

Poetry Series

ALI RIAZ
- poems -



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You, Blue Of The Open Sky

You don't know how many days I
was waiting for you
to make your reminiscence good.
You don't know how many days I was waiting for you
to make your smile great.
You don't know how many days I was waiting for you
to make your sound precious.

When I first met you
I thought 'what a fool! '
When I started to know you
I found you cool.

When I wished to touch You,
'Blue of the Open Sky'.
I never felt - 'you were only a visible
and that was not for touched'.
When you made me rapacious -
I was just became a slave of your own tactics.
When I came back in reality,
my God better know -
how he helped me
to cross 'the scar of sea'.

I've come to know -
your false 'composition of colour';
I've come to know -
your false 'attraction of beauty';
I've come to know -
your false 'mitigate of smile';
I've come to know -
'God created you,
God sent you,
God placed you -
not for me!
But to live me! ! '

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A Night Cloudy-Sky And Its' Pleasantry

A night cloudy-sky
and its' pleasantry -
cover the whole sky,
cover the nighty star,
cover me and my shabby heart,
but fail to push me
into the dark of shy! !

A night cloudy-sky
and its' pleasantry -
don't know
the angerness of sun,
don't know
the secret of nighty star!
Its' black shadows cover the whole
wherever it goes
:
and its' ardour,
and its blasphemous,
is become the proofness of animosity
of his own sham! !

A night cloudy-sky
and its' pleasantry -
sometime when its' face floats on a gloomy sky,
when it is become blatant,
and when my blaze covers it;
I smile roughly -
'its' blemishes will must blench them
and it will never be shame'! !

'My Lord!
Destroy their blunders,
destroy their blueprints,
and stop their blusters!
And make them able to take the reality of my drinks! ! '

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Your Two Wings Flying Into The Core Of Dream

O Lady!

You are!

Having your two wings flying into the core of dream -

'never come to know the beauty of morn,

never know the sleepy night'.

Your browny eyes always seek to find out the moan

what I say in my own words;

times over birth and death is an alternative term to you.

Sometime your life on the believing faith of people;

the light and darkness you put into a same purple.

Your open eyes never fall tear

but the open eyes fall the tears of joy,

your smile never stop the sorrow of happiness

but the smile stop the day to fall into the night.

O lady!

You have!

You have!

To take me with you.

I wanna be a mornny bird;

take me into the dream

or cast me onto the floor -

its the easiness to stop my inseperable L E T T E R.

I am here:

come and sentence me!

Just leaving my poetic cyphers in search of my last hope of greed.

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Kept My Journey Inaccomplish

My open eyes always wish to see you -
even in thousands of crowd
there is no wrong
to identify your soft sounds,
there is no wrong
to elucidate your sweet smiles,
there is no wrong
to read your heartfelt words.

Something made me tripper to trip through an unknown transit
to show your 'Moon like face' will be appear in front of me
and at the same time
the rose will be spreading its own smell.

Crowd of thousands of bees and
crowd of thousands of butterfly
will be welcome.

But I afraid when I loss you everynight in everyday! !

I know
you may never come back
still then I've kept my journey inaccomplish -
kept my journey inaccomplish,
kept me alone,
kept me in a deeply calm
before closing my eyes
untill my breath is stopped,
untill my breath is stopped! !

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