

Poetry Series

P A NOUSHAD
- poems -

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P A NOUSHAD(4 may 1971)

P A NOUSHAD [NOUSHAD PARAYULLATHIL ANIYAPRAVAN], ENGLISH POET, INDIAN AUTHOR, INDIAN ATHLETE, ORATOR, THINKER, TRANSLATOR, TEACHER, MARTIAL ARTIST and FARMER, was born at PATHIRIPPATTA [KANDOTHKUNI], Kerala, INDIA on 4th May 1971 as the eldest son out of the four children of his parents, Kunhammad Parayullathil House and Asiya Puthiya Veetil House. American literary site has published P A Noushad's quotes at the top hundred world famous personalities between Oscar Wilde and Pablo Neruda. P A Noushad is known as the TEACHER OF THE WORLD by the media due to the presence of his students all over the world. He is considered one of the most loved and respected teachers by the students. P A Noushad is the winner of the BEST TEACHER AWARD from the Government of Kerala, India in is the winner of THE NATION BUILDER AWARD from the ROTARY CLUB INTERNATIONAL in is also known as SHOMSI in Europe, Australia, Africa and American Continents. He won the recognition from the Queen Elizabeth, Buckingham Palace England in 2010 and the British Deputy High Commissioner Mike Nithavrianakis honored him at Vatakara. From a local literary profile he rose to global fame by the beginning of twenty first century owing to his presence in the English literary world, presence in the international poetry festivals and the recognitions. American literary site has published P A Noushad's poem Love and Love' ranks 25th from the top as the most beautiful love poems ever written in the world. Articles on the friendship between Louise Gluck and P A Noushad and their poetry were published in different dailies during the Nobel Prize in literature declaration in English speeches on YouTube on different topics for the students of the University of Oxford, the University of Cambridge, the University of California, Harvard University, Stanford University, Columbia University, Massachusetts Institute of Technology etc are widely acclaimed across the won the Award for his contributions in the fields of literature and teaching, from the Minister for Education of Kerala State Government, India-M A BABY in won the Recognition and The Award Of Honor from the Minister for transport of Kerala State Government, India-A K Saseendran at St Antony's School in won the Best Teacher Award at New Indian Model School Al Garhoud, Dubai in 2016. He won the recognition and the award of honor from the former Union Minister O Rajagopal in Kozhikode, India in won the recognition and the award of honor from the former Union Minister Mullappally Ramachandran in India in is the winner of Indian Ruminations Award for English literature at Gandhibhavan Thiruvananthapuram in is the winner of the GREAT ACHIEVEMENT AWARD for his contributions in the fields of athletics, literature and teaching, during the National Day of UAE in won the recognition and the award of honor from the former State Education Minister E T Mohammed Basheer in Kozhikode, India in won the

recognition and the award of honor from the former Minister for Industries and Information Technology P K KUNHALIKUTTY in Kozhikode, India in bagged the Elena Best Laureate State Award for English Literature in Kozhikode, India in 2009. P A NOUSHAD participated in the World Masters Athletic Championship for the hundred meters and two hundred metres running race in Australia representing India in 2016 and did a notable performance among the professional international translates the outstanding regional language works into English. He translated the stories of Akbar Kakkattil into English and the book 'The Selected Stories of Akbar Kakkattil' was published in Kerala. The students are reciting his poems and get higher grades in different competitions all over the writes the educational articles in different dailies and magazines across the world. He donates his blood to the patients in each three months interval. He is very good at the martial art Kalarippayattu and Karate. He has been an active social worker during the natural disasters for many years. He is working for the environmental protection, planting trees and aware the students about is very active in humanitarian works for the betterment of the poor and suppressed can visit him at BBC NEWS, ESPN, HBO, Al Jazeera TV Channel, CNN TV Channel, Manorama News TV Channel, MediaOne News TV Channel, Mathrubhumi News TV, Kannur Vision TV Channel, Janam TV, Jaihind TV, HARVARD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, OXFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY, NEW YORK TIMES NEWSPAPER, THE SUN NEWSPAPER, THE SYDNEY MORNING HERALD, GULF TIMES: Best teacher award recipient gets honoured in Doha, P A NOUSHAD YouTube; The Hindu: Poems are his passion; Verses that transcend boundaries and touch souls; The Times of India: Murder politics opens up new oeuvre in fiction here; The New Indian Express: Buckingham Palace springs a surprise on Noushad; Of Khalil Gibran's mysticism and the truth of existence; Deccan Chronicle: Kakkattil gets his due, posthumously; P A Noushad to pen pride in World Athletics; .He writes in English works: LUMINOUS THOUGHTS-translation, TOUCH OF THE SOUL- poetry collection published by Olive Publications, BEING INTO INFINITY- poetry collection published by Monsoon Editions, DREAMS AND TEARS- poetry collection published by Root and Wings; LOVE AND LOVE- poetry collection published by Monsoon Editions, SELECTED STORIES OF AKBAR KAKKATTIL-translation- published by Luminous Publications. His works have been translated into different languages. I Kannur Vision TV channel, Kerala, India telecasts P A Noushad's EASY ENGLISH Programme in every week. His wife: RAHEEMA NOUSHAD. Children: AJSEL P A and AFEEF P A. His brothers: NASAR P A, NAJEEM P A and NAVAS P A. His grand fathers: KUTTYALI KALLANKOT HOUSE, KUNHAMMAD PUTHIYA VEETTIL HOUSE. His grand mothers: MARIYAM KALAYAMKULATH HOUSE, KUNHAYISHA PUTHIYA VEETTIL r in law: SAFIYA NAVAS and SFANA NAJEEM. Nephew: ANFAS P A and NEHYAN P : RIFA P A. Address: ad,

parayullathil-house, Kandothkuni, pathirippatta-po, kakkattil-via,673507-pin;
kerala, india; His contact phone number is +91 9745586855, email-
panoushad78@
a href='

A Good Friend

My friend
I write his name here
on the rainbow
with a soft music of the breeze,
like a stream which flows in my heart
as it flows thousands and thousands of years ago,
a blazing drop of rain hangs on the leaf of a guava tree
reflectng the star in the sky
tells us the beauty of life
on the fragrance of a good mind of a good friend
reveals here the meaning of life,
the ways beyond the boundaries
the sweats and toil
a helping hand for many,
a fountain of affection
with a prayer in the heart,
that illumine the righteous,
of being in harmony with the infinite
as a friendship of innocence,
leads to the success ever.

lik

P A NOUSHAD

Abyss

When our calculations
go awry,
when our ambitions
crumble,
our life's depth reveals again,
we have miles to go to turn up
the basin of its depth!

P A NOUSHAD

Albert Einstein

E equals to MC squared,
the universe
and the mystery of life
blooms into petals,
energy and matter,
two faces of the same thing,
the meaning of life...

P A NOUSHAD

Algeria

When I travel in your land
beauty of your wings
I can see on: Algiers, Santa Cruz Castle,
M'zab, Atlas Mountains... beckon me dear,
literary petals bloom in the bosoms
from the fingers; Kateb Yacine, Frantz Fanon, Assia Djebar,
Ahlam Mosteghanemi...
enchancing pictures draw on the dew
and take into the bottom of the hearts
when the football flies around
thrilling moments with claps and laughs:
Redouane Cherifi, Rais M'Bolhi, Ryad Keniche, Islam Slimani,
Mohammed Benkhemass, El Arabi Soudani, Abdelkader Meziane-Bentahar,
Ishak Belfodil, Oussama Darfalou, Nabil Ghilas, Mohamed Benkabila,
Sofiane Feghouli, Ahmed Cheheima, Yacine Brahimi, Abdelhakim Bezzaz,
Nabil Bentaleb, Mohamed Lamine Omrani, Riyad Mahrez, Youcef Khelifi,
Carl Medjani...
invite me, beckon me
visit you again,
could I visit you dear
before last breath
my bosom asks me again, dear.

P A NOUSHAD

Argentina

Estanislao del campo,
Eugenio cambacers...
literature spreads its wings,
checks and balances
to control,
Buenos Aires and Spanish...,
inspiring football,
I know you well
and keep you in my heart,
ever, forever, dear.

P A NOUSHAD

Arundhati Roy

Your thoughtful gift
'the God of small things'
spreads its wings
in the hearts of many
still,
we swim in that ocean
and comprehend
the greatness of the small things,
the wonderful creations...

P A NOUSHAD

Asiad

Trilling moments...
enchanted performances...
feast for the mind...
dazzling times touch my heart,
equanimity and equality
clad in healthy competitions
pulsing in the air ever
drops of talents
draw the splendor
in the grounds
sweats turn into gold medals
with smiles.

P A NOUSHAD

Astuteness

When the heavenly bodies keep their route,
when honey is collected by the bees,
when a lion conquers a deer,
when skin begins to wrinkle,
when senses fail one by one,
when Pluto misses its status,
when we lose our dear ones
when a bud falls down before bloom,
when soil covers the body,
when tears fall on the grave,
when frustration burns our heart,
when snow begins to melt,
I feel that
every cloud has a silver lining,
if I am not in cloud-
I am in the cuckoo land.

P A NOUSHAD

Australia

Perth, capital of Western Australia,
here, I sit,
beside the Swan River
I lie,
the river meets the South West coast, I see,
its suburbs lie along sandy beaches, I behold,
with the dancing steps of waves
my mind draws the pictures of life
dreams, calculations, sweats and tears,
the riverside Kings Park and Botanic Garden
offer sweeping views for me
to touch the bosom of my life I feel,
Australia...encircled by oceans...
Indian and Pacific...
as a country and as a continent
your name reverberates and hugs eternity
in the firmament, I feel,
Sydney Opera House, Great Barrier Reef, Kangaroos...
pulsates in you, I realize,
my sweats may fall down and scatter
in the ground in Perth
for the two hundred meters running race
of Masters Athletic meet,
the melody of my soul begins
the symphony gently gathers pace
with the people who gather here...
Africa, America, Asia, Europe...
I move to a rhythm
with no more walls
transcend the boundaries
and touch the universal soul,
the endless memories crawl into my heart
with you dear.

