

Poetry Series

Abdul Sattar
- poems -

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Abdul Sattar(13 May 1977)

A Baby Cry

When it comes to ears
What happens
It sounds like something strange
Like something is wrong
Like cracking horns
Like breaking glass
Like thunderbolts
When a child cries
Is a sign of life
A sign of action and noise
Makes you ready to help
In that cry is a request
Or order to remember
The duty to nourish him
To identify him as a member
Of the family

Abdul Sattar

A Cup Of Tea

Pour life into vessels
Brain into droughts
Pour joys and smiles
Into the any time drink
And sip by pressing lips
I can see the charm
Beyond the veins it calls
The blood goes through the arteries
And spins the heart strings
The love and joy comes
And I became fresh
To work more and your smile
Can touch my ears so close
That I feel excited
Let have a cup of tea
Full of your love and fidelity

Abdul Sattar

A Hope Lays Ahead

Each day, each morning a new horizon
Welcome the traveller of time
We go to bed with terrible dreams
And awake with new amazing hopes

The darkened world seem to be bright
And hope ride the flying thoughts
Each day, each morning, a new life
Await the streaming rush of people

Abdul Sattar

A Hurtful Dream

Words are whispering
Into my ears for long
When it comes to me
Like hidden enemies
Break my heart like glass
With sorrowful ambitions
With trapping dilemma
Who can forget the trauma?
Of tragic moments
That gives you nothing
And you lose yourself
In the darkness of denial
No kind wave come
The light is fighting the dark
Finding no way to come
At last it fails struggling
No hope exists
With dying spirit
Every moment passes
The fear of loneliness
Vanishes all joys
Eyes become warm
It melts to produce
The droplets of water
Just like a candle
It brings new light
Warmth of emotion
Is very important
For a delicate heart

Abdul Sattar

A New Trial Again

Injustice prevails
With hidden lies
The justice is down to earth
Each morning a new trial
Begins with unknown sins
To hide them one must go to trial
And face a death sentence
Without any involvement
Without any crime
Proofs are collected
An image is printed in the news
Showing the unknown criminal
One must be similar to that
And must be a Muslim
Because the crime is being a Muslim
The world know that more than me
That energy is under the feet of Muslims
The flowing oil needs to be burnt
With neuclear warheads
To rush to the destruction
One must be a Muslim
Another trial of another Muslim
No one knows but everyone knows
That life is energy
And the survival of the fittist
It should be snatched from the Muslims
And this is the agenda of the world
To keep it under control for ever
The Muslims should be crushed
And that is the war on terrorism
To hunt down any moving thing
Perhaps no one knows the danger
Because nothing happened
Only the Muslims suffers
And that is an inferior race
The world thinks so
O, thinkers of the world
Do you not see this?
The injustice on the face of Euroasia

The struggle for power destroys our humanity
We should fight for our survival
Because that is our right
O, thinkers of the world
Feel it like your home crashes under the fire
Your children blasts along the Clusters
Feel it like your brother is snatched from you
And returned to you the next day with lost organs
Feel it like you cannot weep and your heart breaks
Feel it your heart is so important for humanity!

Abdul Sattar

A Rose Fell Down

Touch my heart and arms
Look into the empty hands
Sorrows of dreadful dream
Have emptied my thoughts
A rose has fallen down
Scattered like blood stains
A heart fell down
The beauty lost its fancy
Touch my heart o friend
With love and affection
I can touch my heart with sorrow
With my empty hands
I can not find your love
Just give it to me
The rose you threw down

(December 20,2005)

Abdul Sattar

A Stranger Passed By

My eyes never escaped
A stranger passed by
With the fragrance of flowers
With the charm of heavens
The steps engraved in my heart
The looks pictured in my eyes
I felt to ask something
So touchy personality
With high mind and brave thoughts
I feel for a moment uncertain
Looking, just looking to pass by
A stranger passed by
And never returned
My heart gone along
And never returned
I stayed calm and without thought
So pleasant it was, so wonderful moment
A stranger passed by
And I could not ask
But I was disturbed
By the beauty or blind love
For a moment I was lost

Abdul Sattar

About The World

Sometimes it is good sometimes it is bad
Sometimes it is charming, sometimes it is dreadful
Sometimes it is global sometimes it is parted
Sometimes it is hot sometimes it is cold
Sometimes it is peaceful sometimes it is awful
With each passing day it expands
With each coming day it contracts
It is neither square nor rectangle
It is neither round nor sphere
It is neither here nor there
The world we believe is not our world
We ruin it by each coming day
With its modesty we play

Abdul Sattar

Another Wave Of Grief (From A Story In The News About A Lebanese)

When spring comes
Flowers wave along the walls
Happiness and joys come
To our deserted village
For years we wait to recover
The wounds that burn
For years we bear
The scars of destruction
Then we are near to escape
The trauma of dejection
Suddenly everything shatters
A child is blown while playing
With untested mines
Another wave of grief
Stipple our throats
We return to our past
To migrate to a shelter
Where we find wounds
Blood, cuts and burns
Mad cries we hear
Another wave of grief
Stains our history
We learn a new lesson
Of hard struggle and survival
The game of life and death
We cannot clear our memory
And still another scar
Betrays our minds
When we are near to forget
Then someone again remind us
Of the terrible past
We think people cannot bear
Our happiness and joys
They amaze themselves
By making us poor and migrant
By making us slaves and terrorists

As I Love The Rose

As I love the Rose
I love its charms
With fragrance so touchy
I love thy beautiful eyes
With smile on the cheeks
But when I see tears
That raises my blood
And hack my heart
You should be always happy
For the beauty of the universe
Just like moon
You should be in the spring
To disguise the roses
And fresh flowers
You should be always jolly
To treat our hearts
We must be side by side
Thank you my doctor!

