

Poetry Series

Kalam Azad

- poems -

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Kalam Azad(1 January 1985)

I love you, man. Humanity is my religion. I sometimes entertaining, sometimes calm. Still, ever freeze. Sometimes very obstinate, sometimes dukhu broken of trouble. I met a man I'm a man... Azad. With rice or a congenital hostility pajama seriousness. Love to laugh, cry, sing and talk. Handicap people I love around me. I love it because not enough people writing journalism like the drug. What does the sixth day, or losing your mind if you wish amkabuki wrote a book about the mind. Determines whether pure literature, but readers fascinated myself in my writing. Here I am, Kalam Azad, blogs do regularly. Communist politics, political philosophy, convincing. My goal is to change the base

Bullet-Pierced Map

The sun is about to set. New moon appeared in the sky.

If the stars return back

Nobody will stare at the sky

Wayward wind breaths on the island of darkness.

In the window appears the untimely cloud

The map shivers in the western desert-wind

If that poisonous hand pierces bullet in the heart of Green and Red

In the electricity light the traders' city illuminates

The sun seems to be one-hundred sixty million people

The blood-red line that appears on the crimson Sun seems pale

In the Eastern rays the imperialism will be burnt to ashes.

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The Pebble And I

The cold moon in the misty night
hovers over the smelly hills-
And by it, flows the pebble-deep spring
dazzled in leaf-thrown bliss
I Chanced upon it to be dived in-
deep and deep inside the thicket of woods
all seemed in its place where i should be
Even I am well cushioned beside the glows.

This is a moments panorama and then
there be another and another in procession
sometimes, I find myself here
And there next moment in succession

I, with all my sense and sensibility
go hand in hand with the inanimate pebble.
There is no difference between the pebble and me-
one takes the place of other in given moments only

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Under The Light Of Life

I could be a puppet!
Could be drifted in stream!
But, No!
In mountains and rivers,
In moonlit and forests, I scattered thyself!
But there were more! more to search their soul!
They were down but chary,
And at last, returning among lives!
Time keeps running and boasts that-
Soul and certainty- they are different!

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