

Poetry Series

Arfa Karim
- poems -

Publication Date:

2007

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Arfa Karim()

Arfa Karim is a young girl from Pakistan. She is an all-rounder. She has experiences from being the grand daughter of a poor farmer to meeting Bill Gates. She cleared an exam of Microsoft and became the youngest Microsoft Certified Professional in the whole world. This sure is a great achievement but the greater achievement is that she has got so much fame that one gets after staying for about 40 years in his/her field. This young girl is a sweet and innocent girl. She has received many awards even at country level. She is the youngest person in the history of Pakistan to have received the civil award 'Presidents Award for Pride of Performance'. She has a very beautiful and melodious voice and has a special interest of poetry as you will find out when you read her written poems.

Burned

Walking wearily through the wilderness,
Distant sounds dancing in peculiarness.
Through darkened trees void of rejoice,
Came to me what seemed to be a voice.

Curiosity calling me nearer,
Per chance to hear these whispers clearer.
Through the shadows seeing figures drawn,
I didn't realize what I'd stumbled upon.

'Burn the witch, evil must die! '
The forest reiterated the crowd's cry.
'The needle hath brought forth the stigma,
An enchantress of spells and hell's enigma'

I saw them spit on a soft white face,
Around her neck a crucifix in place-
To remove all her powers of spell,
To take with her and burn in hell.

Ropes began rubbing the flesh raw,
Cutting into her skin like a saw.
Down bruised cheeks tender tears rolled,
From blue eyes flowing, unconsolated.

Even tighter yet these ropes were pulled,
The wicked lady having no-one fooled.
In agony she screamed towards a calm sky,
'Don't let them kill me, I don't wanna die.'

Paralyzed now, in secure fashion-
To the stake which would be her chasten,
And an example to all other witches-
To forfeit their pernicious practices.

She stared at the crowd, both judge and jury,
Enforcing their verdict with fists and fury.
Horrorified by such an undeemed ritual,
Performed by bonafide Christians, so spiritual.

'I'm only twenty-one', she said in desperate tone,
'Who would call me witch for living alone?
Who should levy such judgments on me,
Sentencing me eternally?

'Surely not you but Christ above,
Who has given us this life we love.
Are you not the same enraged crowd that cried-
Out in anger having him crucified? '

'Quiet! ' was commanded, silence did beckon.
'Christ will judge us all I reckon.'
The deep voice came from the hooded man,
Brandishing his torch, in sort, a talisman.

Then, with not yet an inch to contact-
The wood to which the flame would contract,
Out of stillness blew forth a gentle breeze,
Which softly doused the flame in squeeze.

The crowd lay still, somewhat awe-stricken.
Their questioning nature beginning to quicken.
An act of nature having them puzzled,
The fear of one woman leaving them muzzled.

Yet the torch soon once again breathed fire,
Set to quench the angry mob's desire.
Exercising their God-given right-
To see righteousness served this holy night.

How they longed for burning flesh's stench,
To see crumbling to ashes, the comely wench-
Who dared to share their thoughts and dreaming,
Who dared to fare the life of a human being.

Slowly, painfully the torch descended,
To bring full-well the anguish justice intended.
But, once again, the wind befriended-
The fire who's life it, again, ended.

The townsfolk grew restive, drawing on fear,

Baffled by a sky now not so clear.
Then the woman began to mumble-
Verses in a voice quite low and humble.

A cloud of darkness swallowed the sky,
As the wind and forest began to cry.
The torch was lit once more in a hurry,
Before a crowd now panicked, set in worry.

Quickly they ran the flame towards her,
Letting it fly across the sky with a blur.
This time the fire finally set and spread,
Consuming the figure from foot to head.

Listening to the blood-curdling scream,
The horde looked on, all eyes a gleam.
In a state of jubilant content-
At the climax of a day so aptly spent.

