

Poetry Series

Khairul Ahsan
- poems -

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Khairul Ahsan(13 December)

A Beauty Unseen

She is a distant dignified beauty
That constantly beckons to me.
Her ethereal words reach my ears,
Coming like the music of the spheres.

Love and peace, her poems' highlight,
With an olive branch a dove in delight.
Her songs and coos are so melodious!
As love and peace are so harmonious!

Music, flowers, seas, waves and tears
Are but a few of her chosen spheres.
When she writes on freedom and liberty
She whips the politicians for their insanity.

Sometimes she is quiet like a brooding dove,
She broods over acts and thoughts of love.
She is humble, modest, caring and elegant.
Music and poetry are her real entertainment.

She is indeed a very private person
Who praises others' works but not her own
If asked about her life, she like a sensitive plant
Keeps herself folded till you have gone distant.

Dhaka
23 August 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

A Bubble

A bubble erupts on the turbulent water,
Unaware of the vastness
On which it rides,
Dancing on the high waves,
Braving the winds.
Innocent in its mirth
Happy since its birth,
Undaunted, by the threat of sudden burst.

Dhaka

05 July 2015

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Khairul Ahsan

A Capricious Soliloquy

I have some inherent problems with love,
Contrary to the most natural human feeling,
I seem to be quite fine and okay, up and doing,
When love that I seek doesn't surface in my viewing.

Unloved, I can soar in the sky and fly like a bird,
I can sing, I can grin, I can write, I can imagine.
Flow from the mountains like a natural stream,
And sleep peacefully, can even catch a dream.

But my problem starts when someone loves me.
My voice chokes, pen dries, imaginations disappear.
As my wings feel heavy, I cannot fly or float on air.
Grounded, I walk like a winged penguin, that's so queer!

Love and me are not like hand in glove.
But like a remarried mother, and a forlorn child,
Who wonders at random, tricked and beguiled,
By the charms of missed opportunities, stray and wild.

Love blurs my vision, stops my rhythm, makes me deaf.
It stops the music within me, makes my voice quaver.
It suddenly turns a flowing natural stream into a glacier,
The Amazon inside me becomes a Rio Hamza, the slowest river!

And so I am happy without love.
Never give me a soft whisper, I may swerve.
Never give me an affectionate look, It may unnerve
Me and my psyche, as there is no love that I truly deserve.

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26 June 2014
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A Cuckoo's Songs

There lived a cuckoo in a distant land,
She used to sing Good Morning songs
To her amused listeners off and on.
Only for herself, she sang at midnight,
And sometimes through the night,
In the dark alone, companions gone!

Her voice was sweet and melodious,
Angels, birds and butterflies
Stopped by to listen to her songs.
Her notes were a message of love,
Love that transcended ethereally
The distant shores, lands and valleys.

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07 July 2015
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A Gentle Touch

When you touch me, I can say it's you
Even if my eyes are closed.
For your palms are like text books
That I've read so many times over,
And so they appear so familiar.

When your breath falls on my back,
I can say it's you, without turning around,
For my back has known no other warmth.
All know a soft touch gives goosebumps,
Who knows a silent breath too can do that?

When we hold each other lip locked,
Our tongues do the talking and explore
Like an adventurer to an unknown land.
No force can open your closed eye lids,
Until the tongue talking is over.

A gentle touch, yes a gentle touch!
Can spark two bodies afire.
Neither wants it to remain gentle,
As they want to explode in unison,
And gently cool like an extinguishing fire.

Khairul Ahsan

A Picture

Some pictures
Are more than just pictures.
They can speak,
And tell a hundred stories.
Yet still,
A picture is just a picture.
Can be gazed at,
Wondered about,
But not spoken to.

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16 August 2015
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A Poet And Love

The Mississippi-Missouri may dry up one day,
But not a poet's heart. Streams of unrestrained
Feelings continually meander through his mind.
Though, not always, may they produce a poem.

Love, or lack of it, manifests in a poet's works.
If he has known love, he soothes the parched
Hearts of the lovelorn with a sprinkle of it. If not,
His yearnings beat the cry of a lonely, distant dove.

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08 March 2014

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A Poet Understands

A Poet understands their language of pain,
Who shed a drop or two of their tear,
Silently, here or there,
And wiping off their wet eyes,
Try to look composed wearing a pale smile.

A poet hears the silent sigh
Of the woman in the kitchen,
Who thinks of her beloved one,
While cooking for others, and
Wishes she could feed him.

A poet can see the colorful dreams
Of the maiden who draws
Her beloved's face on her note book,
And thinks of it as a colorful kite,
While doing homework on a solitary night.

A poet knows the reason why,
The dare devil youth in the neighborhood
Suddenly becomes quiet and composed,
Recites poetry of Rumi or Kahlil Gibran,
And behaves like a polished gentleman.

A Poet understands who a man might think of,
When he pauses for a while buttoning his shirt,
And gets lost for a moment,
But comes back,
Gets ready and drives away to work.

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A Poet's Dilemma With Truth

Whatever the poet's eyes see,
And his mind imagines,
And his pen elaborates,
Or whatever is written,
In his unseen note book,
Are all true and beautiful?

The poet knows deep in his heart,
The colorful lotus that dances afloat,
Has her root anchored in the dirty mud.
Only above water she blossoms from the bud.

'Beauty is truth, truth beauty',
Poets glorify beauty with truth.
knowing or not, the root of beauty,
May lie buried in ugliness, in sooth.

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06 July 2013
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A Poet's Heart

A poet's wandering heart is precious
Only to a few eager souls, who hear
Their heart's songs echoed in his words.
That's why to them, the poet is so dear.

A poet's heart cannot be possessed
By a single soul mate entwined or not,
For a poet's heart is free to wander,
From heaven to earth without a thought.

Poets enjoy a unique friendship
And fraternity at home and abroad,
Their words can cheer wistful minds
And bind by friendship's invisible cord.

Khairul Ahsan

A Poet's Recharge

When a peacock dances,
With its tail and plumage spread out like a fan,
Oh! Does he at all care about where he began?

When a cuckoo coos,
With all her ardent passion poured into her song,
Oh! Does she care whether she is right or wrong?

But when a poet writes,
And the poem falls flat on his indifferent readership,
Oh! His morale takes a nosedive and goes into a dip.

When a reader loves a poem,
A poet's heart dances with his appreciative words,
And soars high in the sky, just like the flying birds.

His poem is like his child.
So, when a poem is delivered to the readers at large,
Please applaud, and give the poet a delightful recharge.

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A Secret Prayer

Oh Lord of the Worlds,
If you permit me,
I wish to make a solemn prayer,
That I wish to take my laptop
With me to my temporary abode in the grave,
In absolute loneliness,
In absolute darkness.

Punish me not if I err,
If I disclose to you a secret desire,
That in the grave,
I wish to be granted a regular recess,
When I can communicate at my wishes
With my family, friends and loved acquaintances.

Like the solar charger that we have here,
Grant me a device that will charge in darkness,
And some plugs and sockets in the walls of the grave.
Grant this favor to all the graves,
And connect with a wifi that never goes to sleep,
Where the dead have been lying in eternal sleep.

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A Solitary Flower

Among so many different flowers
In the hilly slopes and the valleys,
Stood a solitary one in the corner,
That singularly caught my eyes.

All the flowers gently swayed alike,
But not all had the same merriment.
Some did it with sprightly dance,
Some like a ritual, as if in a trance.

Butterflies, bees and the dragonflies
All came in groups with no surprise,
Singing their own serenades of love,
To the bright flowers, hovering above.

When all others were frolicking in fun,
Distinctly different was the solitary one,
All the while she was looking at the sun
To collect her nectar, no one had come.

A poet proceeded to her in easy gait,
To take her picture, he couldn't wait.
He knew one day his memory would blur
So he wanted a picture, to archive her.

This picture became a symbol to many
Who were lonely, without a company,
To them it was but a symbol of solitude,
Of a lonely soul marching with the multitude.

Poet's Notes: The idea of this poem came when the poet saw a solitary flower while visiting Nangolkot, Nepal, in April, 2012

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13 November 2013
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A Tribute To A Fellow Poet

Marie Shine,
A very dear poet of mine!
Her words inspire
Her poems I admire.

When our poems she reads
Her heart reaches out to the seeds
And a wonderful analysis she brings out
That tells what all a poet has thought about.

Her comments are a poet's pride.
They adorn their poems as they provide
An analysis with an insight
That makes even a dim poem shine bright.

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09 February 2017
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A Wish

When it will be my time to go,
I won't bother about what you owe,
To me in cash, kind or measures of love,
I'll forgive you before my soul goes above.

When is the time for me to go,
I wonder how I'll come to know!
I want to requite before I go,
Everything that to you I owe.

Till my last days, I wouldn't like to wait,
So come and take the best from my plate.
Your care and concern I'll never forget,
Your eternal love is my perpetual debt.

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20 October 2014
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Across The Continents

Two birds lived continents apart,
Both in the last quarter of their lives.
When one flew out from its nest at dawn,
The other returned home just the same time,
After a day's hard work. They had their own language,
But one of the two could speak the other's language too.

Though while one slept, the other worked,
Yet they used to have some kind of connection.
They conversed at leisure through submarine cables.
Despite their antipodal locations, they stayed in touch.
Suddenly one lost contact with the other, which was
Not a very unnatural thing to happen, so it happened....

Then what? ? ?

Khairul Ahsan

Aerial Signature

Those days of my teen years!
Remind me of a sweet name,
That I used to write in the air,
In deep devotion, with my finger.

When I wrote that name, I would
Hardly mark if anyone saw me do
This aerial exercise. When caught,
I would quickly put my hands down.

Keen onlookers used to ask me,
What was it that I wrote in the air?
I was solving a complex maths problem,
I used to reply with a semblance of innocence.

So many names I've since then known,
Not one figured in my finger like that.
Now I am long past those years, Still I sign
That name in the air or secretly in my pocket!

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15 March 2014
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Am I A Cynic?

I can hear a suppressed sob
Behind every exhibited smile.
Am I a cynic? I wonder...

I can hear whispers of trepidation
Subdued under every loud laughter.
Am I a cynic? I wonder...

Distant dark clouds lurk in my thoughts
Even on a beautiful, bright sunny day.
Am I a cynic? I wonder...

The sweetest of the songs to me
Are the ones that make my heart feel heavy
Am I a cynic? I wonder...

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26 November 2014
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An Embroidered Quilt And The Woven Dreams

On the foot side of his bed
Was neatly kept folded
An embroidered quilt.
As the poet gently lay down
He pulled it up and spread
Over his body, toe to head.

As he closed his eyes,
Layers of thoughts thronged his head.
He wove them in an invisible cord,
As a poem to be later garlanded.
The soft, cozy warmth of the quilt
Brought dreams to his slumberous eyes.

The maiden who embroidered the quilt
Had also spun some subtle dreams
When she hand stitched those lines.
Her impeccable needlework reflected
Her love for drawing nature in stitches,
And spread out as poetry of some kind.

She poured her passion into her work.
Every piercing of the hand held needle
Was meant to portray an work of art.
She fancied her fiancée to sleep under it,
But alas, she couldn't give him this as a gift
As she had to sell it to others for a living.

Khairul Ahsan

An Epitaph

There is no sub soil cable here,
There is no wifi or ethereal connection!
If ever you remember me and drop a tear,
Please leave your solemn prayers in affection!

Dhaka

12 December 2016

Khairul Ahsan

An Ode To The Predecessors

When I hear an obituary announcement
Over the Public Address Equipment,
I no more feel keen to know who passed away;
I just accept that it must be one of us
With whom I walked, jogged or simply talked,
Or exchanged glances when we passed by.

I take preparations to attend the funeral services
And bid good bye with the most solemn prayers.
I think not of how good or bad s/he was.
When the soul leaves the corpse
The latter is incapable of doing any good or bad.
All children and corpses are above any prejudice.

I offer my best supplication to God for the deceased
Who was a co-passenger with me in the sojourn here
And has just become a predecessor in the next life,
The life that we call Hereafter.

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18 June 2018
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An Unsent Letter

To my love I could not send
The letter which I wrote
To tell her how I wished
To touch her slender neck.

How passionately I longed
To brush the back of my palm
Along her neck and throat and
Rest her chin on my finger tips.

I wished to draw a small moon
At her mid-forehead and see
How it outshone the larger moon
In the autumn sky outside.

I wished to see how her cheeks
Would turn crimson from pink
At the touch of my parched lips
That would shut her eye lids.

I wrote her how I wished to see
Her shy looks at me, and that
My ears would wait till eternity
To hear her say 'I love you'.

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29 March 2015
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And Softly Silence Speaks.....

When love flows between two yearning hearts,
Gods and angels listen,
As softly silence speaks,
And softly silence speaks.....

When the loving couple walk hand in hand,
Along the banks of a flowing river,
Even the lapping sound slowly ceases,
And softly silence speaks.....

When the loving duo sit in the dark woods,
The nocturnal birds and animals listen,
Their whispers travel miles away,
As softly silence speaks.....

When the lovers take a moonlight stroll,
And divulge their secrets to attentive ears,
Even the crickets stop their evening songs,
And softly silence speaks.....

Khairul Ahsan

As The Evening Falls

As the evening falls,
Birds return to their nest.
The twilight clouds wander around,
Leaving a floating chiaroscuro of lights and shades
Of an array of colors; white, golden, purple and blue.

Here I watch you fade away, oh damsel clouds!
I know not who has tinged you with such nice colors,
I know not where you would wander away from here!

But I do know, that you are free to wander away
To wherever you want,
And here I wonder behind my window grills,
As a captive in the cage of happy domesticity,
Watching you wander away at your will!

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26 July 2017
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As The Green Leaves Turn Gray

The green leaves that begin to sprout today
Will grow bigger each day
They'll dance to the tunes of the whistling breeze,
And merrily to their right and left sway.

As they gaily sing the songs of their life,
And day by day turn a little gray,
They will eagerly wait for the call
Of the soil down below, as and when it may!

As the Winter sets in
Their youthful life will begin to end.
The boughs and the branches will leave them quietly,
The earth beneath will beckon to befriend.

