

Poetry Series

**Suhel Akram**  
**- poems -**

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Suhel Akram()

# Angel Of Righteousness

pertained emissary in austerity of treacherousness,  
doth thee feeble thou animus carved knife in guess,  
scars doth pile up piercing flesh pounds grind,  
nor thou assail tenacious to shred mind.  
valor he erects still awaiting thou pounces,  
know thee feeble thou animus backpedal thou reaches,  
flies thee buzzing bee back thy cavern.  
emblem of annunciation slips vernacular,  
nor thee dare dodge in thy lids close slumber,  
nor do critters move anguish touching eyes bare,  
relinquishing misery in bruise every where.  
on spur of moment evolved the time,  
wind up at Magnolia lap washed off grime  
afflictions out inconspicuous in astray  
nor doth missing those pounced flesh in gray,  
what spells charismatic enshrouded?  
who do be so beneficent emancipating?  
what doth words do call her in vernacular?  
nor codex doth hold `em ulterior.  
sights black retina doth go aggrandisic,  
abstract images both build up microscopic,  
went words in praise searching codex repository,  
words not meet up nor doth the phrases in flattery.  
princess she in gown wise and ASTER-IRIS crown,  
walked she off those streets afflicting with grin,  
seeded smile in ninny-hammer dis-plating ort of day yester,  
breathed in the zephyr aromatic as never,  
shower of grace, gentility and daintiness she amble well,  
hold she hands scouring dreams fragile and ephemeral,  
as drops showered as pavement scoured in longer  
envisages thine (Levo TH) turned calumny satire.  
spells her reincarnated today after thee  
murdered the last day.  
what do thee be called, Angel of RIGHTEOUSNESS?  
how do cognominate thee?  
what treasures thee doth appraise?  
may doth dig ocean of that for thee amaranthine.  
curve mountains of those for thee the Everest.  
what doth he say?

he do say, OH! ANGEL, NEVER FADE AWAY.

Suhel Akram

# Apostle's Epistle

hath not oust doze flee my eyne ere flurry,  
look-alike cotton-ball flakes not down yet to carry  
mire solidifying. doth spread not woes worry,  
nor doth chivalry book served in Indian curry,  
nor doth is the clock tik-tik cake-cut misery,

apostle eye-red soaked in martyrs blood  
drive he down amble femur snake boned,  
off his vulture flight moments not he spoiled,  
ran me off couching neck with rotten bread,  
slipped my hand in epistle HE conferred i dread.

visage mine purple pale in portent,  
nor eyne see distant sunlight pattern fulgent,  
hive indigo ethereal vanished in obumbrant,  
field absconded landed my feet were once cement,  
left me spelling loud epistle of apostle to lament.

adumbrating augured-past posing flattened sponge flesh,  
divulging pound-flesh agonies seasoned spicy fresh,  
revealings secrets of treachery paid in ground welsh,  
starring in illuminated thou candle with silk mesh,  
embracing despondence worst in earning thoust thrash.

what doth foundling flesh born deserted  
comeuppance the globe of critter thread knotted?  
this be fate marked epistle of apostle arrived,  
doth not can light me cimmerician cavern of dread,  
doth is me not amongst thee now perished and faded

Suhel Akram

# Barren

The barren fields suffering drought,  
bludgeoned in the star's scorching calect,  
abraded by the corpulent head of hammer,  
vis-a-vis mixed acrimony of the farmer.  
Is it its fate for its barren?

"Ye be clement with me."  
"Ye go facile on me."  
"Me might not be among-st Ye."  
Snivels the barren field beseeching,  
laments the field descrying broken fate.  
Is it the fate for its barren?

Listens they not the laments of fields  
convulsed they with laughter on whirled,  
passed they glasses filled on carousal,  
aperied they the laments of the dismal,  
Is this how Ye behave for its barren?

Suhel Akram

## Before It Ends

for my ignorance is what thee see,  
its not always same in me,  
differs my views in time,  
when expectation are at regime,  
it clobber me rule my mentality,  
its when thee never can win the fidelity.  
time will pass thy hand a sway,  
its when thee should not be away.  
regime may end with expectations lowering,  
when there is no hopes from thee showering.  
hold tight to pass thine through me,  
touching my souls and winning over the regime,  
dime the truth in thee mind,  
before it ends over in the time.

