

Poetry Series

Osman Gani
- poems -

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Osman Gani was born in 30 June,1989 in Khulna, Bangladesh. He is an emerging poet. He graduated on English Literature in Khulna University with 1st Class. He has also completed MBA in same university with 1st class. He is currently writing numerous poems, short stories, blogs in English which are available with acclamation. His poetic inspiration has been his Family. He got published via the Poetry Book 'INTERNATIONAL COLLABORATION ON LIGHT AND DARK'. Some of his poems along with poems of other poets are available in the book. He also has poems in 2 more books named 'DARK AND GOTHIC' & 'THE MAZES AND MYSTERIES IN LIFE'. Follow on twitter @OsmanGani89

A Day To Remember

This is the day when I came to this Earth
After the persevering struggle of my birth.
The day and that hour returns every year
And certainly such a day is to remember.

The gyrating birthday has come yet again
And the dawn's trumpet dissolves all pain
And renews the weary heart with a vision
Of hope and fills heart with great elation.

The day that makes you feel so, so special
And every pain of world seems superficial.
On such a day, you know how people love
You, tend you. You feel like a dreamy dove.

Osman Gani

A Few Bad People

A few Bad People

Spoil joy with a gust of violent wind.
They haunt the world with the riddle
And exploit their dark swirling mind.

A few Bad People

Grind active souls with raw power,
Charm the world with unseen cable
And shrink honesty with awful roar.

A few Bad People

Convert fertile terrain into barren.
Through a frozen wand of cripple
Spoil the remaining few Good men.

Osman Gani

A Lump Of Clay With A Transient Name

The undying Artificer with His holy hand
Formed a lump of clay into living figurine,
Human Being, by name of its mortal brand.
It fell into this earth from heavenly shrine.

The creature of clay packed the empty earth
With its disparate footsteps, singular self
And grew into Races, dyed in Colour of birth.
It drenched itself in particles of lethal pelf.

Humans with a secular Name exist, expire.
Few entities of their finest feats and fame
Enlighten this earth. Yet they are, are, are
Only a lump of clay with a transient name.

Osman Gani

A Shakespearean Sonnet

The moon doth appear in that dark horizon
And glistens with a beam of drifting light.
Let thy passions stroll with the companion
Of forlorn hovering clouds in moonlit night.
O Nature, sing not thy lonesome songs again
For I doth find a friend in each of thy cells.
I rejoice in thy touch even in wrecked pain
And my life hath mend its stuttering wheels.
Dazed weariness once mocked my forlorn being
Ere it came unto thy shelter, Mother Nature!
Whilst my morale dips in bosom, come and sing
A song of Love that warmeth every creature.
Nature hath a bliss that drenches our dry mind,
Pouring tender showers amidst the roughest wind.

Osman Gani

A Somalian Child

Behold there, a Somalian child is standing upon dry hard rocks.
Its two eyes glitter like a rough diamond, parched, bleak and dark.
Its belly exhibits the fragile bony ribs and silently mocks
The phony Art that seeks phony beauty even in wounded scar-mark.

The orphan boy was trying to scream but no voice came out
From its barren vocal cord, empty stomach and shrinking lung.
Its salty tears have dried out too like parched petals of a dead sprout.
Its face looked blue and pale as if it were serpent-stung.

This child, like all newborns here, was born with a constant Curse
Of utmost struggling life until it moves, stares, breathes no more.
Even showers upon the drought-infested land cannot reimburse
The untold tales of such millions of children, the Pain-store.

Two immobile figures of dead parents laid on dusty ground
And blurred cries of the child melted in heat of wind there.
No humans were there to hear except vultures that hovered around
The dead bodies and waited until death of the tiny figure.

Osman Gani

All Cards Are Marked And All Fates Will Collide

The fates of newborn children were marked in separate cards
Long before their souls flew in their clay figurines like birds.
Beyond doubt, all cards are marked and all fates will collide.
Like the clashing objects in rough whirlwind or Tsunami tide.

My destiny is written, imprinted in a veiled card, so too yours.
All of our fancies, desires, wishes, aspirations will encounter
With engraved truth in cards. The Reality always overpowers
The fake phantoms of Fancy. More or less, we all must suffer.

Let the Cards clash in swirling winds, waves of Providence
For we all are destined, bound with a resilient string of Fate.
Some unseen Hands are weaving the gyrating yarns, hence,
The clashing Fates will blow the trumpets of Love or Hate.