With whispers of good bye from above,
They'll fall to the lap of the mother earth
And merge with her in eternal love
For the next journey, who knows, of agony or mirth?

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06 December 2017

Khairul Ahsan

At Poemhunter

At the age of twenty three,
To my great delight I discovered
That I was on a gleeful spree
To love and be loved.

At the age of twenty three
She came in my life,
With promises to be a good wife,
With lots and lots of love to share
Forgiving my failings, without a stare.

She was a great story teller,
While I was a good listener.
Though I was all ears to listen
I would respond quite often,
To whatever she would say,
With just a simple yea or nay.

She didn't like a brooding listener,
So she quickly changed her partner,
Who would jump and dive with her
And always keep her in good humor.

Today, I have many stories to tell,
Stories resembling both heaven and hell.
Alas! Now I have no avid listener,
But a few good friends at Poemhunter.

I know, here I have some distant ears,
Eager to listen to what appears
To be a poem that tells stories,
Both of love and soulful miseries.

Everybody has some untold story
That wasn't shared with all and sundry,
A poets' forum is the best possible place
To provide such stories a little space.

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26 December 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

Barter

Give me a loving look for once,
I'll ask the full moon to spread
On your face her soft ambiance,
Just if you take this as a trade.

Come and enter into the fold
Of my long outstretched hands,
You'll feel the warmth I hold,
Your body so quietly demands.

No need to tell me you love me,
For me it's just enough if you be
With me, for I know when you agree,
You cannot just go without loving me.

Give me your little doll,
And be just a dolly yourself,
I'll be doing nothing else at all,
But playing with you and myself.

Dhaka
09 November 2013

Khairul Ahsan

Be Natural, Do Natural

Nature has its own laws.
Do not violate a single clause.
Just be natural, do natural,
If you want a youth eternal.

Deep within her,
Nature has set a receptacle
To collect the jets
Of the produce of your testicle.

A safe pouch, to mold and develop,
It's nature's job to protect and envelop
The embryo, your posterity, your scion,
Unless you resort to a sinful abortion.

So, be in love, and do make love!
But do not do it too wantonly,
Follow the natural route.
Not the one meant for 'EXIT ONLY'.

Dhaka
22 September 2013

Khairul Ahsan

Beauty And The Body

When the body was strong and stout,
The mind was soft and fickle,
It was indifferent to seeking beauty.
It was complacent.

When the mind is eager and strong,
To appreciate and glorify beauty,
The body gives in, but it is the mind
That matters.

Khairul Ahsan

Because You Would Smile...

Because you would smile,
The high sky dispatched some clouds
To descend and stay above your head,
So that your smile wouldn't soon be dead.

Because you would laugh,
The crying baby took a break,
So that her cries wouldn't muffle your laughter,
The acoustic of which is so much sought after.

Because you would smile,
The thunders and lightnings paused for a while,
So that the woods and the oceans would gleam
With the soft rays that your smile would beam.

Because you would smile,
The full moon quietly hid under the cloud,
So that the glow of your lustrous smile
Wouldn't be hidden under the lunar shroud.

But alas! Despite all these, you didn't smile.
So the clouds precipitated, the baby resumed
Its fits of cries, the thunders roared and the
Lightnings flashed, and the moon ball eclipsed.

As soon as you would again smile,
All these flurries would rest for a while.
Your smile has got a very unique style,
To humans and nature it is equally versatile.

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Behind Darkness There Is Sunshine

When darkness invades a poet's mind,
He quietens himself, yet seeks light.
Though he may feel utterly resigned
Yet he sees things beautiful and bright.

Yet he seeks to read the beautiful poems,
Yet he seeks to love the merrier moments
Poems that he had once read or written
Moments he had fancied being love smitten.

His heart feels heavy, yet he wears smiles,
Sitting at home, he wanders a million miles.
Quietly he reins in his wandering thoughts,
Scribbles them down to chart his poetry plots.

Himself dull, yet his poems spread sunshine,
Here and there, cheers many a sombre mind.
To all the unhappy poets I have this to opine,
Read and write poetry leaving sorrows behind. □

Form: ABAB, AABB, AABB, ABAB

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21 May 2017
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Biography Of A Poem

Where speech fails, poetry takes over.
As if like a fetus in the womb, a poem
Is born in the brain's chamber, where
It sleeps and sometimes moves about
For an exit. Finally it finds its way out,
Silently through a computer keyboard
Or the nib of a pen, to the open world.

Where speech fails, poetry takes over.
Small poets eschew big pandemonium.
When in limelight, they feel like a hare
Caught by the beam of a passing Lorry.
They avoid noise and crowds, but join
Small groups with eloquent speeches
And share episodes of sorrow and joy.

Where speech fails, poetry takes over.
A poet's thoughts are umbilically linked
To the rhythm of his heart, harmonized.
He toys with them at the dead of night,
And wanders away to a dreamy world.
His thoughts spread their fanciful wings,
And fly out as a poem, in rhymes or not.

Dhaka
13 October 2013

Khairul Ahsan

Blue Feelings...

I am feeling blue...
Trying to busy myself,
But every sunrise,
Every beautiful bird,
Every beautiful thing
In my chequered life,
Makes me think of him.
Makes me feel unloved.

I am in a dark place
Feeling lonely.
Alone, unloved.
I've lost everything
I wanted in life.
I need to just go
To a far away place,
To escape from this pain.
It's easy for me to just
Fall into a deep depression!

Alas! It's very painful though,
There is no place far enough
To hide from the pains of life,
And the pangs of love!

You need to endure it
Through a different kind of love.
Loving a child, a beautiful bird
Or a flower or the nature around,
Or seeking love of God to forget
The thought of being 'unloved',
Will that help me?
I am not sure!
I am lying on the beach alone!
Of course...I'm not myself, anymore!

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07 September 2015
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Bon Voyage!

Life has many contrasts,
Many twists and turns
Many unanswered questions,
Many unresolved mysteries.

Yet life goes on,
Sometimes fast, sometimes wearily,
Leaving behind visible or invisible trails
That we can never, ever tread again!

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26 June 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

Chemistry Of Tears

Nitric Acid dissolves iron
And many more hard metals.
A woman's tears dissolve
Men's strong iron minds.

A man hardly sheds tears,
But when he does, quietly,
His tears can only wet a pillow,
And not even the softest mind.

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15 March 2014
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Combustible

I am combustible,
But not by all flames.
I smoulder under
Ashes of subdued passion.
So many naked flames pass by,
Yet they do not kindle me ever.

But you do not need to come near me,
When just a thought of you flashes in my mind,
I rise as a flame, I blaze up, I flicker,
And that's so queer!

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09 January 2015
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Compatible Feelings

When I hear a cuckoo coo,
With that I can hear you too.
When you see a bird in flight,
Do I too, fly into your sight?

When magpies chatter,
I hear your laughter.
When drops of rain patters on your window,
Do you gaze, to find my shadow?

When a gentle breeze, sways the trees,
I hear you hum, like the buzzing bees.
When the approaching squalls, dash on your walls
Atop the noise, do you hear my calls?

When the bells jingle and the brooks babble.
All I can hear is your random gabble.
When at midnight, a lover mute, plays on a flute,
To your eyes, does my semblance take a route?

Khairul Ahsan

Concurrent Confabulation

On a bright, sunny morning, I was gossiping,
With a devoted sunflower. 'Don't you get
Tired of looking at the sun All day long?
Go get some rest and let me stand for you',
I said. She smiled and asked, 'How long can
You look without batting your eyelid for once? '
I had no answer, I really didn't have any!

On a silent, solitary noon stroll in the woods,
I heard a sad, mournful dove cry her heart out.
I rushed to her and asked, 'Hey angel of peace!
Why so sad? Where's your spouse? ' Shedding
A drop of tears, she said, 'You'll find him tonight,
On the hunter's dinner table.' I wanted to lend
My voice to her melancholy, She didn't let me.

On a sombre afternoon, I saw a bright butterfly.
Rushing to her I said, 'I want to borrow some
Red and yellow from your beautiful colors! '
She said, 'Twilight approaching, what will you
Do with the colors now? Come next morning! '
When darkness fell, I kept counting moments,
Till the dawn. Sadly, I saw her not once more!

On a rain drenched evening solemnly I stood,
Before the nest of a Weaving Bird and prayed
For a shelter in any corner just for the night.
'Oh poor fellow! ' She said, 'Tonight is our first
Anniversary. We'll sing the sweetest songs tonight
And dance and make love. Come tomorrow, our
nest will be yours! ' I came back, never to go again.

Khairul Ahsan

Cool Quietness

When my emotions overtake my head,
Someone has to pull the reins.
I am glad you did it,
With your cool quietness.

Dhaka

23 January 2016

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Khairul Ahsan

Crown Extraordinaire

Your crafted words of appreciation
Adorns my humble expression
Like a crown extraordinaire!

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14 January 2016

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Damsel In The Cloud

Oh, the damsel in the cloud!
A poet built a home in the layer
Of the fleeting patches up there,
Just to catch your glimpse and be proud.

You came afloat and stayed a while,
The poet's gloomy face wore a smile!
Then suddenly you fell quiet,
Unannounced, you took a secret flight.

Drifted away to the Eastern sky,
That made the poet drop a sigh
And fall back to this dusty earth,
And wonder what was his real worth!

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04 February 2016
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Khairul Ahsan

Dear Poets

Dear Poets,
Peace be to you all!
Just returned home after
Dropping my daughter at work.
As I sit here with my laptop, am wondering,
What a great bondage I have developed with you!

So many of you
Have moved me by your
Heart touching poems, and
Your messages, that left me pensive
After I had read them. Helped me discover
The meanings of life, that were hitherto unknown to me.

Thank you, dear poets,
For sharing your wisdom, your love,
Your understanding, your compassion,
Your language, your culture, your beliefs,
Your pristine feelings collected from the depth
Of your hearts. I've been enormously enriched by you all.

Here I've read many poems,
That were written 7/8 years ago,
Or even earlier. I wonder if all the poets
Whose works here I've loved so passionately,
Are still alive. Some of them may not be, though
It's just a guess. Their works will remain ever alive, I surmise.

Will someone still read my poems,
Or re-read some old ones, when I'll be
No more here to add a fresh one regularly?
For how long will my poems, the mute speeches
Of my sensitive heart, remain here? Will one find in my
Poems, something to relate to one's own life and experience? I wonder!

Khairul Ahsan

Dilemma

Your extended hands touched me,
But take no offence on me,
I couldn't touch those on a spree.
Though my hands were free,
My feet were chained with a tree.
You were warm but I was not,
As my thoughts were distraught
With moral questions they were fraught.

Dhaka

13 June 2015

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Khairul Ahsan

Discovering Myself!

That The Congo River took its depth from my heart,
Well, hardly did that I know!
Until I started fathoming it to show,
How deep my love for my country does flow.

That I had a Vesuvius hidden in my chest,
How would I know?
Unless someone had curbed my freedom,
And threatened to put me in woe?

That among you I am a likeable person,
I am beginning to know,
Standing before you, a thousand mirrors,
I see the love upon me you bestow.

Dhaka
16 December 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

Distraught

There come some moments in our mundane lives,
Laden with whims and emotions of the wrong kinds,
When everything seems distraught and disarrayed,
Everything gets murky, and we feel so dismayed.

Our possessions lie scattered at sixes and sevens,
Our thoughts belie our minds and fleet in heavens,
From the tongue's edge, words are lost before spoken,
Thoughts disappear, as the words are not found again.

Memories play hide and seek, before we manage to speak.
Losing things routinely becomes a matter of habit.
We look for our spectacles, when they sit right on our ears,
Pickpockets gleefully prey on us, amid concealed cheers!

Even the best of the known people look somewhat queer,
Like strangers that we had never seen, never met anywhere.
Even the jovial friends look emotionless, as if like a ghost,
As we embrace them, we feel as though we hug a light post.

There come moments in life, when nothing seems right,
Yet we carry on, with sincere efforts, without sitting tight.
Life goes on with some hiccups here and there,
Mother nature gives us the confidence, with lot of care.

Khairul Ahsan

Diurnal Rhythm

Anayah, my little bird has flown away
To a land far distant,
I know she is sleeping now
While I am awake, at this instant.

The sun and the moon alternately
Share their light with us.
While we have mid-day here
She's asleep there without a fuss.

I wait here while I prepare
To go to bed and silently retire,
For her to rise, and open her eyes,
To wish her 'Good Morning' before she cries!

Dhaka
17 February 2018
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Khairul Ahsan

Dragonfly

I was then, a boy of barely seven,
One day I was sauntering in my garden.
While I watched and touched the flowers,
Saw a beautiful dragonfly with multicolors.

It had two pairs of transparent wings,
With pigments tattooed in colorful rings.
It had six long legs that remained folded,
Beneath its beautiful wings tinged with red.

The legs unfolded as it perched itself on
The flowers, the petals or the grass of the lawn.
It had a brown head with multifaceted eyes,
That could rotate at will though so small in size.

I made several attempts to catch it by its tail,
Twice I aborted but the third time I didn't fail.
Stealthily moving, just as I grasped the tail's tip,
I realized, it was my forefinger that he quickly bit.

A trickle of blood on my finger tip oozed out,
Not much pain, yet I wouldn't let it go without
Studying the detailed anatomy of its body parts,
Its sheer tininess made me release it with no hurt.

Khairul Ahsan

Dreams And Smoke

Curls of smoke spiral away
From tea cups,
And disappear,
I know not where.
They vanish before reaching the sky.
The subdued emotions of a speechless mind,
Disappear, I know not where.
They fade away in the blank gazes.

Only the dreams of an inconsolable mind
Pierce through the seven skies
And find an abode in the realm of serenity.
On a tranquil night with the drops of rain,
Do they return,
Bringing refreshed dreams to the weary eyes!

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17 June 2015
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Khairul Ahsan

Drifted Away...

I wanted to give her a sky,
She opted for just a cloud,
A patch of soft, white cloud,
In the azure sky. Then, she hid
Herself behind it, and with it,
Right before my two eyes,
Rode away in a graceful glide,
Slowly drifting away, to obscurity!

