

Poetry Series

**Ibrar Siddiqi**  
**- poems -**

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## Ibrar Siddiqi(28.02.1970)

Biographies are like a book, I don't think that I have anything that could be interesting to know about me other than I am old fashioned kind of guy who loves his wife and family.

I am an old fashioned kind of guy who wants to work hard, buy a house, retire surrounded by grandchildren like everyone else. Fate has other ideas so I just take each day as it comes. Planning too much just made me feel like a robot - life's too short to worry about anyone. I don't follow the masses, doing my own thing is my thing - don't want to impress my views or life on anyone else.

I love seeing people being happy, I had re-approached my life after experiencing a very dark episode in 1998 when I became bankrupt, lost my job and suffered a serious stroke and a mental breakdown. My wife has helped through the dark times.

Apart from my poems, I enjoy keeping fit, eating my wife's home cooking - hence keeping fit. Horror films, trying to get my old jalopy to give me more than 50 miles per gallon. I love old motorbikes, vintage clothes and music - I don't have any children but would like to have some with my wife.

My poems are just an extension of my personality -I have become somewhat of a recluse and don't make any friends easily.

I'm just an average guy who just wants a peaceful life, world peace and to live in New York when I am rich and famous.

Enjoy my poems, I must warn you I usually write them after work, reflecting upon the day and experiences I've had - sometimes I may get too graphic but that's poetry its the way you present yourself.....

Enjoy life, but walk about with blinkers and enjoy each day as it happens.

# 1 Love

One love is all is intended.  
Respect and tolerance - a world mended.

Wars divide and displace the innocent.  
On missiles, warlords have spent.

Love thy self.  
Then love everyone else.

Life is too short to hate.  
I demonstrate a tale.

Where I am racially abused.  
Other people of different colours or faith confused.  
A few nasty words.  
Nothing physical - I remain unbruised.  
Ignore those of little respect.

Love them anyway for someone has hurt them some way.  
But an ill timed comment, ruins someone's day.

It is wrong to hurt or interfere.  
Words of harm or fear.

Little nothing but a bad impression.  
Let's love one another.

Say hello or crack a smile.  
After a little while.  
You feel good.  
Like you should.  
I showed a man a wee piece of kindness.

I confess his attitude, left me in shock.  
I hope in time.  
His world becomes much nicer.

Women of different faith blessed me for my help.  
I love it when the world feels better.

Smiling makes me feel great.

Why wait?

I love.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# 30 Days Of Sacrifice

30 days of abstainig  
Body and faith traning  
Brothers and sisters  
Of the Musllim faith.  
May your prayers and good deeds  
be answered and come true.  
for what it really is.  
With out the media whizz.  
It is a magnificent faith when praccised without hate.  
Some non believres may not see it that way.  
But how you live your life by night or day is down to you.  
May these 30 days be a time to train your thinking.  
For on the day of Eid,  
all that eating and drinking.  
Will not fill that gap that Ramadan has left in you.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# A Hero

A hero is someone,  
who never begs for recognition.

Never asks for a medal.  
Just does what they do best.

May not wear a logo,  
like Superman upon his chest.  
Nor have a Bat phone.  
Could be your Mom or Dad.  
Who brought you to the person,  
you are now?  
They are in the back gorund  
You wont see what you see,  
Until they are gone.

You realise,  
they were wonderful.

A hero,  
do right all wrongs.

I Siddiqi 12.03.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# A Knight In Black Leather Invites You All

Upon my trusty steed i ride.  
Steel horse.  
Many horsepower.  
I ride alone.  
Solitary cointentment.  
Confined in my own world.  
A knight of steel challenges me to a joust.  
But this leather clad knight has the will suceed to survive.  
Enjoy the freedom that cars do not possess.

Suffocated by glass and safety.  
I am open to all things natural.  
Road opens below my wheels.  
I am tasting freedom that car drivers will never feel.  
Step out from your box of discontent.  
A few thousands of youe hard earned money.  
Certainly, well spent.  
To make you feel life, love and all is funny.  
Another world will open up where other knights when you from a joust.  
Or help you when you feel alone.  
Take that chance and leave the rat race.  
Buy a motorcycle and restore that smile in your face.

Ibrar Siddiqi 28.02.2009

Ibrar Siddiqi

# A Modern Man

I am confused at what I should be.  
Amn on theradio,  
hd said that men were confused.  
I laughed out loud.  
The newscaster has explained.  
That fathers were under pressure.  
And their hair,  
was falling out with worry.  
To emulate a footballer with a squeaky voice.  
Good looking, talented and earning lots of bucks.

Is your kid looking for you to be anyone else but their Dad.  
Just got to be a man.  
Just do the best that you can.  
Your child will love you for being Dad,

When you get older, the answers you were looking for.  
Man, they were staring you in the face,  
Man that is what you are.  
Father, fighter, Husband and clown.  
I don't think it's good for anyone to follow an idol.  
But haveing lots of money certainly does help.

Remember the things you had as a child when it was simple.  
Just be happy and everything will follow suit.  
Remain level headed.  
All work out well.  
Modern men just need to rememeber that the world is complicated.  
Just got to juggle things as best as you can.  
Modern man.  
Better to be good at what you know.  
In the mirror, your reflection will show.  
You - that's who you are.

I Siddiqi 18.2.2011

Ibrar Siddiqi 4.5.08



Ibrar Siddiqi

# A New Year

A day has started,  
Midnight signalled its entrance.  
Time to start over,  
time to make a difference.  
Realise my life,  
not to be wasted.  
Old ambitions, loved ones.  
Better future, not to be wasted.  
Dont listen to doubters.  
Don't listen to fair weather amigos.  
They are not important,  
Happy 2010, only you.  
Only you will matter.

I Siddiqi 1.1.2010

Ibrar Siddiqi

# A Sense Of Change

In th air, I feel that times will get better.  
Don't ask me how.  
Not by phone, email or letter.  
I just know.  
I won't turn water into wine.  
Or make money out of rags.  
Be grateful for the sun to smile on me daily.  
Or bless me with her warmth.  
Lay down on a grass bank and be cast no shadow.

I hate the rain it reminds of me of a woman crying.  
Or when the winter chills.  
An icy look would kill, certainly.  
But things would get better.  
I sense a change for the good.

I Siddiqi 26.02.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# A Solitary Soul

Alone in my world.  
Silence is my religion.  
Simple, uncomplicated soul.  
Not jealous or begrudging  
Not wanting popularity.  
Fame or clarity.

A soul, unwanted.  
Love or success, By God ungranted.  
Lacking in confidence, strength or resilience.

A soul, unwanted.  
Love or success, By God ungranted.

Solitary, not by choice.  
Not popular but by judgements of clowns.

Not a lover, no-one will love me.  
Not the class clown, other laughing with me.  
Not the player, whose conquests will fondly remember.  
Not memorable, forced to be solitary.  
By element, surrounding and circumstance.  
I am that solitary soul.

28.10.09 I Siddiqi

Ibrar Siddiqi

# A Year Older

Today was my birthday.  
Felt as old as I wanted to be..  
Didn't matter as I am still as grounded as can be.  
Could reflect upon what I have achieved.  
The people I lost, love or whom I have grieved.  
I could on about my old car.  
Or the government flat that's hard to heat.  
I don't want to be pessimistic.  
But my life is getting better, slowly.

When you are younger, you have dreams of fame and fortune.  
As you get older, you start singing the song of reality.  
I bought some clothes, a film and music..  
But I was lonely tonight.  
My wife loving me by phone with words of kindness..  
I feel like I should shed a tear.  
But all that is my heart is solace enough.  
Happy Birthday to all born on this day.  
Be happy and enjoy the rest of the day.  
That's why I am glad to be older by a year.  
More happier and less fear.  
The older I get, the better I will be.  
Happy Birthday to me.

I Siddiqi 28.02.2009

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Accidental Woman

There you are sitting close to me.  
Was an accident that we met.  
Conversations, flow like a river.  
The stories and experiences we share.  
Found a kindred spirit.  
Whose heart is open and true.  
Sick of the other losers,  
whose game it is to make me blue.

I finally have the chance to flex my intelligent might.  
Talked to like an adult, a pure delight.  
People who know nothing, mean nothing to me.  
Longed for someone to talk who could think and hold their own.  
Unlike the rest, who whinge and moan.

Surrounded by people, I think nothing of.  
Whose game is to annoy and belittle.  
Or fill their lives with ignorance or tattle tittle  
I have someone to share my thoughts on an even plane.  
A sound mind not programmed to drive me insane.  
The stories you tell, things you say,  
brighten up a miserable day.  
Accidental woman, what you bring is joy to me.  
The gift of conversation and thought.  
That has been lost over the last decade or so.  
Deal you deck of cards, a tale that lies within.  
A joy to listen to. like a radio station I like.  
Bring back a smile upon my face.  
Make me laugh until my sides begin to crack.

Accidental woman, I pray that your prayers are answered.  
Seek a plane of happiness.  
All the riches and happy memories are brought to your feet.  
I would not confess to you though, you really are sweet.  
Compared to the bitter lemons that sit on my coattails.  
Slugs, snails and unpleasant things, sound better with a tale from you.  
Biker bees, lakes full of crocs.  
Falling from height.  
May the landing be soft with aid of mattresses and chocs.

Thank you for brightening up my day.

I Siddiqi 04/04/09

A poem dedicated to a fellow traveller - bless you!

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Adventure

Life's an adventure,  
no matter how big or small.  
It starts in the mind.  
Just go, be kind  
Don't stand there, expecting to fail.  
Things to tell when you're older.  
To remind who you are.  
A wondering star.  
Stagnant, you will not be.  
A life lived in misery.  
Is all you will ever see.  
Look up and aim high.  
My mother did say.  
Land in the middle,  
where it is better.  
Aim high, walk tall.  
You tried your best.

I Siddiqi.5.5.2014

Ibrar Siddiqi



# An Angel In Brooklyn

An Angel in Brooklyn  
Was born to my sister in law.  
The weather was fine  
But my brother missed her  
Passed away he did  
His heart failed.  
My sister 5 months pregnant  
A burden to bear  
Soul mate Attique  
for 17 years  
Had become Mom and Dad  
For when my angel appeared  
The whole world cheered.

My brother in law, Attique,  
watches over her from Heaven.  
wondering why he was taken  
at such a young age.  
Tortured soul in agony  
watching his daughter grow up.  
Spitting image of her father.  
Saw her two years ago.  
Light as a feather  
A delight to hold.  
Baby angel I hear your sweet voice  
I hate to put down the phone  
I think of you and your older sisters  
and my wish to come to NYC

Please God gimme a lottery ticket  
to win so that I could live in Brooklyn  
with my angel.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# An Ode To Dodgy Mechanics

Oh Dodgy Mechanic.

In a minute so manic, I darkened your forecourt.

Cost you pennies and I'll fix it quick.

Got my motor back, its feeling worse.

If my car was human, it would really sick.

Crossed your greasy palm, with my hard earned cash.

Repair done so quickly, so slap dash.

Covered up repair job, excuses so bad.

My car won't go and it won't brake either.

I'd have to burn your garage down or hang you from the rafters.

What goes around, will come back

Hope some equipment fails, i hope its a jack.

Pinning you under someone else's pride and joy.

May your fingers hurt and conscious develope.

Do a good job instead of taking the mick.

Teach you dirty tricks, in back street mechanic school.

Poor customers on a shoe string,

tricked by a oil soaked charlatan of ill repute.

I Siddiqi 20.04.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# An Ode To George W Bush

Dear, Dear George  
Not a chip off the old man  
You surely have no plan.  
George you've got it wrong and  
handled the US of A all bad.  
The rest of the world is on fire.  
with your cowboy desire.  
To lasso and wrangle rogue states  
We urge you to step down.  
For on the world platform  
You are nothing but a clown.

Please George don't take this all wrong.  
But you in power  
for eight miserable years  
has made me despair.  
Just let me take one minute to tell you again.  
Just go and let the other parties  
right your wrongs.  
It will take decades for the paid to go.  
With your reputation  
The world will not forget  
How lands have burned  
How children have no parents  
and we all live in fear  
of that Taxan sneer.

I would like to say  
i would live to visit the US of A.  
but not in my life  
will I dare set foot  
in your backyard.  
George, I would love to salute you  
for being shit.  
But am I suprised noones ever ordered a hit  
For all our sakes  
Just go.  
Write a book  
Just glam opver the bad bits

Of your reign

Ibrar Siddiqi

# An Ode To The Fat Cats

Credit crunch.  
Banks and governments have messed up.  
Like gamblers betting on everything that moved.  
To back a hunch.  
Made the bets and lost a bunch.  
Everyting and the Plot.  
Redneck pressure and Congress.  
Trying to bail out the US.  
What about the rest of us>  
Paying through the nose.  
I'm not paying the taxes.  
Just for someone else's mistake.  
Was a different story, when the profits came in.  
Raked in like a gardeners with some leaves.  
Bankers and financiers.  
Modern day thieves.  
Robbing the ordinary to feed the Devil.  
Satisfying thierr selfish greed.  
Geckos once said that greed was good.  
Biut I'll laugh when tge bankers come crying, for food.  
They say that the meek will inherit the eart.  
Hope that moment some comes forth.

Ibrar Siddiqi

## Are You A Presenter>

A funny thing.  
Happened.  
'Are you a presenter? '  
Enquired Mr Singh.  
I wish I had yes.  
But I'm too honest you see.  
Saying yes could have got some fame.  
People saying my name.

RadioXI I had gone to see.  
About a ticket that I had won.  
I had got to the front door.  
I had found my favourite presenters chatting away.  
Happy souls in their game, .  
Just so that listeners could say my name.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Attitude

Son of no-one  
Why give me grief?  
Moan at me because of my belief.  
You wake me up from sweet slumber.  
All because of our desire to sqawk.  
2 types of people who talk  
Those who talk for talking sake  
or these who have much to offer.  
Manchild, put away your attitude.  
Sick of younger people like you, who are so rude.  
Manners cost nothing and mean so much.  
Big mouth of yours covering you with a shield.  
Yet when I put you down - you have nothing to yield.  
Grow up and accept that life is crap.  
Or listen to rubbish and spread more crap.  
Why are some people allowed to breed?  
God, why did you create some people?  
Even this Quasimodo will come down from his steeple?  
Run amok and hurt some silly people.  
Frustrated lion with his pride.  
Ignore hunters, seeking to destroy or deride.

I Siddiqi 03.05.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Bad Rain

I feel drenched by the Bad Rain.  
Happiness had left, all I feel is pain.  
Moving forward is a slow process.  
Rain turns to snow and gradually ice.

Looking for the Sun to give me some much needed traction.  
Tired of my wheels just spinning around.  
Many worries have bogged me down.  
Want this frown to turn into a smile.  
My wheels find grip and I'm off like a shot, paradise bound.

I Siddiqi 14.6.2014

Ibrar Siddiqi



# Believe In Yourself

I watched a film today,  
Thought i was my life, replay.  
Back to the Future, was its name.  
George Mcfly, my character.  
To scared of rejection.  
Or love and affection.

I lost the best thing, I could have had.  
Memories still linger, when my reality is so bad.

People, believe in yourself.  
Put yourself first and dont listen to doubters.  
Or you'll regret it for the rest of your days.

I A SIiddiqi 6.11.2010

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Betrayed

I thought I was walking on a high.  
When I look at you know,  
I'd never thought you'd be this sly.  
I want to forgive you,  
but I never could.  
I swore to myself that you were the one,  
but like the others you'd soon be gone.

I would never know any one who loved me.  
But it's clear to see.  
I'll be alone and forever be betrayed.  
Cupid's arrow certainly missed its mark.  
Never know that glow, when all I see is dark.  
You will never know.  
I will never show.

I Siddiqi 15.2.2014

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Blah Blah Blah

All I hear is gobble d gook.  
I don't understand what language  
today's youth speak.  
Politicians are on this bandwagon  
where they bamboozle you with phrases abound.  
I just what to know  
what it simply means.  
BBB  
Blah Blah Blah  
is all is sounds to me.

Why can't people speak like they meant it.  
Instead of bullshit.  
I'm sorry for a bit of profanity  
But you could understand this insanity.

I pulled my hair in frustration  
Made me bald.  
now that's an elation.  
I hope to see a return to normality.  
Conversation should return to pure quality.

Technology has brought some change  
but to a simple layperson  
it's so strange.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Bonny Lad

I made you wait for a long time.  
When I finally made up my mind to come,  
I put you both through pain and no sleep.

I have arrived, sweet Bonny Lad.  
I can tell from your faces,  
that you are both so glad.

I sleep and for no reason,  
I open my eye.  
Looking for you both,  
my Mom and my Dad.  
That's why I smile, your Bonny Lad.

I Siddiqi.21.7.2013

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Bored

Im bored  
Bored to death.  
death bores me  
I 'll save my breath

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Breakout

I am a person.  
More baggage than you think.  
Lots of problems to which could drive you to drink.  
I don't want to be involved with anyone.  
Because of the burden I have become.  
Along the road of life I have travelled.  
Lots of problems slowly unravelled.  
Met this person who was a snake in the grass.  
Alas poor me, I don't think I will last.  
Was full of life and happiness.  
My smile would attract women of beauty and class.  
Yet I wonder why.  
People put sticks in the spokes.  
When I ride out on my bicycle of life.  
I am tired of fixing things that weren't broke.  
Sick of constantly being moaned.  
I am a recluse who was asking.  
Did not abdicate but was dethroned.  
Thinking thoughts so negative.  
Wish I would have someone to talk with.  
God had shut his door and leaves me with more pesitilence.  
I want a world of happiness and pure silence.  
Would sit in pure isolation amongst the mountains and the trees.  
Listen to all the animals, birds and the bees.  
My dream has gone now I'm so poor.  
Couldn't get any more money for a cheap whore.  
Sitting here master of nothing.  
Surveying all that I no longer have.  
I have become nothing.  
Read about recluses who hoard and die.  
He never talked much.  
My neighbours would cry.  
Fact is no-one was worth talking to where i live.

I wish to roam alone.  
Just the clothes on my back and no mobile phone.  
Miss the days of my big Harley.  
Making love to many women.  
God, help me give me some hope.

A reason to live.  
Not to see the bottle of booze or the end of a rope.  
I cannot feel sorry for me.

Because nobody sees me.  
The invisible troll.  
Another person left to rot.  
Newspaper story sensationalised by the Dailly Grot.  
Newspapers not worthy to wipe my backside.  
This world has become dark and sick.  
Lead me not to follow suit.  
For I am not a sheep or halfwit.  
A reclusive man with ideals.  
No money  
But desire to ride an Iron Horse  
Wind in my hair.  
Shirt tail ruffled by turbulence.  
Leave my worries behind.  
Win the lottery.  
Leave the vermin behind.  
A handsome man's wish to breakout.

I Siddiqi 9.03.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Breakup Blues

Breaking up  
hurts like like a brick through a window.

Another pain unlike glass,  
takes time to mend.

Faced weeks of uncertainty,  
waiting for the end.

Expecting it to happen,  
felt like the bottom dropped out of my world,  
when the break up unfurled.

I cannot get over what happened,  
take me ages to love again

For now my new lover,  
is the pain you left me with.

I wish no ill feelings,  
I wish all happiness you deserve

Love is a learning curve  
Find another teacher to learn from,  
turn my frown to a smile.

Though I'd love myself,  
it would be a while.

i siddiqi 09.07.09

Ibrar Siddiqi



# Broken

I though I had the world at my my feat.  
Your silence triggered a sign of defeat.  
I thought about you when you left.  
Heart lies broken.  
A lover in tears.  
I've got to carry on and love myself.  
Know this my secret love, you were my world.

Good bye and I am not bitter.  
Another chapter in my book of broken love.  
I don't want to love anyone anymore.  
I feel used like a cheap whore.  
Harsh words from me.  
My broken heart, dead.

I Siddiqi 16/02/09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Broken Man

i walk alone on this dusty path.  
Too hurt to smile.  
Could not raise a laugh.  
Hurt and betrayed.  
My heart ache, was inevitable.  
Broken hearted.

When i was younger.  
Love was my hunger.  
Devour my object of affection.  
Learned hard, lessons of rejection.  
I have no objection.  
Just Mr Nice Guy.  
I try and but I get hurt.  
Pinned against the wall  
, another knife in my back.  
Loving feeling I now lack.

Fatigued and tired.  
Company no longer desired.  
I walk alone.  
Pauper with a broken heart,  
now sitting alone.  
I walk alone.  
i walk alone.....

I Siddiqi 28.05.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Celebrity

What it's for?  
Celebrity.  
I see them with their money.  
Money for Nothing.  
I think that's how the song went.  
Dire Straits.  
Isn't that the truth?  
A list, B list.. Z list..  
Open the paper.  
Another one, Brahms and Liszt.  
Rhyming for pissed.  
Celebrity, out in the nihgt.  
Paparazzi's delight.  
Watch them on the box.  
See them all over the press.  
The money I would have, to pay my bills.  
Afford my pleasures.  
I worship nothing else but myself and my wife.

