

Poetry Series

# **Abdulrazak Aralimatti**

## **- poems -**



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## Abdulrazak Aralimatti(2nd June 1972)

Abdulrazak Aralimatti, an Indian English Poet and author of seven books hails from Vijaypur, Karnataka, India, the place of Gol Gumbaz, the second largest dome in the world, its whispering gallery and the Black Taj of India - The Heritage City. Born on 2nd June 1972 in Vijaypur city and brought up in Goa as father served as postmaster therein, he got educated at Goa and works in Vijaypur as the family had to return back to native place after father's crucial demise. He couldn't fair well in his early life on account of his sentimental nature and imagination where he had to struggle and endure a lot. He used to remain absorbed in his intense imagination which was a nuisance to him. The right course of study for him was Arts and English literature where he could positively use his intense emotions and imagination to learn and create literature but he had chosen the wrong streams of pursuing education which led to failures. His father's suicidal death on service heightened his sentimental nature and imagination wherein he lost his mental balance and as a result he had to give up the compensation job of his father to his sister. He served as an English teacher in several schools and serves as an honorary guest lecturer in English on the basis of his linguistic and literary acumen and accomplishments. He also serves as a content writer and editor of the editorial board of Secab group of educational institutions, wherein he wrote the biography of the founder president on the golden jubilee celebration and compiled the institution's golden jubilee chronicle 'The Wings of Knowledge'. He runs his coaching institute 'Misal English Academy' in his native place Vijaypur. He has written five volumes of poems, a compilation on the English poets of Vijaypur, a biography, a novel and a collection of short stories. He is the life member of The Poetry Society (India) and his books are available on online retailers Google, Amazon and others.

### Literary Works:

1. Voice of an Unaccomplished Soul (Collection of poems)
2. Voice of an Accomplishing Soul (Collection of poems)
3. Accomplishment Trilogy (Collection of poems)
4. Accomplishment Soulography (Collection of poems)
5. The Shattered Youth (Collection of poems)
6. The English Poets of Vijayapura (Compilation)
7. Secab's golden jubilee chronicle - The Wings of Knowledge (Biography)
8. The Garden of Beetroots (Novel under publication)
9. Amarali (Collection of short stories - under publication)

# Just Try

Try try and just try  
Even if you feel why

Try try and just try  
Even if you feel to cry

Try try and just try  
Even if you feel shy

Try try and just try  
Even if you feel to ply

Try try and just try  
Even if you don't find a good guy

Try try and just try  
Even if you feel it's lie

Try try, once more try  
Even if you want to say bye

Try try and just try, try and try  
For life is a struggle till you die

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# Declaration

Wholeheartedly, I solemnly pledge  
And heartily acknowledge  
That, in truth I have penned  
And sincerely revealed  
My thoughts, emotions and actions  
On the humanitarian and spiritual plane  
From an unaccomplished path  
Transited I, to the accomplishing path  
And reached the accomplished end  
Though not in toto  
And with the assistance of the Almighty  
Through the hammers of  
Conscience and intuition  
And now lies the task to retain and die  
An Accomplished

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# True Accomplishment

Verily, you have reached  
The accomplished end  
Crossing the unaccomplished  
And accomplishing paths  
But this is not an end  
Retaining self as an accomplished  
Is the true accomplished  
As chances are great to return back  
To the first unaccomplished track  
For life is a struggle till the last breath  
And it may follow even after death

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# Completion Of My Degree

After a long struggle and battle  
And ups and downs a many  
My degree of life, Here I complete  
After crossing the unaccomplished  
And the accomplishing path  
And reaching the accomplished.

It's all by the assistance of The Almighty  
Through the hammers of conscience and intuition  
His constant calls on the path of success

Wholeheartedly I thank  
My critics and enemies  
My limitations who acknowledged  
My back I couldn't have seen

My friends and well wishers  
For their love and moral advice  
My father who dreamt about me  
Let him behold my certificate  
Yet there remains the pursuance  
To retain self as an accomplished  
And God's acknowledgement  
For acceptance and placement.

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# Relearn

I will have to relearn  
To reconstruct my character  
And reconstitute my Suo Moto  
In times I fail to cope  
Cope up to retain the accomplished  
Relearn to reconstruct and reconstitute.

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# Neutral

When it becomes difficult  
Difficult to judge between  
Between the righteous and wrong  
And we can't comprehend  
Comprehend between good and bad  
It's better to be neutral  
Neither say good nor bad  
And leave it on God  
For time reveals the truth.  
When it becomes a great task  
To stop one from astray  
It's better to be neutral  
Neither say good nor bad  
And leave it on God  
For time brings abomination.

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# Goodness

Filth, dirt, rotten and useless  
One finds the value of garbage  
Yet the garbage has value great!  
Compose and manure, its conversion  
The nourishing and developing

Dirt! Dirt! Dirt!  
Man is born out of dirt  
After birth carries dirt  
After death, rots to dirt

See! See! See!  
Only goodness in man  
For God has bound him  
Into the law of humanity  
As a universal law  
A unity in diversity

Pure! Pure! Pure!  
Purify your heart, mind and soul  
By seeing the goodness  
Goodness in one and all.

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# Towards Nothing

I praised a six months flower  
And wondered about a dead leaf  
I praised the dead dried insect  
And was proud to behold it  
It all earned me the title 'fool'.

From infancy to middle aged  
And finally to nothing  
No knowledge nor wisdom  
No skills nor talent  
No physical nor mental beauty  
No pride nor honour  
No one to praise nor glance  
Nothing! Nothing! Nothing!

Better be interested in eternal  
Rather than the mortal

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# Ecstasy

True happiness is worthily realized  
With the fulfilment of life's purpose  
The purpose set by the creator  
The duty rightly performed  
Responsibility sincerely fulfilled  
And then death a true joy  
Where death doesn't create fear  
But a true joy, the real ecstasy

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# The Reward Is Sure

Patience and suffering are part of life  
Virtuous deeds demand patience at large  
Faith and belief in God stand for a test  
Honesty and sincerity make you swim an ocean  
But! This is sure and undoubtedly sure  
That, your reward awaits to acclaim you  
In this world or the hereafter or both

Years pass for a judgement in courts  
Yet many are deprived of justice  
So does is the case in the trial of life  
But reward is sure in hereafter  
As with Almighty is our greatest relation

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## Sonnet 4 Change Of Thoughts

Man on his birth on earth  
Is first an unaccomplished soul  
He then has to show his worth  
By reaching to his next goal

And be an accomplishing soul  
Crossing the unaccomplished path  
Playing his worldly and timely role  
And avoiding The Almighty's wrath

Then reach the accomplished end  
And restore till his final breathe  
As there's a lot for him to bend  
And never return back to the first wreath

As life is a struggle till the last breath  
And it ends or follows with death

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# The Poet's Son

It's really hard to judge character  
And truth behind a personality  
As a poet, versed in man's nature  
Made me to comprehend him  
His, beyond the limit simplicity  
And secret pursuance of divinity  
Perplexed the worldly men at large  
And burdened wife for separation.

His father's poetic genes did enter  
Not in language but in deeds  
His father's poem 'O! Darling Son'  
Turned into a prophecy  
And his mother lived for a 100 years  
More than a decade, he alone nursed  
Without complaint or hesitation  
Verily and verily, he's worthy of praise  
Ashfaq Anwar Hussain Farooqui  
Haveli Vijayapura, Karnataka India.

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# Professor Ramesh Joshi

A strong affinity developed  
Between me and professor Joshi  
An ideal teacher and human  
Voluntarily retired as professor of English  
To safeguard his ideals and values.  
A man of simple living and high thinking  
Contemplative endeavors, educational pursuits,  
And literary accomplishments.  
A voracious reader of literature and holy scriptures  
A man of true action and values  
Never published his works  
But only on other's strong persuasion  
That too at the age of seventy.  
His motto of life, 'Be true to thyself'  
Which he follows with utmost sincerity  
I was fortunate enough to assist him  
To publish his literary works  
'Fragrance of Contemplation',  
A collection of articles.  
'Stooping Towards The Absolute',  
A collection of poems.  
'Academic Mirror',  
A collection of articles on education.  
In his company, I learnt a lot  
And he too assisted me in my works.  
In giving a final shape to my compilation  
'The English Poets of Vijayapura'  
Writing a foreword to my collection of poems  
'Voice of an Accomplishing Soul'  
Sharing his views and opinions  
And encouraging me to publish  
'Accomplishing Trilogy of Poems.'

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# Trial Of Trials

It's really a trial of trials  
And man has to run in miles

As ordained by his fate  
Undeniable is his state

To live in joy and strife  
The measures of his life

Both following each other  
Pacing courage to gather

To try in good and bad times  
His virtuous deeds and crimes

His life, a trial of trials  
Recorded in destiny files

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# Intuition

Though the magnificent ocean  
Bestowed with intelligence  
Can conquer the shore and man  
It fails from its wild waves

If man can save from wild waves  
It's by the intuition and conscience  
Where lies the guidance and direction  
From the Almighty Lord God

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# Ornament Of Gold

A beautiful and exquisite  
Ornament of gold  
Is made when its quality  
Degraded by a low quality metal  
So does man achieve  
On lowering his self  
A true wealth he does acquire  
A blessing from the Almighty

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# A Wise Man

Who can be called a wise man?  
Verily! One who puts knowledge  
Into virtuous deeds and actions  
The present moment, he does value  
And makes it the treasure of life  
Being loyal to oneself and God

Of great knowledge, he may not be  
But certainly of a good conduct  
And verily and verily he knows!  
He's a man and not an animal

Patience is his raiment and cloak  
Compassion, his adornment  
God, his guide and master  
Conscience and intuition, his companions

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# Forms Of Desire

Water, ice and vapour  
Forms of the same substance

Dagger, knife and axe  
Shapes of the same substance

Virtue and vice though contradictory  
But their source is one and the same

The human desire takes forms  
And man has the power to shape

The mind creates thoughts  
And heart the emotions  
Enforcing the body into action

Positive thoughts and emotions  
Into virtuous deeds and actions

Negative thoughts and emotions  
Into vicious deeds and actions

His will at his discretion  
Aligned with his nature

Gives the form to desire  
Making good of bad and vice versa

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# The Very Present

Does the value of a diamond  
Ever return after burning?  
Do the dead ever return?  
Return after their funeral!  
Does the time ever return?  
Return back once marched!

If ever you want to evaluate  
Or else want to self introspect  
Your true nature and action  
The response and reaction  
The success and victory  
It's the very very present time

What's in your hand?  
When the bird flew away!  
Right across your face  
And you long for it  
In the uncertain future

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# Assistance

A number of people are involved  
Behind the success of a successful  
Critics and enemies who show  
Mistakes and drawbacks  
The creator who calls often  
The turning point that God awards  
Appreciators who boost morale  
The nature that's a teacher of time  
The conscience that whispers  
And hammers from time to time

Let one alone take the responsibility  
And declare oneself a self sufficient  
No man to help, nor creator nor nature  
Verily, he will be swayed away  
By his own thoughts and emotions

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# O Death! No Fear!

O death! I feared you a lot  
When I was chained  
In the clutches of my vice  
In the tentacles of my desires  
In the jaws of the worldly affairs

O death! I now fear you the least  
For I am out of the chain  
The clutches of my vice have weakened  
The tentacles of my desires  
Have lost their strength  
The jaws of the worldly affairs  
Have accepted their defeat

For I have fastened myself  
With the knot of divinity  
And death has become a joy  
To meet God, The Almighty  
Whom I serve wholeheartedly

Flowers and thorns seem alike  
For the joy and sorrow lies  
Not in the pursuance of the mortal

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# Retaining The Accomplished

What mean the weather and climate  
Sun and moon mean the same  
So does mean the nature of man  
Becoming an accomplished  
Is not an end  
It could be a period in one's lifetime  
Retaining self an accomplished  
Till the last breathe of life  
Is the true accomplishment of one's life

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# The Accomplished

Raw fruits are sour  
Some bitter and some tasteless  
But once ripe are sweet  
Undeterred is one under all circumstances  
When accomplished is one  
Selfless is one under all desires  
When accomplished is one  
Constant is one under all emotions  
When accomplished is one  
Arrogance and pride forgets one  
When accomplished is one  
Hatred and violence vanish from his dictionary  
When accomplished is one  
He knows only the language of compassion  
When accomplished is one

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# Leave Not, But An Accomplished

O! Accomplishing soul  
Leave not but an accomplished soul

Act, act keeping your pace  
And win your life's race

What seems impossible  
Gradually proves possible

Nemesis awaits on earth  
And hell for rebirth

Beware you of these two  
And march the life through

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# He Calls Me

He has called me many a times  
And He calls me again and again  
When far away am I?  
He calls me in many ways  
Like the mild and severe sunrays  
He calls through the silent whispers  
of conscience  
He calls me by inculcating fear  
He has called by providing sickness  
And also by providing misfortune  
He calls me through the advice of others  
Many are His ways of calling  
Mysterious are His ways of calling  
I experience His calls  
He calls, calls and calls on His path  
And I'm sure of His calls  
Till the word of death befalls

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# Is Man's Life, The Greatest Experiment Of God?

