

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Showkat Ahmad Bhat()

Eid-UI-Adha

Ibrahim (A.S) succeed
In doing a great deed
What he was ordered by God
His Allah, his Lord

He was ordered to sacrifice his son dear
Which he had to bear
And was put to test
Achieved the result best

Let's celebrate the day
And every one of us must pray
May soon come the day
When the truth spread everywhere

Here i with my reed
Salute Ibrahim's great deed
And wish for everyone
A happy Eid

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I Salute You Zaingair

Proud be you
You Zaingair
of thy unique name
of thy unique identity

Proud be you
You Zaingair
of thy waters
Sweet thy waters seem
but poisonous they are

Proud be you
you Zaingair
Of thy sheep
innocent they seem
but cunning they are

Proud be you
You Zaingair
Of thy variety of serpents
Meek they seem
But venomous they are

Proud be you
You Zaingair
Of thy singing birds
Depth in their songs seem
But shallow they are

Proud be you
You Zaingair
Of thy huge mountains
Consistent they seem
But vacillating they are

Proud be you
You Zaingair
Of thy monkeys
Social they seems

but aliens they are

I salute you

You Zaingair, i salute you

for the variety of beasts

You have begotten

And you do nurture

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The Day Will Come

The day will come
When the mute and sad birds will sing
The songs of joy and pleasure
In the dark dense woods
Where the sun too will shine
With its warmth and glory

The dark mist of autumn
Which has covered the garden
Will be blown away
By the mighty winds

The burning clouds
Which have turned the sky red
Will get extinguished
And the sky will turn blue
With the rains of hope

The day will come
When the sunlight
Will fell on the snow clad mountains
The snow will shine and melt
And will irrigate the barren lands
With its pure water

At nights the snow mountains
Will shine like the golden palaces
When the light of the full moon
Will fell on them
And the sounds of the falling cataracts
Will break the cruel solitude
Of dark nights

In the morning
The melodious songs of the birds
Will lend new charm to the ears
And the pleasant cool breeze
Will give a gentle touch
To the young flowers

The day will come
When the caged birds will get free
From their iron cages
And will sing the songs of freedom
Among the young birds
In the lap of nature

It is pleasure after pain
Sweeter is the pleasure
That comes after severe pain
Sweeter becomes the spring
When there is heavy rain

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The Dream Girl

Saw In a dream last night
A beautiful damsel
Whose eyes were bright
Like the stars in twilight

She looked at me
And I looked at her
Amazing was the whole scene
And the day too was serene

The nightingale was singing on a tree
And was encouraging me
So were humming honey bees
And singing birds on the trees

On the damsel's red lips
The butterflies were dancing a dance
Flowers were her lips
The butterflies understood wrong

Coming close, she said to me
She was in love with me
Sweat came on my face
As her voice was filled with grace

I kissed her hand
Then we both sat down on sand
Where we started to talk
Near a huge rock

I saw myself in her eyes
Where I thought it is wasn't wise
To give the heart to the lady
Who belongs to a fairyland

But she embraced me
Wept and assured me
I truly love thee
As a flower loves a bee

The girl was going to say
Things that would make me gay
But the birds called me
Day has dawned, don't you see

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The Indifferent Sun

After the centuries, the sun
Behind the green willow trees
On the bank of a running brook
Appeared before me

The thick green leaves
Cast the shadow on me
And didn't allow the sun
To shine over me

Moving away fast, the sun
Didn't cast a single ray
On my desperate and thirsty hopes
In case I would become gay

While running after the sun
On the drops of dew
Slipped down I while on my run
And fell unconscious without a clue

The indifference of the sun
Remained unknown to me
Whether it was its pride or shyness
Hatred, envy or blindness

My centuries of wailing
My day and night dreaming
My silly hopes
Broke into many pieces.

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Where To Go? Where To Rest?

Where to go? Where to rest?
Neither east is ours nor the west.
Where to sleep? Where to dream?
Neither sleep is ours nor the dream.

Where to step? Where to walk?
What to explain? With whom to talk?
Neither the soil is ours nor the land
Neither the people are ours nor the band

Whom to hate? Whom to love?
Neither the beast is ours nor the dove
How to sow? How to reap?
Neither the keeper is ours nor the keep

Where to go? Where to take breath?
Neither the life is ours nor the death
What to drink? What to eat?
Neither the river is ours nor the wheat

Why to weep? Why to cry?
Neither the tears are ours nor the sigh
What to think? What to brand?
Neither the mind is ours nor the hand

Whom to express? Whom to trust?
Who will hear us? Who will do just?
Where are we where is our nest
What is wrong for us and what the best?

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Without You

Without you o, I
A river without water
A flower without fragrance
A body without soul

My heart and my liver
Like the two hot rocks
Lying aloof in a dried river
Under the unbearable hot rays of the sun

Your memories
Come like the sea waves
Striking strongly against the shores
And break down the stones into pieces

My endless bloody tears
Flow like the jehlum
Expressing my helplessness and my misery

My days without you
No better than dark nights
And for me the beautiful moon
Is like the hot sun at noon
I with- tied legs
Like a leg tied horse
Try always to see you
But fall down at every step

Amongst the poisonous snakes
In a dark jungle you live now
And I a tortured and troubled soul
Always cry and pray for a visit

I exist
When you exist
I breathe
When you breathe

