

Poetry Series

Ali Faisal
- poems -

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Ali Faisal()

A Crook Might Have Wronged You

A crook might have wronged you
Swindled you out of a price
But karma takes its course
He seldom rests peacefully
Flees from his shadow
Sleeps with one eye open
Suspicion eats him up
His patience runs out
Trust fades away
Until friends become foes
And fate catches him up

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Absence Of Love

He who can not find
Love in his heart
Must not blame
Creatures at the outside
But face and fight
The demons in his mind

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All Great Men

The village had its cherished tale
That never made sense to many
Yet no one dared to challenge it
But Mo was strong and different
He has always stood alone
His head up with full of pride
He refused to be told or tamed
And made up his mind to be free
They called him crazy to push him away
He cared less and continued thinking
Knowing all great men did so in their turn

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Am I Right Or Wrong?

Am I a rational person in an irrational camp?
or am I a lone deviator from the traditional path?

Am I asking too many questions where the evidence is weak?
or am I unreasonably dissenting from the obvious reality?

Am I looking for a solution where there is a dilemma?
or am I a pessimist where optimism is the convenient norm?

Am I right for not travelling with the flock?
or am I wrong for not submitting to the popular concept?

Am I seeking for the truth where the rest is in denial?
or am I just in a dream where everyone else is awake?

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Arrogance Here It Is

Arrogance here it is.

Copying info and pasting it

Boastful with only a draft of it

Thinking knowledge is all to it

Amateurish and yet full of it

Naively bragging most of it

Correction has no chance in it

Logic has no bearing on it

Confidence has less value in it

When haughtiness is mixed with it

Failure will be the result of it

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Beauty

Indeed BEAUTY has a face!

That is neither an abstract phenomena
nor an imagination in dreamer's mind

Indeed BEAUTY has a face!

That is neither a drawing by a genius painter
nor a statue in galleries of arts

Indeed BEAUTY has a face!

She has glamour that glows in the daylight
and a lovely smile that glitters in the dark

Indeed BEAUTY has a face!

I have met her and solemnly verify
She is a reality that meets our fantasy

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Collective Illusions

I, the individual is in a crisis of Identity
I, is influenced by We, the crowd
I, is in search of belonging to the power of We
I, naively jumps in the bandwagon of We
I, dances in the drumbeats of We
I, buys into the emotions of We
I, loses focus in the illusions of We
I, is no longer itself in the leadership of We
I, is at war with the madness of We
I, in the end drowns in the sea of We

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Common Sense

When two plus two is four
But the majority says it is five
Will common sense become uncommon?
Will logic take the back seat?
Will the popular conviction still prevail over the fact?
Or can the majority be wrong?

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Contradictions In Principle

Puzzling to me
Is their advocacy of democracy
And their support of our tyrant

Perplexing to me
Is their love of peace
And their wars in our soil

Baffling to me
Is their people with human face
And our people in the collateral damage

Mystery to me
Is their claim of super culture
And their crimes in our continent

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Disharmony Of Conduct

How strange!

People with broken souls,
are always busy analyzing other folks' predicaments.

How strange!

People with the least information,
are always busy talking about all subjects.

How strange!

People with the lowest moral virtues,
are always busy lecturing us about manners.

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Ego Control

He who has his ego
had the better of him
Will foolishly lose
more than he imperiously fought for

But he who has control
over his pomposity
Will for sure gain
more than he emotionally invested

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Envious Whispers

On a bright day morning
A loser wakes up early
Suffering from a low self esteem
In a gloomy state of mind
Insecure of his dreadful fate
Desperately seeking relieve
In need of a company to keep
To lessen his agony a bit
Endeavors to defame a character
Starts his whispering messages
Rumors snowball rapidly
Till it paints a clueless victim
With a new stained face
The loser's day is done
Proud of the accomplished task
Mindful his intended target
Is dragged down to infamy
To his lower level of misery

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Family Is A Wealth

Family is a wealth
With abundant supply
A peace of mind
A blanket to wear
A shoulder to lean
A sanctuary to retreat
when storms are brewing
A priceless treasure
That no other can match
With no credit check to belong
And for that I love them
I will always cherish
To be part of menage

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Have You Ever Missed Her So Much?

Have you ever missed her so much?
Dreaming all day to link with her
Wanting to hear her magical voice
Making that longing call to her
Music came to your ears from her
Excited and happy with her words
Thinking that will soothe the dreams about her
Satisfactorily ending the phone with her
Another strong feeling commences for her
Your desire is more than ever before for her

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I Always Wonder

I always wonder
If my friends also wonder
Again I wonder
If they wonder my wonder
Only then I wonder
What they do with that wonder

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In My Mind

In my mind
I see your beautiful smile

In my mind
I smell your fragrant perfume

In my mind
I feel your soft touch

In my mind
I hear your musical voice

In my mind
I stare at your radiant eyes

In my mind
I adore your peaceful demeanor

In my mind
You are always with me.

