

Poetry Series

anurag chaudhary
- poems -

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anurag chaudhary(1-9-1992)

a dimwit lunatic

A Few Such Morrows

There are a few such morrows
When the sun rises but rays don't come to you
When you don't know exactly what to do
When you feel annihilated suffocated
Gasping for breathes but life seems outdated

There are a few such morrows
Things just don't feel right
Your arms are out of their mighty might
You are down to such depths
Your rights can't touch your lefts

There are a few such morrows
When life screams for penalty
On every action you feel guilty
You want to rip that smile off your face
To horizons far enough not to find any further trace

There are a few such morrows
When you want to stand on the cross border
Just hoping to restore the lost order
When easiest of the tasks is to blame the upper power
You want to scream into his ears from the highest tower

There are a few such morrows
When you just want to die
Wishing life to simply sneak out of your body as you quietly lay by
When happiness and joys just sound hyperbolic
Because you have drowned into glooms like an alcoholic

Yeah there are a few such morrows
When you get up and wish there was no more tomorrows...

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Age Of Eighteen

Revolts of all kind

Battles going in mind

Thoughts making you suffer

Whole world looks duffer

Trying to color the world into a marvelous painting

Such is the age of eighteen.

Family advices are not heard

Schools and colleges seem weird

Amazing ideas only coming into your brain

All other scholastics flowing into drain

Life looks like a blockbuster in making

Such is the age of eighteen

Crushes are transformed into true love

Heart keeps flying like a dove

Always willing to prove you on a second chance

All wonders look ordinary in front of romance

Confidence keeps on leaking

Such is the age of eighteen

New powers are felt

Even iron can be melt

Life looks nothing but treason

Always proving it with enough reasons

World seems a podium of seeking

Such is the age of eighteen

Always discovering new auras

Life opening up as box of Pandora

Nights ending up sleepless in search of destiny

From classrooms to shows of matinee

Resulting into explosions within

Such is the age of eighteen

It is the best age

Bird trying to break the cage

It's the transition from youth to adult

Giving the person status of cult

It gives the chance of inner digging
Such is the age of eighteen

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An Anonymous Art

A little while ago, in the coverts of hounds
An anonymous art has been found
Scholars from over the globe are coming to claim
To put it in the books by their name

It has some ancient form making the allegers skeptic
The form is just too cryptic
The madmen are already unraveling the vault
Putting their lives at halt

The press has covered the news well
Spicing it up enough to sell
Uncovering every single veil
Someone is even going to put it on the reel

Dubbed as the greatest act of artistry
They are planning to put it in history
The moneymakers are staid to procure it and then vend
An auction table has been set up near their mighty tents

A little ape is probing for its plank,
One it sculpted feeling pity on its form, so blank
Petite tears would fall out of its bulking eyes in moments to come
Well that's the marvel of the mysterious gem to sum!

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Bus Stop

Standing by one noisy Monday traffic
He goes easily unnoticed chewing on his paan
Waiting for a bus to stop, a horn to blow

Scuffed shoes exhibit his passion for these paths
Experience peeks through his thinning hair
These roads are oh so well known

Sun looks down at him with all his pitiful light
The paled white shirt definitely deserves a hard wash
As he slowly drags himself out of yet another building

Denials don't hassle him anymore
He casually hurls his credentials back into his worn out satchel
The twilight quietly sees him home

Ma looks jovial as ever
Over the years, she has mastered mending her face as soon as he appears
Her smile is his only escape, and she knows

A bedridden father groans feebly, for he wins no bread anymore
And by the way, who weds the sister of a loafer?
If only he could escape his mortification, even that is just a wishful notion

Nuptials were sung in neighborhood last night
Someone must have raised his case too
For, Ma did return abruptly

They say a man never cries, but they must not have known him
For his pillows are often wet, eyes frequently crimson
He does wear a disguising smile nonetheless

He often stares through the stars from his casement
Wondering if education was his sin
For his qualifications don't allow him to carry bricks

The night passes in slumber, changing sides
Wishing if he could succumb silently in bed

After hours of tumult, sleep finds him somehow

The Sun wakes again, as he carefully leaves the alarm clock dozing
He shaves, shines his shoes, wears his best
Fates don't shine with dates, do they?

