

Poetry Series

Tajudeen Shah
- poems -

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Tajudeen Shah()

A marketer by profession, teacher by passion and a poet (with all humility, as friends say) by nature.

A Backwater Flash.

Still and radiant backwater visage
Had adornments of morning majesty;
Fading off to the green inland.
Many a freshwater fish still in trance
By the mossy notch of water-cellars;
Their only not-so-safe shelter.
Tiny wooden snakes appeared
Rippling off the glossy, stagnant surface
On their course from the nocturnal labor.
Thin mist-veil slowly dropped
On the soft sod as the tender golden rays
Cast over the bright green leaves;
A celestial decree of scenic ecstasy!
Train still had her alert course
Fleeing off such beautiful instances.
Acumen was found trampled
By the bare village feet since ages,
As the lilt of toil kept echoing ever.

Tajudeen Shah

A Blessed Fate.

The first raindrop on my nose tip
Landed after her long-fated trip!
A crystal crown at first-fall emerged,
And many a rainbows blossomed!
Sending chill shivers into my sinews,
Marrows, veins and soul centers,
Made my eyes seal and arms raise
To the heavens, sending prayers
For her, me and surrounded mates!
Blessing my lips, chin and neck,
Took her abode in my bosom,
For, her mission immortal is over!
As the morning zephyr pronounced,
She has been in void's cocoon
Since ages attaining this form;
Sun's lusty desire on Ocean,
Turned on her pent-up passion,
A tender flake of cloud was born!
As any other form of life in nature,
She too had miles to traverse,
To know her fate and nature.
The crystalline mistress of all
Invaluable substances ever born!
Harnessing for this ethereal,
But ephemeral flight, on order
Of the most Benign Being,
She sent praises in profusion.
How could she be in delights
Knowing fate since ages!

Tajudeen Shah

A Blissful Write

She came stealing in,
Fused in my sense and Soul.
Rain drops still drummed
Over the thick green leaves,
As wet air teased
Wooden window panes.
Power goes off during
Rainy nights, a blessing
For those who engage in
Soulful disputes by the moon!

Whispers made us settle
The arguments of moods.
Her lips moistened, eyes
Lost links to her brain,
It seemed, as she boarded
Wings of winds and waves!

Searched and found a pen,
With quivering fingers
She started a writing,
Until the last dropp of
Ink filled was done!
Ecstatic end of an act
Full of passions, pain
And delights immense.
Intelligence and wisdom
Played not much a role.

Had her first work done
And in dreams waiting
For an auspicious pulse
To publish and feel proud!
Spring-bound gardens
Sing in her praises now,
Rainy Moon-lit nights are,
I See, not far behind! .

A Flood In Memory.

Flood waters gushed in!
No trace of grass could be found,
Except a few grass-woven roofs,
That too remained shedding tears!
Mango trees lost arms, some shoulders,
Coconuts perched on its strong boughs;
The mighty survivors of all seasons.
Snails, Frogs, Snakes and gnats,
Ants, bugs, Lizards, spiders,
Set out their predictable exodus!
King Fisher and Woodpecker found
Abode in hollow jack fruit tree!
Poor and feeble mass, hunger-stricken,
Assembled by the wet school floor,
Waiting for the next food-serve;
Hot porridge and wild-roots boiled.
Burning chilly dish adds the heat
On their ice-cold tongues.
Mothers had their saved rags in lap
With their tender ones mewling in,
Their ribs netted with wrinkled skin.
Fathers looked at the skies and winds,
Returned to the wooden benches,
Cursing their fate, while the slant drops,
Pierced on swollen waves of yellow Flood.

They could not hide the dismay of
An impending disaster, that would
Shatter their small dreams
Into many a chips, beyond bonding.
Stars got blind by the broken clouds
Ascended from the abyss of horizons.
Nocturnal chorus of legendary frogs
And of beetles added awe and gloom.
Some slept with open eyes and sense,
As they knew how dreadful the water
Might turn in the monstrous night,
Sweeping off every trace of existence!

Morning is differentiated with
Pale rays that struggled the clouds,
And crows delightfully bathed
In water-pots of school kitchen.
Days of waiting and hopes elapsed,
Shelters invaded by dreadful guests;
Epidemics and calamities one by one
Caused their pulses go weaker still.
Merciless rain and flood objected
Even Sandy graves, while yellow eyes
Exchanged silent looks; "Whats Next!"
When tears drained off,
Drought invaded hearts.
Life has its occurrence scheduled,
To measure man's perseverance.

Tajudeen Shah

A Kingdom Is Lost.

I sit chanting the incantation
Of nothingness at times.
When my inner self tolls.
Piercing myriad luminous curtains
Appears the wonder-bird
By the golden window.
Nature has her ways of
Blending and uniting.
When the million-colored,
Multi-winged get tired,
She sits panting at the sill,
Still with nose and eyes full of hopes.
A breeze with heavenly scent opens
Her ways wide to virgin worlds.
Incantations take new births!
Whispers turn euphonious notes!
Rain, Sun, Blossoms and Birds
Add chorus to the new music!
Rainbows descend beyond mountain crest,
Rabbits run in mirth across.
All remains serene and live
Until wife chides, " In trance again,
Unworthy pursuits are you in? "
Alas! One more Kingdom is lost.

Tajudeen Shah

A Kite's Fate.

Beyond imaginations my adornments are!
Fluttering my colored wings above winds,
That has her roots above tall trees,
Do I ride to kiss the blue eternity!
Often do I realize my bound-destiny
By the fingers where the thread ends.
For a caprice of the master fingers
Or by the rage of the wind, my bondage
Ends, and to some autumnal tree top
Do I land bleeding to destined death.
My share of salvation is the liberty
That I enjoy after my death; when
Color-drained paper-wings on a shattered
Self is submitted to the self-less skies!

Tajudeen Shah

A Light, Black And White.

A fetus is getting matured
For futurity immediate
In the blessed womb of time,
With features of a better breed
And a fate of strange splendor.
How many of us would survive
The cadence of its deliverance
Unto this delicate land
Is what makes thinkers sad.
Ignorance is sure a blessing
For those who are most daring.
Events similar in history are rare,
But no wrong-doers could bear
The outcome of such clamor!
Opening the shell of time would
This new light peep in to souls,
Cleaning them of old stains
Done to many a feeble mass.
Colors would all fade off, save
Candid black for all living and
Splendid white for oblivion.

Tajudeen Shah

A Natural She

"She had long hair
Many would envy!

Full soft pink lips
With a specific line
Projected sharp,
One could make
Her heart's contour.

Eyes, Wide and wild
Reflecting a smile
In its line and lashes,
But had deep hidden
Whispers that only
I could read certain.

Her breath made me
Bite her cheeks
And tease her nose,
Cause it smelled as
Tender Mango leaves!

She was hostile to
Make ups or scents.
Her sweat smelled wild
As pineapple blossoms,
Luring Angles and Jinns,
Men and Animals alike.

Adorned her for ages
With desires immense.
Fate had plans secret,
Diverse and lethal!

Tajudeen Shah

A Reaper Still...

It was a sunny morning,
The Bard was glad and strolling
By those fields of Scotland.
Dorothy on him leaning
With lighter feet and feeling,
All her views on lowland.
To know this nature closer
Sent her senses farther,
For finding hues of new land.
"Behold Her! Single in the field"
Whispered, as wonder ceiled
Seeing lass of highland.
Noting worth and its beauty
The poet did all his duty
For his sister who was thirsty.
Behold the Solitary reaper!
Who has turned a clever creeper
Soothing human souls deeper.
Still her 'Melancholic Strain'
Resounding all those terrain
Where slow cloud-flakes land in!

Myself floating
In the cool currents of delight
Seeing Those Heralds
Of Moon's Blue Castle!

Tajudeen Shah

A Refined Kingdom, Save Man.

Animals: (In general)

With consent do they mate,
Keep manners fine and great.
Pleased are they as contented,
Fail never to act when intended.
Hunt only when they are hungry,
Kills none if not at all angry.
Angry is when attacked,
To nature are they attached.

Cats.

No cat ever got trained,
Nor did signs get fixed,
Still do cats get noted
For manners well displayed.
Shy are they by nature
With concerns always greater.
Even nature's call is attended
With care genuine, not pretended.

Fly.

Flies do dine on nectar,
Never do break any petal.
Hues and scents they Admire,
Never do they any Conspire.
By Dancing do they land,
On soft boughs of plants.
Concern great on haunts,
Gardens blush as she sings.

Birds.

Birds migrate beyond miles,
Never miss any end trails,
Nor any one go astray,
As one do they all obey.
Time and space is specific,
Though habitat not so pacific.
Fail never to feed,
The younger ones in need,

Ants.

Ants move in groups,
Daily ON its toils,
Live on man's spoils,
For future always stores,
No malice ever is shown,
Though their domains blown!

Man.

How can a mirror reflect
When the light is all in neglect?

Tajudeen Shah

A Rusty Chest

Ages hymned events in every breathe.
Witnessing them have I turned stale
Wisdom engaged in meditation profound
Within my layered chest for ages!
Latches, Locks, Key holes,
Grooves and gaps all got blocked.
Imaginations mated passions,
Nature witnessed silent aging.
Trapped up thoughts and moods
Remained floated on time-tides,
Until the inner flood broke out
And gush Into cultures varied!
Knowing not the depth of chests
Do Man still toils weighing rusts.