Abdul Sattar

Broken Ideas

Summer passed my pen is stopped
More sleep and fatigue
No thinking at all
No flow in the head or veins
A dirty mind with broken ideas
Sleepless nights and heavy days
Have lost my brain with torture
Upon the ugly face of the world
That world which is full of terror
Horrors and threats of attacks
Power hungry humans search for hunting
Dragons came alive in open days
Upon the head they circles
Searching for any ugly child
Having no cloths and barefooted
That will be a future terrorist
Because he can stand before states
The guns can be afraid of him
A natural struggle make him strong
A brutal environment make him stiff
Secret people came to his surrounding
Put him in a few dollars dream
A bright future and zeal to live
Mixing religious thoughts with it
An innocent soul ignorant of deceit
Make a wrong turn a selfish move
Bring his destruction by his own selfishness
The news shows a blown out person
Unaware of being deceived by a remote device
The money goes back to the masters
No one to claim it remains
A trick so wisely invented
My pen stops and mind unhealthy
Humanity is slaughtered down
I can not write any more
I pray for love every where
On the mountains, fields and roads
May the people know each other
With grace and respect

Without any prejudice

Abdul Sattar

Colors

There are colours red and green
Brown, yellow, white and blue
Some I took for my imagination
Some I took just for you
Then I thought how they are
So beautiful, good and charming
The green is for cooling heart
While the red is for it's warming
The blue is for tracing the mind
Beyond the sky and horizon
The white lighting the world
The black is making shades
Of thy charming cheeks
Without that we can not see
The pictures of thy grace

Abdul Sattar

Come Back

She met me again and again
On the squire every morning
With her bag holding down in hands
She spoke no word at all
Nor I talked to her
I felt her fragrance of warm emotions
With so much affection she glanced
Years passed doing so
No one was sure of the future
No one dared to express
To convey the message of being tied
Together for the life
There were hopes of finding a better future
Rising wishes and dreams of fancy
A good decision needs time
But time never waits for you
Time passed and there was a break down
I never saw her again; just I did not know her name
The emptiness I felt there for long
There I was standing once more at the squire
Never to expect the trauma
There passed a wave of turmoil
The havoc I felt in my veins
The brain was so disrupted
I felt if some thing happened to me
Perhaps a brain tumour developed
And thundered my body with shiver
She came back with the angel walk
I did not believe my eyes
With the change in her life
A child cried behind her
Mom, Mom! Stop! Stop!
She crossed and with a mild smile
Her face fancied the strange experience
Life has its own fruits
Some taste it bitter some feel it sweet

Abdul Sattar

Come Come Come

Come! , come! , come!
O sweet come
To my broken heart
To my dreamy world

Come, come, come
Because I can't live
Without love
Which touches my spirits

Come, come, come
So close to me
That I smell you
Like the flower fragrance

Come, come, come
To taste the happiness
Of your smiles
And warmth of emotions

Come, come, come
O, spring come
We wait till you
To pass through the colds
And Dark nights, please come

Abdul Sattar

Confidence

I want to talk to you but fail
I want to feel you but resist
My heart never let me know
The secrets of trembling veins
The melted blood soaked and dried

I want to know about you more
But never tried to get to know
Silence has locked my tongue
Sense has stopped me to ask
With heart broken and untried

I tried to unlock my head
I tried to untie my tongue
I tried to shorten distances long
And tried to get closer and closer
But when I face you, my all hopes died

Abdul Sattar

Crush Me Again

If you have legal ways
If you are hungry of my blood
If you are jealous of my life
If you don't want me to smile
If you want to black my file
If you are struggling to break my heart
If you want me to lose me in the desert
If you want me to defeat
If you want to cut my feet
If you want to burn me in the heat
If you wish to seize my right
If you want to dark my light
Then use all of your strength
All bullets of your gun
All the anger of your heart
Your hatred and jealous thoughts
O, cruel time! Use your usual manner
Use your usual cruelties
Crush me again and again
I will remain I will not abstain

October 10,1997

Abdul Sattar

Dead Body

When I pass that stream
Some reflection in my mind
Grasps me and my nerves
A dead body flown away
By flood waters
With muddy hair and open mouth
Tall and soaked in muddy water
Torn out clothes
The elbows scratched
Blood stained

When I pass that stream
My soul becomes heavy
Some mysterious people
Dragging that body
But not lifting it
Just like a dead animal

Abdul Sattar

Dividing The World

Dividing the world,
They are very happy
To meet their jealousies
They plan new agenda
To reach the extreme
Bouncing the balls on those
Who are drowsy
Who want to exploit
Their brothers
To cut off their links
Of blood and spirit

September 7,1999

Abdul Sattar

Feeling Like Ocean

Put your hand in ocean
And pour all the water in thy palm
Then can you find my love's limit
Can you find the spark of emotion?
That heats up the soul so calm
What feeling you have I don't know
But the waves I feel so strong
I can feel them for long
And the first golden ray onto the surface
That gold of my love I present to thee
The waves can send it to you
With my message of hard struggle
O, it is hard to reach the side
And feel the smile of morning
Put both the hands in the waters
And raise them to the sky
You will hide the stars
Find my love in the ocean
And you will feel no limits
Of unbreakable relationship

As of the water and water
As of the horizon and horizon
Waves will pass, waves will come
And our love cannot be exhausted

Abdul Sattar

Frustration

When the soft mild eyes sore
The moment is pleasant no more
The heart strings does not play
The song of beauty is no more heard
The mood is feeling dejection
Headache begins to violate
The laws of peace and brain
The nerves feel sever pain
All is well but not well again
Thoughts are captured by dismay
Nights comes in the bright day
Day suffers with the night's gloom
And happiness vanishes from the screen
Then hold your pen and write
The story of your sorrows and fatigue
Converge your words on a paper
Like roses on a bunch hanging down
Feel yourself in nature's hands
Select colorers of your dream
And make a bunch of rosy words
To hide the thorns of frustration

Abdul Sattar

Hard To Find Words

'Tis hard to find words
That trace thy picture
So handsome with perfection
'Tis hard to find words
To re-state thy beauty
With perfect charm and affection
'Tis hard to find words
To reflect like flower
And to talk like tree
'Tis hard to find words
To concise the images
Of captive heart and free
'Tis hard to find words
To bring the mad happiness
To the wounds fresh to spark
'Tis hard to find words
To make a difference in
The white light and black dark

Abdul Sattar

Headaches

So miserable at this stage
Feeling thorn like something
Hidden in the thoughts
Suppose it is your touch
Of glances with my sorrows
Think, if you were me
Feeling headaches
When lonely
The extreme of thoughts
Will touch the "Himalayas"
But the intensity of emotions
Can pass through the imagination
Feeling thorn like something when lonely
Think, what will be the atmosphere?
If something is repeating, again and again
The tension and the headache
How can be changed?
The headache, just the headache
The nerves of the head going down
O, stop this nonsense,
I can't bear them all
O, my mind bring new thoughts
As I have lost all
My happy thoughts
For God sake bring new thoughts.

