

Poetry Series

Sajad Meer
- poems -

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Sajad Meer(31-05-1989)

Sajad Hussain Mir (Pen name-Sajad Meer) lives in Yaripora town of Jammu and Kashmir. He is an engineer by profession. He is an avid lover of the English Language and Literature, and started writing poetry at the age of 12. His ideal is John Keats and he regards him as his mentor as well.

This collection of poems has been sketched out of the poets raw imitation of the magnificent and wonderful nature. Infact this collection is the poet's raw carving on the canvass of love and nature, the ideal initiation being the following verse;

“Never seek to tell thy love,
Love, that never told can be
For the gentle wind does move,
Silently, Invisibly.”

Friends Are Mavens

'O thy heart, cry to the Heavens,
' Time has gone, to itch thy chamber'
Longings, surrender, to amber,
My friends are my Mavens.'

Sajad Meer

Introspection

“O Ye, did ye recognize me!
That we dwell on the same,
Boat that carries us indefinitely
To the truth.
Did not you eat, when I did
And bid forget to the true love,
The promised, Promised love.
Didn't I take you to the sea,
And show you the selah of the sea.
Did I undwell you of the cottage,
Where we danced all the night,
And had a fight that lasted till now.
So now, did ye recognize me?
For we drank in the one plate,
And sat by the shore to descry,
Descry: that which is not to be descried,
And ate that was not to be eaten.
Didn't I dress you in the
Murkiest, the murkiest of dresses,
That lessen the Ultima from you
Did I take you to the Occupied house?
The House of the Ultimate love.
Did we go, where we had to!
O Ye, did we sing the hum!
To sum you and me.
Did not I make you laugh!
Laugh to pain your belly,
Did not I kill your sense.
“Sense”, that prevails among the
“ Considered sensefull of the book”
Did not I thread you apart
From me and the one and only!
One who rules thy and all, and
The all who repent as you
And I did, That meant nothing!
Nothing to the people of the Ropes,
The ropes, sent from the heavens.
And did not I take away,
Away from thee.

Now lets unite, unite
To regain the sense and return
Return to the state
State, that I define Childlike! ”

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Sajad Meer

Musings Of The Random

Glee the dazzlers summoned me,
All but one eyed, the sphinx in sea,
Again the lemons rained the ring,
The reasons of my being.

It was but the sense,
Dazzlers stood laughing san luna,
Thy brow me to the penance,
Fickling me to the town, the Ennui.

Morpheus bestowed morphine, the blackgate,
To the little heavens,
Spurnings, introspection and the fates,
Laus deo! , the worldly leavens

And I no longer dwelt,
Scads of miles away from Elysium,
Thinkst of Asphodel, they felt,
Dwells compromise in opium.

Sajad Meer

Ode To Hope

Sow me thy hope in love,
The augurs in passions do evade,
I let them to the layers to gad,
Thinkst the all of the bowings now,
Make me to the stone fully lost,
Out of now, then and then,
Who surge upto the dooms past
Sow me thy hope in now,
Till the writings of the wall come,
To me and trial to the ultimate hum,
You blame me in now! .
O humans! , pluck thy lyre to pain,
And ash thy iambs to heaven
So to bow the owings given,
The ultimate gain.
Sow me thy hope in love,
Nae, show me the river,
To the naiad of the fever,
Else my beautiful dove,
Hope is what I swear,
To me, will he shower!
Out of his bounty and power
Through this nightmare,
Let the springs dwell now...
And 'sow me thy hopes in love'.

Sajad Meer

Ode To The Mother's Lap

When i flit by the city,
Ennui; my motherland, the lee.
Through the faces of the boredom,
The serrates of hades in sum.
How unending, the numerous, the wishes,
The fancies turn to be the glassy beams,
Circulated into the single dishes,
Revival of the kiddish names.
As i heard her in the laps,
Many quilts wound luna in piece,
Let me to the lap of her paradise,
And breeze onto her bough, the naps.
O Mother, O Mother.....thine love,
The heart could haven't been spent,
Thy brushes her lashes now,
Onto the ashes of the hell bent.
The town revisited me, else i was gone,
Now when the white embers are sown,
let you paint the earth,
On the ashes of my birth.
Oft i long for the bucket,
Of honey, would pour into me,
Fill the cold and raw with gee,
Could beat the best nugget.

