

Poetry Series

Fahim Sayed

- poems -

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Fahim Sayed()

I am Physics graduate born in year 1983. Whilst in college i started listening to rock music and few lyrics inspired me and i started writing my own, that's how my poetry started. However now i take it seriously and try convey some sort of message in my every poem. I am just trying my bit to create awareness about the fact that we are human and somewhere we have forgotten it.

Clouds

Flying in the air
Through childhood fantasies,
Making friends with clouds
I recall those memories.

These snowy magical things,
Floating above us all
Who made them?
And how do they crawl.

I see them bringing the thunder,
I see them bring the rain,
They make an amazing sight,
Unbelievable frame

Now; I see them face to face
Tempted to hug them; an embrace,
I wish I could float with them,
Perhaps challenge them for a race.

Get them to play,
Songs of peace we'll sing,
Hopping from one to another,
And on the smallest I'll swing.

Pity, this experience is not possible;
without commercial aid.
I wish my body could fly;
as my imagination does.

Fahim Sayed

I Wish I Had

I wish I had someone,
Someone who I could call mine,
Someone so holy, so divine
May be not close, but far
But someone mine,

Eyes deprived of sleep, with tears flowing,
Spending entire nights, awake dreaming
Someone to share the sorrows,
Someone mine.

I wish I had someone,
Someone who I could call mine,
Someone so holy, so divine
May be not close, but far
But someone mine,

A lost promise,
Faint memories,
Loneliness repeats every night
Some hopes for someone divine.

I wish I had someone,
Someone who I could call mine,
Someone so holy, so divine
May be not close, but far
But someone mine.

A face that could make my days,
Color my nights
Bring me happiness,
Someone insight

I wish I had someone,
Someone who I could call mine,
Someone so holy, so divine
May be not close, but far
But someone mine.

It Makes You Laugh

It makes you laugh,
It makes you cry.
It makes you think,
It makes you spy.
Yes! Its love, its worth a try.

It makes you jump,
It makes you swing.
Its your autumn,
Its your spring.
Yes! Its love, simply amazing.

It makes you sing,
It makes you dance.
Its so nice,
The feeling, the romance.
Yes! Its love, give it a chance.

Fahim Sayed

It Shows, When In Love.

A little bit of you, a little bit of me
Some sort of bond, or chemistry.

A look in an eye, a deep sigh
Grounded, but still flying high

Caring words and a sweet talk,
Thousands phrases with lips locked.

A light hug and a small kiss,
Memorable moment, to cherish

The past, the present, and the future,
Like minds, but different culture.

Try; but it won't be enough,
It shows, when in love.

Fahim Sayed

Looking At My Reflection In Mirror

I look at my reflection,
In the mirror
What do I see?
I see
A body with no soul,
I see
Eyes with no hope
I see
Shoulders that have given up

My reflection says it all,
Searching for creativity with
Impotent mind,
Doing things as if I am blind
Trying to innovate,
Something one of its kind

I look at my reflection,
In the mirror
What I don't see,
I don't see,
Will to change,
I don't see
Passion to give more
I don't see,
Energy to explore

My reflection is talking to me,
It says,
I am no one, lost for identity.
My reflection is laughing at me,
It questions,
Is this real me?

Fahim Sayed

Mr. Politician

Mr. Politician

You got no soul, you got no religion,
What favors you?
Determines your decision

Mr. Good you propose to be,
Before the election,
Mr. Selfish you become,
After your selection

Mr. Politician

What happens to people, for you it makes no difference,
Thing most important to you,
Is political turbulence

How good is your politics?
Where do you stand?
Will you hold your chair?
Or will eat some sand?

Mr. Politician

You got no soul, you got no religion,
What favors you?
Determines your decision

You make deals, you make alliances,
To safeguard your chair,
You hold rallies, conferences,
With some flair

Mr. Right you pretend to be,
When signing a pact,
Mr. Rich you become,
With your interest intact

You make people believe in you,
With all the promises you do.
But very little they knew,
Honest are very few.

Mr. Politician

You got no soul, you got no religion,

What favors you?

Determines your decision

Fahim Sayed

Mumbai

They call it a city that never sleeps,
Dreams at large; everything in heaps
Buzzing all the time, different people different cons,
It got its roses and it got its thorns.

