

Poetry Series

Khadim Hussain
- poems -

Publication Date:
2015

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

Khadim Hussain(27 July 1957)

My name is Khadim Hussain, and have lived in Middlesbrough in the North East of England since 1975.

Worked as an Experimental Assistant in the Research and Development Department of I.C.I, Wilton and has recently written a book 'Going for a Curry? A Social and Culinary History' which documents the settlement, development and impact of the 'Indian' population in Middlesbrough?

My education was during the early 1970's, and science based, when it was assumed scientist could not write a sentence and those who studied arts subjects could not add 2+2, I like must believed it. I took Creative Writing Courses at the University of Teesside and I think it was the efforts of the tutors Bob Beagrie and Andy Willoughby helped me to develop the book from a dry history topic to a broader appeal. Since attending the writing course I've started writing plays and poetry, fast gaining reputation as one of the best Asian poets writing in North East English. I sucessfully compeleted MA in Creative Writing at the University of Teesside in 2008..

'i Am' A British Muslim

I am a Muslim born in Britain
I wonder if most people will ever understand Britain is my home
I hear people whisper he's a Muslim but never British
I see myself as a British Muslim
I want to be a good person
I aim to be a law abiding citizen and a good neighbour
I am a British Muslim
I feel Britain is my home
I am touched by the freedom of worship in Britain
I love living in a multicultural society
I dislike intolerant people
I cry when people malign Britain - their home

I am an optimistic British Muslim
I understand Britain is my home
I believe there is no better place
I dream of being called a British Muslim
I hope prejudice is eliminated
I am Muslim
I am British.

Khadim Hussain

'i Am' Poem

I am in total control
I wonder what the fuse is about
I hear bleating but
I see no evidence of racism in football
I want all involved in the game to act professionally
I aim to keep improving the game
I am honest as an angel and say what I believe is right
I feel my comments have been taken misunderstood
I'm in touch with the world in general and the game
I love being in charge
I dislike when many moans call for resignation at the drop of a hat
I cry when all my achievements are forgotten

I am the best president of FIFA has ever had or will have
I understand it's tough at the top
I believe I was born for this job
I dream of the day when all in football pay their homage
I hope it's before my last breath
I am Sepp Blatter the president of FIFA

Khadim Hussain

'i Am' Poem – Curry's (Lament?)

I am called curry by novices, aficionados and curryholics
I wonder what if anyone of them knows where the name comes from
I hear people say I come from India but
I see no evidence of that
I want the public to judge who I am not where I'm from
I aim to be hospitable to all,
I am favored by all tastes, cultures and faiths
I feel at home wherever I am in the world and
I touch the taste buds from the slums of Calcutta to the penthouses of
Manhattan
I love being embraced and adopted as there own by every country
I dislike those who think I am fiery and must strip the lining of their mouth
I cry when they call me Phal

I am British not Indian
I understand my name is derived from Cu`ry an old English word.
I believe curry was part of the English language 200 years before Europeans
landed in India
I dream of making the history of true origins popular and
I hope to keep alive the memory of lascars, whose child
I am.

Cu`ry: An old English word for cooking derived from the French 'Cuire' – to cook,
boil, grill.

Lascar: : Indian able seaman, mainly Bengali - the term is believed to derive
from the Persian 'Lashkar' meaning an army, a camp or band of followers. Later
the term applied any ethnic sailor serving on European included Somali, Yemeni
and Chinese.

Khadim Hussain

'i Am' Poem - The Prime Minister

I am the best man for this country Prime Minister
I wonder how long it is before the general public realise
I hear public's concerns but ignore them for the greater good
I see myself as the longest serving Prime Minister
I want the ordinary people to understand
I aim to create in Britain an equal society with no poor
I feel I need only five decade in office to put the country on its feet
I'm not touched by sappy stories of the poor being hardest hit
I love going on holidays
I dislike all who can not understand what I doing for the country
I cry at the thought of all who I'll be lumbered with

I am the best Prime Minister this country's ever had or will have
I understand some people may disagree
I believe I'm the best man to lead this country
I dream of the day when the public appreciates how lucky they are
I am David Cameron who should be Prime Minister for life.

Khadim Hussain

Achilles' Heel - Clerihew

Paris' arrow through Achilles' heel
Made him squeal.
And forced him to kneel
Even though he phal for meal.

Khadim Hussain

Aftab - Alphabet Poetry

Aftab bought chatter-box Daisy
Elephant fully grown;
Her instant judgement kind-off loud.

Made news.
Oldham papers, Quebec radio,
Soviet television.

Universal view was
X-rated, yobbish,
zealot.

Khadim Hussain

Aftab Is The Best!

Aftab is the Best!
East or West
Aftab is the Best
Village Negyial, Mirpur
Ikram Mahboob Age 11

After Reading Ikram Mahboob
East or West
Aftab is the Best
I whole hearty agree
Although thousands may not
They may ask
What is Aftab best at
Football, hockey, cricket
wrestling,
Or kabbadi?

East or West
Aftab is the Best
I whole hearty agree
Although thousands may not
They may ask,
Is best at Marbles, Hide and Seek
Cat's Cradle
Or Gully Danda?

East or West
Aftab is the Best
I whole hearty agree
But a thought has crossed my mind
What about the North and the South
And not to mention the equator?

Gully Danda: an old Asian game played with two wooden sticks, the longer stick used to flick up and hit the smaller...

Khadim Hussain

Aftab Kept Crying! - Villanelle

Aftab kept crying!
Soothing words of the mother,
Drowned by the raindrops dancing on the glass.

Drunks, attempting to sing, staggered homewards
Through the bitter howling wind.
Aftab kept crying!

Noisy neighbours,
Chattering late night crowd,
All drowned by the raindrops dancing on the glass.

Father's desperate clapping,
His favourite teddy bear in his lap, still
Aftab kept crying!

Ring of burglar alarms,
Neighbour's loud ghetto blaster,
All drowned by the raindrops dancing on the glass.

Through rhythms of the rattler,
And mother's soothing lullaby, still
Aftab kept crying!
All drowned by the raindrops dancing on the glass.

Khadim Hussain

Alexander (The Great)-Clerihew

Alexander

The great Greek commander,
Marched his army all way to Kathmandu,
For a Vindaloo.

Khadim Hussain

Allah

The Almighty, the supreme,
The creator and ruler of universe,
Without partner,
Begot no one nor begotten.

To the Jews Jehovah,
Christians God,
Muslims Allah,
He alone worthy of worship.

Khadim Hussain

Al-Qaeda Beware!

The Iraqi journalist Muntadar al-Zaidi
Who throw a pair of shoes
At President Bush
Has links with Al-Qaeda,
A statement from the Pentagon claimed.

We have positive proof
The statement continued:

* Mr. al-Zaidi had visited Pakistan 2008.

* Pakistani based Jihadi organization
has secret shoe throwing training bases,
Our operatives have acquired a video,
Shoe thrown at former CM Arbab Ghulam Rahim and Sher Afghan Niazi.
We believe was a rehearsal.

* Because Mr. al-Zaidi was on target,
He must have been trained,
Our sources believe by the shoe throwing
Division of the Al-Qaeda based in northern Pakistan.

* Shoe leather analysis revealed:
The animal whose skin was used
had grazed on the type of grass
in northern Pakistan.

* The animal was killed in 2007
Probably on Eid-ul-Adha and
The skin collected by a Pakistani based Jihadi organization
On behalf of Al-Qaeda.

This proves beyond any doubt
The is was planned by Al-Qaeda
And Pakistan's involvement.

We ask the President of Pakistan
ri,
Our friend in the war against terror

to launch a country wide crack-down
against those terrorist –
the clobblers, shoe sellers and
all who support their vile trade.

Our patience is wearing thin
And if the Pakistani government
Can not handle the task,
We have unmanned drones
all we need is
The list.
Al-Qaeda beware!
We will destroy you
Shoe by shoe
If we have to.

Khadim Hussain

Ammer - Clerihew

My son Ammer
Set his heart on shiny armour.
I put a stop to this drama
Because I thought it could be a self-harmer.

Khadim Hussain

Andy - Clerihew

Andy

Who liked brandy.

Lost his girlfriend Mandy

Because she preferred shandy.

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Andy Ii - Clerihew

Andy

Thought he was dandy.

But to his girlfriend Mandy

He dressed more like Mahatma Gandhi.

Khadim Hussain

At Stoke - Clerihew

At Stoke

Middlesbrough's performance was a joke,
The spectators blew their stack,
This was the last straw that broke the camel's back.

Khadim Hussain

Bad Day

I sat down write a poem,
I don't know where to begin.
I sat and stared at the screen,
I thought and thought and thought,
But nothing came
Nothing came
Nothing came
Nothing came.....

Khadim Hussain

Ballay! Ballay!

Ballay! Ballay!
Meri team dekho,
Southgate Bhangra pa ve.

