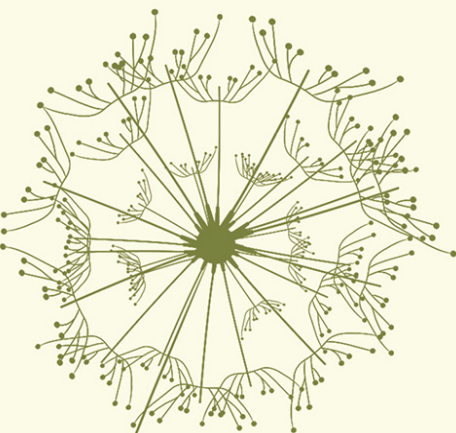


A Collection of Poems

Temet Nosce



MUSTAFA MUN





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Contents



<i>Preface</i>	11
1. Birth	9
2. Smile When Happy, Laugh When Sad	11
3. Twice Bitten Twice Shy	13
4. Loud Silence	15
5. Fate	16
6. Ultimatum	18
7. Disconnected	20
8. The Walk Along the Seashore	22
9. Waiting at the Bus Stop	24
10. Headphones	25
11. Doubt	27
12. High Speed	28
13. The Beggar	30
14. Dot	32
15. Connection	33
16. Sadness	35
17. Lost	37
18. Alone	39
19. Strange Friend	40
20. First Day	41
21. Distance	42

22. Best for the Last	43
23. Another Day on the Train	45
24. Anger in Pain	47
25. Ego	49
26. Silence in the Dark	51
27. Insanity	53
28. Wasted	55
29. Broken Heart	56
30. Is Everybody Lonely?	57
31. A Huge Mistake	58
32. A Dream to High	59
33. Never-Ending Story	60
34. Moods	62
35. Family	63
36. Expectations	65
37. Friend	66
38. Lucid Dreaming	68
39. Who Is She?	70
40. Atheist	72
41. The... Homosexual	75
42. Mobile Phone	77
43. Don't Want to Fall in Love	79
44. What Is Love?	81
45. Times... They Change	83
46. Within a thought...	84
47. Joy an illusion...	85

48. Thirsty	86
49. Always a Student	87
50. Eye Contact	88
51. Hypocrites	89
52. Fear or Laziness	91
53. Trust	92
54. Mother	93
55. War	94
56. Faith	95
57. Time Slips By	96
58. Life in the Fast Lane	97
59. The Unexplained Purpose	99
60. Time the Only Constant Thing	101
61. Is This Life?	103
62. Is War the Only Purpose?	105
63. Religion vs Humanity	106
64. Money	108
65. Why Love?	109
66. Dreams the Only Thing Left for Free	110
67. Impossible or Choice?	112
68. Trust	114
69. Unlimited Desires	115
70. Is Everything Coming to an End	116
71. Fear	118
72. Know Thyself	119
73. Death	120

Birth



A creation that took place
A few years ago,
Which keeps me wondering
Even till date.

Cries, laughter, cheers
Were all that I could hear,
Entering a new life
With no fears.

Little did I know who I was,
Did not even know the underlying cause.
A soul entered my body
And left me unsteady.

Various took place after that...
Instances, people, things.
All a cause to fill up the emptiness.

Birth takes place all the time.
Every second gives birth to a new second,
Every emotion gives birth to a new one.

It's an ongoing process,

It's endless,

Never-ending.

Birth... A fact different from the rest

Smile When Happy, Laugh When Sad



The thought makes one wonder,
Why ponder?
Just keep it under.

Sometimes you may smile for the sake of it,
Yet you would like to hide it in front of everyone.

It's simple.
A process like 1-2-3,
Make your emotions free.

Don't keep it under,
Don't ponder,
Don't wonder.

Just be what you would love to be.
Feel the gush of water on your face,
The drops pouring down
And touching where you want it to.

When others cry,
You just don't cry along.
Sing a song,
Move along.

The world is a small place,
Life is a short pace.
It's all moving in haste,
So please do not waste.

Enjoy every bit of it,
Let the lamp be lit.
Don't just stare and sit.

Twice Bitten Twice Shy



It was never a feeling stung under so deep.
It came to begin
From the beginning till the end.

A friend or a foe
Both sneaking on toe,
Making mistakes
To befriend.

Confused was I
To understand their emotions.
Made mistakes in realizing facts.

It was never too late, never too bad.
I was never again too sad
Because love was the one thing I never had.

Yet, I looked up with hope
To gain some momentum in life.
The plain black sky
Looked down at me with a sigh.

There are moments which show you a path.
This is the one to follow.
Some do,
While others don't.

A few move on, others get stuck.

It is quite difficult to be who you want to be.

Yet, you remain cursed.

You would love to be happy.

Yet, you are entangled in this tragedy.

Loud Silence



I did not quit here where I started,
A challenge is what I sought.

I never gave up yet in the battle
While others gasp and are startled.

Nobody understood, not even a few.
The message was for just a few.
But I guess I failed to reach out to them all too.

It was just plain words,
Alphabetically mistaken,
Grammatically driven.

A challenge that I keep within,
A driven thought for life.

Will keep moving,
And as the silence gets louder,
My voice will be heard in the crowd.

Fate



An anonymous feeling, yet feels so known
Deep inside us within our soul,
We cannot live without even when we grow old.

We think it's the only reason to lose or succeed,
A hope that lies always deep.
We never lose it and think it's true,
Only to realize at the end we've been fools.

Sometimes in a dilemma, whether it's all true,
Sometimes in anger, why it's all blue,
Sometimes in pain, while it's all bruised.

An old man once said all that glitters is not gold.
What's in this saying which makes this so bold?
A saying this old yet makes you feel uncontrolled.

