the shoulders
He wants to lift someone;
and i am his everyone!
so, he has no other reason to lift me
He wants to feel the way
that i feel when i lift him in the air
And he saw the funeral going, the other day
Today he came to me and said,
'Abu! Why don't you die? ? ? '

30-07-2008

Usman Hanif

My Journey; I Want To Tell Her... (Translation)

My existence, my miseries, my tattered clothes
I've come across the labyrinth of life
I stop for a split-second
With my eyes over my heartache, I witness
My love, the symbol of perfection, that face so lovely
That face...
Despite the immortal moments of the universe, That face charms me...
Like the day of judgment to me
I witness...
I witness the insignia of faith, of beauty, of some prayer
The symbol of some journey, the life of fragrant beauty
The symbol of life... of unforgettable breaths
Like the spring sprouting all around, like illusion...
She calls me... to embrace me, she is calling me...

My existence, my miseries, my tattered clothes
I've come across the labyrinth of life
I've stopped!
I think...
I think, why not place my miseries on her sublime hands...
Why not throw the burden off my head
Why not end the entangled story
Why not relate her my pain
My pain... my pain which she had abandoned in the past
I am in the city of sorrow
The city with the inhabitants of the roofless houses, the poor faces
I am the refuge to this city...

I should tell her...
I should tell her... that I am the same old admirer of her presence
But in the travelogue of my journey of love
Perhaps she has abandoned me on the capricious paths
Or perhaps me: myself, or perhaps you or someone else...
Whoever it is... has taken me on the ways...
On the ways...
On the ways of the pain... where the pain is my cherished pleasure...
Like exceptional treasure... but not to me...
But not to me, but it's true that all pleasure is mine...

I want to tell her...

Tell her about the whining, crying hungry, clothe-less children in the streets
The children without contentment, the children without ecstasy
The children distressed with the scars of misery...
Their life on the pavements, since their birth
Eating dirt, to kill their hunger...
Spending their lives roofless, for the sake of a few coppers
With confronting all the miseries, they still expect contentment...
Only contentment... not the joy, not the exhilaration
And now they all are my travel-mates...

I want to tell her...

Tell her... that they all are my heart's desires
They are the consolation to my sad moments
You... you're my way, but they are my ambition

I want to tell her

My existence, my miseries, my tattered clothes
I've come across the labyrinth of life
I stop for a split-second...

I want to tell her...

Usman Hanif

My Requiem

she said
'keep going on
i am a bit tired
i would join you soon'
and what if
she would be left behind
she'd have to fly to us...
really she flew...
she flew away from us
leaving the clay behind
nothing would have happened
sublime time, now she'd spend
and wait for our arrival...
there...

03-03-2008

Usman Hanif

My World

my darkglasses are broken
i used to wear them in the dark
now my eyes are swollen
i could not see much far;
much far, in the dark

i always wore them in the night
i used to block the dark rays
i used to see the light
and the gleaming passage-ways
the passageways, in the dark

the passageways led me to my world
i had created the luminous world
around my world was the dark void
my world was free of any dirt
whoever entered it was overjoyed
but there was some error
some error, in the dark

although my world was well-lit
yet it was surrounded by the shadows
and darkness fell on every bit
my world was showered with the dark
so i was surrounded by the darkness
the dark rays pierced my eyes
pierced my eyes, in the dark

and i couldn't understand anything
either i was living there
imagining myself wearing those lenses
or was i wearing those dark glasses
and imagining myself in the world
the world, in the dark

in either case, i was in the dark
i tried to tear up the world.
i snatched the world in my hand
and threw it in the gap

the world shattered like a glass
i realized that i was too fast
i had broken my darkglasses
so had lost my world
my world, in the dark...

19-01-2008

Usman Hanif

One Hundred And Twenty Percent...

We're the folks
Proud to be hundred percent humane
Bragging our own selves
boasting upon our own heads

we rejoice our achievement
but ignore...
that maybe a complete human is;
a 'hundred and twenty percent human'...