Ethay dunyia de gabroo,
Sher badshah
Shah badhur
Tay pagal kutta.
Ballay! Ballay!
Meri team dekho,
Southgate Bhangra pa ve.

Khande pista tay badam
Janda which madan da
Jeewa aya tafoon.
Ballay! Ballay!
Meri team dekho,
Southgate Bhangra pave.

Jadon ek burrak mar de
Dushman chhadd da madan
Jeewa sam-nay aaya Sher,
Shah badhur
Tay pagal kutta.
Pujda loomriya
Ballay! Ballay!
Meri team dekho,
Southgate Bhrangha pa ve.

Wow! Wow!

Wow! Wow!
Look at my team
Dances Southgate.

Here athletes from around the world

Lion King
Brave heart
And mad dog.
Wow! Wow!
Look at my team
Dances Southgate.

They eat the best food.
Go into ground
Like a storm.
Wow! Wow!
Look at my team
Dances Southgate.

Their one war cry
Opposition scurries off the field,
Like when facing lion king,
Brave heart,
Or mad dog
Foxes scurry.
Wow! Wow!
Look at my team
Dances Southgate.

Khadim Hussain

Ballay! Ballay! Part II

(After the Blackburn game 11.8.07)

Meri team di shan dekho,
Southgate geet ga ve.

Lokee kehnde
Tare khadaroo
Bhuddhe Sher

Pehla ghenta mere khadaroo,
Madaan de badshah
Tay Blackburn nu
Ungliaan tay nachaya
Ballay! Ballay!
Meri team di shan dekho,
Southgate geet ga ve.

Naveen team hai
thura thori baad
Kumban ge dushman
Jadon mere team jai gi madan
Ballay! Ballay!
Meri team di shan dekho,
Southgate geet ga ve.

Dunyaia tay Jadon
Aaey ga football da naam
Manchester United tay Chelsea
Na Zaban tay aaey ga
Par Middlesbrough.
Ballay! Ballay!
Meri team di shan dekho,
Southgate geet ga ve.

Wow! Wow!
Look at my team
Sings Southgate.

People say
Your players are
Toothless Tigers.

First hour my athletes
Were kings of the pitch.
Had Blackburn running
Around like headless chickens
Wow! Wow!
Look at my team
Sings Southgate.

Its new team
Once the gel.
Opposite will terrible
When my team enters the ground. Wow! Wow!
Look at my team
Sings Southgate.

In the world
When football is mentioned.
Manchester United or Chelsea
Will not be on their lips
But Middlesbrough.
Wow! Wow!
Look at my team
Sings Southgate.

Khadim Hussain

Be My Valentine Or Else?

Be My Valentine or Else?
I'll scream and yell.
I'll throw a tantrum,
It will serve you right ...
So be My Valentine or Else!

I will not frown or fret,
Mope or pine,
I will get nasty,
It will serve you right ...
So be My Valentine or Else!

Be My Valentine or Else!
I'll spread rumours
You are gay,
Dress in lady's clothing.
I can even be vicious
And spread rumours
You once bought a
Des O' Connor LP!

Khadim Hussain

Bear In A Zoo

I'm a bear forced to live in zoo,
At my wits end, in pent up rage.

I used to live wild and free
In the wild forest
By untamed mountain streams

I miss the sound of game in the under growth
I miss the buzzing of honey bees

I'm a bear forced to live in zoo,
At my wits end, in pent up rage.

I miss the scent of game I used to chase
I miss the taste of berries I used to pick

I feasted upon fresh fish
From clear mountain streams
Now, I am fed Stale sickly fish

I'm a bear forced to live in zoo,
At my wits end, in pent up rage.

I miss the scent of carrion in fresh April rain
Now I have put up with stench of human beings

I'm a bear forced to live in zoo,
At my wits end, in pent up rage.

I miss warmth of my snug cave, where I used to hibernate
Here I am entertainment for people all the year around

I'm a bear forced to live in zoo,
At my wits end, in pent up rage.

I miss the first spring sight
Of mother and cubs
Here, there are none of my kind

I'm a bear forced to live in zoo,
At my wits end, in pent up rage.

I climbed might trees
In search of honey
Here all I can do is to scramble
Over few scattered logs

I'm a bear forced to live in zoo,
At my wits end, in pent up rage.

On warm sunny days, after feasting,
I would lay on soft grass, or
Scratch against my favourite tree
Here all I have is a sorry-looking pole

I'm a bear forced to live in zoo,
At my wits end, in pent up rage.

I used to wrestle other bears, to test my strength,
Impress female bears, looking for a mate

I'm a bear forced to live in zoo,
At my wits end, in pent up rage.

I shake my head rhythmically
And shuffle from spot to spot slowly

I'm a bear forced to live in zoo,
At my wits end, in pent up rage.

It's not a dance I do
To amuse you
I'm slowly going mad

I'm a bear forced to live in zoo,
At my wits end, in pent up rage.

Doesn't anybody understand,
I'm going mad!
Mad! Mad!

Don't you understand?
I want to be free!
Free! Free!

Khadim Hussain

Ben - Clerihew

My teenage son Ben
Turned his room into a den.
Which he shares
With grizzly bears.

Khadim Hussain

Benazir Bhutto

Thousands headlines
On BBC, ITV, CNN
Or on any world network
In any language
will not bring her back.

Khadim Hussain

Benazir Bhutto Tribute

Clustered around their T.V. sets
All glued to Geo network
In every European country.

All trying to comprehend
A senseless brutal act
By an assassin.

A life extinguished;
Country robbed of
A leader fighting for democracy,
Children orphaned,
Husband widowed
By a senseless brutal act
By an assassin.

Khadim Hussain

Bernie V Boyd

Bernie or Boyd
Who's the best?
The debate rages
In the bars, homes and workplaces
Of Teesside, Bernie or Boyd
Who's the best?

Both proud sons of Scotland,
Earned their badges of honour
In the Scottish league,
For honour, glory and fame
Moved to the land with streets
Paved with gold,
Divided lifelong friends, brothers
Fathers and sons
Who's the best?
Bernie or Boyd.

One a legend, the other at his prime
Some argue Bernie "wanted it more"
Others say Boyd "only been here five minutes,
Give him time and service"
Both have their supporters
Dug in their trenches
Bernie may be the legend now and
Boyd in the future,
Who is the king or a crown prince
Of the beautiful game
Bernie or Boyd.

Dogmatic in their support
But none can claim their man, to be the shirt removing
Hip swinging, break dancing
Somersaulting, crowd saluting
Pistol packing
Fastest gun in the west,
Move like lightning in the
Forest of defence,

The poor deluded soul have not heard of
The one true football God
Who does all that and more -
In his sleep.

Bernie or Boyd
Who's the best?
One is a legend the other may be
Given time,
Sometimes I feel standing up and shouting
"Follow Me! I the best"
To bring this infighting to an end
And put out fire raging through the
Proverbial heather before it does permanent damage
But modesty prevents.

Khadim Hussain

Black Hole Or Cloud Nine?

Drab month of April
Cloaked in rain,
Made even more drabber
By Middlesbrough's annual relegation dog fight.

The Magpies even with lacklustre draw
But a precious point
Push Middlesbrough fans in to more gloom.

May the month
Boro fans
Either enter the black hole
Or walk on cloud nine.

Khadim Hussain

Bought For Eleven Twenties

During the 1950's and early 60's, the largest currency note in Pakistan was the twenty rupees. The Baparyees, the traders especially those dealing in livestock always calculated the value of their livestock in twenties.

They all rushed from near and far,
The baparyees, the connoisseurs, the curious
The young and the old of both sexes,
To gaze upon the wondrous maj
Bought for the princely sum of eleven twenties.

They flocked from the Muhallah,
And the rest of the village,
The other villages from the bela,
And some from beyond the bela,
To gaze upon the wondrous maj
Bought for the princely sum of eleven twenties.

Most came alone
But some in groups.
Most had walked
But few on horse back,
All to gaze upon the wondrous maj
Bought for the princely sum of eleven twenties.

The women admired the magnificent beast
And quickly left.
The children played around,
But the men with trimmed beards and moustaches
Dressed in their finest
Toped with their finest pagris stayed.

Sat cross legged on charpoys, drinking lassi or sherbet
And smoking the lovely prepared hookahs.
Swapping stories about other majjah
And lauding the qualities of this wondrous maj
Bought for the princely sum of eleven twenties.

"It stands fives hands tall at the shoulders and
Inclines perfectly to four and half at hind quarters, "

Praised one of the connoisseurs, It is
Bought for the princely sum of eleven twenties.

It has the classic small head,
Decorated with a white hair
In the shape of a crescent.
Large sherbety eyes
With curved small black horns,
Praised a village elder.
Bought for the princely sum of eleven twenties.

Broad at the barrel
Nicely rounding to the hearth girth and hind top,
Legs like tree trunks
Perfectly tapering down to white hoofs,
Marvelled a Baparyee.
Bought for the princely sum of eleven twenties.

