

Poetry Series

Arfa Iman Kalera
- poems -

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Arfa Iman Kalera(June 23rd,2001)

I am Arfa, I was born in a family in which giving birth to a baby girl and then educating her was not considered good, in fact it was believed to be a sin. When I was born, they were outraged and they said my father to divorce my mother, somehow my father managed the situation and took us away from the village to the city, over there our parents started to educate us, our mother told us that getting excellent education was now the only route to success and prove ourselves, Still they were after us, due to these circumstances we had to again shift from Sargodha city to another city, life continued in such hustle and bustle. I started to express my views about life in the form of poetry at the age of 8, And I got my first book published at the age of 13, Now I am 14 and I am in grade all poems are available on poemhunter, My publisher was insincere, I payed money for 1000 books but I got even less than 50 books

16 December 2014

It was the day,
When the lamps of future were blown off,

When a garden of roses was ravaged,
By the brute.

Flowers and petals were trampled,
By the animals.

They moved unrestrained,
Though the roses were thrown upon thorns,

The petals were pricked,
And they withered very soon.

Yet the pain left behind,
And the fragrance too,
Will remain fresh,
In the coming years of centuries.

Oh, you brute, think not you are the winner.
Know that, in both worlds, you are the loser.

I know,
The violence swept away the flowers of my garden.

I admit,
 What happened, was injurious.
 What happened, was ruinous.

But I vow,
 I vow by the tearful eyes of the mothers,
 and by the painful cries of the children.

That,
 the future will be a message of triumph,
 & the new morning, for the enemy, will be a failure.

I vow,

The peace will be forever,
& the war will be never.

I vow this by God.....

Arfa Iman Kalera

A Recipe For Poetry

Poetry is a dish,
Tastier than fried fish,
When I write a poem or a few lines of innocence,
To express my conscience,
I pick petals of some thoughts
From the garden of mind,
With great care them I bind,
I get them washed
And put them into pot heart,
Burn the fire of emotions,
Mix spoonfuls of similes and metaphors,
And spices of diction
Serve them to my friends
In plates sketched with images

Arfa Iman Kalera

A Snowman

Last year I made a snowman,
Beautiful and tall,
I used some chocolate cookies for his eyes,
Stuck some beans to give him smile,
Made his nose of carrot, red,
Each brow with the feathers of crow,
His arms were made of stems of trees,
And I used some other tips for his lips,
Then made him my only friend in the town,
And shared with him my bread brown,
Happiness and sorrow,
Everything that I did borrow,
I wished that summer would never come,
Lest I should lose my friend,
Our happy company for some time remained,
And at last summer came,
It killed the man,
Snowman was whose name,
Now no one is there in the town,
With whom I may share,
My worries, my pleasures and plights,
Or my bread brown.

Arfa Iman Kalera

A Woman Alone.

There stands a woman all alone,
All happiness of her life has gone,
She has no support, she has no friend,
No one is there a smile to lend,
Her spouse died a month ago,
She has four kids to let them grow,
She has the load of life to haul,
But her patience is really tall,
Though the world left her alone,
Yet reality to her has been shown,
A few are to stand by in hard time,
Many become guest when the coins chime,
She is resolute to bring up the kids,
Keeping her tears behind the lids,
She will sacrifice her desires and needs,
Whether they become flowers or weeds.

Arfa Iman Kalera

Aim

This life is a game,
Which cannot be played by the lame.

I have decided my aim,
And my aim is my name.

Choose yourself your aim,
Otherwise the world will make you lame.

You will lose your game,
And would never earn money or fame.

Arfa Iman Kalera

Alina's Mouse

This poem is for my dear friend Alina Mushtaq;
There was a mouse,
It lived in Alina's house,
Its colour was grey,
And it was a cat's prey,
All the day it played hide and seek,
With Alina's cat, and also did freak,
All the time there was a noise,
Alina with girls and boys,
Did it thrash and threw it on a heap of trash.

Arfa Iman Kalera

Autumn

It is autumn, trees are leafless bare,
The seasonal birds of summer stare,
Into the clear, clean and cold sky,
In their heart they weep and cry,
For the summer has gone away,
And now they, no more, can stay,
Winter chases its prey from behind,
With a heart callous and eyes blind.