Osman Gani

Basundia

Basundia, a glittering wonder of untamed raw Nature,
The pastoral splendour that reflects Eden in miniature.
The claret lychee-yards that stoop, stoop, stoop, stoop
With its branches, bunches that loop, loop, loop loop.

Blonde body of jackfruits dazzles green luminescence
Of grass-wet field as if with the golden phosphorescence.
The abundance of fruits fills the air with a dozy scent
So that thirsty drunkards of Nature can drink affluent.

The fresh air enters into the heart instead of the lung
And captivates that inner core, ever-new, ever-young.
The enchantress Basundia with her wands of Beauty,
Drenches the eyes of beholder with nectar of divinity.

Osman Gani

Bewitched Lovers

She was haunting the wilderness of Night
With the darkness over her damned Essence.
Suddenly, a roving mortal caught her sight;
She had dark grimace on her countenance.

She ambled towards the forlorn young man,
She stopped as if someone grabbed her hand.
On the man's head, there was a flashy crown;
He must be a Prince from some distant-land.

Once, she too was a Princess on this earth
Until someone bewitched her with a curse
That She will live within the life-in-death.
Will God still bestow her any reimburse?

Bewitched, she never had the time to love.
Now this new Love has bewitched her again,
Her rotten heart was fluttering like Dove.
Her misery reminded her of the utmost pain.

She prayed to God for a divine miracle
In a slight hope that she was still hanging
Between life and death, with a debacle
That befell on her without her longing.

Finally, God took pity on her ill provision
And bestowed her gifts of Love, Eternal.
Her dead skins freshened with apparition
Of Existence, once bewitched, infernal.

The Princess then met her despondent Prince,
Who too fell in love at the very first sight of her.
Their two hearts were blessed with inner peace
Though they were bewitched in love, forever.

Osman Gani

Bones Of Truth

Ashes fly in the hurling winds of Lie, scatter and melt.
The fire has burnt the meat of Justice, the bones of Truth
As if they never existed or they were never felt.
On the ruined relics, Lie springs like a newly rooted tooth.

The bones of Truth are now burnt in fire or buried under
The black quicksand of Treachery. In this time, who would dare
To reinvent them eluding the strikes of roaring thunder?
Heroes are rare these days, really, very very rare.

Where are the mighty swords of Bravery, the shields of Will
That once valiantly slaughtered those debased fiends of Lie?
Bring these armories back, Let the Heroes defeat Evil
For truths may remain hidden but Truths never, never die.

Osman Gani

Death Is Dead Now

Death is dead now in the pleasant lap of the Immortality.
It seems to sleep in peace, not having slept for thus long.
It is tired now after dying so many times, deadly drained.
The horrid Death appears a naughty child, now, subdued.

Its red awful eyes have sunk in soothed shade of eyelids
And its raw sharp teeth are shut within the freezing lips.
Its soul-less abstract figurine now lounges with a shape
As its quenchless vengeance on Life finished in its death.

Death is dead now, it will wake no more, not any more.
Life has reborn in deathlessness, Death shrunk into Life.
It was the end of the beginning that had certainly begun.
It is the beginning of the end, the ending devoid of end.

Osman Gani

Death Of A Heart

The Heart is no more, the Heart is no more.
It beats, beats, beats like a Device somehow
In His weary bosom, in His frozen outer core.
All Heart-felt emotions have dried out now.

The whisperings of Soul cannot reach heart
But resounds unheard and dissolves in vein.
Once Love too dwelt there as a central part
Yet, the Heart is now a terrain without rain.

A Heart died though it still beats as a limb.
He is so busy that He will not notice even
For He has a long Success-ladder to climb.
Who is He? He is one of the Modern Men.

Osman Gani

Eclipse

The rays of Sun cannot reach this earthly surface
Since the sunshine is eclipsed and glows no more.
Some ominous obsession is haunting like menace.
Something is rotten at heart of earth, slightly sore.

Sin-drenched hearts, revengeful souls cannot feel
The sufferings of mankind, the sinking humanity
Nor their own downfall of that inner ethical zeal.
A dark shade covers, darkens their ethical sanity.

That luminescence of heart has eclipsed in dark
And emotion cannot fathom its diabolical depth.
In that core, now, some menacing monsters lurk
To eat up what illumines us with its serene breath.

Osman Gani

Enlightening Love

When the eclipse of Sun darkens entire universe,
The drought-infested soil waits for tender shower.
Love comes, delivers it from that dreadful curse,
Pouring its enlightening shower from holy bower.

