

Poetry Series

Mariam Taufeeq
- poems -

Publication Date:
2013

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Mariam Taufeeq()

Hi! I'm Mariam Taufeeq! I'm in the ninth grade. I've always hoped to venture out into the deeps of this world and tread on those paths nobody has ever walked on before; to create my own path and weave an intricate web of my thoughts, keeping it safe in a jar, all penned down..... Poetry's always been a sort of passion to me, although I'm nothing but an amateur to it! I love to bring my feelings to life on the page, not just in poetry or prose, but in art. There's just so much about the world you can talk about, or depict the way you see things! I also find that instead of keeping temper bottled up, writing how you feel (And tearing the page up after) helps you MASSES. And that's the thing for me. I also blog when I have the time on

In all steps of life, instilling a smidge of fun and laughter never hurts, but the moment evolves into something you'll want to remember! I want to do that. I also have a number of 'goals'-and yes, it would take ages too name them all. Let's just say that learning to grow up is one of them.....! My fictionpress is

A Doctor's Story- Into The Unknown

Every step on this dreary platform
Burns fire in the ground,
Sparks threaten to engulf me,
Phoenix flames promenade my heart.
My heart is stone, or supposedly so,
But my tears are Phoenix tears.
My hand is a branch, a wing ready to escalate,
Dynamic and firm.

But with every step on this dreary platform,
The platform takes a not-so-dreary twist.
Snaking through gimmicks..schemes...machinations!
Sliding into the unknown.
And my heart is a crag, indecisively precipitous,
The darkness is darker than before.
Oh, why can stone not soften,
If iron can?

Beyond this purple moor,
Is a vale of unknown dreams,
Therein lie mine also,
Though I know not what they are.
Current dreams hide on this platform.
A platform not half-as-dreary now.
And I seek them with fear.

Softened stone easily dents.
My tears are still Phoenix tears,
But weaker.
The platform has reached impasse.
And I too reach a grinding halt.
What had been a function, had become a daily ramble,
And starry, intimate eyes, that had softened me,
Have collapsed.
Those beautiful eyes, pervasive in jejunity!
Alas! Phoenix tears could not save!

The platform turns again,
Ad I do, with hardened heart,

Much softer than before.
And I stand on this dreary platform,
With ardent desire, phoenix-true desire,
Of facing out into the unknown.

Mariam Taufeeq

A Glimpse Into Me. (The Story Of A Desperado.)

The sky is calling
The march of battle reigns
And the clouds are shot with red
While I stand
Hardly standing

I am caught, in a tangled web
Of misfortune.
And I hark, like a bell
But never succeeding in laughter
For the world around
Is a decaying corpse.
And I stand,
Hardly standing

That mad look in my eyes,
That gleam of despair.
That cloud of confess.
That reality.
I can not believe.
I can not see what I see.
I can see flame
I can see pain, and close my eyes
And I can see that it is coming.
The night approaches not on feet
But on wild horses, not half-tame.
I await them.
While I stand,
Hardly standing.

The drum beats faster, the booms wreck souls
I am shipwrecked, half-and-half
Half ice, half water
Half fire and half flame
Half a victim, half to blame
And I stand, hardly standing
With the world around me broken
And simply mad, simply insane
It left me in the torrent of the rain

And I too, was pinned to the ground.
No longer standing.

Mariam Taufeeq

A Set Of Verses

ON PESSIMISM

Riding my streamlined horse of a ship
That turquoise perfumes waft away,
I sail towards the yoke of dawn
And towards the light of day.
I sail towards the half-full moon
And towards the carpeted sky.
Only to fall on the brazen land
And bid my dreams 'goodbye.'

ON NIGHT

Dragons of twilight, grasp your soul,
Poison your envy and engulf you whole.
The evils of life no longer decay
The flightiness of wreck carries you away
Without eyes, burning eyes craving dawn and day.

ON COURAGE

Nails, nails wedged in my flesh
Don't carve me in the wall.
Your foolish desires don't strain me
Against courage, fear will fall.

ON DESPAIR

Led into my realm of dreams,
I beheld a starry, tranquil vision.
What brought me down in the end,
Was not my fiery ambition.
It was the unlettered people,
For when I climbed my steeple,
Envy dragged me down.

ON GREED

Hands leave hands in ravaging search
For coins buried beneath layers of earth.
But layer upon layer, not a glimmer found,
And hands once held too are gone.

