

Poetry Series

**Sahil SharifdinEnglish**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2020

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Sahil SharifdinEnglish(24th April)

SAHIL SHARIFDIN ENGLISH

Residence: Pampore, pulwama,  
J and k, India.

Education: PG in English literature, , SET, NET

Influences: Shakespeare, Thomas Hardy, Rumi, Amir khusraw, Allam Iqbal,  
Nietzsche, Samuel Beckett, Emerson, Ahmad Deedat

Influenced: Talib Hilal, Syed Faisal, Zubair sofi, Mir Saquib Farooq etc

Notable poems:

Rebirth,  
Success in postmodern world,  
I was once sixteen,  
Rise and Fall,  
Bible of love,  
Our teachers,  
George Floyd,

Marital status: single

Occupations: poet, lecturer, quotewriter, YouTuber, blogger, Gymer, social reformer, public speaker.

Email: sahilsharifdinenglish@

Introduction

Sahil Sharifdin English is a poet, lecturer, quotewriter, YouTuber, article writer, gymer, social reformer, and public speaker. He is a growing versatile personality. While in the state of Jammu and Kashmir the youth are in a dilemma whether to support the people who want freedom for the state or to cooperate with the Indian government ruling the state since 1940's, Sahil is inviting the youth to shun the violence and work for the peace and progress of their families, Muslim community and the whole world. He uses his poetry as a vehicle to spread the ideas of love, justice, kindness, happiness, peace and modernity among the people around. He is very concerned about the increasing rate of suicide and depression patients in the valley. His principle is 'to act locally but think

globally'. He particularly wants the youth of Kashmir to study hard and build their health to the maximum limit possible. His quotes are worth writing in golden ink. He has written somewhere that 'TRUST in religion, BENEFIT in business, HEALTH in life, PHYSICAL PLEASURE in love affair, FRANKNESS in friendship, HARD WORK in studies and PATIENCE in married life are the basic rules.

### Life and philosophy

Sahil Sharifdin Bhat Popularly known as Sahil Sharifdin English was born at a village near the saffron town pampore in the district of pulwama in the politically disturbed state of Jammu and Kashmir in India. He is the eldest child of GH Mohi ud din Bhat and Rafiqa wani. Unlike the people around him, Sahil has chosen the different way of leading his life. He spends most of his time reading books at his home. He has been attracted to the ideas of education, peace, love, truth, progress etc from the very beginning in his life. He has studied the holy Quran, the holy Bible and the holy Bhagvad Gita. He has a good command over English, Urdu, Arabic and Persian languages. He says that education is the best solution to all the problems of Muslims in particular and of humankind in general. According to him, right education brings a person out of the depths of hate, anger and narrowmindedness and lifts him up to the zenith of love, tranquility and broadmindedness. He favours individual freedom so long as it doesn't create chaos and criticizes bitterly the outdated and rotten social constraints. His poetry and quotes target mostly the same issues. In addition, his heart weeps blood to see the plight of private teachers in particular and government teachers in general in the state of Jammu and Kashmir where a teacher is treated at par with the non-kashmiri daily manual labourers. He tries to highlight the same plight of teachers through his pen and the tongue. At the same time, he wants the teachers of the state to take good care of themselves, grow healthier and walk smarter as they are the primary role models for the children who grow up looking at them. He says that smart and healthy teachers build smart and healthy nations.

Once skeptical, Sahil is now a staunch believer in Allah. He respects and honours his two local religious teachers namely Bashir Ahmad kuchey and Shawkat Ahmad kuchey who gave a unique direction to the wandering ship of his life. Sahil, as already said, mostly loves to read books at his home. However, he occasionally loves to meet people, interacts with them on social media and, sometimes, face to face and talks fun with them. He is a patient listener and talks only when required. He hardly loses his cool. He is loved and respected wherever he goes, nevertheless, he too has a number of critics and unwanted enemies.

### Bible of love

Bible of love is a philosophical poem by Sahil Sharifdin English. The poem defines love very deeply. It alludes to various historical love affairs such as of the prophet Joseph, Queen Dido and Mansur Al-hallaj. Sahil seems to be well learned in the subjects of love and life. It is one of his most appreciated poems available on the internet.

