

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 nights I was waiting for you —
to make your smile great.
You don't know how many moments I was waiting for you —
to make your sound precious.

When I first met you,
I thought — 'what a fool! '
But when I began to know you,
I found you cool.

When I wished to touch You —
Blue of the open sky —
I never felt that
you were only visible,
not meant to be touched.

When you made me rapacious,
I became a slave
to your own tactics.
And when I returned to reality —
my God better knows
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 let me live.

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A Night Cloudy Sky And Its Pleasantry

A night cloudy-sky,
and its pleasantry —
covers the whole sky,
covers the nighty star,
covers me and my shabby heart,
yet fails to push me
into the dark of shy!

A night cloudy-sky,
and its pleasantry —
knows not
the wrath of sun,
knows not
the secret of the nighty star!
Its black shadows cover all
wherever it goes:
and its ardour,
and its blasphemous hue,
becomes the testament of animosity
— of its own sham!

A night cloudy-sky,
and its pleasantry —
sometimes when its face floats on a gloomy sky,
when it becomes blatant,
and when my blaze covers it;
I smile roughly —
its blemishes must blench,
and it will never be ashamed!

My Lord!
Destroy their blunders,
destroy their blueprints,
and silence their boasts!
Make them able
to taste the reality of my drinks!

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Two Wings Into The Core Of Dream

O Lady!

You are —

Having your two wings, flying into the core of dream,

Never to know the beauty of morn,

Never to know the sleepy night.

Your brown eyes always seek to find out the moan of what I say in my own words;

Time over birth and death — an alternative term to you.

Sometimes your life rests on the believing faith of people;

You place both light and darkness in the same purple hue.

Your open eyes never fall tears —

Yet they fall the tears of joy.

Your smile never stops the sorrow of happiness —

Yet your smile stops the day from falling into 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 upon the floor —

It's the ease to stop my inseperable letter.

I am here:

Come, and sentence me —

Leaving my poetic cyphers

in search of my last hope of greed.

ALI RIAZ

Until My Breath Is Gone

My open eyes always wish to see you—
Even among thousands in the crowd,
There is no wrong
In knowing your soft sounds,
There is no wrong
In reading your sweet smiles,
There is no wrong
In hearing your heartfelt words.

Something made me tremble—
To wander through an unknown transit,
Hoping your moon-like face
Would appear before me,
While roses begin to spread their scent.

Crowds of countless bees,
Crowds of countless butterflies—
All come to welcome you.
Yet I am afraid,
When I lose you every night,
In every passing day!

I know,
You may never return.
Still, I have kept my journey unfinished—
Kept it unfinished,
Kept myself alone,
Kept myself in quiet calmness,
Until my eyes close,
Until my breath is gone,
Until my breath is gone.

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