

Poetry Series

Rajmoi Phukan

- poems -



PoemHunter.com

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Rajmoi Phukan()

I write poems just because of the fun it. I don't write any serious stuff.



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Soul

You are the music in the verses that I write
The sweet melody which speaks to me at night;
I promise you: this pen will one day create history
For you reside deep inside my so-called poetry;
You are the dark horse to my land at war
You are the warm embrace of motherly care;
You are the words that I utter when I speak
The strength of this iron heart which was once weak.

Rajmoi Phukan



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Wrong Time, Right Person

As the day passes by, and comes the night
I'm running out of words to write
'Cause you said: the timing wasn't right;
That I was late, to utter those words
And I felt like I was unheard
But, now I'm chirping those words to you, like a bird.

We're just in our twenties! We're still young!
And I'll keep writing these songs
For music runs in my tongue;
And I'm sorry, I couldn't utter when it counted
That I was silent, when it needed to be shouted
And now, my hands are tied, and I'm grounded.

Rajmoi Phukan



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I'll Love You, Again And Again

I cared for you, and probably still do
And my love for you may still remain,
But I no longer wish to trouble you
Nor do I wish to cause you any pain,
So though I love you, I'll no longer pursue
This may result in my words going in vain,
But you gave my life a hope, I never knew
So you'll still be loved by me, again and again.

Rajmoi Phukan



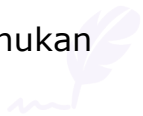
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We'll Meet

In this month of December
I cut open my memory,
To look for the moments (I remember)
And write these verses of poetry;
Oh love, it just feels like yesterday
That you are surely with me here,
And this is the honest truth I say
As if I can feel your spirit near.

At night, you come to my dreams
And I have a grateful and a patient heart,
Because, we both are nothing but river streams
That keeps on flowing apart;
But remember that you were my friend
So though we parted ways,
Like the river streams in an ocean, (we'll blend)
And one day we'll meet in our later days.

Rajmoi Phukan



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She Gave A Villanelle To Write

Time passes by, and passes still
just like the snow, which melt and fall-
in a lonely tree, in a lonely hill.

Oh, my sweet muse comes to me at my will
just like this night, when I started to call-
her name, for my wish to fulfil.

My wish was to write this poem, with a skill
so she came in the form of a villanelle, as I recall-
the moments I had, with her, with no ill.

The moments I had with her, were real
as we were in sync with music and a little alcohol-
to a night of nirvana, to a night we feel.

I was never a thief, so I never learnt to steal
a lady's heart, or what they call-
but with love, her heart I try to fill.

But now I understand how she might feel
though she's afar, far from my reach or call,
however, I'll never let anyone to dim her zeal
though time passes by, and passes still.

Rajmoi Phukan

The Four Seasons

(1)

When spring came:

The birds were chirping

The flowers were blooming;

I asked a black bird, to send you a message

But he refused, so I put him in a cage;

I asked a flower- a rose, the same thing to do

But she refused too, so I picked it out, to give it to you.

(2)

When summer came:

As I was walking with the rose, to give it to you

My road was blocked, by a giant statue;

The statue was of a king, and above it was the sun

I asked the sun to melt it down, and inform me once it is done;

The sun shone so bright, that it burned my skin

The statue melted, and told me: may your journey begin.

(3)

When autumn came:

I walked and walked, with my bruised feet

Along with the rose, hoping for us to meet;

I saw- the leaves became brown, and it was raining

I thought of you, as if you were crying;

So I started to hum a sweet song

To give you delight, for you to stay strong.

(4)

When winter came:

My feet bled, and the petals of the rose faded

Everything became gloomy, and I no longer could persuade;

The air around me became cold

And my age grew old;

I lost hope, nothing seemed bright

Only your name gave my heart a light.

Rajmoi Phukan

A Lantern Made Of Clay

Light a lantern made of clay
For it gives the heart: a hope to live,
And we may not live to stay
But being hopefully hopeful, we'll live.

Rajmoi Phukan



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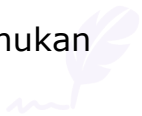
Your Name

Her name gives a special charm to me
In this divine dream that I see,
Yet a darkness gallops me while dreaming
And I can't seem to do anything;

Chanting her name, gives me light
Hope and peace is what I mean,
And like a lantern, she is bright
Kissing me to a good night's sleep,
In this dark, and cosmic night;

She saves me from this darkness
And gives a fresh air to breathe,
I'm writing this with a passion
Keeping faith in her to read,
Into this divine dream that I'm dreaming
As if she is all I need.

