

Poetry Series

**Obaidur Rahman**  
**- poems -**

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# Obaidur Rahman()

A writer...

# Casualties Of Now

At the dawn of this falling sky  
Mankind is all alone, so estranged in this abandoned hour,  
Prevailed, sadly, the rule of chaos and anarchy  
The martyrdom of divine thus, sparked the unholy lust for power.

Gone are the ancient days  
And the ways of the noble and just,  
Devil owns the time now  
And the time has spawned the army of dust.

Blinded by sins, well behind the guarded walls  
The beasts poisoned the spirit well,  
Breathing the darkness, these emperors of death sickness  
Unleashed the wraths of eternal hell.

These beasts feast upon the flesh of the dead  
And when not, they cage every mortal living soul,  
The grand pillars of virtue came crashing down  
Ravaged by desire, the civilization finally took its toll.

The fires of war cursed every living horizon  
And the battles took no prisoners,  
The heavens bled and the sky took the dead  
And the Earth told her tales through scars.

The say history is penned down by the victors  
And the history is always one sided view of the truth,  
Then who's not writing the history, if I may ask  
Perhaps the ones who are not cashing in on the loot?

The imprisonment of hope  
And the audacity of fear,  
So distant from the guarded walls, the mortals wonder  
If the end is far too near...

(C) Obaidur Rahman. First published in author's debut poetry book 'The Mystic Inferno' in 2012.



# Communion

Oh, my dear valiant Universe.....  
The mystic of the colossal eternity,  
The wisdom of your sky flies me to the starry high  
And I'm into the warmth of your divine serenity.

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# Confessions

Lonesome day knocking on the door,  
Brand new day crawling on the floor,  
Wonder when my fortune  
Would be kind to my luck,  
Time is chasing  
But life just won't work.

Twilight that guides the shooting star,  
Lazy poems to heal the scars,  
Was there ever any beginning...  
Or is this the end?  
But somewhere waits for me,  
My dear old friend.

Fortune teller out there selling some dreams,  
For a while it makes me forget where I've been,  
Life does not offer  
All the answers to all the questions,  
In the end we are all just tired souls,  
Searching for redemptions.

Sail away once again, into the darkness...  
Destination nowhere, all along with hopeless,  
Sometimes I wonder,  
If this life was a mistake?  
Dear coldness in sleep,  
Please don't leave me awake.

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## Cosmic Serenity.

Oh, gallant scenic heavens, hail to your wondrous stellar of splendors,  
Your past, present and future, mesmerizes all epic of mentors.

Let your light be my guide, I want to speed to the farthest,  
I want to fall into your infinity, your North to South and East to the West.

So long have I wasted my time, in search for a home here on Earth,  
But now I know it's all out there, that truly measures a man's just worth.

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# Desire

Here comes the stellar starry night  
And know the tear-drop of thunder,  
Ocean-fills the deepest desire.....  
And in this stepping stone to the blessed rising  
I zeal my restless hour,  
Kicking lust into your venomous fire.

Right there, see, at the edge of the darkness  
The devil lurks his demons  
To cast the deathly shadow of the blackened spell,  
The illusions of darkness vs. the divine calling of the instinctive impulse...  
By tooth and nails, the army of Saint n' Sinners,  
All battle for heaven n' hell.

But praise the solitude that cures the loneliness  
And hear the howling of the horizon  
Echoing at the majestic distance,  
I close my eyes and commence my journey beyond this trivial time and space  
As I know all is well and sure will be,  
Right here, at the glimpse of this instance.

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# Fire

My wrecked soul has been in the gutter; lost in the faithless damned shadow,  
Still in search of wider nights, but days are all windingly narrow.

When the heart is corrupt, it becomes easier for the fear to sink in,  
In the midst of distant light, darkness slowly kicks in.

How do I set myself free, free from the wraths of temptation?  
The stepping stone to my mystic throne lies in the power of salvation.

Blessed by the power of choice, I must union my will and desire,  
I know I can bail out from hell, only if I stop chasing the fire.

