

Poetry Series

**Ravi Kopra**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2018

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Ravi Kopra()

# [sonnets Are Full Of Love, And This My Tome] A Christina Rossetti Mother Day Love Poem In Hindi/Urdu Translation

BaDay geet pyaar k likhay gaye hain  
mere pyar ki geetoN ki pustak main  
ye ek aur pyaar k geet hai  
jo main ne us ke liya likha hai  
jiska dil mere dil k ghar main hai

Apni pyari maaN k liye  
jis ke ghutnoN pe baithkar  
pyaar karna main ne seekha hai  
jis ki sewa karna mera faraz hai  
jab main bhool bhalanda rasta kho baithta hoon  
meri maaN dhruv taare ki tarah raasta mujhe dikhati hai

Aye meri maaN, kyuN k tu mujhe pyar karti ho  
aur main tum ko pyaar karta hoon  
main ne tere liye apni kavitaon se ek taaj banaya hai  
jis se main tere naam ko ujala kar dalooN ga:  
kam se kam assi saloN tak tumhari pyaar ki ujala  
jal rehi hai jiski roshni zamaane main  
samahe, badlaav aur maut par ab tak ujala daal rehi hai.

Ravi Kopra

# A Beautiful Night - An Italian Poem Of Giuseppe Ungaretti In English Translation

What song has risen tonight  
that echos my pure  
clear heart to stars

What a spring festival  
of marrying hearts in love

I was a steady  
pool of darkness

Now I bite space  
like a baby biting  
his mother's breasts

I'm now  
in the drunkenness  
of the universe

Ravi Kopra

# A Book Of Verses Underneath The Bough, A Rubaiyat Of Omar Khyyam In Hindi/Urdu Translation

kisi beea-baan main  
peD ki shakha k neechay  
agar kavita ki ek kitab mere paas hai  
meri surhaee main khoob shraab hai  
khaney peeney ka kuchH samaan hai  
aur gaaney gati hue tu mere paas hai  
to tHukraooN ga main jannat ko is beea-baan k liye

Ravi Kopra

# A Boulevard In Bangkok

A thousand Thai ladies on the shady boulevard  
prance stop light to stop light near midnight  
Their sandals' heels 6 inches high with extra 2 inches of spikes  
in case they have to use them in self defence sometimes

The boulevard shines with red blue neon lights.  
The bars are full of people loaded with liquor.  
They smoke, they talk loudly in the deafening music  
and exhale clouds of white smoke in the air

When you pass by the high healed women  
Their steps soon start matching yours.  
They come closer to you by your side and  
try fixing their bra straps a little loose.

For you to have a peek on the melons and pomegranates  
to assure you, you could savor them fully.  
They lean near your ears and whisper softly -  
2000 bahts, I'll show good times, yes? yes?

Ravi Kopra

# A Boy Is Raped In Kehrore Pakka, Pakistan

A nine year old boy  
hides his face, ashamed  
his clerk teacher in the madrassa raped him

He is sitting on a cot, his crying mother beside him  
his aunt stands behind him against the wall in disbelief  
a helpless, voiceless man, perhaps his father

Ponders near the window if to lodge a complaint  
fearful the cleric will file threaten him with blasphemy  
to get him beheaded and himself go scot free

Mom asks

Did he touch you? yes, says the son  
did he hurt you when he touched you? yes, he says in low voice  
did he rape you? He buries his head in his scarf and nods, yes

His pants are soaked in blood.  
He cries, unstoppingly.  
She sobs and chokes when she tries to talk.

Ravi Kopra

# A Brother Comments On Poems

&quot;Such a powerful poem  
such a lovely poem  
such an excellent poem

such a fine poem  
such a good poem  
such a well penned poem filled with love

such a poem full of love  
such a lovely poem full of love  
such a poem filled with faith, hope, and love

such an excellent and powerful poem  
such a fine poem  
such an exciting poem

such a powerful poem  
such a touching biblical poem  
Such a profound poem&quot;

- all copied and many more such and such comments

Ravi Kopra



# A Clear Midnight, A Poem By Walt Whitman In Hindi/Urdu Translation

aey meri rooh  
ab tera waqat aa giya hai  
azaadi se chup chap uD jane ko  
din khtam ho chuka hai  
kitaboN se, art se tum ne sub seekh liya hai  
ab bharpoor ho, chup chap ho, dekh rehi ho, soch rehi ho  
sab kuch apni dil pasandgi se -  
raat, neend, maut aur asmaan main taroN ko.

Ravi Kopra

# A Comment On A Poem By Gajanan Mishra: In X-Ray At Poemhunter

Mishra ji, I like your passion for writing poetry.  
But it is entertaining nevertheless!

And many a time your poetry brings smiles  
For obvious and not so obvious reasons.

X rays can tell you more than your words  
for your belly pain, for example.  
Or breathing problems, or broken bones.

You will say - pain pain and cry  
X-rays will say - broken bones

you will say - cough, no breath  
X-rays will say - pneumonia, bronchitis, asthma

and all your confusions will go away  
you will come home from doctor's office with medicine

and your wife will make you some coffee  
and tuck you in your bed under a warm blanket

lie closer to you to give you more warmth  
and perhaps give you a kiss or two

when at your Indian home  
your kids, your parents are not around

and you will heal in no time  
and say to your wife - I love you.

Ravi Kopra

# A Comment On The Comment Of Savita Tayagi On A X-Ray Poem By Gajanan Mishra

X-rays don't reveal everything  
says Savita Tayagi ji.  
Then you go for a cat scan  
or for an MRI scan.  
If they fail  
go for the doctor's knife.  
And if it still fails  
go to Hanuman ji temple  
in your neighborhood and pray -  
O, the king of monkeys!  
You can remove mountains  
and fly with them in your arms  
from Haridwar to Sri Lanka.  
Now my dear monkey god,  
please, please remove my pains!

If your pain is in the pelvis  
better go to the temple of Shiva.  
He protects all yonis and lingams  
if you are in true pains  
and you are not feigning the pains  
of young boys and girls  
who are just coming of age  
and think of nothing else  
except yonis and lingams.  
Their pain is such no body can heal  
except another yoni or lingam in pain.

Ravi Kopra

## A Couplet After Kabir

pagla dohay likhan chala, uski chaploosi main sab khoay  
pagle aise dohay likh ja ki sansaar ka bhalla hoay

Ravi Kopra

# A Dead Man Says This

On the cremation grounds  
The body of a dead man was turned into ashes  
Except his skull, his hips and knee joints.

The large eye cavities  
Stare at the mourners standing by and say -  
You too one day will end up like this  
Be virtuous and live a loving life.

Ravi Kopra

## A Difficult Discourse

Before I finish what I have to say  
she starts interrupting me  
and disagreeing with me before  
I finish what I was going to say.  
If I make her agree with me  
she does not want to listen to me  
and starts saying things that  
are not relevant to what I was saying.  
If I let her speak and keep myself quiet  
She gets angry that I am not listening  
and neither agreeing nor disagreeing  
what she is saying to me.  
Our words make fragments of sentences  
that fly and hover over our bed  
and disappear in the darkness of night.  
While we move to our favorite corners  
of the bed to rest and catch some sleep,  
she complains: I think you no longer love me...

Ravi Kopra

# A Dog After Love, A Poem By The Israeli Poet Yehuda Amichai In Urdu/Hindi Translation

tu chali gayee muj ko choD kar  
haaN, iska bhi hai ilaj mere pass

main kahuNga apne kutte ko -  
sooNg le teri sugand achi tarah  
mere pait aur meri cHaati se

bhar jaeNge jab us k faifDay teri khusboo se  
cHod dooNga usay teri talash main

rakhooN ga ye umeed k vo cheer kar le aae ga  
tumare ashig k fotay aur azoo tanasul ko  
kam se kam teri chudi aur jangiay ko

fotay= undkosh, testicles

azoo tanasul= ling, penis

sugand= smell

pait= belly

pHayfDray= lungs

chudi aur jangiay= panties

talash= khoj, find, search

cHaati= chest

Ravi Kopra

# A Donkey Poem, Inspired By I Am What I Am, You Are What You Are Poem Of Gnrao Rao

Donkeys, camels, horses, giraffes  
do deserve human love  
though donkeys the most  
the beast of burden  
no matter how humbly  
he serves mankind  
he is still a donkey, an idiot!

Dear donkey  
you should have been a cow  
the people would have worshipped you  
even would have sipped your urine  
would have used your droppings  
to warm their huts, to cook their food  
to plaster their floors, temples' floors  
to live on it, to worship on it  
how come your droppings are not as holy as holy cows'.

You must like Gandhi ji  
march with fellow donkeys in the streets  
go on hunger strikes, have satyagrahs  
and protest not to be called a donkey  
as a paki doesn't want to be a paki.

You must demand donkey worship  
you must demand equality  
you are not less than a cow  
though a coward you might be  
taking all beatings of your master  
whom you serve faithfully  
and he still calls you a donkey. What shame!

Not even once he puts flower  
garlands around your neck,  
nor ever puts a tilak on your head,  
sometime in this kal-yuga I wonder  
if you are a donkey or your master is.



Ravi Kopra

## A Drinking Song, A Poem By William Butler Yeats In Hindi/Urdu Translation

sharab ka pyala jab aata hai  
to hont us pe lag jate hain  
mohabbat jab aati hai  
to ankheN takrati hain  
ye buDape aur marne se pehle  
jawaani ki kya sach baat hai!  
main sharab ka ek ghoont lete hue  
tume dekhata hoon aur kehta hoon -  
hey bhagwaan, tu kitni khoobsoorat hai!

Ravi Kopra

# A Feeling Of Love

Your voice gave me joy  
in my chest I could not contain  
I clapped my hands and danced  
like a young boy dances

getting a pair of new shoes  
from his mom and dad  
as a Christmas gift.  
And I got my gift of you

for the whole of my life when  
I heard your voice asking me: do you  
hear me, do you hear me?  
Yes, I heard you as clear as

the fresh water of a still lake  
making gentle waves under a vast  
blue open sky of an early spring.  
I felt warmth rushing in my skin.

Ravi Kopra

# A Haiku By Basho In Hindi/Urdu Translation ?????? ?????

?????? ??????  
?????? ?? ??????  
????? ?? ??????

Ravi Kopra

# A Hand-Mirror Poem By Walt Whitman In Hindi/Urdu

Zara sheeshay main apna chehra to dekho  
(kaun hai ye? kya tum ho?)  
acHay khasay bahr se tumhare kapDay hain  
aur andar raakh aur gandh bhara paDa hai  
aankhen ab chamakti nahin  
aawaaz sureeli nahin  
chalana dawaN-dol hai

Moonh se sharab ki badboo aati hai  
chehra nikamma sa hai  
jism main aatshik-sozaaz hai  
phephDay barbaad hain  
pait main peeDa aur phoDay hain  
joDoN main dard hai  
aantrion main gandh bhara hai  
khoon kala sa zeharila hai  
awaaz buD-baDati hai  
cHoona, sun-na haram hai  
dimag kaam nahin karta  
dil khoon nahin chalata  
ling ki kashis barbaad hai

Marnay se pehle sheeshay main  
ek baar apna chehra to dekho  
aise hi tum paida huay the  
aise hi ab tum mar jao gay

Ravi Kopra

# A Haynaku Love Poem

She  
said, good  
night, my love

I  
wished her  
good night too

She didn't sleep  
Nor did  
I

She  
kissed me  
on my neck

I  
kissed her  
on her breasts

She  
liked it  
said, yes yes

I  
said, let  
us make love

We did for  
hours till five  
a.m.

Then we slept  
till two  
p.m.

Ravi Kopra

# A Haynaku Poem - I Love You

Hindus  
worship gods  
made of stones

Muslims  
worship Allah  
always facing Mecca

Buddhists  
worship Buddha  
squatting on ground

I worship none  
I love  
you

Ravi Kopra

# A Haynaku Poem- Love

Your beauty captures  
my broken  
heart

My heart isn't  
broken, it's  
Shattered

Your heart's like  
a cold  
stone

My heart burns  
in your  
love

My sweet heart  
I love  
you

You don't love  
me. I  
cry

Kiss me again  
make me  
happy

Mi  
carino, without  
you, I die.

Ravi Kopra



# A Hindi Haiku, ?????????? ???? ???? ?

???????????? ???? ????  
?????, ????, ??????  
????? ?????? ?? ?? ???? ?

Ravi Kopra

## A Hindi Haiku, ????? ???? ?

???? ???? ?

????? ?? ?? ???? ?

???? ?????? ?? ?????? ?

Ravi Kopra

## A Hindi Haiku?? ??? ?? ????? ????

?? ??? ?? ????? ????

???? ??? ?? ?????? ??

???? ?? ?????, ?? ??????

Ravi Kopra

# A Hindi Haynaku - An Incantation

Om

Shanti shanti

Om shanti shanti

Ravi Kopra

# A Hindi Haynaku - Badmaash

dafa  
ho ja  
badmaash kahin ka

Ravi Kopra

# A Homage To D.H. Lawrence

Today I read Lawrence's poem  
On breasts like Gloire de Dijon.  
I saw the golden shadows  
Of swung breasts swaying  
Like full-blown yellow roses  
On the panes of showers.  
Now as I sit down to write  
My daily poem, I cannot concentrate.  
My lines pale against the yellow roses,  
Against the glistening silver shoulders,  
Against the sluicing sounds  
Of rain disheveled petals.  
I desire now my day white lilies  
And my evening jasmine.  
Someday I'll celebrate them in a poem,  
But now I pay homage to Lawrence,  
Wanting swung breasts swaying  
Like full-blown yellow roses  
Like Gloire de Dijon.

Ravi Kopra

# A Homage To Hansmukh Amathalal After Reading Smile To Greet His Poem Of The Day

After seventeen thousand  
two hundred twenty five poems,  
a never ending smile rises,  
the readers meet and greet him  
here in thundering applauses.

Someone asks -  
have you lost your English primer?  
Another one says - you got for yourself  
your own six comments and a big ten!  
Wow, wow, what's wrong with it or with them?

Pidgin or Oxford English  
Pay no attention to them  
A penny by penny ad  
You draw in millions.

Your poems put together will  
surpass all pages of Bible, Koran  
Mahabharata, Gita and Ramayana  
all put together - a guinness world record.

Pay no attention to them, Hansmukh Amathalal.  
Let them cry amma amma, if they don't like your poems.  
No body can master English, even the English poets,  
(they are not English English, they are Indian Angrez)  
And the light never shines in the dark souls.

Ravi Kopra

# A Homage To Harley White, A Poet At Poemhunter

Unique poems from unique Harley White  
Nobody can match her  
With so much knowledge of  
Art, astronomy, poetry.

A scientist, an artist, a poet  
She soars high in the skies  
and leaves ancient angels, fairies  
deities for ancient minds behind.

Congratulations!  
You wizard. You intellectual  
Show light to the dark minds  
What the universe is, help them find.

Ask them: where are their fairies and angels  
Where is the dome upon which their God lives in heavens  
And under which the warring man lives, brain-washed  
by his son's followers, messengers, paigambar.

Ravi Kopra



# A Homage To Tokonishiki Yasoichi

What can you not do? You can  
crush an advancing elephant  
in your bare left hand and  
squeeze the hell out of it  
silencing his raging trumpets  
till Jesus descends from heaven  
and raises the dead.

You can face a pouncing lion.  
With a single hit from your fist, you  
can send him tumbling down to the ground.  
He sucks his roaring sounds and the  
monkeys and langurs from tree tops  
jump down, cheering you, dancing around.

With a single kick of your right foot  
you can send a jumping leopard spinning  
up in the air, never to come near you.

You can uproot the Mount Fuji  
and carry it in your arms  
to roast a thousand Chinese chickens  
ten holy bulls from India  
a hundred bakra-e-id Pakistani goats  
an ibex from Abbottabad, a Saudi camel,  
to make your evening dinner

to gobble it all down with  
a truck load of milk from Texas  
two tons of cheese from Denmark  
a thousand bottles of Russian vodka  
and two drums of white rice saki.

Konishiki Yasoichi, six feet four  
six hundred thirty pounds  
a mountain of a man,  
I humbly bow before you  
a thousand thousand times.



# A Laborer, A Hindi Poem By Raj Swami In English Translation

A laborer works  
Hard for a loaf of bread  
He is sad.  
He sheds tears of poverty  
In his loneliness  
He puts his children to bed early  
And tells them -  
In their dreams they will see  
Jesus with armfuls of buttered bread.

Ravi Kopra

# A Lament, A Poem By Percy Bysshe Shelley In Hindi/Urdu Translation

hae ye dunia, hae ye sameh, hae ye zindgi!  
main kis raaste pe ab chaloON  
jidhar bhi dekhta hoon kaampne lag jata hoon.  
kya kabhi fir se vo khushioN k din vapis aaen gey?  
nahin, nahin, kabhi nahin!

har raat har din  
khushi ka namo-nishan nahinhai  
sardi, garmi, bahar k sub mausum  
mere dil ko ab dukh dete hain.  
aur khushi ki koe bhi baat?  
nahin, nahin, ab koe nahin!

Ravi Kopra

# A Letter, A Love Poem By The Polish Poetess Maria Pawlikowska Jasnorzewska In Urdu/Hindi Translation

khat us ko aaya hai  
dil uska machlaya hai  
saib k peD phooloN se ladday huey hain  
wahan ja kar paDegi vo apnay khat ko

khat paDti hai  
haath galley pe le jaati hai  
paoN us k phisal jaatay hain  
hawaa main Ud jaati hai

Ravi Kopra

# A Little Frightened Is My Heart, A Hindi Poem By Raj Swami In English Translation

A little frightened  
is my heart

Still it hopes  
you will come

I've a lit a lamp  
For your arrival

For me to be awake  
Not to sleep waiting for you

I hope not to breathe my last  
Before I see you for the last time

It is my last wish to show you my love  
It is my last wish to pass away in peace

While telling those all around me -  
How much I loved you all my life

I pray my waiting does not come to an  
End before I see you for the last time.

Ravi Kopra

# A Love Date

She lives in Naples, Italy  
She's sweet, smart and curvy

That's what she says openly  
Greet me with coffee in the morning in bed

Take me for breakfast to the Tiffany  
Tell me I am beautiful, you love me

I'd return you all your favors  
With every flavor you've on mind

I love seeing the moon rising  
On a beach blanket in late evening

A bottle of fine wine, two glasses  
Red grapes and you, all naked

Full play is best on the first date  
With lots and lots of love kisses

That open your heart and wallet soon  
To buy me diamonds, cars and jewels

Diamonds are forever and ever you know  
I will be forever yours, you must know

Till all the diamonds mines in S. Africa are empty  
And you head to the court to file your bankruptcy

Someone who greets me with coffee in the morning, tells me I'm beautiful and tells me that he loves me! I would be grateful and return the favor!

#### Ideal Date

Beach blanket, moon rising, bottle of wine, two glasses and grapes! ! Naked first dates are always the best! ! Hopefully lots of romantic kisses!

Ravi Kopra



# A Love Letter Of A Poet

The whole of myself, my love  
Is lost in you  
I feel always you are with me  
I see and hear you  
And feel your touch, so soft.  
You are my whole being  
I am yours, my love  
My soul misses you.

Ravi Kopra

# A Love Poem

In this cup of tea  
I smell flowers of jasmine

My love, have you sneaked in here wittingly  
To give me the fragrance of your love?

How can I forget  
When we walked together

In Tampa in the garden of flowers  
I picked some blooming buds of jasmine

Made a little circle of them  
And put it around your wrist

While you lovingly twirled the circle  
I planted on your rosy lips a kiss.

Ravi Kopra

# A Love Poem By Susan Wheeler In Hindi/Urdu Translation

meri maaN wahaN baithu hi rehi  
mere bahr aane k baad  
baap ne darwaza bund kar diya

jab main tere darwaze pe paunchi  
tum bhagte bhagte muje milne aaey  
mera haath apne haath main le kar

choomne lagay, gaanay lagay  
jaise k mera bazzo  
koe ek bansoori ho aur tumara geet -

bhool ja bhool ja, jo ho chuka hai, ho chuka hai  
O meri jaaN, meri jaaN  
jaane ki ab zarrorat kya hai!

Ravi Kopra

# A Love Poem In A Haynaku

She was angry  
shouted at  
him

You cheated, you  
slept with  
Suzy

You did too  
he said  
Remember?

What Tom told  
me yesterday.  
Liar

Liar  
he's liar  
I never did

You did, you  
did, I  
know

But you did  
first, admit  
admit

No, you did  
first, admit  
admit

No one did  
nothing. Just  
jealousy

They made up  
They made  
love.

Ravi Kopra

# A Love Poem In Punjabi With English Translation

&quot;teriaN yaadaN aandiaN nay  
tera pyaar kaday nahin bhulda&quot;  
eho jhiaaN jhooth-mooth diaN galaaN  
log kyon maarday firday nay?

jadon tuhanu koi naveeN aurat mil jaandi hai  
jo tuhanu chahndi hai  
mithian-mithian galan kar k  
tuhanu fasaandi hai

ya koi ik hor kuDi jis dian  
akhiyaN neeliaN nay  
waal sonay wargay nay  
tay chamri chitti hai  
dhup wargi hai, dudh wargi hai  
taaN saaray jhooth-mooth saabat ho jaanday nay

tay tussin aapni naveeN saheli nu  
fir o hi gaanay gaanday ho -  
&quot;terian yaadan aandian nay  
tera pyaar kaday nahin bhulda.&quot;

\*\*\*

I cannot forget you  
I cannot forget your love

Why people go on telling  
lies like these?

When you find a new women  
who wants to screw you

And talks sweet things to you  
to entrap you

Or

When you meet a blond

whose eyes are blue

Whose skin is as white  
as milk or sunlight

All your lies then  
prove to be true -

You sing the same old love song  
to your new girl friend -

I cannot forget you  
I cannot forget your love.

Ravi Kopra

# A Love Poem In Urdu And English

Don't tell me stories of Ram Sita  
don't tell me stories of Mahabarta

inko sun chuki hoon hazaarON baar  
shudh ho chuki hai meri atmaaN

tell me some story of love  
holding me in your arms

sunao mujhay koe mohabbati dastaaN  
dil behlao mera apni bahoN main

lagao mere khoon main aag  
jaltay huay aangaroN say

Put my blood on fires  
Like burning pieces of charcoal

I am waiting for you  
get on top of me

intzaar kar rehi hoon main tera  
aa jao chaD aao mere oopar

ghuma dooNgi main tujay  
ek bhambeeri ki tarah

let me twirl you like a top  
you spin and see the stars

aur dekhnay lag jao gay  
aasman main chamaktay taray

dig into me deep, deeper  
the bushes are shorn off

let flowers grow in this garden  
like crazy glue, glue us together, forever



the soil is dry and pretty arid  
wet it, whet it with your streaming love

O meri jaan, let me be your Parvati  
Be my ghan-shyaam, mera Shiva

Ravi Kopra

# A Love Sting And A Prayer To Allah

Who is he who put  
a spell on me?  
I can't sleep  
I sigh all night.

Who is he  
who has stolen my sleep  
and my heart burns for him?

ye kya tilism hai kyuuñ raat bhar sisakta huuñ  
vo kaun hai jo diyoñ meñ jala raha hai mujhe

SAQI FARUQI

- -

She's so glamorous  
So beautiful, so graceful  
Every youth in the city  
Wants to marry her

Still

How wonderful would it be  
If it is 'Ravi'  
The poor guy, so far  
hasn't be so lucky

If he is

He would go to  
Every mosque in the whole of the city  
And thank Allah five times, nay ten times  
A day, praying facing West where Kaba is  
And rubbing his forehead on the floor till it sores  
To show to the people what a believer he is.



# A Lover From Palestine

Teri aankhen mere dil k kante hain  
dil main dard daltay hain  
phir bhi main unay pyar karta hoon  
hawa se bachata hoon  
jism main rakhta hoon  
dukh aur raat se bachaye rakhta hoon  
in k zakhm diye jala detay hain  
kal aaj paunch jata hai  
meri aatma se bhi pyari hain teri aankhen  
jab kabhi main ye bhool jata hoon  
aankh se aankh mil jati hai  
mujhe yaad hai ek bar darwazay k peechey  
sirf hum dono hi khaDay thay.

- -to be continued

Ravi Kopra

# A Meeting, A Hindi Love Poem By Raj Swami In English Translation

My soul will merge into hers  
when to my house she comes  
as my bride for the first time  
sitting in a carriage carried  
by four men on their shoulders.  
Our hearts will be beating fast  
Desiring and greeting each other.  
On my head now is being placed  
A crown showing my love for her.  
Soon I will be seeing her  
No more can I wait to be away from her  
My patience is running out to be with her.

Ravi Kopra

# A Moment

Time moved on like the winds  
Somewhere it brought cold  
Somewhere to someone it brought  
the feelings how hard it is live life  
Somewhere to someone it brought  
storms in the turn of his life  
destroying everything in its wake.  
It made my moments of happiness to remember.

Ravi Kopra

# A Monkey Poem

O you naughty monkey,  
what are you upto today?  
Sitting on the tree top  
playing with the coconuts,  
eating a bit and then hitting  
our heads with the cannon balls!  
You know, the coconut was  
the fruit of choice of our sages?  
They drank its cool sweetish water  
The ate it's fresh flesh  
They used it in their pooja  
while marrying couples in love.  
They made rasam with it  
adding pureed leaves of mint  
and enjoyed their dosas sitting  
on mats made with its shells.  
Anyway, you are the ancestor of our rishis  
if we hit you back, they won't forgive us.  
Maybe we should worship you  
like we worship our holy cows.

Ravi Kopra

# A Moth A Poem By X. Z. Shao In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Ek Fatinga

Ek kagaz k varke par  
mara hua fatinga  
aise laga k is main jaan ho  
main ne manzil k chatey farsh se  
isko haw main jhad diya

Ye subah ki roshni main  
ek komal chotay se phool ki tarah  
prithvi ki gravity main  
chakkar lagata, hawa main ghoomta hua  
apni khushi main ud pada.

Kitni sundar the iski antim yatra  
anant kaal paunchenay k liye.

\*\*\*

A moth

By X. Z. Shao

A moth,

dead on a piece of paper,

seemed alive.

I dusted it into the air

from my sixth-floor balcony.



It flew in the morning sunlight,  
whirling downward,  
swaying in the wind,  
like a light flower,  
hilarious and happy,  
under the magic of gravity.

How beautiful  
its last journey was  
towards eternity.

Ravi Kopra

# A New Version Of Luo Zhihai Poem: Are Tired And Lazy

Spring breeze is light  
Several peaches are red  
Swallows whisper  
One willow green

Smoke from the chimney wavers in the wind  
Trees are smiling with new buds and leaves  
Orioles are back, singing  
People are tired and lazy  
Basking in the sun.

Ravi Kopra

# A New Version Of Luo Zhihai's Confucian Classics

Oh! it's so cold and icy today.  
My boat sails for home tonight.  
I bought some bottles of wine  
to warm myself before I leave tonight.

Meanwhile, I am living in the moment  
as Confucius would -  
I am doing some calligraphy  
while sipping my red wine.  
I will later chant some poems loudly  
and read his classics in silence.

Ravi Kopra

# A New Version Of Luo Zhihai's Poem: Quiet Mood

Upset, you feel down, drowned?  
the world is against you  
your boss is firing you  
your wife filing a divorce  
threatening you for alimony  
worry not, uplift your spirits  
says Luo Zhaihai like this:

Watch green grass, walk barefoot on it  
look at the orchids, colorful, fragrant, free  
go to the red plum trees up on the hill  
watch the full moon rise

fill glasses to the brims with wine  
hold them in your hands  
lift them to your lips and sip  
or drink or gulp it down  
the way you like

and then go to a far off temple  
hidden among hills' pines  
and write an inscription there:

Let bad boss be bad boss  
let bad wife be bad wife  
you take care of them  
I pray to thee, my Lord  
uplift my mood, my spirits.

Ravi Kopra

## A Paki Way Of Life

With bellyful of meat of goats, cows, camels, donkeys  
In new dresses, shoes, topees in bazaars they saunter about  
Eid-mubarak, eid-mubarak they greet, red-paan-saliva they spit out  
They rush to masjids in hoards for pray when muezzins shout out.

Ravi Kopra

# A Peaceful Chair

I sit down in a rocking chair  
I try to meditate  
but don't know how to start with  
I think of murmuring brooks  
I can't hear them  
I think of tall mountains  
all I see are rocks, nothing interesting  
I think of oceans, deep, wide and blue  
get scared I will drown down  
while sailing there  
I do not know how to swim  
I think of seasons, gardens, flowers,  
hoping they will help me meditate  
nothing happens, on nothing can I concentrate

But when I think of you, my lover  
my sweet, heart warming lover  
my heart fills up with pleasure  
I see you clearly  
in your hands a bouquet of flowers  
you, smiling, walk to me slowly  
look into my eyes  
give me the flowers  
hug me tightly and whisper  
into my ears softly -  
darling, I love you

I hear it again and again  
I see you again and again  
sitting on a rocking chair  
eyes closed, trying to meditate  
only you can calm me down  
only you can give me peace  
all I need is you, my lover  
you are my meditation.

Ravi Kopra

# A Pleasant Sunday Morning With My New Bride, A Hindi/Urdu Love Poem

bahar ka mausam hai  
aitwaar ka din hai  
main bageeche k pavillion main baitha hoon  
taza taza halki halki hawa chal rehi hai

paani ka phawara apna geet gatey chal raha hai  
phool muskra rahey hain  
peD par baithi oriole ne gana shurru kiya hai  
do faakhta mere pairon k pass a kar baithi hain  
aur apni guttar-gooN guttar-gooN laga rehi hain

pichlay haftey main ne doosri shaadi ki  
(pehli bewee ek chuDial thee, har dam peechHay lagi rehti thee  
sar apna bhoD bhoD kar mera bhi phoDtI rehti thee)  
meri dulhan sundar hai, gazab ki hai, pyaari dulhaari hai  
main sunday ka akhbaar paD raha hoon, kaafee pee raha hoon  
meri dulhan nashta bana rehi hai  
hum dono milkar naashta pavillion main khaeN gay  
aur fir honeymoonko baar baar mana-nay lag jaeN gay...

Ravi Kopra

# A Poem After Adeline Foster

O dearest love  
you have left me  
but your heart is in my heart  
your dreams are my dreams  
it is so dismal  
the sun appears dim  
I'll wait till your wanderings end  
and you ring my door bell  
in my arms you will be  
to end my yearnings, longings  
at home we'll dream again  
till then my dearest love  
I wait hearing your footsteps  
you know well I know  
Liza, our poor poodle  
will know first it is you  
ringing the doorbell  
she too misses you, much.

Ravi Kopra



# A Poet Comments On Poems

Touching expression with nice theme  
A brilliant poem shared astutely  
Touching expression with great theme

A brilliant poem shared  
An intensive expression with great theme  
Marvelous poem you have shared

A beautiful spiritual poem shared here astutely  
A brilliant poem has been presented startlingly  
A beautiful philosophical poem shared  
Thanks and congratulations for being selected this poem as the poem of the day

Touching expression with nice theme  
It is really a brilliant poem relating  
To life that attracts me for second time

This is an amazing poem shared here  
Haunting expression with nice theme

A brilliant poem on love, life and wind  
Has been presented startlingly  
This poem is definitely excellent.

- all copied excluding &quot;collocations&quot;;

Ravi Kopra

# A Poet Makes Up Things, After Fernando Pessoa

A poet makes up things  
that they are not there  
his mind mirrors thoughts  
turning fancy into things

into feelings that feel  
so real, you start feeling  
love pains, love stings  
anger, joy, cravings...

he sees the unseen scenes  
hears the unheard melodies  
and you see what he sees  
hear what he hears

his pain, his pleasures  
touch your heart, you wake up  
from deep sleep, look at the  
world afresh as another being

his nostalgia for things  
takes you far back in the past  
and you start missing your mom  
at every thanksgiving

and your sweet heart whom  
you married and after two years  
kills herself and the baby  
in the postpartum depressing.

Ravi Kopra

# A Poetry Challenge To Poemhunter Poets

The sounds of slow steps  
tup tup, tup tup  
scared me to death in the darkness.  
I turned around. No one.  
My heart raced. Was going to wet my pants  
And then I heard a slow soft voice, melodic to my ears...

\*\*\*

Dear poets, please give a try to complete the above poem any way you like and have fun reading what your fellowpoets do with it.

Ravi Kopra

# A Poet's Wife, A Amy Lowell English Poem Into Hindi/Urdu Transaltion

tu ne hamari mohabbat  
chaandi k sikkoN main badal dali

meri mohabbat ki nazmain likhne walay lekhik  
tu ne sari nazmain ab bech dali

sara kamaya kamaya,  
tu ne shrab k pyalon main kho dala

bhagwaan karay tum moorakh ho jao  
aur koi bhi kavita na likh pao

kyonk sharab ne hum dono ka satyanash kar diya hai

aur tumahari mohabbat ki daastanaiN ab har roz  
shenshah ki rakhailiaN karti phirti hain

Ravi Kopra

# A Poison Tree, A Poem By William Blake Translated Into Hindustani

?? ??? ????

apne dost pe mujhe baDa gussa aa gaya  
dil khol kar usko main ne sub bata diya  
main sab gussa bhool gaya

apne dushman pe mujhe gussa a gaya  
sub dil main rakha, kuch na bataya  
har din mera gussa baDta gaya

din raat ro ro kar  
isko apne hanju pilata raha  
is pe muskrata raha  
chalaki se dhoka deta raha

har din ye baDta raha  
aur ek din ek pukka chamkata saib is pe lag paDa  
dushman is ko pakte chamakte dekhta rehtatha  
us ko pata tha ye saib mera tha

ek din raat ko wo mere bageechay main aaya  
saib chori kar k kha gaya  
main subah aate dekha  
wo peD k neechay mara laita hua tha

Ravi Kopra

# A Poor Boy In Love With A Rich Girl, A Hindi Poem By Anushka Suri In English Translation

She has an iPhone  
Her jeans from Levi Strauss  
Well dressed with all make-up  
She is out of her home for a walk

Her beauty was stunning  
Instantly I fell in love  
I thought I could not live without her  
Next moment I sent her a friend request  
She rejected me the next instant

How do I make my move now?  
I do not know what to do  
Should I send her a red rose?  
Or some funny spicy book?  
I cannot get her out of my mind  
I do not know how to make her mine.

Ravi Kopra

# A Prayer To Allah

Muslas hide their women under burqas  
No matter how ugly or pretty they are

What would happen, they reason, if  
Someone's lust steals their women

Everybody in the town will then say:  
You are not a man, you're neutered!

This musla hiding effect is so strong  
The readers here are now hiding under pseudo names

Some are 'not Apus From Seven-Elevens'  
Some call themselves just 'Comments'

And now this evening a 'Punctuation' has emerged  
Uses full stops for periods with the British flair

They are not aliens from outer space  
They have been for long in the Poemhunter space

But what are they afraid of to show their face?  
O my Allah, please reveal to me with all thy grace!

Ravi Kopra

# A Prayer To Orgasm, A Spanish Poem By Dina Posada In English Translation

Oblivious to me  
you fled to a chaste silence

Today  
I long for you  
and whether I beg or throw my blows  
you do not come to me

You remain alienated  
harsh, dark, supreme  
like a dark long convent hall

You are an angel of hard delight  
apathetic, orgasmic rebel  
you give me hair raising tremors  
you make me burst in pleasures  
like inflaming gun-powders

Come back to me, you rebel  
and annihilate me forever.

Ravi Kopra



## A Prose Poem - Amaryllis (Thomas Campion)

I do not care for those ladies who must always be begged for love. I like my kind Amaryllis, the wanton country maid. Nature does not like artificial beauty. Her beauty is her own. When I court and kiss her, she cries and says: &quot;Please let me go.&quot; But when I want to make love to her, she never says, 'no.' When I love my Amaryllis, she gives me flowers and fruits. But to those other ladies I have to give golden showers. They sell love for gold. I only want my nut-brown Amaryllis. When I court and kiss her, she cries and says: &quot;Please let me go.&quot; But when I want to make love to her, she never says, 'no.' These ladies might have pillows and beds, custom-made by the strangers. Give me a bower of willows, of moss, some fresh leaves, milk and honey for my sweet Amaryllis. When I court and kiss her, she cries and says: &quot;Please let me go.&quot; But when I want to make love to her, she never says, 'no.'

Ravi Kopra

# A Prose Poem - The Indian Serenade (Percy Bysshe Shelley)

I arise early from sweet sleep dreaming of you all night. The winds are soft and the stars are still shining bright in the sky. I arise after dreaming of you with springs under my feet. O sweet darling! I do not know how, but I arrive below your bedroom window.

The wandering airs are slowing down. The stream is silent and the scent of pine trees is everywhere like thoughts in a dream. The nightingale has stopped complaining in her heart. O my beloved! let my heart be upon yours for me to stop complaining.

O darling! lift me up from the grass below your bedroom window. I die! I faint! I fail! Let your kisses of love rain on my lips, and on my pale eyelids. My cheeks are getting cold and white. My heart is beating loud and fast. O sweetheart! press my heart against yours once again. It is going to break there, at last.

Ravi Kopra

# A Punjabi Bridegroom In Love With His Wife

ey meri pyari wohtiey  
main tere te marda marda janda haan

tera rung  
dudh varga, dhup varga

akhaN, kaliaN, kaliaN  
mere dil wich chukoo mardiaN

tere gaall, laal laal seb vargay  
tere hont, gulabi phul vargay

tera badan  
chita, chita, naram, naram

tera hasna  
chameli de phullan da varsna

tere chehra  
chumian maar maar main na thakaN

teri chaal  
matwali, dil jittan wali

ey meri sohni pyari wohtiey  
main tere te war war jaawaN

mar jaawaN, mar jaawaN  
meri pyari wohtiey, main mar jaawaN

Ravi Kopra

# A Punjabi Haynaku - Kiss

hey  
pyaariey, hik  
chummi de ja

Ravi Kopra

# A Punjabi Haynaku - Liar

khasmaN

khaDna, jhooth

mooth bolda hai

Ravi Kopra

# A Punjabi Haynaku - Love

pyaareya  
tere moonh  
wich mithay ladoo

Ravi Kopra

# A Punjabi Haynaku - Mayhem

haaye  
rabba! keh  
pitna piya hai?

Ravi Kopra

# A Punjabi Haynaku - Worry

boloji  
kuj taN  
bolo. fikar lagdeh

Ravi Kopra



# A Punjabi Lady Misses Her Lover

My heart shattered when  
he left me for a far off city girl  
and said - do not shed your tears  
I will forget him as time passes

Many springs have come and gone  
The son he gave me is now a young man  
He looks like him and bristles with laughter  
at the silliest of the things

I cry happy tears when I see him  
in his long moustache and pressed beard  
under his blue dastaar. He dances bhangra  
in a vest and long kurta, his feet in murgabeez

Yesterday was the basant mela in our village Dharian  
Every one was in the festive mood. The music was loud  
beating of drums, wajas, cymbals and chHainaas  
Your son danced in the fare and I missed you.

The village damsels in cholis and churidaars  
colorful as they are, wearing jhumkas and bangles  
danced with your son in circles. I remembered our  
first basanti mela, and I missed you, my sardar.

Ravi Kopra

# A Punjabi Poem Of A Punjabi Couple Making Love

zara holay holay ji  
bachay jaag paoun gay

itna jor na maro  
manji choon choon kardi pehi hai

cheekhaN na maro  
gali de kutay bhonkan lag jan gay

tuhadiaN mucHaN vichon sharab di bu andi ae  
zara moonh door rakho ji

hun cHoDo na tussin  
kal chal nahin pawangi

keh khada hai tussiN aj  
kidre bakray de kapoore te nahin khaday?

hae rabba hun so jao  
apaN kam te kal jana hai

tusiN condom nahin lagaya  
nahin chahi de hor koe bachay

acHa hun choDo ji  
mainu son diyo ji

keh khada hai tussiN aj  
kidre bakray de kapoore te nahin seeN?

O 'Ravia' tu chinta na kar horaN di  
teri ghar wali teray intzar which pehi hai

Ravi Kopra

# A Punjabi Short Poem Of Pal Singh Arif In English Transaltion

O lover, it's all madness here  
Love bears me no fruit  
It does me no good

If I tell the secrets of my heart  
I may lose my life

I long to be with you, my lover  
It's better for me to die than live away from you  
The world is just an inn for people on a journey.

\*\*\*

the original in Punjabi

?????? ?????? ??? ????? ???? ?

??? ?? ??? ?????? ??  
???? ????? ????? ??????  
??? ?? ????? ?? ???????  
?? ??? ?? ??? ??????? ??  
??? ?? ????? ?? ?????  
??? ?????? ?? ?????? ??  
??? ??? ?? ????? ??????  
?? ??? ??????? ????? ??

Ravi Kopra

# A Random Chinese Poem By Wang Wei In English Translation

You come from my home town,  
you must know the news down there.  
Is it still cold there?  
When the sunshine comes  
to the silk-window in the morning,  
do you see the plum trees in blooms?

Ravi Kopra

# A Ravi Kopra Poem: You Can Destroy All Relations In Spanish Translation By Isi Alvarez

Puedes destruir cualquier relación,  
en un momento, al no ser cuidadoso  
y luego pasar toda la vida enmendándolo.

No saques conclusiones rápidas  
y piensa dos veces  
antes de decir algo.

El silencio es divino,  
la mayoría de las veces.

Ten esto en cuenta  
antes de decir algo.

Note: It is a Isi Alvarez translation

Ravi Kopra

# A Red Red Rose Of Robert Burns In Hindi/Urdu Translation

O meri pyari jaan, tum ek gulabi phool ho  
gulabi phool jo aaj subah subah  
mere bagiche main khula hai.  
tu ras bhara sangeet ki mere dil ki ek lehar ho.

kitni khoobsoorat ho tum meri jaane jaaN!  
doob raha hoon main tere pyaar main  
doobta rahoon ga jab tak  
saray sagar uD jatay nahin hawa main.

bye bye kartay ab main jaa raha hoon  
oh, mere dil main basi tu meri ikloti love.  
bye bye karta main kadam aagay rakhta hoon  
dil kheenchta hai mujay har lehmay tere paas main.

main ja raha hoon thoDay sameh k liye  
dil chod k jaa raha hoon tere liye  
jaldi se wapas aaonga tere liye  
door agar hua bhi hazaron meel tak.

Ravi Kopra

# A Rendering Of Li Bai's Chinese Poem: Amusing Myself

So much wine tonight  
It got dark and I did not know.  
Flowers are falling on my clothes  
I am drunk, I fall down, stand up again  
and go to see the moon in the stream  
The birds are in the distance  
Few people are here.

- from the following literal translation and original poem  
taken from the web pages.

Face wine not aware get dark  
Fall flower fill my clothes  
Drunk stand step stream moon  
Bird far person also few

Ravi Kopra

# A Rendering Of Li Bai's Chinese Poem: Thoughts On A Still Night

My bed is flooded with moon light tonight  
I wonder if the frost has crept in  
I raise my head and see the shining moon  
I lie back in bed missing my hometown.

-Rendered from a literal translation from web pages:

Bed before bright moon shine  
Think be ground on frost  
Raise head view bright moon  
Lower head think home

Ravi Kopra



# A Rendering Of Luo Zhihai's Chinese Poem: Go On A Spring Outing

We go on a spring outing  
to the treasure place near  
shan-shan green hills

We go up the hill where  
swallows follow the west winds  
and fly in air like waves

We see ducks in the pond  
down below in the valley  
sailing with their babies  
chuckling loud in laughter

We see tourists in the  
nearby peace garden clicking  
camera shutters in hurry and heading  
to the garden of orchids full of  
spring flowers' fresh fragrance

Enchanted with nature, I sit down  
on a bench near a fountain under  
the cherry blossom tree and start  
writing poems from noon till evening  
when the moon shows up shining in the sky

And my wife shouts at me: listen, Luo  
Stop writing your nature poems now  
Or I will leave you forever  
We have to go home soon  
to feed the goats and milk the cows  
without money you will starve  
to death, eating all your poetry.

Ravi Kopra

# A Rendering Of Shel Silverstein English Poem Into Punjabi For Punjabis

main dhaabay te giya, hairaan ho giya  
uthay baitha si manohar lal aapni mehbooba de naal  
manohar lal jo arab-kharab patti aey  
jine 18 saal di bollywood actress naal shaadi keeti aey

main usnoo kiya -  
is paindan de naal tu ithay ki piya karna aey?  
eh kitni buddi, ugly te pugli aey!

o kehan laga, "Ravi, tere wich ajay jawaani aey  
baith jaa, main dasdaN tainu -  
jadon ansi chohariaN bharia dud kafi der pee lainde haan  
murg-musal bhujia bhujia khoob khaande haan  
tay whisky dian botlaan khali kar dende haan  
taan mukki di roti lassi naal tay sarhion de saag di yaad aandi aey."

main ohnu dekhda reh giya eh gal koi dheek kainda aey.  
oh agay bolia -  
duniya eh baDi ajeeb aey  
hamesha badaldi rehndi aey  
jadon sharabaN naal dil bhar janda hai  
mithi lassi di yaad khoob aandi aey.

Ravi Kopra

# A Rendering Of Thomas Hood's Poem 'autumn'

End of autumn  
dry leaves  
old man with tons of gold  
weeping, sighing, dying

His end near, no happiness  
night with no evening  
day with no morning  
cold winter says:

river water very cold  
red sun no more.  
I very old  
my life no more

Sad sad my mind.

-Ravi Kopra

\*\*\*\*\*

The Autumn is old,  
The sere leaves are flying; —  
He hath gather'd up gold,  
And now he is dying; —  
Old Age, begin sighing!  
The vintage is ripe,  
The harvest is heaping; —  
But some that have sow'd  
Have no riches for reaping; —  
Poor wretch, fall a-weeping!  
The year's in the wane,  
There is nothing adorning,  
The night has no eve,  
And the day has no morning; —  
Cold winter gives warning.  
The rivers run chill,  
The red sun is sinking,  
And I am grown old,

And life is fast shrinking;  
Here's enow for sad thinking!

-Thomas Hood

Ravi Kopra

# A Rendering Of the Cloud Heart- A Poem By Luo Zhihai

A thousand miles of green trees from one night of East wind  
A thousand copper wisps of setting sun floating in the running stream  
Setting sun beyond clouds on the Tai mountain, how heart warming  
A boat in the Han waters, the spring is coming

\*\*\*

The Cloud Heart - Poem by Luo Zhihai

One night of east wind, thousand miles of emerald  
Thousand wisp of setting sun, one river of red  
Tai Mountain setting sun, the cloud heart is charming  
A returned boat in Han Water, the spring mood is thick

10/13/2017

??? ? ???????

Two Pairs of Couplets ? Seven Words of Quatrain by Luo Zhihai

? Chinese Text

??

???????

???????

? ???????

???????

Luo Zhihai

Ravi Kopra

# A Resentful Spirit Grows Into A Terrible Burden After A Poem By Dr. Antony Theodore

If you have the will  
forgive you will  
you may or may not have heart

you don't want to be merciful  
(remember only god is merciful  
and you are no way any god)  
to whom who has hurt your heart

for example  
he wants to steal  
your love from you  
and leave you loveless

while relishing all your love  
and your love does not mind  
as he is practical  
and does all love things

keeps her happy all times  
not like you who talk of love only  
and give her no nonspiritual love

but the problem is  
there is a burden on your soul  
that grows and grows  
and you can bear it no more

and so you forgive him  
and you are happy  
he is happy  
your stolen love is happy  
God is happy

Amen!



# A Rubaiyat Of Omar Khayyam In Urdu/Hindi Translation

jaisay hi murgay ne baaNg di  
sharab khanay pe kharay log chillanay lagay:  
darwaza kholo, darwaza kholo  
jantay nahin rehna hamara yahaN kitna kam hai  
chaly jaayeN gay to fir vapis na aayeN gay.

???? ?? ?????? ?? ???? ??  
????????? ?? ?? ???? ?????????? ???:  
?????? ?????, ?????? ????  
????? ????? ?????? ????? ?????? ?? ??  
??? ?????????? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ???????

the original for translation -

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before  
The Tavern shouted- 'Open then the Door!  
You know how little while we have to stay,  
And, once departed, may return no more.'

Ravi Kopra



# A Rural Home, A Chinese Poem Of Mei Yaochen In Translation

The rooster crows three times  
the sky is almost bright  
someone is fixing a bowl of rice  
with a bottle of tea  
the peasants are in hurry  
to plough their fields early  
and I go by the window, pull up the curtains  
and look up for morning stars in the sky

-rendered from a literal translation on web pages:

Chicken crow three sound sky almost bright  
Someone row rice bowl with tea bottle  
Common people still fear hurry plough early  
Self pull wicker window look morning star

Ravi Kopra

# A Scene - A Telugu Poem In Translation

A Scene

Pouring rains  
she in the street  
can't cover her child  
only her bare bosom.  
Winds tore off her pallu  
the child is hungry, cries  
hugs her breast.

Based on a Telugu poem of K. Sareermulu  
translated into English by T.S. Chandramulu  
and B.B. Sarojini

Ravi Kopra

# A Sea Of Love

aalingan ek khinchav hai  
jo tum ko  
mohabbat k sagar  
k paar le jata hai

mohabbat ka sagar  
tumhare sab rogoN ka  
sab se baDa ilaj hai

raat ki bechaini door kar deta hai  
acHi khasi neeNd tum ko data hai  
jab so kar tum uthtay ho to  
mohabbat se tumhara dil bhara hota hai

Ravi Kopra

# A Short Love Story

We met  
We liked each other  
We dated  
We made love

She said she loved me  
I said I loved her

In her presence  
I talked to another woman  
And found she had a pure heart  
That I praised from my heart

She got jealous  
And said I flirted  
"Don't touch me" she blurted.  
I said to her 'Goodbye' in my heart.

Ravi Kopra

# A Short Punjabi Poem On Money

paisa kaisa hai

jo kamandain hun  
kharachday nahin

jo karachaday hun  
kamanday nahin

Ravi Kopra

# A Single Wound In Your Heart

I thought you had  
a single wound in your heart  
when I look into it  
I see wounds after wounds.  
I am stitching them one by one  
I hope they heal soon.  
They look so deep  
I look at them and weep.  
I pity your poor heart  
who could take all this.

But tell me this  
Why do you always go  
after women who are shitty?  
I give you an ultimatum -  
if you leave me just once  
and go after bimbos again,  
you will be sorry.  
I have had enough of you.  
I will follow you and  
eat you alive.

Ravi Kopra

# A Small Moment, An English Poem By Cornelius Eady In Hindi/Urdu Translation

main ghar k pass bakery main giya  
vo bhathi se paneer k toast nikal rehay the.  
Main ne pooCha: ye kis cheese ki saugandh hai";  
Main kavi hoon, kavi poochte hai.

Bakery main khaDay log bhi yahi pooChana chate the  
lakin vo pooCh na sake.  
Do aur log bhi yehi toast kharidna chahte the  
Jo aurat cash k register pe khadi thee  
main ne us se pooCha: kya koi paisa  
ban jata hai is kaam main. Kya main us se  
cheDkhani ka raha tha? Din baDe ho rahe the  
aur khushi aa rehi the mere dil main.  
Usne kaha ye mera kam hai:

Main acHay se acHay double roti k tukray  
dheere dheere ek taraf karti hoon.  
Aaj April 14, bahaar k pehla din hai.  
Mausam bada khul raha hai. Kisi din main kehti hoon  
kaam karna mera farz hai. Aur kisi main kehti hoon  
mera kaam mujhe pasand hai.

Ravi Kopra

# A Song For Myself

When I do not feel like  
doing things with friends

I do nothing. I want  
to be alone, be myself

Preserve my sanity, my peace  
not do their hee-haw with them

They may call me antisocial  
they may call me a snob, I don't care

I want to be myself  
I care first about myself

Before I care for them  
They may say I am selfish

I don't give a hoot  
Let them call me what they will

My will is my own will  
I will not bend to their will

I will always be myself  
Let them call me antisocial

Let them call me anything else  
But I always want to be myself

When I do not feel like  
doing things with friends

I do nothing. I want  
to be alone, be myself...

Ravi Kopra



# A Song From My Heart

A song from my heart  
spiced with happiness

a sorrow seasoned word  
from my lips, I leave

behind for you to sing  
long after I am gone.

Ravi Kopra

# A Strange Day Today, English Translation Of A Hindi Poem By The Indian Poet, Kunwar Narayan

I was wandering out all day today  
Everything went well  
Nothing unusual happened  
I came across many people  
And spoke truth to all of them  
No body took it in bad stride  
I trusted everybody  
Nobody deceived me  
The most wonderful of all this was  
That when I came home I found that  
Nobody except me had returned home.

Ravi Kopra

# A Tamasha Of Indian Poets, A Poem In Hindi

ye kavita ka mela hai, kitna sundar swehla hai  
kabhi Haq sahib aa jaatay hain, dus-pandra  
ek se ek oonchi apni kavita jhaD jatay hain

aur kabhi koee upday-wupday walay aa jaatay hain  
apni hindi k mohabbati doay lagaey jaatay hain  
dus-pandra nahi, beesoN, teeson, pachasoN turant turant doay

phir kisi sharma-varma k kya kehnaay  
updeshe pe updeshe diyay jaatay hain  
kuch kami nahin inki unkaay paas  
unkay updeash kaafloN jaisay aatay hain

aap kabhi poorvi head-master ji ko na bhoolaiN  
bhool gaye bhi to vo tumain yaad karvatay rehtay hain  
k vo kitnaay mahaan kavi hain  
unki har baat main bhagwaan bhaagtay aatay hain

aur apnaay 'Ravi' ki to kuch baat hi nahin  
bechara kabhi kabhi dil lagi ki ek kavita likh jaata hai  
aur is melaay main aa kar apna dil behlata hai

Ravi Kopra

# A Tanka By Ishikawa Takuboku In Hindustani Translation

ek poorvi sagar kay  
chotay se jazeeray  
ki safed rait ki beach pe  
main ek kekDay ke saath  
khel raha hoon  
aur chal rehi hai  
meri ankhon se  
ansoo'n ki dhara.

\*\*\*

the original in English translation

On the white sand  
Of the beach of a small island  
In the Eastern Sea.  
I, my face streaked with tears,  
Am playing with a crab

—Ishikawa Takuboku

Ravi Kopra

# A Thai Snake

O my chick  
My sweet fowl  
The moment I saw you  
I loved your boobs  
Hidden  
Round hard boobs  
For me to coil around  
And keep your love secrets buried.

And you loved my feet  
Hidden  
Long feet made your guessing  
How long were my hands and  
How long will I please you.

O my chickful love  
Don't tell no one I love  
If you keep my secret  
I swear by my red hot heart  
I will keep yours.

Ravi Kopra

# A Translation Of Antonio Machado's Poem: Memory From Childhood

One afternoon on a chilly cloudy wintery day  
the students are studying  
in the monotony of rain against the window panes  
On a poster in the class room  
Cain is shown running and Abel, dead  
next to a blotch of red  
The teacher, an old man, dry and withered  
dressed badly, carrying a book in his hand  
in a sonorous and husky voice is thundering  
And the whole choir of children is singing the lesson:  
One thousand times one hundred is one hundred thousand  
One thousand times one thousand is one million  
One afternoon on a chilly cloudy wintery day  
the students are studying  
in the monotony of rain against the window panes

-This is my translation

\*\*\*

The original is in Spanish

Recuerdo Infantil

Una tarde parda y fria  
de invierno. Los colegiales  
estudian. Monotonía  
de lluvia tras los cristales.  
Es la clase. En un cartel  
se representa a Cain  
fugitivo, y muerto Abel,  
junto a una mancha carmin.  
Con timbre sonoro y hueco  
truená el maestro, un anciano  
mal vestido, enjuto y seco,  
que lleva un libro en la mano.  
Y todo un coro infantil

va cantando la lección:  
&quot;Mil veces ciento, cien mil,  
mil veces mil, un millón.&quot;  
Una tarde parda y fr'a  
de invierno. Los colegiales  
estudian.. Monotonía  
de lluvia tras los cristales.

Ravi Kopra

# A Tribute To Baba Najmi, A Punjabi Poet From Lahore, Pakistan

I am like a buffalo bull  
whose eyes are blindsided  
a yoke is put on its shoulders  
and asked to move in circles all day  
to draw fresh water from the ground.  
Where does the water go?  
To water my neighbor's fields? No  
It will go to the cotten fields of  
major general Mohammad Hamid Khan of  
the mighty army of Pakistan.  
He controls all wealth in Lahore.  
He controls all of us.  
We sweat for him every day.  
His job was to fight the enemy  
and keep Pakistan safe.  
He chose to make us his enemy  
and keep himself safe.  
This is our Pakistan  
the pure land of Muslims  
says a follower of Baba Najmi.

Ravi Kopra



# A Valentine Proposal

Warm bubbling jacuzzi  
in lenai

in my backyard  
in Sarasota Florida

lit jasmine candles  
goblets of wine

or

fireside in your house  
in freezing Maine

your mom snoring downstairs  
and we up in bed intertwined

all night

up at noon next day  
late brunch at Tiffany

with champagne

roses, roses  
a bouquet of red roses again

Ravi Kopra

# A Voice From The Dungeon, Tears Of Sadness Of Anne Bronte In Hindi/Urdu

Mera dafan ho chuka hai  
main ne zindgi se ab koi lena dena nahin hai  
sab nafrat, badlay, dukh dekh liye hain  
khusiaN, umeedaiN, mohabbataiN dekh li hain  
jo meray oopar chal rehi hai duniya ki halchal  
main ne usko bhi sab dekh liya hai  
is vilap bhari dukhi aur nirash jagah main  
main arsay se reh rehi hoon  
mujhe sab log bhool chuke hain  
main ek akaant aur dukh bharay zamin k andar kaid khanay main hoon  
ye meri kabar ab bun jaani chahiye

-to be continued

Ravi Kopra

# A Way Of Life

God god god  
everywhere is god  
in poetry and music is god  
Never ending god  
but where God is needed  
in hunger, poverty, mercy  
in all third world countries  
India included, the country  
of most God fearing people  
there is no trace of God  
except in the idols made of clay or gold  
and in the temples like those of Shiva  
where a phallus is God, the ultimate Lord.

God, gods  
The more the selfishness, the more the gods  
A god for every act of selfishness  
Want wealth, pray Laxmi  
Want knowledge, pray Sarawati  
Want wisdom, pray Vishnu  
Want strength, pray Hanuman  
Want libido, pray Shiva!

But do nothing to help the poor  
the downtrodden, the hungry, the sick  
Well, it is their Karma. Who cares!  
They have a way of life, so tactful!  
Everything falls in places, so beautiful.

Ravi Kopra

# A Widow Bird Sate Mourning For Her Love, A Sad Love Poem By Percy Bysshe Shelley In Hindi/Urdu Translation

ek fakhta k ghar wale ka  
jaDay k mausam main  
swarg-was ho gaya

bechari bathi hai akaylee  
darakht ki ek shaakh pe  
baraf jaisi dhandi hawa main  
vo gham-e-gham hai  
baraf sa dhanda dil uska udaas hai

shaakh par pattay nahin hain  
zameen par phool nahin hain  
har taraf sub sun-saan hai  
sirf pan-chukki ki halki si awaaz hai

Ravi Kopra

# A Withered Rose, A Poem By The Romanian Poet Nina Cassian In Urdu Translation

gulab ka ek murjhaya phool  
murjhaya phool hai, murjhaya phool hai

sog main sar jhuka leta hai  
iski halki halki gulabi pankhrian  
aaNsooN k dariya bahati hain

mera sar farash ki taraf jhuk jata hai  
ugta jahan kuch bhi nahin hai.

Ravi Kopra

# A Wonderful God-Thing

If God exists  
It exists, has existed, will exist  
It does not need a G, an O and a D to exist  
Or to prove it does exist

And if it doesn't  
It never did  
Unless it committed suicide  
For no one could kill God  
Right?

Moreover

Imaginary things are just imaginary things  
They could give you protection, peace, solace, happiness, hope in your mind  
Or could even scare the shit out of you depending what your imaginary thing is  
Imaginary things never appear in 3D forms except in dreams, in temples and churches  
Like God never did appear in 3D form, though he could to prove his existence

But he sent his son to be killed to prove how great he is -  
To wash the sins of sinners and bless every other imagined thing.  
Man is wonderful to have imagination and with his imagination he could  
Even imagine what a wonderful imaginary God-thing is.

Ravi Kopra

# A Young Wife Could Be Blooming

A Young Wife Could Be Blooming  
- RabindranathTagore

You don't know  
What has become of me.  
Every moment I think of you  
I go sleepless, I go crazy.

Your voice is melody to me my ears.  
Your face, an angel face to me  
Your smile stirs my soul  
Your tresses twirl my heart.

My would be blooming young wife  
Could it be you?  
In the season of honey under the full moon  
I will love you in my arms.  
Thinking thus I go on fire  
You kindle my desires.

You touch my inner self  
whosoever you are.  
I'll seek you wherever you are  
risking all I have.

My souls is yours.  
My fears are gone.  
I'll love you, love you till you know  
No one can love you more.

-Ravi Kopra

\*\*\*\*\*

Tagore sahib, the Noble Laureate, farmatay hain -

meray dil main dhadkan lane walay, tum kaun ho?  
har lehjay ki tum roshni ho  
sadha teray saath main rehti hoon

surali bansari say  
kaun meethay-kouDay geet gaata hai?  
geeton ko sun sun kar koel bhi gaanay lag jati hai  
aur meray dil ki madhu-makhian icHa se bhar jaati hain

shahid bharay mausam main  
chaand dekhti hue ek jawaan beewi bhi  
kshan bhar main tumain apna dil day baithti hai

Radha ko zara chHoo to lo, tum jo kuch bhi ho  
teray paun pe vo kaambhti hai  
har lajja chHoday huay vo tum ko paana chahti hai.  
Guru, tum hee ho na?

Uski aatma ab duhkhi hai  
usko kisi ka ab dar nahin hai. Tum kaun ho?  
teray komal pauN pe vo roti rahegi  
jab tak tum yeh jaan na lo.

- tr. Ravi Kopra

Ravi Kopra



# Aankhain Khulay-Aam Na Mara Karo, A Ghazal In Hindi

tumtextkartay ho, maintum se pyaar karta hoon  
paDtay hi mere dil main hal-chal lagaey jaatey ho

main likhti hoon main bhi karti hoon  
kya hota hai tumaray dil main, ye nahin batatay ho

jab tum shaam ko gali main niklay, main bhi peechHay nikalanay lagi  
maan ne kaha: beta, chai ka waqt hai, kahan bhagay bhagay jaatay ho

sach batao ye sach pyaar hai, jhootha nahin  
acha nahin lagta agar hanshi mazzak kiye jaatay ho

aankhain khulay-aam na mara karo  
maan-baap se mujay jootay kyon marwatay ho

wo kehengay, kis lafangay k saath paDi hoon main  
kaisay bataaoN tum lafangay nahin, mere devtay ho

salaah lenay main 'Ravi' k pass gayee, haey rabba main kya karooN  
bolay: beta dheeraj rakho, dimag apna kyon khrab keye jaatay ho

Ravi Kopra

# About Those Whom I Do Not Know

I go to bed very late at night  
Sometime it is not till early morning  
I walk around on the wooden floor at night  
That makes soft step sounds on the floor  
Down on the first floor, he hears this lullaby  
That makes him sleep fast and see his dreams

I do not know his beliefs, fears, darkness  
Or what he is striving for in his life  
But when I hear him cough, gasping for air  
I feel as if my whole body shivers in fear  
And when he goes silent, I stop walking  
And try to listen if he's still breathing or dead already.

We cannot stop certain things from happening -  
Thoughts, words, phrases, lines  
Moments of laughter, anger, joys, miseries.  
When we try to go to know strangers  
We get closer to those whom we already know  
Feel comfort in their company.  
And knowing them a little better  
We wish them peace and love in life.

Ravi Kopra

# Account, A Poem By Czeslaw Milosz In Hindi Translation

meri bewakoofi ki history se  
baDay granth likhay ja sakte hain

kuch honge mere moorakh-pan k  
jasiay bhonwray ko agar pata hai  
k jal jayega shamaa ke sholay se  
phir bhi wo uski taraf chakar lagata rehta hai

kuch hon gay chinta main shanti lanay k liye  
aur kuch isharay-e-hidayat-e-na-andazgi k

main alag se likhooN gi apni khushi aur ghamandi k daastaN  
jab main logon k saath un main doobi hue the  
aur log chalte the la-parvahi se ucHalte hue apni tees mar khani main

un sab logon ka ek hi mool mantar tha - khawaish  
haey! un sub main main hi akeli aisi hoti  
main un logon k saath un jaisi hi ban-na chahti the  
aur darti the ki mera khumar theek nahin hai

meri bewakoofi ki kahani ab na likhi jayegi  
kyon k main ab budDi ho gayi hoon aur isay likhna bahut mushkil hai

\*\*\*

the original poem

The history of my stupidity would fill many volumes.

Some would be devoted to acting against consciousness,  
Like the flight of a moth which, had it known,  
Would have tended nevertheless toward the candle's flame.

Others would deal with ways to silence anxiety,  
The little whisper which, though it is a warning, is ignored.

I would deal separately with satisfaction and pride,  
The time when I was among their adherents  
Who strut victoriously, unsuspecting.

But all of them would have one subject, desire,  
If only my own -but no, not at all; alas,  
I was driven because I wanted to be like others.  
I was afraid of what was wild and indecent in me.

The history of my stupidity will not be written.  
For one thing, it's late. And the truth is laborious.

Berkeley, 1980.

Ravi Kopra

# Acrostic Love

L-loudest cries

O-of hurt hearts

V-verily show the

E-empty words of lovers' talks.

Ravi Kopra

# Acrostic Sex

Super

External and internal acts of love but not

X rated

Ravi Kopra

# After Long Nights, A Rendering Of Spanish Poem By Sonia Bueno Into Hindi/Urdu

Sari saari har raat k baad  
wo hosh main aate hain

- pehli raat ki tarah rung lagaen  
ya agli raat ko chaleN

Siraf ek hi hai lafaz  
uniki zabaan pe aata hai -

Uski tawacha aisi lagti hai  
k bhoron ne khayi hai

Har parat-parat se  
taDapti goonj aati hai

Ravi Kopra

# After Monsoon Rains In Indian Villages

Rays of sunlight  
after days of heavy rains  
Ganga and Jamuna overflowing  
pools of water everywhere  
village talabs full to the brim  
frogs croack incessantly  
on slimy muddy roads  
people slipping, falling  
bruised, breaking collar bones  
tibias, pelvises, femurs  
rehri-wallas come selling  
mangos, ghias, toris  
dogs wander everywhere  
children play and run  
birds alight from trees  
parrots chatter in laughter  
drop pricked green mangos down  
koels in groves sing songs  
crows caw caw in air  
vultures patrol skies  
searching for cows  
swept away in waters  
wait till the evening comes  
moths surround your lighted lamps  
burn in flames there  
drop down in your bowl of curry  
drop down on your chapatis  
you are having for your dinner  
swarms of mosquitoes  
buzz in your ears  
hover over your head  
and give you company  
moving in circles wherever you go  
you go for a walk after the dinner  
exchange pleasantries with your neighbours -  
barsaat chunghi hoee hai, kaafi chunghi hoee hai.

Ravi Kopra



# After Rain - Another Version Of Luo Zhuhai Translation Of A Chinese Poem By Zeng Jifan

After the rains on a sunny day  
I went out for a walk,  
The snow had finally  
melted at mountain tops,  
Orioles and butterflies  
danced in the thickets,  
they asked me: where was  
I going to pour out my heart.

Ravi Kopra

# Against Winter, A Ghazal In Hindi/ Urdu After Charles Simic

bund ankhoN se sachae dikhti nahin  
sardi main parinde geet gaate nahin

kin se poocho ge apne swaloN ka jawab  
parinde ghar se bahr nikalte nahin

sara din dekhte raho ge tum maayus asmaan ko  
jism kaampta rehe ga jab tak bahar aati nahin

aa raha hai jaldi jaldi se ab sardi k mausam  
haare fauji ki tarah apne adday se tum hato gay nahin

jab baraf tumare sir pe aa k giri gi  
paDosi kaheN ge, kya tum pagal to nahin

(An added couplet as below)

siraf 'Ravi' hi hai jisay sardi k mausam se koi aitraz nahin  
kush rehta hai saheli k saath raat bhar, use kisi ka gham nahin

Ravi Kopra

# Agar Angrezi Tumari Tooti-Footi Hai

Tooti-Footi Angrezi Main Poetry - Poem by Ravi Kopra  
ey mere kuch bharti bhaeeo (some not all)

agar angrezi tumari tooti-footi hai  
to kyon likhtay ho poetry angrezi main  
kyon nahin likhtay hindi main, punjabi main  
gujrati main, bangla main, marathi main  
tamil main, telgu main, urdu main, malyalam main

kya bharat main bhashon ki koee kami hai?  
kyon be-izzati karaato ho apni aur bharat ki?  
kyon batatay ho angrayzon ko tum kitnay anpad ho?  
likho poetry apni bhasha main jisay tum samajhtay ho.

acHi acHi poetry likh kar, bharat ka naam acHa karo  
tooti-footi angrezi main likh kar bharat ko badnaam na karo  
angrazi main hi likhna hai to pehlay isay kuch seekh lo  
angrezi ki laatain na toDo, is k katal main tum lagay ho

ye baDa ek paap hai

bahut bahut danya waad  
khuda tumain angrezi sikhlaey  
sirif yehi hai ek meri dua  
khuda hafiz, namaste, ram ram, sat shri akal

Ravi Kopra

# Age, Age, Age, On Reading Shakespeare

Age, age, age  
May make you a sage  
Sane, calm, peaceful  
The peace inside hails you

Or put you in a crabby rage  
To devour every youth around you  
A curmudgeon deranged  
The bitterness inside kills you.

Ravi Kopra

# Ah! The Bootlickers

Ah! the bootlickers  
sycophants, toadies, lickspittles  
flunky flatterers, lackeys, spaniels  
yes-man, yes-woman doormats  
brown nosers, suck ups shower  
their praises on the rich dimwit dotards  
dullard dunce idiots, blockhead bonehead dolts  
for minor favors by boosting their egos  
I pity these people, I pity their culture,  
For centuries the nebbish were trodden by foreigners  
And now by their own they love to be trodden.

Ravi Kopra

# Ah! The Hurting Ingrown Toenail

Ah! the hurting ingrown toenail sends  
pain to your ass slowing you down.  
You cancel your concert tickets  
and your late rendezvous.

You dip your foot in warm water  
stirred with powdered epsom salt  
watching hopping sparrows through  
the window in your lush back yard

and forget the pain for a moment.  
But you cannot bend down to  
clip the softened nail, your hurting  
old back won't let you. You are alone.

And wish your lover was with you  
who could clip the toenail, dry your  
foot, rub triple antibiotic ointment  
on it, holding your foot in his hands

gently like he holds your face  
when giving kisses of love to you.  
And saying - darling, take rest today all day  
I will make lunch and dinner for you.

Ravi Kopra

# Ah! What Love Is!

&quot;Love is more- Eternity!  
Love is more - predestined! &quot;

-from

Romantic Love - Poem by Dr. tine Raj Manohar M.D. at this site

Love is not this or that  
Love is not here or there  
Love is not up and down  
Love is not near or far  
Love is not bitter or sweet  
Love is not hot or cold  
Love is not body or beauty  
Love is not heart or soul  
Love is not flowers or fragrances  
Love is not full or empty  
Love is not slow or fast  
Love is not short or long  
Love is not light or heavy

Love is a long list of thingies  
that you cannot see, hear, smell, taste  
It has no touchy feel  
It cannot be felt with senses  
So a nonsense thing  
Nay, never say like this  
Because a doctor can tell  
You what love is  
But he has to be a doctor of love  
A doctor of eternity  
A doctor of predestiny

Eternity is infinity  
You can only think of this  
You can never get it

Predestiny is an humongous register  
so huge a zillion mounts of Everests can disappear in it

In that register is registered  
Your name, your parents name  
Your wife's name, your childrens' names  
Your address, your occupation  
Your convictions, your inflections  
Your heart, lung, liver, spleen, bowels, brain  
And a lot more...your sins, your charities  
But you cannot find that register  
You are lost till eternity  
And that is predestiny

And that is love, love, love  
Nothing but love, pure love  
One hundred percent love  
Purest of the pure love  
Dripping from above  
And yet it is not below or above love  
How full of wonders is love.

But remember don't fall in love  
Swim in love, float in love  
Sink in love, die in love  
Live in love  
Live in predestiny  
Live in eternity  
And you will be God himself  
Herself, Itself, God of all gods.  
And that is Love, fully, absolutely  
Undoubtedly, totally defined  
In the doctor of love poetry.

Amen!

Ravi Kopra



# Ah, My Beloved, A Rubaiyat Of Omar Khayyam In Urdu Translation

aye meri jaaN  
bhar do thala-thal  
sharab se is pyalo ko

mere saray pachtaway ye bhula rehi hai  
daroN ko door bhaga rehi hai

aur kal main ye kahooNga k  
kal ka din mere liye  
saat hazaar saal ka tha

Ravi Kopra

## Akhtar Jawad Sends Vish Khopra ???????? To See Allah, A Omar Khayyam Like Rubaiyat

"Why are you here? " demanded the most reverend Allah  
"Allah Sir, Akhtar Jawad sent me here, " said I humbly  
"Bastard, soor ka tukhm, who is he, what is he? " exploded Allah  
"Jannat is for muslims. Go back to holy Ganges, I'll take care of the SOB,  
" said Allah.

Ravi Kopra

# Akhtar Jawad's Vish Khopra ???????? Explains God Positioning System, G.P.S, A Omar Khayyam Like Rubaiyyat

God blessed Vish Khopra ???????? with some scientific knowledge  
To guide Akhtar Jawad like true believers from graves to heaven -  
Look for the Star in the Crescent Moon that's where God in Jannat is  
That's where you'll find wine, whisky, rum, music and virgin women!

Ravi Kopra

# All About Love

Love is the  
preservation of self  
It is not selfless.  
The problem is  
you cannot  
preserve yourself  
you need  
somebody else.

To preserve yourself  
you have to  
preserve somebody else  
and that is  
what love is.

That's why  
those who only  
love themselves are  
the most miserable ones.  
They are loveless.  
They cannot preserve themselves.

Ravi Kopra

## All I Want Is...

Apne mehboob ka baazu  
jahan raat ko sar tika sakoon  
hamesha vo mera saath de  
aur agar thoda gussa mujhe aaye to sahem le  
ye hi sab chahat hai vo mujhe pyaar kare  
uska jawaani zaroori nahin  
lakin us main dum khoob ho

Mujhe pyar kare  
raat ko chumiaNde  
aur subah ko apne bazooN main le le

Main chahti hoon us achay aadmi ke saath  
hamare pyaar ka sangam hota rahe  
aur vo mere dil k zakhmoN ko jaan le  
vo apni guitar se baD kar mujhe pyar kare  
susheel ho aur kathor bhi ho  
us pe mera vishwas ho  
vo dhokay baaz na ho

Ravi Kopra

# All Learned Pundits, Fake Fakirs, Reincarnations - Rendering Omar Khayyam

All learned pundits, fake fakirs, reincarnations  
Of this or that god died saying this or that all life  
What did they deliver? Nothing. Just frustrations  
To already failed frustrated masses struggling in life.

-RK

\*\*\*

XXVII.

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd  
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly, are thrust  
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Works to Scorn  
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

- Edward Fitzgerald

Ravi Kopra

# Allah Cusses Akhtar Jawad And Smiles At Vish Khopra ????????? In Paradise

Akhtar Jawad carries his  
Prayer carpet to heaven for his daily namaz

Raises his ass up in the air and  
Bends down in reverence, his face towards Kaaba

"What are you doing, Akhtar boy? " asks Allah  
"Praying to Allah" answers he humbly

"Why? " "Because my mullah told me so"  
"Oh, yes! brainy brains! " says Allah

And smiles at Vish Khopra ?????????? who is busy  
Drinking wine and fondling houris in heaven.

Ravi Kopra

# Allah Got Old. He Assembled His Followers, An Omar Khayyam Like Rubaiyyat

Allah got old. He assembled his followers  
And thanked them for being true believers  
Asked them what were their wishes. All clamored:  
Whisky and wine. Whisky and wine. Virgins and women!

Ravi Kopra



## Allah Grants Virgins To Vish Khopra ????????? And Calls Akhtar Jawad A Khusda

"You are no good, I'm sending you to Jahannam, " said Allah to pussy face Akhtar Jawad

Allah, he cried, wailed and begged, please don't, please don't, I want my virgins " You're rotten SOB, Akhtar" said Allah, "I'm giving your virgins to Vish Khopra ?????????

"You are impotent, anyway" added Allah, "they don't like a KhusDa, what will you do with virgins? "

Ravi Kopra

## Allah Has Blessed Akhtar Jawad's Vish Khopra ????????, A Omar Khayyam Like Rubaiyat

Vish Khopra ???????? Allah ka pukka musla hai  
Allah k sub hukum sar jhukaye pooray karta hai  
har din 5 baar namaz, varat, be-sharab, magar  
4 kalay burkay waali begum ghar main rakhta hai  
jannat main muft sharab aur chaand jaisi khoobsoorat  
parioN ko soch soch kar baDa kush rehta hai.

Ravi Kopra

# Allah Has Blessed Akhtar Jawad's Vish Khopra ????????, A Omar Khayyam Like Rubaiyyat

Vish Khopra ????????, a true believer of one Allah

Fulfills all Allah's orders in full reverence -

Namaz 5 times a day, fasts, no wine, no rum,4 women in his harem

Waits for Jannat for free moonshine and moonlike beautiful women!

Ravi Kopra

# Allah Is God. God Is Allah. What Difference? A Omar Khayyam Like Rubaiyyat

Allah is God. God is Allah. What difference?

So long we get our fare share of whisky, wine and women

We bow down and pray for distilled pure love in reverence

We believers only believe in Him in open or in anon.

Ravi Kopra

# Allah Might Get Angry With Akhtar Jawad, The Musla Friend Of Vish Khopra ????????

aye mere muslay Karachi k dost  
kahaN ho, kya kar rahe ho aaj kal

bakra-e-id mana rahe ho  
ya gau mata ko kha rahe ho

oont aur gadhe tum khate ho  
har roz do baar kam se kam

ya bhuna murga khate ho  
gurday, kapooroN k saath

tumhain pata hai na jo gau mata khata hai  
ek dum jahanum main jata hai

na to wahan nangi pariaN hain  
na hi hain sharaboN k dariya

Karachi main chooay, sooar, keeDay-makoDay bahut hain  
kyon nahin tum khate unko bhoon bhoon, taDpa taDpa kar?

unka halka sa gala kat kar, taDpa kar, namaz tum zaroor paDna  
nahin to halal ka jhatka ban jayega aur Allah naraz ho jayega tum par

aur kahey ga tum ko: gali k sooar k tukhm  
halal karna nahin seekha hai tum ne aaj tak!

Ravi Kopra

# Allah Punishes Akhtar Jawad And Praises Vish Khopra ????????

&quot;Why do you hate Vish Khopra ????????, &quot; demanded Allah of Akhtar Jawad, &quot;and what junoon has gotten you? &quot;  
Allah Sir, answered Akhtar, he hates Karachi and praises his Mumbai's Bollywood  
&quot;Vish Khopra ???????? is right, &quot; said Allah, &quot;Hindi muslas live  
in Karachi, not a single Wahabi there&quot;  
&quot;You're a Kafir, no true musla, I order a hundred lashes and for a week no  
food for you.&quot;

Ravi Kopra

# Allah's Akhtar Jawad Barkhurdar Envy Vish Khopra ???????? In Paradise

Allah granted the most dazzling, beautiful thirty two virgins to Vish Khopra  
???????? in Jannat

Akhtar Barkhurdar of Allah complained: I prayed 5 times daily, never had  
alcohol, never gambled

How come I got the oldest, the ugliest virgins no one wanted and ???????? got  
the best ones?

"I want my virgins to be happy and you're impotent. You're lucky to get  
even the ugliest ones" Allah retorted.

Ravi Kopra

# Alone

The dinner is ready.  
The lamp is lit.  
She is at the dinner table, alone.  
Waiting for her adulterous  
hubby to come home.

She waits for an hour.  
No sign of home. No phone call.  
She turns off the light.  
Leaves the table, food cold.  
Goes to bury herself in the bed, alone.

Ravi Kopra



# Alone, A Ghazal In English

In misfortune, they always leave me alone  
In darkness even my shadow leaves me alone

You need family, friends, lover(s) to live in this world  
You will be miserable if you wish to live alone

Who will take you to the doc when you have a heart attack  
or call 911 when you fall down and break your leg if alone

If you do not have a wife or a sweet heart who loves you  
There will be no warmth in your bed at night if alone

Well, no body will stop you if you watch all night your favorite porn  
You may feel some heat but will burn in it if you are alone

To be alone or not to be alone is a matter of choice in life  
To live with someone is a full life, it's empty if you are alone

But be careful. Never ever live with a bimbo in your life  
She'll bamboozle with nonsense and you'd wish you were alone

'Ravi' is a wizard. He knows all this first hand  
Trust him. He will never misguide you if you are alone

Ravi Kopra

# Amor Eterno, A Spanish Love Poem By Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer In English Translation

Clouds may cover  
the sun forever.  
Oceans may dry up  
in an instant.  
Axis of the earth  
may break down any instant  
like a delicate crystal.  
It may all happen.  
May my death be covered  
with his funeral crepe.  
because the flame of  
my love for him  
will go on and on for ever.  
Never will it die.

Ravi Kopra

# An Accident

Traffic barely inched ahead  
an accident on the highway  
a short while ago  
a dead deer, two babies unborn  
bellies smashed, fresh blood, bones, entrails  
glisten in the mid-day sun  
cars, rvs, trucks windows down  
people peer out, smell exhaust  
buzzards buzz overhead  
in the distance blaring sirens.

Ravi Kopra

# An Apu From Seven Eleven Writes A So Called Poem - An Omar Khayyam Like Rubaiyat

An Apu from Seven Eleven writes a so called poem  
It is made the poem of the day to make some bucks  
Apu's like only Apu poems. All day they praise the poem  
They celebrate their fame throwing parties at home.

Ravi Kopra

# An Ekphrastic Poem, She Sees Rainbows Only

Losing three babies in a row  
even before they were born  
dashing all hopes of motherhood  
putting aside the new crib  
tiny mittens, scarves, clothes, toys  
in a box opened and sealed again,  
the chosen pretty names  
sarah, sheila, david. robert  
slid back once again in memory lanes.  
How heart wrenching, how saddening!

When the full term rainbow baby comes  
in a bundle of love, crying  
what joy it brings to the mother,  
there's nothing in this world to compare.  
A feeling of blessings, a fulfillment  
a sudden emotional surge hard to contain  
brings tears to her eyes  
holding the baby gently  
and guiding her to her breasts  
for the nectar of life.  
The baby starts sucking. She opens  
her eyes and sees the rainbows only.

Ravi Kopra

# An Example Of Happiness

When you and your  
spouse fight day and night  
no matter what you do  
doesn't make her happy  
her demands never end and  
she sucks your soul dry  
it's time you say her good bye  
and find a new love in your life

It could be him and not her  
Do not dwell much on it

But it so happens  
your new love turns to be like the love you left  
and you wonder why, why!

Doesn't misery love misery  
and the like like the like?

Sure it does  
That's what Confuscious says.  
So look into your soul and find  
where does the solution lie...

Ravi Kopra

# An Experimental Hinglish Poem

boobs boobs boobs  
O mehbooba tere boobs  
khoob se khoob  
baDe se baDe boobs  
kitne khoob!

mumme mumme mumme  
mummy k mumme  
mamma k mumme  
tere mumme  
meri jaan k mumme

mere moonh main mumme  
tere moonh main mumme  
mehbboba k mumme  
madam k mumme

boobs boobs boobs  
khoob khoob khoob  
kitne khoob!

Ravi Kopra

# An Ode To Chalk

Brittle  
easily powdered  
you come in all colors  
pink, orange, red, blue  
yellow, indigo, all hues  
I use white to write and prove  
theorem of Pythagoras on  
black boards for my students  
kids use it to color their books  
artists use it to draw nudes  
in all shapes and sizes -  
the pleasant plumps  
with huge butts and boobs  
and the skinny like bamboo shoots  
all bare bones no flesh to hide  
no boobs, no butts, no nothing  
just pretty faces with smiles  
all luster and lust, nothing else  
but chalk, O dear chalk  
all of them, you immortalise  
glory to you O chalk  
they live on and you  
only a short life.

Ravi Kopra



# An Old Demented Star Steed Mullah Dreams Of Komodo Dragon (?????????)

An Old Demented Musla Dreams Of ?????????? (Komodo Dragon)

An old demented mullah his hair all white  
saw a Komodo Dragon wandering at night  
he wet his pants, full of fright  
It was his prayer time, he missed namaaz  
Mullah thrashed him asked him the cause  
how could he tell mullah how it all was  
that he peed in his white pants because  
the Komodo Dragon was a fearful sight  
Since that day the musla was never alright  
He dreamed of the Komodo Dragon every night  
Once he dreamed the dragon hit the tree  
where he thought it would be danger free  
and while on the tree he could steal the eggs of a dove  
to make an omelette and feed himself with Allah's love  
The dragon shook the tree, the musla came down tumbling  
He was going to be eaten alive. In fear he began trembling  
that woke up his young begum wife number four who said:  
I know Komodo Dragon is after you, you're peeing, your face's red.

And by the way, the musla afraid of the Dragon who peed and peed  
Is called 'Star Steed' translated as 'Akhtar Jawad' in his creed.

Ravi Kopra

# And A Kiss On Your Mouth

A cup of tea with you  
Gives me a thousand flavors

Three glasses of wine with you  
End all sorrows of mine

A stroll in the garden with you  
Mellows my heart forever

Sailing on a mountain lake with you  
Soars my spirit high up in the winds

And a kiss on your mouth  
Brings back all my youth

Ravi Kopra

# And I Became A Living Soul

And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

-Genesis 2: 7

\*\*\*

When I saw her for the first time  
My heart leaped out of my chest  
Stunned was I with her beauty  
I kept looking at her...

She passed by me not knowing  
What had she done to me  
I did not know who she was  
Nor did she know who was I

I wanted to immortalize her  
lest I forget with the passage of time  
just how a single glimpse at her  
made my heart dance in delight

I opened my notebbok and started  
writing my poem: So Beautiful Is She.  
She breathed endless love into me  
and I "became a living soul";

A poet of love poems.  
Some call it a miracle  
Some call it a chance encounter  
I call it love that makes us human beings.

Ravi Kopra

# And I Missed You

When you called me yesterday  
in the evening, I was looking  
at your photo in the golden frame  
sitting on the table beside my bed.  
I was thinking of you.

Your golden voice was music to my ears.  
It brings me relief. I walked to the pavillion  
in the backyard under the full autumn moon  
and sat there alone.

The breeze had brought in purple plum  
leaves scattered all over the the floor.  
Two doves came to splash water on their wings  
and flew back to their nest in the pear tree.  
They coo cooed there, and I missed you.

Ravi Kopra

# And In An Instant You Become An International Poet

Not everybody  
could be a singer  
a musician or an artist.  
We do not have the talent  
and we admit our limitations.

But to be a poet,  
How facile!  
Just write some gobbledygook  
in your second or third language  
and put it on a poetry site that  
makes bucks from ads;  
your chamcha -sycophant- friends  
or so called compatriot poets who also  
write gobbledygook in their  
second, third or fourth language  
will read your poems and make  
comments in adulations such as -

Such a beautiful poem  
A poem full of wisdom  
A well penned poem  
I see God in your poem  
God is love and love is God  
What a nice inscription  
Congratulations for the poem of the day  
A very nice collocation  
Wonderful rhyming of said and dead head,  
So nice, so interesting, so remarkable;  
And in an instant you become an international poet  
writing in a language you hardly understand  
with 500 words in command and no grammar whatsoever.  
How wonderful!

Ravi Kopra

# And Lately, By The Tavern Door Agape, Rendering Omar Khayyam

The angels could not resist the taste of wine  
And to see how happy it made man's life. One night  
The head angel entered the tavern through the open gate  
And stole bucketfuls of wine for other angels to taste.

\*\*\*

XLIV.

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,  
Came stealing through the Dusk an Angel Shape  
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and  
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas - the Grape!

Ravi Kopra

# And That's Love

When I ride my horse  
white with dark brown patches  
over his mane, sides, eyes  
he knows me well  
my body, legs, weight, posture  
smell and what I am thinking that day.

When he senses I am sad, he strides slow  
takes me under the shade of trees overlooking  
the lake that has roses of Sharon trees  
along its borders blooming with red, white, pink  
bunchy flowers where humming birds hum in the air,  
and where the wild ducks, fish and geese  
swim in the still lake calmly,  
he pauses there, waits for my clues.

And when he knows I am happy  
my lover is coming to see me from Paris  
and stay with me from Thanksgiving  
to Christmas till New Year Day holiday, he trots  
gallops around and walks like a billionaire.  
Perhaps he senses my hormones too  
they always change when he is coming to see me.

We are in partnership. We know each other well.  
We give each other company. Solace in grief  
happiness in merriment day to day.  
And that's love. It is magical.

Ravi Kopra

# And The Moon And The Stars And The World, A Poem By Charles Bukowski In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Raat ko gali galochON ki sair main  
aatma ko shaanti mil jati hai -  
logoN ki khiDkioN main jhankte hue  
thaki-thakaae aurtoN ko dekhte hue  
apne sharabi khawindoN ki  
peet pataae se bachte hue.

Ravi Kopra



# And This Delightful Herb, A Rubaiyat Of Omar Khayyam In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Ah! ye hari hari ek neyi shakha  
nadi pyaar se ise choomna chahti hai  
jhuk jao is pe pyaar se, choom lo is ko dil se  
kya pata kis ke hotoN pe chupa hai zindgi ka maza!

Ravi Kopra

# And When Summer Comes To An End, A Rumanian Poem By Nina Cassian In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Aur jab garmiaN khatam ho jati hain  
lagat hai jaise sab jahan ka anT aa gaya hai  
biyaban aur dahasht - har taraf

Din cHotay honay shuroo ho jate hain  
yahaN tak k sab shaan guzar jati hai  
bheegay kaDay hamare badan par chipte rehte hain  
hanare coat mayoos se laagte hain.  
Aur fir sardi k mausam main hum kaamppte hain  
idhar udhar galioN main girte phirte hain  
lagata hai har cheez ka beDa gark ho raha hai...

hum hamesha bahar main raheN  
ye kahaNka, kiska vichar hai?  
kya kisi bhyanak adarsh lok ka khyaal hai?

Ravi Kopra

# And When We Do Make Long Long Love

Eyes are at rest  
Lamp light is dim  
Soft music is slow  
Outside it's raining.

We, in the bed are holding  
Each other in arms, kissing  
Cuddling, fondling, caressing  
Desire you, desire you, we are saying.

We may or may not  
make love, we do not know  
But we do know this -  
We are to each other a gift.

Our union was made in heaven -  
So peaceful, joyful, blissful we feel  
And when we do make long long love  
Heaven on earth we feel!

We only want each other then  
Closely clasped to our bosoms  
Nothing more, nothing more in this world!

Ravi Kopra

# And When You Tell An Idiot He Is Wise, A Hindi Poem

Moorakhta bahut tarah ki hoti hai  
akalmand ko moorakh kaho  
to tum moorakh ban jato ho

Aur jab tum kisi moorakh ko  
mazaak se akalmand kaho  
aur vo apni akalmandi tum ko  
dikhane lag jaata hai

To tum hairani main  
maaray jatay ho k  
moorakhta ki koe  
seema na hai

Main ne aisi seema  
kuch bharti kavioN ki  
yahan bar bar dekhi hai  
aur vo daaktar, paDay likhay kavi hain.

Ravi Kopra

## Another Couplet After Kabir In Bhojpuri

uski dilruba bhaag gayi, wo sar pakDay rona dhona hoay  
raam ka naam ab jap le. rona dhona sab smapat hoay

Ravi Kopra

# Another Fresh New Year, A Poem By William Arthur Ward In Hindi/Urdu Translation

naya saal ab aaya hai  
ek saal ka jeevan aur dene k liye  
chinta, dubida, dar bhagane k liye  
pyar main jeene, lene-dene, hasne k liye!

khushi bhara naya saal mujhe kehta hai -  
har din dum bhar k zinda raho  
har din baDo, koshis karo  
achHi se achHI bulandi pe chDo

muje ab ek aur moka mila hai  
sab unyaye door karne k liye  
shaanti ki prarthana karne ke liye  
peD paudhe lagane k liye  
khushi k geet gaane k liye.

Ravi Kopra

## Another Version Of Luo Zhihai's Poem: In Lonely Bloom

At the end of the gulley  
Fresh fragrance from orchids in bloom  
The village shines in the moonlight  
The East wind blows drunkenly  
Though the spring feels good  
Time for the red lichtsies  
Summer is back.

Ravi Kopra

# Apocalypse

Why don't  
they quit  
talking of  
the apocalypse  
day and night

if they complain  
so much  
living  
in this  
beautiful world

why don't  
they  
commit  
suicide?

Ravi Kopra



# Apu Poems

Every Apu poem is 'well penned, full of wisdom', so and so forth  
And also 'such a lovely poem, such a wonderful poem of all poems! '  
Their plastic pens are fake, their scatty wisdom always springs forth  
Early in the morning in restrooms and gets wrapped in their new poems.

Ravi Kopra

# Are You Married?

Back stage I congratulated  
the distinguished speaker  
who spoke for an hour on  
the virtues of marriage

quoting philosophers  
and poets dead and alive  
showing a horde of slides.

Suddenly he asked me -  
are you married?  
I said no with a smile.

A great choice, said he.

Ravi Kopra

## Arranged Marriage, A Hindi/Urdu Poem

jo kuch bhi wo kehta hai  
karta hai  
pagla sa pagla lagta hai  
kya karoon main raam  
shaadi unon ne meri kar dali  
ab sar phoDuN pathar maar  
us k mere beech hai ek baDi deewar  
ek baDa baDa pahaD

jab kahoon  
badan main aag lagi hai  
baraf ka thanda paani le aata hai  
Jab kahoon  
neend nahin aati  
choD kar  
doosray bistray pe so jata hai

jab kehti hoon  
kuch thand si lag rehi hai  
zara jism to chuo mera  
kitna thanda sa hai  
razzaii kambal le aata hai  
mujh pe daal deta hai  
kahDay ki chaey banata hai  
pee lo isay ghoont bhar bhar  
aur jao so jao bistray par  
sab thand door ho jaey gi  
chaey ka hai ye chatkar

main lait jaati hoon  
kambal razaii k andar  
bahati hoon aansuon ka dariya  
poochti hoon kya ye meri kismat hai  
karmoN ka phal hai  
ya duniya ka purana bandhan hai

hey pita, hey maata  
kuch to mere liye socha hota  
main tumhari beti hoon

kaise main tumhain na na karti  
dukh seh rehi hoon ab  
tumhari khushioN k liye...

Ravi Kopra

# Arranged Marriages, An Ekphrastic Poem

O damn the conventional  
Parents'arranged marriages!  
I don't want to see his  
Face. Nor does he mine

No feelings. Zilch  
Our kiss, if you call a kiss  
Is a parchment rubbing our lips  
Our tongues suffocate

I block him. He blocks me  
In frustration we suffer  
Castrated, neutered we now both feel  
And yet we both could not rebel

We are utter strangers  
In a cornered nightmarish union  
Love by prescription  
A marriage made in hell

Imprisoned, oppressed  
Our lives out sucked  
In the dry sahara of love  
Clad in shrouds we're dead.

Ravi Kopra

# As You Have Come

As you have come  
the orioles are singing in trees  
the cuckoos are cooing

the parrots fly from tree to tree  
they never stop chatting

the rivers are flowing full  
their waters are laughing

the flowers are blooming  
the peacocks are dancing

the skies are clear blue  
the stars shine brightly

why do I smile all the time?  
they always keep on asking

they don't know you will  
forever, be staying with me.

Ravi Kopra

# Asifa Bano, An 8-Year-Old Girl Gang Raped And Murdered

To stop such crimes, the rapists  
Must be punished in public thus:

Slide down your pants, you beasts  
You odious, wicked, heinous bastards

Here comes the saw man with his  
Rusted blunt hand saw in his hands

He will saw off your penises bit by bit like musla halal  
Slowly, and feed to the dogs and coyotes waiting earnestly

In line, and the remnants to the flying vultures  
On your wounds, he will spray chillies and salt

And leave you crying, bleeding in hot sun to death  
You scum of the earth, we will make you rot in hell

Ravi Kopra

# Ask Them, A Punjabi Ghazal By Baba Najmi In English Translation

Have they priced down any item? ask them  
Have they done any thing new? ask them

In the gathering of the members of the assembly  
Who among them wear brand new suits? ask them

They take loans against our properties  
Where does the money go? ask them

They take pride in their new suits  
Why am I in rags? ask them

They could travel by bicycle only. now they have millions  
Where does their money come from? ask them

When we gave the chair to our 'Baba'  
Why did they then shun us all? ask them

\*\*\*

the original in Punjabi

????? ??

????? ??? ?? ????? ?????, ????? ??  
????? ?????? ??? ?????, ????? ??

????? ?? ?? ????? ??? ?????? ??  
????? ?????? ?????? ????, ?????? ??

????? ???????? ?????? ????? ?????? ??  
????? ???????? ?????? ????, ?????? ??

????? ??? '?? ?????? ?????? ?????? ??  
????? ?????? ?? ???????, ?????? ??

????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?



??? ???? ???? ?????? ?????, ?????? ??

????? ???? ???? ??? ?????? ??  
??? ???? ??????? ???, ?????? ??

-Baba Najmi

Ravi Kopra

# At Night, A Swedish Love Poem By Georg Trakle In Hindi/Urdu Translation

meri ankhen aaj raat muskra rehi hain  
mere sonay k dil ko  
laal-laal kar k roshni aaj jala rehi hai!  
teri udasi meri udasi k saath bhag rehi hai  
tere laal-laal hont zabardast ho kar  
mere hontoN pe juDeN hue hain!

Ravi Kopra

# At That Moment

In the early autumn morning  
The rooster sat on the top of the barn  
And started his cock o'doodle doo

My basenji dog yodelled back loudly  
I cussed them both. I wanted to roast the rooster  
And throw my dog in a dungeon

Or send him to sub-zero Siberia to learn  
How not to wake up the master in the morning  
At that moment

The moon was shining through the window  
The plum flowers were smiling at me  
I smiled back, went back to sleep

Forgiving the dog and the rooster.

Ravi Kopra

# At The Airport Terminal

When I went to the airport today  
with you to say goodbye to you,  
your eyes welled up at the gate  
and tears fell on your cheeks

Keep heart my love, I said  
How lucky we are we are in love  
and it hurts to hear a goodbye  
even for a short while

I held back my tears at that moment  
I wanted to show you I am a man  
as men do not cry at parting  
lest they show their unmanliness

It was a moment later when you had  
entered the gate and was out of sight  
my heart could not contain my tears  
my hanky was wet on leaving the terminal

I just wanted to tell you  
how hard it is to hide love!  
I have been thinking of you since then  
and searching flights to fly to you.

Ravi Kopra

# At The Touch Of You, A Poem By Witter Bynner In Hindi/Urdu Translation

jaise hi main ne tum ko  
apne haathon se chHooa  
aise laga k teri teer-kamaan k khushi k teer  
mere jism ko lagne lage

aise laga k tum ek pHawara ho  
main neeche ek chtaan par baithi huee hoon  
aur tere pani ne muj ko pani pani kar diya hai

Ravi Kopra

# Autumn Air, A Chinese Poem By Li Bai In Translation

The autumn breeze is clear.  
The moon is bright.  
Falling leaves gather and scatter.  
A jackdaw perches, all startled.  
We think of each other and wonder  
when will we meet again.  
This hour, this night, I feel  
very queasy - can't say in words.

-rendered from a literal translation at web pages:

Autumn wind clear  
Autumn moon bright  
Fall leaves gather and scatter  
Jackdaw perch again startle  
Each think each see know what day  
This hour this night hard be feeling

Ravi Kopra

# Autumn Love Songs Of Chinese Swallows

Late autumn rain. Cold breeze.  
Flowers withering.  
Stamens and pistils dying.

Swallows danced gracefully in the air  
And sang autumn love songs -

He: I left fragrance of heart petals for my lovely wife

She: I played three notes of love music for my pouting husband  
I am so high on love, I will dance all night  
I will not stop singing till my husband smiles

Both: We are going to have babies. We are going to have babies  
Our nest is ready already.

Ravi Kopra

# Awake! - Rendering Omar Khayyam

Get up, get up, it's the end of night  
I already heard the roosters' cry  
The sunshine on the Sultan's turret is bright  
Let's head to the tavern. Don't ask why.

\*\*\*

I.  
Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night  
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight:  
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught  
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light.

Ravi Kopra



# Away, A Love Poem By Pamela Dietz In Hindi/Urdu Translation

meri jaan  
tum mere pass nahin ho  
mera dil dukhi hai  
mere hont akele hain  
tere honton ki talash main hain  
mere haath tere hathoN main nahin hain  
thundh se jukaD rahay hain  
mera badan, tere badan k saath nahin hai  
ye ab peeDa main paDa hua hai  
meri jaan, hamesha mere pass raho  
Allah se ye meri dua hai.

Ravi Kopra

# Baby Adam Coming To Life. An Ekphrastic Poem

God created the heaven and the earth  
and created the baby Adam  
out of the clay of volcanic ashes  
with all elements in it

And he put his mouth  
over the mouth of baby Adam  
and exhaled out souls

A tiny tiny soul slipped  
in the tiny heart of  
the baby Adam. He checked

the baby Adam's pedal pulse  
and lo! he cried out aloud.

'What's the matter, little boy? '  
asked the all mighty Lord.

'Where is my Eve? Where is my Eve? '  
The baby Adam demanded  
in a shrill heart wrenching voice.  
'I feel so lonesome without her.'

He was too tired creating the universe  
that day. He didn't want to mess with the fresh clay.

God set out to making baby Eve  
out of the hanging baby Adam's left rib.

That's why all men now  
have a missing rib in the chest  
and have a cold cold heart  
unlike women who stole men's hearts  
and have all the warmth in the world.

Ravi Kopra

# Bamboo, Pine And Willow After Luo Zhihai

Bamboos, willows and pines  
high on hills sway  
in the early morning autumn winds  
in the Schweinchen valley

It is calm, quiet, still  
moon is hanging bright in the sky  
the villagers still asleep, restful

Air is fragrant with scents of plums, chrysanthemums  
a crow suddenly starts caw cawing  
what's wrong with the poor thing so early in the morning?

Ravi Kopra

# Baozi, Dim Sum, Montou, Wanton

Late in the autumn  
it's cold on the Lu mountain  
down below in the valley  
chimney smokes curl up in the air  
people making bird nest's soup  
baozi, dim sum, montou, wanton  
zongzi, cong you bing, shaobing  
congee, tong sui, hot pot, xianbing  
that entice even Buddha the middle  
path man who cannot resist the flavors  
of the cuisine of the chinese men  
and begs door to door like his  
followers now for baozi, dim sum  
montou, xianbing, shaobing, wanton.

Ravi Kopra

## Be Gentle And Patient (Kabir)

Be gentle and patient, O my mind!  
Everything happens in right time

A gardener might squander  
A hundred buckets of water

But the plants will bear  
Fruit, only in the season.

