Shariq Ahmad Lone
- poems -

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Shariq Ahmad Lone(10 12 1999)

Shariq Ahmad Lone is a modern Kashmiri English poet. He was born 10-12-1999 in Binilipora Aloosa Bandipora Kashmir. He is one of the most popular Poet in the world. His collection of poetry is innocent killings in Kashmir, Kashmir bathing with blood, I remember those beautiful days, I miss my old Kashmir, where is humanity, state doing politics in our blood, are popular in the world. He is one of those English poets who writes poetry in simple and lucid language and his poems have won many hearts. He also wrote many Ghazals in the Urdu language. He is the first poet in the world to use Urdu and Kashmiri language words in English poetry. He has completed his schooling from Space age model high secondary school bandipora Kashmir.
I Miss Her Magical Voice

I miss a lot of her magical voice,
She sings a song without music.
I see those moments and I did enjoy with heartily.

I miss those black eyes which kill me every day without any reason
Those black shining eyes gave me a lot of pain but, I enjoyed heartily

I make an invisible world only I discern but not in these eyes.
I see my world in those black eyes

I heard sore song's With her magical voice
This magical voice sleeps my heart with slowly after that my heart doesn't want to wake,

I hear that magical voice again and I found bleeding in my ears
Probably my heart is crying and then drops blood.

I miss that magical voice and my parched eyes drop blood in her recollection,

She will forget the whole universe if she will come again in my heart
Because my heart makes own universe.

My heart maintains silence when she sings a song
Without music.

Shariq Ahmad Lone
I Miss My Old Kashmir

I miss my old Kashmir, where people lived in peace and distribute love and tranquillity among each other.

I miss my old Kashmir, where flowers dancing in the morning and get a message of tranquillity and love.

I miss my old Kashmir, where I heard sounds of peace but in now I hear creepy, demolishing and vandalism sounds.

I miss my old Kashmir, where the clean blue water flows in the rivers and gets a message of peace and love but in now it flowing oppressed Kashmiris blood says that save our lives.

I miss my old Kashmir, where green beautiful mountains and deodar trees get a message of tranquillity and love but in now dried blood in mountains says that save humanity.

I miss my old Kashmir, where everybody says that this is Heaven but in now this heaven asking for everyone, who makes me hell.

I miss my old Kashmir, where children danced in rain and get a message of peace and love but in now children sleeping in the soil of heaven.

I miss my old Kashmir, where beauty says that I am heaven in the world. But in now this heaven asking for everyone, who destroying me?

Shariq Ahmad Lone
I Remember Those Beautiful Days

My dear friend, I remember those beautiful days that she came slowly with me, said congrats, the first time she speaks with me, after that, I forget whole universe and my heart said that she is my universe

She did not accept my love. I know her feeling is the same too with me but her ego destroyed my love but she knows her life is incomplete without me.

I remember, those beautiful days, she croons a song and my heart did dance with her beautiful voice.

Her love gave me a lot of pain but I can't forget her love.

Shariq Ahmad Lone
My dear friend, I see everyday bloodshed in Kashmir.
My dear friend, I see every day in Kashmir innocent Roses lost their lives.
My dear friend, I see everyday mother's lost their innocent Roses in Kashmir.
My dear friend, I see everyday blood flowing in the river.
My dear friend, I see everyday innocent voice telling me to save my life.
My dear friend, I see every day my Kashmir is alone.
My dear friend, I see everyday blood flowing all-around the Kashmir.

Shariq Ahmad Lone
Kashmir Bathing With Blood

I have seen a Kashmir which bathing
With blood.

I have seen a Kashmir which can't hear the sound of peace but, hear
Creepy sounds.

I have seen destroyed paradise, Kashmiris go to sleep but,
They do not wake up.

I have seen Kashmir children are born but, after some time would bury in the soil
of Heaven.

Shariq Ahmad Lone
Moon Dancing With Me

Face like the sun my eyes can't see
I see a shining face in the night like a Diamond.

One moon on the earth and one in the sky all around is darkness I see my moon is more beautiful and glowing.

The moon on the earth dancing with me sky getting angry to see with us Sky can't stop us two souls are linked with each other.

This moon is not capable to compete with my moon My moon is unique and beautiful and shining

Moon is crying and jealous the sky is angry to see two amok dancing with each other.

Shariq Ahmad Lone
State Doing Politics In Our Blood

My dear friend, our blood is very costly state doing politics in our blood, oh our blood makes kings.

My dear friend, politicians doing politics in our blood and world telling us we are terrorists.

My dear friend, I don't understand who is terrorist and who is innocent we buried thousands of Rose's in the soil of paradise and world maintain silence.

My dear friend, we want to peace and State want to bloodshed in Kashmir, tell me who is terrorist and who is innocent.

My dear friend, my Kashmir is very beautiful and Kashmiri people are innocent and honest but we feel solitary nobody in the world says in our favour.

My dear friend, State kills innocent people why in the world does not raise voices against state terrorism.

My dear friend, if the world does not break the silence, we will mislay all Rose's in the name of terrorism.

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Unseen Moments

My dear friend, some unseen moments is special for me, I could not See in these eyes, those unseen moments.

I obtained a message in those unseen moments.

I enjoyed those moments in sleep, Alas! , I could take benefit of those Messages, probably, it will change my life.

Alas! , Those dreams will it come again.

Dear friend, I miss those unseen moments.

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Where Is Humanity

Where is Humanity, dear friend, there is no humanity in the world, dear
Humanity what is your colour, what is your religion, what is your country, so why
humanity you maintain silence?

Dear humanity, i see innocent Kashmiris lost their lives and unfortunately, the
world maintain silence.

Dear humanity, we buried every day innocent Kashmiris in the soil of heaven and
the world says that we are terrorists.

Dear humanity, mother’s asked me who killed our jigar
Oh, the world says that we are terrorists.

Dear humanity, oppressed Kashmiris blood says that why the world does not
raise voices against persecution.

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