

Poetry Series

The Ashraf Sheikh - poems -

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The Ashraf Sheikh()

Can do little bit of writing whether gud or bad i dont know. But its all i can do!
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A Beggar Of Love! !

WALKING DOWN THE DUSTY ROAD,
THAT MERGED WITH THE ASPHALT.
I CAME ACROSS A DOOR,
THAT I SUPPOSED WAS OPEN FOR ALL.
AND THERE I STOOD HOPEFULLY,
FROM WITHIN THE LADY CAME.

THROWING AT ME A FEW PIECES OF BREAD,
THAT WERE LEFTOVER WITHOUT CLAIM.
SHE GAVE ME SUCH A STARE,
AS IF, A LUMP OF FLESH WAS I;
SHE SAW THE HUNGER IN MY BODY,
AND OVERLOOKED THE STARVING EYE.

I GATHERED THE FALLEN PIECES,
AND SILENTLY WALKED AWAY FROM THE SCENE.....
THE ROAD LATER LEAD ME,
TO A MIGHTY FENCED MANSION.
BUT THE HUMANS WITHIN I THOUGHT,
HAD INDEED LOST THEIR FREEDOM.

ON THE GATE I STOOD.....
WHAT ON EARTH MEN WANTED? ; I THOUGHT!
WHEN ITS JUST A RIVER; MEANDERING ACROSS
A SUDDEN COMPLAINT, CAME FROM BEHIND THE BARS,

AND THE KEEPER SHOWED ME THE WAY DOWNTOWN.
THUS RUBBING SOME SALT ON MY HEALING SCARS.
I LOOKED ON TO THE WAY,
AND GAVE THE KEEPER A SMILE,

FOR I KNEW HE WAS DOING HIS JOB,
AND THE ROAD TO ME WAS MY LIFE.!
THE MORNING THUS CAME AND WENT,
THE NOON IN GRIEF I SPENT,

AND IN THE EVENING I OPENED UP MY HEART, ,
TO AMUSE MY FRIENDS ON OUR SABBATH.
THEY WELCOMED ME WITH THEIR ARMS OPEN WIDE,

AND WHISPERED TO ME, -'U MY FRIEND ARE A BEGGAR,

SO WHAT OFFENSE WE ARE YET ANOTHER ONES'
I WAS CAUGHT AMONGST A LEAGUE OF BEGGARS,
AND A BEGGAR WAS I, BUT UNLIKE THEM,

I NEEDED LOVE TO SURVIVE.

AND TO GAIN LOVE I WALKED FROM DOOR TO DOOR.

BUT ALL THEY DID WAS TO; JUST IGNORE.

AS I COULD GIVE NOTHING TO THEM ON MY ROVE

THEY COULD HARDLY SEE THAT I WAS 'A BEGGAR OF LOVE'!!!

The Ashraf Sheikh

A Prayer.

O my LORD! make me great.
Help me out of this distress,
Tired of all these sufferings,
I want to bear them no more.
Yes! I'm completely exhausted
My powers lie futile,
In the darkness of this never ending space.

Perhaps, bless me with greatness
So, that I do something for me and my race!
Please my Lord! I don't want
I don't want this life of absurdity,
Ending up without fulfilling my need,
O Lord! please grant me your grant,
Which i mean it to be.

I've done in excess:
My name and fame now kills me,
The world is not the one I mean it to be.
I want to quit, quit forever from this mirage.
It never satisfied me nor will it at all!
I don't want to bear this stress anymore,
Make me free and let me go;
And let me take rest in your sandy bed,
For long, long days yet to come,
And promise me my hereafter,
I'm really tired of this world,
And want to live immortal,
In your 'Kingdom of Gold'...

The Ashraf Sheikh

A Whole New World!

Let us make a whole new world,
Of sand and dust to live,
Let us put in it all that we love,
Keeping aside the complaints and grief,
Let it be so; for when it breaks,
No one shall lament over the loss,
A frantic wave of joyous intake,
Nothing subjected over pitch and toss.