Notable poems

1. After Breakup
2. An Eaglet Among The Hens
3. Bible Of Love
4. Define Love
5. George Floyd
6. I Am A Teacher
7. I Am Scared Of Love
8. I Call You Doctor Mine
9. I Was Once Sixteen
10. Message Of Coronavirus?
11. New Hunter-Gathering
12. Our Teachers
13. People People People
14. Plump, Creased And In-Between
15. Rebirth
16. Relive Old Memories
17. Rise And Fall

- 18. She Disobeyed Secretly
- 19. State Song Of Kashmir
- 20. Success In Postmodern World?
- 21. To My Girlfriend
- 22. To My Unborn Daughter
- Will Wipe Your Tears?
- 24. Why Girls, So Fast, Grow?
- 25. Women Are Victims
- 26. Zoom Out
- 27. Zoya

All these poems, his articles, his Urdu shayari and his quotes are available on the internet.

Notable quote

We ignore our sins and get angry at other world would be a Heaven if we ignored other sinners and got angry at our own sins.

Where there is TRUST, there is LOVE....

Imitative people always bark at creative people saying THIS DOESN'T SUIT YOU, THAT DOESN'T SUIT YOU.

.If he is old enough to rape, he is old enough to be hanged.

.when noise is disciplined, it is called Music.

.....

- - - - -

\*Full name\*: sahil sharifdin English

\*Nicknames\*: ssb, sharif-sir, Salman

\*Profession\*: English Literature Lecturer, gymer, YouTuber, blogger, quoteWriter, ArticleWriter, poet, social activist.

\*Height\*: 173 Cm 5'8"

\*Weight\*: 68 kgs

\*Eye colour\*: Dark brown

\*Hair colour\*: Natural Brown

\*Size\*: 32 pants, L T-shirt 08 shoes

\*Favourite colours\*: Blue, grey, red, yellow and pink

\*Favourite fabric\*: Denim Jean and cotton

\*Education\*: NET, SET, M. Ed etc

\*Ethnicity\*: Bhat i. e. Brahmin

\*Religion\*: Muslim

\*Blood group\*: B +

\*Food habit\*: non-veg

\*Hobbies\*: cycling, swimming, evening walk, writing, chatting, gyming, novel & poetry reading

\*Brothers\*: Two? ?

\*Marital status\*: single

\*Favourite actors\*: salman Khan, Sonakhshi sinha, Sylvester Stallone

\*Favourite wrestlers\*: Roman reigns, Randy orten, Ronda Rousey

\*Favourite foods\*: fish, egg, potato chips, curd, beef, oranges, banana and anything my mom cooks

\*Favourite movie\*: Rambo, sooryavansham 1999, sultan 2016

\*Favourite cricketer\*: Shahid Afridi

\*Favourite outfits\*: Jean pants, T-shirts and blazer

\*Favourite writers\*: Hardy, shakespeare, Emerson, Iqbal, Nietzsche, Rumi, Bhagat and Leo

\*Enemies' opinion\*: Religion-hater, women-hater, bad relative and groovy Lecturer

\*Friends' opinion\*: Linguist, philosopher, scholar, philanthropist, loyal friend, great human being\_\_\_all rounder buddy

\*Favourite book\*: The Glorious Qur'an

\*Favourite relative\*: Mom

\*Motto\*: LIVE AND LET LIVE PEACEFULLY

# After Breakup

Let's break up now, I say.  
Stay happy and take your way.  
Our love story reached the end.  
I have got another boyfriend.  
He is richer, loves me more  
He is exciting, not a bore.  
I hid you from my family members  
And hid from you many others.  
Not love but men are blind  
They can't understand womankind.  
Our moans fake, tears fake  
We are deadly like the snake.  
Now drink alcohol, do suicide,  
Or get for yourself some bride.  
We are playing with the boys  
Like kids do with the toys.  
Wipe tears, clear the way  
New boy comes wearing grey.

Sahil SharifdinEnglish

# An Eaglet Among The Hens

A wingless eaglet was silent and sad,  
Among the hens so happy and glad:  
Laughing, singing and dancing hens,  
Scratching ground to peck at grains.  
Of their voices, they were so proud.  
Their eyes focused on the ground.  
Hanging their crest, waving their wings;  
Showing the eaglet the petty things.  
Trying to fly a few furlongs  
Around the eaglet, they sang songs.  
Saying, O, our dear eaglet,  
We are the best of all on the planet.  
Fly like us, walk like us,  
Eat like us and talk like us.  
The pen we live in is so vast,  
More than a thousand, it does cost.  
Our job is to eat, drink and sleep.  
Neither we plough, nor we reap.'  
The silent eaglet didn't say a word.  
He considered himself a different bird.  
Praying for wings and wishing to fly  
Perhaps, he aimed at kissing the sky.  
He had no intention to make any nest.  
His goal was so far that he couldn't rest.  
He was desperately waiting for wings.  
He considered the hens useless beings.  
Sense of greatness ran in his blood.  
He would dare fire, wind and flood.