Abdul Sattar

Heart And Night

When the gloomy evening appear
When heart breaks and eye tear
When there is silence in the world
When the gloomy night come
When stars are shivering
When man is sad
When the bed is not soft
A picture of the past
Spreads on eyes
A miss of beautiful scenes
A smell of lovely flowers
A word of love and fidelity
Vibrate the heart strings
When night gloom brings

Abdul Sattar

Homeless

When I was a child
Just after one year in school
I read a lesson " My Sweet Home"
There was a beautiful lawn
Flowers were shining in the dawn
There were five rooms neat and clean
One kitchen, dining and bedrooms
Happiness, health was every where
Everything was for all to share
Coming back to my home
Raising eyes towards dome
I found another world
This world was different at all
I asked my father if it is our home
He answered my son you are so small
The whole world is your home
The rivers, the stars, the oceans
The east, the west, the Egypt, the Rome
The past, the present, the future is yours
No hurdles can stop you, no emotions

I asked my father but where is my home?
He stopped, the shining eyes never answered
Perhaps they know no tears at all
The question remained, silence thundered
He thought but all were perished
The struggle was there having no fruits
The dad, grand pa, all had done
The planting was there with no roots
My own self in struggle to search out
My sweet home is stolen from my sight

Abdul Sattar

How Soft Was My Bed

The birds were moving here and there
The people were going for prayer
There was silence in my home
There was darkness on the dome
The crowing of cock I hear
"There is cold", I fear
Appeared in the east a little light
The mighty sun became now bright
I got up like a lazy man
I circled my head like fan
It was nine when I saw the clock
I can't hear the crowing of cock
There was business when I sought
"I am a lazy man", I thought
How beautiful scene was here and there
There was loveliness every where
How soft was my bed
And I was lying dead

1996

Abdul Sattar

I Do Not Remember

I do not remember
Where we met
On the horizon
Beyond the boundaries
In the heaven
Among the stars
In the fairies land
On a wonderful planet
How I can remember
The sigh of time
The pain of autumn
The sorrows of night
The cold of winter
The shiver and shudder
Of fearless heart
The dreaming eyes
Can not tell
The leaves of rose can not bring
The grace of flower
The weightless moment
The empty heart
Again and again
Asking me
You have forgotten something
Please recollect what that should be
What hath gone?
But where we met
So friendly looks
I remember but not sure
Why so I think
That we met somewhere else
In the heaven or horizon
Beyond the skies
Beyond this planet
I think so but not sure
Where we met
I do not remember

I Never Felt Alone

I never felt alone when I touched thy gazing eyes storm
My heart never woe, my thoughts never flowed.
As far you cared me, as far you were my companion
And now I think me ever being with you
Some thousands years ago, our souls have been met
As I never had you nor had any care for
Our hearts are so weighed down
That we part our souls in the uncertain moments
What a pity it is? What a misery it had been

Abdul Sattar

I Search The Light

I search the light
Please tell me someone
Where it can be found
The light that make me feel
In the heaven and can heal
My soul wounds that have pain
The light that enlighten me
With spiritual depth and peace
Of mind soul and inner feel
The light that reach the darken
World of ignorance and cruelties
To make the world a bunch of flowers
With untouched beauty and fragrance
I search the light
To enlighten the days of peace
I search the light the true light
Please tell me someone who can see

Abdul Sattar

In This Dark Night

In this dark night
I trail behind time
Step by step
Second by second
The lost memory reminds me
The faded shades of thy eyes
Engraves in my mind

The told lies rebounds
Grabs my inner self
The mistaken thoughts
Re-arrange it self.
All the gone words and phrases
Assembles and make sentences
Which have gone off the bow

Abdul Sattar

Interdependence

Cut me off the gloom
And I will feel the boom

Let me play with joy
And I will enjoy

Let me leave in peace and free
And I will not harm thee

Let me chase my time
And I will bring it to sublime

Let me write my story
And I will bring it to glory

Let me bring the light
To my hut to become bright

Abdul Sattar

It Doesn't Matter

It doesn't matter
It is autumn or spring
It is day or night
It is winter or summer
It is cold or hot
All the time it prevails
The fragrance of thy recollection
That gives the heavenly feel
So often I imagine
The picture of the past
The fancy of thriving delight
The smile of the spring I feel
In those bright eyes
I look the pleasure of heart
That can not be avoided
The sorrows being shed
From the warm eyelids
It takes no time
To think of you
A shock so sudden
A kick in the teeth
A bolt from the blue
The cold feelings
Disobey my mind
I loose my heart
And cannot stop
My eyes spraying
The fountain of emotions
Disguise the nerves
The better it will be
To forget that time
Of uncertain truth
To accept the lies
Of the disguised life
It will not harm the heart
To feel the good coming days
And forget the past
The painful past

It Rains And Rains

It rains and rains
Slowly and slowly
And the people in the village
In their houses made of mud
Cannot enjoy it more
There is a fear around
The roofs may fell down
They pray all the time
So life is in some stiff time
A dirty faced child came out of his home
And shrieked and run away fast
With a unknown joy and amusement
His clothes were no more clean
For he wants to get more of the mud
A loaf of bread in his hand
Fell down from his hand
And he was up sit down
With thrashing skill he stood up
Ran again with a full muddy face
Behind the muddy walls he disappeared

Abdul Sattar

Just In Time

Swim along the sea
O my dolphin you can see
The vast surface of water
Below which time waits
Above which time waves
Every whale is waiting
For the prey to come
Every shark waits for
Crushing its target
Just in time it happens
Just in moments it ends
The game of life and death
Hope and sorrows side by side
Trailing behind the fortune
The struggle seems to be horse
On whose back we can ride
Just in time we wait
Just in time we play

Abdul Sattar

Let Me Think

Let me think about the day
When happiness and beauty delay
Let me think about the time
When love plays with the heart
Let me think about the moment
When you seek my words
In the heap of books
Let me think about the pain
Which I feel in waiting you
Like hundred years, hundred times
I think about your love in a day

