

Poetry Series

Raihana Abdul Jabbar
- poems -

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Raihana Abdul Jabbar(13/07/1992)

I'm just another person who falls in love with literature over and over again...
The words, 'Bookworm', 'Chocoholic', 'Kind', 'Wears Spectacles', 'Big Brown Eyes'
and 'Thoughtful' may describe me to a decent extent. :)

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A Promise

You're but a dream now.
A dismal dream I can't wake up from.
You've left echoes of ringing laughter.
And warm grips of unbound love.
You were never born,
But had lived a whole life inside of me.
My unborn child,
I know I've been careless.
Immature, irresponsible.
Drinking in the smoke of despair,
Reaching oblivion.
Neither guilt nor heartbreak is an excuse.
Apologies for my broken body,
And cold womb.
For the murderous selfishness.
But know that I'd cared enough.
To free myself from the bonds,
Of fermented bottles and cigar pipes.
I promise you, before you leave.
A trickle of blood, crimson tears.
Pain unimaginable, bear witness...
Death of my son.
Birth of a mother.

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

A Toothy Plight

I'm a student,
An aspiring dentist...
But my back is now bent,
Crushing weight of 'to-do' list...

Department of Prosthodontics...
I slog sleepily in a corner..
Whirlpool of dentures, crowns and pontics...
God! Help me out of this burner..

'Boy! It's half past one! '
My tummy feebly cries..
I console, 'We can leave when we're done,
Have a little rice...'

But my occlusal rim,
Giggles heartlessly...
Hopes are again dim...
No approval so easily...

I think of nasty tricks,
Failure! Forsee danger ahead..
'Cause none can outsmart pricks,
They won't nod their head..

I silently realize, in resentment...
Lay before me,
Yet another day of torment...
Huh! Let it be! ! !

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Abstracted

Conversations.
Broken, yet bridges north and south.
Few awkward text messages.
Soothes, yet electrifies her.
Stretched silences, inept 'oh's and 'ah's,
Sometimes, lumbering hums.
Somehow, delights her artfully.
Late night depression.
A watchful soul, though maladroit,
With humour, subtle,
Pulls up the corners of her lips.
This face, not so handsome,
Fuels her formidable daily grind.
Why so? One might wonder.
He isn't a sorcerer or a wizard.
Simply, an alchemist who found love.

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Adrenaline

This convoluted mass of neurons.
With higher functional quotient,
Than honeybees, hyenas and herons.
Serotonin or adrenaline?
A giant sundew, quite efficient.
A racing high.
Mystic. An addiction.
Yen for speed, and sense of success.
Transforms into a flytrap.
The same brain, with an unmistakable clot.
Electrical activity, nil.

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

All Good To Those Who Wait?

Grief hands a heavy stone,
Carry it a while,
And you feel it's gone,
That's when you accept the finality.

Raging sea, or a thunderclap,
That's what anger's like.
There's a calm after the storm,
It's foolish, not permanent, though.

Happiness gives you wings,
You can't keep flying,
'Cause wings are tiring things,
And you know when you need to rest your case.

Surprise, shock, love, sympathy,
Seasons, the passing rain,
Thawing snow, flowing river.
They change, come and go.

Sadness, is like TB,
You know it's there,
Chronic, yet silent. Painful, maybe.
And you hope it gets cured some day.

What's unbearable, is worry.
The endless wait. The futile hope.
Insufferable heartache, no end to the circle.
It kills you. And you know it will.

All bad to those who wait, I might add.

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Am I Loved?

A Pleasant Sunday Morning...
The Zealous Blue Eyes...
With Light at the end of the Tunnel...
Looked unto his Mother..

Trying to decipher, In vain...
Her busy, serious face...
Gold ringed fingers...
Tap Danced, On the Steering Wheel...

The Boy wanted to ask...
'Where to? ...Not Back There...
It's Sunday! '
(Her Preoccupied Expression
Advised - Better Not...)

The Glimpse of Hope...
All burnt to a Cinder...
When she drove her Chevrolet..
To the Glaring Edifice...

'4KIDS DAYCARE'

She Slicked up his Slacks...
Neatened his Shirts...
Pecked on his cheek...
'Love you, Honey...'

Hollow Words....
(A Rueful Thought)
And Walked Away...
Forbearing...
Tearful Eyes in deep thought...

'Am I Loved? '....

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Aqua De Vida

Be it the splash of cool drops on the face,
After sweaty, hot days...

Be it a mug of chilled water,
For the parched throats, it matter...

Be it a mirage in the burning desert,
Bringing hope in a traveler's heart...

Be it a dew drop forming on a tender leaf,
Slow and soothing, washing away all grief...

Be it the serene flow of a mountain stream,
With it, paper boats of a child's dream..

