Poetry Series

kanav justa

- 44 poems -

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A Bad/Good Poet? ?

A bad poet’s
brilliant poetic expertise
entice others to tread on the dire course

kanav justa

A Dead King Begging For Life

a king dead thousand years ago
Wandered without his skin
in a land where angels grow
a world bereft of sins

he had been summoning someone
the one he called supreme
he then sung some songs for sun
he praised him in his dream

in a blink of an eye, he did appear
no shape no form he had
nor his voice the king could hear
but still that king was glad

the king then bowed in front of him
to show him gratitude
beneath the feet, shook his crumbling seat
stood the sungod tall and rude

** Impressed by the king's karma
the sungod spoke in the language of mortals
and said to the king
that he could ask for a wish
but warned him
to only ask what he truly deserves
the king spoke out his heart **

I badly miss the days of sorrow
the way i feared about tomorrow

after death found only joy
more reverence than the king of troy

in every eye there's endless grace
that's deficient in my human race

no hunger here i ever found
every man walks with belly round

these blessings now i find as curse
now the king spoke out his final verse

make me the saddest person
anyone would ever know
or make me some tree of earth
a tree that does not grow

if you wish, i will be some fish
or how about me a slave
or a soldier of a barbarian king
from heart who is not brave

make me a sun that does not shine
or a star that does not twinkle
or a sad old man of a lone caravan
i swear i would love my wrinkles

i am ready to be, a tiny bug
i don’t mind if i am born a worm
or a cow that lives in some barren land
where everyday comes storm

then he heard the voice of god
he said oh king don’t mourn
the life you seek doesn’t come for free
you have to earn it like bourbon

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A Dreaming Child

if veracity stings dreams are delight,
i meet those dreams in the dawning night

where memories old, , too old too old
in a coffer stored, never were sold

in dreams I fall, in dreams I rise
in dreams like child I scream and cry

i see those things what I left behind
back in time, where hearts were kind

like a gust of wind in dreams I am wild
in sleep I am still a dreaming child

where memories old, too old too old
we had a silken skin and a heart of gold

in the dead of the night when away lies sun
i am a noble man when my eyes are shun

but things they change when I awake
those mortal dreams, like glasses break

like breeze now I blow so calm and mild
i wonder where’s that dreaming child

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A Father Without His Son

whole his life in days of gloom
he smiled and got things right
but a picture hanging on the wall
is too much of a plight

the echoes of his sweetest voice
he hears in dreams at night
all his dreams he now recalls
to fill heart with false delight

and the sun has set for the final time
his son would never rise
a picture hanging on the wall
is engraved in his gloomy eyes

the memories of his only son
he holds them real tight
in the corner of a lonesome room
a father weeps tonight

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A Garbage Poem With Chracters From PH

Miss lyn paul has a bad day as some gangsters snatch a golden chain from her neck.
she chases them and the story begins.....

lyn paul came running she came with a gun
seeing her angry as hell, all the bad boys did run
she was enraged like a lion and her eyes were fuming red

as she was angry she then lit up a fire
she burn down a house where lived mr nair
made of wood was his huge old ancient bed

i heard galloping of the horses, as i saw mr bri
he stopped his pony when he heard me cry
his mouth agape as he saw the fire blaze

he took out his cell and dialed a number
instead of firemen he called a plumber
in front of our eyes we could see the fire raise

with all his valor he dialed again
but to our surprise it started to rain
rain from cloud made us dance as we did salsa

we waited for the rain to put off the fire
saw a lady coming close she spoke a satire
she scolded us bad and her name was miss valsa

she said you two, you should be inside
bri looked at me, again his mouth opened wide
she had a heart of a soldier, that lady was so damn brave

with a blanket that draped her from head to toe
we called her our friend, and fire our foe
when we looked at her we felt so small and naive

she went inside, all we could do was stare
cause sights like these were few and rare
to have a friend like her, lucky was mr nair

next to come there was rachel nichol
she prayed to the sun to summon a soul
a soul that knew how to put off the evil fire

as we started to talk we saw miss shazia batool
she was witty as she drowned a small pipe in a pool
and from that pipe she drenched mr nairs grand home

everything looked fine, everything looked good
the house started cooling, that was made of wood
miss shajia then spoke, her voice had a sweet tone

seeing everyone helping, bri said that’s enough
he said to me, now let’s get tough
he said again, it was our time to shine

he took out his pen as he started to write
seeing him waste his time, I started to fight
but still he said everything would be just fine

after sometime he spoke what he wrote
laughed a bird from the tree and a black and white goat
the fire lost its fuel as he heard bri's serenade

soon the fire was off, mr nair was fine
all hugged him tight, as we stood in a line
everybody was happy to see the fire fade