Usman Hanif

Our Death

Cut my throat, garnishee my head
Lets make the price of the dead
Claim the rewards and be proud
Never feel ashamed on your crime
Kill the thoughts twixt your head n heart
Teach your soul, tear the conscience apart
Sing my requiem, die of hunger
Be calm in the corpse
Leave no thought to linger
Break all the lights, leave the grave dark
Lift your head right from the start
So, lets arrange our death in a new style
Thrill the God with our new profile...

08-03-2008

Usman Hanif

Peace... (Translation)

'O folks! '
the authorities state,
'Even if the sun showers the rain of fire
upon the afflicted eden
Even if the winds scorn
the colors that are faded
Even if the sprouting spring
turns back to the heavens
the winds trip the brasiers
Even if the seas spit the blood into the breeze
wherever the love is found, 'tis dead and serene
mutiny supercedes the love, the flourishing love
Even if the nationalists are encaged
Even if the subliminal sacrifices the law
Even if the world becomes self destructive
Even if the waves of them
burn down the eyes of the culture
Even if the maternal hands
crave the nursing of the open-eyed cospses
Even if the hunger hovers upon the children
the age perishes the suffering of the weak
the youth erupts in the streets of sense
the mementos built by the lifeless corpses
the death warns the life evry moment
Even if the gunpowder stinks the valley
Even if the town craves the peace
Even if the blood gushes down the streets...'

The authorities imperil the gods of literature:
'If the peace is to be sustained
it has to be written peace
it has to be declared peace...'

Usman Hanif

Phantasmagoria

Upon the aurora, a stream of morbid depth;
the abducted glimpses of shimmering beauty,
the scarlet silhouettes of the white falcons,
the trees, bearing seeds in roots so deep,
the unsheathed sky hiding under the sun,
at last, my mangrove home is bearing a seed

The concealed existence nourishes and breathes;
the breaths of flesh devouring soft bones;
the bones bear the speck of life, yet still inert
still lifeless and unfamiliar to the realms ahead
In the murks of consciousness, the sessile life
witnesses the orgy of nature with eyes closed...

Abruptly everything visible cambers narrow
the spires stop chasing the skies
the felicity of dying;
hushes away non-believers
for a moment, pandemonium seems to prevail
the stream erupts, a geyser gushes out
The morbid Tiamat puked the life out
like blossoming and sprouting in a hurry...

the prophecy came out to be blunt
kaleidoscopic birth is just in heavens
the anecdote of resurrection is complete
my amaranth is blossoming no-more...

Usman Hanif

Pity For A Crop...

In the lush green wheat fields
the beauty remains hidden until its ripe
From green to gold, erect to oldm cut to sold and head to told;
I'd be the last caliph of this smallest large field
water be the food for your beauty be seen
and soil be the shoes to your feet

you know; when beauty is at its peak
it's harvested, to be made someone else's beauty
and that beauty becomes someone else's charm
and charm in sight leads to the achievement
and achievement is the price that shuns the beauty
and dying beauty is like sinking sun, lamenting light, agonized ailment, distant
distance and soul-less smile...

I always feared to scrutinize what i am doing now...
I'm stuck between letting you die of age or making a good harvest! ! !

13-08-2009

Usman Hanif

Promise To Death...

Shackled brain, encrypted words
Shortened way, predicted actions
Keep the memories away from me
Those memories would fly away...
Away to the heavens
To the immortal, to act upon...

Tell the tales of wisdom...
prove me the fool, you fool!
Boast your adventures to them
Then kill me in those tales
Crush the hedges of my home
Dodge my mind, dodge my home
Disrupt the foliage of unknown!

Fly with the fallen leaves
Or be like the entangled kite
One way or other you'll fall
Like the fruit off the tree

Watch out for the assassins
They'll separate you...
From flesh n blood, from me
They'll stab you
From your back, in front of me...
I aint the earthquake
I couldn't distract them
Calm yourself up, open your arms;
Wide, ready to receive the aim
On your heart, face the aim
Die once, or for the whole life...
You'd be the same old dead leaf

I witness the carnival of death
The death of you, of your flesh
Of the deep truth, of yourself
I witness the life...
The life in the foliage...
When someone passes by

The leaves perform the dance
The dance of joy, of life
Let me sit there and watch them
Watch the whispering silence
They'd always come to kill you
And excite the foliage

So...

