

Poetry Series

**Swila Bathool**  
**- poems -**

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# Swila Bathool()

# A Tribute To My Best Teacher

You are the teacher of mine  
Taught me about the coniferous tree pine  
When the things got messed up in line  
Consoled and said that everything will be fine

You loved and cared me a lot  
Helped me while I missed a shot  
Taught me again while I was in a spot  
Encouraged me in the talents I got

Impartial you are to all  
Poured the true light that we call  
Knowledge that help us from a fall  
Taught me to break any wall

You taught what was lost  
By today's humanity what they cost  
O teacher! I give you the highest post  
Will love and respect you the most

Love you O my dear Leena Ma'am!

Swila Bathool

# A Tribute To My Parents

Guider to light, you are to me  
You opened my eyes to what I see  
You taught me that the salt is taken from the sea  
You taught me, how to make the devils flea

You showed me the right way  
You didn't bother me falling even in a bay  
But lent your hands and helped me say  
Failure is the stepping stone to success you may

Poured in me the pure inner light  
You showed me how to reach into height  
Pray and obey the Lord of Might  
Taught me what to do before my Flight

You showed me to choose the right one  
You encouraged me even in fun  
Build my talents, and even then run  
To tighten the ties and get them done

You said no to what is wrong  
Scolded me not to keep it along  
Didn't stop me from singing a song  
To be patient and the way is long

I am the most dutiful one to you  
Helped to build my character, by giving the clue  
Taught me failure and how to get through  
As a toddler, you repeated to me that the sky is blue.  
Love you O my dear Parents!

Swila Bathool

# A Tribute To My Second Home

Neither was my first part in there  
Nor was my first stair  
But a home where knowledge dwell  
Where thither is the glee, the mighty jewel

It's the ladder that I climb on  
Pool of knowledge I swam upon  
Nigh are my diamonds (teachers) with their shine  
Thou reflect that sparkle into mine

Knowledge seekers, they cluster in every nook  
Gathers those fruits with their hook  
Thou excel, holding this dome high  
Spreading these spectrum up they fly

My head held high beneath your symbolic shadow  
Ye Glory to my second home, thou carve my morrow  
Thou intensified me from a zero to hero  
Salute to thou NIMS!  
Salute to thou!

Swila Bathool

# A Tribute To My Sister

Thou and me born in the same nest  
We shared amongst us the same zest  
Our heart bonded, in-frangible  
Love never dearth, is tangible

Trust, the supreme quality amidst us  
we join together, makes everything a muss  
endures pains and feasts gains  
the moment we fight, acts insane

Thou lend me a shoulder, to soothe my sorrow  
Things never returned, those ones we borrow  
Faith in us, like a twine  
Remits errors, as to forgive is divine

The goody days, where we spend  
Built chatter boxes, together we wend  
Thou mend my errors, acting as a mirror  
An angel you are, No! , thou are me myself

Swila Bathool

# A Tribute To My Teachers

Angels befallen from sky  
With love never dearth, always nigh  
When I first flapped my wing  
Held my arms, supported by your wing

Thither, I see my initial stair  
Thou never let me down, Ye! I admire  
When things whirled around me in vain  
I see thou heart, thou in pain

Lo! Thither sparkled thou glee  
Knowledge thou sparkled, illiteracy flee  
Supported and encouraged me in my talent  
Ye! Thou are my second parent

You taught me to break any thorn  
In the path of success, to strive from dawn  
My angel, you are my savior indeed  
My angel, you are the best indeed  
Love you my dear Teachers!

Swila Bathool

# Acids, Bases And Salts

Acids, Bases and salts are a part of chemistry  
here we are out to solve a mystery

Acids are substances that are highly sour  
gives off  $H^+$  ions in  $H_2O$  and is easy to pour

They are corrosive and turn blue to red  
conducts electricity, don't interchange instead

Bases are substances that give out?  
 $OH^-$  ions in  $H_2O$ , a silly doubt

Are slippery to touch, bitter to taste  
turn red to blue in a haste

There are numerous types of salts  
common salt, I can say it without a fault

Acidic, Basic and Neutral vary  
interpret them by the concentrations they carry

A strong acid and a weak base  
is an Acidic salt, depends on the case

Weak acid and if the base is strong  
it's a basic salt, it isn't wrong

If both are strong then you can guess  
its neutral, and say a yes

Want to know much about them?  
peep more, more into chem.

