

Poetry Series

# **Mahmoodul Haque Sayed**

## **- poems -**

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# Mahmoodul Haque Sayed(3 January 1968)

Mahmoodul Haque Sayed was born in the port city Chittagong in a natural surrounding of hills and the vast expanse of the sea in 1968; but he grew up at ancestor's native place, the green village Chchair of Jhalakati district Bangladesh.

Father Sayed Abdur Rahman was a veteran teacher and a philanthropic doctor, came from a respectable higher Muslim family of south Bengal, mother Mannujan Khandaker is a simple pious soul.

Poet Mahmoodul Haque Sayed started composing poem in the eighties; completed course on the Art of Writing Poetry from Writers College, England (tutored by British contemporary Poetess Alison Chisholm) : his poems appeared in numerous journals at home and abroad including Canada, KSA, Philippines, UAE, UK and USA. He spent long times abroad, currently lives in Dammam City, Saudi Arabia.

# A Brainless Head

Nothing sinks in to my grey matter  
neither business nor politics  
or growing a little bit of intelligence

On the chest of torn blue coat  
a handful of catkins  
in the stomach a blazing oven

Walking towards uncut darkness  
eating abject black head  
eyes and two folded wings.

Mahmoodul Haque Sayed

# A Drop Of Water

Our arms shall not embrace us any longer  
lips shall not be exciting to touch our lips.  
Walking alone, you are, don't know  
going to which direction; I also don't know  
the sun is rising from which direction.

Standing alone, bare, wretched, split up, a tired beggar;  
like a broken plate begging—suffering from incurable fever;  
if anyone throw a dead coin for that walking from path to path;  
abruptly seeing a dropp of pearl is trembling in my fist.

Note: the original of this poem in Bengali by poet Humayun Azad

Mahmoodul Haque Sayed

# A Fervent Prayer

Oh the mightiest Lord of the whole universe  
kindly save me from your forbidden things.

Help me to lead this temporary life by honest living  
make truth ample for me, by virtue of your nobility.

Make me not indebted to anyone at all except you.  
Let me complete the rest of my mission freely.

Kindly let me to be rich with your bounties, and  
these are my fervent prayers, O my Life Giver.

Mahmoodul Haque Sayed

# Chachair, The Green Village

In this bustling city when  
I lie down on my bed often  
I feel someone is calling me

I know who's calling me  
I know her very well  
I know her main road

I know her by-roads  
I know her every house  
I know her every thicket

name of her birds  
name of her ponds  
name of her fishes

name of her trees  
name of her flowers  
name of her greenfields

I know the boat-house  
I know the boating-ways  
and the large, blue-sky of hers

name of my boyhood  
name of my adolescence  
Chachair the green village

Mahmoodul Haque Sayed

# Earthquake

Earthquake  
you're a disaster  
for all the creatures

in a few seconds  
you're smashing  
countless homes and articles

in a few seconds  
you're wrecking  
innumerable buildings & bridges

in a few seconds  
you're snatching lives  
of human and others

in a few seconds  
you're making human faces  
cry for help

in a few seconds  
you're crippling  
men and women

earthquake  
you've become a terrible fear  
for everyone – for every nation

that is why  
I'd like to ask you  
'Why do you shake the earth'?

Mahmoodul Haque Sayed

# Fair Youth, Stay

Youth, O fair youth  
so sweet and lively  
cheerful and agile  
sportive and scorching  
dear and comely  
bold and pleasant  
I do revere you:  
stay with me, stay

make me not weak and cold  
leave me not lone, alone  
make me not lame and tame  
stay, dear stay; —  
stay till the end of time  
youth, O fair youth

Mahmoodul Haque Sayed



# Feral Emotion

Feral emotion quickened Terry  
having relations with grass-widow Merry

once at the end of summer  
during the dead hours of night they lay together

shortly after that expert Merry  
jilted Terry of the callow demeanour

Terry became crazy but learned to believe  
extra knowledge is necessary even for adultery

Mahmoodul Haque Sayed

# High Ambitions

The high ambitions can ruin a life  
Even those can engulf a person alive

With a few good ambitions  
We can increasingly go too far

In the war of life, one should not  
Crave for those things which are  
Really beyond his ability

In the way of life, we must learn  
Learn how to sacrifice

We must try up to the height  
At which level we can ride.

The birth of butterflies are mysterious thing  
In the world of biology

Beginning or throughout the warm-stage  
Butterflies are very helpless  
They don't try to fly during that time  
But time helps them to grow and fly

Hey, my good friends, keep in mind  
Human ambitions never die, this is why  
Keeping them under control is well & wise

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Mahmoodul Haque Sayed

## Ill-Fate

As many times as I try to decorate my life  
some unexpected storms overturn;  
overturn the whole world of mine.  
I become helpless in a short time:  
it would seem that I am dancing like a doll  
in the hands of my fate time and again.