All pains, struggles, sufferings seem non-existent
When there is love, when there is love's presence.
After eclipse, sun appears brighter, clear, content.
After stings of Dark, Love brings a luminescence.

The lamp of love enlightens interiors of the heart
Where vermin try to eat up the veins of morality.
Love renews the heart by clearing the fallen dirt,
Awakens drowsy world with trumpet of equality.

Osman Gani

Every Heart Will Love

Every heart will love.
Soaked with salty tear,
Gripped with faulty fear,
Every heart will love.

Every heart will love.
Living in mortal cage,
Giving in mental rage,
Every heart will love.

Every heart will love.
Blinded by loving arrow,
Guided by shoving morrow,
Every heart will love.

Every heart will love.
Tearing flesh of Hate,
Bearing pains of Fate,
Every heart will love.

Every heart will love.
Since the rise of time,
Till the end of sublime,
Every heart will love.

Osman Gani

Fasten Your Seatbelts, It's Going To Be A Bumpy Night

The journey of life ends at some holy land.
The roads are so awfully dark and too blur.
The night do seem so long as never to end
And that dreamed daylight appears too far.

Still we tread the stony steep roads of life
On wild desire-car that bears us, our dreams.
Edges of the road slice our hopes like knife
But courage holds us against scary screams.

After the fall of dark night, daylight appears.
Behold there, where waits dreamland of Light.
O Solitary Traveler! Forsake your frosty fears,
Fasten seatbelts It's going to be a bumpy night.

Osman Gani

Floating Emotions On A Rainy Day

Falling on earth, raindrops
Resound with nimble noise
And moisturizes those crops
With its damp aquatic voice.

Lightning astounds fiercer
Than the flashings of Sun.
It scatters hither and thither
As if it were a childish fun.

The roads mingles wastes
And sinks in watery flood.
People discard their castes
As water unify their blood.

Every heart feels something,
Moments of joy, expectation,
Some hearts hurt by a sting,
Some full of intense passion.

The River brims with water
And it combines with village
As if it were part of the river
While houses, trees submerge.

In some places water wedges
With tranquility of damp flow
Though murky furrows, sludges
Whilst tenor of longings glow.

The echoes of raindrops float
And load some eyes with tear,
Rouse some unconscious heart
With a sense of unknown fear.

Some think of coming future,
Some remember elapsed past,
Some identifying with Nature
Sense the season as their last.

Osman Gani

Frozen In Darkness

As the frozen air touched my skin
Shuddered I with sense of Dead,
Being heart and blood cold in sin
Recalling my decisive day's dread.

The silence grew more than silent.
A hushing sound roamed around.
Whisperings caused soul's torment
As the tiny rabbit chased by hound.

The sounds audible yet unheard
Being wordless yet only in vowels.
The hurling violent winds stroked
The senses as the wavering bells.

The silent sound broke by dog barks
As if marking the presence of Death
Who called me or summoned in Darks
Of eternity that is buried beneath.

Osman Gani

How Can A Bird That Was Born For Joy, Sit In A Cage And Sing!

The Cage is so dark and so misty, I can hardly breathe there.
The words that echo there are so melancholic and appalling,
The Voices can only whisper as if they are strangled by Fear.
How can a bird that was born for joy, sit in a cage and sing!

The constellations of night, the luminescence of rainforest,
The infinite azure sky, the crimson horizon, the cozy pond,
The ocean, the stony mountains, even the shady bird-nest,
Everything summons my Heart but still it cannot respond.

My Heart is a song bird that is imprisoned in an inner Cage.
How can a bird that was born for joy, sit in a cage and sing!
Let my Heart fly towards liberty, breaking bars of bondage
So that it can sing in a merry tune again by flapping its wing.

Osman Gani

I Die

I die when my eyes close forever.
I die when nobody remembers me.
I die when my prayers go unheard.
I die when my inside seem hollow.
I die when I indulge in catching sin.
I die when my efforts befall wasted.
I die when even hatred forsakes me.
I die when I plunge into nothingness.
I die when each hour seem timeless.
I die when mind can no more think.
I die when I ignore plagued humanity.
I die when heart loses power to love.
I die when life pains more than death.
I die when I devastate my Real Self.

Osman Gani

Imagination

Imagination generates a poetic urge, an unusual unrest.
It roams the green luminescence of a vibrant rainforest,
Drifts away with shining constellations of starry night
And lets eternity of darkness die with colourful insight.

