

Poetry Series

Rajesh Gurung
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Rajesh Gurung(30 May 1973)

A Child's Dream

As a child i dreamt i would fly
when i grew into a man
grow wings and soar away
away to far-off lands

The kid has grown
the dream remains a mirage
how could i have known
dreams get lost in reality's haze?

Come bedtime i would dread
going off to sleep
least i would wake up dead
and into the night i would weep

Where did the universe begin
and where did it end?
how much and what did it contain?
these questions bent my small mind

Now, as i write this
i am content i sought answers
for they were seeds
now my life's colourful flowers

Rajesh Gurung

A Day Of Learning

Going home
after a day's learning
ambling alone
thinking, yearning
for yet another day
another lesson
a way
to unburden
her little mind
of ignorance
to unwind
dance
to the rhythm of wisdom
lighting dark corridors
a bird flying to freedom
from the illusion of mirrors

Rajesh Gurung

A Log

The waves carry me
A log at the sea's mercy
Will I ever reach the shore
And see it once more?
Or will I sink to the bottom
And be forgotten?

Birds flock to me
A big shady tree
But will they be there
When I am naked and bare?
Will I hear another bird sing
Mitigating the winter sting?

Rajesh Gurung

A Stone

A river ran through
this valley once
giver of life
A cherry tree
shaded many a dalliance
wafting intoxicating fragrance
colourful flowers
danced to life's rhythm
with an explosion of hues
Birds gave wing to tunes
their small breast swelling
molding, melding hearts
Their sojourn here is marked
now by but a stone
which outlived them all
a lone funereal stone
detached and unaffected
by life around it
it will be gone too
nothing to mark it's existence
when everything becomes dust
But will it matter in the end
what you have given
what you have got
what you have taken
what you have not
when the universe
envelopes us as a speckle
into it's ever expanding bosom?

Rajesh Gurung

Ace Of Grace

There came into the wilderness
a being they called Ace of Grace
with a face
of an edelweiss

her hair as night was never
her lips sun-sealed
her eyes revealed
forever

And as a song was born
of her
every ear
heard a new dawn

Every soul awoke
anew
the dead wind afresh blew
and the trees spoke

Rajesh Gurung

Affected Affections

Spare me your affected affections
Your stunted philosophies
Wipe that shallow smile
Off your façade
Of chameleon identities

Disrobe and let me spy
On your nakedness
Unblemished of illusions
Let it be a moment of realities

Untangle the web of words
Woven around you
The warp of ironies
And the weft of sarcasm

Come out of your hiding
The walls around you are crumbling
In the open
So I can understand
Your substance
You, your essence

Rajesh Gurung

Battles

My friend falls
hit by an enemy's bullet
Crying out my name as he stalls
to a lifeless wreck

amongst the dead and the dying
fighting for the last breath
wailing,
he stills to an untimely rest

The deafening confusion dissolves
my cry, as he disappears out of sight
Everything around me revolves
and day thickens to night

My gun finds its target
and I wonder, "which is the enemy",
"The figure I am aiming at
or the one within me? "

Why do we battle each other
when we have battles raging within
why do we yearn for what's not ours
when we can be content with what's given

Rajesh Gurung

Caged Wings

Caged wings
I hear the flutter
Of its wings, caged
In a cage of matter
Flapping, till enraged
It lies down
I will not let it rest
The fight to fly must go on
It should not nest
I should let it take flight
Out into the open,
Light the night
With a muse's pen
Release the floodgates
Of my inundated thoughts
Let out the flood in waves
Of free ghosts
Set it free and let it soar
Away from tethering ties
Away from locked doors
Least the fire burning in me dies

Rajesh Gurung

Do You?

Do you look up into the rain
Close your eyes and let the strips
Of clear drops brush your soft skin
like a thousand fingertips?
Do you ever face heaven
When downy flakes descend
With your eyes open
And pretend
You are flying through space
Like a lost soul
Soothed by the caress
of white fingers cold?
Do you look up at clouds of cotton
On your back, imagining they are beneath you
And you are looking down
At an abyss of sea which you could fall into?
Do you look at yourself from without
Through the eyes of another
Make an effort to learn about
What the world within has to offer?