Tajudeen Shah

A Scene Beyond Heavens.

The telescope clothed eyes
To traverse heavens
In pursuit Of facts;
Cosmic and revelations.

Beyond heavens,
Eyes undressed
To compare facts varied
With seasoned souls.

Tajudeen Shah

A Tranquil Morning.

Still and radiant backwater visage
Had adornments of morning majesty;
Fading off to the green inland.
Many a freshwater fish still in trance
By the mossy notch of water-cellars;
Their only not-so-safe shelter.
Tiny wooden snakes appeared
Rippling off the glossy, wave-less surface
On their course from the nocturnal labor.
Thin mist-veil slowly dropped on
The soft sod as the tender golden rays
Cast over the bright green leaves;
A celestial decree of scenic ecstasy!
Train still had her alert course
fleeing off such beautiful instances.
Acumen was found trampled
By the bare village feet since ages,
As the lilt of toil kept echoing ever.

Tajudeen Shah

A Web-King

How was he trapped in his own web,
Which was woven with silken skills,
Tested and proven since ages,
With a core from his own cells?
How could it be an accident;
During his usual course of hunt
For a flying prey, in whom venom
Instilled and liquefied with enzymes!
Had it been another manifestation
Of perseverance to a modern King,
As done to Robert Bruce the King
To regain the Scottish throne?
Speculations keep on mounting,
But, as his hollow SELF does still cling
To the web-hub, no prey dare swing
As they feel him still the Web-King!

Tajudeen Shah

Absolute Complexity.

What creed are we following?
How do I know who is behind
Humiliating manipulations?
The creed I know is sad;
White, black, pale and brown
Short, tall, rich and poor,
Named after nations, beliefs,
Religions and sectors.
None is there whom you really
Can call 'a Global citizen'.
What had He in view, shaping
Man in best of moulds, was
Nothing but the beauty so
Promising as colors mingle!
We wronged in knowing
A design so divine!
Spreading ruin and ban
Turned all colors into one;
The brightest red of all
Races, using refined weapons!

Tajudeen Shah

Absolute Truth, A Dream.

An intelligent soul,
A sharp observer,
Had nature and man with and within him,
To know what was revealed, and yet to be.
To measure God's merits
Had his prayers all duly sent,
Though tossed on tides of trauma
Had faith fully set on his Lord.
Neither Creator
Nor Creation
Were spared from views sharp,
As his edgy soul kept beating ON.
On Destiny, Chances,
Science and Myths.
Still had his senses set serene and solid
Though the flame often got puffed.
Above Aspirations varied,
Illusions and Intuitions,
Life struggled behind gloomy veils
Dreaming the dawn of truth absolute.

Tajudeen Shah

Aging, Drops For The Time Tree..

Aging is not sitting and settling in silence,
Nor is it wishing to be in tranquility.
The wonders one experiences, when
Seeing youngsters full of craving
Makes one do comparisons thoughtful,
Of life present and past one been through.
True, reactions to situations and emotions
Too differ based on factors varied.
Above one's metabolism and preferences
Taste and Nutrition, availability and prices,
The company with whom we are too
Dictates excitement and craving in
Eating, Drinking, Mating, Forgiving
And all those inspiring instances of life.
My friend, a bard by nature, has had her view
Versed well seeing a dining scene.
Many would praise her diction's mastery,
Content, Style, Passion and Imaginations too.
Sure, made us all engage in gathering beads
Of priceless past; to compare and conceive,
Regret and rejoice, console our selves,
Not to be panic seeing the aging, fated.
Her verses turned a priceless decoy,
When infused within, made us think of
Those still aged and of those turned stars!
Aging transforms babblings into maxims,
Makes us measure worth and gravity of matters
That do matter much in life composites.
Aging would only water the Time-Tree
To protect generations from dying unborn.

Tajudeen Shah

An Impulse From Nature

Bluish white haze lingered
On old house roofs proclaiming
Dawn's majesty blended with
The sweet scent of chill petals!

Full dew drops perched still
On dense green leaves with
Their tiny crowns; the reflections
Of tender Sun and shivering blooms.

The morning zephyr kept taunting
Virgin blooms, who blushed
And giggled while green leaves
Had misgivings deep within.

What on earth does not contain
A message for thinking men,
As seasons have their music
That define human destiny too!

Bounded are both living and non
With specific collective missions,
As Morning, Noon and Evenings
Setting human moods and thoughts.

Tajudeen Shah

Another Scene.

A black small bird
With her head held high
And long 'V'- shaped tail,
Balancing on a grazing cow;
The solitary one
Leisurely grazing on,
Upon a field of tiny
Green gleaming grass.
They are mutually proud
And delighted at realizing
Unconditional obligations of
Nature's unwritten decree!
Man with the best of contracts
Often gets humiliatingly snared.

Tajudeen Shah

Another Shadow.

Lengthy shadows
Of trees tall and old,
Found delight and pride
On the porch white and clean.
The silent village house.
Stood all alone veiled in gloom.
I sat burning on the hearth of life,
Thinking deep and sobbing ON.
Past follies all turned pale ghosts
To frenzy on mind's screen.
Though no lights of any breed
Had its lenient rays in path,
Found many a judges around
To stamp me INSANE.

Tajudeen Shah

Another Specimen Of Life.

In one of those icy winter nights,
From the public phone booth
Did I knew desires sprouting
With pale roots and curly shoots!

Secret and open meetings,
Off duty hours of interactions,
With usual thrills and prayers
She came IN, who is now 23.

True the scripture, NO leaf do fall
Without His will, turned true to us.
If days lived together counted,
Not be elder than a year in all.

Daily curses, complaints,
Finding faults and blaming,
Regretting the follies past
Do both of us live unduly.

Looking back with dim eyes
Can't find anything unjust,
But others point deeds INSANE,
That drains blood and marrows.

Savings left is lots of toils,
When needed most, cant help
Or get helped, no one to blame
Even the shadow-less destiny!

Tajudeen Shah

Anti Aging.

Movement,
Yes, Slow and consistent,
Keeps the earth young.
Man too can traverse
Along the same tracks.
Faith and Obedience,
In God and to Him,
Is what makes both
The most enduring;
Here and After.
Tolerance,
Has her touch on us;
The Mass and Earth
To bear the unbearable.

Tajudeen Shah

Apple Vs Bullet.

Millions of apples dropped,
Before and after in history.
Gravitation theory could escape
The dark castle of ignorance
Only when an apple knocked
Sir Issac Newton's head.
A decoy that changed an old notion.
Many a political and social systems
Must get such knocks to clear off
Their dark notions.
The mass of a bullet
Can never compete an apple.
But the speed could be fatal,
For changes immediate and sensible.

Tajudeen Shah

Balanced Elements.

Air, Water, Fire, Earth and Skies engage
So intimate to guard nature's visage
Intact, and to deliver the sacred message
Of hoarding her elements from damage.
To the foggy and forlorn firmament
Do the dark heralds of showers ascent;
Heavy hail shall soon break and descent
On swollen tides, beach and lands distant.
Dark green thickets full with yellow buds
Do bear many a glittering crystal studs.
Sings the spring-bound heart of woods
Songs of affluence and tempting moods.
Bio tracts of man, beast, birds and worms
Stay in tunes, when is nature in fine forms.

Tajudeen Shah

Bards' Mission.

All the bards have the same heart,
Always throbs for the whole mass.
You want to give them hope,
To show them peace and love.
As you loved to see them smile,
You dared to ride on thorns,
Through the fields of gloom,
On the hunger-plains you died.
Your hopes and dreams will rain
On the dark lands of hearts,
Your words will always peep
As the nascent shoots of seeds.
You gave them lamps to fight,
To trace the veils of light.

Tajudeen Shah

Bards Today.

Nature remains bathed
In tolerance's glory,
Man has learnt
Perseverance and forgiveness.
Earth is sure the planet
Blessed the most,
With a massive mass
Immersed in praises sound.
Immortal are words by fate,
Though tired of ages,
Whether on puny papyrus
Or on masked zeros and ones.
Let us, bards, all traverse
Together for a cause noble;
Exploring virgin wilderness
Of emotions and passions.
Be you all in delights dense,
Knowing man's minds and moods.
Let humanity dine upon
The nectar of absolute love.

Tajudeen Shah

Behold, An Eskimo Kingdom

Eskimos live on caribou,
Fish, berries, whales and seals.
Hard biscuits and tea warm `em
Other than what had from nature.
What a delicacy when blended
Caribou meat, seal oil and
Arctic berries with ice flakes,
'Akutok' their creamy delight!
Snow dwellings in winter,
Tents of skins on summer,
Eskimos called both an Igloo!
Their Chief had to be skilled,
In hunting or Fishing, whom
Advises sought when needed.
Brave hunters and gatherers
By nature, moved in groups,
When seasons changed, for
Life's course for every race
Is different in many a ways!
Their bodies covered by skins
Of Polar bear, fox, seals
And Caribou kept them warm
In their Frozen kingdom!
Huskies drawn sleds to slide
Over, Kayak for single hunter
And Umiaks to carry families
Across the icy waters, were
Their conveyance natural.
Wild whales when appear
Eskimo group would hunt
With skill and might sheer,
A survival on frozen thorns!
Stories that have traversed
Generations on drum beats
Made them dance during
Winter nights for hours long.
Responsible valorous men
Gathered food for families
When women made clothes

And cooked for their men.
Fur-bearing fox and bear
Were hunted for skin, fish
And seal for flesh, in ocean,
Rivers and streams all seasons.
Sought aid of 'Shamans' to make
Spirits appear to cure when sick,
Ensure a good hunting and
To control the weather hostile.
Even in their frozen minds
Forms of art had its place,
With many available stuff
Had manifestation of skills.
A brother Eskimo grins on
Looking at his FB screen,
By the frozen Greenland or
Siberia, Alaska or Canada!
Might be in pursuit of new
Techniques for hunting,
Shaping, shearing, sailing
Still with his Sealskin boots on!

