

Poetry Series

**Mohammad Muzzammil**  
**- poems -**

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## Mohammad Muzzammil(2nd July,1986)

Mohammad Muzzammil Shah resides at Qazipura-south in Bahraich. He thinks himself a lifelong student. He belongs to a well to do family. He father runs a shop of cloth near Chowk bazaar. They are six brothers and five sisters, and he at fifth number in brothers. He was not a good student until he reached in High School. His brother, Mohammad Talha helped him alto financially in tuitions' fee. He didn't know English well or he couldn't think that he would compose poems in English. Mohammad Akmal Nazir, the master of language taught him English and made him able to read, write and speak English. Before this, he would write his poems in Urdu, but there was no attraction due to lack of love fragrance. So, I decided to love someone to observe its matters so that his poems are rich in expression.

He loved a girl that was his coaching mate. He was glad beyond proper limits when he proposed her, but received no response whether in affirmation or negation. He was lingering on and also thought that he had done something wrong proposing her. May be she was pious and didn't like these things, but it was clear soon. He came to know that she had many boy friends and his heart tossed to break when she expressed her love with boy of his own batch. One day she was passing with friends by me, his heart spoke out:

Cheater, cheater, these are passers,  
Jaunty face but black heart,  
Smiling face but true love apart,  
Like a bad book but good covers.

And since then he began to write in English. He wrote so many poems that not only contains love matter but also deal with Nature. He visited Mumbai in 2008 completing my graduation in art stream. He loved to visit seashores. Once emotions aroused and he composed his one of the best poems "Bandstand Beach". He stayed there with his brother. But, after 40 days staying there he came back because he failed to get a job there. After returning from Mumbai, he joined Standard Crescent School and began his career as an English teacher. He left this school after two years for the betterment, and joined Galaxy English School.

His poems were published in an anthology "In Praise, In Words, In Ink". After that his first poetry book "On the Heat of Emotion" was published Canada. He organized a poets' group and recently published the first anthology "Wordsmiths' In Their Verses". This book contains the works of global poets. He is now Vice-Principal in Galaxy English School, Bahraich.

To contact him, send him on mmil@  
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Links of his books

# A Ballad Of Love

She brought joy in my life,  
Like the sun in the world,  
All sorrows got the way out,  
And she rained love upon me,  
The happiest soul I considered myself,  
As her love let me see nothing else.

I began building a palace for us,  
It was charming like our love,  
Because of her strong faith in me,  
She became glad and promised,  
To live together as I proposed,  
Her favour and love all life long.

She spoke in mournful voice one day,  
Tears were washing her pretty cheeks,  
She couldn't be my life partner in this life,  
Because her parents fixed her wedding,  
To her cousin whom she never liked,  
But she had to do for their hour's sake.

I consoled and talked to her parents,  
But the mate of obstacle was the caste,  
I tried to break this mighty wall but failed,  
All our dreams ended in smoke,  
The palace of love collapsed in the storm,  
But I still ask her in my prayer.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# A Charming Night

Breeze blows and inspires me,  
That comes and goes through my heart,  
Like spring walks slowly on the lea,  
Or moon beams alights and start,  
Moving on mount, field and river,  
I watch the twinkling stars and delight,  
That are lying like diamond but shiver,  
I sit here alone and praising the night.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# A Child's Dream (On Gujrat Riot)

This is a dramatically poem on the Gujrat riot...>

Once while sleeping I saw a dream,  
In a beautiful ground was playing,  
That was lying near a lovely stream,  
A pretty smile was the sun displaying,  
Grass was tickling when we'd run,  
And dew disappeared as shone the sun.

In the game, so fast I ran,  
And found myself far away,  
Saw back but no friend I sought,  
But my eyes met an old mourning man,  
May be, he forgot his own way,  
I reached him curiously in this thought.

When he turned his lovely face,  
I recognized, Ah! Our National Father,  
Whose tender heart was full of grace,  
'Why thy eyes wet? O my father!  
Practising on thy doctrines, now India is free,  
But, ye weeping, O ye must be glee.'

Wiping his tears he broke his ice,  
'Why to be happy and on what to be gay? '  
He spoke in his woeful voice,  
They again and again me slay,  
My home affected by violent flood,  
And my yard is full of human blood.'

'I'm unable to imagine, O what we say?  
How thou be slain again and again,  
While from thy home thou far away,  
And on thy attire, how is this stain?  
I've seen thee cheerful in my books,  
But, why sorrowful thy face looks?

'Open thy mind and understand me, O child!

Where peace resides the place I attain,  
And thou know well that I've been mild,  
Thy white clothing leaders made on me stain,  
Ah! Gujrat, My Gujrat is full of human blood,  
Wild Modi has brought a violent flood.'

In his tearful eyes I saw horrible sights,  
Men be killed, burnt, cleft and badly drawn,  
Surrounding one be ripped if one who fights,  
Tearing womb, infants are wildly drawn,  
Infants're cleft before their mothers' eyes,  
With a painful cry I closed my eyes.

Mohammad Muzzammil

## A Dusk In Nepal (At Returning From There)

The sun calls back of its rays,  
And ready to go far behind,  
Birds and cattle are on their ways,  
To reach home before the day turns blind,  
A lark comes and clasps its nestling,  
With my friends I see at the road,  
Rolled down eyes pearls, I kept on smiling,  
I miss my mother badly in abroad.

It gets dark, wild, bitterly winds blow,  
And this cause the cold to grow,  
By and by we make our pace slow,  
And into a creeping bus in a row,  
My emotions let me on my fancies fly,  
All of sudden, I unwell vomit twice,  
Once at a man whom to aside I try,  
But journey has been certainly nice.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# A Failure In Love

Oh, how sever the heart's pain,  
In the love, did what I gain,  
Writhing my heart and eyes rain,  
I forget her, but in my dreams remain.

First awoke my sleeping emotions,  
Promised with me to stay lifelong,  
Her lovely eyes made in me commotions,  
And sang to me a false love song.

Likely she loved me as showed her gesture,  
So, I proposed and gave her gifts and rose,  
But, her return taught me a lesson for future,  
Cause I was given only tears and pathos.

Ruined me her coral lips and rosy cheek,  
I sacrificed my everything and too, myself,  
In a diana a tender heart I tried to seek,  
But, given me faithlessness by my elf.

Lament! For her I lost my delights,  
And like blind believed did what she speak,  
I missed her badly all days and nights,  
But, she pushed in ditch from the love-peak.

~20-08-07

Mohammad Muzzammil

# A Merciless Jill

I was in the forest one day,  
With my friends and marrows,  
All of us were very gay,  
We were happy and out of sorrows.

Suddenly my eyes caught a pretty jill,  
She was pacing like a hart,  
To talk to her was my will,  
She made place in my heart.

I forgot all seeing her glamour,  
Going to her was my intention,  
I was captivated by her murmur,  
She turned back realizing my action.

As moon was her beautiful face,  
And eyes were brighter than stars,  
There was smile on her face,  
She looked as she would reside on stars.

Her foot were light and hair long,  
And was attractive, too much smart,  
To the fairies, she must belong,  
And her song touched my heart.

She pointed at me to move with her,  
We were advancing an edificeward,  
She was too, I was very gay with her,  
Touched my heart her every word.

Reaching edifice, it began to rain,  
He face turned into full of pain,  
Telling her tragedy, her eyes began to rain,  
I consoled and assured her to fain.

There she fed me fairy's food,  
And her eyes showed love for me,  
She sang a song in fresh mood,  
Hearing her song, I was very gee.

She refused me to go back,  
And gave me a bed to sleep,  
I felt comfort when I put my back,  
She came and lulled me asleep.

My eyes opened at mid of night,  
In slaughter house I found myself,  
I stood and saw a horrible sight,  
Cut heads were lying and nowhere my elf,

Suddenly she appeared with a sword,  
And was advancing towards me,  
She didn't speak even a word,  
And reaching, she stood near me.

While laughing she turned a bad spirit,  
I was about to be slain by her hand,  
With God's grace, she was badly hit,  
By an angel, she killed and fell on the sand.

(14th February,2006)

Mohammad Muzzammil

# A Rainy Day

On the summit the sun was shining,  
And whosoever dared to get outside,  
The sun burnt one and fainted by scorching,  
And his impact stretched to the world wide,  
From the sun, everyone was seeking leisure,  
And wished to get in the cloudy pleasure.