Suhel Akram

# Beneath The Weald's Was She

conflagration of senses dancing bee,  
amalgamation of melody touch singing branches pine tree,  
fulgent pattern of sunlight see every when its free,  
ambled me guest of morningtide set liberal my dreams of thee.  
urge despondence laundered fortnight ere,  
set me stir pink pale the walls my life once was vain,  
soaked showers standing alone now dried sponging pain,  
straying now fried ashes flowing current after rain,  
set i off me Elysium fields meet my fair foresee queen,  
in south far down alpine waving beneath weald and greens.  
ran me chariots fly eagles in air cruising,  
trees singing melody song fabric rose showering,  
zephyr bubbled up playing Mary go round enchanting,  
chorus from KEATS love song in air emancipating,  
far down midst the greens eyne catch she waiting.  
words gobbled up mouth open wide the estuary surprise.  
what she be called if she be fairy beauty in guise?  
what she be named when she progenitor of wise?  
is she the apostle of wedded bliss in rise?  
is she the queen HE chosen me the ONE worthy praise?  
questions went bewildering,  
answers flew mind me adumbrating,  
heart mine rested hers fast beating,  
eyne me locked on mermaid she admiring,  
i rested invisible apart myself eshchewing.  
ambled she forth me her feet kissing darling buds,  
eyne her pair KOHINOOR fulgent dreams in shades,  
hairs her silken pine flying three every grades,  
visage her the guise of galaxy of astronomy nomad,  
all on she a constitution of fancy gems unnurtured.  
stand she vis-a-vis me away my lips distant dropp dew,  
spell she charmingly lips her curved language new,  
words her spoke smile auri mine called my lew.  
senses of amour smelt me her cheek blushing grew,  
a curve of smile longed my lips fortnight she drew.  
fulgent pattern of sunlight went golden,  
shadows our went long a mile driven,  
kept we moving on hand in hand forth the cavern,  
promises she made never alone me country weeds forsaken.



Suhel Akram

# Catastrophic End

catastrophic story being told,  
listened he straight ears on stand  
his surprise takes the story rewind,  
acting speculum to his life burnt to ash  
characters contrasting shelving pound of flesh,  
paragraph read out in loud,  
listeners eyes meshy in the crowd,  
heart of a critter amongst blow out,  
phantasm of his past doth haunt,  
despondence doth abound  
like shadow across shattered in ground.  
reading out the reader the last,  
makes him lament  
its where his life is cimmerician,  
when blood bid him good bye,  
hands holding him abandoned  
eyes admiring him close down,  
lips kissed him kissing someone else,  
arms he rested in were,  
holding now beefcake outlandish,  
hearts he holds place,  
now has anathema for him.  
its here comes the reader  
to the catastrophic end,  
when amour of his dreams left,  
happiness departed in speed of light,  
anguish blanketed eternally,  
left him in forever in land lonely.  
its the catastrophic end  
of a critter in this land.

Suhel Akram

# Clot

Abject clot of blood dropped from crest,  
sponged wet down in plethora of least,  
line ends up with zilch in laundered twist,  
not for it a ocular except the cenotaph desolate,  
left it was emanated to be sponged to obsolete,  
years of minutes washed marks of clot desperate.

Innated he from clot sponged in betrayal,  
perfections he blemished in every amble,  
amaranth of bliss he painted in black marble,  
canopy of indigo he clouded dark with wrath,  
spared no femurs walked in his malefic nest,  
cursed every them with his touch cimmerician.

Ailed he even she his bright star,  
stepped her he in catacomb of fear,  
hurt her he in second every near,  
spared he not the angel of benevolence,  
cursed her too with tears of despondence,  
crossed he cross-lines of atrocious fence.

Suhel Akram

# Confusion

The tiring sun is out again,  
With a bundle of pains in chain.  
Starting a new unending life with,  
Blind hopes and dark nights and deep breath,  
cutting down the roots of happiness,  
With a confused lotter and state in guess,

The wound doth try to dry in vain,  
Cleaning the muddy skin in deep rain,  
Heading out to beep in the crowd,  
With a cry and shivered throat in loud,  
But no guts left for shout,  
And clear-out the confusion for about.

A dead soul left to lottery in,  
And make a wait till it goes shrink,  
And captive thought to rest down,  
In the massive and crowdie lawn,  
Yet there stays no rays icy,  
To cool up and dread the confused.

Only left a street drowned in,  
The water of drains and shivering,  
And the confused to walk through,  
To find a beast to eat him up  
And clear the drained confusion,  
And let others enjoy the season

Suhel Akram

# Disappearing

did you notice me,  
i am confused and pale,  
i am dark red in pain  
what is the mistake i have committed  
why is you left me?  
why are no dreams left to me

watch the streets go naked  
there is no one around,  
and the drakness prevailing sound,  
no one there to hear me  
not even heaven watching over me,

cause i am waiting for a moment,  
i am wishing for the dawn never come,  
to just disapper,  
out of the life,  
in the dark  
and never return back.

time passing by,  
but i keep on hearing,  
your voice in my head,  
telling me who to be,  
but you never believed in me.  
you never thought,  
i deserve the love,  
you hold in your heart

why did i never see this day?  
coming to me in darks  
its now you never want me  
now that you have left  
i disappear to no where..

