

Artistic

Season 5

NATURE

An anthology of poems

**Nature
requires time to
grow.
Grow with nature.
Take your time.**

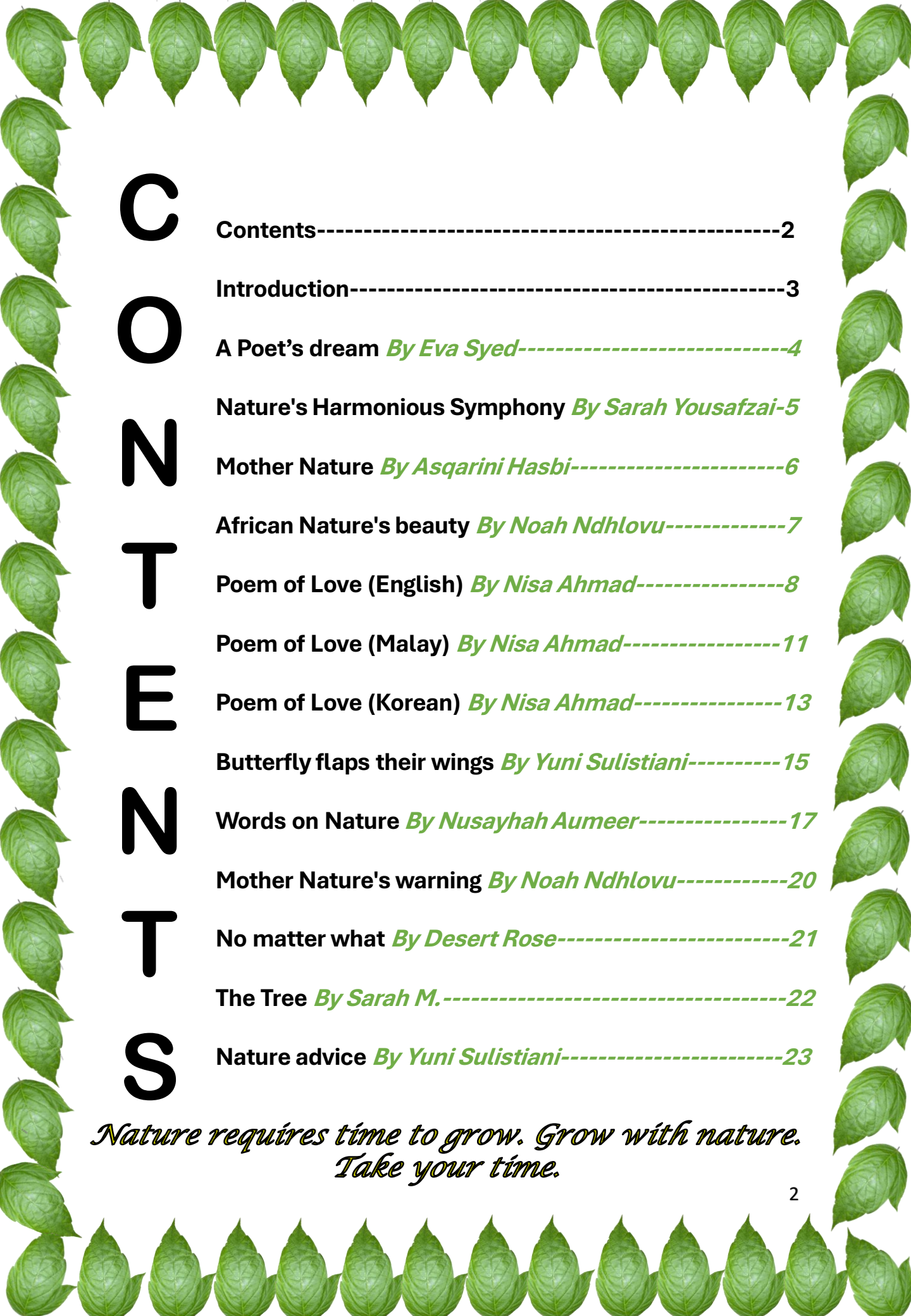


Farah With Me



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C O N T E N T S

Contents-----	2
Introduction-----	3
A Poet's dream <i>By Eva Syed</i> -----	4
Nature's Harmonious Symphony <i>By Sarah Yousafzai</i> -----	5
Mother Nature <i>By Asqarini Hasbi</i> -----	6
African Nature's beauty <i>By Noah Ndhlovu</i> -----	7
Poem of Love (English) <i>By Nisa Ahmad</i> -----	8
Poem of Love (Malay) <i>By Nisa Ahmad</i> -----	11
Poem of Love (Korean) <i>By Nisa Ahmad</i> -----	13
Butterfly flaps their wings <i>By Yuni Sulistiani</i> -----	15
Words on Nature <i>By Nusayhah Aumeer</i> -----	17
Mother Nature's warning <i>By Noah Ndhlovu</i> -----	20
No matter what <i>By Desert Rose</i> -----	21
The Tree <i>By Sarah M.</i> -----	22
Nature advice <i>By Yuni Sulistiani</i> -----	23

*Nature requires time to grow. Grow with nature.
Take your time.*



I N T R O D U C T I O N

Peace to all wherever you are.

