Poetry Series

Shuaib Saifi
- poems -

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Out Of Sync

I leave my home with a heavy chest today.
It's Saturday. The cafeteria is autumnal, bare;
No birds, no green, just the dry hum of the air.
While she rests quietly, I grind the hours away.

Our calendars are warped, out of play —
My Sunday-Monday is a ghost she does not share.
I sit and search for life in this fluorescent glare,
Watching from afar, with nothing left to say.

Four days feel wider than a frozen week,
Three days till Tuesday when our paths might meet,
Though she passes by, unaware of my quiet fire.

Without her smile, the routine leaves me bleak.
I watch the hours drain, a slow defeat,
Caught in the quiet loop of my desire.

- Dedicated to Sneha Verma, T-Mobile, Concentrix, New Delhi

Shuaib Saifi

A Grace Beyond Ink

I catch the way the light sits in your eyes,
Yet find no true word to make it stay.
Your laugh cuts through the noise of being wise,
Like some sweet music on a heavy day.

The way you move makes ordinary air
Feel softer, as if nature had learned to bow.
I try to name the peace you leave right there,
Still, everything I say falls short somehow.

Is it the kindness hidden in your smile?
The ease you bring when everything is loud?
I keep on watching, quiet all the while,
As you outshine the best of any crowd.

No poet's ink could ever hope to keep—
Your indefinable beauty, Vast and Deep.

- Dedicated to Sneha Verma, T-Mobile, Concentrix, New Delhi

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The Immortal Grief

Neither the earth belongs to me, nor sky,
Nor scented blooms, nor gold within the sun,
Nor distant stars, nor moon when day is done,
Which shines for all who watch the night go by.

The pleasant days of youth have wandered dry,
Bright morns, sweet eves, their race have run,
Yet from my heavy soul no calm is won;
Beside my shadow, only groans reply.

A day will come when stars fade from the night,
The sun will die, the earth will turn to dust,
The moon and sky will vanish in the deep.

Yet this great pain, baptized in holy light,
Outlives the cosmos as a sacred trust —
A blessed grief that time can never reap.

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The Lass In The Parking

A tiny silver ring upon her nose,
A pair of oblong frames of clear glass,
By the office lot, when the evening slows,
Stood a simple, sweet, and captivating lass.

Busy on her phone, lost in her own space,
Unaware of someone watching from afar,
Taking in the calm of her gentle grace,
Waiting for a cab beneath the evening star.

She's the first thought of my morning light,
The sweetest dream before I fall asleep.
Quiet and unassuming, soft and bright,
A kind of beauty that runs pure and deep.

She's a cool breeze in the June heat's glare,
A warm gust on a bitter winter night.
Her face, like the full moon hanging in the air,
Knocks upon my heart and leaves it light.

Now weeks have passed since she was here,
I haven't caught a glimpse of her at all.
Yet my heart races as shift-end draws near,
Missing the quiet lass I still recall.

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A Cruel Calm

A sudden, deepest pain invades my chest,
Rising within me like a roaring storm;
My breath grows fast, heart bereft of rest,
While cold unrest consumes my tortured form.

My cheeks turn pale, lips are parched and dried,
As all my thoughts are pulled into the dark;
Heavy lids fall close, the world to hide,
While terror stamps my brow and leaves its mark.

Oh, it appears these cruel hours break my will,
Compelling me to rest for evermore;
Yet in the dark, I claim my smile still,
Though these last hours are wild and deeply sore.

I feel this journey's thread is finally done,
And I must leave now for the final one.

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An Unproved Error

Vain, pretty faces look at me and smile,
And falsely dream that for their gaze I sigh;
They think I burn as they go walking by,
Amused by their own shadows all the while.

Yet they are blind to love that knows no guile,
For one sweet heart is all that holds my eye,
A quiet soul for whom I'd gladly die,
Whose gentle grace can all my grief beguile.

Whence comes this unproved error's art?
Is it my fault, that love remains unrevealed,
Or theirs, who claim a bond that was not true?

Or rests the blame on that still silent heart,
Before whose grace my hidden soul has kneeled,
Who passes by — and never even knew?