Simplicity itself.  
My life is better than that of a 'Celebrity'.  
I shut off the TV.  
Stopped buying the paper.  
Celebrioty, that's all I see.  
Nothing is real.  
As false as can be.  
Don't need celebrity or the infamy.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Changing

I feel like a caterpillar,  
knowing I am about to change.  
All is set my metamorphosis, due to start soon.  
All is good is set for the change.  
All that is bad will fall away by the side.  
I take a new step to the future for better than worse.

I will become me, not anyone else.  
As I once where before I fell off the righteous path  
Devil on shoulder whispering all evil.  
Soon be one with God by my side.  
Changing for me and my wife.  
Ending my previous life.  
I become me, happen to change.

I Siddiqi 19.04.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Children

I am a barren land.  
Explored by my wife.  
My wife walks my landscape in the search for some bairns.  
But I am barren man.  
My wife knows my country inside and out.  
I ve toldf her to seek another land.  
But in her mind anotherland is bland.  
What my wife needs is children that look like her.  
And full of joy.  
I wouldnt care if it was a girl or a boy.  
The feeling of finding reasure.  
Wou8ld fill my wife full of pleasure.  
I would not let another.  
Feel theor way round.  
Open me up and plant some seed.  
I see others with their offspring.  
Beought up with no love.  
These so called parents just push and shove.  
It makes me spring water.  
When papsrs are opened  
Another case of abuse.  
Death or neglect.  
How many headsrtones must they erect?  
My wife and I would love our won children.  
We would take away the bad parents.  
Right their wrongs.  
And their children happy with the love we would show.  
For when susnet would fall on landscape.  
Longing for wife to possess a motherly glow.  
Mr and Mrs Hubbard, we would be.  
Stocked to the hilt. toys crammed in our cupboards.  
Teddies everywhere.  
There would never be any sadness when we are around.  
My wife, Mrs Cat and her barren man.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Comedy Car

I am but an unluicky fool.  
Got hoodwinked by a man of age.  
Looked at the faults.  
I sat down in a rage.  
doors that dont open.  
Lights that dont.  
I should have not handed over money.  
But an ex taxi, its true.  
Its not funny.  
Cigarette burns.  
Food in strange places.  
Dont know whose sat on those seats.  
Bloodied by keys and dents.  
Its so bad, the money I have spent.  
I now gotta cycle to work and use the train.  
Will buy a new car, my account balcance will remain black.  
I cant stand this old hack.  
Have to park it far.  
Hope it gets stolen or burnt.  
Hard lesson learnt.  
Train, bus or walk.  
Got to better.  
But when it gets colder or wetter.  
Glad to have refuge and a heater.  
Till its heart gives up the ghost.  
I still drive my comedy car.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Content

I am content  
with what I have.  
I once was a very rich man.  
Until a tornado caused untold grief.  
Robbed everything in one flash like a common thief.  
A stroke and a mental breakdown.  
Robbed of my beautiful smile.  
Now with my clothes, I wear a permanent frown.

I got married to my fiancée.  
In my pockets lie old lottery tickets and fluff.  
Hoping one day, the wealth would come back.  
I am rich in my soul as my wife reminds me.  
Materialism is a temporary fix.  
Be happy and very content with what you've got.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Count Blackula

Soul brother moved in.  
Quieter than mouse during the day.  
When night falls your alter ego comes out to play.  
Your volume is never low.  
Hold onto the flat walls, in case your temper blows.  
Rap music played really loud.  
Throw a stage outside the flat,  
you'd soon draw a huge crowd.

Talk all night with your band of men.  
Black men together, higher than a kite.  
Talking in language so foul.  
Offend the nearest ghoul.  
I pray for a ghost to haunt your flat.  
But that poor spirit would flee.  
I'd wish I could reason with you,  
but you don't seem to give a damn.

The world doesn't revolve around you,  
but other people live theirs to suit themselves.  
But I don't go around putting peoples noses out of joint.  
Take a tip, get together with your lady friend.  
Instead of driving me around the bend.  
Before someone stronger places a stake in your heart.  
Count Blackula, your rule the night.  
When you die, the neighbours would certainly reunite.

I Siddiqi 23/03/09

Ibrar Siddiqi



# Dark Days

I fear for the worst.  
I am feeling vulnerable.  
Feelings bubbling to the surface.  
Like a man drowning, I struggle to surface.  
Day and night, I know noone.  
To be my lifesaver.  
I've had problems.  
Days of fire and brimdstone.  
This poor king knocked off his throne.  
On the floor, feeling low.

I cannot face my dark days ahead.  
I fear the worst.  
Alive or dead.  
I fel like a zombie.  
Alive and compelled to walk this Earth.  
Like in my personal hell.

Dark days come to us all.  
I fear upon my sword, I will fall.  
God may not save this sinner.  
A loser not a winner.  
Save me from further hurt.  
Or I may be wrappedin a coth of white.

I Siddiqi 18/02/09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Dark Thoughts

I got thinking too negative.  
Got noone to talk to make me feel positive  
I sat there thinking what if? , what to do?  
I sat here thinking of my wife.  
Sweeter than honey.  
Just like me, full of love and no money.

I need to break out to the hills.,  
Head in my car to Fort Bill.  
That's Scotland to you.  
Cruise the trails on my bike.  
Hitting the hills and breathing free.  
Not caged like a tiger.  
I need to be free.

Sitting in my chicken coop.  
No basketball hoop to shoot.  
I wish I could naked through my callcentre.  
Just to feel I'm alive.  
Wont't do that till I leave for hoime at five.

Dark thoughts, get lighter when I think of my wife.  
My only reasons to enjoying my life.  
Dark thoughts, go away.  
I want a sunny day.  
To lie on the grass and watch cloud animals roam by.  
On my back, I lie.

My dream bubble may not burst.  
I have lots to do.  
Don't like me day dreaming.  
Just don't come up to me screaming.  
Why would I want to be you?  
I got my own ways of dealing with the blues.  
Live life like it was so short.  
Just wouldn't have any tme to have a dark thought.

I Siddiqi 20.02.09



# Despair

Dispare

That what i felt when i saw the news.

Civilinas bombed and killed.

Governments propaganda.

This is Gaza.

Not Uganda.

I wanna see all this fighting stop.

I want the land, robbed by Jews.

Rightly given back

Thus ending the Middle East blues.

Come we must all talk.

Bullshits raining downas we walki.

From friend and foe.

Give war a final blow.

Give us a chance to live together.

Destroy all govement not now for ever.

Are we not all human.

Differnce is colour, religion or creed

But this war is just about greed and lust.

Hold out your hand andextend some trust.

I Siddiqi 6.1.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

## Different Side

Cruising this morning at a quarter to two.  
I found a darker side to you.  
Scared me at first,  
but you given me this thirst.

Intrigued, aroused and more.  
I wouldn't have believed it.  
Especially, somebody like you.  
I'm no angel, not one to judge.  
But it's a different side on show.

I Siddiqi 27.11.2011

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Directionless Man

Lost in a fog, am I.  
Following a road, with no start or finish.  
When I am with her, fears diminish.  
Get back into my car, cannot wonder far.  
Without a guiding star.  
Pray so much for happy endings.  
Pray for wealth and comfort.  
Needing the bosom of a good woman.  
To rest and seek my purpose in life.  
Directionless man, lost for so many years.  
Still struggling to be a man,  
just still a little boy.  
Memories of running without fear.  
Grazing my knees and shedding a tear.  
Now much older,  
Experienced more hate than love.  
Now feeling less bolder.  
Take the road less travelled leads,  
me nowhere without courage.  
So much I lack in the last decade.  
So tired of being alone.  
I need some loving aide.  
So I become directionless no more.

I Siddiqi 21.04.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Dont Give Up On Me

Circled by sharks.  
Waiting to be eaten.  
Still thinking of you.  
Determined not to be beaten.  
Treading water.  
Not wanting my arms to tire.  
Nor end my burning desire.

The water is cold.  
Waves slapping my face as if to deter.  
Any feeling for you.  
On the deck of that ocean liner that goes past.  
No light cast.  
Man overboard.  
His love slipping fast.

Will not be missed by any Juliet  
But jealousy and frustration has made me walk the gangplank.  
Now here I lie in the water contemplating my fate.  
Davy Jones locker may beckon.  
But you my love, I reckon.  
May save my stranded soul.  
Or Robinson Crusoe I may become.  
Alone.  
Don't give up and throw me a lifeline.  
I hope you will be mine, someday.

I Siddiqi 16/02/09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Drifter

I wander ever  
from palce to place  
Not ever seeing a familiar face.  
Just want to settle somewhere nice  
Instead of the usual bed lice.  
I just want live a home  
I feel like a hernit or a gnome.  
I see all walk before me  
Not a care in the world  
Wish that was me  
Back to the pank bench  
with the spittle and booze  
for company.  
To spend the night  
before the local kids kick me  
like a football

Ibrar Siddiqi



# Driving Me Insane

When we were together,  
you left me drained.  
I walked out,  
saving my soul.  
Yet, you come back doing nothing,  
but bitch and complain.  
Train wreck happening,  
that why i left.  
Jumped tracks,  
followed my desires.  
Loving a woman,  
with whom love never tires.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Drowning

The feeling I get when I wake up is dread.  
Been stuck in a rut.  
I wish I was dead.  
Day after day people never shut up.  
I know that I don't have any children  
or a flash house.  
In fact, I have nothing materialistic.  
You can guess by the opening lines that I am morbidly sick.

People remind me that I am not a success.  
But when even God won't answer my prayers.  
Then what have I got to live for?  
I feel like taking the car and a pipe. Gas myself to death.  
Whisper 'I love you, my wife' with my last dying breath.  
I've let those down, that depend on me.  
My parents are old and have no money.  
I cannot treat my wife's family to a decent life.  
Impoverished and desperate are they, in a foreign land.  
I've worked harder than any other man to make ends meet.  
Walked to the ends of the earth and worn out my feet.

I cannot take anymore.  
I am overwhelmed.  
Just like a man overboard.  
Drowned in the depths.  
Dead man walking on the Green Mile.  
Somebody has snuffed my light.  
Man that has been broken I, no longer, have no fight.  
Sentence me to a death that is so painless.  
Nothing to declare or to confess.  
I just couldn't cope with life's demands.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Easy Life

I want an easy life.  
don't want any strife  
Just want a wife as simple as me.  
And a car that goes from a to b.  
without costing me money.  
I don't want complication.  
I aint being funny.  
I would rather be chilled  
and relaxed.  
Not worrying about anyone or anything.  
At work - I got a easy job.  
An excellent role for an earthy sloth.  
No angry customers,  
ranting in my face

How easy i made my life  
so easy to do.  
Doesn't cost me any cash  
Just cut out the crap  
Job done.

Bullshitters,  
pardon my french  
Just make me clench.  
Ignore the bable.  
Leave the rabble  
and adopt my party slogan  
Easy life

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Echoes of My Heart

HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN YOU.  
MY EMPTY BED REMINDS ME WHY I LOVE YOU.  
24 HOURS APART.  
IT'S EATING AT MY HEART.

MISS THE TIMES WE SIT TOGETHER.  
PLAYING KISSY FACE FOREVER AND EVER.  
AND THE TIMES WE ROW.

GUESS I MISS YOU MORE.  
WHEN YOU ARE AWAY.  
MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT.  
NIGHT AND DAY.

I SDDIQI 23.01.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Emotional Rollercoaster.

up and high  
love and a sigh  
down and low  
constant blow  
riding this ride  
roller-coaster  
emotions torn  
like the hulks shirt.  
people treating me like dog dirt.  
tread on me like a door mat.

i siddiqi 13.05.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Emotions Of Colour

My heart was dark and black,  
unloved by anyone human.

Yellow is the warmth I felt,  
by the touch you had..

Red hot was our passion,  
when we first made love.

Passionate orange as,  
we lay together in the after glow.

Now I'm deeply blue,  
for loving you.

I Siddiqi 10.07.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Evil Woman

evil woman  
how evil you are  
have been through so much.  
evil to me means you're not worth it.  
i would rather eat dog \*\*\*\*

All the hell i've been put through  
If people could feel my pain then  
compare the relationship between the Nazi and a Jew.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Examinations

Sitting here, nerves the better oif me.  
No grade or a grade Z, would refelect my ability.  
Went to school just for free meals.  
Could not thinnk to save my life.  
Just dragging along.  
Scrapping and muddling my wfie thorough.  
Its no time to be blue.  
I just wish I knew how to learn.  
Good with my good is my brain?  
Data comes in.  
Straight to the recycle bin in my mind.  
I 'm just writing thes lines to b kind.  
To myself.

Ibrar Siddiqi



# Fantasy Woman

In my dreams, my hands and lips are yours to have.  
Reality determines the person you are.  
Like a clear nights sky.  
I want you, my bright, shiny star  
I cannot reach to hold you, but i fantasise.  
Reach your orbit and my dreams follow.  
What becomes reality, when my my mind wanders.  
Like Icarus, my wings fall to pieces.  
Back down to Earth with a resounding bump.  
Bruised ego, sore rump.  
I look at you and see a whole lotta woman.  
But what you see isn't much.  
That's i fantasise about a woman like you.  
No harm done, just wishful thinking.  
Lack of courage and boring words.  
Drive away any woman  
I walk my world in an eternal dreamy state.

I Siddiqi 27.06.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Fate

Fate brought me into this world  
Some thirty years ago.  
Boy babay bvorn to my Mom and Dad.  
My father was Happy and Glad.  
His first offspring, a boy bron.  
My mother, sullen and forlorn.  
Glad to push me after ninem months.  
Of Living rent free.  
Sets the pattern of life.  
When I met my wife.  
I met my soulmate.  
Have the same interests.  
Food and Film.  
Fashion and clothes.  
Even the same nose!  
Guess what I mean.  
In these lines.  
Dont worry too much.  
About this and that.  
Or such and and Such.  
Everything will work out fine.  
I dont have a fast car.  
Or a house similar to a Rock Star.  
Just happy top be out of the cold.  
Growing happily together will we both get old.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Fathers Day

A day for fathers.  
A day for men.  
Its hard to be loved.  
Cannot shw your feelings for being mocked.  
Your a man, not easily shocked.  
Take everyhting into your stride.  
Life is easy, share your burden and dont hold back.  
Love someone, tell then that.  
Life's too short.  
Fate takes care of everything that you drive.  
But its you the catalyst that makes it stick.  
Be there for everyone, kids and all.  
But don't foget anyone you haven't called.  
Be the life and soul of your party.  
Don't get mad, just be hearty.  
Just don't forget the other half that you love her.

I Siddiqi 21.06.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Feeling Blue

Blue.

My wardrobe is this colour.

Quite close to black.

A cloud of doubt, changed my view.

Now i'm blue.

I Siddiqi 24.11.2009

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Feelings

I am but alone.  
An ogre destined for a throne.  
Looking for a princess,  
I confess.

Scouring the land for my equal.  
My search, fruitless.  
My love for one,  
I dare not tell.  
Scared to hell.  
fear of being alone.

Throne of figs,  
courtyard of pigs.  
No-one my not understanding my feeling.  
rejection left me reeling.  
Loneliness my companion.  
Faithful by my side.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Flogging A Dead Horse

Its was over when I first saw you.  
In my heart I knew you'd only make blue.  
To date you still take the mick.  
The thought of you makes me violently sick.

Why do you vother coming around?  
I have no common ground.  
My family needs me.  
I do not want ever.  
Stop yapping.  
Get out of my life.  
Once you've gone  
I'll start clapping.  
I'll be able to breathe.  
I'll be able to do what I want.  
Dont need any so possessive.  
I don't need any bordering on the pyschotic obsessive.

I want to smile with my wife.  
Not be made unhappy by some stalker.  
Or to chamred by a snake in the grass.  
I live for the day you die.  
Then the tears of joy, I will happily cry.

I am sick of you flogging a dead horse/  
There was no love to run any course.  
There was no illusion.  
Your evil deeds and the words that hail.  
With which my innocent soul is flailed.  
You should put yourself in the back of a hearse.  
For the dead have more feeling than you.

Ibrar Siddiqi

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Flow

Going with flow.  
Battered a tide,  
nowhere to go.  
Trying to latch on a ledge.  
But today I will treading water.  
Like I ought to.  
All i see is blue.  
Sharks swimming round.  
Daren't make a move.  
Lose my way too soon.  
I'll go without resistance.  
And take my time for sure.  
I Siddiqi.22nd June 2014.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Food

Food

wherver i look

or wherever i go

food is everywhere on show.

my mate has his tuck shop

and im getting full

got to get home to fill my face.

Ibrar Siddiqi



# Forgiveness

I was taught a lesson about an affair.  
Passion was good but it didn't last long.  
I look back, my days full of sadness.  
Walking around, frown adorning my face.

Days and nights of free flowing love.  
With someone I knew that I could love.  
We burnt out what loving in my soul.  
Running on empty,  
made me feel hungry for her.  
But her fury, twice, I did incur.

All I ask is not to make love again.  
But to be friends and nothing else.  
All I ask is for forgiveness.  
Forgiveness,  
Forgiveness from your generous heart.  
Forgiveness.

I Siddiqi 26.03.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Freaky Relatives

I feel my family are different to me  
Its not the looks we have  
I think its me  
The relatives that every one hates.  
Cross between the Beverey Hillbillies  
and the Addams family.  
I hate going to visit  
Feel i'll never come back  
Send an SOS  
I could be gone for some time  
I cant belive the things that they do  
Things I would never do to you.  
Get away with murder if they could.  
Hand me an Uzi and you'd probably guess  
I 'll try not to make a mess.  
Back to reality my mind tells me.  
Im just glad that they dont live close by.  
On a plane to a far off isle  
I'll definitely fly.  
Bikini Atoll  
or Guantonomo Bay  
Anywhere for some solice  
and a break.  
Away from the greatest genetic mistake.  
My freaky relatives.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Friend Called J

In my lonely life.  
Married to my wife.

She had lots them,  
when i had only one.

I had only known her for 12 months  
That one was a friend.

Hear her voice,  
see her smile.

My problems,  
disappear for a while.

I like her alot,  
when i once lost the plot, she came to help.

But like everyone selfish,  
I never said thanks.

I never show it,  
in case I hurt her.  
She, my only friend.

Thank you J,  
for being you.

Made to make my day brighter,  
than its usual deep blue.

I Siddiqi 13.08.2009

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Frustration

You cannot fathom how I am frustrated.  
Hated by all because of one.  
I just want to scream and shout.  
Or run down the hall.

I need to break free.  
Before, I go on a killing spree.  
Murdering those I love with hate.

My temper in check.  
Don't know what to do.  
I'll become a nervous wreck.  
Jibbering in the corner.  
Spouting words of no sense.

I cannot fathom why I let rubbish in my day.  
Piling up blocking my view of my wife of life.  
Muderous scenarios, in my mind, play.

God I wish I could break free.  
From the norm of daily stress.  
Wish I was hugged constanly by my baby.  
Making me feel right.  
See her in front of me.  
All worries and woe.  
Melt like fresh snow.

I Siddiqi 6.03.09

I

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Getting Over Someone

At first the hurt wells up.  
Feelings like a porcelain cup.  
Beautiful to hold, easy to break up.  
Bad things come the fore.  
When you've been shown the door.  
Knocks you on your backside,  
landing heavily on the floor.  
Thousand questions in your mind.  
They had their reasons, cruel to be kind.

Best thing I find,  
is to move on.  
Once that person goes,  
Get back on the horse, go on.  
Make a move until you find the one.  
The one, who will,  
with time mend your broken heart.

I Siddiqi 5.6.09

Owner of a broken heart repaired effortlessly by his wife

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Go Away Annoying Single Woman

Ive been hurt in the past  
By women whose love  
I knew would never last  
But the past 10 yeats  
Ive been haunted by a pale apparition.  
Follows my moves everywhere I go  
probalby got an altar that the world would not know.

Go away annoying single woman  
I've got a wife.  
Thank God and the stars above  
that I got a life.

You've slept with my boss  
I just couldnt give a Luther (Vandross)  
About the things you do  
And if you dont leave know  
Your arse will my big shoe.

I didnt like you then  
So why the antics  
I dont care  
I still dont  
So  
Go away annoying single woman  
Leave me alone.....  
Or the wife will break your legs!

An ode to all the wierd single women who've slashed my tyres, followed me home

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Goodbye

Some time will pass.  
When I 'll never see you wonderful voice.  
Cast a spell that weakend my armour.  
Your looks cast a spell  
That I could not repell.  
But you'll be gone.  
As time will tell.  
Your lasting legacy will play on my mind.  
Never forget the polished diamond that you are.

I will follow my own fate.  
Tread my own path.  
But I'll look around for you when I am alone.  
Noone will ever know about the feelings I have for you.  
A memorry to treasure to pass to my children.  
How your love struck father missed ahain.

I Siddiqi 14.02.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Green Eyed Monster

Green eyed monster,  
rears its head.  
My lover, fearing the worst.  
Pride at stake,  
eyes burning with envy.

How dare you? !  
Your jealousy is,  
making me blue.  
Driving me mad,  
by the ay,  
I get treated.  
I only looked,  
nothing else.

Convicted without evidence.  
Hung for something minor.  
Put in solitary, for a  
small misdemeanour.  
This is your jealousy,  
not mine.  
Not see yourself in the mirror,  
A look at you,  
my heart beheld.  
Perfect, seamless, no human weld.  
Have to congratulate your parents,  
who made you.  
Pity its your healous, driving me away.  
Your jealousy is make me blue,  
driving me insane.

