

Poetry Series

Shaib Mohd
- poems -

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Shaib Mohd()

Shaib Mohd Gani

Talangam Pulwama Kashmir 192301

Msc Microbiology From Bangalore University

MA Education from University of Kashmir

Worked as Assistant Professor at The Islamic University of Science and Technology Awantipora Kashmir

Presently Pursuing Research In Microbiology From Rayalaseema University Kurnool Hyderabad.

Contributing to a local daily news paper- Greater Kashmir on academic and Educational issues.

Writing is my passion.

Are You Still Crying O Mom

Do not cry o mom,
Are you yet to find a
reason of my
murder,
I went to roam around in
the jungle,
Little did I know about the
hunter, Who
was waiting to hunt. You
once narrated
that this is our own jungle,
Then
teachers taught me the
meaning of
OWN. Knowing all this I
went into my
OWN Jungle. And I never
knew that
there is "no turning
back".
I had a dream wherein I
sensed peace,
I saw you playing with
kids, I saw you
in the garden of roses, I
saw you
showering love on me. I
saw you
laughing, I saw you
laughing, And
suddenly a hunter arrived
and forced
you to watch, The hunter
choked my
neck, My eyes bulged out,
You touched
his boots, He kicked you
back, It took
to him fifty seconds to

snatch my soul,
It took him fifty seconds
to appease
his master, It took him
fifty seconds to
change his tone.
Are you still crying my
mom, I know
you will cry till you are
alive, I know
you will cry at every sight
of the
hunter, I know you will
remember me
when the hunters' master
will come to
console you. ARE YOU
STILL CRYING
MY MOM...

Shaib Mohd

Faith And Confusion

Confused,
In a dilemma,
To Write or not
To take lead or not
To express or not
To expose or not

Confused,
In a dilemma,
To enter or not
To come out or not
To show or not
To explain or not

Confused,
In a dilemma,
What to write and what not to
How to take lead and how not to
When to express and when not to
What to expose and what not to

Confused,
In a dilemma,
How to enter and how not to
When to come out and when not to
Where to show and where not to
Why to explain and why not to

Confused,
In a dilemma,
To Live or not to Live
Confused,
In a Dilemma,
To die or not to die

Shaib Mohd

Faith Shaken

I was dreaming in silence
A wave of division woke me up
The wave was concocted
The wave was fabricated
The wave changed everything
From religion, politics, traditions and faith
The wave said you were misled
The wave said you were mistaken
Ah! my faith is no more the way it was
and The wave is responsible for this....

Shaib Mohd

Love

Love is not what you make
Love is what you give and take
Love is not a game you play
Love is a sport not to be played in a single day
Love is what God has gifted us
So be true to it and value it thus
Love is what God is himself involved in
That is the reason God loves His kin
Love transcends all barriers
The religion, the boundaries, the animosity and its carriers
Love has a beautiful message to send
Love all, be loved and requests you to bend
To the God who created us all
So love the humanity and answer the natures call

Shaib Mohd

Love Induced Coma

Habitual of missing you
Even in deep sleep
Show up now
Hold my hand
lyophilize my spirits
My spirits are unconscious.
I developed cataract.
While keeping my eyes wide open.
Searching your ways of arrival.
Come and moisten
my eyes.
Get me back to life.
I am in a love induced coma.

Shaib Mohd

Misogynists

They won't let you go out
They will simply shout
Because you are a useless entity for them
You have no emotions they feel
But every glimpse of beauty from you they will steal
You have no world of yours they say
On spotting you alone, they will make you their prey
You have no right to speak they profess
Every word of you they try to suppress
You have no dreams of yours they scream
For their own good whole day and whole night they will dream
They say you need cleansing before entering a Gods place
Themselves they enter through filthy ways
There is a section who still respects you O woman
Because they know
You are the Gods best creation

Shaib Mohd

My Wisdom

Flying up above the world.
Was a time when I enjoyed
freedom.

Fully stretched wings
which shone like gold.
Was in no mood to use my
wisdom.

The wisdom which taught
me hatred.

The wisdom which
snatched me of my
freedom.

I had no idea of
ownership.

But my wisdom forced me
to take a dip.

Which baptized me.

Which shook my
conscience.

And inculcated an idea of
separation.

I started hating the
wingless birds.

I got an idea of
superiority.

I owned this, I owned that.

I knew nothing about
locks.

I knew nothing about
boundaries.

The wisdom separated me
by locks and boundaries.

The wisdom I talk about is
clear my friend.

Let's not use this wisdom,

Let's live in peace,

As this world surely will
come to an end..

'Now' Of My Beloved

You made me wait ☐
I waited
You made me smile
I smiled
You rejuvenated me
I acted like a toddler
You called me
I was always there for you
You loved me
I was pleased
And it is 'Now'
This 'now' of yours
Made me cry
And I cried
This 'now' of yours
Decomposed me
This 'Now' of yours
Filled my heart with hatred
For the people who lied to me
Who caressed me
That you were mine
Your 'Now' transformed into my 'Now'
And now at least I know
That you played with an innocent heart
A heart which screamed in joy once
Which had picturised you once
Which pumped for you once
And now I yell in anger
Now I scream in anguish
O you who left me in a lurch
Was I not the one
Who once bowed to you
Who once prayed to you
Who for you became a romantic atheist
O you for whom I still wait
Transform this 'Now' of yours into a new 'Now'

Shaib Mohd

O Mothers

O mothers i am tired of searching words for you.
The poignant section of the dictionary is over.
O mothers, the tears shed by you have got no onlookers.
For they play just for the game of throne.
One more feather added to their cap,
One more mother got emptied her lap.
This game of throne has got no end,
Wait for the God to send,
A Messiah,
who will Act as a saviour,
Who will pull us back from their clutches,
Who will dethrone them,
And will end this dirty GAME OF THRONE.