Arfa Iman Kalera

Chocolate Cake

I eat yummy, tasty chocolate cake,
Which my mom does often bake,
She pours the jelly on the top,
It looks like a blister, about to pop,
She adds then a layer of vanilla,
Which seems like a roof of villa,
Pineapple slices on it then blink,
They shine red, yellow and pink,
When I take on it a big bite,
My face becomes a slimy site,
I let my tongue out of my mouth,
Move it east, west, north and south,
I bite the chocolate with relish sweet,
Then wipe my lips clean and neat

Arfa Iman Kalera

Come

Come and give me a hand,
Lets play a band,
On the beautiful land,
Standing on the mounds of sand,
So that a moment should come,
So that a moment should come,
We all may shine,
And make the nation fine,
All is yours and mine,
Lets move and go ahead in line,
To the world of future,
Where there is no fear,
Where there is no tear,
Where song of peace is to hear,
And sky is very clean and clear.

Arfa Iman Kalera

Confusion

The autumn in the gardens tears me up
The darkness in the beacons fears me up
These wrongs in rights
and blues in whites
Fear me up
And the tear me up
I don't know why the world is round
When the different people here, confuse me up
I don't know why the sky is blue
When I, m innocent, and the people accuse me up
The people are different
Yet the world is round
The people are worst
Yet the sky is blue
I don't know why
So I can just sigh

Arfa Iman Kalera

Examinations

A source of fear
For those who are afraid
A yardstick to measure efficiency,
Pain for the learner, pleasure for teacher
Though I am not a lazy being
Yet they give me psychological torture
And make me always nervous
Now they again encroach to me
And I shall be face to face next week
Though I burn the midnight oil
Yet I have sense 'I know nothing'
It is hard to stuff the mind,
With the dates of history, symbols of chemistry,
But O! my friends be patient
Though they give you distress
Yet they bring you success
When others sleep
And you at the night wake
They mold your fate, soon or late.

Arfa Iman Kalera

Fear And Tear

My heart and mind are full of fears,
And the eyes have a stream of tears,
The water that comes out of heart,
It is gold, neither rubbish nor dirt,
My heart pains but the eyes weep,
It is a secret and a secret very deep,
I think why I am so sordid to all,
None is to wipe my tears, no pal,
I myself am the cause to weep,
Why winds blow, why tears creep?

Arfa Iman Kalera

Forbidden Love

How can we pass through journey of life?
All alone and unaccompanied,
It is tedious and long,
But love is forbidden, like forbidden fruit

Heart asks me to love,
But mind is full of fear, fear lest
I should do something prohibited,
And stain my character.

Living hopes dwell in my heart,
And heart asks me to love,
But love is forbidden, like forbidden fruit.

The moment is as bright as flowers,
I know myself and you too.

Life is a journey tedious and long,
Only love makes it worth living,
But love is forbidden, like forbidden fruit.

Arfa Iman Kalera

How I Feel

On seeing dishonest honesty,
And that insincere sincerity,
My heart was in a sad happiness.

That shrieking silence,
And those crying laughters,
Made me make a weeping smile.

I was feeling badly good,
And also sadly happy,
And this was with everyone

Arfa Iman Kalera

I Remember

I remember the times in my childhood,
when all went hand in hand
Running, laughing, smiling and cheering
But I went alone
Just waiting and wishing for a friend,
To have someone who could
Go hand in hand,
Tears rolled down my cheeks
And there was no one to soak,
Even now when I sit alone,
Pain is revived, when I see others
Going hand in hand, me sitting all alone,
I am chilled to the bone.

Arfa Iman Kalera

I Stand.

I stand in the world,
Where the noise is loud,
And the people proud.

I stand in the world,
Where problems are a lot,
And the honesty forgot.

I stand in the world
Where hearts are stone,
And the sincerity gone.

I stand in the world,
Where life is sad,
And the fellows bad.

Arfa Iman Kalera

I Want

I want to fly,
And shine in the sky,

The best I want to say,
And in the best way,

My aims are great,
I'll make them my fate,

This is the voice of all,
Oh people don't let your aims to fall.

