

[Published on www.cafedissensusblog.com]

Three Poems on Kashmir

By Muhammad Nadeem

Rhetoric Dreams

Here
Where mountains ring the city
Dreams are dead
Dreams born to fight the ethos of Dark Ages
Steeped in an impish conflict
Elaborate arpeggios of assertions
Unnerved in
Sizeable slices of the sun
Coaxed into life – unscathed
Cupped by sinewy walnut orchards and saffron fields
Or razor wires and bunkers, sandbags, tanks and guns?
A roaring fire
Or hum of a love song
Sung on the banks of sloshing *Lidder* River
Knock-kneed beneath crimson *Chinars*
When horizon is bleeding red
And bullets fired across *Jehlum*
Injuring *Zabarwan's* aghast voices
Where moon doesn't lift veil
Where dark nights confuse dreams with absolute nightmares
Sun doesn't shine
Dreams as Trojan Horses
Take over nightmares in a home
Where there was little food and charcoal
But dreams.

Shadows of Time

I wonder
How time could cast such long shadows!
What a pity!
How can life be so meaningless?
Invaluable for some
Life – A nightmare to live with!
As I lost The Madness in my heart
Like a tear in a lake!
Will I be going after misery now
Or horror
in this noise of disbelief?
There is something more feral
In the grasp of silence

In the comfort of quite solitude
 No smugness – just Blue Shadows
 Leaving...
 Some more will leave...
 What am I holding on!
 Have I to learn to live
 In this new world of Emptiness –
 With hollow rules
 Is this the world, for the rest of my life?
 No! (Exaltation) – a bugle cries
 awoke my lamentations to ask;
 Is to live in it to live in regret?
 When all dreams:
 that would bring more than mere contentment,
 in my core:
 to rest on my eyes
 When sometimes the walls shake
 When sometimes the doors tremble
 A voice ice over my dreamy burning eyes –
 Half blind with tears
 Tears sweeping down my frozen cheeks...
 And then I shout
 Bring on your storms
 Bring on your earthquakes
 With hope of returning to the ‘desert’
 Whose trees bear the poems of peace!
 Where rivers of fire rush past
 Where the shadows of time – flung across the snowy rocks.
 Where I only whisper the prayers of Peace!
 Peace!
 everywhere near me!
 Peace
 within me!

After 816 Nights

those weren't the same eyes
 same, but more like swelled
 (as crying is a ritual for them)
 and decorated with kohl

that wasn't the same laugh
 same, but more like baked
 in the oven of pain

that wasn't the same song

same, but more like refined
in the cradle of emptiness

that wasn't the same you
same, but more like a person
i was waiting for

i'm not the same either
same, but more like a burden
of exhausted soul
wrapped in the flesh
of emotions and memories

memories
 of what was there before aleph
 and what now is echoing in the mountains
mountains...
 numb in pain
pain
 hidden beneath your
 soulful swelled crying eyes
 beautified with darkness
 of human soul
soul
 glittering with icy sparks
 of blissful mourn
mourn
 like when the world wept
 as seeing you and me together again

it wasn't the same togetherness
same, but more like a sad happiness
crying and screaming and shouting
 to live again
 to laugh again
 to sing again

Bio:

Muhammad Nadeem is from Indian Occupied Kashmir. He is pursuing Postgraduate Studies in Mass Communication and Journalism from the University of Kashmir. He writes poetry and his poems have been previously published in Kashmir Life, Precya Review, Parallel Post, Greater Kashmir, etc.

[Published on *Cafe Dissensus Everyday*]