Tajudeen Shah

Breaths Varied.

Twilight had bashfully stepped in,
And a band of three matured
And a damsel sat at the table
With a discourse uncanny.
From their exhales and lips;
The ultimate soul lines, had
The clay cups captured well
And comprehended their pulses.
Diving in the dishwasher could
The cups make out the breed
Of three pains, strange and solid
That to the brims duly wedged.
Only the damsel's breath unique
Could hallow her cup with a hue.

Tajudeen Shah

Changes Invariable (I)

I have seen, rather known
My village with her serenity for ages.
Generations cared her well enough,
Maintaining, adoring and preserving
Values precious and looks intact.
My head always remained blessed
By the distant afterglow of stars,
Heralds of rain and thunder,
Soothing rays of energy profuse,
Shades of celebrated trees, who
Had history well-depicted
On their aged bark and bare roots,
And the murmurs of untiring wings;
Of migrating and native birds.
I found great pride in seeing Man's
Delights and Woes with Nature shared.
Rain, Wind, Lights Silver and Golden
All had character distinct and constant
On the track of genuine seasons;
Due toners of man's destiny ever.

Tajudeen Shah

Changes Invariable (Ii)

I served generations as an angel,
Who is often fated with goal single.
Though I was called a 'Porter's Rest',
Loads on my head were still varied.
Once there appeared a Hawk sweeping,
Spoiling the veils of village virtues:
Widening, Lengthening, deepening,
Adorning and beautifying continued.
Man has always been after changes;
Ignoring impacts, Good or Evil.
Nature suffered brutalities massive
Until the last knot of tolerance broken.
Things have taken turns lethal
Leaving no room for even regrets.

Tajudeen Shah

Changes Invariable (Iii)

Behold, The Mass today lamenting on:
Sweltering Heat, Untimely Rain,
Suffocating Humidity, Ferocious Cyclones,
Diabolical Tsunamis and Dreadful Explosions.
Sweating faces, Swollen Temples,
Weak Pulses, Imbalanced Paces,
Poor Visions, Fatty Livers,
Stony Kidneys, Increased Pressures,
Poor Pancreas, Malignant Cells,
Irregular Menstruation, Premature Births,
Untimely Puberty, Psychological Trauma,
Killer Stress, Emotional Insecurity,
And the list of sins and punishments
Would still be lengthening to eternity...

Tajudeen Shah

Changes Invariable (Iv)

Mosquitoes, Bugs, Beetles and Gnats,
Ants, Spiders, Rats, Snakes and cockroaches
All have got immune to the most toxins ever.
Epidemics have grown into Pandemics,
Calamities appearing in shapes varied,
Causing Human existence miserable.
I still gaze with the same luminous
At the fate of Man's susceptibility.
When would there be trees again
Bearing fruits for man, birds and animals,
Rivers where fish with large eyes and
Silver scales swim in waters pure,
Air in due proportion of Oxygen
For man to breathe easy as before,
Rice and wheat, peas and potatoes
Free from chemicals, Meat and milk,
Fish and vegetable without warning,
Medicines from sources reliable,
Souls that find delight in serving?
Changes can't always be for better,
Still, Man would only be content
With CHANGES INVARIABLE.

Tajudeen Shah

Coconut Is Proud.

Coconut is proud,
Of her properties and prospects,
Though beaten and defamed
By Palm and Sunflowers often.
Cholesterol is controlled,
Blood pressure high is curbed,
Skin is toned and moistened,
Hair is finely fortified from roots.
Dishes are made delicious,
Frying done healthy and tasty
Are a few of many a benefits
The mindful mass concerns much.
Milk, 'water', 'flesh' and husk,
Leaves, stem and compound roots
Are of uses and values great;
Another nature's gift on man.
Cure and care to cancer too,
To balance endocrine in tunes,
Health to Oral, Liver and Heart,
All is known and proven facts.
Myths about origin and traverse
Are varied, but all do approve
Her heritage since ages;
One of the blest on man's domain.

Tajudeen Shah

Darakht - E- Waqt (The Time Tree) Translated.

As salaam, I have tried to translate your poem.....and have tried to keep the words and form same as much as possible in Urdu....hope you like it.....I have given a list of words with meanings....

Darakht - E- Waqt

Waqt nikal pada, tanha us
Ishaar-e-azeem safar pe

Farmabardar parchai ki taraah
Taare bhi naqsh-e-kadam chal pade

Qudrat se bakshe deewaron ko
Tatolti, hawa bhi rukh kar gayi

Har ansar ke gun samente, phir
Johar bhi sheikh karne lagaa

Khazana-e-tavaanai se bhara
Aftaab bhi qaayam ho gaya

Chupe gahraai me daulat-e-khoowat liye
Darya ke bilwari lehrein bhi muskuraane lage

Panapte zameen par tezeeb va adab, ko
Aejaad karti, nadi bhi behne lagi

Bejhijhak geet-e-insaan va qudrat, ko
Jharne bhi chahakte gaane lage

Wahid qusoosiyat se nawaaze
Har saiyyarah bhi rehmat pa gaye

Zamme-e-duniya ko bhi mile, phir
Tarah tarah ke mnazar va shaksiyat—

Insaan, phool-e-kanval, bhavre
Shahad va makkhi, cheenti aur keede
Titliyan va qous-e-qazah bhi

Sab chede mousikhi khush nawazi
Baarish va hawa bhi jinke saath gaa uthe

Jo har nasal se daur-e-rukh karte rahe
Us paidari darakht-e-waqt ke jaaneeb.

Endure=Paidar, Euphonious= khush nawazi, Crystalline=Bilwari, Rainbow=Qous-
e-qazah, Planet=Saiyyarah
Culture= Tehzeeb va adab, Gloom=Udaasi, Perennial= Jeete, Void=Baatil,
Atom=Johar, Element=Ansar

Tajudeen Shah

Demanding Granary.

Man was blind in and out,
Even with eyes sharp and senses blessed.
Ages of wandering, crossing earth-skirts,
In pursuit of caves, leaves, fish and animals,
Made him familiar the nature intimately.
Ancestral traits slowly waned,
As the Suns of renaissance peeped
Filtering the dense wilderness of myths.
Imaginations kept migrating
Into virgin skies, fields and oceans.
Electromagnetic Radiation,
His distant vision,
Released veiled Cosmic Realities
From the bondage of time.
Planets sheepishly appeared
Breaking the hard shells of gloom,
While the thinking clay had his
Eyes set even to the nocturnal skies.
Fruits of acumen dropped often
From the boughs of time into soul-yards,
Turning him boastful of every win,
Though never was his granary full.

Tajudeen Shah

Digital Tsunami.

Digital tsunami washed off
All inked- legends, tranquil;
Immortal minds of all ages,
Strangled in shelf-shells.
Realities wept day and night,
Mythologies and maxims too,
Theories all got collided
Causing colossal confusions.
Relations and references lost
Respect, and so retreated
Into the dim dunes of oblivion,
Glum reviews and regrets.
Eyes lost visions and ears deafened
Fingers, tongues and pages frozen!

Tajudeen Shah

Emancipator, Still Out There?

Sharpened many a tools precious
And opened human cell-centers.
Contemplated varied fields
And found maimed Soul-Centers.
Shocked when saw maxims
Trampled and cast over sensory slums.
Varied faith lost leaders
As books today lost readers.
All got confined to Self-Centers
And in luxuries sank all mentors.
Politics polluted like sick rivers
Spreading myriad miseries to lives!
The fate of the downtrodden remains
As in legendary bondage days!
An Emancipator emerges from skies
Beyond the star-lost Voids!

Tajudeen Shah

Emotional Cadence.

Emotions swelled like Solway
Tides made cadence strange,
Caused us both to loose clutch
Over sane oars of tender passions! .
She has her stand, and
I have mine, Both clash often
In chase of a pacific landing.
It all started off when power went off,
With the humid air invading
The whole house like oozing haze,
Causing irritations sprout like mushrooms.
It all ended after a series
Of matured blather and tears
Consoled, rather pacified the scene,
But the early morning bird had
Her prayers still ON, though
We the ungrateful dived deep
Into soothing slumber.

Tajudeen Shah

Faint Not, Oh, Saint.

Man, when entirely engulfed
By the complexities of life,
Finds himself dreadfully jammed
By pressures massive, and faints.
When solutions of any kind
Inept to solve issues intricate,
And pain mounts to masses,
One slowly spins into a saint.
When courses of acumen initiates
Soothing echoes within, the saintly
Soul dives deep into blessed trance,
Blissful oblivion and absolute ease.
True, Pressure makes one faint,
But, wisdom turns him saint.

Tajudeen Shah

Fated Traps.