Be it the ceaseless murmur of the sea,
Setting your mind and soul free..

Be it, on a spring morn, the spray of nature,
Falls that inspire literature...

Be it not for the H₂O,
Wouldn't we shrink like dried fruits?

Thus, The Merciful has blessed 'Aqua' be,
Alike a beautiful granted prayer, for thee..

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Baby Shoes

Twinkling dew on leaves of pine,
Her face, mirrors sunshine...
With spirit of a songbird,
She chuckles, a happy soul...

Watching the sun retreat,
Behind the icy mountain tops...
She knits baby shoes, in the warm fire,
With threads of gold and wool...

She waits in joy, for her husband,
Whose day of toil, she wishes to erase...
Sharing the good word, as sweet as honey...

As twilight turns the evening sky magical,
She places the dainty shoes on the doorstep...

He comes home, weary and spent...
Lays his eyes on the curious surprise,
Perceives that God has blessed them,
Husband and Wife,
With a little angel, a precious gift...

A spring of happiness gushes in his eyes,
Lighting up her heart, for years to come....

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Be Healthy!

Oh! No!

Grapes, Apples...

Orange too...

Mom's romping around...

Head for the Hills!

Dad's tallying me..

Carrots, Lettuce...

And Cucumber...

Why?

'Be Healthy! '

Chew...Chew...Chew...

No Other Way!

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Black Questions

Clothed in white, dark within,
Haunted by a million black questions.
I'd once lived in pride,
I had power, money and health.
When veils of death shroud my eyes,
I wonder, 'What do I have now? '
Am I to the orchard of glowing happiness?
Or am I destined for the deepest circle of hell?
This doubt, when shall it cease?
I'm dead, who cares for my words?
'If I'd been more careful...'
Voiceless, helpless, morose, guilty.
I wait for my answers.

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Born To Please

Day break,
The drowsy helium ball,
Shot a faint purple glow,
Hidden under the blanket of distant horizon.
Tightly wound into a spiral,
Morning glory woke up at the chilly touch,
Gentle fingers of light.
Unravelling herself into a trumpet,
Rich azure, beauty unfathomable.
Heart shaped leaves, and tender vines.
'Heavenly blue', they called her.
She was born to please,
Her mind swelled in glee.

Dusk,
Humming birds and butterflies,
Gave way to lightning bugs.
Morning glory, faded and curled,
Reveled in the twilight of her life.
Greasy hands laid themselves upon her.
A scrawny rat of a man,
Hovered around, sniffing,
Ripping. Crushing. Burning.
All at once, she was only white smoke, Clinging onto the insides of a lunatic.
She was born to please, indeed.
What else did drugs of leisure achieve?

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Break Free...

We start to speak,
But the consequences are bleak.

They say, you have the right,
But we can't even fight.

Society appears as good as gold.
But greed, corruption and terrorism rules the world.

They say race, religion, community, caste doesn't divide us.
But, the tension, we still feel in the air.

Masked men lead the unsuspecting mass,
Who aren't a scratch of what they seem to be.

We see happy citizens on pages of a magazine.
Don't you think it's another cooked up story?

When shall we break the chains?
Put innocent sufferers out of pain?

Lets pray for a place, free of greed and filled with love.
Where people live and let live.

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Buried Deep Inside....

The murky shadows..
Stillness of the dark....
Chilly night, hooting hollows...
No sign of my lark...

I'd said 'Silly pet he's been...'
Singing all day long....
One day he was no more seen...
He'd flown along....

But now I'm lonely
And he never returns....
[Because he thinks I detest him]
After all he wasn't silly...
My heart burns...

Love once expressed,
Would stay forever...
Bury it in your heart...
You could find it never.....

I miss my birdy....And this poem is on account of my indifference towards the bird when he was with me....But when he flew away...I realized how much he'd meant to me...I'd buried my love many times.....And had been too late in realizing my mistake...

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Childhood Friend

Rummaging our way,
Through the school backyard,
Borrowing chinks, the ball, and
The bun from ...
(But we ain't asking permission)

I never felt sorry...
Because she was with me...

Jumping over the stone fence
Into Old y's orchard...
Stealing oranges and hurling grapes at him...
When he chases us around....the shivering creature...

I never felt any pity...
When she was near me....

Sticking out our tongues at minors...
Grabbing lollipops off their hands...
Handing them a candy,
We smirk round the corner...
(A wrap around a stone...Hehe)

I never felt culpable...
Indeed, she was with me...

Blaming each other when caught...
So elders might confuse...
Hiding their keys,
For a day and a night....

I never felt guilty,
When she was with me....

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Chocolate

Holding dad's little finger,
I eyed the colourful covers.
Permission granted to choose,
There! I was DAZED! ! !

