

Poetry Series

Abdulrazak Aralimatti
- poems -

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Abdulrazak Aralimatti(2nd June 1972)

Abdulrazak Aralimatti, an Indian English Poet and author hails from Vijaypur, Karnataka, India, the place of Boli Gumbaz, the second largest dome in the world, its whispering gallery and the Black Taj of India - The Heritage City. Born on 2nd June 1972 in Vijaypur and brought up in Goa as father served as postmaster therein, got educated at Goa and works in Vijaypur as the family had to return back to native place after father's 'Crucial Demise'. Studied in Christian English medium schools in Goa at St. Theresa School Candilim, St. Ann's Convent Thivim, St. Bartholomew's School Chorao, PUC/HSS at PES College Farmagudi, at GVM's College Ponda Goa. His paternal grandmother's tragical death, ' The Well Tragedy ' where he fortunately survives in early childhood, father's 'Tragical Death' and the ADHD that he suffered in early life, had a great impact on his life which turned him totally toward God. Though he couldn't fair well in his early life on account of ADHD and high level of emotions and imagination; he managed to fill the gap in late twenties. Starting his career as a private primary school English teacher, he headed towards high school and college and started writing poems after the age of 40. The early life's ' Well Tragedy ', father's 'Crucial Death', the highly emotional and imaginative nature, spiritual contemplation, well versed in English, teaching experience as an English language faculty, life's lesson, intuition, spiritual and humanitarian cravings and a desire to accomplish in life lead to the exposure of innate poetic skills and literary accomplishments and, is the author of five books:

- 1 VOICE OF AN UNACCOMPLISHED SOUL,
- 2 VOICE OF AN ACCOMPLISHING SOUL,
- 3 ACCOMPLISHMENT TRILOGY
- 4 ACCOMPLISHMENT SOULOGRAPHY
- 5 THE ENGLISH POETS OF VIJAYPUR

His collection of poems are available on retailers PartridgeIndia, Educreation, Rudra, Amazon, Google and others.

A Tribute To A Poet By The Almighty.

O great soul,
You indeed reach to your goal.

Your falling drop of tear,
In my love and fear.

Bear evidences of devotion,
And your resolution.

I know you and you know me,
So just be relaxed and free.

I don't entertain drama,
Nor superficial trauma.

For I am the truth,
The first and final truth.

I read before you write,
I write before you act.

Your duty, to be on my tracks.
My duty, to test you by providing cracks.

(A reply to Kumarmani Mahakul's poem
' Writing Letter ') .

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

A Tribute To My Master

In the first decade of 21st century,
I worked under a fine jury.
One of the wisest scholar of the city,
With patience, compassion and humility.
The time to me was of doubt and fear,
Him, I found, my life to steer.
I wandered with an unstable mind,
And found him patient, tolerant and kind.
He struggled for me to cure and heal,
With a great and great zeal.
He adored me with guidance,
And I gained in abundance.
A time came and I departed,
But with heavy hearted.
His efforts today I reap,
In high esteem, him I keep.
In dreams I see his face,
Eveready for me to embrace.
I found none, so compassionate,
My life to rejuvenate.
Men like him are less to be found,
His company a heavenly bound.
Through this poem I pay my tribute,
For my master's fatherly attribute.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Approach

Though it took a long time
To save self from crime
And reach Sthithaprnja, Sthitadhi
And the silent seeker Mauni
Patience is the mother of all virtues
And silence the destroyer of argues
I persevere to retain them all
And avoid, having a fall
To my last and final breath
Ending the struggle only on death

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

As Say The Pupils.....

This is our school,
We follow every rule.
We are beautiful flowers,
Having lots of powers.
We study in a good way,
Busy in study, the whole day.
Teachers are our guide,
And we all abide.
Competition is high,
And we all try.
Principal is the captain of our ship,
And we are the passengers of this trip.
Our school is the best,
Put us to any test.
We will be stars and moon,
Very, Very, Very soon.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Ballad - Allama Bi.

