

Poetry Series

Shakeel Ahmedi
- poems -

Publication Date:
2018

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Shakeel Ahmedi()

I am ex lawyer, lured and trapped and enslaved.

Before Curtain Falls

O, What use are they?
Whether you praise me,
Or abuse in heaps,
I in the sweet dream,
Or ugly nightmares,
Money name and gain,
Are for the living,
O, What use are they,
Aft I burried deep,
Save my Lord's mercy,
With me night and day,
Here, grave, and doomsday,
Oh dear here my call,
Before curtain falls.

Shakeel Ahmedi

Fascist Instinct.

O hear me!
Hyenas and wolves,
Vultures and bores
Mercury rising,
Bloody and cold eyes
Stretched nails,
Unflinching predators,
Uncontrollable instincts,
Wilder wild beasts,
Kill and no kill,
Gnawing hunger and thirst,
Scorch their living,
Shatter their soul,
Shatter their teeth,
And horns and feet,
Rabbits or wilder beasts,
World can't become ostrich,
Dust their eyes,
We are world of one kind,
Deaf and blind,
Call us fanatics,
Sectarians casteists,
linguistic Fascists.

This is not an imagination but a first hand experience in the clutch of fascists

Shakeel Ahmedi

Fleeting Sun

Fleeting sun and lights,
Faces, things, sounds and smells
The stale stinking bride.
.....

mosques, eyes and worries
thieves, sects, schools and informers,
heart slips.
.....

muffled and loud noises
voices, engines horns and songs
far and near drums
.....

~My Tanka poem~
poor, cool laborers
lies, rods, knives and limbs
ready to maim and kill
contractors or masters and a wink,
a mouth shuts and many blinks.

Shakeel Ahmedi

Green Genocide

The Fowlers have spread their net,
As far as my eyes could see,
Raising hot and cold storm of atrocities,
For meak rabbits why dragnets,
A genocide of queer kind,
To which world is deaf and blind,
Cloak and dagger or slaughter,
Browbeating, dog whistling,
Amidst the din and laughters.
How can lawmakers make laws,
Against elusivefishes,
The deceivingviruses.

Shakeel Ahmedi

Haiku: Pyramid Of Ghiza, Egypt

Hyku Pyramids

Rocky sepia-bathed dunes,

Piercing crimson golden sky,

Whitelights are flashing.

Shakeel Ahmedi

Heed The Living

I will not write for pleasure,
Money or fame,
If you don't heed the living,
Why hear the dead,
For when you will bury me dead,
Nothing will remain,
All my longings and belongings,
And fame!

Shakeel Ahmedi

Let My Stream Flow

If you want to be intelligent and wise,
If you want moon of your insight to rise,
If you want to unlock the secret doors,
Be thoughtful, read little less and reflect more.

2.

poems of plastics and woods
in the dump-yard i stood
brooding where life has gone
of infections we're shorn one
of infections we're shorn

3.

I look forward to a day,
When i too shall have my say,
I shall write in strict neat forms,
And take the world by my storm,
Not heck poems for poems' sake,
Your conscience i shall shrill shake,
Your souls i shall gently touch
sleeping hearts i shall
awake
Oh great Lord of the treasure,
Let my stream flow without measure.

Shakeel Ahmedi

Let Soul Mates Meet Again.

Heavens shake,
When hate awakes,
When soul mates,
Finally separates,
Pray you once again,
Forget all your pains,
And unite again,
Finally forever.

This was my reply to a poem in poetry forum, to soul mates who were finally separating for ever.

Shakeel Ahmedi

Opposite World

Turning blind eyes,
Blindfolded world,
Pens like glistening knives,
Truth in butchers' barn,
World Media,
Yemen or Syria,
Paint and smear,
Is it a crusade,
Demons and devils dying,
A world in doomsday,
A world in delight.

Shakeel Ahmedi

Poetry In Waste Basket.

My poetry is nothing,
But a crumpled paper,
In the waste basket,
Or unattended corpse
In the gloomy casket,
If your listless heart,
It did not touch,
Your snoozing heart,
It did not nudge.

Shakeel Ahmedi

Prayer, O Lord, Mercy

Oh Lord the most merciful,
Help me have mercy on me,
More than merciful mother,
More than protective father
Carry me and protect me,
I have dead nothing on me,
No strength, no will left of me,
Nor courage nor piety,
No sails, in broken life boat,
Lost in stormy, darkdeep sea,
Help me, protect me, guide me,
I with humblest of prayers,
Thank and prostrate before thee,
For allbounties,
Losses and gains
Comforts and pains,
I'm a sinner,
Pardon me,
Protect me,
Have mercy.

Shakeel Ahmedi

Slaves Are For Ever.

Retreat is one way ahead,
You're fighting, they are hiding
You will live way beyond death,
They shall die way before death,
You may be crippled and weak,
But they are dumb fettered meek,
You are alive, free and brave,
Slaves are digging their own graves.

Shakeel Ahmedi

Survey; Do You Love God?

Do you love one God?
Or mortal leaders,
Poets and writers,
Heroines or stars,
Heroes of murders
And of deadly wars,
Spirits, ghouls or ghosts,
Whom do you love most?
Press like tab if yes,
Else nothing to press.

Shakeel Ahmedi

Thanks To God!

We must thank HIM for everything,
For all the pleasure and pain,
All the loses and gains,
For all those departed
And those alive
But one prayer, O LORD,
Unite us all again,
In the land of,
Deathless bliss,
O LORD of Love
Unite us all again.

Shakeel Ahmedi

The Happy Plunderers

Unpoem of sadism

March 4,2013

Of herd instincts i've heard,
Never so worst,
Never so third.
One man in the halo,
Of shining lies,
And swarms of gnats,
Wasps and flies.
Again and again they uprooted his nests,
Never let him hatch,
Never let him rest,
Destroyed his provisions,
Blocked his liviihood,
Flattened his dreams and hopes,
Plucked all his feathers of honour,
And plume of respect,
One day truly stripped him naked,
They broke his legs,
And then his hand,
The devils and imps, the world knows,
If he names them,
They will end all his woes,
In the glimmer of his happiness,
Now he is heard,
And he squeaks,
Under a hunter
Poem Hunter

Shakeel Ahmedi

Welcome Spring

It is time for the earth to put on her best smile,
Adorn herself like a bride for a honeymoon,
Spray her earthly perfume upto the stars and moons,
Unfold her sylvan carpet of welcome till sky,
Let us join the festivity of sway and swoon.
Before she prepares to take leave and say goodbye.

Shakeel Ahmedi