Abdul Sattar

Love In The Past

Don't ask about the love
As I loved you before
I thought you are with me
Then my life is glorious
And if your gloomy thoughts are with me
Then there is no need for the sadness of the world
Your beauty brings the world to its place
Your beauty brings springs to the earth
But don't ask about the love
As I loved you before
Because the beauties are sold
In the markets and lanes
They are wrapped in dust and bathed in blood
The blood from wounds and hearts
My eyes turn towards them but what to do
Your beauty is inspiring still but what to do
What to do with the grieves around us
There are a lot of gloom more than love
A lot of wishes than wishing to meet you
So don't ask about the love
As I loved you before

(Some of the ideas taken from a poem by Faiz Ahmad Faiz the Popular Urdu Poet)

Abdul Sattar

Love Is Sacrifice In The East

Love is sacrifice in the east
That tell us the olden stories
Of Laila-Majnoon, Heer Ranja
Of Shereen-Farhad, Sohni-Mahiwal and the others
There success is a dream
There love is a scar of heart
There open love is a crime, a guilt

Abdul Sattar

Madness

I was gazing at stars and moon
Never to exhaust and pale
The heart never talked to stop
The nights passed by as travelers
Pass through the rushing road
The stars will tell the truth
About my unhappy thoughts
About my midnight madness
Hours and hours passed
And I dreamed to touch thy beauty
To the brutal solitude I talked
To the wild dark I whispered
Where is my heart so sweet and charming?
My mind never rest without you
Till the restless sleep fell on me
Like a dark demon's blanket
I felt thy touch while in dream
I dreamed you while awake
My soul and spirit want you
I yearned for thy fancy when I thought
Uneasy I felt whenever thy recollection
Touched my mind's exhausted vein

30 Jan 2005

Abdul Sattar

My Brother

Where you are? Where you are?
Perhaps sleeping or with sleepless eyes
Perhaps tired by lifting stones
Perhaps with unhappy thoughts
Perhaps fighting with sadness
Perhaps fighting the life
Perhaps fighting the destiny
Perhaps fighting the gloom
Tell my brother how you are?
Tell me, just tell me soon
I cannot stop my tears
Tonight is so hard to pass
So small you are, so big the hurdles
So young you are, so old the wounds
So good you are, so bad you feel
So far you are, so close to my heart

Abdul Sattar

My Love Will Bring It To Existence

My love will bring it to existence
The impossible ones that is hard
I feel so strength in my feelings
That will shatter every law of the world
And love has no boundaries at all
My spirit is so excited to touch the heavens
Of thy beauty with delicate thoughts
I think my heart is so often with you
Going side by side with your spirit
I am so sickened for you to lose
Myself in your dreams and charms
I smell your love's fragrance
With all my senses drifted to wards you
I can share it with the universe
My love is my tribute to the world

Abdul Sattar

O Good Solitude

It is hard to pay tribute
To the silence here and peace
The mind fresh and fair
The heart, soul so clear
O great solitude thanks
To recollect the flowery moments
And touch the face of dreams
We can bring joys to this world
When we sit side by side, hands in hands
O great solitude! so cute you seem
And the burden of griefs
We throw away the dust of mind
The spirit remains so kind
For hours we can whisper
For long we can stay together
There is no one to part us
Let us feel together
The next century will remember me
When it touches your soft empty hands

Abdul Sattar

O, Night O Calm Night

O, night you are so calm and cold
With you grow my mind so old

Opening my eyes I feel shades
Of tragedies can never be told

Back to my thoughts never comes
The beauty, the smile, the gold

Grieves I can feel and sorrows
Shades of dark with firm hold

Piercing my chest you can see all
My heart so tortured, then so bold

Abdul Sattar

Oh, Justice If I Could Find You?

The children unhappy
The elders with broken hearts
Tears and blood side by side
Broken walls of mud
Poverty scattered about
Mouths are shut
No one can speak the truth
There is dreadful silence in the East
The West is watching the devastation
Every one stressed with fear and grief
Future is uncertain and dreadful
Weapons of mass destruction
Are used as testing devices
To kill the innocent people
Working in the fields
Walking on the roads
Search for oil and rich resources
Snatching more and more wealth
Widening the boundaries of battles
Propagandas, lies and slogans
The factories, machines and electric signals
The radio waves spreading the rumours
The air is polluted by desperate lies
The politicians use their brutal voices
News creates anger and spreading the virus
Of a new World War to be fought
Books are filled with lobbying war
The justice is a double faced devil now
For West it is to crush the countries
For East it is to blast the towers
For others to search the oil
The hunger for war is taming
No one speaks the truth
No one talk of peace
The time is now rape for another superpower
To emerge or destroy
To crash the humanity
To prevail the brutality
Of the dirty and ugly wars

Children of the world are unaware
That death is ready to silence their voices
The greater minds are used to design
Destruction with new strategies
The gates of peace being closed
The wisdom now thinks of wars
The thinkers now think how to fight
Human is in its inhuman face
Let us pray every machine be stopped
Let us pray the satellites be failed
Let us pray every signal be broken
Let us pray every message of destruction be dead
Let us pray that the minds be frozen
Which creates and thinks for destruction
Let us pray we turn back to Stone Age
So that the earth is freed of WMD
And we live a simple and peaceful life
Where ignorance seems to be friendly
And what we know should not be known

Abdul Sattar

Pain

It comes so close to you
That you forget anything
You forget your friends
And forget loved ones
You hear nothing but aching nerves
That gives you courage and struggle
But what is a pain
Perhaps a blessing of God
You check yourself
And get a doctor's recipe
Or you go to bed to relax
To cool down the machine
The pain tells you that
Something is wrong or going wrong
So take rest or get some treatment
The pain tells that you are sad
The pain tells you what is bad

Abdul Sattar

People Say...