P A NOUSHAD

Australia...Australia

On
the riverside Kings Park,
here, I enjoy
the sweeping views of Australia,
the Botanic Garden nearby
offers me a willowy breeze,
near, the gurgling water
as an enchanting spot
is in my heart,
the blue roaming water is flecked,
the horizon with white foam I see
through the sand beds,
the waves shine in moonlit darkness
beyond the gleam of the beach
and the Great Barrier Reef,
my mind moves slowly
between the sea and the sky,
the Kangaroos run around I feel,
the Vast Outback I behold nearby,
the Sydney Opera House
tempts me to rise
makes me realize insignificance of self
and the significance of the gifts
of humans in the world...
Indian and Pacific Oceans
dance around you, I enjoy,
here, I rest on your lap
with an endearing touch of artistic bliss, I experience,
I go slipping out of the world
of racial, linguistic, national... boundaries,
to be free as a white dove
flying over and over...
Canberra beckons me...
Sydney, Brisbane, Melbourne, Adelaide...
my mind eschews the days...
aroma of flower petals
blooms in my heart
with you dear,
blossoming flowers and birds

come to me to enjoy
the beauty of life here,
Perth, here I run dears
for the two hundred meters running race
in the World Masters Athletic Meet,
the days of my practice and sweats
here I present as my gift
for you dear ever,
I intuit you
in the charm of the world
to the light of eternal unity and love.

P A NOUSHAD

Bbc

Still I remember October 18,
dear John Reith...

I here enjoy
your service
the world opens as petals
breaking news,
history witnesses your role,
unique it is
as broadcaster.

P A NOUSHAD

Being

Under the curved blue
water flows forever,
cold current
hot current
fresh water into salty water
salty water into more salty water
going up as vapour
coming down as rain
all in the ocean
appearing and disappearing
forming and merging
again and again
ever.

P A NOUSHAD

Belch

Tasty food,
we enjoy much
but only its taste, .
have we more duties
to make it fit for our body?
can we know its further journey?
a long long journey,
reddish, purposeful
into different limbs
to keep our health,
even the belch goes out
without our consent
then how can we claim
supremacy over life? !

P A NOUSHAD

Belgium

Flemish renaissance architecture,
French, Dutch, German,
Euro,
Flemish, Walloon, Brussels...
when I close my eyes
Belgium you bloom in my heart,
Yser river dancing in my soul.

P A NOUSHAD

Books

The literary petals bloom
in the rainbow
touch the firmament with you
as a feast for our souls
across the world,
here, we enjoy
the treasure of knowledge, imagination, ...

P A NOUSHAD

Brazil

Flower petals sway in the breeze
with the fragrance of eternity
bloom in the hearts
dwell in the soul with you dears:
Machado de Assis, Marcio Souza, Lima Barreto,
Rachel de Queiroz, Socorro Asioli, Hilda Hilst,
Clarice Lispector, Ana Maria Machado...
the memories of Brasilia with Rio de Janeiro,
Salvador, Manaus...palpitating around I feel,
exciting names beat in the air
with you dear:
Alisson, Erik Lima, Vinicius Araujo, Vitinho,
Jean Carlos, Malcom, Gabriel Jesus, Judivan,
Marcos Guilherme, David Luiz, Daniel Alves,
Thiago Silva, Roberto Firmino, Willian, Robinho...
the pictures appear on the ground
with swelling echoes of claps and national songs,
my heart thirsts dear
to visit you again
before my last breath
on the earth.

P A NOUSHAD

Brook

Three streams that set out
before history
the stream of love
the stream of dreams
and the stream of tears
epics were born on their banks
they will flow wanderlust
till the last breath
of the last living.

P A NOUSHAD

Burkina Faso

Like waves Mossi music touch me again,
beauty spreads I feel
when I reach at Lake Tengrela,
Ouagadougou, Banfora, Boromo...
open their wings in my heart
when I close my eyes,
could I visit you again
before my last breath
my heart asks me.

P A NOUSHAD

Chess

Kasparov, Alekhine, Capablanca...
inspiring names in my heart,
years back, battle field, I feel
when I play you...
strategy and tactics...
FIDE...
as a popular game
you shine in the world still dear.

P A NOUSHAD

Childlike

Keep a childlike mind
ever ever,
play with small children
when you get chance,
it will keep you dear?
ever healthy
ever virtuous,
it will keep you far away
from the evils... away, away.

P A NOUSHAD

Childlike Ever

Keep a childlike mind
ever ever,
play with small children
when you get chance,
it will keep you dear?
ever healthy ever
ever virtuous ever,
it will keep you far away
from the evils... away, away, away.

P A NOUSHAD

Chile

Literary petals bloom
fragrance spreads
stars sway in the breeze, I feel,
Pablo Neruda, Gabriel Mistral...
pulsing your names
in the galaxies,
San Cristobal Hill, Punta Arenas, La Moneda Palace...
beckon me dear,
thrilling names of you
palpitating in my soul
as: Alexis Sanchez, Eduardo Vargas, Matias Fernandez,
Arturo Vidal, Gary Medal, Jean Beasusejour...
exciting moments, ever enchanting memories...
my heart thirsts to visit you again dear
before my last breath.

P A NOUSHAD

Concacaf Gold Cup

Feast for the eyes
ever enchanting pictures
around the football
rotating and revolving
till gets the ball in the net
oozes through the goalkeeper
amazing moments
to keep in our bosoms
US, Mexico, Canada, Panama, Cuba,
Trinidad and Tobago, El Salvador...
sweats and sweets
golden cup and laughs
golden letters in the pages
thrilling pictures
we wait for you dear,
Lester Peltier, Kenwyne Jones, Ariel Martinez,
Yenier Marquez, Blas Perez, Luis Tejada, Jaime Alas,
Rafael Burgos, Atiba Hutchinson, Iain Hume, Javier Hernandez,
Oribe Peralta, Giovani dos Santos, Andres Guardado,
Chris Wondolowski, Michael Bradley, Jozy Altidore,
Clint Dempsey, Omar Salgado, Mario Rodriguez, Jordan Morris,
Alfred Korama Shams, Jerome Kiesewetter, Alonso Hernandez
Joe Gallardo, Julian Green, Christian Pulisic, Haji Wright,
Jack McBean, Danny Garcia, Daniel Cuevas, Jordan Allen,
Maki Tall, Tommy Thompson, Bradford Jamieson, Rubio Rubin,
Eduardo Daniel Aguirre Lara, Ulises Torres Mendez,
Claudio Zamudio Godinez...
picturesque in the ground you are
draw with your moments
and I cannot rub from my mind, dears,
sing my heart with you...

P A NOUSHAD

Covid-19

Rivers flow unpolluted
into our hearts,
we are locked down,
where are our friends?
where are our neighbours?
where are our relatives?
they travel to the world of distancing,
mask wearing figures roaming around,
quarantines, sanitise...
no guests at homes
no visitors in the offices,
now all is quiet,
where are the boasting parties?
where are the greedy eyes?
cities are dead
roads are vacant
hotels are empty
schools are closed
hospitals are filled
graveyards are jam-packed,
we begin to listen
the songs of birds
we begin to enjoy
the beauty of butterflies,
we have the time,
we begin to breath
the pure air with ease
we begin to learn
the new lessons of life,
teaching from the unseen
the micro size of unseen,
we can fight well
but never we will win
until we change
we change ourselves,
Rivers flow unpolluted
into our hearts.

Death...

The day, somebody close my eyes
without my permission,
the day, somebody enter my room
without my permission,
the day, somebody remove my pillow
without my permission,
the day, somebody wash my body
without my permission,
the day, my passport
and qualification certificates get invalid,
and take me to the pit deep
without my permission,
the day, the dust covers me
and the insects keep me as their food,
the day, my photo gives a special mood
for the relatives and friends,
the day will come sure,
my mind whispers again,
before that
I will have to perform my duties
for the society
for you alone
for you alone
my bosom pulsates
and time flies.

P A NOUSHAD

Depth

He, my little son
walking slowly to me
taking
my hand
asked
why the birds are not laughing
just before that he inquired
why his mother was not returning home,
I realized my ignorance marked up in the sky
and his questions the depth of the ocean.

P A NOUSHAD

Easter, Eid, Yamim Tovim, Vesak, Pongal, Vaisakhi

Here, celebrate,
the life on the earth
as a flash I feel,
convey the greeting
embrace each other,
very short our life is, I feel,
should I get a share of you
singing flying here and there,
for my life on earth
a fleeting glimpse I feel.

P A NOUSHAD

Easy to convey

Easy to convey
in between,
thoughts, feelings, emotions...
your traces on the earth
reveal the progress,
paving the way of truth...

P A NOUSHAD

Egypt

Blossoming petals of beauty
sway around with me dear:

Cairo, Giza Necropolis, Egyptian Museum, Egyptian Pyramids...

pulsing rhythmically still

and flapping memories

dancing around with you,

soft wings of charm

depicts in the ground

with thrilling steps

sing for the world:

Mohamed Salah, Amr Al-Sulaya, Basem Morsi, Mostafa Afroto,

Ahmed Hassan Mekky, Ahmed Shourky, Mohamed El-Nenny, Ahmed Shroyda,

Ramy Rabia, Kahraba, Ahmed Fathy, Omar Bassam, Mohamed El-Gabbas,

Ahmed Samir, Ahmed El-Shenawy, Mahmoud Hassan, Ibrahim Salah,

Saleh Gomaa, Marwan Mohsen, Ahmed Elmohamady, Ahmed Magdi,

Mohamed Helal, Omar Gaber, Karim Hafez, Mohamed Aboutrika,

Abdallah Gomaa, Yasyn Khamid, Adel Eid, Mohamed Elneny,

Abdallah Yaisien, Adam Mansour, Ahmed Hegazy, Shikabala,

Osama Elsamni...

palpitating in the universe, I feel,

literary flowers:

Naguib Mahfouz, Tawfiq al-Hakim, Taha Hussein, Ahdaf Soueif,

Nawara Negm, Mansoura Ez-Eldin...

recite with the song of the birds

and brooks,

tramping of your signs

pulsing in time

dazzling in the pages

for generations to come.

