

Poetry Series

Premkumar Khundrakpam

- poems -

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Premkumar Khundrakpam()

My Altercated Fate

Am down and can't escalate to high;
I see the flown of the sorest;
I weet, it 'll come
And can sense the pain
Of their angry sword.

I see the dead to covered,
The dead of layman and by the forced-flag;
I see the rim, that they insist:
That I must gone
And the pars with me.

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The Phantom World

Its probal fault, today from darknes to dark;
Unused my mouth, 'll neo life
No escaper to escape, no door to gise out
Will walk through, but not today, jump over, may not next.

Will I know, I had ensnare and to mourn
The phantom fence, oh! encave the world,
Who will know the phantom world;
This phantom mask, I fear if it be me.

The kindness note, among the farthest wind;
I know thou 'll hear, but to say 'don't hear its the noise of crows'
And I fear, the walk of two opposite;
And I fear thy paradise, but the hell.

No more to endure, the heat that yerker'd,
The heat o' the full lines;
I hear the dead sound, o' the own sound;
I watch the dead bones, o' the own bones.

An easy numbered, oh! the real man;
I 'm eager to feel, thy just note;
I clepe from thy reside, unknown where thou cogging;
But I 've a will, we atone, at the kindred point.

Shall I clepe'st thee, shall I flag'st thee;
Sound'st thy sound, thou the just'st man;
Truth clepe'st thee to inurn, the phantom scrimers.

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The Unknown Call

I think I see the
bottom,
Where the poor blind
and deaf alone,
True! nothing but his
unfixed soul
He cry, this aidless day.

And I fight the
answer, the brook I
seek
I know not the names
Tho' we have to same
perceive
Everybody 'll say it.

He can't to see, the invisible light
He can't to hear, the silent note
He cry for the wirling burnt tempest
And groan from their blooded sword.

Oh! rishing high from all the ways
And I fear, none 'll breath.

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