Once in my early childhood,
My father to show his brood,
Took me to his mother's house,
Laden with oxen and cows.
Seeing the love of grandmother,
I refused to go back with father.
My father's sister visited with her son,
And a dear friend I really won.
By her love, he too quit his parents,
And both stayed with grandparents.
We stayed for one and a half year,
Without hesitation and fear.

She woke up early in the morning,
And gave us a mild warning.
Performed prayers and fed the cows,
And then woke us to sweep the house.
She gave us bath, dressed and fed,
Told stories and lullaby at bed.
Truly a grandmother loves grandchildren,
And at any cost, they are not a burden.
If we were not fed in time,
To her, it was a great crime.
She asked us several times in worry,
If we ate or felt hungry.
She took us to her friend's place,
And said words in our praise.

Experiencing her love and affection,
We both forgot our parent's attention.
My grandfather had bought a farm,
To make his wealth healthy and warm.
We both went to school at village,
And were in classes of our age.
At weekends we visited the farm,
With lunch boxes in our arm.
We would spend the whole day,
And in evening, walk the return way.

In our farm, was a well, big and deep,
For the crops to irrigate and reap.
Once on an ill fated day,
To the farm, we took the way.
I started playing alone near the well,
To my cousin, the well seemed a hell.
My granny gave a warning bell,
Not to approach and play near the well.
She told me with a shout,
If I fell, wouldn't pull me out.
She then disappeared into the crops,
And I approached the well with hops.

I slipped and fell into the well,
Where water striders and frogs did dwell.
I shook my hands and legs as fast I could,
Such a struggle I hadn't done in my childhood.
To call my granny, my cousin hurried,
And granny came totally worried.
Granny sent cousin to call farm servant,
To run fast and be urgent.
My struggle slowed down,
And I began to drown.
Grandmother stretched and bent and bent,
That was what I saw till I went.
I sank downwards to unconsciousness,
And experienced death in nearness.
When eyes were open with cleared vision,
I saw myself with servant and cousin.
But grandmother.....! !
Where.....? ?
Granny had showered her final love,
Shaking the throne of God above.
Till today in India, Karnataka, town Almel,
The well is called Allama bi well.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Brother Of Geetha Jayakumar

I found my steps, wrong,
The period of astray, long,
The shadow of Satan, strong.

And I asked to my 'self',
'Am I the brother of Geetha Jayakumar,
Belonging to the family of poets'.

My'self'was quick to answer,
Refined with the divine transfer,
And my heart and soul to refer.

'I am the brother of Geetha Jayakumar,
Belonging to the family of poets',
And steps became right, strong and bright.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Charities.

If your bike tyre got punctured,
Never be in dissatisfaction.
But thank God for making a means,
A portion in a livelihood,
For a poor and hardworking man.

If your food got rotten or stale,
Never be in dissatisfaction.
But thank God for making a means,
Food for a dog or cat or crow,
To fill their hungry stomach.

If your hand gave a coin extra,
Don't be in dissatisfaction.
But thank God for making a means,
A portion in a livelihood,
For a poor and hardworking man.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Dictionaries

Eager to explore, meaning of existence
Existence on the planet blue
Searching for words and meaning
Meanings enriching vocabulary
Explanation fortifying wisdom

Found a dictionary serving purpose
Searched others for the same words
Found Dictionaries serving purpose
Though with a slight difference
Served the purpose and existence

But the difference slight provoked wide
Creating controversy in opinions
Destroying the horizon of wisdom

Needed a dictionary centralizing
The meaning to all dictionaties
Framing such a dictionary an essential
The need paved the way for creation
But universal acceptance faces challenge

Like the emperor's victory in vain
Voice of an Accomplishing Soul.

