

*Plight
Of
Flight*



BlueRoseONE^{com}
S t o r i e s M a t t e r
New Delhi • London

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

India | U.K.

Copyright © Dr. Arshad Hussain Ganaie 2026

All rights reserved by author. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the author.

Although every precaution has been taken to verify the accuracy of the information contained herein, the publisher assumes no responsibility for any errors or omissions. No liability is assumed for damages that may result from the use of information contained within.

BlueRose Publishers takes no responsibility for any damages, losses, or liabilities that may arise from the use or misuse of the information, products, or services provided in this publication.



BlueRoseONE
Stories Matter
New Delhi • London

For permissions requests or inquiries regarding this publication,
please contact:

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

www.BlueRoseONE.com

info@bluerosepublishers.com

+91 8882 898 898

+4407342408967

ISBN: 978-93-7825-532-8

First Edition: June 2026

Principal of Principles



At MRECW, a Principal so true,
With etiquettes refined, and principles too.

She never departs till all have gone,
Students and staff, from dusk till dawn.

She lifts her pupils to heights untold,
Guiding Ph.D scholars with wisdom bold.

Alone she speaks, two hours in grace,
Advising with patience, a radiant face.

Two thousand chairs in Einstein's hall,
Await her words that inspire all.

No bias she shows on faith or creed,
Hard work alone earns the noble deed.

Not just a leader, but beacon bright,
Guiding with wisdom, a shining light.

Her voice is gentle, soothing, clear,
No trace of fatigue ever appears.

Her English flows with flawless art,
Inspiring new ones and every heart.

She turned me into a poet, a bard,
Polished my skills, made them shine hard.



Thoughts to Words

English is my way,
That is why I say.
My identity, soul and a fun-day,
The door to reach the land and bay,
A feast in grand array,
Like a sweet dish on a Sunday.
So, I whisper, start speaking this May,
It is not afar, only a step away.
It appears difficult like a threadway,
Believe! It is smooth like an expressway.
Start today. Why wait for another day?
See the dance of its letters as they give away
The melody of vowels in a better way.
With words like sunlight in array.
In books and songs, they softly sway,
Without English you witness a pale day.
With it you can send a wish on mother's day,
Use it everywhere when you are going to outstay.
Don't forget English to carry away,
You can see the glittering light of the day.

If you learn, practice it without delay,
You are full of thoughts but just want to convey.

Take it with you, wherever you stray;
It opens doors and lights your way.
So learn it, speak it—don't delay,
Your voice matters—let it lead the way.



Kashmir: Heaven's Crown

A jewel and pilgrim land,
Marvel of nature, by divine hand.
Eden where heart takes flight,
Eternal charm in Heaven's light.

Sonamarg, the Meadow so rare,
Majestic peaks in the crisp air.
Rivers sparkle, a glacial grace,
Land of wonder with nature's embrace.

Nishat Garden, by Dal Lake's side,
Beauty ridged where dreams reside.
Mughal splendour blooms profound,
Paradise unmatched in peace is found.

Alluring Shalimar, a bequest grand,
Royal history, a lover's strand.
Fountains dance to nature's song,
Undying melody, gentle and strong.

Harwan Garden, serene and still,
Soothing waters and nature's will.
Tinted canvas with vibrant hues,
Moments linger, a soulful muse.
Mounts snow-cap in Gulmarg rise,
Dream frosted beneath the sky.
Gondola rides kiss the cloud,
Mountains whisper truths aloud.

Pahalgam streams, gem and pure,
Flowing life, a timeless allure.
Shrines sacred in steadfast hold,
Tales of faith and devotion retold.

Tulip garden, a symphony of hues,
Blossom in thousands and fragrant views.
Tapestry woven in colours divine,
Each petal a whisper, a fragrant sign.

Waters of Dal, serene and wide,
Boats of love in graceful glide.
Markets floating, treasures untold,
Majesty of boats, a sight to behold.

Achabal meadows, lush and green,
Spring of Kokernag a healing serene.
Gardens cradle beauty's grace,
Natures' art in gentle embrace.

Springs of Cheshmashahi, a nectar divine,
Bracing the spirit, a gift benign.
Garden whispering secrets vast,
In Kashmir's heart, a story of past.

Hazratbal's shrine, pure and divine,
Sacred space beyond the time.
Gleaming vaults in tranquil light,
Symbol of faith, serene and bright.

Pari Mahal, where angels tread,
Terraced marvels and beauty spread.
Ruins cradle time's uncanny rime
A mystic charm and eternal sublime.