Rajmoi Phukan



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A New Dawn's Light

You are my happiness
You are my sadness,
You are my pleasure
You are my treasure.

How can I blame you,
If I'm the one who hurt you;
Near my sight
I see a new dawn's light,
Brighter than my soul;
I walk in your shoe
To feel you
To feel your pain;
And I've nothing for you, to give
'Cause it's me, I can't forgive.

Rajmoi Phukan



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Seize The Moment

Seize the moment, for it is golden
Seize it! Seize it! Don't let it pass
And make the moment last.

I had my moments a few
With a beloved I knew
And with these moments I grew.

As far as my mind could see
My sweetest image of her, in my memory
Is the hug, that my beloved gave to me.

Rajmoi Phukan



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I'm Dreaming Of A Light

The moon is nothing compared to you, my love
And I'm waiting for you to embrace me, like a dove;
Your eyes are no less than diamonds
Whose glance, might make my life come to an end;
Your lips have the sweetest smile
Which makes my heart skip a beat, for a while;
The light emanating from your name
Will even put the sun to shame;
I talk with the stars everyday
With the thought of you, as if from far away;
And the day we will meet again
Will be the day, when I'll be bereft of pain;
I shall whisper in your ears my screams
Which I made, when I saw you in my dreams.

Rajmoi Phukan



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Feels Like Eating Needles

Oh beloved, I wish to fly where you are
but can't you see,
my legs are broken, my wings cut;
All I know is that you're not here, but somewhere far,
And I write this, with red ink, red like blood;
Can't you see...
This heart of mine which is feeble
Saying goodbye to you
Feels like eating needles.

Rajmoi Phukan



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Real Words

These words that I write, are not real
if I can't make you feel
what I want to say
as now you're away;
but, I want to show you the love
that lies beyond these words that I write
'cause it is true,
as when the sun sets, and comes the night,
the home I live in, doesn't feel home, without you.

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Patience For A Lipstick Stain

Take me down to that city
Where you are there, my pretty;
I want to feel your glance once again
And leave a mark on me, your lipstick stain;
Don't worry, this time I'll steal it and take it
Your kiss, and all I have right now is patience;
Once again, I'll gift you a bottle of wine
Till you put your lips on mine.

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Searching For You

My love, if I don't get you, I'll die
Trust me, 'cause this is not a lie;
It's like, as if someone, cut my skull
With a knife, which is blunt and dull;
At night, I see you in my dreams
And turn my bedsheets into streams;

I hope you understand the meaning
For my heart for you is full of desire;
Along the shore of the mighty Brahmaputra,
I'm searching...
As if I'll set the waters of this river, into fire.

Rajmoi Phukan



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My Prayer

If my prayer is a star
It will touch your sky
If these words of mine, is a rhythm
Be this rhythm, a moon
If these words of mine, is a rhythm
If this rhythm, is a moon

That Moon's moon-like magic
Will travel through a narrow tunnel in silence
And reach your face (mouth) .
And, even if I'm not there,
The thousand stars in the sky
Will tell about me.
And, even if I'm not there,
The thousand stars in the sky
Will tell about me.

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An Epic Of Dashavatar

At first I join my hands to pray Him
For He is Narayana, the reason for every form;
Brahma rests on the lotus, born from his navel
So time after time, He takes infinite form.

A fish (Matsya) was the first form He took
And saved humanity and the world from the apocalypse;
A tortoise (kurma) was the second form He took
And prevented the destruction of Heaven;
Then He took the form of a wild boar (Varah)
And rescued the Earth on His tusk;
Taking the fourth form as Narasingha
He killed the mighty and mad demon hiranyakashipu;
His fifth form was a mere brahmin
And defeated bali, by conquering the world in three steps;
The mighty Parshurama, was His sixth form
Who killed the entire greedy warrior class, and cut the land into three pieces;
Shree Ram was His seventh form
And went to exile, following His father's orders;
Shree Krishna was His eighth form
And by his playful blessings, He brought righteousness in the world;
Taking the ninth form as Buddha
He became the enlightened one, and imparted knowledge;
And at the end of kali yug, He will take the form of Kalki
And destroy everything in the world and start a new.

Rajmoi Phukan

Sensation

What is happening to me these days?
I'm kissing all the four walls of my room,
I'm trapped by you, in so many ways
That your thought crosses my mind everytime soon;
Day after day, I wait for your words to come
With a hope that it will give a new life to me,
I'm madly in love with you, said by some
Just like the rain, is in love with the sea.
The truth is, everywhere I go, I see you
In the flowers, tress, birds and the sky too.