I Siddiqi 1.1209

Ibrar Siddiqi



# Hang On In There

Life has dealt you a hefty blow.  
Looking at the negative is not going to help.  
Kicking yourself.  
Going through what ifs  
Or having a few spliffs.  
Aren't going to help.  
You have to have faith.  
Believe in something  
that's going to help you down that road.  
Go for a walk in the park  
When it's light  
Not when it's dark.  
Helped me in the end.  
because my health is on the mend.  
Brother or sister.  
Don't give up.  
Don't look at that long winding road.  
Just look a few steps in front.  
It would stop you from stumbling.

Things happen for a reason.  
Maybe it's just fate.  
But know this - someone else is worse off than you.

Ibrar Siddiqi 4.5.08

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Happy In My Heart

Today I realised that my life is great.  
Im not jealous of anything.  
Got everything I need.  
Humble not greedy.  
I don't feel needy.  
I am a humble man.  
Happy in my heart.  
That's all I can say.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Happy New Year

Its time to reflect,  
Looking back over days past.  
This year flew by so fast.  
Loved ones who have departed.  
Newborns whose lives have just started.  
Look back with an eye open, don't forget.  
What chances you didn't take, no regret.  
Keep driving forward without any fear.  
To all, I bid you all, a very Happy New Year.

I Siddiqi.31.12.2013.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Harbour Of Solace

I look at you.  
You don't have to say a thiing.  
Feelings so close I can feel your wavelength.  
I don't ask for your committment.  
Just being your harbour.  
Gives me stength.  
Stay with me till all is calm.  
I'll use all my defences to protect you from harm.  
Lacking in looks, statistics or character.  
I'll always be there for you.  
I am a harbour.  
Just not looking for amour.  
Just doing my role given to me.  
You maybe one of many.  
But you, I will never forget.  
I'm glad to see you leaving with that beautiful smile.  
Comforting you, brought the woman out of the girl.  
One day you'll slip your berth.  
At least you'd be free to roam this Earth.

I Siddiqi 08/03/2009

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Heart Condition

Heart condition like mine.  
Leaves me weak.  
When i see you, its stops.  
Leaving me breathless.  
A kiss on my lips.  
Restarts my pulse.  
Quickens to your voice.  
When you tell me so.  
I Siddiqi.19.9.2014

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Heartache

Loneliness, my companion.  
Ever by side.  
Tried to love  
Icarus, my inspiration.  
Niave lover, burnt to cinders.  
Heartache.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Heartless

Second and minute after hour.  
I found that I have no soul.  
Soul less.  
Dark eyes like a shark seeking my next prey.  
Cold blooded.  
Hard skinned.  
Eyes, tears flooded.  
Heart breakng..  
Shattered into pieces.  
I could not give a damn.  
Nice men finish last.  
Feared the worst, now i've become heartless.

I Siddiqi 6.06.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Hey Beautiful, I Still Love You.

I have some regrets.  
I wish I had the courage to say things that I would not regret.  
Your voice, sweeter than honey.  
Your lips painted the colour pf passion.  
You personify the phrase Oh la la.

A woman amongst the girls.  
Head above the rest.  
The embodiment of Venus.  
Sat before me, for so long.  
My heart longed for you.  
My fantasy, to love so true.  
I didn't say anything as my heart would upset your life.  
A chance, not to lose you.  
My reason behind my silence.  
I am a sniper for Cupid and I fell in love.  
Just doing my job for the big guy above.  
I cannot risk losing the love of my life.  
That's why in my heart.  
It still beats to the tune of 'Hey beautiful, I love you '.

Dedicated to someone like you.  
My behaviour likened to Pepe Le Peu.  
You the cat, who I 'd chase just to woo.  
Rejected by thousands.  
Fate brought me to you.  
In my job as a lover, no bad words would be uttered.  
For I'd be busy loving you.  
My dedication is unbroken.  
Should fate be gracious.  
I'd be the one for you.

I Siddiqi 10.03.2009

Ibrar Siddiqi



# Hindsight

I sit here alone.  
A few days ago, I lost my love.  
In hindsight, it wasn't working well.  
Only time could tell.  
That the love we had was doomed.  
What looked to be right.  
Soon turned sour.  
Because of the jealous smell. lingering from the hyenas.

Hindsight is all but a wonderful thing.  
If only we were single, then it would have worked.  
My duty to love you,  
a duty I would not have shirked.  
Work well to loving you with all my heart.  
But it was not meant to be.  
My heart shattered.  
Just me.  
No you and me, Just I.  
I look back,  
I cry some. tears.  
From the brief love, I take the good times and bad.  
But I 'll never know if I loved you as I should have,  
or if I was a cad  
Hindsight.

I Siddiqi 18.03.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Hurricane Lover

She blew in iike a torid storm.  
My life in turmoil,  
world upside down.  
My life's work, torn to bits.  
Hurricane Lover, hit my life hard.  
Cold as the wind she drew,  
quick as a flash, off into the blue.

I stand here, clothes but a shred.  
Somehow I survived her,  
most other men would be dead.  
A survivor of a great catastophe.

I Sddiqi 22/01/2010

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Hurtful Things

When the world looks at me.  
They try to make me blue.  
The world beholds you  
and every thin you do.  
If i didn't appreciate you.  
Then I couldn't be true.

It's true that I was bad in my youth.  
Look at me know I behold the truth.  
Old fashioned that I am in my thinking.  
Regimental and strict.  
I am used to the pain that jealous people inflict.

I kissed you last night because I cared.  
But you backed offI, I think because you were scared.  
Feelings ran riot in that sweet noggin.  
If feelings that bug you just let out.  
Slap me and hit me or just shout.  
If things are right.  
Like I have always said  
Relax, leave everything to fate.

Tread carefully as I have said.  
It is your face that is always read.  
Others will follow your move.  
I'll stay undercover till the time is right.  
Stay strong and all will fall in place.

I Siddiqi 25/02/09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I Am A Nobody

Sitting in my corner.  
People pass me.  
Judge for my appearance.  
Make remarks upon what they see.  
I am person of intelligence.  
With views so many.  
Its hard to find anyone with any intelligence.  
To share a cup of thought with..  
I sit in my corner.  
In insolation for being me.

I Siddiqi 8.03.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I Am A Shy Guy

The feelings I feel whn someone so near.  
The feelings of intimacy I storngly fear.  
Loved bny none, hated by all.  
For I could rise to Cupids call.  
Had all comments made to me.

Modern women fail to appeal to me.  
Carry on like men justa s drun k as well.  
I cannot find anyone that I be friens with first.  
Maybe I should in a museum for havoing manners and respect.  
Or I should be mounted in glass by Damien Hirst.

I am just a shy guy.  
Chat up lines I cannot do.  
One nioght stands always a no- no.  
I am impossible to date.  
To all women whose energy felt it was being wasted.  
I loved to be loved that's why I take my time.  
Slow on the uptake.  
Not built like Adonis.  
Not shallow as you.  
Don't want to blue.  
I don't want to make a mistake.  
Which runed me.  
I am still untouched and that's the way it wil stay.  
I am not gay.  
Just waiting for the right woman to lock my lips.  
As I imagine love should mean.  
For the right woman, I would unlock my heart.  
Passion would soon start.  
Like Cinderella the glass slipper will fit.  
My princess will come calling, for a shy guy like me.

I Siddiqi 28/02/2009

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I Am A Simple Man.

Looking at the title, you would to laugh.  
I just a simple man who enjoys a bath.  
I don't want a complicated life.  
I just want my wife.  
Any children would be a bonus.  
That's a onus on us both and The One Above.  
I just don't want a super flash car.  
So long it starts and goes.  
I dont want any fame.  
Or a hip name.  
Shorter than the one I got.  
But that's me perosnified.  
I'm just grateful for what I was given.  
I have a job that pays the bills.  
Not looking for any tension.  
Now you know why I'm a simple man.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I Am But An Uncle

Uncle Ibrar to the rescue  
To my wee niece, I love you.  
I ring the bell.  
You come running.  
Big cheezy grin on your little face.  
Noodle hair in a tizz  
You round like a bottle full of fizz!

I like buying toys  
little girls are more fun than boys.  
I bought you a trike  
The sort that you like.

I love being an Uncle to you.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I Buying For Wife

As a poor husband.  
My wife's clothes are a mystery to me.  
Many a man would nod in agreement.  
Shopping for my wife's clothes is a task I resent.  
I don't know her bra size or her waist.  
Run around the shops in blind haste.  
Get them off the shelf in the basket.  
And avoid all eye contact with the other females within the vicinity.  
For some reason, I cannot relax.  
I feel like saying I'm buying for my wife.  
She's the same size as you.  
Oh clothes shopping is making me blue.  
I have to make a point of showing my ring.  
Just in case the sales assistant.  
Becomes very resistant.  
To my huge task.  
I am but a poor husband, boy am I harassed.  
It's not the fact I am embarrassed.  
Get my loot home for my other half.  
Drop the clothes into the middle of the floor.  
Go red as my wife begins to laugh.  
And guffaw.  
All I can see is get it yourself.  
I'm off down to the pub to seek solace with my fellow cavemen.  
Into the den where clothes are taboo.  
The trials and tribulations of the married man.

I Siddiqi 12.07.08

Ibrar Siddiqi



# I Confess To E Beng Guilt.

I was cast in a cell.  
Interrogated by Fate and Cupid.  
Fate asked me if I was stupid  
I replied with beaten body and soulfuyl mind.  
'Yes, I love her so.'  
Cupid came in and asked another question.  
Are you not blind to love.  
'I was blind, but with her love I must confess she loves me'  
'With her love, I can now see.'

The love of my dreams sealed my fate.  
Like a doughnut with an empty hole.  
In my life, she entered not knowing what crime I would commit.  
With baton and cuffs, I was beaten to an inch of my life.  
I confess to be being guilty of loving her and she loves me.  
From the other side of the one way glass, I could fel her cry.  
So I wped away her tear.  
Its true I am guilty of loving you.  
It is a sentence I will gladly serve.  
Not in solitary confinement but with you in my heart's cell.  
You walked in and cast a spell.  
I confessed to being a man in love, charge me.  
Before all the courts and judges, may they sentence me.  
I will always love thee.  
Hep me serve this sentence for life. remove the cuffs.  
Imprison in me in your loving embrace.

I Sddiqi 28.02.2009

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I Couldnt Give Two Hoots

There are some things I dont want to know about.  
They say that Ignorance is bliss.  
I sure beats having to giov twoo hoots.  
Those that shout the loudest  
have an agenda  
This mind's on a bender.  
This mind is not for sale.  
In fact up yours.  
Polticians, thieves, and the rest.  
Lets put them to the test.  
I round them up like cattle.  
Then make them do battle with each other.

i dont care anymore about thing.  
Not about the footballers like Rooney  
and plain women like his Colleen.  
This sound really mean.  
But they are nothing without money or the fame.

I cant think of a witty end to this verse  
As the outcome would e adverse.....

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I Dont Know Wyou Love Me

I ask my self when we are together.  
Holding you in my arms.  
I ask in my mind that nagging question.  
Why do you love me?

Qualitites that I didn't know I had.  
If they keep yopu happy, then I am glad.  
i daren't ask you why becuase I don't want to see you cry.  
Just hold you closer to me.  
And thank my stars that you love me.

I Siddiqi 17/02/09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I Feel Clean

I love reading my prayers.  
Or read Allahs anem with my rosary beads.  
I know that he is busy.  
But I know I will answer my needs.  
On my prayer mat  
wearing my little cap.

Looking at the world.  
Surrounded by filth and despair.  
I feel better after reading a [rayter.  
I see others that constantly commit some evil.  
You are lower than the devil.  
Reading the papers with the rubbish.  
They call news.  
Rustling through the papers just gives me the blues.  
Why dont people go to thier churches,  
Instead of shooting the good book on a rifle rang?  
With the ignorant preaching hate.  
Let Allah decide their fate.  
Could I be callous and bomb a church?  
Or blow up McDonalds?  
I sit on my prayer mat  
with my little cap.  
Contemplating good thoughts.  
Postives or ones.  
Instead of zeroes or noughts.

Go to a church.  
Sit down and think.  
Of yourself.  
Spare a thouhgt for your fate.  
Its not too late.  
Could be the best you did.  
Better than lying waatsed dirty in the gutter.  
Like a scutter.  
You may not feel clean.  
But soon you will uinderstand.  
But I'll feel clean no matter what you think.  
I am a Muslim.

He's one of them.  
People think terrorist.  
Jihad tattooed on my wrists.  
I'd rather read my prayers.  
Ignore those that demean.  
Or laugh at faith.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I Got A New Job

Finally, I worked hard and got myself a permanent role.  
Sure beats being on the dole.  
It isn't like my lost job.  
Where I felt like a number,  
A deep and scary slumber,  
Eyes wide open  
Watching people from all sorts of walks  
making claims and messing up.  
I got stressed out by them and my so called colleagues.  
But my new buddies are the best  
21 days - still having a laugh  
thought i never this day where i'd enjoy my job.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I Got Splashed

It was a rainy day.  
My colleague, Mrs B, had gone out for a walk.  
Two inconsiderate drivers,  
Drove thorough a big puddle at speed.  
Mrs B had got splashed.  
Came back in the office like a dorwned cat.  
Looking for a warm radiator to dry under.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I Hate Being Diabetic

Its true.

This disease has been making me blue.

Fifteen years of cursed problems.

i was fit and healthy.

Before I got diagnosed.

now most of the things I loved to eat.

The off limits, the sign says closed.

My doctor said a long life is possible.

Without complication, no guarantee is given.

I tired of having to look at the wrapper to see if I don't get ill.

High sugar or low.

My body is like a boxer.

I'm tired of being dealt blows.

To my fragile body.

I walk three miles a morning.

But by twelve noon.

I'm yawning.

Sometimes I have a bad day - have too much food.

Just so I be like someone healthy.

But the results on my glucose meter.

Show me the bad news.

I'd call up John Lee Hooker.

And I would write, 'I've got the Diabetes blues'

My eyes are now at risk.

I had a lucky escape.

A life in the dark

Not being able to see.

Not able to see my wife.

My incentive to get better.

Confirmed by my consultant.

The Greek Goddess.

She said she was amazed.

I know I'm ddoing good.

But could someone send me a recipe.

To make sals taste like a Donner Kebab.



The I would eat it till i was fat.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I Hate It When We Fight

You said something that intrigued me.  
Man, that I am went silent.  
Woman, as you are thought I had upset.  
What followed was a wee bruehaha.

Its time we learned to relax.  
I love to love you.  
But hate it when we fight.  
Words can become daggers.  
Hurt with a single blow forwards.  
I would die a thousand deaths than see you hurt.  
I know I want to kiss you to stop you worrying.  
You know that my aim would never miss..  
Thus ending a a battle over nothing.

I love to make up when we argue.  
Watch your face blossom with that glow.  
I won't tell anyway what it was all about.  
Just so long as I don't see you upset.  
For a thousand curses I would upon myself I wish.  
Than to see you hurt.

I Siddiqi 15.02.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I Hate Shopping

I am a man  
I hate shopping with my wife.  
I know we have to eat.  
But why does it take five hours to buy a shoe.  
Wear it once and its in the cupboard.  
With the rest of the heeled art collection.

i love food.  
I go in and get it.  
But why do have to buy a dozen things that we already have.  
Just because its cheaper.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I Hate Soaps

30 minutes of drivel  
Watching an episode unravel  
I'd rather spending the time on travel  
In my mind on on the grass bank  
the clouds floating high above  
with my wife in my arms  
Im high on life.

Soap operas  
Waste of time  
I'd rather be elbow deep in grime  
Cleaning dirty plates  
and spoons  
I hate watching thosae transparent buffoons  
Actors they call themselves  
But id rather watch Santa and his Elves.

Why waste your time  
Melting your mind  
I would rather smoke a cigarette  
through my behind!

Dont waste your life  
watching thrity minutes of confusing strife  
Get out and on  
and enrich your life!

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I Just Made Love

I made love to you  
Just an hour ago.  
Here we are lying in each others arms.  
Feeling come flooding over.,  
Like the lovers we are.  
Things look better lying on my back.  
Lying with you.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I Look At The World

Looking at the world, I feel sad.  
Never good just everyone's gone bad.  
Politicians breed filth and lies,  
People who we all despise.  
Do we do anything to change the world?  
Sit on our laurels and drink ourselves to death.  
There'll be people who will wallow till their last dying breath.

To be honest, why did God create man?  
When all we create is misery or death?  
Wars to change policies, brought by democrats.  
Leaving the civilians and foot soldiers to greet death.  
With regular occurrence this happens.  
We always let the bad ones get off with their crime.  
Too many of us, shut the door on the world.  
Don't want ferret children or drug dealers, spoil our paradise.  
Wish in our fantasies, to walk down the road.  
I load my machine gun and shoot those who I despise.

If God be my judge, jury and executioner, I would be sent down.  
Now I swear even God would have been bribed.  
Bad ones get away with everything and the good ones suffer.  
Governments lie to us, G20 last week.  
This we know.  
The police who protect us, throw us to the ground.  
Mind our business get attacked and die.  
Now the loved ones, all they do is cry.  
I watch from heaven and cry when I look at the world

Ibrar Siddiqi 12.04.09

I

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I Look At You....

I look at you.  
Eyes pacific blue.

Lips so inviting,  
my heart uncontrollable.  
an effect, brought by you.

Woman amongst girls,  
fate played a story,  
towards our mutual path.

Your smile, your laugh.  
Subtle things that you do.  
Things that you say,  
Makes me drift your way.  
Like a moth to a flame.

I want to say your name,  
in my sleep,  
my dreams so real and deep.

Are you my Destiny? ,  
or wishful thinking.  
Your presence like a fine wine,  
wishful, eternal drinking.

I want to say things to make you mine.  
Fine line between rejection and fantasy,  
make me hesitant.

Courage like a lion,  
needed to seize the day.  
Uncontrollable nerves,  
come to play.  
All because,  
I look at you.

I Siddiqi 13.07.09





# I Love My Company

In a world of my own.  
A master of my own fate.  
I m not lonely without my imagination.  
And am not lonely without my dreams.  
Friends are like the weather.  
Unpredictable to say the least.  
Sit in my world on a grassy knoll.  
Watching the clouds roll by.  
Don quixote could live in my universe.  
As mine is as real as my words.  
Stuck in a callcentre like sheep in a pen.  
Slipping between work and my ever ranging glen.  
Monarch of my fate, I return home to contemplate.  
My dreary fate.  
Boredom has beset me.  
But my world of escape keeps in two.  
Unlike others I can choose to come and go.  
Where others choose to stay in their imaginary bode.  
I love my company.  
When conversations fade to backgorund noise.  
With my switchj, I go and run throygh the forest alone.  
Naked as a baby.  
A golden woman in my woods so familiar.  
Running thorough as in marathon.  
Getting lost in my copse off my desire.  
She is hot enough to spark a campfire.  
Reaches my river and swims across.  
Where I have standing.  
Water cascading her natural self.  
Aware of my presence.  
We both did make imaginary love.  
I went back to work and made sure.  
That the entrance to my world was sealed shut.  
I love my company and company is muself.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I Love My Walkman

Walking thorough in the park.  
I cannot hear a thing.  
Dogs bark and birds sing.  
In my ears.  
Aural pleasure plays.  
Classical music.  
Penetrate my mind.  
Waking my senses  
to start my day.  
6 miles  
around Victoria Park.

I love my Walkman  
drives away the daily grind.  
Soothes my stressed out mind.  
Relaxed and happy.  
Not feeling crappy.  
Thank you Mr. Sony for my Walkman.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I Must Not Grumble

I must not grumble.  
I worked all my life.  
There always people worse off.  
But I won't ask for help.  
I am a pensioner whose pride is a milestone.  
I know I can ask for help but I won't reach out.  
People encourage me but I've been told otherwise.  
So I won't ask for assistance.  
I know I am getting old.  
The house in which I made love and raised a family.  
Is so ice cold.  
I would rather wrap myself in layers than ask for handouts.  
I listened to a young man who had to raise his siblings.  
And of course his sick mum.  
I thought to myself he is worse off.  
So I won't extend my hand for help.  
I was born of an age.  
Where self-sufficiency was a must not a going rate.  
Made do with what you got.  
Now they all sort who shirk.  
And have never been to work.  
And make children who swear and beat me.  
But still I must not grumble

I Siddiqi 17.07.08

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I Seized The Moment

Too afraid, was I.  
To lurk in your presence.  
I summed up my courage.  
I looked at your lips.  
Like a man overboard,  
Plunging to the unknown.

I closed my eyes and hoped for the best.  
I seized the moment and stole a kiss.  
Planted a feeling sure to last.  
Hoping you'd forgive my mistakes in the past

That kiss.  
A kiss that you would remember.  
For better times or worse.  
I was a moment that i could not rehearse.  
i touch my lips and feel you still.  
My spine feeling a pleasant chill.  
The thought of you in arms.  
That's why I seized the moment.

I Siddiqi 23.05.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I Share Your Pain.