Ravi Kopra

# Be Still, Calm Down

Flush greenery did not stop  
The fierce torrents of rains

Streams of tears did not stop  
The sorrows of the lonely hearts

The fragrance from half a pillar of incense  
Calmed down a thousand thoughts

Still water in a spring pool  
Reflected a thousand falls

Ravi Kopra

# Beautiful Ladies

My eyes wander  
away  
from you  
when  
I see  
beautiful ladies  
in the distance

I love you  
my darling

If  
you are  
zealous of them  
cover my eyes  
with your fingers

But don't take  
my balls out.

Ravi Kopra

# Beautiful, A Love Poem By Pablo Neruda In English Translation

My love, you are so beautiful  
Like from the stone of a fresh water fountain  
the water springs forth in a wide flashing foam,  
so is your smile on your face, my beautiful.

Your hands and feet are thin, like those of a walking silver poney.  
I see you like a flower of my world, my beautiful.

A nest of the color of copper on your head, a dark honey  
colored nest is where my heart burns and rests, my beautiful.

Your eyes have no place on your face, they do not match the terrain.  
In your eyes exist countries and rivers, my homeland, my existence.  
They shine light on the world where I walk with them.

My love, you are so beautiful  
Your breasts are like two breads made of the earth cereal and golden moon.  
Your waist made my arms feel like a river where you spent a thousand years.  
No one has hips like yours in this world. Perhaps the earth has somewhere  
a secret place for the scent of your body and your curves, so beautiful.

My love, you are so beautiful  
Your voice, your skin, your finger nails, your being  
Your shine, your shade are all mine, mine, you beautiful.  
When you walk or rest, sing or sleep, suffer or dream  
Close or far, always, always, you are my mine, my beautiful.

Ravi Kopra



# Beauty

When you walk into the ball room  
All heads - young, old, middle age- turn toward you

When you walk with me under the full moon  
the moon hides behind the darkest clouds

When they look at your face, they forget their lovers  
and ask their lusting hearts how could you be their lover

When they see you walk in grace with a little swing at your hips  
their pants start making tents to offer them cool shades

When they hear you say anything, even in anger  
it is music to their ears, your voice, their hunger

When in your bikini, you lounge at the beach  
people say- what mounds, what curves, what shades

Near the ocean in this fragrant fresh spring breeze  
the most beautiful woman in the world is here, here.

Ravi Kopra

# Beauty In Blue Eyes

Main ne jab teri neeli neeli  
ankhaiN dekhi, tu sharmaai, muskraii  
main mar gaya, mar gaya teri ankhaiN dekhay dekhay

Ravi Kopra

# Beauty Is A Liability

What will you do with your beauty  
if you become a liability  
and have no brains  
to be self dependent?

A flower that withers the next day  
A painting that soon shades  
A candle that burns in an hour  
A storm that passes in seconds  
The lightening that dazzles  
For an instant and then, gone, gone, gone...

Ravi Kopra

# Beauty Lost All Its Lure After My Death, A Urdu Ghazal By Ghalib In English Translation

Beauty lost all its lure after my death  
My enemies are now at rest after my death

No one could be the king of love after my death  
No one now knows how to love after my death

A candle ends up giving off smoke  
The flame of love is now dark after my death

In my grave I pity them. Now they paint their nails  
with henna, not with my blood, after my death

Beauty leaves those who have no heart  
Their eyes don't love kohl after my death

In the frenzy of farewell, my lovers  
Will tear off their clothes after my death

Who will rival him losing himself drunk in love?  
Asks the bartender again and again, after my death

I am dying with this grief in my heart -  
No one will mourn the death of love, after my death

'Ghalib' is sad over the helplessness of lovers  
How could they living in shocking grief after my death?

Ravi Kopra

# Bees Talk

Meticulous English bees are nuisance, they buzz  
In Germany they are mighty, 'summ summ' they speak  
In Russia they are cold, they only zh-zh-zh  
But the tiny Japanese bees so interesting  
They sing: booN, booN, booN  
They remind you of the Indian little babies  
When they are angry and cry, they hooN, hooN, hooN!

Ravi Kopra

# Before I Pull The Trigger

Bursting in anger with foaming mouth  
face, eyes red. Hair disheveled,  
shouting loud, body shaking  
voice intelligible, incoherent,  
a man in midlife puts his gun  
on the temple of his kneeled down  
friend right in the middle of the road.

He had disappeared with his  
young daughter over the weekend.

You hear such fragments -

You son of a bitch  
you mother fu...  
you rotten rat from hell  
you stinking bastard  
you worthless shit  
utter your last words  
before I pull the trigger

Red flashes of lights  
sirens, loud.

Ravi Kopra

# Between You And Me Is A Bridge - A Punjabi Love Poem

tere mere wich  
ik pul hai

chaD ja is utay  
tur pai jidhar chaaeN

idhar aansaiN  
mare dil wich aasaiN

udhar jaasaiN  
mere dil wich assaiN

kyoN ke  
tere dil wich mera dil hai

Ravi Kopra

# Beyond The Night, A Hindi/Urdu Version Of A Spanish Poem By Sonia Bueno

raat k paray  
raat  
chalti hai  
kishti waloN se  
aur door k taroN ki roshni se

deewar main aala {tooti hue/ dariya ki mrig trishna/ jaane/anjaane/ wo dono samajhte hain/ lakin kaun peeta hai paani mrig trishna se}

Ravi Kopra



# Bible Reading Christians

'Time to love, time to hate'  
Says Solomon in the Bible

So hating is permissible  
To the Bible reading Christians  
only when the time is right for hate  
Neither early nor late  
just right at the precise time  
Not during the loving or any other time

If you are not proper, precise  
and start loving during hating time  
and hating during loving time  
you will not know what Solomon is saying  
and you'll be in big trouble all times

You will be so messed up in life  
And will no longer be a Christian  
Some sort of heathen or whatever  
But certainly not a Christian

Hate could be interrupted by love  
But love could never ever by hate  
Hate should be kept apart from love  
But love can go wherever it wants  
Even to the most fully hateful ones

How could you call a religion  
a religion if does allow you to hate?  
I asked the preacher of love and hate  
who blindly teaches from holy Bible?

'You do not hate a person' said he  
'You hate only his evil actions'  
emphasised he with a broad smile  
spreading all over his shaved face

Wonderful! said I  
Let us invite the Boko Haram

who kidnapped and raped  
two hundred innocent school girls,  
for seven course dinners  
and rice pudding made with the camel  
milk for their favorite dessert,  
and tell them we love you  
love you, from our hearts  
O Boko Haram wonderful people!  
because we are Bible reading Christians  
we only hate your evils actions  
of kidnapping, murder and rape  
and making innocent girls pregnant  
over and over with your Boko Haram semen.

More hateful actions you do  
the more we will love you  
and many more times to our homes  
for seven course dinners we'll invite you  
because we are Bible reading Christians  
we love you, we love you.

Ravi Kopra

# Birds Calling In The Ravine - Translation Of Wang Wei's Chinese Poem

Aimlessly wandering  
on a quiet and empty hill  
in the spring, I see  
falling osmanthus flowers.  
And hear the constant calling of  
birds startled with full moon  
down below in the ravine.

\*\*\*\*

Literal translation from web pages:

Person idle osmanthus flower fall  
Night quiet spring hill empty  
Moon out startle hill birds  
Constant call spring ravine in

Ravi Kopra

# Bitter Bitter Cold, Not Too Bitter To Be Playful

Bitter bitter cold  
I stand like a wax mould  
In my arms you fold  
I hug you in a tight hold  
You warm me up  
take away my cold  
I give you deep kisses on your mouth  
that no body ever heard of in north or south  
I give you kisses on your breasts  
that nobody could imagine in east or west  
you take away all cold  
when in my arms you fold  
and I love you in my hold.  
Our love story for ages  
again and again will be told  
to the shy lovers  
who never feel bold.

Ravi Kopra

# Bitter Cold Night In Winter

Bitter cold night in winter  
on the Dal lake in Kashmir.  
Water turning into ice  
the moon shows  
its full face on the lake.  
Seeing it I say -  
Oh my, its mine, mine!

Ravi Kopra

# Bitter-Sweet, A Poem By George Herbert In Urdu Translation

Kaisay ho tum mere gussay se bharay khuda  
humain tum pyaar kartay ho aur maar bhi daaltay ho  
chutti hamari kartay ho aur madad bhi karaty ho  
main bhi aisi bataaiN karooNga

main karooN ga shikaitaiN aur shabashi bhi dooNga  
main maarooNga dutkaar aur maan bhi looNga  
aur har khattay-meethay din zindgi bhar  
main rona-peatna karooNga aur pyaar bhi karooNga

Ravi Kopra

# Black And White

White

expells all colors  
reflects them back  
and wants to remain pure  
as a white lily  
and frowns at others in delight.

Black

takes in all colors like a black hole  
white, yellow, brown, black  
warm them in its heart and smiles  
but when enraged in too much heat  
it explodes, burns itself  
burning everybody, everything in sight.

Ravi Kopra

# Bliss We Have To Gain - A Kind Of Prose Poem After Kumarmani Mahakul

"We are fortunate souls in Earth" says Kumarmani Mahakul.

\*\*\*

Poems of Kumarmani Mahakul inspire me to write my poems for enlightenment of the poor souls living in darkness with wide open eyes wondering day and night about the bliss and blessings of God on the pious and the not so pious ones.

This aside, we are fortunate to be alive despite the ongoing horrific terrorism all over the world. But "in Earth", under the ground, and not 'on Earth', I am not sure of!

Where else would we be if not on Earth? Surely, "in Earth", six feet under or in har har ganga mata! (in the holy waters of the Ganges) .

And yet, jab khuda ne jahaaN banaya  
kambakkht aadmi ko dhika de kar zameen par giraya  
kehte hue - daffa ho jao, daffa ho jao, mere jannat se

(And yet, when God made the heaven and the earth  
He pushed man out of paradise  
Man came down tumbling on earth  
While god kept on saying -  
Get out, get out, you cursed man  
Out of my pure paradise!)

Even khuda (God)does not want us to be fortunate on Earth. How is Mahakul's God different from khuda?

Ravi Kopra



# Blooming Roses - Rendering Omar Khayyam

Look! what the blooming rose is  
saying laughing - I bloom for a day  
And once my silken petals wither  
Into the garden dump they throw me away.

\*\*\*

XV.

Look to the Rose that blows about us - 'Lo,  
Laughing, ' she says, 'into the World I blow:  
At once the silken Tassel of my Purse  
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw.'

Ravi Kopra

# Blue Sky Blue Music

Blue sky beautiful  
Blue music so sad, sorrowful

What about blue music under the blue sky?  
Sorrowful, more sorrowful

And the blue sky over the blue music?  
Hopeful, hopeful, always hopeful

Ravi Kopra

# Body Of A Woman, A Spanish Poem Of Pablo Neruda In Translation

Body of a woman, white hills, white thighs,  
You look like a world in your posture of surrender.  
My body of a brute laborer digs in you  
And makes the son leap from the depths of the earth.

I was only a tunnel. From me the birds fled  
And in me the night entered its powerful invasion.  
To survive myself I forged you like a weapon,  
Like an arrow in my bow, like a stone in my sling.

But the hour of the vengeance falls, and I love you.  
The body of skin, of moss, of avid and firm milk.  
Ah the goblets of your breasts! Ah the eyes of absence!  
Ah the roses of the pubis! Ah your slow and sad voice!

Body of my woman I will persist in your grace.  
My thirst, my anxiety without limit, my road undecided!  
Dark river beds where the eternal thirst follows,  
Weariness follows, and the pain is infinite.

\*\*\*

the original in Spanish

Cuerpo de mujer, blancas colinas, muslos blancos,  
te pareces al mundo en tu actitud de entrega.  
Mi cuerpo de labriego salvaje te socava  
y hace saltar el hijo del fondo de la tierra.

Fui solo como un túnel. De mí huían los pájaros  
y en mí la noche entraba su invasión poderosa.  
Para sobrevivirme te forjé como un arma,  
como una flecha en mi arco, como una piedra en mi honda.

Pero cae la hora de la venganza, y te amo.  
Cuerpo de piel, de musgo, de leche ávida y firme.  
Ah los vasos del pecho! Ah los ojos de ausencia!

Ah las rosas del pubis! Ah tu voz lenta y triste!

Cuerpo de mujer mía, persistiré en tu gracia.  
Mi sed, mi ansia sin límite, mi camino indeciso!  
Oscuros cauces donde la sed eterna sigue,  
y la fatiga sigue, y el dolor infinito.

-Pablo Neruda

Ravi Kopra

# Break Up, A Poem By Jill Alexander Essbaum In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Toota Hua Rishta

sangtra  
thand paDne par khatta ho jata hai

phool  
jo khilna nahin chahta kabhi bhi nahin khilta

sippi  
loot k motioN se bhari hue kisi ko chune na deti hai

dil  
chotaiN kha kha kar hamesha k liye bund ho jata hai

Ravi Kopra

# Breaking Morning Silence

Early this morning  
In my pad, all silence

The clock strikes six  
Bong, bong, bong...

Ready for breakfast

The toaster pops up the toast  
S..h..r..r..u..k just once. Stops

Between my teeth corn flakes  
Crunch, crunch, crunch

Tea kettle whistles with steam  
Twee, ...

My cat comes to my feet  
Sits there and purrs, purrs

Ready to go to work

I close the swishing curtains  
I move the squeaking chair

I turn the lock  
It clicks, shut

It starts raining  
Tap, tap on window panes

Sudden heavy rain  
Water gurgles in drains

I get wet, get into the car  
The engine starts: vharoom, vharoom, vharoom..

Ravi Kopra

# Breaking News: Unwanted Whores Of The New Year 2018

USA sends new year greetings to pakistan -  
Listen, you pure pakistanis of pakistan,  
you put wool in our eyes for long enough,  
no longer will you fool us, no more.

We gave you 33 billion dollars to kill the enemy  
we did not know you were our enemy  
you little rotten wolves in clothes of bakra-e-id goats,  
you gave us nothing except lies, excuses and deceit.

Now go to the top of your minarets,  
beat your chests, pull your hair and call your Allah -  
Allah, Allah, our lies, deceits, back stabbing works no more.  
We will now die O Allah, soon we all be unwanted whores!

Ravi Kopra

# Breasts, A Tamil Poem By Dr. Kutti Revathi In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Mummy

mummy bheegi daldali main  
ubarte bulbulay se hain

jab mujh par jawaani aane lagi  
main ne dar se lakin sahmati se  
in ko dheere dheere baDte dekha hai

ye har kisi se sharmate thay  
lakin mere saath mohabbat k  
khushi k, dil dukhi k geet gaate thay

bachoN ko doodh pilatay waqt  
ling ki chahat se uttejti ho jate thay

jab har mahine tapasya ka samah aata tha  
wo gubaray ki tarah phool baithay thay  
aur zor laga kar azaad ho jana chahte thay  
aur jab sambhog ki gheri khwahish dil main aati thee  
lagata tha mere mummy anand bharay geet gatay huay  
hawa main uD jayeNge

jab mohabbat ki jhappi marte waqt  
pyar ka ras in main bhar aata hai  
aur bachay ki paidaish k waqt  
na bhari mohabbat k do aansu in par aa jate hain  
jo kabhi door nahin hotay, jaise wo kisi dukh main hoN  
beshumar k beshumar aatay hain aur fir behnay lag jate hain

Ravi Kopra



# Broken Heart

I dreamed and dreamed of love  
I dreamed of living a life with you

You didn't care, and any time

I approached you, you retorted -  
Get lost buster, go on your way

I am worn out

I am packing all memories of love  
and leaving my dilapidated house

I am worn out.

\*\*\*

uTha laaya huuñ saare ?hvab apne  
tiri yadoñ ke bosida makañ se

-from the Ghazal &quot;kahan jate hain aage shahr-e-jaan se&quot; by Rasa  
Chughtai

Ravi Kopra

# Bulls And Pigs Eaters Of 2017

You came a year ago  
we celebrated.  
We promised we would lose  
pounds and pounds of lard  
stuck in our bellies, torsos, butts.  
But we could not resist french fries  
big thick juicy burgers made of  
murdered bulls and pigs mixed with  
their shitful ground guts and powders  
of their femurs, butt bones  
skulls, rib cages and shoulders.  
They made us look like pigs and bulls  
And the pigs and bulls celebrated  
they made us look like them.

Now you are leaving us for good.  
Good riddance, we do not mourn your passing  
We welcome two thousand eighteen  
another year of life to eat more fries  
more fatfull bulls and big pig burgers  
to become fatter and fatter with lard  
and turn into bigger bulls and pigs.

We have done it every year  
we promise, we will keep on doing every year  
till we drop dead.

And then there will be a grand celebration -  
the pigs and bulls will sing and dance  
and kick burger cooking gadgets in our backyards  
and thank god their eaters are gone forever.

Ravi Kopra

# But Dead For A Long Time

My wife died yesterday  
at home in labor  
with our first child

I am an illegal  
being sent home  
tomorrow

No money, no friends

¡O Dios! , ¿Dónde estás?  
Why don't you listen to me  
Have mercy. I want to stay here  
and visit graves of my wife, my son  
when I have time off  
on the birthday of son of mother Mary

He heard a distant voice coming  
far off the alfa alfa fields -  
I am here, I am here  
But dead for a long time.

Ravi Kopra

# But If You've Ever Adored Your Lover

When I am at the beauty salon  
I think of you, call you and ask you -  
dear love, what style of hair on me you like  
what color on my nails you like  
what sort of kohl on my lashes you like  
what lipstick shade on my lips you like

When I am done there  
I go shopping for my dresses  
and wonder if he would like  
me in the blue or green bikini  
high heeled shoes or plain sandals  
short skirts, pant suits or leotards  
and what style of bras will turn him on  
black low cut see-through bras or strapless bras  
or no bras hugging my two loving doves

I wonder many other things about him  
they are all private for him and me  
but if you've ever adored your lover  
you will know what I really mean.

Ravi Kopra

# But No Body Is Happy, Always Wanting

Never ending Indian summer  
burning heat, dust storms  
people camatose on road sides  
birds dropping from the sky

bands of kids in the evening  
with their improvised tin drums  
go from street to street chanting  
beating their drums -

rabba rabba meenh day  
sadi kheti daanay day  
(give us rains, o god  
give us grains in fields)

God listens as intensely as  
they beat their deafening drums  
pitch dark clouds, dreadful lightening  
never ending monsoon pours down

no sign of sun, deluges  
flooded rivers, villages wash away  
houses fall, bridges collapse, thousands die  
washed in holy ganges with sewage and garbage

when the merciless rains stop  
here come the bugs, mosquitoes, flies  
diphtheria, diarrhea, dengue, malaria  
those who survived floods, now die

and people pray, O God of gods  
we are drowning in water  
please, please stop the rains  
please stop the rains

God is merciful, almighty  
he gives you what you ask  
he wants his creation happy  
but no body is happy, always wanting

something or the other, rains or no rains.

Ravi Kopra

# But Trust You Must

Trust that there is Allah in Jannat  
With wine, music, houris and virgins

That has never been seen and will  
never ever be seen by human eye

Some may not believe in it  
But trust you must

Trust that one day all Allah lovers  
will covert every human, every rat, cat  
cow, camel, kafir to their religion

A million years it might take  
But trust you must

And that

That Allah says every man can have four women  
But no woman except a whore can have four men

And Allah is Allah, the only one, the Supreme  
Like the supreme mullah is above all mullahs

Like the Pope in the vatican is the hope for all citizens  
of the world that by his holy prayers your sins will be forgiven

And you rotting in your graves for eons of years  
One day by Jesus to heavenly father in heaven will be risen

Some may not believe in it  
But trust you must.

Ravi Kopra

# But You Are Not Here With Me, A Punjabi Poem Of Amrita Pritam In English Translation

The spring has come  
Flowers, for the spring festival  
Shine everywhere like silk  
But you are not here with me

The days are getting longer  
The grape vines have red buds  
The wheat is ready to harvest  
But you are not here with me

Thick clouds sail in the skies  
The rains have quenched the earth's thirst  
The trees have cast spell on forest winds  
Beehives drip with honey  
But you are not here with me

It is a pleasing season  
The moon shines brightly  
The skies are full of stars  
But you are not here with me

The stars like tiny lamps shine  
as they have been shining for ages  
In our deep sleep at night  
they come, sending beams of light  
But you are not here with me.

Ravi Kopra



# But, A Poem By The Persian Poet Azita Ghahreman In Hindi/Urdu Translation

hum roothay hue hain  
hain to paas paas  
magar nazar nahin milaate  
kali raat ko dekhte  
barsaat ki rim jim sunte rehte hain

barsaatein bund ho jati hain  
naye mausam main nazar milaye  
bahar k barey sochte hain  
lakin lagata hai aise k  
hum ab ajnabi hain

Ravi Kopra

# By The Sea-Shore

"How well I know what I mean to do"  
When the snow melts and the spring comes,  
We get out to the beach, you rub sun lotion  
on me and I on you. We lay all Sunday  
afternoons in the sun by the murmuring sea.

And at times, inspired, I open my notebook,  
You move closer to me and start peeking in  
when I write a love poem for you saying:  
How lucky am I in my life to have found you

My fragrant flower, sweet love of my life,  
Your voice is music to my ears, your touch,  
so soft to my skin, and your body of a  
heavenly fairy, I want to eat, the whole of you

Instantly, when I give you a kiss on your  
lips, you close your eyes and whisper  
in my ears: Oh God, what a heavenly pleasure!  
I love this man with my heart and soul, so dearly...

Ravi Kopra

# Calm Down The Taoist Way

Can there be light without darkness?  
Happiness without pain?

Calm down, be patient

There will be light  
There will be happiness

Yin follows Yang and  
Yang the Yin, always

You may have to wait.

Ravi Kopra

# Calm, Quiet, Peaceful Awakening

How tranquil  
calm, quiet, peaceful

smooth sailing  
no turbulence

mind, body  
eternal balance

a flat smooth boulder  
facing east on a mountain

no body around me  
all nature

away from the maddening  
world of degradation

sitting there in the morning  
watch the sunrise. I close eyes

to get in me  
the beauty of nature

I open eyes to see the river  
calmly flowing in the ravine

in the valley below  
where wild quiet animals

gather for sip of water  
and quiet birds on boughs gather

to look for morning bites  
I imbibe the sun's warmth

its light, its shine  
on my face, my body

in deep meditation  
to fill my soul

with the wonder  
of creation

to feel alive  
and be not dead

in body, mind  
soul of mine...

Ravi Kopra

# Caresses, A Spanish Love Poem By Manuel Altolaguirre In English Translation

What music do you play when  
you touch me with your caresses!  
What deep chords you play at my heart!  
The scales of your tenderness, hardness  
bring me tremendous joy.  
Our deep love in the silence of night  
takes us soaring high  
to the distant eternal stars.  
What music do you play when  
you touch me with your caresses!

Ravi Kopra

# Carnivora, A Poem By Raven Leilani In Hindustani Translation

shikari tumain nahin dikhlatay apna chaku-churi  
apni be-gani ankhon se vo dekhtay hain tumari ankhon main  
aur day jattay hain tumain dhood.

jab main dus saal ki thee  
meri maan ne bataya kaisa hai mera shreer  
kisi sharam-waram se nahin  
saaf-saaf khul kar bataya mujhay  
ta k main achi tarah sama jaoo'n

kehnay lagi, dekh

yeh hai tera moonh es nayee haddi k neechay  
yeh hai tera ghar tumari jhangon main  
jis ki devaaron se nayey nayey ang bun jaatain hain  
ya wo apna darwaaza khol bethi hai mohabbat main.

main baDay saal na na karti rehi  
meri na na shikari sunta na raha  
mera na na us kay liyay haan haan banta raha  
yeh na na aisa lafaz hai jo meri zuban main  
kabhi kabhi haan haan kehta raha

\*\*\*

the original in English

Carnivora

PREDATORS don't go around showing their cutlery,  
they will look through borrowed eyes into yours,  
lend you milk. When I am ten years old  
my mother and I revise my anatomy  
into the appropriate schematics until I am fluent,  
can take the nomenclature raw, like a glass of egg.  
This is my mouth, furnished with new bone.  
This is the hacienda between my thighs,

preparing to fold limbs from its walls  
or fall lank with moon.

I work on saying no for years.

This word can refract  
around the shell of an ear  
into dual translation.

This word in a woman's mouth  
is spliced with mist.

- Raven Leilani

Ravi Kopra



# Castile, A Poem By Louise Gluck In Hindi Translation

santray ke peD phooloN se laday hue thay  
Castille main bachay paisa mang rehe thay

main mili apnay mahoob ko eksantray k ped k neechay  
kikar ka tha ya santray ka, iski yaad nahin mujay

ye paDtay hi khawaboN main paD gayi:  
kya jab sapna tootay ga to ho jaega gaib mera mehboob?  
San Miguel church ki ghantiaN baj rehin theN door main  
bikhray hue thay us ke baal sundar cheray pe

main ne ye sapna dekha. kya ye sach nahin tha?  
kya mujay sach-much mehboob se milna hai  
apna sapna poora karnay k liyay?

har cheez main ne dekhi is sapnay main  
ye kahani ban gayi meri kahani

main uske saath lait gayi  
merey haath ne pyar karnay lagay us ke kandhoNko

dopehar chali gayi, sham a gayi  
aur door se aa rehiN theN awazain chalti rail gaDi ki

lakin ye asliat na thi  
asli duniya main asal main sab hoti hain batain  
jo zehan seedhi samaey rehti hain

Castile: nuns joDi kiyay ek baghchay main chal rehi hain  
bagichak pass hain church ki deewarain  
aur bachay maang rehain hain paisay

jab main sapnay seuthi, ronay lag gayi  
kya sapnay main kuch bhi nahin hai asli?

main mili the apnay mehoob ko narangi ke peD k neechay  
main bhool gayi hoon kya hua asal main  
par yaad hai kya dekha main ne -  
wahan kuch bachay thay, ro rahey thay paisa mangtay

main ne sapnay main sab kuch dekha  
aur kho gayi is sapnay main hamesha k liye

rail gadi phir humain  
Madird main wapas le ayee  
a wahan se fir Basque main.

Ravi Kopra

# Cat Lying In Wait, A Dari Love Poem By Shakila Azizzada In Hindi/Urdu Translation

ye shub  
shabad nahin hain

muje na khena k jannat ka darwaaza  
tumare hotoN ke beech khulta hai

khuda ka paoN bhi  
mere mammoN k beech fisla gaya tha

main aaoNgi

ek bar fir tumare saans mere saansoN main mil jayeNge  
tumara dil bhar jaey ga meri khusboo se  
tumari jeeb mere badan par baarish lagaey gi  
aur is barish main khud barish ban jaey gi

tum le lo gay mujhe

aur jab tum kwahash bhri ankhone se  
baghair kisi shuk se  
muje jeetnay aate ho to aise lagata hai k

tum ek kaalay billay jaise ho  
jisne apni chupi jagah se nikal kar  
mera rasta kaat kar tumhare darwazay par  
ek chiDiya ko pakaDne k liye chHallang lagae  
aur bechari chiDia hairaan huii hil na saki  
aur usko apna jeevan de baithi

Ravi Kopra

# Cats

All his life and still  
He has been catching cats

And bragging about it.

Someone asked shame  
Where were you?  
Were you not ashamed?

You cannot shame  
the shame, it answered

I am immune.  
I love this game.

Ravi Kopra

# Cause And Effect, A Poem By Charles Bukowski In Urdu Translation

behtreen apni zindgi  
apnay hathon se  
le jatay hain

vo yahaN se  
door jana  
chahtay hain

jo log vo peechay  
cHoD jatay hain  
kabhi nahin samajtay

k vo kaisa insaan hai  
jo unsay door hona  
chahta hai

\*\*\*

the best often die by their own hand  
just to get away,  
and those left behind  
can never quite understand  
why anybody  
would ever want to  
get away  
from  
them

-Charles Bukowski

Ravi Kopra

# Celebrate Our Diwali

Celebrate our diwali - can't you see  
tonight the lamp lights are shining everywhere  
on house tops, on roads, on rivers and streams  
and people hugging each other offering sweetmeats

Plenty of harvest this year, wheat, grains, rice  
Abundance of fruit, plums, apples, oranges, grapes  
Lots of rains, rivers flowing full to brims  
Air is full of roses, jasmine, sandalwood scents

Lovers are walking in streets, in shopping malls  
Women dressed in colorful sarees, all bindi, kajal and surkhi  
And men in their long kurtas, pajamas and chappals  
holding hands they saunter under lights of diwali

The elderly with flower garlands and packets of  
sweets in their hands are going to temples  
for offerings, thanking gods for blessings -  
sons' daughters' marriages, grandchildren newborns

Laughter, gaiety, festivity every street corner  
people exchanging gifts, greeting each other  
a little gup-shup, guft goo, some neighborhood news  
like, do you know Laila and Majnu of our street got married!

Rama with Sita and Laxman have come home  
Exhausted in long war, killing evil Ravana in Lanka  
The monkey army of Hanuman is also back home  
You see them everywhere everyday in Delhi and elsewhere

They too celebrate Dushera, Diwali and Lohri  
hopping from roof tops to roof tops  
jumping from tree to tree stealing food, goodies  
teasing people, grinning, showing their teeth.

May the good gods kill all demons  
May there be no more Ravuns  
May all old Indians be blessed with grand kids  
May all Indians have tons of gold at home.

Ravi Kopra

# Chagall Loves Bella, His Teenage Wife, An Ekphrastic Poem

Love comes flying in  
Our feet defy gravity  
We are lifted up, up  
And up we fly in the sky  
Our hearts enraptured  
Overflowing with love

She's my angel  
Mine, mine, mine  
I am hers, always hers  
Joyful, blissful we are  
In everlasting love

I adore her wildly  
Love her tenderly  
Love her beastly  
She's my soft flower  
Love of my dreams

I want to kiss her  
Lick her, caress her  
Suck her, drink her  
Eat her alive, all alive

She's my love, love  
All mine, mine, mine!

Ravi Kopra



# Chocolate, A Poem By Rita Dove In Hindi/Urdu Translation

mulayam phal, aalishaan chokray tukray  
main tum ko angoothay aur ungli  
main le kar soongti hoon

agar main jaldi se tumhain na khaooN  
to tum meri sab suj-buj le lo gay  
apne pooray aapne-pan main

mazay lete huey tum meri hatheli  
main pigal jao gay, agar main na rokooN  
to har taraf pigalte jao gay

duhaiN se bandhay huey  
zameen, raat aur ek pattay k kaley tukre  
kya mazey ka hai tumhara swaad!

aur sab aurtain mohabbat main  
tum ko paa kar chakna-choor ho jayengi.  
chalo ye kafi baat hui. main tyaar baithi hoon

doob rehi hoon teri mohabbat main

Ravi Kopra

# Cielito Lindo By Pedro Infante, A Spanish Love Song In English Translation

O my lovely heavenly love  
Come in my arms, do not cry  
Come to me with your black eyes, do not cry  
Sing a song of love, they will get happy  
Do not cry, my love  
Singing they will get happy  
Do not cry, my love

Ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Sing and do not cry  
Because singing they get happy  
O my heart, my sweet cute love  
Ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Sing and do not cry  
Because singing they get happy  
O my heart, my lovely love

That mole you have  
next to your mouth  
O my love, give it to no one  
It touches my heart so much, my love  
That mole that you have  
my love, next to your mouth  
Do not give it to anyone  
It is mine and mine forever  
I will keep it in my heart forever  
M love, sweet love, it touches my heart a lot

Ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Sing and do not cry  
Because singing they get happy  
O my heart, my sweet cute love

Ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Sing and do not cry  
Because singing they get happy  
O my heart, my sweet cute love

Whenever you fall in love,  
look first, look first  
where you put your eyes, where you put your eyes  
do not cry, my love

Ay, ay, ay, ay,  
Sing and do not cry  
Because singing they get happy  
O my heart, my sweet cute love

Ravi Kopra

# Circumcision, An English Ghazal

Opposition erupts as Iceland eyes banning most circumcisions

REYKJAVIK, Iceland (AP)— Icelandic lawmakers are considering a law that would ban the circumcision of boys for non-medical reasons, making it the first European country to do so. Some religious leaders in Iceland and across Europe have called the bill an attack on religious freedom.

\*\*\*

How come the religious freedom for some could be circumcision?  
How come the hooded ones are no good but only after circumcision?

If their spouses ever tried the hooded ones  
I bet, for ever they will forget circumcision

They have gone bonkers, aren't they?  
How come their God forbids circumcision?

A phallus is a phallus for peeing and conception  
How come it is best or better after circumcision

Hindus worship phalluses in Shiva's temples  
They give damn to circumcision or no circumcision

Why do Allah's men say circumcision is religious freedom?  
Is it like having four women as wives is a religious freedom?

The barbaric bedouin in the arabian deserts had no soap and water  
For them to keep their phalluses clean, they performed circumcision

Their Allah is merciful, they have trillion tons of gasoline  
and still no water. That's why they still want circumcision

'Ravi' teased his girl friend he was going to undergo the circumcision  
You better not, she said, I will divorce you right after the circumcision

I like your hooded one, she further said with pleasure. You will have to  
Find a burka clad woman as a girlfriend if you ever undergo circumcision.



# Cliff, A Poem By The Russian Poet Mikhail Yuryevich Lermontov In Hindi/Urdu Translation

chota sa sunheri badal ek din  
baDi chtaan k pass aaya  
thehar gaya vo wahan aur  
uski chati pe so gaya

subah subah vo uTh paDa  
aur apne pankhoN par  
khulay neelay aasman main  
dheere dheere uD gaya

lakin chataan k pathar k dil main  
vo apna nishan laga giya  
chtaan uski yaad main rone lagi  
dukh k aansu bahane lagi

vo ab raat bhar soti nahin  
udasi main doobi akeli veeran main  
pehara lagaey rehti hai

Ravi Kopra

# Climacteric, A Spanish Love Poem By Dina Posada In English Translation

Soon the cadence will be broken  
that holds my lunar days.  
My veins will become old  
My waist will have the voice  
of an ending summer.  
Hot flashes will start  
visiting me all hours  
- I will not be overwhelmed by the gesture  
my universe goes beyond  
the limits of my body -

Hurry  
We still have some time left  
Come, drink me, bite me  
Run over me without a brake  
Run your fingers on me  
touching me to climax fully.

The light of my slow dusk  
will be the lighthouse of your strong arms  
in the wrinkles of your breath.

Ravi Kopra

# Closed Path, A Rendering Of A Rabindra Nath Tagore's Poem

I thought my journey was over.  
No further road was left to follow.  
Exhausted I was. No strength, no  
provisions were left. I thought my time  
to slip into silence had finally come.

But I know my God sees no end of me.  
When the old music dies  
new melodies spring forth my heart.  
And when the travelled path is lost  
stunning vistas of a new country are revealed.

\*\*\*\*

The original:

I thought that my voyage had come to its end  
at the last limit of my power, - -that the path before me was closed,  
that provisions were exhausted  
and the time come to take shelter in a silent obscurity.

But I find that thy will knows no end in me.  
And when old words die out on the tongue,  
new melodies break forth from the heart;  
and where the old tracks are lost,  
new country is revealed with its wonders.

-Rabindranath Tagore

Ravi Kopra



# Cloud 9, A Poem By Lyn Paul Translated Into A Urdu Ghazal

Zindagi ki bulandi main pauchana koi asaan baat nahin  
aur wahan par hamesha rehna bhi koi asaan baat nahin

us oonchaee par hum khushi main doob jatay hain  
wahan se utarna bhi ki assan baat nahin

dheeray dheeray ya ek dum hum zaroor girtay hain  
girnay se seekhna bhi koi asaan baat nahin

beshumar tareekon se tum bulandi pe ja sakto ho  
lakin fisalte kadmoN se seekhna bhi koi asaan baat nahin

Ravi Kopra

# Clouds, A Hindi Poem By Pushpa P. Parjia In English Translation

Somewhere they're spreading their wings,  
Somewhere they're running around,  
Somewhere they look like poor holy men  
Standing still in deep meditation.  
Somewhere they're playing games  
With their little cloud brothers.  
And sometimes on mountains they make  
Colorful beds of fluffed cotton.

They sail peacefully in the skies.  
They bring us joy and tranquility.  
They playfully lift our spirits and  
teach us quite a few things humbly.

They take water from the earth  
and give it back to her.  
But we hoard and give back nothing.  
So miserable are we.  
Their shade makes us happy.  
They pour down rains relentlessly  
And disappear instantly asking  
in return for nothing.

Their existence is not for themselves.  
They live and die for us without complaints  
except they say they cannot live now  
among so many plants burning coal. It is  
hot out there from the global warming.  
They will die and so will we with the GOP  
without clouds, shade, rains...

Ravi Kopra

# Cold Heart

She did not like my love poem.  
It made her sleepy, she snored  
She didn't want love deep inside her.

Her heart cold as the heart of  
a cold stone buried under Alaska  
That never saw a ray of light.

How could she see the stars  
in the sky with her lover?  
When the eyes are shut for long

One must not open them suddenly.  
Flashing bright lights can make you  
lose sight permanently. Burn your retina.

Ravi Kopra

# Cold Love (Ishq-E-Sard)after Samar Shadad, A Persian Poet

In Allah's world  
Allah always wanted hot hot love for men  
And for women, nothing but 'ishq sard' - the cold love

With three other wives to compete in the field of love  
Her bed is always cold with loads and loads of cold love

Woman was never happy but now is dead in Allah's world  
Did Allah ever care for her?  
He granted one man for four women  
And never four men for one woman,  
Perhaps heavens don't want any women to have fun

Her flying zone was always a black burqa  
It still is, and forever will be in Allah's world

She was never honored always forgotten in Allah's world  
Her flower garden was her husband's bed shared with three other women  
She was never a sun, nor a moon, she was meant to make babies in Allah's world  
And not even allowed to pray with men in the holiest place of worship

What she gets for kisses are lashes on the back and on the ass in Allah's world  
If lashes won't work, lover's axe would surely work in Allah's world  
Her life unbearable for her on earth, and in paradise no place for her -  
Only houris, naked dancing women, bar tenders with jugs of wine for men -

"Will that day come when the hands of love fondle her face? " asks  
Samar Shadad

Everyday, everyday, man fondles her and three other women in bed in Allah's world

Allah is all merciful, graceful. He blesses every man with many women  
At least four women in marriage in his world. Many more if he so desires  
For Allah allows plentiful easy divorces to marry women after women.

Allah blesses man but not woman!



# Cold Mountain, Han Shan's 9th Century Chinese Poem In English Translation

The road to the cold mountain never ends  
Valleys are long, the rivers deep  
Piled with pebbles, stones, huge rocks  
Tall grass grows on sides of wild streams  
Moss is slippery though no rains  
Pines sigh without the wind  
Who can escape the world's maya  
and come to sit on rocks with me  
among the white clouds passing by.

Ravi Kopra

# Colors Of My Heart

Colors of my heart

Black

Sad, sad, sad

Lost in sadness

My lover has gone

It has its funeral crepe on.

Red

It was when I was newly wed

When I met her in Madrid, Spain

It got hot, very hot

it turned into red

if it fades a little

a little thought of her

makes it again hot, hot, red.

White

White, pure white

as white as white lillies

as white as evening jasmine

my heart is pure

as a virgin's bride's gown

no blemishes at all

I become a one woman man thereon.

Pink

When it has been in a slumber for long

after all women left him for long

and one morning when it sees a single

women in red, smiling at him and saying hello,

it suddenly turns from black to pink in no time at all.

Ravi Kopra

# Come Before Me, An English Translation Of A Punjabi Love Poem By Aftab Gulzar

My dear handsome man  
I yearn for you so much  
I pass sleepless nights  
every second during the day  
you are on my mind  
how sad we are not together

you are half-fulfilled  
so am I  
I am helpless  
please find a solution  
and come back to me  
don't give me sadness, no more.  
I trust you

O my lover Aftab Gulzar  
please don't hurt my heart, no more.

Ravi Kopra



# Come Rain On Me All Your Love

I love thundersorms  
I love too moon, sun and stars  
I love rains, tornadoes, hurricanes  
But most of all I love you

Come visit me this Friday  
I am free for you till Monday  
Come rain on me all your love  
Show me the moon, sun and stars

Bring tornadoes and hurricanes with you  
Tear me to pieces and fly me in the air

But before that

I will eat you alive in my bed  
Every inch of your body I will digest  
You will become mine, mine in the shrine  
of my love, my tender heart that loves you

So much.

Ravi Kopra

# Come Walk With Me, A Love Poem

Come walk with me  
I have been waiting for you  
You are buried deep in snow in Spain  
And It is warm here in Florida  
Come warm my heart. Come, be with me.  
We will walk on the beach on winter nights  
see the moon and the stars in the sky  
and woo back our old delights.

Come, come my snow bird  
Come, spend the winter with me  
With you I will spend the whole of spring.  
I will make pancakes for you in the morning  
and serve you a cup of house-blend coffee,  
while you still are in the bed and I am freshening myself,  
putting balm on the hickies you give me passionately.  
We will linger in the bed together. My head on your shoulders,  
my hands caressing your chest softly.

What would you like to do today? you will ask  
To lie in the bed with you all day, I will say  
and make love to you again and again  
since one time is never enough for me.  
I want to take all of you in me -  
your heart, your soul, your whole being...

Ravi Kopra

# Come, A Ghazal In English

After the darkness, the night of my sorrows has come  
Before the evening of sorrows a new morning will come

I had hoped the new year would bring me love and luck  
Hardly I knew how cold the new year would become

My ex promised to be with me in the new year  
She found some other lover and did not come

Some times I feel lonely and want a lovely woman  
They make promises to visit me but do not ever come

I came. I saw, I won, said a warrior once  
I never win anything whether I go or come

My wife made me angry, I left her alone for the night  
She begged me to come back home, still I did not come

She was not pretty. Anyhow she seduced me  
I spent with her the whole night but not once did I come

Nothing is forever. Things come and go. But the priest says -  
When everybody in the world is gone and dead, Jesus will come

Ravi's enemies gave him hard times. They almost killed him  
To haunt them mercilessly, he promised, in their dreams he'd come

Ravi Kopra

# Come, Cool Down The Fires In My Heart

Your love has awakened  
the kundalini in my groins  
it is awake day and night  
it does not let me sleep  
it yearns for you

My heart burns in flames  
I feel I am leaving my  
body and flying to you  
across the plains.

Since I met you  
I have not been myself  
Come, cool down the fires in my heart  
Come, cool down my kundalini.

Ravi Kopra

# Come, Fill The Cup, And In The Fire Of Spring, A Rubaiyat Of Omar Khayyam In Urdu/Hindi Translation

aa, bhar de mera pyaala shraab se thala-thal  
ye mazzay ka bahar ka mausum hai, bhool ja sab sardi k din  
waqt ab bahut kum reh giya hai meri zindgi main  
jo thoDa sa bacha hai, bhag raha hai jaldi se har din

Ravi Kopra

# Come, My Ravished Mouth Flutters, A Spanish Love Poem By Isi Alvarez In English Translation

You are the raging ocean  
I am the boat losing its way

You are the painter of my loving dreams  
I am the canvas for you stroking brushes

You are my wild colt  
I am the tamer of your rage

You come as a dark night to tickle me  
I rise as full moon to kiss you

You are a brute peasant from my village  
I am the soft soil you dig in relentlessly

You plant roses in the summer  
I bloom with fragrance in the spring

You are my huge banyan tree all over me  
I am the red breasted robin that sings songs for you

Come, my graphic painter  
Paint my heart in seven colors

Paint me with you lips  
Paint me hard, my love

Come, my ravished mouth flutters  
I want to suck all your love

Ravi Kopra

# Come, New Year And Bring Love With You! A Spanish Poem By Hermanos Quintero In English Translation

She is sitting behind the iron barred  
green window, looking at the winter flowers.  
A prisoner of the spring  
She is dreaming, weaving a delicate lace.

Her hands like little doves without plumage  
they do patient, long lasting work.  
And her soul is a loose butterfly  
flies freely from place to place.

A year of dead illusions.  
No love of a lover nor of a friend.  
Where are the lovers' hearts? she wonders.

Saddened and alone, no one to talk to  
deep in her secret emotions, she welcomes the new year -  
Come, New Year and bring love with you!

Ravi Kopra

# Compromise, A Poem Of Fara In Translation

Some words are so loaded with messages  
We cannot tell what they convey  
Some unsaid words remain unsaid  
Saying them will lessen their significance

Some dreams never come to an end  
When they do, they make no sense  
Some journeys never end  
As they have no place to end

When we are left with  
Some words...  
Unsaid things...  
Unfulfilled dreams...  
Long journeys without end

We then bury our selves in ourselves  
And find new ways to live lives  
That is what we call compromise.

\*\*\*

The original in Urdu

Kuch lafzon kay mafhoom kitnay wazni hotay hain  
Hont unko kabhi ada nahi kar patay  
Kuch un-kahi baatain hamesha unkahi rehti hain  
Keh dainay say unki qeemat nahi rehti  
Kuch Khuwaab kabhi pooray nahi hutay  
Kay gar pooray hu jayain tu tabeer nahi milti  
Kuch safar kabhi khatam nahi hutay  
Kay inki koi manzil nahi huti  
Jab zindagi k hasil,  
Kuch lafz... unkahi baatain...  
Adhoray khuwab... aur ek taweel safar reh jata hay  
Tu loag apni zaat ko apnay andar dafan kerkay  
Zindagi guzarnay ki ek nayee rah nikaltay hain  
Jissay COMPROMISE kehtay hain!



-Fara

[http www dot paklinks dot com/gs/? t=251328](http://www.paklinks.com/gs/?t=251328)

Ravi Kopra

# Congratulations And Adulations To Kumarmani Mahakul

A great poem of the day  
for celebration and deliberation  
it inspires and fires all emotions  
all great poet deserve admirations  
king or queen of poetry is just the ween  
in a generation of innovation  
worry not much bury the fury as such  
as the jury is out you are the best  
and for the rest a day will dawn for their bequest.  
it's just a thought and ought to be  
considered in poems original or rendered  
one can go over the globe to probe  
suffering from strife in life  
and finding love in a dove  
coo cooing all night  
(in love, nay not in fright)  
each day as they say  
and ring whatever they sing  
and adore it from door to door  
saying not much, just a simple touch  
of emotion with motion of love  
of course.

Great job, Sir Kumarmani Mahakul. Congratulations! Adulations! Keep on the good work.

Ravi Kopra

# Coolness, A Yosa Buson Japanese Haiku In Hindi/Urdu

shanti, shanti  
ghantay ki ghanti  
bajti, bajti

Ravi Kopra

# Countless Are My Desires, A Urdu Ghazal Of Mir Taqi Mir In English Translation

Countless are my desires still  
However I keep them still

Like lightening has no patience  
Impatient is my heart still

Some stranger is going to win your heart, it seems  
Believe me, I am in love with you still

He has not yet promised you in writing or in speech  
So I can call myself your lover still

I cannot sing happy songs to you  
Though my voice has the tone still

The hearts of beloveds are not big, it's well known  
So I keep on living in this faith still

'Mir' sahab still goes on falling in love  
Though he is young, he can control himself still

Ravi Kopra

# Countless People Live In Us, A Portuguese Poem Of Fernando Pessoa In Translation

Countless people live in us  
I think or feel but ignore  
who is he that thinks or feels  
I am simply the place  
where thoughts are felt or thought.

I have more souls than one  
There are many I's than myself  
I always exist  
indifferent to all these  
I silence them: I speak.

The opposing impulses  
that I feel or do not feel  
struggle in who I am  
I ignore them. They dictate nothing  
to the one whom I know: I write.

\*\*\*

Vivem em nós inúmeros;  
Se penso ou sinto, ignoro  
Quem é que pensa ou sente.  
Sou somente o lugar  
Onde se sente ou pensa.

Tenho mais almas que uma.  
Há mais eus do que eu mesmo.  
Existo todavia  
Indiferente a todos.  
Faço-os calar: eu falo.

Os impulsos cruzados  
Do que sinto ou não sinto  
Disputam em quem sou.  
Ignoro-os. Nada ditam  
A quem me sei: eu escrevo.

- Fernando Pessoa

Ravi Kopra

# Daddy Love

My three year old  
daughter said -

Daddy, please  
don't go away

Stay at home  
I love you

Please, please  
I love you.

I wrapped her  
in my arms

Held her  
to my chest

I kissed her  
rosy cheeks

Called  
the day off

And said -  
I love you, love you

My precious doll.

She put her small  
arms around my neck

Sobbing she said -  
I love you daddy. It's true.

Ravi Kopra

# Dark Soul

You bitch  
You witch

You shriek  
You friek

You grumble  
You mumble

Your mutter  
You stutter

You complain  
I refrain

You weep  
I sleep

You tearful  
I peaceful

You insane  
I sane

You shout  
I say - get out

Ravi Kopra



# Dating

She senses a gold mine  
In a lonely widower  
Not knowing his estate  
Will be his heirs'.

In her best dress  
In her best make up  
She meets him in an  
High end restaurant.

She lures him, seduces him  
Offers all of herself  
But when the cat is  
Let out of the bag

She excuses herself  
Goes to the restroom  
And calls the next single  
Widower/divorced millionaire.

Ravi Kopra

# Days I Enjoy, A Hindi/Urdu Poem After Victoria Sackville-West

jab sara din mera apna hota hai  
dil main shaanti bhri rehti hai  
jab koi bhi muje milne nahin aata  
koi bhi meri shaanti nahin churata  
koi bhi dimag mera khrab nahin karta

mere dil k sheeshay ko nahin toDta  
main tootay sheeshay k tukron main unki  
hazaraiN shaklaiN-kartootaiN nahin dekhti

aur jab un k chalay jaanae par  
main apne aap main samah jaati hoon  
aur jo halla-gulla le kar vo aatay hain  
us sab ko jaldi se bhool jaati hoon

mera jeevan mera apna hai, unka apna hai  
jeeaiN vo jaisay jeena chatay hain  
main apna jeevan khud jeena chahti hoon  
shaanti bhray dil main rehna chahti hoon

Ravi Kopra

# Dear Divine Souls Of A Dear Poet

"Many fine matters are not visible to us.  
We take help of cameras and microscopes  
To see them, this physics clarifies nicely,  
Physics is related to all matters of the universe. "

- Kumarmani Mahakul

anu parmanu hamain dikhtay nahin  
lakin vo hain to sahi  
bhotic vigyan hamain dikhlata hai  
microscope se, cameray se

aatmaan dikhlaee nahin deti  
bhawan dikhlaee nahin datey  
dharm camera hai, microscope hai, bhotic vigyan hai  
is ke raastay par chalo, aur dekho apni aatmaan ko, bhagwaan ko

ek din jab tum so kar utho gay  
dekho gay tum apnay samnay bhagwan khaday hue  
dhoti pehnay, kurta nahin, lambi darhi, lambi moochnay rakhay  
haath main ek karmandal liyay, ishanan kiyay hue  
mathay per laal laal teeka lagaey, apna naam japtay hue

aur bhagwaan ji tum ko kayengay

utho beta utho, tumari neend ab poori ho chukee hai  
main tumain lenay aaya hoon  
chalo mere saath mere swarag main  
magar chalnay se pehlay  
chalo mil lo apni beevi se  
aur day do usko akhri pernaam.

Jai shiv parvati, jai sita ram  
kush ameed, namaste, ram ram  
koe bura mat maan na, hey bhagwaan  
ye to siraf ek kavita ki comment hi hai  
koe bair nahin, sub dosti hai



# Dear, I Do Not Know

Dear, I know nothing of  
Either, but when I try to imagine a faultless love  
Or the life to come, what I hear is the murmur  
Of underground streams, what I see is a limestone landscape.

- W.H. Auden

\*\*\*

Dear, I do not know much of  
Love. But I love myself first  
Before I love anybody else.  
She will then know I can  
Take care of her.

Dear, I do not know much of  
Charity. First I am charitable  
At home. If not kind to  
Myself, I can't be to others.

Dear, I do not know much of  
Success. I am rags to riches  
All by it's hard to  
Find what you are good at.

Dear, I do not know much of  
Help. But I do know all need  
A helping hand when sliding  
Down in a never ending cave.

Dear, I do not know much of  
Religions. All are groundless.  
That makes me an atheist, godless.

Dear, I do know atheists are  
more intelligent, brilliant, not dumb  
they reason, they do use their minds.



# Delhi, India Metro Stations

The train packed with people like sardines,  
stops at a Delhi metro station,  
nameless bundles of bodies alight in scores,  
in scores nameless bodies get on the board  
rubbing, brushing, hitting, prodding each other  
in a rush of just thirty seconds.

The ride for few minutes.

At the next station and the next to the next station  
the routine continues all day and night till  
four a.m. in the morning -

nameless bundles of bodies alight in scores  
nameless bundles of bodies get on the board

They come and go, they go and come  
dizzying like apparitions, not quiet but clamoring.

Body to body contact in the train and sometimes the stench  
of their curry flavored clothes and beetle-nut 'paan' breaths  
sends you to the hell of disproportionate proportions.

Ravi Kopra

# Deserted, A Poem By Turkish-Armenian Poet Karin Karakasli In Hindi/Urdu Translation

akhbaar main ne sari na pDadi  
hazaroN se hazaroN lafzoN se bhari  
aur saikDon tasveeroN se juDi  
is k na paDay warkoN ke saath mera din guzar gaya  
main bhool gayi main kya kehna chati the  
aur kuch keh bhi dooN bhool jaoongi main wo bhi  
kya ye ajeeb baat nahin k hum ne diNon ko naam diya hai  
grahoN k naam par jo anant kaal tak aasmaan main hain  
(is liye k hamara ek ek din anant kaal k hoN?)

tumhara kya vichar hai  
kisi bhi bhasha main jo hum kehna chahte hain keh nahin sakte  
aur hum har bhasha main bechain hain

masumiyat ka lafz kehne ko hamare moonh ko bahut dukh hota hai  
kya ho raha hai china main?  
har masoom bachay ki zindgi ko tabah kiya ja raha hai  
kya socha tha kabhi tum ne k is vishav main zindgi china main banti hai

main chup chaap hoon jaise sub pariksha k din kaksha main chup rehte hain  
main kuch kehna chahti thee ya sharma gayi kehne se

mere dil k andar ek baDa dubacha hai  
bahar sansaar main bheed hai  
mera dil beea-baan hai

Ravi Kopra



# Devadatta, An Erotic Ekphrastic English Poem By Shazea Quraishi In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Us ne mujhe chameli k chotray pe bulaya  
jahan wo neelay, laal, narangi kapDon main lipta hua  
mera inteazar kar raha hai

Wo sondasi nokrani k sath hai  
jiski nazar sharmali hai  
uski nazar sondasi k mammoN pe hai  
jahan khuli choli par ek phool khil raha hai

Uski kamar patli hai  
us k putHay oonche aur coDey hain  
meri jhaNgon ko ek taraf kar deta hai  
jab mujhe maarna shuru karta hai

Ta k jo wo us ko dekh rehi hai  
achi tarah dekh le jab wo mere andhar ghusarta hai  
wo mujhe nahin dekhta, uski nazar mere kandhe k paar  
apni dilruba ki shakal pe hai

Ravi Kopra

# Diaphanous (Ahmad Naseem Qasimi)

Screws and Turns of Body and Soul

How diaphanous was your  
body when you passed  
by me yesterday!

I saw the calmness of a  
lake spread all over your  
face, and when I turned my  
glances to your heart,

I saw the  
upheavals of hell,  
as if struck by an  
earthquake.

Ravi Kopra

# Do Not Be Disappointed

Do not be disappointed  
by the news on hatred, bigotry, racism

Supremacy, fundamentalism  
misogyny, decrying feminism

Swept in this vortex of delusion  
One clearly sees a calm shore coming

By the dragon infested raging sea  
The dragon will consume itself in its

Roaring rage and will be buried at sea  
In an unmarked grave for no one to see

Man always takes a step backward  
in order to leap forward in time.

Ravi Kopra

# Do Not Desire Me So Much

I know you desire me  
But don't desire me so much  
That I get heart broken someday

I know you think  
Love is God for you  
But do not make me as your God today

You lure me by telling you love me  
Whatever you say brings smiles to me  
It isn't necessary that you include me in everything you do  
It too isn't necessary that you include me in your future plans

Don't take it granted that we will be together always  
By being close to each other for few days  
We may not always stand for each other  
It is better to be on our own now  
Better that our shortcoming be our own too  
So that your sorrows won't get me down when  
We aren't together someday.

Ravi Kopra

# Do Not Stand At My Grave And Weep

Do not stand at my grave and weep  
Let me enjoy peacefully my sleep

I have taken blow after blow  
from you, friends and foe

In my ass you were all pains  
year round, come snow, winds, rains

I hated you from top to bottom  
To me you were all stinking rotten

Now you come here in rush  
knee deep down in snows' slush

You read eulogies in my name  
You phonies, what a shame!

Leave me alone, go to your homes  
no crocodile tears, no false moans

Do not stand at my grave and cry  
Your hypocrisy so high, my, oh my!

Ravi Kopra

# Do The Fools Know They Are Fools?

Every time they write a poem  
They need a bunch of sycophants  
Flatterers, ass kissers  
backscratchers, bootlickers, fawners  
to come and read and praise their poems,  
praise them and make them feel great.  
They become ESL, ETL, EFL poet laureates  
and in their laurels, their poetics they disseminate.  
When they write the same poems in their native tongue, they stagnate.  
Ah! what power does the English language have to make someone disown his  
own language.  
And I wonder: do the fools know they are fools?  
And why do the fools feel happy seeking praise from fools?  
And to be a greater fool, does one, at will, has to surrender one's own language?

Ravi Kopra

# Does It Matter How Long

Does it matter how long  
You pray to your Lord?  
Does he ever  
Answer your prayers?

Does it matter how long  
You read your Bible daily?  
All you learn of the dead -  
Some true some false stories.

Don't fool yourself, you mystic  
Some God loving man.  
Nothing will you get by prayers.  
Don't lose, use your head.

Give up the horse shit of  
God, religion and mysticism..  
Get into doing creative things like  
Your God who created the world.

And happiness will be yours.

Ravi Kopra

# Don't Bother The Earth Spirit, Rendering of A Prose Poem By Joy Harjo

Don't bother the earth spirit. She  
Loves writing delicate changing stories.

She will invite you for a coffee, if you so will  
She will give you warm bread so you stay to listen

You will have to endure earthquakes, lightnings, hurricanes  
And the death of those you love, the most blinding beauty

That's how she traps you, the spirit of the earth  
That's why you never ever want to leave her

See that stone finger over there?  
That is the only one who ever escaped.

Ravi Kopra



# Don't Call Me An Idiot, You Crook

Don't call me an idiot, you crook  
I know your ways  
I am a god fearing man.

And you money hungry good for nothing  
A cockroach, a bat, a pig, a worthless scum  
We sweat for you, you suck our blood  
You live in a mansion and we in huts.

You call yourself a smartie,  
You wise-ass, may Lord Vishnu  
Reincarnate you into a dumb ass  
We ride on you and whip your ass.

Ravi Kopra

# Don't Cry Little Girl

Don't cry little girl  
I'm poor I want money  
for daal and roti  
-for bread and lentils-  
I can't save money  
for your dowry

You may be a Laxmi  
to someone but to me  
a drain on my money  
I wanted a son  
when he grows up  
makes money - the real Laxmi

The sun is about to set  
The full moon will soon arise  
I have by the holy Ganges  
a little grave dug up  
I cannot strangle you  
I'll bury you alive  
Don't cry little girl

Goodbye.

Ravi Kopra

# Don't Go, A Turkish Poem By Nuri Can In English Translation

Don't go  
My tears will fill the seas  
The rains will stop falling  
The winds will stand still in solitude  
Branches will break on the trees  
Wild flowers, butterflies will die

Don't go  
The stars will disappear in the skies  
Children will not take their breaths in  
Winds will not know where to blow  
All springs will go dry  
Flowers will fade in my heart  
I will be saddened in despair

Don't go  
You are everything to me, my northern star  
The morning breeze that kisses your hair will become an orphan  
Cranes will not land here, the nightingales will not sing  
The flowers will not grow in my garden, oh my love

Don't go  
Do not leave my heart to pains  
I cannot bear this separation storm  
My memories of you and loneliness will kill me  
My head will bend down in desperation  
My eyes will get wet hearing old songs  
I cannot take your absence  
It will be a death sentence to me

Don't go  
My journey will come to an end  
My train will stop on a station buried deep in snow

Don't go,  
Stay with me, do not leave me  
Do not leave me in desperation,

All the forests will go on fire  
The birds will fly away  
The city will burn down to ashes  
And I will die in your absence

Don't go  
All the forests will burn down  
The birds will fly away  
The city will turn into ashes  
And I will die in your absence.

Ravi Kopra

# Don't Hide Your Hurting Heart

Don't hide your hurting heart  
By smiles on your face.  
Why are you so silent?  
Why don't you tell me something?

It is another matter  
I can't do nothing even if I want to  
But when your wounds hurt, they hurt me too.  
Don't be disheartened, say something  
Why are you silent? Tell me something.

I may not live for you, still I will die for you  
I can feel how hurt are you  
With your sealed lips, now you are hurting me  
Why are you so silent? Please tell me anything.

Ravi Kopra

# Don't Look To Strangers For Love

musafiroñ se mohabbat ki baat kar lekin  
musafiroñ ki mohabbat ka e'tibar na kar

-UMAR ANSARI

You can talk  
of romance  
with the passersby  
But you cannot  
trust them.

Don't look  
to strangers  
for love.

Would you have  
a stranger walk in  
your house for dinner?

How can you  
let him walk  
into your heart?

Ravi Kopra

# Don't Send Me Roses

don't send me roses  
don't send me perfumes  
look into my eyes  
and whisper three words -  
I love you

and give me a kiss  
when you go to work  
when you come home  
and whisper three words -  
I miss you

don't use high falutin phrases  
of love I do not understand  
I am a simple woman  
I believe in true love  
caress me and tell me  
my darling you are

that's enough  
I will know you love me.

Ravi Kopra

# Don't You See?

He calls me an old man  
No way  
I will bring him to senses  
I will call him  
Rocket man Short man Fat man

See!

I am Shiva  
I have the code  
I will annihilate him

And annihilate ourselves  
Don't you see?

Ravi Kopra



# Don't You Want To Live To 100?

Don't you want to live to 100?  
my doctor asked me seriously  
when I presented myself  
with a major illness

I want if I live in dignity, said I  
so long I can take care of myself  
and not if somebody has to wipe  
my ass after the bowel movement

And I further told him

I am not afraid of dying but afraid of  
what makes dying harder, lingering in death bed  
while you fruitlessly try to make me live to 100

who has the ownership of my life?  
I lived the way I liked  
I will die the way I like  
when I am ready.

Ravi Kopra

# Do-Rag, A Love Poem By Phillip W. Williams In Hindi/Urdu Translation

O meri dilruba, chaand ne tumhain nanga nahin kiya hai  
tum sharab k nashe main jab hum rugDayi kar rahay thay  
tum nangi ki nangi hi so gayi

jis pe chao jalaam laga do  
lakin mera bistra har mohabbat main maari  
aurat ko khush amdeed karta hai

chayay vo sapne main ek phool ho  
ya chahe koi dhokhay daar chuDail ho  
kisi bhi album main uski tasveer ho

us ke chootar oonchay uthay huey hon  
aur hum ek doosary se lagay hue hon  
lafzon ko toDnay-moDnay se main ne kya lena hai

jab tum mujh ko kehti rehti ho  
k main sub tera hoon jab tera ghar wala  
tere har main nahin hota hai

koi bhi hamari ghantoN tak mohabbat ko nahin dekhta hai  
aur tum mujh ko apne ghar main le jaati ho  
halaN k mujhe koi khaas pyaar nahin karti ho

kuch logoN ne apni mehobboba ya mehboob ko  
maut k darshan dikhlayey hain kyon k  
wo apni khufia mohabbat ko cHipa na sakay thay

begumoNne khawindoN ke shuk main ghalay ghont daalay hain  
sewadaar k andar aane pe mandiroN main logoN ne phus-phasaya hai  
iski hum ko koi bhi chinta nahin hai

hilal chaand aadmi ko ka moonh teDa sa kar deta hai  
ta k jab wo bolay to uski baat kisi ko samajh na aaey -  
jab tum ko mujh se maza aata hai tu mujh ko khuda kehti ho

aur jab main tumhare darwaze se bahar nikal jata hoon

tab tumhare liye meri zindagi ka koi naamo-o-nishan nahin hota hai  
tum apne kamre main sirf tum hi hota ho

koi doosra nahin hota hai  
aur tumhare sar ka rung birangi rumaal  
tumare moonh ka andar juDa hua hota hai

\*\*\*

Do-rag

BY PHILLIP B. WILLIAMS

O darling, the moon did not disrobe you.  
You fell asleep that way, nude  
and capsized by our wine, our Bump

'n' Grind shenanigans. Blame it  
on whatever you like; my bed welcomes  
whomever you decide to be: thug-

mistress, poinsettia, John Doe  
in the alcove of my dreams. You  
can quote verbatim an entire album

of Bone Thugs-n-Harmony  
with your ass in the air. There's nothing  
wrong with that. They mince syllables

as you call me yours. You don't  
like me but still invite me to your home  
when your homies aren't near

enough to hear us crash into each other  
like hours. Some men have killed  
their lovers because they loved them

so much in secret that the secret kept  
coming out: wife gouging her husband  
with suspicion, churches sneering

when an usher enters. Never mind that.  
The sickle moon turns the sky into

a man's mouth slapped sideways

to keep him from spilling what no one would  
understand: you call me God when it  
gets good though I do not exist to you

outside this room. Be yourself or no one else  
here. Your do-rag is camouflage-patterned  
and stuffed into my mouth.

Ravi Kopra

# Dr. Nikhat Bano's Poem Of The Day Waiting To See Daybreak Set To The Tune Of A Bollywood Song

Dr. Nikhat Bano's poem of the day Waiting to see daybreak set to the tune of a bollywood song

awaara hun awaara hun  
gali gali main ghoomta  
awaara hun awaara hun

galli ki seema par khaDa awaara hun  
nervous bahut hun kahaan dekhun kidar dekhun  
awaara hun

dharti suraj gallian sub milkar so rahin hain  
mere sapnay pooray nahin huay, meri manzil bhi so rehi hai  
awaara hun, awaara hun

wakat, din, raat khatam ho jatay hain  
main khaDa gallion ki battian dekhta hun  
awaara hun, awaara hun

jab abhishaap hota hai to wishev ghir jaata hai  
jab kismat khul jaati hai to fakeer ameer bun jaata hai  
awaara hun awaara hun

ghoomta rahun ga har galli main sar apna oonchay kiyay  
dekhta rahun ga har baadal barsaat k liyay  
bharosa rakhun ga har raat din honay k liyay  
awaara awaara hun awaara hun

gali gali main ghoomta  
awaara hun awaara hun

Ravi Kopra

# Dreaming Of My Deceased Wife On The Night Of The 20th Day Of The First Month, A Chinese Poem Of Su Shi In Translation

Ten years now separate us  
since my wife's death  
I do not often think of her  
still I can't forget  
She lies cold in a grave  
a thousand li away  
Even if we could meet  
we would hardly know each other  
her face covered with dust  
and my temples frosty grey.

In my deep dreams at night  
I suddenly find myself back at home  
I see her sitting near a little window  
in a pretty dress and all make-up  
We look at each other, do not speak  
tears flow in torrents.

Must it be that every year  
I will be thinking of that heart breaking place -  
the moon shining brightly and  
the thin pines guarding her grave.

-rendered from a literal translation from web pages

Ten years living dead both boundless  
Not think of capacity self hardly possible forget  
Thousand li alone grave not place say wife cold  
Even if together meet must not recognise  
Dust cover face, temples like frost  
Night come deep dream suddenly return home  
Little window properly dress make up  
Mutual look not speak, just be tears thousand line  
Expect proper every year heart break place  
Bright moon night thin pine guard



# Dreams

Some days when I get up in the morning  
I remember my dreams -  
Flying in the air  
Running away from realities.  
Other days I see you  
Sitting in my lap  
and I embracing you, kissing you  
Loving you a lot.  
Am I living my dreams that  
I could not live in reality?

I do not know.

But I would love to wake up everyday  
not remembering my dreams  
to have a fresh start in my life  
or better never to wake up ever from my sleep  
for I do not want to live an unfulfilled life.

Ravi Kopra



# Duet, A Love Song By Duy Doan In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Ek Yugal Geet

"raat ka samah sohana hota hai..."

- Ray Charles and Margie Hendricks

wo lagi mere saath car main  
geet gata main laga us ke saath main  
lagay hum dono fir saath saath  
mandir se pehle, mandir k baad  
aur pooja k beech main

khiDkian se us k sub mool-mantar  
(haaye rabba, haaye Allah, O God, God, God!)  
muD muD kar aanaay lagaiN  
hamari ckeekhoN se hawaiN garam hone lageeN  
do chotiaN milkar ek hueeN aur doob gayeeN badloN k neechay

lagay hum dono fir saath saath  
mandir se pehley, mandir k baad  
aur pooja k beech main  
us ka pait baDhne laga, logon ne kaha  
ab na aao is mandir main  
do chotiaN milkar ek hueeN aur doob gayeeN badloN k neechay  
har din har raat har baat badalti rehi

- - -

us ka pait baDnay laga, logon ne kaha  
ab na aao is mandri main  
mere janam k din meri maaN akeli thee  
har din har raat har baat badalti rehi  
aur radio par dukh bhare geet aanay lagay

mere janam k din meri maaN akeli thee  
khiDkian se us k sub mool-mantar  
(haaye rabba, haaye Allah, O God, God, God!)  
muD muD kar aanaay lagaiN

aur hamari ckeekhoN se hawaiN garam honay lageeN  
aur radio par dukh k gaanay aanay lagay  
wo lagi mere saath car main  
geet gata main laga us ke saath main

Ravi Kopra

# Dur, This Is A Translation Of The Poem Fear By Hans Raj Sharma

main ek chooay ko dekhta hoon  
pehalwan bana ek billi ke samnay baitha hai  
naach raha hai, kood raha hai  
idhar udhar bhaag raha hai

ab main ek billi ko dekhta hoon  
ek kuttay k pichay bhag rahi hai  
uska kaan is nay cheer liya hai  
har taraf hai khoon hi khoon

ab main ek sher ko dekhta hoon  
bada sharmila hai, kuttay k pechay pada hai  
bhed k peechay nahin, usay choota bhi nahin  
chup chaap sher fisil kar door bhag jata hai

ab main ek bhains ko dekhta hoon  
seengon par sher utahay khadi hai  
door phenk deti hai sher ko  
aur bechaara sher dar kar bhag jaata hai

ab main purshon ko dekhta hoon  
jaldi main bhaag rahain hain  
dur main mar rehain hain  
kisi khaufnaak baat se nahin  
fizool ki baaton see, be-khatray ki parchaon se

- a humble tribute to Shri H.R. Sharma Ji

Ravi Kopra

# Dusk Of My Life

Let me keep  
the sweet  
moments of  
our meetings -  
in hiding -

Who knows  
which alley  
is waiting for  
the dusk of  
my life.

ujale apni yadoñ ke hamare saath rahne do  
na jaane kis gali meñ zindagi ki shaam ho jaa.e

-BASHIR BADR

Ravi Kopra

# Early Morning Coffee

It wasn't not Meryl Streep  
the lonely house wife  
in the Madison county  
with spanning bridges over the river,  
telling the lost photographer  
where to find the covered bridge  
with red panels he was searching for,  
it was you in the white gown, front open  
with your bulging breasts half hidden,  
making an early morning cup of coffee  
for your lover -me- and I clasping  
you in my arms and giving you mouth  
to mouth kisses and telling you  
how much I loved you that made you blush,  
the goose bumps ran over your body,  
warmth enveloped you and the hair  
on your arms stood on their ends.  
You closed your eyes and were  
going to swoon in my arms when  
the coffee mate blew the whistle to tell  
it was ready to pour for me and you;  
I took sips of coffee and nibbled  
not on scones and cookies but  
on my sweetest cupcake - you.  
We had made the bridge and  
underneath flowed the river of love.

Ravi Kopra

## Ej Bekot

I am tired of you  
Everytime I see you  
You talk nonsense  
You blow little ducks  
You tell lies  
No more pust pilites  
Go pick mushrooms  
Ej bekot  
Go away, leave me alone.

Ravi Kopra

# English Translation Of A Pushkin's Poem: I Loved You

I loved you

love is still in my soul

but let it not bother you.

No more will I sadden you.

I loved you silently, hopelessly

tormented by shyness, jealously.

Sincerely and tenderly I did love you.

But if it's God's way, may another man love you.

-Ravi Kopra

\*\*\*\*

? ??? ?????: ?????? ??, ??? ????,  
? ??? ???? ?????? ?? ??????;  
?? ????? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ???????;  
? ? ???? ?????????? ?? ?????.

? ??? ????? ?????????, ?????????,  
?? ?????????, ?? ????????? ??????  
? ??? ????? ?? ?????????, ?? ?????,  
??? ?? ???? ???? ????????? ?????????.

-Pushkin

Ravi Kopra

# Ephemeral Life - A Japanese Haiku In Hindi/Urdu Translation

ek jugnu mere kaan pe aa kar  
fusfasate poochne laga -  
kya main kal mar jaon ga?

Ravi Kopra



# Epithalamium, A Pablo Neruda Spanish Poem In English Translation

"Epithalamium"

Do you remember when  
in winter we reached the island?  
The sea raised itself up  
offering us a cold drink.  
The vines whispered on the  
walls and dropped green  
leaves on our path.  
You were also a green  
leaf trembling on my chest then.  
The wind of life had put you there.  
At first I did not realize that  
you were with me, walking with me  
till your roots pierced my heart,  
united with my blood, spoke through my  
mouth and flourished with me.

-contd.

Recuerdas cuando  
en invierno llegamos a la isla?  
El mar hacia nosotros levantaba  
una copa de frío.  
En las paredes las enredaderas  
susurraban dejando  
caer hojas oscuras  
a nuestro paso.  
Tú eras también una pequeña hoja  
que temblaba en mi pecho.  
El viento de la vida allí te puso.  
En un principio no te vi: no supe  
que ibas andando conmigo,  
hasta que tus raíces  
horadaron mi pecho,  
se unieron a los hilos de mi sangre,

hablaron por mi boca,  
florecieron conmigo.  
Así fue tu presencia inadvertida,  
hoja o rama invisible  
y se pobló de pronto  
mi corazón de frutos y sonidos.  
Habitaste la casa  
que te esperaba oscura  
y encendiste las lámparas entonces.  
Recuerdas, amor mío,  
nuestros primeros pasos en la isla?  
Las piedras grises nos reconocieron,  
las rachas de la lluvia,  
los gritos del viento en la sombra.  
Pero fue el fuego  
nuestro único amigo,  
junto a él apretamos  
el dulce amor de invierno  
a cuatro brazos.  
El fuego vio crecer nuestro beso desnudo  
hasta tocar estrellas escondidas,  
y vio nacer y morir el dolor  
como una espada rota  
contra el amor invencible.  
Recuerdas,  
oh dormida en mi sombra,  
cómo de ti crecía el sueño,  
de tu pecho desnudo  
abierto con sus cúpulas gemelas  
hacia el mar, hacia el viento de la isla  
y cómo yo en tu sueño navegaba  
libre, en el mar y en el viento  
atado y sumergido sin embargo  
al volumen azul de tu dulzura?  
Oh dulce, dulce mía,  
cambió la primavera  
los muros de la isla.  
Apareció una flor como una gota  
de sangre anaranjada,  
y luego descargaron los colores  
todo su peso puro.  
El mar reconquistó su transparencia,

la noche en el cielo  
destacó sus racimos  
y ya todas las cosas susurraron  
nuestro nombre de amor, piedra por piedra  
dijeron nuestro nombre y nuestro beso.  
La isla de piedra y musgo  
resonó en el secreto de sus grutas  
como en tu boca el canto,  
y la flor que nacía  
entre los intersticios de la piedra  
con su secreta sílaba  
dijo al pasar tu nombre  
de planta abrasadora,  
y la escarpada roca levantada  
como el muro del mundo  
reconoció mi canto, bienamada,  
y todas las cosas dijeron  
tu amor, mi amor, amada,  
porque la tierra, el tiempo, el mar, la isla,  
la vida la marea,  
el germen que entreabre  
sus labios en la tierra,  
la flor devoradora,  
el movimiento de la primavera,  
todo nos reconoce.  
Nuestro amor ha nacido  
fuera de las paredes, en el viento,  
en la noche,  
en la tierra,  
y por eso la arcilla y la corola,  
el barro y las raíces  
saben cómo te llamas,  
y saben que mi boca  
se juntó con la tuya  
porque en la tierra nos sembraron juntos  
sin que sólo nosotros lo supiéramos  
y que crecemos juntos  
y florecemos juntos  
y por eso  
cuando pasamos,  
tu nombre está en los pétalos  
de la rosa que crece en la piedra,

mi nombre está en las grutas.  
Ellos todo lo saben,  
no tenemos secretos,  
hemos crecido juntos  
pero no lo sabíamos.  
El mar conoce nuestro amor, las piedras  
de la altura rocosa  
saben que nuestros besos florecieron  
con pureza infinita,  
cómo en sus intersticios una boca  
escarlata amanece:  
así conocen nuestro amor y el beso  
que reúne tu boca y la mía  
en una flor eterna.  
Amor mía,  
la primavera dulce,  
flor y mar, nos rodean.  
No la cambiamos  
por nuestro invierno,  
cuando el viento  
comenzó a descifrar tu nombre  
que hoy en todas las horas repite,  
cuando  
las hojas no sabían  
que tú eras una hoja,  
cuando  
las raíces  
no sabían que tú me buscabas  
en mi pecho.  
Amor, amor,  
la primavera  
nos ofrece el cielo,  
pero la tierra oscura  
es nuestro nombre,  
nuestro amor pertenece  
a todo el tiempo y la tierra.  
Amándonos, mi brazo  
bajo tu cuello de arena  
esperaremos  
cómo cambia la tierra y el tiempo  
en la isla,  
cómo caen las hojas

de las enredaderas taciturnas,  
cómo se va el otoño  
por la ventana rota.  
Pero nosotros  
vamos a esperar  
a nuestro amigo,  
a nuestro amigo de ojos rojos,  
el fuego,  
cuando de nuevo el viento  
sacuda las fronteras de la isla  
y desconozca el nombre  
de todos,  
el invierno  
nos buscará, amor mío,  
siempre,  
nos buscará, porque lo conocemos,  
porque no lo tememos,  
porque tenemos  
con nosotros  
el fuego  
para siempre.  
Tenemos  
la tierra con nosotros  
para siempre,  
la primavera con nosotros  
para siempre,  
y cuando se desprenda  
de las enredaderas  
una hoja  
tú sabes amor mío,  
qué nombre viene escrito  
en esa hoja,  
un nombre que es el tuyo y es el mío,  
nuestro nombre de amor, un solo  
ser, la flecha  
que atravesó el invierno,  
el amor invencible,  
el fuego de los días,  
una hoja  
que me cayó en el pecho,  
yo una hoja del árbol  
de la vida

que hizo nido y cantó  
que echó raíces,  
que dio flores y frutos.  
Y así ves, amor mío cómo marchó  
por la isla,  
por el mundo,  
seguro en medio de la primavera,  
loco de luz en el frío,  
andando tranquilo en el fuego,  
levantando tu peso  
de pétalo en mis brazos  
como si nunca hubiese caminado  
sino contigo alma mía,  
como si no supiera caminar  
sino contigo,  
como si no supiera cantar  
sino cuando tú cantas.

Ravi Kopra

# Eulogy

You become the best man in the world  
When you are dead -

A loving man who loved his wife and family  
He went to church every Sunday and loved his community  
A kind hearted man who would give his shirt to the needy

They do not utter a single word of

Your infidelity  
For years you had affairs with your next door neighbour

Always late in child support and alimony  
You spent all your money on the neighborhood whores

You spent years in prisons  
For stealing and robbery

Death is so great  
It makes us the best, suddenly.

Ravi Kopra

# Every Day I Pass By This Alley

maiñ roz idhar se guzarta huuñ kaun dekhta hai  
maiñ jab idhar se na guzruñga kaun dekhega

-Majeed Amjad

\*\*\*

Every day  
I pass

by this alley  
who watches me

I do not know  
And if

I do not pass  
by this alley

who will miss  
watching me

I do not know.

Ravi Kopra



# Every Love Thing, A Hindi Poem By Ahatisham Alam In English Translation

Every love thing  
reminds me of you

My eyes  
desire to see you

Whether or not they mention you  
my heart remembers you

And it sheds tears of love  
remembering you

Ravi Kopra

# Every Night I Have My Sweetheart

Music and art consume  
Andrew Atroshenko's life  
so do they mine including love

I can have her  
for dollars nine hundred and twenty five  
no, I will not. never

Every night I have my sweetheart  
more beautiful than hers  
not in dark clammy caves Atroshenko paints  
but in the warm satin-bed she makes  
puts love notes under my pillow  
lights rose scented candles  
dims the lights and lies down there  
in her blue silky robe with ribbons  
and waits for me, smiling.  
She has been reading recently  
Fifty shades of grey  
will it be soft and slow, then crescendo  
or sudden burst of sparks engulfing me in flames  
I do not know.

- see the painting on the web: Andrew Atroshenko - Intimate Thoughts Gallery  
Product: ANDIN3

Ravi Kopra

# Every Woman Looks So Beautiful

When In Varanasi, India

I drink milk with mashed leaves of bhang (marijuana)

I feel high, like flying in the air.

Everything I say is with a flair

Love verses flow from me,

Love glows all around me.

My friends think I am a Majnu

in search of my Laila.

Everybody seems to be laughing, smiling

as if it were a punjabi basanti mela -

gaities, festivities all around,

people singing, dancing bhangra,

every woman looks so beautiful

no matter how old or young

and I desire all of them.

I get none.

I go to sleep in the burning Indian mid-day summer sun.

And when I get up in the evening, I feel headachy

my temples throb, I see blurry, my body aches, memory fails.

I walk like a zombie.

People ask: Oi, Kavi Kotra ji

ki ho giya tuhani, raazi khusi taaN ho na!

(hey, poet Kotra, are you feeling OK?)

I say: fine, thank you.

I am suffering a little from flu.

Ravi Kopra

# Everyday I Wake Up And Say To Myself

Everyday I wake up and say to myself:  
Oh God what another dreary day!  
I have to pee, shit  
Brush teeth, take my bath  
dress up, rush to work  
on way to stop by Starbucks  
for a cup of hot,  
black, bubbling coffee  
to wake myself fully.

At work the same old grunting pig boss,  
the same old routines, phone calls,  
lunch and coffee breaks for a bite and pleasantries,  
all silly senseless chat of colleagues.  
Same old dreary evenings, same old sleepless nights.

Love for the loveless wife!  
Brain-washed children by the wife!  
Love begets not love. No where is kindness.  
Everyone is using others in selfish flight.  
In such thoughts I lose myself wondering  
What's all this bullshit life.

Ravi Kopra

# Everyone Asks For My Spouse, A Hope Ajagun Inspired Poem

"Everyone asks for my spouse"  
I say, she still lives in my dreams  
I haven't yet found her.

May be one day  
I will come across her -  
a fair spotless damsel  
with rings around her neck,  
standing in a street corner  
licking her ice cream...  
Seeing me suddenly  
She will call me out -  
Hey Abdul, is it you?  
Where have you been?  
I come to you every night  
in your loving dreams.  
Come close to me  
but do not touch me.  
If you do, I will disappear  
from your night long dreams.

I could not resist.  
I was dying for her.  
I touched, and lo!  
There was no trace of her.  
My two empty hands were  
groping the air, foolishly.

Ravi Kopra

# Everything Forbidden, Life Dry As A Desert

Allah forbids me - I can't have whisky or wine  
Allah forbids me - I can't listen to music, only to a muezzin  
Allah forbids me - I can't watch love videos  
Allah forbids me - I can't go to casinos  
Allah forbids me - I can't see the nudes, only those in burqa  
Allah forbids me - I can't see no photos, no porn, no nothing

But Allah is merciful  
He does allow me to have four wives anytime  
So I have four wives ages sixteen to sixty  
No more minimum age of nine, it was long ago  
My eldest is older than my auntie, my chachi, my mosi

I get rid of others anytime I choose and  
replace them with the younger preetier ones  
but not gave me the job of a merchant  
in the camel caravan enterprise of the desert.

Ravi Kopra

# Everything Is Absurd

Someone toils all his  
life making money saving every penny  
but has no children to give to.  
And no hope the heaven will  
bring him the riches after his death.

Another one labors to be  
famous, to be remembered after death  
but doesn't believe his soul will  
live to tell him of his fame.

And another one wears himself to  
death, doing things he abhors.  
And there is someone who.....

\*\*\*

A rendering of a page from  
Fernando Pessoa's 'Livro do Desassossego'  
pp 113 (163)

Ravi Kopra

# Ex Wife, A Rendering Of A Turkish Love Poem In English

I see you night after night  
in my dreams

Everynight the satan  
tempts me on the white sheets

Do you know why?

I still love you  
I miss you everynight

You are the kind of a woman  
hard to find

If you change your mind  
call me, text me

Come on skype or better tweet me  
I will be running to you

Instantly.

Ravi Kopra



# Face, An Italian Poem By Umberto Fiori In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Ta k main sharminda na hoon  
aap sab k samne  
main bahut kuch nahin bolta

Is liye pareshan na hona  
har baat ab apne aap hoti hai  
is k liye main koi paisa dhela nahin deta

Main ye bahut arsay se kar raha hoon  
khoob gambheerta se kar raha hoon  
agar tum is ke baare muj se poocho  
k wo asal main kya baataiN theeN  
aur kya main uno karna chahta tha  
to main kabhi bata na paunga,  
mera zehn un sab baatoN se ab khaali hai  
yahaN tak k unka khyaal  
kabhi bhi mujh k nahin aata.

Aur main wohi hoon jo kehta hai mera chera  
Dekho isay: mera chera ab hai sab tera

Ravi Kopra

# Faith

Like a hard core musulmaan  
who prays 5 times a day,  
slaughters holy cows for dinner,  
slaughters goats for bakra-e-id,  
steals doves' eggs for his omelettes,  
does oozu before prayers  
to be sure his salwaar is not pee stained  
or else Allah will not accept prayers -  
so good to have a hygienic Allah  
who checks your pants are not pee stained -  
who would do anything to spread his Allah faith  
like killing kafirs, stealing their wives, making them muslimas  
marrying them and and making many more little musulmaans  
and even sacrificing his life for Allah,  
is a dog that comes to mind  
who would protect his master at no cost  
and even sacrifice itself for him.  
This is loyalty extraordinaire.  
This is faith hard to compare!  
But it tells a lot what nonbelievers  
can't comprehend and are amazed when  
they set bombs bound to their bellies off  
to explode violently in flames.

Ravi Kopra

# Faith - A Japanese Haiku In Urdu/Hindi Translation

mujhe us par bharosa hai  
jugnu ki raat main usay  
patli si saree pehne miluN gi

Ravi Kopra

# Fallen Leaves And Withered Flowers, After Luo Zhihai's Chinese Poem

Heaps of brown leaves and withered flowers  
cold winds in late autumn everywhere  
Floating snow flakes in the air  
cold water flowing in the rivers

On the winding trails of Wu mountains  
smokes spurts out of the chimney of Chen's tavern  
Heavy fog hides the river in the valley below  
and the Wu mountains in the far off distance

A lonely swallow flies lazily in the air  
Full moon is rising early in the West  
Watching the moon I miss my lovely wife  
It was full moon on our honeymoon night.

Note: The poem is based on the original but  
is not a true translation.

Ravi Kopra

## Falling In Love

When you see her for the first time  
your eyes meet, you both smile  
and you feel a stirring in your heart  
an uncontrollable urge drives you crazy  
to get to know her and have her in your arms  
feel her hair her body with your hands  
and feel like giving kisses on her mouth  
that's lust and love mixed together -  
the passion - you feel for her is marvellous  
the elixir that renews your life  
takes away all your weariness  
you are born again in love for life.

When you walk, you bounce up in the air  
her love birds make a nest in your heart  
their slightest flight your heart can't bear  
and feels empty like the vast sky.

Your eyes shine, skin is bright, you smile  
for no apparent reason, and your friends  
ask you what has happened to you  
as you exude sweetness all around you.  
They don't know yet the love has stung you  
that love birds now coo coo in your heart  
and every moment she is in your thoughts,  
you see her smiling face, her bright eyes  
her body you desire merging into  
and dream of seeing her again, soon.

Ravi Kopra

# Falling In Love On Facebook, A Love Poem In Punjabi/Hindi

asiiN face book te milay

tu mainu chunggi lagi  
main tenu chungga lagiya

tasveeran sirf daikhiiyan  
galaan baatan keetiyaan

thoDi yaari paaii  
kuj gaaney gaaey

na main tainu milya  
na tu mainu mili

pyaar sada ho giya

main maan baap nu likhya  
tu maan baap nu likhya

pehle o nahin mun-nay  
ansii doaiN ro peay

fir o mun gayey  
sada vyah ho giya

Ravi Kopra

# Famous Fatuous Comments On Vacuous Poems

“Touching expression with nice theme  
A brilliant poem shared astutely  
Touching expression with great theme

A brilliant poem shared  
An intensive expression with great theme  
Marvelous poem you have shared

A beautiful spiritual poem shared here astutely  
A brilliant poem has been presented startlingly  
A beautiful philosophical poem shared  
Thanks and congratulations for being selected this poem as the poem of the day

Touching expression with nice theme  
It is really a brilliant poem relating  
to life that attracts me for second time

This is an amazing poem shared here  
haunting expression with nice theme

A brilliant poem on love, life and wind  
has been presented startlingly  
This poem is definitely excellent.”

- all copied excluding “collocations”

Ravi Kopra

# Farhat Shahzad Wants To Get Drunk

Let's get so drunk  
As to banish the sense of

You and me where we break down  
The barriers that keep you away from me.

\*\*\*

itni pi jaa.e ki miT jaa.e maiñ aur tu ki tamiz  
yaani ye hosh ki divar gira di jaa.e

-FARHAT SHAHZAD

Ravi Kopra



# Final Letter, A Poem Of Dina Posada In English Translation

I want to die  
in your lustful froth  
wrapping my heartbeats in dust

The pulp and juice of our personal goodbye  
will trace the smile on your mourning lips  
that you will repeat

While the clock will  
remember you passing

Ravi Kopra

# Fine Weather, An English Rendering Of A Turkish Poem By Orhan Veli Kanik

Fine Weather

Beautiful days of spring ruined my life

I lost all virtues -

I lit my first cigarette in spring

I fell in love in spring

One day in spring I forgot to bring bread and butter home

And it was a day in the spring when I started writing poems

The fine spring weather once for all has ruined my entire life.

Ravi Kopra

# Fire And Ice, A Poem By Robert Frost In Urdu Translation

kuch log kehtay hain  
jab duniya khatam hogi  
har taraf aag lagi hogi  
kuch kehtay hain  
har taraf baraf paDi hogi

mere khyaal se aag lagi hogi  
agar mujay do baar marna hai  
jantay huey yahan kitni nafrat hai  
barbaadi k liyay mere khayaal se  
baraf bhi aachHi hogi.

\*\*\*

Some say the world will end in fire,  
Some say in ice.  
From what I've tasted of desire  
I hold with those who favor fire.  
But if it had to perish twice,  
I think I know enough of hate  
To say that for destruction ice  
Is also great  
And would suffice.

-Robert Frost

Ravi Kopra

# Fire And Sleet And Candlelight, A Poem By Elinor Wylie In Hindi/Urdu Translation

is k liyay tum martay rahay  
bahadhuri kartay haartay rahay  
phatay burkay ki tarah  
tere aasmaan k ab tukDay paDay hue hain

is k liyay tum ne j  
haseen jawaani kho thee  
aur pee liyay tum ne  
such k ghoot

sookhi zammen se tum ne  
moDtay rassay banaey  
aur bina apne ko bachaey  
CHupi talwaron k raatay main chaltay rahay

-to be continued

\*\*\*

Fire and Sleet and Candlelight

by Elinor Wylie

For this you've striven  
Daring, to fail:  
Your sky is riven  
Like a tearing veil.

For this, you've wasted  
Wings of your youth;  
Divined, and tasted  
Bitter springs of truth.

From sand unslakèd  
Twisted strong cords,  
And wandered naked  
Among trysted swords.

There's a word unspoken,  
A knot untied.  
Whatever is broken  
The earth may hide.

The road was jagged  
Over sharp stones:  
Your body's too ragged  
To cover your bones.

The wind scatters  
Tears upon dust;  
Your soul's in tatters  
Where the spears thrust.

Your race is ended—  
See, it is run:  
Nothing is mended  
Under the sun.

Straight as an arrow  
You fall to a sleep  
Not too narrow  
And not too deep.



# First Came The Wine And Then Rains, A Ghazal Of Faiz Ahmad Faiz In Translation

first came the wine and then rains  
what followed later was all pains

the moon arose from the decanter  
and the sun from my saki's hands

my heart was getting on fire  
and she walks in all naked

I was counting the sorrows of my world  
you came to my mind countless times

your absence gave me heartaches  
stirring my heart day by day

whenever I left the gathering of lovers  
I always left broken hearted

the echoes of my silence  
answered me from all directions

straightforward were my destinations  
I reached there always with pleasure

\*\*\*

the original in Urdu

aa.e kuchh abr kuchh sharab aa.e  
is ke aa.e jo azaab aa.e

bam-e-mina se mahtab utre  
dast-e-saqi meñ aftar aa.e

har rag-e-?huñ meñ phir charaghañ ho  
samne phir vo be-naqab aa.e

umr ke har varaq pe dil ki nazar  
teri mehr-o-vafa ke baab aa.e

kar raha tha gham-e-jahañ ka hisab  
aaj tum yaad be-hisab aa.e

na ga.i tere gham ki sardari  
dil meñ yuuñ roz inqalab aa.e

jal uThe bazm-e-ghair ke dar-o-bam  
jab bhi ham ?hanumañ-?harab aa.e

is tarah apni ?hamushi guñji  
goya har samt se javab aa.e

'faiz' thi raah sar-ba-sar manzil  
ham jahañ pahuñche kamyab aa.e

Ravi Kopra



# First Date

My eyes already touched you  
You were standing by the fountain in the park  
And I, far ahead in my thoughts of you  
I said to myself: she is my love

It gave me a new life of love  
Even before saying hello, how're you  
I was feeling one with you, in love with you  
A wind of love blew, swept me off my feet.

Ravi Kopra

# First Date With A Dear Sir

If you want to be my friends, tell me the truth Dear Sir  
What kind of man your are? Faithful? Honest? Dear Sir

You cannot hide lies. Your face will tell the truth Dear Sir  
Do you cuss? Drink? Smoke? Drugs? Gamble? Womanize? Dear Sir

Did you hurt your ex wife telling lies? Dear Sir  
Why did she divorce you in two years? Dear Sir

Can you keep straight face? Look at me, Dear Sir  
What made you contact me? Why do you like me? Dear Sir

Do you have a job? Car? Money? Yacht? An aeroplane? Dear Sir  
Or you are after swindling innocent trusting women? Dear Sir

Are you a con man? Or an honest gentle man? Dear Sir  
What do you expect from a gal on the first date? Dear Sir

I ask you so many questions. You answer none. Why? Dear Sir  
I guess you must have hidden something in closets Dear Sir

So I think this is our first and last date. Right? Dear Sir  
I will pay for my own drink. Good luck. Good bye Dear Sir

Ravi Kopra

# First Kiss, A Hindi Poem By Lalit Kaira In English Translation

Two petals of a red rose  
came together  
and left a mark on my cheeks.  
Since this morning the rose scent  
has been with me.  
And I have been hearing  
a new song all day along.  
How can I pay her back?  
After the first kiss  
I lost everything.

Ravi Kopra

## Five Couplets In Hindi

sundar patni dhoondhan vo laga, koe bhi istree sundar na lagay  
jab mukh aapna sheeshay main dekhan laga, karoop us jaisa koe na lagay

\*\*\*

char beewi k bawjood bhi, bacha koe na hoey  
hakim dekhte hi kehne laga, haey! bachha kaise hoey

\*\*\*

Dilli ki dulhan k dil main sixty nine baar baar aey  
Gorakhpur main to teen beesoN aur no sixty nine hoey

\*\*\*

jo kisi murakh kavi ki prashanshakare us se bada murakh koe na hoey  
jo shaanti se gyaani ki kavita paDe, vo gyani kshan bhar main hoey

\*\*\*

moorakh ki gati, moorakh hi jaane, moorakhta har kshan kareN  
moorakh jun to aapni prashansha main hi khoob khush raheN

Ravi Kopra

# Five Lines, A Turkish Poem By Nazim Hikmet In English Translation

Mother's lullabies, street talk, books, heart  
newscaster reports, may all tell you lies.  
But understanding what has happened  
and what is to come, O my love,  
how great and wonderful it is.

Ravi Kopra

# Five Roses, A Turkish Love Poem By Enis Batur In English Translation

Apropos of nothing, my dear love  
I have brought five blood red roses for you  
Five white roses as white as milk  
Five yellow roses like golden leaves of dawn  
My love, I have brought five pink roses for you.

Some other hand picked these roses for you.  
My cowardly hand only knows how to touch  
Your body from your toes to your head to make  
You body become a blazen land with coal like  
Fingers of my hand, my five black roses for you.

I am proud of all the words, soil, touch  
on the blank paper I have written for you  
I have torn the thorns and am leaving a lament  
on the snow, I am leaving five fresh roses for you.

Ravi Kopra

# Flash, A Heart Wrenching Poem By Hazel Hall In Hindi/Urdu Translation

main apne aap mein kam hoon  
sooraj ki roshni si kuch zyada  
is jeevan se main thak chuki hoon  
sochti hoon kuch bhi nahin hoon  
lakin maut ki mahima main nahin hoon  
jo zinda nahin maut unko kaise aayegi

akash k bhookHay jabDe muje khaane ko aate hain  
aur waqt k panje mere jism ko cheerte hain

is zindgi ki ghaD-maDi main  
main mari nahin hoon zinda bhi nahin  
saansON ke bhaar main phal bhogte huay  
na main uthi hui hoon na soyi hui

Ravi Kopra

## Flirtation, A Poem In Punjabi

tun pehlay mainu akhan mardi ain  
tay jadon main tere pichay lag jaanda haan  
tun muskratan mardi ain  
jaldi hi tainu dar pai jaanda hai  
he rabba eh koe lafra jiya no hoey  
tay nasdi nasdi bhaj jaandi ain

\*\*\*

in translation

you flirt winking at me  
I start following you  
you start smiling at me  
soon you get afraid that  
I might be a real chaser  
I might kidnap you  
you take to your heels.

Ravi Kopra



# Flowers And Man - Rendering Of A Pushto Poem By Pir Mohammad Karwaan Into English

Flowers feed on ashes, soil, fertilizers  
and mostly murky water, clear only sometimes.  
Still they are beautiful. sacred and send  
sweet scents into the breeze.  
We love seeing their colors. Our hearts feel pleasure.

But look at man.  
Once angels bowed to him. He enjoys flowers  
drinks water purer than tears  
and eats dark red apples. Still, he is ugly.  
I wonder why!

Ravi Kopra

# Flowers, Tides, Winds, You And A Girl

Flowers are blown in winds  
Duckweed without roots  
Floats in water.  
A girls leans against the window  
Thinks of her past lover.  
You go to the shore near banyan trees  
And look at the rising tides.

Ravi Kopra

# Fly By Night Lovers, Rendering A Poem By Rumi

I was so happy with  
Fly by night lovers

They drank all the wine  
No flaming candles now. Everywhere is darkness

They left me and went far off  
I can't see them even with my squinted eyes

One by one they left like  
Pigeons in flight fluttering their wings

I am bitter now  
What I had gained is all lost now

But I feel great joy with those  
Who surrender like me

And are like tailors who tear  
into pieces the beautiful dresses they make

And like birds that fly from nests  
Into no where and eat grainless seeds.

Ravi Kopra

# For You, For You

You are the mate of my soul  
the book of its verses  
only you can read  
what's on it's each page  
only you can understand its poems

You are not in dark now  
my souls is in your hands  
drink its nectar  
every drop of it  
it is for you

I say this all silently  
to my heart  
and in this silence  
I offer the whole of  
myself to you

Sip my love sip by sip  
or suck all of me as you please  
or have it all in one instant  
and if some of myself is still left  
decimate me, eat me whole heartedly

The whole of myself will vanish  
and I will become a part of you  
we will be united as one  
I will have no self left and  
will always be for you, for you.

Ravi Kopra

## For You, For You, A Love Poem In Hindi/Urdu

tum meri rooh k saathi ho  
meri aatma ki kitab  
sirf tum hi paD sakte ho  
har warke pe kya likha hai  
sirf tum hi jaan patey ho

kuch nahin chupa hai ab tum se  
meri rooh tere hathoN main hai  
pee lo is ka ras ab,  
har boond is ras ki  
har boond tere liye hai

main ye sab chupke cupke  
apne dil ko kehti hoon  
aur mera sara badan  
is khamoshi main  
pani pani ho jata hai tere liye

pee lo mujhe ghoont ghoont main  
choos lo mujhe jab chaho  
pee lo mujhe ek dam main  
agar kuch bach jaey  
to kha lo mujhe dam bhar main

main tum main ja samaouNgi  
tum main mit jaoNgi  
tumhare ek saath ho jauNgi  
tum main khatam ho kar  
naya jeevan pauNgi

tere liye, tere liye

Ravi Kopra

# For You, O My Love

Come, let's be lovers together, indissoluble  
We'll make the most beautiful babies, the world has ever seen  
We will have families, friends lifelong to be together

We will plant flowers, trees of love in our gardens  
in our neighbor's gardens, in the next city's gardens

Our children will grow in love playing with children of neighbors  
They will grow, prosper, love their spouses with arms around their necks loving  
each other forever

You and I will be an ideal family example of for the whole nation  
O my love, come, let's live in love forever  
I am writing this song for you to show my love for you forever.

Ravi Kopra

# Forgiveness

I do not remember what it was  
but it angered you so much  
when I was in the junior high  
that you said -  
I know how much you love me  
I now when I die, you will come  
to the cremation grounds in the  
morning to defecate on my ashes.

Mom, I've flown here from the USA  
I am collecting your ashes  
in a large silver vase, and putting  
your large bones in a sack made  
of silk shining like gold  
I will let them sail in the holy  
river Ganges at a ghat in Haridwar  
when I wake up in the morning.

I ask for forgiveness for  
what I said to you eons ago in my  
foolishness you could not take.

Ravi Kopra

# Free Mind

Strange!

Those who are

free

do not like their freedom

And those in chains want

to be free

Look at

marriages, divorces

Blessed are those

who know

what being oneself is.

Ravi Kopra



# Friendship

If it is  
just for your ego  
that you know me  
I extend my hand  
of friendship to you.

But

If you want  
to use my friendship  
to influence, threaten, swindle  
and blackmail others  
you will be the first to get  
the red carpet welcome  
in the high secured prison  
and rot there forever.

Ravi Kopra

# Friendship, A Poem By Henry David Thoreau In Hindi/ Translation

jab main soch main paD jata hun k pyar kya hai  
lagta hai yehi muje k pyar hi sab dunia hai  
sab khana-peena, sab sharaab, sab daroo  
raasta jo hai zamin aur swarag main

main jaanta hun ye, mat poocho kyon, kaisay  
meri behad, beant kushi mera pyar hi hai  
agar mar bhi giya apni kehfiat kartay hue  
bata nahin paoonga tumain kyon, kaisay

Ravi Kopra

# From Love Letters Of Famous Poets And Writers

All my soul follows you, love -  
encircles you - and I  
live in being yours.

