

Poetry Series

soulful heart
- poems -

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soulful heart()

I am a teacher by profession.....have done M.A in English Literature. Like to write as hobby. I am fond of observing and assimilating. My inspiration are my two naughty kids who give meaning to my life.I have changed my name on PH as I would like to adopt the pen name 'soulfulheart'. I am from India and live in a beautiful coastal place. I work at a non profit organization that imparts education for the under privileged specially girls.I have now been promoted as a lecturer for pre university and post graduate students...

Ajab Sa Dil(Urdu)

Dil ke khwaishon ki inteha nahi
Par dil kya jaane- haqeeqat wa khwaish
Kabhi nadi ke kinaron ki tarah hote hai
To kabhi darya wa nadi ke paani ki tarah.

Dil jo bole, woh sunta kaun hai?
Ya to jo sunta hai, use dil pehchanta nahi
Ya dil jise pehchanta hai, wo sunta hi nahi.

Dil ko jo khush kare, wohi dard kyun deta hai?
Ya khudaya! jo dil ko chhalni karta hai
Ye usi ke paas kyun marham chahta hai?

Muskurate hoton se hasi chhinne wale
koi dushman-e-dil nai hota
Ye to sirf sabse dil-e-aziz hi hota hai.

Dil ko paagal mane ya shaatir
Kabhi haste haste, rula deta hai, kabhi
Khule aankhon tale chain chura leta hai.

Dil rooh-e-aashiyon to hai
Par yahi rooh-e-registan bhi
Kabhi sukoon ki jannat deta hai
To kabhi zozak ki tapti aag me jalaata hai.

Dushman bhi dil
Dost bhi dil
Zindagi bhi dil
Maut bhi dil.

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Childhood Collection Poem -4

Here comes the black sea
Trying to gobble the
Tiny golden pea.
Oh! The horrible black thing
Which takes over the
Pea beautiful an' shining
O! Lord help me fight
The great deep, powerful
Storm of immense might
Thats what sorroq is like
When it comes
Discouraging us
When we hike.

Joy is like golden pea
When turmoil overcomes
Like the great stormy sea.

But brave is the one
Who stands firm
Until his work is done
Brave is that
Who fights
Against the sea so vast.
So go on surfing
Accross the sea great
Joyfully go on singing
And one day you will
Reach your shore
Where joy forever fill.

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Childhood Collection 5

War war war
Fight will you how far?
The smallest trifle
There emerges the rifle.

Why do you fight?
To show your might?
Where will be might
When no world in sight.

No war shows cleverness
Its all man's foolishness.
Whats wise about destroying?
Leading the whole earth dying?

When no land;
When no hand;
When no man;
When no ham;
When no life-
At the tip of a knife;
Why fight then?
To show your golden hen?
What is gold,
When no food in hold?

Avoid O man the war
Or beyond reach you'll be far.
Promote peace;
Share your bread piece.
Settle your trifles
Destroy your riffles.
Save the earth
Save the hearth
On which you live
Or nowhere you'll be-
Till the Eve.

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Childhood Poem -6

Boom boom boom
Oh! The horrible bomb
Bringing soon the doom.
The burst of a small ball,
And the end of all lives;
Gobling in its fire tall
Destroys the earth
Kills all the living;
Snatches the child's hearth
Leaves the man crippled
To suffer all his life-
Reminding when it first ripped.

You punish the murderer
In the court of law
Whom do you punish,
Who kills all at once
With just one tiny swish?

Why slay your brother?
Just for power?
You kill your own earth no one other.
Remember O butcher
There is no power
Greater than the one Teacher.
Where will be your power
When there's no land
And only dead bodies as a tower?

Stop this treachery
Save yourself
Leave all the butchery
Kill no living
Destroy not, the world
On which you stand.
For one day
You will have no one
Not even yourself to slay.

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Childhood Poem 7

She is the girl
Who suits an earl.
Her seldom jokes
Melt even the oaks.
She is the person
Who can shine like sun.
She is clever
Ready with answers ever.
Everything in her personality
Make people respect her individuality.
Her self-respect
Bend everyone in all aspects.
She is brave
So never stays grave.
Everybody hail
As her advice never fail.
She's also beautiful
With kind heart that's dutiful.
She is charming
Her smile so disarming.
Her go-go hair so long
Fly with the breezy song.
Her eyes so bright
Spreading the hopeful light.
That's my friend with knowledge kiss
And we call her royal elegant miss.

