

Poetry Series

# Takbeer Salati

- poems -

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## Takbeer Salati(30/08/1994)

I am a crazy analyst and a convincing observer.I travel in metros just to vocab  
humanity at late night in my compartment where I live as a tenant. I have goals  
and I love each alphabet in the word LITERATURE.

# God Where Art Thou?

Into the shallowness of my memories,  
Between the wars of two heart halves □  
I craved for the eternal list of my life,  
Which guaranteed my death and  
Not my beloved's mirage.  
I prayed and bowed, 'till  
The sunrise and Sunglow'  
I cried and beat my chest for the union  
Had I known the time had yet  
again traveled far away from my thought.  
That night when the chill winter air,  
Penetrating through my raw bones  
Creeping my accomplishments to the heart,  
I rose and Died a million times.  
I could not breathe till I could resonate  
Through my shadow  
The touch, the feel, the encouragement  
I resurrected from my false belief,  
I touched your skin and died  
A living.

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# Hallelujah

In the Showers of Tears of Rain,  
I felt each drop piercing like my own  
Guilt capturing its moments.  
In the Showers of Tears of Rain,  
I felt each rose water drop onto my skin  
Purifying my soul yet another time faking it.  
In the Showers of Tears of Rain,  
I felt the shallowness of grief deep within  
And I couldn't reach to its aisle.  
In the Showers of Tears of Rain,  
I felt each cloud burst happening in the vacuum  
Each time splitting up the new hopes.  
In the showers of tears of rain  
I climbed the mightiest of the trees  
Not giving me a chance to commit sin  
Once more.  
And each time in the showers of tears of rain  
The old couple reminiscing the folksong  
Felt like dying into someone's arm.  
Each time, each time.

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# Sunrise

The glory behind the first look of the child,  
The insanity in the hair turning into white  
All in one capture of life,  
Lead to the death which is open and rife.  
The seeds of wisdom laid deep in the sunset  
The galloping struggle in the sunrise  
Each survivor had to turn around the beginner  
When the life started out of the blue  
Out of the stark, dead desolate tryst of nowhere.  
The birds turned into the black shadow of mesmerized dark,  
I craved for yet another chance in sunrise,  
My stars were favored by the mystic lady of the moon  
And I thus thought that I had lost it to the sunrise.

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