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A Shitty Poem

Some things makes us wise and Some things makes us bad
Sometimes you just wish, you should have listened to your dad
Sometimes you wonder of the things that you have with you
sometimes you just throw them, and bring yourself all new
Sometimes struck in chaos, when your thought seems to shutdown
Thinking of some shit, sometimes black sometimes brown
Why this fkuk has to happen always with me
Like some tire I roll, where dogs come and they pee
Why is that when I sit down to write some serious stuff
I know It aint that easy but it aint that tough
I have tried it in the morning and I have tried it in the night
But why there has to be some shit in whatever I write
Cant I find some good words, some words you might like
To find them I go to some fine place with my driver and my bike
Many songs I have heard and many songs I have sung
But when I sit and write, I see only cow dung
On a fresh morning, looking for something that could inspire
I end up seeing some fresh shit, some fresh shit on some fire

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A Shitty Poem 2

time, drowns quick, like a stone in sea
in a day 10 times why do you have to pee
if you want to save your time, you better listen to my every line

only empty when you start to overflow
I bet with time your talent would grow
my friend your life like a sun then would shine

if you listen what I say or do what I tell you to do
in a day just go one time to the loo
and see how you roam in town just like a king

and if you listen to this next advice
for this you would have to pay no price
while you pee your favorite song you can merrily sing

so from today , no more standing in queue
or pee inside of the oceans blue
you only pee just once, at night before you sleep

so now you pee only 365 times in an year
you might wet your pants but still don’t fear
tell me my friends this promise would you keep

from now, in a day you will save an hour
no more wasting your time in finding a tower
or a pole that once you would find to go for pee

that extra time you could spend with your girl
you can sing, you can dance, with her you can twirl
if you want, with her you can share this advice

time my friend weighs more that the gold
so from today, your pee you have to hold
and add in your boring life, a little spice

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A Tree In Thought Of His Mother

spring dies
she watches the leaves decay
winter mirror in her eyes
the sun lightyears away

yet a flower blooms
Safely in her bosom
oblivious of the winters around

as she protects him from the vultures old
from the scorching heat and the weather cold

even the strongest gale
must uproot her first
before it could pick the flower young

as long as she is there
the flower shall bloom in every season
without fail

and now the flower has become a big tree
in dreams of his sleep he sometimes sees
how she sailed away to some foreign place
in the winter he longs for her grace

and when everones gay, in the season spring
and the birds at the sky they sweetly sing
wonders that tree in an empty room
how his flowers forgot to bloom

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A Wish Before Death

Some sweet night, whilst death finds me
where on earth she be, and if she comes to see
For the last time her touch I will feel
Few pleasing moments from death I will steal
No matter how sore that death will be
If she comes to me, I will leave merrily

Embraced within her herself, If she holds me
Gape her through her eyes, if bleak those eyes be
In that small a moment, my whole life I will live
I will ask for something, and wonder if she will give
For the last time, if those lips were near me
If she comes to me I will leave merrily

If my creased hands can move, only one place they will be
Her hands on mine, and only one thing I will see
If the changing time, will alter her whitish skin
For the last time, if my poor hands will win
If in her big eyes, I will still find me
If she comes to me, I will leave merrily

I will look her in her eyes, I will look very deep
Just like these days, if she will make me sleep
If few more moments are found by me
In that small a time, I will exist for eternity
For the last time, if my name speaks she
If she comes to me, I will leave merrily

Just like in my dreams, if she firmly clutches me
Tell her to come close, her face I will clearly see
For the last time, I will kiss lips of thee
Few blissful moments before my spirit gets free
Tasting sweet her lips, willingly I will flee
If she comes to me, I will leave merrily

