

Poetry Series

hamid kareem
- poems -

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hamid kareem(june 23)

a young poet, writer and publisher/ceo elite vibez magazine. Read my poems to connect..they are nothing but MEMOIRS OF A YOUNG AFRICAN

A Name For My Daughter

i hear the name
and my world revolves
a name for angels
beautiful beyond imagining
a name of goddesses
dressed in silk clothes
the name of my angel
wonderful beyond creation
a name for my daughter
if ever i have one
to light my world
as it does at the moment
for truly its a name for angels

hamid kareem

A New Year

can you feel it
the smell of the new year
like the change in the season
with the change in the weather
you can feel it throbbing, coming

do you feel tired?
do you feel helpless?
do you need reassuring?
do you feel the pressure
it comes with the wind
you are waiting, dreading, its coming

can you hear the throb?
feel a change in the cycle
hear a sound like its coming
feel a gnawing like its pulling
it is here, the new year
and the feelings, its the change coming

its a happy new year is here
happy because we survived
happy to have seen it
happy to have passed its test
happy to survive the change
and now that we have evolved,
lets yell HAPPY NEW YEAR!

hamid kareem

A Search For Death

off they went three foolish greedy men
in search of death to kill him before they die they mean
onward they went with neither food nor spleen
but for a bottle that soon dried up of wine
everywhere they went they asked of him
but all they heard as they searched in vain
was his name on everyones lip and mane

on the way an old sage they met
whom to a cave yonder directed this set
undearneath the cave, gold coins they met
oh! what a booty all three said and meant
no more looking for death
as momentarily they forget their quest
among themselves off they sent
one to find food for them at least

oh! how deep mens mind are led
for behind his back two in greed
decided to kill the other and share the gold
the other on his way, also in greed
decided to kill the two to have the gold

oh! foolish greedy men
in the end found death but not when they expected
for the other, the two killed
and ate the poisoned food he brought
oh! what a fate befell em all
as all three trussed up and very dead
found death when least expected

hamid kareem

A World Of Cries

i never knew twas like this
this world this earth
this land of cries

ah! at my birth
what a sight i beheld
what a world i found myself in
so unlike the eden in the promise

i came with cries
albeit and i'll go with cries
i mourn my coming
you mourn my going

during my toil i cried
it came through pores in my skin
twas in my armpit
even from every part
i cried, oh! i cried
as i came to know
tis a world of cries i came

hamid kareem

Are They Happy?

Sitting before him who was draped in silk and crown
With dreamy eyes in a beautiful world unlike a swound
he sat this king, who asked tidings of my world
and I told of things I knew
'Beautiful houses and nice smelling liquids
Manicured lawns and wonderful toys
Beautiful clothes and ethereal electronics
Beautiful tools and fast moving machines
But with money could they be acquired
Big buildings unlike those built of mud and thatch
Garbed in beautiful colors like those of flies'
But are they happy, these people?
With all these things, he asked

I was silent in mute embarrassment
For I did not know what to say
Thinking hard and like a screen I saw,
Images of people haggling o'er goods
Market women cursing people jostling against them
Chattering and Smiles of friends and lovers
Torn people walking dead in streets
Walking bones and smiling diseases
Restaurant mice languishing in hunger
Self depravity of struggling people living in ghettos
Conmen scamming with mouth, guns and isms
Street livers who call streets and markets home
"I DON'T KNOW" I answered
'Its too soon to know I guess'
Smiling in understanding the old woman replied;
You have much to learn and you are young
But don't forget kindness and happiness most matter
Not things or money which we do not use here
Confused I tried to answer.
But I woke up.
To a world unknown with the question
'ARE THEY HAPPY?' On my mind

