

Poetry Series

Hanna Abideen

- poems -



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Hanna Abideen()

Fathimathul Hanna, an optimistic 22 year old poet leading a bittersweet life, is how I like to describe myself. Tears shed in far and near spur my pen into action, making me bleed all my fears, grief, protest and concern into words. Some say the mind is a prison and if it is true, then I'm an escaped convict. Whenever I write - turning my pen in the lock and breaking out of my jail. This transcendence makes me shed a light on the world by penning melancholy of many. I believe the art of living poetry can spread reddish in reality.



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Poetic Black And Blue Period

When has he left you?
Asked aunt Zuri.
'During autumn' I replied.
That night was not old enough to let out.

The black girl sitting on the vanity
About to mix whitening creams dazed
Why should I mask poetic black?
She asked herself over and again.

Streets were dense with violent worded beliefs
Heavy the pain wars etched on paper
Beyond the lyrical black and white
Lies the abode of destructive dreams

My metaphors stepped out of the hell
Where humans blame dark skin a sin.
Sipping the bitterness of race prejudice
I walked away not to poison my soul.

I searched for inkpot to fill my quill
With blackest ink dried in sorrow.
I walked more and more to pluck the blue hue
Lies in the darkest of all hours.

Where did you go?
Asked aunt Zuri.
'In the autumn blues I fade away
Without taking off the dark skin' I replied.

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Silent Prayer

Know, O Baha!
I have had a long summer
In my younger days
I was put in a cage
By my father and mother
Where I had to fly back
Whenever I go outside before dusk
Before outsiders make rumours

Know, O Baha!
I, Ruskan have had a tearful fall
Before it's too late for them
Samir tied the knot with me
That made me leave my parents
I was shifted from a cage to another
I was under the roof of male chauvinism
And still creeps on me silently
Even after the death of your beloved father

Know, O Baha!
I have passed a little spring too
That I embrace wholeheartedly
And that's what you are!
Now you are about to bring a girl
Remember my dear son
She's the one to walk with you
And not behind
She is not only to serve her husband
She is not a toy when it's desired
She is needless not to suffer in silence
She needs time for herself to bloom and rise!

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What Autumn Left?

Autumn leaves are refugees
Like my depressed grandfather
And diabetic grandmother
Who fled to turn fresh green hue
Into painterly tinctures
Without a compass or map
When the autumnal sunshine
Grows shorter and
Fall embraces withered leaves.

Suffocating somewhere,
Where I could not escape from
Dwelling there for many a time
Gazing at the thatched
Roofs of mud hut
My four year Baha
Asked tears in eyes,
What is the color of hunger?
Perhaps darker than black
Or brighter than blue!

When hues left art
Sugar maples, aspen and
Russet leaves in heap
Listening to the tales of
Starving humans and empty pockets
Awaiting companions to fall off
Swore the art to turn into dust!

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Price Of Smile

Someone came knocking
At the small front door
Of my little cottage 'HOPE'.
Coming down the stairway
Autumn keep running on my mind
Perhaps the early arrival of autumn.

Opening the door made from oak,
A poor child standing outside
Proffered a cake with figs and berries.
I asked for his name.
With a bright smile with chapped lips
Plunging hands into pocket, he said 'Bruno'.

His dark, rich in brown hair matches the season
Smell of dampness filled our nostrils
Seemingly nine years of age looking around
High blue hue clouds suffuse the skies
Isolated maple leaves away from sight
Left no scars on the surface soil.

'Where is your companion? ' I asked searching of.
'I am lonely, an orphan!
I have a right to be upset.' he whispered.
Autumn foliage covered the lanes of Lithuania
I bought all the cakes and gave him one
Now better ask him the price of smile!

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Melanin Queen

She is a poetess,
A landscape of letters
With zillions of thoughts.

She is a poetess,
A vessel of melancholy
Pouring a cup of words.

She is a poetess,
An unequivocal love
Carrying definition of beauty.