The creamy light brown, the dark?
The caramel topped, the milky?
Hey, the one with wafers or the coconut sprinkle?
DOUBT! ! !

The delay earned me an angry glare.
After speedy contemplation,
Settled, my hands, on the rarely chosen,
Exquisite, Swiss chocolate mousse.

Walking back home
IMPATIENCE! ! !
Grabbing the cover,
I tore it open.

The warm chocolate melted, in my mouth,
Tickling the happy sensation.
Occasional Hazelnuts doubled the ecstasy.
The sweet, trickled down tastefully.

But nothing lasts forever - a truth
The empty wrapper, joined others....
Left me thinking....
'When would be the next stroll with dad? '

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Comatose

I opened my eyes to darkness, smelt my hair.
Startled at the uncanny affair.
I was breathing. Pure Oxygen.
Pulse, seventy seven.

Red wind rushed in,
Pricking my skin.
I was in turmoil.
Turbulent clouds within.

I'd jumped off summits,
Hit and took hits,
Swam like a Manta Ray.
Read a thriller in the train, on my way.

Was it real?
Never this calm.

I'd stolen a kiss on an elevator,
Cried into the arms of my Benefactor.
I'd seen indictable sham.
My heart was never this calm.

The idea troubled me,
Never this calm.

When my dad's gentle voice called my name,
And his blistered hand touched my face,
The pulse was still seventy seven.
Maybe, it'll always be.

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Dear Dad...

If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have opened my eyes into this world.

I was a tiny tot and you held me close to your ever loving chest.

You sat me on your shoulder and I felt I was the Princess of Arabia.

When I ask you stupid doubts, like how to know when fishes cry, you answered my fantasies with an amused smile.

You squeezed my hand and gave an understanding nod when I threw my teenage temper tantrum.

Your determined face, your strong voice and your big heart were a constant source of comfort to me.

You taught me through your actions, how to trust, be subtle and sublime.

I inherited your gentle brown eyes, as well as your amazing reasoning power and sensitivity.

I learned from you to fight viciously for my faith and family.

I searched through your library and found golden books, treasure of knowledge.

You made me ready for the roller coaster ride of life's infinite surprises.

You never intended bad for me and I never wanted to hurt you.

Our relation is a carefully sewn precious silk and I cross my heart that I'll cherish it, keep it sacred.

I know that when I choose my soul mate, I shall look into him the very essence of what you are, my dear Dad.

These words wouldn't encompass the emotions embossed in the depth of my heart and soul, like the gripping roots of a thousand year old oak tree.

I say, being your daughter is the greatest blessing I received from God.

I love you Dad.

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Deflected

I traveled as fast as light,
Chasing you, by the glimmer,
Of your charged existence.
Attracting the negative.
The very fiber of my soul,
Knotted, tied to you,
Yet redeemable,
Beckoning hope?
I needed to find out.
It took millions of years.
The closer I got to you,
The farther I felt, from reality.
I breathed in vacuum.
I froze the heat rays.
Warped sense of time.
Gravity lost it's meaning.
Was it too late?
Now, I'm deflected,
Perspective though.
You weren't my destiny.
Never was.
A huge black void,
Is where you've led me.
Spinning, sparking and disintegrating,
Tiny shards of my cold cynical being,
In a blaze of purple and white,
Is sucked into super-massive nothingness.
Love isn't the answer.
Truth is.

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Examination

Eerie silence...
Restless feet tap-danced...
Fuming Impatiently,
To get rid of that feeling of Insecurity....
Drab Hours, Sleepless nights
Of arduous study...
Weren't I sincere?
Yes, but why? ...Mind is BLANK....
Perspiration...Inspite
The air-conditioned classroom
Q.P handed out...
B.P on the high...
In the name of Almighty,
Whom, on a normal day,
I seldom recall...
I measured my intellect,
Upon a set of problems...
'It was easy enough'...
With a sigh of relief...
OUT of the hall, OUT of the strain...
Once more, neglecting that Power,
Which helped me OUT...

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Fearless

When I touched the snow,
I didn't feel the flow of thermal energy.
For my fingers were freezing cold.

I strained to hear a rustle,
But I realized, the sound waves,
Had less amplitude and frequency than my heart beats.

If broken glass would cut through my leather shoes,
I wouldn't sense the pain.
Because my feet tingle in numbness.

I knew, fear was gripping me.
Holding on, creating a covalent bond.
Terrifying, chilling and savouring my mind.

I called for help with a dry, aching throat.
Voiceless, I shuddered at the thought.
Prayers, they call, to the greatest Lord.

Suddenly, the lamp shone,
Lighting my trembling soul, filling it,
With music, warmth and life.

Reassured. He's with me and I'm fearless.

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Glimpse Of A Graveyard

A wild alienated piece of land,
Neither grand, nor bland.