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Are We Corrupt

i have tasted blood
pricling oozing fresh from my river
i have enjoyed the sanctity of its wanderings
percieved of its fresh dewy smell
and partaked of its troubles

we have drank off our sweats
on the field, under the sun
while tilling and walking our land
our mouths are salty and parched
not from thirst but our sweat
the dry, dry salty taste of our works

lugibrous eyes rove in the air
intensity sharp, glistening with greed
an hungry man is an angry man
look in their faces the signs will tell
smell past their perfume, the stank is thick
they have tasted of their sweat
perieved of the royal waer line
and for them nothing more matters but survival
are they now corrupt

hamid kareem

Blasphemy

blasphemy! That's the word they decry
Oh! Amucks take me not for my words
For tis not the body but the soul
Tis not this words but soul that's in it
Look beyond the body, peer into its soul
Before to the gallows your cries of blasphemy echo

Judge me not by my wordings
For the fool no answer will find
Even if twas freckled on his face
Look yonder what you see
Before thee take the cry 'blasphemy'
Do not misquote foolishly my words
For tis not in the body but the soul

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Blood, Pain And Excrement {bing Bain Jin

blood it flows in the vein
adjoining man not just tubular
it carries fear, hate and love
from place to place
finally to our core

pain it comes like rain
fleetingly sometimes like lightening
it leaves a scar running in the heart
its soothing is as the blade
so fresh and lovely on our skin

excrement our waste,
unnneeded, unheeded totally useless
smelly today of our eaten past
from blood and pain to smelly shit
our rotten secret which non can keep

hamid kareem

Death

a formal word
for life at its end
you come in black
hovering unseen in the dark
snatching ones life
your cuts are deep
though mostly unseen
you come in time
to make your pick
o! taker of life
give me time
to die in time

hamid kareem

Freedom Is Coming Tommorow

To war torn nations,
freedom is coming tommorow

i want to imagine, to see
imagine that day when all shall gather
free as a bird with no fear of the sounds
the sounds of gunshot, the hum of fighter planes

imagine the day we walk again
walking on the street swinging our hands
free as new born bambi hopping and playing
with no fear of the hunter and the suicide bombers

i just want to be free to sing
freedom is coming tommorow
like those who wait in soweto
imagine that day. Oh!

Imagine that glorious day
when our phobia takes flight
and our smiles ascend as the dove
as we baptized, are born free again

i just want to sing again
to play on the street without fear again
to raise my voice and shout to the heavens in glee
freedom is coming tommorow, imagine!

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Friend Or Foe

Friend or Foe?

This is the question I ask
As I look unto the world
Verily a Judas is come
It ate with me and plots my fall
Alas! How ungrateful that sounds
How "betrayous" that looks

In trust I poured out my mind
My secrets, my highs and lows
In glee he fed upon my soul
Taking glee in my weakness
As when the time came
He as a friend already knew my ways
He as a foe already plots my fall
As with a kiss on the cheek
He left me to drown in my foolishness
As still I ask 'friend or foe? '

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Gone

She's gone but we saw yesterday
I wish I could see her walk away
Buts she's gone never to be back again
She's gone now we'll never talk again

The snow of her time here is melting away
Now she's where I can't say hi
She left without leaving a phone number
No emails, no way to contact her peer
She's gone the days are increasing

There's emptiness around the air
She's gone, no laughter to reverberate the air
No smile to charm our earthly air
The trees in the compound are misery in neglect
The weeds have grown, the house is cold
The lizards have come and the rats find no food
All coz she left, gone never to be back again

She's gone but her remains is contagious
In our street there's loneliness
The air is dry, the wind is stiff
From her house to mine, to theirs
She's left an empty space in our air
It's almost like we were friends
Yet she's gone; now we can't be friends
She left, alone she's there, dead and gone

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Hate

a wordly good
bought with life
sown with seed
born to be
an earthly good
with disgust it started
and hatred it turned
a part and parcel
of life as it is

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How I Would Like To Die

i would like to die a man
with smiles and laughter
till death in my mouth
i would like to die
in a blaze of glory
and burning light
till scattered my flame
wil go forever

i would like to die
when walk and talk i could
i would like to die at night
when the sourly night as crawl
and my burning sun as set
thus covering me as a blanket of silence
with no cries and mourning
but a realisation that
ive gone with the night
to be back in the morrow
far over the horizon

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I Wonder

i wonder if living is dying
and dying is living
we surge and scourge
nay towards love and money
we pray to live on
and for once never die
but when our sun goes down
with clouds gone down
we go to eden
and never think of leaving