Imagination dives in dreadful darkness of deep ocean
In search of some hidden beauties of unseen creation,
Floats ardently on hushed streams of weary waterfall
And glides leisurely on marble rocks of mossy coral.

Imagination treads on shimmering of crescent moon,
Drenches foot-steps of memory in a rainy afternoon,
Animates the dusty wings of an engraved stiff falcon
And fries its abstract figure in the cauldron of bacon.

Imagination haunts like bleeding soul in mystic mist,
Crushes rock-hard mountains with a lightweight fist,
Gets lost in riddled thoughts, bubbled words of brain
And reflects craving souls, gifts of tear in lucid brine.

Imagination splits atoms of rhythm with pen-dagger,
Makes a little dropp of dew seem big, big, big, bigger
And cries dancing riots of peace to mock scarlet fire.
Imagination with its magic wand ignites hearty pyre.

Osman Gani

Inverted

The trembling thumb of threatening thunder
Strikes silvery shimmering of silken sludge
And adjoins an arch on alter of an afforest.
It inverts insipid immobility of irrationality

Osman Gani

It's Time To Go!

The Dead are rising from grave
It's time to go! they murmurs.
GATE is opened for every guest
But no guest to leave the host.
The ice cold hand on shoulder
Does not any resistance care.
The Dead rising up now utters
It's time to go! It's time to go!

Osman Gani

Lice Attack

They prepared a squad to ambush
On hairy forests of a human head.
Things were well planned to push
The army on the murky skin-bed.

Army of Lice marched on warily
Towards the places assigned to all.
They had to peep everywhere slyly
Lest they are knocked by Fingernail.

The Larger ones are the commanders
Of this momentous Guerrilla attack.
Smalls will follow forgetting Slanders
And battle with guts, work in Pack.

They furrow the skin to make Trench
So that they can fight and stay secure.
Some would plunge in them to drench
Themselves in the blood for adventure.

These Lice have a Mission to fulfill.
They make slices of nice hair with
Their teeth of Vice like stinging Eel
Or Mice, with ruthless urge beneath.

They have attacked on the Two-footed,
Some would hide and ambush at once,
Some hang by hair until it's uprooted.
All they do is sip, sting, cling, flounce.

Osman Gani

Life, I Will Live You!

Who called me on that silent foggy road?
LIFE, You are who called me to live you!
You offered me comforts like earthly dew
And I accepted those like a hungry toad.

Shoving aside the dangerous tricky path,
I will move on, go on, and then start anew
My life through the divine celestial bath.
LIFE, I will live You! LIFE, I will live You!

Osman Gani

Mirage In Icy Mirror

What mirage reflects on the icy mirror!
O, Homo Sapiens! What appears everyday
On the lying truth of this reflecting error
That riles the phony nutshell of intellect
Haunting with vague foggy mysterious ray
Over as if on intuitive microscopic insect.
Mirage it is indeed that conceals reality
And heaps lie to build an illusory city.

Mirror reflects but visible outer frailty
But further frailties veil on the other side
So that slight goodness appears mighty.
What mirage reflects on the icy mirror!
Like a lost sailor who turns ideal guide
By creating a shifty wreath of terror.
Mirage it is indeed that hinders sanity
And heaps lie to build an illusory city.

Osman Gani

Mosquito Revolt

No, no, no, no — We will not endure these tortures
Of the ferocious Human beings on us, not any more.
We, Mosquitoes, are the best amongst all creatures
Who remain not idle, accept whatsoever we procure.

The Humans, inhumanly, label us to be the basest
Of creatures and formulate devices to slaughter us.
But we counsel that you at first own evil soul test
And judge your core, inner animals, yourself thus.

You invent coils, sprays, electric tools to demolish
Our race but what regarding you own internal vice.
Try to make something that destroy your Devilish
Nature. You would better try to create that device.

From this night, We, the grand mosquitoes revolt,
We declare, never will we drink the impure blood
Rather would drink the fresh juices from a sprout.
We will not touch blood even if it flows like flood.

Osman Gani

Mother!

Mother! You offered me life, risking Your own.
You bore all pains to show me this earthly light.
You held my fragile head as if a precious crown
And nurtured my weak body each day and night.

Mother! Your affection roamed my existence.
A slight scratch on my finger made You weep
And You shielded my weakness like a fence.
You forsake Your earthly concerns, even sleep.