Sahil SharifdinEnglish

# Bible Of Love

Fools fall in love once.  
Wise fall in love daily.  
Though their love is seldom true  
Yet, they love once madly.

Love with wealth is trade:  
It gives joys not solace.  
Love with fame is mirage:  
Disgrace covered in grace.

Love is not a tamed horse.  
Love is a tiger, rude.  
Love left Eden, caused Troy.  
Love causes duels and feud.

Love bypasses all laws:  
Ethical, political, religious...  
Love is wild and mad.  
Love is cunning and religious.

Love burns Palace and Kingdom.  
Love burns kith and kin.  
Love cuts palms with knife.  
Love is the beautiful sin.

Love incomplete is rage.  
Love cheated is fire.  
Love retires but never dies.  
Love is struggle in mire.

Love is First law of life.  
Love is selfish and insane.  
Love at times hurts God  
And ignores witty brain.

Love is your second shadow.  
It follows you everywhere.  
Look over your left shoulder.  
Look. It is always there.



# Define Love

Master, master, excuse me,  
I have a lovely question for thee?  
Define "Love" in your words,  
For all jerks, geeks and nerds?

Listen to me, you naughty boy.  
Love isn't Sex, wedding, dates or toy.  
Love is the Sweetest blessing of Lord.  
For love, the world was made by God.  
Like Islam, love has its creed.  
Love is a sort of religion indeed.  
A lover must testify with lips and heart:  
"My life, honour and wealth belong me not,  
They only belong to my dear beloved.  
This I believe and testify loud.  
Whether I sink or sail, she says,  
I will hold my beloved's boat always.  
Love is just another name for SACRIFICE  
And sincere martyres enter paradise."

Sahil SharifdinEnglish

# George Floyd

All colours are beautiful.  
All colours matter.  
Day is white.  
Night is black.  
I love days.  
I love nights.  
I love blacks.  
I love whites.  
We are born  
And we die.  
But the earth is always here.  
The laws, traditions,  
Opinions, beliefs,  
Pride, ego,  
Customs and rites  
Remain always here.  
But we go  
And we go for ever.  
Before we go for ever  
Let not the evil customs  
Take hold of our brain.  
Let's not losethe head  
And Killsome George Floyd.  
Just because he is black.  
Or any fellow human being  
Just because he is unlike us.  
He may be fatter than us  
Or taller or shorter than us.  
He may be a stranger.  
Kill not, kill not,  
Let's live our temporary life  
On this lasting planet  
Then leave it for others  
And go away for ever.  
Like our predecessors  
Let's go and never return.

Sahil SharifdinEnglish

# Helen Keller In Love

Helen Keller was a miracle lady  
Seeing things with her soul's eye.  
Although, deaf, dumb and blind  
She will always shine on the sky.

She fought and won life's war  
Which a billion normal men would lose.  
To hopeless people, till generations,  
The story of her life will enthuse

Of all people in her life  
Sullivan and Peter were very rare.  
Sullivan gave her beautiful eyes  
Peter put in them love's tear.

Love was in the life of Helen  
Like the rainbow in the sky.  
Her life would be more beautiful  
But her family she didn't defy.

Sahil SharifdinEnglish

# I Am A Teacher

The school is yours.  
The school laws yours.  
How to teach?  
How long to teach?  
All orders yours.  
Holidays, working days,  
Games days, meeting days.  
All decisions yours.  
All guidelines yours.  
Exam days, picnic days,  
Half days, full days.  
All arrangements yours.  
All instructions yours.  
Teach slow, teach swift  
Use fist.  
All commands yours.  
All directions yours.  
My opinions are wicked.  
My feed back is overlooked.  
My talk is a protest.  
My word causes unrest.  
All decrees yours.  
All edicts yours.  
Failures are mine.  
Distinctions are yours.  
Blame is mine.  
Credit is yours.  
Loss is mine.  
Gain is yours.  
I am not a robot.  
I am a teacher.  
I too have a heart.  
I too feel hurt.  
I too feel hurt.