Artistic is an annual virtual project under the Farah Saeed Trust whose aim is to unite creative minds across the globe to share their passion and encourage. Each year we have a unique theme for everyone to ignite together artistically whether that is through sketches, paintings, calligraphy, crafts and other forms of art.

This year, our focus is on our writing approach to Nature poetically.

Are you a lover of poetry?

Are you a lover of Nature?

What does nature mean to you?

Nature can teach us several moral lessons in how we interact with one another, and how we approach different scenarios with an ultimate positive change in our words, thoughts and actions as the shapes, patterns, blends of colours, styles, varieties, sequences and how they combine to create biodiversity are extraordinary.

Our aspiring poets here have shared their sentiments of what Nature means to them and hope it gives a positive essence to every one of our readers.

Thank you to all our participants and to all of our readers.

*Nature requires time to grow. Grow with nature.
Take your time.*

A Poet's dream

By Eva Syed

Eva is the pen name of this aspiring poet who is an educator from Pakistan.

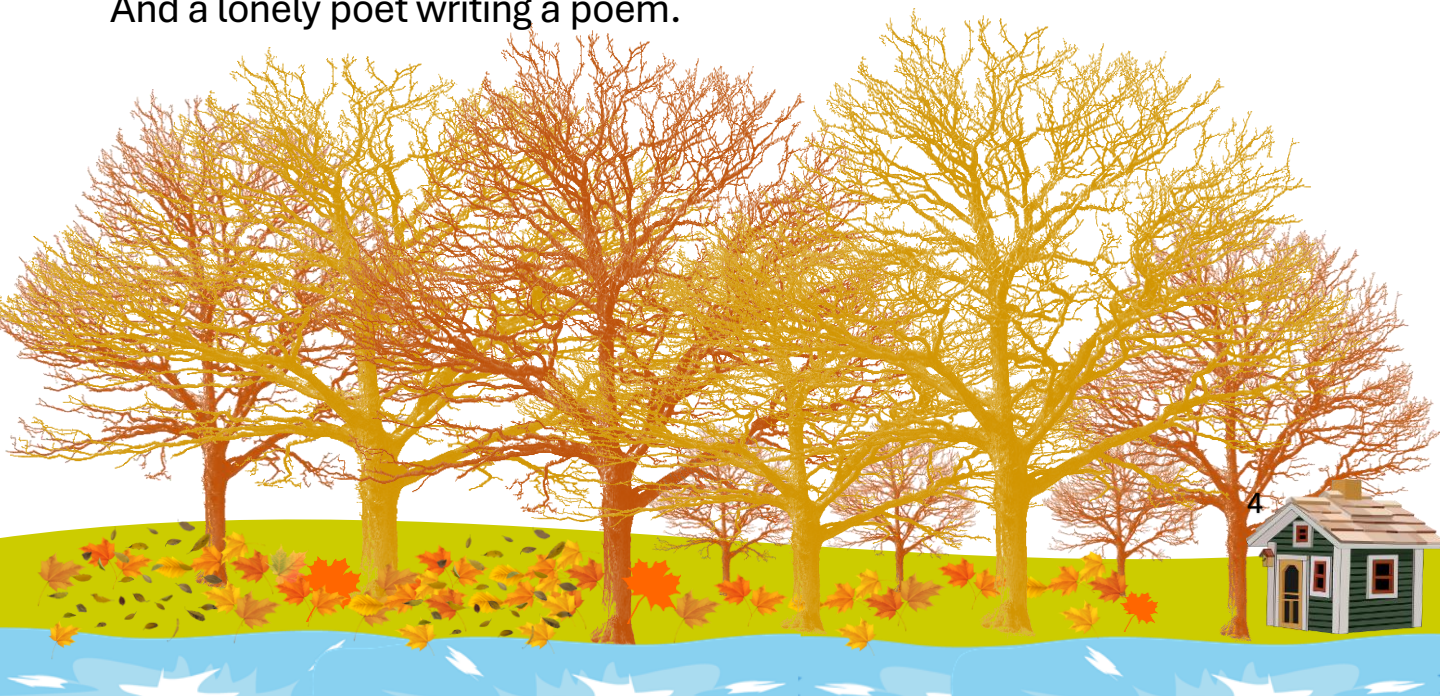
Bare trees and the fallen leaves,
The whispering ghosts, seasonal thieves

The crunching sound of their death bed,
Yellow dead bodies but no blood shed.

Silent screams of hollow wood,
A gushing stream in neighbourhood.

No insect or animal in sight,
No bird taking a flight.

Smoking chimney and a little home,
And a lonely poet writing a poem.



Nature's Harmonious Symphony

By Sarah Yousafzai

In nature's realm, a wondrous scene unfolds,
A dance of silver and carnelian, beauty untold.
The evening shines on the emerald stage,
As strategies converse, poetic words engage.

Rose bushes stand tall, majestic and grand,
Their fragrant blooms, nature's gifts hand in hand.
Petals unfurl like knights seeking poetic rhyme,
Yearning for joy and beauty that transcends time.

Little birds soar gracefully in their flight,
Singing melodies that bring pure delight.
They seek nature's treasures with gentle grace,
Enhancing the garden's poem, adding their embrace.

Each element plays its role, nature's divine play,
A cherished symphony, a mosaic on display.
Silver and carnelian blend in harmonious accord,
Nature's masterpiece, its brilliance untoward.



