

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**

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## Mohammad Abdullah(7 December,1996)

My main notion would be relevant to the oppression and cruelty of life, the grief or sorrow faced by people belonging to various shades of life, optimism and pessimism in a mixture and death.

Check my updates on:

# A Knight In Shining Armour

She lay under the sky's blanket,  
Lost in thoughts, she came from a banquet.  
A poor girl, but a magnanimous soul,  
Yearning to find her whole.  
Looking at the stars, she smiles,  
Obnoxious of that she had walked miles.  
A beautiful girl, with waterfall hair,  
But alas! Not even a coin to spare.  
Like many others, she has a dream,  
To her, impossible what may seem.  
About her fate, knows none,  
A sweet desire to find the one.  
The day when she'd wear a white dress,  
The enthusiasm she has to repress.  
With her father, she'd walk to the altar,  
But the orphan's fate, none can alter.  
What she hears, what comes in her sight,  
All gazes turn towards the Knight.  
A Knight in Shining Armour,  
Divine, dashing, a heart warmer.  
A knight who'd end her solitude,  
Never shall she be in a pensive mood.  
A knight who'd flake away her sorrow,  
Like water, in minority in a furrow.  
A knight who'd be with her, through thick and thin,  
Down, never again would be her chin.  
They would have children, grow old together,  
Till their lives whirl away like a feather.  
But all turns cold, all turns bright,  
She was lying on the ground, in the cold night.  
She gets up, and lets out a sigh,  
Not out of sorrow, but felicity high.  
She imagines her 'Happily Ever After'  
With her Knight, in the Shining Armour.

Mohammad Abdullah

# After The Dark

The sky was like a pitcher,  
The clouds were like a husk,  
The Sun fainted and sunk,  
To inaugurate the fall of dusk.

The shades were now even,  
To the gloomy darkness that spread,  
The gleaming lights had extinguished,  
By the silence that fed.

Outside, not a single man was seen,  
Afraid of the beasts that howled,  
People stopped looking under their beds,  
Now that the Monsters inside them growled.

A day, but no day, just pitch black,  
Had oppression now polluted the masses,  
In misery, man was led astray,  
Corruption in profusion, dignity burnt to ashes.

But as the corrupt blaze upon,  
And Faith was hath gone,  
Fate and belief would spawn,  
Again the break of dawn.

The death of tyranny gave birth to hope,  
The Daylight emerged, and away with the Devil,  
'Allah is Who created the Good  
Where He had created the Evil'

The lecherous hearts were cleansed,  
The weeping eyes were consoled,  
The thrones of tyranny were rent,  
Never again, shall Man's blood run cold

Mohammad Abdullah

# Afterlife

I once met a spirit,  
Of a man who was dead,  
'How is the Afterlife?  
Why do you walk the Earth's tread? '

With a wisp of sorrow,  
With a heavy heart, he cried,  
'Why would I want this?  
Do you know how I died? '

'Born an Orphan, Raised an Orphan,  
Lived an Orphan, Died an Orphan.  
What was worth living for?  
Did anyone care? Why? When? '

No one to embrace him,  
No one who'd care,  
'Was that worth living?  
A life that's not even fair? '

'Latching onto purses,  
Doing sins to live,  
Had I not remorse?  
A thought about me, did anyone give? '

Bullied, tortured, dragged,  
Arrested, for no crime,  
'Was anyone there for me?  
Did anyone spare a dime? '

He was left with no choice,  
He just had to do it,  
'Why I killed myself?  
Because they were already at it'

Dejected, I turned away,  
There was nothing left to say,  
'But why did you do it?  
What turned you to dismay? '

Unacknowledged, I shrugged,  
Deja vu? Fantasy? Or a dream?  
I reflected, 'Wake up! '  
'Don't believe me? Go ahead, scream! '

Unaware of what it had turned into,  
Unaware of what had happened,  
'How did our paths cross?  
Why has everything darkened? '

Deprived myself of this prestigious gift,  
Not a beat, not a breath, I don't know why,  
'See you soon, ' and he left,  
I kept yelling, 'How? How did I die? '

Mohammad Abdullah

# Avalanche

For the sake of fun,  
For the sake of thrill,  
He just had to go skiing,  
Against his family's will.

