

Poetry Series

Shamin Bashir Shah
- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Shamin Bashir Shah(31st March 1995)

As I Gaze Upon The World

Whenever I see the world around me
I see the terrible sights around me
I see children working around me
I see people, starving to death around me
I see burnt houses around me
But I can't do anything to stop this around me
Most importantly I see people
Crying for peace around me
As I raise my voice for plea
Is there anyone to bring equality?
People are begging for tranquility
Lets leave all this far behind
What we need is peace of mind
Love for one and love for all
Peace to survive is today's call.

Shamin Bashir Shah

As Tear Prick My Eyes

As tears prick my eyes,
I hold down my cries.
Things that I fear,
Have atlas come so near.
I wish he would care,
Of my love so pure and fair.
I hope he never dares,
To cheat with any other girl again.
I wish he would have cleared,
That we were no good pairs.
When I was not here,
With another girl he had an affair.
I wish I would never care.
As tears prick my eyes,
I hold down my cries.....

Shamin Bashir Shah

I Am Sorry Pakistan On 14th August, Independence Day

You gave me so much,
But I gave you nothing but pain.
You gave me the freedom I yearned,
But in return I bind you in chains.
You gave me the identity,
But I took that from you.
You gave me a place I could call home,
But I left you scared, deserted and alone.
Oh! I am so sorry Pakistan,
Forgive me for burning you alive.
Forgive me for letting you down,
Forgive me for all the times a finger was pointed at you.
Forgive me for being silent at times when I had to stand for up for you.
Forgive me for giving you the recognition of a terrorist country,
Forgive me for making you the charity box.
There is so much to say,
And so much to apologize for.....
If you cut my veins, I bleed Pakistan,
I ache when you ache, Pakistan,
I am because of you, Pakistan.
Happy Birthday!

Shamin Bashir Shah

The Saddest Poem Ever...

On a wrinkled piece of paper,

I lay in extreme centre.

I am depressed and wounded,

Yet nobody is astounded.

I lay there like a lifeless soul,

With no one to give me hope.

I have never been given a hug.

Always been treated like a slug.

On a wrinkled piece of paper,

I lay in extreme centre.

I have always gotten rude gestures,

From children, family, friends and teenagers.

Everyone greets me with a Bye-Bye,

And then tears prick my eyes.

I have always remained shackled,

My life, my death, my grave,

My soul, my body bound in reins.

On a wrinkled piece of paper,

I lay in extreme centre.

Woman: An Article Of Trade

My body and soul has repeatedly been used, abused,
and thrown away as trash.

On that far corner, She cries softly over my ruined body,
not knowing that, I also bleed in pain.

He looks at me as a shame and curses the fate,
not knowing that I am also drowned in eccentricity and humiliation.

Sinners appreciate me,

People spit on me and whisper evil from one ear to another

“Oh she is that bad woman”

“Oh that woman with no dignity”

not knowing that their own daughters did the same.

So why do you call me a Woman?

Why do you call me your mother, daughter or sister?

When you cannot treat me like one.

When you cannot give me the love and respect I yearn.

When I will always be nothing: but an article of trade!

Shamin Bashir Shah