When the cries finally came to a halt,
The eerie silence seemed to exalt
The mass in awe, still staring on,
At the golden blaze, glowing like dawn.

Then in an instant with a thunderous crash,
A mighty explosion with a blinding flash-
Engulfed the scene, raging with fire,
As to the sky I watched the flames aspire.

Everyone present was undertaken.
The entire crowd died, God-forsaken.
Then the flames slowly withered away,
And the darkened sky gave back the day.

The ashes blew off in the breeze,
Weaving their way throughout the trees.
But the forest lay silent and disdainful,
Only echoes of laughter remained.

Arfa Karim

Clueless.....

I just need a hand,
To guide me through life,
To tell me what is wrong,
And what is right,
I don't know what to do,
Or where to go,
I don't know whom to turn to,
Or who to trust,
Everyone confuses me,
I get so bewildered,
They pretend to listen,
They pretend to care,
They have a fraudulent facade,
And inside they just don't give,
I don't know who to listen to,
And who to kick out,
I'm going out of my mind because,
I have no clue 'bout my life,
I just need a hand,
To guide me through life,
To tell me what is wrong,
And what is right,
There's suddenly a change,
I see life in a new light,
Now I know of a place,
Where I can go & get some space,
I'm starting to know,
How their minds work,
I'm starting to get,
The answers that I seek,
I'm starting to know,
What is right and what is wrong,
I got a glimpse of the light,
It's like I woke up again,
Because now I know just where,
I can get the guiding hand,
I got a glimpse of the light,
It's like I woke up again,
I'm not saying I know everything now,

But I'm not so clueless anymore,
Because now I know from where,
I can get the guiding hand.

Arfa Karim

Fallen Tear

Overlooking the shore of time lies a man sent,
On a mere journey to find the heart in nothing,
With his strength and questioning mind spent,
Stopping once to take in hand a bird's injured wing.

Lost are the graces that make courtiers cry,
Gone from here the memories of soft life,
Vanishing on the crag are passions that die,
And nothing more is left of painful strife.

A tended wing to the creature with weakened faith,
Tidied blood hidden to show all stoic senses,
Amid the expanse of nature yet alone in truth,
Too long has it gone without gentle hands.

A fix and fast as said - It rises up from the dead,
Noting briefly the helper before leaving it's bed,
Flaps the wings and offers closed eyes,
Flying off in the mist without further good-byes.

The crouched figure turns to view the sea,
Wondering at the red crests of the sky,
Stretching on forever without a cause to be,
Yet solemn in it's grace as anyone high.

The rocks of the side hold tightly together,
Praying to nothing and all in final glory,
Calling out yet not making a sound in pain,
Seeing light yet unable to enter it now.

His eyes are downcast to the fiery waves,
Light shining from the dwindling sun bright,
Seeking the answer to what he craves,
Thinking - No, knowing, but fears the light.

A look back to the path he's come silently,
Then again a glance to the ocean below,
A final twist of form and he leaves it be,
Leaving a faint rose cast into the briny sea.

The bird chirps from a nearby hold at the man,
Seeing more than any uncaring human can,
Noting the poor grace of terror so sheer,
Missing not the man's fallen tear.

Arfa Karim

Happy Birthday Dad

Every day the whole year through,
I feel grateful you are my father.
Some fathers dont have time for their kids,
But for you I am never a bother.

You always make the effort to listen and share;
You are always there when you are needed.
It warms me to know how much you care,
And with that knowledge my worries are defeated.

Dad, you are truly admired and adored,
And as your daughter, I hope that you know,
These sentiments fill me each day of the year,
And my love for you continues to grow.

Today I wish you much pleasure and joy;
I hope all of your wishes come true.
May each hour and minute be filled with delight,
And your birthday be perfect for you!

Arfa Karim

Homework Time

Wake up, wake up! It's homework time,
Remember you promised to start by nine,
I heard my mother uttering these lines,
I think beginning the task in time,
Keeps me alert, active and fine,
Regular homework makes me shine
Among my class-mates and
The pupil of class five's line,
Credit goes to my homework time.

