

These are some samples of my Creativity

Writer: Anand Kumar

Phone Number: 03423838350

Email: ab9878802@gmail.com

A Romantic Story

Stone and Love

Time is not ours

We go back in time,

Sitting on his dead body

Pain made a heart.

Yes, it was always like that

"How are you, Cheri?"

"Look, I'm not kidding, Raju."

"Would you like to ask?"

"Say, Raju, don't bother me."

"You're ugly, your face is ugly."

"Aren't you ashamed?"

"Shame! Shame on you, girls.

"Shameless."

"Thank you"

"You are very stubborn."

"Have you underestimated me?"

"You are also very proud."

"Another time."

some jack

Something boring

"Again, honey!" The color is like that of a bear, and it shows a lot of anger.

"Oh, I'm one in a million."

"There's a lot going on."

"Go and ask the aunt of the university girls common room and see how many girls keep asking for me."

"That's it, honey."

"If you are not sure, ask Aman to see if I am a fake or not."

"Why should I ask Jiji, I don't have eyes?"

"How do you value the worthless?" Alaa, how many Hussains keep going out for a glimpse of me.

"There will be some such jokes."

"and you?"

"I don't care about you." Go."

some burn

Some scratches

"Then why do you come to our house?"

"I am coming for you." Think about what is happening to yourself!"

"Ask your heart and see."

"Leave my arms." Look, you say, Raju, that even for a day you will eat... such... that..."

"of the?"

"Who will cry."

"Stones are sometimes runes, too."

Someone like that

Possible flowers for me.

The fire will burn forever

keep on burning

No one stopped the tears

No one is laughing

So, that was the odd recipe

"Don't turn the bird..."

"Raju."

"And not all people are beautiful..."

"For God's sake don't bother me, King, or else..."

"Or else?"

"I will stop coming to you."

"Go back today." I wrote a letter to ask you, didn't you?"

"Oh You are a rock, Raju."

"The Taj Mahal is made of stone, Pagheli."

"Do you consider yourself the Taj Mahal?"

"I hate the Taj Mahal."

some anger

Something like that

"I hate everything white, so I say don't listen to white and red."

"And you're wearing a blue check T-shirt, like you're getting laid."

"Not the other one." You know, I'm a boxer, my chest is forty inches.

"I like white and red." I will listen. What about you!"

"Nothing at all." But if you ask the truth, they seem to be very evil.

"You must be evil."

"Ask your heart."

"Well, what do you get from my persecution?"

"Pleasure."

"Take it easy, Nerdai." But one day you will ask. You will cry, Raju."

"You bitch, for?"

"Yes, for my undying love, for my undying desire."

"Stones are sometimes runes, too."

For some black night,

I fell for it.

Sometimes the stories of life's mischief

Naseem Sahar, love stories

Whenever you ask,

We didn't understand anything, we just walked.

But, it used to happen like this

"Take out those blue eyes."

"Why are you pulling out my eyes?"

"If you believe me, take the compass and take the other one out."

"Don't be late, rock."

"When! On the forehead and blue eyes?"

"Are blue eyes a sin?"

"Sin has no reward for itself. I just don't like those blue eyes of yours.

"Liar."

"True, honey."

"And on that day it is said that your eyes are like the blue water of the ocean."

some tomorrow

A little bit

"So I made you P."

"What did you say?"

"Yes, I have to make tea for friends."

"Cheat, fraud, you are a cheat, Raju."

"That's right. I am wise."

"Yes, I'm the only one left."

"You're just crazy."

"Then he laughs again and again."

"Why do I feel so happy?"

"Cry well, Raju, but one day you will cry too."

"Stones are sometimes runes, too."

No one's name,

I have a lot of money.

How do you confess your love?

I am Albelo, Mutwalu

The earth is mine, the stars are mine

My sky.

However, even if he didn't want to, it happened that way

"Yes." A gasp, heart protesting.

"One day you will take my breath away, Raju."

"What do you write?"

"Don't show it."

"Just take it and show it."

I will not show, I will not show. stay away."

"If you don't show it, the leaf will be turned away."
"Leave my hand." My arms will break."
"What did you write about Prem Pitra?"
"Look, Raju, don't read."
"Why don't you study?" Yes, the forest is a love letter.
I gave it to you
Turn the page
The leaf is falling apart
"Give me that piece."
"I will never give up."
"Reading private letters is immoral."
"Good luck."
"Give it, Raju."
"That's right."
Grit your teeth
He pushed
"Let's see what you wrote."
"There's nothing on that piece."
"A lot has been written." Oh! What did you write: my king!
Muk Hinayan
Jack eats
You will break your hand. Bangles will break."
"It's going to break." Today I will beat you so much, I will beat you so much that...
some laugh
Some laughs
"of the?"
"Who will cry?"
"Stones are sometimes runes, too."
Crystals of understanding
All the thieves were sad.