Swila Bathool

# Allah Is Enough For Me

When I was born to this huge mansion  
I never knew that the days would be tough  
You opened my eyes to these different fashions  
I stumbled and you kept me up while the surface was rough  
And I sighed, Allah is enough for me

When I started to learn, where am I  
I failed to draw a true conclusion  
And I wept while you wiped my cry  
And taught me about many exclusion  
And I sighed, Allah is enough for me

When I craved for others to smile  
They tore my heart with a mighty word  
And I trembled while you stuck the pile  
You gave me the strength to bear the crowd  
And I sighed, Allah is enough for me

When I helped them through their way  
Some thanked while others prepared to yell  
And I fell off into a bay  
You lend your hands that made me well  
And I sighed, Allah is enough for me

Even when I disobeyed you  
By committing sins on my path  
You opened the door of repentance through  
Where I can purify my soul by the bath  
And I proudly said, Allah is enough for me

Swila Bathool

# Corrosion

Corrosion, what do you know?  
Degradation, you are right though

It's the gradual destruction  
Of metals by chemical reaction

Moist atmosphere, water and air  
Are the conditions, they aren't rare

Is there only a type of it?  
No, you are wrong, don't rather quit

Effects of corrosion, I think you know  
Stress, crevice, inter-granular, our knowledge is low

Rusting is a part of this law  
It's just not only the one, there's the flaw

This process is too slow  
It cannot happen within a blow

The metals degrade into its form  
Into sulfides, oxides, and it's a norm

As prevention is the first measure  
You can coat it with all pleasure

Corrosion, it's still vast  
A tortoise pace, not so fast

Swila Bathool

# Health

Aaah! God! I am sick  
cure for it just in a click

It's always open 'the clinic'  
He is there, the doctor who is epic

Health is not just free from pain  
should have the capability to gain

It's a state of being well  
physical, mental, out just to excel

You are not well, while mentally ill  
it can cause you to stay still

It lies on your interaction  
in the society by your taction

Cleanliness can cause you to be healthy  
social interaction can make you wealthy

Environment plays an important role  
in changing the status of your soul

The proverb that states what health is about  
'Health is Wealth', let your body workout

Swila Bathool

# Hijab

Wherever I walk, I walk with dignity  
A Muslim girl who opposes trinity

Hijab is the sword that protect me  
from the evilness of this world, the world that flea

I am proud to wear it, avoiding their mocks  
it rescues me from the eyes of the fox

Every footstep I walk on  
I never remove it even at dawn

The beauty they think that is more  
revealing their hair, style it, up to its core

They regret at last, once and for all  
the ears were shut, there regretful calls

It enables me to soar high  
they envy as I continue to fly

It keeps me thoughtful about  
Allah, the creator who vanish the cloud of doubt

The trap that awaits, the blazing zone  
the Hell fire, for them, their dreams have gone

Swila Bathool

# Home

A Heaven on this Earth  
Which we acquire at birth  
Where Love never lack or dearth  
That is million times at worth

Love and compassion fills the atmosphere  
Where the native blood is the hydrosphere  
Mutual bond, building block of lithosphere  
This form my home that is the Biosphere

Here and there, shone the light  
The sparkling jewel at its might  
The Mother who meant her world as bright  
The Worthy (Father) who built it into height

The Nature with its rainbow high  
Kindness nurture, not a sigh  
Where freedom and shield are always nigh  
Harmony up there, gaze at the sky

Swila Bathool

# I Am A Leaf

I am a little leaf in my Parent Plant  
When the rain drop fell, my first pant

My little eyes rolling everywhere  
Oh! What a wonderful world am I in there!