In haste the wind came to the cloud,  
And against the sun, they conspired,  
And were keen to cow down his proud,  
To all the vapours, the wind conspired,  
Bewildered I turned my head up and ken,  
The weather changed at all of sudden.

All the clouds made a ceiling before the blue surface,  
And the puzzled sun went behind,  
And till the dark night showed not his face,  
Then the sky seemed really blind,  
The lovely, lovely sweet wind blew,  
And it began drizzling like dew.

With lightening and thunder it began to rain,  
A moment passed, it became like a curtain,  
And was alive every dead creature on the land,  
Enjoyed all in the ocean and on the sand,  
All of them thanked to their kind God,  
And began singing hymn of their Lord.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# A School Song

Lying in the sky,  
Shining at the night,  
And twinkling we spy,  
With never ending delight,  
Spreading joy all over, not fallacy,  
We are the stars of this galaxy.

The soldiers of the light,  
Fighting the darkness everyday,  
And bring them back from dismay,  
Abolishing ignorance is our saliency,  
We are the stars of this galaxy.

Have confidence in our eyes,  
In our character beauty lies,  
Cheating and lying we despise,  
And always we memorise,  
Never faden with evil our radiancy,  
We are the stars of this galaxy.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# A Singing Broken Heart

Alas! I lost my comfort and now my existence,  
Cause I saw a flower full of fragrance,  
Was pretty but surrounded by thorn fence,  
And I wanted to get it breaking any hindrance.

The flower pointed at me as same my will,  
And waving its head, it assured me,  
A was satisfied and could pass any hill,  
Only its pointing kept me in glee.

I started moving to reach the flower,  
Thorn stopped me, but I kept on,  
I was bleeding but smiling with shower,  
I felt many times but I kept on.

I reached the flower with fine intention,  
Forgot my wounds I was near my destination,  
And I made aware it with my notion,  
And a long time we did too mention.

Now I wanted to get its response,  
But it didn't speak 'on this' even a single word,  
Being on thorns I waited with confidence,  
But it dejected and made dark my happy world.

It pushed me on thorns and disabused too,  
On my will was to pluck, but it thought wrong,  
I appreciated it for its beauty and loved too,  
But it refused me and disliked my song.

I broke badly while falling on the ground,  
And my dreams collapsed like a house of sand,  
My wounds were aching but made no sound,  
And now I've no place for one to be land.

Now I've turned a stone by prayer,  
And nobody is near me as may be my dear,  
Cause I've been broken by a false player,  
And have no might to do it again, I clear,

Nobody is able to be called mine,  
Hands meet but between hearts a rine.

Rine means ditch

Mohammad Muzzammil

# A Singing Caged Bird

Strike my mind those days when I was free,  
When I'd meet my friends with love and glee,  
They excused me if I commit any misdeed,  
And also helped when I was in need.

Ah! My limitless blue surface I lost,  
On my mild wings I would fly very fast,  
The sky was my yard where I'd play,  
And searching for food flew towards clay.

When I miss my beautiful heavenly nest,  
My pining heart gives another cup of unrest,  
With my kins in which I lived with zest,  
My soul cries - For me that was the best.

Peace lies there and is full of fragrance,  
And is surrounded by flowers-fence,  
To the garden my nest makes no distance,  
Missing it, going to expire my existence.

I prefer my broken nest to this golden cage,  
Was born and have I to die in my nest,  
And it has been dear to me since my little age,  
I prefer death to slavery in golden walls, with zest.

With my beloved I would take food,  
So, alone I can't here nor she there,  
Hence we both'll curse thee in pathetic mood,  
Not only we both but also Venus somewhere.

O fowler! Set me free, we'll pray for thee,  
Thy greatness will breakout all over uneverse,  
Thy beloved never be displeased with thee,  
Nor ever befall parting: says my verse.

15/08/06



# A Virtual Visit To Egypt

The land of Moses and Aron,  
Country of Joseph, the prettiest one,  
Kingdom of Namrod and Phiraon,  
Where Abraham with truth won.

The Nile still flows and reminds,  
The fall of darkness and injustice,  
And Umar's letter inside it finds,  
Truth be in speech and in practice.

Mysterious pyramids had to witness,  
Many changes but still stand,  
The evil one may achieve greatness,  
But has to mix shortly in the sand.

Tunisia has shown public's prime,  
And taken robbers out from there,  
Now Egypt awakes, its her time,  
Drowning Mubarak in his sin here.

A flood of people stand against him,  
May their efforts bring fruits soon!  
Shouting they on the road in their whim,  
May they feel cool after this noon!

Would that a Salahuddin be them,  
This revolt may not go in vain,  
surroundings be filled with Islamic anthem,  
And Baitul Muqaddas be free again.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# A Visit To The Taj

The cycle of time never stops,  
That has never forgiven anyone,  
Moves fast, slow and sometimes hops,  
None can claim from it to be won,  
The kings or beggar it behaves the same,  
Justice, its essence and time its name.

O, the king lying with the queen,  
Thou's given a figure to the love,  
The lovers and beloveds are keen,  
To visit the Taj as pilgrim of love.  
Thousands of the people visit at a time,  
To pay tribute a to building of ever prime,

Ah! The mosque is empty but I hear,  
Silent prayer calls in surrounding of thine,  
People are surrounding thee far and near,  
They look happy but sad is the heart of mine,  
O Yamuna! Beside thee one is seeing another age,  
But time is the obstacle to show its visage.

Mohammad Muzzammil

## As You Like It

The wind blows from the west,  
And takes the clouds strongly away,  
And causes in the sky unrest,  
Kites are soaring where astray,  
Its effects lies too on the land,  
Under a tree I sit all day long,  
Where leaves are lying on the sand,  
I'm busy where composing my song.

Mohammad Muzzammil

## At An Intersection

I stand at intersection and musing  
on which road i should go  
different paths leads different goals  
which one is better i don't know.  
one is favourite of my father,  
other my mother and rest society,  
but my way differs them all.  
My mind says something that heart refuse  
whom should i follow I'm confused.

Mohammad Muzzammil

## Azad College (Bahraich)

Some moments are coming from the throng,  
Although I have left them far behind,  
Yet with me, they will be life long,  
Fresh in heart and engraved in my mind,  
Whenever my eyes on the college cast,  
I become a statue, caused by past.

Thy fence and field tell thy story,  
But silent classes are like stopped waves,  
Sometimes that would be the city's glory,  
Missing the teachers now who sleep in the graves,  
O! Thy land is sky in the eyes of mine,  
And the light of knowledge thy stars shine,

O my lovely college! O individual home!  
Thou reside in my heart and I in thine,  
The greatest place, thy mosque under the blue dome,  
Where students and teachers stand in single line,  
Ah! Thou robbed by thy own, thou lost,  
The height of education of thy lovely past.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Bandstand Beach

From the west the fast winds blow,  
By force and with lovely sound,  
By and by my emotions grow,  
And freshness is there me around.  
Uplifting their heads, waves me reach,  
And with stone and rocks they collide,  
And sprinkles water on me on the beach,  
And I try taking my notebook aside.

O wind! Thou touches the Arabian Sea,  
That comes from the holiest place,  
And so you lovely and dear to me,  
Cause therein thou bring peace and grace.  
May you blow through my sad heat,  
And bestow me might to face the world,  
O thou current and love thy art!  
So Wash with love my every word.

Now darkness begins growing much more,  
And standing I am not single fellow,  
Lovers gather with beloveds on the shore,  
Busy in love and romance but slow.  
Who is true mate on the way of love?  
I've remained my aspirations with me,  
Like twinkling stars so high above,  
But reflection is merely in the sea.

(composed on November 5th,2009)

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Buddha Himself Weeps

The wind passing by me,  
Has blood smell with cries,  
By and by I open my eyes and see,  
Wounded humanity before me lies,  
In the lap of Buddha her head she keeps,  
Seeing her misery, he himself weeps.

The Last Mughal comes to him in white attire,  
Speaks softly having tears in his eyes,  
'Who has disturbed me by putting fire?  
Why hurt humanity in thy lap lies?  
Brought me here from India for final rest,  
I've been given for her the sacrificing test.'

'Anger is the foe of peace and brain,  
It has put fire that forced thee arise,  
I have come to heal my daughter again, '  
Buddha speaks having tears in his eyes,  
'They are not mine but wild criminal indeed,  
They will have to pay someday for their deed.'

