

Poetry Series

**Mahfooz Ali**  
**- poems -**

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# Mahfooz Ali(28 October)

Hey,

This is my poem forum. Umm..... just to warn you ahead of time a lot of things I write on here are really loving and sometimes depressing too. I just write about things when I get a sudden urge and usually it's when I am depressed but happy too. Anyway, I hope you will enjoy my poems and feel free to comment and email me at 'mailto:mahfooz@' with any comments about my poetry.

To start, Click on my 'Poems' to read.

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I am Post Graduated ( ) from the University of Gorakhpur, INDIA, in Economic Administration. I do also have a Master's degree(M.A.) in Economics from the Dr. Ram manohar Lohia Awadh University, Faizabad, INDIA and Post Graduate Diploma In Journalism & Mass Communication from Indira Gandhi National Open University (I.G.N.O.U.) INDIA. I am very fond of writing Poems; short stories; Articles; and Haiku poems. I am also a winner of an award of INTERNATIONAL POET OF THE YEAR SILVER MERIT BOWL AWARD from the INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF POETS, U.S.A. AND EDITOR'S CHOICE AWARD from the INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY OF POETS' the hands of former PULITZER PRIZE winner W.D. SNODGRASS. At presently I am working as a lecturer in the University Of Lucknow, LUCKNOW, INDIA. I am a regular contributor of essays; poems; articles; short stories and letters in almost all dailies of INDIA.

# A Blank Page

A blank page lies on my desk  
Clean and pure  
It lines crisp and hard  
I sit in front of it and take up my weapon,  
my tool, my pen  
It touches the blank sheet  
I begin the dance of thought in my mind  
The blank page  
It taunts and teases me  
It scares and thrills me  
It threatens and entices me  
It haunts and frees me  
This must be how a painter feels  
about a blank canvas  
full of infinite possibilities  
and infinite questions  
I start  
My pen plays across the page  
It flies and leaves its trail of blue ink for others to read  
These pages become thought incarnate.

Mahfooz Ali

# A Changed Person: A Complete Me

I lay there  
Of what I could be?  
To whom I could prove to  
That I am me  
To show the world  
That I am back  
To tell them that I am on track  
To show them I can still be great  
as I was before  
To allow them to appreciate  
A changed person...

Mahfooz Ali

# A Child Want To Say Something

I.

I would say something,  
I would scream if I could.  
I am a child afraid to cry out.  
Because I know without a doubt that  
No one is listening for my shouts.

II.

I am most afraid to cry out  
I am a child trapped in the  
Shell of a man that has never  
Been able to grow beyond those  
Terrible days in my life  
Where I was set aside and  
told I was no one's  
Wanted son.

Mahfooz Ali

# A Concept

The world is a village,  
And we are its people.  
We are the same,  
But not always equal.

Our views and thoughts  
May contrast,  
But hopefully in the end  
We will learn from the past.

And now it is time for peace,  
And time to yield,  
Time to shake hands and agree,  
To put down our swords and shields.

So let us assemble as one,  
And we will convene  
In order to make a reality  
From just a dream.

Mahfooz Ali

# A Forgotten Mother!

Dear son, I hope and pray,  
Someday our paths, will cross!

Each and every day I pray for you!  
I hope that someday you will forgive me!

Please don't hold a grudge or hate me!  
I wanted a better life for you!  
I could not give you the life that I wanted for you!

Your mother now was given a beautiful gift!  
A precious child that came out of my womb!

I long to meet and hug you!  
So many years have gone by!  
I just want to know that you are safe!

My sacrifice was great!  
I wanted to give you a good life!  
A life, that I could never have given you!

My only child, you are always in my heart!  
Until the end of time, I will pray for you, and  
Search for you, forever!

Tears roll down my face,  
I am a forgotten mother!

Mahfooz Ali

# A Fragile Soul

Life is joyous and content  
Until I face that moment.  
When an innocent or deliberate act  
Wounds me with its impact.  
A fragile soul am I.

Life then losses its joy and peace  
In less than the blink of an eye.  
Where once I stood strong and steadfast  
Now reduced to heaps of ash!  
A fragile soul am I.

I grope in the ashes of despair,  
Searching for what was lost.  
Afraid to find that hope again  
Because it seems for naught.  
A fragile soul am I.

Oh! A fragile soul am I.  
Walking the light-rope of life.  
Steady - sometimes falling  
Forever wondering: Why?  
A fragile soul am I!

Mahfooz Ali



# A Gift

When someone smiles,  
someone cries,  
When someone laughs,  
someone sighs,  
When someone hurts,  
someone heals,  
When someone lies,  
someone steals,  
The art of music, blissful sounds,  
The art of landscape, holy ground,  
Faith in religion,  
Faith in life,  
Or faith in warfare,  
Faith in strife?  
Love for self,  
Love for land,  
Love for people,  
Hand in hand.  
These together  
Radiate  
A source for love?  
A source for hate?  
A power worthy  
A power great,  
A gift from god?

Mahfooz Ali

# A Harboured Soul

I sailed upon the sea of disappointment,  
my raft was buffeted by bitter swells.  
I clung to my now battered life preserver  
as the wave of broken promises compelled  
my driftwood dreams toward the barren shore.

Long futile fighting had weakened my arms.  
My throat was dry, head dazed, eyes glazed with cold.  
Every direction seemed to lead toward  
a future where I was alone and old;  
a specter living in a joyless world.

You stood upon the deck  
and looked across the darkness of the deep.  
Your soft eyes lingered watching my approach,  
my fragile form lost in exhausted sleep  
and heedless to the danger of the beach.

Your arms warmed the chill of shattered hopes.  
Your gentle care revived then set me free.  
You taught me all I was and could become.  
You gave to me the gift of being me,  
the chance to love and be loved in return.

The ocean is a berth of choppy surf.  
I'm standing strong against the breaking waves.  
I am no longer filled with fear to face  
the future our togetherness now paves.  
Souls safe within the harbour of our love.

Mahfooz Ali

# A Leaf

I have no control over my life.  
I am born to die  
that is the story of my life.  
I terrified the fall which ultimately,  
means my end is near.  
I get stepped on after falling  
by the nature's creatures  
Who am I?  
A leaf.

Mahfooz Ali

# A Limerick

Poetry inspired me early on.  
A quirky only child,  
I spent a fair amount of time reading alone  
in my pale blue bedroom  
or in a wooden playhouse in my backyard.  
I wasn't entirely antisocial,  
but found many of my best friends  
in a parallel universe of words  
occupying a small bookshelf in my closet.  
And while I never considered myself a poet,  
I composed silly limericks  
while the neighbourhood kids played dodge ball.

Mahfooz Ali

# A Man I Did Not Know

I once climbed a mountain,  
to see what was on the other side.  
There I found a man,  
with his arms open wide.  
As I watched him standing there,  
I noticed the beauty of the valley below.  
Fear never entered my mind,  
as I reached out my hand  
to a man I did not know.  
As I touched his hand,  
my life flashed before my eyes,  
All the bad mixed with the good,  
I guess that's when I began to realize.  
Standing there in the valley of peace,  
Was Allah in life form.  
He washed all my sins away.  
That was the day I was truly born.

Mahfooz Ali

# A Mother's Love

A mother's love is something that never ends  
It's not a matter of who or when.  
A mother's love is always there  
From the womb through to the rocking chair.  
Even when she's gone,  
She never leaves you alone.  
It's something warm and fuzzy on a cold winter's night.  
It's something you usually take for granted since it feels so right.  
A mother's love is something that can't be bought  
It's something you're sure you've always got.  
A mother's love is something to cherish and adore  
A mother's love is like opportunity knocking at your door  
It's the best, the worst, the brightest, the dimmest  
and everything in between  
It's something that makes every little girl feel like a queen  
A mother's gift is her love, it's the best ever given  
A gift that's been granted from high in heaven  
God gave us the gift best above all others  
Cause he blessed children when he made mothers

Mahfooz Ali

# A Pen Can Be Anything.

A pen is such an ordinary thing.  
Take it for granted?  
We all readily do.  
We don't realize it.

No matter where you go,  
No matter what you do,  
A pen will always be a part of you.  
So why try to deny it?

A pen can be everything.  
It can be your back door, your escape.  
It can change you and your beliefs.  
It can work so firmly in you,  
you can't breathe.

It can cage you.  
It can free you.  
It can give wings.  
A pen can be anything.

Mahfooz Ali

# A Plea

Mummy, sing me to sleep.  
I can't sleep mummy.  
Horrid dreams haunt me.  
Mummy, will you come from Heaven and hold me?

Mummy, I miss you.  
It's not the same without you.  
Mummy, will you come from Heaven and hold me?

Mummy, others make fun of me.  
"Motherless son" they call me.  
I cry though, I try not to.  
Mummy, will you come from Heaven and hold me?

Mummy, it's not the same without you.  
I am so alone mummy.  
There is no love without you.  
Mummy will you come from Heaven and hold me?

Mummy, I am only thirty two years old.  
I should still have you.  
Mummy, will you come from Heaven and hold me?

Mahfooz Ali



# A Prayer Today

The dark-green sky,  
it swirls above.  
Dry mouthed and weak,  
sinks in.  
The pitch black dirt consumes body.  
Tears are warm,

tears are warm.....  
Crushed soil sifts through fingers.  
A prayer today; "Tomorrow, I will pray."

Mahfooz Ali

# A Special Man

A special man has walked this earth,

Always giving of himself each and every day.

The lessons this special man has taught me

Is a debt I know I will never afford to repay.

Truth follows this special man throughout his daily walk,

Along life's winding path and with each step he takes.

Trials may come to slow him down, but onward he goes

with determination and strength as each day breaks.

Honour is this special man's middle name,

Not knowing the meaning of defeat when despair tries to set in.

Life has taken this special man through many journeys

Experiencing and seeing things my mind can only imagine.

Growing up under this special man's guidance

Is a wonderful gift I have treasured from the very start,

This special man, my beloved and honoured father

Will always have a special place in his son's heart.

Mahfooz Ali

# A Woman: Whom I Am Missing A Lot.

A woman who breathes life into the World  
Someone who loves no matter What  
She feeds and Comforts  
Till death and Beyond  
She is someone to come to and cry With  
To tell your happy and sad stories To  
She is someone who is firm but Gentle  
A woman who teaches her children many things  
One is Love  
Another is Happiness.

Without Mothers  
There is no Future  
No Tomorrow.

When Allah made man he knew Immediately  
What was Missing  
So he Made  
You!

Mahfooz Ali

# Abandoned

You told me, 'I'll be there for you'  
whispered sweet nothings in my ear  
but when I seeked your guidance  
found that you were never here  
You told me, 'I was special'  
and nothing like the others  
but we were never together  
really, no more than lovers  
You told me, 'I got your back'  
anytime you need a love  
but whenever I would call  
you abandoned me again  
I told you, 'I was hurting'  
but ignorance led your heart  
I told you, 'I was dying'  
but you never gave a solace!  
I told you, 'It was over'  
still you begged for me to stay  
I told you, 'If I do'  
things'll have to go my way  
But you didn't want to listen  
so now I'm thinking through  
all the pain you I suffer  
now that I am abandoned.

Mahfooz Ali

# About A Little Girl.....

My name is Mahfooz.  
I found a pretty Pinky,  
Will you take a look?

I like many things,  
but this Pinky I found is special,  
like and as my mom was.

Pinky has good times in the sun,  
she likes the dirt,  
and thinks the sprinkler is fun.

Pinky wears the color yellow,  
and I wear the color pink.  
I give my Pinky a little wink.

I am glad I found Pinky,  
because she is my best friend,  
even though she is a little silly.

(Pinky is the sweet 3 year old daughter of my friend Anand and my neighbour.)

Mahfooz Ali

## About Me And My Writings.....

Well, let's see talking about myself  
is something I have never been fully comfortable with.  
So instead, let's talk about my writings...  
I have no technical skills or any literary background.  
What I write comes from a place inside  
of me that few others rarely see.  
It comes from my heart my soul and  
my life's experiences.  
Sometimes, I also surprised myself by submitting my writing's.  
But it is a decision I have come to think  
was one of the best I have ever made in my life.  
I enjoy reading what others have to say about the things  
I have written.  
And I am open to all criticism and or suggestions for improvement.  
Or if others can relate the words that mean so much to me.

Mahfooz Ali

# Afraid

If I stop writing, will it all just go away?  
How can I see the truth behind my own eyes?  
When I am struggling to find the truth on the paper in front of me?  
If I stop writing will it all just go away?

Dust scatters across the blank paper,  
Fable attempt to create a plot beyond understanding.  
I fight the truth of who I am and later I sit and wonder why I can't find my way.  
Forever fighting conformity, and yet I to conform.

In the end I still struggle to see where the begins and I end.  
I search for myself in the write, and light;  
I am not there.  
I am hiding in the shadows forever searching for myself.  
There in the dark I can finally see the truth the light hides from me;

That I am scared,  
Afraid of who I might be.

Mahfooz Ali

## After Mumbai Massacre: Next Is What? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Blind to fearful faces,  
the blood on hands  
If only mind were slates,  
able to be wiped  
clear,  
never to think again  
Humour no longer yellow,  
but pitch black  
Laughter a heartless clang,  
no longer a melodious song  
If ever the free sun, I see again, I will  
surely know that ignorance truly is bliss.

Mahfooz Ali



# Aftermath: Back To Home

I found the road  
that was left behind  
and none the worse for wear  
or time...  
and though the blooms  
had fell to snow  
there were no signs  
of me to find...

Along the path  
the pines had spread  
and weaved a bridge  
across my heart  
had held above  
the rising tides -  
a place was meant  
for me to start...

I cannot know  
how long the days  
between the last  
breath and the first  
but understand  
that time was not  
for me to still  
my longing thirst...

Where would I go -  
or would I try  
to find the way  
back home to this  
to know that home  
was always for me -  
and what of love  
It was me I missed...

Mahfooz Ali

# Ahead

Here is my today,  
Gone yesterday;  
Leaving strong unforgettable memories;  
Left behind, by a bright life ahead.

A lesson is learned, from each soul I met;  
If only I remain open to see it!

Every life, truly is worth remembering,  
Even if at the time I think it is  
forgettable and useless.....

Mahfooz Ali

## Aim And Pain.

Life brings so much pain.

I try to aim for the fame.

But I know with all my heart,

I will always be the same.

So, instead of aiming for the fame.

Start walking the straight and narrow lane.

The only way to earn the fame without causing pain.

Mahfooz Ali

# Alone And Helpless

Alone

Crying all alone while you walk away.  
Feeling naked and helpless,  
After telling you all my secrets.  
All my lies.  
Closing my eyes,  
Picturing the look on your face,  
That scared me so.  
Pretending everything's ok,  
Knowing I'm willingly throwing my life away,  
Right before you.  
All my dreams,  
Come crashing down.  
All in one moment,  
I'm scared,  
Helpless,  
Alone.

Mahfooz Ali

# Am I A Mama's Boy?

As youngsters, we see a mama's boy,  
as a bad thing,  
Even though she sees and treats you like her little king.  
Knowing the poisons of the world, she hopes you won't go astray,  
So she guides you,  
As she sees you make some wrong decisions,  
when she corrects you, hopes there is no division,  
between you & her, she just wants you to do right,  
When she yells at you, its guidance being expressed,  
and hates every minute, all she wants is the best,  
for her little king,  
to grow up as a man.  
To one day have a family of his own, and do all that he can.  
Mama knows all things, that we have said and done,  
and finds us when we hide,  
and catches us when we run.  
Today I have learned,  
that I am a mama's boy till the day I die,  
and even after then,  
She will protect me from and in the sky....

Mahfooz Ali

# Am I In Love Again? May Be Or May Be Not

I can't see criss-cross crust of market-cooked pie  
Without imagining hands held and once again wondering why.  
Shivering in excitement,  
I buy the pie and more  
Eating ice cream always soothes my heart's open sore.

Sighing hard as I head home  
Sighing so hard my collar bone cracks  
as if I might explode.

In wonder:  
Am I in love again?

Now, sprawled on my bed  
Attention paid to fan above  
Lights dancing in celebratory shows  
against the darkness dangling  
over my head's hanging wisps  
As if in gaiety.

Will my friends and family find me finally  
Resting my heart agreeing:  
Peaceful inside, a happy tortoise hiding  
Tacit acceptance of life's biting  
In love...  
I may be or may be not...

Date: 15/05/'09

Time: 00: 35

Mahfooz Ali

# An Angel

When the world turned dark and life seems  
Meaningless to me,  
An angel fell from the Heaven  
and saved my dying soul.  
She said to Me, 'let me be your guiding light.'  
Show me your heart and I will fill it with Love.  
Tell me your dreams and I will make it  
Come true.  
Show me your tears and I will  
Comfort you.  
Show me your happiness and I  
Will make it last forever.  
Give me your love  
For I will never leave you alone.  
Learn to Love as I will teach you.  
In my darkest hour,  
She will be by brightest light.  
For in my Life, she means everything to me.  
I will Never forget and I will always love this angel.  
She is my love, my life, and my dream come true.  
My love for her comes from my heart and soul.  
Never forget that she is my late mother.

Mahfooz Ali

# An Ant

There is an ant upon my shirt!  
Just climbing to the top!  
She sees the spot of dirt  
And flicks the ant right off!

I smile now but bite my lip  
Not knowing what to say?  
Letting her as she is be  
And take this all away!

Mahfooz Ali



# An Eternal Truth

Water-smoothly glide  
across the deep-mirrored lake  
of my reflections.

A thought in my mind,  
Pure white,  
Steep-shadowed backdrop.

Again I will write,  
Feeling the words flow smoothly  
An eternal truth.....

Mahfooz Ali

# An Ode To My Late Mother.

I long for the brush of your finger tips,  
Gently pulling my hair into place,  
Forming the braids upon my head.  
I long for your whispers at night,  
Quietly leading me to sleep,  
A silent lullaby,  
Soothing the tiredness away.  
I long for your smell,  
An aroma of peaches and fresh baked bread  
That tickles my nostrils.  
I long for your laughter,  
A river of smooth sounds,  
Swiftly flowing from your mouth,  
Expanding to fill every abyss of my ears.  
I long to see your eyes,  
A pool of crystals and diamonds,  
Twinkle with mischief.  
I long for your presence,  
Comforting me, encouraging me, believing in me.  
I long for you to see me grow up.

Mahfooz Ali

# An Outlet

The deep within calls unto deep;  
Yet, I am imprisoned by my vows.  
Passion burns; my plight, not to let the flame die!  
Fear of subdued tolerance; acceptance of Apathy!  
My heart imprisoned by I do.

The depth of desire cannot die  
Passion so deep; love other worldly  
The outlet, I cry?

Mahfooz Ali

# An Untold Ode

You told me to do this, you told me to do that,  
If I don't agree, you resort to combat.  
You did not like my friends; you did not like my girl friends,  
When you had an opinion, you never shy  
You bug me about grades, they are important to you  
High school was a really tough time to get through.  
Sometimes when I fight, I say things I didn't mean,  
It may not seem like it, but the love is just unseen.  
Not in a million years would I change your memories,  
All the different trips and family activities.  
Remember the golf game you used to play, and my crazy cheers?  
Remember watching movies, and hanging out over the years?  
Remember the rides of happy pony, although sometimes quiet,  
Remember cycling through parking lots, sitting on your knee,  
Remember that one time we actually did agree?  
Remember Toys' you used to get every year on my birthday,  
Remember that one day, Oh! what did you say?  
To yourself, always stay true  
Oh! Dad by the way,  
You are no more now,  
But still,  
I love you.

Mahfooz Ali

# And My Soul, Fades Away

When there's no one left,  
and everyone is gone  
Slowly slowly drifting away,  
no one notices as I walks astray  
If just they knew the pain I have been through.

Raindrops on my skin  
My hair blowing in the wind  
Standing there alone I hungers,  
for the sweet sound of thunder  
And are My eyes deceiving,  
as a cloud awakens,  
with every streak of lightning.

When everyone wants to control me,  
and I feel my body empty,  
of energy  
When I 've gone from bad to worse,  
and wonder if death hurts  
When the blood in not enough,  
and the pain is just too much.

What can I do?  
Where can I go?  
How do I know?

This knife I holds piercing my skin,  
drawing blood from within,  
is my only key, to set myself free.

A vivarant smile turns a shade of gray  
And my soul, fades away.

Mahfooz Ali

# Animals

I Love all animals  
So Beautiful to see

Every where I look, one is looking at me  
A Bird or Squirrel

Don't forget the Dogs they bark  
Cats they meow, Lions who roar

Eagles soaring and fat wild Boars  
I Love All Animals

Ants tiny and small  
They live in a World thats not up-side-Down

Butterflies free, Dolphins in the sea  
Humans mankind, A Fat Elephant's behind

Can you not see if you love Animals  
You Love Me.

Mahfooz Ali

# Anonymous

Being poet,  
having no fame,  
Please allow me  
to sign my good name.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Anonymous Intent

Peaceful soul,  
awsome whole,  
have peace,  
my friends,  
till the end,  
feel obsessed,  
rise above,  
all so much,  
thank you, Allah  
blessings worked.

Mahfooz Ali



## Another Reason...

This world and I,  
we live in  
a map;  
all else is given  
names that were to learn alone  
impossible,  
but all known,  
answers there for the asking;  
no longer is the tasking  
to search but now ever to find  
what first by some other mind  
thought perhaps some age ago  
when it didn't matter,  
so  
it was another reason.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Another Year

We all start off so very young,  
With most making it to be old.  
Wondering how we survived so long  
In a world so cold?  
Another year has passed,  
Another year begun.

Now's the time to start over fresh  
We can't undo what's already been done.  
But we must learn from it though to achieve our  
best;  
We must continue forward until the battle is won.  
Another year has passed,  
Another year begun.  
We can turn to a new page in our book  
That is written by one's own.  
Just remember you will soon have to go back and  
look,  
So don't write what you don't condone.  
Another year has passed  
Another year begun.....  
Another year to mourn our losses  
And celebrate great victories won.  
Another year to find ourselves  
Or is it just another year to run?  
Another year has passed.....

A new life begun?

Mahfooz Ali

# As Grass

We grow as a seed  
its only  
love and water  
we shall need  
like all things we need love and nature  
but withno water or love  
we have no stature  
we are sporn  
we grow and search  
we enjoy our sun  
we do have fun  
but like all  
we have frosts  
make us cold  
autumn breeze makes us bold  
we come awake  
we smell the air  
saying lifes pretty fair  
spring comes  
bees playing  
birds laying  
but I am still staying  
summer comes  
the heat  
I cant beat  
need love  
need water  
I will die without either  
I will wilt  
go brown  
I will just fall down  
you may step on me  
and have no care  
but I was the the Lone  
you saw borne.

Mahfooz Ali

## At Last.... For All Of Mankind....

We all look and try to find  
May be just to satisfy our minds  
Each generation has strived to find.

Peace for all of mankind  
War and strife is not the way  
Will that Peaceful day come?

We must wait and pray  
That the entire world will be at  
Peace one day.

When that day is here  
We can all live remote of fear  
No war, no fighting and no killing  
The world will be at Peace at last.

Mahfooz Ali

# At Least Mine

I always want me out,  
me out, of bad situations,  
unhealthy environments,  
abusive relationships,  
I want to travel, dream, achieve.

Is all that I need:  
to change the world,

at least mine.

Mahfooz Ali

# At The Jogger's Park

Jango and i went to the park  
kicked a ball  
Jango had a fall  
but still got up  
standing oh so tall

Jango made some friends  
away he went  
chased his new friends around  
of course

bumped his head  
and tears did flow  
but a big hug from me  
away he did go

to help a little girl on a swing  
he pushed her all so slow  
just to make sure  
to high she didn't go

his friends had to leave  
so it was just Jango and me  
we kicked the footy  
around the park  
around a tree

i just wish my mum  
could see Jango and me  
from heaven  
just being as dad and son  
and having so much fun  
and even though we are apart  
but when we are together  
we are as one.

Mahfooz Ali

# Athiest: Pray All Time

I close my eyes.  
I bow my head.  
I half open my hands together.

Come rain or shine,  
I pray all times,  
In all kinds of weather.

Mahfooz Ali

# Back To Childhood: Sometimes It's The Little Things That Help The Most

The children are tucked all snug in their beds  
The bathwater runs with billowing steam  
My book and my cookies so near to my reach  
It's finally time for my stay-awake dream.

I soak away tension and lie in the tub  
The bathwater runs with billowing steam  
The stress of the day slides into the bubbles  
I close my eyes and feel I am redeemed

The time is for Mummy, the hour now mine  
Silent are voices that have clung all day  
My book and my cookies so near to my reach  
Sometimes I wish in my tub I could stay.

I munch on goodies and study my book  
I feel myself floating on a gentle stream  
The tension inside slowly dissipates  
It's finally time for my stay-awake dream.

Mahfooz Ali



# Ball The Time

Sometimes I think I made the right choice, when I didn't?

Sometimes I make the right choice and I didn't know.

Sometimes chances are worth taking.

Sometimes I would give anything for another chance.

Sometimes I look before I leap.

Sometimes I wish I had never looked at all.

Sometimes I love with all of my heart.

Sometimes I get others' heart broken.

Sometimes I think I know someone.

Sometimes I know no one.

But sometimes, I find someone to believe in...

And they believe in me too.

But nothing compares to believing in myself.....

All the time...

Mahfooz Ali

# Basis Of Life

I need a sip  
In the nocturnal desert  
Lips so dry  
without you  
I'm not alive

You come from the azure  
Clearly and gently  
You always arrive  
when needed  
At that place and time

Water, life's very being  
Drinking you up is only thing  
Yes, water  
That everybody sings.

Mahfooz Ali

# Beautiful Mother Would Be! ! ! ! !

One day she feels funny, in the morning she got sick  
Started to get bigger, then she feels the baby kick  
Some days she feels ugly, she thinks she looks too fat  
Other days she is moody, and acts just like a brat  
Clothes she used to wear, now they just won't fit  
It gets harder to get up, every time she goes to sit  
To give her baby life, she bares the scars of pain  
First time she hears it cry, it releases all her strain  
Such tiny little fingers, and perfect tiny little toes  
The kind of love she's feeling, only a Mother knows  
Now the baby is crying, it's time for them to eat  
Mother calms the crying, her voice is soft and sweet  
Changes the babies diaper, keeps them nice and dry  
As she breast feeds them, she sings them a lullaby  
To bad she can't see, what other people can see  
A glow lights up her face, beautiful Mother to be.

Mahfooz Ali

# Because He Protects

He goes to work every day,  
He put his life on the line,  
He protects those who hates him,  
they hate him because he protects,  
and  
He is a policeman.

Mahfooz Ali

# Because I Am Now Satisfied

What is this?

How I have come to such great bliss?

How have I come to truly shine?

in such a short amount of time.

How is it that now on path of success

living in perfect harmony.....

because I am now satisfied.....

Mahfooz Ali

## Because I Can.....

It is I who enables me  
To smile inspite of pangs  
To carry on myself when I feel like giving in  
To pray when I am at a loss for words....

It is I who enables me to sit calmly  
When I feel like throwing up my hands  
in frustration;  
To be understanding  
When nothing seems to make sense;  
To listen.....

I can make anything possible  
I can move mountains  
I can tremble the Universe  
I can build up a castle in one day  
and hence proved it..... all.....  
Because It is I who makes it so.....  
Because I can.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Because I Knew

I remember,  
as a very young child mom's loving touch.  
It had a delightfully delicious feel of warmth  
and security upon my senses.

Mom was the beginning and ending of my world.  
Happiness was playing on the floor, basking  
in the sunshine of her sweet smile.

It seemed everyone loved her, and although  
She held many people in her heart, she never ran out  
of room or love for with the arrival  
of each of her 'three' children, her heart grew  
And overflowed with new love.

Mom has long since gone to be with the Allah,  
but her memory sings to me over the years of carefree,  
laughter-filled days of childhood, where everything  
was possible-because I knew mom's love.

Date: 10th/May/'09

Time: 20.30

On Mother's day

Mahfooz Ali

# Because Life Truly Matters

A small gesture means the world  
To this boy with no mother.  
A fool's feeling of warmth  
By such a small and delicate force.  
I am not perfect...  
I know that.  
I make mistakes...  
I know that too.  
But never did I think I would feel such again;  
Like being accepted  
And then shunned  
Gave me some estrange thoughts  
Because  
that my life truly matter.

Mahfooz Ali



## Before I Lose The Strength....

I have passed this way before  
Will I pass this way again?  
Lead me to that eternal land  
On the road made of sand.

Live a life with grace and ease  
For there is only  
the one for to please  
Let me see that shining light  
Before I lose the strength to fight.

Mahfooz Ali

# Begging

Every day I think,  
I wonder,  
And  
I miss.....

Begging Allah to forgive me for my sins  
for the days that pass  
go by fast.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Beginning

Words; to assume

Words; to consume

Awaken my tomb  
Mistaken by doom

A life I need to resume

Out with a boom.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Being Me..... Myself.....

Would I be somebody else,  
And not who I am,  
Like a famous musician,  
And play a guitar?

May be a star in the movies and  
Make lots of money,  
No matter the role,  
Could be serious or funny.

Perhaps sports is what  
I would choose,  
Play it so great that  
I would never loose.

A world famous lawyer;  
Every lead I would trace,  
To get the innocent off and  
Win every case.

All of these I could be,  
And so many more,  
But I am already somebody,  
That is for sure.

Made my own place,  
Winning, or losing at.....  
At my own pace.

If to myself, family, and  
Others I am true,  
I should be content,  
Just try being me..... Myself.

Mahfooz Ali

## Best: Yet To Come

Faith and hope, it always keeps me strong,

Every moment that nothing will go wrong.

Trying to do things that somehow I will never regret

Struggling for the very best that seems hard to get.....

Trials and sufferings came along my way,

I always tell my self..... Allah will pay,

What I 'd been through I feel so lonesome,

In the long run the best of time will come.

Dreaming about a new beginning...

To the very first step of a happy ending,

The best of things I always wanted,

I would not settle unless I will be gifted.

For many reasons my life changes its colors,

Every shades of it is such a splendor, but somtimes sour also

Yet I am wishing for the brightest as the sun,

But I am trying to be contented for the pleasant colors I have now.

For the best part of my everyday story

I aim to start it with a morning glory.

Day, noon, and night I pray it to be always right,

That in every way I look at it is a decent sight.

Mahfooz Ali

## Beyond The Grief.

It seems as if we are stalled by our grief,  
unable to move away from it – and I wonder  
if we will ever get over the loss of you. In time  
they say we will, that one day we will finally be free  
of the sadness that burdens our hearts, and we will dance  
in our remembrance, and there will be no more tears.

But if that's true, I must admit I will miss the tears  
when there is an eventual easing of the grief.  
I am not as eager to begin the dance  
of life without you, for the world has lost its wonder  
for me, some of its shine - and being free  
seems awfully relative - I suppose just like time.

I can still so clearly recall the last time  
we were all together - the tears  
we shared, even laughter, when you were set free  
of this earthly pain - and even in our grief,  
we were filled with such wonder  
as we witnessed the end of life's dance.

When I was a little boy you used to let me dance  
on the top of your shoes, moving in time  
to the music on the radio. Is it any wonder  
that music, to this day, brings tears  
of joy, mingled with the ever-present grief,  
which still has not set me completely free.

I now realize there is a cost to love; it's not free -  
for when you love, you buy a ticket to the dance  
of life - which comes with joy and pain, celebration and grief.  
And if you have lived a long enough time,  
as I have, even when the loss brings never ending tears,  
with a broken heart, it's worth all of the pain, and it's no wonder

people love so fiercely - so much so that they cease to wonder  
about the why, when or where - and now I realize that I am free  
to love, and to lose, which will bring with it many tears.  
But each tear is worth it - and seems to make the dance

more authentic. In the end, I will measure my time  
by how much of it was filled with love, and with grief.

No longer will I wonder whether or not I should dance,  
I will just be free, stepping in and out of time,  
wearing my tears like a badge of honor as I move beyond the grief.

Mahfooz Ali



# Blind To See

Temptation is calling card.  
casually drops it  
the sins that have  
always been a weakness,  
relishes wrath, gluttony, and pride.  
knowledge is no longer a defense.

mimic, turning our backs on light  
night envelopes in.  
greedily, accept false trivials  
envying that which we are too blind to see,  
lusting for that which we have given up.

Mahfooz Ali

## Blue Stands For \_\_\_\_\_?

I wish I were blue like the sky  
or blue like a sapphire.  
If only I were as dark as blueberry.  
Blue means peace,  
until a crow's cry.  
Blue stands for loyalty and serenity,  
it makes me sleepy and sigh.  
Can you name all it's shades,  
please try.  
There's winkle, aqua, and topaz.  
My favorite shade is the one in the sky.  
There is light blue, navy, and indigo.  
I like the shade on my jeans that say Levis'.  
Blue stands for commitment,  
and I sure do try.

Mahfooz Ali

# Born To Have Own Rules.

Not knowing who I am?

Understanding not where I stand?

Could not yet begin to comprehend!!!!!!!!!!!!

I need not a friend (s) ,  
In my destiny I control.

Tools built to fix my problems.

Against any I stand bold.....

Whether or not I could solve them  
Not to bother with those who ridicules.

In my life I make my own rules

Mahfooz Ali

# Bounding Leap

When I look at my face in the sunshine  
My heart I hear beating is pure.  
I know the Allah has given me strength,  
More than he has given others before.

I smile with confidence and lift my spirits  
They will be done for thee!  
I follow the Allah and everything with!  
I just hope he will teach me.

The Allah's Plan I know with anticipation.  
The Allah's voice I hear in my sleep.  
The day I die is the day I see.  
He will come to me with one bounding leap.

Mahfooz Ali

# Bowl Full Of Sky Is In My Mind.

I took it upon myself one day,  
    To fill a bowl with sky  
I scooped the vast space with a spoon,  
    The sparkling blue stars brought tears to my eyes.

I took a bite out of the sky  
    It crunched and melted and fizzed  
It reminded me of the days of life  
    I had experienced until this.

It had a taste I cannot describe  
    In just these words  
I realized how bleak life is  
    To not imagine it first.

The experience had frightened me,  
yet,  
    I was so happy,  
I cried  
I felt that I had to write  
    About my bowl of sky

Now, I might be greedy,  
    For stealing from the sky,  
But the sky will never, ever end  
    Just as long as it is in my mind.

Mahfooz Ali

# Boy Behind The Wall

The boy behind the wall,  
Oh! How I hear his woes.  
He speaks of wisdom  
which no one knows.  
He knows fiction and he knows fact.  
He knows history and he knows the future to come.  
He knows it all,  
he is not dumb.  
He knows about courage  
He knows about pain.  
He knows what he has lost,  
and what he has to gain.  
He knows it all,  
from behind the wall I hear his voice.

Mahfooz Ali

# Brand New Fate

Mistakes change our whole existence.  
They create uproar,  
and build resistance,  
in a soul intended to soar.

The choices are to make multiply.  
Dread intensifies,  
with a vast supply,  
of melancholy and grey skies.

The world awaits every answer,  
as panic sets in,  
stripping all power.  
Procrastination will begin.

There lies within a weary heart,  
a life untravelled,  
an unfinished start,  
a promise of plans unraveled.

Today is the day to excel.  
It is not too late,  
to bid pain farewell,  
while seeking out a brand new fate.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Broken Woman

Shattered glass,  
Cigarette ash,  
Muffled cries for help in pain,  
Cries in vain,  
Boots running for the door,  
Her body could take no more,  
Face broken bruised,  
Not the first time abused,  
Husband smelled of beer,  
Asked forgiveness and shed many tears.

Mahfooz Ali



## But My Tears.....

I am the pain  
in your eyes  
I am the one that makes you cry  
may be I am the one that should go  
leave this world  
would anyone know?  
they seem so happy  
without you by their side,  
so is it the same with me?  
if I go will you be happy?  
unlike you I don't live for me  
but I am here for every one else  
to hear pain  
but mine must hide  
to come out  
is to remove my mask  
for I seem happy  
but my tears  
I really cry.

Mahfooz Ali

## But No.

When I go to sleep at night  
the thoughts on my mind  
At times those thoughts make me smile  
Other times I go through denial  
I smile because I know .....  
I deny because I know .....  
I fear that there may one day be a change...  
But no.

Mahfooz Ali

## But What About What I Want?

Everyone expects something different from me  
they all set standards that I can't measure up to.

My parents want a scholar.

My employer wants the perfect employee.

My coach wants a muscular physique.

My dermatologist wants my skin finer.

My employees want me a perfect boss.

But what about what I want?

Mahfooz Ali

## Called To Succeed But Afraid...

The bright lights of fame keep calling to me,  
They want me to be the one they seek,  
They tell me I am good but I do not believe,  
They tell me I am strong but I know I am weak,  
They flash just beyond the horizon over there,  
And here I sit in the perpetual darkness,  
In the anticipation of light.

Mahfooz Ali

# Can Anybody Hear Me?

I can't blame the rain for all my pain  
I can't blame the clouds  
Can anybody hear me?  
Because I can't  
Lost my hearing a long time ago  
when you left me standing in the rain  
can anybody hear me?  
because I can't  
When you left me there, my world turned upside down  
When you left me there, my world came tumbling down  
I can't blame the rain for all my pain  
Can anybody hear me?

Mahfooz Ali

# Can Be So Easily Destroyed

This earth is so grand,  
It is the only planet,  
Rich enough to harbour life,  
it is so strong,  
But  
Can be so easily destroyed.

Mahfooz Ali

# Can Dreams Dream?

A dream can dream a wonderful thing.

A dream can dream a horrible thing.

A dream can dream fantastic things.

A dream can dream a sad thing.

A dream can dream happy things.

A dream can dream a lonely thing.

But, most of all,

Dreams can dream!

Mahfooz Ali

# Can I Be That Special Someone?

Can I be the one in your life?

The one holding you close at night.

Can I be the one you watch the sunset with?

The one with you on that special night you just can't forget.

Can I be the one?

Who lull you when you sleep?

Can I be the one wiping your tears away?

The one telling you how much your smile brightens my day.

Can I be the one you tell your problems to?

The one who always comforts and supports you.

Can I be the one you call on to make you smile?

The one that would do anything for you

even walk the furthest mile.

Can I be the one that makes you laugh?

The one that rubs your feet and runs your bath.

Can I be the one you dance the night away with?

The one that stands by your side when things get thick.

Can I be your best friend, your lover and comforter?

Till the end.

Can I be the one you grow old with?

The one loving you more and more no matter how old you get.

Can I be that special someone?

Mahfooz Ali



# Can! ? How Can I?

Can! ?

How can I?

I can

but

not

can I

Can I?

How can I?

Mahfooz Ali

# Can't Escape

I am awakening

Shadows on the wall

Dark shadows

All over...

Faded colours

Black and Grey

Moving...

I am running

Away

faded colours are after me

Running faster

They are gaining up on me

Closer...

An alley

A wall

Done...

I turn around

There!

Dark shadows...

Closer

Close...

Open my eyes

Breathe heavily

I am eyes wide open...

An awakening...

Mahfooz Ali

# Carrying Tomorrow

Morning burst  
into my heart,  
my eyes  
find light,

unlike birth  
I wake up  
carrying tomorrow.

Mahfooz Ali

# Challenges Of Life: The Pain Of Failure

Oh! God, I need you, I require you,  
For now I am in pain,  
For now it's time only you can provide me with solace.  
Oh! God, till now, I was happiness bound,  
For the worldly things feasted me upon.  
But now the see-saw of life has brought me down,  
From the seventh heaven I floated upon.  
Now when the happiness, the joy of life,  
Has abandoned me to fight alone the battle of life,  
Now, only now it made me realize,  
That joy never lasts forever,  
because when happiness comes,  
It means next it is chance of failures.  
Failures which can kick you up,  
And next make you fall down.  
Oh! God, I know you can, I know you will,  
Forgive me and give me one more chance,  
To contest again in the battle of life.  
Just once again in the battle of life...

Mahfooz Ali

# Chase

As the dust rolls by on this cloudy day,  
The sky so still the sky so grey,

As I sit in the window and  
watch the bus go by,  
I don't know,  
Why I want to chase this bus?

Mahfooz Ali

# Child Who Is Lost

Running wild and free  
looks a lot like me  
never meant to be  
forgot how to believe?  
too afraid to go home.....  
feeling tired and worn  
since the day his mother died  
deep inside always knew  
fairy tales rarely come true.....

feeling blue...

The Lost child...