Even though roses and myrtles grow on this heath,
Clung in the air, is the fragrance of death.

With fluttering bats and hooting owls, this new place,
Brings direful apprehension felt for Frankenstein's face.

In the morn, lay in their cribs, peaceful resting souls,
When stars light, a haven of haunting ghouls.

Rich and poor, young and old, sleep alike,
With utmost reverence, no altered psyche.

For they have tasted downfall and demise,
And so they don't believe in life's cold lies.

They welcomed me warmhearted,
'Never fear death, fear God', they sighed.

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Halved

I've lost half of my mind, half of my body.
I gained a whole new perspective.
One little breeze of love would turn me upside down,
A storm of hate will keep me brazen, audacious and hardy.
Prayers (To Almighty) and Hope, for and in someone's good heart,
Wipes my tears. No sign of drought though.
My halved heart, malfunctions, but would always love all...
Waiting to be whole again.

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Harlequin Green

She's wild, heady and tough, a shade of harlequin.
Curtain for any stranded bedouin.

Galvanizing love was her charm,
Minus, any undertones of harm.

A deathly smoke sickened the marionette,
It was neither a fire, nor a cancerette. (Read cigarette)
Sting of callous, ruthless betrayal.

Leaving a pile of rotting evidence,
How could she be treated with such insolence?

It wasn't the fire that charred the trinkets, time, or tears.
It was her passion, for football and literature,
That spared her a dreary future.

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

He's Away...

Flawless crimson blooms...
Dance around in glee...
But, I dread the lurking thorns...

Making merry with the wind...
Leaves radiate gold rays...
But, I see the shadows cast...

Shimmering in moonlight...
The Black lake twitters...
But, I feel the smirking depths...

A linnet tunes his happy notes...
But, I listen painfully,
The rhythm of my stinging heart...

Faraway stars wink at me...
But, happiness lights the skies yonder...

I'm amidst a Rose Garden...
A teardropp woke a sleeping stone...
"Why? " the gray rock mused...

"He's Away..."
My tears gleamed...

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

I Could Love You Anyway

You, yes, you.

Listen up before you leave.

I could love you in darkness.

I need not see the indentation of your hollow cheeks.

Or the sharp lines of your chiseled face.

I could love you from a distance.

I need no stretched conversations.

No words. No reassurances.

I could love you, skin and nerves apart.

No subtle kisses.

No hugs nor sex,

No pull of physicality.

I could love you in silence.

I can read your ocean of thoughts,

I'd reach your mind.

Like light waves,

Through vacuum, intergalactic space.

Your heart and a starlit night.

I could weave fantasies and live them with you.

Ink on parchment.

Green born from yellow and blue.

We blend, to create.

Unseen, yet existential.

I could love you without expectations.

No bonds of marriage, no worldly responsibility.

And most importantly, no monetary benefits.

I could love you without your knowledge.

Without anybody's knowledge, as a matter of fact.

No rules, no laws, no religion has to approve.

I could love you even when I love other things.

A tad bit more maybe.

Because you are mine, baby

I'm lost in this transcendental force,

An astronaut stranded in space-time.

You must think of this surrealist confession,

And mock at it's poetic progression.

But know, these aren't words of leisure.

Weirdly, they prove,

Execution of man's uncontested emotional freewill.

You, yes, you.
I could love you anyway

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

I Know...I Love Him...

I close my eyes...
Not to see shadows..

But the glow of my life...
His liquid brown eyes...

Deep within, Flawless love...
Pouring out...

I listen..
His soft, husky voice...

Right beside my ears...
So close...
As waves are to shore...

His breath, sweet as ever....
Warms me complete...

His smile...Strikes me...
Like sparkles of sunshine...

His gentle hands...
A cool breeze across my face...

His delicate fingers...
Caress my hair....

When he holds me near...
I feel his heart...

His love...My jewel...
I 'd never lose it anywhere...

For I can't see me...
Without him...
Incomplete...

There! ...He's my Adonis...

I know...I Love Him...

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

I Never Knew

Born in a rainy July,
I thought 'Cancer' was only my star sign.
'I never knew',
That it meant a stubborn crab,
Holding onto my life.

When I coughed,
And wasted away, sunken eyes.
'I never knew',
Tumor cells were migrating,
Heart, Brain, Lungs.

When I died,
Someone clad in black, mourned,
'I never knew',
That this happened to my friend.
So unexpected, so soon.

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

I Saw Her

When she was five,
I saw her first,
Trotting behind her mom,
She was pretty...

When she was ten,
I saw her again,
Buying a candy,
She asked me 'You want one? '...

When she was fifteen,
I saw her mischievous smile,
She dumped an ice cream on my head,
She was fun!

