



POETRY TO THE IMPOSSIBLE WOMAN
SUNEEL MEHMI

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Dedicated to the Dream of Love.
Christmas Day, 2023.

'Love is cruel.
Love is unjust.
Love may not give you what you desire.
But if you live your life without
the dream of love,
you are no longer human.'

This poetry was given to the Impossible
Woman in an Impossible Way.

The Ending is Tragedy.

What did anyone expect? She is Impossible.

1

water to the drowning
water to the desert's thirst
water to the sun
water to the fire...

2

I am the maker of words about the beautiful
I am the choreographer of the dancing eyes
of the silent lips which turn downwards
into those sudden frowns
into the golden valleys of her skin
I am the artist of those brown eyes
darker than the depths of the sea

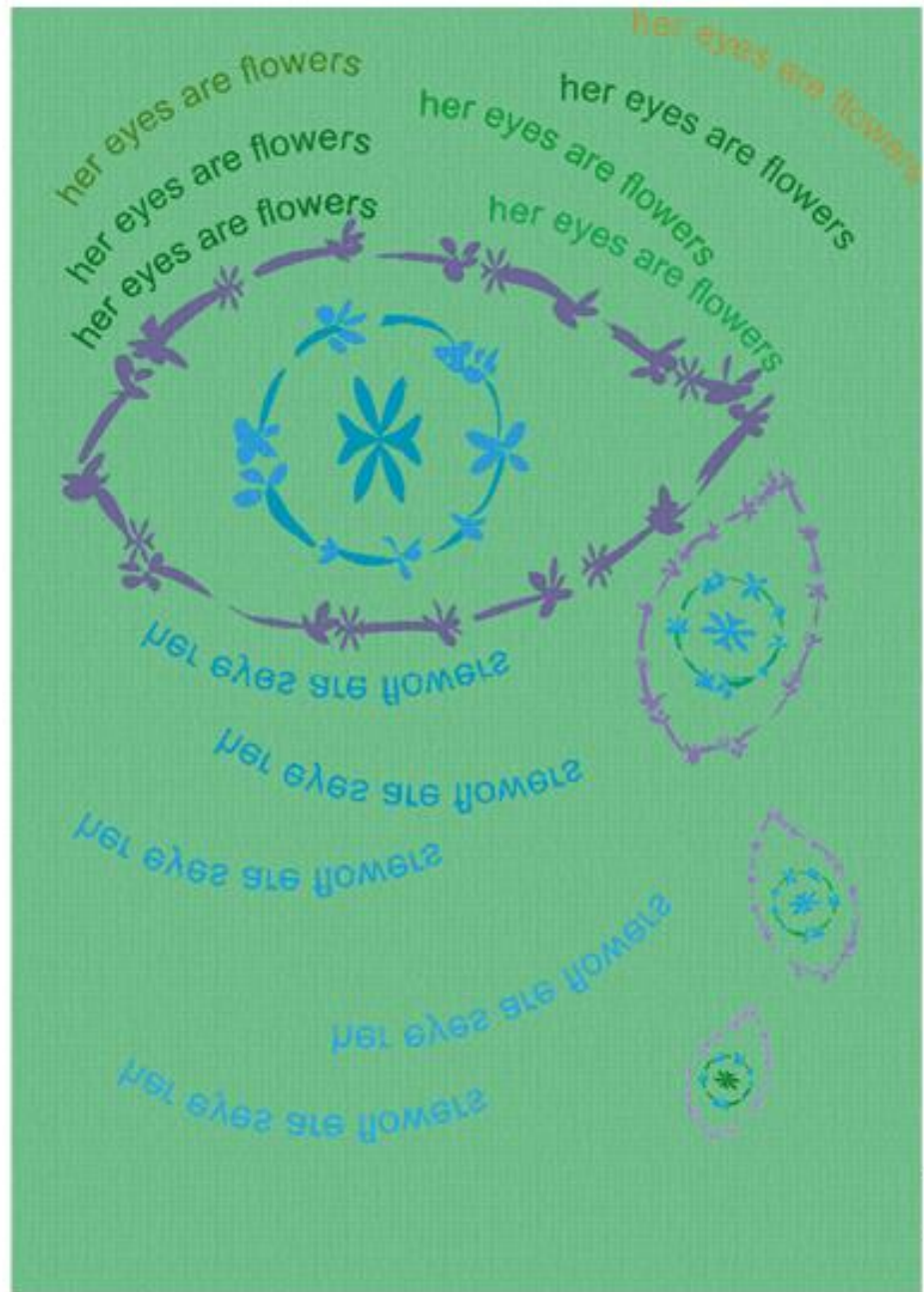
if there is poetry of a sort
it is because she is a poem
if there is magic of a sort
it is because she is a spell
which flies like perfume
from that lustrous hair

3

they grow even though they are cut
they prosper in water
they linger in the mind
the ghosts of love gone wild

4

her hair is full and shining
like the waves of the sea
swimming with life
her hair is chocolate
warm and delicious
sweet and embracing
her hair is strength
a halo about her
above her wings



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her eyes are flowers

her eyes bloom like a rose
in the forest of her face
they carry a scent
that only I know
they whisper a word
forgotten by all
but for the one
that will catch the rose
when it falls full of dew
and full of life
towards that well
that is within the lover
within the pattern of patience

n

one knows me like her smile

no one recognises me like her laughter

the waterfalls of her eyes swim

with the perfume of strange flowers

the arrows of her hair

are quick with the ages

one word of hers is calamity

one word is a miracle

three words are hope

and two eternity

'no and yes

is anyone's guess

but until that time

love and don't stress'



suneel mehmi 14.10.2023



suneel mehmi 18.10.2023

Phool se kya chupana
Lekin
Uske mehak ko hai churana

what to hide from a flower?
but
her scent is to be stolen

Deedar-e-husn jaisa koi koya hua khwaab
Ya badal se tang hua aftaab

the sight of beauty is like a lost dream
or like the sun tormented by a cloud

Dhaaga-e-dil bandaloon
tumharein zulfoon mein
Ya zoolfein pehna de humhe zanjeer

shall I tie the thread of my heart
in your hair?
or shall this hair make me wear a chain?

Tumhare ibadat karoon aise
Jaise rehaim ki pooja karta hai fakeer

I worship you
like a beggar worships compassion