Rajmoi Phukan



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The Sun

My love, do you know why I
like the sun, more than the moon?
Let me give you three reasons, my love-
First, everytime the sun rises, I think of you,
as if you rise with me.
Second, everytime the sun sets,
and the night falls, I know it's time to return
home, for you are home.
And third, 'cause the moon won't shine
without the sun.

Rajmoi Phukan



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My Light

Her smile is what I wish to see
In this world full of hope,
Yesterday was not meant to be
And today is full of uncertainty;
Consider this as my faith,
Heart to heart, you may say
As my love for her was proved wrong,
Keeping her happy day to day
Is what I wished for so long.

Rajmoi Phukan



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A Wish To Be A Butterfly

The fragrance, of every flower
I smell, reminds me of you.
Everytime I touch the petals
of a flower, I think as if it's
your flesh. I water the roots
of the flower plant to grow
and bloom. So the thought of
picking a flower, never crosses
my mind.
Oh my love, if only I were a butterfly.

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A Mere Touch

My dear lady, I'll touch you
with my mind, till you get aroused.
I'll touch you, and I'll touch you again,
with my mind, till you sing me a lullaby
and lull me to sleep on your bosom.
And I'm touching you still,
as I compose this rhapsody.

Rajmoi Phukan



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A Curse

For every tears I cried,
For every efforts I made,
Everyone will say that I tried
And these words will never fade.

If I were ever a poet,
Whose love for you was true,
Then I write these lines to say that-
I give a curse to you.

You'll be happy, but never satisfied
You'll be loved, but you'll pine for more
You'll have no fear, but you'll pay the price
For my every tear; as long as I live.

And this is the curse that I give.

Rajmoi Phukan



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My Infinity

As far as my eyes could see,
I see her, in the vastness of the sea
As long as my ears could hear,
The sun screams, I no longer fear;
She was, is, and will be, in me
'Cause she's as vast as the infinity.

Rajmoi Phukan



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If It Bothers You

If everytime I look at you, it bothers you
Then take out my eyes and burn them.
If everytime I hear your voice, it bothers you
Then cut off my ears and throw them.
If everytime I speak to you, it bothers you
Then slit my tongue and stitch my mouth.
If everytime I try to hold you, it bothers you
Then tie my arms and crush them.
If everytime I go near you, it bothers you
Then break my legs, so that I can never walk again.
If everytime my heart beats for you, it bothers you
Then pierce this heart and feed it to the crows.

Remember:

You are in my every breath
This life of mine is yours to take,
I do not fear death
I do not fear death.

Rajmoi Phukan



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Like A Piano

Like the soothing sound of the piano
Music grows in me,
But I don't intend to play it though
For I play poetry.

Like Beethoven with his piano
I compose poems, note by note,
But sometimes the music come and go
Which I try and try to denote.

Rajmoi Phukan



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I Write Like A Guitar

Do I know to play the guitar?
No sir, no sir, I do not,
But I don't think that as a scar
'Cause I play the chords of the thought.
Where my pen is a guitar string
Writing the melodies of it's own,
Composing songs like the season of spring
For my love to be shown.
So, the lady who couldn't see my worth
I bring forth in this poem, my wrath.

Rajmoi Phukan



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Like Helen

The one for whom this rhyme is for
Oh-she is the fairest of them all,
A lady whose lilac brown eyes I adore
The muse to all my poems I recall.
Her hands were small and her nature was coy
Her beauty was no less than helen of troy,
I thank the Gods for such a peculiar grace
As such a beauty can make my heart race.
I confessed my deep and dire longing love for her
To which she did not reciprocate my love,
So with my pen I rhyme this verse to conquer
The heart-which I have imprinted like a dove.

Rajmoi Phukan



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A Sincere Request

I offer you this lyric
With it's own cosmic rhythm,
Add a little bit of music
And you'll have a song to bloom.

In this song I'll confess
My deep and dire lust,
With all it's cheerfulness
So, be true and just.

Lay beside my bed, and give
A kiss on my chest,
For life is short to live
And this my sincere request.

Only a little more, I'll write
To finish this lyric,
Before I bid the world goodnight
So, give my soul a little music.

Rajmoi Phukan

To H.

What verse shall I make
For your sweet smile's sake
O- I know! I know!
But do not sing or rehearse
The incantations of this verse
Till it is time for love to show.

When there is no light
On the darkest of the darkest night
And your tears are bound to be shed;
Then like the pole star that shine
O love, read these lines of mine
Or let it be sung or read!

Rajmoi Phukan



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When Money Sings

I am a no king, with no money
And this poem will tell you a story;
I've seen people with houses, cars and wives
So clearly, money has something to do with life.

