

Poetry Series

M.A.K. Pathan
- poems -

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M.A.K. Pathan(21 Nov.1989)

M.A.K. Pathan is an MBA+PGPM student, a mechanical engineer, a blogger (writer) and a cheerful person who loves to read books, watch movies, listen to music, drive his car, make presentations, talk to new people and admire the natural beauty.

Born in a suburb area of Rajasthan, a state of India, on 21 Nov.1989, the author went on to become a science student. Learned from his life experiences, his parents, mentors and peers, he became a better human being and a competitive student.

Now the author is pursuing PGPM+MBA course from IWSB, a B School in Greater Noida, India. He share his writings through [his website](#) and his personal blog:

A Red Stone

I was moving on a road all alone,
There was grass on the road and a red stone.
The stone looked scary from a good distance,
It skipped my heartbeat for an instance.

I tried to figure its original shape,
It looked special, it couldn't be a crap.
I conjured my confidence and moved forward,
I was getting nearer, it was still awkward.

The monsoon wind was soothing my soul,
Made me anxious, it was a usual stroll.
No cars on the road, no creatures around,
It was I and the red stone, between sky and ground.

I reached over to it and gave it a close look,
The moment I realized its reality, it shook.
Its one leg was stuck up, in a little crack,
It was not a piece of crap, but a red crab.

I helped it to squeak through from the crack,
Moved on to its destination, a beautiful red crab.

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Am I Sharp Yet?

I saw him coming up to me,
He took me up and washed me.
Twisted me a little; then he tested me,
I became hot and then he used me.

He thrashed me when my hands got stuck,
He pushed me aside and cursed his bad luck.
His partner took me up and looked at me,
He checked my sharpness and then he used me.

For whole day, both of them kept using,
For me it was abusive but for them, amusing,
At midnight also, I am with this barbers,
What else can I do, I am just a pair of scissors.

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An Ideal Idol

An actor from a small atelier,
An autodidact bellwether.
A benignant man for poor,
A biddable son for father.

He is a supporting hand,
His celerity shakes the land.
He bowdlerizes the governing,
He assuages the living.

Some call him callow,
Others call, bootless and shallow.
Some use billingsgate for him,
Say, acting is his bailiwick not vim.

He is chary of these blackguards,
He never castigates them.
He hears the caterwaul of backwards,
He provides a carapace to them.

Some say, his life is brackish,
Howsoever it is; he is truly an artistic bellwether.

M.A.K. Pathan

Flower Says, Cloud Replies

Oh mighty cloud, I adore you,
I wanna be like you.
You can travel to great distance,
But I can't be agile, for an instance.

Oh cute flower, I admire you,
I wanna be like you.
You are beautiful my dear,
But I look like skin of a bear.

Oh cloud my friend; both of us are same,
Humans are there to label us: nice or insane.
If we help them, they love us,
And if we fail sometimes, they abuse us.

Oh flower, you are correct my dear,
I am happy to be, like skin of a bear.

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Heaven Speaks

I am your final destiny,
Don't worry for small issues.
They are parts of your journey,
Don't exhaust, live with virtues.

You are a magnificent art,
That can never destroy.
Universe is too big,
It is endless to enjoy.

Be an honest well-being,
As you are a magnificent art,
Of universe, you can't be the king,
As you are mere a part.

I am your final destiny,
Issues are parts of your journey.

M.A.K. Pathan

Just One Smile

Smile, smile and smile,
Will make your life versatile,
Like a linn in the isle.

Smile can give you boundless joy,
It is the greatest eternal toy.
If smile is absent,
Your life will destroy.

Smile, smile and rise,
Your life would be a paradise.
Your heart will gush and face will shine,
Your life would be lissom and divine.

So please,

Smile, smile, smile and smile,
Journey of life would become agile.

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Motivating Thyself

Don't give up, just grab it up,
Have a trust, you can conquer it.

Life is boundless, have a big thought,
Set your goals; put the flaws in the pit.
Develop your inner sight, believe in yourself,
Live with passion and give a big hit.

Life is full of beauty and glory,
It's in your hand how you achieve it.
If you feel, you are very much lonely,
Sense your soul, and try to feel it.

Opportunities are open, go grab them,
Never wait to think, just get into it.
Success will kiss your steps, even before you sense it,
God is there with you, it's his way to treat.

No mountain is very high; no ocean is too big,
There is always a peak and a shore too.
Just dare to climb high, peak will bow to you,
Be hopeful in vast ocean, shore will welcome you.

Courage is what you should possess,
Extend your limits and give it a push.
Victory seeks for courage and loathes the hopeless,
Better to believe in yourself than to beat around the bush.

Recognize your own soul, find yourself within,
You have something unique, go find it.
Success is not a destination, it is a journey,
Don't try to achieve it, try to live it.

Brim up your heart with joy, throw the boredom out,
The time never stops, live it to the fullest.

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Pursuit Of Radiance

I was running on a huge mountain,
Towards a stream that seems like a fountain.
I kept on running and didn't refrain,
The run soothed me, I didn't feel pain.

The sense of 'pleasure', was my gain,
On a beautiful day, under a mild rain.
I was following my heart, keep aside the brain,
I was crying in joy, not in vain.

I tried to control; it was a steep terrain,
My speed was too high, but I was able to sustain.
I was losing my energy, that I should've retain, □
'I am gonna make it', I was quite certain.

I reached there and touched the fountain,
It was so cold but it nullified my pain.
I woke up from the dream, and tried to get in again,
It wasn't mere a dream, but 'Did I ascertain.'?

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Red Salmon Lives

A small egg hatches in a creek,
A pink fry comes out in the river.
Its siblings get trapped in a crane's beak,
This makes the pink fry shiver!

The fish eats the sea food,
And grows up into a red beauty.
It starts its journey with pleasant mood,
It swims many streams with ambiguity.

It enjoys the journey through Bering Sea,
And then moves back from Pacific.
Grizzlies wait to catch the red beauty,
Friends become a feast after a gimmick.

It gets back to home, Alaska Gulf,
And lays the eggs after breeding.
Then sleeps forever under a turf,
And then becomes part of a bing.

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Winter Holidays

Snow falls all over the place,
Cuckoo's song brings smile on our face.
We are living this winter with a joyful mood,
Celebrations going on in the whole neighborhood.

Listening to Jazz, I was swaying my legs,
She was in my arms; this was effect of little pegs.
Jazz was soothing our soul, she starts to roll,
I call out with care, "Baby, You might fall"
We kept on dancing till the midnight,
We collapsed on the bed, with sheer delight.

Morning brings a new ray and new mood,
I move to football field, recalling my childhood.
Playing with full energy, I smashed a goal,
A kid shouted, "Man! That was a own goal"
I laughed out loud, and regret was benighted,
Took my son in arms, and then we played.

Afternoon brought a barbecue in the backyard,
I chewed on my piece, it was little hard.
Then came the evening, took my son to a park,
We ran together and enjoyed till dark.
Dinner was great that led my son to sleep.
Switched on the Jazz, I gave her a bleep.

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