Mother! You smiled at success, cried at failure.
You gave the support to tread on, to overcome
Those threats that made me frightened, unsure.
You made a sacred Heaven out of a small home.

Mother! You are the dearest treasure I possess,
Which no casket, no safe can contain or insert.
The only place to treasure this heavenly grace
Is my innermost core, the unfathomable heart.

Osman Gani

Mountain Cries

The dusty hurling wind guided the darker cloud
Towards the stony shrine of a lonesome mountain.
With a roaring thunder, mountain cried out loud
And tears flooded its bosom in disguise of rain.

The bosom which is full of painful dry volcano
That sighed and waited for coming out in rage.
Instead with its teary rain tuned a pale piano
To sing a melancholic note of torn lyrical page.

Mountain, with toughness, cries with soft heart
Thorough deep smoky sighs, thunders and rains.
No one seeks its rocky heart, internally burnt
Or empathizes with its unsoothed thorny pains.

Osman Gani

My Love

My Love: Kills me, Immortalizes me.

Osman Gani

Nightbattle In A Cold Night

The first winter night it escaped.
In second night it had succeeded,
Third night it triumphantly fled
And fourth night is still to fade.

The whole colony is calmly sleeping tonight
But awakened I plan about the coming fight
That is to take place here in this wintry night.
I have binoculars in hand to perk up sight.

The sole enemy can anytime arrive
Tonight either I or he will survive.
If victorious a word of honor I do give
That enemy's remains will be archive.

Swarming came the two winged like rattle.
Charging, I also groaned aloud like cattle.
After a bloody fight the enemy was slain
And this corpse of mosquito is my gain.

Osman Gani

On Such A Snowy Evening

On such a snowy evening
When cold wind makes everyone shudder
And numbs senses with its fang,
The ever-warm heart remembers her.

On such a snowy evening
When trees shed dry leaves like tear
And melodious birds stop singing,
The ever-green heart remembers her.

On such a snowy evening
When everyone sinks in sleepy snow-layer
And life becomes tiresome and boring,
The ever-awake heart remembers her.

On such a snowy evening
When everyone alienates from each other
And the hateful death roams to sting,
The ever-loving heart remembers her.

Osman Gani

On The Blazing Grounds Of The World

On the blazing grounds of this world,
Violence is making a feast of Peace,
Gunmen, Bombers, Forces now build
Future of globe over ruined edifice.

On the blazing grounds of this world,
Mighty people now dance on flooring
Of destruction, in red lights of blood,
Where Blades of Tyranny is glaring.

On the blazing grounds of this world,
Hounds of hatred, hypocrisy, hostility
Hunts the Innocent in burning mould
And flares of Fire surround Humanity.

Osman Gani

Rainter

Rainter! O my Rainter! What are you, Rainter?
Are you a new season tinted by holy painter?
Rain is falling hard even in this freezing winter,
Everywhere disgust roams like a lonely hunter.

The winter rain congeals brains, soaks hearts,
With its two ice-cold hands and crying eyes.
Nature is camouflaging itself in several parts
To display how changing carpet of Time flies.

Rainter, a fragment of Nature's jumbled play,
Is nothing but a cyclic blend of its crude tools.
Some would sense it exciting, others may say
"Rainter, thou art disgusting except to the fools"

Osman Gani

Reminiscence

Swirling, raindrops fall on glassy windowpanes,
Then dribbles and shrinks into countless pieces.
My life is scattered too into such floating veins,
Packed with memories in stanzas, lines, phrases.

Once in that woodland, in that mountain I sank
In desire, in ecstasy and in cries of numb heart.
Stirred, I sang my lyrical life on that riverbank
Where floats my emotions, my foremost part.

Thoughts aroused like sea waves that shrink
And left a scratch on those arid white leaves
With damp trunk's pencil and emotion's ink.
My heart gathers reminiscences in beehives.

Osman Gani

Retreat

Mother! Only a few, few days remain.
Worry not, I will return, return again
Like birds that in their nests do enter
Tearing the torturous traps of hunter.

I know each night you make extra meal
And wait in slight hope that I will, will
Come to eat supper being too, too tired.
But I am here so far, far away, starved.

Mother! I, I too linger for your affection
On the riverbed where lies my skeleton.
My two bony hands still, still, still seek
Your sacred feet that appears now bleak.

I will not go away from you again, again.
When you would sit solitary in the Eden,
Don't think I have given you a new bluff.
Turning, you'll find my face with laugh.