But if some case be, if she will not hold me
No words if she speaks, and sits like a tree
For the last time, if she still doesn't see
She will still be a princess and I a small bee
And if her sweet voice is not heard by me
But since she comes to me, I will leave merrily

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After Bath Blues

I explored everywhere
Yet It wasn’t there
My underwear

It was only old a year
To me it was too dear
I had naught a thing to wear

But when I saw myself in mirror
I could see it clear
My underwear

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Cloud And Stone

Cloud of the sky fell in love with a stone of earth
came down to the land he left his big old hearth

dressed in white he looked bright in the dark black night
on its will it would grow on its will it would cease his height

he trimmed his beard, he looked weird yet he wanted to shine
as he looked in the mirror he said, cloud you look so fine

he scribbled in his arm that said, I love you dear stone
in life, together we would smile, together we would moan

as he thought of the stone in his face he had a big smile
he painted his love in a page that he kept on a file

he went to the house of stone he came with a red rose
on a day when the sun was bright he wanted to propose

he saw his stone lying naked, with another stone
they made love all night, cloud heard his lover moan

that night rained heavy as the cloud went back to his home
he told his mother he had been in love with a stone

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Constant Sorrow

Everyday
A Sunday

Tranquil I stay
Alone in my way
nothing to play
nothing to say

hairs getting gray
sadness they spray
and depressed i lay
Still without a pay

And all i pray
someone take me away

to a place where there are lots of flies at least I can spend my time killing them

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D For Dog

the way oh dear you wiggle your tail
the way you comely sit
i like the way you wet the poles
i like the way you shit

and your charming tongue that’s always out
and ears that point the sky
when I see you next to me
every woe, they just all die

i love the way you dig a hole
i love the way you fall
i love you when you walk like us
i love you when you crawl

i trust you like a rising sun
i love you like a star
i know all words have failed to tell
what a lovely being you are

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Embrace The Beauty

we speak of the splendor of the flowers when they wither
in spring there are too many of them for us to praise
a day when the sun shall seize to shine
we will speak of its warm tender rays

we might learn to live, with no sun overhead
and make own our sun, that gives its flame
the things would change, in time to come
our hearts no longer would beat the same

no singing birds, might then be heard
all mountains tall, might one day fall
the flowing rivers, one day would dry
our gleeful heart someday would sigh

embrace the seas, the blowing wind
embrace the birds that gaily sing
embrace the glory of the rising sun
things might change in time to come

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Far Side Of The Moon

the ocean's water
rose higher
the invisible hands of the moon
drew it with a force mysterious

the earth beneath
constantly comforted by the calm ocean
yet sweltering inside
of the memories old
though the sea pacified the surface
whose water
secretly was being taken
by the distant moon

Traveling back in time
when earth was newborn
spinning around the sun
not by will but command
of the dark forces
Luring the earth to be its part
the earth wanted to break free
the enraged sun
fed earth with meteor
not one but in thousands
still not appeased by the destruction
sent a planet
as big as mars
to annihilate earth
the two worlds collided
the earth somehow endured
the other one though destroyed
but not completely

a part of that planet
is now seen frolicking around the earth
the one called moon, our ally
caressing earth with his light
sent by the forces unknown
to keep an eye on the earth
endlessly

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Fishes In Blues

vultures flying in number many '
over the vaulted sky
fishes swimming in the sea
they look up and they sigh

“their eyes fixed at those fishes”

a baby fish asks to his mom
why do we always hide
when we see those vultures high
as they circle in the sky

“baby fish looking at the vultures with curiosity”

a question he then asked again
why are we weak and small
in glory those vultures they fly
but why we always crawl

“we did no harm to those vultures
yet they eat us in plenty”

they kill us when we sleep at night
they kill us when we play
they kill when we all think of god
with heart and soul we pray

'where do our prayers go'

why we are the ones who always fall
and like sun they always rise
in dismay her heart was bleeding
yet hope dwelled in her eyes

