

Poetry Series

Sando Husam
- poems -

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Sando Husam()

A Critic - Hard To Find!

Believe me, it is no joke,
Not an easy task, as you may think.
To see things critically,
requires, patience, dedication
Hard work and perseverance
No tom, Dick or Harry can do it.
Try it out, You will realise
What it takes to become
true and sincere Critic.
I will keep doing
what I think I am best at,
Beware, your ego will provoke you
to delete my comments, not to improve
But till the time you mend your ways
I will continue to do my Job.

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A Kiss - Senryu

urge of the body
nerves ignites the sensation
touch by the dry lips

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A Life's Journey

A busy street - Life Is

A Silent mourning - Death Is

An Account - Resurrection

A Reward - Good Deeds

A Punishment - Wrong doings

Think before you start.

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Beware Voters

Frogs are out to make noise
As the rainy season appears
Leaders make beeline to please
And make false promises.

You won't see them after that
They shall disappear after quake
Let them shout all false
You keep your soul intact.

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Cheats Of Ph

I smell a fish on Poem Hunter site
A poet invited me to read his poems
When I visited his suggested page
I was shocked and astonished
Fake account, fake name
Account opened to read and comment
Only his poems and for good rating
Come on you fake,
Peep inside your soul and check your misdeeds
You are bluffing yourselves
Neither points, nor ratings will earn for you
Either name, fame or glory
To win a rat race you are ruining yourself
Ponder before it is too late
Do some introspection and correct your thinking.

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Cheats On Poem Hunter

List is long and they all know along
What they do is, keep their eyes close
What they forget is GOD is watching all
Come on have some courage
Show your hidden face
If your genuine
or just a fake.

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Countdown Begins....

Eleven days more
then year will go
under the pages
leaving behind
memories
sweet and sour
Of loss and gains
Of relationships drained
and made
Glorifying events
so start celebrations
live these eleven days
the way you want

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Coward - They Delete Your Comments

You write for their betterment
And they keep deleting your comments
You write Goody Goody they will appreciate
How Cowards are they to do such things?

When sun will go down
and moon will emerge
these cowards will come
and delete your good work

I am sincere in my comments
I will keep writing again and again
Till these cowards shed their skin
Or give up the wrong doings.

Sando Husam

Critical Analysis Of Poem Attention To Titles Of Honour (Part-11)

If I were wind, I would reach up to sky, (How can you when after reaching a certain stage there is vacuum? ? ? ? ?)

God is majesty and we are for the moment, GOD is not royal power to be called Majesty....

Don't be ashamed of learning, a critic is your true and invaluable friend, he is like your soulmate,

How often we keep suppressing our SOUL inside our body and allow EGO to blossom.

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False Praisers Are Flesh Eaters

False praisers are flesh eaters,
They roam freely on the wings of ego,
they look for easy prey
which are in plenty.

Anyone who reads your poem
and write some comments
and generous enough to do the rating
Is praised and reciprocated.

What purpose they achieve, God know?
You scratch my back and I'll do the same
Their philosophy is simple
to gain instant name and fame.

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I Dare You

Come, visit to my page
rate all my poems as below average
Take out your hidden rage
I will be your great punching bag
But don't forget,
I am trying to help you
Someday you will regret for what you did
Till that time I pray for you
Let some sense prevail in you

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Live Simple

This world is full of hypocrites
They thrive on others to respond
They like praise to fly on
Only God knows what they want.

I believe in straight approach
Say what you see or feel
My intentions are not to hurt
Or to degrade anyone.

When river flows on the rocks
It cuts the edges and blush
The rock never complains
It lays its body straight.

Learn from the candles
Learn from the Sea
Learn from the Nature
Sacrifice, vastness and Please.

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Nonsense Poems

He is still writing nonsense poems
Just to gain points
and remain on top
God knows why
Keeps writing
and self
commenting
One day he will realise
Why he did all what he write
No one will read his poems
He will be another laughing stock

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Short Poem

In this dry weather
the skin becomes rough
the love becomes tough

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Wag Your Tail

Now you are among top 500
It is time to celebrate
But fool does the celebrations
Wise are they who enjoy

Achievements are hard to come by
But they make things happen in their favour
Let them enjoy false success
And live in fool's paradise

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Who They Are - I Am A Ghost

They keep visiting my grave
and I know who they are
A father, A son and his whole family
They lay their ploy
but I am a ghost
The more they will visit
The more they will go mad.
From now onwards
this ghost will play the tricks
ruin their live
till they surrender to misdeeds
Kill yourselves
still you will meet me

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