Mahfooz Ali

# Childhood

A child's life should be carefree.  
Whether enjoying the shade of a tree,  
Or playing a game of cricket  
His parents should be there if he should fall,  
Offering comfort and support in a time of need.  
This is why God gave us all parents.  
Anyone can be a good parent with a little common sense.  
Allow your children to be young and free,  
For they grow up all too soon you'll see.  
Let them know when they please you,  
And criticize only when you have to.  
Don't compare them with others,  
For they'll feel inadequate with one another.  
Always let them know you love them  
And they'll love you as a parent and a friend.  
Above all let them know about God and his son,  
For through them is the only true freedom.

Mahfooz Ali

# Childhood Memories

When I have all memories,  
they make me contemplate,  
and that's when I start to remember my  
childhood.

Mahfooz Ali



# Chotu: A Child Labourer

...It happens, '  
His mouth is writing.  
You can see it  
in his face, the way  
he forms his lips  
to frame the words,  
then catches himself adrift,  
checks his body,  
can't cash for the moment  
his currency of thought,  
comes back to where  
their conversation lagged.

Mahfooz Ali

# Cigarettes

That little white stick  
Which you hold in your mouth  
Has so many diseases that affect your health  
It's hard to give up  
Ask someone who smokes  
If you say there addicted  
They will say that you're a joke

There's warnings on the boxes  
Warning you of death  
From 555 to Panama  
Some like passive smoke instead  
They say that smoking kills  
As it eats away at your cells

The government has put the price up again  
Some people can't pay their bills  
The cancer is like an agent  
It will seek you out one day  
The cravings are hard to put into words  
But can take your breath away

Some kids are starting young  
As they smoke throughout the day  
Their clothes are kind smelly  
And their teeth brown with decay

The smoke affects your taste buds  
As you add a little salt  
Fish fingers used to taste so good  
Until you started to smoke

We have to address the problem  
And we have to address it now  
Ban smoking from pub and restaurants  
Ban smoking from the inner towns  
No smoking for the under 18s  
Though they may not thank us now

But when they grow into adulthood  
There lungs will be clear and sound.

Mahfooz Ali

# Close My Eyes

Close my eyes so I can sleep forever  
let me dream forever  
... let me sleep.

Just give me wings so we can fly forever  
run away together  
...we'll be free.

Don't leave me now  
Or I'll just give up  
My hope is gone  
'Cause our time is up,  
Just close my eyes so I can dream forever

Mahfooz Ali

## Cold Burn, Losing Soul.

I sit in the corner of a room with no walls,  
the room is pitch black,  
but it is burning my eyes,  
my body is cold, but.....? ? ? ? ?  
the room is on fire,  
I want to run, but.....? ? ? ? ?  
nowhere to go,  
I look at my hand  
it's beginning to burn,  
the flame is not hot,  
that's when I realize I am losing my soul.

Mahfooz Ali

# Competent Visualization

Dreams most often fail when we are too afraid to notice;  
How can dreams come true if we are not obliged to do this?  
One must take note that one has not paid the due,  
Come up with a plan or a way to pull through...

Trust when I say that the intentions are not all lies;  
People only celebrate what they can visualize.  
Reflect on the past with a hope that is positive,  
And refuse to pay the dues as long as you shall live!

The past is a reflection,  
one we can't deny;  
It must be completely positive,  
and must catch one's eye.  
The revelations of the present are ideas put to test -  
What people say doesn't mean a thing,  
that idea is best!

Visualization is such a competent thing  
Which must be somewhat incompetent.  
The thing is how you feel about a future built on dreams -  
When you reflect and visualize,  
the revelation's what it seems!

The best that you can do  
is reflection that is gained,  
Positive revelations  
and  
visualization not abstained!

Mahfooz Ali

# Confusion...

What are these thoughts in my head?  
I don't know what I am thinking  
How do I trust myself  
and my neighbours  
Not knowing what I think is wrong  
Or what I think is right  
My head is spinning  
And it just won't stop  
It's like a tornado swirling in my head  
And my thoughts are blown everywhere  
I don't know what I am doing  
Or what I want  
Help me figure out what's going on  
It feels like I am going crazy  
I want to be able to think  
But I can't concentrate  
I need help  
What is causing all this  
It needs to -?  
So I can take control of my head again  
The confusion is too much for me.

Mahfooz Ali

# Convergence Of Deers': How I Saw In The National Geographic Channel?

Hunger driven, battling  
late snow for sustenance,  
deer converge at forest edge  
curious about a lone spectator,  
nervous, but unafraid.  
Watching, feeding, calm  
and confident in numbers,  
they stood at ease.  
Noise provoked motion.  
Muscles coiled and rippling,  
one lunged forward;  
in a moment, all took flight.

Mahfooz Ali



## Could Be Complete.. For My Mother.....

Small and 4x6 sized, old and tinged brown.  
Like tea stains on the back.  
Looking at it I see me, deceptive, smiling back.

1988, I'm surprised there weren't tears.  
For my mother she had left, it had barely been a year.  
No one to throw the ball with, no one to take me to the playground.  
She never taught me right from wrong, or talked about religion.  
If I could reach inside the picture, I would hug that child aching there,  
and say, it was all going to be fine.  
For one day I'll be a father, and you turn out so divine.

No matter, leave all these words unspoken,  
If I could reach inside the picture, to these feelings buried deep.  
May be then, that child and me, we, could be complete.

Mahfooz Ali

# Crows

Sitting defiant and black  
upon a tree.  
Black feathers against,  
a blue-grey sky.  
they are harsh and strong  
scavengers of nature  
They sing their own song.  
speaking to the dead it seems  
to me, and  
to you.  
They cries long  
because for our attention  
They sing their own Song.

Mahfooz Ali

# Cry: Meant To Be

Restless moments floating by  
never realizing the reason why?  
endless complications in my soul  
never reaching my final goal.

Still I press on and upward  
knowing full well it is absurd  
looking for the rainbow's end  
searching for the joy it sends.

Sometimes late at night I lay  
hoping to be the winner today  
and another day  
never fully understanding why?  
some of us are meant to cry.

Mahfooz Ali

# Dad

I see you beneath your shield of  
Self protection.  
You don't want me to know but already  
I am you.  
I have always been you, your blood,  
Your guilt, your child.  
I am happy, no, not content, but  
I am happy.  
My love has broadened, my trust  
I have given.  
From strength to strength, I have  
Risen.  
I have hope because I have  
Forgiven and I have forgotten.  
You Are nobody I know.

Mahfooz Ali

# Deprived

Of the truth inside me  
The pain and blackness  
A heart of broken love  
He said he loved me  
but touched another  
I am in pain  
Suffering in vain  
The lies that drown me  
the promises broken  
My fault for believing  
A life of shame  
The depression ingulfs me  
the sadness so heavy  
just want to go numb  
don't want to feel  
A heart dead to love  
A life without trust  
who could love me  
I don't love myself.

Mahfooz Ali

## Destined To Win? ? ? ? ? ?

I Sat up with and rubbed my eyes,  
I knew I had dreamed a dream,  
For down in the valley below,  
I saw a pleasant pastoral scene.  
I wondered why I had seen this thing,  
That had been so real to me,  
I guess I saw what others do,

And now I wonder why we are there,  
Over in some and by foreign land,  
Losing men and losing wars,  
And maiming both child and man.  
We say we are fighting terrorism,  
And that we are destined to win,  
But I think what we are really doing,  
Is spending money and killing men.

Mahfooz Ali

## Did You See Her?

Have you seen my mother?  
I have longed for her delicacy, of late.  
She is the one who created 'love'.  
Her heart, immune to 'hate'.  
Did you see her catch that storm of woe?  
Tribulations, fallen like rain.  
She is the one who is firm and steadfast,  
forever defending my name.  
Did you see her cross that brittle bridge  
and clutch my need?  
She is the one who is strong, undying tread  
did keep my need afloat.  
Did you see her move that mountain,  
so my life may improve?  
She is the one who wept a thousand tears  
for she wished it further to move.  
Have you seen my mother?  
For I am, alone, naked from harms.  
Alas! I could see my mother now,  
there, waiting, with open arms,  
from the heaven.

Mahfooz Ali

## Didn't Start The Fire..

Fire is like anger,  
Anger is fire in my soul!  
It grabs me with a word or a deed like the tiny spark  
that creates a flame.  
Anger like fire can consume me  
if I don't control it.  
Allowing it to smoulder with unspoken anger  
erupting into fierce,  
consuming flames  
that could leave just a shell  
and being behind!

Date: 15/05/'09

Time: 01: 05

Mahfooz Ali



# Different From The Rest....To Be The Very Best

Being different from the rest  
was bursting a move and breaking from the crowd.  
Being different meant being bold.  
Being different meant taking risks for success.  
Being different meant being alone,  
while striving to be the very best.  
Being different meant going in a  
different direction and meeting new friends.  
Being different meant accepting me as who I am,  
without questions.  
Being different mean,  
I am different from the rest.

Mahfooz Ali

# Discarded Love

Emotions run deep,  
to the heart.  
They keep people together,  
people pull them apart.  
Falling in love seems like a breeze.  
During novice days both aim to please.  
As time goes on, begin to see,  
The relationship is no longer half  
At night wondering what's next.  
'I love you' becomes just repetitive words.  
The rejection and sorrow have caused both hurt.  
The decision to leave has been on mind,  
But can't help to think 'let's give it more time.'  
Work through the heartache, work through the pain.  
Try to bring back those feelings again.

Mahfooz Ali

# Do I Care?

Even if I acted like I was invisible.

I wish I would say 'ha! Ha! '

Lo!

I am different,

Change is inevitable

But do I care?

Because I am popular...

Mahfooz Ali

# Do Love Need Words?

Words can hold us,  
Ensnared by strings,  
Inconsequential in size alone,  
And yet, I walks before words  
a mob hears no words.  
and  
love needs no words.....

27/Jan/'09

Mahfooz Ali

## Don't Judge By The Cover.

When people look at me I wonder what they see.  
do they see the real me or the clothed me?  
the clothed me represents my mind,  
hoods and trackies means I want to be comfy and hide my  
feelings.  
nice and smart means I feel good and happy.  
but when I am dressed in trackies, do they see a blum  
or do they think I have come from the gym?  
I have decided I don't care anymore,  
isn't the saying don't judge by its cover?

Mahfooz Ali

# Don't You See

At times I have a tendency  
to hurt as much as you  
You may think I am stronger but..  
What I say is true...

At times my eyes do weep  
I'm only human can't you see?  
Do you not see the way  
your abuse is turning me...

Do you not notice the way  
I shudder when you're near?  
Don't you see with your own eyes  
I cover now in fear...?

Is this the way you wish  
for this child now to be?  
Have you no love at all  
for your Husband, me?

Mahfooz Ali

# Dream

When I was a little boy playing with bicycle and sipping tea,  
I would have a vision of what things were going to be.  
I would wear a veil and a boxing gloves all made of leather,  
I 'd have a loving girl beside me but, I never saw her face.  
As I grew older over time, and matured from year to year,  
the vision never left me and it became crystal clear.  
I 'd start to recognize her face but, I never knew her name,  
and I knew I 'd always be with her and love her just the same.  
Now the day has come for a young boy's dream-come-true,  
I will take the name of my, don't know, would be wife,  
as I say 'I do! '

Mahfooz Ali

# Dream I Once Had

The wind was changing again  
I had walked towards her,  
Sitting, in jeans and T-shirt  
Unaware  
Of the trees adorned in fall's colors  
And the distance away from her.....

I stopped short  
I could already see her face  
The beauty within prominent features  
I looked around.  
Time had raced on, abandoning things  
Iron grey and rusty  
Old statues standing in empty water fountains, , , , , , , ,

Mahfooz Ali



# Dreams

Dreams are like doorways,  
to a soul that has been buried,  
as I stood there I could see,  
with absolute clarity the betrayal,  
that you maliciously threw my way,  
but what you didn't know is that,  
I would forgive you not once but always,  
Forever.

Mahfooz Ali

# Dreams Lost

Chasing wishes, planting dreams  
the moonlit sky and how we gleamed  
walks at night with the misty rain  
watching flowers while holding hands  
nights of love now turned to pain  
lonely hillsides where I sit and wonder  
love songs on the radio  
quiet streams and gentle winds  
does she know my pain that's deep within  
I found and lost myself with her, my spirit and my love  
destiny has taken her astray  
I 'm on a solitary path now wandering...will I ever find my way?  
be a fighter....you can win  
be a dreamer....but let no one in  
I 'll go outside now and walk away  
find the shade of a gentle tree  
where I can sit and write in what I believe  
if this was love....then how could it be  
that she walked away from me so easily?

Mahfooz Ali

# Dreams Unlimited: The Other Side Of The Bay

Sometimes it feels,  
So near  
So close.  
Focus  
Because I am what have made.

My dreams,  
I see on the opposite side.  
Some things I dislike,  
but there's always that something  
I need.

I saw it the other day  
On the other side of the bay  
Loud and clear  
and I try and reach  
and I try and see.

Sometimes it looks  
like fear.  
So anxious,  
deception  
So I need.

But I glimpsed it today,  
On the other side of the bay  
like always  
Loud and clear  
and this time I try and reach  
I try and see  
for.

But this is my time  
and I will try my best

to take back what's mine.

So I search for it  
on the other side of the bay  
Loud and clear  
and I try and reach  
for all the signs.

I promise I won't lose  
the dreams I have made.  
I promise I won't lose  
the life I have paved.

Mahfooz Ali

# Dried Leaves: A Sweet Childhood Memory.

Walking across the lawn to go,  
I stepped on an old brown dried-up leaf.  
The sound of the crunch of that leaf as I saw what it was  
released a sweet childhood memory of fall afternoons.

Memories of being a child and playing outside,  
after being released from another day at school.  
Going to neighbour's houses,  
asking permission to take their leaves,  
must have seemed so funny to them  
for they didn't understand the  
wonder of those wonderful dried up leaves.

My friends and I would rake up  
as many as we could find,  
and start the job of seeing  
how high to make our leaf tower,  
when it was just right we would smile  
then the fun began  
we jumped in the pile over and over,  
until all the leaves turned into a powder.

Mahfooz Ali

# Droplets Of Ideas

Slip the shackles of this clumsy world,  
Step sideways into the world of confusion,  
A plane of existence without end.  
The wellspring whose tributaries flow into each of us  
Droplets of ideas trickling into the verdant gardens of our minds  
Or the broken, cracked deserts within us.  
Each drops landing on either a flower,  
Or sending a gentle puff of dust into the air,  
The desert grows into a garden from a single idea,  
The garden grows into a well tended grove,  
The grove grows into a tumultuous forest....

Mahfooz Ali

# Dry Tears

I have cried so many tears  
Now, I am dry,  
my pain has built up so deep within me,  
Now, I am silenced,  
When I open my heart just a little bit,  
I am betrayed again,  
leaving yet another cut in my bleeding heart,  
I get so used to the pain,  
I block memories out,  
So I can get on with life in this cruel world,  
so when I cry next they will be tears of blood,  
because I have no tears left to cry.

Mahfooz Ali

# Endless Vistas

The thrill of a blank sheet of paper?

Still get it.

The joy of inky black marks that say 'Here be words',

Still feel breathing down neck, wanting to exist,

Full of latent energy and impossible power.

Create deep ravines of awesome beauty

Between the lines, and endless vistas

of human experience

stretch taught against the horizon.

Tales with an urgency of revealed secrets,

and new truths uncovered.

Mahfooz Ali



## Entangled Words..

Words are the broken mirror  
reflecting an imperfect world,  
now they stick to the fridge  
and you can mess with them all the day;

Meaning is the lost empire  
between the crooked lines;

Truth is staring blurry-eyed  
at words that were never there,

and

belief is a straw horse  
that is hungry all the time.

Mahfooz Ali

## Except Me And Future.

There are the shiny bright lights  
that show me the way to the future  
but in these millions of shimmering lights  
I can't see the beacon to find my way through life.....

And the shining bright lights  
Leave nothing in beautiful mysterious darkness  
No alley hidden  
No corner unexplored  
Nothing left to find  
Nothing left to see  
Except the lights.....

And now that I am not in the dark  
I can see the stars  
I can think of anything, feel anything, know anything  
there is nothing to find except me and future.

Mahfooz Ali

# Fade Away

Sometimes I think  
If I disappeared  
wouldn't be even notice.  
A replaceable toy  
An expensive one perhaps.  
Treated like  
A rebellious puppy  
A continuous source  
Of amusement  
Or an outlet for anger...

Mahfooz Ali

# Fair Explanation

Cold on the Fringe  
I am to survive.  
And survive I will  
Against all odds  
Opposition be damned.

Resolved I stand.  
A void, an image.  
Those around me have fallen  
Or changed their minds.  
And scurried on home.

Cold on the Fringe.  
I came to survive  
And survive I am.  
I have created my empire.  
My name.  
Determination...

Mahfooz Ali

# Faithful Reflections

Mirrors reflect  
how successful you have been?  
moulding yourself,  
look as you want to seem.  
And how you look to others  
who view the embellished you.

But

I wonder  
if any mirror  
reflects anything substantial?  
Things voice  
happiness contribute,  
joy's you ration,  
and love.

If you are very susceptible,  
very strong,  
let the mirror of your  
spirit reflect outward.  
See in the eyes of others  
reflections of your purpose.  
Not the buy and apply you.  
The genuine you.

Touch can be interchanged!

Is your reflection faithful?

Mahfooz Ali

# Falling Star: Wishes To Come True

I wish upon a falling star,  
And wonder who is not so far...  
The one I long for when I sleep,  
The one I want to hold and keep.  
I wish that, oh, so near,  
So when I cry he will wipe my tears.  
And when I fall down,  
He will pick me up,  
And always be there to cheer me up.  
I hope when he stares straight into my eyes,  
He will promise, 'I won't cheat, I won't lie.'  
I wish that he will always stay  
And never go too far away.  
I wish he will never leave me, until I die,  
Never purposely make me want to cry.

Mahfooz Ali

# Fatherless Son

This home is broken  
It's been this way for to long  
All the words you've spoken  
They always come out wrong  
Why does it have to be this way  
It's you I can't believe  
You've made me so angry  
These thoughts I can't conceive

Just want to be a son  
And to have a dad  
Before my life had begun  
That's something I didn't have  
I came into this world  
You didn't even care  
Two boys and a girl  
But you were never there

Give me just one reason  
To forgive you for what you've done  
you've committed treason  
Against your daughter and your sons  
You are suppose to be a dad  
But your sitting in a cell  
The things I never had  
And guess I never will.

Mahfooz Ali

# Fear

Calm fills the air  
as day falls away  
with tender care,  
I'll quietly say,  
'Please don't fear,  
just stay awhile'.  
Show me dear,  
your precious smile.

Let me comfort you  
and ease the pain,  
as sunlight fades,  
I call your name.  
My spirit drifts  
through endless nights,  
always toward  
your golden light.

Brightest flowers  
cannot compare  
to the brilliance of  
my love so fair.  
Don't cry,  
remember this,  
we never parted  
without a love.'

Mahfooz Ali



# Fear: Never Ending Zone

I stand here alone  
Thinking about how insecure I feel.

Alone in a never ending zone,  
Lost in a world of Hate and Fear  
Faith and Trust have gone.  
It seems peace never existed;  
an unusual Past  
And a dark Future  
But a blackened Present.  
Falling down in pain,  
sleeping with pain,  
living with pain,  
never ending anxiety.  
And a long forgotten Hope is around me, but  
Things seem like they will never be the same.  
It's like something you can never escape  
it is Fear of the Present, haunting me  
it is the Fear of a dark Future.

Mahfooz Ali

# Feeling Of Being Alone

A wolf howls to the night sky  
I watch from afar, wondering why  
Why is he wandering alone in the night?  
Did he give up without a fight?

A man stands alone on a narrow bridge  
His toes are slightly over the edge  
He looks down and begins to cry  
As I watch, so do I

A child sits alone at a playground  
Watching friends run around  
But she doesn't know where her friends could be  
She has been playing alone since she was three

A dog is tied to a tree outside  
The rope and his neck always collide  
He will never move from this spot again  
He is no longer man's best friend

Being alone  
Turns the soul to stone  
It chills me to the bone  
When I realize that I am also alone.

Mahfooz Ali

# Feelings

My feelings are always hurt,  
if it's by a friend,  
a girl, my parent's or my beloved  
I will never have  
unhurt feelings  
because my feelings don't  
mean anything to anyone,  
except  
their own.

Mahfooz Ali

# Feelings Flying Free

I let my feelings flow,  
And crash onto the paper down below.

Telling how I feel,  
Every tale I say is real.

This paper and pen my choice tools,  
That help me show you how I broke all the rules.

When I am sad or missing someone dear,  
When I am mad, displeased or full of fear.

When my eyes pour tears and smudge the ink,  
When I smile ear to ear because I found the missing link.

You will know exactly how I felt and exactly what I saw,  
You will know exactly what I meant.

I am a mature poet with feelings flying free,  
I am a young man helping the world understand me.

Mahfooz Ali

## Figure Out

Across the field of deep emerald green,  
The figure of a man is often seen,  
There are those that claim surely it's me  
But this cannot be because.....  
of gone.....

Mahfooz Ali

## Final Abode

I just want to be satiate  
when I die  
Cast amidst pretty flowers  
and calm feelings  
I want people to be happy  
to see me so complacent  
Let them say how beautiful  
peace looks on me  
And let them say how beautiful with  
God I finally am.

Mahfooz Ali

## Find Me.....

Bells ring  
time to awake  
to a new day  
a new beginning  
a new life.....

Bells ring  
to halt the past  
dragged me out  
of slumber .....

Make a new way  
make a new life  
true, honest  
no lies .....

Mahfooz Ali

## Fire Is Still Alive.

But what of the fire?  
Its wood has been scattered,  
But the embers still dance.  
Though the fire is tiny,  
It survived.  
Though the fire is weak,  
It's still alive.

Mahfooz Ali



# Flag Of India

My country India's flag has three colors,  
Some have more,  
Some have less.

The three stand for life,  
Liberty,  
and the pursuit of happiness.

The saffron stripes are for the ribbons of blood spilled fighting for our country,  
and the undying fire in the spirit and souls of our citizens.

The white stripes stand for the purity of one nation, under God,  
and the clean slate that all people have before the law of our creator.

The green symbolizes the rich, deep,  
cloudless skies under which we all are free.

The 24 spokes navy blue wheel  
represent the individual freedoms of each state and citizen,  
and show that anything is possible,  
that nothing is beyond our reach.

My country's flag is the ultimate symbol of freedom,  
and hope,  
and life for all people.

Mahfooz Ali

# Floating

I hold on tight and I am nurtured.  
Loved by my mother and father.  
I let go as my colours change.  
Excitedly the breeze takes me.  
I twist and turn about.  
Falling and floating.  
I am happy, I am where I should be.  
Caressed by the notion that everything is constantly changing.  
I am stuck nowhere, but freely float about.

Mahfooz Ali

# Flying Without Wings

I feel like an eagle without wings.  
For with wings,  
I can fly high in the sky  
and see for miles.  
I will be able to see  
where I am going to land  
before I fall.  
I can see how high I can fly  
before I land.

Mahfooz Ali

## For My Critics

They and my so called friends who  
tried to make me cry.

Thanks.....

Because it only made me search, not die.

Within, I found the inner will to stay alive.

Their cruel attempts helped me find that inner tie;

Without which I may not have tried

to know the poetic rich depth of my soul.

And thus the world might have been deprived

Of the countless poems that have been untold.

Ah! They can not tell why I write.?

And yet they told others that I am clever.....  
May be they don't know that  
cleverness is the positivity of the soul.....

Their cruelty will discover it has no right.

They found something they cannot buy.

They will try to discover my soul is not bright.

And when my brave and wit to soar.

They will remember it was all a lie.

Mahfooz Ali

# For Them Who Wants To Compete With Me....

Music stems from chaos,  
so I will lead this symphony...  
Play with me and I will demonstrate tragedy.  
Trust when I say, It's not out of fate...,  
this was gift of allah.  
It's out of my head,  
so I can possibly see like me.  
Even better...  
Percieve like me.  
Let's dominate this number game.  
Eliminate propaganda-  
It's not for the fame.  
This selfless world interest...  
This hidden fate entrance  
This selfish personal interest...  
An inescapable vengeace.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Frog

Every frog must croak  
That is no joke  
Agile is the lowly frog  
Eating insects, leaving bugs, mosquitoes agog

They live in water, slime, gook  
Ugly, ugly face of a spook  
Green, gray or brown, they populate the ground  
Frog legs are sold and eaten by the pound

Jump, glide around, sit still  
Croak often, loud and shrill  
Water is the key to their life  
They procreate, sleep, avoid danger, strife

Little or big they struggle to survive  
Even a frog is happy to be alive  
Some become road kill  
Or a snake's belly they fill

They have lived, they have died  
Some rot, some are fried  
Dissected in the lab by a sharp knife  
Warts and all, a vital link in the chain of life

Mahfooz Ali

# Fulfillment Of My Existence

Never asked to be here

This place is too crowded with.....

Where was my guidance when I needed it?

A worst son equals a great father..... Really? ? ? ? ? ? ?

How could it be?

The selfishness consumes me for all my rainy,

Days ahead I have to make better,

For myself and the ones who love me the same,

Even the evil I never took a liking,

But my dark side reigns.

Captured for years,

Before I become old and forgotten,

Rotten dreams need redemption,

So I can fulfill my existence.

Mahfooz Ali



# Future

Aim is my aim,  
need is my tomorrow,  
want is my future,  
All I need is where my future would stand,  
future is my aim,  
My aim would be my future.

Mahfooz Ali

# Gentle Rain: Simple Pleasures

The gentle rain is falling  
It washes out my soul  
As I stand beneath it  
It makes my body whole.

The gentle tears of heaven  
Takes my worries and my cares  
Takes the pain within my heart  
To start it's own repairs.

My mind which was tormented  
Was given then surcease  
The problems in my mind  
finally in given peace.

The problems which I thought  
Could never be resolved  
Once beneath the gentle rain  
all at once dissolved.

And as I walk amid the trees  
To savour the rustic smell  
I can feel my spirits lift  
No longer trapped in hell.

Just lift my foot then put it down  
And continue on this way  
Natures sights and smells  
Make me want to stay.

When my life will be full of doubt  
And it seems so hard to talk  
Wait for the rain to gently fall  
Then, take a gentle walk.

Mahfooz Ali

# Girl Moans!

Sunshine glowing in the back, slightly through the porch, little girl saying, oh daddy

Daddy, my friend wants you to meet, see our friendship, oh so deep, but daddy say's go

Little friend must go, one sit on my bed, talk to me he said, oh daddy, oh I love you

Love is an emotion says he, let me show you real love, the way grown people do

A child, a small girl of eight, wanting to please, to have, oh what, oh what is this, love

Is fondled, is talked, is touched, is warned, is pushed and so hurt, this poor little dove

Is told, never tell. our secret indeed, but those others, cannot understand, how he can please

My love little child, our secret, our love, will give you everything, just a taste of all

The mother she hides, the room so quiet, the TV it blares, oh why not, who cares

But in the middle, the cries, oh help, oh help, oh help, oh daddy please, so much  
But deeper it goes, now her breasts are blooming, she is so bad, so not pure, so needing

Comes all the money, comes all the threats, just keep feeding, keep others out of reach

Not understanding, so innocent, so naive, little girl abused, but blaming inside  
Oh, but is this hatred, is this love, oh daddy, but your little child, I hate you, I think

Over and often, for a lifetime it seems, enters the bedroom of poor little girl  
The cry's, the tears, oh it s me, its me, not him, she so ashamed, can't look in a mirror

Then comes a sister, another who cries, protection she will need, not from a mother

Lil girls touched and responded, never touch, never touch, and never love again  
For ones little sister, never to be, she take all blame, fault, guilt for thee

Oh love, oh love where does she find, in others who touch, those wanting to hurt

As girl turns to woman, is bitter inside, wanting to hate, wanting to love  
Wanting to tell, but takes all the blame, walks through life a secret inside  
One makes it better, by saying I forgive, but no, no, no, this sin is his  
His maker will guide, will judge, not for the little girl to carry, not to forgive

Little girl turned woman, be kind, be gentle, be happy, be smarter, and don't  
carry

Have pity for those whom would do such a thing, to child, to others, feel  
compassion

But never, take in the sins of others, but be strong, sharing and watching,  
guiding

To forgive is good, if for she, not him, not him or others who would

For God will repay, all crippled his children indeed, be it bones, body, heart or  
mind.

Mahfooz Ali

## Give Me Your Hand.

I want to be child again,  
would like to fly my kite (soul)  
high and high,  
like a free a bird  
away from hatred.  
Would like to touch everyone  
with the magic wand of love,  
which will mean end of war forever,  
is it possible to create the world  
of innocency?  
Let's try with with the  
tender touch.....  
Come on,  
Give me your hand.

Mahfooz Ali

# God Had Sent Him To Be With Me In This Ephemeral World.

I had a faithful companion,  
Jango was his name,  
He was my little toy poodle,  
He made pleasing me his game.

He was always there to comfort me,  
To soothe me when I am down,  
He did things to make me laugh  
He took away my frown.

He loves it when I play with him,  
Especially when He's bored,  
He wanted me to interact with Him,  
He was always hates to be ignored.

He lets me know when he is glad  
He used to licks me on my face,  
He loved it when I hold him close,  
He used to feels safe in my embrace.

His long tail was wag and wag  
to show His puppy love  
I am sure the affection that He showed  
comes from the Lord above.

Whenever He wanted a special treat,  
He used to sits up and begs,  
Then He dances round and round,  
While standing on two legs.

When I was ill and cannot work,  
I am home both day and night,  
And when I am having lots of pain,  
Somehow He knows I am not all right.

He used to follow me where ever I go,  
He always wanted to be near,

He always tried to make me feel better,  
I know He was sincere.

He was my little baby,  
He was my very best friend,  
He only wanted what's good for me,  
I know he is no more to love me to the end.

I love my Jango,  
No better dog could there be,  
I am very grateful that,  
God had sent him to be with me  
In this ephemeral world.

Mahfooz Ali

# God Will Catch.

Faith?

What is it?

How do I explain Faith?

To me it is like a child standing on a table top...

Parent, hold out their hands and say, 'Jump',

Because they are children they put their trust in you.

Knowing you will catch them, they fly through the air

Into your open arms.

Faith is much like that leap...

It's knowing that our Almighty,

The God, up above

When we stumble and fall, will catch us.

Mahfooz Ali



# God! Gives You More, Not Less.

Almighty is the best  
Just sit down and rest.  
Just talk to Almighty and  
Do what he says and  
you won't be in a mess.  
Almighty! gives you more, not less.

Mahfooz Ali

# Going With Your Memories

When the time comes to depart  
It's without the will of the heart  
But I am going with your memories  
With only smiles not worries

You 've painted a place in my heart  
And I will never let it go apart  
I lack in words to thank you  
Indebted, thankful, I will be true

But let me thank you very much  
And forever, will be  
If ever I can find my love  
I 'd be glad and walking on air

I did not worth your love and assistance  
I won't forget you in an instance.

Mahfooz Ali

## Good Morning...

Smoking fog,  
tea ready to wire,  
sun reverberates,  
footsteps on the run,  
birds echoing their call,  
watching crisp leaves fall,  
pasture, mostly covered with green,  
reflections above and below are seen,  
GOOD MORNING...

Mahfooz Ali

# Goodbye To You.

Goodbye to you,  
I should never have trusted you  
so, I thought no trust no love  
So, I gave up myself  
but my heart could not be put in chains  
for feeling a love so true.

I will never love another girl  
I 'll keep this pain for all my life,  
I have lived the empty heartbreak  
of sharing you with myself.

I pray that I 'll be forgiven  
for this Adultery plain and true,  
but I 'll never ask forgiveness  
for my months of loving you.

Mahfooz Ali

# Gratitude

I am going to put gratitude,  
in my attitude.

She took away my tears,  
took away my pain,  
took away my fears,  
and made me smile again.

She restored my soul,  
made me walk instead of crawl,  
made me new and whole,  
made me stand tall.

She answered the prayer,  
She is always there,  
when I ask, knees bent  
And kept my soul free.

I am going to put gratitude  
in my attitude for providing me her love,

Thanks to her forever.

Mahfooz Ali

# Greets

Stage of realization.

For I am here and somewhere  
making self to me is  
the best thing I can offer to me.

One day I will become a majestic.

To watch the world,  
And  
To join the world.

A little encouragement.

All the freeness,  
My whole body,  
Greets from the future.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Happiness And Me.

I meant so much to all  
To my parents, my siblings, my friends,  
My colleagues and to the society.  
I am special and that's no lie  
I brightened up the darkest day  
and the cloudiest sky.

I smile alone warmed hearts  
my laugh is like music to hear  
I would give absolutely anything  
to have my goal standing near.

Many tears I have seen and cried  
They have all poured out like rain  
I know that I am happy now  
And no longer in any pain.

Mahfooz Ali

# Happy New Year To All Mankind!

As we enter a whole new year I have wishes.

I wish for all the soldiers

I wish for an end to abuse of all people.

I wish for the good health of everyone including my enemies.

and I wish for Allah to bless our great country once more.

Happy new year to all mankind!

Mahfooz Ali



# Have You Ever...?

Have you ever loved a woman?

I mean, truly loved a woman?

Have you ever taken a good look

At the woman you say you love?

Have you?

Have you looked into her eyes and felt the pain you caused?

Have you taken her in your arms lately and truly told her just

How much you care?

Have you ever sent flowers or a card

just because you care or crested her,

just because she is there?

Have you ever loved

A woman? ?

Mahfooz Ali

# He Who Hides From Himself: Will Always Have To Run.

Mad and disgusted, furious and in rage,

How could I write that in a paragraph, or on a page?

Is this how I depict -dumb and of no good?

It's all because I tried to take away my manhood.

I should all just bring together my innate and be unified as one,

Because a man who hides from himself,

will always have to run.

Mahfooz Ali

## Heals Or Hides? :

Your memories  
visions  
past times  
famiy  
friends

time heals  
or do memories hide

people say  
in time it will heal  
their time  
or mine?

no doubt  
their time is fine  
not missing a son  
or a partner

they have got their time  
there time is now

my times are now memories  
emotions hidden.

Mahfooz Ali

## Hear My Plea.....

Allah! in Heaven hear my plea,  
Send me an answer so I may see,  
Reasons for life and reasons for death,  
Reasons for pain and reasons for love,  
Reasons for a child who sits and cry,  
As he watches his mother die,  
Reasons why it seems to me,  
My mother I no longer see,  
Reasons why a lesson well taught,  
Can make a person never be forgot,  
Reasons why I still do cry,  
for my mother.

Mahfooz Ali

# Hearts Of The Mothers: Alone

Again and again though  
hearts of the lonely mothers are burst.  
Shedding their blood on thoughts  
they loved and cared.  
Not one child will give the love back  
they souly took away.  
Here the mothers stay hidden  
away not to be seen  
By any except thoughts who  
keep them tightly tucked away.  
So the child can keep the loved of their mother  
never to be given away.  
When will the mothers' get their loved back  
they so lovenly gave away.

Mahfooz Ali

# Help Me Out

I just want someone who loves me for me  
someone who looks at me and likes what they see.

Someone I can add to my life..  
Someone who believes in me.  
Someone who smiles when they look in my eyes,  
with all the warmth of a million summers.

A face in the crowd that I can recognize  
One I can memorize.  
How will I know if I found that special someone?  
People say you just know.  
Loving is art, say just open your heart and let go.

I just want someone who has the romance!  
The once in a lifetime, this fairy tale grants.  
I alone cannot take this chance.  
So please, help me out to have this chance.

Mahfooz Ali

# Hey! What Happened To Me.....

I looked in the mirror  
And what did I see  
A grown man, is that me?  
What happened to the past  
Why couldn't it last  
What happened to the little boy  
I knew inside  
My crib is gone and lonely  
My bicycles I have put away  
A bed I know stands by  
I look again  
No longer does it happen  
I went and wiped the mirror  
Return the past  
Please let it last.

Mahfooz Ali

# Hide And Seek

Why playing the game of hide n seeks?  
Come, come, come,  
Come and talk to me directly.  
What do you want?  
I m fed up of all these mental bully.....

After seeing the message of  
'Chalo shuru ho jayen'  
I am embroiled in folly.

Now, I want to end this  
Game of  
Hide and seek,  
Not to make the future bleak.

I loved you and in all,  
But  
After all efforts,  
But got fall.

I want to get over  
From all this shits,  
Finally here,  
From getting all this pits.

Let me forget you,  
If nothing would materialize,  
Let me be myself  
And be yourself  
To realize.

Please don't make me feel guilty,  
I want final talk now,  
To be live in reality.

Mahfooz Ali



## His World.

It's a privilege to dream of more or less,  
It's great never to see just black or white,  
And the time may come to supply my world.....  
With the prudence of self and learned tools  
Allah's guidance for me in this his world.....

Mahfooz Ali

# How Are You?

When the birds begin their singing  
and the sun begins its sunning  
and the morning glories  
open up all blue...

I am saying  
'Good morning,  
how are you? '

Mahfooz Ali

# How Funny?

Outside my house,  
It's so cold,  
And, funny,  
I leave my that jacket at home.

Mahfooz Ali

# How Important Is A Name?

I often wonder what is in a title.  
Good or bad;  
we all have them,  
whether we earned them or just recieved them.  
I have a name.  
But I am not my name.  
I am a person beyond the label.  
So what is my name?  
What is my title?  
Do I need to distinguish me as an individual?  
No, I don't believe so.  
So why do they?  
To tell the good from the bad?  
Right from the wrong?  
So who is good?  
Who is bad?  
Who says they're right?  
Why I am wrong?  
Can you tell me.....  
how important is a name?

Mahfooz Ali

# How To Compute?

Here I am trying to compute  
trying to get the numbers,  
trying to bind & intertwine  
because I am just to fine  
How can i get to know?  
Can't get I out of my mind?  
Here I am trying to compute.

Mahfooz Ali

# Hurt Is Just A Word To You

Lies hold some truth, but are you ready to hear it?  
I am ready to tell you, but can you handle it?  
Enough with the act, are you sure you understand?  
Since that day you walked out you have missed it all.

Holding guilt close to my heart,  
Opening doorways only to find nothing left,  
Letting people walk all over me,  
Doing things that you'll never know.

So, now are you sure want to hear more?  
Obviously you don't understand the meaning of hurt, but  
My experience of being hurt can teach you a meaning,  
Enough with my facade of pretending to be strong.

The pain is taking over what's left of me,  
Ruining my self-confidence,  
Using me just like a sheet of paper,  
Time will always be the enemy, and  
Hurt is just a word to you, but to me it's everything.

Mahfooz Ali

# I Am A Man Who Write Words: An Endless Bliss

I am a man who write words... that hopes to  
Find use and find myself.  
The words I write fly off the pages like  
Butterflies and into ears that are  
Open to the Spirit of life.  
Words and emotions sublimate my anger and  
Immerse in hope.  
I submerge into eloquence,  
I envy happiness, love, and flawless destiny.  
I drown deep into integrity and search to  
capture sheer completion and rewarding  
Resolution.  
My words soften the rigidity of frowns, dry  
Tears, hate and complexity.  
Cacophonous silence is broken with them and  
Carefree Spirits run wild with their Meaningful imagination.  
I am a man who writes and hopes to find  
Endless bliss in life.

Mahfooz Ali

# I Am A Writer: An Innate Soul

It's like a demon that possesses me,  
never letting go  
In my mind and my thoughts  
With visions and voices telling me to continue on  
Telling the masses.  
I have my own mind,  
my own thoughts  
Intriguing, insightful, unprovoked  
Telling a tale.  
Make believe stories of lies and life  
Being true to the difference.  
Fear from the voices that sometimes go silent,  
Making creative challenges.  
I am my own demon.  
I have my own voice.  
I am a writer.

Mahfooz Ali



# I Am From Learning From The Past: Shaped Me Who Am I?

I am from dusty snow globes  
And old sneakers that hide  
Under the dresser  
I am from cat scratches and stubbed toes  
Bee stings and skinned knees  
I am from childhood dreams  
And the promises that keep them at bay  
I am from yellow plastic tennis ball and bats  
Wrapped with silver duct tape more to hold them together  
Than to give them weight  
And from the home run tennis balls  
Hidden somewhere in the hedge  
I am from old books and hand-me-down shirts  
'Wait your turn's and 'cut it out's  
And balmy nights spent catching Tinkerbelle in a jar.  
I am from 'I yell because I care'  
And scoldings followed by hugs  
I am from the kickball diamond at school  
With bases drawn in the dirt  
And from my concrete back steps  
Where my sister used to paint my fingernails  
And tell me about fairytales  
I am from learning from the past  
I am from looking to the future  
And I am from living for today.