“hope that longed for justice
why don’t he protect us
the one who created us and everything
if he exists somewhere
why is he hiding”

it’s a shame he spoke out loud
for the creator of the earth
some he made so weak like us
some strong right from their birth

'why this partiality'

now hiding ourselves is the only way
even for the ones who have a daring heart

I wish I could fight these vultures all
and rip out their flesh apart

I would not be afraid if I lost
but to always hide I feel is a pity
for us who are weak yet still so brave
I will end this misery

the mother smiled as she looked at her
and said that she still was small
to understand the laws of life
even the mightiest fall

you think eating us is a crime
but have you ever wondered the same
when you eat those fishes small
have you ever felt their pain

life is just an ocean deep
where death awaits us at the shore
some moments in life like sugar sweet
some moments we find as sour

where every being that lives on earth
has his/ her life at stake
some moments gives us glory great
sometimes our hearts it breaks

'Still not satisfied by her answer
baby fish spoke again'

I have seen humans

they live their lives like a king
as if they were the creator of everything

they commands the oceans and the land
but one thing i never understand

why nobody eats them, still they eat all
i have never seen those mighty humans ever fall

why can’t we live our lives like them
no other race can eat them

so mother, what you said to me was wrong
the creator was always biased as he made them strong

the mother then said again staring at the sky blue
what you say my son, is absolutely true

no one eats these humans

but still that does not make any difference

even though they come from a golden seed
yet their heart overflows with greed

they need none who would make them fall
they eat themselves, the humans are dumb after all

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For Those Who Lost Their Dear One's

whatever that exist must leave
like the leaves that slowly decay
or a gust of wind that plucks a flower young
like those flowers some people goes away

is it the blowing wind to blame
or a church where engraved is the cross
a question that leaves us wondering
how would they live with their loss

some look up at the night sky
they search for a star that’s bright
solitary companion to lead them
in a never-ending bitter night

if ever there was a cure
that knew how to ease off the pain
or to burn all those pleasant memories
that dwells in their laden brain

some things don’t have no reason
some things no one can explain
when our skin longs for the sunrays
sky greets us with endless rain

a rain that wets not our robes
but dampens us from the soul
what glory the heart would then seek for
a heart that’s now only a hole

they say time heals all the wounds
yet some scars forever they stay
someday might we meet all those faces
of our loved ones who live faraway

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Greedy Eyes

Ascending thee towards the sun
Tempted by the shining light
Eventually consume you in her
Feel the gloom of the dark night

Armored skin with robe of greed
A dream of fortress in the sky
Citadel on earth mightiest falls
Man made gods with time they die

Thee exist in clemency of time
Death conceal in some invisible cloak
Slowly merging with your life
Light from sun thine blood it soaks

Marching high with glory dreams
What good what bad it comes your way
Vague visions never seeks the truth
Dead and rusted eyes don't pray

Love lost from two mates in love
Like love we worms will all evade
Some might burn so white and bright
Rest of us with time will fade

Watch your footsteps where they go
Towards the end you swiftly roll
The pleasure you have been seeking for
Lay obscured in your mighty soul

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Haircut Blues

I prayed to the devil I prayed to the god
With scissors they were cut, that was mightier then a sword,
I Look like a school boy, I look so fkcin small
Like the end of rome, my hairs did fall
For years they were fine, with the wind they were gone
Now i feel cold at the twilight I feel cold at the dawn
Thick and dark and little messy they were
Stranger I see, when I look at the mirror.

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Heart Of Stone

A broken wing, and a broken bone
Of a bird, that met a stone
Lied helpless And was bit despair
Looked above If god was there.
Short of food And short of breath
Was silently waiting For his death
Asked his wings If they could fly.
Yes they said why don't you try
He gathered his strength and wiped his tears.
And soon he stood Without his fears
His eyes stared at the Dark blue sky
But just then when he was about to fly

they grabbed his neck they grabbed it hard
with all his strength he could move a yard
and yes those hands did hurt his bone
he had met a heart of stone
some ugly hands and a beautiful bird.
He cried for help But no one heard.
His wings were flawed And his muscles were stiff.
He begged them to throw him off a cliff
oh dumb bird, don't you get,
look at you, it's a stone you met.
To this, the half dead bird replied
So what, if I die
Just for once I ll meet the air.
And also see if god was there.