Through Dark Days and Distant Skies

In the vale, where dreams stray,
Hapless was I, debts marking the way.
Ph.D. at hand, yet doors stayed close,
Life replete struggles, the path I chose.

Exiled from home once called my place,
in the dark, dwelt in world of space.
Twittering Fledglings to care in tight cold,
A story of survival, silently told.

Though dark I fought the tide,
void my past, and pain aside.
Joy! that distant am I from a kin,
Perchance, a fresh spot of time begin.



The Echoes of Sorrow

Kashmir's beauty hides its silent strife,
No jobs, chances, to carve a life.
My house, built, on a brand-new land,
Assistant professor am I, with steady hand.

Each debt repaid, each step a climb,
The echoes of sorrow, frozen in time.
That finances flow, yet the yearnings on,
the family that waits, my soul still moan.

Belief! the distance will fade away,
To strive, to seek, come what may.
For every mile, every tear I've shed,
promises to rise from the life I've led.



*Doctor Hanzu -
The Echoes of Haven*

In tranquil late night's embrace,
We shared love in a cherished space.
Second storey and our secret domain,
Park below, where dreams remain.

Hanzu, young, with wisdom untold,
And dear uncle, steadfast and bold.
Bonds forged in whispers deep,
Secrets guard for memories to keep.

In hall 10/25 we would live,
Hanzu's voice lit wisdom grew.
Civilizations and scientific truths unfold,
Knowledge boundless wide and bold.

The park stood witness to joy and pain,
The laughter, love, the bittersweet rain.
Ah! those moments, cruel and kind,
Shaped all strength we now find.

What if distance springs its lengthy arm,
Our memories keep us safe and warm.
For in my heart, you both reside,
Guiding as the pole star in the tide.

Here a wish lies, carried by the breeze,
For happiness finds you with gentle ease.
Hanzu, my Uncle and treasures untold,
A bond unbroken, and forever bold.



The World of Words

In English Language words fight,
Better segregate, keep them right.
Great, recognise, if memory fails,
Eight part of speech and no details.
Noun person, place, things around,
like Arshad, Delhi, grass and ground.

Pronoun Noun in novel clothes.

She, He, It, they and other flows

Adjective add-on colour, tone,

A bright sun, a rocky stone.

Verb state, action, possess, percept

Be, Run, Has and Concept

Adverb tell the way things go,

Softly whisper, quickly flow.

Preposition show relation fine,

Under the tree, behind the line.

Conjunctions link, tie and glue,

And, But, So help senses flow.

Interjection shout with spark,

With Hurrah! Wow! oh no! mark



Unheard Words

If ever thou sipped from literature's stream,
lend me thy ear with a courteous gleam.
Lines of sight converged, as he sat akin,
Yet lips mum, the heart may spin.
Never spoke of parting ways with me,
Was it shame for the betrayal I see?
Or did his lips falter, still and restrained,
When words of adieu are unexplained.
What would he know of yearning's fight,
of spirit's toil to reunite after ages' flight.
What would he grasp of searing still cry,
of broken heart's flames, refuse to die.
To home, he reached skirting love's fetters,
Why shan't thou, for waiting bear no gains.
What virtue it does for shadows linger near,
When the heart sped, though path unclear.
Was he guide, or foe in masquerade?
At times, bosom and wept by my side,
Yet mocked my tears with disdain,
Ah! soul offer both repose and pain.

Who was it, what bond did you share?
Feeling if it was, why then elsewhere.
Fleeting shadow of love, echo in disguise,
Leaving behind silence where truth lies.
Alas! It stayed with another, and thou wept,
A bond duped, where no promise was kept.



Love or Deceit

I never asked you to walk my way,
wished you'd near me only stay.
Oh, how swiftly time does turn,
Once sought, now it's your turn.
Troubled times, who's by your side?
Subtle is the breeze when misfortune collide.
For the first time today, I slept in peace,
Ah! your memories caused unease.
Many a time I call your mistakes naive?
Should I say, "Your faults make me grieve."
This love or this doubt—it only destroy,
Just brood of what the unfaithful employ.
Your pledge the time tough will go,
Pacified I escaped the grip of your row?



The Gentle Flame

In a world of rush, hard and wild,
Kindness walks—a quiet child.
No trumpet sounds, no banners fly,
Yet it softens hearts as storms pass by.

A whispered word, a helping hand,
A bridge of hope, where strangers stand.
Its glow outshines the brightest gold,
A warmth that never fades or fold.

Kindness hath walls tumbling down,
It lifts a face from weary frown.
A ripple born from one small deed,
Grows waves of love to fill the need.

So plant its seeds in all thou do,
Make world bloom to brighter hue.
For kindness is the sweetest art,
And blessed twice in every heart.