Sahil SharifdinEnglish

# I Am Scared Of Love

I am scared of love.  
In fact, I hate love.  
Love is a crime.  
Love is a shame.  
Love is a flaw.  
Love is a monster,  
I was always told:  
Avoid it;  
Ignore it;  
Don't think of it;  
Don't mention it.  
Girls fear me.  
Their dads hate me.  
Their brothers dislike me.  
Why? Why? Why?  
Because I am a boy  
And I can love.  
Here in Kashmir,  
Love divides us;  
Love harms us;  
Love hurts us;  
Love jails us.  
Love even kills us;  
I am scared of love.  
Love means to surrender,  
To be a slave,  
To obey,  
To follow orders,  
To please the other,  
To stand nude  
Before a dude.  
I am scared of love.  
Love means to talk  
When you don't want.  
Love means to chat  
When you feel asleep.  
Love means and means:  
To whiten the face,  
To wear the brand,

To buy a lift  
And go on a date.  
Loves means to tolerate:  
An unhygienic kiss,  
An unwanted hug,  
A boring tale  
And much more.  
I am scared of love.  
It is very injurious:  
To my honour,  
To my reputation,  
To my education,  
To my health,  
Tomy wealth  
And to my happiness.  
I am scared of love.  
I don't greet anyone.  
Or meet anyone.  
Or chat anyone.  
Or give a smile.  
Or crack a joke.  
Lest she should say:  
Hey, dude,  
'You are cheap,  
You are a flirt,  
You want my body,  
Wait, I call police,  
Or my daddy  
Or the crowd.  
They will beat you  
And teach you again:  
Love is a crime,  
Here in Kashmir.'  
I am scared of Love.

Sahil SharifdinEnglish

# I Call You Doctor Mine

O fairy fairy cute fairy  
Your voice is damn sweet  
Almond eyes, arch eyebrows,  
Little hands and white  
feet.

You are a heavenly angel  
You kill with pretty smile  
You win hearts with talk  
You are a beauty missile

You have a caring father  
Smart sis and loving mother  
You have also one brother  
You all love one another

You are pretty and wise  
You hate very much lies  
You are my beautiful moon  
That decorates the skies

You are very decent  
Your heart is very kind  
Ready to give even blood  
To poor, needy and blind

I call you karate-kid  
I call you doctor mine  
I call you moon of my sky  
I call you my sunshine

I know many people  
But none is cute like you  
You are rose, tulip, jasmine,  
My rainbow, my morning dew.

Sahil SharifdinEnglish

# I Was Once Sixteen

Now very old and lean  
But, I was once sixteen.  
As one grows in years  
Craze dies; beauty disappears.  
Eyes weaken; teeth fall,  
Tempting organs turn small.  
And men stop stalking,  
Phoning, messaging, talking...  
They chase young ones  
With their loaded guns,  
Holding in hands daisies,  
Forgetting wrinkled ladies,  
With loose and old skin,  
Sunken eyes, hairy chin,  
Gray hair, and overweight,  
Body no longer straight,  
Ugliness covered with cream,  
Face that lacks beam,  
Headache and BP low,  
Digestion weak and slow...  
I can't give all joys  
Like I did to boys.  
When I was a teen.  
Yes, I was once sixteen.  
A few babies I bore  
I am beautiful no more  
I can't tempt now boys  
And treat them as toys  
My rule has ended  
It was very splendid  
Wish I could rule again  
And cause my lovers pain  
Ah! Beauty and craze are gone  
I look pale and wan  
\*Beauty rules a few days\*  
\*Character rules always\*  
My character was wrong.  
Isang beauty's song.  
My eyes were pretty green.

I was once sixteen.  
If you would see me  
You would fall on knee  
\*Does my rubble not imply\*  
\*How beautiful palace was I\*?

Sahil SharifdinEnglish

# Message Of Coronavirus?

It keeps us all indoors;  
Stopped business and tours;  
Raised the prices of ration;  
And affected children's education.  
But it gives other messages:  
Perform simple marriages;  
Don't do anything to excess;  
Wear simple and eat less.  
You can never be self-reliant.  
Your survival is interdependent.  
United you will rise tall;  
Divided you will die all.  
Hold tight the same rope;  
Wash your hands with soap.  
Take care of your hygiene,  
Keep your surroundings clean.  
Says law of divine legislature:  
"Man is weaker than Nature".  
Bombs, jets and internet  
Not made man "God" yet.  
Success lies in being meek.  
Do more and less speak.  
Be kind to one another.  
Unity is a big power.  
Fight your problems together  
Ignore creed, caste and colour.  
Money can't heal ailments.  
Spend money on experiments  
Thus, find Corona's antidote  
Keep the ship of humans afloat.  
To covid patients, be kind  
And keep one thing in mind:  
Corona may attack you too  
It is a democratic flu.  
From America to Nepal  
It has United us all.  
Doctor, soldier, teacher  
Leader, trader, farmer...  
All have the same sorrow:

What will happen tomorrow?  
Blame not china or others  
It isn't only a plague, brothers.  
It is a divine telegram  
Saying be united and calm;  
Leave Racism and enmity;  
Live and die for humanity.

