

Poetry Series

Zehra Bukhari
- poems -

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A Lesson

Series: My Fabulous Journey and teachings
Human wants money, Human wants gold
But I'll tell you what I was told:

For a change, I went on a walk yesterday
The surroundings seemed different I should say
After walking till block-7 street
I looked left and turned my feet...
Onto the road there stood I
Watching the beauty of the world below sky
My eyes shifted to a lady on the side
Sobbing with her child as he cried
I slid my hands in my pocket
Some coins I had saved for my model rocket
I gave a smile and handed her with pleasure
Inside I felt happiness is the greatest treasure...

So you see people do desire something more than gold
Because happiness stays with you till old.

Zehra Bukhari

A Long Way

Series: Fabulous Journey and Teachings

I got a million bruises on my way

I walked miles and now my feet are about to decay

I did great things and saw a new world

Now I am old with my back curled

I was taught to learn from my mistakes

My mind observes and takes-

A strong power inside me

That opens all doors without a key

I once lived and still, I do

But I would never forget

The journey I went through...

~Zehra~

Zehra Bukhari

Blue Snow

Series: Imagination

It falls once in a million ages
In the darkest evening of a day
It creates deadly images
That's all they say

Years of endless despair
and the coldest heart
Living in dooms lair
it was a bad start
Heavy tears upon the dead
Destruction is where it lead
No light, No hope, No chance
Struggling in that bloody snow dance
Afraid of suffering
In griefs and fear
Wondering when it comes this year
Killing when its coming near

It falls once in a million ages
In the darkest evening of a day
It creates deadly images
That's all they say,
That's all they say

Zehra Bukhari

Car Crash

Series: Kids Fun Poems

I was walking on the road
And blindly ahead
Came a crashing car
I fell partially dead
My head seemed dizzy
By seeing forty stars
Lying on the floor
Was I on mars?
Trapped in a world
Of guilt and lies
The clouds were black
So were the skies
I wanted to escape
But I was in my dreams
Just had to continue
Without the screams
The nightmares I saw
Unlimited and infinite
World was in danger
Out of sight
After a moment
My senses came
Memories were safe and same
But where was I?
In an ambulance truck
I remembered some more
Oh! Just a car had struck.

Zehra Bukhari

Emperor And His New Clothes(A Twisted Tale)

Series: Kids Fun Poems

THERE WAS A SMALL KINGDOM WITH NO SCHOOL
INSTEAD RULED BY AN EMPEROR WHO WAS A TOTAL FOOL
NO ONE WAS BRAINY AS THEY DIDN'T READ BOOKS
BUT THE EMPEROR ALL CARED ABOUT WAS CLOTH AND LOOKS
ONCE CAME TWO MEN WHO TRIED TO FOOL THE KING
SAYING THEY COULD MAKE A MYSTIC OUTFIT IN A CLING
KING MADE A DEAL PAYING A LOT OF GOLD
WAITING FOR HIS ROYAL OUTFIT AS HE WAS TOLD
BUT WHEN THE EMPRESS CAME TO KNOW SHE DID NOT AGREE
VERY ANGRY BUT COULD BE CALMED BY BLACK TEA
SHE DEMANDED CLOTHES TO MATCH WITH HER RUBY CROWN
ALL SHE WANTED WAS A PERFECT RED SILK GOWN
THE KING ARGUED AND SMOTE HE WANTED HIS BEFORE
EMPRESS SAID 'NO' AND STOMPED AT THE FLOOR
BUT THEN CAME A CHILD WHO STEPPED ON KING'S CAPE
AND YELLED HARD'STOP FIGHTING THE MEN ARE ABOUT TO ESCAPE'
THE KING WAS FURIOUS AND FULL OF RAGE
HE SHOUTED 'CLOSE THE GATES AND DUMP THEM IN THE CAGE'
NOW IT WAS TIME TO FACE THE WRATH OF THE QUEEN
SHE WAS IN THE MODE OF BEING MISS MEAN
THE EMPEROR SAID'I WAS ABOUT TO BE FOOLED BY TRAITORS'
QUEEN SPOKE'YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THEY WERE NO FASHION
DECORATORS'
THEY BOTH WERE SAD AS THE COULD NOT GET CLOTHES THAT WERE FINE
SO THEY HAPPILY WENT TO H&M AFTER QUARTER PAST NINE
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Zehra Bukhari

Four Walls

Series: Inspired

I am surrounded by walls,
four rigid walls.

How high I climb there is no top

How hard I try I always come to stop

There is no escape, Trapped for long

My heart beat plays a rhythm all along

The day I thought I won't quit and restart

The four rigid walls were broken apart

Zehra Bukhari

Glass Stone

Series: Imagination

The stars didn't twinkle
Or I could not believe
from last midnight
my senses didn't retrieve

I dreamt of a cave
Its every corner black
But a fading glow
which helped me to track

I followed its gaze
and was surprised to find
the rarest crystal
I could remember within my mind

I picked it up
And closely looked
It was so attractive
that I kept my eyes hooked

Just then it broke
into a million pieces
I cried with sorrowful eyes
As my tear flow increases

Later I woke up
With no memory of that day
I opened my mouth
As if I would say-

'The stars didn't twinkle
or I could not believe
From last midnight
The Glass stone didn't retrieve'

Zehra Bukhari

'She'

Series: Just a poem

She was in the hallway with a dim light
and felt like a shadow walking in the night
Then as she enters a place she'd never seen before
The door slams from behind and scares her to core
As she observed the new destination she arrived
she could see the whispering souls who survived
She closed her eyes trying not to weep
Next time she saw a coffin where SHE lay asleep

Zehra Bukhari

So Fiery, So Watery

Series: Imagination

The ashes of the burnt
crumbling black they learnt
a shiny spark within my eyes
As the hot flames rise
Its slowly turning red
'More heat and heat'- it said
Grey smoke in that light
It keeps on getting bright
Melting everything in way
'Stop! ' is what I say
Its slowly turning red
'Warming you'-it said

Into the depths at dark
Vanishing every clue and mark
Swiftly flowing at night
Reflecting crystal moonlight
Its cooling all the days
'Jump in'- it says
A drop gently sprinkles
Freshening all my wrinkles
I feel showered and bold
More wet and its getting cold
Its cooling all the days
' Drowning you'-it says

~Zehra~

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Voice Of A Different Soul

Series: Just a Poem

I am nothing but I mean a lot
Against the gift of Darkness I bought
In trade for my mortality
That hides behind the loathing sea

No answers to my curiosity
Oh the Lord, The Almighty
Some in grace, Some in fear
Of strength that strikes and tear

The sun, the wind, the flowers I see
All around nature tree
Cloudless sky just still and there
Forms a view that was meant to stare

I don't live in the world of yours
Where creation teaches and lores
But differences that each one holds
Who has Luck? What is fair?
When will they learn to share
One's in money, Two's in poverty
I realize that but human can never see...

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