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The Forgotten Star

He is a dimmed and broken star,
Cast from the heavens, fallen far,
Left without purpose, stripped of worth,
Unwanted by the sky and earth.

Once, at his shine, the sky grew glad,
The earth rejoiced in all he had
To give — yet now the sky turns cold,
And earth forgets the light of old.

Alone, he moans, laments, and weeps,
With wounded words his spirit keeps:
'I wish I never had been born,
To bear the sky and earth's bitter scorn.'

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A Constant Flame

The only truth that will not bend,
From the dawn of life until the end,
Is love. Though heavy tempests rage,
It stands unchanged from age to age.

Born of deep feeling from the heart,
Where earth ends and the heavens start,
It rises high, it runs so deep,
A gentle secret souls will keep.

So pure, so innocent, so true,
Yet in its passion, wild too.
When two true hearts are burning bright,
It drives them headlong through the night.

No gold, no color, does it need
To set two spirits free, indeed,
To light in them a never-dying fire,
That lifts their love still higher.

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Through every tear and sacrifice,
It speaks with one unbroken voice.
Where it will strike, no one knows—
Among closest friends or the bitterest foes.

Raising all worldly things above,
Such is your power, O endless love.

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A Song Of Dejection At Midnight

This night's also fallen like every other day,
Bright stars are scattered across the sky,
A heavy silence has settled in to stay,
Broken only by the stubborn crickets' cry.

Some stray dogs begin to bark,
At any movement in the air,
As if they guard the town in the dark,
To keep it safe from every scare.

The moon is shining in all its full might,
Drifting slowly across the sky to the west,
Pouring down on the earth a soft, milky light,
Moving silently without ever a rest.

The whole world is lost in sound sleep,
Worn out from the long day's run;
Some infants wake up, play and weep,
Old folks jokingly say they're having fun.

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I'm who even today has no calm, no rest.
Someone could tell me about them,
How's their color? How's their taste?
These things to me never came.

Yet all I have faced inside this place
Are heavy pains, the black sorrows,
The breaking failure, the deep gloominess,
The fierce mouths that shoot with toxic arrows.

Life here has only known autumn for years,
I haven't seen even a single spring stay—
Yet there was weather of torrential tears,
Springs have come and returned, people say.

All the limits of pain I have kissed,
Ruined beyond what can ever restore:
Death is not only when a breath is missed—
See me! Still breathing, yet seeming no more.

Each part of my body is marked by a wound,
I trace all these scars on my skin like a map;
I have grown wholly foreign to this ground—
These wounds have given me such a unique shape.

No confidence or health to me is left,
The way through woe and pain here I pass
Feels as if I had committed a great theft—
This jail does constantly trouble me and harass.

At such a cruel turn of Time I stand,
Where neither a new life's start seems to be,
Nor appears any sign of an end—
Where my being is like a living-dead body.

This is the odd point of my journey,
Where no zeal is left for joy to celebrate,
Nor tears to weep for the endured misery—
I just keep walking, having no target.

I've no fear, no worry for death,
Nor in the future any hope for life;
In this desert I hold no interest, no faith—
I'm trapped between life and death's strife.

Would that someone had known the woes,
That dwell gladly behind my false smile,
On this earth that are my best foes—
Who kill me ruthlessly all the while.

Wish some sympathetic hand could come,
Touch my hot head of a huge tension store;
My red eyes, that are so tiresome,
Might begin closing slowly, and open never more.

Around me there will be a giant crowd,
Some will mourn and some will weep,
Some upon my cold body will put a shroud,
When I'm taking a never-breaking sleep.

For a blissful life I'll have no complaint,

Nor for a painful death that has no stops;
The only thing my soul will deeply lament
Is that I failed to fulfill someone's hopes.

No calm ever lived in these open eyes,
Not yesterday, nor any other day:
Even after closing, no such sun will arise
That could make my impatience decay.

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Wounds That Stay

A few soft words of love and sympathy,
Can heal the heart and calm a stormy sea.
They soothe the rising tides within the chest,
Sink into the soul to give it rest.

