

Poetry Series

**Shaikh Mehmood**  
**- poems -**

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# Shaikh Mehmood(11-12-1994)

- ☒ Poet,
- ☒ Debater,
- ☒ Philosopher,
- ☒ Calligrapher.

"The great thinker\_ one with big dreams, who never give up on what he really wants to achieve and answers other men's arguments by stating the truth as he sees it."

# Awakening!

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

The night rhymed delightful in the lee,  
But no one ever knew,  
there was a storm to creep.

Eventually the cooling wild wind surrounded the valley.  
The thunder struck, the birds  
whooped & rattled the jalousie.

Little Hans woke up aghast by the sudden freak,  
Perceived with wonder, how  
happened the unforeseen!

The clattering window took his leer heed;  
He hastened  
to seal the open breach.

But there then he heard a kitten's weep,  
A mewling  
kitten in the alfresco, it was indeed.

Pronto the valiant said; "To her help, I'll proceed".  
With tip toe steps, among the  
scantly leaves, towards the weak he  
treads.

Alas! The insentient perked the soul; nobly being amidst angles,  
A little boy con nix dither,  
nix jitter, nix angst.

Shaikh Mehmood

# Latent

Sitting by my study desk,

Gazing at the mirror ma 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, ywis not me!

Am I effigy? Am I a soul!

Am I a deed? Am I a dream!

Is it a trail; or stage!

Neither real and nor so fake.

Might this be answer; or a quest!

No one knows, what is next.

Shaikh Mehmood

# The Almighty God

It is He, who created the heaven and the earth like a bloom.

It is He, who gave soul to the insentient and made him as his caliph.

It is He, who taught man what he didn't know.

It is He, who harnessed the day & night for you, as also the sun, the moon and the stars, by His command.

It is He, who raised the sky and set the balance, so that none may err against the scales.

It is He, who sends down water from the sky of which you drink and nourish.

It is He, who conjoined two large bodies of water, one fresh and the other brine; and placed a barrier between them.

It is He, who made the stars by which you reckon your way through darkness of the desert & the sea.

It is He, who manipulates this all and can stop it by His Ho.

It is He, vigilant and vigorous\_ the sovereign of this whole.

Distinct He made the signs for those who recognize, and may seek his bounty & perhaps give thanks.

Shaikh Mehmood

# The First Step

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

Where prejudice prevailed, rules were neglect.

Might

ruled as right\_ poor owed dread.

But among the men; with suffering hearts,  
A valiant gazes towards the brute, With falcon's eyes\_ Ulysses breast, □  
Near the savage approached the youth. Before the edge of sharpest sword □  
Steady he stood by austere truth. When pen ousts the fright of sword, □  
Then people fear nadie but God.

No more the loot, ywis ye crook.

Enough ma tribe has faced the ruth! Those were the dialogues by the stou  
t,

That shamed unjust\_ provoked his crowd. He fought for the people, till his br  
eath,

Thus harbored the revolt in their chests.

No else illumes the way for you,

Barriers are broken, when tries the resolute. □

Shaikh Mehmood

# The Lovely Why

Why our feelings seek for someone!

Why can't we be contented alone! Why this emptiness arise in our chests!

Why an unknown guilt harbor in our breasts! Why our expressions become so pale!

Why those happy emotions die!

Why our eyes freeze at some thoughts!

Why they tear without reason aught! Why the flowery spring turns grey! □  
Why the fragrance vanish in a gloomy day! Why our manly willingness bows!

Why that joyful voice mourns! Why the burden leaps with dawn!

Why the sorrow dwells in night! Why the Sun shines so dull!

Why the dark covers the moon! Why the human loses the soul! □

Why the lips never smile!

Shaikh Mehmood

# The Melancholy Journey

No sign of a blush, no stir in the air\_ in the solitary,  
The man was still as he could be in the dark vicinity.

He flew from his heaven, but received no further motion,  
As the keel gets steady in the vast ocean.

Without either sign or sound of at least a bug,  
Only what he could do was just to shrug.

So gradually he rose but suddenly fell,  
Down went his every jewel.

Crawling he moved for any sound of a nightingale,  
But the poor was waited by a violent gale.

He was swung & thrown onto the plank at the rageful waves,  
He took fright & cried but around he could see was just the land of graves.

Paltry was then taken among rocks and cavern,  
He started proclaiming\_ but now it was unavailing.

Then, he came across the tremorous scene of sheen,  
Trembling he went towards the Supreme Being.

Oh God! Pardon pleaded the human being,  
All his proclaiming & roaring, so ended in mourning.

He was made to vail because it was all in vain,  
Indeed it\_ a melancholy of his vainglory.

Shaikh Mehmood



# Victors For The Noblest Sake

Deliberated with another optimum optimism,  
To fight with destiny, to gain invincism.

Young liberated felt asleep full of deems,  
To conquer the world, to catch their dreams.

But before the sun, before the bloom,  
The sound they heard was of a boom.

The canons of foe men lightened the city,  
They procured terror with great anxiety.

Could not ever elapse but aye was their foe,  
With eager to heal and greatest woe.

But did not despaired, as were gallant to the core,  
They pepped with courage, contended with vigor.

They fought with splendor,  
With no thoughts of surrender.

Martyry or victory,  
Not to hand the land to sully.

No bet but battle for the name of land,  
No slavery but salvation at the borders tend.

Cannot be doomed if belief is strong,  
These were their wills, morals, and songs.

Quantumly less but greater in chivalry,  
Weak in weaponry but stronger in faith.

Mustered with such marshals, they perished the adversary,  
Victors for the noblest sake\_ evident is history.

Mourns for their enemy, but the pleasing onset for them,  
The Jasmine was only smelt by the battles land.

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