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Childhood Poem-10

A rabbit liked very much to tease
He would take everything in ease.
He was fond of carrots and green dates
And would annoy all jungle- mates.
All were troubled of him.
One day he died
But there was nobody who cried.

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Childhood Poem-11

There are beautiful shadows
And green vast meadows.
Beautiful flowers blooming
With bees around humming.
A rainbow on the sky
And clouds passing-by.
A tiny little cottage
In the middle of the image
Surrounded by birds chittering
The wood-pecker hammering
Fields so silent and green
As never ever seen.
The trees swaying
With wind and saying
' oh! Image so beautiful and vivid
As the dream of a kid'.

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Childhood Poem-12

He never knew light
He never knew sight
Everything around was dark.
Never saw the sky
Never saw birds fly.
He did not know beauty
Nor anything murky.
Because he was a child
Who was born blind.

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Childhood Poem-8

Stands by your side
Always trouble does bide.
Whats that thing?

The best friend ever-
When great is the obstacle
- pushing you backward
- makes your hopes shackle.
That is the only thing
Which not only encourage,
When in need of strengthening
It gives the courage-
To break the wall
And get back the hearth.
Prevents you from falling
Into depression
From which didfficult to emerge.
Well its a power
That holds you on
And that is the WILL POWER.

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Childhood Poem-9

Hey! She is a bride
Standing with all her pride
Oh! She's beautiful
Both sorrowful and joyful;
Sorrow that she has to depart
Joy for getting her smart.

Departing from her parents
As from a house of rents.
Dreams of happy life
As a would -be wife.
Holding his hand
Shy, with a garland.
Wishes never to leave
Every moment, every eve.

Yes, bride is she
In her best smiles and glee
Her heart in colours
Blushing like flowers
Oh! The dame so beautiful
Stepping into new life wonderful.

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Essence Of Humanity(Acrostic 1)

Empowers mankind with vigorous zeal
Motivates diffusing hopes in every age
Oppresses or elevates one an' all around
Tantalises dreams fierce or sweet
Imbibes compassion, sustaining posterity
Oscillates between good an' evil whispers
Nurtures affections of thousands shades
Surmounts, humans above every creature

OH! the best gift of the Lord above
Forming bonds of universal faith

Language that transmutes through heart
Offers bliss of hope and anguish
Varies in depth of passionate feelings
Embalms or destroys alike, pauper or king

Attitude that chooses right from wrong
Necessary realm of earthly relationships
Dwindling bonds leading broken world

Hypocritical passions begetting seed of vices
Ambitious mania of today's society
Throbbing pulse of deception or impeachment
Eternal nemesis born, since first sin of man.

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Essential Compound

Oh! What art thou, Water?
Being colourless, odourless, shapeless
Yet act as- mirror, stink dump, bound mass.

Oh! What is thy abode?
In blood, clouds, oceans
Yet you- clot, bolt, drown.

Oh! Why thy presence is bliss?
As you nurture, quench, replenish
Yet you- choke, devour, bloat.

Oh! How benevolent thou art?
Evoking breathing air, life, beauty
Yet cause- icy chill, disease, slimy moss.

Oh! Lest thou hold thy fury!
As floods, tsunami, hurricane
Yet calmly splash, ebb, subside.

Oh! If thou wert not invoked
There be no earth, rivers, cells
Yet exist binding, flowing, cleaving.

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Guzarish

Justajoo kabhi hamne ki
To ye sawaal zahan me aaya,
Ya Allah-
Tune jab mujhe mitti me dhala
To mujhme sabse aziz kya chaha?
Tujhe gar kuch pesh karun
To kya karun?
Mera rang?
Par rang to woh, jo dhub me jal jata hai;
To tujhe kaise pesh karun?
Mere aankh?
Par aankh to woh, jo umar dar dhoond pad jata hai;
To tujhe kaise pesh karun?
Mera dil?
Par dil to woh, jo vasvason me ghira rahta hai;
To tujhe kaise pesh karun?
Mera koi ang?
Par ang ka har purza to woh, jo bimaar ho jata hai;
To tujhe kaise pesh karun?