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Child And Mother

Child

Mom! Stars which lying on the sky,  
Twinkling they are as they be shy,  
Stare they sportive at me, it seems,  
And pointing at me with their beams,  
Come on friend! They invite me love laden,  
Promise me to show the sights of heaven,  
I must go up through the ladder of the rays,  
Let me Mom, it is one of the ways,  
Let me go, with stars I'll fill pocket of mine,  
Half will be mine and the rest, surely thine.

Mother

O child! The stars on the black surface,  
They all'll hide when the sun shows its face,  
They're inviting not but play with thee,  
You can't reach there what you see,  
But touch the sky of the knowledge,  
That you will achieve in the college,  
Try not to touch, but be the star yourself,  
None will be able to snatch your self,  
O dear child! People who next to thee born,  
They will take thee new sun in the morn.

(composed on 12.08.2008)

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Confused

Something is missing or I am lost,  
Darkness of confusion is around me,  
I pause to know, but time moves very fast,  
What to say, I am thirsty drowning in the sea.  
My hopes are hurt and love is out of my life,  
My destination is not clear, why to strife?

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Corruption

A pretty girl entices all,  
Traps them in her beauty,  
In no time in love they fall,  
Forgetting their way and duty.  
They commit sin, but at last find,  
The cruel witch has made them blind.

Their sin's made them paralysed,  
They can't work without bribe,  
Plight of every field is realised,  
Takers of it are givers too, scribe,  
This epidemic is increasing day by day,  
It may end if whole system is changed someday

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Dawn Of Hope

Have still hope to live,  
Life doesn't end with an accident,  
Yet it gives a boost new,  
On the way of success, makes confident,  
Life is colourful, each has its own charm,  
Some benefint us, but others harm.

A street is not a world all,  
Each road ends at a crossing,  
All directions thee humbly call,  
Now you to choose one for passing,  
The world always witnesses success and failure,  
Both are essential for making a skillful life-sailor.

Spoil not yourself for your beloved one,  
Even she wants you smile forever,  
Many stars are there to be inspired by the sun,  
Deprive them of thy light never,  
New hope and life say, 'The world is vast,  
Come out into the light, leaving your gloomy past.'

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Dejection

I've fed us with my life,  
So I wish better to die,  
Weakened I'm facing strife,  
Like morning star in the sky,  
No battle I've won, so I'm very shy.

My heart that must know smile,  
Has forgotten really the delight,  
And now turned to me hostile,  
And my aspiration has taken flight,  
Ah! No person pleases me nor boy sight.

The love was ever pure like dew,  
Would inspire one to do good deed,  
In modern age it's become so new,  
And lust and money've made it greed,  
My heart cries - Ah! Love has changed indeed.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Dosti

Aye dost, dosti ki shuruat achhi ho,  
Yahi dua mangte hain ki ap ki umr lambi ho,  
Jahan tak ho sakega dosti nibhanuga,  
Apko mujhse kabhi shikayat na ho,  
Dur rahkar bhi hum dua karte rahenge,  
Tere pas koi gham ka lamha na ho,  
Har pal tu khushi ke geet gaye,  
Har pal ho roshni andhera na ho,  
Jahan tu rahe qadam, rasta khud ban jaye,  
Raste me phool bichhe ho, un me kante na ho,  
Phoolo ki baarish se mere dost ka swagat ho,  
Hoto pe muskurat ho, ankho me ansu na ho.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Earthquake

How helpless men are  
Before Almighty God,  
With all their inventions,  
Power and proudy notions,  
When the earthshakes even  
Mildly horrified men run  
To be saved but they can  
Be protected by the mercy  
Of kind God.....

Mohammad Muzzammil

## False Vanity

Peace's vanished, humanity is about to expire,  
Coming down patience and raising only desire,  
Unrest has grown in this capitalist empire,  
And our rights are burning in tyrannical fire.

Firstly Christians clashed Jews, picked up then,  
Got them settled in Palestine by the dint of powers,  
Gave her all rights that for others're forbidden,  
On the corpses of martyrs they are raising towers.

None is speaking against this unfair possession,  
Talking to give her now half part,  
Uprooting them by and by is their mission,  
And making countries fight is their art.

Demolishing two high buildings America got chance,  
Ruined Afghan, Iraq now her eyes're on Iran,  
On Nue-clear issue she's happy and does dance,  
Waiting for a fine opportunity dominating on Tehran.

Though no fatal weapons in Iraq she found,  
No country raised a query nor made made sound,  
UNO, NATO, none was near to help her around,  
America threw all international laws on the ground.

Why having Nue-clear to Iran burns her hair?  
Israel bears the same, for her it is fair?  
Palestinians are called terrorists, but they don't despair,  
On their compulsion now she gives herself air.

How long will they go with their pride?  
The world's witness, Time has never forgiven one,  
In the mist of power those who ride,  
They'll come to grief getting in the sun.

O that! There would be a powerful nation,  
Which would maintain love, peace and dignity,  
Never leave the rope of just and limitation,  
But break the magic of their false vanity.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Final Destination

Life is a long way  
Coarse and smooth path  
On which relations  
Kins, Friends and foes  
Love and marriage  
Solemnized yet everything  
Is lost by approaching  
The final destination

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Freedom

I need to haste nor I'm lazy,  
My heart is restless so I'm crazy,  
To bondage you may give pretty name,  
I can't accept cause it is the same,  
I prefer dangerous freedom, believing in bravery,  
Over being in fool's paradise, a peaceful slavery.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# God

Praise to Thee, O Creator of universe!  
Thou the Master of both worlds,  
Thou bestowed us tongue to converse,  
But, to count Thy blessings I'm short by words.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Human

When we've come from one parents,  
Why are we seperated in the world,  
Hindu, Muslim, Sikh and Christian,  
But, we're human in one word.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Life

Tears are hidden behind smile,  
Among the thorns a laughing rose,  
Or holy dew that exists for a while,  
Like struggling stars our hopes in pathos,  
But the thing that increases my pleasure,  
The uncertainty and unknown treasure.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Lovely Morning

The sun is rising with its beams,  
Pale light is spreading everywhere,  
Giving us invitation as it seems,  
Or a king bestowing gold here and there,  
The darkness's left the battle cause morn is getting here.

Mountains are glowing like the fire,  
And forest has gained the life again,  
Quick moving river-waves happily admire,  
And present dew drops that are being slain,  
In the respect of the sun like ascending chain.

People are getting up from their lovely sleep,  
And rays of the sun force them to see,  
The new morning has come with the heap,  
Of joy, hope and secret of success to thee,  
But the noble men've already got up with glee.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Man

Born from dust,  
Ruined in lust,  
A moment just,  
Mercy is must.  
Proud for what,  
That I have not  
Joy with naught  
In time all lost.  
Happy with flattery  
Until down's battery,

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Marriage

## Before Marriage

A free life sportive like a fawn,  
Or a flying bird in the limitless sky,  
Time is mine from dusk to dawn,  
And know not how to be shy.

## After Marriage

A weighty life full of duties,  
Like a fruitful but an old tree,  
That is aware of all beauties,  
And becomes grave like the sea.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Mother

At first I opened my eyes and found,  
A smiling, attractive and beautiful face,  
Seeing her I paused my crying sound,  
And began to flow on love's surface.

She empowered my body that was mild,  
And for me careful by day and night,  
Being suffered yet she for me smiled,  
And bestowed me pleasure in every plight.

The latest and sweetest gift from heaven,  
The idol of love and figure of mercy,  
Like a kindness plant, flowers laden,  
Whose fragrance has bestowed me decency.

I love paradise and wish to achieve,  
And appreciate it more than any other,  
Cause it is said and as I believe,  
Paradise touches the feet of my mother.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Muslim

Those who are muslims just for name,  
They really Islam defame,  
No future they have nor any aim,  
Like a candle without flame.

A true muslim is beneficial like a tree,  
Who is blessing and symbolizes peace,  
Invites to worship only one God, be free,  
To believe not only words but deeds.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Muzzammil

One who loves the past,  
And likes not the present fashion,  
Days upon him are vast,  
But nights sooth him with emotion,  
Sleeps well forgetting all about the day,  
And expecting favourable one someday.

The conflict him and time,  
Change himself or the surroundings,  
He wins and sometimes prime,  
Like quarreling cute siblings,  
He looks modern but his heart is old,  
And loves classical things that are gold.

He knows his glorious history,  
And puts his eyes on present plight,  
His heart weep, that's mystery,  
And have often sleepless night.  
Likes not the false hero who are mere an actor,  
But loves the old one who had great character.