Mahfooz Ali

# I Am Glad: Finally Together

I am glad you came into my life  
At a time when I was lugubrious  
And full with so much doleness  
At times when I am feeling blue  
All I have to do is just call you  
but restrain  
To tell you what's on my mind!  
I like it when you see at me  
Or to just play with my pen  
to pen you a word  
We spend so much time apart from each other  
So now we can finally be together.

Mahfooz Ali

# I Am Happy Because...

I rather die than not being an intellect  
I have the power to make my life happy or sad  
Right now I am happy  
Happy because I am completely changed  
Happy because now I won't be humiliated  
Happy because I have pledged to keep my dignity  
Happy because I have chosen my way  
of success, fame and money  
Happy because I promised myself  
Would not break my dear one's heart  
Happy because I have oathed to  
Love my small family  
For that I have vowed  
A heart full of love  
That is how much I love myself now.

Mahfooz Ali

# I Am Mesmerized

I cut out a paper rose.  
It will not fade,  
it will not shatter.  
it will not melt!

I am mesmerized;  
it does not fade...  
it does not shatter...  
it does not melt...

Mahfooz Ali

## I Am Proud To Be.

When people ask me to say my name,  
my nationality is turning like a regular game to play.

I don't care what people say or what they see in me,  
I am an Indian, and that's the way I am proud to be.

Mahfooz Ali

# I Am Scared: Its Terribly Dark

As I lie on my bed and stare at the ceiling,  
I begin to have this really weird feeling.  
I am scared! It is so terribly dark in here.  
I wish my mummy near.  
I cannot hear her;  
I think she went away.  
So all I can do is to begin to pray.  
'Please God, let me not be afraid,  
and if you could bring my mummy back,  
that would be great.'  
Right now I am so full of fears.  
I am very close to shedding some tears.  
Why does she leave me behind?  
That question is constantly on my mind.  
I thought she loved me with all her hearts.  
I think I was wrong;  
I am falling apart.  
I wish she were here by my side;  
then I don't ever have to hide.  
I still love my mum,  
yes, I do.  
I just hope that the day will come  
When I will be with her.....  
in the heaven too.

Mahfooz Ali

# I Am Sorry: Where Do I Start?

I am sorry for everything you 've been through  
It must 've been very hard on you  
I am sorry for all that's been said and done  
I was the moon, you were the sun  
I am sorry for not making everything right  
But the situation I was in, was very tight  
I am sorry for not lending you a hand  
If only I could be a better love  
I am sorry if it seemed like I didn't care  
I am sorry for breaking your heart  
For forgiveness,  
where do I start?

Mahfooz Ali

# I Build A Castle In The Sand.

I built a castle in the sand  
Carefully made a wall around it.  
Surrounded it with a deep dike  
Making a haven safe from outside strikes.

I remembered the dreams I once had  
And exiled them from my castle in the sand.  
Remembered the joys of love I 'd craven  
And excluded them from my safe heaven.

Then the tide came gently in  
To where my castle lay,  
Eroding the walls and turrets too,  
Erasing all traces of my barriers

I stood and gazed at what was left of my haven  
As I slowly breathed a silent prayer  
For strength to face my tomorrows  
In the hope that better times would replace.

Mahfooz Ali



# I Can Also.

Smile if you can  
of course you can  
I can also.

Cry if you can  
of course you can.  
I can also

Talk if you can  
of course you can  
I can also.

Be happy if you can  
of course you can.  
I can also.

Read if you can  
of course you can  
I can also.

Walk if you can  
of course you can  
I can also.

Run if you can  
of course you can  
I can also.

Be in love if you can  
of course you can,  
I can also.

Be a friend if you can  
of course you can,  
I can also.

Can you end this verse  
of course you can,  
I can also.

Mahfooz Ali

# I Can Do Anything, I Want To Do.

Time?

Where has it gone?

Where will it go?

Where will it take me?

I want to know!

Life?

Life is strange with its ups and downs.

A collection of memories placed around.

Always pressing forward,

fight a never ending battle,

of obstacles that are placed before.

New opportunities every day.

Am I going to let fear stand in my way?

Or,

will I stand boldly meet each challenge as it comes.

From the day to day struggle until my life is done.

Some say I can't stand the rat race, .

Then, instead of winning they simple chose to quit.

Am I going to be a topsy - turvy?

Or, will I handle my life like a man.

No bump on a log.

For that was never meant to be.

I be strong.

I be proud.

I Stand tall and say,

'I did my very best today'.

It's easy to change.

It's not very hard.

Set my mind to it.

Don't lower my guard.

But,

I know it's all up to me.

I can do anything,

I want to do.



# I Can't Fail

I have to stay with what I do?  
I can never forget, what is so true?  
I need to take care of things,  
So there are not so many dings,  
I need to understand the world around me,  
So I can find the key.....

I don't need to run,  
From the things I have done,  
I want to travel everywhere,  
But then still take care, I need to ask,  
And not hide under a mask.....

I need to share, I need to care,  
I need to get off the shelf,  
And not hate myself,  
I need to enjoy life,  
And not sit home and strife.....

I don't need to race,  
I need to set a pace,  
I need to stay calm,  
And act like a palm,  
I can't be stale,  
And I can't fail.....

Mahfooz Ali

# I Can't Tell

So close to you I was tonight  
I can't describe how very light  
how very light you make me feel  
I have this overwhelming zeal  
to share with you all of this thing  
that simply makes me want to sing  
when I am with you, the past gone  
you give to me a brand new dawn  
you make the pain just slip away  
all that you do, just liberates  
you free my heart of all the pain  
you make me feel so very sane  
and yet madly in love with you  
what is a boy supposed to do  
such love for you I feel inside  
I fear much longer I can't hide  
my love, it is so very strong  
I cannot hold it very long  
so soon, my love, you will know me well  
so soon, my love, you will be mine  
but how soon,  
I cannot tell.

Mahfooz Ali

# I Carry My Dreams

I carry my dreams,  
Dreams make everything lighter.  
Too much grumbling and complaining  
drove into a corner  
and out of life,  
leaving darkness.

Mahfooz Ali

## I Could Hide And Be The Same.

I can't stand it when they humour me,  
I can't stand it when they are too blind to see,  
But may be I could take it if they could see the light,  
If they could be like me, I know be all right.

I am nothing to myself, and nothing to anyone else,  
I am sick of all the games that people always play,  
I need to find a place where no one knows my name,  
a place that I could hide and be the same.

Mahfooz Ali

## I Do, We Do

The planting of intertwined wood, I am told  
Is a symbol of marriage from long and old  
Telling of two becoming as one  
Living together growing with Sun  
But just as the dew acts as the catalyst  
So can we make a mockery of this  
As Soul burns through with vicious flame  
So we destroy with our blame.

Mahfooz Ali



# I Don't Want To Grow Old...

I saw a man today  
ancient, tottering,  
with sparse white hair.  
He moved so slowly  
as if wading through  
knee deep water,  
waves breaking against him,  
causing his steps to falter.  
The bag of groceries was too heavy;  
opening the car door exhausted him.  
He hauled the bag into the back  
and gradually, so carefully,  
slipped into the driver's seat  
where he rested.  
He had to gather his strength to drive.  
Do I want to grow old?  
I wonder what it will be like,  
this aging, these slow steps  
towards the grave.

Mahfooz Ali

# I Don't Understand.

I sit in school and  
understand the teacher,  
I sit in court and  
understand the judge,  
I sit under the stars and -  
you guessed it....? ? ? ?  
Understand God's creation,  
and I don't understand.

Mahfooz Ali

# I Don't Want To Be Nameless

If I had any sense,  
I would welcome this...  
The way you embrace a life.  
But then it wouldn't hurt.  
And you would be nameless.  
The way you can't hear a frog  
Until it's dark.

Mahfooz Ali

# I Hate Myself

You know I hate myself,  
Yet you continually make fun of me.  
And I wonder,  
Do you do this purposely?  
You call me fat,  
But you don't need to.  
You say I need to lose weight,  
But I know I do.  
You say I'm ugly,  
But that I already know,  
that I am not  
You say I 've been rejected,  
But I 'd rather be alone.  
You say nobody wants me,  
But I can't blame them.  
You say that no one cares for me,  
But I know all I am is a problem.  
You say I have no intelligence,  
But I do.  
You say my thoughts are meaningless,  
But that's what gets me through.

I promised to myself that day (Remember 12/07/2006)  
I will be the smartest as  
As I was Two years before,  
and here I am,  
All that was due to  
that I HATED MYSELF.

Mahfooz Ali

# I Hate You

I hate you  
I hate you  
I hate everything you do to me  
everything you want me to be  
I hate the way you talk behind me  
I hate the way you stare at me as I go by  
I hate the way you make fun of me  
Every single day  
I hate the way you make me cry at night  
and each and everyday  
I hate the way you tried to kill me  
I hate the way you kill my emotions  
I hate the way you hate me more and more  
each and everyday  
you are the one that I hate the most for all the things you did  
I will hate you more and more every single day  
and I also hate my father because.....  
he brings you in as  
my step-mother.

Mahfooz Ali

# I Have A Dream.

I have a dream in my life  
And the fire in my heart  
The desire for achievements will never part  
I think of my better life each night and day  
And let my heart just fly away.....  
I keep dreaming that I am the one  
who can change the Universe  
for whom nothing is impossible.....  
I am never stopping till its true.....  
The dream I have to be success.  
I don't feel that I am worth to waste my time  
I can be in a better life than worldly affairs.....  
It's all just dreams I have  
But in my heart I know its true  
That there's better life for me ahead.....

Mahfooz Ali

# I Have A Story

I have a story that has to be told,  
How close I came to loosing my soul.  
It happened one night in a hospital room.  
Allah touched my heart and saved me from doom.

As I lay in bed all alone that night,  
It was dark and I saw nothing in sight.  
But, I knew, I knew that someone was there.  
I knew someone was there.

The Spirit filled my room that night,  
He and the Devil were going to have a fight.  
My soul was the cost I'd have to pay if the Devil won,  
I covered my head and began to pray to Allah,

It was over the Spirit touched my heart,  
I am a child of Allah nothing can break us apart.  
I 'm living for our Savior now because I can see,  
That's why I love to praise Him for He set me free.

Mahfooz Ali

# I Have Lost My Tears.

Where are you tears?

That I wish that I could cry?

Where are you tears?

Aren't you supposed to run down my eye?

Where are you tears?

Shouldn't I cry for?

Where are you tears

Won't you fly like a dove?

where are you tears?

I want you to run down my cheeks?

Where are you tears?

I wish to cry instead of speak?

Where are you tears?

Where are you?

Mahfooz Ali



# I Have The Power

I now see that I have the power  
as I open my eyes to all that is  
I see that I am connected to all that I love  
that I can transcend all that I loathe.....

so, I now embrace all that comes my way  
though I may not condone,  
I may not condemn,  
instead, I nurture my body in wellness  
as I fill my mind with wisdom and peace.....

and in justice,  
I use my voice to speak my innermost truth,  
on this day, in this hour  
I now see that I have the power.....

Mahfooz Ali

# I Know I Do: Soaring Thoughts

While sitting alone in my thought's today,  
I wonder what I am thinking,  
Of dreams and hopes I yet can live or of yesterday's?  
The dreams I live forever,  
I hope they never die,  
But yesterday's are in the past,  
They always seem to buy,  
Give up my dreams not ever,  
My hopes, I pray will live,  
My tomorrow will be, yesterday,  
Make them worth the gift,  
Each day I live dreaming,  
Make room for hopes come true,  
If I make a good tomorrow,  
Then, anything I can do  
I live and learn for tomorrow,  
I hope and dream for today,  
But my tomorrow is here today,  
Soon to be yesterday,  
I will do myself a favour  
Take some time each day,  
To sit in thought on what was said?  
There are people who really think of me  
Think of those really care or just pretend,  
like I know I do....

Mahfooz Ali

# I Lost A Friend

We were always together,  
We swore we'd never part.  
Where I was, there you were,  
Best of friends from the start.  
We both looked alike,  
With hair and eyes of brown.  
When you were happy, I smiled,  
When I was upset you'd frown.  
There was only you in my world,  
And no one but me in yours.  
We shared everything friends could share,  
Our music, our clothes, our chores.  
Then suddenly this friendship we knew,  
Began to change too fast.  
The magic of 'us' has disappeared,  
It was clear this wouldn't last.  
We struggled and struggled to save it all,  
We were put to the ultimate test.  
And even though I lost a friend,  
I somehow gained a me.

Mahfooz Ali

# I Love My Family So Much.

To be a part of a family like mine  
is so divine  
where love is shown  
hurt is shared  
our love for each other is never impaired

we talk  
we laugh  
we cry  
but we are a family  
and we do it all together  
for as a family  
we do it all as one

you hurt one  
you hurt all  
and as a family unit  
we will all stand tall  
for we are family  
a family full of strength  
a family full of love  
a family no one can touch  
that's why I love my family so much.

Mahfooz Ali

# I Love The India

The India,  
Is affectionately known as the Hindustan,  
And as, that is Bharat  
Whenever I think of the India  
It always makes me pride.

From Kashmir to Kanyakumari  
From the curving mountains of the State Uttaranchal  
And the North-East,  
To the restful shores of Goa beach  
And all the wonderful sights in between  
That indeed by everyone should be seen.  
Whenever I across our wonderful country  
specially on highways,  
The beautiful, wonderful sights I see  
Make me feel very glad to be born in India.

Also, if one attend our many high schools,  
colleges or Universities  
And glance through live, will succeed  
The India. is a very nice place to be, indeed.

Mahfooz Ali

# I Love The Way You Are.....

I love the way you make me laugh  
I love the way you make me cry  
Tears of joy stream from my eyes  
As I hear your voice, a loving surprise.  
I love you when you are angry  
I love you when you are sad  
I love you when you are glad  
When you tell me of the day you had

I love you truly  
I love you deeply  
Ever since the day  
I met you  
I missed you when you left  
I miss you now more than ever  
Making a mistake that I regret  
Hoping that you are a forgiver

Without you, my life is strife  
But now I ask for a second chance  
Be with me and start a life  
Together forever, an eternal dance  
I wait for you as the days go by  
My love is growing inch by inch  
I cannot wait to see you again  
But I wait for you, and your warm hug  
I love you

Mahfooz Ali

# I Love You So

I love you so, in this lifetime you will never know,  
when I see your face my whole being is aglow.  
Love will come and love will go, but in my heart I will  
always love you so. Wherever you are you must surely  
know, I will always love you so.

Love is like a rose with a special glow, it's beauty  
exceeds anything in this life that we know.  
My love for you is like that rose, it has that special  
glow, my life's work will always show, I will always  
love you so.

Into the next life I shall go, taking with me this love  
with a special glow, one thing you must know, in this  
life or the next, I will always love you so.

Mahfooz Ali

# I Love You: If I Said It.....

I love you!  
But I can not to say it,  
I am afraid that  
if I said it  
I will be died!  
I am not afraid to die  
I think if I died  
No one love you such as I !

Mahfooz Ali



# I May Not Hinder

So, in prayer I approach the God...

God, I believe,

help me in my unbelief,

I so much want to surrender,

I want to grow beyond this grief,

I want to learn to really love,

To be nourished like the tender leaf...

I want to see your hand in every failure,

Your victory in every defeat,

May you have compassion upon my struggle

That I may know I am strong when I am weak...

So in prayer I approach the God

God, have mercy on me, a sinner

All my attempts to imitate you

I simply offer you as a beginner

Create in me Ya! Allah a loving heart

That your good works I may not hinder...

Mahfooz Ali

# I 'msorry Dad: I Always Defied You

The dark grey road is glistening  
in the late midnight rain.  
I am feeling weak,  
But I am still standing,  
waiting for the last bus to Hell.

Look, Dad, I told you I 'd been listening;  
I followed your trail through the terrain.  
You deceived me,  
Denied me every blessing -  
see me now,  
Boarding the last bus to Hell.

Defiance was my only tool,  
in spite of what you told me to,  
I defied every single rule.  
I am on the last bus to Hell,  
Dad, it's too late to save me now.  
I am among their rotting carcasses,  
I am singing their tortured songs.

Now, I know you never knew the answer,  
that I was fated to this somehow.  
I have thrown away my crutches,  
I know where my soul belongs.

I am on the last bus to Hell, Dad,  
take a look at your darling dear!  
I stand here as your ill fated son  
and its destiny's revenge that you will fear.

Date: 11 th October 2008

Mahfooz Ali

# I Pray

I pray to always stay up  
But around me are things,  
that pull me down.

A time will come  
and  
I will be forever up..

After I destroy things  
that pull me down.....

Mahfooz Ali

# I Promise

I promise I will always be there  
When you are feeling down and low  
When your world feels empty  
And you have no where to go  
I promise I will always be there  
When your days are dark and gray  
I will be the one to bring you through;  
The light that guides your way  
I promise I will always be there  
When you are feeling all alone  
I will be the one to take both hands  
And show you the way home  
I promise I will always be there  
When you need a friend, my Love  
I will be the one who will always listen  
Whenever you need to talk  
I promise I will always be there  
To turn your world around  
For I am here to make you happy  
And never let you down  
I promise I will always be there  
I promise you I won't tell a lie  
to you,  
I promise you I won't make you  
scared with my words and deeds

When your eyes are shedding tears  
I will be the one to kiss them away  
And remind you I am always near  
When you feel like you can't get through  
Your darkest, lonely days  
Hold on to this promise, Sweetheart,  
Because it will never fade away

Mahfooz Ali

## I Promise I Will Do -

I believe that none could love you  
quite as deeply as I do;  
And yet I often fail to show  
the depth of it to you.  
I vow to do the little things,  
to show you every day;  
But one thing or another  
seems to get into the way.  
I pledge to be more open,  
to have courage and be strong;  
But some how fear takes over  
and then everything goes wrong.  
I dream of perfect love for us,  
and hope that it will be;  
And yet I end up giving you  
a less than perfect me.  
I want to be much more for you,  
be everything you need.  
I hope and seek, beg and pray  
'Change me Allah! ', I plead.  
You are the only one I want.  
It is for you I yearn.  
I guess, my love, there's still so much  
that I have yet to learn.  
I cannot give perfection,  
but this I promise I will do -  
I will spend my life time learning  
how to give my love to you.

Mahfooz Ali

# I Remember

When I looked into your eyes,  
I knew it was true-  
My heart never lies-  
I was in love with you.

As you stood there  
Just looking around  
My whole body melted  
into the ground.

I remember the day,  
I remember the time,  
I remember the place,  
It is always on my mind.

You looked so good  
In your shirt and jeans.  
I remember that night  
You were in my dreams.

I wished I could be with you  
day after day,  
Because I love you more  
than words can ever say.

Mahfooz Ali

# I Saw A Tear Fall From Its Face And Felt Sorrow.

There stood a red rose of elegance,  
In a field of loneliness;  
The wind blows and each breeze takes a petal,  
Its stem is becoming weak;  
The clouds are closing in on the rose's place.  
The raindrops begin to fall;  
Still the wind blows and takes away its beauty,  
After hours of pain, the remains stand limp;  
As the last petal hang,  
I saw a tear fall from its face and felt sorrow.

Mahfooz Ali

# I Shed A Tear

I shed a tear today  
Silently, I felt it fall  
You caught it  
shared it  
held it  
felt it  
then  
suddenly  
it wasn't  
so big  
after all.

Mahfooz Ali



# I Still Clamber After You

Daddy- -  
How I loved  
to wear your big shirts  
and  
clamber after you on  
the banistered stairs  
Kissing your moustache  
when you tickled my feet.....

Daddy- -  
How I loved  
to swim in your oversized coats  
and  
dance with lungful of your cologne.  
Listening to your  
barreled laughter.

When you had pick me up  
spinning me until I fell dizzy.....

Daddy- - -  
How things have changed  
since I was your little boy  
and  
once your little pappu.

Now you are no more,  
and  
yet I still clamber after you...

Mahfooz Ali

# I Still Need A Mother

I need a mother who would love me  
I need a mother who would take care of me  
I need a mother who would understand me  
I need a mother for who I am  
I need a mother to know me  
I need a mother who would be there for me  
I need a mother who would not yell at her son  
I need a mother who won't push her son away  
I need a mother who would not throw me out of her life

Even though I still need a mother  
Everyday I try to be nice  
Sometime she don't care about me  
What I need is a mother who would be there for me  
I need a mother who would watch me grow  
I need a mother who would celebrate my birthday  
I need a mother who would miss me

I need a mother to cry on  
I need a mother to know that her son loves her

But she won't let me know her  
What I need is a mother

Who is no more now.

Mahfooz Ali

# I Think You Love

I think you are in love  
But I'm not sure if it's so  
Because how can you tell  
If love is something that you don't know

I think you love  
But you can't really explain  
You know you feel this feeling  
Yet it is hard to say

I think you love  
But you don't know how to say it  
You need a time and place that exist  
That's perfect to tell this

I think you love  
But you don't want to scare you  
due to your past repercussions  
Because of crushing what you feel  
Could end too soon

I think you love  
But you 'll keep this inside  
You 'll let you know  
When you feel the time is right.

Mahfooz Ali

# I Thought

I thought I will achieve everything in life  
I thought I will get everything in life  
But I kept on loosing everything in life

I don't know why my dreams broke  
I don't know why my dreams did not  
come true  
I don't know why my eyes kept on  
getting new dreams every time.

Mahfooz Ali

# I Want To Be A Fog.

I want to be a fog, dark, gray,  
Billowing like smoke from a large bonfire.  
Blocking sights from being spotted.  
Stopping the sun from rising in the morning.  
The largest of light reflects off you.  
The smallest, however, cuts through.  
Be a shapeless, odorless cloud of vapor.  
I want to be a fog.

Mahfooz Ali

# I Was Pondering Do Trees Get Lonely?

Today I looked out over a field and noticed a tree  
standing alone in the middle of all that open space,  
not very exciting by most people's standards,  
but serenely magnificent to me.

I began to wonder, do trees get lonely?

There this old man stood, an enormous oak, all alone,  
with only an assortment of weeds growing beneath his awesome  
arms.

Over 100 years of age I would say he was,  
his seed carelessly dropped by a mother bird carrying  
food to her hungry young perhaps.

Had he stood there all those years, alone,  
with no others to sway with when the winds blew?

I wonder, do trees get lonely?

I should wonder not, for a man will wither and die  
if left to grow alone. Here before me stands a beautiful  
creation of Allah.

His magnificence is truly a splendor to behold.

All alone, so happy he must be.

Fortunate am I to have taken time to admire his grandeur,  
as many would have merely passed him by.

Mahfooz Ali

# I Will Remain After I Am Gone.

This way just once I will pass  
Life is like a vapour, it cannot last.

The mark that I make is all that will remain.  
If I don't make a mark no one will know I came;

To the earth and walked the paths and trod the ways.  
I must make an impression that will not decay.

I must do something good for my fellows and family  
While I still have a chance, I must do all I can.

I will pass this way once and for all,  
My steps must be balanced so I will not fall.

The imprint I leave as I journey along  
Is all that will remain after I am gone.

Mahfooz Ali

# I Won't Have To Deal, With This Pain Anymore.

Why do those hard times, always fall upon my life?  
It hurts to solve those problems, with a bloodstained knife!  
Not even my closest friends, could know you,  
and when they ask about all, I tell them it's too hard to explain.  
My heart starts to pound, another cut I start to make.  
This is for all those times I have ever made a mistake!  
I feel better now, better than ever before,  
Inside my shell I bleed my mistake  
Move aside the vines that bury my beaten shell  
dig deep within the dirt to reveal my secrets...

You must know Prajna, my mistakes and my hate to you.  
You have never been in my life, nor did I place you in my heart  
All is because I hate you.....

Now I know I won't have to deal, with this pain anymore,  
Because you are no more in my life.

Mahfooz Ali



# If I Could

If I could spend a day with you my dreams  
would be fulfilled.

If I could spend one hour with you I would  
remember every second.

If i could spend a minute with you my heart  
would stop in seeing your eyes stare into  
mine.

If I could lie under the stars with you I  
would remember everything u said.

One night I drempt that you loved me and  
you held me in your arms but thats just a  
dream and you will only love me in my dreams!

I will just have to keep loving and wanting you  
because you are the start that never ends!  
Just make my dreams come true.

Mahfooz Ali

## If I Had A.....? ? ? ? .....? ? ? ?

If I had a wishing well, I would wish me well.

If I had a wishing well, don't wish me well than go to hell.

If I had a wishing well, I really hope I won't go to hell.

If I had a wishing well, I wish I could turn back time.

If I had a wishing well, I wish there were no crime.

If I had a wishing well, I wish my life to be long.

If I had a wishing well, I wish everyone would just get along.

If I had a wishing well, I would wish upon a star.

If I had a wishing well, I wish I would have a new chartered plane.

If I had a wishing well, I wish I knew what I were wishing.

If I had a wishing well, I wish I didn't wish so well.

If I had a wishing well, I would wish I had wishing well.

If I had a wishing well, I wish knew how this pain would end.

If I had a wishing well, I wish I would not have wished my life away.

Mahfooz Ali

## If I Had The Guts.....

I wish I had the guts  
To tell you how I feel.  
I wish I could tell you  
That all of this is real.  
I wish you would understand  
That I am not just your friend.  
I wish you would open your eyes,  
And realize that there is no end.  
I will always be by your side day by day.  
I will always be the person you lean on,  
And my love for you will NEVER fade away...  
I wish you knew that you are the one I want  
And that I am the one for you.  
I wish there was a way I could show you that I care...  
I wish you would wake up  
And see that I am sincere:  
I am always waiting,  
And I will always be here.  
I wish you were with me,  
I wish you would stop and see,  
That I will always love you,  
And in my heart, you will be.

Mahfooz Ali

# If I Should Disappear

If I should one day leave and disappear,  
promise to remember my love for you.  
Watch white cotton clouds drifting heaven's blue,  
I am the soft mist reaching to keep you near.  
Leaves will brush you in the breeze to wipe tears  
away, for we are joined forever two.  
You're my brilliant star, while I'm the light who  
first treads black paths, keeping our way clear.

And love, like your starlight, will find its way.  
Ours sets me free to raise a mountain,  
for your dream house, with vast tulip rainbows.  
By life's bridge, we'll wait to hug you again,  
with pink roses, and silk angel pillows.....

Mahfooz Ali

## If I Were A Bird.

We all crave the freedom  
We believe the kings of the sky possess  
The freedom to fly, the freedom to soar  
Look down on things below  
From the pedestal of wind and wings.  
Many times I hear from naive tongues  
I wish I could fly like the birds,  
Flying over trees and oceans  
Look at everything in macroscopic light.  
Never do I hear from others  
What my heart tells me.  
I crave the simplicity of instinct  
Innate ability to do all required  
Rather than the freedom of flight  
I look for a set pattern of motions  
That my heart can be content with  
I look to knowing how to create  
Without the hassle of learning  
I look to knowing when to die  
Without the freedom of life.

Mahfooz Ali

# If I Were God

Times I wonder  
How this world would be  
If only i were God  
Judging the actions of men

Then, no child would die  
As i block all wars from happening  
Would ensure all men love thier wives  
Cause I am a standard of love

The sun would always shine  
Where the cold is freezing  
The rain would always fall  
Over the dry desert

All prayers, i would answer accordingly  
Cause i know all things  
How lovely the world might be  
The irony; I can never be God

Mahfooz Ali

# If I Were You And You Were Me

If I were you and  
You were me  
A different world  
We each would see.

The problem I see  
As very hard  
Would be easy to solve  
In your back yard.

And I could solve  
The challenge that perplexes you  
Just as easy as  
I can tie my shoe.

Mahfooz Ali

# If These Walls Could Talk! ! !

They've seen a lifetime of faces,  
centuries of paint and pain,  
they've seen old men die and babies walk,  
the stories they could tell,  
if these walls could talk.

They've seen mankind at its best and worst,  
eras of radical change, wars and peace,  
and childish scribbles of crayons and chalk,  
what stories they could tell,  
if these walls could talk.

They've born silent witness to many secrets,  
some of lust, some of love, some of greed, none told,  
they've seen innocence stolen, and who is at fault,  
the stories they could tell,  
if these walls could talk.

They've been steadfast through the storms of life,  
and they'll be home to many more to come,  
to someone who may change this world in ways we never thought,  
so, the stories they could tell,  
if these walls could talk....

Mahfooz Ali



# Ignoble Mother

Some are very nice,  
Few have some spice,  
Mine is not very nice,  
Calls me names, Plays head games, Puts my mind to shame, Fight And Cry,  
She calls me blind  
as I wear spectacles,  
She yells me leper  
as I have a marks on my legs,  
She calls me bird-catcher  
as I m very lean and thin,  
Watch my soul die,  
Don't want to fight,  
Don't want to deal,  
Don't want to steal,  
Just want to heal,  
Her anger is for free,  
But I dont want her giving it to me,  
Embarres me, Madden me, Sadden me, Ruin me,  
I don't care anymore, I' m accustomed to it,  
I don't need this crap,  
One second she's nice, the next she has spice,  
Stop your fronting and leave your grunting,  
We fight again and again, to this life there is no end.  
She is my step mother.

Mahfooz Ali

# I'm So Mad At You

Isn't it funny  
We've never been mad at one another  
No fights  
No disagreements  
Nothing  
I want to go to sleep  
And wake up in the morning still mad  
I want to yell  
I want you to yell back  
I want to be as angry as I have ever been  
But love, don't worry  
It's o.k.  
That is what people who have had a chance to love do  
I just wish I could be mad at you.

Mahfooz Ali

# Imagination

The twinkling stars beneath the earth  
and waver Island  
With seeds, blooming bulbs, drumbeats  
Lava and dinosaur bones

Mahfooz Ali

# In Between

I am the spaces  
In  
Between  
The silence  
and  
the shade  
things  
In between  
The left  
&  
Right.....

In the spaces  
In  
Between  
I may  
Miss  
Me.....

In the world  
Traffic  
Sounds  
Child Screams  
dreams.....

So, many  
Think  
on the  
Surface  
Float

but  
Down  
below  
We  
All  
Go.....

Just

some  
are  
more  
unseen  
and  
lost  
the  
Spaces  
In  
Between.....

So  
Many  
Lost  
in  
Surface  
Dreams...

Mahfooz Ali

# In Her Rememberance

Departed but not forgotten  
Missed but not lost,  
Loved for all her memory  
Her life it has cost.

Truly a time of sorrow  
Though there's no more pain,  
She is free from Earth  
Only possessions still remain.

Who she was - is  
With us from now on  
She lives within our hearts  
A Mother is never gone.

Mahfooz Ali

# In Memorabilia: A Tribute To My Father

Why did you leave this world so early?  
You still had great things to do in your life.  
I know that your pain is gone,  
but I just want you back.  
I want to be able to talk to you again,  
to hug you,  
to tell you my problems  
and just be with you.

You were the best dad in the world.  
You never did anything wrong,  
you used to bring me to home,  
you would bring me the fame.  
You was the greatest.

Everybody loved you.  
You touched the lives of everybody that you met.

When you left, so suddenly,  
it was a shock to all of us.  
Even though I knew that your time was soon,  
it didn't feel like you should have been gone.  
To me,  
you still belong here,  
with us,  
with me.

Mahfooz Ali

# In My Imagination

I am a fearsome viking,  
Upon the stormy seas,  
Sailing in my gravy boat  
Across the Bay.

In my imagination  
I rule as I would a king.  
Each day a new adventure,  
A fresh surprise will bring.

Mahfooz Ali



# In Search Of

Today I rose and searched for God:  
I looked beneath a wooden chair,  
I peered in places very odd.

I climbed upon a mountain high,  
and forged beneath the sea and more.  
The searching only brought a sigh,  
my wanderings had left me sore.

Today I sit and wonder why.  
I run my fingers through my hair,  
I wonder why I cannot spy.

I think that now I realize  
my God is with me all the time.  
I need not search, no big surprise;  
my God is in my heart – sublime.

Mahfooz Ali

## In Special Way

Thank you for being our mother  
mother of trio.....  
And bringing us into this world.  
Thank you for nourishing us  
And teaching us right from wrong.  
Thank you for sheltering us  
And keeping us from harm.  
Thank you for hugging us when  
our worlds turned upside down.  
Thank you for believing in us  
When no one else came around  
Thank you for guiding us  
When we had lost our way  
Thank you for smiling at us  
When there was nothing left to say.  
Thank you most for loving us  
and wiping out tears away.  
Thank you for being you  
in your own special way!

Mahfooz Ali

## In The Eyes Of A Dreamer.....

Alone in the woods, a single leaf drops.  
Such a sight can encompass the purpose of life,  
If one knows how to look at it?

If a logical person sees it,  
all he sees is a leaf falling to the Earth.  
Nothing more, nothing less.

But once a dreamer lays eyes upon it,  
the whole world is summed up in a single motion.  
It represents Life,  
Death,  
and  
everything in between them.

Mahfooz Ali

## In The Memory Of My Mother, Naseem.

Only a few will ever have  
A claim to immortality.  
A name long surviving  
In the annals of posterity.  
Yet, those who have loved,  
And who were loved,  
Though they may pass quietly  
Through this world,  
Will always have their memory  
Alive in the prayers,  
Enshrined in the hearts,  
Eternalised in the souls,  
Of those who knew their love.  
A life surviving in others  
Has the promise of perpetuity.  
With a certain claim  
To a special immortality.

Mahfooz Ali

# India The Beautiful: Ohhhhhhhhhhh! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Oh India, India the beautiful  
India where the bravery is fruit  
Thy labour where is the smile from  
Face is the inhabitant of the country.  
The enemy has invaded and cost many lives.

Oh, India what a terrible day it was when  
the terrorist attacked India, gloom hunged  
heavily over the people as their hearts  
and being turned apart.

What was the terrorist was trying to achieve  
or was their motive purely evil?  
They brought terror to our nation and planted sorrow and grief  
upon people who decided to be strong to fight back  
the only way they knew how.

We will pull ourselves together as a nation and  
Show the world that we can be strong as  
we were before and pull the enemy to his knees.

Oh, India the beautiful your light shines  
Beautiful and bright for the entire world to see  
and your courage is beyond belief and the people  
Are blessed to be living there.

Mahfooz Ali

# Indian Male

Is he the one who frowns when she is born?  
is he the one who grumbles when she grows up?  
is he the stumbling block when she goes to school?  
is he one who objects to her independence?  
is he the one who burns her when she marries?  
is he the great one who can live without her?  
his mother, sister, wife?

Mahfooz Ali

# Ingleesh Ees A Phunny Langwaje: A Humorous Look

Eye no knot y eye right this weigh  
or if it makes cents two ewe,  
its just the weigh eye learned it all,  
was it the same whey fore ewe?

Eye was taut their were sum burdens,  
Inn hour language wee must bare.  
Eye struggle when righting English  
four ewe all to reed and share.

Sum daze, eye can bee all confused,  
sew, its off in space eye stair.  
Eye knead to no witch sew is sow,  
can eye get sum knowledge sum wear?

It started when eye was younger  
and hour family quite paw,  
wee did odd jobs to urn the doe  
instead of braking the lore.

But the words have maid me crazy,  
eye no knot what eye should do.  
English has scent my head spinning  
Is it the same weigh four ewe?

(Not an original work...just thought taken from sources)

Mahfooz Ali

# Innate Child

You are the child in me when are  
you going to come out.  
As you grow each day in me makes me  
wonder everyday about you.  
What are your features are and  
what are you going to be.  
I hear your heart beat and it  
melts mine. I see a body of  
you but I want you to come  
out to share those days  
together forever.  
As my love grows faster for you,  
I can't wait to show you.  
The times I laugh out of the blue  
makes me wonder about you.  
The times I cry makes me wanna  
show you why?  
Are you listening to me I always wonder can this  
be it with you.  
Until then you have people waiting for you.

Mahfooz Ali



# Innocent Child

In the eyes of an innocent child, you see all, you know all.

In the eyes of an innocent child, you know why the sky is blue and the leaves fall.

In the eyes of an innocent child, There is no peace and there is no war.

In the eyes of an innocent child, There is only peaceful co-existence.

In the eyes of an innocent child, There is only here and now and nothing in the distance.

In the eyes of an innocent child, there are the colours of the rainbow, black and white.

In the eyes of an innocent child, Grey areas are not right.

We look at things in grey, black and white, but not like a rainbow.

Some say we even look through rose coloured glasses.

It would be nice if we could look at the world through the eyes of an innocent child.

Mahfooz Ali

# Inspiration

If I had known  
Whittle a stick  
Way ward heart  
Scintilla of magic  
Footsteps in the hall  
Morning wakens pure  
Surrender to my grace.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Inspiration From Newton's Law....

The story  
goes like this...  
There is an apple, and  
there is a tree. "The apple, " it  
is said, "does not fall far from the tree."  
So why is it...when I look up at the tree,  
that has shaded and sheltered me;  
Why don't I see apples?  
When  
I look  
up,  
I  
see  
instead,  
a glorious nut tree.

Mahfooz Ali

# Inspiration Retreats

The sky turns to grey,  
As bleak winter approaches,  
Doubt overwhelms me.

Time passes slowly  
When inspiration retreats.

Mahfooz Ali

# Intensity

People always say I write too intense  
But how can something that you pour  
whole body, heart, mind, and soul into be  
too passionate?

Poetry is when you put your heart on a  
platter for all to see and criticize,  
whether it's bad or good?

Written word is how people express their  
passions and grievances and how can that be  
too intense?

Poetry is a reflection of life and of being.  
How can that be too intense?

It takes a strong person to express their  
fears, loves, and grievances to everyone.

Poetry is an assortment of raw emotion that  
is clustered together to form a reflection  
of a person.

Poetry is life and heartfelt.  
How can that be too intense?

Mahfooz Ali

# Is Like A Vision...

Pages so soft but worn  
All scarred and torn  
Years of history in one book  
Emotions written in rhythmic ways  
All it takes is one look  
To be captured for days...

Reading, writing, and learning  
Fills our everlasting yearning  
Of eternal knowledge  
Philosophies, culture, and religion,  
Literature is like a vision  
Of past, present, and future...

Mahfooz Ali

# It Doesn'T Matter.

I never give up easily.  
After everything,  
how could I?  
I don't care that I never get in return.

All that matters to me,  
Is that challenge,

challenge to fight,  
challenge to survive,  
challenge to attain,  
challenge to love,  
challenge to obsession,  
challenge to dream,  
challenge to achieve.

But I never give up easily,

Whether I accept that or not,  
it doesn't matter.

Mahfooz Ali

# It Was Just A Dream

Awake! Awake!  
I heard the call,  
So far away my memory crawled  
Along the dark and lonely pit  
To see what I could make of it.

The light came rustling in the room.  
I realized it was almost noon;  
I had been asleep so long,  
it seemed.....  
As if my life had been redeemed.

I had closed my eyes for just a bit,  
And I, but, thought I would dug a pit.  
It was just a dream;  
a nightmare sure  
Where nothing really did occur.

Mahfooz Ali



# It's Time To Go To Bed

I guess it's time to rest,  
All of the days chores are done,  
All of the mistakes made are forgotten,  
To think about the day ahead,  
To plan what you should do?  
Close your eyes and go to sleep.  
And it's time to go to bed.

Mahfooz Ali

# Journey: A Travel Through The Changes..

Stumbling,  
slowly along,  
the stony path,  
across the slippery,  
stepping stones bridging the sparkling stream  
empty mind.

No reason,  
for the trip,  
no destination,  
morning dew,  
dripping from  
the leafy branches,  
sunlight streaking,  
between the leafy boughs,  
where am I  
is not important  
what I am  
is just a silly question  
the wind rustles,  
gently through the branches,  
as I travel through the changes,  
unafraid...

Mahfooz Ali

# Just A Thought?

Look for a rainbow after the rain  
Look for hope after you cry  
Let happy thoughts feel your head  
Never let anyone discourage you  
You're fine as you are  
Look on for happier days  
Put everything bad behind you  
Forgive and learn to love again  
Appear happy even if not  
Everything can't be forgotten  
Everything can't be put behind  
Tears come and go  
Hope and Courage can be found anywhere  
Good friends are forever or lost  
I hope that this works out for the better  
I want you as my wife  
I want this to be a new beginning  
Lets make things right again.

Mahfooz Ali

## Just About An Imagination.

I Imagine a paper that is unstained in ink  
And I have given a day in forever to think.  
My pencil is sharpened, My mind is alight,  
And yet I cannot think of something to write.

I think about stories, I think about plots,  
But all on my paper are some inky dots.  
I draw a nice doodle on the side of my page,  
A dog or a horse or a little bird cage.

I write down a word and thoughts scribble it out  
and I am not quiet sure what I am thinking about.  
I pull out my hair and I bite on my nails  
My mind starts to wander and begins to bail.

I pull out a book or an inspirational movie,  
And think about so many things it's a doozy,  
And wonder about things that are all quite strange,  
And question if may be I just cannot change.

