

Poetry Series

Shuaib Saifi
- poems -

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A Cruel Person I Ever Met

ONCE it was a very pleasant evening,
And I was wandering in a forest lonely;
All around was beautiful greenery;
Birds were twittering, sweet winds blowing.

I was too much excited and happy,
Even nobody's need I felt there
To accompany me; and I hopped never
That day a pleasant atmosphere to be.

There I happened to meet a stranger
On the way, innocent like a child,
A softness in her voice and so mild
She was looking, such I got her.

A talk begun between her and me,
More pleasant my journey did turn;
As I felt an affection in her expression;
Before in my past I did never see.

She's in a great trouble me she told,
Knowing which I expressed a deep woe;
Assured her all to be well tomorrow
Calling her friend; the same she also called.

Whenever she needed me I did my best
What I could do as a true friend;
Lots of wish to her my heart did ever send
To take back her smile and the rest.

Even she, whenever did meet, did say
If I ever need you, please, stand by me;
If you consider me a friend truthfully-
I promised to be so in a loving way.

Thus I ever smiled in her every glee,
In the sorrows did profoundly weep;

Remained restless and couldn't sleep;
When she was in trouble and worry.

Alas! All that from me I did heartily
Was nothing to her, had no value;
And what I found her and knew
Was my great mistake in reality.

The person looking innocent like a child,
Having a sweet voice like honey-
Showing me affection and sympathy,
Truly was a selfish, ungrateful and wild.

As one day when I was in a disaster,
She left me on the way quite alone;
With the reply of no leisure and flown
Leaving me bothered just like a stranger.

When met again and expressed regret deeply
On her rough conduct, she replied with no shame;
Making me a friend I asked not; among them
You yourself commenced counting me.

Thus so deep wounds she cruel has given,
Able to sewing them I won't ever be;
Whenever a friend someone will call me-
This bitter thought will torment me again.

Now solitude and the silence I daily face,
Her dreadful memories let not me sleep;
Often in my solitudes compel to weep;
Think! someone may come to give solace.

Everybody's begun looking disloyal and false,
Heart warns seek not loyalty at this selfish place;
Same tragedy again thou will have to face;
Thou and I'll together seek it somewhere else.

People often keep saying I've changed a lot,
Or someone's done me? No one did ever try
To know; if one does, I will surely reply;
Yes, a cruel, a cruel person I ever met.

Shuaib Saifi

A Day Spent In Thy Memory

Yesterday, as from the east the sun did arise,
I began missing the moments spent with thee;
Later some happy tears were in my eyes,
A curvy smile also bloomed on face with glee.

At night when saw in sky the adorned stars,
Who're twinkling very beautifully this night; -
I felt refreshing in mind thy memories scars,
My pleased heart took some more joys flight.

When I saw the fully shining moon in sky,
Who're pouring down its light like a fountain; -
O cmony! I, missing thee, took a deep sigh'
The same smile still continued to maintain:
No doubt I'll always miss thee day and night,
Till the sun, moon and the stars have light.

Shuaib Saifi

A Deep Sigh On The Separation Of A Friend

Neither you can stop you to mourn nor I to me,
As today we're not only the two to cry;
There are also the oceans, green trees and plants
There are also the earth and the enormous sky.

There are also the moon, stars, the shining sun,
For our this sorrowful separation who lament
Friend, I know not thou feel so or not but I do
This was the first thought the daylight to me sent.

Shuaib Saifi

A Lament

And now this thought torments me repeatedly,
Why I could not prove your decision true
Of getting me worthy for the army of you?
You, talented people, took having a trust in me.

For so long you kept teaching me with a affection,
Gave me so many strategies to shield the Kingdom;
I, as you expected me, failed such to become:
And lastly I, unworthy, proved untrue your decision.