Mohammad Muzzammil

## My College (K.D.C.)

The wind is cold but slow,  
By and by my emotions grow,  
Before parting my lovely college,  
Where I've sought precious knowledge,  
Sometime pretty moments I wish to capture,  
Cause I'm in the state of rapture,  
My sentiments are keen to come out,  
Which dive in the sea of my heart,  
In a charming tone they shout,  
That would touch even a stone heart.

O, my college! O, of education's sky!  
Under thee, we like birds play and fly,  
Thy lap is full of mercy and grace,  
Which inspires touching blue surface,  
Not all but some of us achieve,  
Who are true to their goal,  
Never boast, in practice believe,  
Behold the beauty with the soul,  
Distribute the knowledge the teachers of thine,  
And inspire us to be spirited and shine.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# My Dream Girl

O, as marbles of her beautiful face,  
And eyes, as intoxicating stream,  
She leaves her beauty at every pace,  
She is almost the girl of my dream.

The moon shames seeing her glamour,  
When she laughs, flowers blossom,  
As a nightingale of her murmur,  
I feel pain-free of its out come.

Nothing is so sweet as her voice,  
More than others she is holy and nice,  
She is the moon has good manner to rejoice,  
She is like venus and her styles entice.

She is an extraordinary I die for her,  
love is full of girls but she is where?

Mohammad Muzzammil

## My Friend - Zone (Mohammad Kaif)

In the list of my friend-zone,  
A person is shining like a star,  
His style is nice and attractive tone,  
And he can stand by me in the war.

Hi name is Kaif and has smiling face,  
Whose intentions're high like the sky,  
Once misguided and made slow his pace,  
Cause he is decent yet to the girls feels shy.

Many girls knock the door of his heart,  
But he opens only window to see,  
Cause, once, he too lost in this mart,  
But, now he is careful one like me.

Mohammad Muzzammil

## My Friend Zone (Afzaal)

My friend, Afzaal is a simple boy,  
A nice fellow but full of coy,  
There is beard on his face,  
Whose thoughts touch the blue-surface.

A kind hearted man he is,  
And on his nose opticals,  
He looks fit in white dress of his,  
He bears the caliber to defeat obstacles.

He words from heart attracts all,  
And compell a weeping face smile,  
His spirited nature does all enthrall,  
So, he lives in love-garden beyond hostile.

Mohammad Muzzammil

## My Friend Zone (Afzal)

The next member is also essential,  
Who is the tallest in all my friends,  
By name he is known Afzal,  
In gaining knowledge the time he spends.

Not a healthy person but he is thin,  
But has caliber any field to win,  
Many of us have been fed up with him,  
As focus of his comments never dim.

His father is good & mother a housewife,  
And for their issues they can face strife,  
Once he flew to pluck a lovely rose,  
But compelled to say "Love is only pathos".

Mohammad Muzzammil

## My Friend Zone (Arshad)

Arshad is a member of my friend-zone,  
He that bears not really a good height,  
But has an attractive face to be shown,  
And rich in zeal, pelf and also in might.

A helpful friend he is to all of us,  
His friends are boys and too girls,  
In the society he is rewarded a good status,  
But he prefers girls to the boys.

His father runs trade of a famous oil,  
My experience as my friend I find,  
On girls he does his money spoil,  
And believes in them like a blind.

Mohammad Muzzammil

## My Friend Zone (Fareed)

The next member of mine is known as Fareed,  
He listens everything with paying heed,  
At home, he is called Nadeem,  
And a handsome person he does seem.

In the morning prayer, no doubt, he is lazy,  
Cricket is his life and for it he is crazy,  
His father runs a shop of corn,  
Who reciter Qur'an in the morn.

Before men he is brave but for girls shy,  
With a girl he dare not to talk,  
If a girl calls him, he beholds the sky,  
So, beyond imagine with her to wall.

Mohammad Muzzammil

## My Friend Zone (Imram)

Imran has truly a heavy personality,  
But bears not a good height,  
His words are foolish, sometime witty,  
And he has really speaking might.

Talking to a girl he has a desire,  
And sometimes his heart tosses too high,  
After foot and face, he stares her attire,  
And pretends of taking a deep sigh.

On meeting his senior and old friends,  
He forgets often all about us,  
To them talking much time he spends,  
And likely forgets our status.

Mohammad Muzzammil

## My Friend Zone (Ismayeel)

The next member who is to come,  
He is sensitive but my lovely chum,  
Known Ismayeel and on his face is smile,  
Of truth and rumour he has a pile.

He talks clearly and to me apprises,  
Of what he has experienced in the whole day,  
And oft his mistakes he realises,  
And resolves moving daily on right way.

Once in a week he listens sermon,  
And talks seldom like a genius one,  
He acts with girls mostly like a demon,  
And appears shortly a violent one.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# My Tea Cup

O, thou look me as a cup of wine,  
As the reflection of my soul shines,  
Or a good poem with delicious lines,  
What is thy like? But thou surely mine.

Thy every draught gives me pleasure,  
As a drunkard finds in drinking hemlock,  
And find from the world sometimes I leisure,  
And feel so power to clash the rock.

O, thy tender fragrance runs inside of me,  
And really gets my sorrows out,  
Then I experience so much freshness and gee,  
And compose what getting out sorrows shout.

As a parserby seeks relief under a shady tree,  
Or a dolphin delights in only sea,  
Or a lover enjoys to his beloved to see,  
And I gain all happiness in only thee.

I feel proud when to thee in cup I hold,  
On taking thee, beyond horizon I behold,  
And thou dear to like precious gold,  
After having thee, I feel more witty and bold.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# My Teacher's Beloved Wife

Adam was alone without Eve,  
She became the source of his joy,  
Not all, but known by a few,  
Women's real ornament is to coy,  
Marriage is the solution of many evils,  
That also our requirements fulfills.

The lady is simple by her art,  
She is my dear teacher's lovely wife,  
Talks sincerely and laughs at heart,  
That has come here leading a new life,  
In kitchen, she'll be a good cook,  
But in herself is a living book.

Regarding my teacher's Mr. Akmal Nazir's wife.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# My Unrest

Pain grows sometimes behind the chest,  
That makes unrest inside of me,  
Then my surroundings I begin to detest,  
Like a hungry lion left in the lea.

The sorrow is greater than the joy,  
Like night heavier than the day,  
Stable in darkness of failure, coy,  
And tired, hungry forgot the way.

I'm here but nothing is mine,  
Every laughing face hides a pile of grief,  
I know not when my fortune will shine,  
But seeing others, I see a sigh of relief.

Short lived man has works great,  
Underneath which he lies down,  
Time is narrow so not to wait,  
Jump into the ocean of grief and drown.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Ode To Teacher

I opened my eyes and found a teacher,  
When I was an infant not a child,  
Nobody else, but that was my mother,  
Who empowered my body that was mild,  
Taught to be restless till achieving goal,  
Her teachings showed me how to talk,  
And how to pacify an uncomfort soul,  
And holding father's finger, I leant to walk.

In this running life there is a person,  
Like us, circumstances does he face,  
But shows the way that perfect one,  
And his thoughts soar near blue surface,  
His torch is knowledge and he leads the way,  
The whole universe in his eyes we see,  
Who makes us valuable like potter to lie clay,  
An ocean is he, and a few drops are we.

A worthy teacher is like a shelter,  
That he saves us from the pathos,  
And his magic voice does our way alter,  
Where we find only rose and rose.  
More splendid seat if we achieve,  
Or attain much higher status,  
He praises us but doesn't grieve,  
He is glad on our success and pat us.

His love and kindness I can't measure,  
Like limitless sky and countless stars,  
For his pupil he sacrifices his pleasure,  
Like themselves soldiers in the wars,  
Sun like my teachers in the sky does shine,  
And we're standing in the single line,  
To be inspired by his knowledge rays,  
Which lead us to our successful ways.

05/09/07

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Ode To Woman

Adam and Eve were allowed to live in Eden,  
And were permitted enjoying all its benedictions,  
But, eating the fruit of a tree was forbidden,  
God knew their all and bad intentions,  
Satan instigated to eat the fruit of that forbidden tree,  
Adam denied forcely but Eve accepted with gee,  
She took that fruit and forced Adam to eat,  
And found shortly, they lost their splendid seat.  
Acting on a woman's words the first man at last,  
Being disobedient of Lord, paradise they lost.