Arfa Iman Kalera

I Wish I Could

I wish I could
Lock sadness in a cave
Burn worry in a fire
Slaughter war just now
I wish I could

I wish I could
Bring smiles to the world
Wipe all the tears away
Fly peace everywhere like a kite
I wish I could

I wish I could..... Just now

Arfa Iman Kalera

I'm Lost

I am someone lost,
There lies on my heart that frost,
Which made my world so silent,
Yet the outer world is so violent,
My eyes and ears are close,
This world is not which I chose,
O listen! O listen! I'm lost.
O see! O see! I'm lost.
I want to find myself at any cost,
But yet, I'm lost, in frost.

Arfa Iman Kalera

In The Dark.....

In the dark,
Is there sitting someone,
Who is weeping and crying,
And asking for help,
And its own lost significance,
Also for the lost fame and the name.
That one is called honesty

Arfa Iman Kalera

In The Garden

I play in the garden,
The garden where flowers are pleasures,
Thorns are sorrows,
Butterflies are friends,
Ladybirds are my fellows,
The biting ants, the stinging wasps my foes,
But they are the part and parcel,
Of the society I live in,
We may face together,
Happiness and sorrows,
Friends and foes,
Bothering none, if we are one,
During the strife, in the garden of life

Arfa Iman Kalera

Lamps

When we move on,
On the dark route leading to destination,
After the sunset,
The lamps twinkle,
To show us the way,
They are several,
On both of the sides,
They go on burning, flickering
They burn not oil but blood,
That is why they cast lights,
All red, red on the path,
Leading to heights.

Arfa Iman Kalera

Lines In Respect Of Holy Prophet (Peace Be Upon Him)

The world was dim, You brightened it all,
You saved humanity, from the down fall,
You removed the curtains of ignorance,
Gave the daughters the lost importance,
Showed the route that leads to success,
Where Allah is pleased, waits to bless,
Your name will remain glaring even more,
God gave You the keys of Heaven's door,
I have a desire that once I should behold,
The Green Dome ere the wings of life I fold.

Arfa Iman Kalera

Love In Springs

The colors of spring are all around,
Flowers have blossomed,
When the wind blows, the leaves flutter,
There is a message for love to mutter.
In the air, colors and fragrance,
The birds chirrup in trees,
Fountains trickle clean cold water,
Straying breeze gives new trees,
Nature has awoken from the long snooze,
The sky is blue and clear,
O! My friend, my dear, come a slight near.
Everything gives a message of love,
Sparrow, nightingale and the dove.
It is a moment to discard every fear.
O! My friend, my dear, come a slight near.

Arfa Iman Kalera

Money

They say, 'Money is the cause of evils'.
They may be true but I don't believe in so,
Money is a blessing,
It is a human mind that changes things,
Bright into black and black into bright,
It makes you respected if used in good faith,
It takes you to the gallows if used heinously,
It brings fortunes, it brings misfortune,
It is hell and it is heaven,
It is the cause of Nine Eleven,
One can feed the destitute,
The other on drink may consume,
So my friends as sweet as honey,
Blame not at all money,
Correct your mind, then you will find,
By doing charity, it takes you to God,
The most Generous Benevolent and Kind.

Arfa Iman Kalera

My Blue Pen

Once I had with me a blue new pen,
It's nib was like a beak of the hen.

I bought it from the Ben's shop,
It was the pleasure I had to crop.

I went back and filled it with ink,
I wrote, My notebook began to blink.

I showed my work to my teacher,
She asked to write more like a preacher.

I always wrote and wrote with it,
Then it began to wear out a little bit,

Once after my work, I put it on the bed,
I sat on it mistakenly, found it dead.

It was my sword that broke, it is true,
It shed blood but only black or blue.

Arfa Iman Kalera

My Cat

I had kept a submissive cat,
It always slept on the mat,
It preyed upon a naughty rat,
It was always fit and fat,
When we sat together side by side,
Nothing in hearts, we could hide,
We both could speak to each other,
And could understand well rather,
Whenever I gave her a gentle pat,
It always jumped at my derby hat

Arfa Iman Kalera

My Dad.

