

Poetry Series

Mudasir Firdosi
- poems -

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Fascism

I shall gather a few of my kind
and tour the new era penitentiary,
Where millions are breathing in an open cage
wondering what happened to open skies.
Fascism in brotherhood can do wonders,
even if it mashes my kind the next day.
I am the new age God to teach them
lessons from history.

Mudasir Firdosi

Human

Tonight like any other night
Desolate thoughts
Deserted paths
Wandering the alleyways
A random voice calling,
Man does not have the right
to suffering alone,
Angels desirous of
human anguish
Gave upon God's darling,
to shadow the mortal being
till nothing is to remain.

Mudasir Firdosi

Living Dead

Dead
Dead living
Living dead
Living with dead
Living but dead
Silent or muzzled
Unseeing with open eyes
Hearing but deaf
You decide
where you belong?
Man oh man
When you fall,
Nothing can keep you
from the abyss of depravity
The mortals celebrate
their freedom with your downfall.

Mudasir Firdosi

My Country

They tell me it is your country, but
prove your love to keep the peace,
gift the land to us to please,
and obey the majority or cease.

They tell me it is your country but
as long as I don't affirm my belief,
remain silent when in grief,
and mourn my history in silence.

They tell me it is your country but
to prove my nationalism
eat only what's told,
pay for some ancestor's reign,
and I cannot be trusted with my home.

They tell me it is your country as long
I can prove not to be an alien
from some planet yet unknown.

Mudasir Firdosi

Occupied

Now that we have annexed your home
What about a swimming pool
Or a big kitchen
A home theatre
A gym would be nice
But why is it so green?
We shall paint it red
But remember
You cannot talk to anyone
Don't whisper
We have plans for you
Don't get us wrong
It's all about development
You don't even need to vote
Not even think now
We will do it all for you
But just do as told

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Pain

Pain to be documented

for the sake of civilization.

Pain, language of the unspoken,

censored, plugged and precluded.

Pain of mothers daughters and lovers,

of sons, fathers and admirers.

Pain of separated caged minors

of mums in the dread for their teens.

Pain of kids deprived

of children's play and tempers.

Pain of teachers in empty

schools like haunted sanctuaries.

Pain of hungry babies of fathers

jobless due to curfewed roads.

Pain of half-widows wedded

yet unmarried waiting

in silence, broken-hearted.

Pain of unmarked graves

nameless, persecuted, unclaimed.

Pain of people denied

of honour, esteem and existence.

For it is the suffering, which one day
shall emancipate the persecuted, and
plague the tyrant.

History is nothing more than
your anguish engraved.

Man in his arrogance committing the inconceivable,
pretending to be divinely indestructible.

Suffering, enduring, caring,
liberates the resilient

Freedom is yet attained,
no matter what the era pronounces.

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Snowfall

A little bird sang to the stars
lullabies of your serene grace
of sweet waters in your streams
and scented breeze of pastures.
Unaware of the vicious clouds
darkening the frontier,
Autumn overtook the summer soon.
Why should winter wait for long?
Snow covered leafy trunks,
unable to endure the burden of the fall.
Her fragile nest broke off sudden
throwing the hatchlings across the wall.
Heaven turned upside down,
with rugged winds in command
Bulbul is eager to welcome Katij
Spring shall come to free you soon.

Katij- Kashmiri name for The Swallow

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