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Icons

mandela an african icon
like many a continents great men,
like many a nations hero
who rise from humble birth
to become a gandhi to his people
an awolowo to his nation
and the list endless grows
but there is still space for you and me
to grace the lips and pages of history
to be a motivator, a model to future people
to spring forth flowers from our hithertho bushes
and make our today a better tommorow

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If I Had A Son

if i had a son
i'll show him care
so as to have love
i'll give him money
so as to have more
id show him compassion
so that he'll be my companion
i'll teach him spanking
sothat he'll know his wrongs
i'll show him life
so that he'll learn to give
i'll show him the world
so he'll supress his greed

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If I Should Cry

If I should cry
Would the wind take my message home?
My hands are sore from tilling the ground
My voice is coarse from shouting in the sun
My back is bent and whip marks fresh
I paint a picture of a sordid grotesque shape
My name is Africa, Humbled, subdued and proud
I've lost my ways, my trees, and my pot
Electricity churches and mosques take over
I've lost my virginity and naivety
Now am wizened way before my years.

If I should cry
I hope the wind carries my message
The message of my travails,
My body is marked from indirect whipping
My hands are sore from holding the biro for too long
My back bent from long hours of work
I paint a picture of fake Hollywood residents
I cry at night silently from my impotence,
Emasculated, I result to greed and cheat,
But silently, heart aching I cry of my torments,
Hoping the air, the wind, the water will convey my message.

If I should cry,
Will the wind take my message home?
I have lost my voice and potency,
I can only come home and cry,
The power of my voice is so long gone,
Who wants to listen to uninteresting ramblings?
My voice is replaced by TV's and games,
My traditions lost to curiosity,
My ways totally history and long forgotten,
Who needs such barbaric ideas anyway?

hamid kareem

In My Land And Home

My land and home
Perfect as perfect could be
Though less colorful to many a painters gaze
Alas! Tis as perfect as perfect could be

My land of the midday sun
It stands all high and darkness comes at night
I know tmay be hot for some restless polar's
But tis as perfect as perfect could be
The sun at its time like life comes and goes
And darkness like death offers respite

In my land of colorful tan and richness
We live without fear of flood or quakes
As nature almost perfected here reside
Tis never too hot or never too cold
But rather switches are vereine
Come rain come sunshine tis never too odd
As all is balanced in my land and home

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Isms

terrorism, nationalism, socialism.....

ism is in the air
ism we are tired of you
politics you corrupt our ear
isms we are tired of you

lives are lost, lives are gambled
isms we are tired of you
hiding behind religion or politics of blood
isms we are tired of you

polished in high degree
ism we are tired of you
telling us how we ought to be
ism we are tired of you

the dead are gone and families shall mourn
isms we are tired of you
terror is coming to us all in turn
ism we are tired of you

nations be spoilt
enemies be vanquished
ism your dream is fraught
not with madness but the blood of innocent dead

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Leave Me To My Element

leave me i beg to my element
let me my mistakes make
let me shameless myself correct
till to my allure at least i try
as my thoughts ring on for greater heights

leave me to my element
let me myself see the world
a push or word in the right direction
gently, though doesn't hurt
as with pride in later years
my heart lifted i'll tell my tale

let me alone to my element
let me caress and bring forth love
let me myself my element rub
for later in years i'd see it shine
let me dirt in me myself remove
and in my way i'd say thank you

leave me alone to my element
though by my side you could guide me right
as i gracefully wallop and gallop a happy man
searching and wandering the world
till i grow a man on my own
with your shadow at my back
a man in mine own element

