

Poetry Series

# Gagan Khurana

## - poems -



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Gagan Khurana()



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???? Figure ??? ? ???? ????.

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Gagan Khurana

# Good Bye

They say its better to have loved and lost then never to have loved at all..

Being a true believer of this proverb, I let you inside my soul..

I still remember that winter night when the first time we made love in your rented house yard..

I wish you are still here with me, this stony bed would never feel so hard..

Whole night we kept the flame alive with fires of our body, simply uncontrolled..

All night we heated a love and after countless nights, its finally gone cold..

Those nights were beautiful, when my dreams were alive..

Today I wake up with no hopes in my eyes..

Finally I learn to say Good Bye...



In the naked shameless day, all day long, everyday I auction myself, make deals, I compromise to satisfy my needs, people calls it a corporate job..

But in the emptiness of night, I hide my face and still sob..

There was a time when I fought my eyes to stay awake, no dream was prettier than the way she slept..

Now I just left with a broken piece of poem drifting in my breath..

You placed your lips on mine and breathe all my sigh..

Finally I learn to say my dear one Good Bye..

8 years pass still everytime I remember her, the hooves of the horses pulsate in my heart beat..

I boozed, read books, roam streets, tracked himalyas, voyage oceans but in the silence of my words, I found myself incomplete..

See on a lavish bed lies a body, dead, abandoned, forsaken; hope she come back look and peep..

Hey you all..

Bury me..

So that I can breathe

I can breathe

I can breathe..

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Gagan Khurana

# 'My Inner Poet'

As I was born, a poet born with me  
witnessing everything, my sinless childhood

my mother love, oh! she is so good,

the dawn of eternal joy and dreams

the pop music in me that reign supreme,

my childish stammered speech

and my fast falling asleep.

As the time goes by, my twin poet saw me studying countless night

with greasy patches of light,

everytime my foot touched the football

the look on my face said it all.

Saw me supporting my family at a tender age

with zero sign of depression and rage.

My inner poet saw me hitting the proxies in the college, sweet were those days

asking our lecturers to decipher on bayes.

Friends turned brother

and I started chasing my dream lover.

Finally the college life also came to an end.

It was really difficult to say final goodbye to my dearest friends.

Years passed and I lost in a bitter cask jar,  
never realised I came too far.

Seized up completely between whiskey, vodka and sake,  
in life, I held back and sober up too late.

You came in my life and it was my fate,

I never needed you, I learnt it too late.

I thought she never leave me but finally she go away,

My love for you will never be frey; come what may.

Alas! Now I feel myself in some despairing jail,

with tears in his eyes, my twin poet witnessing all my painful tale.

Often I asked my inner poet 'How long this will last'

clenching my soul between his teeth, he always whispers 'This shall too pass'

I can't bear this anymore, ' I wailed and I cried'

Too disturbed by his own sorrows, now my twin poet says to me' Come let's  
commit suicide'.

'Gagan let's commit suicide'

'Come lets commit suicide'.



Writer- Gagan

Gagan Khurana

# Dear Best Friend

## 'you Were Not There When I Needed You The Most'

You hurled, we will be friend  
till death do us apart!

You left me way before my  
celestial depart.

Just fed up with alcohol, strolling alone on a desolate lane!

arid and truncated inside from deep pain, I was whispering  
Your name.

Encumbered with the whiff of your  
yearning and broken promises, unfortunately I lost!

My best friend,

You were not there when I needed  
You the most.

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When depression, loneliness and anxiety invaded my canvass!

I surrendered myself on alcohol from the torrents of abyss.

Depression and anxiety both could have been cured!

Alas, your absence was very  
difficult to endure.

Loyalty and feelings are gone so scare, now this world is only own by liars

adobe!

My bestie,

You were not there when, I needed you the most.

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You left me broken like petals from some magic rose!

Somewhere deep inside my soul, your last good bye still echoes.

I know 'My chips were down' and I was dying for your one reply!

buried too deep in gloomy thoughts,  
finally my subconscious summoned me 'Gagan forget her as you are destined to fly'.

So girl now do me a favour 'Dont ever come back, as you are not welcome anymore!

My small world had a way smooth run, even when we haven't met before.

Not even a single day goes by without you on my mind!

Buddy,

Still you are not here  
with me and I know  
our fates are no longer intertwined.

Our fates are no longer intertwined

Our fates are no longer intertwined

Writer- Gagan Khurana

Gagan Khurana

# Farmers Too Have A Dream..

Mired legs, perspiring in solstice,  
dark face with scars and bruises,  
looking very filthy and vile...

Still a beautiful heart hides in their feigned smile..

In your air conditioned adobe try to imagine their agonies,  
and listen their undertone screams...

You will see their eyes filled with liquid nostalgia,  
still they too have dreams...

See they ain't as cruel and vicious as they seem...

When they bury the seeds in the ground...

The arid garden turns green and the mother nature abound...

Even after this benefaction on mankind,  
they have a long history of being dismayed by the regime...

But deep way inside they too have a dream,  
and I believe one day humanity will reign supreme...

A truncated life that can end up very soon...

Their demise often link with some brutal loan...

They feed all the sapiens and,  
this yearning ultimately turns them into spirit realm...

And in the end they give up on life with their incomplete dream...

Sometimes their shattered life seems so extreme,  
yet just like everybody else, they too have a dream..

They too have a dream...

They too have a dream...

Writer - Gagan Khurana..

Gagan Khurana

# 1984 Still Burning

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????? Never Forget 1984....

Remeber, Remorse, Reflect....

?????? ????? (Gagandeep Singh)

Gagan Khurana

# Imminent Breakdown

I am not a standard deviation but a drifter chose to take a stroll on a desolate lane.

No matter how hard I try in my pursuit, but fails each time.

So when I will stuck with death, I will gasp for my last,

but my last word will remain untold and I will slowly relinquish under the folds of time,

find a nice place to repose in its envelope like the flower wits and eventually surrender to the fruits of time.

Gagan..

Gagan Khurana



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# Trading Of Relations

These days relations turn into an arid one, no embrace, no laughs, nothing...  
Ofcourse they could get clingy, only if u r the only alternative left for them  
and after sometime u will feel urself in a stalemate state,  
where u already aware of the truth, but still u try to repudiate.

Frail and pale u again try to enter into this phony reconciliation  
and being a master manipulator they again welcome u with their feigned smile  
and along with that they will enjoy sitting at the table conversing with others,  
snapping them with all ur witless repertoire" .....

Despicable Gagan.....

Gagan Khurana



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# What I Dont Want To Lose...

My own imagination.....

What I dont want to lose at any cost.....

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I dont wanna lose.....

- The notes of a flute in the quite of grove...
- Surging waves of aspirations...
- The dawn of Eternal joy and dreams...
- Fountains of colors like butterfly upon blossom...

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I dont want to lose.....

- The breeze of the season, nestled in the palms of leaves...
- The sunshine on winters day...
- Delicate pearls, glinting with laughter...
- The rhythms and music of 90's...

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I dont want to lose.....

- The kaleidoscope of memories hues...
- Sleep trapped behind eyelids, where Sweet dreams abound...

- Ur Fake Care and blatant lie...

- My intricately designed Imagination on paper...

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I dont wanna lose "You";.....

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Loser Gagan

Gagan Khurana