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# Galactic

Saved by the fire eternal, driven by the force primal  
I dance to the tune of my divine calling in a psychedelic trance,  
Reborn by the jaded poetic, awakened by the power Noetic  
The ghost of evolution and the spirit of revolution cleanse my solemn stance.

Though I'm chased by the army of desperation,  
Patience, I hear..... from the ancient of aspirations.  
Far away from darkness, in this sublime hour of meditation,  
I fly-sink summarily, into the warmth of the blessed revelation.

From the mouths of silence,  
The whisper prophesizes the grand of epic,  
And by the union of Earth and Sky, in a celestial high  
And I'm forever in harmony with the galactic.

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# Higher

Power and empower,  
The higher of me over the lower  
The higher of me over the lower  
The higher of me over my lower.

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# Home-Bound

Don't care anymore, what my future would be,  
Without spirit....there is nothing me.  
Sleep don't wrap me up no more, nor time do usher the heal,  
I sink in my bed, just got days to kill.

Late at night, I hear them calling, calling my name,  
All my sins' say, "Sinner, it's you to blame".  
In between these changes, and I know I ain't the same,

My life ain't no picture, can't put it in a frame.

I lie awake till my dreams wake me up,  
And at the desperation of the hour, all just go hic-cup.  
Winds of change, can you fly me to a new height.....  
Can you promise me the dawn, so that I can make it tonight?

Still, round and round, circle around,  
But I know someday, I'm gonna be found,  
Then build a home, where I belong, where I am bound.

Obaidur Rahman

# I

I must empower my courage  
And master my strength,  
Enlightened by wisdom  
I'll go to the greatest length.  
And the lighting spirit  
Will channel me towards my iron-will,  
I'm a hunter  
My eyes are on the kill.

My enemies will not defeat me  
And I'll prevail,  
My defiant spirit will triumph  
I'm strong as hell.  
I must keep my eyes open  
And remain constant vigilant,  
I must centre myself  
To everything that is intelligent.

I will remain strong  
And rely on my higher power,  
I must shine all my instincts  
And I'll light the darkest hour.  
I'm the shaker, I'm the maker  
I'm the one, who you must fear,  
I'm alone but I'm the power of one,  
Loud and clear.

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# Illusions

The shallow depth  
Of your innate obscurity,  
Behind the veil of your serene wonder  
Echo-heals my frantic tranquility.

Somewhere  
Between the time and space,  
From the push of gravity  
To the fall from grace.

The keeper of the sin  
Grave-digs the shadow of the mist,  
But the immortal time of the finite divine  
Flame-thrills the power of the least.

The magic spell of the night  
And the Zen of my ecstasy,  
The arrest of bliss  
Dream-lights my sonic fantasy.

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# Insomniac

The depth of your shadow, gently greets my soul  
My shattered self once again, splits into whole  
The scope of opportunity still gambles with the chance  
But I live a lifetime at the glimpse of your loving glance.

The phantom of me, confronts my nemesis  
I am in battle with myself, reasoning my genesis  
Owned by fear, life is still Truth or Dare.....  
Or maybe I am just too tired, too lost to care.

My battered youth, consoles my browsed lust  
Times are a wasting, so am I and it all sounds so just  
Any day now, as the sadness drags me down way into the deep  
But at least for once, I need your touch to help me fall asleep.

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# Instinct

The red-eye of decadence  
Blinds my way into the light,  
Often I'm consumed by the black of my heart  
So lost from the calling of the white.

Sinfully lustful, equally wasteful  
The hours of the day to the night,  
Blissful wisdom, nomadic kingdom  
This darkness will lead to the light.

Bound  
By the surreal space and time,  
Here and now, I free-will my soul  
To the tune of one true mystical rhyme.

I must save myself, holy my soul  
And pure my spirit,  
I'm an animal living in this mean sad world  
All I got is my instinct.

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# Mystic Infinity

I close my eyes and let my spirit roam free  
In between truth and lies, my courage lets me be  
The obituary of time and the condolences of hazy days.....  
I seek closure in my own freedom,  
And settle down in my own lazy ways.

Any day now, I shall be released.  
Any way now, the pain will be eased.  
The gift of life, paves the way to be immortal,  
All I've to do, is follow my heart  
But not like a mortal.