Stories of wisdom, that were once told
But now this world had been so cold.
He wished if those blind eyes could see.
The bird was dead though his soul was free.

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Hole Hearted

i had a dream
the dream was beautiful
so i shared it with you

i had a heart
the heart was fragile
i gave it to you

you had a dream
the dream must have been beautiful
the dream was never shared

you had a heart
human heart but of stone
mine too frail to stay with you

yet it stayed
but yours went away
and left a hole in my heart

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In a cold cold night

Sitting at my home
Peeping out through my window
I could feel the world was cold outside
I lit up the fire
In a cold cold wintery night

I saw an aged man standing
The snow fell dark outside
That made me curious
What was he doing here
In my home, in my land

Shivering his skin, of the chill as I went near
Asked the old man, what are you doing here

This place is not yours its mine
where lies the dark trees of pine

looking at my cottage grand
i asked him to leave my home, my land
You were never sent any invitation
Nor me and you have any relation

But before you go, hey old man
you must answer to me
Why did you come here

Don’t you have your family, your home
In a cold cold night, why did they let you roam
He did not say a word
In a freezing night, silence was all I heard

But I could see a smile on his face
his eyes saying for the silence
he turned around gently

I still was waiting for him to say
But in a cold bitter night, he went away
Blinded by the light in his eyes
I followed him in a cold cold night

I asked him again
Hey old man are you insane

Where do you think you would go now
In an ice cold night you will survive how
Hey old man, come with me, I will give you a ride
I know a place that’s warm, not my home, but its on the other side

He looked me in my eye and said hey son
You are young but my time is done
You still have plenty of time to think

Rise like the sun or like a ship you will sink

Sitting at your home
Peeping out the window
You think the world is cold outside
Sit with me awhile
And peep into your soul
You will know
It always was cold inside

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In Those Moments

As I close my eyes when I am alone
To understand the thoughts of mind
Thoughts like seeds which once were sown
As days of my life I rewind

ache my soul only to find
to seek answers of question hard
About friends enemies or beings unkind
Who shattered my own boulevard
Only for a moment though
More wiser than the pope I think
sourness of this pitiless world
Like a prize of wine I merrily drink

We only are good, when we try to think
At times inside we try to look
Like a drowning ship that time does sink
That fades away like a waning brook
We curse ourselves for sins we did
And think of bad what others do
Unhuman traits in those moment hid
That seeks for life for us anew

Life that’s clean, where we are good
Where friends are loved so are our foes
Where we know we have understood
Secret of love that slowly grows

To heavan, those moments they link
When eyes are clean, clear is the view
But it does not matter what we think
The things that counts are the things we do

Sadly those moments when die
The pleasant self of us is gone
We tend to forget the things we learned
Hatred seeds once more are sown

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Karma

Bridges between them
Were burning so brightly
She took him so serious
He took her so lightly

So blindly she loved him
Unaware of the danger
They slept in the same bed
But now they were stranger

He bought her roses
And said she was amazing
For hours in her eyes
He spend all night gazing

She saw in his blue eyes
A world full of glory
When she asked him to marry
He said he was sorry

She went home with wet eyes
Some corner she lay weeping
He went to some hotel
With some girl he was sleeping
With pain in her heart
Next morning she woke up
She calls up her ex one
And said they have broke up

She said him, she was sorry
For leaving him for someone
Lets get back together
I sware we will have two sons

To convince him forever
Once more she cried
Haha and hehe
She heard from other side

Think what you do
And then do what you ought to
Look now at yourself
What greed it has brought you

Two eyes above us
Stares us every day
Dire things we do now
In the end we all pay

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Killing time or vice versa

Shadows symmetry
From the beam of the sun
Leisurely distorts

Sun in no way changes
It's we who burn
Wickedly the wheel of time does turn

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Learning To Sail

a wind that blows that helps us flow
in the same course as our ships tread
trade wind then they are called at earth
that’s what in books i have read

not always would they help us sail
sometimes they run reverse
its time like these, the same old breeze
we humans would then curse

sometimes these winds would cease to blow
as our ships sails in doldrums
we stay then still like a dormant hill
this rest then grows our bums

don’t wait for wind to push you through
don’t moan when they make you slow
no one is going to come to take you home
your land yourself you plough