Suhel Akram

# Dream

Gift of AURORA dewy never ere espied rare,  
off lethargic screening moist silk sold never,  
stretching languid femurs tree perpendicular,  
beeline groping balls the wood of sculpture,  
dress the twins pieces of spherical old curvature,  
let they be guests at my sojourn to thou and nature.

out slipped twin bare skin end winnowing marvel,  
head sheltered the hive of blanketed indigo ethereal,  
auris longed dare catch up enchanting melody travel,  
eyne relishing enamel OMNIPOTENT waxed real,  
cheek copulating zephyr labium wet and aromatic nostrils,  
flesh pound resting left shivering fever of eventide unravel.

images thou in eyne my dreams embellished samite,  
clambered me athwart the crack of dawn aforementioned dreams bright,  
if gift of AURORA same panorama was in dream preceding night,  
knock questions thou intrinsic mine procrastinate millennial wait,  
perturbed empathy cupped in still me clambering sanguine of light,  
will thou be expecting me duel thou melancholies enthroning delight.

weaponed forth me on femurs ready vis-a-vis thou melancholies,  
loitered me crossing woods thou land looking thee every faces,  
wet me in tears of of nature lamenting thou yardbird of rivalries,  
applauded they me in carpets of welcome combat thou enemies,  
gave them me sanguine words lining in bonds of affirmed promises,  
me here the knight in guise to liberate thee thou melancholies.

breaking in thou melancholy kingdom,  
open my blade against rancor for thou freedom,  
went my blows hurting enemies in continuum,  
burnt them down to ashes in their day of doom,  
painted red the kingdom bloods flowing in vanishing river,  
freedom of thou from thine melancholies is here.

honored me free thee from thou melancholies,  
sharp went clock alarming me my auris,  
oh! my eyne open see me was in sleep yet to arise,  
oh! what was i dreaming? what can turn that real?

its the dream i longed after betrayal.  
OH DREAM! WHY DOTH THEE CANT BE REAL?

Suhel Akram

# Evening In T.D.C

stepping down the chariot whistling  
rasped by ratchet of wheels rushing,  
air in through the confers,  
liberate equine species  
drawing lines across forest shrew,  
filling belly crushing teeth on buds new.  
carrying weights on femur,  
across the anhydrous river,  
see a evening painted lent,  
midst the dark continent.  
eyes dancing, lips ranched singing,  
neither words nor notes, strings nor beats  
explain the evening, sun mastering  
colors kaleidoscopic, lines mining final greet,  
bid way the dusk weeping happiness melancholic,  
all its a ambrosial evening playing romance,  
moves electrifying nerves of nature,  
front the bare eyes of loitering critter,  
oh he amused screening enigma played,  
uprooted from thou skaddle traded,  
enchantment doth blanketed the blues  
of life deserted by thou lies true.  
oh he blessed be showered here the tent  
the evening in the dark continent.

Suhel Akram



# Fate Of No Understanding

over the years set ashore the western azure,  
ambled steps laundered marks of cimmerian fever,  
screech aired echoed shot down the river,  
still left with fate of no understanding.

mountains of trust crawled in ecstasy,  
berg of certitude ran down the estuary,  
clouds of acumen showered rains of expectancy,  
still left with fate of no understanding.

swayed pendulum of verisimilitude,  
laundered lies in backyard of blue tide,  
canopied desert with oasis of breather wide,  
still left with fate of no understanding.

what speaks thee to winter of pain?  
what ambles thee to clouds of no rain?  
Is thy worries climbing indigo alpine?  
Is thy dreams leaving thee in chagrin?

waiting thee portion me thy melancholy,  
appendage ready to hold thee in exigency  
winds played to blow thy clouds of agony,  
carpets laid to armor thy feet from misery.

wait is still for fate of no understanding,  
not thy melancholics portioned,  
not thee hold in exigency,  
not the clouds blown off,  
nor thee walked the carpets.  
Why is still the wait on?  
Is it for the fate of no understanding?

Suhel Akram

# Fear

Ended the lane just at an eve,  
To an entrance dark, lone and deep,  
The lights doth turned down,  
Paths crazy just go round,  
Puzzled a picture steep in mind,  
With a questionnaire to lead bound,

The eyes staring at the fear,  
Head top on the wind blow,  
From every flying flaps of the dears,  
Listening a past story with tears,  
Forwarding to a path with thorns clear.

Darkness do maintained its lights,  
Bats flew out to slap down tight,  
With black and horny wings light,  
Below the chic to turn chilly red,  
And leave sweat drops on forehead.