Words of malice, born of cold neglect,
Are arrows striking where we least expect.
They leave no shallow, passing smart,
Drive their iron deep into the heart.

Let your words be gentle, kind and true,
Let healing live in all you say and do.
Some wounds fade, some never mend,
They stay with us, until the very end.

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The Gentle Guide

I kept wandering for years in my youth,
Here and there for a small and sweet home;
Gone east, west, north and even south,
Yet no direction could end my roam.

Impatience, grief and a broken heart I bore,
I wanted not to return to the home I left,
For it had no calm, no comfort anymore,
And treated me as if I'd done a theft.

In this disaster, a Personality I met,
Confidence on his face, kindness in his eyes;
His body not, but thoughts were truly great,
He looked so gentle, so perfectly wise.

He looked into my mind and heart a while,
And placed some arduous words before me; —
As I made them easy, he beautifully did smile,
And said, "For a sweet home, you're worthy.

Perhaps that was my life's brightest hour,
I found the thing I'd searched for many years;
That personality punished my woe with power,
That had caused to flow my bitter tears.

For a moment I felt flying in the sky,
Far from this earth where my soul would moan,
And with woe and grief alone would cry,
Where none knew me, but that Great One alone.

Now gladly I live in such a sweet home,
Where joy and peace and freshness are around,
I love to spend my time inside than roam
On streets, for at last a sweet home I have found.

So indebted I am to my Lord Almighty,
Who blessed me with such a peaceful home;
And to that worthy, great Personality,
Who brought this pleasure in my life to come.

Dedicated To Rohit Jessel Tinku, My Manager!

Shuaib Saifi

Before The Day Begins

Before the world wakes up to light and gleam,
I send my first wish, soft as morning air.
To greet you first is my most sincere prayer,
A quiet wish that finds you everywhere.

With love and honour time can never fade,
I pray your guidance stays to guide my way.
A bond so pure that heaven itself made,
We need your light to brighten every day.

May long life and good health be yours to keep,
Untouched by sorrow, untouched by tears.
May joy stay close, in waking and in sleep,
Through all the coming, gentle, golden years.

Dedicated To Rohit Jessel Tinku, My Manager, Comcast, Gudgaon

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An Innocent Face

Each day goes passing by me like the wind,
Sometimes too slow, sometimes too fast;
It leaves its gentle touch upon my mind,
Awakening dreams designed to last.

I see a sudden garden blooming around,
Filled with green and growing trees of love,
Where sweet romance arises from the ground,
And bids my restless heart to gently move.

Is she the freshness of the early day,
A blooming bud where quiet shadows fall,
A song the nightingale sings far away,
Or mild intoxication over all?

To me, that innocent and gentle face
Is far above what words could ever trace.

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The Latest Thought For The Kingdom

Again a new hope, again a new day,
Again a new start, again a new zeal,
Let's do the somthing that could sway
The mighty minds of Convergys; and compel

Them to consider even us a mojor part
Of this kingdom, that looks so pretty
So jocund, my zealous and pleased heart
Wishes to stay hear through all futurity.

O dear Lord! give us such a power,
Give us such a great understanding;
We could grow solidly and progress here
Making this kingdom most growing.
We will really consider us a great lucky,
The day, one of them when we will be.

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Never Doubt My Honesty

Doubt the wind blows,
Doubt the sun sets in the west,
Doubt the water flows,
But never doubt I’m honest.

Doubt the sky is infinite,
Doubt the earth takes no rest,
Doubt the buds bloom at night,
But never doubt I’m honest.

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In The Light Of Your Memory

As the morning sun begins to rise,
My heart turns back to moments spent with you.
Soon, happy tears gather softly in my eyes,
A quiet smile blooms as the day breaks through.

By night, I look up at the scattered stars,
Shining like diamonds across the dark sky.
Old memories heal all my lingering scars,
Lift up my spirit as hours go by.

Then I see the full moon glowing bright and high,
Pouring its silver light down like a fountain.
Missing you, dear friend, I let out a deep sigh,
Yet hold to that warmth like a steadfast mountain.

I know I will miss you through every day and night,
For as long as the sun, moon, and stars give light.

