

Majid Abass

(A renowned poet from Bandipora in North Kashmir)

Of Poets and Poetry

“Poet prophet and philosopher
Harbinger of time did harvest their life
With the scythe of deepest thought”

Poet in Idiosyncrasies abounds sink are apostles of rationale, and of nature
In sunburn heat or aura of rapture shelter in shadow of imagination
Or fancy, lit the light of fire whose flames can't be extinguished
Immortalisers of love they are, life of leisure and lasting time they live

“Sad music of humanity” They see sing the distant sea of palette colours hear
Melodies endear to heart with lullaby cuddle their sorrow in a lap to
Churn out the verse, the poem, could cherish the posterity of thought
Of anything nature-unnature heavenly cloths they clothe to thrust in eternity

Separate from sublunar joys, as nail to skin as much closer to nature live
With countenance shabby in look distort are more they deep in thought
Nocuous for self innocuous for those who read their art sublime
They form, burn the sight of eye to glimmer the dark of sea of fire

Agilely shuffle their heart onto the sheet of disperse ink turning page
Born with Seditious heart, exempt of all have in common
Peculiarity in pangs of life a poet true find the way to last long as sun
Sublime poetry their soul reason of living, with this soul reason they die

Meeting My Love

On melting stones meeting my love

Weaving head upon hands palm

Lays heart upon water calm

I leap and creep like bubble of rain

Frozen crystal shell toss and splinter

When snow flasks did stroke in winter

I grapple with emotions in yell I sob

With voiceferous tides beat voices grow

Like the sea of a water flow

I afloat like foam and a fish

Toss and leap with pain of talk

I lost the scent and a scene in walk

I mumble and crumble in piece I fall

Amass I shards in air swirls

As Belinda lock cut were curls

With clouds I wander a man as mad

I cross the desert and a sea of fire

I swamp in love like a frog in mire

Love showers bless, and steals starts light

Restores soul to reconcile lovers fight

Drama In Metamorphose of Time

Time you fool, old gypsy man of
Itinerant nature, never you cease
This hour of life you drag us like
Swirl of smoke zenith fuses in air
Into being and nothingness appear
It starts anew like clouds in cluster
Of moment every it frequent with
 Novel forged frown face,
 Apparition of every fresh drama,
Every new complaint, in flux it morph
The vagaries of life, the pangs of Time
Either it spares us to decay or fall by Shake
All for time's life, its own pleasant sake
Neither Helen Beauty untrained remain
Nor fleet-footed Achilles it pity as man
It's dove like falcon perch on the boughs
Of time to look for the prey it owes
 Like morels true it's born of sand
 And return so, to isolated land

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