A Storm's Bitter Gift

Amid quiet hills where orchards sleep,
Shopian's dreams in blossoms deep.
Gentle winds once danced with grace,
Yet thunder roared, and storm replace.

Hailstones fell like jagged knives,
Wounding the trees that cradled lives.
Each bruised apple, a farmer's despair,
Hard work shattered in icy air.

Boughs wept, the ground did mourn,
Nature's wrath left lives forlorn.
Whispers of loss in the valley's breath,
A storm etched tales of silent death.

Yet hope clings to broken hands,
A resilient spirit that understands.
Though orchards bow, the heart yield,
From ashes grow tomorrow's field.



First Day in Six Blocks

Six Blocks rise, where dreams take flight,
Malla Reddy's halls, a world alight.
Einstein Block's grandeur, auditorium vast,
Two thousand seats hold futures steadfast.

A mini auditorium, cozy yet grand,
For staff to train and ideas to expand.
Via corridors bright, thy steps tread,
By library's wisdom here minds fed.

Beside Admin Room, discipline reigns,
Principal Madam steers, measured gains.
Students keen, their eyes full of light,
Carrying knowledge, hopes burning bright.

Language labs hum with words at play,
Futures molded in accents' sway.
Fully furnished rooms, a haven for growth,
Digital panels sparking learning's oath.

Plight of Flight

And there you stood, a guide, a spark,
Lighting paths in their academic arc.
The first day began with passion untold,
In Six Blocks' embrace, a story unfolds.



Flood Storm

In Bagna's heart, the waters roared,
A cloudburst's wrath, its anguish poured.
Two brothers lost, their laughter stilled,
Dreams undone, futures unfulfilled.

Mani Ram, a soul of years,
Crushed beneath the flood's cruel tears.
Homes collapsed, lives swept away,
Night turned to grief, no dawn to stay.

Dharam Kund's cries, a hundred saved,
Yet scars remain where waters raved.
Hail and rain, the crops they maim,
Nature's fury, none to tame.

Roads undone, landslide's might,
Banihal weeps through endless night.
A fragile world, a fleeting breath,
Bound by life, yet touched by death.

Two brothers, Aquib and Saqib,
The names echo where silence is tragic.
The tender ages of fourteen, twelve,
Into the depths of sorrow they dwell.

A home once warm, now cold and broken,
Dreams extinguished, love unspoken.
Bagna's skies wept in feral might,
A cloudburst stole them into the night.

Muhammad Aquib, a name of grace,
Muhammad Saqib, gone with the trace.
The names rest in mournful songs,
Where floods unravel right from wrongs.

Dr. Arshad Hussain Ganaie

Echoes of April
(Pahalgam)

Part I



A Meadow Weeps

The green grass where beauty breathe,
A meadow mourns, its joy beneath.
Baisaran's whispers, soft and sweet,
Echo cries anguish, where shadows meet.

Twenty-six souls, their laughter stilled,
Dreams undone, futures unfulfilled.
Tourists, strangers, brothers, friends,
Lives shattered, a pain never ends.

The deodar trees stood, silent and tall,
Witness to terror's cruel, dark call.
Locals rushed, their bravery bright,
Carrying hope through the hilly night.

Muslim hands held Hindu grief,
Bound by sorrow, seeking relief.
A prayer to Allah, a plea so deep,
Justice to rise, for peace to keep.

Let the cowardly that sowed this pain,
Feel the weight of every tear and slain.
May their paths, marked by the cries ignored,
End harsher than the lives they deplored.

Part II



Where Love Roots in Loss

April 22, etched in time,
A day of loss, a heinous crime.
Yet in the vale, love still grows,
By shared tears, humanity shows.

Arshad, thy prayer, beacon of light,
In the darkest hour, call for what's right.
May the meadow heal and peace return,
May the fires of hatred forever burn.

For every tear shed, for every life lost,
We stand as one, no matter the cost.
Let not the seeds of hatred take root,
For peace, valley's eternal pursuit.

Part III



Shield of Light in Gloom

Let not the echoes of hatred stay,
For light will chase the dark away.
Baisaran's meadows, let love bloom anew,
Tribute to brave, the lost—and to you.

The blossoms wilt, the winds hold breath,
As terror weaves its cruellest death.
Innocence stolen, dreams undone,
Shadows blot the morning sun.

Aadil, a local kashmiri hero
Rose from the middest meadow.
Tried to snatch the arms of the terrorist,
Nurtured the soil with his blood, saving the tourists.

Thus, among the fallen, courage rose,
Adil stood—his love exposed.
A shield of light in the darkest hour,
His sacrifice—a blooming flower.

