

Standbypoet poems

GolnarMoieniNamini



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

To Poetic Souls, To All My teachers

Acknowledgement

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About the author

GOLnar MOIENINIAMINI, 1982?

Writing poetry since early age. Bilingual.

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summary

Prison wall

Writer's Right

Unique is mom

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Destination Prague £

When DJ Is a Jerk

No Routine simply

Keep Right Sun

No wet cheeks

Peace talks/lost&find

Prison wall

And the wall of central prison might never know the extent of agony it holds captivated...
Or at which side of it's cemented body?
Which side is the actual prison?
Behind it or beyond?
Inside into the cells or outside out there into the crowded polluted traffick jam of the city?
By golnarmoini

Writer's Right

It's writer s right to write the right words
right handedly usually
No right time needed
No right place too
at anytime at any place
anyhow anywhere
By Any tool by any ware
Writing is possible
For the right writer
knows his rights
Aware of right things to write
Thus Alright!
So right now start and write,
from left to right, fill up to down,
any way you like
Serious or fun
It's All right
untill no words are left behind,
it's all there
A unique story,
Lets store it in history.
So guilty as charge!
Once a writer always right there
By the way
Around Here do you really
detain &
Sentence writers??
Just For writing right sentences?
What about their rights?
- Sir, What rights?! Who's writing???
Uh o ! So...then God Bless my soul!

Unique is mom

As many and more,
being countless or just a few,

parallel worlds may exist,

Different eras of Time simultaneously
various spaces , distinct paths , separate roads
separate ways.

Do we hear the ticking clock?
Life seems to be surrounded by watches and clocks
the headquarters of terrorism, threatening not just our lives but our lifetime.

Many Gods and Goddess around the globe we approve, false beliefs or true,
their * being* none of them can really prove !!!!

There is only one being Indeed unique
In fact true some!

And everyone has one as a unique one!

one by one each man has one the only one for everyone!

Unique is Mother!

One of a kind, Mother is the truest unique one!

No need to hold a trail no judge but us all!

Thus uniqueness is the state only a mother would own!

Us minus Life

Us minus our wills!
Lost our ideal way of life, The ecstasy of existence lessens its chaos.
Did God first create us
or was it done by us?
Isn't a man justified by choices he makes
And the decisions he takes
by his inventions and intentions?
Do and don't? Wills, wishes, and won't s,
It seems to me that God is a Sagittarius,
Rides with joy, whipping his ride too many leashes!
Around thousand x hundred & twenty four!
Always an original
never decoy!
What a Magnum!
P.S. Us minus wills, won't be the life anymore.

Hereby, A Confession

Hereby

I PLEA GUILTY

For absence of a Con in me,

Though no innocent no soul would ever be.

I am Guilty

For my severe simplicity

And For "Taking It so easy"

What was so complicated,

Error codes like,

Like a cognitive disorder causing to not understand the extent of ones complexity!

And Life, is Indeed,

Not Simple

Not in words and not in deeds

It occurs just accordingly ...

A multifaceted prankster

With forgery and fakery

A talented actor

being good at telling lies

Less than a second he really cries

Pretending as a Corleone's , famous outlaw joint family, head of Mafia,

Made in USA, but born in Sicily!!!

By Golnarmn.Standbypoet

Elucid Reality Untold

A cappella echoes in the highland of Kilimanjaro,
riding the wind swiftly,
On tunes it goes around, comes around.
Caressing the head of sleeping volcano.
Upheavals rock's body dressed in snow white bridal, Shiny flakes role-playing as pearls and jewels
laid down on the lenght of bridal
So then it's no more plain.
Climbers footprints stamped snowy passageway,
Inking fifty shades of Grey on white bridal gown
Like a bold rich signature
Although -Soon-to-be-melted-Confirming that journey lasts longer than its tale!
Without any explosion or grunt
Kilimanjaro stays still and the echo lives on and on.
Seasons out there do play dice,
Tossing & turning,
Therefore and thus,
And then revise!
True Wins outnumber our loss.

Destination Prague £

Apparently this round I'm out of luck! Better to fold my hand, Not to pray, But to not become a prey!!!

It's the wrong place for long time maybe wrong setting of the clock!

It's like a sudden death sitting behind wheel of a truck, hits and run it kills a green spotted fat frog!

Now I should sail back home through the sea, but I cannot find my yacht (Actually it's just a boat)

In fact I cannot remember where I had it tied up,

I have no idea in which side of the dock,

I fastened its rope to an oak tree which seems earlier today they had it cut,

Some saw they've attached mine to a bigger boat by iron chain with a huge lock!

Finally I found out that bigger boat has left the port taking mine too, to destination:Prague!!!!

By the time I've taught it cannot get worse,

next morning I woke up with a skin rash, of course, Went down with chickenpox,

How these incidents all did come over me without an alert or a door knock,

Now you may make faces after reading this story, comment: "How ridiculous it sounds!" somebody tells this guy to shut his mouth, what a nonsense he should be on some kind of drug!!!