Everybody is unable to find her true mind,  
Her charming personality makes to lovers blind,  
They lose their all to find her favour and love,  
But find her love is still more above,  
When one proposes her, she reaches us seven heaven,  
Realizes herself prettier than Venus, turns proud,  
She flirts him like a faithless or a witch then,  
Seeks next prey she wonders and weeps like a cloud.  
Entices with her chemistry and has no heart at all,  
Never lies her love constant, she make all enthrall.

O! Woman is also a mother, full of mercy and grace,  
Lies paradise beneath her tender beautiful feet,  
And we visit to a pilgrimage when we see her face,  
And our fates decorates with the dust of her feet,  
Sister, daughter and wife are her embodiments,  
Who consoles and encourages when we lose confidence,  
Teaches us to face circumstances and touches sentiments,  
Being the key of success, she has gotten her existence.  
Notwithstanding a tender fellow she bears knights,  
Who flow blood river to achieve their rights.

She is taken as a plaything or decoration,  
No value she bears in Western Era these days,  
She lost her spiritual power and destination,  
And taken as amusement where she stays,  
Wearing nude dress, she does impress and entice,  
And reaching men's society, she does stir and rejoice,

And draws all's attention at her figure and voice.  
The queen of home has kicked her throne and crown,  
Lost her boaty veil so now she is going to drown.

The women's society seems an oyster sea,  
And obtaining a shell we dive deep in it,  
After a great efforts, we find a she,  
But shock badly, seeing pearl is not in it,  
She is jealous of her gender of one is more nice,  
And backbiting seems her by birth right,  
Impossible if four girls and produce no voice,  
She is selfish and beauty is her might.  
If one feels me boasting and tells me wrong,  
That dear should prove this, I'll leave writing song.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Offsprings Of Adam And Satan - (Satan)

Satan's Son

O issue of Adam! Believe me,  
No doubt I'm thy true friend,  
No more I will deceive thee,  
Let's discuss where time we spend,  
But, talk me not about before Adam to bend,

Thou have brain, apply thy mind,  
Fire goes up and clay falls down,  
To bow Adam was not the sense of behind,  
My father showed the wise of his crown,  
But, none could make him out, so he did drown.

Come! The ways of pleasure I show thee,  
That is based on thy own desire,  
And never goes back the source of glee,  
Of thy character they all'll admire,  
Fulfill thy desire untill thou wrapped in white attire.

I have might to run with thy blood,  
And thy heart is abode of mine,  
Where I bring lust, vulgars's flood,  
That bestows thee power and make thee shine,  
Kill a fly on Satan's name, the world will be thine.

You know well, those who much pray,  
Always seen in miserable plight,  
Fear to enjoy sin, they are astray,  
And claim God sees even in dark night,  
If God has all, why He deprives them of delight.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Offsprings Of Adam And Satan (Adam)

Adam's Son

O Satan! My arch enemy by birth,  
Thou can never be my friend at any rate,  
Ye always ready to snatch my mirth,  
That can't be done by a true mate,  
O disobedient! Keep out of my sight, I thee hate.

We have brain but also love,  
I know fire goes up and clay falls down,  
But true love soars far above,  
Thy father proud snatched his crown,  
Who couldn't appreciate love, so he did drown.

O cursed by Lord! O defamed while!  
Thou advise me adoring my own desire,  
That snatches my heavenly smile,  
And of committing sin thou me inspire,  
Thou wish to ruin my hereafter, O proud fire!

Thou have might to run with the blood,  
And reside in our heart, I don't decline,  
Tell me! Who bestowed thee this flood?  
Yes, it is God of ours of too thine,  
In both worlds my Master will make me shine.

Those who love God and to Him pray,  
Physically they seen merely in miserable plight,  
And fear to commit sin being on right way,  
Cause He sees even in dark night,  
Examine the faith of His subjects snatching their delight.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# On Going To Mumbai

Parting is the destiny of every rose,  
The garden is sad when it goes,  
Both are helpless and pain grows,  
But, fragrance yet it having pathos,  
I'm here but my heart remains there,  
And take me too lives my heart where.

I'm restless when remember the sight,  
My mother departed me with wet eyes,  
Placed her hands on my head hiding her eyes,  
Containing herself she tried at full her might,  
My sisters too put their hands on my head,  
My heart weighty, I stumbled moving ahead.

My lovely friends who're dear to me,  
Came and surrounded me with affection,  
My heart restless like waves in the sea,  
And eyes were wet like froth's collection,  
They can't be parted like the sun from its beams,  
I would often meet them in my dreams.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# On My Death

Around me stand my friends and kin,  
And a person too whose heart couldn't win,  
Grieved badly and tears they shed,  
Seeing my dead body on the bed.

Oh! open not my folded shroud,  
Let not them see my broken heart,  
Let not express my pain on the crowd,  
else none will love his beloved by heart.

Those who kicked down my lovely rose,  
And compelled me whole night weep,  
For my gifts who bestowed me pathos,  
Now hiding their faces, they too weep.

Why you have made you eyes wet,  
Wipe! Wipe! these drops of dew,  
The rising sun has ever to set,  
And so I, it was earlier view.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# On Speaking The Truth

I have heard many times,  
Of my elders speaking this,  
Speak truth even ye commit crimes,  
And please God by doing this,  
If the truth you always speak,  
Your head will be high like a peak.

The most senior in saints of all,  
And Abdul Qadir was his name,  
Advised his mother telling not lies at all,  
And obedient son did the same,  
Before the robbers the truth he quoth,  
Its result, to mend they took oath.

No doubt speaking the truth is hard,  
Like the steam from the water,  
But hearing the truth is too much hard,  
Like from steam being water,  
I be hardly recognized by thee,  
My mostly friends are against me.

That he be happy like skylark,  
On muddy ground does never land,  
Reaching his nest before being dark,  
So never he falls on the sand,  
And can soar does where he desire,  
No stain is there on his attire.

For a truth many lies be told,  
Like the sun by clouds hidden,  
And as smuggling the precious gold,  
But, miraj ends at all of sudden,  
When curtain removes from the sin,  
The truth will certainly win.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# On The Beginning Of New Session

The train of this new session  
Is ready for the next station  
Whistle is blown signal is clear  
But some people are still running near  
Haste, my friends! The train gets its pace,  
God bless divine grace! God bless divine grace!

The train is slow sometimes fast  
The sky is clear sometimes overcast  
Crossing all form of the land  
We sit peacefully sometimes stand  
Our eyes have confidence and smile on face  
God bless divine grace! God bless divine grace!

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Orthodox

Love to whom, who really lover you,  
But never hate who does with you so,  
Kindle the revolution in the heart of you,  
And remove the baseless tradition like a foe.

In a town, there lived a handsome boy,  
There lived a girl too, full of coy,  
Both were young having strong intention,  
They would meet and did long time mention.

The time passed their love got its culmination,  
Castes were different but had sinkie thought,  
And wished to marry they had determination,  
And life-partner in each other they'd sought.

Race was the single obstacle in their wedding way,  
They eloped and married and enjoyed a marital life,  
Cause they never dare to their families say,  
Now they began living happily but with strife.

Both families got angry knowing this deed,  
His father warned not to come back,  
They would be killed if they paid on heed,  
All seasons passed, they didn't come back.

He begot four children with the passage of time,  
Now their children got their prime,  
Passing twenty years, once he thought,  
Their elopement likely they had forgot.

With his family he started for his home,  
To see his father's home children were keen,  
Cause they had been fed up living in single home,

Cause their grandparents they had never seen.

Reaching that town, it began to rain,  
Children were wet like blossoming flowers,  
Somehow he managed to reach the door again,  
Door was knocked snackly like it showers.

The door being opened, emerged his mother,  
Seeing them her joys knew no bound,  
Kissed and hugged, and let them enter,  
And home filled for sometimes with joyful sound.

The father saw them, became red and red,  
And frightened mother her tears began to shed,  
He roared, ' You've lost my dignity,  
So, on you can never be taken pity.'

He pushed into his room, emerged in little time,  
There was gun in his old hand,  
Shot at all, like attacks a lion in his prime,  
A moment passed, all six were lying dead on the land.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Our Nation India

This is what we children dream,  
To make our lovely nation supreme.

Our land is of martyrs and sages,  
That is known for bravery for ages.

No one can break its strong unity,  
Runs smoothly from past to futurity.

Variety of faith, language and culture,  
Put us always in the state of rapture.

Flowing rivers and and playing fountains,  
Our glory echoes among the mountains.

Forest are the ornament of the country,  
That are the main source of our prosperity.

