

Poetry Series

Umarr Amin
- poems -



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Umarr Amin()

From Ganderbal, Kashmir



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Ghazal 5- Tell Me

Isn't there bolo agility in thought and word, tell me
Is one safe under their ferd? tell me

I confided my confidante to recount my impasse to my beloved
Is it yen to scowl after what He heard? tell me

He has his flights with the falcons
How will he sit with an apteral bird? tell me

The legion of emotions is asunder, prowling hither and tither
When will they know the weal is in the herd? tell me

'Umar' Were you here to count the pebbles of carnal life?
Which potion, your vision blurred? tell me
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Ghazal 4-See

The chiselled eye cut my throat I bleed, see
Some old shards my eyes still feed, see

In doom, eyes stop to dream
and Ears don't bother to heed, see

How will blossoms blush in the yard?
It is winter and the soil rotted seed, see

The clouds of dismay holding glaring dew
Trickle to wake me up from snobbery weed, see

I a paltry speck of dust lost my caravan
Strewed I am like the rosary bead, see

Fair is hushed up in the eternal sleep
And far and wide punnic faiths lead, see

Like Noah's ark, we fight against the storm
Nothing will set us ashore reads the creed, see

Neither the lot nor the youth has kept up
And soul now rains wrath on the deed, see

Woozed in the wine of pride everyone in this city is
'Aerify it from their soul' the old beavers plead, see
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Ghazal 3- For You

Every slipped sigh may a hymn be for You
And formless words flow like the sea for You

Through rough billows like a fordid gravel
I Stint in this pelagic world but from temporal shore I lee for You

The snares of evil have enmeshed me in their bosom
Make me the self-effacing cinch to flee for You

You forged me in the best of punim and soma
Why should it then be hard to vacate self so ree, for You?

Tangled I am in, me, my, I mine, myself
Let there reside no longer 'I' in me for You.

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Ghazal 2- you And I

You and I are ordained to meet again
On the waters of Dal, loll our feet again

We shall toss Pebbles on the pristine waters
Watch ripples, like olden days to leet again

The heart shrunk under vicious brumal frosts
With their wailing glints, eyes will liquefy sleet again

My mind is a globetrotter, a nomad of infinite
In search of inner, it shall not effete again

Philomels hovering over the cotton-mouthed garden
Are piping encomiums for the wilted keeper, to beet again

Herald of peace disseminate this clarion call
'Smoke of dissent is gone, our hecatomb eclipsed their feat again'

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Ghazal- 1

vision

Vision has gone, cecity new sight'll be
Bruit is, nightless now night will be

Speech is a myth, a Sisyphean tale
Choke breath, for silence now rite will be

Seeds of my hellebore procreate nought
Perchance- barren now Tulip's Aphrodite will be

Synagogue here now smell of taverns
Surely proselyte hearts, heathen with site will be

Blow the clarion, announce this call
'Siege is on, this country now in fright will be'

The Messiah is trembling, he a haggard now
antichrist- saviour, in the cloak of Wight will be

The Surfs in the reliquary of my breast
Weave a poem and metaphors my sole alwite will be

'Umar' the long-living one, they call you
In the plagued city, short Thy plight will be
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Kun Faya Kun

Unravel my bleeding bark
Layer by layer
Till you reach what is fair
Engrave there with my tears
Qun faya Kun to rouse what sears

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Death Of The Poem

Syllables riveted
For the edifice of the poem
On the tumulus plinth
Of imagination,
metaphors bricked one by one
To shape its effulgent facade,
Emotions woven in
fabric of imagination
To frame the Casements,
Experiences drawn from nature's
Infinite plays
to build its roof.
Tranquillity
Form
And the array
Holy Trinity
In serendipity
Blooming in its patio,
Irises of rhymes
Dancing their heads
To the breeze
In domer,
And oscine of rhythm
Serenading
On its sill
All Let loose
And Syllable by syllable
Like a ruined ziggurat
Poem fall apart
smiting chest
spitting dust
Wailing
on the 'death of the author'
Whose devices were
inconstant strife
With the thought
And robbed edifice of its life
Now The sighs of the things lisp
'redeemer'

perchance a reader they seek.

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