After all that I think and that I do,  
And after the span of an hour or two,  
I begin to see what I have missed all night,  
Just what I think I will be able to write.

So, I set on my paper with pencil in hand,  
Sharpener near by a paperclip stand.  
My words scrawl across it and up it and down.  
I start to amaze and inspire and astound.

Mahfooz Ali

# Just Look At Me.

Just Look at me writing,  
Writing with a pencil,  
so smooth.  
So gentle.  
So kind.  
Yet just look at me  
writing my poetry, my  
love.  
For all.

Mahfooz Ali

# Kaleidoscope

The pictures flash across my mind  
As memories of you unwind.  
Your loving touch, your sweet embrace,  
Your soothing voice, your smiling face.  
Your patience came from who knows where  
So much love and time to share.

The many things you did for me,  
You spanked my butt, and patched my knee,  
Sewed my clothes, played  
"Lets Pretend"  
Dried my tears—you were my friend.  
I remember you were always there  
Ready to love—willing to care.

I wonder, do we ever say  
The things we really should each day?  
Like,  
"Let me help"...  
"I am sorry too."  
"Miss you"...  
"Thanks Mom"...  
"I love you."  
Though many words I left unsaid.  
I hope you felt my love instead.

04/10/08

Mahfooz Ali

## Kisi Aisi Jagah.....

Le chalo mujhe kisi aisi jagah.....  
Jahan mera mann azaad ho,  
Jahan mera sar ooncha ho.  
Jahan ilm ke baagh hon,  
Jahan yeh duniya hadon mein na bandhi ho,  
Le chalo mujhe kisi aisi jagah.....

Kisi aisi jagah jahan lafz,  
Sachchai ki gahrai se aatey hon,  
Koi aisi jagah jahan rasta manzil ban jata ho,  
Jahan majboori aadat mein na badalti ho,  
Le chalo mujhe kisi aisi jagah.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Kona

Lamha-lamha todkar  
Jeeyo har pal  
Ud jayegi yeh  
Zindagi paani.

Qatra-qatra sokh kar  
Pee lo har boond  
Sookhega phir yeh aasmaan.

Chappa-chappa chhaankar  
Mehsoos ho har kona  
Yeh duniya hai  
Ek bichhauna.

Khanggaalo chhanni se  
Pal-pal ki boond  
Sirf hoga tera apna 'mahfooz'  
Koi ek kona.

Mahfooz Ali



# Lady Of Mine..

My lady is strong of will and mind.  
She should not be selfish.  
She should be kind.  
My lady is loving.  
She can be on her own.  
Together is good.  
But so is time alone.  
I would hope that she enjoys dressing  
and looking feminine,  
even in jeans or skirts.  
Physical looks to me really don't matter  
and no matter how unoriginal it sounds,  
inner beauty is more important to me.  
My lady will travel wherever the road goes  
Along with me  
We would share adventures that keep us on our toes.  
My lady loves humor.  
Jokes of all kinds.  
My lady is understanding  
when I don't call all the time.  
She never calls me liar  
And untrustworthy  
She believes me with  
Close eyes.  
I am not a mystery man for her  
As she knows my nature and characteristics  
And tries her best to  
Extricate me and  
From me  
She knows that I care.  
She doesn't need to whine.  
I know that she's out there.  
But she's so hard to find.  
I pray that someday I will find this lady of mine....

Mahfooz Ali

## Last.....

People come and people go  
Years pass quickly by  
This world was made by a Allah I can't see  
And I am wondering how and why.

People have come into my life  
Then just as quickly vanished  
It makes me aware to the fact  
That I 've still never been kissed.

I miss them all so very much  
Rachna, Preeti, Kirti and so many  
You might say this is my life's story  
Of how I truly fell.

Fallen from grace I am  
But still thriving here below  
Trying to live life to the fullest  
Before I have to go.

I 've lived life to the fullest  
I can tell you things I 'm not meant to know  
But I need to leave now  
Understand this, so...

Let me tell you goodbye  
Goodbye to all  
And still it never ends.

It only ends if I fly  
And to fly high I will  
I 'm crying hard and lots  
I 've never been loved but still...

I don't expect you to understand  
For not even I do  
Weep not for my death in future days  
For at last, I love you.



# Leaf

I found a leaf in my verandah,  
Released from a tree out of doors,  
It's colors smeared soily  
The shape of the leaf I have never seen.  
I walked out,  
Looking for the tree,  
from it has fallen  
I vowed that,  
The leaf I'll press in the pages of my favourite book,  
as my bookmark of reminescences.

Mahfooz Ali

# Leaving The Past Behind

Looking to the future  
Is like a suture  
Closing the wounds of time  
That we received while on this mountain of life we climb  
They say never look down  
If you did you would be the fool  
For you would be looking into your past  
And will make you fall real fast  
Into the depths of self pity  
That makes you feel real crappy  
If there is one thing I can teach from this poem  
Or may be you will learn on your own  
Is that life can be harsh and unkind  
But it's not half as bad, when you leave the past behind.

Mahfooz Ali

# Lessons

Will you fill me with your heavenly love, mother?  
Will you teach me to have a heart of gold?  
Will you teach me to love the young and old?

Yes, beta, mother said, it has been told  
If you love the Allah your heart will be gold.  
Love the young, their lives are a mystery.  
Love the old, they teach you history.

Mahfooz Ali

# Let It Flow

I believe in strength,  
In I must find.  
I believe closets are deep,  
I sometimes take a peek.  
I believe in a Almighty,  
ghost and miracles  
And,  
The people I care for most.  
I believe in a seed,  
it's need to grow,  
into a thing of beauty,  
thus to grow old.  
I believe walks in disguise and  
fallen leaves  
And  
sometimes I tell lies.  
I believe in the rise and fall of structure.  
Hearts will sometimes rupture.  
I believe in the strength within.  
Let inspiration flow from my pen.

Mahfooz Ali

# Let Me Sleep

I slumber in the thought of you  
Resting peacefully in your embrace  
Thinking of the thrill of you  
Shinning on your face

I sleep inside the heart of you  
The passion of your beat  
I am held by what I am  
With love that is complete

I snore inside the voice of you  
Awakening my soul  
And simply cause I know of you  
And what I can't control.

Mahfooz Ali



## 'Let This Pain End.'

There's something wrong with me  
with all this hurt inside,  
always bursting with anger,  
and never any pride.

If all I do is cry,  
I can't stop this pain  
all I want to do is die.

If my emotions run wild,  
all this confusion does  
is make me feel like a lost child.

With all these terrible things,  
always there and never gone  
depression is what it brings.

If I can't stop these thoughts,  
all this pain does  
is turn my head in blue.  
Something is truly wrong with me  
when I think there's only one way out,  
'Let this pain end.'

Mahfooz Ali

# Let Us Reclaim

The word is to be recognized,  
Words are messages,  
To understand and realize.  
We must know their meanings  
In order to communicate.

The freedom fighters of our country  
Co-operated to make a message,  
That would promote freedom  
To all mankind of the future.

Today the leaders of our country  
make up messages  
to control and dominate  
Each and every person's freedom  
In order to dictate.

Let us reclaim our country  
Hindi is our language  
Free will is the purpose  
Work is the opportunity  
for us to save INDIA.

Mahfooz Ali

# Life Is Something We All Must Face.

Hard times come and hard times go.  
Will they stop?  
I don't know.

Is it me or is it you?  
Can almighty help?  
If not, then who?

Darkness surrounds the world  
though it shines through,  
Humanity seems to glow.  
Thick or thin, big or small  
teach your children to love,  
one and all.

The hate **MUST** stop.  
We **MUST** unite.  
Save,  
Let our soul shine bright.

Life is something we all must face,  
feelings are things you can't replace.

Mahfooz Ali

# Life Ride: Some Thoughts About?

My life moves, and I am along for the ride.  
A ride..... I don't want to be on.

It has all the things I am frightened of.  
I want to get off.  
I can't though.  
I am stuck.  
The buckle is holding me back from jumping out.

I can't take it.  
I am going to bust.  
It's not worth it.  
I don't care.  
It's going too fast.

Why did I get pressured into this?  
This wasn't the ride I wanted to go on.  
This wasn't the ride for me.  
I was stupid.

I want off.  
I can't take this.  
I need to get off this ride.  
I don't know what going to happen next.  
I am out of my comfort zone.

One dip comes after the other, all downward.  
I shouldn't have gotten on.

The ride is ending.  
The constraint is lifted.  
I give a fake smile.  
Just like I always do.

I never wanted to be on this ride.  
My life.

Mahfooz Ali

# Life: A Salutation

Today when I was  
sitting near my balcony  
having a sip of tea  
alongwith glance  
at Newspaper,  
an injured bird  
out of the blue  
fallen in my feet,  
profused blood  
incessantly flowing  
from her wings.  
I could feel the pain of her  
but expression was too lively  
of her broken wings  
and injured feet  
she was trying to fly  
by putting her full energy,  
though she died, but  
it was not mere a death,  
she fought like a warrior  
with a desire to win.  
I salute her for a thought.  
Yes! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !  
Life is fruitful,  
if we live for success  
and never give up  
till our last breath.

Mahfooz Ali

# Life: I Will Get My Rhyme.

The life I lead is like poems  
in which I am the poet  
the actions I take will write each verse  
Even though I may not think it.....

Occasionally I might look back  
At the verse of times gone by  
And realize there is no rhyme  
Leaving just one question...how?

I try to figure out  
Why rhyme is not made clear  
And soon I see that here and there  
It's been more far than close.....

And finally now I have come to see  
I know I am almost there  
But out of reach is that one last edge  
It just seems so untouched.....

But soon enough the problem is solved  
And I have reached my time  
The answer is: find the meaning of life  
And I will get my rhyme.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Life: In Being Myself

The rising of the sun  
and the setting of it also  
were seen today  
and will be tomorrow.

When something is happened once  
it will surely happen again,  
somewhere to someone.

History repeats itself  
and surprises are few.  
And today will bring nothing  
that is genuinely new.

Except for life itself  
which the Allah does create,  
unique individuality,  
nothing by mistake.

Once we have been created

there will never be another.

And this is why I have so much joy

in being my self!

Mahfooz Ali



## Life: Quite Unwelcome

Life came to visit me,  
Quite unwelcome,  
She came.  
Not through a door,  
Nor a window,  
But she came,  
Untame.  
She brought me choice,  
But she took my dream.  
She took my thoughts,  
She took my pain.

Mahfooz Ali

# Limitless Horizon

Limitless is the horizon.  
always there,  
right in front of me:  
Oh! ! ! ! ! ! How I long to see?  
What's beyond that edge,  
that precipice  
in space and time.

No matter how I quest,  
I cannot get to where  
the other side is clear  
just that I know  
it's near.

And yet, it's not time  
for I have much to rhyme  
and do and say and be  
here in this place,  
my earth,  
until I grow my wings.

Mahfooz Ali

## Little About Passion

Passion kills,  
Passion thrills,  
Passion fills,  
with a sense of purpose.....

Passion may chill,  
Passion makes ill,  
Passion is still,  
Pain mistaken as passion.....

(27/Jan/'09)

Mahfooz Ali

# Little Boy Prince

When I was born.  
I was chosen to run free.  
I had a dream last night,  
of sweets, chocolates and ambrosia.  
And in the midst.  
Of all the smoke and debris.  
There I stand, wondering?  
Will I be free?  
And my dream came true.

Mahfooz Ali

# Little Gifts

Little happy moments  
easy to miss,  
the slight smile  
creeping at,  
small joyful times of bliss,  
are just some of life's little gifts.

Mahfooz Ali

# Little Girl Or Little Boy

I'd like to feel the joy of raising  
my own little girl or boy.  
To be there for 'daddy I love you'  
and help unwrap every festival toy.

I'd like to hold their hands and  
guide them as they try to walk.  
I'd like to hear the mumbling of  
words when they first learn to talk.

I'd like to be there for them the  
moment they feel the need to cry.  
To be the one to comfort them and to  
dry their crying eye.

I'd like to teach them the glory of  
always honoring their mother.  
I would teach them honesty and to  
always respect their brother.

I'd teach them to learn from their  
mistakes and not to live in shame.  
I would always be there as their  
dad to honor my name.

Mahfooz Ali

# Loathsome Fear

This is one thing that I most fear,  
which neither death nor life may save me from,  
when I seek you and you aren't near.

I call your name but you wouldn't hear,  
a yell of an utmost plea, and you won't succumb.  
This is one thing that I most fear.

If you let go of me and disappear,  
what's an empty life, though I have this freedom?  
when I seek you and you aren't near?

To have found you anywhere but here,  
will turn every good thing in this world loathsome.  
This is one thing that I most fear;

I will swear to everything that I hold dear  
that I would curse it if the day should come  
when I seek you and you aren't near.

Each passing moment is making it clear,  
certain as the lines written on my palm;  
This is one thing that I most fear:  
when I seek you and you aren't near.

(Writing is not just something writers dream about. So, I write on! Poemhunter I am back with no anomalies....)

Mahfooz Ali

## Locked Vision.

I can look up to the light  
whenever I feel sad -  
the sun will shine for me so bright.

I can touch the wind at once  
when I want to  
and turn the world around.

And I can reach up to the stars  
and pull them down to hide  
the vision locked in my eyes.

Mahfooz Ali



# Loneliness

I sits on the street corner.  
Hundreds of people pass by me without a  
glance.  
They don't stop to raise a helping hand,  
Not even to give their directions.  
My long hair blows on my face,  
My clothes are soaked from the rain, and  
face is covered in dirt.  
I have no place to call home.  
I am just alone.  
Would you help me? Or walk by like the  
others?  
Think about it,  
may be you are alone.

Mahfooz Ali

# Lost Innocence

The small boy sits in the corner  
waiting for his father into return.  
He is afraid to move about,  
He might be punished for that also.  
He believes his father  
will bring him something good.  
But when his dad walks through the door,  
all he has is the bottle in his hand.  
He runs to embrace his father  
and receives a blow to the head.  
When the fragile child awakens,  
He is in much pain.  
His drunken father lies on the couch,  
without a care in the world.  
He returns slowly and quietly  
To his darkened corner,  
And says to himself  
'Wouldn't it be great if my father loved me,  
More than the bottle in his hand.'

(Views Taken from a short story in hindi.)

Mahfooz Ali

# Lost Love

Sky has fallen with soft kisses from the rain.  
My heart breaks when I hear your name.  
Softness of your skin fills my head like a hurricane.  
Just to see you one more time before I go insane.  
When I hear them  
talk about love,  
I see you and me,  
and what was to be.  
But love has  
gone like the rains in the hurricane.

Mahfooz Ali

# Lost Pen

I just found a pen  
The use no longer a need.  
A mystery  
What it locks or reopens  
It becomes just a token.  
A pen without a cap  
Alone discarded in a box.  
Sometimes its lying in a drawer  
With other things ignored.  
I can't throw it away because  
One dropp of ink may make a million think  
Its need I may discover.  
A pen and paper together  
Is like finding a lost lover.

Mahfooz Ali

# Lost Words

Because of words that were never spoken  
the truth is sometimes lost.

With love there is suppose to be  
communication, but when silence  
is the answer it says it all.

Words left in your mind come  
out of your mouth at the wrong  
time. We have many unclaimed words  
that need to be accounted for, so  
that we can get on with our lives  
and move forward....

Mahfooz Ali

# Love Always: Words Unwritten

These words I write are only for you,  
To help you smile whenever you are blue.  
With love and passion they flow from me,  
To the one I love and want to see.

You are the one I need,  
You are the one that feels so right.  
If meant to be forever more,  
I am sure we will find the key to the door.

A love like our's is a wonderful thing,  
I often wonder if it will lead to a ring.  
But for now I wait to see lifes' plan,  
And be for you a loving man.

All my love always...

Mahfooz Ali

# Love At A Glance

I'm in love with you.  
Are you going to reciprocate?  
Am I going to get something out of this?  
I want you to love me.  
Be mine.  
Say you'll never leave.  
Always stay by my side.  
I have given up everything for you.  
Friends, life, love for all people but you.  
And if you say you love me too  
Will you mean it?  
I'm tired of the waiting, and wondering  
and wishing us for us to be together.  
Will we get married?  
Will we have children?  
Will we have a quaint little house  
white picket fence?  
No, we won't.  
Not, until you be mine.

Mahfooz Ali

# Love Is Many, Many Things

Love your country,  
Love your life,  
Love your family,  
Especially your wife.  
Love can be many, many things,  
For many people; it all depends  
On just what you're seeking.  
Love your neighbor,  
And your enemies too,  
Then one day -  
It will come back to you.  
Love is like a precious flower;  
It will grow or will devour;  
It all depends on care that's given,  
And efforts put forth into the living.  
Love your master and your Lord,  
For all the great things he has given.  
Without God, there would not  
Be a world to love,  
Or a way to have our sins be forgiven.

Mahfooz Ali



# Loving You Is A Sin

My heart does cry with blood  
My eyes do tear with pain  
My feet tremble with fear  
Everyday it's hate I gain

Lies have turned against me  
Shame does live within  
I cannot breathe no longer  
Loving you is a sin

It's time to say good-bye  
No longer shall you pretend  
Live your life, be free  
While my life meets its end.

Mahfooz Ali

# Lullaby For A Missing Child

Little boy blue  
I would if I could  
Haul you up in my mended fishnet.

Jewels of rising moon aglow  
And in place of all my food  
Gift the globe to you.

I sit long by twilit window  
the trouble with all other boys  
other joys yet...

they are not you...Little boy blue.

Mahfooz Ali

# Lynched

Waiting alone in a quiet room  
Bad things are what I start to assume  
I wait longer and longer for the word to come  
As my body starts to feel nervous and numb  
The door opens and my (Ex) wife comes in  
I can already feel my pain from within  
As she tells me she will not be here for me  
But for the house that I bought  
With the help of her as a friend  
my eyes fill up with painful tears  
I flashed myself back to the past  
I was married to her against all odds  
Lynching the feelings of parents and siblings  
But soon realized it a bad marriage  
Wife never had any feelings or relations with me.  
Resultantly to separation  
Never experienced what marriage is?  
But one thing is for sure that I never loved her  
But embroiled in a relationship  
Which is called as marriage?  
People always tell me that I will be fine  
But divorce is hard but I opted for  
Now I don't want to see her ever again in my life  
I guess I was wrong when I thought she was a friend  
she lied about me, hurt me, just like she did to my promise  
I feel like by her I am constantly being smothered  
And I hope one day she feels guilty for what she did to me and my  
Second chance to life (The girl with whom I fell in love)  
and to a 32-year-old man which she used to called her kid.

Mahfooz Ali

## Ma, Kiss The Pain Away

When I was just a little boy and would hurt myself at play,  
I would run and find Ma, and she would kiss the pain away.  
The tears would turn to laughter; I was happy on my way.  
Oh, how I remember Ma when she kissed the pain away.

But now I 'm a man, and the pain is in my heart.  
My life is not the way I planned; I was happy at the start.  
My dreams are all gone, and I've gone astray.  
Ma, please, please, come and kiss the pain away.

Ma, kiss the pain away like you did in days gone by.  
Ma, kiss the pain away; dry these teardrops from my eyes.

The ways of the world are too much for me.  
If only I could have known what I was too blind to see.  
I would listen to no one; I had to do it my way.  
Ma, please, please come and kiss the pain away.

Ma, kiss the pain away like you did in days gone by.  
Ma, kiss the pain away; dry these teardrops from my eyes.

Mahfooz Ali

# Maa, You Don'T Know Me.

Mom, I think you don't know me  
and I will keep it my way  
because if you knew me  
I don't know what you would say.

I keep my secret  
by telling little white lies.  
Its better than truth I never spoke,  
that person you would despise.

But what do you think I am doing  
when I stole two rupees from your purse.  
I bet you would never expect  
I am stepping closer to my inner conscious.

So mom you will never know  
that I harm self.  
I will never make you go through  
that sense of alarm.

So as you stay oblivious  
To what I really do  
just listen when I say  
Mom, I love you

Mahfooz Ali

## Man Wishes To See.....

Where there is death, man sees a life.

Where there is cowardice, man sees self-preservation.

Where there is unnecessary violence,  
man sees no other possible option.

Where there is injustice, man sees fate.

Where there is no answer, man sees God.

Where there is greed, man sees the wealthy.

Where there is theft, man sees the poor.

Where there is sadness, man searches for hope.

Where there is hope, man sees happiness.

Where there is wrong-doing, man sees everything but himself.

But where there is love, man is blind.

Mahfooz Ali

# Mantra

Throughout the ages,  
We will find that the greatest impediment of progress and achievement  
has been and continues to be the individual impeding himself.  
The worst enemy of nearly all people is themselves.  
It is our own self pity,  
lack of self control,  
and determination that bog us down and hold us back.  
Thoughts like, 'I am not smart enough',  
'I am not strong enough',  
Or  
'I am not experienced enough' are more disabling than blindness or deafness.  
We all have disabilities,  
some are more apparent than others  
and some are more disabling than others.  
But just because  
we can't do something  
with as much ease as others  
do does not mean we should give up?  
What sets apart the champion from the losers is not their physical ability,  
It is their heart.  
They set no boundaries they believe they can do anything and they do not give  
up...

Mahfooz Ali

# Marriage: Stages To Be Fololwed

First, marriage should be love  
all encompassing, total, and free.  
Love that grows stronger each day  
soft murmurs of Thee, Thee, Thee.

Second, marriage should be sacrifice  
giving of self, regardless of reward.  
Gift gladly given, with open heart  
shielded from life's harsh sword.

Third, marriage should be commitment  
utter loyalty, deep to the bone.  
Absolutely, no questions asked  
faithfully promised, never alone.

Lastly, marriage should be forever  
family bonded, yet all still free.  
Lives joined with love, sacrifice, and commitment  
an eternity promised with -  
Thee, Thee, Thee

Mahfooz Ali



## Maryam Again For You.; A Limerick

When I need a friend,  
Maryam is there till the very end,  
And I will say this again and again,  
'please give me more comments'  
that I could ask my sister Maryam from Pakistan,

Mahfooz Ali

## Maryam..... Its For U.....

Maryam..... plz aur comments do bhai....main khush ho raha hoon.....

Mahfooz Ali

# May Be Just A Thought.

Sometimes, most of the time,

I wake up thinking about us,

Wishing things had never gone wrong,

Wishing things were great again,

Hoping for a bright, big future with you.

I know things have changed, and we have changed too.

I was wishing the changes would be toward us and not against us.

It feels like my life is in the middle of a tornado:

Spinning around and around,

Not willing to stop until all the damage is done,

And my heart is completely broken.

I always wished that you should do according to me,

And even I waited for that day

That never came.

The storm is over now, and things are calm.

My mind is at ease knowing that I have

now accepted the changes and will go on.

Every morning there will still be a thought of us,

A good one I hope, or may be just a thought.



# May Be One Day I Will Find Her: My True Soulmate.

Sitting here down on the ground,  
pondering? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Will my love ever be found?

With great hope I pray and wait,  
searching for a true soul mate.

Mahfooz Ali

## Maze: Hazy The Foggy

All is hazy as you peer,  
through this wonder  
in which man cannot touch,  
there is a beauty too great  
for the human eye to behold.  
A shadow, a large phantom,  
that vanishes just as it appears,  
leaving behind on a mist,  
a dampness to the human touch.

Mahfooz Ali

# Me, Mistakes And Honour

I am the Captain of my soul.  
I determine what is important for me.  
Right or wrong in my eyes,  
it was my will which steered me through all of life's situations.  
There is nobody to blame and nobody to give credit.  
The mistakes were mine.  
The honours are mine.

Mahfooz Ali

# Me: The Real One

I want people to know me  
Not the person I pretend to be  
It is not the real me  
It is an act.....  
People know the person I betray  
The real me is deep inside  
Yelling 'Help, let me out, '  
But I am afraid to show  
The person deep inside me.....  
For he is full of feelings, love, and compassion.  
He is complicated and yearns for attention.  
He is the real me  
He is who I am  
He is who I want you to know  
He is the real me.....

Mahfooz Ali



# Me: Wish To Be

Internal conflicts  
of eternal desire  
unceasing passions  
flaming fire

two polar natures  
in my life  
good and evil  
in constant strive

empathy reigns  
vanity soars  
ears attuned  
then ignores

a man of strength  
is my plea  
this is the me  
I wish to be.

Mahfooz Ali

# Medica Herbal Research And Laboratory

Awake my soul and breathe at last  
The freshness of the day.  
MHRL is not the chain that binds,  
For Allah has paved the way.

So carefully he planned my life;  
For mine, he gave his own.  
Why did I turn my back on him  
When his mercies I could have known?

I searched for cures through clouded eyes  
To remedy my needs.  
I did not know that Satan lied  
With solutions to my pleas.

The cure for   haunted me.  
The answers were unknown.  
Heart knows no exemption  
When good health you long to own.

Yet, there amidst the bitter storm  
My Savior kind and pure,  
Touched the brave souls of medicine  
And gave the world a cure.



# Melancholy Of Tree

It cries to me the tree

Asking let me be,

like a human you see

Mourns grew loudly,

of pain and poverty.

That society inflicted severely

Why can't we live graciously, for our God almighty?

Treating them kind and tenderly,

so they could be around for eternity

Maintaining, surviving beautifully

But branches of sadness still growing wildly

Trying to escape the world's cruelty,

instead it withers away quietly

And the picture is now gloomy,

for I can't see my precious tree

Some day it will be able to grow freely and be happy

Reminding me of myself, all the pain I felt

My heart was the stem,

each branch was connected to a problem

Ridges on the tree representing my skin,

all the times I tried to grow

But my dreams were stunted,

like an animal I was hunted

Chopped down, making no sound as my body fell to the ground

Asking for only one plea,

to wash away grief

In each wave of the sea,

letting our conscience be filled with purity

As rain falls protecting it safely,

stopping the cries of the trees.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Melody

I sat through endless lessons,  
But couldn't understand them.  
Still, I took classes every night  
because my parents planned them.

The pictures in my books  
Show all the ways they taught me.  
But I would never sing or play,  
Due to what fate had brought me.

They took me to a doctor.  
He said, "He has lost his hearing."  
The diagnosis that he gave  
was one that they were fearing.

My parents were despairing.  
To me, it did not matter.  
I saw and felt the music now  
without the noise and chatter.

My parents shouldn't worry  
There's music all around me now.

Mahfooz Ali

# Memories Past

The days pass so quickly  
Time is in a rush  
Feelings of loneliness  
Toys collecting dust  
The child that you were  
No longer exists  
Replaced by a woman  
Glimpsed through a mist  
Ties that are broken  
Now bond to another  
But the memories of that child  
Still belong to a mother.

Mahfooz Ali

# Mendacious Truth

I feel like a fish on a hook  
because when I take a look  
I feel a jerk  
and I close my eyes  
the eyes that reveal the lies.  
I look at a picture on the wall  
and I feel that I might fall.  
Lies I am told just get old.  
Gullible  
I know I am  
So I will be bold to face the pain  
and to break the boxes of lies.

Mahfooz Ali



# Merry Christmas: (To All Christians Over Poemhunter With Warm Wishes)

A

Christmas

tree can fill with joy,  
the heart of every girl and boy.

And it can

always make smile

and

cherish laughter all the while,

Mahfooz Ali

# Message To The Humanity

My hands reach out to cup the faces of the devout,  
Hopefuls that need another's voice to be heard,  
And I have found it  
found home in it,  
The ability to heal pain and give closure from it,  
To speak out against the unfathomable reaches,  
And show that not all of humanity has been breached;  
Sucked out like a leech  
And poured into the clean drinks out of reach  
Of the rich wines shipped across the sea  
And the clean water with purity.

And I will invest in this life until my life leaves me,  
And I will protect with my life the lives of the needy,  
And I will never stop speaking out for the muffled hearts,  
As their cries need a voice to speak up for their parts...

Mahfooz Ali

## Miracles Can Be Possible.

Dark nights, Pains and Sorrows.

All that will change tommorrow.

Hopeless and fears.

Will all be clear.

Just believe in yourself.

And happiness will be near.

I was once lost but now I am found.

And believe me it feels better than what it sounds.

There can be miracles if you believe...I am the example.....

to tell you the sample.

Mahfooz Ali

# Mirage

Lying there in the dark  
not able to sleep  
I couldn't get you off my mind  
can't really explain why  
it's not as if I loved you  
we'd only just met weeks ago but  
I felt like I'd know you for years  
you were so perfect  
not a single solitary flaw  
all this took me by surprise  
it couldn't be real  
I completely admired you  
I could recall every conversation  
all the sweet things you said  
how safe I felt with you  
the way you looked at me  
you made me feel special  
it destroyed me when I had to leave  
but I would never forget you  
I could never forget you.

(Written on 24/August/2001)

Mahfooz Ali

# Mistakes Make Us Unique.

Mistakes can occur at any time,  
Mistakes can create problems,  
Mistakes can change lives.  
We must be forgiving,  
we must accept we are all human,  
Mistakes make us unique.  
I can forgive.  
I can forget.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Monkey

I am a monkey I live at the zoo  
If you come see me I will entertain you

I like to swing from tree to tree  
I wish you could come and play with me

I love bananas, I love how they taste  
but the peel outside is such a waste

Here comes my boyfriend his name is Big Jim  
I'm going to go monkey around with him

Hey quit watching close your eyes  
or you may get a BIG SURPRISE

Mahfooz Ali

# Monster

I found a monster last night  
As I climbed into my bed.  
I heard him breathing  
And hoped he was dead.

The monster spoke to me  
Making me jump out of my skin.  
He wasn't there to hurt me  
My friendship he wanted to win.

I let him crawl up into my bed  
And we sat and talked like old friends.  
He told me he would protect me  
And hoped our friendship never ends.....

and that monster is now my best friend.

bhnnnnnnnn bhnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnbhnnnnnnnnnn

Mahfooz Ali

# More Than Dreaming

I search for the dark minded wonder,  
will it appear before end?  
All day long I simply ponder,  
as I strain to comprehend.

Daily, life presents its routine  
while society tells who I am.  
Won't I let the true side be seen?  
If I could only go that far.

Journey with me, down the path of life  
as I search for any meaning.  
The sights and sounds will replace my strife  
as I see if there is more than dreaming.

Mahfooz Ali



# Mother

Oh mother, I am so weary; can you not  
gather me in your arms and never let  
me go. Oh mother, my arms are outstretched  
in supplication, in supplication  
for your embrace; but you are never here,  
never near. I beseech you to hear my  
voice crying; crying out for you; mother,  
mother, mother, mother, mother.

Oh mother, I am the child you bore;  
the child you tore. Would it have been  
better if I had never come from your  
womb? I am; I am a motherless child.  
I stretch out my life force in supplication;  
in supplication; receive me. I am  
your child; your first born. Receive me  
for I have done no wrong. Hold me to  
your breast forever.

Mahfooz Ali

# Mother A Special Gift

A mother is given a special gift,  
To bring life into this world.  
It really doesn't matter if,  
The child's a boy or girl.

A mother's life is more than one,  
A doctor, a friend, a protector.  
Her full time job is never done,  
A teacher, a judge, a corrector.

God gave her life to give to you,  
From his heavenly home up above.  
God wants you to always remember,  
'Mother is another name for love! '

Mahfooz Ali

# Mother Dear

Whenever you need to talk,  
Whenever you need some cheer;  
Forget me not, my darling,  
For I am always here.

Let not the distance matter,  
heaven is not so far  
For with every passing year;  
Though they find us ever distant,  
My heart is ever near.

But forgetting all else about me,  
In your heart, keep this most clear;  
You were the first girl I ever loved,  
And always will be, Mother dear.

Mahfooz Ali

# Mother Is Best Define By Her Heart..

What makes a mother a mother?  
What makes her different from another?

Is it the stride in her walk?  
The way she might talk?  
The look in her eyes  
The sound of her cries.

Could it be the taste of her food?  
Could it be her attitude?  
Perhaps her outlook on life  
Maybe the sum of her strife.

May be I have overlooked the most important part  
May be a mother is best define by her heart....

Mahfooz Ali

## Mother...

I remember mother staying up  
all night when I was sick.  
She held my hand, with tear filled eyes  
on my first day of school.  
Many nights mom was there to help  
ease my heartaches and crushes.  
Mother would make me strive for my goals,  
she always said, 'Hold your head high! '  
This isn't a stroll down memory lane  
this is a thanks for your sacrifices for me.  
I cannot repay you money wise, but  
I can repay you with love and respect.  
My hope is that my children admire me,  
only half as much as I do you.

Mahfooz Ali

## Mother: I Wished You Were Here.

Mother, dear, I wished you were here,  
To hear me sing from in the wing,  
Wherever you are,  
Near or far,  
I will be singing for you,  
Wherever you are.

Mahfooz Ali

## Mother: She Cares.....

Mother, she cares,  
although we fight.  
Mother helps us,  
when she needs help.  
Mother we love,  
not all the time,  
loves us.  
Mother stands over us,  
to protect us,  
even though she is weaker,  
than us.  
She is as strong as an iron,  
in heart.

Mahfooz Ali

## Mother: So He Made You.

A woman who breathes life into the World  
Someone who loves no matter What  
She feeds and Comforts  
Till death and Beyond  
She is someone to come to and cry With  
To tell your happy and sad stories To  
She is someone who is firm but Gentle  
A woman who teaches her children many Things  
One is Love  
Another is Happiness

Without Mother  
There is no Future  
No Tomorrow

When Allah made man he knew Immediately  
What was Missing  
So he Made  
You!

Mahfooz Ali



## Mother: The Mom

You kept me warm  
you kept me happy  
you warned me that the stove was hot  
you kept me healthy  
you kept me sane  
you helped me tie my shoes in knots  
you taught me what's right  
you taught me what's wrong  
you washed my dirty cloths  
you taught me to walk  
you taught me life  
you showed me to stay away from bad  
you are a great mom  
hope you will be around to see my prom.

Mahfooz Ali

# Mother's Son

After your day's work is done  
Do you ever think of some mother's son  
Who may be lonely, sad or blue  
Just yearning for some word from you  
So, just take a few minutes that's not long  
And fill some lad's heart with song  
It's all so simple if you really care  
To see that each youngsters get's his share  
Perhaps he can't tell you, for now he's a man  
And so can't cry like his sister can  
Perhaps tomorrow he may go  
Out to battle, and meet the foe  
He doesn't care if he has to die  
Because he loves you, yes that's why  
So sit right down and dropp him a line  
For it may still reach him in time  
You may not know, but he takes it hard  
When he doesn't even get a card  
So let's get together each and every one  
And write a letter to every mother's son.

Mahfooz Ali

## Mother's Thoughts: Unexplained.....

Into the void of my soul,  
through the eyes,  
that where you stare.

Precious child,  
my life you know,  
through your power of care.

You saw it all in a flash,  
every secret and lie.  
You knew me before I did...

Why is it now you must say to me Good-Bye?

Mahfooz Ali

# Movement And Stillness

With my thoughts  
a candle's light dances  
cursing thebulbs  
eternities burn...

A star in the distance  
as nearhave traveled  
for ages and armies  
the universe turns...

Mahfooz Ali

# Moving With Purpose

Mist like,  
veils of time slowly lift,  
showing a path that seems to drift,  
meandering as if by chance.  
Life's map,  
once scribed in youthful hues,  
now guides in ways I didn't choose.  
I attend skyward in askance.  
I knew my goal.  
I knew my way,  
yet somehow I have gone astray.  
Another's hand or just mischance?

Do I follow or do I lead?  
as along the path I proceed,  
to some promised heavenly manse?  
I won't bemoan,  
whatever my fate,  
nor sing of my successes great.  
Instead,  
I will just enjoy the dance,  
moving with purpose,  
not adrift,  
thankful for the mapmaker's gift,  
a road to guide through life's expanse.

Mahfooz Ali

# Mumbai Wedding: An Obituary

Familiar signal for all to gather and bless  
All rejoice but eye brims with unshed tear  
Two become one, but grow more not less  
Farewell to hearth draws ever more near

All rejoice but eye brims with unshed tear  
The signature droning sound of shehnai  
Farewell to hearth draws ever more near  
Plaintive notes waft sweet and high.

Mahfooz Ali

# Mumma, Are You Really No More?

I don't have to be told  
that you have a heart  
which is made from gold  
Mumma, are you really dead?

You have three children,  
Mahfooz (Pappu) , Ayesha (Goga) , and Usman (Babu)  
They all hoped you be here  
when they would marry  
Mumma, are you really dead?

You have a husband who wants to kiss you  
and three children  
who really miss you  
Mumma, are you really dead?

I am one child of three  
but I remember forever  
how happy you have made me  
Mumma, are you really dead?

Mahfooz Ali

# Mumma....Call Me Home.

Moonlight welcomes me,  
gently embracing my dreams -  
a beacon of hope in the darkness.

The wind whispers through the trees  
a breathy caress,  
endearments to other-worldly ears.

Tonight, wood and stone are no respite  
from flesh and blood troubles.  
Nature's no shelter from human sorrow.

As the world closes its eyes,  
a lone voice calls from the shadows,  
calling me home.

Mahfooz Ali



# My Beloved Dog: Jango.

He seems to be only a dog.  
But he is my other eye  
that can see above the clouds;  
my other ear that hears above the winds.  
He has told a thousand times  
that I am his reason for being.

When I am wrong,  
he is delighted to forgive.  
When I am angry,  
he clowns to make me smile.  
When I am a fool, he ignores it.  
When I succeed, he brags.

He has taught me the meaning of loyalty.  
With him, I know a private peace.  
His head on my knee can heal my human hurts.  
His presence by my side  
is protection against my fears of the dark.  
He has promised to wait for me  
in case I need him,  
He seems to be only a dog  
But he is my beloved dog.

Mahfooz Ali

# My Bliss

What new sensation  
this lightness of being  
radiance emanating  
from my very core.....

A certain sort of gaiety  
that fills me with  
delight I had not known.....

My mouth has learned to  
Smile,  
my eyes are bright with  
Joy,  
my tongue with rapture  
Sings,  
my heart once broken is  
Whole,  
intoxicated with ecstasy  
I bask in the glow of  
My life.

Mahfooz Ali

# My Broken Heart.....On A Shelf.....Why?

Sometimes I stop and wonder,  
What I saw in you...  
Was it in your gentle words?  
Or the simplicity in the things you do?

You always were so calm and kind,  
So rare it seems today...  
You didn't mind being different,  
Or the opinions of what others had to say...

I found myself attracted to you,  
The moment that we met...  
The way you made me smile,  
I never will forget...

My friends thought I was crazy,  
But it was love at first sight...  
And my heart led me to believe,

All of the illusions,  
That I made up in my mind...  
Were so far from truth,  
But I couldn't see it at the time...

It wasn't easy being so close,  
Yet, so very far away...  
Not knowing how you felt,  
Kept me in bondage every day...

I kept you in my prayers, constantly,  
In hopes that you would see,  
Just how much I cared for you,  
And maybe one day, you would care for me...

One day my prayers were answered,  
You said that you would like to try...  
You thought we'd be good together,  
I should have known it was a lie...

I guess I was just another toy,  
A game you liked to play...  
I wish I had known sooner,  
You never planned to stay...

All of the empty promises,  
You led me to believe...  
How could I be so foolish,  
And so easily deceived?

I wish I would have known,  
That you needed to be free...  
But you're the one who stole my heart,  
And now you hold the key...

My dreams became a nightmare,  
The way it had to end...  
You left without discussing it,

How could you live with yourself?  
Knowing what you did...  
You didn't act like a mature,  
You acted like a kid...

Running from the truth,  
Was the easy thing to do...  
I wish you had the courage to be honest,  
To gently tell me... we were through...

I guess I have come to realize,  
That love is a fairy tale...  
No matter how I have tried,  
I always seem to fail...

Why do some win at love?  
And others always lose...  
Is it just that I'm unlucky,  
Or is it the girl I seem to choose?

I think that this time;

I will stay by myself...  
And take my broken heart,  
And put it on a shelf...

Now no one can break it,  
Or try to steal the key,  
Of the broken pieces,  
Of a heart... that once was free...

Mahfooz Ali

# My Celestial Mother From Whom I Evolved

Sharing love that life most requires,  
Shedding precious jewels on how to survive,  
Enclosed in ego strength building fuel,  
The success that life has given to me.  
Can be contributed to what I acquired,  
From this proud, loving, giving being  
My sacred Mother from whom I evolved...

Mahfooz Ali

# My Day Is Very Bad.

Today my day is very bad,  
I am very sad,  
I even had not taken a bath,  
After seeing the message of  
'Let's start'  
I am not been to my office,  
Keeping my work pending,  
Even, the milk can that I put over the gas stove  
Has been shoved over and sooted.  
Even, I had to go for Friday prayer.  
Today, Here I am to destined the destiny,  
For a final finishing to the life,  
Come, let's have a talk,  
A final talk,  
Then after depart with love and joy,  
So, that we will live happily after,  
Being not the toy.  
I have not had a bath  
But  
Please don't be me wrath.

