

Poetry Series

Lubna S. Khan
- poems -

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Lubna S. Khan(06/20/1990)

(01) A Farewell To My School

It's been twelve years in this school
And memories reign in my heart.
It's now that I feel you, miss you,
When we are all about to part.

'Old order changeth yielding
Forth to new', he said.
To my dear IX Std. do something better,
Better than what we had.

To sing of you my friends and teachers,
Of the relationship we share,
Words will merely describe them,
Thoughts of love and care.

To you my teachers I express thanks,
Your teachings were not mere words.
They beautified and strengthened me
And helped me lead these sheep in herds.

And to you my friends, my dearest friends,
I wanna say nothing.
It's only by words of love and silence,
That I speak to you and you to me.

And I must thank all my peons
Who worked behind the scene.
They swept my class and dirtied themselves,
And yet remained unseen.

We are leaving you my teachers
And you will go on teaching,
And when you'll not be there,
Through us your lives will go on existing.

By and by this life will go on
And I'll cherish these moments shared with you.
But I don't want these moments at all,
For in my life, friends! I want you.

Many new flowers will bloom in life
And many more stars will shine.
But without you my dearest ones
It'll be hard to make those stars and flowers all mine.

To live to the expectations of you, my teachers,
And friends your wishes, I'll try.
Though amidst the chaos of my life
In silence my heart will cry.

Thank you my teachers and good luck my friends
As we all bid each other a farewell.
I hope in these twelve years of mine
I have fared well.

Lubna S. Khan

(02) A Human Life

If my life were a paper,
I would have brightened it with colours.
If my life were a vase,
I would have decorated it with flowers.

If my life were a kite,
I would have flown it in the sky.
If my life itself were an answer,
I would have never asked it 'why'.

Oh alas! My life is but human.
It's nothing but a lively statue.
All I can be is a doyen,
Who can be a showcase of these virtues!

(written in the eight grade, Year-2004)

Lubna S. Khan

(03) Once It So Happened

Once it so happened that
I sat pondering in wonder,
Thinking that way, asking myself,
'Will I ever reach that yonder? '

Once it so happened that
I sat pondering in wonder,
Peering at the tireless bee,
Busy collecting nectar.

But once it so happened
That I sat but not in wonder,
Rather a world, a wonderful world,
That had neither horizon nor border.

I could see the birds flying high,
I could see the clouds gathering by,
I could feel the breeze with its quenched sigh;
And that was the moment I did agnize - 'I too can reach the sky! '

(written while in the eight grade)

Lubna S. Khan

(04) The Test, The Result!

The test of 'friendship forever'
Comes not when you are together,
It comes when you are alone,
And over your hardtimes you moan.

If at times of your despair
The friend comes to you to care,
And lends a helping hand you need,
It is a friend, true friend indeed.

Sing of the friend who lives poor,
Enjoys life not on penny mere,
And more than self-comfort cares for you,
And never in rivalry betrays you.

Oh! But the world is round you know!
Selfishness speaks, men greedily grow.
Then boast no more your lovely friend,
Who hurts you by his bitter trend!

22nd of March,2006
(Written in the tenth grade)

Lubna S. Khan

(05) Life - Nothing But A Sonnet

When the storms became violent
And the waves dashed against the rock;
The gently sailing ship sank down
And the sea at ship did mock.
The people shout and scream and fight,
But Nature, The great, has its might.

Life too is a gently sailing vessel,
Though with violent storms.
When fate cheats and betrays you,
nothing in life is left but thorns.
Life's rocky path is a challenge grim,
Fight in life against this path.
Be brave and bold; for the timid
Sans hope face the dreadful aftermath!

24th of March,2006
(written while in the tenth grade)

Lubna S. Khan

(06) Folly

(written in Marathi language)

Ratra-divas an nehmich rabto,
tyala maanoos gadhav kaa mhanto?
To, tya aytyaa bilat rahto,
Tyaa nagaachi pooja karto?