- Robert Browning to his wife Elizabeth Browning  
January 28,1846

\*\*\*

You have absorbed  
me. I have a sensation at the  
present moment as though  
I was dissolving.

- John Keats to Fanny Browne  
October 13,1819

\*\*\*

Oh God! for two days  
every moment I have been  
asking myself if such  
happiness is not a  
dream. It seems what I  
feel is not of earth. I cannot yet  
comprehend this cloudless  
heaven.

-Victor Hugo to Adele Foucer, his future wife  
March 15,1842

\*\*\*

I will cover you with  
love when next I  
see you, with caresses,  
with ecstasy. I want to  
gorge you with all the  
joysof flesh so that you

faint and die. I want you to  
be amazed by me and to  
confess to yourself that  
you had never even  
dreamed of such transports.

When you are old, I want you  
to recall those few hours,  
I want your dry bones  
to quiver with joy when  
you think of them.

- Gustave Flaubert to Louise Collet  
August 15, 1846

Ravi Kopra

# From This Kind Of Longing, A Love Poem By The Ukranian Poetess Oksana Zabuzhko In Hindi/Urdu Translation

meri chahat itni baDi  
mere jism ki haddiyaN bansuri ban kar  
ab pyaar k geet gaati hain

har taraf jidhar chalti hoon  
har cheez ko aag lag jati hai  
ye jaan kar mujh main jaan paD jati hai  
aur pairon k neechay sholay jalne lagte hain  
bumb phootne lagte hain

- -

- -

hamari joDi ghazab se poori poori hai

- -

- -

agar ye mohabbat nahin to kya hai  
ye ek chamakta tara tha  
jo aa laga meri ankhon k beech  
gir gayi zameen par ek dum  
aur mit gayi usi kshan  
agar ye mohabbat nahin hai  
to khuda ne ye jahaan nahin banaya hai

- -

- -

aisi chahat main  
rait main bhi phool khilne lagte hain  
aisi chahat main baandhoN main dariya chalte rehte hain

aur pahaD ek doosre ka haath pakaD kar khaDe rehte hain  
agar ye mohabbat hai  
to is ke siva aur kuch bhi nahin hai

Ravi Kopra

# Full Moon, A Spanish Poem By Juan Ramon Jimenez In English Translation

The door is open,  
the cricket is singing.  
Are you walking  
naked in the fields?

Like eternal water that  
enters and leaves everything.  
Are you walking  
naked in the air?

The basil isn't sleeping,  
the ant is working.  
Are you walking  
naked in the house?

\*\*\*\*\*

## LUNA GRANDE

La puerta está abierta,  
el grillo cantando.  
¿Andas tú desnuda  
por el campo?

Como un agua eterna,  
por todo entra y sale.  
¿Andas tú desnuda  
por el aire?

La albahaca no duerme,  
la hormiga trabaja.  
¿Andas tú desnuda  
por la casa?

- Juan Ramon Jimenez  
Nobel Laureate 1953





# Garbagey Poetry

If someone writes garbagey poetry  
And his followers cluster on it like flies  
Like they swarm over a heap of turds,  
Finding what they have been feeding on for centuries  
And relishing turds as their finest delicacies,  
What will you make of his poetic words?  
What will you make of the followers like flies?  
Compatibility of the likes. Right?

Ravi Kopra

# Gayatri Mantra In English Translation

Let us worship him who made the sun  
The self-luminous one  
Whose wisdom flows like water  
Who gave me the intellect  
To live my life further.

\*\*\*

the original in Sanskrit

tát savitúr váre?(i) ya?  
bhárgo devásya dhimahi  
dhíyo yó na? prachodayat

Ravi Kopra

# Get Out Of Here, Shouted Reverend Allah At Akhtar Musla

When Akhtar musla reached heaven. "Get out of here," shouted Allah

"All your prayers are cancelled". Why, Reverend Allah? Akhtar begged Allah

"You leaked, your shalwar pee-stained always. You never did your 'wuzuu' before prayers"

"Look at Vish KhopDa ???????. How sparkling clean is his dhoti washed in holy Ganges!"

Ravi Kopra

## Get Up And Look

Get up and look at the the bright night sky  
and dream of the wonders of this world -  
galaxies, stars and planets in the sky  
people working day and night  
for shelter and crumbs of bread to satisfy  
their everlasting hunger in this life  
while the billionaires who suck  
the blood of the poor are sleeping  
dreaming of luxuries, women and concubines.

Ravi Kopra

# Gita Govinda Of Jayadeva, Chapter 1, Verse 1 And 2 In English Translation

1

&quot;Hey Radha!  
Dark thick clouds are gathering  
in the tamala tree woodlands,  
it is going to be dark soon  
and he is getting very fearful,  
please take him home.&quot;  
Nanda thus asked Radha.

On the way back home  
she leads Mahdva  
in her plays of passion.  
She stops under trees in the grove  
on the banks of river Yamuna  
and starts flirting with him.  
They get amorous playing games of love.

\*\*\*

2

I, Jayadeva, the king of all poets  
am going to write Gita Govinda  
the romance of Radha and Krishna  
like the murals on house walls.

Saraswati, the deity of speech  
has colored my soul with stories.  
I worshipped at the feet goddess Lakshmi  
who blessed me with the gift of poetry.  
My beautiful wife, Padmawati, put rhythms  
to my lyrics dancing before me.

O graceful people,  
if your hearts yearn for Krishna's love  
and you want to know how women flirt with men

then listen to the kingly poet Jayadeva's song  
how he praises Krishna and pleases your heart.

Ravi Kopra

# Giuseppe Ungaretti Immense Space Italian Short Poem In English Translation

M'illumino  
D'immenso

- Giuseppe Ungaretti

\*\*\*

Ah! immense space  
My soul uplifted  
Shines

Ravi Kopra

# Glances, A Hindi Poem Of Kavya In English Translation

I can't help but cast  
glances on you.  
I was going to end it all  
but fell in love with you.

Your drunken eyes drown me.  
I was going to have a drink  
but lost my head on the way to bar.

I say nothing  
my eyes tell all.  
In my silence, they send  
you, sweet words of love.

Ravi Kopra



# Go To A Garden And Sulk

When you are down in dumps  
Go to a garden and sulk

See there white lotus flowers in the pond  
Where Buddha meditates seated on them

Clad in loose garments, bare footed  
Hands on knees, eyes closed, lips smiling

Peaceful, tranquil, blissful, making  
Mantras in his mind for us to be worry free -

Do no swing to highs  
Do not bow to lows

Live in moderation, be simple  
Be steady, do not to and fro

Be yourself, don't give up under pressure  
Keep your head high, don't let anybody kick you around

Take care of yourself, family, friends, others  
Be kind, be gentle, fight always for justice

You will walk out of the garden, blessed, afresh  
Smiling, ready to live life in peace and happiness.

Ravi Kopra

# Go To Your Women, Not Whores An Ekphrastic Poem

Looking like devils from hell  
who are they -  
veiled from head to toes,  
with open slits for eyes to see  
bamboo sticks in their hands,  
raised high to thrash men  
and their ladies of pleasure.

Women students from a madarasa  
in Islamabad, Pakistan  
protest against prostitution  
slamming shut a brothel,  
taking prisoner the owner,  
his pimps and his whores  
with two hoary policemen.

Islamic men of Islamabad, beware!  
Go to your women, not whores  
Or else...

Ravi Kopra

# God

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!  
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

-Denis Martindale on poemhunter on 3/3/2018

How strange!

If there is God like described in scriptures

Why would he need your/our blessings?

Why should he be asking for mercy or for anything?

Either we do not know him or he is just an imaginary God-thing.

And why blessing one country over the other we are blessed?

Does God not like all human beings, all countries, all birds, all animals and everything else in this world including those who think God is an imaginary thing?

And why do we advertise God on radio, on TV channels?

He is God, can he not do it all by himself?

For example, he decides to do it one day

And precisely at that moment God hijacks all TV channels all over the world and appears like a

An old old man, with long long grey beard and long long moustaches and two long long eye lashes, long long hair coming out of his nostrils  
Wearing a long white robe and stooping on a staff made out of the apple tree wood in the garden of Eden and declaring -

Here I am

I am God

And if you do not believe me

Here are the Houris (they appear on the screen with the flip of his fingers)

Scantly clad, with jugs of red wine in one hand and lyres and violins in the other, and some with their tablas (drums)

After they pour wine into your goblets, they get busy singing, dancing and playing music to God's tunes...

And every child, every grown up, dumb or so called wise stands up from his chair before the TV screens and starts singing -

Hallelujah, Hallelujah!  
Oh our heavenly Father is here  
Right on the TV gospel channel number one  
Let's pray and sing the holy hymns for him...

Hallelujah, Hallelujah!  
Clap you hands, start crazy dancing  
Move you big butts, twist your huge bellies  
Sing loudly, loudly for  
God is a little deaf. He cannot hear clearly...

Ravi Kopra

# God Among Us

There are no gods, but Allah  
The only one Supreme  
Like the supreme mullah of all mullahs  
And no mullahs greater than him

Who, if someone displease him  
Will declare it a blasphemy  
And in an instant will issue a fatwa  
For one hundred twenty leather straps lashes first  
And then a noose around his neck to be hanged in the city square

Mullahs' God, Allah is the only true God in the world  
All other gods are fake and false like US Fox news  
Believers crave for wine, music, and all virgins in the world  
They cannot get on earth, will do anything to be in heaven to get them.

Ravi Kopra

# God And His Son, Jesus

Statements in parentheses are lifted from a poem by Dr. tony Brahamin, aka Dr. Antony Theodore. His poem can be found in the story section below - an appropriate place. He informs me that today is Good Friday and he is praying for me. I thank him to save the souls of sinners, an indefatigable task!

\*\*\*

&quot;God created the heaven and earth&quot;

Who told you that? The Bible writers?  
Did God tell them in person?  
Or in their imagination?

&quot;and all human beings in His image.&quot;

Ha, ha!  
One head, one nose  
Two eyes, two ears  
One mouth, two lips, two arms, two legs  
A chest, a torso, two hips, genitals  
Yes, yes. He needed them  
For immaculate conception.  
No?

&quot;He formed Adam and Eve&quot;

And told them  
You can only fondle  
Yes, that is the limit  
No sexual act of penetration  
That is forbidden.

And still he sends them a snake with an apple.  
How cunning, how luring, how playful is God!  
He plays games when it comes to sex, like us

That why he has an image of us.  
No? Yes?

&quot;Jesus the Messiah was sent from heaven&quot;;

Naturally

That is the secret behind immaculate conception.

How can you, otherwise, explain a son being born to a virgin.

There were no Roman soldiers there after virgin or non virgin women

And everybody else was pious and god fearing even before the son was born.

Moreover, no DNA tests then. Even if God willed to donate his sperms

No where could he have been found, for no God was there.

So the case must be justified, Jesus came from heaven.

I wonder why did he have to spend nine months in mother Mary's womb

God could have sent him down to the earth in a diamond studded gold chariot.

But who am I to argue this with God? God does whatever he wills!

&quot;to shed his blood till the last drop&quot;;

Parishioners, take this with a ton of salt.

Did Jesus shed blood happily?

Why did he cry on the cross?

He cried and cried till he dropped dead.

And where was his father to come help him?

Did his father enjoy seeing his son suffering?

He must be a sadist of all times, if he did.

No? Yes?

- - -to be continued  
stay tuned.

Ravi Kopra

# God Begged Me For Two Shillings

I have been in search of  
God, off and on wondering  
that the almighty who  
created this wonderful  
world and made us precisely  
in his image, one day might  
come around wandering  
looking just like us  
checking how were  
we doing in his kingdom.

It was just a matter of chance  
I would stumble upon him some day  
and stumble I did  
on the steps of a catholic  
church near george square  
in glasgow in scotland in the  
winter of nineteen seventy two.

He was sitting there howling  
I am god, I am god  
I could not believe my eyes  
our glorious god, father of jesus  
had a stinking greasy grey coat on  
made of scotland wool over his dirty  
musty torn shirt and pants, wearing  
muddy boots and a wolverine checkered  
red and black cap with holes showing his  
long unwashed greyish tangled hair!  
he had a short beard and moustache  
saliva was dripping from his mouth  
he had a half empty bottle of some liquor  
in his right hand, a cigarette in the left.

Hello sir, how are you today, I say  
I am not a sir, you bloke, I am God, he says  
and then suddenly, can you spare two shillings?  
O my poor god, I say, take these four and have a nice day.





# God Does Exist

Do ghosts exist?

Unlikely

Do humans live on Mars?

Unlikely

Do tea kettles circle around the sun?

Unlikely

Do cows eat humans when hungry?

Unlikely

Do virgins wait on certain men in heaven?

Unlikely

Do green bucks grow on trees?

Unlikely

Do farishtas carry Allah's messages to caves?

Unlikely

Do immaculate conceptions take place except in Bethlehem?

Unlikley

Do virgin Marys roam in cities untouched by Roman soldiers?

Unlikely

Do rational minds believe that God exists?

Unlikely

Except mullahs, muezzins, kazis, popes, preachers, priests  
For their own existence, power and influence, God does exist.

Ravi Kopra

# God On A Sunday Morning

It is Sunday morning  
I want to sleep late  
Last night I partied

But woes to mullahs, muezzins  
They're shouting out aloud  
On the top of minarets, turrets -

Allah is great, Allah is great  
It is time for namaaz  
Come to the masjid soon

Bend down on the floor  
With your asses up in air  
Ask for dua in your prayer

O Allah, my dua is this -  
Shut up these idiots  
The mullahs, the muezzins

I doubt if you exist  
But if you do, you know  
You must be really great

To kill people in wars, in famines  
To let rapist rape young girls, women  
To let kazi, clergy rape young boys

To kill people with cancer, cholera  
To let hurricanes, storms kill us  
To let volcanoes burn us alive

Allah you are great, we know  
You never let us live in peace  
You hate us, you hate us, we do know.

Ravi Kopra

# God Tells Us To Love All

God tells us to love all - all humans, all animals, all nature  
But he does not love a son, a holy son of christians  
who still live in delusions to be pacified.  
He lets him die on the cross, does not save him  
while he cries in pain hung on the cross by Romans  
blood dripping from his arms, palms, torso, feet  
his head bends down with the glorious crown of thorns  
his father thought befitted him well for his vagrancy.  
He cries, he lets out shrieks in agony  
his heart stops beating, he breathes his last  
his soul goes out flying to God who gives damn  
to everything except a fairy told lyrical poetry book  
to be published by the Desert Cave Press  
in the searing desert heat of Arabia near some jackals  
howling at the moon in the bushes and the shady date trees.  
He is always busy with his virgin houris, his home made wine  
fountains, gardens and the buzzing bees making sweet honey.  
He can beget his own real son, any time he likes.  
For him a son fathered by some soldier from Rome  
somewhere in the Bethelham night is not worth a penny.

Ravi Kopra

# God, Be A Man And Not A Sissy Hiding In The Heavens

God, be a man  
and not a sissy hiding in the heavens.  
Tell man once for all  
that you do not exist at all  
as depicted in the Bible, Koran or Upnishadas.

Tell man once for all -

That you did not give Mary  
a son by immaculate conception.  
It was just some immaculate conception  
of some immaculate story writers of Bible  
themselves to become immaculate, above all  
for fun, like Jesus rode a donkey in Bethelham  
and to get some attention, declared himself as your son.

That fairies do not live in the heaven  
you did not send them to the desert cave in arabia  
they cannot talk or sing, they cannot carry any messages  
that the cave was full of bats, the little dark night creatures  
hugging the moldy walls and making creaky noises that  
to some epileptic sounded like sweet songs from heaven.

That brahmins sitting on mountains or at the banks of river Ganges  
were full of fanciful thoughts and created innumerable gods,  
for example, a fire god, a rain god, a wind god, a food god, a birth and a death  
god  
to solve all puzzels of nature their heads with chotis could not solve  
Poor brilliant brahamin scholars of their times!

If you do these three things for christians, muslims, hindus  
there will be no wars, terrorists will not blow themselves up  
there will be no churches, no mosques, no temples, no mundirs  
they will all become schools of higher learnings.  
People will find they are the amazing organic matter living  
that can unearth the mysteries of the universe and make  
everybody live in love, peace, harmony.

But poor mullahas, fathers, priests, preachers, pundits, rabbis!  
What will become of them? They all will be sacked. No body will listen to them?  
Well, we scientists will do functional MRIs on their heads to find out  
what nosensical neurons they have that make them so thoughtless morons  
and keep on propagating lies after lies told to them by their equally dumb  
morons.  
And we will pay them for lending their heads to us to find out the truth once for  
all.

chotis= a thin long strand of hair worn on the top of the otherwise shaven head.

mundir= a hindu temple

brahamin= a member of the highest caste of hindus

mullahs= scholars of islamic studies, muslim preachers in mosques

upnishadas= ancient religious hindu texts in sanskrit

Ravi Kopra

# God. Who, What, Why

God is big, huge, humongous  
God is capital letters  
He does not want to be missed  
By the unfortunate illiterate

God is where fear is  
A protector of the weak  
Who pee in their pants  
by the bite of a flea

God is many things at once  
A father to Jesus on earth and in heaven  
A spouter of volcano fires  
Master of tornadoes, hurricanes

God can create anything anytime  
A twit to tweet the half minded  
The terrorists to make tombs for zillions  
Milk out of water. A lion out of gator

God can play magic of all kinds  
He can enter the skull of a learned  
Philosopher of philosophy and turn  
Him to a skunk or a turtle

God is not born. God does not die  
God cannot be heard or seen  
Only by the preachers, monks or imbeciles  
Or the brainwashed who lost their mind

God is multifarious, multihilarious  
multitudinous, multinefarious  
omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient  
Unseen, unheard and yet unforgettable.

And much much more. Hard to explore  
Lots and lots of lores. Like God's son's  
Wife, a whore. Don't deny God, faithfals will roar.  
If you deny Allah, you will be no more.

Ravi Kopra



# Gold In The Mountain, A Poem By Herman Melville In Hindi/Urdu Translation

sonay se bharay pahaD  
sonay se bhari vaadiaN  
aur dil main bhara lalach  
jannat ko in sab se kya waasta  
aye naraz insaan.

Ravi Kopra

# Good Bye, Old Uncle Valentino

I do not tell her  
Once a year I love her  
And give her fresh roses  
And boxes of chocolates

She is my sweetheart  
My flower, forever  
I love her with kisses  
embraces everyday, always.

She is my heart, my soul  
The reason of my being  
I have no self  
I am hers. She is mine.

Good bye, old uncle Valentino  
Go tell the disloyal, the unfaithful  
To show love to their lovers. I tell  
My love every day I love her dearly.

Ravi Kopra

# Good Morning, A Turkish Poem By Necati Cumalı In English Translation

Good morning chickens  
Good morning roosters  
I feel so happy with my life.  
In the morning when I get up  
I have greetings from you.  
During the day I have my work  
I have my friends.  
And at night I have the stars  
But best of all my lovely wife.

Ravi Kopra

# Goodbye, My Bride

You fight over nothing.  
Pack up, get ready to go  
back to your parents where  
you lived all your life. You  
wave in the air a goodbye.  
You smile as if you're a victor  
and I sigh as if I a victim.  
Goodbye forever, dear?  
You have been a good girl  
a good daughter, but do not know  
how to be a good wife. So be it.

Once you find out how much  
of myself I have given to you,  
listening to your every whim  
and scruple, how much I have  
loved you opening bare my  
heart to you, you will realize  
there no one in this world  
who loves you more  
than I do. You will want  
me then, and I, who knows  
where will the winds will take me.  
Good bye for now, my dear  
goodbye forever, who knows.

Ravi Kopra

# Good-Night Poem By Percy Bysshe Shelley In Hindi/Urdu Translation

good night? kaisi good night?  
tu apnay kamray main ja so ja  
aur main so-oon yahan akela  
kaisi hai ye good night?  
soaiN hum jab ikahDay  
to ho gi ye good night

kaise main keh dooN good night?  
kya teri saari icHcHa bhaag gayi hai kahiN?  
main khul kar nahin kehta - tum khud samajhti ho  
tab hogi hamari good night

jab raat bhar hamaray do dil  
saath saath lub-dub kareN gay  
to hogi hamari vo good night  
meri jaanay jahaan,  
kyon k dil kabhi nahin kehtay  
good night, good night

Ravi Kopra

# Grandma And I

I had a boo-boo  
on my pinky. Grandma kissed  
it. All pain went away.

When my mom gave me  
time out, my grandma brought  
me ice cream. I smiled!

When my grandmother smiles  
Parrots talk, honey bees hum  
Doves say: we love you.

My grandmother smiles in  
The garden. Cherry blossoms  
Smile back. Fill her lap.

My grandma so cute  
She loves me. I love her. We  
Both very happy.

Ravi Kopra

# Grandma's Wedding Shoes

I'm getting ready  
For the garage sale tomorrow  
My grandma passed away  
A few weeks ago  
She was a collector of things  
You would never know.

I am thinking to sell  
Her pair of wedding shoes  
She wore one morning  
Sixty years ago  
Walking slowly  
In a long tailed wedding gown,  
Holding a bouquet of flowers in one hand  
While her father held the other  
Soon to be given away to her beau,  
Walking beside her proud and smiling  
In a wedding tuxedo.

Could she have wildly imagined then  
That Thirty years later  
Her unwed daughter  
Would give me up for adoption  
Shortly after I was born?  
My mom, a poor mother  
Could not face raising me up.

I look at the pair of shoes  
They still look like new to me.  
She saved them as a treasure  
In the original shoe box, tucked  
Under her wedding gown  
In her old leather suitcase  
Made in some small  
Now a non-existent Texas' town.

The shoes are high heeled  
Light brown, each with two leather straps  
To go around the ankles

Some sort of a hybrid  
Of dress shoes and sandals,  
High fashion luxury of grandma's days.

I look at them again  
And change my mind  
I will not sell them  
They are worth a fortune to me.

Sixty years ago  
After I do, I do  
The choir boy rang  
the wedding bells  
On the top of the steeple.  
That moment, my grandma  
Was wearing these shoes.

Ravi Kopra



# Grief, A Punjabi Poem In English Translation

In this mild breeze,  
I am standing all alone.  
The winds have changed directions.  
My lover has left me  
My life is now empty.  
I grieve my loneliness  
And see no point in living.  
What for should I be living now?

Ravi Kopra

# Gulzar - Departure

After your departure  
I realized  
living without

you is not hard  
nor is it hard  
to die instantly

Life has no  
meaning for me  
since you left me.

Ravi Kopra

## Gulzar - Immanent

There is nothing  
immanent, nothing  
within pervading,  
and if it is  
it is myself,  
the I in me  
that moment  
by moment keeps  
on changing.

Ravi Kopra

# Gulzar - Man Is Like A Water Bubble

Man is like  
a water bubble  
that sails  
on the surface  
of flowing water,  
gets drowned,  
rises up and  
gets sailing again  
with the flow.

Ravi Kopra

## Gulzar - Sweet Lips

Since my lips  
tasted  
your sweetness,  
my sorrows  
are sweet  
and so is  
my loneliness

Ravi Kopra

## Gulzar - Turmoil

Among the hoards of people  
Among their maddening clamor  
Among their day and night chatter  
You hide keeping your silence  
In the depths of my mind  
At a certain level, and I  
Feel your cool presence there.

Ravi Kopra

# Gulzar- Lonelines

In my loneliness  
I often get lost  
thinking of you

I see you  
in my mind vividly  
and feel better  
that you are with me.

Ravi Kopra

# Haiku

Samurai guy got gut  
cancer, asks oncologist  
When I thrust my sword?

Ravi Kopra



## Haiku - A Sad Valentine Day

Me no love now no  
Love. She go some rich man fast  
My heart sad. Very bad.

Ravi Kopra

## Haiku - Blue Eyes

I look into your  
Big blue eyes. You smile coyly  
I drown, drown in you

Ravi Kopra

# Haiku - Chilling Autumn Rains After Matsuo Basho

Chilling autumn rains  
my darling in bed with me  
we make love dearly

\*\*\*

Chilling autumn rains  
my darling says again and again  
let's go to bed early

Ravi Kopra

## Haiku - Cold

He is sitting by  
the side of a tall stone wall  
shivering in cold

Ravi Kopra

## Haiku - Cool Breeze

Burning Indian sun  
People under peepal trees  
in shade. Cool, fresh breeze.

Ravi Kopra

## Haiku - Cuckold

The mother bird knows  
Where's pretty chicks real dad's nest  
Her mate, a cuckold.

Ravi Kopra

# Haiku - Dark Chocolate

My sweet ebony  
Dark chocolate. I love you  
Eat you, my candie

Ravi Kopra

## Haiku - Desires

I love you and you  
me, till the end of my life -  
my only desire.

My dreams, my desires  
fulfilled when you said: yes, yes  
I will marry you.

When we lie in bed  
and you hug and caress me  
I desire you...you...

On long long weekends  
My desire is to spend each  
minute loving you.

When I saw you for  
the first time, you smiled at me  
And I desired you.

If all our desires  
were fulfilled right away  
will we be happy?

My desire: to have  
you every night in bed to  
become one with you.

My desires: peace, love,  
prosperity, wisdom, no non-  
sense. All happiness.

Ravi Kopra



# Haiku - Grilled Cheese Rye Sandwich

Grilled cheese rye sandwich  
my love made for me today  
Delicious like her!

Ravi Kopra

# Haiku - Happiness

The rainbow once wrapped  
me on a river bank. I  
thought it was heaven.

Ravi Kopra

## Haiku - Happy In Love With Wife

I marry thirty  
Year. I love wife. She go one  
Day, my heart cry much

Ravi Kopra

# Haiku - Happy In New Love

She my new love to-  
day. She beautiful. My heart  
Love her. Love her. Much

Ravi Kopra

## Haiku - Her Breasts

Her breasts like sweet cool  
oranges, made me thirsty  
all evening, all night.

Ravi Kopra

# Haiku - Her First Born

Her first born dies  
her eyes  
tearful

Ravi Kopra

## Haiku - Horny

I haven't had you for  
a long time. May you feel hor-  
ny all night tonight.

Ravi Kopra

## Haiku - Husband

So you want a hus-  
band. Why don't you get me soon?  
I am a good husband!

Ravi Kopra



# Haiku - I Heard The Doves' Songs

I heard the doves' songs  
like your whispers sweet and soft  
fill with joy my heart

Ravi Kopra

# Haiku - I Was Coming

I was coming and  
shouting: I want to eat you  
eat you, now now now!

Ravi Kopra

# Haiku - Indian Summer

Summer summed up -  
hot dry dust drought thirst, brains burst  
no water, ass pains

Ravi Kopra

## Haiku - Jealous Wife

Me husband love she  
Not Me. I kill she. He sad  
Me much happy. Very

Ravi Kopra

## Haiku - Kiss

Your rosy cheeks, lascivious  
lips I kiss and kiss  
and close door behind

Ravi Kopra

# Haiku - Love In Spanish

She was all Spanish  
She finished shouting aloud -  
O Dios! Mierda!

Ravi Kopra

## Haiku - Make Love

Long winter nights. We  
Kiss, caress, make love all night  
Wonderful delight!

Ravi Kopra

## Haiku - Man

An organism like  
Any other - birth, living, death  
Only man has God.

Ravi Kopra



## Haiku - Marriage

They married after one  
date. Must be so delicious  
or both idiots

Ravi Kopra

## Haiku - Nagging Wife

Nagging wife gets drunk  
She sleeps in her bed whole night -  
Peace till next morning,

Ravi Kopra

## Haiku - Older

As I get older  
I will care less and less and  
smile and dance and sing

Ravi Kopra

# Haiku - Our Bed Warm All Night

Cold dark windy night  
we interlocked intertwined  
our bed warm all night

Ravi Kopra

## Haiku - Pee

Two ten year old boys  
talking - how does she pee in  
toilet? hee hee hee!

Ravi Kopra

## Haiku - Sad Love

My love, winter has  
come. Nights are long, dark, dreary  
Miss you. I am sad.

Ravi Kopra

## Haiku - Sad Valentine

Me no valentine  
Love wife dead four day. Very bad  
I cry day night. Bad

Ravi Kopra

# Haiku - Scary Thunderstorms

Scary thunderstorms  
Blackout, you and I in bed  
Make babies all night

Ravi Kopra



## Haiku - Still Loving Bad, Dead Wife

My wife bad. Dead two  
year. But I love she. I go  
grave. Snake bite. Me dead!

Ravi Kopra

## Haiku - Swallows Peeh Peeh

a flock of swallows  
flap wings like an air ballet  
singing peeh peeh songs

in cool autumn breeze  
flocks of swallows flying and  
singing peeh peeh songs

when you hear peeh peeh  
look up in the sky, flocks of  
swallows flying high

swallows have tails like  
a pair of scissors cutting  
off air as they fly

Ravi Kopra

## Haiku - Tears

Heart in sorrow, joy  
empathy, speaks in tears in  
our eyes, silently.

Crocodile sheds tears  
to win empathy. And next  
moment, devours you.

My wife died. I cried  
Shed buckets of tears for years  
I loved her dearly.

Ravi Kopra

# Haiku - The Old Pond

The old pond  
A crane comes flying  
Catches a fish

Ravi Kopra

## Haiku - Valentine

Too busy no time love  
Wait valentine love day love  
Rest time write phone love

Ravi Kopra

## Haiku - Virgin

white lotus virgin  
bride, how could you stay away un-  
stained from city's young filth?

Ravi Kopra

# Haiku - You Bastard

You cheated on me  
Tell me you love me. Listen  
Buzz off. You bastard!

Ravi Kopra

# Haiku - You Still Do Not Come

My fingers ache, lips  
dry, peter waiting all night  
You still do not come

Ravi Kopra



# Haiku - Your Breasts

Your cheeks - red apples  
Kisses - honey sweet. Lips - soft  
Breasts - two doves in love

Ravi Kopra

# Haiku - Your Eyes

Your hair - soft, long, blonde  
Eyes - shining blue sea for me  
Face - angels blessed me!

Ravi Kopra

# Haiku - Your Hands On My Breasts

Your hands on my breasts  
Melt my cold cold heart so fast  
I could not resist

Ravi Kopra

# Haiku - Your Looks

Your looks - soft, curvy  
Gait - graceful, stylish, steady  
Eyes - brown that kill me

Ravi Kopra

# Haiku- Blond

I never saw a  
lady so beautiful like her  
dreamy blue eyes blond

Ravi Kopra

# Haiku- So Cold Is Tonight

so cold is tonight  
I cannot do a good pee  
halfway it freezes

Ravi Kopra

# Haiku- So Cold Wintery Night

so cold wintery night  
you cannot hear my words  
they freeze as I speak

Ravi Kopra

# Haiku- Still Pool's Reflection

Still pool's reflection  
Tranquility in its soul  
A bullfrog jumps, waves

Ravi Kopra



# Haiku: A Robin Sings Songs

Fall, red plums on trees  
Butterflies dance on flowers  
A robin sings songs

Ravi Kopra

## Haiku: Birds Quiet On Trees

East wind brings dark clouds  
Thunders, rains, lightening, storms  
Birds quiet on trees

Ravi Kopra

# Haiku: Cool Breeze In Winter

Cool breeze in winter  
Orioles sing on birch trees  
My heart full of joy

Ravi Kopra

# Haiku: The First Snow

The first snow  
My puppy wonders what it is  
Runs inside the home, scared

Ravi Kopra

# Haiku-I Can't Wait To Kiss Her

A rose bud opens its  
petals, my lips quiver, I  
can't wait to kiss her

Ravi Kopra

# Haiku-I Want You All Night

I want you all night  
You push me hard, turn away fast  
Done with estrogens?

Ravi Kopra

## Haikus - Bumblebees And Breasts

A bumblebee high  
on blooms' scents, stings a woman's  
blooming breasts in spring.

A bumblebee flies  
high in her flowery skirt  
in search of honey.

She says red marks on  
her breasts are bumblebees' stings  
Not her lover's bites.

A bumblebee mis-  
takes her breasts for flowers, alights  
searching for sweet honey.

Ravi Kopra

## Haikus - Making Love

When I play with her  
Two soft doves. They flutter in  
My hands. I kiss them.

When we make love, she  
Says: I love it, love it. Don't  
Stop, p l e a s e! Fast, fast, fast...

When we kiss. She feels  
My bulge. We can't wait. We rush  
To bed. Shut doors fast.

Ravi Kopra



## Haikus - Moonlight

Awash in moonlight  
we sip irish coffee by  
the pool, all in nude.

While my wife and I  
skinny dip, our chihuahua  
serenades the moon.

Full moon. She and I  
on the beach; warm kisses flow  
when cool breeze blows.

On cool moonlit nights  
we sleep on cots on roofs and  
count stars in the sky.

Ravi Kopra

## Haikus - Moons

I see full moon in  
the sea. I miss my  
Drink three jugs of wine.

Midnight. Full moon. I  
walk alone by river Ri  
Look at moon and cry.

I married full moon  
night ten years ago. She died. Full  
moon tonight, I cry.

My moons are for my  
lover, none else. I want his  
soft hands, lips on them.

My lover loves my  
moonlike mellons. I like  
when he kisses them.

Ravi Kopra

# Haikus - Nude Beach

Women in hot sun  
Lie on towels on the beach  
Naked without bras.

Braless women on  
beach in sun. Their boobs sway wild  
in air as they walk.

Sun tanned braless  
Blondes on beach smile when aroused  
Wild men look at them.

Naked women bodies  
Look so pretty on a nude  
Beach in hot hot sun.

First time on a nude  
Beach, he feels aroused. People  
Look at him and smile.

On the sunny nude  
beach, women's huge boobs dangle  
when they walk slowly.

Ravi Kopra

# Haikus - Swimming In Nude In The Sea

Come to me. I love  
you. Says the moon in the sea  
I jump to kiss him.

I see my moon in  
the sea waiting for me. I  
jump to swim with it

My full moon wants me  
in the still sea. I  
catches me. Hugs me

I, nude on the sea  
shore. Moon in the sea  
Waiting to kiss me

Full moon in the sea  
My bulging two moons with me  
They merge instantly.

Ravi Kopra

# Haikus For My Love

I swim in your eyes  
I soar high seeing your love  
Is real, from your heart.

Your sweet, soft kisses  
Your hands sliding over my body  
Arouse my desires.

Our bodies in bed  
Merge, merge, so fast, so fast when  
We make love in dark.

Before you said: Let's  
Go to bed, I had a bulge  
Throbbing for your love.

And you said: You were  
Getting wet when I kissed you  
On your lips, softly.

Ravi Kopra

# Haikus In Praise Of Allah

A man of Allah  
hallucinates near death: I  
Want, want virgins now!

An old Karachi  
Allah poet sees virgins in  
Clouds and salivates.

Allah lovers smile  
When they see henna painted  
Hands of veiled women.

Allah is so great -  
Promises virgins, wine, music  
To all believers.

Second thought: I become  
A believer and have four  
Wives. Thank you Allah.

Allah, could we please  
Have sometime a sip of wine?  
Why wait till jannat?

Praise be to Allah  
For young virgins, wine, houris  
In the paradise.

Ravi Kopra

# Haikus On Beauty And Lust

I feel you your beauty  
When you whisper love to me  
in the bed at night.

No one had said I  
Was beautiful the way you  
Said: pure heart and soul.

I was beautiful, you  
said with pure heart and soul. I  
Fell in love with you.

Her beauty I can't  
Forget - chubby, blond, blue eyes  
I see her in dreams.

Beauty is not what  
you see. It lives in your heart  
and soul. Like my wife's.

My heart flutters when  
I see a beautiful lady  
I want to love her.

Beauty is every  
where. If you can see and feel  
In nature, in life.

She's so beautiful  
Charming, wonderful, I make love  
to her every night.

She's lustful So am  
I. We make love every night  
Six or seven times.

I lust her, she loves  
me. I love her, she lusts me.  
Beautiful is she.

When we skinny dip  
we get lustful, we rush to  
bed in real hurry.

Her bare breasts make me  
horny when they sway in air  
making love in bed.

Lustful she gets she  
says, when she sees me in nude.  
Wants me instantly.

And I oblige her  
unhesitatingly with  
my pure heart and soul.

Ravi Kopra



## Haikus On Dew

Shining morning sun  
On green grass dew, makes seven  
Colors of all hue.

Dew drops drop from green  
Grass leaves as sun rises and  
Breeze blows from the east.

Dew - angels' sadtears  
Seeing our plight at night. How  
We are animals like.

Ravi Kopra

# Haikus On God

God, an atheist  
Does not go to Church. Nor does  
read Bible, sing hymns.

God showed no miracles  
Only his son of a virgin  
And died as virgin.

Jesus had no wife.  
Other women? Virgins?  
Only his dad knows!

Jesus finally  
Found his father. He was God  
Who liked Mary once.

Why God wanted a  
son, not daughter? Is he a  
misogynist or...?

Man, God's image  
Woman, whose image? His wife?  
You mean virgin Mary?

God adulterous?  
Got son with virgin Mary.  
Why is he single?

God murderous?  
Did not save his only son  
Made with his semen!

Allah has virgins  
in heaven. God found Mary  
And fathered son. Great!

God never married  
Why? Misogynist? Or what?  
Tell us God, we pray.

God knows not he's God  
Only blind bible readers and  
ignorants say this.

Who told God he's God?  
Himself? What an arrogance!  
And we worship him.

Ravi Kopra

# Hailku - You Love Me

You love me. Bull shit!  
Dick yesterday. Me today. Will  
Wong be tomorrow?

Ravi Kopra

# Hair Raising Conscious Raising Prayers In Hindu Vedas

Om, shanti, shanti, Om  
God, give us peace, give us peace please, O God!

O God! Give birth to the noble people  
Who know arts, science, literature  
Who are friendly and admirable  
Who know how to administer  
Who can make us prosper. (Rig Veda 1-31: 8 & 9)

May we listen with ears what is good  
May we see with eyes what is good  
May we speak with tongues what is good.

O supreme supreme spirit, Mahadeva!  
Teach us how to heal our souls  
They are ill with ignorance  
They know not light  
They are in utter darkness.

O Indra Deva!  
Make the corrupt a mote of dust  
Make them vanish in the air.

O Manyu Deva! Please make me angry  
I want to eliminate with fury  
All social, physical, moral evils.

O God!  
Knowingly, unknowingly  
We violate paths of nature  
Have mercy on us  
Put us on the right paths.

O Visva Karma!  
The grand architect of the universe  
Guide us to keep your  
Wondrous design intact.

O God!

Cast aside vile men  
Who pollute people, air, rivers, waters.

O formless, nameless, ineffable God!  
Help us create peace everywhere  
Peace on earth, in air, in sky  
In animals, plants, humans, waters  
Let the peace itself be peaceful. (Yajur Veda 36: 17)

O God!  
Let us all live in harmony  
Let us help, help each other  
Let us be friendly and kind  
Let us love each other as  
The cow who loves its calf  
Let us store our water for all  
Let us share our food amongst all  
Morning and evening let us  
Have loving hearts in all of us. (R.V 10-191-2 to 4) , (A.V 3-30-1 to 7)

O God!  
May everyone be friendly to me  
May everyone be friendly to each other  
May we all be be friendly to each other  
May I be friendly to every one. (Yajur Veda 38: 18)

I pray to you Usha  
Please wake them to action  
Who repose in slumber  
Raise their consciousness  
To do what they can do  
To their fullest.

Ravi Kopra

# Half Of The High Shangtzu Hill

Half of the high Shangtzu hill  
is covered with emerald bamboos  
the rest with wild flowers  
red, yellow, violet, pink  
wherever I see in early April  
My shoes are dyed with the fragrance of flowers  
The swallows are singing in the air  
the orioles on branches of trees  
I am drunk in nature  
I feel like writing an early spring poem  
but I left my pen and paper at home  
I am bursting to recite the Tang poems of spring.

Ravi Kopra

# Hand Burning

Come, come  
sweet love, come  
Without you  
I feel lonely

When I see anything  
I feel as if  
there is something  
missing

My mind wanders to  
that dusky autumn night  
by the beach in late evening  
when you slipped your cold hand

in the pocket of my pants  
to warm it a little and then  
said suddenly - O ghosh, so hot here  
my hand is burning...

Ravi Kopra



# Happenstance, A Love At First Sight Poem By Rita Dove In Urdu/Hindi Translation

Achanak-hi

jaise hi tum mere samnay aae  
aisa laga k do lo-chumbak k beech  
saari hawaa saaf-suthri ho gayee hai

aisi muskrahat main ne kabhi pehley na dekhi thee  
na hi dekhay they hawaa main lehraate chaandi jaise baal.

ek aurat jis k baal bhi chaandi jaisay they  
vo tum ko bye-bye kiye jaa rehi thee

mujay pata hai tum ne muje nahin dekha  
main ne chupke chupke tum ko pukara tha  
k agar tum muje nahin chate  
to kya faida hai jawaab dene ka

main ne tumain ek baar fir pukara  
tum ne darwaaza khola  
roshni main tum khaDe they  
bhoole huey apna naam!

Ravi Kopra

# Happy In Love, A Lawrence Ferlinghetti Inspired Love Poem In Hindi/Urdu

bahar k maheene  
rung-barangi phooloN se sajey  
shehar k baDe buleywar main  
mehbooba k saath baithey  
cafe k bahr  
peD ki cHaouN main

mehbooba ka haath, haath main liye hue  
pyaar se usay choote-malte hue  
uski pyaari meethi-meethi bataiN suntay hue  
logon ko buleywar par sair karte dekhte hue  
aur dheere dheere coffee peetay hue  
apne sapnoN main dubay hue  
mehbooba ko kehte hue -

hey khuda, kitni khushi tu le aae hai meri zindgi main  
tere maaN-baap na maaney agar teri shaadi karna muj se  
paagal main ho jaaNGa teri yaad main...

Ravi Kopra

# Hardly A Day Passes By

Hardly a day passes by  
once again you see on telly  
some crazy shooting innocent people -  
toddlers in nurseries  
kids in schools, church goers  
casino players, party boozers, passers by.

Has the kal-yuga dawned upon us?  
Has there been too much yin everywhere?  
Is the golden age in the offing?  
Is the yang soon coming?

Like when the republicans are in power  
the democrats are surely to take them over  
Too much stupidity, ignorance, drugs, sex, guns  
bring down the world's wealthiest nations.

Nations rise and fall  
Rivers change directions  
Mountains burst in volcanos  
Seas churn in hurricanes  
Winds turn into tornadoes  
Where are we heading to?

Ravi Kopra

# Haynaku - Goodbye

You are my  
rose during  
day

You are my  
jasmine all  
night

In my heart  
you live  
always

Don't cry when  
I die  
Goodbye!

Ravi Kopra

# Haynaku - Hell

I  
said: go  
to burning hell.

Ravi Kopra

# Haynaku - Husband

Want  
husband? Marry  
me. I am!

Ravi Kopra

# Haynaku - Leave Me Alone

Parrots  
chatter day  
in day out

You  
chatter from  
morning till midnight

Please  
God, give  
me some peace

I  
want peace  
of my mind

Leave  
me alone  
for some time.

Ravi Kopra

# Haynaku - Marriage

Married! ?

Congratulations. Congratulations.

Misery now begins.

Ravi Kopra



# Haynaku - Mess

Shit!

What a

mess. O God!

Ravi Kopra

# Haynaku - No Hope

He  
is lost  
case. No hope

Ravi Kopra

# Haynaku - Pain

You  
pain in  
ass. Get off

Ravi Kopra

# Haynaku - Stupid

Stupid!  
Get off  
my back. Period.

Ravi Kopra

# Haynaku -Life

Life  
if useless  
Better kill yourself.

Ravi Kopra

# Haynaku -Married

Happily  
married! ? What?  
Lost your mind?

Ravi Kopra

# Haynakus

Haynaku  
is not  
a japanese haiku

Haynaku  
is three  
lines six words

Syllables  
do not  
count in haynaku

Haynaku  
lines - one  
two, three words

Reverse  
haynaku- three  
two one words

you  
can write  
poems with haynakus

Haynakus  
express anything  
in the world

\*\*\*

You  
laugh like  
a drunk hyena

You  
cry like  
a pussy cat

When

I make  
love, you explode!

When  
you hug  
my heart smiles!

Now shut up  
no love  
today

Love you more  
tomorrow than  
today

Be  
careful. My  
heart is fragile

Want  
lust? Go  
to a whore

Want  
love? Come  
I am ready

O  
man! she's  
hot, hot, hot!

Her  
looks, put  
me on fires

She loves me  
But I do  
not

She's  
after my  
money. Not love



She  
cheated. Forget  
her for ever

I  
cheated because  
she cheated first

She  
said, I  
still love you

I  
said, goodbye  
no more love

Ravi Kopra

# Haynakus On Holy Cows' Urine

Cow's  
Urine is  
Medicinal to Hindus

Hindus  
Drink cow's  
Urine as medicine

Cow's  
Urine: Panacea  
For all ills

Holy  
cow's urine  
is so medicinal

Cow's  
Urine, not  
milk, more expensive

Holy  
cows' pee -  
Ambrosia to Hindus

Drinking  
Cow's pee  
Prolongs life forever

Drink  
Cows' pee  
To cure cancer

India's  
Prime Minister  
Drank cow's pee

Morar  
Desai drank  
Holy cows' pee

Don't  
Eat cows  
Drink their urine

Don't  
Drink cows'  
milk. Only urine

Cow's urine  
better than  
Milk for health

Heifer's  
drink cow's  
Milk. Hindus, urine

Cow  
Is holy  
Drink its urine

Cow's  
Urine gets  
Rid of ills

Cows'  
Urine purer  
Than Ganges' water

Cows  
Fresh urine  
Refreshes many Hindus

Holy  
cows holy  
Hindus, love eachother

Cows  
Laugh when  
Hindus drink (their)urine!



# He 1 - An Erotic Poem By Max Temmerman In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Wo 1

Wo saans na le raha tha  
uski twacha le rehi the

Main ek but ban kar  
uski jhangoN main lipti hue the

Garmi ki dopahar main  
sonay jaisi shaam dhal rehi the  
aur purane wasiiatnaame ki tarah  
us se sookhay ghas ki saugandh aa rehi the

Main ne kya iski koi parwah ki? Bilkul nahin  
College ki cHe saal ki paDhai mein main seekh chuki the  
aaraam se shanti ke saath apne aap sub seekho

bartan main doodh daal kar  
aag se ubalay laga kar  
is main khud ujlo, ublo.

Ravi Kopra

# He Always Loved Making Love In Monsoon Rain - A Ghazal

hot sun in June, parched land and no rain  
dust-storms, clouds in the sky and no rain

cattle cud under shades no sight of rain  
clear bright skies, no clouds no trace of rain

wisps of wind from the east made people happy  
it brought no clouds, no thunders no rain

monsoon is not here yet it's stuck in Bengal  
it's lazy, not moving fast, we are without rain

old age brings weakness and joint pains  
do not walk outside, you might fall in rain

a leak in the roof, the piano's getting wet  
I move its legs on the day of falling rain

the cat is hungry, no chow mian for her  
I can't go shopping, outside is all rain

a day comes when you forget your name  
time close to the grave, sunshine or rain

at Jungpura station, why so late is the train?  
because train tracks are flooded in heavy rain

how old are you Manohar Kumar Sharma ji?  
I don't know. But I was born the year of heavy rain

Of brother and sister, came to US to live  
they miss monsoon in India in heavy rain

in monsoon when it rains, it rains for days  
parrots fly from tree to tree, they love rain

writing this ghazal was lot of fun for 'Ravi'

he always loved making love in monsoon rain

Ravi Kopra

# He Got Lost On His Way, A Rajnish Manga Hindi Poem In English Translation

He who wanted to show us the way  
got lost on his way.  
He could see the unseen, we thought  
and poured our praises on him.

But his designs, politics, slogans  
are as good as hooligans.  
What does he know is how to deliver a speech.  
When he speaks, everyone is spellbound.

Ravi Kopra



# He Leaves. I Cry

Death came.  
Rattled the curtains.  
Near her bed I stood silent.  
Staring at the ceiling, the door.

The doc in white steps in.  
Puts his stetho on her chest.  
Listens, Shines light into  
Her eyes. Checks pulse. Says:  
Brave lady, she fought for life.  
He leaves. I cry.

Ravi Kopra

# He Looked So Strange, A Urdu Ghazal By Ibrahim Ashk In English Translation

He looked so strange, I should have thought about him more  
His meeting was so strange, I had wanted something more

His face did not show what was on his mind  
His silence was strange, his speech even more

Every few seconds he would change the topic  
strange was he while here, on leaving even more

You will be mistaken if you think you know him  
as a stranger he is different, as a friend even more

Don't know if I should accept him or send him away  
hard if I lose him, accepting him even more

An enemy, a confidant, a stranger, he is all in one  
'Ashk' thought he was different, but turned out to be even more

Ravi Kopra

# He Loves His Wife

A lonely crow is sitting on  
a tall lamp post in front of a post office  
in the posh city center, watching the posh people below.  
It opens and closes it's round black eyes  
and goes in a trance of some deep thoughts  
beyond Buddha's understanding:  
I have my belly full  
I know all starlings' nests  
to go for lunch, dinner, breakfast  
I have my own nest, my own mate for life  
(by the way, her name is Cathy  
it is easy to caw caw Cathy  
though she will still be my mate  
if I call her by some other name  
Shakespeare told me that  
but not among humans  
I will come to it later but just imagine  
someone calling his wife Cathy when  
her real name is Susan)  
my chicks, my friends, my enemies  
and look at the humans in the street below  
they don't know if their chicks are their own  
who are their friends and enemies  
always in a hurry  
mailing letters, calling on phones  
crowding roads in cars, planning wars  
carrying guns, shooting innocents  
in schools, churches, apartments.  
They must have some higher purpose in life  
It thinks over and over and quits, saying  
well, how do I know, I am just a crow  
and happy to live longer than them.  
It flies away caw cawing, calling Cathy  
He was missing her, he loves his wife.

Ravi Kopra

# He Never Grieves

He likes fresh eggs  
his heart is never broken  
he never grieves

You put all your eggs in one basket  
they become stale they stink  
your heart is broken  
you grieve.

Ravi Kopra

# He Said, A Ghazal

Ghalib turned his sorrows into poetry, he said  
When asked: why are you sad? I am not, he said

You can't hide your love. I see hickies on your neck  
They are mosquito bites, not love, he said

Admit. You murdered your wife. The evidence is there  
No sir, that's not true. She was angry. She hanged herself, he said

Hakim sahib, your daroo cures all EDs, How come?  
it is made with rams' balls and shilajit, he said

When people asked 'Ravi' why is he so happy  
I have now my fourth wife, he said

Ravi Kopra

# He Stands Beside Her And Puts Flowers In Her Braids

He stands beside her and puts flowers in her braids  
Leans forwards, holds her in his arms and kisses her on lips

She closes her eyes, rests in his arms, smiles opening her eyes  
Looks into his eyes, melts in love and starts floating in air

She hears his soft voice whispering love into her ears  
Her heart flutters and she whispers: I love you, love you too

She feels infinite pleasure walking hand in hand on the boulevard  
Where in glittering cafes and bars lovers are with their dates

She is no dowdy dresser, she is a high fashioned girl  
High heels, short skirts, her long hair with curls

Women envy her, men envy him, they are so much in love  
Doves on boughs move closer, coo coo and preen each other

How handsome, beautiful, charming they both look together  
Moon bends down to kiss them and gives them its splendor

They move like the movement of a calm river in the spring  
She leans on his shoulder, it's love from heart, no fling.

Ravi Kopra

## He Was Rich But Asinine As An Ass

He was rich but asinine as an ass  
he asked her out again  
she said may be in the next reincarnation  
yes yes I believe in angles don't you  
so next friday OK if pigs fly that day  
she said I will ask my dad he has a pig farm  
and I after that I see you each week  
will the hens have teeth by then  
It's possible they are still little  
chicks so lets go see movie next week  
do the lobster whistle on the top of a  
mountain in the movie I think so  
I saw the trailer there was a sea and  
a mountain in the movie find out if not  
then I will see you when the cows  
dance on the ice yes yes that will be fun  
I will dance there too be sure to come  
in a long coat and a dunce cap for it  
will be freezing cold on the ice...

Ravi Kopra

# He Went To A Rose Garden

He went to a rose garden  
All he saw were thorns.

He went to the distant, alluring mountains  
What he saw were mountain lions sitting on bare rocks  
ready to eat him alive.

He went to the green pastures  
What he saw were stinking, dirty sheep  
cows, cowherds, cow boys, cow dung.

He was dying of thirst in a desert  
Oasis after oasis he chased  
he could not find a single one.

He carried within him a desert  
a barren desert it was,  
nothing could grow or thrive in it.

Ravi Kopra



# Hearing A Flute On A Spring Night In Luoyang City, A Poem By Li Bai In Translation

Who is secretly playing  
the jade flute in his house?  
The music is lost in the spring  
winds in Luoyang City.

In the middle of this  
night love song, I hear  
a willow's cracking sounds.  
Who will not miss his home  
hearing this nocturne?

-rendered from a literal translation from web pages:

Whose house jade flute secret fly sound  
Lose enter spring wind fill Luoyang city  
This nocturne middle hear break willow  
What person not start home feel

Ravi Kopra

# Heart, After Rumi

Heart, I said  
What a gift it has been  
To have her love,  
To see beyond myself,  
To reach and feel  
Behind her breasts.

Ravi Kopra

# Her Anger

Whenever you sense  
she is going  
to throw a fit,  
you flatter her.

Be careful 'qamar'  
you might make a  
monster out of her.

zara ruuTh jaane pe itni ?hushamad  
'qamar' tum biga?oge aadat kisi ki

-QAMAR JALALVI

Ravi Kopra

# Her Ex

I fall in love with her  
We go to dinner  
We go to movies  
We go to a bar late at night  
We come home, we make love  
At the moment of coming  
She comes with -  
O Michael, f... me hard, hard!

Ravi Kopra

# Her Eyes Show Modesty, Her Manners You Must See, A Urdu Ghazal Of Momin Khan Momin In English Translation

Her eyes show modesty, her manners you must see  
She is a slave of passions, her cruel grace you must see

I bargained my lust for a Houri for this beautiful lady  
My love has a happy ending, its beginning you must see

Do not mistake my madness for her, my dear advisor?  
How coyly she throws her glances, you must see

They bet their lives for lust they could not keep in check  
Those brave unfortunate lovers, you must see

Hearing my arrival, he stood up instantly in the meeting  
The status of lovers with notoriety you must see

It is alright in a meeting to look at a stranger secretly  
But the secret should not remain hidden, you must see

My tears are witness to the shirt's hem's purity  
The miracle of merciless Joseph you must see

Alas! 'Momin' did not see the beautiful women even in heaven  
The tyranny of his discriminating death, you must see

Ravi Kopra

# Her Lover

He is so different  
not an ordinary lover,  
I could hardly imagine of -  
in the middle of the night  
when I am asleep as a log,  
he starts playing love to me -  
his hands move all over my body  
they rest on my thighs, slowly move  
upward softly, gently and then there  
in between, his fingers restless all times.  
he gives kisses to me on my cheeks, lips, eyes.  
he rolls over me, I get him inside of me, he moves  
gently, all in, he bends down, holds his loves in his hands  
tips touching tips, held in his lips, his tongue flits like  
spring butterflies rushing for nectar to flowers flitting their wings.  
the whistle blows, the engine starts, picks up speed fast, at full throttle  
it goes, it goes, thunders strike in skies, hurricanes topple trees, tornadoes  
darken the  
skies, wipe out everything in path at the lightening speed while he throttles me,  
throttles me  
and I am annihilated, turned into ashes in the heat of love in his arms around  
me, kissing me, caressing me.

Ravi Kopra

## Her Promises To Come Back Were Empty Words, A Chinese Poem Of Li Shangyin In Translation

She vanished without a trace  
her promises to come back were all empty words  
The moon is now slanting on the tower  
the bell is ringing the fifth watch  
In my dreams I saw her too far to call  
I got up hurriedly, tried to write  
but the ink was too thin  
The candle shines on my bed cover  
half gold, half emerald  
On the embroidered lotus there  
her scent still lingers on  
Young Liu regrets already  
Pengshan was too far  
but I feel separated  
by more than ten thousand Pengshan hills.

- a rendering from a literal translation on the web pages:

Come be empty word go without trace  
Moon slant tower on fifth watch bell  
Dream be far part call hard call  
Write reason hurry achieve ink not thick  
Candle shine half cover gold emerald  
Musk vapour tiny degree embroider lotus  
Liu young already regret Peng shan far  
More separate Peng shan ten thousand times

Ravi Kopra

# Her Wounds Will Never Heal, A Poem In Urdu

Zakham us k zindgi bhar  
kabhi heal na ho paaEN gay

stove ki aag k na they vo zakham  
vo they khaavind k expletives se

din raat vo usay kehta tha  
tupagli hai, tu ugly hai

tu khoti hai, tu moti hai  
tera baap mota hai, maaN moti hai

dimaag tera khukla hai  
jaan meri roti hai

hey khuda kya karoon  
mere karmoN k phal main tu hai

vo bechari kya karay  
din raat baithi roti hai

ye saDa-bhooja gharwaala  
likha hua tha us k karmoN main

usko danada maar k ghar se nikal na sakti hai  
amreeka main nahin, apnay upmaan bharat main rehti hai

Ravi Kopra



# Here I Am! Here I Am! Your God

What kind of God is that  
Who goes after virgin Mary  
To do his immaculate conception?

And centuries later

Sends some of his farishtas hidden  
As small birds to a bat infested  
Dark desert cave to send his messages?

If there was a God  
Why would he not one day appear

In the Yankee stadium while the ball  
game is on, the TV is on, pick up the mike  
and declare to the world loudly -

Here I am! Here I am! your God  
I look like you, Jesus is my son  
Born by my immaculate conception

And I did send farishtas as small birds  
To a desert cave to a messenger who formed a  
Religion that will overtake you one day. Just wait!

Ravi Kopra

# Herpes Waltz, A German Poem By Nora Gomringer In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Main ne tum ko chummi maari  
tu ne mujhe maari  
ye dono k lag gayi

mujhe laga k ye tere paas hai  
tujhe laga k ye mere paas hai  
hum dono k saath ye reh gayi

tujhe khujli hui  
mujhay bhi hui  
ab hum kya karein

main tujhe ek pankti likhat hoon -  
"ab tu meri ho gayi hai"

hum dono ki chuti ho gayi hai

Ravi Kopra

# Hey, That's No Way To Say Goodbye, A Poem By Leonard Cohen In Urdu/Hindi Translation

main ne subah subah tume pyaar kiya  
milkar hum ne meethi meethi chumiaN mareeN  
tere sunheri baal sarhane pe tab bikhar rehe the  
hum pyaar k koe neye deewane nahin hain  
hazaron saloN se log sheroN main, beeya-ban main  
hamari tarah muskrate mohabbat kartay aa rehe hain  
chalo mil kar koshis kareN hum ab bichuDne ki  
teri aankhoN main ab gham k aansu aa rehe hain  
hey, aisee baataiN nahin karte al-vida hone main

Ravi Kopra

# Highfalutin Poetry

I break a staff.  
I break the tough branch.  
I know no light in the woods.  
I have lost pace with the winds.

-H.D. in Orion Dead

\*\*\*

Hunting foreign poetry -  
Poems written by my compatriots in ESL -  
I see so much naivety, hoity-toity, mediocrity

I'm amazed they call themselves poets  
Call each other poet laureates  
Shower them with flattery, praises  
Like never ending Indian monsoon rains

I try to break a staff  
I try to break a tough branch  
I see no light in the woods  
I lose pace with them

But I will not lose heart  
I will keep on reminding them  
What they write might as well be crap  
Don't revel in your highfalutin poetry

Your ignorance is your bliss.

Ravi Kopra

# His Ears Are Big, His Eyes Are Beady, He Is Ugly

His ears are big, his eyes are beady, he is ugly  
He is bald, and wears an orange wig, he is ugly

His hands are small, but claims they are big  
He's rich but no woman wants him, he is ugly

He boasts of catching pretty cats in the world  
But his prettiest catlike cat abhors him as he is ugly

He made his money, all by hanky panky  
But claims to be a financial guru, he is ugly

He looks like a pig, fat and filthy  
He does not realize he is ugly

Because he is a narcissistic  
Loves only himself, he is ugly

'Ravi' thought no women would like him, he thought he was ugly  
Truth is, all women want him and ask: why he thinks he is ugly

Ravi Kopra

# Honeymoon In Bordeaux. France, A Love Poem In Punjabi

kaalay kaalay baddal  
angooraN diaN hariaN wailaN tay  
Bordeaux de khetaN utay  
udthay firday hun

eh bahaar day aakhri din hun  
howli-howli thandi-thandi hawa  
jism nu cHundi-cHundi  
jaan paandi jaandi hai.

laal-laal, bhooriyan-bhooriyan guhghian  
udian phiddian hun  
tay kuch khetaan wich  
aapnay coo-coo de geet  
gaandiaN nachdiaN peyeeaN hun

aj meri honeymoon di doosri shaam hai  
main bunglay ton nikal k  
etHay angooraN de khetaN wich  
ghuman phiran leyi aayee han

kal pooran masi di raat si  
tay ohnay mohabbatan paan ton pehlan  
patta nahin champagne si  
botlan tay botlan khatam kar suttian sun

hun taan o tHakay-tHakay sutay payey hun  
aj fir raat nu khoob mohabataan karan  
dian taakat-taaN joD rehey hun

etHay Bordeaux de wich hi  
main unna nu pichlay saal milli saN  
us shaami barash shuroo ho gayee si  
tay assiN dono ek dharakhat de haithaN

iko hi rain coat de haithaN  
kol-kol ho kay khaDay ho gaye saN

unna nay holi-holi aapna huth  
meri choki day andar paa liya si  
tay main unna nu ek mithi-mithi chummi maari si

jadon baarish bund hoee si  
o meray uttay si, mere haitHan raincoat si  
haray-haray gilay-gilay gHaa tay  
assaN khoob mohabbat keeti si.

Ravi Kopra

# Honeymoon Night

First frightening dream  
on my honeymoon night  
My lovely wife in bed  
is fu... her boy friend.

Ravi Kopra



# 'Hope' Is The Thing With Feathers, A Poem Of Emily Dickinson In Urdu Translation

umeed apnay pankhoN k saath  
hamari rooh main baithi rehti hai  
lafzon ba-ghair hamesha  
gaanay gaati rehti hai

aaNdhi main is k gaanay baDay meethay hotay hain  
aur toofaan main dukh se bhar jaatay hain  
ye chota sa prinda jisnay kitnay logoN ko araam se rakha  
ab sharam main paD jaata hai

main ne tHanday se tHanday mulkoN main  
ut-pattay samuderoN main, baDi-baDi prayshanioN main  
kaan laga laga kar suna hai -  
lakin kabhi bhi is ne muj se  
ek roti ka tukDa nahiN maaNga.

Ravi Kopra

# Hot And Cold - A Poem By Roald Dahl In Urdu Translation

meri maaN ki ek jaani-pechani  
hamaray ghar aae  
aur kapDay utaar kar  
nangi KhaDi ho gae

main koe baDa na thaa  
main ne kaha  
hey khuda, tumain dHand baDI lag rehi hogi

vo boli, nahin, nahin  
main to aag main jal rehi hoon

\*\*\*

A woman who my mother knows  
Came in and took off all her clothes.

Said I, not being very old,  
'By golly gosh, you must be cold! '

'No, no! ' she cried. 'Indeed I'm not!  
I'm feeling devilishly hot! '

Ravi Kopra

# How Can I Be Gentler Than This?

aur kya is se ziyada koi narmi bartuñ  
dil ke za?hmoñ ko chhua hai tire galoñ ki tarah

JAAN NISAR AKHTAR

\*\*\*

How can I be gentler than this?  
I touch the wounds of my heart  
as I touch your soft face.

How can I be more soft spoken?  
Everyone already complains  
I speak in whispers.

Why do you speak in whispers?  
asked the honorable Ali bin Jinah.  
I am buried deep down in sorrows  
My voice can't escape the grave.

Married last month  
and now divorce. How come?  
She was a gold digger, I did not know.

I hear your wife shouting at you loudly,  
more recently. And now your dog and cat  
are dead. I hope all is well with you.

Thank you for asking. By mistake she  
fed my food to the pets first.

The weather is crazy these days. One day  
burninghot, the next day freezing cold.

Yes, I know. Just like my poor heart.  
All on fire when she smiles at me and  
minus twenty celsius when she scolds.

How is your life these days, mullah 'Ravi'?

Allah has given me everything - homes  
hawelis, silver, gold, camels, goats except  
women in my harem. I have only four.

Ravi Kopra

# How Can I Tell, An English Rendering Of A Swedish Love Poem By Karin Boye

How can I tell your voice is sweet?  
Well, it enters my heart and takes me  
off in the air where I dance like a leaf.

What do I know about your body?  
Well, you shake me when you are with me  
And I get restless till I see you again.

And till I see your body is for me  
Always for me, over and over, again.

Ravi Kopra

# How Can You Ever Erase From Your Heart All Of My Memories? A Urdu Ghazal By Aazim Kohli In English Translation

how can you ever erase from your heart all of my memories?  
try it and see if you can forget me

lovers in pain do not feel lonely  
if you get angry with me, you will be hurting yourself

you will then recall all our past love stories  
sometimes you'd laugh coyly, other times you'd cry

the lost moments never come back, you know  
where from will you then get the lost moments of love?

how can one breakup with someone whom one loves?  
if you leave me, you will know it by yourself

If one day you distance yourself from 'aazim'  
whom will you tell the aches of your heart?

(an added couplet)

If you ever leave 'Ravi' he will never stop you or beg you for love  
He knows you'll be back soon for nobody can love you more than he does

Ravi Kopra

# How Could My Heart Be Happy, A Urdu Ghazal By Jaleel Aali In English Translatin

How could my heart be happy  
Were I to forget her?

A room looks desolate  
if a piece of furnishing is missing

How restless am I now, how do I desire her  
I cannot tell in words after a glimpse of her

A desert does not get wet  
after two rain drops

Her smiling eyes shoot arrows of love  
Flowers envy her, they wither

Night passed watching stars, morning came with the rising sun  
Light from my little lamp is dim now and I am waiting for her

Unfinished love poems and stories stir longings in our hearts  
They lose luster when told fully this much says 'aali'

(An added couplet)

Ravi's romances are different than aalis'  
He finds a new love when the old one departs

Ravi Kopra

# How Do I Love You? Trying To Simplify Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Sonnet

How do I love you? Let me count the ways  
I love you wherever my soul can reach when you're not in sight  
I love you no matter how long I live  
I love you daily silently by day and night  
I love you freely as men strive for right  
I love you purely as they turn from praise  
I love you with the passion to forget my old griefs  
I love you like I have a heart of a child  
I love you with the love I used to have for my old saints  
I love you with the breath, smiles, tears of all my life  
And if God wills, I will love you better after I die.

\*\*\*

How do I love thee?

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of being and ideal grace.  
I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for right.  
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

- Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Ravi Kopra



# How Great My Grief (Triolet) - A Sad Poem By Thomas Hardy In Hindi/Urdu Translation

ab sub dukh hi dukh hai kushi kahan hai  
meri badnaseebi thee tu mere paas aayi hai!  
waqt guzarta nahin har taraf hi dukh hai  
ab sub dukh hi dukh hai kushi kahan hai  
puranee yaddaiN bhi khushi laati nahin  
pyaar nawaazi se bhi tum badalti nahin  
ab sub dukh hi dukh hai kushi kahan hai  
meri badnaseebi thee tu mere paas aayi hai!

Ravi Kopra

# How Lonely Is The Moon, A Mourning Poem In Urdu By The Pakistani Poet Sara Shagufta In English Translation

Even the shadow of the cage is an imprisonment  
and I am becoming a shadow of the dress I put on.  
My hands serve others  
And I feel like alien dust.  
Why did the solitary river flow into the sea?  
A resolve it made in its loneliness.

I sulk among the mortals  
and wake up when the flames are to devour me.  
My echoes come from the hearts of stones.  
The earth is pulling me in.  
I don't know what tree is ahead to lean onto.

I mourn my child  
In my hands are his torn toys.  
In my eyes a sea of humanity.  
Many ask for donation of my eyes.  
I don't know when to set  
foot on my new journey.

The skies haven't lived long as I  
I need no landing when in flight.  
My hands follow someone's else commands  
Please be ready to bear with my lies.

When you free the birds from the jungle  
the flame of the lamp flutters.  
On the mound of my womanhood I  
hang my clothes to dry. I  
distance myself from others.

I wear my sorrows on my sleeves.  
My dress is made of fiery flames.  
Still you want to know what I call my shade?  
I offer to you the moons of all my nights.



# How Love Flies

How love flies?

Fast

You fall in love at first sight

You cannot wait

You want her, want her, want her...

As fast as it makes

Your heartrestless

You become sleepless wanting her

It can leave your heart

Fast

And you wish you had never

Fallen in love

It bewitches you

But is a witch thing sometimes

Love that comes naturally

At its own pace

Stays with you for long

So don't be a looney

Struck with a lightening

On a moonlit night

With your new found love

It might annihilate you.

Ravi Kopra

# How Mad Are Our Hearts!

How mad are our hearts!  
They feed fire with fire.  
They throw gasoline on cinders.  
They incite insanity.  
And when we burn in flames  
We douse them with water fountains.  
Every day our hearts think  
one or the other foolish thing.

Hearts were made for love  
not for thinking.  
But when our heads are empty,  
Our hearts go awry.  
They do foolish things.

Ravi Kopra

# How Many Tears (Gazing At The South) A Chinese Poem By Li Yu In Translation

How many tears  
Fall on your cheeks!  
Calm down, don't speak.  
Leave you flute aside.  
When your eyes well up  
It will break your heart  
More, no doubt.

-Rendered from a literal translation on web pages:

How many tears  
Cut face repeat across cheek  
Worry not with together tears speak  
Phoenix flute not to tears time play  
Heart break more without doubt

Ravi Kopra

# How Strange

How strange!  
The one you know well  
they say is no good

And the one  
you know nothing about  
are not familiar with  
have never seen him  
they say he is  
God like.

Familiarity  
breeds contempt is  
what I don't understand.

samne hai jo use log bura kahte haiñ  
jis ko dekha hi nahiñ us ko ?huda kahte haiñ

-SUDARSHAN FAAKIR

Ravi Kopra

# How To Be A Chopra Like Guru

Take some tantra-mantra stuff  
take some karma dharma stuff  
from Ancient Indian writings  
and claim the stuff to be

Original, your very own and  
write books in gobbledygook  
for the illiterate Westerners, mentioning  
quantum and physics here and there.

And since they like money  
tell them spirituality brings in money  
and since they like sex, invariably,  
tell them Kamasutra is good, spiritually.

But always talk of love, love, love,  
consciousness and compassion,  
God, souls, beauty and kindness  
and searching self in meditation.

Those who read, recruit even more  
and famous you'll become overnight  
as a new age guru of wisdom  
and mucho dinero you'll make.

Ravi Kopra



# How To Become A Poet

To be a poet is like  
to be a doctor, a lawyer, an engineer  
you have to learn the tools of the trade.  
Everybody has feelings that touch us  
but if you can't express the feelings  
and touch others, you cannot become a poet  
you need the tools of the trade -  
language, emotions, expression, empathy  
understanding, perception, intuition  
sensitivity, creativity and skill  
in bringing all these together  
in neat clean cute fresh fragrant packages  
that please our souls, our hearts, our thoughts  
that appeal to us deeply at the core  
that tell us the ultimate truth  
that is all.

Ravi Kopra

# How To Eat A Poem

???? ?? ?????? ???? ?? ???

bilkul na sharmao  
dil bhar kar is ko kha jaao

utha lo isay hathon main  
choos lo iska joos

niklata joos giray ga  
tumari tHodi pe

jahan bhi tum ho  
ye rehti hai tyaar

tumain chukoo nahin chahiye  
kanta nahin chahiye

na hi chahiye chamcha  
plate, rumaal ya mejposh

iski koi  
gidik nahin hoti

na hi koi chilka  
koi guthli ya koi beej

phenkne k liye

bilkul na sharmao  
dil bhar kar is ko kha jaao

Ravi Kopra

# How To Love Her Secretly He Found Out, A Urdu Ghazal By Faiz Ahmad Faiz In English Translation

How to love her secretly he found out  
But it tortured his heart a lot he found out

What more is there left to find out?  
Falling in love with her, everything he found out

She was in love with him but he could not get her  
Making her to fall in love with him, he found out

He was looking for her today  
How to see her secretly he found out

Faiz' sorrows of failed love are never ending  
Trying to fall in love with her he found out

Ravi Kopra

# How To Write A New Poem

Do not write a new or an old poem  
Never ever in your mother tongue  
For everyone will know in no time  
what you write is all garbage  
and you are a bull shitter number one

Write always in the pidgin English  
with no grammar and only  
Five hundred words in command  
of which one hundred or so  
relate to karma, dharma, gods and God  
and never forget incarnation, reincarnation

So write down -  
Your dharma is karma  
or karma should be dharma  
without dharma no karma  
No karma without dharma

With good karma you are reborn  
as a cow or a bull but never a snake  
with bad karma nothing but snake like a cobra  
karma is the duty of man, said Krishna to Arjuna  
And Arjuna killed his cousins, uncles, aunts all kins  
Won the war and went to heaven as promised by Krishna

So children, be good, never tell lies  
Do your karma dharma, God will bless you  
His grace will never leave you  
And you will have big cool watermelons in the summer  
sky high roller coaster rides and water slides and ice creams  
and red pink yellow snow cones and colorful cotton candies  
you name it, you will get it only if you do your karma dharma

See, here is a new poem. No? I better stop it. Or you will not read it.

Ravi Kopra

# How Was God Born? A True Story

"God was born from self and all souls were born from him."  
-Kumarmani Mahakul

God said to his self -  
Let me be born  
and lo! there was God  
Standing in the heaven  
(God does not like hell. Who does?)  
wearing a kurta and a dhoti  
all white like the sun, like the  
holy cow's milk, like the whitest of  
the white complexioned girl  
for whom every Indian man will die to win her love.  
God was smiling at himself how great he was  
He could be born out of himself.

So himself of God was born as God himself  
Himself became the God, and the God, himself  
So when we talk of God, we talk of himself  
And when we say himself, we actually say God.

Dear children and dear godless people  
Do you know now how God was born?  
If not, let me know for God, I mean Himself (not myself)  
has blessed me with Himself and I am the only one who knows  
how God was born by God.

So God chops off tiny tiny pieces of his huge humongous infinitely large soul  
and keeps on sending these souls, like photons of light into the wombs of women  
who are just going to be pregnant  
(because God likes watching the coitus between a man and woman, What kind of  
mind he has, now you know)  
and as soon as the sperm enters the ovum, the tiny tiny soul enters the sperm  
and the ovum combined  
and soon after that a tiny boy or a tiny girl starts developing in the mother's  
womb depending what was he color of the entering soul  
red souls make boys and blue souls, girls. Now you know why boys are boys and  
girls are girls  
Forget about their X and Y chromosomes. There are no such things. They do not

exist. Only red and blue colors!

That's why the Republicans in the red states in USA think they are the machos and all the blue states Democrats are just sissies!

to be continued -

only if you want to know further from me how God was born. I will surely comply with your wishes, and enlighten you a lot even though I am not as learned about God as the sage poet who knows everything about God. I know just a little, but you will understand well and never ever ask the silliest of the questions...

Ravi Kopra

# How Wonderful It Was To See Him Today, A Urdu Ghazal By Rajendra Nath Rahbar In English Translation

How wonderful it was to see him today  
It was like the rain came to sahara today

I spent the whole day in the deserted places today  
When the night came, the jungles were silent today

Falling in love is like this sometimes -  
Gazing at her in silence I fell in love today

This cruel world defeated me today  
I lost in the game of love today

I dare the darkness to swallow me now  
The moonshine already befriended me today

I was so lucky to go the mall today  
After so many years I came across him today

Ravi Kopra

# How Wonderful Would It Be!

It has been ages  
Since you came to my city  
Oh, how I wish  
I could see you  
How wonderful would it be!

We could be together for sometime  
For our hearts to talk to each other  
Oh, how I wish  
We could do so  
How wonderful would it be!

What I say, only you listen  
What you say, Only I see listen  
No one else would there be  
To hear what we say  
You ask me openly what you want to ask  
And I will answer back sincerely  
We will then cast aside all nonsense  
That has been bothering you and me  
If you have time  
Let's get together  
How wonderful would it be!

Ravi Kopra



# Hurting Hearts

I do not regret  
that  
our love  
did not last long

I feel  
sorry  
there was  
no help

Our love  
might have survived  
if  
there was someone  
who salved  
the wounds of our hearts

Only hurt hearts know  
the pains of hurting hearts

No one else.

Ravi Kopra

# I Am A Vendor, A Poem Of Rahi Masoom Raza Translated From Urdu

I am a vendor  
I sell memories from my cart  
cheap-costly, true-untrue, clean-dirty, multi colored memories-  
tears dropping to lips  
smiling eyes' new appeals.  
I am a vendor  
I sell memories  
memories of colorful balloons,  
yellow, blue, pink, red,  
play at the ends of colorful threads  
They will cry if you hit them  
and will end up clinging to threads  
I will then attach new balloons to these threads  
and pass through the markets,  
pass through the streets and  
in front of falling or sturdy doors of houses  
call out selling cheap-costly, true-untrue, clean-dirty memories.

\*\*\*

The original in Urdu

maiñ ik pheri vaala  
bechuñ yadeñ  
sasti mahñgi sachchi jhuTi ujli maili rañg-birañgi yadeñ  
hoñT ke aañsu  
a.ankhoñ ki muskan hari fariyadeñ  
maiñ ik pheri vaala  
bechuñ yadeñ  
yadoñ ke rañgin ghubare  
niile piile laal gulabi  
rañg-birañge dhagoñ ke kandhoñ par baiThe khel rahe haiñ  
Thes lagi to chi?h uTheñge  
dhage ki gardan se chimaT kar rah ja.eñge  
maiñ phir in rañgiñ dhagoñ meñ yadoñ ke kuchh na.e ghubbare bañdh ke galiyoñ  
bazaroy se

kachche pakke darvazoñ se  
avazeñ deta guzruñga  
sasti mahñgi jhuTi sachchi ujli maili yadeñ le lo  
hoñT ke aañsu  
a.ankhoñ ki muskan hari fariyadeñ le lo

-RAHI MASOOM RAZA

Ravi Kopra

# I Am Afraid, An English Ghazal

He is too simple a man for you, I am afraid  
He may not know how to adore you, I am afraid

He is not pretenious, he does not show off  
You may not later like him much, I am afraid

He drives a camry and you a mercedes  
He has no aeroplanes, I am afraid

You live in a palatial home in Paris, France  
You may not like his Paris, Texas home, I am afraid

You have class, you move in high circles  
He is a cowboy, rides horses, I am afraid

You love calamari, squids, raw oysters, crabs  
He likes only roast and barbecue, I am afraid

You have a noble British Baron Lord heritage  
His dad was a gangster, a drug lord, I am afraid

He is eloquent and charming but no substance  
He may not be your man for life, I am afraid

You go to church, pray and sing holy hymns  
He does not know what God is, I am afraid

You wear diamonds, jewels, rolex watches  
He doesn't care for riches, I am afraid

How long your love for him will last?  
It may not last too long, I am afraid.

Ravi Kopra

# I Am Afraid, An English Rendering Of A Turkish Love Poem

You love rains  
but carry an umbrella

You love sun  
but stay in the shade

You love the wind  
but keep your windows shut

You say you love me  
I am afraid...

Ravi Kopra

# I Am All Yours Now, A Hindi Love Ghazal By Deepti Mishra In English Translation

Whatever I've become but not what I used to be that now I am  
After meeting with you perhaps like yourself now I am

What fragrance I have now, that fragrance is not mine  
This perhaps is your all fragrance rapt in which now I am

Every story I tell, every poem I write, I mention your name  
In every aspect of your life perhaps bound now I am

I wish I could write poems writing your name over and again  
It feels like perhaps a true lover of yours now I am

When I see you, a blush rises and spreads over my face  
Like the glow of a flaming lamp that I feel how I am

When you aren't with me, I desire you so much that my soul  
Flies out of my body to merge with you, I feel that's how I am.

Ravi Kopra

# I Am Cool

You say cool! ? You  
Left school. You

Sell crack. You  
Hire chaps. You

Inhale cocaine. You  
Cut throats. You

Use drugs. You  
Are a thug. You

Father babies. You  
Have no shame. You

Say cool! ? You  
A damned fool.

Ravi Kopra

# I Am Hungry For Your Mouth, Your Voice, Your Skin, Love Sonnet Xi Of Pablo Neruda In English Translation

I am hungry for your mouth, your voice, your skin  
I wander in streets quietly, without food  
Bread does not sustain me, dawn disquiets me  
All day I search for the liquid sounds of your feet

I am hungry for your silken laughter,  
For your hands the color of savage harvest,  
Hungry for the pale stones of your nails.  
I want to eat your whole skin like an almond

I want to eat the sun rays burnt by your beauty  
The royal nose of your proud face  
The fleeting shadows of your lashes

And I come hungry sniffing the twilight  
Searching for you, your hot heart  
Like a puma in the solitude of Quitratue.

\*\*\*\*\*

Original in Spanish

Tengo hambre de tu boca, de tu voz, de tu pelo  
y por las calles voy sin nutrirme, callado,  
no me sostiene el pan, el alba me desquicia,  
busco el sonido líquido de tus pies en el día.

Estoy hambriento de tu risa resbalada,  
de tus manos color de furioso granero,  
tengo hambre de la pálida piedra de tus uñas,  
quiero comer tu piel como una intacta almendra.

Quiero comer el rayo quemado en tu hermosura,  
la nariz soberana del arrogante rostro,  
quiero comer la sombra fugaz de tus pestañas



y hambriento vengo y voy olfateando el crepúsculo  
buscándote, buscando tu corazón caliente  
como un puma en la soledad de Quitratúe.

Ravi Kopra

# I Am In Her Thoughts But My Lover Is Someone Else, A Urdu Ghazal By Saleem Kausar In English Translation

I am in her thoughts but my lover is someone else  
Before the mirror I am my image, behind someone else

She begs for my love but who prays for my love is someone else  
I am her good luck, but the one after my love is someone else

Trusting some and doubting others I live my life  
She is close to me but the one who knows me well is someone else

Apparently we seem to be similar in thoughts and manners  
Come close to me, let me see if you are real or someone else

You were unaware of the enemies, I did not know who my friends were  
Your story was somewhat different, I appear to be someone else

What to make of the law, what to say of the judgements!  
My crime was a different one, my sentence was for someone else

Don't question him if he comes back, but pay close attention to him  
Midway when he finds out he went astray, the path was for someone else

Saleem's midnight prayers were not answered by the morning  
He finally surmised - Allah is not Allah but someone else

(An added ghazal)

Whatever he did in his life, 'Ravi' was always a failure  
He never blamed himself but said - behind his failures was someone else

Ravi Kopra

# I Am Not I

I am not I  
I have within me  
people living in scores -  
parents, siblings, friends, foes  
teachers, tutors, my wife, my children  
children's friends, their parents, their foes  
my colleagues and most of all  
the rotten, despicable boss of my mine  
if I could, I would bury him alive.  
So what I wish, think, do or do not do  
is not dictated by me but by one or the other  
soul that always inhabits me  
and so if one day I hit my boss to send him to hell  
or strangulate the s-o-b back stabber coworker of mine  
or break the neck of my wife's suspected lover  
or tell my parents to shut up and stop giving orders  
or visit a woman of pleasure to relieve my tensions  
it would not be me, the I, in whom lives my soul  
but the soul or the ghost of a soul that invaded my body  
like the preacher's who went to women of pleasure  
to spend the church money and claimed it was not he  
who did all this but some ghost who had possessed his body.

Ravi Kopra

# I Am Not I, A Spanish Poem By Juan Ramón Jiménez In English Translation

I am not I.

I am this:

the one who walks beside me without my seeing,  
who, sometimes, I go to see  
and he whom I sometimes forget.

The one who's serene while I talk,  
the one who pardons sweetly when I hate,  
the one who goes for a walk somewhere  
where I am not present  
and the one who will remain  
standing on feet when I pass away.

\*\*\*

Yo no soy yo.

Soy este

que va a mi lado sin yo verlo,  
que, a veces, voy a ver,  
y que, a veces olvido.

El que calla, sereno, cuando hablo,  
el que perdona, dulce, cuando odio,  
el que pasea por donde no estoy,  
el que quedará en pie cuando yo muera.

- Juan Ramón Jiménez

Ravi Kopra

# I Am Possessed

I am possessed by poetry  
and you, none else, only you

whose presence I feel  
every moment around me

whom I see even when  
you are not near me

whose sweet voice I hear  
all night in my dreams

who makes my heart flutter  
when I see her in reality

who has made a love  
nest in my heart already

and I am afraid if  
ever it gets empty

It won't be able to bear  
loneliness and shed tears aplenty.

Ravi Kopra

# I Am Sad You Are So Far Away, A Spanish Love Poem By Leo In English Translation

I am sad you are so far away  
I crave for you beside me every single day  
I look for you in my dreams I do not find you  
I imagine you lying beside me and I kiss your face  
I try to caress your skin through the the face of my damned pc  
I do not feel you, you are so far away.  
Come, come to me my love, do not delay  
Even if you come to say: I love you  
And then go away.

Ravi Kopra

# I Am The Fire Of Your Life

I am the fire of your life  
I will leave my glow behind

When I set in at the end  
There will still be twilight

You will wander in darkness then  
Missing my sunlight

Sweet darling, don't part ways with me  
Be with me till we are alive

You are the fruit of my life  
I want to eat you, drink you every night

Whose body will you sink your nails into every night  
And let out your screams of ecstasy every night?

I remember them well as well as mine -  
O God, O god, now, now, mierda, mierda!

\*

suraj huuñ zindagi ki ramaq chho? ja.uñga  
maiñ Duub bhi gaya to shafaq chho? ja.uñga

IQBAL SAJID

Ravi Kopra

# I Am Your Extended Husband

I am your extended husband  
When in town, you come

And live as my wife with me  
and say you love me more than him

To him, I am just your colleague  
No love is between you and me

But our hearts know they beat together  
Without you, myself I would not be

Let him take care of your children  
Give him motherly love he craves for

But in my arms you are my love  
My heart loves you dearly

I won't show jealousy when I see you with him  
A cuckold husband for husband's sake

But you will know from my eyes  
How my heart cries for you

You aren't my wife, yet my wife  
My lovely flower, you are my life!

Ravi Kopra



# I Asked The Rich, A Hindi Poem By Ahtisham Alam In English Translation

I asked the rich-  
What are you proud of?  
What you called humanity  
is now all lost in you.

What will you get  
sucking the poor?  
Dead is your humanity  
So is conscience and honesty.

Ravi Kopra

# I Aspired So Much, A Poem By Fernando Pessoa In Hindi/Urdu Translation

main ne kya na chaha  
kya na sapney dekhe  
chaht aur sapnoN ne  
muje bilkul tabah kar diya

chahat ki kash-makash main  
ab dhanda hua baitha hoon  
kuch bhi karne ko jee nahin karta  
sari umeedain choD chuka hoon

mohabbat ki tailash main tha  
jis k mazay main jeeoonN ga  
ab kuch bhi muje nahin chahiay  
dhanda hua baitha hoon.

Ravi Kopra

# I Came To You In The Night

I was burning in passion  
all aflame  
I came to you in the night  
your hands caressed my thighs  
gently moving upwards  
you'd stop for a moment  
and look into my eyes  
I could see the boy in you  
flirtatious, mischievous  
with a teasing smile  
and before I could realize  
I was in your lap  
you were spooning me  
kissing my neck, my shoulders  
my heart melted  
I could not resist.

We changed positions  
we took our turns  
exhausted, we'd not stop  
Pull my hair harder  
slap my derriere faster  
I'd say over and over  
and I'd bend on the ledge  
kneel on the floor  
lie side by side as we pleased.  
I remember that night well  
Those moments are still with me  
All sweet memories.

-inspired by Dominate Me, a love poem of Shakira Nandini at this site

Ravi Kopra

# I Can Declare Now, An Urdu Ghazal Of Faiz Ahmad Faiz In Translation

I can declare now  
Heart's affairs I can manage now

My madness is limitless now  
My mood is so high now

My tears show color of blood now  
My grief has changed its garb now

The candle flames are dying out now  
It won't be the night of separation now

Many messages I receive now  
The morning breeze is blowing now

All you stars go to bed now  
My night of sorrows is ending now

\*\*\*

The original

baat bas se nikal chali hai  
dil ki halat sambhal chali hai

ab junuñ had se ba?h chala hai  
ab tabi.at bahal chali hai

ashk ?hunab ho chale haiñ  
gham ki rañgat badal chali hai

ya yuñhi bujh rahi haiñ sham.eñ  
ya shab-e-hijr Tal chali hai

laakh paigham ho ga.e haiñ  
jab saba ek pal chali hai

jaao ab so raho sitaro  
dard ki raat Dhal chali hai

Ravi Kopra

# I Cannot Wait

Your lips, rose petals  
Smile, jasmine flowers

Your eyes, blue oceans  
Wink, lascivious

Your kiss, delicious  
Body, curvaceous

Your thighs, high  
Behinds, round

You angel face  
My pleasant plump

Look at me  
I cannot wait

I want you  
I love you

Ravi Kopra

# I Can't Manage My Affairs Now, A Urdu Ghazal By Faiz Ahmad Faiz Into English Translation

I can't manage my affairs now  
I feel much better now

My craziness is at its peak now  
I am in a great mood now

The lamps are being turned off now  
My night of separation is ending now

A hundred thousand things have happened already  
A wisp of morning breeze is coming now

Go to your sleep you all stars now  
Sorrows of my night are ending now

Ravi Kopra

# I Carry Your Heart With Me, A Love Poem By E.E. Cummings In Hindi/Urdu Translation

tera dil mire dil main hamesha rehta hai  
jahaN bhi main jaata hoon, tum jaati ho mire saath, meri jaanay jahaN  
jo kuch bhi main karta hoon, tum hi karti ho mire saath, meri jaanay jahaN

muje kismat se ab dur nahin  
tum hi ab meri kismat ho  
muje kuch bhi nahin lena is dunia main ab  
tum hi ab meri dunia ho  
aur chaand ki tarah meri sub kuch ho  
suraj jo gaanay gaaey ga vo saaray gaanay tum hi ho

aur ye hai ek raaz jise jaanta koe nahin -  
ye ek jaD ki jaD hai, ek kali ki kali hai, aasman hai  
zindgi ka ye raaz pyaar hai jo rooh se, soch vichar se bhi ooncha hai  
is k hi karan sara jahan chal raha hai

aur tera pyaar mera pyaar hai  
ye hamesha mire dil main hai

Ravi Kopra



# I Committed Adultry

I have sinned, my Lord  
I robbed a poor man. Cut off my hands.  
I saw adultery in action. I did nothing. Make me blind.  
I heard blasphemy. Cut off my ears.  
I smelled a man being burnt alive. I did nothing. Chop off my nose.  
I committed adultery with the next door widow. Neuter me soon or cut off my dick.

Or

Please forgive me, my Lord  
I promise I will be a good Christian. I will come to the church every Sunday  
and sing songs of glory of your son.

If, somehow, by chance, the devil possesses me again  
and leads me to the bedroom of my next door widow  
and I lose myself in temptations, I hope, O Lord  
you will again forgive me.

Because

She is so beautiful.  
And I want her to be happy, to be blessed with my love.  
Why O Lord, you would deprive her of love?  
Was it her fault you made an early call  
for her husband to come to you in heaven?

Ravi Kopra

# I Contemplate The Silent Pond

"I contemplate the silent pond  
Whose water is stirred by a breeze.  
Am I thinking about everything,  
Or has everything forgotten me? "

-Fernando Pessoa

\*\*\*

The silent, calm  
un-stirred pond

sees the sky, stars  
the moon, the sun

hills, trees  
passers by

and you, if you  
sit nearby and contemplate it

how transparent  
reflective, meditative!

and still  
how boring, how unimaginative

peaceful?  
for sure, for nothing happens

everything forgets you  
you forget everything

full isolation  
final freedom

deep sleep  
death?



# I Cry With Tearless Eyes, A Hindi Poem By Ahatisham Alam In English Translation

I cry  
But my eyes  
make no more tears  
Everybody has turned against me.  
The world seems now like an empty dream.

When they need me  
They become my friends.  
When their needs are met  
They shun me.  
I cry with tearless eyes  
and see how selfish the world is.

Ravi Kopra

# I Did Not Molest Women

He says

I want to be your leader  
I did not rape teen agers  
I did not molest women  
I know the law  
I will sue them

Don't listen to them  
They are all liars  
All fake news makers  
Believe in me  
Vote for me

Your will pay no tax  
You'll be a high paid tech  
With less than high school education  
And hackers will make an havoc  
running around amok  
they will wreck the election  
and I will be your leader

And he becomes a leader

Who voted for him?  
Rapists, molesterers  
liars, lawyers  
fake news makers  
red scarfers, blue browsers  
laborers, janitors, money launderers  
church goers, lord lovers, bankers  
bakers, quackers, faith keepers  
race lovers, face lovers, hackers  
villagers, pillagers, dotards.

We must be all the above  
in our democratic world

Else, how did he win the election?



# I Die, I Die, O Lord

I love you  
because you're beautiful  
graceful, thoughtful  
your brown big eyes  
your lusty wide lips  
your teeth pearl like  
your hair straight waves  
in breeze touching your cheeks  
and when you smile you shoot  
arrows straight into my heart  
And I die, I die, O Lord  
in my desires to have you...

Ravi Kopra

# I Died

Misery after misery  
haunted my life  
My eyes got welled up today

I felt lifeless  
so helpless was I

I wanted you so much  
my heart cried

I tried  
to be on my feet  
I couldn't. I staggered. I died

My ghost now tortures me  
I dictate and he writes  
this eulogy to free me.

Ravi Kopra



# I Do Enjoy Whisky And Dream Of Pretty Women

Green and violet dressed angels on the sea shore  
gobble up all food - beans, biscuits, candies, samosas  
soy sauce, wheat rolls, bread crumbs, ladoos, jalebis.

People on the beach can't do anything  
for it is pitch dark right at dusk, and  
the sky is overcast with dark clouds and thunderings.

Two little lighted lamps sit on a table  
where I am sitting alone drinking whisky,  
cussing my fate as my fourth wife Saleema

left me for a sultan in Aurangabad in India.  
She was a bimbo any way. Why should I care?  
I give hoots. A dog comes near my boots

To have crumbs of bread left by fairies  
who with their fellow farishtas are on their way to  
a cave to give birth to some barbaric faith in Arabia.

No. My poem is not true. I am not married.  
I have no wife by the name of Saleema. Though,  
I do enjoy whisky and dream of pretty women.

Ravi Kopra

# I Do Not Care For You, A Urdu Ghazal By Shuja Khaavar In English Translation

I am not for you, nor for the world now  
Please leave me alone for a while now

Do not ask me to explain what bothers me now  
There are no words for my sorrows now

I have been suffering for long from your neglect  
You cannot hide behind your facade now

Your presence urges me to sing my sorrows now  
I was going to sing alone, not with you now

My loneliness will not hide my pains  
What use telling them in words now?

(added couplets below)

'Ravi' has been hurt more than 'Shuja' could ever think  
His wounds are opening again reading this ghazal now

To heal his wounds he often writes poetry  
And has taken the vows of full sanyas now

Notes:

sanyas= the last phase of life when Indians in ancient india would go to live in jungles and meditate in peace away from the back stabbing civilisation after money, sex, pride, ego and greed.

Shuja= Shuja Khaavar, the poet who wrote the original urdu ghazal as given below in the story section.

Ravi Kopra

# I Do Not Know How To Shyly Admit The Failures Of My Heart, A Ghazal Of Yagana Changezi In Translation

I do not know how to shyly admit the failures of my heart  
I do not know how to accept others' crimes as mine

I do not have to show my face to anyone, O sailor  
I do not know how to lie to get off the boat alone

A mountain of my hardships someday will go away  
I do not know how to kill myself, hitting my head against a chisel

I am afraid my heart will give up with just a little blow  
I do not know how to suffer in grief, I cannot hold back my tears

A mystery myself, how can I tell who am I, what I am  
I do not know how to make it understand though I understand it myself pretty well

\*\*\*

the original in Urdu

mujhe dil ki ?hata par 'yas' sharmana nahiñ aata  
paraya jurm apne naam likhvana nahiñ aata

mujhe ai na?huda a?hir kisi ko muñh dikhana hai  
bahana kar ke tanha paar utar jaana nahiñ aata

musibat ka paha? a?hir kisi din kaT hi ja.ega  
mujhe sar maar kar teshe se mar jaana nahiñ aata

dil-e-be-hausla hai ik zara si Thes ka mehmañ  
vo aañsu kya piyega jis ko gham khana nahiñ aata

sarapa raaz huuñ maiñ kya bataoñ kaun huuñ kya huuñ  
samajhta huuñ magar duniya ko samjhana nahiñ aata

Ravi Kopra

# I Do Not Love You Except Because I Love You -A Poem By Pablo Neruda In Hindi Translation

main tuj se pyaar nahin karta lekin karta bhi hoon  
main rehta hoo lagataar pyaar kartey huay, na kartay huay  
tumain chatay huay, na chatay huay mera dil baraf se aag ban jaata hai

main pyaar tumain karta hoon  
kyon ki keval tum hi ho jisay main pyaar karta hoon  
main tuj se nafrat bhi karta hoon  
lekin nafrat pyaar main badal jaati hai aur main tumain  
na dekhay, na samjhay-soojay pyaar karnay lag jaata hoon

shayad january ki rangeeli ratoN main  
aa paeygi mere dil ko kuch shaanti

hamari is kahani main siraf meri hi maut hogi  
kyon k main hi akela pyaar main mara ja raha hoon  
kyon k main hi tujay pyaar karta hoon  
pyaar jis ki aag main mera khoon ubalta hai

\*\*\*

the original in English translation

I do not love you except because I love you;  
I go from loving to not loving you,  
From waiting to not waiting for you  
My heart moves from cold to fire.

I love you only because it's you the one I love;  
I hate you deeply, and hating you  
Bend to you, and the measure of my changing love for you  
Is that I do not see you but love you blindly.

Maybe January light will consume  
My heart with its cruel  
Ray, stealing my key to true calm.

In this part of the story I am the one who

Dies, the only one, and I will die of love because I love you,  
Because I love you, Love, in fire and blood.

-Pablo Neruda

Ravi Kopra

# I Fear

I fear I will fall sick  
Bedridden, will lose my work  
Who'll feed me, my family, my children

I fear monsoons will never stop  
My house will be swept in a flood  
No house will be left to live in

I fear the school bus will be hit by a truck  
My kids will be badly hurt  
How will they, how will I, take their suffering

I fear, I fear many misfortunes  
To befall on me and my family.  
I pray. That's why I need God.

Ravi Kopra

# I Fear Unless I Have Her Soon

It has been a while  
since I had my woman.

Now heart thumping  
head spinning

All restless, hopeless  
dizzy in a tizzy

Man I am  
always thinking of her

I can't sleep, can't eat, can't drink.  
I fear unless I have her soon

I will be becoming  
from bad to worse

From worse to worst.  
She is my towering thirst.

Please come,  
the fires in my groins are flaming.

Ravi Kopra

# I Feel It Is You, A Urdu Ghazal By Jaan Nisar Akhtar In English Translation

When I hear the soft footsteps, I feel it is you  
When I see a shadow moving like a wave, I feel it is you

When gently touching a tree branch in the garden  
it shyly shows its softness, I feel it is you

When a wisp of sandalwood scented breeze  
touches my face, I feel it is you

When I see the shining sheet of moving stars  
in the still lake, I feel it is you

When through the night a ray of light  
silently sleeps with me, I feel it is you

Ravi Kopra



# I Feel Like Buddha

Between winter and summer  
I feel like Buddha in the spring  
Neither cold nor hot  
I tread on the midway path  
Calm, serene, peaceful

So do I do in autumn  
Between summer and winter  
I shed away all lost luster  
Get ready to be renewed  
Calm, serene, peaceful

Ravi Kopra

# I Feel Like The Lightning Has Struck My Soul Today, A Urdu Ghazal Of Abdul Hamid Adam In English Translation

I feel like the lightning has struck my soul today  
I feel like crying from the depths of my heart today

How pleasing for the thirsty lips to touch a jugful of wine in a tavern!  
The flowers are blooming in pleasure to show their happiness today

My delicate heart faces the flames of sorrows today  
How inconceivable! I laugh at the ways of the nature today

We know for sure we are going to die one day, my friend  
Then why does my soul worry so much the sorrows of life today?

Go to bed now my poor bruised heart, it is already late at night  
The stars, everywhere in the sky, have already gone to bed today

'Adam's' heart has no major complaint today  
Except its pulse seems to halt for a while today.

Ravi Kopra

# I Had A Feeling I'd Be A Failure Earlier, A Ghazal Of Kishwar Naheed In Translation

I had a feeling I'd be a failure earlier  
I still think I will as I thought earlier

Desires remained unfulfilled, I'm old with wrinkles now  
Wounded heart remained hidden in my chest earlier

Tears now come to my eyes for anything  
I used to be too calculating earlier

A thorn seems to have been pulled out of my heart  
Tears used to flow from my eyes earlier

The gathering these days are just show off  
We used to meet in good faith earlier

My thoughts seem like frozen now  
I used to be fiery in speech earlier

My loneliness now never leaves me  
It never was like this earlier

\*\*\*

the original ghazal in Urdu

Ham ki maghaluub-e-gumaa.N the pahale

ham ki maghaloob-e-gumaa the pahale  
phir vahee hai kee jahaa the pahale

[maghaluub-e-gumaa = defeated by suspicion/doubt]

Khvaahisheau jhurriyaa ban kar ubharee  
zakhum seeney meh nihaa the pahale

[jhurriyaa = wrinkles; nihaa = hidden]

ab to har baath pe ro detey hai

vaaquif-e-sood-o-ziyaa the pahale

[vaaquif-e-sood-o-ziyaa = aware of profit and loss]

dil se jaise koe kaantaa nikalaa  
ashk aankau se ravaa the pahale

ab faquat anjuman-aaraay hai  
aitabaar-e-dil-o-jaa the pahale

[faquat = merely; anjuman = gathering (place)]

[aaraay = decoration]

[aitabaar-e-dil-o-jaa = those who had complete faith]

dosh pe sar hai ki hai barf jamee  
ham to sholau kee zubaa the pahale

[dosh = shoulder]

merree hamzaad hai tanhaa-ee merree  
aise rishte bhee kahaa the pahale

[hamzaad = born at the same time]

- Kishwar Naheed

Ravi Kopra

# I Have A Concern

I have a concern concerning  
Your personal hygiene  
You stink like a skunk  
On Monday mornings.

What do you on the weekends?  
Go skunk hunting?  
Gutter cleaning?  
RV poop dumping?

Moonshining  
Eating raw pigs' guts?  
Fishing  
Eating raw livers?

Or like Fridays and  
Saturdays nights awake all night  
Drinking, eating fucking, farting  
And no time on Monday mornings  
For a shower and tooth brushing?

