

Poetry Series

**Jameel Ahmed Ansari**  
**- poems -**

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# Jameel Ahmed Ansari()

I love writing and reading poems. I have written a score of poems. My favorite poet is PB Shelley and I like John Keats and William Wordsworth too. Please have a look at my poems.

## 8: 30 Naihati Local

Continuation of my earlier poem "My Journey to Office"

□

Now starts the game of musical chairs,  
Slightly different from the actual game of musical chairs,  
If you are lucky you get a chair,  
If you are not you start fuming in despair.

You have to board the train like a hungry animal.  
You have to push shove and kick efficiently  
You have to use your elbow in the strongest possible way,  
You have to pounce on the vacant seats like a ferocious cannibal.

You have to face the feudalism of the so called daily passengers,  
Once a daily passenger has got a seat,  
He considers himself the emperor of the adjacent seats,  
He'll place hankies, newspapers, umbrellas, bags and all possible stuffs  
On every adjacent vacant seat,

To get a seat, You have to plead in the following possible ways  
'dada ektu shorun', 'ektu chepe bosun', 'ebar ektu uthun',  
'ektu boste din', 'koto dur jaben', "dada chap ta samlan"  
Start cursing or keep mum if they don't give you a chance to sit.

Even if you've got a seat to sit,  
Your miseries are far from over,  
Just as you feel you are seated comfortably,  
An oldie comes and pleads 'baba ektu boste dao',

Your face turns grim and you have no option but to gift away your seat.  
You stand and stare at his sleeping face the whole journey.  
You open your mouth you won't get a seat,  
You be polite even that won't be enough to win you a seat.

If you receive a push reply with a kick  
If you receive a stare, reply with a glare.  
If you become weak,  
You'll b sandwiched.

Getting off the train is like getting away 4rm hell,  
The moment you leave the clumsy hell,  
You get rid of the stinky smell.  
The suffocation leaves, you respire fine and start to soothe as well.

That's my journey to office,  
It's a struggle I know,  
It's a rough ride I know,  
Yet it's worth having such a journey to office.

I wish I had woke up a bit early,  
Wish I had caught the train at 8: 30,  
Wish I had grab the vacant seat,  
Yet I feel its worth having that short morning nap.

Jameel Ahmed Ansari

# Independence Day!

I am the 15th august  
I am remembered for one day every year  
I make you proud every year  
I am your life's most memorable august.

I make you feel free,  
I give a unique feeling,  
You've now got an independent country,  
I've given you the most cherished feeling.

I have been your most sought day,  
You gave innumerable sacrifices,  
Ultimately I came out be your dream day.  
I've given your life the best of the rarest prizes.

I am the Independence Day,  
I've given you a hope for the future.  
You've now got an open cage to live in.  
I am your freedom day.

You make unlimited promises on this day,  
You take vows to make your nation pride,  
You make promises of taking the nation forward,  
You plan of making the nation bright.

All your promises remain as promises.  
All your plans get buried the next day.  
All your aspirations flow along with your celebrations  
You barely remember what actually your promises were

You feel patriotic for just one day  
You flow into the celebrations the whole day  
You proudly wave the national flag around  
You keep the flag close to your chest

Eight hours of sleep is enough  
To make us forget this memorable day  
Weren't the sacrifices more than enough  
To make us realize the value of this day

They fought for their lovely country  
They died to save their dying Nation  
They struggled for the elusive Independence  
They had really hoped for a much better Nation

I proudly say I am the Independence Day  
I fill your heart with 365 days of vigor  
I give you the confidence of building a better Nation  
I give you the feeling of making the Nation Bigger

I still see hungry people around  
I still see child slaves around  
I see people dividing themselves.  
I get pained by the different classes around

This is not the Nation they fought for,  
This is not the day they fought for.  
Let's make a real unanimous vow  
Let's promise that we are going to look after the Nation now

I plead you not to treat me as any other day  
Let's make everyday as an Independence Day  
Let's remove the hatred and spread Love around  
I ask you to give some value for this Day  
I am 15th August, I am the Independence Day

Jameel Ahmed Ansari

# It's Winter, Here Again!

She thrilled us before she left last year  
With a promise to be back again,  
Lovely were the moments she took with her  
But she vowed to return 'em once again.