Is man's life, the greatest experiment of God?

To test each one, how well we behave

To test each soul, how well it recognizes

To test each conscience, how well it dictates

To test each mind, how well it thinks

To test each heart, how well it loves

To test each body, how well it responds

In His experiment, we the tools

And His techniques, the mysterious

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# The World Keeps You On Average Track

The world keeps you on average track  
You become a wild beast  
You find yourself behind bars  
As you break the peaceful path

You become mystic and righteous  
You find yourself behind bars  
As difficult is the heavenly path

You become the worst of the worst  
the world curses you  
You become the best of the best  
The world curses you

You keep yourself on average track  
The world loves and embraces you  
But! What about the Lord?  
The Almighty Lord God  
Whom does He embrace?

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# The Focal Length

How exact! Is the size of things?  
Is it the same as we see?  
A thing seen in concave lens  
Contracts its size  
A thing seen in convex lens  
Expands its size  
We see things as per focal length  
Fixed by the creator  
Neither less nor more  
We see things as desired by Lord  
O! What's the true size of things?

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# Essentials

The essentials for sustaining life  
Water, air and sunlight  
God gives in abundance and cheap  
A blessing and mercy of God  
But when man sees a man  
Deprived of the essentials  
A majority frown for charity  
Forgetting and ignoring God's mercy

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# Street Animals

The street animals, living their life  
Days long in hunger and thirst  
Man amongst the animals created superior  
A viceroy on earth possessing intellect  
One who can think, act, create and destroy  
One who can capture the wildest beast on earth  
One who can solve the problems of all animals  
But instead creates problems for them

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# The Salty Ocean

Why God has made the salty ocean?  
Wouldn't He have made a sweet one! ?  
Land mass surrounded by water  
Yet scarcity of drinking water  
Man awaits for the rain  
Rain awaits for the clouds  
Clouds await for the wind  
Water awaits for evaporation  
Evaporation awaits for Sun  
Showers await for destined land  
Land awaits for mercy  
Mercy awaits for God's command  
Then on whom does man really await?

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# The Greatest Wealth

O! What can be the greatest wealth to man  
And how can man ignore this truth!  
His own body, the worthiest of all  
See! See a man without hands or legs  
And realize, what treasure you possess  
Why man sees the glitter of gold or diamond  
Instead let him see a blind man  
And realize the glitter of his own eyes  
More precious than the glittering diamonds  
O Youth! Precious are your days  
See! See an old aged one  
How has he lost his wealth by passage of time  
And you too will lose one day  
So wisely use your wealth

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# Appendix

Human beings, God's best creation  
Every body part created with resolution

The tongue to taste and talk  
The legs to stand and walk

Every organ, playing allocated role  
To maintain the body as a whole

But! But what about the appendix  
A worm like organ, that's an affix

Below the end of large intestine  
Appearing an additional short line

The biological science states no function  
And failed to comment on this section

But spiritual science can state its action  
For it lies in attainment of salvation

Its role to give its possessor some trouble  
When fate demands as per its preamble

And finally get detached from the whole  
After serving its purpose and role

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# What's The Purpose

A tiny insect created  
For what purpose, it's created?  
A tiny, very tiny one  
With negligible mass and weight  
A tiny, very tiny insect  
Difficult to hold with fingers  
A tiny, very tiny insect  
Difficult to see with naked eyes  
For what purpose it's created?

O! My understanding, weak understanding  
I try to comprehend the purpose  
The purpose of the creator  
The definite and concrete purpose  
That may prove useful to me

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# Have I Served The Purpose

Still alive on this earth!  
Have I served the purpose of my life?

Am I living a life of illusion?  
And passing the days in delusion

With a false hope of future  
For my life to nurture

Or am I serving the purpose?  
Considering myself worse

I've to fulfill the purpose of my birth  
Before my body rejoins the earth

For life is a struggle till the last breath  
And the struggle ends only with death

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# Mortal Charm

How charming is the worldly flower  
How sweet is its fragrance  
How it fascinates the worldly man  
And how man embraces it

In its delight, forgets the known  
Until its charm keeps him its slave  
And he recovers from unconsciousness  
Finding himself in self-betrayal

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## Sonnet 3 Net Of Thoughts

Thoughts, when accepted and embraced  
Get multiplied to form a net  
And a net of thoughts, gets woven and laced  
As fast and quick with velocity of jet  
Entangling the soul, heart and mind  
Making difficult, one to come out of cage  
Good thoughts weave virtuous net and bind  
Evil thoughts weave vicious net and wage

Let me weave virtuous net of price  
That entangles heart, mind and soul to grace  
And makes hard being victim of vice  
Let me not weave vicious net of mace  
Thoughts cage the heart, mind and soul  
Making easy or difficult to achieve goal

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# The Cries Of My Heart

I hear the cries of my heart  
Clear, near, in tears and apart

The cries that narrate and describe  
The cries that suggest and prescribe

The cries that evaluate and document  
The cries that comprehend and comment

The cries: clear and in fears  
The cries: near and in tears

Introspecting my thoughts and actions  
That lead to contradictory reactions

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# My Father's Apology

O m Lord! The Almighty God  
This habit, I would like to ward

It has deep routed in me  
And never allows to be free

I now repent, the day I broke  
The social norm with evil stroke

I'm now out of my track  
To be back, the spirit I lack

Let me restore back, the abandoned  
Love of family, friends and beloved

O! What a disgraceful day it was  
The day my lips touched the glass

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# Annu Malik

A close friendship developed  
And they both got enveloped

My brother Malik and cousin Anwar  
Who merged like meeting river

In their late teens  
To withhold friendship reigns

Decided to be friends forever  
With a great passion and fever

Reached to their peak age  
Managing each other's rage

Equal partners in business  
Acquired popularity and richness

Though time and many tried their best  
They passed the friendship test

Though both have their weakness  
Manage with great closeness

Though both proud and ambitious  
Are moral, spiritual and religious

Though both struggle to build an empire  
Give alms, charity and attire

An example of true friendship  
Portrayed in life's hardship

Their true friendship, I adore  
The everlasting friendship, I assure

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# We All Are One

My biological brother: my brother  
My biological sister: my sister  
As born to my father and mother

I'm not your biological brother  
As not born to your parents  
But would have been, If born

It's all arrangement of the Almighty  
That he arranged so  
Meaning we all one  
Belonging to race humanity

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# The Universal Law Of Nature

O! How one knows, 'This Law'  
The Universal Law of Nature  
The law that envelopes all laws  
And sustains everything  
The law that creates a new thing  
And destroys the prevailing  
The law that persisted, persists  
and ever persist  
And encompasses in light and darkness  
O! There's no law in the whole universe  
Mightier than this law  
The Universal Law of Nature  
A unity in diversity  
An integral fraction of one and all

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# Structures Of Humanity

Mankind in its own way serves humanity  
Though it has a great diversity

Each one different in their unique nature  
Created as an individual creature

Find their accommodation and adjustment  
Suiting their nature and development

Thus are formed groups and sub groups  
That form dissimilar troop and sub troop

Each troop, a structure of mankind  
Into one humanity they all bind

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# Uplifting Humanity

Try, try, let me try  
To praise and uplift humanity  
Let me not backbite  
Instead try to see the good  
And work for uplifting humanity  
Considering none as my enemy  
But only me as my own enemy  
As one is the enemy of his own soul

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# Human Relations, A Field To Prove

Our relations, a subject and field  
To prove our worth and integrity  
How worthwhile are we, as humans  
A field to explore and pursue  
And prove our patience and endurance  
Morality, humanity and spirituality

Our opponents and enemies  
The most useful and beneficial  
As winners to prove ourselves  
Materialistically and spiritually  
And win the world and heaven

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# Spiritual Relations

God has created many relations,  
By His timely guidance and revelations.  
    Heavenly relations on earth,  
    Counted by their relations and birth.  
The sacred relation of brother and sister,  
The divine relation of father and daughter.  
    Mother and son, the holiest relation of life,  
    The sacrosanct relation of husband and wife.  
There's also one of the purest relations,  
Of whom literature widely mentions.  
    The relation that failed for a tie,  
    Yet the relationship did not die.  
God keeps it a mystery,  
To prove to be worthy.

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# Ye Mohabbat Hai Zamanon Se

Ye mohabbat hai zamanon se  
Koi mita saka nahi mere dil se  
Zamane guzarte rahe guzarte rahe  
Mohabbat jawan hoti rahi hoti rahi

Chhoda tha shahar tere hi waste  
Aa raha hoon shahar mei tere hi waste  
Mil jaye teri ek jhalak tamanna hai meri  
Mil jaye jannat mujhe iss jahan mei arzu hai meri

Ho jaye puri ahkri khwaish  
Maut se pehle pehle  
Jannat ki hakikat Galib bhi janta tha  
Aur janta hai Abd e Razzak bhi.

Wo muhabbat abhi hai jawan  
Dil mei mere  
Agar dekhna hai  
Toh phad de sina mera

Uski sharafat ne mujhe badnam kiya  
Meri sharafat ne usea kubool kiya  
Usme sharafat na hoti toh ham badnam na hote  
Mujhme sharafat na hoti toh ye shayari na banti

Hamne tumhe mohalat di hame samajhne ke liye  
Tum hame yun badnam karoge socha na tha  
Kitni asani se tumne joda naya rishta  
Mere dil pe kya guzri hai tumhe kya pata

Giraftar hai hum unke mohabbat mei istarha  
Ke na zamane ki khabar hai na umr ki  
Samjha tha ke duniya talwar hai aur tum dhal  
Magar tum khanjar ban jaoge kabhi socha na tha

Samjha tha ke duniya andhera hai aur tum chandani  
Magar tum amavasya ban jaoge kabhi socha na tha  
Samjha tha ke duniya bimari hai aur tum dawa  
Magar tum zehar ban jaoge kabhi socha na tha

Kat diye ho tum pankh mere  
Ke udne ki koyi gunjayish nahi  
Khatm hogaye hain wo sare arman  
Ab asman ko chhune ki koyi arzu nahi

Maut ka samna hojaye aisa zehar nahi milta  
Mujhe pehchan sake aisi hasina nahi milti  
Hamne wakht diya tha ke tum hame pehchan sake  
Na ke yun beech chaurahe par hame badnam kar sake

Yun bik rahi hai meri tasveer beech chaurahe par  
Ke log chheen chheen kar khareed rahe hai badnami meri  
Kya khata hai meri khud ko zara poochho tum  
Phir ye badnami hame kyu mil gayi

Hamne toh asan kiya tha har rasta  
Fir ye musibat kyu khadi ho gayi  
Aye dile khwaish aye dile tamanna  
Na raha koi rasta na rahi koyi manzil

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# Hum Be Zubaan Thea

Hum kuch na kah paye  
Hum be zubaan thea

Hum bohot kuch kehna chahte thea  
Magar hum be zubaan thea  
Hum kuch na keh paye  
Hum be zubaan thea

Hum soch soch mei rahe  
Shayad kuch keh paate  
Hum kuch na keh paye  
Hum be zubaan thea

Humne tumhe dekha magar  
Tumne bhi na kuch kaha  
Shayad kuch keh paate  
Hum be zubaan na hote

Hum kuch na kah paaye  
Hum be zubaan thea  
Shayad kuch kah paate  
Hum be zubaan na hote