Ravi Kopra

# I Have Fallen In Love, No Body Knows My Pains, A Song Of Mira Bai In Translation

I have fallen in love, no body knows my pains  
In my suffering I wander from place to place  
no where I find a healer

I do not know the rituals of worship  
how to turn around the idols  
little lamps held on a plate  
My eyes adore the the idols

To know the pains of the wounded  
you have to be wounded first  
like knowing the worth of jewels  
you have to be a jeweller first

My neck is in the gallows, how can I rest?  
How can I see my Lord who rests in the heavens?

I go from place to place, I find no healer  
My suffering will go away when I find  
dark Krishna, my healer,

\*\*\*

the original in Hindi:

?? ?? ??? ?? ?????-?????? ???? ??? ? ???? ????  
??? ?? ????? ?? ?? ????? ???? ??????? ??? ?????

?? ??? ????? ????? ?????, ?? ????? ?? ????  
??? ?? ??????? ?? ????? ?? ????? ??? ????????

???? ?? ??? ????? ?????, ?? ??? ????? ????  
?????? ?? ??? ??????? ????? ?? ??? ????? ?????

???? ??? ??? ?????, ????? ??? ??? ????  
??? ????? ?? ??? ????? ??, ??????? ??? ????????

??? ?? ????? ??-?? ?????? ??? ??????? ????? ?????  
????? ?? ?????? ??? ??????? ?? ??? ?????????? ?????

????????? ???

Ravi Kopra

# I Have Found You

Like the sunset in the evening  
Like the dreams I see in sleep  
Like the fragrant air I breathe  
I have found you, you are my  
Everything. You are my God!

Ravi Kopra



# I Have My Umbrella Up When I Leave The Home, A Ghazal Of Wali Aasi In Translation

I have my umbrella up when I leave the home  
How careful am I when I leave the home

Never was I so smart as I am now  
Why am I so careful with each step I take now

I get sorrowful in the afternoons  
When the sun says it is getting down

It is not that I am like ice  
Still I feel I am melting now

There is no need to look into the mirror  
I am changing it is so clear now

No body will believe it today  
I am being roasted in smoldering fires now

If you ask me the truth, I don't know it really  
Seasons have changed, so I am changing now

Ravi Kopra

# I Have No Desires Left To Be A Scholar, ??????-???? ??? ?? ????? ????? A Poem Of Dr. Navin Kumar Upadhyay In Translation

I have no desires left to be a scholar  
I have no desires to engage in dialogues

I just want you to look into my eyes  
So that I keep on looking into yours

With my head in your lap for hours  
That's all, I want nothing more in this world.

\*\*\*

the original in Hindi

?????-???? ???? ?? ????? ?????, - Poem by Dr. Navin Kumar Upadhyay  
???? ? ? ?????-???? ???? ?? ????? ?????,  
??? ?????-???????? ???? ?? ?? ?? ????? ?????,  
???? ??, ?? ????? ????? ? ??? ????? ????? ?????,  
???? ???, ????????? ?????? ????? ??? ????? ??????

-Dr. Navin Kumar Upadhyay

Ravi Kopra

# I Kept My Ego High Today, A Urdu Ghazal By Iqbal Sajid In English Translation

I kept my ego high today  
I insulted his handsomeness all day today

I thrust sharp knives in his ego today  
I used every bad word I could today

I could have praised how handsome he looked today  
I could have had fun tonight, but I lost it today

I made him cry to my heart's content today  
I showed him down, listened to no one today

I went for a walk by the river later in the day  
I enjoyed by myself the colorful skies at sunset today

(An added couplet)

'Ravi' has no ego. He is not cruel as 'Sajid'  
He was so happy praying Allah five times today

Ravi Kopra

# I Kept On Thinking Of You All Night, A Urdu Ghazal By Makhdoom Mohiuddin In English Translation

I kept on thinking of you all night  
My wet eyes kept smiling all night

The flame of my pains was lit all night  
I was drowned in sorrows all night

The pleasant memory of the melodious flute  
Kept creeping in my mind all night

I remembered our pleasant meetings all night  
The moon was bright and shining all night

Someone lost in love wandered in streets all night  
I kept on hearing voices from the street all night

(An added verse)

Ravi's love left him for good last night  
He could not take it. He cried all night.

Ravi Kopra

# I Kissed On Your Neck Gently, A Hindi/Urdu Translation Of A Love Poem By Md. Ziaul Haque

main ne bijli bund kar di  
ek mome batti jala di  
mohabbat ki halchal chala di  
tu dressing table par khaDi thi

main tere pass aya  
itna k tum mera saans sun sako  
pressure cooker ki tarah garam garam!  
pyaar main marte marte main ne tujhe pakDa

teri neck par ek naram sa chumma mara  
tu mere hathon main ek patingay jaisi thi

Ravi Kopra

# I Know, A Ghazal

When I am early and you pretend, I know  
When you cannot wait any more, I know

I wait so that you want it more  
You want to see the stars, I know

When I praise pretty women  
You don't like it, I know

You light candles, put flowers in the vase  
You want me in the bed early, I know

You want me to take a day off  
To be with me in bed all day, I know

You saw your friend's new baby  
You threw away your pills, I know

Your lustful glances tell me all  
What you desire tonight, I know

You don't have to tell me anything  
What's on your mind, I know.

Ravi Kopra

# I Lie Down On The Grass, A Poem By Fernando Pessoa In Hindi/Urdu Translation

main hare ghas ki lawn laita hua hoon  
aur sub kuch bhool raha hoon jo ab tak paDa hoon

jo kuch bhi muje paDaya gaya sab bekar nikla  
sardi aur gharmi main, main hamesha ghabraya riha

jo kuch bhi muje kaha giya bilkul bekar nikla  
jaisay ki jaisay cheezaiN theeN, vaisay ki vaisay hi rahiN

jo kuch bhi muje dikhlaya giya, sub kuch bekar nikla  
jaisay main pehlay dekhta tha vaisay hi dekhta raha

Jo samaj muje dayi gayi thee vo samaj kahin na thee  
samaj duniya ki the, vaiasy ki vaisay hi rahi

Ravi Kopra

# I Love You A Little More Everyday

I love you a little more everyday  
Yesterday we walked hand in hand  
for hours in the yellow mustard flower fields

And talked of our lives together  
and lives of lovers across the world  
and felt blessed how happy we're together

We lay in the fragrant flowers fields  
It began to drizzle by the evening  
Birds flew to their nest on the trees

And I lay my rain coat among the flower beds  
for you to lie down there saving you from rains  
and I lay on top of you to love you a little more

You got scared when it thundered a little  
and clung to me closely, your arms around my neck  
I entered into you softly, and then thundered boldy

In synchrony with lightening bolts in skies  
The rain drenched me, I felt cool and rained  
inside you fully to cool you down in falling rains.

Ravi Kopra



# I Love You Because

I love you because  
You are cool, you are beautiful  
Everytime I look at you  
Doves coo-coo in my heart  
Come flying to my hands  
And urge me to hug you  
Kiss you, caress you.  
I see your doves flutter  
To be in my hands too.

Fires lit up in my heart  
My tongue gets restless  
My lips want to rest on yours.  
I feel a fast rising bulge  
That wants to merge with you.  
I want then nothing else  
In this lousy world  
Except you. Only you who  
Become my life, my soul and  
My heart melts for you...

Ravi Kopra

# I Love You Dearly

for PHD

I get up, she's already  
awake, hugs me and says:  
Honey, I love you  
I don't want anything  
to change between us  
I love you dearly  
I love you

She moves closer to me  
starts kissing me  
mouth to mouth and says:  
Oh God, I am so lucky  
You are a gift to me  
I love you, I love you

She gets out of the bed  
Makes coffee, brings to the  
bed in a silver tray with a  
red rose fresh from the garden  
We sip coffee, hug and caress  
and start our new day of living  
and she says: Ravi  
I love you, I love you dearly.

Ravi Kopra

# I Love You, A Hakan Savlı Turkish Poem Rendering

I love you  
You sing spring songs to me  
You are a dove under blanket every night with me  
I forget to get off the train when you are in my thoughts  
You are music to me and I, a melting snow man  
I am a sunk ship loaded with violets for you  
I search for you in hollow trees looking for your hands  
You are my pure light, my sea gull, I love you.

Ravi Kopra

# I Love You, A Turkish Poem By Adnan Özer Translated Into English

I love you  
Like gushing water  
Like raging winds  
Like wild growths on ripe soil  
They are all witness to me

I love you the Turkish way  
Like the earth is flooded in summer rains  
Like winds swirl in dust at noon  
They tell me be careful it is you

When I love you  
I see clusters of red ripe grapes on vines  
Ripened plums hanging on branches  
Birds exhausted singing their songs  
They are all witness to me

I love you  
Like summer gardens lusting for sunshine  
Like sulfur dust in vineyards in full sun  
Like sweet honey in rolls of figs  
Like birds with orange necklaces  
Like a letter my friend brings to me  
Written in alphabet of red roses

I love you  
Like dreams fulfilled  
Like rose water in the walnut chest  
Like emerald birds in stone pillows  
They are all witness to me.

Ravi Kopra

# I Love You, A Turkish Poem By Nazim Hikmet Into English Translation

I love you

Like rushing to a bakery to eat the fresh bread

Like waking up in a burning house at night

Like drinking gushing water from a hose at my mouth

Like opening a mail package not knowing what's in it

Being careful, joyful, suspicious

I love you like sailing on the sea for the first time

Like eating soft candy in Istanbul

Like my body is in agitation.

I love you fiercely and say this -

My goodness, am I still alive?

Ravi Kopra

# I Love You, An Adnan Ozer Turkish Poem Rendered Into English

I love you  
Like water getting excited in splashes  
Like winds turning into raging storms  
Like earth offering its spring harvest

I love you  
Like the river flowing, singing its songs  
Like the falling rains in summer  
Like the sun that warms me up in the spring

I love you  
Like sweet grapes on the vine  
Like red plums on a tree branch  
Like a bird getting tired singing love songs

I love you  
Like the sun that puts lust into the seeds  
Like the spring foliage emerald green  
Like the oriole that sings love songs  
Like my friend who brings your secret love letters to me

I love you  
My fulfilled dream  
My rosewater of youth in the walnut chest  
My stone pillow engraved with your portraits.

Ravi Kopra

# I Loved You

Many complaints  
Many dissents  
But I never reproached you

Many truths  
Many fallacies  
But I never was angry with you

We walked hand in hand  
You cheated me too  
But I never questioned you

Do you know why?

Because I never doubted you  
I loved you much  
I loved you. I loved you

Ravi Kopra

# I Make Up My Mind, A Urdu Poem By Hafeez Jalandhari In English Translation

I make up my mind -  
I am surely this time  
going to do this  
and also going to do that.

Then I start thinking  
and thinking  
and do nothing.

Afraid If I do this  
that may not happen,  
and if I do that  
this may not happen.

And so I live my life  
thinking and doing nothing.

Aey khuda give me some 'akalmandi'  
and take out all 'ballah' from my head.  
Let me live my life like other sane people.

kuhda= Allah, God

akalmandi= wisdom

ballah= nuisance, confusion

Ravi Kopra



# I May Stop Desiring You Somehow, A Urdu Ghazal By Nasir Kazmi In English Translation

I may stop desiring you somehow  
My heart may forget you somehow

I see you today after a long time  
The day will pass finally somehow

You don't let your lovers enjoy your beauty  
I am afraid your beauty will fade somehow

I wish you come and be with me  
And then you stay here forever somehow

My heart cries when I think of you  
All futile. It may stop crying somehow

'Nasir' a failed lover, wants to cry now  
He's afraid his tears might dry somehow

(An added couplet)

'Ravi' too failed in love all his life  
Frustrated as he is, he's retired somehow

Ravi Kopra

# I Met Her Once, A Ghazal In English

I met her once. She likes me. I am hopeful enough  
I will woo her and one day she'll be my wife, I'm hopeful enough

And if she doesn't, I will be heart broken  
I might kill myself. Hope not. I am fearful enough

If somebody else wins her love, I swear by Allah  
I will put dagger into his heart, I am dareful enough

I will love her, adore her, take care of her  
To see she never gets hurt, I'll be careful enough

She is not a houri from paradise, I know  
But I love her. She is beautiful enough

I will buy her hijabs and a dozen burkas  
To be safe and secure, I am insightful enough

If one by one I get three more wives  
I will ask her first, being artful enough

If Allah calls her to paradise first  
I will wail and cry. I'll be sorrowful enough

We will live our lives in luxuries  
I hope I will be successful enough

I am a staunch musalmaan, she is a staunch muslima  
Bless us, O Allah! you are always merciful enough

Ravi Kopra

# I Moved My Bed To Another Room

This spring a starling made a nest  
in the bush of yellow berries facing  
our bedroom window

and laid four pale blue eggs  
looking like marbles I played in my childhood

We were happy  
expecting soon to see the little chicks  
waiting for their mama to bring food

I told my girl friend  
it would be fun to watch the chick grow  
and take their first flights on tiny wings

We planned to set  
a camera in the window to see  
them daily on the tv screen

A crow came stealthily and ate the eggs  
the starling chased  
poked the crow in the air  
it was late, too late

Mom lost the babies before they were born  
it never came back to the nest  
the crow vanished after the hurricane  
my wife died in a car accident

The nest is still there in the bush  
that bear the yellow berries  
I moved my bed to another room  
and may soon sell the house.

Ravi Kopra

# I Often Get Lost In You

All by myself  
Thinking about life  
I often get lost in you

Then  
I am not my self  
I become you

What is it  
that you have  
that attracts me to you?

I do not know except  
When I am away from you  
My heart wants you

And starts making pretenses  
of what to tell you  
To be near you.

Ravi Kopra

# I Opened His Letter

I opened his letter  
in black ink, thick big letters  
few words, saying -  
I am marrying my  
high school sweet heart tomorrow.  
Good bye. Please write me no more.

A shattering earthquake befell.  
My hands trembled. Could not breathe.  
Knees gave out. All black out.

Hours later Susan came home  
from classes. Panicked!  
Raised me up from the floor.  
His letter was in my hands, crumpled.  
My heart sobbing, crushed.

She wiped tears from my eyes.  
Gave me a hug. I sat in the sofa.  
Stared at the ceiling, shocked!

Ravi Kopra

# I Remembered You, A Hindi Love Song By Priyo Hazra In English Translation

Waking up dreaming in the early morning  
In the dusk light of the setting sun  
Under bright stars in the sky at night  
I remembered you...  
I did love you

Hearing the nightingale's song coming from far off  
The music in the concert hall  
The waves hitting the sea shore  
I remembered you...  
I did love you

Seeing the calm ocean  
Feeling the spring breeze kissing my face  
Reading the stories half written  
I remembered you...  
I did love you.

Ravi Kopra

# I See A Beautiful Teen Aged Virgin In You

"A Cloud withdrew from the Sky" and  
An old paki musla poet literally named  
Star Horse in Karachi cried:

"Oh no! Oh no! " he wailed  
"Please stay, stay a little longer  
I was seeing a lovely virgin in you  
With you goes away my virgin! "

His one foot is in his grave.  
He writes poems on clouds, rains, flowers, trees  
And sprinkles them with a little dash of love.  
But worst of all he cusses others calling them animals  
Like lizards, native to his Allah loved Arabia deserts.  
Readers think he's a gentleman musla full of love  
But rivers of lust and hate flow in his musla heart.  
For him the only test of beauty is virginity.  
Read his poems carefully. Here's one for you to relish.

But first some quotes for "wetting your lips":

"April clouds! I see a beautiful teen aged virgin in you  
I read so many dreams in your deep eyes.  
invite (me)to taste the forbidden fruit  
Surrender(ing)virginity to the graceful lover."

So on and so forth he rants  
like this, on and on in his poems  
full of musla love for nature  
But he can't hide his heart's hidden lust.  
Freudian slips slip from his lips in the broad day light  
Even during the time of his five times namaz  
When he prostrates before Allah and keep his ass high up in the air  
And when he or one of his mullah, maulana, kazi, wahabi friends farts  
The whole prayer is nullified as Allah does not like prayers with farts.

(Someone alluded it's truly explained in hadiths, no joke, no fun, no pun!)





# I Shall Eat You Alive In Punjabi Translation

Main Tenu Kacha Kha Jaansa

main tenu kacha kha jaansa  
bhujan di zaroorat na hosi  
j tuN mero maaN honsi

j tuN apniaN ankhaaN  
daan dedevaiN

toon taaN dhundi-mandi  
ik baraf di pahaDi varon haiN  
zara vi taa tere which nahin  
tere sir which, khoon wich  
baraf hi bhari huii hai  
toon haddiaN da hik pinjra haiN

terian akhaan wich roshni taan hai  
par tera moonh kaala hai  
terian hotaN toN  
nuk wichon khoon hamesha tapakda hai

tera moonh chupaan leyi  
main niqab aape hi bana laisaaN

main lai jasaan tera bhaar  
mukkay main isnu maarsaan  
chuknachoor jiya kar desaaN  
j meri marzi aaii te

tere sare ungaan nu khatam karne waaste  
mere kol sab hathiyaar hun

terian akhaan deyaan ghadiaN  
nu main chungo tarhan jaandi haan

Ravi Kopra

# I Shall Eat You Alive, A Norwegian Poem By Monica Aasprong In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Main Tujhe Kcha Kha JauNgi

main tujhe kcha kha jauNgi  
han kcha khauNgi  
agar to maan hai to

agar tu apni aankhon ka  
daan de do gi

tun zinda ek barf ki pahaDi ho  
Tere khoon main barf hai  
tere sir main barf hai  
yu haddiyon ka ak baDa pinjra ho  
tum aisi jeeti ho

teri ankhoN main roshni hai  
moonh tera kaala hai  
tere hotoN se, naak se  
khoon tapakta hai

tera moonh chupane ko  
niqab main khud bana looNgi

main le chlooN is bhaar ko  
maaroN ki mukkey is ko  
kar dooNgi isay chakanchoor  
dil chaha to

sun ang nasht karne ko  
sab hathyaar mere paas hain

teri aankhon kghaDoN ko  
main khoob jaanti hoon

Ravi Kopra

# I Speak Straightforwardly And I Love You, A Hindi Poem By Raj Swami In English Translation

I do not beat around the bush  
I do not ramble evasively  
I speak from my heart  
I speak to you plainly

Since I met you  
You are always in my thoughts  
Whatever I do I feel I am lost in you  
The hard disk of my heart has uploaded you

Wherever I go I feel you're with me  
I do not do double-talk  
I talk from my heart  
I tell you always what I think of you

Like you I am lonely too  
Don't know what has overtaken me  
I try to get some sleep, I can't sleep  
I try to eat, I can't eat, I do not feel hungry

I do not listen to what people talk around me  
I keep on talking to myself with you on my mind  
I do not do doublespeak. I do not mince the words  
I speak straightforwardly. And I love you.

Ravi Kopra

# I Step Outside Of Myself, A Poem By Ingeborg Bachmann In Hindi/Urdu Translation

jab hum apni rooh ko  
jo hamare ek ek ang main basi  
acHae aur khudae hai  
ko dekh sakte hain,  
tab hi hum apne shaitan shreer  
ki baazi ko jeet sakte hain

Ravi Kopra

# I Still Feel Your Fragrance On Me, A Hindi Ghazal By Ved Mitra Shukla In English Translation

Like a moth that flies  
To the flame to burn itself in brightness,  
I come to you, my love, with my heart full of love  
To burn in the passion of our ever flaming love

I write my love for you  
in couplets in my ghazals of love  
I did not know what was I upto  
Till I was labeled your lover

My love praises were all for you  
Like the flute of Krishna  
Making melodies for his darling, Radha

Your glances cast a spell on me  
My drunkenness is now your love  
I need not visit a tavern now  
To forget the worries of the world

Seasons come and go  
But you always stay on my mind  
I still feel your fragrance on me  
Like fresh spring flowers in a bouquet.

Ravi Kopra

# I Tell My Darling To Pour Some Wine

It is late autumn  
a little frost in the evening  
cold breeze, cold water  
willows flying, chattering  
a bright moon rising in the sky

Flowers whisper by the window  
sending soft waves of love  
I tell my darling to pour some wine  
before warming up in the bed.

Ravi Kopra

# I Thank God For Your Wife

She was bored with you  
Jesus Jesus all the time  
With your sermons all the time  
A leopard in sheep skins

She knew your double life  
she saw you eying the altar boys  
she heard you talking in your dreams  
wishing you were with your concubines

You gave her no love, brushed her aside  
treating her like your house maid  
while she is an angel from paradise -  
beautiful, shy, soft spoken, kind

Clean, fresh, neat, simple yet elegant  
her voice music to my ears, flutes, cymbals, clarinets  
her looks sublime like mother Mary's, so pure, so innocent  
my heart went for her when I saw her for the first time

On that lovely spring warm day when I joined your church  
and you introduced me to her and left us alone talking  
her handshake was soft, gentle, yet it lingered for a while  
I looked into her eyes and sure there was a loving smile  
not you, not God but in me she saw her saviour

I could hardly wait till Sunday to come to church to see her  
every little thing about her would keep me awake at nights  
her long curly tresses, her dresses, her big brown eyes  
her lingering first handshake that sent stirrings to my spine

I thank God for your wife to be my wife in a short time  
after I met her on that warm lovely day in the spring  
in your church after hearing your sermon on heavenly love,  
She is my worldly, heavenly love. She is all love. Mine.

Ravi Kopra

# I Think Of You, A Turkish Love Poem By Nizam Hikmet Translated Into English

I think of you  
and feel the fragrance of my mother  
the most beautiful woman in the world.

You are on a merry-go-round in my heart  
Your skirt and hair dance in the air  
I lose your face each second and see it again.

You slash my heart with your knife.  
I hear your voice when you are far off.  
Why have I lost all of myself for you?

I kneel down to look at your hands  
I want to touch them but I can't  
You are behind a wall of glass.  
I find myself so lost today  
Going through this in the evening.

Ravi Kopra



# I Thought The New Year Will Bring Me Love, A Hindi Poem By Ahatisham Alam In English Translation

I thought the new year will bring me love  
But my wounded heart still cries to this day  
I cannot go finding another love  
Your memories will haunt me.

A wanderer does not find love  
If he staggers on the ways.  
What will I do with another woman?  
You will be always on my mind  
I thought the new year will  
heal the wounds of my heart.  
It is still wounded and cries in pain.

Ravi Kopra

# I Want No Women In My Life Now, A Urdu Ghazal By Ahmad Faraz In English Translation

I want no women in my life now  
It is better if I forget you now

I was all alone in the desert of my life  
I have been hearing my own voices till now

Who is so fortunate to live a carefree life  
Do not talk love all times lest I forget you now

You weren't drowned in love when I met you the other night  
So why should I be sacrificing all I have, for you now

Where are those today who told 'Faraz' yesterday -  
God forbid! we could have made you cry in love by now

(An added verse as below)

'Ravi' was not so wise. He chased women all his life  
They enjoyed all he had. He is all and all penniless now!

Ravi Kopra

# I Want To Be With You, A Turkish Poem Of Zuhal Olcay In English Translation

I did not believe in love  
I used to laugh when people talked of love  
I used to tell them we make our own destiny.

Now I go crazy when I see you  
And what I used to say was all in vain.  
Reason plays no part in love. It is all heart.  
I want to be with you, my sweet heart

Ravi Kopra

# I Want You, You, You...A Love Poem In Urdu

jab tum kabhi is gali se nikalti ho  
log khiDkioN par aa aa kar  
tumaiN dekhna chahte hain

haey kitni khoobsoorat hai, kehte hain  
chaal uski matwali hai  
chehra doodh jaisa hai

aankhoN main kaisi chamak hai  
chaand use dekh sharmata hai  
taare aasman main jagmagate hain

jab hasti hai to phool  
uske moonh se girne lag jate hain  
main tumhaiN dekh aaheN bharta rehta hoon

agar dua maangte waqt khuda pooch baitha  
bataao beta, aaheN na bharo, kis cheez ki zaroorat hai  
to kahooNga - tumhari hai, tumhari hai, tumhari hai...

Ravi Kopra

# I Was Better Than Angels Before Bad I Was, A Urdu Ghazal By Anwar Shuoor In English Translation

I was better than angels before bad I was  
She was happy with me before angry I was

What did I not talk to be with you all my life  
But when the time of parting came, not so bold I was

Thoughts are better than reality, dreams better than awakening  
It was all imagination, to face the reality, unready I was

Though to make the hidden things appear there's always some delay  
You ask: whatever exists today, whether before creation there it was?

It seems unlikely for the lost one to ever come back  
Without any sort of experience, in grave doubt I was

'Shuoor' gives damn what would happen to the world when it ends  
The worst he could imagine would be, what before the creation it was

(An added verse)

Time moves forward, what if it starts moving backward, 'Ravi' asks  
The universe will turn into nothingness, like before the big bang it was

Ravi Kopra

# I Was Biking In The Evening Today

I was biking in the evening today  
I gazed in the sky and saw  
beyond the tall trees  
a huge moon in the sky  
It looked very heavy  
not rising as if falling  
down under its own weight  
yellow and hugely bright  
it could not hide its pocked face

One cannot hide ugliness  
I kept wondering how true  
women look more beautiful with make up  
in the shade of evening or at nights  
and not too close but at a distance  
like the mountains in the spring all green  
but full of running streams, rocks, boulders  
bears, boars, lions, leopards each one of  
them could gobble you up alive

Well back to the beaver moon tonight  
a month after the harvest moon  
It is close to the earth and looked  
so fat and heavy, I thought  
perchance if it couldn't bear  
its weight and fell on the beach  
between Venice and Punta Gorda  
where mudden truken people live  
waving their confederate flags  
what would we call their city  
moony city or a looney city  
and what would we call the USA  
with the moon sitting on the beach  
the land of the loonies! Sure?

Ravi Kopra

# I Was Patient, A Urdu Ghazal By Gulzar In English Translation

Often I give a damn but I was patient  
For you each time you were late

You made promises habitually  
Habitually I accepted your promises

I waited for you by the road you come  
I waited for myself, you did not come

I will never ask for another life, O Allah  
I committed this sin once, no more, O Allah!

Ravi Kopra

# I Was Thinking Of You All Night - A Ghazal Of Faiz Ahmad Faiz In Translation

I was thinking of you all night  
The moonlight tortured me all night

Sometime blazing sometime dying out  
The flame of my sorrow flickered all night

Someone's dress had different scents all night  
Some photos went on singing all night

Someone sitting under a branch of flowers  
Kept on telling the tales all night

If nobody came to the locked door  
On any sound we answered the door all night

In anticipation I remained calm all night  
My desires though nagged me all night

\*\*\*\*

The original in Urdu

aap ki yaad aati rahi raat bhar  
chañdni dil dukhati rahi raat bhar  
gaah jalti hui gaah bujhti hui  
sham-e-gham jhilmilati rahi raat bhar  
koi ?hushbu badalti rahi pairahan  
koi tasvir gaati rahi raat bhar  
phir saba saya-e-sha?h-e-gul ke tale  
koi qissa sunati rahi raat bhar  
jo na aaya use koi zanjir-e-dar  
har sada par bulati rahi raat bhar  
ek ummid se dil bahalta raha  
ik tamanna satati rahi raat bhar





# I Will Be Your Balthsar Tonight

I will be your Balthsar tonight.

On my camel I will ride to Spain from Arabia

I will look for the hill where you live in the white washed house

and look for your shoes near the bundles of hay you leave for our camels.

I will tell Gasper and Melchor to wait at the gate for I have a special gift for you.  
I will knock at your door. And as soon as it opens, I will rush to embrace you in my arms.

I will give you all myrrah and incense and baskets of sweet Arabian dates.

"Is this all? Is this all? you will ask

And I would say - No, no, my sweetheart. Here is my heart. All yours. Keep it warm, close to your heart and never lose it.

I will be back soon when I have given all the candy to the village kids,  
and stay with you for days and days, months and months, years and years in love with you...

Ravi Kopra

# I Will Die

You have been alone for long  
So have I been

Feed me little by little  
Don't smother me at once

I will not know how to take it  
I will die in abundance.

Ravi Kopra

# I Will Eat Twelve Grapes Just Before New Year Midnight

I will eat 12 grapes just before midnight  
as they do in Spain to sweeten their love

I will listen to the distant steeple bells  
ringing 12 times at midnight in my town

I will then blow 12 kisses in air to my love  
who is coming to see me from Spain by plane

To be with me in the winter this year.  
Damn! it is so freezing cold these days

Words get frozen in the air, I cannot hear  
My pee gets frozen stiff in the air

Like a white bent stick it curves down there.  
Water turns into ice I cannot drink

Air turns so thick I cannot breath.  
I will make an igloo of ice, I think

And we will spend our winter inside there  
Each moment in warm warm love together.

Ravi Kopra

# I Will Return Home To My Darkness, A Urdu Ghazal By Parveen Shakir In English Translation

Commending him to the moonlight  
I will return home to my darkness

He will never know my heart's longings  
It will cry with smiles in my eyes

He left and all the fun of friendship went away  
With whom will I break up and with whom will I make?

Though our relationship has now no name  
I will offer myself to him if he so indicates

I lay myself where the roses were  
I will gather the ashes of my dreams when he awakes

He has skillfully charmed someone else  
What song will I sing in my somber loneliness?

He would not tell me why he loves her  
I will forget him someday, he said

I hear the dark callings of dense forests now  
Never will I hear his voice again.

Ravi Kopra

# I Will Suck Your Tears

Tears running down your rosy cheeks  
start a hal chal in my dil  
how they yearn for your tears  
my dry parching lips!

I will suck them  
and lie down on the road  
when you get out of your home  
the moment you come near me

I will put my head upon you feet  
say sorry, please forgive me  
I want to marry you, my darling  
You are my dreams, my paradise.

Ravi Kopra

# I Wish I Could Give Him The Moon, A Zen Story In Verse

Watching the Beautiful Moon He Mused  
Near the mountains  
far off the city, the Zen  
master lived a  
humble life in a  
plain hut.

A thief sneaked in  
when he was away one day.  
He searched and searched  
but found nothing valuable.

Seeing the master returning,  
in panic he was fleeing.  
"Wait, " he heard  
"A long way you came,  
you will not go empty  
handed."

Undressing himself he  
gave the thief his clothes  
and sat on the floor naked.  
Watching the beautiful  
moon he mused:  
'Poor fella, I wish  
I could give him the moon.'

Note: This is a rendering of a story  
in *Zen Flesh, Zen Bones*, p 27, Tuttle  
Publishing, Boston, 1998.

Ravi Kopra

# I Wish I Had Someone Like Her

I wish I had someone  
Hidden in my heart  
Whom I could see in my dreams  
Who could make my heart flutter  
When I see her in reality  
Who would drive me crazy in love  
Who I never get tired of being with  
Who I could wait for all my life  
I wish I had someone like her  
Like her I wish I had someone

Someone for whom  
I could sing my love songs  
Whom I could feel in my heart  
Someone whom when I see  
My eyes never stop staring at her  
And my heart flows in the waves of love  
Who never gets out of my mind  
And I keep on thinking of her all time  
I wish I had someone like her  
Like her I wish I had someone

Someone whose name  
Comes to my tongue's tip  
I could know all desires of hers  
I could fulfill all of them  
Whose life could become mine  
And I could die for her love  
I wish I had someone like her  
Like her I wish I had someone.

Ravi Kopra



# I Wish It Were So

Whom do I read  
Whom do I listen to  
Whom do I keep in my heart  
Whom do I worship daily  
I wish when we all were born  
of the same religion  
neither a hindu nor a muslim.  
Everyone I wish were a human in heart  
who always spoke the truth  
who never wanted to divide the land  
who never wanted to keep families apart  
who had such a noble thought in his heart.

Ravi Kopra

# I Would Even Give Up My Chillum

A piece of cloth to wrap around the loins,  
A staff, a begging bowl, a chillum  
to smoke bhang that was all that was  
needed to live in retirement in India years ago.

You give up all possessions.  
You cut off all connections.  
You go to some jungle to live in a sanyas ashram  
and pray for happiness for all  
pray for peace in the world.

How simple to be bare minimum!  
How lofty to be human!

Now no such ashramas.  
And before I set to pray  
I will be a prey for a hungry  
wolf, a jackal, a leopard or a lion.  
No natural habitat left for them  
To live on wild life.

Well, I could become a monk.  
But I could not chant chants. I am an atheist.  
I would not mind being called a wonk,  
I would even give up my chillum if  
I could find a camp of atheists.

Ravi Kopra

# I Write For You My Love Song

I write for you my love song -  
I will fulfill your wills  
the will that I be yours forever  
the will that we live in love forever  
the will that we have no ills for each other  
the will that we be happy and prosper  
the will that we keep our heads high  
the will that we never bow to injustice  
the will that we have the will to give, not take  
that tells all how humanely human we are  
we love ourselves, our families, our neighbors  
and we will that our love lasts forever  
in happiness, calmness and peace!

Ravi Kopra

# I Wrote Her A Poem

I wrote her a poem  
she and me on a white sand beach  
walking together holding hands

under the full autumn moon.  
she asks me where is the palm tree  
a beach without a palm tree! ?

I tell her, my love  
palm trees are everywhere  
but the palms of your hands I like

their soft touch on my face  
on my body soothes me  
and when you rub your palms on my palms

and look deep into my eyes  
with a naughty winky smile,  
it sends me to higher planes

I find hard to descend  
lest you get into me  
and I in you eternally.

Ravi Kopra

# I'd Like To Eat This Woman, Toshio Nakae's Japanese Love Song In Hindi/Urdu

main is aurat ko kha jaoonGa  
poora ka poora kha jaoonGa  
kach-cha kha jaoonGa  
cheeni k bagair  
bina paakaey hue kha jaoonGa

--  
--

uske sab geet kha jaoonGa  
us ke gehoon k khet, us ke ped  
us ke phool, uski bahaar  
sub ko kha jaoonGa

--  
--

jis shakhs se mohabbat karti hai usko maar daloonGa  
is aurat ki rooh ko main choos loonGa  
uska chaand, aasmaan, us k baadal, taare  
sub ko pakaD loonGa

main us ko apna bana loonGa  
main us ki raksha karoonGa  
uske maan, baap, bhai, behno  
sub ko ek ek kar k kha jaoonGa  
us k bhagwaan ko bhi khaonGa  
jise jitni bhi koshish karoon  
kabhi poora nahin kha paonGa

Ravi Kopra

# Idioms

Young man, what is wrong with you?  
Do you have tomatoes on your eyes?  
Or you only understand the train at the station?

Don't you know people are buying cats in sacs in Berlin?  
Pigs in pokes in Pittsburg?  
And seeing cows on ice in Sweden  
while a snake is eying the boobs of a hen  
and the hen, the feets of a snake in Songkhla, Thailand?

Ravi Kopra

# If I Die

If I die

Bury me if you have some money

Cremate me if you have little

Donate my body to the docs

They may dissect it to see

What was in my heart no body loved

It will cost you nothing

But save many shattered hearts

But do not feed it to the birds

They will spread grief and sorrow

In this already wounded world

No love, no world.

Ravi Kopra

## If I Die Before You Do

If I die before you do  
I do not want you to be alone  
Sulking, sitting in dark at home  
Crying for nothing in vain for me.

I want you to be happy  
I will ask my friend Suzy  
to give you daily lays in pleasure.  
She always loved you in her heart  
and will make your heart burn in love.

And when you finally both come to me  
We will in heaven have three or foursome  
if her husband does not mind partying with us.  
What else is heaven for if not for love!

Ravi Kopra



# If I Had Only Loved Your Flesh

If I had only loved your flesh  
And cared not for your wallet  
I would have left you after  
A one night stand and never  
Would have looked back at you

But I know your wallet is fat  
You live in a mansion  
You have a fleet of cars  
Your yachts are in docks  
And you have me in your bed  
Night after night

I give you what you lack  
And I want from you  
What I lack  
What is wrong with that?

Love is fun  
So is luxury  
So is wealth.

Ravi Kopra

# If I Love You

If I love you  
that you will protect me  
throw me out in the street without food

If I love you  
that I will live in luxury  
lock me out of your house

I love you  
with my heart and soul  
love me with yours.

Ravi Kopra

# If It Hadn't Been For You, A Weslee Sampel Poem In Hindi/Urdu Translation

agar tum na hotay  
to main mar gayi hoti

agar tum no hotay  
to main kuch bhi na hoti

agar tum na hotay  
mere dil main khushi na hoti

agar tum na hotay  
meri zindgi kahan hoti

agar tum na hotay  
mujhe pyaar ka patta na hota

agar yum na hotay  
main mehbooba kabhi na banti

added couplets -

agar tun na hotay  
main pagli ban gayi hoti

agar tum na hotay  
mujhe pyaar ki samajh na hoti

agar tum na hotay  
sari umar main kanwari rehti

agar tum na hotay  
main rul-khul gayi hoti

agar tum na hotay  
main shaadi kabhi na karti

agar tum na hotay  
main mohabbat kabhi na karti

agar tum na hotay  
main saray jahan main tumain dhoondti

agar tum na hotay  
main khuda se tumain maangti

tum ho to main hoon  
tere liye zinda hoon

Ravi Kopra

# If Not Love, Let Madness It Be, Mirza Ghalib In English Translation

If not love, let madness it be  
Let my madness your fame be

Do not drop me from your life  
At least, let there hatred be

Why do you reject my love?  
If not in open, let it in privacy be

I am not your enemy, if you are  
in love with a stranger, let it be

You are what you are, if unaware of  
my love, your ignoranace let it be

Life passes like a flash of light  
To fall in love, let there some time be

I do not play games in love  
If you do not love me, my misfortune let it be

Show me some love, you biased one  
If no love, listening to my plea, let it be

I will follow all customs  
You care less, let it be

Now you are teasing and taunting 'Asad'  
I can't get you but let there a longing be

(An added couplet)

She didn't like 'Ravi' and went with a stranger  
Said he: it is your loss baby, let it be

Ravi Kopra

## If That Apparent Part Of Life's Delight, Sonnet 2 By Fernanado Pessoa In Hindi/Urdu Translation

चहने पर जो हमारे जism को जुनजhanat से lagti hai  
aur oopr-oopr se zindgi ka maza sa aata hai  
isko agar hum reflex aur jismki khushi ki nazar se na dekhhaiN  
aur koi aur matlab nikalne lagaiN to khushi, badan aur zindgi  
k sab maene bilkul ba-krar, be-arth, be-hudaho jaate hain.  
by chance, sachaaee to ye hai k hamara jism koe khoobsoorat cheez nahin  
aur jo kuch bhi hum oopr oopr se dekhtae hai andar se kuch aur hi hota hai -  
jaise ankhon main bandhi patti ke beech beech kuch dokhlaee deta ho.  
to fir kahan se zindgi kya hai, iska khyaal aata hai? kahin se bhi nahin  
jo kuch bhi hum duniya main dekhte ya to be-matlabi hai ya kuch aur hai  
jo hamari asali akal ko bigaD deta hai.  
jab main ye sochta hoon to jism ki gheraeeoN main rooh k khilaf bechani silag  
jaati hai  
k hum kya chahte hain aur vo na paane par kyon dukh main paD jaate hain

Ravi Kopra

# If You Die Before Me, A Dr. Antony Theodore Inspired Poem

Just imagine  
his wife eighty seven dies  
her husband, eighty nine  
jumps into her grave  
and cries, not that she's dead  
but his hips broke down.

(no orthopedic surgeon is there  
at the funeral)

the mourners try to pull him out;  
he resists  
and gives kisses to her lips  
so passionately that her breath

(dead wife's breath! ?)

becomes his own breath  
the embalmer's lipstick  
becomes his own lipstick  
and his soul becomes her's

the grave digger standing by says -  
what a pain in the ass!

Ravi Kopra

# If You Forget Me, A Poem Of Pablo Neruda In Hindustani Translation

main tumain ek baat batana chata hoon  
tum jaanti ho vo kaisi hai-

agar main chamkatay chaand ko dekhta hoon  
patjhar main kHiDki se ek laal tehni dekhta hoon  
aag k pass be-mehsoos raakh ko ya peD ki sikuDi  
hue kisi log ko dekhta hoon  
to har cheeze mujay teray pass keenchay le aati hai  
har cheeze jo is duniya main hai -  
roshni, khusboo, dhaat, pani main behti Choti kishtiyaN  
sabhi muj ko teray intzaar kartay jazeeron pe le aati hain

-to be continued later

I want you to know  
one thing.

You know how this is:  
if I look  
at the crystal moon, at the red branch  
of the slow autumn at my window,  
if I touch  
near the fire  
the impalpable ash  
or the wrinkled body of the log,  
everything carries me to you,  
as if everything that exists,  
aromas, light, metals,  
were little boats  
that sail  
toward those isles of yours that wait for me.

Well, now,  
if little by little you stop loving me



I shall stop loving you little by little.

If suddenly  
you forget me  
do not look for me,  
for I shall already have forgotten you.

If you think it long and mad,  
the wind of banners  
that passes through my life,  
and you decide  
to leave me at the shore  
of the heart where I have roots,  
remember  
that on that day,  
at that hour,  
I shall lift my arms  
and my roots will set off  
to seek another land.

But  
if each day,  
each hour,  
you feel that you are destined for me  
with implacable sweetness,  
if each day a flower  
climbs up to your lips to seek me,  
ah my love, ah my own,  
in me all that fire is repeated,  
in me nothing is extinguished or forgotten,  
my love feeds on your love, beloved,  
and as long as you live it will be in your arms  
without leaving mine.

-Pablo Neruda

Ravi Kopra

# If You Swoon In My Arms

If you swoon in my arms  
I'll give you breath of life,  
pouring my soul into you.  
Your soul will meet mine  
and say: hey sweet one,  
welcome home, I've been  
waiting for you so long!

Ravi Kopra

# If You Want A Lover

"If you want a lover"  
I will fetch the moon for you  
Till the end of the world I will love you

If you want a sidekick  
I will kick you  
better leave me now

If you want a friend  
call me anytime  
I will be there for you

I will be your lover  
your bosom buddy  
your inseparable confidant.

Ravi Kopra

# If You Want Love

I may not buy yachts  
to sail on the seas  
I may not buy you planes  
to fly in the air  
I may not buy you gold  
gilded with emeralds

I wish I could

(I am a poor man  
I only have a Cessna  
ten thousand heads of cattle  
twenty oil fields in my fifty  
thousand acres ranch in Dallas, Texas)

But if you want love  
I promise you this:

I will fetch the moon  
and give you.

Ravi Kopra

# If You Want To Fall In Love

If you want to fall  
in love, fall fully in love

There's no shortcut  
or halfway around

Either yes or no it is  
No waverings, no half between

And if you don't take it  
seriously, the punishment is abandonment

A lonesome, deserted life  
Worth what? Nothing...

\*\*\*

mohabbat ki saza tark-e-mohabbat  
mohabbat ka yahi bhi hai

- WAMIQ JAUNPURI

Ravi Kopra

# I'm In Love With You, A Raj Swami Hindi Love Poem In English Translation

I'm in love with you, I realise your despair  
When you do not see me eye to eye.  
And when you do see me, you smile  
And confess this to your dear friend -  
How hard it's to live with an aching heart!

But see how faithful I am to you  
Keep my trust in your heart  
And always think of this-  
I'm in love with you, I realise your despair.

I'm in love with you, I do not blame you  
I will keep the bouquet of memories  
Always for you, in my broken heart.

Ravi Kopra

# I'm Now Day Dreaming Of You

Went to bed at four in the morning  
thinking of you

got up at noon all dazed  
thinking of you

the madness of desire has taken me over  
thinking of you

if there's an asylum for new lovers  
let me know soon

I may need it in my junoon (madness)  
always thinking of you

Our meeting will be delayed today, I'm afraid  
I'm now day dreaming of you...

Ravi Kopra

# Imagine! Imagine! A Love Poem

No body can take away my imagination of you  
I think of you close to my heart and feel good  
I think I am riding a horse in the amazon  
and imagine as if I am rding you  
I think you are hugging me from behind  
and imagine you are kissing my temples  
and you softly sucking the lobes of my ears  
while you caress my breasts with your hands  
and then give me kisses of love  
on my mouth, breasts, thighs...

O love, when I think of you  
I become beside myself.  
My thoughts go from riding a horse  
to my breasts galloping for you.  
Your lips tremble in anticipation and I bend a little for you  
to feed you my love for a sec and then move away to tease you.  
I imagine sailing on the blue seas embraced in your arms  
lying in your lap on the ship's deck under the full moon  
while your hands move in my hair in gentle waves  
and your lips softly wishper in my ears -  
I love you, I love you, my sweet heart, I love you, for forever...

Ravi Kopra



# In A Word, A Polish Poem By Justyna Bargielska In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Ek Lafaz Main

main unse phir puchooti hoon  
kya tum ne us saalay ki laash abhi behji hai ya nahin?

wo kehte hain kharab mausam ki wajah se dair ho gayi hai  
agar budwaar tak na aae to shikayat karna ya poochna  
k kya hum tum ko kisi aur ki laash bhej dain

mujhe nahin pata main kya karoon  
aglay budwaar tak mere paas sochne k liye waqt hai

ek keeDay ne doosray keeDay ko dhokha diya  
aur bacha kiDa dukh main rota hai, har jagah rota hai,  
us ke khwab bhi dekhta hai

main school ki library ki khiDki par khaDi hui bahar dekh rehi hoon  
lagta hai mera bachpan ek pathar ban chuka hai  
aur kehta hai: hey aurat, kyon ro rehi ho, halan k main ro nahin rehi hoti  
honsla sambhalo, bhool jao is bhoot kaal ko  
bahar dekhnay ko kuch nahin hai, kuch bhi nahin hai.

Ravi Kopra

# In Appreciation - In Urdu - Of Muzahidul Reza's Love Poem: Love Is Love And Love

Ishq k kya kehnaay  
ho to khoob ho  
har jagah ho  
har atom, molecule main ho  
har haddi-khaddi main ho  
har dot main ho (ye dot kya balla hai Reza sahib?)  
har cot main ho (cot ka matalab hai bistra, chaarpaae k oopar)

agar na ho  
to kahin bhi na ho  
kya lena hai hum ne ishq se  
khuda k ghar to jaana hi hai ek din  
jahan hon gi mere liye  
tees (30) khoobsoorat pariaaN  
apnay kapDay utaray huay  
nanga jism dikhatay huay  
shaarboN k bhaaray pyalay  
apnay hathoN main liyay huay  
khush amdeed, khush amdeed kartay huay  
le jaeNgi mujhay baar baar apni cot par  
garam garam pyaar karne k liye

ab laga aap ko pata  
k main kyon jaata hun masjid har jumay  
aur kyon karta hoon namaaz har din paanch baar?  
chahat hai muje un parioN ki  
jin k sapnay main dekhta hoon hazaron baar!

parioN ki baataiN sochte sochte  
'Ravi' ka bhi dil thoDa sa fisil giya.  
kehne laga, sunno yaar- is dunia main to  
virgin pariaaN milti nahin  
kya jurm hai ban jane ko musalmaan?

Ravi Kopra

# In Cold Spring Air, A Poem By Reginald Gibbons In Hindi/Urdu Translation

bahaar ki dhandi hawa main  
ek khambay pe baitha kawa  
kaw kaw karta hua  
apna geet gaa raha hai  
jab uski saans bahar aati hai  
dhuaiN si ki tarah lagti hai

kya keh raha hai ye kawa?  
ankhon main patti baandhay  
hum sochtay hain jaante hain  
lakin patti k beech se  
dekh nahin paatey hain

Ravi Kopra

# In Defense Of Poetry

"Poetry is not today every man's cup of tea,  
many love coffee"

-me poet yeps poet

\*\*\*

But when pee, holy cows' or arabian dromedries'  
is served as poetry in a cafe  
What would you do? Drink the pee! ?  
Sure, if you know no difference between pee and poetry.  
Shun the cafe and go to some 'goshala' for more pee?  
Or go in search of Arabian dromedries to serve here more pee?  
Some will defend poetry for the sake of poetry. Do you now see?

goshala = place where cows are kept

Ravi Kopra

# In Every Aspect You Are In

In every sorrow, every thought, every aspect, you are in  
Whatever we plan, we both are in

In every sight, every journey, every friendship, you are in  
Whatever way we travel, we both are in

In every longing, every desire, every prayer, you are in  
Whatever we do, we both are in

In every gesture, every call, every affection, you are in  
Whatever we desire, we both are in

In every moment, every drop, every feeling, you are in  
Whatever our problems, solutions, we both are in

Ravi Kopra

# In Front Of Our Farm House

In front of our farm house  
papaya, mango and lychee trees were  
swarmed by green parrots with red beaks  
coming down from mountains in Haldwani.  
Scalding hot summer heat at noon  
but cool evening winds and smiling moon.

Glow worms in darker nights flitted  
filling the air like falling stars from skies.  
Early in the morning the roosters calls,  
the parrots chirping on mango trees  
and mom coming to my cot I slept in  
in the front yard under open skies  
and telling me: get up you lazy bum  
it's time for prayer and morning walk.

Ravi Kopra

## In Love, A Ghazal

My love, you gave me so many hickies in love  
I wear high collar, tell no one I am in love

When you opened the door for me, you were in gloom  
See how happy now we are together in love

You bring me coffee, make pakoDas for me  
I sit here looking at your beauty, I am in love

When I am away I think of you always  
I call you, write letters, falling in love

Darling how can I now live without you  
I am already drowning in love

People envy me, colonel Khan envies me  
But only 'Ravi' is lucky to have you in love.

Ravi Kopra

# In Love, A Turkish Poem By Behçet Necatigil In English Translation

You held back love till tomorrow  
Shy, respectful, restrained you remained  
All of your kin knew you were in the wrong.

You were too busy doing your things  
(You would not want them unfinished)  
The feelings of love that filled your heart  
Always remained in your heart.

You were hoping you would have  
More free time for love,  
A short time with a lover  
Wasn't enough for you,  
But the years past fast.

At night in your secret garden  
The flowers were blossoming.  
You were alone and you thought  
You hadn't enough to give  
Or it wasn't the right time.

Ravi Kopra



# In My Thoughts, A Hindi Poem By Raj Swamin In English Translation

So strange are  
Your thoughts

You are my destiny  
What do I call my desires in my loneliness?

My faithfulness or your sulkiness  
That makes me desire you even more

How will I end up thinking of you?  
Why don't you come to me sometimes

Why don't you fulfill my desires  
With the depths of your heart, sometimes.

Ravi Kopra

# In Praise Of God

God kills us in wars  
God gives us syphilis, cholera  
God gives us rapists, burglars, murderers  
God gives us hunger, disease, death  
God takes away all reality, all sanity

And makes us wretched monsters  
after greed, money, women... (remain tuned if you want to hear more)  
And still, the demented, deluded man worships his God.

Ravi Kopra

# In Praise Of Poetry, A Hindi/Urdu Poem

Apna naam chamkane k liye  
kya tum kavita likhtay ho?

Tum ko angrezi aati hai  
ye dekhane k liye kavita likhtay ho?

Mohabbat bina dil bahut dukhi hai  
kya aisi kavita likhne aate ho?

Bahut tum aqalmand ho  
apni aqalmandi ki kavita jhaDne aate ho?

Ya hum bhi koe kam nahin hain  
Is liye kya tum kavita likhtay ho?

Mujh ko is ki koe samah nahin  
lakin itna zaroor pata hai -

Kavita-vavita tum ko na to  
likhnay aati hai, na hi koi samajh paate ho

Apni aur apne desh ki moorakhta ko  
tum kaafi log yahan din raat chakar lagate ho

Mere desi paki bhaiyo, behno, ek baat fir se kehta hoon  
likhne se pehle, kuch paDo aur samjho kya kavita tum samajh pate ho

har kavita tum ko samajh main na aaye gi  
kyon har kavita ki prashansa main apni bewakoofi dikhla tay ho?

Ravi Kopra

# In Search Of True Love

Search...yes, it is the search  
My search is for true love  
It is lost somewhere  
That's why I am in its search  
Perhaps you too are in its search

This damned search never ends  
Perhaps there is no true love  
It stays in my thoughts always  
And pricks my brain without end

Search...yes, it is the search  
My search is for true love  
The search is for two and a half words of love  
(love, prem in hindi forms 2 and a half letters)  
That is why it is not a thesis, just search

The search has already tore my heart  
No longer it feels like a heart  
But something that keeps on pulsating in my chest and never stops  
I feel I can breath but my pulse is going weak...

Ravi Kopra

# In The Evening, A Love Poem By Fenton Johnson In Hindi/Urdu Translation

I

sham k sameh mohabbat lout aati hai  
jaise videsh se lout aata hai piya ghar main  
sham k sameh mohabbat lout aati hai  
gulab k phool liye apne hathoN main  
sham k sanmeh zindagi ek geet bun jaati hai  
aur sab khet haray haray ho jate hain  
aasman main taray taj pehan lete hain  
aur khuda hamari rakhwaali karta hai

II

sham k sameh suraj k dhalne par  
kam kaj k dukh door ho jatey hain  
sham k sameh anand aa jata hai  
jab din ki jhoom khatam ho jati hai  
sham k sameh shehad bhri chummiAN  
mohabbat ki bel par hansti hui a jati hain  
aur sham k sameh tum muj ko kehte ho -  
O meri jaan-e-jahan, main tera hoon tu meri hai

Ravi Kopra

# In The Library, A Touching English Poem By Jean Valentine In Hindi/Urdu Translation

hum dono library main the  
roshni badal rehi the cHat pe

aur aise laga k hum dono  
doob rehe the paani main

-jo bhi tumay milnay aaya  
tu ne badal diya usay

aakhri baar jab hum milay the  
tere dono haath mere coat k collars pe the

-terei zindgi k aakhri ye din hain, aisa ye laga muje  
-tere laal-laal hont tab laal na the, aisa ye laga muje

tu ne mere haath pakDay  
aur de diya jeenay k sahara muje

Ravi Kopra

# Innocent Heart

I kept a close watch  
at every turn of my life  
I would never give up hope  
till the apocalyptic night  
I lived with smiles on my face  
Always hoping I would land in the garden of happiness  
Being innocent I never realized the oppression in this world  
At the last turn of my life I found there was no one for me  
I was just a guest here for everyone else here  
So innocent was I, I never realized cunningness of my friends  
Nor did I realize how selfish they were  
It became hard to put on a smiling face  
Everyone quit me saying I could smile alone  
No one was there to listen to the sorrows of my heart  
Hearts of people in this world are dead like stones'.

Ravi Kopra

# Insanity Or What

He calls me a dotard  
a war monger, a lunatic  
a mentally deranged beast

And now an old man!  
I cannot take it any more  
That's it. Ultimatum? !

I only call him a rocket man  
I never said a short or fat man  
I want to be his dear friend

What could it have been  
if the crooked one had said -  
you cat grabber dotard old man!

Who wants to go to  
a theater on Broadway  
in Pyongyang or Pyeongchang?

And just for tit for tat  
no one is left alive  
Jesus descends from heaven

To put our arms, legs, bellies  
lungs, hearts, livers together  
not heads, we need new heads.

Ravi Kopra



# Instant Love

She looked at me  
And smiled

O my God!  
She, so beautiful!  
She must be in love with me  
I am going to tell her I love her

It was a little windy  
He did not know the winds  
Had fallen in love with his toupe.

Ravi Kopra

# Is Love A Bloody Bundle?

Is love a bloody bundle,  
snow chewing, that comes and goes without a reason?

-Mustafa Koz, a turkish poet

Is love madness  
that turns sane peoples' heads  
into muddy mush  
or just rush of androgens  
and estrogens that  
drive them to lust  
veiled as love in madness?  
Whatever it is, it seizes them  
and without it, there will be  
none of us except bastards.

Ravi Kopra

# Is This Poetry?

Poetry, a Rorschach test?  
Scatter some words on pages  
Squeeze them with forced rhymes and let  
Readers make what they want to make of it?  
(A wonderful poem or murder of poetry)

And let readers full of flattery come  
And praise and praise to get back flattery  
When they write their awesome (!)poetry.  
They do unto you, what you do unto them.  
Is this poetry?

Inspired by -

This Is Poetry - Poem by Robert Murray Smith

We are users of language invented by others.  
Using language we express meaning in many ways.  
Ask not what you write or speak to be.  
Let it be in the minds of others to see.  
This is poetry.

Robert Murray Smith

And the comments therein.

Ravi Kopra

# Is This Your First Time In Bed With Your New Love?

Is this your first time in bed with your new love?  
She will soon find out if you are real or just shit.

Pay heed to these -

Your huge belly protrudes to your pelvis  
you stink of onions, garlic, turmeric and heeng  
you smother her with a ton of weight, she cannot breathe  
your tongue makes a pulp of hers when you are in heat  
your nails dig furrows into her skin, she bleeds  
you don't wait for her, you are in hurry as if  
getting late to attend your mother's funeral  
you thrust and thrust, become breathless, get off her  
like a dead man lie down motionless beside her.  
Wide eyed she looks at you and says - what an idiot! A fool.

Ravi Kopra

# It Does Not Matter At All, A Ghazal In English

If you do not know what love is, it does not matter at all  
Lift her burqa, make love fast, rest it does not matter at all

Go kill a non believer, steal his wife, make her your own wife  
Allah allows it, what the worlds says, it does not matter at all

Work Monday to Thursday, Friday is jumma pray day, Saturday you play hookie  
Sunday is an off day. How much you work per week it does not matter at all

If you do not like your neighbor, no problem at all, charge him with blasphemy  
Let mullahs beat his ass, let them hang him in the bazaar, it does not matter at all

If one of your wives bitches, refuses to make love to you, no problem at all  
Divorce her just saying 'I divorce you.' Kick her out of house, it does not matter at all

Thirty two beautiful virgins, wine and music will be waiting for you in paradise  
You brutally kill all Kafirs, all non believers in this world, it does not matter at all.

Ravi Kopra

# It Feels Good, A Love Poem After Deepti Mishra

Accha Lagta Hai

A Poem by Deepti Mishra from India at Poemhunter

\*\*\*

Tears from my eyes still  
fall on my cheeks and pain my heart  
since you left me weeks ago.

I miss your hugs, kisses, caresses  
I take the arms of your shirt  
wrap them around my neck,  
the body of your shirt I press  
against my heart when I miss you.  
I take the legs of your pants  
and let them fall on mine  
to feel close to you.

I lie to my heart and tell it  
you are still with me here  
and love me passionately.

I miss you, my love.  
Tell me when will you be back  
in Bangalore from Kalamazoo, Michigan  
salting out all damned hacks  
all breaks from their sick computers.

-to be continued, possibly...

Ravi Kopra

# It Is Hard To Find Love

Lovers do not  
go around talking

of their love  
they keep their

love in their heart  
they may suffer

in loneliness  
but are always

immersed in love  
it is hard

to find  
a lover

the world does  
not allow it

though they  
pray they

have a lover  
but don't

see you  
eye to eye

your beloved  
must never

be defamed  
even if

you suffer  
in loss

let your heart  
keep its passions

we never get all  
wishes fulfilled.

Ravi Kopra



# It Is I, You Women - I Make My Way, Walt Whitman In Hindustani Translation

hey mahila  
main hi hoon jo aagay baDta hoon  
main kathor hoon, kaDa hoon teekha hoon  
apni hi baat karta hoon  
lakin tum se pyaar karta hoon

be-zaroorat peeDa kabhi na doonga tumain  
lakin loonga tumain zaroor betay-batiaN bananay k liye  
jo chahiaiN humaiN apnay mulk k liye

main lagooN ga tere saath,  
sikoDooN ka tumain dheeray dheeray  
koe fariyad nahiN sunu ga  
cHoroON ga nahin jab tak nikala jaata nahiN  
jo bhara hua hai mere andar baDay arsay se

tere andar main khoolooN ga mere rukay hue dariya  
tere andar main cHipaoON ga aanay waalay hazaroN saal

hey mahila  
main hi hoon jo aagay baDta hoon

Ravi Kopra

# It Is Love, Real Love

It is love, real love  
It is not a joke

It has its ups and falls  
In the heat of a moment  
Never make a call

Once lost  
It may not come back  
You will hold your head in hands  
Will sit stooping down in a chair

May cry missing her  
May slap your forehead and say -  
How stupid you were!  
It may by then be too late

For love has its wings  
May fly too far  
Where it gets love  
For love in return.

Ravi Kopra

# It Is The Color Of My Heart - An Urdu Poem Of Faiz Ahmed Faiz In Translation

It's the Colour of My Heart

When you didn't come,  
things were they should be -  
the sky was as far as I could see,  
the road to travel by was a road,  
the goblet was a glassful of wine.

And now, a glassful of wine,  
the road to travel by,  
and the colour of the sky,  
are like the colours of my blood,  
flowing from my heart to my liver.

Sometimes golden, like the  
shine of your eyes when we meet.  
Sometimes grey and saddening like  
the sickening feelings of partings.

Other times like colours of old  
leaves, of trash, of dry grass,  
of red flowers in flower-beds,  
of dark sky, of poison, of blood.

Now I see the sky, the road,  
the glass full of wine, my wet  
robe, my aching nerves in a mirror,  
changing moment by moment.

Since you've come, please stay.  
May the things - the colours, the seasons,  
stay as if they were in one place.  
May everything be as it used to be -

The sky, as far as I could see,  
the road to travel by a road,  
the goblet, brimming with wine.

Ravi Kopra

# It Looks Like An Old Philosopher

I do not know its name  
I do not know its habitat  
Nor do I know its personality

I saw it on an Afrikaans poetry site  
sitting on a fence near a dead flower tree  
thinking some philosophy

It's tiny, has a fat belly  
white and brown feathers  
sharp black eyes, a sharp beak

it looks like an old philosopher  
thinking of birdie life -  
insects, grains, buddy birds, predators

nest, rain, water, winds  
mate, eggs, little chicks  
cravens, crows, vultures, hawks -

it lives peacefully  
among its own kind, minding  
its own business daily

unlike humans  
philosophers or not  
plundering nature.

Ravi Kopra

# It Visits You, A Love Poem By The Persian Poetess Fariba Shadloo In Hindi/Urdu Translation

humay iski koi umeed nahin hoti  
ye achaanak aa jati hai  
park main  
bookstore main  
aur yahan jahan main ab khaDi hoon

mohabbat tumhari kameez pe lipit kar  
aasani se oopar chaDti hai  
ek scarf ki tarah gallay main lag jati hai  
aur hamara sardi ka mausam kam ho jata hai

Ravi Kopra

# It Was Her Birthday

It was her birthday  
I woke up early, sneaked out of bed

To serve breakfast to my queen in bed  
Coffee was brewing in the pot

The toaster was toasting slices  
of her favourite asiago bread

I was turning eggs in the skillet  
Suddenly I feel her full breasts

against my back, her hands on my  
shoulders, her lips on my neck

My body shuddered. I turned. She smiled  
I gave kisses on her mouth, forehead, eyes...

I served her breakfast in the bed  
and pulled over the downey, entwined.

Ravi Kopra

# Japanese Cats

In India, he hides his dagger in his armpits  
But first says Raam Raam before he utters a word

In Japan, he wears a cat on his hand  
Be careful wherever he is, in India or in Japan

He does not want to do anything himself  
He always borrows paws of a cat

He has thousands of acres of land  
But says he has only a cat's forehead

He has a cat's tongue  
He does not take a morsel till it's an ice cube.

Ravi Kopra



# John Keat's Love Letter To Fanny Brawne, A Found Poem In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Main sub kuch bhool jata hoon  
lakin kabhi nahin bhoolta  
tujh se milnay ko  
dooba rehta hoon main  
teri yaadoN main

Mujhe abhi abhi aisay laga  
k dum nikal jaeyga mera jaldi se  
bahut dukhi ho jaunga main  
mil na saka agar marne se pehlay

Mujhe hairani hua karti thee  
k log dharam pe jaan de datay hain  
ye soch kar main kaampanay  
lag jaya karta tha  
nahin, ab aisa bilkul nahin,  
main ab de sakta hoon  
apni jaan dharam k liye -  
mohabbat mera dharam hai -  
mar jaunga main mohabbat k liye  
mar jaunga main tere liye.

\*\*\*

I am forgetful  
of every thing but  
seeing you again -  
my Life seems to stop there -  
I see no further.  
You have absorb'd me.

I have a sensation  
at the present moment  
as though I was dissolving -  
I should be exquisitely miserable  
without the hope of soon seeing you...

I have been astonished that  
Men could die Martyrs for religion -  
I have shudder'd at it -  
I shudder no more -  
I could be martyr'd for my Religion -  
Love is my religion -  
I could die for that -  
I could die for you.

-John Keats

Ravi Kopra

# Just Leaving My Home, What Could I Do, A Urdu Ghazal By Parveen Shakir In English Translation

Just leaving my home, what could I do  
Travelling in the evening, how could I do

I already knew all your engagements  
Telling you I am coming, how could I do

I could not even get the stars  
With the sun and the moon, what could I do

He always travelled in the sun  
In the shadows spread by trees, what could he do

The beginning and the end were nothing but the dust  
With the pearls growing out of particles, what could I do

You had already made your mind against me  
To tell my heart to stay with you, how could I do

Love had blessed her beauty in all forms  
With the make up sets, what could she do

Ravi Kopra

# Just Think Of It

What you like today  
may not like tomorrow  
next week, next month  
years later  
even your husband  
your wife you madly love.

Just think of it.

When my penny pinching  
friend got old  
really old, could hardly  
wipe his ass  
he once told me:  
Ravi, I want nothing  
no gold, no women  
no fame, no friends.

Just a bed to sleep on  
and three meals a day  
to feed my tummy.

Just think of it.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - A Cloud Of Love

A cloud of love  
Rained on saint Kabir

His soul got drenched in love  
Everywhere he saw, it was love love

Everything was emerald green  
Loved enveloped him.

???? ????? ????? ??, ?? ?? ????? ?? ?  
????? ????? ?????, ??? ?? ????? ?

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - A Rare Glimpse

The road to the  
destination is long,  
is hard to travel on.  
At each step you find  
imposters and thieves.

O dear friends, tell me  
How can we have a  
rare glimpse at God.

???? ????? ????? ??, ????? ??? ??? ?????  
??? ?????? ?????? ?????, ??????? ??? ???????

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Arrogance

O ye men full of arrogance!  
Your heads are in the clutches of time

You never know where  
at home or in an alien land  
you will stop to breathe.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Awakening

When it was  
always I, I, I  
There was no  
God for me.  
Now I seek God  
and there is no I.  
Darkness has  
disappeared  
He shows me  
the light.

Ravi Kopra



# Kabir - Birds Came

You did not keep watch  
over your fields

Birds came  
and ate your grains

Some are still left  
Take care, if you can.

??? ?????? ??????? ??????? ????? ??? ?  
??? ????? ?????, ????? ??? ?? ??? ?

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Body

???? ?? ??? ??? ?? ??? ?? ????? ????? ?  
???? ????? ?? ?? ????? ?? ??????

Your body is bound to end, says saint Kabir  
Take care of it as much as you can

Your lakhs and crore of rupees will  
stay behind. Empty handed you will go.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Come Within My Sight

???? ???? ?? ??, ?????? ??? ??? ???????

?? ??? ?????? ?? ?? ? ??? ????? ??????

-Kabir

O Love

Come within my sight

Let me imbibe you fully

And then close my eyes

I will see none else

And no one else

Will see you.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Compatibility

Rains fell tap dancing  
on a huge boulder

The soil took in  
all water

The stone remained  
bare faced.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Counterfeit Pleasures

Your flawed senses  
take counterfeit pleasures  
as real ones and your  
heart dances in joy

But

Time loves to chew up  
the whole world  
Some in its jaws already  
and some waiting in its lap

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Criticism

Welcome your crits  
keep them close  
they'll wash up  
your shortcomings  
sans water sans soap  
and you will be a better man.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Desires

O my heart!  
Give up your grand  
desires and thoughts  
They will  
never be fulfilled

If one could get  
butter out of water  
No one would have  
a dry toast.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Everybody Is Selfish

???? ????? ??? ????? ?? ??????? ????? ??? ?  
?? ?????? ? ?????, ??? ?????? ? ??? ?

Everybody is selfish  
No one is there to hang onto

Till you realise this  
You will not live fully.

Ravi Kopra



# Kabir - Friendship

Birds now live  
in people, Kabir so thinks  
Wherever they wish  
they fly

They become like  
the company  
they keep.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Give Up Garbagey Things

Think of life and death  
Give up garbagey things

The path you have decided  
to tread on

Keep on following  
that path.

????? ??? ?????? ??? ????? ??? ?????? ?  
???? ?????? ??? ?????? ??? ??? ?????? ?

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Greed

Poor souls!  
So many spent all their lives  
hoarding money  
They could not control their minds  
Their hopes, their desires had no end  
So many times, Kabir has said this.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - I Am Somebody

I am, I am somebody you say  
With pride all the times

Kick it out of yourself  
As soon as you can

It like a sleuthing flame  
In a small cotton ball

Ready to burn you down to ashes  
Whenever it wants.

??? ??? ??? ???? ??, ??? ?? ????? ??????  
?? ?? ?????? ?? ???, ??? ?????? ??????

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Laziness

Day after day  
You lazied away  
You did nothing  
You did not pray  
To God even

No use repenting now  
It is too late  
Look at your fields -  
You did not reap the harvest  
The birds came and ate  
Every grain of it.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Love Your God

The temple of your body  
is in ruins

All its bricks  
have fallen down

Love your God  
who made this temple

Save it from ruins  
the second time.

???? ????? ??? ?????? ??? ?? ??????? ?  
??? ??????? ??? ????????? ?????? ??? ? ????? ??? ?

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Loveless Hearts

Those who have  
in their hearts no love,  
have no taste of love  
and their tongues cannot  
utter a word for God's love,  
their birth in this world  
of what worth?

???? ?? ????? ? ?????? ??, ????? ????? ????? ?????  
?? ?? ?? ?????? ???, ????? ?? ?????? ?

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Loving Lord

?? ?? ?? ???? ???? , ???? ??????? ????  
???? ??????? ?? ???? , ?? ?? ????? ????

I will turn myself into  
A little lamp made of baked clay  
Put a wick in it as my soul  
And some oil like my blood.

I will lit the lamp  
And in its light will have  
a glimpse of my loving Lord.

Ravi Kopra



# Kabir - Man, A Bubble Of Water

Man  
a bubble  
of water

is what man is

one day  
he will disappear

like stars disappear  
in the morning

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Morals

If somebody shuns you  
let him go on his way

If you keep your moral high  
everybody like in the Kevat's boat

who gave a ride to Lord Rama  
on the holy waters of Ganga

will come back to you.

???? ?? ?? ??? ??, ????? ??? ? ????  
???????? ?? ????? ?????, ??? ????????? ???

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - O Love

???? ???? ?? ??, ?????? ??? ??? ???????

?? ??? ?????? ?? ?? ? ??? ????? ??????

-Kabir

O Love

Come within my sight

Let me imbibe you fully

And then close my eyes

I will see none else

And no one else

Will see you.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Pearls

(Not everyone knows the worth of gems)  
An ocean wave brings pearls on the shore  
An egret gives damn to them  
While a swan gobbles them one by one

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Possessions

A day will come when  
you will leave behind  
everything you now hoard

O kings, O rulers of states!  
This also applies to you

?? ??? ??? ?????, ?? ??? ??? ??????  
???? ????? ????????, ?????? ??? ????

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Reincarnation

Man is lucky  
to be born in this world

To be reincarnated as a man  
again after death is hard

Like a leaf fallen  
from a bough remains separated

and does not have a second  
chance to get back to the bough.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Restless Mind

O mind!  
You gave  
And listened to  
Many discourses

You were restless  
In the beginning  
You still are.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Restlessness

We pass our lives  
listening to sermons

And then talking  
what the sermons say

But the restlessness  
in our hearts still stays

It never leaves and we feel  
the same as on our first sermon day

Ravi Kopra



# Kabir - Rosary

You die  
moving beads of your rosary  
but your heart is a hard rock

move your heart with love  
touch others' hearts

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Sacrifice

When man is asked  
to give up  
a part of what  
he has

It seems as if  
a flood comes  
and his greatness, dignity  
his loving kindness  
are all swept away.

???, ?????, ????? ??, ????? ?? ??? ?????  
? ????? ????? ??, ????? ?????? ??? ?????

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Sainthood

Saints do not  
leave sainthood  
though they  
come across  
countless people  
with nonsense

The snakes  
wrap around the  
trunks and branches  
of the sandalwood tree  
but cannot take away  
its cool essence.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Sleep

You sleep all time  
You do nothing  
You do not get up  
And pray to God even

Get up you lousy bum  
Do something  
And pray to your god sometime  
Morning or evening

The day is not too far  
For your eternal sleep  
Of doing nothing.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Speech

Speech is priceless  
if you know  
how to use it

Don't blurt out your thoughts  
measure them first in your heart  
before you open your mouth.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Taste Of Love

You did not taste love  
Nor did you try to bite it

So it was like  
You entered a desolate house  
You left as you came without any love.

???? ????? ? ????????, ????? ? ???? ????  
???? ?? ?? ???????, ????? ??? ?????? ?????

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - The Working Of World

What is born, dies

What flowers, withers

What goes up, falls down

What goes away, returns

(That's how things take  
turn in this world)

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - The World Changes

????? ??? ?? ?????? ??? ??? ????? ??? ?  
?? ?????? ????? ??? ????? ????? ??? ?

Even in those temple like homes  
Where seven days a week

They sang holy songs  
They are abandoned now  
Only crows live there

The world changes - happiness  
And sorrows never ever last.

Ravi Kopra



# Kabir - Think

????? ??? ?????? ??? ?????? ??? ?????? ?  
????? ?????? ??? ?????? ??? ??? ?????? ?

Think of your birth  
Think of your death

Give up bad things  
Whatever way

You want to live  
Live it fully.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Venture

Those who venture  
do get something

Like a diver  
who dives in waters deep.

But a sissy sitting  
by the shore gets nothing

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Virtue

If someone senses your virtue  
everybody goes after you

When no one is after virtue  
you are not worth a penny

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Watchfulness

??? ?????? ?????? ?????? ????? ??? ?  
??? ?????, ????? ??? ?? ??? ?

Without any watch  
The wild birds flew in

And ate up your harvest  
You can still save some

If you make haste.

Man, keep watch on  
Your belongings

If you want to keep them  
Or in no time you'll lose them

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Water

A living tree knows  
water is life line

Dry wood knows not  
what water is.

A living heart knows  
what love is

And for a dead one  
love doesn't exist.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Wealth

Stacked in a bundle  
you carry your  
valuables on your head

What use?  
Everybody sees it  
You may soon lose it

Carry your wisdom - valuable  
in your head  
it will last for ever  
you will never lose.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Yogi

Anyone can don  
a saffron robe  
to look like  
a yogi

What for?

Let your heart  
first be a yogi

You will get  
everything.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Your Body

Your body, an unbaked earthen pot  
you carry it with you wherever you go

A little hit to it  
will reduce it to mere dust  
You will have nothing left in this world.

?? ?? ????? ?????? ??, ????? ????? ?? ?????  
???? ????? ???????, ??? ? ??? ?????

Ravi Kopra



# Kabir - Your Body Is Priceless

Your body is priceless  
Worth more than diamonds and rubies

This toy of yours  
may last for four days only

It might not  
even last till tomorrow

Take care of yourself  
you have but one body.

???? ?????? ??? ??, ?????? ????? ????? ?  
???? ????? ?? ??????, ????? ?????? ????? ?

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Your Bones Burn

Your bones burn  
like dry wood

Your hair, like hay

Seeing your body  
going up in flames

Saint Kabir  
feels sad

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir - Your Eyes

???? ??? ??????? ?? ???? ???? ? ????  
????? ?????? ?? ??????? ???? ???? ?

In the sandalwood paste  
there is no place for kohl

If God rests in your eyes  
none else can stay in your eyes

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir -Grabbing By Hair

Kabir never found  
a preacher  
who could preach  
the populace

And save them  
from drowning in  
the maya of  
this world  
by grabbing  
their hair.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir In Translation - A Cup Of Love

Lift a cup of love to your lips  
Sip slowly drinking love

It will enter into  
Every pore of your body

You will forget everthing  
Immersed in pure love

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir In Translation - A Foolish Friend

Better  
just to see the ghee  
than to have  
oil in your cuisine

Better to have  
a wise enemy  
than a foolish  
friend.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir In Translation - A Prayer

I pray -  
please  
give me  
enough  
to feed  
my family  
and myself.

And a  
little more  
to share  
with a  
hungry holy man.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir In Translation - A Sage

A sage must be  
a winnower

that blows off the chaff  
from the thrashed grains

and tells us the truth.  
Not the one who piles

nonsense on nonsense  
and leads us astray

Ravi Kopra



# Kabir In Translation - A Water Lily

A water lily loves water  
It stays in it

The moon loves the sky  
And makes its home in it

Whatever you love, try  
You will have it

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir In Translation - Best Wishes

Kabir stands  
there in the  
market and  
wishes  
everybody  
the best

He has  
no enemy  
nor has he  
any friend.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir In Translation - Caste

Do not ask  
to which caste  
a sage belongs

Ask always for his wisdom

The worth of  
a sword is not its sheath  
it is itself in the sword.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir In Translation - Contentment

My desires went away  
with them went my worries  
I felt content  
Peace flowed into my heart

Those who want nothing  
Are the greatest kings.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir In Translation - Criticism

Never criticise  
even a speck of straw

You may trample on it

But when it flies  
into your eyes

You will cry mama.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir In Translation - Ego

You lose your riches  
So what?

Losing your ego  
is the hardest feat

Many sages  
died in ego

Many people  
still today

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir In Translation - Forgiveness

Great men forgive  
The lesser ones are unforgiving

What did the Lord lose  
when Bhrugu kicked him?

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir In Translation - Greatness

What does it matter  
if someone  
is great  
like a  
tall  
date tree?

It gives no shade  
to anyone  
on a journey  
and its dates  
hang  
so high.

Ravi Kopra



# Kabir In Translation - Guru

You will get lost  
not following  
your guru

If the lord is  
angry at you  
you have the guru

But

if your guru is  
angry at you  
there's no one to turn to

(God first listens to your guru  
he is closer to him than you)

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir In Translation - Guru And God

My guru and my God  
Whom do I bow to first?

My guru  
for he is the one  
who led me to God.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir In Translation - Happiness

Man feels happiness  
in foreign lands

Not knowing in his own land  
happiness has no beginning, no end.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir In Translation - Love

Reading books  
full of  
knowledge  
no body  
got wise  
ever

He who knows  
just one word - love  
got all the  
wisdom  
in this world.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir In Translation - Praying To God

When in trouble  
man prays  
to God  
but when on  
merry-go round  
he forgets Him

If he prays  
while well  
and happy,  
no trouble  
there  
would be.

Ravi Kopra

## Kabir In Translation - Pride

Do not be  
proud of your  
high rises  
says saint Kabir

one day  
you will be  
six feet under  
and above you  
will grow the grass.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir In Translation - Procrastination

Do today  
what you have to do  
tomorrow  
Do now  
what you have to do  
today

Do it as if  
any moment  
the world  
might end,  
What would you  
do then?

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir In Translation - Righteousness

When you came  
into this world  
you cried  
and everybody laughed

Be upright  
so that  
after you die  
no body makes  
fun of you.

Ravi Kopra



# Kabir In Translation - Sages And Snakes

A sage  
is like a sandalwood tree  
The world  
is like a snake

That wraps  
itself around the tree  
But cannot  
alter its essence.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir In Translation - Self Discovery

I went out  
looking  
for  
bad  
people,  
I found  
none.

I looked into  
myself  
and  
found  
the worst one.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir In Translation - Speech

Speak  
as if  
you have  
no  
ego

So that  
it calms  
you  
and comforts  
those who  
listen to you

Ravi Kopra

## Kabir In Translation - Steadily, Unhurriedly

Steadily,  
unhurriedly  
you can  
achieve  
everything

A gardner  
may water  
his plants  
day and night,  
they will  
bear fruit  
only when  
the season  
is right.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir In Translation - The Clay And The Potter

The clay  
says to the potter -  
why do you knead me?

A day  
will come when  
you will go  
to dust  
and I will  
knead  
you then.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir In Translation - The Hand-Mill In Motion

Seeing the  
hand-mill in motion  
the heart  
of Kabir cries

Between the  
two  
grinding  
stones,  
no one can  
survive.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir In Translation - Where Is God?

Like the oil  
in the  
sesame seed,  
like the spark  
in the flame,  
your God  
is  
within you,  
wake up  
and  
find him.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir In Translation - Worry

Worry  
is such  
it cuts open  
your heart

Poor medic  
What can he do?  
What med can he give you?

Ravi Kopra



# Kabir In Translation -Joys Of Love

Joys  
of love  
cannot be told  
in any story

Like a mute  
who cannot speak  
but smiles  
on eating  
a candy.

Ravi Kopra

## Kabir Like Doha - Dharam

tu bharat main paida hua, tere dada pardada har bharti samaan  
kaala moonh karo tu apna arbi dharam lagai bun baitha musalmaan

\*\*\*

Your are born an Indian  
Your forefathers born in India were Hindus  
You look, live like an Indian Hindu

But have adopted the desert religion of the barbaric bedouin  
You eat holy cows, you torture your women under black burqas  
Let people of dharma blacken your face with dark black soot  
Make you ride the dumbest donkey in the town and shame you, shame you!

Ravi Kopra

## Kabir Like Doha - Religion

hum na hindu, na muslim, na isahee, hum ek insaan  
mora jeevam bahut shudh hoee, hum japoo bhagwaan naam

I am not a Hindi  
Not a Musalmaan  
Nor a Christian  
But I am only human  
I live a pure life  
And pray to God.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir -Lord

The Lord of Hindus is Ram  
Muslims' Lord is Rehman

They fight with each other  
till death

And still  
no one knows the truth.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir -Our Bodies, Our Deeds

?? ?? ?? ?? ?? ??? ??? ?? ??????? ?  
?? ?? ??? ????? ??, ??? ??? ? ???????

Our bodies are like woods  
Our deeds make an axe

We cut down our trees  
Using our own axe

So is the light of humankind  
Says the helpless saint Kabir

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir- Worthlessness

You passed the  
nights sleeping  
and days, eating

you were a  
priceless gem at birth  
everyday you are becoming  
a little more worthless.

Ravi Kopra

# Kabir -Worthlessness

You spent  
nights sleeping  
days eating

When born  
you were a  
priceless gem  
and now  
not worth a penny.

Ravi Kopra

## Kabir Would Say This In Bhojpuri

jap lay pyaare raam ka naam yadi swarag tu chahay to  
bhoot khaaeN gay tohra shreer naam uska tu bhoola to

Ravi Kopra



# Kabir-Talk

Do not blabber  
Yet do not keep your silence  
Talk as you must

No body likes unending rains  
No body likes scorching heat

Ravi Kopra

# Kali, The Blackest Of All, Is My Name

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. Now the earth was formless and empty, darkness was over the surface of the deep, and the Spirit of God was hovering over the waters.

Genesis 1: 1-2

\*\*\*

In the beginning it was time force  
and darkness was everywhere  
no earth, no moon, nor sun, nor planets were born  
I am born of darkness and time force  
Kali, the blackest of all, is my name.

People in fear worship me  
I chop off necks of the evil and drink their blood  
I wear skin of a lion, with cut arms of men I cover my pelvis.  
I ride lions. Snakes and a jackal are my constant companions.  
I have for arms and three eyes and a blood red tongue.  
My black hair is disheveled, my white teeth long and sharp.  
I carry a sword, a bowl to collect blood, a cut head of a devil  
and a blue lotus in my four hands.  
I wear a garland of one hundred eight skulls around my neck.

When people see me  
the children run to their mothers  
the valiant soil their pants  
the birds stop their flights in the air  
lions in jungles run to their dens  
all animals shake and tremble  
dogs can't bark, people stammer and bumble.  
Time stands still.

Don't mistake me for a devil  
I kill the devils  
I eliminate the evil  
And I bless with my blue lotus  
all those who are good and pious.

Lord Shiva is my consort  
His wife Parvati is jealous of me  
I trample on Shiva's chest  
when he does not listen to me...

Ravi Kopra

# Kalidasa's Ritusamharan, Spring, Chapter 6, Translated From Sanskrit Into English

O dear, the green leaves abound  
in the beginning of spring  
on the branches of mango trees,  
the bees swarm there and hum,  
the cupid thus awakens the desires of lovers  
to get ready to make love. (6-1)

The trees sway with flowers in the spring,  
lotus flowers float in ponds full of water,  
fragrant breeze blows in the morning and evening  
and the lusty women can't wait to be with their lovers.  
How pleasant is this, the season of spring! (6-2)

Everything prospers in this season -  
Swimming pools brimming with water,  
Mango trees full of flowers  
Clear skies glow under the moonshine.  
The women glow in their lust and wander around  
showing off their lovely bodies adorned with shining  
jewels on belts, tied around their slender waists.  
These lusty women are pleasure to behold in this season of spring. (6-3)

They cover their sexy round plump behinds  
with short silk skirts dyed in red,  
and their full bulging breasts in see-through silken bras  
dyed in brown, yellow and red.  
They make their lovers hearts throb  
walking around thus flimsily dressed. (6-4)

-to be continued

Ravi Kopra

# Kalidasa's Ritusamharan, Winter, Chapter 5, Translated From Sanskrit Into English

O ladies with lusty thighs  
the season of winter will please your hearts  
with field after of field of paddy and sugarcane  
with red cranes screeching in fields  
bringing you to orgasm sooner  
when you are making love (5-1)

It is cold. The winds are chilly.  
People shut their ventilatoers.  
Sit near the fire places, in the sun  
or with their hot women to warm themselves. (5-2)

It is not the season to cool you off with the sandal paste  
or go to your roofs under the bright moon at nights  
or walk in the chilly winds. (5-3)

Still the landscape at night is wonderful -  
tons of snow shines under the moonlight  
and clusters of stars twinkle in the clear skies. (5-4)

Women chew fragrant betel nuts,  
put garlands of fresh flowers around their necks,  
rub scented lotions and creams on their pretty faces  
and after a drink or two of liquor, enter the bed rooms  
where their husbands are eagerly waiting for them. (5-5)

Some husbands are grouchy. Want to pick fights.  
But their beautiful wives melt their hearts.  
The wives forgive them for their faults  
lest they lose the chance of making love. (5-6)

Lusting young couples make love all night  
so much so the women can't walk straight next morning,  
their thighs and busts hurt for long hours of making love. (5-7)

Their bras squeeze their bulging breasts.  
The ornaments on the silk bands on the top of bras dangle as they walk

They put fresh flowers in their hairdos. Their big boobs sway as they slowly themselves become the winter's decorations. (5-8)

Women rub cinnabar vermillion on their breasts and bosoms to look beautiful  
It is rubbed off onto the chest of men when they hold them tight in their arms coming to orgasms night after night.  
They warm themselves with the hot bodies of their women all winter,  
While the lusting ladies relish it every second, every night in delight.(5-9)

Before the couples get ready for the night  
They have drink after drink of aphrodisiacs with petals of lotus dipped in for fragrance,  
This, and the fragrance of their lotus like ladies makes men high. They rush to bedrooms for the next session.(5-10)

A lady consumed in love with her man rises in the morning and sees her boobs flat against her chest. She smiles thinking how her lover pressed her tight to squeeze every drop of love-nectar out of her.  
She leaves the bedroom for another chamber.(5-11)

And another delightful beauty with slender waist and plump derriere rises in the morning to see the flowers in her hair-bun all withered and rumped.  
Her fragrant hair falling on shoulders all ruffled.  
She leaves the bedroom to brush her hair. (5-12)

They wash their golden lotus like faces  
Brush hair falling onto their shoulders  
Their catlike eyes seem meeting their ears  
These ladies are like goddess Laxmi who brings property to our homes.(5-13)

Some plump ladies have huge breasts  
They would bend down with weight  
if they didn't have heavy behinds  
to balance and thus stand straight.  
They walk slowly and stand nude  
changing their night wear to day dresses.(5-14)

They have love bites at their full lips  
Their breasts are marked with crescent moons  
left there by their lovers' sharp nails.  
They rejoice looking at them and hide them  
under all sorts of make up to look beautiful. (5-15)

In the winter, markets abound with new sugar candy  
new sweetmeats, fresh sweet juice from sugar cane.  
This sweetness adds to their sweet love makings.  
But alas! The lovelorn suffer too without love mates. (5-16)

Ravi Kopra

# Karachi Is A Dungeon, Mumbai A Palace

Karachi is a dungeon  
Mumbai, a palace

If Mumbai is an elephant  
Karachi, only a rodent

In Karachi, live chaprasis  
In Mumbai, Bollywood stars

Karachi, a kabristan of pakistan  
Mumbai, the heera of hindustan

Karachi women live under burqa  
Mumbai women in full freedom

Karachi stinks of raw sewage  
Mumbai with underground sewage system

People ride donkeys and camels in Karachi Bazaars  
In Mumbai they ride in Mercedes and in bullets trains

Karachi full of filth, misery, poverty  
Mumbai full of mirth, wealth and modernity

Mullahs and Taliban rule over Karachi  
Mumbai the most progressive Indian city

Karachi poets die for a look at the henna painted hand of women  
Men in Mumbai walk hand in hand with women and love them in their hearts

In Karachi, people slaughter cows, chickens, goats in their backyards  
In Mumbai they grow flowers, vegs and children play in the backyards

Morning and evening muezzins shout with loud calls in Karachi  
Industrial machines roar day and night everyday in Mumbai

The only music in Karachi is their wailings at funeral processions  
Music is made day and night everyday in Bollywood and elsewhere in Mumbai



Karachi is regressing back to the bedouin desert life of arabia every single day  
Mumbai is leaping forward with modernity keeping with time every single day

Karachi is full of thugs, thieves, cheats, mullahs, mauvis, masjids and jihadis  
Mumbai is bustling with business, soon to be the financial capital of the world

O you idiot Gorakhpuri folks, Lucknow wallahs who left India for your rotten pak  
Rot, rot everyday there. We will in no way accept you back in our bharat mata

Unless you give up your pak, a part of India anyway, and promise to live with us  
In peace and prosperity giving up your barbaric beaudoin desert uncivilised way  
of life.

Ravi Kopra

# Katrina, My Golden Honey

Katrina, my golden honey  
my happy swallow  
my daffodil in the breeze  
in her blue bikini,  
meets me on the brown  
sands of the golden beach  
in Bali, for the first time.

We say hellos  
we say how are yous  
a little nervous at first  
we watch gulls  
we see the setting sun  
the people passing by  
while in my heart I keep on saying  
Oh my God, how beautiful is she.

We walk by the shore  
not holding hands but leisurely  
each wondering what next will we say.  
Suddenly, she asks me -  
you are a doc, aren't you?  
Yes I say, nonplussedly.  
'My ex gave me herpes  
is there a cure for it?' she asks

Oh God, what a crap!  
I say to myself and hurry  
back home to write poetry.

Ravi Kopra

# Kiss - A Couplet Of Akbar Merthi In Translation

Take your kiss back  
What for are you fighting with me?  
You sound as if  
I have plundered the master's land.

\*\*\*

The original in Urdu

le lo bosa apna vapas kis liye takrar ki  
kya koi jagir ham ne chhin li sarkar ki

Ravi Kopra

# Kiss 1, A Spanish Poem Of Dina Posada In English Translation

Kiss 1

A pleasing idea  
is hiding  
behind my lips  
for you tongue  
to reach it,  
to raise  
the confused  
sensations  
of our alliance  
we are just forming.

Ravi Kopra

# Kiss 3, A Spanish Poem Of Dina Posada In English Translation

Confused beginnings  
Hell raising voices  
Hidden desires

All sometimes disappear  
the moment the two tongues  
meet with consenting desires.

Ravi Kopra

## Krishna Appears Darker (Mirabai)

I hear a note from a  
flute coming down the  
river. O my enchanted  
heart! what doubts the flute  
player has not yet  
erased in your mind?

In dark trousers near the  
dark Jamuna waters,  
Krishna appears darker  
than ever before.  
A single note from his  
flute makes me lose my  
mind. I stumble and ask  
to be free of these  
torments of mine.

Ravi Kopra

# Krsna Replies To Radha's Letter

I will give up all Gopis  
I will wait on you day and night  
But I cannot give up my duties

I am born to protect  
all living and non-living things  
birds, mountains, rivers, valleys

and all celestial things -  
sun, moon, stars and galaxies  
I make them shine for you

You are in me  
I am in you  
my loveliest gopi

Your heart beat  
Krsna

Ravi Kopra

# Kudos To Domino Dominici

Some dumb Domino Dominici  
who delivers pizzas  
by order to Apus who make  
more than him, his dad and mom  
all combined, and lives in  
some ramshackle shack in some  
god cursed neighborhood of  
a god cursed poor, filthy  
city comes here as a critic  
of poems, makes 4 letter comments  
befitting his brilliance and  
intelligence. A poet laureate  
he calls himself.  
He deserves good tips  
for his pizza delivery.  
As for his poetry, he  
knows he's a poet laureate.  
Kudos to Domino Dominici  
Good boy of good parents.  
One day he'll be in literature  
a Nobel Laureate.

Ravi Kopra



# Kumarmani Mahakul Lectures Children On Consciousness

Dear children! pay full attention  
Don't have a lot of body consciousness  
Always have soul consciousness.

-Kumarmani Mahakul at poemhunter

\*\*\*

Child:

Mom, what does it mean?  
Does it mean that  
I do not wipe my ass  
When I use the restroom?

Mom:

No dear, do wipe it  
But don't be aware of it.

Child:

O mom, you are crazy.  
How can I wipe it  
If I don't know I am wiping it?

Child:

And what is soul consciousness, mom?

Mom:

O dear, you are too much for me.  
To me it is all nonsense. Utter nonsense.  
Nevertheless, I am sending a letter to Kumarmani Mahakul  
Who will precisely explain that it comes from God in the skies.  
And besides him only God knows it!

Ravi Kopra

# Kya Cheez Hai Ye Ladki (What A Beauty Is She!)

?? ???????? kya cheez hai ye laDki

uski aankhon se dhuaN nikal raha hai  
jab wo unko dekhta hai  
uski taraf thandi hawa chal paDti hai  
aur wo baraf sa thanda ho jata hai  
isko kehte hain mohabbat  
jo tum ko baraf bana deti hai

jaise pani jam jata hai  
ek jagah ruk jata hai  
na hilita hai, na fisalta hai  
ek thandi moorti ban jaata hai  
uske hont laal laal tamatar jaise hain  
laal laal chADpher se hain  
wo unko khana chahta hai

jab wo bolti hai  
uska dil pigal jata hai  
sureeli ghantiaN bajne lag jati hain  
dil main sitar apne aap taron par suraiN bajati hai  
aur uske dil main hal chal machal jati ha

jhaDpher jaise us k gaal hain  
jab vo hansti hai to us k hilkoray  
usko ek pahaD par utha le jate hain

us k phailay baal chamakte hain  
reshmi jaise mulayam hain  
khushboo se bhare hue hain  
jab vo usko dekhta hai  
us k dil main chaku lag jate hain  
aur vo kehta hai -  
usay dekhte hi dekhte mera saans bund ho jata hai

Ravi Kopra

# Language And Poetry

In your ignorant early years  
you begin to think that  
all poetry written in English is great  
and poetry in your own language is third rate.

Your thinking is not right.  
Leave your foolishness and write  
poetry in the language you can  
read, write and understand and make  
others understand what you write.

Language has to do much with poetry.  
You are a lost soul, a fool without it  
And your admirers are lost souls and fools themselves  
Except for what lies in your head you can't express.

Ravi Kopra

# Language Of Love In India, A Hindi/Urdu Poem

jab main hindi main likhi  
koe pyaar ki kavita paDta hoon  
baDi sookhi sookhi si lagti hai

is main koe rooh nahin hoti  
ras se bhari nahin hoti  
badan ki haddiyon se bani dhanchi si  
anjar-panjar si lagti hai

lakin bollywood k urdu k mahabat k ganoN main  
doodh aur shahad k dariya chalte hain  
gulab k phooloN ki muskrahatain aati hain  
dil main baharain chalne lag jati hain

urdu ki ghazlon ka, nazmon ka,  
hindi ki kavita se kya mukabla!  
agar mugli urdu na bolte  
to bollywood ka namo nishan na hota  
arboN-kharboN k filmi karobar ka naam na hota

urdu zuban dil lagi ki hai, mohabat ki hai  
aur hindi hai panditoN k jantar mantar ki  
hindi main mohabat kahaN hai?  
urdu main mohabat ka jahaN hai

Ravi Kopra

# Language, Nizar Qabbani's Poem In Hindi Translation

mahbooba k saath mohabbat main khoobi se lagay hue  
kya aadmi ko yoni-ling k alfaz bhool jane chahiye?  
kya mohabbat main doobi aurat ko  
vyakaran, bhasa-karan wale logoN ke hi sath sona chahiye?

apni jaane-e-jaan ko main ne kuch bhi na kaha  
lekin uske sab dulte dulte dil-chahat wale lafzon ko  
main ne apne suitcase main daal diya  
aur kuch na bolay, bhagta chala gaya.

\*\*\*

When a man is in love  
how can he use old words?  
Should a woman  
desiring her lover  
lie down with  
grammarians and linguists?

I said nothing  
to the woman I loved  
but gathered  
love's adjectives into a suitcase  
and fled from all languages.

-Nizar Qabbani

Ravi Kopra

# Last Love

What other women can I love now?  
It is better if I forget you.

My heart was broken when I met you  
it is all chakna-choor - powdered - now  
Some sticky paste pulsing in my chest now  
What will it be tomorrow, I do not know.

No heart-mender can mend it now.  
You used to say - kiss as if it's your last kiss  
Dance as if it's your last dance and love as last love.  
Yes, you were my last love. Absolutely, forever, last love!  
Do not call me. I have had enough of your love.

Ravi Kopra

# Last Night The Wind And Rain Together Blew (Crows Crying At Night) A Chinese Poem Of Li Yu In Translation

Last night the rain came with winds  
the crows cried  
curtains on windows rustled  
singing their spring songs  
the candle died  
the water-clock stopped  
I got up and sat thinking  
Restless all night  
I could not sleep

Our affairs are like running rivers  
our life, floating dreams  
I should drink more often  
in the country taverns  
I could die otherwise.

=Rendered from a literal translation on the web pages

Last night wind together rain  
Curtain curtain sough autumn song  
Candle die water-clock exhausted often oh  
Rise sit not able calm  
Human affairs everywhere like flow water  
Consider come a dream float life  
Drunk country road sure should often go  
This outside not able continue

Ravi Kopra

# Last Poem By Alfonsina Storni In Hindi/Urdu Translation Before She Committed Suicide By Drowning Herself In The Ocean

Main Sonay Jaa Rahi Hoon

Mere datoN main phool khile hoNgay  
mere sar par hogi shabnam ki jaali  
hathon main hoNgi jaDi butiyaN  
ay meri bheegi dayi  
tayar kado mere liye zamin ki ek chaddar  
aur kail se bhari ek naram razaii

Aey meri dayi  
main sonay jaa rahi hoon  
muj bister par le chalo  
mere sar ka pass ek lamp jala dena  
ya aasman k tare la dena  
jo kuch bhi tum karo, mujhe pasand hai  
lakin roshni kuch dheemi kar dena

Mujhe akela choD dena  
tum ko pulte phooloN ki awaaz aayegi...  
aasman se aa kar ek paer tumheN daba deta hai  
aur ek pakhi tumhara swaroop kheench deta hai

Tum mujhe aise bhool jaana  
bahut tumhara shukriya  
zara ruko, suno meri ek prarthana -  
agar uska telephone aaya  
to usay keh dena: phir se karna  
kyon k main ab chali gayi hoon

Ravi Kopra



# Laws Of Love Of Inertia After Nikki Giovanni

Sometimes I want to touch you and be touched in return. But you think I'm grabbing and I think you're shirking and Mama always said to look out for men like you

So I go to the streets with my lips painted red and my eyes carefully shielded to seduce the world my reluctant lover

- from The Laws of Motion - Poem by Nikki Giovanni

\*\*\*

Sometimes I want to touch you and wish you touch me in return.

Sometimes I want to kiss you and wish you kiss me in return.

I wish to walk close to you and say: hi,  
how are you?

Unbeknownst to you I have been closely following you.

If I do not approach, I do not think you will.

And if I do, and you reject me

What will it do to my dil?

Will my dil be doomed for love forever?

I do not know even though it says:

Go ahead, don't be a  
coward.

But I do know this:

Heart unmoved in love, always stays  
still.

By Nikki Giovanni's laws of love of  
inertia.

dil= a hindi/Urdu word for heart

Ravi Kopra

# Leaders These Days - A Poem After Subhas Chandra Chakra

Leaders these days  
We elect them in good faith  
They break their promises  
They break our faith.  
May Lord Shiva break their necks!

Ravi Kopra

# Lemon Tree, A Spanish Poem By Jennifer Clement In English Translation

If you climb a lemon tree,  
feel its bark  
with your feet and knees,  
smell its white flowers,  
rub in your hands its leaves.  
Remember,  
the tree is older than you  
and in its branches,  
you might find stories.

\*\*\*

Árbol de limón

Si te subes a un árbol de limón  
siente la corteza  
con tus rodillas y pies,  
huele sus flores blancas,  
talla las hojas  
entre tus manos.  
Recuerda,  
el árbol es mayor que tú  
y tal vez encuentres cuentos  
entre sus ramas.

- Jennifer Clement

Ravi Kopra

# Let Him Come

Let a little dissent not  
Dishearten you, let him come

To see you to have a drink with you  
And let him tell you his point of view

Let him come to be with you  
To see if he really loves you

Let the afternoon turn into dusk  
Wait for him in earnest, let him come

He may come with a bouquet of flowers  
Bare handed or with a bottle of champagne

Let him come and be with you and see  
If he was at fault and apologizes to you

What will you gain by letting him not come?  
You may lose him and never see him again

Be wise, beautiful, charming one  
Let him come to be with you.

Ravi Kopra

# Let Me

tum mujhe apne khoon main zinda rehne do

tum mujhe apni ankhoN main nachne aur ganay ki ijazat do

tum mujhay apni haddioN aur paslioN main sonay do

tum mujhay apne aap main samah lo

Ravi Kopra

# Let Us Get Out And Enjoy The Rains, A Hindi/Urdu Poem By M. Nasim Nehal In English Translation

Let us get out and enjoy the rains  
let us relive our memories

to walk in the mud a little  
to touch wet soil with fingers

to sail the paper boats in lakes  
to save them when they drown in waves

to taste the raindrops on tongues  
reaching out far off our mouths

to put on our raincoats after  
fritters and hot tea at home

to put canisters on floors under the leaking roof  
to get wet escaping the gushing gutters flowing

to save the rain drenched birds  
drying them up, feeding them grains

holding umbrellas sideways in rains  
saving your love from rains walking with you

carefully shutting umbrellas, taking off our slippers  
holding them in hands and running in fields in rains

lets get out and enjoy the monsoon rains  
let us relive memories of childhood in rains

Ravi Kopra

# Let Us Lovingly Kiss

As if each kiss  
Were a kiss of farewell,  
Let us lovingly kiss, my Chloe.

-Fernando Pessoa

\*\*\*

It may be my last walk with you  
Let us hold hands  
Walk along the shore  
See the gulls, see the sun  
Setting behind the orange clouds.

It may be my last dinner with you  
Let us pour the bubbly champagne  
Into the empty goblets  
And let us have our fill.

It maybe my last night with you  
Let us get into the jacuzzi  
Let us get our showers  
Lit the scented candles  
And dive into the bed together.

