

Poetry Series

Moz Rauf
- poems -

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Moz Rauf(06/07/1982)

A Look

I look at you.
You look at me.

Between the two of us
Lay green wide oceans
And upon them float dozens of lost islands.
Let us give names to them.

I'll name an island, 'desire'.
Why don't you name it 'love'?

I look at you.
You look away.
I look away too.
Love falls, desire remains.
A country is lost,
A civilization forgotten!
Names remain, somehow
As you turn you gaze away.

Moz Rauf

A Lover's Plea

Look how strongly the candle burns
As the hands of time slowly turn
My heart is melting to your distant calls
Yet I'm closed to my fate's walls

If words have tongue, can they speak of pain?
Can they travel the distance of going insane?
Can Love be preached as a tender tale?
Can life be tamed to this burning flame?

Moz Rauf

A Spring Night Flute

I remember you tonight,
Under the mild heat of the early spring air,
That still imprisons the whispers of yesteryears,
And the sweet promises of youthful hearts,
That like firmaments burn in their delirious lights.

I remember you tonight,
Under the reign of a brilliant moon,
With a longing heart, full-moon eyes,
Hafez's verses and a broken cup of wine.

Moz Rauf

A Virgin Night

When the moon shines over the park trees,
Travelling majesty in shadowy nights,
carressing the mid-summer's breeze delight,
Flirting fondly with a lonesome soul's flight
Breathing rhymes, a poet shall dance to the rite;
Untill his soul, words, and the night whirl, alike.

Moz Rauf

An Eternal Prayer

Infuse my heart with the joy,
That brightens up the day with a lark's song,
And kindles the summer nights with sparkling dreams,
Of floating in the airs of weightless thoughts,
And stealing the silver from the oblivious moon,
Till eternity falls with its golden waves,
And weaves the roads to the beloved's throne,
And reduces the beat of my burning heart,
Into whirls of similar desires.
Lord! Infuse my heart with such joy.

Moz Rauf

Away

Life is such a burden,
Under the assembly line of railway engines.

I've spent a life time,
Chasing the jealous ravens away;
who fleet along the whistling engines,
That runs along my dream-ways.

But they won't go away,
They won't go away...

Moz Rauf

Butterflies

Butterflies with elephant trunks—
I wonder how they fly!
Some have stolen Gabriel's wings
But those are black and white.

Butterflies with mountain bosoms—
I wonder what they cry!
Some sing love like morning prayers,
But those too are black and white.

Moz Rauf

Decadence

Let us dive deep in to the heart of the sea,
Last evening, it swallowed the mighty sun.
Let us sink awhile, and not drown,
For tomorrow we shall rise with a youthful sun.

Moz Rauf

Eros

We were dancing in the rainbow shadows
Oblivious to the vigilant moon
But I had a deliberate glance
That turned my gaze into sweet deliberation
Then, I could see the dancing moon,
Without its burning delight!
And I knew that cause is sweet
Sweeter than how our senses rhyme
But when I whispered this secret, you coyly replied
Hush! The moon is land of cheese—all green and dry.

Moz Rauf

Forgetfulness

I dance in my lover's sweet presence,
In whirls
And sometimes in circles.
There is an end, I always forget;
This forgetfulness
Drowns my soul's flight,
To the dark sea-floors
Where my lover no longer dwells.

Moz Rauf

Heretic

Lust is Love in hope of immortality
Walk on, in the intoxication of hope
Abandon the paradise your father lost
Trade it for a dime and a half
Believe in ecstasy and the magic of rhymes
Compose the music of eternal right
For life is a tragedy- A divine comedy
And Love is lust in your mortality.

Moz Rauf

Independence Day Plea

Take away your bloody nukes, fighter-planes and green tanks
We will build the nation with a hammer, sickle or red hands.

Moz Rauf

Lips

Close so close,
Your tender lips.
Closing in even more;
Scarlet rose- your lips.
And when I feel them near to mine,
I feel alive. Ah! These rare times.
So noble, so divine;
No less than ecstasy of wine-
Red, delicate and fine,
Though just in a dream of mine.
Ah! Just a dream.
You, my love, merely seem;
Illusion, mirage, is that your being?