There was an Ant leader
Who had a notion strange
To lead his fellow beings
For a long traverse across
The oldest cemetery by the city skirts.
It took them ages many
To complete this stride bizarre.
When their mission was over,
To their utter embarrassment
Could find ways all closed intact
By human sealant, barring their way out!
Man by this end in his observatory
Had his investigations done,
Authentically recorded for history
From the movements,
Communication waves and behavior
Of the Innocent creatures!
Biblical or Quranic reference
On their association with King Solomon
Might have caused this fated-trap!
Man today leaves nothing unexplored,
Though himself trapped in wisdom's cage!

Tajudeen Shah

Gloom Implicit.

The winter sun looks haunted
By some gloom implicit,
Or an early full moon lost
Her way in clouds' wilderness!

My inner eyes open towards
The gray mountainous clouds
That sweep across the horizon
In all her splendor strange.

Spectacular streaks of hues
Over her glimmering visage
Might denote the virgin mysteries
Of oceans, concealed since ages.

Don't you hearken the wind's rustles
That shrills the skin and senses,
The barren branches of bare bushes;
Some severe Prophetic proclamations?

I sense an impending avalanche grave,
Of hails by the dense darkness nearing,
That sends shivers within and around;
Advent of another annihilation?

Cattle with drooping heads,
Instant quivers on their skins;
Panic-stricken birds and dogs,
Pack of crickets chant of doom?

The last veil of frozen rays
Falls behind the mammoth hills,
Dusk played her bugle loud
With thunder, lightning and of rain.

The dark and heavy showers,
And other nocturnal powers
Might merge the seas and rivers,
But, will they surpass our prayers?

Tajudeen Shah

Gravitation:

in theory is a force,
in practice is science,
in belief is balance,
in fact is assurance,
in earth is permanence,
in reason is endurance,
in literature is adherence,
in relation is tolerance,
in love is holiness,
in poetry is bluntness.

Tajudeen Shah

How Can I...

From your soft, full lips,
A tender kiss when slips,
And lands on mine with a hiss,
Causes my SELF to miss.

The lilt when your lips part
From mine is what reminds me
Of the vibes-driven waves of
Desire and passion you set in.

Who would like to part
From You, Oh, blessed damsel,
Though ages drag
Dark veils on waning youth
And scowl-full decrepitude!

Tajudeen Shah

I Wish I Knew!

I wish i knew
How days give way to nights,
Nights of warmth, hopes and fears,
Fears that engulf all of man,
Man who craves many a Missions,
Missions of endurance in this fleeting life,
Life, undergone invariable interpretations,
Interpretations of variables and constants,
Constants that are not true, but pretended,
Pretended are we mortals with a million masks,
Masks that are meant to veil our true self,
Self for which man is in unending Quest!
I wish I knew all these and more!

Tajudeen Shah

Ignorance Vs Insolence

ignorance is natural and destined,
insolence is finally questioned;
raise your eyes and hands,
recalling thou art from sands.

Tajudeen Shah

Imagination, A Boon And A Curse.

Imagination...

To a Buffalo is a bizarre aspect,
Cause he cares not
Who is going to taste his meat,
Fried, Roasted or Grilled.

To a Lion is a matter of mean
Stance and low profile,
As he hunts, mates and rules
His domain on his will alone.

To Flamingo is a disgrace,
When comparing her voyage,
The thousands of unfriendly miles
Over the desolate seas.

To Cuckoo is against her audacity;
By tradition has her eggs hatched
In cosy cage of a crow's toil
That demands not any repute.

Even to a blind fish is
Imagination an aspect inane,
As waters, mud flats, river banks,
Are blessings of food and shelter.

A polar Bear or Eskimo dreams
Not an absolute weather transition;
From frozen white winter
To a sweating sore summer.

No mention of a Mango's wish
To taste like an Apple ever found
In timeline, Nor vice versa,
As nature in her rules is so sharp.

Only Man is not done
With What and Who He is.

Something that subsides the
Desires of an edgy heart, who
Silently perching on idle seat is
Mastering the art of imagination
By browsing, posting and reviewing
The fallacies and faculties of the
Fascinating human factor;
Which he considers a boon,
But in fact is a curse insidious
That lures him into the blank
Voids of answerless questions
And irrational interpretations.

Tajudeen Shah

Impulses, Pulses

Incompetent words and expressions
Fumbled, as they are feeble yet,
To translate the emotions
Your verses have induced within.

A pilot and an essential escort
Might well be at praising service
As excitement and delights keep
Marching like wartime soldiers.

Emotions have saddened souls
Like widows with tender off springs.
Discernment has despondently lost
Loose knots over hopes and dreams.

A new heavy drop of insight
Descends over the colorless surface
Of soul, causing ceaseless cadence;
To Swell round ripples over a life span?

One must silently sit in a cool cage
Scattering these emotions around
And match its heights and shapes
To build a castle of admiration profuse.

For, your enthralling word-domain
Beckons innocent eyes and poor souls,
To swim along the purest streams
Of unnamed passions to holy shores.

Breaking the soft turf of soul has
Pale roots of emotions peeped,
While the sea within emitted clouds
Dark and dreadful over virgin skies.

Tajudeen Shah

It Was Raining Last Night.

I sit gazing at the bruised branches
Of trees that wall my humble thatch.
Leaves dead and green lament over
The tender mango sprouts, who
Challenged the wild summer rain;
A spill of pale cake granules.
Pale hairy roots of young trees,
A shattered sparrow's nest,
The stooping branch of a guava,
Fruits-laden, all reminder specimens! .
Blessed basil leaves bear tiny
Silver pearls, clean and pure;
Proclamation of a nocturnal rain
That sets the morn's golden glory.

Tajudeen Shah

Let Us Do It.

Welcome, you dear ones.
Don't let your souls wander any more.
Let us traverse together
Through the virtuous wilderness
Of imaginations; absolute and wild,
To delight in taming them right.
Keep them adorned for ever more,
To be known in human time line,
As something Southey, 'The Scholar'
Had mused ages ago of poets.
Thinkers often had pains varied,
Still had beacons for those tarried,
Leading through the threshold
Of time; the death desolated!
We have details immense:
Of Battles and Wars,
Invasions and Looting,
Victories and Failures,
Kings, Queens, Princes and Knights,
Calamities of Man and Nature,
Flood and Fire,
Plague and Quakes,
Massacres and deeds savage
Our eye balls are hostile
To sharp rays of lights;
Natural and made up,
Save the inner world's views.
Sweet wild blossoms, not
Of any concern to nostrils dry,
Humiliated are Taste buds,
By even the homely delicacies!
Are you not wise enough,
To engage your blessed sense,
In those prophecies pointed out,
Since the first bang of time? !
Let us do it together,
Redefining of our timeline,
Exploring the fossils of thoughts,
Passions and imaginations!

Tajudeen Shah

Let Us Fly.

Having wings don't mean,
To fly and master skies
Or soar on swollen tides,
To spy the silver preys.

Some do mount on skies,
But, not on gliding wings.
Marvels do one sees,
Of seas, skies and sands.

Rooted deep in soil,
Man can win on toil
For future none can foil,
And withstand turmoil.

Let us dream and soar
Heights of skies, and roar.

Tajudeen Shah

Light Over Light.. (Noor He Noor)

Absolute submission
To the Omniscient
When burns in souls blessed,
Dead and alive looks alike.
As the veils of difference
Fly off to forlorn fields,
Like Light over light, on life
Of mass do delights descend.
When desires burn off
In smokeless flames,
Deserts turn Oasis
And quills begin to sing.
Jute-cladded exodus In pursuit
Of that blessed light absolute.

Tajudeen Shah

Light Vs Darkness

Light, natural or generated
Illuminates, rather eliminates
Darkness; the gloomy bleak veil,
Shade; light's fated extreme.

Presence, personality and purpose
Of substances; natural and created,
Are pronounced by light lenient
When vision embraces intellect.

Light and darkness are but
Black and white beads of hues.
No hues ever shelter in sense,
Nor could cast its wings sans light.

Darkness is reality absolute,
Existence enduring ever.
Needs no matter, as light,
To manifest presence perennial!

Tajudeen Shah

Mates Indivisible.

Along with living and lifeless alike
Are born the shadows endless,
And at feet do they slowly dissolve
When sun sets and moon wanes.
Birth and death are but strings
Bound between myths
Of delusions and realities
That have outlived time-tides.
Clouds and Souls have fate similar;
Incarnate in nature intentionally
And struggles on to bring about
'Origin is the End, End is the Origin'.
Ageless is time, so are souls;
The indivisible mates of the Bang Big!

Tajudeen Shah

Memory Birds.

They are many and varied,
Some are cute and tarried.
Some are very much fond
And often do they haunt
As single, and in band
With many a verse to chant.
By nature are they sweet,
Some do stink, some cheat.
In brainy branches dwell,
Wake up when we smell
Blooms, bread and kernel,
Or when does toll a knell.
With gentle rosy beak
Do some make us weak
As soul's turf gets bled
Of past pain and dread.
Beyond science they cure
And make one live so pure,
Facing fights of life sure
For ages free from fear.
When winter comes closer
Do they migrate farther,
But not the endless miles
Ever do fade their smiles.
In shape and force the same
Should one keep his name,
Both in shame and fame
Must fly in delight's claim.

Tajudeen Shah

Middle East Confusions

Lebnon did bleed for ages,
So did Palestine and Israle.
Arab Spring inspired Egypt
And Lybia to hatch red dreams
On the streets and sandy caves,
Where families lost sole souls.
Syria suffocated by forces alien,
Or children within?
Iran, Iraq and Kuwait all have
Still their marks ON their faces,
Where furrows are full with
Hollow skulls and broken ribs.
Behold! Darkness does engulf
This planet from all directions,
Even the Sun and Moon left her
To merciless manipulators.