P A NOUSHAD

Elan

Your life is like the stars
floating in the milky way,
when they hide under the clouds
and the rain drops fall down
you never think
the stars will come again.

P A NOUSHAD

England

You, as isle of sceptre
lap of inventions
amazed the history,
but dear
never neglect
the tears
when they trickle down
from the down trodden,
never never dear.

P A NOUSHAD

Enigma

When a mother pats her child,
when a joey is lulled in the pouch,
when an infant cries for the breast,
when young crows are fed,
when ants ferry with grains,
when the moon sinks into the blue,
when rain drops hang on the leaves,
when night lulls us to sleep,
when a comet flies into the unknown,
when a glow worm guides a maiden,
when cricket makes merry in the dark,
when an old man seeks from the sky,
when my nerves pulse in a rhythm,
I am touching my heart with my palm
to make out the mystery of its beats.

P A NOUSHAD

Enormity

They wound my legs
and ask:
why are you lagging behind?
They keep me in old chains
that wound my body
and say,
this is the fate.

My mind, snail-like, creeps into a crime's crack.
how can they then incarcerate me!
Amazing!
Always.

P A NOUSHAD

Epoch

When I was standing with Ma
near the yard of my house
you were flying here and there
kissing the flowers to quench the thirst,
the colorful delicate wings
drawing pictures in the sky,
I was watching and enjoying,
the dancing steps of your wings
I was flying around then
over the vales, pools and gardens
slowly I was merging in you
as part of the lovely nature,
another day
when I was playing
my marvelous sand house
destroyed by the people
who sat in silence
in the yard of my house
a long box they carried
my mother was inside
in sound sleep?
covered with a white cloth
this might be a play of elders I thought
I walked and sat in a corner of the yard
to rebuild my marvelous sand house
expecting my mother would come back
to play with me and give me milk
birds were flying to their nests
sun was sinking in the west
black blanket covered the trees
but mother didn't come back
father was in the room sitting gloomy
I didn't get any reply from him
besides the trickling tears
I was waiting and waiting then
till the eyelids were down with weight
then I saw
my mother smiling
in between the stars

waiting for me
to give me a warm kiss
on my cheek on my cheek,
flower petals effaced her footprint
with a thinning out fragrance that covered it,
rain's whine rhymed
and the loss tipped over to deep,
days passed
the wind and storm were unable
the rain and waves not strong enough
to uncover it,
amazed the stars
could have they come down
to uncover the footprint?
no, never
the weeping eyes began to forget it for the new
the setting sun offered a glimmer,
an unseen chain
the mind writes on the rainbow:
the footprint, the stars and time.
Birds, flowers, butterflies
life on the earth
grass, galaxies, time and infinity
my mind recollects all these
dreams
an innocent smile on the face of a child
tears of a neglected child
a rose lying near the tomb in silence
with scattered tears on the petals
sleep death darkness
the stream of love
the stream of dreams
and the stream of tears
epics were born on their banks
they will flow wanderlust
till the last breath of the last living.

P A NOUSHAD

Ethiopia

Song of Omo river
still in my ears,
beauty of the Omo valley
fires my imagination
pentatonic thrills me dear,
your ancient city
with obelisks, tombs, castles...
Addis Ababa, Gondar, Bahir Dar...
beckon me dear
visit you again
before my wings tired.

P A NOUSHAD

Facebook

We
share
ourselves
the beauty of life
and tears,
smile
and weeping,
picturesque
you are,
enchancing your presentation,
how easily you make
your traces
on the earth.

P A NOUSHAD

Father To Son

My dear son,
your birth, your existence:
the joy I cannot tell in words!
Dear son I dream about your future -
a great comfort and consolation.

My son, let me insist that
you will only tell truths in your life.
But remember
you can tell the truth
only when you perceive that
many in the society are liars,
and that they are made up of their lies,
their self-made cocoons of lies,
or my dear son you could be exploited
and crushed.

Dear son, Iet my death never get you tired,
go ahead righteously
be the shoulder for family
and comfort for society.

P A NOUSHAD

Father To Son.....

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your birth, your existence:
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or my dear son you could be exploited
and crushed.

Dear son, let my death never get you tired,
go ahead righteously,
be the shoulder for family
and comfort for society.
Dear son, your mother might feel
more alone after I am gone,
read her heart and hold her close.

My son, when our money, fame and power
are wasted,
many among our friends leave us in lurch,
don't be disappointed,
that is the way of the world.

Dear son, God exists not with those who shout
and are boastful of their piety,
but with those who wither in silent services,
not expecting the recognitions from the society.

Dear son, do not be afraid of the vast evil force fields,
remember that the ultimate victory is of the truth always.

Dear, you have to follow the current of your conscience,
not the stream of the society.

Dear son, feel the spirit of the universe in you
when the breeze pats you,
when the flower smiles at you,
when the river lulls you to sleep,
when the bird wakes you up...

Dear, you recognize that every day you learn new texts
and that experience is the greatest teacher
in the world.

Show, my son, to the world
that the most expensive treasure is the time
and how best to use it.

My son, embrace the firmament,
recognize the immortality of the soul
and remember that
the truth cannot survive in luxury
and that you should walk
on the earth
with the onus of humility.

Dear son, I dream that
only success and happiness visit you,
but my darling, you may have to face
failure and bitterness too,
be calm and steady to face
both sides of the life.

Dear my son, find happiness in the values
that I have drawn through my life.

Dear son, I kiss on your forehead
and our souls embrace each other,
I don't know dear,
if after my death,
in this unending universe
whether we would meet again or not,

somewhere? sometime?
would we then remember
you are my son and I your father?
Our life on earth
our
little
little
little
dreams.

P A NOUSHAD

Fiba Basketball World Cup

Michael Jordan, Magic Johnson, Kobe Bryant,
LeBron James...

inspiring names in the world,

thrilling moments

dazzling movements

the play flies around

on the wings of talents

touch the bosom of you.

P A NOUSHAD

Fifa World Cup, Fifa Confederations Cup, Copa America, Uefa Euro, Afcon, Afc Asian Cup

Firmament, stars...

Fifa World Cup, Fifa Confederations Cup, Copa America, UEFA Euro, AFCON, AFC Asian Cup,

AC Milan, Liver Pool, Manchester United, Maccabi Tel Aviv F C, Diego Maradona, Pele, Lionel Messi, Neymar, Clint Dempsey, Germany, Argentina, Brazil, Holland...

the names inspire me dears

again and again,

Belgium, Portugal, Spain, France,

Johann Cruyff, Zico, Runi, Avi Nimni, Thomas Muller, James Rodriguez, Zinedine Zidane, Franz Beckenbauer, Ronaldo, Miroslav Klose...

Arsenal, Barcelona, Chelsea, Real Madrid...

the names inspire me dears

again and again, here, I feel,

thrilling moments still I keep in my heart,

scissor cut, overlapping attack, corner cick,

direct indirect free cicks,

penalty shoot-out, sudden death,

dazzling moments, world witness,

how beautiful the scenes you depict

when I close my eyes

still you are here,

still you are here, I feel.

P A NOUSHAD

Fina World Aquatic Championships

Synchronized Swimming, Water Polo, Open Water Swimming...
diving...
thrilling...
enchanted...
water drops...
like dolphins
drawing pictures in the water.

P A NOUSHAD

Fivb Volleyball World Cup

Giba, Hugo Conte, Jimmy George, Josef Musil...
thrilling names in the mind,
smashing hit volleyball spikes, defense
enchanted moments keep ever in the heart,
days like waves take me in wings
petals of joy dancing around of me.

P A NOUSHAD

For One Of My Students

I listen here
the dark growing shadows
change into the petals of fragrance
and bloom,
dear, your thoughts and confidence
pave the avenues of hope,
touch the strain of affection
and nicely glide in tune
in education,
you exemplify in the world
I intuit
to wipe the tears
of your parents, teachers, friends and relatives,

P A NOUSHAD

France

Paris...

the University of Paris...

flapping memories around of me
dancing pulsing dwelling in my heart,
thrilling names palpitating in the air
when I hear:

Kurt Zouma, Marquinhos, Lucas Digne, Jordan Ayew,
Florian Thauvin, Lucas Ocampos...

literary petals spray their fragrance
unfold their wings in the rainbow
as Diderot, Moliere, La Rochefoucauld...

the beauty beckons me
with the sights of Eiffel Tower, the Cathedral of Amiens,
the Louvre, French Riviera, Opera Garnier...

still in my heart,

when I travel in the land of you
as bliss your beauty embraces me
and my mind thirsts
visit you again
before my wings tired.

P A NOUSHAD

Friends

Friends

beyond the boundaries
to widen the horizon of mind
beyond the narrow circles,
I feel you dear
as a comrade
in my solitude.

P A NOUSHAD

Gautama Buddha

As an enchanting tranquil dew
in the eyes of eternity
on the petals of spring
with the fragrance of lily in the breeze
dear Buddha, you dwell in my heart,
"work out your own salvation,
do not depend on others"
your words like balm
console me dear
in the barbs of pain,
clad in humility
made truth and love as your feet
you walk through time,
your name reverberates
in the firmament, I feel,
my soul throbs as a thirsty man
see you again
in this unending universe
anywhere dear,
566 BC twinkles in the pages
with the beauty of your name,
a full-moon day
under the Bodhi tree
enlightenment...
dear, now I hear
the universe sings
the song of love
with you
with my heart.