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Live Like The Wind

As the soft wind wanders in its own way,
The sunlit waves dance in the open sea,
Bees roam through gardens, wild and carefree,
May you live too in that same bright play.

Where meadows stretch in their wide display,
May you breathe deep where the waters run free,
Where tall hills stand, let your heart just be,
Live your life in that gentle sway.

Now you have stepped into another new year,
Left the weight of old seasons behind,
I wish your days stay joyful all the way,

May the truest triumphs be yours, my dear,
Your heart keep its own peace of mind,
May the Lord bless you and guard you each day.

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A Constant Friend

The winds can forget to blow,
The present to fade into history,
The rivers and waters to flow,
But I can never forget thee.

Flowers can forget how to bloom,
And death can forget to meet me,
The stars can surrender to gloom,
But I can never forget thee.

The sun can forget to awake,
The mirror to reflect reality,
The bees their sweet honey to make,
But I can never forget thee.
O dear friend, to my life as dear thou art,
As anchor to a wandering heart.

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The Faithful Companion

Would there were someone who truly loved me,
To ask in my darkest hours how I fare;
Who partook in the depths of my grief and glee,
Whose name with mine I could proudly share.

Alas! Fate denied me that gentle destiny,
Robbing my days of such simple pleasure—
A devotion that wealth cannot buy or see,
Which only a true, faithful heart can measure.

Yet how did I, foolishly, miss the one thing
That never allows me to walk alone?
When the world casts me out, it does gladly sing
A mournful anthem in undertone.
That's Dejection, loving me from the start,
Who rules, even now, as my life's major part.

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The Secred Strand

A young man's life is empty, dark, and bleak,
Without a hand to hold and share his life;
He longs to find a partner, a wife,
A hidden pearl his lonely heart doth seek.

What is a man to her? Let my soul speak:
For neither was meant to bear alone such strife,
Where joy grows thin and never feels rife;
He is the thread her pearl was made to seek.

Apart, they wander through a lonely land,
If she is pearl, then he is faithful thread,
Not to own, but to hold her close and true.

At last they intertwine by Heaven's hand,
No longer two, but one bright strand instead —
A sacred law that makes the world anew.

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Dwellers In The Desert

The golden sunlight belongs to the sun,
The silver moonlight to the wandering moon;
The stars above in playful patterns run,
Content beneath the heavens' vaulted boon.

The restless waves are cradled by the sea,
The burning day is filled with vibrant light;
The flowers bloom where once was barren lea,
And shadows fall to join the waiting night.

Yet I remain as lonely as the past,
While gardens welcome spring with gentle air;
Wherever my despairing eyes are cast,
No joy remains for me, still lingering there.
The world, to others, is not this burning hell —
A place where only I and solitude dwell.

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A Deep Sigh At Parting

You cannot stop your grief, nor I,
Today we weep not alone;
The green trees and the heavy sky
Have made our parting all their own.

The sun and moon lament our state,
The stars look down in silent pain.
I know not if you, too, wake
To watch the day break cold again.

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Before I Depart

Now this thought torments me endlessly,
Why I couldn't prove your decision true,
Or become worthy to stand beside you,
When you, with all your trust, believed in me.

You taught me long with patient courtesy,
Gave me plans to see the Kingdom through;
Yet I failed to be the shield you turned to,
Failed the faith you showed so generously.

It isn't that I worked with little care,
Or remained blind to every duty given;
Hard circumstances also played a part

In shaping the frail soldier standing there;
Before my farewell, I ask to be forgiven,
Then peace may finally ease this heavy heart.

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What Distance Cannot Measure

I know true friends must always grieve,
When fate demands that they must part;
Yet even as I take my leave,
We share one bond, a single heart.
No sea or shore can us divide,
Although this world is vast and wide.

I ask of you, my dearest friend,
To keep a gentle, quiet smile
Upon your honest face, and mend
The sorrow in your eyes awhile.
For if you weep to see me go,
My feet will fail, my steps will slow.

