

Poetry Series

HudaM DeGratePoet
- poems -

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HudaM DeGratePoet(11 July 1996)

Poetry? The Most elegant form of self-expression!

P - Pretty

O - Ointment to feelings

E - Elegant

T - True from the heart

R - Rapturous

Y - Yag-like

A Lament

Years gone by,
The angels, on me, silently spy.
Hands of the clock have jammed,
In this satanic Heart!
Lost is the value of the past!
Agony and doom, I'm desperate!
Had I learnt to be time's servant!
For surely it would be mine,
The taste of victory!
Alas! I'm on the verge!
Of letting go these goals!
Never shall again I dream,
Never shall these eyes twinkle,
But grow old in time's clever game!
And spare the consequence,
I shall never again dream!

HudaM DeGratePoet

A Machine-Ic World!

Imagine many a men, joined together, wise.
Look at the world through their eyes,
Oh! Had for this they given great sacrifice?
Computers all around, humans as ice!
Fake tech above all, not valued the 'human device'!
'I'm in trash! ' the pen cries.
Rebound to a better era, no one tries!
'I did wrong! ' the Scientist sighs.
'Hah! ' laughed the machines. 'Fools we entice! '
'You had to be blessings, not a vice! '
'We are good at times, but not always nice.'

HudaM DeGratePoet

A Minute Only Mine

A Minute Only Mine

My eyes seek out your ways,
Oh! What speed!
I'm awed!
And from where you all follow-
A majestic source!
I'm awed!
You bring forth with you,
A thousand little gifts,
For me too, I merry them!
If I may ask you,
For a minute, only mine!
To reveal to me,
Those secrets within your tiny hearts,
Beautifully concealed!
But oh, you're too fast to follow,
Let loose after heat-packed days,
Dancing out your souls, wildly!
And you trick my eyes cleverly!
How I long to steal all that peace you behold,
And all that love,
Sealed by the Creator, within you!
My, My! That atmosphere, so touching!
You hurry rightly,
For other beings pray,
They need you!
The lush green, The Animalia.
Ok, Ok! You are theirs-
You little acrobats of monsoon, you little drops of rain!
But I have a share too!

HudaM DeGratePoet

Beauty Is Truth, Truth Is Beauty!

What Beautifies the world? Gives it a perfect touch?
The virtue of truth, it matters much!
A world full of vices, dishonesty and bluff,
Is no fun to see, no elegant stuff!
It's truth only, and sincerity to start-
Where humanity begins, a delicate art!
Be true to yourself, and others around you,
See how you'll be helped, respect won't be due!
For trust emerges behind clouds of honesty,
Never can a liar produce this charm, this beauty!
Eternal beauty is, therefore, in your tongue!
Speak the truth, even if many among!

~Hud@

HudaM DeGratePoet

Childhood

That taste of chocolates,
Too delicate,
And singing by the garden,
Rhymes.
Innocent eyes waddling,
In wonderlands,
And doll houses.
A sleep, too deep to be disturbed!
Chasing the butterflies,
Little butterflies, all fascinating!
Cared, loved,
If I recall,
Left- too far,
My Childhood!
A jewel, too dear!

HudaM DeGratePoet

Cooperation

Cooperation

When there's cooperation and harmony,
One strong bond forms from many,

When together two people think,
Great success does it bring!

When gaps grow narrower and cooperation exists,
Together as one, all difficulties you can resist!

HudaM DeGratePoet

Dreaming Fancy!

DREAMING FANCY

I dream of fancy, fancy things,
A fancy world I think!
Fancy people, who happiness bring,
A fancy era to be!

I dream of a mansion and fancy trees to go,
A little fancy, silver car!
Fancy jewels from long ago,
A fancy breakfast to start!

A cute teddy with me,
And servants dressed in pink!
A fancy parrot who roams free,
And fancy carpets for me!

I dream of a fancy tiara,
On my head with beautifully curled hair!
One day will be that fancy era!
My fancy world to be!

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First Monsoon Rain

THAT SWEET ZEPHYR,

THE SCENT OF WET SOIL.

THE LUSH TREES,

BEING FED.

THE MUSICAL NOTES,

OF THE DROPS.

AT LAST! THE MONSOON RAINS ARE HERE!

THE CANOPY OF CLOUDS- CRYING,

HANGING LOW, ENCOMPASSING THE HORIZON.

AN ICY WEATHER,

THE FLAMBOYANT WIND,

PLAYING FLUTES!

THE WORLD DANCING AT ITS HYMN,

BEING FED, WITH LOVE.

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Free Yourself!

Drunken in apocalypse,
A dark soul with antipathy.
Running amok, torn desires,
Dreams down an abyss.

Unsure, deprived of faith,
A heart of stone beating, autonomous.
At sight, a basilisk! Berserk attitude!
The light of knowledge, blocked...