Kashmiriyat weeps but fails to break,
Its soul still burns for love's own sake.
For candles flicker, voices rise,
And unity defies all the lies.

Oh, Valley of beauty, of poets and song,
Your spirit stands, unwavering, strong.
Through wounds and sorrow, you shall heal,
With peace, your sword, and hope, your seal.

Let not the echoes of hatred stay,
For light will chase the dark away.
Baisaran's meadows, let love bloom anew,
Tribute to brave, the lost—and to you.



Widow-Bride

Alive once with colours bright,
Spring time dancing in the light,
Deep valleys and hills so high,
Tourists came beneath blue sky,

Kashmir, the paradise of dreams,
Floating in quiet streams.
The marketplace cold, undone,
The grief of all beneath the sun.

The hotels, once full of cheer,
Stand empty, their echoes clear.
Taxis idle in quiet despair,
As sorrow settles in the air.

But now the echoes fade away,
A haunting hush, a sky so gray.
The Lidder whispers soft and slow,
Waters weep for those we know.

Three days a bride, with henna red,
Still bright upon her trembling hand,
Walked meadows dressed in dreams,
Love blooming soft across the land.

Before her eyes, the world turned still,
The red of joy met red of pain,
His warmth fell silent on the grass,
And spring was swallowed by rain.

Alone she stood in emerald fields,
Calling to skies that would not speak —
A bride? a widow? both at once —
Time turned cruel within a week.

Her henna not yet grown pale,
Nor her wedding songs grown old,
Yet fate written, fierce and dark,
A story no young heart should hold.

O wounded land, hold steady still,
Your beauty fights, your heart's will.
May laughter fill skies once more?
And hope return to every door.



Grieving Heart

Don't think I lack the skill or the art,
I fight not in gun, but in pen's dart.
The lesson is clear—who's kin or foe, laid bare,
No grievances, when spring fills with despair.

Who claimed time could bring my end so near?
I merely shut my eyes, waiting you to disappear.
I was taught, to cage not a bird in flight,
Else I not know art of weaving traps of height.

Who longs for you, as I do each day?
Who weaves thoughts with yours this way?
Who told you I was ever apart?
I lost myself—making strangers a part.

Don't walk away, erasing paths you tread,
Who knows if lot calls you ahead?
Don't leave, shattering a heart so true,
Who knows if destiny reunite us too?

Neither a friend, nor love, nor muse divine,
What name I give to this feeling so fine!
A tender thought, a fleeting dream,
Yet sweeter than reality could seem.

He sat beside, yet silence remained,
Unspoken words but echoes restrained.
Quiet was he, but within his hush,
I was the storm—his stillness' crush.

The one who vowed to stay, forever true,
To walk beside me, life's path anew,
Tell them now, my years of wait,
Have met their end—no more fate.



The Song of "The"

There's a girl who sits free,
Under mountains, near the sea.
She plays guitar, sings with glee,
Reading her stories happily.

From the mountains, rivers flow,
To the oceans, deep they go.
The Ganga, the Nile, so grand,
Through lands, they shape the sand.

She reads the newspaper every day,
Learns from books in a thoughtful way.
She dreams of wisdom, old and true,
The Quran, the Gita, the Bible too.

She thinks of wonders built to last,
The Taj shining from the past.
She recalls events that shook the floor,
Like Wars and many more.

She's the best, no doubt, you see,
The smartest girl in history!
Under the sun, she feels bright,
Watching the moon in soft night.

Mountains, rivers, oceans wide,
Newspaper, books by your side.
Holy words and history strong,
Place it before — and sing this song

She belongs the United States of America,
Don't think her from the deserts of India.
It is students to remember – the – and their teacher,
I am only Arshad as Proper names don't like the.



No Borders Between Souls

This is my land—so vivid, so bright,
Blossoms of colours share morning light.
Roses and sunflowers, narcissus too,
All in one pot, in harmony grew.

But politics plays its divisive game,
Using faith as a mask to chase fame.
They pray in temples, mosques they kneel,
Not for God—but for the vote they steal.

Time pulled us apart from hateful play,
Yet love in our hearts never fades away.
You deal in hatred, you sow despair,
Ask history—love wins fair and square.

Your reign will end, we will not divide,
Together we stand, truth as our guide.
If war is your goal, first set the code,
Not slaughter the poor by shout or goad.

We are the lamps your winds can't erase,
We light home, in every faith's grace.
On Eid we shine in a Muslim's abode,
On Diwali, a Hindu's house we load.

