

Poetry Series

Shariq Lone
- poems -



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Shariq Lone(10 12 1999)

Shariq Ahmad Lone is an Eminent modern Kashmiri Muslim poet, writer, social, political and Islamic economic activist. He was born 10-12-1999 in peer Baba Mohalla, Binilipora, , Bandipora, Kashmir. He writes poetry in Urdu, English and his mother tongue Kashmiri language. He is one of the most prominent Poet in the world. His first collection of poetry in the English language is innocent killings in Kashmir. He writes poetry in simple and lucid language and his poems and ghazals have won many hearts. He wrote hundreds of ghazals in Urdu and Kashmiri language. He has completed his schooling from Space-age model high secondary school Bandipora Kashmir. Currently, he is studying Bachelors of Arts BA in HKM Degree college Bandipora Kashmir.

Shariq Ahmad lone

S/o: Mohd Hussain lone

He was born 10-12-1999 in peer baba mohalla Binilipora Bandipora Kashmir
India



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Learn Love

You don't want anyone belongs to me. You
Don't even make me own. You
Don't even adore me. Then
Why you are suffering so much.
Why goddess of beauty getting
Crazy to see nightingale with blossoms. If this is not devotion. Then
What?
How long you will lie yourself?
How long you will torment yourself? If
The Passion of love, devotion will stifle. It will never burn again.

The streets I have passed through.
Never returns my foot.
Your eyes, cheeks, attitude, ego accepted. But
Your anger.
(Anger causes a person to hurt own self)

You can't make anyone own by trying in chains.
Let her be free your fragrance will draw her towards you.
Delirious people not fulfilled the promises.
Don't love me so greatly.
Then will be hard to forget

Shariq Lone

Revenge

Who, you want to take revenge on?
From yourself?
Lover doesn't take revenge on infidelity.

Now, you are burning in fire of love.
Now, you perceive the grief of separation.

You have no right to discredit someone.
You broke someone heart.
Someone broke your heart.

Who told you to do love? beauties are often faithless.
I told you.
I told you.

Enough and enough 'shariq'
Now dear perceive the emotions of beloved.

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Fire Of Love

Fire of love what condition made me don't ask?
In insanity what condition made me don't ask?

What a tranquility was in the street of beloved don't ask?
In those murk nights what happened don't ask?

Umpteen mystery is stay behind the screen don't ask
Otherwise in the day of apocalypse what face I will show don't ask?

'shariq lone' why you are saying ghazals?
You discredited her and says don't ask?

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Look In My Eyes

In love made me delirious look in my eyes.
How much love stay for disloyal beloved see in my eyes.

I spent every moment in your imagination.
How much my heart is yearning for you look in my eyes.

Thy false promises thy deception i remember.
My true love my faith discern in my eyes.

The sorrows you gave me some tears i dropped from my eyes.
Some tears i kept in my eyes dear look in my eyes.

A cramp on my stomach hits my own people.
That moment of separation 'shariq 'what a painful moment see in my eyes.

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My Dream My Freedom

Oh, people of the world I saw a dream.
In my courtyard everybody happy. One side is dead bodies,
and another side is celebration.
They picked the flag of freedom.

I saw a different atmosphere in my courtyard.
Crowd came to take martyrs.
They are our freedom fighters.
They are our heroes.

What is happening in my courtyard.
They came to me.
They said 'shariq Lone' now, we are independent.
I woke up.
And I got out of the house.
Everything is the same in my courtyard.
No change.
Continuously; we are under control of occupied forces.

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Love Street

I also took grief and suffering in love. Don't Ask?
Which kind of streets, I have passed.
Which kind of fire is in my chest
In morning and evening only her longing.
I also desired to pass your street
and Dignity also lost in your street.
Shariq i told you, don't do love
Then why you are saying aloneness makes me cry.

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Ghazal

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Moon Dancing With Me

One moon on the earth
another in the sky
all around is murk,
I am looking my moon is more pleasing
and fetching. Wow it is dancing with me.
Another is getting to angry to see,
Oh! You can't stop us.
two souls are bind each other.
You are not able to compete.
My moon is unique and bonny and gleaming.
You are crying and jealous.
And angry to see two amok
dancing with each other.