Introduction

India is a country where the people are devoted towards snakes. This is a belief and tradition mainly among the tribals and some Hindus. The above poem is a criticism to the act.

Translation

That which works all day and night
Is rather called a 'donkey' (with derision)
And that which lives in burrows(already made by other elements; a
snake never digs burrows for itself)
The snake is admired(for no good reason!)

(Written while in the tenth grade, Year-2006)

Lubna S. Khan

(07) Loyalty

(written in Marathi language)

Man bharuni aale majhe kaal,
Kutryachi dashaa jhaaleli faar.
Lathi maarli tyaalaa konitari,
tyachich raksha keli tyaane ratrabhari.

(translation goes as follows)

I felt very sad yesterday,
The dog had been beaten up ruthlessly.
Somebody had beaten it up with a stick,
And the dog served the very same man for the entire night.

June,2005

(written while in the tenth grade)

Lubna S. Khan

(08) Oh God!

Test me not so much O Lord!
I fear that I may fail.
Everything is by your will,
Then why do you question me still?

You made me, Lord, with so much care;
From Your own Earth I hail.
Take my care, O my Lord!
I fear that I may fail.

April,2006

Lubna S. Khan

(09) The Death Of A Candle

The protruded pink candle
Was so beautiful to see.
The yellow hue of its flame
Was the brightest it could be.

It was the new moon day
And darkness was winning.
Light was no where on the Earth
But the candle was still shining.

I lit it up and darkness fled
Like a nightmare would flee.
And the burning, melting body
Of the candle I could see.

The screaming candle melted, perished
And fader the light became.
The last flame brought tear to my eye
As the Death of the candle came.

9th of May 2006

Lubna S. Khan

(10) Home

The Lord wanted to show to me
That I deserve the Heaven.
And mebbe for that reason
A 'HOME' I was given.

...to be continued

October 2005
(Written while in the tenth grade)

Lubna S. Khan

(10) Home...

Home...

The Lord wanted to show to me
That I deserve the Heaven.
And mebbe for that reason
A 'HOME' I was given.

But then with time I know not
Who of us made mistake,
Lord so much ounished us
He kept our home at stake!

Dad went far to amke money,
We away for studies,
Mom was leaft alone at home
With only Sunday's memories!

Then one fine day so bad
We had to leave our home,
My memories of childhood,
And the soil I'd called my own!

People there have changed,
And so has changed time.
My soul still rests there,
Albiet, this new life is fine.

Often during many nightfalls,
As I lay in my new haven,
I think of a miracle
And go back to my heaven!

By me,
Lubna S. Khan
(finished on the 6th of April,2008)

Lubna S. Khan

(11) Integrity Shall Make Me Immortal

I want to be the sun,
A sun that shall never fade.
And when the night turns on
Through the stars I shall be immortal made.

I want to be the cloud,
A cloud that shall never be perished.
And when the monsoons arrive
Through showers of rains I shall be cherished.

I want to be the jasmine,
A jasmine that shall never wither.
And when my death angels come
Through my fragrance I shall remain hither.

I want to be true human,
A human who shall die never.
And when my life's end comes
Through my integrity I shall live forever.

(written on the 31st of May,2006)

Lubna S. Khan

(12) Usool (Hindi Version Of 'Inegrity Shall Make Me Immortal')

Main woh suraj banna chahti hoon
Jo kabhi dhal sakta nahin.
Aur jab raat ho jaaye,
To taaron mein main bikhar jaoongi.

Main woh baadal banna chahti hoon
Jo kabhi mit sakta nahin.
Aur jab saawan aa jaaye
To boondein bankar main bikhar jaoongi.

Main woh jasmine banna chahti hoon
Jo kabhi murjhha sakta nahin.
Aur jab main daali se gir jaoon
To khushboo banke bikhar jaoongi.

Main woh insan banna chahti hoon
Jo kabhi mar sakta nahin.
Aur jab maut karib aa jaaye
To apne usoolon se main amar ho jaoongi.

