

Poetry Series

**Rizwana Sultana**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2020

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Rizwana Sultana(20th April 1990)

Rizwana Sultana was born and brought up in the university of North Bengal where her father was a senior medical officer. She started writing poems since the age of she was in eighth class, she used to compose small poems on her friends. Gradually, her interest grew more and more for poems. In class 9th, she got the second position in recitation competition when she recited the famous poem "The Daffodils" written by William Wordsworth. Since then, she grew more enthusiastic by reading his poems. Right from her childhood, she had a great love for nature and wanted to live amidst natural surroundings. Now she has started composing poems on her own.

# A Time Of Innocence

Just like a bud blossoms into a flower,  
Childhood memories in our minds do hover.  
Every prank, whether awesome or wild,  
Cannot be left undone by any child.

Free of responsibilities, free of worries,  
For doing any work, no hurries.  
Childhood is the only stage,  
Which is a tension-free age.

In spite of having burden of studies,  
And fear of being punished,  
Everyone loves those golden days,  
And recalls them, when finished.

Doing mischief and being spry,  
How did those days end so fast and why?  
Everyone prefers his school life,  
Though it is full of strife.

Now, we are full of tensions,  
For we have reached adulthood,  
Oh God! Return my beautiful days back,  
The fond memories of childhood.

Though the days will never come back,  
Memories in our mind still are,  
Because of those days' hard work,  
We are now, what we are.

Rizwana Sultana

# Arrival Of The Sun

Before the arrival of the sun,  
Everything is still and no sign of fun.  
Silence, there is complete silence,  
No sound and no disturbance,  
Except for the light and gentle breeze,  
Shaking and rustling the tender leaves.

But as soon as the insulating sun  
Begins to rise,  
Darkling night begins to fade  
And ultimately dies  
The stars that dot the dark sky,  
Hide away as the sun rises high.

Light spreads with the sun's ray,  
Welcoming a new and fresh day  
As the day begins afresh and anew,  
On the leafages appear tiny droplets of dew,  
Like clear and transparent crystals,  
On the leaves that rustle.

The birds start flying in search of food,  
Breaking the day's solitude.  
Over the tree-tops and sun-kissed hills,  
Fly the cuckoos, cranes and hornbills.  
The flowers open and release fragrance,  
Adding to the day's romance.  
The silence remains broken the entire day,  
Until the sunset comes and glory fades away.

Rizwana Sultana

# Best Things In Life

All the best things in life are free,  
Which give us delight and glee,  
Humor, friendship and kindness,  
Peace, beauty, love and happiness.

The beautiful views of the majestic mountains,  
The lovely trees and stars awake,  
From the clouds that are pure white  
To the glittering waters of the lake.

There is nature's beauty bestowed on us,  
And we are gifted with good health,  
Yet we don't realize this thing,  
And gather in this mundane world, wealth.

Spending time with friends in every way,  
Enjoying a beautiful day.  
Shaking hands and exchanging greetings,  
With warm and cordial feelings.

Listening to the beautiful music,  
Of the heavy rain,  
Dreaming of sweet dreams,  
Once and again.

Taking a drive on a pretty road,  
Watching the sunrise,  
Listening to the sound of waterfalls,  
Under the clear and azure skies.

Having a sound sleep on a winter day,  
And opening eyes with dawn's ray.  
All the fantabulous gifts of nature,  
Are free in this world, at present and future.

Rizwana Sultana

# Candle

Burning its wick,  
Shrinking its size,  
It wails and wails,  
And mourns and cries,

Melts away in woe and sorrow,  
And ultimately kills itself,  
Giving out its golden flame,  
Dripping tears on the shelf.

The solid life finally,  
Turns to liquid,  
And disappears with a shapeless end,  
As the wick of life burns.

The more you cry in life  
The worse you make its journey,  
So never follow a candle's path,  
Shedding tears of monotony.

If you want to live long,  
And enjoy life more,  
Let go of the sad memories,  
And don't open life's sad door.

Rizwana Sultana

# Christmas Time

It's Christmas time, it's Christmas time,  
It's time to light candles in the dark night,  
And decorate the evergreen Christmas tree,  
With silver bells, balls and ribbons bright.  
The trees are decorated with colorful lights,  
Which gives a beautiful sight.

The sound of sleigh bells is heard,  
And here comes Santa, with his gray beard,  
In his red clothes and broad face,  
With a happy mood and fast pace,  
Carrying presents for cute little children,  
Who look like angels of heaven.

Though the weather is frosty,  
Cold winds blow,  
And the ground is covered  
With blanket of snow,  
Children enjoy in a festive mood,  
In the sweet and lovely wood.

The stockings filled with gifts and toys,  
Are for all kids, girls and boys,  
The innocent children laugh and play.  
On this merry Christmas day.

Rizwana Sultana

# Colors Of Nature

Who could have given thee,  
Ideas of varietal, diversifying colors  
If the world would have been,  
Devoid of birds, butterflies and flowers?

Ideas to humans, they bring,  
Of colors beyond thy imagination,  
Filling your mind with,  
Creative and patterned vision.

The scarlet poppies and pink lilacs,  
The crimson roses and blue cornflowers,  
Blazing red daisies and maroon coxcombs,  
Yellow sunflowers and purple larkspurs.

The violet lavenders and orange marigolds,  
Golden daffodils and pink azaleas,  
Pure white lilies and periwinkles,  
Red and white dahlias and bougainvilleas.

The wild flowers dancing to and fro,  
As the strong wind blows,  
Divert our turbulent mind,  
Full of tensions and woes.

Empurpled gerberas and cerulean aquilegias,  
The flame nettles and pink tulips  
Carmine hibiscuses, white chrysanthemums,  
Creamy white camellias and xanthous cowslips.

The red-beaked chartreuse paroquets,  
The blue kingfishers and black ravens,  
For them, I want to make,  
My garden, a cute haven.

The indescribable colors of nature,  
As if they are under a magic spell,  
Whose beauty's description  
Only nature can tell.



The orange-red leaves of maple,  
With their varying shades,  
Whose subtle colors,  
In autumn, begin to fade.

How artistic nature is,  
I again and again wonder,  
Even my creative ideas and notions,  
Are beyond it, I ponder.

Rizwana Sultana

# Desert

No grass, no greenery on the land,  
Everywhere, there is sand and sand.  
No sign of water, no hope of life,  
In this dry piece of land, who can survive?  
The palm trees with fruits so high,  
One can only see and sigh.

The sandy land, so vast and endless,  
Dry, devoid of water and lifeless,  
No sweet air, no flowers in bloom,  
No smell of fresh green grass,  
Only sand and dust to be seen,  
Whenever and wherever we pass

Not even a single grass's blade,  
Devoid of trees and their cool shade,  
No chirping notes of birds and their tunes,  
No natural beauty except for the sand dunes,  
It has a morbid image,  
Deceiving travelers with its mirage.