When she was twenty,
I saw her gentle brown eyes,
There gleamed passion,
She was my love...

When she was forty,
I saw her creased face,
She held my hands,
She was my knowing friend...

When she was eighty,
I saw her toothless laugh,
Sharing an old memory with me...
Yes, She is my wife...

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

I Wouldn'T Complain

I wouldn't complain,
About the eerie silences,
About the stench of alcohol,
Or the pungent cigarette breath,
And burns on my skin.
I wouldn't complain of your thousand vices.
I'll make do with the dead weight,
Of your unconsciousness and my fragile conscience.
I wouldn't complain, of the sombre mask,
Speechless moments, or unexplained sins.
I'll feed and clothe myself,
And go about, ridding the place,
Of vomit and vestiges of beastly rage.
I wouldn't complain, no, not once,
About any of those screaming scars,
Mind and body.
'Cause, a jar of marbles,
Stays on top of the bedroom cabinet.
each green orb, a moment of clarity.
That fraction of time,
When you hide your face,
Beneath the very same collar bone.
When you look frayed and beaten.
That time, when you walk on broken glass,
And you know you need me.
I'm bruised and silent.
I would never complain.
No judge comprehends,
The amusing anomaly of my withered self,
They call it psychosis,
I call it love.

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Imagine! ! !

Imagine, you're in the air, a weightless, frivolous feather,
With the breeze, floating away farther.

Imagine, you're resting on your mother's delicate lap, ,
And she's smiling, calling you 'Her silly ol' chap! '.

Imagine, you're in the vast, mesmerizing space,
Admiring The Great Wall of China on the Earth's face.

Imagine, you're a diabetic, so unlucky,
That you end up at a sumptuous tea party.

Imagine, you're stuck with this miss,
Who's a second away from your first kiss.

Imagine yourself in a dashing red Ferrari,
Speeding on an empty highway, with passion so fiery.

Imagine, you're in a fancy Italian diner,
Aroma of 'Tortellini' giving you pleasure.

If these lines could touch you, Awaken your senses,
Then, I say, you have a great imagination!

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Midnight Sun

The Hourglass of my life....
Spent the last grain of sand...
Now, it turns upside down....
Midnight descends around me...

While I grope in direful darkness....
Fighting back the fear sinking in...
Pulling me apart, ripping me...
I behold a streak of illumination....

The Midnight Sun...
Lighting up my world...
Filling zest and vigor in my life..
A friend of mine....Of course, He is...

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

My Love...

Dreams spinned away,
Silvery webs around me...
Drifted, I amidst them,
When a rustle woke me up...

As the graceful 'sleep fairy',
Refused to grant a spell...
Stepped I, lightly onto the balcony...
Feeling the 'magic' around me...

The breeze fetched me,
The fragrance of wild jasmine blooms....
Surprized at the supressed giggle,
I stared at the perky red rose on the sill...

She whispered 'Up there! He's up there! '
My eyes searched for him,
The starry black sky...
And instantly fell in love!

There, among the cotton clouds,
Winking down at me,
Was the handsome, elegant prince,
My love, The Moon...

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

My Reply To A Disappointed Friend...

Why the road so dire?
Why follow the fire?
Why vociferate endlessly?
You have unpredictable power! ! !

Allow not tears to conquer you,
Allow not ur blood to dry up....
Keep it live.....
Alight with that powerful fire.....

Achieve ur desire....
Leave behind the haunted roads....
And look forward....
To the enlightened destination.....

Lend your ears to the music of life...
Tune it to fit the ring of change...
For changes always happen...
Flow with the right, as brave as ever...

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

My Stallion

He is the stallion who broke free,
Throwing his rider down, unrelentingly jarring her,
She who reigned his bridle...
He gallops forward with the determination of a glass flint into fire,
Knowing his destiny, evolving himself into a shinier shard of sparkler...
Vitrified into smooth porcelain...
His rider lay on the moist warmth of moss and dirt,
The rhythm of his hooves in concordance with her heartbeat...
She'd been riding towards light..She thought..
But all he cared, all that mattered, was freedom,
Nurturing and nursing flames of resentment and chagrin,
All that while, when she seemingly directed the directionless...
At last, he's free...
My stallions free...
He's but a shimmering unicorn now, which never existed in her life...
His rider lay listening to dying hoof-falls, and a speck of white...
Vanishing into zilch in a few fractions of time...

RJ

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Myself...

I looked into the mirror to find myself...
Reflection approved...
But something's missing...
I don't know what...

I looked into the water of the murky lake,
The ripples distorted my face....
Not pleasing....Why? ...
I never found what I sought...

Then I turned to a friend...
She let me know...
That I was apt, but had some faults...
'What? '...She remained silent...

And then I gazed upto the starlit sky...
And called to the God with all my heart...
Yes...I knew...What my faults were...
I discovered...Myself....