I lie here, eyes red from crying.  
The last phone call, I had, I thought you were dying.  
Fearing the worst, I sat and cried so much.  
This manly man, fell on his sword.  
My wee wife, a million miles in distance.  
But the feelings we share, I experience.  
Cannot sleep or carry on with my existence, .  
or I will drown in tears of uncertainty.  
I cannot walk out without my eyes filling up with water.  
You, my wife, your parents daughter.  
You claim that I am a heartless man.  
But baby, you are lying in a bed not knowing about me.  
I pray and pray till God tells me to stop worrying.  
Your recovery, I pray be speedliy done.  
I have no money to fly to your side.  
Our bed, lies empty but heart is full.  
I wish I won the lottery so I could give up work  
Fly to your side. pick up my rightful duties, the ones I never shirk.  
Wife, please tell me where it hurts.  
So with my kisses and leathery hands, the pain will go away.  
I will hold you together, forever and ever, so that you are on your feet.  
Mighty, wee woman of size three feet  
A brute and a beast that I am, tamed by you, please don't let go.  
Just give me your pain.  
Just share with me, food on plate, clothes in our closet.  
I feel, I share your pain.  
Ever dutiful man who never cared for anything else.  
Everything is beautiful with you, my wife.  
Get better, quickly so that you enrich my life.

Ibrar Siddqi 12.04.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I Still Got Over You

I thought I was strong,  
time has proven me wrong.

You moved on so quickly,  
My broken, feelings shattered, gut cickly.

New man, in my place.  
Just couldn't talk to your face.

My heart, remembers you well,  
your very name mentioned, causes it to race.

Circumstance and fate, I accepted,  
would bare me as the loser.

I try to forget you, no tears i promised  
Drowned myself at the boozier, heartbroken desparate soul.

My bowl of love, now empty.  
My goodness gone, filling the soul of another.  
Another lover, not a brother.

My memories of kisses, hugs and coupling.  
All locked in my head.  
Like a zombie, without your love,  
I've become the living dead.

Since we broken up - loving another, is  
something i have begun to dread.  
Nights of passion, could not compensate,  
for my rotten fate.

Living on my back in the desert,  
for he vultures to pick my hole in the heart bones.

I Siddiqi 24.11.2009

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I Thought You Were Different

I looked at you.  
And found deep solace in your soul.  
Though about you as friend.  
Fate pushed us together.  
But I thought you were different.  
What could have been,  
would seem like never.  
The lies, the games and the times wasted.  
Single, lonely and broken hearted, I would rather be.  
I felt something towards you.  
Thinking we had the same.  
I was being a pawn, part of your evil game.

Doormat.  
Laid flat.  
Your emotional shoes wiping all over my face.  
Your smile made my heart race.  
Now you make me feel like rubbish.  
I will never forget your deceit.  
If only love was like a credit card.  
If unwanted, you return,  
no questions asked with your receipt.

The gift of love, I had wanted to give  
Gave me a reason to live.  
Looked forward to days with you.  
Smile, kiss and passion.  
Like many of my dreams shot down in flames.  
By the Red Baron of love.  
I have no parachute to save me.  
Your hurt, burning me like oil fuelled flames.  
Hitting terra-firma hurt me hard.  
Now, you cannot hurt me no more.

Cupid, I ask you.  
You should have worn your glasses.  
For your aim was so untrue

Goodbye you have made this man so blue.  
Farewell, Adieu.  
Goodbye Mata love, goodbye.

I Siddiqi 13.05.09

Ibrar Siddiqi



# I Walk Alone

In this day of following the crowd.  
You'll see me walking my own path.  
I don't trust anyone,  
not even the one above.  
Make a mistake that,  
I won't blame anyone for.  
I took that decision,  
I take the consequences,  
right on my shoulders.

I look at you,  
flock of blindfolded sheep.  
Following the media, like it was your holy book.  
Take off your blinkers,  
take a good look.  
Life is there to be enjoyed.  
Be happy, don't get annoyed when things go wrong.

Follow your own destiny.  
Don't be afraid to walk alone.  
Be the royalty you want to be.  
Don't listen to me.  
Follow the road less travelled.  
Mysteries unravelled.  
Walk alone, walk alone.....

I Siddiqi 19.03.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I Walk Away

I walk away.  
Day after day.  
I walk down my leafy lane.  
Watching my life go walking slowly by.  
Days of smiling faces.  
Loving someone, my heart races.

I see tears.  
I run for the hills,  
so that I could embrace my fears.  
I walk away.

I was done wrong.  
I know with you, we don't belong.  
That's why I walk away.

Those who cause me grief, I never forgive.  
Long as I live, that mistake I'll not repeat.  
My patience badly beat.  
I walk away, for good.

I Siddiqi 26.03.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I Wanna Be Rich

Im tired of looking at pennies in my wallet.  
Watching the notes disappear.  
Times are hard.  
I darent use my credit card.  
I'm so tempted to buy myself a treat.  
But the thought of spending.  
Gives me a cold sweat.  
yet still I buy lottery tickets.  
Dreaming of all the millions.  
And be set free from all the misery surrounding me.  
I'm poor, me.  
A car so old it will soon have white hairs.  
I still remember when I got married.  
When me and my wife slpt on five dining chairs.  
7 years and some months - things have got no better.  
I wish I was rich.  
Food and petrol are the things I can afford.  
I pass my evenings by falling asleep.  
Catching Z's  
an not a stress related disease.  
Is the only thing I can afford.  
Im bored.  
looking for freebies and the cheap deals.  
While the chavs on my estate.  
Mock my fate.  
When their brats wear trainers worth more than my car.  
Their parents driving brand new cars.  
My rage uis boiling.  
All the hours I am toiling.  
Just making ends meet.  
Makes me want to put Benefit Fraud on speed trial.  
Sally undernath.  
Vampire man and his screaming banshee.  
Big TV, big yellow t got to work.  
Could be dealing could be honest.  
I'm sick of being broke.  
I just want to be rich.

I Siddiqi 17.07.08

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I Want To Be A Rock God

Long hair hiding my good looks.  
Microphone, in my hand.  
Men and women eating out of my hand.  
A command, so alluring.  
People fall at my feet.  
Choose a woman so sweet, to make love to..  
I am a Rock God.  
Songs come out and people are tuned to me.  
3000 pairs of eyes watching.  
Voyeuristic it seems.  
But that's why I enjoy, being me a Rock God.....

I Siddiqi 27.06.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I Want To Be Alone

I know not much,  
I know so little.

Your vice, seducing.  
Belittled, I feel.  
I want to be alone.  
I just want to be me.

Life at my pace,  
Observing things,  
with a zest for life.  
No rushing round,  
as if in a race.

Can't you see,  
I want to be alone....

I Siddiqi 28.09.2009

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I Wish I Could Be Someone Else.

In my being, as me.  
I wish I was built like Adonis.  
A man, that every woman would lustfully desire.  
Wish for long dark hair like Samsom.  
Wish for strength to carry on.  
Wish I could be rich to do some good.  
Save a few lives if I could..

Be a super hero like like Batman.  
Make good and fight crime.  
Wish i could be someone else than me.  
I'd gladly swap with anyone rich.  
Save the worries for when I am old.  
When I am alone and cold.  
Wish I had a guardian angel who'd make my life better.  
Or, once in a while send me a letter.  
Lift me from a deep rut.  
My enemies and critics mouths.  
Like vault doors, firmly shut.  
I wish I could be someone else.

I Siddiqi 10.03.2009

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I Wish I Could Turn Back My Mistake

i sat on my sofa.  
Counting my mistakes.  
Money I have lost.  
Opportunities I did not take.  
But there is one thing, I wish I had not lost.  
Three weeks ago to the day.  
My heart, I did break.  
All I could do was to regret my mistake.  
Re-runs of the same scenario.  
Haunt me thorough day and night.  
No amount of strength nor drink.  
Could lift me from this rut.  
I lost you and it hurts.  
I wish I could turn back time.  
I got to reflect upon this for as long as it will take.  
Biggest regret.  
The biggest mistake..... losing you.

i Siddiqi 28/02/2009

Ibrar Siddiqi



# I Wish I Was A Super Hero

I wish I was a super hero  
Powers I would use to do good.  
Rid the world of vermin forever.  
I wish could spin the world,  
round like Superman to save his Lois Lane.

Wishing I could see through false veneer.  
Good people through trouble, I would steer.  
Lure the wicked to their doom.  
Lift the world from all this gloom,  
so that we could live in harmony again.

I Siddiqi 18.03.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Im Bored

Sitting in the office  
watching the clock  
time passes slowly  
tick eventually becomes tock  
My eyes are slowly closing  
My manager may catch me dozing.  
Im bored.  
Cant wait for 5pm  
get up and go  
come 5'oclock  
my go, got up and went....

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Im In The Darkness

Im in the darkness  
freak of nature hidng well.  
defence mechanisms put in place.  
fall to pieces when i see her face,

i have hidden in the dark.  
no feelings to behold.  
but her face reminds why i never told.  
i cannot love anyone  
too many secrets  
clothes upon the floor.  
skeletons in the cupboard, knocking on the door.

could not face the truth  
heart broken too many times  
too scared to love again  
im in the darkness, hurting from the pazin.  
confidence lacking  
soul willing  
body dying to be ignited like a rocket.  
flying in the sky  
im in the darkness because i am so shy.  
im in the darkness as i never enter the delight.  
killed by cupid's arrows, died in the fight.

i siddiqi 13.06.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# I'M Over You

I'm over you  
Its true  
All this time  
I've been blue  
What part of get over it  
Did you not understand  
We both know  
Your motives were always underhand  
I felt smothered  
I could not breathe  
You' re just a relationship constrictor.

From day one i knew you were wrong.  
It was not long  
before my suspicions were confirmed.  
i've moped on from your blackmail  
Im worn out having to talk to you  
I feel no emotion  
There was no devotion  
Just your self obsession  
You took this too far  
I've no feeling  
after all the evil dealing  
your the devil  
Your are evil to the core  
Thinking about you makes sick.  
i m over you  
Dont bother to come back  
Because you made my soul black  
Dark is what i have become  
because of some scum.  
Im over you and you know it.  
My hate for you will last forever.

Gone is my will to care  
Gone is my will to dare  
because of you i am wounded.  
The scar  
that you left will never heal

And the nightmares will still come.  
Time is a healer  
I'll never smile  
or laugh.  
My fear will dissapper with time  
Im just a victim of an evil heinous crime  
but i'm over you.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Im So Numb

Im so numb  
sittibg at my desk  
Its too cold at work  
I swore I saw Penguin go fast  
With a polar bear  
Who said to me  
'what you worried about? '  
'The polar caps melting, '  
'we heard your office was so cold....'  
The bear was so bold to say

I headed to the kitchen for a cup of tea  
Switched on the kettle  
and went for a wee  
Ended up defrosting under the dryer  
Warm feeling retunring to me,  
Kettled had boiled  
I had toiled hands  
around its body  
make my toddy  
And warm up quickly  
I retuned to my desk to  
see the penguins and his mates  
skating on my desk  
Big polar bear hibernating  
And an Eskimo in his igloo  
Huddled in his corner  
Dont ask my how  
Where they came form  
But we huddled together  
and i got warm  
Im so numb i day say  
Now i can my hands, my legs  
and now my bum!

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Inauguration Day

Where were you when historyt was made.?  
Was you soul and consciouness saved.  
Saint Obama deliver us from evil.  
Eight years of the Texan devil.

Years, four.  
To help the homelss and poor.  
Displaced by Bush's illegal war.  
This is your time and test.  
West is the the devil.  
As the East has found.  
Murder and killing on a scale unfounded.

Poor and illerate.  
No roof above their heads.  
Whilst the rich and heartless lie guilt free in their plump beds

World is watching now.  
Four years of the Obama Show.  
Looks like you need eight years or more.  
Beofre I could my head.  
In my home hometown of downtown Baghdad.  
Gaza waited for your help. Not even a word.  
1200 dead.  
Helping the devil raise the land.  
Not really caring.

Do right by the innocent.  
Billions of dollars misspent.  
Murdering women and children for your war of terror.  
Please Obama, end this humanitarian horror.

Inaugrated and seated.  
Your energy and patience may be depleted.  
Work hard to save the world.  
Make mark in this cazy world.  
Save my children and wife/  
From a cuel an biased life.





# Inviible Man

Do anything to avoid friendship and hate.  
Both things in my life, not worth it.  
People expect me to toe the line.  
I just want to explore my world with an open mind.  
Could have gone blind and not see the filth.  
I would rather go deaf and listen to rubbish.  
Lord help if i was struck dumb.  
People carry out actiions,  
leaving me cold blooded and numb.

I want to ride my motorbike just to avoid any contact.  
Walk alone, naked in the moonlight.  
Sick of meeting others who judge me.  
I want to be invisible.  
Drift around and not be befriended.  
To be honest, hats how my faith in mankind ended.

Waer my clothes colorful like coal.  
Wear my hair long, just to hide my soul.  
Wear my heart in a safe, so i dont feel compassion.  
Giving a damn, for me, went out of the window, like fashion.  
Never follow anyone else.  
One bad, black sheep.  
Lack of heart, lack of sleep.  
Weary of trusting others and the wordst hey say.  
I'd sleep during the day, play at night.  
Give up my house, ; live in the wood.  
Living on the edge again, do me some good.

I Siddiqi 30.05.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Is There Any Love Left?

I ask myself, .  
amidst the war, death and famine.  
Is there any love left?  
No compassion no smiles.

Bombs dropped on us all,  
death and misery continue to fall.

Hearts no longer broken,  
modern love all wrong, loving on the run.

Age old institution,  
like others has gone.  
Love is walking alone with a rucksack on its back.  
Doesn't have a home anymore,  
Everyones heart has turned black.  
I ask you all,  
is there any love left?

Children grow up in a loveless world,  
born to make money,  
for their thankless, lazy parents.  
Society is a freak,  
no family left to love.

Sons and daughters,  
leave the parents to be cared by Social Services  
or the neighbour with the cats, next door.

Children grow up quickly,  
learn to stab and kill.  
No longer like my generation  
were we wished no ill  
Childhood memories and all things good,  
come to an end.  
Modern rubbish,  
drives me round the bend.

I ask you all,

is there really,  
any love left?

I Siddiqi 11.07.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Israel

From whence did you come from  
I ask you Israel.  
Before 1948 the land was Palestine.  
But according to Jewish militants.  
It's not their's, it's mine.  
Palestinians everywhere look at the world.  
It's head in hands, their hour of despair.

Israel land robbed by the few.  
No longer Arab, now almost Jew.  
The west being watched by Muslims worldwide.  
Watch the tactics of Frankstein's bride..  
Riding roughshod over human rights.  
The Jew murdering the very true.  
Blame Hamas.  
Blame yourselves.  
For it was poor Palestinians who voted them in.  
Let down the UN and the rest.  
Like an old man, impotent.  
Letting Jews live off the Arab land that supported everyone.  
Muslims treated like vermin.  
Living in refugee camps forever, generation hating the West.  
For the intolerable conditions, breeding hatred in young hearts.

Yasser Arafat, freedom fighter lead the PLO.  
The west did nothing.  
Even after 61 years, the farce is still on show.  
Israelis you don't own land that you did steal.  
By fighting the Brits, leave the land alone.  
Or face bitter confrontation.  
60 years or more  
Jews faced the gas chamber for being blamed for a country's demise.  
But the difference here is, the Palestinians were there first.

I as a Muslim, my frustration is about to burst.  
You filthy animals, the Palestinians were first.  
I have seen pictures of Muslim brothers and sisters.  
Murdered for nothing.  
Something has to give...

The day of reckoning will follow.....

I Siddiqi 5.1.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Japanese Biker Dude

On Facebook, I shared my passion.  
Motorbikes, customs galore.  
Came across a Biker from Yokohama  
Cross between Ninja, van Gogh and Samurai.  
I like the work he does,  
I will reveal his name  
Keiichai san.  
He's the man.

His work is depicted on two wheels.  
Photographs on his profile,  
reveal he is a amn of many talents.  
Husband of one,  
Father cats, two.  
Owner of tattos many.  
Cool, Japanese Biker Dude.  
My wee poem dedicated to you,  
Written in a style so crude.  
A longstanding admiration for talent.  
Respect, direct and true.

I Siddiqi 18.2.2011

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Klepto In The Park

I go for a stroll in the park in the morning  
ther in the corner it is slowly dawning  
that man with the pram and the dogs  
is my neighbourhood klepto  
Picking up everyone else's ware  
he has made stop and stare.

its got no value it goes in the pram  
a bottle so empty but the previous owners  
have had a wee dram  
our klepto has taken a shine to anything on the floor.  
dogs surround him giving him a veil.  
wonders neve fail  
hes probably the next Howard Hughes  
in Smethwick  
front room full of junk.

Klepto in the park  
just let things go  
At least my parks clean  
when you do your rounds  
accept when your dogs shit on  
the bowling ground! !

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Kung Fu Niece

You must have heard the song - 'Everybody's Kung Fu Fighting'  
But none's more delighting  
than my Kung Fu Niece.  
My Niece, short and sweet.  
Just like Bruce Lee, fast off her feet.  
Sorted out her school  
Made the bully like a fool.  
That's my Kung Fu Niece. H

Ibrar Siddiqi



# Land

I've set sail.  
My vessel cast free.  
Shackles are off,  
I'm going to be me.  
Find myself on this solitary quest.  
My practical test.  
Skills, I've gained all my life.  
Be put to the test.  
I set myself up.  
To lift that trophy.  
Just like the winning team,  
in the World Cup.  
I cannot say that i didn't try.  
To sit in a corner, being sad or cry.  
I have to do this journey.  
Onward, come what may.  
Come forth the night.  
The week and month.  
Before I reach my new land.

I Siddiqi.26.06.2014

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Lies

Do you know I despise  
Its the lies  
that people come out with.  
Pinochio told some porkies  
But yours really are outstanding.  
If you could lie like that wooden doll.  
i could cross the ocean and pay no toll.

Stop telling me lies  
It doesnt suit you  
Just be yourself  
its so much better.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# London Youth

Youth of London

Pulling blades

Wrong looks in someones way  
ending someones day terminally.

Where are the police? ask the public

Ask the parents of the youth and they willhide the truth.

They couldnt mould their offspring  
and will never the right thing.

They will blame society for their plight.

but its always someones fault  
for their kids are the sole blight.

I would them all in a small jail cell  
and treat like they were in hell.

Or maybe I could take the law in my hands.

Spray them with bullets and end the hell.

And stop the pavemnants turning crimson red.

With the blood of the innocent lying dead, .

I Siddiqi

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Loneliness

After the love,  
I must confess.

I felt heartache,  
my old friend loneliness.

Now I'm single,  
I want to hide away.

I wake up,  
greet the soul-less day.

Wish I was in bed for 24 hours,  
now all i do is sour the flowers.

Looking to go out,  
tears run down my cheeks,  
feelings bubbling up.

Trying to breathe again.  
Feel nothing but hurt and pain.

No love, just loneliness.

I Siddiqi 15.07.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Lonely Fool.

I wonder the streets at night.  
Seeing couples in love.  
Eyes agaze, at each other.  
Like the stars above.  
Or like the sun orbiting the moon.  
I am just a silly man.  
Lonely and reclusive.  
Not hanging onto the past.  
I want to be loved like in the old movies.  
Star crossed lovers.  
Waiting for that first kiss.  
That longing look, the kiss and loving embrace.  
Cut away to the follwoing day when Iconfessed.  
When men were men and women better dressed.

My favourite movie, 'Its a wonderful life'  
Showed a man on the edge.  
An angel called Clarence.  
Showed a man his destiny.  
I made some sacrfices.  
For the sake of others.  
Never took the road less travelled.  
To help my close ones.  
Today marked a start where I will always be a doormat.  
Like a faithful butler on beck and call.  
But it is hard to rehabilitate.  
When I am this old.  
I wear a mask to hide my fears.  
Sometimes a grown man will nver admit to shed tears.  
But I could never love anyone, I am too institutionlised.

Will always be an old fool.  
Never the groom.  
Just the caretaker left after the wedding.  
Clearing up after someone's happiness.  
Feelings of inadequancy and regret.  
Read these lines and do not fret.  
Take the road lesstravelled and listen to your feelings.  
Better to love than to be lonely.

Remember this poem and pray for my heart.

I Siddiqi 28/02/2009

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Lonesome Traveller

I travel by myself.  
From town to town.  
I see life like a big map.  
I don't keep company with anyone, you see.  
Preferring to travel with me.  
Cannot abide other peoples agenda.  
It would drive me round the bend.  
Crazy to a point.  
that's why i ride alone  
As lonesome I can be.

I Siddiqi.15.2.2014

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Long Distance Love

Miles apart.  
Means nothing for me.  
Dialling the phone.  
Connects me to my lover.  
Her voice carried across cable.  
So far and so deep.  
Just to reach me.  
Listen to your smile.  
Keeps away loneliness.  
Making me feel loved.  
Only by you.