People say but I can't believe
That the beautiful world will perish
By the cruel hands of human beings

People say but I can't believe
That powerful will press the weakest
And will urge to become the best

People say but I can't believe
That one that kills do not bring
The peace to the rest who sing

People say but I can't believe
That those who are weak
Can not find what they seek

People say but I can't believe
That justice can bring peace
In the Cyprus and the Greece

People say but I can't believe
Free people, free thoughts and free mind
Can bring good, can search and find

Am I right or wrong?
You can take it as you long

Abdul Sattar

Return Me My Teen Age

Return me my teen age
Return me my youth
So that I can be loved
So that I can touch
The delicate beauty
Of the night's moon
So that I can dream
At mid day and noon
Return me my happy days
Where my soul joyfully lays

23 Jan 2005

Abdul Sattar

Roses And Thorns

Red, soft, shining and delicate rose
Brown, hard, dead and hard thorn
Live side by side with love and joy
Take the blossom of life and go along
Like hand in hand and bright and breezy
When untouched they give colour to universe
When offended they raise to resist
And failing that; they loose themselves
In the jealous human hands
Without any grief, without any lament
Their blossom is lost under the heavy boots
Of a pretending lover, cheating others simplicity
Hundreds and thousands roses are sacrificed
For the joy of a tyrant, and autocrat
Hundreds souls are silenced
For the wishes of a jealous despot

Abdul Sattar

She Is Upset And Quite

She is upset and quite
She does not want to talk
And hides her eyes from being seen
The wet eyes with immense grief
Let the world be ignorant about her
It is not good to be exposed
What the people think?
She hides her feelings to be weak
So many problems she has
Her children uncertain of their future
Playing around her and making noise
But she does not bother by the wickedness
Of naughty child who wants her to be angry
She is quite, thinking in the air
What she wants to be here?
All the five children are at home
But one is far and she can not see
The half mind is half dark
What a misery that she can not bear
The emptiness of her motherhood
The pain that she can cure with tears
But the people will say that she is weak
She is not weak that much
But she cannot express the loneliness
All the children minus one
Half the heart uneasy
Half the life dark
Every mother should think about
Whole of the world minus one nation
Is just like the mother who has lost
Her child when she grew him.

Sunday, 18 September 2005

Abdul Sattar

Silence

A big pause, a big silence
A peaceful moment a trapping thought
With unknown fear and lapsing time
Closed books, and hands been caught

Waves of cold breeze gushes through stomach
Fancy stops, dreams and wishes fail
Silent gates, silent mates, silent night
Long shadows, times ticking like snail

Come to my heart, my troubled night
Is getting dark, shadowy, and long
Come to my dreams so I feel the warmth
My nerves can touch the rhythmic song

Abdul Sattar

Someone Calls Me

When I am lost in thoughts
Someone calls me
Slowly and slowly
The lovely voice calls me

When I am going through streets
With rush and haste I step
Someone calls me
Slowly and slowly

When the cold grabs me
And my heart shiver and thump
Someone calls me
Slowly and slowly

Slowly and slowly
The voice emerges
My heart is familiar with
That touch of the love
That I forget everything
Slowly and slowly

Abdul Sattar

Sunday Break

All made me busy
That came in my way
shopping, laughing friends
I did not noticed
Time was running
Like a bullet out of gun
I kept myself
In my wishes so big
My hands were empty
When I looked at them
As empty as schools in holidays
Or office at sundays
My mind was full of many wishes
Sunday was too short
To have my all wishes
Time ran out
And I did nothing but to pass the time
I killed the time
Now night so precious to relax
Tomorrow will be another day
People will hurry
To make the world populous
Traffic will be jammed
Minds will be tortured

Abdul Sattar

The Blossom

When the red rose opens His eyes
And the dew on its branches lies
It seems that a lovely creature
Has arisen with sleepless eyes
That a ray shines in the sunrise
That a youthful emotion is in its full boom
And the reflection on the mind
Displays their strange actions
To catch the gone times
To recollect the blossom of the life
To smell, to taste the delicious dreams

Abdul Sattar

The Dark

This enormous flood of grief
This insatiable hunger for sympathy
This demand that surrender
These heavy draperies of grief
Heart cannot sustain
This enormous weight of sorrow
In the wheel of sensation heart feels
The moment upon which its radiance rests
This uncompromising severity of nature
At the sight of human frailty
These knocking brooms of fear
Gashes hole in the heart
These grinding moments of terror
Kills the nerves to hope for
The horizon of dreamy land
These crushing sounds of thunder storms
This race of weaponry and arms
These Psalms of sorrow and distress
This brutality of any mortal being
A sense of truth to face
Facts are uncompromising
This fabled land where mountains mourn
The land where the brightest hopes die
Children are aware of this trauma
At their childhood they know
Life is tough and difficult
The founder of darkness knows
That where the wealth is hidden
Will crush the humanity if exposed
This thirst for power and wealth
Will ruin the hopes of turmoil
Man is enslaved by the hunger
Of illegal brute of money
Dusty faces swallow the glows
Of civilised mind's threats
The richest against the poorest thunders
This injustice of human will crack
The heavens of peace will break
The peaceful will cease to read

The science of destruction in power
Will break the human hearts
The world will not be a globe
It seems a place of mad people
Where they think about disaster
They plan agendas of brutality

To shatter the beauty of earth
The bride of peace is so deserted.

Abdul Sattar

The Delicate Moment

That line there, that mass there
Which is out of question?
The wonderful night, starlit
When candles wavering in her eyes
Being tired, the mind still rising
And falling with the sea
When heart turning over the sketches
Under the lamp it ignites
The flames of love and want
The taste and smell that places
Have after long absence
Possessing her subdued spirits
The waves sound as the wind blow
It sings like the beloved voice
The moon surprised, enormous pale
Still and silent as she sleeps
The exactness, the best to look
That line there, that mass there
That picture that speaks the truth
Of everlasting moment's fragrance
Let the moon be fifty feet away
Let it not even speak a word
Let it not even look at you
It permeates, prevail, and impose
The most supreme bliss, the beauty
Of which human nature is capable

1 February 2005

Abdul Sattar

The Fire

The rich man wants a fire
A fire so hot and threatening
So everyone withdraw from anything
And the rich man gain everything
Everything relating to money
Everything that affects commerce
To hold each penny in hands
Without paying the wages
A fire is burnt around and
The rich man orders to the village people
To keep the fire burning until
Every villager lose his money
And at last he orders them to push
Each other to make the fire hungry
The rich man never satisfies and want more
At last he burns the remaining with great joy
The anthem of independence is sung
The collected wealth is spent on more fire
The fire is so good for the health
Of the demon of the world
The rich man is always happy with that
To burn more, to earn more
To burn the city, town and every door