Tuesday traffic is as noisy as it was on Monday
He stands by, unnoticed, chewing on his paan, waiting
For a bus to stop, a horn to blow

A bus might take him away and never bring back
He won't be missed though, not for a day
Another chap shall take his place, with millions in the offing.

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Gunners Of The East

Behind the golden paths they tread
Beyond the fairytales they read
There is a world on its own
And believe me it's the only one
They call us the beasts
We are the gunners of the east

The dust rises with the rising sun
Bloodsheds are just too much fun
To hell with love forget goodness
Its hatred that we harness
In cold dead deserts we feast
We are the gunners of the east

What if we don't have a motive?
That itself makes the pleasure superlative
When the 47's and 56's play their zings
Along the tunes we make merry we sing
Oh! Did we kill a few? Too bad but we care the least
We are the gunners of the east
We don't live for what you call life
For 2 little kids and a pretty wife
Nah! It's too stereotype a story to yearn for
We earn our own legends make our own lore
We live to die to kill to feast
We are the gunners of the east

Our fortune makes us the kings of our lands
We invade we trample we conquer and disband
Not a single one of you got the guts to check us
No! Don't even dream to make a fuss
We aren't hermits we aren't any priests
Beware! We are the gunners of the east

We steal breath and soul and the very essence of your being
When we are around we are the only sight worth seeing
We send chill down the spines
Hey! How about setting your homes over our mines?
Ha! Ha! We are the stepsons of the devil

Hey! Damn! But do we look like evil?
Don't you dare hurt our pride idiots! We keep it safe in our chests
We are the gunners from the east
You better hug one last time your mommas
Your ends will send even the dead ones to coma
Yeah we are coming we come for you
When we run wild "brother" what will you do?
Just behold the breathes till we make them ours
Ah! Don't you worry we are damn quick, we don't take hours
Will it hurt? Of course dear! But we care the least
Because we are the gunners of the east

The day is not far when we will conquer pole to pole
Beneath our feet will lay each and every soul
The whites the blacks the browns the yellows
Every color will come under our rainbow
Till that day we'll wait live to kill and feast
We are the gunners of the east...

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How The Sonnet Lost Her Words!

I tell you of this one episode from the life of William the Shakespeare,
Don't blame me if it sends you into a fit of despair.

So, a fine morrow saw the popular Mr. Shakespeare
Indulged in some elicit writing affair.

Not that something new hath happened but,
The crazy poet left his house open and heedlessly slept.

It's no big affair for 'Williams' to snooze in the morrows
Their nights are often spent amongst the rambling words of sorrow

Right before the dawn, he dozed off on his little wooden chair
The doors were wide open and windows ajar, but little did he care.

The sonnet of the last twilight was blooming meanwhile,
Alas, it was sighted by the impious wind, so blatant, oh so vile!

The evil intruder loomed the poor poem with William the Shakespeare dozing in
sight,
Taking her beauty and innocence as a reason of invite

The sonnet wept and whimpered as her words slowly parted
Dismantling her body stripping off her soul, the vile wind leisurely departed.

An hour later, William the Shakespeare woke up to the whimpers of a lifeless
verse,
Her dried tears and sullen state made the sight even worse.

The popular poet from Venice was left bewildered,
'What must have happened? ' he wondered.

Then, William, like other Williams, did what Williams did best,
He took the easy way and judged the victim based on the scenes abreast.

The dying sonnet was accused by her creator of infidelity,
'You pity little hoe', he cursed stripping off her last shred of dignity.

The poor little rhyme wailed by his foot but no ears were open for her whimper
Flushing 'it' down the bin, William 'the Great' Shakespeare had taken out a new
piece of paper.

The bastard wind was not too far, blowing at a fine pace,
No air of shame around him, no infamy on his face!

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Just That Sound

When the tired sun groaned
And the moon just yawned
They were behind the cloudy curtains
Exchanging their places, up in the Eden.