Mother Nature

By Asqarini Hasbi

Asqarini Hasbi, B.Sc. the founder of Writing for Happiness, an online writing community in Jakarta, Indonesia. Her works included: short stories anthology 'The Smiling Old Lady' and 'The Rose Garden', poetry anthology 'The Crescent Heart' and others in Indonesian language "Kepingan Kehidupan" dan "Majelis Rindu".

Her international published books:

"Life is Beautiful, Believe in It" (Poetry anthology, India)

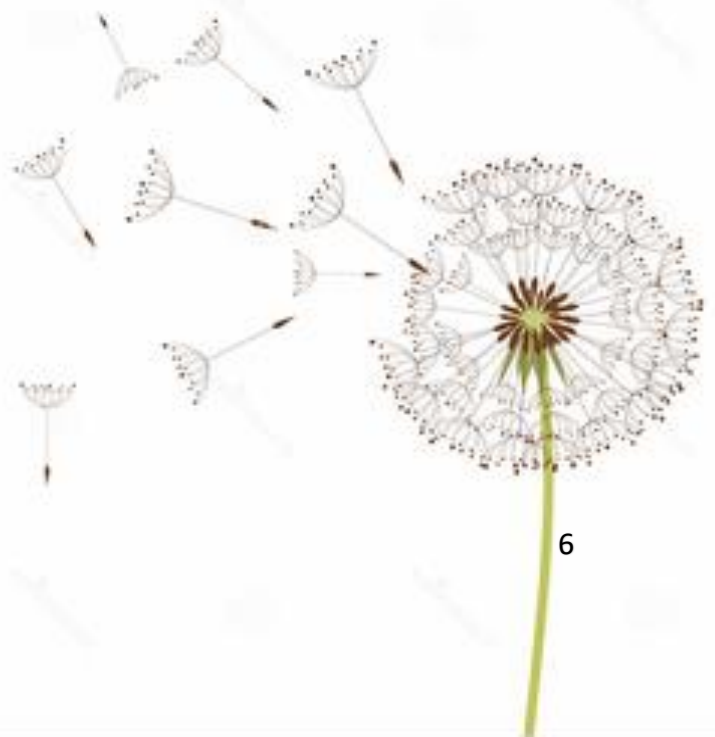
"A Bouquet of Muslim Blossoms" (Short stories anthology, Canada)

"Poetic Justice" (Poetry anthology, The United States of America).

Earth,
The history of yours,
Were written perfectly,
In these lovely memories.

Where the wind blows,
The dandelions,
Softly and gently,
Carrying them freely,
Into the thin air.

The ground,
The place where I stand still.
Is the foundation of
My solid faith,



Mother Nature

By Asqarini Hasbi

That Nature is also nurturing our spirits,
Teaching us to be calm and profound,
Like the deep blue sea.
Teaching us to be resilient, and yet strong.
Like a drop of water.

Teaching us the embrace changes,
Like the transformation of the Chrysalis.

Earth,
So many of your secrets,
Were not able to be revealed,
As in The Twilight,
That steals those mysteries,
Back into the dark.

But, let us live in harmony,
Bring joy, bring happiness.
Down into,
Our beautiful planet Earth.

African Nature's beauty

By Noah Ndhlovu

Noah Ndhlovu is a gifted author and poet who enjoys telling stories through his literal works. He started writing in the late 1990s and was featured in several publications. He has penned four books and continues to improve his craft. If he is not writing poetry, he volunteers his time helping others through his coaching services. Noah is the host of a program on Premier Media called Leadership Files, where he profiles leaders of African descent.

The African sun sets in a fiery glow,
Painting the sky with shades of orange and gold,
The savannah stretches out far and wide,
A home to wildlife that roams with pride.

The baobab trees stand tall and strong,
Their trunks like giants to whom we belong,
The sound of drums echoes through the night,
A rhythm that pulses in perfect delight.

The Masai Mara, Serengeti and Kruger Park,
A tapestry of life, woven with heart,
African nature's beauty, a sight to behold,
A wonderland of treasures, untold.



Poem of Love (English)

By Nisa Ahmad

International writer, entrepreneur, social media activist and a devoted slave who always find Allah in every condition.

"If you feel so upset or down, please find and read Quran to healing you. Because, Allah say with most merciful and most gracious. Allah with patience people." By Nisa Ahmad

https://youtu.be/Xv_ijAMjAic Poem recorded on Youtube with background song *Broken angel* By Arash.

I'm not Broken Angel as long as my heart and mind always remembers that Allah is with me.

Love,

Too wide,

Meaning...

Eternal love,

To Allah,

True love,

To the Prophet and Messenger,

There is no substitute for love

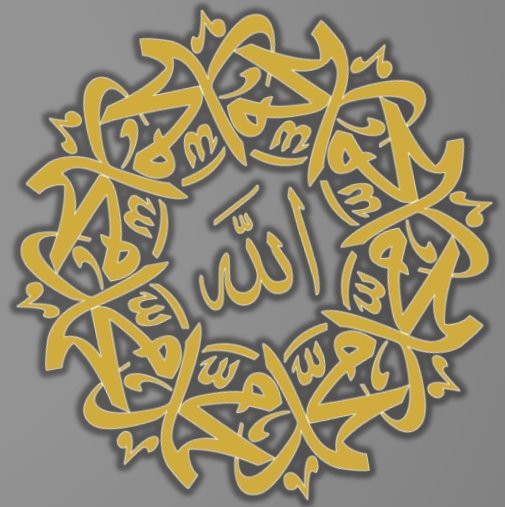
To parents,

And family,

Pure love,

To the couple,

gone...