Fate is no one's power
Time is nobody's friend.
The children of Adal became slaves
The music stopped.
Disappointing smiles and wounds became lifelong companions. Ghayal Geet, the desolation of the desolation and the fire, the broken heart and the heart of the disillusioned soul. Then, from somewhere, Alfta returned, but was forced, frustrated and decorated with low cries in the chest and suddenly, someone cut the broken strings of a veena.
"Why, Raju, don't you eat today?"
I'm silent.
"Have you forgotten the mischief?"
I agree
"They used to say that mischief is the youth of life."

i shut up

"You must have thought of a new move today."

i shadow

"Look, Raju, do you see the mandi on my hands?"

I wall

"Do you see sandur in my hair?" It's not like there are sparks.

from the desert

"Don't make fun of Mendi, Raju."

i know

"Why don't you laugh today?" Laugh, Raju, I'm a stranger, I'm a stranger. I am a lot of broken stars.

i go

"Why don't you clean?" Tomorrow, heartily, tomorrow, tomorrow on my compulsion, on my bag, on my own."

I'm thirsty

"Today, Raju broke the sky with thunderbolts." Why don't you laugh? But no, I am also crazy. Even the rocks are open!"

The sound of sparkling springs at the foot of the mountains - the tears of the stones - the sighs of the universe - the waves of defeat on the cheeks of yellow sunflowers. And far from where the moon rose from the palms, there, a corner from a villager rang out.

Romantic Story

World of Heart

She always told me.

"Deepo, let's make love, let's see who is stronger."

"Come on Kiki." I used to take her from the top and say, "You are like Makoto, I am great, you have come to make love with me!"

She was saying angrily

"Let go of my hair."

I would say that

"I won't leave because I hate you enough."

"You're not even a man." She used to cry.

"I am a man!"

"Oh yes, you," she would say, cutting sweets in my veins. "You are an animal. Look at the hairs of your slaves, like rags, look at your rough hands, like rags.

I will say it again

"Have you seen your calf-like eyes?"

She was saying that

"Wow! When they fight, they say they are like calves, and when they are formed, they say they are like deer.

I would say that

"Why do you call me Ban Manas?"
"I am calling my inner soul." She used to say shyly.
Both were open.
The stars of the sky started to blink.
He used to put his hand in his hair while talking.
"Now let go of my hair."
He would say
"Take it."
I used to leave his top.

You said one day. "Deepo, let's make love, let's see who is stronger."
I used to say that to persecute
"I don't want you."
She was disappointed
"Why do you break my heart?"
He will say
"Truthfully, honey, I don't want you at all."
She was saying angrily
"You're not even a man, you're a liar and a fraud."
He will say
"I'm still thankful that I'm not a woman."
"Why, the women leave the men?"
"Men are not as unfaithful as women."
"These are the thoughts of the hundred writers, Dipo."
"But they are 100 percent true."
"Bet?" you asked
"Good."
"Listen." He decided, "I will burn like coal without you."
"Good!" laughed Ham. "She writes these things, she doesn't say them."
"Don't underestimate my love, Deepu." I had tears in my eyes.
"Upman of your love!"
"Yes, Dipo, if you leave, you will die."
"Then I'll want you too."
"What do you want after death?"
"I will let you die for a little while," Ham said while holding his hand.
"Depot."
"It's true, honey, I'll love you!"
"And you will accept your necklace." You asked happily.
"Yes."
"Then I'll stop saying it too."
"What the?"
"That's it. Let's make love, let's see who is stronger."
"Gehili!" I said holding hands, "How can I live without you."

Many years have passed since these talks.

Today's story is.

I returned from the office.

"He has a cough and a fever.

Let's see the doctor."

"Hurry up if you have to go," I said looking at the time. "If it's late, the doctor will get up."

"Come home at sunset, and bid me farewell."

"We'll talk about it on the way, don't waste time."

The doctor still had some patients.

I sat in the man's room and stood on the balcony. It was dark on the balcony. Where was the moon hiding that night?

Taran rakhi rakhi rakhi dik pate.

I was looking at the twinkling star that Shanti called.