Ibrar Siddiqi



# Long Sweet Slumber

As I walk through the hours of my day.  
One thing that beckons is at the end of daylight.  
Sleep is my alixor.  
Slumber my sweet coma.  
Sleeping peacefully my ulitmate high.  
Day has ended, dark hours are nigh.  
Eyes closed, let out a wimpering sigh.  
Head on pillow.  
Like an angel in the cloud.  
Duvet of black magic.  
Cast a spell o'Rip Van Winkle.  
Like a shepherd amongst his flock  
Warmth and sweet sensation.  
Rewinds the hours of my body clock.

I Siddiq 22.07.08

Ibrar Siddiqi

## Loser In Love

As the name suggests.  
My heart broken,  
shot through the heart.  
Cupid, shortsighted.  
Another lover, me the doormat.  
Love life, life line is flat.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Lost

Im isolated  
The angel of Death has burnt my bridges.  
Through the flames a'flickering.  
My family and friends all bickering.  
Just like the UN, impotent.  
Noone knows the sentence I am serving.  
So undeserving as I am an innocent man.  
Im lost and the only way home is my wife.  
True direction she always shows.  
All imposters their covers blown.  
Tonight by myself whilt my wife works for pennies.  
I am thankful for wehat Ive got.  
Which isn't alot but my wife makes up for my lot.  
Worth beopund compare.  
Whose untouched makes neanderthals stand and stare.  
My boss chewed my ear off today.  
Sorry was all I could say.  
Ivebeen under alot of stress and my health suffered.  
So I sat there while she went red and huffed.  
If i could tell the truth about myself.  
I would be here with perfect health.  
I dread the morn.  
For what the newspapers will say.  
Some other country, some other disaster.  
Not my fault.  
I would rather die for mankind and return the world to it forme self.  
But the way I am treated, I'll never give a damn.  
Im lost and isolated.  
But the thing that keeps good not evil.  
Lies next to me, my precious wife.  
For whom I stay alive.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Love Games

I want to play a game with my feelings.  
Too inexperienced with any dealings.  
Too shy and not too manly.  
I could never play love games.

Watch the movies, the good guy gets the girl.  
Marking the beginning with a loving kiss.  
Try as I might, my aim is set to miss.  
Always too nice to make a move.  
Too much of a gentleman to make an impression.  
I will watch from the side lines.  
A spectator of this complicated game.

28.5.09 I Siddiqi

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Love Is A Battlefiled

I fled the battlefield of lies,  
hurt and mind games.

I had been scarred by barbs of mistrust.  
Seduced by double agents with lust.  
Shackled to the wall.  
Tortured by those with jealousy,  
spite and broken heart.

Met my Mara Hari.  
Dark haired and true.  
Eyes of a clear blue lagoon.

Like a soldier on leave.  
Drunken lust took over.  
Now Mata lies in a heap,  
dressed in black.  
Her soul driven lust on the floor bleeding.  
I took flight when this took place.

Dodged snipers in dark alleys or bars.  
Avoided glances from those in cars who follow.  
My heart held the plan,  
to become a loving man.

Like Steve McQueen,  
I travelled along borders.  
Avoiding my captors,  
to keep alive my lifelong plan.  
On occasion I have crashed,  
on barbs laid by those with no heart.  
Solitary confinement in the cooler.  
Baseball bouncing off the wall.  
Till the day I am released.  
Peace over my heart will reign.

Dark days will go.  
As my wife has shown.  
Was a fantasy,

life has come so true.  
Fight whilst Cupid,  
is giving covering fire.

One day, Kissmat will grant you,  
contentment, passion and desire.

Fight for the day,  
for the loving fire,  
burning in your your heart.

Win each campaign,  
losses will occur.

Your ultimate goal,  
from your vision will ot blur.

I Siddiqi 15.07.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Love Is Waste Of Time

Love is a waste of time  
Something worn, covered in grime.  
Biological processes,  
like parachuting in the dark.  
Leaving you numb,  
when you're rejected.  
Rather than feeling dejected,  
you carry on.

Blinkers protecting you,  
from feeling blue.  
But how many hurdles,  
must you face.  
In this affection race.  
Fallen down In my Grand National.  
Getting up bruised,  
without my pilot.  
How many times,  
before I win my love?

Psychics and clairvoyants,  
could tell me my fate.  
Fear and anticipation,  
will fuel my doubt.  
Before my lips sealed,  
with a loving pout.  
How long, how long..  
Oh love, is a waste of time.....

I Siddiqi 1.9.2010

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Love Life

Born to my emotions.  
Been hurt before.  
A new ray of light shining through the door.  
Could be heaven awaiting me.  
Doubts about past mistakes,  
consolidated with no confidence.  
Sees a another door close.  
Kicking myself every day.  
My eyes glued to the floor.  
So none make contact to let me in,  
through their loving door.  
Got tired of being dumped.  
Got tired of being used.  
I just to love myself and love life.  
Not looking or any love.  
Not looking to be dominated.  
Leaves memore frustrated.  
I hate my love life.

Lonely i maybe.  
I love me for me.  
Old romantic fool.  
I don't measure up to anyone else's standards.  
They can walk away.

I hate love.  
Loneliness is better.  
Wake up in the morning,  
to find my pillows wetter.  
A simple thing like love.  
Complicated by other factors.  
Puts me off from opening another lover's door.  
Alone in my room,  
broken heart scattered on the floor.

I Siddiqi 7.07.09

Ibrar Siddiqi



# Love Ln My Heart.

When you deparat.  
A gaping hole lies open and apart.  
Calls on the phone and text.  
Never replace the feeling of your lips. or your pssionate embrace.  
Looking in your eyes.  
The feelings the same.  
Heads turned, lips locked.

I wander home to see you.  
Lying awake to mee me.  
Time roll past..  
Slow lovemaking.  
I'll take my time with you.  
The only one with that passionate hue.  
Lyine here beside you.  
Only reminds me wy I love you.

I SIddiqi 3.2.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Lover

When we first met,  
I always thought we would become friends.

Funny how fate brought us together.  
Looking at each other, admiring forbidden fruit.

One day, thrust together.  
Unbridled passion, like nothing i could compare.

Kissing your body, in that passionate embrace.  
Bra undone, breast kissed gently,  
with such details I could go on.

Lying with you, afterglow descending.  
Like the days end, through shadows on your body.  
A desert in which i have become happily lost.

Next day at work, hidden smile.  
Conversation turns to memories of the night before.  
People watching me, black sheep of the office.  
I long to hold you and kiss you all over.

Lover, come to me,  
descend upon me akin to night.  
Make my pasag through the enight,  
pleaasurable. memorable for me to ask in your light

Watch over you after, hands through your hair.  
Asleep, satisfied, wiithout care.  
I look at our eyes, blue as the sky,

Never thought we'd end up together.  
I never saw it coming.  
But you looked so beautiful,  
caution thrown to the wind.

My friend, now my passionate seed.  
In my garden of pleasure.  
The time with you, eternally and fondly remembered.

Golden haired treasure, blue eyed girl.  
My senses unfurled.  
I am alive for once, tank ou selfless lover.

I Siddiqi 24.11.2009

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Lover Adrift

Years ago,  
I fell in love.  
Fate, gave me that karmic shove.  
Put you in my sight  
Heavenly delight.  
Given into pressure,  
all we do is hate and fight.  
I want to get away,  
for a night and day.  
Come back to you, I feel blue.  
Our ship,  
I don't want it to sink.  
To the continent of loneliness  
, I'd hate to think,  
Travelled all over,  
familiar like my hand.  
Wondered why,  
I wanted to be loved so much.

You're off on your own course,  
like a sailing ship.  
While I, in a lifeboat,  
drift where the currents take me.  
Me in the distance. you on the stern,  
Bare me no love. bare me no concern.  
Lover adrift.

I Siddiqi 30/7/2010

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Loves Moved On

poles apart  
born in the East  
Iloved in the rest.  
I thought you were better than the rest.  
I only met you for 2 hours, when I saw you.  
And the day we got engaged.  
My friends were deranged.  
Why marry a wpman from my mother's country?  
Marry some one who 's British.  
I said I wnared someone faithful and femine.  
At least someone who wore the same skin.  
I got tired of shallow girls who wanted me for my money.

We've been married for almost 98 years.  
We had mishaps, figs and the tears.  
I feel held back.  
As you never listened to what I said.  
Maybe it's my fault.  
More like Salt than sigar.  
Maybe its time I left.  
Memories that I want to hang on to.  
Still make me believe I still love you.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Loving A Woman

I love a woman  
Who leads me into a maze.  
Smile and kind words,  
Left me confused, and in a daze.

I ask nothing, games of the mind.  
They do say that love is blind.

Fixing a house or a car  
Much easier than a woman, thus far.

Games of love, leave me bruised.  
One minute to the next, leaving a man so confused.

I wonder lonely as a monk.  
Tired of a woman's love or her crazy mind funk.

Toughest thing, a man can do.  
Is to say to woman, I love you.  
Get too close to a woman, leaves you plunging  
Like Icarus when his wings began to melt.  
A woman's gaze, blinds you to submission.  
Heed my warning, you have no protection  
when love is indeed felt.

I Siddiqi 16.09.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Lucky

You look at me and get jealous.  
I don't know why.  
You have not got my life, it's a mess.  
Problems galore, like a man afloat.  
treading water pe day.

Jealous of me for I drive a car.  
It's a wreck and reflect myself.  
I have no children or house to call my own.  
Nor do I have luxuries that you can afford.

Now look at yourself.  
Count your lucky stars.  
That fate cast you a lucky path.  
I won't see  
Some time soon.

Be grateful for what you are given.  
Instead of pettiness driven.

I Siddiqi 114.02.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Mad Barber

Mad Barber

Mad Barber

What grudge do you harbour?

I want this style

Yet, you give me another.

Children run a mile.

So will my mother.

I told you how I wanted my haircut.

But in my mind, .

I scream ble murder and profanity.

But in the chair, my mouth stays shut.

Mad Barber.

Why do I still go to you?

Is it because I am a tight sod.

Won't part with money.

To have my cut by a man.

Whose voice sound so funny and amusing.

I still come back to you.

Mad Barber

Ibrar Siddiqi 1.5.2008

Ibrar Siddiqi



# Mask

I hide behind a shield.  
, protecting my soul.  
Cannot tell the difference,  
between love and hate.  
My shield allows me confidence.  
leave my self induced shell.  
So that noone knows about my private hell.

Cannot drop my guard.  
Feel I cannot communicate.  
So many lovers i could not let in.  
My real veenr is verty thin.  
Shy man of little worth.  
Shy man of little to show.  
Stanley Ipkiss is my hero.  
Mask

I Siddiqi 24.06.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Me

People judge by the way i look.  
Old saying that goes don't judge a book.  
That saying befits me.  
The looks of hatred as I walk past.  
The disgust in people and feelings that last.  
You don't like me that's fair enough.  
Don't get up my nose like some snuff.

There are many sides to me that you'll never find.  
You just can't get past that barrier in your mind.  
I am who i am.  
Unconventional and enigmatic.  
This conversation littered with static.  
Bores me to tears.  
Sick of hearing other peoples fears.  
Me is I that's who I will always be.

I Siddiqi 08.05.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Media Hater

Media Dragon I wish to slay.  
The media breathing,  
covering issues in smoke.  
Truth misrepresented.  
Majority resented.  
All because of a few people,  
fate or tragic event.

Sensationalise, scrutinise  
to those good people for whom you are responsible.  
All you do is to antagonise.  
So many people blinded by your reporting.  
Media players, i wont listen or read you.  
I refuse to watch the television.  
True to myself  
I will discover the proof.  
See all as good and not as you preach.

One day, I will take my pen.  
Mightier than the sword, my pen will set free  
those mis-represented by you and not me.

I Siddiqi.9th February 2014.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Mermaid Woman

When I see you.  
A woman of great looks.  
Like a tin man with no loving heart.  
A kiss so tender.  
My soulless body could never start.  
Long blonde hair.  
Eyes of feeling.

I am nothing but a monster.  
Who could never love you.  
I steel myself whenever I catch a glimpse.  
For a man like me, is not worthy, you see.  
I belong nowhere in your essence.

An invisible suit would bode me well.  
As time will fall, .  
I will not see you at all.  
As if it were the end of the play.  
In my eyes, day will be night.  
But like the impression of you, will be cast in my mind.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Millstones

I feel that I have become grown tired.  
Looking through my eyes,  
life has tuned less than I idesired.  
People expecting me to help them,  
whilst all the time they cause me pain.  
Bled dry by lies good or bad.  
Feel that I should defend myself or become the cad.  
Loosen the burden that is unnecessary.  
Lossen the Millstone around my neck.  
Lighten my life of all things wrong sad.  
Turning my frown into my trademark smile.  
Something, no-one has seen in a while.

Feel that the lines I have written that,  
you've experienced the same.  
Look at your coat-tails - get rid of the deadweights.  
The losers who hang as they have nothing else.  
Do it now or you'll forever regret this for the rest of your days.

I Siddiqi 17.03.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Mind Games

All of the people wonder,  
why, they are single.

Free to move,  
free to mingle.

Simple soul like me,  
doesn't like mind games.

People who play mind games,  
get the short sharp shrift.

Rather not jump from the frying pan,  
into the fire.

My heart runs on simple desire.  
Passion and kisses makes,  
my world go around.

Hidden agendas mean hidden secrets.  
Have not met.

Have a lot of regret,  
wished this and that.

But mind games played,  
makes me retreat,  
quicker than a scolded cat

Mind games do not fare well.  
In this wee poem, the truth I did tell.

I Siddiqi 12.07.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Miracle Of You

I spent hard times,  
imprisoned in a shell.  
Nobody knew me,  
nobody knew my personal hell.  
Hid away,  
Hunchback in my bell tower.  
Dying because of someone,  
someone with so much power.

I turn on my anger,  
showed you my past.  
Violence my mark,  
marker made to last.  
I think i had a miracle,  
after years of being blue.  
That miracle,  
the miracle of you.

I Siddiqi 29.7.2010

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Missing

The minutes I have lost since hearing the news.  
Tears rolled down when it hit hard.  
Speculation, theories and what ifs.  
Just clogging up my life,  
achieving no good.

The stares and whispers,  
careless or otherwise.  
After all,  
I have been through.  
No-one cares for what I feel.  
News I have waited for,  
still incomplete.

People I know cannot just fade.  
My hope for my loved ones will not disappear.  
Hugged by strangers, sharing in my belief.  
Hoping for those souls, still out there.  
Missing.

I Siddiqi 1.4.2014

Ibrar Siddiqi



# Mohammed Ali

Mohammed Ali.  
A legend to usa ll.  
In youth I would recall.  
That charasmatic you fighter and poet.  
All hated him because of what he was.  
Diffcult times when you were black.  
Stereotypes, old guard and hate.

Cassius Clay went to fight for the US of A.  
The fame he enjoyed.  
All because fate had been a guiding hand.  
Went to th gym.  
to watch a fight.  
Went outside and someone took his bike.  
Became a fighter and a man.  
He was hated for being a negro.,  
i draw similarities with my won life.  
When you stand out.  
You have to ready to finish the bout.  
He was lored by his won community.  
White men would hate his wit.  
Short quips and poems.  
Predicting the result.  
Adding injury to insult.  
People thought he was joining a cult.  
For when he came a Muslim.  
His own community would shun him.  
And treat him like dirt.  
But at the time, life is US was disturbing.  
Uncle Sam had got paranoid.  
Were sending young men to Hanoi.  
The beat the evil commie.

Mohammed Ali stood up for his beliefs.  
In court he had said I don't want to fight in the Army.  
just because the world had got barmy.  
Lost his respect and titles.  
Boxing lost a true a legend.  
Came back fighting

To prove he still had the shuffle.  
But to me a Muslim like me.  
You always had the hustle.  
I love you, a Southpaw that could sting like a bee.  
Float like a butterfly.

Fighting Parkinsons  
is the daily bout this legend has to contend with.  
But Allah will always ghrant your prayers when you least expect.  
Mohammd Ali, Respect.

Ibrar Siddiqi 4.5.08

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Monster

Monster by society's judgements.  
Social networks splintered.  
Families and children falling apart.  
I am a so simple.  
With qualities so dear.  
Want a better life with happiness and cheer.  
I dress the way i will.  
Walk that way i want.  
Speak the way i have become accustomed to.  
Not being you, me, that's who.

I cycle to walk, I don't want a car.  
Go to the football and watch a game.  
Sit on my onesome with thoughts in mind.  
Pint glass or mobile in hand.

The young mock me for saying things i do.  
But they have less brain matter than i do.  
The young and indifferent are so ignorant.

I live on the border of society's fringe.  
Enough to be accepted and ignored.  
Monster that I am.  
Cannot see through the day.  
Walking through the night.  
Sleeping through issues of the day.

Dress in black so that i am not noticed.  
Except by others of the same clan.  
Rebelling against conformity.  
Blasting uniformity.  
People don't like me.  
Monster man.

I Siddiqi 9.5.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Mother

Mother

More valuable than gold.

A natural resource more undervalued by all.

When we all are kids we just admit that  
we are lost without you.

Married my father.

Brought me into this world.

Raised me from nothing

I tested your nerve.

I bet you wished we were never born.

But your love has a deeper connection than with Dad.

I may have hurt you

May have some bad things.

Maybe even argued.

But what hit me most is that you get older.

My mother is breaking down.

Grey hair adorns your sweet face.

You now walk with a gentler pace.

I miss being without you.

I miss the love and affection.

Now its my turn to look after you in the Autumn years.

May you never get ill.

I hope you enjoye life to the end.

Than spend,

Another day worrying about me.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Mother's Day

A day to remember.  
Woman who gave my life.  
Nurtured, fed and bathed.  
When I was naughty, you told me off.  
Fussed over me when i had a cough.  
I have all the things i could ever want.  
But money could never replace my Mother.  
She was one was one of a kind.

I Siddiqi 30.3.2014

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Mr Lonely

I walk past couples walking slowly at night.  
I could not face them, their hearts entwined together.  
I am Mr Lonely.  
Born with a broken heart.  
Friends mock me for being so romantic.  
In love with love itself.  
Yet I lie at night waiting for my dreams to come true.

I am not ugly nor a freak,  
I am just too afraid to speak.  
Confidence inspired by films of past.  
Stories of love made to last.  
Uninspired by modern love.  
Girls who think they are women, made me feel this way.  
I am camp nor am I gay.  
Waiting for my true love to come.  
Save me from old age.  
No children or love.  
No push or shove, she will love me for me.  
But if things were meant to be.  
Then I would not be Mr. Lonely.

Life of solace and thought.  
Scoreboard of nought.  
Fills me with tears.  
Only to be reinforced by tales of heartbreak.  
She left me for someone else.  
She left me or she was a tart.  
Makes me feel so much better.  
Singledom to whom I am married.

I Siddiqi 13.05.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Mr Nice Guy

As title suggests.

I am the nicest, t you would ever want to meet.  
Would look after my woman and her every need.  
Old fashioned and respectful.  
But I have had a gutful.  
I fancied a woman who said she like me.  
Took me and my emotions for a ride.  
Found I was too good.  
Now she pushing wood with her ex.

I just don't get it.

You women go out with s\*\*\*.  
Bad boys and bruisers.  
Con-men and losers.  
All of them get used before anyone looks for me.  
Last in the queue, get the old wrecks.  
The baggage and the grief.  
Some women who are beyond belief.  
Honest as the day is long but am bored of emotional games.  
Lies and the silly names.

Here am I good looking and outgoing.  
But I'm not doing anything with you.  
Im out of the dating game.  
Don't look at me in my direction.  
I will question your moves.  
Too fed up of games and constant rejection.  
Mr. Nice Guy, no more.

I Siddiqi 09.05.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# My Jalopy

My car is a wreck  
it starts and goes  
thats all I need.  
fast it may not be  
thats plain to see  
scratched to bits  
by idiots.  
Leaks oil as regular  
as my heartbeat  
creating a slick  
wherever i go.

People hide their the faces  
when they catch a lift.  
I wouldnt open the boot  
for the odours that drift  
my gas a town to slumber

My windows dont work and i feel hot  
my engine is shot  
blue smoke appears when i move  
the kids in my neighbourhood  
dissapprove of my car  
But it sure beats walking or cathcing the bus.

My Jalopy  
A tribute to a tightwad like me.

Ibrar Siddiqi



# My Life Is My Life

Born to a world that bears no meaning.  
No respect and people demeaning.  
I forge my own path,  
that is my right.  
Ignore others who blight my righteous path.

I want to love, laugh and smile.  
Remember my journey from the cradle to the grave.  
From mile to mile.  
Boy to man.  
Unplanned life.  
My life is my life.  
That is my right.

I Siddiqi 24.03.009

Ibrar Siddiqi

## My Love For You.....

My love for you is something immense.  
i have seen the movies, it goes something like this.  
When we first made love, beginning with that kiss.  
Cupid's true aim started something.,  
My heart is like a greyhound, racing.  
Around the path of oval for the hare of love.