Hopes left out at the door eve,  
Rubbed down the luck on HE,  
Help called out in every heart beats,  
Waited long with hungry eyes,  
For a response from any sighs,

Still all way run down deep,  
To a hell grave just to weep,  
In a cave never to end,  
With fears till the end.

Suhel Akram

# Forgotten

A week passed  
With lights fading away,  
Day by day.  
The sun growing dark,  
And moon thou covered,  
Cupped I in dump  
And no rescue hands.  
Why it's happening?  
Is that I am dead  
Or the world's changed.  
No eyes to stare me,  
And no laps to care,  
Why can't I find myself?  
Am I lost?  
deep in a cave  
With no end and eve  
Where is everyone?  
Is it I am washed,  
From all hearts  
Is it I am far?  
Distant apart  
For no sights of me  
And no shadows  
To you all  
Is it I am wrong?  
Is it I am no more lucky?  
For the stars are away  
Ohhh! ! How could I be  
So stupid in judging me  
It's not light fading  
Nor the sun dark  
And the moon covered  
It's I am  
It's all happening  
For I am lost and forgotten ....

Suhel Akram

# Golden Age

Epoch of story tellers passed by,  
augurs do rest in their graves,  
clock doth curse in passing,  
the stone age and iron age behind,

where is this place we are,  
is this the golden age,  
predicted by the augurs,  
the epoch in the stories of the tellers,

how can this epoch cognominate gold,  
where prevails no mercy,  
in the heart of the critters,  
for those who stray like the litter.  
where the streets permeated with  
faces no smiles lit in them,  
no hearts beating for the peace,  
no eyes looking at the pains  
of those down-and-out,  
no ears listening to the screams  
of critters crying in remorse,  
no hands coming forth to embrace  
those shivering in isolation.

no its not the golden age,  
which even the god is remorseful of,  
where the rivers flow with  
current of pain, misery and screams,  
and oceans filled deep with,  
waves of greed, disbelief and melancholy dreams.  
board daylight filled with darkness,  
air filled with shades of awry witches.

is it what a epoch of gold say,  
where justice is spells of riches,  
beating is for those versus.  
denial and betrayal is fundamental rights,  
afflict with the poor is fundamental duty.

wake those story tellers,  
wake those augurs up from grave,  
ask them to roam around,  
is it the golden age?  
is it the epoch entitle gold?

Suhel Akram

# Good Bye

Hurted by my own mistake  
Full of wound all over the chambers of heart,  
I find myself all deserted,  
in a prison of wall and roofs,  
nothing left for me as a piece of hope,  
not even the God hearing me.

waiting for you to hear me out,  
talking with the walls all about,  
waitng for a response to come,  
and give me a lap of sound peace,  
take me away from these dirts,  
cover me up with a blanket,  
Of shelter, happiness and trust.

Nothing even the walls staring at me,  
only thirst that pounding me,  
what has happened,  
why did i do this to you,  
and now i cant see you,  
even trying to stare at me,  
not even trying to feel the love,  
for you i have in me,

With pains more increasing on,  
like a fire spread over the forest,  
I just lay here for the last time,  
in this earth breathing,  
the fresh notes of air,  
enough is the pains,  
enough is the wait,  
i know i will never,  
get you back again,  
nor will ever wash me,  
off the pains and wounds.  
so now i am going to,  
say goodbye to you all,  
for its that will make,  
you all happy and smiling,

its now you never want me anymore,  
so now i never deserve to,  
live a single moment,  
breath a single more time,  
now its time i quit up,  
my life and my pains,  
with few drops of poison,  
thats what only left with me.  
thats what will free me,  
off the pains and wound,  
and will free you,  
off me, the boring stud for good.

Suhel Akram

# In Love Of Thee

insufflating; yet  
the body dead  
heart pounced, blood drunk  
spilled in glasses of homecoming demons  
flesh shred by  
vulture off its flight  
plating dinner of scavengers.  
rearing demons of darkness with  
kings of flight,  
sharing table glasses,  
spilled blood, beaks  
snatching flesh off anthropoid  
alive insufflating.  
why no pains still?  
why no screams still?  
how can he be?  
how he be enduring?  
not the poet finished  
come him there his bewilderment  
ending in antiphona from  
skull with flesh liquefy  
bones visible and flesh pound,  
guarded by ribs missing;  
singing he melancholic tune,  
lyrics unraveling forlorn,  
passed he days  
saturdays to fridays  
love &quot;dame sans merci&quot;  
castigated he &quot;dans la douleur&quot;  
antiphonated he the turns  
happiness shivered death,  
smiles paled to snivel,  
dreams in eyes washed down  
tears filling ocean of grief,  
hopes fainted darkness,  
even HE WHO IN HOLY BOOKS,  
let rain show he wept,  
at pain HE let him through,  
submitten him in her hands.



as ends the songs,  
passes tear poets eye  
know he now why?  
why is he be enduring?

writes the poet in  
tongue he been  
"amour est devine.  
Lorsque l'amant est devine.  
l'amour est la douleur.  
la douleur que n'importe quoi peut vous donner.  
Quand l'amour est thee."