Hindu or Muslim, Sikh or Christian, say?
Reflections of soul, in varied light and clay.

Dr. Arshad Hussain Ganaie

In Memory of
Kashmiri Pandits

Part I



Divided by Deception

You left in the nineties and never returned,
Took away my joys—unspoken, unconfirmed.
I was a child, saw my father distressed,
Glued to the radio, fearing the rest.

Old men gathered near the tobacco stand,
Grim-faced, silent—tears in hand.
The air felt strange, the scent was fishy,
Someone we knew missed from the city.

Though uncles, aunts, and cousins were near,
Grandma refused to lift the pot once served with cheer.
The grasshoppers no longer danced in the sun,
Even the bees ceased their hum.

I asked aloud, what's going on?
Nani whispered, Our Hindu neighbours are gone.
But Grandma, I said, we've none nearby
No Hindu families in our village lie.

Their hushed talks made my young mind swirl,
I was five, a puzzled little boy in shaken world.
I asked my Grandpa, Why are you sad?
We've no Hindu neighbours, why are you mad?"

He sighed, we do, dear, in villages around.
They were forced to leave homes and ground."
The radio crackled with names and cries,
The valley echoed with silent goodbyes.

A hush fell over the evening breeze,
As if the chinars mourned with the trees.
And though I didn't know their names,
I felt the loss like flickering flames.

A bond unseen, yet deeply felt.
A wound where shared memories dwelt.

Part II



The Teacher Who Stayed

Time passed, and I forgot those tense days,
School and sunshine filled my youthful phase.

Now in sixth grade, high school in sight,
The world seemed calm, the skies felt bright.

I heard a teacher call a name unknown,
And greeted with *Aadab*, not *Salam* alone.

A man in forties, youthful and wise,
Ritan Lal—mid-height, with deep eyes.

He taught science, though not my class,
Still I wished to learn from him, to pass.

One day, as if God had heard my plea,
He entered our house with sweets and glee.

It was a substitute class, our teacher away,
But the walls came alive with what he to say.

Though I was shy, Monitor by name,
Said no grand words, yet I felt aflame.

His voice was calm and presence rare,
Practice, he said, and devoid of fear.
The bell rang out, the moment gone,
But he'd sailed me to a deeper dawn.

Those childhood shadows returned to light,
My father's sorrow and grandpa's fright.
He's our neighbour, my father said,
Little distant, but close in thread.

I began to wonder what had gone wrong,
Where had our neighbours been all along.
Someone in power had played unfair,
Forced their leave, it wasn't a nightmare.

I watched, listened, and slowly knew,
Ritan Lal was different, steadfast and true.
Not as Hindu, but because he cared,
He never shirked, never despaired.

No missed duties, no selfish leave,
He taught with passion, made us believe.
Not just a teacher, but a towering soul,
His knowledge deep, heart made whole.

He was a feeling, a fashion, a friend,
An emotion, guide, a timeless trend.
He taught us bonding in chemistry,
And sparked a bond in humanity.

But when terror rose, he too had to go,
With tearful eyes and a heart laid low.
We miss you, sir, your wisdom and grace,
Your care still lingers in this place.

Now I see why sorrow filled that day,
Sans Hindu neighbours, we lost the way.
In your absence, the halls feel bare,
Silence hangs in morning air.

You taught more than books could hold,
You taught courage, quiet and bold.

Part III



The Valley Calls You Home

An earnest plea I raise to God,
Let them return, Lord! how odd
This silence where laughter rang,
This ache once our voices sang.

Thousand years of roots run deep,
How can you leave your kin to weep?
We shared bread, our sacred days,
In temples, mosques, in woven praise.

Eid and Diwali lit our skies,
With joy that danced in every eye.
We fought the dark, stood thy side,
Taught each child with equal pride.

Our wrists bare, no threads to tie,
No Rakhi binds, no sisters nigh.
We cared homes you left behind,
As if our own, thy gods, our shrine.

I beg you now, come back and near,
Your houses wait year after year.
Without you, we are torn and weak,
Come home, let healing hearts speak.

Our weddings dim, songs unsung,
Our festivals lack your old tongue.
Return, and let us stand as one—
To fight the terror, not to run.

Let the chinars bloom with delight,
Let temples glow and mosques unite.
Let children learn from every creed,
Let love be planted as our seed.

Come home, let wounds be healed,
Let truth be spoken, not concealed.
The Valley calls with open arms,
To hold you safe, shield from harm.



Don't Waste Your Sunday— Make It a Funday!

Saturday night, I come back home,
Throw my bag and start to roam.
Socks on the floor, lunchbox flies,
I jump on the bed with closed eyes.