Sahil SharifdinEnglish

# New Hunter-Gathering

The weak cry for peace.  
The powerful strives to increase  
His influence, his domain  
And he will never abstain  
From shedding innocent blood,  
Thus causing an evil flood  
That drowns every weak home  
And lets refugees roam  
On roads, deserts, hills...  
It closes schools, mills...  
We cry and our blood froze  
To see the pathetic photos  
Of injured women and kids  
Oppressed by the packs of pigs.  
We protest on Facebook, Twitter...  
By writing comments bitter.  
We protest for a day or week  
Then we fall quiet and meek.  
Those little refugees suffer  
In winter and in summer.  
Their homes and land seized;  
Their natural resources squeezed.  
They beg for food and charity  
To the sons of barbarity  
Who stole their all property  
With force and atrocity.  
Such oppression, such abuse  
Does not come in world news  
It is a known irony:  
'Tyrant condemns tyranny '  
On the live TV news  
To obtain maximum views.  
Stay in your nations.  
Build mutual relations.  
When you are in need,  
Good neighbors rush to feed.  
Don't destroy your neighbor  
To make yourself greater.  
The earth has enough food

To feed every dude  
Muslim, Jew, black, white...  
There is no need to fight  
Like hunter-gatherers of old  
For land, oil, food or gold.  
Let Jews live, let Muslims thrive.  
Let Hindus rise, let Chinese strive.  
Love will raise us tall.  
Hate will kill us all.  
Let the love wind blow  
Let the world glow  
When East and West will unite,  
When blacks will hug white  
When Arab will embrace Jew  
The love will spread anew  
The weak will not ever cry.  
Anywhere under the sky.  
Only if we leave greed  
And help those in need!  
No black will ever die.  
No refugee kid will cry.  
No threat of nuclear war.  
No aggression any more.  
All humanity is one  
Alien here is none.

Sahil SharifdinEnglish

# Our Teachers

Here teachers, there teachers:  
Some are kind and some Hitlers.  
Some change iron into gold.  
Some destroy our careers.  
Some know only one subject.  
Some are genius, all-rounders.  
Some are like loving friends.  
Some parents, some brothers.  
Some are very narrowminded.  
Some repulsive, some cheaters.  
Some are naughty like children.  
Some are funny like jokers.  
Some are moody but intelligent.  
Some are soft like mothers.  
Some become our role models  
Some are wiser than philosophers.  
Some we forget very soon.  
Some we remember many years.  
Some look like movie heroes  
Some like villains, some truckdrivers.  
Some teachers are our crush.  
Some we wish come under tyres.  
Here teachers, there teachers,  
The ones we remember  
Are real teachers.

Sahil SharifdinEnglish

# Peace Mantra

Some are sad in heaven.  
Some are happy in hell.  
Some do suicide at homes.  
Some smile in a prison cell.

Life isn't a sweet ride  
On an obedient steed.  
Life is an open wound.  
Don't rotten it with greed.

Greed is an endless journey.  
More greed gives more pain.  
Chase only what you need.  
Live peaceful, simple and plain.

You are unique, remember.  
Don't compare you with anyone.  
Comparison will drive you insane.  
Comparison you must shun.

Don't envy anyone's success.  
One success begins another struggle.  
Life is like a video game,  
Higher level gives bigger trouble.

Choose your friends carefully  
Like you choose items of dress.  
See quality, comfort and size  
Seek not only to impress.

Failure is a divine warning  
To change you or your goal.  
Failure is a necessary medicine  
Failure strengthens one's soul.

Why you want permanent things?  
In this temporary life?  
Let happily go whoever goes:  
Job, friend or pretty wife.

Best life is not measured  
By fans, bank balance or post.  
The best man is the one  
who truly smiles most.

Sahil SharifdinEnglish

# People People People

People who deeply hurt.  
People who flirt.  
People you adore  
And they ignore.  
People who love and leave.  
People you can't believe.  
People of mischief.  
People who cause grief.  
People who pretend to care,  
But later disappear.  
People of greed,  
Who miss you in need.  
People posing cool  
To make you a fool  
People with cute face  
And heart very base.  
People who talk sweet,  
And ready to cheat.  
People who give pain  
As much as they can  
Evil, angry, proud,  
Speaking lies loud.  
People who chant God  
But deal in fraud.  
Dogs, pigs, drakes,  
People like snakes.  
People whocall  
When stumble and fall.  
People without shame  
And ignore bad name.  
Slaves of money  
Counting every penny.  
Greeting the rising sun.  
Flattering the useful one.  
People who sell soul  
To achieve some goal.  
People who forget you  
When find someone new.  
People like dirty fly

Going guy to guy.  
People very strange  
Who Daily change.  
Mind the words, dear  
&quot;People are unfair&quot;.  
Stay away from them  
And happy become.