Tajudeen Shah

My Lost Asylum, Wisdom.

She was tender at heart,
In love with a story book
That contained butterflies,
Gardens, lawns, sheep,
Shepherds and brooks.
Devoting attention fully,
Kept on reading slowly.
Paused, mused and resumed,
While words grew sentences,
And gave birth to paragraphs.
Pages matured day by day,
Until her eyes moistened,
With the very last line ended
On the heavy black tiny spot.
She ran to the first page
In pursuit of her intimates,
But could only find
An aged author bearing
Lines of title glaring.
Flies carried wisdom
To distant virgin gardens.
Shepherds with herds
Migrated into unholy lands.
Lawns merged in brooks,
And got asylum in seas!

Tajudeen Shah

Narcissus Vs Cupid

Freud sent vision rays
To the patient's eyes,
Her smile scent broke
Thin shell of silence.
Why the lady proud
Sought a gloom's veil,
Had her interest all
In none but to herself?
Narcissus smiled leaning
Upon the golden swing,
While lilies bloomed
In the forest pond.
Cupid's arrows too
Could not break the thrall.

Tajudeen Shah

Nature Vs Man

Rustling over the dense green
And driving off a day's sheen,
Comes here the dark rain
That might flush all the plain.

The Pilot's show of impudence
Causes massive turbulence
On buds cute and chaste,
Pouring flakes of frost.

Knowing not the fated spot,
On wings of brook they float;
Blooms and pollen, leaves and sprout,
Blend in bubbles, swim and gloat.

To Nature, a fall too is celebration,
To Man, even a win is frustration.

Tajudeen Shah

Nelson Mandela, Synonym Of Never Ending Struggle

Parts of earth at times
Remain in deeper gloom.
Lamps of humble breed
Emerge in place of need.
For ages do remain blazing,
Challenging days and nights.
One of them is fighting
Against the call of fate.
How long one can stand
When age is ninety four!
Many a tubes are woven,
Nurses vigil as angels,
Kith and Kin do whisper
Silent hymns; get well wishes.
Media blending posts
For catching public eyes!
Let us, bards, too send
A true Prayer in place.

Tajudeen Shah

Oblivion, The Blessed.

Friends or Foes,
All those seen and known
Will keep haunting and hunting,
Save, the blessed Oblivion.

Tajudeen Shah

Oh, Bards, Your Concerns.

Life, today is damn complex,
To adults and youngsters alike.
Trust, having lost both wings,
Lands on undesired mudflats.
Love, creeps on wrong stems,
Who in fact are parasites lethal.
Belief, maimed by priestly hands,
Fumble in dense abyss of indecision.
Guardians, from kins or off, have,
only lusty intentions towards feeble preys!
Values, seems stricken by fungus malicious,
Peel off still shoots so tender.
Passions, offered in beguiling packs
To the innocents as anglers' prey to fish.
Revelations, suffocate, and get trampled
Between the imposters' interpretations.
Justice, being trialed, destined to annihilate
By those holy hostile homicides.
Maxims, color and texture-lost, fades off,
As an unheard swan song's lilt lingers in air.

Oh, Bards, Blessed, before your pens' last drop

Dries off, save this blind mass from their doom.

Tajudeen Shah

On Her Blindness

An owl was out to trace
Her prey from night's full grace.
Moon was pale, slow and full,
Though her mate's face was dull.
The lake's gleaming face fades,
And bashfully glamorous as brides
Do stars adorn the chaste skies,
And turns on the blue nights.
In small house roofs and streets,
Fields and trees, were her treats.
A Glow worm's lightning made
The old owl's vision fade.
Whom shall she may complain,
Of the loss of her view plain?

Tajudeen Shah

On The Way To...

Entered the dense wilderness;
Huge trees mantled together,
Seem to reach the sunless skies,
And their tender leaves turn
Vibrant with soft tips smelling sweet.
No golden rays dare to peep
Through their leafy pinnacle,
Where only the little bird, fond,
With rosy mouth opened,
Craved for digested drops
From her tiny mom's blessed beak.
Even the noon-shades gild
The cool turf, as creepers
Grew in thought-interludes.
Large fleshy frogs, disguise in
Rotting forest flora
To save themselves from the cool,
Silken-skinned, tongue-split hunters.
Wild blooms, full with passions,
Sensuously nodded at the
Dark-headed Drones flew by.
Calm below the leafy thatch
Turned all, living and non ON.
One could simply measure,
View and feel the nature seductive.
To where shall One escape from
Haunting passions, thoughts and moods
That made life so despondent!
The safest haven ever, seem,
Would, sure, be instincts pure.

Tajudeen Shah

One Thing, Everything And Something.

One Thing
We have not fully known.

Though Something
Surpasses everything.
No thing is
Beyond One Thing.

Everything
Is made for Something.
A few things
Are Invented.
Most things
Are discovered.
Other things are
Made by Something.

Nothing
Is hard to Something
With One Thing's support.

Something
Compasses everything.

Everything
Is after One Thing.

One Thing
Demands Something,
Dictates everything,
Permits many things,
Prohibits a few things.

Something
Chases everything
Not knowing anything.

Still,
One thing

Loves Something.
For
Something
To One Thing is everything.

Tajudeen Shah

One Who Has Lost All Three.

A poet was interviewed,
Of his latest collections.
Had his views well-expressed
Of his intimate reflections.

When asked of future plans,
Replied, "No plans for future,
As today is full of regrets;
Of yesterdays,
And of misgivings
Of unborn tomorrows"

Why should one plan
When all three is lost!

Tajudeen Shah

Only Speakers

The stage was all set to welcome
The Business Man of the year!

Ministers, Social Leaders,
Cultural and Religious Dignitaries
All on stage had the same
Smile, Conventional and bleak.

Lights ON, slogans of praises
Echoed, and echoes delivered
Them to the heaving mass!

Opposition was criticized for being unfair,
Merits of the ruling flew profusely,
Traits and credits of the winner
Began to float in the damp air.

The Award winner announced
His plans of investments for the poor
And charitable activities he is into.

Heavy mass inspired by the promises
Applauded as if they have had
Great shares of today and
Most secured futurity assured!

National Anthem caused the crowd
Stand motionless, followed the
'Disperse' announcement.

When the last bamboo pole of the stage
Was untied, I found a female child,
Lying unconscious on her filthy rags
With dry tendrils and half opened eyes!

She was bitten by hunger-snake
Constantly for days, caused her
Liver go pale and pulses weak.

Some sayings of the speakers still
Hung on the toxic puff of fireworks!
Piercing my soul, sipping hot tea
She mumbled 'many a speakers'!

Tajudeen Shah

Other Sides

moon has a silver side
as sun has a golden,
man has good and evil
and earth conceives all.
birds wonder not, when fly,
animals pity not, when kill.
air boasts not, nor water,
as man when he rules.
wealth fades memory,
health adds oblivion,
youth triggers actions,
beauty adorns motions.
strides with determination
but, to unknown destination.

Tajudeen Shah

Pain Over The Ages.

I breathed in pain for ages,
She blazed in adversities,
Consoled each other dreaming
Of becoming soul mates in future.
Adolescence was eaten by worms,
Obligations swallowed Youthfulness,
Silver hair tips announced
Advent of middle age shadows.
She matured into a yellow flood,
I transformed an icy mountain.
Life burned on red flames of pain
Deserting even thought-fragments.
Dreams of honey drops ascended
Over relations of utter bitterness,
Pain-flames finally turned us
Ecstatic ashes for unborn ages.

Tajudeen Shah

Painfully Yours.

Well, You and your thoughts
Make my inner- waves flow off
Unto some abyss of silence absolute
And chillness horrendous.

True, the course dreads me often,
Though not of the words' worth,
Nor of any terms unusual
You `ve set in pain's pursuit.

Awful afflictions do linger still,
Like those unwilling mass of haze
On a winter morning house-roof
That's soulfully hesitant to melt off.

The chariot of emotions,
Having lost wheels in panic-field,
Fumble in infinite dense of
Pains; chaste and unnamed.

I name not what squirms
In this modest, but raw verse,
Yet, appeal, Oh, soul blessed,
Dive not unto its dark depth.

Pray you to know me better,
Welcome and rejoice too,
An admirer ardent at your soul's sill;
In shapes and nature varied.

From the aging branch of life
Do wisdom drops off.

Tajudeen Shah

Papyrus Vs Blogs

Don't be nervous,
Nor do you grieve,
Oh, Bard, soothe,
In life's destined gloom.
True,
Callous have ages been,
To man and beast the same.
Often did he trample,
Many a mass massively.
Leaving no marks
Of compassion,
Still, in papyrus
Did he found
The last bliss.
Moods, thoughts,
Passions and instincts
Had its due blend
In pure minds,
For meager words
To turn immortal,
For Monuments to dare
The time untamed.
On the chariot
Of savage sayings
Did his emotions migrate
Meandering mind-miles.
Still do they remain
Fluttering as flags
Lauding slogans
Of daring insights,
While the instant blog
Maggots do bud
And vanish
In the fleeting digital rut.
Moon has lost
Her bashful silver,
Swallows and cuckoos,
Linnets and Jai birds,
All have their songs

In tone so feeble
On the banks
Of bleeding brooks.