Tomorrow will always come  
For me, for you, who knows  
And "if each kiss were a kiss  
Of farewell" my dear sweet love  
"Let us lovingly kiss."

Ravi Kopra



# Let Us Relish The Pleasures Of Life, Rendering Omar Khayyam

Let us relish the pleasures of life  
Whenever wherever we have a chance  
You'll be buried with your strife  
One day anyway. Eat, drink and dance.

\*\*\*

XXV.

Ah, make the most of what we may yet spend,  
Before we too into the Dust descend;  
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie;  
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and - sans End!

Ravi Kopra

# Let Us Talk Of Things Of Mystery Today, A Urdu Ghazal By Minu Bakshi In English Translation

Let us talk of things of mystery today  
Let us talk how beautiful she looks today

She told us everything about her lover smilingly  
Let us talk about her smiles and manners today

Was it childhood or young age when we heard about love?  
Let us talk about the strange ways of love today

I still remember how subdued I was when I declared my love for her  
My eyes were shut and I was slurring. Let's talk of such things today

I am tired of being duped in love for the sake of others  
Let's talk what my heart has gone through for years today

My heart is disappointed what love has done to me  
Let talk what made all of us hopeless today

My beloved is gone. We agreed to be apart  
Now it is so beautiful. Let us talk of things of mystery today

Ravi Kopra

# Life Does Not Run Smoothly

Life does not run smoothly.  
Little hurdles - sometimes huge -  
come our way everyday and one way  
or the other we overcome them  
and go on living.

But sometimes, for no reason,  
or over some minor trifle  
we feel uneasy and queasy  
and want some time off  
to get it off our minds.

And if someone in the interim says  
we are stewing over nothing  
and it is foolish to not let  
it go off instantaneously,  
to me it is condescending  
talking down, belittling.  
And I say to him: buzz off buster  
go live with your own reasoning.

Ravi Kopra

# Life Has Loveliness To Sell, A Poem By Sara Teasdale In Hindi/Urdu Translation

zindagi khushioN se bhari hui hai  
shaandaar, khoobsurat cheezon se bhari hui hai  
sagar ki neeli lehroN ko pahaDi se takrate dekho  
neeli neeli lehron ko safed jaag main badalte dekho  
hawa main uchalti aag ko naachte gaate dekho  
aur bachoN k cheroN ki hairaani ko dekho

zindagi khushiyon se bhari hui hai  
snehri lachakti music ko suno  
devdar peDon ki barsaati khushboo ko soongho  
ankhain jo tumhe pyaar karti hain zara unko dekho  
baazo jo pyaar se tumhaiN chahte hain zara unko choho  
aur aatma ki shanti ke liye aasman main taaron ko dekho

kharch kar dalo koDi koDi pyaar k liye  
poocho na kabhi pyaar ki kya keemat hoti hai  
zindgi bhar mehnat main mar mar kar kamaane se  
shaanti se ek ghanta ganay gana behtar hai  
aur ek param anand lehme k liye  
de do, de do jo kuch bhi tumhare pass hai!

Ravi Kopra

# Life Is Like A Letter

Life is like a  
letter written by  
an illiterate man  
from a foreign land

No way you can  
read it, no way you can  
understand what it says.

zindagi kam pa?he pardesi ka ?hat hai 'ibrat'  
ye kisi tarah pa?ha jaa.e na samjha jaa.e

-IBRAT MACHLISHAHRI

Ravi Kopra

# Life Is Not A Joke

Life is not a joke. Take it seriously  
Whatever you do, do it diligently

If you are a shoe shine  
Shine the shoes no else can

If you are a ruler  
Rule with compassion, pride

Do something for yourself  
Do something for the humanity

Bring water to the thirsty  
Bring food to the hungry

Show light in darkness  
Guide the blind on his way

Do something for the mother earth  
Don't plunder and loot it

It breastfed you on birth  
It will take you in at death

Once its ship sinks  
It will not rise again.

Ravi Kopra

# Life Is Strange

Life is strange in many ways -  
To some you give happiness, to others all sorrows  
You smile even when someone is in pain  
And bring sorrows when happiness abounds.

Strangers sometime wound our hearts  
Well wishers sometime give us troubles  
Sometime you sooth aching hearts  
Sometime you pain happy hearts.

Sometime you bless us with full heart  
Sometime you bring all ill wills  
Sometime your drink is very sweet  
Sometime you taste like poison bitter.

Sometimes you brings laughter among us  
Sometimes you tell us to live on sorrows  
Sometimes you gently heal our wounds  
Sometimes you smile and we forget our wounds.

Why do you in your strange ways remind us of our past wounds?  
Many pass all their lives in sorrows, and still  
Why do you never give them a single happy spring to live?  
Why do you promise us that everyday we will live in spring?

Ravi Kopra

## Life Of My Life, A Love Poem In Hindi/Urdu

Aye meri jaan-e-jahaN  
halaN k aaj tum mujh ko  
kuch murjhaee si lagti ho  
tum maalda, safedi aam k peDoN  
se ladi hue meri meethi aam ho

Tum khali khoobsoorat hi nahin  
har andaz se tu meri gul-e-bahar ho  
chahey kabhi sharmeeli si ho  
ya ek sherni ki tarah mujh pe lipti hue ho

Dil mira hamesha chahta hai  
k choos loon dil bhar kar  
tere ras bhare meethe maamoN ko  
aur kah looN tera sara badan kacha-

kacha jab lait jate hain hum ikhdhay dono  
raat k andhere main naram garam bistray pe  
ek doosre k jhakDay hue, aur bachay dekh rahe  
hote hain sapnoN main apne khilonoN ko

Ravi Kopra



# Life Without Hope

Planets are moving around the stars.  
The stars are shining, are dead, becoming dwarfs.  
The moon will show up its face in the evening.  
Lovers will walk around hand in hand in gardens, in parks.  
Some will be born, some will die, the world will keep on moving.  
And I, homeless, hopeless, helpless will strive somehow  
To live my life scavenging food from fast food dumps,  
Sleeping under highways bridges and aimless wandering without an end.  
Hope makes you strong to look forward. I desire nothing.  
I have no hope for nothing. My life, natural. Will end its  
Cycle from nothing to nothing. And in between the  
Beginning and the end, I am what I am - nobody, nothing.

Ravi Kopra

# Life's Fun - Rendering Omar Khayyam

Before the sunrise, the drunkard dreams  
At the bartender of the tavern he screams -  
Wake up, wake up and fill to the full my cup  
Before I feel thirsty and life's fun dries up.

\*\*\*

II.

Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky  
I heard a voice within the Tavern cry,  
'Awake, my Little ones, and fill the Cup  
Before Life's Liquor in its Cup be dry.'

Ravi Kopra

# Lips, An English Ghazal

Your lips on my lips  
so sweet are your lips

You drive me crazy  
let me kiss your lips

When you get angry  
don't suck your lips

So rosy they look  
I love your lips

When you get herpes  
sores appear on your lips

I will not kiss any  
herpes infected lips

I love the black mole  
on the left near your lips

I get restless if I do not see you  
But feel thrilled when my lips are on your lips

Don't smear too much red lipstick  
light pink looks sexy on your lips

Don't smooch me hard on my cheeks  
seeing the mark they will ask: whose were these lips?

When I met you for the first time  
my heart said: O God, how lubricious are her lips!

You will be sorry sometimes  
if you make the log too slippery with your lips

My wife found my collar was looking somewhat reddish  
She roared in anger: who is that bitch with red lips?

When you meet a new love  
her eyes will tell a lot, so do her lips

Looking at you I feel so sexy  
my lips crave for your lips

When your lips are dry in the summer  
rub a vaseline stick on your lips

Sometime we languor in bed at nights  
caress and kiss lips on lips

When you are eating barfi and jalebis  
don't smack your lips

O 'Ravi' don't go crazy thinking of lips  
Your love is waiting to lock her lips to your lips

Ravi Kopra

# Listen To The Old Uncle Khayyam, He Is The Only Wise - Rendering Omar Khayyam

Listen to the old uncle Khayyam, he is the only wise  
The rest give useless long sermons full of lies  
Don't wait too long to have fun in life. Prize  
Yourself with pleasures before your soul flies.

-RK

\*\*\*

XXVIII.

Oh, come with old Khayyam, and leave the Wise  
To talk; one thing is certain, that Life flies;  
One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies;  
The Flower that once has blown forever dies.

-Edward Fitzgerald

Ravi Kopra

# Listen! We Are Too Much In Love Now, A Urdu Ghazal By Khalid Moin In English Translation

Listen! we are too much in love now  
Our ways seems to have diverged now

The well wisher was best at wishing us good luck  
But our love-wounds seem to be too deep now

Love is limitless. It has no boundaries  
How come we seem to be so far apart now?

For days I kept this hidden in my heart  
I cannot but help. It shows all over my face now

Old wounds are not yet healed  
New wounds are showing up in glory now

Though he's taciturn, he is not now  
Untold stories tell everything now

Ravi Kopra

# Living, A Turkish Poem By Nazim Hikmet In English Translation

Living is not just  
Passing through life

It must be taken seriously  
Like a squirrel, for example

Waiting for nothing  
Always looking

Always working to  
Preserve its survival.

Ravi Kopra

# Lo! Some We Loved, The Loveliest And Best, A Rubiait Of Omar Khyyam In Hindi/Urdu Translation

zara socho! jin jin premi janoN ko hum ne pyaar kiya  
waqt aur kismat ne le li unki sub shan-e-shauqat  
peeaey the unoN ne bhi bhar bhar k sharaab k pyaale  
ek ek kar k sub paunch chuke hain kabroN main aaj tak

Ravi Kopra



# Lonely In The Lotus Garden

Lonely in the lotus garden  
Lung Shuo drank a pot of wine

The moon was full and low, the breeze cool  
He sang a thousand Chinese songs of love

Thinking of Shi Lu, his soft, slender, lovely wife  
A thousand tender feelings of love crowded in his sad heart

Ten thousand willow trees rhymed with his love songs  
And two thousand small turtle doves sang with his songs

Translated somewhat literally such as -  
Lovely doves, low full moon, willow trees

Cool autumn breeze, flower garden, butterflies  
Orioles, sweet orioles singing on litchi trees

And I thinking of you by the Wu's monastery, drinking  
All alone two pots of red wine sitting under a tree...

Ravi Kopra

# Lonely Lee Leaned Against The Railings

Lonely Lee leaned against the railings  
The green mountains were in the distance  
King butterflies flitted together in the air  
The fragrant grass was so very luxuriant  
Candles flickered in the the straw roofed hut  
But Lee was in the gloomy mood  
His wife had left him for good  
He missed her soft body in bed at nights  
He missed her golden voice, her tender beauty  
He would rush early in the morning to his in-laws house  
Beg her to be back to be his lonely hut  
Ask for forgiveness when he bitched at her being damn drunk.

Ravi Kopra

# Long Distance Romances

Long distances romances do not work  
my friends often say  
Find a girl in your village  
who knows you  
you know her ways  
fall in love and marry her  
my grandma says.

Yet my hippie self wanders  
heart wants love  
soul wants merger  
mind intoxicated wonders  
I fall in love with women on web  
hundreds of mile I go to finally find:

Many are heart broken many times  
some alcoholic, others on drugs  
manic depressives, sickos, psychoes  
with myriad disorders of mind  
on surface pretty, high flatun professionals  
deep inside illusional, dysfunctional  
Like attracts like, I then realize.

Who's perfect? All wabi sabi  
I head to my village, all ready.

Ravi Kopra

# Look At Her, How Sad She Is!

Look at her, how sad she is!  
Hair disheveled, no make up  
Doesn't raise her head up  
She stares at floor all times

Maybe she is lonely  
No boyfriend, no husband  
Maybe she lost her job  
Knows not how to pay the bills

Maybe she is sick  
With ectopic pregnancy  
Chest pains, high sugar  
High blood pressure

Maybe she is heart broken  
Her lover left her for another woman  
She would not give him freedom  
She was jealous of other women

Maybe her husband's alcoholic  
He beats her black and blue  
She has no one to go to  
She knows not what to do

Maybe she has a secret  
No one she wants to tell to  
The pimp watches her all times  
Knows not whom to turn to

Maybe her boss raped her  
Maybe some stranger raped her  
Maybe her neighbor raped her  
Rape, these days, is so common.

Maybe, maybe...  
But it is true  
She is sad and gloomy  
May there be someone for her to talk to.

Ravi Kopra

# Look To The Rose That Blows About Us, A Rubaii Of Omar Khayyam In Hindi/Urdu Translation

gulab k khila phool kehta hai -  
dekho mujemain kitna khoobsoorat hoon.  
aurkal jab vo murja jaati hai  
to kooDay k deher par paunch jata hai.

Ravi Kopra

# Lori -?????? ?? ?????? ?? ??? ???

gulabi  
gulabi

gulabi shaam  
gulabi raat

gulabi angoor  
gulabi langoor

reshmi shaam  
reshmi chaand  
reshmi tere baal

gulabi tera chera  
gulabi tere hont

raat aa gayi  
nindia aa gayi

so ja mere baal  
so ja mere baal

mummy loves you  
too much too much

Ravi Kopra

# Love

Love brings  
pleasures  
when  
your  
heart  
merges  
with the  
lover's.

The problem is -  
they  
often  
remain  
strangers.

Ravi Kopra



# Love All The Time

Who is so fortunate  
to have a peaceful life  
that he has time to think of  
love all the time.

Please do not remind me of your love  
all the time telling me  
how much you love me  
and then asking: Do you love me?

Give me some time  
to think to be myself  
to see what  
love has or not has done to me.

I do not want love as a disease that  
clings to me and I become sick of love.  
Enters my head and I become a loony in love  
I want to be sane when I love you

If not, I may forget all about love.  
I do not want to lose myself in you  
Nor do I want you to lose in me.  
To love I have to be myself first.

Ravi Kopra

# Love And Beauty - Rumi

Wherever beauty is  
love finds its nest  
seeing a rosy cheek beauty  
love lights up in flames

Seeing her face hidden  
by her long dark tresses  
in the folds of the night  
love finds its heart

Loses patience, parts her  
tresses, kisses her face  
enters its heart softly  
love becomes beauty

Beauty becomes love  
They dive into each  
other, they become one  
The law of beauty and love -  
Always together...

Ravi Kopra

# Love And Life, A Punjabi Poem

zara holay holay ji  
manji choon choon paiyi kardi hai  
bachhay jaag pehan gay

kal teri maaN  
mere pichhay lag jayey gi  
sara din mera sir khaaey gi

kehndi rahey gi -  
eh chuDail saade ghar wich aae hai  
saari raat son nehi dendi

pata nahin ki khaandi hai  
mere putar nu ki khwaandi hai  
dihaDi raateen uday pichhay piya rhenda hai

mainu hun takda wi nahi  
punj paise denda wi nahi  
eh keDa kal yug aa giya hai

Ravi Kopra

# Love And Lust, A Urdu Poem By Amjad Islam Amjad In English Translation

O evening, be my witness  
When lips smolder under  
the sweetness of kisses,  
when moon melts in  
the warmth of breaths,  
when her hidden  
treasures restlessly  
open under the  
softness of hands,  
no difference remains  
between love and lust.  
-surely for the moment -  
when bodies talk,  
even rivers stop flowing.  
I tell no lies.  
O evening, be my witness.

Ravi Kopra

# Love At First Meeting

One touch looking in your eyes  
No words except your pleasing smile  
Your hand lingering on mine when we first met  
Melt my heart that said - my, my, how beautiful!  
She's is my fairy from heaven, I'd love her to be mine.

Ravi Kopra

# Love Bubbles In My Heart

Struck by your beauty  
as lightening strikes the ground  
I stood there looking at you

My heart wanted to run to you  
my soul wanted to fly to you  
but my head said to say hello to you

But I waited  
I did not know how you will respond  
I knew my response-

I was sinking  
the ground under me caving  
I was falling in love!

Just looking at you  
just seeing you walk  
coming towards me

I wondered who you were  
with bright brown eyes  
a heart warming smile

Dressed up so elegantly  
in blue silken sari  
and silver stilettos

You stand before me and ask  
Are you Rahim Rasmukh Rasmathalai?  
No, I said with a smile

I am Kavi Kotra  
a gujju from Gujrat  
love bubbles in my heart

I write love poems  
for poemhunters dot com  
Ram, Ram! How are you? Namaste ji.

- inspired by a love poem of Mehata Hasmukh Amathalai entitled 'New Energy'.

Ravi Kopra

# Love Came

Love came  
flowed into my heart  
emptied me of my self  
filled me with glee  
till I glowed passionately  
and became hers  
She was love  
pure love.

Ravi Kopra



# Love Comes Quietly, A Poem By Robert Creeley In Hindi/Urdu Translation

pyaar chup chup sa aaya  
ruk giya mera paas  
paD giya mere oopar  
purani saddioN ki tarah

kuch samaj nahin the muje  
khoey hue apne vicharon main  
kaise guzarooN ga apni zindgi  
apne akeley-pan main

Ravi Kopra

# Love Enters Again And Again Through Cervices Of Rocks

"Again and again-  
Through cervices of rocks. " - Savita Tyagi

When crevices in rocks  
become their cervices  
they become pregnant very fast  
and give birth to hundreds  
upon hundreds of babies-  
little cute shapely pebbles-  
that grow and grow  
and become big rocks  
some male and the other female rocks  
and like Indians living in crowded houses  
they make love when every one is asleep  
and give birth to babies in 9 months  
Nay! not nine months, they are not human rocks  
They do in nine seconds to ninety seconds  
depending how fast, how big the fetuses grow.  
That is why there are more rocks than human beings  
everywhere in the world except china and india  
where people outnumber rocks  
even when they have no privacy  
in their overcrowded homes!  
This is the miracle of lingam god shiva in india  
and whose miracle is this in china only God knows!

"Love find(s)its way around, " says Savita Tayagi  
Even in rocks through their cracked "cervices"!  
How sneaky, how forceful, how lusty is love!

Note: This was posted as a comment to Savita's poem but Poemhunter refuses to accept comments larger then 300 characters. So it should be taken as a comment and not a poem by any means.

Ravi Kopra

# Love Explained, Chapter 1, A Circle

## A Circle

Love is a golden circle  
on your next to the little finger  
It puts you in a prison  
makes you a slave for life.

You move in circles  
you chase one another  
It has like God, no beginning, no end  
It is a circle you move around all life.

If you move fast  
to get away from the circle  
Its trajectory is straight  
will throw you in a ditch for life.

And if you move slow  
You will be stale, and stink  
The stench will suffocate you  
You may end your own life.

Love is a circle in red ink  
drawn on a pink paper with  
roses on its borders.  
The circle could be like a leaf

of the people tree with an arrow stuck in it  
Nevertheless a circle, an unbreakable circle.  
You save the paper, the pink will fade away  
the roses on borders will wither and die away.

What you cherished so much once  
You spent sleepless nights without her  
is nothing now but a circle on a faded paper  
with withered rose flowers, and you a prisoner.

Ravi Kopra

# Love From Heart

Don't look for love  
in the back alleys

Bring love home  
live with her

Fleshy love flashes  
just for a moment

Love from heart  
never lasts.

Ravi Kopra

# Love Is Like God

In love  
Hearts merge

Souls soar  
Minds lose themselves

Speech becomes longings

We cannot tell what love is  
We feel it

The one who feels  
Knows

The one who says he knows  
Knows nothing of it

You cannot put  
Form on a feeling to describe it

Love is like God  
Formless

To feel, to be bound, to loose freedom  
To be attracted, attached and become mindless.

Ravi Kopra

# Love Leaves Mecca For Medina

kya ho gaya ise ki tujhe dekhti nahiñ  
ji chahta hai aag laga duuñ nazar ko maiñ

ISMAIL MERATHI

\*\*\*

What happened  
She turns her head away  
And does not even look at me

Haye Allah, what qayamat!  
Why so much nafrat?  
Why does the mohitrana  
Thinks of herself so high?

I feel like fleeing  
Back to Medina and  
Leave her in Mecca  
To do her haj everyday.

Ravi Kopra

# Love Sends Signals

Love sends signals  
Look for them

It will not light a thousand  
lamps on your path to find it

Still, you will not find  
if you are blind to it.

hazar sham.a farozañ ho raushni ke liye  
nazar nahiñ to añdhera hai aadmi ke liye

- NUSHUR WAHIDI

Ravi Kopra

# Love Should Be Put Into Action! In Hindi/Urdu

"Love should be put into action!"  
screamed the old hermit.  
Across the pond an echo  
tried and tried to confirm it.

Elizabeth Bishop

\*\*\*

Sadhu ne bandook nikali  
hawa main ek dum goli chalayi  
peD ka patty kampne lagay  
murgi uski chook chook karne lagi

"Mohabbat sirf baatoN se nahi hoti  
badan mila mila kar hoti hai"  
buDay sadhu ne chilla kar kaha.  
talab k a paar se awaaz baar baar goonji -

"Mohabbat sirf baatoN se nahi hoti  
badan mila mila kar hoti hai"

Ravi Kopra



# Love Sonnet Xi Of Pablo Neruda In English Translation

I am hungry for your mouth, your voice, your skin  
I wander in streets without food, quiet  
Bread does not sustain me, dawn disquiets me  
All day I search for the liquid sounds of your feet

I am hungry for your silken laughter,  
For your hands the color of savage harvest,  
Hungry for the pail stones of your fingernails.  
I want to eat your skin like a whole almond

I want to eat the sun rays burnt by your beauty  
The royal nose of your proud face  
The fleeting shadows of your lashes

And I come hungry sniffing the twilight  
Searching for you, your hot heart  
Like a puma in the solitude of Quitratue.

\*\*\*

Original in Spanish

Tengo hambre de tu boca, de tu voz, de tu pelo  
y por las calles voy sin nutrirme, callado,  
no me sostiene el pan, el alba me desquicia,  
busco el sonido líquido de tus pies en el día.

Estoy hambriento de tu risa resbalada,  
de tus manos color de furioso granero,  
tengo hambre de la pálida piedra de tus uñas,  
quiero comer tu piel como una intacta almendra.

Quiero comer el rayo quemado en tu hermosura,  
la nariz soberana del arrogante rostro,  
quiero comer la sombra fugaz de tus pestañas

y hambriento vengo y voy olfateando el crepúsculo  
buscándote, buscando tu corazón caliente  
como un puma en la soledad de Quitratúe.

Ravi Kopra

# Love Sonnet Xi Of Pablo Neruda In Hindi/Urdu Translation

main bhookha hoon teri awaz ka  
teri twacha ka, tere moonh ka  
chup chaap, bhookha, ghumta rehta hoon galiyon main  
tere halkay pairon ki awaz ki talash main  
khanay pani se ab zindagi nahin chalti  
subha ki roshni se ab baykali si hai lagti

teri reshmi hans ki sun-nay main mara ja raha hoon  
tere ghion rangi hathon ko choonay ko tadpaDa raha hoon  
tere safed nakhunon ko khana chahta hoon  
akhrot ki tarah teri twacha ko khana chahta hoon

tere husn se chamakti suraj ki kirnon ko khana chahta hoon  
tera ghamand bhara naak moonh main chubana chahta hoon  
teri palkon ki chhaon main rehna chahta hoon

sandya k aatay hi teri talash main  
teri dil ki jagmagati mohabbat main  
ek sher ki tarah chup chaap aa pauncha hoon Quitratue ki gali main

Ravi Kopra

# Love Stories

Love stories  
never come  
to an end.

People die  
living them.

ye mohabbat ki kahani nahiñ marti lekin  
log kirdar nibhate hue mar jaate haiñ

=ABBAS TABISH

Ravi Kopra

# Love You, A Spanish Poem Of Isi Alvarez In English Translation

Outside, a thunderous hurricane,  
dark skies, lightening, furious  
rains. Tree branches in the air.  
Splattering sounds from windows.

Inside, curled up in bed against  
your chest, your arms around me,  
hands caressing my skin. I hear  
your heart saying - love you,  
love you, love you...

Ravi Kopra

# Love Yourself

Love yourself. It is important to stay positive because beauty comes from the inside out.

-Jenn Proske

I love you  
he says to you

Ask him why.  
He will tell you  
all things you want to hear about you  
you'd love it and say and I love you too.

Listen, young girl/failed in love lady.  
Instead ask him -  
Do you love yourself?  
I don't mean in a narcissistic way.

You will find out lies  
If your head is on your shoulders  
and not on his pant's buckles  
blinding your sight.

Ravi Kopra

# Love, An Everyday Valentine Poem

Love is a heavy stone  
If weak, you can't lift it

It is an ocean  
It may drown you

It is a fire  
May burn you

It is a wind  
May carry you everywhere

It is an apple tree  
Eat one daily - apple, not the tree!

It is a bed sore  
If one of you is heavy

Love is kisses, hugs, embraces  
All to fulfill your wishes

Love is lying entwined in bed  
For hours and hours with no end

Love is in arms, legs, lips, faces, graces  
In many other pleasing lovely places

Find, find, find  
But don't be rash

Be loving, gentle, kind  
It will stay in your heart, soul, mind

Always.

Ravi Kopra

# Lovers, A Poem Of Lust By The Colombian Poet Jorge Gaitan Duran In English Translation

All undressed, when we are together  
bursting with desires we become monsters.  
We grope each other blindly  
We leave hickies and scars that show our desires.  
The boredom, the suspicions that we cannot see  
tie us together as two adulterous gods  
after a long absence glue to each other.

Enamored in love like two lunatics  
like two blood thirsty ferocious hounds  
like two hungry dynasties  
settling a dispute over a kingdom  
for justice to be served,  
we cheat, we deceive, we hurl insults  
that will even hurt the heavens  
to see us thus in love.  
And so we burn a thousand times  
in our long long embraces.  
And a thousand times we die each day in love.

Ravi Kopra



# Love's Secret, A Poem By William Blake In Hindi/Urdu Translation

kabhi bhi apni mehbooba ko  
mohabat k bekar k vaide na do  
jo tum poore nahin kar saakte ho  
kyon k bahar ki dil behlati hawaa  
chupke chupke bina dekhe dekhlaey chalti rehti hai

keh diya, keh diya!  
de diya, de diya main ne apna dil mehobooba ko!  
kaampne lagi vo ek dum ek bhayanak khof main  
aur bhag gayi muj se vo jaldi jaldi main!

jaise hi vo chali  
ek ajnabi aa pauncha  
aur chupke chupke bina dekhe dikhlaey  
le gaya vo usko apne saath aaheN bharte hue.

Ravi Kopra

# Loving Working, A Naomi Shihab Nye Poem With New Line Breaks

"We clean to give space for Art."  
Micaela Miranda, Freedom Theatre, Palestine

Work was a shining refuge when  
wind sank its tooth into my mind.  
Everything we love is going away,  
drifting - but you could sweep  
this stretch of floor,  
this patio or porch,  
gather white stones in a bucket,  
rake the patch for future planting,  
mop the counter with a rag.  
Lovely wet gray rag,  
squeeze it hard, it does so much.  
Clear the yard  
of blowing bits of plastic.  
The glory in the doing.  
The breath of the doing.  
Sometimes the simplest move  
kept fear from fragmenting  
into no energy at all,  
or sorrow from multiplying,  
or sorrow from being the  
only person living in the house.

-Naomi Shihab Nye

Ravi Kopra

# Lucille Clifton's Admonitions

boys  
be straight  
turn off the tv  
don't sit there  
giggling foolishly

listen to your big mama  
go do your homework

or I will  
whip your black ass  
and you will  
plead and cry -  
mama, please, no mama

girls  
when a white man  
asks you for a date  
look at his hands first

if he has  
little stubby fingers  
say eh! no

and send him back  
to his trashy bimbo  
some lass without class

&quot;children  
when they ask you&quot;  
why is your mama  
so fat  
say  
every day  
she sits on her ass  
eating dorritos  
writing poetry  
and add  
she is odd

and going crazy

Ravi Kopra

# Lunch At The Ripe Red Tomato Restaurant Today

At the ripe red tomato restaurant today  
a wretched lady across the table sat  
with her equally wretched husband,  
a perfectly matched bitter couple  
both in late sixties, worn out fully  
carrying the cluttered weights of life.

No word between them.  
She dips her fork into food  
lifts it up to her mouth  
looks into the air and gobbles  
down her morsels, fork after fork  
while casting hateful glances at us.

My love and I are enjoying lunch  
telling stories of family and friends  
of trips abroad to Paris and Rome  
to Costa Rica, to Machu Picchu, Peru.  
We are having fun, we laugh.

Now she casts a nasty vile glance  
opening her mouth, showing false teeth  
with her half chewed cud like a fat cow's.  
Her fork dangles from her grip in the air  
as if she's getting ready to thrust at us  
were we on a table a bit closer to her.

What pissed her off, we do not know  
but sure we were the wretched lady  
was not happy in her own wretchedness,  
and couldn't bear our happiness.

We ignored the bitch. Paid the bill.  
Tipped the waitress. Got up and left.  
But I turned my neck back a little  
for a moment, and smiled at her.  
She was going to scorch me instantly  
in the burst of flaming fires, in her

red eyes socketed in her ugly face.

Ravi Kopra

# Luo Ming's Loneliness

Cold, dark rainy evening  
end of autumn coming  
streets outside empty  
like his lonely heart

Flowers in his garden  
sad, withering  
Luo Ming still single, lonely  
cries and writes poetry.

Ravi Kopra

# Madness

My heart is mad  
everyday it plays games of innocence

It puts gasoline on fires  
and then runs to look for a fire hydrant

It must be deserted  
wants some excitement

Do people who go on rampant shootings  
have such deserted desperate hearts?

Aloofness kills their hearts  
killing might revive theirs'

That could be in their thoughts  
if not, what else then?

Ravi Kopra



# Making Love

Oh come, come,  
Come closer to my  
bulging breasts  
hug me tight  
squeeze me tight  
tight, to take my  
breath out in your arms

You are glowing  
I am glowing  
Don't slow down  
I am waiting  
Biting you  
come, come, come

I am b-r-e-a t-h-l-e-s-s  
Can't breathe. I clench my teeth  
Can't hold longer  
Come, come, please come  
Come now, come

O yaa, O yaa...  
You did  
I did

Finally

How are you  
Sweet honey?

How do you feel  
My love?

Can you breathe?  
Can you breathe, honey?

I'm OK  
I'm OK

Thank Lord  
I was going to  
call the ambulance.

Ravi Kopra

# Making Love To An Old Woman Is Like

Making love to an old woman is like  
entering a house shut for years on sale  
dry in the center, the walls all moldy  
the air every where pretty musty  
the wrinkled plaster falls on the floor  
cobwebs hang from the crusted ceiling  
the closets cluttered with trinkets and junk  
the plumbing is clogged, the taps are dry  
the toilets do not flush, how hard you try  
the furniture is dusty, the doors are creaky  
the power is off, you can't see in the dark.  
The brochhre says it is worth the price  
you can fix it and restore its past glory.  
I walk out and say - no baba. I can't live here.  
I would rather rent a newer condominium.  
And walk out any time I like.

Ravi Kopra

# Man Gets Setbacks In His Life Sometime, A Urdu Ghazal By Josh Malihabadi In English Translation

Man gets setbacks in his life sometime  
No matter how careful, he does stumble sometime

No matter how deep he looks into the reality  
When faced with choices, he is worried sometime

I know the consequences of not compromising  
But after getting advice I change my mind sometime

Winds may try hard to turn into raging storms  
But after a fall, man does change sometime

Do not complain, it is the man's nature  
When in trouble, man recalls past pleasures sometime

The flowers wither all the times  
But the buds do face bad times sometime

The flowers can't escape the nature's hand in their fate  
When morning comes, petals always smile, not sometime

Ravi Kopra

# Man Meets Man, A Urdu Ghazal Of Jigar Moradabadi In Translation

we meet people everyday-strangers, acquaintances  
we keep going our ways, our hearts do not meet

but when I meet him I forget his outrages  
since he is forthcoming to me, so natural

what happened today?  
your laughter shows the colors of flowers

when the meeting ends without intimacy  
the breaking heart desires merger

affairs of the world get into place  
when one embraces oneself for others

love pleases the soul  
when heart is there

\*\*\*

the original

aadmi aadmi se milta hai  
dil magar kam kisi se milta hai

bhuul jaata huuñ maiñ sitam us ke  
vo kuchh is sadgi se milta hai

aaj kya baat hai ki phuloñ ka  
rañg teri hañsi se milta hai

silsila fitna-e-qayamat ka  
teri ?hush-qamati se milta hai

mil ke bhi jo kabhi nahiñ milta  
TuuT kar dil usi se milta hai

karobar-e-jahañ sañvarte haiñ  
hosh jab be-?hudi se milta hai

ruuh ko bhi maza mohabbat ka  
dil ki ham-sa.egi se milta hai

PS: the fourth couplet was hard to get and was not translated.

Ravi Kopra

# Many Scatter Heads

Many scatter heads  
all deluded, all lost  
create all foolish thoughts  
of creation.

Reason escapes them  
(their heads are pin heads)  
befuddled buffoons resort to  
one thing - one Being.

Ravi Kopra

# Marriage - A Japanese Haiku In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Shaadi kar li na?  
aa gaya hai ab tumhare haath main  
tumhari maut ka suchna-patr

Ravi Kopra



# Marriage (Wrecked In Disaster) , An English Poem By Nicole Callihan In Hindi/Urdu Translation

shaadi

aur is k baad kya hua main itna hi kahunga  
k barish itni hue ghaas bahut baDa ho giya  
aur meri saari chahat kam hoti chali gayi

aaj subah main baraf se laddi sarak k kinare  
chandani main chamak raha hoon jaise shaadi se pehle tha  
aur araam se prem se chalta firta tha  
lakin kal main yudh k raaste pe tha  
aur bhankar jaanwaron ke paon k neechay tha

tu ne meri aankh main doohaN dal kar shaadi main fisaya  
chalo main aaj tumain aasman main spacewalk k leay le jaoon  
aur tumare moonh main guD aur laddo daloon  
aur tumare naakhooN se ghoDon k baal door karoon  
jo phas gaye the un ke neechay farm house ki honey moon raat main  
main ab miluN ga tume chooni ki devar k cHaey main  
saloon tak meri kamar main kuch toDa sadard tha  
aur ab mere safed badan pe kali berrian dikhai deti hain  
ab main pioneer hoon, ek un-dekha purush hoon  
meri lassi si bun gayi hai, main chup chap hoon  
ma ki tarah hoon, aasmaan main khoee koi aatma hoon  
maaf kanra muje tabah karne wali, mujay khatam karne wali  
meri moti beewee tu ne muje kapde nichoDne ki machine main daal diya hai  
meri kabar par ab ghason k dher ugay hue hain  
main ne tume pechana na tha  
main ab ek anday k chilke jaisa ho giya hoon, pani main ghulne wala rung ho  
giya hoon  
paani ka khali pipe ho giya hoon aur albida albida hamesha mere sonay k kapDo  
ko  
ab main har raat seahorse ki tarah tumare garam badan ki parat k andar jata  
hoon  
aur lakDi ki frame main laggi ghaDi tick-tick karti rehti hai  
aur tum ek gambal se moorakh meri sar dard ho  
tum meri peeth ki sub se neechi haddi ho, meri saji rooDan ho, mera khata  
nimbu ho, jelly bean ho

meri chllak, mera jawaab katoti, mera kinara chNakaD karne wali  
main ne tuj se shaadi ki hai aur karte samay kaha hai - main tum se shaddi karn  
chata hoon, chata hoon, chata hoon...

Ravi Kopra

# Mediocre Poets, A Poem By Noa Shakargy In Hindi/Urdu Translation

??????

main ne nachna chod diya  
main koi sadharan nartaki na hona chahti thee

main ne sangeet chod diya  
main koi sadharan sangeet kar na hona chahti thee

main ne padhai likhai chod the  
main sadharan na rehna chahti thee

aur ab main ye kavita likhne  
ka kaam kya kar rahi hoon!

\*\*\*

MEDIOCRE

I left dance in order not  
to be mediocre  
I left

music in order  
not to be  
mediocre I left

my studies  
in order not to be  
mediocre. And now all this  
business

of poetry.

-Noa Shakargy

-Translated from Hebrew by Lisa Katz

Ravi Kopra

# Meeting At Night - A Love Poem By Robert Browning In Hindi/Urdu Translation

I

sagar dhundla sa tha  
zameen door se kali kali si the  
chaand dharti pe girta hua lag raha tha  
sagar ki lehreN uchhal rehiN thee  
jaise abhi abhi so kar utHi hoN  
main kishti dheere dheere bandargah main le aaya  
jab geeli rait aae wahaN main ruk gaya

II

fir ek meel lambi khusbu bhari hui  
beach ko paar kar k, teen kheton ko paar kar k  
ek farm main jaa pauncha  
sheeshay k khiDki pe tup-tup bajaee  
andar se ek kharach si awaaz aee  
usnay machis ki teeli se neeli si roshni dikhlaee  
khushi aur dar se bhari vo halkay halkay boli  
hum dono k dil dhadak rahe thay  
hum ne milkar jhapheeaN mariN.

Ravi Kopra

# Meeting, An Ekphrastic Hindi Poem By C.P. Sharma In English Translation

The moment of meeting  
The bride in waiting  
Beautifully dressed  
Aware, alert

Joyful. Still  
A little afraid  
A little giddy  
Young lady.

Ravi Kopra

# Meghan Markle, Half-Black, Half-White

Meghan Markle, half-black, half-white  
the future princess of Wales  
sits with Prince Harry and the royal family  
for her first christmas dinner at Buckingham Palace.

There, there in the royal crowd  
is the old Princess of Kent wearing  
a brooch of a bust of a black woman  
fetischising the blacks of their past colonies.

Heat rushes to the skin of Meghan Markle  
She lowers her gaze in grace to temper down  
her rage for the old princess whose presence  
made it hard for her to breath in the palace air.

You cannot iron out the tails of dogs  
They are born with twisted tails  
The only thing you can do is  
to cut them out from the roots.

Ravi Kopra

# Midnight Song Of Wu, A Chinese Poem Of Li Bai In Translation

In the Chang'an city  
there is a full moon  
in ten thousand homes  
there are thumping sounds  
people are beating  
the clothes against stones  
the autumn wind  
is blowing relentlessly  
and I think of Yuguan pass -  
when will we put  
the pillager Hu in the prison  
for my husband  
to end his long journey  
and come home.

- rendered from a literal translation from the web pages:

Chang'an one disc moon  
Ten thousand households pound clothes noise  
Autumn wind blow no end  
Always jade pass think  
What day pacify Hu prisoner  
Husband end long journey

Ravi Kopra



# Mirza Ghalib In Old Age, An English Poem By Arvind Krishna Mehrotra In Hindi/Urdu Translation

uski nazar kamzor ho gayi  
lakin us k hathon main jaise  
koi jawaan talwar pakaDta hai  
sheroN ka ek sheesha rehta tha

har daak main doston k sher aatay they  
Mirza zara en ko theek kar do  
lakin uski maala ka har manka  
karzay se lada hua tha.

Ravi Kopra

# Mirza Ghalib In Punjabi

kitni muddat ho gayi hai mehmaani yaar di kiti si  
bazm wich baitH k shraab pyaalaN wich piti si

kalaije de lakhaN lakhaN tukariyaN nu hun main joR riha haaN  
waqat baRa guzar giya jadoN tereeaN akhaaN nu dil bhar k dekhyia si

\*\*\*

the original couplets in Urdu

Muddat hui hai yaar ko mehmaan kiyay huay  
Josh-e-qadah say bazm chiraaghaan kiyay huay

Kartaa hun jamaa phir jigar-e-lakht lakht ko  
Arsaa hua hai daawat-e-mizhgaan kiyay huay

-Ghalib

Ravi Kopra

# Mirza Ghalib Talks Of Simplicity

Her simplicity, O God  
Is beyond my words!

Who would not die for it?

She gets so angry at me  
As to murder me

And still  
No sword in her hands!

\*\*\*

is sadgi pe kaun na mar jaa.e ai ?huda  
la?te haiñ aur haath meñ talvar bhi nahiñ

- MIRZA GHALIB

Ravi Kopra

# Misfortunes

I was never  
happy all my life.  
Misery after misery  
always followed me.

I was sitting  
counting  
my misfortunes  
when the cops come

knocking on my door.  
I am Abdul Rahim, I say  
You are lying, they say  
You are Abdulla Ibrahim.

Lie face down on the floor, they shout.  
Now put your hands on your ass.  
Stay still, don't move.  
We will shoot you down.

Ravi Kopra

# Missing

To be with me  
Used to make you happy once

We are together to be happy again  
But the smile on your lips is missing today

Sweet teasings that you once enjoyed with me  
All those somehow somewhere are missing today

I search your heart always  
You used to desire me once in your heart  
But I see you have no more longings for me today

Now you see nothing to praise me  
Whatever used to put your heart on fire  
Perhaps that is missing today.

Ravi Kopra

# Momin Khan Momin In Love, Part I, An English Translation Of A Urdu Ghazal By Akhtar Jawad And Ravi Kopra

See, how she looks  
How she shows her true shyness  
her modesty, when she looks at me.  
I am her true lover. I will die for her.  
But when she looks at others  
who are full of lust for her  
she pretends her shyness and modesty.  
Still I cannot take it.  
My heart dies in jealousy of others.

How beautiful is she!  
I would have her and forget the fairies in the heaven.  
It's just the beginning of my love, wait and see  
how will I end up in bed with her later.  
To get her, I would forget all morals, all ethics  
and even God in the heaven.

- to be continued as Part II

Ravi Kopra

# Moon Festival, A Poem By The Chinese Poet Bei Dao In Hindi/Urdu Translation

mohabbat main doobay ashik  
moonh main ghidkaiN leeay huey  
ek doosray main maza lete hain

jab tak unka neya bacha paani k under  
unko periscope se dekhta rehta hai  
aur janam le leta hai

bina bulaya mehmaan meray ghar k darwazzay pe  
khatak khatak kar ghar main aa jata hai aur fir  
har ek meri androoni cheez ko jan-na chahta hai

peD hanste hain

ruko, ek minute ruko  
chodweeN ka chaand muje bechain kar raha hai  
aur mere haath ab kaam rehey hain  
sochte hue ab hoga kya  
muje thoDi aur der andhere main baithne do  
mere dil-e-dost par baithne do

barf bharay samundar main shehar ab jal raha hai  
bchaa sakte hain hum kya isay? bchana zaroori hai isay  
lakin tuti main paani nahin hai  
tapak tapak kar aa rehi hain boondaiN is se  
aur tuti ro rehi hai paani k khali tank pe

Ravi Kopra

# Moon, We Call You Cool, Beautiful

Moon, we call you cool, beautiful  
Yet your face is stained

You are not perfect  
Only God is perhaps, if he does exist

Still we love you  
Like we love our lovers

Even with imperfections  
To us they are beautiful

Love's powerful, hides all imperfections  
Makes everything beautiful

It has no eyes, yet it  
Sees, feels love everywhere

Lives in lovers longing hearts  
Makes them immerse in eachother, forever...

Ravi Kopra



# Moonchild, A Poem By Lucille Clifton In Hindi/Urdu Translation

ThoDi Pagli Si Aur Jazbati Bachchi

us june k maheenay k khatam honay k dinoN main  
jo kuch bhi meri maaN k kamray main  
us k pate par khat-khat kartay andar chala gaya  
main gol-mol sar liyay bina mukratay hue bahar a gayi  
mere abu muskratay hue apni gode main jhulate hue  
kaha kartay the - kya ye chaand hai?  
haan, ye chand tha, magar iska kisi ko pata na tha

chaand andheri jagahaiN jaanta hai  
is k dil main bhi khufia baataiN hoti hain  
aur jitni roshni sambhal sakta hai apne paas rakhta hai

hum tab dus saal ki bachiaN theeN  
baDi behnoN k purane kapDay pehnay hansti phirti theeN  
jhooth mooth sochti theen k hamaray mummy hoN  
hum sub apne mummy chahti theen  
aur choli k neechay kagaz k tukray rakh leti theeN  
ella ghamand se kehti the ray johnson mujhe sikha raha hai  
kaise jeeb se jeeb milakar chummiaN maari jaati hain  
tum ko kaun sikha raha hai?  
main kaise kehti, meray abba muje sikhlatay hain

chaand sab ka raja hai  
ye samudroN, dariyaoN, barsaatoN pe raaj karta hai  
jab log mujhe poochtay hain teri aankhoN main aansu kis k hain  
to main kehti hoon, ye chaand k hain  
main chaand ko dosh deti hoon

Ravi Kopra

# Moons

I used to hear songs  
like this-

tu meri chaand ho  
aur main hoon tera sooraj

(you are my moon  
and I, your sun)

It was in the old days  
times have changed now

Now the dewaany (lovers) sing  
like this-

When I look at you  
I see your lovely moons  
I desire them so much  
Don't know how to tell you.

Ravi Kopra

# Morning A Thousand Roses Brings, You Say, A Rubiayat Of Omar Khyyam In Hindi/Urdu Translation

subah subah hazaron gulab k phool khilte hai  
lakin kya hua un phooloN ko jo kal khile thay?  
kya hua Jamshyd aur Kaikobad shehan-shaoN ko  
aur phooloN ko jo un k zamany main khile thay.

Note: Jamshyd and Kaikobad were great legendary Persian kings but their greatness did not save them from death

Ravi Kopra

# Mountains Of Snow, A Japanese Haiku In Urdu/Hindi Translation

dheroN k dher baraf paDI  
usne muje cHati se laga liya  
main sans na le saki

Ravi Kopra

# Mourning Loss, A Chinese Poem Of Mei Yaochen In Translation

It was seventeen years ago today  
we became husband and wife.  
We never got tired  
looking at each other.  
What will bring us a big loss?  
My sideburns are already grey  
I'd rather my body finish its time  
In the end we will share a grave together.  
I am not dead yet, still  
the tears are flowing from my eyes.

-rendered from a literal translation on web pages:

First marry become husband wife  
At now seventeen years  
Mutual look still not enough  
What situation be great loss  
My temples already most white  
This body rather period complete  
End at together share cave  
Not die tear flow flow

Ravi Kopra

# Music To My Ears

When I heard her voice for the first time  
I heard an orchestra playing  
clarinets, pianos, trumpets, drums, cymbals  
it did not start slow and went to the crescendo

It was bang bang in the beginning  
my soul shivered  
heart leaped out of my chest  
and I was drowned

to the bottom of the ocean  
I saw bright lights  
shining as white pearls  
and changing colors fast

tingling sensations all over my body  
shocks going down my spine  
hair stood on its ends  
my body trembled

goosebumps, yes goosebumps...

it was music to my ears  
sweet songs of love  
echoed long in my ears, like  
I love you, love you, my love.

Ravi Kopra

# My Bed Is Near The Window

After years of self exile  
I go back to India to see my sister  
in Tilak Nagar in New Delhi

it is the monsoon season  
rains, hot and sultry  
mosquitoes, bugs, flies

my bed is near the window  
that opens to the street  
for a wisp of cool air, if any

I cannot sleep all night  
I feel like choking  
and when a wink of sleep

dawns at dawn  
the street hawkers call  
selling fruit, vegs

buying old news paper  
old clothes, shoes  
glass bottles, plastics

each hawker calls with  
his own personal tune  
singing like this -

kailay, sangtray, kharboozay  
aaloo palak, ghanday  
lay lo gi tazay tazay

(melons, bananas, oranges  
potatoes, spinach, onions  
all fresh for sale)

or, kabaadi kabaadi kabaadi  
sell your bottles, rhudi  
a rupee a kilo, hurry hurry

(or, dealer of junk, rags  
sell your old paper, bottles  
a rupee a kilo, hurry, hurry)

or, the pious ones  
going to gurdwaras, temples  
go on chanting incessantly

wai guru ji wai guru ji  
ram ram ji ram ram ji  
radha ji krishna ji sita ji

I cannot sleep at night  
cannot sleep at dawn  
try to sleep during the day

if beggars don't ring the bell  
flies don't hover over my head  
rickshawalas don't hoot toot toot.

Ravi Kopra



# My Beloved, After Rumi

I see women  
in many shapes and forms  
sometimes I feel a bit aroused  
I must tell you the truth  
I cannot lie  
I cannot even tell a white lie  
for I love you

But when I see you  
look into your face  
your eyes and you smile back at me  
I melt, I am blended with you

I feel your fragrance, your presence in me  
my soul smiles, my hearts longs for you  
I cast all those women aside  
they are not for me  
and you, only you  
are the woman I cherish  
I will never leave you

Everything mine is yours  
My heart, my souls are yours  
Keep them with you till  
the last breath of my life

Ravi Kopra

# My Bugatti Chiron

I retired and moved a year ago from  
Hamptons, NY to Sarasota Bay, Florida

It was quiet and peaceful until  
I parked my Veyron on the driveway

The young postal lady used to put the mail in the box  
Now she rings the door bell for delivery everyday

Neighbors sit on their front porches  
To look at the women who drive by

Their wives complain in rage  
And I hear their shoutings routinely

The kids changed their route from  
The school. They linger for hours at my gate

The sightseeing buses stop in the street  
The tourists stare at my lousy Veyron

I think I will park it in the garage  
And park my Bugatti Chiron on the driveway

Ravi Kopra

# My Chant For Living In Peace And Love

May I have the peace of mind

May I live tranquilly

May I love my family

May I love all beings

May my wife know I love her dearly

May my children know I love them dearly

May my friends know I am a true friend

May my soul know it is not the only one

It is just a tiny sort of a thing of the whole universe.

Ravi Kopra

# My Ex-Wife, A Turkish Poem By Orhan Veli Kanık In English Translation

Every night you enter my dreams  
Every night I see you on white satin sheets  
Every night the satan brings me to lie down with you

You know why

Because I still love you, my woman  
Even though you left me  
You are a very special woman  
So hard to find.

Ravi Kopra

# My Fair Lady, A Ghazal Of Love

Among many fair ladies, mine's enough  
My evening glory on the vine's enough

I want no other women, I want no nonsense  
She is my flower, her beauty fine enough

No fine cuisine, no Bordeaux champagne  
When we dine, a glass of wine's enough

I love always to make love to her  
How many time a week? Nine's enough

She is so charming, so glamorous, so radiant  
To enrapture me in ecstasy, she shines enough

Her blue eyes, her blond hair, her thin waist  
I die for her. I swear by Allah. His design's enough

Mine, mine, mine, always mine  
How wonderful! My love mine enough

If anyone looks at her with desirous eyes  
I will kill him instantly. A swine, enough.

Ravi Kopra

# My First Kiss

Tuesday morning in Tampa  
in the gardens of SFU,  
I will give you my first caress,  
my first kiss  
You will be my spring, everything  
our lives will begin

The birds will sing in trees  
butterflies fly on lilies  
you will be in my arms  
my darling, sweet darling  
our lives will begin  
you will be my spring, everything

Come fly away with me  
to our paradise  
Let's be together, ever  
I want you every morning, my darling  
I want you every evening  
I want you each moment of day  
I want you all my life

Tuesday morning in Tampa  
you will be my sunshine  
you will put my heart on fire  
you will be my desire  
I will give my first caress, my first kiss  
my life will begin  
you will be my spring, everything  
my darling, sweet darling.

Ravi Kopra

# My First Love

In the uproar  
of this  
new world

all  
old voices  
are drowned

but  
all women  
I had  
after  
my wife died  
no nobody  
could match her

she was  
my first love.

Ravi Kopra

# My Friend, A Punjabi Ghazal Of Shiv Kumar Batalvi In English Translation

My sorrows took away my life, my friend  
Sorrows of your fake friendship doomed me, my friend

I do not blame the floods in the monsoon months  
I blame the winter dew that wiped out my crops, my friend

I do not blame the darkness of the moonless nights  
The ocean was restless on the full-moon night, my friend

Who is he decrying the death all the times  
It is the man's birth that dooms him, my friend

The sun rises and goes down surely  
It is not the West that brings it down, my friend

I agree sadness prevails when dear friends pass away  
But it is the lame mourning that brings shame, my friend

The executioner is not my enemy, I say rightfully  
Capricious whims of 'Shiv' put him down, my friend

\*\*\*

The original in Punjabi

???? ?????

????? ??? ????? ??????  
???? ?? ?? ????? ?  
?? ??? ????? ????? ??  
?? ?? ????? ?

????? ?? ??? ??? '??  
??? ????? ?????  
???? ??? ??? ??? ??  
???? ?? ????? ?



????? ?? ????? ?? ?  
??? ????? ?????  
????? ??? ????? ?????  
????? ?? ?????? ?

?? ??? ?? ?? ??? ???  
?????? ?? ??????  
?????? ??? ?????? ??  
??? ?? ?????? ?

?????? ?? ?????? ??????  
?????? ?? ?? ?????  
??? ??? ??? ????? ??  
?? ????? ?? ?????? ?

?????? ?? ?????? ???????  
?? ?? ?? ??????  
?????? ?? ?? ??????? ??  
????? ?? ?????? ?

????? ??? ?????? ?????  
??? ??? ??????  
'???' ??? ??? '???' ??  
????? ?????? ?? ?????? ?

Ravi Kopra

# My Garden Of Flowers

You are my garden of flowers

My rose

You sting me with pleasure

My sunflower

You bring me smiles

My violet

You stir my heart

My jasmine

My love, hurry up to bed

My morning glory

My day full of love

My evening glory

My love in waiting

My hibiscus

My desire at night

Ravi Kopra

# My Greek Goddess

Thinking of you last night  
I tossed and turned in bed  
could not sleep.  
Opened my PC to see you again -  
deep blue eyes, big smile,  
silky braids to your waist -  
oh, how could I now wait  
when seeing flowers  
she finds herself talking  
to me. I will circle her  
braids around her head  
with roses white and red  
to make her look like  
my Greek Goddess.

Ravi Kopra

# My Heart, A Love Poem By Pamela Dietz In Hindi/Urdu Translation

jab main kehti hoon  
main tum se pyaar karti hoon  
lafz mere dil se aate hain

tum se baat karte hue  
yera chehra dekhte hue  
mere dil ko shanti milti hai

jab tumhari awaaz sunti hoon  
mera dil khushi se bhar jaata hai

jab main tum se mohabbat kerti hoon  
teri ankhon ko dekhti hoon  
mera dil pyaar main naachne lagata hai

jab tum mere samane  
kisi aur aurat main dilchaspi dikhate ho  
yo mera dil aansu behlata hai

jab tum kehte ho  
k khuda wuda kuch nahin hai  
mera dil dukhi ho jata hai

Ravi Kopra

# My Heart, A Punjabi Poem Of Loving Memories With English Translation

Mera dil

O amritsar da dhaba gurdware di gali wich.  
O lachhian bharia khusboo da lassi da glass garmiaN wich.  
O makki di roti makhan tay sarson de saag naal.  
O ghoDe te baithya lawaN fereaN lain wich.  
O pehle putar nu pehli waar dekhia aapni beewee di goad wich.  
O jadon maan de pairaan te matha tekia,  
maan ne sir te hath rakhia, te keha -  
jeenda reh tu meria putra hazaaraN saal wich.

Ravi Kopra

# My Heart, A Turkish Poem By Cenk In English Translation

One day my heart is on fire  
Other day under heavy rains  
Somedays it is buried in snow  
Other days flooded with water.

But when it sees you it feels happy  
When it hears your voice it gets excited  
An orchestra starts playing music  
And your name echoes in my heart

One day my heart is on fire  
Another day in your palms, warm.

Ravi Kopra

# My Heart's Desire, An Urdu Poem After Nushur Wahidi

mere dil ki tashangi  
meri naseem-e-zindagi  
tere mujassam main dilkashi lagti hai  
tere kale gesu-e-pur-Kham main  
husn ki khushi cHupi lagti hai  
is kali raat mere dil main  
kuch aag si lagi dikhti hai  
mire dil-e-bimar ka mudaava  
ab tere hathoN main hai  
diya to jal chuka hai  
magar mera dil baar baar jalta hai  
dunia ab kuch aalam-e-diigar si lagti hai  
'Ravi' ka dukh kisi ko maluum nahin  
khamosh hai bolta kis se nahin  
uske moonh se ab aahen nikalti hain

Ravi Kopra

# My House Is Deserted Now

How strange  
I could cut open a brain  
look into hippocampus  
pituitary, amygdala  
frontal lobe, hypothalamus  
optic and auditory nerves  
name any nook or cranny  
I could dissect all  
but I could not detect  
your lies when you said  
you dearly loved me

you left me  
without a trace  
my house is deserted now  
where there were roses in vases  
swarms of mosquitoes fly

we loved Mozart and Ribaldi  
now when I come home  
I see our poodle sniffing  
your slippers, circling the bed  
and wondering why are you not here  
he runs to me and howls

I loved you dearly, honestly, sincerely  
I do not know where I went wrong  
be happy with your new lover  
forget me, my life will move along  
I cannot forget you though  
your memories will remain with me  
forever, forever...

Inspired by 'You and I' poem by Fabrizio Frosini posted at this site

Ravi Kopra



# My Indian Poet Friends

My Indian poet friends  
you have great poetry themes  
but only few of you write good poetry  
at , your favorite site.

Sorry to say that.  
I can't claim to be a poet  
I mostly write for fun  
let me know if I can be of help.

Please don't go on making  
statement after statement  
in every poem you write  
tell something and show the rest.

And please don't bring God  
into your poems line after line,  
an ancient concept, so boring  
unexciting, sickening.

It turns the readers off  
specially those like me  
and they are there many.  
Happy Holi. Happy Diwali.

Ravi Kopra

# My Innocent Heart, Ghalib In English Translation

O my innocent heart!  
You are suffering from heartaches  
What is the matter with you?  
What cure is there for your malady?

I had hope  
He would be faithful to me  
But I'm heart broken now  
He does not know  
What 'faithful' means.

I am anxious and keen  
He is cold, gives damn to my feelings  
Oh God! what is this mystery?

- to be continued

Ravi Kopra

# My Italian Princess

Lost in you I dream of tomorrows  
Sailing on seas in my yacht  
On our honey moon to Rome.  
Where you were born.

My Italian princess,  
The moon envies you.  
It hides behind dark clouds  
When people gaze at you.

Ravi Kopra

# My Laptop Is In My Lap

My laptop is in my lap  
I stare at the blank screen with my blank head.  
Today I want to write a poem for someone  
who touched my heart  
filled my soul with love  
made my life worthwhile  
dragged me out of ditches  
gave me a shoulder to lean on  
lifted my spirits from dumps  
to make me soar high.

It is you, you, my love  
I would have withered in the desert sun  
had you not been my life line.  
All what I write is for you  
All what I do is for you.  
Heer, in hunger, stranded with  
her Punjabi Ranja lover, did not know  
he made a meal for her out of his thighs.  
I will cut open my chest and give my heart to you  
for love you give me day and night.  
My life is yours, will always be.

Ravi Kopra

# My Life Is My Rival

My life is my rival.

When I swim  
in the ocean,  
it sends  
sharks after me.

When I am  
heart broken,  
it sends  
a bulldozer  
to make  
a paste of it.

Ravi Kopra

# My Life Moved So Fast, A Hindi Poem By Gulzar In English Translation

My life moved so fast  
I really did not learn much  
I did not learn how to contrive artfully.  
In my heart I feel I am still a child  
I laughed whenever I wanted to  
I cried whenever I wanted to.  
Now when I smile I have to be careful  
that my smiles are acceptable  
And when I want to cry I have to hide  
somewhere to shed my sad tears.  
I see my old photos today  
and remember the days when  
I could smile freely.  
Come, let's go somewhere where  
we can throw the manners to the winds,  
laugh whole heartedly and smile indifferently.

Ravi Kopra

# My Love

Hand in hand when  
I walk with her in the garden

I do not look at the flowers  
I do not look for their fragrance

I feel my flower in my hand  
Her presence fragrance to me

The skies open up, clouds disperse  
The moon shines brightly

And in the distance I hear  
the doves coo-cooing

I lose myself in her  
Joyous bliss dawns upon me.

Ravi Kopra

# My Love Was A Total Failure, I Cried, A Urdu Ghazal Of Shakeel Badayuni In English Translation

My love was a total failure, I cried  
Today she came to my mind and I cried

My evenings mostly pass keeping my hopes alive  
Today all evening, I do not know why, I cried

Sometime I mourn my luck, sometime I blame the world  
I never could get my love, I cried

My grief was so huge  
And my luck so bad, I cried

Whenever 'Shakil' heard about love in this world  
He could not take failures of his heart, he cried

(An added verse as below)

Reading Shakil's ghazal, Ravi remembered his own love affairs  
His fate was worse than anyone's, he wailed for hours and cried!

Ravi Kopra



# My Love, How Can I Ever Leave You?

By all means they try to hold me  
secure who love me in this world.

- Rabindra Nath Tagore in his poem Free Love

\*\*\*

They keep you secure  
To keep on sucking your love.  
They spy on you, they read your emails  
They snoop into your credit card details  
They search for clues in trash cans for infidelity  
Checking every single penny you spent on coke or coffee  
With no confidence, they feel insecure themselves  
They hold you as a prisoner for their own security.

But love you are not like them  
You are stronger than them. You have confidence  
You give me all freedom, You trust me  
You make me love you more than I love myself  
I know no one will love me more than you do  
What more can I ask of you?  
My love, how can I ever leave you?

Ravi Kopra

# My Lover Discovers Things, A Spanish Poem By Isabel Fraire In Punjabi Translation

Mera Mehboob Ik Jadoogar Jiya Hai

mera mehboob ik jadoogar jiya hai -  
usdiaN ungoolian wichoN  
reshmi titliaN nikaldiaN nay  
ohday lafaz tariaN di tarah  
mere te aa aa k girday nay

jadon rateeN o mainu hathaaN naal  
cHu-cHu k pyar karda hai  
kaalian raataN which wi  
taaray aa aa k chamakday nay

mera mehboob mainu o dunia dikhlanda hai  
jisde wich sup heeriaN waangu chamakday nay

dunia jis wich geet geet te wajay wajde nay  
te har ghar wich swayray swayray shanti ay

mera mehoboob ik pagal jia sooraj-mukhi da ful ay  
jo khamoshi wich chaDi dhup nu bhul jaanda ay

\*\*\*\*\*

Original

Mi amor descubre objetos

mi amor descubre objetos  
sedosas mariposas  
se ocultan en sus dedos

sus palabras  
me salpican de estrellas

bajo los dedos de mi amor la noche

brilla como relámpago

mi amor inventa mundos en que habitan  
serpientes cuajadas de brillantes

mundos en que la música es el mundo  
mundos en que las casas con los ojos abiertos  
contemplan el amanecer

mi amor es un loco girasol que olvida  
pedazos de sol en el silencio

- Isabel Fraire

Ravi Kopra

# My Lover Has Left Me Alone In This Season, A Hindi Poem By Amir Khusro In English Translation

The sky overcast with thick black clouds  
Saddens my heart today.  
The peacocks are dancing in the forest  
and rains have started to fall  
in all four directions.  
Cuckoos are singing songs on the trees tops,  
Papeehas are clamoring in the air,  
Peacocks are dancing fair and square.  
My lover has gone to a foreign land  
leaving me alone in this season.  
I hear the birds singing in the wilderness,  
I miss him and cry, all forlorn.

Ravi Kopra

# My Lover Is Like A Magician, A Spanish Love Poem By Isabel Fraire In English Translation

My lover is like a magician  
Silk butterflies fly from his fingers  
His words like stars in the sky  
shine on my body

When at night he touches me  
and love me from his heart  
the dark skies look like  
full of shining stars

My lover shows me the world  
where the snakes shine with gems  
the world where the music constantly plays  
and every morning at home peace prevails

My lover is like a loony sun flower  
that forgets itself in the full sun of the day.

Ravi Kopra

# My Mom, A Mother's Day Love Poem By Raj Swami In English Translation

Dear mom, you love us  
Bring us up, guide us  
When people chide us  
You protect us  
Even though you might  
Later later slap us.  
And when we cry, you bring  
Us out in the courtyard and  
Show your love to us.  
You fulfill all our desires.  
You get us through our ordeals  
You do all household chores.  
Sometimes you become our teacher  
Sometimes our dear friend.

Ravi Kopra

# My Murder, A Shakira Nandini Poem In Urdu/Hindi Translation

main ne dil ka dard teri aankhoN main dekha hai  
main ne teri mohabbat ko dushmani main badalte dekha hai  
kaun kehta hai k mere marne k baad mujhe shanti mil jayegi  
Jeete jeete hi tere saath meri maut ka janaza nikal raha hai

Ravi Kopra

# My Other Heart, A Translated Poem In Hindi/Urdu

Kahin aur bhi ek dil hai  
jiski chahat mere dil majn hai

rota hoon to rota hai vo  
hansne main hansta rehta hai

kahan hai kidhar hai vo  
mujhe uski chahat hai

dhundne ki usko koshish to ki  
kya ye the meri kamzori

k dund usko na paya hoon main  
kahan hai kidhar hai iska pata nahin hai

khul k ab tak bataya nahin main ne logon ko  
magaar dil mere main uski bahut chahat hai

Ravi Kopra



# My Self

I also have my crochet.  
It dates from when I began to think.  
Stitch on stitch forming a whole without a whole...  
A cloth, and I don't know if it's for a garment or nothing.

-Fernando Pessoa

\*\*\*

I have my mouse  
it needs no wires, it has its blue tooth  
I move it freely, it does not squeal  
when I move my fingers on its head  
fingers move on the keyboard  
keep on hopping spot to spot  
words, clauses, phrases, sentences, stanzas  
grow effortlessly from them not knowing  
if they are worth anything or just trash.

It does not bother me, I keep on writing  
whatever comes to my mind in a flash  
and disappears next moment with the blink of eye  
leaving something for posterity in black and white  
I kill my time, else time will kill me  
I have nothing of significance to tell  
for in everything I see nothing  
and there is nothing that has something for me.

I pass my days in this haze and so I pass my nights  
awake all night and asleep all day the next day.  
And one day I will not get up at all  
My body will go to the elements it is made of  
and my soul - what soul! - there is no such thing  
My soul is me, myself, I am my soul in being  
My awareness of my own world and the world I see.

Ravi Kopra

# My Son Is Dead

My son is dead.  
He died for our freedom.  
He ran in the battlefield  
with a hot gun on his shoulder  
to gun down the enemies who  
do not want us to live in our freedom  
of free speech, beliefs, democracy.

They want to impose their beliefs on us  
Anyone who doesn't believe  
what they believe in is their arch enemy  
preordained by Allah, their almighty.  
What an archaic old belief is this  
propagated by the Allah's chosen one  
who heard it from fairies flying down  
to a hot desert cave right from heaven  
where Allah lives in the fountained gardens  
with houris and music and drums of liquor!

I tell my enemies -  
Your life on earth  
is worthless, you scums.  
All time you dream  
of houris, music and wine.  
We have all this  
on the earth for us  
but you don't  
you miserable ones.  
So we will give you  
what you want.  
Throw away your arms.  
Come stand in a line.  
Let us shoot you one by one  
and send you to your heaven  
where you will have everything  
that you don't have here  
on the earth, you scums.



# My Son The Man, A Poem By Sharon Olds In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Mera Beta Ab Gabru Ho Giya Hai

dekhte hi dekhte  
mera nanha sa baita gabru bun giya hai  
uski cHati Houdini ki cHati ki tarah lagti hai  
jab log uspe lohay ki gazanzeeroN daal rehe the  
Llghta hai jasay ye kal ka din tha jab main usko paalne main sulaati the  
uske paun pe garam jurabaiN pehanti the  
hawaa main ucHal kar apni bahoN main pyar use karti the.

main ab bhi use apna cHota sa baita samajti hoon  
nahin, nahin vo ab jawani se bhara ek nojawaan hai  
aur jo bhi dar muje manush jaati se tha  
vo ab sub door ho giya hai.

aisa main kabhi bhi soch na tha  
k jab vo mere andar Houdini ki tarah  
ek buksay main lohay ki ganzeeroN se bandha hua  
Hudson dariya ki baraf k neeche dooba hua  
zor maar k aa baithe ga ek din meri bahoN main.  
ab vo muje aise dekhta hai jaise Houdini ne  
buksay se bahar aaney se pehle us buksay ko acHi tarah dekha tha.  
muje dek kar vo ab muskrata hai  
aur apni shaadi main bewee ki ganzeeroN  
ki bandhan main kaidi ho jaane ki baataiN sochta hai.

Ravi Kopra

# My Wife Is In Menopause, A Poem In Urdu

patjhar ka mausam hai  
halki halki tHandi hawa chal rehi hai  
meri beewee menopause main hai

so nahi pae bechari raat bhar  
garam garam lehraiN chal rahiN  
theeN har jagah us k badan par

subah subah uth behthi  
kaDi ho gae khiDki k pass  
dekhney lagi girtay pattoN koN

kehney lagi apnay aap ko  
y pattay mujhay kuch bata rahey hain  
utha dala usnay mujhay ek dam bistray se

main ne kaha -

hey bhagwaan wanti  
meri zindgi bhar ki dulhan  
ab suno meri katha -

haray haray chotay se komal se  
pattay aayey thay spring main en peDoN pe  
ab peelay peelay bhooray bhooray laal laal

nayey lubas pehn kar ja rahain hain  
hanstay hanstay alvida kartay is duniya se  
kushi se aayey thay khushi se jaa rahey hain

aur dekho ab manushya jaati ko  
rotay rotay aatay hain rotay rotay mar jaatay hain  
sirif itna hi nahin, dekho apni ovarioN ko

abhi mari nahin, chilla rahiN haiN na jaanay ko  
sar apna peet rahiN haiN, aanso baha rahiN hain  
tumaray jism main aag laga rahiN hain

ye kitni chulayDain hain, jeenay nahin deti kisi aurat ko

jawaani main aag lagati haiN dewanoN se milnay ko  
buDapay main aag lagati haiN dil chata nahin unka jaanay ko

Ravi Kopra

# My Wife Piece By Piece Slices My Heart, A Hindi/Urdu Poem Of Disappointment

Meri dulhan, meri dharam patni  
tum sundar ho, meri jaan-e-jaan ho  
magar meri cheer-jwaar ??? ?????ho

Jab khush hoti ho baDa maza deti ho  
dhul dhul kar mohabat karti ho  
meethi meethi baatoN se dil main bahar laati ho  
mere dil ki gulab subah subah khil uthay hain  
chameli k phool sandya sameh is main muskratay hain  
aur raat bhar pyaar main bhari mujhe sonay nahin deti ho

Lakin jab gusse se bhari hoti ho  
aandhi toofan a jaate hain  
darwazay khulte hain, band ho jate hain  
khidkiyan cHan-cHananay lagti hain  
mera beta meri gode main a baithta hai  
hamara bechara cHota sa puppy tum se dar  
kar gusal-khanay main chala jata hai

Jab tum bolti ho, hawa main talwareN chalti hain  
teri zuban se kaman k teer chalte hain  
mere dil k tukDay kar dete hain  
barchiaN teri jeeb se nikal nikal kar  
mere seene main aa paDti hain  
mere jigar ko cheer deti hain

Teri zuban k aaray chalne lagte hain  
jo pathar k diloN ko bhi cheer dete hain  
mera to dil itna nazuk hai  
halki hawa aane pe uDne lagta hai

Jab tumhari awaz oonchi hoti hai  
lagta hai gagan main kaale badal takraiN marte hain  
aasman main bijliaN chamak lagne lagti hain  
aur kabhi kabhi hamari bechari padosan  
aa kar darwaze pe ghanti bajaati hai  
aur poochti hai: beta, sab theek-thaak ho na

chaho to mere ghar aa jana, chahe tumain pilauNgi  
bilkul na ghabrana, kabhi na sharmana  
main usko danya-waad deta hoon  
pyaar ki izzat se us ko namaskar karta hoon  
aur apne dil main kehne lagta hoon:  
hey bhagwaan, kash tera dil-e-dimag-e khayal  
hamari pyaari pyaari paDosan sa hota!

Ravi Kopra



# Neck Tilted To The Left

Neck tilted to the left  
Eyes closed, arms straight on sides

With the black rope tied to a long branch  
Of the banyan tree, he moves a little to and fro  
When the gentle autumn breeze blows

The park service guide guides the people  
Heaps of leaves under feet crumple  
And rustle as they approach him

No swallows in the air  
No rose-breasted grosbeaks  
No myna, no koel, no canary  
The world, detached, at stand still

They stand in silence, almost  
Stare at him

The guard asks-  
Does any one know him?

Ravi Kopra

# Negotiations, A Love Poem By Rae Armantrout In Hindi/Urdu Translation

mohabbat ka sab se acha kissa  
us waqt k hota hai jab  
hum dono ek hi andaaz main  
kuch thake thake se hote hain

apne parion main pair dal kar  
bistre pe lait jate hain  
halaN k thakawat ki baat  
koe baDi nahin hoti hai

jo kuch bhi bhoot kaal  
main hua vo ho chuka hai  
hum purani narazgi ki  
sub baataiN bhool jate hain

sub purane gillon ko bhool kar  
bina kuch kehe  
fir se mohababt ka  
ek neya sa kissa kholte hain

tab tak  
jab hamari jaan main jaan  
dikhaee nahin deti  
mareez aur buday ho jate hain

lekin aaj bistre main latey  
hamaray pairon k unghoodeh  
aapas main langDraane lagte hain  
aur hamare shreer main ek bijli ki current

chalne lag jati hai  
sub duniya ko bhool bhal kar  
mohabbat main doob jate hain  
sharat-varat ki sab batain bhool jate hain

Ravi Kopra

# Neighbors, My Lover Is Leaving, A Bulleh Shah Poem In English Translation

My lover is leaving  
What do I do now, O Lord?

He doesn't stay, he's ready to go  
What do I do now, O Lord?

In my cold heart, a bulbul is rising  
Is seeing forests in the wilderness  
What do I do now, O Lord?

Bulleh Shah now without his lover  
Is stranded at neither bank of the river  
What does he now do, O Lord?

Ravi Kopra

# Neither You Nor I, A Urdu Ghazal By Khalid Ahmad In English Translation

On the day of separation neither you nor I  
cried. Still we couldn't sleep at night, neither you nor I

The circumstances had turned us into heartless stones  
We didn't get lost in past memories, neither you nor I

The signs of discord were evident from the beginning  
But we could not speak out differences, neither you nor I

Our lamentations were our own, we both grieved alone  
We shed no tears bidding good byes, neither you nor I

We didn't see eye to eye, we looked at the sky  
We were both sad but did not cry, neither you nor I

(An added couplet)

I had to leave for the war over Kashmir between Pakistan and India  
You a muslima, I a Hindu, could not hold back tears, neither you nor I

Ravi Kopra

# Never Make Friends With A Crow, A Swedish Poem By Tua Forsström In Hindi/Urdu Translation

kauwoN k saath kabhi dosti na daalna  
ek vaigyanik ne radio par kaha  
kauwa jaldi se khoob gehri dosti daal leta hai  
tumhari khiDKion k sheeshon par har waqt kut-kut karta rahega  
in ke dimag main rog jaldi se lag jaata hai  
un k bina sab shanti rehti hai  
bagheechay barish main sundar lagtay hain  
nimboo chandni raat main chamakte hain

kal raat ek khandar se woh hazaron ki taidad main idhar uDay  
logon ne dhuaN suljaya, ghantiaN bajaeeN  
ek baar main ne ek bachchi ki aankh badal k neechay dekhi  
jis ka ab koi ilaj na tha, bilkul na tha  
badal uski baigani rung wali aankh ke upar beh raha tha  
aur aaista aaista aankh ki putli k andar ja raha tha  
aur phir vo gayab ho gaya, vo badal.

Ravi Kopra

# New Year Eve's Dark Hard Ebony

Thank you my dark hard ebony  
for your company on the new year eve.  
I had white lilies year after year  
but never had an ebony so hard and tight.  
I had you all night  
your almond eyes as the night passed  
made me forget all lilies.  
The aroused blackness of my heart  
entered your entire blackness  
and your hardness melted in the heat of desires,  
the mother Kali in you turned into soft dark clouds  
in which I lost my way and floated in the skies all night.  
My dark dark chocolate, my almond eyes amaretto, my dark sweet syrup,  
I sipped you, nibbled you, I had you full the night of the new year eve.  
I will never forget you and hope on the new year eve next year  
in times square in new york, you happen to stumble my way, again.

Ravi Kopra

# Nida Fazli In Remembrance

Your words were simple  
Yet they carried weight.  
They will light our dark path.

Your poems delighted our hearts.  
Each word brought us love.

We will remember always  
Your ghazals, couplets, songs  
Whatever you said captured our hearts.

Godspeed, Nida Fazli.  
Rest in peace.

Ravi Kopra

# No Body Can Be More Handsome Than You

No body can be more handsome than you  
You stand for hours before mirrors to admire your beauty

No body can be wiser than you  
You preach Bible though you cannot read

No body can be more humane than you  
You feed poison to stray dogs running in streets

No body can be more richer than you  
You borrow money to buy fake jewels and jewelry

No body can be more pious than you  
You steal church money to buy food for you

No body can speak better than you  
Your 'butter on toast' sounds like your 'butt on toast'

Everybody, you think, loves and respects you  
Unaware you are, you are the most hated one in the community.

Ravi Kopra



# No Body Did Ever Notice Me, A Urdu Ghazal By Hazeeb Soz In English Translation

No body did ever notice me  
with all the eyes in this world.  
I was a gypsy though I had a home.

Someone brought and left me near the  
banks of a river, vortexing in rage.  
Lucky was I the river did not engulf me.

Is this a revenge or is it a protest?  
What is all this about standing in the  
burning sun while there is shade all around?

Give me a two yard of space anywhere in this world  
I will stay there and go no where else.

If this is not bad luck, what else is it then?  
I am alone in this world though I have a woman at home.

Ravi Kopra

# No Body Loves Me, After Fernando Pessoa

No body loves me  
no body feels my pains  
if there is someone who does  
it is hard for me to believe

For not believing is my nature  
I am not certain if they are sincere  
or just say things to please me  
or lessen my suffering and appease me

Only someone who has been wounded  
will know how deep are my wounds  
and the one with a broken heart will  
know the leftover pieces of my heart

Nobody gives a damn what poems do I write  
how lonely is my heart and sleepless are my nights  
I pour my heart and soul into my poems  
but people give damn if they exist or not

They are after bread and butter, the matter  
the matter they care means nothing to me  
I am after heart and soul, the very existence of me  
O my poor heart, why were you born to suffer all this.

Ravi Kopra

# No Highfalutin Talk, No Nothing

I thank God I'm not good  
But have the natural egoism of flowers  
And rivers that follow their path  
Unwittingly preoccupied  
With only their flowering and their flowing.

-Alberto Caeiro of Fernando Pessoa

\*\*\*

I don't know no philosophies  
Philosophers live in their towers  
all windows closed  
and theorize what is and what isn't  
without knowing a single simple thing.  
When they open windows and see outside  
they find what they say is horse shit  
but are men not enough to admit it.

I am a country cowboy  
I know my rope, my herd of cows  
I love rodeo and my bonnie lassie  
No technological, no nothing  
except cell phone to talk with my honey.

I ride horses, I ride bulls  
but no bull like city folks  
No highfalutin talk, no nothing  
just a next door country folk.

I like flowers and enjoy their flowerness  
rivers and their riverness with fish and flowing water  
I like nature, country openness. Beauty here is ineffable.  
No high rise city towers. If I don't do nothing  
what I do in the country, city folks will have  
no red meat on plate, no milk, no cheese, no nothing.

Ravi Kopra

# No Matter How Pretty She Is

No service to man, only to nature  
serving myself to be happy and healthy  
living a private peaceful life

my dream is to be like this  
but better with a partner I love and like  
sleep under the moon in open skies

hold hands on a beach  
and for breakfast have two organic eggs  
lightly fried in coconut ghee

I love the smell of coconut oil  
it is an aphrodisiac to me  
I love to chew fresh coconut from the tree

I want to see my love in dreams  
no ghosts, no fairies, no lanky blonds  
no blue eyed ones with whacky tastes

only her, only her the way she is  
absolutely natural  
no matter how pretty she is.

Ravi Kopra

# No Moon, No Stars, No Skies

I love you  
I give you my heart, my life  
I expect nothing in return  
No diamonds, no pearls, no riches.  
No moon, no stars, no skies  
I leave them to the poor poets  
whose hearts cry without love.  
Just hold me tight in your arms  
and simply say to me this -  
I love you too, my sweet heart.  
That's all I want, love, love  
I live on love.

Ravi Kopra

# No New Land No Sky They Ask For, A Urdu Ghazal By Manzoor Hashmi In English Translation

No new land no sky they ask for  
Only refuge and peace they ask for

the sun is so hot these days  
the shade is all the trees ask for

I have to make a request to you now  
But safety of my life first I ask for

how can I accept the verdict of these people  
I must go against myself, they ask for

If you want to shoot me, my rival  
why my bow and arrows you ask for?

how self indulgent are the birds these days  
flying before growing wings they ask for

(an added couplet as below)

'Ravi' is happy writing and translating poems  
Only french cuisine wine and women he asks for

Ravi Kopra

# No No Never

God does this, God does that  
God can do this, God can do that

But when you break your neck  
You go to hospital for help

When your libido goes away  
You run for the blue pill

When you lose all money  
You file for bankruptcy

When your wife cheats on you  
You kill her, kill her lover

Or kill yourself. To no one  
You show your face. Ashamed!

You pray to God then for help?  
Does he help you? Ever? Does he?

No No Never  
But you are dumb. You still pray

Ravi Kopra

# No Tender Feelings Of Heart

For certain men of Allah, raw sex in bed at night is love  
No tender feelings of heart, no thrills of romance  
In Allah's blessings of 4 wives, at least, they dance  
Seeing henna painted hands of burqa clad women, they prance.

Ravi Kopra



# Nobody, No Nothing

Planets are moving around the stars.  
The stars are shining, are dead, becoming dwarfs.  
The moon will show up its face in the evening.  
Lovers will walk around hand in hand in gardens, in parks.  
Some will be born, some will die, the world will keep on moving.  
And I, homeless, hopeless, helpless will strive somehow  
To live my life scavenging food from fast food dumps,  
Sleeping under highways bridges and aimless wandering without an end.  
Hope makes you strong to look forward to. I desire nothing.  
I have no hope for nothing. My life, natural. Will end its  
Cycle from nothing to nothing. And in between the  
Beginning and the end, I am what I am - nobody, no nothing.

Ravi Kopra

# Nor Did You Change - A Hindi Love Poem By Deepti Mishra In English Translation

The hours change from one to the next  
The days change into nights  
But my desire for you did not change  
You are my destination still  
I remember you year around  
My pains did not change  
I did not change. Nor did you change.

In those unfortunate days of my life  
They took you away from me. I could not help  
There were restraining me every day  
Years have passed and nothing has changed  
God is still the same old gold  
My prayers did not change  
Why I pray for you did not change  
I did not change. Nor did you change.

The flames of desire I lit in you long ago  
Are those flames of passion still alight in your heart?  
The palace of memories that we built together  
are there still some memories left of me there, my love?  
I will not complain if they don't exist altogether  
But I only want to say this to you -  
My heart is still the same  
My love for you did not change  
I did not change. Nor did you change.

Ravi Kopra

# Nostalgia

Was nostalgic to places I grew up.  
Moved away from them  
one by one scores of times.  
They were fixed in my memories  
like scenes in movies.  
They formed the background  
the landscape of my life  
for those times.

I visited some of them  
years later. Many I could  
hardly recognize, transformed  
completely. No trace of what they were  
when I was there growing up.

And some resembled to what I had in memory  
but were in absolute decay, fully dilapidated.

I looked at the places and looked at myself.  
Am I the same what I was then?  
I changed, the places changed  
I am with the world, so are the places.

My desire to be in the past evaporated.  
A burden lifted.  
Old places had held me a prisoner to be back in time.  
After visiting them, I grew new wings and left the old nests  
houses, buildings, people, places and soared high in the sky- free  
and never suffered from saudades.

Ravi Kopra

## Nostalgia (Fernando Pessoa)

Life, an experiential journey taken involuntarily  
the spirit travels feeling the world  
sitting in my chair, contemplating  
I see the world vicariously

I've lived without ever having lived  
I've thought without ever having thought  
I've danced without ever having danced  
taking stillborn adventures calmly

I am sick of what I never had  
or likely will ever have  
I am sick of gods  
always just about to appear

My body bears the wounds  
of battles never fought  
my muscles are weary  
of efforts never wrought

Great unknown lassitude  
engulfs me today  
I suppress my helpless tears  
born of my sick soul

I look at the sky  
dull, dumb and empty  
as it never ever existed  
or will never be there

I sleep when I think  
I lie down when I walk  
I suffer feeling nothing  
my suffering is for nothing

My nostalgia is for nothing  
like the sky above  
that I do not see  
but gaze at impersonally.

Ravi Kopra

# Nostalgic Love

Those were different times  
These are not the same

I'd wait till evening to be with you  
I'd be awake all night listening to you  
I'd leave everything and run after you

Those were different times  
These are not the same

I'd write ghazals of love for you  
I'd know when you looked in a certain way  
I'd know your mind without saying a word  
I'd know you wanted me by how you looked at me

We lived in a different world then  
Our lives are now not the same

We would quibble over trivial matters  
And would still be in love though a little angry  
We used to wrap our selves onto each other  
After a few moments of sweet disagreement

Those yearnings were of another kind  
Our loyalties now have too far shifted

I used to light fragrant candles for you  
I used to believe in every promise you made  
I used to sail on rivers of sweet love  
I used to thirst for your loving touch

We were always close in hearts though miles apart  
Now the separation of our hearts is another matter.

Ravi Kopra

# Not A Single Woman I Could Love Did I Find, A Urdu Ghazal By Makhmoor Delhvi In English Translation

Not a single woman I could love did I find  
A lot of trash, not a single heart did I find

Nothing to sacrifice for love was there to find  
My eyes did meet with some, but love I could not find

It was the beginning of my sorrows when you became angry with me  
It has been ages now, yet to have someone to love I could not find

I have gone to all corners of the world to find love  
Still no one better than you to love could I find

Whether we go to Kaba or go to a temple  
if our heart has no place for God, God we will never find

A traveler enjoys on reaching his destination  
What joy is there if no destination exists to find

'Makhmur' is drowned in sorrows amongst the revelers  
No one to pull the strings of his heart there did he find.

(An added verse)

Makhmoor, you are not the only who has no love  
Ravi is still single, nowhere real love did he find

Ravi Kopra

# Not Happy In Marriage

Not happy  
in your marriage

For Allah's sake, do not  
have any children

They will not solve  
your marital problems

You are ruined already  
Why ruin lives of innocents.

Ravi Kopra



# O Flaming Candle!

O flaming candle!

The way you spend the night  
The way the night weighs on you  
Sacrificing yourself for others  
I have spent my whole life.  
Burning in love when young  
Giving my heart away for love  
Raising my young children  
Toiling away for family, friends  
And now burning in anger when  
Every body around me says -  
I am too old, too old fashioned  
What do I know the ways of the world  
and they shun me!

Ravi Kopra

# O Hymen! O Hymenee! A Poem By Walt Whitman In Hindi/Urdu Translation

aey yoni cHid! aey yoni cHidi!  
mujhe kyon tarsaati rehti ho?  
kyon sirf ek hi pal k liye mujhe dank marti ho  
aur fir hamesha k liye gaib ho jati ho?  
is liye k agar tu mujhe dank marti rehi  
to jaldi se hi meri jaan le lo gi?

Ravi Kopra

# O Love!

If minds  
could meet  
as do  
the hearts  
there would be  
love and peace  
and no wars.

O love!  
you bring  
hearts together  
why not minds  
sometimes!

Ravi Kopra

# O My Fragrant Flower!

Love, drink me as you desire  
Give me your delicious fruit  
I will drink your sweet milk

O my fragrant flower!  
I will soak you in pure love

We will be together  
Sealed in love.

Ravi Kopra

# O My Innocent Heart - A Ghazal Of Ghalib In English Translation

O my innocent heart! What ill's you?  
What med will cure you?

I thought she would be faithful  
But faithfulness she never knew

I want her, she does not care  
O Allah, what's the matter with her?

I can tell her my thoughts  
But she ignores, she never asks

I love her, no one else  
O Allah, what's the matter with her?

These women with faces like fairies  
I love their love glances, their graces

Their tresses full of fragrances  
Their kohl laced eye lashes

I love nature, the emerald green  
The clouds, the winds, the seas

I will give my life for her  
What else is in her prayers, I ask?

Do good, the good will be done unto you  
Sure, this much the dervish do say

I agree 'Ghalib' is not a great guy  
But he is free. Why does she not get him then?

Ravi Kopra

# O So White, O So Soft, O So Sweet Is She! Ben Jonson In Hindi/Urdu Translation

ujjal lilly k phool ko khilte  
kya kabhi dekha hai aap ne?

saaf safed baraf ko aasman se girte  
mitti ka daag lagne se pehlay  
kya kabhi dekha hai aap ne?

udbilao ki oon ya hans ke pankh ko  
kya kahi chHooah hai aap ne?

junglee gulab ki khushboo  
ya jatamansi ki jalti khushboo ko  
kya kabhi soongha hai aap ne?

madu makhion ke chHatoN ke shaid ko  
kya kabhi chakha hai aap ne?

O itni saaf safed, itni komal, itni meethi hai vo!

\*\*\*

Have you seen but a bright lily grow□  
Before rude hands have touched it? □  
Have you marked but the fall of the snow□  
Before the soil hath smutched it? □  
Have you felt the wool of the beaver, □  
Or swan's down ever? □  
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier□  
Or the nard in the fire? □  
Or have tasted the bag of the bee? □  
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she!

-from The Triumph of Charis  
By Ben Jonson (1572-1637)

Ravi Kopra

# O Sweetheart, Hear You -A Poem By James Joyce In Hindi/Urdu Translation

meri jaan, suno ab apne yaar ki daastan -  
doston ka dhokha khane par kitna dukh hot hai

tab lagta hai usay dost kitne dhokay daar hain  
aur un k sab shabad khaak hi khaak hain

lakin mehbooba jo usko chati hai pyaar se us k paas ayegi  
aur meethay meethay pyar se uska dil behlaey gi

us ke haath mehbooba ke gol gol mammon pe hon gay  
uska sab dard door ho jaeyga, araam usko sab ayeN gay

Ravi Kopra

# O Unwary Traveler!

O unwary traveler!  
Go and see the world  
You have but one life

If you do live  
A long life  
The youth in you  
Will not be left.

sair kar duniya ki ghafil zindagani phir kahañ  
zindagi gar kuchh rahi to ye javani phir kahañ

-KHWAJA MEER 'DARD'

Ravi Kopra



# O Urduwallah Paki Brothers!

Hindus speak Sanskrit  
Derived Hindi  
Their holy books are in Sanskrit and Hindi  
They pray in Sanskrit and Hindi

Sikhs speak Punjabi  
Their holy book is in Punjabi  
They pray in Punjabi

Christians speak English, French. German...  
Their holy book is in English, French, German...  
They pray in English, French German...

They all know who they are,  
What they are  
What they pray for

Pakis speak Urdu  
Their holy book is in Arbi - Arabic  
They pray in Arbi - Arabic

Do they know who they are?  
What they are?  
What do they pray for?

A block of humanity  
lost, lost for ever in oblivion

When they visit their holy land  
Their assumed forefathers' scions  
Do not accept them as true believers  
and call them 'Hindi' believers

So much insult they bear  
Still to their belief they adhere  
They speak Urdu and like  
Their holy book in Arbi - Arabic  
They do not understand  
The Arbi insults hurled on in Arabic.

So much for their faith they bear  
Hear, hear, hear, hear  
When Arbi men on them jeer!

Urdu is derived from Hindi, Persian and Arbi  
O Urduwallah Paki brothers!  
Why do you go to Arbi people who insult you  
And not to your Hindu brothers who love you?

And remember, all your forefathers were Hindu  
They became believers like you under coercion  
Or too poor to pay the non believers' tax- the jazia  
But you call yourselves the bedouin barbaric scions

Is it shameful, disgraceful?  
If not, what is it?  
I will not call it camel shit  
Unless you first admit it.

Ravi Kopra

# O You Crying Face

O you crying face  
You do not know  
how to  
cry gracefully,  
to let your tears  
fall  
or keep them  
inside silently,

We don't have  
to put them  
on our sleeves,  
they can speak  
loudly  
in our sad  
hearts and tear  
apart the heartless  
hearts shifting  
ground under their  
feet.

Ravi Kopra

# Oceans, A Spanish Poem By Juan Ramon Jimenez In Urdu Translation

Samundar

mujhay kuch aisa lagta hai  
k meri kishti  
ab sagar ki gheraarioN maiN  
kisi badi cheez k saath lag gayi hai  
har baat ab ruk gayi hai

kuch bhi nahin...  
har taraf khamoshi hai...  
lehraIn hi lehraIn haiN...

kuch bhi nahin ho raha  
ya sub kuch ho chuka hai?  
aur kya main ab khaDa hooN  
shaanti maiN  
ek nayey jeewan maiN?

Ravi Kopra

# Of Cooches And Phalluses

"Neelachal, a sacred hill, situated on the southern bank of Brahmaputra in the outskirts of Guwahati (India) , houses the famed Kamakhya Temple. According to Hindu Mythology, the female organ of Shiva's consort fell on that spot and became a major pilgrimage center visited by millions every year to offer Puja to the Goddess of fertility Kamakhya."

-Syed Ahmed Shah

\*\*\*

When their hands folded  
they stand bowed before  
Parvati's cooch or  
Shiva's phallus and pray.  
I wonder what they say -

O Lord Shiva of the humongously huge, the longest, the strongest phallus!  
Please make my phallus like yours  
It has gone limpid forever  
It sleeps, sleeps, sleeps  
Please awaken it up  
Make it to work

O Lord Shiva of the humongously huge, the longest, the strongest phallus!  
Please make my husband's phallus like yours  
does he have one? sometimes I doubt  
Or, O phallus Lord! guide me to some immaculate way

O Goddess Parvati, make my yoni like yours  
Where the ganges could flow when the mountains strike  
Mine is like a dry desert river infested with cacti

O Goddess Parvati, make my wife's yoni like yours  
When and if I am ready I could sail, find my way  
It's a cob webbed dry narrow alley with shut gates

O Parvati! O Shiva!  
Take us in your embrace  
Bless our cooches, bless our phalluses

Make them work again  
Or once in a while, at least. Please!

Ravi Kopra

# Of Love And Cyanide, A Linda Maria Baros Poem In Hindi/Urdu

Mujhe ghar se ya cHat k cHote kamaray se  
telephone mat karna  
main apne aap hi tere paas aa jaoNgi

Aur apni cHati ko cheer kar dil bahar nikal looNgi  
apne dantoN se is ko kaat dalooNgi  
ansuoN ko toothpick laga kar jo namak  
main ne chuna hai usay dil k tukron par bikhhar dooNgi  
aur inko jaise chukee chalaii jaati hai  
apne hathoN se tum par maar dalooNgi

Ta k tumhari bahoN aur laatoN ki haddiyan  
tukray tukray ho kar toot jayeN  
ta k tumhare moonh se jo peshab ki badboo aati hai  
tumhari bHathi main jal jaye  
aur tumhare sar main jo bhoot baitha hai  
hamesha k liye us k tukDe tukDe ho jaayeN

Ravi Kopra

# Of Love Andcyanyde! , A Linda Maria Baros Poem In Hindi/Urdu

Mujhe ghar se ya cHat k cHote kamaray se  
telephone mat karna  
main apne aap hi tere paas aa jaoNgi

aur cHati ko cheer kar apna dil bahar nikal looNgi  
apne dantoN se is ko kaat dalooNgi  
ansuoN ko toothpick laga kar jo namak  
main ne chuna hai usay dil k tukron par bikhhar dooNgi  
aur inko jaise chukee chalaii jaati hai  
apne hathoN se tum par maar dalooNgi

ta k tumhari bahoN aur laatoN ki haddiyan  
tukray tukray ho kar toot jayeN  
ta k tumhare moonh se jo peshab jaisi badboo aati hai  
tumari bHatti main jal jaey  
aur tumhare jaanwar jaise sar k  
hamesha k liye tukDe tukDe ho jaayeN

Ravi Kopra



# Of Many Reasons I Love You, A Love Poem By Craig Arnold In Hindi/Urdu Translation

tuje pyaar karne k mere pass hazaroN karan hain  
un main ek ye hai -  
k kaise tu muje airport se likhti ho  
k main keh paonN har cheez tHeek-tHaak hai

tu ne likha k terminal main ek parinda pHasa hua hai  
log us se be-parvah hain  
jante nahin kaise bachaeynN uski jaan ko  
apne hi dar main bechara mar jaega akela

tum dukh main doobi hue ho

chahti ho ko parinday ko terminal se bahar  
nikal kar hawa main uDa do (agar nahin to)  
uski jaan bachaane k liye  
kisi pakshi-samajdar ko bula lo

tum kuch nahin kar sakti  
siraf pakshi ko hi dekh rehi ho  
us k dukh mehsoos kar rehi ho  
aur muje likhti ho  
k kaise likHuN ye dukh  
jo lafzon se bahar hai

tum bilkul galat ho

tum mere se bhi acHi pakshi-samajdar ho  
teri bataiN aisi oonchi hoti hain  
apne aap gaane se bun jaati hain

ye sub tumare lafaz hain  
tum har cheez ko saaf saaf dekhti ho  
aur apne dard ko keh deti ho

tu ne muje apna dard bataya  
main tum ko apna bata raha hoon

meri yehi ek kamna hai  
k tumain bata sakoon  
hamare dard bekar k nahin hain

Ravi Kopra

# Of Men And Birds, A Poem By Sara Ryan In Hindustani Translation

daal do apni hook us ke kulay main  
aur latkaao usay dil bhar hawaa main  
ta k khel sako tum apnay dono hathoN se

uski gardun ka khyal rakhna kahin toot na jaey  
bikhaar do uski jhangon main zahar k bulbulay  
bachta rahey ga vo keeday makoDon se

bhar do usay rooee say  
sookay patar, ghaas-phoons, kuchlay  
kagaz se, sookhi hue lakDi ki cHaal se

dekho usay achi tarah ghar le jaa kar  
ek naram naram sarhana sa lagay ga  
ek bhaDi rail jaisi lambi hogi uski choonch  
gazab se bharay us k paon, us k paankh hoNgay  
jo tum nay na dekhain hoNgay sapnoN main

tumaray sapnon main vo ek jung-laga bhooDa hai  
ek purana kawwa hai, bhara hua hai baDi akal se

ek anghoodhi bahra zahar hai  
uski aankhain kali kali, kali shihaee jaise hain

us pe taankay lagaany wakat dyaan rakhna  
vo ek khush kismati parinda hai  
koe greece se bhari bhatakh nahin hai

uske peentd par kaanatay kum laagana  
zyaada nahin, iska matlab saaf saaf hai-

tum nahi chahogi k vo ek pagla sa lagata hai

\*\*\*

the original

thrust your hook into his pelvis

and suspend him in midair. this  
is so you can work with both  
hands.

be gentle with his neck. give his legs  
a coat of arsenical soap—it protects  
him from insects. disjoint his bones carefully.

fill him up. with cotton,  
dry leaves, grass, or  
crumpled paper. wood wool  
is driest and best.

when you take him home  
notice his body: like a great  
downy pillow. his bill  
as long as a fence rail.

and what wings! and such feet!  
you have never seen such a bird,  
not even in your dreams.

in your dreams, he is an old,  
rusty, second-hand crow. he  
is some good genius.

a thimbleful of arsenic. a pair  
of eyes black as ink.

when you back to issue  
next: icarus' father builds the wings  
thrust your hook into his pelvis  
and suspend him in midair. this  
is so you can work with both  
hands.

be gentle with his neck. give his legs  
a coat of arsenical soap—it protects  
him from insects. disjoint his bones carefully.

fill him up. with cotton,  
dry leaves, grass, or

crumpled paper. wood wool  
is driest and best.

when you take him home  
notice his body: like a great  
downy pillow. his bill  
as long as a fence rail.

and what wings! and such feet!  
you have never seen such a bird,  
not even in your dreams.

in your dreams, he is an old,  
rusty, second-hand crow. he  
is some good genius.

a thimbleful of arsenic. a pair  
of eyes black as ink.

when you stitch him up  
make sure to treat him like  
a lucky bird, not a greasy swan.

he should have a few stitches  
at his back, but not too many.  
for obvious reasons.

you wouldn't want him  
to look a fool. him up  
make sure to treat him like  
a lucky bird, not a greasy swan.

he should have a few stitches  
at his back, but not too many.  
for obvious reasons.

you wouldn't want him  
to look a fool.

Ravi Kopra

# Oh Mom, I Did Not Eat The Butter, A Poem Of Surdas In Translation

Oh mom, I did not eat the butter  
Early in the morning you send me  
To the jungle to look after the cows.  
All day long I play flute there  
Only in the evening I come home.  
When could have I eaten your butter?

The cowherd boys are jealous of me  
On my face they smeard the butter  
O my mom, I did not eat your butter.  
I feel like you are hiding a secret -  
You are not my mom, just a foster mother.

Yashoda laughed and hugged young krsna, so says Surdas  
Her eyes welled up with tears.  
She said -  
O my little darling, my sweet dear son  
I know you did not steal the butter  
I was just teasing you.

No mom, I did eat the butter, said young krsna.

\*\*\*

the original in old Hindi

Maiya mori main nahii.n maakhan khaayo  
bhor bhayo gaiyan ke paachhe tune madhuban mohe pathaayo  
char prahar banshi bat bhatkyo, saanjh pade main ghar aayo  
re maiya mori main kab maakhan khayo.

Maiya yeh gwal-baal sab bair pare hai.n, barbas mukh laptaayo  
O ri maiya mori, mai.n nahii.n maakhan khaayo

Maiya jiya tere kuch bhed upaj hai  
Tune mohe jaanyo, paaro jaanyo  
Surdas tab hasii.n Yashoda

Le urkanth lagaayo, nain neer bhar aayo  
O lalla moro, kanhaiya moro  
Tai nahii.n maakhan khaayo  
Maiyya mori mainehi maakhan khaayo

Ravi Kopra

# Oh, Come With Old Khayyam, And Leave The Wise, Omar Khyyam In Hindi/Urdu Translation

aao bhai aao, baat cheet karne k liyay  
apne old uncle Khyyam ke paas aao  
fooloN ki tarah maut to hamari ho kar hi rehegi  
aur baaki is sansaar main sab jhoot-moot hai

Ravi Kopra



# Old Age, Sooner Or Later

Old age, sooner or later  
Takes over you stealthily

And sometimes takes  
Mericeless revenge and punishes

You by stealing your memory  
and self for you to rot and rot

Bedridden you don't know who  
You are. A half dead organism

An old man who gave all his  
love to all, every woman he knew

Has his heart now blocked  
Stented to let blood flow

The punishment he got for  
His overflowing love for all

If it isn't your head or heart  
The old age snatches from you

It may break your bones  
Shut your kidneys, you can't pee

Make you breathless with asthma, pneumonia  
And worst, breathless when you see a pretty lady

And it steals forever your ever rising libido  
You rush for the blue pill and it doesn't work

It doesn't work and you sit alone with your head in your  
Both hands and say - Allah, why do you punish me, such?