I watch the dance of hope
And you face the retort of demise
I'd never turn around in dismal...
To watch the demise of meself
I'll dawdle in the foliage...
I'd be the foliage, One day!
So keep on dying the death of yours
I'm off the hook, that's my promise...

16-04-2008

Usman Hanif

Rain

It's raining outside, the earth is dry
worries burning inside, no tears to cry
the earth is barren, but ox ready to tether
no cloud around, but gloomy is the weather

Calm is the air, a storm awaits inside
darkness seems nowhere, nothing to shine
future has passed, yet nothing to predict
mind full of thoughts, nothing to depict

clouds thundering, water flowing in the drians
typical splashing sounds, but it never rains
everything drenched in water, me dry with draught
of a blessing, a miracle and a devil's thought

the heart empty and the brain on its craze
blood calm and the emotions ready to hail
no one to guide, nothing to ride, the world wide
stands a famined lone warrior, nowhere to hide...

12-07-2006

Usman Hanif

Reason

grab the potion, break the charms
lets win the war that way
keep the motion, raise the alarms
listen to what i want to say

when there was none left to defeat
we killed the smile, left no creed
we ruined our own town
we left no reason to frown

we won the wars, and we lost 'em
we set them on the fire
their screams, houses left to mend
we fulfilled our desire

trembling hands and flickering flames
pasted our history in darkening frames
all of them lost n found
we left no reason to frown

we ate the flesh of our own kind
drank the blood of fallen behind
made their ribs our birds'cage
the time we spent in stone-age

then beasts came and tamed us
we were forlorn, we made no fuss
we died in our own town
we left no reason to frown...

16-12-2007

Usman Hanif

Seduce The Gods

They're all famined
But the sheep still sing their songs
the gods are indifferent as they never were
Especially Ceres is wrathful;
As the crop has withered
but there is enough grass for us
I stand there with my mother
She stands calm, chewing the blade of grass
But how feared the farmers look!
They stand conversing with each other
They don't have to worry about us
But then they start observing us...
My mothers becomes terrified
She has smelled something
(she always smells the danger)
She starts bleating and orders me to run
But i need someone to guide me; to run
and to rebel our herd means living without herd
('cause all the other sheep are same calm)
Impossible!
Oh they're coming to me
'Hey, what are you doing! ',
I yell when they strangle me
My mother runs and hits one in the butt
Still they are taking me to the altar
The place that always thrilled me!
Ceres stands there, laughing at me
'They're going to sacrifice you', she says
Really, the farmers kill us,
to feed and bless their generation
And thats the wat the goddess of farming is satisfied
OH! THOSE HAND MADE gods!
Who get seduced by their sacrifices!
and bless them with the yield
The sharp blade awaits my neck
and the chance of hope is nill
Though the life of mine is in their hands
But my enthusiasm of seeing the death has atleast been fulfilled! ! !

15-07-2008

Usman Hanif

Silence

no one calls it the silence
when there's no sound
so whispers make the silence
we live in the land of silence

the shadows keep it overlain
insects keep munching in vain
whoever tries to make a sound
the beasts remain ready to pounce

the hunted flesh, we share
the blood, it's a bats' lair
when bones need the chisel
my brother is a good carver
quietly, he uses his abilities
he carves them into trophies
and hang them on the fence
no one ever disturbs the silence

our roofless home is the 'silence'
and i reside on the roof

the trees give us amulets
to protect them from bandits
we don't have a ladder
i couldn't climb down
i could not speak or eat
yet i am life to him, just life!
to live alone, he has to strife

they protect me, maintain me
feed my brother, live free
he, with them, calls me the silence
they all maintain the silence...