The sun was trying to replace her,  
Her efforts to resist went in vain.  
The sun shone bright, while the sky became clear  
Winter now, was totally out of frame.

The sun came and blazed away  
The soaring heat brought a furore again,  
All we were left, but to face the summer's foray  
Sweat, Stroke and tiredness were here again.

The rains have fought hard, to keep the sun at bay  
'Hide n Seek', the clouds have played time n again.  
The seasonal harvests, have left the fields full of hay  
As the degrees decrease, winter seems imminent

The days have shortened while nights have increased  
New vegetables and fruits have come again  
The AC's have flipped while fans have ceased  
Clearly the winter is here again

The monkey caps and the long coats,  
The leather jackets and the thick quilts.  
The woolen shawls and the lengthy mufflers,  
They are all ready to greet the winter again.

As yet another year nears its end,  
Let's cherish d lovely moments, that we have spent.  
Let's do away with grief and pain we have underwent  
Let's start all over again coz it's winter here again.

Jameel Ahmed Ansari

# My Daily Routine

It starts with Mondays,  
And ends with the Fridays,  
Mondays come at brisk rate,  
The Fridays come with delays.

At times the week pass like months,  
Sometimes the months pass in a week,  
At times it's hard to kill time,  
Sometimes the time kills you.

The moment you are idle you start feeling lazy,  
The moment work surrounds you, you start becoming crazy,  
You never are satisfied with the amount of work u get,  
You never complain the amount of laziness you spend

At times you don't get an hour for a timely lunch,  
Sometimes you spend half the day on a lively lunch,  
At times d coffee cups keep stacking around,  
Sometimes it's hard to find even one around.

The stubborn mouse and the static keyboard,  
The continuous clicks and the frequent locks,  
The dirty desktop with an exciting Outlook,  
The lovely mails creating unending chains,

The serious looks, and the illogical debates,  
The grueling hours of lengthy meetings,  
Creating absolute boredom and sleepy eyes  
There r many more moments, this poem can describe.

So easily we fake work,  
How quickly we pretend to b busy,  
So lazily we pass morning till dark,  
How efficiently v show ourselves to b busy

They come so late,  
And leave so early,  
You come so early,  
Yet you leave so late.



They manage to keep their sleep up to date,  
You put your lovely sleep at stake.  
You keep working with conviction,  
They keep on stacking work like sedimentation,

You try to show dedication,  
Work piles on with varying orientation.  
You try to show irritation,  
Work increases your frustration

The more u become devoted,  
Work keeps u motivated,  
The moment u become frustrated,  
You start getting infuriated.

When life becomes easy,  
You wish having challenges,  
The moment life throws u challenges,  
You start feeling uneasy.

I would not have been writing  
If life were so easy,  
I would not b pouring my emotions  
If I were not so happy

Jameel Ahmed Ansari

# My Journey To Office

08: 30's Naihati local,  
That's what I target daily,  
I end up running to catch the 9: 05 local,

07: 30 morning wake up,  
That's what I think of doing daily.  
I end up having a couple of 5 min snaps after 7: 30.

It's such a struggle to wake up in time.  
It's just too tough to compete with time,  
Finally when my eyes open,  
I start racing against time.

Minutes behave as if they are seconds,  
The clock starts playing all d fast forward games.  
I start getting ready, with just half an hour at hand,  
22 minutes is what it takes me to be ready.  
8 minutes is what it takes to be in front of the train.

Barely after stepping out the house,  
I realize I left my cell back home,  
I start speeding back to fetch the cell  
My search for the cell leaves me fuming,  
Just when I find it in the bag which I was carrying.

The clock had struck 35 past 8  
8: 30 local is out of my reach now.  
I start moving towards the bus stand in the laziest way possible.  
I am pretty confident of catching the 9: 05 local now.

I reach the stand at 8: 45,  
Wow that's 20 minutes before the train arrives again.  
Just as I start feeling punctual,  
The wait for the bus starts haunting me again,

I had been at the stand for the last five minutes,  
Not a single bus or auto passed by.  
Every passing second now starts killing me.  
Luckily an auto came in my vicinity,

My hands started waving round  
The Auto didn't bother to stop around.  
Thankfully a bus was just behind.  
It came near with a thundering sound

I reach the stop with 30 seconds in hand  
Walking lazily would cost me a miss again  
Sprinting like Carl Lewis saves me 10 seconds  
But still I've got no relief,  
Now I've to start my search for that elusive seat.

