



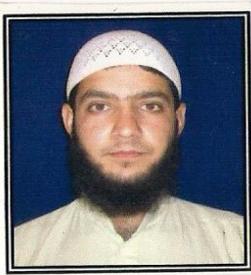
POEMS

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1. Of Mother

I did not know her,
Now I know her most.
I did not love her,
Now I love her most.
And she—still unchanged,
Longing and pining for me most.
Selfless her relation and ever-yielding she,
Unconditional, undemanding she perseveres most.

.....
.....
And after my marital knot!
A twist experiences the knotty plot.
.....
.....

I did know her most,
Now I don't.
Yes, I loved her most,
But not now.
And she—still unshaken and same,
Wishing me prosper more and more.
What she served and what she received?
What I enjoyed and what I offered?
Is the equation justified?
Who is to be blamed?

2. Of Me

You hear of roses and thorns, but
A cool breeze burns me.
You hear of joy and pain, but
A smile makes me cry.
You hear of sport and show, but
I fear the routine scene.
You hear of **one** and **all**, but
None appears here for me.
You look for **this** and **that**, and
I still wander about 'I'.

3. Of Kashmir

Much joy and more peace,
Much pleasant and more serene,
Much bliss and more calm,
Much fresh and more clear,
Existed in abundance,
In and around of her.
Globally she was thus famous,
And had admirers everywhere...
Alas! An evil eye,
Affected her fatally.
She saw pain,
She saw suffering.
No prayer soothed her,
No medicine cured her,
All alchemy failed there,
No saint could purify her...
Alas! Alas! and Alas!
Lonely more felt she when,
Lovers, strangers and all,
Forgot her in an hour...
She is dying and breathing her last,
O! Allah please **forget her not**...