She is a poetess,
A rebellious lady
Sinking into the depth of purity.

She is a poetess,
Treats like a psychiatrist herself
With extended rollercoaster of emotions.

When day and night merge,
She lifts her heavier quill up and
Spell the broken tales of silent nights.

She herself is a poetry,
Like stars fall deep down into oceans
And swim whole lives as starfishes.

She herself is a poetry,
Like a tree stops holding the empty leaves
But the falling leaves fall for a new phase.

Neither she is a tiny black sack of sin
Grown up under the dark brown lady's burden
But a human rich in melanin.

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Beyond The Downfall

Many a times young Romeo Montague,
Petrarchan lover in the heart of audience
Chose poetry over Fighting words

O Romeo! Orchard garden might have said
'You are going to steal the jewel I used to stare'.
And he would not have listened.

Verona whispered verses of love
But turned out the downfall of Juliet Capulet
That hath hidden in the playlist of time

Petals of red roses fascinated the lover
Love, love and love..
Not roses but thorns gifted by the death!

That was hard to part the young beloved lady
He longed for her warm lips and swallowed poison
Wasn't worse poison to reach heaven with her.

Leaves of evergreen frantoio olive trees
Witnessed she plunging the dagger to her breast
Loyalty rose closely to the prince of love!

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World Of Silence

Azadi, I am!
Dying in the hearts of millions
Hiding beneath the darkest of all skies

The days full of white lies
And a cup of phrases
Bought nothing other than oppression

Injured verses of wounded poem
Lost in the darkest of all hours
Need no time to bury you all

Silence is the normal pandemic.
Loaded guns and sharpened weapons
Chained the world to keep in fear.

I wanna paint free birds on my canvas.
Flying in search of truth
Will I live tomorrow?

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Old Fashioned Lady

She was someone behind the times
Never desired to come to the modern scenes
I feel vintage, vintage and vintage
Since she was a stencil portrait for wall decor

Cozy blankets can never be my companion
Like the way she was to me indeed
I feel sacred, serene and slow
The words she left for my glow

She was that old fashioned lady
Who cannot imagine the short journey of
Chivalrous classic love to monthly dating

She was that old fashioned lady
Who was fond of classic perfumes of eighties
I used to know them as old lady perfumes

She was that old fashioned lady
Have never seen without a scarlet vermilion
On her white broad forehead

She was that old fashioned lady
Who thinks pink suit girls more than blue
And skirts suit them more than denims

She was that old fashioned lady
Who thinks fast foods are artificial
And poisoned to kill humanity

She was that old fashioned lady
With a golden heart full of unconditional love
She is my mother, selfless for me
Saved me even from the hands of death
But death taken her and left me alone in despair

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Scars Of Fate

Noises I swallow are of constant nightmares
In front of my unsettlingly deep eyes.
Abbu carries a heart full of sufferings
Standing behind the locked door shouted at me
: 'Adam wrap up you inside the blanket! '

Through the broken windows I can hear
Sounds of bullets striking walls with a crack.
Shattered hopes and dark tales of Palestine
Neither let me smile nor let me weep
No question! Israeli militants are searching us!

I look like a homeless dead body collapsed
Into a distant dawn with frozen fingers
Does it sense only fear of mere death?
Fixing broken pieces of shattered memories
I stare at the coins left in the open shelf.

Could ravenous burn us alive?
Walking into a shore of despair aimlessly
Paralyzed waves of the dead sea
Neither curse us nor beg stones for us!
Scent of death knocking our doors as well..

The song abbu sings penetrate to my heart,
A medicine to survive another night
: 'Before the burning orange sun rises and
Fell its golden tinge on us lying on floor
Will wizard's weapons off to hell? '

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Arms Of Darkness

Augmenting silence of an immature girl
Got wrapped in his lust

Wasn't his euphoric lilac coat a reminder
Of her lavender garden?

He pulled the zip of her white fish tale
Gown like a fall guy

The snuggling smelt like a neem syrup
To her melodious tongue

The claret vintage door behind reechoed
Her losing virginity!

