

Poetry Series

Md. Naeem Aziz
- poems -



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Md. Naeem Aziz is a Bangladeshi Author, Writer, Poet, Engineer and Photographer. He is best known for his writing and photography. He was born in 10th December 1998. He is from Dhaka, Bangladesh



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Liberty Or Death

They took our country from us,
They took our lands from us.
Yet could not chain our voice,
Nor silence freedom's poise.

They burnt our homes to dust,
They crushed our dreams unjust.
But still we rise with flame,
With liberty in name.

They're harming our people,
They're killing our lives.
They are the most punishable,
In depth of our eyes.

Are you people ready for
Liberty or death?
Our goal stands for
Liberty or death.

Our freedom is our breath,
Our oath is liberty or death.
We'll break their chain,
Or perish in the rain.

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Rule Over Ashes

In my country where shadows loom,
Ruler cast a pall of gloom.
When Justice Call,
Students stands tall.
They sacrificed their lives,
Answering the call.
They accepted martyrdom,
To bring justice for all.

To rule a nation
To rule a country,
Killing is the only key
Ruler thinks as glory.
Thousands were killed,
Thousands were harmed
Rule over Ashes,
Is the way she learn.

If cruelty brings you joy
Then you're no human.
If you enjoy ruling over dead bodies
Then you're no human.
A heart of flesh, full of compassion
In merciless acts, finds no fashion.
In false joy finds only hollow
A human's path they cannot follow.

Every single life matters
Is the song we play,
In the blink of time
Justice leads the way,
When darkness falls
We'll light the night,
With patience and hope
We'll set things right.

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Dead Humanity (Palestine)

When i saw Palestinian mothers
Cried for their dead babies,
Killed by air strikes
My heart burned by the fire of pain.
But i see no pain,
In the eyes of Arab world.
Like their life has no value
In the world of dead humanity.

To save their own land
They are dying everyday,
To achieve peace in their own land
They are fighting everyday.

How can i sleep well?
After seeing prison like Gaza,
How can i sleep well?
In this world of dead humanity.

Oh Allah,
Make me Arab world,
I will defend Palestine,
I will fight for Palestine.

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Poor's Winter

They born in a world
A world of rich,
They suffer in a world
Ruling by the rich.
They known as Poor
In the world of rich.

Poor people have no money
To buy winter clothes.
They have no home, have only hopes,
That's why, they sleep in the road.
Winter is the month
They fear the most.
They often die in the cold
Winter is a month, they lose the most.

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The Loving Girl

A girl i saw in my dream,
Black long hair she has, like a queen.
The eyes of the girl is black,
Mountain is the place she love.

The girl wants to live, beside the sea
But never went, to the heart of the sea.
The girl love to see the Moon,
Moon lover is her tune.

The girl wants to travel the world,
For this, she wants to be the bird.
The girl i saw in my dream,
Black long hair she has, like a queen.

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