

Poetry Series

Aabid Masroor
- poems -

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Aabid Masroor(21/06/1992)

A Black Dog

I am but a black dog-That is the difference, who am I
A loyal guardian to my master for I can die

I wake up all night for some food and piece of bone
And you eat up all life hunting, His kingdom and throne

I am the one who eat rotten, ripe, and dead and decay
And now you eat the same whatever it takes away

I always stand at the same door
For some bread, tasty or sour

I have no class, no civilization and position
But yours is to slit the throat, of your religion?

I don't believe in relations, marriage system
Same is you who lost their wisdom

Then father and mother I don't care who they are
Tell me, do you pay the visit whether near or far?

I am but a black dog with four legs I go for walk
What is it proud, for with only two legs you walk?

For I have got a covered perfect body
And I am just a dirty, lets hit the doggy

Aabid Masroor

A Dialogue Between A Bird And Me

When in the midst of river
As open in the autumn shiver
I sit down upset and smoke
From the distance of little folk
Thereby in the silence a song I heard
And somewhere I saw a singing bird

Say something 'O' you Hunter?
What makes you upset and thunder

Is it, seems all around His mystery?
Then He made it with grave and uncertainty
Is it, you are lost in two's?
Then in between you have to choose
Is it, you lost the dearest one
Then how is history's done
Is it, the mean and evil leads?
Then He loves testing good deeds
Is it, the love syndrome
Then convert towards His throne
Is it, the winter, the summer or moon
Then look at me my days are June

No little bird-Hunter but I am not
And now, I do not what I forgot
I saw lofty trees begin to fade
Beneath the branches no afternoon shade
Full blooms but in vain
Rose and lily weep and rain
Clouds they don't bring for thirsty
But dissolve in smoke and dirty
There is no snowfall
No chill, no ski and no snow-ball
I saw April dead blossoms and bough
Men now, they don't follow the plough

Oaks and moths, grass and worms
Buried into void by blood storms
I saw sun from December to May

I saw April enjoying holiday

Say something 'O' you little bird
What makes now you absurd?

I live in woods, my family and friend
It once was where sorrows end
A place like heaven where all my kin
Fly and played before men came in
To cast shadows, my nest, my woody land
I wash their blood with my own hand
Bats, butterflies, bulbul our world is mute
Owls gone, midnights and moonlights, no hoot
For my woody land men killing men
Tell us the same where to go then?

We call it civilization
Where there is nature's exploitation
We call it modernization
Where there is no plantation
There was a time we used to get together
Wintery nights with family and grandmother
Around candle light to listen her old fairy tale
Kings, knights, horses, warriors, wars, and vale
Silent cold nights are gone
So is Autumn River wandering on

Aabid Masroor

A Dream

The soft sky smiles when I opened my eye
Bright new day and the land is gone
I wake up my crew wide open and calm

Gentlemen -world is deep since this is none
Whether they lose, we gain in this
Perfect time wind equal low
And reason far, down below feet lie
Tie every hook and rope
Follow every nook and rope
Cause today we going rich

Ropes? Yes Captain...
Bait? Almost done captain...
We good to go

Work on such length of hours
Knock the hearing a moment took
That sea in middle is wild
Blind the brain, fold the heart
From which no sailor returns
The middle of lost souls
But nothing compares to the vast see

Loud whooshing- wind whistling and I
Gentlemen- we have a new course
Listen to the wind- opposite
And to the clattering - to death
Prepare as she goes

All hands to trusses
Free the covers
Cut the main rope
And pray to the God? We may need Him

Proud for me been fishing with you
And wait for my command...
Time to go home- move move
It is 9 am look out the window- wake up

Ah sunny bright Sunday it is- mommy?