Suhel Akram

# It Is Ok

It is ok,  
if you no more  
is interested in me,  
no more you wanna,  
feel the warmth of me  
in the chilling cold outdoor,  
no more you wanna,  
share you with me.  
no more you need,  
a shelter in me.

It is ok,  
if you are in love,  
with whom who deserves,  
you more than me,  
baby i am ok with,  
you holding his hand,  
and walking out from me with him,  
never feel that i am hurt,  
with you kissing him across,  
the roadside in the crowd,  
with me watching at you,  
baby i will never cry,  
rather will wave you bye  
with a smiling face,  
hiding my tears in my heart.  
even when you look back at me,  
you will not ever notice,  
the tears rolling down my cheeks,  
except a big grin on my face.  
its okay baby  
when he leaves you and,  
you come back again to me,  
i will still be here,  
waiting for you at my doors,  
with open arms to hold you,  
because I LOVE YOU.



# It's All Over

I find the walls around me crumble  
yet I am not here to build it up.  
the roofs of the cell shower on me,  
still I stand erect and keep on it,  
the flies do share a bite at my wounds,  
even enough for families to invite,  
goes on the desk with a stumble  
towards the hell burning in flame,  
me packed with as a parcel  
for its long to bear the hurts  
then to get flamed with the coals,  
still I have a thought over you  
and say you good bye  
as it's all over.

no more can you find me stringing you  
no more can you dare to tackle me  
with the blames of assertiveness  
and the flames of cool ice following  
through the glacier out in ganges  
only left are my ashes scrambled in thee  
for it's you to know now  
all is over in us.  
neither mine is yours  
nor you be mine in scandal.

Suhel Akram

# Light Of Love

In the pleasure of dreams,  
I owe you my destiny.  
In the way of life,  
I owe you my ambitions.  
In the plain of Success,  
I owe you for it.  
In the flights of Failue,  
I owe myself for missing you.  
In the times of good,  
I owe you for being with me.  
In the days of sorrows,  
I again owe myself for being alone.  
In the heart of nights,  
I owe you my sleeps.  
In the morning breeze,  
I feel you in my cheeks,  
Touching my heart softly.  
In the light of days,  
I submit you my done.  
In the golden rays,  
Of the setting sun,  
I send my prayers for you.  
In the breaking of twinkling satrs,  
I ask you and only you with me,  
All through the journey of breathes.  
And in all my breathes,  
I have you and your pleasure  
for its the light of your love,  
I see my sight through it.....

Suhel Akram

# Maiden Painting

achromatic leaf tarry-folded,  
awaits pen silky melanoid  
brush sheep-wool feathered  
touch creative kissing forehead.  
artistry doth reaching extent  
overtake heights at almighty-tent.  
rang the bell heih church,  
erect as cynosure straight  
embraces eyes in leaf await,  
coffee cup again in its fate  
long wait down the cupboard,  
reserves waxer cross in hand,  
leaf tarry-folds went kaleidoscopic  
nor seconds pass fractonic  
is hands plays HUSSAINIC  
eyes doth neither blink  
even eve bare-skinned wink,  
attentions following brush  
movement spelling first crush,  
face of thee carved in leaf,  
smiles thee painted grief,  
black retina brushed blue,  
and lips thee playing clue,  
cilium wet spreads steep ardor,  
maiden painting is in cover,  
shades curves blood sign,  
leaf doth shares pale skin,  
artistic lines cross emotion,  
here it comes finishing touch,  
weeping bloodshed tears screaming ache,  
tribute paid staying the night at palm  
paying final brush red with warm  
fresh blood shed the pounced chest,  
oh here is the maiden painting  
the allegory of thou love still carving.

Suhel Akram

# Midnight

The lane lay clean,  
With not even a dumped grain.  
The dogs away in the huts,  
With sloping tails and mouth shut.  
The squirrels in a rush,  
Through the forest and the green brush,  
The stars in the sky glitters,  
To share a glimpse of beauty to the nature,  
The moon screaming its best light,  
Deem and bright,  
Reaching the beds through the grills,  
Touching the soft baby's sight.  
Reaching the gentle little buds,  
Through the shrubs and beads,  
Greeting the earth in rise,  
Never which she can touch even in guise.  
The owls away in the darkness to hunt,  
Hanging out with the bats in the mounts,  
The little mice busy in work,  
Dreaming to empty the farmer's granary in the dark,  
And the dead souls resting in peace,  
Taking fresh air through the breeze,  
Sitting aback at their graves,  
With goofy hairs and bushy shaves.  
All it's a sight of a mid-night,  
When even the creator is sleeping tight.