Let us make a whole new world,
Of hope and joy to give,
A thousand men, their stories untold,
A chance they'd lost, that they shalt retrieve.
For now let them rise to a new sun,
Singing in glee, the praises of the new earth,
Could it be enriched furthermore, their lovely possession,
Or shall they live a life, a life that's worth! !

The Ashraf Sheikh

Absurd I

Now i shall pen down all my thoughts,
The thoughts which i preserved for me myself,
Through the living of life'o mine
Through the passing away of time.

It goes this way and that
Where it ends there it starts,
Under such a situation when chaos reigns,
Here I begin the description surely in vain.

And when the sun shone at dawn today,
My own pretty sun i I found astray,
Where was my sun lost,
Oh GOD! a monster gobbled it up.

At an instance i thought,
The world has gone upside down,
At the other I felt astound,
The new sun was all I could profound.

But what was the matter with me that day,
It was actually, my thoughts getting a bit more wild,
And as I was penning down my thoughts,
My thoughts simply got blind.!

The Ashraf Sheikh

All Great Poets Here No Readers Though: P (Mind It)

All great poets here, no reader though,
Scribbling alphabets with their keyboards to show,
A tinge of poetic aptitude they contain,
Writing poetry for screens instead of some dumb wise men.....! ! !

The Ashraf Sheikh

Beneath The Burning Candle!

Caught in between the multitude of troubles
Flickering along with the treacherous passer by
To whom restrictions were unknown
Like a vicious beast, granted freedom from leash
Under such circumstances,
Before the afflicting aftermath,
When death and defiance reigned,
Upon the bosom of this earth,
The withered flame was ignited,
And under a haste of burning desire,
Its own flame swallowed the mourning candle.
With a plaintive song to sing at its disposal,
When humans transformed,
Transformed from humans to mere beings,
Little diversions, little frustrations,
Little ignorance, little motivations.
Was all that needed to govern,
Giving way to the varsity of delusions,
That the sinister candle began to burn,
Exhibiting its grievances with the flame
And reaching out to the furthest corner of space
By and by the light produced was out casted
From its self, for it could not witness.
The fact of attachment with the divinity
Enlightening all that came across its way
However, depriving its very base from placidity.
The light of the candle was veiled.
Amongst the longing desires to free oneself
And beneath the burning candle
A mild darkness prevailed...!

The Ashraf Sheikh

Genesis!

Of kind the fostered heir lingers,
Of dismay, they let rot his dearth,
Such a creature dwelling hinders,
The soul of this prudent earth.

Of kind the dismissal of a petition,
On accord of a fraudulent mirth,
The heart puts forth the mind a question,
Later they do both sustain its worth.

Of kind a debt to be paid shortly,
And reveal the horde of offense in its sheath,
Defining the motive of his existence briefly,
Disrupting the vague principles beneath.

The Ashraf Sheikh

Hope Over Hope!

Gained have i nothing, loser as i am;
At the end of the day, i pray; where do i stand!
Nothing yet comes to my witty wit
Nothing yet comes along the path so split,
Fragments and pieces and bits of dead memories,
Memories that are good for nothing!
Living with these hard bound facts
And living as if i never survived,
Simple to state but hard to express,
I stumble over these and over again
And at the end of the day again I pray,
Having hope over hope; I might rise
 rise to a new sun
 if not tomorrow perhaps then
 any other day!

The Ashraf Sheikh

In A League Of My Own!

Walking all along quiet alone
fierce remnants of the past
thrusted hard leaving me atlast
scattered all over the stone

quickly gathered the pieces and bits i could see
tearing apart the silence that followed i stood
a second gush succeeded and brought me down on my knee
leaving me drenched and suffocated under my hood

my heart deceiving my mind a subordinate
satisfying all of its queries; to calm
of stories and fantasies of the past decade
and my being laid exhausted on my bedlam!

The Ashraf Sheikh

Into Hell With Me! !