It's not I made no effort or performed with no care'
Or I remained unaware of my duties given;
If I be trusted some circumstances have also been,

That caused me to be such kind of soldier;
Now before my farewell I have a request for pardon,
If this be accepted, an ease may be to the heart of mine.

Shuaib Saifi

A Pearl And Thread

A boy gets his life deserted without a girl,
He always wishes to have once in his life
This treasure, as a faithful friend or a wife,
The Lord's made her such a pretty pearl;

What's a boy for a girl, I wish to reveal?
Neither a girl's made to live single nor a boy,
Both anyway from one another receive a joy; -
Even a boy's the same for her, I think I feel.

Without one another none can live single:
If a girl's a pretty pearl, boy's a strong thread,
Thus both are made for each other; -

Someday in one another they do mingle,
As taking the both a holy Necklace's made;
This is a Divine law that'll persist forever.

Shuaib Saifi

A Personality Who Gave My Life A Nice Turn

I kept wandering for years in my youth,
Here and there for a sweet home and small,
Gone east, west, north and even south;
No direction could fulfill my wish at all.

I'd an impatience, grief and broken-heart,
Wanted not even to return the home I left
Forever, as for me it'd no calm, no comfort;
That begun to treat as if I'd made some big theft.

In this disaster with a personality I met,
Confidence on face, gentleness in his eyes;
Body not but the thoughts were so great,
He was looking perfectly gentle and wise.

He looked into my mind heart for a while,
Had some arduous words before me; -
As I made them easy, he beautifully did smile,
And said "for a sweet home you're worthy".

Perhaps that was my life's brightest moment,
I found the thing I'd been searching for years;
That personality punished the woe, the complaint,
That caused to flow my many bitter tears.

For a moment I felt myself flying in the sky
Far away from this earth, where a deep moan
My soul used to take and with woe to cry,
Where none identified me but that great one.

Now I gladly live my life in such a home,
Where are joy, peace and freshness all around,
I like to spend the time in it rather than to roam
On the streets; as a sweet home I have found.

I am so indebted to my Lord Who's almighty,
Who did bless me such a peaceful home;
And to that worthy and great personality,

Who caused this pleasure in my life to come.

Dedicated To Rohit Jessel Tinku, My Manager!

Shuaib Saifi

A Question

You know not what's the love's price?
Either ask those who live with this;
Or those who wander here and there'
In the search of this upmost treasure.

You too should start to respect the one,
Even a single dropp to you who's given;
Before he starts to forget you
To ne'er recall for a single moment too.

I was the one, who loved you a lot'
In my heart's bottom still lies the note,
That oft asks why I wasn't in your thought?
Your name e'er came out of my throat.
And while I embraced you being true,
Lastly why? Why the same not done by you?

Shuaib Saifi

An Innocent Face That Haunts Me

Every day, passed by me like the wind,
Seldom a little slow, seldom a little fast;
Never touches me but the heart and mind,
Awaking many slept desires for a long to last.

I begin to behold a garden around me,
Having the beautiful green trees of love; -
Whence comes even a romantic melody,
My mischievous beats with a shake to move.

Let her be called the freshness of early morning?
Or a blooming innocent bud of some garden?
A tuneful song the nightingales warmly sing?
Or falling upon the heart a mild intoxication?
For me that innocent face's above even all these,
As every time that haunts my heart, mind and eyes.

Shuaib Saifi

An Unproved Error

An Undecided Error

Some cute faces think for them I'm crazy,
A cute heart never does I like her greatly.
Is this their fault or my error?
Or that cute heart's who's thoroughly unaware?

Shuaib Saifi

And Suddenly All Changed

My days begun passing very tiresome,
And the nights heeding towards the anxiety'
When you were going away from me,
Perhaps to never come back in futurity.

Every smiling blossom begun looking gloomy'
Even the sweet, cool winds felt warm;
There was the autumn in springtide,
And the silences were strongly caught my arm.

