

Poetry Series

Kazi Ahmed
- poems -

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Kazi Ahmed(01st February 1965)

Born in Gazipur, Like writing poem
Good or Bad do not know, just write-get time when

Like reading than to writing
Feel tired when word searching

Wishing to publish a book in future
Trying to capture the modern culture
By profession Banker, live in Dhaka
Writing mainly as a hobby
But no problem if I can earn some extra 'Taka'

Beg pardon for giving you the trouble
As you have to read my unpalatable bubbles
So be ready, I am here
Where to go? Like me- mostly everywhere.
This is my Biography in a nutshell
If you like my write-ups, please give me a mail
(nasim15@)

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1971

It was an ordinary day like others
After the breakfast Akmal was getting ready for school

The school starts at midday,
It is three kilometers away.

Akmal was walking hastily,
As he was late already.

Mother was insisting him on for long,
Uncle was waiting to come along.

But Akmal was bit reluctant today
As, to him, it was a speial day.....

Allover East Bengal, there were processions
'We will not compromise, whatever the consideration'.

'We want freedom' as they uttered,
Big sound came out, police fired.

They wanted to stop them; but it was tough,
As they were committed enough.

A feeling came from within, 'Everyone of us must not hesitate'.
'This is the time to retaliate'.

To Akmal, all these were not understandable,
He could only guess that his participation in this struggle was inevitable.

He did not return home from the school
As he had greater responsibility to fulfill

Akmal participated in the fight
Which won us today's free Bangladesh and right

We have won this country for thousands sacrifice
To keep this freedom intact, we need another fight.

Kazi Ahmed

A Day Mamorable!

It was a memorable day when I was very restless
Sill remember, it was raining and I was playing chess

You were serving us tea and snacks
Suddenly you dropped a piece of paper, did not know what it was

I discovered in the evening that it was your first love letter
I was doubly excited, but could do any better

The next day we planned to meet
We decided the venue. But I could not turn out

You were angry enough; told me 'Coward'
However, I could calm you, at last.

Kazi Ahmed

Allen Ginsberg

Allen Ginsberg, I love you
You have inspired me to be a poet
Your creation "Howl" and other writings
Have stimulated me to write
You are a real poet
A poet of your own
Your life, your philosophy all
Mandate you to be the ONE
As I go learning you
I find something new in you
You have moved the west and the east together
And have stirred all new things
Specially when you write "September on Jessore Road"
And utter "Millions of babies watching the skies
Bellies swollen, with big round eyes"
I, as a Bengali feel proud

Kazi Ahmed

Aloof From Life

On the bank of the river Shitalaksha
I was sitting with my childhood friend
After long gap, we could find some time to sit together
All old memories were coming up one by one
The water was flowing through the river at an intense speed
The sound from the curving water was creating a pleasant music
We kept our cell phone switched off to escape family and foe
Big and small boats were passing through
It all seemed like a beautiful large ever changing canvass
Where the painter was painting beautiful pictures
The blowing lights from the passing ships
Was making the climate more sweet
Cool wind from the river was refreshing our body and mind
Like schooldays we were peeling nuts and were bit nostalgic
We were talking very low in a whispering voice
There was nobody to recognize
Although the sun was set
People were still restless
Many people were busy earning their bread
Plenty of activities there-Business, service and trade
Some people were also moving around for nothing
They did not have to do anything
In the midst of all these chaos we were aloof
Let the sanctity of the melancholy mood be full proof

Kazi Ahmed

An Evening Of April

That was an evening of April
Gentle cool wind was blowing
We landed at Toronto Pearson
With lots of hope and aspiration
To us it was all big ...
The people, roads and buildings
Little uncanny feeling...
Little tensed...what next?
At last we reached our place
The sun was then already set
Tired of the long journey we went to bed
On the morning it was a new look
From a place of huge noise
It was painful to accept such quiet
We were set to accept all new things
Culture, community and social standing
'How beautiful my country is....'
I heard to say my little kid
Then I thought I have done one thing right
In my entire life!