Vijaypur, Karnataka, India
31st December 2019

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Excuses

When time comes to make a move
The self gives an excuse
An excuse to postpone the move
An excuse; be better in later moves
An excuse to rely upon confidently

When time comes to tell truth
The self gives an excuse
An excuse to lie in the present
An excuse; be truthful in future
An excuse to rely upon totally

When time comes to make a sacrifice
The self gives an excuse
An excuse; enjoy the moments
An excuse to rely upon lovingly

When time comes to share things
The self gives an excuse
An excuse to pray God for their provision
An excuse to hoard wealth
An excuse to rely upon definitely

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Garden Of Beetroots

An analogy better defines metaphor
As here lies case of an alien lover

A gracious lady destined to meet
Testing true nature and deed
She saw in him sheer compassion
Though revolted many for odd deeds

After marriage led by the lady
The alien lover had to visit
A garden of fresh beetroots

The gardener skilled in his art
Finely completed his work
But horrified the alien was!
Seeing the garden and the gardener

Disliked he, the beetroots
From the garden the alien frowned
Stunned and annoyed was the lady
Experiencing the alien's hatred

Not an ounce of hatred had she
Ever before seen in alien lover
Experiencing his hatred to garden
Resolved to save her planet blue

The alien couldn't explain
Nor could lady comprehend
Mental status of the alien
The subject was debatable
And highly controversial
Difficult was it, to explain
What love and compassion is!

A great sacrifice, the lady does
One to be recorded in history
Serving her lovely planet blue
Divorces the gracious alien

For ever and ever and ever
A nightmare of mini giants
Keeps alien vigilant and awake
The alien lover loses his logic
Power to think and comprehend
In pondering over the meaning
What love and existence means
On the lovely planet blue
Full of compassion to embrace
Blind to acknowledge the difference

Like the forgotten prince of love
Voice of an Accomplished Soul

Vijaypur, Karnataka, India
31st. December,2019

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

He Was Better Than Me

They respect and honour me,
But dishonoured was he.
He was a man left all alone,
For his goodness, never shone.
He met me and said, 'O brother',
And we had a time together.
'I would quit my illness', he said,
'If you give me a moral aid.
He worried about his daughters,
As everything was spent on quarters.
He showed a great endurance,
Will, repentance and penance.
But before his total recovery,
Death seized him in his bravery.
They say, I am better than he,
But he was far better than me,
His illness was known to all,
And my, hidden, behind the wall.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Human Life Marked By Desire

The human life is marked by desire,
A newly born desires to cry,
An hour old desires to be fed.
A girl child desires for a doll,
A boy child desires for a toy car.
A grown up child desires to play,
A youth desires a lover,
A middle aged desires for status.
An aged desires for support,
An old aged desires for peaceful death.
You will not find none without desire,
And if so, will not be a man.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

I Have Not Yet Understood

I have not yet understood,
Is man's behaviour kind or rude.
Is man a humanitarian and vegetarian,
And the earth's superior authoritarian?
Then how he fulfills his appetite,
And considers himself right.
With eyes, nose, skin, flesh and blood,
Both together reside the world.
In joy, sorrow, pain and fear,
And the loss of belongings near and dear.
Both inhale and exhale the same air,
Avoiding perils, they both care.
As I read through the history,
I find it a great mystery.
Has ever man used his light?
My soul and heart, to the question fight.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

In Search Of Integrity.

O! my self! poor self! ,
What do you crave for?
Don't you know?
The gifts of God lie,
In the cradle of endurance,
But you sail,
In the coffin of whims, O Abdulrazak.

O! my self! poor self! ,
What are you proud of?
Don't you know?
That pride has a fall,
And shame follows fame,
But you exalt self,
In the coffin of pride, O Abdulrazak.

O! my self! poor self!
What do you beautify?
Don't you know?
That time takes away,
And the body turns ugly,
But you beautify,
In the coffin of masks, O Abdulrazak.