Why does it exist on earth,  
When it has no merit and worth?  
Sand in front and sand behind,  
Sand on either side.  
Only and only the vast desert,  
Is spread out far and wide.

Rizwana Sultana

# Drive Amidst Nature

One clear morning, we went to roam,  
We kept on travelling so far and far,  
Until we came across the fields of corn,  
In the fresh fragrant air of early dawn.  
The little wooden houses,  
On the roadside,  
And the branches of trees,  
Spreading far and wide.

Amidst the fresh blades,  
Of emerald green grass,  
We had to slowly,  
And steadily pass.  
Yellow blossoms hanging,  
From the branches,  
And the green carpet of grass,  
Looking like ranches.

Finally, we entered the park,  
Full of flowers colored light and dark,  
The little touch-me-nots on the ground,  
The huge sturdy trees all around.  
The playful slides and swings,  
For small and little kids,  
And the herbs and plants,  
With their tiny seeds.

Watching the little green birds caged,  
I was completely engaged.  
Poor birds with no freedom,  
In the small area, full of boredom.  
Why are humans so heartless?  
Their captivity remains endless.  
Until death knocks at their door,  
They only dream to fly and soar.

Rizwana Sultana

# Earth

I give home to creatures,  
One and all,  
And also to birds,  
Whether big or small.

I hold all the things,  
Living as well as non-living,  
Trees, knolls and hillocks,  
Forests, rocks and buildings.

I provide you food and vegetation,  
Life, survival and inhabitation,  
You get from me food and shelter,  
And to quench your thirst, water.

On me, you happily dwell,  
And live on me and enjoy,  
But at the same time,  
You pollute me and destroy.

O mankind! You are causing harm,  
To your own self and generation  
By polluting and damaging me,  
And by performing deforestation.

Still I support everyone's life,  
Just like your true friend,  
And continue to provide nourishment,  
On me you totally depend.

Rizwana Sultana

# Fairy

I am a sweet and fragile,  
Cute and charming fairy  
People dread me on seeing,  
Though I don't appear scary.

I am full of splendor,  
With wings - so extraordinary  
Not only for flying,  
But also for adding beauty.

I wave my magic wand,  
And can go to any land,  
Above the plateaus and vales,  
And in seconds of time, on dales.

I prettily dance amidst the flowers,  
Like a small kid, frolicking,  
In the cool and pleasant wind,  
And the orange sun smiling.

I am so fabulous and pretty,  
Just like a princess,  
In my leafy boat, I row,  
In water amidst the bushes.

When I am tired,  
I rest on the fresh dew,  
And on waking from slumber,  
My enjoyment, I continue.

Rizwana Sultana

# Glory Of White

White, white, I love white,  
The soft petals of rose and lilies are white  
The snow-clad peaks,  
That reach such a height,  
And the hovering clouds,  
In the sky are white.  
The fur of polar bears is white,  
Looking so fluffy and bright.

I love to dress in white.  
As it is so comfortable and light,  
It reveals even the slightest stain,  
Even if it is small as a grain.  
The color 'white' stands for peace,  
It makes everyone relieved and pleased.  
The hares and rabbits with their coats of fur,  
Look so pretty, all together.

The white foams of the flowing river,  
Which flows continuously and stops never,  
Changes the transparency of water to white,  
While flowing over stones with all its might.  
The feathers of pigeons are white,  
Their flying flock provides a lovely sight.  
Even marble is so white and white,  
Making the object attractive and bright.

Rizwana Sultana

# Heaven

I wish I could dwell,  
In an abode of clouds,  
With serene garden of beauty  
And glamour beyond bounds.  
Marveling at the intricate design,  
Of the vivid flowers and leaves,  
The small bushes and shrubs,  
And the gigantic, fresh green trees.

The silver clouds that hover,  
Over the hills and tall towers,  
The springs of water and cool fountains,  
Make me forget all my pains.  
Even the beauty of the tiniest leaf,  
Eliminates my inner grief  
The sky's melting colors,  
To embrace them, my heart desires.

The gigantic palaces and forts,  
Full of glory and charm,  
In the heavenly environment  
Decent and calm.  
My heart and mood is fully pleased,  
And my mind is relaxed and eased.  
I wish to lie in the warm rose bed,  
In a tender, delicate blanket red.

The birds flying flapping their wings,  
In the garden of hollyhocks and tree-swings,  
The quixotic castles and citadels,  
Surrounded with smell of carnations and thistles.  
Where every passing moment,  
Sings sweet melody of contentment,  
No sign of sorrow, tension or depression,  
Each and every moment full of jubilation.

Rizwana Sultana

# I Am A Cloud

I travel above the rivers and streams,  
Over the hills, plains and trees.  
Over the buildings, castles and forts,  
I watch the whole world in peace.  
I float in an elated mood,  
Above the valleys, fields and wood.

I have no enemy or foe,  
Except for the wind blowing,  
Tearing me into so many shreds,  
Incessantly, from morning till evening.  
Otherwise, I could go on increasing my size,  
And cover the endless, azure skies.

I am pure white, sometimes silver and gray,  
Floating across my way.  
Whenever heat is emitted by the golden sun,  
I block its way to give shade to everyone.  
Without me, the sky would be bare,  
I make the weather fresh and fair.

I cause the lightning to strike aloud,  
And frighten people with thunder's sound,  
But when the earth becomes cracked and dry,  
I feel sad, shed my tears and cry.  
And again, the earth shines with mirth,  
As life comes back to lifeless earth.

Rizwana Sultana



# Ignored Secrets Of Nature

From the tiniest maple leaf-yellow,  
Which is smooth and mellow,  
To the large and mighty tree  
Of pine or willow,  
Everything has its own prettiness and value.

Even the frogs croaking,  
With their loathsome voice  
Just after the rain  
In the puddle full, producing noise.

Though the lightning roars angrily,  
And causes a haunting feeling  
At the same time paints on sky  
A golden flame line.

From the icy terrain,  
With cold cotton snow  
To the erupting molten rocks  
In the violent volcano.

Each and everything  
Is a part of nature's wing,  
From the orange sun to the silvery crescent,  
The icy terrains shrouded in mist.

From the smallest pebble,  
To the huge rocky boulder,  
Each object adds its own extrinsic beauty,  
To the nature's shoulder.

From the bellowing of buffaloes,  
To the bleating of sheep,  
Music is filled in the pristine air,  
Reaching every corner on the land, bare.

