

Poetry Series

Emtiaz Anwar
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:
2026

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Emtiaz Anwar()

Emtiaz Anwar: A Voice Between Silence and Storm

Emtiaz Anwar is a poet whose words do not merely decorate the page—they resonate, provoke, and heal. Born in India, Anwar belongs to a generation of writers who straddle tradition and modernity, introspection and activism. His poetry is not confined to aesthetic pleasure; it is a vessel for emotional truth, social critique, and spiritual inquiry.

From a young age, Anwar was drawn to language—not just as a tool for communication, but as a medium for transformation. He found solace in words, often scribbling verses in the margins of notebooks, capturing fleeting emotions and quiet revelations. His early influences ranged from classical Urdu poets like Mir Taqi Mir and Faiz Ahmed Faiz to modern English-language poets such as Sylvia Plath and Langston Hughes. This eclectic literary diet shaped his voice into one that is both lyrical and grounded, romantic yet socially aware.



PoemHunter.com

Were We Almost Something?

It started in a coffee shop, not fate, not fireworks — just warmth. No cinematic slow-mo glance, just laughter that felt like home.

She wasn't flawless, not a muse, but something in her quiet moved me. Not the kind to steal the room, but the kind you'd want to leave with.

We weren't obsessed, no midnight calls or burning texts. Just shared playlists, and long walks that didn't need words.

She liked her space, I liked my silence. We met somewhere in between — in memes, in glances, in half-finished dreams.

No promises carved in stone, no vows under moonlight. Just a mutual maybe, that felt like enough.

Until one day, love became a debate. I said forever, she said freedom.

I called it depth, she called it drowning. I wanted roots, she wanted wings.

So we smiled, hugged like old friends, and walked away — no drama, no damage, just distance.

Now, sometimes, when a song plays soft in the background, or I pass that coffee shop, I remember her — not always, just sometimes.

Emtiaz Anwar

The Anwar's Final Glow

Sometimes I tread paths solo, far from what's known, Sometimes I dissolve into distant lands, like city's muted stone. No roadmap guides me, no labels hold— I follow the hush of freedom, where silence makes me bold.

I'm the echo of a restless heartbeat within, A fire that flickers where dreams and trials begin. No cozy home anchors me, no North Star lights my flight— Only a wild yearning that dances deep into night.

I've slept beneath skies that weep their sorrow down, And danced where broken hopes wear resilience like a crown. Each step I take hums a quiet, defiant roar— A shadow stitched into dreams I chase forevermore.

No walls contain this untamed soul I bear, No borders bind the longing I wear. I'm the storm, the spark, the ember's final glow— A seeker drawn to truths only the heart can know.

So don't ask me where I call 'home'— My refuge lives in the melodies I roam. I walk with derveshi, a sacred, silent pact— A stranger to the world, yet true to my own track.



PoemHunter.com

Emtiaz Anwar

The Shape Of ' I '

A shape is traced in moonlit sand,
Its edges softened by the sea's caress.
We name it 'I'—a tender frame,
Redrawn with every heartbeat's press.
Not fixed, not firm, not bound by walls,
But woven where our lovers' whispers call.
A glance, a sigh, a touch's spark—
Each moment carves the soul's own arc.
To love is not to hold or chain,
But to surrender, blend like rain.
In giving, we dissolve the line,
Where 'I' and 'you' entwine divine.
And death, that gentle, final art,
Unweaves the self from every heart.
No loss, but union—vast and wide—
Two tides as one within the tide.
So live not as a wall, apart,
But as a window, heart to heart.
For love is not a cage to bind—
It's wind, it's wave, it's stars aligned.

Emtiaz Anwar

Romance & Reality!

Love, like light, moves across distances unseen, bending reality until two people stand face to face, their existence shaped by the quiet gravity of connection.

It is the great revealer—the force that takes the unknown and makes it known, the abstract and makes it intimate. In love, our world adjust. Now they become Center of our universe. Their voice becomes music. The sky, once ordinary, turns into something magic.

In love, we find us as much as we find another. We shines in each other's light, romanticise each other's presence, steady one another when the weight of being ordinary tarnish love's glow. In love, we see the world not as it is, but as it could be.