Three hours later, I wake up slow,
Feeling tired from head to toe.
I grab my phone, to watch reels,
Funny cats and dancing seals.

Sunday morning, I wake nine,
Feeling lazy, not so fine.
Hair messy, room's a mess,
I order food—junk, I confess.

Nothing done, clothes unclean,
No chats and no happy scene.
Just lying down, wasting time,
Doing nothing—feels like a crime.

But wait! I've got a clever way,
To make my Sunday a happy day.
On Saturday night, I make a plan,
To finish my work as best I can.

I drink some juice, I write a list,
Trim my nails—nothing missed.
Put clothes to wash, call a friend,
Cook some food, chores all end.

I take a shower, feel so fresh,
No more mess, no mental stress.
Sleep by ten, wake up with cheer,
Sunday's here—my mind is clear!

Go for lunch or watch a show,
Laugh with friends, good vibes flow.
Take a nap, then read or write,
Do some yoga, feel just right.

Here's the trick—don't let it slide,
Plan ahead with weekend pride.
Finish your tasks, have your fun,
And Sunday will shine like the sun!



Room of Doom: A Bachelor's Tale

In a small rented room, a few stay,
Living their lives in a messy way.
No rules, cleaning, just chill and play
Their room tells stories every day.

Ashtrays full of cigarette bits,
Cables lying around like tangled nets.
Chargers everywhere, no proper place,
Looks like short circuit to take place.

Dustbins overflowing, plates unclean,
Last week's food still smells obscene.
Dishes stacked up in the sink,
The kitchen's a garbage rink.

Smelly socks on the floor and bed,
Under the fan, hanging by thread.
They order food, don't cook at all,
Menus and wrappers line the wall.

Plight of Flight

Walls are stained, posters torn,
The room looks tired, old and worn.
Wi-Fi struggles, phones in hand,
Scrolling reels barely understand.

They sleep late, laundry's lost,
Washing clothes feels like a cost.
In this mess, they laugh and live,
Sharing stories youth can give.



Silks, Spices & Sacred Southern Songs

South indian lands where temples rise,
Beneath the sun and monsoon skies,
A culture blooms old and grand,
With art and soul in every strand.

Drums beat loud and veena sings,
Carnatic notes take sacred wings.
Dancers move with grace and fire,
Eyes speak, and limbs inspire.

From Tyagaraja's gentle tune,
To Kathakali's painted moon,
Each gesture tells a tale divine,
Of gods, of love, of ancient time.

Kitchens hum with spice and steam,
Of dosa crisp and sambar dream.
Coconut, curry, chutney spread,
On banana leaves, the feast is fed.

Sarees glitter in temple light,
Men in lungis, pure and white.
Colors swirl in every street,
Where faith and festivity meet.

Pongal pots and Onam blooms,
Fill villages and palace rooms.
Harvest comes with dance and song,
Traditions carried proud and strong.

Stone by stone, the temples stand,
Carved by centuries, hand in hand.
Dravidian roots run deep and wide,
In every sculpture, gods reside.

Languages rich, with ancient grace,
Tamil, Telugu—all holds its place.
Kannada flows, Malayalam sings,
In every word, the past still clings.

Craftsmen design with patient care,
Silver, wood, and sandal rare.
Silk is woven, dreams are dyed,
In every thread, the soul resides.

South India lives rhythm and rhyme,
Timeless dance through sacred time.
Its heart beats strong, spirit free,
A land of light and legacy.



The Triple Cries of Earth

The Earth whispers, at times it screams,
Of broken skies and shattered dreams.
Three great wounds it tries to hide,
But they grow stronger, far and wide.

Fields dry, the rivers shrink,
Wildfires dance along the brink.
Homes are lost, and crops decay,
The warming world drifts far away.

The air we breathe, water we sip,
Poisoned by a careless grip.
Plastic floats in every sea,
Waste flows where life would be.

Factories hum, the toxins spill,
The soil grows sick, oceans ill.
Some wounds take a million years
Cleanse the Earth of human tears.

The forests fall, the creatures flee,
From chainsaws, nets, and industry.
Each vanished bird, dying tree,
Takes with it life's great tapestry.

The coral fades, the bees grow few,
The jungle hums a mournful tune.
Without their song, world turns grey,
A lonely Earth, stripped bare each day.

We dig too deep, we take too fast,
Our greed outgrows nature casts.
The water wanes, the soil is torn,
The forests fall, the deserts born.

Mountains of waste rise every year,
A silent threat that draws too near.
We must rethink, we must restore,
Or Earth may thrive no more.