?□

Aabid Masroor

Alone

Island-in an ocean of tears
I am single, alone and my fears
Which to repair is huge painted wall
With natures gift sunlight in snowfall

Then what could death do when i depart
And when there is empty chamber of heart
Hath no fear to loose, no one to recall
Hath no pains to choose, no deserving to fall

Ask the whispering waves of breeze
Am i alone in cold days of freeze
They say I am idol of solidity
When i have kissed the forehead of difficulty

Syed Aabid Syed

Aabid Masroor

Autumn And Me

Mark the cold, mute and
Naked tree erect
Point out the season?
Pain reflect

Had left all
Dark paths of eerie
And mark in that
Cold mind of freeze

Where is that faithful breeze?
Oath sunshine and fruitful trees
Is that I am still erect and alive
Is that I shouldn't be?

Like a Twig of blossom
In twilight blunder
Rain of pain
In shower of thunder

My body -sack of bones, broken sap
In that observe
The shivery and gap
I am not alive and erect my dear

Ask the
Falcon-the witness of gale
Little nook in hay of bale
Had left all about me
I am down and let me be

Let the winter blanket for me
Let the spring hope for me
Let the summer burn for me
Let the autumn balm for me

Aabid Masroor

Awaken Conscience

From the day of awaken conscience
Through mist have I passed
Down and far looking askance
Speck of dust
Sea of galaxies
Saw the garden ground
Tracherous glance
Testify...
There is God around for pure eye
And from heart there is fear
As I am not deaf, dumb and blind
I could see things
I could feel errors

Aabid Masroor

Beautiful Creature

The unwilling forces no dark to surprise
As bright the side when by my side
If by the thunder high, laugh I pass
Blessed enough perfect wind on my side
Smooth things - O smiling silent sail
But the tide-motion which made
Moon and starry sky almost to fall
Let them go and I slow down
Alone sink with souls of winter
And float across the un-reposing wave
And now, with distance of spring
Let you go with new paths of hope
But take my word O beautiful creature
When in the season of rose bloom
The awful silence of the bright full -moon
While from lips the forgotten words
Then again would wake and arise

Aabid Masroor

For His Mother

September morning with its secrets
Is in progress, so am I
Trying to find the new hope
The crops, and the trees
Favorite walnuts, yellow fields and same winds
As if autumn winds
Unquiet and unseen blows for cause and change
Into the blue, into the green, into the vale
But skies and souls weep, break and fall
Men and women, women and men

Red are buds with your fragrance,
This September
Where are the farmers?
I am trying to find the being
Because being is the being of beings and
To be is to be related
Sigh that speak of love
Of beauty, Of sweetness, Of peace and pattern
Where are the busy bees?
This September
The breeze not so very calm and cool and close

Dreams as well as dove are gone
And so is saddened woman's son
If to be is to be related
What makes it graveyards fill?
If to be is to be related, then
Man has no power to kill
Because he is not All-powerful,
Eternal, unlimited, mighty at all,
As we all come from beings
What we encounter are all beings

A dark night fall on my face
September O September wait a while
Let the leaves catch the breath
Let the winds slow down
Cry not, sisters and mothers

For I will there stand for you
For hope, hope of tomorrow
And if, this is a crime
I will commit it again and again
And if, I got a bullet in my chest
Mother, to be is to be related
Ashes with ashes, dust with dust

Aabid Masroor

From Your Memories

Inclines- how much yet have I, to qualify long
Can I, but how to make, towards the inconstancy wrong
Though I smile and live sincerely there I have gone
From your memories and heart I do not belong

Would that I have died before this life
Or tell the same what man hopes where arrogance is rife
Hearts where- slaughtered with careless knife
This syndrome inside is full of strife

How I wish you would come back again tomorrow
In spring to bring sound to my heart that beats slow
Ahh- my winter nights grow longer with griefs and sorrow
when days I recall, we spend together tears would flow

Shadows, O my love -you played with eyes open wild
Games and tricks in your mind, like played with a child
That describes distances, with changes warm and mild
Gone from your memories, from deep eyes that smiled