This is the magic of love it connect us to endure. Waiting once a dead beat is loving to feel and in doing so, to defy all that seeks to diminish us—space, time, sorrow, and even darkness itself.

Emtiaz Anwar



PoemHunter.com

With You, I'm Home—but Now?

Your boring face, steadies my heart race.
Glances and moments they lit me up, made me soar,
Like I'd found my palace, couldn't want more.
But then I'd crash, as you're not mine,
Our long chit-chats cut short by a warning sign.
Your eyes, so warm, still haunt me in dream,
With you, I'm home—safe in gleam.
Then some voices crept in, with 'good girl' chains,
You stayed safe and ignored our pains.
Mumma told her son: feel what's true, don't bend,
Let your heart run free, let 'shoulds' meet their end.
You hit pause on us, left story half-told,
But my love for you isn't grow cold.
My darling, let's break through,
Hold my hand, hold
With you, I'm home

Emtiaz Anwar



PoemHunter.com

'A Cautionary Tale Of Heart's Fire'

Don't fall in love with a woman who reads,
her heart a library, where every page flies,
who feels too much, whose laughter and tears
transform fleeting moments into vibrant skies.

Avoid the magic of her unbound mind,
the one who writes worlds with ink-stained hands,
who knows how to soar, to dream, to unwind—
her confidence a tempest, her spirit like sands.

Steer clear of the rebel, who questions the norm,
shunning the screens that dull and ensnare,
with a fire for justice that rages like a storm,
her beauty unchained from the world's shallow glare.

Beware her intensity, the passion she brings,
each glance a spell, each touch a deep thrill;
for loving her fully means diving on wings,
and once you are in, you may never stand still.

When you fall for her essence, her wild, graceful sway,
you'll find in her chaos a world where you'll stay.
Whether she leaves or remains in your heart,
from a woman like her, you'll never depart.

Emtiaz Anwar

Stranger In A New World

In the blanks of the night sky,
With the sound of bugs behind,
Nothing to share my time,
Under the banner of the city lights,

This is when my heart cries.
A few days have gone by,
And I can't remember where time flies,
Days will turn into months,

And will miss so much my loved ones,
Where good luck goes wrong,
And trust turns into lies,
Where you turn into strangers,

In this restless living style,
When promises are made to break,
And problems are tough to sort,
When I look back and compare

My life then and now,
I am left wondering
What has changed and how,
When each day is a new war,

When each night is restless chaos,
When I look in the mirror and
I only see my heart cry,
And here I stand alone,

In the middle of a new world,
I can't let the tears roll down
That is when my heart cries.

Emtiaz Anwar

A Light To Call My Own

The woman I might love with all my heart,
Yet she remains a figure who played no part.

Mumma, she finished her school and her college too,
But couldn't help me with the struggles I knew.

I understand that school and work are different places, But her broken smile fill
empty spaces.

I remember a moment, a case,
When I saw her sign her name in the morning with a struggling pace,

As if she was recovering from a hard, tough phase.

I wonder if the woman I adored
meant to help me rise above or be no more.

Was I drawn to her to make up for my lack? To cover up the things I couldn't do
or didn't have back?

Every time I left or she walked away, They say we had chemistry, but still, I'm
drawn to the woman, she fight.

Maybe someday I'll have you, my light.

Emtiaz Anwar

The Language Of Feelings

A flutter in my stomach, a thud in my chest,
Intuition whispers, urging to chase the quest.
The future call softly, shadows stretching wide,
Moments tangled with love's unsure tide.

Fleeting glances hold secrets we dare not tell,
Eyes reveal truths when words fail to ring a bell.
Each heartbeat trembles, echoing what it hold,
The sweet the bitter, the brave and the bold.

We sense who will leave and stand by our side,
Mapping our fate in love's tide.
Yet we turn away, choosing silence instead,
Fleeing truths that fill us with dread.

In every connection, a story takes flight,
A tapestry woven of darkness and light.
Echoes linger, haunting our days,
Reminders of love in its own ways.

In those shadows, warmth tries to survive,
Laughter shared, memories alive.
For every connection, fragile and deep,
Is a proof to love, waking and asleep.

Emtiaz Anwar