Why not go at destiny?
O You! Why, a bellicose youth?
Why not change this brute attitude?
Gain freedom from this delusion of darkness?

Tried, have you?
A last effort, but with hope?
And look at the consequences!
Half a pace, but forward.

Free yourself, free that inner you!
Discover, you are no less!
Those smiling around you,
They achieved it just the way!

Why shall you say,
'Dead', to a bud never blossomed?
Had roses not received light,
Would they have blossomed?

Seek the light around you,
O Youth, change your attitude!
Have hope, have faith, get enlightened,
With determination, face the vicissitudes!

HudaM DeGratePoet

From A Daughter's Heart!

Your face is like a Moon gleaming, bright!
When shone on me, your magnificent light-
Only can my eyes recount the sight!
For flowers bloomed, butterflies took flight,
I felt like climbing an impossible height,
Knowing my weaknesses, despite.
Your hand always on my side,
I know! Never can down, I slide!
You know me well, nothing can I hide,
When I cry, you take me for a ride.
When you come, forgetting tears, I grin wide-
My worries all gone, tears dried!
You are more than an angel to me,
Father, always happy with you shall I be!

HudaM DeGratePoet

If I Were A Cloud...

IF I WERE A CLOUD

If I were a cloud,
A twirl of madness,
Flowing past,
On the throne of the sky,
My symphony aloud, undaunted!
Move as I May,
Brush against the Sun,
A charming flux,
All day, ruthless walk-
On the heart of the sky.
My elegant style, My mood!
Thunder and roar!
The world I rule!

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In The Safest Place I Fear...

Why is this so?
In the safest place I fear...

I am in my house,
In the safest room.

But even there,
I fear.

That someone will come,
And bump into my house.

What is missing?
Do I have no faith?

But I believe in God!
He, the one who protects...

Ah! I get it now!
Only what I need, is Him in my heart!

And in this way,
I'm sure I'll be safe!

And then-
Every place will be-

The safest place in the world!
I have My Lord's word!

I have now got the answer-
That why?

In the safest place?
I fear!

HudaM DeGratePoet

Man Of Today

A man of today is not a man at all,
He reached the top, now is in a fall.
A man of today, is in search of bills,
He smokes - despite knowing it kills.
A man of today has no boundaries,
He steals and bribes with total ease.
For a man of today, education has no place,
As he has contacts with a higher face.
He likes luxury, and likes liberty,
He is in a quest of more and more property.
By hook or by crook, his work shall be done,
At the face of justice, he puts up a run.
He is inefficient, cannot fulfill any task,
His face is not real, it's actually a mask.
He treats all others as articles for sale,
This is why you can see his devil's tail.

HudaM DeGratePoet

Morning

I heard the cock crow,
And I walked out to see.
A gush of wind came across my face,
And the wet grass cooled my feet.
The sight of the blue sky caught my attention,
And I gazed up at God's wonderful creation.
A bird chirped and flew by me,
And told me that,
Its morning,
A new day has begun!
Make it nice as you can,
Start with a smile-
As cool as the grass.
Start with a greeting,
As nice as the breeze.
Let this morning bring you luck,
And share it with others,
As the bird shared its greetings to you!

HudaM DeGratePoet

Morning In The North

(I live in Pakistan, and here in my Poem, I have described one of the many beautiful mornings of our Northern Areas, that are laden with scenic beauty, with cultures and traditions of there own!)

Above the horizon, above the white snow-
Rises a light, shone on the running water.
The darkness flows away, as the brightness comes aboard-
And deep in the mountain valley, the cock gives a crow.

The newly found 'light' fascinates the moth,
And the flower's first sight, thrills the butterfly.
As now are visible: the fields and the mountains,
The farmer takes his steps up the terraced valley.

And somewhere in the distance, the light is on the peak,
Forming a complete sun from the rays.
The clouds, too, shift aside.
May this morning be blessed for the Mountain Tribes!

HudaM DeGratePoet

My First College Day

Wednesday, as always was.
Morning, as before.
My old bus, as used to come,
My old bag, as before.

My same hairstyle,
My same old shoes.
My same purple skirt,
And my same shirt too.

Same was my toothbrush,
Same were my pence.
Same were my rags,
Same were the prayers for me.

But the only difference,
Was my new age.
My new mates,
My new books,
My new scholarship,
My new footsteps.

My new teachers,
My new hostel.
And if you add up all the differences,
It made only one.
And that was,
My new College!