Hame Darr tha ke hum nasur hain  
Hum apne aap ko samajh na sake  
Kuch kahte toh aur mushkil hoti  
Shayad hum kuch kah paate

Hum kuch na kah paye  
Hum be zubaan thea

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# Hum Tumhare Naam Ek Kitaab Likhte

Tum thoda aur intazar karte  
Hum tumhare naam ek kitaab likhte

Zamana tha mera dushman  
Mujhe samajh na saka  
Hum kitab mei likhte  
Zamane ko samjhate  
Tum thoda aur intazar karte  
Hum tumhare naam ek kitaab likhte

Zamana tha mera dushman  
Mujhe sambhal na saka  
Hum kitab mei likhte  
Tumhari sharafat ke batein  
Tum thoda aur intazar karte  
Hum tumhare naam ek kitaab likhte

Zamana tha mera dushman  
Mujhse dosti na kar saka  
Hum kitab mei likhte  
Hamare khamoshi ki wajah  
Tum thoda aur intazar karte  
Hum tumhare naam ek kitaab likhte

Zamana tha mera dushman  
Mujhe saha na saka  
Hum kitab mei likhte  
Hamari majboori ki wajah  
Tum thoda aur intazar karte  
Hum tumhare naam ek kitaab likhte

Zamana tha mera dushman  
Mujhe suljha na saka  
Hum kitab mei likhte  
Zamane ko rulate  
Tum thoda aur intazar toh karte  
Hum tumhare naam ek kitaab likhte

Zamana tha mera dushman

Mujhe na saka  
Hum kitab mei likhte  
Tumhe ehsas karate  
Tum thoda aur intazar karte  
Hum tumhare naam ek kitaab likhte

Zamana tha mera dushman  
Mujhe samajh na saka  
Hum kitab mei likhte  
Tumhe bhi rulate  
Tum Thoda aur intazar karte  
Hum tumhare naam ek kitaab likhte

Tum thoda aur intazar karte  
Hum tumhare naam ek kitaab likhte

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# Tumne Apni Ankhon Se

Tumne apni ankhon se mujhe wada kiya tha  
Mayn aajtak na bhool paya hoon  
Shayad tumhe yaad hi nahi  
Mujhe har wada yaad hai

Tumne apni ankhon se mujhe kaha tha  
Mayn tumhare saath hoon  
Shayad tumhe yaad hi nahi  
Mujhe har wada yaad hain

Tumne apni ankhon se mujhe sunaya tha  
Saath saath hame chalna hai  
Shayad tumhe yaad hi nahi  
Mujhe har seekh yaad hai

Tumne apni ankhon se mujhe samjhaya tha  
Hame sharafat ka daaman pakade rehana hai  
Shayad tumhe yaad hi nahi  
Mujhe har sharifana andaz yaad hai

Tumne apni ankhon se mujhe bataya tha  
Hame zamane se darna hai  
Shayad tumhe yaad hi nahi  
Mujhe wo har darr yaad hai

Tumne apni ankhon se mujhe sikhaya tha  
Muhabbat kaise ki jati hai  
Shayad tumhe yaad hi nahi  
Mujhe wo har seekh yaad hai

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# Tumhare Liye Asan Tha

Meri zindagi ki jaddo jahad janane ke bagyar  
Tumhe duniya se mere khilaf bolna asan tha  
Lekin mere liye samandar par karne ke barabar tha  
Meri dimagi halat ko janane ke bagyar  
Tumhe apni saheliyon ke sath mujh par hasna asan tha  
Lekin mere liye dil par chattan rakhne ke barabar tha  
Zindagi ki sachhayi janane ke bagyar  
Tumhe apni ankhen fer lena asan tha  
Lekin mere liye agnipath par chalne ke barabar tha  
Zameeni haqiqat janane ke bagyar  
Tumhe khabar faylana asan tha  
Lekin mere liye toofan ka samna karne ke barabar tha  
Sach aur jhoot ke fark ko janane ke bagyar  
Tumhare liye asan tha ek naya rishta jodna  
Lekin mere liye katon par chalne ke barabar tha  
Tumhare liye sab kuch asan tha  
Lekin sab kuch mushkil hota hai  
Mere jaise jazbati shaks ke liye

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

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# Uski Ankhon Ne Mujhe Bharosa Diya Tha

Uski ankhon ne mujhe bharosa diya tha  
Nahi khatm hone wali mohabbat ka  
Mera dil baag baag ho gaya  
Uska dil jeetne ki khushi mei  
Lekin jab mayn wapas laut aya  
Ek lambe wakht ke baad  
Uski ankhon ne mujhe dhoka de diya  
Mayn ek jasbati shaks  
Mohabbat aur ulfat se bhara huwa  
Bardhasht nahi kar saka  
Nahi khada ho saka apne payron par  
Mayn zameen par ladkha gaya  
Uth na saka mayn ek lambe wakht tak  
Meri keemti zindagi mayn ne kho di.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# If God Had Willed!

Each one would have been rich,  
Each one would have been beautiful,  
If God had ever so willed!  
But the purpose of life is not riches,  
Nor the physical beauty at all.  
The essence of life lies,  
But in the beauty of the soul.  
We have to make our souls,  
Among the rich and beautiful.  
O! my self, will you not go,  
With the will of God.  
And be the rich and beautiful.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# Negativity

Man's life is marked by negativity,  
His thoughts find the way,  
Into negative and positive turns.  
Negativity proves both good and bad,  
Making an optimistic,  
And even a pessimistic.  
Forcing him to work and toil,  
And also to be cowardice.  
Strengthening relationships,  
And also weakening them.  
It all depends upon the individual,  
How to use his negativity.  
O my self, your conscience guides,  
Then what you choose to act.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# Lay Cold On The Shore

Wandering alone, on a lovely beach  
On a sunny afternoon in summer  
With only the air and waves beside  
Having walked half a kilometer  
Saw a girl of age around twenty  
With two boys of the same age  
Standing all three beside a boat  
I kept walking a kilometer  
And then walked the return way  
To my surprise I found the girl!  
Lay cold on the shore!  
How the girl trusted them?  
What made her accompany them  
I wonder and I ponder!  
It was the murder of trust

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# O! My Wisdom! Where Had You Been?

O! My wisdom!  
Where had you been?  
When my anger overtook me,  
And I barked like a mad dog.  
How unfaithful were you!  
When I needed you the most.  
My anger poured like the molten lava,  
To devour all that came in my way.  
Yet you betrayed me like an enemy,  
And left me to repent and regret.  
O! You mortal, I was there,  
Yet you didn't hear me.  
I am with your conscience,  
And you betrayed me.  
Listening to your own vice,  
You pay your own price.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# The Joy Of God

Greatest is the joy of God,  
The true source of mirth.  
Of the world and heaven,  
The real joy in real sense.  
Full of ecstasy and eternity,  
Joy that guarantees,  
Life on earth and hereafter.  
A precious thing has a price,  
A price worth its value.  
Joy of God, the most precious,  
Priced in the currencies.  
Patience, humility and charity,  
Selfless and compassion.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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## 26th. January

26th. January is our Republic day,  
India's adoption of the democratic way.  
India founded its own constitution,  
Concluding its own revolution.  
It assures us security and fraternity,  
With justice and equality.  
It's a day of great victory,  
Narrating our grand victory.  
It's the symbol of our unity,  
Despite the spectrum of diversity.  
Abiding to it is our duty,  
In it lies our nation's beauty.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# Proportions Of Life

Man's life passes in proportions,  
His life from birth to death.  
Proportions small and large,  
Proportions deep and shallow.  
Some days in rest and comfort,  
And some in work and toil.  
Some days careless and vice,  
And some pious with conscience.  
But the days with conscience,  
Be long and in depth.  
And the days with vice be shorter,  
Shallow and to the least.  
Followed by a quick realization,  
That's the essence of life.  
Let me be with my conscience.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# Unconditional Universal Love

I have heard and I hear,  
I have read and I read.  
That love is God,  
And God is love.  
Is this love, the love of a man,  
For his beautiful wife?  
Is this love, the love that,  
A young man and woman have?  
Or is it the love for a race or community?  
Oh my conscience, enlighten me,  
After all, what is this love?  
That takes the place of God.  
O dear listen, it's the love,  
The unconditional universal love,  
Towards one and all.  
The hurt and feeling experienced,  
For one and all in the world,  
As you experience for your dear ones.

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# Relearning

Forgotten! Relearning!  
The need of time!  
Forget about water  
Even the dictionaries  
Moreover own dictionary  
If not a universal acceptance  
Then what about the self!

What's wrong! ? Where lies the fault! ?  
Within the self! Into the environment!

Faulty trial, faulty experiment  
Nay! None to blame!  
Experiment! Trial! Alternatives!  
And what else!  
Is man destined to know  
The cosmos, the socio or the self?  
Or to listen the dictates  
Of mind, heart or conscience

Or else mislead and blinded  
in a ken of illusion, mirage and delusion  
What queries! How and why?

Relearning! ? Relearning! ?  
But why this relearning! ?

Suo Moto, Where's it?  
Or else nemesis redirecting  
Once again for accomplishment

O soul! What's next?  
Your next clothing  
But where! Is it here?  
Or else left to The Universal Law

What's the expanse of cosmos  
And the swing of the soul  
The travel, the change

Relearning, Nemesis or New Trial! ?  
O! Soulography!

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# Water

I found water quenching thirst  
My garden, fertile once again  
Like the one in my custodians  
The dream of thousand flowers  
Promising a turn for reality

But watered I more than the need  
Denying the true requirements of time  
Flooding my garden to rot its roots  
The very existence of life and growth  
Turning again my garden into waste land

Like the masked word scattered  
Dispersed from the barren land  
I too a hypocrite in universal context

Like the king drowned in trenches  
Voice of an unaccomplished soul

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# Storms And Waves

Never destined to acknowledge  
The initial stage and sense  
In safe shade of the custodian  
Does one, prospers and grows

Then grabbing the share of joy  
Awaiting in the next stage  
But destroyed by wild waves in third  
The malefic waves shaking existence

A thousand flowers bloomed  
flourishing my charming garden  
Nursed by my custodians

But when left to the conscious  
Turned into a stormy ocean  
Hundreds of wild waves hooding

Shaken by the first waves  
Shook I for a long time  
Leaving me frail and desperate  
Unknown to the numbers 17 or 47  
Realizing my state and condition  
A puzzle, riddle and crossroad

Stormed by the second waves  
Wandering unpurposefully  
Turning life into a wasteland  
Like one narrated by Eliot

The adolescent tragedy  
A failure of the fate or state! ?  
Leaving neither to live or die

Does a growing in safe custody  
Knows the pangs of life and growth  
But it's a bitter truth that life attributes  
Entangle a blooming in wild waves

Like the sovereign executed by his own hands  
Voice of an unaccomplished soul

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# Shree Siddeshwar Swamy

Like a river eager to meet the sea  
From Vijaypur to Dharwad, I did Journey.  
To meet the reflection of the divine entity  
One whom the world calls Shri Siddeshwar Swamy.  
Words fall short to express his simplicity and humility  
What Swami Vivekanand saw in Ramkrishna Paramhansa  
I did see in him in full grace and might  
My travel was not to Dharwad but to Dakshineswar.  
A soft spoken man with simple living  
Great ideals and high thinking.  
In Tapovan Ashram, I halted a night  
Gracefully treated by one and all.  
And in the morn at sharp 6: 30 am  
At central college campus gathered  
Thousands to listen his sweet discourse.  
Oh! So lovely a discourse.....  
Honey flowing from central comb  
To nourish the developing young  
Such a discourse I had never heard.  
He spoke on work is worship  
Kriyayoga and Sadhbhavana  
Which makes man a karmayogi  
And man should ever be working  
For mankind and pleasure of God.  
A lovely similitude he did give  
A child that only eats and sleeps  
Is not charming to one and all  
So does a man that is idle  
Is not charming to anyone.  
Quoted he the saying of Leonarda Vinci  
'God is a merchant He sells goods  
for the price of labour'  
And further said, 'Blessed is one who has a work'  
We should keep on working  
Serving man and God.  
At 4 pm he called me for his visit  
And I rushed to greet and meet  
Read my collection of poems  
'Voice of an Unaccomplished Soul'

And manuscript of my compilation  
'The English Poets of Vijaypur City'  
Appreciating my poems and writings  
Enquired, 'How did you write'  
Replied I, ' It's natural to me'  
Thrice he did say, 'It's written beautifully'  
Received his written consent to add  
His seven poems from his collection of poems  
'Songs of Silence'  
To the anthology 'The English Poets of Vijaypur City'  
And he bid me by offering fruits.  
The visit to Tapovan Ashram Dharwad  
Was not just a visit but a pilgrimage.  
After my visit, a few days later  
Padmashree award, he was conferred  
But! In full glee, he did reject  
And proved himself to be a true Sanyasin.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# Lonely We Saw Her Walk

Around nine 'o' clock at night,  
Travelling by car on a tar road.  
Through a village, no lights aside,  
And no signs of inhabitants around.  
We saw a lady walking alone,  
Aged Around 40 years.  
Her head and arms in bulk load,  
Made us think of inhabitants ahead.  
But ten kilometers ahead to surprise,  
No trace of any inhabitants!  
My mother said, A lonely lady, dark night,  
No lights, load on head and arms,  
And ten kilometers to walk ahead.  
O! My self you just comprehend.  
How easy life you live!