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Irony

When I do
what I do,
they don't like it
because of how I do it

When they do
what they do,
they don't ask me
how to do it

Why do they
make fuss of it
how I do it
when I don't care
how they do it
or why they do it

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Let It Begin With You

If you want peace on earth
Let it begin with you
And be sure you work for justice
For it is that establishes lasting peace

If you want justice to grow
Let it begin with you
And be sure you sow the seed today
For it is injustice that produces conflict

If you want change to happen
Let it begin with you
And be sure you start it now
For it is procrastination that delays victory.

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Lip Service

Why pretend to care?
When need is so clear
Momentarily obtainable
You look for answers
That no longer suits
The yearning predicament
And knowing the outcome
Will not gonna solve

Why create a hope?
With a false promise
That buys nothing
But temporary convenience
And when the delivery is due
You skillfully claim
'Sympathy I have done it'
And the rest was to follow

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Listen To Me, I Am Talking

Listen to me, I am talking

Listen to me and don't interrupt.

Listen to what I am saying and not what you want to hear.

Listen to me so we can be hearing the same note.

Listen to me so I can listen to you in my turn

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Logic Breakdown

Why arrogance is at times seen as confidence?

Why bullying is at times seen as bravery?

Why lying is at times seen as cleverness?

Why cruelty is at times seen as strength?

Why ignorance is at times seen as frankness?

Why humbleness is at times seen as foolness?

Why kindness is at times seen as weakness?

Why patience is at times seen as cowardness?

Why altruism is at times seen as precarious?

Why idealism is at times seen as abstract?

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Mankind Is Threatened

Logic has been victimized
by fallacious cry for tolerance

Humanity is assaulted
by erroneous yearning for compassion

Marriage is undermined
by fictitious claim for equality

Sanity has been twisted
by bogus demands for freedom

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My Heart

My heart sees
what many eyes fail to observe

My heart hears
what many ears fail to take in

My heart mentions
what many lips fail to say

My heart understands
what many heads fail to recognise

My heart feels
what many others fail to perceive

In love,
The heart deciphers
more than all together

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My Lady To Me

My lady to me

Is

A beauty to see

A melody to listen

A character to witness

A manner to admire

A physique to adore

A perfume to smell

A talent to recognize

A peace to keep

A partner to trust

A friend to cherish

A hope to dream

A mercy to feel

A life to enjoy

A love to own

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Oh Conman Oh Conman

Oh Conman Oh Conman
With all your creativity
Why wasting it in escaping reality?

Oh Conman Oh Conman
With all your ingenuity
Why wasting it in conniving friends?

Oh Conman Oh Conman
With all your wit
Why wasting it in deceiving others?

Oh Conman Oh Conman
With all your charm
Why wasting it in hurting people?

Oh Conman Oh Conman
With all your talent
Why wasting it in disregarding the law?

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Power Belongs To The Almighty

When I fly high
up in the sky
thousands of feet
above the ground
I proudly cherish
how genius
a man is,
and with his creativity
along with his ability
takes control of nature

But when I look down
through the vast clouds
I see different shapes
small as ants
I humbly realize
how frail
a man is,
and with all his inventions
that absolute power
belongs to the Almighty

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Rape

When a friend betrays
or an acquaintance assaults
or a stranger attacks
or a protector turns to predator
Her inner peace is shattered
Her very sole is violated
She sobs with a grief
Wondering what to do
What if this
What if that
Wondering what will they say
Would they believe me or not
Would they blame me or not
Soon she feels dirty
Soon she feels alone
Rape is a calamity
That strikes with brutality
To all types of victims
They need our empathy
They need our sympathy
Our unconditional assistance

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Reciprocity (Quid Pro Quo)

Be kind and you will earn my support
be truthful and you will have my ears
be honest and you will gain my trust
be courageous and you will hear my admiration
be grateful and you will receive my assistance
be respectful and you will see my humbleness
be considerate and you will get my care
be yourself and you will win my acceptance
be mine and you will own my heart

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Role Model

Greatness is not how high you fly in style
Nor it is how big is your chauffeured limo car
But it is how often you bend your back to help
And how far will you stretch your hand to assist

Bravery is not how many you kill with bombs
Nor it is how big territory you have conquered
But it is how continually you speak for the oppressed
And how far will you risk your life for justice

Intellect is not how many degrees you have in the office
Nor it is how big are your refined words in a speech
But it is how well you communicate with the layman
And how far will you listen to understand the street talk

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Sacrificial Truth

We often agree with comfortable fallacy
On things we don't know much about it
Believing we know a lot about it
And when confronted with contrary facts
Our wounded pride stands in the way
By not allowing new ideas to pass
Pretending we are standing for certainty
And there goes the sacrificial truth.