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Pappus

Alike a grandpa's pearly white beard,
Delicate, drifts with the slightest breeze.
'Where to? Don't know...'
Yet, swirling, swooping and swooshing,
Twirling, whirling and reeling.
Orbiting mother earth, it dares without fear.
Landing in the brown soil, it bursts into green.
Purest of God's creations,
Bearing life and destiny,
Of a beautiful dandelion soul.

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

People Hardly Notice...

Curls of blue smoke,
Deep and Dense,
Rising up...up...up...
A Vampire From Death...

Closing their eyes,
The twinkling stars, fell apart...
The smiling crescent,
Turned Upside Down...

People Hardly Noticed,
For the glitz of the sky scrapers,
Have blinded their eyes....

The droning bumble bees,
Never whizzed past ears...
The band of the songsters,
Never sang their morning melody....

People Hardly Noticed,
For the nasty, rude car honks,
Have deafened their ears...

People those who cared,
For the scent of early winter blooms...
And the sweetness of the purest drop,
Couldn't but sigh, a feeble voice...

For the chaos for
CIVILIZATION....they call it so...
Have dumbed their speech....

The filthy vampire smirks...
Upon the heartless people....
In a haze, is mother nature....
In a haze, are her children...

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Raindrop

A raindrop, tiny she was, came
Settling on the rose bud nearby,
Rested after her racing game,
From the dim, darkened sky.

I wondered, listening to her heavy gasps,
'Sent down? ...The reason? '
Reading my thoughts, the tiny drop,
Answered in her musical rhythm...

'From the blues, where the rainbow blends,
Where I slept with all my friends,
An awakening chill sent us down,
To find our destiny on our own...'

The glaring sun rose in anger,
Squeezing the soul out of her,
Alas! The dazzling dropp disappeared,
Leaving me behind dazed...

A great teacher she'd been,
Taught me 'Life's Brief! '
Returned to her creator,
Content to have fulfilled her destiny....

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Satisfaction

I want to belong.
That's the north of my internal compass.
Perhaps, not in a society of scheming wolves.
Religion? Caste? Creed? Food? Drink? Gender?
Don't break my rights.
Never mind the nose bleeds and broken bones.
I don't want to choose.
Not where people find diversity in unity.
Find happiness in their* humiliation.
I'm not lost in a fool's fantasies.
Messages delivered. Left unopened.
Yet, for the satisfaction.
Of calling out to the receptive minds.
Let's not follow the pied pipers.
I stay in my skin, use my endowed brain.
I stop fighting.

*other (than my) communities, castes, religion.

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Seashore...

Leaning against the gigantic, geometric sculptures...
The fresh scent of the sea, I breathed in thankfully...
Listening to the water, the mesmerising murmur...
And the friendly call of the homeward gull...

Barefeet...No leather masking me from nature...
I strode along the shore, under the secluding sun...
Feeling the comforting warmth of gleaming, glittering sand...
Under my toes, pebbles tickling at times...

Playful waves kissed my feet, gently...
As they washed away the cipher I left...
Decoded, took them away...
To where the sea hid her pearls...

With a profusion of violets, blues, oranges and pinks...
Finished up with a golden wash...
Nature, painted out in intricate strokes...
A splendiferous sunset for me...

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Sense Of Decay

Eyes locked,
Momentarily.
They immediately fathomed,
The unfair consequences.
Diverting their gaze,
They walked past each other.
Wearing grey masks,
Of pretentious indifference.
Ignoring,
Minimally conversing,
Even fighting.
Refusing to drown,
In the unforgiving currents of fate.
Realists, indeed.
A Hindu.
A Muslim.
Indifference wasn't enough.
Sleepless nights,
Finding reasons to hate each other.
Yearning freedom,
From the painful proximity,
The insurmountable pull.
As they moved on,
With what was left of life,
And numbed hearts.
They were good.
But Time conspired,
With a vengeful Fate,
To get back at them.
A chance meeting.
Eyes locked yet again,
They smelt something funny,
A deep seated sense of decay.
Reeking corpse,
Of their untold love.

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Shadow Land

Welcome to Shadow land.
A world derived from light.
Inhabited by Silhouettes,
Weightlessly, they move with astounding agility.

Impossible is possible in Shadow Land.
The Crazy shapes, Haunting vestiges.
O People who cast shadow over one's happiness
Beware of an obscurity waiting for you.

Shadows are voiceless.
Enslaved by men in real world.
In chains, from birth.
We move, They move.

Even so, there isn't untouchability in Shadow land
Because shadows can neither be touched, nor judged.

Size doesn't matter in Shadow land.
Move towards Light*, and you are colossal.
Farther you go, the petty you become.