Aabid Masroor

Goodbye

Goodbye-O my land
Goodbye to you where I stand

To you O grandma and your grave
Where flowers and lily wave

To you O sweet busy bees
To you O blossom, bough, and trees

Goodbye everyone
Stars, moon morning sun

Goodbye my beautiful lady
I am grown but man from little baby

Aabid Masroor

Half Done

(i)

Gone up in the attic oft
Mountain pores and love gardens
aloft
Trails of floras and daffodils are
resuscitated in hilly
Irresistible call to butterflies, and
plantain lily
Long white war done, no tyranny
more authority
On heavenly pines and oak, on living
dead majority
Because winter had to pass by
It changes winds but not the sky
Lost battle not the war
From the same field and scar
Water oozed in place of blood
Not spring, not leaf- not a bud
Love; brought them back to life
again
But born in mid April, is occasional
gain
And I haven't seen anything
aesthetic in my squad
Her Patel's, Patterns, Body - God!
To men give them another heart
For attacks and strokes they fall apart
By some old sacred text, the flower
is remedy
Cure to illnesses and injury
Symbol of love, romantic
Musing to and fro by some platonic

(ii)

This April of all midst this dwell
Winds, bestrew no sense of smell
From the same I saw glimmer of the
setting sun
Pointing to the moon that "my days
are done"

And when I asked the moon
Her glow faded in the month of June
The white so bright calm moonlight
Once bare bosom to the summer
tide
Not a whit of love, I no longer catch
the scent
Birds and bulbul are long absent
What hearts are but without any
yowl
Bees, Blossom, Moths and an Owl
Give another hoot of a new
mourning song
Hush and cry! this cold night long
Under the starry sky beneath the
cove
For half slaughtered casualties of
love
And upon the branch of fractured
tree
Once chosen used to be
Indistinct tonight, my grave of
beloved one
It must be love; half-done

Aabid Masroor

Half Love

You could be anytime- victimized,
Terrorized, traumatized, brutalized by the
Experience of being in love
love? But I am not a cup, a coffee, a cupboard, a curtain
For hearts and curtains are very thin material, love
One can't prevent them from seeing in
What is happening?
What is it wrong I have done? that
If hundred years, I look at you
If hundred miles, I wait but you
If hundred smiles, I choose you
Such a hopeless in love but
It is written in the winds
"Lesser my hope harder my love"
And I have only just begun
Loved but you,
Not in wonderland's and Disneyland's
In every season, in every year, in every autumn
In snowfalls, in rainy days, in Junes in Mays
In full moons, in glooms
Men and women and women and men
Both fall in love
Die for love, kill for love
Sing for love,
Compose poems in love
Some of them fall for romantic love
Some of them fail for romantic love
And some get rejected, some dumped in love
For world without love is a deadly place
No morality, no sentiment
Filled with voracity and wolfishness
But love, my love is
Inert, Immotile, irremovable,
Permanent, stagnant, unmovable,
Calm, frozen, halted, paralyzed,
As in the age of means
Who would huddle to hear tales of fairies
Moonlit nights and love songs
These things here exist not

You could find a great man more easily
Superior and supreme of a very high standard
Who can buy rings and earrings
Etcetera etcetera
Where you look but not for me at all
And sure this half love of yours, be gone
For I know women very well
She is good in decisions and demands and duality
How can I define myself?
I no longer have any fear of death
I am half alive, half dead
I am a beast, a demon
Demonized by the chains that bind you
I am a raptor, very good at noticing things
What then doubt and fear?
I am a survivor where one dies, and one lives
Cauterized by risk, prisons and walls
I am a failure,
Failed in winning life's greatest prize
Year by year as the years pass
Do slowly finish this half, my love
For mine shall always glitter like a star,
Wrinkled somewhere in the corner

Aabid Masroor

Inclines

Inclines- how much yet have I, to qualify long
Can I, but how to make, towards the inconstancy wrong
Though I smile and live sincerely their, I have gone,
From your memories and heart, I do not belong

Would that I have died before this life
Or tell the same what man hopes, where arrogance is rife
Heart slaughtered there with careless knife
This syndrome inside is full of strife

