

Poetry Series

Shihabudheen Kumbidi
- poems -

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Shihabudheen Kumbidi()

Hospital

Read this book frequently,
Ironies of wounds
metaphors of tears
who has written this forest
In which respirations bloom ever?

Every line is raindrops
Embrace them,
Your mountains will dream the streams!
Seeds buried in the desert will look at the sky.

Shihabudheen Kumbidi

Mirror

Every morning,
It comes down from the wall
looks at my face
Combing the fingers through the hair.
Showing the teeth and lips.

That time,
Realizing I'm a mirror
Feels like all streets,
vehicles, shops, and trees
looking at me.

My emotion is not mine
It is yours,
My Eyes are not mine
They may be gazes of stars,
These hands are not mine
They may be branches of trees.
Yes, I am a mirror
Bearing the reflections of others.

Shihabudheen Kumbidi

My Queen

The signal was red
Some moments got stopped
Some silences uttered a word
Moved forward.

That was the first moment
I prayed if there was no end
Her eyes were transparent
My heart beats found her adherent.

Every chilling morning of December,
The breezes ever I remember
The smiles got lit together
It was drizzling pleasure!

Whenever I dream her promises
Snow falls on my roses
Jasmine blooms on the grasses
Soul whispers divine verses!

Now the signal is green,
Red lights are unseen
Our love turns Seventeen
Living happily with my Queen!

Shihabudheen Kumbidi

Papers

The Silent white grave,
Muted chirrup of sparrows
Fallen petals of Green dreams
Just put your ear very close
Hear the last melodies
Sung by a cuckoo.
Gaze at white surface
See the last steps of grassy dances!
Just Smell it,
Feel the last blooming of a jasmine!
A forest is sleeping inside a paper.

You are strange Creature!
Same as a human,
Writing poems about forests,
trees, worms, rivers and leaves.
Pretending not to see
That you are writing on a white grave!
Killing the word "Sincerity";
Burying the corpse of a forest!

Shihabudheen Kumbidi

Thinking Of You

When you bloom in my garden,
My wounds will be given wings,
Colorful dotted wings,
They will be reshaped into butterflies!

When you twinkle at my sky,
Pains will hide in the forest of clouds
Smooth feathers of rain
kiss the roots of my soul!

When you sit on my shore,
The waves will dance,
Rush to touch the petals of your feet.
A cool breeze will hug me silently.

Shihabudheen Kumbidi

You Can't Breath

Under your knee,
You slammed my neck,
My pleas were suffocated,
It was raining sweats and tears,
Where my sounds were sprouted,
Mixed them with soil,
Soil was waiting for seeds,
You tried to mute my words,
I know the black clouds
Are the beginning of rain,
My Breath was a first whistle
Before Tempest!
Closed my eyes to ignite
Long simmering Volcano!

You can't breathe,
Those days are coming,
I will be resurrected,
I will be echo of many sounds
It will heal many wounds,
Your boots will be the wastes
In the gutters NY City,
You stifled this planet's right
To revolve in my starry nights,
Do you know?
Shining of stars depends on
Darkness of sky.

My last breath was a sunset,
Promising the birth of
A bright Morning,
This state is going to realize
Dark colours absorb heat,
More than light Colours,
They will bring back everything
Our slogans thirst for,
Dreams are blooming here,
Whereliberty will not be

A name of Statue.

Shihabudheen Kumbidi