(written on 31st of May,2006)

Lubna S. Khan

(13) Principle Tested

Ted was a boy at school,
More principled than the rest.
He excelled in all the fields
And he was teacher's best.

His friends once decide
To plunder his neighbour's grove.
Ted warns them against this
But forcefully the friends move.

Ted threatens to penalize them,
None takes heed to Ted.
He cries in agony for farmer
For he had a family to be fed.

He then tries his diplomacy
And says, 'I'll assist you in this task! '
And I must get three-fourths of plunder
Or I shall unveil your mask!

They agree, to the orchard they go
And rob every apple cluster.
Ted gets his share of plunder
He, but, gives it away to the sodbuster.

He narrates the entire episode
To the poor poorer prole,
Says, 'This was all I could save! '
And such was Ted's beaut role!

2nd of June,2006

Lubna S. Khan

(15) 7/11: Terrorism Vs Mumbai

It was Tuesday, everything fine,
And Mumbai was rushing home.
Eager and excited, waiting,
To reach their home sweet home.

Seventh was the month,
And the date was eleven.
Seven were the blasts,
Within minutes merely eleven.

And that was a mayhem,
And that was a plan.
This is sheer terrorism,
Gone is the life of man.

Seven serial blasts in trains...
They start with Khar, Borivali,
Then Matunga, Mahim,
Bhayander, Mira and Jogeshwari.

Happy commuters travelling home,
And then take place the blasts.
Ending happiness, tiredness forever,
And Mumbai's mournful sobbing lasts.

The fast running locals,
Within minutes came to halt.
Debris of bodies lay on Earth,
They faced death, though no fault.

But lo! Mumbaikars are spirited humans,
And I salute this land.
They rush to provide food and water,
And to donate blood they stand.

See how the victim bleeds,
Resting on laps of Earth.
And Oh terrorists, say you!
Is this, you think, mirth?

Killers! Do only you have dreams,
Or only do you live a life?
And the man who died had children,
And now a bare-browed wife!

Your demands could be fulfilled,
And relief you would have sighed.
But what of the helpless parents,
Whose only child has died?

Orphans, widows and widowers mourn,
All because of your sins and you.
And as their gardens wither,
They shall forever curse you!

You are the dwellers of hell,
You shall never taste victory.
You were and will be losers,
We all are one, not solitary!

We will never bow or fear,
Our holy land we can't cheat.
What beyond lives can you take?
You shall forever face defeat.

Your doings are wrong, unfair,
Nothing of what you do is right.
And till the Day of Judgement...
Terrorism can never be justified!

12th of July,2006.

Lubna S. Khan

(16) Dahanu, The Countryside

See how does the rainy season sizzle,
And the lovely green grass dazzle,
The plushest green, the deepest blue,
The brightest yellow and every hue!

From here, the window, I can see
The crowd of flowers and the humming bee,
The sweetest mynah singing fine,
And the shepherd roaming with his kine!

Look how the fisher and farmer folks,
In their multicoloured clothes,
Sail their raft in th' see and th' creek,
And the farmer in his field is meek!

The darling children play in meadow,
And the cattle rest in shadow,
Mystifies me the naughty butterfly,
Stupefies me th' rainbow in the sky!

The cold rivulets gush and roar,
And sweet fragrance the winds here borne,
The weather lulls and the storms chill,
The buds bloom and the petals frill!

How enchanted is the nature here!
So melodious are the voices, hear...
In love with Dahanu, the countryside;
Khushamadeed...on a Nature's ride!

Written on the 21st of June,2007.

By Lubna S. Khan

Lubna S. Khan

(17) A Tribute

So serene is the lady sitting there,
Right in front of me,
Her eyes are so very grey
And her face is trouble free!

Her eyes are staring mine,
Like a painter's with his brush;
Every emotion is told by them,
God! They speak so much!

Those lovely, wandering eyes
Are perhaps searching something
Amidst the darkness around her,
Oh, that face is so soothing!