Come on, the doctor has only one patient.

I stepped into the room, my eyes fell on a woman sitting in front of me. He was wearing a white shirt. He looked weak, weak, and tired. The doctor was examining him with a stethoscope. Hiding in the dark, I began to examine him. The doctor was looking at his x-ray. Suddenly she put a handkerchief on her mouth with one hand and started coughing with the other. I felt pain, and suddenly the reading of the past echoed in my mind.

"Deepo, let's make love, let's see who is stronger."

Shanti took Mohan to the balcony. He said, "This woman probably has tuberculosis."

"Yes Shanti, I lost, I lost."

"What are you saying?" Shanti started to turn my face in surprise.

"Nothing, nothing."

I turned my face towards the darkness, and a bright star fell from the sky and disappeared into the darkness.

Horror Story

Alas! Ghost

In the evening, there was silence everywhere. The groups of stars were slowly doing their nirvana.

The birds had returned to their places. Daulat, a young man in the village, a light black mustache and a beard that was thick on one flower and very thin on the other. The male was black and full of thick hair. The nose was big and the height of the bird was about 5 feet. He was hanging out with his friends. It was getting dark. The garbage was going on. Daulat's house was one and a half kilometers away. A friend of Daulat's name was Anand, who said to Daulat, let him know that the night was over. You are not going home yet. It comes. Fear and I don't have any questions. Daulat opened his mouth and said proudly. Sunil who was sitting next to him said, "Hey, Anand Gahleon, what are you doing? Daulat and fear are so bad. Do you know the one who keeps the call ring on his mobile phone?" Keeps the voice of scary ghosts. One day I was standing next to him and suddenly he received a call on his mobile phone.

Why are you afraid, one day everyone has to go, so why fear? He is not saying that he will die. It was quite dark. Daulat didn't have a light. On the way, Daulat mistakenly went over a grave. He went a long way, then he thought that I had come across a grave. Daulat was a little afraid at first, but then his heart stopped. Daulat When he reached his house, all the family members of the Dalit family had gone to the city for some work. Daulat was alone in the house. He hit a stone and fell down. He quickly got up and started to look. No one saw him and left again. He came and entered his room. There was a room on the westside of Daulat's house, which was plastered and the bricks were visible. It was raining heavily. The reason was that some bricks had come out. The room had two windows that were open. There was no light at the time. There was a cupboard. There were two glasses in the place. There was water in the place. When Daulat reached the room, he first took out a book from the cupboard and started reading, but because of the lack of light, Daulat was reading on the light of his mobile phone, so Daulat closed the book thinking about the charge of his mobile phone. And he put water in a glass on the table and started to pour it through the secret tube. After a while he drank the water and wiped his face with a handkerchief and fell asleep on the bed. He and today were the first day, so he didn't feel small. Because he was afraid of being alone in the room. Finally, he took courage and fell asleep. Around midnight, he heard a painful sound in his ears. As if a woman is screaming and small children are crying together. The sound of a strong storm is like a dangerous cocoon. And quickly got up and stood away from the boat because that voice was coming from the boat of Daulat. Daulat was scared. Beads of sweat started flowing on his forehead. It was full like a blow. The body was shaking. The legs were shaking but the terrible sound was still heard and as it started to get faster. Daulat quickly went behind the closet and hid. His heart was beating like the waves of the sea. There was water in his eyes. Many words were going on between the tongue and the mind. Maybe he wanted to say something. Daulat was thinking of going out of the room, but he was cornered inside and to reach the door, Daulat had to pass by the side of the cart. The beads of sweat from the forehead reached to the feet. Daulat closed his eyes and put his finger in his ears so that the ghost's voice did not reach his ears. Daulat slowly removed his finger from his ear and the terrible sound stopped. It was done. Daulat opened his eyes and took a cold breath and began to expel the gas trapped in his nostrils.

Daulat started looking here and there and started thinking that the ghost might have escaped.

The ghost didn't see me, I thought, oh man, the ghost is hiding here and won't leave me.

I don't know why this ghost is coming behind me. I didn't see it. No, it's good that I didn't see it. Daulat started comforting my heart for a long time. Do not be afraid. Daulat ghosts are all illusions. Even if I recite the mantra, nothing will happen.

Daulat kept his hand on his heart and closed his eyes and started reciting mantras. After reading, he began to explain to himself that the ghost will not come again, and he controlled himself, removed the chest covered with the cloth of the wardrobe, and took out his legs, which were torn between the paws.

