

Poetry Series

Shaykh Zulqarnain - poems -



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Shaykh Zulqarnain()

My name is Zulqarnain Ahmad Sheikh, and I am dedicated to crafting exceptional poetry. Despite not having a formal education in English literature, I have a deep passion for the art form and am committed to perfecting my craft. Through my writing, I strive to convey the beauty and complexity of the human experience, exploring themes such as love, loss, and the passage of time. With each poem, I aim to evoke powerful emotions and create a connection with my readers. While I may not have a traditional background in literature, my love of poetry drives me to continue learning and improving my skills as a writer.

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A Timeless Symphony Of Love

In the symphony where ardor takes its flight,
Our love, a beacon in the velvet night.

Heartbeats echo in a tender rhyme,
As souls entwine, transcending time.

Through the tapestry of desire, we weave,
A symphony of love, in which we believe.

Devotion's flame, an eternal fire,
Ignites the soul with a fierce desire.

Tenderness blooms in each whispered word,
Like a melody of love, sweetly heard.

In the garden of affection, emotions bloom,
A fragrant paradise, dispelling all gloom.

Adoration, a gentle breeze that caresses,
Binding us in joy, freeing us from stresses.

Passion's dance, a cosmic ballet,
In the universe of love, we find our way.

Serenaded by the stars, we take flight,
Guided by the moon, our eternal light.

Our love story, an epic in the night,
A celestial masterpiece, pure and bright.

So let our hearts forever entwine,
In this grand tapestry of love divine.

Shaykh Zulqarnain

The Chainsmokers

Amidst the city's vibrant glow, where dreams collide,
A symphony of souls, on this thrilling ride.
The night ablaze with electric energy,
We chase our passions, in perfect harmony.

Through the misty haze, we find our sweet release,
Enveloped in music, our worries find peace.
The bassline throbs, like a heartbeat's call,
Guiding us through the night, standing tall.

In this urban jungle, where love's a game,
We dance with strangers, hearts set aflame.
Yet beneath the surface, a yearning resides,
For a love that's true, where our souls coincide.

We sway to the rhythm, bodies intertwined,
Seeking solace in melodies, our spirits aligned.
Amidst the chaos, a glimmer of hope appears,
A connection that transcends, erasing all fears.

So let the Chainsmokers' beats ignite the fire,
As we navigate a world fueled by desire.
Within each lyric, a story unfolds, enchanting and bold,
Of love's triumphs, losses, and tales yet untold.

So dance with me, beneath the moonlit sky,
Let the music guide us, as time swiftly flies.
For in this moment, we break free from the chains,
Embracing the beat, where our spirit remains.

Shaykh Zulqarnain

Harmony Of Hearts

In the still of twilight's grace,
The moon casts its tender embrace,
We soar like birds, unbound and free,
In this vast night, just you and me.

Through the quiet moments of the night,
We find solace in each other's sight,
In solitude, we'll never truly be,
For together, we're one, you and me.

When the world feels cold and gray,
In your arms, I'll always stay,
For in your love, I've found the key,
To a life of warmth and unity.

As stars above, we'll brightly shine,
Our love's a symphony, divine,
Guiding each other with pure energy,
In perfect harmony, for all eternity.

So, through the storms and turbulent sea,
In your love, I've found my decree,
Forever, in this world, we're meant to be,
In unity, you and me, endlessly.

Shaykh Zulqarnain

Melodies Of Love: A Symphony For My Heart.

In the realm of emotions, where feelings reside,
A love story unfolds, with passion as our guide.
For the girl who has captured my heart's embrace,
I yearn to express my love, with sincerity and grace.

In the gentle whispers of a soft piano's touch,
I find solace in the tenderness that means so much.
Each note played reflects the depth of my affection,
Conveying the truth of my heartfelt connection.

As the strings join in, their harmonies entwine,
They echo the longing that fills this heart of mine.
Their melodies dance, like a gentle breeze's caress,
Expressing the yearning that I can't suppress.

The brass section enters, bold and strong,
Symbolizing the courage to admit when I'm wrong.
With each triumphant note, I declare my love's decree,
A declaration carried on the wings of a free.