Phir inteha-e-sonch me
Zindagi ka falsafa khola,
To har jazbaaat loot ta nazar aaya;
Har mod kashmakash me dooba zazar aaya;
Har adaa makkaar nazar aaya.
Bas ek shay sabse pak
Aur shiddat se qayam nazar aaya
Jo na kabhi ghata, na bimar hua, na dhoond pada;
Jo kabhi khushiyon ke jharnon sa aaya;
To kabhi junoon ke barf sa aaya;
Kabhi zillat ke sholon sa aaya;
To kabhi dard ke sailaab sa aaya.
Par jab bhi aaya, Khalis jazbaat leke aaya.
Ye baazun jab bhi tere dua me uthe
Ye mere saath saath har dam aaya.

Isse umdi cheese mujhse tu kya chahe?
Le, Ya Allah-
Ye mere aansu hi tujhe pesh kardun.

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In Memory Of Yoonoos Peerbocus

I remember- My first timid venture at PH that
Hailed his first comment for this unknown being-
Words of inspiration, acquainting a humble guide;
And behold for me, a new vista opened-
A new space that thrived on poets:
Amateurs like me and beacons like him.

Then I read his languid poetry- and felt
How futile the words of mine were, and
How undeserved my meagre expressions
Oh! The view I got of this world anew-
Through his poetic sight, thus expanding
My poor vision, to zones unexplored.
Yes, he was the guiding star
Steering me with his kind zeal and
Precious feedback that led me ahead.

I remember-His rustic, simple, yet grandeur of poetry and
The humble moments that were transformed
Into emotional revelations, through words like
Pure streams of wisely gems or melody recited.

So fortunate I feel to have known his poetry-
Bless the souls that reared him;
Bless the souls that are his legacy;
Bless his soul that granted us-
The beauty of his thoughts.

Alas! The void of his ingenuity
Now will never be filled-
As he has transcended
From his breathing cage,
And resides now, where he hears us not-
Yet with a sad heart, I pray-
May you rest in peace dearest friend;
May your lullaby be the breeze of Jannah;
May the celestial angels await your arrival-
At the gate of the heavenly abode.

As for we poor earthly souls
We will cherish the bounty
Of your poetic treasure –
Forever and ever.....

soulful heart

Kasak

Dil me kasak si hai-
Kuch shoukiya, kuch tanziyan.
Aankh me name si hai-
Kuch khushi ke, kuch gam ke.
Dua o me kami si hai-
Kuch hamari hamari, kuch tumhari.

Hosh aaya pehle pehel to duniya ne hame parkhna chaha,
Humne duniya ko parkha to hum hosh khoke rah gaye.

Umeed ka daaman na chodna, ye hume sikhaya gaya,
Umeed ne daaman thama to apne aapse chootke rah gaye.

Usko mili shohrat jisne lafzon ke jaal me sabko phansa,
Humne khamosh jasbat riha kiye to zaleel hokar rah gaye.

Kabhi jashn-e - humsafar ki talash me ye dil bhi nikal pada,
Humsafar mila to dil ke safar me tanha hokar rah gaye.

Jab chehre pe thi hansii, mehfilon ne hume dhoonda,
Jis pal aansu chalak pade, hum sabko dhoondte rah gaye.

Taqdeer ki andheri ghaai se nikalna hi manzil-e-zindagi tha,
Gaa choota to roshan raah pe manzil khoke rah gaye.

Tah umr karwat-e-dard ne li hum me is tarah panha,
Ki Kisi din khushi ne li angdaai to hum sote rah gaye.

Tadapte siskiyon me dil humara ghut ta hi raha,
Par zamaane ke saamne aaye to muskuraate rah gaye.

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Kya Kahun?

Kisi shayar ne kya khub kaha-

“Fanus banke hifazat jiski hawa kare

Wo shamaa kya bhuje jisko roshan khuda kare! ”

Par, wo-

-shama kya kare jisko fanus hi na mile;

-hawa kya kare jisko rukh hi na mile;

-jigar kya kare jiska lahu hi zahar bane;

-parinda kya kare jiska ghosla hi sholaon se bhare;

-aankhe kya kare jiski roshni aftar hi cheene;

-aashiyān kya kare jiske deewar hi barf se bane;

-seena kya kare jisko dil hi katal kare;

-rooh kya kare jisko saans hi ghootan de;

-jism kya kare jiske kadam hi zanjeer bane;

-marham kya kare jiski khuwat hi marz bane;

-darkht kya kare jise jad hi ujāād de;

-khoon kya kare jise tukh hi ruswa kare;

Is tamasha -e- dard ko dekhne log jhoond me aaye,

Par zaleem zamana kya jaane-

-Inteha-e-aansu kabhi numaish na bane.