It's not a choice that pulls me here —
No flower wishes to let go
Of the dry branch it held so dear,
Until the heavy north winds blow.
Here I stand upon this ground,
To face the fate that I have found.

Who knew our passing, simple glance
Would grow into a bond so deep,
That we would reach the sky's expanse,
Touch the floor the oceans keep —
Only to leave us both in tears,
As we walk into separate years?

Yet, oh my friend, if parting ways
Had never come to test our grace,
How could we know through quiet days
The depth of what we now embrace?
A bond too pure for gold or birth,
The rarest blessing on this earth.

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A Blade In A Velvet Sheath

With gentle grace, I took your open hand,
Pledged to be a loyal friend and true.
Through every season, by your side I'll stand,
Nor dim the quiet love I hold for you.

Yet tenderness can easily bend,
I ask you just to guard this bond with care,
Keep far from us the lies that break a friend,
Let no bitter falsehood linger there.

I hold for you a faith that'll not fade,
A steady vow that outlasts mortal breath.
To keep the edge upon this fragile blade,
I sheathe it deep against the chill of death.

If such a quiet strength lives in your heart,
Our matchless bond shall never fall apart.

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The Undying Flame

The world is captured by the passing show
Of morning youth and smooth, unwrinkled skin,
Where transient tides of fashion ebb and flow,
And praise is spent on what is frail and thin.

Time steals the canvas where the artists trace
The fleeting colours of a summer day;
Age leaves a shadow on the brightest face,
When all the magic of the spring gives way.

Yet star-like eyes may prompt a shallow glance,
And some may worship beauty on the cheek,
Or coral lips that fade as years advance —
But higher beauty in the soul I seek.

For time can never dim a loyal heart,
Where true devotion is the noblest art.

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Few Words To My Friends

WHEN you’ve accepted me a friend,
I also promise to be fully loyal and true;
Till this short beauteous life does end;
My best wishes will always be with you.
Whether it’s the day or the night,
Today and even in all new morrows;
To make your futurity glad and bright,
To shield you from the pains, sorrows.
The main thing is how long it’ll last?
For today, tomorrow or for few days;
The Time is running too much fast;
My heart doubts and so also says.□
I can’t lead never walk behind me,
Nor ahead I won’t be able to follow;
Just walk beside me, a true friend to be
Ever and forever, be pleasure or the woe.

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For Your Pleasure Only

Were I to pluck down stars from the open sky,
Or steal the sweet scent from a smiling flower;
Were I to trap the droll waves rolling by,
Or bid the moon its radiant glow to shower—
Would you then be pleased with me, my dear?

Were I to ask the joyful winds to dance and blow,
Or call the silent clouds in cool drizzles to rain;
Were I to beg the nightingale its sweet song to bestow,
Or force the shining sun to bow in your train—
Would you then be pleased with me, anyhow?

Were I to ask my eyes for a stream to release,
Or the heartbeats to stop so that I may be free;
Were I to ask my slowing breaths to find final ease,
Or the darling death to dominate over me—
Oh, my love! You might then be pleased to see.

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The Quiet Question

You do not know the heavy price of love;
Go ask the ones who bear it in their chest,
Or those who search the earth and sky above,
Still wandering in an endless, quiet quest.

So value him who freely gave to you
Even one drop of all he had to give,
Before his fading heart forgets you too,
Lets no memory of your shadow live.

I was the one who loved you past the end,
Yet deep inside me still, a question stays:
Why did your wandering thoughts so rarely bend
To him who spoke your name through all his days?

I held you close with all my heart could do—
Why did I never get the same from you?

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Not On Earth, Nor In The Sky

I was not on the earth, nor in the sky,
Nor in the tender buds of early dew,
Nor on the waves where restless oceans fly —
I was lost only in the thought of you.

I was a star within your radiant eyes,
Between your lips where soft romances dwell,
Upon your cheeks where rosy flushes rise—
There, into your gentle love, I fell.

Now for your arms I wait impatiently,
To shield my spirit from all passing sorrows;
Let your twilight hair fall over me,
Where I may safely spend all future morrows

I pledge to you a heart that will stay true;
If false, let my next breath be broken too.

