

Poetry Series

Sajid Merchant
- poems -

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Sajid Merchant(22nd June 1973)

Born in Mumbai to Shirin and Mohammed Husain, studied Engineering in Mumbai, works as a Management Trainer in Hyderabad. Avid reader and prolific writer.

Abundance

O lord what can I offer thee,
save my feeble prayer,
thou art magnanimous
my basket small.

Sajid Merchant

Being

The sweetness of being,
holds no meaning,
existence ceases to exist,
holding no ground, just space,
the time returns to eternity,
all measure dissolves to unity.

Being is just a dream,
between the breaths of true self,
in the meditative state,
every being shall diminish,
time and space shall vanish,
when the true self opens its eyes.

Sajid Merchant

End Of Karma

No family or friends,
no one to carry my name,
I hope it happens soon,
the end of karma should come,
lest I be born again.

The burden of exit,
I wish to shed,
I strive for life eternal,
in heaven or hell,
never to come again.

My friend lets call it off,
let us not keep any loose ends,
let our lives be detached,
attachment will bring us again,
Let karma come to end.

The burden of this life,
I cannot carry again,
this purgatory has to end,
meeting the divine soul,
is the only goal.

Sajid Merchant

Enlightening My Senses

Sitting by the river bank,
listening to swishing water,
watching the sun go down,
enjoying the fragrance of flowers,
feeling the gentle breeze on my skin,
with a coffee of fresh ground beans,
Reading my favorite book,
enlightening all my senses.

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Faith

Your ship has turned adrift,
you have no compass, nor a helmsman
you see no star that guides
you know not shore that lights

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Life In Shackles

life in shackles,
demands freedom,
life bound by life,
unaware of seam,
waiting to break free.

freedom from life,
a dream unseen,
life around abound,
end is just a sham,
life lives, body ends.

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Mirror

A mirror shows a feigned facade at best,
the truth is hidden from the rest,

Only if there could be a mirror,
which could show the real and not the mere.

men wouldn't face the mirror, out of fear
lest to be 'fraid, satan inside would appear.

Sajid Merchant

O! Japan

The land of rising sun,
Down in a dark gloom,
Ravaged people savaged life,
Trembling earth, shattered dreams

The morn shall come anew,
The sun shall shine again,
Hopes will rise, dreams will bloom,
Nature will still its fury and calm will reign

Sajid Merchant

Pearly Gates

They stood quiet in queue,
all saintly and wealthy,
civilized that they were
to settle their till,
in st. peters holy writ.

They waited all along,
to be saved of fire,
that shall burns their sins,
to be chaste and chastened,
then head to the pearly gates.

Than there was a crowd,
all madmen and beggers,
noisy men, full of grime,
uncivilized that they were,
patrons of St. Assisi.

They never had to wait,
st. peters wouldn't stop them
'cos the fire wouldn't burn them,
they had not tills to settle for,
To reach the Pearly gates they lived for.

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Pilgrimage

How will I face thee
with satans within me
I can deceive others
how will I deceive thee

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Silence

I close my eyes and see the green
silence reigns and freedom deigns
dancing trees and singing wind
closer to thee, farther from me
sitting lotus in garb of vines
distance vanish, unity seems
I close my eyes and see the green

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Stranger

I a walked into the wilderness hoping to meet a stranger, I never knew.
Ask questions with muted lips. seek answers without words.
I have met every person i could, the only stranger i haven't met is me.
I have been close to all far from me, known to all stranger to me.
I hope to meet myself in the quiet today.

Sajid Merchant

The Spiritual Man - Part 1

The bosom so vast,
that absorbs all.
The love so boundless,
that loves the evil too.

The mind so calm,
puts silence to shame.
words such worthy,
enlightens all.

Sajid Merchant

Wails Of Satan

Every time the man prostrates
The satan wails for the fear of losing hails
his men aplenty, freeing from the thrall
causing him to further fall.

O satan wail that I wouldn't fail,
to your enticement and anger.
I will still bow, to your ouster,
to the omnipotent creator of creation.

Your roots planted in me shall never bloom,
I will never fill from the grain of your field.
my sustainer is the king of eden
for whose union I wait, like a dry field for rain.

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