Mahfooz Ali

## My Dear ? ? ? ? ? ?

I hope this doesn't rub you the wrong way,  
but what's in my heart I must say.  
This far, your company I have enjoyed.  
And before you,  
my life had been nothing but void.

Your beauty is like a ray of light  
bursting through the midst of the night.  
And this night I pray,  
that my ray of light will stay.

Mahfooz Ali



# My Dog, Jango

Jango I love you  
you make me so happy  
You smell like a flower  
To my beautiful dog  
You always knows  
You keep me safe and warm  
and you make me so happy  
I wouldn't want any other  
because I love you my dog  
my beautiful Jango  
you are special to me.

Mahfooz Ali

# My Dream Girl

The girl of my dreams  
Oh, the girl of my dreams  
comes wandering through the night,  
she walking, almost flying  
Absorbing every fight.

People stand still  
Watching her as she goes by,  
her individuality pierce every man  
oh, she makes me fly.

The wind whispers her name  
it whispers about the joy she bring,  
Could she be real  
she fully manage every string.

The one who accept me as  
what I am,  
trust prevails  
love pervades  
admire my self  
and no place of humiliation

This feel in my stomach  
in my ear the sound of peal,  
I pinch my arm once again  
am I dreaming or is this real

Finally I wake up  
the girl of my dream in my sight,  
she is laying right beside me  
sleeping without a fright.

Mahfooz Ali

# My Dream Was Just In My Mind.

Here I am in this strange land  
dreaming I was on the beach walking hand in hand  
but not with anyone,  
It was the girl of my dreams  
Where I dreamt of being a father of two kids  
And she be the mother of my kids  
The picture is so clear, realistic it seems  
We stop at a dark secluded part of the beach  
The love of my life I go to reach  
Then I find the courage to get on one knee  
For her decision I anxiously wait to see  
But then the picture starts to fade away  
I wake up knowing that this won't happen any day  
So I will have to put this all behind  
Because the girl in my dream was just in my mind.

Mahfooz Ali

# My Experiment With Morality: See You Tomorrow Which Never Comes

I was invited to lunch with the evil devil yesterday;

I stopped in for a visit, decided to stay.

He asked for a favour, after a while;

I tried to say no, that's not my style.

So he sliced open my head, put my brain aside;

Empty and hollow, I went for a ride.

Filled with colours and visions never seen before,

He sewed me back up, but I wanted more.

He amplified fear, hatred, and sorrow;

I gave him a smile and said,

'See you TOMORROW'

Mahfooz Ali

# My First New Car

I will never forget the day I bought my first new car,  
And had a date with a girl that lived not too far,  
We drove out into the suburbs and parked under a full moon,  
And listened to the car radio play a brand new tune,  
And if my neighbour would ever ask who the girl was,  
That was in the car,  
I will tell them it was my late mother  
who's on her way to heavenly abode,  
The day I bought the car.

Mahfooz Ali

# My Freedom From All

The paper awaits me,  
as I pick up my pen,  
To write about my feelings  
emotions from deep within.....  
A feeling of nakedness,  
revealing my soul,  
A feeling of liberation,  
so many stories to be told.....  
A feeling of comfort in letting go  
For this is my declaration  
my freedom from all.....

Mahfooz Ali

# My Heart Needs Reason.

My heart needs reason  
My reason needs a heart  
I am the reason  
My smile has curves  
My step has strides  
My hair has no curls,  
but straight,  
My cheek has petals  
Don't know the reason  
My heart has heart  
My reason has reason.

Mahfooz Ali

## My Heart Today.....

It's natural that so much love,  
comes to our minds today,

But our thoughts are filled with  
more than words could ever say.

Mother represents so many  
things in such a special way.

Warmest, deepest memories fill  
my heart today.....

Mahfooz Ali



# My Highest Horizon.

I want to climb the highest horizon,  
I want to give it a try  
I want to climb the highest horizon,  
that's where I want to die  
With smile for company and stomach full of pride  
That is where I died .....

I want to climb the highest horizon,  
I want to prove to myself  
I want to climb the highest horizon,  
prove I still have my respect  
Time to test how many years left  
Till I realize my certain death .....

I want to climb the highest horizon,  
to see the world below  
I want to climb the highest horizon,  
I want to everyone to know  
That I am a good man with sound mind  
This is what I have come to find.....

I want to climb the highest horizon,  
will you climb with me?  
I want to climb the highest horizon,  
look out towards the sea  
Look back upon my life and smile at what I have done?  
I want to climb the highest horizon,  
something to tell the world.

Mahfooz Ali

# My Journey And Voyages

Upon my sacred mind  
look through my eyes and  
you will find.

A world of oceans and of sands  
my journeys and voyages  
to a mystical lands.

Mahfooz Ali

# My Moon Winks.

Some of my best friends  
are veterans,  
my stars shine, my moon winks;  
may be that's where  
we are different?  
My moon winks.

Mahfooz Ali

# My Mother's Passing

No sign of life, no words spoken,  
Not even a trace of a sigh,  
Her eyes are closed;  
My heart is broken;  
We never said goodbye.  
We joked today,  
We hugged today,  
She chose to die.  
I live for just the moment  
In time to say goodbye.

Mahfooz Ali

# My Muse

I want to write something really special.  
Something for my society to read!  
Come on, muse,  
and quit hiding yourself.  
I know you are there.  
You have helped me many times before.  
I know!  
I must be very quiet and listen for  
your words to come to me.  
Then, I can write.

Mahfooz Ali

# My Pen Can Never Stop

My pen can never stop,  
the paper always there,  
I am an author in my work,  
my publication in it's notice,  
so open my book.....  
see everything that matters,  
I am right here standing,  
the message forming.....

Mahfooz Ali

# My Plea

Let me be your eyes  
Then only beauty will you face  
Flowers and butterflies will you see  
Avoiding ugliness, misery and disgrace  
You'll look with favour upon me

Let me be your ears  
Listening to music and sweet bird song  
Only hearing words that are true  
Shielded from malice and things that are wrong  
But they'll hear me say 'I love you too'

Let me be your lips  
And a smile and a greeting will always be there  
They'll speak words that are wise and true  
Will never in anger shout or swear  
But will say 'I love you too'

Let me be your heart  
It will be full of love and grace  
And will never pound in fear  
It will beat at a steady pace  
But for a flutter when I am near

Let me be your body  
So beautiful, mature and firm  
It would surrender as lovers do  
And in fulfillment you would learn  
That our love was really true.

Mahfooz Ali

# My Ramblings

Heat, Heat is the key to life.  
Without heat, we freeze, and cold.

It does not matter if the door is open,  
still cold, and tired.

It is late. That may attest to my  
weary state. Or is it more....

Could it be I am tired of waiting,  
Being in the cold about the future,

Or am I tired of living without  
the heats of passion,

Perhaps I am tired of life,  
and the cold is creeping up in me.

Mahfooz Ali



# My Real Dad

He is not my father,  
the one who gave me life...  
He is the one who helped me,  
when I was burdened with strife.

He is not my father,  
the one who walked away...  
He is the one who loves me,  
more than enough to stay.

He is a real person,  
who is never left me sad...  
He is not my real father,  
But he is my real Dad.

Mahfooz Ali

# My Reward; My Dream

I am standing in a grocery shop  
So many selections in view  
Chocolate, sweets, balls, candies  
Bubble Gums on which I could chew .....

Many options within my reach  
But then something catches my eye  
There... it is.... just what I want  
Just out of my reach way up high....

My reward; my dream.....

Mahfooz Ali

# My Room

The room I'm in has many doors.  
The keys are seldom found.  
When I choose to take a path  
I end up back around.

Few hours of relief.  
How those outside can seek return  
leaves me in disbelief.

To wish another into their room  
Is not a valid desire.  
The stabbing pain I experience here  
No person should acquire.

I try to leave my latent prison.  
Much more I cannot bear.  
For when you live in loneliness  
Your room is everywhere.

Mahfooz Ali

# My Share

I picked today a flower  
one will never see  
I took in its aroma  
and held it close to me.

I picked a flower again  
More beautiful than before  
I gazed deep within its colors  
How I wish I could hold once more.

I picked a flower  
And rested it on my soul  
I couldn't take my flower  
So, it stays with me forever more.

Mahfooz Ali

# My Specs

I closed my eyes,  
crouched in the corner,  
almost kissing the wall  
then I opened my eyes once more.

The lights were gone  
and I thought,  
hell, where my specs go?

Mahfooz Ali

# My True Love

Doll asked Mahfooz if he thought  
she was pretty,  
Mahfooz said, 'No',  
She asked him if he would want to be her forever  
and he said 'No'  
She then asked him if she were to leave would he cry,  
and once again he replied 'No',  
She had heard enough.  
As she walked away,  
tears streaming down her face  
Mahfooz grabbed her arm  
and said ' You are not pretty, you are beautiful'.  
'I don't want to be with you forever,  
I NEED to be with you forever! '  
And I would not cry if you would walked away, I would die! '

SO NOW I WILL SAY: -

'I love you because of who you are to me  
.....MY TRUE LOVE.....'.

Mahfooz Ali

## My True Love...

You are my everything  
you are my lover and my friend  
the one I confide to  
when I am sad, happy, or I  
just need someone to talk to  
I love you and I can't wait  
to be in your lap  
you are my everything  
where are you, Mom?  
my one and only true love.

Mahfooz Ali

# My Utopia

Awakening from darkness I embark on my journey  
The drought of this soul longs ardent inspection  
Serene truths mirrored in life tell my story  
In radiant shadows I now know Allah's reflection.

Such beauty from within me  
Your truth believed  
Conviction met in loving others fills this heart  
It's the love we are giving not love we have received  
Allah in his patience grants me this new start.

Visions of love and forgiving spirit calms the soul  
Surrender to love brings awareness of softened ills  
Voices outside life's door emotions to control  
Some plant, some water, but only Allah fulfills.

Acquaintances now friends laughter ascribed  
With a heart overwhelmed I am surely at peace  
Quiet smiles passionately stir needs deep inside  
My Eternal melody set in cast.  
Now set at ease.

Mahfooz Ali



# My Wishes

To discuss over literature  
with Shri. Rajendra Yadav  
To sing a song with Lata Mangeshkar  
and to play cricket with Sunil Gavaskar

Play Gulli-Danda with Forest  
Play Sumo-Wrestling with Mountains  
Race my bicycle with fighter planes  
And give biggest hug to the lugubrious

To swim with Sharks and whales  
Meet Atal Behari Vajpayee  
Smoke a cigar with fire  
and be with breeze

See the sunset with my celestial Mother  
and walk that pastures again  
Play ball with all my late-doggies  
and fall in love with nature.

Mahfooz Ali

# Mysteries Left Unsolved

How else to rely on plans?  
So, the future we too see  
a better place,  
so we be careful  
but if dangers really lurked  
we would sleep the same,  
wake each day a touch more sane,  
and may be the paths are safe  
but there's one thing we are chased  
by memories and tales told  
of mysteries left unsolved.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Mystery?

My reality is my intuitions

My dreams;

my simple thoughts

My wildest imaginations is my 'event' to happenings

My life; my truth

Me; a fact

Or

mystery?

Mahfooz Ali

# Need

I need a mother who would love me  
I need a mother who would take care of me  
I need a mother who would understand me  
I need a mother for who I am  
I need a mother to know me  
I need a mother who would be there for me  
I need a mother who would not yell at me  
I need a mother that don't push me away  
I need a mother who would not throw me out of her life.....

Even though I still need a mother  
Everyday I try to be nice  
What I need is a mother who would be there for me  
I need a mother who would watch me grow  
I need a mother who would miss me.....

I need a mother to cry on  
I need a mother to know that I love her  
If she does have a heart to love me  
I would like to get to know my mother  
What I need is a wife  
In disguise of mother.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Never Again

I long for you day and night  
and I cry for you to be mine  
to hold me in your arms  
and whisper in my ear your words of love  
but I know deep down that I'll never be yours  
and you will never be mine  
never were...never will...never again.

Mahfooz Ali

# Never Quit

When things go wrong as they sometimes will;  
When the road you are trudging seems all up hill;  
When the funds are low, and the debts are high;  
And you want to smile, but have to sigh;  
When care is pressing you down  
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.  
Success is failure turned inside out;  
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt;  
And you can never tell how close you are;  
It may be near when it seems a far.  
So stick to the fight when your hardest hit;  
It's when things go wrong that you musn't quit.

Mahfooz Ali

## Never Want To Lose....

So frail,  
yet so intense  
A fleeting moment,  
or a glorious day  
A wonderous feeling  
I will never forget  
Never want to lose this happiness....

Mahfooz Ali

# New Era

I began a new era  
I kept away stayed out of sight  
I built myself a soul again  
And I believed.

Mahfooz Ali



## News: Epic Of Demon's Death

To hear some news,  
the village men gathered close around.  
The town crier began and no one made the slightest sound.  
'The dead men's bones where found bleaching,  
beneath the noonday sun,  
the stinging gnats and black flies,  
swarming over every blessed one.  
Black carrion birds  
enjoyed a dreadful feast,  
I would say  
and the marauding killer beastie has gotten clean away.'

Mahfooz Ali

# No Mind

The song of no mind  
Need not rhyme,  
Nor make lick of sense.  
As long as is beat steady,  
Fingers poised, soul ready;  
Toes will tap consistent time  
Void of hesitation,  
Sans consideration,  
Of other ears;  
Just to one's dreams...  
Persevere.

Not just stuff of noise,  
But of melodies that flow  
Underscoring notions preconceived,  
Or meanings often misperceived...  
Let the song be itself.

Some listeners merely smile.  
Some may turn away.  
Some nod like they honestly know.  
But those who chose  
Will sing along,  
And not too timidly so.

Then listen to the songs they sing  
From places deep within.  
Understand that misery  
Is not your own;  
That joy may not rescind.

Listen to them hum along  
As you adjust your tune.  
One sings high,  
Though you chant low,  
Such harmony may soothe you so...  
Don't disregard the undertow  
That sucks you down,  
Swirls you `round.

Till confused and befuddled,  
You rise and intone

Not just a song of no mind,  
But a song of heart and love.  
Soon notes will bend,  
And mend, and tend  
To bail,  
To heal...

To blend.

Mahfooz Ali

# No Need To Be Scared Of The Dark....Beta

Don't worry child of mine  
you will grow up brave and tall.

You will reach up high and touch the sky,  
throw down the stars.

Hold on to the moon.  
Don't worry child, you will be there soon.

Over the ocean, past all the trees...

That is where I will be waiting  
to hold you in my arms and  
sing to you gently.

Don't worry child of mine.  
There is no need to be scared of the dark.

Mahfooz Ali

# No One

In my world,  
I feel like the happiest person alive,  
no one to bug me,  
no one to judge me.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Not Ashamed Of

I close my eyes  
in search of a better place  
where I no longer hide my face.

I can smile and dance  
can laugh and be totally carefree  
as long as I can be only me.

Among the world I wish was real  
where the people believe what they really feel  
and are not ashamed of who they are.

I open my eyes to a world of pain  
there is no love, there is no trust  
I desire most is a definite must  
to be not ashamed of who I am.

Mahfooz Ali

# Not The Same.

People criticize, analyze  
but they don't realize  
what I realize, don't you see?  
I am not the same as you  
nor you the same as I.  
Though you want me to be as you?  
I see it in your eyes  
when you look down on me and  
criticize.....

Not the same hair,  
not the same clothes,  
not the same music,  
and nobody knows  
what I feel?

Take it upon yourself  
to judge.  
Totally oblivious to what I feel,  
Though someday I will show you who I am?  
You will eat those criticisms you gave me.

Mahfooz Ali

# Nothing Into Something

Caterpillars moulting in their cocoon,  
Peacefully waiting to become butterflies.  
Winds picking up and gathering clouds,  
Becoming a storm and subsiding again,  
Waiting to show a rainbow.

The silence of meditation,  
Allows spirit to know,  
What it feels like to be uplifted and shown,  
what the birds see as they are soaring,  
looking down upon creation.....

Mahfooz Ali



# Nothing Is Impossible: If You Have A Hope.....

Anything is Possible  
with a little faith  
not in others, but in yourself  
to achieve and set goals  
that only you know you can reach.

Anything is Possible  
if you believe  
not in others, but in yourself  
for if the first time you don't succeed  
try, try again  
if you believe you can  
you will.

Anything is possible  
if you have hope  
because without hope  
you won't have faith  
to believe  
ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE.

Mahfooz Ali

# Nothing To Offer Just Thanks Mom....

Never had the chance to say  
Thank you for letting me live this life.  
I thank you for punishing me when I was young,  
just to make me wiser, without it today where  
would I be and whom would I be.

I thank you for lifting me up on my worse days and  
giving me word of encouragement to ease the burden and pain....

I thank you for saying no when I wanted to go out  
with my friends, I learn the best things life has to offer....  
but with your  
love and support, I am who I am today....

I thank you Mom because today who I am is who you make me to be.  
I thank you Mom for teaching me what faith is.  
Today I have faith,  
I believe in me and I can conquer any  
Obstacle life has in my path.

Mom I don't have anything to offer you,  
Nor a prize or award,  
But most of all I am dedicating this poem that comes from  
the bottom of my heart;  
It has a lot of meaning to me because without you  
and teaching me about life,  
Today I wouldn't be here....

Mahfooz Ali

# Nothing Without You.

At first we loved,  
We met at the mall,  
and we talked ever since.  
We stood starrng at each other,  
I wondered the time, we had.....  
Stand together.  
As we walk down the lane  
of the mall  
I wondered when our lips  
murmured.  
My heart is broken,  
you seem  
to ignore,  
The pain I have,  
when you left me sore.  
Our love was strong In which now your  
heart is blind to see,  
now I feel  
that your love has forgotten  
completely about me.  
All in all I am heart broken  
Without you by my side,  
I wish we could love each  
other like we did that one time.

Mahfooz Ali

## Often Joyous.

Thinking of others,  
especially their souls,  
keeps us unselfish  
with very high goals.

Forgiving people,  
since Allah forgives us,  
makes life happier  
and often joyous.

Mahfooz Ali

# Oh! Dream Dispersed.....

A walk in the park,  
Mom's hand in mine,  
We will be here till dark,  
But home before nine!

What a beautiful day!  
Birds are singing,  
And far away,  
Bells are ringing.

A path in the trees,  
Known only to us.  
Just we and the bees,  
Away from all that city fuss.

Perhaps we will see a deer,  
Or may be a bunny.  
The clouds are drawing near!  
Oh, but it was so sunny!

The rain starts to fall,  
Hitting my head.  
It ruined it all!  
Now the fun is dead,  
And the mom also.....

.....long back.....

Mahfooz Ali

# On Completion Of 500th Poem

I felt a demon leave tonight  
I spoke the name of God  
the demon had me terrified  
until I looked and saw the light  
I am so glad that,  
He is here  
to rescue me in all my fear.  
I thank you God for what You have done  
and thank you for completing my  
five hundred poems.

Mahfooz Ali

## On The Brink Of.

A wicked way the wind blows strong,  
tighten the craft and strengthen the tie.  
Ripping the sheets from the line does the  
wind torment?

Stay the course,  
though the waves rise high,  
through the storm will the dawn arrive?  
With the break of dawn will tomorrow come,  
the rise of tomorrow will bring a new beginning?

Mahfooz Ali

## Once I Was Told.

My mom once said to me,  
that two wrongs don't make a right  
That it's always better to walk away from a fight  
Fighting fire with fire will only get everyone burnt  
And then what lesson has been learnt?  
Hurt with hurt and hate with hate  
what sort of situation will that create?  
Sadness and resentment and a quest for more  
But, now, my mom is not here, no more  
I have no guiding voice, no wise old words  
I am the mirage in the desert....  
I have the advice of my friends and brothers  
But I have never been good at listening to others  
Life is one long learning curve, an ever lasting degree  
Two wrongs don't make a right, for now I see.

Mahfooz Ali



# One Day I Will Meet You Again.

My mom is gone,  
but not forgotten that's for sure.....  
As I write this poem,  
tears have poured down my face  
One day mom  
I promise I will meet you again,  
in that special place,  
called as heaven.

Mahfooz Ali

# One Sentence Broke Me

I am singing right, singing of heart felt joy  
Yet I can feel the tears stream down my face,  
I have recieved what my soul has yearned for,  
Has begged, pledged, and dreamed for,  
For so long I feel ancient,  
Yet I know I am young.  
I had what I wanted,  
I had what I needed,  
But that is all gone.  
Blown away, away, away,  
With one phrase,  
(that palaver)  
A single sentenced uttered in malice.  
It pierced my heart,  
It broke my spirit.  
Now cry, but tears will never suffice,  
Could never do my pain justice.  
I cry, I hurt, and with each die that goes by  
A part of me dies.  
I wonder how long it'll take for the whole,  
Of me to wither and die.

Mahfooz Ali

## Only Wish.....I Want.....

The only wish I want and need,  
Will give me time to do my deeds;  
I want this wish I know I do,  
But,  
I also know it won't come true;  
The only wish that makes me sad;  
Is that I wish to see my mom,  
who is no more.

Mahfooz Ali

# Open Them

Open them, open them  
let the light shine,  
Release the binds  
of chains and twine.

Let spirit run free  
let mind open its doors,  
free of slavery  
no more hard work and chores.

Perceive a life  
with happiness and joy,  
Equality and freedom  
for every one.

Desire to be a part of it,  
and now is opportunity to do so,  
May express feelings  
during the period  
unlock window.

Run, fly, swim,  
enjoy, delight in pleasure,  
Reveal the beauty  
The windows of Freedom encourage to treasure...

Mahfooz Ali

# Optimism

Blood falls to the ground as I slowly wait.  
Waiting, for reaction from this beast,  
known as fate.  
And if I continue to devour, until, forever more.  
Then lowly beasts are destroyed,  
in my presence.

Mahfooz Ali

# Our Soul's Movement... A Hysterical Movement.

On the reverse  
of the world  
without real life  
at the door  
of the next world  
untuned instruments  
cacophonous orchestra  
and everyone  
everywhere  
singing Peace  
seeking for fame  
while hate and hope  
give birth to the death  
Then, lack of words  
Preachers,  
Great orators,  
...others....  
Speechless;  
Inside a hysterical movement,  
our soul's movement.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Out Everytime: The Survival

Sometimes your survival,  
Is like Sunday mornings,  
And You own it  
And I don't know it,  
But I cry for you ammi,  
for the last 20 years,  
and  
out every time.

Mahfooz Ali

# Over

So, now it is finally over,  
I just came to you,  
For the final talk,  
By the order of the Allah  
For the remedy for the sins,  
After seeing your message of let's start.....  
Over my scrapbook,

Because I was going through a very painful dilemma,  
I thought to cure the disease forever after  
Having a final talk with you.

Otherwise, I don't have time to be wasted,  
I am the sinner  
That I accepted before the Allah,  
And m sure that Allah have forgiven me  
If not,  
Sure he will be.  
Because it is between me and him  
That how I repented before him?

Had I not been repented  
I hadn't been here for a final talk....  
I also wanted to purify myself  
That I done before him  
After begging.

Now, it is finally over.....  
No repentance,  
No guilt....  
What Allah ordered me to do.....?  
I did.....  
He has clear all the things.....  
Now, no guilt.....

I had good byed you very earlier  
But after seeing the message  
Allah ordered me to do,  
For what here I am.



I know what I did  
Have already paid by allah.

Now, no more sorry to any one.

I got my answer,  
And order of the allah,  
Allah has decided my fate  
Which will be very good  
And so for you.

It was the decision of Allah  
That raised me to the final talks  
and  
To end this pious relationship  
Finally.

Now, I am free  
Free from guilt,  
Free from sin,  
Free from wrong deeds.....

Don't be in misimpression  
What I did was the outcome of  
Message let's start.  
And the order of the Allah...

Now, I am into the lap of Allah  
And he will decide best for me.

Now, you are requested to  
Not to say me a sinner,  
If you would  
It would do me nothing.

Now, The Allah has ordered me to say final  
Goodbye and to end all.  
And  
I will abide by his orders.

So, good bye forever.

Mahfooz Ali

# Own Creation: A Story

The story of my life,  
Is the story of today,  
It's the story of tomorrow,  
And the story of yesterday.  
Every waking moment,  
Is a surge of pen to paper,  
To create a whole new life,  
A life to which I favour.  
Yet from this page arises,  
A world of new ambition,  
The compromising irony;  
I am my own creation.

Mahfooz Ali

# Own Viewpoints

To be is to be  
whatever one may interpret from,  
for life is a beautiful piece of art.  
Yet, like art it has no primary function  
other than to be itself.  
Therefore, it can mean that life has no exact meaning,  
unless it is first processed by the mind,  
which provides an interpretation  
which can then be further adjusted  
by each individual until  
find the own viewpoints.....

Mahfooz Ali

## Pages Of Life.

Life is like a rough Sailing boat  
journeying in a stormy and wavy seas  
trying to traverse the angry waves  
in the midst of uncertainty and darkness  
Towards the destiny,

Like is like a gliding plane  
relying its power in the nature  
hoping that it will continue to fly  
in the high air despite the fear and trials,

Life is like a rolling trains  
traversing rails and passing mountains  
forcing its way through the path  
praying and hoping it will reach to the station,

Life is like a speeding car  
every moment of our life just passed by  
like a lightning in the sky  
unnoticed, unreflected and not mentioned  
experience in the pages of life.

Mahfooz Ali

# Pain And Vain

As I searched the depths of my heart  
for love I know was once delightful  
the security became a stranger  
a result of ruins in an eyeful

Sacredness to which I belonged, removed  
grief has prevailed  
loneliness is the shadow in control  
and I am suffering from betrayal

The love has vanished from our lives  
the moments I feel are in vain  
I now suffer in solitude  
living the reality of pain.

Mahfooz Ali

# Pain In Dream

Oh! who is this?  
Troubling me in my  
sound sleep,  
Let me be with my dreams,  
where my love is loving me,  
Arey! Can't you see?  
Two love birds are engaged  
entwined into oneself.....  
Ch....Ch....Ch...Ch.....  
Don't wake me up.....  
Stop don't drag me into  
the well of darkness.  
Hey! you! ! ! ! ! ! !  
my hidden love  
where are you?  
Save me from this dragon,  
Let me taste the fruit  
of love.

Mahfooz Ali

# Paperplane.

Paper airplanes dip from view,  
All made the same,  
Their folds, their creases sharp,  
And when it seems that all is lost,  
They suddenly appear again to  
Streak across a deep blue sky,  
They fly so high,  
But never giving you or I  
A satisfactory reason why.  
The only messages they hold,  
I am told,  
They hide from view,  
The writing really can't be read  
When they insist on flying way above my head,  
The numbers pasted on their side,  
Will not provide  
Identities,  
Or give away their secret scribe.  
What do they want?  
What can they bring?  
Perhaps a lot, or not a thing?  
Like life, sometimes,  
A gentle glide upon the unseen wind,  
A perfect landing,  
Or, at worst,  
To crash and burn, again.

Mahfooz Ali



## Part 2

Main bite nahi kar raha hoon.....fatima immroz  
Main pareshan ho chukka hoon ab.....

Nor I am yelling.....  
Main just apni final baat kah raha hoon....ab...  
Arey! Jaise maine apne andar bahut kuch jazb kar ke rakha hua tha,  
Waise hi tum bhi rakhtin.....

Koi pyar ko gaali nahi deta hai....  
Chahe wo rahe ya na rahe.....  
Maine in teen mahinon mein kuch kaha.....  
Nahi kaha na? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Pyar se hi rah raha tha na.....  
Tumhe kuch bhi nahi kah raha tha n a?

Door ho chukka tha n a tumse?  
Phir kyun mujhe pareshan karna.....

Main to tumhe kabhi chhod ke nahi gaya.....  
Bhaagin tumhi.....

Phir kis baat ka 10sion?  
Haan?

Main to itna sab hone ke baad,  
Sab kuch lutaane ke baad  
Bhi tumhare paas aaya tah....  
To bhaiya main kaise galat ho gaya?

Agar main bhaag jaata, jaise tum bhaagin thin.....  
To chalo main galat hota bhi.....

Main bhi khuda ke ab utna hi paas hoon....  
Jitna ki tum.....  
Nahi paanch waqt ki ek waqt ki namaaz main bhi padta hoon ab.....  
Meri company mein ek maulvi permanent rehta hai.....  
Jo ki paanchon waqt ki azaan deta hai....  
Usko azaan dene ka hi paisa deta hoon....

Aur khud bhi koshish karta hoon ki follow karoon.....  
arey! Thik hai ek galti ho gayi thi satans mein shadi kar ke...  
lekin usko bhi bahut jaldi sudhar liya tha...  
ab kya allah ka theka kyat um hi ne le ke rakha hua hai kya?

Mahfooz Ali

## Part 3

Aaj main sab final kah ke hi rahoonga.....Fatima Imroz.....  
Qki main yeh roz roz ka tension nahi chahta hoon.....

Arey! chalo..... jo ho gaya so ho gaya.....  
khatm karo ab sab...  
meri kahinn koi galti nahi hai....  
ab...  
maine apni or se bharsak koshish ki thi.....

mujhe guilt mein nahi daalo plzzzzzzzzzz  
Main to teen mahine se bahut shaant tha.....  
bhool raha tha sab kuch....  
naye seere se aagey badh raha tha.....

Arey! maine aisa kya kar diya tumhare saath....  
kyun mujhe guilt mein daalna....  
Kya maine dhokha diya?  
Ya tumhari izzat ko nahi bachaya....?  
Tumhari izzat ko bachane ke liye hi tumhare dad se baat ki thi na?  
wo teenon conditions tumhare kahne pe hi fulfill ki thi na?

To imroz mujhe yeh bata do ki main kahan galat hoon?  
Arey! jhooth bola..... to ek hi baat pe na.....?  
wo bhi tumhe khone ke darr se bola na?  
Ab, bola to bola.....  
kya kar sakta hoon.....?

Jaan...logi? ? ? ? ? ?  
Wo bhi dene ko tayyar hoon....

Bolo kya kar doon.....? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
Aag laga loon khud ko.....  
ya phir phaansi?

ya zeher kha loon? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Mahfooz Ali

## Part 4

bahut pareshan ho gaya hoon main.....  
ab main kuch nahi sun sakta.....  
maine tumhare saath bahut piously pyar kiya tha....

aur bahut piously alag bhi hua hoon.....  
mujhe ab baksh do.....  
maine tumhe ab kuch bhi nahi kaha....in teen mahinon mein.....  
maine saarey chapter close kar diye thhe.....

ab mujhe galat mat bolna.....  
agar tum allah wali ho....  
to main bhi ab khuda ke paas hoon....  
insaan se galti ek baar hoti hai....baar baar nahi....

agar tumhari nazar mein main sinner hoon to isey apne tak rakho...  
nahi bhi rakhogi to ab koi farq nahi padega.....

bolo....bolo...jitna chaho utna bolo....  
bolne se pehle ek baar.... mere sin poem ko padh lena....  
(STOP CALLING ME A SINNER....poem padh lena)

mujhe galat bolne se pehle yeh bhi soch lena ki main isko galat bol kyun rahi  
hoon? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

isne to wo sab kuch kiya hai....jo ki ek sinner nahi kar sakta.....

Ab tak ke main shaant tha.....  
lekin meri chuppi ko toda bhi tumne.....  
yahan tum jeet gayin.....

aur is jeet ke liye congrats! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Arey! main galat hoon..... to galat maan lo.....

Tumhe bahut mil jayenge.....achche.....

mujhe.....ab peacefully rehne do.....



# Pave Another Day.

I wake to my alarm clock,

As I begin my day,  
I hope all will be well.

I eat a good breakfast and rush out of the house,

Yelling good-bye to my parents and to my pets.

My day is busy, the phones won't stop ringing,

The company I have to nurture and soar to the top.

It's six o'clock and another work day is done,

I go home to my family and to play with my doggies.

Everyone is exhausted and everyone is been fed,

Before I know it, it's time for bed.

I lay in bed thinking about my day,  
And pray to Allah to make another day!

Mahfooz Ali

# Peace I Found In Him.

Songs

I sing

Every Day

Telling how I feel?

About Allah's glory.

Unconditional love

And the peace I found in Him

Is my reward from salvation.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Pendulum

Two senile men locked in an empty room...  
one sits back and contemplates the other  
while the other sits back and contemplates the first  
they question, examine, analyse each other  
being questioned, examined, analysed in turn  
calling each other 'we'  
the two men exist on opposite sides  
of a mirror  
arguing which is true  
in one mind, one body,  
one aware soul.

Mahfooz Ali



# Pen's Hum: What Is To Come

As the night falls,  
I sit to write,  
my pen whirs,  
images of cheering crowds  
and jeering faces  
flow through my mind.  
Sometimes I feel grand  
like a pupa becoming  
the butterfly.  
The roar of cheering crowds  
will give me purpose.  
And, there are times that  
I feel I am a star  
being sucked into a black hole,  
ripped apart by harsh world  
until I am no more.  
But for now, as  
the falling night blends  
with the pen's hum  
to become a soothing music,  
I sit back in my chair  
and simply dream  
of what is to come.

Mahfooz Ali

# People Don'T Have The Policy Of Honesty.....

People are such cowards,  
Can't seem to say anything to your face,  
They leave you hanging for hours,  
And think they are saving grace.  
It hurts me more to be left in the dark,  
Never knowing what's going on,  
Than to hear the cruel words from the heart.  
Don't they know that is wrong?  
Honesty is supposed to be the best policy,  
So how come no one can be honest?  
You don't even know how that confuses me,  
May be if I knew, I wouldn't give.  
But seeing as I never seem to know,  
And it's all thanks to all.  
I will never know just what I should know?  
Or even what to think.  
People are always talking behind your back.  
Doesn't anyone think or feel?  
What the hell is up with that?  
At least say what is real.

Mahfooz Ali

# People Says Economics Is Boring....

Ah the wonders of Economics  
Why do I study it?  
Do you really need to ask?  
Economics is boring you say?  
no my dear,  
You're just not comprehends it the right way.

Protrude your eye on current affairs is first what you must do,  
May be even take out both of the two.  
Oh, don't worry, you'll be fine,  
With a searing hot metal is how I did mine.

Next you will need remember the data,  
Don't make any plans until next September.  
Weekends off? What did I just say?

Now pay attention.  
Never leave your desk, not even to pee.  
Behind this wooden temple is your shrine,  
All the economists know it, so don't you whine.

I must insist, you use my eye-poker to sear  
Just look at me, you'll have nothing to fear.  
My thrust on economics is really quite sentimental,  
See, I told you, economics is FUN-demental.

Mahfooz Ali

# Perfect

All that I wish for  
Is perfect love and perfect trust  
Someone to make life's challenge easier  
Which is a must  
A lover to share life's joys with me  
A girl who will always be there for me  
Someone who won't mistreat me  
Someone who has my heart's key  
My soulmate, my true love to be.

Mahfooz Ali

# Phases

I am as old as the oldest rock,  
yet I am constantly being reborn into the cycle of life.

Such tales I can tell! !

To be carried high by great winds,  
and swept through Magical lands into great seas.

To be as strong and powerful as the mighty ocean,  
yet even in my softest form I can change  
the shape of the hardest material.

To be as gentle as the Morning dew  
that glistens in the early hour light.

To give life to all beings.

Mahfooz Ali

# Pictures At The Threshold: To The Heaven

No matter where I am, no matter what I do,  
I will always think of you.  
Not only my mother, but my best friend,  
We share a lifetime of memories that will never end.  
The memories are like pictures in my mind,  
They will travel on with me through time.  
The memories of your children at home and at school.  
All become pictures you can take with you.  
When your time has come and you leave this place,  
You will have many pictures to take to heaven's gate.

Mahfooz Ali

# Plain Melancholy

It feels like I already wrote this one,  
summate a pen and called it done.  
Morass collapsing and alone,  
slipping life from fingers  
And suddenly dead.  
captures words you said,  
a relationship dry;  
epoch old bone.

Mushy glow of reason and reality  
has become a dour stranger to me.  
Gone are all the cadence and reasons  
charming like poisonous savor,  
enjoyed for moments sting for all seasons.

Into the deep valley that became my lost soul  
isolated by loss of control.  
Trapped and caged,  
No birds sing,  
to blot out the voices in my head  
that incessantly repeat words are said,  
echo with a cracking cat-o'-nine-tails'sting.

Mahfooz Ali

# Please Excuse Me: An Introspection

When I close my eyes  
I see so much clearer.  
My vision turns inward  
and searches my very soul.  
Vivid colors and truths  
float through the cluttered  
pathways of my mind.

When I close my eyes  
reality fades away  
and is replaced with a world  
that spins at my pace  
and is perfect at that moment.

When I close my eyes  
I can paint like the masters  
and sing like the crooners  
please excuse me as I  
close my weary lids.....

Mahfooz Ali



# Pleasure I Receive

My prayer is that the pleasure  
I receive from reading my contemporary poems  
will be an inspiration to my mind.  
Meant to be savoured  
as one would  
a box of fine chocolates,  
my poems are intended to  
convey all the radiance and majesty of  
living life in the deep abiding love of the Allah!

Mahfooz Ali

## Poems About.

There are poems that you will never see  
Marked in a folder titled 'privacy'  
Poems of hate and anger and personal pain  
Poems about greed and hunger and personal gain  
Poems about people I would love to see dead  
Poems about women I met  
Poems about relationships that have gone bad  
Poems about issues with mom and dad  
Poems about me, the person no one knows  
Poems about places where only my soul goes  
Poems I wish I could place in the clouds for all to read  
Poems about lust, selfishness and greed  
Poems I know will hurt those I hate  
Poems I write by complete mistake  
Poems I have hidden in my heart and my head  
Poems about things that are better left unsaid  
Poems I want to share and poems I want to retract  
Poems of shame and how others might act  
They stay in my psyche, they are a part of me  
These poems I write, but you will never see.

Mahfooz Ali

## Poems Are Powerful Expression.

Poems are one of the powerful  
expressions of mankind.

If they are presented in a perfect manner  
they live in the hearts of the readers for ever.

My poems are more emotionally built up than poetically.

I write poems for my satisfaction  
and now I get a chance to share with you too.

Mahfooz Ali

## Poetic Feelings

If a picture's worth a thousand words,  
I'd paint a poem for You,  
I'd finish with an artist's touch,  
and mend it with the glue,  
of tender thought and loving care,  
that other poets never dare,  
share with You a thing they know,  
will deep inside you start to grow.

If a picture's worth a thousand words,  
my poems are worth a million,  
I'll write two more, and tie them up,  
and make them worth.

Mahfooz Ali

## Poetic Words: A Healer To Me.

The countless letters flow through my head.  
It is a luminous spectacle of words in a multitude of sounds.  
My distinct emotions pour like great cascades into this literature.  
I travel to scenic worlds,  
concealed from the face of our earth.  
In poetry,  
I find relief from distress,  
for no one to judge my opinions.  
These words help me to heal from the hardships of life.

Mahfooz Ali

# Poetry Is? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

What is poetry is like asking,  
'Why is the sky blue? '  
There is no answer to What or Why?  
but, in any event,  
I shall try.

Poetry flows from my heart through my pen,  
down through  
its neb,  
Like a fly struggling in the web of a spider, waiting  
to be free.

What is poetry-who knows-could be as simple as the  
morning dew on a rose,  
children's laughter,  
a baby's cry,  
a mother crooning a lullaby,  
bells chiming loud and clear,  
the voices  
of those that we hold dear.

Poetry is the language of the soul  
It gives us the courage to afford life's many streams  
It expands our horizons to realize our dreams.

To summarize the above  
Poetry is the Language of Love  
Poetry is the Language of the Soul  
Poetry is the Language of Life  
over which we have  
no control.

Mahfooz Ali

## Poets Are Lunatic.

How well the hand knows what it wants!

Even as I write, my body feels the words,

thought passing through a pen.

Forget monks, forget the monasteries of the mind.

When words flow too fast these live as drunkards,

and cannot see.

But the body always looks through a clear glass.

I write, and grow bold as sealing up cask.

Poems are heavy barrels the body craves,

words sure poison,

and also strange communion.

They are spilled before the body can say.....

Mahfooz Ali

## Pondering Over.....

In the quiet of the evening,  
When I ponder and reflect,  
On the choices of the day I made.  
And what of the effect,  
Did I listen to the spirit?  
And help someone indeed?  
Did I show a little kindness  
To a gentle puppy in need?  
When the need to help was there,  
Did I think only selfishly?  
To pass by the one whom I could serve  
And miss the blessing that could be?  
Or can I help in any way?  
To lighten someone's load,  
To follow our savior's example,  
  
In the quiet of the morning,  
As I ponder and reflect,  
On what it is I will do today  
To serve with love and respect....





