Captain Harbeeby
- poems -

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Captain Harbeeby()

Life of Captain Harbeeby
H- Hectic in nature, musing the future
A- Alienating the odds to keep the rods
R - Replica of himself, book of no shelf
B- Born to serve humanity entirety
E- Envisioning greatness full of wellness
E- Energized by Solace of no trace
B- Breeding diplomats in vast
I- Imparting ideas in huge quantity
Y- Yupifying the crust with all cost
#Captain_Harbeeby
Fly The Jet ??

We rock en roll unminding our roles
Day chameleons to night as we grow old
Nature clad us with torture robes
and its lessons come in dynamic folds

With a deal or not we're all in plight
We toil on soil sowing a kernel
How well have you tried to lit a light
As we rise and fall we say it's hell

Step by step we attain the top
Clock ticks playing its tone
Aim the board en shoot a stone
Fly the jet en get the golden cup

Captain Harbeebiy
Roles To Play, Debts To Pay

Cross overweighed on me
Burden, no strength to bear
Hovering over the tree of vast
Broken, no one to repair
How can I sing with this trembling voice? ?
Roles to play, Debts to pay

Been on a long journey
Of which return I'm pessimistic
Dry! Oh tears, but keeps dropping
Hindrances ahead to overcome
Coward Dada, no siblings to rely on
Roles to play, Debts to pay

No hay to make, the sun is blurring
From dusk to dawn,
Playing the character in daze
Infinite tasks to clear
In an unbalanced fraction
Roles to play, Debts to pay.....

Captain Harbeeby
I Want To Live!

I appear with the air
My soul is sold out
No where to be found

I've been through the sky
Regardless of its height
To seek a body
To be wrapped in coat

My name is written on water
Tied in the bondage of flatter
I want to live like a matter
Seeking space in the alter

I've toiled like clock
Ticking and dancing to my tone
Year breeding years
Not even one listen to my call

I cry in agonies
Tears drop and make a pool
Forced to swim in it without trunk

Liberty I crave for!
From this tutoring brash
Grandeur with no mercy
I seek a lovely cut

Cox I want to live...

Captain Harbeebiy
Islam Is Beautiful

Islam my deen
Way to salvation;
Like stars aloft,
It beautifies afterlife.
Muhammad my prophet
Captain of ships;
Shows the way
With wajuud's words,
Victoriously he reigns.
Qur'an, holy book;
Wonders it contains
Words of Allah
Guidance of Man.
Ka'abah my focus
Solaat I observe
To the poor,
Zakat I give.
Islam is beautiful
Religion of peace
and not pieces.

Captain Harbeeby
Every Picture Tells A Story

Every picture tells a story
    Reminiscing in deep seat of heart
Learn to live, never leave to learn
    Verily life is mixed with pain and gain

Life filled with pain and sorrow
    Memories keeps tangling in mind
Let not it be an obstacle
    Towards aiming high in sight

Every picture tells a story
    Never ponder deep at glance
Summon the courage in you
    In case you have to weep

Captain Harbeeby