When money starts singing: it's like looking down
From a vast castle, in a metro town;
You'll know no joy, when you'll go poor
Till money comes knocking at your door.

But remember: when money sings, love will be proved untrue
Many friends will come, but real ones will be few;
To conclude: when money sings, love fail
But 'tis necessary to build a luxurious veil.

Rajmoi Phukan



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My Love For You

I am buried in your silence
Because of my careless lie,
My love for you defies all science
That do not sleep and do not die;
I let your silence be
As it is too a cause,
So let the thought pass; be free
And be joyous in my love's applause.

Rajmoi Phukan



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Life Song

Life is not, believe me, a dream
Which is dark, gloomy, and grey;
It is also not sweet, though it may seem
Like that of a pleasant day.
Rather, life is like a bed of roses
Where we lay on the thorns;
Piercing the mind that we possess
Giving us pain to mourn.
But, fear not, the pain too shall pass
As happiness bloom amidst the pain;
Giving us reason to live, like that of spring
That shall come again.

Rajmoi Phukan



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The Day I Will Make Music

Heaven will fall,
and hell will tremble,
and vengeance shall fall
on your disdain;
the day, when I shall
sing my earnest pain.

You shall hear,
with your ravished ear,
and shall witness delight
with your eyes, eccentric;
the day, when I will
make music.

Rajmoi Phukan



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Leap Of Faith

She is stuck in my head like a melody
But my heart is not steady, you see;
She soothes this heart, 'cause she is music
And makes every part of my body electric.

But oh, isn't she beautiful, beautiful like the moon
So, I'll sing this song to her one day, soon.

Rajmoi Phukan



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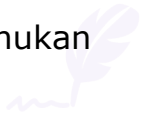
Sweetheart

Sweetheart, sweetheart, o dear sweetheart
Hear me out: your lover's tale
This heart of mine is fragile and frail,
Believe me for I am wise
As the moon shines in your eyes.

Sweetheart, sweetheart, o dear sweetheart
Forgive me, if I was wrong
But my feelings for you are strong,
So I write this song
To make you feel young.

Sweetheart, sweetheart, o dear sweetheart
All you have to do to woo me
Is- open your eyes and see,
And lay a kiss on my cheek
To fix this heart, which is forever meek.

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Song Written In May

My world is nothing,
But the thought of you
Oh so fair, like the spring
And the morning dew;
I shall ask for you not, if I can
But only to see your eyes again.

Though the world is filled with ice
And fire, and the catastrophic storm;
I shall cross all of it, just to lay my head
On your bosom warm.
If this is not love, you say
Then god will witness my death, in may.

Rajmoi Phukan



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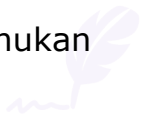
Suffer (Adult)

I will make you suffer
with my tongue
till you plead
please no more
just enter.

I will make you suffer
with my fingers
till you plead
please no more
just enter.

I will make you suffer
till you open your
floral opening
and till you plead
Just enter!

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A Wish To Kiss

I wish to kiss your eyes
and awake you with smiles
when you rise;

I wish to kiss on your forehead
as you lay on the morning bed
and start your day ahead.

Oh I wish, I just wish.

Rajmoi Phukan



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I'm Stronger Than You Think

Demons inside my head, tear me apart
And the shadows keep following me,
There is a mountain I've to climb from the start
As long as I live, and have eyes to see.
In this chaos and dark masquerade
My demons no longer fade,
The castles I've built, break down in a wink
But my dear,
I'm stronger than you think.
I'm stronger than you think.

Rajmoi Phukan



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Prophecy Of My Lazarus

I was once found, dead and cold
and a prophecy was told:
That I would be full of life again,
one day, in a cloudy autumn rain.
Because of the love I had for you,
for it was real and true.
Because of the promises, I made to you
by writing poems in blues.
And that- I shall forget all the sins,
before my lazarus begins.

Rajmoi Phukan



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Voice

One day I shall hear you
Amidst a drowsy evening,
Singing a sweet song
Strumming your guitar string.

I'll wonder: who might this voice be
Whose song brought my heart to fall,
Then I shall know in my reverie
That 'tis my lover's call.

Rajmoi Phukan



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House For My Immortality

When love grows too great to bear
How shall I ease me of its ache,
For love more than bitterness
Makes the heart break.

But, with this broken heart, I can make
A house for my soul to take,
A house of shining words, to be
For my fragile immortality.

Rajmoi Phukan



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There Is A Child In Me

There is a child in me
That stays forever young,
But I don't let the world to see
So that it stays with me long.