The woodwinds join in, their melodies light,
Representing the joy she brings into sight.
Their playful tunes dance, like laughter in the air,
Expressing the happiness we both now share.

And as the percussion sets the rhythm's pace,
It echoes the heartbeat, the steady embrace.
A rhythmic cadence, symbolizing our unity,
A love that's boundless, an eternal serenity.

Together, this symphony weaves a tale so true,
Of a love that's real, and forever will renew.
With each note and melody, I express,
The depth of my love, my heart's true address.

So, let this symphonic poem be my voice,
To tell her of my love, to make the choice.
For in this composition, my emotions unfurl,
A testament of love, for my precious girl.

Shaykh Zulqarnain

The Quantum Symphony Of Consciousness

In the vast expanse where duality thrives,
Where entities in the universe derive,
A tapestry of existence, both seen and unseen,
A dance of probabilities, a cosmic routine.

Within the quantum realm's mysterious domain,
Where particles and waves intertwine and remain,
Superposition reigns, a state of pure wonder,
Where possibilities abound, like a cosmic thunder.

Yet, when consciousness casts its watchful gaze,
Upon these quantum systems, in myriad ways,
The wave function collapses, a deterministic shift,
Revealing a single reality, a tangible gift.

Imagine a book, a vessel of knowledge and thought,
In consciousness, its essence is intricately sought,
Perception's canvas, a tapestry so vast,
Where minds explore, and interpretations amass.

For each observer, a unique perspective unfolds,
As thoughts take shape, both vibrant and bold,
Genetic codes, a symphony of life's design,
Expressed in neurons, they intricately align.

Among the billions of codes that we share,
A mere 2% sets us apart, a fraction so rare,
Six crore variations, a number immense,
Within neurological systems, they commence.

Permutations and combinations, a boundless array,
Infinite thoughts, like stars in the Milky Way,
From spelling and images to shapes and beyond,
Consciousness weaves its tapestry, profound.

A symphony of thoughts, a melodious rhyme,
Consciousness, a quantum paradigm,
In the depths of complexity, it may reside,
A phenomenon profound, where worlds collide.

So let us embrace the wonders that unfold,
In the realms where duality and consciousness behold,
For within this intricate cosmic dance we find,
The infinite possibilities of the human mind.

Shaykh Zulqarnain

Whispers Of The Wandering Heart.

Amidst shadows' tender touch, I've sought solace deep,
Longing for a haven where my heart could softly weep.
Why eludes that sacred abode, my soul's embrace?
Where have I wandered, lost in time and space?

Oh, dearest one, what have I gained in this divide?
What treasures found, while heartache does reside?
Unaware of self, adrift, my spirit does roam,
A vagabond soul, yearning for a sense of home.

Within the raucous throng, I wore a mask of glee,
Yet, in solitude, my heart cried silently.
From the world's embrace, I stood apart, aloof,
Hiding truths untold, beneath a guise of proof.

Exist I do, but lost amidst the void's abyss,
Transformed, I wander, captive in a maze of dis.
Why did the zephyr's warmth turn to icy disdain?
What caused its flight, and left me here in pain?

Oh, dearest one, what have I gained in this divide?
What treasures found, while heartache does reside?
Unaware of self, adrift, my spirit does roam,
A vagabond soul, yearning for a sense of home.

In melodies of English songs, familiar tunes,
Yet, in separation's grasp, my heart swoons.
Unaware of self, adrift, my spirit does roam,
A vagabond soul, yearning for a sense of home.

Amidst shadows' tender touch, I've sought solace deep,
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Journey Of Voyage

In a boundless world of marvels vast,
Where dreams take flight and hopes amass,
Unfolds a tale, both daring and veracious,
Of a wanderer's heart, in quest audacious.

Across emerald meadows and towering peaks,
'Neath the endless sky where the soul seeks,
Our protagonist, with keen and curious gaze,
Embarks on a quest where destiny lays.

With each stride taken, a saga unwinds,
Of friendships formed and secrets finds,
Through tribulations and tests endured,
The inner flame ignites, fierce and assured.

Through nights obscured in darkest shroud,
And tempests that rage, fiercely loud,
The wanderer draws strength from within,
Persisting with grit, refusing to give in.