Get up, step aside;
And be ready for the ride.
Come along with me and see,
The fatal sight of the futile stride.
Come and see the desert of destiny,
Of thousand men charred by pride.
Now hunger surrounding them in glee,
Revolt they had never cried.
Fire they did not saw;
In shadow of the light;
Perhaps because of the reigning mystery
Crumbling all of their witty mind
It is the place where you and me,
Live or dwell or have died
That aftermath befell onto we
Had we not done what we did.....
Ruined is our beloved country,
Stand up here silently I plea;
And see the sight of hell with me.

The Ashraf Sheikh

Just So Poem Vol.2

An early foe of mine was he,
Who fostered his anger for this day,
Whilst I had lost the track of his,
And forgot all that passed away.

Strolling along the silent streets,
Of a Thursday evening in town,
Faced my gruesome enemy there,
Standing for me with a lethal frown.

This boy had come for a revenge,
I recalled his furious face at last,
He wished to write his triumphs story,
And settle some matters of the past.

He challenged me for a clash,
The temptation of which I could not forfeit,
We both concluded three fallout rounds,
His dispute for that I couldn't defeat.

He charged at me with lightning speed,
Rendering me to the ground.
Now he wished to have me again,
And finish off with the rounds.

Alas, the second round was mine
And he fell with a broken nose
This time around, I was the prime
And gave him my winning pose.

The final decisive round now came,
Both eager to do our victory dance,
The poor thing again it fell,
Proudly I stood up; again, with a victors' stance!

Wiping his bleeding nose,
Defeated; my old enemy lay,
And there I lost at first because,
All the three rounds I wished to play.....!

The Ashraf Sheikh

Just So Poem Vol.3

Bear some complaints and question the world
Make mistakes and then disdain
Let you be the guide of your life
And not the same guide you on this terrain

Give birth to a cause, when
Or let the cause turn you greater then
When all else having a life merely exist
You'll be living for a cause my friend

Dream and let your soul be weary
Despair and at times make merry
Live like your world will cease to be
Maybe today or tomorrow but till then delight the vibrant we

Leave behind your mild traces
On a road never taken before
Of setbacks and betrayal termed as experience
In times eye, for new souls to explore

Let not age decide the life you live
Or of common sight the world you've seen so well
That when you lie down to rest of age
You always have a story with you to tell

The Ashraf Sheikh

Just Two Lines!

Barely will you meet a complete world of yours to ply;
Somewhere you'll be missing the land and somewhere the sky!

The Ashraf Sheikh

Life In A Lifetime!

Wait O' time,

For I have not yet lived in you,

Wait and let your precision distort;

For a while,

Let me recline in you o' prime!

A victorious moment could I cherish (beforehand)

And at your arrival; shall I abort.

Wait O' time,

Set the captive free before you leave,

Wait and see for yourself, the ways of this world.

With wrecked smile,

Of beleaguered souls appraising their own decline!

Bring along with you a novice sun tomorrow,

And ensure yourself with my motives unfurled.

Wait O' time

For if you exist, where does your asylum subsists?

Or your strength gives in to the ways of CHANGE'S will

And thus I compile,

A few words to unravel your crime,

Marking an end to the privileges you enjoyed, I will....

I will live a life in you before I lie dead still! ! !

The Ashraf Sheikh

Love Revived

Fair enough! if I call you my dreams
Fairer more if I alone love you there
For my insight though often it gleams
But could never ever someone else prepare

The world wherein wherever I kept
Of love and things alike in form
Ages ago a pair over its death have wept
All hearts now cold do never warm

So I let you free

Free of any generalizations made;
Of any expectations and responsibilities
And of things done and said.

Just you I and the silence still
Just we in divine harmony born
And among the hours our eternal will
Our eternal will to go on.....

There we shall live forevermore
Away from hardships of days
Where love does all illness cure
Strangely in the most strangest ways.....

The Ashraf Sheikh

My Hearts A Masterpiece!

