

Poetry Series

Hira Akhtar
- poems -

Publication Date:
2018

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Hira Akhtar(19-3-1998)

A dreamer, writer, poet, painter, shutterbug, lectiophile resides within me :)

A Caravan Of Thoughts (Part 1)

Vanquished by a storm of thoughts, so blustery
Struggling to unravel a mystery

A mystery, those could only solve
who let their "selves", from the prison of desires, to absolve

A mystery, the depth of which is a bottomless ocean
Gets resuscitated, whoever dives in it, a blessing of devotion

So, I jumped on the horse of dedication and took the sword of preservice
Heading towards my destination, with a desire, so immense

Wandering in my wilderness, I entered a valley called "The World";
where everyone was loving everything except the "Love"; Himself, my
conscience swirled

Drowning in the ocean of my own thoughts, I heard a noise
Take this perishing boy to the king, who is very wise

I followed the crowd, and the whole thing astonished me
The king was told the boy had disobeyed his mother the whole life, now his
condition, see!

The king called his mother and asked her to forgive her son
She refused, and the king ordered to put the woods on fire and throw her son, in

At this, the mother cried out, "I forgive him, don't do this cruelty
The king grinned and the soul of the boy departed, peacefully

I smiled at the answer of what "love" for a mother is!
and moved on carrying my satchel of questions, with a bliss

As the dark prevailed, I entered a nearby mosque
where a dervish was sitting, covered with frost

I asked him, "why don't you go inside in this cold";
He replied, "I fear that the warmth of the blanket will hold";

How can I let my "selfish-self"; drag me away from the remembrance

of my lord?

Hearing this, I presented my question, "what is love for you?",
inquisitively
"Love is inside you, you're the mirror of love", he replied ardently

Hearing his words, a shiver went down my spine
And I sat there numb, staring at him, as if he had poured inside me, a glass of
wine

Hira Akhtar

A Caravan Of Thoughts (Part 2)

Golden light of the Sun heralded another beautiful day
When I met a man coming from Makkah, on my way

Impatiently, I wished his feelings to be portrayed in words
Endeavouring to set free my curiosity birds

He revealed, "When I was going round the Ka'aba, I felt myself as the
puppet of desires and the "Ka'aba" as an axis of Allah's will, my
'tawaf' wouldn't have completed if my desires had not moulded according to the
axis of Allah's will"

"What about Safa and Marwa"? , my inquisitiveness mingled with
tranquility.

He continued, "Walking between Safa and Marwa, I searched for the water
of Allah's blessings to quench the thirst of getting Allah's will"

I was spell-bound, "Getting Allah's will is what actually love is! "

As the day passed, night wore a black veil
For the stars, waiting to hail

I was sitting with my back against the wall of a mud house
Eyes closed, swinging on the swing of my own doubts

My eyes opened suddenly, as I heard sobbing sounds of anguish
Overwhelmed by sleep, closed my eyes again, waiting for the whimper to vanish

When beseechment became intense, some words started crossing the barriers of
my ears
"Oh Almighty Allah! Make her mine, "with falling tears.

"Make her mine in a way You want two lovers to be"
Make me the reason she falls in love with You more, I plea.

"Let us drag each other towards the infinity of Your love, O Allah"
"Let the moment be blessed, when I see her, and it reminds me you, O
Allah!

"Make me among those, who protect and lower their gaze,
My sinful eyes saw her once, all is Yours, praise"

I got goosebumps when heard him pray
Never saw someone talking to Allah in this purest way

"Didn't it reveal on you, what love for this lover is? ", I questioned
myself.

I nodded and kept the answer in my heart's shelf

Hira Akhtar

Arfa Karim

I just read about a wonderful girl
That was really like a pearl

She was amazing and awesome
Like flowers when they blossom

Everyone was impressed by her versatility
And for her country a loyalty

She was for the country a shine
As she passed the microsoft examination at the age of nine

She was the world's youngest microsoft certified
But unfortunately she died

To develop a software was her dream
And her name was Arfa Karim

Hira Akhtar

Everything Reflects Him!

