

Poetry Series

ALOK BAHUKHANDI
- poems -

Publication Date:
2013

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

ALOK BAHUKHANDI(30th March 1988)

Emptiness

Flowing with the stream, towards the sea of emptiness
Lost are all desires, hopes & never afraid of being penniless.
Once a lover of sweet, now enjoys this saline vicinity
Living with scratches, wounds & loving them like infinity.
Nobody is there to fight, Nobody is there to care.
After losing my brio, gone is that everlasting fear.
Today a breeze of life suddenly, just came in front of my way.
Dislike to my style, I have to conceal, all what I have to say.
Lost is my World, Lost is my way
In this crowded planet, alone is what I have to stay.

ALOK BAHUKHANDI

Magical Touch

We met for a while & with you I forgot that I have to walk alone.
In hallucination, I thought that I am a King sitting on my throne.
Though I was a nerd, but your touch made me chivalrous.
Life became brisk & Instinct went to be hilarious.
The day's bestowed felicity & night's sprinkled philosophical essence.
I thought it was luck, but it was just corollary of your essence.
As the time passes & I was alone again, in my mind there aroused a confusion.
I asked to my destiny & then concluded that I was living is as illusion.
For ages Time has taught to fight against the odds & over come fears
But at this moment, I showed to time the way to say cheers to the tears.
We met for a while & with you I forgot that I have to walk alone.
In hallucination, I thought that I am a King sitting on my throne.

ALOK BAHUKHANDI

Sometimes

Sometimes I am Rude, Sometimes I am cold.
I am an open book, yet some chapters need to be unfold.
In a hard shell from outside there resides a soft pie.
Having no dream, just need to be loved by each and every eye.
At times I am certain, At times I loose my moxie.
In front of an ocean of happiness, but still I feel thirsty.
The more I try to get away, the more times pushes me closer to that cloud
nine.
Yes I know that I can't be there, but still there lies a hope, deep inside the spine.
The jar of sanity seems to be overfilled; now I want to live in this lunacy
Where every action is absolute & there is no emotional occupancy.
Sometimes I am Rude, Sometimes I am cold.
I am an open book, yet some chapters need to be unfold.

ALOK BAHUKHANDI