Sahil SharifdinEnglish

# Please, Set Me Free

I was born free.  
The world jailed me.  
It gave me a name,  
A caste, a faith, an aim  
A citizenship, a language.  
Thus, it did damage  
My childhood, my youth  
And taught me an untruth:  
I am a social animal,  
Civilised, powerful, adorable.  
Caretaker of the planet,  
Superior to crow, fish, rabbit,  
The most peaceful being,  
But, I go on killing  
For creed, colour, race  
Or for God's birthplace.  
Unlike animals, birds, trees,  
I am not at ease.  
They breathe free, fly free,  
On the land, over the sea.  
Not needy of king or priest.  
I envy everybeast.  
I hate to be civilized.  
Oops! I mean colonized.  
Let me find true glee.  
Please, set me free.  
I hate to be mild.  
Return me to the wild.  
Society turned me bad.  
Wilderness will make me glad.

Sahil SharifdinEnglish

# Plump, Creased And In-Between

Life's water leaks drop by drop.  
How I wish It would stop!  
When the last drop will fall,  
I have to answer Death's call.  
Bathed, shrouded, buried in ground  
Alas!nobody will be around.  
That is the basic law of Nature  
That is not changed by a creature.  
Certain things are in my hand  
While I breathe on this land,  
While I am young and smart,  
While I can win any heart,  
While my face is shiny and plump,  
While I can choose or dump  
Any man I see around me  
And be naughty, happy, free...  
But when I get a creased face  
Lose my beauty,appeal and grace -  
Which I call " In-between time ":  
Neither so old, nor so prime.  
I still can get a few devotees  
By using cosmetics Chinese.  
However, in my very old age,  
The most painful life's stage,  
When all cosmetics are in vain  
No devotee, no lover, no fan.  
With old body and naughty heart  
Even ordinary men, I get not.  
And, my life would seem hell  
There,I can very happily tell:  
The stories of my prime youth  
Based upon the facts and truth.  
My hellish life will turn sweet  
Till Death comes me to greet.

Sahil SharifdinEnglish

# Rebirth

After Autumn passes,  
Spring comes back.  
I think Life and Death  
Run on a circular track.

In death of the caterpillar,  
Is life of the butterfly.  
Ah! Secret it reveals,  
Mysteries it imply.

Phoenix enters fire,  
Happily itself burns.  
Thus, after old age  
A new youth it earns.

In Winter, a pine tree  
Sheds its old leaves.  
Fresh, new, lush green  
Leaves again it earns.

May be, we change forms,  
When we become old!  
May be, there is nothing  
Beyond this our world.

Sahil SharifdinEnglish

# Relive Old Memories

Everyday I hear,  
One more bird disappeared.  
In my beautiful garden  
Every bird is feared.

The garden once beautiful.  
Is now almost withered.  
No breeze and no water,  
No music is to be heard.

Nightingales are silent.  
Doves and pigeons missing.  
Every falcon is shot.  
Everywhere is heard hissing.

Kites and vultures hover.  
Pigs and wolves wander.  
Shepherds fight one another.  
Sheep can't survive longer.

The gardeners turned robbers  
And the garden is ablaze.  
No fire brigade arrives.  
Closed are all waterways.

Come swallows come again  
Come to save this holy home  
To destroy the big caravan  
Fill your beaks with loam

You too, my sulky love.  
Come fast to hold my hand.  
Life is very short.  
We are guests on Land.

Come now to hug me tight  
Resolve thus our love-knot  
I am not to live for ever  
Why do you understand not?

Revisit those old parks  
Restart fun and reveries  
Before we breathe our last  
Relive those old memories.

Sahil SharifdinEnglish

# Rise And Fall

Justice makes nations rise;  
Aggression makes nations fall.  
Palaces built with innocent blood  
Divine wrath burnt them all.

There is a supreme guardian,  
There is a supreme power.  
He controls seasons  
Weeks, days and hour.

His are all the deserts.  
His are all the seas.  
He awards worries.  
He gifts us ease.

He is the president's president,  
He is the king's king,  
He is the greatest ruler  
He rules everything.