WHAT A PIECE OF ART IT IS.
PROBABLY A MAESTRO OF DISAGREE
KNOWS ALL DAT I KNOW
AND ITSELF UNKNOWN TO ME
WHAT NOT I DID TO SATISFY THIS PIECE
SAID WORDS UNSPOKEN,
WALKED ON ROADS UNTRODDEN,
REACHED FATHOMS BELOW THE SEA,
CLIMBED MOUNTAINS OF VANITY
BUT A DISGRACE TO ME IT BRINGS
DOWN TO EARTH EXPERIMENTING
ALAS! THE FEES OF EXPERIENCE
COSTED IT TOO MUCH A FORTUNE
AND I BORE IT WITHIN MY CHEST
JUST BCOZ ITS CRUCIAL FOR MY BEING
SIMPLY IT STEPPED DOWN FROM ITS THRONE
STILL NO REGRETS, NO COMPLAINTS IT DID GROW
ALL IN ALL ONE DAY,
IT SAW A SHINING RAY ASTRAY
I JUST CANT EXPRESS WHAT HAPPENED TO IT NEXT
FOUND A NEW CAUSE FOR EXISTENCE
AND THEN LIKE A HOUND UNLEASHED
WHEN INDEED OR IN LIKE OF NEEDS
A PIOUS SABOTAGED DREAM
OH IT NOW BEGS, BEGS AND PLEADS
LORD! SWEET LORD O'MINE
NOW PLEASE GRANT SOME MERCY AND PEACE
AS NOW IT NO LONGER WANTS TO STAY WITH ME
AND MY SOUL'S TOO ON A COMPLAINING SPREE
AS ITS ON WAY TO COMMIT THE PERFECT CRIME.
LET IT REPLACE SOMEONE ELSE'S HEART,
AND THE HEART OF THE LADY BE MINE! ! ! ! !

The Ashraf Sheikh

'My Love And Me In A.....'

My love and me in a library,
and there we sat for some time.
Till Wordsworth wrote a whole new verse,
to mark our extravagant ecstasy.
Further more; in a corner Shakespeare sat,
regreting the mistakes he made.
Looking upon us he wondered in anxiety,
Whether Romeo and Juliet could be replaced.

My love and me in a museum,
and there we lingered to know.....
Till the T-Rex sprang to life!
Indeed we ran across; and with us; a while
ran Monalisa to and fro!
Further more there was Da Vinci
who under utmost haste,
Revealed the secret behind her mysterious smile!

My love and me at the opera,
and there we were carried away.
Till Bethooven enchanted us,
with his delighting symphony.
Further more there was no one in the vicinity
Just me, her and the music so divine
And we danced the whole long day,
What an escape to a new world of serenity!

My love and me in an isolated room,
i wish i told what happened next, .
Or should i rather let it go.....
U people are brilliant enough to presume in this context.!

The Ashraf Sheikh

My Song! !

To the sun that shone each day.
To the wind that blew astray.
To the sky and the heavens above.
To the snow melting on mountaintop.

To the stream surging away.
To the rocks that blocked its way.
To the trees shivering alone.
To the birds mesmerizing song.

To the clouds of despair.
To the little joys for it to repair.
To the absurd query of the kid.
To the vagabonds; begs and plead.

To the sovereign of the mighty empire.
To the long lost history, I aspire.
To such wonders of the past and present,
Do I and my soul awake.

And as these things grow old with time,
There is a certain revival in the breath I take.
And the life I live remains no longer the same.

With my vision renewed with elegance.
So I cherish a new sun everyday,
And bid the wind goodbye, which comes back again.

An unlocked sky alluring me to heaven.
With the melting snow leaving the mountain side,
To join the stream down below,

And the rocks blocking it to sustain,
As the mountain doesn't wants to let it go.
The solitary tree shedding tears at their departure,

With the bird singing a gloomy song.
And the cloud raining to awake and cure.
Wild joys of love and laughter that remained lost for long.

With the kid seeking refuse in the rain,
And the vagabond washing away his wounds and pain.
And the empire rising from its ashes

Whilst history was in its remake.
Such is my life, a wonderful compilation,
It's a song that's meant to be sang,

In moments of ecstasy and adversity,
During periods of repose and minutes of strife
And thus I move on in life.
And thus I move on in life.! ! ! ! ! !