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Old Friends Are Trees

The jute arches ache thy cordate,
Had been the bothers awayed,
The truest thought is sick,
The selfless self defied,
The dwellers buried the estimates,
The bold self broke now,
why the time recedes,
why the trees of life part,
I wonder, why the love..
Of the trees kills..
I wonder.....

Sajad Meer

On Solitude

' O ye, the walls of my room
And the place of my love,
Sing to me the ultimate love,
And the love of bound airs.
o, ye the window panes of my Hutch,
Play the tunes of breeze to me,
And dance the antics of beautiful bee,
Love, roses and blossoms.
O ye the roof of my Palace,
Beat the drums of great fortune,
To play the music of lonely tone,
And the love of Solitude.

Sajad Meer

Repentance

Why they ask me, dear!
Palpitation, did it stop?
And converging to the droppings, tear
Giving precipitation, did it stop?
I cannot forge 'the old thorn',
Of the "Wordsworth", near to crumble
Out from cardiac flesh, old born
Did now it stop, answers fumble!
They keep checking, the happy human
How can it be! losing the pain
Searching mixed aroma, gay man
The absolute point, the wondrous gain
Put now to end, the mutes
The happy human seeking repentance
Doing it again, me ironic repute
Furnish the ultimate sense!

Sajad Meer

Shadows From The Childhood

One from the rarest of my fancies,
That the Morpheus bestowed,
I had a one of joy in the
Breast of dark eyes of mine.
The Scent from the Heavens,
Of mound roses touched by the,
Love of God himself, from the first coming,
My two magicians saw the carriage,
Timed from clay to stone of the cause,
Cause of childhoods that i
Have spent in air sweetened by the,
Lively words that came floating,
From the green green trees...oh that!
With eyes shut for hours,
and Soul from sears,
I struck to the days of the smiles,
When i thought with heart and toes,
And carved myself on the green lovers,
And my sacred fons on them.
That ' i rode on the waters'
Of passions, as cherries on the trees.
Now Scenting fancies, at jerks and ticks, i woke up!
As had been the rule of the Sender,
Of time and humming of the morning.
Now scenting the fancies, stirring,
It left me in hocks of pricking love,
Of the memories of that Love-hood,
And left me in solitude,
That i should never carve myself again,
On the trees for years to come.
That, do not slit my dark magicians again,
Again and n'r haunt my breath,
Now, even the roses do petal,
And not even, i do the carving.
Even keeping the numbers away,
Haunted and slited again, am I.

Sajad Meer

Song Of Innocence

Wonders are no wonders, I swept
Didn't care for was sure
About the lighthouse in the sea
Stands for ever", the mavens dreamt
Still I flit by the airs
We played on one, together
Of the primer innocence
And the childish fears
That once made us gay
suppose. Ye know the antics,
Simple arias with walks,
Pitty things, that then they were
Now seem to be itching
The core of the truest thought
Putting the oil to fire
Of love, buffeted and wistful times
Sneer through the magicians
The strength seems to move far
That you are other than rhymes
They say, "Paragons remain"
Yet I believe, they remain.....
When friends are not ignored!

Sajad Meer

Story Unheard

O you the Civilized and Humanly Sense,
Of India, What Penance,
Are you in! Look,
Across the dormer in book,
With your blind Eyes,
' O my Son, had a blood bath',
Across the Bloody Path.
O you Civil Indians,
What Massacre was it,
The Jallia-Wala Bagh..
When Numerous of them
Happen here every year,
The snipers are the Butchers,
The Cops, the Hangman.
We are numerous of thousands,
Kill us all,
And quench your thirst of Blood.
'O my brother, bathet in the worst red'
Surely, you are a martyr,
And Your Murderer,
An indian Soldier.

Sajad Meer

The Affair De Amour

The tilting leaves,
And the bustling trees.
Oh Lord! What a bliss on me,
As the painless sight of heavens to me.
I love it, not just for fun,
Though through leaves, not lots of suns,
As someone murmured into the ear,
'Be with me, oh i fear',
I wondered for, that i saw,
And felt sorry, that under the paw,
Oh my law, I ever loved all,
Looked low, I fell pall,
No: a grand Camberwell beauty in mulch,
Love it seemed, i gave up the search,
And fetched the fly of love to me.
Oh! what delicate a heart i see,
Felt it and felt my heart,
Was fructified and beated a lot,
I startled and at once i thought,
And a glamour, what love have i sought!
A moon that sweetened me,
Except the colors, nothing i see.
Ballads, we and all sang,
The sun and moon and the tree for long,
And the bird on the tree and green and white,
Those on the hill, played across the night,
A love song and a motet for me,
We and all sailed across the see,
All, but we, danced an dined,
But in the colored moon, I pined.