But all of sudden everything changed,
Springtide came back in the gardens;
The warm winds turned cool and pleasant:
And pleasure-lodged got the woe's oceans.

My smile restored on my despaired face,
And the heart found the pleasure's shore;
That e'er drowned into the ocean of woes'
Where except the dark looked nothing more.

Do you know how all this suddenly changed?
All of sudden how did all this occur?
This occurred when you took a decision;
Not leaving me anon and to stay more.

Hope you understand your importance now,
For me as well as for the atmosphere;
I won't e'er cease you going away from me-
But from my heart, pleaser never, never and never.

Shuaib Saifi

Few Words To My Friends

WHEN you've accepted me a friend,
I also promise to be fully loyal and true;
Till this short beautiful life does end;
My best wishes will always be with you.
Whether it's the day or the night,
Today and even in all new morrows;
To make your futurity glad and bright,
To shield you from the pains, sorrows.
The main thing is how long it'll last?
For today, tomorrow or for few days;
The Time is running too much fast;
My heart doubts and so also says. □
I can't lead never walk behind me,
Nor ahead I won't be able to follow;
Just walk beside me, a true friend to be
Ever and forever, be pleasure or the woe.

Shuaib Saifi

From A Deep Stricken-Heart

Neither the earth is mine nor sky,
Nor the scented flowers, nor the sun;
Nor the stars nor the moon that shines
Almost all the nights for everyone.

Many pleasant days, starry nights
Fresh mornings, beautiful evenings are gone.
But no calm could ever walk by me,
Except the sorrow, despair and the deep moan.

One day there will be no sun,
No moon, no star, no earth, no sky:
But my pain is so blessed,
It may never die.

Shuaib Saifi

From The Separation Of Two Friends

I know true friends always grieve,
If any of them e'er goes apart;
As they all are combined with a love,
Which's endless and has only a single heart.
The distances can never them divide,
Although this world is so huge, so wide.

I request thee my beloved friend,
Not to grieve and to keep a smile
On thy moon-like pretty face; -
As since e'er this has been my will.
If on my farewell thou in this way weep,
I'd not be able from here to creep.

It's my compulsion to leave thee,
Even as a flower never wishes to fall
From its bough even after being dried;
But the cruel blows of wind compel.
Here I also stand at the same place,
Collecting power that cruel time to face.

Who knew our that minor meeting
Will turn true and strong so much;
It'll kiss the depths of the oceans; -
And that never-ending high sky touch.
And cause us to weep and bother,
When we'll separate from one another.

But o my friend! If it did not occur,
From thee I did not separate;
And thou not from me today,
How could we be able actually to calculate
This major relation? So divine on this earth,
Which is, it needs no color, no gold for birth.

Shuaib Saifi

Good Morning

A warm greeting from my heart,
Before this day I do start.
I want to start my each day,
Greeting you in such a nice way.

It is my deep respect to you,
I never want do discontinue.
I always want you with us,
You are really so precious.

May you live a happy and long life!
Keeping away from woe and strife.
As I wish to see you ever happy,
Today and through all futurity.

Dedicated To Rohit Jessel Tinku, My Manager!

Shuaib Saifi

Happy Birthday

As the wind blows in its own melody,
The waves of the sea in fun play;
The bees wander in gardens carefree,
May you also live in the same way!

Where be the greenery of happiness,
The sweet waterfalls of the tranquility; -
The huge mountains of the sprightliness,
May you breathe in such a pretty valley!

While you have entered a new year,
Leaving many old ones a far behind;
I wish you to play in lots of pleasure,
And e'er the real triumph in life to find:
These are my wishes on your birthday,
May the Lord bless you in every way!

Shuaib Saifi

How Could I Make You Pleased?

I may bring stars plucking from the sky,
Or stealing its scent from the smiling flower;
Either taking droll waves away from the sea-
Or ask the moon, its all glow upon you shower,
Would you then be pleased with me, dear?