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# Plumb In Front

Plumb in Front

Time to hit the stands again  
Let's gear up for the biggest event  
Ladies n gentlemen  
World cup's back here again

Four years after Windies debacle  
The stage is set here again  
It's time to break the shackles  
It's time to lift the cup once again

For this cricket frenzy nation  
For the billions of cricket crazy fans  
It's time to launch the celebration  
Coz I think we have chance.

For the golden boy of Indian Cricket  
For the millions of fans who follow him  
For the only feat that has eluded him  
It's perfect time to achieve his dream.

The star studded batting line ups  
The monster hitters n the giant killers  
The spinners the slingers, the lanky pace men,  
All are ready to set the stadiums ablaze

The nail biting finishes, n comprehensive wins  
The shocking defeats, n crushing wins  
The lucky teams n the D/L victims  
Hold your breath coz, you gona be awestruck again.

It's time to bid adieu, to the daily soap operas  
Time to say goodbye, to the 'not so' reality shows  
Get ready pull up your socks,  
It's time to catch the cricket fever again

NB: Dedicated to all the cricket lovers and my ASP team members. Sam you'll love this poem..

Jameel Ahmed Ansari

# Rain O' Dear O' Lovely Rain

Rain O' dear O' lovely rain,  
The moment you touched the thirsty grains,  
You spread joy in the entire terrain,  
You made sure our prayers dint go in vain.

The sun's got silent,  
The clouds have come into action,  
The thunder has become lively,  
The lightening has struck ferociously.

Rain O' dear O' eternal rain,  
You've given us relief 4rm the scorching heat,  
Our hearts have filled with joy again,  
You have given hopes of a cool retreat.

The birds have started quenching their thirst.  
The peacock has begun to spread her majestic colors,  
Your sudden downpour has surprised the animals,  
They seem to have got back their true colors.

You have made the drooping trees stand again,  
Your droplets have caused flowers bloom again,  
The sudden splash has given life to the sleeping buds,  
The dead garden has started dancing in rain.

You've restored the lives of the marooned farmers,  
Suicide is no longer an option for them,  
Drought now plans to bid adieu,  
The seeds can now sleep in water again.

The cruel sun tries to find an opening,  
The clouds mischievously play hide and seek with him,  
The sky tries to turn blue,  
The clouds turn it black and grey.

The season of loosing umbrellas has come,  
The irritating croak of toads has begun,  
The narrow lanes have turned into mud pools,  
The dry ponds are filled with water again.

The pain of going to school on a rainy day,  
The joy of going back home early on a rainy day,  
The intentional jumping on stagnant water,  
Can we ever forget those rainy days?

Rain O' dear O' dearest rain,  
Come soon next year again,  
Drench this thirsty earth again,  
Make these earth the next heaven.

Jameel Ahmed Ansari

# Republic Day

Every year it comes silently and passes by calmly,  
Creating an unparallel feeling through our spines,  
Waking us from the slumber that we have been in,  
Thereby reigniting the vigour within.

Jameel Ahmed Ansari



# Sinister Ministers

Tainted rich men they are,  
Their riches keep increasing  
Poverty is no birthright of the poor's  
But they still sleep on pavements  
Poor continue to suffer while the nation keeps growing,

Rich, the middle and the poor  
While the Rich keep getting rich  
The middle continue to struggle  
Poor you were born to be poor  
We say the nation is shining

Rice at the rate of half a dollar  
Onion at the rate of more than a dollar  
Dearness at all time high  
Government says inflation is under control  
We are suffering but you say nation is surging

While it's hard for some to earn a morsel  
Restaurants proudly flaunt food wastage  
So easily slices of pizza go into the bin  
It's such a pity to see a dog and a man feeding on the same  
Such is the condition while the nation keeps growing

Ministers of the people they are supposed to be  
They had promised to serve the nation with dignity  
Instead they are on a looting and ruining spree  
While the list of "RAJAS" "keep growing  
It's hard to find out how the nation keeps prospering.

To see India rule the world is a dream  
It's time to look up to the successful nations that have been  
Getting rid of the sinister and corrupts is the only way  
To restore the lost glory that we have seen  
Yes we also can, and of course we will!