Suhel Akram

# Murderer

thou murderer of felicity,  
pay thy taxes of iniquity,  
wash thy hands gore  
with hemoglobin of soul intentions pure.

thine augury of exempt,  
wont you get from my wraith  
haunting you in your nights,  
waking thou in thy dream  
reading thee every time,  
the story of thy murder.

Suhel Akram



# Pain

Riding athwart alpine of aversion,  
traverse the woods of confusion,  
I ambled meandering to step,  
in acreage mine oculars set grap,  
mundane to me even at past,  
athwart apocryphal ecstasy rust,  
I step in the coulee of pain,  
hermit me, my coeur capitulated,  
no road from here negotiated,  
steep down sliding coulee feet thrust.  
path forth wrapped blanketed upset,  
sodden despondence to shower,  
and an agonize press cover,  
faded is last curve on labium.  
Its here coulee of pain grassed,  
cinders flaming the oven robbed,  
zephyr away in is languid smog,  
its where the regime of pain in tog,  
subjugates hearts and the brain,  
its where the air to insufflate,  
is pensive cimmerician exhaust plate,  
cremating throats and lungs grit.  
for end is the vedic funeral rite,  
cause i am born foundling,  
cause i am hermit in thy ring,  
had pound-flesh born in agony  
had ocular rejects sights melancholy  
visage flattened straw on lament,  
breast shelter seule thee to cavort,  
is that a aberration i am lid with,  
if that me anathema of the filth,  
if that all be true in there,  
its than i deserve be here,  
in coulee of pain for exile.

Suhel Akram

# Passing By

Submerged in pain of betrayal,  
punishment of no mistakes,  
ignored for no reasons,  
left for someone in seasons,  
Hey look at me, its me here.  
sitting in the dark corner,  
down the town in the central park,  
near the dump where nobody walk,  
bleeding all thorough in the wounds,  
half fresh and half old,  
thinking the time i had,  
submitting myself to you,  
why has it to be me?  
who get all the worsts,  
why has it to be me?  
who is left with nothing,  
neither the hopes of the past,  
nor the dreams of the future,  
neither the friends, nor the parents,  
nor the brothers and the sisters,  
neither relatives nor enemies,  
and not even heaven my deem.  
all left with me is,  
flesh washing down bones,  
bones grinding to powdered dust,  
heart burning to ashes,  
and blood drying in veins,  
mind out of the brain,  
brain slipping skulls,  
soul getting extracted by,  
the demons of night,  
going to a place alone,  
far beyond heaven and the hells,  
in a place where nothing exist,  
not even me and nor myself,

Suhel Akram

# Pearl In Oyster

Thee;

conceit complacency of consecration;

Thy;

ardor sense caressing my mind in whisper,  
ambrosial fragrance permeating my gesture,  
lustrous petals of ideation adding simplicity,  
soft recitations exalting my soul's purity.

Thee;

Devout creation of Omnipotent HE;

Thy;

speech accumulates adherence in me,  
counsel anchors me to the performance,  
rectitude conveyances me to prosperity,  
adeptness educates and catechizes me to sanity.

Thee;

Shelled with bracts of empyrean decency;

Thy;

Oculars effulgent nacre for me in cimmerian day,  
effulgence eradicates despondence to bliss gloomy,  
Visage celestial milky way down on earthly fence,  
labium holds fast speech of pristine innocence.

Thee;

the most adored soul to me,  
the only nacre of sanctify to me,  
the singular empyrean wish of me,  
the globe of alpine ecstasy to me.

Thee &quot;THE PEARL IN OYSTER&quot; of me.

Suhel Akram

# Plough

The fields down in the valley,  
Covered with sight just dreamy,  
Referring a story to bed,  
Just before the sleep,  
With grandmother or grand dad,

There is dust on every drop,  
Shed through the sun ball,  
With a shining back and rough skin,  
Plough deep and rubbing on land,  
Is a farmer tall, dark and bent.

Going on hard with shadow short,  
Just down his feet,  
in the mud creamy and stilt,  
Trying out best with hungry pains,  
Yet to turn down the land,  
He is standing on still,  
To clay perfect and fertile.