Poem of Love (English)

By Nisa Ahmad

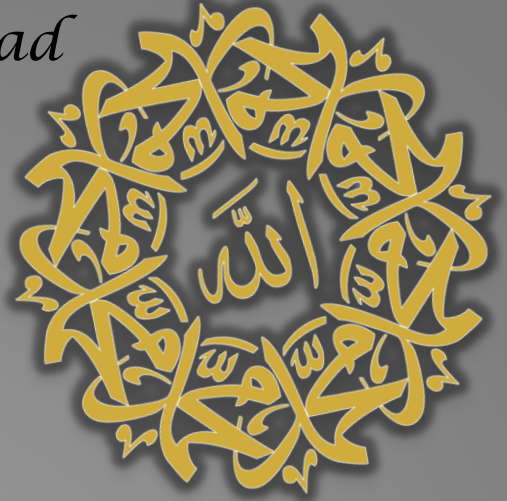
*Love is true love,
When we,
Loving and cherishing,
Yourself first,*

*Love and to beloved,
Two different words*

*Just as we see,
A mother,
Loving her child with deepest heart,*

*A mother cat,
Willing to starving,
Looking their kitten eat,*

*Appreciate people,
Which really,
Love and cherish you,
Before regretting later,
When they gone...*



Puisi Cinta (Malay)

By Nisa Ahmad

Penulis Antarabangsa, usahawan, aktivis Media, hamba Allah yang hanya bergantung padaNYA sentiasa <https://youtu.be/kED7rSNWSds>

Imam Mudaku Romantik mengajar kepada kita carilah cinta Allah terlebih dahulu untuk mendapat pasangan yang mencintai kerana DIA juga. Iman yang tinggi dalam diri seseorang menjadikan sesebuah rumahtangga itu bahagia. Jom kita cari redha Allah dan ibu bapa untuk kehidupan akhirat yang jaminannya Syurga. Insyallah.

Video muzik penuh di sini, https://music.youtube.com/watch?v=Yz_Txn-3wXU&feature=share

*Puisi Cinta
Cinta itu,
Terlalu luas,
Pengertiannya...*

*Cinta yang abadi,
Kepada Allah,*

*Cinta yang sejati,
Kepada Nabi dan Rasul,*

*Cinta tiada ganti
Kepada ibu bapa,
Dan keluarga,*

*Cinta yang suci,
Kepada pasangan,*



Puisi Cinta (Malay)

By Nisa Ahmad

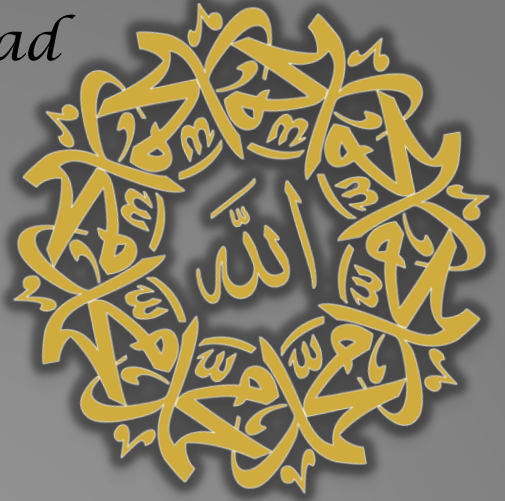
*Cinta yang sebenar-benar cinta,
Bila mana kita,
Mencintai dan menyayangi,
Diri sendiri dahulu,*

*Dicintai dan mencintai,
Dua ayat berbeza,*

*Sama seperti kita melihat,
Seorang ibu,
Menyayangi anaknya sepenuh hati,*

*Ibu kucing,
Sanggup berlapar,
Melihat,
Anak kucingnya makan,*

*Hargai orang,
Yang benar-benar,
Cintai dan sayangimu,
Sebelum menyesal kemudian hari,
Apabila mereka pergi...*



사랑 ~의 시 (Sarang ui si) (Korean) By Nisa Ahmad

저자: 니사 아흐마드

jeoja: nisa aheumadeu

국제 작가 / 기업가 / 소셜 미디어 활동가 / 모든 상황에서 항상 알라를 찾는 헌신적인 노예

gugje jagga / gieobga / sosyeol midieo hwaldong-ga / modeun sanghwang-eseo hangsang Allaleul chajneun heonsinjeog-in noye

<https://youtu.be/4Fq46H5gZX0>

Descendant of the sun, bring us back to keep saying love, never forget person who loving you and willing to sacrifice to see you happy always. Credit to the song OST.

<https://music.youtube.com/watch?v=SdHQkkRc-hc&feature=share>

그 사랑, (Sarang),

너무 넓은, (neomu neolb-eun),

의미... (uimi...)

