Poetry Series

Erfan Kappil - poems -

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Cold

when it was cold
my wife told me
'chemistry of coldness
works alike in everything'
in the case of water
it condenses into ice
and solidifies as one
in the case of lovers
they embrace each other
and become one
so oneness
is the mood of cold

Here I Have No Friends

Here I have no friends "That window was once bombed" Pointing to my residence home Those youngsters told me once

Here, I have no friends
And I don't want too!
Some smile and in turn, I too smile
But none grew here to occupy my mind's space.

She regularly comes to me at night.
When I have my food
She neither knocks at my door nor makes noise
Till I complete my food
She patiently sits outside.

Here I have no friends
Here it is silent and lonely
'Nobody comes, nobody goes'
But she regularly comes at night.

She never let me get near
Nor let me touch
In distance, if I sit she sits facing at my eyes
If I vocalize she starts closing her eyes.

From distance we romance
If I get closer she would go
If I am in that distance
She sits closing her eyes for hours
Tuning my voice by her eyes
We enjoy each other's presence in that distance

Here I have no friends
Here humans are cannibals
They even bomb the window
Still I am happy as she waits me behind my closed door
This is my cute little cat!
Here we transcend the grammar of love

Breaking the classic human fixity of love

Now I experience the magnetic waves in me Which draw me to Every Being.

I Too Had A Lover

Once my friends asked me;
"Have you ever loved? "
"Do you have a lover? "
"Be frank"
"Don't be hypocritical"
I kept silent
A mystery rounded over their eyebrows
When I got my home back
The question remained in my mind's back
And I started to retrospect
A question popped up there;
"Have I ever left anyone 'unloved'? "
A smile rounded in my lips mysteriously.

Snow Palace

It is in the land of destruction I am assigned to build a new palace a palace of snow when I have hope of its finish here it sizzles and my dream palace melts each time

Who Am I For You?

After long years of close relation Shall I ask you; Who am I for You? I remember your statement 'I don't know how love feels like As I don't have lovers' Shall I ask you then Who am I for You? Are we Romeo and Juliet of a different mode? If no one on earth So close to you to disclose everything If you don't spend So much time as for me I am the craft-man of emotions Craft-less to translate it Leave upto you to decide Who am I for You?