With their sacrifice they got India freed,  
In raising it high now we have to succeed.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Poverty

Poor are they who fail to gather,  
The necessities of daily life,  
Clad in rags and belley implores for bread,  
So hunger has made them idle and weak,  
People walk by them muttering, 'How dirty they are! '  
A child among them asks with innocence,  
'Are they also inhabitants of our world?  
If world is beautiful, why ain't they? '  
A boy erects in slum and says,  
' We're human beings like you are,  
We're same but different are our ways,  
Your eyes have hatred so we dirty look,  
Hate poverty but not poor,  
Cause we all the prey of time.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Real Fatalist

Fate is what i say trust,  
When we suffer a lot and burst,  
When failure shows us the way back,  
Courage our efforts lack,  
When people criticise us badly and,  
Against them we feel hard to stand,  
When love betrays and life becomes hell,  
Faith breaks and heart as well,  
When gloom covers us wanting of light,  
Nothing we can see in this plight,  
Then a fatalist is cheerful having belief,  
Everything'll be favourable, with a sigh of relief.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Roaming At Night

I am alone or I think so,  
Know not what I should say,  
But when it causes me to go,  
I roam to and fro on every way,  
Multitude of people I see me around,  
Yet deserted always myself is found.

My thoughts carry me on a journey,  
That has no end still I pause,  
To see my surroundings, worth penny,  
Or to know if I am insane or I was,  
My heavy says naught but eyes are wet,  
In search of what I wander after the sunset.

Ah, the moon! Thou art unto like me,  
Alone you are amongst the thousands,  
So do I on the earth out glee,  
And find my body out of soul stands,  
Whenever at you o moon I gaze!  
Find myself burning in love's blaze.

Mohammad Muzzammil

## S Tribute To Doctors

A simple person with golden heart&lt;br&gt;  
The incarnation of love and mercy &lt;br&gt;  
Smart work with patience is an art&lt;br&gt;  
That he does daily with decency &lt;br&gt;  
The best gift of Almighty God&lt;br&gt;  
That knows friend nor foe, but duty&lt;br&gt;  
Saves our lives&nbsp; that we agreeely nod&lt;br&gt;  
The equality of his profession is his beauty&lt;br&gt;  
The chosen creation of the creator&lt;br&gt;  
Nobody else but that is a doctor.

Mohammad Muzzammil

## Shabaab (Youth)

Waqt ki andhiyon me udta ek khwab hai,  
Zeest ke nisab ka ek haseen bab hai,  
Jahan ki taqaton ka jo bus ek jawab hai,  
Han yahi shabab hai, han yahi shabab hai.

Dagmate hain qadam antheron aur ujalo me,  
Fans ke rah gaya her shakh husn ke sawalon me,  
Zikr hai tera subh o sham ishq karne walo,  
Chalte hain rahon me bus apne hi khayalo me.

Her qaum ki azmat ka wo jo ek nishaan hai,  
Her inqalab ka jo hai dil aur uski shaan hai,  
Rah-e-haq me badhne ko yun to her ek qurbaan,  
Hai Khuda ko bhe fakhr agar aya koi jawaan hai.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Sir Syed Ahmad Khan(A Revolutionary Person)

A great person of the earth,  
That never flew in the sky,  
Gave his people a state of worth,  
Now freely where they fly,  
Yet no head be raised before him,  
Like a poor lamp before the sun dim.

All the hopes when ended in smoke,  
And future seemed extremely dark,  
His revolutionary thoughts stroke,  
And then appeared a revolt spark,  
That opened sharply their mental knot,  
Which circumstances had slowly brought.

In the storm he contained himself,  
And lit a candle of the knowledge,  
Gathered his wise people like pelf,  
And shaped his dreams into a college,  
That is our glory and matter of proud,  
Where Sir Syed shines yet being in shroud.

Mohammad Muzzammil

## Some Grievances

My heart beats so fast and does me inspire,  
My patience has gone and now my calm desire,  
Fate plays with me, and with chance conspire,  
Of my emotions I see burning in the fire.

My thoughts are wounded and heart is full of pain,  
A faithless mate has spoiled my brain,  
Exchange of love, a broken heart I'd only gain,  
Seeing any fairy, why my eyes begins to rain?

With this faithless world I have been fed up,  
Why I always embrace false and shock,  
I dream flying in the air a high up,  
But find myself beneath destiny rock.

O time! Why thou snatched my golden past,  
Where will was getting something vast,  
And would forget what had been lost,  
Ever I would be swift, spirited and more fast.

O era! Why are you pushing me so far behind?  
And shining world's rolled me on the ground,  
And badly influenced of my calm mind,  
A faithful and true mate I've never found.

Why fortune is so graceful in palaces who born?  
Or whose eyes open in golden walls or pelf,  
But, why for poor it has only grief and scorn,  
In this unlucky row I also find myself.

Flowers are pretty as they've good fragrance,  
And sky is as high above as it is endless,  
And ocean is so deep as it shores make distance,  
But, why a childlike fairy is so beautiful as merciless.  
(composed on February 12,2007)

Mohammad Muzzammil

# rt's School

A blissful place on the earth,  
Where knowledge showers,  
The future of a nation takes here birth,  
And touches the sky with its towers.

How lucky we are here to gather,  
Courage and access of successful ways,  
The source of inspiration is our father,  
Teachers are shining where with golden rays.

We are flowers of this garden,  
Different in colour and fragrance,  
Smiling, waving with wisdom laden,  
Lighting up surroundings with our brilliance.

Love is our pretty way to behave,  
Faith-shining-eyes and modesty rule,  
And ready to share whatever we have,  
Cause we belong to rt's School.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Struggle With Darkness

The sun set and it was being dark,  
A pitch dark night had fallen,  
No light was there nor any spark,  
A star shone at all of sudden,  
And found all his friends sleeping,  
He went and tried them awake,  
One of them got up from his sleeping,  
And asked why he made him awake.

Asked him making the earth light,  
Cause there had fallen a dark night,  
But, his reply was then shown,  
'What can be done, O friend! Alone?  
Without the moon we are what?  
Against the darkness can't be fought,  
Let's go to awake our moon  
The earth may it light up soon.'

They both reached the moon and found,  
The moon was lying on the ground,  
And appeared, she was not fine,  
Cause she had drunk the evil wine,  
Unfair gifts had she been given,  
For shining not in dark night,  
Forgot she, her duty at all of sudden,  
And let the inhabitants of earth fight.

The moon ordered them to go and sleep,  
'What's the use for them weep?  
We'll be given gifts for this deed,  
And on duty we find nothing indeed.  
'Second' of both agreed with the moon,  
He went and slept very soon,  
'First' was worried, but nothing spake,  
And he put himself at stake.

He went respectively to each stars and;  
Requested them to get up and shine,  
Initially they were afraid being mixed in sand,  
At last they all accepted his wine,  
All of them when began to shine,  
Like the ornaments of the sky,  
The moon felt a tasteless wine,  
On herself she was shy.

Getting up, the moon begged sorry to all,  
And she shone at full of her might,  
Lighten up was every mount, forest and wall,  
And became silver the whole sight.  
This revolution if on the earth befall,  
No country would be worried but delight,  
Be alive, no of your leaders can thee enthrall,  
But know the deference between Black and White.

25/02/07

Mohammad Muzzammil

# The Birth Of A Poem

When I feel hard,  
I hold my pen,  
It runs soothily  
Like the water in the river,  
Or wind passes sweetly.  
Words from heart  
Come out through our lips,  
By and by they collect,  
On my notebook I see,  
A poem is born.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# The City Of Silence

O, those who are in their graves!  
We've brought a mate of thine,  
Who just now bade farewell the waves,  
And took the next of cup of the wine,  
You all have left the world before us indeed,  
And advancing silently towards their goals,  
Riding everyone on his own steed,  
Like thee we are after setting free our souls.

I like forefathers buried in this land,  
The sober people had calm desire,  
Whose intentions were rock not the sand,  
Whose hearts were shining behind their attire,  
The martyrs decorated it with their blood,  
And the saints, for them it is heaven,  
Who brought revolutionary flood,  
And whose preachings hit the evil and weaken.