Today, while sitting in the library, I felt myself submerged in an ocean of books; where there were multiple books on a single topic: on a single thread of chromosome, normal and abnormal human development, normal and abnormal human body functioning and countless more.

While my fingers were moving on the books, some ayahs of Qur'an started turning over in my mind where Allah says, 'And if all the trees on earth were pens and the ocean(were ink) , with seven ocean behind it to add to its(supply) , yet would not the words of Allah be exhausted(in the writing) , for Allah is exalted in power(full of wisdom) .And your creation or resurrection is in no wise but as an individual soul, for Allah is He who Heers and Sees(all things) '.

Hira Akhtar

Good Habits

Get up early in the morning
For being fit and healthy its a warning

Saying all the prayers is the way
To get mental and spirtual refreshment all the day

Clean your hands and clean your mouth
Germs'll be killed there is no doubt

Eat healthy and eat slowly
Stomache'll never get out of order, can say it surely

Study at study time and play at play time
This will make your future shine

Never be loud and obey your elders
Will get success in life this service who renders

Love your youngers and give them care
Otherwise from you they will scare

Keeping the company of good people
Will make your personality graceful

Say 'Good night' and go to bed early
So that you may get up to recite Quran Holy

Hira Akhtar

Hands In Hands

Together
Hands in hands
will go through
critical problems
If i fall,
you'll be for me
to console and hold
You are the one
cherishing from;
hot and cold

'BAZAAR' of love
'I' and 'You'
shall conquer
Ruling others hearts
promoting an example
anyone saw neither,
nor thought

Enjoying love ride
being your newly bride
Every time out shall we go
talking and taking
hands in hands

Without you
I 'DON'T' desire
a single breath
'YOU' I need dire
in every second! !
Torment ocean
together shall cross;
boarding the ship
Of faith and trust
both enfolding
hands in hands

On every b'day, mine
you'll hug me and kiss

craving for my life, long
but let me tell you
word 'LIFE'
for me is 'YOU'
To shine and tarnish
with each other
I lust keeping,
hands in hands

Hira Akhtar

Her Soul Meets Her Mommy

Alone and shivering
In a numbing, dead night
Deep silence, scaring
Like a monster
Her face looking flushed
with extreme fever
Like a tree,
facing the blazing fire
of cruel Sun
Bursting head,
with severe pain
Like a balloon
overfilled with
distress and misery
'Rain of tears
damping the cheeks, constantly
Wrapped her head,
in a scarf
Crossing arms
holding both shoulders
sitting in a still corner
uttering a few
quivering words
O mommy! !
Where are you?
I feel deserted
since you left
You used to call me
your delightful flower
Breeze in and catch a glimpse
of your withered flower
come and water it vigorously
with your love and affection
O mommy! !
'Take me in your shelter
save me from world's bitterness
your child is being trampled
O mommy! !
For the moment,

Drowsiness overcame her
she propped herself
against a wall
Dreaming, the procession
funeral of a corpse
laying in the casket,
Later, being propelled
towards cemetery
'All at once
A frightful jerk
arouses her
surprised and horrified
trying to know
Which place is this? ?
dark and foggy
filled with redolence
glowing scented woods
'She couldn't hear
Her beating heart
That was left
in her dead body
A spirit, she was
Soon, a sound echoes
Its purgatory daughter
The place where souls meet
Sparkles and gleams
appear in the dark
Mommy! ! she speaks blithely
Yess honey, come to me! !
Mommy spirit says devotedly
spreading her arms,
There both souls meet
Daughter to mommy
Mommy to daughter
Together forever and ever..

Hira Akhtar

I Feel Alone

When morning wears crown,
with white light of early dawn
When the sun goes down,
and day removes its gown
When night shows frown,
and stars brighten up their town

i feel alone
i feel alone

When quaking eve arrives, i bemoan
there in no one of my own
When tantalizing spring,
glamorizes the lawn
Ah! all the desires, now have flown
None to reckon upon
like a bird, being tied to pinion

i feel alone
i feel alone

'In fall season,
when storms rigadoon
to me, no shelter is known
not any shoulder to rest on
When cuckoo sings,
in summer's morn
Indeed! I am hapless and forlorn
Life always glares with scorn'