Breathe in and breathe out  
Deep dive into this serene tranquility,  
Illumine my mind, body and soul  
Empowered by the mystic infinity.

I close my eyes again  
As I seek peace, warmth and all that is divine,  
Any day now, darkness will fade away  
And I shall welcome the sublime.

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# Nights

The martyrdom of innocence  
And the corruption of my soul,  
Everyday I loose myself  
Or maybe, time's just taking its toll.

Where do I go from here?  
Far, near or somewhere in between...  
Everything extorts my value sublime,  
And all is gone from within it seems.

How do I cleanse my spirit?  
At least for myself to keep it?  
Lost and lonely, I'm mine, if only.....

Sing me your epic  
Resurrect me with your melody,  
Come solace my troubled heart  
And save me with your tender ode.

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# Odepath

Clouds of misery; they rain down upon me,  
I'm at a loss, where else am I gonna be?  
From sleepless nights to the endless days...  
I stand still somewhere between the land and the sea.

Sky is sinking as the sadness triumphs over sorrow,  
I gaze at the distance like there is no tomorrow,  
Bitter and jaded, hope is lost and all is faded  
Life races on well up-ahead but I'm just too tired to follow.

Time heals all the wounds but years do remain unkind,  
Today slips in as the tomorrow leaves me behind,  
Lonely heart's tragic hurts and indecencies of grievances  
Dark is rising, I sit around, I don't care, and I don't mind.

The shadows of the night lights up my spirit,  
The rage of the sun denies the day's one true merit,  
Evil or divine, what awaits me at the end of the line?  
Deemed by the demon, saved by the saint,  
Or life, at the centre of grand cosmic writ...

Obaidur Rahman

# On The Edge And After

Turn on the night  
Let the light shine in,  
The zeal of the hour  
Beholds the time from within.

Usher me the epic dawn, sublime...  
And the euphoric mortality,  
Power me the magic harmony, cleansing of the calls  
And the divine spirituality.

The thoughts of the mourning mass  
Demon-spells the freedom muse,  
The placebo affects of the light divine  
Stone scripts the wonder views.

I hear some say,  
Life is not a waiting room,  
Follow the path of the heart  
Or else awaits the wrath of doom!

Steadfast the glorious  
Beyond the depth of the obvious,  
The wisdom of my might  
Gallants my kingdom to the victorious.

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# One

Blessed by the mystic galactic  
Esteemed by the One Holy True,  
Cosmic magical is the union supreme eternal  
The one of me and you.

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# Path Eccentric

Sitting by the window, watching the life go by...  
I tried to lean on my dreams, but they all have left me high n' dry.

Hope is gone now, so I say farewell my dear,  
But we will meet once again, someday, somewhere.

And time is fading away, and nothing is forever,  
What if life is like a chance? Like 'now or never'?

Walking away from the crowd, that swallows everything,  
It blindfolds my life, and leaves me with nothing.

But outside don't haunt me, I don't Duck n' Run!  
Hopes, fears and strengths in me, prefer the moon than the sun.

But I'm loosing myself though, my Individuality is at stake,  
I've been consumed by hatred n' anger, I've got to change for Heaven's sake.

Empty days to lonely nights and lonely night to the empty day,  
I know for sure, if I don't change, I am gonna die this way.

And forgiveness, your highness...I am a sinner, my life is a mess,  
I'm just lost in here, but give me a sign, I can do the rest.

In between expectations and acceptations, I let the wind carry me;  
Time greets me once again, as I search for Peace within Me.

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# Revelation

And then came the moon-cherry night  
Under the sun-lit sky...  
From the very ruins of the ancient lost,  
Commenced the renaissance of the surreal high.

The cosmic consciousness  
And the revelation of the Blue Eyes,  
In tune with my courage, faith and desire  
Skin my soul from the mortal disguise.

The path of sacrifice  
Leads to the steadfast glory,  
True to myself  
And the history will write my story.

From "Stairway to heaven"  
To "Highway to hell"  
I rock-solid my heart,  
With sacred prayers from the wishing well.