How I wish you would come back again tomorrow
In spring to bring sound to my heart that beats slow
Ahh- my winter nights grow longer with griefs and sorrow
when days I recall, we spent together tears will flow

I go from spring to autumn because of loving you
From white angel to black beast, to create me new
I go from thinking to not thinking you through
From beautiful stations to the only place I knew

Shadows, O my love -You played with eyes sharp wild
Games and tricks in your mind, like played with a child
That describe distances, with changes warm and mild
Gone from your memories, from deep eyes that smiled

Aabid Masroor

Instead Of

Moods and minds, winds and times
Fluctuate, as are you in old days
Of weak and full of sleep
The days of rest, the days of full of time
Time to read, in the deep, where silence creeps
To fill the same cold air, into your lungs
As autumn waves from sky drifts
Windswept your mind against your cold nights
That blows and, blows
Leaves on the ground, memories all around
And then you will think of a book to read
That you will go to the shops, instead of temples
You will happen to pass poetry section,
Instead of religious material
Oh, may you pick the same book
Wrote by the same lover, there will be
My lines, instead of holy verses
My songs, instead of string of beads

Aabid Masroor

Look Again

As hearts being soft, angels and beasts doth like same end
Look again into your heart that once on mine, beat depend

The winged creatures do fly to others that to new heart
Of kings and riches of the world speak expert in their art

For loving the beast is the love, what kind of?
Love to have- No, the loved one's back, is entertain and laugh

To be a fragrant with pretty patterns of love, doth smell policy?
Do they, do they not- both eat him upto pieces with no mercy

Form what material hearts are made oft?
Where outlooks seem-not crude and black smile's soft

Aabid Masroor

Love Song

Sometimes, long somehow
Near the flowing river, bend so wide
Curves behind the tree that grow upon
That bank to touch the smooth love currents
In the calm full moon light and let
Her come to me, somehow

In my fairyland, where I shall grow old with you let
Her come to me, somehow

How I wish this soft evening breeze
When drift from your land, your fragrance shed
To the same on my land, O let
Her come to me, somehow

But of my heart a solitary place
Where winds drove me, none is there let
Her come to me, somehow

Stop into me or gently pass by
Out of clouds that bursts into heavy rain and
My all love cuts away oft to see you
Like my heart your heart cuts away oft to see me and
Left home to meet in the romantic season let
Her come to me, somehow
?□

Aabid Masroor

Love That

Love and to be loved is probability
When she says I love you
Gentle breeze whisper world is new

Love that, is expected give itself back
Love no Agape-But
Something discrete and unpredictable,
Is not love at all

Love that, undivided-Can't be into two's
Can't be in flavor, taste, relative

Love that, total dedication,
Freedom, devotion, attention
Bounding foundation of truths

Love that, holds conformity between mind
And expected love in return

Love that, begins with strong feelings
Ends with casts, religions
Judgments, decisions, demands
Illusions, promises, priorities, options
Lies, selfishness, anger, negations
Negation is the failure of agreement
Leads to indeterminacy

Love that, not a game
A policy, a trick, a scheme
What is it that make it to float on
Chaos, paradoxes and perplexities?

Love that, but is give and take
Where units speak of its oneness

Love that, being as
One, true, loyal, beautiful when
She says I hate you she means
Take her hand and don't look back

Love that love of God and love towards God
Play act of pure giving without self benefit

Love that nothing is sought in return
What then-Is another name for love
love and to be loved is probability?