P A NOUSHAD

Gautama Buddha.....

When the mind is pure
joy follows like a shadow
that never leaves:
waves, birds and stars
sing your words like verses
the song embraces my soul I feel,
that song flows and flies in my heart,
your spiritual path with ethical training
your footsteps out of the palace
seeking higher and greater
and your enlightenment with luminous thoughts
under the Bodhi tree
paves the way toward tranquility,
the waves of life...
ocean flows through my heart
as it flows years ago
your words still in my deep
with the swelling echoes,
as an enchanting tranquil dew
in the eyes of eternity
on the petals of spring
with the fragrance of lotus
in the breeze,
dear Buddha, you dwell in my heart,
your words like a balm
console me dear
in the barbs of pain
clad in humility
made truth and love your feet
you walk through time,
eternal...
your name reverberates
in the firmament, I feel,
my soul throbs as a thirsty man
to see you again
in the unending universe
somewhere...
I feel
I touch

I hear the universe sings
the song of love
with you
with my heart
with my soul....ever...

P A NOUSHAD

Gautama Buddha.....You Dwell

As an enchanting tranquil dew
in the eyes of eternity
on the petals of spring
with the fragrance of lily
in the breeze,
dear Buddha you dwell in my mind:
"Avoid evil deeds as a man who loves
life avoids poison",
your words like balm
console me dear
in the barbs of pain
clad in humility,
made truth and love as your feet
you walk through time,
your name reverberates
in the firmament,
my brain, mind, heart and soul
throbs for you
in this unending universe
anywhere dear,
the history blazes its page
with your name,
here I sit under a tree
calm and quiet
I can see many in my society now
are liars
and that they are made up of their lies,
their self made cocoons of lies,
I am here is cruised and exploited,
how can an innocent man can live here
?
my mind whispers,
but still I hear
the song of love
the song of the universe
in my soul with your
calm and quiet face,
it reinforces me
to face the fickleness of life.

P A NOUSHAD

Germany

Protestant reformation
German confederation
the avenues...
bloomed in Europe,
the thoughts
Karl Marx, Friedrich Hegel,
Ludwig Wittgenstein,
pianissimo...
and still keep you
in my heart.

P A NOUSHAD

Gmail-Google

Mind, I can send
when I wish, to you, dear,
easy way
to keep you with me ever,
send the messages
reveal ourselves
without delaying
even one second,
Gmail-Google, we feel you
like a blazing drop of dew
on the petals of a shoe flower,
the eyes of expectations
across the world
consider you as...

P A NOUSHAD

Google

Here, I receive the knowledge
which inspire me
to climb up up and up
dear, your answers of my questions,
great I feel,
your traces on the earth
they may smile among the stars
I feel,
Larry Page, Sergey Brin, Stanford University...
I recollect dear.

P A NOUSHAD

Grazing

The cow

I untied to graze,
was led to the pasture,
where the grass grows greener.

then I pulled the harness
to lead it to another pasture
which was safer I thought,
then I tried to control it,
and lead to yet another pasture
for my comfort.

Meanwhile, the cow started running.

I tried my best to check
but in vain.

I was compelled to run after it,
all my power and energy not enough
to control it as I wished.

At last, my mind was inclined to go
where the cow was leading,

My inner soul whispered:
to tether the animal
is never possible here?

Seeing all these
the sun smiles
in the milky way,
under the curved blue,
water flows forever,
cold current, hot current,
fresh water into salty water,
salty water into more salty water,
goes up as vapor,
comes down as rain,
all in the ocean,
appears and disappears,
forms and merges,
again and again ever,

I can feel now
the tug of war between between darkness and light
is continuing,
trapped in twilight,

neither does win,
so each cry has a bias to laugh,
and each laugh touches tears,
the day dawns on me,
my life is the most beautiful poem,
a classic,
the one who brings life to perfection,
is the greatest poet
the rules of a poem are
the wings of love,
truth the editor,
birth bliss tears and death
make its verses thrilling
and it keeps me
on the edge of my seat.

P A NOUSHAD

Guam

Island...

your beauty I feel still...

island in Micronesia

sways in my heart

beckons me

visit you again,

Under Water World Guam, Cocos Island, Ritidan Point...

palpitating around I feel,

thrilling names of you:

Jason Cunliffe, Ryan Guy, Shawn Nicklaw, Travis Nicklaw,

Ian Mariano, John Matkin, Dylan Naputy...

exciting the world,

your beauty smiles to me

could I visit you again

before my last breath

on the earth.

P A NOUSHAD

Holland

The fighting spirit in the ground
draws the pictures of
ever enchanting thrilling moments
in the canvas of mind
through your performances dear:
Rashaan Fernandes, Nigel Robertha, Javairo Dilrosun,
Jay-Roy Grot, Donyell Malen, Bilal Ould-Chikh, Richairo Zivkovic...
memories encircle around with you dear,
beckon me again again...
Issa Kallon, Pelle van Amersfoort, Steven Bergwijn, Musa Yahaya,
Moses Simon, Taiwo Awoniyi, Chidera Eze, Isaac Success...
like a stream flows in my heart
whispers me not yield but fighting well
with a football
with dazzling wings
fly
each nook and corner
thirsting for a goal
for the great success ever ever...
Anwar El Ghazi, Vincent Janssen, Mohamed Rayhi, Brahim Darri...
Elvio van Overbeek, Robin van Persie, Jeremain Lens,
Klaas-Jan Huntelaar, Wesley Sneijder, Stefan de Vrij...
sweats fall down in the ground bloom into success
I feel dear,
my heart thirsts to visit you again...
Luciano Narsingh, Memphis Depay, Gorginio Wijnaldum,
Arjen Robben, Rafael van der Vaart, Dirk Kuyt...
pulsing in the air I feel
and blaze in golden letters I feel,
City Hall, Teylers Museum palpitating around I feel,
literary petals like firmament
invite me again to your land:
Marga Minco, J C Bloem, Kader Abdolah...
my inner soul thirsts again
to visit you dear
before my wings tired and merge in the dust.

P A NOUSHAD

I Am In Love With Stars

I am in love with stars
I am in love with breeze
I am in love with trees
I am in love with children...
but I can't love the boasting faces
I can't love the greedy eyes...
so, I turn my mind to trees
I turn my mind to children
they console me eternally
my mind embraces the eternal
I dance in the hearts of stars
so do the stars in mine.

P A NOUSHAD

I Touch You

When my mind ceases its roaming
I get my destination,
I can touch you then,
I can feel you then,
You are in my heart'
You are in my soul,
You are with me,
I am not alone
in this unending universe,
even I am here in the midst
all the chaos around me...

P A NOUSHAD

Icc Cricket World Cup

India, New Zealand, South Africa, Australia...
James Faulkner, Corey Anderson, Jason Holder, Kane Williamson,
Ahmed Shehzad, Quinton de Kock, James Pattinson,
Mohammed Shami, Joe Root, Ben Stokes...
the names thrill me again and again dear
Bowling and fielding,
amazing, astonishing,
the enjoyment, recreation...
here I feel you dear,
Sachin Tendulkar, Rocky Ponting,
Rahul Dravid, Brian Lara...
Pakistan, Zimbabwe, England, Bangladesh,
West Indies, Sri Lanka...
your traces on the earth:
June, England,1975...
dear I recollect again,
openers, innings, catches,
cover-drive, straight drive, leg glance,
pull shot, cut shot, hook shot...
thrilling pictures fly around of me
when I sit in the solitude,
a sweet breeze now touches
the brain, heart, mind and soul.

P A NOUSHAD

If

If you can touch you,
sure,
you can touch the universe,
because,
you are
the part of it,
ever.

P A NOUSHAD

Insight

I can make out now
the reason
for the comets running fast,
the bliss of a mother,
journey of a glow worm,
silence of trees,
depth of the blue
and the sad tone
in the happiest song of man.

P A NOUSHAD

Internet

Amazing steps
of human race
to the knowledge explosion,
conveniences in life,
it makes our world
shrinking
shrinking
again and again
into a very small room
but effacing the boundaries
of the nations
to the universal brotherhood.

P A NOUSHAD

Ireland

The Irish sea
St. George's channel,
British Isles,
when I travel in the land of you,
as a bliss, your beauty embraces me,
Blarney Stone, Connemara...
still in my heart,
my mind thirsts
to visit you again
before my last breath.

P A NOUSHAD

Issf World Shooting Championships

Three hundred metre rifle, fifty pistol...

concentration...

aim...

target...

mind and its role,

world amazingly witness

as a banquet for the eyes...

thrilling and breath catching...

P A NOUSHAD

Italy

Italian,
Rome,
Home to the Vatican,
Florence Cathedral, Grand Canal...
when I travel in the land of you
as bliss, your beauty embraces me,
Naples, Milan...
still in my heart,
my mind thirsts
visit you again
before my wings tired, dear.

P A NOUSHAD

Jesus

Jesus,
come back, come back, come back,
I thirst for you
I wait for you,
the love as an ocean
flows from you, I feel,
as the moon dappled stream flows
reflecting its beauty ever,
wings of service, compassion,
truth, love, fighting against injustice...
merge into one,
you were calm, tranquil
even when you face the inquisition
humiliation and intimidation,
when? from where?
that I don't know sure
I have got a soft spot for you
the depth your love,
a sweet breeze now touches
the brain, heart, mind and soul,
7-2 BC to 30-33 AD, Roman Empire,
Nazareth, Galilee, Mary...
some of your traces in history,
dear...
commission is the God here now
it makes someone to fame
society admires them
media supports them, I feel,
tears trickle down my cheek
and I thirst for you,
your presence,
dear...
nepotism and commission play their role
to decide who are the talents
to get the fame
real talents are neglected here
marginalized here, I feel,
my heart aches, aches for you,
your values,

compassion and love
could I expect them from your followers
I don't know dear
could have they comprehend me
I don't know dear
my mind whispers
and I feel the sublime joy in your memory,
undiminished it is I realize
being in harmony with the infinite, I feel,
Jesus,
come back, come back, come back,
I thirst for you,
I wait for you, dear, here.