To far-off realms, where cultures blend,
And wonders unceasingly transcend,
A tapestry of life's rich thread is spun,
By hands and hearts, manifold as one.

Each encounter etches an enduring trace,
A lesson gleaned, a soul's embrace,
Within this journey of distances crossed,
Discovery of self, existence embossed.

As time unfurls, the wanderer thrives,
In wisdom's light, their spirit revives,
No more adrift, but found and unbound,
Embracing their truth, profound and renowned.

The perfect sunset, in golden array,
Reflects the odyssey, both old and new,
For, in the end, when all is declared,
The wanderer finds truth, beyond compare.

Life's voyage charts no fixed route to trace,
A masterpiece, a cherished embrace,
In this grand tapestry that we conceive,
Our truest selves, we dare believe

Shaykh Zulqarnain

A Tale Of Determination

In a room replete with students,
All engrossed in their textbooks and pens,
Resides a solitary lad sans mentors,
Deprived of guidance when life's path bends.

He labors with a discernible strain in his eyes,
Toiling diligently day and night,
While others exploit favoritism's guise,
He wrestles to sustain the relentless fight.

Some are bestowed with erudite professors,
And every requisite facility at their behest,
While he sits there, bereft of benefactors,
Relying solely on his own sweat and zest.

Yet he persists, undeterred by the ordeal,
Never permitting himself to fall behind,
For he comprehends that each challenge's seal,
Hones his mind and its capabilities aligned.

Thus, he battles with unwavering might,
Keeping his aspirations resolutely in view,
Aware that through arduous effort's light,
He can emerge victorious, no matter the milieu.

Shaykh Zulqarnain

Illusions Of Past

In the tapestry of life, woven with care,
The past whispers softly, its stories we share.
Yet, its sorrows and trials, they need not define,
For the future's illusion, it's the present that's mine.

In this moment we're gifted, let's bask in its glow,
Embrace all its blessings, let true happiness grow.
Together we'll find solace, hearts intertwined,
For love's sweetest melody, our souls have designed.

Believe in yourself, dear, let your spirit take flight,
Unleash your true potential, with passion ignite.
For within lies a brilliance, a spark so divine,
With every step forward, greatness will align.

Cherish what's around you, the laughter and smiles,
The warmth of connection that stretches for miles.
For in unity we thrive, a symphony complete,
Our love intertwined, an eternal heartbeat.

Let's cast away worries, embrace the unknown,
Embrace each adventure, with seeds we have sown.
With courage as our compass, we'll weather life's storm,
For together we're stronger, a love that transforms.

So dance to life's rhythm, with joy as your guide,
Embrace every moment, with love by your side.
For in this present truth, all worries will cease,
And a world of beauty and bliss we shall release.

So let the past be a lesson, let the future unfold,
But remember, my love, it's the present we hold.
With hearts overflowing, our spirits shall shine,
And in this symphony of life, all will be fine

Shaykh Zulqarnain

Updated Poem In The Realm Of Transient Encounters.

In the realm of transient encounters, there she stood,
A luminary intellect I encountered but once, yet comprehended forever,
A fortuitous meeting in the corridors of time,
Where our paths converged, then diverged in rhythmic harmony.

Our initial dialogue transpired in the exam hall's embrace,
Before the paper commenced, a moment in space,
The final paper of our sixth semester, suspended in memory's vault,
A cherished moment, forever engraved, never to default.

In that fleeting exchange, a flame ignited,
Our eyes met, words gracefully danced, offering a moment's respite,
Her presence, akin to a melodic symphony, stirred the depths of my soul,
Leaving an indelible mark, granting a sense of wholeness untold.

But alas, the capricious nature of destiny played its part,
Guiding us on separate journeys, with our hearts apart,
She gradually faded beyond the confines of my grasp,
Leaving me with memories that transcend the teachings of words.

In the vast expanse of the academic semester's realm,
She transformed into a luminary intellect, a bittersweet refrain,
Yet her essence lingers, akin to a cherished song,
A tender reminder of a profound connection that was once strong.