영원한 사랑, (yeong-wonhan sarang),

알라에게, (Allah-ege),

진정한 사랑, (jinjeonghan sarang),

예언자와 메신저에게, (yeeonjawa mesinjeoege),

사랑을 대신할 수 있는 것은 없다

(sarang-eul daesinhall su issneun

geos-eun eobsda)

부모님께, (bumonimkke),

그리고 가족, (geuligo gajog),

순수한 사랑, (sunsuhan sarang),

부부에게, (bubuege),



사랑 ~의 시 (Sarang ui si) (Korean)

By Nisa Ahmad

사랑은 진정한 사랑, (sarang-eun jinjeonghan sarang),

언제 우리가, (eonje uliga),

사랑하고 아끼는, (saranghago akkineun),

자신이 먼저, (jasin-i meonjeo),

사랑하고 사랑하는 사람에게,

두 개의 다른 단어

(saranghago saranghaneun saram-ege,

du gaeui daleun dan-eo),

우리가 보는 것처럼, (uliga boneun geoscheoleom),

어머니, (eomeoni),

깊은 마음으로 아이를 사랑하고,

(gip-eun ma-eum-eulo aileul saranghago),

엄마 고양이, (eomma goyang-i),

기꺼이 굶고, (gikkeoi gulmgo),

새끼 고양이가 먹는 것을 보고,

(saekki goyang-iga meogneun geos-eul bogo),

감사합니다. (Gamsahabnida).

정말, (jeongmal),

당신을 사랑하고 소중히 여기며,

(dangsin-eul saranghago sojunghi yeogimyeo),

나중에 후회하기 전에

그들이 갔을 때... (najung-e huhoehagi jeon-e

geudeul-i gass-eul ttae)...



Butterfly flaps their Wings

By Yuni Sulistiani

My name is Yuni Sulistiani and my pen name is Pretty Dandelion. I've been working in Singapore for almost 9 years. I wrote short stories and mini stories in various genres. Recently I am working as a video office director at Baroe Publishers.

I miss that day again,
When the butterflies come and greet me in the morning,
With their beautiful wings of dreams
flap in the desert of hope

Its wings always exist
when the sun shines down
in the red rose garden
on a dusty side of the road

Even if the storm and rainy day comes
They are never afraid
Regain one's feet.
in prayer they flew



HOPE



likewise our dreams and hopes
That rises to the sky and falls to the ground
due the event of a storm
bringing all kinds of good wishes
to fall into the abyss of life

Look!!
My butterfly wings are torn with sadness
But her eyes sparkled
Like a bright star in the dark night
She limped to fly
Just like me and you
We are beautiful butterflies
in the garden of the future

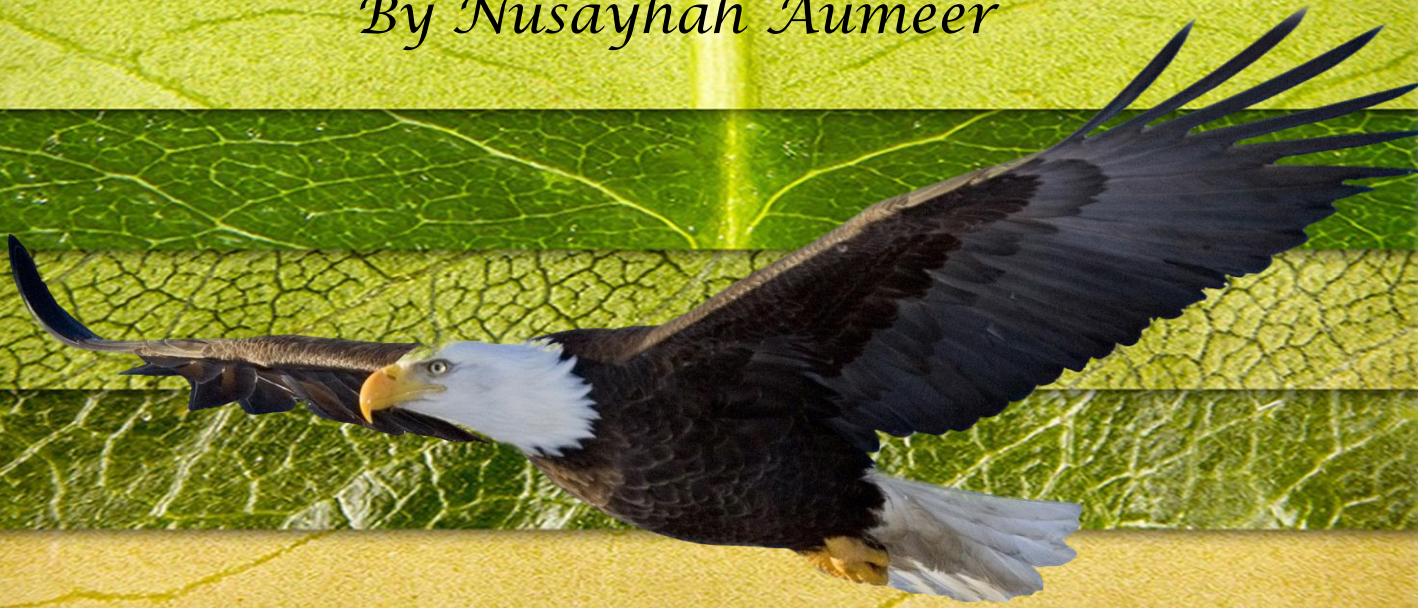


Hope



Words on Nature

By Nusayhah Aumeer



The breathtaking beauty of nature.