Everyone's forgotten about the kutti,
The miniature version of it mother!
Pronounced the wise village elder.
In eighteen months he'll have two majjah.
I've always said, "Boota is shrewd baparyee."
Not only has he bought this wondrous maj
For the princely sum of eleven twenties,
And made name of Lunger Pur and its
People shine brighter.

"I'll give you fourteen twenties,
Cash right now! " Said one elder of the visitors.
"I milk twenties gadiva's, " boomed the proud owner,
"Can anybody in this whole district match that? "
Fourteen twenties? For this wondrous maj
I bought for the princely sum of eleven twenties.

"Cha-cha, I've trampled Kharri, Mirpur most of Kashmir and Punjab,
And been to all the local Mandies, Jhellum, Mirpur, Sarai
And the largest Rawalpindi.
I've even been to Chi-Cha Watan,
But never found an animal of this pedigree.
It's not for sale!
This wondrous maj,

I bought for the princely sum of eleven twenties.

"I want to see this maj at my kela,
I'll give you sixteen twenties,
And in CASH!" Added the elder visitor.

You'll see this wondrous maj
But on Mohammed Boota's kela
It's not for sale!
Not even for eighteen twenties
This wondrous maj,
I bought for the princely sum of eleven twenties.

Baparyee: trader, usually of livestock

Bela: an island in a river

Cha-cha: Uncle, a respectful terms any senior male.

Charpoy: very light bedstead.

Chi-cha Watan: Area renowned for the superior maj

Gadiva: Measure of milk, one gadiva equals four pints.

Kela: Stake driven into ground to tie a large animal

Kutti: Female calf of water buffalo

Maj: female water buffalo

Majjah: female water buffalos (plural)

Mandi: Water buffalo market

Muhallah: neighbourhood, part of a town or village

Pagri: a turban

Sherbet: homemade soft drink

Sherbety: The colour of homemade soft drink, usually pale orange.

Khadim Hussain

Bury Me

Bury me not in cemetery
Cover not my grave
With gravel and cement.

Sacrifice no flowers,
Upon my grave
Leave nature's bounty to nature.

Bury me near a river glade
Where the Water buffalos graze
And roam over me.

When the river is full
And floods the glade
I'll be thankful
For bathing me.

Please bury me, bury me
In the river glade
Where as a child
I once played.

Khadim Hussain

Captain Cook - Clerihew

Captain James Cook
Could not find a book,
Thus he was forced to make a note
On a boat.

Khadim Hussain

Che Guevara-Clerihew

Did Che Guevara

Wear mascara?

The only person who can answer that is Brain Lara

Because he's been to Sahara.

Khadim Hussain

Chicken Or The Egg?

Which came first,
The chicken or the egg?

The age old question,
Which has preoccupied,
Theologians, scientist and laymen for centuries.

After sampling a tiny number
Gastronomic delights conjured
By using them.

I don't care which came first,
But just thankful for them.

Khadim Hussain

Children In Need

Snug in your
Central heated homes,
Think others living in cardboard boxes.
Turn down heating and donate money saved to
Children in Need.

What should I order an Indian, Chinese, pizza or kebab?
Some are starving –
Would be grateful for a piece of bread.
Have a sandwich and donate money saved to
Children in Need.

Wear expensive shoes
Some walk bare foot,
Designer clothing but some are in rags,
Share some and donate to
Children in Need.

For Friday night out
Are sixty or seventy pounds enough?
Have fewer drinks or miss restaurant meal,
Have kebab and donate saved money to
Children in Need.

Stay in –
Enjoy the spectacle of Children in Need,
With Terry Wogan and the lovely Fearne Cotton.
Share a little and help smash last years total
Of £30 million
And put a smile on everyone's face.

Khadim Hussain

Chris-Clerihew

The object of my heart's desire, Chris
Whenever I ask for a Kiss,
She's quick to dismiss
Always adding, I prefer Swiss.

Khadim Hussain

Cutting Edge?

The publisher asked "is you poetry
At the cutting edge"?
"You'll have to judge for yourself", I said;
"But I use my poems to shave", I added.

Khadim Hussain

Daddy Of All The Poems

This poem I have started
Will be the longest,
In history.
How long will be
I don't know?

Khadim Hussain

Dan-Clerihew

My mate Dan
Likes a can,
With his curry
Which he always eats in a hurry.

Khadim Hussain

Depressed?

Depressed?

Written @ 9 o'clock on Sat 9th May

Depressed?

Who me?

Never!

We may be second from bottom

And only

On goal difference,

Might be depressing for some fans

But not me!

Come Monday

My heroes

Tuncay, Alves and Marlon King

Up front

Goals will rain in to

Newcastle's net,

With Tuncay or Alves grabbing a hat-trick,

Three points in bag.

Aston Villa and West Ham

A walk in the park,

Nine points

Guaranteed!

Depressed?

Who me?

Never!

Boro's number 1 fan

Dopy

Small cottage in the woods.

Khadim Hussain

Dragon

If I had a pet dragon
What could I call him?

I could name him after,
Famous footballer, cricketer, film star or
Even a pop stars.

He would tame and not breathe fire
Then I could take him to park.

All the children would gather,
Saying "What lovely giant green wings! "
Some would pat his head, others touch his wings,
And some his long tail.

Being my pet he would be well trained,
Naturally he'll only eat adults,
And just a few at a time.

Khadim Hussain

Dream The Dream

Dream the dream you lascars,
Sons of Punjab, North West Frontiers, Gujarat, Kashmir and Bengal
Sitting cross legged on a charpoy
In the shade of a banyan, feasting upon meals
Fit for Maharajahs,
Lovingly conjured by mother,
The best chef in the world.

You who dreamt the dream of fame and fortune,
In distant lands,
But find yourself consigned into a murky dungeon.
breathing stale air laden with soot.
Forever shovelling coal into the blazing mouth
of an insatiable ogre.
Dreaming the dream of lush fields under the golden sun of Desh.
Filling your lungs with the gentle breeze,
as the seas of wheat sway.

Quench your thirst with tepid water,
Dream the dream, of sipping cool cupfuls
Drawn from the village well
Or a crystal clear stream.

Dressed in torn rags,
Blackened with coal soot,
Dreaming the dream of returning home,
Carrying your fortune upon your head.
Visiting relatives and friends
Riding tall on a black horse like maharajahs,
Wearing white salwar-kameez and magnificent pagri,
Without a hint of stain.

Crammed four to a cabin,
Dream the dream of sleeping in the courtyard or roof top,
Waking to the dawn chorus.

Proud Punjabi, Pathan, Gujarati, Bengali and Kashmiri,
Forced by cruel stomach to cook as best as you can.
Dream the dream of Desh, where only the women cooked.

In wet, cold port towns and cities of Wilayat,
You the self taught chefs eke out a living
In cafes serving curry.
Dreaming the dream of feasting upon meals,
In warn sunny Desh,
Lovingly conjured by mother,
The best chef in the world.

Never dreaming of the impact
Of your endeavours,
Upon the host country.
Now, you the lascars are but a dream,
Even in the eyes of your heirs and descents.
In time like all dreams,
You too will be forgotten.

Charpoy: a bed
Desh: Homeland
Pagri: a turban

Khadim Hussain

Eid Mubarak! (In Punjabi)

Eid Mubarak!

Navan chan! Navan chan!
Eid Mubarak! Eid Mubarak!

Lokee pujhdey,
Eid deyan teriyian wich.

Koi kharide kapra,
Koi pista tay badam.

Per mera khayal
Sirf mere yaar wal.

Tay merye Pir Mian Mohammad de kalam,
Mere khayal to na java.

Laiy o yaar hawalay Rab de,
Melay char dinna de.

Os din eid mubarak ho si
Jis din feyr milan gey

LaIy o yaar tere khat wich
Is pardesi da howay ga chan.

Happy Eid!

New Moon! New Moon!
Happy Eid! Happy Eid!

People scurrying,
In preparation of Eid.

Some buying clothing,
Some pistachio and almonds.

But my thoughts are,
Only for my beloved.

And my mentor Mian Mohammad's words,
Are embedded upon my mind.

My beloved I leave you in god's care,
Life is carnival of four days.

We will celebrate Eid,
The day that we'll meet again.

My beloved in your letter
Will be this expatriates moon.

Khadim Hussain

Eid Muburak

Who do I embrace and utter "Eid Muburak?
Pakistani who with over a million brethren
Yearning for even a sip of water still
They go on killing each other even in mosques.
Iraq, Afghanistan, Palestine and Kashmir bound in subjugation,
Syria and Libya busy at their own destruction,
Arabians the custodians of the throne and the crown,
In gilded cages engaged in entertainment
For their maghribi masters; Muslims
Around the globe with imprisoned hearts and subdued voices
What is the Eid of a prisoner?
Even if it's a prison of the mind.
My eyes swell with tears at the thought of Eid,
Eid of lamenting Muslims,
Where does the Eid of Muslim exist?
Zindabad! Eid of the innocent.