Aabid Masroor

Mother And Son

Mother lookout-Again that bird has come
To repeat the same tones, sweetest some
In the dry, on the naked leafless tree
I do not know, why it is obscure to me

She lost her brother in last winter storm
That she cries out when snow cloud took form
What is it-She says, when I asked my mother?
Said 'Come back to me my little brother'

A little black story beholds this white snow
Some for new joy, some for loss, few know
Mother-For little bird I should pray
That dry winds come, to blow her pain away

How good it is-My little cub, love to all
Who pity the weak and small, they never fall
Come home inside, it will snowfall tonight
Be prepare, here I am ready for snow fight

Mother- I will make big snowball then I throw
And we will go far, trace footsteps in the snow
My little man-And who will built a snowman?
You will try alone-But together we can

I would love to ski with, fire in the pot
Ski with pot son-That make it wrong, I think not
But scarf and glove, you can wear, that I weave
And promise me, you will never lie and deceive

World there is so cruel and mean-My dear son
Beware of new faces when you begun
Mother-I am brave, I must stop then?
O-My little cub, like you are very few men

Mother-where is moon, I will marry moon
Let her not pass away till next day at noon
They don't marry son because they very far
But surely can, if you are brightest star

From some old marvelous tale I have read
Dark souls never become a star-they said
And within every heart two angels behold
It is only good one can make against the cold

Mother-can angels fly?
From hearts, into the sky
Watch us -from heaven above high
Thereby are they alive, do they die?

My little boy your intentions and questions
God in heaven will be laughing on your actions
When you grow up vision so broad
Give thanks and ask same to the lord

Now it is time for bed-tale
'Once there was a ship, we began to sail'
Mother-what happened to the little bird
She cries out voices, her brother never heard?

Aabid Masroor

Somebody (Song)

Straight streets he walks alone
No direction, displeased some
Within heart a ray of hope
Somebody will come

Innocent he is people said
Empty hearted, sin free
Day will come
Somebody will see

O_ unique he is
Quite cheer and heal
Perhaps soon
Somebody will feel

No friends no company
Stepped down as to stream
About him
Somebody will dream

Rendering and wondering
Over seaside and cove
Firm faith
Somebody will love

Burnt nights, lost dreams
Who snatched his gay?
And sigh and murmured
Somebody will pray

Strange imaginations he pass
Sweet pain unseen lust
Still believe
Somebody will trust

Dizzy days they were
Freshening and fluttering he miss
When gazed setting sun
Somebody bliss

Nothing all his love in vain
With eyes upturn
Sky, moon, stars, learn
Somebody in burn
□

Aabid Masroor

Spring

Flowers and sorrows, arise gloom and die
Seasons how can they twist knife in the cut
A full summer died in my arms but the spring
When freezing bough of months came back to alive
But lifeless floating corpse-Alive what for
Birds- they don't join and sing a single song
Those tones are rare left with few
Dew drops on my face
The woods and mighty falls-sleep in rest
Seems winter is on its way
And spring smiled to me, said
Cuts and wounds bind within days
Dark of December is not with you always

Aabid Masroor

Stranger

I am not a stranger, who I am
I am a phenomenon worth seeing
See it again and again

I am but with that star
With no bright
That is where dead are

Aabid Masroor

Take A Look In The Mirror

Take a look in the mirror
Into your memories, Into your thoughts
Into your present, Into your past
Somehow I am there awake
Forgotten-But you know him well
As moon knows to gloom
As spring knows to bloom

Take a look in the mirror
For your beauty to make
Eyes and brows and arrows
And smile-would had took him long
I know not-All that I know her voice
As smiling water falling down
As crystal stream wearing crown

Take a look in the mirror
Your past is but a silver coating
Painted to the same mirror
Reflecting me in front of
Break it or lash it, pieces will reflect but me
As desolation of rainbow
As sunrays behind the shadow

Take a look in the mirror
And feel the same last rainfall
Out me and you and you and me
Thunders and showers that our canopy
Whenever it is rainfall, your eyes, tears will fall
As clouds bring to fading flower
As last spoken words of forgotten lover

Take a look in the mirror
In cold shiver winter nights
Somehow I am there awake and alive and
Take a look into the mirror
In the summer colourful days-I am there
As warm days are long
As birds singing a lovesong