Sajad Meer

The Ascent

Wishes are my self
Annihilated, a stone am I,
My Civility has taught me stones,
Stored in the grey shelf.

I bear witness to him,
None in the being but one,
Crafted love, moon and sun,
Drew a line to them.

Why I san the grey,
To tote the ascent,
Of the king to the ultimate scent,
And I remain at the bay.

Why I don't chew my Self,
And etch the thousand rods into me,
I love but the ultima of sea,
Hell of guff is my shelf.

I drench, for I bear,
Of the greatest journey of love,
Breaking the chains of now,
And time and space to tear.

Upto the ultimate (Lote) tree of known,
The love was showered in essence,
Which covers all the beings, hence
And the earth's sown!

I drench and I cut my liver,
My love for the self will sever,
Me of the love of the ever,
Of the ultima and the giver.

Sajad Meer

The Countenance Of The Self

Countenance, when i consider,
The mirage, as i dropped over summit,
The fore brain of all the fever,
And lemons, my works well knit.
They call me a happy human,
Par achaeron, am with flaws,
Dissolved knacks in liquor, san acumen,
Insipid in the laws.
When i consider, my village,
With trees sans roots,
And revisit the ages,
Why not, say me brutes.
'Scold the human with red rods'
That the self suffers bright,
As the Niobe did, her gods.
The boasted many, her light,
Even though some of em repine,
Let me repine em once,
Rantle loud to evils mine,
And tell me the nuance.
San sturdy, ecstasy to him.
The ulterior adage,
Still, i m alive to him,
Under the hedge.
The dots b proved,
The devious impel,
With summit, i fell,
And why i lived'!

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The Enigma

Many may tell, time recedes,
Starts, does end at time,
But can never enjoy
Small speck of death when alive,
I wonder, who enjoy sleep when sleeping,
Eternal but sudden it is,
When we ought it not to b;
Many may suspect, TIME IS SLEEP,
What, when greater than time
Is the speed of light,
I wonder, Time is Love!
Smooth, curved, but then..
'LOVE IS SLEEP',
Fascinating.

Sajad Meer

The Enigma From Within

Trials are thicker in air,
Six from five tempted me,
Ultima of penalties to thee,
Tell me, be fair.
Got her down at once.
Acquiring resistance, nay.
Get it they say,
Even the first one out fence.
Trumpets and all i blowed,
The self muted still then,
I jerked to lift the skies,
Higher i went, the more i bowed.
Has the urge fastened the knots,
The one that never surges.
For i pined for self,
In the ultima of dots.

Sajad Meer

The Fairy

O, ye what craze you did to me,
I don't belong, you see,
My fancy prayed her, 'O Pixy'!
I saw but, her plait, a golden bee.
Seemed leaping to the kingdom,
And never to attend my joy, her hum,
You Enchantress', 'O dear sky soul",
Sigh me a little, O'r my howl'
May I croon for the cause,
Oh love! Rhapsody for you those,
I raised never my love touch paeans!
May I raise a pining swansong.
Would you hear my spatter?
Joys, yearnings and eyelash banter.
She hardly pleased herself, her gown.
Bright sparkled and tiny stars brown
Her hair, the corn circlet woven,
With barettes two and tulips grown,
Watered from the truest thought,
They wore a pinkish sort.
Blossoms fled from her face,
Her adorned lash had a golden lace,
What yearned delights, broken glass,
The flight continued, Alas!
Numerous years and more,
Is, what I yearned fore,
Waitings and everything sever.

Sajad Meer

The Good Days

Fetch, the days of the Morning,
And the Golden spoon through
The mouth and water all glowing,
The White, Sun, Moon and the Zoo.
When it rose early, the Sun,
And crosst the Sky, where it dwelt.
Bring the days of patent and fun.
The love and stone, the Trees we felt,
We saw the Bottles of love so dark,
In water shone as Stone.
I still feel, yearn, though back,
And never i find the face in moon,
For which i pine for years.....
In which the 'Hood returns.

Sajad Meer

The Labyrinth Of Beloved

She planted herself at the shore,
And antics of hand lashes, with,
Water, that cushioned underneath,
world of wants and more.