(In memory of freedom fighters in 1971 war. Many of them never returned home)

Osman Gani

Send A Land-Craft To The Planet Of The Poor

Atlantis, the last of the spacecrafts, left this exterior of world
For the scientific expeditions and to discover something new.
Such heroic spacecrafts search new planets, aliens and herald
New discoveries to us that delude our conscience like the dew.

Send no more spacecrafts to search Aliens (even if these exist)
But send some Land-crafts to the Planet of the Poor, this Earth.
The Poor wait, starved and neglected, with an empty open fist
Where to born as destitute is a Curse and cursed is every birth.

A single gram of meal for an Astronaut costs more, yes, more
Than the whole year cost of a poor man who lives to struggle.
Send a Land-craft, at least, to this unexplored planet of poor,
You will discover luminescence of God in their simple smile.

Osman Gani

Sixth Sense

I felt a drunkard in my fanciful sixth sense.
The pond seemed to me the Sea of Aegean
And the floating leaves warships of Greece,
Thousands in number that fought for Helen.

Now, my mind finds infinite amidst finite
And beholds freedom in a free flying kite,
Discovers beauty in a dazzling little dew,
In metamorphoses of bug seeks life anew.

Slowly, my outer sight sinks in shadow
As the closing eyelids sleep in meadow.
Eyes are closing only to open in insight
As if bathed with celestial divine light.

Osman Gani

Sunderbans

The mysterious Mangrove breathes in dark shadows.
The deer roam and graze verdant emerald leafy feast,
Something fierce lurks there veiled in thick meadows.
Monkeys rant beholding a dark-streaked yellow beast.

Even a sunny morning seems to be dark, dark twilight.
The murky rutted soil keeps the treading feet tottered,
Still they gaze not bellow but peek around upper sight
As they feel something moving near them, unsighted.

So many muddy ways lay here untrodden and brazen.
Here and there several one-wayward footsteps of deer
Are imprinted in the hardened slush as if it had frozen.
In the hushed wind resound the numb trumpets of fear.

Evening comes with some hissing, howling, growling.
Pythons make move, tigers tread and cruel eyes glare.
Whole of Mangrove waits with a tremulous quivering
As Nature's red tooth haunts with the whispering air.

Osman Gani

The Angels That Never Fall

The angels that never fall
But treads, treads, treads
On the filthy foul roads
Of cruel cynical world.

Adult life is a quicksand
That does drown, drown
The purity we had grown
In the cradle of infancy.

We grow beside the weeds
That eats, eats, eats, eats
Leaves of our holy feats
With stern teeth of sin.

We, the adults of earth,
Just sink, sink and sink
In the dark Satanic ink.
Saintly children never fall.

Osman Gani

The Child Is Father Of The Man

Soft-feathered Phoenix burns into ashes
And then rise again like the morning sun,
The lightening of reborn soul flushes.
Truly, the Child is Father of the Man.

Small buds gleam in the rays, drench in water,
And then grows into flowers with the plan
Of unseen hands of scheming Creator.
Truly, the Child is Father of the Man.

Seeds of the dead trees fall, submerge on earth
Wood-cutters loads those tree away in Caravan
But new lives spring from that soil with rebirth.
Truly, the Child is Father of the Man.

Child becomes Father, it's law of Nature,
Small water-particles do form the Sea.
The Children are our past and our future.
In Them, we can see what we were, could be.

Osman Gani

The Fragrance Of Virtue Rises To The Heavens

The blissful flower landed on the earthly dirt
And rooted its seeds on the bosom of mankind.
The flower blooms only in fruitful pure heart
Which grazes its petals like one hungry hind.

Virtues are the atoms of God, the holiest one.
The more we attain it, the more we appear near
To Him, His being, Virtues and godliness anon
As our soul drenches with immortal holy tear.

The earthy flower blooms, dies in perched air
With a fragrance that melts, melts, melts away.
But the fragrant flower of Virtue is always fair,
Its fragrance rises towards heavenly stairway.

Osman Gani

The Primordials

As the evening sun dipped in the blood-red horizon,
A gust of Silence came, whispered and then hushed
The warm air that was hastily passing the dungeon
Of thick scrub where the quivering grasses blushed.

The last flickering of Sun vanished and it was time.
Darkened, It was time for hunting and to be hunted.
The primordial cycle of hunt began in a raw chime
Of survival for the fittest. All hunt now enchanted.