Shaib Mohd

O You Man "The Monster "

O you men,
The monsters,
You were sent for protection,
For the God's beautiful creation,
You were sent to safeguard,
The chastity and honour,
You were sent to love,
The beauty and perfection,
Of the Eves' daughter,
But,
The adrenaline which provided you the manhood,
Turned out not to be a hormone,
But a poison,
The poison poisoned your Iris,
And made you myopic,
The poison poisoned your humanity,
And made you a beast,
The poison asphyxiated you, and made you so numb,
That you snatched her freedom,
That you choked her voice,
And fractured her larynx.
Wait,
For the day when she will rise,
Rise and rise to a level,
Where you will witness your fall,
Wait for the day O mam,
When this hero will clip your wings,
That you will beg for your freedom,
You will drench in stinky sweat,
And will Die under her feet,
Remember O man,
Those feet are so sacred,
That the heaven lies beneath them.

Shaib Mohd

Pray For Peace

Pre elections you were so powerful o man!
Post elections you have got no value o man!
Just sit back and keep your fingers crossed.
They won't let you go near the leader whom you voted and he passed.
He is not a beggar now who begged you for your precious votes.
He is a celebrity now who will sleep and rest in brand new notes.
The only power you have got now is.
Just bow to your Holy leader and pray for peace.
So that we can flourish in a peaceful wonderland at least.

Shaib Mohd

She

Every brunt she has to bear.
Every music she has to face.
Learn to value the word 'she' my dear.
Because she is the whole humanity's base.
She encapsulated you when you were a homogenised matter.
She bore the dreadful pain by giving vent to your arrival later.
She sabotaged her joy and emotions for you.
By rearing you in her beautiful zoo.
She went sleepless for hours so long.
That her eyes bulged out but has never been wrong.
While caressing you
While dressing you
She never let a fly stay on your head.
And if you have that divine vision see her knees so red.
The knees which she bent on to lay you in the bed.
And someone had rightly said about her
Paradise lies beneath her holy feet.
So why to wait for a heavenly angel to meet.
When the real paradise lies around you.
In the form of Mother who gave birth to us all.
Love her and don't wait for an abstract heavenly call.
Because the concrete paradise is always with you.
Just open your eyes and see it is really true.

Shaib Mohd

Sundus

The harsh winters of my valley
A long back brought a respite for me
When God showered His mercy
On a family by sending a niece of me
The message of her arrival brightened the faces
Of the family
Which patiently longed for a kid of their own
I went on to search a name for the baby
And Sundus was the name which struck my mind so early
That I started calling the baby by the name I searched with care
She held my fingure on the first glimpse
As if she knew that her uncle is a great lover
Of the kids
As if she knew that her uncle is a great admirer
Of the Gods best creation
As a toddler she acted like a trained woman
She talked as if an angel was translating it to her
She understood as if fairies were explaining it to her
She kept on changing the dresses
As if she was in such a hurry
That the angelic kids were waiting for her
There in the paradise
The paradise whose one pillar is named as sundus
As if the original pillar had scumbled
That God called my niece to fill the place
When she was two
Pretty healthy in the lap of her mom
The way she made faces for her uncle
The way she called her uncle
It was different now
She cried Onseeing her uncle
Because She knew that she has to leave
For a place
Where there is no turning back
O you sundus!
You uncle sleeps for a purpose
That he may watch you playing with those angelic kids
In a dream which he never dreamed
O you sundus!

Your uncle is no more the way he was
He is waiting for a rendezvous in a dream
O you Sundus
Your uncle is still in love
With a blessing
Which he named Sundus!

☒*Sundus- As per Islamic information sundus is the name of a pillar in the heaven.

Shaib Mohd

The Expected Peaceful World

Come out of the
cocoons,
the light is waiting for
you,
Climb up the well,
Your species is waiting
for you,
But once you are out of
the cocoon,
Once you are out of the
well,
Do not teach me the
theories of,
Big bang,
Intelligent design,
And the lessons of
hatred.
Once you are out of the
cocoon,
Once you are out of the
well,
Do not profess about
high and low,
Do not preach divisions,
Don't make countries,
Once you are out of the
cocoon,
Once you are out of the
well,
Do not count God's,
Do not count religions,
Do not count churches
and mosques.
Once you are out the
cocoon,
Once you are out of the
well,
Die but don't divide,
Die but don't kill, if you

will repeat your lyrics,
If you will sing the same
song,
Be in the cocoon, Be in
the well,
And Wait for the fate,
To go into the heaven,
Or to rot into the hell.

Shaib Mohd

The New World Order

Men have become immune to stress.
Men have become resistant to mess.
Who made you and me immune and resistant?
It is the new world order don't be so hesitant.
A new world order where we play with bombs.
Where bullets have become ornaments.
As expensive as diamond clad monuments.
Where a massacre makes a man 'The king'.
And a crowd follows him because of that ethnic cleansing.
Where even God loves to watch this game.
Whose players are killers and have earned fame.
Where wombs are torn from pregnant moms.
Infants crushed before developing into Muslims, Hindus and Mormons.
Where women are raped and watched with pleasure.
And the rapists are shielded and elected to decide.
The fate.
Of a nation where they are butchered and raped.
Of a nation where they smear their whites with red.
Of a nation where they make the humanity dead.
This new world order of ours.
Was formulated by you, me and our religious players.
Now I kill you and you kill me to attain.
A position where we can only gain and gain.

Shaib Mohd