

Poetry Series

SABREEN AHMED
- poems -

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Dr. Sabreen Ahmed has published poems in recent international anthologies like 'The Kali Project', 'Through the Looking Glass', 'Paradise on Earth', 'Shape of a Poem and Freedom Raga.' Her only collection of poems is Soliloquies and a forthcoming one is due soon.

Rain Song

The Rain Song
sound of late summer drizzle
palm trees,
banana leaves and concrete roofs,
chirping bird
nestled
neighbours's jackfruit tree,
song of life
word
early mid life stasis
chiming the tune of a stale symphony.

In the
squashing the
happy is the
in a
singing the natural
while I hook on to the printed
sighing the strain of

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Uncouth Love

#Uncouth Love#

The unkempt need of
the unabashed curves of skin
creases in
uncouth lonely hours
longing tongue tied in
the binding spell of the fullmoon,
soft kisses,
sinking deeper than wintry seas,
soaring like foamy waves in
hissing murmur.

We play unrestrained the
raw symphony of love;

by the surreal
silence of starlight
and crescendo of
falling moonbeams
in your absence

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rolled like satin

musked by savoury

their

Often magically embellished

A Mundane Tale Of Love

#A Mundane tale of love #

1.

soaked moments
closeness,

In sweat
of mid summer

the strokes of love

came as less soulful than

the soothing rain.

Tossing in pleasant dismay while

clogged to a tiring sheet

of

loveless aroma

and

mindless dreams.

Evading the

distance of creepy loneliness

and stoic routine,

often lulled to sleep by the giddy

delight of old coital games.

2.

He who never gave her a rose

now gave her a tiny garden of greens,

with

flowers and bonsai trees,

potted

pomegranates and grape vines,

and she waters

them all

with withered and waned

delight,

while he waits for the big

overflowing waters of the red River

to recede in

a distant land of unsolicited solitude.

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Home

#Home#
wind that wafts across
Titasopas,
swiftly swaying over
thick grove of Sagun trees,
open childhood fields
parties
and berries,
The
the titling
the
in the large
of titillating tangy
with fresh olives
of cycle races and
lost games of kabaddi
and hide and seek is home.
From bokul scented tangerine dusks
to studious mosquito bitten candlelight desks,
the hilarious laughing women on the village road
at budhni burhi's rice bear driven trance
or the frightened children
away at the
piping sound
Nepali Oldman's
following the long trail of
his homecoming cows before twilight.
Time slipped under the sun drawing
remembrance of all fear and fun,
like the haunted laburnum
or the silk cotton simolu
behind the dry pond of the forest
with the hollow horrors
bygone years.
forever green
of
The grass is
on the one side
while arid on the other.
It still resurrects shadowy dreams
of a not so distant past.

@ Sabreen

Published in 'Paradise on Earth' edited by Stephen Bodhan (USA) an Anthology of poets across 27 countries.

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Language

Languages are so close to heart
The soft lilt in sweet tongues
To the coarseness of anger.
Or the nasal trade cries
Have their symphony
The tenderness of a lullaby
to the hoarseness of making love
Each in its uniqueness a note define.
The refined candour
of official polish do hardly
erase the dust of of a rusty
nostalgia for the origin.
Yet people fight for linguistic right
and others sigh
at their superior delight.
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