Poetry Series

Shakeel Ahmedi - poems -

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Shakeel Ahmedi()

I am ex lawyer, lured and trapped and enslaved.

Before Curtain Falls

O, What use are they? Whether you praise me, Or abuse in heaps, I in the sweet dream, Or ugly nightmares, Money name and gain, Are for the living, O, What use are they, Aft I burried deep, Save my Lord's mercy, With me night and day, Here, grave, and doomsday, Oh dear here my call, Before curtain falls.

Fascist Instinct.

O hear me! Hyenas and wolves, Vultures and bores Mercury rising, Bloody and cold eyes Stretched nails, Unflinching predators, Uncontrollable instincts, Wilder wild beasts, Kill and no kill, Gnawing hunger and thirst, Scorch their living, Shatter their soul, Shatter their teeth, And horns and feet, Rabbits or wilder beasts, World can'tbecome ostrich, Dust their eyes, We are world of one kind, Deaf and blind, Call us fanatics, Sectarianscasteists, linguistic Fascists.

This is not an imagination but a first hand experiencein the clutch of fascists

Fleeting Sun

Fleeting sun and lights, Faces, things, sounds and smells The stale stinking bride.

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mosques, eyes and worries thieves, sects, schools and informers, heart slips.

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muffled and loud noises voices, engines horns and songs far and near drums

~My Tanka poem~ poor, cool laborers lies, rods, knives and limbs ready to maim and kill contractors or masters and a wink, a mouth shuts and many blinks.

Green Genocide

The Fowlers have spread their net, As far as my eyes could see, Raising hot and cold storm of attrocities, For meak rabbits why dragnets, A genocide of queer kind, To which world is deaf and blind, Cloak and dagger or slaughter, Browbeating, dog whistling, Amidst the din and laughters. How can lawmakers make laws, Against elusivefishes, The deceivingviruses.

Haiku: Pyramid Of Ghiza, Egypt

Hyku Pyramids

Rocky sepia-bathed dunes,

Piercing crimson golden sky,

Whitelights are flashing.

Heed The Living

I will not write for pleasure, Money or fame, If you don't heed the living, Why hear the dead, For when you will bury me dead, Nothing will remain, All my longings and belongings, And fame!

Let My Stream Flow

If you want to be intelligent and wise, If you want moon of your insight to rise, If you want to unlock the secret doors, Be thoughtful, read little less and reflect more.

2.

poems of plastics and woods in the dump-yard i stood brooding where life has gone of infections we're shorn one of infections we're shorn 3.

I look forward to a day, When i too shall have my say, I shall write in strict neat forms, And take the world by my storm, Not heck poems for poems' sake, Your conscience i shall shrill shake, Your souls i shall gently touch sleeping hearts i shall awake Oh great Lord of the treasure, Let my stream flow without measure.

Let Soul Mates Meet Again.

Heavens shake, When hate awakes, When soul mates, Finally separates, Pray you once again, Forget all your pains, And unite again, Finally forever. This was my reply to a poem in poetry forum, to soul mates who were finally separating for ever.

Opposite World

Turning blind eyes, Blindfolded world, Pens like glistening knives, Truth in butchers' barn, World Media, Yemen or Syria, Paint and smear, Is ita crusade, Demons and devils dying, A world in doomsday, A world indelight.

Poetry In Waste Basket.

My poetry is nothing, But a crumpled paper, In the waste basket, Or unattended corpse In the gloomy casket, If your listless heart, It did not touch, Your snoozing heart, It did not nudge.

Prayer, O Lord, Mercy

Oh Lord the most merciful, Help me have mercy on me, More than merciful mother, More than protective father Carry me and protect me, I have dead nothing on me, No strength, no will left of me, Nor courage nor piety, No sails, in broken life boat, Lost in stormy, darkdeep sea, Help me, protect me, guide me, I with humblest of prayers, Thank and prostrate before thee, For allbounties, Losses and gains Comforts and pains, I'm a sinner, Pardon me, Protect me, Have mercy.

Slaves Are For Ever.

Retreat is one way ahead, You're fighting, they are hiding You will live way beyond death, They shall die way before death, You may be crippled and weak, But they are dumb fetteredmeek, You are alive, free and brave, Slaves are digging their own graves.

Survey; Do You Love God?

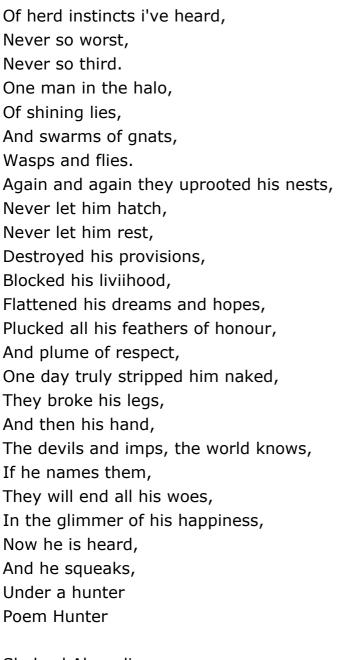
Do you love one God? Or mortal leaders, Poets and writers, Heroines or stars, Heroes of murders And of deadly wars, Spirits, gouls or ghosts, Whom do you love most? Press like tab if yes, Else nothing to press.

Thanks To God!

We must thank HIM for everything, For all the pleasure and pain, All the loses and gains, For all those departed And those alive But one prayer, O LORD, Unite us all again, In the land of, Deathless bliss, O LORD of Love Unite us all again.

The Happy Plunderers

Unpoem of sadism March 4,2013



Welcome Spring

It is time for the earth to put on her best smile, Adorn herself like a bride for a honeymoon, Spray her earthly perfume upto the stars and moons, Unfold her sylvan carpet of welcome till sky, Let us join the festivity of sway and swoon. Before she prepares to take leave and say goodbye.