A gentleman to me is my dad,
He never lets me to become sad.
Never angry he grows to me,
Always he listens to my plea.
He has a big mind, a big heart,
I never found a man of his sort.
He dazzles in mind like a star,
And throws light near and far.
He does no mischief to my mom,
He respects, loves jack and tom.
He is a man of graceful mood,
Sustains us well with lawful food.
I love my father from the core,
He is a man of God, I'm sure.

Arfa Iman Kalera

My Motherland

My mother land, the land of peace,
Here is played the band of harmony,
A garden of flowers,
Her scenes are full of lush green trees,
With butterflies and humming bees,
Crops of corn, wheat and sugarcane,
Sway when wind blows to bring the rain.
She has four seasons all the year,
Her skies are blue and very clear,
Summer and winter, autumn and spring,
They have their glories in every thing,
Her people are loving, brave and bold,
Know well how to stand in hot and cold,
I pray to God that she may live long,
Her people may tell right and wrong.

Arfa Iman Kalera

My Sister

My younger sister,
As beautiful as a rose,
I like her each and every pose,
She is as sweet as honey,
She loves to spend a lot of money,
On books, buns and chocolates,
And loves very much her classmates,
She is as cheerful as a cat,
And looks nice in a blue hat,
From tap to toe she is love,
I often call her my lovely dove

Arfa Iman Kalera

O Thankyou God! ! !

God gave us

This beauty, thus

We should thank him

And get out of dim

Into the light

Which is too bright

O thankyou God

You are everyone's lord

Arfa Iman Kalera

O! My God.

You are Merciful
You forgive our faults and flaws
And You forgive us all,
You are Omnipresent and Omniscient,
You watch us all and all our deeds
Though we perform or commit.

In the sunlight or darkness at night,
Nothing goes hidden from Your eyes,
Or unheard from Your hearing,
You are who accepts our penance
When we are penitent,
Just listen to me and my prayer,
I move in the world
Surrounded by dark,
All paths are blurred,
Show me the right one'
Which is straight too,
And trodden by the men of elegance,
Whom you blessed bounteously,
With whom you are pleased.

Guide me the route which may bring me
To the door of heaven, for I am scared
Lest my ignorance should drift me
To the region of hell, the darkest well.

Arfa Iman Kalera

Oh Please!

Oh my heart, please don't stop your beat
Oh my eyes, please do not weep
Oh my soul please stay alive
Please help me to gain back life.

Oh my self, please let me breath
Oh my soul, please let me peep.....
.....Into the world of happiness.
Away from this world of sadness.

Oh my lips, please let me smile
Oh please let me, only for a while.

Oh please sad thoughts, leave me alone.
You have been with me for so long.
But I have hated you always,
Still you are only for me to embrace.

I wish you were not abstarct, then
I would crush you as a hen.
Now ink is less here in my pen.
Otherwise I would kick you words atleast ten.

Arfa Iman Kalera

Peace (An Acrostic)

Paradise is its home,
Emerges from the origin of love,
Absents itself from the world,
Conceals itself in the caverns,
Epileptic are its extremities.
Peace

Arfa Iman Kalera

Rainfall

Beautiful it is, the rainfall,
The world dances like a ball,
When it falls, flowers bloom,
It washes the spots of gloom,
It is a treat for plants and trees,
Lends fragrance to the breeze,
My heart flaps with the joys,
When we all girls and boys,
See the rainbow in colors seven,
Swinging angels in the heaven

Arfa Iman Kalera

Soldiers

O! My soldiers, O! My soldiers,
You are the arms and shoulders,
Of my people,
You don't fight for fame,
But for the sake of God and nation,
You don't bend heads before the enemy,
You wake when we sleep,
You never let us weep,
You place chests when volleys are shot'
And then you earn our love a lot,
Mothers give birth,
To sons very rare, valiant as you are,
You win our hearts,
When you lay down lives in war.

Arfa Iman Kalera

Summer

The sun dazzles very hot,
The glaciers begin to melt,
When sweat flows a lot,
The soldier loosens his belt,
The farmer lies on the cot,
To bandage his open welt,
Heat does every thing rot,
To the crazy nothing is felt,
It was summer believe or not,
When for the first time I felt,
I lost my heart, and a lot,
And aroma of love I smelt.