The Ashraf Sheikh

On The Highway Of Life!

Look, O! Please do have a look at the distant space,

Do you see something? Or your eyes just pretend

Can u tell me what those stray lights mean?

Can u tell me what do they explain?

Do they tell you wherefrom they are coming

Or do they tell where they'll be meeting their end.

Perhaps not! So, my life now u arise,

Let me take you onto the highway of life,

No companion do I have, none for escorting me,

Let us both be mates; let us live together, till eternity!

And you, oh you, don't u betray me on the way,

Don't leave me behind to whittle away.....

C'mon my life! Its long we've cried!

Let's take back the things that the world denied.....! !

The Ashraf Sheikh

Onesided Love!

How ruthless you are for cant you see,
The unfailing love that i endure,
Enhancing my life you let me go free,
And back to you that i returned.
And as regards my feverish feelings,
You now offer a prelude to all my poems,
Wasnt it sufficient that you conquered my dreams,
Whatever remains of my heart thus complains.
And as an offender prescribed solitude for fault,
I yet dwelled with all that i gained,
Unlike you my lovely impostor,
I still enjoyed the pleasures that now pained.
Ensure it with a new dimension,
For if its created the status is agile,
Quickly it will be a plagued intention,
What will you do my love if i dont survive? (but does it concerns you)
Indeed you overlooked the power of simplicity,
Keeping me aside you easily walked away,
Where do i go?
What explanations to make?
How blind of you to not see the traits.....
Accepting the fact i waved you goodbye, (should i live or should i die)
In utmost chaos the story ceased,
And here longing for you i deceased!
And upon my grave they wrote,
Had fallen victim to a disease unknown!

The Ashraf Sheikh

Schematic Love!

Hope of a kind that is never to cease,
Oh! What can I say of such a heart?
The world wherein it lives to please,
Therein the grudges are beginning to start.

Kindled within with a single glimpse of yours,
Now those years have passed away like days.
Your beauty this cupful of wine ensures,
Insane my heart though its sanity prays.

I've heard of Romeo and Juliet's loving schemes,
A poet praising such a pair with words,
So what wrong if the poet now himself dreams?
Composing the music with his own melancholic chords.

The grudges I bore shall soon fade away,
With your arrival like the morning sun.....
Ignite your heart that sits so cold today,
Indifferent though my love, make me feel I've won.

A small life it is we know for sure.....
And whatever remains of it I've lost in stating,
An infectious disease that hath no cure,
Oh how much of this life I've wasted in waiting.....! !

The Ashraf Sheikh

Stray Light!

Unguided; sheer wanderer by birth.
No boundaries to obey no attributes predefined,
A common element in all to shift,
Cant be tamed nor confined.

Treasure hunter; follows the unknown trails.
Itself the king itself the pawn,
One on one emerges from the turbulence,
Breaking through darkness into dawn.

Antique; a one of its kind.
Within it lies the pleasures within it the pains,
Complicatedly detailed nature to understand,
Overwhelmed with joy as its sight remains.

Hectic; quiet spoilt and yet lovable.
Keeper of the ultimate and hence the goal,
Simple, subtle, fresh as ever it kindled,
The very(within me): my heart, body and soul!

The Ashraf Sheikh

Thank You Lord For Creating Me!

My head bows before thee and none else,

My soul reaches out for your assistance,

Thank you lord for creating me,

Thank you lord for your assurance,

Thank you lord for now I am aware,

About my importance and flair,

What on earth was I doing?

For these past long years

One in six billion was I

Just see where I stood

Always craving for more

Remove me from the race

And the calculation becomes so obscure

O Lord! People used to tell me

'Boy you don't understand the world'

Then I replied to them ...

"I understand it very well,

But alas! It never understood me for sure!"