I may ask the pleasant winds to blow dancing,
Or the silent clouds in cool drizzles to rain now;
Either the nightingale for a sweet song to sing,
Or the shining sun in front of you to bow;
Would you then be pleased with me, anyhow?

I may ask my eyes for a stream to release,
Or the heart beats to stop that are too weary;
Either my slowing breaths to take now an ease,
Or the darling death to dominate over me:
O, my love! I think so you might then be.

Shuaib Saifi

I And My Solitude

The sunlight is made for the sun,
And the moonlight for the moon;
Pretty stars have a unique twinkling fun,
God has given them this bright boon.

Impish waves play in the arms of sea,
And the lighted days have the light; -
Flowers smile yearly in green leaves party,
And dark as usual meets with the night.

I'm as alone even today as in the past,
Gardens enjoy the spring and the spring
Enjoys the sweet winds; wherever I cast
My gloomy eyes; nothing for me is remaining.
This world looks sore and desert like the hell,
Where I, ill-fated, and my solitude dwell.

Shuaib Saifi

I Can Never Forget Thee

The winds can forget to blow,
Present to enter futurity,
The waters to flow,
But I can ne'er forget thee.

Flowers can forget to smell,
Death to meet me,
The stars at night to twinkle;
But I can ne'er forget thee.

The sun can forget to awake,
The mirrors to speak reality,
The bees honeycomb to make;
But I can ne'er forget thee.
O pal, to my life as dear thou art,
As the beats to a beating heart.

Shuaib Saifi

If You Wish...

IF you wish for you someone may sing,
Something about you, someone may write,
Someone may love you too a little bit;
I say it's good to wish all this everything.

There'll be someone who'll write about you,
One day for you a melodious song will sing;
A lot of love for you who will bring; -
Yea sis, all this for you that person will do.

You just have gentle thoughts in your mind,
Make it a love's mere keeping heart hatefree;
And have a blameless and admirable character,

The person you wish must one day find;
Efforts in your hands and in God's the destiny,
I wish you my best to see him soon somewhere.

Shuaib Saifi

Killing Circumstances

A deep pain in my heart that was
Never before has arisen, like the tempest
Breaths are fast and eyes read like a blaze,
The entire body's sunk in a great unrest.

Cheeks are cold and lips are dried,
Brain heads towards the darkness;
Eyelids have begun the eyes to hide,
A terror has dominated over the face.

Oh! it seems these hard conditions will
Compel me to be calm for evermore,
I still haven't left the company of smile;
Although these are cruel and wildly sore.
Still I feel this journey may have painfully done,
And I must leave soon for the final one.

Shuaib Saifi

Life's Philosophy

BEAUTEOUS or ugly, rich or poor, coward or brave,
One day all of them must take place in the grave.
Why of his health or wealth one gets proud,
While he'll take none with him but a white shroud.

Why like a scared infant a sinner begins to take breath?
Whenever he hears the name of death.
While its mention makes no difference to a true man,
Neither his worries increase nor the smile does lessen.

A true man weeps while others make a mirth,
When he takes the birth on this earth.
He smiles while others begin to grieve,
When someday-ending this world he does leave.

A sinner gets unhappy and others feel pleasure,
When he finds to an end the life's near:
As he's always troubled the people so they're happy,
He's sad as no more wish will be fulfilled in futurity.

It occurs every man weeps when he takes the birth,
And his closers begin to make the mirth-
But who's a true man only he'll smile
And others weep, when life to an end he'll feel.

As when others unworriedly were doing the wrong,
That man confidently kept himself strong
To follow the Lord's instruction Who's almighty,
With this belief someday its fruit he'll see.

He always benefited to others wherever he could,
For them who was a helping man and good.
Who caused them to smile and to be glad:
So they weep on his farewell and get extremely sad.

In fact this world is the home where we live on rent,
Where to stay for a short term all of us God's sent.
Soon we've to return to Him making it empty,
Where all will get an ever-allotted home surely.