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When You Stayed

My days grew heavy with a silent dread,
Nights were restless, haunted by a fear;
I feared the empty mornings drawing near,
If you should go, and leave me here instead.

The flowers that once smiled seemed dead,
The cooling wind began to burn and sear;
It felt like autumn, though spring was here,
While silence waited where your footsteps led.

Then suddenly the seasons turned to spring,
The garden breathed, the winds grew kind,
You were here, you had not gone away,

Once again, my weary heart could sing,
All my fear was quiet in my mind,
Just keep a place for me, your friend, each day.

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Emotions At The Gates Of Exl

A long and smiling time with you I spent,
My heart whispered softly, 'Stay, don't go' —
These golden days were only ever lent,
And in my soul they'll never cease to glow.

Far greater than the silver or the gold,
Sweeter than the honey from the hive,
Though time moves on and we are growing old,
These memories will always stay alive.

My friends! I see the tears begin to rise,
Reflecting all the love we came to know;
They fall so softly from our heavy eyes —
Now the hour has come, I must go.
Though months and years may swiftly fly,
You are the gems I'll keep till I die.

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Yesterday, You’re Looking As…

YESTERDAY, you’re looking as cute as ne’er before,
A most beauteous scene, the past day I did face;
How much I was delighted, can’t express;
My heart wishes to see the same each day more.

O love! I ne’er expected from you to be so,
Can I now from you for the same again soon?
If yes, surely it will be my nice fortune; -
What I’ll achieve only my heart does know?

You looked as if the moon in a dark night,
As a poem about simplicity e’er taken on a paper;
In a delighted mood; being just carefree

Near an ocean shore in the moonlit;
That’s too beauteous to be heard in the leisure,
Which is more, to be a major part of my poetry.

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To A Little Fairy I Have Yet To Meet

O little fairy, light and full of grace,
It pains my heart to send this quiet plea;
Though warm the welcome to your special place,
I missed the joy of your festivity.

I had the time, and wished to make the way,
Yet stubborn fate refused to let me go.
I've never seen you laugh or watched you play,
Yet feel as though it's you I've come to know.

I've heard of mischief like a leaping fawn,
A smile that opens like a morning flower,
Of pearly tears that fade before the dawn,
Innocence that holds a gentle power.

With a wish, and softly whispered prayer,
I hope, sweet child, to meet you soon somewhere.

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The Humble Sovereign

When I was young, I never knew
The kingdom where I took my place
Held someone rare, and wise, and true,
Who rules with patience and with grace.

His vision reaches the sky,
A height no other mind can see;
His thoughts are noble, pure, and high,
A heart so full of sympathy.

He values sweat and honest deed,
With quiet strength behind his eyes;
No bitter anger takes the lead
Where calm and steady wisdom rise.

He rules the land on which I stand,
Where I can breathe and walk as free;
I count it luck to serve his hand,
A soldier in his company.

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He wears no pride upon his crown,
Nor acts the way that rulers do;
He walks among the humble town,
And shapes the way I walk there, too.

When we return from a weary fight,
Worn down by battle, bruised and sore,
His steady words set spirits right,
And give us strength to march once more.

His strategy turns rugged ground
Into a path we safely tread;
When the horns of triumph sound,
He lifts the praise upon our head.

He steers his ship through raging seas,
Where wild and heavy tempests blow;
He wins not only wars with ease,
But wins the hearts of all below.

I have met other kings before,
Some cold and harsh, some proud and vain;
Yet none have opened mercy's door,
Or eased a weary soldier's pain.

He's walked victorious in past days;
'May it last, ' my spirit sings.
His subjects speak his name with praise—
I call him the King of Kings.

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For My Sister's Heart

If you wish that someone may sing, I say,
That something about you, someone may write,
That someone may love you, gentle and bright,
I say it's good to wish, for love comes one day.

There'll be someone who'll write, sing, and pray,
One day for you a melodious song, in light,
A lot of love he'll bring, and all that's right,
Yea sis, all this for you, in his own way.

Just keep gentle thoughts within your mind,
Keep your heart a home for love, hate-free,
The one you wish for will come to you soon.