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Lightning Out Loud

Lighting out loud
Hallucinating under the cloud
With greater powers came
Dark clouds and the rain
And also came the greed
And a store of weed

Rising both the hands
Turning water into sand
Amused at others grief
Serving ugly and the thief

As I look into my face
Heart as cold as space
Remembering when we were young
Sprayed good words from the tongue
But everything twists and twirls
Once which was straight now curls
Consumed by my own soul
When power is my goal
When time would come to sleep
I will think of it too deep
Would it be hard to die?
Or in peace, so calm I lie

I did just what I was told
And now I have got so old
Just want to ask oh god
If I am wrong please nod
The path that I did choose
Would I win or loose

So at the end of day
From heart to god I pray
I ask not for the gold
Tell me where peace is sold
I will share it with a friend
In peace I die in end

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Living Fake

Of the deepest sorrow
Of every dollar that I borrowed
To the stars I take a vow
But but let me ask you now
What's wrong with an old shirt
and a bed sheet with some dirt.
Or a pillow that is elsewhere from its place
Or a filthy dry face
Scent of a socks that is old
some yellow stain that remind us of gold
And the holy waterfall, leaking from the tap
And the sound from a stomach that raps
Why should I appear to be clean
Dress up well and look a little mean
And then again I look at some star
To ask, , Why can't we be who we are?
Why can't we be who we are?

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Love That Fled

Have you ever tried to hear the mighty ocean cry
not by the ears but from the wisdom in your eye

the ocean sometimes calm sometimes not
but what if like human heart it begins to rot

the sun if frozen, berefts you of the rays
and your heart old, not recall the pleasant old days

what if the cold sun, forever sets at west
or a starving young child, never meet his mother's breast

if the mountain starts to grow beneath the barren land
or if some child's ache, her mother never understand

if the freezing night gets, too cold for you to sleep
would you then think of, the promises you did'nt keep

would you go where you going, or for once would you turn
to know how it hurts, never to be loved back in return

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Of a sinking friend

on a sunday morning, as i saw my clock
like usual i woke up late
rays from sun blinded my eye
as i opened my main home gate

that morning though the things were same
but still my heart felt strange
still blinded my the light of sun
my pupil size did change

soon i could see the world around
clear as the deep blue lake
i cursed myself for my habits bad
at the night of staying awake

as i looked beneath, the side of my feets
i could see a small bird lay
a beautiful bird with a god's own grace
and colour of wings dark grey

i picked him up to see whats wrong
it was too small a bird to fly
it seemed as if he was struggling to live
and his eyes said he would die

soft hands of mine did grab him hard
as i held him in my hand
the wings of bird to frail to fly
and feet too numb to stand

a bond so strong between he and i
in that moment i could feel
but he closed his eyes, and my heart still sighs
of the pain that the time didnt heal

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On A Breakup

The day you left, as I recall
You stood so high, you stood so tall
No wonder you couldn't hear me say
So high you were, so low I lay
Since she has left many have left
I wish if those promises were kept
My vision has now started to blur
My hairs have shown their true color
Once which were, as dark as black
Have started to grow, on my back
And some of them which couldn't change
Have left my skull and I look so strange

Since she has gone, I am a different man
Faster than usain bolt she ran
I saw her going from my eyes
Not a single word and no good byes
Now everything I see Is blue
From movies to monkeys of zoo
Every night is same, same is the day
I wish like you if I could play
All says now, that I am so rude
I hate myself when I see me nude
Everything I do, reminds me of you
My biceps have shrunk by an inch or two

I shut my eyes, I no longer sleep
I tell someone, he is a son of beep
Friends have turned into my foe
They call me now a crooked crow
Its summers time, and I feel so cold
Warm me my love, before I get old
Before I breakdown, before I sigh
You can always mend me with some lie