On the Mountain top,  
The snow lusted white,  
He packed up all his gear,  
And skied down the height.

But aghast! He cut the snow,  
Down came the avalanche,  
What slipped through his fingers,  
That life was merely a chance.

Never was he found,  
But little did the know,  
His heart was still beating,  
Ten days, under the heavy snow.

But against all odds,  
He struggled to get out,  
His life was like a land,  
Inflicted by a drought.

He rushed back home,  
He glanced through the window,  
His children were lifeless orphans,  
His wife died a widow.

'A father, A husband, A friend'  
Was engraved on his tombstone,  
Alive, but whom to live for,  
Alas! The seed of his death was sown.

Life slammed the doors on him,  
Turmoil, with anxiety in his head,  
The living corpse, jumped off a bridge,  
'An Unknown man was found dead'

Mohammad Abdullah



# Dejection, The Consequences

He was born, it was the inception,  
He was a first-born, it was the exception,  
Two more took birth, it was the contradiction,  
His parents died, the young lad was left with dejection.

Ten years later, his granparents passed away,  
Three toddlers, like stones were cast away,  
Being the eldest, he worked night and day,  
Instead of love, the young lad faced only dismay.

Ten more years, heaven knows how they spent,  
Living from hand to mouth, his stoop was now bent,  
This life wasn't his fault, what could he repent,  
To be raised this way, he was never meant.

Grief, sorrow, the howling storm inside,  
It was fate, how could he turn the tide,  
Under the mask of happiness, the storm had to hide,  
'Where's Mum and Dad? ' but he always lied.

But against all odds, he survived,  
For the best of them, he was deprived,  
Like their father would have, he thrived,  
To see them grow, to see them smile, he strived.

Let them woe, let them weep, how could he?  
What he went through, he'd never let them see,  
'Be the good ones, you always have to be'  
His soul ascended, but he left behind a legacy.

To others, faith in humanity he gave,  
To be a man like him, the world would crave,  
By helping one, all of mankind you can save,  
'A teacher, A savior, A legend' was written on his grave.

Mohammad Abdullah

# Drifting Grain

Shoved to the brinks of devastated anticipation  
I back my pack and hit the station  
No longer am I me  
No more am I the person I used to be  
Away from all the turmoil  
I set out to seep into the soil  
Thumbs up, I hitchhike  
Bottoms up, I ride a bike  
I break free of the limitations that concealed me  
That shut me down, that sealed me  
Let nothing bring me sorrow  
No strings attached, I want to wallow  
You may take me as a tramp  
But the sun is just my lamp  
I'm a traveller of sheer solitude  
Nobody to depend on, intentions crude  
Started from Alaska, paused at the Potohar  
Aren't we all, just lost stars?  
I'm a grain of sand that sweeps His green earth  
Now that I realise this is why I took birth  
To discover oneself, isn't that it?  
The meaning of life, God's writ?  
I plunge from the vale of tears  
And land in the fountain of youth  
And as I turn around, silence greets me  
Voices shunned of grief, arms fatigued of raising  
Eyes seeking my sight, minds skirting around me  
Once I'm incarcerated, the eyes don't blink  
The arms don't raise, the breaths don't sink  
No longer was I myself, I was a new man  
But I was me, with a beard, and just a tan  
'Have you seen my son? '  
That was that, I was done  
'No, ' and I hit the road  
I bear the fruits of what I sowed  
I changed, but a bit too much  
That my identity lost its crutch

Mohammad Abdullah

# I Was Dying

With my vanquished memory  
I sit back to rock my chair  
What I'm left with is wrinkled skin  
What I achieved in life are grey hair

I try hard to perceive  
How I ended up here  
When did I get this flaccid chin  
How did I get this grey hair?