Daulat went out and there was silence in the room, it was also dark. A window was open from which the outside environment was clearly visible. The atmosphere was quiet even outside.

Daulat looked here and there but could not see anything. Put water in a glass on the table, put the glass on the lips but do not let the water go down the nose.

He put the glass back and began to explain to himself why are you afraid of having nothing. Remember that you are brave and never afraid. You are the wealth that used to say,

Even death came in front of me that I will accept openly and today again fear,...

Where did ghosts come from in today's world?

In this age of technology, who believes in jinn or ghosts?

It is the illusion that has taken over your mind. Maybe you had a dream, Daulat was giving your hand a strong bite, no, where is the dream? I felt pain. Then Daulat gave his heart and strengthened it, he went and sat on the bed, but it did not shake from his body.

Nanda did not come. For half an hour, Daulat was tossing and turning on the bed as if he was ill, but Nanda did not come. Finally, he began to feel some relief.

It was just a moment before that terrible sound started again.....stormy sound, heart-burning cocoons, women's cries, children's cries, the sound of a crowd of people....

Daulat quickly got up and this time hurriedly opened the gate of the cupboard and sat inside and slammed the gate down. He began to cry inside himself, the lines of tears in his eyes, the beating of his heart, the trembling of his body began to feel less in his breath. The snoring of wealth had gone out, his lips were dry, his mouth was open. For a while, he was freed from all fear as if he had a breath in his body, the wind came and he started to feel dizzy. That terrible sound penetrated the walls of the closet and began to control the subtle intelligence of wealth.

Daulat thought today that there is no one else in the house, no one will be able to hear my voice. God knows what will happen, where did he come from and why did he come. Curse the pearl that sleeps in this room. Daulat started cursing himself and chanting the same mantra in his heart. But he could not recite the mantra because of fear and could not remember anything. That horrible sound got louder. Daulat decided that it is better than the knees of this closet. The sound of the door slamming was matching his heartbeat. Daulat moved forward a little but fell down due to collision with the cupboard. Daulat tried to make a big sound but failed and the voice could not come out. Then he got up with the support of his hand and put his hand in a trunk lying next to the table. Shaking his hand, he raised the stick and started saying in a loud voice...

Oh ghosts, where are you? Come face me, stop trying to scare me. His hand trembled and fell down, but he immediately picked up the stick again and said, "O Bharya, where have you gone? Confront me in front of you."

If you want your life, run away from here or I will not leave you today.

Trembling, Daulat took the plastic bag lying near the cupboard and started sweating on his forehead. He did not know whether it was a bag or a handkerchief.

The voice started to get louder, Daulat tried to get out of the window quickly, but the window was latticed, Daulat's arms got stuck and his feet got stuck in the window. Now, on the one hand, there is a loud voice and on the other hand, the heart of Daulat wants to smoke, but it is not in his power.

Daulat was still trying when the sound stopped again.

Daulat started moving his eyes like a fat bird and looked around the room.

Daulat looked at the bed and started thinking, I don't know what the disaster is, yet only the sound started. Even if you only hear the sound, you will face it. Then a thought came to Daulat's heart that the sound would stop again before I left the room. Daulat decided to move forward and hit the glass on the nearby table. The glass fell on the floor and the book broke. Daulat shivered and reached near the door and knocked on the door.

He put one hand on his nose and opened the corner with the other hand. Daulat was about to go out when he remembered something and took a cold breath. I looked back and entered the room. Before closing the gate, I looked outside and saw that no one was there. I came and sat on the chair. He started looking through the window.

Daulat's knife had become like a punctured tube, the eyes rose from shame like the tonic of plants, the nose was suffocated and the oxygen began to suffocate from the nostrils.

Throwing back the tiredness, he sat down on the bed. He was silent for a while, after some thought, he started to laugh at himself. Change the ringtone to another simple one and sleep.

Literature

Literature refers to written or spoken artistic works that express ideas and emotions using language. It includes a wide variety of genres, such as poetry, prose, drama, and fiction. Literature often reflects the culture, values, and beliefs of a particular society or time period, and it can provide insight into the human experience.

One of the defining features of literature is its use of language as an art form. Writers use language to create meaning, evoke emotions, and convey complex ideas. This can be accomplished through a variety of literary techniques, such as metaphor, symbolism, and imagery.

Literature can serve many purposes, from entertainment to education to social commentary. It can also provide a means of escapism, allowing readers to explore different worlds and perspectives. Literature can be both timeless and timely, speaking to universal human experiences while also addressing contemporary issues.