Usman Hanif

Sins

Curse the applause, burn the rewards
think of one step ahead
Admirers are diseased with frauds
make'em cry in my head

Never be proud, be my pride
commit the sins like you do good
critics are gutless, they always fight
strangle their filth, like you should

tame the beasts, hope for the worst
don't wast all of your sheep
leave some blunt knives, they're good
salvage them with your sheep

free the beasts, they would eat you
and the sheep, they would store
would you let them easily eat you?
why not kill the sheep before conflict!

cut the trees, toll the bells in head
build your home in the head
protect the sheep under the shed
and unsheath the blunt blades

beasts either have long snouts
or they are feline or both...
create war amongst their noses
they would end up in your death

so use the knives now
but for the sake of good;
but you had left all knives blunt
and you inferred the sins as sins...

aint you a sinner? think over it.
For the safety of sheep;
you had cut your brain out
which knife you used?

sheep should have that sharp knife
but they are feared from you
so free the sheep, tame your head
and let the beasts commit the sins...

03-03-2008

Usman Hanif

Stars Are Watching Me...

Stars are wa'tching me,
Earth is catching me,
Sun is scorching me,
Moon is mocking me,
Sky is docking me
And life locking me.

Trees are slashing me,
Rocks are smashing me,
And air slapping me,
Seas are sliming me,
Deserts blinding me.

None affecting me.
Only surging me,
To swim, walk, fly,
On the head of thy.
Up in the skies,
Where fog lies....

But who dares!
Courage, war,
Faith, spirit,
And who cares
Humans and demons,
Only future omens.

To speak in silence,
To trot in violance,
To swim in deserts,
To thirst in waters
And volatile shatters?

Watching in ignorance,
Not 'veryone seers,
To achieve somethin',
Has to leave dears...

War and peace,

Light and dark,
Buried and alive,
Blunt and sharp,
Bound and isolated,
Courage and mockery,
Unknown and dated.
No difference at'all,
In one division fall.

What makes difference,
Is their occurrence
What wins the other.
Light in the dark
Becomes shining mark,
Alive becomes buried,
Sharp becomes blunt,
Bound becomes isolate,
Courage becomes mockery,
Dated becomes unknown,
Heroes become thrown...

The story of life is
Only a big lie of His,
Only a dream to awake,
Thy soul in thy world
And return to His world.
So wait till death comes
And see the dropp becomes.

When sun's shine withers
And earth's axis slithers,
Birds stop their twitters,
Stops the waters' shimmers,
And smiles and glitters.

This is world,
where everyone wants
to live not till death.
But till unknown.
Huh! happy mortals
And startled mortals...

Yes! stars are wa'tching m,
Earth is catching me,
Sun is scorching me,
Moon is mocking me,
Sky is docking me
And life locking me....

03-10-2005

Usman Hanif

Sun And Me

The sun seeking my shadow
My shadow hides behind me
And when i look at mad-show
The sun gazes to blind me

I watch the sun from far
The sun witnesses only earth
Yes something called bar
Seperates me and sun since birth

Yes, i want the sun to merge into me
And i could become illuminated
But sun doth not want to agree
Yes, but moon is also related
To the sun by reflecting light
I am not the moon, i know the truth
Dependance does not give light
But victory always makes bright

But victory isn't gained by fight
A loser can be victorious like me
Yes, i could not face sun's light
and by light; it could never seek me...

04-10-2005

Usman Hanif

Ten Pounds Of Life

Ten pounds of life
And all ten lost
No life left
to weigh upon...

Ten pounds of life
five lost
lifeless, dingy
dragged along
with the remaining five
like ten on five

Ten pounds of life
equals ten pounds
of nothingness
shaped into humanity
To weigh upon
The only possession
of the walking bulk
of ten pounds...

Usman Hanif
03/04/11

Usman Hanif

That Two-Legged Rascal

That limp legged ol' dog is gazing into my eyes
In my mind, reading the fluctuating, bubbling lies
He is indecisive, whether to runaway or accept me
he turns to that loaf of bread and then to me

He is actually visualising my old cruelties on him
'Cause i am that two legged rascal who inflicted on him
I am that two legged rascal who mashed his paws and tail
That rascal who just passed over his neverending pain

The one who treaded over his wagging tail for pleasure
and the one who snatched his bone, his only treasure
I was the one who shot his mad brother's head
And he is just demanding my response; at what is done

A car passes by, screaming, roaring, as if about to kill
And ants start crawling on that loaf, but he is still
Still remembering the car in which i sat and ignored,
his presence, smashed him, what he did... just groaned

But now he is in mists, fogs, flying far above me
Still That small loaf of bread is drying beside me
And yet he is still, hesitant, gazing at me,
thinking hard, whether to lick, bite or bark at me

I am sitting there, ready to kneel or run
my hand moves itself, to run through his ears
to soothe him and stop his drying tears
And those rascals observe us and show sneers

And that beautifully dressed lad threw at him
the stone that transformed me from moral to grim
And he is now running away decisively, gazing at me
and then at the loaf, which is now mocking at me...