Her eyes have conquered my heart;
Though she needs a stick, her daughter.
Seems like black is not so bad!
The lady has taught me better!

Written on the 21st of June,2007.
By Lubna S. Khan.

Lubna S. Khan

(19) Look Mamma How I Miss You!

What a fool I am Mom,
Look how greatly mad!
I fight with you when you don't hear,
And miss you tons when you're not here!

O my dearest mom,
Your's is the sweetest voice.
You're my eye's sparkling light,
The shiny radiance of my night!

I've hurt you a billion times,
I'm sorry manyfolds Mamma.
And now that you're far
I miss you every hour!

From you blooms my life,
In its melodious notes each day.
I wish the breezes touching you
Come and kiss me too!

You are the sunlight Mom
Of the everyday I live.
Your bright smile works wonder,
And a lovely life looks yonder!

Love your curly hair, O Ma!
Love your hands that rock,
Love your honesty, sincerety,
From you comes all fraternity!

You are the perfect wife,
Your's is the truest love;
And to sing praises of you
Th' stars smile, th' sky shines blue!

From the bottom of my heart
I wish to see you glow.
Always pray for your health,
'Cause your happiess is my wealth.

I want to be a kid again
And peep from door to see your grace
While you cook and while you wake,
While you dress and your hair you make!

I feel your pulse in my heart,
Your dreams warm my winter nights.
You've frightened away each storm,
Long live you, my lovely Mom!

O my kiss an' a litl' tight hug
Cross the seas and flow there...
And with love when my Mom you meet
Touch her brow and fall on her feet!

Written by me,
Lubna S. Khan
On the 18th of November,2008.

(It was when my mom stayed back at Saudi and we were back home to I home with just four of we siblings was so boring! We otherwise fought so much, but then I was missin her! Despite that I always stayed at hostel, I felt her absence at home! I mean, I knew this time I go back home, I wont's have her there!)

Lubna S. Khan

(20) A Sun's Day

A sun had risen
A few years back,
Had been on a rising
Ever since that.

Came here a man
So simple, so sober,
A little reserved,
But a human better.

Six years back
Working for humanity,
He joined this family,
A profession of sanctity.

A Guru can never die,
A Doctor doesn't retire;
And that you're both for us
Sir, you we do admire!

The noblest of words,
The most religious deed,
Such is a doctor's work;
Sir, you are humanity's need.

A simple living man
Sowing medical seeds we saw.
Is the sun setting?
No, it's actually rising now!

Written by me,
Lubna S. Khan
On the 31st of January,2009

It was written by me as a tribute to our Anatomy professor Dr. Savgaonkar on his retirement on that , I feel, is one of the fewest simple people I've ever seen. Three thing about him that I can perhaps never forget are that, firstly no one could have taught us embryology better; secondly his simplicity(I was a fan of

his dressing sense!) and thirdly that it was only his name that commanded discipline in the dissection hall!

Lubna S. Khan

(21) Don'T Want To Go (Song)

I wanna say
All that I Know..
I want to stay
I dont wanna go!

I'll be back here
And watch you dear
Right from that street
In my dream!

I want to stay
I Dont wanna go..

I owe you ma life
As long I strive...
I'l come here and lie
And peacefully die!

And Now I should say
Each hour, each day
I wanna stay
I don wanna go...
Dont want to go!
Dont wanna go!

(written on the 27th of March,2009)

This poem is written in the loving memories of my old home! !

Lubna S. Khan

(22) For A Friend

When gently the rains come down,
And the clouds take a walk,
I often think of you,
And long to have a talk!

oh Dear friend of mine,
In air I look at your face
Sumtimes lonely and mostly alone
Our voices I hear in space!

Distances cannot part us
Nor can the world's way,
Neither our lives so different
Can let us walk astray!

I fight with you, scold you
And you yell back at me!
But I don't mean a little thing
And the same with you I see!