Kazi Ahmed

And The People Said

And the people said their words
'We want justice for the brutal crime they did'

In 1971, when the people of the land called for freedom
Wanted relief from the injustices against them
The Rajakars wanted to resist,
By killing the peace loving people,
By conducting atrocities
Yet they did not succeed

After forty-two years, here is some light of long waiting justice
Yet there are conspiracies, there are 'politics'

A few youngsters brave enough to say the truth
Came forward to play the flute

Thousands followed them to Shahbagh
Chanting, 'Justice only justice is our demand'
Jafor Munshi, apparently a very ordinary person
Was not behind, felt to be part of the claim

Did he know, the hyenas were prepared
That's why he did not lose the chance to be martyred?

In memory of one Jafor Munshi, a Gonojagoron Monch worker who was killed by
the defeated forces of 1971

Kazi Ahmed

By The Lake

Morning walkers were returning to home
I had no mission; so I had no rush
I sat on a bench nearby;
Chill wind from Lake Ontario was blowing over me
An elderly guy with weird look came by and sat beside me.
He gave a puzzling glimpse at me
I tried to smile; the man opened his sack
He put his hand inside and was searching for something
After a while he brought out a packet of apple pie
He offered me one courteously; then started biting
'It's tasty, you could try', told the guy
Thereafter I have seen this man many times
In the metro, in MacDonald
And in many other places
That puzzling glimpse
That weird look
But I was so shy
I could not ever taste his apple pie

Kazi Ahmed

Diving In You!

Poetry made me thinking
I can now think, can ponder
Poetry made me playing
I can now play calmly
Poetry made me hiding
I can now hide me for better reasons
Poetry made me surviving
I can now live for better cause
Poetry made me diving
Diving in you, to discover you more and more!

Kazi Ahmed

Dues Paid

Everybody told me I was all right
You could not read me that was your plight

I was following you over the corridor
You didn't notice me, it made me bore

How could I know that Principal will be there?
Then I would have taken approach another

No way to reach you, no way to persuade
Came straight to you being upset

Please feel my emotion, I need your care
Wanted to tell you but didn't dare

At last you accepted me, endorsed my views
I now feel proud, I have got my dues

Kazi Ahmed

First Sight

I was going to Chandra
You were walking with a rhythmic mantra
Heaven from the hell it was
The traffic got stuck for us
I was little detract
Was thinking, how could you so quickly attract?
I was totally dissolved
The mystery of the chemistry not yet resolved!

Kazi Ahmed

Forget The Past

After that day
Long time past
We did not meet again
You remained distant
Could not be nearer anymore
However!
Forget the past
Whatever happened that day
That was my mistake, I say
Please forgive me, if you can
Otherwise no regret,
No bad feeling
I can bear that
I really feel guilt
I repent for that very day

Kazi Ahmed

In A High Tea

I was invited to a high tea
There was nobody like me
They were all affluent
I was only incongruent
'Come to terms', you told me
I was bit confused as I looked at thee
'I am not for here', I told you
Holding my hand you told, 'That's not true'
'Can't you trust me?' you further said
'Get me out of here' I cried
In reply you pulled me to yourself and kissed my lip
You were going deep and further deep
Everybody were whispering in low voice
You held me so tight, I didn't have any choice

Kazi Ahmed

In Search Of That Barber!

I had a nice hair cut last Saturday
The barber was quite expert and efficient
He took extra care for me
For a very brief time I fell asleep
But during this time also he did not stop his work

After the job was finished he showed me the back
side by lifting a hanging mirror
I was pleased but this extra care was putting pressure on me
I was thinking he is going to be qualified for a good tip
However he did not demand any extra money
I was surprised!
What an extra ordinary barber!

It was late night when I returned home
My wife gave a strange look at me
She was suppressing smile
I was not sure what it was
Children already went to bed
I took a shower and had my dinner
In the bed my wife was extra careful to make me happy
I thought 'It was my day'
I did not ask her why she was smiling
a few moments earlier

In the morning after a good night sleep I went to the fresh room
where I discovered that one side of my hair remained the same
That is the barber did not touch that part
I was annoyed; rushed to the barbershop
That extra courteous barber was not there
I asked the other barber about that man
He told no barber like I explained ever worked there

I was confused; I showed the man my incomplete haircut
He looked at me and burst into laugh
I got angry; I told him to rectify it
He told he can do it but the last haircut was not done
at their shop; that he can guarantee

I was totally confused
Who then last night it was?
I am still searching!

Kazi Ahmed

In The Evening, Only You!

