

Poetry Series

Syed Anwar Hussain
- poems -

Publication Date:

2021

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Syed Anwar Hussain()

Tranquil Ta'if

Shiny morning,
Leaves glitter and giggle,
Sun kissed hills.
Grassy stretched, declining ground.

I perceived I was alive,
But Then, I beg to believe on contrary,
To relish this serenity.
Till the endless eternity.

I lay recline in bliss, unshackled.
Amidst the brightest of colors.
Greenest of Greens,
Bluest of Blues,

To know,
That eyes don't seek,
And hearts don't desire,
Is itself liberating.

I yearn to be overlooked,
I crave to be ignored.
Let none resuscitate,
I desire to be half-dead.

Syed Anwar Hussain

Wandering Thoughts

Wandering thoughts,
through the fabric of time.
Floating in ocean of emotions,
drifting with currents of memories

Not in structure,
not in sequence.
Some brought tears,
some gave smiles,

A lad for a second,
a teen in a next.
From what have I become,
to what I was afore.

Souls appeared,
souls departed.
Some offered love,
a few left lessons.

Clouds and thunders,
and there was sunshine too.
Demons and devils,
and there were angels too.

Seasons were diverse,
troubles, plights and stress.
Rejoice followed and laughter behind,
True - diverse like rainbow shades.

Guiding light of God,
was my rescue and return.
Whether, deep seas,
or high hills.

But I crave to drown again,
Smothering in memories.
Piling up even the last,
Becoming burden of my past.

Voice From Beyond

No light, not a clamor,
I lay dead without a glamour.
No servants, no slave,
I lay concealed inside my grave.

No son, mother, or daughter,
All have left me to be a loner.
Soil around began to embrace,
Starting to love, cuddle and caress.

All my relics were snatched,
Those, I admired and watched.
Gone were my chariots and ride,
Now, I could not run, nor hide.

My arrogance, anger and vanity,
Betrayed and left, robbing my sanity.
None obeyed my command,
Eyes and limbs all were banned.

Sat before, were the heavenly beings,
Ready to account all my doings.
The day of retribution, day of reckon,
The time has come so let it begin.

Syed Anwar Hussain

Endless Winter

These are lengthy winter nights,
Scarce were hopes and day lights.
Breeze is cold and heavy,
Moods blue; thoughts gloomy.

Mild drizzle brought forth dampness,
Strong memories sent forth distress.
Tears of leaves, drip as dew,
Many were sour, sweet were few.

Frozen flower, rupture with a touch,
Wounded hearts, shattered with a nudge.
Lifeless petals, fall over,
Wrecked hearts stepped over.

Flowers and hearts are fallen.
One was weightless, other was swollen,
One may bloom, the other may never.
Mist pushed one to ground, sorrow buried the other.

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Silence Needs To Be Broken

Silence needs to be broken,
Rigid heart needs to be shaken.
When thinking ceases to reason,
When memories become baggage of burden.
Silence needs to be broken.

Silence needs to be broken,
When hearts killed in open.
When branded with betrayal and treason,
When tears dry and eyes sunken,
Silence needs to be broken.

Silence needs to be broken,
When bruised, battered and beaten.
When left for dead and belongings taken,
When hopes deserted and promises forsaken,
Silence needs to be broken.

Silence needs to be broken,
When the trusted disown realization,
When mutual love becomes an obligation,
When your words are no longer golden,
Silence needs to be broken.

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Colors Of Tears

Trickles from a parent's eye,
Thru moment of bliss and Joy.
Beyond all worldly worth,
Whilst an infant's birth.

Trickles from loved one's eye,
When a beloved flees to die.
To the abode of no return,
To almighty's embrace in heaven.

Trickles from a lover's eye,
Having been gifted with deceit and lie.□
Amidst broken promises and shattered trust,
Reducing love to mockery, ridicule and lust.

Trickles down even without a reason,
Could be a success, could be a treason.
During happiness and during jitters,
There are many colors of Tears.

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Realization

What a fool am I?
Being lost in my self-boasting lie
Not perceiving your searching eye.
Never grasping your tiring sigh,

What a fool am I?
Being so vicious and deny.
Not seeing your perpetual cry,
Ignoring your screaming heigh

What a fool am I?
Stepping over your heart, ignoring your pry.
You limped for me, when you could fly,
Leaving good life behind and choosing this plight.

What a fool am I?
Laughing out and letting you die.
You let yourself low to put me high
You buried yourself so I could fly.

What a fool am I?
Looking towards the stars and sky.
You came to my car, without a why,
And prayed for safety from evil eye.