Some of the most famous works of literature include Shakespeare's plays, Homer's epics, and the novels of Jane Austen, Charles Dickens, and Ernest Hemingway. However, literature is not limited to these classic works, and there is a vast and diverse range of literature being produced today by writers from around the world.

Literature importance in Society

Literature is a broad term that encompasses a range of written or spoken artistic works that express ideas and emotions using language. It includes various genres, such as poetry, prose, drama, and fiction. Literature is a reflection of human society and its culture, values, and beliefs. It provides a window into the human experience, allowing readers to explore different worlds, perspectives, and ideas.

Literature as an Art Form

One of the defining features of literature is its use of language as an art form. Writers use language to create meaning, evoke emotions, and convey complex ideas. This can be achieved through a variety of literary techniques, such as metaphor, symbolism, and imagery. The art of literature lies not only in what is said but also in how it is said. The language used by writers can be poetic, lyrical, or simple and straightforward.

The Purpose of Literature

Literature serves many purposes, including entertainment, education, and social commentary. It can also provide a means of escapism, allowing readers to explore different worlds and perspectives. Literature can be both timeless and timely, speaking to universal human experiences while also addressing contemporary issues.

Entertainment: Literature can be entertaining, providing readers with an escape from the stresses and strains of everyday life. Novels, for example, can transport readers to different times and places, immersing them in new and exciting worlds.

Education: Literature can also be educational, providing readers with new knowledge and insights. Non-fiction works, such as biographies and histories, can teach readers about the world around them. Literary works can also teach readers about different cultures, societies, and beliefs.

Social Commentary: Literature can provide a platform for social commentary, allowing writers to critique and comment on society and its values. Many literary works have been instrumental in driving social change and raising awareness of social issues.

Escapism: Literature can be a means of escapism, allowing readers to explore different worlds and perspectives. It can provide a break from the monotony of everyday life, allowing readers to lose themselves in the story and its characters.

Literature as a Reflection of Society

Literature often reflects the culture, values, and beliefs of a particular society or time period. It can be used to explore important social issues, such as racism, gender inequality, and poverty. By examining the themes and motifs of literary works, we can gain insight into the social and cultural context in which they were produced.

Literary works can also provide insight into the human experience, giving us a glimpse into the thoughts, emotions, and motivations of the characters. Through literature, we can explore the complexity of the human psyche and gain a deeper understanding of ourselves and others.

Famous Works of Literature

Literature has a rich and diverse history, with many works that have stood the test of time. Some of the most famous works of literature include Shakespeare's plays, Homer's epics, and the novels of Jane Austen, Charles Dickens, and Ernest Hemingway. These works have become classics because they speak to universal human experiences and continue to resonate with readers today.

However, literature is not limited to these classic works, and there is a vast and diverse range of literature being produced today by writers from around the world. Modern literature reflects the diversity of our global society, giving voice to a wide range of perspectives and experiences.

Conclusion

In conclusion, literature is a rich and complex art form that provides insight into the human experience. It reflects the culture, values, and beliefs of a particular society or time period, and it can provide a means of entertainment, education, social commentary, and escapism. Whether classic or modern, literature continues to speak to universal human experiences and has the power to inspire and transform readers.

History of Literature

The history of literature spans thousands of years, with written and spoken works dating back to ancient civilizations. The earliest known works of literature are the epic poems of Mesopotamia, such as the Epic of Gilgamesh, which dates back to around 2100 BCE. Over time, literature evolved and developed in different cultures and regions around the world.

Ancient Literature

In ancient Greece, literature flourished in the form of epic poetry, with the works of Homer, such as the Iliad and the Odyssey, becoming some of the most famous works of literature in history. In ancient Rome, literature took on a more practical role, with works on philosophy, history, and politics, such as the works of Cicero and Seneca.

In ancient China, literature was characterized by works on history, philosophy, and poetry, such as the Book of Songs and the Analects of Confucius. In India, the Vedas and the Mahabharata are among the earliest known works of literature, with the latter being the longest epic poem in the world.

Medieval Literature

During the Middle Ages, literature continued to evolve, with the emergence of new genres, such as chivalric romance and allegory. In Europe, the works of Geoffrey Chaucer, Dante Alighieri, and William Shakespeare became some of the most famous works of literature, with Shakespeare's plays remaining popular to this day.