Ravi Kopra

# Old Woman Nature, A Poem By Gary Snyder Translated Into Hindi/Urdu

prakriti ek buDhi aurat  
ki tarah hai  
jo haddion k bharay  
thailay  
kisi kamre main chupaye  
rakhti hai

kaDi lachili haddian  
aur bikhre baal  
jungle main  
rakhti hai

lomDi k gobar main  
baal aur daant,  
zamin pe khole teele,  
haddion k chote chote  
tukray nadiN kinare  
rakhti hai

koi myuN myuN karti billi  
chooay ka sar  
pehlay khati hai  
uski sar ki haddi  
daantoN se chubati hai  
aur chark chark awaaz aati hai  
aur wo dheere dheere chooay  
ki poonch par  
khane ko paunch jati hai...

ek pyaari pyaari buDhi aurat  
baDay pyaar k saath  
sukhi lakDian  
jalane k liye  
jungle main  
ikhadi karti hai

ghabrao nahin

darò nahin  
wo tumhare liye  
soup garam kar rehi hai.

\*\*\*

Old Woman Nature  
BY GARY SNYDER  
Old Woman Nature  
naturally has a bag of bones  
tucked away somewhere.  
a whole room full of bones!

A scattering of hair and cartilage  
bits in the woods.

A fox scat with hair and a tooth in it.  
a shellmound  
a bone flake in a streambank.

A purring cat, crunching  
the mouse head first,  
eating on down toward the tail-

The sweet old woman  
calmly gathering firewood in the  
moon...

Don't be shocked,  
She's heating you some soup.

VII, '81, Seeing Ichikawa Ennosuke in  
"Kurozuka"—"Demoness"— at the Kabuki-za  
in Tokyo

Ravi Kopra

# Old Woman Nature, A Poem By Gary Snyder Translated Into Hindi/Urdu

prakriti ek buDhi aurat  
ki tarah hai  
jo haddion k bharay  
thailay  
kisi kamre main chupaye  
rakhti hai

kaDi lachili haddian  
aur bikhre baal  
jungle main  
rakhti hai

lomDi k gobar main  
baal aur daant,  
zamin pe khole teele,  
haddion k chote chote  
tukray nadiNkanare  
rakhtihai

koi myuN myuN karti billi  
chooay ka sar  
pehlay khati hai  
uski sar ki haddi  
daantoN se chubati hai  
aur chark chark awaaz aati hai  
aur wo dheere dheere chooay  
ki poonch par  
khane ko paunch jati hai...

ek pyaari pyaari buDhi aurat  
baDay pyaar k saath  
sukhi lakDian  
jalane k liye  
jungle main  
ikhadi karti hai

ghabrao nahin

darò nahin  
wo tumhare liye  
soup garam kar rehi hai.

\*\*\*

Old Woman Nature  
BY GARY SNYDER  
Old Woman Nature  
naturally has a bag of bones  
tucked away somewhere.  
a whole room full of bones!

A scattering of hair and cartilage  
bits in the woods.

A fox scat with hair and a tooth in it.  
a shellmound  
a bone flake in a streambank.

A purring cat, crunching  
the mouse head first,  
eating on down toward the tail-

The sweet old woman  
calmly gathering firewood in the  
moon...

Don't be shocked,  
She's heating you some soup.

VII, '81, Seeing Ichikawa Ennosuke in  
"Kurozuka"—"Demoness"— at the Kabuki-za  
in Tokyo

Ravi Kopra

# On My Daily Morning Walk

On my daily morning walk  
She says good morning and smiles  
I say good morning and smile  
We pass on

I look back and wonder  
Why no more words from her  
Too shy to break the ice?

No love, no romance  
No nothing going on in life  
Life dull or fulfilled already?

Ravi Kopra

# On Parrots And Carrots

Carrot  
Eating kid  
Wants an apple

When parrots eat carrots  
They prattle and  
Rattle the cattle in fields

The bunny was sad  
The parrot brought him a carrot  
The bunny beamed smiles

Guess. What parrots like  
That bunnies like?  
Carrots. Of course, carrots!

Carry a carrot in one hand  
And a stick in the other  
Said a famous politician

Wrong, wrong wrong  
Carry a carrot and a parrot  
Your enemy will drop arms

A parrot on a bough  
Eats a carrot  
A hungry hare below wants it

One carrot  
Many parrots  
They battled for bites

When parrots eat sugar  
they get high and fly in the sky  
and laugh and laugh and laugh all day all night.

Ravi Kopra

# On The Extraordinary Beauty Of The Ordinary Nightfall, A Poem By Sabina Messeg In Hindi/Urdu Translation

???? ?? ??????? ??????? ??

Saanj Sameh

bhookhe geedar karhanay lagay hain  
meri smapti ab ho sakti hai

\*\*\*

Haray Khet

haray khetoN ki tabahii k  
baad yahan aur khet ban jayeN gay  
hamari aankhoN main aansu laaeN gay  
vo chahte hain k aaj un k liye  
ek kavita likh di jaey

\*\*\*

Kabristan

saal k be-ant garmi k din main bhi  
yahaan patjaD lagi rehti hai

\*\*\*

Acha Din

Ek aur din  
jab barish k jhakpanay main  
lohe ko zang nahin lagta

\*\*\*

Anand



hum hawa k khambay  
jannat ka shamayana uthaey nahin dekh sakte  
lakin yahan har cheez doosri cheez se  
shaadi karti phirti hai

\*\*\*

Lapait

atma ko pukarne k liye  
main sar par rumal rakh let hoon  
prarthana ki shawl lapait leti hoon

---

ON THE EXTRAORDINARY BEAUTY OF THE ORDINARY  
NIGHTFALL

Now that the jackals  
begin to whine of hunger  
I can cease

GREEN FIELDS

The fields we'll soon build on  
the fields we'll soon weep for  
demanda poem  
now

CEMETERY

Even on the  
hottest day of the year  
it's autumn  
here

GOOD DAY

One more day  
when their onof reality  
doesn't rust...  
under the rain of whims

BLISS

You do not see the columns of air  
holding the canopy  
of heaven but  
everything here  
is marrying everything

#### WRAPPINGS

I put on a headscarf  
against the wind  
and a prayer shawl  
to call in  
spirit

- Sabina Messeg

Ravi Kopra

# On The Nudist Colony Beach

O my peach  
juicy and sweet  
let's go to the beach  
and each other we teach  
how to be happy in love  
how by the shore  
on the nudist colony beach  
being natural in nature  
our ecstasies of love  
we can soon reach.

Ravi Kopra

# On The Wedding Night

I see flowers blooming on her breasts  
I hear doves cooing in her breasts  
I smell my youthful desires  
She is my houri on the wedding night  
I am in heaven forever tonight.

Ravi Kopra

# On Writing Poetry

The poet laureate does not tell them  
with only a thousand or so words of  
a foreign or native tongue in their skull  
they cannot write poetry

He does not want to hurt their feelings  
they may come to him with a bagful of expletives  
with loaded pistols, guns or AK47 ones  
to teach him a lesson

They write master pieces of their own  
and litter the web to their delight  
telling what love is  
how desperate they are for it

What beauty is, only they can tell it  
what poetry is, only they can write it  
what wisdom is, only they have it  
what God is, is what God is

They will tell you everything in their poetry  
understand it or not, who cares  
but they have heard, read, imagined it  
sometime, somewhere who cares

That has touched their hearts, minds, souls  
so much so they cannot contain it  
their hearts burst, souls burst, minds burst  
and pour forth undying love with broken hearts

Lost, lonely souls touching such souls  
and mindless wisdom to enlighten the world  
thus they get happy, they get Nirvana  
they write poetry and litter the web

And why not?  
they mend their broken hearts  
they heal their wandering souls  
they empty their cluttered minds

They tirelessly write poetry  
day and night littering the web  
in pursuit of their happiness  
like it or not, who cares.

Ravi Kopra

# Once Again Today At My Fate I Cried, A Urdu Ghazal By Shakeel Badayuni In English Translation

Once again today at my fate I cried  
Looking into my hurting heart I cried

Bound in love by chains I still had some hope  
When hopes left me, at the chains I cried

I had beautiful dreams while in love  
Waking up seeing the reality I cried

My heart was calm when her letter came  
Reading that she didn't love me, over and over I cried

I gave away my heart and still didn't find love  
I was doomed to have no love, at my fate I cried

'Shakil' was happy his prayers for love will be answered  
But when he met sorrow after sorrow, at his life he cried

Ravi Kopra

# One Day Barefooted I Imagined

One day barefooted I imagined  
Walking by the ocean on a sandy beach

On another day I dreamed of  
painting a masterpiece

And yet on another day I dreamed  
I sang my love song to a my sweet audience

My footprints were washed by the imaginary waves  
My painting was hung on an imaginary wall  
And my fans heard my love songs in my thoughts.

Ravi Kopra



# One Day I Will Go To The City Of My Dreams, A Urdu Ghazal By Idris Babar In English Translation

One day I will go to the city of my dreams  
and become dust in the dust of the city streets

Day dreamers for life  
live such a life

When did I leave the home?  
Well, what home am I heading to now?

The first thing of death, my dear sir  
is the death of feelings

Without being too close or too aloof  
if you want to go, you must go

In the sad and noisy streets  
your heart will travel silently

Ravi Kopra

# One Day Just For Nothing, A Hindi Poem By Rajnish Manga Into English Translation

One day where  
two rivers meet,  
I was standing by  
the bank and wondering -  
what is life, after all  
if not just chances, coincidences.  
We come across a myriad of people,  
sometimes get together, make alliances.  
Eventually they break down, memories are  
left behind like waves making peaks and troughs  
that finally merge into nothing; and then, all silence.

Ravi Kopra

# Only Lovers Know The Sadness Of Heart, A Ghazal Of Rumi In English Translation

Only lovers know the sadness of heart  
It is unlike any other sadness

No matter where the lovers come from  
They will die for your love

I cannot tell love in words  
I feel it only in my heart

My tongue fails to tell  
How I feel when I am in love

When I use my pen to write about love  
Love shatters it into a thousand pieces

When I use my head to think about love  
I feel like a donkey stuck in mud

If you want to know about love  
Ask love what love is

It's like wanting to know about the sun  
You have to ask the sun what sun is, and do not turn away.

Ravi Kopra

# Only Once, After Mela Ram Wafa

Only once  
he smiled  
looking at me.

Only once.

This is the fact.  
Rest, all fiction.

Ravi Kopra

# Only The Remembrance Of My God Is Coming To Me, A Urdu Ghazal By Saqi Faruqi In English Translation

Only the remembrance of my God is coming to me  
While in such thoughts the church is calling me

I know very well I am just a handful of dust  
How can you make me fly in the air? tell me

What spell is cast on me that I sigh every night?  
Who is he who uses his lamps to start fires on me?

The more I think of him, the more I want to see him  
He is making a mirage in the wilderness out of me

I stand here after a shower in my own tears  
The darkness of my past ages is calling me

Ravi Kopra

# Open Your Heart

Open your heart  
Let love flow in  
Love, invincible, intangible

Heart seeks love  
Mind aspires elation  
And soul wants merger

Whom are you looking for?  
He may be waiting for you  
High on love merging with you

When souls merge  
Paths merge, and lovers  
Discover life, together.

Ravi Kopra

# Orgasm 3 A Spanish Poem Of Dina Posada In English Translation

The light is off  
It's all quiet.

A shriek flutters  
And drops its wings  
In our bed.

You close your eyes  
On my conquered body.  
And I am in seventh heaven.

Ravi Kopra

# Orgasm I, A Spanish Poem Of Dina Posada In English Translation

I am getting nervous for the flashing moment  
I feel like being suspended in time.

A nameless bliss  
surrounds me, digs into me, licks me.

My agonising fingers on your  
sides, are lost in the world  
in a sigh.

Ravi Kopra



# Orgasm Infinite

Oh dear lover,  
Do you feel bitter today  
that you are avoiding  
me intentionally?  
Did I make you angry?

If I could sleep tonight  
I will be dreaming of you -  
I will feel your  
silky finger tips  
giving me goosebumps  
grazing my warm body,  
you hold my full moons  
in your hands and bend  
a little to suck honey.  
Your lips kiss mine  
softly and then slowly  
searching for my fore  
head, temples, neck.  
Your arms around me  
squeezing me hard.  
Your legs entangled  
on top of mine.  
Your groins on fire  
rub against mine,  
moving up and down  
first slow then  
gaining tempo. Soon  
I follow your rhythms.

Suddenly my wetness  
is covered with the  
coveted fragrance coming  
from your beloved mass,  
mixing and melting with mine.  
At that moment, you release  
your gunpowder deep  
inside my thighs that  
reaches upwards to the tips of

my breasts causing fireworks  
in my universe infinite.  
You send me to heavens  
unimaginable beyond this world.  
I lose all my senses and  
find myself breathless  
lying beside you in your  
warm loving arms. We look  
into each others' eyes,  
we smile, and you press me hard  
against your throbbing heart.

Ravi Kopra

# Our Fascinating Minds, A Robert Murray Smith Inspired Poem

our minds find other minds  
and if alike, we come allies  
friends, lovers, husbands, wives

minds are racists  
they like their own kinds  
and dislike different kinds

white mind thinks it is the purest  
may not like black, brown or yellow mind

white mind some times shines too much  
In its brightness it cannot see itself and becomes blind

white mind has more flavours  
see different colours of it eyes  
see different colors of its hair  
see different heights of its stature

it is the most cunning and creative mind  
It can see more with blue, green grey, brown, black cat eyes  
than just a single colored eyes  
that's why it ruled the world and still goes on ruling  
and knows for its own survival it has to absorb different  
colors from time to time, but not too many or too much at a time

it thinks wider and broader than narrow or narrower  
white mind has offered more to the world  
has taken more from the world  
than single colored minds

it has all colors in it like the rays of sunlight  
that's why it white, that's why it is bright  
and that's why it burns in its own brightness  
and its brightness makes it blind...

In my tribute to the white mind I must say -

white minds make the most beautiful beauties  
I desire them all the time  
they are part and parcel of my life  
I get drunk in them, I drink them, I eat them  
and in my peasant arms I annihilate them  
Without them I cannot survive.

Ravi Kopra

# Our Hearts, Our Souls

Our souls  
Merged as one

Our hearts  
marked in love

Souls refuse to separate  
Hearts love the taste of love

We are now bound to be one  
One and only one in joy or despair

Ravi Kopra

# Our Loving Hearts Flutter, A Love Poem

You have entered my body, my mind, my soul  
Every moment I have been thinking of you

You are coming to my home for a drink today  
I am cleaning my house ready for you today

I bought yesterday blue berry infused soli vodka  
I am polishing two silver-gold goblets for you

I forgot to buy party crackers and asiago cheese  
You can nibble me to hearts's content when we drink

'Keep you house tidy', you said, 'I am a clean lady  
I like no beards, no moustaches, no facial hair'

'Neat and trimmed and groomed men I like  
You maybe a little chubby I do not care'

'But clean clean, my love, you should be clean  
No doggy crap, no cat scats near your bath room'

I have no cats, no dogs, no parrots, my dear  
I live in Florida, little lizards sneak into my lair

And sometimes tiny frogs who croak under my bed  
When it rains heavily in months of may and june

Nod bad! For when I make love to my love in bed in rains  
They jump around in joy and happily they serenade

So I have been cleaning my house all day  
Not letting little frogs get out of my house

For I love nature, animals cats, dogs and frogs  
I want to share pleasure with them when we make love

I thought and thought of you all day long  
But never thought so much while making my bed

I wanted to be sure the memory mattress was in good order  
Never to lose memory when in bed our loving hearts flutter.

Ravi Kopra

## Our New Neighbor, A Poem In Hindi/Urdu

meri beewi nayi paDosan ko  
khushamdeed karne us k aangan main gayi  
aur ghar par chai-pani ko bulaya

us ne koi dhanyawad nahin diya  
ek dum kaha -  
ab shaam k taqreeban saat baje hain  
mere kutoN k sone ka waqt hai  
acha, bye bye  
main ne unko bistar par solana hai

vo kutton ko nehlati hai  
bachay wali buggy main baithakar sair ko le jati hai  
baal katne pet-barber ko ghar bulati hai  
khansi zukaam pait-dard hone par doctor k pass le jati hai

kabhi us ne shaadi na ki  
koi mehboob nahin hai  
akeli hai, buDi ho gayi hai  
do kuttay us k do bache hain

ye amreeka hai

Ravi Kopra



# Our Sense Of Crisis In The Air

"There's a sense of crisis in the air over the notion that reason itself is in jeopardy."

-Deepak Chopra

\*\*\*

Have no reason  
Don't be rational  
Don't use your brain  
Do what the holy books say

Pray to Jesus  
Who died for you  
Pray to his Father  
Who fathered him

Pray to Mary  
Who allowed Father  
To take away her virginity  
In immaculate conception

Call a cow your mother  
Become like her a coward  
Drink her urine  
(as some Hindus do)  
To become healthy as a bull

All this religiosity  
All this spirituality  
Will make you holy  
And you'll go to heaven

But if you get sick  
Don't get medicine  
Don't go to a doc  
He uses science-inventions

Don't drive a car

Don't fly in a plane  
Don't use your PC  
All made by science-inventions

Ride a donkey  
Send mail par les pigeons  
Live in a cave  
Like those who brought you God.

Ravi Kopra

# Our Talking Led Us To Talk Further

A young man shares his  
feelings with his friend -

Talking at random  
something I said that  
we talked over and over  
and we could never  
put to rest what  
we had started talking  
right from the beginning

We laughed at what we talked  
by laughing it off we forgot  
what were we talking in the beginning  
we hid our feelings by talking  
we did not know what were we talking

When I tried hard to get  
what really was he saying  
our talking took a turn  
like air does when flowing

When I really got  
what was he saying  
then he understood  
what was really on his mind  
but in the beginning he didn't know  
what in random he was saying

When I thought to talk further  
on what was I saying  
then what I talked  
led me talk some other new thing  
it didn't end there as I had thought  
it was submerged somewhere else  
and got out to take a new life.

Ravi Kopra

# Pain

My loneliness gone too far  
Is the cause of my scattered dreams

It is a bouquet of words  
That sting like sharp arrows

The bow was however not in the  
stranger's but my own hands

Always sneering loudly  
Taunting forcefully

I do not know for how long  
It will be like this

Ravi Kopra

# Pains Of Love

If pains  
of  
love  
did not  
wither  
our hearts

there would  
have been  
no  
sorrow  
in death  
nor  
would have been  
any pleasure  
in life.

Life  
without  
love  
is a  
broken life

Except  
for the ones  
with  
broken hearts.

Ravi Kopra

# Pakistan Harbors Hate In Heart For The U.S.A

&quot;Death Is Meaningless For Pakistani Soldiers.&quot;  
- Akhtar Jawad, a Pakistani poet at Poemhunter

\*\*\*

&quot;You (USA) blamed Iraq of having chemical weapons  
you (USA) attacked and destroyed Iraq&quot;

&quot;You (USA) infected Iraq with the germs and viruses  
of a civil war&quot;

&quot;You (USA) helped and encouraged the terrorists&quot;

&quot;You (USA) raged the Afghan war&quot;

&quot;Can you (USA) appreciate peace in the world? &quot;

&quot;Your economy depends on wars. ! &quot; (sic)

&quot;But keep in your mind Pakis are different persons  
for them death is meaningless.&quot;

Hate mongers of the USA in Pakistan are  
The mullaha, maulvis, muezzins, kazis and poets of Pakistan

For whom and the rest unlike in the West  
Life starts after death where in Jannat are

Waiting for them the beautiful virgin women  
With bursting butts and big bosoms, not under black burqas but in the open

With barrels of wine and whiskey and music on earth denied.  
Life is priceless in the West. But worthless in Pakistan.

And

&quot;Death Is Meaningless For Pakistani Soldiers.&quot;



# Paradise - A Couplet Of Ghalib In Translation

I know pretty well  
the reality of paradise  
Still, this grand thinking  
entertains our hearts.

\*\*\*

The original in Urdu

ham ko hai jannat kii haqiqat lekin  
dil ke KHush rakhne ko 'Gaalib' ye KHayaan achchhaa hai

Ravi Kopra



# Parting Stories

My grandson at thirteen months  
took his first step today, unaided.  
I at seventy walk with a cane.  
I wobble and fall down. I already  
broke my fibular and coccyx bones.  
My ass hurts when I sit or lie down  
and I can't stand all day and night  
slumping on my cane.

\*\*\*

The summer is leaving.  
I have lung cancer.  
The doctor says I'll not  
see the spring flowers again.

\*\*\*

The sun of summer over  
Venice is setting.  
I am in my bed surrounded by friends.  
They ask: What are my last wishes.

\*\*\*

My wife suffers from  
post-menopausal osteoporosis.  
She broke her left hip a month ago.  
Today she broke her right arm.

\*\*\*

My car broke down.  
I am getting buried in deep snow.  
Can't call 911. Phone batteries are down.  
It is a lonely mountain road in Utah.  
I see no one but an Ibex with a brown beard and  
Curved horns standing on a rock near me.  
Stares at me and shivers in its thick coat.

Can't bleat. Its jaws are getting frozen.

Ravi Kopra

# Passing Time, A Poem Of Maya Angelou In Hindi Translation

Subah ki tarah hai aap ki twacha  
aur meri hai kasturi ki tarah

ek artist ki painting -  
duniya khatam ho k hi rahegi

aur doosray ki -  
ab koe nahin aayegi doosri duniya

Ravi Kopra

# Passion

Be passionate in love  
Passion kills the tedium, the weariness of life  
The boredom that gnaws at you day and night

With passion  
Spring flowers grow in your heart  
You immerse yourself in your beloved's heart  
The spring breeze lifts up your soul  
Stars look bright in the sky  
And your love, the most beautiful of all.

Ravi Kopra

## Pc Love

He does not like me  
Shows no interest in me  
Whenever I approach him  
He ignores me

I want him to be my lover  
My husband, the father of my children.  
I could have hooked him somehow  
But my parents did not like him'

They married me to a computer nerd  
They thought he had prospects ahead of him  
He talks computerese all the time, even in his dreams  
He love his pc more than me. O God, I am tired of him.

Ravi Kopra

# Peace Be Upon Me, A Ghazal In English

I have ill will for none, peace be upon me  
I love, not hate, everyone, peace be upon me

I fight for justice, equal rights  
For both men and women, peace be upon me

I pray without fail five times a day  
I pray to my Allah, peace be upon me

I have four wives as the Lord prescribed. I love the younger  
More than the older, forgive me Allah and let peace be upon me

I drink no wine. I do not gamble. I ramble in holy verses  
That many times I do not fathom. Allah, let peace be upon me

I will turn every non-believer into a believer, I swear  
Everybody in the world will have one faith, peace be upon me

I told my mullah, the son of Abdullah, he was a fine man  
Spreading our faith, may Allah bless him and peace be upon me

If anyone has a malignant wife, don't divorce, change faith  
Punish her with lashes. You heard it from me, peace be upon me

'Ravi' was not happy with only one wife. He changed his faith  
To have three more wives. So happy is he now! peace be upon me.

Ravi Kopra

# People Would Have Pitied Me

I said to you in my heart -  
You are my world.  
You are my life.  
I could not say it openly  
But I say it today to you  
in my poem dedicated to you.

You came and took my heart.  
You became its owner.  
You ruled it.  
How can I not say now  
you were the spring showers  
in the desert of my life?

Without you the trees will be without  
leaves in their never ending autumn.  
There would never be a spring.  
My life would be empty. And I,  
sitting in the corner of my bedroom,  
would be crying day and night for you.

Love is so beautiful.  
Having you in my life, I feel  
I am the luckiest man in the world.  
I do not know how could have I  
lived without you.

You are my flower.  
I would have been a desert  
flower without you.

People would have pitied me  
seeing how prickly my life was  
living among the dry, sharp  
soul less thorns, ready any moment  
to pierce my loving heart...

Ravi Kopra

# Perhaps You Would Come Back, A Hindi Love Poem By Deepti Mishra In English Translation

Your tresses often flow  
Go haywire in the air  
To set them right in pretense  
Perhaps you will come back to see me

I keep awake all night waiting for you  
Afraid that people would not like in the day  
Perhaps you will come back at night to see me

The threshold of my door is a witness to me  
For the long hours I wait there to see if you'd visit me  
Like me the whole household now hopes  
Perhaps you will come back to see me

I often go and visit the places where we used to meet  
I relive my past there and wonder if you do the same  
And perhaps would come back running to be with me...

Ravi Kopra



# Phenomenal Woman, A Poem By Maya Angelou In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Ek Beshumar Aalishan Aurat

AcHi kHasi khoobsoorat aurtoN ko  
meri khubsurti k raz main hairani hoti ha  
Dekhne main main khoobsurat nahin hoon  
kisi model ki tarah nahin lagti hoon  
lakin jab unay batati hoon  
to vo sochti hain main sub jhooth bolti hoon

Main kehti hoon ye meri  
bahen hain jo kahan tak paunchti hain  
meri kamar ki vistar hai  
meri matwali chal hai  
mere honton ki curl hai  
jo mujhe beshumar alishan  
aurat banati hain

Main jab kisi chup chap kamray main  
jahan aadmi hi aadmi hote hain jati hoon  
mujhe dekh kar sab khaDay ho jate hain  
ya farsh par girne lag jate hain  
aur mere ird grid bhoron ki tarah ikathe ho jate hain  
jaise main madu makhion ka koi chatta hoon

Tab main kehti hoon ye  
meri ankhon ki tapash hai  
mere chamakte daant hain  
meri kamar ka hidola hai  
mere paon ki muskrahat hai  
jo mujhe beshumar alishan  
aurat banati hain

- to be continued

Ravi Kopra

# Pine Forest, A Poem By Gabriela Mistral In Hindi Translation

chalo aaj devdar k jangal main chalaiN  
peD hi peD hoNgay wahaN saamnay  
main bhent kar dooNgi tumain unay.

raat har jeev ka khyaal rakhti hai  
lakin devdar ka nahin,  
devdar hamesha devdar hi rehtay hain.

purany ped bhi vasant ki anant dhoop main  
daytay rehtay hain apni simrid gum.

agar vo kuch jhuk saktay  
to tumain utha le jatay  
apni bahaiN badaltay  
ek peD se doosray peD tak  
jaisay ek bachcha bhagta hai  
apnay ek pita se doosray pita tak.

Ravi Kopra

# Please Come, I Have Lost All Peace, A Ghazal Of Ghalib In Translation

Please come, I have lost all peace  
Don't make me suffer waiting for you

They promise paradise in lieu of life in this world  
I may appear drunk I have not lost my mind yet

They have thrown me out of your gala gathering  
Ah! I can't even control myself from crying

It is futile to show pride in hostility  
There is no glamour in the dust of lovers

You may feel high when euphoric  
But without flowers there is no spring

You had given your promise to murder me  
Ah! your promise was not promise, just hot air

Ghalib, you took an oath to quit drinking  
But we have no faith in your oaths

\*\*\*\*

the original in Urdu

aa ki miri jaan ko qarar nahiñ hai  
taqat-e-bedad-e-intizar nahiñ hai  
dete haiñ jannat hayat-e-dahr ke badle  
nashsha ba-andaza-e-?humar nahiñ hai  
giryā nikale hai teri bazm se mujh ko  
haa.e ki rone pe i?htiyar nahiñ hai  
ham se abas hai guman-e-ranjish-e-?hatir  
?haak meñ ushshaq ki ghubar nahiñ hai  
dil se uTha lutf-e-jalva-ha-e-ma.ani  
ghair-e-gul a.ina-e-bahar nahiñ hai  
qatl ka mere kiya hai ahd to baare  
vaa.e agar ahd ustubar nahiñ hai

tu ne qasam mai-kashi ki khaa.i hai 'ghalib'  
teri qasam ka kuchh e'tibar nahiñ hai

Ravi Kopra

# Please Don't Ask, A Ghazal Of Being Lonely In Translation

How hard it was to go through the night, please don't ask  
Things of my heart that I could not tell, please don't ask

For whom would I fight against the world?  
Whom do I love more than myself, please don't ask

The way he walked past me a moment ago  
How did I not let my feelings show, please don't ask

Man changes when things change around him  
How has the bad news changed me, please don't ask

Some other woman now owns him, I didn't know  
How did he break my heart, please don't ask

In a moment he turned me into a stranger  
How did he let me down, please don't ask

Now I have nothing if I do not have him  
How hard was it to find him, please don't ask

\*\*\*

the original in Urdu

kitni mushkil se kati kal ki meri raat na pooch  
dil se nikli hoe honton me dabee baat na pooch

mein jis ke waastay lar jaaon is khudae se  
mujhay khud se hai pyaari yeh kis ki zaat na pooch

wo kis ada se mere saamnay se guzraa abhi  
kis tarhan meinay sambhaly mere jazbaat na pooch

waqat jo badlay to insaan badal jaatay hain  
kya nahi dikhlaatay yeh gardish-e-halaat na pooch

wo kisi ka ho bhi gaya or mujhay khabar na hoe  
kis tarhan usnay churaya hai mujh se haath na pooch

Is tarhan pal mein mujhay begana kar diya usnay  
Kis tarhan apno se khaee hai me nay maat na pooch

ab tera pyaar nahi hai to sanam kuch bhi nahi  
kitni mushkil se bani thi dil ki kainaath na pooch

-being lonely

Ravi Kopra

# Please Help Me, A Ghazal For Hindi/Urdu Speaking Poets/Readers At Poemhunter

I want to write poems in devangiri script, please help me  
I want to translate foreign poems in Hindi, please help me

I want to showcase the Indian poetry to the world  
I am asking all my hindi speaking friends, help me

I will give you full credit for you your help  
we will do some creative work together, please help me

If you need my help to translate foreignn poetry  
into Hindi, Urdu or punjabi I will help as you help me

Let's give up all misgivings, all envy, all jealousy  
I will help you a lot more if you please help me

Let us put poetry of India on the world map  
It will be fun and pride if you please help me

Give me your hand in this noble effort my friends  
help others in literature as you are going to help me

You love poetry, reading and writing as I do  
I will send you poems to type for me if you please help me

I will translate your poems into foreign languages  
I will make you famous poets if you please help me

Let's join hands for Indian poetry and literature  
I will do my best in this effort if you please help me

And if you don't, be happy my hindi speaking friends  
Trust 'Ravi. He will help you e his 'please help me'

Ravi Kopra

# Pleasure

Pleasure is black.

in Landscape by Robin Coste Lewis

\*\*\*

Pleasure has colors has

sight and sound

Is tactile and can smell.

It pleases

Heart and soul

Mind, well

Mind does not mind

What pleases you

Its your slave

And wants to please you

Always

It's not generic

Your pleasure may not be mine

The feeling of

Well being is differnt



But same in love.

Ravi Kopra

# Poem Of Love By Turkish Poet Ümit Yaşar Oğuzcan In English Translation

What I love most about you -

Your voice  
it is like fresh bread  
when you call me 'love'  
I want to eat you then

Your hands  
cool as spring water, small and white  
in my hands when I wake up in the morning

Your eyes  
sometimes sky blue, sometimes greenish  
shining, mischievous, mirthful, flirting  
their glances melt my heart

Your smiles  
they grow fresh flowers inside me  
they ease my pains, give me hope

Your attitude  
merciful to the weak, you stand for justice  
in your heart you are a tigress

Your heart  
always full of love  
brimming with motherhood  
others sell love for a penny  
you hold it above everything

Your thoughts  
you live in me, you merge with me  
you are honest, pure, faithful, loveful  
I love you, love you, love you  
always I love you...



# Poem Of The Day - Daddy Love

Daddy Love  
My three year old  
daughter said -

Daddy, please  
don't go away

Stay at home  
I love you

Please, please  
I love you.

I wrapped her  
in my arms

Held her  
to my chest

I kissed her  
rosy cheeks

Called  
the day off

And said -  
I love you, love you

My precious doll.

She put her small  
arms around my neck

Sobbing she said -  
I love you daddy. It's true.

Ravi Kopra

# Poem Of The Day: But You Are Not Here With Me, A Punjabi Poem Of Amrita Pritam In English Translation

The spring has come  
Flowers, for the spring festival  
Shine everywhere like silk  
But you are not here with me

The days are getting longer  
The grape vines have red buds  
The wheat is ready to harvest  
But you are not here with me

Thick clouds sail in the skies  
The rains have quenched the earth's thirst  
The trees have cast spell on forest winds  
Beehives drip with honey  
But you are not here with me

It is a pleasing season  
The moon shines brightly  
The skies are full of stars  
But you are not here with me

The stars like tiny lamps shine  
as they have been shining for ages  
In our deep sleep at night  
they come, sending beams of light  
But you are not here with me.

Ravi Kopra

# Poem Of The Day: He Stands Beside Her And Puts Flowers In Her Braids

He stands beside her and puts flowers in her braids  
Leans forwards, holds her in his arms and kisses her on lips

She closes her eyes, rests in his arms, smiles opening her eyes  
Looks into his eyes, melts in love and starts floating in air

She hears his soft voice whispering love into her ears  
Her heart flutters and she whispers: I love you, love you too

She feels infinite pleasure walking hand in hand on the boulevard  
Where in glittering cafes and bars lovers are with their dates

She is no dowdy dresser, she is a high fashioned girl  
High heels, short skirts, her long hair with curls

Women envy her, men envy him, they are so much in love  
Doves on boughs move closer, coo coo and preen each other

How handsome, beautiful, charming they both look together  
Moon bends down to kiss them and gives them its splendor

They move like the movement of a calm river in spring  
She leans on his shoulder, it's love from heart, no fling.

Ravi Kopra

# Poem Of The Day: Your Breasts

Your cheeks - red apples  
Kisses - honey sweet. Lips - soft  
Breasts - two doves in love.

Ravi Kopra

# Poemhunter Poets

There are poets who post their poems  
that nobody reads and wonder why  
no one makes comments on them  
They cannot wait to be read and heard  
They start commenting on their own poems -  
Like it is an excellent poem on  
love, nature, romance and rivers

There are poets who portray themselves  
as God blessed pious poets and everything  
they write, to God somehow they relate  
and on every poem they make comments  
God damned god of theirs creeps in

There are poets who write in English  
but their parlance is vernacular  
Verbs do not match with nouns, adverbs  
become adjectives, and adjectives, pronouns  
When pointed to their pidgin English  
they throw fits, and frown and say:  
language, grammar, diction, syntax  
have nothing to do with poetry, only their  
cup of emotions that always runneth over.

Ravi Kopra



# Poemhunter's Pointed Point Earners

Twenty comments per day will earn you 100 points (and it is going on for the last one year) . Never mind the quality of your comments.

- Rajnish Manga

Ah! the point gatherers  
make pointless points

on pointless poems  
to put point-feathers

in their caps to laud  
themselves as point

earning poet laureates.

Ravi Kopra

# Poetic Pollution

There are gods  
of ludicosity  
laughable ridiculousity

gods of gangadin prosidity  
and of poetic absurdity

of late  
the latter gods

are being born in bharat  
in humongously large quantity

they want to plant peepal trees  
for pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis

in their polluted cities  
for trees to absorb microscopic silica in the air

to become monumental silica peepal trees  
good for nothing except

for them to go there in the morning  
to relieve undigested curry with warm pee

to further enhance the city pollution  
to keep it perfectly in harmony.

Ravi Kopra

# Poetry

I eat and drink poetry  
Poetry is in my blood, my soul  
It flows through my heart

In the evening when I feel romantic  
and think she does too  
I tell my love to serve love poems  
Not necessarily of Ghalib or Neruda  
They could be by anyone, even by Ravi

When I am down  
I want to be alone in solitude  
I snack on sad poems  
and find company.

And when I get lost  
Don't know who or what I am  
All day I drink Rumi  
He pacifies my soul.

I cannot live without poetry.

Ravi Kopra

# Poetry Comes To Me

I do not cook poetry  
like chana masala bhojpuri  
poetry comes to me  
when I see a beautiful lady  
see a painting in nude  
a pleasantly plump one  
read a poem by anyone  
walk in the rain and see  
roses, lilies, daffodils  
the spring breeze  
the blooming cherry blossoms  
fragrances, hills, mountains, springs  
valleys, beaches, vast empty spaces  
so inspire me, poems flow naturally  
from my fingers like  
a craftsman makes filigree  
no garam masala, no chilli powder  
no cinnamon, no coriander  
just delicious rasam malai, so sweet.

Ravi Kopra

# Poetry Commentators

O dear poets

Come and read my poems

they are not as bad as you might think.

in fact they're better than when I used to write crap

and you would come flying as bees to the pots of honey

and praise my poems as "brilliantly penned

such a lovely lovely poem, full of wisdom and delight,

a wonderful poem, I see god and Gods jumping out of

the poem and blessing all Hindus and non-Hindus alike";

and you would give me ten with five pluses for each poem I would write.

Now you don't come to visit me and I miss all that sycophancy and flattery.

My poems are going to wither soon in your long long absence and will not survive unless

you please be kind and merciful as Allah is, as Vishnu is, as Lord Krishna is and the monkey god Hanuman is.

Please, please do come, read my poems, write your comments, give me tens with at least five pluses and spill at least a spoonful of your wisdom. Thank you. I promise I will welcome you with bhel-puris and laddoos for visiting my holy shrine of poetry.

Come be brave, don't shy away, bring your poems in bhojpuri english with you and in return for you innocent flattery, I will translate your poems into Hindi freely and would not accept a single paisa or a single koDi.

Ravi Kopra

# Poetry, Songs, Ballads

Poetry, songs, ballads

How forceful, how beautiful!

Poetry can make us die for love

Songs can make us fall in love

And ballads

Soldiers will face the bombs, the bullets

and advance and advance in wars

to kill the deadliest of the enemies

and sacrifice their own lives for what they live for -

their country, their families, the land of their dreams.

Ravi Kopra

# Poets Of The Floating World

The PH scholars of poetry from the 3rd world countries where English is their 2nd or 3rd language come here to write poems in English and dare to make comments on English poems written by well know poets from the Western world. With meagre exposure to English literaure they show their poetic excellence with their absurd, ignorant comments.

Ravi Kopra

# Poor Holy Cows

When I see people ordering  
eating fat dripping burgers  
with deep fried fries,  
I invoke Lord Shiva  
I was a Hindu  
May my Lord Shiva  
whose huge phallus is  
adorned with garlands and flowers  
and worshipped for yonis throughout India,  
neuter all the slaughterers of holy cows  
bulls and their heifers!

Aryans, the herdsmen, the founders  
of India, venerated their stock  
It was their bread and butter  
Now their cows, bulls, heifers  
run amok in alleys in Paharganj, Delhi  
or starve on the banks of holy Ganges in Hardwar  
scavenging leftovers on stinking garbage mounds.

What better life?  
Starve or be fed to their hearts' delights  
or slaughtered for burgers with fries  
Live in air-conditioned barns  
Have people clear their crap  
Be bathed, showered, sprayed,  
and have private vets for bugs, disease.  
Did holy sages not say, live in the moment?

Ravi Kopra



# Poure Out The Wine Without Restraint Or Stay, Edmund Spencer Celebrating His Marriage In Hindi/Urdu

De do sharab sub ko yahan  
bina kisi hichak-wichak se  
bhar do sub sharab ke pyaaloN ko  
sirf pyaalay hi nahin  
bhar do sub ka dil bhi sharab se  
pee lain jitna unka dil maanay  
cHeentain laga do sharab ki dhambon par  
dho dalo deewaron ko sharab se  
pee lain deewaren bhi jitni sharab chahen  
aane do nasha har aadmi har cheez ko yahan.

\*\*\*

Now al is done; bring home the bride againe,  
Bring home the triumph of our victory,  
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine,  
With joyance bring her and with jollity.  
Never had man more joyfull day then this,  
Whom heaven would heape with blis.  
Make feast therefore now all this live long day,  
This day for ever to me holy is,

Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,  
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,  
Poure out to all that wull,  
And sprinkle all the postes and wals with wine,  
That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.

Crowne ye God Bacchus with a coronall,  
And Hymen also crowne with wreathes of vine,  
And let the Graces daunce unto the rest;  
For they can doo it best:  
The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll sing,  
To which the woods shal answer and theyr eccho ring.

-from Epithalamion  
BY EDMUND SPENSER (1552-1599)

Ravi Kopra

# Praisesong, A Love Poem By Sarah Browning In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Coffee shop main love,  
hamare beech table par  
coffe k do safed mug.

jawan betaab baristas  
ko ye samaj nahin aa raha  
k hum dono darmiani umar wale  
kaise ek doojay k  
pyaar main dullay hue hain

hamari janoN k temperture  
oonche oonche ho rehe hain  
aur hamari coffee  
dhandi dhandi ho rehi hai.

aaj tum mere pass nahin ho  
lakin muje gaaney bhejte rehte ho  
sexaphone ki sunheri gallay ki awaaz  
aur piano ki keys ki jazz ki awaaz  
mere komal pait pe aa lipit-ti hai.

ye kaise hua k ab muje  
kuch bhi khauf nahin lagta  
agar lagta hai to sagar ki  
leheron ki tarah  
jo unchay neechay hoti rehti hain  
aur apne saath bahut waqt main doobey  
glass k tukron ko  
jo ab polish ho chuke hain  
apne saath le aati hain,  
aur pastic ka kooDa karket  
aur purane joote jo hum  
bag main bhar kar  
kooDay waale ko do dete hain.

fir hum dono sagar k kinare,  
hamare paun pani ke ander

aur hathon main hath liye,  
aaram se khushi main miljul kar  
mazze main baith jate hain.

Ravi Kopra

# Pressing His Chest Against Her Breasts

Pressing his chest  
against her breasts  
He showers her with kisses.  
Fragrance of musk, cloves  
And hyacinth he finds  
Under the shadows of  
her tresses, and hears  
the whispers of roses.

For Fakhruddin Iraqi,  
His friend Rumi and  
Many mystic Sufi,  
God is a beautiful woman.  
Love is spiritual.

For the Allah's deprived,  
Lust is their creed -  
Virgins waiting in paradise  
And houris in dreams

Ravi Kopra

# Pretty Women In His Harem

They do not elect their ruler  
He is by his birthright  
He has four wives and scores  
of pretty women in his harem

He has may be sixty children  
born to wives and women in harem  
If he dies, his eldest dullest  
will inherit the kingdom

Their seniors eat all day halal  
copulate women young and old and fart  
The dullards are loaded with dollars  
And think anyone could be their slave  
(including in a way some presidents)

They look like pigs though don't eat pigs,  
but bulls, cows, camels and roasted quails  
Everyone in the kingdom is well fed, fucking fat  
They have maids for their children to play  
To get trained to grow up as superb studs

They fuel the world. Their only enemy is the sun  
Once well harvested will send their asses to hide  
in the bat infested caves to hear messages from  
heaven for directions to their final salvation.

Ravi Kopra

# Primal Feelings - A Urdu Poem Of Ada Jafri In English Translation

I have this feeling of  
restlessness as if waves of  
confusion are overtaking me  
tears fill my eyes  
face turns pale  
my heart gets restless  
suffering sweet pains.

My hair ruffles in despair  
I feel all helpless  
inside my chest I feel pricking  
my eyes get red as if on fire  
I cannot focus, my head gets cloudy.

I wish I knew what desires  
drive me to this voiceless  
lamentations of turmoil  
without desiring anything.

In this disquietness  
I cannot breath easily  
Where from in my soul  
comes this anxiety?  
What does my heart want  
is beyond my thinking.

Ravi Kopra

# Primeval My Love For The Woman I Love, Walt Whitman In Hindi Translation

aye meri mehbooba!  
janam janam se chal raha hai mera pyar tere liye.

aye meri dulhan, meri patni!  
tu mana nahin karti, chalti rehti ho  
mere saath hamesha k liye. kya kahoon aur main tere liye.  
aur fir hum ho jatay hain judha, apnay rastay.  
nayey janam main, azadi se, tassali se.

aye manas! aye purush!  
aasman main cHalanngaiN lagata hun main tere pyar main  
tum dete ho mera sath meri banjari zindgi main

Ravi Kopra



# Punjabi Haiku - Love Rouses The Heart Instantly

tainu dekhdiAN  
dil pyaar naal pHar jaanda ey  
chlo hun bistray tay

Ravi Kopra

## Punjabi Haiku - Making Love In Hiding

kal raat kothay tay?  
na ji, dar lagdeh teri  
maan de cHitraan tay

Ravi Kopra

## Punjabi Haiku - Sweet Kisses

teri chummi guD  
wargi, makhiaaN moonh tay  
khoob andeeaN nay

Ravi Kopra

# Punjabi Haiku - The Night Of Love Making

shraab thoDi peena  
aj saari raat pyaar di ey  
khoob mzayaaN di ey

Ravi Kopra

# Punjabi Love In Spring

In the fields blooming with yellow  
fragrant mustard flowers for miles  
and miles in Amritsar in Punjab  
near the Wagah border of Pakistan,  
two lovers walk hand in hand and  
stand by a hut under a mango tree  
by the slow stream of a rivulet

He puts his arms around her neck,  
She latches onto his body,  
He gives her mouth to mouth kisses  
She closes her eyes as if in a bliss.

He moves his hands down onto her  
breasts under her loose blue choli,  
caresses them softly with hands and  
tries to lower his lips to give  
them each a kiss, but she resists

And says: na ji, na ji, let's wait  
till evening when ma ji, pa ji  
will be deep in sleep, and we  
will sneak out in the backyard  
under the starry breezy dark  
April night of the spring festival.

Ravi Kopra

# Pyaar Ka Bhoot, A Hindi/Urdu Poem

mohabat ankhon se nahin  
dil se hoti hai  
aur dil main phir ankhain bund kiye  
ek chota sa bhoot baith jaata hai  
jo raat din taDpanay lagta hai  
sirf ek hi geet gata hai -  
kash muje mil jaey vo  
kitni khoobsoorat hai!

Ravi Kopra

# Quotes Master

A spinster praises  
the virtues of marriage

A blind man says  
how beautiful is the world he sees

And a could have been rabbi  
a broker, a mechanic, an attorney, a doctor

But now only a failed husband, a failed father and a pauper  
writes day and night quotes on how to be successful in life

What would you say to him if you ever saw him?

Ravi Kopra

# Rainbow - A Japaense Haiku In Urdu/Hindi Translation

jab main us se mili  
aise laga k  
main rainbow main the khaDI

Ravi Kopra



# Rainbows

Strange  
the clouds are all white  
and still  
hiding the sun  
they spread blackness everywhere.

They rage in skies all over  
storming, thundering, threatening  
to take away the blackness  
and still  
they bring blackness everywhere.

White in appearance, black in hearts  
they pour down black rains, drowning  
us all  
they bring blackness everywhere.

Nothing survives in the maddening rage.  
They too will not survive.

And soon there will be clouds  
white, red, orange, pink, black  
floating in vast skies together  
not hiding the sun, making rainbows  
they will bring joy everywhere.

Ravi Kopra

# Ramadasi, An English Love Poem By Shazea Quraishi In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Mire paas aao  
mere mehboob  
bitha lo mujhe apni goad main

Khol do meri gotiaN  
ye bhens k siingoN jaisi  
ab ho ghaii hain

Aur phero  
apni ungliaN  
mere kalay baloN main

Meri peti ko khol lo  
meri kamar pe reshmi  
kapDon ko ooncha uthal lo

Mera badan khushboo se bhara hai  
tail se meri malish ho chuki hai  
mila lo, mila lo mujhe ab apne saath

Jaise gulab k phool  
bhoraiN ko  
apne saath lagaye rakhtay hain

Ravi Kopra

# Random Thoughts On A Beach

I am all alone late evening  
by the sea shore on a beach.  
People have left after the sunset  
Gulls have gone to their nests except  
a lonely one out of the pack is flying  
clamouring near the shore.

In a two storey condo near the beach, I see  
a shadow behind the only lit window,  
all dark elsewhere in the house. I wonder  
who is that person, doing what alone  
at this hour in the house.

Next moment the silhouette moves.  
The light is out. It's dark and still.  
Early to bed? The date has come waiting  
downstairs in the drive? Out for dinner?  
Mom crying downstairs in pain for meds?

A myriad of things. I don't know.  
But life goes on as it does  
whether you live in a million  
dollar condo on a beach or down  
near the street under a bridge.

Ravi Kopra

# Ravana Kidnaps Sita

Ravana kidnaps Sita  
the beautiful wife of Rama  
He wants her as his queen

He entices her-  
Your white thighs so beautiful  
like the tusks of my elephants

Your are breasts like two doves  
please don't hide them from me  
anybody seeing your lovely body

Will fall in love with you instantly  
your face shines like a full moon  
I cannot take my eyes off you

Even God has fantasies on you  
Sita, you have stolen my heart  
I feel like a helpless snake

In the clutches of Garuda  
In dirty clothes you sleep on floor  
you do not eat anything

You wear no make up, you look miserable  
forget about your Rama, he may be dead already  
you are in tatters, you live in forests

Don't be a fool, you beautiful woman  
I desire you, be my queen, my wife  
I will give you dresses, jewels, perfumes

Maids will wait on you hand and foot  
anything you desire I will give you  
you will live in luxury

You can give my riches to Janaka, your father  
Come live with me on the shores of the sea  
in a grove of trees surrounded by bees.

Ravi Kopra

# Raw Sex Blessed Conjugal Love

A conjugal love may lack the thrills of romance,  
but from dawn to dusk it's music and dance,  
listen to the tune of china clay utensils,  
see him, he is busy with paper and pencils,

-Akhtar Jawad at poemhunter

\*\*\*

It is only musla marital, bridal, nuptial raw sex in bed  
No tender feelings of love, thrills of romance all dead

Allah forbids music. So musla make music with dinnerware made of china clay  
Hitting cups with plates, plates with cups, up and down they jump as if in a play

Allah wants muslas to pray five times a day, always do oozu before they pray  
Allah does not want them to dance, if they do, in jahanum they'll always stay

Allah also does not allow sketches, pictures, photos, photographs, nudes in  
special  
If they do such heinous, non barbaric things, they'll get lashes by mullah  
marshals

So a musla's love life without thrills of romance is like barren desert parched  
lands  
Sleeping with his four wives in random turns, seeing their floral henna painted  
hands

His pleasure is to slaughter Hindus' holy mother cows for breakfast lunch and  
dinner  
Kill all Kafirs, non believers, idol worshippers and make them muslas to be a  
winner

O Allah, you are so graceful, merciful, bountiful, loveful  
In Jannat you grant us 32 virgins, so dazzlingly beautiful.

- to be continued after further readings of musla conjugal love



# Reading Laozi, A Rendering Of A Chinese Poem Ofbai Juyi

Those who talk much show shallowness  
they don't know nothing. But those who keep silence  
are thoughtful, they know everything's essence  
Bai Juyi heard this long ago from an old gentleman.  
Now he wonders if the old gentleman knew it was true  
how come he says it in five thousand words.

-rendered from a literal translation from web pages:

Speak person not know know person silent  
This saying I hear from old gentleman  
If Way old gentleman be know person  
Reason what confident five thousand characters

Ravi Kopra



# Reality, A Urdu Ghazal

jab raasta hum naya dhoond latey hain zindgi ka  
purany raaston pe chalnay ki yaad kabhi aati hai

talaak de kar jab hum nayi shaadi kar latey hain  
pehli dulhan ki yaad bhi dil main kabhi aati hai

desh chod kar videsh main kab tak bhi raho  
apne desh ki yaad dil se nikal nahin paati hai

aisi yaadoN main paDne k kya faida 'Ravi'  
jo ho chuka vo ho chuka, socho asliyat kya kehti hai

Ravi Kopra

## Rear Kissing Poet Peers

It's hard  
to grow up and write  
novel ESL poetry  
by the novice poet  
surrounded by  
his rear  
kissing peers.  
They make it  
doubly hard by  
making him  
revel in his  
fake glory.

Ravi Kopra

# Reasons To Get Angry, A Turkish Poem By Behçet Necatigil In English Translation

As we grow old  
Our reasons to get angry  
Get multifold.  
Remember, all things that  
In our youth  
We shouldn't have done.

For a good poem or a story  
We live our youth for a while  
Weighing ourselves on broken scales.

Days pass by  
Time is over.

Ravi Kopra

# Reckless Love, A Song

Oh my darling  
When you came to me  
I followed you  
You followed me  
Reckless, reckless love  
followed you and me

I left my friends  
My family  
I wanted to be with you  
You wanted to be with me  
Reckless, reckless love  
followed you and me

Only thing I wanted  
To see you in my arms  
On the shore of the sea  
To see the sunsets together  
To fly in the sky  
Reckless, reckless love  
followed you and me

I left my friends  
My family  
When you came to me  
Only thing I wanted  
To see you in my arms  
On the shore of the sea  
Reckless, reckless love  
followed you and me...

Ravi Kopra

## Red Lace, An Erotic Poem By The Romanian Poet Ruxandra Cesereanu In Hindi/Urdu Translation

main kyon apne nakhoonaiN se tumhare badan par ek laal jali banana chahuNgi  
main kyon tumhara zehn chHoona chahuNgi  
ta k main usey apne hathon main le loon aur kahun, mere ashik tum mere paas  
ho  
main kyun tumhare akelepan ko ek kachi machli ki tarah peena chahungi  
main kyon kahuNgi apne devta ko k wo apne nakhun tez kar le  
main kyon uski palkoN ko pyaar se chHuna chahuNgi  
ta k mujhe ye mehsoos ho k main usko aashiqui se chHu rehi hoon  
main kyon kisi saDak ki batioN k neechay, ek laiti hui aurat ki tarah bol rehi  
hoon?

Ravi Kopra

# Red Pretty Chappals - A Poems Inspired By Kumarmani Mahakul's Poem: Red Pretty Slippers

You wrote a poem on red chappals  
thanks a million, my chappals are famous now  
everybody likes my chappals  
everybody's buying chappals  
only in red, not yellow, blue or green,

They say red chappals bring luck -  
old spinsters find husbands  
girls find boy friends  
poor become rich  
idiots become wise  
unholy, holy  
ordinary, extra ordinary  
morons become charming  
they start writing poetry  
only when they wear red chappals

Long live red chappals  
Long live poetry of red chappals.

\*\*\*

Note: Chappals is a Hindustani word for slippers  
for Indians in India and elsewhere.

See a photo of red chappals at Kumarmani's posting.  
A pair of them is priced US 50 cents for new  
and 10 cents for old in pretty good condition.  
You can find chappals at your local stores where  
Red Pretty Slippers are sold. Not yet on .  
Unfortunately, the owner who is a long time spinster  
did not have good luck wearing them for a few days! :)

Ravi Kopra

# Red Rose, A Hindi Poem By Raj Swami In English Translation

Yes, I am the sweet  
scented red red  
rose on a stem  
with green leaves  
that lovers offer  
to show their love  
to each other.

I sacrifice myself  
in happiness for  
them to prosper  
in love to merge  
into each other  
once for all.

Ravi Kopra

# Relationships

It is easy to break relations  
saying unkind things and making  
loved ones angry over trivial things  
and sometimes it all happens  
just by misunderstandings,  
but it takes a long time  
to build and mend relations.  
I calm down and cool off  
in such situations before  
I utter a single word, and  
it works, works every time.  
Why hurt anyone?

Ravi Kopra



# Re-Statement Of Romance, A Love Poem By Wallace Stevens In Hindi/Urdu Translation

raat ko kya patta is main kya raag gaaey jaate hain  
ye to waisi hi hai jaise main hoon:  
ye jaante hue main tum ko  
apne saath dil se smajhta hoon

sirif tu aur main hi ek doosre ko  
apna pyaar dete hain  
aur hum dono ek bun jaate hain

tu aur raat nahin, main aur rat nahin  
hun dono milkar, ek ho kar, itfaak se nahin  
apne dil ki gehraahioN main ek doosray k ho jaate hain

raat to hamare peecHe rehti hai  
hum dono sachaae se bhri roshni main  
ek doosre ko apne rung main lapait lete hain

Ravi Kopra

# Restless, A Ghazal In English

Waiting to see you, my heart was restless  
Seeing you, my heart is still restless

Thick black clouds have gathered in the sky  
Heavy rains are coming, birds in the nests are restless

Somebody is shooting people dead at random in the city  
People are scared to death, keeping watch, all restless

My lover is flying from Istanbul to be with me tomorrow  
I can't sleep tonight thinking of him, all restless

It is almost three thirty in the afternoon  
The school will shut down soon, all kids are restless

Jinnah eloped with his friend's daughter to Bombay  
The judge is going to put him in jail, he is restless

'Ravi' has written so many poems for lovers in pain  
Poemhunter isn't putting him on the first page, he is so restless!

Ravi Kopra

# Risky - A Japanese Haiku In Hindi/Urdu Translation

miluN gi maiN tumhe  
zaroor  
zara bach bach k

Ravi Kopra

# Robert Browning Shows Love To His Wife Elizabeth Browning In Hindi/Urdu

Meri pyari jaan  
meri sari atma  
tera peecha karti hai  
tere ird-gird  
chakkar lagati rehti hai

Aur main  
sab apna-pan kho kar  
tum main dooba, zinda rehta hoon!

\*\*\*

All my soul follows you, love -  
encircles you - and I  
live in being yours.

- Robert Browning to his wife Elizabeth Browning  
January 28, 1846

Ravi Kopra

# Romantic Love

For thirty odd pigs, a Huli man gets  
A new wife tending his goats, land, kids, pigs

She ties a rope's end to the pigs front legs  
The other end is tied to the wild tree trunk

She goes to the fields to till the land, to tend the cows  
Her husband hides behind the trunk and pulls the rope

The pigs give out deafening squeals, the wife turns back  
The Huli husband jumps on her like a hungry leopard

Disrobes her, throws her on the ground and humps her, humps her  
one two three four one two three four four four more more more

He's old. He gasps for air. She pushes him away  
He wraps back the loin cloth. He goes away muttering love.

Ravi Kopra

# Roses

Thorns add  
beauty to roses  
in the garden of flowers

Sorrows add  
spice to life to live  
happily in this world.

gulshan ki faqat phuloñ se nahiñ kañToñ se bhi zinat hoti hai  
jiine ke liye is duniya meñ gham ki bhi zarurat hoti hai

-SABA AFGHANI

Ravi Kopra

# Roses Of My Heart

This rose plant, she said  
was for my heart.  
The fragrance of its roses  
made me drunk in love.

Suddenly a storm came in rage  
broke off the branches, shattered the petals  
off they went all scattered into the air,  
leaving my heart sobbing, crying, all alone.

I will nourish it now  
gently with love,  
Will wait and see how  
it blooms again in the spring.

It was so delicate.  
The sudden onslaught of the fiery  
storm, it could not sustain.  
In hope my poor heart lives again.

Ravi Kopra

# Roses Of Your Heart

In the rose garden,  
there are  
thorns too.

The bouquet of red  
roses your lover  
sent you,  
maybe from a heart  
still bleeding  
pricked by thorns.

Ravi Kopra



# Roses, Roses

Roses, roses  
Only roses and no thorns  
How banal, how boring!

Don't you want to be reminded  
Pleasures don't exist without pains?  
If you roll in pleasures always

You will not know what pains are.  
They will lose their prime.  
Dull will be your life.

Thorns will make you think twice  
When you head onto pleasures blindly.  
Thorns bring flavors, worth trying.

Ravi Kopra

# Rumi - The Heart Hides Secrets In Shame

Leave your worries  
and be pure in heart

Like the face of a mirror  
that reflects all

Clear of all images  
and yet all images in it

Man worries not the clear faced one.  
Hold the mirror in your hand and look yourself in it

It will tell you who you are  
Without lies not ashamed of itself

What's the difference between  
the mirror and your heart?

The heart hides secrets in shame  
The mirror does not.

Ravi Kopra

# Rumi's Song Of The Reed In English Translation

Listen to the sad songs of my flute  
How they tell you sent me away

Ever since that moment  
I have been crying for you

Men and women come to solace me  
Seeing me crying they start crying for me

My heart is torn into a thousand pieces  
Only a torn heart will know my pains

He will know my longings for you  
He will know my love for you

Ravi Kopra

# Rush To The Tavern, A Omar Khayyam Like Rubiyyat

32 beautiful virgins in paradise might be a lie  
Unlimited free fine wine and music might be a lie  
Rush to the tavern and fill your Cup any instant  
Go dance with your women till fully content.

Ravi Kopra

# Sacrifice To The Cat That Scared All The Rats, A Chinese Poem Of Mei Yaochen In Translation

When I had my cat, Five White  
the rats did not eat my books  
Today in the morning you died  
I offered fish and rice for sacrifice  
I took you to the middle of the river  
to say good bye  
I sang songs for you  
I gave you respect  
Once you bit a rat  
you held it in your mouth  
the rat was crying  
and you carried it around  
to scare the other rats  
to keep my cottage clean.

When we boarded a boat  
you shared a room with me  
Now, though the rice is  
dry and scarce on the boat  
I am scared shit to eat it  
always afraid the thief rats were here  
and left behind their piss.

Your hard work surpassed  
that of chickens or pigs  
People praise their horses  
they drive their carts  
they say no creature's better  
than an ass or a steed  
that's enough, I will not argue with them  
but for you, I do cry a little.

-rendered from a literal translation on web pages:

Self have 5 white cat  
Rat not invade my books  
Today morning 5 white die

Sacrifice with rice and fish  
See off it at middle river  
Incantation you not you neglect  
Before you bite one rat  
Hold in mouth cry around yard remove  
Want cause crowd rat frightened  
Thought will clear my cottage  
From board boat come  
Boat in together room live  
Dry grain although its thin  
Evade eat drip steal from  
This real you have industriousness  
Have industriousness surpass chicken pig  
Ordinary person stress spur horse drive  
Say not like horse donkey  
Already finish not again discuss  
For you somewhat cry

Ravi Kopra

# Sad Remembrance, A Chinese Poem Of Mei Yaochen In Translation

Since the day  
you came to my house  
you never complained  
we were poor.  
We would be up  
each day till midnight  
and have our rice  
breakfast in the afternoon.  
For nine or ten day in a stretch  
we would only eat pickles  
and once in a while some dry meat.  
Easy or West we were together  
for eighteen long years,  
Our memories, both bitter and sweet.  
We thought we'd live in love  
for another hundred years.  
I never expected that  
one evening you will leave me.  
I still remember the last hour -  
you held me close to your chest  
but could not speak to say goodbye.  
This body of mine survives  
but one day I will be  
underground with you.

-rendered from a literal translation on web pages:

From you return my home  
Not ever sick of poor  
Night reach every to midnight  
Morning rice immediately after noon  
Ten day nine eat pickle  
One day possible have dried meat  
East west eighteen years  
Mutual with together sweet bitter  
Set period hundred years love  
How expect one evening go

Still remember limit reach time  
Hold me not can speak  
This body today although survive  
End at together be earth

Ravi Kopra



# Sad Songs Remind Us Nothing Lasts For Ever

Sad songs remind us nothing lasts for ever  
Life comes and goes. Love comes and goes

We rise to heights. We fall to the ground, eventually,  
Nothing lasts for ever. Everything has its life

So while we live. Let's live fully  
So while we love. Let's love fully

Tomorrow you may be dead  
Tomorrow your love may end

She may throw away your ring in the gutter  
and flit to her new lover as a spring butterfly

Or you may drown in the caresses of your new woman  
and wonder if living with your boring wife is worthwhile

Someone will be heart broken and come to writing poetry  
to remind us - love is as fickle as everything in the world is.

Ravi Kopra

# Saint Kabir Speaks To Indian English Poets Through Me

Moorakh bharti manushya jati, teri bhasha bharti hoye  
tu bharti khana khaye, bharti kapDe pehne, bharti jooti pehne

bharti beewee se shaadi kare  
tere maan baap bharti hoye

kaam kaaj tera bharti bhasha main hoye  
adaalat main bharti bolay

bharti bhasha main gaali galoch kare  
apni bhasha main pooja paath kare

bharti bollywood k gaane gaye  
tera rona peetna bharti bhasha main hoye

tera khana peena sab bharti hoye  
tum ko tooti footi angrezi aayey

tere gyaan main koi angrezi na hoye  
na hi teri samajh angrezi ki hoye

parantoo tu baith jaye din raat  
angrezi main kavita likhne apna sar juDaey

kitne sharam ki baat hai, mujhe dukh baDa hoye  
tu kyon videsh main bharat ka moonh kala karne lag jaye

Ravi Kopra

# Salaam, Suhl, Hudna, Peace, Peace, Peace

You have converted  
You did the kalaam  
You are no more kafirs  
All Suhl now, you are one of us  
No more katal-e-aam  
Erstwhile Kafirs are now our brothers  
Suhl mubarak, suhl mubarak, suhl mubarak  
May Allah bless you all!

Kafirs, think over  
Want to be believers or not  
We give you time, we offer our Hudna  
Tell us by today evening, Kaaba time  
Or there will be katal-e-aam during the night.

Salaam, to all believers  
Again and again, saalam. salaam, salaam  
But to all non-believers  
Katal-e-aam, if you do not become believers  
Peace, peace, peace!  
Arabic Words For Peace.

Ravi Kopra

# Sat Up In Bed And Shed Two Tears

How can I forget  
my sorrows, my regrets?  
What limit is there to my grief?  
You left me as if in a dream.

I woke up hearing the rooster's call.  
Sat up in bed and shed two tears.  
With whom will I have my morning coffee?  
With whom will I go for the ride  
on mountain roads in the country?

I remember those clear spring scenes.  
My life has lost its meaning now  
My heart is empty  
You disappeared as if in a dream.

-inspired by How Can a Man Escape Life's Sorrow and Regret? Midnight Song in  
Chinese by Li Yu  
at [www dot chinese-poems dot com/](http://www.dot.chinese-poems.com/)

Ravi Kopra

# Saturday Morning In April

Saturday morning in April  
Near the farmers market  
We sat on a bench next to the pagoda  
Under a large banyan tree  
people walked with their pets, dogs  
the swans sailed in the pond  
orioles sang on the trees  
the kids played near the fountain  
and chased for huge bubbles of soap  
floating in air made by the maid

Our first meeting together  
I held your hand in my hands  
We looked into each other's eyes  
What brought you there was  
What brought me there  
Both hungry for love  
True love for our lonely hearts

While we talked  
You never stopped  
moving on my palms  
your playful fingertips,  
Intertwining your fingers  
into my fingers, gently  
pressing my hand and  
then, releasing it

Your touch sent tingling  
sensations up my arms to my breasts,  
I felt warmth and later I told you  
Each time you pressed my hands  
I blushed and goosebumps  
ran over whole of my body.

Each moment your hand  
slipped it, I desired it more,  
I wanted to hold it in my hands  
and give it a love kiss,

But I didn't  
it was our first meeting  
we were sitting in open in the park.  
Farmers were selling fresh fruits and flowers  
and you, the seller of love was selling love  
stealing my lonely heart in return

You bought me a bouquet of fresh spring flowers;  
I could not resist, wanted to hug and kiss you  
asked you to follow my car and brought you home  
with my heart dancing in love,  
and since then you have been my dear  
friend, my lover, my everything I ever dreamed...

Ravi Kopra

# Scaffolding, A Love Poem By Seamus Heaney In Hindi/Urdu Translation

thava'i jab makaan banate hain to pehle  
jaanch lete hain k machaan pukki hai

jaanch lete hain k tahte logoN k sar paD nahin paDeN gay  
siDiaN pakki hain, joRoN k bolt kassay hue hain

ye sab hataa le jate hain jab makaan bun jata hai  
pakkay pathar ki buni pakki deewareiN tab dikhaai deti hain

is liye, meri jaan, agar kisi sameh tere aur mere beech  
hamare purane pul girte hue tumhe dikhaai deN

to ghabrana nahin. hum machanoN ko toD daleN gay  
nidar ho kar k hamari dewaaraiN pakki hain

Ravi Kopra

# Seduction Of Sita, The Wife Of Rama

Surrounded by ogresses  
Sita is miserable, full of sorrows.  
Ravana approaches her, saying:  
Your legs are beautiful like

The trunks of elephants.  
Do not fear me, my lovely  
Cover not your breasts and belly,  
Do not hide yourself from me.

O beauty with big eyes!  
Your body is pleasing to me.  
I desire you, O lovely one!  
Honor me, be my love.

O Sita, no man or devil can  
Change from whatever he is.  
Fear me not. Abducting others'  
Wives is the ogres' rightful right.

No second thoughts. It's simply  
like this: no matter what  
you may think of me  
I want you close to me.

Only in lust will I touch you  
O queen of my heart!  
Fear me not, O love!  
Trust me, I'll not hurt you.

Always in your only sari  
On hard ground you sleep  
Meditating in dirty dresses  
And fasting you always weep.

I have for you beautiful dresses,  
Ornaments, Agallochums,  
Soft beds, sandals, garlands,  
Songs, music and drinks.



O gem of a woman!  
Put on some makeup, put on ornaments.  
O the most beautiful one  
I'll give you many luxuries.

-Translated from Chapter 20 of Sundar Kanda

Ravi Kopra

# Seeing Silhouettes As Shadows Of Camels

Seeing silhouettes as shadows of camels  
and caves as monkey faces in the dark  
of vast cold desert where Lawrence of Arabia  
roamed under the hot burning sun falling  
into the caves' mouth with yellow stained teeth  
presaging a passage to the stalactite  
stalagmite was a feat, not so cool  
no body would dare go there  
except those who love farishtas and fairies  
in caves listening to the echoes of  
their messages from someone in the heavens  
or those who go there alone on a dromedary  
and contemplate all evening along  
how to shoot down an Allah hating plane  
or hit the towers in a burning blaze  
using their own Allah hating planes  
and sending the pilots up in the heaven  
where houris are waiting with French wines  
(not fries, mind you and no pig hamburgers)  
and virgins as transparent as glass  
made from the Arabia sands  
that can show their innards  
and pure pelvises from where  
no monthly blood flows defiling  
men's genitals making them unfit  
to pray five times a day facing West  
where the fairies and frishtas appeared  
in a cave bringing down  
God' holy messages that must be followed  
otherwise his desert followers will ambush you  
shoot you, cut your head with curved knives  
sending you to the burnings hells of  
Milton in bottomless pits with no exits.

Ravi Kopra

# Self Respect

You bow down to offer  
your salaams to him

it is ok

but do not stoop down so low  
that your turban falls on the floor

respecting your lord, boss, benefactor  
carries no harm till

you don't carry your head on your shoulders  
and have no respect for yourself

being a servile servant bootlicking for favors.  
Once you lose self respect, you lose everything.

Ravi Kopra

# Sensible

Love is not the only cause  
of sorrows in this world

A lonely night still brings sleep  
but sleepless are the nights in love

It has wrecked the lives  
of many women and men

When together  
Roses, all roses

When away  
A heap of thorns

And in infidelity  
A knell of hell

Roses spring in the spring  
and thorns? Year round

So pick a rose when you can  
Ring a bell of pleasure

And forget hell and thorns  
Be sensible.

Ravi Kopra

# Sent North On A Rainy Night, A Chinese Poem Of Li Shangyin In Translation

You ask me when will I return  
I cannot give you the time  
When autumn rains fall on Ba hills  
the pools overflow with water  
So let's blow off the candle  
by the western window  
move closer and snuggle  
and talk of night rains on Ba hills.

-a rendering from a literal translation on web pages

You ask return time not be time  
Ba hill night rain rise autumn pool  
When with together trim west window candle  
Same speak Ba hill night rain time

Ravi Kopra

# Shade Train, An English Poem By Soham Patel In Hindi/Urdu Translation

garmi ki dhoop main halki si hawa ka ek jhonka  
plastic k ek safed thailay ko apne saath uDa le jaata hai  
jo kuch bhi is main tha sab bikhar jata hai -  
hawa ka chHupa ek vardaan is jalti koDi dhoop se.

kanwaari ek laal dhaga dhaeeN kalaee pe bandhay  
intezaar main khaDi hai  
dhukhi hawa rail ki patti par gir jati hai  
awaaz aati hai jaise ye kisi ka antim gheet ho.

pairon ki chamDi dhoop ki garmi main pigal kar  
chHayey ki tailaash main neechay mud jaati hai  
jahan dukhi hawa ko panaah milti hai  
aur yahan antim geet saaf saaf sun leti hai  
un-dekhay anaath bachoN k sureelay geet sun kar  
dopehar gaDI k har khali dabbay k liye chilla paDtI hai.

Ravi Kopra

# Shani Devta

Saturday is a Saturday with twenty four hours like any other day  
Saturday is not the Saturday of the Saturday god - hindus' shani devta  
for offering him on Saturdaya cup full of mustard oil through the beggar's copper  
pot  
with few pennies, dimes, nickles or quarters to please the Saturday god  
unless you are ready to have god's wrath fall on you.  
What a Saturday hindu god who likes coins and mustard oil!  
He must surely be fat by now with high cholesterol levels  
and prone to die any moment loving mustard oil for centuries.  
How come the shani devta never dies with food habits worst then man's  
and is greedy for money worst than the richest of the richest Indian man!  
Or perhaps he likes to take baths dipping himself in drums of mustard oil made  
in India.  
Why not see Saturday as the sixth day of the week making you own world  
as God made the big world in six days for us and rested on the seventh?  
The strangest of all things is that Saturday stands for the planet Saturn, a hindu  
God  
and except for its icy hundreds of rings we see no mustard oil loving god there.  
Perhaps he is already dead or was neven born within, on or near the rings.  
But it was surely born in the ancient minds of the lazy mystics of India  
and was passed on and on for centuries to hindus who swear to its existence  
and offer coins and mustard oil to beggars on Saturday to appease their devta.  
India has sent space ships to Mars and may soon send to Saturn  
and I wonder if it would send on the ship a few drums of mustard oil to please  
the shani devta!

Ravi Kopra

# Shariah Law In A Secular Hindu Nation

The UK is a white Christian nation  
All others are its citizens  
Said so eloquently one of their statesmen

So is Israel, the Jewish nation  
The USA, France, Germany the Christian nations  
And India, the Hindustan, the Hindu nation  
And scores and scores of other such nations

And so, all non-Hindu Indian citizens  
Must abide by the laws of the secular though Hindu nation  
Be it a criminal or a civil law of the Hindu nation  
No their religious laws laid by their distant fore, forefathers  
In some distant past land of horrific barbaric origins.

Jinnah, the Pakis' founding father wanted Pakistan for Pakis  
They can follow whatever Shariah or blasphemy law in Pakistan  
There is no need of such laws in the free, secular Hindustan  
If someone wants Sharia laws to be imposed in Hindustan  
They should pack up their raggedy bags and head to Pakis' Pakistan.  
Anytime, in any numbers, they leave India, they would be most welcome.

Ravi Kopra



# Shattered Mirrors, After Obaidullah Aleem

Look at my shattered  
mirrors  
sometimes.

I am  
heart broken.

Friends and  
strangers  
to me now  
are all alike.

Ravi Kopra

# She Admits

She admits  
inside her mind  
hotness of mine  
lives time after time  
She cannot sleep alone at nights  
and calls me at two in the morning.  
She knows I am on call tonight  
and my patients at this hour must be restful  
not asking for oxycontin or morphine.  
I get up and go to her running  
though her pains are of different kind  
I am a doctor I do oblige  
and together we heal our pains  
in the wee hours of the morning.

Ravi Kopra

# She Counts On Sex, A Polish Poem By Justyna Bargielska In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Mehbbob k saath sambhog ka bhrosa

Church kehta hai  
mar jaane par murday ko zamin main daba dena chahiye  
kyon k Jesus apne liye yeh chahta tha  
Usne kaha tha  
mujhe qabar se zinda kiya jayega  
phoenix ki tarah raakh se nahin  
lakin our log raakh se phir apna jeevan le laiNgi  
is ka mujhe koi aitraaz nahin hai  
Jesus church walon ko kehta hai -  
dafa ho jao, mujhe gusse main na lao.

chaar ghonton main dekhuNgi  
tumhare saath kya hoga?  
(jala do gay ya daba do gay mujhe!)  
main teen ghanton k andar  
tum se miluNgi.

Ravi Kopra

# She Flares Up Orgasms

Summer is over  
still no rains  
dark cloud gather in skies  
suck out all day light  
winds blow violently  
dust and debris in air  
you can't see too far  
thunders strike in skies  
birds fly in fear  
my chihuahua runs inside  
few drops of rain fall  
we say at last, at last  
but to no avail  
clouds sail away  
sun shows its face  
nature too plays its games  
she flares up orgasms  
and does not come.

Ravi Kopra

# She Fusses

She fusses  
but has no idea  
what fuss is all about  
fuss is for fuss' sake  
that is her idea  
but nonsense to me  
who wants nonsense  
and on the top of it  
layers of fluffy fuss  
with no taste in it  
words, words, empty words  
to put together to say  
something without  
substance, without anything  
to make something out of  
hot humid air no one can make it  
but she does, she can  
she's good at it  
it puts me off, I  
do not know how can I  
tell it better than this.

Ravi Kopra

# She Is A Verse That Gods Sing In The Morning

How pleasant, how beautiful  
are her looks  
searching brown eyes  
dark brown hair, curly and wavy  
falling on her shoulders  
full cheeks prettier than cherries  
(I wish I give her there my first kiss)  
in a sky blue blouse  
in a light grey skirt  
with a captivating smile  
she stands in the door  
for a welcome home Namaste.

The moment I saw her for the first time  
the ground under my feet slipped away  
stunned by her beauty I stand there before her  
speechless for a moment I forget Namaste  
and say hello, how are you  
so pleased to be here with you.

She says pleasure is hers  
Come on in, please.

My heart is dancing in joy  
saying you came home finally, my boy  
she is a verse that gods sing in the morning  
to spread happiness in the world  
She is your verse, memorise her ryhmes  
She is your red cherry, red grape sweet wine  
Sip her for forever, her goblets are full.

Ravi Kopra

# She Is My Red Rose

She is my red rose  
standing near the pagoda on the stream  
smiling under the clear blue skies  
on this beautiful sunny day of spring.  
The mid-day bells ring there  
under an ancient tree.

I ask her just one thing -  
My sweet amazing Jumpa, tell me  
who made you so beautiful  
so graceful that even the angels  
come here to have a glimpse of you.

She is shy. She smiles  
and looks towards the  
squatting Buddha meditating  
under a golden canopy  
eyes closed, so peaceful.  
Her eyes suddenly sparkle.  
She says - you know what, Tanzan  
ask Buddha, he knows everything.

Ravi Kopra

# She Is Standing There Naked, An Ekphrastic Poem

She is standing there naked  
by the edge of the mantle  
wearing a light skirt  
that folds over her thighs.

Her right foot is on a stool.  
Her two ripe round oranges  
rest on oranges she has  
in her hands and on her arm.

Pensive looks, soft lips  
dark short hair, body slim  
she peers into your eyes.  
A beauty to behold.

Her oranges  
succulent and sweet  
invite my tremulous lips for sips  
and gentle little nips on the tips.???????

Ravi Kopra



# She Loves Soft Mangos

She loves soft mangoes  
So I do

I buy for her by dozens  
But I like only two

Her 'dudhiya malda' mangoes  
Skin so fragrant, taste so sweet, succulent

I put my mouth on them  
I want to eat them

They ripen as I  
Suck their juice

They get warm  
In my hands

Change color  
Look red

I love them so much  
Sometime I want to devour them...

Ravi Kopra

# She Passed Away With His Love In Her Tender Heart

For the young beautiful Heather it was all David.  
She loved him more than her own life.

In their courtship the deadly devil crept in  
They defied him and got ready to marry to send  
the devil to hell from where he came in.

The surgery, the chemo, the RT would not help  
her breasts that David had held in his hands and  
kissed them a million times since the day she him.

The time was running out, said the docs  
She could make to the alter was one in a million shot.

Tubes carrying meds, sugar, air, salt, water from a myriad  
machines to her body were rumbling, blinking at the  
bedside clock where David stood with tearful eyes, taking  
his vows of undying love for her in his heart...

She could hardly speak but raised her arms in the air and kissed him.  
The family and friends shed tears of joy and sorrow at the same time.  
The next day she passed away with his love in her tender heart...

Ravi Kopra

# She Said: Listen. An Urdu Poem Of Ahmed Faraz In Translattion

Us Ne Kahaa Sun

Ahad nibhaane ki Khaatir mat aanaa  
Ahad nibhaanevaale aksar majabuuri yaa  
Mahajuuri ki thakan se lauTaa karate hain  
Tum jaao aur dariyaa dariyaa pyaas bujhaao  
Jin aaNkhon men Duubo  
Jis dil men bhi utaro  
Meri talab aavaaz na degi  
Lekin jab meri chaahat aur meri Khvaahish ki lau  
Itani tez aur itani uuNchi ho jaaye  
Jab dil rode  
Tab lauT aanaa

-Ahmed Faraz

\*\*\*

She said: listen

Don't come back if  
you think it is  
to fulfill your promise.  
People with obligations are  
either compelled or  
are tired of separations.  
Go and fulfill others' desires  
and fall in love with other women.  
I will not call you.  
But when you burn inside  
with the blaze of wanting me,  
needing me,  
and your heart weeps,  
you can then  
come back to me.

-tr. Ravi Kopra

Ravi Kopra

# She Stood There Smiling

She stood there smiling  
thinking of her past lover  
and I in my innocence thought  
she'd have me as her new lover.

Perhaps I was mistaken -  
She did love me and had  
forgotten her past lover  
and was happy to be with me.

It was the starry spring night  
she walked with a nameless grace  
her black tresses touched  
her pink cheeks and waved.

'Ravi' could not resist her beauty  
He approached to embrace and kiss her.  
Closing her eyes she leaned in his arms  
and as he kissed her she sighed and

exclaimed - O Don, my love!  
I love your kisses...

Ravi Kopra

# She Walks Gracefully

Her bare slender feet  
in white open sandals  
her toes painted red

Her effulgent blue sari's  
golden embroidered border  
embraces the tiny silver bells  
tied around her ankles

She walks gracefully  
swaying her body  
with a bounce in her steps.

The bells chime as she walks -  
jhan, jhan  
jhan-un, jhan-un

I looked at her  
She smiled at me

Years later  
when I think of her  
I hear jhan, jhan  
jhan-un, jhan-un

I see her beguiling smile  
her sideways glances  
her brown searching eyes  
peering into mine.

Ravi Kopra

# She Walks In Beauty, George Byron In Hindi/Urdu Translation

TaroN bharay khulay aasman ki tarah  
wo itni sunder hai k  
us k har ang, uski aankhein  
dheemi, ujli roshni milakar  
usay aisa komal banati hain  
jo bhagwan bhi kabhi kisi din  
ko baksh nahi kar pata hai

Ek halki si aur saya, ek halki si kum kiran  
usko itna lasani haseen na bana pati  
ye benaam sundarta us k kalay baloN ki latoN main hai  
aur us k chehre par pyar se pheli hai  
uska meetha nirmal chera shudh vicharoN se bhara hua hai

Aur us k gaal, us k bhoN  
kitne shaant, mulayam, sundar hain!  
Uska muskurana, gaalon ka chamakna  
batata hai k khushi main hua hai uska palan poshan  
us k vicharon main shanti hai  
ss ka dil masoom hai!

Ravi Kopra

# She Was My Rose, My Flower

She was my rose, my flower  
she was delicate and soft  
her heart was full of love  
I promised her my love  
one day I don't know  
I ended up in bed with Khatima  
her cousin and dear friend  
a million times more beautiful than her  
a trillion times more charming than her  
she found out and her heart turned into glass  
bitter and brittle, very hard, yet transparent  
I could see myself there with Khatima  
Allah allows me to have four wives  
and twenty girl friends any time  
so I did not see any sin  
I thought it was all win win  
but she did not take it  
as hard as I tried her heart became harder  
and finally it shattered like big bang  
into million trillion pieces, all sharp edged  
I stepped on one piece and now I go see Khatima  
not heart broken with bleeding heart  
but foot broken with bleeding heels  
I will later go back to my darling  
and tell her - my sweet sweet darling  
my heart overflows with love  
forgive me, it was not me  
it was all Khatima.

-inspired by a poem of Moahammad Maleki at this site.

Ravi Kopra



# Shing Wing Wai In The Autumn Night

Shing Wing Wai breathes fresh air  
in the autumn night and gets drunk  
and thinks how would a woman would  
feel like in the night like this

Her face as soft as the chrysanthemums  
Her voice sweet as of orioles  
Her body warm close to his  
Her tresses falling as dark clouds on her face  
Her eyes bright as stars but sleepy after hours of love  
Her body lovely body slithering out of his hands  
Her smell of the evening opening jasmine flowers.

The more he thinks of her, the more he gets drunk  
Cannot sleep and wonders what it would feel like  
to make love to her in such lovely autumn night.  
He turns and turns in his bed. Cannot come up with an answer.  
Finally, he yells to himself: Yes, yes, I know, I know  
It will be Zen like, just in the moment and the next  
moment he falls to sleep dreaming of her.

Ravi Kopra

# Shining Mumbai And Doomed Karachi

&quot;Zara hat ke zara bach key yeh hay Bombay Meri JaN&quot;

yahan Karachi ki nahin hain jhopDian  
yahan hain manzalaiN baDi aalishaan

Karachi main petrol mehnga hai, ghoDay, ghaday, oon ki sawaari hai  
Bombay main har ek k paas Mercedes hai, achi khasi ek gaDi hai

Karachi main har aurat, khoobsoorat ya badsoorat, kalay burkay ki kaid main hai  
Bombay ki har aurat azad hai, sari, jeans, pant suits jo chaye pehniti hai

Karachi k poets aurat k hathon ki hina dekhne ko taraste taraste mar jate hain  
Bombay k poets Karachi k peots ki halat sun kar hanste hanste mar jate hain

Karachi gundgi se bhari hue hai, tutti peshab log har jagah karte hain  
Bombay main safaii behad ho rahi hai, log bageechoN main beechoN main  
ghumate hain

Haram khanay Krachi ko choD kar Paki ab London ko halal khanay bhagte hain  
wahan angrezon k jootay khaate khaate, sar salwar main lagaye wapis Pak aatey  
hain

Allah ne kaha sharab na peeo, ghaDay bhar bhar kar main tumain jannat main  
doonga  
Lakin Krachi k mulla bhi shrab peetay peetay madhosh hain, apne bistar par hi  
mootar kar dete hain

O Pakio. tum pak nahin, paap se bharay hue ho, Lahore main ho ya Karachi main  
ho  
Tum ne Pakistan banaya, ab ro ro k pachtatae ho, kitne moorakh thay tum aur  
ab bhi moorakh ho

Agar moorakh, bevkoof nahin to khatam karo apna moorakh Pakistan  
Aao milo Hindustan k saath, raho yahan milkar khushi se, de dalo apne dil main  
Jan

Bombay main raho, Dilli main raho, Lukhnow main raho, jahan bhi chao izzat se  
raho  
Namaz paDo, masjid jao, bakr iid manao, ghost khao, tumare baap dada hindu

thay hindu ban jao

Agar chao to, lakin hindu ban-na koi zaroori nahin hai Hindustan main, sab mazhab ko azadi hai

Paki muslon se zyada Hindustan main musalmaan hain, izzat se rehtay hain, khushi main nihai hain

Sirif pakistan k muslay har ek ko pak main mauslamaan banatay hain, unko ye Allah kehta hai

Hindustan ka Allah asli Allah hai, sub ki raksh karta hai, mecca medina se nahin aaya hai

So Pakio, agar bollywwod aao to "Zara hat ke zara bach key yeh hay

Bombay Meri Jan"

yahan mohabat hai, pyar hai, azadi hai, khushi hai, har din rangeen mela hai

Meri Jan.

Ravi Kopra

# Shiva Of Adi Shankara

In a golden bowl  
studded with nine gems  
I have for you  
rice pudding and ghee.  
I also have five dishes  
made of curd and milk,  
and plantains, juices  
herbal water too.  
Here is some flaming camphor  
and a fragrant betal leaf.  
I bring all these  
with utmost devotion to you.  
O Lord Shiva, you are  
the lord of lords.  
Please accept my offerings.

-The sage Adi Shankara in Shiva Manasa Puja. Edited from the web pages at  
[www dot lotussculpture dot com](http://www.dot.lotussculpture.dot.com)

Ravi Kopra

# Shiva's New Wife, A Love Poem

A middle aged American woman  
fully strange and wholly crazy,  
is getting Indianised  
seeing old Indian movies and  
loving Indian love songs.  
Throwing away her thongs,  
she now wears a silk  
floral sari six yards long,  
hiding well her bulging  
behind on her stump like eggs.

She got into Indian spirituality.  
Shiva's lingam-worship she liked.  
She bought a statue of Shiva's son,  
that cute boy with an elephant head  
whose favourite pets were mice and rats.

She thinks in her new Indian head  
she could be the beautiful Parvati,  
wife of Shiva, mother of Ganesha.  
So to be in a loving family she worships  
Shiva's lingam and loves her son, Ganesha.  
She places on his lingam fresh red roses daily  
and prays something in whispers closing her eyes.  
(What she wishes you can well guess!)

She offers ladoos - Indian sweets -to Ganesha daily  
to keep her son smiling for food for his favourite pets.

She had a cat, no man, a companion for umpteenth years  
but the spinster cat committed suicide jumping out of window  
thinking if no tomcat in this life, she would find in another.  
Ganesha smiled at her cat's death going to some cat-heaven  
and acquired a little white mouse with beady eyes and tiny whiskers  
that came through the city's sewage pipe to find his master in the house.

Now the little rascal relishes ladoos, dances around lingam of Shiva.  
It still does not see Parvati eye to eye but seems to like her well.  
It does not chew her Kamasutra books nor her spiritual Vedic books,  
nor does it chew that book on Kabala containing deep secrets of the world

and doesn't jump on quantum health books, nor on how to know your God.  
It loves living a happy life making happy his master Ganesha and  
Ganesha's father's new beautiful wife in a six yards long silk floral sari.

It's happy Christmas for Shiva and his lingam.

It's happy Christmas for Ganesha, his son.

It's happy Christmas for the beady-eyed white little rascal with tiny whiskers  
and it's happy Christmas for Parvati, Shiva's new crazy Indianised American wife.

Ravi Kopra

# Should I Get You Anklets With Little Bells, A Hindi Poem By Raj Swami In English Translation

Should I get you anklets with little bells  
To hear music your feet make  
When you walk to me?

Should I get you bracelets  
To hear them tinkle  
When I kiss your hands with love?

You are ready to be my bride  
Should I put vermilion in the line  
Of hair parting on your head?

The love-temple of my heart  
longs for a lover. Should I enshrine  
It with a lovely little statute of yours?

You do not like loneliness  
Should I marry you and carry  
you in my arms with love to my home?

My mom sees fairies in her dream  
She would love to see you in her home  
May I ask you to come and visit her?

Every moment I think of you  
Should I tell this secret  
To everyone?

Ravi Kopra

# Silence

Without saying anything, it says so much  
Without listening to anything, it bears so much  
Without words, it tells the whole story  
Without doing anything, it does many things  
Without taking anything, it gives back so much  
Without a voice, it becomes a voice  
Without speech, It becomes a new language  
Without knowing strangers, it endears them  
Without doing anything, it accepts all complaints

Silence is an echo, a style  
It means something -  
a puzzle, a question, an answer -  
If I keep my silence, do not presume  
that I have nothing to say.

Ravi Kopra



# Silent Lover, A Love Poem By The Polish Poetess Maria Pawlikowska Jasnorzewska In Hindi/Urdu Translation

ek khamosh lover  
ek kaalay driyaa sa hai  
chup-chap behta rehta hai  
uski chumiaan bhi aasman ki tarah  
khamosh hoti hain  
apnay jahaz ko uDa nahin paata  
hawaa main chakar hi lagata rehta hai  
khushi uski vo bhar nahin paata

vo is hairani main zindgi bhar dukhi rehti  
agar ek din andhayray main us ka bazoo  
itfaak se us k cheray pe barastay  
aansuoN ko na chHoo paata!

Ravi Kopra

# Silly Questions

Silly people ask  
The same silly questions -  
Why are we here?  
How can we live a good life?

Silly questions must have  
Silly answers -  
We are here for we like it here.  
We are here for we aren't there.

To live a good life  
Is not to live a bad life.  
Not living a bad life  
Will be living a good life.

Ravi Kopra

# Simplicity, A Poem By Barry Middleton In Urdu/Hindi Translation

Sadharanpan

gautam buddha ne kaha -  
jo tumare pass hai hi nahin  
uski chinta kyon karte ho

aadmi maraa jata hai sochte hue  
kya karoonga agar main kho gaya  
jo us k pass hai hi nahin

jaise jo daulat vo ikhadHi karega  
pait bharne, masti maarne k liye

ye hai buddha ji ka paigaam-  
sapnoN ki dheRH maar lagana bund karo  
har pal main rehne ki samaj karo

khawaish aur dar main jo pal tum ne khoey hain  
vo pal tHe tumari zindgi ki khushi k liey  
vo tum ne apni bevkoofi main khoey hain.

Ravi Kopra

# Single And Alone, A Hindi/Urdu Poem

zindgi main khoob aishaiN kiN  
sharabon k pyaley peeyey  
cHokriON se mohabtaiN kiN

shaddi nahin ki  
bachay na hue  
cHokrian bhag gaeen

ma baap mar gaey  
bhai bhen bikhar gaey  
dost gaaeb ho gaey

barf bahr paD rehi hai  
parvaroN main log khushi se  
saath saath reh rahe hain

sir pakDae apna kursi par akela  
gum main paDa mar raha hoon  
koi bhi is duniya main nahin hai mera

ye kismat main na likha tha  
apni kismat khud likhte likhte  
ab apne ko dutkar raha hoon

kaash muje zindgi ek baar fir mile  
maa-baap ki baataiN sun looNga  
apna parivar bana looNga

Ravi Kopra

# Sitting Alone On Jingting Shan Hill, A Chinese Poem Of Li Bai In Translation

Flocks of birds  
in the distance, flying high  
A lonely cloud drifts by, idly.  
I look at the cloud  
The cloud looks back at me  
We do not get tired of each other  
only on Jingting Shan hill.

- rendered from a literal translation at web pages:

Crowd birds high fly utmost  
Lonely cloud alone go idle  
Mutual watch both not tire  
Only be Jingting Shan

Ravi Kopra

# Six Landays

Pussy catcher, how many cats did you catch today?  
None. I see. The tomcats tore off your balls? (1)

Come kiss me, she says. Don't be afraid  
No. I am afraid of your mom's murghabis, her cHitters (2)

Making love to an old man is like  
fucking a wrinkled, dry, molded stalk of corn (3)

The is variation of an Afghani landay.  
murghabi = fashionable, expensive Punjabi women's footwear  
cHitters = a pair of sandals, shoes

Henna shows its color when crushed on a stone  
I will crush you making love till you moan (4)

You reject her - her eyes like cat's, on her head a wig  
And you - body of an elephant, face of a pig! (5)

My daughter, your wife. You call her ugly  
Khasma-khania, in the mirror see your face (6)

Khasma-khania = a cuss word in Punjabi= the one who is pain in the ass of the provider

Ravi Kopra

# Skulls Of The Soldiers

Skulls of the soldiers buried in fields  
remind us of the games their masters play at will.  
Are the soldiers not like the kept animals of the past  
who ploughed the fields for your wheat and sugar  
who gave you milk and butter  
who carried your bricks, stones and mortar  
who pulled your buggies and carts  
who carried you to play polo, to bull fights  
to parties, to festivities and to your funerals?

Soldiers of the world, rise up, go get united  
wake up, don't be slaves no more, don't be like animals  
don't take orders from your masters  
you don't know you have more power than them  
but need a little awakening to light up your minds.  
You have been used and abused for centuries by your masters.  
Refuse to be soldiers, choose the noble professions.  
Just imagine if  
there are no soldiers in the world to fight the wars  
will there be any wars?  
Will man not live in peace and love one another?

Ravi Kopra

# Sleeping On A Night Of Autumn Rain, A Chinese Poem Of Bai Juyi In Translation

In the third month of autumn  
on a cold night  
a lonely old man goes to bed peacefully  
it is late, his lamp out already  
untroubled, he sleeps well  
amidst the sounds of falling rains  
hot fragrant ashes in his fire pot  
raise the warmth of his quilt and covers  
when dawn comes, clear and cold  
he's still sleeping, feeling comfy  
he does not get up.  
Outside the streets are covered  
with red frosted leaves.

-rendering from a literal translation on the web:

Cold cold 3rd autumn night  
Peaceful leisure one old man  
Lie late lamp go out after  
Sleep beautiful rain sound in  
Ash long warm bottle fire  
Fragrance increase warm quilt cover  
Sawn clear cold not rise  
Frost leaf full level red

Ravi Kopra



# Smitten By Love, Translation Of A Song In Baabul, An Indian Hindi Movie

Smitten by his love,  
where can she go  
to tell her sufferings?

She got drenched in  
colors of his love,  
calling him darling

repeatedly.  
She merged with him.  
She became a shadow

of her unfaithful lover.  
Everywhere she looked for the  
roads leading him home.

Everyday she cried out his  
name, she couldn't still  
set straight his ways.

Smitten by his love,  
where can she go  
to tell her sufferings?

Ravi Kopra

# Snow At Night, A Chinese Poem Of Bai Juyi In English Translation

In the middle of the night  
I wondered why my pillow  
and quilt felt so cold!  
My window was shining bright.  
Outside heavy snow was falling.  
I heard crack, crack, the snapping  
sounds of bamboo from time to time.

Ravi Kopra

# So Beautiful Is She

When I saw her photo for the first time  
I got mesmerized  
Dreaming blue eyes  
so beautiful  
short curly wavy blond hair  
a huge pleasant smile  
dimples, not wrinkles  
she looked so youthful, cheerful  
Hypnotized, I swayed  
What could happen I thought  
if I kept on looking at her!

I do not know.

But what do I know is this:  
If De Vinci had seen her once  
Mona Lisa would not be in the Louvre.

I cannot forget her blue eyes  
her face, her heart warming smile  
I close my eyes and still  
I see her vividly.

Ravi Kopra

# So Many Fools In The World, A Hindi/Urdu Poem On Fools

- for R.M.

Har koi akalmand nahin ho sakta  
is liyey dunia main bahut moorakh hotay hain  
is liyey mujhe moorkhoN se koi narazgi, shikayat nahin hai

Lakin jab moorkh apne ko akalmand samajhane lag jaate hain  
aur apni moorkhta aklamandi se jhaDtay hain  
jo unki kavita k swaroop main bhi hoti hai

To lagta hai ye kavi mahan duniya k sab se oonchay moorakh hain  
unki moorkhta se baD kar koi aur moorakh nahin ho sakta  
kyon k wo apne moorkhon k jalsay main ek se ek baD kar hotay hain

Main bhi moorkh bun baitha  
jab ek aisay moorakh se apna maatha laga baitha  
galat fehmi se usko ek hans samajh baitha

Jab baat us se ki to us k moonh se  
zahar ka ek dariya nikal baitha  
jaldi se us ko raam raam keh kar

Apne khayaloN main fir kho baitha -  
har koi akalmand nahin ho sakta  
is liyey dunia main bahut moorakh hotay hain

Ravi Kopra

# So Many Fools In This World, An English Translation Of A Poem

- for R.M.

Not everyone in this world could be wise  
That's why there are fools in this world  
That's why I do not mind their foolishness in this world

But when fools project themselves as wise  
And show their foolishness as their wisdom  
Writing in the form of poetry

It seems these great poets are the dumbest ones  
And there is no poet dumber than them  
Since in their party of fools one is greater than the other

I myself felt I was a fool  
When I chatted with another such poet  
Who I thought was an egret but turned out to be a raven

When he spoke to me  
A river full of poison gushed out of his mouth  
I hurriedly bade goodbye by saying Raam Raam to him

And drowned once again in my thoughts:  
Not everyone in this world could be wise  
That's why there are fools in this world.

Ravi Kopra

# So Weak Headed Am I! So Dumb Am I! A Bijay Kant Dubey Inspired Poem

So weak headed am I!  
So dumb am I!  
I want glamour in my life  
For it, I will even kill myself  
I have no control. I have this secret urge,

Next time when I see someone  
putting his neck in a noose made by  
the silken, gold threaded saari of his wife,  
I will do the same. I have no control over myself.  
I will kill myself, I will end my life the way someone did  
I will be hanging dead from her dowry's saari's knot around my neck  
My body will be swinging in the air by the wafts the creaking fans  
that too came to my house as dowry gifts when I married my wife.

Why die an ordinary routine death of an ordinary man?  
Why not die with cancer of lung, throat, food pipe, guts and testicles  
that smoking cigars in glory brings?  
Why miss the glamour in life that smoking cigarettes, cigars and bidis bring?  
Oh that curls of smoke, Oh that burning ends of cigars  
oh that cinders that fly in the air when you smoke cigars!  
How can I resist them? I will give my life for them.

Ravi Kopra

# Soft Soft Lingerin' Feelings Of Love

Your love is  
sweet ambrosia  
I drink everyday

Don't say no  
I love you  
let's share our bed tonight

Full midnight spring moon  
I see through the bed room window  
and you feel me full inside

Your head on my thighs  
moves vigorously  
for ecstatic delights

My hands  
cup you face  
my lips love your lips

Midnight monsoon thunders  
Never stopping rains  
you like a kitten in bed curl up in my arms

My head on your bosom  
my hands hold tsammas  
my lips sip nectar to keep me alive

My hands slide on your curly tresses  
silky and soft they feel  
I sigh in love, my soul heals

On the shore of the sea  
the sun is setting behind the orange clouds  
my hands around your waist, we kiss and watch the sunset

Your hand in my hand feels so soft  
we saunter in the mall  
my arms rub you body, occasionally

You on top or I on top  
we bury ourselves into each other  
time after time

I plough your field  
diligently  
I get my son eventually

Ravi Kopra



## Some Beautiful Young Women (Kalidasa)

Some Beautiful Young Women (Kalidasa)

Some beautiful young  
women fully fulfilled after  
making love, still feel the

rushes rising in their thighs  
and reaching up their groins.  
These women dip

themselves in oils  
and massage themselves,  
sitting in the morning sun.

They let off the surges  
still persisting after having  
made love.

Ravi Kopra

# Some Body Else, A Poem By Jackie Kay In Hind/Urdu Translation

Koi Aur

Agar main aap na hoti, to kuch aur hoti  
Asal main main koi aur hoon  
Main sari zindgi se koi aur hoon

Ye yahan koi hasne ki baat nahin hai  
K main hamesha se koi aur rahi hoon:  
Log mujhe koi aur samajhte hain  
Main bhi apne aap ko koi aur samajhti hoon.

Ravi Kopra

# Some For The Glories Of This World, A Hindi/Urdu Translation Of A Rubai Of Omar Khyyam

kuch log aah ki saansaiN bharte rehte hain  
aur kuch jannat ki hurioN k intzaar main rehte hain  
moorakh logo, khao, peeo, aish karo, bhool jao khuda k waidoN ko  
bhool jao hurrioN k rangeeli naach aur rusilee gaanoN ko

Ravi Kopra

# Some For The Glories Of This World, A Rubiayat Of Omar Khyyam In Hindi/Urdu Translation

kuch log duniya ki mahima gaate rehte hain  
kuch jannat k intzar main rehte hain  
arey pagley logo! khaao-peeo kushi se raho  
bhool jao Allah k mohammadk wahedoN ko!