Tajudeen Shah

Perennial Pursuit.

His vision seemed struggling
To leave the fleshy flaps,
Aiming epic destination beyond
The gloomy dusk of generations.
Having known and forgotten
Everything around, within
And beyond his intellect,
The scepter duly slipped off.
Hercules dared not to trace,
Neither Oracle whispered the fate,
Nor could Socrates define,
Only caused foreheads to bleed.
The wand glorious might have found
It's eternal abode in depth infinite.

Tajudeen Shah

Perseverance Measuring?

Flood or Ebola, Quake or Cyclones,
Accidents or Assassinations,
Even sandy graves when daunt,
Lidless eyes drizzle dead gazes.
When tear drains off unto bosoms,
Drought invades feeble hearts,
Cracking even the tiny veins
To measure man's perseverance?

Tajudeen Shah

Poetic Code

Poets do have a certain code,
They decode many a codes
Hoping a better social code,
But can't decode coded codes.

Tajudeen Shah

Problems, Solutions And Benefits.

We all boast of the golden past,
And delight dining upon its flavors,
But, have no faith in our very SELF,
Though often boast of buoyancy.
Attitudes in personality impressive,
Self reliance, hard work and consistency,
Uprightness, self esteem and faith,
Do we all orate and propagate
In every occasion of panic and doubt,
Thus we escape into inferior shades.
Experiences do season mortals,
But, his craving bubbles to be immortal.
Efforts endless on the paths of life
Continue, adorning with many a maxims.
Youngsters find it rather insane,
As are trapped in life's web so complex.
The wheels keep rolling over the sod of time,
While generations get crushed in recurrence.
Problems brutally burn raw wounds,
As Solutions debate in benefits' bondage.

Tajudeen Shah

Reality.

Revelations have reasons,
As nature has seasons,
And men live on intentions
Though reality has limitations.

Tajudeen Shah

Reflections

Incompetent words and expressions
Fumbled, as they are feeble yet,
To translate the emotions
Your verses have induced within.

A pilot and an essential escort
Might well be at praising service
As excitement and delights keep
Marching like wartime soldiers.

Emotions have saddened souls
Like widows with tender off springs.
Discernment has despondently lost
Feeble knots of hopes and dreams.

A new heavy drop of insight
Descends over the colorless surface
Of soul, causing ceaseless cadence;
To swell round ripples over a life span?

One must silently sit gazing at,
These scattered emotions around
And match their heights and shapes
To build a castle of admiration.

For, your enthralling word-domain
Beckons innocent eyes and poor souls
To swim along the purest streams
Of unnamed passions to holy banks.

Breaking the soft turf of soul do
Pale roots of emotions peep,
While the sea within sends clouds
Dark and heavy over virgin skies.

Tajudeen Shah

Save The Innocent Futurity.

SCIENCE to man has been a mirage.
Since ages do the quest is ON.
Excavations, Evolution and Exodus;
Endless pursuits with results morbid.
Every HUMAN ACTION is bound
By the complex strings of SCIENCE;
Mental, Physical, Social or Natural.
Though Rains of Knowledge and Wisdom
Caused Intellectual Flood on GENERATIONS,
Savage Saints dictated destinies of MAN,
And NATURE by fallible predictions.
Misgivings still garnish crowns on
The perceptions of even the most learned;
Alas! What a curse on innocent futurity!

Tajudeen Shah

'Semiya', My Pride.

A tiny wooden boat was
My asset that would sink
If exceeded the weigh of
Myself, around kilos fifty,
When I was aged sixty.
One warm hearth fed on
Coconut and rice husks,
A sand-pot full of 'Semiya'
Made of rice flakes, yellow sugar,
Cardamom, nuts, milk, cumin,
Cinnamon leaves, dry ginger,
Water and a pint of salt; that
Made my 'Semiya' sweeter still.

Had four old glass cups
To feed those who would wait
With craving taste buds by
The shady backwater banks
As a routine, for my narrow
'Sweet-bowl', to appear dancing
On the swollen dark green waves!

Their hope-lines were thinner
Than their fishing lines, but
Invariably enjoyed my treat,
Paying the small coins in return,
Sometimes, more, often less.
I fed generations, some turned
Stars, some waiting voyage,
Most still hold the glass up
Above their open mouth for
The last dropp to ooze and fall
On their giggling tongues!

My recipe was my course,
The research, theses, marks,
Awards and references that
In 45 years long sweet-serving
Never had any regret, nor my

Long array of village faces
Ever had scowls of any sort.

Now I wonder, with such a
Paltry income, how could I
Manage the marriages of all
My daughters, and a small
Shop for my heedless son!

Life has always been intact,
Though my tiny boat had often
Broken by startling tides!
Thanks to God, the merciful,
All ended well with me, but
Children today work long hours
And make a heap of winnings,
But without any natural sweetness,
Either in flesh or in soul!
Their delights are strained,
Temples full of swollen veins!

Tajudeen Shah

She Is Pregnant.

She is pregnant,
Yes, she has always been
Conceiving and delivering;
The worth of Man and Nature,
Experiences and Thoughts,
Moods and Attitudes,
Experiments and Visions,
Intuitions and Illusions,
Realities and Myths,
Shades and Lights,
Good and Evil,
Strong and Weak...
Yes, to the gray infinity
Her wings extent, and shade.

Tajudeen Shah

She Keeps Growing.

Wisdom transforms often,
Keep growing and traversing,
Crossing borders of everything;
Seasons, generations and nature.
Fall of stars not her concern,
Waits for none of any grade,
Keep mounting all heights to
Enrich her SELF, to bless
Those who seek her earnest!

Tajudeen Shah

She Said

She wanted to escape
For Reasons; Unknown
To Me and to Her.
Who would dare to rescue
Her from Reasons;
Known and Unknown!
Would Reasons be
The only abode?

Tajudeen Shah

Similar Fate.

Abu Ali was around 60
When he joined us in Saudi.
The civil war was ON since
His last visit home in Lebanon.
And, no letter could he send,
Nor any phone calls possible,
To ask them, on what they lived
Since he bade a bleeding bye.
Zainab was 17, and was time
The father to give her hands
In hands strong and worthy,
For his lineage healthy.
Despite attempts many and varied,
He could cross no boarder ever,
As any black veil would blind
Hues of his paternal dreams.
Courage was still a mirage,
Still, could we cook some wishes,
With a pint of boldness blended;
For his pulses weak and face pale.
After days of travel tiring,
Across hostile yellow sands,
He could see but hands tender,
On his street, shining toys lethal.
Syria, Lebanon, Egypt, Jordan,
Israel, Palestine and Lybia,
Many are with a fate similar;
Fatal tools shining ON and ON
To Put Abu Alis to eternal UNrest,
To be buried in blood-bound sands;
Where no grass ever dare to birth,
Lest their blooms too might bleed!

Tajudeen Shah

Souls' Request.

The treasury of Souls
By The Lord's Domain
Is always intact.
For each planet
A different store;
As Angels, Evils and Mortals.
He orders, rather destines
Them terms specific
To traverse light miles
Towards the lenient planet.
When incarnated in
Varied shapes,
Most implore the Master
For an instant release!
Some beseech to leave
Them in chaste cages
For perennial ages;
To remain blessed
In the most enduring
Cycle of rebirths;
Of angelic bards!

Tajudeen Shah

Spectacle Beyond Vision...

Eyes tune man to the vision-luxury,
Where he remains in bounds specific.

But, benign blindness opens him up
Skies and Lands, Oceans and Voids
Of imaginations immense;
The domain of truth absolute.

Tajudeen Shah

Story Of The Loved, The Married And The Troubled.

Loved one, and married the unloved,
Loved the married better than the loved,
Lived with the married longer than the loved,
Neglected the loved for the married.

Loved was the neighbor of the married,
Married suspected always the loved,
Loved turned nasty to the married,
Married and loved made him troubled.

Loved spread stories of the married,
Married and loved fought for they loved,
Troubled left the loved and the married,
Troubled was life for all the Three Loved.

Loved and Married came to the troubled;
Married agreed the Loved to get married.

Tajudeen Shah

Struggle And Rescue

A specific whirlwind
Was in duty by the ceiling,
Knowing not the fate of a beauty fleeting,
Who turned pale and Panic,
As she lost the tender hold
Of her brilliant wings.
What a struggle, to save
A few moments most precious

From the fated, feeble pulses!
Not many a years, like man, is ahead
For her to take risky chances.
From the soft pearl-shaped egg
To the tender leaf-eater duly turned
Into the adorned cocoon towards the
Ephemeral liberty of colors and mirth,
She already has had her fated struggle.
A merciful finger-mission rescued
Her from the innocent fatality.
When the leaves of the wind appeared clearer,
She got control of her proud wings and sense
To cheerfully dance around radiating gratitude.
Her concept of nature, a virgin paradise,
Has been polluted and maimed
By the inconsiderate, beyond measures
Causing, even imaginations loss wings.

Tajudeen Shah

Sweat Drops

Why 'you' and 'me',
Instead, Why not 'we',
To enjoy this boon divine;
Life, from the Lord so Benign?
Many a prophets were sent
To refine man's contempt,
But, lessons we learnt
Were not of clear intent.
Days of rain and pain
Made my mom insane,
Who had children nine
With such large intestine!
As we licking fingers,
Found a frail one lingers,
With narrow swollen ribs,
And yellow gloomy eyes.
Blending water, salt and flavors,
Mom could make cups of favors!
Salty sweat in many a drops,
Sprouted on his concave temples.
What a splendid crystals;
Spell of mutual love in mortals!