Oh, the myriad of unanswered questions that remain untold,
What could have flourished, what stories could have unfolded?
But life's intricate tapestry weaves its design,
Occasionally leaving us pondering the 'what ifs' in our mind.

However, let not regret overshadow the beauty we experienced,
For even in fleeting moments, love finds its essence,
She left an indelible imprint, a valuable lesson, a sign,
That even brief encounters can possess a touch of the divine.

So, dear friend, embrace the precious memories held dear,
Of that luminary intellect who touched the depths of your heart, crystal clear,
For within the fading remnants of her presence lies a rare treasure,
A reminder to cherish every connection, regardless of measure.

And though she gradually fades beyond your sight,
Know that her impact lingers, like stars illuminating the night,
Take solace in the beauty of that ephemeral spark,
For in the depths of your heart, her memory will forever embark.

Shaykh Zulqarnain

In The Realm Of Transient Encounters.

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Shaykh Zulqarnain

Fate's Game Or The Agony Of One-Sided Love

The moon and stars look down with anger and pain,
As they witness the agony of love's lost game,
And the sky above seems to taunt and disdain,
As if to say that love is nothing but a shame.

But still the lover longs for their heart's desire,
And prays to God for a miracle to transpire,
Wishing for love's flame to once again be on fire,
And for their beloved's love to never expire.

Yet, fate has spoken, and love has chosen,
To be a one-sided affair with no return,
Leaving the lover with a heart now frozen,
And the victory of the world forever spurned.

So let it be God's will, with no complaints to the menu,
For love is a game that can leave us all in a bind,
And though the heart may yearn for love anew,
Sometimes, it's best to leave the past behind.

For both fell in love, and it's been a while,
This love of theirs was once two-sided and true,
But now, it's just a memory that makes them smile,
A reminder of a love that they once knew.

Love had fallen in love, but now it's gone,
Leaving behind a heart that's aching and torn,
But still, they hold on to the hope that they'll find the one,
And that love will once again be reborn.

Shaykh Zulqarnain

Unforgettable Love Moments.

In a momentary rapture, my heart did soar,
As I peered into your eyes, so deep to the core,
Your caress, your kiss, so sweet and true,
In that very instant, I knew I loved you.

We twirled under a canopy of stars so bright,
Ensnared in each other's embrace till daylight,
Our love, a symphony of sweet refrain,
An indelible melody, forever to remain.

From days of sun-kissed bliss to nights aglow,
We shared our aspirations, our dreams, our glow,
Our love, a tapestry of vibrant hues,
Unforgettable moments, forever to fuse.

As we strolled hand in hand through the winding road,
Our love, a precious treasure, so grand to behold,
Unforgettable moments, we'll always cherish,
For our love, forever to prosper and flourish.

So let our hearts resound, let our love thrive,
In every moment, let our spirits revive,
Unforgettable moments, we'll always hold dear,
For our love, forever to shine and steer.

Shaykh Zulqarnain

Love And Self Respect

In the rain, she stood so fair,
Holding an umbrella, without a care,
Waiting for the bus, she caught my eye,
Lost in thought, I let out a sigh.

My heart was racing, as she drew near,
But my mind was hesitant, filled with fear,
To talk or not, I could not decide,
As she walked by, my feelings couldn't hide.

Our eyes met, but we said nothing at all,
Lost in thought, our hearts began to call,
For a moment, time stood still,
The raindrops falling, our hearts did fill.

But then it happened, we began to fight,
Our words cutting, like a sharp knife,
Her mistake, it seemed so clear,
But my self-respect, made me steer clear.

Though my heart wanted, to make it right,
My head said no, and held tight,
To my pride, and sense of worth,
For love alone, is not enough.

Now as I stand, lost in thought,
My heart still yearning, but respect uncaught,
I know that love, can be a game,
And sometimes, we have to walk away in shame.

For in the end, it's not just love,
But also self-respect, that we must think of,
So take a step back, and breathe deep,
And let your heart, and mind, find the peace you seek.

For love will come, and love will go,
But self-respect, will help you grow,
So hold your head up, and walk away,
For true love, will come another day.

Shaykh Zulqarnain

Dear Love

Amidst the whispers of the wind,
I speak to thee, my dearest friend,
With eloquence and poetry, I convey,
The love that fills my heart, night and day.