Dhaka

14 March 2014

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Khairul Ahsan

Eternal Fantasy

When the two hearts connect,
The distance reduces to nought.
The fog may blur the two eyes,
Not the inner eye of the heart.

When the yearning of the hearts
Sets in motion a silent dialogue,
The process could be mysterious,
And to a miracle may be analogous.

As the dialogue stops, it kick-starts
Monologues of fanciful possibilities.
Capricious thoughts defy flow charts,
And take a flight to perceived eternity.

Forget the submarine cables,
Forget the internet connectivity.
Even when they go to the graves,
They connect through telepathy.

Dhaka
08 April 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

Fantasy

I know, it's only a fantasy,
Yet, just for once I want to see her,
Just for once I want to walk with her,
With hands held together,
With pauses here and there,
Exchanging whispers,
Polite questions,
Inquisitive looks.

If there is no room for me
In her heart, I would still smile,
And look at her eyes for a while,
With a warm hug, say good bye,
And part our ways,
Dropping a sigh!

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19 December 2015
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Khairul Ahsan

Feel My Heart's Calling

If I call you by words of mouth,
You won't hear.
If I beckon at you, you won't see,
Because you are not near.
So, feel my heart's calling,
Through telepathy, oh my dear!

Dhaka

16 January 2015

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Khairul Ahsan

Flowers Of Dawn Do Not Blossom At Dusk

Flowers of dawn do not blossom at twilight,
One who isn't a poet at twenty, how he might
Be one at sixty, when his vision is marred
By the blemishes of life that he cannot discard.

Never wanted accolades as a promising poet,
But always marveled at the poems that would whet
My appetite for seeking beauty and the bounties
Of nature, and fill my heart with its endless charities.

When my mind is filled with unspoken emotion,
Words flock around just to give an expression
To the feelings, thoughts, dreams and desires,
As my poem forms with whatever that transpires.

Shy I am since my childhood, as shy also now,
Always avoided limelight in life, just anyhow,
Words of praise make me very uncomfortable,
Since I always look for a way just to be humble.

Praise me not, my dear poets and friends,
I know at this stage I cannot make amends
For not blossoming at right time, the dawn,
Weep not, mourn not, when I am silently gone.

Khairul Ahsan

For Auld Lang Syne

I hear the bugle blow,
Oh I hear the bugle blow!
At reveille I hear the bugle blow,
At retreat I hear the bugle blow,
Who blows I do not know,
But I hear the bugle blow!

Days gone by speak to me,
Friends fallen, speak to me,
Today we stand wherever may we,
Will be laid tomorrow wherever be we,
So for old time's sake let's all rhyme,
On bugle or pipe, our 'auld lang syne'!

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11 October 2015
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Khairul Ahsan

Forbidden Fruit

My Guru forbade me
To touch you, ever!
But I was allowed to
See you, talk to you,
Stand close to you,
Less any maneuver.

So did I do, got close to you
And talked my heart out.
Didn't touch you,
Though I wanted to,
As you kept smiling at me
All throughout.

My Guru forbade me
To come near you and
Stand close.
But he gave me an allowance
Of just a yard's distance,
From nose to nose.

I was still much happy
As I could communicate
Audibly and visually.
But my Guru was not willing
To allow a romance so thrilling
To go on indefinitely.

Finally, my Guru forbade me
To be in your proximity,
Even to see you from afar.
So in my dreams I started
Seeing you as I wanted,
With no Guru standing near.

Khairul Ahsan

Going Away

On this holiday afternoon, on my bed as I leisurely lie,
Through the Southern window as I look at the azure sky,
I can see the split patches of white clouds trailing across,
And floating away...afar...to some unknown destinations.

Very often our overhead sky, as the airport is nearby,
Is traversed by aeroplanes streaking across the sky.
Their colorful tails adorned with flags of varying kinds,
Like flags of nations, or just with the logo of the Airlines.

I keep gazing at those like a child as they fly away,
Sometimes burying themselves in the cloud and
Sometimes piercing through the patches right away,
As if playing hide and seek, like the children at play.

Whenever I find a transport carrying people,
To distant destinations by air, road, sea or rail,
My mind likes to follow suit in right earnest,
And to the passengers I send an imaginary request.

I request them to carry my good wishes, wherever they go,
Strangers they may be, but I develop an instant friendship,
And with that relationship, want to say good bye to each,
So that their distant destinations they may safely reach.

As I stand, sit or lie motionless, and gaze at them,
I feel sad to see them go out of my sight and away,
I feel as if a piece of my heart has gone with them,
And soon I return to reality, to do the things mundane.

Dhaka
05 November,2013

Khairul Ahsan

Happy

Who is happy?

Look at the bee,
Singing and drinking nectar
Of the sweet, smiling flower,
To her heart's content, forgetting all hardship,
Filling her small tummy and quietly falling asleep.

Who is happy?

Look at the baby,
Sucking her mother's breast,
With tired lips, in between, taking some rest.
Stopping at will, to cast a smile at her mom's face,
Who smiles back, with dancing eyes, happy at God's grace.

Who is happy?

Look at the mother,
Humming, as she suckles her baby, though weary,
Looking at her angelic face, basking in the glory
Of motherhood, indulging in thoughts that run deep,
With love overflowing, and together they fall asleep!

Who is happy?

Haven't you heard of the couple,
Always longing for a kiss and a cuddle,
Who come home weary after a hard day's work,
Jointly prepare a quick dinner and go out for a walk,
Hand in hand, sharing private jokes and the gossips they heard.

Dhaka

16 November 2013

Khairul Ahsan

Happy New Year!

To all my friends on this auspicious day,
May I earnestly say,
That may you wake up happy this morning
And stay that way,
Throughout the whole day.

And when you retire to bed at night,
May You sleep with some memories bright,
Of love that your friends have showered on you,
From far and near, old and new.

Dhaka
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01 January 2016

Khairul Ahsan

He Will Come Home Tonight

She woke up gleefully at dawn,
With barely a half night's sleep done,
As her husband skyped her last night,
To tell her he would come home tonight.

He had left home on a tour of duty
Six months ago, to a place called Djibouti.
Djibouti has a long tradition of poetry.
On themes like Praise, Romance and Elegy.

Her husband is also an admirer of poetry,
A lover whose fidelity is above coquetry,
A warrior-poet, he fell for her beauty,
As she was, the prettiest girl in the city.

Quickly she chalked out a 'What To Do' plan,
As time was short, a few errands she ran.
She cleaned her home and made it look festive,
With welcome festoons that were quite suggestive.

She cooked biriyani which he loves to eat,
With chicken roast and kebabs of meat.
Russian salad would go well as a delicacy,
Some yogurt is good after taking food spicy.

She chose the ornaments that she would wear,
The nose pin he gifted would really glare.
To select her dress, she had no clue,
Red was his favorite, though hers was blue.

Busy like a bee and humming like one,
She readied herself, got everything done.
She checked herself as she stood before the mirror,
Her hairdo, her facial, make-up and her manicure.

While she bathed she closely looked at herself,
Checked one by one the toiletries in the shelf.
Wanted that he should see her in her best.
Quivered palpably, as she thought of the rest.

A woman always loves to give her best
To her man she loves in right earnest.
It's for a man to know her secret wishes
Wonders may follow after touches and kisses.

Khairul Ahsan

Head Versus Heart

My head is strong but the heart is weak.
The head is a dictator but the heart?
Soft, submissive and a follower meek.

My heart is easily moved by the slightest passion,
It wants to side with the lovelorn, the forlorn, but
The head comes into play and controls the motion.

The dictates of the head are hard to ignore,
When the soft, errant heart cries in silence,
The head comes in and shows it the door.

Dhaka
04 May 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

Her Eyes

In her pupils smile, as though,
Stars of the night sky, aglow.
Her silent looks, often,
With her eyes cast down,
Wouldn't speak much then and there,
But would keep on beckoning me later.

Each of her facial smile is preceded,
By waves of smile traversing her eyes.
Though at times, her speech may be bitter,
Sweet is the language of her eyes that glitter.
Even when the sky outside is sunny and bright,
Unexplained streams of tears may blur her sight.

Dhaka
15 January 2015
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Khairul Ahsan

Her Nails

She was sitting there, watching a show,
Talking to her peers, laughing and joking.
She was tall and slim, gracefully dressed,
Her beauty enhanced, by her fashion sense.

As she talked, she showed her hands,
Hennaed, her slender fingers adorned
With ten beautiful nails, each gleaming,
Beautifully manicured, deftly displayed.

She polished her nails in matching harmony
With her gorgeous saree and tinged lips,
And dug around in her bag for her lipstick
To redo her smudged lips, now and again.

Her nails were not too sharp and pointed,
But shaped like Reese Witherspoon's chin.
Weren't a threat, or even good for self defense,
Just good to claw one's back, in moments tense.

Khairul Ahsan

Hide And Seek

In our childhood days, remember, we used
To play Hide And Seek? You hid yourself
Behind a bush, or in a ditch or on the branch
Of a tree, but I could always find you out.

Later when we grew up, you hid yourself
Quietly in my heart. When I cast my eyes
All around, you were nowhere to be found.
For my sight didn't reach inside my heart.

But just like a genie you used to pop up,
Whenever I closed my eyes, and be right
In front of me, asking why I couldn't see
The love you always so fondly held for me.

Dhaka
29 March 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

Hope

To a mind in despair,
Hope is a foggy, misty unending enigma.
Once broken, no repair
Is possible that can erase the stigma
Of the sorrows suffered.
Hope can only,
Momentarily,
Keep the painful stress buffered.

Dhaka

26 November 2014

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Khairul Ahsan

Hopes Spring Eternal Though...

When you appear, in the midst of others,
I keep looking at you,
I like looking at you,
A glow of warmth connects us.

When you still remain while others are gone,
Trepidation begins,
My timid heart palpitates,
At the thought of losing you.

I love to think I love,
I love to think you love,
I fancy our chances, knowing
We are but parallel lines unending!

Dhaka
19 July 2015
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Khairul Ahsan

Horizon

He and she are like
The distant horizon.
It appears as though,
The stooping blue sky
Meets and embraces
The stretching blue sea.

Their colors match,
As they seem to meet
Like absorbed lovers and
Silently discover together,
The meanings of life.

As one goes nearer,
They begin to disappear!
Love is at its best,
When seen from a distance.

Dhaka
03 May 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

How Much You Would Unfold...

How much you would like to unfold,
I do not know.

The tender leaves and the pink purple flower
Of the Touch-Me-Not resemble you quite,
Fresh and green, soft and open, but
Averse to touch.

How much you would like to unfold,
I do not know.

Would you unfold if I sing at midnight
A serenade of love at your window?
And stand beside you with a rabbit's ears
To listen to you?

Dhaka

27 June 2015

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Khairul Ahsan

I Come Back

I feel angry, I feel upset.
I argue, I protest.
I talk loud, I go mute,
Yet I come back,
'Cause you are so cute!

My dreams are distant,
My wishes kept dormant.
My pride is trifled with,
Yet I come back,
Your whims to live with!

The shadow lengthens,
The twilight hastens,
The darkness threatens,
So I come back
And our bond strengthens.

Dhaka
30 May 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

I Have A Corner

I have a soft corner in my heart,
For the quiet, unobtrusive child,
Whose talent is often rated low
'Cause he is unassuming and mild.

I have a small corner in my heart,
For those whose kindness I enjoyed,
But couldn't return the favor in kind,
A pity that often gets me destroyed.

I have some space left in my heart,
For the boy whose dad passed away,
Ominous fate looming large on his mom,
Her malignant tumor causing fast decay.

I have an empty corner in my heart,
For the girl who held a lifelong crush,
But couldn't disclose it to her man,
'Twas her grace to blame, for the hush.

I have yet some corners in my heart,
Vacant for the uncomplaining lovelorn,
Who've been pining with unrequited love,
Yet love they always would like to adorn.

My heart will always find some space
For the mourning bird that lost her mate,
Fallen to the gunshot of a happy hunter,
Whose wife wanted it be served on a platter.

Still my heart will have a lot of space,
For all those of you who might agree,
To have a peek at this beating heart,
And tap your toes in a rhythmic spree.

Come one and come all, if you think,
You would be happy with just a piece,
And not be bothered by who got what,
With everyone shall we live in peace.

Dhaka
10 March 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

I Miss Her

I Miss her all the time,
Her tender body clung to mine,
With tear dew'd eyes, her looking at me,
Her soft, slender fingers poking my tummy.

Before going, she sang her songs
Through her cries for love.
When I sang my childhood rhymes
The goddess of sleep descended from above.

She has left my home with her parents,
For their own home in town,
My home is now empty without her,
Though she was our tiniest member.

Khairul Ahsan

I Remember

You told me
The story of a short story.
I do not remember the short story,
But I do remember vividly
That scenario of story telling,
Coinciding with my heart's calling!

Dhaka
04 February 2016
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Khairul Ahsan

I Seek Your Love

I seek your love, I seek your love,
I am down under, you are above.
I seek your light, I seek your light,
When I err, you are there to right.

Without your love I'm incomplete
If you aren't with me, I'm obsolete.
The world would love me if you do,
I'll glow in glamour, if loved by you.

Dhaka
19 April 2017
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Khairul Ahsan

I Still Remember Them

They were once here,
They used to write on 'PoemHunter'.
Now they are not here;
Can anybody spot, as to where they are?
Oh God, where have they gone?
Leaving us here, forlorn!

Quite often I remember them
For the comments they left on my poem.
In my memory, Lento Maez still exists
Who was a retired Professor of linguistics.
He used to write in small rhymes
The rhymes used to repeat several times.

A sweet girl named Cassandra Jasmine,
Who was at that time aged barely fourteen,
Used to read my poems and comment on each
Her magnificent thoughts I still fervently beseech.

A poet named Aftab Alam Khursheed,
Was always very eager to read
As many poems as he possibly could
And make earnest comments that sounded good.

Lasoaphia Quxazs was a senior old lady,
Used to advise me, as if I was her baby!
I used to admire her, a great philosopher
Who took lessons from life, from here and there.