I feel alone
I feel alone

alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alonealone alone alone
alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone
alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone
alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone
alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone
alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone
alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone

alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone
alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone
alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone
alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone
alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone
alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone alone
alone alone alone alone alone

Hira Akhtar

I Miss You Mom

I miss you mom whenever I am
at school or at my homework see

I miss your hugs and kisses
that you used to give me

I miss your sweet and
caring voice calling me

I miss those presents on my
birthday that you used to give me

I miss your beautiful face
making smile looking at me

I miss your loveable anger
that had an advice for me

I miss whenever i got prizes
and your happiness for me

I miss the breakfast that you
used to prepare for me

I miss whenever i was late
from school and your worry for me

I miss you mom whenever I am
at school or at my homework see

Hira Akhtar

Love You

My words cannot describe
my love for you
And how much
I care for you
But i can just say my heart
my soul and everything is you
I am nothing without you
Will always love you
Because you for me
and me just made for you

Hira Akhtar

Maa (Mother)

Maa teri zaat be misaal hai
Teri har ik adaa mein kamaal hai

Mamta ka mujasma hai tu
Khuda ka ik karishma hai tu

Hum se na huk tera adaa hoga
tujhsa na koi tha or na hoga

Khuda ne noor tere dil mein rakh diya
tujhe mumtaaz is duniya se kar diya

Ae Maa tu meri jaan hai!
Ae Maa tu mera maan hai!

Tu jannat se bhi zyada haseen hai
Tere seene mein mohabbat o rehmat makeen hai

Hira Akhtar

Morning Walk

We must go for a morning walk
I asked my mum during our talk

She agreed and I woke up at 5 O' clock
With the first crow of the cock

On our way, I heard the crow of a cock
Also saw a vegetable loaded bullock

I was happy to see a horse's buck
In the pool, beautiful white duck

Ah! those beautiful flowers i wanted to pluck
To see the astonishing beauty of dawn was my luck

It is impossible to give that panorama any remark
The fascinating beauty of dew drops on flowers playing spark

I can still feel the thrilling touch of a bark
And the cool breeze blowing in the park.....

Hira Akhtar

My Brother

I've a cute little brother
Sometimes he wants me to bother

When for a chocolate he is asking
He is lovely and charming

I love to kiss his soft cheeks
And to watch him when the ball he kicks

He rides his bicycle often
Also likes a baby dolphin

Always he likes to wear new clothes
On his birthday when candles he blows

His eyes are big and beautiful
And his cry is very painful

He takes care of his things
He is a king of the kings

He is the cutest brother ever
And i will love him forever

Hira Akhtar

My Doll

I have a charming little doll
its name is Rose to call

She has curly brown hair
her skin is so fair

She wears on her head, a cap
looks beautiful when i put her in my lap

Always for her dresses, I care
everything with her, I share

Her hair is very long
he can also sing a song

I feel proud when
Beauty of my doll
friends admire
To have the one like mine
they also desire

She has beautiful big eyes
bsolutely she never cries

I love my doll
an't leave it at all

Hira Akhtar

My Heart

'He took my heart,
In the ocean of love and care
Gave it a pleasant bath
Adorned it with lovely everlasting flare
Then to me, returned it back

Hira Akhtar

O Muslims! One Day You Will Die

Days are passing by and by
O Muslims! One day you'll die

Never forget you are mortal
So try to make your life ideal

The call of grave is coming near and near
O Man! Bring the light of good deeds there'll be fear

Always remember the day of judgement
When in your anguish, will be no decrement

And then you will cry and cry
O Muslims! One day you will die

Shun away the rebellion of Allah's orders
Otherwise Almighty will revenge you O rulers!

For his creation he is very just and bountiful
Then O Believers! Recognize Him and be graceful

Days are passing by and by
O Muslims! One day you'll die
O Muslims! One day you'll die

Hira Akhtar

Oh My Dear!

Why are you there? ?
I am here
Just come near
Why have you fear? ?
This is not fair

Never be depart
Stay in my heart
What's my fault
That you are apart
To you I devote
My life's boat

Do you remember the days? ?
When in different ways
We used to chase
Dreams to live together always
When you used to raise
For me your craze

When i close my eyes
With me, your memeory lies
You are away miles and miles
Everyday my soul dies
My heart hides these trials
But inside it cries and cries

Oh my dear! !
Oh my dear! !