Khadim Hussain

Eid Sher

25 Roze, mere yaar kothay charhya
Tay doeya dehary Mohallay walayan ne eid kir laeey.

25th Ramadan my beloved climbed to roof top
And next day neighbourhood celebrated Eid.

Khadim Hussain

Electrifying Love!

Her baby blue eyes were bright
Quivering with excitement
She stretched out
And her hand touched mine.

I shake,
Excitedly;
Like being hit by a bolt of lightning;
As it happens
She was being electrocuted.

Khadim Hussain

English Weather - Alphabet Poetry

A bright clear day,
Even fine gloriously hot
In July kissing lofty mid nineties.

Outwardly pleasant,
Quickly rain, snow
Thump unprepared victims
X- Men, Yeomen, Zeus.

Khadim Hussain

Eyes

My eyes were made to see with,
What if they are deceived?
Whoes's fault is it?
Who do they blame?

The red roses in the flowerbeds?
The pink blossom of the tree?
My naive heart?
Your devious nature?

There are many other flowers,
None are acceptable.
What are the eyes to do?
What are the eyes to do?

Khadim Hussain

Farz - An Acrostic

For all mankind,
Allah in his infinite mercy,
Revealed the rightful path through his holy books;
Zubar (Psalms) , Injil (Gospel) , Tawrat (Torah) and the Holy Qur'an.

Zubar: Psalms to David.

Injil: Gospel to Jesus.

Tawrat: Torah to Moses.

Khadim Hussain

Fiery Fred – Gone But Not Forgotten

Fred Trueman,
England's greatest fast bowler,
Is gone,
But not forgotten.

To his fans, Fiery Fred,
From his beloved Yorkshire,
Lahore, Bombay, Brisbane, Barbados
To Timbuktu.

Born in Stainton, Yorkshire,
Nay!
Craved from North Yorkshire Moors,
Could bowl all day.

The first bowler ever,
To take 300 Test Wickets,
From only 67 matches,
Feat unlikely to be equalled!

Big character,
When cricket was big,
Lived his life to full,
In his playing days and after.

Will be missed by all cricket lovers,
Black and White,
Now he has gone,
But not forgotten.

Khadim Hussain

Fire

Water calms fire
But when lovers shed tears
The Fire rages.

Khadim Hussain

Fool Or A Poet?

Any fool can write a poem
Some can even make it rhyme.

But it takes a genius
To write a poem
That not only rhymes
And also moves.
Unfortunately I am not a genius.

Khadim Hussain

For My Valentine

Should be a dozen red roses?
Or Violets blue?
Maybe sweet carnations?

What the hell
I'll send all three
And if my wife finds out
I'll be dead.

Khadim Hussain

For The First Time

There seems to be a chance for a fresh start,
For the first time an American president,
Has not said
The interests of America come first,
But has extended his hand
Of friendship to all nations
To face the difficult tasks.

For the first time,
We have an opportunity
To set past differences
Forget how it was
but of hope of what may be.

For the first time,
The most powerful man on earth,
Is asking questions of the future
who we are
and working together
What we can be.

For the first time,
A man steps forward
To some the first black president
To some the first president with Muslim heritage
To most a beacon of hope.

When such a man
For the first time
Offers us a hope
will we be able to overcome
Our prejudice and answer
or remain suspicious and silent.

Khadim Hussain

Goals May Have Dried Up - Villanelle

Written before the match against Nottingham Forest 18.10.2011, an epitaph to Boro's unbeaten run.

Goals May Have Dried Up - VILLANELLE

Goals may have dried up
Last four games drawn
We're still unbeaten in the league

Dreadlock destroyer may be misfiring
Still picking up points even though the
Goals may have dried up

Wage bill slashed by ten million
Paper thin squad
We're still unbeaten in the league

Third in the league
Premiership is our target
Goals may have dried up

All time Scottish Premier League scoring record holder
Expensive stars of Strachan era gone
We're still unbeaten in the league

Gaffer, captain of the class of '86
Injected steel into brittle Boro defence
Goals may have dried up but
We're still unbeaten in the league.

Khadim Hussain

Golden Days

Through the sea of golden wheat
Swaying in the breeze
In the plains of Punjab
Just before harvest time

We made our way
To the river's bank
Swan in the cool water
And warmed under the blazing sun

We were young
And care free
The sons of farmers
Enjoying the moment

In the middle the of British winter
Snow on the ground
Temperatures near freezing
And I'm old and grey

When I close my eyes
And I explore my memories
I can still see the golden wheat fields
Of my beloved Punjab.

Khadim Hussain

Greatest Footballer

Greatest Footballer

I am the greatest footballer in the world,
Six foot two and with film star looks,
I am the best footballer,
There will never be another like me.

I am two footed,
I've scored hat tricks
With the right and the left,
I am the best footballer,
There will never be another like me.

I've done it all
Goals record in the premiership,
F.A., European and the world cup.
I am the best footballer,
There will never be another like me.

I've outplayed all the legends
Stanley Mathews, Nobby Stiles, Pele,
Best and Maradona.
I am the best footballer,
There will never be another like me.

Even today I can still outplay
Thierry Henry, Ranoldo, Beckham and Owens
Even though I am hundred and two.
I am the best footballer,
There will never be another like me.

Khadim Hussain

Happiness Is

Happiness is as golden brown as Halwa
Topped with silver vark.

It tastes rich and creamy like Shahi Korma

It smells like lovely prepared Roghan Josh

It sounds like Nightingale in spring

It feels like luxurious chocolate slowly melting in the mouth.

Halwa: A kind of sweet dish made of flour, ghee, and sugar and garnished with sultanas, almonds and pistachios.

Vark: Edible gold or silver leaf.

Shahi Korma: Korma fit for a King.

Khadim Hussain

Hector - Clerihew

Mighty warrior Hector
Troy's protector.
But against Achilles he was second-class
Even though he was brought up on Madras.

Khadim Hussain

Helen Of Greece - Clerihew

Helen of Greece
Felt like a trophy on a mantle piece
With lover Paris, set sail
For Troy, her land of fairytale.

Khadim Hussain

Helen Of Troy - Clerihew

Helen of Troy

In Paris, found her blue-eyed boy.

Short lived was her joy,

Greeks destroyed Troy.

Khadim Hussain

Hercules - Clerihew

Hercules

Always ate Chinese.

When in need of staying power

He always ate raw cauliflower.

Khadim Hussain

Honour

Put pen to paper
Did my best,
Generous people called it poetry.

What an honour and delight
To be associated with,
The greatest poets of
The East and the West.

Khadim Hussain

I Would Like To Write:

I would like to write
About the beautiful game of football,
Its legendary exponents,
Trails and tribulations of
Being a Middlesbrough fan.

I would like to write,
Test cricket, summer pursuit of gentleman,
The razzle-dazzle of one day cricket,
And the razzama-tazz of twenty20 cricket,
If you blink, missed quarter of the game.

I would like to write,
About nature, the spring showers,
Warm summer sun with and its chorus of birds,
Autumn's rusty red and brown leaves,
Winter land covered in virgin snow.

I would like to write,
Animals, the small mouse
Scurrying in dark corners,
Majestic lion strutting across
The African savannah.

I would like to write,
Distant lands
Thousands of miles away,
The Himalayas, the Andes and
Sahara and rainforests.

Khadim Hussain

I Wouldn't Like To Write

I wouldn't like to write,
Soap Operas,
Don't care if they are set in,
A hotel, hospital, police station inner city,
Country village, on a farm or Spanish resort.

I wouldn't like to write,
Soap Operas,
Don't care which country they are from,
England, Scotland, Australia,
India, Pakistan or America.

I wouldn't like to write
Soap Operas in any language,
English, English with Cockney accent,
With Australian accent or American,
Urdu, Hindi, or Punjabi.

I wouldn't like to write
Big Brother or any reality programmes,
Set on a tropical Island,
On a rubbish dump
Or featuring celebrities.

Khadim Hussain

If Only...

Get up!
You'll be late for school!
Did you wash your face?
Behind the ears too?
Clean your teeth and use fresh miswak!
Comb your hair!

Hurry up, eat your breakfast
And change your clothes!
Walk on the path to school
Not through the fields!

If only....
I was a Maali,
Weeding and watering the plants.
I'd wake up at my leisure
Eat breakfast at my pace
Not bother to change my night clothes.
My salwar and Kameez
Soiled with dust
From weeding and digging
And walking through fields of crops.
The sign of my industry.

If only....
I was a Charwan
Tending the Majjh by the river glades.
I'd lean against a tree or lay on the soft grass
In its shade and play my flute
To my heart's content.

I'd carry my lathi over my shoulder
Like Mola Jatt's gadasa
Strutting across my domain
Return to the village at milking time.
If only

Charwan: herdsman

Gandasa: an axe like blade

Lathi: staff

Majjah: female buffalo

Maali: gardener

Maula Jatt: the hero of Punjabi film, tougher than Rambo.