# Priceless Inspiration

In quiet atmosphere  
the poet writes.  
Only this poet needs no pen  
to create words forever burned on the heart.  
A glimpse of heaven and hell  
on the same paper.  
This piece may not bring  
the price the poet paid his soul.  
A cost too high to pay  
for a lifetime.  
But the poet knows  
to lock up a once in a lifetime masterpiece  
would only damage  
the priceless inspiration.

Mahfooz Ali

# Prisoner Of Journey

I have forgotten simple needs,  
picking fallen fruit on sunlight,  
wandering in wildflower meadows,  
So, now I stand at the edge of my memory,  
gazing down at what I have never found  
a prisoner of my journey's wandering folly.

Mahfooz Ali

## Pumpkin Like Me.

I haunt this stage both day and night,  
no alien within this realm.  
Languishing in my loneliness,  
ripped from self  
but not by family,  
forsaken by friends,  
never again to see the cradle of my birth.

A hairless vagrant, I survive  
with orchestrated teeth,  
by wanton larceny, my fortitude is gone,  
I am an abandoned shell in patterned scheme  
thrilling eyes of tawdry gnomes.

Chilling winds whip my skin,  
while surrendering leaves mischievously scurry  
in huddled mass of accompaniment.  
I am October's neglected,  
outdoors and looking in.

The foreboding days of cold sting, bitter,  
while I coddle my candle near,  
savouring such warming fragile light,  
where superstitious travellers illuminate  
... and pumpkins like me.

Mahfooz Ali

# Qitaab

Main ek qitaab likhna chahta hoon,  
jismein hamari duniya ki saari cheezen honggi,  
unke naam aur unki visheshtayen!

Poori duniya yeh qitaab padhegi.....  
vah uske ant ko barbaad nahi karna chahengi,  
isliye shuruaat se padhne lagegi.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Questions Never Answered

I am screaming on the inside...  
Can you hear me?  
I fall on the floor...  
Do you help me?  
I reach out for your hand...  
Will you give it to me?  
I gaze into your eyes...  
Will you look at me?  
My eyes shed tears...  
Will you care for me?  
My arms are wide open...  
Will you hug me?  
You stole my heart and broke it...  
Will you give it back to me?  
To all of these questions  
the answer can only be told by you  
But I already know  
That the answer is one to make me cry  
For the rest of my life.

Mahfooz Ali

## Questions Of A Broken Heart

You told me you 'd love me, so why didn't show it.  
You said you wouldn't leave me, so why did you blow it.  
You seem to always be, there when I was crying.  
You didn't know my tears, were caused by your lying.  
Don't you know your lying, caused confusion in my mind.  
Words started to scramble, ` sane thoughts I could not find.  
I thought love would bring, happiness and joy.  
But yet I seem to have become, your 'when you want me toy.'  
Why does love hurt, an answer I 'll never know.  
Your love was a bed of roses, for no longer does it show.  
You said you wouldn't leave me, so why did you go.  
Another question with an answer, I guess I 'll never know.

Mahfooz Ali

# Rage

Taste of your rage  
pulsed in thy thorn-winged breath,  
Invades our long love of the soft sun.  
My voice unwillingly causes this loveless wine,  
Intoxicating the silencescape with deceived emotions.  
Tragedies occur with blazed scents.  
Falling tears spark like stars.  
These stars are no longer shining bright,  
our love is no longer shining bright.  
Your rage seems to have no decease.  
It has no decease - I have no love.  
Love is quickly forgotten.  
I can no longer survive without your love.  
You have forgotten me, as have others,  
life goes on, everything must keep going to keep this world revolving.  
Even with you gone, I too, will keep going.

Mahfooz Ali



# Reading

Mummy read a book to me,  
Read a book right now  
Mummy read a book to me,  
Because I don't know how  
To hear your voice makes me feel safe,  
And helps me fall to sleep  
You take me to a wonderous place,  
Each page is like a key  
Some day I will learn to read to you,  
And take you to that place  
So Mummy read a book to me,  
And make me feel so safe.

Mahfooz Ali

## Real Man: Somewhat I Am....

A real man is...

Someone who cares, who never lies

And is always there

A real man is.....

Someone who sticks by your side

And never let your love for each other die

A real man is...

Someone who respects and accepts you for

Who you are inside-out

A real man is.....

Someone who doesn't call you out your name

And know your love is not a game

That's a real man.

Mahfooz Ali

# Realization And Feelings

Dreams come to realization,  
an hour passes in just a minute  
and consumed by thought,  
by feeling.

Mahfooz Ali

# Realizing The Inspiration.

Inspiration,  
It helps us to learn,  
It determines the reason,  
Why we made that turn?  
Inspiration,  
It comes from inspire,  
It's what you need when you are tired.  
Inspiration,  
It's something you watch someone  
do,  
Then you look at yourself,  
Realizing, that you can do it too!

Mahfooz Ali

# Reasoning Room

Is it wrong for a man to want to be perfect?  
Should he be denied the chance to?  
Rid himself of the impurities in his personality?  
I stay a night in the reasoning room  
And wake up changed!

Mahfooz Ali

# Reflection

I Gather up all my courage  
Be ready to lose my pride  
I think I am ready,  
To see myself as I really am?  
All I have is an image, an image to live by  
but I should beware.... Mirrors don't lie! !

Mahfooz Ali

# Remember My Words

People are sick, starving, and poor,  
afraid to come out in the day.  
Afraid they will get struck down in their door,  
afraid doctors won't find a way.  
Afraid of the day darkness will take over,  
and light will fade away.  
They pray, pray, and pray for the day,  
they pray for the day Allah will take them away.  
They know nothing of smiles, happiness, and joy.  
Their whole life is fighting for what they employ.  
They are people just like you and me.  
They are people, open your eyes and see.  
so, as you go back to your lives and sleep safe in your beds,  
remember my words, and those who are dead.

Mahfooz Ali

# Renaissance

I am falling,  
engulfed in,  
an endless darkness.  
Someone catch me  
be my light  
my beam  
my shield.  
unhook the claws  
that deep within  
encircle my  
beating heart  
slowing it  
to a dull thud.  
How much longer  
need I stand?  
I am breaking  
be there  
to catch  
the pieces.  
Glue me back  
together  
to be  
reborn.

Mahfooz Ali



## Rest: A Rejuvenation

Today,  
in the world I took such a hit;  
I have laid down my weapons,  
finally quit.

I am safe in the caterpillar once more;  
on butterfly wings,  
I will again soar

but not today...

Mahfooz Ali

# Retirement

Retirement's a time we all hope to find,  
With no clock to watch except in our mind.  
The daily demands of the job that you choose,  
Take its toll, and you worry, afraid you will lose  
The thing you worked for all of the years  
To leave only heartaches misery and tears

You are most fortunate to achieve your goal  
And retire with health and family still whole.  
With carefree days to spend as you will  
If you like you can go and just sit on a hill  
To take time to look and study the ground  
And enjoy the beauty that's spread all around

A happy time of your life it should be  
For there are a great many wonders to see  
Free time to do the things in your dreams  
To camp, hunt, or fish the crystal clear streams  
To get close to nature on intimate terms  
It's a good way to live as a person soon learns

Mahfooz Ali

## Rex: My New Doggie.....

I have got a dear and treasured friend,  
you may be know him too  
More humble, meek, and gentle he  
of human beings (Dogs) I ever knew.

Upon his face a smile awaits,  
for those he knows and don't.  
The question is never when with him,  
it's never will or won't.

For always has he time to give,  
to those who need a friend,  
And ever has he ready ears,  
if ears you need to bend.

He is faithful, true, and full of grace,  
No guile you will find in him  
He sounds a bit like a sonnette but  
It's just my buddy Rex.

Mahfooz Ali

# Rex: My Puppy Dog

You sit beside me patiently  
with eyes  
of puppy dog brown.

A question of wonder  
in your eyes  
under hair of chocolate brown.

So soft and smooth  
like an angel's kiss  
you nestle close to me.

Your gentle heart  
so tender,  
your love for me I see.

I take  
this love for granted,  
given with both our hearts.

I pray to God  
we will never be apart.

I wonder what you are thinking  
and I wonder  
what I will do?

If anything would come between  
this love  
I feel for you.

So faithfully  
you follow  
wherever I may roam.

As for now  
we will stay right here  
in a place that we call home.....

(This poem is about the feelings I feel about my new puppy doggy REX.....)

Mahfooz Ali

# River

I am a river with the strength of sky and earth;  
Once, a stream who deemed to play every day since birth;  
Just a small ripple, a trickle, under the sun;  
With nothing to do but bubble, giggle and run.

Now, I am a river; grown, wider, wiser, with time.  
In youth, I sought truth, alone in snow coated pine;  
So long ago, it all seems to float like a dream;  
Drifting, fond memories of my life as a stream.

Yes, I am a river, strong and free, yet I wonder;  
Why am I destined so boldly to wander?  
Why do I meander?  
Why do I turn and twist?  
There are no answers; even to why I exist!

I am a river; and very proud that I am!  
Nothing blocks my way for long; not even a dam.  
The stubborn rocks and rubble on my course or path  
Are all swept aside by the force of my wrath.

I am a river that only Earth, itself, can stop!  
I will roll on and on until the day I drop,  
Rushing, cascading into blue lake or the sea,  
Where sun or God will renew and recycle me!

14/Sep'/2006

Mahfooz Ali

# River Of Reflection

A river flowing peacefully;  
vibrant, splendid tranquility.  
Past fields and villages so quaint.  
Canopies boast endless leaves,  
mighty boulders;  
the water heaves.  
Lovely scenes just waiting for paint.  
When at last Its long journey ends,  
and to the ocean it now sends,  
liquid blending together faint.

Like a river, so flows my life,  
Distant memories growing faint  
of laughter, tears, circumstances,  
mourning, and romantic dances.  
Murals of my days wait for paint.  
My journey down this river long  
has been like a favorite song;  
wonderful, simple and so quaint.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Saddam Hussain

On the news today I heard them say  
The Iraqis hung Saddam today.  
There's little to say of Saddam beside  
He lived more respectfully than he died.  
One death cannot for thousands pay,  
But I'm glad he died honourfully anyway,  
Though, he is alive in the innate of humanity.

Nothing now can change the pain  
Caused by the atrocity of U.S.A.!  
One death cannot for thousands pay,  
But I'm glad he died honourfully, anyway!  
Can democracy survive in Iraq?

America and all Americans are  
the foetus of virgin mothers by their religion  
The war is not won they have to pay penance,  
I call all anti-Americans to revenge this martyrship  
of Saddam Hussain.

Remember, revenge must be taken not mistaken  
But the Iraqis hung Saddam today!  
despite all the odds,  
But I'm glad he died honourfully, anyway!

Mahfooz Ali



# Satyam Infotech

We have been reading in the news,  
And viewing television's breaking Line  
About all those who have lied  
And been caught in their lies,  
Now they are paying a great price  
For all those they have hurt.  
Not only have hurt themselves,  
but the world  
Who had faith in their Integrity....

Mahfooz Ali

# Save Me Dad.

Daddy, I see you  
reaching for me,  
crawling ever-so-slowly  
toward my jammed seat belt,  
smiling like you always do  
though tears escape  
like the putrid fumes  
choking our air.

Daddy, I see you  
moving your lips,  
but your words suffocate  
from neighboring screams  
surrounding our car,  
one of several left dangling  
as distorted puppets  
on this once-mighty bridge.

Daddy, I see you  
stroking my hand,  
and I wonder if you know  
I can't feel you at all.  
Nerves have numbed  
beneath frozen fear,  
refusing to move  
unlike this concrete tomb.

Daddy, I see you  
stare into my soul,  
transfixed as we fall  
to the merciless river.  
And I know what you know:  
our final moment  
won't be wasted on panic,  
we will focus on each other.

Daddy, I see you  
struggle to breathe,  
tearing my heart

as you try to be strong.  
My hero, you've always been,  
even now as your grip loosens  
beneath murky waters...  
Please save me from all these downtroddens,  
Please dad,  
I love you,  
I don't myself to loose.

Mahfooz Ali

# Say No To Quit

When things go wrong as they sometimes will  
When the road you are trudging seems all up hill  
When the funds are low and the debts are high  
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh  
When care is pressing you down a bit  
Rest, if you must, but don't you quit.

Life is queer, with its twists and turns  
As everyone of us sometimes learns  
And many a failure turns about  
When he/she might have won had he/she stuck it out  
Don't give up though the pace seems slow  
You may succeed with another blow.

Success is failure turned inside out  
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt  
And you never can tell how close you are  
It may be near when it seems so far  
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit  
It's when things seem worst that you must not quit.

Mahfooz Ali

# Scorpion Characteristics

Forget gravitational pull  
Forgotten? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
and soar into the sky  
I soar.....

ride the clouds  
I ride.....

and dive into the sun  
I dive.....

forget what others say  
when they try to hold me back  
I do what I want.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Scorpion Characteristics

My reality is my intuitions  
my dreams;  
my simple thoughts;  
my wildest imaginations is my 'event' to happenings  
my life;  
my truth;  
me; a fact  
or  
of mystery  
This is Scorpion characteristics.

Mahfooz Ali

# See This Boy

This boy says he is a king,  
and he can be all he can be,  
he lives life like royalty,  
and love being who he be.....

This boy shakes his head  
over what people say...  
he know,  
he is not perfect anyway  
but he don't let them get in his way.....

This boy has dreams,  
dreams that will take his far,  
he is ready to show the world,  
his thoughts will make his strong.....

This boy...nota king,  
this boy...not aperfect,  
this boy...has a dream,  
this boy is me and he the best,  
no matter,  
what the world see....

Mahfooz Ali

## See This Boy.

The voice of the little boy sitting by the spring  
Throwing in rocks while he sings  
He is staring at his reflection  
As the water changes direction  
The wind blowing ripples across the water, so he can no longer see  
Where his reflection is supposed to be  
He waits for the wind to stop so he can look once more  
To ask his reflection where it's been,  
Because he couldn't see it from shore  
He plays this game everyday  
Because he has no friends who want to play  
He is by himself almost all of the time  
So he has made up a rhyme  
To sing in a song  
Because he feels he doesn't belong  
But I know that's not true  
And I hope one day he will feel that way too  
Because all bad things take a little while  
But one day soon you will once again smile.

Mahfooz Ali



# Selfishness: I Am Innocent

Explosions ring out.  
Disturbing the peaceful night.  
Cries of pain all around.  
Blood floods the streets.  
Trust begins to decay.  
Lies gain the upper hand.  
Never ceasing torment fills the world.  
Love fades away and is forgotten.  
As hatred takes over and infests.  
Sins corrupt the innocent.  
Disease silences me.  
All to soon everything we hold dear.  
Is gone, plundered by my selfishness.

Mahfooz Ali

## Sensex Down

East winds blow hot and dry,  
another year crops fail,  
Soon the count will be eight,  
the east wind still prevail.

Devalued gold reserves,  
so the once good credit,  
One's back against the wall,  
nothing left to debit.

Sweet waters flow away,  
watering foreign lands,  
Our Nation's people,  
thirsty from their demands

Hands deal in hidden ways,  
fill their pockets with gold,  
The common hand dealt cards,  
no way can win but fold.

Pockets of rich care not,  
our gold pays their way,  
The common man below,  
barely survives each day.....

The sun burns all about,  
East winds bring not a cloud,  
We squint from withered shades,  
trying to cry out loud.

Cracked lips and swollen tongues,  
just too weary to try,  
Last springs cooling waters,  
slowly starting to dry.

The Face of Chaos grins,  
within our Nation's walls,  
Waiting for Panic's Face,  
to start our Nations fall.

Man's history books may show chaos,  
brought us such doom,  
Hand writings on the wall,  
pray winds of change come soon.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Shattered Heart

I keep telling myself theres no way  
for anyone to feel this way  
for another human being  
there is no way my love for you will be leaving  
laughing, crying, and talking with you  
just makes me want to be with you  
you're smile, eyes, and touch  
makes me love you so much  
but at the same time you're breaking my heart  
my feelings for you are tearing me apart  
watching you fall inlove with some one who isn't me  
is crushing me, slowly, painfully killing me  
is there anyway of making you mine?  
is there ever going to be 'our time'?  
you're hearts already taken  
I know you're not willing to be exchanging;  
but i have one favor to ask you  
help me fall out of love with you

Mahfooz Ali

# She Was Mother

As I look back at over the years,

I thought that we had it all

people that glanced, envied us.

we were the perfect family

or at least the illusion of one.

Then, our glass house shattered.

and our world crumbled.

The shimmering light of the house

had fallen...

into the web of heaven,

She was lost....

She was mother.

Mahfooz Ali

# Shoes

Need a glass of water  
I miss you  
try to learn to tie my shoes again  
I tried too hard  
sun has yet to shine  
on my head; on my shoes  
no longer confused  
I'm thirsty without you.  
Remembering the days  
as I lay down on the sky  
please don't cry  
my shoes I've yet to tie.

Mahfooz Ali

# Silence

In the silence  
the wind sings a lullaby  
in the silence  
you may hear more  
silence is what silence is not  
silence is awareness  
silence is loud.

Mahfooz Ali

## Silence: I Am Mute.....

Silence gathers light,  
silence increases the divine seed,  
and makes it germinate.  
In the tree of knowledge  
you can hear,  
only the vast respiration  
of souls seeking  
their own mystery.  
That is why  
I am mute.

Mahfooz Ali



# Silent Prayers To Soften The Tears

My heart,  
bloody hands,  
my gift,  
not ready for.  
Tears washed the blood away.  
Strength helps heart to carry on.  
Soul begins to search again.  
Silent prayers to soften the tears.  
Lessen the years.

Mahfooz Ali

# Silent Tears

Lost in a world I do not know.  
I am a child, who is not that old.

Young, but yet wise be  
Crying silent tears.

Trying to be all I can, as an adult,  
Being shut down, not aloud to feel, what I truly felt.

Growing up way to fast, thinking back of a childhood past,  
That, somehow didn't last.

Remembering things good and bad,  
Wishing I had, a Mom and a Dad.

Now, I am grown and feeling alone,  
Trying to make myself a happy home.

Still crying silent tears that no one hears,  
Looking at a world in a hidden fear.

I try to reach out for an older hand,  
To guide me down a path,  
others' don't yet understand.

Helping me to grow in a world I do not know,  
Not to feel lost in a world feeling all alone,  
Because blessings of my mom and dad  
are with me to shone.

Mahfooz Ali

# Simple Question Impossible Too?

Ambition revered, one must be the best.  
Meekness and humility to destroy and detest.  
Getting trinkets and trash for time to raze.  
We miss all the moments and memories too,  
Treasure eternal always with.  
We can't see the future the past is so dim,  
what is the point how can we win?  
Philosophy, science, writing and art,  
What is the point where do we start?  
Of money, of power, of things there are many,  
Ethics and morals, do we have any?  
We can see them and touch them and feel them that are true.  
What's the drive for these things?  
The pleasures of life that are found  
Exist everywhere and abound.

All are necessities, we all need.  
Love and acceptance, kindness and trust  
All are expendable not worth the fuss.  
How did we get here?  
Trying to balance life causes such pain.  
What is the answer what can we do?  
Is this simple question impossible too?

Mahfooz Ali

# Simple Things.

In a simple way  
I live my life today  
I have had too much of petty things  
that in the end don't matter.

All I ask  
is to take a simple task  
to live for my family  
to see them to their ends  
to keep them from harms away.

Life as a dream  
has awakened me  
and now I finally see  
a glimpse of what could be?

In the wink of an eye  
we all fly by,  
so in what the world brings  
I live to love the simple things.

Mahfooz Ali

# Simple Words

I think about it.  
A moment's time.  
I want to answer.  
The seconds chime.

Simply words,  
Just vocal sound.  
But what they mean  
Is deeper bound.

To change a life,  
That has been fine,  
To make it something,  
More divine.

Mahfooz Ali

# Simply Strangers Are

Strangers are strange that way  
calling you by name  
then call you names  
and with a handshake  
tuck you back in...

supplying a place  
to hang  
that tattered hat  
when you thought  
the hat stand was gone...

in that way—  
it is perfectly strange  
how strange but perfectly perfect  
simply strangers are... stranger...

Mahfooz Ali

# Sleep Up Under The Ceiling.

It is so peaceful on the ceiling!  
It is the Place.....  
The little crystal chandelier  
is off,  
the fountain is in the dark.  
Not a soul is in the park.

Below, where the wallpaper is peeling,  
the gates are locked.  
Those photographs are animals.  
The mighty flowers and foliage rustle;  
under the leaves the insects tunnel.

We must go under the wallpaper  
to meet the insect-gladiator,  
to battle with a net and trident,  
and leave the fountain and the square  
But oh, that we could sleep up there....

date: 21/10/2008

Mahfooz Ali

# Sleepless Night

First I lie on my back,  
trying the right side and left side,  
next on my stomach,  
then right back were I started on my back.  
Through the night I keep tossing and turning side to side,  
seeming never to gain enough  
comfort enabling myself to reach a  
peaceful sleep.

This goes on for hours and hours.  
Still wide awake my mind  
continues to ponder.  
I can't get a wink of sleep.  
My mind  
wanders through the night contemplating  
what tomorrow will bring,  
future plans,  
and certain goals which I hope to achieve.

Mental anguish begins to take control.  
In just a few hours  
tomorrow will no longer be,  
and today has nearly arrived.

Finally I drift into a deep  
and serene sleep.  
Moments later  
the alarm buzzes louder and louder.  
It's time to get up.  
The alarm continues to buzz  
for about 60 grueling seconds.  
I reach for it,  
grasping it for a moment,  
then pushing the button.  
Angered and disgusted I look at the clock it's 5 A.M.,  
just  
another sleepless night has passed by.





# So Happy

I am happy,  
so happy.  
I have finally found me.  
I am happy,  
so happy.  
I am who I want to be.

I am happy,  
so happy.  
I have finally found my life.  
I am happy,  
so happy.  
I am a winner and nomore to strife.

I am happy,  
so happy.  
I am a son, a brother, a friend.  
I am happy  
so happy.  
that's what I will be till the end.

Mahfooz Ali

# So I Am Blind

When I see a bird, I see freedom,  
when I see a painting, I see expression,  
when I see a book, I see vacation,  
when I see technology, I see modern  
when I see school, I see opportunity,  
when I see an instrument, I see rehabilitation,  
when I see a movement, I see vows and promises,  
when I see the moon, I see distance,  
when I look at the night sky, I see abyss,  
when I look at my writing, I see hope,  
when I see myself, I see confusion,  
and so I am blind...

Mahfooz Ali

# So I Begin

Alone,  
small room.  
Hot and cold  
lonely.  
Empty  
All  
except  
for  
My thoughts,  
a pen  
And  
a notebook,  
So, I begin to...

Write.

Mahfooz Ali

# So Was My Dad

'Dear, there's a picture of you at the old place, ' my wife said,  
as she reached down  
and pulled it from a box of black and white photos my brother had sent me.  
In the foreground there was a image of me as a young boy.  
I was wearing a checkered wool shirt,  
and black leather hat with fur ear lappers.  
I was smiling.  
Not one of those smiles you see  
on people when they are posing for the camera;  
I was looking up at my father  
who was talking to me through the open kitchen window.  
'Do you remember what you were smiling about? ' my wife asked,  
I took photograph from her,  
trying to control the shaking in my hand.  
I looked deep into the eyes of my youth.  
'I am not sure, there was a lot to smile about in front of that window, '  
I said, talking through the flood of memories the picture invoked.  
Dad was always there, watching through the glass.  
Whatever I did, I could look up and see him beaming with approval. When I  
would come home late from a football game,  
he was there to discuss my triumphs,  
and console me when we lost.  
When I had problems in school,  
he was there.  
I grew up basking in the love  
that poured out through that window.  
'Honey, here's another one of your old house after they remodeled it.' The  
window was gone...and so was my dad.

Mahfooz Ali

# Sobbing Profusely

Some stars in the sky were getting dull  
So, God came down and asked  
Can I take your mom with  
me to make the stars glow brighter?  
So,  
that's why  
every time I look up high in the sky...

Mahfooz Ali

# Solitary Soul: An Ultimate Winner

A bottle in a river  
could take days or hours  
to reach its destination,  
perhaps even years, depending  
on how many branches divert it  
or how many stall it  
or how many rocks threaten to break it.  
But when it reaches its destination,  
it will be chosen by a solitary soul  
walking barefoot on the sand  
or trekking through the forest.  
When the message is finally read,  
will anyone be concerned with the time  
or the condition in which it arrived?

Mahfooz Ali

# Solitary Star.

That's who I am;

An uncut solitaire

Burning with properties rare.

Yet in my heart of hearts

I hear the guiding call of a unique,

a star apart

Haunted by special attribute.

Exhale that special ness on this world

Igniting all with details of eternity's spark,

Then on defined precision etch on my mark!

Though I would not accept my inner mystery;

A real-life-fairy-tale-fantasy.

Because is yet to accept the aura

Of a solitary star.

Mahfooz Ali



## Some More

A smile deep like a lake  
looking for meaning  
and finding it along it's own shores.  
Lining it's day by day  
with glittering rocks  
with smiles of their own  
that spread wider

wider

wider

and then some more.

Mahfooz Ali

## Some Whys'?

All alive endured a birth.  
All alive shall find their death.  
What grants that interval between its worth?  
Why for some is life so brittle,  
so bereft  
of meaning,  
of satisfaction,  
of mirth?

Mahfooz Ali

# Sometimes I Don'T Realize The Inspiration

Like the mostly empty notebook,  
my mind is nearly blank.  
The pen won't focus on filling up the page.  
Inspiration must be running low today.

Do you think the blue and purple clash?  
It looks better then what would have matched.  
My heart and brain suffer in a similar way  
In the same book,  
but on a different page.

In the dark,  
eyes will adjust.  
Of course then,  
surroundings have the power to trick.  
The ringing in ears will begin,  
attempting to mess up.  
The ink smears,  
and starting over again.

It looks better then what would have matched.  
My heart and brain suffer in a similar way  
In the same book,  
but on a different page.

Originality must have broken its links.  
The tanks won't fill,  
so I will pen with no ink.  
Forcing down the words that once came automatically.

Mahfooz Ali

## Sometimes Words Need A Push.....

My hands are cool  
around the glass,  
where water once danced  
to free my past,

The crystal water  
I used to know  
has burned his charm  
to candle's glow,

Instead I wait  
the spirit's call,  
with tender push  
my thoughts to fall,

Impassioned words,  
sometimes they miss  
the fond embrace  
of a lover's kiss,

To spur their flight  
upon the page,  
or pierce the still  
with bitter rage,

While embers burn  
to warm my skin,  
I wait for truth  
or ink to win.

Mahfooz Ali

## Sometimes.....

Sometimes I wonder what I want in life?  
I have so much potential,  
And so much charisma.  
But I am letting it all to waste.  
I look at my flaws.  
I obsess,  
and downplay my strength,  
because of my low confidence.  
My fears.  
My regrets.  
They cloud my vision,  
Until I am blind.  
I wonder aimlessly through glasses wondering where I will fit in.  
My wonders are nothing.  
I do not fit in.  
I have many to confide in.  
But I cannot.  
The possibilities of running are inevitable.  
My mind is a scary place.  
I am alone to dwell on my flaws...

Mahfooz Ali

# Somewhere In Time

Somewhere in time  
We fell in love  
Our feelings were so strong  
Stars sparkled up above

Somewhere in time  
Nothing else mattered  
We were together  
Until our hopes and our dreams were shattered

Somewhere in time  
Great memories are there  
Our love was once great  
Nothing could compare

Somewhere in time  
Our love stands still  
A love that we lost  
Somehow, against our will

Somewhere in time  
We will meet again  
Somewhere in time  
Our love will never end.

Mahfooz Ali

# Sorry!

There's nothing I can say to fix what has happened  
So I'm not even going to start saying I'm sorry when I'm not  
Sorry doesn't always make things better  
Sorry doesn't always help  
But if you look down deep inside me,  
You'll see what I'm all about  
I know when I say I'm sorry I don't always mean it,  
But me saying I'm sorry is a big step; that step is leaning  
When I take that step to say I'm sorry, it takes a lot of power  
Usually because all I want to do is run or cover  
I don't like to say I'm sorry  
But I don't like to fight  
I don't like to talk about things  
And I know I'm not always right  
I love you and hopefully you can see  
Without you, I don't know where I'd be  
So I'm saying I'm sorry and I love you with all my heart  
I'm willing to sit and talk this out, so we don't fall apart  
hopefully you accept this apology and take it to the heart  
Because baby... I really don't want to restart.  
ONLY WANT TO LOVE YOU.

Mahfooz Ali

# Soul In The Mirror

Take a look in the mirror  
and see a beautiful person looking back;  
Without focusing on the outer appearance  
but on, what's hidden beyond the skin.

Realizing, how silly you have been before  
for hating the way that you looked;  
You were wrong for feeling that way  
because you were not accepting what God made.

You're his child, no matter how you look  
whether short, tall, fat or skinny;  
The mirror can only see outer image  
and cannot reveal your soul.

Some people, dwell on their outwardly beauty  
and it's an awful sin to be vain;  
The outside looks can be deceiving  
and may not be as good as it looks.

Next time, when standing before the mirror  
don't dawdle by primping with the reflection;  
Try to look deeper inside oneself  
for the beauty of thy heart and soul.

Mahfooz Ali



# Special Person

There someone special that you love,  
Now it's time to share how the person is.  
How this person can light up a room,  
Even in the darest gloom.  
How loving and warm this person can be,  
kindness that is so free.  
How this person always knew when you needed a shoulder to cry on,  
And voice so gently calming.  
How this person is always there when you needed help,  
How they knew how you felt.  
Everyone needs a person like this in their life,  
Even if it's a sister, brother, mother or father.  
For me it is my wife G\*\*\*\*\*A  
There never will be any other.  
Now..... she is in my life where.....she wants to be,  
I am so glad she is looking after me.

Mahfooz Ali

# Special Rose

Although you are not with us  
You are and always will be our rose.  
Time is soon to be gone, as memories are fading fast.  
I'll always remember when we were kid and going places.  
You were always the cynosure when you play with us  
You always took us to Sunday recreation.  
We never had much money, but love was always there.  
Out of feed sacks, you'd make beautiful clothes for us to wear.  
There were three of us kids-however, you never seemed to tire.  
At times, I know, you felt like pulling out your hair.  
As I look at you now, you are nowhere,  
It sure makes my heart hurt to see you that way.  
I know, you are with God now.  
I shall always remember your smile and caring ways.  
Mummy, you will always be our special rose.

Mahfooz Ali

# Statue: Sculpture That Would Remain

I always look in one direction  
I wear a mask, both night and day  
Designed to scale and ones perfection  
Time commands what comes my way.

I see the sunshine and the raining  
Endure the wind and bitter cold  
Clothed the same but weather staining  
Made of stone and growing old.

I never smile or change emotion  
Looked upon, and given thought  
The patrons come and show devotion  
While their many answers sort.

My flowers and the grasses tended  
The fountains flow to honour peace  
Flaws and cracks to we all mended  
But from time I have no release.

I am not an indifferent to some people  
Although they live, they are not free  
Stagnate, lost with no direction  
The gifts of life, to never see.

At least I am here to be a symbol  
Be an object and a view  
Protected by my stony cover  
Guided by what time might do..

I see the children grow till old  
I watch and see what time does do  
The years of new they all unfold  
Until again the year is new.

Where I will stand in peace and glory  
Hold my posture and my name  
A testament to man's endeavour  
Sculptured so that I would remain.

Mahfooz Ali

# Steady Aim

I think that I am blessed with greatness  
Because thoughts of greatness are in my head  
It never occurred to me that the thoughts are dead  
So I always does a thing.

I seek and works toward greatness  
forging dead thoughts perfectly  
Greatness for me will not be,  
will be, will not be? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
Since I always does a thing.

I selected the toughest way  
By shrugging off ill-advised steps  
My elusive goals will be filled  
By a life of dreams with skills  
I begin again with a steady aim.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Step Mother

The battles, the anger  
the hatred she shows  
I still try so hard  
to make sure that she knows  
that she is loved  
that she always has a home  
no matter the trouble she's caused  
or the spiteful digs that she throws  
I just hopes she realizes  
before it's too late  
that I will always love her  
I could never hate  
I have been dissapointed  
I have had a broken heart  
But, a true mother always loves  
be it her own or not

Mahfooz Ali

## Step-Mom: My Father's Wife.

I am so blessed that you are my step mom;  
Let me tell you how I feel:  
The deep affection I have for you  
is honest, true and real.  
I am really glad  
I am able to convey  
how glad I am you are in my life.  
Though I don't want to write about you  
but some where and somewhat  
I love you,  
Because you are my father's wife.

Mahfooz Ali

# Still Learning; I Think So.....

Hello?

I am still learning!

That's the answer

But,

What was the question then?

Learning from my mistakes, it's a part of me,

Can't you see?

I have not forgotten the lessons I have learned,

There's just lots more to be forgotten.

Mistakes and learning are

A part of my path, or journey

On which I have not gone far.

I still have time for many more mistakes.

You know, learning is not a crime!

So let me keep going,

Although I will stumble and I will fall,

The lessons I learn will be well worth it all.

When I screw up, don't get mad,

I will simply change and that decision won't stay.

I AM STILL LEARNING!

I think.

Mahfooz Ali



# Stolen Time

Fun, games, talking with friends,  
will I ever do any of this again?  
time goes by so quickly now,  
days, weeks, months, and years.  
I never notice the change of the seasons any more.....

I begin to think that this is all there is,  
like nothing good is going to come....  
This coming year sure will.....

I can't take the passing time!  
stop, stop, clock on the wall, stop the days from  
passing by.

I need more time, time to think  
thinking about the things that time has taken away.....

give me back what I have missed?  
give me back my stolen time?

clock on the wall do not chime  
for I need my stolen time.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Stop Calling Me A Sinner.

Now stop calling me a sinner,  
If I am the sinner,  
Reason is you.....

If I am the sinner  
I won't fulfill those three conditions.  
If I am the sinner  
I won't be here for the final talks  
After yours that message.  
If I am the sinner  
I had not been asked for reconciliation.  
If I am the sinner  
I won't ask for the marriage.  
If I am the sinner  
Won't want to cure the disease?  
Remember,  
A sinner will always run away  
After doing the wrong deeds...  
And  
I was not the escapist.  
If I was the sinner  
I had not paid the penance.  
If I am the sinner  
I won't ask you from your father.  
If I was the sinner  
I would never say in past that I love you.  
If I am the sinner  
I would leave you in lurch  
But  
I never left you in lurch.

How, you are calling me a sinner?  
Haan? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Just ponder over,

If anyone is sinner....  
That is you.



# Strength Of A Mother's Love

A poem,  
from a heart that's true,  
To tell of the love I have for you.  
The day you left is still hard to take,  
I never realised how my heart would break.  
If you are listening now from up above,  
I, now,  
know the strength of a mother's love.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Strong Faith

Stress and concerns disappear for me  
when I have faith that the highest power  
which determines the universe,  
call that what we as, Allah,  
luck, the powers of attraction, or whatever,  
has placed me in the exact situation  
to suit the universal design.  
I need fear nothing.  
I am where I am supposed to be.  
All will be well for me.

When I have had faith that I could accomplish a thing,  
and held that faith,  
my goals are achieved.

Mahfooz Ali

# Strong 'now'

History,  
is made of many moments of 'now' and  
The future is a projected illusion  
of the mind that might not ever be.

All have is this moment!  
Accept it;  
surrender to it,  
live it for what it is...

Mahfooz Ali

## Struggle Between.....? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

I know a place  
Where sun shall never die  
Where I dared to tread  
and rest beneath the sky.....

It's here that I shall spend my days  
and write legends of mine.....  
Until the .....day of annihilation.....

But soon this sun shall set  
and endless night shall soon forget  
that ever light did once possess  
this frozen waste of cold.

Eternal dusk shall end my sight  
the epic war of sun and night.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Success Means To Me?

I see people every day  
Striding confidently through life  
And I just want that in the worst way  
To be established and secure  
Aware and self-assured.

Mahfooz Ali



# Success Needs A Fire = Junoon

Hopes of life;  
Fate always shatters  
Try we must;  
success never matters  
Obstacles shall come;  
Hurdles are natural  
stones shall be pelted;  
Wounds don't matter  
Keep going we must;  
On the coarse course of life  
Destination may be far;  
Distance does not matter.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Success: A Little Bit Extra Waiting.

I start something,  
It is important,  
First on my list,  
Success!

Now what? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

The world hasn't stopped,  
I am not done,  
There is more to do  
One more thing  
To reach  
To yearn  
To succeed.....

Success is never final.....  
There is always something  
More  
A little bit  
Extra  
Waiting.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Suddenly

As I walk down  
this path of life  
I wonder what I will be  
nothing has been clear to me

then Suddenly  
I m someones lover  
surround by love  
to take my place  
by almighty's sweet grace

But Suddenly  
I am deserted  
and I realized  
just what to do  
I was born to love you.

Mahfooz Ali

# Sunset Sweeps Across The Sky.

Sunset sweeps across the sky,  
Hues of gentle face.  
Blues of brilliant tones,  
Obscure the night's approach.  
Red light embers  
of sunlight rays,  
Stretch across the sky.  
Pink soft strokes of a petal's face  
Surround the burning sun.  
Reflected light of portrait view  
is painted on water's edge,  
As embroidered tones of twilight,  
Shines down on everyone.

Mahfooz Ali

# Sweet Memories

Oh sweet memory,  
my heart breaks deep inside.  
Oh sweet memory,  
it's you I'm trying to hide.

Do you remember  
when my lips locked in the shopping Mall,  
or do you remember  
the nights we spend on phone?

Oh sweet memory,  
its hard now that you are gone.  
Oh sweet memory,  
I never knew what was going on.

Don't you remember,  
I held you in my arms.  
Don't you remember,  
or am I lost with all my charms.

Oh sweet memory,  
I'm crying so hard.  
Oh sweet memory,  
I won't send another mail to you.

You are my lost memory.

(This poem depicts my innate feeling of lost of my beloved, U people know that I Love you my beloved deeply from the heart and I am not capable of having a thought of loosing her.)

Mahfooz Ali

# Symphony In The Trees

Sitting on a stone near a field of grass,  
With nothing to do but let the time pass.  
No one around me, no love but no violence,  
Nothing but me and the trees...and the silence.

Birds flutter by but they utter no song,  
The sun hovers lower and the shadows grow long.  
Unthreatened, the animals pass without glancing,  
The wind gently blows and the grass begins dancing.

The creek in the distance trickles in tune,  
As the clouds drift away for the sun-faded moon.  
The pines and the cottonwoods sway in the breeze,  
And if you listen close enough, there's music in the trees.

Mahfooz Ali

# Take Me To The World Of Books.

Take me to a world where crocodiles fly  
and dinosaurs prowl  
Take me to a world where good always pervades  
Take me to a place where I forget all my troubles  
Take me to a world free from inequalities  
Take me to the world of books.

Mahfooz Ali

# Talking Rocks

My mind wanders back,  
from time to time,  
to the place of the winding road  
where first I saw her...  
on Street.

I don't know who she was.  
She stood in the  
distance,  
leaning against the boulder  
of the Talking Rocks.

The morning sun  
peeked through the sleepy  
dogwood trees;  
I leaned over the balcony rail,  
in hopes of catching  
a better glimpse  
of her.

A wisp of wind  
appeared, as if from nowhere.  
She crossed her arms,  
shuddering in the cool breeze  
and turned to look my way.  
Then she was gone –  
disappeared,  
as if she been...  
dare I say a ghost?

I saw her once another time,  
only briefly,  
late at night with the moon  
shining in her silver hair,  
wandering aimlessly down  
a dimly lit Street.

I don't know who she is,



but sometimes, quite unannounced,  
she sneaks into my dreams.  
She says not a word  
and, quietly as she came,  
slips away  
into the pale moonlight  
down that twisted road  
beyond the talking rocks.

Mahfooz Ali

# Tears

Is wont make you cry! !  
this poem is for a Girl I dated and I

loved her.. in the end she made me cry.  
She didnt love me back.

This is for you! !

Mahfooz Ali

# Ten Reasons Are Not Enough To Explain.

One, my smile drives me wild.....

Two, my energy connects me to me.....

Three, my personality.....

Four, my face full of grace.....

Five, I am not like other boys.....

Six, I believe I have chemistry with others and either sex.....

Seven, there is something about me that words can't explain.....

Eight, I am handsome.....a perfect ten to me.....

Nine, I want me to be mine.....

