

Poetry Series

Ahmad Husain
- poems -

Publication Date:
2016

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Ahmad Husain(29/07/2001)

Ahmad Husain was born on 29th July 2001 at Gaya (Bihar) , India and is currently living in Aligarh (Uttar Pradesh) , India. He has done his Prep from Green Crescent Public School, Aligarh and has completed primary school from NNPV, Kendriya Vidyalaya J.N.U. Campus (IIT Branch) , New Delhi and Kendriya Vidyalaya Aligarh. He is currently studying at the prestigious S.T.S. School (popularly known as Minto Circle) , Aligarh Muslim University, Aligarh (U.P.) , India. From early days his passion is reading and writing. Though he has not published a book yet, he loves to write poetries.

Born in 2001, Ahmad lived his early life in Gaya (Bihar) , Aligarh (Uttar Pradesh) , and later, in 2007, shifted to New Delhi. He studied at the local Green Crescent Public School till Kindergarten. He qualified for Kendriya Vidyalaya (IIT Delhi) in 2008 and studies there till class III until he returned to Aligarh, getting a transfer to K.V. Aligarh. For class VI, he cleared the entrance examinations and got admission into the prestigious S.T.S. School (Minto Circle) , Aligarh Muslim University in 2012. Currently he is studying at S.T.S. School in class IX.

His hobbies are cycling, playing PC games and reading novels. The Harry Potter series is his favourite book series - J.K. Rowling, author of which, is his favourite author - apart from some other series like the Famous Five. He also likes reading poetries.. He is an addict of The Hindu, the daily newspaper. His aim is to become a novelist in future, apart from being a columnist. His primary aim is to publish a book of his self-composed poetries.

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An Angelic Figure

There came the Santa
Carrying with him
— At the strides of his beloved reindeers
On his golden sleigh of hope —
The flowers of love, affection and glee;
Scattering into the busy world of sorrows and tears
In the painful, frosty weather
The new warmth of love and hope.

Distributing the happiness which knows no bound
To the gullible young ones and kind adults
Giving the despaired crowd a hope to live
And a new rise to the world ahead;
In the barren land of roughly lives
A new crop of love and hope.

He came here and is now to go
Departing from the world not like him
Leaving behind a nostalgic crowd
Waiting for him to come again next year
And end a year-long wait;
Riding in his thick crimson
On his golden sleigh
Like an angelic figure on snow.

There goes the Santa
Taking with him
— At the strides of his beloved reindeers
On his golden sleigh of hope —
All the sorrows and tears of the world after him
And leaving behind
In place of them
The antidote of all the fears and pains.

Ahmad Husain

As The World Looked By

She had given her all without a word
To serve the man, for the glee of her spouse
Her groom, as they say, her reason for life
Her killer, her assassin, I don't shy to announce.

Her life-partner, as they used to say
Her 'life-partener', I prefer to say
Who parted her from her cherished soul
And forced her ahead to meet her last day.

A 'life-partner' in a sense adverse
Who died the night before, singing her death song
Who gave away his life for the cause of his soil,
Passed away like a lion, but took her along.

The news tore its way, like an arrow straight from bow,
Making its way straight to her heart
That her groom was listed in the martyrs' toll
In the line of duty, he had met his last.

But what was her fault, aloud she asked
When she came to know, she was about to be slain
Suppressed she was hard, inside she stormed
An innocent life was lost, a voice so sane.

There waited the fire, red with fury
But sighing it was too, for it too had a heart
Her hearth was sad, it was also sighing
The clouds were mist, the heavens were crying.

The world looked by, as she burst into flames
To a raven chunk of coal, to the ashes brunet
The world looked by, along with her dreams,
As she burst into flames, with heart-pounding screams.

And the world looked by, as forsaken beholders
As she turned into - a statue of death
And the world looked by, as her innocent body,

Was left by the soul, and was laid still.

And the world looked by, as a young strong woman
Was snatched from her life, with mercy denied
Her mother cried, as she went invisible
In the sighing flame, under crying skies.

Tears running down, as to douse the flame
Which engulfed her in, snatched her precious gem,
And kept on its blaze, in fury over sighing
Their hearts turned stones, as the world looked by.

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Best Day With My Warden

Outside my hostel,
Sitting in the garden,
Thinking how to get free
From the terror called 'WARDEN'.

As I was sitting,
I heard some noise,
It was none other than
My warden's voice.

All of a sudden,
I ran so fast
After a few seconds, I found myself
Hidden behind a tree at last.

I saw something
From behind a tree,
That my warden
Was coming with something.

The 'something' was no more 'something'
But it was something made up of wood.
The next moment, I saw that it was a stick,
And I ran as fast as I could.

Warden saw me and ran after me
And the next moment, he caught me.
I screamed aloud and saw my warden
Now there was no terror on my face,
But the terror was on my warden's face.