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Life

what is this life but a place of visit
but knowing we will one day pass'er
and this world our host
has all our desires
but it all depends on our doctrine
and mastering of our dual character
of what use is a good abandoned body
and an half breed psyche
that is to continue the journey
on the day it parts company
and step onto a new and eternal life
o! lord do not cut me off from thy fancy
so as not to be short of essentials at my rebirth

hamid kareem

Morning

the blanket of night
as been removed
as the early gleam of rays
like the haze on the mountains of switzerland
pass not too gently by my eyes
snatching my sleep
as the chiming bell continuously rang
and the cocks crows
wake the last of sleepers
the gentle wind whisper to me
' the morning has come again'

hamid kareem

My Country

i look at my land
and i couldnt help but behold
as i cried at the sight
my home and country is dying
at the feet of mens babbling
everywhere you go is greed
from the newborn to the old
o! my home and city
nigeria the giant of africa
what can one do to save you from greed
as deeper you drown everyday we groan

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My Fair Lilly

my fair lilly
i look at you
and i see a gem unknown,
a glistining star in a lonely sky
lighting my world
i gaze at you
never believing my eye
truly you are a sight to behold
as i wish i knew
a little more of you
so as to sing with the drummers in praise
as you light my world,
a lone star in grace.

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My Love

I want to write something beautiful
But try as i might,
Your beauty eclipse any words i might use

I wish to create a lasting monument of you
Like liberty, soaring high in my sky
A symbol of love, mine for you
But sadly, no statue can be as great as you

I have opened my heart to you
Like night and its twinkling stars
But even though you are my light
Without words and trust, how will you know
That you are my one and only, always

II

At last, i wrote something
They said its beautiful
But it did not make you smile
It did not make your eyes lit
I cannot feel d beauty
I do not tink its dope

All i want is to show you
This feeling thats overwhelming me
But it seems mere words are not enough
What is magic if its not revered
What is beauty if its not seen

Finally i wrote something beautiful
But i do not think its what you need

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My Society Is Suffering

my society is rickety
it has lost its nutrients and become unbalanced
the doctors labour to revive it
a kobo for drugs two naira for injections
they amass wealth in the name of cures
the village herbalist has come
he came with his herbs and left in wealth
my society is worsening
the drugs are nauseating
the hullabolo of isms a nuisance and scam
the doctors, the herbalists speak in isms
my society is deaf to their language and ways
we hear and see but we can't speak
bureaucracy has taken our voice
it has bought our voice with the naira
we become lost
bureaucracy takes time
we become lost in the time
our nation is ill and suffering
torn between desperation to speak and illness
he sobs, he is short of tears
he communicates to us via the natural
but the doctors and herbalists translate in isms
my society misquoted, grieves quietly
he can't understand the complexity of isms
my society is rickety and remain unbalanced

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Never There

i looked to my left
a vast nothingness befell
to my right behold
are walls too cold from lack of touch
above the sun is shining
but with whom am i to rejoice
come rain come sunshine
tugged in a blanket or a pool alone
are all i've ever known
mom and dad are all long gone
both to work to come at dawn
friends and foe outside the wall stand
and gaze at my home of vast emptiness
a place that all is never there

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Paradise

i hear of the place
from every mouth in my place
even those who never believed
have babbled of the land
a place where the virtuous rest
for some thousand years at birth
which in truth is after death
a land of milk and honey bless
and beautiful dancel of blazing dress
where all mans want
at his feet are dropped
o! unearthly land
what i will give to live in you

hamid kareem

Societal Ostriches

they stand tall in 5-6
infact taller than most of us
this difference in wordly pomp is so pronounced
with swift feet and long beaks for mouth
they move lightly and convince swiftly
they speak in isms which only they understand
we stand afar and gaze in awe
not for anything but their wealth
and the fact that thay may be dangerous
a strike with their mouth can rip off an arm

but ostriches are not clever animals
their eyes are bigger than their brain
they put their head in large houses their cubby hole
behind closed doors and gigantic wallls
walking guards and menancing dogs
they think they are hidden from us
they think no one sees them
as they put their head in the sand
leaving their torso decollete for us to view

