

Poetry Series

Rahil Siraj
- poems -

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Rahil Siraj(22. October.1983)

Rahil Siraj was born on 22nd of October 1983, to Siraj-ud-Din and Amina, in a small town of Kashmir valley called Baramulla. He completed his basic studies from St. Joseph's school, ed writing poems from the early age of 11 but because of no mentor was not able to get recognizability.

Inspired by his own paternal uncle Mehraj-ud-Din, who is a urdu writer, Rahil started writing more. By the age of 19 he had a good collection of poems but unfortunately lost all that work after his father's death when he had to move to New Delhi in search of job.

My Love

I love the love of my love in her eyes,
See her bit sad my heart really cries.
She is my angel, my strength, my passion,
She is my all, my being, my creation.
I am yes empty without her,
She like a kid very much dear.
My love for her will never ever end,
No matter where the ways they bend.

Rahil Siraj

Precious Lover

Showed me a sign of love
and I did follow you,
gave me a ray of hope
and I fell for you.
You walked into my life
like a prayer being fulfilled,
and gave me joy and care
as it is by heaven's willed.
Days are so graced I swear
nights even blessed by Him,
I am on highest sky
music of love goes no dim.
Holding you in my arms
seems like it's pure divine,
a look in your eyes so deep
is not less then finest wine.
Kisses that shower down on me
are like the rain of June,
held your face in my hands
make me feel caught the Moon.
I will preserve you ever
like a priceless treasure,
you can come test my love
it has got no lasting measure.
I live by you my love
by you I wish to die,
don't ask me the reason
I won't be able to say why.

Rahil Siraj

Winner Or Loser

Sometimes I think of it,
about my loss and gain.
Everything I had gave away,
and all energy spent in vain.
People walking beside me,
found out their own aim.
I thought they still along me,
suddenly was put to shame.
I am walking like a blind man,
looking for a path to destination.
No one to guide me through,
everyone has a hesitation.
I may be part of dust,
but I am not going to remain.
I am a born traveler,
will soon catch fastest train.
Win or loss is part of life,
I will not waste my life in strife.

Rahil Siraj