I love you now, I love you then
I love you like cock loves his hen
I love you no matter where you are
Till you see me in some star

kanav justa

Only If

If I was some gruesome being
And if I was a crocodile
lay my teeth into your throat
When I saw your ugly smile

if I was the king of woods
And if I was lion
Rip out your heart, with my fist
Play with you, ding ding doin

If I had no bone in me,
And if I was born a snake
Consume you, complete in me
No time I would waste to bake

If I was born an evil crow
From high I would take my aim
Shit is something I like
I bet you‘d love my game

If I had a poisonous sting
And if I was born a bee
Bite you at your covert place
You would find it hard to pee

But since I am a human being
Being human is what stops me
So come to me, my sweetest friend
We will have a cup of tea

kanav justa

Paradoxes

Judge not a heart of someone by his shadow
see not splendor always from the eye
don’t speak of a man from his frowning brow
or the way his poor heart sigh

don’t measure the grace of mountain tall
by his size or by his might
its not the snow that makes the mountain cold
but his unconquerable height

don’t tell of a star by the flames on its surface
what matter is the heat of the core
that decides it’s fate or else it's too late
for a star to live a day more

don’t measure the joy from the face of two lovers
from their vows their fate you can’t tell
love like gold is bought and sold
lovers they bid farewell

kanav justa

Seeds Of Life

beneath the ground, a solitary seed
no mates are near, he hasn't any
still and slow it rises and grows
that later blooms to flowers many

never does it ask more from the skies
dust and dung is all it need
yet not all grow so proud and tall
thousands like a stream away they bleed

from a minute shell, no one can tell
how it later be a big strong tree
soldiers of this giant earth
no stronger knight your eyes would see

with a man-made axe all comes to end
it's sad that it has to end this way
it's men like us for profit sake
heedlessly with the nature play

kanav justa

Strange Lover

He never bought her roses
Never said she was sweet
No gifts to delight her
No fine lines to greet
Never said the words he wanted to say
He loved his lover in strange own his way

No promise he gave her
For scare might they break
Though seldom they strolled near
The woods by the lake

Fought now and then at the time
When he missed her
In thoughts he would hug her
And sometimes he kissed her
In grasslands of lovers he was so naive
He loved his lover in strange own his way

He knew he was awful
But still he was thinking
 Beneath the wane moon
He was slowly sinking
Seeking for answers why she was away
He loved his lover in strange own his way

kanav justa

The Avengers

When the heavens roar
In the language of the hulk
Quivers the bad

When the ironman
shoots cynicism
Thor's sad

And the captain of america
With only a shield
wishes more he had

kanav justa

The Chosen One

They said i was the chosen one
chosen by the mankind
one who catches fly at will
those flies now i must find

seven in one attempt
was the best i ever cought
but to catch those flies in hand
not a single dime i got

so if you got some flies at home
and if you want them dead
fly that veil inside your store
or sleeps beneath the bed

next time when you would see them buzz
or hear their brm brm sound
no dollar would i charge to catch
only just fifty pound

so if i catch twenty of them
fifty is the price for one
no discount please expect from me
once my job is done

kanav justa

The Egg

Covered with a shell, as white as snow
You wonder how will be the inside
a present for the men of earth
that under its shell hide

Break it and then you will see
yellow liquid like some molten gold
cheaper than a poor man's bread
by the merchant, it is sold

and if some case be
where you see the shell not white
Stay calm with the merchant
don't go nuts and do not fight

that's laid by the local hens
its for the people who are wealthy
Costlier than the regular one's
but a bit more healthy

when you study, what's it made of
and inside it, when you try to enter
Embraced as one, by some mysterious force
the yolk is held to its center

eat them and feel
as your bones get hard as rock
ability of only the hens
I wish if they were laid too by the cock

Behold them with your eyes
A sight that would make eyes glitter
have half a dozen a day
And forget the sorrows and the days bitter
people might question you
and ask " what have you done '
what you ate could have been
some cock and his wife son

they will look at you like some criminal
and say you are so mean
but remember only one thing
it's a great source of protein

kanav justa

The Old Man And His Grandson

His brows bright as the froth of sea
And spine that was somewhat bent
Landing on heaven’s abode
His soul it floating went