When bloodshed and injustice,  
On the earth increase,  
When tyrant politicians  
Disturb the world peace,

When the hearts grow dark,  
When the eyes get blind,  
When the innocent is murdered  
Fearlessly by the unkind,

The supreme ruler intervenes;  
His sword is very long.  
He beheads the tyrants,  
Thus, compensates for wrong.

He wiped the Persians,  
The Greeks and the Romans,  
The Colonialists, the Soviets  
And all the evil humans.

America has grown cruel  
For blacks, weak and small  
America too will be wiped  
America too willfall.

Sahil SharifdinEnglish

# She Disobeyed Secretly

Don't,don't, she always heard.  
She felt like a caged bird.  
Possessive brothers and Hitler dad  
Made her life very sad.  
Narrow-minded was her spouse,  
Who jailed her inside house.  
Wear this and talk that.  
No TV, cosmetics and hat.  
Return early but go very late.  
You are safe inside the gate.  
Talk less and lower your gaze.  
&quot;Best woman is she who obeys &quot;.  
She felt like a bought slave.  
For,she was not very brave.  
When dad grew old,bros married,  
When her spouse was buried,  
When she was at last free,  
She smiled and told me,  
&quot; Though, Iobeyed publicly.  
I disobeyed secretly  
I disobeyed secretly...&quot;

Sahil SharifdinEnglish

# State Song Of Kashmir

The sun sets to rise again.  
Dark clouds make beautiful rain.  
Oppression is a mortal thing.  
Winter dies and comes spring.  
Tears come before, joys after.  
Sighs are omens of laughter.  
Freedom requires the blood of youth.  
Success is the booty of truth.  
Save your tears O girl, O boy  
Soon you shall cry out of joy.

Brown pillow and green floor,  
Mile by mile pure water store,  
With tulips, fresh air plays,  
Green are tunnels, grassy ways,  
Birds sing on Apple trees,  
In every place mystic Bees.  
Our home is a beautiful bride.  
Our dignity, honour and pride.  
Nothing is dearer than its loam.  
We die and kill for our home.

Buddhists, Hindues came and left.  
Mughals, Dogras suffered and wept.  
Kings die here, empires fall.  
But, we stand here all in all.  
We are kids of sufis, holy men.  
We live longer than our hangmen.  
Our symbol is the arc of moon.  
Upon all of us God's boon.  
May our STATE shine bright!  
May we progress day and night!  
May we follow always Islam!  
May we live happy and calm!

Sahil SharifdinEnglish

# Success In Postmodern World?

Cookies, coke and branded wear  
Success doesn't dwell there.

Degrees and diplomas are papers  
Fame and popularity vapours  
LUST and beauty though good appear  
Success doesn't dwell there.

Rich and poor is a mind game  
Pain is over same.  
Pain is common, there and here.  
Success doesn't dwell there.

Follow wine, wealth or women  
Chase honour, charity or acumen

Be a recluse or travel everywhere  
Success doesn't dwell there.

Nikke Lee tasted five thousand men  
Cassino lied with a thousand women.

Marlow drank wine without fear  
Success doesn't dwell there.

Changing beloveds is no solution  
Old and New is an illusion  
And selfish cries, God swear  
Success doesn't dwell there.

Power and treasures vanish one day  
Kings and Queens finish one day  
Attitude, craze, ego disappear  
Success doesn't dwell there.

Bookworm, child labourer or lusty teen  
Let go the flower of youth unseen  
Hands with cellphone, eyes with tear  
Success doesn't dwell there.

Here is a sale of blood and life  
Brother by sister, Husband by wife  
Where fair is foul, foul is fair  
Success doesn't dwell there  
LUST is dearer than parents and books  
Wisdom is inferior to powdered looks  
Adults helpless, young insincere  
Success doesn't dwell there.  
Strive hard to be a star bright  
Be the wish of the people of night  
Be not a salable lantern dear  
Success doesn't dwell there.

Sahil SharifdinEnglish

# To My Girlfriend

Again miseries and sorrows rain.  
Again, I am in severe pain.  
Heart is broken, eyes are dry.  
My holy love,I can't cry.  
All have left, seeing my mood.  
I am evil, bad and rude.  
My holy love, I hurt thee too.  
I am a wild from a zoo.  
You are love.I am hate.  
Me always you, my love,tolerate.  
Yes, you bear my evil attitude.  
You are a goddess of fortitude.  
You forget our every fight.  
You smile and hug me tight.  
You know my faults all.  
Still, you are a loving doll.  
Me cheating but you are faithful.  
That makes you more beautiful.  
Your qualities make you a merciful God.  
You are made of heavenly sod.  
You are angel, a beautiful one.  
You are fairy, Hoor and nun.  
I am night and you a light.  
I am pain and you a delight.  
O my temple, worship, shrine,  
O my morning, O sunshine,  
You never say NO to my desire.  
Your love extinguishes all fire.  
You bring smile on my face.  
O my world's only grace.  
If it were not so flawed,  
I would always address thee as God.