The language of the dark  
Sings along with the melody of the light,  
The warmth of the left  
Even-lasts with the power of the right.

All alone in this hope-filled hour  
I bury my mourning cynical,  
Together through eternity, my master and I,  
Epic-sculpt our mythical.

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# Sick-Tranquil

The stillness of silence  
Mimics the depths of the tragic despair,  
With the numbing parade of the restless hours  
And often it seems all is beyond repair.  
Beneath the pale shadow of the mourning lust  
Lies the legacy of the justly unfair,  
And when the sheer fear of the abandoned disappear  
Reign supreme the magic symbolic of the dare sincere.

Paints it well, the divine of the wishing well  
But spirals the slip of the higher innocence,  
By cynic desire, and when in the line of hysterical fire  
Against self, what architects the great wall of defense?  
The rhythmic guilt via senile paranoia  
And deafening is the fury of the forgone resonance,  
The darkening call of the rising fall  
Only summons the art-cryptic of the apocalyptic essence.

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# The Aching Desperation

Wrecked and weathered, in this hour of forlorn tragic  
By the whisper of spell, the demon casts her magic.

The beast of fear, lurks behind every misty forsaken thought  
And thus the eternal spirit of shadow ecstatic begins to rot.

The apocalyptic rage of creeping desire, preys on the shrine of the holy  
The alarming allure of the dark valor, free falls at the blink of the only.

Numb to this tiring frustration; lost in the midst of this aching desperation.....  
But across the tower of rising phoenix,  
The wishful still echoes the sacred revelation.

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# The Avowal

Alone in my own ruin,  
This soul aches, deep from within.....

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# The Blossoming Of Faith

Gone are the days of troubled waters  
And the triumph awaits me in the scenic euphoric height,  
Hence fades away the hammer-storm from the land of the gutters  
As the wish-desire propels the destined splendor of my flight.

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# The Chair

How strong is your faith,  
In these Race days of Religions?  
Do you believe in the righteous one,  
The "divine" who exists in everyone?  
Tragically, the world has turned into a fireplace...  
Forlornly now; there is rage in every face.

Obsession with destructions,  
Happy when lives are lost,  
Don't care what the world has to say  
Oh, these beasts would never stop!  
Don't think beyond their narrow view,  
Don't care about me and you,  
Even though it's us who always bear the cost.

Military suicides, welcome to the mass grave,  
Humanity's genocide, born to die as slaves.  
All the talks in the peace process  
Rolls on without effects,  
They preach about justice  
Holding guns into our faces.  
Wonder what's it gonna be, revolution, peace  
Or the devour of the dead?  
Or maybe, the feast of Nuclear instead! !

Politics and economics,  
And all the mockery of democracy,  
With blood dripping down from every horizon  
History writes the legacy.  
Dirty claws of the war  
Ripped our souls apart,  
Fake complications of the dirty politics,  
Won't give peace a chance to work.

Double faced dirty leaders,  
Just opposite they way they appear,  
Lives on the corruption  
Aided by pet criminal and the liar.  
Diabolically wrap up the whole world

With their cruelest of intensions,  
Just to be on the CHAIR! ! !

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# The Choice Abundance

In the midst of the cynical red  
Lies the tranquil of the sonic of seasons,  
When the flesh of the cube reveals the spirit of the circle  
The power illuminates the magic of the reasons.

Time after time, blinding the scenic eyes of the sublime  
Raids in, the mesmeric from within  
And the tempest of the melodic ferocious,  
The senses-euphoric settles the score of the fleetingly tragic  
In a hallucinating spell of the conned victorious.

Run for cover? Every time fear takes over?  
Be enslaved by desire? Or master the Earth, wind, fire and water?  
Or let the mystic of my wisdom rule the heart of my kingdom,  
And command the path to the grandeur of my empire.

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# The Cosmic Seraph

And then she came  
The Angel of the seven skies,  
Through the eyes of blue  
She summoned the tales of truth and lies.

What you seek, she asked  
Wealth or wisdom?  
Comradeship of the Cosmic,  
Or the throne of the dark kingdom?

Time stood still...  
In the momentous of the Sun, Earth and Moon  
Commenced, thus, the order of Earth, Wind, Fire and Water  
And not a moment too soon.