P A NOUSHAD

John Keats

Love flows in my soul
as it flows fifty thousand years ago
and can hear its song
touching my bosom again and again,
string of meaningful verses
play on,
a blazing drop of rain
hangs in my dream
reflecting its beauty ever,
pianissimo play on I feel,
Moorgate, Rome...with luminance
keeps its status in the pages,
your verses:
"A thing of beauty is a joy forever.
Its loveliness increases,
it will never pass into nothingness..."
touch my heart again.

P A NOUSHAD

K V Rabiya

The lyre of happiness
as swimming in the pond
in the childhood days
haunts Rabiya again.
Being unable to stand on the legs
she was not ready
to weep over her fate
but wiping tears of the poor.
the sun goes down
the orange colour water,
blazing
the unwavering surface
it goes down
silent
unundulated
in an unending canvas
a drop of time sketches
her innocent smiling face,
though in wheel chair
Rabiya shines
in every spheres of life in the world,
the faith she keeps with her
to strive on the ways,
'When lose a leg
you'll stand on the other,
when you lose both legs,
you have your hands,
when fate chops them off too
you will live on
the strength of your brain'
words of Rabiya
give me vigour
to strive on my way.
The depth of her words
as the stars dappled stream flows
reflecting their beauty ever.
the lethargy of darkness is gone, I feel,
and Rabiya keeps herself
as a canoe in calm

in turbulent sea,
lights the beacon of letters,
fights against odds
Rabiya keeps herself
as the light for many
dazzling vision of bliss
overpowers her.
wings of love, faith, service...
merge into one
she smiles in the wheel chair
as solace
to the brain heart and soul.
With the immense passion
as a literacy mission crusade
she stands for the down trodden
she stretches her hands for suppressed
sits in the ancestral house
at Vellilakkadu
tackles the enigma of life
Rabiya whispers:
I have to do a lot
before my last breath,
nothing to fear in my life
I am in the lap of God,
'I am bound to work
for the awards in the life hereafter'
her words give me insight,
she smiles to me
she smiles to the world I feel
she smiles to the world I feel
cloud moves in a calm pool of water
she whispers with dreams in splendor,
petals of eternity stretch out their arms
with flapping memories, I feel.

P A NOUSHAD

Kahlil Gibran

Of Khalil Gibran's mysticism and the truth
about existence,
my mind keeps ever,
"for the flowers you lay on
Selma's tomb
are like falling drops of dew
from the eyes of dawn
on the leaves
of a withering rose"
the verses I keep in my heart,
love elevates from my soul
to embrace the eternity, dear,
when I live in this polluted world
I recollect dear your verses again:
"It removed from my shoulders
the wings of youth
and made me like a pond of water
between mountains
which reflects its calm surface
the shadows of ghosts
and the colors of clouds and trees,
but cannot find an outlet
by which to pass
singing to the sea".
Bsharri, New York: birds are singing I feel
your spiritual insight
elevates my life dear.

P A NOUSHAD

Karl Marx

Your thirst to quench the thirst of suffered
blazes in the pages,
kindness, love, equality...
beyond exploitation
bloom in the hearts,
Trier, Germany, Das Kapital...
touch the enchanting beauty
with dreams dear.

P A NOUSHAD

Karl Marx.....

Stream flows in my heart
as it flows years ago
with the swelling echoes:
rest and recreation also we need,
like blazing dewdrop
in the eyes of spring
Das Kapital blooms in my heart
with the token of eternity
embraces the firmament I feel,
inspires thousands
against injustice,
Diogenes in the ancient Greek
carrying a lamp in the day time
looking for a human being
looking for an honest man,
here, I search the same
and your name
reverberates around
I feel dear.....

P A NOUSHAD

Laozi

Tao Te Ching

Taoism

anti-authoritarian movements,
time witnesses,
here I feel dear,
here I realize dear,
the values
for you stand,
the values
for you work,
people can have found
the truth from your life,
time takes me into her lap
caresses on its wide arms
listens to the ethereal muse of stars
that spread their wings
over the silent night,
now, I can see you dear
in between the stars
smiling to me.

P A NOUSHAD

Leo Tolstoy

Yasnaya Polyana shines in the pages
you bloomed with fragrance
with literary petals in your bosom
embracing the beauty of firmament
giving me the deep insight about life,
your words like verses flow through time
fringing on the realities,
War and Peace-dear I cannot stop my reading
infuse me the joy unbound
your name will wing over me
ever ever dear.

P A NOUSHAD

Liechtenstein

Upper Rhine valley
of the European Alps,
when I travel in the land of you
your beauty as bliss
embraces me I feel,
Vaduz, Schaan, Eschen...
like roses sway in my heart,
could I?
could I visit you again dear
before my wings tired
my mind thirsts.

P A NOUSHAD

Life

Ripples form,
widen,
disappear,
I like to use the word 'merge'
instead of 'disappear',
then evaporate,
being rain, mist, snow,
pat the earth
and ripples form again
in the same ocean.

P A NOUSHAD

Life....

Nothing in life
to be feared
my dear son
if your mind is pure
words and actions so.
We are on the way of time
endless,
my dear son
enjoy your life
in each and every second
not tomorrow
not day after tomorrow
not at the end
but at present
we are on the way of time
my dear son,
life is simple
very very simple dear
never make it complicated,
open your eyes
open your mind
reality is reality
never fear it
whatever it may be
we are on the way of time
to our destination,
each moment is a new experience for you
each day is a new experience for you
each experience is a new lesson for you
experiences will make you
stronger and matured
and never lose faith
in yourself dear,
you are not alone
but a part of this universe
my dear son,
those who search the happiness
outside are fools
happiness comes from within dear

never search it outside,
our life is this,
under this curved blue
my dear son we travel
on earth in the space,
rotation and revolution
endless...
we are on the way of time,
water in the ocean
flows forever
cold current, hot current,
fresh water into salty water
salty water into more salty water
goes up as vapour
comes down as rain
all in the ocean dear son
appears and disappears
forms and merges
again and again
ever... endless...

P A NOUSHAD

Life.....

Nothing in life
to be feared
my dear son
if your mind is pure
words and actions so...

P A NOUSHAD

Lightning Flash

Smiling dew with wings of love
sits in the eyes of death
and takes me to fly, eternal,
around the queries and innocent smile of you
my darling,
but...
before completing answering your queries
like a lightning flash
I touch the dust in the grave...

P A NOUSHAD

Loss

Into the thousands
he flows and blends,
squeezes in a quick breakfast,
gets into his workshop
to keep the life safely comfortable,
he is in between the vehicles and smoke
till the dusk,
he loses himself slowly
in the bathroom,
he searches for his self
in the mirror.

P A NOUSHAD

Louise Gluck

Literary blossoms
bloom in my heart
in solitude
in each moment of life
with my dear friend Louise Gluck
as a strength in my life
as an inspiration in my life
among the polluted minds
you as a beacon of hope
as poetry in the darkness
dear Louise Gluck...

P A NOUSHAD

Louise Gluck...

My heart swims toward bliss,
peace and consolation,
my thirsty soul seeks them,
the beauty of life
in the calm ocean
each and every moment
I swim toward you,
toward you the universal soul,
the meaning and aim of my life,
I see you in children
I see you in plants, in trees...
which with pure minds
are connected with you,
tranquility, everywhere...
beyond the boasting cultures
and poisonous minds,
and my dear friend Louise Gluck
your verses take me there
into bliss
beyond the boasting cultures
beyond the poisonous minds
and beyond the greedy eyes...

P A NOUSHAD

Louise Glück.....

When I come out of the prison,
prison of hypocrites
I can see the rivulets
which flow in my heart
with sweet lullaby
into the heaven with me
which is calm and quiet,
I embrace the firmament
which embraces the eternity
with me...
I remain tranquil
with your verses
my dear friend Louise Glück.

P A NOUSHAD

Love

I walk along the shore,
you with the song of the river
sway in the bottom of the ripples
in the bosom of my soul,
patting and consoling
to keep my life in vigor
ever.

P A NOUSHAD

Love Alone

You.....
your love
makes my heart open
like the wind touches and opens the door
you come to me
deep, deep, deep
deep inside
I hear you, I see you,
I sense you
I feel you everywhere
I want be with...
ever,
that is all I can tell
I want to tell you dear
alone, alone, alone...
I fall in love,
love alone.

P A NOUSHAD

Love And Love

Your eyes in my heart,
vast, deep, bluish,
a sweet breeze now touches
the brain, heart, mind and soul,

alluring lips

whisper in my ears again
the depth of your love
as the stars dappled stream flows
not disturbing anybody
reflecting its beauty ever,

wings of love, beauty and eternity
merge into one,
when? from where?
I don't know, sure,
I have got a bit of
soft spot for you and the apple of your eyes,

now, the ring on your little finger,
giggling bangles encircling the wrist,
light green vein on your soft hand
near the silver wrist watch,
swaying earrings stroking the cheek
appear more beautiful,

birds, flowers, butterflies,
life on the earth,
grass, galaxies, time and infinity,
my mind recollects all these...
Moses and Ten Commandments,
the Bible, the Qur'an, the Gita...
rationalists, communists, atheists...
Darwin, Freud, Newton,
Magellan, Copernicus, Shakespeare,
Van Gogh, Charles Chaplin,

E equals MC squared,
cloning, IT...
pianissimo, play on...

dreams...
an innocent smile
on the face of a child,
tears of a neglected old mother,
a rose lying near the tomb in silence
with scattered tears on the petals,
sleep, death, darkness...

why did I come here?
who sent me here?
where am I going after death?
there is life beyond the grave?
for whom do I wake up in the morning?
why the creations are in pairs: male and female?
why does nature bind me with your eyes?
why does nature allow your eyes
to pierce me so deep?

two doves ruffle their feathers
on the branches near the green leaves,
the sky kisses the ocean
making ripples and waves on its breast,
electrons keep their smartness
near the protons,
day and night play hide and seek,
Tajmahal blazes in the evening rays
pulsating the love ever...

the stars wink at each other
during their travel in the space,
moonlight touches the petals of lotus
in romance,
now the pregnant clouds pour,
the flowers and fruits delight the soul,
now, no prejudices,
no narrow domestic walls,
but love

your eyes
vast, deep, bluish...