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# Oxymoron

Life is a figure of speech,  
An extraordinary form of expression.  
Contradictions placed side by side,  
Good and bad, vice and virtue.  
Emotions placed side by side,  
One to accept and other to reject.  
Relations of wife and daughter,  
Husband and son, brother and sister.  
Relations contradictory lay side by side,  
With just a distance of a width of a hair.  
Emotions contradictory lay side by side,  
Life wins by the wisdom of virtue and vice.  
With man's conscience to guide,  
His heart, body and mind.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# Let Me Introspect

O! foolish Abdulrazak,  
You call yourself wise.  
But where is your wisdom?  
When greed enters your mind.

O! foolish Abdulrazak,  
You call yourself a human.  
But where is your humanity?  
When hatred enters your mind.

O! foolish Abdulrazak,  
You call yourself chaste.  
But where is your chastity?  
When eyes roll on beautities.

O! foolish Abdulrazak,  
You call yourself a poet,  
But where is your poetry?  
When arrogance sits on your tongue.

O! foolish Abdulrazak,  
You call yourself a teacher.  
But where is your teaching?  
When you yourself don't abide.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# I See The World

I see the world with sense of hate,  
I find no one in a good state.  
Around myself devils I find,  
Each one in fear, nature unkind.  
None wise, none kind, no love just vice,  
I find such scene without any choice.

I see the world with sense of love,  
I find each one so good at now.  
Around myself angels I find,  
Each one so dear, nature so kind.  
All wise, all kind, with love and virtue,  
I find such change in my purview.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# Maulana Abdul Wahhab Khatib

My very close neighbour khatib,  
Maulana Abdul Wahhab Khatib.  
Served as imam of Jama mosque,  
For twenty seven years of task.  
Sincere, loyal and simple,  
God fearing, pious and humble.  
No son only daughters has he,  
Works as hard as a honey bee.  
His only son died in his teens,  
Leaving him with no old age means,  
Always greets with a sweet smile,  
His whole life the very same style.  
Betrayed by his own community,  
Faced all things with humility.  
Never gives up his faith for world,  
Never bad he accepts or heard.  
Lives a life of simplicity,  
Without any superficiality.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# The Perfect Sinner

I know the right, the wrong and bright,  
I am endowed with light and might.  
Yet I frown from righteousness,  
Am I not a perfect sinner! ?

I have the time to avoid wrong,  
I am endowed with occasions.  
Yet I miss the chances so bright,  
Am I not a perfect sinner! ?

I get the advice of elders,  
I am endowed with assistance.  
Yet I overlook the neat advice,  
Am I not a perfect sinner! ?

I get the help and love of friends,  
I am endowed with affection.  
Yet I don't behold their love,  
Am I not a perfect sinner! ?

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# Slave Of Emotions

Is man a slave of emotions?  
Dragging his life in demotions.  
His span of life a great trial,  
Does he not ponder for a while?  
Engaged in acts of loss and vain,  
To rid some pain, seek moment's gain.  
To be relaxed works at delay,  
Pending works in life's long relay.  
Emotional intelligence,  
Introspection and diligence,  
Of all his emotions and thoughts,  
Is where he fails and is in-nots.  
Does man passes life in false hope?  
For the body, mind and heart to cope?  
Despite of wisdom and intellect,  
What does man really select?  
Is man a slave of emotions?  
Dragging his life in demotions.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# The Blank Cheque

O! If God gives a blank cheque  
Whom would He give?  
Will He give to one who prays,  
Who prays day and night,  
Or to the most intelligent man.  
What about a man who toils,  
Honestly toils for his gains.  
Will God give to a man of great wisdom?  
Or to him who strives to be the wealthiest?  
No, no and no, never and never.  
He will certainly give to him,  
Who finds joy in other's happiness.  
Who fulfills other's need in place of his,  
For such God says,  
Fill the amount of your wish,  
And take away whatever I have.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# Was It In Vain! ?

I struggled but in vain,  
In cold, summer and rain.  
To gain the worldly treasure,  
And its immense pleasure.  
All efforts with honesty,  
No action immoral or naughty.  
Yet I didn't gain the world,  
And the flight of the bird.  
I found myself unfortunate,  
As it was getting too late.  
Years passed and came a stage,  
And I asked to self with a rage.  
What have you really gained?  
After being weary and strained.  
My conscience softly replied,  
A fraction place in heaven wide.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# How Delicate And Mysterious The Human Body Is?

How delicate and mysterious the human body is! ?  
With skin, flesh, nerves, bones, blood, and eyes.  
Shrouded by danger and perils all over,  
Yet the body proves a successful rower.  
How the body lives hundred years,  
In heat, cold, harms, hurts and fears.  
How the blood flows through the veins! ?  
And how the air pumps and drains.  
Does man think, he is the preserver of his cage?  
And the only guardian of his age?  
If so, wouldn't have lived for a second,  
Let him bring specialists to recommend.  
It's the Almighty that preserves his body,  
And keeps his heart strong and sturdy.  
Till the words of death befall,  
And his body answers the Lord's call.  
In it lies the wonder of the Lord,  
Yet man doesn't ponder and accord.  
Seeing the spectacular world of audience,  
Yet man frowns from faith and obedience.  
Let man pay a little heed and ponder,  
And comprehend on such a great wonder.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# What's My True Identity

A pious man I seem to the world  
But what's my true identity?  
Is it a true or a fake one?  
The animal in me strives  
To suppress my conscience  
And prescribes alternatives  
Oh! I am so delighted  
To accept it at once  
On the face I seem so good  
And my image a misconception  
O my self! let me not be fake  
And show the world my true face

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# The Venomous

Closing the tap behind our house  
I saw a cobra twisted on tap  
The hood oval pointing at me  
Forced me to withdraw my hand

With a scream I startled aback  
And cried aloud mother mother  
And alarmed all to be safe  
Not to rush and risk their life

Seeing my acts the cobra hid  
Inside the hole below the tap  
Hearing our cries people gathered  
As swarm of bees and army of ants

On said, 'Your sin has brought it here'  
The other said, 'Snake's sin has brought it here'  
'That makes it taste the hit of stones'  
'And feast the ants with flesh and blood'

The venom in me reached its peak  
To kill the cobra brutally  
One advised to call a snake charmer  
To be righteous, virtuous and blessed

The snake charmer was quickly called  
As all waited to sight the snake  
From hole he caught the snake so long  
In peace with love and compassion.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# It Was Easy For You

It was easy for you to say to the world  
Without knowing my struggle of life  
But it was an ocean for me to cross  
It was easy for you to laugh  
Without knowing the condition of my mind  
But it was a rock placed on my heart  
It was easy for you to reverse your eyes  
Without knowing the reality of life  
But it was a path of fire for me to cross  
It was easy for you to broadcast  
Without knowing the ground reality  
But it was a storm for me to bear  
It was easy for you to get a new tie  
without knowing the truth and lie  
But it was a bush of thorns for me  
Everything was easy for you  
But everything is difficult  
For an emotional person like me

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

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# Her Eyes Had Assured Me

Her eyes had assured me  
Of a love unwavering  
My heart experienced ecstasy  
Of winning her heart  
But when returned I  
After a prolonged period  
Her eyes gave signs of betrayal  
Me, a very emotional person  
Full of love and compassion  
Could no longer bear the betrayal  
I couldn't stand on my feet  
I tumbled down on the floor  
I couldn't get up for a long time  
I had lost my precious life

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# Let Me See The Good In You

Let me see the good in you  
To make my heart free from ill  
Let me not see the bad in you  
For it makes my heart a prey to ill  
Seeing the good in you  
Fills my heart with pure thoughts  
That refines my mind and soul  
To germinate, pollinate and blossom  
Bearing fruits of eternity

Seeing the bad in you  
Fills my heart with ill thoughts  
That pollute my mind and soul  
To germinate, pollinate and blossom  
Bearing fruits of hell  
Let me see the good in all  
Let me not see the bad in you

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

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# My Pages

When I go for a ponder  
I find it a great wonder

How I crossed my ages  
Keeping many blank pages

How good it would have been  
If all pages would be seen

With divine images  
Yielding handsome wages

But sealed are those files  
And time passed out for those trials

I will struggle to fill the present pages  
Making worthful my coming ages

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# Like Strangers

We met like strangers  
I adored you like a stranger  
We separated like strangers  
But remained in the heart forever

Neither did I talk with you  
Nor did you talk with me  
Neither did I shower a smile  
Nor did you shower a smile

Neither did I meet you in solitude  
Nor did you meet me in solitude  
Our love had reached the zenith of nobility  
But the evil eye of the world befell on us

O! Love! You a nobility  
Dwell in the abode of my heart  
Without being against God  
How can I erase you from my heart! ?

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



# Love Is The Abode Of Worship

I placed love to the abode of worship  
I took every care of decency  
I would often feel to talk with her  
But I sewed my lips  
I placed love to the abode of worship  
I would feel to shake hands with her  
But I chained my hands  
I placed love to the abode of worship  
I would feel to embrace her  
But I kept a heavy stone on my chest  
I placed love to the abode of worship  
I would feel to meet her in solitude  
But I kept myself busy in my friends  
I placed love to the abode of worship  
When our ties failed to happen  
I spread her memories on the floor of decency  
I placed love to the abode of worship  
If I could I would have done a lot  
But I placed love to the abode of worship  
That love is not a love which is not  
Placed to the abode of worship  
I took every care of decency  
I placed love to the abode of worship

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# I Aspired To Achieve

I aimed to achieve something  
But each time was a plot  
My palace was built of paper  
Life had so many enmities

There was a lot to achieve  
But my lips were chained  
I achieved my decency  
But my aspiration was in vain

Tired of knowing myself  
I stopped losing everything  
Remained everything on its way  
The world spectacted with laughter

I aspired to the zenith of decency  
But became the victim of rumors  
Melancholy will also have its last day  
Kept my belief and faith on this hope

I count all my losses  
Infinite becomes its count  
My pen stops counting further  
Carrying the weight of its load

Losing after gaining became my life  
The melancholy of loss became my habit  
Losing became the name of my life  
Now this became my identity

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# What Made You To Be My Friend

What made you to be my friend?  
What influenced to be my enemy?  
I am afraid, I am afraid  
Lest you become my killer

My decency decorated your character  
My love carved your image  
But you erased my existence  
Erased my existence, erased my existence

The degree of melancholy is such  
Even she couldn't be of someone  
Increasing the melancholy of my heart  
To bear myself alone

Love when reaches me  
Turns into wounds  
Let none look at me with love  
I fear lest it turns into hatred

Her first laugh full of affection  
Her second laugh full of blemish  
Remained in my heart forever  
Increasing the melancholy of my heart

O! World if you wish to give something  
Please give me poison  
Or else be in silence  
Let me be in my solitude  
This only is my destination

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# Straightaway You Would Have Been My Killer

Beside turning my love into hatred  
Better you would have been my killer  
Let be it a falsity, in belief of true love  
Better my soul had departed

Neither did I talk with you  
Nor did I smile at you  
Neither did I come close to you  
Nor did I try to meet you

I had a hope from life  
That life would take a favoring turn  
You easily believed on rumors  
But failed to believe on my decency