Usman Hanif

The Creepy Ward No.9

Their shadows passing there by
The long que of waiting desperate patients
with their spirits as if ready to fly
Wardboys with empty bottles pass by
The empty bottles spilling with the pain
The pain of the poor who suffer
Doctors with their labcoats so careless!
like they're sorting out the dead
The white coffins to dress them with
Wheelchairs making the serene cries
Like the headaches of the waiting inside
Like the silent patients, ready to run
Like the hair running down their bald heads
Like their ears fluttering to save them
Every single pore of them cries in vain!
And the doctors pass by...

Despite the intensity of their breaths
They still wait, wait for the spirit!
To embrace them...
'tis their anticipation!
But they'd always have to suffer...
They are not even ready for it
And the doctors pass by...

Lo! the child, he hasn't even born yet
And he's been pierced with the needles!
He even don't know how to cry
But he could feel the surge of pain!
His father still stands waiting
And the doctors pass by...

The desperate spirits wandering
The spirits of the dead in waiting
Waiting to embrace...
Those who are in pain
To kill their pain, they're calling
And the doctors pass by...

18-04-2008

Usman Hanif

The Dog Who Spoke Punjabi...

The red dog who used to speak punjabi...
Now he lies dead on the road
Vehicles pass by
People kicking aside his carcass
Though he was a philosopher
But after all;
He was a dog...

He knew the language which you don't
He used to speak punjabi
And now his blood blending with his color
It seems that he is lying there peacefully
Thinking deep of some hidden realms
Though his head is off his body...
...Aye! He was a good thinker
But after all;
He was a dog...

11-04-2008

Usman Hanif

The Extreme Grief

Let demise be your passion
Some day you'd repent over it
Think, when one of your kinsmen says
'I'd better die than being your kin'
Looks a joke?
When a father says his son
to meet him next time on his death
Would you like to be that son?
Dying is much easier,
And death is a cruel visual
Better die than seeing that day, my friend...

Usman Hanif

The Lingering Remnants

The lingering remnants
of broken dreams
are still afloat
in the stream
of gushing blood!
fading away while flowing...

Though they disperse
but pollute along the blood!
The only antidote
revives the loss
but kills the flavor along;
giving birth
to a dead soul...

The dead soul
could die no more
no death, no funeral
no breath, no life
not even the will to strive
but a debris
of used life...

So!
I drain the pill of remorse
into the sparkling life
and leave them desolate;
the lingering remnants
of broken dreams...

13-02-2009

Usman Hanif

The Little Mighty Earth

our Earth is expanding like the universe
the wider it gets the denser it becomes
a single skyscraper might bother u like a fly
but a bunch of them would pass the sun by!
the rooftops would become the ground
and the ground would transform into oceanbed
the ball would become a football
all buried in earth, the birds would fall
we would walk in the air
and live in the dead dragon's lair
the sun would revolve around earth
it would be the ruling planet ever heard
but the life would be burnt on earth
everywhere the roasting flesh on hearth
earth would provide the light
but no worth we get from it
the time, probably has to come
but until then i would be done...

(15-08-2007)

Usman Hanif

The Man Who Walked On Four

I wonder whom I taught whom I owe
The preserved sorrow the gripe woe
Hardly legible the alien writes;
Scriptures known for the eras unknown

written upon these walls, the words will rot
Bellowing the pride that we sought;
that nobody will rise to face the flow
The'd be the man who walked on four...

22-02-2010

Usman Hanif

The Witch

She smiles and conjures
The bitter curses on you
She just sits idle
Like a lone carnivore

And when you pass by
She tries to test
Your patience, your brain
Oh mudbrain...
There she is possessing you
You've been invoked...
Try to run... run run...
You are bewitched

Bah! you are a shovel
An automated shovel
You dig the earth
Without knowing your purpose
Dig dig dig....
And she would fly away
Then you would be thrown
In the corner
The snails and arthropodes
Would give you the company
So enjoy their company,
Untill the witch returns...