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Stench

i can smell it the change
it comes with the rain
all the way from the west
i can see the clouds rolling, moving
darkened clouds with filled bowels
waiting to pass its excrement and waste

i can feel it in the air
maybe its the stiffness and dryness
of the winds blowing wither from the east
or the way its held aloof
like the north seemingly untouched

i stand in the south
the stench here is rank
its in the air
moving in circles
its in the air,
on our bodies, deep in our skin
moving in dripples
with deodorants the stink's still thick
passing through our mouth
respiring through our nose
its in our system
deep it has been sown
unless we search and cleanse our heart
in impurity shall we rise and squander
oh! , my mind purify thyself

hamid kareem

Summer

wet season has come again
the drying river and the muddy crocks
the moving hippos and the travelling swans
all sing praises to thee
with the first dropp of thy holy water
the birds have a singing galore
laughter and eerie songs fill the forest
and even the unborn can look into being born
for its a time of happines and wetness

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The August Visitor

The first time I had a rat visitor
I heard scratching at my door
Tap; tap, I heard on my doorstep
Scared I sat before standing up

As I opened the door with a dart
In bounced a buxom rat
He entered with kingly gait
And on his ratty countenance
As it glanced at me,
I could have sworn I saw a smile

I glared back at it
And it seemed a watching contest
Then regaining my self respect
A I ought have done at first
To frighten it away I stamped my feet

Unperturbed the rat did not budge
Instead he seemed to shrug
Sniffing spitefully at me
It blinked impudently
In its own ratty way

Who are you transit tenant?
He seemed to have enquired
As merrily across the room he scampered
Jumped unto my pillow and promptly fell asleep
In disbelief I screamed for help
My self respect having evaporated

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The Changed Man

he stays in the light
never heard of the dark
he lived in spoil
and thought twas life
he grew with toys
and sought for friends
he looked around
and found in all a patch of black
with trembling hand
he ventured in the dark
just so as to be a normal lad
and back he came
alas! a changed man

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The Cry

i cried as i came
for the world i saw
was not the world i crave
the world i saw
was not his promise to me
and that was why i cried

i cried at the sight
the room is livid
the nurses face aged
on my mums face pain
this wasn't his promise to me
and so at my tragedy i cried

the sorrow i saw as much
the suffering unlike rain was pain
people died and non lived on
what a picture this grotesque sight
i cried, oh! i cried
as i wonder what happened to my fabled eden

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The Household Name

What makes a man.

What breaks a man.

rise.

Which actions make us

How do we affect destiny.

What do we call our own.

When can we say we've tried.

A man is made by lifes events.

The spirit is

broken by events.

Time and tides take us higher.

What would be can be altered with work.

what is yours cannot be taken from you.

when we die

with smIle on our lips.

With cries we came.

In pain we would go.

A single tear, an ounce of regret.

For things done and others yet to be done.

This life of joy, trials, tribulations and victory.

In the end, nothing is promised and certain.

Stories take us through the steps of time.

Lonely corridors filled with dreadful rooms.

A single window with fresh rays of sunlight.

A happy ending on the premise of the morrow.

The never endin trials of a lone hero.

The happy-go-

lucky of merry people.

You can tell this story to family and friends.

For dogo's is an household story.

To serve as an

example people tell of him.

To sons and

daughter so they will learn of his tragedy

Dogo for that was his name was once of wealth.

i saw him perform once and thats how i knew his story.

I watched him all day.

Amidst laughter and

hysterical people.

As I marveled what entertainment can do to a body.

If only i knew his story, i was told.

If only i

knew of the entertainers tragedy.
embodiment of laughter n lifes story.

This

His used to be an house hold name.
to be as he.
could see.
was his only male child.
and three were female.
and raved till he took another wife.

People prayed
His riches they say is as far as the eye
His misfortune he thought
Four beautiful children
For this he puffed

He acknowledged the male angrily.
he sent him.
left in penury.
child for the second wife.
an household story.
wife so poorly, they say.

To the city to study
However the females and their mother, he
Its five years and still no
And his again became
Dogo maltreats his

At last i think the gods took pity on him.
gave birth to twins prematurely.
of their ceremony.

And the second wife
On the eight day

Dogo threw a feast for days daily.
Disperse the crowds before they ruin you people said.

Alas the twins within an hour of eacj other died
on the fifteenth day.

At the news of their death, dogo lost his way.