Colour is alien to Shadow land.
No Fair, No Dark, All same.
Only shades of Black and White.
Lincoln would have been happy here.

But Shadow Land is forgotten in the dark.
To be rebuilt again in radiance.

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

She's Your Daughter...

She's your daughter,
You wonder, where is her laughter...

You claim to give her happiness,
By making her life a mess?

She's a kitten in chains,
Listen! Her fluttering heart pains..

She's a bird in glowing rage,
She never craved a golden cage..

Hear her longing cries,
Severe all her ties...

Love is her need,
Won't you pay heed?

She's your daughter...
Leave her...
To fly yonder...
And shine brighter..

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

The Belated Gift

I never knew her...
She was all vague...
Her eyes were distant...
But deep down, I loved her so much...
I had deliberately delayed my gift...
I thought I could never find her fount of love,
Which she had hidden away...
In one of the beautiful, colorful, shells...
Deep in her ocean of care...
But today, I could see the shimmering pearl...
I found the key...
She had it sparkling, always in her eyes...
Only the haughty rebel in me couldn't see it before...
I love my Mom...
Love her more than ever...
She'd always worried for me....
Held me invisibly, when I'd been in distress...
She'd always stood behind the clouds,
Round the clock, Peeping just to see I don't fall...
Praying with concern, for my wellness...
Now I'm going away...
Far Far Away...
And I feel the pangs I'd have to suffer...
Without her gentle hands caressing my hair...
Out of my face...Drifting me to a sound slumber...
But I know the chains are stronger now...
We're bonded for life...

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

The Best Teacher

From within, for a teacher,
Praise of him, in a singular letter.
Austere and unyielding, no less,
Yet, in his manners lay, a soft gentleness.
Perseverance, hard work and honesty,
Pleases him, it's a surety.
From innocuous swimming electrons,
To deathly x-ray photons.
His lectures are never a bore,
All he wants is us to score.
Lighting unused neuronal circuits,
He prompts to learn from faults,
Like the rare colorful agate stone by the river,
In a rumble of pebbles, he stands out ever.
Thanks are due,
For a plant wouldn't grow,
Without a conscientious gardener.

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

The Hermit Crab

I was a hermit crab,
Dwelt in a smooth, contoured, blue shell.
I hid beneath the curtain of the dark green sea-weeds.
I thought about the lively colours of the coral reefs
But I never dared to venture to the deep blue ocean.
What if I be so ugly among the beautiful marine fauna?
What if I couldn't make a niche of my own?
Or got eaten up by a hungry shark?
'Guide me! ', I prayed to the Master of hissing waves.
One stormy night, the currents and surf washed me ashore.
I could feel the grainy sand, the salty air.
The humming of the raging sea, a lullaby for my ears.
I woke up to find a screen of gold,
And went to sleep again,
Heaven welcomed me,
With a message so merry,
I had become a fossil in a piece of amber,
And will be remembered through all times to come.

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

The Lost Love

Cutting into the midnight-blue sky,
Lined with a faded red glow,
He came, with radiance of a thousand rays...
Peeping from, among the craggy green hills,
At his lover, whom he'd left,
With shiny beads of pearls on her cheek...
She woke in her full bloom, amidst
The silent water, sensing his touch,
In spite of the misty air...
The lovelorn lady lotus,
Shivered at the sun's kiss,
Danced with the light breeze...
Jealousy, Time was, in their happiness,
Dragging the Light into the sea...
The lady waits till the next dawn'
Again to be left alone, as darkness creeps in....

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

The Man And His Lady

There was once a man, who loved chicken,
And his lady who loved chocolates.
Now, now, they're married, listen!
Who doesn't like strange tales? It's a given!

The man bought her bountiful delights,
Creamy, milk chocolates,
Sometimes, dark rich ones.
A set for each shady debauchery.
For the ultimate vice, even Richard and Puccini.

The lady cooked him scrumptious chicken,
Grilled wings in marinara sauce,
Kebabs and cheesy enchiladas,
Every-time she stole from his rich pocket,
Or crossed limits for her selfish desires.

Disgrace and drunken lapses,
He covered in shiny wrappers.
Owing to the gravity of her turmoil,
She dressed her iniquities, fried it in hot oil.
Ah! Ignorance is bliss, indeed.
Feigning ignorance? More so.

The time came eventually,
Where he fell from the ring of elites.
Cholesterol and weak heart for company.
And she, done with empty pursuit of pleasure.
Ended up obese, and diabetic, for sure.

Their sick selves held hands, inescapably.
One day they took a break from their gruel.
Chicken roast and chocolate mousse, in open air.
And found it rather flavorful than usual.
There wasn't that bitter tang of guilt in there.

The man who loved chicken,
And the lady who loved chocolates,
Loved each other, from then.