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My Childhood Poem 13

Lovely lovely roses
In all their different poses
Found in gardens or valleys
Happily even in the alleys
Spread in colourful spaces
O Lovely lovely roses!

The petals in all their pops
Glistening with the dew drops
In the misty dawn light
Fill the air with joyous sight
Fixed in different vases
O Lovely lovely roses!

The buds blooming early
Like birds peeping shyly
Sway with the windy king
As if riding on cloudy swing
Dreaming on the watery banks
Or on the balcony shanks
In all its potent doses
O Lovely lovely roses!

soulful heart

My Childhood Poem 14

What is sorrow?
Which never can we borrow.
But pops out from nowhere
Wishing could escape somewhere.
Try to ignore it
Rushes fiercely to bit.
Try to store it
Piles up as tearful gems.
Endless are the sorrowful fears
Gobling every ray that appears.
Try to stride along with
Accross the world's width
The day you overcome and win
You become an empty tin.

soulful heart

My Childhood Poem 17

William is my name
I am in love with a dame.
She is like a fairy
But I am so hairy.
Her eyes so sparkled
My skin so wrinkled.
Her gait so elegant
Mine so malignant.
Her lips as red
As my flowing blood.

I know I am so ugly
But I like her humbly
Everything in her
Makes my love prosper
But alas I can't express
My aching stress.
Oh! I treasure her
As delicate feather.

Yes, I know
I won' t get the girl as snow.
But I live on hope
So I am able to cope
O God bless me
Or I, ll be in the sea.'

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soulful heart

My Childhood Poem 18

Oh! The day our eyes met
I can never forget

The smile in your face
Carved a deep image on my grace.

To the tuneless strings of my cove
You gave an unknown tune of love.

The dreamless eyes of mine
Await to find only you shine.

In the vast life like a sea
You are a precious pearl to me.

A maiden who knows not love
You taught the passions in clove.

Raising emotions uncontrollable
You dissappeared without a
Love parable

I have become like a silent nightingale
Even in the mid- spring gale

My ever moving lips now just quiver
Silently huming songs which make me shiver

How many days have I to wait
To hear your voice and find you at my gate

My tired eyes look for you
Get sleepy giving birth to dreams anew

Dreaming of the days when I'll live with you
I am still alive even in the chilling dew.

Till when will this endless love be waiting
Till when will I be hopelessly craving.

O my love understand my sorrow
Before I give up myself in a furrow.

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soulful heart

My Childhood Poem 19

Says the girl: Come O dearest
Where are you
I can't wait any more
Waiting on this shore
Tears dwell like drops of dew.
You are the only one
Whom I can believe
Please do not deceive
Come before goes away the sun
Here I am waiting
Since months and years
Don't you see my tears?
Can't you hear my heart beat?
People laugh at me
They say you're drowned in sea
But I still wait on the shore.
My sorrows are growing
My faith is losing
My hands trembling
My heart praying.
How can you leave me here?
I can't live anymore-
If you can't come from the core
I will come to you my dear....'

This was girl on the shore
Waiting for her dearest
She was the pearl
That no one could gain
The sea took him in vain
For it could not (separate them.
They met again at the core
And never came back ashore
Becoming two shells with one gem
And lived together as best of the rest.

soulful heart

My Childhood Poem Collection -1

Have you ever seen?
Have you ever been?
Where I live, its home
Here my first smile shone.

Some day I will leave it
To soar over new summit.
Then will I be all alone,
In my future dream home?

soulful heart

My Childhood Poem Collection -2

There was a girl
So sweet as honey
Nothing about her was phoney
Oh! her heart was like pearl.

Her beauty so rare
Just a glimpse of her
And a smile from her
Made guys follow like hare.

She was as fair as snow
Her eyes so deep and blue
Even the toughest drowned in the hue
Why? Its difficult to know.