Night here is so horrifying, even the Breeze dares
To sound its airy hum. Predators roam everywhere.
From the high branches, dark caves, dark soil-crater
And thick bushes, the primordial Eye of Death stares.

The Primordial creatures trample, fly, glide, clutch
With their teeth, claws, peaks soaked in the blood.
Creatures perish, new creatures emerge here in such
A world of Hunters, Hunted. All wander like cloud.

Osman Gani

The Rise And Fall Of Notes

The
Sea Waves
Rise and Fall
With the Dusty Wind
And Tune the Un-tuned Nature.
So much is hitherto Unsaid
And Nature do speak
With its melody
Within this
Universe.
Some
May Wonder
How the Streams
Resonate the Life's ebb and flow
With subtle Changes in Tide.
I can hear the Music too,
It plays within me,
So deep inside,
Rises and
Falls.
Surely, It
Rises and Falls.
I can feel it within,
On my pumping Heartbeats.
Listen closely, silently,
You will hear it
Everywhere,
There
Too.
Listen, now!
Listen the thunder,
Listen dancing raindrops,
Listen the murmurs
Of Spring water
That floats
There.
Just listen,
Nature is singing,
Here, There, Everywhere.

The Notes rise, fall
With its Beat,
Sung by
God.

Osman Gani

The Super-Moon

The astronomers, common people, kids are gazing
At the Super-moon that has appeared in the sky.
The super-moon is so big, so bright, so charming
That the bystanders cannot even blink their eye.

Next day, the burning furnace of the Sun will burn
The shimmering of Super-moon with its warmth.
What will change tomorrow? Will the waves turn?
Will fate of the poor change? Can death be birth?

The poor who sleep at rough footpaths of the city
Were sleeping starved in the chilly moonlit night.
They had nothing to do with the moon's luminosity,
If the moon were bread they could eat it with delight.

Osman Gani

The Vampires Of War

Palestine is bleeding and the bloods of innocents
Are flowing like teardrops of a parent-less child.
It can be the teardrops of anyone, even the parents.
Vampires of war are sucking every drop of blood.

The more they suck, the more the thirst increases,
As if it is a disease or could be a rotten gangrene.
Bloods are being spilled, sucked until it appeases
The unquenchable thirst of those vampire gunmen.

Price of blood seems cheaper than that of water
And Humanity weeps inside the core of humans.
Some egocentric groups fight among each other
While the corpses pile up to build their crowns.

Osman Gani

Though Nothing Can Bring Back The Hour Of Splendour In The Grass, Of Glory In The Flower

Morning comes with downpour of dazzling dew
That sits on leaves of grass, petals of the flower
And with splendour and glory stains them anew.
Beauty of Eternal image shrinks into finite Hour.

The cruel ray of Sun quivers the grass, the leaves
And the dews suddenly vaporize and flutter away
Like the scattered flying bees of broken beehives.
The parting dew yields to dreary mechanical day.

Though nothing, nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower
Yet tomorrow Dew will return with the downpour
Of splendours and glories of the heavenly power.

Osman Gani

Thoughtless Thoughts

Thoughtless is my mind in this eclipsed night.
Poetic urge has not yet aroused in active yen.
How would I write poem when it is writing me?
Mind has turned into a blank untouched page
And it is writing its reflection upon the sheet.

Without topic a poem is expressed in words
In the soft unspoken shrine of the white leaf.
Yet in the inner river of thought, the stream
Is flowing without motive, as if it were dead,
Though I am seated on table with poetic pen.

Mind is tuneless still creating rhythmic poem,
Hand is numb yet digging with a pen-dagger.
A Poet can't stop its impulsive flowing hand.
Life can be boring yet goes on like waterfall,
Death is aching yet comes with enticing call.

Osman Gani

To A Heroic Youth

The time between sunrise and sunset
To some people serene, to some fret.
While humans pass their time in rest
The animals show urge of leaving nest.

The moon was above mountain rock
When I behold something in shock.
I found a carcass in white thick sand,
The poor wretched with twitched hand.

The two big eyes seemed to gaze at me.
How piteous a sight for a mortal's eye!
The death of another youth in the earth
In an age which is for delight and mirth.

O immortal youth! Let not fear hell
Though you are dead but I foretell
This glorious loss would be undying
As your daring act is death-defying.

The dew of dark night upon the grass
Is weeping for you and saying, "Alas! "
I hold this sealed Sugar-pot and swear
"Heroic Ant, you will lie here forever."