Hira Akhtar

One Beautiful Night

Night travelling to reach the day
Riding in the chariot
Moon playing hide and seek
Peeping through clouds
Stars making mischieves in the moonlight
The giggling wind awakening the trees
Colourful buds anxious to bloom
He and I, together sitting ashore
Free of worries,
Free of gloom
Everything becoming quiet and silent
I can hear his heartbeat and he can mine
As we are waking and the whole world is asleep
Sea waves dancing and clamouring delightfully
His shining eyes staring at me with a glee
My shying face beside hands fascinates him
Makes him happy
Makes him uncomfortable
Putting his head on my lap
He talks to me, I talk to him
Stroking his head without any fear
We talk for hour hours, as the time has stopped
He loves my smiling face
And promises to give happiness always
Losing myself into his eyes
Seeing the ocean of love striking against the shore
I have drowned in it with my wish and desire
Seems as if the nature enjoys
Giving a chance to fly like a bird above the heights
Praying God never to rise the Sun
Let the doomsday come
For it is not less than that
He comes nearer as the fragrance to flower
Taking my face into his hands
Going me to kiss on the forehead
The warmth of his love is warmer than the fire
I am burning in it from head to toe
My eyes are closed and the heart beat stops
The sea having anxiety and the sky waiting eagerly

The stars whisper and the moon smiles
But the Sun up there misses the sight
His soft lips touch me and I feel a thrill
With this a tear of happiness at once drops
Suddenly my eyes open and what i see? ?
It was my dream
It was my dream.....

Hira Akhtar

Our Friendship

Our friendship is like a durable tree
tall and broad, that never pines
fluttering with it my sorrows flee
with water of love always shines

Like a selfless river, we're meandering
to fall in ocean of happiness endeavouring
from time to time its excitement is at zenith
crossing each curve with true spirit

Friendship garland is so flamboyant
having this, a priceless ornament
a harmonious melody crammed with sentiment
sometimes as soothing as an ointment

Our friendship, not a flower, that wrinkles
but a star in sky, that always twinkles

It's a bird whisteling love tunes
that appears each blind night

Hira Akhtar

Paupers

Pensive about those people
I am hushed with shock
Their beliefs becoming cripple
In life, growing dark

Paupers embellishing grieved huts
In the neck of the woods
Illicit sites, awfully unswept
Kids being beggars in childhoods

Overwhelmed by superstitions,
Immensely necessitous for money
In their visions,
Beg, eat and don't worry

Nabbed by critical misery
Bearing nil aim for life
Ignorance, the very cause of poverty
In pauper's society, peace can't survive

Drowning in the flood of illiteracy
I year for soon they'll clutch at a straw
Yet indoctrination is the first priority
'Only aware countries evolve'Tis nature's law

Before long, the Sun of fortunes
Aggrandizes with lavished energy
Its heat will scorch all the sins
Pauperism, will meet death ultimately

Hira Akhtar

She Understood Me

The bananas in the bazar had too much rate

No said the shopkeeper
When i requested him to abate

Then i asked the price of date

Suddenly i remembered
I have left the open gate

With this i ran hurriedly
So that i may not get late

While running, I met on the way
With my class mate

She had in her hand
A tasty chocolate cake

My mouth filled with water
Like a lake

Before i would reach home i saw mom
With an anger
That was really great

I swiftly ran into the house
And closed the gate

After some time mother came
Started the door shake

I sighed and moved with fright
Towards the door,
Thinking that it was my mistake

The condition was opposite
Mother was having a beautiful smile
On her face

I requested mum I am sorry
Please forgive me this time
For God's sake

She smiled and said politely
Its Ok sweety look i have something
That you would love to take

There were bananas
Also a tasty chocolate cake

I kissed her
Staring at juncate

There is no doubt to say
Mothers are damn great

Because in every field of life, they aid

Hira Akhtar

Teenage Love Story

A young handsome boy, his youth in full bloom
saw a pretty young girl, a fine dream, came true

