

Poetry Series

**Awsaaf Ali**  
**- poems -**

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**Awsaaf Ali(27th August 1997)**

# A Poem's Art

## I

Our forbidden desires trickle,  
From our broken words,  
Desultory letters slowly shiver,  
As thoughts porous from the pores,  
These thoughts in our mother's ears quiver...  
For wishes begin to fulfill by an effort,  
We separated filthy mire from the dirt,  
Stole the warmth of a lonely dune,  
Embezzled an uncomposed tune,  
Under the dim light of the weeping moon,  
We stole thoughts from the cracked tomb...

## II

"Artists seldom create their artistic art for the applauds from relay, "  
Whence a mere creation's creation's always subjected to a devil's play;  
Stealing the flesh of the fuming corpses,  
To lie witnesses of such artistic view, the Gods halt their blind horses,  
We attached her decapitated head to her detached neck,  
Hallowed than holy, of the creation we were witnessed to create...

## III

We covered her jaws with wrinkled lips,  
And spat a tongue which we stole from the abyss,  
To her encumbrant body, we relocated limbs and hands,  
And in our imagination imagined our art to dance...

## IV

"Forbidden, shalt thou art lie, "  
For no history witnesses these arts to comply,  
Deafened by desires, we stole light of the sky,  
Holding the rusted ferrule, we painted the last lash of her eye,  
Gods of the Underworld stare bewildered from the crest,  
As for the final touch, we kiss and reshape her breast...

V

Irrevocably with disfigured lips we blew life in her ceaselessly,  
Amidst which imagining to anticipate to dance merrily,  
Lo! And then she rose, smelt she, like a wild black rose,  
We danced and chirped on the ashes of triumph,  
As wordlessly she anticipated to galumph,  
The demons laughed as she stamped our heads,  
Corpses rose and giggled on their deathbeds,  
She mercilessly stamps our mother's disfigured nose,  
As our desire, art and the fading moment forever froze.

Awsaaf Ali

# Death

Thy rose rots, ami'st my feet an' the door,  
Pleading, the fragrance its to be sucketh an' bitter wine pour,  
Blisters dropp'th from thy swirlin' shore,  
Boun'less pain stabbeth me more,  
Thy gift'd feather, thy ink pouch, leather,  
Those symphonies maketh me smile, no more,  
Beneath the cores de pumping meat, I solemnly adore,  
Curious stem o' rotten rose whispereth,  
Thy reminiscences under my chest crawleth,  
Mysterious reas'n attracteth thy death.

Awsaaf Ali

## Death: Ii

Frozen blood o' thee lie,  
I stareth thy te'rs crawleth,  
Numb fingers o' thine,  
De'd rose, soken wine,  
Waitin' fo' the soul o' mine,  
Tranquility ami'st us flasheth,  
Melancholy too faces death,  
Reminiscences t'en frozeth,  
Whispers face silence,  
Thy pouch, ink bleedeth,  
Thy feather shrinketh,  
Knees, the ground, no more toucheth,  
Thy body, und'r my roof, freezeth,  
My soul, fr'm thy body, drifteth.

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## Death: Iii

Soul o' thy chirpin' melodies,  
Ink o' thy timid symphonies,  
Collects me, t'se calmeth tranquilities,  
Requiem t'en pierceth my heart,  
Blameth me, she, consumed h've I,  
The light, b'low the gallow t'at lie,  
Blameth me, she, stolen h've I,  
The sound, droppeth o'er her lip,  
Enigmatic melancholy, me,  
Serenely, thou, me h've dippeth,  
Solemn agony, fragrance o' thee,  
Silent solace, dream o' me,  
L'ft shadows o' my licketh be,  
Eternal soul, weepeth un'r thy tree,  
Why? Trappeth my soul thou,  
Why? Not it flow an' fly free,  
Bitter wine t'en, show color o' thee.