I remarked at my first sight  
But later changed after they lit the light

I felt ashamed of the weeping world  
For its people, what they mold

My little body shivering with cold  
All the secrets removing their fold

Neighboring plants, I have friends in  
I asked them to think on this beautiful inn

Me, a tiny leaf in this huge mansion  
Can't change those thriving in Fashion

But will strive with the pen, my sword  
until I fall as a dry leaf without a word

Swila Bathool

# It's Your Last Chance

O little pearls, your turns out  
You will be checked (purity) without a doubt

You have been dropped from your state  
Mindlessly ignoring your eternal fate

O little pearls, speak out loud  
Your dark inn is covered by the cloud

Men and Women are among you  
I can't recognize, you dropped the clue

Equal you are, I never knew  
Both the same, exceptions are few

You even paired before the date  
Your inn's dark, even this late

You betrayed the words of the all might  
Your inn's dim without the light

O Distracted minds! You broke the shield  
Alas! You didn't know the prickly field

You disobeyed your Parents and the Might  
Guided by the devil into the fright

You disgraced your role model, the truthful  
Who taught, how to make life fruitful

Your inn laugh, while your soul mourn  
As you ignored the mighty, the crown

O little pearls, where is the shine?  
Don't forget you are in line

Before the time, choose the right way  
Build up your deeds, don't let them lay

Polish yourself, before it's late  
Something is awaiting you, your fate

Did vanity shatter you?  
Gaze at the sky, it is still blue

It's your last chance, mend it soon  
Turn the curse, into a boon

Swila Bathool

# Loneliness

Loneliness I feel in me  
unsatisfied with what I see

Nothing speaks, calm and silent  
every nook and corner, non violent

I yearn for the clock to tick  
fast and steady, not to stick

I long for the two fortnight  
to speed itself and lit the light

Here and there, they spread the joy  
nothing lit, even the shatter of the toy

I wish my Parents to be on my side  
my three sisters, beg not to hide

I need my home that I had  
four long years back, I was glad

I envy those time, my family beside  
now spread apart with the pass of the tide

Incomplete home with my brothers alone  
close and open, they were gone

Oh my Lord, bring my home new made  
with new members under a single shade

I yearn for my heart to lit  
with them around, thus my family fit

Swila Bathool

# My Class

The Class is terribly loud  
they just make a crowd

Waiting for the bell to ring  
'roaming out' that make me wring

Half day events left to share  
even about their silly mare

'Share' and 'Care' is their remarkable nature  
for serious matters they do nurture

My Class is co-operative though not perfect  
my friends are they whom I respect

I love the fun they pull me into  
roars of laughter that drive me too

Teachers, whom I love the most  
they rise us up, up to the utmost

Alas! I admit.. I enjoy with them  
and to me this class is really a gem

Swila Bathool

# Rain

Drip, drip down the pane  
on the horse, on their mane  
droplets of it, the plants gain  
on the mountains, on the plane

Dew drops are every where  
the smiling sapling, I see there  
the birds dance with the mare  
wiping the pane they do care

Splash! down they stamp  
the blanket there is, it is damp  
the elephant walks with a tramp  
someone's busy cleansing the lamp

God's Gift, it is the rain  
they thank God, even the crane  
Humans they say, they enjoy it again  
but they carelessly let it drain

Swila Bathool

# Ramadan

Reward blossoms for every deed  
Increase the faith, which the Muslims need

Countless blessings being showered  
Muslims keep their bad deeds covered

Quran was descended in this month of spirit  
Earn the reward doubled as a merit

The doors of hell tightly shut  
Devils chained, not a cut

Fragrance of Heaven is being spread  
Lead the life those Sahabas lead

Fasting from dawn till dusk  
Mouth of the faster, with the smell of the musk

Allah's angels spread their wing  
On the account of the mighty King

Laylathul Qadr, the most blessed day  
Prayers will be answered, whatever we say

A single day that is better than  
Thousand months, where blessings began

Utilize this blessed month- Ramadan  
The golden chance that comes after Sha'ban

Swila Bathool

# Rise From Slavery

They enslave a person whose was born free  
Examining their flight from tree to tree  
I see a string tied around their neck  
They pick out the one from the deck

Under the souls of the whites was the history  
Cause and their requirement, the actual mystery  
Male domination crushes their pair  
Physical and emotional bullying they do dare

Minority being crumbled by the tramp  
Majority masters focusing the ramp  
Suppressed are the weak by their counterpart  
Ah! There those are bring pulled, their cart

Elites ruin those deserving poor  
Mistreated are they, non to cure  
Disparities arose on bases of religion and caste  
Why do they reappear, that disgusting past?

