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The Passage to Life

Ferrying by the sea
Through the labyrinths
Life full of disparity!
Less accord to notion

“Sailing Saga”

Seafarer a gigantic ship!
Shoreless life the flaming fire
Full of travellers deep
Endless lane;

“Unfathomable passage”

Neither he get off nor it dodge!
The archives erstwhile
Fondle the layer
Of greenish-blue water

“Evoking tempt”

It wave toward centre
Lead nowhere, is parallel edges
Lies maze the same as sea! He
Plunge, void seashells found

“Storm of signs”

I could decipher the storm rage!

Surpass me and a ship the voice
Half-torn a cue to unheard future
Is gallous swinging him to execute

Ephemeral Ways to Eternal Peace

I withdrew the drams from that box once
Made with sanctity are pernicious now
I bury the body underneath my cremains,
I shoulder my carcass lays futile swinging
I crouch as “I” into shape “c” a sea of sorrows
Held within heart flows in motionless speed
All blessings are nightmare, which fretfully I fear
The world, I lost the sight of love where
I forgot the transience of the flower petals
The existence of thorny bushes of life
I hung upon, my wishes the body of flash
Blood fed buds blooming red, I withered
For the sake of blessing I look for the place
The safest place, to weep on my fate
Isn't that sleeper den empty for melodious sob?
Isn't there a lap waiting for my rolling tears to wipe
Aren't those gales echoing my sigh
Isn't there a withered sea to absorb my tears within
Isn't there a hollow-tree trunk to hide me?
Isn't there an owl hooting to sooth my heart
I lost the track of all ways, I find the God
In novel days, mere healer, the mere power
To tranquilize the worn-out soul for eternal peace

Wonders of Imagination

Presence always matters, for me it mere matters
When I'm absent from all other things then I,
Am putting poems under the desk of my mind
Clustering like sheaves of grass in a pyramid,
wherewith I Screen the world in imagination,
Phoenix rising from cool cold ashes
After two and a three hundred year of labour die
Silver Thames swiftly cradling Death to eternity
Xanadu teeming with pilgrims of Kubla Khan
I faint, when abstruse things I meet like troy,
Greek and Rome in its dark and dull,
In doomed city of troy whereof
A lady drowned thousand ships by face
None but Helens abounding grace,
All others die, some to love and lost
Others whose pains in past
Making their sea of Poems dribble fast
Yeats for Donne cried & Keats for brawne died.