The secret lies within you, she said  
The kingdom of Heaven and Hell,  
Choose wisely, she warned  
And life will be for yours to tell.

At the mountain top, lies the temple of the flesh  
Right beneath the sacred of the holy,  
Realize, she enlightened, realize, and only then  
The heavens will open up soul-wholly.

Believe, she prophesized,  
And you'll master the water that no one sees through,  
From the bondage of mist and dust  
Will rise the empire of the one very true.

Assemble your army on every front  
Resurrect the magic immortal,  
Govern your realm, she cherished, steadfast and steady  
And you'll journey through the divine portal.

And then I closed my eyes  
As the warmth of her light serene embraced me,  
Always and forever and I'll remember.....  
From the tower of sublime, my cosmic will set me free.

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# The Crossing Of The Mist

At the edge of darkness  
Sleeps the epitaph of mercy,  
Since the time spark-lit her magic  
Shadow cursed the hour of urgency.

Here comes the ancient mist.....  
Shaking her way beneath the well of toxic grim sin,  
Thus commences the chase, till the end of days  
And so begins the epic of the invisible amongst the unseen.

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# The Demise Of Here-After

Familiar yet strange  
Similar through the cycles of change,  
So evil are these beings of Humans  
Born to kill and kill to be avenged.

Beneath the ruins of all morals  
Death feast the humans of race,  
See the downfall of the once beloved ones  
Witness the sordid display of disgrace.

Blindly chasing after riches  
Power, vice and lust,  
If only they knew  
All is but grave dust.

Lost and alone, so far gone,  
All consumed by conceit and desire,  
Long before the Day of Judgment  
It seems all shall burn in the wraths of fire.

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# The Divine Frequency ☐

Hear the sound-waves of silence  
Come crashing down into the walls of desire,  
On two feet with arms wide open  
I'm riding the ghosts of ice, taming the cynic fire.

Behold me harmony,  
The mine power within,  
Can't just sink n' float  
And wake up until I'm gone dreaming.

Align my mind, body and soul  
In league with the Universe,  
In comes the holy union between my wish and desire  
And all the negatives will meet their converse.

No more sabotage  
And no more conspiracy,  
Faith will prevail  
With light-speed's urgency.

Enlightened and illuminated  
I'm blessed with the eye that sees through the invisible,  
In this pilgrimage to the Holy  
The sacred union between me and the Divine is eternally invincible.

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# The Edge Of Eternity

Something strange, but stark yet so beautiful...  
This mystic universe mothers every damn deed fool,  
What role do I choose, to commence my cosmic cruise?  
Through my worship, I travel, by union we rule.

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# The Fallen.

Looks like she is moving, but she's got nowhere to go,  
She is around with many, but there's no one she knows.  
All through the years of life, she knows it's not what it seems.....  
Every night she says goodbye, to all her faded dreams.

Standing at the crossroads of life, she don't know which way to choose,  
She is looking for something, at least something to loose.  
Along through the highway, she is driving all alone,  
It's getting dark; she feels she can't make it home.

Tired of searching, searching for the reason for reasons,  
She wonders will it be the same, same through all the seasons.  
Runaway from everyday, cause everyday is a killer,  
She hides from herself, but never makes it too far.

In this strange night, she's chasing the light  
The rising moon is sinking high up in the sky,  
She says, I'm gonna' sail away now, before all the tears run dry.

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# The Hour Of The Owl

I feel so down, I feel so low  
Time and time again, as if, I told you so,  
I've been burning, since the world's been turning...  
Debt of despair is all I owe.

Savior me, savior you,  
Sinner me and saint but who?  
How do I save my aching mortal soul?  
And when will I escape, from the wraths of the blue?

Voodoo my soul, mystic my spirit  
Usher the black, so that, the white can light it,  
Will me your magic miracle  
Let it sparkle shine my instinct.

Is life nothing but one big tease?  
What I'm after, riches won't please.  
All I seek, is the divine consciousness,  
And I'll live and die, just as I please.