In the evening
Moon was shining
You were sitting beside
Rabindranath was to be recited
But to go for a long drive; you decided
All on a sudden
We went beyond the boundaries
Letting nobody know our whereabouts
All night we were together
Had lot of fun in a mixed excitement
We made the day
It was long overdue

Kazi Ahmed

Last Night

Last night I was little busy
Finding some of my old things
Which have no financial value now a days
In deed those were nothing
Yet I needed those, I feel
A pen, very old
Made of pure gold, gifted from my grandpa
A radio I bought from my first income
A handkerchief, I forgot for long
I felt like mad to get those
I do not know, why...but I became so impatient
In the midnight, I went upstairs
When everybody was in a deep sleep
I searched thoroughly in the dark
With a lantern in my hand
To find something very old!
A pen made of pure gold.

Kazi Ahmed

Let's Hope For The Best

Let's hope for the best
All nation get together
Solve the world problems in one sitting
Though I know it's difficult
Still I hope
Hope for the best
Because ultimately our children will live here
We are very ordinary people
We want to live peacefully
All with equal terms
No war, No oppression
Even no politics
Nothing but live peacefully

Kazi Ahmed

Life Like That

Please dont go astray..
You know, there are ups and downs
Life is like that
Some happiness, some sorrow
Some struggle, some good humer
Some passion. some obstruction
But there is light at the end of the tunnel, I believe
Life is like that brother
You never know, what happens next
May be there waiting something bright for you
Also there may be tougher days ahead
But keep perseverance,
There is always victory at the end.

Kazi Ahmed

Look Alike

He is my look alike
But he is not me
I am his look alike
But I am not he
His mind is thinking one
My mind is another
He may be going to moon
I might be to river
He may be shouting
But I am then laughing
He may be my look alike but
I am not him

Kazi Ahmed

Midnight

Midnight Memories

It was midnight, I forgot to put off the switch
And it was delivering bright light

On the table there was a glass full of water
A half read book was all open lying on the ground

Street dogs were barking outside
Seems they have taken the responsibility to save the world

An skeptical feeling
Yet I was enjoying.

A mosquito with all its energy was flying over me,
I named it naughty mosquito

And it was late night without sleep
There will be call for prayer after a while
But I was feeling very tired
Longing for deep rest....
Something like taste of death.

Kazi Ahmed

Midnight Memories

It was midnight, I forgot to put off the switch
And it was delivering bright light

On the table there was a glass full of water
A half read book was all open lying on the ground

Street dogs were barking outside
Seems they have taken the responsibility to save the world

A cockroach was crawling over my bed
It was crawling over my face and neck

A skeptical feeling
Yet I was enjoying.

Another cockroach was flying over me,
I named it naughty cockroach

And it was late night without sleep
There will be call for prayer after a while
But I was feeling very tired
Longing for deep rest....
Something like taste of death.

Kazi Ahmed

Near Yet Far

I look around to find her
But could not see
Where can she be?
She was here; very near
Almost I could feel her breaths
But now she has gone far
I don't know where she is
Where should I seek her; where should I go?
How can I find her; what can I do
I am now careless as she is not here
Who can say, 'Here are your glasses, dear! '
Who can be nearer when I am ill?
Whose touch can give me a soothing feel?
It is you, my dear
Please come to me
I cannot wait anymore
My love is thee

Kazi Ahmed

No Looking Back

Today when I look back
I see gulf of difference
Between what I expected and received
Even though I am happy
I know how life goes
How things happen
And how things move
When I look back I see
My past.....all sweet memoirs
Though all were not essentially sweet then
When I look back I see
My struggles
My fightings
My passion and perseverance
I want to tell unto thee now
I want to see future
No looking back again
Lets hope for a good structure

Kazi Ahmed

No More War, For God's Sake

O leaders of the world!
When will you be aware?
How many days will it need to be conscious?
When the sleep of Kumbhakarna* will be broken?
When will you recognize that killing human cannot be the motto?
There are so many problems
There is so much to do
Some people are wasting food whereas some are starving!
How long it can go?
How long one individual or a group of few individuals will decide the fate of billions?
How long?
O leaders of the universe?
When will you awake?
When will you be above your petty interest?
When the greater mass will be heard?
O Mr Nicolas Sarkozy, Mr Barack Obama, Mr David Cameron and Mr Benjamin Netanyahu
We plea to you
We plea for rising above the minor issue
And please please please stop killing of human lives
If not today
One day you will have to answer
If not here; may be there
I bet
You will have to answer.

