

Poetry Series

saman zohra
- poems -

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saman zohra(5 august 2001)

Happiness Is

Happiness is an ice cream cone
with a chocolate coating,
and lots and lots of sprinkles.
Happiness is a child's laughter.
Happiness is two people holding hands
while walking dreamily in the park.
Happiness is two people in love.
Happiness is the splashing of the waves
while sitting under the stars on the beach.
Happiness is the sounds of a carnival,
with rides, laughter, and games.
Happiness is winning a teddy bear
from the dart game at the fair.
Happiness is a smile
on a cloudy, dreary day.
Happiness is helping someone
from deep in your heart.
Happiness is dining out at a very
special place, on a very special day.
Happiness is saying, "I do".
Happiness is catching the bridal bouquet.
Happiness is a leisurely Sunday drive
down a peaceful country road.
Happiness is all of this
and much, much more.
Happiness is in your mind,
and what you make of it.

saman zohra

I Am An Educator

Give me less and expect more,
Increase the number of students-unscored
Yes, increase them to where they sit out the door
But I'll exceed...
I'm an Educator.

Give me less and expect more,
Test them, test them, and increase the score,
My soul, my heart I'll outpour
You see I am an educator.

No salary increase, less material to store,
Lesson plans and classes, don't be a bore,
Demands, deadlines-still they ask for more
I'll succeed. I'm an educator.

Furloughs, uncertainties like never before,
Bigger classes, less money, demands galore
Test scores, vouchers, merit pay, issues soar
I'll succeed; you see I'm an educator.

saman zohra

Ramadan

Once again there is an opportunity
to beg for his forgiveness

i relish the fasting in summer
when days are long and the sun is hot
peaceful endurance

fills the heart with his remembrance
there are two pleasure which i seek
the satisfaction after aftar

and the delight of looking at thy face
when the time comes for a meeting
it was very hot in the beginning
then descended the blessed rain
and brought a pleasant change in weather
could ramadan last for ever?

let thy mercy save me from sin
as long as i live

saman zohra

Snowy Day

Snow is falling to the ground
Piling up in enormous mounds
School is cancelled for the day
Children run outside to play

Snowballs are thrown in the air
No one has any care
About school-only fun
Because the day is a snowy one

Snowmen are stacked very high
Their top hats almost skim the sky
To make them round they must pat
Then finish off with mittens and hat

As the weather gets cold
The children are told
To come inside and eat
Hot chocolate with a couple treats

Once the kids are done
They put on their gear for some more fun
Some of them play around
While other kids just lay on the ground

Another kid makes snow angels
Until the dog named Bojangles
Ran through his masterpiece
But then the owner yelled cease

After Bojangles
Ruined all the snow angels
Kids slid down the hill
'Til they were bitten by a chill

Almost over is the day
The children start to walk away
As snow falls, so does the sun
Time to go in, the day is done

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