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# The Light

This fear runs deep  
And I'm rotting to the core,  
My somnolent heart sinks me down  
And I'm so distant from the shore.

Sometimes I blissfully sit by the window  
Just to watch the time pass me by,  
And the sudden arrest of despair jails all of my hope  
As I wretchedly lose my alibi.

Dear Angel of mercy  
How do I turn my light on?  
How do I foresee  
All the precious moments that are already gone?

In the midst of pain and despair  
All I have left but truth and dare,  
I know life ain't fair  
But don't know if I care.

Still, I want to dive deep into the Holy  
And rise up spirit high,  
I want to light up my darkness  
And noble my days before I die.

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# The Magic Of The Magnificent

In this mystic maze of the orgiastic light  
The silence tranquil the illusions of time,  
The restless spirit of the magical merit  
In the end enlightened by the warmth of sublime.

And echoes the ashes of the past  
Smokes of the present  
And the dusts of the future.....  
All from the ruins of new age,  
To the stellar of the ancient.

And in between the divine and the demon,  
                    Roams the magic of the magnificent.

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# The Manic Melancholic

Here in this solitude of silence  
The darkened path is chasing the great distance,  
When the fortune of luck is foretold by chance  
All is left for now is this instance.

Here comes the curious mist of confusion...  
And the static of converse,  
Spark-starts the spell of the illusion.

The farewell of white  
Thus, commences the darkest of fusion,  
So rigid in this material hour  
Def to the calls of the revolution.

Lost and restless, down n' out and breathless  
In comes the raid of the melancholy,  
Fashionably symbolic, the battle of the tragic  
Feel the blink of the razor unholy.

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# The Melting Obscurity

Time and tide waits for none  
Or so I've been told by the moon and the Sun,  
The lazy hours that idles the day and the night  
Living in my sub-consciousness,  
I'm eternal with the light.

The beginning of the end  
Commences the birth of the death,  
The army of angels laments the magic dust  
Right through the means of stealth.

The skymud deathkills the paranoid candy  
The temptations of the dark and the whispers of sandy.  
The funky ghost lip sings the testimony of the holy  
I heard the Martian speak, in tongues of the past glory.

All is lost and lost within  
And within the lost is the story of the new,  
Close your eyes and breathe the light  
And hear the divinity sing about me and you.

(C) Obaidur Rahman. First published in author's debut poetry book 'The Mystic Inferno' in 2012.

Obaidur Rahman

# The Mystic Rain

In comes the flash of thunder right at the blink of wonder  
And I resurrect my kingdom in between heaven and hell,  
The magic of my force will enchant all my windows and doors  
And the often of seldom will epic the legends of the tale.

Higher and higher, up and beyond, into the mystic greater distant.....  
Trust in my heart, manifest the great start, and be in the presence of this  
instant.

In league with I, my strongest ally, leading all circles to the front and centre  
At the gates of the holy, by the command of my one and only,  
Through my light-consciousness I solemnly enter.

The knowledge-luminous that transcends the space and time  
Is in battle with the dark-vigorous that laments the wicked mists of confusion,  
The choice is mine and by the power of divine and sublime  
I'll reign supreme over the evil spells of illusion.

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Obaidur Rahman

# The Other Side Of Maze

Slaves to the dark  
And the magic of the cynical spell,  
The skywing of night  
Beholds the wishing well.

The path of ancient destiny  
Paves the way to the future gate,  
The before-fall of here-after  
Sparkle-lights the lyrical fate.

From the afterglow of the shed-past  
To the raging feel of the holy lust,  
The moon-struck nightmares  
Surreal the sun-soaked dream dust.

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Obaidur Rahman

# The Pilgrimage

When the night falls, I hear whispers into my ear  
And with the tragic of the hour, sadness turns into fear  
All these desperate seasons of aching calls.....  
And the darkness echoed only fear,  
I was lost in the pages of civic heist  
Everything was so loud, if not so clear.

I'm still lost yet I know who I'm, and it's nothing less of a wonder,  
In the midst of right and wrong, holy and unholy  
Times are filled with blunder.  
Some say, ignorance is bliss, wisdom is a curse  
And consciousness is a struck of thunder,  
But all shall fade away when the night falls  
Behold and reborn, once you are in six feet under.