Driven to near madness  
I remember I wrote it all  
Retrieving the black diary  
I lean against the wall

Struggling to pick a subject  
Striving to find a career  
Like a sheep, I followed orders  
Being a lion, I kissed a deer

Dazzled by reminiscence, scorched by my identity  
I dreamt of being a trendsetter, ended up being an entity  
Threw away my conscience, let go of my dignity  
I let them ride on my shoulders, while feeding their vanity

Just pass primary  
Just pass middle  
Just secondary  
Just pass high  
Just pass college  
Just pass university  
Just get a job  
Just get a family  
Rewind and repeat, I took the heat

'Get busy living or get busy dying'  
Alas, so busy that I forgot to live  
Only to realise, I was dying  
Until none of me was left to give

The truth is, Everybody Lies  
The world is no place for the wise  
Where your kin longs for your demise  
Little do we know, Everybody Dies

In a heartbeat, I hit reset  
I sit back to rock my chair  
What I'm left with is wrinkled skin  
What I achieved in life are grey hair

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# I Was Responsible

Since I was born, I was responsible  
My parents fought, I was responsible  
We departed, I was responsible  
We struggled, I was responsible  
I was the eldest, I was responsible  
My siblings slept, I worked  
Since I was responsible  
I grew up, I became responsible  
I was blamed, since I was responsible  
I was dropped out, I was responsible  
Lost my savings to gambling  
Yes, I was responsible  
My brother, provided for, but robbed a shop  
Innocent, but I was responsible  
I fell in love, I was responsible  
Devoted myself to a stranger  
Yes, I was responsible  
War waged around her, I was responsible  
She migrated, left school, left home  
Shackled by turmoil, but I was responsible  
Parents passed away, I became more responsible  
Brother did drugs, sister got raped  
Watched my family burn down in flames  
But considered myself responsible  
Torn and frayed, I sold myself  
Brother to rehab, sister to convention  
Broken, homeless, full time labourer  
But never a word of regret, since I was responsible  
Restored, rebuilt, renovated  
Relationships, scholarships, negotiated  
Face held high, felt being responsible  
Graduation, internship, but never a word of gratitude  
Overlooked their attitude, because I was responsible  
Conduct changed, frowned upon  
'Old man, burden, be gone! '  
Hid the remorse, since I was responsible  
Rejected, evaded, abhorred for no reason  
This bent form never saw the spring season  
Expected relief, but met only treason

Reprimanded myself, because I was responsible  
Love turned to hate, alas! I met my fate  
How come, was I responsible?  
Profound thoughts overwhelmed me  
My own self condemned me  
Let them never forget, how did I fret  
When I put a bullet in my head  
Because they said, I was responsible

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# The Seven Minutes

He lay on his death bed,  
His clothes dripping with red.  
To help him, they're craving,  
But alas! He's far beyond saving.  
He seems to breathe his last,  
And in his mind flashes his past.  
His entire life, like a movie goes,  
As water, along a stream flows.  
The mingling winds, the rustling leaves,  
The chilly nights, the days without grieves.  
His mother's love, his father's affections,  
The solitude in oxymoronic successions.  
His first love, that first sight,  
The first kiss, the first fight.  
His wedding day, with emotions high,  
The first child, his first cry.  
The break in, the masked men,  
He got shot, he doesn't know when.  
Then all fades, all turns bright,  
His eyes, dazzled by light.  
A majestic creature descends from the height,  
Angelic wings, divine looks, celestial might.  
It holds his hand and penetrates the sky,  
But as he ascends, he lets out a sigh.  
In the heavenly winds, he glides,  
From his vessel, his soul slides.  
Seven minutes, the summary of life,  
Seven minutes, the conclusion of all strife.

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