Sahil SharifdinEnglish

# To My Unborn Daughter

O my joy,  
O my delight,  
O piece of my heart,  
O my eye-sight.

Climb mountains.  
Sail on seas.  
Fly to skies.  
Walk on knees.

Make me smile.  
Make me weep.  
Disturb me when  
I am in sleep.

Pull my beard.  
Bite my ear.  
Get angry and  
My clothes tear.

Ask for money.  
Ask anything.  
On your command  
I shall sing.

But in return,  
I beg thee,  
Only one thing  
Do for me:

'Don't do something that  
Stain my face,  
Bring me shame,  
And bring me disgrace.'

My lovely daughter,  
My sweet fairy,  
Remember the words

Of helpless daddy.

Sahil SharifdinEnglish

# Who Will Wipe Your Tears?

Press my neck  
If I am bad.  
Thus, quench your anger  
And send me to grave.  
But, tomorrow,  
If loneliness makes you cry  
Who will wipe your tears  
And make you glad...?

Sahil SharifdinEnglish

# Why Girls,So Fast,Grow?

Walking down a road  
Fast like the river Nile.  
A shy girl called me,  
Having on face a smile.

Remembering Nietzsche's words:  
'woman is a blunder of God'.  
Neither I returned her smile  
Nor I made any nod.

I respect all men.  
But females, I just hate.  
I think females create  
All woes, small or great.

She addressed me as sir  
As I had by-passed her.  
She said, it is me, zara  
Your student, your daughter.

I turned and I saw:  
A smiling girl of twenty,  
Dressed in colourful clothes,  
An angel, a wild beauty.

I felt like a father.  
Why?I don't know.  
I kept gazing... then thinking:  
WHY GIRLS, SO FAST, GROW?

Sahil SharifdinEnglish

# Women Are Victims

God is much more worried  
Than boyfriends and men married.  
Women are upset with divine art  
And overhaul themselves to look smart.  
God given eyebrows they bemoan.  
Shave them off, draw their own.  
At natural hair, they despair.  
Change colours or change the hair.  
Wear eye lenses blue or brown,  
Copying ladies of another town.  
Dark lips are painted rose.  
Make third hole in the nose.  
Repair the teeth, shave the face.  
All God given things they replace.  
Raise their troughs, lower their peaks,  
Thus every woman loudly speaks,  
&quot;No God or men can ever please us.  
Women are victims. End of discuss. &quot;

Sahil SharifdinEnglish

# Zoom Out

My soul forces me to stay pure  
And embrace the purest being, God.  
My body forces me to sip to the dregs:  
Wine, women and the whole world.  
I listen to my soul and visit temples.  
I also listen to my visible body  
And visit cinemas, pubs, parks...  
I am a compound of ANIMAL and ANGEL.  
I rise and fall. I fall and rise.  
I am a dynamic being.  
My dynamism is my life.  
When I sit at one extreme,  
I become static. I truly die.  
Flight keeps an eagle young.  
Hunting makes a lion strong.  
My soul eats virtues.  
My body eats crime.  
Don't call me animal.  
Don't call me angel.  
I am a compound of the two  
I am a human being.  
Zoom in on my merits  
On my demerits, Zoom out.

Sahil SharifdinEnglish

# Zoya

ZOYA is an ordinary girl  
With rosy lips and eyes as pearl.  
Her hair reaches her lower back.  
Coldest hearts, she can hack.  
Ninety percent kind ten percent mean.  
She is only sixteen.  
She talks mature and sweet.  
Her voice increases heartbeat.  
Arched eyebrows, broad forehead,  
Her touch can wake up dead.  
Her prayers are very long.  
Her faith is very strong.  
She wears always decent dress,  
A beautiful lady in progress.  
Helping others is her aim.  
Of parents, a beloved dame.  
Lately she was very sad  
After a break up with a lad.  
But, she found a new boy  
Who is embodiment of joy.  
Sweet dishes she always cooks  
And loves her school books.  
She tops the entire class.  
She is a miracle lass.  
Her virtues more and sins less,  
A good human being, I guess.  
Loved by world, home and God.  
ZOYA is a golden rod.

Sahil Sharif in English