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I Miss Her Magical Voice

I miss a lot of her magical voice,
She crooned a song without music.
I saw that moment,
I enjoyed.

I hear sore songs her magical voice,
That magical voice sleeps my heart with slowly
after that, my heart doesn't want to wake.
My heart maintain silence,
When she crooned a song.

Now she is not here I found bleeding in my ears,
Probably my heart is crying and then drops blood,
my parched eyes also drop blood in her
recollection.

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State Doing Politics On Our Blood

My dear friend,
our blood is very costly
state doing politics on our blood,
oh, our blood makes kings
world telling us,
we are terrorists.
I don't understand
who is terrorist,
who is innocent,
we buried thousands of tribe,
in the soil of paradise.

we want to peace
the state want's to bloodshed
tell me who is terrorist,
who is innocent.

my Kashmir is very beautiful,
Kashmiri people are innocent and honest.
But, we feel solitary.
Nobody in the world says in our favour.
State kills innocent people,
why in the world does not raise voices
against state terrorism?

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Unseen Moments

My dear friend,
some unseen moments are special for me,
I could not See in these eyes,
those unseen moments.
I obtained a message in those unseen moments.
I enjoyed those moments in sleep, Alas! ,
I could take benefit of those messages,
probably, it will change my life.
Alas! , Those dreams will it come again.
Dear friend, I miss those unseen moments.

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I Miss My Old Kashmir

I miss my old Kashmir.

Where! people lived in peace and rest.

They distributed love and tranquility among one another.

Where! flowers danced in the morning.

And gave a message of tranquility and love.

I miss my old Kashmir.

Where! I heard sounds of peace,

Now I hear creepy, demolishing, vandalism sound.

I miss my old Kashmir.

Where! the spotless blue water flowed in the jhelum.

And gave a message of peace and love.

Now flowing oppressed tribe blood.

I miss my old Kashmir.

Where! Green beautiful mountains, deodar trees.

And gave a message of Peace and love.

Now dried blood at mountains wants justice.

I miss my old Kashmir.

Where! everybody says this is Heaven

Now this heaven is asking everyone, who makes me hell?

I miss my old Kashmir.

Where! children danced on festivals and snowfall.

And gave a message of peace and love.

Now children sleeping in the soil of heaven.

I miss my old Kashmir.

Where! Beauty says I am heaven in the world.

Now this heaven is asking everyone, who razed me?

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Those Beautiful Days

My dear friend,
I recall those beautiful days,
she came slowly with me,
said congratulation,
first time she talked with me,
after that,
I forgot the whole universe,
my heart said that she is my universe.
She did not accept my love.
I know her feeling is same too with me
but her ego smashed my love,
she knows her life is imperfect without me.
I recall, those days,
she crooned a song,
my heart did dance with her beautiful voice.
SOZ-E-ISHQ gave me a lot of pain,
I can't forget,
i remember those days.

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Where Is Humanity

Where is Humanity,
dear friend,
there is no humanity
in the world,
dear Humanity
what is your colour,
what is your religion,
what is your country,
so why humanity you maintain silence?

Dear humanity,
i am looking innocent people
lost their lives.

Humanity maintains silence,
we buried millions of people
in the soil of heaven
and world says you
are terrorists.

Dear humanity,
mother's asked you
who killed our jigans
Oh, the world says
that they are terrorists.

Dear humanity, oppressed
Angeles blood says
why nobody raises
voices against persecution,
if the world does not break
the silence we will mislay
all GULAAB on the name of
Terrorism.

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Paradise Bathing In Blood

I have seen a paradise which bathing in blood.

I have seen a paradise where there is no peace, love.

I have seen a paradise where hatred razed tranquility and love.

I have seen a paradise where fire of injustice, vandalism, unfairness razed this heaven.

I have seen a paradise where forcefully sleeping nightingales, but they cannot wake up.

I have seen a paradise where own chowkidars sold this heaven.

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Killings In Paradise

My dear,

I am looking everyday bloodshed in my heaven
I looking everyday innocent Angeles lost their lives.

My dear,

I am looking everyday blood flowing in my courtyard.
I am looking everyday helpless voices asking?
who will save this heaven.

My dear,

I am looking this heaven Becomes
hell. Who responsible, Angeles or.....?

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