

Poetry Series

Raees Ahmad
- poems -

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Raees Ahmad()

Day Dream

Day dreams are quite often,
When love is single sided.
It's a day among golden,
But truly i was blindfolded.
Whom i met in my dream,
Nothing she proved more than imagine.
I bite a biscuit without cream,
Oh! Alas! it proved false vision
Some times it seems a day of hope,
But later all in vain.
Single love a hang without rope,
Hang rope is not more as love pain.
Hanging man dies within seconds,
But love pain takes decades.

Raees Ahmad

The Cold Tears

Once i met a Belle, on social media.
Her eyes were like Almond
And she was from far area.
Her face was a shining diamond.
She used to call me daily,
As I falled deep in her love.
She was very far from my valley.
I wish she could fly, to me as a dove.
But she left me in cold tears,
Because I was watching a dream.
And some one whispered into my ears,
As I woke up find my lamps gleam,
Shining but suddenly got off.
And I wipe my cold tears and doff.

Raees Ahmad

The Gorgeous Belle

Me alone thirsty and eager
Looking for cute and gorgeous
Oh! her nature Sans anger,
As she looks very glorious.
Here i eager for one pilgrimage,
Then teach me what will be cost
Where she spends her all age.
My heart says and says she is my ist and last.
Oh! she is so vergin,
As fade flowers blooms where she stands.
Her vision, could charm to desert sands.
She has taken heart of mine,
Oh! She is sweet more than wine.

Raees Ahmad

The Nights Of December

I recalled the nights of December,
Which were very cold and enchanting. When I was writing Novel in my chamber,
It seems Moon and snow were on dating.
I opened the window with a pleasant scene,
It was the dance of moon and Snow.
Although i was far butseemes i was teen,
Snow was dancing while watching her glow.
I kept lights off and went to sleep,
Where i saw scattered pebbles of frozen snow.
I cried with falling tears and weep,
Now there is no moon and her glow.
I woke up with a sudden bolow,
And found tears on my Pillow.

Raees Ahmad

The Starlet

Oneday I encountered with a Starlet,
She were amazing because of her hobbies.
We shared but, mine she called filtered set,
She said deny is in my hobbies.
I were puzzled to learn her nature,
Because she used to deny my value.
Neither I know her past nor future.
Her lips were like morning dew.
She sent me in cold tears,
While listening her strange words.
Peculiar were her all answers,
But she does have sweet vocal cords.
As I resisted her strange language,
Although she is cute like Parrots cage.

Raees Ahmad