

Poetry Series

Syed Sarwar Hussain
- poems -

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Syed Sarwar Hussain(13 September 1955)

Dr. Syed Sarwar Hussain teaches English at the College of Languages and Translation, King Saud University. Born on September 13,1955, in Patna, the capital city of Bihar, in the eastern region of India, Dr. Hussain has been teaching English for the past thirty-five years, sixteen of them in India, and the rest in the Kingdom of Saudi taught English in Magadh University, Bihar, India between 1981 and 1987, was a faculty member in the Department of English, Jamia Millia Islamia, New Delhi, India, from 1988 to 1996, and joined the College of Languages and Translation at King Saud University, Riyadh, the same year, where he still continues to teach. He has been married over 30 years and has three grown children. An ardent writer and translator, Dr. Hussain has several research papers to his credit, in various on-line and international print journals. He has also published four books that include 'Ideology and the Poetry of Stephen Spender' (1988) , 'Despairing Voices' (2011) , 'Ashes in the Fire' (2012) , and 'The Eastern Brew' (2013) . His two books, 'Nameless Lanes', and 'Scattered Leaves' are waiting for publication. Dr. Hussain's anthology of his own short stories, 'The Blue-Bleak Embers', and a collection of his poetry, 'The Meandering Muse' are next in the pipeline.

A Lost Child In A Dull Class Room

A LOST CHILD IN A DULL CLASS ROOM

The tedious humdrum of the tutor's voice,
Is no classroom victim's personal choice.

It stings his defenceless, unwilling ears,
And he listens naught what he sourly hears.

Like thorny growth of wild plum-trees,
Words their tangled thickets weave.

And the baffled hapless boy in class,
Is unwarily caught in the piling mass.

And deafened by the teacher's garbled blare,
He plods homeward like an image in despair.

by Dr. Syed Sarwar Hussain

Syed Sarwar Hussain

Cloud And Rain

O where do the clouds float out,
From where the rain bursts down?
The cloud descends into my heart,
And the rain pours down form my eyes.

Syed Sarwar Hussain

Confronting A Bore

Confronting a Bore

You do not listen,
All you hear!

When tongues blurt out,
Languages unclear!

When talkers are a bore,
Absolute and sheer!

When words weave tangles,
You cannot clear!

When speakers thoughts,
Smudge yours and smear!

When voices deafen you,
As they hit your ear!

Shambles, shambles, all they speak,
Shards and blizzards, all they blare!

Dr. Syed Sarwar Hussain

Syed Sarwar Hussain

Faith

O head me, Faith
is but a seed,
that sprouts within
you, as you feed,
an' tend to grow it
as a flower or a weed.

(by Syed Sarwar Hussain)

Syed Sarwar Hussain

Gloom And Grace

Gloom and Grace

by Syed Sarwar Hussain

When maddening voices fade away,
and silence deep prevails;
When deafening buzz of fretful day,
is hushed by the darkling vales.

When ploughs and oxen loll in barns,
after daylong sweat and slog;
When grandmas spin their corny yarns,
and cloyed kids sleep like a log.

When the ominous owl from a gnarled oak tree,
lets out its weird death-howl;
And the timorous mouse to its burrow quickly,
scurries fearing the devil on prowl.

When luminous glow-worms shine in dark,
illumining and cheering glum night;
Like a lodestar brighten flickering spark,
to the wand'ring travellers' delight.

When dew drops fall on furrowed earth,
an' the seeds on bare earth's breast;
And the soft soil lies in hopeful mirth,
for the sun's warm morning tryst.

My thoughts then turn to the black despair,
that wrecks on human race;
Till a gleam shoots humming, thru the misty air,
'How can gloom ever, shroud lasting grace? '

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Syed Sarwar Hussain

Himalaya

(An English translation of the famous Urdu poet Sir Mohammed Eqbal's well-known poem 'Himalaya')

Translated by Dr. Syed Sarwar Hussain

HIMALAYA

O Himalaya! O fortress of sovereign Hindoostan!
Heavens above doth bow down, to kiss thy brow's span.

Not a single sign of ageing, doth thy massive frame betray;
Thou stayeth young amidst, the swiveling night and day.

The heavenly gleam shone for Moses, alone on Mount Sinai;
But thy manifestation absolute, draws each discerning eye.

To the lure of wandering gaze thou art, but a mountain chain;
To us, our mighty guard, the wall of Hindoostan.

Thou art a poet's masterpiece, the sky thy crowning verse;
Thou lureth Man to the solitude of his heart's universe.