Miswak: a softened stick used as a toothbrush

Khadim Hussain

In This The Most Blessed Month Of The Year

Another year has flow by
The month of Ramadan arrived
Time to forget ancient grudges
Standing shoulder to shoulder
King and commoner
Before our Lord
Ask for forgiveness and mercy
In this the most blessed month of the year.

Khadim Hussain

Indian Delight

It's Friday night, Saturday Morning
In the middle of December,
It's minus two and snowing
And I am hungry!

The fridge is empty
Not a stale pizza
Or even tined food in sight
Not a morsel to be had.

I am starving
My empty stomach rumbling
I'll never get any sleep
But I'm not going out in this nasty weather.

What I thinking,
I'll ring my local Indian
They'll deliver any weather,
Any time and
It's always piping hot.

Khadim Hussain

Insisted Southgate - Clerihew

Insisted Southgate

Manager's position he'll not vacate,

I can take the heat from reporters

And the supporters.

Khadim Hussain

It Wouldn't Be Friday Night! - Villanelle

By chucking out time, I've downed ten pints,
Then it's down to our local curry house.
It wouldn't be a Friday night, if we didn't go for an Indian.

Blurry-eyed, staggered through the neon-lit night,
A few times, planted myself against a window,
By chucking out time, I've downed ten pints.

"Hello Robbo! " Shouted Tomo, with the gang.
"Coming for a curry? "
It wouldn't be a Friday night, if we didn't go for an Indian.

Belting out "Vindaloo! Vindaloo! Vindaloo!
Me and me mum me dad and gran, and a bucket of Vindaloo! "
By chucking out time, I've downed ten pints,

Crashed through the door,
"The best in town! " declared Robbo.
It wouldn't be a Friday night, if we didn't go for an Indian.

"No need for menus, pal, Vindaloo all round! " shouted Robbo.
"Pint each, and make the Vindaloo Hot! "
By chucking out time, I've downed ten pints,
It wouldn't be a Friday night, if we didn't go for an Indian.

Khadim Hussain

It's Not Cricket!

Cricket the gentleman game
Played under the summer's
By men in white,
Watched by men quenching their thirst,
With cold lager
Ladies sipping iced lemonade,
That is cricket.

The men of willow
In all colours of the rainbow
Kissing like showgirls,
It's simply not cricket.

At gloomy Lords
The home of English cricket
England mugged
By men in orange
-the Dutch
That's simply not cricket.

Khadim Hussain

It's That Time Of Year Again,

</>

The day we all dread
Frankenstein's Monster, Dracula, the Werewolf
Creature from the Black Lagoon
Witches, Goblins Ghouls and Ghosts,
Will all quake in fear.

When night falls
Army of midgets in funny wigs and masks
With angelic eyes
Look harmless but beneath the disguise
Is pure evil intent,
Allies of Satan
They are not heaven sent.

Yobs clearly trained for a life of crime
Prowling the streets
Terrorise the neighbourhoods
Shouting "trick or treat"
As carryout their evil work
When the doorbell rings or there is a knock
The living and the undead cower
Tremble in awe,
It's Halloween night!

Khadim Hussain

Julie-Clerihew

The headstrong Julie,
Was swept off her feet by a Coolie.
The romance was destined to doom
Because Julie would not change her perfume.
Coolie: porter

Khadim Hussain

Julius Caesar - Clerihew

The legions of Julius Caesar
Marched from the land of leaning tower of Pisa.
First sign of rain
They went home by train.

Khadim Hussain

Kenning

Silk producer
Labyrinth builder
Formidable hunter
Partner consumer,
I'm a?

Khadim Hussain

Last Straw!

Last straw!
Broke the camels back!
Was on every Boro supporters lips.

The deafening chorus
At last reached Gibson's ear,
Last straw?
Broke the camels back?
Pondered Gibson.

"Filthy animals,
Never liked them! "
but to keep the fans happy,
"Here's a blank cheque,
Buy two more" he said.

Khadim Hussain

Les Murray (The Australian Poet) - Clerihew

The poet Les Murray
Loves hot curry.
Always recites his sonnet
Wearing a bonnet.

Khadim Hussain

Let Me Be Your

Let me be your dance partner,
We'll dance,
The Tango, Two Step and Bhangra too.

Let me be your personal chef,
I'll cook you wondrous meals,
French, Italian, Chinese and Indian too.

Let me be your sugar daddy,
I'll buy you the best dresses,
Gowns, Mini's and Saris too.

Let me be your hearts general,
I'll show you wonders of the world,
The Pyramids, the Taj Mahal
And Transporter Bridge too.

Let me be your hearts Admiral,
We'll watch the sun set,
Sailing down the Nile, Jhellum and Tees too.

Let me be your companion,
Hand in hand we'll stroll through,
The Alp's, the Grand Canyon and Roseberry topping too.

Let me be your protector,
I am master of all the martial arts,
Judo, karate, Kung Fu and
Middlesbrough's Ekey Thump too.

Let me be your Guru,
I will teach you the secrets,
Of the mystic East, West and in between too.

Let me be your one and true love,
And I promise you'll never again,
Hear the cursed words, "Not tonight Josephine! "

Letter To Santa

Dear Santa

Please, please, please
Read this letter,
From a sad
Middle aged bloke
Who's also a Muslim.

I know at this age
I should be suffering from mid-life crisis
Dying my hair, green
Buying a Harley Davidson or
Dreaming of sharing a Paradise Island
Inhabited by buxom lasses,
Instead of pulling my hair out
After Boro's gutless performance.

Please, please, please
Read this letter,
In the season of goodwill
Written by a Muslim
On behalf of all suffering souls
Who are Middlesbrough F.C. supporters.
All I ask is:
A brave heart
Big and strong
Who can make the penalty box
His domain.

Couple of war horses,
Full backs
Who relish the battle
And allow no-one to pass.

At least one midfielder
Who's not faint-hearted
Or glass-legged
Has the fire in his heart
And vision to conquer.

A striker, maybe two
Prolific, greedy
Like a fox in the box
Or a big power house
Who frightens the life
Out of defenders and goalkeepers.
Please, please, please
Help dear Santa
I can not see
How else Boro are going to
Win a match.
Love
Khadim 52 & 1/4

Khadim Hussain

Lisa-Clerihew

The incomparable Lisa
Loves a large Pizza,
But due to her incredible will power
She only eats one in an hour.

Khadim Hussain

Little Miracles

From tiny acorns
The mighty Oak grows.
From tiny rain drops
The mighty river flow.

From humble moments
An eternity forms.
From tiny words of love,
Small deeds of kindness,
Heaven is built on Earth.

Khadim Hussain

Lonsdale (2nd Version)-Clerihew

When Robert Lonsdale
Tells a tale.
Each time the ending gets stronger,
But the story gets longer and longer.

Khadim Hussain

Lonsdale-Clerihew

Robert Lonsdale

Can tell a tale,
But all his words come out
As shout.

Khadim Hussain

Lunger Pur

Lunger Pur
My home
Bela, an island,
Two miles long and a mile across,
In river Jhellum.

Western shores dotted with
Makdoo Pur, Puajal Pur and Dokh,
My home,
Lunger Pur at the centre.

One shop,
One school,
Just primary,
No electricity or modern trappings.

In merciless summer,
Most suffered the relentless heat and dust,
Day and night, night and day,
Before relief came with monsoon rains.

We lived in the protective cradle,
Of river Jhellum,
Wind cooled by melt by melt,
Himalayan glaciers waters.

Others endured sweltering nights,
Sleeping on roof tops,
We harvested the breeze,
Cooled by the flowing waters.

River Jhelum in full vigour,
Our ever vigilant guard,
Livestock left unattended
Even at night,
Lock and keys a novelty.

In this paradise,
Children grew carefree,

Like the wind through the leaves,
Or birds; singing in the trees.

Swam in its cool waters,
Played on its banks,
Sent home by the red glow
Of the setting sun.

Then the dam was built,
For electricity and irrigation,
To towns and districts,
Far and unknown,
The paradise called Bela was lost.

6. Partition
Five Englishmen,
In a mansion,
To apportion India,
Four brown faces and a white.

Khadim Hussain

Maj (Female Water Buffalo)

The generous Maj, all black and white,
Loved by the young and old.
She gives makhan
To the delight of all.

She grazes in the river glades,
Under the watchful gaze
Of the herdsman,
On the lushes grass
Nourished by the pleasant sun
And the melting Himalayan snow.

Makhan: butter

Khadim Hussain

Mary Had A Little Lamb

Mary had a little lamb,
And then a little chicken,
Veal and beef and ham.

And chicken tikka Masala
With special fried rice and nan.
Greedy little Girl,
And the nursery rhyme says
Mary had a little lamb.

Khadim Hussain

Mathematics - Alphabet Poetry

Algebra, Binary, Calculus, Differentials,
Exponentials, Factorials, Geodesic, hundredth,
Imposing jargons knocked laboriously minds nimble.