A soft paste to flow through,  
When out is over the dig,  
And plough blades to rest,  
And he standing out in the corner,  
Looking and smiling at,  
The land ready and ploughed,

Returns home is he happy,  
To make the plough over,  
Ready the grabbles to mud,  
Prepare is the bed for the grains,  
Grow up thick and green,  
Come out golden when in harvest,  
And a nation to be fed on

Suhel Akram

# Presence Of Thee

ambling thee; lands beneath fields of wealds,  
downplaying spells of leshy to in burning woods,  
retching thou melancholies past estuary Gerald,  
footprint land grow blossom across gardens grilled,  
is garland roses and lilac pink await thee thrilled.

appearance thou alike spring in Indian summer,  
dove cruising cimmerician clouds of fear,  
final shower laundering shed agonies of year,  
silk comfort hands wiping blue-eyed tears,  
phrases thy cognate thee apostle of delight in order

visage thy piece of clandestine treasure,  
ocular thy the maiden pair of nacre,  
silken straight thou hairs teller of nature,  
pearl thee awaking eyne from insufflating stature,  
thee stand nurtured precious life in me a KOHINOOR

PRESENCE thee summer playing nim a frosty vesper-tine,  
aubade played violins dulcet in auris thee and mine,  
cavorting are Adam's ale with fulgent sunshine,  
breeze airing accost of enthroning moonshine,  
feathered creature flapping swap-swap in line.

twilight augment floors of cellar peeping  
tree arms adroit art canvas earth flattering,  
chimerical essence of lemon flower enchanting,  
nostrils sodden mythical with fragrance enthralling,  
lashed-blue eyne lay soft thy silky soup dreaming.

comforted thee me in precise heavens awaiting souls,  
thy presence turn life fulgent gold in Toul,  
airy shower thee sodden me in beneath erasing crawls,  
passed me thee flying acorn breeze bending wheat shawl  
is thee thy presence relief me from chorus of prowls.

Suhel Akram

# Punishment

Every time I was there,  
waiting for you,  
trying to make you feel,  
the love i have for you,  
make you notice me,  
searching peace in your eyes,  
feeling pains in your tears,  
and predicting future in ya palms.  
baby you never never  
looked back at me,  
never you noticed me,  
and never you felt me,  
when was i passing you,  
through your body and soul,  
you closed your eyes  
when you saw me,  
and covered ya palms,  
when i saw them,  
wipes ya tears,  
as i was collecting them,  
baby never you did,  
notice me shadow following,  
you every while and then.  
why baby? why?  
you doing this with me,  
why did you walk away?  
when i come closer.  
why you keep ignoring me?  
when i always is noticing you.  
is that a punishment baby,  
i deserve in return,  
falling in love with you,  
is that you baby,  
is never fallen for me.

Suhel Akram

# The Morning I Met You

Early in the spring,  
far down in the valley of green,  
in a morning with soft cover,  
of fog in the valley all over,  
shivering in the cold zephyr,  
crossing the calm chilled river,  
with feet bare soft, and low,  
in the clear water running slow,  
glittering the water drops at the first sunlight,  
reaching across the gaps of trees standing tight,  
playing a soft note of music,  
touching hearts like spells of magic,  
the birdies peeping from the nest,  
from the branches in the corner crest,  
the blanket of thick grass covered with dew,  
across the river with growing buds new,  
entered me in the grove,  
with roses all over in variant color,  
droplets of mist resting in the tiny leaves,  
a sight of blooming like in dreams,  
words creating poetry in praise,  
stranger me passing them in guise,  
eyes traveling from one to other,  
wandering and listening their silent whisper,  
spotted me she from amongst all,  
allure me towards her in standing tall,  
sang she the song never sung,  
danced she the steps never danced,  
told me fairy tale of love,  
i listened to her with hearts above,  
amorousness is the feeling i had,  
its when i met her at head,  
wanted the time stabilize for ever,  
and not let this moment be over.

Suhel Akram

# The Reincarnation

Reincarnation eventuated blemishing the Avant-graded  
scanting theories sculptured cindered punctated,  
codex those savant in Greece left emancipated,  
are shelf in piles of cravat beneath the decade,  
eventuated the reincarnation in the twenties.  
down the plain of greens is the prince archetype,  
colored the valley superstition credulous at hype.  
born he flesh color new and mind still the sane,  
rested once hours back in the day the same plain,  
nor the sheep grazing on valley greens towards,  
nor the sun rose in the east is west sailing,  
the river calm and current lament at grief flowing,  
for he being the prince of prosperity not breathing.  
woke up soul the prince mind earmarked  
neither she forlorn maiden knew him resting,  
her womb and archetype playing her hand rings  
dew points loving every budding tubes meshed  
eyes her once grieved cessation of playing prince,  
now delectation shaded lament at his smile,  
cries his the same as the passed prince,  
hears his cries rumor in air on valley,  
heard every critter and even the nature  
went the current flowing, sheep grazing  
and the sun west sailing in enchantment,  
the rolling edge of mountain blanketed,  
touching bare feet slip down and whispering,  
touch again the birth lap complimenting honor,  
peak bowed thine at maiden shrined.  
she be the first womb reincarnation  
at twenties engendered.