He raved, ranted and refused to listen to reason.
His life changed as on diviners he spent his money.
Then he took to serious drinking.
gambling he met his ruin.
join street-walkers fuming.

But its on
When twas evident he'll soon

The young wife left pen and all.
became an empty shell.
saved him house and all
after persuasive words from uncles to him.

The dogo known to us
Then, His son

His son returned with the first wife and sisters.

Dogo stopped drinking and it seemed he wont fall.

Dogos name again became an house hold tale.

But the greatest of troubles was yet to come.

For dogo believed his son was ripe for marriage.

He being the man he was sought for him a wife.

He sought for a beautiful dame and sent for his son to come.

In anger the day he saw the letter, the son left for the home.

He never really got home for their was an accident.

Three days after, his body was brought in a mat.

A man who saw it happen said he was not involved with a rat.

He was just speeding and crashed into a cart.

Since then, dogo became an entertianer who lived in jest.

And people say he slipped Up somewhere and the gods are in pursuit

hamid kareem

The Lone Hero

wasted, wasted it is
the effort of men on a nation
wasted it seems
thievery is the order of the day
as thieves reap more than owners
gone is day, gone is the day i say
when the thieves take,
but still dont reap more than owners
cascading leaders now sit on the high chairs
what can a lone effort do in this
thievery is the motto of this day
and wasted, wasted the effort of men
or is it wasted
as we stood hoping, waiting or the lone hero
while thieves inherits our chairs and tables
eats of our foods and spits in our pot
comes sugar coated and leaves us in scorn
making our efforts seem futile
leaving our sweats as trails in the air

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The Moon

when i was young
i'd sit for hours
watchng the moon
more in awe and
out of curiusity i gazed
day by day and night by night
like its heavenly beauty
and its ray of light
its secrets non the less seem undivulged
although many a man
have seen its surface
none alive have found its secrets
but now am older
and under it i forget my bother
as i cant help but appreciate
its ethereal beauty
and the handiwork of the creator

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The Promise

we shall return,
a people in favor
the promise it ran
we toiled, we worked
in our minds the promise it ran

we tread in fear
and follow the rules
hoping for favor
as we sweat and turn
each day with the promise in our minds

we shun the wordlies
and yet live worldly
years and years have gone
but the promise in our hearts still linger
kept in our memory by the books we call holy
as still we wait for the promise to be kept

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The Vulture

I stay in the background
Hovering high over the ground
Searching nay for rotten feed
Looking for long forgotten dead

I walk around with no fear of death
With the way am made
Who will think of me as feed?
I get as near with no fear of cages
As ugly as i am who'll make me a pet

I reel in my fortune
With neither fear nor jealousy
My only hint of sadness
Are my bleak eye and head
As even though am 'free as free'
I still envy the eagle and beauties
For i hear discontentment is natural

hamid kareem

The Yukon Trail

To Yukon for gold they went
In twos in thousands in cold trail
They left in poverty and death they found
They dug they toiled and hunger they found
They died, they dug and more still came
Gold they came for desolate they became

Their heads were frozen
But onward they dug
Those hunger didn't kill, the cold sure got
Those who survived
Found their toil in vain was

They dug and found gold
But alas! , twas no gold
For iron ore turned yellow
Like their lives was all they found
And they like their surroundings
Found no gold but fools gold
For all their toil, hunger and death
Yukon was but a fool's paradise

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There Was A Time

There was once a time, when we were innocent
If there ever was such
A time when our smiles were real,
Frowns ideal and from the heart
But father time has wrought his iron hands
Moved its hands and alas! We are gone
We grew too fast and misplaced our naivety
All that's left of that near past
Are our parents, old school and wizened
Disturbing us with their caution and advice

There was a time in the far past
When boys and girls play hide and seek under the moon
A time in our near wizened past
Boys and girls still parry in daylight
But all that is past
Now i can't trust you with my sister
For wizened night can't hold us together
10.11,12 Oh! Already exploring beyond courtesy
Boys and girls no more play hide and seek
Now girls seek boys and boys seek girls
And in the cover of darkness innocence is lost
Our full moon crimsoned rosy, can't stare us in the face
As father time has wrought his iron hands
And with it our innocence is forever lost.

hamid kareem

Thoughts Of A Sad Man

Am sad and gloom
More bleak than a sunken loom
Alas! How my heart unhappy bloom
None is here to share my sorrowful loom
No friend, no love, what then have I in this world

Why am I so thus draped?
Why are my days unhappy grooming
Why are my days a dooming hate bring
Why are the lying, the nagging and the deceit at my door knocking?