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## Death: Iv

Strings o' de'd piano singeth,  
Voices beaneth its heart, expelleth,  
Movin' sadness o' my grave, murmureth,  
Coffin o' t'se broken love weep'th,  
Every pint o' her voice, serene tasteth,  
Every drop o' her saliva, my lips t'en consumeth,  
Eyes h've I open'd, memories t'se,  
Enigmatic'ly disappeareth,  
Hairs o' mine, tranquil breeze pusheth,  
Words within my mouth, die in t'at war o' silence,  
Shrinketh bosom o' mine, fume exposeth,  
Yet the requiem, w'th victorious head o' silence, stoppeth hath not,  
Burstin' blisters on fingers o' mine, squeezeth the throat o' thy piano.

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## Death: V

Contemporary words hath I evaded,  
Swears to swear thine,  
For the respect o' thee faded,  
Threw me, e'ry words o' fame thou lied,  
Only for t'se blasphemious plight,  
Curious cherishity o' mine birth hath taken,  
Quiet blade o' thy palm, hath rest broken,  
Unrelated bloods' related as blood,  
Mates, masked t'en thy hath brought me to cut,  
Tranquil drops o' life, heat kisseth, fast flow'th,  
Taste o' t'se machetes, my body tast'th,  
Final screams 'n my mouth, silence stuff'th,  
Drops o' my own blood t'en blind'th me,  
Lips o' thy blade seal my n'ck with t'at kiss,  
Final beats o' my heart 'n thy hand pumpeth,  
Mysterious reas'n attract'th my death.

Awsaaf Ali

# Love In Infinity

In the wild dimensions where the love raced into infinity,  
There she whispers from the black hole, 'love is just another name for  
curiosity...'

Tasting the sound that drops from her lip,  
There it licked the light under that shade of the gallows...  
When the tears dried on the banks of the dead ocean,  
The rocks rested with the air in the cave of ice...

Repeated blisses, on those lips, those repeated kisses froze,  
Where she dropped her attire and threw her velvet shoes.  
Where the heart of love shall stop beating on the curse of misunderstandings,  
Darkness shall hug the cave, where with me, you're withstanding!

Awsaaf Ali

# Mental Asylum

Chants o' thy escapin' requiem,  
Chairs on t'se broken doors dust kiss'th,  
Paint on t'se walls, incomplete rest'th,  
Nails o' mine, thou out pull'th,  
Stabs throat, the silence o' tis,  
Red hot metal in my genitals,  
Frozen blood smells serene,  
Push'th th'm limits beyond, thou,  
Bleedin' nostrils, when t'at acid crawls inside my eyes, tearin' my eyelids...  
Serene art o' thee, where shalt thou hang'th? My love?  
Pins h've o' the ground lie,  
Pick th'm up, batter on my temple, try...  
Doll o' thee, beauty o' tis, who its lips kiss'th? My love?  
Stopped heart o' mine,  
Who pull'th? My love?  
Body o' mine, dust an' tear piled,  
Who love make'th? My love?  
Wet gasoline in my mouth, flame between thy thighs, who light'th? My love?  
Melancholic story o' ours, who read'th? My love?  
Impeccable words o' th's scene, who make'th? My love?

Awsaaf Ali

# The Bleeding Smoke Of Love

Under the cloud where the velvet smoke bled,  
'Love's a curse' the smiling soul said;  
The blood in the dwarf's heart then froze,  
When an indecisive liar presented her the rose...

The fingers around which my ring would slide,  
On the clod evening, she would be, my bride,  
Breathing in, exhaling kisses, she'll be by my side,  
Where on a heavy monster, we'll go off on a love's ride,  
Behold, and kiss my eyes,  
I don't crave to know the plight...

If ever, the delusion of this imagination doesn't lie an illusion,  
On the naked dawn, I shall suck your lips; raping the confusions...  
Words will then bleed letters,  
As I look at my unsent love letters,  
Each letter now the fire shall batter,  
When your head's on my chest, nothing's better...

Let your naked breast touch my chest,  
This is a dim light in the darkness of miles, called love,  
Which gives plight, or rises all above,  
Pull me closer, don't shove,  
I'm the dead pegenon, you're my dove!

Awsaaf Ali

# The Coulrophobic

Smiles o' that clown, and jokes,  
As he whispers into my ears,  
Then fill my eyes,  
With nothing, but tears.  
Felt me, that he is gon dine,  
The chills, which run down my spine,  
His hysterical face and hat combine,  
As his dreadful eyes towards me shine,  
And that he craves for my soul, only mine.