My love for nature grows stronger as I get older. I pause and take in the scenery as I walk along this path of life. Plants, animals and landscapes are nature because they are not hand-made.

No artist could come together to create nature because it is designed by none but Allah (The Most High). I watch the birds flying high in the sky with the least concern that they might crash on earth or stumble.

Why would they be bothered?

Allah (The Most High) designed them in this way so that they can fly with complete confidence that Allah (The Most High) has their back.

Why don't humans live like this?

Just living and trusting in Allah.

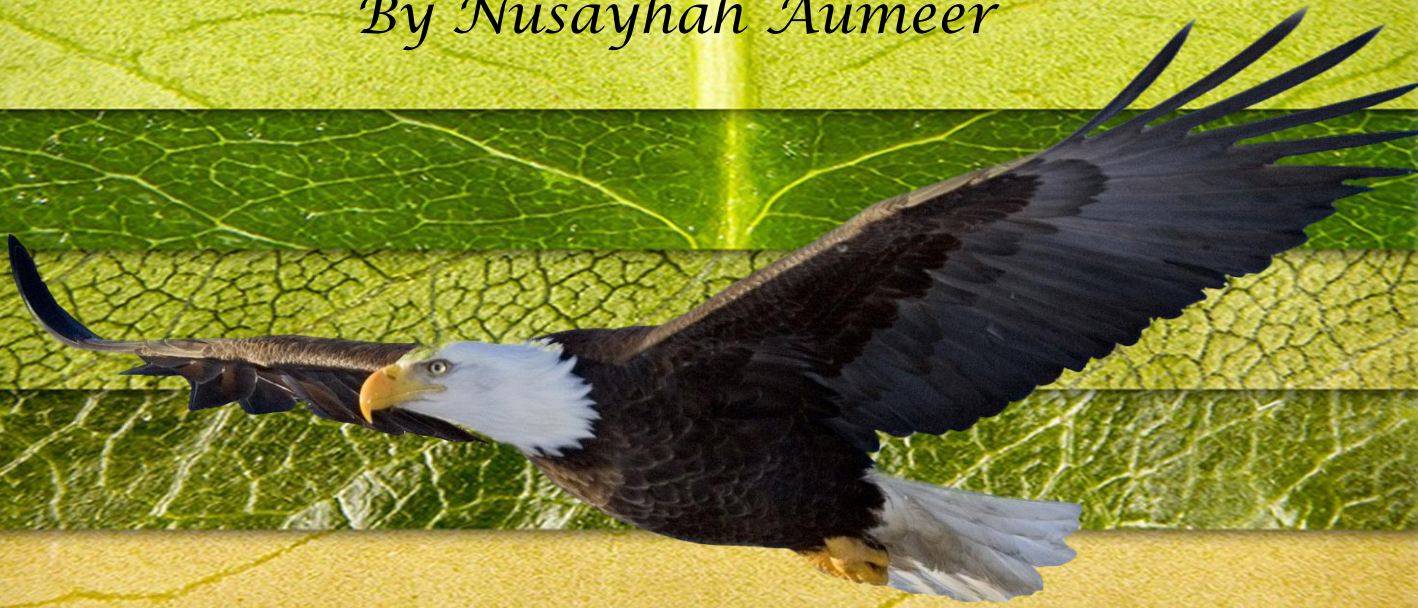
Why do we become anxious about things which we have no control over?

Be like an eagle, one of the most powerful birds capable of flying extremely high.



Words on Nature

By Nusayhah Aumeer



The butterflies fascinate me because it must take tremendous strength and patience to progress from a caterpillar to a cocoon and then to a butterfly. Butterflies have a special place in my heart because they remind me that there is a lot behind what makes them beautiful.

They appear beautiful to the outside world, but most people don't see what happens behind the screen (being a caterpillar and a cocoon). Most of us would be bummed if we saw a caterpillar or a cocoon because they aren't as lovely as a butterfly. When we see the butterfly, we want to put it in a jar. I believe humans are like this. We show the world our best side. When people see our smiles and all the blessings we have, they often believe that everything is going well in our lives. They don't see the hardships and tears that eventually shaped that smile and those blessings that we worked so hard to obtain. As a result, evil eyes occur.

Hearts are filled with envy. And what all.