But hope still lives in every hand,
To heal the sea, the sky, land.
Plant, protect, and learn to share,
Show the Earth the care we care.



The Bus That Never Came

We stood in heat, and in rain,
Waiting long with growing pain.
Buses passed, all took their turn,
Not the one for which we yearn.

Wheels rolled with roaring pride,
Other routes, they smoothly glide.
For our stop, none would slow,
Dust and silence left to show.

The sun grew sharp, feet sore,
Hope faded near the broken store.
Some check their phones, cursed the day,
Some stared at clouds that drifted grey.

At last it came—a mighty roar,
Packed with students, clinging to door.
Backpacks swinging, elbows wide,
No space to breathe, no room inside.

We squeezed, shuffled, held our breath,
A ride like this is close to death.
The driver smirked, engine cried,
We hung on, hoped to survive.

Yet in this chaos, laughs still bloom,
In crowded seats and sweaty gloom.
For every wait and every shove,
There's friendship, and a little love.



A Song in Her Soul, A Code in Her Mind

In the heart of Hyderabad, hopes take flight,
Family of stars live, glowing so bright.
Sushma, not just a student in my care,
But a daughter in spirit, beyond compare.

Her father, a lecturer, wise and kind,
Guides young leaving no comfort behind.
With every earnings he builds their nest,
A pillar of strength, giving his very best.

Her mother, the soul of their loving home,
Wraps each heart in warmth, never alone.
She nurtures with grace, with love deep,
Her care a lullaby helps them sleep.

Kusuma, the healer in bloom,
Dreams of hospitals, hope finds room.
One for the poor, where no coin is due,
One for the middle class, with care true.

And Sushma, she sings with the skies,
With melodies that make the soul rise.
Her fingers may code, mind compute,
Her heart rhythms, tender and acute.

She paints, jokes, she sings with flair,
She gathers loved ones, always there.
Rooted in society, humble and wise,
She dreams of applause beneath skies.

She worships Krishna, a guiding light,
Through faith and music, she finds might.
Though her father sees paths diverge,
She blends with passion, a soulful surge.

So I say to her, with love and pride,
Let engineering be a professional stride.
Singing be the fire that fuels your soul,
One day, the world will hear you whole.

Whether on stage or behind the screen,
You shine with grace, serene and keen.
For in your heart, a nation's song,
And in your hands, a future strong.



Mercy Beyond Measure

Oh God, my plea, heal my pain,
Though I seem whole, I bear a strain.
You're with me, my heart feels tight,
Since birth, you are my guiding light.

I'm not pure, my faith is weak,
Yet your mercy is what I seek.
Your love is more than mothers do,
Seventyfold, and ever true.

How kind you are to humankind,
With eyes divine, you watch and find.
My soul desires to thank you deep,
Though all I have is words to keep.

Unwise am I accept my prayer as such,
Like masters praise a child's touch.
Though I draw lines, not lessons grand,
You still uplift with gentle hand.

You know the thorns pierce my way,
And how I stumble day by day.
Bless me once again, I plead,
As you do in times of need.

Weak, unable to stand tall,
You can guide me through it all.
Vast my sins, I feel the shame,
Still I whisper Your great name.

You are above, beyond and wide,
In you alone, my hopes abide.
Forgive me, and make me whole,
With mercy vast as oceans roll.

Arshad bows with heart sincere,
To the One who's always near.
In every breath, and in plea,
My soul belongs to none but Thee.



The Drop and the Sea

The knowledge of two worlds is vast,
We strive to spread it, racing fast.
Clerics clash with angry cry
Truth and love are left to die.

They hold a drop of wisdom's sea,
The rest belongs to God, not me.
Why fight for scraps with prideful tone,
When unity should be our own.

We're here a moment, brief and small,
Why not build a bridge, not wall.
Why cast the other into pain,
Peace and grace are ours to gain?

Let judgment rest with God above,
Who sees the hate, knows the love.
He knows the odd, the even too,
Far more than any mortal view.

You can't be always wrong or right,
Truth isn't born from the might.
Erase the myth that power wins,
Cleanse the soul from prideful sins.

Let hearts be humble, hands kind,
And leave no soul or faith behind.
For in the end, what matters most,
Love, not dogma, we should boast.

Arshad holds this heartfelt view,
Let's be one and start anew.
The sun, moon shine on us all,
This globe is ours, let it not fall.



Before Dawn – The Whispered Prayer

When night is still, stars descend,
The gates of mercy gently bend.
This sacred hour, calm and deep,
Invites the soul rise from sleep.

Ask with tears, not hardened pride,
For grace to heal what aches inside.
Ask for peace, for love once lost,
Strength to bear what life may cost.