Arfa Karim

How To Stay Polite And Nice

How can you stay polite and nice?
When the people around you challenge and fight.
When the anger in you reaches the height.
When the tolerance you have leaves your sight.
Your friends consider your patience as fright.
When the anger of revenge is standing upright.
When you want to kill yourself or the one who fights.
But you know that losing temper is not right.
When all the people you love degrade you alike.
When you consider your life as a cut off kite.
And yourself as helpless as a boat on a tide.
Or a dry leaf on a stormy night.
The life seems as dark as night.
OH! God how to stay polite and nice.

Arfa Karim

I Would Like To Be....

Like a bird in the sky
Flying freely and so high
Like a fish in the water
And the kings beautiful daughter

Like a tiny little mouse
Eating cheese around the house
Like a bear in the mountain
And the water in the fountain

Like a lion in the jungle
Roaring loudly with hunger
Like a monkey in the zoo
All the time copying you

Arfa Karim

Mid-Autumn Rain

As I was walking in a distant garden,
It happen just so sudden,
That rain poured in heavy showers,
On the bright and colourful flowers.
Then to home hurried I,
Under the grey, clouded sky.
To save myself from getting wet,
And the cold which I could get,
From the Mid-autumn rain,
Pattering against the window-pane.

Arfa Karim

Mr. Bill Gates

Born in October 1955

Proggraming was his only aim of life

Started proggraming at the age of 13

In his work he was really very keen

Entered Harvard in 1973

Thought more than a child could think to be

In 1975 begun Microsoft

With children he's very soft

At the end I would just like to say

I like Bill Gates in every way

Arfa Karim

My Mom

My mom is very sweet and always caring.
She worries about me when I am in school.
She makes sure that I get where I am going
On time so that I don't feel like a fool.
She cares whenever I pick on my younger brother.
She cares whenever he or I get hurt.
She cares whenever I score a goal in soccer.
She cares about the buttons on my shirt.

But best of all, my mom loves all of us
Who live with her, both when we're good and bad.
She makes me happy with a hug and kiss
And holds my hand whenever I am sad.

Arfa Karim

My Sister

Here, I sit full of gloom
All alone in my very own room
It's enough to make me weep..
All because of that little creep

Sister is a rotten, horrid child
And that is just putting it very mild
She is bad to a great extent
But its my reputation that is getting bent

Little sisters are a real big pain
She ruins my homework after I've racked my brain
She bothers me when I have a guest
And always acts like a royal pest

Once she spilled a chocolate malt
Then told mom it was all my fault
Whenever we get into a fight
I'm in the doghouse all the night

That's the trouble with being old
When there's trouble, you get the scold
But wait, I wont be sad
Instead, I will be glad

'Cuz now I'm mad at my dumb sister
And her little but I'm going to blister
This house will no longer be so wild
Because..... I'm going to become an only child

Arfa Karim

Siren's Song

I sit among my rocks, waiting for the men to pass by.
The large rock by the door is scarred with my
Marks, a record of those I watched die
While my song rose to fill the sky.

I pass by that rock every day, and I see
Only how many more marks there must be
Before my time is done, and I may leave
This rocky tower for the blue blue sea

I often wonder if these men ever, ever know
As their ship is dashed on the rocks below
That I do not hate them. Nay, I love them so...
These men who come, and yet too quickly go.

For it is lonely here day after passing day
Watching my only joy slip away
Beneath the waves as I turn to lay
My hand upon that rock so I do not sway

And turn to save the drowning men that I-
With my beauty which so pleased their eye
And the voice that lured them to my side-
Have broken and condemned to die.

Arfa Karim

Snow Angels

Snow angels dancing in the breeze,
Brother and sister fall on their knees.
They lay down in the bitter snow,
And figures of angels begin to show.
The pair giggle and smile at each other,
And each prays they will never lose the other.

