

Poetry Series

Wida Tausif
- poems -

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Wida Tausif(12/08/1992)

Afghan, New Zealander poet Wida Tausif, born in Afghanistan in 1992, comes from a very well educated family; her mother a teacher and her father a 'government director' and as has been the case for many Afghans, Wida and her family fled to Pakistan and stayed in Peshawar for the next 9 years. Her father and brother were the only breadwinners in the family at that time and life was uncertain. They decided to register with the United Nations High Commission to find a safer environment for the family to live. Encountering many hurdles along the way, they were eventually granted residency to New Zealand, which Wida felt was 'the furthest part of the world'....

Wida has just moved to Melbourne due to the earthquake that struck in Christchurch recently. She now enjoys living in Melbourne, a much safer environment where she has an equal chance for a first-class future.

Wida successfully completed high school in 2010 and is quiet content. With a very real talent for writing about her homeland and her many emotional experiences, she puts into words the often traumatic and difficult transition from Afghanistan to Peshawar, Peshawar to New Zealand and eventually to Australia.

Quoting the young woman herself, Wida's main goals in life are to 'bring light in my people's heart and keeping our Afghani culture alive' by writing and becoming an official representative of her beautiful country. Wida is one of the many young and upcoming talented Afghans who are not only in touch with their roots but also on a quest to encourage others, despite living far away from her beloved country. Wida does this through her beautifully deep crafted poetry. Other communities outside of our Afghan community are captivated by her poetry.

Bernadette Hall, a well known NZ poet, said of Wida's poem Sweet Afghanistan '...reminds me of some of the work of South American liberationist poets, like Neruda and Vallejo'. Wida should definitely pursue her writing. This same poem was nominated in Canterbury during National Poetry Day (competition) 2010.

The vibrant and passionate young woman that Wida is, is reflected in her writing, with much to offer readers who would like an insight into the beauty and heartbreak that is Afghanistan.

Wida's talent and quest to bring honour to our treasured country Afghanistan is very admirable.

22nd February 2011 Christchurch Earthquake

A day filled with mourning,
a day when life was so short and dear,
a day that will never be forgotten,
the day sorrow taught us to fear.

The day the earth raged a storm,
and destroyed my beautiful town,
took hundreds of lives.

Drop by drop,
tears dropped of the canterburians' faces,
they were left with the entire world's grief,
on their shoulders.

Some lost their loved ones,
and some were left alone,
with a wounded heart.

Loved ones buried under rubble,
feeling hungry, thirsty, weak, bleeding,
and waiting for some small relief
from this grief.

Dear Lord,
protect and comfort all the canterburians.

Dear Lord

Give us courage,
strength to get through this terrible time
and heal the sick and wounded

Dear Lord,

take care of those whose loved ones,
are lost and injured

Even with the loss and lack
remains a small hope,
that someone will walk out of the building alive....

Wida Tausif

A Farewell To A Manager

'Today brings the end of our trip
our time as a group is now over, that's it
I love the simple word hello
It always rings an enjoyable bell
But one of the saddest words i know
is the tearful word farewell.
The word farewell often brings tears
And I've never known it to bring happiness
in fact the time you say farewell
could also mean your very last goodbye
Farewell is a feeling
of something that's gone
Farewell is a memory
that stays for too long
Farewell is everything
that's been left unspoken
Goodbye to a farewell Manager
Goodbye to a farewell friend,
I never expected you to leave but you ran away,
You said you would stay,
But just like that you slammed the door in my face,
So I guess you weren't meant to stay,
that's why I say today you're my farewell friend,
I wish you farewell,
to new and better things,
No matter how tough it is,
never give it up.
Reach for what you want,
and you'll fly into the sky.
So long, I submit you a farewell,
No matter how hard it may be to let you go.
I'll see you again, or perhaps not,
whether you come to visit or it's in my memories.
Never overlook those who love you,
I'm here for you.
I wish you a farewell,
to a new and more thrilling adventure.
Although there will be hard times,
Forget them and remember the good ones

you had here with your staff members or I should say family
Farewell.

"Now I stand here in this small field,
waiting for you to come,
I just can't face the fact that you're gone"

Wida Tausif

Ed-U-Cation

Education means proud
Time means important.
Achieving your goals means
you have reached for the sky
You are on top of the world!
No matter how tough ed-u-cation is
Never give up, you come first in life.
To be successful in life,
They say you must be ed-u-cated.
I say I use my time
They say I'm successful
I say I never gave up!

Wida Tausif

My Sweet Afghanistan

As I walk in the streets of this foreign city,
I remember my sweet Kabul,
The beautiful gardens,
And the fountains.

Oh my sweet Afghans,
I'm the Afghan who has awoken
My nation's anger has empowered me
My ruined and burnt villages have filled me
With hatred against the enemy,

I've found my path and will never return,
I've opened and closed doors of ignorance,
I've said farewell to my beautiful country,
I've seen barefoot and homeless children,
I've seen those children trying to find freedom in the last breaths,
In the waves of blood and in victory,

Oh my sweet Afghans,
With all my strength I'm with you,
Walking towards emancipation,
I've stepped up to the path of my nation,

To break all these sufferings,
All these chains of slavery,
I hope one day I could transform my country from oppression,
Injustice
To freedom and justice,
That's my only dream...

Wida Tausif

Shab-E-Baraat (The Night Of Forgiveness And Freedom)

Shabe barat,
a blessing night,
sweets prepared,
... skies lighten up,
colorful fireworks dazzling the skies,
streets illuminated by candles,
and strands of electric bulbs,
bright as day.
An experience of content,
harmony and delight,
a joyful ambiance.

The occasion,
to pay a visit to mosque,
pray to Allah(God)
to bless us all,
and rid us of sufferings.

May this peace and joy
fill the hearts of all you know;
filling empty places wherever they may go.
May the peace of shabe barat
shine around you.

Nation comes alive to enjoy the spirit,
new charms replace the old ones to protect us.
A time to reshape souls.
For God loves all,
turns his back on none,
good or twisted, ignorant or intelligent.
Shab E Barat is a night of forgiveness.

Wida Tausif