But just one thing I beg to you
And I feel that's all very fair.
'Go on to enjoy your new life
but don forget the one you care! '

(written in February,2009)

Lubna S. Khan

(23) Before The Periwinkle Withers

A few minutes back,
As I was adoring moon,
Down came Michael
And said I'll die soon.

I begged tp the God,
To give just one night
Of life and few breaths
And Michael was off sight.

I hurried to my phone
And called up each friend;
We planned of a funeral
For near was my end!

I wrote all my feelings
On a dry leaf,
And flew it from my roof
To relieve my grief.

Then I made a card
Saying, 'Hi, O God, Dear! '
'Cause I had to greet Him
When We would be near.

Time was slipping off
With moon fading away,
And I had three more tasks,
Before I could sway.

I saw my siblings rest
In the darkness of the night.
I kissed each's forehead
With coming day's fright!

I went to my parents
And kissed my Mom's feet
And I kissed my Dad's hand
While they were deep asleep!

I came back on the lawns
And saw the rising day,
So surprised I was!
So bright was my Doom's Day!

I now finally see Michael
Back in his heavenly shade,
I kneel down in prayers
And see everything fade!

(written on the 30th of March,2009)

(The other day me and my friend, Maheshi were thinking of doing something really good to pass our time and i suddenly came up with this idea of writing down about what one would do if ever he realized that tonight is the last night of his life and he knew he would definitely die next day! And all I could think of is what this poem says!)

Lubna S. Khan

(24) Studies- Inevitable And Undone

Each day I wake up late at dawn,
Doze and sway and stretch and yawn
And before in morning I can pray,
'Here we are', my dumb books say!

I slap them off and I go away,
Refresh myself for the coming day.
I dump them in my study rack,
Promise to read them when I'll be back.

I jump outdoors and loaf like bees
On the hostel roof watching trees.
Suddenly while admiring the setting sun
Reminded I am of the task undone!

Slumbering though, I rise from my place
And with the boring studies I race;
With a brave heart awake I keep,
Then slowly I bend low and go to sleep!

Someone comes and gives a hard blow
I get up from dream and to study I go.
I listen to a song to make my mood
But trust me fellows, study's no good!

People, O People, tell me please,
Shouldn't the torture called 'exam' cease?
There should be a dose called 'Study Pill'
That we needn't study and simply chill!

While I think and great words I speak
I see my books and I feel I'll freak.
I pull my hair and with self I fight,
Look at the clock and say, 'It's late night! '

With utmost care away my books I keep
With aims to study next day, I fall asleep
Next day I wake up late at dawn,
Doze and stretch and sway and yawn...

(Written on the 11th pf April,2009...right in midst of my exams...with
Biochemistry paper next day! ! !)

Lubna S. Khan

(25) The Verity Of Success Redefined

Nothing permanent ever came
Neither success, nor failure.
It's how wise you play the game,
Your integrity that'll endure.

Eagles do look good in sky,
But whose voice is pleasing, say?
Which is the bird you want in nest
To sing for you all day?

He who plays fair always
Is the one ideal, worthwhile.
And even when he fails,
He accepts it with smile!

A man of succes is not he
Who has conquered all feats,
But he who the world envies
Even in his greatest defeats!

(written on the 21st of April,2009)

Lubna S. Khan

(26) The Night He Visited Me...

Far from the stars
Came a ray of light.
It lit up your face
And I saw you all night!

In the midst of dusk
With darkness all around,
Shiny rays I saw in woods
And a handsome you I found.

You were sitting by the lake,
You were singing a song.
In a world of fantasies
We were walking along.

Your muscular, huge body
I could see in the shade.
Awe fully filled my mind,
Began a romantic cascade!

You held a white swan
With so much gentle care,
I was peeping from the leaves;
You didn't know I was there.

The radiance of your face
Had carried me away.
I felt as if I should
In your arms always stay.

The sun was rising,
I was afraid you'd go.
Before you rode your horse,
I wanted you to know.

With shivery, shaky feet,
And sweat dripping down
I stepped out from bushes
And you saw me in my gown!