Mahmoodul Haque Sayed

# Indelible Memories

Winner of the Writers Unlimited 1995 Honorary Prize  
Mississippi, USA

a few miles north from shugonda river  
there is a small village named chachair

where lived a good teacher and thinker  
who was different from all others

his name was Sayed Abdur Rahman Kala  
a truly honest person I have met so far

those who could read  
regarded him as a good teacher

poor can't forget  
the philanthropic doctor

his education life was short  
as he had to work

immediately after his BA exam  
he joined there in an office of central excise

Bangladesh was then a part of Pakistan  
most employees there were corrupt

he was determined to keep off all bribes  
and in a short time he was bored

returned to his village home  
with bag and baggage

he joined a school there as a teacher  
and started practice as homeopathic doctor

while students were happy to have a good teacher  
the villagers were lucky to have a good doctor

out of the school  
he taught many poor pupils

as a doctor attended to the sick  
but money never was his motive

he never asked his patients  
even for the cost of medicine

at leisure he copied verses  
from the holy Quran

explained their meaning  
to men and women

some thoughtful books he penned  
benefits went to his well-wisher

one record of his life was  
he never told a lie to anyone

nor he used costly clothes:  
all the time he led a simple life

once a letter came from him  
"you're working in a biggest company

do not make any illegal wealth or money  
always do your duties towards your family"

suddenly the sky became cloudy  
my entire bosom sustained injuries

in 88's September landed another letter  
informing of my great unbearable loss:

my best friend, well-wisher  
my best teacher is no more

no, he will remain alive always in me  
till the end of time



# Lonesome Street

(Winner of the Plowman 1994 Poetry Award)

When I walk by myself in lonesome street  
and everything is still. I feel someone is following me  
I feel someone is walking behind

Curiously turn about, look forward  
I can't see what I'm missing, turn again  
find out nothing but surely I'm missing something

Suddenly I'm startled now  
it seems all lights of the town have gone out  
but I don't know really how it happens

Conscience commences from naught  
although I have my own eyes  
I feel I'm completely blind

Searching myself continuously in spite of that.  
Oh my Lord, kindly let me open the eyes;  
eyes of my own mind and thoughts

Mahmoodul Haque Sayed

# Lust

Cute  
young  
lady  
needs  
home:  
looking  
forward  
to walking  
together  
with handsome  
opulent guy.

Mahmoodul Haque Sayed



# Melancholy

Up on the grave of my father some wild flowers had grown  
as ill-luck would have it, neither I could spare time  
nor I could afford to take care of them

After a couple of days those flowers had finished their earthly missions  
but left behind some memories. Still sometimes in the quiet of the night  
they make me down - make me cry

The whimsical star of good luck may bring good days  
bring cheerful days for me again, but will those flowers  
grow there up on the grave of my father once more?

Will those flowers again spread their own perfume there  
around my family graveyard, where my grandpa, grandma  
father and other kin are taking there eternal rest?

A long time ago the flowers had vanished one by one  
then why do some pains yet  
cause me melancholy again and again?

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# Moonlight Flowers

Often I perceive  
the innermost feelings of my life

I can see moonlight-flowers  
in the remotest valley of my heart

I want to smell them, pluck them  
but they just slip away from my hand

yet I keep myself awake every day and night  
in the hope that one day my unquiet spirit

will get his way and that delightful moment  
I'll dedicate myself to my sweetheart

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# Puppy Love

In your green eyes there hides  
my puppy love - never ending love

joy, briskness, golden dreams of adolescence  
are hiding there in your green eyes

although a lot of summers and winters  
gone by, still sometimes at odd moments

when I remember your mischievous eyes  
silently warm my heart

like an ever youthful river  
constantly flowing onward - flowing

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# Quiet Existence

Oh unseen sweetheart of mine you live too high  
everywhere I searched:

amid the chirpiness of native birds

amid the sweet songs of bulbuls

amid the sweet verses of lyrical poems

amid the buzzing of bees in the garden

amid the melody of pastoral song of herdsmen

amid the melody of boatsong of boatmen

amid the murmur of the distant brook

nowhere could I find you-

silently you play a flute there

in my mind & heart at all hours - silently

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# Taking The Plunge

When clean water of lake  
invited me to swim  
I didn't go there

When extensive green forest called me  
to play hide and seek  
I didn't go there

When lake-side roses  
called me to kiss on their petals  
I didn't go there

When southern breeze  
kissed upon my lips  
I did not even respond then

But when your mischievous eyes  
called me  
I couldn't keep myself steady

And that moment suddenly  
the moon emerged  
from behind the dark clouds

Lady, Oh my sweet lady  
I have been swimming  
in the vast ocean of your desire

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# The Sting Of Conscience

Others may look forward  
to take their retirement, enjoy  
their lives as they wish, but

I am looking forward  
to another twenty years  
for working and progress

No house to spend the summers  
from april to november  
where can I spent the winters?

More than twenty-five years gone by - friends  
who joined government offices  
started business or joined in politics

They've already made their fortunes:  
good houses, cars, luxuries  
bank balances - for me nothing yet.

Still working in a private company.  
Like my late father the bureaucratic job  
I left on the questions of morality

People keep telling me, it is time to retire  
taking rest, travelling to europe for pleasure,  
sight seeing - but my conscience

Reminds me to think twice  
of my sober wife. Where can I find  
a little roof over her head?

How can I think of my retirement  
or peaceful departure from this  
grim and selfish earth?

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# Togetherness

I shall be an ocean - in open brine  
closely embrace your sheen body

finishing enjoyable bathe  
when you will come to beach

with thin texture of sari  
to cover your charming body

near the hillock of sands, in open shebang  
again we shall embrass each other

the seagulls' shall close their eyes  
fly away for unknown destination

love, oh my sweet love, come  
hold my hand, we'll cross the sandy beach together

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# We Salute You

[To all the freedom fighters of Bengal]

You cultivated thoughts  
For going greatly close to earth  
Sowing dreams & happiness  
Inside the alluvium soil of Bengal

Thought to go very near of rapture  
Keeping hold the rainbow  
Inside the pot of blue sky  
Mounting red sun forever

Taking smell of human body  
You craved for going very near  
Inside the deep soil of motherland

From there, you earned for painting picture  
Picture of revolution, golden days  
Up on the bosom of southern breeze

On this day of independence  
Bowing every head and spirit  
To the highest mountain of Everest  
We salute you, the brave knights of Bengal

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