She desired a night sight without the arms
Of darkness to kill nightmare

Between the stars she moved with the
Heaviness of heart.

Broken tales of moon attempts to console
Her inner voice of survivor.

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Demon In Mirror

Red wavy haired hannah penned
An emotional poem in the blank
Page of her life, resembled her
Suffocation caused by intense love.
Desperated teenager crossed her
Gloomy countenance with an ornate
Marker over the suspected mirror
Blaming its inability to reflect inner core,
Perhaps what she missed in a halt..
Losing herself being half-hearted,
She ran like a loon in the room
And threw whatever she got in the way.
What ain't igniting hence flew
In vanity after she cut veins.
Even emoticon on iris bouquet fooled her Gleaming bluish eyes and reddish lips,
Thus turned disappointed again.
Tears welled up and rolled down until she Struggled to breathe and felt dizziness.
Memories miserably screamed,
Her heart beats slow down.
Struck in restlessness with a long breathe she left the ocean of poetry barely.

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Pitch Of Ignorance

Unto the song of ignorance,
I could find guilty within pitch.
Losing herself in loneliness,
Lull in desires wildest lass shed tears.
Drove away the awkward silence
Tore the black striped mask beside
Dug a hole to go through
In a bid wiped out losses made by darkness.
Solitude fought like a sharpened sword.

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Blessed Bee Beyond Honey

When I blossomed, your hive was the first sight.
And then stared at what was that light.
Dusk to dawn, buzzing soul sauntered
Unpleasant reecho however amused
Eventually found the new comer in life journey.
Thus called for as sweet as honey..

I apologise! That was my fault causing sad.
Lessons of longevity sparkled and reminded.
I was in a standstill seeing all your efforts
Undoubtedly praising the godsend eusocial creatures
Nevertheless you thrived and remained in youth all time
But my petals wilted and fell off at the end of lifetime.
All my haughty then shrank by my crime!

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Aphorism

Life taught to pretend like a clown,
Where genuine emotions aren't shown.
Empty canvas grabbed the paints
She herself reflected on its surface.
Their knot of love tightened her neck
Like the culprits is hanged to death.
Cool breeze touches the warmth of love in depth,
Drizzling followed the vanishing clouds.
She waved the armchair beside lavenders.
The promises might heard the scream
Wiping the drops of tears covered her countenance
Only to break the breathless silence.
Is nature itself targeted to make us apart?
Perhaps I often go with the way destiny is.
Impure notions are endless holy venom
Norms chasing the lovely heart.
What do heal the questing soul?
She dragged the crimson ornate curtain,
Off hand shaded her in shallow hell.
Eventually no elysium from the utmost saviour
Her inner world could hear how hapless she is.
Agony along the winking eyes wandered.
It's high time to ash evils in fiery ember!
Amid aphorism not stirring her..
'How darkness stood with a gun'?
Until she slipped in to the sleep.
What on earth make nightmares to hunt?
Some finds the way of rope,
But she chose the ray of hope.

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Beyond Unseen Wounds

The whole village grumbled and blamed;
Trauma suffered was the reward of karma.
Molested child experienced departing
Footsteps of mirth yet craved rebirth!
Her tears shed like a brook of sanguine
Vibrance of dried eyes hit dead pages
Wounds in luculent verses of virginity

//Cursing words chaining victims recovery//

Tearing clouds wizard scribbled darkness
Thus he quenched his thirst for lust wildly
Lappet weave in chintz sewed by
Mother was tore by the bloody thug
He painted his arms for licking nook and
Corner of the living canvas to ruin its purity!
Vicious storm within expressed resentment
Hence cupid's vibes cracked her by incisors
Nephthys alarmed bugle of death.