*Kumbhakarna is a Rakhsassa (Monster) and brother of Ravana in the Indian epic Ramayana. He was considered so pious, intelligent and brave that Indra (one of the Devta) was jealous of him. Along with his brothers, Ravana and Vibhishana, Kumbhakarna prayed profoundly to Lord Brahma to please Him. When the time came for asking a boon (blessing) from Brahma, his tongue was tied by goddess Saraswati (acting on Indra's request) . So instead of asking 'Indraasana' (seat of Indra) , he asked for 'Nidraasana' (bed for sleeping) . So most of the time in his entire life he remained slept. His bravery and intelligence was of no use to Ravana and ultimately Ravana was defeated by Rama in the war of Lanka.

O My Boy!

It makes me happy
That I am a daddy,
It gives me pleasure
That I am a father
I am so lucky
That I am a papa
I have a little boy
Who calls me, 'Baba'
Who with his little hands
Touches my face
I feel applauded
When he kisses my head
He is a small creature of God
With innocence a lot
I pray for your well being and good
O my boy! You made me feel proud.

Kazi Ahmed

Please Forgive Me!

Please forgive me,
You know, how much I love thee!
How could I forget your birthday
How could i made a delay!
It was today morning and it is already late!
It is for the first timet since we two met.
Alas! I am lost,
Dear, I am ready to pay the cost.
Will you mind if I give a treat tonight
If I commit not go for any fight
Will you then pardon me?
Or you will still keep mum and stare at me speechless?

Kazi Ahmed

Something Is Going To Happen

And I discovered, it was you
Suddenly,
I was really surprised
After a long time
You came to my mind
Those days of youth
Has long passed
Yet
You are still deep in my heart
And I discovered, it was you
I can still smell that fragrance
Which, at times, moved me a lot.
Now again I feel within me
Something is going to happen

Kazi Ahmed

Something Somewhere

May be I was not happy
May be it was all fake
May be I did not love
May be everything was dead
Still I know
There was something
Hiding somewhere
Some kind of feeling
May be I didn't turned back
May be there was lack
May be I didn't nag
Even though I know
Deep in my heart
There was love
Buried somewhere
Deep inside.....

Kazi Ahmed

Tears; I Love Thee

Then I turned back; and told you 'bye'
I saw dropp of tears in your eye
It was decided that we will leave
You looked indifferent till last minute

But when that moment came

You could not check
I also could not resist
Departing is so heart breaking,
I could not persist
Tears also fell from my eyes
I kept on looking at you
As if this was our first meet
The train came and left, unnoticed.

Kazi Ahmed

The Very Best

Curse on my poetry
Curse on my writings
Curse on my struggle
Curse on my fighting
Curse on my pride
Curse on my might
Curse on my belief
Curse on my life
Curse on my death
Curse on my faith
Curse on my grif
Curse on my rest
Despite all the above
I am the best

Kazi Ahmed

To My Fellow Poemhunter Poets

PoemHunter Poets!
Please read sometimes
Without reading your poetry will be boring
Look for some variation
Look for some new form
Look for relevant words
Bring some charms
Do not scratch each other's back
Read some good write-ups
Some classics
Some from ancient past
Some from contemporary
Some special and some from very ordinary class
Research lot, have patience to be appreciated
Don't be so passionate for earning fame
Poetry is not an easy game!

Kazi Ahmed

To Soma, My Better Half

You molded me to a gentle man
From a rough guy
You taught me how I should
Keep my morale high
You gave me a sense of belongingness
I now know how to recover from a mess
You took me to a certain height
I do not deserve that. Am I right?
Today I am altogether a different man
Who knows how to respect a woman
You are so straight, you are so polite
You are so strong, you are so bright
O my lady!
I long to worship you
For rest of my life

Kazi Ahmed

World Leaders Discussed My Issue

Because it is a question of my existence
The world leaders held a conference.

They all patiently discussed my issue
I was approved a permit to visit you

The world leaders also told
I deserve your love to come out of the cold

The doctor I chosen also said
If love is not restored more strong medicine may be prescribed

I have also been permitted a jet
To find you wherever I get

Wherever I go I need no visa
I am free to go to Europe from Asia

If you do not come to my terms
More stringent sanctions may come

Kazi Ahmed