Oblique, perpendicular, quadratics, radicals,
Satanic text usually very wearisome,
X, Yob, zilch.

Khadim Hussain

Maureen - Clerihew

The indestructible Maureen
Could never be described as quite or boring,
When in Billingham she is shouting,
It is heard on Rose berry by those on their outing.

Khadim Hussain

Middlesbrough

A farm,
Wind swept marshland,
River Tees,
Teeming with wild fowl.

Visionary Quakers,
Coal port foresaw,
Ore from Cleveland Hills
And an Ironopolis grows.

Infant Hercules
Coughed his first breath.
Master of such power and valour
Famed throughout the world.

At his prime,
Lulled by false promises
Stabbed in the back
By the Iron Lady.

She trampled
His body in high heels,
Proclaiming
Middlesbrough of iron and steel is no more.

Middlesbrough shall never be a ghost town,
The founding father's motto remembered,
Erimus - We shall be!
Still glints in the eyes of the workers,
On the polished surface
Of the steel river
As it winds its way to the sea.

Khadim Hussain

Middlesbrough - Before Industrialisation

Whispering leaves
In the evening breeze,
Commotion of birds
Feeding on the mud banks,
Slimy frogs croaking,
Crickets chirping in the twilight,
Wind whistling through the trees,
The River Tees silently flows
Under the starlit sky,
The farmer, his family, labourers,
A few monks and pilgrims
In the monastery.
The entire population of Middlesbrough
Is asleep.

Khadim Hussain

Middlesbrough Blues

I've been to the match, baby, just for the chance we might win it.
Yeah, I've been to the match, baby, just for the chance we might win it.
But my doggone team lost again, and in the very last minute

Feel like going down to the river, jumping off the transporter
Yeah, I feel like going to the river, jumping off the transporter
Now there'll be no relegation, once I hit that water

Feel like packing my suitcase, and walking away
Yeah, I feel like packing my suitcase, and walking away
I feel like going to a place far away, to my Shangri-La
Where no one's heard of the game,
No one's heard of this dammed game.

But baby, you know what a fool I am,
Yeah, what a fool I am,
Come next week, I'll be back at the match
Yeah baby, back at the match,
Just for the chance we might win it,
Yeah baby, we might win.

Khadim Hussain

Middlesbrough Mela

It's July again,
When Punjabi, Mirpuri, Hindi and Urdu
Medleys conquer Albert Park.

The lush green park bursts in a riot of colour,
Kaleidoscopic Saris and salwar-kameezs,
Overshadowing with summer dresses.

The enticing aroma of samosas, Pokras and
Sizzling kebabs drifting with the wind,
Enticing the young and old.

The clothing and jewellery stalls
Besieged by grannies, mothers and Aunties,
All in search of the latest fashion
And a bargain of course.

The young, like other twenty five thousand
From all over Britain
Lured by feast of music, entertainment and dancing.
It's the month of
Middlesbrough 17th. Mela!

Khadim Hussain

Mike Reid – Best Of The Old School - (Tribute)

Mike Reid
Best of the Old School,
Of stand up comedian.

The star of 'The Comedians, '
Has gone to a far better place,
To the Wheeltappers and Shunters Social Club
- Above.

I bet!
The comic giant,
With his Cockney catch phrase
'Terrific! ' and 'Move Yer Arris'
Is making them laugh.

Keep them laughing
Up there,
Like you did
Down here.

Our loss
Is their again,
Keep them laughing Mike.

Khadim Hussain

Mirror, Mirror Upon The Wall

Who's the fairest of all?
None of your business,
It definitely
NOT YOU!

Khadim Hussain

Mirror, Mirror Upon The Wall (Ii)

Am I the fairest of all?

All I can say is,

A face like that

Belongs in a zoo.

Khadim Hussain

Musafir - Haiku

I a Musafir
On life's short journey
Only my deeds undying.

Musafir: a traveller

Khadim Hussain

My Kind Of Town

Middlesbrough is a young town,
Welcoming all, with open arms kind of town.

Middlesbrough, no longer an Infant Hercules,
Not afraid to mix it up with big boys kind of town.

Middlesbrough, proud of its steel-making history
Progressively inclined kind of town.

Middlesbrough in your mind, in your voice kind of town
It shapes you kind of town.

Middlesbrough, home to diverse communities,
And proud to be that kind of town.

Khadim Hussain

My Love Sent Me A Valentine

My love sent me a Valentine,
She wonders why
I did not reply.
She did not include
A self stamped envelope.

Khadim Hussain

My Valentine

Plenty of love for my Valentine,
And millions of kisses,
I don't care
If she's someone else's Mrs.

Khadim Hussain

Naat (Na't) In Punjabi

Mashriq mein ho ya Maghrib,

Shumaal ya janoob,

Akari waqt mera chera,

Khana Ka'ba val howey,

Zabaan te howey

"Ash-hadu la-ilaha ill-Allah, wa-ash hadu anna Muhammadar- Rasulu' Ilah."

Whether I am in the east or west

South or north

At the last moment my face

Should be towards Khana Kabba

And upon my lips

"There is no God but Allah, and Muhammad (pbuh) is his messenger."

Khadim Hussain

Name For The Baby

Bonny baby boy
Jet-black hair
Hazel-brown eyes
Face of an angel
We have no name for the baby.

Read the baby name book
A To Z and started again
Telephoned, texted and e-mailed
All the clan
Near and far
But still we have no name for the baby.

Consulted all
Friends, neighbours young and old
The Batunia, the reserved, Musafir and the Imam
Still we have no name for the baby.

Every suggestion found no consensus
How can we find a name
For such an angel?

"Smiler! " shouted a five year old,
"He's always smiling" she added.
Smiles appeared on everyone's face,
But, we still have no name for the boy.

"I know, " piped a three year old
To everyone's amazement,
"Ask the baby, " she added.
"I know my name, and everyone knows
Their name", she insisted.
Still, we have no name for the boy.

Granny snapped, "Not any baby, but an angel",
"You mean he's out of this world, " I said
Granny smiled, "We'll call him Aftab".
Aftab?
Every looked towards granny.

"Aftab, the sun."

Batunia: chatter, a great talker

Musafir: Traveller

Khadim Hussain

Nelson's Lament

Its fate Hardy.
I, the greatest admiral in History
The saviour of my beloved England.
Fated to sail with ignorant seamen
For when I say 'kismet Hardy',
I mean fate.
They think I said
'Kiss me Hardy'
Thus I am consigned in the annuals of history
As a 'queer boy'.

Khadim Hussain

Obsession - Haiku

Like Majnun
Living lost memories
Lonely in mela

Majnun: Obsessed. Madly or desperately in love. Celebrated lover of Laila.
Mela: a fair

Khadim Hussain

Paris The Lover - Clerihew

Paris the lover
Was to discover,
The price for Helen was a poison arrow
To his bone marrow.

Khadim Hussain

Paul - Clerihew

Inscrutable Paul

Always carries a lump of coal.
Even when he met Tony Blair,
Paul doesn't care.

Khadim Hussain

Pink Yak

In the snow covered Himalayans
You'll find the pink Yak.

Some say it rarer,
Than the Yeti.

Few people have seen it,
But they all swear
The Pint Yak makes mean Vindaloo.

Khadim Hussain

Plymouth Argyle's Best Friend

Plymouth Argyle were on a losing streak
They lost fifteen matches on the trot.
The manager tried all the formations
Bought new players but still
The losing streak continued.

After twenty losses the manager was fired
After thirty losses the next manager lost his job.
The Chairman's desperate pleas for help
Were answered by a powerful wizard.

Who gave him a demon and
Said 'It's your lucky mascot'
But must be taken to every match.

They won all their next ten matches
Even beating Manchester united 10 – 0
Arsenal 8 – 0 and against Chelsea 5 – 0 in the cup.

The Chairman was interviewed and
Asked how was the transformation achieved?
He replied 'Don't you know,
Demons are Argyle's best friend.'

Khadim Hussain

Poet Les Murray - Clerihew

The Australian poet Les Murray
When in Surry.
Always recites his ballad
Whilst eating salad.

Khadim Hussain

Poets

When In school,
I used to think all poets
Were boring.

Wordsworth and his
'I wandered lonely as a Cloud'
Shakespeare and his sonnets,
Until I become one and
Met some on Teesside
They are mad,
Just like ME!

Khadim Hussain

Prime Minister Defending His Remarks On Pakistan.

I'm Cameron,
I'm the British Prime Minister
I'm always right!

With a little help from Nick Clegg
I don't even need majority to
Appointed myself Prime Minister!

We're Public School boys
Born to rule,
First lesson we learnt was
Divide and rule,
Like in the days of empire.

We're Public School boys
We love making wars
Just like Blair.

Khadim Hussain

Prime Minster Gordon Brown - Clerihew

Prime Minster Gordon Brown
Went every in a dress gown
When asked why?
He just waved bye-bye.