All these friends who have gone quiet, I miss a lot
From them, heartfelt appreciation I always got.
May God keep them safe from any lurking danger
Hale and hearty may they remain, now and forever!

Dhaka
20 July 2018
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If I Were With You Now

I can see clearly, you are in pain now.
I wish I were with you, to hold you
In my arms and give you a big hug.
To look at your eyes and assure you
Of my friendship, and ask you to look
At mine and read the letter of solidarity
That my seeking eyes behold for you.
And with my parched lips I would
Dry off the pearls of tear that hang on,
And whisper some words into your ears
That would instantly turn the heavy sob
Into waves of light laughter, thereafter,
Holding hands we would walk miles and
Miles, to a secret destination, together!

Cheer up, baby! I know it's not so easy.
You have only one life to live, one only.
For how long more do you wish to live
In a world of despair? You are honest,
Forthright, warm, open and passionate.
Your love is intense and overwhelming,
Your emotions run deep and you have
Deep obsessions too. As you search
For truth, you find the beauty of pain.
And that God cries for you in the rain.

Khairul Ahsan

Ignored

When my questions fall flat,
I feel ignored.

When those are swept under the carpet,
I feel ignored.

When words disappear even to acknowledge,
I feel ignored.

You know I have so many reasons to feel ignored.
And when I feel ignored, I feel frustratingly forlorn.
And that turns into anger,
And makes me take a resolute vow never to return.

Dhaka

11 April 2014

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Khairul Ahsan

In Cold Spell, Just For A Little Warmth!

My city, Dhaka, is in cold spell now.
As in most other countries,
January is the coldest month here.
Yet, our cold is nowhere near yours,
My dear friends, who are now reading
This poem in snowing lands, far and near.

Our day-night temperature varies
From 15C-8C or 60F-45F, which,
by your standard may not be cold,
But this much cold makes us shrink
From some of the routine chores.
Yet I much prefer this to hot humid days.

In these days we get an array of good
Winter vegetables, like cauliflower, tomato,
Culinary herbs, cabbage, carrot and potato.
Parsley, coriander and onion leaves add flavor to
Vegetables curry. Cold date juice and hot, smoky
Rice cakes will be there, as morning delicacy.

The mornings are dense with fog, the sun is hardly
Visible until noon. As the days are short, a day-nap
Is not easy to afford. Morning or evening walks are
No more comfortable, as cold air passing through the
Nostrils causes tonsillitis. Room heaters are not used,
So the bed gets cold, but not so much, if you are here.

Human bodies are good conductors of heat.
When I slide under the quilt, my cold feet search
For yours. As they touch, I turn and stretch out
My left arm, which you gently make your pillow.
The bodies are set in warm embrace, in the dark.
Our heads covered by the quilt, yet our eyes meet.

As I embrace you tight, I can hear the dew drops fall
On the leaves of trees outside. I can hear the muted
Conversation of the birds in the trees. They have no
Warm quilt, perhaps they too share their body warmth.

The distant woofing dog, the screeching bat, and the
Hooting owl, they all crave just for a little warmth!

Khairul Ahsan

In Parallel Ways

I miss my brief spell of childhood
That I spent in my village home.
The gentle breeze causing waves
In the lush green paddy fields, the
Unmetalled country roads that I
Leisurely trod, roadside vendors
And petty pedlars, who I would
Stop by to listen to, all beckon to
Me for a revisit. Miles and miles of
Trodden country roads, so familiar!

We all tread on two parallel roads,
One we take to run errands of life,
And be back home after each spell.
The other we take only to advance,
We can turn and look backwards,
But can never go back. We can set
A clock's date and time back, but we
Cannot walk backward on this road.
We can change directions and still
Move on, till we reach the end of it.

Dhaka
06 April 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

In Privacy

Sometimes I fancy,
I had some absolute privacy.
I know not who I want to be with,
Proolly a beauty queen, that's real or a myth.

Shall I find someone who would listen to me,
On her eyes, reflection of myself shall I see?
Someone with a very pretty face,
Someone with an elegant visage.

I want someone to be in my absolute privacy
To share my pleasures and bask in my ecstasy.
One who'll sing me a song or two,
With the melody of a sweet cuckoo.

One who would command my respect,
And know exactly what I would expect
In the freedom of nature where only we two,
Would dwell in seclusion, as if a couple new.

I want to be with someone who would
Explore me till I would be fully understood.
Smile generously and watch my obsessions,
And hug me off and on during my depressions.

I want to be with someone who would walk
Miles after miles with me and stay in my bivouac.
Stay with me in my sojourns wherever they are,
Sharing our life stories and caring for each other.

I know such a person would be difficult to find,
Who would be willing to give me peace of mind.
If ever I find one, forever I shall hold her hand,
All the storms of life we shall together withstand.

Dhaka
07 September 2014
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In Reflection, In Reclusion

Some teardrops are meant to be shed
Sombrely
Softly,
Silently,
Secretly.

In solemnity,
In sobriety,
In reflection,
In reclusion.

No one can be a witness
To these dropping tears.
No one,
Never the one for whom they are shed.

Dhaka
14 October 2017
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Khairul Ahsan

In Search Of A Poet

I sadly announce the disappearance of a poet
From the pages of 'Poemhunter'.
A forum that provides the poets of all corners
A happy and peaceful shelter.

Like the Malyasian Airlines MH 370 missing flight,
She disappeared, being well on course, despite.
She loved to call herself as Beauteous Victory,
This name now seems to be a part of the history.

Her poems truly did justice to her name.
She was indeed beauteous,
She was indeed victorious.
Her honest expressions quickly earned her fame.

She soared like an eagle and sang like a nightingale,
She braved turbulence, wasn't baffled by the gale.
She wanted love, she got it, and also lost it prematurely,
Cried like a baby whenever she thought of it compassionately.

Alas! The Poemhunter's radar cannot now spot her place,
If clicked, the search button says, 'Poet Not Found'.
I wonder for which land is this soaring bird now bound,
Wherever, I only wish she enjoys her flight and be safe.

Dhaka
06 June 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

In Time

If there is a sudden desire,
To kiss her,
Oh young hesitant lover,
Kiss her then and there,
But with restrained fervor.
Otherwise, it may lie
In arrears for ever!

Khairul Ahsan

Just A Hello

I was all ears!
To hear a call from you,
To hear your soft whispers,
To hear your sighs you let go.
To listen to the sweet melody
That used to ring in my ears
Whenever you spoke to me.

Days came and days passed.
Nights came, nights passed.
I heard the breeze gently blow
And the dew droplets caress
The sleeping blades of the grass.
The mournful leaves say good bye
Fall on one another and gently lie.

But yet I didn't hear your call,
Nor did I hear your whisper.
Or the quiet sighs that merged
Gently with the passing breeze.
Even with the noisiest cacophony
And the rowdy crowd all around,
My ears lie in wait for just a hello!

Khairul Ahsan

Just A Teardrop

Just a drop of tear,
Appears to be a fathomless ocean
If it hangs from a mournful eye
Of someone special,
In deep pain
Perceptible only to special eyes.

Poetry, dreams and reflections
Appear on that teardrop.
The songs of a flowing fountain
Resembling the poundings of a sobbing heart
Are sung in silence,
And a history, writ large on just a drop of tear!

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Dhaka
06 October 2017
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Khairul Ahsan

Just For You

If ever your tear drops keep falling like rain,
Let them fall on my chest, before they drain.
That is the catchment for every drop of tears,
That may fall due to sorrows, pains or fears.

I have given my shoulders on perpetual lease,
For you to rest your head on, as you please.
If you ever need a hug, my arms will be there,
Always wide and open, for comfort and care.

If you need a hand for nothing but just to hold,
Mine will be yours, so you'll never fall overboard.
If insomnia keeps you awake and stings like bees,
Call me, I'll rush to sing you a few sweet lullabies.

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Khairul Ahsan

Just...

Just a spark can kindle a fire
That can consume a forest,
Just a touch can spark a lust
And create a Mount Everest.

Just a whisper into the ears,
Can stop a baby from crying,
Another kind can send a man
Atop the Himalayas flying!

Just a smile can change a thought
It can untie the toughest knot,
It can mean a signal shot,
To make a cold bed sizzling hot.

Khairul Ahsan

Last Night

Last night,
Did someone flash in your thoughts?
Did some wavering ripples reach
The distant shores of your wandering mind,
After you had said 'Goodnight'?
When the eyelids closed, did your
Mind's windows open apart,
To look for a prying poet's face?

Last night,
Was it only he that passed a sleepless night?
And counted the ticking seconds of the clock,
And patiently heard the lizard's wisdom speech,
And the night guard's cautionary whistle?
Or, was it you too,
Who had the butterfly effect,
Of a simple whisper of love?

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Khairul Ahsan

Life- A Stream Of Water

A narrow stream of water rolls down
Silently, like a reptile homeward bound,
Where, unsure!

The outspread land tells her
'Go over me as you wish'!
She proceeds, breaking silence,
Expands as she moves, collects pebbles,
Holds on her wavy chest numerous bubbles,
Many of those burst, many hold on for a while.
She flows on, to an uncharted destination, unknown,
With pebbles on her bed and bubbles on her chest!

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24 January 2017

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Khairul Ahsan

Life Geometric

When we first met, back in those good old days,
We were as though in an isosceles triangle,
Two equal sides, with equal height,
Standing on the same base.

As days passed, we gradually became a scalene
Right angled triangle, where sometimes I was
The perpendicular, sometimes the base and
Sometimes the hypotenuse.

And now I've discovered that we are again
Equals, but no more within a triangle,
But as vertically opposite angles
Formed by two intersecting straight lines.

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08 August 2014

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Khairul Ahsan

Life, A Void Circle

Life is a void circle,
I am at its center.
So, it's no matter
If the circle is
Bigger or smaller,
I remain at its center.

At no point can I
Intersect its circumference,
As I am equidistant
From any point on it,
And the distance is constant.
Big or small, same resultant.

So I better quietly lie
At my predestined position,
And build my home in void.
Now, no point asking myself,
What kind of a home is this
That I've built in emptiness!

Life is a void circle.
I live in its emptiness.
Life revolves around me,
Me, its center of gravity.
Life is a journey,
From here to eternity.

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Khairul Ahsan

Light And Darkness

I love the golden sunlight preceding a twilight.
Before the golden sun on the Western horizon
Turns crimson, I move to my Southern window
And stand aside, gazing at the green tree tops.
I marvel at the flocks of parrots that come flying
And merge with the green leaves and branches.

I love to see the last light of the fading twilight.
The nature coordinates marvelously the transition.
Like men trudging wearily, the birds fly back home.
They sit on the boughs and sing serenades
As if in chorus to appreciate God's kindness,
Before they enter their nests with mates at nightfall.

Who knows, just like the quickly disappearing twilight,
I too may vanish in stealth, on the wings of eternity.
Human abodes are lighted by lamps at nightfall,
While the nests of birds quietly lie in darkness.
When life's murmurs are muted in the dead of night,
That's time to know, where lies darkness and where lies light.

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02 May 2015
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Khairul Ahsan

Lighthouse

A poet's thoughts
Are like a cruising ship on a vast ocean.
It has its own speed, own compass,
Even when it moves in the right direction
The captain looks up to the lighthouse
To guide it to the right harbour.

A poet too looks out for a lighthouse
To guide his thoughts and feelings,
To the right destination, called a poem.
For him, this lighthouse could be
A face that inspires, a song that enchants,
A cuckoos coo, or a fancied voice, unheard.

Khairul Ahsan

Like A Lost Child

The one that I seek
In weal and woe,
At high or low,
Unaware I am though,
That He lives within me,
In my bloodstreams,
In the brain and veins,
And in my dreams.

I seek Him in my heart deep,
Awake or asleep,
I seek Him day and night,
In darkness, in daylight,
Whether I'm strong or fragile,
Whether I weep or smile,
Just as a child seeks his mamma
When he gets lost for a while.

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Khairul Ahsan

Like Siberian Birds

Like migratory Siberian birds,
You flew many a thousand mile,
And settled in my orchards
To be with me for a while.

Over the mountains and seas
You flew for warmth and sunshine,
And I had plenty of these,
So for me, it was just fine.

Together we shared a nest,
And some moments of rest,
And some grains,
And some pains,
For months a few,
And then you flew,
Back to your homeland.
So here again, lonely I stand.

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Khairul Ahsan

Like That Cat

I never had a pet.
One day on my return home from work,
A stray cat came near me and mewed
Till I looked at her.

I couldn't but cast a compassionate look,
When she lay down at my feet
And kept on mewing.
She was not clean, yet I patted her.

So many years after...
Today I fondly remember that cat,
And oh! How wishfully I long to be
That cat that mewed for love and purred.

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Khairul Ahsan

Limerick-1: Railway Minister's Freak

There was an old man who became Minister for rail,
Many thought, at sixty seven he was weak and frail.
But he proved everybody wrong,
Proved that he was still so strong!
In four years, he added three new scions to the trail!

Dhaka

20 May 2018

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Khairul Ahsan

Limerick-2: Easy Way To Escape From Writer's Bloc

There was once a poetess of great repute,
When she couldn't write, she remained mute.
She suddenly found a trick
She wrote a funny limerick
Seeing her success all others followed suit!

Dhaka
20 July 2018

Khairul Ahsan

Long Forgotten

Oh! Please do not ask me,
When I last felt like
'Being in love'.
Truly,
It's long been forgotten....

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Khairul Ahsan

Lost My Way

I seem to have lost my way,
At this time when I'm turning gray.
Can some one take me home, by the way?

If you ask me which way to go,
I'll tell you sorry, I really don't know!
My head is broiling, with ideas uncoiling, though.

Meek souls all around dampen my spirit too,
Acquiescent and compliant, to whatever they're told to do.
These sacrificial lambs, unaware where they're being led to!

Khairul Ahsan

Love And Forgiveness

Love once lost, is lost for ever.
Once it goes, it comes back never.
It leaves back yearnings deep in the heart,
Released as sighs when it quietly falls apart.

Poetry is an abode, for the yearnings to remain,
The thought of lost love for ever causes pain.
What causes the failure, we fail to perceive,
Our egotist minds do not allow us to forgive.