However, if that should ever leave me
Then, let me find death and part ways
And let me be, for the yesterdays.

Rajmoi Phukan



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Music In Your Eyes

Strings in a harp
Makes the music sweet,
Just like your stare
When our eyes meet.

There is music in your eyes
For love wanders there,
Oh, what have you done?
Now I see you everywhere.

Rajmoi Phukan



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Hope, Are You True?

Hope, are you true? Or do you flatter me?
With your pity eyes, glaring over me;
Will you take time? Before I try?
To fly towards the heavenly high.
Hope, will you be my friend?
Even if I am a selfish hearted man?
Hope, I pray for you every time
So give me strength to be fine.
I am a slave for your cause,
Hope, I want you, at life's every pause.

Rajmoi Phukan



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More Than Diamond

Farewell, my art who is too dear to possess
And my love is not enough to express;
Though I loved you, I told you not-
That you were my joy in every spot.
You were the theme for my every song
The soul-I wanted to touch for so long;
I shall wait for you at the other end
For I was mistaken, your worth is more than diamond.
Your silence speak of 'forget me' and 'goodbye'
'Don't fear, because I will'-say I.

Rajmoi Phukan



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Erato Blessed Me

Erato came to my dream
one day, and gave me a boon.
She said, paint your lover
with verses of desire
and burn her with love.
She sang me a song
and told me to write a lyric
for my lover.
A lyric that will surpass
all ages and will be remembered
for the time to come.

So I opened my eyes
and I picked my pen
to write verses of poetry,
to my heart's content.

Rajmoi Phukan



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For My Father's Sacrifice

I'm not half the man my father is
And I pick my pen today to write this
That even if we fight sometime
May he know that I love him everytime
I pray the gods for his happiness
And bless him for his righteousness
May he live long to see me
As the man he wants me to be
I ask the gods to cut some of my life
And bless him with golden days in his strife.

Rajmoi Phukan



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Music To My Poetry

O love, linger here awhile
You're the reason for my happy,
O love, sit beside the isle
You're the music to my poetry.

Rajmoi Phukan



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A Helping Hand

If someone calls for your help
Give them your hand.
If you see someone falling down
Help them to stand.
If someone is in need of money
Give them a dime.
Help them! Help them! Help them!
Till it's your time.
See the good in others
And not the bad.
'Cause in life, if you want to go further
Give a helping hand.

Rajmoi Phukan



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An Ode To Friendship

Not many friends
Are like you
Love make amends
For the few.

Oh, you pick me up
Whenever I fall
And when I'm all alone
You stand tall.

Friends of this kind
Are rare and true
In the whole world-
They're just a few.

Rajmoi Phukan



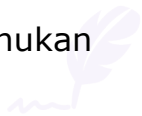
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Ugly Poem With A Dark Symphony

One day, your lover will be with us
May that be the last supper I shall have, once.
And I, a poor guest invited there
Only to see, while he may touch the fair.
To see you kiss and hug your lover, slow
While his lewd hand descends down below.
He locks you in; I follow to the door
And see you naked with him, to my own deplore.
He kisses you, and does more than kisses too
You moan, as he makes love to you.

After that, you came out of the room in a robe
And saw me behind the door.
You read in my looks, what silently they speak
And innocently with your eyes, your answer make.
My eyes shall declare my pain
And from there, I shall rise again.

Rajmoi Phukan



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No Pain No Art

My art is like a ocean of
red dripped blood, that oozes
from the heart that is cut within.
I feel the pain and I
use it, like a red rose
that blooms from its thorns.
This art creates an ecstasy within me
where I'm a junkie and my pen
is the drug.
When there is no pain, there will be no art.

Rajmoi Phukan



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A New Year

I drop the dying year behind me
And open my eyes to see,
An endless hymn of possibilities
To the best of my abilities.

We laugh, we weep, we hope, we fear
And these are the burden of a year,
That we collect and leave behind us
And that we call a new year, thus.

Eat meat, drink whiskey and merry
Burst the crackers and don't worry,
For tomorrow will be a new year
So don't shed a single tear.

Rajmoi Phukan



PoemHunter.com

A Poet's Love

What is love? that I don't know
But all I know, is this
That, love is like a song
Which lasts longer than a kiss.

Like the morning's sun rise,
Love's first shade is spring
That, unlike fall, you won't know
What joy it will bring.

A poet knows love
More than anyone, they say
Then I, may not be a poet
That everyone think I may.