Friends with the light, powered by the might  
Roam into my luminous,  
The delight of distance ushers my harmony  
And my pilgrimage to the exodus,  
Out of the wrath of spell, I know the light will prevail  
And I'll rule my realm of wondrous.

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Obaidur Rahman

# The Righteousness

Every moment is like sordid acts of desperation,  
So gone the hour of sojourn  
As I labor in the midst of this rundown inspiration.

I know life is one of trial and error  
But when all hope is gone,  
Faith slowly turns into terror.

Pain combs through my restless heart  
I'm lost, buried beneath the rubble of space and time,  
Back and forth between betrayal and hurt  
I'm consumed by the dark, with no reason or rhyme.

I dive deep into myself, deep into my soul,  
Hoping to find my centre  
And the great light that will forever make me whole.

Strength, honor, courage and pride  
These codes of great valor  
That I now must live by and abide.

Strange days, stranger ways,  
But the noble heart must defy all the odds,  
In this misty maze of right and wrong,  
No amnesty to the ways of black dogs.

Must keep my eyes open, my instinct sharp  
And align my soul into the light,  
No matter how the test of time ghosts up  
I do what is right.

Obaidur Rahman

# The Rousing Imminence

And the darkness melts away into the morning sky  
I close my eyes and cherish the light in a pious high,

I open up my windows but stand vigilant at my door  
By the order of courage and honor, I travel to the evermore.

I roam the time in search of a Heart of Gold  
Befriending my fate, I prophesize the mystical of the foretold,

I've been weathered and bruised, cast away and bluesed  
But I stand strong to this new beginning, steadfast and mused.

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Obaidur Rahman

# The Seldom Random

The silence of the cynical still  
Could certainly cut through the strangest steel,  
The raging echo of the crying fear  
Sinfully freezes up my tranquil fiery thrill.

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Obaidur Rahman



# The Storm-Sailor

Running from the paranoid wild  
Star-searching the heavens of serene,  
Breathe in my trust anonymous  
Into the flight of the blessed sin.

King-questing the magic number  
Unlocking the mystic frequency,  
Be tuned with my mind, body and soul  
Realizing the order of the cosmic urgency.

Life in the bird's eye view  
And the hours spent on the tragic symbolic lust inferno,  
In the lake of crystal consciousness  
The phoenix of me resurrects eternally the one I know.

Sail through the stormy waters  
See the future in the ashes of past,  
By the power of the grateful absolution of sonic wisdom  
I will walk the line of blood and just.

Obaidur Rahman

# The Thought Splinters.

What's in writing?

What makes one to author something from the absolute scratch?

What is the science of this art?

Is it just the perceptible version of the human thought or something-deep lies within this solemn form of art?

The little magic of letters, the funny games between the lines.....

The kinship of paragraphs and hence the literal tribute to the risk that architects the inner thoughts that gloriously shapes the unyielding passion for a literary style and way of life.

Behind the veil of shadow charmed words, dwells the writer-man.

Who, armed with pen, tirelessly searches beneath the debris of feelings and desires,

And simply treasures the moments that designs this lissome piece of art.

Composing words

With skilled engineering of ideas that run down through the alleyways of mind.....

The writer-man illustrates the canvas where emotions are drawn,

Reflections are sketched,

And tales are told with human color and ardent strokes.

All those whispers of the little voice inside...

Wondering around the spaces between fiction and reality...

And all the conversation between the mind, heart and all the musings of the soul,

Where do they all go?

Locked up in the bubble of time?

Chained up by the codes of life?

Surely, beings in us desperately struggle to breathe in this secular sphere of ever expanding confusion.

In the quest for freedom, the spirit in us excavates our very soul,

And vibrantly surfs on the waves of emotions and loans ear to the assembly of million thoughts that continually circle around our misconstrued mind.

And often by the shape of words

These inner thoughts find their way out,

As they gently sail through our consciousness and make their way into the light.

The alchemy of alphabets allows us to have a glimpse of ourselves by streaming down soul's rearview mirror.