Someone I call "me" was passing by
Oh! No, not in the skies but on the road far by
Held up in some work, I had wasted my whole day
Tired, weary, I was, least to say
Unaware of what happened all around
My head swinging on merry go round.
This whole thing in the skies "the exchange of seats"
Had taken a back seat
Mother was having her share of clouds
Breezes accompanying the dusty shrouds
Just when came the sound of SPLASH
What happened had happened in a flash
Followed by what we call tip toeing
The wet concrete beneath me just got some mowing
Sun by now in his dreams
the moon was in the quilts deaf enough to hear the rainy screams
I was all alone fighting the water in dark
Finding my way was never this hard
Blindfolded by the seductive night
My feet remaining my only might
Nobody followed, nobody was either
Nobody does in such a weather
Its just that sound of my steps
Trying to wake up the milky ball behind the clouds who already slept
It was faint though
I was just walking in a row
There was no better feeling
Soft drops on cheeks only cause the eternal healing
It couldn't have gone crazier
I was never this lazier
On the steps to my portal
I felt the relief that was immortal
Yeah I hadn't spoken a word that night
My eyes as well were out of might

Nothing else helped me either
It was just that sound which did the favor.

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Kid And His Cocacola

Through the smeared street where he lives,
Letting his absence discrete from Ma,
He scurries his way out to the Bazaar
Ah! The Bazaar! Where resides his heaven!

There lives a chemist, who so often humiliates pa,
And then there are outlets that sell everything good in the world,
He can't have any of them and he just knows it,
That pa doesn't have the fuel which runs this world, the green leaves and shiny pennies

But he has an eye to look beyond these dark sad alleys
A sun always shines and he knows where,
Near Abdul Kaka's mart lies his treasure
And the chests come not in silver or gold but bright crimson

Crates full of half-empty glass bottles of coca-cola
The potion within resembles pa's smutty wine in color
And gosh! It tastes heaven!
This heaven unlike others comes for gratis

He never leaves a bottle un-emptied, saving himself from such a sin,
He licks every last drop of every single solitary slender in the crate
Someday, he may be moneyed enough to buy and leave the bottles half-emptied
for some poor little scum like himself
Till then, he can feast on his treat with blithe and blasé.

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Let It Go

It sometimes happen as such,
People don't care for you much

Enraged, thrilled, you roll up your fists
Decided, to have a fighting feast

A slugfest is all you can think of
Looking for a proper payoff

Your mind rumbles
Your lips mumble
Your eyes show crimson in them
An eye for an eye is the fairest game

But behold! Just wait for a moment
Before you do so, let me put my 2 cents

Look into the eyes of the mirror
And beware! A monster hides there
You may faint out
Or run away with a shout

Don't want to see him?
Then sneak out like the little Jim
Why keep grudges?
Life runs fine without crutches

Take a deep breath in and breathe out some
Keep a bit of mum

Why make a row?
Better, just let it go!

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Misery

Trapped in its mud pot
Alone in the crowded lot
The essence screams, bawls
To an unknown messiah, it calls

It's caught in its own misery
The outsiders are not worth an advisory
They can't see what it suffers from
For it is undefined, unheard, unknown

A few forced answers
Some personal disasters
Playing peek-a-boo with word life
It's been long fighting its own strife

A few silences prevailing over screams
A bag full of futile dreams
The knowledge of nothing
Ignorance of the worldly things

Its troubled, its disturbed
Amid all the joys it remains perturbed
In the outer world, we see a plate full of treachery
Inside there is nothing, nothing but misery

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On The Way To My Home

Strolling back to my hut
Passing by the trees of coconut
I realized the importance
Of my ignorance
Which I had shown
To the dusks and dawns

For the first time
I felt the aroma of leaves and fruits of lime
I saw the nuts cracked by the squirrels
And grapes full of wine barrels

I was a fresher to the dogs searching for bones
And to the children running for ice cream cones□
Unseen to me were the lake's ripples
Eyes never went on storm stricken green cripples

Cows chewing some gum aimlessly
Birds sprinting in the blue ocean tamelessly
How could I miss these scenes?
Why was I always so mean?

I could not have got the view without early ignorance
That one stroll made all the difference

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One Winter Morning

One pale winter morrow,
A man was trying to sleep draping all his quilts
Oh it was so cold and sun was so lukewarm
The unsuccessful poor man was out of all his wits.
Did I say the mattress had its share of holes?
Did I say the quilts were torn?
Did I say his wife had died last night?
Leaving him dry and alone to mourn...
Through the big parts apart of the grass roof
The sun would throw his rays on his lids
His hut was in the marketplace to make the things worse
The same marketplace where lived a widow with her five crying kids...

I wish he could have slept sound that morrow
But his only sweater was his skin
Yeah the poor old sweater of his gave way to things to come
Sun shone bright over his dead body pale, lean and thin...

