**Majid Abas**

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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 Gonne cried & Keats for brawne died.