P A NOUSHAD

Love, Love And Love

Love, love, love.....
my heart thirsts to see you near
but you are far from me,
if we can remain together ever
my heart thirsts dear,
when I count the sand of the shore
even it is uncountable
as much as they are on the shore
as much as my love for you dear,
the experience I feel now
is beyond,
beyond my words
beyond the letters
beyond the languages
beyond the translations
beyond the verses
beyond everything,
love, love, love and love
that takes us and binds us ever.

P A NOUSHAD

Love, Love, Love....

Your love touches my deep
you bring me hope
when I only feel despaire
you bring me consolation
when I only feel pain
you bring me bliss
when I only feel grief
you bring me light
when I only see darkness in my life
your love touches my deep
love, love and love ever.

P A NOUSHAD

Love, Love.....

A feeling that hits my soul
it binds you and me,
the same makes the earth
revolves around the sun
and the sun orbits
around the milky way,
the uncountable heavenly bodies
revolves around....
without tiredness,
beyond the seasons
beyond the time
it flows,
as it flows through the hearts
through the minds
through the brains
through the souls
touches the universe as a whole,
that is love
my mind writes on the ocean
with the tides and waves
reflecting the stars in the sky.

P A NOUSHAD

Love.....

Love can bind us
enchain us
our hearts and souls
fly across the ocean
sky and time.
Waves, stars and unending space
show your face in my mind
heart and soul.
Here or far away
wherever you are
I can see you, touch you
and talk to you ever,
every day and every night
you are here near
I see you I sense you dear,
we are in love a million years
I love you, I can love you ever.

P A NOUSHAD

Love-The Deep...Ever

Love is the flower
of eternity,
its fragrance
touches me deep, ever...

P A NOUSHAD

Mahatma Gandhi

Wearing a cloak of simplicity
making non violence your walking stick
you walked through the history,
your words of love
still reverberate in the firmament,
when the turbulent sea
thirsts for the pure water.

P A NOUSHAD

Mahatma Gandhi...

"When I admire the wonders
of a sunset
or the beauty of the moon,
my soul expands
in the worship
of the creator".

Dear I hear your words here,
thoughts, words and actions are in harmony
and your life was your message,
the best way to find ourselves
is to lose ourselves
in the service of others,
never hate anybody in the world
but you can hate the evils,
Porbandar shines in the pages, I feel
the story of experiments with truth
inspires many I feel.
the firmament touches the eternity with you I feel,
the world takes you in their hearts
with truth with truth with truth,
the wings of non violence embrace me I feel dear,
with you, my soul flies in the universe I feel
when the pollutes, we thirst for you dear.

P A NOUSHAD

Mary

Mother of Jesus
blessed you are
giving birth to such a son,
my heart in the valley of peace
recollects your name
as a brook flows to the destiny of life,
Nazareth: the name reverberates
in the pages of history
fringing on the eternity.

P A NOUSHAD

Metamorphosis

When I came back
you weren't here
but the touching memories
wilted with failing dreams,
looking at your passing steps
my inner self hankered after you.
You flew far away
leaving me to brood alone.
When you were here,
I failed to comprehend you
I was in the depths
searching for myself.
The search was eternal,
opening up fresh vistas,
meanwhile, the bell sounded
for me to leave my kith and kin
to lie down for the last breath.
Now I do realize
you are I and I am you.

P A NOUSHAD

Moses

Land of Goshen
gets golden letters in history,
Mount Nebo,
Israelite,
Torah: Your traces,
dear You dwell in my soul
fringing on the eternity,
Your name
reverberates in the universe
I feel.

P A NOUSHAD

Mother

She serves me food
before I travel to the city
far away from my home
or to distant places,
my mother is very particular
to feed me full,
she touches my soul
with her sweat,
as I am trapped by the computers
she is very busy
arranging food grains and vegetables
in my house,
even the moon and the stars
sleep on her lap
without hunger
I dream, on some nights,
dear ma, I feel the token of eternity
in your consoling words
and I keep you in my bosom
ever
where I feel, love and affection
dwell together.

P A NOUSHAD

My Dear Mother

Heavenly passion hovering around,
the roaming rivulets
merge into a calm ocean,
tranquility and refuge,
your fingers twine in my hair,
in your lap
consolation,
you and I embrace the eternity
in the firmament,
exhilarating lullaby
pulsating in the universe
ever
dear Ma.

P A NOUSHAD

My Dear Son.... For You....

My dear son, you have to follow
the current of your conscience ever,
not the stream of the society,
dear son, please feel the spirit of the universe
in you,
when the bird wakes you up
when the flower smiles at you
when the breeze pats you
when the river lulls you to sleep,
you can feel
you are I
and I am you
I kiss on your forehead
and our souls
embrace each other,
we embrace the firmament
we are only one...

P A NOUSHAD

My Father

Elegant smile and a benign look,
I feel the power of his love,
with sane words of knowledge,
sitting in the ancestral house
tackles the enigma of my life,
makes both ends meet,
from within the spiritual source
outstretching wings of peace,
he seeps
into the petals of darkness,
it remains as endless memories,
I recollect him from my childhood,
the brook is flowing still
mirroring the gleaming the starry nights,
though my father was laid to rest
in the graveyard near the Mosque,
get on like a house on fire
and trip down memory lane
still.

P A NOUSHAD

My Jesus

Dear Jesus,
sure, I feel breathlessness here,
they cannot realize the innocence of a child
so they neglect me,
they lick the feet of commissions and profits
crooked hearts win here
they suck the blood of the innocents
and make the seats more luxurious,
I thirst you dear Jesus
my spirit is longing
being united with you,
mild feathers of death will embrace me
or would you come back here dear?
I infuse my soul into you dear,
now, I can here the hymn of streams
a star mirrors in a quiet pool of water nearby
like a radiant dew fringing the petals of jasmine
and I feel the aroma comes
from the bosom of jasmine
hugs my soul dear.

P A NOUSHAD

My Mother

Heavenly passion
hovering around,
the roaming rivulets
merge into a calm ocean,
tranquility and refuge,
your fingers twine in my hair
on your lap,
consolation,
you and I
embrace eternity
in the firmament,
exhilarating lullaby
pulsing with affection
in the universe still
dear ma.

P A NOUSHAD

My Students

String...
life blooms
with music
with you dears,
a drop of dew
in the eyes of love
smiles I feel dears,
your love takes me high
to fly through the stars
as a drop of dream,
I behold you again
to see you
top in the world,
lessons of life I share for you
and learn from you dears,
still my heart asks me again
who is the teacher
you or I?

P A NOUSHAD

Nawaz Nizar

Dear Nawaz Nizar
you embraced the silence
and your loss tips over to deep
your eight months old daughter Assiya
gazes around
why her father is not returning home,
Dear...
when? from where? that I don't know sure,
I have got a bit of soft spot for you
wisdom of your words
as the stars dappled stream flows
reflecting their beauty ever,
wilted with failing dreams
looking at your passing steps
my inner self hankers after you,
you haven't seen the light in your life
but you have shone the light for many,
how might be my picture in your canvas
you depicted
still I don't know dear,
your humorous words
and performance on TV channels
still I keep in my heart,
A brook is flowing still
gleaming the starry night
though you are laid to rest
in the grave at Sram Masjid,
caresses
listens to the ethereal muse of stars
that spread their wings
over the silent night,
dew drop in the eyes of death
smiles in love I feel,
the flower petals efface your footprints
with the thinning out fragrance
that covers them,
I feel dear
the sun goes down
the orange colour water

blazing
the unwavering surface
it goes down
silent
unundulated
in an unending canvas
a drop of time sketches
your smiling innocent face
for the generations to come,
could we never meet dear
again
in this unending universe?
anywhere? anytime?
when could we get back the past days again?
as I am your friend,
anywhere? anytime?
we
our life
our
little
little
dreams.

P A NOUSHAD

Niger

The Air Mountains
triangular massif
still in my heart dear,
vast arid on the edge of Sahara
beckons me dear,
touching moments
in Guerewol, Cure Salee...
still in my soul,
Niamey, Agadez, Arlit...
dancing around
when I close my eyes
and my bosom thirsts
visit you again
before my wings tired.

P A NOUSHAD

Olympics

Here, I recollect, dears,
your traces on the earth:
April,6,1896...
at the sanctuary of Zeus, Olympia, Greece,
repeats still dear
with much vigour
thrilling sights here I see
when I close my eyes dear,
sound mind exists only in a sound body, I realize, dear,
and I wish for you dear ever,
your exciting moments
how can I forget, dear, dear.

P A NOUSHAD

Oscar Wilde And Pablo Neruda

Amidst the polluted minds
amidst the boasting cultures
when the mind gets in trouble
as pure water from the spring
beyond the chaos and ego clashes
your words, verses, works...
dear Pablo Neruda and Oscar Wilde
I get consolation there
energy and inspiration
to live on earth
with the eternal tender feelings
with the fragrance of water lily
I live here in bliss
realising the meaning and aim of my life
that is the real cause
that is the real source
to feel bliss in my life...
in our lives
as the great duty of literature....

P A NOUSHAD

Pablo Neruda

Of Pablo Neruda's mysticism
and the truth about existence I feel,
Smiling dew with wings of love
sits in the eyes of death
and takes me to fly eternal, I feel,
beyond eyes I enjoy your quote dear:
"Who writes your name in letters
of smoke
among the stars
of the south? ".