Keep a blameless character, till you find—
Efforts in your hands, God's the destiny—
I wish you my best, may he be your boon.

Shuaib Saifi

PoemHunter.com

Till Our Paths Meet Again

When life had left me dull, you made me glad,
A steady spark when days were dark and low;
Through heavy times, gave me strength to glow,
Brought back every quiet joy I had.

The hours we shared still lift me when I'm sad,
A gentle warmth when later sorrows grow;
Wherever life may lead you, may you know
The joy you brought when all my days were bad.

As parting nears, my heavy heart would weep,
In quiet tears to ease this ache inside;
Yet whether I'm missed or fade from view,

Once you're gone, my grief will run so deep,
No one will see the tears I have to hide,
My lips will keep a silent prayer for you.

Shuaib Saifi

PoemHunter.com

The Final Ledger

Whether beauteous or ugly, rich or poor, coward or brave,
Every soul must descend to the peace of the grave.
Why boast of your health, or grow proud of your gold,
When a plain linen shroud is the last thing you'll hold?

The sinner turns pale, catching breath like a child,
By the illusions of life he is no more beguiled.
Yet the true, righteous soul doesn't tremble or fade;
No smile is extinguished, no worry is made.

A good man weeps while the world laughs in glee,
On the day he is born to this brief mortal sea.
He smiles at the end, while the world gathers round
To weep for the light that will rest in the ground.

The tyrant grows bitter, his heart filled with dread,
As the curtain falls low on the life he has led.
He sows only sorrow, and harvests his spite;
The world breathes relief as he steps into night.

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Yes, a newborn arrives with a tear in their eye,
While the loved ones look down with a joyous, proud cry.
The true man so lives that when breath fades away,
He smiles in his peace while the rest weep that day.

While others walk blindly, pursuing the wrong,
The true man stands firm, and his spirit stays strong.
He anchors his heart to the Almighty's grace,
Trusted the harvest of time and of space.

He lifts up the heavy, he comforts their pain,
A shield in the storm and a blessing like rain.
He gives them a reason to smile through their fears;
They honor his parting with beautiful tears.

For this world is a dwelling we hold just on lease,
A brief, passing shelter before our release.
We must return home when the landlord commands,
Leaving the keys of this house in His hands.

Will the next home hold joy, or the shadow of grief?
It hinges on deeds in this trial so brief.
Though the closing of life is a dark mystery,
A soul filled with goodness finds true victory.

Shuaib Saifi

The Sweetest Face In The Café

I used to visit the café each day,
To talk with friends and share a simple meal,
And laugh the quiet shadows all away,
My spirit lifted by that easy play,
Content with all the joy that place could feel.

I saw so many pretty faces there,
With gentle smiles that made the evening bright,
With starry eyes and soft and shining hair,
With lips where laughter lingered light and fair,
And watched them through the hours of fading light.

Yet none could ever capture my desire,
Or hold me with a firm and steady might,
Like moths that cannot help but seek the fire,
Circling till the flame burns ever higher,
To die at last within the burning light.

But then, one day, a lovely face drew nigh,
Just like the moon that climbs the summer night,
When heavy storms have finally passed us by,
And shines alone across the open sky,
Among the countless stars of silver light.

She was a slim and lovely girl to see,
Whose two blue eyes held heaven's quiet grace,
No star had ever shone so brilliantly,
A sudden madness took a hold of me,
To find such light within that crowded place.

Through all the hours that followed on that day,
Her image wandered, restless in my mind,
It seemed her spell had chosen there to stay,
Out of my chest, my heart had flown away,
And left its old, familiar home behind.

I walked back slowly to my quiet door,
Yet kept the vision of her gentle face,
Inside, I found the empty room no more,

For love had struck me sudden to the core,
A mark that time could never quite erase.

Now every single day I look for her,
With restless eyes that search the crowded space,
To see her is a calm beyond measure,
A deep and still and sudden pleasure,
For she remains the café's sweetest face.

Shuaib Saifi

One Last Beholding

Oh, let me look upon you one last time,
Before the final shadow starts to fall.
To gaze upon your face is not a crime,
Though it brings torment sharper than them all.