City of murmuring traffic and twinkling cars
The multi-millionaires, the movie stars.
We've got it all;
The vada-pav and the dance bars,

Crowded local trains, almost on time,
Spirit of its passengers always sublime
City where honesty is rewarded,
But bravery is crime.

Success and failure are in twilight,
City where changes happen overnight
You might be swept if caught off sight,
Got lucky, then you be on a flight

Multi-lingual, multi-religious,
City of unusual weather,
I wouldn't be wrong; if I say,
It's a city where country comes together,

Every city has its ups and downs and she is no different.
She gives me an identity and makes me proud.
City where I was born and city where I want to die,
My city! My Mumbai

Fahim Sayed

Path

Dont want to walk
the traditional roads,
parallel pathways,
commercial tracks,
political highways.

I refuse to
labor social mammoths,
be part of the same breed,
breathe in corrupted heavens,
compromise on my deeds.

I am no slave to
elected government,
the corporal society,
self proclaimed kings,
social tranquility.

I want to mouth
futile laws,
the loaded corruption,
constitutional blemish,
the racial favoritism.

I dislike
regional prejudice,
moneyed protection,
patriotic theater,
unhealthy tradition.

Where to go,
which direction,
where is it,
path to resurrection.

Fahim Sayed

Please Listen

Please listen to my heart, what it has to say
Poor little fellow, please make his day.

He has chosen you to be the one,
He is dreaming and wants you to be the dream
Fragile dream made of clay,
Please listen what it has to say.

Please listen to my heart, what it has to say
Poor little fellow, please make his day.

Miles apart, but near
So close but yet so far
Fragrant surroundings
But lonely heart
Please listen to words it has for thee.

Please listen to my heart, what it has to say
Poor little fellow, please make his day.

Beautiful weather,
Reason to fall in love
Smiling flowers,
Humming winds
Listen what they have to say

He has chosen you to be the one
Be his dream,
Please listen to my heart, what it has to say.

Fahim Sayed

Race Of Life

Life is a race and everyday is a lap,
Trying hard, but unable to fill that gap.
In need of a break, in need of a nap,
No answers to be found in books or maps.

You start it, when your born,
and it ends when your gone.
For some, little sprint and they are done,
Some are able to run a marathon.

It is full hurdles, it is full of jumps,
You cross a pit, into hurdle you bump.
It is cruel and not dump,
Life never tells you what is to come.

Healthy, wealthy, miser and wise.
everybody of every shapes and size.
will have to do it, we have no choice,
we have to run, the race of life.

Fahim Sayed

Silent Friend

She will stand out and smile,
on my achievements,
but she won't show how proud she feels,
at those moments.

she is the first one to lay out her hand,
on my failures,
she shows no emotions,
but inside she is heart broken, more than me,

She knows when i am happy, when i am sad.
She knows everything, when i wake up, when i go to bed.

When in her arms,
my world shrinks to a ball of happiness and care.
I feel no need to worry about anything,
when she is there.

She always listens to me,
and i always seek her advice,
the kindness, love, care and much more,
at no price.

World has one name for her,
i call her the same,
she is my mother,
my silent friend.

Fahim Sayed

The Race Of Life

Life is a race and every day is a lap,
A days sprint, but unable to fill that gap.
In need of a break, in need of a nap,
But no answers to be found in books or map.

You start it, when you're born,
And it ends when you are gone.
For some, a little sprint and they are done,
Some are able to run a marathon.

The race is cruel and certainly not fun,
Life wouldn't tell what is to come.
Race is full of hurdles and many jumps,
You cross a pit and into hurdle you bump.

Healthy, wealthy, miser and wise,
Everybody of every shape and size.
Will have to do it, we have no choice,
All will run the race of life.

.Fahim...

Fahim Sayed

True Lies

Come see the world with my eyes.
How beautiful is this true lies

World where everyone manages to smile
Even in pain
A world with no heartburns and
No complain

Where wealthy and the miser live happily
With respect
Where the weak and the strong are trying to solve
The same quest

A world where nature dwells and is
Not confined to boundaries
A world with free mountain river oceans and
God's sundries

Unbiased world free from racial
Favoritism
Brother to brother with respect
To region, to religion

A world with no war, no complex treaties
A world with no mourning's and no griefs
A world where everyone smiles in peace
God! Grant my wish; please! ! ! ! !

Fahim....

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