Tajudeen Shah

Swollen Veins.

Life has always been intact,
Though my tiny boat had often
Broken by startling tides
And washed off by floods!
Thanks to God, the merciful,
All ended well with me, but,
Children today work so long
To make winnings in heaps.
Alien to them are sweetness,
Either in flesh or in souls!
Their delights too are strains;
Temples full of swollen veins!

Tajudeen Shah

The Art Of Life.

Angels, Jinns, man and stars,
All have many a fated roles
To perform the art of life
On the stage of Time.

Tajudeen Shah

The Compass.

Angels from Light,
Satan from Flame,
Man from Dust,
Unto dust he ends!
Light has no pith,
No marrow in Fire,
Dust has a core;
Hot, cool and pure.
Many a Dimensions,
Thoughts and hues,
Passions and Emotions,
Only dust has it all.
No Origin or end,
'Soul', we call the Compass.

Tajudeen Shah

The Exodus.

Man was blind in and out,
Even with eyes sharp and senses blessed.
Ages of wandering, crossing earth-skirts,
In pursuit of caves, leaves, fish and animals,
Made him familiar the nature intimately.
Ancestral traits slowly waned,
As the Suns of renaissance peeped,
Filtering the dense wilderness of myths.
Imaginations kept migrating
Into virgin skies, fields and oceans.
Electromagnetic Radiation,
His distant vision,
Released veiled Cosmic Realities
From the bondage of time.
Planets sheepishly appeared
Breaking the hard shells of gloom,
While the thinking clay kept
His eyes set even to the nocturnal skies.
Fruits of acumen dropped often
From the boughs of time into soul-yards,
Turning him boastful of every win,
Though never was his granary full.

Tajudeen Shah

The Fragrance Blest.

Lotus, whose sapless roots
Deep in stream's muddy soul,
When lost the mossy bond below
Is turned gray in deeper gloom.
Her mate the light of all that live,
In pain he sinks in golden waves,
And the verge of seas are found
Billowing clouds that wailing loud.
Life is but a sweet and snappy scent
That keeps the pulpy mass in place
On frames of bones big and small,
Veins, sinews, marrows in tones.
When is lost that fragrance blest
We are, but a fetid maggots' feast.

Tajudeen Shah

The Less Concerned.

Tall, Strong and Bright is he,
Fair in all, and well-mannered.
Disciplined the most
Among the rest, whose
Parents would envy, though
With prayers, For they
Wished him their sons' model!
Families do praise his merits,
Habits and Behavior,
Achievements academic
And discipline professional.
Proposals, marriage and
Professional always in wait,
Though parents are in heed,
Unlike their indifferent past.
He has a great chain of friends
Like a King planet with the
Less luminous ones around,
As in a celestial domain float.
Politics, Society, Culture and
Media await his gestures most
To add more light to lime,
For fame's feathers fall so fast.
He has only friends, no enemies
Save ONE, who was against
His crappy childhood,
And wayward adolescence.
No one else would ever dare
To set him, lest his instincts strange,
But the ONE, who remained
A loadstar and a shadow after.
Behold! A pompous reaper grins
In content by the rich set of sheaf,
While the bare field awaits
New furrows and seeds.

Tajudeen Shah

The March

Soldiers, Students, Patriots
Ants and Birds all do march,
With Obedience and Goal Set;
To Maintain an Order,
To Eradicate Evils and
To Inspire generations.
But, WHY The March of Posters,
Flags and Mass End in Tears!

Tajudeen Shah

The Mass.

The Mass,
A Messy Class.
Classic Art,
A lofty line.
Lifeless Souls,
Soulful Laments.
Heartless Words,
Senseless Expressions.
Casual Looks,
Easy lives.
Pity looks,
Paining Souls.

Tajudeen Shah

The 'merciful'?

Life has meanings many,
So are dimensions too.
'Merciful' are around,
Those give life, and
Those who takes it too,
But on reasons varied.
Syria, Iraq and Yemen,
Are present stages where
This drama horrocious
is set at nature uncanny!

Tajudeen Shah

The Most Concerned.

Impressed, and sit wondering
At concerns honest and serious
Of the bards blessed, in issues
Of today; Burning and appalling.
Nature laments, No, is sobbing
On its malignant bruises
Her inmate intimate infracted,
Shaming even the wildest of beasts.
Eagles, Crows, King Fishers
And cats find no fun chasing fish
As rivers, lakes, brooks and fields
Full with prey, dead and rotten.
Who can pass by, without a hand
On the nostrils to save the self,
Through the adorned urban streets
Of esteem and mad pride!
Beyond restrictions, laws
And punishments severe are
Hooting and brawling oblivious
From even the cultured mass.
Eloquence even eliminates evils,
So would lexis sanitize souls
Submerged in self and social sins
That cause calamities callous.
Let us, bards, transmit a memo sore,
To keep water, air, plants and soil
At its forms destined for futurity,
For, we might need a breath to regret.

Tajudeen Shah

The Only Difference Was...

Epics
Scriptures
Biographies
Novels
Stories
Poems
Plays
Articles
Lectures
Shows
Travelogues
Reviews...

Conned them often,
During dreary days
And in nocturnal aloofness,
In pursuit
Of acumen.

When found fresher,
Befriended turned obsolete.

Inquisitive chariots
Frantically rolled over the
Battlefields of repetitions,
Where all those SOLDIERS
Marched with specific:

INTENTION

UNIFORM

STYLE

ARMOR

ANTHEM

SOUL

DETERMINATION

DISCIPLINE

CREED

OATH...

The only difference was
Imaginations and Passions!

Tajudeen Shah

The Quest Started Since

The first morn's yellow flames pulsated
Over the sliver sky's infinite flank.
Adam, the blessed father of mankind,
Opened his wheat-toned eye lids;
Garnished with golden lashes,
And the delicate membrane gave way
To the heavenly light and air to begin
Their mission in due skill with senses!
Proclaiming and praising the splendor
Of The Merciful, and expressing gratitude
Did he bow on the season-less ground,
While The Bountiful had his mastery
Explained to the Angels and ordered
To prostrate before His new creation!
All, save Satan, did instantly obey the Lord,
While the soothing glory of the lofty house
Witnessed that ecstatic occurrence ever;
Though the epic malice unto man
Was instilled by the Outcast,
Man's Quest had its run 'ON' since then.

Tajudeen Shah

The Shortest Epic.

Big bang!

In void's lab did happen
Such an awful explosion;
So is it fixed in human.

Time!

Had her course so cryptic
Through caverns pure and static,
Though often seems pragmatic.

Man!

Angels boasted, of purity
Jinns too, of versatility,
But liked not man's divinity.

Prophets!

Having lost the seat blessed,
Adam in repentance traversed,
Others, in turns, all sauntered.

Nature!

Since origin is she chaste,
Still stand even the outcast,
But, adore not any holocaust!

Futurity!

Of Greed and feud shall all wander,
Intruding other's boarder,
Will find life and death harder.

The Supreme Being so Benign,
Of compassion do all align.

Tajudeen Shah

The Time Tree

Time set out journey
All alone by The Noble gesture.
Stars followed time
As obedient shadows since then.
Winds took directions
Within granted walls of nature.
Void in perennial gloom
Suffered left overs of milky ways.
Atom boasted loud
Keeping element's trait in whole.
Sun Stood Solid
With his energy treasures full.
Seas Smile with crystalline waves
Concealing cool richness beneath.
Rivers flow blessing
Lands and creating cultures.
Brooks giggle and sing
Persistently Of man and nature.
Planets all are blessed,
Each with a nature specific.
Earth got her mates in turn,
Man, Lilies, Lotus, Dragon flies,
Bees, Honey, Ants and Beetles,
Rainbows and Butterflies,
Who compose a melody euphonious,
Accompanied by rain and winds,
For generations who would visit
The most enduring Time-Tree!

Tajudeen Shah

The Unrefined, The Forbearing.

Greater Life Span

Of the unrefined

Is often a great challenge

To the most forbearing.

Tajudeen Shah

The Untiring Explorer

Civilizations are bound by Revelations,
Unnumbered are prophets,
And immense are prophecies;
All meant to refine the most blessed; Man.
Ages have trodden over generations,
Still He remains the same Savage at hearts,
Save a very few who has ever attempted
To explore the very SELF.
Uncanny his intentions and goals,
And tame less by nature though,
Man, the untiring excavator trace
The hidden, invaluable and shining Absolutes!
What a design worthy has HE done,
Challenging Reasons does man mount!

Tajudeen Shah

The Varied Three.

BLESSED are those
Who can See, Hear and Feel
Though their senses all blocked.
CURSED are those
Who Realize not
Even their very blessed SELF.
DISTURBED are some
Who selflessly care them both.

Tajudeen Shah

The Wish Is Renewed.

I wish i knew,
How days give way to nights,
Of warmth, hopes and fears,
That engulf all of man,
Who craves many a Missions,
For endurance in this fleeting life,
That has Undergone invariable interpretations,
Of variables and constants,
Which are not true, but pretended,
Wearing a million masks,
That are meant to veil our true self,
For which man is in unending Quest!
I wish I knew all these and more!

Tajudeen Shah

Those Deliverance-Craving.