Threw waves of tulips to the earths,
And talked out the morning drops,
Enchantress white laugh!
May give hundred million births.

Saw her five shots long,
Locked me in time to still,
As the point on the Hill,
Singing a Melancholy song.

Like the Labyrinth soul,
Encased with glassed line,
Breathless to thine,
To the everstanding pole.

Staring and muted silence,
Broke ice, i played to her,
My guff of the grey fur,
My love sense.

She hardly pleased me, now,
And kept on singing the love,
Of herself to sow,
In me the thorns of love.

I ranted and pleaded again,
'O see thine Rose now',
Put the two airs of love,
Were two, like the rain.

'Do they ever come'?
Upto the destiny as one,
Stream shore near the moon,
And sing the ultimate hum.

As i planned to break the lens,
Of the labyrinth and talk love,
To her, was broken now
The sleep ended, thence.
Oh, i was found dead,
In my cushioned bed.

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Sajad Meer

The Mural On The White Wall

She stood on the board,
Painted black, whole on
Wall as a gospel of,
Fear and gored into,
The deepness of inhumanity,
Of my evils of the eternity.
The stony and nuanced eyes,
Through the showing,
A sky full and a tired from,
Wholeness of this rascal world.
The mentor of the shadows,
Over the neck seems to be a man
Who had the seariness of the love.
I grouched at first at love,
For this is only painted and'
Not the real world of mine,
Why should i be old at youth,
And growl at self whenever,
Happy i am, which is scarce!
But know, i remember,
My grouch was a fail,
Why should not weep at me?
Not at the mural that,
Lies on the wall, dropping
A single drop tears,
Although bound to face,
It told me not to woe for long,
Ever you die for love.

Sajad Meer

The Mustard Harvest

Harvest the Silver lining,
Don't insist me to the skill of
The good worms
As i bend o'r the Sickle, pining
For the threshy mustard terms.

'Chilly hot! ,
As the crows soar high,
Beyond me, am under
The hedge to sigh,
To save the frenzy pot!

Now as the white coals sweat hard,
The briar is far away,
I long for the Sun's shade,
At the pleasant and breezy bay.

Call me, 'O wheatish boy'!
As i lumped and grumped berries,
Drank the mused merries,
In the hot joy.

All but spire is gay,
Longings of the dew from the Heavens,
Patience and waitings may pay,
Laus deo, the worldly Leavens.

Sajad Meer

The Numbers And The Spirits

I past natures, the scenting woods,
Roaring numbers my love fonds,
And arted the air of natures bonds,
Played the incense of childhoods.
What creature can assume airs-
Who one beats my nifty pains,
I sung cocktails, to the nears,
And sold lays to the credible sanes.
Beholded, till walked a windbreak toy,
Oh, what my stammered drum!
And caught a fleeced joy,
But got, a gtrouch in sum.
When i heard the plainitive duets,
Sung and loved by the angelic hearts,
Philomils they are, , one gets.
Mulcet my songs, at their sorts.
Mine melancholy, theirs' mellows,
They won for natures' deeds,
Over my thoughtless yellows,
True love they sang, and mine creeds.
Then i gently passed through,
Myself, plights, and my airs.
Aren't too good to move,
From depressed mulch to the nears'

Sajad Meer

The Stars' Blame

Once I heard them saying,
'Oh see, a never do well! "
Plainly they told about me
'See what he is praying'!
A team of pulsars caught about
They pranked about me my dreams
I only did was together to find
Tough talks for me and my bout
I wondered the crescent broke to two
When my eyes lit a watered frame
Juggles I sought played to me
I was there and never to move
The talked tough what rascals do
What God has made what heaven has laid,
He's a never do well, what airs lo
The dazzlers leveled what inferns sow
I let them breeze my epithets
Tampered freeze across the seas
Did a job never one did
Made me bid my internal pets
I wondered the crescent broke to two
When my eyes lit a watered frame
Juggles I sought played to me
I was there and never to move
Then arts turned that never can I prove
Too bad am I that the dazzlers do!

Sajad Meer

The Story Of Being

Head, Tail or Tail, Head
The chances of being are still
Do the perceptions fill,
Still the trials are well said!

I have long seen the gushing waters,
Knuckling, trumping, chirping ones,
Does it thrust their being in funs,
Who know but the knowers!