Osman Gani

Two Hearts Beating As One

Our two hearts are beating in One hemisphere,
Throbbing in same rhythm and in same nerve.
Our souls subsist in bodies so far yet too near
Like two molecules of a single atomic curve.

Our love connects the guild of our blood veins
And we respire through the unseen lung of love,
We share together each joy and all of the pains.
Our hearts are two white wings of a flying dove.

These two hearts will beat together until we die
And mock dying Death with the eternal reunion
As even in abstract body of infinity they will lie
Forever as two blissful hearts beating as One.

Osman Gani

Underneath

The Sabbretooth grinds ice with its teeth
Not for dull enjoyment but sharp urgency.
Its eyes glitter as the teeth is sharpened
While the sun fades away in numb sense.

The smell of blood orchids haunt the air
And the dry trunks and bushes whisper.
The Sabbretooth approaches near herd
That is grazing branches without guard.

The merciless hunter grabs a wild stag
And pierces it with its two sharp teeth.
At once the swift stag is in deathly rag
But its eyes depict cruelty underneath.

Osman Gani

What Are We Leaving?

A child opens its tiny faint eyes
And beholds the sparkles of earth.
It smiles for a second, a second,
Then its somber eyes blink, blink.
It starts crying with a scared look
As if beholding the cynical mask
Of the world with its minute eyes.
It appears to perceive something,
Say something, reveal something.
The revelation comes in babbling.
Possibly unasked questions to us!
What are we leaving for it, what?
A world of element, a waste land.
A world mired in frauds, sinners.
A world polluted in environment.
A world of the hurt, void of pity.
A world of hatred, ruined in War.
A world eaten up inside, hollow.
A world of distrust, without faith.
A world of cynicism, without end.
A world of nuisance, without peace.
A world of oppression, cruel-some.
A world of bondage, now thrust.

Osman Gani

When I Let Go Of What I Am, I Become What I Might Be

I am chained in unseen stringed bondage of essence.
I am what this world defines me and labels me with.
I am bound, bound in my own self, outer existence.
My real Self is hidden under that floating hyacinth.

The flight of Self-discovery drifts towards identity
Like the skin-shedding metamorphosis of butterfly.
When the outer eyes dim in cynical earth's vanity,
A hushed trumpet illuminates the insight, inner eye.

Echoes of inner self melts in outcries of outer self.
When I ignore what I am, I ensue what I might be.
Many puzzling choices are placed in abstract Shelf.
Something calls me. Searching, I find none but me.

Osman Gani

When I Will Die

When I will die and live no more
My eyes will dim in dreary shade
And my blood will freeze within
Shrinking skin, flesh, dry bones.

My kin, my friends will shed tears.
Few drops of that salty, salty water
Will flood my desert-like dry face.
Still I will not respond, I cannot.

My corpse will lie deep, deep down
In windowless muddy, muddy room.
They will eat me up slowly, slowly.
Still I will not respond, I cannot.

When I will die and live no more
My heart will feel no, no longer.
Then I will go, know, understand
That Living is as hard as Dying.

Osman Gani

Why Dreaming You Is A Nightmare?

I see you in my dreams, not as a comfort,
Not as an emancipation but as a nightmare.
Those discarded recollections rapidly retort
With dreadful visions that endlessly glare.

I wonder why dreaming you is a nightmare.
Perhaps, I do not possess enough memories
Of you, besides, the good ones are very rare.
My Subconscious visualizes myriad stories.

I shut eyes and try to break my dreamy cage.
Going in a trance, I behold you, I sense you
But opening eyes, I realize that it's a mirage,
My nightmarish wishes evaporate like dew.

Osman Gani

You Who Died For Me

We were linked to each other for nine month's feat
With a wiry nerve in womb of our struggling mother.
We shared each breath together and each heartbeat.
You cared for me more than just an earthly brother.

You let me take all nourishments, denying yourself
And your such kindness made you so weak, weak.
Perceiving my existence you offered me your help.
The existence that strived hard being deathly sick.

Brother! We were born together in this misty earth
But you were too, too weak to adapt and to survive.
Weakening yourself, you made me strong by birth.
Dying, you left this earthly pyre in day number Five.

But you have not died my martyr brother, my twin
For every atom in my blood, breath resembles you.
Once I lived with you, for you and now you live in
My whole being and my dual existence ever-new.

(In memory of my twin brother who died on his infancy of 5th day)

Osman Gani