She was a mysterious dame
Always was kind and generous
Though toiling, was never nervous
She never did seek fame.

All praised her beauty
They called her dream girl
Or a really precious pearl
But they knew not-
-Why she always got sooty?

soulful heart

My Childhood Poem16

Fear and sorrow
My life-time companions everyday
They exist today an' will tomorrow
Day and night with me they stay.

Happiness like the clouds in sky
One moment shower smiles few
Then away they rush an' fly
Leaving behind tears a dew.

I remember my first fears
Ghosts, devils, rats an' roaches.
A slight noise in dark I hear
Hailed dreadful images to approach.

Then the fears of reality
No fairy tales, no magic wands.
Life's sorrowful history since eternity
Shattered dreams slipping off hands.

Fear of being vulnerable
As daughter, sister, mother, wife
All bleeding souls by man's ego
Each turn a two edged knife.

The first glimpse of sorrow
My own home a chest of pain.
Nowhere happiness to borrow
Ignore or fight, all in vain.

My life's like a museum of fears
And a vast rainbow of sorrow
Every bend a different shade appears
So was yesterday, is today, will be tomorrow.

Still don't know why I keep on my strife
With the eternal companions of my life.

soulful heart

My Childhood Poem-3

Flowers bloom
Even in the doom;
But differs your mood
So never ever brood.
Be joyful
When your days are cool;
Be the same kitty
When your days are empty.
When your mood is narrow
All seem to be in sorrow.
When you are flying wide
All seem to be by your side.

So everything depends
On how one defends
The sorrows and happiness
Through the life's vastness.

soulful heart

My Childhood Poems15

There was a youngster
Scared of inferiority monster.
He was called a looser
Yet wanted to prosper.
But the poverty demon
Would not allow to go on.

One day he met a spirit
'Fear me not ', it said
And a sword he laid
'Fight with this!'
Said he an' vanished.
The sword was knowledge
So huge, had to be carried on sledge
He used it wherever he went
After such few years he spent
Now brave was the scholar
Not scared of anything sinister.

soulful heart

Nature On Earth (Acrostic 2)

A single Grain to grow crops
Every Object constructed of atoms
Trillions of Drops to make an ocean

Vast Intelligence in minute grey cells
Day an' Night, courtesy a lone star

Each life Nurtured by essential water
Millions of Ages, evolving great civilisations
Devastating Terror reined by almighty
Yet bounties Up-teem within infinite bosom
Fragile an' Rare sustaining earthly abode
Can you Escape its wrath or benevolence?

soulful heart

Observations Of Imagination

Watching clouds an' dreaming,
A favourite pastime of toddlers;
Till youth compels cloud-high leaping.

Childhood with imaginary forms cloudy
Of teddy-bears or fairies or Herrcule's arm;
Maturity with ethereal words in plenty.

Sketching cloudy images of infant
Colouring dreams of adolescence;
Adults, pouring them into verse dormant
As, these- -

Fleecy puffs that wind-spread fast
Across the space of sublime vision
As, blowing whiffs from cotton-fields vast.

White shining blocks gliding
Across the still-wintery sky;
As, upside-down broken glaciers floating;

Blotches of snowy balls dispersed
Across a serene lagoon above;
As, frock with polka-dots breezy-swayed.

Riot of bright hues slashed
Across the setting summer canopy
As, brilliance of Holi displayed.

Grey smudges or wild splashing
Across the dusky-roof of a shore;
As, folds of pinky-orange veil fluttering.

Welcome sheet of cyan an' flashing sights
Across anxious gaze of scorching farms;
As, curtains drop on a stage bright.

Rushing, crashing boulders of ice
Across mountains, valleys and terrains;

As, marathon jumbos on a race track.

Silver-lined shadowy shapes gliding
Across the starry, half-moon terrace;
As, in dark bride-room, sparklers dangling.

Woolly blanket spread, tinted rosy,
Across a spotted tent, camping horizon;
As, dreamy infant cuddled within a softy.

Ensnaring wit and luring ambition
Across the prison of global existence;
As, hectic cynics eclipse leisur'd imagination.