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# The Indigenous Humanity

We are proud to be humans,  
We boast of our unique intelligence,  
We commit the most unusual crimes,  
Yet we say we are humans.

We are glad to be humans,  
HE has blessed us the magical brain.  
We use it in the worst possible way.  
We still say we are humans.

We feel honored to be born as human.  
HE has provided us with the liveliest of hearts,  
We kill innocent animals mercilessly.  
Not for a second we pause before saying ourselves humans.

We are very liberal to claim ourselves as human.  
We feel the least of shame in commenting lewd on girls,  
We forget our sisters back home while eve teasing,  
Yet we consider ourselves as humans.

We feel privileged to be called humans,  
We are the best among the living beings,  
We kill our fellow human beings in the most inhuman way.  
Yet we call ourselves human.

We commit the goriest crimes,  
We slaughter and butcher we throttle and slit,  
We stab and fire we crush and blast,  
And what not we do just to kill human.  
We don't know what humanity is,  
Yet we proclaim ourselves to be human.

We take the advantage of being human,  
We kill a flying bird with ease,  
We shoot a sleeping deer secretly,  
We confidently say ourselves human.

We are the best living species till date.  
We dare to exhibit the worst characteristics at times.

Rape and murder have been humans' worst deeds  
All these have totally maligned the human image.

The word humanity now feels ashamed.  
It feels insecure in the human heart.  
Humanity has got a pathetic change  
It has got no option but to leave the Human heart

I still believe it's not the end  
There's still some humanity left within  
There are lots who protect humanity and die for it  
I still believe we can prove ourselves HUMANE

Nb: "We" refers to a particular section of human beings

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# The Lost Data

It's lost  
Goddamn shit,  
It's lost

My six years of data is lost  
What the hell,  
It's lost

My college days, the Cogni days,  
The Gangtok trip, the goa trip,  
It's lost, ya it's lost

80 GB oh no,  
It was worth much more,  
What a pity, it's no more

My poems, her pics, my pics  
My book, my codes,  
Goddamn hell all is lost.

It pricks when I think,  
It haunts when I go back  
I fail to believe that it's lost

U won't know how much it means to me,  
U won't ever know how valuable it was,  
I just want it back at any cost.

Just a mere data it was,  
But it had my emotions attached,  
Oh God it's horrible to think that it's lost

I didn't slap neither did I scold her,  
I have controlled my anger  
I cried last night to put up with the loss.

I feel sad and ripped apart,  
I know I won't get it back,  
The only thing I can do is to look forward.

NB: The other day my sis somehow formatted all the drives of my machine which had data dating back the past 6 years. Unfortunately I had not taken the backup. I was just blank and annoyed after seeing that. So thought of writing my feelings at that point.

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# The White Liars!

Just a small brief about the poem before u read!  
'This poem portrays people who lie like anything,  
who dont hesitate to lie irrespective of the situation,  
people whose conscience says 'I dont care as far as  
Lying benefits me'. Inspired by the famous movie  
'Liar Liar' starring Jim Carrey, I have written this poem'

I lied when I was just a mere child,  
People laughed away saying I was innocent,  
I grew up lying like an animal in the wild,  
People thought I was just passing adolescence.

I kept on lying until it became my habit,  
As time passed I came up with different tricks.  
I tried uncanny ways to master it,  
All seemed to me like an amazing feat.

I feigned illness while being absolutely healthy,  
I lied on my riches to prove I was poor.  
I portrayed a sad look to gain sympathy,  
I never missed out a chance to blindly swear.

Friends relative's teachers or whosoever it was,  
I lied to each of them, boy I was such a sly!  
Children minors youngsters or whoever it was,  
I rarely missed a chance to lie.

I bitched around my dear friends,  
Did back biting behind each of them.  
I felt as if I was a winner at helm,  
Though my inner self continued to wane.

While in college, I made my granny die 'five' times,  
Just to defend my countless class bunks.  
Put crepe bandages on elbows and legs several times,  
Just to avoid writing labs while being drunk.

I feign work when there is absolutely none,

I say I am in a meeting while I am busy chatting.  
I roam around with girls, while my wife keeps waiting.  
I give damn excuses when I am absolutely plumb,

I lie even though I am totally aware,  
I cheat myself by cheating others.  
'Honesty' is word I've never heard, I swear!  
O'God! I truly am an absolute liar.

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