

Poetry Series

Shubham Raj
- poems -

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Shubham Raj(11-02-1999)

Not much to say till date. I was brought up in Jharkhand. I read a lot, mainly poetry, and occasionally compose some of my own.

Individuality

Sometimes i used to keep the cup of tea
at the windowsill behind the bedpost
and it would remain there for days
unnoticed till discovered by mother.

I now feel, i had
it's existence prolonged by isolation
uncaressed by history's erosion.

Shubham Raj

No I Won't Smoke Too Much

No I won't smoke too much
I've to smoke till the end...
Now don't object yaar
I won't hurt anyone just smoke in peace
And pain and poverty then cease.
There are better things to worry in this country.
Save the ones who wish to live. And let me die
In peace..
please.

Shubham Raj

The Day We'll Meet Again

The day we'll meet again it's raining.
The sound's just of forsaken rain
washing our desolation, desecration
demanding no answers
which scars each of our memories.
History has no time for our explanations
no compunctions to reveal itself
content as the sole omniscient.

We reconfigure ourselves to play the stranger.

Shubham Raj

The Latent Later

Again I've fallen out
of all average human comprehension.
Correspondence terminated.
Chalo ek baar fir se ajnabi bn jaay hm dono.
? β ? Silence of impetuous desires.
Insidious intoxication prolonged forever
Your eyes a receptacle of my attraction
brimming with unspoken withheld wounds
you desired to last in-
an oasis in the desert of your longing.
Insidious insidious expectations
Zara tham to jaa ik baar.
Iss qadar pyaar se ae jaan-e-jahaan
Slit slit slit my veins slit with exquisite pain
A wondrous latent later of all that's been
Always.
Aakhir iss dard ki dawa kya hai?
Translate my mind words, I fail.

Shubham Raj

Two Strangers (Almost)

In my house two strangers
Reside, hide and collide
Two dreams shut in a mind
Proceed, hostile- too wide-
For common end... our suns
Set on opposite side.
Heuristic Hatred, Love
Paralysed- in our pride-
But who's right and who's wrong
Now tell me, who'll decide.
Slaves of necessity
We, to strangers provide.
We're two, big circles who
Overlap- never hide-

In my house two strangers
Reside, hide and collide.

Shubham Raj