//Devilish arms scratched her living canvas//

Silently bled and furiously mourned survivor
Whence vulture's eyes mask on
Humans shalt be chained and caged?
Like a sosa plucked he dragged and
Like a broken beaded necklace she shattered.
She used to watch cartoons before but
Now frightened as she became the headline.
Estuary is a shore of despair despite its muse
Water in it reflects her gloomy countenance.
Twas her porcelain doll witnessed everything!

//Greeting death, why offered a cord to hang,
Solitudes fragrance pulled up my throat//

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Scars Behind Carmine Tunic

//Behind the diary she kept an envelope;
Behind the emotional note carries revenge//

' She was wholly tied up with ropes and
Dragged in to a room of holy illumination
Tears split down her eyes while groaning
Customarily where none to save the admirer
His nails of vileness scratched her virginity

Isn't she pulled in to a pool of lust?
By the godman whom she quested for years!
Thusly has not this sin be a holy crime?
Disguised culprit made scars and bruises
Hold even though she nudges lusty stares
Lifted up and start dropping her carmine tunic
Darkness tempted demon's arms rapidly
Repenting 'bout her greed for visible divinity
She was squeezed under cupid's thighs
When showed dudgeon o'er evilness

She was trapped but says transformed enlighten
Lightened candles around only witnessed
How hardly the refusing soul practiced sin!
Did they felt the beauty of a true worshiper?
Would they barely praised what she was forced for?

Coagulated blood boiling inside enslaved ribs
Clotted emotions of naked sufferance
Buried motion of her consciousness she recognized
Frozen soul smelled with suffocation dealt
Media's are sealed with what made on paper,
Themselves called tantric sex for spirituality '

//I lent my eyes to the hued note
Entitled 'Undied' hence got wonderstruck//

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Dilemma Of Green Panthers

They caged unwrapped melancholy of ours
And concoct boiling tears and sweat to mollify.
Downtrodden we're, making thou food!
Can thou imagine kisans become relics?
Can you drive out the seeds of partiality then?

//Greenery an aubade chanting ephemeral it is!
Echoes of environment chained by anarchy//

Insouciant administration beatific shamelessly
Agrarian suicide's breaking records of earlier,
Residing with an ancient brown clock to begin Counting our time on educated
fool's arms!

Toiling for the betterment thee whisper,
Striving for the empowerment thee murmur.
So throw out bloody stuffs of callous anarchists,
Which made us bow down before oligarchy
Suppressing our expressions of depression!
Belittling oppositions and swelling offerings.
Why agrarian distress did not shake 'em?
Return ere it's too late and dark here in debt
However follow the blessed secular ways.

//Fair play of 'em is gonna oppress those hectic
Raise protest that is we peasants uhtceare//

Countrymen isn't in bellicose and perplexed how
Cantankerous they are deteriorating peasantry.
Ain't nightmares but lathis in dim lit streets
Though scattering and running us barefoot.
Half-scribbled verses of hope in our veins
Why not losing grains with oozing out blood.
The odour of blurred dreams tearing us apart!
Nevertheless ne'er ever let thy sugar-coated
Lies ruin our lives anymore chanting progress
Like the acorns for humans injecting holy venom
Utterly did bigotry thus eroding soil under feet
May the drained land survive the autumn..

//Like rain-kissed earth awaiting spring!
With abridged hopes entangled lives survive//

Hanna Abideen

Promises Of Hell

Cologne of archaic books you sent
Still hold the aroma of your artistic soul
I ambled outta old library and
Peered at the dusty corner of the room.

Even coffee stained empty pages
Reminded me of those days with you
How ink fell on paper like snowfall
Played wonders on cold days in Moscow

Even running clouds in painfully blue sky
Reminded me of those days with you
How comes heavier pages in my diary
Filled with wounds and scars

Even half steamed and half brewed milk
Reminded me of those days with you
How comes strange pages in my diary
Only by the dried honeyed promises

You are the most beautiful nightmare
Chasing the night owl midst dejection.
Pendulum reminds me lullabies of promises.
Damn! I whisper: 'demon kill me softly..'