Universe revolves around the greatness of love I feel
and the wings of poesy take me into eternity I feel
the bosoms of stars sing the songs of immortality I feel
the verses reverberate in the firmament I feel, dear.

P A NOUSHAD

Paraguay

Music flows like stream flows
lilting polkas, bouncy galopas, languid guaranias...
palpitating memories
fly around
sway in the wind
with the wings of you dear,
Itaipu Dam, Museo del Barro...
beckon me
to enjoy and visit you again,
thrilling names of you:
Roque Santa Cruz, Pablo Aguilar, Richard Ortiz,
Nelson Haedo Valdez pulsing around I feel,
enchanted moments for the world...
could I visit you again
before my wings tired, my mind thirsts dear.

P A NOUSHAD

Percy Bysshe Shelley

Your verses like smiling dew
with fragrant wings
sits in the eyes of life
and takes me to fly eternal, I feel,
string...
verses flow
pulsing around
I hear again,
melodious verses
touch my heart dear,
reverberate...
stream flows
and the soft wings of firmament
and butterflies
embrace my soul I feel,
words gush out from your heart
touch my bosom dear
rivulets sing now
bless me with euphoria I feel,
your song like blazing rain drop
fringing the petals of rose, I feel,
Horsham, Leric...blaze in the pages I feel,
"Life, like a dome of many- colored glass,
stains the white radiance of eternity,
until death tramples it to fragments":
your verses take me to the depth of life.

P A NOUSHAD

Platform

Platform swarmed with ants
on the floor, chairs, benches...
hearing the announcements of
arrival and departure.
A train draws into the station
keeping the ants under its wings,
ferrying
beyond the rivers, hills, deserts...
the ants are now as one family
under one roof,
dreams and tears melt into a long line
into destiny.

P A NOUSHAD

The fragrance,
thousands of literary petals,
across the world,
from the ancient to modern,
I enjoy you, dear
as an embrace of tenderness and talents
in my heart,
to realize
and express myself
the life on the earth.

P A NOUSHAD

Portugal

Fragrance of your works
spreads around,
the names bloom in the pages:
Fernando Pessoa, Almeida Garrett, Jose Saramago...
enchanted beauty of you
in the places Douro, Faro, Lagos...
beckon me dears
still I keep in my heart,
thrilling names draw the pictures
across the world
dwell in my soul
with dazzling steps
to the goal post,
goals fly in the soul with you dears:
Cristiano Ronaldo, Bernard Mensah, Nani, Ryan Gauld,
Bruno Alves, Eder, Ruben Neves, Bryan Cristante,
Silvestre Varela, Alexandre Silva, Ahmed Hassan, Renato Sanches,
Pedro Silva, Pedro Rorigues, Rui Patricio, Fabio Coentrao,
Ricardo Carvalho, Joao Moutinho, Pizzi, Vieirinha, Tiago Mendes,
Saleh Gomaa, Danilo, Aurelio Buta, Andre Silva, Gelson Martins,
Anderson Talisca, Oliver Torres, Ricardo Horta, Ivo Rodrigues,
Goncalo Paciencia, Goncalo Guedes, Ivan Cavaleiro, Iuri Medeiros,
Carlos Mane...
still I keep dears
the thrilling moments you present for the world.
could I
COULD I visit you dear
before my wings tired.

P A NOUSHAD

Rabindranath Tagore

Stream flows in my soul
as it flows twenty thousand years ago
with your friendship
and I can hear its song
embraces eternity,
the firmament touches immortality
with your friendship
like blazing dewdrop
in the eyes of bliss
sits and smiles
on the petals of jasmine, I feel, dear,
your verses touch
the bottom of the bosoms of thousands
with the fragrance, ever, dear,
'Where the mind is without fear
and the head is held high
where knowledge is free
where the world has not been broken up
into fragments
by narrow domestic walls..."
the verses reverberates in the universe
with you dear, still I feel.

P A NOUSHAD

Rectitude

When an egg hatches
and a young bird is out,
when a Joey peeps out of pouch,
and has the first sight of the world,
when an infant matures
riding a host of feelings,
when ants march slowly
such a long queue,
when the volcanic eruption
balances the water on the earth,
when the sun folds its wings
under the ocean in the west,
I see you well
on the wings of amazement,
now I can see
waves touching the shore again
effacing the distorted lines,
the sun goes down,
the orange color water,
blazing the unwavering surface,
it goes down silent,
in an unending canvas
a drop of time sketches
by spreading orange
the unhesitant birds
that fly to their nest
and the earth on its way,
I can see the sea
calm and clear
at the bottom
the randomly shaped pearls,
stones, sea animals, plants,
fish and poisonous beings
moving tangled
towards their own targets
the happiness and sorrow
play hide and seek
the experiences of life
purge me

reinforce me
to face the fickleness of life
in the lightning flash of life
the stars descend
into the ocean
in silence.

P A NOUSHAD

Robert Frost

Brook flows in my heart
as it flows twenty thousand years ago
with your friendship dear
and I can hear its song
touches and embraces immortality,
the moments when I went through your verses
still in my mind,
San Francisco, Boston...shine in the pages I feel,
as a candle
lighting in the avenues
through your verses you smile I feel:
"The woods are lovely, dark and deep
but I have promises to keep,
and miles to go before I sleep",
the firmament touches eternity I feel
with you dear,
like a shining star
our friendship
reflects in the drop of dew
in the eyes of spring
fringing the petal of rose.

P A NOUSHAD

Romania

The avenues I walk through
the beauty I feel so:
Bran Castle, Bucharest, Brasov...
beckon me again,
literary flowers smile with joy
take me to enjoy:
Eugene Ionesco, Mihai Eminescu, Ana Blandiana,
Elisebeth of Wied...
play with foot thrills the world
draw pictures in the heart with you:
Ianis Zicu, Gabriel Torje, Ianis Haji, Bogdan Stancu,
Dorin Rotariu, Claudiu Keseru, Ionut Serban, Paul Papp,
Nicolae Stanciu, Gabriel Tamas, Gabi Iancu, George Puscas,
Ionut Neag, Catalin Tira, Claudiu Bumba, Florin Tanase...
world claps for you,
could I visit you again, dear,
my mind thirsts still.

P A NOUSHAD

Scrub

I visit doctor
for myself and my family
to clean the illness out,
I clean my nail, hair and body,
I sweep my table, room, house...
and spider webs
inside my head
until I am cleaned into dust.

P A NOUSHAD

Selected Stories Of Akbar Kakkattil

Here, I realize the meaning
of the relevance of beauty
when I translate the book into English
from a regional language,
their essence makes of the realities
of rural life here dears
seasoned with humour call up
our human sympathies...
the quality and meaning of one's life
derives here from the day to day activities,
we realize...

P A NOUSHAD

Serbia

Literary petals bloom to the universe
from your soul dear Saint Sava,
Nun Jefimija, Stefan Lazarevic, Constantine of Kostenets
when your strings of the minds play...
Belgrade, Vlasina Lake, Vratna Gates, Lazar's Canyon,
Meanders of West Morava sway in my heart
and beckon me to visit you again,
thrilling names palpitating in the air
revolving around ever
when I hear: Stefan Ilic, Andrija Zivkovic, Ivan Saponjic,
Stanisa Mandic, Nemanja Maksimovic...
could I visit you again
my mind thirsts...
if I could...
before my wings tired.

P A NOUSHAD

Seychelles

Archipelago...
your beaches, coral reefs,
diving, rare wildlife...
thrill me dear,
Victoria, cuisine...
still in my heart
and sway in the soul,
could I visit you again
before my wings tired?
questions palpitating
around of me.

P A NOUSHAD

Sheikh Mohammed Bin Rashid Al Maktoum...Uae...Dubai

Dubai fountain
with jets and lights
as an enchanting spot
is in my heart,
the blue roaming water is flecked
beyond the horizon,
my mind moves slowly
between the sea and the sky,
Burj Khalifa stands high
to touch the heaven's door,
the muse I hear here,
many weave the dreams...
your smile is the best in you
with the elegance
consoles many,
Noor Dubai, exemplifies in the world
helps the WHO
for the prevention of blindness,
the right to sight for thousands...
Sheikh Mohammed bin Rashid Al Maktoum,
bacon of hope,
the world thirsts for you
and your name is in the rainbow
in golden letters
embraces the firmament of eternity...
'Saleet' your pseudonym blazes on the blossoms
of literary petals with fragrance
and the inspiring spring from the Poet Fatat Al Arab
reverberates in the universe...
Your aid to Palestine, Afghanistan...
and your steps to make Dubai
as an humanitarian city...
has since grown to be
the world's largest logistic hub
for the humanitarian aid,
'UAE Vision 2021'
soars high, blessed by the divine touch,

wins as the hero's march
surmounts the rocky steps
climbs boldly over the torrent's arch
with a profound concern for suffering humanity
offering jobs for thousands across the world,
as you are the Vice President
and the Prime Minister of UAE
and Emir of Dubai,
makes me realize the insignificance of self
and the significance of your achievements,
with an endearing touch of bliss
I go slipping out of the world
of racial, linguistic, national...boundaries,
I see the world as a whole
on your lap,
here i enjoy
the sweeping views of Dubai
offer me a willowy breeze,
Dubai creek, Palm Islands, Global Village,
Dibba, Kalba, Sir Bani Yas, Hatta, Masafi... beckon me again
and I intuit you dear
in the light of beauty, peace, unity and love
with the wings of blossoms of virtues
my heart blooms,
FLASHES OF THOUGHT, MY VISION, POEMS FROM THE DESERT:
the words and verses ignite my insight, I feel,
as you are my bosom friend,
the soft enchanting music of hope
the world hears from you dear,
a smile of victory
with your leadership, I feel.