I may not ever see this sight again;
My trembling heart beats heavy in my chest.
If I am cast beyond the reach of men,
Where eyes can never meet, nor souls find rest —

My strength has faded, and my hours are brief,
No time is left for us to spend or share.
Do not deny this parting born of grief,
Nor hold me back from drowning in despair.

Then let me keep this vision as my own,
To walk through pain and solitude, alone.

Shuaib Saifi

PoemHunter.com

The Green Wood's Ghost

Once it was a very pleasant evening,
And I was wandering in a forest alone;
All around, the emerald trees were weaving,
Birds were twittering in a gentle tone.

I was filled with joy and feeling free,
I felt no need for anyone to share;
The world around was bright for me to see,
I hoped for nothing but the beauty there.

There I happened to meet a stranger,
Along the pathway, innocent and mild;
I never foresaw the hidden danger,
She bore soft voice like a gentle child.

A conversation grew between us slowly,
And sweeter still my journey did turn;
I felt an affection, deep and holy,
Unlike any before I did learn.

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She spoke of heavy trouble she was bearing,
Hearing her grief, I felt a great pain;
I promised to stand by her, truly caring,
Vowed a true friend ever to remain.

Whenever she needed me, I did my best,
All that I could do as a true friend.
I gave my heart no moment to rest,
To bring her back her smile unto the end.

Whenever we two did meet, she'd say:
'If I ever need you, stand by me;
If you consider me a friend today, '
I promised to do so, lovingly.

Thus I smiled in her every glee,
And in her sorrows did profoundly weep;
Her heavy worries brought distress to me,
I remained restless and I could not sleep.

Alas! All that I gave so heartily
Was nothing to her, had no real worth;
The person I trusted so completely
Was my greatest mistake upon this earth.

The one looking innocent like a child,
With a sweet voice hiding all her guile,
Who showed me affection so mild,
Was selfish and cruel beneath her smile.

For when I was struck by a dark disaster,
She left me on the road to walk alone;
She walked away from me faster and faster,
Claiming she had no leisure, and was flown.

When we met again, I spoke with regret,
Of her rough conduct; she showed no shame;
'I never asked for friendship when we met, '
She said, 'You're the one who started this game.'

The burning and deep wounds she's given,
Will never heal, nor set me free;
They'll bleed anew, my heart still riven,
Whenever friendship someone offers me.

Now shadows and a silence rule my days,
Her dreadful memories haunt my broken sleep;
I search the dark for comfort's hidden ways,
As in my bitter loneliness I weep.

The world begins to look disloyal and false,
My heart warns: Seek no loyalty in this place;
Lest you repeat the heartbeat of this pulse,
And the same tragedy again you face.

People often say I have changed a lot,
Asking if someone hurt me. None ever tries
To look deeper; but if they do, I'll tell the plot:
Yes — to the cruelest soul I ever met in guise.

Shuaib Saifi

An Eternal Stain

When spring arrives, the leafless trees will bloom,
Dry rivers drink again when downpours start;
A desert's void will find a crowded room,
Yet no known cure can heal an injured heart.

A line drawn deep on stone can be erased,
And clouds at last will lift their heavy cover,
Till sun and moon in light are both embraced;
Yet wounds upon the heart are never over.

So if you wish to cause a person pain,
Go strike the leg, the chest, or the backbone —
But breaking trust leaves an eternal stain;
The heart should be untouched and left alone.
If you believe this truth is told in vain,
Wait for your turn until you meet the pain.

Shuaib Saifi

PoemHunter.com

When The Wind Comes From Your City

When from your city blows the cool, sweet wind,
Soft memories begin to bloom within my mind
Like new-born roses; and a sudden smile
Dances upon my face, lingering awhile.

A fresh zeal rises from my thrilled heart's core,
To praise your grace and love you even more.
I long to shape my passion into song,
Beside the river bank, the whole day long.

How sweet, my love, if you were sitting there,
Catching the rhythm of the river's air;
Lost in your eyes, and you in mine—
No fairer sight could ever be divine.

Shuaib Saifi

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