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Steps Of Love

I see with my eyes
and know you are beautiful
I listen to my heart
and know you should be mine
I think in my head
and know I surrender to you

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Sycophant

He is a coward and a creepy
He is a crawler and kowtowner
He is a selfish and a sponge
He is a gutless and a weak-kneed.
He is a bootlicker and a blandisher
He is a fawner and a fleecer
He is an obsequious and a slimeball
He is a wriggler and a pester
He is a hustler and a scammer
He is a conman and an imposter
He is nothing but a sycophant

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The Enemy Within

Why Somalis are so keen to tribalism?
Why nationalism is so alien in our culture?
Why vision is so blurred in our eyes?
Why reality is so not comprehensible in our minds?
Why facts are so ignored in our homes?
Why logic is so lonely in our country?
Why truth is so unlikeable in our media?
Why justice is so hated in our neighbourhoods?
Why hypocrisy is so full in our hearts?
Why Islam is such a lip service to our people?
Why are we the enemy against ourselves?

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The Little Girl Cried In Agony

The little girl cried in agony for help
Her president dined and toasted with the nemesis
Perhaps nothing has been said on her behalf

Mothers were collected like a trash
Their government has despicably gone mute
Perhaps their fate is sealed in concession

Our people were humiliated in a daylight
Not a soul protested at home and abroad
Perhaps we have subconsciously resigned

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To Inscribe A New Poem

Poem: To Inscribe A New Poem

The pen in my head
has its own switchgear
that flips with emotions
In happiness or in grievance
in celebration or in sorrow
To address the audience
in tutorial manner
Telling me to be creative
and only seek for meaning
To inscribe a new poem
that describes the situation
for whomever to comprehend.

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Toddler Man

I am a toddler man
Who loves his grown up toys
I tweet my feelings to friends
I text my needs to whomever
I turn to google for enlightenment
I get my tips from the tele
I talk on the phone to mates
I am too busy for human touch

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Unyielding Pride

He who is boastful with unyielding pride
Will let go many valuable camaraderies
For the two can not coexist in one cerebrum
As respeto links all friendship connections
Alas haughtiness demolishes real bridges
For the two can not reconcile in a same bosom

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Value Of Life

To value life of others
Is to acknowledge the sanctity of yours

To feel for the ruin of others
Is to respect the existence of yours

To fight for the freedom of others
Is to preserve the liberty of yours

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Ways Of Doing Things

Pessimism cries foul

It says the glass is half empty and complains

It paints a picture of an impossible situation

Optimism applauds

It says the glass is half full and calls for celebration

It creates a scenario of a possible completion

Pragmatism considers

It says the glass is only half full and gives explanation

It calculates facts and proposes a solution

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We Are Robots In Human Body

We are alarmingly conditioned
Our perceptions are programmed
Our values are manufactured
Our thinking capacities are limited
Our emotions are guided
We no longer control our hearts
We have lost our human qualities
We are in behavioral modification process
We are the dumbest generation
With the most educational credentials
We have created the best social networks
Yet we are the loneliest in real life
We are covertly engineered
We are robots in human body

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Well Educated Man

If you ever wanna measure
How well a man is educated
The proof is beyond any certificate
It is his awareness of knowing not much
and his craving for learning more
It is his habit of showing off not much
and his willingness to listen more
It is his wisdom of being humble
and his patience towards the unfamiliar
It is his understanding of the infinity of education
and his readiness to be a student forever

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What Is Communication?

What is communication without listening?

What is listening without hearing?

What is hearing without understanding?

What is understanding without benefiting?

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What Is It To Be A Man?

He was twenty-something and feeling proud
He declared that he is no longer a boy
And demanded to be treated as a man

She replied, that age is just a number
And challenged him to earn the respect
By reminding him to show it in deeds

He insisted that age is enough to make him a man
He asked what is It to be a man
And what deeds is she talking about

She told him, getting older is a natural occurrence
But maturity is what makes a man to be a man
And responsibility is what comes with it to be a man

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Whenever A Life Is Taken Away

Whenever a life is taken away
In a violent manner
Or lost in accidental way
We may hear it in the news
Yet we feel nothing for it
Imagine if that were yours
Wouldn't that be indignity to you
No to mention your family's grief
For every life we lost
To some it may be just only one
But to your loved ones
It is for sure one too many

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Who Is He?

If he is too proud to ask
He is not a wise person

If he is too shy to express
He is not a fighter

If he is too proud to apologize
He is not in a true love

If he is too shy to learn
He is not ambitious

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