Rizwana Sultana

# Life Inside The Sea

I have a strong wish,  
To go inside the sea,  
And see the wonderful world inside,  
With pleasance and glee,  
With strange plants, pearls and corals,  
Starfishes, jellyfishes and oysters,  
The queer, amazing creatures,  
Shrimps, mermaids and lobsters.

I wish to build my house there,  
And anytime, the strange life I could stare,  
Where everything is vibrant and pretty,  
Than the outside world's beauty.  
The different, secret treasures hidden,  
Gifted by nature in bounty.  
Everything varying from the outside world,  
The sea creatures comfortably curled.

But I know that my dream,  
Will always remain a dream,  
As I am only a mortal human,  
And not an immortal demon.  
I long to see how they look,  
The multi-colored fishes with their scales.  
From the tiniest mussels,  
To the large sharks and blue whales.

Despite the complete absence,  
Of mighty hills and forests dense,  
I desire to stay there,  
Watching new things, unusual and rare.  
To watch the baffling treasures,  
I am so much eager,  
Whether they are teeming,  
Or meager.

Rizwana Sultana

# Merit Of Book

A small garden I am,  
In thy clothes' pocket,  
I am your tutor,  
If you have a reading habit.

I have vast information,  
And the entire universe,  
Carry me in anything,  
In a satchel, bag or purse.

I carry so many things,  
Regardless of where you take me,  
Images of houses, flowers and fauna,  
With no need, in reality to see.

I speak to thee with silence,  
Providing the world's knowledge,  
Read me anywhere you want to,  
Under the tree or at the river's edge.

Your pretty mind, I fill,  
With funny and strange images,  
Pictures of ancient things,  
Which existed long, before ages.

I speak of the past,  
I speak of the future,  
I narrate vivid incidents,  
Making your brain richer.

To your best friend,  
I am an alternative,  
I share my secrets amicably,  
And peace and beauty, I give.

I am specific only to mankind,  
Since others don't have my use,  
Being blessed as a human,  
Utilize this opportunity and don't lose.

I am your life's food,  
Providing you extreme pleasure,  
If you read and study me,  
In depth, with leisure.

I make you laugh, I make you cry,  
Even if you are lonely,  
In the solitary place and atmosphere,  
I am always there for you, surely.

Rizwana Sultana

# Moments In Life

In the same single life,  
Come all types of moments,  
It depends on how you accept,  
By making no comments.

Strange moments, awkward moments,  
Peculiar moments, nostalgic moments,  
Amusing and funny moments,  
Disgusting and embarrassing moments.

Moments of anger, fear and grief,  
Moments of condolence and relief,  
Moments of disappointment and tension,  
Moments of humility and aggression.

Sometimes like a hare,  
Sometimes like a snail,  
All come and go one by one,  
And some meaning they entail.

Dreadful, horrible and terrible times,  
Jocund, jolly, and agog times,  
Mind-boggling situations making us vexed,  
Ambivalent situations making us perplexed.

Heart touching moments inviting tears  
Encouraging moments deleting fears.  
Moments of worry, loneliness, boredom,  
Gleeful moments of merry-making and fun.

Indispensable are all of them,  
To give a taste of the varying feeling,  
To provide an experience and teach you,  
What is life's real meaning.

But I wish I had one more life,  
Full of positive moments and tastes,  
Everything will be pleasant and only pleasant,  
Where happiness, on its back rests.

Cheerful moments full of wealth,  
Devoid of disease and bad health,  
Nothing to hate, nothing to loathe,  
Every fine thing pursuing its growth.

Rizwana Sultana

# My Dad

A person who cared for me  
Since I was small,  
And brought up his children,  
One and all.  
A person who worked hard since childhood,  
And became a high-ranking doctor,  
For all his children,  
Was a good advisor.

A person who always helps me,  
In times of need.  
Countless is his each,  
And every good deed.  
Hugged me and kissed me,  
And stayed by my side,  
Showed me the right path,  
Like a true guide.

Sacrificed his each and every penny,  
To educate me and make me fit,  
Without spending on himself,  
Even a bit.  
Do you know who is that person?  
He is my father,  
Who cannot be compared,  
With any other.

Rizwana Sultana

# My Love For Nature

Nature is so marvelous, full of emotion,  
Delightful for everyone, I am no exception.  
The beautiful golden sunset, I wish to kiss,  
The grassy meadows give me extreme bliss.  
From the tiniest crystal dew drop,  
To the colossal snow-clad mountains,  
Makes me feel as if,  
I am in seventh heaven.

The rays of early dawn,  
Filtering through the leaves,  
Turning them into golden foliage,  
With much ease.  
The magnificent view,  
Of the mirror-like lake,  
Reflecting the scenes  
Which only nature can make.

On the huge rocks, the waterfalls cascading,  
Looking as if they are invading.  
The forests carpeted,  
With lush green grass,  
I wish, the destruction of nature,  
Man would bypass.  
The brilliant colors of autumn, red and yellow,  
The evergreen forests of birch and willow.

The green pastures and fields full of beauty,  
The wild flowers of vivid variety,  
Fill my heart with vibrant joy,  
I desire to remain there and enjoy,  
To my hearts full contentment,  
Under the warm sunshine, incandescent  
Complete silence except for the wind blowing,  
And the sound of branches swaying.

Nature's beauty is a great treasure,  
Just as the boundless sky beyond measure.  
I feel upset due to the noise and disturbance,



All these flaunt man's ignorance.  
The glimpses of aspen and juniper wood,  
Add intense pleasure to my mood  
Upon mankind, nature has endowed,  
All the beautiful gifts in loads.

Rizwana Sultana

# My Moments Back

Finally, the day came, when I felt,  
That I have been given back,  
The plethora of joy of my childhood,  
Which I thought, I would forever lack.

I got a rented house,  
Behind which there is a forest,  
With trees and bushes providing habitat,  
To several creatures to their best.

Squirrels, mongooses, peacocks, dragonflies,  
Pigeons, robins and crows,  
Eagles, mynahs, bulbuls, chameleons,  
And what else, only God knows.

Everything is natural and placid,  
With the squirrels chattering,  
The peacock crowing,  
The colorful butterflies fluttering.

I really reminisce the previous days,  
When I stayed in Bengal,  
The branches moved to and fro,  
And the leaves used to fall.

The cute little kittens,  
Basking in the hot sun,  
Clutched to each other.  
Playing with fun.

But suddenly, there was an abrupt change,  
That snatched away my jubilation,  
The trees were cut and felled,  
Changing my joy to consternation.

I found the entire jungle,  
And the trees cut down,  
Turning the green beauty,  
Into withered brown.

I was mourning with despair,  
And intensely dismayed,  
Because of the destruction,  
Which human life has made.

