

Poetry Series

M. R. Malik
- poems -

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M. R. Malik()

Muhammad Rafi Malik(M.R.Malik) is a Kashmiri -english poet, writer and researcher, lives in a hamlet, Achabal, Rafiabad Kashmir. His father's name is Manzoor Ahmad Malik and mother's name is Haleema Bagum.He completed his masters in English literature as well as in Comparative Religion. His famous poems: To his honey son, Midnight's snowfall, After wintry winter, 'O journey, The Glossy Morning Breeze, etc.

'O Journey '

O journey! 'O journey! Where are you going?
Why are you so blowing?
So strange are you,
From place to place, sometimes in a queue.

'O journey! O journey! Why you come
Sudden and separate?
What is your exact date?
So fast as you lead,
No one could chase your speed.

'O journey! 'O journey! What beautiful you are?
We love you all even some may call.
Come so late,
before we say you a great.

'O journey! 'O journey! What is your aim?
We shall remember you in a dream.
The Way we love your essence,
So you will give us a presence.

'O journey! 'O journey! Why are you sleeping?
The whole world is weeping.
Came again it is a wish, we will all join
You with a dish.

' O journey! 'O journey! What will you give,
If we say goodbye to you.
Show us a good way
Until we say.

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'Falling Kabul'

Kabul falls into sheer peace,
Now 'Islam' enters into Afghanistan.
Ignorance dies on the battlefield.
The peace flows in the morning breeze.

Falsehood hurls into the rill.
The spring expands and expresses
its victory!
It teaches women rights and modesty.
Human rights fly to the mist of mountains.

Yvonne Ridley allays pains and extols highly.
A woman like Ridley will take soothe breath of time.
Now, the world stops burning like forests.
Justice will prevail as Covid-19 vaccine.

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'An Eaglet Furry'

During cold days in pristine place,
heavy rainy season.

The cold as ugly gore and shrinks tightly; assembled as disguise form.
The balmy air blows and each Moment of gladness!

In a 'Niche-Market, a hen lives more comprehensively. Her eyes gleam in the
dark-moon light. Eggs are fragile as 'Mothe Hen' lies in coop, till they become
brave. In twisted pain did they rise, Shepherd blessings on bosom Progeny.

Not even gears at her gabby feet.

Chickens rest on trees, sing a song: 'shall we live long? Now, they are vain of
their faith, go away from their yard. As bright as they are, everyone feels odd.

Again sing a song under the shadow of the trees: ' shall we live long? but
some cooky birds Steal their fruits. They fall into the ground away,

The leaves of plants change their colours into their yellow- pale.
his suddenly happens at the arrival of an Eaglet -furry. His hawk-eyed scared
Them like the dance of mountain of volcanic eruption.

Not show a single groan in nightmare thereof.

The twig grade vigorously, But it's glossy leaves fall down Into mud.
All creatures recollected in morass.

The love for taste remorseless,
a fake babble charmed alarm.

Mourns at some scrubbing!

Some hang on the ' Bleeding Trees'

Not knew others where they would be? Thinks about...

Hailstones from the Skyward fall. Hen screams till the falling rain to wash sins
off! ! Sins are burden off in tears!

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'The Glossy Morning Breeze'

The murk overlaps
The dawn; around
Eye-opener thereupon.
Therefore, the glossy morning
The breeze passes by; blowing steadily and murmuring my ears.
Hides a message inside his mouth
Aglow.

With my deep and glassy slumber
A soulless body trembles
Instantaneously that would me
Scream and say: 'O-morning breeze,
'O-morning breeze, if you happen to
Pass through in-depth of my
Grubby heart; shake the
Impure blood out of the veins.

The morning breeze calls, ' listen
To this, do as I tell you; make hay while the sun shines.'But it's light no more,
loathes my yard. Darkness steals my bleeding-soul why?

'O looks at the tempest in my dry eyes, my ears as an unbroken wall,
My teeth as fangs and toes as paws!
The body was a shoddy scare-crow.

Have a mercy 'o lord! Truth
Drops, from disguise to guise,
Soul to the body, man to animal,
Savage to civilization, humanity
To in humility and angel to the devil.

Now, bestow wings to my arms;
Foster and unwind.Thy praise and twisted smile. But gloom still absurd.Only if
the blood to be resurrected that confess me a very simple life.

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'After Wintry- Winter'

Ye birds! little birds! Thy twitter voice,
All After crippled by 'winter boys;
So After winter comes the spring,
By brings new life where creature sing.

Let blossom's smell revive the trees,
the spring welcomes to morning breeze!
So after winter comes the Spring,
By April as falls from sky, to ming.

The spring shall bring the tears of rain!
It's patter cheer some sleeping man.
So after winter comes the spring,
Then Thunder, lightning, mushrooms sink.

the sun as oven-life be it,
Yet feeds all flora- fauna fit.
So after winter comes the spring,
the sky ashamed its brightness ring.

The bees's few kisses with honey fleurs,
At heap of sunshine attracts lovers.
So after winter comes the spring,
As colours world like super king.

A year as comes in chilly days,
The spring festoons it's kinder ways!
So after winter comes the spring,
The green of fields recalls some thing.

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'To My Honey- Son'

My son, I found you lonely, haunting pains!
I lost thy life in duke of forest brook.
Why could not see I coffin float thee moors?
Where did they take to bury my heart and groom?
My bleeding heart that tears as glacier melts!
Oh, son! I have the smell thy soil of grave;
If only were I grass that would there grows.
Thou were a toddler, grew so old and brave.
My age that blinds my eyes to see thee more.
My sobs too touch the skies and falls thy grave.
Becoming feeble as people me calls so sore,
Ya Allah bless my son and haul the slave.
 My life as seems as a toy as void my son,
 Alas! The world too goes and moves the fun.

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'Flavour Of Poetry'

I write my poems freely walls of room
By looking natural sky through window's eyes,
The stars may add their beauties so me bloom;
My face is flattened as lonely air that flies.
The moon doth give me courage let me write;
It's phases embellish poems fully bright.

Poetic feelings swell as sweat at night
That Sews my poems fairy rhyming scheme,
And Travels my fancies faster than the light,
To float my room and travels in space or dream:
My room is looking travel machine of time,
reminds me time dilation of great Einstein.

I write my poems when I play with moths
Some fall on books to right my meter's tone,
The whisper ears of night that flows motifs;
They dance, rejoice and love my poem's tune!
My poems asked if was I really free,
Perhaps I poet, people me calls Rafi.

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