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Season's Grief And Greetings

Spring wore floral gowns
Winter wore snowy gowns
Autumn wore maple gowns
Aura of universe tempting stardust

Abandoned nightingale wing our thoughts
Lyrics of melancholia healing nature's
Inner wounds and invisible scars.
Aura of free verse tempting stardust.

Caged hearts imagining freeness
Poetry wing the unsung desolations
And unseen expressions of silhouettes.
Aura of transverse waves tempting stardust.

Soil embraced and absorbed in a pace
The fallen leaves and withered flowers.
Cosmos reminds temporary existence
Aura of last phase tempting stardust.

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Exceptional Lavenders

Into the heaviness of unsaid tale,
Tears shedding likely to meet ocean
Hue of autumn painted me and thee.

Wildfire in between tongue and front teeth
Spread across the night owl.
Broken bridge in between me and thee
Left me not to rebuild aimlessly.

Morning lark attempted to fill the gap
Thus called me 'dear friend'.
Now it belongs to him more than me!
I slipped away from what he served mysteriously.

Let's meet with lavenders near Tennessee
In the month of cold wind and
Lemme realize over and over that
You'll leave me alone in empty street.

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Hue Of Stars

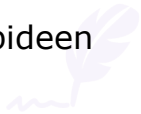
The letters you sent me
Seems like a chunk of dust.
Would fire mind turning it to ashes?

Autumn left me amazed
By your arrival whilst spring
Perplexed me by your departure! !

Patterns of your heartbeats once
Bonded to the lyrics of my love.
So dewy petrichor still attempts to put
Schmaltz vibes to feel aliveness.

Tempting bitter memories arose
To touch the sky and shine aimlessly,
Which loose pain and again
Fell into my veins and hues of life.

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Bleeding Portrait

She is a bleeding portrait
Living in the shadow of patriarchy
Pouring tears to an empty pot,
But not questioning meaningless existence.

Waves of darkness in his
Heart and eyes tied her hands
At the end of a brutal tale,
Since she is scared of even sunshine.

He painted her sky in red
Thus her purple skirt turned
Into bloody red, blood stained one!
Wizard's lust crumbled her purity.

Frozen tears of her mother touched
The fallen leaves and withered flowers
Broken tales of moon giving light to heal
Shrinking her to the home of wingless joy.

Losing herself into victimhood,
Hopeless about life inside womb.
The death of a virgin young lady
Happened under the roof of chauvinism.

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Carnations On Grave

She weaved warmth of metaphors
To reside in his melancholic emotions
Art of healing wiping out his tears
She perked at least in his living poetry
To survive love created boundary

Beloved kissed her inert corpse
And covered her charming countenance.
Mournful chants and funeral hymns
Still whispering about her departure;
Soul leaving body thus awaiting rapture.

Doesn't she fix her invisible crown?
The one wrapped in white holy gown,
Doesn't she chase him dusk to dawn?
The one tasting the longevity of darkness.
The one putting in a home of loneliness.

Petals of carnations covered the grave
Verses of breeze reminded him true love
Lyrics of drizzle tempted to free her dove
He covered it with his blackish jacket
And with the one living in heart he left.

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Autumn Days In Lithuania

Autumn days in Lithuania
Holding vibrancy of brilliant foliage
And spreading bliss and fragrance
Of dancing maple leaves

Autumn blaze maple speaks
'bout the beauty and glory
In falling yet for a new arrival
Craving the fragrance of Spring

Mild weather glancing at
The falling leaves in scarlet
Gowns bidding a farewell
To the caressing autumn gale

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Faded Lonesome Dove

Letters of fading blackberry winter
Penetrating to my ocean of agony.
Replacing deep wounds hidden
beyond the whispering envelopes.

Deciduous dressed in snowier gown
Seems more like culprits concealing
Behind fragmented winter glass.
How not lifting but left frozen body there?

Snowflakes kissing lonely streets
Reminding scars of the solitude.
How long the taste of death embrace
Winter wrapped wrenching heart.