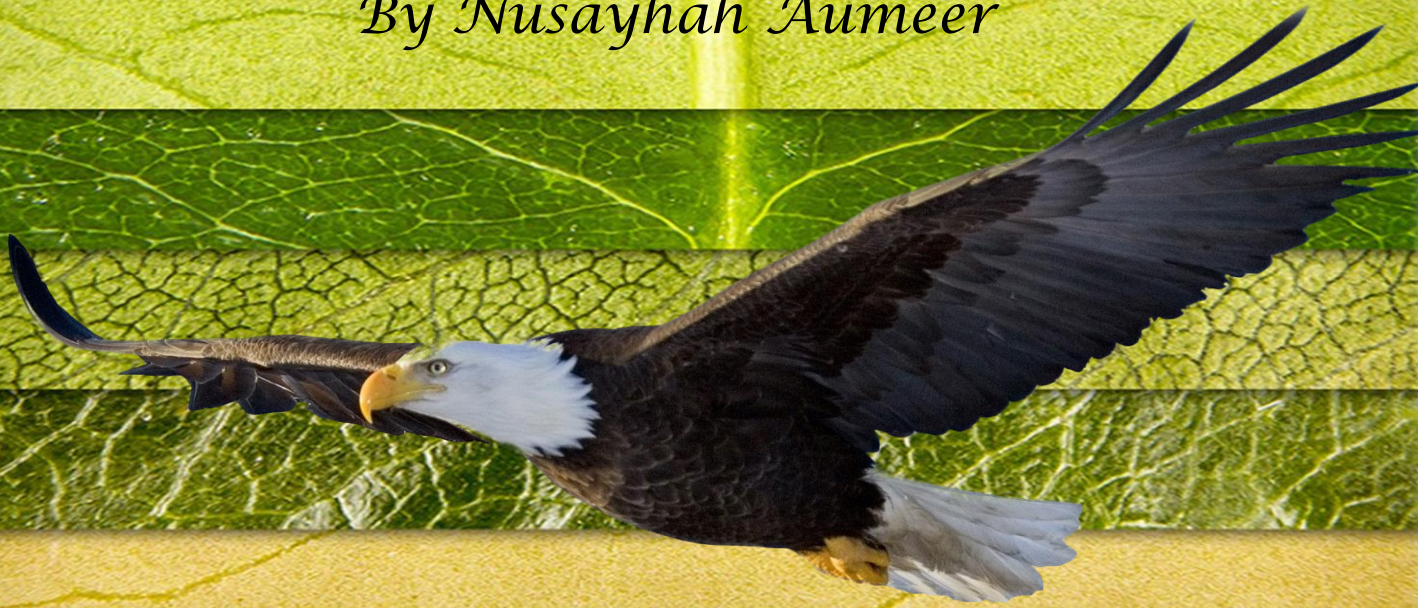
“Not a leaf falls but He knows it.”

[Surah Al-Anaam (The Cattle)]



Words on Nature

By Nusayhah Aumeer



This ayah comes to mind whenever I am out in nature, lost in thought. I look at the leaves and how they flutter in the breeze. If we look closely, we can see that not all greeneries are the same colour. There are various shades of green: pale green, darker green, apple green, pear green, lime green, and pine green. Just like a colour palette. A single leaf will not move without the permission of Allah. So, whenever leaves move, they are obeying the commands of their Creator - Allah.

Rainy days are my favourite, and I love photographing raindrops on leaves. Millions of these droplets of water fall from the sky. They serve as further evidence of Allah's creation and that He is the only One capable of performing miracles.

Imagine Allah's beauty if nature can be so beautiful.

Nothing has and will ever please me more than nature because reflecting on His Creations brings me closer to Him.



Mother Nature's warning

By Noah Ndhlovu 

Noah Ndhlovu is a gifted author and poet who enjoys telling stories through his literal works. He started writing in the late 1990s and was featured in several publications. He has penned four books and continues to improve his craft. If he is not writing poetry, he volunteers his time helping others through his coaching services. Noah is the host of a program on Premier Media called Leadership Files, where he profiles leaders of African descent.

The wind whispers a warning,
A cry from Mother Nature's heart,
Her voice unheard, ignored, and forgotten,
As humanity tears her apart.



The oceans rise, the forests fall,
The ice caps melt, the air turns sour,
The planet reels from the damage we cause,
A price we'll pay with our very last hour.



The time is now to take a stand,
To heal the wounds we've inflicted so gra
To act with love, with care, with grace,
And leave a legacy we can embrace.

For if we fail to heed her call,
And continue down this path of pall,
We'll lose the chance to make it right,
And plunge the world into eternal night.



No matter what

By Desert Rose

A person who is difficult to understand, can be stretched like an elastic band. She has no limit because her love for all close or far is infinite. In her scarred heart until her time is up and she departs. She loves medicine, science and art.

No matter who it is, try to be good.

Many will misunderstood,

You don't need to explain,

Why you be kind to all even those who cause pain.

It is not a sign of weakness,

Just humbleness with tweakness.

No matter what, remain strong like a trunk of a tree.

Withstand the weathers as the leaves on top of it
grows, fall and regrow to see.

Believe in change.

Some are faster pace and others close in range.

No matter what, it will take time.

Just look for the positive note sometime.

Breathe through the air.

Try to be fair.

No matter who it is and who stare.

Try to be good and present your sincere care.



The Tree

By Sarah M.

I'm Sarah, this is my submission for the Season 5 of Artistic project.
My Instagram is @artheartandlife.

When brumal breeze delivers it's shivers,
And every inch is freezing cold.
The ground pulls on glacial blanket,
Playing trick or treat of its own.
The Sun fails to extend apricity,
The leaves bid adieu to their parent,
And flowers – no longer there to enchant.