Abdul Sattar

The Language Of Love

I am the poet of harmony
I speak the language of love
The words I produce
The themes I consider
Are the strings of imagination
Are the love's lovely flowers
And when I think
Love touches my mind
A voice of peace
A word of concord
Trails in my mind
The current of thy glances
Vibrate the system by shock
My thirsty heart never exhausts
To have droughts of thy love
I love this world of beauty
I love the humans, being thirsty
Of looking at stars
Of touching the moon
I love the language of love
Because it's universal
Even the dogs know it
Even the stars know it
And when light kisses the dawn
The love's heart thumps in
To touch the fragrant flowers
The dews fell upon

5 Jan 2005

Abdul Sattar

The Moon

In the dark cold night
The sky is full of golden rays
Who can tell the truth behind the silence?
What is the mystery of the cat walk?
Which the silently gazing rays
The fairy of universe is exposing
To the little naked eye

The still mode of the world
Looks so beautiful at that moment
No one to talk even a word or two
Files shut and closed mouths
Let the eyes to stare at the beauty queen
This protocol of nature
Gives her charms of limitless moments
It is too early to go to bed
For tonight is like the blessing of nature

This untouched moment is so steady
That the trees are whispering
The stars are hiding their faces
From being burnt to ashes
By the flames of rising fire
From the mouth of queen of solitude

Abdul Sattar

The Moon Is So Pale Today

This cold night of sad winter
Is watching the stars mourning
Some unhappy thoughts comes
And vanishes all the joys
This flood of grief never stops
With heavy stones rolling
As the bleeding wounds will cry
So lonely this heart feels
As to never saw love's eyes
So broken with sad eyes
The moon is so pale today
That pain goes through its face
The mournful moment never cuts
The stars so silent watches
This night is so lonely
The moon is so pale today

(Dec 20,2005)

Abdul Sattar

The Morning Dew

Soft, clean and shining pearl
With so much freshness and charm
From whose eye you dropped?
You are cold instead of warmth
That prevail the spirit to wave
Along the waving of roses

Dusty faces of grasses cleaned
By your touch of graceful delight
Fresh air touches every branch
And get your perfume back
Its a moment to be fresh and fair
O the morning dew you shine here

Abdul Sattar

The Philosophy Of Revolution

When things go out of hands
When the emotions reach the extreme
Then there should be a revolution
When people are in trouble
Cruelties create hatred double
Then a wave is efficient for bubble
When there are ups and downs
Then there should be a revolution
When there are successive failures
Whispers began to discuss affairs
When people refuse to accept lies
And whispers change in cries
And when cries turn in action
Then there should be a revolution
When there is successive exploitation
Time gives birth to a disrupt nation
When people feel to face disaster
When hearts beating becomes faster
When disappointment reach the extreme
Then there should be a revolution.

1996

Abdul Sattar

The Red Rose

The red rose wept for long
Upon the autumn sad song

And then recovered from grief
And shattered the wet green leaf

The spring is there but the tears
Of lover, the autumn how bears

The little heart in search of charm
Is beating and beating and warm

The red rose is watching the gloom
Of the lover's heart being in boom

His beloved had nodded him back
The rose from him she does not take

The nature feeling warmth is now cold
The autumn will take him in firm hold

The beauty will go leaving the scars
Of drowning moon and falling stars

The thorns will curse the rose to retreat
The red rose weeps on nature's treat

It doesn't matter what have gone
The rose will wait for the dawn

The spring no more helps the friend
His beauty will shatter like wall of sand

His days of life will end very soon
At morn, at noon or after noon

The rose sees autumn in the spring

A wave of sorrow his end will bring

The red rose weeps and weeps more
Upon these tears his eyes will sore

No spring can stop, no joy can amaze
With each passing moment his death he chase

So times are when autumn comes in spring
No joy can touch you no nerve can sing

February 16,2005

Abdul Sattar

The Shadows Of Life

So brave heart, so hardships
Keep thy nerves tight, so keep thy way
It is not to go for and enjoy
All the time, so comes some grieves
Oh, the shadows of sorrows
Make their way too
To bring the gloom to perish the boom
Not letting to bring new thoughts
All perished on the way
So, life needs integrity
So, life needs perfection
And heart wanton to bring happiness
The sky so gloomy, so clouds are
When people hate you, what does it bring?
No flowers laugh, no nightingale sing
When someone leaves you alone
In the gulf of grieves goes your tear
And the sad trace of dieing fear
Shiver the nerves and spark goes down
Tears go out of your eyes, pins in the brown

Tears your eye when one of your heart string dies
Whom to ask for in the chain of cries
It is a link of tears and grieves
It is a chain of life and shadows
Who once meet you, will depart
Who one hate you, will discard
Who once care you, will ignore
Who once thought you, will perish
O, life come, come life to me
I fear thou have gone
What if you are not free?
To give your hand and meet me
There will be no hope, no ray
I can be the one finding no way
Miseries if become food
Hacking all the time your mood
So, fight the time, so fight the gloom
So, forget the morning, so forget the noon

So shadows are tall, so happiness will fall
So minds will stop, so hearts will go
And search the way to life
The last and final attempt
Oh, there is no last thing any way

Because the last bring the first hay!
So trace the horizon, till the shadows gone
And feel the existence, trace the caravan
Oh, life is there in your mind
Oh, life is there, in your heart
Oh, life is in your golden eyes
Life is everywhere if you thought
Where life is, grieves are
So don't bother by
The shadows of the life
They are just the shadows of the life

Abdul Sattar

The Son Of Mountains

I am the son of mountains
I feel life in stones and thorns
I born in love and hatred
I feel the fairies tales
When I am lonely

I know the hurdles of life
How to find when there is no way
I can look into the eagle's eye
When it glances over its prey
Piercing it in parts

I know what is happiness
What are sorrows I know more
When there is no doctor to call
And life takes the last
Recipe of death

I know how to react
When you alone can touch and hear
The mad cry from your heart goes
Towards cliffs and rebound
Sink in the heart

Abdul Sattar

The Soul Never Rests

In the veins down to heart
With sleepless eyes stare
The spirit can touch its warmth
Heart never go beyond that wall
It gives energy to life
The soul never rests

Each day with your charm
I get the message of love
Tomorrow will be another sun
Today we please our souls
To get to close to have life
Every thing goes down
When motionless night comes
But the warm soul never rests

Beyond the sky it can reach
Wandering in the heavens and earth
The dreams we play with
No one knows where it goes
No one knows from where it comes

Happiness, joys, lovely life
The beauty can perish at all
The stars stay for a while
The barking dogs can sleep
But the soul never rests

Abdul Sattar

The Spirit

Is there any thing that is immortal
And mysterious like the waves
Silence like death
Smooth like light
Dangerous like fear
Beautiful like the spring
We can not touch it
We cannot grasp it
In our little hands it plays
The game of life and death
The heart beating can't tell
The eye cannot catch it
On the horizons it spreads
On the beach it meets
In the dark it goes
No bounds it has
What a mysterious thing it is!