I was in grief with my problems  
My heart was sunk in melancholy  
I was hoping a lot from life  
By beautifying my nobility

But you would give me such a blow  
Never had I this contemplation  
It was the fault of my eyes  
Seeing you became a great sin

I agree I had weaknesses  
I was struggling within myself  
I did not disclose my struggle

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# I Can't Bring You Stars

Don't ask me to bring stars  
I can't bring stars for you  
Don't ask me to bring moon  
I can't bring moon for you  
If anything I can bring for you  
It's only my eyes full of tears  
To comfort you in your grief  
I am a poet and a man of letters  
God has created me for love  
Don't talk about battlefields  
Lest I am a coward but  
How to shower love and affection  
I know the art very well

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



PoemHunter.com

# I Will Express My Melancholy By My Pen

I should refer my verses as the gift of your love  
Or to the bestowment of your misunderstanding  
Now what should I blame you! ?  
I will flow my melancholy by my pen  
Loving you yet I couldn't love you  
Having you yet I couldn't have you  
Loosing you yet I cannot lose you  
Remained you as melancholy of my heart  
If you find that ignorant just ask her  
To defame me how much did she enjoy! ?  
And if she questions why and what for?  
Then surely answer her that till today  
I still love that same ignorant  
Who defamed me and betrayed my love

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



PoemHunter.com

# The Last Encounter With Her Friend

I also had a last encounter with her friend  
At the central bus stand one Sunday morning  
I searched for her but she was not among them  
Changed were the friends of her friend  
I saw her friend and she saw me  
I marched forward and when I stopped and turned  
She was standing there with her friends  
I stared at her and she stared at me for a while  
I then took my way with melancholy in my heart  
This last encounter of her friend flashes in my mind  
Increasing the melancholy of my heart  
Whom I loved like a poem  
Remained in my life as a gazal

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



PoemHunter.com

# The Last Time I Saw Her

The last time I saw her  
Sitting alone in remorse  
On the first seat of a bus  
Totally lost in her solitude  
As I caught the bus  
She saw me and I saw her  
A wave of ecstasy rose in my heart  
But we both were helpless  
Neither we could talk nor smile  
Even in this last encounter  
Looking her I marched ahead  
Forever with melancholy in my heart  
This last encounter of ours  
Painfully flashes at regular intervals  
This last encounter, this last encounter  
This image has an abode in my heart  
Never erases even on my efforts  
If ever you put and remove hand from my grave  
You'll find this portrait from the soil of my heart.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



# Neither Could I Understand Myself Nor Could The World Understand Me

To both love and decency  
I took full care of  
Yet I was defamed and made notorious  
You were the witness to my decency  
Yet you relied on the people  
You extinguished me, you extinguished me  
Separated I away from your city  
As a soul departs from a body  
I have passed through such an age  
Neither could I understand myself  
Nor could the world understand me  
Whenever I stand before a mirror  
I often see an image  
I try to find my image  
Yet I see the same image  
The tree of melancholy is still green in chest  
Thousand times I have cut down the tree  
Yet green leaves sprout on it  
Neither could I understand myself  
Nor could the world understand me

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# Existence Of True Love

True love neither dies nor is killed  
It departs along with the soul

True love craves not for bodily pleasure  
But for the soulful pleasure

True love is soul itself  
Realized after series of endurance

True love is immortal  
It has its existence in the soul.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



PoemHunter.com

# True Love

True love is the worship to God  
Where hearts meet and not bodies

True love is the sixth sense  
Where eyes acknowledge the manifestations

True love is the longing through ages  
Where the soul bears with patience

True love is the tragedy of souls  
Manifested in series of endurance

True love is the essence of God  
Where decency and nobility sprout

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# When Soul Is On Stride

O! it seemed so difficult  
And appeared impossible  
It looked like a violent ocean  
With whirling storm and  
dancing waves  
But nothing seems impossible  
When soul is on stride

The violent ocean with storm  
and waves  
Just an illusion created by fear  
Nothing remains difficult and  
impossible  
When soul is on stride

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# Social Formalities

Man's life, governed by social formalities  
Formalities to prove oneself worthy  
Social formalities based on humanity,  
religion and culture  
Social formalities based on caste, region  
and gender  
Social formalities based on customs and  
traditions

Formalities keep one on track  
And also divert from the track  
One has to follow to survive in society  
Even against his own conscience  
Follow the formality as a formality

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



PoemHunter.com

# Accomplishing

I have come out of my vice  
I feel so charming, good and nice

The seeds of hatred sown  
Into thick woody stems grown

I slain it from my heart  
And make it totally apart

I hear the soft whispers of God  
That inculcate the self to accord

And my mind and heart become  
the slaves  
Of the mighty conscientious waves

O! I am an accomplishing soul  
Performing my life's duty and role

O! I am an accomplishing soul  
On my route to achieve my goal

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# For I Am A Human

Let me do goodness  
Not for the fear of punishment  
But for, I am created a human  
One with superior sense  
With criterion of right and wrong

Let me do goodness  
Not for the desire of heaven  
But for, I am created a human  
One with wisdom and knowledge  
To derive pure and legitimate joy

Let me do goodness  
Not for the social status  
But for, I am created a human  
One with love and compassion  
To spread the message of peace

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

 PoemHunter.com

# Answers From The True Priests

I once asked a Christian priest  
One in his old age with appropriate wisdom  
A question on Christians and Muslims  
He answered, 'Let's do our duty,  
You yours and me mine'

I once asked a Hindu priest  
One with appropriate knowledge and action  
A question on what life is all about  
His reply, 'Life a drama and we the characters,  
Let's play our roles to the level best'

I once asked a Muslim priest  
One with appropriate faith and conduct  
A question on belief and faith  
His response, 'Your actions superficial'  
'If no fear of God in heart'

On above answers, I ponder and resolve  
To perform my duty and fulfill my role  
With true fear of God in heart.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



# A Piece Of Glass

What seemed me a piece of class,  
Now appears a piece of glass.  
When materialistic sense was high,  
I didn't understand this great lie.

And now the spiritual sense on mirth,  
The sense of truth has taken birth.  
What value is humanity and spirituality,  
I now understand its true quality.

No worth has the white and yellow,  
When the caged flies away like sparrow.  
What seemed me a piece of class,  
Now appears a piece of glass.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# Hum Apne Gum Ko Apne Kalam Se Bahayenge

Meri shayari ko mohabbat ka tohfa samjhun  
Ya tumhari galt fahemi ka nazrana  
Ab hum tumhe kya ilzam dein  
Hum apne gam ko apne kalam se bahayenge  
Tumhe chahkar bhi hum tumhe chah na sake  
Tumhe paakar bhi hum tumhe paa na sake  
Tumhe kho kar bhi hum tumhe kho na sake  
Rah gaye ho dard e dil bankar hamesha ke liye  
Agar mil jaye wo nasamajh to unhe puchhna  
Hame badnam karke unhe kitna maza aya  
Agar wo puchhe tumhe ke kyun aur kisliye  
To unhe ye zaroor kehna ke aj bhi hum  
Usi nasamajh se mohabbat karte hain  
Jisne hame badnam kiya

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# Mayn Tumhe Sitare Nahi La Sakta

na mango sitare mujhse  
mayn tumhe sitare nahi la sakta  
na mango chand mujhse  
mayn tumhe chand nahi la sakta  
na mango suraj mujhse  
mayn tumhe suraj nahi la sakta  
la sakta hoon to sirf  
mere ankhon mein ansu  
tumhe sahara dene ke liye  
jab tum takleef mein ho  
ya pareshan hal mein  
mayn ek shayar hoon  
mohabbat ke liye bana hoon  
ye ladai jung ka maidan  
ke batein mat kiya karo  
mayn buzdil hi sahi  
lekin mohabbat jatane ka hunar  
mujhe achhi tarha se ata hai.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

 PoemHunter.com

# Hamne Mohabbat Ko Ibadat Ka Anjam Diya

Humne mohabbat ko ibadat ka anjam diya  
Ji chahta tha ke hum unse baat karein  
Humne apne hoton ko si liya  
Humne mohabbat ko ibaddat ka anjam diya  
Ji chahta tha ke hum unse hath milaye  
Humne apne haton ko janjeer se band liya  
Humne mohabbat ko ibadat ka anjam diya  
Ji chahta tha ke hum unse gale mile  
Humne hamare sine par pathar rakh liya  
Humne mohabbat ko ibadat ka anjam diya  
Ji chahta tha ke hum unhe tanhayi mein mile  
Humne apne apko doston mein mashgul rakha  
Humne mohabbat ko ibadat ka anjam diya  
Jab na hosaka hamara unka rishta  
Humne unke yadon ko sharafat ke angan mein sajaya  
Humne mohabbat ko ibadat ka anjam diya  
Hum chahe to bahot kuch kar sakte thea  
Magar humne mohabbat ko ibadat ka anjam diya  
Wo mohabbat hi nahi jis mohabbat ko  
Ibadat ke anjam tak na pahunchaye  
Humne sharafat ka rakha pura khayal  
Humne mohabbat ko ibadat ka anjam diya

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# Dr. H.S. Doreswamy

An affection to meet a poet and guru  
Took me to the city of Bengaluru  
And I searched him with pain  
But my efforts were in vain  
Yet I continued my endurance  
With my heart's assurance  
And I came across Doreswamy  
The freedom fighter Dr. H.S. Doreswamy  
His age at the time ninety-eight  
And his health in a good state  
Strangers he and me  
I knew him not nor he knew me  
We learnt about each other  
How lovely was our gather  
What a great and adorable moment!  
To meet an active member of Quit India Movement  
Jailed for fourteen months  
For these patriotic fronts  
Worked with Vinoba Bhave and J.P. Narayan  
And proved to be a true Aryan  
Got arrested with J.P. Narayan during emergency  
For fulfilling the time's urgency  
Demanded three acres land for farmers  
As their life's sustenance and amours  
An awardee of honorary doctorate  
From Tumkur University  
For his excellence in humanity  
Reading my collection of poems  
Voice of an Unaccomplished Soul  
Gave his written benediction on my poetic role  
Receiving his blessings I enquired about the poet  
And learnt about his worldly covet  
I gave up meeting the poet and his flavor  
And thanked God for doing such a favor  
What a great day it was!  
Meeting the great grandsire and guru  
On 10th. January 2017 at Bengaluru.



# Consumers

O! What can be a better example to man  
See! See the consumers of greenery  
And their products on sale  
Touchable and smelt without a great hesitation  
Useful to one and all

O! What can be a greater example to man  
See! See the consumers of non-greenery  
And their products not on sale  
Untouchable and smelt with great hesitation  
Useless to many

O! What a great difference  
Contradictory to each other  
O! Man just comprehend and ponder  
And choose the righteous path.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



PoemHunter.com

# One Amidst 99

A wise amidst 99 fools  
Is not a right sentence

A fool amidst 99 wise  
Is the right sentence

As the 99 fools become wise  
And the one wise a fool

As rules the majority sense  
That becomes the common sense

The wise has to adjust himself  
According to the majority sense

The world is such an asylum  
An asylum of one amongst 99.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



# My Soul Has Chosen Her

She's not a fair lady  
Not to be counted among beauties  
But she's the one my soul has chosen  
Chosen to be my partner and mate

She's not the one to be gazed  
Not to be praised for her looks  
But she's the one my soul has chosen  
Chosen to be my destiny and fate

My soul has particularly chosen her  
Not for physical and social status  
But to be a partner in depression and distress  
For she's the one who possesses  
The requisites and pleadings of my soul

She's not the possessor of physical beauty  
But the beauty of a divine soul  
The inner beauty, the eternal beauty  
O! world! if ever you desire to see!  
The beauty of my lady  
See her through my eyes and vision  
And you will find  
One of the most beautiful lady on earth.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# Oscillations

Like the oscillations of a clock  
That never change the path  
The path of to and fro

Likewise man destined to oscillations  
That disrupt his beautiful life

Despite of man's efforts to stop  
It oscillates and oscillates  
To and fro, to and fro  
And his efforts go in vain  
Yet the struggle of man  
Never stops nor sees an end

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



PoemHunter.com

# Is Life Only For Joy? !

For joy! Is life only meant for? !  
Then why a man is born blind?  
For joy! Is life only meant for? !  
Then why do diseases attack?  
If life meant only for joy!  
Then why limbless men we see?  
If life meant only for joy!  
Then why a bride becomes widow?  
If life meant only for joy!  
Then why earthquakes cause destruction?  
If life meant only for joy!  
Then why trains derail?  
If life meant only for joy!  
Then why the old-aged awaits for death?