O! my self! poor self!
What are you hoarding?
Don't you know?
That no material wealth accompanies,
And you depart alone,
But you accumulate,
In the coffin of wealth, O Abdulrazak.

O! my self! poor self!
What do you wait for?
Don't you know?
That death awaits,
In fall of every second,
But you pass time,
In the coffin of 'tomorrows', O Abdulrazak.

O! my self! poor self!
What do you plan for?
Don't you know?
There's a mighty universal plan,
To defend your plan,
But you fabricate,
In the coffin of plots, O Abdulrazak.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Let Me Be With My Conscience

Let me listen and hear my conscience,
O! Vice, the wretched one.
Your clutches seem to be strong,
But verily with you is a loss.

Let me walk and stroll with my conscience,
O! Vice the Satanic.
Your tentacles seem to be sturdy,
But verily with you is a fall.

Let me sing and recite with my conscience,
O! Vice the evil.
Your jaws seem to be empowered,
But verily with you is a defeat.

Let me hop and dance with my conscience,
O! Vice the shameless.
Your claws seem to be robust,
But verily with you is a shame.

'23/12/2014 Vijaypur Karnataka India'

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Let Me Do Goodness

Let me do goodness,
Not for the fear of hell.
But to be a human
And not an animal.

Let me do goodness,
Not for the reward of heaven.
But to live as human,
And die as human.

Let me do goodness,
To maintain my human status.
As it's not easy for man to be human
And it's our duty to be a human

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Limited Time

What else can you do,
When there's no time to prove.

Limited is the time provided,
And the task into work divided.

The past is a burden,
Future is uncertain.

The present is only the assurance.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Madam Marcelene Gomes

When my self, apart roams,
My conscience recalls madam Marcelene Gomes.
My teacher at St. Bartholomew's school,
Who taught us the virtuous rule.
A fine and devoted teacher,
Humanity and spiritual preacher.
A woman of strict conduct,
Employing indecency to reject.
Always caring and advising,
Always motivating and inspiring.
Pious, mystic, modest and chaste,
Social, judicious, never in haste.
Her words, in the heart lie,
Her shout, an angel's cry.
Her anger, a prophet's rage,
Her looks, a saint's image.
Till today, in my severance,
My conscience, gives her reference.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Man's Ages In Sun's Stages

As the sun rises from horizon arc,
So does man rises from womb dark.
As sun gives out its tender rays,
So does child charms in innocent ways.
The sun then takes a step bright,
So does man, too, takes the flight.
The sun then comes in full mirth,
Fulfilling its duty to enlighten the earth,
To raise the clouds and to shower,
Warm the leaves and nurture.
So does man comes in full praise,
Fulfilling its duty to, the family raise,
To perform family obligations,
And abide the social formulations.
The sun then approaches declination,
After its duty and obligation.
So does man shows the reclination,
After its duties and resolution.
As sun enters the earth 's womb,
So does man enters the tomb.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

My Child

Zakiya, my dear daughter,
Pleases me with loud laughter.
She ascended from high heaven,
On February seven.
She is my beloved baby,
Precious as red ruby.
She is my first child,
Innocent, holy and mild.
Seeing her refines my soul,
To fulfill a father's role.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

My Lord

It's Almighty my Lord,
To whom I pray and accord.
He is the universal light,
I worship Him day and night.

To Him I obey and abide,
For He is my light and guide.
As long in Him my faith lay,
I will never be in astray.

'22/12/2014

Vijaypur Karnataka India'

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

My Mother

My mother is arrogant,
And sheer adamant.
But she is my mother dear,
The one very near.
Under her feet is my heaven,
Compassionating this raven.
She is the one who will surely cry,
From her if I try to fly.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Never Say ' Later '

Never say later or tomorrow,
For it results in a great sorrow.
Say ' now ' and take some pain,
For it will be a true gain.
Say ' now ' or else will be never,
It's the only way to be braver.
If you have time, it's only now,
Future befriends death, from above.
So, never for tomorrow, you wait,
Act before, before your name gets late.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

O My Friend Jerry

O my friend Jerry,
You are a sweet cherry.
You have perfected your life,
After a great great strife.