Where s love, happiness, fulfillment hiding
Why are they past my door roaming?
That occasionally when they walk by
In seconds I feel them lurking

Am I tired, am I different
Am I so desolate and without hope
Do I quit or should I go on
Should I lose and take it as it comes
Can my dreams come true?
Or are they albeit totally absurd
All this stuffs and dreams
Isn't it a part of life as it is?

hamid kareem

To Micheal Jackson With Love

No wails, just tears he's gone
Our silent cry of loss he's veiled

To the world he was unveiled early
To himself he lost his childhood
Brimming to adulthood he longed for what he never had
The innocence and freedom of a child
Young at heart, he sought for change
But grossly misunderstood the world he sought

Loved, wanted, yearned and hoped
Voice like the morning
In his fragile body is his strength
In his audience his happiness
On the stage he felt at home
Walking in our midst he felt a stranger
Sang of hope, love, want, despair and strangeness
Hoping, yearning, wanting, longing for freedom

Now you are in neverland
Where like peter pan you'll be free
And maybe, maybe at last u will be free

hamid kareem

Transubstantiation

when the days of fire
of blazing wars and clashing shields is o'er
after the clouds of dust, smoke, destruction is cleared
the hurt, the lose is all that's left behind
tis hate and spirit of revenge, viciousness
that springs from former roses and flowers
the trees to thorns shall become
as it shifts from land to land
as they fight it out the battle for sovereignty
who is wrong and who is right
the victors or the losers
as they forget we all are men

hamid kareem

Unicorn

I did not start with loving her
From afar, i admired
watched the smile grow
loved the wild spirit
You did not belong to me
But really you did not belong to anyone

I thought i could have her
Make her mine
Own the wildness
Dance with her fire in the night
Wake in the morn and walk
Afraid u could not belong to just me

But the heat of her sun stayed with me
In the morn, all through the day
I came back to your fire in the night
During the day, in the evening
The sun, ur fire is everywhere.

I think i am in love
The fear forgotten or repressed
Immersing myself in this new delight
I do not think of now or then
Just this delight.

But like everyone that play with fire
I got burnt
You did not belong to just me afterall
My fear made right was sad
My ego grieved reading between the lines
Unicorn you belong to the world before you could belong to me

From afar i would remember
How i caught the sun
How our paths crossed
Kissed by fire, Melted in ur fire, touched by fire, burnt by ur fire
You blazed my trail

In the end,
My water doused your flame
D smoke is no fire
D breeze brought dour fire in patches
At night when the suns passion is hot
In the morn when the moons fire is burning
The other days the sadness of the trepid smoke stirs my heart

I longed to see the fire again
To free the flames and watch it blaze
But this nagging fear
I want the fire
I love ur fire
But in the end
I am water to ur fire
And you did not belong to just me
My ego and fear would Neva mak me forget
As i watch from afar this sun
Whose fire has sunk in my west to rise in the east

hamid kareem

Who Said Talk No More Of Colors

Who said talk no more of colors?
I looked around and I see
In fine distinction different colors
All arrayed beautifully for a purpose
Beauty, perfection; utopia I utmost believe.
Its arraigned in forms and shapes
In races, flowers, trees and creed
All combined beautifully to make it serene

The rose garnished in red or any color
Stand in splendor like every colored being
Be it black or white or yellow
We all are evenly spread in beauty
Think no more of one as best
As I for one like it blue or green
Some I know like it brown bronzed and tanned
Pink, purple and endless the list grows
Who then said talk no more of colors?

Be it black or brown or white,
Any colorful brand on earth
Know we all are a part of a rainbow
Beautifully spread around the earth

hamid kareem