Anyway In the end I'm just happy that you have read this piece so I get a few extra buck(s),

FYI, I only needed the money so to your comments and reactions I don't really give a F***!

P.S: Although I was down that road before,

well, U know, When DJ is a jerk the dance really sucks!!!

Poem by GolnarMoininamini, Standbypoet, 27April2024

When DJ Is a Jerk

When DJ is a Jerk

Apparently Th?s round Its better to fold my hand, Not to pray but 4 not becom?ng the?r prey!

This round seems I'm outta luck!It's just wrong place wrong time,Incorrect setting of the clock.

As if death got behind the wheel of a truck, ?n the middle of road 66 kills a fat ugly frog!

It's time to sail back home but I cannot find my yacht

(Actually its just a boat, Yacht is just the name is written on her body)

I cannot remember no iidea WHERE ? ve tied it up or to which side of dock!!!

As I recall i left it fastened to a procupine tree, heard earlier today they got it cut!

POEPLER SAID SOME HAS fastened it's rope to another one and they have put an extra chain with an iron lock!!!

Finally I found out the bigger boat has just left the port taking mine along, to destination "Port penang"!!

AS I taught it COULD NOT get worse,

next morning I woke up with skin rash, I GOT chickenpox,

How come these incidents all come over without EVEN A SINGLE door knock,

Now you should be making faces reading IT,

telling THE WRITER better TO shut that mouth,

What a bullshit! THE writer should HAVE beeN DRUNK OR on some kind of drug!!!

Anyway I'm just happy that you have read this piece so I get paid some buck(s),

FYI, I only do it for money so to your comments and reactions I don't really give a Death duck!! Same as (f***!!)

P.S: I was once down that road,

well, All I can say is: "When DJ is a jerk the dance might really suck"!!!

Written by GolnarMoininamini, theStandbypoet, 27April2025

No Routine simply

The silence was gone

As soon as the crowd arrived

Butter ran out of,

It was not the only thing we needed to buy,

There should be bread on the table first of all,

How would we get to the city centre ,

With a pair of flat tires and half a gallon fuel in that old kinky car?

What did I tell you about my life?

Did I talk about me at all???

And the incidents and accidents happened to me, all the good times and bad times I lived through, so far ?

Let's take a Cab and get to the city centre it's already 9 o clock,

Lets take a cab and I LL tell you many things about....

but first let's go into a pub,

You don't know how I really need a beer Jar!!!!

Golnarmn2025

Keep Right Sun

Destination light,
all discomfort despite,
under 12 moons light we wish to sleep soon at night,
Still I put my trust only on Sun,
one for all that never asks me to praise it
that never ever punishes me as if being a bandit
For each n every good deed it does reward, Beams of light,
so in her I owe and do confide!
In such a life we should fight For our Rights, In every place or situation, Taking Right we better
might.
every site each sololets look at the bright side,
I like that traffic sign in roads of India, Saying it all" Always keep right"
And other one rocks " Horn ok please"
Making noise they ask you for,
Life in In India is sweet and sour,
Plus being chilli for sure!
You have every right to laugh and to dance, to stand for your rights!!!!
At the beach the background music goes on,
Bob Marley's song: "No women no cry".
So keep it right Sun
And remember that good music is what no one cant ever deny....

No wet cheeks

come closer,
Approach me to see
See how they locked our tears,
Banned all the cry outs,
Still there are men asking
" Crying? why? Why you wish to cry?
What more do you women expect beside bread , meat, and rice?!
Anyway Joey s brother lost his wife,
Over some careless moves here and there, therefore and thus,
In nodding heads you would find 123 advice!!!

Peace talks/lost&find

Lost and find doesn't appeal to my loss anymore,
Come down n bring some flowers,
Green purple blue white even blush pink,
Let's sit without a fight?
And discuss which color of which flower giving me you might...
That's how we establish a colourful Peace, let's prove we are not any racist.
Sorry, apologies, excuses are not enough, but flowers do talk,
Their language is no gibberish,
they would omit every form of loss!
Then in peace we ll take another round of that old catwalk,
This is another catwalk, even we might have some people s stalk!
A fashion week, (Milan, Paris, NY)
In that line words do march! Or Walk!
Loud and clear, Aye Aye capitan!
Shout of a established united colours of Tones!
Rose red
Blush Pink/ light pure Emotions
Beige: Respect and classy elections
One , 2, 3,3, 2 , 1, 00,
Hush hush,
?better to be all ears here,
Between the lines of my next publication you should hear!
if you read what is written might hear the heart beat those whom never have taken it serious
,
but still words would echo somewhere in between,
for each good deed there is goodness to reward.
Beyond the silence in those pause moments in an old cassette being played we all can hear
flowers , out of their dried petals still sound colourful,
And yes! although too dramatic it sounds but flowers really do talk.
By. Golnar moininamini