

Poetry Series

Wani Rahil
- poems -

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Wani Rahil(22/11/1996)

An unending passion for poetry.. Born on the majestic lands of Beautiful Kashmir. A poet by heart and soul. One, whose poetry was born between the hill and the river, it took its voice from the rain, and like the timber, it steeped itself in the forests..

An Oppressed Valley-I

An Antique state, dying in a modern war,
Kashmir is a blood laden valley.
Beyond one's writings, imaginations,
Those agonised tortures settle.
Like stars in the sky,
Uncountable, unimaginable, brutal.
Empty streets and military bunkers,
O tyrants! O tormenters! Quit our kashmir.
Behold! The jhelum flows red,
Through the village of 'kunanpushpora',
Through shopian, the land of asiya and neelofar,
And beneath the Gawkadal Bridge,
Where hundreds were massacred by surly black troops.
It flows red through nameless graveyards,
Where Mothers wail for their sons.
Oh! I cry for the 14 yr olds, for the infants,
How could the sullen, stone hearted trooper,
Pierce through their innocent bodies?
Remember, they're alive in silences around.
My land has a story of suppression,
With faces of murdered boys,
And those of grieving fathers.
My People breathe death and fear,
Only graveyard breezes blow in our land.
Murder tours every moment, everywhere,
Garbed in uniform of indian army.
Here the beauty of springs, summers and whity winters,
Pass unnoticed, through painful, indigent, teary eyes.
This Land of Noor-ud-din Rishi,
That of our beloved, Shah-e-Hamdan,
Screams hard and reveals,
There isn't any paradise on earth,
It's not here! It's not here! It's not here! .

Wani Rahil

Antiquity

Our augurs, those long talks,
Virtual nuptials and amorous walks.
Epochs in each others arms we spent,
Those brawls, later we would repent.
Remember the whole day we made love,
For entirety, one cries now.
These indigent tears, none cares about,
On your love leeman, i had no doubt.
Prior or prospect, i ain't cherish,
Present is our's, let everyone perish.
Ugly silence spreads us all,
Eternity must be here, we'll fall.
Sitting by your side, i can smell you,
You breathe so heavy, i can feel you.
There is something which stops thee,
From coming atleast a tad close to me.
Why, Why does it feel so hard?
The reality of your discard.
Crying my face off again,
I wish i never had this pain..

Wani Rahil

Broken Butterfly

Unfurling it's willowy wings,
Little angel on my vale emerges.
Soaring above all,
With wind's blustery breathe.

The wings, caressing the sun,
Like a coloured hue, humming in sunshine.
A floret, beautiful and imperial,
Fluttering and hovering high.
Winging round the rose.

A butterfly, sweet and adorable,
Lives just a little.
Behold, the wings break down,
The Bumblebee scatters apart.

Alas! She counts not months,
But moments, has time enough,
There the wings were mounting high,
And there they plunge apart.

Nothing prevails for long,
And a broken butterfly ofcourse,
Does never flutter again.

Wani Rahil

Distressed

Take me close to those monuments,
Ones where me memories rest.
In a sleep, so sweet, so deep.
Tell them, i'm here,
Those times, take me closer.
For i want to feel those winds,
And that hand of allay.
Listen, my memories sing a melancholy strain,
Had there been some pain? Ever?
Or are these the happier moments,
That with my leeman, my other half,
I spent in the spring, like a dwarf.
Ah! Here i wake up to the reality,
In the midst of barren lands.
The ugly waves & these everlasting sands.
I need some weed, a tinge of it,
I neee to smolder its every bit.
Give me some wine, or else i would die,
You listen to it & take a sigh.
Look at this man, what a crap,
A sadiste, one above all.

Wani Rahil

I'M Leaving

Silence all around,
With stress i m bound
My heart is aching a lot,
And with time, i m falling apart
This 'TIME', its running very fast,
For just a little, i may last
Your memories are embedded into me,
Oh! Thee! I think its time to flee
If i perish, if i am no more,
You shall feel me on a Sea Shore
Don't be sad, don't make a sigh,
I need a promise, mah sweetheart will not cry
In heaven we shall meet my love,
Its oll over, i must LEAVE NOW..

Wani Rahil

Introversion

Forlorn he stands, As if musing,
In the lap of solitude.
I could notice him percieve,
Oh, He must be an artist my love.
He observes, penchant and hushed,
Grasping the cosmos together.
Behold, he enthralled the nature,
Oh, he must be a lover then.
He hardly natters, but his writings do,
Ah, he has an innate world too.
If ever, one has a sneek-peek,
Its a soft heart in a cruel world.
A soul of a loner.
He may be tranquil and serene,
But he has a terrene inside.
He is an Introvert.

Wani Rahil

Melancholy

Filling my paper with
breathings of your
heart,
With the Melancholy
Strain that drips drop
by drop.
Like blood does it flow
& chase your way.
Let these heart beats
beat on drums of pain,
this tranquility goes to
vain & thee be happy
again...

Wani Rahil

Never Far From You

I will never be far from You My Love,
Be never far from Me
No matter the changes life may bring,
Together We will be
If there comes a day,
That you shall wake and find my body part, Just know my love,
We are sealed Together in Spirit and in Heart..

Wani Rahil

Smolder

Sucking black, sweet Tar,
Crooning a Lullaby,
I wonder where to go..

Wani Rahil

Snowflakes

Staring at the naked chest of Earth,
Been clothed by the white Snowflakes.
Tad by Tad with heaps of serenity,
Silent, Soft and Slow,
Descends the snow.
Over the woodlands,
Brown and Bare,
Over the grasslands,
Tumbles with care.
Covering the green tops, under the
eternal beauty of calmness.
With every passing moment,
The Blizzars increase,
Like magic wand, twisting the charm of these dreams.
As the grief and agony fades,
Leaving us with memorials of smile,
and ofcourse, 'SNOWFLAKES'..

Wani Rahil

The Hypnotic

The colossal eyes of her,
Had whole of cosmos vested in them.
Staring at her, i felt blessed,
She talked and i felt the sunshine singing.
Her presence siezed the universe.
Gazing at her, nothing else looked active,
She is a stature, that of magnificience,
Even those clumps of pearls would feel ashamed.
Her smile being a supernova,
Outshining the whole galaxy.
Behold, she won't be mine,
I feel futile, deep inside.
I may smile, rather endlessly,
With My heart hushed and Life Bleak.

Wani Rahil

The Laughing Mask

He tailored it for laughing,
Behind all laughs were indigent tears.
Rolling down his cheeks in annihilation.
He concealed his emotions behind a fib,
Feeling futile, deep inside.
That soul was fading, a slow death,
Now that he couldn't grasp on any further.
Something looked mislaid, life was bleak,
Still, no one knew what he had planned.
He pretended, as if he was impeccably fine,
Every minuscule went by as a blur.
Craving to know, Was it his lapse?
He loved her profoundly, but nobody knew.
Every Soul realised, but it was done,
They found him hemmed in his own Blood..

Wani Rahil

The Mosque

Aloft in the air, stirring the mighty sky,
The turrets of the minaret.
The dome so lovely, so colossal,
Whole of cosmos vested in it.
Gawking at the stunning stature,
Nothing else do look active.
Who utters its man-made?
It has absorb'd me.
Verdant magnificence with a falcate moon,
More attractive than a clump of pearls.
Look, there it rests, the Domicile of God,
Divine destiny of us all..

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