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

The Night Sky

Purple and black swirls in,
Shifting the orange and blue of daylight...
Worshippers of The Milky Way,
Whirl around, gleaming like diamonds...
The moon, dressed in pearly white,
Dance to a mystic, ancient score of night...
A wolf's howl echoes on a faraway rock...
Stirring those who reflect on their thoughts...
Fireflies light tiny lamps,
For those who seek knowledge in dark...
'Cause Nyx is blessed with insight of God...
The Night Sky inspires and enchants,
With gravity of a million suns...
Merci! O! Impeccable Power!
That holds the night sky high with all its wonder...

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

The One

She traveled far and wide,
From icy mountains of north,
To the flaming depths of dire desert.
She kept her hair short.
And wore light clothes.
She rationed and saved enough.
The journey wasn't easy.
Her port of call was where she'd find the One.
She searched amongst familiar faces,
Friends and family.
And sought fathomless locales.
With shady foliage, and crumbling ruins.
The rolling hills and the rugged valleys.
Caves and dungeons, tread her nimble feet.
In depths of a black pool, she daftly swam.
Pounding heart, throbbing head,
And a bleeding heart of disappointment,
Frightened her.
Beneath a golden tree, she rested,
And gathered her humble belongings.

A bag of scraps.

She clutched a book so tight,

Sighed a long due recognition,

And thanked the "One";.

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

The Predator

Soaring high up in the sky,
Catching sight of the slightest stir...
Hiding behind the green curtains,
Ready to pounce on the weakest...
Predators wait, with utmost stealth...
With ravenous craving, they pursue their game...
We often think,
'Do they ever have a slightest remorse?
Do they stop to see...
What the ill-fated prey feel? '
But is that the essential question?
Why do we not feel the hunger pangs of the attacker?
Why don't we muse what emotions,
Smolder in their fiery eyes?
Pity? ..Guilt? ..Regret?
Or Happiness in capturing their quarry?
Why do we never see into their needs?
Why do we never think about nature without them?
Why do we bear out the view,
'Predators are always the bad guys? '
The Lion and the Eagle convey in ominous silence,
On a silk thread, the world is balanced,
And we, predators hold one end of it...

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

The Window

Sunshine pierces through...
Lighting up my room to it's fill...
There isn't a slightest clue,
What awaits me, a morning at the sill...

I could watch the bell flowers grow...
Around the Giant Mango tree...
How awesome! I simply trow...
Swarming bees, hum in glee...

Snow melts at my window ledge...
Rain pelts at my window panes...
Squirrels scurry over the hedge..
I could gape at endless lanes...

A black cat, hairy scary things...
Stirring up my childish fears...
A puny grey fantail sings...
Wiping off my unsought tears...

So much Could The Eyes show me...
But nothing shows if The Window's gone...

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Through The Busy Lane...

Pacing through the busy lane,
Hauled me, The Sight, purely of anguish...
Muttering in her slumber, there lay,
On the squalid pavement,
A feeble lady of Ninety Nine....
Destitute, In solitude...
Her frizzled hair blown away by the zephyr,
From the scarred forehead...
I stared long upon her...
When the skinny, fragile frame of hers,
Stirred at the cyclist's bell....
Her eyes met mine, and her sunken face,
Recited, tales of her past...
Her protruding bones, narrated,
Hunger-stricken existence...
Her sombre eyes...Rendered me an insight...
Virtually a century of excruciation...
Laid, I, a shilling on her deformed metal plate...
And walked away, sinking among the busy lane...
Into a Hard-hearted busy life.....

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

When I Am Alone

Around me teems Six Hundred crore...
Is it for the want of more?
The heart strings, deep within the core,
Quiver at the heavy dew of loneliness...
I cry...I Am All Alone....

The blue sky turns dun...
Green Leaves parched in the sun...
Draining away all the fun
Mixing up the colours into one....
The ugly grey of life...

Tears well up in my eyes...
Who listens to me, now?
The dead leaves and the snow?
Sickening silence cling around...
Only the ticking time-piece by my bed...

None I have to share my part...
Nor a friend to plan mischief...
Sunked my face, into that faraway look...
Who would answer me now?
None...I Am All Alone...

Raihana Abdul Jabbar

Winter's Gift

On a gloomy winter morning,
When boughs stood mourning,
With an agonized mind,
I left my home behind...

Lanes laid in snow,
Footsteps mine - A friend in tow...
Ice-topped mountain peak,
Granting glimpses when I keek...

The snow crunched below,
A withered bloom laid low,
Giving way to red blobs of cherry...
A little finch sang in merry...

The tinge of sadness,
That weighed my heart,
Like a dew dropp trickling down,
Withdrew....Soothing me...
As the winter's gift I had!

Raihana Abdul Jabbar