P A NOUSHAD

Socrates

"The only true wisdom
is in knowing you know nothing"
dear, your words bring me
the wings of bliss ever,
Greek, Classical Athens...
in the pages embrace eternity dear,
fragrance comes from the bosom of your words I feel
hymn of the streams
caresses your soul in the firmament I feel
clad in truth
you are pulsing in the universe I feel,
I feel I feel dear.

P A NOUSHAD

Something Is

I, before going to bed
looked at the clock
hanging on the wall,
then went to sleep,
breeze pated me through the window
swaying leaves sang the lullaby
stars alighted in the mirror nearby.
Breeze, clock and stars,
nothing else.

P A NOUSHAD

South Asian Games

Stars, galaxies, firmament...
dazzling performance of talents...
unforgettable moments...
SAF, SAG, SASC
India, Pakistan, Sri Lanka, Nepal...
football, basketball, athletics...
thrilling moments
when I close my eyes
stars reflect in vigor
in the pond
near my home
I feel.

P A NOUSHAD

Spain

A nation with music
and I see your beauty
perches on hilltops
and huddles in valleys
dear I wish for you
where the great
civilizations
have risen
have risen
I know.

P A NOUSHAD

Strife

The breeze kisses tenderly
the alluring leaves again,
the swaying grass nearby
hears the rhyming verses,
the stars dance in the stream
that flows down the hillside
in between apple trees,
the moonlight alights gently
on the white cover of the valley,
shadows go down for a treat
with the starry night
but some perverted minds
go with their sharpened
knives again
to make a bloodstain
on the dancing stars-
concord and discord.

P A NOUSHAD

Swami Vivekananda

"We believe
not only in
universal toleration
but we accept all religions
as true"
your words inspire me dear
widen the horizon of my mind
wisdom embraces me now
serenity takes me now,
"sisters and brothers of America"
still echoes in my ears.

P A NOUSHAD

Sweden

Coastal islands,
Scandinavian,
Stockholm, August Strindberg...
inland lakes dancing around,
oh Sweden you bloom in my heart
when I close my eyes
and dwell in my soul ever.

P A NOUSHAD

Switzerland

Mountainous,
high peaks of the Alps,
ski resorts...
Jeremias Gotthelf, Gottfried Keller...
when I close my eyes
Switzerland
you bloom in my heart
numerous lakes
dancing around
and you dwell in my soul.

P A NOUSHAD

That Is The Way Of The World

My dear son, remember,
when our. our money, fame and power
are wasted,
many among our friends leave us in lurch,
don't be disappointed dear,
that is the way of the world,
feel the spirit of the universe in you dear
and console yourself,
the universe is not poor, is your part still.

P A NOUSHAD

The Real Beauty

You cannot embrace
the real happiness
in your life ever,
if you misunderstand that
the real beauty is
the figure of the face
and the colour of the skin,
the purity of mind
is higher greater eternal
ever in our life.

P A NOUSHAD

The Way Of The World...

My dear son, remember,
when our. our money, fame and power
are wasted,
many among our friends leave us in lurch,
don't be disappointed dear,
that is the way of the world,
feel the spirit of the universe in you dear
and console yourself,
the universe is not poor, is your part still....

P A NOUSHAD

Theft

A marvelous pair
with millions of filtering units
purifies the blood,
excess water and waste
spout out.

On the operation table
divinity turns into greed
stethoscope kisses currencies,
one in the pair
vanishes in the air,
a sure excision.

As the dreams of avarice
deliberately defiling
the wonder of creation
creep into the mind,
a stooping down to homicide,
a conquest and a plunder.

Nearby, sparrows perch on the boughs,
ruffle their feathers against one another,
bunches of grapes like dangling ear-rings
sway slowly in the wind.

P A NOUSHAD

Thousand Years Of Love

I was placed at this side of window
two years back,
now, this is my window
my only window of the room,
a mystic window
shaped with the chisels
of the gone past,
as a thoughtful and beautiful
verse on woods,
the window became my close friend then,
I have been in the bed
for the last two years,
unable, running for the life,
I lie quietly by the window,
from the bottom of my bosom
dreams and longings arise,
I invite the stars for dinner
through this window
and I chat with the moon here,
I wait for my son
away from the concept of time
each moment of my waiting
is for thousand years of love, I feel,
till the silence descend from the sky
and efface the footprints of mine.

P A NOUSHAD

Throbbing Love

My wife
in the hospital bed
looks at me in silence,
tears trickling down
her cheeks,
"an incurable disease"
the words from the doctor
echoes again
and the footsteps of Death...
we
our life
our child
dreams and tears,
I recollect our days
in the kitchen, shops, beach...
the innocent queries of our child
about the sky, stars, ocean, death...
now, my wife covered in white, can we...
can we never meet again?
anywhere?
in the unending universe?
mind aches in the starry night
with throbbing love,
when can we get back the past days again?
we, our life, our child,
our
little
little
dreams...

P A NOUSHAD

Trees

Trees have pure minds
when I embrace them
when I stand near them
when I sit near them
I realize the meaning and aim
of my life,
and the life of the universe,
in the bliss I forget myself
and merge in the universe....
into.....
eternal....

P A NOUSHAD

Uganda

Adong Judith, Grace Akello, Harriet Anena...

literary petals of you

I enjoy here,

when I travel in the land

Bujagali falls beckons me

Ssesse Islands smile to me

Queen Elizabeth National Park pats me

Kampala sways in my mind

my heart thirsts

visit you again dear.

P A NOUSHAD

United Nations

Far outstrips your spending dear
on peacekeeping,
peace, for the life on the earth
human rights, for the life on the earth
world thirsts dear,
New York City, Geneva, Nairobi, Vienna...
your traces on the earth,
can wings of peace
cover on earth ever?
the eyes with dreams...

P A NOUSHAD

United States Of America

Through scientific research
and technological innovations
you inspire us again and again,
but dear
never neglect
the tears of the poor
never never dear.

P A NOUSHAD

Universe

My baby stretches out his arms
toward me,
I smile and embrace him,
expectation, consolation, tranquility...
overpower him,
I stretch out my arms toward you God
expecting the same
let me lie down in your lap
ever,
mind ceases its roaming I feel
even the universe revolving around
as rotation and revolution,
being into infinity.

P A NOUSHAD

Vismaya Valsan

My student
her innocent queries
still in my heart
about the sky, stars, flowers...
reverberates around
like blazing dewdrop
in the eyes of hope
as the petals of jasmine
in the eyes of dreams,
your wings
when they aim
to soar high and high,
I am here in the classroom
write on the blackboard,
nearby the old chair and old table
with the memories of past
pulsing around I feel,
a chalk piece, gray hair and time.

P A NOUSHAD

Whatsapp

The touching moments
in life
we share,
your steps into the history
as a sign of new style
of fragrance,
we realize...

P A NOUSHAD

Wikipedia

Queries

about everything

I search in you,

as an ocean you flow,

when I sink

into the bottom,

precious stones

I get,

queries

about everything

I search in you...

P A NOUSHAD

William Blake

Your friendship
as a brook
flows ever
and I can hear its song of eternity,
"If the doors of perception
were cleansed
everything would appear
to man
as it is,
infinite, "
your quote inspires me dear,
the firmament embraces eternity
with you dear,
like blazing drop of dew
from the eyes of spring,
fringe
on the petals of jasmine.

P A NOUSHAD

William Shakespeare

Bard of Avon

Bard of Avon...

here I feel you,

you could breathe first

in Stratford-upon-Avon,

your verses spreading

and touching the hearts I feel,

ever ever my dear.

P A NOUSHAD

William Wordsworth

Stream flows in my soul
as it flows ten thousand years ago
and I can hear its song
embraces eternity,
dear, I can see your life
as candle lights thousands of readers
as prophet of nature
reveals the mystery of nature,
Cockermouth, Cumberiand...shine in the pages I feel,
the firmament touches the immortality
with your verses dear:
"My heart leaps up when I behold
a rainbow in the sky...
the child is father of the man..."
they are like blazing drops of dew
in the eyes of spring
fringe
the petals of lotus, I feel.

P A NOUSHAD

World Judo Championships

Shokichi Natsui...
thrilling name in the mind,
International Judo Federation...
enchanted moments
draw the pictures
in the heart,
unchanging, unchanging
in the soul, dear.

P A NOUSHAD

World Weightlifting Championships

Zygmunt Smalcerz, Vasily Alekseyev, Yurik Vardanyan,
Naim Suleymanoglu...

thrilling names,

power...

muscle...

vigour,

ever enchanting moments

banquet for the eyes

world thrills with you...

P A NOUSHAD

World Wrestling Championships

UWW...

Greco-Roman, freestyle wrestlings...

dazzling moments

enchanted movements

banquets for the eyes

picturesque in my heart

thrilling faces revolving around...

P A NOUSHAD

Yahoo Mail

Get and send
the news and feelings,
when I need
when I thirst,
your sign I feel
in the life
on the earth.

P A NOUSHAD

You

You are now beyond my sight
but in my bosom
never can hate you
my heart whispers
and i drop down on your grave
i cannot resist any more dear.

P A NOUSHAD

You...

Here my wings and I
soar high
in pleasure
to embrace the firmament,
the deeds of you
imprint in enchanting words
on the petals of time
blaze on the rainbow
beyond the waves,
beyond the seas,
beyond the horizon, I feel,
helping hand for the suffered
as a hope for thousands...
homes for the homeless,
jobs for the jobless
care for the patients...
your wings console I see
inspire those who are in trouble,
beyond the words
the stars dappled stream flows...
as an heart-throbs.

P A NOUSHAD

You.....

A brook flows in my heart
as the most touching blossom
as it flows millions years ago
with your friendship dear
and I can hear its song
embraces eternity
like a drop of dew
hangs on a rainbow
with blazing hailstone
string of my life touches my deep..

P A NOUSHAD

Youtube

Lively presentation
of the moments of life,
knowledge turns into colorful wings,
you fly around the new generation
around the civilization.

P A NOUSHAD