People are born and die every day.
Some in hunger, some in pain,
Some die in war, while others in vain.
For them fate is insane.

Asked a beggar, he called it life.
Asked a husband, he called his wife.
Asked a mother, she just smiled.

In the end I realized
All through our lives, we live through.
There is always something new to go through.

Something to explore, something to learn,
Every moment is worthy to earn.
Fate is mandatory,
A feeling residing temporarily.

Ultimatum



We often reach a conclusion,
Something which we do not even have a clue of,
Things we don't wonder about,
Don't care about.
Yet, it's the ultimatum.

It's a tradition followed.
The last word to be heard in the house.
Never asked why.
When asked, was slapped and made to cry.

Even death would not be so ruthless.
Why are they acting so careless?
Why so brutal?
Things can get at times fatal.

Not asking for sympathy,
Not trying to gain the media hype,
It's just a plain question asked to everyone.
Have they just become "someone"?

Why such a change in everything?
Why such a change in everyone?
They all see but do not observe.
They observe but never act.

Leaders speak but do not act.
Actors perform but never act.
Charity shows are done every day,
Yet millions die of hunger each day.

Drugs, thugs, mugs,
It's all another way of avoiding the facts,
Another way of survival.
Nobody is born a thief or murderer.
Society is the one who creates them over the years.

Money is a slow poison,
While people die in recession.
Everyone is prey to it in one way or the other.
The monetary chain is for nobody to escape.

Yet, we create the ultimatum.
Yet, we call hundreds wrong while it was just one.
We do a hundred wrongs all under the sun,
It's us who are to blame.
Now, why are you hiding your face in shame?
Whom are you finding to blame?

News is just another poison, so switch on your television sets.
Newspapers should be used to clean toilet seats.
See for yourself and believe in your instincts.
People need things to talk about,
That's why we are called social animals.
But try and be more social and less of an animal.

Disconnected



We all are so disconnected
In this world of wireless telecom.
The internet and the dotcom,
Yet everyone remains frustrated.

We have trains, planes, boats, and cars,
Yet we remain so far.
We live with the passing hours,
Become a part of the system so far.

Forgetting someone has become so easy
Even though they exist in my family.
All it takes is a phone call,
Yet we just take it easy.

Meeting the ones only on certain occasions,
Missing the opportunity will relate to forgetfulness.
Making 500 friends on Facebook is easy,
Making an effort to keep in touch is not a necessity?

Why move on when you can't carry on?
Why say yes when you can't accept?
Why hear when you can't listen?

Hypocrisy reigns in every segment of life.

It is a fact which we just don't realize.

Staying connected is just simple,

All it takes is a click of a button.

The Walk Along the Seashore



Oh, what a view!

Thank god it's not pay per view.

I looked and stared at its magnitude

With no show and no attitude.

Rustling down the rocks beneath the soil,

Over the pebbles, everywhere it stalks.

I sat down with a friend,

Long lost, still held my hand.

I looked deep in the eyes.

The rays were to make me stand.

I spoke in the remaining silence.

We never spoke,

Yet had long conversations.

I asked for answers

But got more questions.

I tried to solve

But was left unsolved.

That's the way it works, I thought.

Maybe those answers, I shouldn't have sought.

Seeking answers is what he taught,

Yet he gave me answers like a robot.

Weird personality he keeps,
My friend is whom everyone seeks.
Do try meeting him if you want to know more,
Just take a walk along the seashore.

Waiting at the Bus Stop



Early in the morning and late at night,
I just wait for its sight at the bus stop.

As usual, it never is on time,
Makes us wait and
Realize the fact that we are helpless.

Many do pass by, yet we wait for the one.
If it does not arrive, we board none.

Rustling leaves,
screeching cars,
Empty cans,
Broken jars.

It's a different atmosphere.
Everyone looks in one direction,
Hands ticking by,
Legs banging on the floor.

We all know one thing for sure,
That we all are waiting at the bus stop...

Headphones



You make me seem like a girl
With all the twists and curls.
I wear it and seem deaf.

I do not care,
I do not fear.
It's with me,
That's all I care.

Provides melody,
A vision for life,
A moment of peace,
An instance of joy.

Different from the rest,
Lost in the thoughts,
Yet we stay much in the present.

It whispers into our ears,
Yet we are aware through sight.
We know the moments pass by
But with melody and joy.

They do not make us deaf.
It's what we do not hear
That we filter through our brains.
It's a filter,
A companion,
My headphones...

Doubt



I am late, quite late.

It's dark.

Walking through a park, my eyes roll,

My head turns,

I am in doubt.

With friends partying,

Getting calls from home,

Everyone is doubting.

When in the air or while walking on the street,

We still think to breathe.

Is it human creed?

We have lost hope completely.

We pray yet are lost in the fray.

We are keen to the extent that

We believe the unseen.

Is this what we live for or is this what we feel?

A state of metamorphosis or a burning inside?

I always see in those eyes

Emptiness filling up more,

They are so sore yet filled with lies.

Still in doubt?

High Speed



I never thought about it.

Not even a bit.

It was just the time

When I felt there was no time.

I felt the rush of air

With no moment to spare.

Felt the smell of rose

With no time to sit with it and pose.

I looked at the beach

Still out of my reach.

Funny, it was just a mile,

Only took me a while.

The water dropped from the sky,

Felt as if the angels cried.

Walked along the busy street

To meet the tension's treat.

It only takes a second if you reckon

To look around for a bit, stare and sit for a bit.

Looking at the unseen,
Listening to the unheard,
Feeling the untouched,
Tasting the new flavours,
Stepping a step back from high speed.

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