And what causes the pain, is a puzzle we cannot fix,
The desire to love, or to be loved, or both in a mix.
The moon too has its blemishes we hardly remember,
The spirit of forgiveness gives love much of its splendor.

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14 October 2014
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Love Burns

From the night sky up above,
A star drawn by intense love
Shoots to earth at a great speed,
Leaving its own elongated orbit.

Drawn by the earth's intangible,
Elusive charm, enters the feeble
Star into the earth's atmosphere,
Turns into ashes, never to reappear.

This self immolation is dedicated as though
To love eternal. The ashes bury themselves,
Here, there or wherever, in silence, perhaps
Leaving a quiet message, that love burns!

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28 July 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

Love Is

Love is, listening to her heartbeats,
Imagining her assurances with every beat.
Love is, touching her like the softest feather,
Going to sleep touching together.
Love is, past midnight doing pillow talks,
stretching them till the morning walk.
Love is, to awaken her with a gentle touch,
To kindle her desires before making love.
Love is, to smile while watching her asleep,
Seeing her innocence running deep.
Love is, pulling the window curtains aside,
Just to moonlight her face at the dead of night.

Khairul Ahsan

Love Is A Beautiful Flower

Love is a beautiful flower.
A symbol of affection.
A symbol of attraction.
A symbol of melting power.

It can smile, it can weep.
It's like a piece of fine art.
It sprouts from the heart,
Where its roots run deep.

Tenderness is its stem,
Soft sensitivity its frame
Humor, its natural radiance
Compassion its fragrance.

Love is a beautiful flower.
Care and touch nourishes it.
Ego and selfishness wilts it.
Anger and hatred burns it.

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05 August 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

Love Your Spouse

Love is the essence of life.
Life is beautiful, because love is there.
It's we who mess up our lives, unaware.
Then we cease to see love with our eyes,
Fail to see even when it comes not in disguise.
Our hearts fail to pass the cognitive test,
Our ears do not pick the tunes in right earnest.

All poets glorify love.
As I read the poems on love,
By teenagers or those even sixty and above,
I can only see flames of passion
Run through their body and mind in unison.
Memories of silent, untold and platonic love
Also haunt some minds who mourn like a dove.

Love your spouse.
If half the love that I see in the poetry,
were ushered on our spouses, sung like serenades,
Our homes would be just a heaven on earth
Love and compassion obviating all our dearth.
A loving look, a warm smile, a generous gesture,
Are some of the things that they always desire.

Language of love is universal.
Saying 'I Love You' is not always essential,
As long as the message is pure and original,
Body language is enough to convey the feeling
And spouses can read the language with true meaning.
When spouses love each other, the children know it,
Angels of peace descend on their home, with candles lit

Khairul Ahsan

Love's Edict

Every bosom has a depth of love,
Yet, not every bosom can share it.
Every bosom yearns for love,
Yet, not every bosom gets it.

Even when a dry leaf falls on a lake,
The water ripples.
When just a look of love is cast,
The bosom quivers.

Ripples are caused not by gravity,
But by a surface tension.
Quivers are caused not by a force,
But by an unknown attraction.

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25 February 2015
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Khairul Ahsan

Lyn

Lyn! How are you now, Lyn?
Wonder which world you tread now!
What your fleeting mind keeps thinking,
Who your blurred eyes keep searching,
What thoughts do make you grin, for a while?

Oh! This was not what ought to be!
How extra ordinary you were, oh really!
With the mind and merit, you surpassed
All others in caring, comforting and serving
The critically ill, like an angel in white.

As a bolt from the blue, your brain got a clot,
A quick surgery just set it right and quite fast
You were recovering, to everybody's delight.
But alas! Everything was undone! An abrupt
Attack of Encephalitis sent you to a coma again!

Since then, as if the load of the earth descended
On your tiny head, to confine you to a wheelchair.
Epileptic attacks brought forth convulsions in series,
Tearing your tender self, bruising you from the falls,
So quickly an angel of love became just a living body!

It was just by chance that I saw you that day, lying
On a hospital bed, awake but in a trance. Seeing your
Old doctor lovingly touching your head, you smiled,
Said 'sorry' as you thought your hair was greasy, untidy,
Even in a trance you pulled the right senses to apologize!

Standing beside, was your dear mom and beloved hubby,
Their eyes blank with despondency, worries staring galore.
In such a sad situation the kind doctor had to break
The unkind truth. Days ahead will be worse, chances of
Recovery remote. You will fade into a memory, by and by.

I was an witness to that unfortunate debriefing.
As I was hearing the doctor, I was also praying,
To God, Who Holds the key to all the closed doors,

That may He Descend on earth and Open the door
To recovery for Lyn. For Him, nothing is a closed chapter.

May Lyn come back to us, with her trade mark smile,
May she again stand on her feet, move from bed to bed,
Take care of her patients who she loves and adores,
Inquire about their families, as she always did before.
May our Florence Nightingale be back with us again!

Khairul Ahsan

Magic Hands

A pair of hands that cook sumptuous food,
And admixes those with the love of heart,
A hand that writes heart touching stories,
Toys with words and emotions that combine
To blossom into a beautiful poetic flower!
A hand that sketches fancied faces that
Exude love but look themselves lovelorn,
A hand that paints poetry,
Hands that wear bangles of glass
To produce the sweetest symphony-
I am forbidden to touch those hands,
But my eyes would soothe,
With the sight of those magic hands,
Along with the visage of their owner.

Dhaka

25 January 2017

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Khairul Ahsan

Marriage And Love

Males and females are there in all the species,
But marriage is meant for only the Homo sapiens.
Sad, if it fails; sadder if it exists without love.
For other species, marriage is not there, but love is.

Marriage is not just the union of two bodies,
But also of two souls, their thoughts, wishes, whims,
Desires, cries and laughter together. Their ways of life.
Love is the hub of marriage, the kitchen is of family life.

Khairul Ahsan

Mcc - My Alma Mater

MCC

Just three letters,
Represent my Alma Mater,
Momenshahi Cadet College,
A name permanently etched
In my heart, and will so remain,
And shine for ever, will never wane.

It was a day of torrential rain,
The Seventh of July, Nineteen Sixty Seven.
We, a raw bunch of fifty six pre-teen agers,
Set out from our home amid rain and thunders,
For an unknown place that was called as Gorai
With the Gojari trees around, rising very high,
Some offshoots of River Gorai, flowing nearby.

By the afternoon our parents had departed,
Leaving us in the care of the Staff appointed.
We were lined up, as the NCOs got us sorted
As per our Houses, to where we were escorted.
When darkness fell, our Room Captains came
And showed us our bed, a taped steel frame,
A chair, desk and cupboard, each on our name.

After dinner we were taken to the Common Room
Where we could play ping pong, chess and carom.
For the news seekers there were few newspapers
Rest of the room was occupied by just onlookers.
Then at the strike of ten when a bugle was sounded
The lights were put out as we were quite astounded
To see everyone quit all and rush to their own bed.

And that's when came the discomfoting moments,
As memories of home began unfolding in segments
Like a celluloid tale in our tender minds' canvases.
With subdued weeping, some counted life's curses.
Some eyes turned red and some pillows got wet,
The jackals crying outside made some more upset.
Some wise souls wondered: Is this the life of a cadet?

And thus slowly came to an end our first day at MCC,
The next day began with a rush that we didn't foresee.
The rush to visit washroom before the morning 'Fall In'
And to get dressed up for PT and wait to be called in.
The first night's woes were soon to be forgotten,
Our Houses became our home, a family we had gotten.
And our lives got tied to orders, both oral and written!

Dhaka

15 May 2014

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Khairul Ahsan

Me Myself

Me myself, a bemused wanderer,
Trudging along the shores of life,
Collecting pebbles of wisdom
Wherever, at will, at random.

Weary at times, yet I pull on,
Go along the shores;
My eyes wondering frequently
At the beauty that lies along.

I am a confused traveler
To unknown destinations.
Yet I have a vision clear
Of Who charts my path along.

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27 November 2016
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Khairul Ahsan

Mercy Taken For Granted, Without Appreciation

I walk on my feet
And go wherever I wish to go.
Breathe in fresh air as much as I want,
And breathe out without any discomfort.

I listen to my favourite music and songs
Whenever I want to,
And write poems whenever my heart
Has something to say in silence.

I've never paused for a while
To appreciate how easily I've done these!
Never realized that to many of us
These favors are not available as easily!

Oh God! To Thee I prostrate in gratitude
For all these favors granted so mercifully!
Guide me Oh God, to the right path,
And deprive me not if and when I err.

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17 April 2016
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Khairul Ahsan

Midnight's Rain

When it rains at midnight,
Whether in drizzles or in torrents,
Whether or not the raindrops
Patter on my bedside window,
Whether I am awake or asleep,
I can hear their rhythmic music.
I can see the bow of Cupid.

When it rains at midnight,
Heavens' secret amours with
The earth incarnate. The rain
Melts the Nature as does love
Drench a lovelorn soul. The trees,
The dry rivulets and the parched soil,
All get soaked with the love of the gods.

When it rains at midnight,
A surge of urge submerges me too.
I feel like pouring myself down on you
Not in drizzles but in torrents, in rhythm,
Waking you up from your cozy dreams,
And warming you up with whispers of love,
And gentle touches that make your lips part.

Khairul Ahsan

Moments

Every fleeting moment of our life
Can be a part of memory archive.
What I am thinking now
May not be significant
To you, (s) he or me,
But a day may soon arrive
When these moments may mean
So much to each or any of us.

What we think of, say, write or do,
At any point in time
Can be a part of memory archive.
When we would reflect upon these
Later at any point in time,
Each moment may evoke
Feelings of acute nostalgia
And unfold sad or joyful stories.

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02 June 2016
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Khairul Ahsan

Moonlight Musings

The moon was full and the night was cool,
Windows were kept open, breaking the rule.
They lay in the bed with the curtains pulled aside
So they could see the full moon, smiling outside.

The world has many moon gazers, just as he.
Many of them I'm sure would be pleased to see,
The moon at full bloom, oh what a pleasant sight!
Some will write poems and some will go quiet.

Past midnight when the outside sky was alight,
Poured into their room the soft ambient light.
As traces fell on their faces, she dispensed with her pillow,
To rest on his outstretched arm, her moonlit face aglow.

They had some pillow talks, they had some fun.
And all acts of love were lovingly done.
Like birds they nestled under each others' wings,
And quietly fell asleep, amid their moonlight musings.

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15 April 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

Much Like The Tears I Saw In Your Eyes

As a prisoner of routine life,
I sit in the verandah with a vacant look
At the gloomy sky
That bursts into downpours off and on.

As I look at the rain soaked trees,
The drenched birds on the wet boughs,
Their languid look and calmly composure
I can compare with mine.

My thoughts keep floating like the clouds
And reach the empty horizon of nothingness.
For nought I settle my pensive prayers
And come back to my retiring bed.

As I close my tired eyes,
I can see the droplets of rain
Hanging from the railings of the verandah
Much like the tears I saw in your eyes.

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20 August 2016
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Khairul Ahsan

My Friend

I am bound in eternal friendship,
With The Supreme, The Most High,
Preachers taught me to call Him
My Lord, but I feel easy to call Him
My Friend.

I call Him my friend because He is
The quickest to reach and respond,
To my cry for help in all my troubles
And that's why He is truly
My Friend.

I am what I am, because He is in me,
Deep within; I take my every breath
With His, which He breathed into me,
Before I was born. Since then He is,
My Friend.

People love me just because my Friend
Lives within me. When He would leave,
So would you, burying me in a grave,
And my mortal remains would be without
My Friend.

I know my Friend will never leave me.
He would just take my soul with Him,
As He departs. My body will lie in wait,
Until The Resurrection, to meet again,
My Friend.

Yes, it will be the Day Of Judgement too,
I'll be asked about my words and deeds,
Tough will be to answer those, yet I have
No worries. As I always sought refuge in
My Friend.

Sure He knows of the frailties of my mind,
He was in me when I erred so many times
Satanic whispers got the better of me,

Whenever, by intent or not, I parted from
My Friend.

He is no doubt the Beneficent, the Merciful,
A faith that I nurtured and always relied on.
Irrevocable is His promise of Divine Pardon,
My sins cannot transcend the Forgiveness of
My Friend.

So, oh my mortal friends! Try not scare me
With the dreadful thought of burning in
Hell Fire! Speak not of Divine Punishment,
But of Love, Forgiveness and Compassion of
My Friend.

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01 October 2013
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Khairul Ahsan

My Wishes

I wish I were a piece of blotting paper
That would soak tears from all the weeping eyes.
I wish my shoulders were broad enough
For all the mournful mortals to rest their heads on.

I know how bad it feels
To weep alone in a corner, unseen!
I know how difficult it is
To carry on with drooping shoulders.

I wish to sing a song of joy
To all the melancholic, heavy hearts.
I love to see tears run dry
On faces soothed by soft words.

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01 June 2016
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Khairul Ahsan

Natural

A new born baby finds,
Even with closed eyes,
Mother's nipple, sucks,
Without prior knowledge,
And yes, it's so natural!

Children do not find,
Any attraction or urge,
In nakedness or sex,
It's just their innocence,
And yes, it's so natural!

Adolescents quietly find,
Ways to deal with the urge
Of sex and things sexual,
Indulge in ecstatic fantasy,
And yes, it's so natural!

Grown ups give in easily,
To the enticing attractions,
Proceed like winged insects,
To the flames of passion.
No! That's not so natural.

Spouses stealthily respond
To the fatal temptations,
Yielding acrimony, heartbreaks,
Wreaking havoc in the family.
No! That's not so natural.

They go to bed together,
Fantasize someone else,
More intimate virtually,
Than perhaps physically
No! That's not so natural.

Khairul Ahsan

Nature's Sanctuary

Nature has been a peaceful abode to humans since ages,
In it found peace the lost lovers, poets, monks and sages.
It soothes a broken heart and frees it from worldly controls,
In silence, it hears the untold stories of the burdened souls.

