

Contemporary Literary Review India

Print ISSN 2250-3366 | Online ISSN 2394-6075



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Confession

Exhausted existence; downbeat or upbeat,
Alas! These vibes of all types,
Read me; modify and revise
Read them; understand and detoxify.
Transform my thoughts; full mind with functions,
Transform my living, my psyche and purpose
Hug me, hug me and hold me extra tight
Then filter my deeds and strain out all weeds.

Keep bullion in my basket,
I will carry them in casket
Whenever I shall leave,
This globe full of grieve.
Mucky and maddening
I made a messing choice
Listen! Listen! Oh dear God
First filter then fill my heart
With love, life and light for all.

Either distillation or decontamination

Modification or sophistication

Utilize every purifying style,

Enhancement or improvement

Whether revolution or fine-tuning

Sanitization or purification

Cleanse every 'Callous and cruel'

With all concern and compassionate hues

Listen! My mission oh dear God

First filter then fill their heart

With love, life and light for all.

Bushel of blunders,
My bungles are now barriers,
What was more stupid?
Our concern for careers
'Joint accounts of sin'
Left us with no wings
My lust is now dust
And thirst is now trust

Oh dear choosy my awful fate
Let me shine or shriek louder
Set me free or you sit closer
My rigid past and newborn keen
Neither cures nor conceal
Listen! Listen! Oh my Lord
First filter then fill my cart
With love, life and light for all.

Sleep, slumber and siesta
All swindled my gain
Baffled me con embaucar
And took away my aim
Oh blindfolded my roller heart
So basic and bare that decree was
My Gold in shroud; Thy brass in crowd
No whites are here in class.
Thou in me, cross-dressed and the whole lot
First filter then fill our carts
With love, life and light for all.

But what's my sin?
They were my kith and kin
Inform them my demise
Born and gone; to you no surprise
Unfinished wants: but no more cry
If not lawn then let me fly
Filter filter, thou filter my all
Take my life, take my all.

Now nix can blossom
My heart's caisson
For what is dead: forever in rest
Filter your hue, give me your blue
I have an end high, ceaselessly in the sky
Filter filter take this winter
Let me cry let me fly
High high athwart sky.

Being Audacious

New season, can never vanish,
Mania thy past hold,
A new day, a new start;
Works well when heart dwell.

From past to past, this way shall doom, A new tomorrow, certain will bloom Flabbergasted, Grim, this unwell self, No not new, in this selfish world.

Know no boundary, that curbs you tightly,
Go on high, beyond the sky
Discontented, Melancholic these unhappy days
Will fade away, one day or some day

A disgusting boon! A disgusting boon!

From illegal fixture, that zilch your future

Faith on self keeps anxiety unwell

Certainly goes well, lone who knows himself.

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Dr. Anum Mirza works at Women Welfare Officer (MSK), Under Ministry of Women & Child Development, Government of India.



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