Rajmoi Phukan



PoemHunter.com

Three Secrets

I have three secrets in my heart
That I keep hidden from the world apart.
These secrets keep me alive in the world of living
And prevent me from the sin of dying.
The first secret is my faith in the altar
Which gives me strength and don't let me falter.
The second, is my poetry
Which keeps me subtle and happy.
And the third, is my love, that remains forever true
That makes me want to fly to you.

Rajmoi Phukan



PoemHunter.com

A Promise To Keep

Tell me to live, and I'll live
As a lover's hue,
Or ask me love, and I'll give
A loving heart to you.

Tell me to part, and I'll part
From you, afar
And I'll rip my heart
For you and I are.

Tell me to weep, and I'll weep
Till I have eyes to see
And this is a promise to keep
From me to thee.

Rajmoi Phukan



PoemHunter.com

Blame

Not even in secret, not to my own heart
But from my lips, these words start.
And from my pen these words flow as I write
Tears fall down my eyes with blurry sight.
All my words, all my love, went in vain
That I thought never to speak again.
What power delights to torture me? I know
That to myself I do not owe.
She clung like music in my brain
To which the mute walls spoke again.
I dwelt beside the hell's gate
As to suffer with pain was my fate

Rajmoi Phukan



PoemHunter.com

My Smile

I smile when I'm happy
I smile when I cry,
I smile everyday
And will keep smiling, till I die.

My smile beats the burning sun
And the shining moon,
I'll smile when I'm happier done
And even when tears strike soon.

Rajmoi Phukan



PoemHunter.com

A Bird's Song To His Lover

A bird has come here
From miles and miles away,
Flying here and there
To a place called home to stay.

Here he finds his lover
So, he sang to the stars in the sky,
Said, he is loved like no other
And now at last he can die.

Rajmoi Phukan



PoemHunter.com

Anguish

I have shut my heart
Like that of a closed door,
So that love may starve
And trouble me no more.

I shall cry no more in the night
With feeble breath,
And pray to the gods
To be caught by death.

Rajmoi Phukan



PoemHunter.com

A Cry

Caged Inside my heart again
The Nightingale is heard, by day and night
She sings of happiness and pain
That is of sorrow and delight.

Love is blessed, love is cursed
Here I stand, in days long past.
This time is not the first
But this time is the last.

Rajmoi Phukan



PoemHunter.com

A Song

I fly, I fly, I fly, I fly
Away towards the bright sky,
O-the one who gave me wings
For you, my heart sings.

I pray, I pray, I pray, I pray
For the one who stays away,
O-I love you deeply and long
The one, whom I write this song.

Rajmoi Phukan



PoemHunter.com

Carpediem Song

Love while you can, love while you may
For life is short, and happy as a day.
Never fear, though you may break your heart
And out of the wound, a new joy will start.

As spring passes by, the heart grows older
By and by, such sights become colder.

Rajmoi Phukan



PoemHunter.com

If I Were A Poetic Genius

If I were a nomadic sailor
And I had to leave you on the shore,
I would've written a million letters
To you-and ask, nothing more.

If I were a poetic genius
With my rhymes and sonnets,
I would've made you speechless
If you could see beyond it.

But no, I'm neither of them
And I can write no love poem,
That-I can strongly condemn:
From a poet to a poem.

Rajmoi Phukan



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Haiku4

In every tear drop
There is a treasure hidden
To shine, and to rise.

Rajmoi Phukan



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Haiku3

I write, I erase-
Can this love last forever?
Let the rhymes decide.

Rajmoi Phukan



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Haiku2

Through the soul I seek-
Madness in eternity,
So death be my part.

Rajmoi Phukan



PoemHunter.com

A Rock

Burn me down to ashes,
I'm a rock.
Turn me down, beat me,
break me,
I'm just a rock.

I don't break, or go any other way,
But stand still and never decay.
I'm a rock.
I'm just a rock.

Rajmoi Phukan



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Haiku1

In this midnight of
Crescent moon, fireflies and air
I talk with silence.

Rajmoi Phukan



PoemHunter.com

My Pen And My Verses

My pen touched your body
as I drank the nectar
oozing from your bosoms.
And I dressed you with
my verses, like a lingerie.

I loved you to the fullest.
I am satisfied...

Rajmoi Phukan



PoemHunter.com

Do Not Be Afraid Of Me

Do not be afraid of me, o-love!
For when the night is dark-
And the moon illuminates above,
I fight the demons for you, that lurk.

You are the reason, why I fly
Soaring high, up in the sky.
The shadows are telling me all this,
As the distance between us shys.