But last night when your lips were there to be kissed,
Not a single moment I was to miss.
I held my breath to feel the bliss.
Then I knew for sure that you exist.

Moz Rauf

Love

Whoever seizes to become, can not love.
For my friends, when you love with kind hearts,
you become your beloved, and your beloved you!

Moz Rauf

Midway Horse

O' midway horse, O' midway horse,
What good is this yearning?
You may dream of blue blue skies
But your fate is midway running.

Moz Rauf

Moonstone

I said: "you are an imitation of love
Your beauty and grace is all that a poet seeks;
But there lies no love but only dust and stones
In the fever of days."
She said: "You are clearly not a creature of day.
The dust of days only settles upon
the lovers' unmarked graves
So while the moon is god,
In the throne of dreams
Worship me! "

Moz Rauf

My Cat's Murder

Her eyes were gazing but black
like another worthless dream
Dead she was, today.
Lying, in the pool of blood,
amidst Squashed meat and broken bones
My little cat was murdered
Not by God's wrath
Neither by the devil's sword
but of a rich man's
speeding car.

So when the angels escort my cat
to the paradise of cats
Please keep your screaming vehicles
Out of the divine vicinity.

Moz Rauf

Northern Star

Come! Raise my soul to the gardens of night,
Where the flute whispers the secrets of delight
To the rose that is about to be dispersed
In the moon-dip, the eternal cup of wine.

Come! Raise my cup to the soul of night;
Till the night, flute, and cup dance
Alike.

Moz Rauf

Ode To Legspin

Twist of wrist across the seam
Caressing fingers; a tender release
A sensual dart drifting in,
Soaring soul of Mozart's symphonies.

Lovliness is art,
When it kiss the turf,
To rebell. (spin away) .

Moz Rauf

Ode To Schoollife

In my dreams, sometimes,
Your eyes turn, black and white,
And we stare the black-board together,
Till the speeding chalk, screams a dirty noise.
And whenever I look outside the corner window of the classroom,
The sun would always, quietly smile,
Down that empty hockey field,
Where, we would make smoke-rings,
As wild as my beloved's raven eyes!

Now you know how I played hide and seek,
With my killing numerical plight,
Whenever the mathematics teacher cried:
"Matrixes, my boys, are a way of life! "

Now that the numbers are written all over my face,
And the smoke-rings have flown to a distant space,
I know how well the matrixes rhyme,
And why not to wake up in the middle of a dream!

Moz Rauf

On Question Of Love

Love; The apparition of youthful days,
That haunts weary old eyes and lonely hearts,
Echoes in symphonies trapped in the empty vodka bottle,
And summer dreams of a dying body waiting to dislodge.

I've lived enough to love; I've drunk enough to forgive.
But I am not as youthful as early morning hours,
Nor as old to celebrate my defeated love!

Moz Rauf

Orchestra Of Silence

Why grieve,
When silence becomes the seabed
That nourishes a million sun and moon,
And becomes the throne of your beloved
Who keeps playing the orchestra
Of days and nights.

Moz Rauf

Paradise

Seasons have changed,
And you are long gone.

Like the lark that abodes April thoughts
In December's misty evenings
I, long for you sometimes
But I know there is no paradise
For tender, summer birds.

Moz Rauf

Prison For Mad Men

I laugh for hours.
It makes me sad in the end.

They built a prison for mad men,
With God staring from the top window,
Resting inside the bosom of winter-yolk sun,
Playing a fiddle,
While the world is set alight,
With a fire,
That doesn't burn.

And underneath the great sea,
Miserable things keep rising from the sunken corners,
Of green churches,
To sing in the choirs,
Of the great cathedral of apes

I laugh for hours.
It makes me sad
The end.

Moz Rauf

Reason

Nothing perpetuates anything,
But nothingness!
Becoming becomes unbecoming,
At the dawn of reason.

Reason swallows Reason,
And Adam's treason is a lullaby
If the grass is dry,
In the garden of Eden.