It will have comfort and joy or trouble and grief?
It depends on the tasks we'll do in this wee life.
When this Book will be closed it's in uncertainty:
It's certain our goods will lead us life's real victory.

Shuaib Saifi

Love, The Unmoved Point

THE point that does never move
From its location is love.
Be the heavy tempest or flood,
Remains ever the same its willful mood.

Made of sweet feelings and emotions
It's and deeper than all the oceans.
It's higher even than the sky,
And is also very decent and shy.

It's too beautiful, it's too innocent,
However, is also a little impatient.
When the true hearts are on prime,
It does cause them to commit a crime.

No fuel of gold or color it does require
To set them on a never-dying fire.
Each moment it's to undergo a sacrifice; -
Still loses not its harmonious voice.

Where it may occur, nobody knows?
Among the friends or the foes.
Which's all the worldly things above,
That's thou, yea! that's thou, o great love.

Shuaib Saifi

My Emotions On My Farewell

A long time smiling among you I did pass,
Then my heart gladly said to me;
These moments have been so precious,
So sweet, able to forget thou will ne'er be.

More precious than the diamond, gold,
And sweeter than the honey-
As the time passes thou must grow old;
Still afresh in thy mind they will be.

Friends! Your love's tears are anxious to flow
On my cheeks falling from my wet eyes;
I was to go one day and I must go,
If you were e'er hurt by me, forgive please:
The months, the years may easily pass by,
Some of you are so nice I'll miss greatly.

Shuaib Saifi

My Emotions On Your Farewell

WHEN the life was making me dull, you caused me to be glad,
You're often there like a hope-pleasure when I was dejected-sad;
In this woeful and painful world a lot of delights with you I had;
And hopeful, interesting and pleasing my life, dear, you made.

Thus the moments I spent with you have been a sweet memory,
Whenever I'll be in the sorrows these will make me happy-
So wish you, o sis, wherever you go-live, be glad and healthy;
If life remains, see you ever again at some turn in futurity.

While separation time's near, my heavy heart wants I could weep
With torrential tears to get calm and reduce the grief that's so deep;
Know not, after you're gone, be uneasily awaked or calmly sleep;
But a prayer for you on my lips, you miss me or not, I'll e'er keep.

Shuaib Saifi

Nature Of The Words

Few words of love, few of sympathy
Are sweeter even than the honey.
Not only upon a heart do fall
Their drops, but even upon the soul.

Few words of hatred, few of apathy
Are the arrows too much edgy.
Not only a heart that badly wound
But even the soul to a great bound.

Always use strong words and healthy,
Free from the disease of hatred, apathy.
Who use the sick words I deadly hate them,
They be the wild beauty or glossy fame.

Shuaib Saifi

Never Doubt My Honesty

Doubt the wind blows,
Doubt the sun sets in the west,
Doubt the water flows,
But never doubt I'm honest.

Doubt the sky is infinite,
Doubt the earth takes no rest,
Doubt the buds bloom at night,
But never doubt I'm honest.

Shuaib Saifi

Oh! Let Me See

Oh! let me see, oh! let me see,
Once more for the last time;
Thy lovely face like the flowers,
Oh! let me do, let me if it's a crime.

I might not see it further again,
As my heart's trembling too much;
Lest it push me into another World,
And my eyes to thine could never touch.

I've been very weak and poor'
As no more time with thine to spend;
Thou too cease not me from going apart-
My eyes will release a stream, o, friend.
Oh! let me go now, oh! let me go,
But where I'll? in Pain or Solitude? not know.

Shuaib Saifi

On My Friendship

I've very lovingly held thy hand,
To be a true and a loyal friend;
My love to thee I'll e'er persist to send,
But mine is so soft, please never bend.
So have it with a great affection and care,
Keeping away from disloyalty and lie's air.