## II

Dremt hath I, to uncover his mask,  
Abjured hath I, such simple task,  
Or in the same dream, to tie him in shackles,  
For having a look at him, my heart battles.  
He fractures my jaw with his ankles,  
And cuts my neck with broken bangles,  
With every precise and possible angle.  
I wake up and watch him playing at the rooftop,  
When my fears reach the top,  
Gazing through his eyes, my heart craves stop!

Awsaaf Ali

# The Nyctophilic

Waiting for the day to cease,  
Where I shall hug you in your nothingness,  
Knowing that you're absent of light, nonetheless.  
Everyday you die,  
I wait in the corner, shattered, broken and paralyzed with grief,  
Till you reincarnate into yourself,  
And for that love you give.  
I touch every part of your body,  
But then I haven't even touched a little part of your body.  
Fading I am, and going into you,  
For the sake of the promise that I made to you,  
For acquiring the bliss of your kiss, in turn,  
My love, I am walking away into the land of no return!

## II

Eyelids move up and I breath,  
And I try to rise,  
To make love to you, I seek the price,  
All around my coffin till the heaven's door,  
As I walk, about you, I adore,  
To the angels and the souls of dead fish at the shore,  
Now plodded a moment,  
When with you, I'm totally done,  
Under the rays of sun,  
Where you vanish more and more,  
When the soul of mine recalls,  
Recalls of you being a whore!

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# The Pluviophile

For months, I waited to embrace her,  
And then she came,  
I cuddled her with no shame,  
Standing naked under her presence,  
Like the broken door of heavens,  
She hugged me with impeccable love,  
Smiled and presented a shove,  
I was lost in her million eyes,  
And then I begun making love with her...  
Sucking her lips under her,  
I opened my eyes and realized,  
That every word she said, she lied,  
I dint lie the only person who kissed, cuddled and made love to her...  
Every person under her, she loved,  
I crawled back into my abode,  
Slashed my vein, and showed,  
The love for her, as my blood mixed in her tears,  
She wept, and there, forever, I slept.

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# The Rape

Busy street hath t'en tranquility kiss'th,  
Along my footsteps mild wind blow'th,  
Bottle o' absinthe hath the stranger consumed,  
Never to notice, an' leave my body doomed...  
Hold'th he, my hand, to check the chime,  
Throw'th he, t'at bottle o' wine,  
Pierced his nails in me as I try to escape,  
By t'en he tore open my velvet cape,  
Feeble bosom o' mine with palms hath I covered,  
As his garments in my sight, he lowered...  
I screamed as the animal in him broke its shackles,  
As he tore down the walls o' my genitals,  
With continuous strokes, numb hath I lie,  
Wishing o' the same street, instantly I die,  
Pointing at the church, I murmered, 'why? ',  
Even after he left me torn,  
The gods silently looked at me, never to reply.

Awsaaf Ali



# The Unseen Saw

The thief of Acrona, I lied,  
Robbing tourists and escaping plight...  
The inevitable magic in my eyes,  
Was spotted in the princess' eyes,  
The land beneath her legs moved,  
The time instantly passed and on the royal bed, we droft...  
Kissing her perfect bosom,  
I laughed, in the gloom,  
Then I had got her lip caught,  
And the voices of love,  
The ears of consierge caught!  
He then broke the wooden door and came in,  
Looked my face angrily and held my chin...  
Dragged naked to the gallows by the king's command,  
Hands and legs tied, pulled by the heel with the face kissing the sand...  
Legs mine, half stretched, tied by the log,  
I looked at her and heard her sob...  
And when the execution begun,  
My face covered with a thick lenin, hidden...  
Some pins of random order touched between my nude thighs,  
I could not look at the ground nor the skies...  
Four leather legs I could smell,  
Covered with mire and the saw begun to dwell...  
I felt the saw cutting me for the following hours,  
Then my soul kicked itself out my body,  
Where the crowd look at my parted body and whispered "gross".

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