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Remembrance

Remembrance is an important thing my friend
It lets you know the world from its beginning to the end
It's about the histories and the sciences
Or just about our own consciences
Whatever it is and about whatever my pals
It's the best thing of the life time one recalls
Friends, family, foes
All once come and once go
But they are always there
In remembrance some where
It may be a sweet spoon of curd
Or a joke completely absurd
A person you just met at the stop that stank so foul
Or how two bodies decided to become one soul
Your child uttering its first word
When your future just hung over a sword
The time moves on but all these things are there on your mind
Like the decisions which you thought were not so kind
And your daddy was the worst demon ever seen on earth
The day your future was sealed within hours of your birth
We feel bad about them, sometimes good too
But don't they all act as some kind of cue
Every moment as fresh as the newly blossomed bud
Let alone a five year "you" playing in mud

These are the priceless moments life gives us
To show how much it is precious
God invented a gift called remembrance
They are honorable teachers and the wonderful lessons they teach
They can't be and should never be ignored to live a life on the beach

Yes friends

Life is all about remembrance.

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The Day Before I Died

It was the spring time
Birds were humming their rhymes
Sitting somewhere on the tree of lime
For living, the ideal time

The morrow was looking fair
I trying to utilize the atmosphere
Running my pen's sphere
With enough reasons to cheer

Then came the sun overhead
Playing with the clouds, loggerhead
Trying to prove, he is self made
I on contrary, putting my own stand
With my weapon on the notepad

Things kept happening
Seeds growing into saplings
Controversies kept on grappling
As the day moved towards its ending
Ideas in my mind still screaming

This announced the arrival of the night
Moon in his chariot came like a knight
Skies were full of roars of kites
Easterly showing its full might

My pen flirting with the day's dark side
Still stranger to the dawn destined
Unaware to the fact that this was my last day and tonight was the last night

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The Gallery

Every day I pass by
I see a gallery passing all along the roads I walk
No matter where I go and where I reach
It is there all through my custom
Countless doors sans glass sans wood
I see people always walking out of its portal and people going in
Today when I passed beside that gallery
A decision was made in instant mood to pay homage to the artifacts held up by
the place
I searched for a gatekeeper or a ticket checker at least
But instead I found someone whose mere presence shocked me
I found myself framed in there as if a mirror was placed opposite to my existence
My face was a moon of winters and my eyes ashen like just to say the least
The people saw that work of art and I was one of them
I was there as if I never existed
Unnoticed unheard unseen they saw what I say was a mirror again with glass
nowhere nearby
There were people all around caged in their own mirrors or as I say
Drowning in the sea of sorrow screaming for more pain
Standing there we were all admiring what we saw
We all seemed confused and we all felt embarrassed at our own state
Eyes glued to our humiliation and smile glued to our lips
As if trapped in unseen cobwebs we screamed chastised by the pain
We tried to run only to find cliffs ahead
We drowned in our own salt
The wounds we had were treated with the salt we produced
Still that smile was there
It seemed unreal, unfamiliar with the way to escape this unknown adversary
I wanted to escape, my teeth bathing in the salt flowing from the ever flowing
waterfalls.
The taste was bad now also grinding the recipe with the crimson fluid
Seeing no other path to tread I closed my eyes with all my energies

Last I remember was when I was back to my customary walk
Sans the crimson marks sans the salt dried down my cheeks sans that smile...

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The Mirage Mystery

Once upon a time the river used to have a sibling
They both used to play games and dribblings
Oh! but did I tell u her name
That's why masses call me lame
Yeah! So she was called the mirage
And the two sisters used to live in the city of sirage

They loved each other so much
Always joy blossomed through their hutch
It was of the times when there were no deserts
No camels, rats or lizards
There was greenery all over
Until the Satan took over

The sea in the south wished to wed the mirage someday
The river always kept the evil minded away
She dint wished the pretty and the innocent to be caught
In the plans of the sea whom once the devil bought

The mirage always played till dark
Roaming in the places too stark
The river did her daily job
And seldom returned before the day wore his black rob

One fine eve when the elders were out
Children playing under sun the game of scouts
The mirage was on the duty to hide
When the devil made his stride
he turned into an enchanter too friendly
asked the little girl for a wish eagerly
the poor creature got excited
her mind now really incited
the sky went grey
the clouds started to fray
It was the sign of things to come
The lady was thinking of her wish in mum
Right away as she was enchanted
She said the words the devil just wanted
She asked to hide her such that nobody could catch her

The devil smirked and enchanted this to occur
She vanished still visible
When the children searched for her
they could see of course but touching her was now impossible
Suddenly came a storm full of sand
Surrounding sirage's whole land
The river was informed by some kid
She hastily made the skid
But did she reach in time!
Or the poor mirage had already hidden forbidden in desert with her lips mimed!
If the former had been that happening
Would it be called a tragedy so saddening?