But still little affect did I observe,  
As all the creatures still did remain,  
The cute mongooses scurrying,  
Fading away my emotional pain.

Rizwana Sultana

# My Neighbor, Abdullah

Sitting on the wall,  
My sweet and fair neighbor,  
The Iraqi boy, Abdullah,  
Cheeks, so chubby, like rubber.

Plays with me, fights with me,  
Beats me and quarrels frequently,  
Still we are close companions,  
Just like Tom and Jerry.

Just six years old,  
A pretty innocent face,  
I can spend time with him,  
Only on my weekend days.

He is my wonderful friend,  
Though mismatching age,  
He uses his own jargon,  
And his ambiguous language.

I kiss him, I lift him,  
I play with him badminton,  
Though aggressive and grumpy,  
Plays with me with fun.

With him and his two siblings,  
I too become a kid,  
Climbing trees and doing childish things,  
With no one for us, to forbid.

Whenever I gawk at them,  
Seems like yesterday,  
I too, was once upon a time,  
Similar to them in every way.

Rizwana Sultana

# My Sweet House

Who will return me back,  
My sweet house of 27 years?  
Every moment full of enjoyment,  
Fun, complacency and cheers.

Whenever I remember every moment,  
I feel sad and wish to lament.  
Burning withered leaves in the garden,  
And climbing trees with fruits laden.

The beautiful days spent of childhood,  
Summer or winter, both were good.  
Walking barefoot in the grassy lawn,  
Now all those lovely days have gone.

Going for morning walks  
In the early mornings,  
Listening to the sweet song,  
That the cuckoo sings,

We planted flowers,  
And took snaps on our roof,  
Even now I have the snaps,  
As a proof.

I miss the days when we were small,  
In the evenings, we used to stroll.  
Every moment was full of pleasure,  
And I consider those days as a treasure.

The sweet memories are not dead or static,  
They are still alive and dynamic.  
I cherish all those good old days.  
To God goes all the praise.

Rizwana Sultana

# Natural Sounds

One of the greatest wonders,  
Of the world are sounds,  
They add to this charming world,  
Taste and fantasy, profound.

The soft, musical rain,  
Shuttering and cluttering,  
And the chip notes of warblers,  
In the air, fluttering.

The rhythmic song of cuckoos soaring,  
The fiery thunderstorm roaring,  
Fruits falling on the soft ground,  
Making a thumping sound.

Tiny sound of grasshopper,  
Moving in the day's brightness,  
The cry of whistling crickets,  
When daylight is replaced by darkness.

The river hurriedly moving,  
Fighting its way through pebbles,  
Struggling through wild weeds and stones,  
Forming white foam-like bubbles.

The beaks of woodpeckers rapping,  
On the brown tree trunks,  
Making holes on the tree- bark,  
And removing the wood chunks.

The shrill cry of owls,  
Hooting under the stars' canopy,  
In the moonless, starry night,  
Breaking the quietness's monotony.

All these are soothing sounds,  
Created by nature and forest life,  
They make the surroundings bizarre,  
And the atmosphere, live.

To move into this natural world,  
Our busy schedule doesn't permit,  
Since man is preoccupied in urban life,  
And doesn't spare even a minute.

Who could have come to know,  
About the eerie storm and rain,  
Had there not been natural sounds.  
And no music insane?

I recall that in my adventure camp,  
We were told to close our eyes,  
And caution on every natural sound,  
Which, by manual nuisance, dies.

Then we were asked to say,  
Whatever sounds we heard,  
Whether they are of the flowing water,  
Or any sweet calling bird.

Rizwana Sultana

# Night's Coolness

Had there be no night,  
No stars, no twinkling dots in sight,  
Night, though deep and dark,  
Can reveal the lightning's spark.  
The flying foxes that come out at night,  
And fly up to such a height,  
Would not at all come out,  
And remain hidden and wouldn't roam about.

Though day provides the sky many a hue,  
And sun changes the color to red from blue,  
Night can reveal the star's prettiness,  
And the moonlight's coolness.  
The thin and narrow crescent,  
Gleaming and glowing in the dark,  
Surrounded with tiny twinkling people,  
Producing their spark.

The complete still darkness,  
Makes one realize what is blindness.  
When would we dream of strange things,  
About the old-fashioned palaces and kings,  
And narrate the queer incidents,  
Pleasant, funny or scary,  
Whether they are of an ugly ghost,  
Or a beautiful fairy?

Day is busy for everyone,  
People can meet at night together,  
Exchanging their memoirs and thoughts,  
With family members altogether.  
When would the nocturnal creatures,  
Come out and roam hither and thither,  
And utilize the pleasant,  
Moonlit night and cool weather?

Rizwana Sultana



# Nothing More Than A Home

No better option than staying in one's home.  
Since money can buy house, not home.  
Residing with siblings and parents, no strangers,  
Safety from all types of dangers,  
Enjoying the toothsome food at all the stages,  
In childhood, adolescence and all ages.

Receiving sufficient care and attention,  
Love and concern from parents,  
In the lively, homely atmosphere,  
Passing all the funny moments.  
Asking and getting what is desired,  
Immediately, just like a bullet is fired.

Even the golden castles' existence,  
Cannot replace the homely essence.  
What else do I want from God,  
Other than home's tenderness,  
When it gives me sufficient,  
And abundant happiness?

Only the place of love and peace,  
Caring parents doing everything to make us please,  
Fulfilling all our required needs.  
Being looked after like tiny seeds.  
Doing all kinds of mischief,  
Just like a notorious thief.

Love exists even for a bird,  
For its soft and warm nest.  
No matter, where it may go,  
Finally returns to it for rest.  
The only place of luxury,  
Full of comfort, little to worry.

Rizwana Sultana

# Pessimism

Everyone prefers optimism,  
But I support more pessimism,  
Because it helps one to take precaution,  
Against any misfortune that can happen.  
If anyone takes precaution from disaster,  
Then in advance, that disaster he can master.

If you keep on expecting positive,  
And if the incident changes to negative,  
Then suddenly your contentment,  
Changes to great shock and disappointment.  
Pessimism makes a man mentally prepared,  
To face the disaster that cannot be repaired.

If every time he hopes for positive,  
When will chance come for negative?  
If a person thinks negative,  
And proceeds according to that,  
He can avoid the bad incident,  
And escape from it I can bet.

Rizwana Sultana

# Rainbow's Message

I am charming and multi-colored,  
Just like a colorful bird.  
With seven pigmented bows,  
I come making a beautiful pose.

I want to convey you all,  
A message, small and simple,  
That never judge anyone,  
By seeing character, single.

I am a combination and mixture,  
Of all types of feelings,  
I have in me, preferable,  
As well as undesirable things.

