

Poetry Series

**S I Mehfooze**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2014

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## S I Mehfooze(4-10 1993)

Shah Ishtiyag Mehfooze was born on 4th of October 1993 in a well-to-do family in Kashmir a beautiful state of north real name is Ishtiyag Hussain shah and mehfooz as his Pen name. Mehfooze is very active and simple, right from his childhood and likes much oze is a deep thinker of events and wanted the only root of their such character became much harmful to his life and he also met some dangerous in childhood days he was drowned into a nearby canal and when asked about it he innocently answered that in the water i was seeing weather i too can swim like the fishes or not as lord has given me much bigger body and fins unlike them, he was unique from other children in every aspect he don't use to play with them but would keep busy in thinking the life's fact. He was very intelligent speaker and would try to learn ENGLISH much more then that of other subjects. He would sometimes ran from the school and would watch the nature. He use to ran to the gardens and would think about the trees bearing fruits and their mechanism in changing their food, like Air, Water, and Sunlight into colorful fruits which a human can't often asked questions that why a plant and not a human can do so. Everyone told about him that he is quiet unique and must have a fascinating his father caught the talent he was imposed by lord the talent of poetry, when he was writing a rhyme over the gnawing of a rat at mid night when he was only a Fourth standard student and when questioned what is he doing he answered that his pen is cursing the rat who disturbed my that his father tried hard to step his son towards his mission and send him to study under the father makes him and brings him up, in his childhood days his father would ask him to write some paragraphs on whatever topic choose d by his father and was also given some prize money after its can one not highlight the way he expresses the scenes, events, and happenings into a simple possible words which is the unique and a sound characteristic of his poetry. Mehfooz would stole the literature books of his seniors and would taste the poetry version, john Keats and William Shakespeare are his role models. His greatest enemies were his text books, he never studied his text books interestingly rather he would spend his time in reading the novels and poetry and one could usually see him roaming with a Charles dickens friends love him very much as his talent and humanity was something which makes him more loving. Mehfooz firstly wrote his initial poem 'MY LOVE WITH NATURE' in his sixth standard in which he describes his love to lord's creation. He describes trees as the base of life and the shape of living. He describes how much he loves nature even in his little age. Mehfooze would spent his whole time in reading books besides his subjects. he loved poetry much and he will never feel boring if he is taught poems days and nights. But mehfooz's habit of not studying his subjects became a venom for his parents and they decided to cancel his admission in the boarding school but at last he

was warned not to write poems until he finishes his study. His father who is an experienced teacher don't allow him to write poems further and all his literature books were transferred to home and were kept in the custody of his besides this he never exposed his talent in public as he was shy and said that his teachers would perhaps insult him b at last his poetry was paused for two years before the migration to Ranchi a middle Indian state in his ninth standard. After the migration his parents and friends saw a new face of Mehfooze as he again opened his poetic account and was much developed in maximum faces of his life. He wrote six poems in his tenth class, three poems in eleventh and four poems in his twelfth class, including twentieths quotes as well as passed all the classes with good result. But it is believed that the migration made him the perfect writer and his development in his writing there was exceptional and wonderful. Actually he fell in love there but never get it still and that ache flummoxed him and put him in the real writing direction. He fights for it but he is keen and confident that Allah will never do something wrong with my simple and fresh friends said that only the migration made him the poet. Our Kashmir wants more and more from this beautiful talented mind we expect a lot from him further.

## EDUCATION

Mehfooz a twenty year old boy is a writer of 17 poems 23 quotes and some of the rhymes as well. He is perusing a bachelor of management degree BBA at BGSB University Rajouri Kashmir. He got his basic education from the locality and his father also helped him very much in his studies he is both his father and a teacher too And today his name is included in the toppers of his improved like the growing of a bamboo in all the fields.

## WORKS

Mehfooze wrote several blockbuster poems limited to seventeen included the poem THE CATERWAUL Which make him won the deep thinker and the BEST ROMANTIC TEENAGE POET AWARD from Goa in his part one. His works include

- 1) MY LOVE WITH NATURE
- 2) THE CATERWAUL
- 3) SISTER JENNIFER'S DEATH
- 4) OH BEAUTY TELLING TO YOU
- 5 THE DEAD LEAF
- 6 THOSE CHALLENGES MY MAKER

- 7) CALL THY FATHER
- 8) GRANDPA'S LAST WORDS
- 9) SHE DOESN'T REMAIN SHE
- 10) THE SHOT THREAT
- 11) STOLEN THEE EYES
- 12) TEARS DOWN CHEEKS
- 13) THE NAME IN THE ROSY FIST
- 14) SUGGESTION TO BROTHER CAT
- 15) BOWING TREES
- 16) WHEN LORD DRESSES KASHMIR
- 17) THE GOOD BYE DAY.

### AWARDS

Mehfooze has won few awards in school days but a great charm came to his life when he was declared the winner of the BEST ROMANTIC TEENAGE POET AWARD in Goa few months ago.

# Martyr's Tribute

To portray thine demise, must have the terms and the line  
None have I, nor have valor, the worth, that may turbine  
The strength thou showed to heal distant prongs each tine  
Same thing big people beg, in every mosque in each shrine.

My Kashmir unlucky for to get thee blessings so much little  
All beg thou, come more thee like stars to light up all tittle  
Every broken heart, destroyed mind, mankind and each soul  
And get freedom for all of us and for the heaven as a whole

Lo! Thou are a blessing and thy virtues so beautiful they are  
Thine teachings for oneness never went to defend any war  
Lo! Heart mine, dead decayed & eager to get a call of thine  
Aye! Thou went shining today silent and glittering to the bus  
Of martyrs never who thought they are, if were, were for us.

In the back can't accumulate thine given happiness in a lake  
As you passed away a way pledges a heaven for your sake,  
Go, to thee, these verses, with some gears, with some tears,  
The heed you feed no one feed since the white cloth you wore,  
Thou, virtues, idols, strongest, sore thee to the heaven core.

My Kashmir my heaven still not out of the torture and turmoil  
My brothers still chopped for no reason and sisters still harassed  
The chests yet being gunned and the graveyards getting incremented.  
Parents still can't allow their stars go out to fell prey to embroil  
The eyes still eager to see single day without torture and turmoil  
This is my land my heaven, an area of reddish and non living soil

Asalaamualikum martyrs thou made our head go up to the skies  
Thou made us proud for what thee did, and for freedom we relies  
Jinnah is thine way everybody say every dark night and bright day  
Salam & wishes to thee life in Jinnah come and join thou thee say.

S I Mehfooze

# My Suggestion To Brother Cat

Oh! dear brother cat  
come to me  
have to do and must do whatever said by me  
I will let u in my house  
Get a feast eat a mouse  
Eat him eat him ah! ah! ah!  
Stop the noise gnaw gnaw gnaw  
You to feast and we to rest,  
That is good better and best,  
Okey? okey! okey! okey!  
Oh! dear brother cat go to my hest.

S I Mehfooze

# The Kite Play

It was nice to Examine over my head  
A horror change in weather in weird

And colour of sky from blue to red  
When the clouds on my head spread

Into blood like fire ball way ahead  
Time to fly the kites along a long thread

Sures which, will go into deep the sky head  
As the breeze also increases its speed like the lead

The rosy smell with breeze will add it and plead  
Me want go along kite for a touch to the red

A wonder which no one has done as it is dread  
But why my ambition is so to touch sky by thread

Noo Mehfooze dont dream so as it is all dead  
you must go and sleep snoring into a choiced bed.

S I Mehfooze