You have maintained self discipline,
Marking your life neat and clean.
As a poet I can understand you,
For you are as lovely as morning dew.

But this is not an end,
In life there is a lot to bend.
Life is a struggle till the last breath,
And the struggle ends only with death.

'26/12/2014 Vijaypur Karnataka India'

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

O! Gandhiji, Your Weapon!

O! Mahatma Gandhiji!
How powerful your weapon,
More powerful than,
Ever, ever made.

O! Mahatma Gandhiji,
How destructive your weapon,
More destructive than atom bomb,
That destroys in total.

O! Mahatma Gandhiji,
How portable your weapon,
That anyone can handle,
From a child to an old aged.

O! Mahatma Gandhiji,
How operative your weapon,
So simple and easy,
For a man, woman and child.

O! Mahatma Gandhiji,
How cheap your weapon,
To market and to buy,
That anyone can purchase.

O! Mahatma Gandhiji,
How terrific your weapon,
That creates a terror,
In the hearts of enemies.

O! Mahatma Gandhiji,
How magical your weapon,
That retaliates violence,
Silently and peacefully.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

O! Peacock!

O! Peacock, so beautiful and lovely,
Your feather's craft and colour.
O! Peacock, so majestic and elegant,
Your crest on your head.
O! Peacock, so pure and chaste,
Your character and attribute.
O! Peacock, so rhythmic and lyrical,
Your dance and moves.
But, but and but,
O! Peacock, your voice and legs.
Yet, yet and yet,
O! Peacock, so beautiful and majestic.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

O! Poets!

O! Poets! , the custodians of the truthful race,
Explore the field of virtue and grace.

Possessives are not used for better words of praise,
For modesty is your robe and lace.

Introspection is your master key,
To intrude on earth as honey bee.

Intuition is your great treasure,
Experience it with great pleasure.

Be the sawyer to cut down the poisonous shoots,
That may turn into firm woody roots.

Beware of nemesis that awaits on your failure,
For your suo moto is your saviour.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Ode To Sweta Leena Panda

Verily, a great write,
Truly, a heart touching flight.

Really, a profound worth,
Undoubtedly, an excellent mirth.

Loved reading,
And commenting.

My great admiration to you,
For you are among the few.

You are a poetess indeed,
May your words all-time breed.

Added some poems to my list,
Impressed by the poem's gist.

Writing poems in childhood,
Proves your poethood.

I wish my daughter to be like you,
A poetess of excellence in my lieu

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

On Children's Day.

On the children's day,
To the Lord I pray.
May God bless,
To one and all success.
To be a good teacher,
And humanity preacher.
To be a fine weaver,
Of virtues and character.
I pray to the Lord,
To all children award.
Good health and great wisdom,
Rid to laziness and boredom.
Love in parents' share,
Compassion of teacher's care.
Nourished well three times,
Secured from all crimes.
Education to one and all,
Sports and play with bat and doll.
Poems to make them a man,
Inspire to do what good they can.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Poems Written In Heaven.

Many a bards unknown,
Many a poets unsung,
Wrote poems in praise,
Of their Lord,
On pages unseen,
Recited in silence,
To please the Lord.
Their poems, written in heaven,
Read by angels and the Lord,
Inscribed for ever and ever.
The fruit of their endurance,
The nectar of their silent utterance.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Published

Published are my work and words
Published are my skills and conscience
Published are my integrity and sanctity
Published are my actions and reactions
But unpublished is God's decree on me
Judging my reality and superficiality.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Recovery From Illness

Oh! What a great ecstasy and joy,
After a long misery and cry.
My soul was long attacked,
As it sobriety lacked.
Sunk deeply in its sickness,
Soaked in its weakness.
Strove to free from disease,
But showed a slow decrease.
Reading poems, provided the medicine,
And the strength to win.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Reply To Tr. Gomes Email On Her Reading My Poems.