I have orange color,  
That stands for danger  
And also, the color, red,  
Indicating anger.

At the same time, I have,  
Cool colors, blue and green.  
They relax the mind,  
Whenever they are seen.

This is evident for all of you,  
That everyone has characters, good and bad,  
If one is having a single bad character,  
He is bad, never make it a fad.

No one can judge a person,  
By seeing one feature in solitude.  
Even if his feature is good,  
Other characters, you may not have viewed.

Rizwana Sultana

# River Stages

Falling from the mountain range,  
With my full force,  
I bathe the rocks and pebbles.  
Following my never-ending course.

Moving upon the rough stones,  
Now, I am a river  
Forming clusters of white pebbles  
Which can halt never.

I continue to move along,  
With my full current and speed,  
Passing through every hurdle,  
Whether it is a rock or weed.

In my unchanging direction,  
Further I keep on running,  
I drown the land and earth,  
And the mud banks while flowing.

I pass through the villages,  
Stretching through miles and miles,  
Widening at some places,  
Near the stones' piles.

I make the strewn pebbles,  
Plane and smooth like crystals,  
And the small natural gifts, I preserve,  
For decades for you to conserve.

Finally, I reach the delta,  
From my starting point of peaks,  
Which is my destination,  
Then I form a maze of creeks.

Rizwana Sultana

# Smile

Smile- the amicable word,  
So friendly does it sound  
How decent does it appear,  
A smiling face, when found!

Lights a spark on the face,  
Removing one's dismay,  
Just like a ray of dawn,  
Causing enlightenment of the day.

So lively is this act,  
With it, anger fades,  
Without any verbal speech,  
Maintains link with comrades.

Freshening your inner mind.  
And also, your physical appearance,  
Innovating your outlook,  
Relieving your mental disturbance.

Adds decency to your face,  
Without any usage of cosmetic,  
So, smile and smile whenever you can,  
It's an ad hoc way to be fantastic.

Not a single penny,  
Or a dime does it cost.  
Neither any energy,  
Or power is lost.

Yet so powerful it is,  
To attract and communicate with folks,  
Conveying them the message,  
That you can crack jokes.

Smiling face itself does speak,  
Of a guy's mood,  
So "keep smiling" is a compliment,  
Always used to break solitude.

Rizwana Sultana

## Star's Words

I am a shiny, twinkling object,  
Like an emerald gleaming,  
Across the Milky Way, I float,  
With my group following.  
I am small only for you.  
But I am huge in size,  
Because you all see me,  
Much far from the skies.

I have uncountable friends,  
Near me and far from me,  
Forming different shapes and constellations,  
Which you all can see.  
As the sun retires in the evening,  
In the soft weather, I appear,  
But as soon as the sun rises,  
I hide from the cool atmosphere.

I am a heavenly body,  
Just like the moon and sun.  
You don't notice me,  
When I am all alone.  
But when I am together,  
With my comrades, so high,  
We all are noticeable,  
Printing the dark sky.

I like to shine and glow,  
Only at the night time,  
But can't stand the hot sun,  
And conceal the image of mine.

Rizwana Sultana

# Sun And Human

Being a bright hot ball,  
Yellowish, golden,  
For centuries I am hanging,  
In the sky, since times, olden.

Raising my round head,  
I peek through the peaks,  
When dawn shows its face,  
And birds open their beaks.

From dawn till dusk,  
Sweltering heat, I do give you,  
But as dusk makes its way,  
I say to all adieu.

My extreme hotness,  
You can never imagine,  
Though I am miles away,  
Heat and discomfort, I bring.

I stain the sky to red,  
Providing it a lovely color,  
But I can never land on earth,  
Its privileges, to savor.

My whole life is only in one place  
That is sky and only sky,  
Rising, setting, shining  
And hanging am I.

Had I been a human,  
How lucky would I be,  
Enjoying different tastes in life,  
Remaining so much jolly.

Laughing, dancing, singing,  
Enjoying all the antediluvian fashions,  
Sleeping and dreaming beautiful dreams,  
Having a feel of all emotions.



With no restriction,  
I could enjoy life's leeway,  
And move on with time,  
As a human may.

Rizwana Sultana

# The Beautiful Beach

I wish I could visit the beaches,  
If those are up to my reaches.  
I like to enjoy in the warm,  
Silvery and grainy sand,  
Making little sandcastles,  
With my own hand.  
Standing and watching from the docks,  
The waves hitting the oceanic rocks.

Watching the ferocious waves of the sea,  
As if they are coming to swallow me.  
They fiercely come and roar,  
And crash against the sea shore,  
The endless sea spread out so wide,  
And on the coast, the rising tide.  
The salty smell is spread in air,  
Which can be smelt everywhere.

The sandy soft bed is adorned,  
With colorful seashells and pebbles,  
Brought together by the mighty waves,  
And oceanic ripples,  
As the twilight comes,  
And sun's brightness fades,  
The sunset paints the horizon,  
With colorful shades.

Rizwana Sultana

# The Biodiversity Park

Strolling in the woody park,  
I walked on and on,  
By numerous surprises of nature,  
My attention was drawn.

As I walked among the trees,  
My eyes did catch sight,  
Of three weaver birds' nests,  
Lain on the ground, so tight.

I picked up all three,  
In my bag, I did store,  
Curiously I went on,  
And came across one more.

I kept on walking further,  
When I found a Singapore cherry tree,  
With its branches,  
Full of many a cherry.

I plucked the green cherries,  
And ate and ate till,  
The tasty green cherries,  
Were up to my heart's fill.

As I proceeded further,  
I saw cocoons of butterflies,  
Hanging on the branches,  
To my heart's surprise.

Eagerly, I took out my camera,  
And took its magnificent pic,  
Nature's amazing gifts,  
Never make me sick.

Then a flowering tree,  
With flowers so fresh,  
Pink and long,  
Of gold-tipped bottle-brush.

The fifth surprise was a plant,  
Breaking through the crack of a rock,  
Captured my senses,  
As I was busy in my walk.

The warm sun rays poured,  
In the wilderness of the park,  
But slowly the dwindling light,  
Changed the afternoon to dark.

How many more surprises,  
Exist in nature, I ponder,  
I keep making out,  
As I continue to wander.

Is nature stalking me,  
Or I am, I am confused.  
One by one, each surprise,  
Makes me amused.

Rizwana Sultana

# The Cool Wind

I am sometimes a gentle breeze.  
So cool and light,  
And sometimes a ferocious gale,  
Moving everything with all my might.  
The flowers, plants, leaves and trees  
Tremble, move and shake,  
To inform you that I am there,  
And the branches break.