I've had in thee the never-dying faith,
That won't end even with my death;
I'll stand by thee till my last breath;
Thus to shield its edge, in such a strong sheath
I'll keep this sword. If the same be even inside thee,
Ah! Souvenir and matchless, our friendship will be.

Shuaib Saifi

Parking Lass

A small ring in her nose she does hold,
On the eyes an oblong glass,
In my office parking I use to behold
She is an awfully cute and simple lass.

In her task be as busy as a honey-bee,
Unaware of one who furtively in leisure
Beholds her innocence and simplicity,
And enjoys an indefinable pleasure.

Of the day she has often been
The first thought, and the last sweet dream
Of the night; her arts are untold, unseen-
Of the nature's beauty she's a fantastic theme.

She's a cool feeling in the summer of June,
And the hot wind's below in winter hoar;
Her beautiful face is like the shining moon,
That does often knock at my heart's door.

A plenty of days, weeks are past,
And I had no glimpse of her-
But the heart still beats loud and fast
Missing that fabulous creation of the Nature.

Shuaib Saifi

Sorrow Of A Star

He is the dimmed and broken star,
From the sky who dwells too far.
Who is good now for no worth,
Neither for this sky nor the earth.

At whose twinkling sky e'er got glad,
And watching, a glee the earth had.
Now to respect him sky gets hard,
Even the earth does easily disregard.

Now he moans, laments and weeps,
On his lips some wounded words keeps; -
Which say "Would I'd not taken the birth,
Thus isn't disdained today by the sky and earth";.

Shuaib Saifi

Sorry, O Little Fairy!

O fairy! O fairy! O little fairy!
I extremely feel grief and sorry;
You so heartily gave me the invitation;
I could not attend your celebration.

To come to you I'd the leisure although,
The circumstance did not allow;
I've ne'er seen you nor e'er met;
From someone about you heard a lot.

About your mischiefs like a fawn you do,
About your blossom-like smile-
About your tears like the pearl;
And the heart-attracting innocence of you.
Now in heart a wish and on lips a prayer,
O little fairy! I may see you soon somewhere

Shuaib Saifi

Stanzas Written In Dejection At Mid Night

THIS night's also fallen like every day,
Bright stars are twinkling in the sky,
A deep silence is spread all the way,
Except some obstinate crickets cry.

Some rover dogs seldom begin to bark,
If find any movement in the atmosphere,
As if they were the city's guards in dark,
Keeping it protected from any bother.

The moon shines in its full might,
Crosses the airy-road to the west;
Pouring down on earth a milky light;
Creeps stealthily with no rest:

The entire world is lost in sleep,
Being tired of the whole day's run;
Some infants seldom awake, play and weep,
Olds jokily say their joys in it are hidden

I'm who even today has no calm, no rest.
Someone could tell me about them,
How's their color? how's their taste?
These kinds of thing to me never came.

Yet the things faced by me at this place
Are heavy pains, the black sorrows,
The breaking failure, the deep gloominess;
And the mouths hit at me, the toxic arrows.

Here has been only autumn for years,
I saw not even a single spring-
But the weather of torrential tears,
People say many returned coming.

All the limits of pain I have kissed,
Have been ruined never to restore:
Death is not only when the breath is missed,
See me! having it seem to be no more.

Each part of body's affected by wound,
I see the wounds on my body in a map; -
I've been entirely diverse to this ground,
These have given me such a unique shape.

I've nor health nor confidence nor wealth,
As the time of woes and pains here I pass;
Feels as if I'd committed lots of stealth,
This Jail does trouble me a lot and harass.

At such a cruel turn of Time I do stand,
Where neither some life's start seems to be,
Nor seems to be any sign of End-
Where my being is like a live-dead body.

This is the odd point of my Journey,
Where no zeal's left for joy to celebrate,
Nor tears to weep for the borne misery,
Just keep heading having no target.