Rajesh Gurung

Dreamer

I dream of places I can never see
Of realities that can never be
Of things I can never achieve
Of days I have yet to live

I dream of paths no one has ever trodden
Of worlds within worlds hidden
Of things beyond what's shown
Of things yet to know and unknown

I dream of answers I have sought
Of dreams sold and bought
Of promises to make and be broken
Of words never yet been spoken

I dream of dreary days
Of nights filled with lightning rays
Of skies sparkling with shooting stars
Of an earth devoid of wars

I dream into the future
Of days when we will be no more here
Of life in centuries to come
Of what we know as real may become

Rajesh Gurung

Faceless Crowd

Winding through a faceless crowd
I meet nameless faces
I have no doubt
There are traces

Of Divinity on faces ugly
Beasts masked
behind faces lovely
of memories past

on a face worn down,
remnants of tomorrow
still lingering on
amidst all the sorrow

It's the mask I see
In the mirror
It hides from me
My self, the core

I must face my demons
I must delve
Within if it must take eons
to discover my true self

Rajesh Gurung

I Am Not A God

I have demons battling
With angels
Who is winning
I cannot tell
I have vices
More than I have virtues
I intrigue with devices
Of selfish hues
When you thought you could trust
When I seemed so pure
You hit the dust
You have fallen for the lure
Words come out hollow
Lies don't truth
In clothes shallow
Veiling what lies underneath
I am just a man
Trying to be what I am not
Trying to make a stand
I am not a god

Rajesh Gurung

Invisible Walls And Hope

He reaches his hands out
Where are the walls?
He wanders about
Rising each time he falls

Fumbling for the door
in the darkness
he thought there was for sure
A way out of this madness

Are there walls at all?
Or is it an endless abyss
where a wrong fall
leads you to emptiness?

Heaven offers no hope
of a burning light
Hell bothers him not
with its bottomless plight

Sapped of his will, wearied
he fights no more
when ahead a light he thought dead
shines, the darkness opening a door

Rajesh Gurung

Milk And Rum

He wakes up to a shower
of his wife's scorching barrage
It does little to bother
his blissful state
He goes about his business
oblivious of his spouse
He couldn't care less
if he didn't own a house
as long as he could drink
To his hearts fill
to the brink
of his frail will
The morning milk would end
with one of the village members
mostly the boys, who would spend
on rum for the milk and stories he offered
I wonder if he misses Tibet, his home
whence he came as a child and never returned
I wonder if he sometimes feels alone
in his drunkenness, like a child shunned

Rajesh Gurung

Of Beasts And Men

The west bathed in red
It was bedtime for the sun
At the edge of the sky the moon waited
To light the world it was her turn

The blood soon dribbled out
Leaving a world of silver behind
Nightly creatures were up and about
Their callings an unearthly kind

What business have they at night
Hiding and creeping
That cannot be done when its bright
When they should be sleeping

But when it comes to the deeds
men have done
I wonder what seeds
that made them were sown

Rajesh Gurung

One Single Breath

"There is life and there is death
and the difference between either
is one single breath",
croons the singer

A cold revelation gnaws
at my heart
with leaden claws
ripping my perceptions apart

Crossing the line dividing
It would not hit home
till I was beyond the living
into the realm of the dead, gone

Never to come back
Into realms unknown
Into the black
worlds of spirits beyond

Perhaps I will seek refuge
in the belief I will be reborn
Perhaps I will refuse
to believe I will not return

Rajesh Gurung

Out In The Open

The walls disappear
leaving me in the open
Everything i see and hear
is different
New waves strike me
I reel and fall
on my knees
I feel a hand cold
on my shoulder
'You must be new outside', he says
'Yes ', I answer
reminiscing the days
i spent inside gazing
through the window
learning
like a detached widow

Rajesh Gurung

Rags Of Solitude

Unruffled and untouched
the cement bench hides a rag slouched
hidden from the world without
a rag dirty and uncouth

You would pass by the bench
Without eyeing it but for the stench
That awakens your loathing
For everything dying and decaying

You would curse the smell
Until the man from the tea stall
Comes out with warm Indian tea
Only then would you see

Something stir and know there's life within
and wonder at the kindness unbidden
As he savours each sip of the warm elixir
Your heart goes out and you are stirred

He is warmed by the tea of kindness
Meagre in a world of blindness
Yet the light shining in his dying eyes
betrays his nearing leave from worldly mires