I want to be like you,
For you are true.

A symbol of purity,
And sheer integrity.

The madness of Gandhiji seen,
When virtue and conscience reign.

And the mind and heart become the slaves,
Of the mighty conscientious waves.

Listening to the soft whispers of God,
That inculcate the self to accord.

I want to be like you,
For you are true.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Republic Day Gathering.

Republic day, Republic day,
Oh! , so joyous a day, so joyous a day.
For all Indians, for all Indians.

A day of celebration,
A day of national festivity,
A day to commemorate,
By all Indians, by all Indians.

Oh! , so lovely a day, so lovely a day,
As a free country,
As a Republic nation,
For all Indians, for all Indians.

Oh! , so adorable a day, so adorable a day,
Hoisting the flag,
Reciting the anthem,
By all Indians, by all Indians.

Oh! , so memorable a day,
So memorable a day,
Remembering the leaders,
Freedom fighters and martyrs,
By all Indians, by all Indians.

Oh! , so auspicious a day,
So auspicious a day,
Delivering speeches,
Singing patriotic songs,
By all Indians, by all Indians.

Oh! , we all gather, we all gather,
With one purpose,
With one purpose,
We all Indians, we all Indians.

JAI HIND.

Rotten Eggs

You find rotten eggs
Sold on a large scale
By their glamour
The color white, symbolizing
purity
But you are amazed
After sale, at the ultimate
It has spoilt your odour
The moment inner disposed!
It's too late, the time you
you know the truth
O! Mirror, you reveal not
But conscience whispers
The inner truth.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Silence

I opened my mouth
To safeguard dignity
And I barked like a mad dog
I lost whatever dignity was left
My words had no meaning
Senseless was my speech

I kept silence to the best I could
And spoke a few words with patience
I gained my dignity
My words, precious like pearls
Every word with sense and respect

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Sonnet 2 Flow Of Thoughts

Thoughts that flow through the id,
Wander with an immoral ride,
Such thoughts should get rid,
The one that don't abide.

Thoughts that are virtuous and right,
Make actions and deeds noble,
Our future brilliant and bright,
And the vice thin and feeble.

Let thoughts flow through superego,
And capture the roots of morality,
Let thoughts through conscience flow,
To know its self and reality.
If such then, will be a true gain,
In a memoir to write and retain.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Sonnet- I-Once Again I Betrayed My Soul

Once again I betrayed my soul,
After making firm vows,
Defying to play the role,
And accepting that time loves.
How many times I swear,
To be perfect and glorious,
And how many times I dare,
After being so cautious.

Let me not follow the whim,
Wavering mind I should lock,
In times fantasy I shouldn't swim,
And refuse every whimsical knock.
My own soul I shouldn't wrong,
After being headstrong.

'24/12/2014 Vijaypur Karnataka India'

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Stages Of Accomplishment

O! You were an unaccomplished soul
Far far away from the goal
And you were assisted by God
To deserve his award
And you came on accomplishing path
To avoid God's abomination and wrath
Verily, you have approached the
Accomplished end
Crossing the unaccomplished and
accomplishing paths
But this is not an end
As anytime you can bend
Retaining self as an Accomplished
Is the true accomplished
As chances are great to return back
To the first unaccomplished track
For life is a struggle till the last breath
And the struggle ends only on death

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Thank You O! God

Thank You O! God
For creating humanity
For creating pure and beautiful
relations.
The mother and son, father and
daughter, brother and sister.

Thank You O! God
For the compassionate and healing
hands of a doctor.
Who cures by Your will.

Thank You O! God
For a friend and helper in need
If there's an enemy; there's even a
friend.