Absolute reality
Has got a million wings!
Salvation is not
In any holy, specific destination,
But in devoting
Every pulse of life
For those
Who have destined
With no destination.
Oh, dear poet(s)
Keep adding
Fragrance and Hues
To this blessed planet
With your
Pulsating shoots
And sanctifying myrtles.

Let those deliverance-craving

Immerse in your (our) blessed
Verse-Rivers!

Tajudeen Shah

Time And Souls.

Ageless is time,
So are souls;
The conjoined companions
Of the Blessed Bang!

Tajudeen Shah

Towards Destinations.

His Soul is Dark
And a Build Solid,
With White and Yellow
Stripes on his face!
Silent Securities alert
How to deal with him.
No visible fatigue ever,
Nor any act he dictates!
Even Emperors found
Proud in Adorning him!
He is named after Kings,
Queens, Rulers, Celebrities,
Events, Inventions and all.
He remains a silent witness
To many a lives parted!
Culture has often counted
On his style and features.
He shelters the needy,
Though himself has none!
Men looks at his eyes
With respect and awe!
He sets many a Rules
For men to Maintain,
And Lessons to tag on.
Summer or Winter,
He is indifferent, But
Is Insane when it rains!
He is Vein and Marrow,
Even DNA, of Ages,
As history recorded and
Generations followed!
Leads All to all Destinations;
Chosen or Destined!

Tajudeen Shah

Varied Treasures

Treasures are in many a forms,
Deep in Skies and Oceans,
Mountains, Lands and Caves,
Rivers, forest and in hearts.
Exploration tools are varied,
But the same for all except heart.
Gets filled with delights immense
When found,
Though values varied.
But only Pain mounts
When heart's worth
Goes below one's count.

Tajudeen Shah

Visions Bright, Delights Intact.

A raffle coupon costs a sum paltry,
If won, the reward could be A million.
An array of long-cherished dreams
Might get realized pretty well,
Just once, for the one who has won.
Dreams would still pile up
To hope for treasures unearned,
Even after the million won has gone.
A BOOK would cost much less,
Causing generations to WIN
Wisdom beyond measures.
This Key would sure warrant one
To open varied vaults of imaginations,
Passions, Dreams, Facts and Morals.
A due exchange of them would bless
Generations with treasures immense.
Only toiled riches would keep
Visions bright and delights intact.

Tajudeen Shah

We Bards Pray For You.

Parts of earth at times
Remain in deeper gloom.
Lamps of humble breed
Emerge in place of need.
For ages stand blazing,
Challenging days and nights.
One of them is fighting
Against the call of fate.
How long one can stand
When age is ninety four!
Many a tubes are woven,
Nurses vigil as angels,
Silent Kith and Kins
Whisper get well wishes.
Media blending posts
For catching public eyes!
Let us bards too send
A Get Well Wish in place.

Tajudeen Shah

What Keeps Us Allied.

Two things keep me allied
To this nature and You;
A multi-layered Spectacle;
Distant and short vision on
A progressive lens pattern
With age-covering frame.
A dual-sim gadget that feed
Radiation deep even to souls,
Ignoring scientific warnings,
Of hazards enormous and brutal.
Eyes are but shining balls with
Black and white glossy shades,
Caged in fleshy lids with
Lashes set to filter visions!
Mobile phone; reminds you,
You are Connected, Chased,
Monitored beyond all escapes.
How I wish the days John Milton
Composed 'The Paradise Lost'!

Tajudeen Shah

When Dissected Souls.

We all boast of the golden past,
And delight dining upon its flavors,
But, have no faith in our very SELF,
Though often boast of buoyancy.
Attitudes in personality impressive,
Self reliance, hard work and consistency,
Uprightness, self esteem and faith,
We all do orate and propagate
In every occasion of panic and doubt,
Thus we escape into inferior shades.
Experience do season mortals,
But, his craving bubbles to be immortal.
Efforts endless on the paths of life
Continue, adorning with many a maxims.
Youngsters find it rather insane,
As are trapped in life's web so complex.
The wheels keep rolling over the sod of time,
While generations get crushed in recurrence.
Problems brutally burn raw wounds,
But, Solutions always in benefits' bondage.

Tajudeen Shah

When God Speaks...

Words of God;
Prophets Conceive,
Some Follow, Some Not.
Priests Do Preach,
Some Listen, Some Neglect.
Poets Do Gift,
Some Read, All Benefit.
Generations Maintain,
History Repeats!

Tajudeen Shah

When I Read...

Your verses, Oh, Blessed ones,
Sprout many a sweet buds,
Be accepted this garland;
Blend of love and gratitude.

Tajudeen Shah

When Returned.

It was like riding a vehicle
Without break, and wheels punctured,
Grease drained, and oil turned Sticky-black!
How mercilessly his domain collapsed,
Himself devastated in measures
Beyond human imaginations!
One thing that pacified him is
The ungrateful negligence of fellow beings.
Though presence was unseen,
Owing to reasons foreseen,
Things all reflected in a better scene.

Tajudeen Shah

When She Was In

Most beaches shine
With sands silver and golden,
But only when the sun smiles.
Our beach always beam,
Both in the sun and the moon,
As many a minerals live in.
Usual was the day with,
Fathers playing cards,
Children chasing waves.
Mothers cooking curries,
Tourists gallivanting by.

A bizarre patch of cloud,
Opening its mouth wide
Approached the silent sun,
As light-lost stars fumbled in void!
Waves drawn deep into the sea!
Varied fish exposed to the shore,
Rocky pits turned naked,
Lethal sea-creatures gasped!
Colorless foliage heaved,
Octopus vomited tender fish!
A cemetery of shells opened
Bare to the sky and wind!
Most fish asphyxiated,
While very aged, heavy-scaled
Clung to the slippery moss
Praying to Poseidon, with
Eyes rolled up like aged frogs!

"Ah! a miracle to our eyes,
In history never heard or seen
Though tides up and down
Often engulfed our lives
By this sea shore since ages".
Uttered all when they gathered,
Rushed with nets, rags and leaves
To gather the instant fleshy catch
They found on the sea's bare belly,

When waves ebbed off!

No one knew the impending,
The malignant fate hidden,
The rehearsal of annihilation,
The moment of commotion,
The ferocious nature's wrath!

Dismay gave in to mirth in minutes,
Even passers by joined to pick
The treasures exposed, without toil!

A million matured lions together
Roared in a chorus by the safari?
An abyss like rift occurred
Between Himalayas and West coast?
Layers of skies broken and fallen
On the oceans' laps?
Control-lost planets smashed,
And debris scattered in dark void?
No one could really make out
What had happened, but only feel,
That they were tossed to the heights
Of houses, trees and poles.

She was in; Tsunami!

The aftermath we all know,
From great Media coverage on,
Nature's dance of destruction,
As Illustrated well in celluloid.

Tajudeen Shah

Why Blame The Youth..?

Why blame the youth,
Who is familiar not with
The ways of life you had in the past,
Who is not fed with
The quality of food
You had in olden days,
Who is now exposed
To toxic air and nature polluted,
Who is being engulfed
By many a dreadful temptations,
Who is hostile to the serenity
Of relations, owing to the life
So hectic and restless,
Who is indifferent in many ways
Because of unnumbered insecurities?
Let us consider them considerately
To make them believe in themselves!

Tajudeen Shah

Will Barter Again?

Man and life are varied in range,
From behavior to nature strange,
By course of time will systems change,
Will 'barter' again be in exchange!

Tajudeen Shah

Your God, The Absolute One.

Long, long, long ago...
Long, long, long ago,
There was only
God alone.

Void, void
All around,
Says it lasted
Ages long.

He then made them
All alone.
Earth and skies
And planets too.

God thus set
The sun and moon,
Stars and winds
To float and move.

Then He sat
On his throne,
Reigning, guarding
All His own.

Angels, Jinns,
Then man and all,
For His Praise,
He made them all.

Man, He made
In best of moulds,
Asked them all
"prostrate man! "

All but satan
Heard His say.
Envy made him
Blind, and lost.

God said man
To follow not
Satan's paths,
In course of life.

Tajudeen Shah

Your Option, Please.

Socrates Contemplated,
Shakespeare Performed,
Shelley Composed,
Newton Realized,
Hippocrates Diagnosed,
King Solomon Ruled,
Alexander Conquered,
Tansen Sang,
Rishi Vyasa Narrated,
Lord Krishna Sermonized,
Lord Buddha Inspired,
Emperor Ashoka Sacrificed,
Jesus Christ Cured,
Prophet Mohammed Refined,
M. K. Gandhi Abstained,
M L King Orated,
Lady Diana Loved,
Hitler Hated,
Malala Consoled,
So do the Timeline leads
To unending abyss of
Yesterdays and Tomorrows!
7.055 Billion would Rage,
As History, Philosophy,
Literature and Lineage
Won't be an apt Potion for
Hungry Bellies and
Craving Minds of Today...
Device Your Option, Please.

Tajudeen Shah

Zeros And Ones

Time was born a ZERO,
And travels alone with ONE.
Cosmic additions too
Are ZEROs and ONEs,
Male and Female
Another ZEROs and ONEs.
additions and subtractions,
multiplications and divisions,
speculations and intuitions,
illusions and inspirations,
caused endless confusions,
and settled with imaginations.
manual or automatic,
analogue or digital,
pulses govern the counts;
zeros and ones,
origins and ends,
all lead an END to ORIGIN.

Tajudeen Shah