

Poetry Series

Arshia Mukhtar
- poems -

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Arshia Mukhtar(january 22,1986)

they say i am runic! but i say when u experience pitfalls of life, interrupted by
grassless lands of insincerity ur life becomes a colossus of mystry!

other links:

Flight Of Quest

God gave me da wings of observation,
I thanked to God for this reward,
He gave me desire to fly,
I flew around da world,
With da joy of flight,
But I got sorrowful winds,
Black clouds in every swing,
People with smile,
But pain in hearts,
Meeting hands but not dere hearts,
Deceiving others to flourish themselves,
Meeting hands but lacking warmth,
With the hearts lacking da beat,
Eyes full of expectations,
Lips glued to speak da truth,
Deceiving da one who wants da love,
Da warmth of heart,
Da warmth of hand,
Considering da other to be spare part,
Utilizing when first tans,

.....

I flew with da filled eyes,
For da quest of sincerity,
For da quest of love,
For da quest of friendship,
But what I found worthwhile,
A snake showman,
Closing da snake box,
By saying them up,
Humans r dere to bit others,

.....

My wings broke,
I said to God,
Burn da wings I couldn't resist,
Smiled and said,
That's distinct an angel,
From da school of humans!

It's up to u,
Take legs
Or
Take wings! ! ! !

Arshia Mukhtar

Nostrum Of Pan!

With the feeling of delirium, begins,
The flight of aberrant quest
Mind with vergency of purity
Thoughts with the mendacity...
But as the time passes
The idiosyncrasy of life,
Seems to be obstinate,
Actions and emotions cannot change it,
Life becomes the runic...
Resulting in a debacle,
A pandemonium seems to occur,
Heart ponders to expect a disaster...
Sentiments result in pan ...
Clouds seem to be dark

BUT THEN.....

Comes the vendacity in life,
With the voice of an infatuated one
A salubrious wave of a friend...
Quixotic hug with purity...
And swerve of life occurs,
Resulting in quiescence of time! ! !

ARSHIA

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