

Poetry Series

**AbdurRehman Qadeer**  
**- poems -**

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AbdurRehman Qadeer()

## ?song Of The Stable Boy

On the far away empty island  
In that ancient cottage  
Veil of the night covers the face of the land.  
As you keep looking out of the window  
At the moon and clouds making the shape,  
like an arrow of foam with a silver bow.  
Surrounded by the trance of nostalgia.  
And behind the worn curtain,  
I secretly am filling all the jars with,  
sweet wishes and pinkish desires.  
Now it's time to change the climate of your heart.  
It's time for you to turn around.  
And make some loud amazement's sound.  
As I open the jars,  
filled with fireflies.  
As they fly spread inside the dark room.  
And fill your face with surprise.  
So you could fill lightning bugs,  
into the lake of your eyes.  
Smelling the petrichor after rain of sparkles,  
I take your hand and we keep couple dancing.  
So I could look into the world,  
behind the curtain of your eyes.

All these dreams and fantasies are no ordinary,  
but sometimes stable-boy find's his Cinderella.  
Because sometimes, 'Dreams do come true.'

AbdurRehman Qadeer

# A Poem

Let me write  
a poem  
on your body  
with my lips.

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# A White Rose

In a garden full of flowers.  
I saw a white smiling rose.

Her petals, gentle an' soft an' fair,  
Were dancing with the walk of air.

Full of beauty full of shine.  
I wanted it to be only mine.

But that rose would not look at me.  
While only her, I wanted to see.

And I heard a ringing chime.  
It was garden's closing time.

Without the rose I had to go.  
I caught a little memory though.

And I made a picture of her with colors,  
of wintery snow, and heat of summers,

an' Sadness of autumn, and beautiful spring.  
Then into my heart I did it bring.

I hung it with my dreams' wall.  
And I would never let it fall.

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# Bloody Feet

You walked carelessly,  
On the crumbs of hearts,  
Now why so worried?  
If you see,  
Red footprints behind,  
And the blood in your feet?

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# Collecting Stones

First time I walked from home,  
was to follow my heart you stole.

Spent years, collecting stones,  
searching and yearning for you.

Just to realize you were nowhere  
and during collecting stones,

I lost my pearls.

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# Dreams Of A Statue Boy

On a trip, to a museum I was.  
There a statue, made of grey stone I saw.  
Statue of a little boy.  
In his hands holding a jar.  
Filled with fireflies, was that jar.  
And at it, he was looking.  
I looked into his eyes, which were telling me something.  
In his eyes were some dream.  
They told me that, he wants to walk.  
The boy made of grey stone.  
He lives in museum, standing alone.  
And loneliness, makes him cry.  
And no one hear his any moan.  
He wants to go out, and enjoy the open air.  
And birds sitting on trees he wants to stare.  
And look at roses, and in winter, girly red noses.  
And a friend, to them, everything to share.  
And catch fireflies himself.  
And put them in the jar.  
And he wishes that he had a home with a shelf.  
To put that jar on.  
And sleep when he's tired of standing.  
But he wishes what is against the nature.  
Because he is just a stone made creature.

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# Let's Play Hide & Seek (A Love Poem)

Let's play hide and seek.  
I will hide behind the sun.

And if you can find me,  
then you'll be allowed to hide into horizon.

And I will dive in, too.  
And follow your sweet scent.

And if I find you.  
Allow me to hide in Bermuda triangle.

But I will leave my foot prints behind.  
And if then, you find me,

I need you to join me, and live with me an eternity.  
Because no one can come back from there.

Who possibly will want to?  
If you and I are together.

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# Let's Rise

Let's no more hide behind the horizon!  
Let's rise and shine brighter than sun!

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# The Liberal Muslim (Hypocrisy)

The Libral Muslim

Once there was a person I met.  
Inspired me and became my favorite.  
He used to teach some students.  
And I visited him daily for some moments.  
And then a girl came,  
the girl with wearing veil.  
Only her eyes used to be seen.  
But that person was kind of mean.  
Spoke against Hijab, to her.  
And told it was to her personality a blur.  
And that, take it off, she should.  
So, her personality could.  
Be brighten, and she will feel incredibly free.  
And show to the world her hidden face.  
And fear out of it, she should embrace.  
Or she will lose modern world's race.  
I defended and then his mouth was shut.  
And i felt for first time a victory, but,  
The next day that girl came, without her veil.  
I couldn't know that I was defeated,  
or it was Hijaab.  
Time passed, and I forgot.  
And I did not care about it a lot.  
Next day from passing through the street,  
Some was fighting in a house, I did hear.  
It was that person, because veil, his wife did not wear.

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AbdurRehman Qadeer

# The Picture

If light was mixed with light,  
No one could've borne that dazzling bright.

If darkness mixed with darkness,  
It would be blind black hole.

The Gatherer mixed the light with the darkness,  
So it became most beautiful picture,  
Called the universe.

AbdurRehman Qadeer

## To Tin-Man (A Poem For Kashmir)

Oh tin-man stop ringing the tin.  
Oh tin man do not wake me up,  
from my sweet dream.  
Do not jerk me while dream and rest,  
with some girls half dressed.  
While I'm having drinks of colors and cores.  
In this euphoric era.

Oh tin man do not ring the tin,  
to wake me from my euphoric sleep.  
To tell me that there is a valley 'Kashmir'.  
Where people drink their own tears.  
Where their diet is shocks and fears.  
And bullets for their eyes.  
Each day lose their dears.  
And scarves of innocent girls are burned.  
Not only scarves but whole valley gets burned.

Do not wake me up Tin-man!

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# Worlds Of My Own

What if I don't fit  
into any world,  
in your world

I'll make my own worlds,  
in my own worlds.

Full of lights,  
full of flowers.

And your eyes  
will not bear  
the light so bright  
and will burn

And your ears  
would not hear  
the music so loud

and you'll lose  
your minds  
as its fragrance  
reaches to it.

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