Khadim Hussain

Ramadan Ballad

Blessing, happiness and Joy,
In this holy month of Ramadan,
Muslims fasting from sun up to sun down,
Around the globe from America to Pakistan.

In this holy month of Ramadan,
No food or drink passes their dry and cracking lip,
After sundown feast like kings,
With family and friends in comradeship.

Holy month of Ramadan,
The most blessed month of the Islamic Year,
Muslims around the world unite,
And to the ways of the Qur'an try to adhere.

In this holy month of Ramadan,
Haji, Qazi, layman and sinner,
Stand side by side behind the Imam,
Begging Allah's forgiveness each a winner.

In this holy month of Ramadan,
Muslim children learn Islamic Creed,
Read Salah and the Qur'an,
And improve themselves in word and deed'

Blessing, happiness and Joy,
Come only once a year
In the holy month of Ramadan,
Which all Muslims long for and revere.

Khadim Hussain

Ramadan Haiku

Best month of the year
Unity of Muslims everywhere
If only temporary.

Khadim Hussain

Ramadan Haiku Ii

After light Sehri
Fajr salah and read the Qur'an
Feast at sundown.

Fajr: dawn.
Salah: Prayers.
Sehri: Breakfast (before start of Fasting) .

Khadim Hussain

Ramadan Haiku Iii

Parent's contentment
Children learn Islamic creed
Also Eid presents.

Khadim Hussain

Ramadan Mubarak – An Acrostic

Ramadan is the holy month of mercy, blessings and forgiveness.
Allah has decreed this
Month to be the best of all months, pray to
Allah for resolve to keep fast and increase ibadat. On the
Day of Judgement salat and ibadat with
Allah's blessings will be your shield against Hell-fire.
Non but Allah is worthy of worship, he's
Merciful and forgiving.
Understand the meaning of Ramadan and
Banish unworthy words from your tongue
And unworthy scenes from your eyes.
Recite the Holy Qur'an
And be kind to orphans and give alms to the poor, in the
Knowledge Allah will protect you from Hell-fire on the Day of Judgement.

Khadim Hussain

Re: Vacant Manager's Position

22nd October 2009

The Chairman
Mr. Steve Gibson
Middlesbrough F.C.
Riverside Stadium
Middlesbrough TS3 6RS

Re: Vacant Manager's Position

Dear Mr. Gibson

I would like to apply for Manager's position in your club,
I'm not a football celebrity but that should be no reason for a snub.
I'm never been a manager at any level, not even the pub,
I know nothing about football, some pundits and fans
Would argue, I will be in good company and should be the man.

Gorden Strachan may be the favourite for Boro's hot-seat
But the signing is not complete,
In 2009, the year of belt tightening, to be discreet,
I'll work for a quarter of Southagte's wage.
Honest I'm not saying it to rattle your cage!

Wasted money on expansive contracts, I can save
By hiring overseas interrogator
Used by MI5 and C.I.A as translator,
Although some times they us questionable methods
They have proved to be excellent mediator.

I'm used to pain and working under pressure,
I've been married twice and have six children
My older children still call me the thresher.

My appointment as manager
Would Win! Win! Win! Win! Win!
For all,

I hope you'll agree that I'm the best candidate.
'Or even quite a catch! ' ha, ha, ha.

Yours Sincerely

Khadim Hussain

Khadim Hussain

Real Man's Curry

When I go for a curry
I always have a phal;
Man's curry
Because I'm a real man
Man's man!

If I want a change,
I don't order Korma, Roghan Josh or
Even chicken tikka Masala.
I'm not a window dresser or interior designer,
I have Vindaloo instead;
Man's curry
Because I'm a real man
Man's man!

When I go for a curry
I always! Always!
Leave the toilet paper in the fridge.
I always have man's curry
Because I'm a real man
Man's man!

Khadim Hussain

Remember The Sons Of India Too!

They fought in the Sahib's wars,
Thousands of miles from home,
The sons of India -
The Muslim, Sikh and Hindu.

They fought and fell in distance lands -
Turkey, East Africa and the trenches
Of western European,
The sons of India -
The Muslim, Sikh and Hindu.

They, who mosque, gurdwara, mandir,
Marched side by side, to fight in the Sahib's war,
Thousands of miles from home,
The sons of India -
The Muslim, Sikh and Hindu.

They had grow carefree among the
Lush green hills and golden wheat fields,
Met the Maker in the quagmire of the trenches,
Thousands of miles from home,
The sons of India -
The Muslim, Sikh and Hindu.

Forgotten or ignored by European history,
Not by loved ones, the mothers and sisters.
They lie in foreign lands,
Thousands of miles from home,
The sons of India -
The Muslim, Sikh and Hindu,
Who marched to fight in the Sahib's war,
Will always be remembered by their loved ones.

Khadim Hussain

Remembrance Day

Today is REMEMBRANCE DAY, time of reflection and remembrance for those who laid down their lives in trenches in France.

Acres of print
Thousands headlines
Continues coverage
On BBC, ITV, and Sky
We must never forget
Those who made the
Ultimate sacrifice.

Churches across the kingdom
Packed for remembrance services
For those who made the
Ultimate sacrifice.

Wreaths laid by royalty and politicians
at cenotaphs
In the capital and small towns
Through out the kingdom
In remembrance
Of those who made the
Ultimate sacrifice.

Yet not one of the good, the great or the pious
Remembered the Muslim Tommies
Who fought in the quagmire of the trenches
Thousands of miles from home.
Who will remember the
Ultimate sacrifice of
The sons of India?

Khadim Hussain

Salah - An Acrostic

Sirat, the bridge to paradise crossed only by those who follow
Allah's just and rightful ways. Your
Lord shall look upon you with kindness on the day of the judgement.
Allah is merciful; in the month of Ramadan the gates of paradise are open but
the
Hell's gates are shut.

Khadim Hussain

Sepp Blatter – Arcostic

Saltasaurus

Einiosaurus

Pachyrhinosaurus

Panoplosaurus□

Barapasaurus

Lapparentosaurus

Achelousaurus

Telmatosaurus

Talarsaurus

Emausaurus

Riojasaurus

Khadim Hussain

So Near And Yet So Far

Aftab on the right flank and me on the left
Only two inches away
So near and yet so far.

A piece of cake for
Any guardian of the posts
But Aftab and I
So near and yet so far.

Body solid sterling silver and silver gilt
Sitting on the plinth of green malachite
The radiant star
I wonder if I ever be this close again
So near and yet so far.

Mogga at the helm and spirit of '86 in the heart
Boro will have their birthright
A place in
'The Greatest Show On Earth' and lift the Cup
I may not be a witness
So near and yet so far.

Khadim Hussain

Southgate Will Not Be Sacked!

"Southgate is staying! " insisted Gibson.

"We may be in the relegation dog fight,
Loss at Stoke,
May have been the last straw,
For many of the fans but
Southgate is the right man to turn the club around,
"Southgate will not be sacked! " insisted Gibson.

We maybe be relegated
To the champions league
League division one
Or even two,
My confidence in Southgate will not diminish,
Southgate will not be sacked! " insisted Gibson.

Even if the club has to play
In the Conference league,
And what the fans think Is irrelevant,
Southgate will always be the right man for the club,
I have a blank cheque
I can always buy
More fans
Southgate will not be sacked.

Khadim Hussain

Superhero!

I'm a superhero,
I don't wear flashy costume
Or my underwear over my pants.

I can not climb up walls
Change shape
Fly or have the strength of fifty men.

My superpowers are simple
My breath will make anyone faint
A burp makes even the hardened criminal cry.

When I take my shoes off
People within fifty feet radius
- Faint.

The power in my underarms
Is such people want
To crawl away and die.

When the villains get wind of me,
They don't stay to fight,
Just Flee.

The name they fear is
Pong!
Captain Pong!

Khadim Hussain

Sweet Shop - Alphabet Poetry

Aftab bright clear day embarked,
From Granny's home
In jovial kind-of lively mood.

Nimble objective paces quickened,
Renowned sweet treasure-trove
Unmeasured value,
Where X- marked youngsters zing.

Khadim Hussain

The Greatest Cricketer!

I am the greatest cricket in the world,
Six foot six and handsome to cricketing boot.
I am the greatest cricketer in the world,
Better than you!

I score double centuries before lunch
And not a hair out of place.
I am the greatest cricketer in the world,
Better than you!

I swing the ball,
I bowl the doorsa, the Chinaman and bouncers too,
I am the greatest cricketer in the world,
Better than you!

I have never dropped a catch,
I have fielded at slip, short leg and boundary too.
I am the greatest cricketer in the world,
Better than you!

I have score a century and
Taken ten wickets in the same match too.
I am the greatest cricketer in the world,
Better than you!

I have done it all,
The highest test score, the fastest century too,
I am the greatest cricketer in the world,
Better than you!

