

Poetry Series

Sarah Chowdhury
- poems -

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Sarah Chowdhury(11/2/2005)

Apology

We are muslims and we are sorry
For all the killings done by us, which are like a lorry

Forced on your chests
And shooting those at your fests

We are sorry for the Orlando club shooting at night
Thinking of which gives a terrible fright

Sorry for shooting at London too
Killing exactly twenty two

Sorry for stabbing the two in endeavour hill
By a young muslim who was ready to kill

Sorry for killing 137 in Paris
We also think their work was devilish

But who will say sorry to us
Which are not discussed

Who will apologise to the newly married couple
Who never thought they would be in such a trouble
They are removed from the world forever
They were Dia and Yusor

Who will apologise to the bright little boy?
Who was at an age to play with toy
He is removed from the world forever
He was Mucad Ibrahim

Who will apologise to a kid in high school?
Who always abided by all the rules
He is removed from the world forever
He was Sayyad Milne

Anyone ready to apologise?

Isis

It's hapening over & over again
Shooting, killing, manupulating bodies
Impacts of those fall on innocent muslims like me, who never
Supports ISIS's disgusting action

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Islam

Islam isn't the religion you think as.
Slaying innocent people of the street is a
Lie displayed by Muslims with little knowledge.
Admirable behavior is supposed to be the character of a
Muslim. This is Islam

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Journey Through The Dark

You can see the shine, but I can't see,
I sometimes give up and say, "just succumb to fate",
As I force myself to break free and liberate.
I try my best even though there is no guarantee.
Every progress I make, makes me think,
Does my hard work worth everything I have done?
Just want to see the shine of the sun.
Will I ever get out of the dark and find life's link?

I see a shovel making a hole,
After all the path that led me astray.
Hit something that created an outsized spark,
That gave water to the seeds of my soul,
Opening for me a new life's way.
Sunshine strikes after the journey through the dark.

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My Hijab

This piece of cloth on my head
For which I get suggestions "why don't you show your hair instead."
I say "it's reassures my dignity"
They say "how come? This should be your indignity"

This head coverage
Which they say for that I'm underage
They ask "why does your parent oppress you?"
I say "this is what I was looking forward to"

They aske "what do you called this thing?"
I say "it's my Hijab."

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Palestine And Syria

They are getting killed in war
By the blood thirsty demons who want more
Bombs are landing on the earth's crust
Turning people into dust
in Palestine and Syria

Mothers are snatched away
As if they are just a piece of clay
Children are fleeing
While they are crying over what they were seeing
in Palestine and Syria

A country with flowing blood streams
Kicking away all their dreams
Loved ones are gone missing
And their hearts are dismissing
In Palestine and Syria

Oh Allah, help those who are in need
Those who have no one to give them food or feed
Those waiting for the destinations
Thinking they may get in without hesitations
Those people who are
In Palestine and Syria

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Sakinah (Tranquility)

Same problems bothering,
As if a everlating wound,
Keeps bleeding and with intensive pain.
In this condition, you remeber Allah.
Never loose hope in Him,
And he descends his mercy and tranquility.
heart feels the longing Sakinah.

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The Letter

Where are the ministers, the presidents,
The journalists and the residents.
Why aren't you looking at me.
Am I a frozen pea,
At the back of your fridge
Or a falling bridge.

Can't you see
What's happening to me.
Don't deserve to live
Or the only thing I will do is give.
Give tears and blood,
Like the water when there is a flood.

Can I not sleep in peace,
I can't because of the police
I am always in worry
Because I can be squished like a rat under a lorry.
My country is in chaos
Are you busy having a party at Laos?

My mum was shot.
My dad got caught,
While trying to run away with me.
This is what's happening to me, you see.
I am lying down restlessly,
And watching the conflict helplessly.

Seeing which, I feel the pain,
That has cut through my vein.
Can't I be
A refugee.
In an other country
They cut me like a little tree.

They the government,
Who say they are going for the countries betterment,
Cut children into pieces,
That's what happened to my nephew and nieces.

What an extreme way of torture
Agreed by many researchers.

I am a Syrian
Writing to American, Australian and Victorian.
About things going on in my homeland,
And requesting a helping hand.
Aren't you going to help me, asking you again and again,
Or you are concerned as I'm not among the Englishmen.

This is my story.
Which are said to be our glory.
I wrote to you.
While the strong winds blew.
To might be just a letter,
But this is a true time matter.

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