Aabid Masroor

To Grandma

Don't you leave me, for I know not
How to live it, because days and nights
And nights and days are long
I am melting because of you
Go waiting for you, from dawn to dusk
My heart is blue and frozen
Because of you, because I do not know
How to live it, in flowers, in glooms, in blooms
'O' spring has come again,
Come for me, somewhere from your grave
Because I do not know how to
Recover, rebuilt and repair my heart
I have loved but you, O beautiful white women
Come for me, wake up and resuscitate
Because I do not know how to
Lend my shoulder and dry my tears
Because I do not know how to
Conquer fears and wrongs and evils
There is no one to watch me play
And no one to feed me with tricks
Your smiles, your stories, your songs
Say my name again and hold my hand
Because I do not know, my arms
Are empty and void
Hugs, kisses, advises, surprises
You mean the world to me
O let me walk with you, for your footsteps
Are short as are mine
O let me see with you, for your eyes
See as mine do
O let me sleep with you, for you
Are my good morning and good night
Active and surprise
O let me work with you, for you
Are a garden lover
O let me dream with you
Because you're a best story teller
And laughter and writer and a good kisser
O let me be with you

Because I do not know, how to
Love, because I love you
Let me be with you,
Because I love to make your hair-knot
O let me sit and weep on your grave
With your scent, with your grass

Aabid Masroor

To Love

The moon on its silent road,
That hides in cloud whiz
There is silence in your woods
The owl, the walnut tree
In same aesthetic form, used to be.

The wind clamant this whirring sound tonight
Again currents shall toss from coast to coast
From your heart, I am aware of
This secret seclusion,
Delicately there will be no-connection

And you may meet another traveler
Butterflies, rainbows, a new Inimitable hope,
You may not hesitate like used to...
Since I will be long gone
You will sing other love-song

Aabid Masroor

Tonight

Tonight from the dark vast horizon
Tonight from the bloodshed season
Tonight from the radiant frost
Tonight from the hope lost
Tonight from the no peace around
Tonight from the thunder sound
Tonight from the stars no gleaming
Tonight from the dark steep streaming
Tonight from the murdered moon
Tonight from the blind meets me soon
Tonight from the own heart alone
Tonight from the winds, direction unknown

Tonight from the temporary dream of child
Tonight from the voices of mean and wild
Tonight from the light of lightning
Tonight from the rain of pain
I saw
Her deep ocean blue eyes
Just reflecting some pain
It may be rain of sorrow tonight
It may be pain of thunder tonight
It may be rain of tear tonight
It may be death of love tonight

Aabid Masroor

Who Said That To You?

Less beautiful who said that to you?
When the hearts fail, her beauty made
Silent killing I should say, with open and
Awakening deep pointed lightning fire of eyes
In terror of, poets and innocents would die
Poets but I know not how they escape

Her face fairest, one some delay, it would have taken
To carve the eyebrow drawn above the white cheek
Upon her a careless smile pulse would break
Ever but none dare to gaze red lips that never mute
He would have been jealous

Cause if seasons, you were June
Gold beauteous to all trees
If a flower then you are a daffodil

Fresh fragrance to the glooms and blooms
If a winter then you are snow
That melt down to ice when you walk

If a spring then you are morning sun
That rises upon far hills bring back life for some cause
If a night then you are a dream
Of world well knows there, you and me, and me and you.
Less beautiful who said that to you?

Aabid Masroor

With You

So this is who I am
I carry you with me
So this is who I was
Went mute, broken for no cause

With you my land was free
As vast as ocean by
Where no harm could befall
Where flowers and mighty river fall

With you my days were bright
Cool breeze, blossom bloom and golden sights
Shielded by mountain from every side
As mother embrace, cuddle her child

With you _Oh my poem, the moist breeze of ideas
Had left me all about you
Took me high as stars above
Filled my heart with lust and love

With you when flowers smelled
The soft breeze would pass by
Spring has come again with arise
My days are paradise

With you I was a complete man
Would differentiate loss and gain
Without you I die and cry
Please don't say good bye
Please don't say good bye...

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