Corny as it sounds.  
My love knows no bounds.  
But with you I feel like a lion.  
Not like Quasimodo, my former self.  
Your kiss, your touch.  
Thank you my love,  
Thank you very much.  
I could go on for hours.  
But my love for you is for life  
My ever alluring wife.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# My Minds Blank

Its Saturday Morning  
And its just dawning  
My mind's gone blank  
A bowl of porridge  
washed down with a bucket of tea.  
Whats happened to me?  
Im raring to go for stroll round the park  
In the lihgt not the dark.  
My thoughts have stopped  
I think my brains popped  
Time to watch some TV  
Hold that thought  
damn its gone  
I'll ask my wife  
for my brain to be switched on.  
I had some plans  
but they cant be found  
oh what the heck  
got back to bed  
when the afternoon  
comes  
so will my head

Ibrar Siddiqi

# My Neighbours....

Woken up by a faking banshee.  
underneath my haven of slumber.  
She faked her way to an orgasm.  
As she does with her childish man.  
Idiots of whom I am not a fan.  
I ignore them the best way I can.  
Why must a blood vessel just to experience unwanted hassle?  
What goes around comes back.  
You may think my lines and thoughts are black.  
Slept not one wink in peace have I,  
You may wonder. why?  
who would expect a grown man be up like a vampire.  
when others seek slumber's true desire.  
Seduced by pillows and duvet alike.  
My peaceful passage jolted like a car over a speed ramp.  
I can't stand that idiot with his tramp.  
People can hear him bark at the moon.  
To me, he is just another drugged up fool.  
Talking rubbish maybe through his arse.  
I would like to end this disturbing face.  
Up and next to me.  
Is a silly old guy.  
Who would bother no one.  
Repetitive music on and on.  
The deaf could mistake his audible grumble.  
For elephants, in the jungle, having a rumble.  
We struggle to keep things down.  
As the Caribbean vibe drives mad.  
I feel so sad when people can no longer respect each other.  
That's why I don't bother.  
It's frustrating to see and hear.  
But one day I will move out.  
And move with my wife somewhere detached.  
Where I could sleep in peace and shout.  
Where nobody could disturb my perfect life.  
To those who share my predicament.  
My health has been mispent.  
Never waste a tear or a moment.  
On those annoying neighbours who are hellbent.

I Siddiqi 15.07.08

I

Ibrar Siddiqi

# My New Job

My new job  
has started well  
Give me a few weeks  
and time will surely tell  
Whether its heaven or hell.

The ladies three  
been there for years  
Three ladies more  
I absolutley adore.  
These days have been a laugh.

I getting to enjoy my team  
On my face a smlie in full beam.  
Social services  
help those most at risk.

My new job is better than the last  
The day was very fast.  
People swearing  
Kiddies crying  
Got sick of trying  
to bend over backwards

I'm so thankful for my new job! ! !

Ibrar Siddiqi

# My Old Banger

I turn the keyt.  
The door's dropped off.  
My local cat.  
has pissed on the tyre.  
Feline disrespect.  
Poor civil servant.  
No pennies to rub together.  
Bought this banger on the never never.  
Never, ever, will I buy a car again.  
When it rains, water drips.  
Into the bucket seats.  
Wet is my arse, as I sit down.  
In the comfort of motoring farce.  
Turn the key..  
Press the gas.  
Finally it burst..into life.  
Scaring the birds and the cats out of the trees.  
Kids laugh and jeer.  
I try to turn a wheel so heavy.  
I don't go the gym no more.  
Do a three point turn and my arms are done.

I pleaded with the thieves to burn my four wheeled misery.  
My request on deaf ears, did fall.  
My old banger.....

Ibrar Siddiqi

# My Own World

I am quiet and different to you.  
But I hvae own existence  
In my world all is perfect and serene.  
Hills and parks always green  
Noones angry or mean  
Just loving to each other as it should be.

in my world, no undesireanles live.  
All is beautiful and intelligent.  
I enjoy getting away from you all  
Particularly, those who suffocate me.  
I need air to breatjhe and eyes to see  
Those Little Hitlers mean nothing to me.

I slip in the boat of my mind  
away from the harbour of the daily grind.  
Drifiting away to my paradise

Ibrar Siddiqi



# My Private Palestine

My Private Palestine.

This life I had, was sweeter than a Clementine.

At least, along time ago,

it was all mine.

The sun shone down and touched me with good luck.

Any bad feelings,

I'd happily buck.

Along time ago,

this all changed for me.

All very friendly, a veil cast in front.

I recognized it wasn't any good,

I refused to have any more.

Shown unwanted strangers,

all the exit door.

Many have come and many have gone.

Some who I wished who stayed,

would go.

Too early to see me shine and they're light would inevitably glow.

But a few remain,

draining me like midges.

Burning those bridges,

in my life.

Simply because,

I wouldn't conform to their ways.

I was naturally mystic.

So naively pure.

Unaware of my allure.

Different to others.

I tread carefully,

so as not to tempt fate.

Trouble and me rarely shook hands.

We were like foreign lands.

Looked across borders.

Now its just common occurrence.

The violence inflicted by others.

Now today after so many years,

my heart remains hopeful.

Joyful perhaps,  
look for kindred spirits to free me from tyranny.  
Daily swimming with sharks and different shoals.  
See me more gradually drained,  
my poor soul.  
Praying to someone to free me from this enforced regime.  
Please, please give hope so I will,  
Know my Private Palestine would be,  
once more.

I Siddiqi 09/02/2013

Ibrar Siddiqi

# My Sad Book Of Love

As Feargal Sharkey once sang.  
A good heart needs a good place to find.  
I have found no-one that doesn't break my soul.  
Loved me for their need.  
Sex, money or pure greed.  
I optimise the song 'Heartbreak Hotel'  
Last one ever loved.  
Nice guys like me never get the girl.

I am in love with love itself.  
But loving someone is dangerous to your health.  
Feelings that I hold.  
Met by my lover with feelings so cold.  
I find I am better off,  
on my own with my sad book of love.  
Ride off on my bike, wind in my hair.  
Loving none means that I don't have to be hurt.  
See my heart torn apart.  
My sad life, in the the sad book of love.

I Siddiqi 24.03.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# My Wife

I said before a man cannot live without a woman.  
But there is something said about playing the field.  
I wasn't very good at being the cad.  
When I met my wife, boy was I glad.  
No more whores.  
No more goldiggers.  
No bunny boilers.  
The path to true love was laying at my feet.  
Five foot something.  
A whole lot of woman with a smile so sweet.  
My wife took srock I what I was.  
Turned me from an boy to a man.  
When I am wrong, It doesn't take long.  
For her, to put me straight.  
Like we were meant to be.  
Its so celar to me, we click together and easily relate.

Women at work, don't understand,  
why I don't look at their figures.  
Have even been called gay!  
Why look at girls when I have a woman,  
who has so much to offer.  
That other women fall by wayside.  
Long may my wife remain my eternal bride.

Worry lines, sunken eyes or grey hairs.  
Don't make me worry so much.  
Because in my mind, my wife is forever young.  
Maybe because I love her too much.  
Maybe I'm a old fashioned kind of guy.  
With manners like Cary Grant.  
I will never love another.  
I dont think about anyone else at all.  
For Kismat came knocking.  
For the past seven years, my world has been rocking.  
To that eternal love song.  
I can't wait for my wife to bear our children.  
I hope they look her.  
So beautiful.

i can't wait for that next step.  
I know there are women who wished their partners would love this much.  
But love works both ways.  
That's why my rainy days disappeared when my rain of sunshine,  
Married me on the 13th May.  
To my wife, this poem is not in Urdu.  
I fear my written love may be lost in translation.  
But darling, when I kiss your lips.  
My hands on your hips.  
I think you would understand how I feel.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Nevr Looked Back

On my travels from boy to man.  
I conceived a worthwhile plane.  
Seek new experiences and learn from them.  
I never looked at the people who caused me pain.  
Listening them them going on and on again.  
My soul and patience, slowly drained.  
Fall back on my faith and loved ones.  
So that I may get my planned journey.  
Accomplish what i set out to do.

My advice is never look back at anything bad.  
Causes too much pain and will make you sad.  
Those people who caused you grief, too shallow to explore depth.  
Just don't have the love, compassion to see you for who you are.  
I am me.  
I am a star on pre-destined orbit.  
I'll never look back.

I Siddiqi 12.04.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# No Need For Useless Things.

I have no time to waste.

No flash car to drive in hast.

I have no time

To carry the downright lazy,

or the weird or crazy.

I have no time to waste with scum

The underbelly of all things evil.

No time to waste riding with the devil.

No time to waste on useless things.

I have no time to waste on those who reide on my coat-tails.

I wantto saty no path, not be derailed.

I have nothing to to she who matters.

All others I forsake.

i Siddiqi 30.03.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Not A Chance

People today run me ragged.  
They think I can help them.  
I have a car, they want a lift.  
Or they ask for some money.  
After many a bad experience.  
I no chances.  
From me they, get the short, sharp shrift.  
I never give second chances.  
that way i dont get dragged.  
I dont' want to support the losers.  
Just so they can fall drunk out of boozers.  
Keep my money and love.  
For a nice life.  
Just for myself and my good wife.  
Not a chance.  
Don't lead a merry dance.  
because I choose to have to left feet.  
Life without distraction.  
Is so sweet.

I Siddiqi 24.07.08

Ibrar Siddiqi



# Nothing Is Free

As the title reads.  
Nothing is free.  
The house in which you reside.  
Have to pay a tax for services that are not seen.  
Tax your old car so that you be green.  
Cannot go on a cheap holiday for the fuel surcharges.  
Might as well live on canal barges.  
I cannot afford to breathe.  
I am squeezed to death.  
By a government keen to fritter my wages.  
On schemes so useless to me.  
Might as well burn it and blow out the flames.  
Yet ministers are allowed to claim 'expenses' for their homes.  
Homeowners are now charging rent from their gnomes.  
Just to make ends meet.  
Like walking on a tightrope.  
Trying to balance daily living.  
Nothing is no longer free to me.

I Siddqi 12.07.08

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Obama The Messiah

The man from Hawaii.  
Has become the president elect.  
Maybe its time for some core values to resurrect.  
All the blacks had got up and finally got on the boat.  
Looking at Obama, like he ws Jesus.  
End all wars, famine and poverty.  
Bur lets look at this without the rose tinted lenses.  
lets wake up to our senes.  
He was four years to undo the mess.  
Like Dorothy on the yellow brick road.  
Off to see if annyone could magic the US a getout clause.  
Obama, your predecessor was the cause.  
That even God or Jesus could not undo.  
So sont sit on you backside.  
Ride the wave of Obama till the power dies out.  
Then all you sheep will do is scream and shout  
Better to do something at grass roots than ignore the mess.  
Doing nothing will create more of a mess.  
]

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Pest

Pest.

You, I detest.

Put your brain into gear.

Shut your mouth,

My case, I rest.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Pointless

I'm so mad  
Why the fight?  
didn't make things any better  
I could have said more insults,  
you could have said more back.  
I hate it when me and wife fight  
its no delight.  
Poitnless.....

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Postive Thinking

positve thnking  
has stopped me drinking  
my way through caffeine  
my daily trawl through crisps and rubbish  
have stopped my mind from working.  
calm  
ness now along the lake of my l; ife.  
calmed by my wavebreaker  
pretty wee wife.  
could cross trhe channel and take on evil.  
Have now set myself free from the devil.  
Evil in a shape desired the fauthful.  
Devil woman you are no more.  
I have slayed my devil whore.  
No time to be negative  
Postive thinking  
dreams to live.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Prisoner 28021970

Born on a cold Febraury Day.  
My life has not been great I must say.  
Health so poor.  
Near Death's door.  
At such a yound age.  
My frustration, my rage.  
As God pulls the carpet of fate.  
Tired of landing on my face, so much, to date.  
I wonder my life's purpose.  
The biker guy, also asked why?  
When turned down by HM Forces.  
Handsome and tall.  
Hard work he endorses.  
Four great children, all to be proud of.  
I ask myself why?  
I am determined to strike my own Kismat.  
For I am noone's doormat.  
When fate tried to make me blind.  
I took this on and succeeded.  
For a great friend and brother Pete, whose advice I heeded.  
I no longer want what everyone else has.  
My goals have changed.  
I want to be me and not listen to you or the rest of the sheep.  
Lambs to the slaughter.  
Pushed into the pen.  
I stick to my roots.  
My Jock boots.  
I will ascend my great glen.  
When.  
That's done to me, alone.  
This prisoner has been parolled.  
He hasd served his time.  
For no criume he commtirred.  
But my daily fight to reform.  
Is strong.  
For no more hoops to jump through.  
Or any tricks for a cruel warden, will I perform.  
I am a man, free of evil.  
I will commit no sin.

Foe or friend  
I no longer desire.  
Idiots and muppets I have grown to ignore. and tire.  
My walk through those big gates.  
Sealed my fate.  
Save yourself from imprisonment.  
Do what's right to avoid confinement.  
Find your Niravna.  
May you be innocent and be content.

Ibrar Siddiqi

## Quasimodo A Friend Not A Lover.

I am an man.  
Attached to another.  
Yet God keeps to push me.  
She's there in front of me.  
Cupid is calling, mentionng her name.  
Tall, slim and slender.  
I love another, why hurt me so?  
If you wish me to feel pain.,  
From my chest, rip my heart out and put it in a blender.

God, why do you say rude things about this woman?  
Betroyed to another, mother of two.  
Tall of height, slender of frame.  
I cannot mention her name.  
For if i did, these feelings will consume my friendship.  
Or I 'll get burnt to a crisp.

i find ways not to talk to you.  
But my conscience s dogged by thoughts of you.  
Leave now, this filthy basement called Earth.  
Ascend now to Heaven with the other angels.  
Leave this poor sinner.  
A loser, not a winner.  
To lurk in the alleyways of lost souls.  
Cardboard box and newspaper duvet.  
My empty vessel filled with nothing.  
Did nothing wrong but to love you like a friend.  
Did the right thing for your life, I would change.  
For all reasons wrong.  
If I did, may God strike me down.

Ibrar Siddiqi



# Rain

Rain

Bitter and cold.

Biting my skin with bites so deep.

Want to get out of my wet clothes and sleep.

Rain.

Wipers going crazy.

Driving through puddles.

Drowning like a fish.

Get home.

Change my clothes and shower.

Awe at Rain's power.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Reflection

I look back,  
to see what I achieved.  
If I died,  
would there be any friends who grieved.  
Honestly I could have taken,  
the road less travelled.  
I could have followed ambitions more.  
But all I am, is a middle aged bore.  
Lack of drive or enthusiasm,  
or failing to reach orgasm,  
caused me look into the mirror.  
I stare at my sorry state or reflection.

I Siddiqi 06/09/2009

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Reflection And Introspection

Day of reflection.  
Introspection slowly played through.  
Days and nights of joy and happiness.  
Right through all the days of pure hell and crappiness.  
I've been there, stopped and played the part.  
Man I could write a book.  
Looked back i did.  
I hit a crisis, I passed, just.  
In God and in myself I can only trust.  
Looking back just once in a while,  
Can make a difference to either withering away,  
or making it another day.  
Retrospect and self respected.  
Self loathing and pity, deflected.  
Introspection and Growth.

I Siddiqi 3.8.2014

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Regrets

Regrets

Like a really good movie.

Plays back in your mind

Lack of foresight.

Lack of faith.

Over and over.

could had a really good lover.

The best i would have found,

Regrets I didn't do anything to have you.

Now i am all blue.

Regrets

I Siddiqi 1.07.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Rush

From the day I was born, life was one rush.  
Born to my mother and father.  
Tied to their devotion.  
Once young, a desire to get old.  
Brave like lions, tough and bold.  
Years pass by.  
Life gets tough.  
My day beset my worry because all I do is hurry  
Rush to commute.  
Tied to my desk.  
Breaks come and go.  
I rush my lunch.  
Try to make my customers happy.  
End of the day I rush to get home.  
To the devotion that drives me through the day.  
With my short time, I embrace that ever loving face.  
Long hours together.  
I would never rush but wishes forever.  
Life is tough.  
Get a lucky dip.  
Win the lotto.  
First thing I do is chill,  
Life won't be so hectic.  
Laying together with my super wife.  
My superchick.  
I would sleep to my heart's content.  
Catch up on hours rushed.  
And mispent.  
Take your time and chill.  
Never fret and you'll never get ill.

Rush.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Russell Brand And Johnathan Ross

All this who hah  
Over a talentless pair.  
Russell Brand with his hedgerow hair.  
Johnathan Ross, what can I say?  
Boring old man as interested as damp moss.  
Berating talent of stature.  
With words of the inane and talentless.  
Egos driven by bad hair and flatulence.  
Do what I do.  
Give up on todays talent.  
Watch classic TV, money well spent.  
When actors were capitvating and entranced.  
With good looks, charisma or the way they danced.  
When I was wee.  
The comedians were funny and made me laughed.  
Now they make me barf.  
Flush this pair down the pan.  
And leave Andrew Sachs alone.  
A talented man.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Secret Lover

Secret lover.

I cannot reveal my source.  
For all the naughty feelings.  
And the pleasure, of course.  
Hiding like a soldier.  
Covered in camouflage.  
Hiding to avoid capture.  
From the enemies of love.

Young lions in the pride are looking.  
Hunt me down like prey.  
But the times we have together, really made my day.  
I'm avoiding detection, throwing a false trail.  
Pursers of my passion, my life, they plan to derail.

Baby, 'was a one off deal.  
The love I felt was real.  
But you're close to revealing my cover.  
Putting me in a tight hole.  
Foxes could evade capture.  
But you need to mask your scent.  
For others will sense my secret love.  
Shooting us down in flames.  
Still, our bodies lie together.  
Upon Mother Earth.  
Having acted like Icarus.  
I flew to something hot.  
And I burnt myself to a spot.

Secret lover, Marta Hari.  
Double door.  
Am I but a worm to your secret love.  
Guess I'll never know.  
As I am tortured to death.  
Your last words dealt me a heavy blow.  
Adieu, I blow my last kiss.

I Siddiqi 26.01.09





# Seaside Trip

Went to the seaside.  
With my eternal bride.  
Rode on the coash with her loud friends.  
Got so mad, went round the bend.  
Listened to my Walkman ans fell asleep.  
Got to the coast.  
and saw rhe sight.  
Or rather the blight called Southend.  
Got off the coash went for a walk.  
Got lost and separated.  
I was so glad as we time for us.  
Went an took photos.  
My wife, foreign, smiled at the sights.  
Pale opple trying get brown.  
Locl kids bored of ton.  
Old people leaving their empty homes to reflect.  
Seaside town like my car, showing neglect.  
Coiuld do better if they want a new crowd.  
For this coast did Britain proud, when times were simple.  
back on the coach to Birmingham,  
Home of the most miserable folk.  
Whose accent really sounds think when spoken.  
Bye seaside town fare thee well.  
Hope some daytripper had a beter tale to tell.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Secret

I cannot help for who I am.  
Secrets that I keep keep awake at night.  
Monster in the past.  
Love came infast.  
And meaingless.

It was you, who I saw.  
In absolute awe.  
My eyes for you, awoke slowly.  
To reveal a crush.  
Crush so secret, I dare not tell.  
For those who thnk they know me.  
May laugh like hell.  
You see right through me.  
Like I do not exist.  
But if I spoke, my passion you will not resist.  
I see you but I cannot look.  
For I wuld wth evil eyes.  
I wear a veil to stop me from hurting you.  
For this secret is all about you.

Others hate and even despise.  
Or ignore my very presence.  
Only I know this secret.  
When I leave, you will only be another page.  
In the book of broken feelings  
And shy, bumbking feelngs.  
Written by a foolish author.

I Siddiqi 3.2.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Shattered

Lying in my foxhole.  
Having survived much gunfire.  
Running back from no man's land back to trench.  
You've fired a barrage of reasons for us not to love each other.

Bomb after bomb.  
Campaign after campaign.  
You've only brought me ears and pain.  
So many days of bombing have left my eyes shattered.  
My body bruised and battered.  
My ears are bleeding from your personal war.  
And I'll no longer seek peace.  
Scars and shrapnel.  
Hurt like your words.  
I'll keep fighting back your cruel and unjust war.

In this war of love and peace.  
I'll love myself and hope you give up.  
And build yourself up for someone else's heart.

I Siddiqi 11.2.2009

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Shot Down In Flames

I was loving you,  
with all the strength in my heart.  
Loved you in many ways,  
never knew where to begin or start.

I bare my soul, for you to be wth me.  
But a man can't love a woman,  
when a man feels crowded, not free.

I had to deal with all your baggage,  
Insecurities and unfounded theories.  
I fell out of love, sacrificing all of me.  
Nothing returned, wounded by everything,  
Flames nipping at me,  
flames, flames.

Falling from the sun, which lit my life,  
Falling shot idown in flames,  
Icarus, be my name.

Another wounded lover, burnt to deatn.  
In an unecessary war of love and no faith.

I Siddiqi 28.10.2009

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Shot Down In Flames Part 1

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with all the strength in my heart.  
Loved you in many ways,  
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I Siddiqi 28.10.2009

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Shy Guy

i hide my feelings  
put on a brave face  
when i seek company  
i can only sit with myself  
see couples going by  
hands entwined like lovers  
im not able to open up  
because i am too damn shy.

i siddiqi 13.06.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Sick Individuals

I dont know if you heard about a monster in a Austria.  
Who did terrible things to family.  
My wife and I cry for children of our own.  
Why should monsters get to have children?  
When good people like me are sickened to the core.  
Feel sorry for the children who have been through this episode.  
For I lived in that monster's town, a gun I would load.  
Exact a fitting sentence.

if ther was a God.  
Why does he left these people live?  
Evil thrives while good men lie idle.