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



PoemHunter.com

# My Shadow

I attempt to climb the ladder  
The ladder pointing towards the zenith  
Leaned towards the wall of earth  
But my shadow beneath pulls me  
My shadow dark and black  
Unwilling to befriend the light above  
It befriends the gravity  
The gravity of the earth  
Powerful, attractive and magnetic  
Entangled is me between light and darkness  
O! I know darkness can't eat the light  
And light verily eats darkness

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



PoemHunter.com

# Life A Trial

Life is a trial  
Don't wait awhile

Just try and try  
With love and joy

Let the world cry  
Never you feel shy

There's a ray of hope  
If you really cope

To the purpose of Lord  
If you really accord

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



PoemHunter.com

# Facets Of Life

Four are the facets of life  
Entangling man for strife  
Facet one truth is truth  
Facet two falsity is falsity  
Facet three truth is falsity  
Facet four falsity is truth

Life entangled in these  
And man its victim  
Consciously and unconsciously  
We follow them to the grave

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



PoemHunter.com

# The Human Judgments

How the human judgments are? !  
From own prospective man judges  
The weakest of the weak, the human judgments  
The judgments we pass on one and all  
Are just fake and ambiguous  
Just ponder: the highly learned  
The judges of the courts  
A decree when appealed to the higher court  
Changes from level to level  
Then what about the common man?  
What's your judgment to this case? !

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



PoemHunter.com

# Elegy - Hanged In Delusion

My father, dear beloved father,  
My poor, unfortunate father.  
You lived a life of illusion,  
And hanged yourself in delusion.

You had an abnormal mind,  
Deep and high range of emotions.  
A kind and loving heart had you,  
Couldn't see anyone in grief and pain.

You woke from sleep several times,  
when ill and sick, did we all fall.  
How charming and sweet was your smile,  
We would wait carrying school bags awhile.

You were hurt once seeing a sight,  
An old woman from garbage fed.  
Such a tender heart had you,  
Compassionate to old, feeble and poor.

Suffered at times mental agony,  
Extremes, the abnormal mental state.  
Sheer compassion, the neurosis,  
Hit by blemish, the delusion.

Dignified profession had you,  
Postmaster, the world would call you.  
But when two men at distance spoke,  
Victim of delusion were you.

My father, dear beloved father,  
My poor, unfortunate father.  
You lived a life of illusion,  
And hanged yourself in delusion.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



# Unke Saheli Ki Wo Akhri Mulakat

unke saheli se bhi huwi ek akhri mulakat  
central bus stand par itwar ki ek subah  
maine unhe dhoonda magar wo unme nahi thi  
badal gaye thea saheli ke saheliyan  
humne unke saheli ko dekha  
hum age chale gaye aur jab mudkar dekha  
wo wahi par khadi thi apni saheliyon ke sath  
humne unke saheli ko dekha  
aur wo hume ek wakht ke liye  
aur hum age chale gaye apne dard e dil ko lekar  
yad ati hai unke saheli ki akhri mulakat  
gam e dil ko badati hai wo akhri mulakat  
humne jise chaha ek nazm ki tarah  
wo rah gaye humare zindagi mei gazal ki tarh

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



PoemHunter.com

# Akhri Bar Jab Humne Unhe Dekha

akhri bar jab humne unhe dekha  
akele baythe thea sahme sahme se  
bus ki pehli seat par tanha tanha  
chad gaye hum jab bus mein  
unhone hume dekha aur humne unhein  
ek lehar si uth gayi dil mein  
lekin lachar thea hum dono  
na bath kar sake na muskura sake  
uss akhri mulakat mein bhi  
hum unhe dekhkar nikal gaye age  
gam e dil ko lekar hamesha ke liye  
zindagi ki ye akhri mulakat  
ek dard ban kar ati hai samne  
wo akhri mulakat wo akhri mulakat  
dil mein basi hai ye tasveer  
mitane par bhi nahi mit ti  
nikaloge hath dalkar, mere kabar se  
milegi ye tasveer khak e dil se

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

 PoemHunter.com

# Ajnabi Ki Tarha

hum mile ajnabi ki tarh  
humne tumhe chaha ajnabi ki tarha  
hum bicchad gaye ajnabi ki tarha  
lekin rah gaye ho dil mein hamesha

na humne tumhse baat ki  
na tumne humse baat ki  
na hum kabhi muskuraye  
na tum kabhi muskuraye

na hum tumse tanhai mei mile  
na tum humse tanhayi mei mile  
pahunche thea sharafat ki bulandi ko  
magar nazar lag gayi duniya walon ki

aye mohabbat ban ke sharafat  
bass gaye ho mere dil mei  
bagyar naraz e khuda  
tumhe dilse nikalu kaise

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

PoemHunter.com

# Seedhe Mere Katil Banjate

mohabbat ko dushmani mei na badalkar  
seedhe mere qatil ban jate to achha tha  
jhoot hi sahi mohabbat ke yakeen mei  
rooh nikal jati to achha tha

na maine kabhi tumse baat ki  
na dekh kar muskuraya  
na kareeb ane ki koshish ki  
na tanhai mein mila

ek umeed thi zindagi ki  
ke zindagi jayegi ek din sawar  
logon ke baton par jald se kiya yakeen  
meri sharafat pe na aya yakeen

mayn meri takleef mein tha pareshan  
gamon mein duba tha pehle se dil  
zindagi ki ummeed karraha tha bahot  
apni sharafat ko karke haseen

lekin tum nayi takleef doge  
nahi tha iska tasavvur  
kusoor tha hamare ankhon ka  
tumhe dekhna jurm e azeem hogaya

mana ke thi mujh mein kamzoriyan  
mayn khud apne ap se lad raha tha  
khud ki ladai ko kiya nahi izhar  
lekin tumne toh bana di meri qabar

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# Kuch Pane Ki Hamne Ki Koshish

kuch pane ki humne ki koshish  
lekin ho gayi har bar koyi sajish  
mahal tha hamara kagaz ka  
zindagi ke thea kayi ranjeesh

tha kuch pana bahot  
lekin thea dabe hamare hont  
humne ki sharafat ki mehnat  
lekin kam na ayi hamari mannat

thak gaye hum khud ko samajhte samajhte  
ruk gaye hum sabkuch khote khote  
rah gaya sab kuch hote hote  
dekhti rahi duniya haste haste

hum sharafat ki unchai chhuna chahte thea  
lekin shikar ho gaye shikariyon ke hath  
gamon ka bhi hoga ek akhri din  
iss umeed par yakeen rakhte rahe

hisab karte hain hum apne khone ka  
behisab ho jata hai iska ginana  
ruk jati hai kalam hamari  
uthakar sar par boj iska

pakar kho dena zindagi ban gayi  
khone ka gam hamari adat ban gayi  
khona zindagi ka nam ban gaya  
ab yahi hamari pehchan ban gayi

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# Kya Dekhkar Hamare Dost Ban Gaye

kya dekhkar hamare dost ban gaye  
kya sunkar hamare dushman  
darr hai kya samajhkar  
hamare qatil na ban jao

hamari sharafat ne tumhe sajaya  
hamari ulfat ne tumhe nikhara  
lekin tumne to mita diya hamara wajood  
hame fana kardiya, hame fana kardiya

shab e gham itna ke  
wo bhi kisike hona sake  
bada diya hamare gham e dil ko  
hame akele sahne ke liye

mohabbatein mujhtak pahunchte pahunchte  
zakhm ban jate hain  
hame pyar se koi dekha na karein  
darr hai ke nafrat mei na badal jaye

uski wo pehli hasi ulfat e sharafat bhari  
uski wo dusri hasi nafrat e ilzam bhari  
yad rah gaye zindagi bhar ke liye  
gam e dil ko gamgeen karne ke liye

kuch dena chahte ho hame to zeher do  
warna khamosh ho jao  
gham e tanhai mein hame rehne do  
ab yahi hamari manzil hai

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# Na Hum Khud Ko Samajh Sake na Duniya Hame Samajh Saki

Mohabbat aur sharafat dono ka,  
rakha humne pura khayal,  
fir bhi hum hogaye badnam.  
Tum thea hamare sharafat ke gawa,  
fir bhi kiya logon par eitabar,  
mujhe fana kardiya, mujhe fana kardiya.  
Nikal gaye hum tumhare shahar se,  
jistarh rooh nikal jati hai jism se.  
Guzre hain hum ek aise zamane se,  
na hum khud ko samajh saka,  
na duniya hame samajh saki.  
Khade hote hain hum jab aine ke samne,  
ek tasveer dikhayi deti hai,  
dhoondte hain hum apni tasveer ko,  
fir wahi tasveer dikhayi deti hai.  
Dard ka wo darakht aaj bhi sine mei hara hai,  
hazaron baar humne usae kata,  
fir bhi hari pattiyan nikal aati hain.  
Na hum khud ko samajh sake,  
Na duniya hame samajh saki.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# Founders Of The Indian Constitution

By the greatest weapon  
Thus was achieved independence  
The weapon that created fear  
Fear, fear, fear and fear  
The fear that is mother of all fears  
Fear that drew away for ever  
The Conquerors of the World  
The fear from the greatest weapon  
The Weapon of Mahatma Gandhi  
Non violence and peaceful protests  
And thus was born the brain child  
The Constitution of India.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# Non Violence

Never became Mahatma Gandhi  
A member of any political party  
Neither of Indian National Congress  
Nor of Muslim League or Hindu Mahasabha.  
Fought he alone with his weapon  
The Weapon of Non Violence  
A couple of people followed  
Then a small group and then a big  
Then a small crowd into a big  
And finally the whole of India  
See, Think, Ponder, Evaluate, Interpret  
The power of Non Violence  
Till his death, Mahatma Gandhi  
Was yet alone, firm in his belief  
Neither did he join any political party  
Nor any religious group.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# Wild Waves

The magnificent ocean  
Surrounded by the calcium fence  
Is disturbed by the wild waves  
That snatch away its beauty  
The beauty bestowed by its creator  
To sustain the eternal beauty  
The ocean being so powerful  
Yet fails many a times  
From the wild waves created  
Created from its own source  
Making man its victim  
And he struggles on and on

Vijaypur, Karnataka, India  
31st. December, 2019

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



PoemHunter.com

# Rotten Eggs

You find rotten eggs  
Sold on a large scale  
By their glamour  
The color white, symbolizing  
purity  
But you are amazed  
After sale, at the ultimate  
It has spoilt your odour  
The moment inner disposed!  
It's too late, the time you  
you know the truth  
O! Mirror, you reveal not  
But conscience whispers  
The inner truth.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



PoemHunter.com

# Garden Of Beetroots

An analogy better defines metaphor  
As here lies case of an alien lover

A gracious lady destined to meet  
Testing true nature and deed  
She saw in him sheer compassion  
Though revolted many for odd deeds

After marriage led by the lady  
The alien lover had to visit  
A garden of fresh beetroots

The gardener skilled in his art  
Finely completed his work  
But horrified the alien was!  
Seeing the garden and the gardener

Disliked he, the beetroots  
From the garden the alien frowned  
Stunned and annoyed was the lady  
Experiencing the alien's hatred

Not an ounce of hatred had she  
Ever before seen in alien lover  
Experiencing his hatred to garden  
Resolved to save her planet blue

The alien couldn't explain  
Nor could lady comprehend  
Mental status of the alien  
The subject was debatable  
And highly controversial  
Difficult was it, to explain  
What love and compassion is!