Rajesh Gurung

Red Rose

In a dying garden
i saw a red rose
'can i be your warden'
said i, but it blushed no more

Before i knew
my hand had a heart
and quickly drew
with a dropp scarlet

'I will not pluck thee
for all the treasures
I wanted to see
you were not one of life's mirages'

It nodded its understanding
it's colours rich as ever
while the dropp from my finger running
lost it's colour and life forever

Rajesh Gurung

Seed In The Wind

a seed in the wind
dreaming of fertile earth
for all its worth
began to sing

'seed i am
a tree i will become
seed again
i will begin'

Rajesh Gurung

Shadow And I

He walks
With his shadow
And asks
"do you know? ..
i am all alone
at the end of the day
When you are borne
By the night away? "

The shadow replies;
"do you know how lost
I am when light dies
And i am amidst ghosts?
How i am one with the night
With noone to ease my plight
Yearning for dawn
When we become one? "

He breaks into a smile
As he contemplates
The silence lingering a while
His loneliness dissipates

Rajesh Gurung

Shedding Skin

Have you ever shed skin,
Looked at your colours
Behind the screen
Of affectation, the door
Of Deception?
Do you like what you see
Or care not to believe your perception
And say, 'This is not me'?
Do you embrace your vices
As you would your virtues,
Listen to the inner voices
and let your true self loose?
Have you ever pondered at night
Over a deed done wrong
and said, 'I will make it right'
and realized you are weak but strong
Have you come to terms with the 'I'
Learnt to love the whole package
And looked at everything through a new eye
saying, 'I am blessed to be on this stage'?

Rajesh Gurung

Slain Ghosts

"I am not a god", says my friend
"I can't please everybody"
I understand
she's not herself lately

As I lie down
gauging the things I have said
promising I will right the wrong
I wonder what inside me is dead

What demons lurked
inside I never knew
till I looked hard
and saw ugly selves I never slew

"Don't talk of things
you don't know", I am told
I have tried flying without wings
i have fallen, I am growing old

Slain ghosts crowd the battle field
each day is a small victory
the slayer vows to wield
his sword till the end valiantly

Rajesh Gurung

Solace In Solitude

Behold a solitary lass
Alas!
she finds solace in solitude
in this multitude
Wine in hand
gazing beyond
silence, she only knows
as the bar din around her grows
into a clamor
over a joke, a rumor
Glasses clink, drinks and tongues run
wanton midnight revelry has begun
A lonely sprite
on a crowded night
What sorrows hold
her, what pangs untold
What stormy seas dwell within
What battles raging
beneath the surface
of a stoic angelic face?

Rajesh Gurung

Starry Night

'That's the ursa minor',
my friend points at a group of stars
'and that's the ursa major',
pointing to another group not far

I look up and see twinkles everywhere
Spread on the black blanket of a sky
A cluster here and a cluster there
Sprinkled by a giant hand I know not why

As I strain my myopic vision
Into the dark unknown space
I see possibilities of worlds unknown
It makes my mind race

There could be life out there
In any of the millions of galaxies
There could be civilizations far more greater
Than anyone believes

I should look up at the sky often
let my mind wander
I should keep my mind open
look beyond what's yonder

Rajesh Gurung

Strange

It's strange
how things change
how a good moment dies
right before your very eyes
how things go wrong
your dreams get blown
by winds of change on this desert
called life, whence we depart
a weary traveler
broken down but wiser
how very often we are driven
on paths untrodden
how we stumble
and fall, and fumble
in the dark
for a spark
of hope and happiness
interspersed by sadness
how we hardly realize in giving
lies the essence of living

Rajesh Gurung

The Bonfire

A cold frail figure walks
in the snow
His heart warms to see sparks
from a bonfire down below
He nears the blaze
his heavy heart urging him on
and as he does gaze
into the gloom
his weary eyes meet silhouettes;
moving about on unknown errands
dark and lifeless
while a bent soul stands
by the fire, a dropp of fiery silver
making its way down for all to see
along a drain engraved on her
face, now whitened with misery
He retraces his steps steep
the realization sinking home
no soul will weep
when he is dead and gone