The Snow hath wound an honoured turban, round thy lifted crest;
That mocks the glowing crown, of the all-illuminating sun in jest.

The distant past is but a flash, in thy time-honoured existence;
And dark clouds hang over thy vales, in perpetual continuance.

Thy peaks soar high and match the stars in grace and elegance;
Tho' Earth bound thou, thy reach yet is the sky's vast expanse.

The spring simmering from thy flank, is a flowing mirror, sheer;
The breeze that fondles it is like, a handkerchief fluttering, clear.

As a lash in the hands of clouds, for the ambling aerial steed,
The mountain peak shoves lightning, to hasten its speed.

O Himalaya art thou too a playhouse, that perchance;
Nature's hand hath made for its elements to enhance.

Look, how the cloud is swaying along, in rapturous delight;
Like an elephant unchained, escaping in full flight.

The morning Zephyr's soothing breath, doth like a cradle move,
And drunk with life each flower bud, rocks itself to prove.

Thus speaks the tongue of leaf, to its restful silence pure,
"I've never felt the jerk of a gardener's hands, for sure.

My reigning silence doth itself, my lasting tale unfold,
This nature's quiet corner, this solitude is my abode.'

Lo, the stream rolls singing, down from mountain high,
Humbling the founts and rivers, of Paradise well-nigh.

Holding a mirror to the Architect of Nature, so to say,
It runs, eluding now, now hitting the rocks in its way.

The strings of my delighted mood, fondle, as doth thou roll,
O wandering stream, my tender heart, understands thy call.

When the silent charmer night, her long dark locks unfolds,
Sounds of rippling cataracts rouse, the heart's inner folds.

Such is the silence of the night, that far surpasses speech,
The trees in contemplation stand, as high as they could reach.

What twilight colour trembles across, atop thy mountain range!
The rosy rouge on thy cheeks looks, how pleasant, how strange!

O Himalaya! Do recount some tales of long-gone ages when,
Your foothills had become the abodes of ancestors of men.

O, talk about the days, that marked their simple, quiet life,
Which wasn't yet stained by guile, we find today so rife.

O imagination, show us again those olden days and nights,
O wheel of time spin back fast, to those cherished delights.

Syed Sarwar Hussain

The Moon

The Moon

The timeless moon is colourless,
its soil is pale and gray;
Like unlit pavements in the night,
where life and light don't stray.

Bulges, bumps and craters mar,
its surface all around.
And patches dark despoil its face,
to its gazer's grief profound.

The moon shines not of its own light,
its soil does never burn.
Its glow it takes from the golden sun,
sending all to the Earth in turn.

But quite unlike the blazing sun,
which proudly flaunts its boon.
The moon shines softly coolly on,
be it December or June.

It tempers, soothes, the sun's blind rage,
but never boasts its brawn.
It uses that to mollify,
the sun's fierce fiery frown.

The sun is but a faithless friend,
too fickle to win our trust.
Sometimes its beams are mighty hot,
and often they are too cussed.

The faithful moon shines evenly,
all through its nightly course.
Till hidden by the floating cloud,
or the morning sun's brute force.

The soft and silent moon lets out,

the energy that raves,
And spins and rolls upon the shore,
the enormous ocean waves.

Would that, the human race possessed,
the moon's amazing ways.
Its calm, its beam of soothing love,
its strength to bear the blaze.

Its strength to lift the ocean tides,
to reach the towering heights.
Its feat to light the sailor's way,
on dark, forsaken nights.

posted by Dr. Syed Sarwar Hussain

Syed Sarwar Hussain

The Waste Of Life

O, life tone down thy cruelty,
I've gambled all I owned.
Yet know not whether I've conquered thee,
Or you're still far, far beyond.

Syed Sarwar Hussain

To My Wife

TO MY WIFE

By Dr. Syed Sarwar Hussain

The glistening, sweet, refreshing dew,
On grassy meadows welcome you!

Its lucent beads perfume your way,
The whiff that blooms and grass betray!

The smells of Spring, its showers soft,
Freshen and raise your spirit aloft!

The sparkling Sun, the morning rays,
Shine on you all your life, always.

The shimmering stars, the silver moon,
Will come to stay, and will come soon,

With gentle radiance, delicate bright;
With wafting aroma and with light.

To be with you and bless your life,
With endless peace, far-off from strife.

May Nature's mottled miracles join,
O love, to grant thee joy divine!

Syed Sarwar Hussain

Wisdom

As prickly thorns with roses sprout,
And rugged shrubs with fern.
So does with virtue vice stems out,
One needs with care discern.

Syed Sarwar Hussain