The dark night is born in the shining day,  
And darkness covers the whole world,  
But they feel neither grief nor gay,  
Cause they belong not to this world,  
The day breaks daily and birds sing,  
But can't raise them of their song,  
They will be awakened by the Great King,  
Ripping the graves, they'll run to take their 'Life Long'

Mohammad Muzzammil

# The Clock Tower Of Bahraich

In the middle of the city,  
There is a tall and lovely tower,  
It has become our dignity,  
Which would be sign of British power,  
It's stood for a century and to witness,  
The changing moods of the town,  
Sometimes becomes political greatness,  
And sometimes emerges with religious crown.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# The Cottage

Nobody can weigh respect and love,  
Wealth can't weaken them or power,  
Nothing can tempt cause they're high above,  
Where, there dwells knowledge bower,  
People seek in royal robes and towers,  
I've sought in a hut that is small,  
The place is blessed where knowledge showers,  
Only hut to them, but to me the world all.

It has been shined with math's golden rays,  
That sun has set but redness is still there,  
To mark the people to their successful ways,  
Now, a silver light of English's shown from there,  
That's witnessed many ups and down,  
And proved talent doesn't need one, but itself a crown.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# The Cry Of Babri Masjid

The wind has sound but slow,  
Carries dust blowing around,  
I lay keeping my head on pillow,  
Far from my home on a mound,  
Bewildered I badly, opening eyes what is found.

The particles've taken a form, a figure,  
Hair untied and tears in the eyes,  
Knowing its identity I'm eager,  
Before opening my mouth, she cries,  
'I'm the dust of Babari Masjid, O memorize! '

'The mosque that would be grand,  
In the region of Ayodhiya, glorified,  
Some cruel and lunatic people demolished it and,  
The mosque-holy place was impurified,  
So, I'm unchaste and miserable, once dignified.

'Hiding my tears, I begin to speak,  
'How can we get thy glory back again? '  
'Lack of faith has made you too weak,  
Because of the differences, your efforts go in vain,  
When you have unity and single purpose, you shall it regain.'

Mohammad Muzzammil

# The Fair Bread

The sky is clear and scorching the sun,  
Hot wind blows fast along with dust,  
None seen outside but children run,  
Who are beyond the evil of rust.

A man appears having staff on his head,  
Who is a perspiring poor hawker,  
Shouting loudly, he's moving ahead,  
Who is weak but strong as a walker.

Some children buy and pay for it,  
And he moves with his earlier pace,  
The gust of wind and the sun him hit,  
The sweat with dust lies on his face.

Coming home, he takes rest on his bed,  
And thanks God truly for His grace,  
Cause he's earned the fair bread,  
And, so satisfaction sits on his face.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# The Fate Of Love

The sky is limitless dome,  
All the planets are jewells,  
The night looks pretty home,  
There is beauty where love dwells,  
But, eagle always hunts the dove,  
The beauty is free but not love.

God's made men but not caste,  
They've themselves erected walls,  
In the courtyard of human, that would be vast,  
So, poor love strives flying but falls,  
The society's made among us destinition,  
The caste is the obstacle in love's destination.

I know not what the pain,  
Or what to say that I feel,  
All my efforts may go in vain,  
If my compulsion doesn't let me reveal,  
My love and intention to the mother of hers,  
In her separation, I only compose my song verse.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# The Final And Fresh Sun

The sun calls back of its rays,  
And ready to go far behind,  
Birds and cattle are on their ways,  
To reach their home before day truns blind.  
The sea is calm and fish on rest,  
And cold winds from the west,  
Passing through every mount, forest and valley,  
A spirited and melodious voice I hear,  
Wishing us warmly Keats and Shelley,  
Of coming a lively and happy new year.

The breezy blows and breaks the day,  
In the foggy morn the sun does shine,  
The pearls are lying on greenw clay,  
That really invites a revolt wine.  
Make much efforts and less endure,  
Hope to raise and fear not to feline,  
Then wait for help from the Azure,  
And joys'll wait for thee in single line,  
Singing it the wind moves everywhere,  
And says to whole creation a happy new year.

(01.01.2008)

Mohammad Muzzammil

# The Girl

Born to her parents  
With new hopes and joys  
Mother feeds and father cares  
She grows, plays with toy  
Brothers and neighbours are  
The players with whom all day long  
Hops and plays in the courtyard,  
Birds sing songs and trees smile  
Winds caress and the sun plays hide and seek.

The gracious school is that she goes  
Her group of companions grows day by day  
Many favourable events she attends  
Some give her please and some pain.

She steps in her youth  
With all her beauty and charm  
Her parents frown and think  
Of marrying her to a suitable boy.  
The day comes, she wears red suit  
And leaves her parents' home with tears  
In her eyes and memories her heart.

She has to sacrifice all  
That she has in her life  
Her parents, companions and  
Her love- a boy whom she adores.  
Goes the home of her husband  
Where she is a bride, but all strangers  
To her by all aspects  
Strives she day by day to manage  
Living happily forgetting the past,  
At last she succeeds making  
Her own home.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# The Girl In My Heart

Thou art good, has black hair,  
Lips're rosy and skin fair,  
Confidence resides inside of thee,  
In short, you are the source of my glee,  
Compassion along with beauty in thee lies,  
The gift of love shines always in thy eyes.

O, the people of my time,  
How can I pause that is prime?  
It encourages me making her bride,  
And then this storm will subside.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# The Heart And Tongue

Why so much twist and proud,  
Being a man of honour,  
Forget not your own shroud,  
That's lying in the corner,  
Behave well as the heart,  
Or the tongue so flexible,  
Lean from them this art,  
That immortalize us possible,  
God Himself has given them no bone,  
So harshness of them shouldn't be shown.

By- Mohammad Muzzammil Shah

Mohammad Muzzammil

# The Impact Of Love

Love is pretty, sweet and kind,  
Like a beautiful hillside morn,  
Blowing breeze and fragrance bind,  
Then it is in one's heart born.

Life is the knot without love,  
Like a dark night without moon,  
Or something alone high above,  
Writhing badly in scorching noon.

Love is mighty, can make and mar,  
Has many forms and many names,  
Its absence brings hatred and war,  
But, storm and disaster it tames.

Love is holy, His books and favour,  
Creation of angels, man and universe,  
His mercy, prophets and their endeavour,  
It also makes me compose this verse.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# The Moon Of Eid

O, the moon! We've gathered,  
To catch thy lovely sight,  
Thou art harbinger of joy,  
And on thy face lies delight,  
Children look happy, elder smile,  
Thy presence's brought them light,  
Bestowed gifts for prayer and fast,  
Their face shining in the night.

O, moon! We've pain behind our joy,  
Behold them all from thy height,  
They're homeless, orphan and terrified,  
How'll they celebrate Eid in this plight?  
One has lost one's father or mother,  
Who would feed sweets, hug them tight,  
Or parents sit dreaming their killed children,  
How is this Eid when joy's taken flight?

Mohammad Muzzammil

# The Plight Of Humanity

There is a glade full of flowers,  
Like a new, decorated bride,  
Winds blows slowly, it showers,  
Enjoying nature on steed I ride,  
In woods I reach happily by and by,  
But forced me to pause the deepest sigh.

Bewildered I turn back and see,  
A pretty lady in ragged attires,  
And sobbing under a bald tree,  
To ask her well being, I'm on fire,  
'Who are you and why here? I'm keen,  
Why in ragged dress, mourning thou seen? '

Wiping her tears, she begins to speak,  
'I'm humanity, for what they proud,  
But have forgotten me, so I'm weak,  
Before my death they folded me in shroud,  
From the beats somehow I've taken flight,  
And now you see me in miserable plight.'

Mohammad Muzzammil

# The Poet And The Sun ~ 1

Far from us thou shining in the sky,  
Thy golden rays wake up early in the morn,  
And convince the birds hopeful singing fly,  
Meadow is thy owed and too greenw wood,  
Cause source art thou truely of their food.

To the whole universe is expended, O, thy empire,  
Thy impact lies in the ocean and on the land,  
And thy reflection is also there on the sand,  
All are effected by thee, pray to be and aspire,  
None is able seeing boldly thee face to face,  
Who empowered thee? O splendour of blue surface!

O, who gave thee power in sky to shine?  
The moon and stars are standing in single line,  
To be inspired by thy powerful, golden rays,  
Which lead them to their bright ways,  
O, gold like sun! Tell us who gave thee might?  
We wish to be thee being in dark night.

O, ever we would be shining on the earth like thee,  
In our hands were there mounts, lands and sea,  
The sky was in our favour and clay with us glee,  
And our empire was stretched to where you can see,  
But, what misdeed we commit or did anything loss?  
For what the whole universe is with us cross.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# The Poet And The Sun~2

The Sun

O, it is enough, issue of Adam, make me not shy,  
Thou shine on the earth and I in the sky,  
The light of thy wisdom is brighter than me,  
Thy knowledge bears the same what my beams,  
I take a journey daily from the east to the west just for thee,  
Cause thou art the reason of all my dreams.