And ten reasons are not enough to explain why I like me,

So it won't end on ten, but goes on this.....

I like me for being me,

and that's why I want to go out with me.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Terror Free India: An Ode.....

Our Martyrs are dead  
But we still hear the words unheard they left unsaid,  
We have a dream of terror free India,  
These words continue the stream of humanity's self esteem.  
To have a dream of terror free India is to create a beam  
That spreads our consciousness into intruding terror of posterity.  
To make a dream a reality of terror free India,  
It takes passion and vitality.  
When this dream comes true, transformed we will be.  
Our lives as vast as the sea.  
With passion and glory we must continue this story.  
We must not fret,  
Nor should we worry.  
For we will reach that promontory.  
The dreams of terror free India,  
We create from this day,  
Will have an effect somehow, someway.  
What do you think these martyrs would say  
Of our efforts in making peace today?

(An ode to the martyrs of Mumbai Blasts: - 26/11)

Mahfooz Ali

# Terrorism Shocks India

I N D I A

Watches in total shock!  
Raging smoke, falling rail and debris,  
Mumbai City dilapidated  
Terrorism  
Has hit us all.  
Running for cover  
Not having a clue,  
Where they could run  
Or what they should do.  
Making;  
Last Calls  
And saying;  
Last Prayers,  
Preparing to meet  
Their  
Saviour and  
emancipator up there.  
Sadness suddenly fills the air,  
People of Mumbai come together  
Showing they care.  
Searching for answers  
Not knowing why?  
So many innocent victims have died.  
May God  
Bless the loved ones who've passed on,  
Keep their families standing strong.  
Give them strength each and every day,  
And  
Bless our leaders to act in a positive way!

14/November/2006

20: 50

Mahfooz Ali

# Thank You For All

Let us be thankful,  
Let us be good,  
Let us thank God, as we should,  
Let us be grateful.

Thank him for this meal today,  
Thank him for all food we pray,  
Thank him for our family and friends  
Thank him for keeping us, safe in his hands.

We thank you God for all you do  
We thank you God for loving us too,  
We thank you God for each night and day  
We thank you God for all blessings,  
you send our way.

Let us be always faithful,  
forever grateful and truly thankful  
For God's love,

Mahfooz Ali

# Thank You Mom.

Thank you for a childhood others only dream of,  
Thank you for the hugs and kisses, the discipline and love.  
Thank you for the breakfast, lunch, and dinners,  
for all those many (fourteen) years,  
Thank you for sharing my joys, and wiping away my tears.  
Thank you for being such a good nurse and fixing a scraped knee.  
Thank you for a brother and sister who are so dear and sweet,  
Thank you for taking care of me.

So many thank to you, I cannot count them all,  
Thank you for being there every time I 'd call.  
Thank you for being my friend, every day of my life.  
I am sure that's what makes me happy as a son

But, Alas! You are no more to see  
me how happy I am  
Everyday day I used to find you  
among the stars,

I love you Mom.

Mahfooz Ali

# Thank You, Father

Fathers hold you when you have bad dreams  
And they comfort you when all is lost it seems.  
Fathers teach you to dribble a basketball and shoot a free throw  
And they lead you as you grow.  
Fathers teach you how to drive a car  
And they try to teach you how to putt for par.  
Fathers wipe the tears of your broken heart  
And they hold your hand when you don't know how to start.  
Fathers quiz the boys who take you on a date  
And they scold those boys who bring you home late.  
Fathers carry you on their shoulders when you're too small to see  
And they watch as you giggle when they bounce you on their knee.  
Fathers extend their feet to you when they teach you how to dance  
And they always give you a second chance.  
Fathers wait in the wings while you start your own life  
And they pray for a husband to make you a wife.  
Fathers walk you down the aisle on your wedding day  
But fathers never really give their little girls away.

Mahfooz Ali



# Thanks For Giving Me My Moon....

I am free  
from all the things I have done to me  
I am free to fly  
to spread my wings and soar the skies  
I feel my heart has come to life  
I feel as if I must be high  
for I have never felt this way  
what is this thing that liberates?

Success.....

is the answer.

I thanks Allah for all he has done to me,  
thanks for giving me my moon....

Mahfooz Ali



# The Day I Was Born: A Journey Begins.....

As I come into the world,  
step by step my journey begins  
Everything looks so big,  
so large, so superior  
Look, there is a big person;  
just help me to make it over there to their lap  
Please, Please, just pick me up and hold me  
I am safe, I am comfortable, I am secure.....  
They have put me down again,  
this time at a strange place.  
I look around and see a lot of small people  
Wait, why are you leaving me here?  
I am confused, I begin to cry  
I am soon comforted by other kids  
Time passes by throughout this journey,  
I begin to achieve great things  
My safe, comfort and secure lap has passed away.  
I sure miss that lap, she was my best friend, my mother  
I am just a big kid now, learning how corrupt things are?  
I turn everything over to my higher spirit  
I am safe, I am comfortable, I am secure  
I am still full of questions that may never be answered  
I guess it's a part of this interesting journey.  
I have asked myself, is it me, or is it you.

Mahfooz Ali

# The Day We First Met

I could fill the strength that you show  
your softness that is you  
are a few of the reasons, why I am so into you  
The day we first met  
I felt like a school boy, not knowing what expect  
but what I found is love, that I can not reject  
The day we first met  
in you I saw my future, in you I saw my end  
The day we first met  
my new life began, so dont be afraid  
of what this love can bring  
the day we first met  
I knew my life would never be the same....  
open your eyes and your heart  
and let this love blossom  
this way we'll never be apart.

Mahfooz Ali

# The Futile Flame

Your internal rage  
a fire so hot, you are burned by a thought  
a passion so wild  
the fire grows hotter, a thought grows near  
a fear of life  
an eternal blaze that never fades  
not of death  
growing stronger with each day  
you wish to die  
out of control this flame goes  
this thought you cannot hide  
looking for fuel it consumes us  
take the dagger  
a little less bright  
Fulfill your wish  
let the flame guide you this night.

Mahfooz Ali

# The Girl

Why is she still there?  
Talking to her i just cant bear.  
I gave her my heart. She gave me nothing.  
But i'm used to it.

This life is screwed,  
I don't want to deal with it,  
I'm just used.

She took my heart,  
And took it apart,  
She played a cruel game,  
And put my life to shame.  
But i'm used to it.

This life is screwed,  
I don't want to deal with it,  
I'm just used.

This is the end, I'll take no more.  
I don't need her,  
Life's just a friggin bore.

But i'm used to it. This life is screwed.  
I don't want to deal with it, I'm just used.

Mahfooz Ali

# The Girl In My Dreams

As I close my eyes to sleep, drifting  
off to see what I can see, it's  
not clear yet of what's going on,  
but there's a girl grabbing at my arm.

It's very dark in here please who ever  
you are make yourself clear to me and don't  
stand so far.  
I don't want to be afraid  
of you,  
though you seem harmful at all,  
I just want to see you face to face as you are.

Now that you are coming clear,  
I know  
I 've seen you before;  
I was once that little  
boy that you held so close to your heart.  
You are my Mom can't you recall?  
how could  
you forget me?  
and not even call.  
How long  
of time it has been I miss you        -Mom  
and one day I will see you again,  
in the heaven.

Mahfooz Ali

# The Happiness I Feel: A Double Treasure

The happiness I feel at my recent achievements  
reflects the happiness I feel unto mine.  
I expand the pleasures of such moments,  
As mine in mine, and mine in mine, combine.  
The same when I look forward to my future:  
So much more unfolds  
Populating my proposed adventures  
Gives me a joy that mine must give to me.  
I have been through much, and will be through much more,  
But struggle together is more fun.  
Whatever life and love may have in store,  
Two is always preferable to one.  
My immediate success thus becomes my pleasure:  
My happiness is mine, a double treasure.

Mahfooz Ali



## The Ink Flows....

In this present emotional ice age  
when sharing of feelings is a crime,  
I remember my childhood days  
when sharing of love was prime.  
Those days when tears rolled with laughter and love  
and security bound me in endless ties,  
those moments when I moved like an innocent dove  
played pranks, shared joys and dreamt of paradise.  
We know of love that was pure and selfless  
we lived a life, filled with small joys and happiness,  
we cared for tender emotions, we cared for each other,  
we felt for all and belonged to one another.  
Such were our possessions that we were proud of,  
such was the wisdom of feelings we boasted of.

Today, as I capture the flavour of past events  
and recollect those bottled joyous moments,  
I feel richer with such a childhood, than having endless riches.  
Even today in this emotional ice age,  
things are not really as bad as we gauge.

Mahfooz Ali

# The Little Urchin Boy

The little boy was so cute,  
No one thought he would cause a dispute,  
Oh! How he played so fairly well,  
He was always able to yell and tell.

However, he made friends so fast,  
But as time went by he had known to last,  
He cried and whine,  
And decided to run up a vine.

As he left he made everyone worried,  
And that next week his mother was buried,  
The little boys family thought he was kidnapped,  
Or was he just handicapped.

While the boy was gone,  
His friends began to bond,  
'Oh! How we miss this little boy blue'  
'Can we just receive a single clue? '

As he heard this replying,  
He began crying,  
He never came back and stopped being mischievous,  
And began to be facetious,

The Little Urchin Boy is Mahfooz.

Mahfooz Ali

# The Moment My Life Changed.

The moment had come I 've waited for,  
The wondering was no more.  
As I sat there with you in my arms,  
In my head went off an alarm.  
I began to sob, a sob so true,  
Because at that second I knew.  
That this was the day my life changed.  
A change so great.  
I look down at your beautiful face,  
waiting for my heart to finish it is  
I can't begin to tell you how much I love you,  
Hug and kiss you was all  
My beautiful mother, reason for my being.  
from this day forward I will always remember,  
The day my life changed....  
You are no more.....

Mahfooz Ali

# The Only Thing I Wanted To Do...Is Love....

I know things are different now  
We are living separate lives,  
Even though our lives have changed  
I still think of you as mine.  
For hearts that once stayed together  
Will always stay together forever,  
Intertwined as they became part of each other  
As they will remain till the end of time.  
When you go, I'll know it will be okay for you and me.  
For all the names given to all that changes  
For all the ways we said good bye,  
For all the mistakes we both made....

We were happy once  
I remember those times...  
How we smiled and laughed  
How you held my heart in your hands.  
I remember the fights and the tears...  
When you threw my heart back at me it was bruised and wilted.  
I know that some day I will get used to the fact  
That we are not together any more,  
And that we may never be... again.  
Only time will tell but in the meantime  
Though you may be far from my arms,  
You will never be far from my heart.  
I know that love will never leave  
since there are so many special moments and memories  
to ever try to forget.  
I will remember for the rest of my days...  
How you helped me find happiness and some truths,  
How you opened so many doors and taught me to love.  
I will never forget how good it felt  
To share my life with yours.  
Why did I put you through such misery  
when I love you so much?  
Why did I get so moody with you  
When I love you so much?  
I wondered how you could forgive me  
But you always did,

I am so thankful that you realized my feelings  
And gave me another chance.  
I am so sorry for causing you confusion  
and for getting you upset,  
Thank you for trying to understand those moods  
making me feel really comfortable with you.  
You are so important to me  
I never meant to hurt you,  
The only thing I wanted to do...  
Was just to love you.  
I wish that you could be back  
Because I love you and miss you so.

Mahfooz Ali

# The Other Me: Two Sides Of Life

Mirror image?  
Orimagery?

The one in white  
who is he?  
the one in red  
is he me?

I have two sides  
two sides to me  
one angelic  
the other angry.

The two are not  
acquainted though  
when one is here  
the other goes.

These two cannot  
co-habitat  
for one is love  
the other hate.

Though they are both  
quite good  
one is honesty  
the other deceitful.

Do you think you know  
who is who (he) ?  
One is me  
the other you...

Mahfooz Ali

# The Pain In My Heart

I can no longer see the beauty inside me.  
For my mind is corrupted, and full of broken dreams.  
My heart is forever broken, my soul forever scared.  
All the things I want to have, now seem so far.

How can this have happened to me?  
Why does it hurt so bad?  
how did you break my happiness down and take away all I had?

I know I can make it alone without you.  
And I 'll show you that I don't need you.  
From now on I will only put my heart in,  
to the words that I write with this paper and pen.

Mahfooz Ali

# The Power Of Imagination

The ground disappears,  
And the chair lifts up  
Everything feels so real  
As you shoot off into the sky.  
Whizzing by everything you know...

When your eyes open  
And you are back where you started  
Sitting on your rocking chair.....

Mahfooz Ali



# The Sneak

To take a peek behind the couch,  
I as a child lurks and crawls.  
A spy, a sneak,  
I makes no sound at all.

I knows that mom is napping there,  
My smile, like a sword,  
I grips my cymbals so-tight.....

My mom has not been bored,  
Since the day that I was born.

Mahfooz Ali

# The Way Shown To Me.

My mother came from heaven  
Really! ! ! ! ..... it is true...  
Believe me.....  
A time in my life,  
When I was blue,  
All brokenhearted,  
No care in the world.  
She lifted me up,  
My heart in a whirl,  
I love her dearly,  
Allah knows it's true,  
There's nothing for her,  
That I wouldn't do.  
I told her that.....  
I have committed much sin  
She said after furling her hand over my hair  
Just, ' ask forgiveness before Allah'  
I know that she is right  
I did what she ordered me  
Allah helped me out....  
Show me the way.....

Mahfooz Ali

# There Is No Other Way To Tell The Story.

There is no other way to tell the story.  
I am out there in that old menage,  
spending my days writing for a living.

The night moonshine is unforgiving.  
From twilight to cockcrow, just me on the ocean,  
engaging my craft through great devotion  
with waves lapping against the pod,

occasionally laughing with a bamboozle,  
and basking in the grace of God's glory.  
There is no other way to tell the story.

Mahfooz Ali

# These Are The Things I Just Miss.

A hug  
a laugh  
a tear  
a soft whisper you can barely hear  
Oh! Mum where are you?

Taking me to school  
to see me laugh everyday  
to see me try and get my own way  
to see me run and have fun  
to meet my mates and possible dates  
to cook treats and to hear me say  
Mom I love.....

for me to read at night  
would put my heart just right  
to tuck me in  
give me a kiss and wish me good night  
to turn light off  
one more glance  
one more little wink  
and blow me a kiss

These are the things I just miss.

Mahfooz Ali

# They

Why can't they see  
what troubles me?  
Why don't they understand?

I'm just a boy  
with tears of joy.  
That's who I really am.

There was a time  
I did not mind,  
what they thought of me.

I made my plans  
and took a stand.  
then prayed on bended knee.

Sometimes I cry  
I know I 'll die.  
I 'll never know just when.

I can't control  
what fate may hold,  
what happens in the end.

With purpose clear,  
I 'll show no fear  
and reap the seeds I sow.

I 'll lie my head  
upon my bed  
in one last final role.

When years have passed;  
through looking glass,  
then they will understand.

The times of test  
are layed to rest  
for the boy inside the man.

Mahfooz Ali

# Things I Learned From Rex: Rex.... My Cutiepie Doggy

Love: everyone likes to be cuddled and snuggled.

Trust: knowing the person holding you in the air won't drop you.

Importance of sleep: sleep because you need to, nap because you want to.

Cleanliness: you never know who may come and make a fuss over you.

Happiness is: a nice person to cuddle up to and purr for.

Kindness: treat people nice and you can get treats.

Play time: exercise is good for all of us,

But we all can't run over the furniture can we?

Fear: having a friend to turn down the lights.

And turn on the radio when a thunder storm is nearby.

How to say 'I love you': if it be in words or woofs,

It's not what you say, but how you say and show it.

Making mistakes: we all make them but we must learn from them.

(Abey! Rex! Saale, Yeh meri chappal hai bey.... chhod ise....)

'Ouch! Rex! that's my chappal!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!, you stupid! '

\* Rex is a dog (puppy) of 27 days.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Thinking By My Love! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

When I think of you...  
Only great thoughts come to mind.  
You put a smile on my face.  
And warmth in my heart.

Your love means the most.  
I hold it so close to heart.  
Cherish it with all I have.  
Love you as much as you love me.

Mahfooz Ali



# This Is Me.

This is me,  
the realest one,  
my scar of sanity,  
the masquerade,  
sorrow at it's sweetest,  
truth that is a lie,  
my pretending,  
and my hiding  
undeserving of your praise,  
and  
far from understanding.

Mahfooz Ali

# This Is One Lovely Lady, Whom I Will Never Forget

JAANAM is her name, a beauty to behold.  
I am just a lonely poet,  
With this story to be told.  
I am enchanted by her beauty,  
And devastated by her style.  
I long to kiss her precious lips,  
That produces such a gorgeous smile.  
To me she is a goddess, sent from God above.  
Here to take me on a flight, on the wings of a dove.  
I sit here and think of her,  
Morning, noon and night.  
Wishing with her right now,  
Holding her nice and tight.  
If I could have just one wish,  
A wish that would come true.  
The only wish I 'd wish for,  
Is my wish of loving her.  
But she does not understand  
my plight, and my haplessness.  
So as this story comes to an end,  
It is written with love one can bet.  
This is one lovely lady, whom I will never forget.

Mahfooz Ali

# This Is The Life.

I shut my eyes.  
The cool night air  
chills my skin.  
I sense,  
I do not see,  
Cliff walls.  
Their stability  
Further from me in reality  
Yet closer,  
To my mind.

My rigid body  
Cuts intrusively  
through inky water.  
The sounds from above  
Are muffled,  
Or perhaps,  
The sounds of this world  
Are becoming amplified.

The waters  
Like images in my mind  
Swirl round me,  
Inside me,  
Forcing me  
Into a sad awareness.

An angry awareness.  
I have no control  
I know I am powerless  
Struggling  
Useless  
Against the current.

I wish I could cry.  
Are there tears  
trickling down my cheeks?  
More likely,  
my imagination.

Unsure of where I am  
I continue.

My arms and legs,  
Once strong  
Now frail uselessly.  
Disconnected,  
Images begin to fade  
Peace takes over me  
And I know now

There were no tears.  
Only smooth water  
enveloping me  
still aware  
of my lack of control  
I am no longer  
Frightened.

Instead,  
I take comfort in  
My knowledge.  
I rise to the surface  
Breathe deeply.  
Reveal in the crispness  
I swim to shore  
Shivering.

I am running,  
To the highest cliff  
I will jump again.

There will still be currents.  
And struggles,  
And images,  
And fear.  
But I am stronger now.  
For all waters calmed  
others are tumultuous.  
For all struggles won  
other wars are waged.

For all images faded  
other are intensified.  
For all fears overcome  
new ones take their place.

I am aware  
of reality  
of my fallibility.  
I am courageous  
I will jump into the river  
Again,  
And again.

This is the life.

Mahfooz Ali

# This Love Is Real

Holding you close, your hands touching mine  
And we don't feel the time passing by  
In my heart, oh, I 'm crying  
Because of this tender touch we share  
I can't stand it when we are apart  
When I can't see your face and I know  
That time will tell this love is real

Driving alone sometimes I feel lonely  
Talking to shadows by my side  
I pray that God will guide me through it  
But I think too much, you are always on my mind  
I think of the future and how it will be  
I look in your eyes in your photograph and all I see  
Is a vision of two, a vision indeed that this love is real

I write this song for you, my love  
It brings a tear to my eye  
Time and again I think what is right  
I want you close by my side  
Be there tomorrow and let me show  
That this love is real.....

Mahfooz Ali

# This Poem Is To All The People Who Ask... Why Do I Write Poems?

Why do I write poems? I don't know why  
I guess it's just because...  
Because I don't want to sigh.

If you ask me the reason  
It's the reason for the season  
If you ask me why  
I couldn't tell you I 'd just cry

Cry because of my poem  
Knowing no one else can show them  
Show them to anyone else because I made them up for myself

Sometimes I ask myself and I also wonder why?  
How do I think of this stuff?  
And does it come from inside.

I write poems because...  
I don't want to shout and I had to figure  
Some way to let my anger out.

If you want to know what I say  
When people ask why I write poems  
I don't talk I just show them  
Could you answer this for them:  
why do I write poems?

Mahfooz Ali

## Thought: Don'T Bother Me.

Thought comes to the head,  
like a rushing whirlwind.....  
Thought comes to the mind,  
like a merciless intruder.....  
Thought is a great interrupter,  
who comes when called upon  
Thought meddle my mind.....

Thought....? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

hey! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Don't ever come to bother  
to my peaceful mind.

Mahfooz Ali



# Thoughts

Sometimes it is hard to describe  
the blank paper  
Thoughts running  
In mind  
The paper  
looks back at me infinitely  
I start writing  
Because I can't write  
without any inspiration  
the pen  
stops every now and then  
to ponder.  
Every moment  
thoughts running  
Into my mind  
and seems to me  
What did I start  
I can't end.

Mahfooz Ali

# Thoughts In Between.....

Blank paper and a pen  
Stark white,  
staring back at me  
But what am I supposed to write?  
Sitting here trying to bring back memories  
Of people, places, and dreams  
Causing misery and apathy  
not the other way around.

I belong in between the pages of the epic poem  
Not the sonnets or the limericks  
I must belong there,  
somewhere.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Thoughts Of You

If I had a penny for every time I thought of you,  
or for every time you crossed my mind,  
There is nothing in this world I could want for,  
nothing, not any.

I`m not a person that wastes my life on dreams and wishes,  
although I do have a few,  
I confess,  
but I don`t have many.

My dream for me is to be able to have peace of mind.

My wishes have never been for myself, you see,  
they have always been for others,

I`m not selfish, though I`ve been accused,  
really I`m not that kind.

I wish great things for you my love,  
you are so sweet, so strong, so true.

unknowingly, at times you are my strength.

I wonder, Without you, Where would I be?

Mahfooz Ali

# Thoughts? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Thoughts  
are in our mind everyday  
some good  
some bad  
some happy  
some sad

thoughts take us  
from the present  
to the future  
to our past  
some go strait through  
and some just last

they make us ponder  
they make us wonder  
what was yesterday  
and what is today  
and what will be tomorrow

our thoughts can comfort us  
they can scare us  
they can worry us  
they can make us laugh  
they can make us cry

but our thoughts  
are always with us  
until the day we die.

Mahfooz Ali

## Three Words

She pronounces three words like a threat.  
He stiffens, refusing the cue,  
resisting her sentence of debt.

An echo's report is not true.  
She wants the return of the gift;  
he stiffens, refusing the cue,

the silence a widening rift;  
her words on heavy airs hover.  
She wants the return of the gift,

attends the three words from the lover.  
He turns, now bitter, not playing;  
her words on heavy airs hover.

Three little words he's not saying.  
She takes the words wordlessly back.  
He turns, now bitter, not playing.

He knows that he owes her, in fact.  
She pronounced her three words like a threat.  
She takes the words wordlessly back.  
He's resisting her sentence of debt.

Mahfooz Ali

# Tick Tock, Tick Tock: I Am A Clock

I am a clock, tick tock, tick tock  
All I can do is to tell the time,  
With every passing second,  
Life has left me behind.....

I am a clock who's hands go around,  
Through each and every hour,  
Unlike nature who in the spring  
Can bring us a full bloom flower.

I am a clock who can tell the time,  
To measure lives each passing day,  
If I am never looked at?  
Who is there to obey?

From dusk till dawn, morning to night,  
Or the minutes in between,  
I am there always on time  
Don't you think I should be seen?

Through life's each passing day  
Through thick or through thin,  
I will always be there  
From beginning to end!

Mahfooz Ali

# Till Eternity: A Dedication

Because you are my mother  
And I love you so,  
There's some thing I want to tell you  
Some things that you should know.

You are my strength, my knowledge,  
My inspiration and my hope.  
Without your love and guidance,  
Sometimes I could not cope.....

You have taught me faith and honesty  
Love, laughter, and goodwill.  
You have given me security and comfort  
That I carry with me still.....

My only wish is I will be  
As great as you.  
A legacy to leave for my coming generation  
Which I hope that I can do.....

And now I want to thank you  
For being like no other.  
Allah chose you,  
To be my loving mother..... till eternity.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Time Is Wasted.

Everyone wants something  
and though it makes no sense  
we all have our excuses  
for sitting on the fence  
Content to wait till later  
for what could be today  
watching all of those tomorrows  
turn to yesterdays  
We never fully understand  
how different life could be  
if only we would take a chance  
and act upon our dream  
The days turn into weeks and months  
the months too soon to years  
those dreams get buried in the ruts  
and all but disappear  
Precious time is wasted  
on making do with less  
afraid to take the leap of faith  
and find true happiness.

Mahfooz Ali



# Time Please

Sometimes  
I wish  
Time would stop  
Other times.  
I wish  
Time would go  
But mostly,  
I wish  
The universe would collapse,  
On itself  
And swallow the Time whole.

Mahfooz Ali

# To Be Continued.....

I remember the laughter  
I remember my smile  
and continue to live.....

Fear only happens when  
You let it in  
So  
I don't look back  
I don't let it in.....

The same again  
Continue to pray  
and  
Continue to live.....

Mahfooz Ali

# To Be Fortunate

The dawn's first rays,  
insistent that a new day has begun,  
releasing from night's indentured trance.  
past is past and cannot be undone.

Moment, pausing to review  
the path have taken to now.  
Wonder, if could just start a new.

Predestined ever to repeat?  
Blindly stumble each waking day?  
Do control the path beneath the feet  
or guided? Can't really say.

With each new day, perhaps  
a choice;  
to try again;  
a second chance next in order  
to be fortunate.

Mahfooz Ali

# To Be Loved For Who I Am: What That Is?

Lost and distraught  
Trying to find out who I am?  
And when I think I know  
And I act out that role.  
Something changes  
The process starts over,  
I am never satisfied with myself,  
All I want is to be accepted  
To be loved  
For who I am  
And what I am?  
But how is that possible  
When I don't know  
Exactly what that is?

Mahfooz Ali

## To Everyone.

Wishing you all a Happy New Year  
Wishing you laughter and joy without any tears.....

May all your dreams come true this year  
Blessing your loved ones whom you cherish so dear.....

May this year be blessed with harmony and peace  
May all the horrific tragedies on earth finally cease.....

May mankind find tranquility and calmness of mind  
May mankind to each other be helpful and kind.....

Fireworks exploding and there is nothing to fear  
Glasses raised and wishing you all a very Happy New Year.....

Mahfooz Ali

# To Love Someone Deeply Gives You Strength

Love that runs deeply is something nothing can sever;  
when genuinely returned, an emotion that lasts forever.  
Love strengthens as the years fly by, flourishes every day.  
What a wonderful feeling when hearts are joined this way!

To love gives one strength when their feet seem to falter.  
It's a powerful emotion that nothing can possibly alter.  
Being loved in return makes life worthwhile and complete;  
takes giving and taking on behalf of both, not an easy feat.

To love and be loved deeply in return, obliterates all fears;  
erases all self-doubts and heartache, and dispels the tears.  
As majestic as any mountain, real love is just as grand.  
Nothing could be better than to share such love hand in hand.

Mahfooz Ali

# To My Rescue

I fought the best  
I could,  
But thoughts,  
overpowered me,  
I cried a lot.

I faced what I came for,  
I left me in the pot.  
and said thanks a lot,  
which shook me to the core.

Mahfooz Ali

## To My Sister 'Glory'.

My sister, my blood, but not my twin,  
You seek life outside while I seek it within.  
Different, you say, yet we are very alike,  
Even if I get spares and you get strikes.  
Blood we are, blood we will stay,  
Even if while I read, you play.  
I love you as I know you love me,  
I'm glad we're together on the family tree.  
My sister, my blood, but not my twin,  
You seek life outside while I seek it within.  
Different, you say, yet we are very alike,  
Even if I get spares and you get strikes.

Mahfooz Ali



# To The Power Of Woman, God Bless Them

The eyes of a woman hold power untold.  
With a wink or a coy stare a woman  
can enthrall the heartiest of men.  
What is the strength,  
this power you may ask.  
The secret is woman for through  
her eyes she loves,  
hates, desires, laughs, pities, dies, and shows pettiness.  
All of these can thrive and fade in a blink,  
a moment in time, and men have no ample defense.  
Yet, somehow we survive.  
Beware, because when we come under their full sway,  
we perish.

Mahfooz Ali

# To Unlock The Door To Dreams

Lift up my head and reveal to self  
The beauty that lies beneath  
Look up above at the vast open plains  
Make a wish, just once again.....

Someday soon not that far away  
A sign will come from a distant place  
A world of hope is out there somewhere  
The hardest part is to find out where.....

There is a lock on the door to dreams  
No where to be found is the key, it seems  
They are all around in this world that fear  
Somewhere calling for, but can't hear...

All of the world once did say  
That there is no possible way...  
If my hope is in great abundance  
My mind can take me anywhere...

Mahfooz Ali

# To You Right Now.

Just to let you know  
I would never want  
To let you go  
Now i feel  
Like I'm losing you  
But the Truth  
I already know

There was a time  
I said I love you  
You Said  
You loved me too  
Now when  
I say I love you  
You make me  
Feel like a fool

It's not your fault  
Feelings for you  
Locked in my heart  
The same Heart  
Shot with a tainted dart

Time spent  
You by my side  
One of the greatest  
Times of my life  
I truly wanted you  
To be my Wife

It wasn't my intent  
Us forever  
I absolutely meant

You're not ready  
Not the right moment  
It's alright  
Nothing is perfect

You said not to worry  
Everythings real blurry  
Now my thoughts  
Spinning in a flurry

It makes me sad  
I even cried  
Since I accepted that you lied

Everything I'm saying  
And all that was said  
It's not meant  
To make you mad  
I'm sincerely not trying  
To make you feel bad

Promises that were made  
Promises that you couldn't keep  
Promises that now  
Make it hard to sleep

Your the girl in my dreams  
Holding hands, warm kisses, tight hugs  
And making love  
Dreams of giving my princess  
Foot massages, back rubs  
And all the things that was

When I wake  
What I hate  
Everything that happened  
It was fake

When I wake  
You're not there  
That is surely  
Not fair

It would be a wish come true  
Us being happy  
You, me, and a family

It was my wish  
It didn't come true  
I'm not even close  
To keeping you

But for now I'll wait  
Another day another date  
Give you time  
Find your true mate

If you truly loved me  
The days we shared  
It should prove  
If you really care

I let my guard down  
Left with a frown  
If I didn't still love you  
I wouldn't be writing  
To you right now.

Mahfooz Ali

# Today's Decisions Tomorrow's Future

Forgetting all my care  
Soaking the night's air  
As I sit in the gentle breeze  
It almost brings me to my knees.  
Finally seeing what Allah had in store,  
I look and I listen at creation galore.  
When I think of the different types of love,  
It moves me to help create a solution.  
What will happen in ten years or more,  
If we pass off the problems or simply ignore?  
The happiness we had today will turn into sorrow,  
So pitch in and help for a better tomorrow.

Mahfooz Ali

# Together...

I once looked into your eyes,  
and saw eternity gazing back at me  
I once knelt down by the side of a creek,  
and saw your face -the mirror of my soul  
whenever the shadow of hope, the trace of a ghost  
of happiness disappears from my ash-black heart,  
I whisper your name and I remember -  
I remember what it means to live.  
life beyond legend, life beyond myth,  
life beyond me  
I try to remember your face and I can't.  
No, your face was carved by Allah.  
when the hour of judgement comes, I 'll whisper  
your name for the wind to carry it away  
and may be -  
just may be, we can finally be  
Together.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Tomorrow Comes....?

May tomorrow be the day  
of knowing which way to go  
and to help me decide  
which emotions to let flow?  
May it help me to understand  
what exactly is going on,  
where all my mistakes are made  
and what I am doing wrong.  
May it give me answers  
to questions that I ask  
and the truth be unveiled  
relieved from its mask.  
May the day bring me  
companionship and love  
and everything else in this poem  
May it be the best day  
to ever pass me by  
and leave me in a euphoric state  
some kind of natural high.

Mahfooz Ali



# Tomorrow Gently Falls

The patter of the winter falling gently upon my memories,  
While the softness of the silence  
Takes me to another place,  
Another time.

Crystal rainbows of the past  
Whisper gentle teardrops of past  
slowly into my ear.  
I hear the words the centuries have taught me to crave the most.  
I live more than life itself, forever and through the years.

Another thousand years have past,  
And the snow not quite the same,  
Yet still I hear the patters of the gently falling snow.

I see the scope as the snow does gently fall,  
Never watch your yesterdays,  
While tomorrow gently falls.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Tomorrow Might Be Right.

Struggle through darkness,  
to make things right,  
It seems to be that all around,  
pockets of light await to be found,  
So in all confusion, anguish and fear,  
Search for the light.  
For it's always near,  
hold up your head,  
keep up the fight,  
anticipate tomorrow,  
for it might be bright.

Mahfooz Ali

# Train Of Thoughts

There is a train running through my mind.  
Non-stop keeps on coming at a speed of lightening,  
rain is pouring on the tracks  
Now you are wishing you never look back.  
When will it dry?  
When will it stop?  
Train is moving faster  
Yet I am going no where,  
Stuck on my thoughts  
I hear the sound inside my head  
of  
A train that keeps on running.  
No one see`s I`m bleeding inside  
For the pain never shows on the outside.  
Train is coming to a halt.  
Now it`s time for me too just get off.

Mahfooz Ali

# Treachered

Even though she hurts me  
And even though I cry  
I will always love her  
It's hard to say goodbye

She was my first true love  
And my very best friend  
I guess things happen for a reason  
Some things just have to end

I wish I knew her heart  
And whether she'd ever be true  
May be that's something I'll never know  
Or if she meant the words, 'I love you'

I planned to spend my life with her  
That had always been my dream  
But now knowing what I know  
Things aren't what they seem

I have many nights of endless crying  
Because of things she's said or done  
Seldom times are we happy  
And very few times of fun

May be this is God punishing me  
For straying away for so long  
No, this isn't my fault  
She knew what she did was wrong

I've not yet had my last cry  
Or felt the last break in my heart  
But because of what she has done  
Our lives will now be lived apart.

Mahfooz Ali

# True Happiness.

Happiness is knowing,  
that you are truly loved,  
But that someone special.

Knowing that you are secure,  
With the person you are,  
Is also happiness.

Happiness is knowing,  
that you have learned,  
to believe, trust and most of all,  
Love yourself, for the person that you are.

Having accomplished all that is needed,  
to be a complete person on the inside,  
Only then, can we be truly happy.

Being happy with ourselves,  
We are ready to accept the happiness,  
that awaits us in our lifetime,  
And that is the greatest happiness of all.

Mahfooz Ali

# True Self

I gather up my Soul  
unto the glow of spirit light,  
I offer up my mind  
to the most high,  
Seeing now the drama of Life  
ever so busy, ever so intense;  
My Ego flailing about,  
encompassing the entire core of my Being.....

My heels now hasten to  
reach out to the Light,  
not looking back;  
Then I seize the moment,  
no truth in the past,  
no truth in the future  
only truth in the Now.

Now, to see the Ego gone  
in the mock to rise to  
Spirit all consuming True Self.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Trust No One But Yourself!

Who Can You Trust?

Who Can you trust in the world today?

Your friends?

They'll be just as trifling as your enemy

When you are stuck at a dead end

Who can you trust in the world today?

Your blood?

Blood is thicker than water

Don't let this be your rule

By this same rule was I fooled.

Who can you trust in the world today?

Your instructors?

Their job is to teach not to care

Your problems will appear just as thin as air.

Who can you trust in the world today?

Those who inforce and carry out the law?

This is where the world tears

They should be the ones we fear

Who can your trust in the world today?

Don't put your emotions up on a shelf

Trust no one but yourself!

Mahfooz Ali



# Trusting Allah

Life is good, life is great,  
in the hands of Allah do we all stand tall.  
Trust in him, to guide and direct thy sorrow, thy pain and  
happiness we ascertain.  
Realize all humans have one life, therefore, we  
must choose thy meaningful hands,  
in it,  
our decisions are safe guarded  
with love and joy nothing in this world can extend.  
Life is good life  
is great Allah himself,  
the decision he should make,  
enjoy it while you  
have it and notice that he who created this planet is not to far from  
glance,  
trust thy hands for they are Allah meaningful hands.

Mahfooz Ali

# U.F.O.

Landing in a foreign place  
You see something ahead.  
But you can't tell what?  
You start to get up  
To see what it is- -? ? ? ? ?

Mahfooz Ali

# Understanding Life

I have seen life and didn't understand

I have been taught, but didn't learned

I have heard words, but didn't comparison

I feel pain and that I haven't felt

I felt emotion, but not happiness

I imaged a world that didn't exists

I wonder why life is the way it is, still

no answer.

I understood life is once and no more.

Mahfooz Ali

# Unlock The Door

Unicorns, dragons and elves  
are here inside of our very selves  
wish hard enough, will see  
fairy tales are meant to be.

To unlock the door, no complications  
just use own imagination  
it's the key to untold riches  
it makes the world fulfill wishes.

Mahfooz Ali

# Unsaid

Cast a net,  
to catch a shadow  
What hope do I have?  
What lead do I follow?  
The pain that makes me apart  
When will the end... start?  
Memories held inside  
It's my heart that cries  
Seen the unforgiving  
Values are worth forgetting  
As life pass on  
so does death grow strong..  
What is there left to do,  
Saying things are better,  
Yet some things are better left unsaid...

Mahfooz Ali

# Unsent Letters

On my desk of memories  
lies a blank page,  
an unaddressed envelope,  
and pretty pictures of my love.

On my desk of desires  
lies a leaking fountain pen,  
two stamps stuck together,  
and an open thesaurus.

On my desk of thoughts  
lies words unwritten,  
unrequited dreams  
and these unsent letters.

On the desk of my life  
lies the girl I remember,  
the woman I hunger for,  
and the lady I love.

On the desk of my reality  
lies your warm embraces,  
gently passionate loving words,  
and you at the end of the day.

On the desk of my days  
lies the words of poetry,  
lyrics to songs  
and no unsent letters.

Mahfooz Ali

# Until I Am Fulfilled

My fate is my doing,  
I will not stand by  
I cannot let others  
Choose my life.....

My fate is my choice  
others have no control  
I speak up because I have a voice  
My life will not be sold.....

My fate is mine  
Because I choose  
I am no onlooker  
I chase no shadows nor false clues.....

My soul is my own  
To live is my goal  
For I am free  
And I am bold.....

Only I have the power  
And yield it well  
And I will continue to live  
Until I am fulfilled.....

27/Jan/'09

Mahfooz Ali

# Until The End.

My heart and mind are one  
joined in harmony,  
they run to a place where field meets tree,  
the smell of freedom engulfs me  
and it feels like no sense imaginable.  
My body is less tense,  
Past tense is carried away on wings  
built of so many dreams.  
Love and hate,  
are blown out by a calm breeze  
that brushes against me like a gentle hand  
taking me to another land  
where I am united with true myself  
until the end.

Mahfooz Ali



## Until The Very End.....

You are mine, my half,  
The one I can confide in, until the end.  
The one who has seen every tear,  
Whose hands boldly hold all of my fears.

You are mine, my other half that makes me complete,  
Who never lets me feel like I am going through defeat.  
You are the one who has always been there,  
To show me how much you truly care.

You are mine, my happiness in me,  
Who's opened my eyes and really made me see.  
Your compassion and love has shone through the clouds,  
Leaving me with no more fears or doubts.

You are mine, an angel for me,  
Whose love is to make me happy.  
The one who always has faith in your heart,  
To make sure that I don't fall apart.

You are mine, without any question,  
Giving me lots of hugs and affection.  
You are mine, my wife,  
Whom I will always love until the very end!

Mahfooz Ali

## Until Then.....

I am unable to sleep at night,  
and my soul knows no flight.  
I roam around off track,  
as my thoughts seems black.

I reach for the pills,  
but my hand stills.  
Is this really the way,  
to end this day?

I reach for the blade,  
but my actions are delayed.  
I don't want blood and war,  
as my memory tar.

I reach for the gun,  
and then the idea I shun.  
It's just anyone's guess,  
as to who'll clean the mess.

I reach for a paper and pen,  
and put everything off until then.

Mahfooz Ali

## Until.....Words Are Soft.....

The words are soft and rolled in mist.

Now the mountain returns

to the fold of vowels.

Where the echo follows along

And grows on the tongue

Until it becomes a poem.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Upon Childhood

I remember days  
When light flickered the world a new  
And the earth extended her arms  
With acceptance.

There were times  
When rain splattered upon transparent glass  
With my face pressed against it  
Trying to reach nature  
Captured helplessly in water.

I remember when every sun was an adventure  
And each peaceful moon slept  
Upon childhood dreams.

There were times  
When rage flowed into reality,  
While running into worlds of ignorance  
Formed in wispy ideas of fantasy.