World lies hushed in slumber's veil,
But heaven listens without fail.
Ask for light, for purpose true,
For broken ties to bind anew.

Life is brief, a fleeting flame,
unknown when comes our name.
Bow before the morning's call,
And let your heart in silence fall.

Plight of Flight

Not by scholar and by sword,
But by surrender to the Lord.
Arshad bows before the light,
Finds peace in deep night.



The Fragrance of Sweat

His Struggles, Their Comfort

He wakes ere the morn light,
Toil by day and deepest night.
Bachelor with no time to rest,
Family needs come first, no jest.

His hands are rough, body worn,
From lifting dreams, others scorn.
No thought for self, time to spare,
He gives his all, though none may care.

Then marriage brings a heavier chain,
New faces, hopes, and silent pain.
A wife who pleads for love and grace,
While parents mourn their son's lost face.

Two sisters wait with hopeful eyes,
He bears their dreams beneath the skies.
He walks through mines where air is thin,
And climbs where death may pull him in.

The sun beats down, the cold cuts deep,
Yet still he works, no time for sleep.
His dreams are not of peace or play,
But echoes of the coming day.

He risks his life for daily bread,
While others rest their weary head.
He cares for all, yet stands alone,
A heart of flesh, turned into stone.

No hand to hold, voice to cheer,
Silent debts and cries to hear.
They wait for coins, not for smile,
He walks lone each weary mile.

This game of life never truly ends,
Death arrives and none apprehends.
Arshad, if you meet such soul one day,
Love deeply—without words to say.



The Wisdom of Silence

They call it ignorance, void of thought,
Declaring clearance, if truth is bought.
Is silence suspense, a veil for the sly?
Credence to rumours that flutter and fly?

Silence is not weakness, a hollow shell,
It's the wisdom that chooses not to yell.
High consciousness, calm and aware,
Answers ignorance with dignified stare.

You think the silent witless, dull and blind,
They observe your folly, misguided mind.
The flower unspoken, yet fragrance remains,
Softly it teaches without loud refrains.

Silence is not absence but presence refined,
Sanctuary for soul, a fortress of the mind.
Not every truth needs thunder to be heard,
Some are whispered, unspoken by word.

Those rush to speak miss the art
Of listening deep, knowing the heart.
Replying is easy, restraint is divine,
Silence is ink in wisdom's design.

So let them mock, misunderstand,
The silent ones hold galaxies in hand.
For silence is not stupidity, nor shame
But quiet fire, that burns sans a name.



Friday-The Light

Friday comes with sacred call,
Day of peace, the best of all.
Leave work, thy worldly race,
Seek prayer and Allah's grace.

It cleans the heart, clears soul,
Forgives sins, makes spirit whole.
A golden hour, hidden and bright,
Prayers rise in heavenly light.

It brings a chance to renew,
walk with faith, start anew.
Sermon speaks, the hearts align,
Moment shared, a sacred sign.

Together we, shoulder to shoulder,
Young and old, meek and bolder.
One Ummah, in love and care,
United, in humble prayer.

Plight of Flight

Prophet loved this blessed day,
Taught us all to walk this way.
From Adam's time to final hour,
Friday holds a timeless power.



Time Turns Tide

O rich, the watch on your wrist is sheen,
Golden needles splash beneath the beam.

Sun and electric glow make it bloom.
Embellished than time teller, less truth than delight.

O poor, the disheartened gazing the rich.
Synthetic, plastic strapped watch, tells time too.
Less garnished, but speaks the truth on time.

The arms of time turn the tide for you.
You may succeed, breathe the fragrance.
Swap the style, and never forget the past.

Will you rise with ease, void of crimp?
While he, if must fall, will shrink.

Courage! Respect, value the time.
Time spent in swot turns time ere time.



Sound Silence

They call silence ignorance, a flaw,
Declare it weakness, lacking law.
But is it mischief cloaked in grace,
Or truth that rumours can't replace?

They say it's proof of guilty minds,
A shadow where deceit unwinds.
Yet silence needs a conscious height,
To answer ignorance with might.

You think the quiet ones are slow,
No wit, no spark, no inner glow.
But they observe your foolish pride,
And those who whisper by your side.

The flower blooms sans sound,
Its scent yet travels all around.
No need of hiss to make its mark—
Its silence sings beneath the dark.

Silence is art, a force unseen,
A quiet power, calm yet keen.
It soothes the soul, yet shakes the bold,
Leaves hearts out in the cold.

It's peace wrapped in patient grace,
A steady heart in crowded place.
Those who've weathered storm and strain,
Wear silence as crown of pain.