Mariam Taufeeq

A Thousand Miles Away

The crickets indulge in nocturnal melody
And the wind seems to be murmuring secrets;
And the world is still and at peace.
But somewhere, out there, far from here,
Lingering remnants of war, ashes and abhorrence
Play havoc with the hearts of the innocent.
Their homes are mere shells, and the night
Is cold, and forbidding, and dark.
The air reeks of betrayal and treachery
Two-faced horrors fuel diminishing dreams...
A crimson carpet has covered their beloved land;
And people search in vain, moan in vain....
Despair in vain for their loved ones.
Oh, their lives have become overcast by a cloud!
A cloud of indigence, and lawlessness, and crime!
The air echoes of miserable cries!
And the flood from their heart-trodden eyes never dries!
Those sudden bangs, and shrieks and yells
Are unheard a thousand miles away.
The trees lie withered and bleak.
And the moon has lost its glow;
And the world is a cage.
Oh, but that is the scene out there.
That is the tragedy far from here.
That is the truth that people do not know.
Those people a thousand miles away.
A thousand miles away from this suffocating sorrow.
A thousand miles away from this vulture-black darkness
That has swooped down unto the hearts of these people,
Until they succumb to their wounds, and the pain that is brought
Only by the calamity they call 'war.'
But that is far from here; that is the scene out there.
For their cries are unheard.
Unheard a thousand miles away.
A thousand miles away from this despair, and wretchedness,
This world is another world, a world of moonlight
Where people sleep sound and unknowing.
Not knowing of the blighted hopes,
Not knowing of the shattered futures.

The worst pain is brought by ignorance,
The ignorance of a brother.
A brother a thousand miles away.....

Mariam Taufeeq

Birdsong

They called her an orphan, a vagrant,
A thief, a witch and a soul
With no purpose; just a vacant
Mind, roaming the woods
Walking along the same path
Chirping that same melody
Mingled with the crunching of the leaves
As she walked, and skipped, and strode
Through the woods, dodging the shafts
Of opalescent light that were disks on the leaf strewn ground.
Her brown, scrawny figure stayed upright through hails
That would have blown mountains down
Yet through snow and shine, not the slightest frown
Managed to crease her face, and no lines etched;
The spring in her step was always as light, and her nimble feet
Acquainted her with the dense mazes of wood and willow,
Rock and stone, her sweet diapason sweeping the land
And the plowers heard her singing her song,
Her queer, clear birdsong.

Many complained that the birdsong was a spell, bewitchery
And her 'alakazam' would result in indubitable destruction
But their complaints-like smoke- died away....though defilement lingers
The year went by, the crowns of scarlet and gold settled,
And was brushed away by the brutish winds that hailed the arrival of winter.
And this season made the young grow old, like wee trees fallen
From the weight of their burdens in the majesty of snow
Unable to rebel the pounding of the wind that shred the remnants of courage
And the people, enervated by their endeavours of filling
Their parching bottomless pits, drowning in agony, many quitting life
Though the birdsong resonated clear, and lived on
And the people grew to abhor that innocent melody
It seemed to deride, like a jest in the catawumpus of battle
The people grew cantankerous, blaming that birdsong for their pain
They shouted and hollered, soaked with drink, caught
In the ignorance that is blind! Their flames of drunken fury evolved
And the birdsong was annulled.

O' people why do you loathe that spirit of good

In your enflamed société? You cage these poor souls!
Why do you refuse to see with appraising eyes?
And blot out the unvarnished with your hyperbole and lies?
Oh that poor young girl was chained!
And caged by the cruelty of this world!
The nescience barbarians knocked her dead!
(Or so they said)

But she sprouted wing and flew, unshackled
Escaping to tintinnabulation, and her Utopia
And she sang her song, her queer, sweet song
Her birdsong.
No longer a lament, but a song of joy
For her flames of hope caused her chains to flux
And she was at liberty to sing
The Birdsong.

Mariam Taufeeq

Black But Beautiful

I saw her walking up the path.
Up the garden path.
To my door.
She was like a ray of sun.
She was that beautiful.
But a spasm crossed her face.
When she saw me.
And she clasped my hand.
Saying, ' O' sister! O' sister!
All I ask from you is refuge from the world,
For I have been lost in despair
They have finally torn two souls apart
They have fragmented my soul.'
I understood. How could I not
After the terror she had witnessed?
And she walked through my door.
And up the hallway.

Her hands shook as I gave her a cuppa' tea.
And her beautiful face portrayed misery.
And her voice was scented with true pain.
For This Happening had forever stained
Her life.

If a list was to be made of sufferings
Her list was to go trailing out the door.
Her daughter had been killed that day.
She had watched her die.
She stood helpless, wringing her heart,
As her daughter's frail hands had been twisted
And cold metal met clammy flesh and blood.
While she just stood there, watching.
She buried the remnants she could scrape
Alongside her other children
Whom she could not defend.

She was helpless against those White Men.
Who had punished her for crimes
Crimes she was ignorant of.

Crimes she was innocent of.
All her life, every day was the same.
'Cause all the White missus did was
Chastise, correct, confine.
Debar, defrock, dismiss.
Motto it was, to 'tar and feather the Black.'
Motto it was, to kill and snipe.
(Though they called it pruning)
Motto it was to wipe 'em out.
It was their fault, they said, for existing.