The dust comes soaring up,  
And the petals of flowers fall,  
When I ferociously,  
And violently haul.  
I am cool and relieving,  
In the summer season,  
And when I come blowing,  
My sound and music, you can listen.

If the trees and branches  
Remain still and stable,  
You can never know about my presence  
As I am completely invisible.  
I shed the trees' seeds and leaves,  
Which fall on the earth,  
And the leaves get decomposed,  
And seeds, to new life, give birth.

You long for my coolness,  
And gentleness, when you perspire,  
But when winter comes,  
You forget me and heat you desire.  
But again, when summer comes,  
You recall me in summer days,  
Again, I come blowing for you,  
With a fast speed and pace.

Rizwana Sultana

# The Inuits Life

The tiny icy igloo houses,  
In the bitter winter,  
They do suffice us,  
To give us warmth and shelter.

Dressed in hoodies,  
Mittens and long boots,  
To beat the chilling cold,  
We cover from head to foot.

Our family of Inuits,  
Ride in the frosty fog,  
In our sled,  
Driven and pulled by dogs.

Hunting with harpoons and spears,  
We do make our meals,  
Fully dependent on fish,  
Birds and meat of seals.

Be it a toothed walrus,  
Or any huge caribous,  
We fully relish it,  
Our family of Eskimos.

We do boldly face,  
The harsh coldness of Arctic,  
Riding in wooden kayaks,  
Our life, full of magic.

We use everything,  
Even if a seal, we catch,  
We use its skin, meat and oil,  
And make our lighting match.

We are pioneers who learnt to reside,  
Despite the life-taking temperature,  
Be it the coldest winter,  
We perform our daily adventure.

We also make our clothing,  
From the animal skin and hide.  
We are the indigenous people,  
Facing the highest tide.

Rizwana Sultana

# The Ivory Coast

Tiny little boys,  
Think about the innocents' fate,  
Whenever you have a bar.  
Of dark chocolate.

Full of cocoa fruit,  
Carrying the heavy sacks,  
With extreme effort and hardship,  
On their fragile backs.

Under the tyranny,  
Suffering the cruel slavery,  
Why can't we step ahead,  
To assist them, with bravery?

Injuring themselves with the machete,  
Making hundreds of whacks,  
To extract the seeds of cocoa,  
Hundreds in sacks.

By their stone-hearted masters,  
Tortured and beaten,  
Then the chocolate is made,  
Which they have rarely eaten.

Even locked up in dirty rooms,  
To prevent them to run,  
Without any facility,  
Of clean and tidy rooms given.

Are they children or prisoners?  
I am struck with wonder,  
Hiring them the whole day,  
Forcing them to work harder.

Finally, the bar reaches the shops,  
Which is their hard work's result,  
They toil and drop sweat,  
Performing the task difficult.



When I bring a piece of chocolate,  
In front of my mouth,  
Should I have it or not,  
I have a doubt.

The final packed bar,  
Is the fruit of their labor,  
In which they perspire,  
And their sweat is converted to vapor.

Rizwana Sultana

# The Kind Tree

Since I was a tiny sapling,  
Till I transformed into a mighty tree,  
I am fixed in one point,  
Whatever the weather may be.

Standing lonely in my place,  
From my birth till death,  
Spreading my branches on either side,  
With a leafy carpet underneath.

My fruits hanging like tassels,  
Adding beauty to surroundings,  
And the nests of birds and insects,  
Dangling downwards like swings.

To all living organisms,  
I am always ready to accommodate,  
Be it an innocent squirrel,  
Or a black beady-eyed snake.

I stand getting drenched,  
At the time of heavy downpour,  
Tolerating the ferocious storm,  
And the lightning that roar.

When the sun creeps through the clouds,  
I myself bear the overwhelming heat,  
Under the open skies,  
Just for you, the hotness, to beat.

I give you fruit, I give you shade,  
As for this purpose, I am made.  
At the same time, I purify the air,  
And supply fuel to burn anywhere.

How much for you do I care,  
You can never envisage,  
I provide you innumerable benefits,  
Still you hew me and damage.

As the wind screams,  
I hum my tune of loneliness,  
My inner self, I make strong,  
To fade away my sadness.

Rizwana Sultana

# The Lovely Rose

I am a cute, pretty little thing,  
When I bloom, fragrance I bring.  
Initially, I am a soft enclosed bud,  
Delicate and fragile, bloody red

Then I open slowly,  
Unfolding my tender folds,  
And whoever passes by my side,  
Admires me and my beauty beholds.

I spread my pleasant smell all around,  
Not disturbing people even with a little sound,  
I am so much adorable,  
With any other flower, I am incomparable.

I have such a magnificent color  
To attract people, I strongly endeavor  
Though I have a short life span,  
I try to please people as much as I can.

Rizwana Sultana

# The Memorable Day

No life is superior,  
Compared to students' life,  
Now I look back to the day,  
When we fled, our group of five.  
We ran away from college,  
Immediately after the break,  
In auto for sight-seeing,  
And sat down near the lake.

With feet in the water,  
We marveled at nature's vitality,  
The cool and clear water,  
And peace and tranquility,  
We went to the park,  
And played in the swing,  
It reminded me of childhood,  
Which, back I cannot bring.

We played and played as time passed,  
In the merry-go-round and slide,  
Did whatever we wanted to,  
With no one to guide.  
At last decided to go,  
We waited and waited for auto,  
Till it was almost one,  
Tired standing in the hot sun.

Finally, from a man,  
We asked for lift,  
The kind-hearted chap told,  
In his car, we all can sit.  
We thanked him and sat in his car,  
Till our college, he did drop us.  
We took our bags from the class,  
And came back to college bus.

Rizwana Sultana

# The Mosquito

It flew and came near my ear,  
And played a cacophonous tune,  
But when I tried to strike it,  
It flew away so soon.

Again, it came slowly,  
And on my hand, it bit.  
Now I grew angry,  
And again, tried to hit.

This time, when I struck,  
It couldn't escape its bad luck.  
It lay lifeless on the floor,  
Not troubling me anymore.

I am happy and relaxed,  
As I could finally retaliate,  
From the small creature,  
Who tried me to irritate.

Rizwana Sultana

# The Old Woman

Though lonely, though poor  
Not lonely was she,  
Amidst colorful nature  
Calmness and extrinsic beauty.

Farming in the area of land,  
Surrounded all around by trees,  
Full of smiling flowers,  
And noisy birds that tease,

Residing in a cottage,  
Small and wee,  
Producing her own food,  
Growing brinjals, so tiny.

Dressed in a simple sari,  
The frail lonely woman,  
So amiable and friendly,  
Though stranger and unknown person.

Unlike the city folks,  
Who are grumpy and aggressive,  
How polite and gentle behavior,  
Have people, who in village live.