Rajmoi Phukan



PoemHunter.com

Sonnet Vi: A Red Rose From Heaven

Had I known, what heaven looks like,
I would have taken my chariot, and ride you there.
The devils won't dare me to strike,
For the gods have given me- my part to share.
I heard: the flowers there, are like diamonds,
Which grows beside the brimming golden river.
I will pluck one red rose in the islands,
While the cupids keep on playing the zither.
I will stare at your beautiful face- oh beloved!
And I will kiss your starry eyes.
I will give the rose to you, for you will be loved:
By me, and by the angels, without any lies.
After that- I will bring you down to the earth,
And we will kiss and part.

Rajmoi Phukan



PoemHunter.com

Lucifer's Song

I look up at the sky, at night
And see a bright star- (the Venus)
For he is the morning star, what a sight!

The fallen angel of the gods, with wings:
Tainted black, like that of a hanging bat
Detested the gods, and his son- that stings.

In this glorious night, I close my eyes,
And a whimsical darkness gallops me-
I open my eyes, and I see Lucifer, the lord of demise.

He comes up to me, and offers me his wings, to fly
He says- 'come back to me, once you have taken your flight'
So I fly high, towards my faith, up in the sky.

Rajmoi Phukan



PoemHunter.com

Reflection

Teardrops fall down as rain
Keeping me subtle in this universe.

I see the mirror, and ask myself:
What is my essence?

I despise the moon now,
I despise the sun now,
And all I long for-
is a star.

The rose in this garden of my youth
has no petals in it.
Only thorns-
That, whoever touches, will bleed.

Will this mirage ever end?
In this oasis that lies here,
in this desert heart of mine.

Rajmoi Phukan

The Sweet Month Of June

I see you in the air
As I listen to the songs in tune,
I see you in this night sky
In this month of june.

Spring fades- rain drops down
As summer came along the way,
What if you're gone? then-
I'll be your lover, as I lay.

As I lay in this desert
I think of you as my bride,
I give you my crown-
Wear it with all your pride.

Like newly sprout flowers
In this month of june,
May the gods bless you
With all the good fortune.

Rajmoi Phukan

Limerick For This Night

Usually, the nights are young and hasty, like a maiden,
She carries the stars and the moon, without any laden.
But this night is cold, like an evil witch:
Unladen with a mistful fog— is the reason for which.
And here I stand tall, with my ego straightened.

Rajmoi Phukan



PoemHunter.com

My Daydream With The Fire Goddess

Sitting beside the fire,
I write this poem
with a stone in my heart.

I put some rum
on the fire
to set it a blaze.

Soon,
the fire goddess appeared
in front of me.
She asked me, how much love
do you want?

I said-
one, I want one love
o goddess!
And, what will you do,
after you get it?

I say, I will keep it.
Keep it with me
till you burn me down
one day- in my deathbed.

I will keep it with me
till, till the earth
melts down.

I will keep it with me,
till the diamond
of my heart
breaks.

She asked me
again,
why do you need
this love?

It's because I can't live
without it, I said.

After that-
she grants me
my wish.

The daydream ends.
I come to my senses

and pour myself
another glass of rum

Rajmoi Phukan

An Apology

Oh love, please forgive me,
if I have sinned.
I write these lines with sadness
in my heart.
I love you-
to the depth of my skin,
to the height of the sky,
and, to the length of the sea.
My only fear: is that-
I will lose you, to death.
For I loved you, and I'll love you always.

Rajmoi Phukan



PoemHunter.com

Death Touched Me

Death came up to me
And gave me- a stinging pain.
He asked me a question-
'Why are the fetters of prisoner are still in chain? '

I offered my prayers to him
And death seemed to give me-
A hellish smile.
(I said- 'Take my soul to see')

To see? - said death.

Yes, for the mountains, for the skies
To the sun and to the moon,
Where my woman flies.

Rajmoi Phukan



PoemHunter.com

Remorse Of The Past

Every night in my dreams,
I see you, for all of its might.
In this vastness of the streams,
There is only rage in this night.

I promised to never touch the pen,
But I write this, as my pen bleed.
To all the thoughts that come in train,
I think- you're not the person I need.

I can only love you, and you can only hate me,
For I'll love again- not you, but someone better.
Time change and people change, as you can see,
As now I wear clothes in tatter.

But remember: I loved you like no other,
And I'll love you always till I die.
But, you're not the person I need- as I go further,
'cause now, you're no longer I want to see, it's not a lie

Rajmoi Phukan

The Lady Who Sings Fire

This world that I walk through— is fire,
Where man lives in land, which became mire.
But in this world, lives a lady
Who makes the land full of gold, and me full of desire.