Arfa Iman Kalera

Thanks Mom! !

I love you mom,
You let no storm,
To come and harm me,
To come and hurt me.

You are my life,
You let no knife,
To come and harm me,
To come and hurt me.

You are my happiness,
You let no sadness,
To come and harm me,
To come and hurt me.

You are my dear,
You let no fear,
To come and harm me,
To come and hurt me.

You are so sweet,
You let no teeth,
To come and harm me,
To come and hurt me.

You are my heart,
You let no dark,
To come and harm me,
To come and hurt me.

THANKS MOM.

Arfa Iman Kalera

The Man Of 20th Century

A great man was there,
Whose work was best & deeds fair,

For humanity his heart was full of love,
What he wanted to flyover the world was dove,

He was, he is the loved one,
He always shone as did sun,

He was great,
He made our fate,

May his soul rest in peace,
May his desires never freeze

Arfa Iman Kalera

The Night

The night is beautiful,
The moon shines in the sky,
And seems to be a lump of cheese,
A fine ball,
Starry is the sky, like
A black sheet with twinkling dots,
Though the sky is black and dark,
Yet it seems like Jinnah Park

Arfa Iman Kalera

Wake Up Silly Man!

O! wake up silly man!
If your headpiece has a brain,
You have to do many chores,
And have to get many sores,
Get up from the day dream,
Or you'll get no cream,
You have to swim in flood,
You have to warm your blood,
To meet and face odds of life,
Else you'll get no smart wife,
So to make your good fortune,
Bother not for the month of June.

Arfa Iman Kalera

We Are Four! ! !

Two kids were playing
In the graveyard,
A boy asked whether he could
Share with them hide and seek.

They said,
'We are already four, you will be surplus
So we cannot ask to play with us,
Go! somewhere to play with some other
Your sisters, brothers, father or mother.'

'But it is strange you are only two,
I don't like to tell a lie, I am true.'

'Don't make us bore, we are four,
You can count what else we can do more.'

The boy counted them pointing a finger,
'You are two, it is true, now don't hinder.'

The kids then themselves counted,
Both of them on the mound mounted.

'See! we two stand up here,
Two more lay in the graves there
They are having rest; they had been in pain
Soon they will begin hide and seek again.'

Arfa Iman Kalera

What.....?

What I want to do?

What I want to say?

What I want to ask?

What I have to do?

What I have to say?

What I have to ask?

What have I to gain?

What have I to lose?

What are the answers to my questions?

What are the questions to my answers?

.....I am only confused.

Arfa Iman Kalera

When I Am With My Friends

Life becomes fabulous
When I am with my friends
The world seems to be a paradise
When I play with them
When I dance with them
Sorrows are washed,
Pleasures overflow from my heart and mind
When I smile with their smiles,
When I crunch with my friends,
My life begins to blossom like a rose,
The world takes a pose of a fairyland,
And I feel myself with a band,
Playing music in my heart and mind,
The real wealth that I find,
Being among my friends,
They always lend my life new trends.

Arfa Iman Kalera

World And Life

Difficult it is to survive in the world,
The coward lose but win the bold.
It is a puzzle, it is baffling maze,
Where wealth is everyone's craze.
It is where no one wipes your tears,
When you cry, you wail, no one hears.
It is a market, all runs after gain,
No one is there to share my pain.

Arfa Iman Kalera

You All Should Know

I fell in love with a woman,
she is very noble ever think I can,
She is as beautiful as a white rose,
And for my maladies she is a dose,
She is always happy when I win,
Saves me from committing any sin,
She always straightens my path,
I love her as a candle is loved by a moth,
I cannot repay her for the kitchen burn,
This is the lesson she made me learn,
She bears heart as soft as foam,
You all should know she is my mom.

Arfa Iman Kalera

You Didn't Care

You asked that why did I hide my face,
The world for me has now no grace.

I'm better alone than with you,
Whether colors are green, red or blue.

You didn't care of the tears in my eyes,
I kept on, I kept on making tries.

From this way I am so much away,
I won't be here in any June or May.

I told you but you didn't care,
Now at the fate, there's no need to stare

Arfa Iman Kalera