

Poetry Series

**Sadia Maqsood**  
**- poems -**

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**Sadia Maqsood()**

# A Tear Sheds

When emotions are uncontrollable  
And the feelings strong  
When the heart cant bear  
This burden too long  
And words cant express  
The feelings inside  
The emotions so strong  
Can no longer hide  
Then it all comes to the eyes  
Like a deep sea of feelings  
Not just water  
A blink  
And a tear sheds

Sadia Maqsood

# Bedtime Stories

Late every night,  
In every house, in every street,  
With children still in bed,  
There`s little Ben, Nell an Joe,  
Ruth, Jack and Fred,  
“Grandma, is it fable or fiction? “  
What story shall you tell?  
Is it fairytale or folktale? “  
Asks little Nell,  
The book opens and pages flap,  
Begins the story with a clap;  
There were the three bears, who went for a walk,  
In their home, entered a Goldilocks;  
There was a little match girl  
Who couldn`t sell matches,  
With her Granny, she entered a new world;  
There were Hansel and Gretel  
Who were collecting berries,  
They were imprisoned by a witch;  
There was a little girl named, Alice,  
She chased a rabbit to a wonderland;  
There was Ugly Duckling and Little Red Riding Hood,  
There was Thumbelina, Cinderella and Peter Pan;  
Finally, the eyes are closed,  
The little heads dropp back to their pillows,  
The book closes and the door shuts;  
But these stories still unfold  
To generations, these stories are told

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# My Shadow

When I walk along the empty paths,  
Alone under the pale moonlight,  
In the silence and darkness of the night,  
And no one nearby is in sight,  
Chases me someone huge and quiet,  
It is my shadow which almost gives me fright;  
Where ever I go, where ever I hide,  
My shadow there spreads wide;  
In the night or in the day,  
My shadow can` t keep away;  
Follows me and cheats me,  
From this fellow, I can` t be free;  
As I walk under the sunlight stains,  
My shadow accompanies me in every lane

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# 'The Ants And The Grasshopper'

You must have heard this famous fable,  
Of the ants and the grasshopper;  
Let's now see how it happened,  
When some toiling ants and a lazy grasshopper,  
In autumn chanced to meet each other;  
Late in autumn on a bright day,  
A family of ants marched on a heap of hay,  
The warm sun shone above their heads,  
A sheaf of grains they carried on their backs,  
The ants were busy drying out the grain,  
Which during summer they had stored;  
The busy swarm suddenly saw a stranger,  
Coming towards them, with under his arm, a fiddle,  
This lazy looking fellow was a Grasshopper,  
Who had been lazing the whole summer,  
&quot;Good day! &quot; said he to the ants,  
&quot;Why are you here? &quot; asked Jenny the ant,  
&quot;O please Ms. Jenny, may I have a bite to eat?  
For I'm famished and want to have a treat, &quot;  
&quot;What! &quot; in surprise exclaimed the ants,  
&quot;Have you not stored any food for winter?  
What in the world were you doing last summer? &quot;  
The silly fellow then bent his head,  
So ashamed and stupid was he,  
&quot;Oh! &quot; sighed the fellow at last  
&quot;How in the world could I store food?  
When I was so busy making music, but it was no good&quot;;  
Whined the foolish Grasshopper,  
&quot;Around the world I had been travelling,  
Playing my fiddle from morning to evening,  
But when I realized it was too late,  
Summer was gone and I cursed my fate.&quot;  
The silly fellow ended his story,  
And again begged for some food humbly,  
&quot;Making music, were you, Mr. Greg? &quot;  
Cried in disgust the ants,  
&quot;Fiddling all summer, now dance! &quot;  
And with grains on their backs, away the ants marched  
And the silly Grasshopper walked away,

With his fiddle under his arms

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# 'The Thirsty Crow'

Have you ever heard this story before?  
Of a wise and clever thirsty crow?  
Well, if you haven't then listen  
The famous tale of this hero, now let's begin,  
It happened when in a spell of dry weather,  
The poor birds could find very little water,  
This crow, when he felt thirsty,  
Searched for some water desperately,  
But in summer, as it was great famine,  
Even a dropp of water he couldn't find,  
This unfortunate fellow thought that he must,  
In despair surely die of thirst,  
Then suddenly he spied an old pitcher,  
Filled with very little water,  
But oh! The pitcher was so high with a narrow neck,  
The little water, the poor crow could never get,  
He was unlucky, thought the crow,  
His beak couldn't reach the water as it was low,  
Then suddenly a brilliant idea flashed into his mind,  
Around him some pebbles he could find,  
He picked some pebbles and threw into the pitcher,  
And finally the water raised its level,  
This clever fellow then threw more pebbles  
Until the water was higher in the pitcher,  
Higher enough for his beak to reach the water,  
The thirsty crow now took a sip of water,  
Then drank more water from the pitcher,  
Until he was no more thirsty,  
The genius crow then flew away,  
To tell the world about his victory!

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# 'You'Re In My Heart'

Gone away, far away,  
In the world you no more stay,  
You parted from me silently,  
To the land, where you sleep peacefully,  
I held your hand that last time,  
Loosing you was a big crime,  
No more can I see you smiling,  
I am only left grieving;  
Sadness in my heart, tears in eyes,  
Everywhere I go, I seem to hear your cries,  
Hands held up, for benediction,  
Love will forever, let me feel this separation  
Our memories are saved in my mind,  
Someone like you, I will never find,  
Remember you today and always;  
You`ve gone away, far away,  
But in my heart, you`ll forever stay!

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