

Poetry Series

Aaqib Hyder
- poems -

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Aaqib Hyder()

A Caged Bird Willingly Or Unwillingly Fighting To Be Free. Peace Seeker In An Occupied Land.

P.S Pen Is Mightier Than The Sword.

I Remember

The smile of a child lost in a conflict,
the wails of a mother echoing in my ears.

The cloak of a bride tainted red,
her groom's blood spilled all over.

The tears in the eyes of a mother in wait,
of his son disappeared in a moonless night.

A bony old face trampled by jackboots,
height of tyranny under the mighty chinars.

I remember the childhood caught in barbed wires,
I remember the blood of martyrs of my soil.

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I Wish.

I wish

I can show you

the darkness of separation.

The sobbing moon

dying in my arms.

Thirsty deserts

dissolved in my eyes.

I wish

you come back

to heal my blistering wounds.

To free my soul

from the prison of life.

For love emancipates

the oppressed souls

from the brute torment

of worldly woes.

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We Will Not Bow Down.

I live in a valley where....

The ballads of love and freedom are muted by owl hoots

The chirping birds are frightened by
marching jackboots.

I live in a valley where....

A mother stares endlessly to a frozen nothingness,
longing for that lost embrace, waiting for the last hug.

I live in a valley where....

A father longs for his son's sepulchre,
where are you my groom? Who will tow our boat?

I live in a valley where....

A tiny stone is answered by a fatal bullet.
Treachery and deception has ruled for years.
But you can hear a raising voice everywhere,
We will not bow down, we will not bow down.
From heaps of cadavers and pools of blood,
We will not bow down, we will not bow down.

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