Alas! Those moments speed past
Across the seamless worldly chores;
As, grownups shy such childish repast.

soulful heart

Our Founder

Today as we remembered
Those bright eyes long away passed,
With a vision surpassed
A zeal that outclassed-
The contemporaries, who accepted
Him a living modelled
To simple living high thinking
-yet un-named.
A literary torch bearer for little nymphs. Aimed
Un thought goals -strived and achieved.
Pray! all you associated;
Bless his soul as much blessed
Us, with ideals and morals he bestowed.
Garden be the mound wherein he's rested
O founder! our memories are sweetened
With the legacy you unfolded
For us, to pursue as sacrament scrolled.
We thanking thee- are pledged
To keep alight the path kindled-
Glowed, nurtured and torched
Till times unknown -brilliantly ignited.

(This poem is a tribute for a simple person who started in the year 1953 a small school for the minorities in a small town called Karwar, Karnataka in India. He worked with such dedication that it is a great institution with several sections today with a beautiful building and organisation. He passed away in the 80's but the school organizes an Educational week in his memory every year.)

soulful heart

Sun (Rising And Setting)

Like a halo around a hidden beacon
Smears the dawning peak aglow.

Like a peeping red-ripe mango
Soars the ball of coppery-molten blob.

Like a burning match in pitch-black
Scans the shadowy canopy of earth.

Like a widening ripple of golden liquid
Spreads vapoury rays of heavenly orb.

Like a phoenix in tis majestic flight
Spans the fiery wings east to west.

Like a burning furnace of a baker's kiln
Sizzles, the mist over roasting flames.

Like a diamond in a glorious crown
Sparkles and sustains every glade of life.

Like a flickering lamp of providence
Slides the edge with smouldering warmth.

Like a Dhobi-ghat with arrays coloured veils
Splashes vast shades riot of lovely hues.

Like a vermilion mark on a dusky dame
Simmers the sphere descending the horizon.

Like a rosy-cheeked baby about to cry
Smothers its breath, turning orangy-crimson.

Like a blown out celestial candle
Shrouds an' vanishes into smoky-twilight.

soulful heart

Tongue

The dangling dollop of nemesis;
Boneless six inches forming words;
Breaking or sealing, bonds of existence
Bane or elixir that destroys or protects-
Using ignorance as bliss, softens even hardened hearts,
Yet- Using jealousy as scythe, hacks a tender dream.

Using innocence as tool, soothes harassed mankind,
Yet- Using fear as dagger, stabs greatness of faith.

Using compassion as aid, nurtures the mortal being,
Yet- Using wickedness as pincers, snaps filament of trust.

Using kindness as water, douses lurking cruelty,
Yet- Using anger as lava, burns anguished feelings.

Using ecstasy as potion, kindles sublime emotions,
Yet- Using pain as skewers, pokes festering wounds.

Using pleasure as balm, revokes perishing passions,
Yet- Using arrogance as poison, decays quaint relationships.

Using hope as candle, enlightens wishful goals,
Yet- Using greed as disease, spreads recurring violence.

The worst weapon to injure and curse
Or the best cure to heal and foster;
Multitasking necessity of humanity
As best tool of brain and heart
Representing every varied feeling known.

soulful heart

Zamana-E-Wajood

Khokla badan, begaani sir rooh;
Chehre pe hanshi, seene me jalan.
Kyunke-

Har insaan, parde ke peeche chipa ek munafiq;
Har shakhsyat, aanchal me lipta ek sawaal;
Har mehfil, roshni me dhaka ek andhera;
Har chehra, dukaan-e-rangrez me dhuli ek tasveer;
Har kadam, jaddojahat me gheera ek bhavar;
Har baarishi boond, bimaariyon ko choomti ek rahat;
Har guftagu, lafzon me uljha ek masaail;
Har raasta, ruksat-e-jazbaat ka ek zariya;
Har khushi, muskaan me dabaa ek dard;
Har nazar, hasad-e-khwaish se joodi ek junoon;
Har lamha, nishaan-e-pahonch ki ek talaash;
Har zameer, shohrat me khoda ek koyla-e-khaan;
Har wajood, makkaari me simta ek dhua;
Har rudba, khauf-e-khuda ko chodta ek paidaan;
Har manzil, daayron ko totti ek be lagaam daud;
Har ummeed, azaab-e-kabr ko gale lagati ek galti;
Har shahar, har gaav, har kooncha,
kafan ke aangosh ko bhulta ek aks.

soulful heart