

Poetry Series

Janid Kashmiri
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:

2024

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Janid Kashmiri()



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I Am Janid, Devoted And True

In the depths of my soul, her name is inscribed,
Shaista, my love, my eternal pride.
Her words cut deep, like thorns in the night,
Yet, through the darkness, her love shines bright.

I am Janid, devoted and true,
But in her eyes, do I fall askew?
For she doubts my love, my every move,
But my heart, Shaista, only beats for you.

I strive each day to prove my worth,
To cherish you, my heaven on earth.
With every breath, with every sigh,
I'll paint our love across the sky.

Shaista, my love, my guiding light,
I'll chase away your fears and plight.
For you, I'll climb the highest peak,
And carve our love in words unique.

Let me show you, my dear Shaista,
That my love for you will never falter.
In every step, in every stride,
I'll be your Janid, forever by your side.

Together, we'll dance in love's sweet embrace,
And build a future, filled with grace.
For you are my heart, my soul, my all,
Shaista, my love, forever I'll call.

Janid Kashmiri

A Love So Deep

In the whispers of the night, I hear her name,
Shaista, the beacon of my flame.
In every breath, her essence I find,
A love so deep, it binds heart and mind.

Though storms may rage and doubts may creep,
My love for her runs endlessly deep.
For she is the sun in my darkest night,
Guiding me through with her radiant light.

With every beat, my heart does plead,
To show her the love she truly needs.
I'll climb the highest mountain, cross the widest sea,
To prove my love, to make her see.

Shaista, my love, my guiding star,
I promise to cherish you near and far.
Together we'll weave a tapestry of dreams,
In your arms, my soul forever gleams.

I'll be the rock on which you lean,
Through life's trials, the unseen unseen.
For you, my dear, I'll give my all,
To answer your love's tender call.

So fear not, my love, for I am here,
To wipe away every silent tear.
In your embrace, I've found my home,
With you, Shaista, I'll never roam.

Janid Kashmiri

Land Of My Heart

On the land of my heart
Where once seeds were sown and it rained,
My harvest turned to dust,
And my dwelling shattered.

Those who used to reside within me,
Who used to be mine,
Neither their names were spoken
Nor did any trace remain.

The secrets hidden in my heart,
The untold stories that were there,
That book burned down,
And became its tomb.

Janid Kashmiri



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