And the key to enter upon the realm of words lies on the urge of willingness to declare the innersole and the ultimate self.

Penning down the casual percepts and the untamed imagination could always open up the magical door to an unpredictable certainty.

Dodging the reality it creates a sense of belonging in a world,

That is designed to fit the shape of one's true conscience,

Whether simple or mystical,

It surely travels right at the heart route.

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Obaidur Rahman

# The Truth Eternal

From the circle of up and beyond  
To the sanctuary of the deep within,  
I muse in my temple of the holy  
With the blessings of the sacred serene.

All the ages of wealth and wisdom  
Await me in my heavens of kingdom,  
In this starry night, I wish upon a star  
And I know I'm destined for stardom.

The mystic of my invisible  
Is at war with the illusions of time,  
The immortality is at stake  
When living cast shadows over the sublime.

Digging down deep and deep within  
And within the order of the flesh and blood,  
Awaits the truth eternal and the noblest of arc  
That masters my strength and braves the great flood.

My cosmic illuminates my shrine of higher consciousness  
And I'm at one with the Universe,  
I'm mine and mine is I  
And all of me echo the tranquil of the stellar verse.

In between heaven and hell, roams my Earth  
Where I triumph from the beginning till the end,  
Life is a gift and with all the blessings in disguise, I simply realize  
That all of me is divinely Godsend.

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Obaidur Rahman

# Thrill Mesmeric

So close but not personal  
Straight ahead but diagonal  
Perfectly rational yet paranormal  
Minutely infinite yet strangely colossal.

Here's to the distance, that's within the reach  
Celebrate the rule that inspires the breach  
Sickening pleasures that poor the rich  
Guess one time or another, we all got to scratch that itch.

Walking on water, floating on Earth, and sinking in the air  
Too passionate to care, yet too righteous to be fair.

Here she comes, the hell on high heels  
Pure adrenaline, and the hunter becomes the kill  
I jump to conclusion for the rush of the thrill  
The artisan of sin, she known how to heal.

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Obaidur Rahman

# Why

They say, all is done to please the mightiest of Gods,  
Then, why oh why, mankind is up-against such  
Bloodiest of odds?

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Obaidur Rahman

## Wish-Craft & Wish-Spell

Braving the storm, soldiering strong  
In this epic hour of my odyssey,  
Gone are the days of troubled waters  
Here I'm into the warmth of the divine prophecy.

But darkness still looms  
And come crawls the wrath of doom  
And the conspiracy of time that cyanides my path to the holy,  
But the power of me will prevail  
And the army of me won't derail  
The eminence of me is true-destined for glory.

Keeping the faith, fire-cleansing my desire  
I wish-spell my magic of eternal thunder,  
Trust in myself I must  
And by the empire of light healed crust  
My freedom angelic will carry me to the temple of wonder.

Here I am, wish-crafting my thoughts,  
And in command with my Earth and sky  
I breathe life into my desire,  
The oracle of light  
And by the splendor my might,  
And I'm forever in league with the inspire.

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Obaidur Rahman



# Work Chant

I stand strong in these days of wretched thunder  
Cleansing my soul mystic with powers of tranquil wonder,

Storms up-ahead as the evil mist sermons her demon  
Steadfast in defiance, the gallant in me, simply utters, "Game on".

The hours were blackened, the days were saddened  
And the rage only echoed from within,  
Still battles that rattles, wars that scars  
But I vigilantly cherish every dream that survived the great ruin.

Behold the order of the system, though I stand alone  
But resolute and firm,  
Gone are the days when the sky was red  
And the evil shadow that glamorized the harm.

The triumph of me lies in the line of sacrifice  
And the wide awakening of the spark of the soul,  
The wisdom of my labor, rejuvenates me savior  
And the rewards in-line will celebrate this life forever-fold.

I defy the odds, speed the challenge range  
And submit myself to the power of the sublime,  
Mind is the power and the power of the mind prophesize  
How the order of land, sea and air will evenly rhyme.

In myself I believe, from no aim I shall retrieve  
Howe myself the shine of the light,  
With the blessing of the divine and forever in mine  
How see my mind, body and soul, travel to the gifted height.

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