

Poetry Series

Imtiyaz Gull
- poems -

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Imtiyaz Gull()

This is Imtiyaz Gull hails from a small hamlet K.B.Pora, District: Kulgam Kashmir.. He is an English Literature student. His poems have been published in Global Anthologies. His favourite poets are Ghulam Ahmad Mehjoor, Alama Iqbal & John Donne.

My Beloved Mother

O mother! You brought me into this world.
Became my shield to the rain.
And thou can heal my every pain.
How blessed I was!
To your arms so warmly
My very first sight
Was the Noor shining Moon light
Despite my first cry
And thy worry, a sigh.
O mother! I don't deserve
I couldn't you preserve
Surely I don't deserve
A mother whom I should serve.
I remember your Pheran which you clad
Where I did something bad
Oh! How I pray my dear mother
For a wish like no other.
Don't you see my dear mother
Thy importance like no other
Oh! See the Surah al Ahqaf
You'll never do a Paap.
I grew to a child
And you was never a wild
When I did fall ill
Through a fever's chill
In thy arms, I did lay
Until the night crept away
Oh mother! I shall always say
May you be happy in every way
And so I beg for your mercy
For I'm not a worthy.
By Imtiyaz Gull

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A Dream Under The Chinar Tree

The zephyr stopped suddenly,
The blue sky turned into sunless sky,
Now there was no rain,
The crescent looked at me & disappeared,
Chinar leaves were drooping & crisping,
Branches wanted to cry but they were wood,
Then I cried and 'BOONI' comforts me,
I cried out: Innalaha Ma'Sabreen!
The chinar leaves fell over me,
And I asked, Why your leaves fell over me?
Reply was Allah's green signal gives me a pleasure!
Then I saw myself stood on a Peer Panjal,
A mountain overlooking me,
And the occupied land,
But I could see nothing!
It was dark, very dark
I wanted to see my homeland,
The Char-Chinar and Lotus in the Dal Lake,
The magical bubbling waterfall of AHARBAL,
I want to listen,
The Daroods and the Prayers,
And the historical Masjid of the old city,
But I woke up,
No one awoke me up,
It was only a dream,
A tough and not yet fulfilled!
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