Ah! But ye proud on only being the best creature,  
And standing at the same place did wherein ye venture,  
Thou jealous if one of thee lives in pleasure,  
And move from sky to earth to snatch his leisure,  
O, thou selfish, and cheat the people of thine,  
This is why thou constant falling into disgrace-rine.

They took birth to die, who were before thee,  
And showed their lives like mirror not only fly,  
And on their might they did always believe,  
And were frightful to God and ye to die,  
The witness of thy success are sky, land and sea,  
But, thou coward and selfish so ye severely grieve.

O, create pain for thy people in thee again,  
If thy former culmination thou wish to gain,  
With spiritual laws, never, o never compromise,  
And be hopeful, shortly thy sun is to rise,  
Thou art called knights if tin remain in one,  
Else will be abolished thy being one by one.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# The Quality Of God

In torn dress a poor boy,  
Was standing near a shop,  
Greeting eyes of this boy,  
Bare footed, seeking joy in the shop.

The shop was full of rich people,  
There was selling garments and shoes,  
Toys too, something in the shape of apple,  
People were in fine dress and shoes.

Nobody paid heed at this boy,  
And his eyes were tearful,  
All were busy in buying toys,  
But boy was standing thoughtful.

A lady came there who had bright eyes,  
Accompanied the boy and entered the shop,  
Bought for him garments, shoes and toys,  
Buying all they left the shop.

Lady put her hand on his head,  
'Go now' said with love,  
Boy smiled and turned up his head,  
'Are you God?' asked with love.

She replied with smiling face,  
'I'm His slave not God.'  
Answered the boy with confidence,  
'I knew that you must belong to God.'

Mohammad Muzzammil

# The Reality Of Romantic Love

The mountains of love are very high,  
Thousands are failed in their try,  
But millions are ready to put at stake,  
That's urge of their heart, not their mistake.

One in a thousand may be successful,  
In getting true love, being blissful,  
But the words that always me bother,  
True lovers get never each other.

When they fail in getting their love,  
Reason maybe caste, religion or something above,  
They name it sacrifice hiding their failure,  
Their fake smile shows the changes in their behaviour.

The love's prey are always tameless alive,  
Cause they lose their self-control and dive,  
To forget her, in art, smoking or in wine,  
I've chosen poetry standing in victims' line.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# The Rimer And The Venus

This poem is a conversation between Rimer (poet) and Venus(goddess of love) .  
I wrote it when when my two friends eloped to wed.

The Rimer

O Venus! I wish to thee something ask,  
But condition is put of making no mask,  
Can your eyes deny the present sight?  
Or, have you realized yourself a wight?  
But, my grievances make inside me unrest,  
Like a bird sitting its broken nest,

Why for a girl a boy turns blind?  
Not long, but in short time I find,  
Leaving parents, they elope and wed,  
They get anger but tears in alone they shed,  
To whom you defend and why? In this case,  
What love is great and what is base?

I ask further while thee I've never seen,  
Is love fair in the current age?  
And tell me too, what to do and what to ween?  
While people see not heart but mere visage,  
And just is mostly in their eyes,  
What should I do? Oft my heart cries.

The Venus

Ask me rimer! I'll reply thee,  
No mark I'll put, you should be gay,  
I believe on on surface but the depth of the sea,  
So I've never experienced to be wight in anyway,  
But, thy grievances have affected my heart,  
And I hear a voice of a broken heart.

That he turns blind mere seeing glamour,  
For defending themself, they have no armour,  
Trampling parents' love those who elope to wed,

And compel both of them tears in alone to shed,  
The unfathomed love mother I can't deny,  
And those who deny, I curse them to cry.

Nothing I'm but an unseen God's creature,  
And preach to all to love what is in nature,  
Love is the greatest thing in the world, I wish,  
And the meanest one in nature if it is selfish,  
Love to whom who really lover thee by soul,  
Not a hindrance, but helps thee in achieving thy goal.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# The Scattered Dream

There lived a boy in my city,  
Who was poor but had big dream,  
Of becoming a doctor with dignity,  
And his boat was sailing good in stream.

He sat in test and qualified,  
For the admission in Bangalore,  
He thanked God and was fully satisfied,  
Now he dreamt of new ideas explore.

The day came soon, he boarded the train,  
Having documents in original to show,  
Wind turned cold when it began to rain,  
He was happy so he let his emotions grow.

Two unfamiliar men sitting beside him,  
Offered him biscuit that looked precious,  
Without thinking, he ate them in his whim,  
And soon, he became unconscious.

They took away his documents and money,  
And got down when next station came,  
The boy was robbed in this honey,  
He was taken to hospital when police came.

He opened his eyes and began to weep,  
All his good efforts became mock,  
He often cried when he was asleep,  
And all his dreams ended in smoke.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# The Song Of Venus

It is saying of the old,  
Love is precious more than gold,  
Belongs it to a tender heart,  
That can't be sold in the mart.

Being magic yet it is blind,  
Not easy but hard to find,  
By thorns surrounded it like a rose,  
Love lies in the mid of ratios.

Through eyes it alight the heart,  
Create in a heart too much unrest,  
On seeing her pace like a hart,  
One sings a love song with zest.

Heart to heart was love before,  
But now it falls on only self,  
Remains not forever but a bit more,  
And ends shortly like a delf.

Plucking stars and cleaving cloud,  
At last, love you may get,  
Thy love will make her proud,  
But, impossible to her forget.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# The Wings Of Love

The wings that help me to fly,  
Above trees, river and the wall,  
Soaring like an eagle in the sky,  
Look very little now they all.

Catch me not to cut my wings,  
They are my life, I die for them,  
I pray earnestly like a caged bird sings,  
Or breeze will bring a bad news to them.

No quarrel and boundary of the land,  
Cast, region, language or race,  
Is obstacle in my way to my goal and,  
Sitting by her to unveil her face.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# The World

How old the world is!  
When Adam and Eve  
Came down on the earth,  
We think and think,  
The storm came  
And Swept away  
The tyrants along with their pride,  
Vanished them forever.

Charming world before us lies,  
So various and new,  
Each moment is exciting,  
Hope hovering around,  
New people, things and relations,  
Surging out day by day,  
Solutions of the problems sought,  
But new one takes birth each today.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Walk Alone

Walk Alone

- - - - -

You may have thousand friends,  
Caring family and honest assistants,  
kins that are loving ones to thee,  
But you have to walk alone on some challenging ways.  
When your adventure is over  
Fruits of your labour are in thy bag,  
Your all well wishers will welcome you,  
With smile on face and garland in hands.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# War For Self Revenge

When man becomes selfish,  
Like a demon on the land,  
He knows relation nor friendship,  
Buries them all beneath the sand,  
On the altar of his desire,  
What's love? He puts belief,  
His soldier fight and aspire,  
Of getting a position and soon relief,  
Day by day they grow hatred because,  
Their war is a revenge, not for a noble cause.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Water

Shapeless, colourless being on the earth,  
Blissful, mysterious, the shining one,  
Smile to lips and on face mirth,  
The loveliest miracle that Nature's ever done.

How gentle in the former of rain!  
Gives joy to peasants and life on the land,  
Keeps sky's relation with the earth maintain,  
And with greenery it walks hand in hand.

It dances in the rivers and streams,  
Until the monsoon happens to pass,  
Being flood destroys it many dreams,  
Then people sit to count their loss.

It plays in the oceans a different part,  
Ships move happily far and wide,  
But when cyclone happens to start,  
People drown and die of thirst in this tide.

Aqua to drink, wash, bathe and keep us fresh,  
But motionless hydro makes a situation dire,  
Yet its essence gives many ways to refresh,  
Even dirty water is enough for blowing out fire.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# We Are Stranger Again

Today, my beloved  
Marries to another man  
Leaving all our dreams  
Far behind the horizon of life.  
My hopes commit suicide  
As she becomes the life partner  
To another one,  
No wait for her,  
No soothing words from her  
Nothing we are  
For each other,  
Now we've become stranger forever.

Mohammad Muzzammil

# Woman

The issue raises nowadays,  
Who can protect honour of a woman,  
And by which means and ways,  
I say none but a common man,  
Who loves her and respect her virtue,  
And knows difference between the false and the true.

Mohammad Muzzammil