

Poetry Series

**Buhroo Muzzafar**  
**- poems -**



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# Ode To Melancholy

Forget me not, my melancholy.  
Speak to me with thy eyes.

Dear melancholy,  
i canst not bear the pain of parting,  
keep me close within thy heart,  
long as water keeps the patience.

The day of separation is short as life,  
if I see not my melancholy.  
O, people how can I spend dark nights of sorrow?

Two love birds once smile now caged with sorrowful thoughts.  
thou have put my heart on fire,  
Now who would care and water my heart.

Dear melancholy, my companion, my sweetheart? My eyes art paining,  
no sleep in my eyes since thy separation, no rest in my heart.

Banished from ideal love as Plato banished the poets from his ideal state.  
My melancholy, thou sends no news, nor shows your face.

On the day of reconciliation,  
i will keep thou aside And for love's sake i will hate you for nothing but for my  
melancholy.

Buhroo Muzzafar

# Invisible Journey

My invisible impediments are enough to inveterate romonstrances posited by bosom of my heinous bird.O, solicitude thou wilt beguile my melancholy; For me Melancholy is the rapture connexion between my soul and you.

How domonstrations of my funeral was being adorned with colors of my poetry. Thou judged my funeral clumsy and buffon and some wert weeping. Gravedigger was crying over my grave as I was shrugged soul.

Buhroo Muzzafar



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# Misery

When i look at myself; I Percieve How beautiful  
sorrow am I; when thou want to look at misery; look at me; I am a bird with less  
materialism and ambition; however I am not disheartened  
by Looking myself that way; I choose to thy smile;  
they choose to be my pain;  
the pain that remindes me of thou; When Every walking feet goes from thy  
Domicile; How come I See thou in dreams;  
when sleep is crime; A crime full guiltness and remorse;  
O, misery Seperate my sanguine from my body; this pain hurts my  
inner pain;

Buhroo Muzzafar



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# When In Was There

Sometimes, I used to think of you in prison, And tears utter what I feel and think of you; O, beloved thine (Haaba) maketh me feel of How soul is prisoned in evil body. Everyone was laughing at me, for nothing. Still you were smiling at me, for everything; In every cry, in every Tear, thou came close to me; in every pain, They adore my pain, And you cried like it was thine pain; when in slept thou came in my dreams and utter in my ears; your pain is my pain, your smile is my smile.

Buhroo Muzzafar



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# Humanity

Ek insan tha, Jo margaya. Ek mohalla tha Jo pachtai, woh insaniyat thi, jo jalgaye. Abh bas parchai tameer hai, Mohabbat ka kya zikr karein, Nafrato sai hath aayi bas ruswayi, Haaye jaane kyu ruswayi hath aayi, Bas insan ki jaan pe ban aayi, kaun muflis, kaun insan, Roz e Mehsar mein hoge phir saari sunwayi, Insan phir janwar hua, jiske baad abaad uski jungle hui, Insan phir mazaq hua, Marne ke baad hi uski qadr hui.

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# O, Jaana

O JAANA O, jaana be less critical, so I may philosophize you; O, jaana be less beautiful, so I may romantise you; O, jaana be less arrogant, so I may admire you. O, jaana be less abstruse, so I may understand you; O, jaana be less talkative, so I may get time to talk with you; O, jaana be less Altruism, so I may be materialistic to you; O, jaana be less anachronistic, so I may search for you; O, jaana be less Deleterious to my heart, So I may spent myself on you;

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# I'm You

I am lost in you, How canst I found myself somewhere else; I am living in you, how canst I live without you; I am loving myself in you, how canst I unlove you; I am talking with you, how canst I talk with someone else; I am colonised in your heart, how canst I decolonised myself; I am looking at thine soul, how come my soul looking at someone else; I am writing poetry to praise thine beauty in mid night, How canst I sleep without praising you.

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## We Used To Be

we used to be the best amigos; seeing both of us, the world was burning; we are the flowers of the garden which used to blossom; our friendship used to have the sweetness and love, now full of jealousy and hate. we are like the poetry of Faiz Ahmed Faiz that we used to be the best couplets of his poetry; we are in Eid day, we used to hug and celebrate; we used to have fasting together. we are tough to read, but we used to be the easy questions; we learned flying together, we used to be like the innocent birds; our destination used to be the one, our roads used to be the one; we used to live together, now we are dividing ourselves in sects; we used to be the novels of love, now we are the absurd novels of hate; We used to walk with life in our body, now we are walking dead bodies; we used to be the leaves of one tree, now we are the leaves of the different trees; we used to spend quality time, now we are spending time with mobile phones.

'We used to spend quality time with friends'

Buhroo Muzzafar



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