

Poetry Series

Neeraj Nawaz
- poems -

Publication Date:
2016

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

Neeraj Nawaz()

A Cursed Paradise- Kashmir

City of saints
Is mourning
Dark shaded blood
Reflecting on leaves
Of chinar, in the graveyard
Of our dreams.

Our dreams sobbing
In the lacerating edges
Of barbarous razor wire
Wars in every street
Is all we have,
bullets and stones
Are we crawling from
Murder of innocence
Is the title of lullabies
Mornings are heart wrenching
And nights are never-ending

Laps and bosoms
Carry an ocean of tears
Hearts and eyes
Are screaming untold stories
Mountains and skies
Are imbibing the cries
Every new born child
Is cursed in this lost paradise.

Neeraj Nawaz

Agitated Love

Agitated i am,
to hold your hand,
and to take all you woes.

Agitated i am,
to fulfill your dreams,
and to deliver you my happiness.

Dreams and Fear,
Dreams, i have weaved,
Fear, you have inside.

Lets share each other smile,
and get lost in our laughs.

Let the storm come,
Let we be mountains of eternal peace.

Let the world look into our eyes,
and see the beautiful portraits of our heavenly world.

Oh Beautiful!
Lets carve a world of our dreams,
Let me write our Saga with the eminent ink of our love.

Oh Love!
Lets fall asleep in the whispering tones of each other.
In the warmth of our love.
In the deepness of eyes.

Let me be in peace! !
In the scents of your physic,
In the darkness of your hairs,
In the deepness of your love,
In the dark shadows of you.

Let your shadow be my swinging cradle,
Let your whispering breathes be my lullabies,
Your presence is patting my soul,

Your warmth god's presence for me.
Let the swans sing for us! ! ! ! ! !

Neeraj Nawaz

Caged Me

Like a kite, i am
Dancing in the storm
Roaming in realities now
Unaware of my destiny
Roads are illusive
And dreams are Lost

O' the lines of fate
Either hold me back
Or let me go
Let me befriend the storm
Storm of my own emotions
Used to its lacerating edges, i'm

The threads of your lines
Are knitting me tight
With every twist and twirl
He has deceived me now
The one i was devoted to
Still i don't call him disloyal

Beasts of my emotions
Have i caged now
Desires burried deep
And their painfull cries
Have i suppressed now
In the laughs of a madman

Neeraj Nawaz

Deceptive Love

I deviated without any reason,
In the illusive shadows,
In the echoed whispers,
In the reflected deepness of your eyes,
In the warmth of your arms.
And in the scents of your physic.

And every mirror turned against me,
Showing me your face.

Oh nature!
Don't be so devoted and loyal to me,
Tell the sun to change direction,
Tell the mountains to soak up these soul shaking voices,
Tell the oceans and skies to show me their own faces,
And tell the winds not to bring her warmth and scents.

The shadows were my swinging cradles,
The whispering breaths were my lullabies,
The deepness was my mysterious heaven,
The warmth was god's presence for me,
And the scents were patting my soul.

Now beneath the white feathers,
The swan is hiding the wet scars of past and now.
Now the buds of love are afraid,
Of thorns on my hands.

Oh love,
Come and let this valley,
Sing again.....

Neeraj Nawaz

Eminent Love

Everyone is sleeping,
I am couching all alone,
Your whispering breaths were my patting tones.
That sleep was colorful and peaceful for me.
The feeling of your presence was my swinging cradle.
Oh my beloved!
I want to fall asleep in those lullabies again,
which were heaven's songs for me.

My nights are more agitated than me.
They want me to fell asleep in their enticed arms.
If not for me come for my nights,
which are tired of awakening now.

The wetness of my pillow is pinching my cheeks,
twisting and twirling on my bed all the night.
Peeping through the corners of windows,
My moon is not shining there,
She is lost behind the ominous clouds.

I am fighting my insomniac nights,
with every twinkle,
memories flashing which i never want to face again.
The dreams which we knitted together are now sharp edged.
lacerating every corner of my illusive world,
Shivering is my body with every twinkle now.

I found you aroma scattered in the darkness of my room.
Every scent attracting me to your world,
I am chocking in the darkness of helplessness,
My lips are throbbing and my world is sobbing now,
Oh my love,
Let me fulfill my unfulfilled love.
In your world,
where hatred is not carved on hearts,
In the gardens of purity,
where love has no end.

And now i want my tears to turn into sweet poison,

with every drop i want to step into your world.

Neeraj Nawaz

Graveyard Of My Dreams

The graveyard of my dreams,
Is greenish again.
The birds are chirping beautifully,
Unaware of the buried emotions,
in the chest of silence.
These songs are someones letters of love,
Striking my heart and missing your trajectories even more.

My Lost birds,
This world is ominous now.
Your last sighs are still echoing my sobbing world.
The signs of past are in every grain now.
Our laughs are in every gust of air.
Your memories rallied now,
Through my eyes,
Silently screaming for mercy,
Every drop of their's is so pearly,
Reflecting beautiful, images of our lost heaven.
My life is sailing with unknown winds now,
Towards the horizon of end.

Don't come again,
Now the needles of my strength are broken,
The power of weaving those dreams with broken needles is flooded by showers of
your rallies.