Thank You O! God
For the free basic needs
Air, water and sunlight.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

The Final Birth

O! What have I conceived
The concept of ' Final Birth '
That has the eternal worth
The birth with profound wisdom
To enter God's kingdom
Loosing this precious birth
Causes havoc at the Trumpet
The birth with a mysterious history
Recorded in the book of decree

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

The Immoral Days

In guilt, I recall my immoral days,
The days spent in insensible ways.
Down into the bottom of hell,
My thoughts did fell.
My soul didn't cry,
Nor eyes felt shy.
How was the immoral blow,
The mind full of evil flow.
In praise to self, I did exalt,
Denying my every single fault.
To save self name and fame,
To others, I did blame.
I was the enemy of my soul,
Avoided it to reach its goal.
To self I called, a perfect,
But, was full of defect.
The immoral days had such a ride,
Where I refused to abide.
Those were the early days of ignorance,
Such days shall never return, I give assurance.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Visioning The New Year

Visioning the new year,
For your life to steer.
With a hope and happy heart,
Give the year a good start.

But carry your heart and hope,
Holding the courage rope.
Never your heart and hope you drop,
Never make the year a flop.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

What Honour And Blessings You Give!

When you fail to respect others,
And don't treat as true brothers.

What hope do you keep from the world,
And what prayer has God really heard.

As you sow is your yeild,
And God's protection and shield.

What honour and blessings you give!

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

What's Mine?

What's mine?
Let me define.
Is it my looks?
But its God's fabrication.
Is it my brain power?
But its Lord's shower.
Is it my wealth?
But its under threat of decrease.
Is it my health?
But what's in old age?

Then what's mine and only mine?
That is good and fine.

Its my patience,
Mine and only mine.
Its my modesty,
Mine and only mine.
Its my sacrifice,
Mine and only mine.
Its my honesty,
Mine and only mine.
Its my compassion,
Mine and only mine.
Its my humility,
Mine and only mine.

Its mine and only mine,
Not of any human being,
Not of any angel,
Nor of God, The Almighty Lord,
Its mine and only mine,
Just mine and mine.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Where Is Truth To Be Found?

Where is truth to be found?

Never search!

You may never find it!

You will find entangled in truth and falsity

And at crossroads, knowing not

Which way is right.

Search the truth within yourself

It's embedded in your conscience

Truth is found within ourselves

Being truthful to one's self and conscience

Is the true knowledge of truth

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Who Are Wrong?

Who are wrong?
We, they or you!
Are all right?
And no one wrong!
Then what's wrong?
When all are right!
And what's right?
When all are wrong!
Here goes the confusion,
Here goes the fight.
We are right,
You are wrong.
Human race and communities,
With true and false realities.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Wild Waves

The magnificent ocean
Surrounded by the calcium fence
Is disturbed by the wild waves
That snatch away its beauty
The beauty bestowed by its creator
To sustain the eternal beauty
The ocean being so powerful
Yet fails many a times
From the wild waves created
Created from its own source
Making man its victim
And he struggles on and on

Vijaypur, Karnataka, India
31st. December,2019

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Women In Deep Water

To married sister's' house; a poor brother visited
Her sister, a government servant
For one and a half day, the brother stayed
And asked sister for return ticket
An earthen money saver pot, the sister broke
The money, exactly the bus fare,
A warm farewell, brother-in-law forbade.
Thoughts dawned on way back
But, he realized, struggle of an Indian women
To keep sister happy, never, he asked further.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

Your Day

In the name of God, start your day,
Neat and tidy mark your way.
Melodiously utter your words,
Like the chirping of birds.

Uprightly perform your duty,
In it lies your beauty.
Straightforwardly refuse the wrong,
Being brave and headstrong,

Consciously follow the Lord's law.
Without delay, doubt and flaw.
In the name of God end the day,
Rest in peace, as long you lay.

'20/12/2014

Bijapur Karnataka India'

Abdulrazak Aralimatti