Wrinkled skin and wrinkled head
Streams of rivers in his hand
Not many came as he bid farewell
Or to bury him beneath the sand

Some people giggling by the park
Some poking tree with a dart
All said his soul may rest in peace
But they spoke not from their heart

I knew not who, his loved one was
Each face I saw was just the same
As I searched for some sad frowning soul
Or a heart where dwelt some loss or pain

Some years in past, when he was young
He raised loved ones of his big hearth
At his final days the same old man
Was the burden for those men of earth

But just when I was about to leave
I saw two eyes not same as rest
Tears went down his face too fast
And a mourning heart inside his chest

I went to him said why you weep
A boy of age seven or eight
He said he wants to leave this place
And go where goes his grandpa great

kanav justa

The Transformer

Bright was the colour of white
dark was the colour of red
my friend had an ass like face
my friend had an ape like head

To the gorgeous girls
each day he would propose
naked in the beach
in the morning he would pose

Girls used to assume that
he had gone out of his mind
but he was smart enough to enter
their washroom and said he was blind

With pretty girls of town
he wished he could get laid
some of them came for free
for others few dollars he paid

Sometimes he used to stay idle
like a buffalo of some valley
girls use to run away
when they saw his dreadful belley

To each passing girl
he would pass his wierd smile
late at night with that girl
he was seen doing it the gangnam style

He did not care if the girls were black
he did not care if the men were white
in morning he slept with lucy
and slept with james at night

This was never the friend
that once i used to know
but life takes its turn
and life gives us its blow

Somewhere back in time
a different life he had
he was a bright person
he was a bright lad

An evil friend left my friend
lost and dry and cold
that has turned my friend to dust
that once did shine like gold

kanav justa

The World Today

the withering heights of fading grace
a mirror not reflect all, but only the face
we have heard the wise men proudly say
skins and bones they wither away
despite knowing the answers all
we tread on a path where we bound to fall
when truth lay close , we close our eyes
our sight lighten when it meets the lies
of all the miseries when this world is done
our night will eat the glittering sun

the world today is a world of shame
the world today would forever be the same

where a fortress never built on a bedrock of trust
where no gold enough to slay the thirst
where death gives more joy than a child when born
where heart loves to keep another forlorn
where before the dreams comes reality first
where we speak of love but inside there is lust
Where we dream to conquer the sky above
with swords and guns, not faith and love

from heart and soul we would always be lame
the world today would forever be the same

with the might of the eye we look afar
abandon the things which near they are
thinks a fool when like a wise
we never see the world by his eyes
not every light can light a soul
we sink like water from a hole
here joy for me is sorrow for you
the world is cold like morning dew

where we love to write we love to blame
world today would forever be the same

kanav justa

The 'X' Factor

When I had “X” money
“three” called me honey
days were sunny

as I was a fine player
By gambling plus some prayer
“X” became 'X' square

Water became wine
“THREE” became “NINE”
They said they were all mine

But soon inflation inflated
With time “X” abated
And since “NINE” with “X” were related
No further with me they dated

kanav justa

Turning away

I went into an elite bar
And asked for precious wine
I tipped few dollars to thomas
To Impress some friends of mine

Then in search of expensive boots
I went to the nearest store
On my way I tipped tracy
Who I wonder was a whore

As in street I was passing by
With haughty head and collers high
My feet I felt did not touch the ground
My pompous soul was at the sky

I saw a man approaching me
I could sense he was in pain
Called lunatic my dudes of town
Though we knew he was all sane

He greeted them with sparkling smile
And they greeted him with stones
No friend he had to share his grief
So at night he would quietly moan

Low voice I heard as he gazed at me
He asked me for a peny
He requested me to search my jeans
If my pockets had them any
The old man wore a ragged shirt
He had a big brown beard
Cold and dry I passed him by
As if no words reached my ear

At time of day we are sightless
Nightfalls we close our eyes
We might hear the laughing men
We will never hear their cries

kanav justa

Uncontainable Nature

leaves when touched by autumn
fades to color grey
none can stop them falling
no prayer would make them stay

you cannot seize the night dark
nor can conquer the glittering day
a skylark when forced to sing
goes swiftly away

kanav justa