Far from that distance,
My face you sharply eyed;
And suddenly I feared
You'd hate me 'cause I spied.

So lightly you approached me
I felt I would scream.
But you gently rode me away,
And I woke up from my dream!

(written on the 2nd of April,2009)

Lubna S. Khan

(27) A Journey Called 1st M.B.B.S

When I landed here,
So proud, happy and meek.
I just didn't know then
What was waiting for me!

Right away on night two
While we were snoring aloud,
Bang opened our doors,
And we were called out.

Oh! Seniors they were!
So we had to move.
So horrified we were
About what they would do!

We started speaking of ourselves
Like showing resume for a job,
Felt like promoting oneself
In midst of a mob!

They called it 'Intro'
And that was all fair.
But drowsy at twelve midnight
That would come as nightmare!

We are budding Doctors
Was what we felt then.
But soon our misery came on us
When we studied Biochem!

Then came there Anatomy
The 'Boss of 1st Year',
The fun we had in DH
The formalin and the tear!

The Physio department you know,
Is known for being rude.
However perfect we were,
The exams were always crude!

Days passed by and by
And we were now all friends.
Bunking lectures and sleeping in class
Were few of commonest trends.

The life back in hostel
Is such a fun I say.
You have the best of friends
And a new experience each day!

Despite being from 1st year
We try to be dare devils,
We bunk the mess and go nights out
Then comes on us the Rector's evil!

The hostel terrace and the lamp,
The midnight two and maggi bowl,
New rooms and the DJ nights
Fun was here for each soul!

The lovely Farewell Parties,
The rocking Freshie's Day,
We simply loved them so much,
The dramas and each play!

The lovely college canteen
Is such a heavenly place.
We've found each dashing senior here,
And every beautiful face!

The college library, Oh!
Is the most slumbering city,
Hell is out there
Each face there wears a pity!

We have a major crush on one,
We dare to play the love game
Only to realize he's occupied
This tragedy with all is same!

While we pass sleepless nights

Someone else appears in scene.
We're still thinking of the old guy
While new stories already begin!

We want to laugh a lot
But we cry aloud
Because all this happened
When exams were around!

We come to our senses and wake up
The poison of failure we fear.
We slog and cry and bang each hour,
But miraculously exams we clear!

This is MBBS and we the 'Students'
We learnt to overcome each fear
Through the most happening event..
A Journey called 1st Year!

Written by me,
Lubna S. Khan
(written on the 2nd of April,2009)

Lubna S. Khan

Missing You, Dad!

We love you so much, Dad,
Your absence kills me, stabs me.
We miss you continuously,
Come back, come back to me.

As I sit to study,
To accomplish our goal,
Dad, I think of you
And down my tears roll.

I always want you Dad,
I just want to see you,
I want to hear your voice;
Come back, I miss you.

We don not want luxuries,
Dad, we want your comfort.
Damn the bloody money there,
Come, Mom needs you first.

Everyday as I talk to you,
For a moment I'm with you,
But hardly as we disconnect,
My heart sobs, it misses you.

Was it so much needed,
To go away so far, Dad?
Our home seems to be haunted,
That silence makes me mad.

Mom somehow passes her day,
But as her chores are done
And as she lays down for some rest,
Again, in her thoughts you come.

My ears are craving...
Your scoldings are to be heard,
Your soothing, serene face, Dad...
I miss the prick of your beard!

I know it needs a brave heart,
To stay alone so far,
We love you unconditionally,
Dad, you'r our superstar!

Heavily the heart accepts,
That you've gone to make money,
You so much care for us, our future,
Our happiness and our study!

Deep somewhere in my heart,
I would deny all the days
The luxuries, the studies,
To be with you always.

Had I known Dad, that
Growing up demands money,
I'd have never grown up,
And remained your kid, your honey.

Once more, as I shut my eyes
And your lovely face I see, again
This last tear wets the page
Dad, please come back again...!

A message for the best, lovliest and the most caring Father,
By Your daughter, Abbujaan,

Lubna S. Khan