For though we part, and go our separate ways,
My love for thee shall linger, all my days,
And though you seek a man of wealth and fame,
In love, no one will love you like me, the same.

For love is not a thing that can be bought,
Nor can it be attained through riches sought,
It is a feeling, a connection, pure and true,
A bond that grows with time, through and through.

And though my pockets may be bare and thin,
My heart is rich in love, a treasure within,
A love that knows no bounds, nor time,
A love that's yours, and yours alone, sublime.

For though you seek a man of wealth and means,
In love, no one can match my heart, it seems,
For money cannot buy the love we share,
Nor can it make you feel as loved, as I dare.

So, heed my words, and let them linger,
In your heart, for they are sincere and tender,
No one will love you as much as I,
Or cherish you, the way that I try.

For though we part, and go our separate ways,
My love for thee shall linger, all my days,
And though you seek a man of wealth and fame,
In love, no one will love you like me, the same.

Shaykh Zulqarnain

Recollections Ingrained Within The Nocturnal Realm Or Memories In The Night.

In the still of the night,
I lie awake with my thoughts in a fight,
My heart is heavy with the weight of the past,
Memories of us, fading fast.

I miss your laughter, your smile so bright,
The way you held me so tight,
I miss the sound of your voice,
The way you made my heart rejoice.

The emptiness inside me grows,
As I long for you, only God knows,
The love we shared was a treasure,
Now it's gone, leaving me in a measure.

I try to move on, but it's hard,
Every step feels like a thousand yards,
I thought I could do it on my own,
But I realized I'm not that strong.

I'm lost in a sea of confusion,
Hoping for a solution,
To fill the void that you left behind,
To bring peace to my troubled mind.

I pray for the day I'll see you again,
When our hearts will mend and blend,
Until then, I'll hold on to the memories we made,
Hoping to see the light of a new day.

So I'll wait for you, my love,
Hoping you'll find your way back to me,
Until then, I'll keep missing you,
As I sing this sad melody.

Shaykh Zulqarnain

A Melancholic Elegy Of Lost Love.

As though a dream that briefly lingers,
Falling for you felt like a flight of fancy,
An improbable yet stunning scenario,
But somehow, you infused my being with a palpable ecstasy.

You were the radiant sun that graced my days,
The twinkling stars that illuminated my nights,
Yet now you've vanished, and I'm stranded,
In the somber depths of my woeful plights.

I had hoped our love was bona fide and enduring,
But perhaps it was only a mere game to you,
A callous melody that you toyed with,
And left me with this melancholic elegy, through and through.

Now all that remains are the vestiges of memories,
Of an affection that was never truly meant to be,
And all I'm left with is the burden of mourning,
For the possibilities that have eluded me.

Thus, I find myself lost and abandoned,
Trying to salvage the fragments of my shattered heart,
And even though redemption may elude me,
I shall persist in crafting this sorrowful poetry, until I can begin anew.

Shaykh Zulqarnain

A Journey To Emotional Recovery.

Scars etched upon my flesh, an indelible trace,
A terrain of Rational agony I carry with grace,
Each one a stark reminder of a past affliction,
A wound that never fully healed in its conviction.

Some scars are deep and jagged, like memories carved,
A exhortation to pain and trauma never starved,
Others are faint and barely discernible in sight,
But their presence evokes a deep-seated plight.

Each one tells a story of a time when I was shattered,
Of moments when life turned into a relentless batter.
When dreams were snatched away with brazen force,
Leaving me with the burden of an unfulfilled course.

Sometimes I trace them with my fingers, a solemn rite,
A ritual that plunges me into the past's stark light,
Reliving the heartache and agony of days gone by,
In the hope of finding redemption, but only to sigh.

Oh, how I wish I could erase them, obliterate their mark,
Banish them from my skin and forever embark,
On a journey free of their agonizing imprints,
But alas, they are a part of me, an indelible hint.

A testament to the battles fought, scars that persist,
Reminding me of the price I paid, not to desist,
So I wear them with a heavy heart, a solemn art,
Knowing they make me stronger, not broken apart.

Shaykh Zulqarnain