Sick individuals  
What kind of world do we live in?  
When ordinary folk don't raise thier voices.  
Yet voice thier concerns,  
the tabloids print the 'Truth'.  
This used to be a good place to live.  
But evil has taken over.  
What are we to do?  
Sit on our butts and twiddle out thumbs.  
Root out evil and make an effort to do some good.  
As we all should.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Silence

I fall silent when my the foe appear.  
Their agenda to cause me pain and hurt.  
I remain silent.  
For my words, would cause bloodshed.  
Words of retribution, will leave many dead.

I fal silent like a sniper in his lalir.  
Wait for conditions to be perfect.  
My words of death will be fired,  
shoot dwn my detractors direct.

I fall silent when someone hurts me,  
when I so not cross their path.  
I wish people would ignore me so that i may with no stress.

I remain silent.  
I relent.  
My words of intelligence cuts thorough ignorance,  
like a hot knife thorough butter.  
I remain silent.  
For its is my cloak of invisibility..  
I remain discrete so i may strike down,  
Evil in all may forms.

Silence is my weapon, my delivery is true.  
Hit my target, i hit you hardest.  
because, my foe I destest.  
Silence...

07/04/09 I Siddiqi

Ibrar Siddiqi



# Silken Beauty

I see before me.  
A girl who became a woman.  
I was a hunter out for prey.  
When you appeared, I felt adrenalin.  
Looked at you, I realised.  
None more glorious and resplendent.

I could wish.  
That I could see you more.  
Daily and nightly would I touch you to the core.  
May you look astonishing not to me but all to admire.  
For the truth had to surface.  
In this wee verse.

I Siddiqi 14.02.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Simply Me

I don't want to give a damn  
About every woman, child or man.  
People trespass across my life.  
Like a lowlife.  
My life is my own.  
I used to smile not frown.  
I was hear before you turned up.

Like Iraq, I had my own regime.  
Now you invade me,  
claiming to bring better things.  
Left hand, third finger - wedding ring.  
Noone else shall govern me but me and my wife.  
You don't like me.  
Then leave me alone.  
I am simply, me

I Siddiqi 03/04/09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Single Amongst The Many

Wherever I go, I am in the the minority.  
I stay quiet and work hard. I do not want any authority.  
Come home to my wife.  
Kiss the start of the evening.  
Rekindling my life.  
Reading papers, hearing the news.  
Gets me down, I get the blues.  
Where I live, I am the minority.  
The majority all to themselves.  
Hurt me in many ways.  
For so many ways, just for being different.  
My youth mis-spent trying to follow the majority.  
Robbed me of my soul.  
Fate brought me a kindly soul.  
Ready made and preprocessed she is not.  
All natural and beautiful as I could wish.  
My beautiful 7 course Asian dish.  
e are like.  
But we are disliked  
For whatever differences we hold.  
Just for being ourselves.  
I fear being killed.  
Paranoia since a tragic event.  
Positive thinking will stop my descent.  
Into a deep chasm of self despair.  
Tearing out my hair.  
Hearing another ethnic pass.  
Just don't worry, let the insults pass.  
You've got too much class.  
To feel despondent.  
My wife the sunshine.  
Beating me with positive rays.  
Oh, Happy Days.  
I am but in the minority.  
But I feel so many.  
My brothers and sisters.  
Embrace a simple life.  
Have kids and a wife.  
Drive an old car with scratches and a big dent.

Move into a council flat.  
Dont' worry about the rent.  
I pray when I can.  
being a penentant man.  
On my Inees asking for wishes to be fulfilled.  
Wrongs and injustice to be thwarted.  
My pockets like my life filled.  
With much expectation.I  
If you are many and I am one.  
I would rather my simple fun.  
Ignoring you whilst deep in my dreams.  
Helps me battle the day when I join the many who are so close.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Slave

I am slave to no-one  
Master to myself.  
I fear no-one as I am not bound to you.

Life is mine.  
Free as can be.  
Do not impose your will on me.  
Slave, I am not.  
Your notions of dominance, do not belong.  
In my life of freedom.  
Happy to enjoy.  
Not made to be glum

Slave to no-one.  
Master yo myself.  
I am not bound to anyone.

I Siddiqi 19.03.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# So Far Apart

So far Apart  
Distance immaterial.  
Connection to your heart.  
Live and breathe as one.  
Pictures and calls, cement my attention set.

Cold, lonely flat.  
Empty of your presence.  
Reminding me why I married you.

weather here is so cold.  
Fingers and toes all blue.  
Knowing you'd return.  
That's why I love you.

I keep myself busy.  
Make myself forget.  
But things fall apart.  
Tears begin to flow.  
Pick myself up  
Got to keep going.  
Till the light of my life.  
My darling wife.  
Returns.  
To put the warmth into my being.

I Siddiqi 3.1.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# So Far Away

Across the great pond  
are some children of whom I am fond.  
Wish I could see them.  
They are next to my heart.  
The phone is the closest alternative.  
But a hug would be nice.  
I wish my car could float on water.  
Or if my wife and I could fly.  
Then evrything will be alright.

Ibrar Siddiqi 5.5.08

Ibrar Siddiqi

# So Quick To Judge

Why is it, people are so quick to judge  
whether it is your colour, race or religion.  
I just hate when people make comments.  
Just because you are ignorant  
it soon shows,

There was a pretty Goth  
who was the victim of an attack.  
A bunch of animals killed her  
Just because she dressed in black.  
My heart breaks when animals strike.  
I just want to kill those who dislike.

I may not know about your life  
But I would rather know you for who you are.  
If I don't like what I see  
I don't say anything for you to hate me.

Hatred is a strong emotion.  
But Love is the answer.  
Life is too short to worry  
about the little things.  
Put away your hate and anger  
Go say hello to a complete stranger.  
I see people walking their dogs  
Or out for a run.  
Saying hello gives me a lift  
Makes bridges and not divide  
For hate, creates a rift.

Ibrar Siddiqi



# Speck Of Dust

In this universe of life.  
Questions I ask, don't get answered.  
Thoughts come across, kinda wished they didn't.  
People come into my presence, i don't want to stop.  
My foot on the accelerator, speeding away from love.  
Spent too much time thinking.  
Not stopped to do any living.  
Got too old before my time.  
Regrets in my mental scrapbook, kept.  
Laughed not, never smiled just wept.  
Just want to fly away, start again.  
Tried sailing away but that ship sank.  
Just what is my purpose, i wonder daily.  
I but a speck of dust.  
I am but a speck of dust.

I Siddiqi.16.2.2014

Ibrar Siddiqi

## Spinning Off Its Axis

The world has fallen over.  
The world has gone mad.  
In London animals hunt each other.  
No thought to the mother.  
Of the innocent fallen.  
In Zimbabwe a madman has been let loose.  
But in Iraq, Allies are on the loose.  
Here to liberate the oppressed Muslims  
of an evil regime.  
Only to become no better.  
Innocents fall and lie in a pool of crimson.  
A military spokesman wipe the incidents aside.  
With such a lame excuse.  
In Palestine the majority are aged like lions.  
Fighting to reclaim the land of their fathers.  
The world condemns the rockets and their deeds.  
But if America didn't sponsor the Jews.  
Their town squares would not be filled with screws and flesh.  
Leave well alone my Muslim family.  
I am sick of the outsiders that make war.  
Turn the Muslim land into a whore.  
IMs Iraq for her black spoil.  
To the ignorant, I'm referring to the oil.  
Ms Afghanistan whose children have led.  
Reforming in the land of the clean.  
The land of my father.  
Afghans stealing his land.  
Displaced by the West.  
I used to feel sorrow - but I do detest.  
The Afghan who treats Pakistan like its their own.  
I want to be rid.  
Of all things evil.  
I'll act like God  
and destroy the West  
With foul swoop clear Pakistan of its Afghan invaders.  
return it to the land of the clean.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Station In Life

Everyone climbs upon a train to embark upon the journey of their life.  
I have been riding around, no platform which to alight.  
Riding through my much unhappiness and blight.  
I want to embark and reveal my true self.  
But I will never find my station in life.  
I want to get off and go back to the start.  
Do things, I wanted to do and say no to things that turned out bad.  
I will find my stop.  
When my time comes, I'll never know.  
Another day, another blow to my life.  
Planning too much makes me feel sad.  
I cannot express my sorrow.  
I know tomorrow, this journey will continue full circle.  
Till I pull the emergency cord and get off myself.

I Siddiqi 7.5.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Street Philosopher

I have an opinion.  
I am but a Street Philosopher.  
Walking in trainers so expensive.  
With two weeks dole money I had bought.  
The government may as well as bought them for me.  
I see refugees coming to my country.  
I'll argue the point.  
what have done for me?  
See I dont work 'cos of my principles.  
I am a Street Philosopher.  
My opinions are of the working man.  
My opinions may not be as descive bu they mean lot to me.  
I have but an opinion of everththing in my path.  
I'm down the pub with my compadares, having a laugh.  
Laughing at the poor suckers who work to death.  
Follow my example, why don't you become me?  
I will not charge a franchise fee.  
Go on the rock and roll and beocme redundant.  
Reasons for not working working soon become abundant.  
No rent or council tax.  
Just money for me, my wife and dogs.  
Maybe some money to feed my dogs.  
Drive a car better than my neighbour.  
Who is forced to enhdure 9 to 5 labour.  
IMy kids wear top of range trainers.  
At school, they have meals for free.  
Working for nothing, no brainers.  
Life is so simple.  
Just sit in the pub and contemplate philosophy.  
Looking at the world through my drink.  
Working is for mugs.  
I am.  
Therefore, I think.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Struck In My Shell

I have been hurt.  
I still lurk in my shell.  
Life is so full of dirt.  
My kind heart by by someone so cruel.  
I wanted to tread the minefield of love.  
Not amounting of prompting or well meaning shove.

Could ever see me love someone.  
I am a noble knight who shield has been lost.  
Arrows and blows, misfired by Cupid.  
Make me feel ashamed or somewhat stupid.  
Mirrors show a handsome devil  
Who has the intentions of an angel.  
Dressed like Roger Thornhill.  
Dashing and debonair.  
Attracting female veterans wanting to use me for another conquest.

Now to scared by Post love distress.  
I live in my shadow hoping not to attract a partner to love.  
Feel like hiding behind a beard.  
I am normal, not weird.  
By today's lowered standards, I am a freakin' nut.  
But id rather love a lady not a cheap slut.

I am a recluse living away from the society of love.  
Hiding behind my flat door for good.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Sunny Sunday

Sitting in the park holding hands  
Looking at your face.  
Heartbeat racing  
Listening to our favourite radio station  
One earplug in my ear  
The other in yours.  
The world is watching us kiss and cuddle.  
Sitting on a bench.  
Sun setting slowly.  
Kids playing in the back.  
I look at you.  
Looking back.  
i wish we had kids

So they could see us sitting,  
kissing and holding hands.  
We walk back to our flat  
to eat dinner.  
Lying on the couch  
, like a newky wedded couple  
Reminiscing on that Sunday afternoon kiss,

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Super Sister In Law

Super sister sister in law

What a super babe.

A sister of the five

The eldest with four children,

Works so hard and at being Mom and Dad.

Also working hard in school.

makes me glad to have a supersister in law.

Doesnt need to leap tall buildings.

No need to save lives.

One look from her is enoug to scare a grown man,

That super sister

makes men fel like mice.

But she's really nice

that's why she's my Super sister in law.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Take Off

I'm set.  
I'm fired up.  
All cylinders are burning.  
Breaking out of here.  
Sense a new page turning.  
Chocks away, I cry inside my head.  
I 'd rather leave this town than dead.  
Head out and taxi,  
Take the path of my choice.  
Wheels leave the ground,  
They're still spinning round.  
I'm leaving Terra Firma,  
won't land till I found new ground.  
My nose in air,  
sensing for a long time.  
The need to fly forth.  
Paradise bound.  
Where I land I wont know.  
When i do, I wont show  
anyone else what I found.  
I took off for a fresh start.  
I couldn't stick around,  
it was breaking my heart.

I Siddiqi.29.6.2014

Ibrar Siddiqi



# Telephne Operator

Telephone Operator  
Why are you so bored?  
Not exactly hated.  
Nor adored.  
Picking up the phone.  
Is a 9 to 5 choe.

Callers calling.  
Conversations polite or very appalling.  
Could make yourday or leave you reeling.  
Awlaway a cheer when clients are nice.  
Brings a mile tomy weee face.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Telephone Love

They say that long distances can break two hearts.  
I sit by the phone to hear your voice.  
The pensive salutation to the I love you.  
Six months apart, I'm so blue.  
Miss you around our lovenest.

I want to say things to please you,  
longing for your return to make love together.  
The days are never ending, the nights longer still.  
Words of passion,  
This besotted fool will utter to fill the gap,  
till I next speak to you.

I want to kiss you from top to toe.  
Savour the lipstick that you wear.  
The clothes that hide my lover,  
in a passionate moment I would tear.  
To smell the parfum on your hips, neck and breasts.  
A testament to the love I miss.

Come back my lover,  
Fill this void in my ever cold chest.  
I will faithfully wait for your next call.  
Be that today, tomorrow or whenever,  
I want this love to manifest.  
No other love has stood the test of doubt or hope.  
I will never cut this eternal bond that binds us together.

I Siddiqi 18.03.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Terra Firma

All I did was to walk my path.  
Invisible cloak, I don.  
Not seeking unwanted attention or wrath.  
Guided to my goal, my destiny.  
To my love from abroad.  
She, lights the way to make my landing.  
Touching down like a plane,  
when I touch her so.  
The thrill and excitement when I meet my Terra Firma.

I Siddiqi 19.2.2014

Ibrar Siddiqi

# The End Of An Affair

do i stay or do i go  
do i ebb or do i flow.  
dont care any more  
life is for living  
yet you make me feel miserable.  
unloved and undesirable

do what you want  
but im tired of your soft rant.  
what happened was nice.

I Siddiqi 16.06.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# The Feeling....

I cannot sum up.  
What I feel?  
Am I really awake?  
Or are you for real.  
Your presence gladly felt.

I try not to run so fast.  
In case looking at nothing but you, makes me fall.  
But those eyes and that smile makes me feel high.

Little things that make the sum of you.  
Make me feel so cherished.  
My colour is no longer blue.  
Its warmth vcreated by who?  
You only know who you are.  
That fantastic star.

I would follow you in orbit.  
As Earth around the Sun.  
But Kismat will ensure that your will always be someone else's fun.  
Just knowing you is enough to fulfill my need.

In my old age.  
When i am locked up in my body.  
Grey and fall; ing apart.  
I'll have sweet rememberance of you.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# The World Is Getting Crazy

Prices are sky high.  
All of us sigh.  
The price food and water is beyond belief.  
The poor get poorer.  
The rich make more profit.  
The world make explode.  
With all the madness and grief.  
Running round like headless chickens.  
Or with heads buried in the ground.  
I dare not spend a penny let alone a Pound.  
Fuel for my car.  
Or milk for my tea.  
Small decisions are greater now to me.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Those Three Little Words

Alone like a recluse.  
I wonder.  
Never loved anyone, a true love I never found.  
Destined to be by myself  
Destined never to held.  
To wear a broken heart upon my my sleeve.

Do no't feel sorry for me.  
It was my own doing.  
There was a woman who I purely loved.  
I couldn't say those three little words when the time was right.  
Like a startled bird, I took immediate flight.  
I loved her but I couldn't take rejection.  
Now I am walking this Earth as Kismat intended.  
Unloved or befriended.  
A worthless coward who Cupid would not have shot.

Take heed my friend.  
Be strong and say those words.  
It would change your life.  
Learn from my mistake.  
Heart so badly broken.  
Will always break.

A shattered man like me you wouldn't become.  
Utter those words when the moment is right.  
Held her ans gaze in her eyes.  
Say I love you.  
Watch the woman surface from the pool of her soul.  
She'll blossom from a little girl to be your lover.  
Those three little words.....

I Siddiqi 12.03.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Timewarp

Ever watched a flim that summed up your life.  
'Groundhog Day'  
Is the film the best describes my life.  
I wake up in the morning.  
Hear voices that ruin my day.  
I can't make any headway.  
Whilst the sun shines, others make hay.  
Someone's had a baby.  
It really breaks my heart.  
Im so old and have noone.  
ho life I could mould and shape right fromthe start.  
Im getting angry why God had put a hold.  
In ten years i've become so old.  
Ill health that i planned for my fittie.  
Cutting me down in my prime.  
I dont want leave this Earth, not before my time.  
Unlikr Bill Murray i have my Andy McDowell.  
Dark harioed wife from afar.  
Woma so beautiful to be movie star.  
Yet I see my eternal bride.  
Wearing lines upon her face.  
And white hairs in curly hair glory.  
I'm afraid this this my life sotry.  
Maybe God is mocking me.  
Making a joke of someone so simple.  
Who just wants to make a life.  
Of hapiness with a loving wife.  
Please God, I beg of you.  
Please don't make me blue.  
I just work hard to make my wfie happy.  
Yet you make each day feel crappy.  
Use my beads and uncomplicated heart.  
Yet all I do do is pray for a new start.  
Hand in hand with my wife, M.  
I just want end this timwarp.  
I just want to get out this rut.  
Life is all i'fs and but.  
I have no firne to be happy.  
Or friends to spend my time.



Rather the felling I've committed a crime.  
For which I have been blamed.

I Siddiqi  
21.07.08

Ibrar Siddiqi

# To The Point

I have been plagued.  
Not by vermin or man.  
Only by fools,  
of all colours and sexuality.  
Sick of their unholy plan.  
Men like me,  
appreciate high quality.  
Loud, unwashed and brash.  
Nothing but human trash.  
I love what i have,  
life, love and health.  
My heart bears scars,  
healed by my wife's loving wealth.

No time for the narrow minded,  
By filth and media, blinded.  
My will stronger,  
life much longer,  
without leeches like you.  
My long, educated silence  
, exudes my message  
GO TO HELL! ! ! ! ! !  
I believe this,  
to the point.

I Siddiqi 4.9.2010

Ibrar Siddiqi

# True Friends

Friendship is a gift I give to others.  
Who I know won't hurt me.  
Users and losers given my short shrift.  
Honest and daring.  
That's who I am  
I only give you a chance.  
Wrong me once, I'll show you the door.

I don't have any money.  
Just looks that are funny.  
Clever and intellectual.  
That's who I am.  
Act like a fool for the kids.  
Help anyone whose hit the skids.  
A good friend that's me.  
That's who I am.  
Don't ask me for money.  
I'm tighter than a clam.  
Need any help or food.  
I'll be there in a jiffy.  
That's me a true friend.

I use not nor do I abuse.  
Haven't got the time to hate.  
Got too many things to do.  
In a jam, I'll make time for you..  
Value me as a friend.  
Ibrar, that's me, that's who I am.

I Siddiqi 20.02.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Uncertain

I now for sure something will happen.  
I fell in love with someone else.  
She doesn't know it yet.  
I do not have the courage to try.  
I kick, myself to some up courage.  
But the lion in me won't bother.  
You have not seen this maiden.  
Bowled me over in one look.  
Subtle in many ways.  
Makes me feel uncertain.

How can I do this?  
My mind tells me.  
I would risked everything to ignite some passion.  
Maybe I'm to nice a guy to hurt someone.  
Or maybe she doubts me.  
A rebel hiding his past.  
Don't want to lose someone unique so fas.  
I'll bide my time till things are right.  
For I will never get another chance

Emotions, feelings, love or passion,  
Just things that you cannot control.  
They are all uncertain.

4.05.09 I Siddiqi

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Under Pressure

Shyness is a killer  
turns a lion into a mouse  
one person exposing me to feelings unknown.  
take me safely from boredom  
swept over by a powerful wave.  
inside i am smiling.  
but to others i wear a cloak.  
protecting my emotions to save someone else.

I am who i am  
Dont want to changing for anyone else.  
Find the right lover - she'll love my warts and all.  
I am under pressure to conform.

I Siddiqi 05/05/09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Understanding

Frustrated is the word that sums me to a T.  
Petty little children, doing nasty things to me.  
I will always say my mind so that you would understand  
But I wouldn't trust anyone who is always underhand.  
Don't expect any hellos are any conversation  
Because adults like you add to my frustration.  
Lack of patience or understanding or love.  
Forces me to my fist into a velvet glove.  
Have to hit you all with some tough love.

I haven't got the patience to take any more.  
I cannot waste me time wasting my breath  
as all you ever do is bore me to death.  
I don't want to know about minor celebs,  
like Jade who was nothing but a pleb.  
Why should I spend my time.  
Paying for someone else's crime.  
Understanding and patience, values I now lack.  
Because of people who don't know jack.

i Siddiqi 02.05.2009

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Undr Myskin

I look at you like I should hate you.  
Yet all I see is resplendent.  
Yet this penitent man.  
Bos before God.  
For you make take my soul.  
Eyes of brown.  
Laugh of innocence.

My armour exposed.  
Armour is open.  
With what weapon do you kill me.  
Love or admiration,  
Battle scarred and heart.  
I am another casualty of love.....