12-03-2008

Usman Hanif

Those Wild Eyes

When the sun goes down
and the stars fade away
the company of darkness
guides my way...

Glimmering in the mists
hovering in the darkness;
A morbid silhouette
tempts me to chase it...

I follow my friend
in the murks of darkness
we're destined to nowhere
we're lost forever
We travel on our path;
keeping a distance apart
like if the vast space
is a threshold between us;
like if we are...
chasing our own trails...
like we're reaching nowhere
but standing at the point
whence the sun went down
and the stars had faded away...

I'm at the start again...

(ok, we start again... the journey foretold...)

Glimmering in the mists
hovering in the darkness;
A morbid silhouette
tempts me to chase it...

A morbid silhouette
tempts me to chase it
with those eyes blinking
with the fires burning

inside the sockets.
The deep glowing light
the killing innocence
the mesmeric gleam...
Aye... I stand there
still watching those eyes;
those eyes, out of sight
far out of trail...

I wait for the same night
to come and we start again;
the game of 'hide and seek'
The journey of time
from start to the moment
when those eyes met mine...

I crave to see those eyes;
those wild eyes...

10-11-2008

Usman Hanif

Tinnitus

I hear the melodies
of your past
when you lived like me
always carefree...
Though you're referred with the death
but i keep on hearing your past
The dark days when we were the wiccans
You used to conjure the storms
You'd always loved to thrill the folk
Now, aint you happy!
That the foke themselves executed you
It's good that you're dead
But why do your past lives?
I always hear your past
Like the fragrant symphony
which i always loved
But its continuous hearing annoys me

So either take away with you those voices
Or come back to resume our practice...

17-07-2008

Usman Hanif

Twist Of Thoughts

Leaves are fallin off the trees,
Mists are calling from the dreams,
Snow is trying to fall off the sky,
But nature says that it's the lie.

I walk the road buried in leaves,
Everything on spring's death grieves,
I move in the chirping of the birds,
In the flowers and trees' silent surds,

The trees are like twisted thoughts,
Like swished and misted naughts,
Like the burning fire in the water,
Does'nt extinguish, makes it hotter.

Like rodents flying and birds walking,
Speaking becomes silent and silent talking,
Numb become mobile and weeping mocking,
Stars become sky and moon still trotting.

Like streams become ponds and fire cold,
Beaters become beaten and shy bold,
Victorious become defeated but losers
Get the stronghold's and flag's hold.

Like butterflies without the wings crawling,
Dogs without anyone to master howling,
Moon still trotting and stars skying,
Night becoming day and sun still bowling,

Courage becoming fear and fear encouraging,
Smile becoming tear and tear flourishing,
Thought becoming action and action afloat,
Like in midst of desert a rowing boat.

These are just occuring, burning nots,
Like meat placed in the air rots,
And cotton waved in the air blots.

But it's a crazy mad twist of thoughts...

04-10-2005

Usman Hanif

Unbroken Dream

neither i woke up
nor did i sleep
i realized that
i was in a dream

the dead were alive
the alive were buried
the buried all cried
and the crying were humans
their heads had tumors
what they did...
they ripped the earth apart
they let the destruction start
the sun ceased to gleam
and i realized that
i was in a dream

the earth was collapsed
like a fragment i was trapped
and coming out of nowhere
i saw that beam
and i realized that
i was in a dream

when you realize that
you are in a dream
you break that dream

but i was in the falling debris
of that earth, falling free
but i didn't wake up
i kept on noting down the scheme
'cause i realized that
i was in a dream...

29-12-2007

Usman Hanif

Unmitigated Moment

It rained...
She sat there
gazing at the sky
as she was seeking the lightning
Her narrow eyes were wide open
with an expression of disgust
The killing gaze, with the fury in her eyes
dispersed every obstruction
There was no blinking in the eyes
even the thunder was silent to her
She sat there and watched the sky
and it rained...