The predators prowl, the cannibals howl and thunders growl,
Yet the lonely heart remains undisturbed without a brawl.
The forlorn heart, broken apart, meditates in the wilderness
To this the nocturnal birds, the lightning bugs all bear witness.

Amidst nature the hope is greater for the tortured minds to heal,
The animals and birds, reptiles and insects all can make a deal
Not to disturb a meditating soul that wishes to forget its pains,
Jeered by men but cheered by them, the soul happily remains.

Dhaka

18 September 2014

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Khairul Ahsan

Not On The Valentine's Day

No, today is not the Valentine's Day.
Yet, when I woke up in the morning,
At the call of a cuckoo cooing on a
Nearby tree, I reckoned this to be our
Day of love. Refreshed by the gentle
South breeze entering my bedroom
Through the window cleavage that I
deliberately left open, I surmised that
The ambiance was perfect for us to
Celebrate the day, in love, in fondness.

Drizzling droplets stuck on the window
Told me that the outside weather was
Chilly, but inside we were warm. Still in
Bed, I saw you getting down. When I
Stretched out my two palms, a gesture
Well known to you, gently did you place
Your face between my outstretched palms,
For me to caress it. Tightly embraced, we
Felt our love in silence for some time.
Inside love doesn't care for any Day!

I abandoned all my day's work, just to
Spend the day leisurely at home with you.
We spent the day together, simply being
Together and talking. In the evening, at
Other times I would have watched the live
Telecast of the cricket commentary, but
Not tonight. Busy in gossips, you missed
Your regular evening walk, and I one of
My irregular ones. Yet we have no regrets,
As we spent some quality time together.

Dhaka

17 February 2014

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Ocean Of Love

Your heart must be an ocean of love,
Otherwise, how can it appreciate,
Even the smallest of the courtesies,
And return it drenched with love?

You may not be aware, but yes,
Your words truly communicate
your feelings of love, meant or not
for the one to whom they are sent.

I do not know your physical texture,
But I know for sure your inner mind,
That softly glistens with every word,
That you write to a friend of every kind.

Even when you say you are kidding,
So softly is the kidding done, that
Before one feels the tease or poke,
You say words that soothe like a balm.

The French are great connoisseurs of art,
Well reputed for love, food, wine and music,
You seem to know a great deal of French,
Is it for that we see art in all that you speak?

You reach me through the words you write,
To me or to others, through your poems
Or comments or by your inbox messages
Everything you say has a touch of love.

Oh the queen of love across the Pacific,
Whenever you write or you just speak
You reach me in ripples and waves,
With murmurs of love, in ethereal voices.

Khairul Ahsan

Of Birds And Bards

When a bird sings in sheer delight,
It doesn't care who listens to her.
As it perches on a tree from a flight
Its mates and peers flock together.

When it sings, at times they respond
In kind, at times they just be there.
A few of them might just abscond,
While most would sit as if in a prayer.

Just like a bird I too keep singing,
Unperturbed, if anyone is listening.
Oh my friends, where have you been?
Why do I not hear you too sing?

Birds and bards have often shared
Natures delight and life's agonies.
In their melodious choirs harmonized
Are some of life's sweetest symphonies.

Dhaka
12 August 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

Of Birds And Men

Love-smitten, while I was gazing blankly
At the distant, fading horizon, suddenly
My eyes fell on a pair of birds who seemed,
Smitten like me, by the signals they beamed.

While one was chirping, the other listened,
sitting on a wire, as their feathers glistened.
They rubbed their beaks in fond affection,
As if that was the way of showing their passion.

I went to the river side and stood alone,
A couple was sauntering leisurely in that zone.
Holding hands, they were engrossed in a tale,
With rapt attention, the male and the female.

Off and on, they paused for a while,
To look at each other and exchange a smile.
The woman exclaimed every now and then,
And the man reassured her again and again.

Khairul Ahsan

Our Lost Treasure Trove

I always loved receiving your long letters,
My name and address written in cursive hand,
On blue envelopes of translucent papers,
With a wish of love, the letter would expand.

Your handwriting is etched in my heart, forever!
While reading the letter I used to imagine,
How you held the pen in your slender finger,
And how the words would roll out from the pen.

I loved to reciprocate in similar fashion,
Wrote long letters echoing my heart's music,
On the mundane things or the purest passion,
Whatever the subject, love was intrinsic.

Read those several times before I walked
To the Post Office to get those weighed,
Wrote your name and looked again and again,
And dropped to the box with postage prepaid.

Alas! Long letters are extinct now,
With them have gone the sense of love,
Just in two decades I wonder how
SMS outdid them, stole our treasure trove!

Khairul Ahsan

Our Visit To Linda's Home

We have our niece, Linda, living in Binghamton,
She has two children, a daughter and a son.
A handsome hubby who is sincere and polite,
With these three stars she's busy all day night.

At a city called Vestal do they live,
A quiet place, so nice you won't believe.
She kept on inviting us again and again,
So we thought, we must make it happen.

On a fine morning in June this year,
My wife and I thought of visiting her.
From New York City to Binghamton,
It took us three hours to reach her home.

She is the home maker to a family of four,
Busy, day and night doing all the chores.
Runs errands to keep the wheel moving,
Taking great care of even the smallest thing.

They took us to Howe's Cavern and the Finger Lakes,
To Niagara Falls and to many other beautiful places.
We had a very good time as pleasures ran high,
Five days were spent as if in the wink of an eye.

My poem won't be complete without a mention,
Of Hibah and Fardeen, their daughter and son.
Most of the time they kept us busy,
With their playful fun, at times a bit noisy.

They all were so pleased to have us with them,
Five days vanished, we didn't know when.
Thank you Linda and thank you Helal,
For the wonderful time we had, with you all.

Khairul Ahsan

Pain

The tweeting bird has gone silent.
In the poet's heart flows a current
Of sad, somber melancholy,
The pain purifies him and makes him holy.

Dhaka

07 January 2016

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Khairul Ahsan

Pain And Pleasure

Are pains a pleasure?
Your every poem seems
Like tears of a painful heart
Singing a beautiful song.
Like ballads of fallen leaves
Singing their last songs under the feet of Time
Yet, why do I love to read those?
Yet, why do you like to write those?

The Missouri flows,
Quietly or not, I do not know.
But I can hear the sound of gentle flowing,
I can hear the low sound of lapping,
I can hear the sound of your silent weeping!
Yet, I cannot shed a drop of tears,
Because my eyes have gone dry!
Yet, why do I visit you, to hear you cry?

Your words may be meant for others,
But why do my eyes glisten?
I read your words and poignant thoughts,
And sometimes quietly leave back my own.
And quickly go away, because my heart aches!
No life is meaningless, no love goes waste.
Memories of unhappy times may at times sadden,
But the joy of love, even if fancied, will ultimately gladden.

Dhaka
23 October 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

Pain And Pleasure Of Loneliness

In some loneliness,
The soul unfolds like the petals of a rose and spreads fragrance.
In some loneliness,
The teardrops do not fall but disappear like tea cup smoke,
Up away into the sky,
To return someday as rain amid bustles of life.

In some loneliness,
Words wander wantonly on a pensive mind,
While the heavens stand guard.
In some loneliness,
Pain penetrates through one side of the heart
And comes out through the other like a smiley of pleasure.

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26 June 2015
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Khairul Ahsan

Pink Fingers

I can set out on a world tour
On foot, holding your fingers,
Your beautiful, pink fingers.

I can spend years in meditation
Like a sage, if you let me clench
Your pink fingers in my fist.

I can embark on a parachute jump
From the top of the Mt. Everest,
If I have with me, your pink fingers.

I can write a poem every morning,
Only if every night I go to sleep
Holding one or more of your fingers.

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04 September 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

Placidity

Beauty is inherent in quietness and placidity,
Placidity is a prerequisite for reclusive reflection.
When a placid pool holds on its unrippled bosom
Quiet reflections of its serene surroundings,
Solitary men and women seek to see in their beauty
Reflections of memories sequestered deep within.

Dhaka

31 July 2016

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Khairul Ahsan

Please Hold My Hand.....

Trudging along the slippery path of life,
If I ever slip to the ground,
Please extend a hand of yours,
For me to hold and to turn around,
To be on my feet again, forgetting the strife.

If I falter and stray on a wrong path,
Just raise your hands and not voice,
And signal me to come back home,
Rush I will, abandoning the choice,
Like a dumb animal, to bear the wrath.

If you want to share a private whisper,
Just a soft touch on my hand will do,
If words run out, hold my hand and cast a look,
My eager ears will no doubt pick the clue,
Then and there, from your touch and stare.

If you want to send a message of love,
While I am fast asleep with you beside,
Just a whisper and a soft clasp of hands
Will make me respond, awoken fully wide.
Hand in hand, eye to eye, we'll glorify love.

If and when I lie speechless, in my final hours,
Darling please hold my hand, look at my face.
With your touch, I shall smile and say goodbye,
And slowly pass away with eternal grace,
For you to mourn my last smile with fresh flowers.

Khairul Ahsan

Poetic Pearls

Mother knows the pains of child bearing,
The forest knows the pains of weathering,
The pianist knows the pains of producing
The sweetest notes from the saddest feelings.

The gardener knows the pains of fallen leaves,
The lagoon that loses its water in the sand
Knows the pains of deserting love.
Sorrow sings in the melancholy of a grieving dove.

The deeper the pain, the sweeter the song.
The saddest poet writes the best lyrics.
Sometimes, the tears of pain
Makes the best poetic pearls.

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07 September 2015
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Khairul Ahsan

Poetic Stagnation

A poet's thoughts are like a flowing river,
It has its own currents and under currents.
As long as the river flows, so does life all around.
Once it stops flowing, everything stagnates with it.

Sadly, I have stagnated now.
Dear Poets, be assured, I read all your poems.
Like before, your words leave an indelible impression
In my old but tender mind. I sigh, I cry, yet I cannot write.

Alas, my river has lost direction.
Strips of sandy land are rising up on my bed.
No one would ever know why I stopped flowing.
Why I hear the the singing birds, but cannot lend my voice!

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15 June 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

Poetry And Pain

Poetry and pain,
Branches of the same tree,
Love.

The deeper the pain,
The brighter the poem,
The better the poet.

Even when the poet writes
About the happier scenes of life,
Sorrow lies buried, underneath.

Dhaka
01 December 2015
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Khairul Ahsan

Poetry Contest

held a poetry contest,
Poets from all over the world joined in zest,
Chose from their poems, only the best
And submitted for the readers' quality test.

All the poems were so earnestly submitted,
With love, passion and memories dedicated.
It was difficult for one to choose the best,
Each poet was required to vote for the rest.

I made up my mind that I too would contest,
So requested a poet friend to kindly suggest,
Which of my poems she thought was the best,
'Pristine Love' she readily chose above the rest.

As she had said, so did I do,
Submitted the poem and stood in the queue,
To vote for the poems and to have a view
Of the hundreds that came randomly I knew.

When I was told that my poem was counted,
As one voted to be among the best hundred,
My heart swelled as I was truly astounded,
By the feat that came by, fairly even-handed.

Now with the final results just published,
I know what my poem has accomplished.
Though it was not something that I cherished,
Yet, one of the top ten looks a bit distinguished.

For this, my first thanks go to my li'l friend
Who so graciously lent me her helping hand.
Picked the right one as also did she commend
This poem to many a reader and many a friend.

Thanks also go to the voters, the numerous ones,
Who looked for my poem or found it by chance.
Grateful to the great soul who wrote me once,
She 'searched for ages' just to have one glance.

Khairul Ahsan

Poetry Is Immortal

From Time immemorial,
All the poetry that have been written,
Conceived, pronounced or proclaimed,
In languages and signs known and unknown,
All their letters bear
The molten essence of the poet's mind.
All their punctuation marks bear
The exhalation from the poet's heart.
All their words bear a history, an epic.

Be that poem one of immaculate joy,
Be that poem one of perfect love,
Be that poem one of pathetic plight,
In all cases it comes out trampling the heart,
And ultimately disappears beyond the horizon,
To find a place in the outer space, perhaps,
And hang on there till eternity,
To vindicate, when called upon,
As a witness to the poet's pellucid, immortal mind.

Dhaka
23 February 2015
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Khairul Ahsan

Poets And Mendicants

When the bar at the level crossing falls,
Vehicles line up and wait for clearance,
The mendicants emerge from nowhere,
And stretch out their palms for alms.

A poet sitting in his car alone, waiting,
Busy with his smart phone, quite absorbed,
Is distracted by their unsightly deformity,
Cleverly displayed for drawing sympathy.

To avoid their repeated begging for alms,
The poet throws a dime to the empty palm,
And moves on when the train passes clear,
Pondering, how he and they were similar!

The beggars tried to impress the passers by,
And did some acting to market their deformity.
He tried to impress the woman who lived nearby
With love poems and acting, to win her affability.

Dhaka

04 March 2015

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Khairul Ahsan

Pristine Love

No love is as overwhelming and as pristine,
As the maiden love of a lass, say of sixteen.
When, like closed petals of a bud she begins to unfold
Herself, blossoming into a fragrant rose or marigold.

She seeks a hand to hold and wants hers as well be held,
In secluded privacy, from the outside world as if shelled.
She wants to love and be loved, to touch and be touched,
Promises never to leave the hand that she fondly clutched.

Standing on the crossroads of childhood and puberty,
She seeks a soul mate, not one who is always flirty.
She feels lonely at home, even in a crowd, or among peers,
Unless with her soul mate who keeps count of her fallen tears.

Promises everything that her soul mate wants her to be,
She herself also demands promises on matters flimsy.
Not realizing that promises are easy to make but difficult to keep,
Broken promises are hard to bear with, easy to make one weep.

Sometimes the lass' love remain held back and suppressed,
When she is wary that her emotions will not be addressed.
Flames of this unexpressed love burn her in slow motion
Whenever she muses over some missed conversation.

Lucky is he who wins the first love of a lass, in solemn trust
Pity on him who misses the offer, or throws it into the dust.
When a life's journey is begun hand in hand with no suspicion,
The two unsuspecting souls will no doubt reach their destination.