I Siddiqi 21.1.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Unfair And Unjust

You know how it runs.  
People with power and guns  
Run what they deem theirs.  
My life is mine.  
Thar's fine but who cares

Ibrar Siddiqi



# Valentine's Day

I feel so lonely.  
On my own.  
Feel like the children's clown.  
The real me, hidden by makeup.

I should win gold or a cup.  
For never being admired by anyone at all.  
Ever wandering fool searching for love.

A mutual love not fast love.  
Learned from the past my mistake.  
I raise a glass to my man, fellow.  
For you have a love not to take for granted.  
Meanwhile, foolish lover lies drunk.  
In the gutter, never be loved by woman.  
For the gentleman I am.

I Siddiqi 14.02.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Virtual Love

I got tired of trying to pull the opposite sex.  
I am ugly and don't confirm.  
Too nice to love and flat on charm.  
I went onto a chat room  
Pulled a girl from up north.  
Said some naughty things and both came away smiling.

My reality is so sad.  
Not muscular like Adonis.  
Not built like a porn star.  
Women see me and drive off in their cars.  
I detest some people.  
The internet is my hunting ground for some virtual game.  
You won't know my real name or where i live.  
But ive lots of girls feel very naughty, by the devilish nature in me.  
Naughty you, naughty me.  
The virtual stud that I am.

I Siddiqi 9.05.09

I

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Walking Man

Like a stray.  
Im walki' away.  
Leaving thr trouyles behind me.  
Looking for peaturres new.

Kicked around like a dog.  
For my heart was pure and open.  
Stabbed too many times.  
I've bled dry.

Hod my feelings close to my chest.  
Likea gamber cards close to my breast.

feelings for anyone have long gone.  
I 've left and i'm not coming back.

I Siddiqi 3.2.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Watch Out Supermodels

Watch out fashion world.  
Here comes my niece.  
Only a little girl.  
But her looks will get you in a whirl.  
My niece, the third of four.  
Will charm the door  
off any designer house.  
Paris, New York and Rome.  
But New York is her home.

Designers will ring her phone,  
To speak to my niece.  
She's so pretty.  
She make your designer gown  
Look like a rag.  
I got to admit  
She makes supermodels like Drag queens  
So gaunt and manly.  
But here singing her praises.  
I'm glad her momma raises her well.  
As time will tell.  
The whole world I'll show.  
Tha's my niece, finally come out or her shell.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Watch Out Supermodels - Its My Niece

Wath u fashion world.  
Here comes my niece.  
Only a little girl.  
But her looks will get you in a whirl.  
My nice, the third of four.  
Will charm the door  
off any designer house.  
Paris, New York and Rome.  
But New York is her home.

Designers will ringing her phone,  
To speak to my niece.  
She's so pretty.  
She make your deisgner gown  
Look like a rag.  
I got to admit  
She makes supermodels like Drag queens  
So gaunt and manly.  
But here singing her praises.  
Im glad her momma raises her well.  
As time will tell.  
The whole world I'll show.  
Tha's my niece, finally come out or her shell.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Waves

I sit on the shore of my life.  
Watching waves crash down to fall placidly before my feet.  
I face myself in the mirror and have to reflect.  
All those who use, I reject.  
Hangers on and fair weather friends shown the door.  
Waves come in and wipe away the debris on the sandy floor.

I have faced terrible things.  
Drive a man to the edge.  
I still survive for some reason.  
I know not, what lies ahead for me.  
Good or bad, I wish I walk to the waves.  
Let them drown me in all their power.  
My body dragged through the currents.  
Crashing into rocks and coral I float back bleeding.  
Pulling free of this evil tether.  
I will love evil or do unneeded things.  
Curse those, who threaten or impose.  
May God avenge me, for nothing I have done.  
May my enemies die amongst the rocks.  
Bodies broken by divine intervention.  
May God answer my prayers.

I Siddiqi 16.03.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Wee Woman

Wee woman  
Undoubtedly, the best I could get..  
A man like me, knows your worth.  
But you give in easily.  
I am a man of few words.  
But I prefer this to listen to thee.

Silence is golden.  
Your sweet, sweet voice, attractive.  
Looks that pull sailors to the rocks, like any mermaid would.  
If I was an explorer, I would conquer you.  
Preferring to spend my time to get to know you.

Dedicated as I am to maintain bravado.  
You see through me and my one man show.  
Tired of being lonely.  
I wish t live life to the full.  
Lift me from this rut, my life be never dull.  
I want do more than gaze in beautiful eyes.  
Admire you for the woman has made in perfection.  
Hair that hides the really you who i would long to see.

Noble as I am. man of courage and intent.  
My youth, badly mis-spent.  
You clearly make other women feel like girls,  
when you are with me.  
Wee Woman - in this awful world.  
You, haven of one,  
for this weary fool.  
This poem does not reflect,  
the feelings being stirred  
If I caught a glimpse of you,  
its value I would treasure.  
Loving you would be my only sweet pleasure.  
Like a bee to honey.  
Worth more than money.  
Woman in a million - my golden star.

I Siddiqi 19.06.09

Ibrar Siddiqi



# Weekend

Nose down, Heading to my destination.  
Just a cycle repeating.  
Work hard through the week.  
Pedaling, freewheeling,  
Just to take a break.  
Rushing to see tasks completed.  
My goal undefeated.  
Week completed,  
Weekend, empty and free.  
Time to play and be free.

I Siddiqi 3.7.2014.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# What I See In You

I am man, of very few words.  
You may think I am ignoring you.  
In my mind,  
I am of thinking of you and all things new.  
When I look at you,  
this lion turns to a mouse.

Theories and books,  
could not have prepared me for these feelings.

Glimpses of you, make me feels so, so shy.  
Your voice soothes the beastly days, I have and hate.  
Wishing your embrace,  
help me through lonel nights of late.

I wish I could tell you,  
what I really thought.  
Gifts of misdirection,  
your feelings could not be bought.  
All this from, when or what I see in you.

I love someone else,  
in my dreams my heart belongs to you.

My days bright, no longer blue.  
All because, of what I see in you.

I Siddiqi 27/09/2009

Ibrar Siddiqi

# What Is Fate?

You ask what has become of late.  
I have fallen off my religious wagon,  
I want to instantly know my fate.  
Will i rich or famous?  
My health be better or worse.  
Will my new car be a Ferrari,  
or a balck hearse?

Questions I want answering,  
never answered my prayer.  
Consult my horror scopes  
with the rest of the dopes.  
What is fate?

Ibrar Siddiqi

# What Is Left?

I said no.  
Yet like a bad drama, you wont go.  
I said goodbye,  
You keep coming by.

I moved on.  
Your stuck in the past.  
I knew that you were bad.  
I moved on, I am glad.

I had a feeling that your were bad news.  
Looked at you, nothing but the blues.  
Happiness you could not make.  
Built for fast love and nothing else.

Sports cars don't suit me just comfortable all rounders.  
You are nothing but 't fit in my life.  
Thank goodness for my kind wife.  
Counters the evil you hold.  
What is left, it was over.

I Siddiqi 23.03.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# What It Is To Be Me

I am man of very words spoken.  
Lived in uniform, spirit never broken.  
Witnessed things I dreamt I would never see.  
You don't know what it is to be me.

I have a beautiful face.  
But there is story under the surface.  
I had been hurt so much.  
I now chose a life of solitude.  
Brought to accept the best and nothing else.  
I quit accepting second best  
I married a woman who loves me.  
We have no children of our own.  
Yet clowns look at me and quickly judge.  
Life is too short to hate or bear a grudge.  
So I'll ignore you and your presence.  
You don't know what it is to be me.

To be me, I don't follow the norm.  
I want to spend all day loving my woman.  
Making her feel that she is the one.  
Ignoring the rest who made me feel bitter.  
I will love someone who loves me for who I am.  
Shallow women say I don't measure up.  
I quit giving a damn about single women with rulers.  
So that I could love the woman who is right for me.  
You don't know what it is to be me.

Steadfast, hard working.  
Unpopular by the way I look or speak.  
But my woman loves me.  
Inspiration comes from my dreams and wishes.  
Not wanting to waste my time or money.  
I stick to me because I could only trust my actions.  
Which, in some eyes provokes an unwanted reaction  
I could only be honest and truthful.  
I have no devious side.  
If I don't like someone, I'll make it known.  
Don't want to be seen as a fool or a clown.

You'll never know what it is to be me..

I Siddiqi 01/03/2009

Ibrar Siddiqi

# What Path Should I Take?

We always ask ourselves.  
What am I to be?  
What is meant to be?  
Consult my horoscopes.  
Ask a gypsy or tea leaves.

I look back at each step of my life.  
Replaying moments where I made a mistake.  
A road less travelled i didi take.  
That's where my life went wrong.  
Lovers I shoild have loved.  
Opportunities i missed.  
A dream woam I never kissed.

All I could do is look froward not behind or I'll fall off my path.  
If I tread where I shouldn't i would create mayhem.  
What is my life and what path should I take?

I Siddiqi 12.03.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# When I Say Go

Letting you go is eay.  
droping you to lessen my pain.  
Like a mark.  
A flthy stan.  
Tired of excuses.  
Mnid Games never work.  
Its time this went.  
And walked, out of my life.  
Putting you behind me.  
Woiuld make me feel stonger.  
After tearing my eyes out.

I have no pity for someone lame like you.  
All you ever did was make me blue.  
But unlike Sam Cooke.  
I didnt have to look fa.  
Or listen down the grapevine.  
Becuase yu were never mine.

Adious, thorn in my side.  
Adieu to all the misery you caused.  
Like an airplane in flight.  
I'm set on my new disteniation.  
That's mine and not yours.

I Siddiqi 26.01.098

Ibrar Siddiqi



# When Something Feels So Right.

I want t look at you,  
, but I can't.

In my heart, a seed of love,  
I would plant.

I look at you,  
wonderment begins.

My heart belongs to another,  
I sparked some sins

I want to love you,  
but my hands are tied.

I swear if we made love,  
I feel as i'd reached heaven and died.

I feel so wrong doing this,  
sparking a new love with a passioante kiss

I left the darkness,  
my heart filled with light

When something feels so right.

I Siddiqi 15.09.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

## Where Do I Go?

Questions constantly bombard me like mortar fire.  
Moving from shell hole to shell hole,  
Preserving my life's desire.  
My desire to be loved.  
My desire to make a name.  
Not looking for fame,  
Money would be a bonus.  
Just wanting to make my life count.  
Where do i go from here?

Met too many spies in this short life of mine.  
Male or female.  
Just don't want to lose the battle of my life.  
Just want to survive and tell my children about my endeavours.  
The friends I had.  
Adventures, I embarked upon.  
The women I loved.  
The woman i could but couldn't.  
Who left me heartbroken.  
I walked away and walked the path i always followed.  
Where do I go?

I cannot ask any one.  
Undercover all the time.  
Trust is a currency that I wont barter with.  
friends are few and far between,  
I ask myself and God daily,  
but no answers are forthcoming.  
Each days experience,  
leaves me more numb.  
Cold to love and affection.  
Games I will play,  
just to make it from day to day.  
Think of this soldier dodging shellfire.  
Never lose your hope and your burning desire.

I Siddiqi 19.05.09



# Why Can 'T You Go?

why do people not see?  
That I mean a lot to me.  
Day after day, patience put to test.  
Well meaning friends become a pest.  
Why can't you let go?  
I hit you with an honest blow.  
No dead weights

I Siddqi 12.05.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Why Do I Get The Shitheads?

I am tired of attracting shitheads  
You now what I mean  
The lowlifes that are so evil.  
I must have a sign on my head.  
No matter what I do all I get tis bullshit  
Its as enjoying as scraping dogshit off my shoe.  
I have a happy life  
My advise to all  
Just ignore the bunny boilers  
Like the man in Cornwall.  
Ignore the losers thatpretend to be your friend  
To whom you've lent money or clothes  
For they are the shitheads you must avoid.  
They are the vermin you must ignore.  
Just dont lower your standards  
Or you become one.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Why Oh Why?

What makes us fight?  
destroy each other till someopne souls passes.  
I ask Him.  
What create ma - we are all asses.

Destroy whats good.  
Dont miss iot at all.  
Till someone cires mercy before a lifeless fall.

End the wars.  
let us love, not fight.  
Celebrate our differences.

Hatred is but all too commom.  
Love and faith is rare to accept.  
Mankind, Gods worst creation.  
Inept.  
My fellow poet, Yoonnoos.  
Bees are the answer.  
Follow nature to the full.  
Let war fall yto a lull.  
Governaments fall.  
Love to all peopl, .  
Upon this day, I call.

forget about the money.  
Forget about the Joneses.  
Lets all become one.  
Peacefully.

I Siddiqi 21.01.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Why Oih Why

Why oh why  
Do I feel  
I wanna cry  
Feels like my life is passing me by  
In my tinted jalopy  
I watch the people that walk past.  
Man with a son  
I envy you  
Some to hold you with little pressure  
and innocence in their eyes.  
Lady with the better clothes  
Probably earn me I ever do  
You could guess by now  
I'm feeling blue.  
Im glad to be loved my life  
But i wish we both had  
a better life.  
Poor as mice  
Using the old things not once but thrice  
Even the broken toilet seat that I cannot afford  
to replace.  
The new one seems liek a hefty price  
Well I guess I'll persevere for another week  
Where Ill try to fall in  
Whilst doing a number two.

Will someone wish me well  
Good luck or bad  
time will tell  
But my proud Father  
Did to this poet once young  
Proclaim  
If you never make something of yourself  
You only be cleaning rubbish  
instead of gold.  
This poet has aged well.  
Despite my Fathers warning  
My poetic tone projects  
my wishes that even God rejects.

I wanted to make aeroplanes fly  
High with the birds  
In the Pacific coloured sky.  
This old poet can forewarn  
Listen young folk  
and listen well.  
Come will the day  
that you wished  
Your Daddy would be proud  
I Listen well to you parents advice  
May the life you make  
Be fulfilling, sweet and nice.....

Ibrar Siddiqi



# Wilderness

Out in the wilderness i found my soul mate.  
I took a look at her.  
My heart did enjoy her sight.  
My eyes behold a wonderous woman.  
Whom I just want make love to.  
The moment of passion consumes me.  
Make god my existence.  
But if i think t much, my dream woman is gone  
In my personal wilderness, alone.  
I wonder in my mind.  
In these dark places.  
Would i see many aspects to her.  
Waiting for my fate, her memory I will not forsake.

I Siddiqi 7.5.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Wishful

Wishing I had everything in the world.  
The money, the looks and the fame.  
I look at the real me,  
nothing to my name.  
Browse the horoscopes and look upon my star.  
Come back to real world and drive my crappy car.  
Life is what you make it, as wiser people say.  
You don't have to face the horrors I do everyday.  
Worn out and fed up.  
I am really out on a limb.  
Climbing my personal Everest.  
Has left me lonely and distressed.

I want good things to happen.  
Had nothing but hell and stress for than a decade.  
Bad health and brain fade - nothing else to show.  
Just witting here writing verses and being very wishful.

I Siddiqi 07.05.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Wishing

I look back with an eye in the mirror  
Driving carefully on this Highway called Life.  
Decisions that I made,  
both good and bad.  
All led to my preset fate.  
Common sense and pride.  
I possess in abundance.  
Yest it's my faith in others.  
is sadly lacking.  
Lovers I could have had,  
I let go without uttering my feelings.  
Stuck in a shell so thick,  
since i was so young.  
No-one hearing my desire for sound.  
Wishing I was famous  
Wishing I was rich.  
Lacking confidence and looks unlike my brother.  
Who I secretly idolise.  
Wishing I was so much better.  
But here I am in this hard shoulder.  
Wishing for the same shattered dreams.  
Alone but older.

Weary travellers take note,  
and quickly learn  
Be confident in yourself,  
never be sad or be lost.  
For it could lead you to be so diverted.  
Not confident but introverted.  
I cannot tell anyone what I wish for.  
Wearily I travel to the highway's end.  
Forever lonely,  
forever wishing.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Woman

I look at you.  
Mother, nurse, advisor and judge.  
Who am I to begrudge.  
To me, you will always be.  
That little girl,  
who left in a whirl.  
Settled as I am.  
You came in,  
like a twister.  
Tried to treat you,  
like a friend or sister.

But I gave in,  
couldn't see you as kin but a woman.  
I kissed you, the memory still lingers,  
Like God Almighty I felt,  
Playing with stars,  
in the heavens  
Heavenly body, in my fingers.  
Who could create such wonderment of you,  
But the man,  
who wanted you the most.

I ran my ship sailed at full mast.  
I drifted close, to your perfect coast.  
I thank God, I did not ground.  
For I would have hurt you,  
Afloat upon a reef so delicate.  
I sink without a trace with a full crew.  
To you, my love,  
Adieu.

I Siddiqi 26.12.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Women - The Bad Ones

Women are like cats  
so pretty and devious all in the same way.  
When they want something they'll come a purring.  
All want to be fussed over like with Daddy.

I used to bend over backwards to help women  
Now I don't give a shit.  
I used to respect them but all of its waste of time.  
Used to buy a drink  
Now they drink it and run off to next poor sucker.  
But now some motherf\*\*\*\*r is getting them back  
spiking their drinks and having their way.

I am not as sick as them.  
I just tired of being stabbed in the heart.  
Once bitten, twice shy.  
A saying so true.  
Now women just make me blue.

When I had money, they'd line up to get some.  
Got tired of goldiggers and whores  
Its left me with a bad taste.  
Loving someone - not worth it.  
Love is bullshit.  
Can't find anyway to love me for who I am.  
The only woman who is genuine  
was the one who brought me to life.

I can't spare time or effort on today's women  
they are a waste of time.  
If you want respect,  
your earn it otherwise go wallow in your own bullshit.

My own company is better.  
I have waste my money on shoes or makeup  
I just wish you would fucking shut up.  
You women you cry for equality  
But even good guys like me are sick to death.  
Of your campaign.

God may have us equal  
But i dont see that now.  
I feel nothing for women  
I'm all dried out.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Wonderful You

A freak like me.  
Sees nothing like you.  
I would keep my distance.  
Ignore you so you hate me.  
Yet your smile - casts a chink in my armour.

Someone close is hurting me and you.  
I feel thorns ripping my flesh.  
Words you say or actions you do.  
Make me feel so blue.  
Like Wolverine, i could lash out.  
Hurt you but i can't.  
I hide in my lair.  
From someone so fair.  
Frightened she would make me so human, once again.  
I want to be hated by others so i can justify my life.  
Loved by no-one but my life.  
Yet, wonderful you, .  
Mermaid, could cause me to steer the wrong course.  
I keep my eyes averted so that you may not have me.  
Feelings have arisen, I will cover up.  
I have enough in my life that filleth my cup.  
Yet, wonderful you could make me uninhibited once agina.  
Cast free of my shackles.  
From the evil witch who cackles and her flying monkeys.  
I wish you give some wishes so i could have my life back.  
Friends, money or children Iack.  
Just make my life so much easirer for i have had enough.  
So if I lost my bride, my life I would snuff.  
As if by magic, in a smoke or a puff.  
You appear in front of me and arouse feeling.  
Wonderful you, you leave me reeling.

I Siddiqi 3.2.09

Ibrar Siddiqi

# Wondering Man

What lies my Kistamt?  
What doors, fate's key will open.  
A mans so poor and brocken.  
Others I watch an angel of success guide them to excellnce.  
My feet are so heavy with this budren of a mill wheel.

Mill wheel or Mill stone.  
Grind me to pastge of bone, .  
My very essence scattered to four corners of this Earth.  
My fate is unknown.  
Or yet to b shown.

God, my prayers unanswered.  
maybe I 'd stop to forget.  
Yet.  
Something drivs on.  
The past I can forget.  
Carry on with dignity and accept what I may find.

Ibrar Siddiqi



# World Awaits

Today is big day.  
Millions of people about to vote their way.  
Whoever it is - see the back of George.  
Warlord and murdering oil baron lucky.  
People whose innocent lives turned around.  
Hitting the ground of Muslims.  
Whilst those in the West feel great unrest.  
because of the money they owe.  
Please America no more woe.

Ibrar Siddiqi

# You Have Regrets

I look back at my life.  
I see the old man,  
looking back at me.  
The youth of courage,  
vigour and tenacity.  
Gone with the hair,  
muscles and life.  
A shadow of my former self.  
An old man with no health.

Never let your love for life,  
slowly fade away.  
Never let your dreams float away.  
Or you'll regret the day.  
You had counted regrets.

I Siddiqi 28.02.2010.

Ibrar Siddiqi

## Z

My niece Z.  
Such a beautiful young woman.  
Yet she is so quiet and mature.  
Pictures of her when she was young.  
Looked like a cat.  
People would come to the house.  
To believe the rumours of such good looks..  
My sister in law guarded her so well.  
Grown up so quick after her father died.  
In her heart, lost the only man that made her so special.  
Georgy was her nickname.

I wish I could live in NYC.  
Brooklyn to be exact.  
This remains true.  
In England, my wife and I are so blue.  
We have no children of our own.  
I'd move to Brooklyn to be with my niece and her sisters.  
I know we would live long and be happy.

Ibrar Siddiqi