The Renaissance and Enlightenment

The Renaissance and Enlightenment periods marked a significant shift in literature, with writers placing a greater emphasis on reason, individualism, and humanism. The works of William Shakespeare, John Milton, and Miguel de Cervantes are examples of literature from the Renaissance period, while the works of Voltaire, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and Denis Diderot are examples of literature from the Enlightenment period.

Modern Literature

In the modern era, literature has continued to evolve, with writers exploring new genres, styles, and themes. The works of James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, and Franz Kafka are examples of modernist literature, which challenged traditional forms and conventions. In the post-modern era, writers such as Salman Rushdie, Toni Morrison, and Gabriel Garcia Marquez have explored issues of identity, race, and globalization.

Conclusion

In conclusion, the history of literature is a rich and diverse tapestry, spanning thousands of years and reflecting the values, beliefs, and experiences of different cultures and societies. From the epic poems of ancient Mesopotamia to the modernist novels of the 20th century, literature has continued to evolve, adapt, and inspire. Despite the changes and challenges of time, literature remains a vital and enduring art form, providing insight into the human experience and the world around us.

Why necessary literature for Society?

Literature is a vital aspect of human society, serving many functions that are important for personal, cultural, and social development. Here are some reasons why literature is necessary for society:

Provides insight into the human experience: Literature allows us to gain insight into the human experience, exploring themes such as love, loss, identity, and the meaning of life. It provides a window into the human condition, allowing us to understand and empathize with others.

Encourages critical thinking: Literature encourages critical thinking, helping us to analyze, interpret, and evaluate different perspectives and ideas. It teaches us to question assumptions and think independently, which is essential for personal and social growth.

Promotes cultural understanding: Literature exposes us to different cultures, beliefs, and values, promoting cultural understanding and empathy. It allows us to see the world through someone else's eyes, expanding our horizons and broadening our perspectives.

Inspires creativity: Literature inspires creativity, encouraging us to explore our own creativity and imagination. It can inspire us to think outside the box, take risks, and experiment with different forms of expression.

Provides a sense of community: Literature can bring people together, creating a sense of community and shared experience. It can help us feel connected to others, even when we are physically isolated or disconnected.

However, literature can also have negative effects on individuals and society, depending on the content and how it is consumed. For example:

Can promote negative stereotypes: Literature can reinforce negative stereotypes and perpetuate harmful ideas, particularly when it comes to marginalized groups. It is important to be aware of this and to critically evaluate the messages conveyed in literature.

Can be used for propaganda: Literature can be used as a tool for propaganda, promoting certain political or ideological agendas. This can be dangerous if it is used to manipulate or control people.

Can be triggering or harmful: Literature can be triggering or harmful to some individuals, particularly if it deals with sensitive or traumatic subject matter. It is important to consider the potential impact of literature on different individuals and to ensure that it is consumed in a responsible and respectful manner.

In conclusion, literature is necessary for society as it promotes personal, cultural, and social development, but it is important to be aware of the potential positive and negative effects that it can have.

Poetry

Title: Lonely Nights

In the dead of night, I lie alone
Haunted by thoughts of you, my heart a stone
I know you love another, it's plain to see
But my love for you is like an endless sea

I cannot cut the hours of night
The world of sadness, a constant fight
But in my mind, I see a shower of color
Your body painted, a sight like no other

Romanticism awakens in my soul
As I imagine you, my heart feels whole
I know I cannot have you, it's a bitter pill
But just one glance from you, and I'll be still

Your brown shoes, a symbol of your grace
I long for your touch, your warm embrace
But I know that it's not meant to be

So I'll keep my love for you a secret, just for me

In the end, I'll find my way
And maybe, someday, you'll hear me say
That my love for you was like a rose
Beautiful, but with thorns that nobody knows

Until then, I'll live in this lonely night
Dreaming of you, until the morning light
And if you ever need me, just call my name
For you, I'd do anything, my heart aflame

Poem

And you say you are happy?

Yesterday in Karachi, the streets were forced,
Protesters smoking, their rights endorsed.
I cry your tears, my sweet, can't you see?
Tell me truly, are you really happy?

In Lad, in Kachi, and on the northern side,
The fight for justice, the youth have died.
I miss you so much, how can you not look?
I always see you, and yet you're happy like a crook.

The clay that shaped me, won't look my way,
The mother who nursed me, turns her face astray.
My soul's in pain, the flames in my chest,
What can I do, to pay off my debt and rest?

Yet your mouth is wet, and you say you're glad,
I want to see you, and understand why you're not sad.
My sweet, tell me truly, can't you see?
In this world of suffering, are you really happy?

(Anand Nagar)