Khairul Ahsan

Privacy

Everybody has a private corner
In his or her heart. A soft, cozy
Corner where is kept a fancy box,
Carefully wrapped in fancy paper.

This secret box is seldom opened.
It cannot be opened when others
Are around. It cannot be shown
To others, however dear they are.

Yet, One has to carry this box for
The whole life. To open it, one is
To wait for sadness to overwhelm
One's mind, on a sad, somber day.

Then quietly one would retire
To a secluded space, frequented
Only by incorporeal thoughts, and
Open the box to unleash memories.

Memories that are sad but sweet,
Memories that occupy less space
But weigh very heavily. Our beating
Heart often unaware of their weight.

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04 February 2015
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Khairul Ahsan

Promise And Faith

When you say something,
Without any doubt I believe it.
When you promise something,
To see it fulfilled, I wait.
When I see your promise not kept,
Still I wait,
Hoping it would be met,
Someday.

Every new day as it comes,
I look for your promised response.
Not finding it,
I do not despair, but choose to
Wait for another day,
And not allow my faith to sway.

Khairul Ahsan

Purity Incarnate

When I feel soiled at my inner self,
I cleanse myself with the thought
Of a purity incarnate,
That is you.

Dhaka

13 January 2016

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Khairul Ahsan

Rain Driven

In your backyard the cuckoo sings,
Heralding the multi color Spring,
The bright flowers sway merrily
With the gentle breeze it brings.

The fire atop the Krishnachuras
Kindles a dormant desire in you,
To sing to your heart's content
Like that ardent cuckoo's coo.

In my sky loom the dark clouds,
Laden with moisture and rain.
Soon they'll start the downpour,
That'll lash on my window pane.

The driving rain will drench me
Yet I keep my windows open.
I know not why I like to imagine
One day you'll come rain driven.

Poet's Notes: 'The Krishnachura' (The Delonix Regia) tree is a large tree grown in this part of the world. At Spring, the trees wear a beautiful look when red Krishnachura flowers blossom atop. You can see some pictures here:

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24 December 2015
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Khairul Ahsan

Reins

She knows that he loves her,
Yet she wants it more pronounced.
While she works at home in silence,
Wants him always to be around.

This is the story of two love birds,
Who have almost done their day.
All their off springs brought up well
And groomed in the best possible way.

Now the kids have matured and got
Their own jobs and their own future.
They have busy days with hardly a slot
To attend to their parents in good humor.

So the home is again a nest of two,
With ample time to be shared,
But the two have their own worlds too,
Yet they sometimes need to be cared.

So she wants him always to be around,
Not within eye sight he has to be found,
But within audible distance he must remain,
Just for her to feel in her hands, his rein.

Khairul Ahsan

Rude

When a poet becomes angry
With another fellow poet,
For whatever reason,
Isn't there a way,
To express it,
But being
Rude?

Dhaka
30 September 2013

Khairul Ahsan

Sensitivity

Men and women seek to hide
Their weaknesses, their frailties
An inbuilt mechanism seeks to provide
An excuse for all their infirmities.

Men and women hide in the deep
Of their own sensitive mind,
Some secrets which they keep
And guard like sentinels of some kind.

Men and women crave for a touch
A delicate touch, soft, slim and smooth,
On their frail minds, if not so much
On their skin, at old age or at youth.

When their heart is touched by words
Or eyes that translate feelings into caresses,
Their spirit soars high in the sky like birds,
Yet they shrink when love offers its embraces.

Dhaka
02 September 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

Sensual Sensory

When you gave me
A look of love,
Unseen ever,
My eyes gazed at yours.

When you whispered
Some words of love,
Unheard ever,
My ears lay in wait,
In rapt attention,
For more to hear.

When I first got
The smell of your love,
That I never smelt before,
The fragrance of flowers melted
To match your body odour
And wafted into my nostrils.

When the first drops
Of your nectarean love
Fell on my desert like tongue,
It seemed an ocean would dry up,
Yet my thirst would remain insatiable.

When I first touched your velvet skin,
You folded like a 'touch me not',
Only with the warmth of heart
Could I unfold you like a bud's petals.

Dhaka
17 March 2015
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Khairul Ahsan

Shades Of Twilight

As I stand in the shades of twilight
And look back at the day passed,
I hear whispers of love
In the songs of the returning birds,
Lapping of the gentle waves,
The passing clouds overhead,
The distant, beckoning horizon
That ushers the setting sun.

These songs take me to dreams
Of a world unknown,
Where I would wander alone,
But not bereft of love.
The songs of love,
The gentle waves,
The passing clouds and the setting sun
Will remind me of the love you bestowed.

As the nocturnal birds prepare to fly out,
And darkness descends,
I write my twilight verses
While the sun sinks down.
Some unspoken words inspire me quietly
To write the poems that I haven't written,
To speak the words that I haven't spoken
In acknowledging your love, grace and kindness.

Dhaka
25 September 2016
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(Photo Credit: Masuma Choudhuri Rumki)

Khairul Ahsan

Sharing Of Heart

A pizza can be shared
With one or more.
A bottle of water can be shared
With one or more.
A space, however small, can be shared,
With one or more.
A little laughter can be shared,
With one or more.
But one heart, however big,
Cannot be shared,
With more than one.
Or, can it be?

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12 April 2015
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Khairul Ahsan

Silent

Now I am silent,
Because I think,
I am all spent.

You hear me not,
Because I think,
I am distraught.

The queer drama,
The weird clowns,
Put me in a trauma.

The silence of grave,
Descending slowly,
On a nation so brave!

Khairul Ahsan

Silent Weep, Silent Song

When the bird stops tweeting,
Nature falls silent,
A drop from a poet's eyes
Falls on his shoes.
None to see, none to console.
Remorseful,
The bird sings again.
That makes the poet cheerful,
So he writes again.

Dhaka
14 January 2016
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Khairul Ahsan

Sleep

A child goes to sleep,
When his mom sings lullabies.
Smiles in sleep, cries in sleep,
Wakes up when no more in need,
Of sleep.

A young man is deeply engrossed,
When his fiancée brushes her fingers
Through his hairs and hum a love song.
His eyelids droop as he feels drowsy,
Yet cannot sleep, just to keep company.

An old man dozes off to sleep,
When the barber in the salon
Uses his trimmer and the scissors
On his grey wispy hair,
Though there is no love song to hear.

Khairul Ahsan

Slow Moistening

The parched grasses keep waiting
Since afternoon,
For the evening to fall,
For the silent descent of dews
Upon their tiny dried up bodies,
To rejuvenate them.

They do not want monsoon rain,
In torrents.
They want slow moistening,
As it comes when the dews fall,
As it comes when the petals of love
Unfold themselves.
They do not want to be washed away,
They want love to linger on!

Dhaka
16 October 2017
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Khairul Ahsan

Smile

When the moon smiles,
Even the darkest clouds
Cannot cover her shine.
They make way
For her to be seen
By many admiring eyes.

So keep smiling, baby,
The clouds will go away!

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13 March 2016
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Khairul Ahsan

Some Say, Some Do Not

Everybody has pains to bear,
Some say, some do not.
Everybody has a story to tell,
Some say, some do not.

Everybody wants to speak out,
Some can, some cannot.
Everybody feels shy at times,
Some blush, some do not.

Everybody wants love,
Some get, some do not.
Everybody wants to love,
All can, if they want.

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30 March 2015
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Khairul Ahsan

Sometimes

Sometimes, my heart feels heavy
Without much reason or rhyme,
When I wish to sink in a bevy
Of poems, just to pass the time.

Sometimes, my heart does yearn,
To be away from the noisy crowd,
And wait patiently to take its turn,
To fly in the azure sky as a cloud.

Sometimes, thoughts of the past
Sneak a quick peek at my heart,
These wandering thoughts cast
A dark spell, from the pain apart.

Sometimes, a cheerful mind gets
Overcast by gloom and sorrow,
Random thoughts of life's regrets
Render the heart quite narrow.

Khairul Ahsan

Sound Of Retreat

The stopwatch was set,
The finish line drawn,
The time count started,
The day we were born.

Since then the clock is ticking,
The time digits rolling,
The finish line approaching,
Unaware, we are fast running.

The timing is fixed but unknown,
The finish line drawn but unseen,
An invisible end keeps beckoning
To which we keep responding.

The Master knows the Time
And the Space to be traversed,
On His blowing the whistle,
Our bodies will be lowered.

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29 October 2017

Khairul Ahsan

Still I Stand Still

Still I stand here,
Where you had left me,
Still and speechless,
Immutable, unmoved.

Like a weeping deodar cedar
I stand, mourning my lost love,
With no bird on my branches,
No butterfly on my leaves.

The wind ruffles my leaves,
The rain washes away my tears.
The moon still rises,
While I stand alone, speechless.

Still I look for the face
That held all my dreams.
Still I await the compassion
That held me in all tenderness.

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26 July 2016
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Khairul Ahsan

Strange Coincidence

When thunders roar here,
Lightnings fall there.
The effects are the same.

Your computer 'got hurt',
My laptop's battery became inert,
The same culprit is to blame.

Now a tablet is your current resort,
A power source to my laptop's port,
Yet, virtues of poetry we steadily proclaim!

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22 October 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

Super Moon

Tonight, everybody is busy in watching
The golden moon, the Super Moon.
Supposedly, the last visible super moon
Of this year, will tonight be in full bloom.

Here, there and everywhere, people are
Gazing at the super moon a sky afar,
And frantically calling to remind each other
To view the full moon wherever they are.

My friends told me too, on phone, Skype
And Facebook, but I ignored this hype.
Not impressed, as a brighter full moon in lieu
Descends on my bed when I sleep with you.

Dhaka
10 September 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

Tears And Smiles...

Tears dropped from her eyes,
Like small beads of pearls.
They didn't want to fall,
From her eyes to the toes
But happily rolled
By the sides of her nose
Down on her cheeks
And stuck to those.

Tears that shone,
Couldn't be blown
By the strongest winds.
But when he came near,
Soon did they disappear,
For his lips to take over
Gently caressing her,
And smiles spread all over!

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28 January 2015
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Khairul Ahsan

The Girl Had A Dream

The girl had a dream,
A mundane, commonplace dream.
A dream to jointly build a nest
And live with someone quietly possessed.
Someone, who wouldn't find her faults,
Or show his red eyes, or scold.
With him she would raise children without fright,
Children that she would conceive in great delight,
Who would brighten her home and somber life.
A dream to be a loving mother and caring wife.

She would never be harsh with them,
Not too protective, nor possessive,
She would watch, like birds watch their nestlings,
And bid them goodbye when they take their wings.
Yes, her dream was just this much ordinary,
She wove this dream as a child so solitary,
As she never found peace at her home
Where her parents squabbled so off and on!
Her home was a place forlorn of love,
That made her seek love and peace like a dove.

Dhaka
18 March 2015
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Khairul Ahsan

The Hocking River

It's going to be two years so soon,
Oh how I cherish that April afternoon!
When I first took a stroll along your banks,
With my nephew to whom I owe my thanks.

I saw long lines of ducks swimming at will,
Their arbitrary movements along the rill
Was a pleasure to see and feel the mirth
Of nature's bounties on the beautiful earth.

Cherry Blossoms preparing to wither away,
Yet their pink and white sparkled all the way.
Students of the Ohio University strolled along
The pavements and banks in bondage strong.

What was once known as the Hocking Canal,
Was destroyed by flooding and broke the morale
Of the students of Ohio University and the people
Of Lancaster, Logan, Athens and Nelsonville.

A channelized section of the Hocking River
Now flows gently with waves that mildly shiver.
It's roughly paralleled by a rail trail that serves
As a recreation source that the people deserve.

Dhaka
04 April 2015
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Khairul Ahsan

The Language Of Dementia

These days I am off and on haunted
By some thoughts that keep me daunted,
And make me sad. Often do I wonder,
Will that drive us asunder,
If, one fine morning I wake up to see,
That my brain has depleted its memory!

That under oblivion my past lies buried,
I do not remember if I'm single or married,
To you or to anyone else. Those loved faces,
Of them my mind do not have even traces
Of remembrance. They all appear so queer!
Instead of love, they bring only fear.

Your visage that once occupied the lion's share
Of my memory, now gets only a blank stare.
When you try to catch my ubiquitous attention
That wanders vaguely, beyond comprehension,
Our looks may connect but without a meaning,
Side by side we would sit, without any feeling.

Well if that be so, I guess I know
What should we do at such a show.
Dementia would have a special language
To some extent that could salvage
Our lost communication.
And give our memories a reincarnation.

Touch would be the language of Dementia,
This is not at all a crazy man's utopia.
A touch would send signals to the mind
And vision to the eyes heretofore blind,
As soon as you would touch my forehead,
A flurry of activity the touch would spearhead.

Dhaka
28 September 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

The Lost Charms

When the poet had his charms on you,
The twinkling stars spoke of love,
The dancing flowers sang of love,
The twittering birds forgetting all other things,
Celebrated amorous delight fluttering their wings,
The gentle breeze whispered love wherever it blew.

Now that the poet has lost his charms,
The stars do not twinkle,
The moon doesn't smile,
The flowers do not dance, but just
Stand to attention.
The birds find their ways apart to fly away,
The brook doesn't babble but stills.
The breeze gets too heavy to blow.
The trees shed their leaves, while
A shroud of melancholy covers the poet's mind.

Dhaka
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05 October 2015

Khairul Ahsan

The Missed Embrace

Touchable distance is closeness.
Out of reach even by a point
Is a distance
That can grow wider
Even within visual contact.
Beyond that
Is only for the mind to see,
Nurture and pray for.

Dhaka
14 May 2018
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Khairul Ahsan

The Moon Still Rises...

Like those days of ours,
The moon still rises...
And spreads its soft luster
Over the mountain tops,
On the lakes, forests, deserts and
Animal habitats and human homes.

Like those days of ours,
Young lovers still forget their hours
Marveling at the moon as they walk
Holding hands, and amorously talk.

I too every now and then
Come out of my own cocoon,
And pull aside my window curtain
And look for your face beside the moon.
Once in a month on the full moon night,
I reserve some hours to search your light.