She sat there
like a dead leaf
dangling with the tree
Her face so blank
with the impressions of the tears
flowing down the cheeks
like the springs down the mountains
but all dried up!
The darkness grasped her eyes
forcing her to shut them
but her gaze was heavy upon everything
She kept on sitting there
and it rained...

The sun feared her gaze
and hid behind the clouds
It felt that the clouds showered everywhere
but not upon her
The earth which she occupied
was as dry as her cheeks
The trees tried their worst
to wake her from that gaze
they performed the dance with the wind
but she continued her cold gaze
and it rained...

Lo, that small boy
with his head half scorched
came limping towards her!
His eyes shimmered the same way
probably he was her boy
He reached there and stood there
for a moment he stood the same way as her gaze
but he moved the second moment
(he's the only non-static character)
He touched her with an expression of fear and blithe
and the dangling leaf fell off the tree
she was dead;
with her last moments preserved for her boy
'waha, mama I found you! '
he cried in ecstasy
The rain started to wet her
the drops rained direct into her eyes
and still she gazed into the sky
as if searching for her boy in the heavens
and it rained...

Usman Hanif

Vision Of A Soul

Along the banks of shimmering waters
Whence the far-reaching swallows sing
the ditties composed by the eels...
they all enjoy the privileged life

Along the banks of shimmering waters
beyond which the mangroves flourish
their roots bathe in the fresh water...
giving home to the deadly piranhas
and barring the tremulous sunrays
allowing only small glimpses to fall
and the birds hold the recession of rhythm
with their twitters and jitters...

and they all make a symphony of sounds
to give ground to my hovering soul...
paving my way
from eternal life to eternity...

31-05-2009

Usman Hanif

We're The Heirs Of Our Parasites...

One day the mankind would perish
Rotting under the foliage of the dying trees
Leaves would shed and bury them
Without saying any prayer or any funeral
And the wind would whisper the elegies
Into their ears who breathed in it...

Silence would prevail throughout
And would soon become the nuisance
For the cadavers buried inside
They would start getting up in their graves
Death would've to endure life
Death would itself become life
The dead would then die again
And bury themselves again into life
And the mankind would keep on sprouting
From the remnants of the consumed flesh...

The blood would start gushing in the soil
Nurturing the birthed earth...
And soon the earth would come into life
Having mankind as its parasite
Like whom we call parasites now
Are our true ancestors...
And we ignore their existence like a forgotten realm
We'd soon understand when we'd also be shoed off...

9-04-2009

Usman Hanif

Where Am I?

I'm nowhere
In the whereabouts
Of the realms
That never exist
But that doesn't bring me anywhere
I'm still nowhere...

To stand upon,
That nowhere should have the floor
But the place to stand upon
Must be somewhere.
And I'm nowhere...

To be present in nowhere
I'd have to be no one
And I'm someone
And someone's always somewhere.
And I'm nowhere...

That nowhere is a place
'tis the adjacent town of neverhood
Where no-one lived ever
And I reside there
In the neverhood
Where nothing existed!
Which means,
Still I'm nowhere

So here I am
In the world of worldly folk
Where nothing lives to see,
The existence of anything;
Anything that's reality!
And I am the reality,
Living in the world
Which still leaves me nowhere
I'm still left nowhere...

09-01-2009

Usman Hanif

Why I'M Home

I lost my mind, I lost my home
I've no worries, any hope no more
I shut the door behind me
I try to forget that blow

Outside, the air is asleep
The road is crowded with loneliness
The stars scare my mind
I pass the barrier, forbidden by them

While I follow that road
The wolves couldn't suppress the howls
The night starts focusing on the snow
And the light stops falling
The wind continues to slumber

And in my mind
Something torments...
If they are worried, where am I? ? ?
Yes, they would be worried
I should better let them know...

I start the way back
The anger falls off my brow
The wolves try to whisper
Whisper, my suspicions to me
Bah! They only know the howling
And the howling wakes up the air
The air calls up the wind
The wind tries to say something...
At last, I reach the home in shadows

The door is closed, as it should be
Should I knock? They'd be waiting
Whose outside, they should know
Yes! Yes, they know!
And they ask me, why I'm home...