Ravi Kopra

## Some Poets, A Poem In Hindustani

kuch kavi aisay hain  
jo subah subha uthtay hain  
aur poem of the day lekhak ko  
mumbarkain denay lag jaatay hain -

kya khoob hai tumari kavita  
kya khyaal hain is kavita main  
kya ehsaas hain is k  
kitni acHi tarah se likhi gayi hai  
kitni akalmandi main bhari hue hai  
mubarak ho mubarak ho  
main dooNga is ko pooray k pooray dus plus

aur main lag jaata hun  
videshi kavita ko hindustani  
main badalnay k liyae  
ta k jin bharti bhai-behno ko  
angrezi kuch kam aati hai  
samajh sakaiN k saray jahaan k kavi  
nahin paida hotay hain bharat main  
jo kavita ki har doori line main  
le aatay hain bhagwaan ka naam  
apna chamatkaar dikhanay main

Ravi Kopra

## Some Punjabi Haynakus - Love, Romance

pyaareya  
tere moonh  
wich mithay ladoo

teri  
chummi baDi  
mithee mithhe hai

aa  
hik wari  
fir pyaar kariye

hun  
chummi na  
maar. Raat Nu

o  
sohniey, muskra  
de hik wari

pyaar  
tere nal  
hoya. keh karaN

Zyada  
na stah  
tainu chaNda haaN

Besharam  
ankhan piya  
maari jaanda hai

bhaj  
Ja. tere  
ghar maN nahin?

aaO  
ji, baDeY  
din ho gaey

oh  
challa giya  
main dukhi haaN

pyaar  
ki keeta!  
rona peena keeta

jeena  
hi tan  
idhar na aaeN

bolo  
ji, tuhada  
main sewak haan

Baad  
wich. Bachay  
ajay jaagde hun

raat  
lambi hai  
pyaar karan leyi

zara honsla

kar. jaldi  
di kee hai

holay  
holay, pyaar  
karaNgay. dil bharke

cummiaN  
maarneH taaN  
muchhaN kat lae

terian  
chummiaN kha  
ke main mari

Wyah  
na keeta  
taaN jaan sambhaleeN

tunsi  
kitne mithay  
mithay lagde ho

tooN  
kitni sohni  
pyaari lagdi aeN

pyaar  
ho giya  
wyah kadOn hosi?

tere  
moonh wich



ladoo, mere pyaariya

terian

muchhaN tay

chummiaN. Haaey rabba!

pyaar

khoob keeta

raat chungi nikli

Ravi Kopra

# Some Verses From Bhagavad Gita In English Translation

Not doing evil acts  
But still thinking of them  
Man fools himself  
And a pretender he becomes.

Bhagavad Gita 3: 6

\*\*\*

Do that you must do.  
Better to do something than do nothing  
To keep yourself going ahead in life  
You have to do something.

Bhagavad Gita 3: 8

\*\*\*

Without concern for the fruits of actions  
Always in earnest doing your duty  
Working without attachment  
Man gets the rewards supreme.

Bhagavad Gita 3: 19

\*\*\*

Not attached to material world  
Egoless but brave and resolute  
Unmoved by success or failure  
You're of moral aptitude.

Bhagavad Gita 18: 26

\*\*\*

Adhere to your moral beliefs

Don't hesitate for the rights you deserve  
For no one is better than  
A warrior fighting a righteous war.

Bhagavad Gita 2: 31

\*\*\*

O Partha! happy are the warriors  
Fighting such unsought wars  
Opening for themselves the doors  
To enter into the heaven.

Bhagavad Gita 2: 32

\*\*\*

Not fighting the righteous war  
Not carrying out religious duties  
You will incur sins, indeed  
And lose your warrior's repute.

Bhagavad Gita 2: 33

\*\*\*

Speaking forever ill of you  
People will disgrace you.  
For a man of honor  
Dishonor is worse than death.

Bhagavad Gita 2: 34

Ravi Kopra

# Someone Somewhere Is Falling In Love

Someone somewhere is falling in love  
someone's getting out of love  
if your love has left you  
what's the big deal? What's fuss?  
these are the ways of world

he will find another love  
if he hasn't already  
so will you  
what's the big deal? what's the fuss?  
these are the ways of the world

why should everything last for ever  
or till we die and give two hoots to the world  
when you have love  
give your lover, love  
get his her love

love grows when you give and get  
and don't forget  
it does grow on trees  
like plums and cherries  
go pluck them, enjoy your love

seasons come and go  
they don't last forever  
so does love  
go get it  
go give it  
it will multiply like  
rabbits romping in your backyard

but remember, love dies  
when there's too much or too little of it  
Buddha says live in love  
don't die in love  
don't kill your love in love

love may stay

love may come. love may go  
what's the big deal? what's the fuss?  
these are the ways of the world  
when you have love, live in love, don't fuss.

Ravi Kopra

# Something Like Ill At Ease It Is, A Urdu Ghazal By Jaun Eliya In English Translation

Something like ill at ease it is  
Together yet apart, as it is

The life I could not live, I did live  
How unfortunate all it is

I have been homeless all my life  
Now my shadow on others, what a pain it is

I cannot not sleep without you  
Even my sleep seems to be yours, as it is

How can I be with you without you  
My breathing tears me apart, as it is

My heart, you need not be told  
Waits for you day and night, as it is

Wherever we are, together or apart  
I never ever forget you, as it is

I feel fragrance rising in my heart  
You must be heading here, as it is

My life has been full of bad accidents  
No moment of peace ever, as it is

Be happy, you live your life fully  
I have been looking for happiness, as it is

Ravi Kopra

# Sometime You Want To Escape From Life - A Urdu/Hindi Poem

zindagi main kuch aisa be waqt aata hai  
jab tum sichne lagta ho main kahan fansa hoon  
tumhara dard tumain chotDta nahin  
tum chale jaana chahte ho is duniya se  
un lehmon main tumaian pata lagne lagta hai  
tum kya ho, kaun cheez ho

ye koi bimari nahi hoti tumhe  
koi kasoor nahi hota  
ya to tum ye apnapan le kar  
is jahaan main aaye they  
ya aakar yahan tum ne  
kuch kafi chotaiN khaii hain

ilaaj is ka mushkil to hai  
lakin mumkin hai  
aur tumhare apne haath main hai

tumain jana paDey ga apne andar  
apni rooh ko dhundne k liye  
aur ek tooti buniyad par mandir  
banana ho ga tum ko apne liye

sirf wohi jin ki bunyaad tumhare jaisi hai  
ya jinon ne tumhari jaise takrain khaai hain  
aaeNgay tumhare pass haath baDaey madad k liye  
aur sab bhool jaeNgay tumhe ye zamana zalim hai

Ravi Kopra

# Sometimes I Feel Nothing

Sometimes I feel  
I feel nothing  
A tornado passes over me  
Winds carry me into the sea  
Floods drown me  
Fires burns me  
A mountain of rocks slides over me  
I feel untouched, unmoved  
I am dead  
I feel nothing  
Nothing happens to me  
Nothing stirs me  
I am a cliff, a rock  
Numb, rock bottom  
I feel nothing.

Ravi Kopra



# Sometimes We Have To Do This, A Punjabi Poem By Baba Najmi In English Translation

Sometimes we have to do this -  
to take poison to kill ourselves  
to sell our blood to keep on living  
to swim in the bloody rivers to reach our goals  
to shed our tears to preserve others' honors  
to work for the enemy to save our lives.  
And at other times, when 'Baba' is visiting us  
we have to bear with him.

Ravi Kopra

# Sometimes You Need Time For Yourself

Sometimes you need time for yourself  
to be yourself  
to calm your heart, mind, soul  
There is beauty but also too much  
nonsense in this world  
you cannot contain within yourself.  
Take time off  
Meditate. Reflect on yourself  
Look into your soul  
and flush off all nonsense -  
don't fret if some sense gets flushed off with it -  
if you do not want a shrink  
who might very well be himself  
full of junk and nonsense.  
Help yourself first before you help others  
you cannot otherwise.  
Love grows only if you  
grow it first within yourself.  
Love thyself first before you love thy neighbor  
and not as much as you love thyself.  
Don't read Mark twelve: thirty one.  
It makes no sense.

Ravi Kopra

# Song Of Myself, Xvii, A Poem By Walt Whitman In Hindi/Urdu Translation

mera apna geet XVII

jo mere khyal hain  
vo sub logoN k khyal hain, rehe hain, har yug, har desh main  
koi mere apne khyal nahin hain

agar vo tere mere wahi khyal nahin hain to vo kuch bhi nahin  
agar vo kisi paheli aur paheli k raaz k khyal nahin hain to vo kuch bhi nahin  
agar vo utne hi paas nahin hain jitne vo door hain to vo kuch bhi nahin

ye hai ghaas jo ugta hai jahan bhi zameen aur paani hai  
ye hai hum sab ki hawaa jo sari duniya ko ishnan karati rehti hai

Ravi Kopra

# Song: The Calling-Up By Muriel Rukeyser In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Sangeet: Pukar

afwah, jawaani us pe chaD rehi hai  
chahat ki mohabbat dil mil khil rehi hai  
baDi halki halki pyaari pyaari si

bachchay k piadash ki pukar -  
mera bapu kahan hai?  
pyaar bhari maaN  
uska jawaab deti hai

maut ki khabar -  
pathar maro dushmano ko  
dukh main waqt guzaro  
yeh zindgi ki kla taambay ki  
bani moortii se bhi pakki hai

Ravi Kopra

# Sorrow Of Departure, A Poem By Li Ching Chao In Hindi/Urdu Transaltion

laal kamal ki khusboo  
mani k pardon se ab ja rehi hai  
patjhaD ka mausam hai  
main akeli apna reshmi libas kholay  
orchid ki tairati kashti main baithi hoon  
kaun le jayega khat mera baadlon k paar ab?  
keval jungli bathkeN hi pooran masi k aasmaan main  
uDti hue apne kaksh bana rehi hain  
aur pashchami kamra chaandni se bhra hua hai.  
apni jaati k phool apas main khule rehlaate hain aur fir bikhar jate hain  
pani apni fitrat se bikhar jane k bad fir ek jagah ekhada ho jata hai  
jeev jant apni prakirti ke jeev jantoN ko chate hain  
lakin hum bahut door hain, dukh mein rehna main ne seekh liya hai  
mera dukh ab kabhi door na hoga  
ek kshan ye meri ankhoN k bhoron pe hota hai  
aur doosre kshan mere dil k bhoj ban jaata hai.

Ravi Kopra

# Sorrows Of My Heart, A Urdu Ghazal By Sabir Waseem In English Translation

Everyone knows your name now  
Every direction is clouded now

On the luck lines of my hand  
A shadow has appeared now

I hid your names from people  
It is all over my face now

Hearing your name in the desert  
The hanging cloud has vanished now

Between me and my god  
A wide gap has appeared now

When I take the new roads for a walk  
The roads get lost in shock now

The joyful evenings disappeared  
In sorrowful nights I grieve now

To quench my thirst I go to the river  
but the river has dried up now

In the heavens and on the earth  
My sorrows are everywhere now

(An added verse)

Sorrows of Ravi's heart are hard to tell  
Every one knows his heart is broken now

Ravi Kopra

# Sorrows Of My Life

O life!

Let me tell you  
my sorrows today

Let me tell you  
I want nothing to do with you

Except that  
I be fairly treated by you

My wife died a year ago  
My new love did not survive

My son became a hobo  
My daughter ran away, I do not know where

I slipped. Broke my pelvis placing  
flowers on the grave of my wife in the winter

Perhaps she wanted not to be left alone  
and wished I would just slip in six feet under

Everybody is so selfish  
Nobody wants me except my dead wife

But she isn't selfish, just lonely  
And wants to love me, eternally

She has no patience, wants no delays  
Hurry up, hurry up 'Ravi' I often hear her say.

O life  
What more sorrows of mine  
Can I tell you today!

Ravi Kopra

# Sorry, Sorry Says Momin Khan Momin

I don't recall  
what did I write  
in the moment  
of uneasiness

He shot dead  
the courier  
and sent his  
corpse in reply.

kya jaane kya likha tha use iztirab mein  
qasid ki laash aa.i hai ?hat ke javab mein

-Momin Khan Momin

Ravi Kopra



# South Of The River, A Chinese Poem By Han Yuefu In Translation

South of the river  
you can pick lotuses  
they look like  
a field of leaves  
around them  
the fish play  
in all directions.

-Rendered from a literal translation from web pages:

River south can pick lotus  
Lotus leaf how field field  
Fish play lotus leaf in  
Fish play lotus leaf east  
Fish play lotus leaf west  
Fish play lotus leaf south  
Fish play lotus leaf north

Ravi Kopra

# Speak, An Urdu Poem Of Faiz Ahmad Faiz In English Translation

Speak, your lips are free  
Speak, your tongue is still free  
You own your life  
Speak, you are still alive  
Speak before your die  
This short time is long enough to speak  
Speak, the truth is still alive  
Speak, tell whatever you want to tell.

Ravi Kopra

# Speak, Your Lips Are Not Sealed, A Poem Of Faiz Ahmed Faiz In Translation

Speak, your lips are not sealed  
Speak, your tongue is yours  
Speak, your body is your own  
Speak, your life is yours

Speak, you can tell volumes in moments  
Before you die and cannot speak  
Tell that the truth still lives  
Speak what you must speak.

\*\*\*

The original in Urdu

Bol, ki lab aazad hain tere  
Bol, zaban ab tak teri hai  
Tera sutwan jism hai tera  
Bol, ki jaan ab tak teri hai  
Bol, ki thoda waqt bahut hai  
Jism-o-zuban ki maut se pehle  
Bol, ki sach zinda hai ab tak  
Bol, jo kuch kehna hai kehle

- Faiz Ahmed Faiz

Ravi Kopra

# Speech

When she speaks  
vowels become consonants  
consonants, vowels.  
No clauses, no phrases, no pauses  
No commas, no periods. no paras.

Constant chatter like parrots  
Or horses neighing.  
Not even them. They stop for a breath.  
She does not but hesitates at every other word  
it seems they get stuck behind her teeth  
and she has to use her tongue  
to push them out of her mouth.

Poor words come out beaten black and blue  
slithered with slimy saliva not knowing  
where to land. They roll over one another  
and make some haphazard clauses, phrases,  
and I spend minutes to make a sentence out of them  
while she keeps on pouring heaps of one word,  
two word, three word sentences I cannot figure out  
what they stand for and ask her to please do not  
muddle with the sounds of the words from the  
XLZY Fifty galaxy of this universe -  
Unexpected word intensities, timing of utterances,  
with no rhythm, no cadence, no intonation, no nothing.

Yet she does not stutter but no tone no inflections.  
My tortured ears have revolted against me now  
and I am learning to hear rolling my eyes, my tongue  
and moving my fingers up and down, left and right  
at all angles in squares, rectangles and circles...

Could you imagine what would it be like  
were you her lover?

Ravi Kopra

# Speech: "Tomorrow, And Tomorrow, And Tomorrow", A Poem By William Shakespeare In Hindi/Urdu Translation

bhavish bhavish bhavish ki baatain  
har roz har wakat log kartay rehtay hain  
aur kya hua bhoot kaal main?  
sub moorakh log chalay gaey is duniya se jaldi se  
buj gae unki battiaN jaldi se.  
zindhi ek anoDi ki stage par ek cHaya hai  
jo idhar udhar pareshani main chalti firti rehti hai  
aur fir hamesha k liyay ga-ib ho jati hai  
ye be-matlab be-kar kahani kisi bevkoof ne sunaee thee  
ye sab be-arth hai.

Ravi Kopra

# Spinster Emily Dickinson Dreams Of Love, Her Romantic Poem - Wild Nights! Wild Nights! - In Hindi/Urdu Translation

romani raatein! romani raatein!  
kash main tere saath hoti  
romani raatein main hoti hamari aiyashi!

dil mera ab tere pe lag gaya hai  
kisi aur baat ka ab kya faiyada  
kishti ko bandargah main paunch kar  
nakshay, hawa, kutubnama ka kya faiyada

mohabbat k sagar eden main  
chalo hum kishti main jaeN  
chalo hum apne badan ki kishtioN main  
miljul kar aaj raat ek ho jaeN!

Ravi Kopra

# Spring

is my season  
of failures

it was  
spring break

when I got  
addicted to sex

and could not  
sleep till

I lay someone  
quit studying

and got an F  
in every subject

I lit my  
first cigarette

in spring  
I fell in love

in spring  
and married

an equally  
delinquent woman

in spring

few jobs I  
could hold onto

I quit in spring  
and finally

I took to writing

poems in spring.

Ravi Kopra



# Spring Sleep, A Chinese Poem Of Bia Juayi In Translation

My pillow is low, quilt warm  
my body relaxed, peaceful  
sun shines on the door  
curtains still down  
freshness of spring is in the air  
I feel it even in my sleep.

-rendered from a literal translation from web pages

Pillow low quilt warm body smooth and steady  
Sunshine room door cloth not open  
Still have young spring air taste  
Often brief arrive sleep at come

Ravi Kopra

# Spring, A Poem By Edna St. Vincent Millay In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Bahar ka Mausam

April k mahinay  
tu kyon, kis matlab, fir wapas a gay hai?

Khoobsoorti koi har cheez nahin hoti  
laal laal chote se chipikatay patton se  
tum mere mun main shanti na le pao gay

Mujhe sab pata hai -  
jab main nokeen crocus k phool dekhti hoon  
sooraj meri gardun jala raha hota hai  
zameen ki saugandh achi khasi hoti hai  
ye saaf hai k koi mar nahin raha hai  
par is sab ka kya matlab hai?

Kabron main keeday  
murdoN ka dimag khatay hain!  
zinda rehna sab fazool baat hai  
zindagi ek khali pyala hai  
dari bagair ek siDi hai

Ye kafi nahin k har saal  
pahadi k neechay pagla sa  
April ka mahina har taraf phool  
bikhartay bakwas martay aa jata hai.

\*\*\*

Spring  
BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

To what purpose, April, do you return again?  
Beauty is not enough.  
You can no longer quiet me with the redness  
Of little leaves opening stickily.  
I know what I know.

The sun is hot on my neck as I observe  
The spikes of the crocus.  
The smell of the earth is good.  
It is apparent that there is no death.  
But what does that signify?  
Not only under ground are the brains of men  
Eaten by maggots.  
Life in itself  
Is nothing,  
An empty cup, a flight of uncarpeted stairs.  
It is not enough that yearly, down this hill,  
April  
Comes like an idiot, babbling and strewing flowers.

Ravi Kopra

# Stardust, A Spanish Poem By Raul Rivero Translated Into Urdu

Julia Roberts shayad galti kar bethi hai  
jabhi dekho meri taraf hi uski nazar hoti hai  
aur main apna muNh doosri taraf kar leta hoon  
mujhay wo phisalna chahti hai  
main usko sazza deta rehata hoon

jab vo kuch mujh se kehne lagti hai  
main kaan apnay bund kar leta hoon  
jab vo aankhain cham-chamaktay dekhti hai  
main apna baazoo chehre pe le aata hoon  
aur jab vo mujay haawaaee chumi deti hai  
main usay dutkaar se dekhta hoon  
jab vo lafaD-dafaD si bolti hai  
main kamray se nikal jaata hoon  
meri nafrat se vo ek but ki tarah khaDi rehti hai

main aksar din bhar laparwahi se rehta hoon  
magar jab raat aa jaati hai to such ye hai k  
main uski aag main taRapta hoon  
aur usko main apni ek THandi hawaa  
ki pankhi bana leta hoon.

Ravi Kopra

# Stay With Me

You come floating into my life  
coloring my soul softly  
When I see your lips, I see red roses  
when I see your eyes, I see blue seas  
and when I see you walking, coming to me  
smiling, doves dance in my heart  
Your hair is shining gold, your body, white  
rain on me, quench my soul, it has been thirsty  
I want to visit your hills, mounds, dark caves  
I want to swim in the deep oceans of your eyes  
my woman, my flower, don't go  
you are already here, stay with me.

Ravi Kopra

# Staying Overnight With Xie Shihou In The Xu Family Library And Being Bothered By Hearing Rats, A Chinese Poem Of Mei Yaochen In Translation

The lamp light is blue  
Everybody is asleep  
Hungry little rats come out of a hole  
stir cups and plates, make noise  
Startled by noise I get up  
My dream ends  
I worry they will topple the inkpot  
they will eat books on the shelf  
The silly boy in me copies the cat-call  
I start mewling  
But the plan is stupid  
it does not scare the little rats.

-rendered fro a literal translation on web pages

Lamp blue person already asleep  
Hungry rat little out hole  
Stir upset plate cup make noise  
Startle din dream stop  
Only worry table inkstone hit  
Again fear shelf book gnaw  
Silly boy effect cat call  
This plan really already stupid

Ravi Kopra

# Steadily Coolly Oscillate After J Sheba Anandhi

"Steadily coolly oscillate"  
Be gentle, no haste  
Till you are all in

Then stop for a while  
To amplify all that you have  
Rusting inside you for a long time

Attack, attack, annihilate  
Conquer the valley, the mountains  
The clogged ravines in waiting  
And see the stars in skies, shining!

Ravi Kopra

# Steal Love - A Japanese Haiku In Urdu/Hindi Translation

jhoole main hidole lo  
bahar main  
aur chura lo kisi ka dil

Ravi Kopra



# Still Life On A Matchbox Lid, Translated Into Hindi/Urdu

Shanti maatchas ki dibbiya par

Dil main aankhon se zyada shanti hoti hai  
rishi maha rishi jinoN ne sansaar dekha hai

Ye acHi tarah jaante hain  
k aasani se kabhi bhi hum bulandi pe nahin ja sakte hain -  
zara socho, kuttay ka ek baal hawaa ko kaat sakta hai

Agar tumhain shanti chahiye  
to aaram se ye nahin milegi  
khoob kaam karna paDega is ko paane k liye.

Bhool jao bhoot kaal ko  
sansaar fizool ki cheezain apne saath rakhe nahin rehta hai  
na to inka koi naam hai, na hi in main koi paigam hai

Ravi Kopra

# Still My Heart Was Empty

I had all the riches in the world  
I could live in luxury  
go anywhere, buy anything  
I thought I was the high and mighty  
still my heart was empty.

I gave up everything  
became indifferent to prosperity  
came to live in a mountain hut  
overlooking the vast sea.

I see the fish swim in the spring water  
swallows dancing in the east wind  
lotus hearts floating in the pond  
I hear willows rhyming in the wind.

The deer come to see me in the morning  
take carrots from my hands for breakfast  
little bunnies bounce around in my garden  
full of roses, hibiscus, chrysanthemums, jasmine.

The roosters wake me up with their calls  
I don't need no watches, no alarm clocks  
a murmuring stream flows near my garden  
I built a Buddha shrine there under a tree.

In the deep valley below, cherry blossoms bloom  
I meditate, I go for walks, I swim in the ocean  
friends come to visit me, we talk, laugh, drink wine  
lie down under the moon, read poetry, have good times  
I find happiness here the riches could not find.

Ravi Kopra

# Stop It Now, She Said, Enough Is Enough

I am not ignorant, maybe not ignorant enough  
Stop it now, she said, enough is enough

I love her so much, she knows it well  
I complain: her love for me isn't enough

His wife left him. He drank all night. Swooned on the floor  
Heart broken was he. Drowned in sorrows. Really sad enough

The monsoon came. Pitch dark all day. Lightening in skies  
My cats got scared. Ran inside. Loud thunders were enough

So mean was my boss, the SOB as he is. I lost control  
Threw my PC at him. Walked out of office. That was enough

My daughter came home late. I was angry at her. She seemed  
not to care. I ordered her to keep shut. Her pouting was enough

He smokes in bed and goes to sleep and dreams of his love  
The bed got fire. The room full of smoke. One cig was enough

Find another women, said my friend when my wife died in an accident  
For Allah's sake never, I said. If alive she'd have killed me soon enough

I was always a failure in life no matter how hard I worked  
Allah was angry at you, said the mullah. You did not pray enough

'Ravi' has now taken to poetry. Day and night he reads and writes poetry  
Nobody reads his poems. He pisses readers off. He isn't smart enough.

Ravi Kopra

# Stopping By Woods On A Snowy Evening By Robert Frost In Urdu Translation

ye kis k peDon ka khet hai mujhe pata hai  
vo gaon main rehta hai, usko pata nahin chalay ga  
k main yahan ghoDay pe ruka hua dekh raha hun  
uske baraf bhare kheton ko

mera chota sa ghoDa sochta hai k ye kya ajeeb baat hai  
main yahan ruka hua hoon jahan sam biyabaan hai  
in peDon k kheton aur jheel k beehsaal ki sab say bari kaali raat hai

vo saazo-o-samaan ko hilata hai aur ghanti bhajaae poochta hai  
k main kisi galti main to nahin hoon  
uski ghanti aur dheeray dheeray chalti hawa  
aur halki si girti barf ki awaaz k siwaa, yahan sab kuch sun-saan hai

sab ghanae peD khoobsoorat hain  
lakin main ne apne waday pooray karnay hain  
aur sonay se pehlay bahut door jaana hai  
bahut door jaana hai.

- 
- 

Ravi Kopra

# Strange, Is It Not? Rendering Omar Khayyam

Strange, millions of men died telling the road to heaven  
And yet none returned even once to show us this road  
If after death they themselves reached the preached heaven  
Or how maggots ate them with their empty skulls left behind.

-RK

XLIX.

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who  
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through  
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,  
Which to discover we must travel too.

-Omar Khayyam

Ravi Kopra

# Struggle, A Poem In Urdu

main zindgi bhar  
kisi na kisi kash-makash main paDa raha

ek mulk se doosray mulk main bhaagta raha  
nokri ki tailash karta raha  
har ek koDi joDta raha  
dar se k kaam kaaj bina  
kahin bhookh se na mar jaoon

kisi par bharosa na tha  
sabhi log char so bis lagtay thay  
khuda ka naam zubaan pe nahin tha

kartay kartay sari umar aise beet gayi  
dil karta nahin ab kuchH karnay ko  
daulat meri saari zindgi kha gayee  
jo main chahta tha ab usay hi thukrata hoon  
baDi der main samaj main aaya mujay  
siraf paisa hi nahin hai zindgi.

Ravi Kopra

# Sublime Prescription (Uddat Dawa Ka Parcha) , Dr. Dilip Kumar Swain's English Poem In Hindi

Uddat Dawa Ka Parcha

socho socho theek socho  
peeo peeo shudh jal peeo  
gao gao sureelay geet gao  
nacho nacho chamak k nacho  
khao khao swaadi khana khao  
khwaab dekho baDay baDay khawaab dekho  
so jaao so jaao khoob so jaao

Ravi Kopra

# Suspicious Took Me No Where Earlier, A Urdu Ghazal Of Kishwar Naheed In English Translation

Suspicious took me no where earlier  
They are still here as they were earlier

Desires turned into wrinkles on my face  
The wounds were hidden in my heart earlier

Now I cry losing worthless things  
I used to be too calculating earlier

A thorn is out my heart, so it seems now  
Tears used to flow from my eyes earlier

The gatherings these days are just for show  
We used to meet in good faith earlier

My thoughts are frozen, so it seems now  
I used to be fiery in speech earlier

My loneliness never leaves me now  
It never used to be like this earlier

Ravi Kopra



# Sweet Moment Stay With Me, A Urdu Love Poem After Ernestine Northover

ay mere meetHay meetHay lehme  
raho ek pal aur raho  
is chaand ke neechay  
meri yaari ki  
ye pehli chummi hai  
is chummi se zara aur  
mere dil ko machalne do

ye jazba mera dil khila raha hai  
zara isko thoDa aur khilano do  
tu ne apnay ek pal main  
meri duniya badal dali hai  
mujay is duniya main janay do

jao nahin jaldi se  
ruko ruko, ek pal aur ruko  
mera dil muskra raha hai  
isay thoDa aur muskrany do

ruko ruko, ek pal aur ruko  
mera dil meetha meetha pyaar  
dheere dheere le raha hai  
isay thoDa aur lene do

Ravi Kopra

# Sweet Moment, Stay With Me A Little Longer, A Love Poem After Ernestine Northover

Sweet moment, stay with me a little longer  
Stay, stay for another moment  
Beneath the full moon with my new lover  
It is my first kiss on his lips  
Let my heart relish it a little longer

You are warming my heart  
Let it be warm a little longer  
You showed me a new world this moment  
Let me enter this world of love

Please don't go away soon  
Stay, stay a little longer  
My heart is smiling  
Let it smile a little longer

Stay, stay a little longer  
My heart is slowly  
Relishing this new wonderful love  
Let it relish new love a little longer.

Ravi Kopra

# Sweetness, A Spanish Poem By Gabriela Mistral In English Translation

My dear mother  
Tender mother of mine  
Let me tell you  
A sweetest of all things.

My body is yours  
That you put together in a bouquet  
In your lap  
Let it stir a little.

You play to be a leaf  
And I will be the dew  
In your crazy arms  
Suspend me in the air.

My dear mother  
You are my whole world  
Let me tell you  
My extreme love for you.

Ravi Kopra

# Take A Chill Pill

Speech is silver  
silence is gold.  
And what's making scholarly  
comments on poems of well known  
you do not understand?

I said: foolishness  
and a scholarly commentator  
at once shouted back: take  
a chill pill, speak for  
yourself, you aren't collegiate

Perhaps he forgot to add:  
And not a flatterer, either.

Ravi Kopra

# Take This Kiss Upon Thy Mouth

Take this kiss upon thy mouth  
Before I head to the south,  
To fight for the confederate till end  
For only whites could ever be my friend,  
I love you with my heart but sad you seem  
And think my days will end in a dream,  
Yet if I let my hope fly away  
In a dark night or gloomy day,  
In a vision or in none  
Life will be dull, no fun,  
Do not cry for me if in the war I die  
My soul in the sky will fly high,  
On my way to heaven on a flashing beam  
Lifting me high & saying- my dream was but a dream.

Ravi Kopra

# Taking Refuge In Mother Kali

I have overcome sorrows of the world  
the people have embraced me

So happy am I now  
my worries have gone to the winds

I was delicate, made of glass  
and the world stoned me

When I bowed before mother Kali  
I turned into a Koh-e-noor.

Ravi Kopra

# Tantric Sex

Is it the secret wish of man  
to annihilate himself?

To lose its bodily self  
still keeping conscious self?

The spirit

What does happen at the moment  
of climax?

Losing oneself

He disappears for  
a moment, delving into  
grandness, merging with it

Tantric climax  
Sex

Oneness  
Godliness.

Ravi Kopra

# Tavern's Gate - Rendering Omar Khayyam

They waited till they heard the cock-a-doodle-doo  
And starting banging at the tavern's gate  
Open it, open it soon, we can no longer wait  
Fill our cups to the full, it's already getting late

\*\*\*

III.

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before  
The Tavern shouted - 'Open then the Door!  
You know how little while we have to stay,  
And, once departed, may return no more.'

Ravi Kopra



# Tell Us The Tales Of Your Romance

Listen to me for a moment  
Tell us the tales of your romance

In this Allah-created world  
Everyone is asking  
What good will it do  
If you hide the  
secrets of your love.

(O ya! my 'Aatish' friend,  
You think you are the smarty one.  
If her mom comes to know that  
I meet with her daughter  
in the dark alleys at nights,  
She would spare no moment  
And come running after me with  
A pair of her old sandals.  
She would hit my scalp to pulp  
Till I lose all my hair.)

sun to sahi jahañ meñ hai tera fasana kya  
kahti hai tujh ko ?halq-e-?huda gha.ebana kya

- HAIDAR ALI AATISH

Ravi Kopra

# Tell Your Heart

Tell your head to understand  
Tell your heart to be understandable  
Let your soul wander  
it will come back to its nest.

Ravi Kopra

# Tender Is The Night

&quot;Tender is the Night&quot;  
Tender is she  
in a see through  
red gown  
long black hair  
white thighs  
red glossed lips  
big soft mounds  
drinking rum with coke  
waiting for his client's  
knock  
on her door  
to welcome him  
in her warm self  
to give him warmth  
of soft spots  
till he's done  
with the milky flow  
of Eros.

Ravi Kopra

# Thai Wisdom

When the cat callers call  
&quot;Take ears to the field, take eyes to the farm&quot;

But when a lover calls  
Rush to him with all your beauty, charms, brains

He will protect you  
And keep you close to his heart

Unless he has a harem  
Full of women like you and is fooling you

Then do not forget  
To take your eyes and ears with you

Ravi Kopra

# Thanksgiving, Two Thousand Seventeen

Thanksgiving  
two thousand seventeen  
bellies ballooning full of stuffed turkeys  
shirts, pants, blouses, skirts, knickers  
bursting at the seams, people with families  
walk around half awake, walking in malls  
window shopping, seeing movies, doing nothing  
all over united states of america  
from Alabama to Alaska, from NY to Maui, Hawaii.

Poor turkeys, what was your karma!  
They slaughter you in millions and pardon only two of you!  
They have a tiny bit of conscious left  
Rest has gone to winds, to bank vaults, to coffers  
in the cities on shining hills  
from coast to coast with cut throats  
and the like.

You butchered Indians now your butcher turkeys  
Is it the family affair, in your blood DNA?  
Oh no, your RBC is all pure, it has no  
core, no DNA. It is your soul.  
It is what you hoard all across the board.

And what a face to show!  
You plunder their land, kill them, make them homeless  
You even kill their turkeys for your roasted dinner,  
stuff your selves, gobble them down with family and friends  
have good times all year around and on the thanksgiving day you give  
thanks to yourselves celebrating what you have done to Indians.

Happy thanksgiving to North Americans!  
Should I add native Indians too who celebrate it for their killings!  
What have we done to our conscience, minds, hearts, souls?  
Do we have them, still?

Ravi Kopra

# That Evening, A Love Poem After Jaydev Shukla

I remember that rainy spring evening  
when you sneaked in like a furtive cat  
and covered my eyes from behind  
with a wave of your hands.

Waves of fresh fragrance of  
roses and jasmine rolled from you  
to my waiting rough cheeks.

That moment, your breasts  
like the scent of unripe fruits,  
pressed gently against  
my sun burnt back.

The fish flapping her fins  
in the unseen waters of the world,  
left her presence on my neck.

Ravi Kopra

# That Man, A Ghazal Of Ubaidullah Aleem In Translation

Said he was a rose and pricked me, that man  
Said he was light and burned down my home, that man

All my dreams and feelings were colorful  
He turned them all into fiction, that man

Where do I go now, where do I prosper?  
He cast a net of thorns for me, that man

I cannot turn back nor can I go further  
On strange paths he lead me, that man

His love was strange, so was his hate  
He was like me, he dived into me, that man

He was all love, he came to soothe me  
But he left me with heart aches, that man

The world is an illusion, I finally realized  
But he had already made a fool of me, that man

\*\*\*

-the original Urdu ghazal in devanagari script

??? ????? ?? ?????? ???? ??? ?? ????  
??? ?????? ?? ?? ?? ??? ??? ?? ?????

????? ??? ?????? ?? ????? ?????? ?????  
?????? ?? ?? ?????? ??? ??? ?? ?????

??? ??? ??? ??? ?????? ??? ?????? ??? ??????  
?????? ?? ??? ??-?? ?????? ??? ?? ?????

??? ?????? ??? ?? ?????? ??? ?????? ??? ??  
????? ?? ??? ?? ??????? ??? ??? ?? ?????

?????????? ?? ???? ?? ?? ??????? ?? ????  
???? ???? ?? ?? ??? ??? ??? ??? ?? ?????

?? ?????? ?? ?????-??-???? ??? ??  
??? ??? ?? ????? ??? ????? ??? ?? ?????  
[??-???? = ??? ???; ??? = ?? ]

???? ?? ????? ?? ?????-???? ?? ???????  
?? ?? ??? ??? ?? ?????? ??? ??? ?? ?????

-???????????? ?????

Ravi Kopra



# That's All I Have To Say

Call me  
And I will tell you then -  
Get to know me, understand me  
And I'll whisper into your ears -

I will never leave you  
Nor will I chingue you  
But will keep you mine all times

I'd never kiss your ass  
Nor get angry with you  
But your sweet voice in my ears will stay  
As the koel's songs when it sings

Even though you are far off  
Still I feel you in my heart  
It makes me happy though  
Some may say it's all looney

That's all I have to say  
I will not change your way  
It's up to you now, whether  
You want me or want to leave me.

Ravi Kopra

# That's It. He Made It So Simple

I was six thousand miles away from home  
A three word message on my phone -  
All intelligible.

A murmur of just three words  
A male voice in such a hurry I could not make it  
I had not heard such a blur in years. I could not fathom

It was my brother's voice I heard after thirty years in self exile  
I listened to the message many times. Could not make it  
Days passed by. I listened again and finally realized -

Kehar Singh Died.

I was blank. Felt nothing. Just stared into the clear sky  
He never loved me. I never loved him.  
He was born. He lived. He died. Like any other being.

That's it. He's gone. My heart is cold as it has ever been for him.  
Nothing to mourn or eulogise. He made it so simple.  
He was my father for fifty years on paper. Nondescript.

Ravi Kopra

# The Axis Of My World

What would you say  
If I tell you

When I caress you  
lying beside you in bed

or when your head is  
in my lap on the weekend

in the park where we go picnicking  
watching ducks sailing in the pond

and when I embrace you -  
holding you, caressing you

kissing you, hugging you  
pouring my love all over you

I get lost in you and want  
nothing more in this world except you.

You may say I am crazy for you.  
Yes, I am crazy for you

The axis of my world is you  
I revolve around you in love.

Ravi Kopra

# The Baby Bat, A Poem By Shel Silverstein In Hindi/Urdu Translation

ek chamgadar ki  
choti si beti chilla paDi-  
batti bandh karo, batti bandh karo  
mujhe roshni se dar lagta hai

Ravi Kopra

# The Barbaric Bedouin Riding Camels

Does it matter how long  
it takes for an Indian or Paki  
musla to realize that his fore-fathers  
were Hindus and there is tiny,  
slim chance that they were from Arabia  
the barbaric bedouin riding camels  
in deserts, looting and robbing caravans  
of camels loaded with gold from India  
and silk and earthenware from China.

Yes it matters if they  
keep on getting free travel  
from India to visit their holy  
Mecca in hordes for their haj,  
keep on demanding Sharia law  
in the most secular, tolerant  
Hindu nation in the world,  
keep on killing Hindus' holy cows  
for their breakfast, lunch and dinner,  
keep on making babies like jack rabbits,  
keep on converting Hindus to muslims in their pak pakistan,  
Keep on killing pundits in Kashmir and pushing them out of their homes,  
keep on hating Hindus and siding with Pakistan in every conflicting issue.  
Such muslas abusing their motherland are not wanted in India.  
They better pack up their raggedy bags and head fast for their pak pakistan.  
India will give them free camel, donkey, train rides to pakistan to be with their  
brethren.

Ravi Kopra

# The Beauty Of You Beloved

The beauty of you beloved  
Is the beauty of her heart  
That lifts up your soul  
And you soar in the air.

If you let your heart touch hers  
And she offers hers to you  
Forget everything ephemeral  
Forget all physical reality  
Two hearts in one soul together  
Will take you to eternity.

Ravi Kopra

# The Bell Chimes

The clapper strikes  
And the bell chimes -  
Peace, peace, peace!

Ravi Kopra

# The Birds Flew In And Sang

It rained all night last night  
It rained till noon today  
The sky cleared  
The sun shined  
The birds flew on apple,  
pear, cherry trees  
singing their songs:  
choo, choo, choo  
twit, twee too, twee too  
kwae yam, kwae yam  
chich, chich, chich  
coo, coo, coo  
kret, kret, kret kret  
caw, caw, koo, koo  
There were finches, sparrows  
robins, blue jays,  
cardinals, doves, crows  
and there were little birds  
with yellow beaks and feet.  
I sat in my garden watching them.  
Many came to the feeder to feast.  
I copied their sounds as they sang  
and shared their joy in nature's  
tongues realising full well  
they've been here in peace and  
harmony before we came into this  
world and we've much to learn from them.

Ravi Kopra



# The Calm Sea

The calm sea  
is  
saying  
to  
the gushing, roaring river -

Anyone  
with depth  
keeps  
his mouth shut  
and revels in his silence.

Ravi Kopra

# The Crazy Woman, A Gwendolyn Brooks Poem In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Main mayi main  
khushi k geet na gaaon gi  
november tak ruk kar  
apna dukh ka geet sunaooN gi

JaDon ki kaali  
thandi raatoN main  
bahar nikal kar  
apna dukh ka geet gaooN gi

Aur gali-mohallay k bachay  
ghoor-ghoor kar daikhaiN gay mujhe  
aur kaheN gay: ye kaisi pagli aurat hai  
jo bahaar k khushi k geet nahin gaati hai

Ravi Kopra

# The Day I Return, A Spanish Love Song By Isi Alvarez In English

The day I return you will see  
how I bite you  
I will bite your ears, your nose  
for what you did to me  
you left me alone to suffer

The day I see you again  
I will fill you with a soft cake  
pinch you hard, give you hickies  
for what you did to me  
you left me alone to suffer

The day I see you again,  
I will let you kiss me,  
have me, kiss me, have me  
hug me many, many times  
for I miss you, love you  
want to have you again and again

The day I come back to be with you,  
I'll let you make love to me again and again...

Ravi Kopra

# The Dead End

I had bad headache.  
I went to see my doctor.  
He ordered an MRI of my head.

I come home.  
She asks what the doc said.  
It seems like a glioblastoma in my head  
That's what he said.

What does it mean, she asked.  
I will be dead in six months, he said.

She put her head in her hands  
and cried and cried, loudly.

Why cry?  
It is the dead end, I said.

Ravi Kopra

# The Dog - A Rendering Of Rabindra Nath Tagore's Poem

Every morning, my dog comes  
and sits near my feet.  
He likes company.  
He likes to be touched, patted  
and feels happy.  
Among all animals  
only this creature understands man  
beyond all the evil and good in him.  
For love he will sacrifice himself.  
He will love for the sake of love  
and show to the world what true love is.  
When I see his deep devotion  
his offering of himself,  
I fail to understand why he does it.  
He must have learnt somehow  
what truth lies deep in man.  
By his silent anxious looks  
he cannot tell us what he knows.  
But he has convinced me  
he knows the true nature of man.

\*\*\*

The original:

Every morning this dog, very attached to me,  
Quietly keeps sitting near my seat  
Till touching its head  
I recognize its company.  
This recognition gives it so much joy  
Pure delight ripples through its entire body.  
Among all dumb creatures  
It is the only living being  
That has seen the whole man  
Beyond what is good or bad in him  
It has seen  
For his love it can sacrifice its life

It can love him too for the sake of love alone  
For it is he who shows the way  
To the vast world pulsating with life.  
When I see its deep devotion  
The offer of its whole being  
I fail to understand  
By its sheer instinct  
What truth it has discovered in man.  
By its silent anxious piteous looks  
It cannot communicate what it understands  
But it has succeeded in conveying to me  
Among the whole creation  
What is the true status of man.

-Rabindranath Tagore

Ravi Kopra

# The Dog Is Licking Your Lips, A Brief Latin Poem By Martialis In English Translation

The dog is licking your lips, Manneia  
I would not be surprised  
If you liked its shit.

Ravi Kopra

# The Earth All White

Late April snow on Catskills  
The earth all white  
Full moon  
Everything still  
engulfed in white light  
The owl hoots on a tall  
pine tree loaded with snow  
You and I at midnight  
holding hands walk on the snow  
We are of stillness  
calm, tranquil, peaceful  
quietness allures us.

Ravi Kopra



# The End And The Beginning, A Poem By Wislawa Szymborska In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Har jung k baad  
kisi ko to karne hi hogi safae  
cheezain khud bakhud saaf nahin hoti hain

Kisi ko to karna hi hoga kooDa ekatha saDak k kinare par  
ta k murday se bhari ghaDian saDak par chal sakaiN

Kisi ko to hi lag jana hoga kooDa-karkat aur raak uthane  
sofe k springs  
tootay footay glass k tukDe  
aur khoon se bhare kattay kapDe

Kisi ko to lana hoga ek girder  
girti deewar k bachane  
khiDki ke glass poonchNe  
darwaza theek karne

photo achhi na camera pe ayeNgi  
baDe saaloN k baad

sare camray shehar se chale gayeN hain  
kisi aur jung ki photos k liye

pull banane paDeN gay  
railway station banane paDeN gay  
aasteen k ho jaeN gay tukDe tukDe  
ye sab kam karne k liye

koe haath man jhaaDoo liye  
yaad karega jung se pehle yahaan kya tha  
aur koee jiska sar katta nahin hai  
sar hilate haan haan karte sune ga usko.  
lakin ab yahaan kuch aur bhi hain  
chakkar lagate idhar udhar firte hain  
aur is gand mand ko saaf karna un k dil main nahin hai

bahar jaDion k neeche khudaaee kartay hue

pa leta hai koe purane jhagDoN ko  
aur phenk deta hai vo unay  
kooDae karkatoN ke dher pe

jinko pata hai k yaahn kya ho raha tha pehle  
hat jaate hain vo unse jine kam maloom hai  
ya us se bhi kam maloom hai  
ya pata nahin hai une kisi baat ka

bahar jaDion k neeche khudaaee kartay hue  
pa leta hai koe purane jhagDoN ko  
aur phenk deta hai vo unay  
kooDae karkatoN ke dher pe

hare hare oonche ghass main jisne bhula diye hai  
laDae kya laee aur uski ki the kya wajha  
leta hoga koe ghass ka tinka moonh main liye  
aasman main baadloN ko dekhte hue

Ravi Kopra

# The End, A Poem By D.H. Lawrence In Hindi/Urdu Translation

aye meri jaan agar main tujhe apne dil main rakh leta  
agar main tujhe apne andar lapta leta to main ab na rota  
ab tumhari har baat mujhe yaad a rehi hai  
aur hum dono ki jeevan yatra khatam ho rehi hai

tumhari apni yatra kabhi na पूरी ho payegi  
tumhara chehra kabhi na dekh paunga  
tumhara chehra meri ankhon k samne aata hai aur chala jata hai  
aur beech main meri ankhon se dukh ka dariya behne lag jata hai

aye meri jaan, main aaj raat bhar tere liye ro-unga peetunga ga  
mera ye dukh kabhi na door ho ga  
tum ne jo jeevan bhar mere liye kiya hai kaise main usko loat paunga ga  
aaj main poorra zinda nahin hoon, apne andar kuch mar gaya hoon

Ravi Kopra

# The Epic Of Sadness, An Arabic Poem By Nizar Qabbani In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Tere pyar ne mujh ko dukh sehna sikhaya hai  
varshon se main ek aurat ki tailsh main tha  
jis k khandon par chidiya ki tarah  
apna sar rakh kar tere liyey ro sakoon  
aur apne tootay hue tukron ko ikadha kar sakoon

- to be continued

Ravi Kopra

# The Fears Of Mad Heart Should Not Be Taken Seriously, A Ghazal Of Akhtar Saeed Khan In Translation

The fears of mad heart should not be taken seriously  
everyday is a doomsday should not be taken seriously

when their eyes show no trace of regret  
the pain in their heart should not be taken seriously

if someone takes away my past  
my face in the mirror should not be taken seriously

your imaginary discomfort is too much for me  
my new misfortunes should not be taken seriously

living like a story feels so good  
realities of life are not taken seriously

a lover's face may make someone speechless  
but his unrequited love should be taken seriously

my beloved will be with me forever though she's my enemy  
the pain in my heart should not be taken seriously

the courage not to end the journey is tested here  
a few ahs and ohs should not be taken seriously

whenever 'Akhtar' sees a tear in the eyes  
your crying with him should not be taken seriously

\*\*\*

the original in Urdu

dil-e-shorida ki vahshat nahiñ dekhi jaati  
roz ik sar pe qayamat nahiñ dekhi jaati

ab un aankhoñ meñ vo agli si nidamat bhi nahiñ  
ab dil-e-zar ki halat nahiñ dekhi jaati

band kar de koi maazi ka daricha mujh par  
ab is a.ine meñ surat nahiñ dekhi jaati

aap ki ranjish-e-beja hi bahut hai mujh ko  
dil pe har taaza musibat nahiñ dekhi jaati

tu kahani hi ke parde meñ bhali lagti hai  
zindagi teri haqiqat nahiñ dekhi jaati

lafz us sho?h ka muñh dekh ke rah jaate haiñ  
lab-e-iz.har ki hasrat nahiñ dekhi jaati

dushman-e-jañ hi sahi saath to ik umr ka hai  
dil se ab dard ki ru?hsat nahiñ dekhi jaati

dekha jaata hai yahañ hausla-e-qata-e-safar  
nafas-e-chand ki mohlat nahiñ dekhi jaati

dekhiye jab bhi mizha par hai ik aañsu 'a?htar'  
dida-e-tar ki rifaqat nahiñ dekhi jaati

Ravi Kopra

# The Fond Memories Of My Village!

Travelling by train I saw  
the city at a distance -  
skyscrapers, bending blacktop roads  
a sea of humanity -  
viewing all this made me uneasy.

In my small village  
there was nothing like this.  
It was in the lap of mountains  
roads made of stones.  
My teeth would chatter in bitter cold there  
I would shake in cold winds  
I would get restless to leave the village.  
I had seen a city and had dreamed of living there.

I turned twenty and moved into the city.  
Suddenly the village seemed like a  
strange place and the city became my home.

Life's hard journey unfolded on the city streets.  
The cars in the distant seemed like contraptions of murder.  
I felt myself as a stranger in the crowded streets.  
Narrow gulleys, stinking sewage, a small house  
were enough to shatter my spirits of city dwelling.

My village surfaced in my memories -  
fresh air, everybody friendly, everybody feeling at home.  
Times have now changed. I left my village behind.  
What are left with me are the fond memories of my village!

Ravi Kopra

# The Forest Sang A Song

The forest sang a song -

You be ours, we will be yours  
Let's be together, let's love each other

We will give you fruit if you let us live  
We will give you shade, the cool breeze  
For today's dollars, you kill tomorrows  
If alive,we'll give you golden times  
Let's get together, give all life  
Let's be together, let's love each other

Why do you destroy your home?  
Why do you scheme against us?  
Just invite us, we'll come to your homes  
Don't steal us, preserve the nature  
Let's protect ourselves all together  
Let's be together, let's love each other

The earth is our mother also, we love it too  
We make all fresh air for you  
The clouds make rains because of us  
They quench your thirst because of us  
Without us you all will be helpless  
Let's be together, let's love each other

Ravi Kopra



# The Greater Cats (Ye Chudail Aurtain)a Poem By Victoria Sackville-West In Hindi/Urdu Translation

ye chuDail aurtaiN chamakati ankhon wali  
ghar ki azaadi main araam se baithi hue  
goo khana chati hai ghar se bahr  
raat ko bhag chahti hain yaaroN ke saath  
jahan bhi jab bhi une koe mauka mile, registan ho ya pahaD  
lakin ho aasman khula khula khusboo se bhara taaron k saath.  
khati hain, peeti hai, ghoomti rehti hain yaaroN k saath  
ek yaar ka dil maar kar chun leti hai koi doosara yaar  
jo kuch bhi unki samaj main ho, main sirif yehi kahoongi -  
aadmi ka pyaar do din ko hota hai aur fir vo gaib ho jaata hai.

bhagti hain ye aurtain jagah jagah veerane main  
jahan bhi pathron main phool khile lagte hain  
anjaane main k mushkil hoga unka badalana  
kha jaengi giddaiN unki haddiaN ko.  
sochti hain vo bahut shakti wali hain  
bhaagte hiran ko pakaD kar apni haikDi main hara dalaiN gi  
vo kitini hi shakti wali hon, muje ye samaj hai-  
aadmi ka pyar kshan bhar ka hota hai aur fir vo gaib ho jata hai.

hey bhagwaan, kaisi hain unki dokhay ki shaktiaN!  
meri akal main mera vishvas hai, maut main nahin  
pyaar hi pyaar se bhra hai is waqt mera andaaz  
main ek seedhi saadhi aurat hoon  
shakti bhari, fisil n jaane wali, jaldi se chalne wali, hamesha rehne wali -  
main ek sher hoon, ek pahaD hoon, ek bhaDapeD hoon  
patta hai muje kis disha main jana hai  
patta hai muje main ne tera dil chahna hai  
hey bhagwaan, muje kabhi na dikhla  
un sheroN ko, baghoN ko, tandooN jaise jaanwaroN ko!

Ravi Kopra

# The Greatest Mistake Made By God, A Poem In Hindi/Urdu

Khuda koi lasani mazedar cheez hai  
jaisa kaisa us k dil main aata hai karta rehta hai

Us ne chutki bajaii  
aur dekhte hi dekhte  
aasman main chaand, suraj, taray aa dhukay  
doosri chutki par  
pahaD, dariya, naddiaN, zamin ek dum aa tapki  
agli chutki par  
peD, parinday, jaanwar aa khaDay huey

Bahut arsay tak khuda dekhta raha  
chamakte taron ko, chaand suraj ko  
khali aasman ko, pani peetay hirnoN ko  
shikar karatay sheroN ko, hathioN ko  
naachte moroN ko, geet gati koeyloN ko

Bore ho gaya bechara khuda un sab ko dekhte dekhte  
fir us ne janam diya insaan ko registan k ek khjoor k ped k neechay  
aut tab se tabhii lag gayi is jahan ko  
kahin bhi shanti nahin hai, sub taraf khoon kharaba hai  
dhokay bazi hai, gadhaari hai, chora-maari hai  
khuda ne galti kar di par usko apne par baDa gumand hai  
galti vapis nahin leta lakin lagta baDa pareshan hai.

Ravi Kopra

# The Gutless People, A Punjabi Poem By Baba Najmi In English Translation

Those who have no guts, sit around all day  
blaming their fate,  
but those who dare, they tear apart  
the hearts of stones and spring forth  
doing whatever they want in the world.

Those who plan ahead,  
chart out their journeys,  
are the ones who reach  
the destination in flying colors.

Ravi Kopra

# The Horses, A Swedish Poem By Tua Forsström In Hindi/Urdu Translation

GhoDay

ghoDon k saath ek raat guzaarne k baad  
main taza taza ammonia ki sugand kabhi na bhool paoNgi

na hi bhooloNgi pighalti baraf  
aur na hi unki chaand jaisi hari laad baraf par

aur wo chuua jo sardi main sookhay ghaas main cHupe hue  
saari ki saari raat chiN-chiN chuN-chuN karta raha

main bhi kaampti rahi lamba coat aur oon ki topi pehne  
lakin sub ghoDay raat bhar araam k saath sotay rehe

Ravi Kopra

# The Hour Of Love, A Spanish Love Poem By Mariana Ortega In English Translation

The hour of love has  
the color of lilacs.  
Its messages are hidden  
It tastes like an apple.  
Your body with crazy desires  
covers my body like a hydra  
to eternalise the time.  
At the hour of making love  
we do not sing a thousand songs,  
our souls sing a thousand melodies.  
I hold onto you all intertwined  
and I am then like  
an alien butterfly inside you  
that makes you keep on thrusting.  
In the silence and quietness  
of the hour of love, we become one,  
no distances exist between us...

Ravi Kopra

# The I.R.S. - A Ghazal

What I hate the most in my life is the IRS  
I worry till midnight April 15 for the IRS

I do everything on time, ahead of time  
Except filing tax forms for the IRS

I have fights with my wife, I forget the next day  
But I worry day after day paying taxes to the IRS

I worry if I made a mistake, they will confiscate my head  
Put me on the guillotine for one dollar mistake, the cruel IRS

My scholarship money I thought was tax free. But they said I owed them dollar  
twenty  
They were ready to send cops to auction my T-shirt and socks, pain in the ass,  
the IRS

It is not that I don't want to pay taxes. I am a good citizen  
It is how merciless, cruel they are, I fear them the most, the IRS

The farting rich make millions, but hardly pay any taxes  
They take every penny the poor man makes, the heartless IRS

But I must praise them. They are faithful dogs of the congress  
Their sharp canines will tear your guts, be careful of the IRS.

Ravi Kopra

# The Indian-Ness Of My Heart, A Poem In Hindustani

&quot;You have never been away from the Indian-ness of your heart.&quot;

-Subhash Chandra Chakra in a reply to my Hindustani translation of one of his poems in Indian English.

\*\*\*

Jab aadmi videsh jata hai  
to apna desh apne saath le jata hai  
jab wapas aata hai  
to desh usko bhool jata hai

BaDay arsoN ke baad main bharat wapas gaya  
jidhar bhi gaya, har ek ne poocha -  
'aap kahan se hain? ' kya matlab main ne poocha?  
dekho mera lamba kurta, mera chooDi dar pajama  
meri murghabi juti, meri narangi topi  
main yahan ka hoon, dilli ka hoon  
'nahin sahab, ho hi nahin sakta  
dus hazar rupiya ki sharat rakhta hoon.'

Fir main ne bahut koshis kar ahista ahista kaha -  
maan jao bhai, main dilli ka hoon.  
'Sahab lagta hai aap Kashmir se hain'  
Dar gaya o baap re baap  
vo mujhe aantik baaji ghoshit kar dega  
aur paDa rahunga barson tak kaaed khane main  
Ek dum main ne kabool kar liya  
main amreeka se aaya hoon  
'Bolay na ab aap sach baat' vo bola aur muskura diya.

Ravi Kopra

# The Last Four Verses Of Kalidasa's Ritusamharan's Winter

They wash their golden lotus like faces.  
Brush hair falling onto their shoulders.  
Their catlike eyes seem meeting their ears.  
These ladies are like goddess Laxmi  
who brings property to our homes.(5-13)

Some plump ladies have huge breasts.  
They would bend down with weight  
if they didn't have heavy behinds  
to balance and thus stand straight.  
They walk slowly and stand nude  
changing their night wear to day dresses.(5-14)

They have love bites on their full lips  
Their breasts are marked with crescent moons  
left there by their lovers' sharp nails.  
They rejoice looking at them and hide them  
under all sorts of make-ups to look beautiful. (5-15)

In the winter, the markets abound with new sugar candy,  
new sweetmeats, fresh sweet juice from sugar cane.  
This sweetness adds to their sweet love makings.  
But alas! The lovelorn suffer without their love mates. (5-16)

Ravi Kopra



# The Lotus Blossom Mountain Immortal Tea After Luo Zhihai

One sip of tea from  
the lotus blossom mountain  
and you are immortal

You do not need your Allah  
no need to raise ass up five times a day  
to ask in your dua for donkeys, camels and women  
for a single sip of this tea will send you to heaven

Allah promised houris to musla come  
to this mountain for soothing vacations  
and in return for their free stay there they pick  
fresh green little leaves from plants of tea  
and brew fresh fragrant tea with brooks' water  
sprouting in fountains on the lotus blossom mountain

When asked why do you come here for a vacation  
they say what a relief, O Allah, what a relief!  
they are tired of filling chillums for muslas in heaven  
they are tired of their Allah approved sexual abuse

We first serve them bucketful of wine, when high  
we bring them goats we keep for the bakar-e-eid  
they hop on them, hop on them, hop on them  
the drunken muslas think they hop on us houris  
but they hop on goats who scat on them! scat on them!

Ravi Kopra

# The Love Once Ours, An English Poem By Dante Gabriel Rossetti In Urdu Translation

khusboo a rehi hai hawaa main  
aaj basant k din hamaaray raastay main  
khushi k gaanay gayeN gay  
kon se? meri jaan  
nahin ye nain,  
aur koi aur. kyon koi aur?  
hum ne ye dono gaanay gaey thay  
wakat badalta rehta hai  
aur hamaray gaanay bhi.  
pedoN pe safed si dhund basi hue hai  
nayey saal ne roshni cHeen li hai

chumiaaN to hum bahut maara kartay thay  
kahan pe logi ab meri chumi?  
wahan nehin, meri jaan. nahin wahan nehin, bilkul!  
to fir yahan? -ha, ha, ha  
wakat badalta rehta hai  
hawaa chumiaaN bhi uDa k le jaati hai

assman ko dekho  
patjhaD ne peDon ki tehniON ka  
ek jaal sa bacha rakha hai.  
aur kya hai vo baat jo hum dono  
aasani se bhool jayengay?  
janam din? nahin, nahin, meri jaan -  
maut? nahin, ye bhi nahin, meri jaan -  
pyaar jo hamara ek din thaa  
lakin baDa arsa ho giya ha tab se

Ravi Kopra

# The Man I Love, A Spanish Love Song By Miriam Hernández In English Translation

The man that I love  
has to be a little child like  
Broad smiles, soft looks with words of  
a thousand men all put together  
Crazy for my love  
A lover, wise man and intelligent  
Not afraid of anything  
But when he loves me, he shakes everything  
Fearless warrior in search of adventures  
Strong and warm with pure hands

The man I love  
He knows that I love him  
He takes me in his arms  
And I forget everything  
He is who I want him  
My lover, my own sun  
He gives me joys no else can  
He knows that I love him

He flies away  
But comes back to my nest  
The man I love  
He knows that I love him

I want him to be a little crazy  
But crazy only for me  
The man I love knows everything

Does not know anger, does not hold a grudge  
With wisdom arranges every thing  
Just looking at me makes me happy  
he's always alive in my mind

My only hero among many men  
Plays with me with my hair down  
Thief of my dreams

Elf of my pillow  
The man I love  
Knows that I love him

He takes me in his arms  
And I forget everything  
He is who I want him  
My lover, my own sun  
He gives me joys no one can  
He knows that I love him

He flies away  
But comes back to my nest  
The man I love  
He knows that I love him.  
I love him to be a little crazy  
But crazy only for me...

Ravi Kopra

# The Marriage Of The Bourgeois, English Translation Of Brazilian Portuguese Song

He plays the part of a bridegroom  
She to lose his head  
They'll live under the same roof  
Until their house falls  
Until their house falls

He is a discreet employee  
She puts starch on his collars  
They'll live under the same roof  
Until they explode the nest  
Until they explode the nest

He plays the part of a restless virile man  
She makes the children in heaps  
They'll live under the same roof  
Until the fountain goes dry  
Until the fountain goes dry

He is a full-time employee  
She learns how to make candles  
They'll live under the same roof  
Until they burn down each other  
Until they burn down each other

He has a secret affair  
She says she won't be unfaithful  
They'll live under the same roof  
Until they marry their offspring  
Until they marry their offspring

He talks of potassium cyanide  
She dreams of poisons  
They'll live under the same roof  
Until one of them decides  
Until one of the decides

He has an old project

She has a mountain of outlets  
They'll live under the same roof  
Until the days come to an end  
Until the days come to an end

Sometimes he shows her affection  
She undresses herself in the dark  
They'll live under the same roof  
Until a brief time in the future  
Until a brief time in the future

She warms up the grandson's porridge  
He has amassed a fortune  
They'll live under the same roof  
Until they are united in death  
Until they are united in death.

Ravi Kopra

# The Monkey God Hanuman Rises In Him Angrily

Who is he?

a retired bank official

an idiot who counted Indian rupee notes

Sitting behind an iron barred dark window

in some dark dingy rat infested Indian bank

in some got forsaken filthy Indian city

He writes hindi poetry in his retirement

he writes poetry comments like a sycophant

the best of his kind on an Indian infested poetry site

When someone translates his poems into English

and puts life into his stagnant poetry lines

he thanks profusely, praises the translator humbly

But when he is ignored and criticised

the monkey god Hanuman rises in him angrily

and he gathers his mugdars (head smashers)and his monkey army

To come to face to face to his master Rama's enemy -

the rakshash Ravana in Sri Lanka who stole Rama wife and feels

as if his own wife is going to be violated by his critic enemy...

Ravi Kopra

# The Moon

The moon thinks we are young  
runaways, we are eloping  
to get married without  
the blessings of our families.

Well, it is mistaken.  
Let it throw her full  
moon beams on us tonight.  
Let it record our kisses and delights.  
Let her efforts be proven futile  
when the whole world wishes  
us best for our married life.

The moon, I think,  
is a little looney tonight.

Ravi Kopra



# The Moon And The Stars Today Did Not Come Out, A Urdu Ghazal By Rajendra Nath Rahbar In English Translation

The moon and the stars today did not come out  
Those who helped me at nights did not come out

Some man without a gun called me out yesterday  
Afraid of him at my door, I did not come out

Stay here for a while for a little more chit-chat  
The desires of my heart are still in their hideout

You tell us openly the beautiful women you desire  
How you see them in dreams, that secret isn't yet out

When did the lovers not lose their bets on love?  
When was it the lovers did not lose out and out?

I had so much faith in them in the past  
They were the ones who cheated me out

'Rahbar's' book of couplets does mean something  
It is not just the words that bring the truth out

Ravi Kopra

# The Most Unfortunate Man In The World

I lived as if my life  
Was a staunch rival to me

I could not marry in love  
I was forced to marry my wife

I wanted to be a writer  
I turned out to be a warrior

I wanted two pretty daughters  
I got two lazy loafer sons

I wanted to live near the water  
I was posted to work in the deserts

I prayed Allah five times a day  
Allah pretended he did not hear me

I never got whatever, how little I wanted  
Everyone including Allah schemed against me

I wanted to stop going to the mosque  
Was afraid, mullahs will hang me for blasphemy

I asked the Guinness book of records to list me the most unfortunate man in the world  
They did not even sympathize with me, they just said there was no such category

When I die in my misery, I hope, my sons  
Will not forget to bury me in the cemetery.

Ravi Kopra

# The Night Of An Indian Honeymoon

Gently and slowly I will approach you  
I will be a gentleman not a brute peasant  
You will sway like a flower in my arms  
You will skim like a bird on the foam of the sea  
You will float like a laugh from the lips of my dreams.

Softly and slowly I will approach you  
I will be a gentle man not a brute peasant  
Lifting your veil, seeing your face for the first time  
My heart will sing, it will be my spring.

I will lift your chin up with the palm of my hand  
Look into your eyes, and kiss your lips.  
You will resist and say - na ji, na ji

I will say - you are my dulhan now  
cHoDo ye sab na ji, na ji...

(I will say - you are my bride now  
forget all your no, nos) ...

Ravi Kopra

# The Old Door, A Turkish Poem By Fazıl Hüsnü Dağlarca In English Translation

Women, don't wait too long  
Tell your husbands now  
What you want - the day or the night.  
As they grow older, they would not know  
The day from the night.

Ravi Kopra

# The Only Hidden Sense Of Things, A Portuguese Poem By Fernando Pessoa In English Translation

The only hidden sense of things is  
that they have no hidden sense  
and it is the strangest of all things  
stranger than the poets' dreams  
and what all the philosophers think.  
Things are what they are - they seem to be  
and there is nothing more to it.  
Yes, that's what my senses learned themselves -  
Things have no significance, they have existence.  
The only hidden meaning of things is that they are things.

Ravi Kopra

# The Pain Of Broken Heart

Whom do I show my broken heart  
and teary eyes in this sulking city?  
I have no friend here.  
Whom do I go to tell it?  
No one will listen to the story  
of the shattered mirror in my house.  
Whom do I pray to erase  
the old memories my hurt heart?

My tears are too many.  
Don't know how to stop them running.  
The old memories are shattering my heart  
and I am getting too restless.  
To whom should I return to  
to tell the stories of my saddened heart?

Ravi Kopra

# The Pains Of Love

What do you do when  
You hurt someone's feelings  
Unintentionally?

Just say sorry?  
For what? You did not mean it  
It happened all unintentionally.

I do not want to be the cause  
Of the sorrows of their hearts  
When their dreams fall apart  
Because of me. I feel guilty.

I cannot carry the weight  
It pulls me down  
I cannot move forward  
Their sadness hurts my heart.

I will say sorry and move on  
As I say sorry when unintentionally  
I enter someone's space. And she says -  
Don't worry - and we go our ways.

What if it was the heart's space,  
Now empty? It will heal, I'd say  
Maybe slowly but surely when the  
Innocent heart knows love's pains.

Ravi Kopra

# The Pleasure Of Plains, A Chinese Poem Of Li Shangyin In Translation

I feel queasy  
when evening comes  
I drive my carriage  
on ancient roads in plains  
and love to watch  
the sunset, so beautiful  
But it goes down  
only when the dust  
clouds are in the air.

-rendered from the web pages:

Toward evening thought not well  
Drive carriage ascend old plain  
Sunset sun without limit good  
Only be near yellow dusk

Ravi Kopra



# The Pyre In Blazing Flames, English Translation Of A Hindi Poem By S. D. Tiwari

By the side of the river, in the dusk  
a body on pyre was burning in blazing flames  
Engulfed in flames on dry wood a dead body lay burning  
The winds were fueling the fire in light and smoke  
and carrying with it all memories  
The night was getting dark, the river was weeping the sky was crying  
and tears were flowing from the eyes of dear ones and friends

Wailings in the village were breaking the silence  
and spreading like storms in all directions  
Loving son to his mother, father to his children, husband to his wife  
were all loudly crying around the pyre  
The river in tears was entreating to carry the unburnt bones to the sea  
The birds in flocks near their nests were grieving his death in their assembly.

Ravi Kopra

# The Rains Too Are Just Like You

The rains too are just like you  
Sometimes they fall impatiently  
Sometime in pride they refuse to fall  
Sometimes they fall thunderously  
Sometimes they drizzle silently  
The rains too are just like you

Sometimes I feel like flying in the sky  
Sometimes I want to be someone's for all my life  
Sometimes I feel like wandering around  
Sometimes I feel like getting lost in crowds  
Strange are my desires too

Sometimes they drench me fully  
Sometimes they burn me like the summer heat  
Sometimes they lie dormant in the wintery months  
Sometimes they warm my heart like the winter sun  
My feelings of love are like the changing seasons too.

Ravi Kopra

# The Real World

"In a field I am the absence of field";

-Mark Strand in his poem, Keeping Things Whole

\*\*\*

In a field  
I am an intruder into  
the fullness of the field

In my absence  
the field is the real field

My presences assaults  
the essence of the field

The field does not have the same feelings  
when I am in or out of the field

Wherever I am  
I disturb my surroundings  
I rob the realness of the things

The world I see is not the world  
that would exist in my absence

Simply being of myself  
the world changes by itself

So no wonder to each of us  
a thing may mean a different thing

The degree of which is how much  
we rob the realness of the thing.

Ravi Kopra

# The Rocks Of Humanity

I have seen the world  
Where beside huge sewage ducts  
Children plays with a goatlings  
And they grow up together.

This world is of  
Tin-sheets-shacks dwellers.  
They have no mosquito nets  
Nor are they afraid of insects.

The roofs of the shacks are  
Pieces of plastic wickered together.  
The children live there with parents  
There is no ground for them to play.  
The poverty doesn't make them sad.  
They seem to accept this way of life.

Since birth they adapt  
Themselves to live such a ife.  
Some strange power gives  
Them a push to live like this.

Summers come, summers go  
Dangerous storms they face  
Their shacks go into pieces.  
But the next moment they erect  
Them there once again.

These people are rocks  
Of humanity. They challenge  
And wrestle calamities.  
To these brave people  
I offer my salaams.

Ravi Kopra

# The Sikh Young Lady Fatima Bibi Alias Jindan, A Punjabi Poem By Charanjit Chandan Translated Into English

This is the story of those days when  
the daughter of Hira Singh from Shekhupura  
was barely sixteen years old in the  
Chichoki Mallian village near Lahore.  
And when the five rivers of Punjab  
saw a starred-crescent-moon tattooed  
on the forehead of Nanak by a mujhayadin.  
The five rivers rattled in rage.

The Sikhs and Hindus gave up  
their differences but felt abandoned  
as if they were exiles in their own homes.

They boarded a train at Kartarpur  
going to India through Guru-ki-Nagri.  
It was stopped at Chichoki Mallian  
and the slaughter started. The young  
the old were all butchered except  
the young ladies, raped and sold.

A mullah, the man of God, saw Jindan  
running in panic among the dead bodies.  
He brought her home. Converted her to  
Fatima Bibi before marrying her.  
The helpless lady despised the Mullah.  
She grieved and cried for years.

Later she had four sons and five daughters.  
The people always called her the Sikh girl.  
Her tears ran out. She accepted her destiny.  
Now she waits for her death and  
wishes her last breath to be sweet.

Ravi Kopra

# The Sky Is Clear In Chang'an

The sky is clear in Chang'an  
the autumn moon shines brightly  
cool breezeflows gently

Plum flowers are in full bloom  
the newly weds lean in the window  
look at the moon together

Suddenly a jackdaw caws  
startled, they embrace  
get inside the chamber

Window curtains flew and fluttered  
the moon smiled in the sky  
hearing their bed's squeaks.

Ravi Kopra

# The Son Of A Maulvi From Gorakhpur, India

The son of a maulvi  
Settled well in Go -rakh -pur, India  
Where holy cows are kept well as humans left  
India for Karachi with his brethren musla friends to eat holy  
Cows to be near masjids to be transported to Jannat after his death.

Now he mourns in Karachi, says it's Jahanum there, life like in hell  
But being a musla as he is, he still bad mouths India at every instance  
???????? Komodo Dragon found him in Karachi and served his ass pretty well  
He is scared to death now, he soils his paki salwar from instance to instance.

He's gone psycho now, he can't sleep well, he can't do his namaz, he doesn't  
know his name even  
Every moment he shouts: monitor lizards, lizards, monitor lizards and points  
towards his ass!  
Once in a while he regains his self, and runs after black burqa clad paki muslima  
women  
And asks them to show him their henna painted hands but gets five-fingered  
slaps on face and kicks on his ass!

Ravi Kopra

# The Storm Of Roses, A Poem By Ingeborg Bachmann In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Kahin bhi jab hum  
gulab k phooloN ki beshumar chahat main  
is k toofaan main chalte hain,  
is k kaantay raat ko khub chubne lagte hain.  
Aur pattay jo jhaDioN main chup chup shaant the  
hamare paoN main kulbulate the,  
bijli ki kaDk ki tarah garjane lag jaate hain  
jab un par pair rakh kar hum chalte hain.

Ravi Kopra



# The Truth Comes From God. Really! ? After A Poem By Kumarmani Mahakul

The truth comes from God  
Says mahishya Mahakul ji  
God is Nothingness  
Says maha kavi Kabir ji

One is in Odisha, the other in UP  
Both states nearby  
Both Hindus  
Both insaans  
Both believers  
Both read Ramayana, and Mahabarta too  
Both did not eat cows  
Both disagree

Nothingness is nothingness  
Nothing goes into it  
Nothing comes out of it

But truth, what a strange thing!  
What a revelation of a thing of things!  
It comes out of God. And God is nothing.

And what is truth after all?  
What is true today, could be false tomorrow  
No?

No, no, no  
Cry the believers -  
God is true, God was true, God will be true

So I say -  
As my old uncle Kabir would say  
Nothing is true, nothing was true, nothing will be true  
Right?

Ravi Kopra

# The Universe Is Not An Idea Of Mine

The universe is not an idea of mine  
My idea of the universe is an idea of mine.

-Fernando Pessoa

\*\*\*

The center of the world was the earth  
the sun, moon and stars moved around it  
was the idea of the ancient man  
loved by the clergy of the time  
who knew God made the world in six days  
so busy was he making it so fast he thought  
he should take rest on the seventh day  
lest he dies of fatigue and has left no time  
to train the clergy to tell us the story  
of creation of the world with a starry dome  
under which we live and were pushed from heaven  
and above which lived fairies, farishtas and God himself.

The clergy now know the earth is not the center of the world  
That there are no winds, fires, rains, tornadoes, and plague gods  
That there are no gods that bring pestilence, floods and famine  
That there is DNA, the genetic material that makes us  
That chimp and man has almost exactly identical copies of this  
That beyond our dome are many more galaxies in the universe  
That man has learned to cure diseases and avoid pestilence and famine  
That man can change the climate by wisdom or foolishness  
That it seems impossible to make the universe in six days  
That dome is not the dome the ancient man thought  
That the design of the universe is not what the ancient man thought  
By bringing God in to explain whatever he could not make sense of.

Yet, the clergy. the preachers, the quacks, the bull shitters  
still believe in the ancient ideas of the ancient ignorant man  
That God made the world around six thousand years ago  
and created a man called Adam somewhere in Yemen near Eden.  
Adam was tall, handsome, white, with long hair any damsel would die for  
But there was not a single damsel for Adam to have fun with

His bed of rocks and leaves was cold, in winter he shivered  
God loved Adam, he cut open his chest, took an extra left rib  
and made in an instant Eve, a beautiful damsel for him.  
Both, though were stark naked, did not know how to have some fun with each  
other  
Adam did not know what to do with his snake like hanging organ until a snake  
appeared with an apple  
Adam listened to God, did not touch the apple, but Eve got horny after she bit  
the apple  
Adam could not resist, he bit the apple as Eve did, got horny and jumped on Eve  
the next moment  
And what happened in that jump, the clergy do not know except a son was born  
and in another horny jump another son was born, Abel or somebody who knows  
to be sure  
So three male - note it down- and only one female in the very first family on the  
flat earth  
went on making sons and daughters, grand-sons and grand-dughters so on and  
on for six thousand years  
and now we have six billion people made by three men and a single woman -  
note it down - in the very beginning  
without any adultery of whatsoever -note it down- at that time in the world of  
God's creation...

(this idea of the world will be explored further later in many other amazing  
poems. Stay tuned to the RK ministry for enlightenment)

Ravi Kopra

# The Way To Live Life

The way to live life  
Is like flowing rivers

Standing waters become stagnant  
putrid and muddy and stink

Wherever the breeze blows  
It brings with it happiness like in a tavern

The boughs bear flowers and thorns too  
Sorrows and happiness must go together

The snakes live on the sandalwood tree  
But the tree does not lose its fragrance

Ravi Kopra

# The Way To Live Life, A Hindi Ghazal By Ved Mitra Shukla In English Translation

The way to live life  
Is like flowing rivers

Standing waters become stagnant  
putrid and muddy and stink

Wherever the breeze blows  
It brings with it happiness like in a tavern

The boughs bear flowers and thorns too  
Sorrows and happiness must go together

The snakes live on the sandalwood tree  
But the tree does not lose its fragrance

Ravi Kopra

# The Weight Of Life Makes You A Slave, Fernando Pessoa

I sit in a chair  
And forget all about life  
It oppresses me.

The only pain I feel  
Is the pain  
Of having felt it sometime.

To be free is  
To withdraw from the world.  
You seek nothing.

No money, no glory  
No love, no friends, no curiosity.  
They do not flourish  
In silence and solitude.

Unable to live alone  
Is like being a slave.  
Even if superior in soul,  
You still are a serf-  
A noble slave.

Woe betide you.  
The weight of life makes you a slave.  
Woe betide you.

Born free, yet you seek  
Company for need.  
The tragedy is yours alone  
You alone must bear it.

Ravi Kopra

# The Wind Of Love

When the wind of love blows  
it brings your fragrance with it  
How hard I try to forget you then  
I never can

I pass my nights crying  
saying to myself -  
I live so close to you  
But you are not with me  
you left me and now I am  
a leaf falling from a bough  
You never though for a moment  
how would I live without you  
I get no sleep, count stars in the sky  
If I do sleep sometime  
you come into my dreams

When the wind of love blows  
it brings your fragrance with it  
How hard I try to forget you then  
I never can

The letters you sent me  
Bring tears when I read  
You used to say you are mine  
Why did you then leave me?

Why do I still save them  
I do not know  
You left me once for all  
you will never come back  
I tell you the truth -  
Never will I forget you  
Now I live with your memories  
And will forget you as  
As you forgot me

When the wind of love blows  
it brings your fragrance with it

How hard I try to forget you then  
I never can

Ravi Kopra



# The Wind Teased Me, A Punjabi Poem In English Translation

You did not come back  
Your dear friend came and loved me  
I had waited for you long  
My lonely heart, my anxiety betrayed me.

I heard noises at the door many times  
I thought you were back finally  
When I opened the door  
There was nobody. The wind teased me  
Your dear friend came and loved me.

Ravi Kopra

# The Wind, One Brilliant Day, A Spanish Poem By Antonio Machado In Urdu Translation

hawaa, ek khulay din

ek khulay din  
chameli ki khushboo se bhara  
hawaa ka ek jhonka  
meri rooh ko kehney laga -

mujhay tum apni ghulab ki khusboo day do  
is k badlay main  
maiN apni chameli ki kushboo tumaiN day doon ga

maiN ne kaha -  
meray pass gulab ke phool nahin hain  
meray bageechay k sub phool mar chukay hain

hawaa boli-  
chalo theek hai, maiN murjaee pankhriON ko  
peelay pattoN ko aur fauwaaray k paani ko  
hi lay looN gi

hawaa chali gayi. main ro paDa. aur khud ko  
khenay laga-  
kyaa kar dala hai tunay  
us bageechay ko  
jo tumaray hawalay kiya giya thaa?

Ravi Kopra

# The Winter Sun Goes Down

A long straight red dusty road  
in my village takes you to the horizon  
where the winter sun is settling down  
beyond the river Nalla  
The dust settles on the grove as the sun goes down  
I sit by the golden rice field near the grove  
under the dusty orange glow in the skies  
and stay there till the stars show  
The water in Nalla is dark like goddess Kali's face  
Everything everywhere is dark. My heart is dark  
My love left me yesterday.

Ravi Kopra

# The Woman I Loved

The woman I loved  
Her parents married her to you  
against her will

She does not love you

I will send my terrier to your home  
to tear your balls off

I will dig ditches on the road  
you take to work, hoping one day  
you will fall into and break your neck

I will send boxes of fire crackers  
by express mail to you on the day of Holi hoping  
a cracker will enter your pants to burn you down

I will pray some elephant on heat gets  
loose from the local zoo and finds you  
on the road to trample you down

What more can I wish for you -  
May you drop dead by an heart attack  
May you go forever into epileptic fits  
May you drown in the river holy ganges  
May goddess Kali mata thrust her trident into you  
May monkey god Hanuman crush you with a huge mountain  
May the bird god Garuda take you to the outer space  
May the death god Yamadhoota send you to eternal hell...

So that I finally marry my love.

Ravi Kopra

# The Wooden Boat

It will take the lover across  
the flooded river to be with his beloved  
it will take you to the next village  
to see your cousin, reliving the past -  
his wedding, his first look at his bride  
his first child

you can sail in it on calm seas  
to have fun with friends  
munching Lays potato chips,  
lunching Chinese noodle take outs  
cold beer, bhej puri, samosas

you can decorate it with balloons  
of rainbow colors and give  
free rides to kids in the dewali  
evening watching floating  
myriad glowing lamps on the river

such pleasures it gives you

that wooden boat born of  
a far off deforested forest  
is moored there in the dim light  
on the Ganges river, under  
a pipal tree, forlorn, lonely  
a craven with sharp eyes  
is sitting on its hull  
shitting and cawing.

-inspired by The Wooden Boat of Binaya Kumar Mohinty

Ravi Kopra

# The World And The Universe And The Beings In It

I could not be in step with the world  
In youth I was far ahead  
In old age, far behind.

The day is not too far  
When I will rot in a box  
And the people would say -

I am resting in peace.  
I am dead, I feel nothing.  
I will cease to exist

That's what I know now.  
The grandest peace of all is God.  
If death is peace. There's no God.

Can anything happen in nothingness.  
When nothing became unstable  
The universe was created.

But how did nothingness  
Entertain its non-nothingness  
to leave its stableness and become

The unstable universe now  
expanding and disintegrating  
and dissolving into nothingness

Like God itself that did never exist.  
So universe must be a manifestation of  
nothingness. In itself it is nothing.

Ravi Kopra

# The World You Carry Within Yourself

Home is where you were  
five or six years old

when cognition dawned and  
the world started making sense

that there was more than candy  
and ice creams and more than

the warmth of mother's lap.  
More than Barney and bikes

and more than loving dad.  
You were the maker of

your own world. The world  
you carry within yourself.

Ravi Kopra

# The Worldly Hope Men Set Their Hearts Upon, A Rubiyat Of Omar Khyyam In Urdu/Hindi Translation

aadmi zindgi bhar neyi se neyi ummeedaiN banaey rahta hai  
aur ek din khud mitti main mil jata hai  
uski aasha registan main barf paDne ki tarah hoti hai  
ek do ghantay k baad hawaa main uD jaati hai

Ravi Kopra



# The Young Lady And Her Lover

The young lady and her lover  
in their country clothes  
sneak up on a hill  
in an abandoned house  
From the back yard near a wall  
and an ancient oak tree  
the vista in the valley below  
magnificent, vast open spaces  
They look into each others' eyes  
their smiling hearts throb  
He sits on a rock while  
she leans in his lap  
her head resting on his knees  
he gently holds her face like a flower  
and gives her long gentle  
soft passionate kisses of love  
she sighs, eyes closed in a bliss  
The ivy on the wall and the  
anthuriums in the pot  
lean towards them and smile.

-Inspired by a Julius Kronberg's painting:  
Romeo and Juliet on the balcony.

Ravi Kopra

# Then To The Lip Of This Poor Earthen Urn, Rendering Omar Khayyam

I leaned on the lips of  
the goblet bubbling with wine  
They whispered: drink, drink to your heart  
Enjoy your life before you depart.

-RK

\*\*\*

XXXV.

Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn  
I lean'd, the secret Well of Life to learn:  
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd - 'While you live,  
Drink! - for, once dead, you never shall return.'

- Omar Khayyam

Ravi Kopra

# There Is No God

The fool has said in his heart, "There is no God." They are corrupt,  
their deeds are vile; there is no one who does good.

"There is no God!"  
say the fools to themselves  
(from Psalm 14: 1 in holy Bible)

"There is God!"  
say the wise to the world

though there is no proof of it  
they are wise by Bible

but the scientists think  
other wise about them

as they try proving God's existence  
applying laws of physics to Him

if their God made the universe  
He made the laws of science as well

so they should be using God  
to prove the laws of science

and not using science  
to prove His existence

how strange they only speculate  
and their God proves nothing for them.

Ravi Kopra

# These Buds, How Did They Bloom!

These buds  
They all flowered  
How did they bloom!

They were all closed  
They are full of flowers now

They all wanted to bloom  
Larger than any other

Full of fragrance or none  
They are there in every garden

They bear strong winds  
They love the sun light

Asking only for little moisture  
They've brightened every garden

These buds  
They all flowered  
How did they bloom!

Ravi Kopra

# These Formalities, These Courtesies I Understood, A Ghazal Of Ibrat Machlishahri In Translation

these formalities, these courtesies I understood  
the meeting after the separation I understood

the fountains cannot quench the thirst of souls  
the never ending rains I understood

my restless lips and her slanting eyes  
when falling asleep I understood

I fancied my refuge in a safe household  
when the house started falling, the reality I understood

the fingers know the vice and virtues of body  
when the touch let it go, everything I understood

in a thousand ways I could murder him, my friend  
but only a couple of them I understood

she had not discarded her formalities  
when she did. our meeting I understood

engulfed in flames it was not easy to see the sunrise  
when I turned myself into a flame, the night I understood

'ibrat' stands on the top of sand dunes  
when the storms came, he said, "I understood";.

\*\*\*

the original in Urdu

ye takalluf ye mudarat samajh meñ aa.e  
ho juda.i to mulaqat samajh meñ aa.e

ruuh ki pyaas phuvaroñ se kahiñ bujhti hai  
TuuT ke barse to barsat samajh meñ aa.e

jagte lab mire aur us ki jhapakti ańkheń  
nińd aa.e to kahań baat samajh meń aa.e

li thi mauhum tahaffuz ke gharauńde meń panah  
ret jab bikhri to halat samajh meń aa.e

uńgliyań jism ke sab aib-o-hunar janti haiń  
lams jaage to ik ik baat samajh meń aa.e

saik?oń haath mire qatl meń Thahre haiń sharik  
ek do hoń to koi baat samajh meń aa.e

kabhi utra hi nahiń us ke takalluf ka libas  
ho barahna to mulaqat samajh meń aa.e

koi asań nahiń jal jal ke sahar kar lena  
sham.a ban jaao to phir raat samajh meń aa.e

tum kisi ret ke Tiile pe kha?e ho 'ibrat'  
uTThe tufań to phir auqat samajh meń aa.e

Ravi Kopra

# These Poetry Translations

These poetry translations  
of poets I do -  
most were dead before I was born  
and the rest I have never heard, seen or met -  
are for both you and me.

Their words I love  
Their poems lift me up  
I admire what they thought  
of love, world, war, peace  
joys, sorrows, desires, us.

They make me look inside of me - my soul  
They make me a whole new human being.

The poets I translate all strangers to me  
You all strangers to me  
But if the vibes of our souls start  
vibrating at the same frequency,  
in resonance our world a different place be -  
peace, love, harmony...

Ravi Kopra

# They Dance A Little, They Sing A Little

Autumn leaves  
orange, red, brown, yellow in hues  
float on the still lake  
as cool breeze blows

they move in rhythm  
they dance a little, they sing a little  
smile, wave good bye, they go with grace  
they know they'll be back next autumn

so natural

unlike humans  
we cling to life, don't want to die  
want to live forever, how un-natural  
leaves have been here longer than man  
they know what is natural

wake up man  
look at the leaves  
happy they come, happy they go  
they give you shade, they give you happiness -

go sit beneath a bough  
with your lover in tow  
with a book of verse, a glass of wine  
some crispies and dough

read love poems of Omar and Ravi  
your hearts will throb, dance in love  
your soul will sing, swirl in skies

but don't forget to look at the  
autumn leaves floating on the still lake  
moving in rhythm, dancing a little  
smiling, waving good bye.

Ravi Kopra



# Think, In This Batter'd Caravanserai, A Rubiayat Of Omar Khyyam In Urdu/Hindi Translation

zara socho k is koot-kataie ki sarai-e-dunia main  
raat aur din hi do darwaazay hain  
kaise yahan raje maharaje shauq-e-shakti-e-shaan se  
ziraf do char ghantoN k liye hi rehne ko aate hain

Ravi Kopra

# Thinking Of You, A Turkish Poem Of Nizam Hikmet In English Translation

I feel good thinking of you  
I feel hopeful  
It is like listening to the most beautiful song  
in the most beautiful voice in the world.  
But the hope is now not enough for me  
I want to sing my own song.

Ravi Kopra

# This And That

You asked  
my enemies  
about me

you heard  
from my enemies  
about me

you barely  
talked to me

you hardly  
heard me

only if you had

you would have  
not said -

I am this  
and that.

Ravi Kopra

# This Is Love, A Rendering Of A Rumi's Love Poem

Love is first  
to lose your self  
to lift a hundred  
secret curtains of  
your heart and offer  
yourself to your beloved

in total surrender  
to walk on earth  
without feet and fly  
in air without wings  
in the invisible world

Heart, I said  
what a gift it has been  
to enter the heart of  
my beloved and to see  
myself beyond my self  
to reach her and feel  
within the breast.

Ravi Kopra

# This New Road, After Jamal Owaisi

This new road  
is taking me  
to places unknown.

I don't know  
which turn will  
take me  
to my destination.

I want  
to return home  
where I know for sure  
where everything is.

Ravi Kopra

# This Rare And Heavenly Creature By Han-Shan (Cold Mountain)a Rendering

This rare and heavenly creature  
by Han-shan (Cold Mountain)

This rare and heavenly creature  
alone without peer  
look and it's not there  
it comes and goes but not through doors  
it fits inside a square-inch  
it spreads in all directions  
unless you acknowledge it  
you'll meet but never know.

— from *The Collected Songs of Cold Mountain*, Translated by Red Pine

\*\*\*

Standing on a desolate cold mountain  
looking into the calm skies  
Hanshan wonders -  
who's this one who created  
the world and everywhere wanders.  
Sure no one was before him  
so he's peerless.  
Since he's everywhere  
he never through doors enters.  
You have no proof of him  
so to know him  
you have to be stupid  
first to acknowledge him.

Ravi Kopra

# This Verse Is Free

This verse is free  
you pay no money  
but beware  
you get what you pay

you will get God free  
the old old commodity  
tons and tons of it  
bundled up in mounds

wrapped in wrappers  
made in Bethelham  
Ram's janam bhumi  
Kuruksheetra, Medina

all holy, all pure  
kind, merciful, benevolent, tolerant  
life giver, life taker, soul soother  
washes your brains pure and clean

and you become whatever you want  
a terrorist, a jihadi, a bomb maker  
a missile launcher, a butcher, a killer  
a mullah, a preacher, a priest

you go see your father, you get nirvana  
your neck is cut off with butchers' knives  
you are killed by bullets, blown by bombs  
your wife and daughter raped in daylight

such is the power of God  
miracles, wonders of God  
all free, as free is my verse  
you pay no dollar, no dinar, no rupee.

Ravi Kopra

# Those Who Saved All They Made. Rendering A Rubai By Omar Khayyam

Those who saved all they made  
And those who enjoyed whatever they made  
They all ended up six feet under  
But want to be alive again.

- RK

\*\*\*

XVII

Those who And those who husbanded the Golden Grain,  
And those who flung it to the Winds like Rain,  
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd  
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

- Edward Fitzgerald

Ravi Kopra



# Those You Know Well, Are No Good, You Say, A Urdu Ghazal By Sudarshan Faakir In English Translation

Those you know well, are no good, you say  
Those you don't, are like gods, you say

Life is a gift, some people say  
It's a curse for their sins, others say

It makes to live them longer and still they  
call the medicines as cures. Why? I say

The moon is the blood life of leaves, says 'Faakir'  
Like the henna on the lovers' hands, as they say

Ravi Kopra

# Though She Would Say Hello To Anyone, A Ghazal Of Mustafa Zaidi In Translation

though she would say hello to anyone  
but to me she says it with pleasure

the fragrance of her shy, sultry ways  
emanates only from her self

she does not look like a rose yet  
still she resembles a bud of jasmine

in the day she is like a simple girl  
by night, what a lover is she!

your well being these days  
I know only from my enemies

the shaikh earns his living  
by the sins he commits at night

there will be further madness  
as my couplets show frenzy

\*\*\*

the original ghazal in Urdu:

yuuñ to vo har kisi se milti hai  
ham se apni ?hushi se milti hai

sej mahki badan se sharma kar  
ye ada bhi usi se milti hai

vo abhi phuul se nahiñ milti  
juhiye ki kali se milti hai

din ko ye rakh-rakhav vaali shakl  
shab ko divangi se milti hai

aj-kal aap ki ?habar ham ko!  
ghair ki dosti se milti hai

shai?h-sahib ko roz ki roTi  
raat bhar ki badi se milti hai

aage aage junun bhi hoga!  
sher meñ lau abhi se milti hai

Ravi Kopra

# Though You Would Have Delusions Of Their Love In The Past, An Urdu Ghazal By Akhtar Jawad In English Translation

This used to be me abode in the past  
Here you used to be kind to Akhtar in the past

Come here, try to peer into my heart  
it was a shrine to my lovers in the past

I wish she could be mine even for a short while in my life  
I remember the days she used to torture my heart in the past

Interludes of our happiness seemed to last for ever  
The sorrows of my heart were of innocence in the past

I engaged you in chit-chats when you would not agree  
You used to be angry but not so much in the past

You used to hide your anger in front of strangers  
Though you would have delusions of their love in the past

Alas! How 'Akhtar' would like to be like he was in the past  
If he did torture someone's heart, it was all in innocence in the past

Ravi Kopra

# Three Fires In My Life, An English Poem By Ravinder Kumar Soni Translated Into Punjabi

traih aggaN lagiaN hun  
ghar diaN, dil diaN, man diaN  
baDian mehsoos hondiaN hun  
ghar di agg which ghar da kam chalda hai  
dil di aag holay holay lafzaaN nu garam kardi hai  
man di agg anant thaN wich paouch jandi hai  
eh tino mainu vadhia lagdian hun  
eh na hondiaN taan main vi na honda  
ghar di agg mera ghar, badan tay dimag saaf saaf rakhdiaN hun  
dil di agg naal main duniya dekhda haan  
dimag di ag naal main jeenda haan  
eh tino mil k meri chupi sachhaee dasdiaN hun  
tey eh tino ek din mil k mera badan tay mera dimag kha jaan giyaaN  
tay main mar jawaaN ga

Ravi Kopra

## Three Haikus - Valentine Day

She I love day night  
Every day love love more love  
What Valentine day?

\*\*\*

If never love time  
One day one year love OK  
But life bad. No good.

\*\*\*

I love wife. No more  
Women. I happy. She too  
happy. Very good. No?

Ravi Kopra

# Three Haikus In Hindustani Translated From English Versions

behad baraf par  
rehi hai kya hoga ay-  
si baraf ke baad

(Sanki Saito)

\*\*\*

bus ka intzaar hai  
sawan ke mausam  
main sarak par khara hoon

(Hakyo Ishida)

\*\*\*

ghaas kaat rehi larki  
chera aasmaan ki taraf  
kar khangee kar rehi hai

(Suju Takano)

Ravi Kopra

# Three Kisses

That scented oil perfume  
rubbed on me when I held you close to me  
this morning in the garden and gave you  
three long kisses of love.

You were standing still with your eyes closed  
when I cupped your beautiful face  
suddenly your face turned red  
you whole body shook and you said:

Soft waves of warmth are overtaking me  
never have I ever felt like this before  
I feel my life is beginning...

The fragrance of those scents is still with me  
I am not washing myself, nor taking a shower  
I want to sleep with your scents tonight  
to have you all night in my dreams.

Ravi Kopra



# Three Monokus On Silence

A couple at breakfast - no eye to eye contact, full silence.

The teacher enters the classroom. Shouts: silence, silence. No more talking.

Came the telephone call: mom died in sleep. Tears fell from my eyes. Silence fell.

Ravi Kopra

# Thus Spoke Lord Krishna In Bhagavad Gita 9: 32, A Translation In Urdu And English

in Urdu -

Oey Partha k baitey  
jo mujh main panah laitay hain  
haalaN k vo cHoti kisam k insaan hain  
jaisay bhangi, aurtaiN aur baneey,  
vo sub jannat main jaate hain.

\*\*\*

O son of Partha,  
Those who take shelter in me  
even though they are born of the lower class  
such as women, traders, latrine cleaners,  
they too can go to heaven.

Ravi Kopra

# Time Moves More Slowly

Time moves more slowly  
When you are lonely  
Always stuck in the past

The present has no meaning  
And the future you wish  
was never coming

You get stuck in the rut  
Over and over moving  
In never ending circles

Time moves forward  
And you, backward  
That is not compatible

It wears you out  
And you want to get  
Out of the this world.

Ravi Kopra

# Time To Upgrade, Poemhunter

Time to upgrade, poemhunter

It is getting bland, dreary dry, dull, dumb

to post poetry without fonts, italics, bolds

and without freedom where to start new lines, stanzas and where to end.

It is a poetry site, a poem site not an old tarnished pom pom one.

Upgrade it. Put life into it. Let it not look like a carcass.

Ravi Kopra

# To Balance The Pleasure Of Loneliness

to balance  
the pleasure of loneliness  
against the pain  
of loving you

-Nikki Giovanni

\*\*\*

If the balance does not  
tip in my favour  
I will not want your love

Why should I barter pleasure for pain?

But wait  
there is a problem -

The pleasure of my loneliness  
is not what is  
when you are loving me

I take the pain with pleasure  
to be with you now

Still, I want  
no painful love  
and may soon re-balance it

Ah, were human cleistogamous  
what would have become of love!

Ravi Kopra

# To Be A Good Buddhist Is Ensnarement, A Poem By Jenny Xie In Hindi/Urdu Translation

AcHa Buddhist hona hai ek Jaal Main Phansna

Zen ka pundit kehta hai:  
main vo sub kuch hoon jo main nahin hoon

Sangharsh ko rokne ke liye  
koshish karne ka kya fayeda?

Vishwas mujhe ye hona chahiye  
vichar karne ka kya fayeda?

Bhookh jo hum ko aane jaane deti hai  
is ko sub bhool jana chahiye

Maal ikatha karne ka kya fayeda  
jab is sansar se chale hi jana hai?

Dus saal ho gaye hain  
main apne mun ko bhookha maar raha hoon

Mera sharir ab ek parChaii sa lagta hai  
ajnabi dekhte hi bhag jate hain, kehte kehte main koi moorakh hoon

Kisi bi baat pe ab aata nahin koi achamba  
sach kya hai sach poochta hai is ka pata

\*\*\*

To Be a Good Buddhist Is Ensnarement  
Jenny Xie

The Zen priest says I am everything I am not.

In order to stop resisting, I must not attempt to stop resisting.

I must believe there is no need to believe in thoughts.

Oblivious to appetites that appear to be exits, and also entrances.

What is there to hoard when the worldly realm has no permanent vacancies?

Ten years I've taken to this mind fasting.

My shadow these days is bare.

It drives a stranger, a good fool.

Nothing can surprise.

Clarity is just questioning having eaten its fill.

Ravi Kopra

# To Be A Woman Bulgarian Poem By Blaga Dimitrova In English Translation

It hurts to be a woman.  
It pains when she becomes  
A girl, a beloved, a mother.

But the most unbearable  
Suffering on the earth is  
Of a woman who does not  
Know she is suffering.

Ravi Kopra



# To My Dear And Loving Husband, A Love Poem By Anne Bradstreet In Hindi/Urdu Translation

agar ek aur ek do nahin ek hi hotain hain  
to wo hum do ek hain  
agar kisi beewee ne apne khavind ko pyaar kiys hai  
to tum vo khavind ho  
agar koee beewee apne khavind k pyaar main khush hai  
to hey, galli mohally ki aurto, jalo nahin, main wo beewee hoon

teri mohabbat k liye  
main sub sonay chaandi ki khanoN ko dutkar dooN gi  
jitni bhi daulat poorav main hai, uski parvah na karooN gi  
mere pyaar ki pyaas bujha nahin sakte behte behte dariya bhi  
sirif tum hi tum hi de sakte ho mujh ko pyaar  
aur main kabhi bhi na louta sakooN gi tera beshumar pyaar.  
yehi prarthana karti hoon hazaarooN bar mile tuje khuda ka pyaar  
jab tak hum zinda haiN, chalo doobay raheN apne pyaar main  
marne k baad pyaar kareN gay, khuda k pyaar bharay ghar main

Ravi Kopra

# To Rosalia Summers

Rosalia, you are not alone, you are unfortunate.  
Everyone is not fed with a silverspoon when born.  
You wanted love, were served hate.

Separated from your brother and sister at tender age  
Abused in foster homes after foster homes.  
I would have adopted you, you new born poetess

If I had known you. How is your life now?  
Have you met your brother and sister?  
Are they close to you? My heart cries for you.

Reach out to the world  
Not every one is rotten like your parents were.  
Many will love you, help you. But be careful.

Congratulation to you to be the poetess of the day  
with your first poem at poemhunters today  
May your poetry tell people how poverty ruins lives.

Ravi Kopra

# To See The Fields And The River, A Poem By Fernando Pessoa In Hindi/Urdu Translation

dariya aur khetoN ko dekhne k liyay  
siraf kiDki hi kholna kafi nahin hai

peDon aur phooloN k dekhne k liyay  
andha na hona kafi hi nahin hai

tum koi philospher na ho ye bahut zaroori hai  
philosphy main koi peD-weD nahin hai siraf ek khyaal hai

aur hum sub akele akele ek ghufa hain  
kiDki bund kar baithe hain aur bahr swapnoN ka sansaar hai

swapne dekhne k liye khiDki khulna zaroori hai  
lakin is k khulne main jo swapnoN main hai vo bahr nahin hai

Ravi Kopra

# To Taslima Nasrin After Reading Her Poem Freedom

Taslima, your soul is free  
No body can keep it captive  
No body can send it to exile  
No body can put it in jail

And those who try should  
Look into their own conscience to see  
If they themselves are human, really free  
Or cowards under secularism and democracy.

Relenting to the ways of the evil  
The medieval or the dark ages' people  
Playing politics, telling lies  
Not prosecuting those who persecute you.

You ask what wrongs you have done.  
Mullahs say you are a muslima first and a woman later  
They have the power to dictate for they are  
The true followers of the messenger

Whom farishtas brought holy stuff from heaven.  
You do not follow Shariah, they say shame on you  
You do not hide your body under your black burqa  
You show your face to the world in the open

You do not accept lashes from your husband  
You do not accept his other granted wives  
You don't lie in bed with him when he wants to  
You do not polish his hookah, nor give him a bath in hamam

You do not marry your first cousin against your will  
You revolt bowing before Allah five times daily  
You must have no voice, no freedom, no choice  
You were born a muslima, must live like a muslima, die like a muslima

Only then will Allah accept you, so will the mullahs  
And so will the dotards whose minds are full of farishtas  
Follow them. Come home. All fatwas shall be uplifted  
Your face shall not be darkened if you hide under black burqa.