Abdul Sattar

The Stolen Happiness

Game is fortune
Fortune is game
But, what about life?
It's a game or fortune
Is life illusion?
That prevail ambiguity
Is life a trap?
That seizes when you walk
Is life a misery?
That never ends
Is life happiness?
That is stolen!

Abdul Sattar

The Sun Is Eating Up Bloods

The sun is eating up bloods
The hot flaming wind is taming
From the hut it sounds so sweet
Calm down O Sun Calm Down
My beloved is on the way
It is not good to suck his veins
Calm Down Sun and not be fiery
We have to live more for the spring
Calm down so the sweat of my darling
Do not wet his scorching cheeks
Calm down sun so the sleep comes
And we can enjoy the thirst for love
Calm down so we can dream
Calm down so we can smile
Our dry lips can imagine
The universe is looking to us
Just like a strange animal
Has been living in a cave
A thousands tears can not bring
The taste of a water droplet

Abdul Sattar

The Tears Of My Heart

My heart is torn out, blood spills from it
The sparrows of grief had made nests in it
My eyes tears with blood because
I have wept for you all the night
To whom I can cry for help
O God you can save my heart
Look at the waves of ocean
These are the reflections of my heart

Ideas are taken from Pushtu Folk songs 'Tappa' whose poet is unknown

Abdul Sattar

The Truth

The truth is straight forward
Line by line and well versed
Clear and clean
Not demanding high ranks
Nor wanton wealth
Only wants clear mind and heart
The truth is always endangered
By the cunning lies
It is not afraid of being stolen
Nor fears to be hacked
It shows its signs
Of great success
The truth lies in simple heart
Do not find it in the palaces

Abdul Sattar

The World Is Ignorant About Me

The world is ignorant about me
At what crisis of time I am
To pass the autumns and yet to see

The spring of life! I wait for you
I talk to the stars in the dark night
They shine in dark in sky blue

The world doesn't know about me
I sigh in grief all the night till morn
To recollect the charms of thee

It is the gloom that I feel so bad
With hundreds of sorrows I play
I fear they will make me mad

I start with glooms and tear my day
With thousands of problems in life
For demon of injustice I am a prey

I want to do something but fail
I think but then stop to think
Then my thoughts nothing prevail

The world is ignorant about me
That I have no light tonight
I am to wait till morn to free

I have no food to eat to sleep
Without cloths my brother lay
I am to curse them not to weep

I think what to do to make
Myself to earn for my mom
The medicines she wants to take

I want to pass through fames and fire
And catch every paper to sell
To earn soon and then to home retire

The world is ignorant about me
That today my mom is unhappy
Seeing on my hands scars three

I told her not to be sad
This will make unhappy too
The brave spirit of my dad

She told me my brave child
Thousands of years you live
As she touched my forehead mild

December 16,2005

Abdul Sattar

The Wounds Of History

When I think about the history
I see the wounds with blood spots
The crime against humanity speaks
The hatred and cruelties tell
The stories of inhuman souls
No nation can deny it with open heart
Their barbarism brought it to existence
The blood, the tears of child small
With flowing gear and stains on the wall
The cries of a mother with mad instinct
The heart breaking tortures of the time
Have ruined the souls of so many youths

When I think about the history
I see the earth being wounded
I see the moon mourning and crying
At her ruined lovers and admirers
I see the stars in the deadly grief
On their friends the cute children
I see the sky shedding idle tears
On the deserted boom of the globe

Abdul Sattar

The Young Laborer

Beneath that blue sky
On the dusty surface of earth
Above the green grass, shine
The tears of night being shed
Hold of tyranny is every where
Beauty is always captive
Thoughts are all captured
Life feel sediment
Culture being classified
Wisdom being stolen
From the young worker
These hands so small and beautiful
Are being filled with scars
That heart is thumping for survival
Perhaps he is not fit for
Perhaps he will die of hunger
If he fails to be healthy
His hands can be eaten by machines
His boom can be lost by hardships
But if he fails to exist
This will be the end

Of all what he thinks about
His future is uncertain
His present is groundless
Grieves are his friends
His destiny is disappointment
But night, like an affectionate mother
Shed tears upon his weakness

Abdul Sattar

There Were Colours

There were colours red and green
Brown, yellow, white and blue
Some I took for my imagination
Some I took just for you
Then I thought how they are
So beautiful, good and charming
The green is for cooling heart
While the red is for it's warming
The blue is for tracing the mind
Beyond the sky and horizon
The white lighting the world
The black is making shades
Of thy charming cheeks
Without that we can not see
The pictures of thy grace

Abdul Sattar

Things Are Imaginary

Things are imaginary
Words are living
What a mystery I disclose?
That sound has power
And humans are weak
Each day we talk
Of a death or life
We see the image of life
Still and moving pictures
All around us
Motionless and with motion
We talk about things
The word expose them to life
And life is an image we cannot see

Abdul Sattar

Thousands Years Will Pass Hundreds Eyes Will See

Thousands years will pass
Hundreds eyes will see
Thy beauty with envious thoughts
But still will not pay
The heart, mind will say
It's not enough, it's not enough
Just to have a look and stay
And the beautiful shining ray
Down spray from the gloomy day
Will play upon the waters of the bay
Just sending a message to thee
Hundreds and thousands eyes will see
Hundreds of thoughts will perish
Once, you look at them free
Thousands of eyes will spark
Thousands years will pass
But the recollection, the mind
Will remain, you will find
Thousands years will pass
Hundreds eyes will see.

November 1,2003

Abdul Sattar

Time

Time comes and go with rushing tide
Leaving things deserted or with pride
The stars cannot wait for long
The moon can not stay any more
The flower is desperately losing heart
The sun is smoothly going down
The child is no more baby
Man is a slave of time
There he cannot disobey the orders
Perhaps not willing to do so
On the horizon time is playing
With souls to meet the rising sun
The moments are counted for man
The seconds are not useless
The night will cut down from life
Every day a leaf or branch cut down
From the green tree of life
Time will remember us all
Time will forget us for ever
We must meet in time
We must love in time
We will not be here for long.