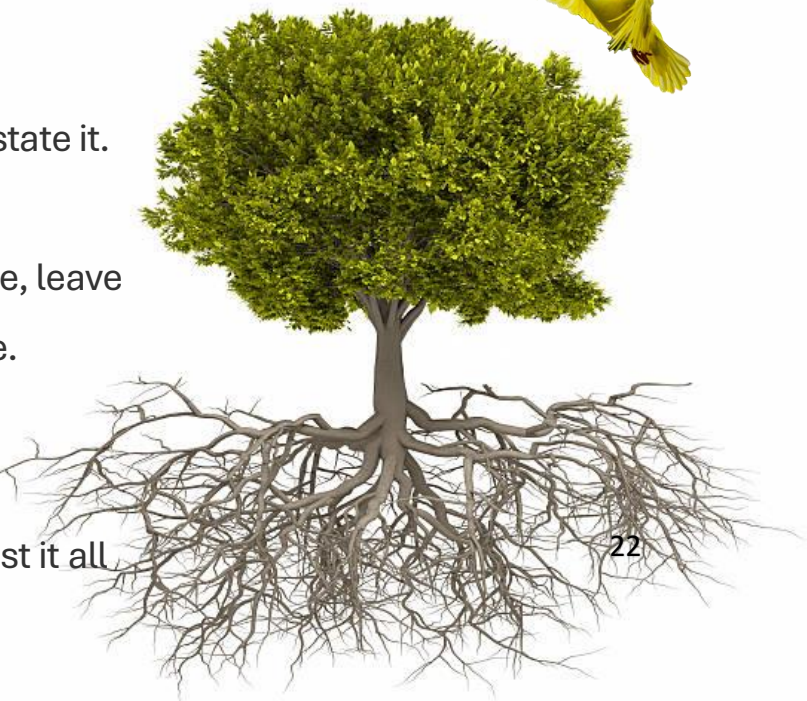
The tree still stands – alone, yet strong,
Braving the throes of winter on it's own.
Still offering branches for birds to alight,
Still rooting for another season of bloom.



The tree stands upright,
For the Lord still protects.
The core of the tree that will reinstate it.



When those who adorned the tree, leave
The ones who support, persevere.
Frozen cold, so stiff and old
The - s h o o t - and the - r o o t -
Not letting go of each other against it all
~ holding on



Nature advice

By Yuni Sulistiani

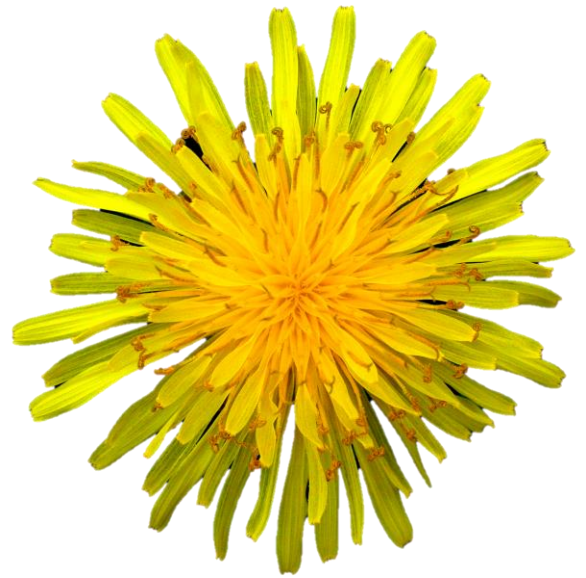


My name is Yuni Sulistiani and my pen name is Pretty Dandelion. I've been working in Singapore for almost 9 years. I write short stories and mini stories in various genres. Recently I am working as a video office director at Baroe Publishers.

What are you worried about, dandelion?

Asked the Vanda Miss Joaquim orchids,
Through the twigs blown away by the wind,
By the breeze of the National Orchid.

I looked up at the blue sky and smile sweetly,
A beautiful white cloud,
Soak oneself in the scorching sun.
Pierce the strings of hope,
In Singapore.



Nature advice

By Yuni Sulistiani

Future and Effort.

I can hardly hear myself.

Isn't God through the hands of the universe.

Always guiding the flowers that the flowers want to bloom?

Look at the big waves once upon a time, Dandelion.

Roll up and drown all the joys.

He once reached the coast of his life.

Destroying and bulldozing everything on the road.

However, dandelions are

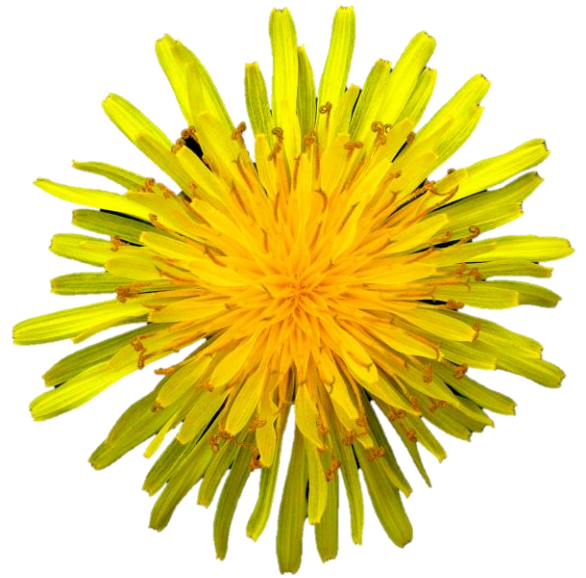
Wildflowers that don't give up easily

Even though he knew everything was destroyed

Don't hopes and dreams always get tested?

The Malayan Colugo whispered

On the red shoots of the tree in front of my house.



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