My eyes couldn't stop staring,  
At nature's prettiness, I kept glaring,  
My sense is lost in birds,  
And the cows' herds.

Try making your house perfect,  
Even with gold or magic bricks,  
The natural flavor it can't bring,  
The true melody and musics.

Rizwana Sultana

# The Painful Weapon

Physical pain can cause hurt,  
But more painful is mental pain.  
Vulgar words once blurted out,  
Cannot be taken back again.

Physical pain, how severe it is,  
Will definitely heal,  
But violence, once set in mind,  
Always makes a person feel.

Pain in the head, pain in the ear,  
Heals with time in a day or two,  
But wounds of words never get healed,  
They hit with force and are stronger too.

Pain in the mind fades never,  
And does deeply hurt,  
Spoils a person's mood,  
Just by a single word.

Though it heals with time,  
The crack does always remain,  
Just like a white cloth,  
With a permanent stain.

Rizwana Sultana



# The Pretty Snowfall

I feel enchanted at the snowfall,  
That falls on the ground,  
Spreading a white cotton blanket,  
Making me feel astound.

The pines, cedars and redwoods  
Wearing a dress so white,  
And the flakes of snow whirling,  
Offer a gorgeous sight.

The cool whistling breeze,  
Greets the coming snowfall.  
Stuck on trees, the white snow pearls,  
Like clips on locks of curls.

The cottages and villas covered,  
With mounds of snow, so white  
And the flurries of snow on trees,  
Of such a great height.

The flocks of quails singing,  
Merrily, despite the bitter cold  
My eyes I can never take off,  
From them, whenever I behold.

Rizwana Sultana

# The Tiny Critter

A timid and elegant,  
Spry little critter,  
Always excited and active,  
While scampering hither and thither.

A prey to so many animals,  
From ferocious tigers to gentle cats,  
Except a kind human,  
Who tames and lovingly pats.

Better taming it at home,  
Making an affectionate pet,  
Having all care and concern,  
Nothing to fret.

My cute white bunny,  
I used to fondle,  
Fed carrots to it,  
And leaves of peepal.

Hiding behind the flower pots,  
The plants it used to nibble,  
And slept on the soft grass,  
Like a cute angel.

But now, it has vanished,  
I know not where,  
When I went to the terrace,  
It wasn't there.

My domestic pet, I miss,  
Which has disappeared,  
It used to come running,  
And never from us feared.

Rizwana Sultana

# The Unexpected Foe

Secretly, it comes without expectation,  
The great enemy - death,  
And takes away the life and spirit,  
Giving no chance, even to take a breath.  
To every person and every individual,  
Comes any time without informing,  
Kills a person with such cruelty,  
With so much pain and suffering.

Doesn't feel pity and mercy,  
Even if he cries and screams,  
Takes away the tender soul,  
Leaving behind the day dreams.  
Sleep is temporary death,  
And death is permanent sleep,  
But sleep can show sweet dreams,  
While death only makes one weep.

Now, he is unaware of what is happening,  
In the world and on the earth,  
Neither people know where his soul is,  
He doesn't have any worth.  
It will definitely come,  
It takes an oath,  
Still all people fear from it,  
And dread and loathe.

No matter how much a person is fit,  
Nobody can escape from it,  
Neither babies, nor children,  
Neither adults, nor men.  
Even the rich and the poor,  
Also, the beggars and kings,  
At any cost, it does appear,  
And grief and sorrow, it brings.

Rizwana Sultana

# The Useless Scarecrow

I stand still the whole day and night,  
Just like a statue,  
I have no life in me,  
And nothing, I can do.  
Only a stick to erect me,  
Without any flesh and skeleton,  
With a shirt, I am clothed,  
To disguise me as a human.

But a human never remains still,  
And moves from its place,  
Has a skinny appearance,  
And doesn't have a lifeless face.  
Are the crows fools?  
Don't they know how a human is like?  
They are aware that I am harmless,  
And compared to a human, I am not alike.

Even on seeing me,  
They remain fearless and calm,  
And continue to peck at the grain,  
In the sunshine, bright and calm.  
I am of no use, just standing,  
Staring at them quietly,  
They enjoy fully to their heart's delight,  
And away, they fly happily.

Rizwana Sultana

# The Winter Camp

We were taken to winter camp,  
From school to study nature,  
Which made me realize,  
That nature is only the best teacher.

It was fun to roam inside  
The dense and deep forest,  
I consider those days of my life,  
As the most enjoyable and the best.

We did lots of adventure,  
Amidst pristine nature,  
From trekking and rock-climbing,  
To bird-watching and river crossing.

We climbed the forested slopes,  
Craggy mountains and landslides,  
Guided and taught perfectly,  
By our talented guides.

We even saw the pug marks of the leopard,  
Clear and deep in the sand,  
And the sound of peacocks, we heard,  
In the camp, which was a wonderland.

Watching the hill mynas far away,  
With our binoculars,  
And hearing the sound birds,  
Gorgeous and spectacular.

No one gives importance,  
To nature's melodious sounds,  
The sound of drizzling rain,  
Brings me pleasure beyond bounds.

The scenes of old farm buildings,  
Open fields and overflowing river,  
The nostalgic memories will remain,  
In my mind forever.

I really miss the night-out in which,  
We went far from our campsite,  
And pitched out tents near the river bank,  
To stay in the warm tents overnight,

I couldn't even imagine,  
It would be so much fun,  
In the adventurous camp,  
Which was like heaven.

I will always remember,  
The chilly cold night of December.  
In which we spent the whole night,  
In the cold forest, with nothing in sight.

We worked hard to collect firewood,  
To burn at night and prepare food,  
Where everything was prettier and natural,  
Than the busy life, artificial.

The last day - the day of camp fire,  
Was good as well as bad,  
As it was a nice time to enjoy the raised fire,  
But at the same time, we had to part.

Rizwana Sultana

# The Youngest Child

Being the youngest child,  
I am so fortunate,  
Among all my siblings,  
I have the best fate.  
No responsibility to take,  
I am the most privileged.  
Every hard work of my home,  
Is, by my elders managed.

Though I am fully grown up,  
And am an adult,  
Youngest, I will always remain,  
Having anybody, to consult.  
Nothing to care and worry,  
Just like a free bird  
To all my siblings,  
I appear weird.

Though being the youngest,  
Has many disadvantages,  
It also does have,  
As many advantages.  
From my elder brothers and sisters,  
All things I receive,  
But anything to them,  
I never have to give.

Spending all my extra time,  
In my recreational hobbies,  
Which I like most,  
And can never cease.  
I make full use,  
Of my good fortune,  
God has made me lucky,  
It is a great boon.