Its not delusion rather truth,  
around a home with sacred birth,  
roses blue lavendish necks with purity,  
walls to put peace round the lights,  
of shepherdess and stains culture,  
and an opening with a waiting note,  
for a new bud to grow beneath,  
hills in the far sight and Shaw,



shower up the life drops in the gaps wide,  
towards a open path in twenties  
carving ample color line in heart,  
on this day of reincarnation of twenties

Suhel Akram

# Thou Epistle

confounded thee left epistle scribbled,  
thou hearts not tremor pushing phrases down  
thy mind heckling color of leaf ashen,  
deserting verve naught of entirety.  
nor thee felt those touches amour  
relinquishing portrait in dark bare skin  
ambrosial pleasure filling thou vein.  
nor thee recall walks those accompanied rain  
words those in thy auri whispered  
grasping thee by thou waist silk covered.

bet thee obliterate those memories wild and sweet,  
for thou epistle reads my auris words bruit,  
neither eyes believe nor the mind conceive  
epistle thine still i read recurrent.  
clouds calamitous doth broaden in blues,  
feet now feeling the lad engulfing in breeze,  
doves sitting flew off for this not anymore  
branch of banyan tree evergreen.  
golden rays emanated in bundles from the sun  
ceased long way down cimmerian cavern.  
entered me thou epistle to a night of never  
with dawn, and crestfallen forever.

may thou epistle to me  
be Christmas at eve for thee.  
may thee be the blooming flower in  
gardenia of HE.  
might have thine trust is not still  
but those trust i covered thou in still not nil.  
thou wish of leaving says thee in thou epistle,  
for me cant do naught but read it still.

Suhel Akram

# We

Tonight is the time,  
Let's climb up the mountain,  
And never peep down  
It's the time,  
Let's wipe the tears  
And let happiness cheer  
Why do they overrule?  
Let's cut them clear  
Why is confusion prevailed?  
Let's make it out  
Why is we are behind?  
Let's be ahead  
We are poor  
But we have strenght  
We can make it  
Better than what you do  
We are backward  
But we have intelligence  
We can compete you  
We are downtrodden  
But we can change yours  
We can make our own  
From nothing to everything  
We can downrule you  
We can shatter you out  
When we are we  
We are always the brave  
We are always the merciful  
We helped you built yours  
And you try us down  
never dream so  
And never can you  
Cause you worth just nothing  
When we are we..

Suhel Akram

# Who Are You?

who are you?  
do i be thy flesh?  
why doth i palpate thee?  
For you hath be omnipotent Jehovah.  
gift me insufflation on ord.  
why doth i treasure trove?  
thy limbs resting sodden oculars mine.  
seek me in thy visage of amenity,  
down thy blanketed edges of curvy.  
why do thee bless?  
aurora mine with fulgent rays of hopes.  
start my days in the Elysium Fields.  
why doth i dream me in nights.  
and thy zephyr caress me my sleeps.  
why i feel thee with me  
ambling my down-streets mind?  
is there an epoch thine in me?  
is thine pound-flesh all to me?  
is thee my savior from melancholies  
is thee my shoulder forth at ease  
to launder me my laments?  
is thee a progenitor fly me worth  
away the clouds of cryings shrews  
is thee my MOTHER?  
if its THEE really THE.  
i still don't know who are you?

Suhel Akram

# Why Cant We Be Together Again?

why should it happen?  
why is the road to love,  
bring us to an end?  
cant we keep on,  
reconstructing the road,  
and stay on walking together,  
holding hands in hands,  
locking the eyes to eyes,  
and making the hearts,  
beat as one and only one.  
cant we just forget this day,  
and erase it from,  
the calender of love in our life.  
i know it is possible,  
for us to continue together,  
we can build the strongest bond,  
between us that never end,  
we can make ours life,  
for we and only we,  
i know we can make,  
this life together and,  
never wait for next life to come.  
i know we can,  
never let anything apart us,  
not even in the hardest of,  
our times when we are,  
arguing and arguing,  
misunderstanding and misunderstanding,  
misguided and misguided,  
i know our love is strong,  
enough to wipe away,  
all sways and heaps,  
of hurts and wounds,  
why cant we then be together again?

Suhel Akram

# Why I?

why is it always?  
when i walk out in day  
the sun starts burning,  
to melt up the crust,  
shades go invisible,  
playing hide and seek,  
the zephyr gets stilt,  
no single touch of love,  
why is it always?  
when i walk out in night,  
the sky stars roaring,  
lightning blazes fear,  
thunderstorm covers twilight  
clouds broke down perishing,  
clearing roofs and shelter,  
why is all worst with me,  
is i a big moron,  
never deserve being live,  
is i am a subject,  
stumble at no fixed point,  
why do you be unfair,  
when you the just king,  
is never unjust with foe even.

Suhel Akram