Rajesh Gurung

The Crescent Smile

Stepping out into the silvery darkness
A chill wind made a big effort in vain
to still my bursting heart into calmness
which maddened at the thought of her again
There she was with all her beauty
My heart froze for a fraction of time
as she smiled at me elegantly
Oh was it sublime?
Words lost their meaning
for we could read our souls
the sound of the night merging
into songs, bridging our two worlds
A sudden chill blew at my depths
shattering my reverie
I had broken promises and debts
A long and lonely road lay ahead of me
I retraced my steps to my room
My world away from worlds
Back into the gloom
Into my mind's realms
Something tugged at my heart
and I found myself in the night
Alas! little did I know she did depart
without as much as a goodnight
Even to this day I look up
into the heavens
With the hope she might be about
hoping to see the crescent moon by chance

Rajesh Gurung

The Greatest Defiance

A fly
lifeless on the bathroom floor
zapped with an electric racket
what a sorry sight
a short life shortened
by man who take it as his right
to life
before any other being
a black spot on the spotless white
a movement, was it a wisp of air?
no, it stirs, it fights
not giving in to despair
A mere housefly
you would say, but what defiance
what will to survive
what great act by so tiny a creature
to send a giant of a DEATH
away from its door

Rajesh Gurung

The Last Leaf

A zephyr's whiff
Through a naked tree
Shakes the last leaf
To the ground where it was fated to be

The wind that gave it life
That made it shiver with happiness
Makes it strive
In its last days

As the defiant leaf
rests amongst a hundred
Others, in a sheaf
Of its kindred

I see how fragile
Life's thread is
How brittle
Its realities

A man rakes the dead leaves
at the base of the tree now bare
soon the fire blazes
and the smoke sifts through the once safe lair

Rajesh Gurung

Unframed Childhood

In retrospect, everything is a mist
Memories are but faint and faded
Childhood lost amidst
Blurred reminisces long dead

A fogged vision unveils
Shapeless shapes in the distance
Dimensions and definitions still
to indiscernible importance

A face frozen, a child's days framed
For a fraction of eternity
Reflecting moments of a mind untamed
To be my past's testimony

I wish I had a photograph of my childhood
I could then say "this is me at ten"
I could then word
"I was a brat then"

Rajesh Gurung

Wet Soul

Fat glistening fingers drum roofs
into a rhythmic lullaby
a sharp retort, a flash
sheen everything plastic
Children with soaked second skin
disturb settling puddles
shrieks answer shrieks
steps hurry them home
to warm tea
Safe in the warmth
of a room
The fire, this book
Cannot stir this cold
wet soul

Rajesh Gurung

Where's The Shooting Star?

"There, I saw another one! "
shrieks my friend
Shooting stars are not for everyone
To her, there seems to be no end

On a clear night she sees many
One after another
Just when you think there isn't any
she shouts, " there! didn't you see her? "

I turn my gaze to the ground
Just as a star draws a silvery arc
across the clear black mound
Lighting for a moment anything dark

I could never spend hours
on a black starry night
Waiting for shooting stars
to come within my field of sight

But it's an experience I will never forget
Stretching your neck and your gaze
upwards, hoping anything could set
a star on its short but bright race

Rajesh Gurung

White Magic

Finally, the heavens burst
With much awaited cotton flakes
'The neighbour's son must
See this', my brother says
'Wake up, it's snowing
Let's go out and see'
'Later', he groans, eyes still dreaming
'Later, not now', moans he
'Look at this', his sister comes in ecstatic
Her hands extending in a cup
What does he see but this white magic
Magic it is indeed, for he is now up
I can hear him shrieking
Outside in the cold
His little voice filters in, 'It is raining! ! '
Snow, a word beyond this three year old
'Your hands will hurt', my brother chides
He still plays, his bare hands reddened
'No, it won't', says he, all smiles
Now spent he stays inside, a lesson learnt

Rajesh Gurung

Wish I Could

I wish i could turn a deaf ear
to everything i hear
turn a blind eye
to what passes me by
wish i had a heart of stone
i would be better off alone
have no conscience
live a life of indifference
wish i were a spectator
and not an actor
just an onlooker
not a part of the big picture
wish i were a stream
endlessly moving towards a dream
a baby oblivious of the world without
with nothing to worry about
a cloud of impermanence
taking shapes insignificant
a feather constantly blown
with not resting place to call its own

Rajesh Gurung