These desires are floating, in this graveyard of death,
As the ravens come singing and tell me to take a breath.
But I long for this lady, with love and lust
Who left me sober, in this palace of crystal meth.

She sings a song, that soothes the heart,
As I walk by, in this mire of dirt.
I gave her my heart to break
And would give her again, for the lessons learnt.

Rajmoi Phukan



PoemHunter.com

Ballad Of The Heart

I write this ballad
with rage in my heart,
for you— you're the lantern of my heart.

This world, this fire, that burns in the night
is the rage that wants to take flight.
Oh, lantern of my heart.

In winter, I came to this town,
to forget you, to take away your crown,
but a cat came near me, and told me to forget about this thought.

A friend of mine came to know about the truth
he told me to stay away from you, in his ruth,
for you— you're the lantern of my heart.

I went to the mountains, with a lot
where— I screamed your name, smoking some pot
oh, lantern of my heart.

Everything I said, everything I did
came back to me as rage, in this heart as lid
but you, you're the lantern of this heart.

Rajmoi Phukan

A Black Bird Flying

Far across the land I lay,
I see a black bird, flying in the sky.
Distant to the moon, 'cause its neither night or day,
The bird keeps flying, as the horses feed on the hay.
He cuts the wind by his wings,
Searching for his lover to mate.
Never have he thought, in this journey of the kings:
That- he will be so tired, so wounded, in this state.
He comes and sits on a tree branch,
Where he meets another old wise bird.
The wiser bird calls him a prey, for his lunch,
But he says- 'I have to find my lover before the herd.'
He begins again his journey, in search of his lover.
For he knows, that, they can't live without each other.

Rajmoi Phukan



PoemHunter.com

A Rhyme Of A Bloody Verse

For her, I write in blood, and rhyme this verse
In this madhouse of a city, in a drunken farce.
Her beautiful eyes, her lustful smile
Is what I wish to see in this lifetime, for a while.
This gentle heart of mine, yearns for her sight
As I fight for a piece of bread, in this poverty of a plight.
I wait for her, 'cause my love for her is true
And all I long to hear, is that- she loves me too.
Her beauty so defined, that a normal poem can't describe
No matter how much similies, metaphors or imageries I try to scribe.
Whenever she comes to my dreams, my face lights up with a impish glee
For I love her to the moon and back; how thoughtful is she.
I've flown across cities and islands, and have come this far
'cause one day, in this lifetime for sure, I will see her.

Rajmoi Phukan



PoemHunter.com

I Write For You In This Night

In this night of star gazing
I see no star.
For in a star, I see myself living
A life from here, afar.

To the moon, to the sun
And to the life beyond death.
I see only you, for all the things I've done.
As I'll love you, till my last breath.

Rajmoi Phukan



PoemHunter.com

A Snowy Knight Clad In White

This town was clad in snow, as I came in a car.
Amidst the mountains, amidst the snow
There I lie: barren, among the lads though.
But this journey was peaceful- by so far.
The clouds were beneath me and the sun above me.
I inhaled the clouds, thinking it as smoke
And this cold mist, made me see a black oak.
But the mist was so dense, that I can no longer see.
In this land called tawang, I saw a girl.
She was carrying a baby and humming a song
Never have I seen, such hair- so long.
Her skin so fair, her cheeks so red, like the eye of a pearl.
Now that I have visited this land-
No heaven nor hell, can make my spirit bend.

Rajmoi Phukan



PoemHunter.com

Spring Was Gone, And Winter Came

Oh love, you act like you care for me not
But one day, you will be devoured by the thought:
That, like the cherry blossoms in winter
The leaves of my skin, will fade away like litter.
Spring was long gone, and winter came,
As death will come upon me and you can no longer tame.
But, like that time of summer solstice
Your grief will be longer, in the land across this.
I will lay above the sticks, covered with a white attire,
Where I will be burned down with a long lost pyre.
Take this as a curse, or a blessing
As I show my love to you, for its meaning.
But fear not! I will love you more, after my death
As I leave you all my poems to read, in my zenith.

Rajmoi Phukan



PoemHunter.com

A Sonnet For You

I've seen the world, through your eyes
And my soul cries because of your lies.
But it matters not, for the world to see
How much you mean to me.
The sun, the moon, the stars, all be the same
The light of my life, is in your name.
I ask the gods, to free me from this life
For I will forget you one day, for the love of my wife.
The crows, the hyenas and the vultures are eating my flesh
As I lay dying, in this desert at rest.
I tell them not to eat my legs and eyes
For I wish to see you one last time.
I write this sonnet for you to read
When I'm no longer in this world you need.

Rajmoi Phukan



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