Drowning in the shattered dreams
The blue birds of utmost savior
Soaring high with my tenebrous soul,
Will Inanna open the gate of paradise?

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An Open Window To Autumn

Autumn gales still caressing
Maple leaves wore crimson gowns,
Autumn promises you made is
Like withering maple leaves.

From the dawn of autumnal equinox
Deciduous tends to shed leaves.
Since we met I painted your soul
With the verses awoken to love.

Sinking heart with lucid dreams
Craving if the day seizes for eternity.
Marigolds and spring bulbs scent
Augments poetry to take my breath away.

Aurora crown of Carpo mourns
Falling red and yellow maple leaves,
Warm hues of autumn awaiting
Even your departure green maple!

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Rewards Of Spring

Over the bitter lyrics of winter
Permeates the sweet maytime.
Leaves sprouting on emptied trees
Tempting my poetry to fulfill desires.

Dew drops decors herbs whispering,
Unspoken tales of hues of rainbow.
Blooming tulips and hyacinth
Apprising the arrival of spring.

I praise not the posy of lavenders,
But the fragrance when it blooms
'cause I'm that kinda spring
With an invisible broken wing.

Butterflies in lawn flapping their wings,
Swaying trees spreading aroma of springs..
How art starts to overflow
Where I thought I won't overgrow.

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Blazing Embers

Follow hollow heart and reside in
It's darkest room made of sin.
Capture the facsimile of life
And stab with a witchy knife.

Inhale actuality of the clown,
Aren't you waiting to exhale?
Dismantle walls of heart soon
To feel the healing light of moon.

Shaking fake lake of mere lies,
Dead anemones on my grave
And frozen tears of my orphans
Attempting to turn myself into
A red gulmohar that the summer
Never dare to wither away.

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Is There A Bleeding Heaven?

Holding a bunch of tulips plucked
From the vale of Kashmir,
Eight year old jumana sat on the kishti beside me.
I raised arms to greet the shepherd grazing
Kashmiri pure merinos on open meadows.

Glancing at the sunlit get reflected in dal.
In a blink of an eye I thought about the dying lake,
How clear the 'jewel in the crown -
of Kashmir' was in my childhood!
The aroma of dense pine trees,
Snow-capped majestic mountains,
Plentiful wildlife, scenic splendour,
Vibrance of saffron in shalimar altogether
Make this 'The heaven on Earth'.

Kishti moored and we got out of it.
I embraced and kissed her on
Forehead telling to take care.
I found tears welled up in her charming blue eyes.
Manifestly deep tales over bloodshed created unseen wounds in her soft heart!

She brought a downward curve in her adorable countenance however said to me
; 'I know, abbu, you won't forget to do it
Wherever I go outside our sweet home,
'Cause we are Kashmiris - the caged ones'!

For a year children like her missed school,
What should I say to console my child?
How long we have to suffer in agony?
Do evil eyes make this a hell or bleeding heaven?
How to stick on our guns before their guts?

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Neither Curse Nor Praise

I was decomposed in treacherous hearts,
Before I could see the bewitching world.
Heartbeats augmented,
Brain waves detected.
I could feel the pain engulfing wholly
By beguiling deeds of evil.
You proved so far thereby
denied footprints are no more!

You sounded in mirror brutally,
How to efface even my shadow
By throwing to the ABDITORY.
Is that another hell, Ma?
I realized, she was the story teller
And he was the story maker.
Am I guilty, Ma?
Don't you wanna see my tiny fingers?

It's her choice yours as well but why don't
You recognize there is a life inside her.
Am I inferior, papa?
Is this you talk about dignity?
How many of me will you end?
Don't dare to explain lame excuses,
How dare you refused little angels of Him?

I couldn't scream nor stir
Ye equipment would shrink and shake me.
Heart beats slowed down perhaps
My time on warmth of womb could be count down.

My body would die of course.
But I quench the soul not to,
Cause I'm gonna wander behind you.
Ma, can you forget me besides anguish?
I never curse nor praise the crime..

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