

Poetry Series

**Hajaarh Muhammad**  
**Bashar**  
**- poems -**

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## Hajaarh Muhammad Bashar(27th June 1995)

Hajaarh Muhammad Bashar was born and raised in minna, Niger state. Nigeria. She is a graduate of microbiology from Al-Hikmah and has great interest in science, novels, art, and poetry.

Hajaarh is a microbiologist by profession and a budding writer who is about to have her books on different genres in literature published.

Most of her works are on love, humanity, science, domestic violence, religion and nature. Some had appeared in sites while others are soon to be published.

# My Child

Days, weeks, and months passes by slowly  
When you came into the world of man ever so gently  
Traveling from an infant, a toddler to a child  
So weak that I thought you would die

Faint, weak, and feeble you lay in my arm  
Breathing so shallow even without harm  
And I thought all I could hear is from the shadow  
Debilitated in the eyes of the world you wallow

Lost of vigor as a whole, my lad  
But I knew your smile was strong even when you cried  
Moon and stars erupt a giggle  
As you try to play so frail in your cradle

Infirm in my arm you lay  
Until your breath fades away  
Lost in my thoughts in pain  
Hoping to see my child again.

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# My Hero

Thousands of days had passed,  
but I was still into my worst nightmare.

The sky was dark  
and rumbled so hard  
That made my stomach rumbled as well,  
I was scared,  
too scared of the darkness  
and the unknown that laces in darkness.

I wanted to go out to world,  
face it  
and show the world that I can do it,  
But this monstrous darkness was hindering my path,  
and I was so suffocating in my own room,  
with only a shallow breath to keep me through.

I knew that it was just a matter of time,  
before I cease to exist.  
I struggle,  
ruffled my hair  
and struggled all over again.  
It was becoming hard to breath,  
too hard to see,  
and very hard to hope  
I will life through.

Like a flash of light  
he came,  
My hero,  
striking through the darkness  
and finding his way to me.  
He fought through,  
And fought hard,  
until he reaches me.

His eyes held familiarity,  
they were blazing blue  
like the cloud up the sky.

He took me up in bridal style,  
taking me out of the darkness  
I hv dwelled,  
into the light,  
I have longed for.

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# Sometimes

Sometimes

I wish I was a bird  
And had wings to fly  
To fly up the sky  
With no boundaries  
Or restrictions.

Sometimes

I wish I could go far away from the world  
World that is dark and tainted  
World full of death and horror  
World full of doubts and fears.

Sometimes

I wish I could live and be free  
Have everything to myself and give  
Forget every worries or sadness  
And live  
Live happily  
Full of light and love.

Sometimes

Just sometimes  
I wish I could love everyone  
Even if I would get hurt  
And still be me.

Hajaarh Muhammad Bashar

# The Repercussion

At first  
Her eyes closed  
Fighting to breath  
Struggling to see  
Her breathe became shallow  
And then it hallowed  
With no respiration  
But out of desperation  
And extreme determination.

She fought and struggle,  
snuggled and fade  
Wallowing in tears  
Fears and regrets.

And now  
She is taking her last breathe  
The Last of her last breed  
Sharp and slow  
Painful and sinful  
Her breath was drawn.  
Foams cascaded her nostril  
As blood oozed from her eyes  
Her body pale and white  
she was breathing her last.

She cried and fought  
But no comfort  
Regret filled her heart  
She had loved the world  
and all it hearth  
Forgetting to live  
Now she is to leave.

The time is over,  
but she wants to get back,  
In despair or aspair  
She wants to relive it  
And remember to revive it.



it's over,  
it's over  
Her life is over  
Her time is gone  
And her soul would soon fade  
Into oblivion  
Away from existence.....

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