

Poetry Series

**JAI VARDHAN KUMAR**  
**- poems -**



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## JAI VARDHAN KUMAR()

A native of Bihar, India. Did M.A. & Ph.D. in English from B.R.A. Bihar University, Muzaffarpur, Bihar. Did Post Graduate Diploma in Translation from IGNOU, New Delhi. Interested in writing poems in Hindi and English. One poem included in 'An Anthology of Indian Poems: Native Petals' published by Poetree Garden, University of Kerala, Trivandrum, South India. Currently working as Translation Officer in Ministry of Defence, Government of India.



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# Don't You Think

I, always, flooding back into  
The creation of my memory,  
My Art, perennial;  
The currents of flow  
Don't let me forward  
In my life, lost,  
Leaving me behind,  
To purgate me in the sacrament  
Of Faith  
To forget myself,  
To think only of the Image,  
Amidst always I find myself,  
-Fresh as it was!

And you, laughing,  
Void of emotions and heart,  
Grinning at me  
As public in a theatre  
To see a clown, a joker, who  
Forgetting his Self makes you laugh!

Don't you think-  
Time will change me not my heart  
That nurtures the dream of my past?

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# Love Pedigree

You just swiped away  
The notification showing my comments  
On a social media post of  
One of your friends.  
But how can you swipe  
Away those memories  
We share together still in the Past  
Those love, intimacy and bonding  
Between us  
That prevail still in guise.  
If you don't agree  
See your Love Pedigree  
My name is still above all  
I reign there still to enthral.

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# The Dilemma

Since childhood I was taught  
Be humane; pity, console,  
And soothe the distressed;  
I evoked these  
From within, learned to laugh with others,  
Feel with others..... they taught me,  
I learned all these and more sincerely...  
All these were within me from birth  
I had only to nurse, nourish, cultivate them.

Becoming young, I came into contact  
With people of various kinds,  
People living in slums of a muddy society:  
Muddy they become, muddy in thoughts,  
Muddiness they taught me.  
They began to oppress me.

Being humane, I bore the pain patiently.  
The more I bore, the more they tortured.  
They wouldn't let me live like a man,  
They pinched me, taunted me always.  
But all at once a storm raged in me:  
My teeth chattered and I returned  
What was many a time done to me.

They taught me how to be inhuman.  
Then again in my mind a clash began  
Was my birth a big blunder  
And am I to blame?

Here is a dire dilemma, which to choose-  
One in the blood, the other imposed:  
Humanness on Bitterness brutal?

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# Raining Again

Raining again  
In my courtyard  
The dances of rain  
But could not avail  
This occasion gracious,  
For my heart dry  
Could not drench up  
And enjoy this  
Dance of Bliss  
That rained in showers  
To alleviate all the  
Hot blemishes, stains of  
This rugged world—  
Where none is there  
To lull, love and  
To take care.

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