My warden said, 'What happened to my son? '
And his son (means I)
Was now thinking
To have some fun.

I laughed aloud
And I laughed aloud,
My warden saw me

And he also laughed aloud.

As we returned to the hostel,
Everyone stood and felt silent.
They thought that the warden
Had done something violent.

But they didn't see there,
That weird sight.
After all it was the best day
With my warden and I.

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Once More

Whenever I recall him of a few days back
He seems to be as a friend of mine.
A nice, a closed and the best one I had
For whom the quarrels, the flare-ups
Everything was fine.

But I dearly wonder what was that cause
That resulted for me in such a huge loss
Never did I find an answer to this
That such a huge loss, what cause that was.

I earnestly ask the moon and the stars
What was that turn that broke us down?
I can't at all resist this day
Neither his smile, nor his frown.

The only true friend I had with me
Is nowhere in sight to make me calm
He seems to be in the dark night sky
But still ready to put me a chilling balm.

I feel him everywhere wherever I am
Either I am sad or am filled with glee
But still the pain that resides in me
Has no bounds but never lets me free.

Oh stubborn heart please let me off
Oh ice-cold veins please let me comfort
The loss of a dear tears me apart
Please rejoin me, I'll give you reward.

Whenever I recall those happy days
I assume it as a sun with its brightest rays
But now that the sun has set in the East
I can't imagine what's left there at least.

Waiting for the sun to rise once more
Waiting for the moon to bemoan on
Once more for the warm rays to outshine my heart

Once more a hope for a breaking dawn.

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Shrieking East

Having a sight out to look beyond
From the horizon there's a sun to respond
Darkness engulfing whole Middle of the East
Is there an end to be reckoned?

Tears of terrorism has tore them apart
There's no way where to depart
Still living there, waiting for the death
A death coming nearer that never seem so far.

Terror and panic at every single step
There're millions of hands but never a thumb
The land is protected by the corpses numb
Bodies over bodies but no life in them.

Shattered, destroyed every edge they could find
Cursed recursed what they left behind
A billion drops of blood touches the ground
The thirsty land sucked it all till it got divined.

Were left on the ground with shrieks and moans
Those who were left cursing their own
The one having little life but still alive
Was left as it was for the miracle still to arrive.

There at the horizon among the dead ruins
Is still a man hoping dearly to survive
But the pain that's ripping him in two
Is stopping him to cry out that he's still alive.

No end to the fire but an end to the hope
No one really knows how to cope
Millions of eyes sinking in tears
Someone saying that a hope is there; but nope.

Will that sun rise once more
Will the stray voyage find a shore
Will the loved ones someday get a chance

To see their dearest who is no more.

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'Sorry' And 'Please' - The Words Losing Their Value

Sorry and please
Are the two words,
Which have lost their meaning
And became absurds.

Earlier, we used
These words as a request,
Now, we use them
As a part of our conquest.

Earlier, we used them
To plea to another,
Now, we use them
As an order to our mother.

People use it
As a formality of their own,
And because of these words
They are popularly known.

People say these words
Sorry and please,
Either they have killed someone
Or have got caught as a thief.

These words are used
Widely over the world,
Some get them as a respect
While others get these hurled.

Either a person is
Literate or not.
With these two words
He is always caught.

People use these words
Either angry or cool,
These words are used
To make someone fool.

Without meaning people use
These two words,
In this generation
These are not more than absurds.

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The Betrayal

The hunger of wealth, jewels and fame
Led me to betray my motherland
Never did I think of its obligations upon me
Although my fate had the revenge in its hand.

I thought I had succeeded all the way
I got the life I was waiting for
The dreams of being filthy rich
Or the wishes I once used to adore.

A few days of gain was everything for me
A life like a king knew no bound
Few days looked like years of comfort
But what was in my fate was now too late to be found.

In the midst of this all that I can recall
There came a time that I can't forget at all
A turning point in the route of my life
A U-turn that led me to a gigantic fall.

The treachery of mine gave its yield
And the awaiting disaster struck me hard
I was hurled away like a broken old toy
Everything was snatched and I was destroyed.

I was back to my own, worse than my past
I got completely ruined and was aghast
Nothing did I have to satisfy my gut
I had began to starve until it did last.

Within the darkness finally came a ray of light
From the mid of the sea came a shore in sight
I was back to the soil I did betray
But that very soil breathed me my life.

Broken was I with the shame in my heart
Lamenting myself all night all day
For betraying a soil that was everything to me
I wanted to state but had nothing to say.

But still the land like a mother it was,
Gave my life back like a child long lost
The clear blue sky was the shade I had
The fragrant soil was the mat I got.

I regret it now when the time has passed
That I couldn't get it, I couldn't understand
That this divine beauty, the sacred soil
Was nothing much in sight but truly my motherland.

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