What a fool am I?
Full of falsity, full of lie.
You had monsters to defy.
Forcing you to concede and fall in shy.

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Twinkle Twinkle Broken Stars.

A limping child or a visionless infant,
An insane toddler or mute neonate.
Heaviness in heart and tears in eyes,
I witness them struggle, against odds and lies.
Long dead humanity blossoms from grave I see
My pride, arrogance, conceit ditch me and flee.

A limping child or a visionless infant,
An insane toddler or mute neonate.
What was their blunder to have born this way?
It is brutal to see a flower broken and lay.
I fail to arrive at answers, reasoning being lame
Asking myself - What really was their blame?

A limping child or a visionless infant,
An insane toddler or mute neonate.
Oh, lord I turn to thee for final comfort,
Having lost all my courage and consent.
Thy mercy engulfs the entire universe,
Thy reason is beyond finest human discourse.

A limping child or a visionless infant,
An insane toddler or mute neonate.
Guard them my Lord, from merciless mortals,
From their venomous devices and heartless denials.
Give me strength to endure the sight of severity,
To take heed from them and die with humility.

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The Rain And A Wheelchair

Through my window frame,
I see a ballet of a graceful dame.
Dwindling down from higher sky,
She sang with a tinkling neigh.

On a gloomy eve and blue young night.
Is it an elegant fall? Or a gentle flight?
Teasing the leaves, causing them giggle
In a charming order, crafting a muddle.

All the leaves were damp.
Their stems were drowning, as if on a swamp.
Water drops dripping down,
Causing tiny waves and eerie groan.

With a killer's might, I was tempted,
To open the frame, allowing me to be hunted.
To be slayed by the chilly gust,
To be consumed by the misty scent.

A sudden thunder with flash,
Whipped the calm with lash.
For a spec of time, the night was lit,
Was it the Sun? Made to raise and set?

I desire to drench in entirety,
To soak my face, to stand doughty.
I desire to dance in wet,
To fly high, to touch murky mist.

But still I sat flat like a boulder,
Pondering, what halts me from enjoying the splendor?
A sudden awareness broke all my guessing,
It was my wheelchair screaming "your limbs are missing";.

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Sinner's Note

I sinned, I have transgressed.
I allowed my soul to be harassed.
I have tortured it, tormented it,
I have let its throat to be slit.

Spells of my sins were countless,
Submerged in the sea of crudeness.
Heart turned dark and hard as stone,
Cruelty colored my blood, body and bone.

Still the Almighty showered his mercy upon me,
No matter how enormous the sins can be.
I have flouted yet again,
Savored my soul to be Satan's slain.

And yet I seek thy forgiveness,
I seek thy love and benevolence.
Save me from thy wrath and ire,
From thy severity and eternal fire.

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12 Years Of Wedlock

We sat on a solitary beach chair,
Three of us, silence, me and her.
We were not strangers, neither combine,
Somewhere between was a moral line.

And she spoke, "I heard u say, all about you"
She sounded low and face was blue.
"I want a life of joy, as a child which I never had,
Abundant with delight, bliss and never be sad";

I sat as a sculpture, heeding intently,
Anticipating renunciation eventually.
She continued like a sword,
Drifting away with every word.

"I can see it's a struggle for you" she said.
"Fate withheld your fortune, which is long overdue",
It sounded like I have lost her forever,
But then she said "I'm with you, for fortune may leave I may never";

"You are deprived of fortune, but not of faith,
I will walk every step with you, till our death"
That was my wife, afore wedding...
After 12 years, she laughs now and says "what was I thinking";

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A Martyr

Dark circles beneath her eyes. Losing control to constant cries.
She sat as a sculpture, deep in her thoughts like a sedated creature,
Seemed to have lost all her energy, what's left was a pitiable effigy.
Heedless to what she wore, oblivious to the apparent sore.

She must be noon at age, though appeared to be an elderly sage.
Hair was littered with grey, may be the result of a merciless fray.
Eyes were dry, plainly exhausted and weak to cry,
Beaten and rotten, left to be forgotten.

What took her to this veneer; lay manifest and clear.
It was her scrawny child - deteriorated and dried.
The boy was thin - adorned with fleshless skin,
Neither fur nor hair, what I saw was a frightening flair.

The lad lay mum, it looked serene - like just after a storm,
He awaited his call, to hinder his fated fall.
The Nurse announced his name and set my spirits aflame,
His valiance stunned the brave; as he walked with CANCER near his grave.

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