Moz Rauf

Serendipity

Why do I call myself Tom Sawyer?
Well, we are rebels
Painting church walls
In desire of the preacher's daughter
The magnificent little girl
Mistakes for gold skin
And an electric soul
Running blunt ends
Into a smooth overture
But we know better than the philosopher's stone
And I know even better
Than a pious alchemist's dream
For copper is mistaken for gold
In blind ravishing moonlight
Of passionate summer nights
Under the spell of that great metronome
That slickly ticks by.

But when the lily bloom days pass me by
I would paint those church walls red
For then my comrade, you may tell
Copper from Gold.

Moz Rauf

Siddhartha

Infuse my heart with the joy,
That brightens up the day with a lark's song,
And kindles the summer nights with sparkling dreams,
Of floating in the airs of weightless thoughts,
And stealing the silver from the oblivious moon,
Till eternity falls with its golden waves,
And weaves the roads to the beloved's throne,
And kills the beat of my burning heart,
Into whirls of similar desires
Lord! Infuse my heart with such joy.

Moz Rauf

The Virgin

She smells of roses,
That bloom like sleep
Without dreams.

Every night,
She grows old and pale
Like an aging moon,
Behind autumn trees.

Moz Rauf

The Whirling Dervish

Whirl, whirl, whirl;
Spread those invisible wings.
Unfold, the treasures of deep within.
Migrate towards the eternal spring.

Whirl, whirl, whirl;
For, your soul is a candle lit.
Till all is one, one is all.
Extinguish your soul, the substance and the swing.

Moz Rauf

The Wind

The wind that carries the golden leaves,
Afar from this land of autumn greed,
Pray! It carries away my wild heart,
Or bring wilderness into parched dreams.

Moz Rauf

Tonight (A Song)

Let's sit side by side on a great boat tonight
You face the northern star
And let me stare your eyes
Searching for a gypsy soul
To guide us through the mist of time
Across the ripples of memories
Into the wilderness of a dream called life

Let's run calmly into the madness
Of flow that brings monsoon clouds
Drifting upon parched complaints
Impregnated in beautiful hope
Dressed in raining shades of a rainbow
With the trails of a million fireflies
Lighting up the way to moon

If we sit side by side on a great boat tonight...

Moz Rauf

Tonight Tonight (A Song)

My love,
You are young
And carefree
And the spark in your eyes
Would lit your heart afire
And sometimes lead you awry

And when years,
Like winter shadows
Prolong, dissolve and
Pass you by
And your soul gets tired
Of your prevailing plight

Just shut your eyes
And remember how
The moon once lit the night
Tonight, tonight.

Moz Rauf

Venus

She longed to travel
The silent course
Of the half-moons
That set around her emerald eyes.

She chose blindness over grace—
She became god!

So they made a throne of a mounting cross
And hoisted it high—
Higher than the waning moon.

So she blesses the earth in the evening
And takes her vengeance in the morning.

Moz Rauf

What If?

What If by chance,
Or a skip of a revolution
It all comes to an end
And I find a resting spot
Not perched and awaiting
On that great tree of eternity?

Would they say that they'd known a man
They miss whilst they drink
Or tie their tired spirits
To that wild steed of laughter
Running mad and empty
Treading fears and empty hopes?

Would all the woman I'd loved,
Think about me sometimes
After making mad mad love
That they owed to me
And believe that the world they breathe in
Is godless and cruel
As my biter untamed expression?

Or would I simply be replaced
Forgotten and buried
By another soul
Who would dance and sing
Oblivious to its end?

Moz Rauf

Worthy Disgrace

Against the musk of inevitable gloom,

We lit the torch of our burning faith;

To Dance in whirls of desert sands,

Only to be led to our gracious altars.

In the light of our eternal sun,

We searched for the dead horizons-

That rest between your burning eyes,

Only to knock sealed doors of rusted dreams.

Remember while chasing rainbow shadows,

The scent of a woman filled our lungs.

Oh! How we breathed the smell of oasis,

Only to be greeted by another mocking mirage.

Desert snakes guard the grape gardens,

With venom of your gifted tongue.

We shut our eyes to avert poison eyes,

Only to be cursed with forbidden taste of wine.

In lonely nights your justice rains like madness,

And the desert freezes from your silence.

We keep laughing, bleeding our hearts dry,
Only to play the Orchestra of worthy disgrace.

Moz Rauf