Neeraj Nawaz

Happiness And Sorrow

In every life a little rain must fall
Grains of happiness needs a little shower
In every saga little distances must come
Walking on aisle needs a little to shed off

Shed the skin with the seasons
And enjoy the dawn and dusk of life
Scatter the leaves of beauty in its pinnacle
And enjoy the heaven's redness in autumn
Let the nakedness of your sorrows reveal
The eternal beauty that had been covered before giving
Happiness passes through us
Belongs to somewhere else
So the sorrows
We are the carriers of God's Love
Happiness and sorrow

Neeraj Nawaz

Life

Life, a mad man's song
Holding onto my throbbing lips
Joyous are the waves of happiness
Heart aching are it's sounds in misery
Walking blinding and bare feet in the grief
i have learned to dance in the storm

Barren are the surfaces sometimes
Cracks reflecting the lines of fate
Deep and dark
I have flooded my oceanic eyes now
For the deserts of emotions
And saw the buds of roses and lilies
Turning the barren into heaven's garden.

Unveil the mistery of life now
Hold yourself now
Swinging you are, between the
Sorrow and Happiness, selfishly
deceptive are your illusions
Flood your eyes and change the lines now
Dance in shower
Of your own tears
And share the happiness when you are in joy.

As joy is the redness of autumn
share it, meet the peace
And scatter the beauty of it
Don't hold it with the arms of selfishness.
Let the wind of love dispel it everywhere.

Neeraj Nawaz

Lost Moon

Without you what I am, a cursed night?
Who is looking for you, in it's own darkness
With candles of my dreams, consuming faith
And eyes of a fagged, shrieking mad wolf
Who is running to horizons, you disappeared from
Walking bare-feet on the edges of dreams and promises

Every face of deception is even more darker now
Everyone is seeing himself in others, deceptive
Since then people questioning the stories of our love
With stones in their fists and hatred adorned hearts
Stories of romantic dances bare-feet in the moonlight
Sleepless people are gazing the skies in search of us

Night and moon, the lullabies of their nights are dumb
Stars are worthless without the rays of moonlight
The endless darkness is as long as my fear
Fulfill the pledges and shower my dark world, moonlight
Let me envelop you in love and heavenly dreams
Will you come? And let every grain dance again in your shade?

Neeraj Nawaz

Madman Of My Streets

Ask that madman of my streets
who narrates tales in the language
of laughs and perplexing words
which an obtuse like me never gets.
Ask him! The Secret of Living and
the story of his unanswered laughs.

Are his laughs omens of happiness
or he has learned the art of carving?
Beauty out of miseries and sorrows.
Which are ominous to us somehow!
Mysterious is every emotions on his face
Scattering Laughs through the dried lips

He has lost the masks which are a part of us
and is carrying naked face with chapped feet
He rests on the banks of loneliness like we are
In a crowded festival of love and deception
Is the world of peace and laughs deception to him?
or his every laugh is the cry of helplessness?

Neeraj Nawaz

My Valentine

Make the colours sing
The crazy song of love
The colours of you and me
Dance barefoot
In the romantic rain of happiness
Make the little flashes of joy
Last forever

Swans are no more
Ubiquitously roaming
Mistrustful they found
The love of their's
Beneath the stars
in the skies of our love

Let the fond kisses last,
the farewells unexistable
And the corners of this heaven uncarved
Walk with me
On the never ending isles
Of love and happiness

Make the showers of love
Provoke the you in me
Write the never-ending stories
Beneath the moon light
And the swans witness
The heavenly love of our's

Oh beloved, The Moon
Let there be no more dawns
In the darkness
My heart fulfills the love
The language of our love
Speaks no words

Neeraj Nawaz

Tale Of A Heaven-Kashmir

Headstones are in the hearts
Don't have the space in the ground
People are buried in the screams
Don't have patience for the sobs
Helplessness has a fly now
Dreams don't have wings

Stories of that night are all
In my mind and heart
Don't have the grains of patience
Stones haven't occupied my fist
Bullets have occupied the skies
The stories of peace are hipocratic
The 'son and father' are buried
In a single grave of this heaven

The untold stories are screaming
The raped 'sisters and mothers'
dnt have anyone to adress their grief
Sobbing nature don't have a season

All i can here are the cries
Pure blood is all over the heaven
Tears have flooded the conscience
Mothers dont have the night tales
But the heart-wrenching stories to tell the kids

Lullabies are not of the peace and heaven
All are they about are the 'wars in every street'
In every street of the heaven
Long enough have we waited for the peace
Tell the God to end this up now

Neeraj Nawaz

The People Of This Isle

Oh The People of this Isle!
Ornaments you face
with the jewelery of happiness
in the joy and grief
cast off the portraits, of a small land
we call as graveyards, that you have carved
on our faces, graveyard of dreams and happiness

Struggle not with the oars
to reach the shore
Rather befriend and sail with the waves
and let the shore reach to you
Let the time fork up the shore
with oysters of happiness and joy
with every slap of storm, in the midst of miseries.

Let the days and nights, witness
Your shedding off skin, of selfishness
and the saints inside you
conquering the beasts of your emotions
Learn to cradle the sorrow, in grief
And tame the wolves in the moonlight
Moon light of addictive happiness and joy

Neeraj Nawaz

Unveiled Beauty

Behind the veiled faces
Lies lacerating realities
Of beauteous faces
Which once were so heavenly for me.

Loving the dark shaded nights,
Hides all the faces behind its dark colours
quester of beauty i am now
Tell the dusk to wait a little more
Should i face the reality?

Or tell the moon to stay for a while more.
My conscience is flooded now
Chocking in the unveiled faces.
Which once were so heavenly for me.

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