

The Creative Launcher

An International, Open Access, Peer Reviewed, Refereed, E- Journal in English

UGC Approved

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1.

Since Decades

Since decades
Two ruthless powers
Have been waging wars-
Never ending wars
On a beautiful patch of land
Surrounded by sky-high mountains.

Since decades
They like the wanton boys
Trample spring dreams
Of blooming buds
Under their poisonous paws
Sans mercy, sans pity!

Since decades
O' dears
You couldn't stroll without fears
In bride like beautiful gardens
And ferry across wonder lakes
Of Kashmir, the garden of flowers
Capturing sweet memories
With cameras in your adept hands!

2.

O' Waves!

O' waves!
For how long
Like a forlorn shore
Shall she wait for you?

A plague, incurable one
Has infected her womb
For they cut her belly
With lethal razors and scissors.
And thus, make her incapable
Of keeping seeds
The promising seeds.
Ah, she bleeds!

O' waves

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Come now
For God's sake, come now
With all your power
And wash off the dirt in her
And the ruthless sinners
Who spread it perennially!

3.

Wake Up

Come on the wings
Of the first gleam of light
And whisper into the ears
Of sleeping birds– Wake up!
They've set ablaze your nests.

Come on the wings
Of a morning bee
And buzz in the ears
Of supine gardener– Wake up!
They've plucked the apples
Of your garden young.

Come on the chariot
Of morning breeze
And hum in the ears
Of confused flowers– Wake up!
They've started to soil your beauty.

4.

Join Hands And Be One!

You're pinioned
In your own confused selves;
And you talk of freedom from fetters?
Never needs you think of your release
From intentionally cast nets
Until you burn down your diabolic forms
And like seeds of grain, rise up
From underneath the soil in the shape of flowers
To bring spring back to your garden.
You know?
You neither are yours nor belong to the one
Who has padlocked you and your everything;
And the dilemma, who we are, have crushed you down
Have spoiled your dreams, your progeny and what not.
So, do away your double-faced form!

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Come and join hands and be one;
And only then can you sweep away
The weeds from your garden!

Flow like a brook
And water your desert garden;
And do not stray like beggars for food or anything
In your own beautiful home, that possesses everything!
Prosperity lies not in begging
Nor does it lie in nursing the roots of him
Who feeds himself on the blood of your sons;
But it lies in sickling his head off from his body.

He calls you the crown of his head?
Then, why does he maim you?
Why does he clip your arms (your sons) off?
Mind it, he only needs your crown, not you,
For it suits on him!
Therefore, come and join hands and be one;
And sweep away him
And the weeds that he has spread in your garden!

5.

Harlot's call

O' man! I don't aspire thy phallus
Nor do I crave for thy riches;
I search for my annihilated Self
That you mistook for a glowing cherry
In the marts
Where virginities are auctioned.
You make merry
While you pay
And for a while
I become your stuff.
Your toy.
Your joy.
And you make a toast of my desires!
Aye, you think you win
But I'm not a crown
I'm Time
That hunts you
The way you hunt me
In the jungles of modernization