Since the day the river is still flowing to get to her sibling
Since then she hasn't stopped babbling
And her sister caught for eternity
In the catastrophe called as the mirage mystery
□

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The Sea Saw

One fine day,
Sitting by the bay,
A young cloud with frown on his face
Asked the sea snoring at a fine pace,
O! Sire,
You are the oldest thing in this universe
As I learn from elders' verse...
And also the rumors are spread at our place
That you created me and my entire race
How come a snoring giant like you can create me?
Me being a flying cloud you ever sleeping sea?
I hear that you know every song,
From Adam's birth prayers to eve's solitary mourn,
You absorb every stone,
Every gem ever undone
You also hide verses
From fairytales to mermaid's converses

You are always si ere in hiding secrets
Never revealing any to either of your mates
How come you so responsible?
Why are you always sensible?
Never do you feel melancholy?
Never are you bored of being so lonely?
Didn't thy ever fall in love with someone?
How couldn't you ever have a chum?

Why do we have to die and you are always alive?
Why do you swap others?
When they never make you bother?
Why the kids coming for bath
Are absorbed by your wrath?
Why sun shines only at your shore
Why do you take him away from the tundra boars?
Why do we always obey you?
Why our anger always due?

O! Sire please answer my curiosity
The young cloud said unknown to his adversity

The sea saw with his closed eyes
Cloud just standing tall over in the skies
He smiled, and rose with a snore
Next moment, there was no young cloud anymore...

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The Whistleblower

He had voluntarily retired from his profession a little while ago
Indulged in his much deserved nap
Being the creator and the guardian though
He still had a few duties, responsibilities to look after
Headaches which kept him perturbed
That night, he woke up like a little child
His eyelids dripped in tears
He might have seen a horrid dream
For I talk about the almighty God, the ultimate puppeteer
His world was falling like a deck of cards
His plans failing like never before
For the first time he felt a sweat in his brows

What he lacked though was the evidence of the crimes
The sins his prodigal sons were indulged in
He too had gone humane through the million dates
His seasoned sight always seeking for evidence
For, to judge, one can't just believe on his naked eyes
And so a man was chosen, honest enough and worthy too
To stand upfront and confess to his lord
And truth he muttered, word by word and bit by bit
He spoke to the composed hearing of the old lord
About how miserable Eve was in the company of Adam
And how the mortals decided the faith of the immortal one down here
Then the wars were accounted and the peace treaties which followed thereafter
Stories of slaveries were told ahead backed by struggles to get free
Only to be chastised again by our own outlook
A lot was said and all was heard with great intent
The old god had lived alone way too long and by his name
His new found companion was great at cracking anecdotes
The lord wept like a child as his heart bled
Alas, He was in hibernation far too long

The hearing was done, evidences accumulated
The lord was enraged, his fists rolled tight to decree on the judgment
Suddenly something happened, unusual yet innate
His pen dropped as he saw towards the whistleblower,
One of his many prodigal children
He was their father, the forgiver

His heart ceded to the contrite eyes of the whistleblower.

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Years To Come

Years to come will have some stranger looking days
A past behind, a future looking at our face
Things which were said will be memories
And words between the lines will make us feel sorry
A few matters of facts will be grave to digest
Solutions to troubles tough to suggest

Years to come will see more regrets
Some coming to ages some revealed secrets
There shall be a sense of reprisal
An awkward wait for an unknown arrival
Yokes will make our vision blurred of personal truths
For the tears to cleanse our eyes reminding of the lost Ruth

Years to come will see us graying our heads
Experienced enough of life's thousand shades
Our eyes will have a pair of lenses on them
Covering the past from future like a fabric's hem
Standing in the crowd, life will still be alone
Loving others but no love to own

Years to come will have imprints of years gone by
Of each truth said and of every single lie
Among the changes piling up
There will be a constant I will safely keep
My heart will always beat for you
No matter what you did or what you'll do...

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