Sajad Meer

Thorn Of Life

A thorn has visited me,
Barking loud at the sunny dale,
With the iron clod to sale,
Over my broken knee,
'To be or not to be ',
Thats not the question.
The trails are same,
But i have no devils to face,
Out from phase and my name,
Within me, a broken lace,
I can face any man,
But the nought insane,
I find in the drenched prose of mine,
The Lemons, The Libels.
Are upto the heavens,
Can I ever Love! .

Sajad Meer

Time, Heart And Love

As I sat by the briar, begone
Championed in kennel, the dormer
Lighted the enlightened moon
As i regard him, call it Her, the prayer.

Call it the Albert's spine, the time,
As I start to recap the sun
I wore at the hood, call it a rhyme
The first and the last fun.

You saw me smiling at her,
Worried, I sat away, "Why you smile? "
Call it her, graticudes murmur
The covers of rust, ever to pile.

As I sat by the briar begone,
Now Nowhere, but everywhere,
The itches fill the dormer-
The magicians, Call it a fear!
Else the glass broke and the giver.

You caught me smiling at her!
The drenches of roses flow apart,
Insane, Lunatic, the titles and a fewer,
Of them just fastened the knot.

Call it a swan, the antics of a Dove,
And many others, and me the rain,
The fresh feathers are the love,
Let me go, oh my gain!

Why you san? the curses arise,
The skylit drops pine,
Let me, to the visit, to rise,
And the feathered wine.

Call it a pearl, the cobblestone,
Which streams code and stamps draw!
Musing and stories, scads unknown,

The pearls, oh! Under the paw.

You caught me sipping grapes,
All along the borders of the ocean,
And dreaming under the soft drapes,
The feathered bottle in the sun.

As I sit under the briar now,
Ever the pleasant ride,
Seven feet package and low,
You caught me sleeping, I won't hide.

Call it the time, the loner,
For ever , even I sat under the brow,
The time never grew old and never,
You caught me sleeping again and so.

Sajad Meer

Venus But Not Adonis

O', Druidess of swindling hearts,
Enow and then oft at magics,
By dulcets of magic sticks at,
Leaf of mouth, Touch me,
Now, and eye at me, oh love.
How i overcome, the hex on me,
Come O Cupid, to teach me the mavens,
I never knew to pore the mulch,
Full of glee and smiles that,
I searched at shops, enough
That are raised to nuggets,
Now i fund them at home.!
On turrets next to the trees.
Though are of love and smiles,
Scores we had gathered together.
Teach me now, the twilight, yours
Not mine and tinkles of Eros
Be stolen from the sky of love..
Mavens, mavens oh mavens,
How can i be a Maven!
I love Venus you know,
But not, I am the ne,
Like adonis, but
The face of shudders, Though be that,
Why i be aimed by venus.
Whose dulcets sing purity.
O' Venus, let me not be adonis,
Of yours at thoughts f affairs not,
I search is only the Hecate smile,
That towed me to the lovable epitaphs,
When we spent some days, eyes together

Sajad Meer

When I Was Born

When born, I knew not to talk,
Then I grew to talk
And now I talk the Nothing.

When born, I knew not to walk
Then I grew to walk
And now I walk the Nothing

When born, I knew not to eat
Then I grew to eat
And now I eat everything

Sajad Meer

When We Met

Do You remember that December,
When i was full with ember,
In my heart, ready
With a love chit in my hand!
'It is not only a chit'
But my heart on paper
The heart, waiting for twelve
Years now, to have a bath
In the Ocean of love.
The day of your maths exam,
Came i, from the distat land
And time, here i was!
To take your hand,
And put some water to the
Embered heart of mine.
Hey you Venus, 'The mother of love'
I waited till three from ten,
Till you embarked!
My cardiac beated all the drums,
And songs of the Love William
There i was.
To tell you my heart.
That you took away decades ago.
I lived short, that girl,
Who flanked you, around
I was broken, to love that time
And rested at the back seat
To love you some other time!
O Venus, 'The question sheet,
I want to see: , i said
And nothing else, would you!
You fumbled, but i took it,
And fumbled too.
And leapt ouside to kiss,
Kiss the sheet your hands had kissed,
And got the eternal peace!
The cab ran by miles,
Wished, 'never reaches the stop',
But finally it came,

To my evil luck,
Yu asked for the sheet.
That i gave, with the verse written:

' Never seek to tell thy....,
.... that never told can be,
For the gentle wind does move,
Silently, Invisibly.'

And one again filled it with dashes,
In place of the word 'Love'!

Sajad Meer