The day was so long while he toiled and dreamed
losing in her beauty, such a fantasy to live

But each day she passed by she was cloaked by a veil
an adorable princess, a sweet fairy tale

Into her soft eyes he longed just to stare
with a lust for untying her long, silken hair

One night finding her image in moon
decided to tell his fervency, to her, soon

Then he went to the land of dreams
there on all sides, flow the fascinating love streams

He awaited for her, the next day long
and the tree flagged where his hopes swung

Years passed, she not ever came
but left, in his heart, an everlasting flame

Hira Akhtar

Tomorrow [determination To Get Success]

Tomorrow may be or may not be

Tomorrow may be tough
life's panorama goes rough

Tomorrow may be astounding
At your door, dreams screaming

Tomorrow may be nebulous
to you, May Allah Bless!

Tomorrow may be fanatical
pen is destiny, life story'd be article

Tomorrow may be magnificent
each day, gleeful and pleasant

Tomorrow may be for you, a lee
all the sorrows and worries will flee

Tomorrow may be for sheer felicity, harbinger
You've to aim your goals pulling trigger

Tomorrow may be a tree of magnolia
scattering in every moment, seducing aroma

So, Hira

Get ready for tomorrow
These rules you must follow;

Work hard day and night
with your hurdles dauntlessly, fight

Always be calm and stoic
in any matter never get frantic

Trust yourself, don't ever stagger
towards your fortune, all the time swagger

And [the most important thing]

Pay gratitude
before your lord[Allah Almighty], only bow
go to Him in weal and woe

Hira Akhtar

Visit To The Zoo(Nursery Rhymes)

One, two

We went to the zoo

Three, four

A fierce wild boar

Five, six

Fluffy white chicks

Seven, eight

Charming deer's gait

Nine, ten

A big lion's den

Hira Akhtar

Who Is Mother? ? Part 1

Who is mother? ?
The most beautiful blessing
Gifted by the God
On the sky,
The brightest star
Having a heart
Softer than cotton
With lots of love and care
Flowing like a river
Castle of forgiveness
Minaret of happiness
Knows just to give and share

Who is mother? ?
The one who bears
Pain for her child
For her child,
Ready to face
The game of death
The one who knows
What her child needs
And what doesn't
The one who brings
Everything for her child
Not thinking about herself even

Who is mother? ?
The elegance of the house
The illumination of the Moon
In a dark night
The enchantment and refreshment
A model of sacrifice
A way to paradise

Who is mother? ?
The one who cries
When her child cries
The one who smiles
When her child smiles

The one who sews
Without any price
The one who stitches
Without any demand
Whole day
Whole night
The one who can only feel
Going on our mind
The one who teaches
How to speak
The one who admonishes
How to walk
Holding the finger

To be continued.....

Hira Akhtar

Who Is Mother? ? Part 2

Who is mother? ?

The second name of God

A very sacred relation

An embodiment of patience

An example of modesty

A shadowy tree

In a hot day

A warm blanket

In a chilled night

Who is mother? ?

The one who doesn't need

Any reason to pray

For her child

The one who prays everytime

While waking

While sleeping

The one who starves

When her child starves

The one who eats

When her child eats

The one who advises

To choose right

To deny wrong

The one who understands

That her child wants

Who is mother? ?

The one who calls

With a voice

Sweeter than cuckoo

The one who is a shelter

For the torture and trouble

From the people of the world

The one who spends

Sleepless nights for her child

The one who worries

When her child is ill

The one who is anxious

When her child is late
The one whose lap
A place of relief
The one whose dignity
Higher than the Jannah

Who is mother? ?
Ink will be dried
Bundles of papers will be written
The universe will be perished
Myself will be expired
But I'll remain
Unable to explain

Who is mother? ?
Who is mother? ?

Hira Akhtar

Why?

Why I am like a raining sky?
Why I care for those,
who say to me goodbye?
Why I am so sensitive and shy?
Why on little things,
i start to cry?
Why everyone thinks me as a toy?
My mam advises me to be bold,
and strong like a boy
Because there is no place,
in this world for a coward guy
I should act upon this advice,
otherwise no one will say to me 'HI'

Hira Akhtar