

Poetry Series

**Shaikh Mahmud**  
**- poems -**



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# Hope

Another night I walked amidst the autumn leaves,  
Poetic thoughts, wondering about the unforeseen.

The echoes of the past and the burdening grieves,  
Sitting beneath the enigmatic trees.

Expecting the moonlight to breach the concealments,  
Is it this twilight when I'd be heard? Murmured the soul to the wounded heart.

Subito, the flapping of wings cleft the silence,  
Silvery glare surrounded the environs.

'From the Love of God; to all your endeavors,  
Come, ride the wings, O' ye believer.

To a land where complacency fades,  
To a land where passion unveils.'

...Uttered her in an endearing spell,  
And flew me to tranquility, that celestial being.

Hope lives in the love of God,  
Love reigns in altruistic chords.

Shaikh Mahmud

# Deception

The lust for luxury,  
All these profits, worldly,  
The wants of treasury,  
And the longing lechery.

The World as you see, Oh! Listen, listen ye.

The limousine's floridity,  
And the ornamental embroidery,  
The carnivals, festivals, and their glee.  
And the acreage of jollity - joviality.

The World as you see, Oh! Listen, listen ye.

All this a somber truth,  
But yet not a sorry you,  
The fleeing tide of ecstasy,  
This all is to delude.

The World as you see, Oh! Listen, listen ye.

Thou shalt not indulge thy mortal bliss!  
Though a dulcet dream, but momentary,  
A bewitch to beguile, a dreadful chicanery,  
A deception to discern, contrasting reality.

The World as you see, Oh! Listen, listen ye.

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# The Spirit Of My Life

In the misty light and the comely clime,  
I found her beautiful spell.

In the glittering stars and their alluring sight,  
In her sonorous thoughts, I dwelt.

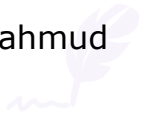
The harmonious coo of the birds when rhymes,  
My heart sings the lyrics of her marvel.

Like the enticing bed of roses and their fragrance of delight,  
Bliss me her every winsome smile.

Like the verses of poetry devour a tale,  
I promised to embrace her every pain.

The serene flow of waves and their symphony so sublime,  
Her presence cherishes the spirit of my life.

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# Salvation

O' flare of the thunderbolt,  
Embrace the psalm of melancholy and woe.  
Surrender thy accord; dance shall thou,  
Ascertain a path that transforms into gold.

O' ray of the embarking dawn,  
Behold the yearning for what is concealed.  
Ride the storm; let the current concede,  
Fathom the saga; let a decree be drawn.

O' rhyme of the fervent hope,  
What is it to tear, to tarnish thyself?  
More intense than divine reverie to delve?  
Err not! Kindle a spark for glory to invoke.

O' gleam of the unsheathed sword,  
Abandon the stars that smother the verve within.  
Hear new songs; thy spirit thrives on a whim.  
Rise to the cries of the helpless and oppressed.  
...Rise so that every carol is heard!

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# Solace

Melancholic harp that concealed my bliss,  
Verve, vigour, my spiritual zest,  
Flee abyss with melodies thou say,  
Poetic nor ersatz, yet the lulling breeze.

Thou, calmness of my both worlds,  
Thou, solace that my soul yearns,  
Thy innocence that brightens my longing day,  
Let the divine galaxies be heard, thou the spark of my maudlin heart.

Oh, the companion of my lifelong odyssey,  
Together shall we cease,  
Together shall we live,  
Together shall we reap the eternity...

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# Dirge Of A Bleak Pauper

I feel as if my soul is lost between the lines of solitude and despair,  
And my heart wanders amid the turbulent thoughts of mind.  
I feel to cover my entity with a mask and hide its gloom,  
It has given up on the prevalence of hope.

I feel leaps of burden carrying on my weary chest,  
And the masses of guilt burying me deeper, shroudless, inside the tomb of  
repentance.  
Oh! Is there a sacred being; is there a nightingale to this darkness,  
Or is there no solace left for this hermit...

Oh Lord of the seven skies, guide me to the ally towards such a sanctuary,  
Where no deception shall exist,  
Where no illusion shall persist, and where no blasphemy shall resist,  
And where only probity prevails.

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# Awakening

Melodious dreams were soothing little Hans' sleep.  
The clear clarion tone mingled with his slumber, deep.

The night rhymed delightfully in the lee,  
But no one ever knew a storm would creep.

Eventually, the chilling wild wind surrounded the valley.  
Thunderstruck, birds whooped, rattled the jalousie.

Little Hans woke up, aghast at the sudden scare,  
Astonished by the tempest that filled the air.

The clattering window caught his sight;  
He hastened to close the breach with all his might.

But then, he heard a kitten's plaintive cry,  
A mewling kitten in the open sky.

Promptly, the brave boy said, 'I will help, no lie.'  
He tiptoed through the sparse leaves nearby.

Alas! The inanimate stirred his soul; nobly amidst angels,  
A little boy with no dither, no jitter, no tangles.

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# Latent

Sitting by my study desk,

Gazing at the mirror, my 'self.'

Wandering in the turbulent thoughts,

Wondering for the entity or naught!

Searching for the pristine pith,

Seeking to know the mortality myth.

Writing or written, the lines of morrow!

Says the heart, deep in sorrow.

Who am I? Is this me?

This is flesh, indeed, not me!

Am I effigy? Am I a soul?

Am I a deed? Am I a dream?

Is it a trail; or a stage?

Neither real nor so fake.

Might this be the answer; or a quest?

No one knows what is next.

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# The First Step

Somewhere here on this mortal land,  
Existed a state with a barbaric head.

Where prejudice prevailed, neither law existed,  
Might ruled as right - poor dread.

But among the men with suffering hearts,  
A valiant gazes towards the brute.

With falcon's eyes and Ulysses's breast,  
Near the savage approached the youth.

Before the edge of the sharpest sword  
Steady, he stood by austere truth.

'When pen ousts the fright of sword,  
Then, people fear none but God.

No more the loot, ywis ye crook,  
Enough, my tribe has faced the ruth.

Those were the words of the stout,  
That shamed unjust - provoked his crowd.

He fought for the people till his breath,  
Thus harbored the revolt in their chests.

No one else illumines the way for you,  
Barriers are broken when tries the resolute.

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