I have no fear, no worry for death,
Nor in futurity any hope for life;
In this desert I've no interest, no faith,
Just is netted between life and death's strife.

Would someone could have known the woes,
Beyond my liar smile that dwell gladly,
On this earth that are my best foes, -
Who kill me every moment with cruelty.

Would some sympathetic hand might come,
Touch my hot head of a huge tension store;
My red eyes might, that are so tiresome,
Begin closing slowly, and open never more.

Around me there will be a giant crowd,
Some will sorrow and some weep,
Some upon my cold body put a shroud;
When I'll be taking a never-breaking sleep.

For a blissful life I'll have no complaint,

Nor for a painful death having no stops;
The only thing my soul will deeply lament
Is I could not keep someone's hopes.

There was never ever calm in the open eyes,
Nor yesterday nor any other day:
Even after closing no such a sun will arise,
That could make my impatience decay.

Shuaib Saifi

The Beauty I Love

IN star-like eyes, someone seek beauty,
Some seek it in a rosy cheek;
Some in a lip that looks coral-like pretty;
But in a true and loyal heart I do seek.

Shuaib Saifi

The Cutest Face Of My Cafeteria

MY cafeteria where I used to visit daily
To gossip with friends, my food to take,
Cut jokes with them taking a glee;
And returned getting temper happy;
With a wish I could go there again back.

I got to see pretty-to-pretty face there,
Some had rosy cheeks:
Some had bright eyes like a star,
Some had a succulent lips by far;
I found there all these in my gone weeks.

No pretty face could ever impress so tight,
Whom to see repeatedly anxiety over me
Might dominate as to heed towards the light
It does over a moth; that keeps flying around it,
And being tired of flying dies there lastly.

One day I saw such a cute face there,
Just like the moon that was glittery;
In the dark nights of stiff summer
That shines far away somewhere
Among the uncountable stars in the sky.

Of a slim and lovely lass was that one,
Whose two blue eyes were as bright
As no star would have ever shone;
And extremely a crazy I had gone
To see them repeatedly at very first sight.

All the day long, after seeing that one,
She carried on my mind to cross-
As a magic on me her eyes had done,
And out of the chest my heart flown
And flown away leaving me in her to loss.

I came back from there to my floor,
However, could never forget her cute face;

As in cafeteria, I found no more,
With that my heart's accident might occur
So amorously and in mind, that take a place.

Now each day my eyes look for her,
With an exceedingly uneasiness-
If see, get an ineffable calm and pleasure;
If not, of the day, that's the great failure:
As, of my cafeteria, that's the cutest face.

Shuaib Saifi

The Incurable Wounds

WHEN the spring comes, the leafless trees bloom.
When it rains, the oceans drought ends by the water;
Even a desert's solitude ends when the people come;
An emotionally injured heart's pain by no cure.

A deeper line can be erased drawn on a stone,
Even the clouds remove seldom their cover
From sky to let the sun, moon and stars be shone;
The wounds hit on a heart are healed ne'er.

So if one wishes to hurt a little to someone,
Give the injuries to his body's any part;
Be the leg, chest or the back bone-
By betraying or breaking his trust, ne'er the heart.
If one thinks this is untrue or to be a vain,
Wait for his turn till the tragedy does happen.

Shuaib Saifi

The King Of The Kings

When I was a little child, I never thought
In which kingdom I've taken the birth, I live'
There's also a man who's so worthy and great;
From whom I can learn a lot and achieve.

Whose thoughts are as high as the sky,
Even after a big effort no one can touch;
Whose heart is as wide as the sea;
That contains the sympathy so much.

Passion and hard working who likes most,
Confidence and courtesy express whose eyes;
Around who anger ever walks at no cost;
Yea, so great and worthy that man is:

This man is the king of the Kingdom
In which I do breathe and live freely,
It is my good destiny that I could become
A soldier of his strong and proficient army.