Ye mighty! Who gave you the right to deny?  
Just lumps of flesh are you, yet to die  
The most disgracing, you are to mankind  
Let peace ring, peace rebind

Swila Bathool

# The Captive Land

I sniff the foul smell of the land  
The cloud of smoke and the red coloured sand  
The devils colonized this captive field  
They used their lives as a shield

I see there in the barren tray  
The dead flesh of the devils prey  
The fresh flesh with their eyes shut  
Preserved in the heavenly hut

The devils, from their wicked beak  
Spit fireballs with blushing cheek  
They have smoke in to breathe  
This captive land without a sheathe

O World! Are you so blind?  
Are you ignoring what you find?  
O! There is the devil on your part  
But no one there to pull their cart

Don't you hear those innocents mourn?  
Or your inn has become so brown?  
O Lord! Hear our plea  
And make those devils flea

I will battle with my sword, the pen  
Hear their grievance, O mighty men!

Swila Bathool

# Ties

Ties are bonds that never break  
if it does, rejoins into a lake

Bonds turn bands at some points  
turn their head, spit off these joints

I wonder at times why they turn  
node my head at what I learn

Extreme ends of rope they act  
some shows their hatred, is the fact

Smile they wear, on their face  
pile the fire balls and start the race

They rejoin as we soar  
those bonds does taste sour

Some are open at their hearts  
join in our sorrows but never hurts

I alas accept that these ties  
rejoin once but sometimes lies

Swila Bathool

# Two Little Stars

Two little stars, I have who are dear  
to me, I long for them to be near

Rayya and Muharrar are the two little stars  
that twinkle in me who are now far

Rayya, whom I admire on how she act  
cute but naughty, have to admit the fact

She takes her mother's mobile phone  
talk out loud, but sometimes yawn

If she spill something on the floor  
will wipe with a mop, whatever she pour

If she run, need someone to catch  
even if they try, never win the match

Her language is that I don't understand at all  
she cry out loud if she fall

Muharrar, whom I admire his innocent smile  
who present those pearls every while

I enjoy the times when I come from school  
he present a hearty laugh, his magic tool

He licks and bites our face  
crawl on the floor at a fast pace

If he fall or slip from somewhere  
cries, but stops if the song is there

He dislikes eating baby food  
eats from our plate when he is on mood

A toddler and a baby whom I admire the most  
in my heart I give them the highest post



# United Arab Emirates

A Nation with the wing of peace  
Where seven branches joined after 1970's  
Ceased the British that craved their tree  
Provided the shade to millions for free

These brave horses were once a warrior  
Fought against the whites, earned their dove  
Gained the surplus, were the oil quarrier  
Independent nation gifted from above

Flourished in business and trade  
O savior! For millions abroad  
Enhanced their dream, giving them shade  
Pray for my brave hero, they laud

O Great father! We bow before you  
In whose symbolic shadow we stand today  
And built this great Nation, who made it through  
His sweat, upon whom everything lay

O Savior! Of the in need soul  
O followers! Of Islam, the true faith  
I salute you for your role  
O glorious Nation! They all saith

Swila Bathool

# War

Brutal murders are going on  
the wing of peace had long been gone  
O, I hear the cries of the hanging head  
for their country, the blood they shed

From their beaks, there fall the ball of fire  
furious animals they do hire  
O, I smell the red colored sand  
war and peace goes hand in hand

How can a horse spend its life?  
in trenches, holding a sharpened knife  
O, I see there the black horse  
the whites have used their force

The world sniffs the foul smell  
here, they create a blazing hell  
an arrow pierced in the dark cloud  
let Peace ring, ring aloud!

Swila Bathool