I remember when towering mountains were flat  
And the world was a vast country  
Tranquil and simplistic.

Those were times  
When pain and depressed hearts were shrouded in smiles  
But upon the final days of childhood  
from where I stand  
The planet shattered,  
Revealing sorrow.

Mahfooz Ali

# Upon The Shelf?

There is something different in my home  
An emptiness that cannot be filled  
It embraces me when I am all alone  
When my home is quiet and still.

The memories upon the shelf  
Are pictures, cards, and books  
My eyes fill quickly with tears  
My mind says, 'Please, don't look.'

A feeling that no one can share  
A feeling that engulfs only me  
A hurt that no one should bear  
A pain that no one can see.

I stand in my home, confused  
And the tears, they start to flow  
I know that something is wrong  
But I don't want to know.

Is it a wonder that I am sinking  
In a place within myself  
Where no hurt or pain can touch me  
Or those memories upon the shelf?

Mahfooz Ali

# Vanished Childhood

When childhood vanishes away,  
Memories are all we have got,  
To rejoice in what we were,  
And regret what we were not....

Mahfooz Ali

# Vanishing Love

I'm still your loving partner  
can't you wash away all your  
wrath and resentments,  
Try to understand my sentiments  
I'm going crazy for just knowing  
the reason,  
the spring is about to go,  
this is not the wrath season.  
Come, come along with me  
I'm still waiting for thee.  
Let's go far away  
where nobody reaches.  
Remember, we are made for each other  
from now I'll not make you bother.  
Tell me what I've done?  
Oh! those days you used to come.  
Every time and everywhere I feel your absence.  
Instead I lack your presence  
I know you sure will come,  
and become my chum.

Mahfooz Ali

# Vibrant Play Of Words: A Ponder

Sitting alone -  
With two trees:  
Black trunks, horizontal branches  
Stretch a pattern on the sky,  
And the bank runs down  
Into pine needles,  
Aromatic cones,  
Coloring the way,  
To the sidewalks on left and right.  
That led to the horizon today.  
They,  
Are painted neatly  
With two parallel strips of grass.

Nearby, a convoy of ships passes  
Through blue straits and cliffs.  
Now, I am in a sunny clime.  
Then, over the horizon, they disappear.  
Leaving invisible ocean waves,  
Moving ceaselessly beneath  
Lofty fields of heather and heath.

Silence calls  
I hear the message.  
'Just take it day by day,  
And don't forget to pray.'

So I heard.  
Or was it just a bird?  
No matter---  
I got the message.  
Poetry is nothing but a vibrant play of words  
A pattern against foliage -  
The leaves being the pages.



Then I see, by chance,  
A strange and haunting dance,  
Gravity playing with grace.  
Making this familiar space,  
A place we call 'home.'

My senses say it is real.  
At least that's how I feel,  
While gravity pulls me in  
And grace draws me out.  
They knead me like dough,  
Shaping souls compounded,  
And then I left to rise,  
While they chase  
Through the skies.

Hiding in the clouds,  
Laughing in the mist.  
I even spied them kissed  
By the splendid Sun,  
Shining and smiling -  
Like I am always done.

Then Gravity and Grace return,  
And proudly say,  
'Look how I have grown up today! '  
And in an hour have new souls,  
Fragrant to behold!

Mahfooz Ali

## Vichaar.....: A Thought

Apko kisi ko paaney ke liye  
Kuch karne ki zaroorat nahi padti,  
agar wo insaan waaqae mein  
Aapse pyar karta hoga  
to wo apka hi hai.  
Warna koi soch kaam nahi aati.  
Kisi ko paaney ke liye usko azaad chhod do...  
jaise ek maa chhod deti hai bachche ko khelne ko,  
maidan mein..  
Kyunki usey pata hota hai ki wo  
laut ke usi ke god mein ayega.

Mahfooz Ali

## Vision To Return

The vast sky opened it's arms to carry me,  
The journey was to a new experience,  
Warmth, openness, comfort and waiting,  
Old charm,  
warm air and crowded streets.....  
Blazing colors, violets of earthly lips, knowledge.  
With the ideas and visions that  
come and go spontaneously,  
Searching my psyche,  
Led to an opening to another part of me.

Mahfooz Ali

# Void Words

So many words had been spoken.  
But I couldn't get what is given.  
Prose and poems had been written.  
But I couldn't feel a thing even then.

Poets and writers earn their living  
From the experiences they're writing.  
But how come my soul is crying  
From the same words they are giving.

So many words had been spoken.  
But hallow are they to the soul that's rotten.  
No wonder my soul couldn't comprehend.  
They're just empty words that had been spoken.

Mahfooz Ali

# Vow

I made a vow today,  
To do the best I am able,  
To live peaceably with all  
As much as I know how,  
And when tomorrow comes  
I will allay others...

Mahfooz Ali

# Waiting For My Father

Cigarette in hand  
cap on his head  
leaving again  
every week  
same old thing  
another trip  
another state  
off on a brand new adventure  
or maybe another boring  
road trip  
me standing at the back door  
waving  
silently  
saying inside  
Don't Go Daddy.

Mahfooz Ali

## Warming Foresight: I Did'Nt..... I Am Not

You probably won't believe this,  
But when I was in my teens  
I was told I could be a star,  
The best they had ever seen.  
Don't laugh, now. I am not joking.  
I was a Wonder Kid.  
Had a whole room full of trophies.  
Well, they are gone now, but I did.  
I did stage and cycling,  
No, I am not kidding you.  
Wrote articles for the paper,  
I even did the news.  
I could have been a model too,  
Had really cool head shots.  
Yes, I could have. Guess I should have.  
But I didn't, so I am not.

Say what? What happened to me?  
Well, it all became too much.  
With competitions, school and shows,  
an endless, friendless rush.  
I could probably get back up there now,  
If I just had the time,  
But, you should have seen me  
Back when I was in my prime.  
Everything I touched turned golden,  
Every wall before me fell.  
With talent straight from Heaven  
I stepped onstage and gave them blow.  
I could have been a renowned,  
A legend!  
Yes, I could have. Guess I should have.  
But I didn't, so I am not.

I got tired of people hounding me,  
The list would never end.  
I never got to goof around  
and hang out with my friends.  
There was never time to just relax,

The schedule got too tough.  
I was - don't smoke it all.  
Come on, I bought the stuff!  
I could have been a writer too,  
Back in my younger days.  
People loved everything I wrote.  
I could really turn a phrase.  
My characters were great,  
but it's so hard to think of plots.  
Yes, I could have. Guess I should have.  
But I didn't, so I am not.

OK! Forget that old stuff,  
And grab me another.  
Don't mind those dusty ice trays;  
they have been up there for years.  
I AM STILL THE BEST! I will show you all!  
That's it, this is a War!  
No one will ever beat my score.  
I am all grown up, I have got guts,  
And this life suits me fine.  
I work the hard to shift again,  
So lots of overtime.  
I could have been a lot more,  
But what I gave is what I got.  
Yes, I could have. Guess I should have.  
But I didn't, so I am not.

And one day again I will shine.





(This poem took three days to be finalised on paper)

Mahfooz Ali

# We Are Indians.

Because we are Indians,  
We pray,  
Because we are Indians,  
We sing of joy and peace,  
Because we are Indians,  
We strive to be better today,  
Than yesterday,  
Because we are Indians,  
We care about others.  
We hear the cries around us,  
In far away places.  
We listen!  
We are Indians!

Mahfooz Ali

# We As Humans

We as humans,  
never truly appreciate the numerous blessings,  
we have been granted during our journey through life.  
Far too often, one of our human deficits,  
has been to dwell on those things  
that were of a negative impact.  
Truth be known,  
even the negatives have created blessings.  
When these took place  
it was almost impossible  
to grasp the reality of  
how each event would have,  
a positive influence over our future.

Mahfooz Ali

# We Never Know

For some we go the mile,  
But then we wonder with a smile,  
Should we do it?  
or do it not for them...  
We never know.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Well Served

Every humiliation  
Every pain  
Every tear  
Every strain.

Every joy  
Every laughter  
Every lesson  
Every plan.

It shows where I have been,  
It shows what I have learned,  
Not necessarily a rough life,  
But a life well served.

Mahfooz Ali



# What Do You Do?

What do you do when you think you're in love?  
And that love comes from far up above?  
When you first notice the feelings,  
do you show them?  
Or do you keep them locked inside your heart?  
Do you keep them like that until that special one can find them?  
Oh please tell me....  
What do you do when you think you're in love?

Do you do like I do...  
Wish, wait and want?  
Or do you just sit and wonder  
whether it's right or wrong?  
Just tell me,  
What do you do when you think you're in love?

Mahfooz Ali



## What Hurts More

It hurts more to laugh than it does to cry,  
It hurts more to live than it does to die,  
Sorrow releases and gives me hope,  
Somehow someday I'll learn to cope,  
Overwhelmed by emotions,  
Most of them all fears,  
I try to drown them all through a river of my tears,  
I act like its ok,  
Never letting know anyone  
how bad it gets,  
After we say goodbye,  
My fears will replenish,  
Never leaving from the depths.

Mahfooz Ali

# What I Am Looking For?

I try and I try  
and yet it is still hard to find what am I  
looking for.  
I still am not sure but I continue to look  
and I try even more  
the only thing is that I try and I am not  
sure what I am looking for.

Mahfooz Ali

## What I Believe In You.....

I am proud to be called your child  
I am proud to serve and praise you  
I am proud to stand up in favour of you  
I am proud that you have put me on this earth to serve you.

The world today is very different  
With a lot going on  
But my Almighty,  
I will spend my whole life serving and believing you  
I am forever grateful that you have given me life  
And I will live my life standing up for what I believe in you...

Mahfooz Ali

# What I Have Been Made For.....

Like a bird I am free  
to chart the course I have always dreamed,  
lift my head, flap my wings,  
the journey is about to begin.  
With faith in God,  
and determination within,  
I know no limitations.  
So cross the line  
for that's what I have been made for.....

Mahfooz Ali

## What I Learned?

Many lessons have come along late in life for me.  
For instance, as obvious, as it seems,  
I have begun to realize that my lack of self-esteem  
has kept me from sharing my abilities and insights.  
Had I maintained a healthy pride in myself  
I could now be looking back at a happier life filled with family, worthy  
accomplishments, and promise.

Mahfooz Ali

# What I Need?

I hate when I try to be foolish,  
I hate when I try to be cool,  
I can't believe how I am acting,  
as if am a fool.....

Little things count,  
no matter what's said,  
the reason I am mad.

I hate when I am quiet,  
I hate when I am slick,  
I hate when I have to be,  
the greatest kid,  
But I am the kid.....

Meaningless words,  
they do count,  
if there's a reason,  
I Love me so much,  
than speak up.  
BECAUSE as of now I am sure what I need?

Mahfooz Ali

# What I See

I write what I see,  
I believe a poet is the eyes to the world,  
and so a lot of what I write tends  
toward sadness and tragedy.  
The stories I see in life are mostly sad and often depressing,  
but don't be fooled.  
I also see a lot of hope and beauty.  
The human soul is magnificent to me,  
and when I see true strength, and poetry,  
in the human experience.  
I tend to document it more using my other artistic mediums.  
Because of this, realize that my poetry captures  
a lot of the darker side of human existence.  
I believe in a personal, amazing almighty Allah,  
and want to be heard when I say with all conviction.  
There is always the hope for a good ending through Almighty Allah. You just have  
to reach out and accept it,  
and I hope you all will do.  
It's certainly changed my life. Believe me.....

Mahfooz Ali

# What I Usually Say To Me?

To get depressed,  
just think bad thoughts,  
Or may be about all those,  
battles you have fought,  
But refuse.....  
To always think bad,  
think of all the good times,  
that you have had,  
learn to laugh,  
And to have fun.  
Don't think about,  
having to run  
dwell on everything  
That is good.  
Do what is right?  
Do what you should?  
Always be happy  
Refuse to lose  
Trust me  
Life will then go smooth.....

Date: 12/05/'09

Time: 16: 15

Mahfooz Ali



# What If?

What if the world lived in peace?  
And all the sheep had perfect fleece?  
What if there were no wars?  
Would this world be such a bore?  
What if we all had homes?  
And in the streets no one roamed?  
What if everyone were perfect?  
Would living in this world be worth it?  
Why don't we give it a try?  
And let no one in this world cry!

Mahfooz Ali

# What Is Important?

Sometimes we need to be  
reminded that there  
are still some things  
in this world that are good.  
How often we dwell upon the negative things?  
that we loose sight of what is important.

Mahfooz Ali

## What Is Your Name? ..... An Illusion?

The girl over there,  
With sunshine golden in her hair,  
Silver blue sky shines through her eyes.  
Soft white moonlight lined by sunset  
from only a casual smile.  
Precious wave, to accompany  
her doe sight's alight on me.  
What sounds do issue forth?  
Her voice,  
To make Sirens green,  
And Nightingales fly off in shame.  
Oh! Incomparable angel,  
Am I in love?  
No! I know this is an illusion  
Amazing Girl!  
What is your name?

Mahfooz Ali

# What Life Is Made Of?

In the grand scheme of life  
it is not the great that matters much.  
It is the simple things,  
the small, seemingly  
inconsequential touch.

Small moments, few words,  
little things...  
like seeds and baby birds.  
morning dewdrops on  
newly unfurled leaves,  
tiny buds adorning  
spring flowering trees,  
a whisper in the air,  
as a slight breeze  
plays with my hair,  
birds that chirp and cheep  
tiny frogs learning to leap.

It is the simple things,  
said in few words.....

Mahfooz Ali

# What Mahfooz Ali Means To Me! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

When I hear the name Mahfooz Ali,

I think of love, freedom, education, and his famous speech... 'I can't be common man.'

Mahfooz Ali wants peace, love and cuddle for himself and for others.

Without using violence he will set an example for himself and for all to see.

His love for people is so great,

Everyone knew him from Locales to beyond his nation.

He wants humanity

and an education to be equal for all.

His famous speech... "I can't be common man "

Will always encourage all... to let freedom in!

Mahfooz Ali

# What Muslims You Are?

Well over the years  
On this earth  
What muslims I have met

Preaching jehad  
While attacking others  
Were in the Quran does it say  
Torment everyday

Were in Quran does  
It say destroy thy neighbour

Islam gives forgiveness  
To those who need it  
But some should practise  
What they preach

Before handing out  
Guilty  
To others  
When they are hiding behind the Quran  
Which they have not read  
if they  
this war (Islamic terrorism)  
Would 've been dead  
Ages ago

When they destroyed  
All life  
With the rubbish going around (Such as Mumbai blasts on 11/07/2006)

So others when you listen to these  
terrorism in the name of jehad  
And judge  
Remember it could be you next

Terrorists don't like  
for the truth being written  
think before judge

there are two sides to every story

and why I have been attacked  
for telling the truth?

(Remember Islamic terrorists{rism} have nothing to do with the Islam and those who follow terrorism in the name of jehad are nothing but the foetus of a virgin mother and an atheist mongrels.)

Mahfooz Ali

# What My Family Means To Me?

What my family means to me?  
is peace and love and harmony  
I have a dog  
a fish,  
a mom who is no more,  
a dad  
a brother  
and a little sister  
whom I love very much..

Mahfooz Ali



## What Pappu Saw? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

At Mass, young Pappu and his parents,  
Richly attired, and among elite,  
Were seated in reserved pews near the altar,  
While some of his father's workers stood at the rear.

Pappu recalled what he had recently seen  
In his father's underground work-site of tanneries.  
Workers, children, men and women from ten to sixty  
Slaving in conditions of medieval bondage.

Many sickly, others feeble, one blind, a few near death,  
Most toiling, all oppressed, with even an infant present.  
In the work chamber, filled with steam and dye fumes,  
Expendable humans, suffering without hope.

Pappu then noticed the face of the rich crucifix,  
Its face grotesque, its eyes villainous.  
Grasping to remove his constrictive head cover,  
And moaning, 'No! No, no, ' he fled the scene.

Mahfooz Ali

# What Should I Write?

What to write?

I can't decide what to write.

I never can;

I simply do.

I can wreck my brain for hours,  
pondering and thinking,  
so hard it hurts.

But that won't give me ideas;  
no.

Yet the second my pencil grazes paper,  
I am drowned with phrases, poems, and stories.  
My options are as limitless as the universe itself.

When I write I am free to do what I want.

I am not held back by the chains of gravity.

I don't have to listen to anybody,

I am my own boss.

My writing doesn't have to be good,  
or impressive.

I can be anything,  
anyone I want;

wherever,

whenever.

I write to be free.....

.

Mahfooz Ali

# What Went Wrong?

What Went Wrong?

What did I ever do to you

To make you applause others in front of me?

What did I ever do to you

To make you say dear to others

When you said you would live life with me?

How can you live with yourself?

After sitting down next to me while you knew

I could never have you?

How can you stand yourself?

After smiling at me and then pushing me away?

Because you told me you loved me.

So now I'm alone

With a sad, tearful song.

Mahfooz Ali

# What Would I Do?

What would I do without you?  
I would die,

What would I do if you could not see?  
I would be your eyes,

what would I do if you could not hear?  
I would be your ears,

What would I do if you would not love me?  
I would love you anyways.

Mahfooz Ali

# When I Am Gone

Grieve not or speak of me with tears  
Don't show me your pain or deep sorrow  
For you my earthly form will gone  
My presence you shall always find

I cannot be seen I cannot be heard  
But I will always be your waking thoughts  
And will always be in your inner heart  
As you drift off to slumber at night

I will always fill your vision of happiness  
Of my undying love for you  
Visions that will linger on  
And carry you through each day

In your emptiness you will find me  
As the sky that awaits your presence  
As the stars that will brighten your night  
And the wind that will bring you harmony from within.

Mahfooz Ali

# When I Die

When I die I'll go up there  
I 'll wait for you on the golden stair  
If you're not there by judgement day  
I 'll know you went the other way  
I 'd give the angels back my wings  
Golden harp and other things  
Just to show what love can do  
I 'd go down to hell to be with you.

Mahfooz Ali

# When I Met My Beloved For The First Time.

Never in my life did I believe in the word called magic  
Until I met this special girl who 's really fantastic  
Reminiscing that day when I first saw her very pretty smile  
Somewhere in her eyes there is a spark that made me think for a while  
Eager to know who this girl is, I summoned my guts to come closer  
I did approach her  
Yet I thought I would not even dare talk to her  
Leaving me with a question, is she the girl I want for me?  
And then she noticed me and even gave me a delightful smile  
Something that I never expected because being aggressive is not really my style  
Proving that what does not last that long is the first impression  
Each day passed by I discovered the sweet person with the touch of affection  
Kissing her lovely lips would surely make me intense and burst  
Savouring every single second of it quenches my thirst  
Being with her is what I always think about my flower girl  
Always imagining that she is close to me making my heart twirl  
Thanking God for giving me my new inspiration  
Everyday I will give her my love and devotion  
Remember that day when my eyes crossed and we first met?  
I always reminisce that and I'll never forget  
Now i realize that she 'll be a part of my life  
Always stay near because you are the one I want as my wife.

Mahfooz Ali

## When I Was Infatuated In Class Eighth...

As I sat in the school lounge,  
reading a covered book prior to class.  
A picturesque beauty sat directly in front of me,  
I faced her profile less than a yard away.  
Her loose curly locks and azure eyes,  
conveyed existence and liveliness,  
in this otherwise gloomy space.  
I glanced down at my digital watch,  
and abruptly realized class was soon to start.  
I leaned down to my schoolbag on the floor in front of me,  
and swiftly placed my textbook in.  
As I closed my schoolbag and looked up,  
she was now leaning towards me  
asking for some unknown question,  
her face only inches within mine.  
I could feel her warm breath on my hair,  
our eyes met, my heart was pounding.  
Seconds felt like hours lost in time,  
time here had lost of meaning,  
time had no meaning here.  
I walked away not saying a word,  
her beauty forever burned in my mind.....

Mahfooz Ali



# When I Wrote My First Poem.....An Omen...

For me to write poetry  
is just not me  
I blame my heart  
as you will see

I felt pretty down one day  
and heard my brain say  
write down, your feelings and thoughts  
start from your heart  
write on paper  
your feelings, your pain, your loss.

so I sat back pen in hand  
brain in pause  
to get my feelings on paper  
was my cause

amazingly it just happened  
my heart just talked  
my hand wrote  
ink to paper  
just like words of wisdom

the words flowed  
like a torrent of raw emotion  
the pain, the sorrow, the fear, the loneliness  
all came out.

the feeling I had was quite unique  
so I looked down and had a peek  
as peace of mind is all I seek

I suddenly realized  
the sun was shining  
I heard a bird sing

perhaps it was an omen  
on that day  
when

I wrote my first poem.

Mahfooz Ali

# When My Mother Was Away

When my mother was away  
She left me without saying goodbye  
She left me to great beyond  
In this lonely wicked world  
How would I survive  
The demand of mother earth that asked of much from none  
Oh! Mother, my dream of better tomorrow  
My care not in worry  
For always she is there  
To meet the demand of mother nature  
Not to worry her word of consolation always  
Her remark for the demand of mother earth.  
I lost my mood, my care and my future  
I lost all a sweet mother could offer her child  
My mother left memory of yesterday for my future  
Oh! Mother, a paradise lost never to regain.

Mahfooz Ali

## When Reading My Books...

Behind my books I hide in another world,  
I hang onto every word, wait for words to be spoken.  
I block out all that is around me,  
And put on headphones so they know to let me be.  
Soon sense of time leaves my mind.  
Everyone's so ignorant, so blind,  
Rushing back and forth, here and there,  
But they are all trapped, going no where.  
They are all so wrong, I don't know where to begin,  
Trying to be like one another, to fit in.  
Here I am no one, a spec of dust,  
So I only stay, unnoticed, if I must.  
In my books, far away  
If I could, I would spend all day.

Mahfooz Ali

# When The Silence You Hear.

People have feelings,  
not to be trifled.  
Words that can do harm,  
Should have been stifled.  
There comes a time,  
when the silence you hear.  
Mirrors the pain that you see,  
In the face  
in the mirror.

Mahfooz Ali

## When: The Other Side Of Anger

Truth lies just the other side of anger,  
Somewhere in between love and regret.  
When walls of self-pity tumble down,  
We see for just one moment what we need.  
I know that what I said to you in anger  
Has severed our umbilical of trust.  
And now we are apart, our love is idling,  
While I undo my words in lonely sorrow.  
I feel your fingers touch me, taste your lips  
crush you to my broad chest.  
Anger is a storm long out to sea.  
By this year,  
I know you will be mine,  
but  
only Allah knows  
When?

Mahfooz Ali

# Where Are You Mummy?

Mother...

that word is supposed to mean so much to me.

loving, caring, always there...

well...

What's wrong, then?

and I don't see her anywhere.

so...

where are you?

mummy?

Mahfooz Ali

# Where Does The Moon Hide?

The moon conceals behind a blue  
mysterious castle, waiting on nightfall to

come. Then when it comes it plays with the  
stars, the crescent moon is most of

importance, it hides it's un-shown body in  
the mid-night blue sky taking a nap for the

it will come back to shine.

Mahfooz Ali



# Where Does The Sun Go At Night?

So I was thinking  
Where does the sun go at night?  
Does it hide between the clouds?  
Waiting for the moon to tire  
Or does it sleep and take some rest?  
As if it needs to gain back fire?  
Does the sun have a place to go?  
Or is it stranded out there.  
Can it sleep and eat and bathe,  
Or is it hidden in a haze.

Mahfooz Ali

# Where Has The Time Gone?

Where has the time gone?  
I'm thirty years old  
My hair is about to grey  
My cheeks becomes hollow  
I have lost all the weight  
and still unemployed

Where has the time gone?  
My fellow friends have settled down  
with a job and married  
they have kids  
and I am still rocking for myself  
with a tag of unemployed

Where has the time gone?  
everyone is too busy  
too busy to visit  
The children they have  
working, fishing and such  
and I am still rocking myself  
with giving competitive examinations

Where has the time gone?  
I keep busy reading and studying my courses  
keep active in preaching others.  
praying for the sick  
giving to the poor  
and for me a subservient job  
feeding the good for nothing  
telling someone about  
how to get the job and passing competitive examinations?  
my time has gone to serve the family,  
with all of my heart.

Mahfooz Ali

# Where I Win Others Will Lose

Where I win others will lose,  
I am able to be great,  
I am the greatest of all time.  
I will try to help me succeed,  
but I know,  
no good.  
Sometimes I am evil and  
Sometimes wrong,  
and does not will to change.  
For that I won't give up,  
so, I am the greatest of all time,

Mahfooz Ali

# Whether It Was Love Or Not?

I once knew of your love  
As a rushed feeling where  
We only past love through one  
Path we never knew what love  
Meant it was the passion to find  
Love without true meaning it was  
Where I could feel the tingling  
Sensation and laugh about as kids  
And not understanding what love  
Really meant I once knew love of  
How in the time we spent together  
Quality time together in love yearning  
To feel feelings we never knew or  
Come to understand it was to love  
Or not.

Mahfooz Ali

# Which One Is Me?

I am all erratic impulse  
flittering rust powder wings,  
lift lightly from seasoned planks,  
flutter slow and jerky down,  
to a shadow image on sand.  
Free from self,  
I am pure sensation!

man, butterfly  
dreamer, dream  
which one is me?

Mahfooz Ali

## Who Could Benefit?

So who could benefit in what I will write?  
Does common good remain insight?  
What is good to the evil?  
What is happy to the sad?  
Can't everyone be pleased by the same thing?  
Good is good happy is happy,  
If someone frowns, you broke their rules,  
If they never smile they are fools,  
Who are they, anger trippers.?  
They trip on anger.  
So trip on good and pleasantness.

Mahfooz Ali

# Who Is Different? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Time After Time  
Places After Places  
I Feel Different  
From the Others.....

Faces After Faces  
People After People  
I Seem Different  
From the Others.....

Days After Days  
Nights After Nights  
I Feel Worried  
That I Am Different.....

Months After Months  
Years After Years  
I Finally Realize  
Everybody Is Different  
I Am, Who I Am.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Why Do We Shed Tears?

We shed tears when  
We are sad.  
We shed tears when  
We are hurt,  
We shed tears when  
We are jovial  
Tears, so embarrassing  
isn't it?  
Tears are so confusing, isn't it?  
We shed tears when  
We are alone.  
We shed tears when  
We feel something abstract.  
Tears, so uncomfortable, weird and unnatural,  
We often feared with tears.  
Tears, do we really need them?  
Now, a question to ponder  
Tears, why do they come?  
Tears, are here for a reason,  
Because  
Tears show emotions from and for everyone.

Mahfooz Ali



# Why I Am Out On The Roads?

Do anyone know me?  
Why I am out on the roads?  
I do care,  
but disburse no thought  
suffer,  
but not in pain.  
Even before I myself  
seems back, excruciating;  
in the recovered revival  
of the nurturing womb  
discovering the self for sure rest.

Date: 23/January/2015

Time: 19: 30 IST

Mahfooz Ali

# Why I Am Writing This?

Have you ever wonder why things change?  
Why minutes are minutes,  
or why hours are hours?  
Have you ever wondered?  
Why times don't pass when you are staring at the clock,  
Or why there is one key that fits one lock?  
Have you ever wonder how things could be one way one minute?  
And something different the next?  
Why do things make you wonder?  
make you scared,  
or make you ponder?  
Have you ever wondered why life is good to some?  
And bad to others?  
Have you ever wonder why people ask why?  
Have you ever wonder why people die?  
Have you ever wondered why things were made?  
Have you ever wondered,  
why there has to be a loser and a winner?  
Or why some children have to suffer,  
And go to bed without any dinner?  
Have you ever wondered why things must come to an end?  
Or why life may or may not be full of bliss,  
But have you ever wonder,  
why I am writing this?

Date: 09/05/'09

Time: 13: 45

Some sources inscribed.

Mahfooz Ali

# Why I Feel This Way?

Of all the good things in life  
Nothing comes close to you  
Of all the things I have in my heart  
You are most pure and true.

I don't mean to scare you  
With what I feel in my heart  
But the time I am with you feels so great  
And I feel pain when we are apart.

Why I feel so much love for you  
I just can't explain  
Words can't do justice  
Why I feel this way?

Just remember this  
Because it comes from my heart  
I love you so much  
I've loved you from the start.

Mahfooz Ali

# Why Me?

and who are you with your big brown eyes...  
and what are you doing stealing my heart...  
and who are you with your smile like the  
sun...  
and what are you doing coming my way...  
and who are you taking my breath away and  
quicken my pulse...  
and what are you doing making me talk and  
act like a school boy,  
but I am...  
and who are you being so beautiful and  
looking at me...  
and what are you doing wasting your time...  
but are you?  
and what are you doing never leaving my  
mind, always walking into my thoughts...  
and who are you as gorgeous as you are...  
and why me?

Mahfooz Ali

# Why Would Anyone Bother At All?

Sometimes I hate writing poetry,  
Because it takes far too long.  
Similes and accents, structure and form.  
Why do I bother?  
When I can interact outside?  
People think as lunatic, perplexed all the time.

Telling the truth, I don't care much at all.  
It all seems like a mystery...  
why would anyone bother at all?

Mahfooz Ali

# Why You Took My Bicycle? : (Just A Memoir Of Childhood)

You took my bicycle  
was it you, you thought I liked?  
I was just a child  
and you were my best friend running wild  
that beautiful bicycle with the red apple seat  
those tiny wheels with spokes made of steel,  
back and forth I rode from one block to the next,  
you stood against the wall preparing for your quest  
a game of house,  
left me feeling like the mouse...  
it was an appetizer for you as I laid on that pavement  
Damn you! What was going through your head?  
Your liquid warmth washed over my soul  
it devoured my childhood and left me cold  
I hated you then as I hate you now  
never to be robbed again, that is my vow... ..

Mahfooz Ali

## Winter - December

The icy mist is rolling through the streets  
engulfing cars and houses all the same  
and fogs falling down - heavenly fleets  
of wet and cold, nobody is to blame.

Wrapped faces, hid by scarves and woolly hats  
look frozen, eager to be home again.

Mahfooz Ali

## Winter Departed: A Hallucination.....

I smiled beneath the warming rays,  
as winter silently departed,  
and I basked amidst the rising steam;  
until I realized it was just my coffee!

Mahfooz Ali



# Winter Time Is For Me.

Winter time is full of light,  
Winter time is big and bright,  
Winter time is full of fun,  
Winter time has lots of sun,  
Winter time is full of fruits,  
Winter time is time to be free,  
that's why Winter time is for me.

Mahfooz Ali

# Wish

when I look up in the night  
I see the comet oh! so bright  
hiding in the milky way  
waiting for someone to say I wish.

Mahfooz Ali

# Wishing You All A Very Happy New Year: 2009

May the New Year presents shower on you,  
May the New Year be good year for you.  
Let the New Year dig you a truthful passage,  
Let the New Year tell you a right message.

May the curse stay only in few.  
Pray the Allah,  
this should be a happy year.

May this year expose all your talent,  
May this year hide your entire secret tent.  
Let this year show you the path of success,  
Let this year dispose all your naughty messes.  
Pray the Allah,  
this should be a light full year.

Wishing You All A very Happy New year.

Mahfooz Ali

## With A Faith

When I close my eyes,  
I see so many dreams,  
Dreams I want to materialize,  
Goals I want to achieve!  
Aim is one to be successful,  
Path is one, a rough one, I need to tread.  
When I close my eyes, I can hear,  
Hear those bitter tones and that sarcastic laugh..  
I can see with my eyes closed,  
gigantic figurines, and overpowering ego,  
Which shatters my faith in myself.  
They loom around as eager devils,  
Ready to devour my presence,  
Ready to wipe out my existence,  
Ready to drain out my strengths,  
They were always there around me!  
But this time it's going to be tough,  
This is a tough test for me..  
All is dark around and I stand alone on this path,  
I need to prove myself,  
I need to show them all!  
But there is only one way out,  
to keep going along,  
With a faith...

Mahfooz Ali

# Without A Mother

Here I am mommy  
where are you?  
what's happening mommy?  
why aren't you here?  
I am scared now  
I need your help  
32 years old and now alone  
I am by myself  
the hours pass  
I am getting older  
and you are not here.  
I am crying mommy  
why aren't you here?  
I need a hug, I need a smile  
I am grown up  
I am not a child  
32 now and I have anger  
32 now and without a mother,  
and this is over  
Come to me,  
Otherwise I will come to you,  
To you in the heaven.

Mahfooz Ali

## Without Dreams...My Life Will Not Be Moving.

If I have no dreams, my heart will never be happy  
If I have no dreams, my heart will die away,  
If I have no dreams, my life will have no pleasures  
If I have no dreams to dream.

If I have no dreams, I will have no future  
My life will never be of good measure,  
If I have no dreams, I will be no more myself  
There will be no more dreams ever.

If I have no dreams, my soul won't be a believer  
If I have no dreams, nights will never be soothing,  
If I have no dreams, my life will not be moving  
If I have no dreams to dream.

Mahfooz Ali

# Wonder Ponder

I often sit and wonder.  
What did I do, what did I say?  
And will come another day?

Even though I think,  
I often sit and wonder.  
If I did could there be,  
anything between?

And if not  
At least I would know,  
no longer sit and wonder.

Mahfooz Ali

# Words Can't Explain

It's only been two months  
But it's been the best months of my life  
I love the time I 'm with you  
Every moment seems so right

I just want to you know  
How I really feel  
But words can't explain  
Because words are so cheap

I only can say  
You're the best person in my life  
And I want to love you  
For the rest of our time.

Mahfooz Ali



# Worshipping The Destroyer

TERRORISTS KILLS HUNDRED,  
MUDSLIDE DESTROYS THOUSAND,  
BOMBING DEVASTATES TRIDENT (THE TAJ) ,  
BOY KILLS FOURTEEN IN SCHOOL SHOOTING,  
NUCLEAR MELTDOWN KILLS COUNTLESS.....

Mahfooz Ali

# Wrath: Words Spoken In Anger

Faster, faster drums beat in my head  
harsher, harsher your words grow  
drumsticks batters a rythm of pain  
noice the echo of your wrath

Thump, thump judge's hammer slam  
wack, wack swords collide  
justification you seek  
honour you demand

Feeble I lay beneath the drums  
hands outstretched begging for mercy  
crushed I stand before your words  
eyes aggrieved with pain

Humiliated before judge I stand  
soul silently seeking mercy  
inferior I bow before sword  
head in submission for final stroke.

Mahfooz Ali

# Writer's Woes

Like an artist I also afraid  
To run out of  
I panic sometimes  
What if I can't think

For a poet to run  
Out of the things to say  
Is simply  
Utter perplexion  
What if the words  
don't come into my mind  
What if my mind  
Completely goes numb

To have pen and paper  
But the sheet remains white  
I can't imagine my thoughts  
Without words  
That could only be  
If I were buried beneath the ground  
What if it happens  
What if comes the day  
I'm totally silent  
With nothing left to say

To be or not to be a writer  
Unable to make a poem  
Is a life I can't think of  
It' d be like losing my memory

Precious words haunt me  
Keep me up at night  
I'll do my best to serve self  
I'll put views to paper just WRITE!

Mahfooz Ali

# Wrong

Homicide or murder,  
aborting or killing.  
It just doesn't seem right,  
but people are willing.

The blinded people don't see  
that so many lives are taken.  
The baby just dies,  
never to awaken.

Abortion is murder;  
it's all the same.  
It's a matter of death,  
not just a game.

So you chose to kill,  
you thought it was the right thing to do.  
Now your baby is dead,  
and you wish you were too.

You made a mistake,  
now just who has to pay?  
Don't blame the poor baby,  
he deserved to stay.

Mahfooz Ali

# You Are In Good Hands: A Grieving

I sit alone.  
Wondering what went wrong.  
I was talking about my plans for the future.  
I could not understand.  
So cold were his face and hands.  
I ask my God why?  
Silence was his reply.  
Another loss, I have gained.  
I held my chest to stop the pain.  
My God! Now, my Father?  
So, innocent and young.  
I held his hand close to my heart,  
this was how my mourning started.  
I love you mom and dad, you are in good hands.  
No more harm or pain from me.

(This poem is about what I felt when my father died, and I was beside the deathbed holding his hand)

Mahfooz Ali

# You Are You

I love you because you make me happy  
I love you because you make me feel safe and secure  
I love your words  
on yahoo messenger  
I love the way you send me lovely  
and that irritating smileys  
I love the look in your eyes when you tell me you love me  
And how you laugh at me when I do something stupid, when others would put  
me down.  
I love the fact that when I am around you I can be myself and not worry  
about what you may think of me,  
because I know you love me for who I am.  
No matter what my faults may be.  
I love being able myself to wake up with you by my side... It would make my  
days  
better  
Dreams are not a dream YOU ARE MINE.  
the  
love and emotions that go through me  
are unexplainable.  
I love hearing your voice  
But the main reason I love you is because.....

You are you!

Mahfooz Ali

# You Can'T Borrow My Pen

It's rainy.....or maybe it's sunny  
Either way, I drew a wonderful day,  
And I drew a dream with the sky as my ceiling  
You can't come in, but no hard feelings  
You had this pen, but only drew dashes  
Burned bridges and scattered ashes.  
You drew lies that could fill oceans.  
Don't say you tried, you hid emotions.  
What a pretty world you created for me.  
What happened and how could it be hated?  
I don't believe in being beautiful, but thanks for trying.  
Do you believe in never, because the ink isn't drying.  
It was nice to meet you, so long "my love."  
and no... you can not borrow my pen

Mahfooz Ali

# You Didn'T Loved Me

You went and broke my heart into,  
And now you want me to be what?  
You even told me you loved me so,  
So I think there's something you should know.

You left my heart broken and shattered,  
You abandoned my life while I was torn and tattered.  
You made my life hell by doubting  
that was unworthy,  
You can't lose something you never had,  
Our relationship was waiting to turn bad.

I sit and think about our past, and a love that wasn't true.  
and think about the past,  
I think about the loved we had and the love that didn't last.

Can't you tell that you don't love me anymore,  
That you closed your heart and shut the door?  
why, chosen the path of blaming me  
to be involved with someone whom I don't know  
Now, I would have in search of another love in my life,  
And one day soon she will be my wife!

Mahfooz Ali



# You: God

I wake up a new.  
My mind is yours-  
Forever on You  
My heart beats because You say.  
I walk the path  
You have lay.  
Voices, callings, images appear  
I don't have to go far  
but,  
You are always near.  
Persuasions, desperation, fears  
inhabit this whole world- if just for one,  
but earth and dust- clouds and rain  
all belong to You just the same.  
As I am Yours-  
Yes, You are mine  
my light that will forever shine.

Mahfooz Ali

# Your Home

I invite you to meet me where the water finds the sand.  
Where the waves whisper a sea of secrets remaining untold.  
I will be there when the moon shows its face,  
and the sky has gathered a million stars as its blanket.  
There is no one here but I, lying carelessly without a towel,  
wishing that the sand would take inside my skin.  
With eyes softly shut and breaths taken deep and slow,  
dare to come and rest beside me.  
Carefully brush the hair from my salty brow,  
with gazing eyes exuding your soul.  
Exhale your past and offer it to the breeze,  
banishing it to an undiscovered region.  
Then I will open my eyes to rest only on your form,  
allowing you to capture the tears that you own.  
Words will never define what I need you to know,  
so you must listen to my silence to find the answers.  
I will reach out to take both of your hands,  
to lead you to walk with me along the shore.  
Here is where your heart will feel whole again,  
for here is your home.

Mahfooz Ali

# Zakhm

Majboori ki dahleez par usool  
Burf ke dher ki tarah pighal jaatey hain  
Padta hai jab bebasi se saamna  
Dil ke armaan ghut kar rah jaatey hain|

Main to apni bebasi se sharminda nahi  
Na jaane kahan se log mujhe  
Iska ahsaas dilaane chale aatey hain  
Sir utha kar main chaloon bhi to kaise?  
Kuch to begaane kuch apne bhi  
Sir ko uthaney se pahle hi jhuka jaatey hain

Begaanon ke nashtar to main sah bhi loon, magar,  
Apnon ke diye ZAKHM aankh se aansoo  
Ban kar chhalak aatey hain.

Mahfooz Ali



# Zindagi Ek Kavita

Zindagi bhi ek kavita ki tarah hai,  
Kuch ummeedon ki, kuch chahton ki,  
Gham jiska sheershak hai,  
bhavna jiska ghar,  
pal pal ka fer,  
khwahishon ka mela,  
hawa ke saath jo bole,  
toofan ka saath dekar  
sugandh ke saath jo failey,  
dilon mein jo jagah bana le,  
bas kuch khushi dekar,  
yahi hai zindagi,  
jo ek kavita ki tarah hai.

Mahfooz Ali