Snow angels playing on the river,
Then the ice begins to quiver.
He lets out a dreadful scream;
She hopes it's just a dream.
She reaches out her hand,
But he slips away just like sand.

Snow angels in the white field,
A little heart looking to be healed.
She lays down in the bitter snow,
And a figure of an angel begins to show.
She lets out and sheds a tear,
Yet she will always hold her angel near.

Arfa Karim

Stars

I look to the sky at night and admire the beauty of the stars.
I stand in awe of their brilliance;
They are as shining and constant
and they have been since the beginning of time.

They light the heavens and fill our hearts with wonder.
When one burns out, another takes its place;
for they are eternal.
Wherever you are, they guide you from their home high above the earth.
At times, they seem close enough to touch,
as they transport your dreams far away.

Their magic compels us to offer up wishes for their consideration.
They make us realize that even when the sky is the darkest,
a tiny beacon of light still shines through.
They are God's reminder to us that some things really do go on forever.

Arfa Karim

Symphony Of The Sea

The smoky breath of Poseidon,
Billowing over wintered wings.
Gracefully touched by ice maidens,
Silent thoughts magically sing.

The mother's crystalline wine,
Flows over verdant isles.
Glimmering like an ancient shrine,
A mirror expanding endless miles.

A melody floats upon the tides,
Lingering within cool sprays.
Upon creamy foam the tune rides,
And silver notes gently raise.

Sweetened with an aqua hue,
The mermaid song plays on.
Secrets of the depths are viewed,
Unlocked by the coming dawn.

A symphony soars within the light,
Sea nymph voices floating high.
Within the sound I hear her might,
Echoing where ocean meets sky.

The crystal opera begins to fade,
Becoming now a hymn of the sea.
Memories fall in a final cascade,
Reminding that the song shall always be.

Arfa Karim

The Ghost

I heard a creepy ghost
And down was he creeping
Was it a sound in my head
Or the bedroom door creaking

It was tall as the tallest tree
Playing chase with the wind
It could shrink to the size of a flea
And all it wants is a friend

I heard that ghost
Sliding under the door
It is in my room
Creeping across the floor

It is in my school
Hovering behind my chair
It is behind my friend
Combing cold hands through her hair

It has changed in to a flea
Sitting on a bulb holder
Its next stop to sit would be
Your big smelly shoulder

Arfa Karim

The Power Of A Poet

Connected to God, in tune with nature,
heartfelt passions spoken in a line.
What better place to find serenity
than in the prayer of a poet

Gathered in unity, divided in style;
souls searching for perfect peace
touching lives by a timely rhyme
giving solace and pain's release.

Seeking an emissary to heaven's throne?
To whisper entreaties to Angels there;
No better place to reach God's ear
than through the power of a poet's prayer.

Arfa Karim

What Is A Friend?

A friend is someone who understands and someone you can trust.

They will listen to you both night and day without ever making a fuss.

A friend will stand by your side when you are right and sometimes when you are wrong.

They will hold you up when you are weak and provide support to make you strong.

A friend's love is unconditional and unique in every way.

And when you have problems a true friend will kneel with you and pray.

A friend will stand by your side through thick and thin.

And whenever everyone have deserted you they still will be your friend.

A friend once said to me that a friend is sent from God above and I believe this to be true.

Because God has sent a friend to me and that friend to me is YOU.

Arfa Karim

White Rose

In the storm
Stands the white rose
tumultuous waves
of destruction abound her

Yet tall is the white rose
strong in the face
Of the sensed doom around her
And she does not bow down

Pure is the white rose
In the compost earth
growing eternal strength
in the nights that so hurt

I see not the white rose
She is so far away
But I long to protect her
But only the words can I say

So I send her my words
And my poets heart
To help her when
there is hope to see her through

Be Strong little flower
Your heart will guide true
And as long as you want
I will always talk to you

Arfa Karim