They were treated lower than slaves.
But terror reaches peaks.
Peaks that beat on the same path: murder.

And my sister's tears had not yet dried.
As she clutched at me, spilling her woes.
Her long since bottled up woes.
And tears flowed down my cheeks
As the story wove on.
Pain burned deep in her heart, marking it eternally.
Never to fade. Never to die.
Because her daughter was just like her.
She was black, but she was beautiful.

Mariam Taufeeq

Childish Fancies- The Coming

The drops of dew like little water sprites,
Danced on evergreen platforms
In late twilight.
They danced and danced,
Until they fell, just as night
Faded away.
Oh, this morning mist!
Oh, this morning light!
The dewdrops danced and fell
On the coming of bright.

The sky sheds it's intimidating cloak,
It had donned since the arrival of dusk,
Dotted with silver, an ever-changing epitome,
A cloud of sheer mystery and musk.
'Ere comes the ray of golden fancies,
The sun gently cradles into view,
Hailing the arrival of all new,
The beginning of morn, the exodus of night,
The sun swoops in
On the coming of bright.

Bright sweeps in with mellow cheer,
Startling the world; it's oh-so-clear
Sunshine that dyes and deepens,
Your horizons ever closer steer.
The world chirps alive, a melodious sight,
And fancies fly
On the coming of bright.

Mariam Taufeeq

Curses

Don't ever look at me,
Avert your eyes, stare away,
My darkness no longer a poignant call,
But something to fear.

I fear me.

Don't look into my eyes, ever,
You'll see a billowing hurricane,
A lifeless call, a bony eclipse,
Turn away.

Their darkness allures no more,
It's something to fear.

I fear myself.

Don't ever look at my hands.
They shake as I stare at them,
White as sheen, an iceberg,
Drowning me.

Trembling with my fear of self.

I fear me.

Don't step closer, a single word,
Could blow me further away.

I stand, a wisp of smoke,
Still afraid, still unsure,
Of myself.

Stay away. I don't need you,
I already

Fear me.

Though I don't know who I am,
And that makes me afraid.

Mariam Taufeeq

From A Battlefield

The wind howls to lament the sorrows
That people are too weak to endure.
The rain washes away all the heartache and the stains
Of yesterday.
But loss burns deeper than wounds,
Wounds that shall live tomorrow,
Wounds that shall never heal.

The battle had died the previous morning,
And one other brave soul, all draped in red.
The battle is over, but another war has begun;
Somewhere, a dreaded telegram has been read.
Somewhere sadness has murdered the harmony of nights;
Grief-stricken - the world is a 'globe' and man is a kite,
That has fallen to the ground in despair.

The funeral is simple, many tears are shed
In the midst of the mourning for a man who is dead;
He was somebody's son, somebody's pride,
He was some country's soldier who was meant to have died.
He was somebody's husband, somebody's father-to-be,
Somebody's friend, somebody's glee,
But he is none of those anymore.
He is somebody's heartache, somebody's dear,
His loss had been a constant fear.
He is somebody's anguish, someone's mottled soul,
Somebody's past, someone's 'before.'

Mariam Taufeeq

I Can See Past It All.

I can see the light
That shines past the skylight,
A million miles away.
I can see the globe of the moon and the stars,
As the planets creak and sway.

I can see the unearthed shimmering fortunes
Of golden sand in the dusk.
I can see the flickers of dandelion rivers,
Broken by the sun's hard husk.

I can see the winds
Sparring with the clouds,
In a haze of mist and rain.
I can see the detached frozen cubes,
That the sky's love could not retain.

Past the wonders of the moon,
And the bleeding of the sun,
Lies another world
Transfixed by this one.
It hasn't moved away for the last few billion years
It's formed a canvassed dome
To our rainbow-streaked home
And filled it with crystallized tears.

I can see the blanket of waves and spray,
Of the patchwork quilt that's sewn up there.
A star learns to disappear every day,
And another one builds a trapeze to here.

You don't need to close your eyes
To travel: there's a world above you.
Crystal clear, no bronzed-brown lies,

The sky is calling and it'll know you
In the moment it takes a heart to realize
That there's a singeing call to the world's metallic cries.

You can see the crackles of the dew,
The songs of long-lost ends,
They shimmer violet in the midnight-blue,
And tell you to bring your friends.

You can see the hark of the sunset,
A daze of light as it combusts.
You can see your silver linings,
That dive away into the gusts.

Past the heartache of the pavements,
And the dreary candles of the Main,
Lies another world,
Captured by the world's complain;
It's hasn't moved away for the last few billion years,
It's painted clear and free,
No grime-shackled reality,
And coloured with all our dears.

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