Ravi Kopra

# To Walk Into The Empty Sea, A Hindi/Urdu Rendering Of A Spanish Poem By Sonia Bueno

khali sagar main chalna  
wahan mohabbat karna

jis main har lafaz  
sookh jata hai

wahan chappa chappa  
mohabbat dhoondna

gehraee tak dhoondna  
aur kuch na kehna

Ravi Kopra

# Today I Woke Up, A Spanish Love Poem Of Isi Alvarez In English Translation

Today I woke up  
and did not want to get out of my bed.  
I wished he were with me giving me  
morning kisses and asking me what were my dreams.  
I stayed in the bed for a long time thinking  
how warm and soft his hands would be  
how would his kisses be like  
how would his eyes look when he looked at me  
how would I curl up with his arms around me  
and listen to his heart beats...

Then I imagined we were sitting next to the  
fountain in the garden full of fragrant breeze.  
I feel wonderfully well when I think of him  
I hear little bells ringing in my heart  
I feel like bouncing in the air  
I smile for no apparent reason and feel  
I am half-asleep half-awake all day long.  
He is not with me now.  
Oh God! how would it be when he is with me!  
Would I faint and he would resuscitate me?

Ravi Kopra

# Today The River Was Very Sad, A Poem Of Kedarnath Agarwal In Translation

Today the river was very sad  
She was sleeping in her own waters.  
On her reflecting body was  
A vast cover of clouds.

I did not wake her  
I tiptoed back home.

\*\*\*

the original in Hindi

Aaj nadi bilkul udaas thi,  
soyi thi apne paani mein.  
Uske darpan par -  
Baadal ka vastra pada tha.

Maine usko nahii.N jagaaya,  
dabe ghar vaapas aaya.

Ravi Kopra



# Tomorrow When I Get Up In The Morning

Tomorrow when I get up in the morning  
I will make for myself a cup of coffee  
Coffee beans imported from Columbia  
Grown in farms where women and children are  
paid 10 piso an hour and free water  
to drink during the lunch and break hour  
I will take the water from the frig made in Mexico  
made by workers paid 12 piso an hour and a free packet  
of doritos for lunch but no free water  
I will use half and half as creamer made from cows milk  
injected with antibiotics and hormones and fed artificial  
alfa alfa, bone meal and dried gut powder from sows and pigs  
The sugar I use will be from Cuba where...

I will sit down to read the Times  
made of paper from Brazilian forests, printed  
with imported ink from China, run through presses  
programmed by computer techs on work permits from India  
News will be mostly American -

Someone bragging his catch of cats  
Some movie mogul raping movie stars  
Some crazy shooting innocent school children  
Some policeman beating to death some jay walker  
Some leader threatening to start third world war  
Some lawmaker sexually harassing his staff  
Besides burning sun, floods, droughts, fires, pollution  
And law makers saying burn more coal it is cheaper  
There is no evidence in the Bible it causes any pollution  
And climate control, what nonsense, no such thing in the Bible either

It will just be the beginning of the day, like any other day in...

Ravi Kopra

# Tomorrow You Will Come

Thinking tomorrow you will come  
I am lost in you today

Recalling wonderful times we had  
I see the love boat of memories  
sailing away in the river of love

Hoping tomorrow will bring joy  
I am wanting you today, no body else

I am counting my failuress  
Reminding myself my mistakes

I was so happy with you  
Now I am in all darkness

Hoping tomorrow will bring joy  
I am wanting you today, no body else.

Ravi Kopra

# Tonight As I Stand With My Wife

Tonight as I stand with my wife  
On the terrace of my house

Under the full moon of the spring  
Near the pink blossoms of the cherry tree

My bare hands slip over her bare skin  
I clasp her in my arms, hold her to my chest

Her head leans on my arms, she closes her eyes  
Her long silky hair blows gently in the breeze

I lean over her, lips to lips and give her a long kiss  
She sighs, opens her eyes, I look into her eyes

I sigh and and say: O love, what a heavenly bliss!

Ravi Kopra

# Tooti-Footi Angrezi Main Poetry

ey mere kuch bharti bhaeeo (some not all)

agar angrezi tumari tooti-footi hai  
to kyon likhtay ho poetry angrezi main  
kyon nahin likhtay hindi main, punjabi main  
gujrati main, bangla main, marathi main  
tamil main, telgu main, urdu main, malyalam main

kya bharat main bhashon ki koee kami hai?  
kyon be-izzati karaato ho apni aur bharat ki?  
kyon batatay ho angrayzon ko tum kitnay anpad ho?  
likho poetry apni bhasha main jisay tum samajhtay ho.

achi achi poetry likh kar, bharat ka naam acha karo  
tooti-footi angrezi main likh kar bharat ko badnaam kartay ho  
angrazi main hi likhna hai to pehlay isay kuch seekh lo  
angrezi ki laatain na toDo, is ka katal na karo

ye baDa ek paap hai

bahut bahut danyawaad  
khuda tumain angrezi sikhlaey  
sirif yehi hai ek meri dua  
khuda hafiz, namaste, ram ram

Ravi Kopra

# Transcendence

The feeling of my being  
that I have existence

that there is a self in me  
that I am an entity

never dawned on me  
till I took my self

out of me  
and looked at myself

I met myself  
when I lost a friend

The realization  
changed my life

And I looked at every other  
being with a different eye

I feeling of transcendence  
prevailed from that time

Ravi Kopra

# Translating The Last Poem By Alfonsina Storni At Poemhunter

When I translated the poem  
Tears flowed from my eyes

Traced my face, fell on my bare feet.  
I was stooping over the coffee

Table with my PC on it.  
They felt warm on my feet.

Alfonsina Storni, Alfonsina Storni  
I share your loneliness

I share your sorrows  
Rest in peace. Rest in peace!

Ravi Kopra

# Translation - Lord Krishna And Arjuna In Bhagavad Gita, Chapter 2

Overcome by pity and sorrow  
agitated and tearful  
thus spoke Lord Krishna:

'O Arjuna,  
from where does come  
your vile shocking sorrow that  
you will be denied entry into the heaven? '

O scorcher of enemies!  
Don't be a sissy. It is not like you.  
Cast off the weakness of your heart.'

'My sorrow dooms me, ' replied Arjuna  
it would not leave me even if  
I am powerful and wealthy

ruling over earth or gods in the heaven.  
I shall not fight, ' said he  
and stood fast in silence.

Lord Krishna then said to him:

'You grieve for those you should not  
yet speak words of wisdom.  
The wise do not grieve the living  
nor do they grieve the dead.

No ruler, nor will I ever  
cease to live after death.  
As the soul passes from childhood  
to adulthood to old body  
so does it pass from body to body.  
The wise know that.'

Ravi Kopra

# Translation Of A Punjabi Love Poem A Thought By Najm Hussain Syed

Tonight  
only this night  
let me once more be alive.  
Even if there's festive gaiety tomorrow  
even if people rise from their graves  
and show up in white new shrouds,  
someone seeing another would not say:  
'Show me your beautiful face hidden under your veil.'

Tonight  
our bodies and souls  
are side by side.  
Do not settle  
our past quarrels.  
For tonight's sake  
pay me what you owe me.  
Another day you will not recall  
my name, and I will not yours.

Ravi Kopra



# Translation Of A Russian Sonnet By V. Lantsberg Into English

My boy, look here at my hand  
It remembers all the bows and darts  
It has the map to the brook of separtion  
where you have come from a far off place

Hold on! I do not drink from these streams  
I go to the hills to take a little rest  
lying down there to cool myself  
and throw my worries to the winds

By the hour and minute we left our  
mark on the trails we trod on!  
Where's the map of these tangled trails  
we carry on our frozen faces?

Do not be afraid, here is my hand  
Extended to you through the ages.

Ravi Kopra

# Translation Of An Urdu Poem: I Cannot Call You A Moon By Rahi Masoom Raza

I cannot call you a moon  
Because the moon dances around  
the earth in all four directions.  
I am a lover, I move around you  
like the moon around the earth  
and the earth around the moon  
dance incessantly.  
Still I am not a moon.  
I am a slice of a cloud  
lifted by your grace and  
delivered to soft winds,  
by your wafting hair.  
Yet what's the cloud fate?  
My longings in your absence  
will melt it into a tear.

\*\*\*

Original in Urdu

tujh ko chañd nahiñ kah sakta  
kyuñki ye chañd to is dharti ke chaar taraf nacha karta hai  
maiñ albatta divana huuñ  
tere gird phira karta huuñ  
jaise zamiñ ke gird ye chañd aur suraj ke gird apni zamiñ nacha karti hai  
lekin maiñ bhi chañd nahiñ huuñ  
maiñ badal ka ik Tuk? a huuñ  
jis ko teri qurbat ki kirnoñ ne uTha kar zulfoñ jaisi narm hava ko sauñp diya hai  
lekin badal ki qismat kya  
tere firaq ki garmi mujh ko pighla kar phir aañsu ke ik qatre meñ tabdil karegi

-Rahi Masoom Raza  
(from tashbeeb)

Ravi Kopra

# Translation Of Kabir's Poem: Santo Andhaa Dhoondhi Andhiyara

Friends

It's all blinding darkness  
Inside us are gardens  
and the one who grants us nirvana.  
The seven seas are within us  
so are a million stars.  
Jewels and pearls are within us  
so is the one who knows their worth.  
Endless music plays within us  
so do the myriad fountains.  
Kabir tells all his friends -  
Within us dwells our Lord.

Ravi Kopra

# Translation Of Pablo Neruda's Love Poem 1 - Body Of A Woman

Body of a woman, white hills, white thighs.  
You look like a world in your posture of surrender.  
My body of a brute laborer, digs in you  
And makes the son leap from the depth of earth.

I was only a tunnel. From me the birds fled  
And in me the night entered its powerful invasion.  
To survive myself, I forged you like a weapon  
Like an arrow in my bow, like a stone in my sling.

But the hour of vengeance has fallen, and I love you  
The body of skin, of moss, of avid and firm milk  
Ah the goblets of your breasts! Ah the eyes of absence!  
Ah the roses of the pubis! Ah your slow and sad voice!

Body of my woman, I will persist in your grace.  
My thirst, my endless anxiety, my road undecided!  
Dark river beds where the eternal thirst follows  
Weariness, and the infinite pain grows.

-This is my translation. The original is in Spanish:

## POEMA 1

Cuerpo de mujer, blancas colinas, muslos blancos,  
te pareces al mundo en tu actitud de entrega.  
Mi cuerpo de labriego salvaje te socava  
y hace saltar el hijo del fondo de la tierra.

Fui solo como un túnel. De mí huían los pájaros  
y en mí la noche entraba su invasión poderosa.  
Para sobrevivirme te forjé como un arma,  
como una flecha en mi arco, como una piedra en mi honda.

Pero cae la hora de la venganza, y te amo.  
Cuerpo de piel, de musgo, de leche ávida y firme.

Ah los vasos del pecho! Ah los ojos de ausencia!  
Ah las rosas del pubis! Ah tu voz lenta y triste!

Cuerpo de mujer mía, persistiré en tu gracia.  
Mi sed, mi ansia sin límite, mi camino indeciso!  
Oscuros cauces donde la sed eterna sigue,  
y la fatiga sigue, y el dolor infinito.

Ravi Kopra

# Trust The Destiny, A Urdu-English Poem On Your Love For Life

Don't find your husband, your wife  
Let your parents find you one  
The parents make your destiny  
Not you, yourself. Understand?

And a lover before a marriage! ?  
lakh laanat ho tum ko!

khaandaan ka muNh kaala karwanay main lagay ho!  
love to shawaagki raat ko komal komal  
chumiaN aur jHapHiaN maarna shuroo karti hai.

is se pehlay, kuch nahin. sub bakwaas. bilkul.  
karo apni destiny ka intzaar. Understand?  
beta beti maan baap ki har baat suntay hain  
unki umbilical cords abhi bi juDi huee hain.

Ravi Kopra

# Tsamma, My Kalahari Love

Tsamma, my Kalahari love  
My green red juicy beauty  
I will die without you.

I will not take the whole of you at once.  
I will relish you by slice a time  
holding you in my hands.

You are all red inside.  
I will sink my lips into you  
drink your juicy honey

and eat your red flesh.  
You are the water of my life  
I will die without you.

Still desirous of you in the desert,  
I will search for you again  
and lift you up in my hands.

Putting your green dress aside,  
I will ravishingly relish you  
till you are part of me once again.

Ravi Kopra

# Twelve Months, A Rendering Of Poetry Of Guru Arjun Dev In English Verse

O God, you sent us away  
Our deeds were deplorable  
Please have us back.

We have wondered in ten  
different directions to the  
four corners of the world  
seeking a refuge in you.

Crops wither without water  
Bring no money  
A cow giving no milk is of no use.

We are restless without you  
No peace to our souls  
It's like living in a village  
burning under the scorching sun.

Please be kind, we sing your songs  
You live in a house unshakeable  
We beseech you.

-to be continued

Ravi Kopra



# Two Bodies Together Sometimes, A Spanish Poem Of Octavio Paz In English Translation

Two bodies together sometimes  
are like two waves  
in the ocean of the night

Two bodies together sometimes  
are like two stones  
in the desert of the night

Two bodies together sometimes  
are like two roots  
intertwined at night

Two bodies together sometimes  
are like knives  
and the night is thundering

Two bodies together sometimes  
are like two stars falling  
in the emptiness of the sky

Ravi Kopra

# Two Haikus In Urdu And Punjabi

Urdu

hain pyaari ankhain  
aur meethi si muskratain  
dil dharak giya

\*\*\*

ab ankhain na maar  
aur fir chchup chchup kay na dekh  
pyaar to ab ho giya

---

Punjabi

pyarian akhaan  
tay mithian muskraatan  
mera dil dharkya

\*\*\*

hun akhian na maar  
tay fir chchup chchup kay na dekh  
pyaar tan hun giya

Ravi Kopra

## Two Parrots In Love, An Ekphrastic Poem

I love you, my yellow rose  
Here is my kiss for you  
Let me kiss your pinky beaky  
My heart throbs when I look at you

No white budgie, I am mad with you  
I saw you this morning with muhabbet kusu  
I heard what were you saying to her -  
My heart throbs for you my sweet kusu  
I love you. Let me kiss you.

Ravi Kopra

# Two Shadows, A Japanese Haiku In Urdu Translation

beea-baan k raaste maiN  
do parchHaaiaN miliN  
aur fir apne apne rah chali gayiiN

Ravi Kopra

# Two Short Poems By Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer In English Translation

Look

If I could just see you once  
I will give the world to you

If I could just see you once smiling at me  
I will give the sky to you

If I could just kiss you once  
What would I give to you. I don't know...

I will give to you all  
The sun, the moon, the skies, the world...

\*\*\*

What is poetry?

What is poetry? You say  
while you peer into my eyes with your blue eyes;  
What is poetry? You ask me.  
Poetry, you are my poetry, my love!

Ravi Kopra

# Two Tears Fell On Your Hands

The sun is setting on the beach  
the sky is grey, cloudy  
the sea is calm, the breeze quiet  
the gulls have flown to their nests  
the people leaving for their homes  
soon it will be dark  
I walk alone on the shore  
where we walked together  
for fifty years till you lost all  
memories and finally lost your speech  
I remember the last hour  
your breath was getting short  
the nurse called me in fast  
I held your hands in my hands  
you looked into my eyes  
and the next moment you were  
gone. Two tears fell on your hands  
as I kissed you goodbye.

Ravi Kopra

# Two Words, A Hindi Ghazal By Kavya In English Translation

The lamp says, keep me on  
The fire says, I want to go off

The river wants to keep on running  
The waves want to take a rest

Give me more laughs, says happiness  
No more wet eyes, say tears

The heart is crazy  
Let it keep on thumping  
Let it keep on showing its lunacy

I am in fact not a poet  
I solace my heart by writing poetry

Let my pen hear what says my heart  
Its true...I fee peaceful. Let it be.

Ravi Kopra

# Ungodly Fools Said: There Is No God

The List of ungodly fools and other statistics:

In a study by univ. of Minnesota, more than 2000 people were asked which of their fellow citizens lacked the proper &quot;vision of American Society&quot;

More than blacks, gays, immigrants, lesbians or even muslims...atheists are viewed as the least American(according to the survey)

Christians make upto 75% of the US population  
Christians make upto 75% of the prison population  
Federal Bureau of Prisons,1997

Atheists make upto 10% of the world population  
Atheists only make up 0.2% of the prison population  
Federal Bureau of Prisons,1997

&quot;No, I don't know that atheists should be considered as citizens, nor should they be considered as patriots. This is one nation under God.&quot;

-George Bush

The list of fools who said, &quot;There is no God&quot;:

Isaac Asimov  
Noam chomsky  
Francis crick  
Marie curie  
Richard Dawkins  
Daniel Dennet  
Thomas Edison  
Stephen Could  
Steven Pinker  
Karl Popper  
Carl Sagan  
Michael Shermer  
James watson  
E.O. Wilson



Marlon Brando  
Jodie Foster  
Seth Green  
Angelina Jolie  
Bruce Lee  
Dave Matthews  
Ian McKellen  
Julianne Moore  
Jack Nicholson  
Penn and Teller  
Christopher Reeve  
Gene Roddenberry  
Steven Soderbergh  
Susan B. Anthony  
Lance Armstrong  
Warren Buffet  
Bill Gates  
Ernest Hemmingway  
James Randi  
Charles Schulz  
Pat Tillman  
(who went into the army, instead of NFL)  
Mark Twain

"It is far better to grasp the universe as it really is than to persist in delusion, however satisfying and reassuring."

-Carl sagan

Ravi Kopra

# Valentine Feast

Sit. Feast on your life.

-Derek Walcott

I wanted you to be my valentine  
instead you want to go out with your ex

Well, keep the roses, chocolates  
and the red chiffon dress that you so much wanted  
in case he's a cheapo and cannot afford them

I am searching my shelves for your love letters  
and shredding them down into pieces  
I am tearing your night gown into shreds  
and your house slippers, yes, your house slippers  
I am packing them on your face in the frame of your photo  
and dumping them into the garbage bin for pick up tomorrow.

I will sit down and feast on my life.

Ravi Kopra

# Valentine Gift, Not A Red Rose Flower

gulab ka laal phool na hoga  
aur na hi hoga koee reshmi dil  
main dooNga tume ek pyaaz ka tohfa  
bhooray se kagaz k packet main  
jaise pyaar hamare dil main aata hai  
ye tohfa le aaey ga bahar tere dil main

aisay-  
aansu le aaey ga ye teri aankhoN main  
ek lover ki tarah  
aur sheeshay main jab tum dekho gi apne ko  
lagay ga gir rehi ho  
pyaar k dukh main khaDay-khaDay

main jhooth nahin bol raha

ye koee sundar card ya chummi ka telegram no hoga

ye hoga ek ghanda  
iski ek chummi rehe gi tere hotoN pe arsey tak  
vafa se bhari hue, tumaiN hamesha chahti hue  
jaise hum chahte hain ek doosre ko hamesha

is ko le lena  
iski platinum rung ki gol gol kundliaN  
sookh kar tumara dil kush karne ko  
wedding-ring ki tarah bun jaeNgi

khaufnaak  
iski sugand teri unglion main chapki rehegi  
tere chaakoo k saath saath rehti rahegi

Note: The translation is in Hindi/Urdu.

Ravi Kopra

# Valentine, A Love Poem By Tom Pickard In Hindi/Urdu Translation

saaf-saaf, saral  
ikhaday soeN gay

ya  
nahaen gay

mohabbat ki  
lehar main aaeN gay

tu pani-pani  
ho jao gi

kya main pehle shuroo karooN ga?  
ya khwab tu is ka pehle dekho gi?

halki-halki si shreer ki dhand-dhak

ay jism

duur kar do isko

Ravi Kopra

# Venice Beach

Why has the whole of love come to me suddenly.  
I see you with me on the Venice beach  
walking hand in hand in the evening  
watching the sun go beyond the horizon.  
We see a plump lady in a blue bikini.  
I too have curves you turn your face and say  
Stop looking at her  
I am with you  
Look at me!  
I smile, you smile  
under the net of kisses.  
We lay there on the beach, intertwined  
till the full moon arises in the East.

Ravi Kopra

## Vish Khopra ????????? And Allaha's Akhtar Boy In Heaven, An Omar Khayyam Like Rubaiyat

"Vish Khopra ?????????, you are not a musla, no 32 virgins for you, "  
said Allah

'Allah Sir, I converted to a musala on the way from my grave to your bountiful Jannat, full of virgins.'

"Good, good", Allah smiled with the most gracious smile and ordered Akhtar Jawad, his lieutenant:

"Akhtar boy, I like ?????????, get him 64, the most dazzling, the most beautiful young virgins."

Ravi Kopra

## Vish Khopra ???????? Forgives Akhtar Jawad, His Paki Musla Friend

Vish Khopra ???????? forgives Akhtar Jawad, his paki musla friend  
For calling him un-musla, un-Allah, un-mecca like despicable names  
Vish Khopra ???????? like Omar Khayaam knows that in the very end  
He will be just dust. So he raises his Cup to the musla's poetic fame.

Ravi Kopra

# Vish Khopra ????????, The Forgotten Friend Of The Musla, Akhtar Jawad

Vish Khopra ????????, the forgotten friend of the musla, Akhtar Jawad  
Wishes you happy summer holidays for he's now enjoying the cool summer  
Up north in his second summer home near the border of Canada in USA.  
Go pray for wine and virgins in heaven for your life on earth is miserable.

Ravi Kopra



# Visiting The Taoist Priest Dai Tianshan But Not Finding Him, A Chinese Poem Of Li Bai In Translation

I hear sounds of the running stream  
and barkings of a dog  
the peach blossoms are blooming  
after the rains  
deep in the trees I see a deer  
no gongs at noon at the stream  
wild bamboo divides the green mist  
A waterfall is hanging at the green peak  
No one knows where  
Dai Tianshan has gone  
On two or three pines I lean sadly.

-rendered from a literal translation from the web pages:

Dog bark water sound in  
Peach blossom bring rain thick  
Tree deep occasionally see deer  
Stream noon not hear bell  
Wild bamboo divide green mist  
Fly spring hang green peak  
Lack person know place go  
Sad lean two three pines

Ravi Kopra

# Waiting In Love

ye intizar nahiñ sham.a hai rifaqat ki  
is intizar se tanha.i ?hub-surat hai

- Arshad Abdul Hamid

\*\*\*

It is not just the waiting  
It is the evening of the meeting  
with my love after a long time

No more loneliness  
No more grieving

Waiting for her arrival  
feels so wonderful today

I am standing at the gate  
for the deplaning passengers

With a dozen fresh roses  
in my smiling hands

I am looking in the distance  
for my love in the sky blue silk sari

The moment I see her I will  
rush to her and shower her with kisses

I have been saving for her  
in my heart that is all hers.

Ravi Kopra

# Wake Up, Wake Up, You Idiot

Get up you idiot  
She has been waiting for you too long  
Why do you give up on her  
when she badly wants you?

You say you are sleepy  
but you sleep ever and ever

Why do you go to a chaste silence  
when she chases you?  
Like a dead log you do not budge  
Like a dead statue you lie there

You stubborn fool  
Keep this well in mind  
You will miss her one day  
You will plead and plead

And she will say-  
Go to hell, you bastard  
Go to your eternal sleep  
No longer I need you...

Then

What will you do?  
Repent? Regret? Cry?  
Nothing will work  
She will be gone forever  
and never look back at you

Wake, wake up, you idiot  
Has not an iota of dignity left in you?

Ravi Kopra

# Walking On Tiptoe, A Poem By Ted Kooser In Hindi/Urdu Translation

arboN kharboN saaloN se  
hum apni aeDi uthana bhool gaye hain  
-ghode, kutte, sher ki tarah-  
fir bhi vo jab tezi se bhagte hain  
hamare dil main khushi latay hain  
jaise ek chota sa chua bhi  
jab vo kuttay k khanay ki ek nugget  
ko moonh main le kar bhagta jaata hai  
hamain vo baDa sushobit lagta hai

Hamari chaal ki sab uchhal ab gaieb ho gayi hai  
zimmedari hum ko daba rehi hai  
vinay sumbandi ab sab kaam hum karte hain  
saza aur maut se darte hain  
jeetay logon ne apni posteen se  
hamare paon bandh diye hain

Lakin kabhi kabhi subah subah  
hamain lagata hai k kaise hoga unki tarah  
agar hum bhi apne panjoN par chalain  
har darwaze se aage nikalte hue  
jab log andar so rahe hain,  
aur ek dum andhere main bhi hum dekh rahe hain.

Ravi Kopra

# Walking Wet

The sky was overcast  
It started drizzling  
She was in the neighborhood  
Street, window shopping

Their eyes were popping out  
Everyone was staring at her  
She was in her fine silk sari  
Walking wet, bobbing...

Ravi Kopra

# Wanderer, There's No Road -A Spanish Poem Of Antonio Machado In English Translation

Wanderer, your footsteps are  
the road, and nothing more;  
Wanderer, there's no road,  
the road is made by walking.  
By walking one makes the road,  
and seeing behind the vista,  
one sees the path that will  
never be travelled again.  
Wanderer, there's no road,  
only waves in the sea.

Ravi Kopra

## Want Little: You Will Have Everything, A Poem By Fernanado Pessoa In Hindi/Urdu Translation

lalach main mat paDo, sub kuch mil jae ga  
chahatain choD do, azad ho jao gay  
vohi mohabbat jis main hum jeetay hain  
maar daalti hai jab iske peechay hum paDte hain

Ravi Kopra

# Watching The Foxes, A Poem By Milo Gallagher In Hindustani Translation

ek laDki-maan ko kya patta  
vo kaisy jeeyay apni maan bina

dukh main dhoobi huee jaanti nahin kaisay uthay  
kaisay day doodh baby ko swayray swayray

aur bhi baDi batain hain jo vo nahin jaanti  
kaisay banaey soup baby k liyay

kaisay karay usay mana mitti khanay k liyay  
aise laDkion ko sub laDkay istmael kartay hain

uski maan dhoobi hui hai apni purani kar-tootoN main  
likha nahin kuch jaata us k barey main

darwaza bund kar baithi hue hai apnay us ghar main  
jis ka hai ek aur darwaza-bund-kamra kamray ke peechHay

\*\*\*

the original

THE YOUNG MOTHER does not know how to live  
without a mother. Shipwrecked by grief,

she can barely wake herself, feed the baby.  
There's still so much she doesn't know—

the recipe for meatball soup, or how to make the baby  
stop eating dirt. They never did get a good volley

going on the tennis court.  
Her mother is pages of a sunken diary,

waterlogged, ink bleeding everywhere.  
Her mother is a locked door with another door behind it.





# Watermelons

Watermelons  
so juicy, so sweet  
I always loved them

So big they slip  
from my hands,  
smother my face

I don't mind if  
they love it  
and do it with love

I am never tired of  
grabbing them, cooling  
my face against them

Playing with them  
Rolling before eating them  
Sucking their sweet juice

I love their heart  
always red, like red  
red rose, my sweetheart.

So soothing!

Ravi Kopra

# Watermelons, A Hindi Poem After Charles Simic's Watermelons

Tarbooze

hare hare tarbooze  
phal waley ke reDi pe  
buddha ji ki tarah paDe hue hain  
hum unki muskrahateN choos choos kar khaeN gay.

jab daant unke hamare daton pe tukraeN gay  
ek ek kar k hum un sab ko bachaeN gay  
bahar aate hi une bageeche main ugaeN gay  
chota chote se haray haray se buddha ji k  
bachoN ko pyar se har roz paaleN gay.

Ravi Kopra

# We Are Our Dreams Of Ourselves, Sonnet 1 By Fernando Pessoa In Hindi/Urdu Translation

jo kuch bhi hum likhaiN, boleN or kareN  
hum hamesha dunhdle se rehte hain

hamare lafzoN, kitaboN main jo hum hain  
asal main vo hum nahin hain

kitni hi koshis kyon ne kareN  
rooh apni dikhane ko

ye door hi door rehti hai  
hamare dil kabhi na mil paate hain

hum jo apna aap dikhlate hain  
parvah uski log na karte hain

kisi bhi khyaal, vichar, chaal se  
apni roohoN ko saath saath na kar paate hain

apne aap main hum mukhtsar rehte hain  
jab sochte hain shakhshiat main hum kya hain

hum apne swapne hain, apni chamakti roohaiN hain  
aur ek doosre main, doosroN ke swapne hain

Ravi Kopra

# We Are So Heart Broken When Our Beloved Leaves Us, A Urdu Ghazal By Ahmad Faraz In English Translation

We are so heart broken when our beloved leaves us  
we hardly step out of the door we need a wall to lean onto

A little unease persists when we first fall in love  
But a thousand sufferings are in waiting to befall later

In the beginning, the desires rise little by little  
later it is all desires and nothing else is there

Helplessness sometimes brings us close to our friends  
when we cannot let out our cries we lean onto our friends

Shreds of my sorrows are scattered all over in the streets  
If I bring them home, they will make a mountain high pile

Whatever the suffering, a stifling, a heart break or losing face  
They always left a deep, unerasable, lasting mark in Faraz' life

Ravi Kopra

# We Are So Near

qurbateñ hote hue bhi fasloñ meñ qaid haiñ  
kitni azadi se ham apni hadoñ meñ qaid haiñ

-SALEEM KAUSAR

We are so near  
and yet  
we are not allowed  
to see other

They say we are free  
and yet  
they put us  
in the prison

The umbilical cord  
it seems  
was not cut  
at birth

They gave us birth  
But what right  
do they have  
to rule over  
our lives

Dharma?  
Karma?  
Damn them.  
I want to follow  
my own Karma.

Ravi Kopra

# We Finally Find Peace At Our Own Place, A Urdu Ghazal By Basir Sulatn Kazmi In English Translation

We finally find peace at our own place  
We cannot stay for long at another's place

Everyone must build his own place  
Even if he apparently finds a built-up place

Everybody in the world is secure in his place  
I also fancy for myself such a place

I have complaints still I love you a lot  
All of this has its own place

You are angry with 'Basir' these days  
He, in fact, is your destination and place

(An added ghazal as below)

No woman liked 'Ravi' when he wandered from place to place  
Now women swarm around him when he has own beautiful place

Ravi Kopra

# We Have Travelled To The Capital City

Journey to the capital city  
was my holy journey to God  
When I was born, a pundit ji  
whispered holy mantras  
in my tiny red ears  
I stopped crying instantly  
my mother told me years later

Blessed with god at birth  
blessed throughout my life  
with my children, my lovely wife  
I am on the pilgrimage seeing  
holy temples, crosses of Christ

For his final blessings till  
one day suddenly I leave  
this kal-yuga and appear  
before him with folded hands  
lying down on his feet  
asking no blessings  
but just a little touch  
on my head near my choti  
that pundit ji gave me  
when I was ready for marrying  
my lovely wife who is here  
sitting with me smiling.  
What more blessings  
do I need?

-a tribute to the poemhunter poet Kumarmani Mahakul who  
posted a poem here today with a similar title.

Ravi Kopra



# We Love Each Other Because

We love each other because  
we are so compatible -

We both are so dull, so morose  
Nobody wants to be our friend

We both are so private  
We love to keep our privates private

We are so sad, so miserable, so shunned  
All day we sulk, we never talk to anyone

When someone invites us by mistake  
We finish all their food, d'oeuvres in haste

We both are ill read and nerds  
More boring than anyone has ever heard

We both go to Church every Sunday  
We know of world what Bible says

That God made the world in seven days  
And made Adam and Eve in mysterious ways

That Adam lusted for Eve after eating an apple  
That's why lusty men love eating apples everyday

We both are so germ phobic  
We shake hands with no one

We never make love, sleep in separate beds  
Afraid our genitalia will be infested with germs

We always prayed to God to give us children  
God never granted the immaculate conception

We both sometimes wonder about Jesus a little  
He's the only one born of such a conception

When to mullahs we tell this story of conception  
They laugh, they make fun of our foolish perception

We eat breakfast, lunch, dinner, we drink coke and coffee  
We sleep, we pee, we defecate, nothing else is there to do

So lucky we are both, we bother no body, no body bothers us  
So happy and peaceful we are, God has blessed us once for all

Ravi Kopra

# Weather

????

thuk thuk thuk thuk  
khiDki pe iski awaaz

shik phik lik wik  
thukDa iska khiDki par

rim jhim rim jhim main  
billi bolay myooN myoon

cHata cHata har ek k haath main cHata  
ghata ghat ghata ghat aa paDi barsaat ab

geet gao, pakoDay khao, chaey peeo  
whiskey peeo aa gayi barsaat ab

mendak bolay mendak bolay maDaN maDaN  
mor nache mor nache baarish main har jagah

bache koodain bachay koodain pani main  
bhensain tairaiN bhensaiN tairaiN cHapaD main

aur hum sab bazaar main khaDay dekhain dekhain  
ek mahila ki bheegi choli aur uski salwaar ko

Ravi Kopra

# Weddings, A Spanish Poem By Blanca Verela In English Translation

The hummingbird and its lover  
they are in the fog.

Two stones hurled by desire  
meet in the air.

The evergreen wild bush  
is now burning in the fog  
domiciled.

Ravi Kopra

# Welcome - A Urdu Poem By Gulzar In English Translation

Suddenly  
my room shook  
a fierce gust of wind came in  
and turned everything upside down -  
the curtains flapped  
hit the glassware on the table  
they fell everywhere  
the pages of a book fluttered  
the inkpot dived and colored all blank papers  
the pictures in frames hanging on the wall  
turned their necks to look at you.

Come again like this  
into my room

And let the room know  
you are with me.

Ravi Kopra

# Were It Not Folly, Spider-Like To Spin, A Rubaiyat Of Omar Khyyam In Hindi/Urdu Translation

ye moorakhta nahin k hum makDi makoDon  
ki tarah zindgi k jaal buntay rehte hain?  
jaante hue k kisi bhi dum hamari saans  
kabhi bhi bahar na aa paae gi!

Ravi Kopra

# What A Fool Am I! A Spanish Poem By Isi Alvarez In English

Sometimes I miss  
You so much  
I wish  
I could fly to you  
To give you  
A kiss  
And then  
Return home.

What a fool am I!  
Right?

I do not know

But I cannot  
Live with you  
And without you.

Ravi Kopra

# What A Wonderful Love Is This! A Hindi Love Poem By Sonali Parida Translated Into English

What a wonderful love is this!  
She swirls the world around her fingers  
She makes the people go crazy looking at her  
She makes them stand still in awe, amazed  
Relishing her dazzling beauty.

And she accepted me.  
I see her now with closed eyes.  
People envy me wherever I go.

But I say to myself -  
This could be a delusion.  
I might be losing my mind.

The people of the world said: No  
It is not a misperception  
She loves you really, dearly.  
And I heard the echoes of the world -  
She loves you...  
L o v e s...y o u...  
L o v e s...y o u...

Ravi Kopra



# What Do I Tell Him, He Understands Nothing, A Urdu Ghazal By Fatima Hasan In English Translation

What do I tell him, he understands nothing  
When I see him, he says it is not a meeting

I have seen my dreams with wide open eyes  
I dream a night with him, he says what does it mean

I lost and told him he was not a winner  
I lost my bet, he doesn't understand it

The breeze at night must have kept him awake  
Why could he not sleep, he doesn't understand it

He knows only ghazals and poetry  
Of love and romance, he knows nothing

Ravi Kopra

# What Foolishness! - Rendering Omar Khayyam

What foolishness!  
To throw unaccountable nets  
Of life to catch abundance of fish  
Not knowing if the next moment we will live.

\*\*\*

XIV.  
Were it not Folly, Spider-like to spin  
The Thread of present Life away to win -  
What? for ourselves, who know not if we shall  
Breathe out the very Breath we now breathe in!

Ravi Kopra

# What Is Life

What is life  
But an orderly assembly of elements

What is death  
But disintegration of the same assembly of elements

Out of dust comes life  
Into dust goes life

The cycle completes over and over  
Hindus say it goes on for eighty four million times

Before you are born man again  
After becoming a snake, a snail, a donkey or a monkey

Based on your daily karma  
But if you are a saint, you go straight to heaven

After you pass away. Heaven for some is wine and thirty two virgins  
fountains and gardens, music and dance and hookahs, milk and sweet honey

Everything they can't have or are forbidden in this earthly world  
except few women in marriage - divorced, widows, cousins or the stolen ones

Life in heaven is divine  
You are not born, nor you die

You ascend there not by stairs, escalators, rockets, planes, fairies or angels  
Your soul carries you there in a tiny tiny bundle in a matter of a second of time

If you happen to be a chosen one or you say you are the one  
You fly there on a white stallion with lofty wings in no time

Only on this earthly world made of dust  
Atoms are turning into molecules, molecules into blocks of life

And what makes them come into life  
Is love. Love and lust combined.



# What Is Life, A Urdu Poem Of Ibrat Machlishahri In English Translation

Life is a letter  
written by some illiterate stranger  
from a far off unknown land  
No body can read it or understand.

Ravi Kopra

# What Is Life, O Friend!

What is life, O friend!  
The more you think about it  
The more it takes the life  
Out of you.

zindagi kya hai aaj ise ai dost  
soch leñ aur udaas ho jaa.eñ

-FIRAQ GORAKHPURI

Ravi Kopra

# What Is Love

You cannot stop the night  
Bringing darkness to you

You cannot stop the moon  
Shining moonlight on you

You cannot stop the bird  
Shitting on you

You cannot stop the bulbul  
Singing for you

You cannot stop the planets  
Moving around the sun

You cannot stop love  
Gushing into your heart

You will lose your mind  
If you do

And lose your mind  
If you don't

It is a creepy thing  
Enters your heart first to enter your mind

Love is such a thing  
So powerful!

Ravi Kopra

# What Is Man

O skies! I am not afraid of your God  
I fear man on this earth (Anon)

Every task isn't easy, some are hard  
But harder it is for man to be a man (Ghalib)

Animal like men were God's angels from heaven  
Now they are devils from hell in hundreds of forms (Altaf Hussain Hali)

Man is a like a bubble of water  
No one knows when would it burst (Molvi Abud-Ur-Raza Raza)

A time will come in this world  
When man will search for another man (Fana Nizami Kanpuri)

Man evolved out of angels  
It was a hard task to be so (Altaf Hussain Hali)

Name plates boasted of dwellers' statuses  
I could not find a man in any of the houses (Bashir Badr)

Thousands of faces but not a single real man  
In what a wretched world I happened to be here (Shahzad Ahmad)

You told lies. No stick by them 'Zafar'  
A man should be a man of character (Zafar Iqbal)

How can you fall in love with God  
He himself hated man and kicked him out of heaven (Naresh Kumar Shad)

Never ever think man is simple. He appeared  
After hiding for millions of years in dust (Mir Taqi Mir)

'Mir' miyan, you could be an angel  
But it is hard to be a man (Mir Taqi Mir)

I keep on changing with seasons  
I am man. Don't ever believe me (Asim Wasti)



I am resting on the way. Consider me a mile stone  
I will become a man after facing troubles (Bekhud Dehlvi)

What a peaceful incident!  
Man has forgotten man (Juan Eliya)

Who will ever think of him as a man  
He doesn't believe in God who made the world (Saba Akbarabadi)

Time never stays still  
It behaves like man (Gulzar)

Here man doesn't matter, only his appearance  
Give me big goblets but with little wine

Value a man only by his virtues 'Zafar'. See if he  
forgets God in happiness, and in anger not afraid of him (Bahadur Shah Zafar)

Ravi Kopra

# What Is That Special With You

What is that special with you  
what is that attracts me to you  
I do not know, Hannah  
only thing I can say is  
my heart wants you

I wait for your call  
and when I don't hear from you  
and the evening befalls  
I start feeling uneasy  
my heart says, call her, call her  
find out how she's doing

My mind says, no  
don't bother her, she must be busy  
if you call her she might think  
I am a mama's boy, I am needy  
I should be a man. I say  
let her call me first if she wants to

I don't know what, Hannah.  
Call me whenever you can  
but when I don't hear from you  
when you are not near me  
I start missing you miserably  
and wish you were with me

I cannot reach you today.  
I am going crazy.  
Please call me.

Ravi Kopra

# What Is This Vegas City?

What is this Vegas city?

It looks like a sex exhibition to me.

Wherever I throw a glance

I hardly miss a half naked lady

prancing around on high heels

on brightly lit boulevards.

Huge tv displays selling tvs

phones, cars, furs, luxuries

vacations, cleaners, creams

and for men, escort company.

And in every restroom

in every casino in the city,

machines selling condoms mostly

large size, in all colors and

shapes, plain, rough, stripped

With tips or no tips, lubricated

dry and too the fluorescent ones

in case after your heavy sin

you forget where your peter is

and has hard time finding it.

Ravi Kopra

# What Justice Is This? My Allah

I love you  
But you love someone else

The one whom you love  
May he love someone else

You come back to me  
And I say sorry. I love someone else

Keep on loving him  
Keep on seeing him in your dreams

And when he leaves you  
Don't come back to me

It will be too late then  
and now my nights don't know what sleep is

I think of you day and night  
I pass by your house in the next street

What did you tell your dog?  
He used to be so friendly

Now he always barks at me  
I will find out what does he feed him

He got to your heart through a dog's heart  
While my heart dies for you

What justice is this? my Allah  
What dog of a man her lover is?

Ravi Kopra

# What Love Is This? A Punjabi Poem Of Bulleh Shah In English Translation

You think of love and fall in love.  
What love is this?  
Love does not need thinking  
Love needs your heart.

You give your heart to your lover  
And expect her heart in return.  
What love is this?  
Love is given asking for nothing in return.

Ravi Kopra

# What Men Women Love

Suddenly he pays close  
attention to whatever I say  
and then, suddenly he turns away  
I wonder if he's testing me

Perhaps he is afraid  
of my rejection  
I do not know but  
his moves perplex me

A man should be a man  
bold, charming, fast moving  
confident of himself always  
to win a woman's heart

Not someone like him  
hesitating, afraid, unsure.  
Man, put on your cowboy hat  
Polish your belt buckle

Put on your cowboy boots  
Throw away your cigars  
Walk with a little swagger  
If you want to be my lover.

Ravi Kopra

# What Poets Do To You, A Poem In Hindustani

kavion ki bhasha kuch aur hi hoti hai  
kavi hi aksar usay samaj pattay hain  
komal dil walay hi usay mehsoos kar saktay hain  
uski lehran main beh jattay hain  
unki bhasha sub se unchi hoti hai  
tumaray dil ko choo let hai  
dil ki dharkan main ubar le aati hai  
ankhon main aansoon ki dhar laga deti hai  
gussay k toofan uda leti hai  
bhgawaan k paon tumay le jaati hai  
phoolon ki bahar le aati hai  
tum apnay pyaray beti beta ko ghod main betha latey ho  
nanhi nanhi pyaari pyaari kavita tum unko sunatay ho  
aur jab vo apni kavita tumain sunnanay lag jaatay hain  
unki galon pe tum choomion ki bahar le aato ho

Ravi Kopra

# What She Tells Me

My breasts feel warm  
when I see you

Two doves wake up  
suddenly from deep sleep

Flutter their wings  
and want to fly to you

They want to love you  
holding your face between their wings

Coo-cooing there a little  
telling how much they love you

And asking in return  
a little of your love -

Touch of your warm hands and  
Sweet kisses from you lips

With your tongue fluttering  
on their dark beaks...

Ravi Kopra



# What Women Look For In Men

What do you think, asked  
my love, on the beach yesterday,  
thinking of love between us,  
that women look for in men?

To be desired, to be chosen  
among many other women, said I.  
They want themselves to feel  
Special that there's no one  
better than them in love in general

If they have no beauty  
They say their souls are beautiful  
If they have no money, they are poor  
They say their love is priceless

If they are rustic, uneducated  
They say wisdom is being natural  
Who wants degrees, diplomas, laurels  
if you don't know how to read love?

You can't argue with them  
Can't reason with them in love  
They want to be desirable, chosen  
They love to be loved, pampered.

Ravi Kopra

# What's Left Of Indian Summer Is This

What's left of Indian summer is this -  
Parched lands, all vegetation gone  
No grass, cattle starve in the grazing fields  
Dust strewn heat waves you can see with bare eyes  
All village water ponds dry, no water for the cattle to drink  
Birds fall drop dead sky in the flight  
Water sinks in wells, city dwellers on water ration  
Thirst, thirst everywhere, people faint in heat waves  
Thousands die, too hot for them to survive  
Schools shut for the summer, people walk in shades  
They drink salted watered butter milk, the Punjabi lassi.  
Hot sun sears your skin, enters deep like arrows into your marrow  
Streets, bazaars deserted of people, the heat fries mosquitoes and flies  
Dust storms blow from deserts, tree leaves get brown loaded with dust  
Sand rubs under your collar when you perspire and feel  
The sand paper is filing your neck turning it into a lobster.

Ravi Kopra

# What's The Matter, My Innocent Love? A Ghazal Of Ghalib In Translation

What's the matter, my innocent love?  
What's the cure of your sorrows?

I desire you and you turn away  
Tell me my Allhah, what's all this

I can speak pretty well  
Would you not tell me the issue

There is no one here except you  
What's all this mayhem, tell me for God's sake

How strange are these people with faces of angels  
Coquettish in gestures, sultry in looks!

Why are your tresses curled up and scented?  
Why have you put kohl on your lashes?

The roses on green leaves, where do they come from?  
Did they come on a breeze from the clouds?

I was hoping you would be faithful  
It seems you have never heard of it

Do good, the good will be done unto you  
What more a saint could ever say

I will sacrifice my life for you  
But don't know how to pray for your love

Ghalib would not refuse anything  
What's wrong if he gets it free?

\*\*\*

the original in Urdu:

dil-e-nadañ tujhe hua kya hai  
a?hir is dard ki dava kya hai

ham haiñ mushtaq aur vo be-zar  
ya ilahi ye majra kya hai

maiñ bhi muñh meñ zaban rakhta huuñ  
kaash puchho ki mudda.a kya hai

jab ki tujh bin nahiñ koi maujud  
phir ye hañgama ai ?huda kya hai

ye pari-chehra log kaise haiñ  
ghamza o ishva o ada kya hai

shikan-e-zulf-e-ambariñ kyuuñ hai  
nigah-e-chashm-e-surma sa kya hai

sabza o gul kahañ se aa.e haiñ  
abr kya chiiz hai hava kya hai

ham ko un se vafa ki hai ummid  
jo nahiñ jante vafa kya hai

jhaañ bhala kar tira bhala hoga  
aur darvesh ki sada kya hai

jaan tum par nisar karta huuñ  
maiñ nahiñ janta dua kya hai

maiñ ne maana ki kuchh nahiñ 'ghalib'  
muft haath aa.e to bura kya hai

Ravi Kopra

# When Do The Tears Not Flow From Eyes? A Urdu Ghazal By Mir Taqi Mir In English Translation

When the eyes don't well up with tears  
The blood shows up in anger there

I was not losing my sense of selfhood  
But when in need, it is wasn't there

I showed lot of patience when my friend left  
It's has been ages and yet he hasn't come here

I emptied my heart of unfulfilled desires  
Tears fell in torrents. There was a reason there

Love has patience in waging wagers  
Else no one would have eloquence anywhere

O friend! words refuse to come to my lips. My heart  
Has a lot to tell. But lies wounded deep down there

'Mir' is sitting lovelorn far off in the dust  
He doesn't know what to do or go anywhere.

\*\*\*

ashk aankhon mein kab nahin aata  
by Mir Taqi Mir

ashk aankhoñ meñ kab nahiñ aata  
lahu aata hai jab nahiñ aata

hosh jaata nahiñ raha lekin  
jab vo aata hai tab nahiñ aata

sabr tha ek munis-e-hijrañ  
so vo muddat se ab nahiñ aata

dil se ru?hsat hui koi ?hvahish  
giryā kuchh be-sabab nahĩñ aata

ishq ko hausla hai shart arna  
baat ka kis ko Dhab nahĩñ aata

ji meñ kya kya hai apne ai hamdam  
par su?han ta-ba-lab nahĩñ aata

duur baiTha ghubar-e-'mir' us se  
ishq bin ye adab nahĩñ aata

Ravi Kopra

# When I Am Free Today, A Urdu Ghazal By Afzal Khan In English Translation

When I am free today, tomorrow's problems I will pursue  
If solved, their results I will pursue

Meetings and separations must not go to extremes  
How does my love answer today, I will pursue

People will say I go to the extremes  
But lovers' fight here tomorrow I will pursue

The boaters will pay me fine if they want to cross the river  
Drowning their ships in the river otherwise, I will pursue

I will meet her somewhere, that heartless lady  
If not, like the potter's moving wheel I will pursue

A branch of this tree extends to the neighbor's courtyard  
The problem who will get the fruit, with him I will pursue

(An added couplet)

'Ravi' had love problems throughout his life  
He now says - "not a single woman I will pursue"

Ravi Kopra

# When I Fell In Love, A Mir Taqi Mir Inspired Poem

I was all on fire  
When I fell in love

I am now burnt into ashes  
It is the end of me

Friends, love gives you pleasures  
And too, the pain in your ass

Be prepared  
Don't bitch later that 'Ravi' did not tell you.

Ravi Kopra



# When I Kissed You For The First Time

Tears come to my eyes when I come  
To this high hill in Darjeeling  
It is the same lonely hill  
The same old big stones and rocks  
We used to sit on breathless  
While climbing up the hill  
Watching the swallows in blue skies  
And hearing songs of nightingales from  
The flowering mango grove down in the valley.

A plum tree stood here  
Now it is gone  
It was here under the tree when  
I kissed you for the first time.

You were in the blue chiffon blouse  
blue jeans and I in khakis  
White fluffy clouds sailed in the vast blue sky.  
Wisps of cool breeze ruffled your long black hair  
You tossed them aside and I looked into  
Your brown big eyes. My lips were quivering  
As they approached yours, you closed your eyes  
I held you gently in my arms, kissed you and sighed  
We promised we will never leave each other.

I had to come to Kalamazoo, Michigan  
For my tech training and your old  
Fashioned father could not wait  
He married you to a geek from the south  
And you took it as your destiny.

My love, I cannot forget you  
I cannot forget this hill, the stones, the rocks  
The swallows in blue skies, the nightingales' songs  
And the plum tree that stood here two summers ago.

Ravi Kopra

# When I Look At You

When I look at you  
Everything looks so comely  
Comely is your face  
Your lips, hair, eyes  
Comely is your body  
Your skin, breasts, waist  
Your voice music to my ears  
Your gait prancingly.  
Always neat and clean  
Always prim and prissy  
Well groomed, well dressed.  
You're so calm, kind, graceful  
And when you enter a room  
All heads turn toward you.  
And I say to myself:  
How lucky I am, you are  
My darling, my wife, my dreams!

Ravi Kopra

# When I Make Love To You

Why do I keep my eyes closed  
When I make love to you? you ask

Not that you are not handsome  
Not that I think of my high school crush

I see you in my every pore  
You crush my heart

You take me to unknown heights  
I want to float there in love

I want to absorb every inch of you  
I want you to become one with you

I want to suck every drop of you  
I want to annihilate all of you

You fill my heart with love  
You give life to my soul

I keep my eyes closed to have all of you  
Every pore of you, the whole of you...

Ravi Kopra

# When I Met Her

When I met her  
she was so cheerful  
thrilled as if  
it was love at first sight.

The next day she was  
cold and indifferent  
I did not know  
she was lacking lamictal.

Ravi Kopra

# When I Put My Head On Your Shoulder, A Persian Love Poem By Fariba Shadloo In Hindi/Urdu Translation

jab main tumhare kandhe pe  
apna sar rakhti hoon

to is duniya ki sari shanti main  
main sheetal ho jati hoon

radio par sureelay gaanay aa jaate hain  
mausam suhana ho jata hai

aur agar darwazay par koi khat khat karta hai  
to mujhe pata hai ye tax lainay wala koi aadmi nahin hai

Ravi Kopra

# When I Read Your Letters

When I read your letters  
I start missing you

I ask myself, how strange!

How can you miss someone  
you haven't yet met  
you haven't spoken to  
you have only seen her photo  
sent her mails  
sent her poems of love?

Are you crazy, loony, a fool?

I ponder over and over  
I cannot reason love

Reason lives in  
head, not heart

She has opened my  
heart by her smiles  
she has mesmerised  
me by her eyes

She has poured love  
into my heart  
my soul now wants  
to be with hers

I have now lost all reasons  
all senses, all explanations  
I only know I miss her  
I want her forever.

Ravi Kopra

# When I See Your Rosy Cheeks, A Ghazal Of Rumi In English Translation

When I see your rosy cheeks  
You make my cold heart spinning

Take off your veil once again  
And let the learned lovers be amazed

They will forget what they have learned  
They will lose all their intellect

You will turn water into pearls  
The warriors will quit their wars

If I have you, my beautiful love  
I will desire no moon. Nor care for three hanging lanterns

The ancient rusty mirror of the sky  
is no match to your shining pretty face

You breathe and the world changes its shapes  
O my beauty with lovely eyes, you are music to my ears!

Ravi Kopra

# When I Sit Down To Write Poetry

When I sit down to write poetry  
butterflies come and take my pen  
to the plum trees in the valley

Cranes come and take it to the lake  
where they come worn out, tired  
after a long flight from north

It is their winter home  
their paradise, near the plum grove  
near the pavilion on the running stream

Where I found my love long ago.  
She was standing there alone  
watching the cranes near the creek.

When I looked at her, she smiled.  
My heart throbbed, went saying -  
O my red plum, my sweet peach!

Ravi Kopra



# When I Tell Him, A Urdu Poem In English Translation

When I tell him -  
Listen, it is the real thing  
He laughs at me and says  
I must be dreaming.

When I tell him  
What he is doing is not the right thing  
He says with a grin  
I must be joking.

When I tell him  
We love him so dearly  
He is one of a kind, he rebuffs -  
It must be coincidentally.

Ravi Kopra

# When I Was Born, A Couplet Of Kabir In English Translation.

When I was born  
I cried. And they  
celebrated my coming.

I did good deeds all my life.

I am now dying  
They are crying  
and I, laughing.

Ravi Kopra

# When I Will Wake Up In The Morning

When I will wake up in the morning  
the first thing I will do  
is to turn around to look at your face.  
And if sleeping, I will put  
my arms around you  
kiss your hands, your arms, your shoulders...  
touch your hair, your face,  
move closer to have my body touch yours.  
When you open your eyes and smile,  
I will give you the first morning kiss.  
You will say - you are mine  
and I will say - of course, of course  
now and for ever...  
I cannot exist without you  
you are my love for ever...  
I will wrap you in my arms  
kisses and kisses and more kisses...  
touching and fondling and more fondling  
till you say - I need you now  
and I will be gasping and saying - yes, yes  
I need you now, now...

Ravi Kopra

# When She Opens Her Mouth

When she opens her mouth  
the encyclopedias of the world fauna and flora  
glaciers, seas, lakes, rivers, mountains, rivulets  
tornadoes, volcanoes, hurricanes, storms, winds  
aeroplanes, trains, satellites, rockets, spaceships  
God, creation, heart, soul, mind and everything  
in the universe never stop popping in.  
And I ask her gently: darling, what's all this?  
I simply asked if you'd like to go for a picnic  
in the park, to go to the beach for sea breeze  
or just stay in all Sunday in bed like on a honeymoon.  
She is my love. The whole world swirls on her tongue-tip.

Ravi Kopra

# When There Was Nothing, There Was God, Ghalib In English Translation

When there was nothing  
There was God  
If nothing had happened  
God would have been there  
My existence destroyed me  
If I had not existed  
what could have happened?

Sorrows have shocked me over and over  
The shock of my beheading, why should I care?  
If the my head was not cut off from my body  
It would have been over my knees  
Kneeling for Allah for his duas

Ghalib died years ago  
But people still remember him  
He used to argue always wondering  
If something did not happen  
It was supposed to happen  
What could have happened!

Ravi Kopra

# When Will Man Learn To Mind His Own Business?

We never say now war is on today  
for wars go on and on everyday.  
The ignoble idiots stay back in power in palaces  
and send the bright brainwashed upfront  
to fight the wars not needed.

Are the wars now to grab the enemy' land?  
To exploit their riches? To make them slaves?  
To make the vanquished work for the winners?  
Nothing, nothing at all!

It is all to impose on others their own ideologies  
Right or wrong, centuries long they might be.  
Animals kill animals for their survival  
Man kills man for revival of his idiocy.

Ravi Kopra

# When You Are In Love

Fulfilling our  
obligations day after day  
The days of our lives  
sometimes we remember

And sometimes wish  
they never come back  
to our mind

Unwittingly  
we go on living  
our lives for others  
sacrificing ourselves  
for nothing in return

Such love  
I cannot bear

And yet love is not a business  
it is give and take, they say

Love is so doing the loving of love  
there is nothing more to it

You give it and take it  
but in a different garb

You barter love for love  
When you are in love. No?

Ravi Kopra

# When You Are Old, Continuation Of A Poem By William Butler Yeats

And thank Lord he hid his face  
Else he would not have a face  
I'd have stuck into his face  
This hot hot wrought iron bar.

I opened his suitcase, his drawers  
And found, would you believe it!  
Tons of love letters he wrote to lovers  
Tons of love letters he got from bimbos  
Unbeknownst to me he was a big rat  
A rotten, rotten stinking rat and I  
Thought he really dearly loved me!

God speed to hell.

Ravi Kopra



# When You Said Tomorrow Did You Mean Never?A Hindi/Urdu Poem

"When you said tomorrow did you mean never? "  
-John Keene

kya jaldi paDi hai  
kal kar lain gay  
main aksar ye sunta hoon  
jab bharat varsh jaata hoon

kal bhi usne yahi kaha tha  
jo aaj vo keh raha hai  
aur kal bhi vo vohi kahega  
jo usne kal kaha tha

vo jhooth nahin bolta  
dil ka sach hai  
kami sirf ek hi hai  
wo kaam ka nikhata hai

ye bharat varsh hai  
sab sach hai, araam bahut hai  
baat hi baat hai, khushi hai  
lekin kaam ka naam kal hai

Ravi Kopra

# When You Send Me A Bouquet Of Flowers

darling, when you send me  
a bouquet of flowers,  
I think of you  
and play with them for hours.

I love the anthuriums the most,  
though I love tulips and roses too.  
I slide my fingers on the stems  
of anthuriums, moving up softly

to reach its pink petals.  
then gently I move the tip  
of my pointing finger to its center  
and touch the long yellow projection

loaded with pollens fitting into its center.  
O darling, then so much I miss you.  
I feel like embracing you tight  
and digging my fingers deep into your skin.

I feel tightening sensations in my groins,  
goose bumps all over me and sharp sparks  
of electric currents rushing down my spine.  
O how I miss you my darling.

Ravi Kopra

# When You Walk They Bounce, A Love Poem

Pomegranates, red ruby faced  
layer by layer red ruby faced  
sweet but a little sour at times  
man has nibbled on for its taste  
of delicious dark red juice.

The fruit of my life is you  
with two pomegranates, lovely and soft  
sweetest of anything I've ever tasted,  
their sourness I never feel,  
for me you hold them near your heart.  
Dear to my heart are your two poms  
I nibble and suck them as I please  
for sweetness and thrive on them daily  
like baby bees in the honey comb.

When you walk they bounce  
but when you ride your horse  
they bounce most of all in the air.

Up and down they dangle, they sway  
take people's breath away  
transfixed they stay on their paths  
while you, prancing up and down  
on the saddle, with a whip in your hand,  
your hair flowing in waves in air,  
your broad smile beaming as sunlight,  
you come and go in an instant  
on your stallion, arabian horse.

And people wonder was it a dream,  
was it you or some houri from heaven  
who came and went away in a moment,  
stealing their hearts in an instant  
leaving them there on the road side  
zombie like, with wide open mouths and eyes.

Ravi Kopra

# When Your Wife Dies

Death is no big deal  
don't cry over you wife  
when she dies

alive, a breath in and out constantly  
death, the breath goes out eternally  
if she was the loving one, made you happy

there is no shortage of women  
go find like her some another one  
love her and be happy

and if she was a bitchy one  
thank god she died  
you feel happy finally

and she was an in between one  
still be happy, don't feel crappy  
at least she took away half of your misery.

Ravi Kopra

# Where Do You Go For A Nature's Call - A Made Up Poem, Sort Of

Where do you go for a nature's call?  
Ramakrushna Sahu in India tells you all

'In the sunlight of a winter morning  
In the late moonlit night of summer'

You go

'On the bank of a still lake  
under a clean autumn sky'

Or

'Standing on silent green hilltop  
Enjoying snow capped heads  
Of mountains on the horizon'

And when the call is over

'I feel myself blessed'  
(you feel yourself blessed)  
'As a son of the Nature'

Really! You become a son of the Nature  
after answering nature's call? !  
How relieved, at last!

-Taken from the first stanza of Nature's Call, a poem by Ramakrushna Sahu at  
this site.

Ravi Kopra

# Where Is Love, A Lawrence Ferlinghetti Inspired Hind/Urdu Love Poem

pyaar kahaan hai  
mohabbat kahaan hai  
yahaan hai yahaan hai

faakhta ka pyaar  
kavia k geetoN main hai  
geet pahaDon k hain, paksheeoN k hain  
umeedoN k hain, saaf suthare hain

kuch dil ki bechaini k hain  
kuch meethey dukh se bhray hue hain

in geeton main pyaar har jagah hai  
yahaaN wahaaN yahaan yahaaN hai  
din main hai, raat main hai  
har mausam har bahar main hai

Ravi Kopra

# Where Love Cometh From

Heart pumpeth blood  
mind liveth in brain  
that dwelleth in thy skull  
and thy soul, poor wee soul  
liveth not. It is hot air.

then where love cometh from  
where doth it go?

I sayth heart

No mister, thou art wrong  
not heart, heart hath blood  
nothing but blood  
love hath no home  
love liveth in the air.

Ravi Kopra

# Where We Become One, After Antjie Krog In Waar Ik Jou Word

You let out the cry  
Oh my, my...  
And I catch fire.

- - -

1.

Looking for love I cross  
the seven oceans and come to you

I hear your shivering blue  
call in the folds of the dark  
night and I stand before you  
blindly bound my radiant bones

Your dark brown eyes peer into mine  
Your long brown scented tresses  
fall on my shoulders as we  
greet each other in a loving hug

You drop your guard and I  
step back letting my self  
unbind the I in me, the  
inseparable, the inviolable I

Bonds break step by step  
separating myself from self  
they unfold like the petals  
of a unsundered rose revealing

in the hidden layers its beauty  
yet to unfold to show its essence  
for you to feel my innermost self

I lay bare my heart open to you  
for you to listen how deeply



it grieves the absences of love  
felt in the marrow of its bones.

-to be continued

Ravi Kopra

# Whether At Naishapur Or Babylon, A Rubaiyat Of Omar Khyyam In Hindi/Urdu Translation

chahe hum Naishapur main hoN ya Babylon main  
khushi main hoN ya dukh main  
zindagi ki roshni dheeray dheeray kam hoti rehti hai  
aur is k din har din kam hote rehte hain

Ravi Kopra

# Why Are You So Wishful When You Leave Your Home? A Ghazal Of Wali Aasi In Translation

Why are you so wishful when you leave your home?  
Why do you walk on fires to have your feet burnt?

Not every one is lucky to be famous in his life  
Why do you show up in different garbs daily?

Thus you will not know what you are really  
You will stammer trying to come across

Sure! the crimes you committed must be troubling you  
Otherwise you would not be up walking all night

You must act after 'Ghalib' in the bazaar-  
Why throw a temper tantrum after a broken heart?

You must not have thought of it like this -  
You sit under a tree's shade, and you still burn!

Ravi Kopra

# While I Live, A Spanish Poem By Isi Alvarez After Oscar Perez Translated Into English

I thought it was the night that was leaving  
but it was you who took my moon  
my stars, my seas, my lullaby.  
The dream of your skin and the  
the sweetness of your kisses  
are still in my mouth.

You go and your silence knocks me down,  
knocks down each star, one by one, to the ground.  
It takes me to my reflection in a lagoon  
of the city, where I stand alone and cry.

And the sun is all shadow and the shadow is my  
misfortune, the captive nostalgia for your love.  
In the sadness of your farewell, now I live.

Ravi Kopra

# While I Wait, A Spanish Love Poem By Isi Alvarez In English Translation

I hope the spring brings  
me back my sweet flower  
now far away in Juneau, Alaska.

My garden will wither without you  
roses and dahlias will ask for you.  
I have been waiting eagerly

for your long kisses and hugs,  
the hugs that send shivers  
down my spine and black me  
out every time in your arms.

While I wait, I sing songs  
as if you were singing to me  
feeling immense love.

Now alone in my bed I lie. I hear  
the maddening click-click of the clock,  
and look at the Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec's  
painting hanging on my bed room wall.

Ravi Kopra

# Whisper Into My Ears

"I hear little hooks popping.  
A bodice unbuttoning.  
A heart pounding, breathing."

-Meena Alexander

I see you winking, smiling  
saying - what are you waiting for  
what are you philosophising  
I am your woman, take me! take me now!

Take me in your arms  
Squeeze me till I get breathless  
Lay me down on the bed  
Get into me hard and fast

Let me see nothing but stars  
Let me lose my head  
Let me be looney in love  
Let me see you floating above stars

You are my man. Aren't you?  
What are you waiting for?  
Squeeze me in your arms  
Till I get breathless

Kiss me on the lips  
Cup me in your hands  
Bite my neck a little hard  
Whip me a little on butts

Whisper into my ears -  
I am your love  
Your only love forever  
You want no other woman.

Ravi Kopra

# White Flowers

When the plant grew  
To my shoulder's height  
It bore flowers  
White and soft  
Combed cotton like  
They brought pleasure to my heart  
Amazed I looked at the sky  
In reverence and gratitude I was so happy  
What I did bore fruit finally.

Ravi Kopra

# Who Created God?

Question:

Who created god?

Answer:

The ancient man.

\*\*\*

Crappy crap

Ding-dingy-dong

This ancient concept of God is.

Those who harbor this

Are the most delusioned ones.

Perhaps with hollow skulls

Nay, not hollow, hot air skulls

And nothing else. Zilch.

Ravi Kopra



# Who Is God?

God is omnipotent  
yet he can't do anything  
he can't stop the hurricanes. tornadoes, storms  
he can't stop the Syrian war

God is omniscient  
yet he knows nothing  
science knows how the world works  
science knows why man's after God

God is omnipresent  
yet he is nowhere  
out of nowhere he comes  
into nowhere he goes

God is timeless  
yes, he's stupid  
he cannot read  
his wrist watch.

Ravi Kopra

# Who Is This Raj Guy? A Hindi Love Poem By Raj Swami In English Translation

She has touched my heart, who is she?  
If she doesn't ask how I feel, who'd ask me?

I got lost in her love just after one meeting  
She swept me off my feet, who will ever know this?

The seed of love was sown in the desert of my heart  
I keep on thinking this: who will reap the fruit of love?

Whatever I speak, I mention her name  
The world's large, who will look after it?

I have now become homeless, but I am at peace  
She's always in my heart, who can take her away from me?

One day 'Raj' will break all boundaries of love  
She will then never ask: who is this 'Raj' guy?

Ravi Kopra

# Who Kills His Own Daughter?

A hindu

He cannot afford her dowry

Why not bury her alive at birth? he reasons

Why throw away money for no return, he reasons

Raising a child is just a family business.

A muslim

His daughter has a lover

He lost all his honor

Cutting her throat like bakra-e-id goat

He gets back the honor when

His friends praise: what a true believer!

Ravi Kopra

# Whom Do I Tell, A Hindi Ghazal By Lalit Kaira In English Translation

He was a stranger to me, whom do I tell  
He left me a prize, whom do I tell

She lowered her gaze and asked: darling  
Would you like a drink? whom do I tell

My lover is indifferent to me and  
I feel like I am dying, whom do I tell

The beautiful night suddenly cried and I asked  
What happened in the evening? whom do I tell

The earth shook yesterday and 'Lalit' felt  
He was near death, whom do I tell

Ravi Kopra

# Why Do I Keep My Eyes Closed

Why do I keep my eyes closed  
When I make love to you? you ask

Not that you are not handsome  
Not that I think of my high school crush

I see you in my every pore  
You crush my heart

You take me to unknown heights  
I want to float there in love

I want to absorb every inch of you  
I want you to become one with you

I want to suck every drop of you  
I want to annihilate all of you

You fill my heart with love  
You give life to my soul

I keep my eyes closed to have all of you  
Every pore of you, the whole of you...

Ravi Kopra

# Why Should I Tell The Truth? A Hindi Poem By Hasmukh Amathalal In English Translation

I am an Indian living in India  
Why should I tell the truth  
Telling lies all times is the norm here  
I live here but my living is not worthwhile.

My wife cannot wear her jewelry  
She cannot travel alone by train  
She cannot have a meal in a restaurant on her own  
She cannot travel alone by rickshaw if she has valuables.

They say it is democracy  
Everything is written in black ink here  
it is nothing but all autocracy here  
Whatever the attorney says that is true here  
everyone else has to give up everything for him here.

Even the banks are not safe  
every place is a dangerous place  
in hospitals a living man is declared dead here  
you cannot pay taxes with poor wages  
but are billed millions for every thing.

We will eliminate poverty  
they've have been saying this for decades  
but they have eliminated the poor people  
and cannot replace them with riches

I too am a part of this damned corruption  
knowing well it brings ill fame  
without paying bribe, I cannot move an inch here

Who is not corrupt in India?  
who does not take bribe here?  
Whom can I spare defaming?  
I want to live in peace and  
not interfere with any thing.  
This is India, our great democracy

Why should we be telling the truth here?

Ravi Kopra

# Wind, Cloud, Snow And Moon, Rendering A Chinese Poem Of Luo Zhihai

The fierce hurricane levels  
All palm trees on the coast  
Their pure white souls put  
Poor shining snow to shame

On a lonely mountain  
A leisurely cloud wanders  
In the calm flowing river  
The crescent moon lingers

Ravi Kopra



# Wind, Water, Flowers, A Love Poem

Wind brings fragrance from flower fields  
Water in streams flows murmuring slowly  
Smooths rough stones softly, gently  
Flowers on the bank sway in the breeze  
Birds on tree branches sing sweetly  
Sun shines through the leaves and makes  
Pretty patterns of light and shade, swiftly

You and I saunter by the bank of the stream  
Hand in hand, we stop by a blossoming cherry tree  
I move my hands softly on your body  
Hold your face in my hands and kiss you gently

And you say: how sweet my love!  
You give me chilling goosebumps  
I love you, love you, warmly.

Ravi Kopra

# Windows

I love living in a house  
with windows all around.  
They bring in fresh air,  
I can see the birds flying  
Some may come in.

Can you imagine living  
in a house with walls all around?  
You cannot see, you cannot imagine a thing  
You lie there alone and die desiring things.

Ravi Kopra

# Winter Of Love, New Verses Translated In Kalidasa's Ritusamaharan

Women rub cinnabar vermillion on their  
breasts and bosoms to look beautiful.  
It is rubbed off onto the chest of men  
when they hold them tight in their arms  
coming to orgasms night after night.  
They warm themselves with the hot  
bodies of their women all winter  
While the lusting ladies relish it  
every second, every night in delight.(5-9)

Before the couples get ready for the night  
They have drink after drink of aphrodisiacs  
with petals of lotus dipped in for fragrance.  
This, and the fragrance of their lotus like ladies  
makes men high. They rush to bedrooms for the next session.(5-10)

A lady consumed in love with her man  
rises in the morning and sees her breasts flat  
against her chest. She smiles thinking how  
hard her lover pressed her to squeeze  
every drop of love-nectar out of her.  
She leaves the bedroom for another chamber.(5-11)

And another delightful beauty  
with slender waist and plump derriere  
rises in the morning to see the flowers  
in her hair-bun all withered and rumped.  
Her fragrant hair falling on shoulders all ruffled.  
She leaves the bedroom to brush her hair. (5-12)

-to be continued

Ravi Kopra

# Wisdom Of Kabir

1

"Jahan Daya tahan dharma hai, jahan lobh tahan Paap;  
Jahan krodh tahaan kaal hai, jahan Chima tahaan Aap"

Wherever is faith, there is compassion  
Wherever is greed, there is sin  
Wherever is anger, there is doom  
Wherever is forgiveness, there is Him

\*\*\*

2

"Honi to hokar rahe, anhoni na hoye;  
Jako rakhen Sainyan, mar sake na koye"

What's going to happen, will happen  
What will not, will not  
Those whom God saves  
No one can harm them

\*\*\*

3

"Boli to anmol hai, jo koy bole jani;  
Hridaya taraju tolkar, tab mukh bahar ani"

Speech is priceless if it is worth speech.  
Weigh the pros and cons  
before you say what you say

\*\*\*

4

&quot;Tarvar, Sarvar, Santjan, Chouthe barse meha  
Parmarath ke karane, charon dharen deh&quot;

Trees, lakes, saints and showers of rain  
All god's doings for welfare of mankind

Ravi Kopra

# Wishful

main naNgay paoN  
sochoN main doobi sagar kinare  
rait par ghoom rahi thee  
ek aalishan painting paint kar rehi thee  
ek sureela geet ga rehi thee

mere pairoN k nishan  
mere soch ke sagar main dhul gaye  
meri painting meri soch ki deewar par lipti reh gayi  
mera geet mere soch k log sunte reh gaye.

Ravi Kopra

# With Me Along The Strip Of Herbage Strown, A Rubaii Of Omar Khayyam In Hindustani Translation

chalo mere saath shehar k kinare  
jahan hariyali k baad sub hai registaan  
jahan shaoogar nahin le raha kisan ki jaan  
wahan mile ga um sub ko khuda ka naam

Ravi Kopra

# Without You, A Punjabi Poem In English Translation

Without you, my journey has come to an end  
I searched you everywhere without an end  
I am going to die now, my life has come to an end  
I am all love-less now, your love has come to an end  
Like an old broken tree, I am at my own end.

Ravi Kopra



# Won't You?

Barbara ki aankhain aasmani neeli hain  
Freddy se pyaar karti hai

Karen ek meethi meethi laDki hai  
Harry ki saheli hai

Jane bhaDi sidi shreef hai  
us ka apna boyfriend hai

Carol mujay nafrat se dekhti hai  
Nancy bhi vaisay hi dekhti hai

ab tu hi bachi hai!  
meri Valentine bano gi?

Ravi Kopra

# Words Make Wonders For You

Words make wonders for you  
If you know what they mean.  
Goose Bumps for example -  
the chilling sensation that  
makes your hair stand on ends  
when your lover whispers in your ears  
I love you and moves his fingers'  
tips on your cheeks, lips, embraces  
you holding you close to his chest  
and gives you kisses mouth to mouth  
and traces your back softly with hands:  
you feel rising currents up your  
arms to shoulders, down to your tingling  
breasts and then to back, running down to  
your spine: immersed in romance thus  
you tremble a little, move a little  
closer to him, give kisses on his  
lips and say: O darling, my darling  
I love you, I really love you...

Ravi Kopra

# Worthless Advice

if so many  
words  
of wisdom  
in quotes  
after quotes  
fly from  
someones' mind  
to guide you

better you  
shut  
your eyes  
plug  
your ears  
do not read  
a single  
word he writes  
or hear  
a single thing he says

for he is  
all hot gas  
if he does  
not let it out  
he will burst  
and die

he pours out  
nonsense  
for himself to survive  
he has otherwise  
no meaning to his life.

Ravi Kopra

# Would You Be Turned On If

Would you be turned on if  
her lingerie has zippers and laces  
licks your chest and asks you  
to call her honey while  
she is on top of you?

She takes your lengha off  
and asks you to take off  
her choli, her bras and stands  
stark naked before you?

She likes skinny dipping  
in warm salt water pool  
under the full moon and floats  
in the water with her face up  
showing her thighs and mounds?

Tells you to blindfold her  
handcuff her and tie her to the bed  
she brought in as dowry  
when she married you?

And while you are asleep  
she takes off your pajama  
and starts giving you  
a soft massage to wake up  
your pelvic chakra?

You wake up and say -  
O my my, I can't wait  
haey allha, haey bhagwaan  
ye kya ho raha hai!

Ravi Kopra

# Wounded Hearts

I have seen the cities  
I have seen the wilderness  
I have seen the hearts gone empty  
and the ones never filled with love again.  
The wounded hearts are though  
the second hand hearts  
but once healed they may last the longest  
for they are the least vulnerable  
and know how to give and get love in full.

Ravi Kopra

# Writing A Poem On Beauty While High On Dope

Beauty is truth's smile  
when she beholds her own face in a perfect mirror.

Beauty is in the ideal of perfect harmony  
which is in the universal being;  
truth the perfect comprehension of the universal mind.

-Rabindranath Tagore on Poemhunter

---

Everything has to be perfect  
To have beauty, like:

Perfect mirror  
Perfect harmony  
Perfect comprehension.

Smile of truth, whatever it is, is beauty  
Perfect harmony, the universal being, whatever it is, is beauty  
Truth, the universal mind, whatever it is, is beauty

And

When she, whoever she is, looks at her face in the perfect mirror  
And finds the perfect truth with perfect comprehension  
That is the universal being in perfect harmony with beauty.

Ravi Kopra

# Writing Of My Sorrow, A Chinese Poem Of Mei Yaochen In Translation

My wife is dead  
Now my son is dead  
My eyes are wet  
My heart wants to die

Rain goes down to the earth  
Pearl sinks in the sea  
Dig earth, you find water  
Dive in, you find pearl

Only man knows himself  
and returns to his innerself  
I look into the mirror and ask:  
Who is he? For what I see  
is an emaciated ghost there.

-rendered from a literal translation on web pages:

Heaven already take my wife  
Again again take my son  
Two eyes although not dry  
(Disc) heart will want die  
Rain fall enter earth in  
Pearl sink enter sea deep

Enter sea can seek pearl  
Dig earth can see water  
Only person return source below  
Through the ages know self (yes)  
Touch breast now ask who  
Emaciated mirror in ghost

Ravi Kopra

# You And I - A Poem After Roger Mcgough

I say anything  
you say how stupid

I talk calmly  
you shout back loudly

I say I feel cold  
you say you're burning hot

You get up at 6 pm  
after an afternoon nap  
and say good morning  
I say it's evening  
you say I am lying

I say I've chest pains  
I am dying, dying...  
you say you don't believe  
you are feigning, feigning

Black out  
I am dead.

She's laughing, dancing

She's my woman  
How lucky I am!

Ravi Kopra



## You And I (A Ghazal Of Rumi)

Joyous, blissful moment, sitting on the porch, you and I  
two forms, two faces, yet one soul together, you and I

The groves' gift, the birds' songs give us the water of ever  
lasting life, when we come to the garden together, you and I

The stars of the night sky witness us  
we show them the moon together, you and I

You and I united as one in ecstasy and delight  
cast aside absurd stories and nonsense, you and I

The parrots of the sky eat sugar when we are  
in the veranda, laughing together, you and I

How amazing are we here this moment in this corner  
yet we are also together in Irâq and Khorâsân, you and I

We are in one form on the earth and in another in the  
everlasting land of honey - the paradise, you and I

Ravi Kopra

# You Angel Face I Love You

Your lips  
rose petals

Your smile  
jasmine flowers

Your eyes  
blue oceans

Your wink  
lascivious

Your kiss  
lubricious

You angel face  
I cannot wait

I love you.

Ravi Kopra

# You Are For Sure Dying From Cancer

You are for sure dying from cancer  
in a week at the most, the doc says  
No meds, no nothing can cure your cancer

But someone comes with a cure -  
a spoonful of raw horse shit three times a day  
with drinks of holy cows' fresh, warm urine ad lib

Would you, would you eat horse shit  
and drink cows urine to cure your cancer?  
Or rather die with a smile on your face.

Ravi Kopra

# You Are Loving My Body

You are loving my body  
and I, yours  
in the bed under the satin sheets.  
The light is dim, love music is playing.

You take my hands and place them  
gently on your full moons  
and tell me -  
my doves are yours,  
caress them, love them  
please them, please me  
drink them, they will  
nourish your heart and soul,  
will quench your yearnings  
for love for all of your life...

I do not rush  
I tease you, just kiss the tips first  
one by one, I lick them, move my tongue  
around them in circles, first slow, then fast  
and see your face getting red in blush.

I rest my face on them  
one by one, sip by sip  
suck by suck I drink milk.  
The more I drink the more  
you want me to have  
and say your jugs are always  
full for me.

They welcome me all times  
in the morning when we wake up,  
under the showers taking bath together,  
in the tub when we splash water  
playing games of love,  
after lunch at siesta time,  
in the afternoon at tea time  
and then again every night in the bed.

And when in your garden  
or on the bench near the river  
or anywhere when no one is near  
I hold you in my arms, kiss you  
and caress your doves  
resting together in love...

Now back to bed again

Your hands get restless  
they reach my thighs and move to  
the center where your king  
is in agitation ready for  
the wanting, waiting queen.

You guide my hand down there  
to introduce me to her in her  
chamber rising up to welcome  
me wholeheartedly. I accept her  
invitation pleasantly  
and accept you entirely...

Ravi Kopra

# You Are My Everything

You are my heartbeat  
Breath, soul, life

Shape of my dreams  
Shore of my loneliness

My longings  
Tremblings in my body

My goosebumps, warmth  
Happiness, smiles

Everything.

Ravi Kopra

# You Are My Love - A Poem After Subhas Chandra Chakra

The moment I met you  
There was no thundering in the sky, no lightening  
But out of no where it rained heavily  
You were like a pure white crystal of salt  
You dissolved instantly.  
And I never saw you again!

Ravi Kopra

# You Are Not Near Me

My heart longs for you tonight  
Wants to hear your heart beats  
You are not near me

My lips are lonely  
Search for your lips  
You are not near me

My hands are cool, want to hold your hands  
Want your hands to caress my body  
You are not near me

My whole body aches without you  
You are not lying in bed next to me  
You are not near me

I wish you were a whisper away  
You could hold me in your arms  
Shower me with kisses

And I could do the same to you  
I am lost without you  
You are not near me

Ravi Kopra



# You Are Perfect For Me, A Hindi/Urdu Poem After Rebecca Wolff

tum mere liey perfect ho  
mere dil ki har baat tum jaanti ho

koee bhi nahin samaj paae ga muje  
jaise tum muje samajti ho

main tume kahoonga -  
aao, pee lo mera paani

kitni bhi halki awaaz se kahooN ga  
mera dil tumari hatheli pe aan paDe ga

le lo isay main kahooN ga  
isi ki hi the na chahat tume!

Ravi Kopra

# You Are So Lovely, A Love Poem By Gert Strydom In Hindi/Urdu Translation

kaisi khoobsoorti se bhri hue hai teri chaal!  
chahta hoon tuje uDa le chaloon apne saath saath  
teri ankhain muskrati hain  
tere lubon se mere dil main chamak aati hai  
teri unglion se bijli ki si current nikalti hai  
tum saamne aati ho to dil mera machal jata hai  
aag ise lag jaati hai tumain chahne ko  
smaa jaati ho tum mere zehn main mere dil main  
mere jism k har inch inch main  
fida ho jata hoon teri khoobsoorti par  
aur chahta hoon uDa le chaloon tuje apne paroN par

Ravi Kopra

# You Aren't Here Now, A Hindi Love Poem By Deepti Mishra In English Translation

These are the same evenings, the same nights  
But to accompany me in the evenings  
And under the starry skies  
You aren't here now.

The winds are the same, moving in same ways  
They used to carry your fragrance, it's now missing  
You aren't here now.

I am still in the same crowds  
I look for you everywhere  
But you are not to be found.  
I have every thing in this world  
But I could never get your love  
You went away.

Whether the whole world is in sorrow  
Or having good time, it is the same to me  
Just looking at you, my sorrows used to go away  
You are not here and my sorrows are deep  
The world hasn't changed much since you went away  
But every place I go, it looks desolate and still  
You aren't here now.

Ravi Kopra

# You Ask Me Why Do I Love You

You ask me  
why do I love you

First the historical reason  
Since the times  
a monkey became a man  
each primate specie loved you

Now the matter of fact reason  
Because you are love incarnate  
love is born out of you  
you are love yourself  
that's why I love you

I don't get it, she says  
you are screwing my mind  
I am not a monkey, you idiot  
I am a home coming queen  
blue eyed, tall, blond, sexy  
that's why I thought you loved me

Good bye Harry, I'm going back to Larry.

Ravi Kopra

# You Bring Me Joy When You Call Me

You bring me joy when you call me  
I become as ecstatic as you are  
You buy a Versac blue dress you call me  
You buy Dolce & Gabbana glasses you call me  
You buy a Prada purse you call me  
Now you are looking for a  
wedding gown and call me

Sweet heart, I love you for what you are  
Not your dresses, purses, glasses  
I will love you even in rags, bare footed  
not that you drive Bentleys  
and fly in your own Beechcrafts.

Your friends envy you  
My friends are jealous of me  
and I love you my darling, dearly.  
I love to hear your golden voice.

Ravi Kopra

# You Came, A Translation Of Akhtar Jawad's Urdu Poem Into An English Ghazal

If you had to go far off why did you come to be close to me  
Ah! that was the moment when you were an enchantress to me

The clouds don't go away nor do they make rains  
What life is this? Hanging over me they came to me

Just wandering around you came to see me  
No calamity would befall if you often came to me

Get down from skies, I have washed the floor with tears for you  
Take the wrinkles off your forehead to let the smiles come to me

These are not bad times for you to be so careful  
Let your tresses down, they give shade to me

No use now to go over our old quibbles of love  
Isn't it so wonderful you finally brought yourself to me?

If I stand on my ground, you stand on yours  
How can I say then you did something wrong to me?

(An added couplet as below)

'Ravi' was so happy to translate Jawad's poetry  
if it needs changes, I hope, he will write to me

Ravi Kopra

# You Can Destroy All Relations

You can destroy all relations  
in a moment by being not careful  
and then spend all life in mending them

Do not jump to the conclusions  
and think twice  
before you say anything

Silence is divine  
many a time

Keep this in mind  
before you say anything.

Ravi Kopra

# You Cannot Find Duality In God, I Am Afraid, A Urdu Ghazal Of Makhmoor Dehlvi In English Translation

You cannot find duality in God, I am afraid  
I know I can do it, still I would hesitate, I am afraid

I have lost my desires, I will not go away  
Where will I go? of him I am afraid

We fall in love. We don't ask love to make us love  
Love burns itself in flames, you can't lit it, I am afraid

I am penniless. Still I do not beg. I am ashamed  
I cannot ask for alms, I am afraid

O spring, you bring life to seasons  
You will not make flowers to wither, I am afraid

Love is for lovers only  
A song with its own music, I am afraid

Love is the secret of reality, says 'makhmoor'  
You know it but can't explain it, I am afraid

Ravi Kopra



# You Can't Make Up Your Mind

rasta sochte rahne se kidhar banta hai  
sar meñ sauda ho to divar meñ dar banta hai

- JALEEL 'AALI'

You can't make up your mind  
You keep on wavering which way to go  
You end up no where in life.

Have courage, have a steel will, be dashing  
The shut doors will open for you  
The world will be at your feet.

Be brave, don't be a sissy  
You may not win all what you play  
Losing sometimes is better  
Than not having at all played.

Ravi Kopra

# You Come In Your New Dress Year After Year

You come in your new dress year after year  
and the moment you step in we welcome you  
at the zero hour with gaily, music, fun and fireworks.

We have been doing this since  
we found you wandering on the flat earth  
under a big blue round tent in the deserts of arabia.  
Your tent pinned down to the ground  
with huge pegs of mountains all around you.

Under the tent we lived with you, and above it lived  
God in paradise, with virgin houris and beautiful fairies,  
with music and gardens and fountains and honey and bees  
and drums and drums of red dark wine made out of  
the sweetest of sweet dates of the deserts arabia.

We all are happy here now, even though God  
kicked us out of the heaven eons ago for eating  
too many red apples and plundering his bees infested garden,  
except few of his faithful, followers who still  
follow him blindly and want to return to him  
by blowing us first and then themselves in despair.

O dear past year, before you go back at the zero hour  
to the heavenly father above the blue tent over us,  
please take our message to dear Allah - what could we do  
to send his blind followers to him instantaneously.  
We have lighted you way with lights and fireworks all over the globe  
lest you get stranded away in the dark at the eleventh hour.

Ravi Kopra

# You Did Not Love Me

ab juda.i ke safar ko mire asan karo  
tum mujhe ?hbab meñ aa kar na pareshan karo

MUNAWWAR RANA

\*\*\*

What a menace!  
You did not love me  
You wanted to leave me  
I let you go

Now you come into my  
Dreams and bother me all night  
Leave me alone, my darling  
For the sake of Allah.

Ravi Kopra

# You Do Not Come, A Chinese Poem By Fang Gan In English Translation

Your journey is long  
from east to west on a far off road  
and I have no one to talk to.  
Winter has come. I do not know  
your address for your clothes to send to.  
At your parting we planted  
a tree in front of the hall.  
It already has a nest  
but you have not come home.

Ravi Kopra

# You Give Me I Take, A Rendition Of A Love Poem By Ronjoy Brahma

I only want your love  
Your mind, your body, your heart  
Are all love to me

You are my rose  
My periwinkle, my sunflower  
You are my happiness in all seasons

I can read happiness, sadness in your face  
When you feel sad and cry  
My heart cries with you  
And in your happiness, it dances with joy

You give me yourself, your love to me  
I joyfully take  
I give you all of mine, you happily take  
We live in the bliss of love, my love  
I love you, I love you...

Ravi Kopra

# You Go To A Whore Once

On these stairs climbed many  
To make love to a whore  
For a little money.

All came down with herpes  
A keepsake for life.

Each time their sores weep  
And show the raw flesh beneath  
They will remember the whore  
Who gave them herpes.

They may forget all women  
Mothers, wives, sisters, lovers.  
They will never forget the whore  
Who gave them blistering sores.

You go to a whore once  
And you are f... up for life.  
You look at the weeping sores  
And weep in your soul...

Ravi Kopra

# You Lift My Heart Up, A Hindi/Urdu Song Inspired By The Lyrics Of The English Song Latch

udasi main jab main hoti hun  
hawaa main uDa le jaate ho tum  
mere paas agar nahin bhi hote  
mera dil fir bhi dharkate ho tum

agar koi hud hai hamaray beech  
gira doongi un huddoN ko  
main rahoongi tumaray saath  
jo bhi ho ya na ho

main dil tumain de chuki hun  
main hun tumare pass pass  
main chahti hun ab tera pyaar  
Oh my love  
le lo mujay bahoN main

jab mere pass aao gay  
janay na dooNgi ghar k bahar  
le kar apni bahoN main  
marooN gi chumiaN hazaaroN baar

main kho gayi hun tum main  
le lo mujay bahoN main  
saans aati nehin tere bina  
dil dharakta hai kar yaad

udasi main jab main hoti hun  
hawaa main uDa le jaate ho tum  
mere paas agar nahin bhi hote  
mera dil fir bhi dharkate ho tum

Ravi Kopra

# You Promise Them Dreams Of Virgins!

Picture an old hunched back  
lilliputian mulsa paki poet from Karachi  
stooping down on his PC writing his lilliputian lustful love poetry

Picture him salivating over VIRGINS  
that Allah promised him in heavens together with wine, music and houris  
when he sees VIRGINS in clouds &quot;whose skirts often rise to expose  
beauty.&quot;

Picture him praising his Allah when feeling lustful, blurting out:  
&quot;April clouds! I see a beautiful teen aged VIRGIN in you (and)  
I read so many dreams in your deep eyes.&quot;

Picture him when he is picturing a VIRGIN pussy  
in his dirty mind and writes: &quot;I understand nature  
is WETTING your LIPS and your dress fails to hide your charms.&quot;

Picture his snickering smile imagining himself a graceful lover and finally  
muttering: &quot;surrendering its (her) VIRGINITY to the graceful lover! &quot;  
Now we know Allah why musla love you. You promise them dreams of VIRGINS!

Ravi Kopra



# You Respected Sir, A Ghazal In English

Do not walk in the air, you respected sir  
Earth might desert you, you respected sir

Do not have wings of wax and fly high in the air  
Sun will melt you wings, you respected sir

You throw stones on the neighbours' houses  
Remember, you live in a glass house, you respected sir

Don't say you are pious, you always fear god  
You never go to the mosque for namaaz, you respected sir

Do not be boastful of your riches day in and day out  
You will be a pauper if the stocks fall, you respected sir

Do not be preaching against adultery in the church  
We know you have a concubine, you respected sir

Do not be telling the world you are a genius  
Your IQ score is just forty, you respected sir

Do not ever say you are above the law, Mr. President  
Congress can impeach you anytime, you respected sir

Do not be saying you can catch any cat as you're a celebrity  
The cat might feed your manhood to a dog, you respected sir

I mind my own business, I pray daily to my Shiva ji god  
'Ravi' is a humble poet. Do not address him: 'you respected sir'

Ravi Kopra

# You Sit Alone On A Big Rock

You sit alone on a big rock  
near a calm pond on a  
quiet sunny day in spring  
and think of the things in your world.

Your mind wanders from  
person to person, place to place  
and you think of your self  
where you fit in this world.

You are thinking and looking  
you think so much you become numb  
and then start looking without thinking.  
If you do both, you are lost again.

A white bird flies over you  
to catch the worms in the lake  
and looking you are looking at it,  
flies back and perches on a bough.

Wondering what, if any, you were  
thinking about it. But you do not know  
what the bird is thinking about you -

Is he dreaming his dreams?  
Is he lost in this world?  
Has he lost his self?  
And what is everything, everybody  
to him and what is he to them?  
Is he disintegrated and assembling himself?

You turn your head to look around  
and are shocked to find the bird  
is looking at you, watching attentively.

You want to get the bird out of your mind.  
You can't.  
The bird flies away.  
You go to a meditative sleep and dream -

How beautiful is the  
bird in flight  
though it did not seem so  
when it was near you on the tree.

Ravi Kopra

# You Tell Me You Love Me

You tell me you love me  
You feel happy and secure with me  
You desire me, you want to live  
Your life with me, and then ask:

Why do you not show love to me  
As I show to you?  
Why don't you hug me, kiss me  
Take me in your arms and tell me you love me?

You give me no time to think  
If I love you enough to live my life  
With you, when you constantly go on  
Chattering all trivial things

That are bootless to me, and then  
You go on a list of all  
Things that are not good for me  
And want me to live like you live.

Well, you are taking my self away from me  
I am I, I myself, my soul is in me.  
You want my soul like yours to see  
In me what you see in your self.

You want me to lose all of my self to you  
You want me to forget all about myself  
You want me to be you in all respects  
And I say to you this: it's time to forget!

Ravi Kopra

# You Then Need A Friend

There are times when  
you are fully overtaken  
by work, household, family, finances  
and a million trivial things

Your emotions take the best of you  
you want to run away from this world  
somewhere to be yourself in solitude

You then need a friend  
on whose shoulders you can lean on  
and let yourself go of feelings  
a friend you can trust  
a friend who listens to you  
and you do not have to call  
two seven three talk.

Ravi Kopra

# You Walked With Lotus Like Feet - A Urdu Poem By Gulzar In English Translation

You walked in those streets  
with your lotus like feet  
When you laughed there  
the dimples kissed your cheeks  
When you moved your waist  
the rivers would change directions  
And hearing your laughter  
the crops would ripen

I am no longer there  
I have left those streets

When you used to walk there  
sun rays would come from your heels  
Now on the doorsteps in those street  
there is always an evening  
When you would let your tresses  
fall on your shoulders  
The night would embrace your hair  
and stay on your pillow all night

I am no longer there  
I have left those streets

My heart now aches  
It is like a piece of stone  
A bottomless well  
A dead end street  
A brief moment  
that never seems to end.  
I want to end its sufferings  
But they never end  
They keep on coming.

Ravi Kopra

# You Were In Bed With Me

Last night I was dreaming  
your dreams -

You were in bed with me  
side by side in the silky sheets  
we bought last year in Beijing.  
Your arms were around me.  
Our legs intertwined.  
You were pressing me hard.  
I could feel your thumping heart  
I could feel your bulge, hard  
on my inviting thighs.  
My hands were on your back  
caressing you gently.  
I felt safe in your arms

Last night I was feeling  
your dreams -

You were standing behind me  
kissing my ears. Licking my  
neck again and again while  
your hands played with my  
breasts, the tips getting  
larger moment by moment.  
Suddenly I felt sparks running  
through my spine, making me  
shudder uncontrollably.  
Waves of warmth ran all over me.

When I woke up, I looked for you.  
I turned around. My nest was empty  
Though my heart was overflowing  
with rivers of love for you.

I got up. Brushed my hair.  
Made for myself some espresso.  
Sat down with NY Times in my lap.  
Could hardly read a word of

what was going on in the world.  
I went into a reverie closing  
my eyes, lost in your world.

Ravi Kopra



# You Won My Body, Took My Heart, A Love Poem By Saniya Galeyeva In Hindi/Urdu Translation

le li hai tu ne meri jaan  
le liya hai tu ne mera dil  
main doobi hue hoon tere pyaar main  
thoDi darti hoon lakin khush hoon  
bhool rehi hoon apna sharmila pan

tum hi pehlay ho  
dil khol k pyaar karti hoon  
tum ne jeet liya hai mera badan  
dil chahta hai tujhe har dum

O mere mehboob!  
dil se laga lo mujhe khoob khoob  
jane na do mujhe ab kahin  
Kushi se bhar do mera dil  
le lo mujhe ab abhi abhi  
please please, abhi abhi.

Ravi Kopra

# You Would Not Know - A Translation Of Shakira Nandini's Poem 'tum Kya Jano'

You would not know  
how to drink wine with friends  
Before you open the bottle, shake it well  
Then call out your friends, saying aloud:  
Come on you all broken-hearted ones  
Here is the cure for the sorrows of your hearts  
Come and have fun till you garble nonsense  
fully drunk, fully stoned.

\*\*\*

the original in Hindi by Shakira Nandini:

Tum Kya Jano, Sharab Kaise Pilayi Jati Hai  
Kholne Se Pehle, Botal Hilai Jati Hai  
Phir Aawaz Lagai Jaati Hai, Aa Jao Tootay Dil Walo  
Yahan Dard-e-Dil Ki Dawa, Pilayi Jati Hai

Ravi Kopra

# Your Clothes And Shoes Full Of Dust

This world is not your home  
You are a traveler, a passerby  
Your clothes and shoes full of dust  
Sometimes you walk in the desert  
Sometimes you sit under a tree  
Be a passerby, this world is not your home.

Ravi Kopra

# Your Ex Calls You

Your ex calls you  
After a bitter divorce

He is missing you

You had sworn  
You would never see him again  
That SOB

But now you miss him too

Go back to him  
Get him and put your high  
Octane fuel to the fires of love  
Burn him, burn yourself  
all aflame in love

Forget trivial things like money  
Forgive him for a night out with your friend  
Be proud his heart was overflowing with love  
And he made your friend happy just for one time

How lucky you have him whom many desire in their heart  
How lucky you were their envy. They wished they had him

If you swore by God, God will forgive you  
Go get him. Have him, have him. Have fun with him.  
God loves those who love. And share love. No?  
Time heals wounds, and too, SOB-ness. No?

Ravi Kopra

# Your Eyes Solemn Green, A Sarah Louise Persson Inspired Poem

Your eyes  
Solemn green  
Casting glances never seen

You so graceful  
All around the cosmos breaths  
Blue deep in your sleep

Goodbye for now my love  
My sweet moon  
I promise I'll be back soon

But could be a while.

Ravi Kopra

# Your Hands Stifled My Life, A Alfonsina Storni Poem In Hindi/Urdu Translation

mera dukh tere hathoN pe  
pissa hua sona tha  
main bikhar baithi the tere hathon pe  
apni sari zindgi  
meri mithas tere hathon ki  
muthi main the  
aur ab main wahan khusboo ki  
ek khali sheeshi hoon

chup chap bina bolay  
kitna dukh main sehti rehi  
meri aatma dukh ki parChai  
main maroD khati rehi  
usko pata tha kaise jeena hota hai  
dhokabandi main  
main tere hatho pe  
chummian marti rehi  
aur vo mera ghala  
har roz ghontay rehey.

Ravi Kopra

# Your Hands, A Spanish Poem Of Dina Posada In English Translation

Your hands are always grazing  
my body in hidden ways  
they move in frenzy to get to my  
ravenous mouth for carnal lightening.

Your hands know  
how to avoid the routine.  
When I think of them  
my memory gets wet  
and I impatiently wait for them.

Ravi Kopra

# Your Love

I am the burning hot desert of Sahara  
Come to me, cool me down, rain on me  
Sweep me in your arms, take me

I am a spring stream  
running in your backyard under the willow trees  
Come sit beside me, have sips of me, drink me

I am the red rose in your garden  
I bloom every morning  
Come, caress me, kiss me

I am the white jasmine flower  
I flower in the evening  
Come, inhale me

I am the rose water  
Keep me in your walnut chest  
Open your chest when you need me

I am a cluster of ripened red grapes  
Hanging on a vine in your garden  
Come pluck me, taste me

I am your pink plum, your sweet peach  
The fruit of your desires  
Nibble on me, bite me, eat me

Ravi Kopra



# Your Prayer That I Be Ruined In Love, Take It Away With You, A Urdu Ghazal By Sahir Ludhianvi In English Translation

Your prayer that I be ruined in love, take it away with you  
Your broken promise of faith, take it away with you

I had already offered my heart to you  
Now kill me O flirt! and take my body with you

So that the hot roads do not hurt your feet  
Take a jugful of my tears with you

The henna on your hands has my blood in it  
If it is not enough, take all my blood with you

I alone will suffer the ruins of our love  
Whatever you've sinned, take it away with you

Ravi Kopra

# Your Slanting Glance

Your slanting glance was  
agua fresca to my withering heart

the touch of your hand sent  
a thunder down my spine

your voice brought  
the essence of fresh flowers

your freshness felt  
like roses in April showers

you showered me in love  
if you go now, I will shrivel.

Ravi Kopra

# Your Wife Avoids You

"Spiritual Life Is Not Mental Life"  
But if you are spiritual, you are  
mental, ask any leveled headed guy.

It affects you through and through.  
Thoughts in your godly vacuous heads  
are washed up fully by preachers

on pulpits across the lands.  
It dumbs your faculties -  
Your eyes see nothing except God

Your ears hear nothing except God  
You feel nothing except God  
You are possessed by God

And you become a moron.  
Sane people avoid you.  
Your wife avoids you

Unless she too is a moron.  
And you two get together  
making morons after morons.

Ravi Kopra

???? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

???? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
?? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
???? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

-??? ?????

Ravi Kopra

???? ????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

???? ????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
???? ????? ????? ? ?  
???  
???? ????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
???? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
???? ????? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

At Night, A Swedish Love Poem By Georg Trakle In Hindi/Urdu Translation -  
Poem by Ravi Kopra

meri ankhen aaj raat muskra rehi hain  
mere sonay k dil ko  
laal-laal kar k roshni aaj jala rehi hai!  
teri udasi meri udasi k saath bhag rehi hai  
tere laal-laal hont zabardast ho kar  
mere hontoN pe juDeN hue hain!

-Ravi Kopra

Ravi Kopra

# ??? ?? ??? (Taking Refuge In Mother Kali) - A Poem By Shakira Nandini In English Translation

I have overcome sorrows of the world  
the people have embraced me

So happy am I now  
my worries have gone to the winds

I was delicate, made of glass  
and the world stoned me

When I bowed before mother Kali  
I turned into a Koh-e-noor.

(After I embraced Hinduism, people respected me. I am expressing that  
experience in my poem here.)

Ravi Kopra