I've taught the best,
Lara, Flintoff, Tendukar, McGarth and Brett Lee too.
I am the greatest cricketer in the world,
Better than you!

I've played against the greats,
W.G. Grace, Lynwood, Imran, Wasim and Fiery Fred too.
I am the greatest cricketer in the world,
Better than you!

I've played at all the best grounds,
The Lords, the Oval, Trent Bridge and Albert Park too,
I am the greatest cricketer in the world,
Better than you!

Khadim Hussain

The Last Day

Prayers unanswered,
Hopes shattered,
Blown away
Like autumn leaves,
Dreams of Premiership football
In tatters.

I've thrown away
Team shirt,
Ripped the posters and photos
Of one time heroes.

The prima donnas,
With bigger egos
Than their wages,
My 75 year old granny
Could have done better.

Shadows of Championship football lengthen
I'll never again throw away
My hard earned money,
Never again.

Khadim Hussain

The Monster

Deep in the African jungle
Lives a strange creature.

Has the teeth of a lion
The claws of a bear.

If by chance you stumble upon him
Don't be alarmed.

He lives entirely on crisps and sherbet
Not only will he share his last crisp and
Also polish your boots too.

Khadim Hussain

The Most Dangerous Beast!

The beast has the fangs of a Werewolf
The claws of a tiger.
It never rests, day or night
Once it scents its prey
There is no escape;
It is impossible to be distracted or deceived.

It has insatiable appetite,
Which cannot be satisfied
With a lunch or dinner.

Always on the hunt,
Prowling like a tiger,
Squeezes like the anaconda,
But thinks like a man.

It can survive in any terrain or climate,
The harsher, the more successful it is.
Its natural habitats are the slums
Of Calcutta, Bombay,
Slums of many third world countries.

Many countries developed nations
Think they have eradicated this beast
But it prowls again
Once conditions for its natural habitat
Occur, even temporarily.

The terrifying beast is
Hunger!

Khadim Hussain

The Robin

Christopher, the robin,
Found some unusual berries.
He presented to his girlfriend Mary,

With a satanic glint his eye,
He said to himself,
If she doesn't die, I'll try it myself.

Khadim Hussain

Tina-Clerihew

Tina

Always wanted to be a ballerina.
Rather than move to Argentina
She became a KP cleaner.

Khadim Hussain

Tony

Our Tony the computer viz
Who likes a bit of Blackcurrant fizz.

On Friday night, s he's the talk of the town
When he struts down the high street
With a two litre bottle of blackcurrent fiz under his arm.

Our Tony the computer viz
Who likes a bit of blackcurrant fizz.

With medallion on his hairy chest, a week's stubble
And a bottle of blackcurrant fizz under his arm,
He's a babe magnet.

Our Tony the computer viz
Who likes a bit of blackcurrant fizz.

When he struts down the high street
With a babe on one arm and blackcurrant under the other
I shout with pride
"That's our Tony the computer viz
Who likes a bit of blackcurrant fizz".

Khadim Hussain

Twas The Day After Christmas

Twas the day after Christmas, when all throughout the town
Not a soul was stirring, not even in dressing gown.
Roads covered in ice, sub-zero temperature
Middlesbrough an ice-age endure.

The hearts of even ardent Boro fans, were cold,
Since October 20th they had not won at home, were unlikely to break the mould.
Under new Gaffer, had scored only one goal,
Never won at home, did little to console.

The team's tradition of giving points away, during the festival season,
Fans can not reason and most see it as treason.
Boro fans for life, through thick and thin,
On match day, in club shirt, I'm always there to take it on the chin.

Sizzling Boro, set the Riverside Stadium alight
It heated up, as if the place was hit a meteorite.
Goalfest and first-half's devastating display,
Scunthorpe, without iron in their bones men simply folded away.
First victory at home for our team, and in this festive season
I hope first of the many, whether it lead to survival or crowning let that Be the
reason!
Happy New Year.

Khadim Hussain

Twelve Points For Christmas

On the first day of Christmas my true love has to be
Middlesbrough F.C. best present for me is
We're sitting on top of the npower championship tree.

On the second day of Christmas my true love has to be
Middlesbrough F.C. best present for me is
A win by a goal, two or three
And we're sitting on top of the npower championship tree.

On the third day of Christmas my true love has to be
Middlesbrough F.C. best present for me is
A clean sheet
A win by a goal, two or three
And we're sitting on top of the npower championship tree.

On the fourth day of Christmas my true love has to be
Middlesbrough F.C. best present for me is
Run of home wins
A clean sheet
A win by a goal, two or three
And we're sitting on top of the npower championship tree.

On the fifth day of Christmas my true love has to be
Middlesbrough F.C. best present for me is
Some one to score a hat-trick
Run of home wins
A clean sheet
A win by a goal, two or three
And we're sitting on top of the npower championship tree.

On the sixth day of Christmas my true love has to be
Middlesbrough F.C. best present for me is
Mogga smiles
Some one to score a hat-trick
Run of home wins
A clean sheet
A win by a goal, two or three
And we're sitting on top of the npower championship tree.

On the seventh day of Christmas my true love has to be
Middlesbrough F.C. best present for me is
Santa is kind, no major injuries
Mogga smiles
Some one scores a hat-trick
Run of home wins
A clean sheet
A win by a goal, two or three
And we're sitting on top of the npower championship tree.

On the eighth day of Christmas my true love has to be
Middlesbrough F.C. best present for me is
Only two goals conceded
Santa is kind, no major injuries
Mogga smiles
Some one scores a hat-trick
Run of home wins
A clean sheet
A win by a goal, two or three
And we're sitting on top of the npower championship tree.

On the ninth day of Christmas my true love has to be
Middlesbrough F.C. best present for me is
Eleven goals are scored
Only two goals conceded
Santa is kind, no major injuries
Mogga smiles
Some one scores a hat-trick
Run of home wins
A clean sheet
A win by a goal, two or three
And we're sitting on top of the npower championship tree.

On the tenth day of Christmas my true love has to be
Middlesbrough F.C. best present for me is
Twelve points are banked
Eleven goals are scored
Only two goals conceded
Santa is kind, no major injuries
Mogga smiles
Some one scores a hat-trick
Run of home wins

A clean sheet
A win by a goal, two or three
And we're sitting on top of the npower championship tree.

On the eleventh day of Christmas my true love has to be
Middlesbrough F.C. best present for me is
Riverside is packed to the rafters
Twelve points are banked
Eleven goals are scored
Only two goals conceded
Santa is kind, no major injuries
Mogga smiles
Some one scores a hat-trick
Run of home wins
A clean sheet
A win by a goal, two or three
And we're sitting on top of the npower championship tree.

On the twelfth day of Christmas my true love has to be
Middlesbrough F.C. best present for me is
Four stands are singing
Riverside is packed to the rafters
Twelve points are banked
Eleven goals are scored
Only two goals conceded
Santa is kind, no major injuries
Mogga smiles
Some one to score a hat-trick
Run of home wins
A clean sheet
A win by a goal, two or three
And we're sitting on top of the npower championship tree.

Khadim Hussain

Valentine Card

Our love was stronger than steel,
Had the passion of roaring a fire,
Pure as gold,
I forgot one valentine card
And it the doghouse for me.

Khadim Hussain

Where Did The Angel Go?

It seems like only yesterday,
When I rocked the little angel to sleep.

It seems like only yesterday,
Took he took his first steps.

It seems like yesterday,
When, holding hands
I took him to school.

I don't know how and when
The little angel
Turned into a teenager.

Khadim Hussain

Where's Yakubu?

Search your living rooms
Under your bed
Garden shed,
And allotments too.
Where's Yakubu?

He was spotted on
Top of the Transporter Bridge,
North Yorkshire Moors
And the Eiffel Tower.
Where's Yakubu?

He could be in Tipperary
or Timbuktu.
Some swear he is
The striker for Man U.
Have you seen Yakubu?

Khadim Hussain

Who Am I?

Some say
I look like my father.
Father says
I'm the image of my grandfather.
Everybody says
My eyes are my mothers.
Some say
My nose is like my granny's.
Am I a miracle of creation or
Frankenstein's monster?

Khadim Hussain

Worries!

The gas and electricity bill to pay,
Mortgage in arrears and council tax too.

Hole in my in my socks,
And I need new shoes.

Need nappies for baby,
And clothing too.

I am hungry,
And fridge is empty too.

I wish I was a cat,
Then my only worry would be,
When is some stupid human going to feed me?

Khadim Hussain

You - Pleiades

You're not a Poet some critics proclaimed,
Your poems don't have metre or rhyme.
Your poems are not romantic or emotional
You are no poet,
You're mad.
You don't understand,
You've never read Zen poetry.

Khadim Hussain

Young Man Form Middlesbrough - Limerick

There once was a young man form Middlesbrough,
Who after on a night in town,
Found his wife in bed with a Saracen,
"Don't be jealous dear", she said,
"I am only making a comparison! "

Khadim Hussain