A great sacrifice, the lady does  
One to be recorded in history  
Serving her lovely planet blue  
Divorces the gracious alien

For ever and ever and ever  
A nightmare of mini giants  
Keeps alien vigilant and awake  
The alien lover loses his logic  
Power to think and comprehend  
In pondering over the meaning  
What love and existence means  
On the lovely planet blue  
Full of compassion to embrace  
Blind to acknowledge the difference

Like the forgotten prince of love  
Voice of an Accomplished Soul

Vijaypur, Karnataka, India  
31st. December,2019

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# Dictionaries

Eager to explore, meaning of existence  
Existence on the planet blue  
Searching for words and meaning  
Meanings enriching vocabulary  
Explanation fortifying wisdom

Found a dictionary serving purpose  
Searched others for the same words  
Found Dictionaries serving purpose  
Though with a slight difference  
Served the purpose and existence

But the difference slight provoked wide  
Creating controversy in opinions  
Destroying the horizon of wisdom

Needed a dictionary centralizing  
The meaning to all dictionaties  
Framing such a dictionary an essential  
The need paved the way for creation  
But universal acceptance faces challenge

Like the emperor's victory in vain  
Voice of an Accomplishing Soul.

Vijaypur, Karnataka, India  
31st December 2019

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# Let Me Do Goodness

Let me do goodness,  
Not for the fear of hell.  
But to be a human  
And not an animal.

Let me do goodness,  
Not for the reward of heaven.  
But to live as human,  
And die as human.

Let me do goodness,  
To maintain my human status.  
As it's not easy for man to be human  
And it's our duty to be a human

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# Thank You O! God

Thank You O! God  
For creating humanity  
For creating pure and beautiful  
relations.  
The mother and son, father and  
daughter, brother and sister.

Thank You O! God  
For the compassionate and healing  
hands of a doctor.  
Who cures by Your will.

Thank You O! God  
For a friend and helper in need  
If there's an enemy; there's even a  
friend.

Thank You O! God  
For the free basic needs  
Air, water and sunlight.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



# Where Is Truth To Be Found?

Where is truth to be found?

Never search!

You may never find it!

You will find entangled in truth and falsity

And at crossroads, knowing not

Which way is right.

Search the truth within yourself

It's embedded in your conscience

Truth is found within ourselves

Being truthful to one's self and conscience

Is the true knowledge of truth

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# Stages Of Accomplishment

O! You were an unaccomplished soul  
Far far away from the goal  
And you were assisted by God  
To deserve his award  
And you came on accomplishing path  
To avoid God's abomination and wrath  
Verily, you have approached the  
Accomplished end  
Crossing the unaccomplished and  
accomplishing paths  
But this is not an end  
As anytime you can bend  
Retaining self as an Accomplished  
Is the true accomplished  
As chances are great to return back  
To the first unaccomplished track  
For life is a struggle till the last breath  
And the struggle ends only on death

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# Approach

Though it took a long time  
To save self from crime  
And reach Sthithaprajna, Sthitadhi  
And the silent seeker Mauni  
Patience is the mother of all virtues  
And silence the destroyer of argues  
I persevere to retain them all  
And avoid, having a fall  
To my last and final breath  
Ending the struggle only on death

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# Silence

I opened my mouth  
To safeguard dignity  
And I barked like a mad dog  
I lost whatever dignity was left  
My words had no meaning  
Senseless was my speech

I kept silence to the best I could  
And spoke a few words with patience  
I gained my dignity  
My words, precious like pearls  
Every word with sense and respect

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# The Final Birth

O! What have I conceived  
The concept of ' Final Birth '  
That has the eternal worth  
The birth with profound wisdom  
To enter God's kingdom  
Loosing this precious birth  
Causes havoc at the Trumpet  
The birth with a mysterious history  
Recorded in the book of decree

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# Excuses

When time comes to make a move  
The self gives an excuse  
An excuse to postpone the move  
An excuse; be better in later moves  
An excuse to rely upon confidently

When time comes to tell truth  
The self gives an excuse  
An excuse to lie in the present  
An excuse; be truthful in future  
An excuse to rely upon totally

When time comes to make a sacrifice  
The self gives an excuse  
An excuse; enjoy the moments  
An excuse to rely upon lovingly

When time comes to share things  
The self gives an excuse  
An excuse to pray God for their provision  
An excuse to hoard wealth  
An excuse to rely upon definitely

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# Women In Deep Water

To married sister's' house; a poor brother visited  
Her sister, a government servant  
For one and a half day, the brother stayed  
And asked sister for return ticket  
An earthen money saver pot, the sister broke  
The money, exactly the bus fare,  
A warm farewell, brother-in-law forbade.  
Thoughts dawned on way back  
But, he realized, struggle of an Indian women  
To keep sister happy, never, he asked further.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# Published

Published are my work and words  
Published are my skills and conscience  
Published are my integrity and sanctity  
Published are my actions and reactions  
But unpublished is God's decree on me  
Judging my reality and superficiality.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# Republic Day Gathering.

Republic day, Republic day,  
Oh! , so joyous a day, so joyous a day.  
For all Indians, for all Indians.

A day of celebration,  
A day of national festivity,  
A day to commemorate,  
By all Indians, by all Indians.

Oh! , so lovely a day, so lovely a day,  
As a free country,  
As a Republic nation,  
For all Indians, for all Indians.

Oh! , so adorable a day, so adorable a day,  
Hoisting the flag,  
Reciting the anthem,  
By all Indians, by all Indians.

Oh! , so memorable a day,  
So memorable a day,  
Remembering the leaders,  
Freedom fighters and martyrs,  
By all Indians, by all Indians.

Oh! , so auspicious a day,  
So auspicious a day,  
Delivering speeches,  
Singing patriotic songs,  
By all Indians, by all Indians.

Oh! , we all gather, we all gather,  
With one purpose,  
With one purpose,  
We all Indians, we all Indians.

JAI HIND.



# O! Poets!

O! Poets! , the custodians of the truthful race,  
Explore the field of virtue and grace.

Possessives are not used for better words of praise,  
For modesty is your robe and lace.

Introspection is your master key,  
To intrude on earth as honey bee.

Intuition is your great treasure,  
Experience it with great pleasure.

Be the sawyer to cut down the poisonous shoots,  
That may turn into firm woody roots.

Beware of nemesis that awaits on your failure,  
For your suo moto is your saviour.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# Reply To Tr. Gomes Email On Her Reading My Poems.

I want to be like you,  
For you are true.

A symbol of purity,  
And sheer integrity.

The madness of Gandhiji seen,  
When virtue and conscience reign.

And the mind and heart become the slaves,  
Of the mighty conscientious waves.

Listening to the soft whispers of God,  
That inculcate the self to accord.

I want to be like you,  
For you are true.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

 PoemHunter.com

# Ode To Sweta Leena Panda

Verily, a great write,  
Truly, a heart touching flight.

Really, a profound worth,  
Undoubtedly, an excellent mirth.

Loved reading,  
And commenting.

My great admiration to you,  
For you are among the few.

You are a poetess indeed,  
May your words all-time breed.

Added some poems to my list,  
Impressed by the poem's gist.

Writing poems in childhood,  
Proves your poethood.

I wish my daughter to be like you,  
A poetess of excellence in my lieu

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# A Tribute To A Poet By The Almighty.

O great soul,  
You indeed reach to your goal.

Your falling drop of tear,  
In my love and fear.

Bear evidences of devotion,  
And your resolution.

I know you and you know me,  
So just be relaxed and free.

I don't entertain drama,  
Nor superficial trauma.

For I am the truth,  
The first and final truth.

I read before you write,  
I write before you act.

Your duty, to be on my tracks.  
My duty, to test you by providing cracks.

(A reply to Kumarmani Mahakul's poem  
' Writing Letter ' ) .

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# On Children's Day.

On the children's day,  
To the Lord I pray.  
May God bless,  
To one and all success.  
To be a good teacher,  
And humanity preacher.  
To be a fine weaver,  
Of virtues and character.  
I pray to the Lord,  
To all children award.  
Good health and great wisdom,  
Rid to laziness and boredom.  
Love in parents' share,  
Compassion of teacher's care.  
Nourished well three times,  
Secured from all crimes.  
Education to one and all,  
Sports and play with bat and doll.  
Poems to make them a man,  
Inspire to do what good they can.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# What Honour And Blessings You Give!

When you fail to respect others,  
And don't treat as true brothers.

What hope do you keep from the world,  
And what prayer has God really heard.

As you sow is your yeild,  
And God's protection and shield.

What honour and blessings you give!

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# Limited Time

What else can you do,  
When there's no time to prove.

Limited is the time provided,  
And the task into work divided.

The past is a burden,  
Future is uncertain.

The present is only the assurance.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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## Charities.

If your bike tyre got punctured,  
Never be in dissatisfaction.  
But thank God for making a means,  
A portion in a livelihood,  
For a poor and hardworking man.

If your food got rotten or stale,  
Never be in dissatisfaction.  
But thank God for making a means,  
Food for a dog or cat or crow,  
To fill their hungry stomach.

If your hand gave a coin extra,  
Don't be in dissatisfaction.  
But thank God for making a means,  
A portion in a livelihood,  
For a poor and hardworking man.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# Man's Ages In Sun's Stages

As the sun rises from horizon arc,  
So does man rises from womb dark.  
As sun gives out its tender rays,  
So does child charms in innocent ways.  
The sun then takes a step bright,  
So does man, too, takes the flight.  
The sun then comes in full mirth,  
Fulfilling its duty to enlighten the earth,  
To raise the clouds and to shower,  
Warm the leaves and nurture.  
So does man comes in full praise,  
Fulfilling its duty to, the family raise,  
To perform family obligations,  
And abide the social formulations.  
The sun then approaches declination,  
After its duty and obligation.  
So does man shows the reclination,  
After its duties and resolution.  
As sun enters the earth 's womb,  
So does man enters the tomb.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# O! Gandhiji, Your Weapon!

O! Mahatma Gandhiji!  
How powerful your weapon,  
More powerful than,  
Ever, ever made.

O! Mahatma Gandhiji,  
How destructive your weapon,  
More destructive than atom bomb,  
That destroys in total.

O! Mahatma Gandhiji,  
How portable your weapon,  
That anyone can handle,  
From a child to an old aged.

O! Mahatma Gandhiji,  
How operative your weapon,  
So simple and easy,  
For a man, woman and child.

O! Mahatma Gandhiji,  
How cheap your weapon,  
To market and to buy,  
That anyone can purchase.

O! Mahatma Gandhiji,  
How terrific your weapon,  
That creates a terror,  
In the hearts of enemies.

O! Mahatma Gandhiji,  
How magical your weapon,  
That retaliates violence,  
Silently and peacefully.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# Madam Marcelene Gomes

When my self, apart roams,  
My conscience recalls madam Marcelene Gomes.  
My teacher at St. Bartholomew's school,  
Who taught us the virtuous rule.  
A fine and devoted teacher,  
Humanity and spiritual preacher.  
A woman of strict conduct,  
Employing indecency to reject.  
Always caring and advising,  
Always motivating and inspiring.  
Pious, mystic, modest and chaste,  
Social, judicious, never in haste.  
Her words, in the heart lie,  
Her shout, an angel's cry.  
Her anger, a prophet's rage,  
Her looks, a saint's image.  
Till today, in my severance,  
My conscience, gives her reference.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# I Have Not Yet Understood

I have not yet understood,  
Is man's behaviour kind or rude.  
Is man a humanitarian and vegetarian,  
And the earth's superior authoritarian?  
Then how he fulfills his appetite,  
And considers himself right.  
With eyes, nose, skin, flesh and blood,  
Both together reside the world.  
In joy, sorrow, pain and fear,  
And the loss of belongings near and dear.  
Both inhale and exhale the same air,  
Avoiding perils, they both care.  
As I read through the history,  
I find it a great mystery.  
Has ever man used his light?  
My soul and heart, to the question fight.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# Who Are Wrong?

Who are wrong?  
We, they or you!  
Are all right?  
And no one wrong!  
Then what's wrong?  
When all are right!  
And what's right?  
When all are wrong!  
Here goes the confusion,  
Here goes the fight.  
We are right,  
You are wrong.  
Human race and communities,  
With true and false realities.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# Never Say ' Later '

Never say later or tomorrow,  
For it results in a great sorrow.  
Say ' now ' and take some pain,  
For it will be a true gain.  
Say ' now ' or else will be never,  
It's the only way to be braver.  
If you have time, it's only now,  
Future befriends death, from above.  
So, never for tomorrow, you wait,  
Act before, before your name gets late.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# O! Peacock!