HudaM DeGratePoet

Pledge To Change

Are we getting negligent or what?
Another one starving, died in a hut!
Are we getting negligent or what?
None of us cares, materialism prevails!
For help nature cries, human soul wails!
Are we humans? Do we have a heart?
Can we not apologize, give the earth another start?
Why are we like this? Why a careless beast?
We waste precious time, we gain the least!
We are not good students, we are deprived of respect,
We can never get united, never use the intellect.
We must change, otherwise, its the limit!
We will loose humanity, now, a new character we inhibit!
It's us who can, It's us who will!
Today let's pledge, to reduce evil to nil.
We must make reforms and work together, hard.
If only our attitudes change, peace and life is not far a yard!

HudaM DeGratePoet

Rain Talk

Oh Crying Clouds! How sweet do you look!

I have found, yet not, the reason of your tears!

Tell me! Can I help you?

Can I stop your angry roar?

Or wipe the tears off the sky's face?

Can your agony be turned to salvation?

But oh, clouds! Wondered have you?

What a mesmerizing scene you create!

Indeed, you are the true beauty and true joy!

Oh clouds if you will stop,

Who will water them?

The fragrant buds, the stagnant lakes!

How will they find life?

Be happy, O clouds! Be happy as the rain!

And cry the tears of happiness,

For that's the way we yearn for you!

~huda

HudaM DeGratePoet

Sadness Poem

The blue color in the picture that I could see-
Reminded of this emotion to me.

Sadness! Ten hours instead of one,
Sitting, thinking how this can be undone.

People try hard,
To find the solution for suffering.
But unfortunately they end up,
In little streets, uttering-
Painful words, that show,
Their hopes are too low...

Now I know!
It depends!
On determination and hope,
Any where, you search for joy,
Without firm belief you can not cope!

HudaM DeGratePoet

Success And Loss

SUCCESS AND LOSS

What's success without loss?
You can't win every toss!
It's something that makes you strive-
It's what makes you actually feel alive!
How come will you adore the bliss?
When you can't differentiate with loss and malice?
True happiness comes, in dreams you believe!
Only then even after defeat, can you achieve!
For the plant which knows how to bend,
After the storm, opportunities extend!
Its then when you realize the talent,
To a negligent life, it's not equivalent!
You work hard, you have a goal,
The determination plays a vital role.
Positivity flows, you finally gather moss.
Could it be possible, if there was no loss?

HudaM DeGratePoet

Tears That I Saw In Thee Eyes

Thee eyes, in thee face,
I saw passing by.

And with them,
They took,
My thoughts.

Thee tears, that I had seen.
Why were they their?
When I had never got them...
Why did thee eyes had?

An unanswered question,
It remains, still there.
I think and I think.
But I never find it...
The long searched answer.

HudaM DeGratePoet

The Beautiful Ugly Witch

THE BEAUTIFUL UGLY WITCH

The beautiful ugly witch,
Who lives in a ditch!
She loves chewing prawns,
While munching ducklings and fawns!
And her true beauty are her nails-
Uncut, untamed ponys' tails!
And her Perfect Purple Pimples play a role,
In adding taste to her Pleasant bowl!
Her accesories are unique,
A nosepin of raven's claw and snail's colored streaks!
She loves to see the mirror and get hooked to her looks,
Her shelf is full of fashion tip books!
Her broom is never useless, indeed very vital,
When she's off on a journey, her dress is bridal!
And when she lands, if her heels click off,
For replacement she always has a pair of dwarfs!
The honeybees love her smell,
To attract her prey atleast she smells well!

HudaM DeGratePoet

The Greatness Of The Lion

Deep in the forest snores.
Lion, does no forest chores.

All animals have to bow before him.
Or else they will be torn pieces to begin.

What keen eyes, he has
Really great, is his mass.

The fear he has spread in the entire jungle.
All weak animals starve from hunger.

Every rabbit, every bear.
Every insect - has the fear.

But who dares to speak?
The animals are all meek.

In front of His majesty,
The danger level's showing itself highly!

My! My! What a great King He is!
With him around, moves neither an ant nor a Liz!

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The Holy Kaabah

I have been to the Kaabah,
That mesmerizing scene I saw!
The luminous beauty I see there,
For what the Muslims have ever fought.

The slippery, shiny robe it wears,
Looks like Gold to me.
But its lovely dark green color,
Is black as we see.

No wonder there are thousands,
And millions if you count.
Which have seen the beautiful Kaabah,
And have washed their bad deeds, an uncountable amount.

The way people take rounds,
Of the Kaabah, so calm....
It drives them to Islam,
Hajj, fasts and giving alms.

One day we all will go,
To see Kaabah, the Great!
And with us everyone will go,
May Allah bring this moment, to everyone's fate!

HudaM DeGratePoet

The Last Human Left!

THE LAST HUMAN LEFT

Last one alive, and all is mine-
Loneliness, material, graves...
And wishes come true,
But starless nights!
Empty sight-
Hollow world where memories cry!
Horrible display-
Mud and Blood!
For beings fight for wealth and power,
And vampires all are!
Hideous creatures!
And I-
Peaceful soul!
The last human left!