They told-"you will end up nowhere with your passion"

And I denied this too

But surprisingly I landed up nowhere!
And when I was in this nowhere place
I found you my Lord
Thus ending up my utopian quest
I was so reckless, so ungrateful,
I could never see
All the things you had in this world for me
The pillar less sky, the vagrant cloud
The earth to walk upon
The mystic wind roaring aloud
And the birds exquisite song.
Water to quench my thirst,
Wisdom to bring me across,
For me you were
A shed in the dreary desert storm,
A bridge upon the river to cross
Lord I owe you plenty of debts,
Pardon me please if I can't pay them off! ! !
The Ashraf Sheikh

The Child I Loved!

Awakened by the laughter of his,
Moved by his joyful eye,
I used to love this child in me,
Soaring up the heights where none could pry.
Taming the world as it came.....
Fluency of feelings, no shy no shame
Living and dancing I wondered why...
Speaking of love and joy and their fame,
The very same that I deny.....
When oft I used to lie on bed.....
Thinking of fairies and their wand
Dreams, to rediscover the roads i tread
Now forgotten is their magical land.
I shall climb the mountains high on hope
Or call onto Him from where I stand
I shall row my boat for this treasure trove
Just to cherish a moment hand in hand
When asked of this world I'd say
What pleases ye, I don't thrive on it you see
Of the lust you've fostered; indeed, I'll pray
And ask of God to bring the child alive in me! !

The Ashraf Sheikh

Title Unknown Whatsoever!

And when the mighty river flowed down.
They built a dam to check its flow.
Until the river bore its wrath,
for people on the ground.
Down came the obsolete wall indeed,
up was the avengers show.
And when the shrivelled rustling leaves shook,
a time arrived for them to bid the tree goodbye.
For us it was the onset of autumn.
For them a rare chance to fly!
And having conquered the entire world,
the warrior got to know and cried.!
'What act of me deceived thy beings'.
Loudly you praise:
the warrior so tired, dug up the earth.
And in he lay far ahead.
Before his countrymen arrived.
To pay some homage at his grave, (they never returned back)
the sinners pot does overflow he thought.
The remains of his thought were cherished!
And here longing for the earth.....,
to be revealed.
We simply perished!

The Ashraf Sheikh

Title Yet To Come!

It's not all that you see,

It's not all, what your eyes meet,

Neither as discreet as it appears to be,

Nothing hideous, just a thing quite explicit

Not just made of veins and muscles,

Comprising of just cells and skin,

Striving against the odds and struggles,

It truly feels much deeper within.

It is not a matter of joke,

A subject, subjected to ignorance

What on earth tends you to provoke,

Examining the zeal of its endurance.

For you are not different from it,

Alike in form and everything else,

Shapes are profound, sense and wit.

It also hopes for the best and thus it dwells.

Not a sculpture made of sand and stones,
Which stands alone and nothing else can do,
But a matter of blood and bones,
And above all its got a heart too.

It is not persistent; will not last long,
Because my friend it is a human being,
Withering away, like a falling leaf unknown,
What more do i say of such a living thing.

The Ashraf Sheikh

Wish I Were A Kid Once Again!

Wish I were a kid once again,
And open up my bare chest to the sky,
With the cool breeze kissing me all over,
And the fuzzy clouds passing by.

Wish I were a kid once again,
Running up and down the street,
Kicking the stones that lay ahead,
So easily with my feeble feet.

Wish I were a kid once again,
And for the pleasure of a sweet,
Would go wriggling down to Earth,
With shriek and yell that bore fruit indeed.

Wish I were a kid once again,
So that whenever I fell down,
There was always a promising hand,
To pick me up from the ground.

Wish I were a kid once again,
And life was as simple as A.B.C
No elaboration; no summary to make of it,
While singing to me my own beautiful odyssey.

Wish I were a kid once again,
Would've never thought of growing anymore,
For now, I knew what it was like,
To gain sense and wisdom for sure.

Wish I were a kid once again,
And this world to me a beautiful place,
Had a desire to refresh its current form,
From a Big Ball of Badness to grace.

Wish I were a kid once again,
And no word of friend or foe,
Would have the potential to hurt me,
To the bygone days, I wish I'd go.

The Ashraf Sheikh