With everyone is very humble his behavior,
He never shows the attitude as a king should:
Treats with all as if a common man he were;
These have improved me too enough good.

His sympathy acts like a comfort and peace,
When we are tired of battle or injured;
I've felt he does very lovingly solace;
When we are in the sorrow or despaired.

His strategy is so awesome and matchless,
That makes to overcome the battles easy;
And when we return with the success,
He appreciates us so nicely and splendidly.

He's the king who can make his way simply,
Even in the heavy tempest and deep ocean;
Who can win hard-to-hard battles not only,
Also by his syrupy nature, heart of everyone.

I've met many kings in my short living,
I found either they all were very unkind
Or found them behaving just like a king;
Yet, the king like ours nowhere I did find.

He's been a victorious in the past days,
May he ever be, a wishful song heart sings;
He's a king everybody calls him and says,
But I'd say that he is "the king of the kings".

Shuaib Saifi

The Latest Thought For The Kingdom

Again a new hope, again a new day,
Again a new start, again a new zeal,
Let's do the something that could sway
The mighty minds of Convergys; and compel

Them to consider even us a major part
Of this kingdom, that looks so pretty
So jocund, my zealous and pleased heart
Wishes to stay hear through all futurity.

O dear Lord! give us such a power,
Give us such a great understanding;
We could grow solidly and progress here
Making this kingdom most growing.
We will really consider us a great lucky,
The day, one of them when we will be.

Shuaib Saifi

When The Wind Comes From Thy City

WHEN from thy city comes blowing the cool wind,
Thy sweet memories begin to smell in my mind
Like a new-born rose; and a smile to dance
On my face pushing me into the world of romance.

A fresh zeal arises from the depths of my thrilled heart,
To write a passionate poem on thy every art-
And my heart wants, in thy love, a melodious song,
Sitting at the river bank, I may sing all day long.

O, love, how sweet! if even thou with me be there,
A fun might be created in the waves motion of the river;
I could be lost in thy intoxicating eyes, thou in mine,
No more pretty scene will be worth further to be seen.

Shuaib Saifi

Where Was I?

Neither I was on the earth nor on the sky,
Nor in those buds that are still new;
Nor on the playing waves of the sea,
I was lost Just in the imaginations of you.

I was in your two bright eyes like a star,
Between your lips that are full of romance;
On your pretty cheeks, so rosy that are; -
Thus falling in your love I did commence.

Now the place where to dwell I wait impatiently
Are your arms, and to shield from the sorrows
Your dense and scented hair could be over me;
I wish to spend my all fresh morrows
With you, o my love. I pledge to be loyal and true,
If gone e'er false, be no more for a single moment too.

Shuaib Saifi

Who Loves Me?

Would there were someone who lov'd me,
In my sorrows who asked how I am?
Partook in both my grief and glee;
And with whose name I wrote my name.

Alas! I couldn't get that kind of destiny,
That could supply me the glee, the pleasure; -
Spending all his wealth too none could see,
Only a true and faithful heart can measure.

Oh, no! how I, fool, forgot the dear thing?
Who ne'er lets me be single anywhere;
When this world kicks me, it does gladly sing
A mournful song and live with me ever.
That's Dejection, who's lov'd me since my start,
And I really feel it today my life's major part.

Shuaib Saifi

Yesterday, You're Looking As...

YESTERDAY, you're looking as cute as ne'er before,
A most beauteous scene, the past day I did face;
How much I was delighted, can't express;
My heart wishes to see the same each day more.

O love! I ne'er expected from you to be so,
Can I now from you for the same again soon?
If yes, surely it will be my nice fortune; -
What I'll achieve only my heart does know?

You looked as if the moon in a dark night,
As a poem about simplicity e'er taken on a paper;
In a delighted mood; being just carefree

Near an ocean shore in the moonlit;
That's too beauteous to be heard in the leisure,
Which is more, to be a major part of my poetry.

Shuaib Saifi