O! Peacock, so beautiful and lovely,  
Your feather's craft and colour.  
O! Peacock, so majestic and elegant,  
Your crest on your head.  
O! Peacock, so pure and chaste,  
Your character and attribute.  
O! Peacock, so rhythmic and lyrical,  
Your dance and moves.  
But, but and but,  
O! Peacock, your voice and legs.  
Yet, yet and yet,  
O! Peacock, so beautiful and majestic.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# In Search Of Integrity.

O! my self! poor self! ,  
What do you crave for?  
Don't you know?  
The gifts of God lie,  
In the cradle of endurance,  
But you sail,  
In the coffin of whims, O Abdulrazak.

O! my self! poor self! ,  
What are you proud of?  
Don't you know?  
That pride has a fall,  
And shame follows fame,  
But you exalt self,  
In the coffin of pride, O Abdulrazak.

O! my self! poor self!  
What do you beautify?  
Don't you know?  
That time takes away,  
And the body turns ugly,  
But you beautify,  
In the coffin of masks, O Abdulrazak.

O! my self! poor self!  
What are you hoarding?  
Don't you know?  
That no material wealth accompanies,  
And you depart alone,  
But you accumulate,  
In the coffin of wealth, O Abdulrazak.

O! my self! poor self!  
What do you wait for?  
Don't you know?  
That death awaits,  
In fall of every second,  
But you pass time,  
In the coffin of 'tomorrows', O Abdulrazak.

O! my self! poor self!  
What do you plan for?  
Don't you know?  
There's a mighty universal plan,  
To defend your plan,  
But you fabricate,  
In the coffin of plots, O Abdulrazak.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

## As Say The Pupils.....

This is our school,  
We follow every rule.  
We are beautiful flowers,  
Having lots of powers.  
We study in a good way,  
Busy in study, the whole day.  
Teachers are our guide,  
And we all abide.  
Competition is high,  
And we all try.  
Principal is the captain of our ship,  
And we are the passengers of this trip.  
Our school is the best,  
Put us to any test.  
We will be stars and moon,  
Very, Very, Very soon.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# Human Life Marked By Desire

The human life is marked by desire,  
A newly born desires to cry,  
An hour old desires to be fed.  
A girl child desires for a doll,  
A boy child desires for a toy car.  
A grown up child desires to play,  
A youth desires a lover,  
A middle aged desires for status.  
An aged desires for support,  
An old aged desires for peaceful death.  
You will not find none without desire,  
And if so, will not be a man.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# My Child

Zakiya, my dear daughter,  
Pleases me with loud laughter.  
She ascended from high heaven,  
On February seven.  
She is my beloved baby,  
Precious as red ruby.  
She is my first child,  
Innocent, holy and mild.  
Seeing her refines my soul,  
To fulfill a father's role.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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# My Mother

My mother is arrogant,  
And sheer adamant.  
But she is my mother dear,  
The one very near.  
Under her feet is my heaven,  
Compassionating this raven.  
She is the one who will surely cry,  
From her if I try to fly.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



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## Ballad - Allama Bi.

Once in my early childhood,  
My father to show his brood,  
Took me to his mother's house,  
Laden with oxen and cows.  
Seeing the love of grandmother,  
I refused to go back with father.  
My father's sister visited with her son,  
And a dear friend I really won.  
By her love, he too quit his parents,  
And both stayed with grandparents.  
We stayed for one and a half year,  
Without hesitation and fear.

She woke up early in the morning,  
And gave us a mild warning.  
Performed prayers and fed the cows,  
And then woke us to sweep the house.  
She gave us bath, dressed and fed,  
Told stories and lullaby at bed.  
Truly a grandmother loves grandchildren,  
And at any cost, they are not a burden.  
If we were not fed in time,  
To her, it was a great crime.  
She asked us several times in worry,  
If we ate or felt hungry.  
She took us to her friend's place,  
And said words in our praise.

Experiencing her love and affection,  
We both forgot our parent's attention.  
My grandfather had bought a farm,  
To make his wealth healthy and warm.  
We both went to school at village,  
And were in classes of our age.  
At weekends we visited the farm,  
With lunch boxes in our arm.  
We would spend the whole day,  
And in evening, walk the return way.



In our farm, was a well, big and deep,  
For the crops to irrigate and reap.  
Once on an ill fated day,  
To the farm, we took the way.  
I started playing alone near the well,  
To my cousin, the well seemed a hell.  
My granny gave a warning bell,  
Not to approach and play near the well.  
She told me with a shout,  
If I fell, wouldn't pull me out.  
She then disappeared into the crops,  
And I approached the well with hops.

I slipped and fell into the well,  
Where water striders and frogs did dwell.  
I shook my hands and legs as fast I could,  
Such a struggle I hadn't done in my childhood.  
To call my granny, my cousin hurried,  
And granny came totally worried.  
Granny sent cousin to call farm servant,  
To run fast and be urgent.  
My struggle slowed down,  
And I began to drown.  
Grandmother stretched and bent and bent,  
That was what I saw till I went.  
I sank downwards to unconsciousness,  
And experienced death in nearness.  
When eyes were open with cleared vision,  
I saw myself with servant and cousin.  
But grandmother.....! !  
Where.....? ?  
Granny had showered her final love,  
Shaking the throne of God above.  
Till today in India, Karnataka, town Almel,  
The well is called Allama bi well.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# The Immoral Days

In guilt, I recall my immoral days,  
The days spent in insensible ways.  
Down into the bottom of hell,  
My thoughts did fell.  
My soul didn't cry,  
Nor eyes felt shy.  
How was the immoral blow,  
The mind full of evil flow.  
In praise to self, I did exalt,  
Denying my every single fault.  
To save self name and fame,  
To others, I did blame.  
I was the enemy of my soul,  
Avoided it to reach its goal.  
To self I called, a perfect,  
But, was full of defect.  
The immoral days had such a ride,  
Where I refused to abide.  
Those were the early days of ignorance,  
Such days shall never return, I give assurance.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# What's Mine?

What's mine?  
Let me define.  
Is it my looks?  
But its God's fabrication.  
Is it my brain power?  
But its Lord's shower.  
Is it my wealth?  
But its under threat of decrease.  
Is it my health?  
But what's in old age?

Then what's mine and only mine?  
That is good and fine.

Its my patience,  
Mine and only mine.  
Its my modesty,  
Mine and only mine.  
Its my sacrifice,  
Mine and only mine.  
Its my honesty,  
Mine and only mine.  
Its my compassion,  
Mine and only mine.  
Its my humility,  
Mine and only mine.

Its mine and only mine,  
Not of any human being,  
Not of any angel,  
Nor of God, The Almighty Lord,  
Its mine and only mine,  
Just mine and mine.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# Recovery From Illness

Oh! What a great ecstasy and joy,  
After a long misery and cry.  
My soul was long attacked,  
As it sobriety lacked.  
Sunk deeply in its sickness,  
Soaked in its weakness.  
Strove to free from disease,  
But showed a slow decrease.  
Reading poems, provided the medicine,  
And the strength to win.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



PoemHunter.com

# Brother Of Geetha Jayakumar

I found my steps, wrong,  
The period of astray, long,  
The shadow of Satan, strong.

And I asked to my 'self',  
'Am I the brother of Geetha Jayakumar,  
Belonging to the family of poets'.

My'self'was quick to answer,  
Refined with the divine transfer,  
And my heart and soul to refer.

'I am the brother of Geetha Jayakumar,  
Belonging to the family of poets',  
And steps became right, strong and bright.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



PoemHunter.com

# A Tribute To My Master

In the first decade of 21st century,  
I worked under a fine jury.  
One of the wisest scholar of the city,  
With patience, compassion and humility.  
The time to me was of doubt and fear,  
Him, I found, my life to steer.  
I wandered with an unstable mind,  
And found him patient, tolerant and kind.  
He struggled for me to cure and heal,  
With a great and great zeal.  
He adored me with guidance,  
And I gained in abundance.  
A time came and I departed,  
But with heavy hearted.  
His efforts today I reap,  
In high esteem, him I keep.  
In dreams I see his face,  
Eveready for me to embrace.  
I found none, so compassionate,  
My life to rejuvenate.  
Men like him are less to be found,  
His company a heavenly bound.  
Through this poem I pay my tribute,  
For my master's fatherly attribute.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

## Sonnet 2 Flow Of Thoughts

Thoughts that flow through the id,  
Wander with an immoral ride,  
Such thoughts should get rid,  
The one that don't abide.  
Thoughts that are virtuous and right,  
Make actions and deeds noble,  
Our future brilliant and bright,  
And the vice thin and feeble.

Let thoughts flow through superego,  
And capture the roots of morality,  
Let thoughts through conscience flow,  
To know its self and reality.  
If such then, will be a true gain,  
In a memoir to write and retain.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



PoemHunter.com

## Poems Written In Heaven.

Many a bards unknown,  
Many a poets unsung,  
Wrote poems in praise,  
Of their Lord,  
On pages unseen,  
Recited in silence,  
To please the Lord.  
Their poems, written in heaven,  
Read by angels and the Lord,  
Inscribed for ever and ever.  
The fruit of their endurance,  
The nectar of their silent utterance.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



PoemHunter.com



# He Was Better Than Me

They respect and honour me,  
But dishonoured was he.  
He was a man left all alone,  
For his goodness, never shone.  
He met me and said, 'O brother',  
And we had a time together.  
'I would quit my illness', he said,  
'If you give me a moral aid.  
He worried about his daughters,  
As everything was spent on quarters.  
He showed a great endurance,  
Will, repentance and penance.  
But before his total recovery,  
Death seized him in his bravery.  
They say, I am better than he,  
But he was far better than me,  
His illness was known to all,  
And my, hidden, behind the wall.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# Visioning The New Year

Visioning the new year,  
For your life to steer.  
With a hope and happy heart,  
Give the year a good start.

But carry your heart and hope,  
Holding the courage rope.  
Never your heart and hope you drop,  
Never make the year a flop.

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



PoemHunter.com

# O My Friend Jerry

O my friend Jerry,  
You are a sweet cherry.  
You have perfected your life,  
After a great great strife.

You have maintained self discipline,  
Marking your life neat and clean.  
As a poet I can understand you,  
For you are as lovely as morning dew.

But this is not an end,  
In life there is a lot to bend.  
Life is a struggle till the last breath,  
And the struggle ends only with death.

'26/12/2014 Vijaypur Karnataka India'

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



PoemHunter.com

# Sonnet- I-Once Again I Betrayed My Soul

Once again I betrayed my soul,  
After making firm vows,  
Defying to play the role,  
And accepting that time loves.  
How many times I swear,  
To be perfect and glorious,  
And how many times I dare,  
After being so cautious.

Let me not follow the whim,  
Wavering mind I should lock,  
In times fantasy I shouldn't swim,  
And refuse every whimsical knock.  
My own soul I shouldn't wrong,  
After being headstrong.

'24/12/2014 Vijaypur Karnataka India'

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

 PoemHunter.com

# Let Me Be With My Conscience

Let me listen and hear my conscience,  
O! Vice, the wretched one.  
Your clutches seem to be strong,  
But verily with you is a loss.

Let me walk and stroll with my conscience,  
O! Vice the Satanic.  
Your tentacles seem to be sturdy,  
But verily with you is a fall.

Let me sing and recite with my conscience,  
O! Vice the evil.  
Your jaws seem to be empowered,  
But verily with you is a defeat.

Let me hop and dance with my conscience,  
O! Vice the shameless.  
Your claws seem to be robust,  
But verily with you is a shame.

'23/12/2014 Vijaypur Karnataka India'

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

# My Lord

It's Almighty my Lord,  
To whom I pray and accord.  
He is the universal light,  
I worship Him day and night.

To Him I obey and abide,  
For He is my light and guide.  
As long in Him my faith lay,  
I will never be in astray.

'22/12/2014

Vijaypur Karnataka India'

Abdulrazak Aralimatti



PoemHunter.com

# Your Day

In the name of God, start your day,  
Neat and tidy mark your way.  
Melodiously utter your words,  
Like the chirping of birds.

Uprightly perform your duty,  
In it lies your beauty.  
Straightforwardly refuse the wrong,  
Being brave and headstrong,

Consciously follow the Lord's law.  
Without delay, doubt and flaw.  
In the name of God end the day,  
Rest in peace, as long you lay.

'20/12/2014

Bijapur Karnataka India'

Abdulrazak Aralimatti

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