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The Red Rose In My Garden

THE RED ROSE IN MY GARDEN

Delicately woven,
Light driven.
Textured arms,
Endless charms!
Beauty to inspire,
Red fire!
A Queen posing,
Ladybirds dozing!
Suckling petals,
Visitors' rattles!
Enchanting looks,
Soul hooks,
Everlasting stardom,
Of the Red Rose in my garden!

HudaM DeGratePoet

The Rulers

Politicians,
Greed-towers.
Dictators,
Hunger-machines.
Money makers,
Money wanters.
Unopposed persons.
Whom we call-
The Rulers!

HudaM DeGratePoet

The School Days Are Near!

Same shrieking morning alarms,
Same morning fear!

The school days are near, The school days are near!

Sleeping in the bathroom,
From out, Mom shouts, " DO YOU EVEN HEAR? "

The school days are near, The school days are near!

So drowsy I am,
Confused, don't know what to wear!

The school days are near, The school days are near!

And entered into the school,
Murmuring silently, " Oh dear! Oh dear! "

The school days are near, the school days are near!

And if the first period is Maths,
Not again those equations linear! !

The school days are near, the school days are near!

A look at the load of books,
From the corner of my eye drops a tear!

The school days are near, the school days are near!

Gosh! When will vacations come?
We'll have to wait an year!

The school days are near, the school days are near!

Hoping when we go,
We'll find joy, sheer!

The school days are near, The school days are near! ! : D

To Bed To Bed!

(Poem from a mom to her child who is watching t.v late night)

Its quarter to one,
And late night shows have begun.
We-willy-Winky is on his way,
And the field mice are snoring in the hay.

The moon is gleaming in the sky,
And the stars are visible, high.
The fish are all fast asleep,
The cars are not making a beep.

The lights in the town are off,
The bus is silent at the stop.
The passengers are in their houses,
The babies have all drunk their milk ounces.

Why don't you now too, go to bed?
I see rocking, your big, sleepy head.
Go and wear your sleeping gown,
Go back to your room, down.

Climb down the stairs,
Don't forget your night prayers!
I have put the chocolate milk on your table,
Be sure you are not rocking but stable!

You go ahead I am just coming,
Let me just clean the mess your pets are creating.
And I'll give you the sweetest goodnight kiss,
If I won't, whole night you'll miss...

Good night, my dear!
This night you sleep, without any fear!
God's blessings are upon you,
And a safe hand is on you,
As long as I am there for you!

Towards The Two Stars

Sleeping nights,
Star filled and beautiful!
Silent, little animals.
Stand-by, the forests.

And as I see the sky,
A different world waits for me...
In the royal blue, color,
I see the silver shining.

The glitters,
The glamour.
In my eyes, you could see.
And towards the two stars,
I advance, feel free!

And for the very first time,
I feel...
The emptiness of space!

But I covered it!
With the eyes, with the spirit,
And out I went and touched!
The two stars that waited,
In the sky for me!

HudaM DeGratePoet

Tribute To My Teacher!

It was you who smiled at me,
When these familiar walls were a maze!
Your kind eyes sparkled and showered-
Immense Love!
When my spirits weren't ablaze!
You held my hand and showed me the world,
I learnt to speak.
I was confident.
You helped me where I was weak.
You have supported me, and lead me,
To this glory where I stand today,
You taught me wisdom and manners,
You taught me I shall never go astray!
Whenever I feel trouble, whenever I'm in danger,
You leap to my defense,
And I feel no more a stranger!
It's you who has made this desperate child-
Grow intellect, become an example.
And had you not been there,
I would have been lost forever!
In the end I will say:
O My Teacher! I love you in every way!
I can never thank you enough,
How much I owe to you, I just can't say!

HudaM DeGratePoet

What's The Scope?

Hi, friend!

What's your scope?

Are you goin' to engineering?

Or will you be a doctor?

Why don't you be a lawyer?

Or maybe being a psychiatrist would suite you...

All I wanna know,

Is what your scope is...

So I make my decision too...

Cause you know,

You're intelligent...

N I'm a stupid brat...

So I thought I'd stay away...

Cause where you'll go,

I hold no place...

You're the one we people leave the way for,

People like you, yes we do...

And so I thought I'd ask you before-

My friend,

What's your Scope?

please give me views about my poems - I am a new writer!

HudaM DeGratePoet

Winter Night\$ (A Palindrome)

In the winter mist & darkened days,

Cosy hours of dreams await!

Hazel eyes, in the silent nights!

Breathe out fantasy!

Hazel eyes, in the silent nights!

Cosy hours of dreams await-

In the winter mist and darkened days!

HudaM DeGratePoet