03-03-2008

You Don'T Even Exist...

Sharpen up your blunt canines
Summon up the lost souls
Call your gods to tackle me
'cause you have no existance

Lo! under the veil of lion-skin
there stands some beast
some beast of burden...
Serve your gods to tackle me
'cause you have no existance

Silence is the best answer
And you had some questions
You answered them quite well
Backstabbing is not the silence
Find your gods to tackle me
'cause you have no existance

You fear the wind; i'm the wind
You breathe in me, spit on me
But you couldn't catch me
And i've caught you red-handed
Kneel to your gods to tackle me
'cause you have no existance

My pride's my life, you attack it
You aint've pride, you're proud
Torment your gods to tackle me
'cause you have no existance

To me, you're zero existance
nor your gods bother me
You know the pain, you know it
To inflict pain, you need rebirth
Sing your elegy, write your wish
resurrect your dead soul
Resurrect your gods to tackle me
'cause you have no existance...

26-03-2006

Usman Hanif

You Owe Something To The Jester...

Though the jester is sad
his lips are curled downwards
and he paints on his face;
a smile;
a goofy smile...
that makes everyone smile!

The button nose he uses
not to hide his scars
but to add crisp
to add life
to the others' smile

He is responsible;
for the joys, for the smiles
but how could he manage this
when he has no acquaintance;
with the smiles that he bears...

See... he's sad!
He knows that everyone knows
that he is smiling...
and he knows that he's sad
and no one knows this:
everyone knows everything of nothing
the sarcasm hidden in the lips
is disguised under the fake smile

You know what would he do?
he would keep on refreshing
your smiles, on and on
and he would flush his misery
when you close your eyes
and you couldn't help laughing
and under the sounds of laughter
you would never hear his sobs
with eyes shut, outlined
with the tears of laughter

you would never see his tears

When he would fall
purposely on his brain
your laughing heart would never see
the pain on his face
of falling headlong
he's not a joker after all...

At the end of show
when he bows down
he'd break down weeping
he'd cry...
and you would think...
'how fortunate is that jester;
that he always keeps on smiling! '
you're just a part of the mob

A pat on his shoulder is enough
to summon him up to repeat the game
but you're busy in laughing out
and you release your sorrows on him...

You owe him happiness
and you keep on mocking at him!
laugh out at what is written for him
somehow watch yourself in the mirror
you could also be someone's jester
you could also be disguised for someone...
you're the jester
and you laugh out at yourself! ! !

23-09-2008

Usman Hanif

You'Re Scattered

When it keeps on boiling
In your head
The fire of fury
The peak of wrath
You wish to drink blood
To pierce your canines
In someone's neck
To cool the rage in you

When people make faces
On your face
Keep on teasing you
With grins...

You ought to respond
But your arms are numb
Your tongue is dry
And you're just pale

They look over you
And keep up their way
Of blocking your way
From some exhaust
For the words
To burst out...

And then among them
Someone wishes you
To be always HAPPY...
The anger ebbs away
Abruptly, like a thunder
You are cheered up...

You were angry
Now you're blithed...
Aint you fluctuating?
You're unpredictable...

12-03-2008

Usman Hanif

You'Re Still A Kid...

I know the ancient techniques of yours
you tried to use them on me
I know know the grinding teeth of yours;
You tried to use them on me?

Once i was also a biter
I used to chomp the legs off
And the teeth that are meant for eating;
You tried to use them on me?

Whenever they tried to catch you
I always sensed the danger
And the intensity of those strong senses;
You tried to use them on me?

Even when you confronted a rat
You used to scream in fear
And those earsplitting cries of yours;
You tried to use them on me?

I am not stunned at your 'NOBLE' deeds
You are acquainted with the devils
I would send you to them if;
You tried to use them on me...

Usman Hanif

You'Re The Bait...

New guilts, new anxieties
New pandoras, new trickeries
history seen, changed unseen
Play cat n mouse with me
You the cheese, me the mouse
Lets find the cat unseen
I eat you and play dead
We'd fool the cat unseen
But there's a problem,
The cat has caught us unseen...

02-04-2008

Usman Hanif