Rizwana Sultana

# Titanic

Why was it named unsinkable,  
When not in the hands of thee,  
To save life of a soul,  
And overcome any tragedy?

Only in the hands of,  
The above supernatural being,  
To keep thy secured,  
From any disaster occurring.

Departing with full enthusiasm,  
On 10th of April 1912,  
With inadequate lifeboats, only few,  
And no trained members in the crew.

Who knew that the morning,  
Would be so nightmarish and atrocious?  
A slight delay of steering the ship,  
Would cost hundreds, their life precious.

Alas! The ship broke in two,  
Hitting against the mighty iceberg,  
In the brisk and lively winds,  
While travelling to the burg.

The fatal strike against the ice,  
In the calm sea made it capsize,  
From the deep sleep, in the midnight,  
Every person had to rise.

The bitter cold in the doomed darkness,  
Did spare not anyone in the bay,  
Except for the ones who,  
Had their fateful day.

Even the innocent and faithful dogs,  
In the frigid cold, had their lives to pay,  
Just because of the carelessness,  
Sank under the sky gray.



Luck provided assistance to those,  
Who managed to get the lifeboats,  
Though insufficient in number,  
Saved the life of hundreds of members.

Slowly, the ship did vacate,  
The entire people on board,  
But just 16 lifeboats,  
Were on board.

Everyone's destiny was twisted,  
Because of the monstrous water,  
Out of thousands of passengers,  
Destined were only a quarter.

Though it took two long hours,  
To sink for the huge machine,  
Why didn't aid reach them,  
Leaving them in panic-stricken scene.

People sat staring,  
As the tremendous building sank,  
No helping hand,  
And no sight of bank.

Found after seven decades,  
Rotten and degraded under the oceanic bed,  
Only to preserve the memory,  
Of the dear ones dead.

Rizwana Sultana

# Truth's Worth

I am the only tool,  
Of earning people's credibility,  
Use me every time,  
If you want reliability.

Never required to burden your mind,  
With falsely made events.  
If you speak always truly,  
The skepticism, truth prevents.

If you speak false instead,  
And suddenly blurt out the truth,  
Your trust is permanently killed,  
And decays like a tooth.

Always be meticulous and cautious,  
Before moving your tongue,  
If you want to keep your trust,  
Evergreen, and forever young.

I am just another word  
And synonym to the word- "trust";  
Use me to erase people's skepticism,  
And your credibility will never rust.

But I am aware that at times,  
You are compelled, me to ignore,  
So, if circumstances make you avoid,  
Always be confident and sure.

Lies, once uttered from mouth,  
Can never be changed.  
You always have to keep in mind,  
Your story, which is self-made.

Best is to use me,  
To eliminate people's doubt,  
Because impossible it is to take back,  
Words once spoken out.

Rizwana Sultana

# Value Of Single

Stars are billions in number,  
Glimmering in the sky,  
But a single moon can make,  
The entire darkness die.

Swords are so mighty,  
Compared to a needle,  
Yet they cannot stitch,  
A cloth, even a little.

Grasses on the ground are many,  
But the tree, even if one,  
Can provide shade and relief,  
From the scorching, hot sun.

Words to be spoken are many,  
But action required is only one,  
To describe a person's behavior,  
Whatever action he hath done.

Stairs in a building are many,  
But the lift, only one.  
Yet it can take a person up,  
In less time than stairs can.

Candles lit in a room,  
Provide only a little light,  
But a single bulb can,  
Immediately make the room bright.

A sea has thousands of creatures,  
Unlike a small river,  
Yet it can't quench the thirst,  
Of a thirsty person or traveler.

A rose plant has several thorns,  
But flower, even if one,  
Can spread its beauty and fragrance,  
Adding to people's joy and fun.

Rizwana Sultana

# Village Beauty

When the rice fields whisper,  
And the kids play and laugh,  
Glancing at a cow or bull,  
Or a cute timid calf,  
Everything does add beauty,  
To the village life.

The sturdy ebullient bamboo trees,  
Standing straight and erect,  
And the dead leaves littered,  
Adding a grandiose effect,  
Everything does add beauty,  
To the village life.

I wander in the fields,  
When I suddenly find,  
A rabbit emerging from the bushes,  
Attracting my lost mind.  
Everything does add beauty,  
To the village life.

The graceful white egrets,  
Perched on the cows' backs,  
When they are grazing,  
Beside the dried grass' stack,  
Everything does add beauty,  
To the village life.

On the tree-tops,  
The weaver birds' nests hung,  
Knitted and stitched finely,  
And on the ground, the cow-dung.  
Everything does add beauty,  
To the village life.

The snakes crawling and scurrying,  
On the soft soil,  
Searching for their prey,  
From dawn to dusk, they toil,

Everything does add beauty,  
To the village life.

The cracked barren earth,  
Springs to life when watered,  
And its dryness,  
To fresh green, is altered.  
Everything does add beauty,  
To the village life.

Even a tractor or a snake-hole,  
Or a partridge or a hen,  
Or a small, tiny pest  
In the fields hidden,  
Everything does add beauty,  
To the village life.

Rizwana Sultana

# Window

I am a small window,  
Present at the room's centre,  
I am mandatory in a building,  
Otherwise no air could enter.

I have glass to allow light,  
Even if I am closed,  
When rain comes clattering,  
To open me, you are not supposed.

When you sleep beside me,  
And open me in morn,  
Sunlight passes through me,  
And your sleep is gone.

Through me you can see the outside view,  
The glimpses of sceneries and lawns spread,  
By sitting comfortably and conveniently,  
In your warm and cozy bed.

I have grills, so strong and sturdy,  
Otherwise you could fall in your sleep.  
Whenever you wish, you can open me,  
And through me, you can peep.

You can listen to the thunder and storm,  
And the chirping of birds,  
The nature's melodious sounds,  
Whose description is beyond words.

Rizwana Sultana



# Winter

Here comes winter,  
The coldest season of the year,  
Can't anyone stop it?  
The chilly cold atmosphere.

Arriving as an unwelcomed guest,  
Bringing frost and ice with itself.  
Who will help me to drive away,  
This naughty and mischievous elf?

Everyone has to wear overcoats,  
And jackets of leather,  
In this misty, hazy,  
And frosty weather.

No warmth and sunshine,  
In this winter season.  
Always remaining shut in house,  
As in prison.

Why does winter come, nobody knows,  
On the shrubs, not even a flower grows.  
At every place, there is mist and snow,  
Winter season is a great foe.  
Everything is foggy and unclear,  
No sign of joy and no cheer.

I wish there would be no winter days,  
Everywhere, there would be golden sun's daze.  
Flowers would bloom everywhere,  
Making the weather look bright and fair.

Rizwana Sultana