Abdul Sattar

To The Beloved

All praises you in words untold
The poets, the people young and old
Your charms, fantasy of flowery fragrance
Your body is termed with silver and gold
For you the thrills and chills of life goes
For you the soul and heart being sold
The life being shed with tears and sorrows
For you the stars, the moon light borrows

Abdul Sattar

To The Friend

Sweet were the moments
Like heaven fragrance
Fancy were the scenes
Charming was thy looks
Touchy were thy talks
For hours we talked
Like thousand years
Everlasting was the relation
Like the blood to blood
Like heart to heart
And vein to vein
Like light and day
Our souls were one
Tied together embraced
Words were fragrant
Time was still
Days were flowery
Nights were rosy
For hours we felt
The warmth of sincerity
For years we sighed together
We laughed together
We played with the time
With equal effort
We bonded our hands
Like unbroken knot
We tied our hearts
We shared our souls
We pooled our spirits
We joined our thoughts
Like unbroken waves
Like beating heart
Like passing time
Like gazing stars
We tortured our hearts
By waiting to meet
The passion to talk
The eagerness to feel
The madness to share

The words of fidelity
The loyalty of truth
We spare the days
We spent the nights
By dreaming each other
The flames of feelings
Overwhelmed emotions
Got the temptation
Of prudent success
Of getting together
Together for ever
But it was impossible
To cross the Himalayas
Of unbeaten love
The spirit was injured
The soul was hurt
The heart was sad
The day was dark
The night mourned
The stars shivered
When we departed
Like broken arrows
Fell apart the tears
Spoiled and touched
The unhappy ground
The flower lost beauty
The nature distasteful
Shadows of gloom
Spread all along
The darken hearts
The broken words
Felt the sigh of sorrow
For long we wept
For long we sighed
The tortured looks
Never met again
The suffering hearts
Never touched again
The painful souls
Never talked again
The heart will retain
The scars will remain

29 Jan,2005

Abdul Sattar

Unveiled Beauty

Without any protocol
Without any anxiety
She suffers to be bashful
That gets the admiration
Of unhealthy looks
Of dazzling hearts and dreams
Dust has made her soft cheeks stained
Her long golden hair have been discolored
By too much pollution and contamination
Dust had made her like an old peach
Without any color and outdated

Abdul Sattar

Upon Your Departure

I never go to sleep for hours and was sad
Thus picking your picture I was so mad
The stars, the night the nature was sad
The time, the moment, the dark was wounded
The still heart never answered any thought
The mind was upset so upset was head
The eyes were wet the lips were dried
The time was killed the night was long
The days were dark the mornings in grief
The universe was mourning at my ruined world
The earth was in the storming mood
And I touched your blinks on my mind
They touched my strings of heart with cruel hands
The pain I can never forget, crossed the boundaries
The nerves lost its usual taming tribute
The blood parted the warm particles
The eyes opened gates to leave them
And I became a prey to tears
My soul left my statue I felt thy love's flame

Dec 16,2005

Abdul Sattar

We Must Wait For The Future To See

We must wait for the future to see
Which is the land, which is the sea?
We must wait for the time to decide
Who are the slaves, who are the free?
We must wait for the future to see
Is the world ours, is the world thee?
We must wait for the future to see
Is the man peaceful, is the mind free?
We must wait for the future to see
I love you? Do you love me?
You will be mine I will be thee
I can dream it, I can see

Abdul Sattar

We Pray For You

We pray for you
To play and cry
As always as sun shines
We pray for you
To bring and trace
The charm that adores
Life and dreams of hope
We pray for you
To be blessed
With joys immortal
With fragrance of happiness
May grieves not come
In your journey to life
We pray for you
Hopes may not leave
Your passionate heart
Truth may strengthen
Your zest in faith
You live like rose
That blossom for ever
We pray for you
Loneliness may not hurt
Your innocent soul
Your life may not see
Autumns of deserted hopes
And tortured spirits
We pray for you
To see you blossom
Hatred may not spoil
Your innocence of soul
Dust may not eat
Your fresh and clean blood
We pray for you
You may get any love
That enlightens your heart
That extends your joys
To the horizon and beyond
We pray for you
To be messenger of hope

To bring happiness to world
We pray for you
We always pray for you

Abdul Sattar

Where Every Thing Is Bright

In the deepness of thoughts
We loose ourselves
And find another world
The world of dreams
So beautiful
That we forget ours
That world is of joys
We choose our own
Like children toys
We play with things
Like a tennis ball
Sometimes in the palaces
Sometimes in the gardens
Sometimes on the roads
Sometimes in the lawns
Of our dreamy world
All we do is for joy
For the sweetness of life
For the peace of mind
But what gives us peace?

A spirit of courageous life
Among the sharp thorns
What the roses enjoy
In their counted days of life
And gives the charm to atmosphere
Let we see them again
In our dreamy world
Where every thing is right
Where every thing is bright!

Abdul Sattar

Word Never Dies

Word never dies
It repeats for ever
And lives for unknown years
The words that we produce
Play their modes
Changing from person to person
From lips to lips
From tongue to tongue
It change its meanings
From place to place
It changes its culture
Form plain to hills
It change its structure
From ocean to ocean
It divides the people
From country to country
It brings new seasons
The poet paints it
The ruler engrave it
The writer keep it
The speaker spell it
The singer sing it
The child practice it
Word is the meaning
Word is the life
Word is the death
Word is the joy
Word is the sorrow
Word never dies
The springs come
The autumns spread
Years pass
Word never dies
The world feel it

Abdul Sattar

You Are So Cute!

O moon of the night you are so cute and kind
To kiss my sad thoughts and brighten my mind

Those blinking of yours make my heart to feel
As fresh as you and with that my wounds to heal

I feel your cold, sensible beauty and charms
I feel thy liking, thy face's ray touch my arms

Tell the cruel autumns not to touch thy face
Ask the gazing springs to stop your trace

Come to me come to me because my soul calls
Come to me as soft and calm as snow falls

In the dark when you will go and disappear
Increase my heart beating and you will hear

Abdul Sattar