Dhaka
22 March 2016
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Khairul Ahsan

The Singing Bird

There is a sad lonely bird,
Who lives continents apart,
She sings melodious songs,
That enchant my heart.

Pouring her soul into her songs,
She loves singing at her free will
I wonder if she ever notices me,
Always all ears, to admire her skill.

There is no problem whatsoever,
As long as I keep listening to her.
The moment I ask her a question,
Off she goes into a hibernation,
And never bothers to answer!

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21 March 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

The Sparrow And The Lesson

I was then a young boy of ten.
Was doing homework, before the afternoon game.
The door was closed but the window open,
When I nearly finished, came a surprise, sudden.

From nowhere came a rushing sparrow,
Entered my room through the open window.
Kept circling over my head, yet unaware,
The naughty child had some naughty desire.

I closed the window and chased her a bit,
Wasn't easy to catch, though she had no exit.
Didn't mean to harm her, so used my wit,
Knew, chasing will tire her out and she will submit.

I chased and chased her until she dropped down,
Was quick to pick her up, touch her feathers brown.
When my palm and fingers wrapped and squeezed her
Felt her heartbeats, like those of an Olympic sprinter.

Couldn't bear her agony, so I set her free,
She flew away quickly and sat on a tree.
Took some rest for her heart to calm down,
Then flew away again, merrily, just at sundown.

Thus I missed my afternoon game, chasing
An innocent little thing without realizing,
Not all things in life that you chase and win,
You can keep for yourself, nor redeem.

Khairul Ahsan

The Thought

The thought that
You will be with me,
Together, for ever,
Keeps me warm,
Awakened, longing.

The thought that
We can talk all night
Or all day long,
Makes me eager
To talk right now.

The thought that
I can kiss you
Whenever I want,
Makes me want to
Kiss you right now.

The thought that
Our love talks precede
Our intimate touches,
Makes me want to
Start the talk forthwith.

Dhaka
05 April 2015
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Khairul Ahsan

The Ultimate

With borrowed wings you soar high in the sky,
And wonder how far beneath does the world lie!

On a pair of stilts you walk and catch the top of the beech,
And feel so complacent, thinking everything is within reach.

Hey, where will you escape, all around you is the surging sea,
You've never had the respite to learn swimming, so where'll you now flee?

Note: The original poem was written in Bangla by Dr. Humayun Kabir, USA
English translation done by Khairul Ahsan, at Dhaka on 21 May 2014, with the
poet's consent.

Khairul Ahsan

Their Conversations And Monologues

Along the earthen pavement by the side of the lake
Walks some absent minded souls;
Some self absorbed,
Some hand in hand with soulmates,
Some, just aspiring poets to be, fascinated by
Whatever the nature around them has to offer.

As they walk, they talk
To themselves or to each other.
To their soft conversations listen
The placid pool,
The mute lamp posts,
The deciduous trees and the fallen leaves.

To comfort their tired legs and waist,
Some empty benches wait eagerly.
Even the birds on the trees stop their own songs
And listen to these conversations and monologues.

Dhaka
22 June 2018
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Photo Credit: Ela Salahuddin

Khairul Ahsan

There's A Bird Up There!

There's a bird up there!
Who sings a song to me.
And every dawn I wake up,
To her melodious symphony.

There's a bird up there,
Though I hear her songs,
Yet I cannot see her.

When she starts singing,
Whether it is noon or morning
Whether it is sunny or raining,
All other sounds pause for a while,
Bees stop humming and babies smile.

Dhaka
03 March 2015
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Khairul Ahsan

Things Of Beauty

Just some extra flesh, on a shapely mold,
Tips either fluffy, or like a chick's beak,
Catechu color or brownish, on wheatish gold,
Defying gravity, defiantly, so to speak!

Born free, yet cupped and strapped,
Just to be held firm, to catch a glance,
Spring to freedom, when unstrapped,
What a beauty to see, as they dance!

To see is to believe, to touch is to feel,
Things so nice, are there only to ignite,
your strongest urge to touch, to nibble,
The beholder loving every peck and bite.

Khairul Ahsan

Thoughts Of A Passer-By

Never shall my feet touch this distant soil again,
Never shall my eyes watch this placid lake again!
God's Earth is vast and we as passers by
Can only exclaim, what, when, how and why!

Dhaka

20 April 2018

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Khairul Ahsan

Thoughts On Plato's Quote On Love

Been thinking for some days on what Plato said,
'At the touch of love, every man becomes a poet'.
What about a woman? I know how a touch of love,
Sometimes real and sometimes wishfully fancied,
Makes a woman feel like a princess. She fancies her
Prince Charming, his 'gossamer shroud of gentle love'.
Her pen keeps laying pearl like poetry as if like eggs,
Then they hatch on them, like birds sharing the chore.

What is 'a touch of love'? A touch of nature that tinges
The mind? Holding hands, listening to a maiden's story,
Looking at her beaming eyes? Feel like building a nest
While looking at birds in flight, flying to the nest at dusk?
A touch of nature's love fall as rain and rejuvenate the
Parched vegetation. Half dried rivers and canals get a new
Lease of life. A touch of a woman's love makes a man feel
Its tide not 'as a passing fancy, but a feeling he would live by'.

His rainbow mind sees colors of his choice, all around, as he
Discovers anew the beauty of this mundane world. Looks at
The nature with bemused eyes and appreciates. Modern and
Country songs and the classical music and poetry, all become
His favored pastime overnight. He looks at the ear of his
Woman and sees a waving flower in her hanging ear rings.
Suddenly he becomes a great story teller, a great listener,
Sharing poetry of their life, clasping hands in moonlit strolls.

Khairul Ahsan

Thoughts Spun Around A Nest

A crow is not the cutest thing to see,
It hardly holds any fascination for me.
Still I despise it not from my heart,
As I find it clever, alert and smart.

Just the other day I saw one of them,
In search of dried leaves as it came,
To my backyard's line of shedding trees,
And pulled out yarns from dried out twigs.

It was in a haste to build up a nest,
So it was busy all day without rest,
To collect dried leaves and grass strands
Flying here and there, in short errands.

As I saw the crow's efforts to build a nest,
I imagined activities it would do the next.
Mating with its spouse and laying of eggs,
Hatching on and on until the shell breaks.

Building a home is a scene that pleases me,
A home is the safest place one can ever be.
It starts with two, then three, four and so on,
Again back to two, when the children are gone.

Khairul Ahsan

Time's Archive

Ding dong, ding dong, so goes the bell,
Who knows, for whom it sounds the knell?
Everybody waits, for the old age, to be pious.
Lo and behold! For age, graves have no bias.

As the clock ticks, with it a moment goes,
Though a new one comes, no one knows,
When for anyone the last moment will arrive
To put him or her, for ever, in Time's archive.

Dhaka
27 September 2013
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Khairul Ahsan

To A Distant Lamp

You are a distant lamp that emits light from afar,
Your light reaches my dark corner and enlightens.
Your heart spreads warmth far and near,
Your genial warmth brightens many somber hearts.
A lady with positive vibes, a lady with sweet smiles,
A beauty that glows within but spreads over miles.

Dhaka

25 February 2017

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Khairul Ahsan

To A Loving Heart

When I want to feel loved,
I think of you.
When I want some beautiful words
To soothe me,
I look you up.
When I want to see 'a thing of beauty',
I look up at your page.
When I want to see beauty itself,
I utter your name.
Knowing,
That your face is not to be seen,
But only the light you emit
From your loving heart,
Through your kind words,
Can be seen and felt.

Dhaka
13 January 2016
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Khairul Ahsan

To A Selfless Hero!

You were not called for your service,
As you were already retired
From Thai Navy;
But your conscience,
Your love for children and humanity
Sent you to Tham Luang Nang Non Cave,
At the base of a mountain locally called
'The Sleeping Princess'.

You made sure that the soccer boys and their coach
Had enough oxygen to come back;
You placed oxygen tanks along the route of their return,
But alas! Your own tank got depleted while on duty.
You being unaware, unconcerned about yourself,
Quietly "ran out of air"!

All of them returned home safe, but you.
You set an example of supreme sacrifice
For the love of humanity,
In the service of mankind.

My salute to you, Petty Officer Saman Kunam!
May you rest in peace in heaven!

Dhaka
11 July 2018
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Khairul Ahsan

To A Solitary Mourner

For fourteen years,
Winters came and Winters gone,
The warm bed, the coziness,
Has since been forlorn.

Now for a little warmth,
You have only imaginations.
Curling up alone night after night
With imaginary cuddles and kisses
You keep your warmth alight
In the cozy comforter's fancied delight.

For fourteen years,
Springs have come and gone.
Flowers blossomed, grasses looked green,
His face appeared at every scene.

Above the flowers butterflies hovered
To remind you of your parted beloved.
You tenderly touched some flower petals
As though you touched his parched lips.
Astride your walkway here and there,
You saw his loving face everywhere.

Dhaka
19 January 2016
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Khairul Ahsan

To A Young Poet

Words of love, softly spoken though,
I can hear you, as your words flow.
Nice and innocent, your wishes and dream,
Flowing from your heart, like a natural stream.

Khairul Ahsan

To An Unseen Beauty

Oh my unseen beauty,
If ever I could brush my hands
On your perfect, toned body,
I know I would feel the touch
Of a bird's feather, as though!
If ever I could put my ears on
Your soft bosom, I know I would
Hear the lapping of a flowing river.

If I could look at your eyes,
Perhaps I would see a warm bed
Strewn with roses, laid there,
And my dreams drawn all over!
If ever I could hear your voice,
Then whatever you might speak,
I know I would hear a cuckoo's coo
All the while. all the while!

Dhaka
04 March 2015
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Khairul Ahsan

To My Old Mother

You burned your hands and cooked my food,
Your face was scorched by the blazing heat
And flame of the earthen oven.
The same two hands tremble today,
Seeking mine to hold;
The same face is cool today, gazing...
Through the window,
Towards the path of my home coming!

Dhaka
13 May 2018 (Mothers' Day)
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Khairul Ahsan

To 'The Ocean Of Love'

My poems, perhaps reach you no more,
My words come back from your door,
Unread and unheard.

I pick them up, can't look at their eyes,
Set them free, to fly away to the skies,
My eyes get blurred.

My messages, too, are welcome no more,
They are not eagerly awaited, as before,
With as much ardor.

There is no way that I can call them back,
As their voyage was on a one way track,
So, they'll wait in the harbor.....

Of 'The Ocean of Love'!

Khairul Ahsan

Uncertain

Suddenly we met again that day,
On a railway carriage.
Our destinations were different,
Our glances were recurrent,
For some time we were near
Each other, though not together.

I had to disembark first,
With no word said but smiles cast,
Half acknowledged and half lost,
While I kept my fingers crossed.
Couldn't know your destination
As I didn't ask about your station.

Wondered where you would go,
Which home you would enter,
Which bed you would retire on,
And like your old habit,
Would you read a poem or two,
From the book kept under your pillow?

Would you wander to a fairyland,
While still holding the book in hand,
Would you see a dream wide awake?
Where slowly appears a poet's visage,
One that you love or not, is a mystery,
One that creeps into the lines of poetry.

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24 January 2015
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Khairul Ahsan

Valentine Day Thoughts

Your name and mine,
As each other's valentine
Shall forever shine.

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14 February 2016
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Khairul Ahsan

Void Feelings

A child clutches at her father's finger,
Her hands held firmly by her mother.
A woman wants her man's ardent arms
Wrap her in strength and loving charms.
A man seeks in his woman's bosom
A space for love, peace and inspiration.

These little bonds of love and affection
Keep us tied in complete satisfaction.
But alas! One day we may come to know
That we've to loosen the clasp and let go
Our loved ones as they grow up and find
A nest for themselves and leave us behind.

Dhaka
30 April 2017
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Khairul Ahsan

Waiting

I have since been waiting
Alone, here,
Hoping and believing,
That someone will
Discover me,
Visit me,
Befriend me.

I have had chats enough,
With birds,
Butterflies,
Fallen leaves and
Fleeting clouds.
I need a human
To love me now.

Will you?

Dhaka
03 September 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

What Else!

What else can I do?
Than choosing my own way
To hibernate and go into oblivion,
And muse and mull over your sweetness?

What else can I say?
Than utter whispers of silence,
That make me half heard, half not,
And leave you guessing what's in my thought!

All that I can think of
Is love, nothing but love.
The thought of love overwhelms
And leaves much to be said in unspoken words.

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12 November 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

What, If.....

What, if a singing bird has no choice,
But to quietly mute her own voice,
Who would notice, who would care?

What, if a brooding bard caps his pen,
Will there be anybody to see the pain,
And to visit his den to drop a tear?

What, if a babbling brook loses its way,
In the arid plains, in the soil parched gray,
Who would cry for rain, in a solemn prayer?

Dhaka

12 December 2014

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Khairul Ahsan

When.....

When I look at an old woman's face,
I instantly remember my grandmother,
And remember how I used to touch
Her soft skin and tried to straighten
The wrinkled folds and the jutted veins,
As she watched me do this and smiled.

When I see an old couple walk along,
Hand in hand, pausing here and there,
I feel like joining them, listen to them,
Accompany them up to a segment or two,
And patiently hear their retrieved stories
Of wisdom and experience gained from life.

But when I look at a couple of lovebirds,
I feel no desire of playing a goose berry,
As they are usually so deeply absorbed,
To be oblivious to the passage of time.
To them, I only wish in solemn solitude
May their stream of love never run dry.

When I look at the happy children at play,
Boisterously frolicking here and there,
I wish to join them, not as what I am now,
But as a child that I was, fifty years yore.
Unaware they are, of what they will miss,
These golden moments, a lifetime bliss.

When I look at a new baby, just born,
Hardly a few hours old, yet they yawn,
Look with open eyes at their labored mom,
Then I remember my happiest moments,
The time when my first son was born.
He too stared at his mother, with a yawn.

Khairul Ahsan

Whispers

I love to hear your words,
But more than that,
I love to hear your whispers.

Whispers connect to the heart
Quicker than words
With an aura of nearness.

Warm whispers warm up the soul.
Little by little, can also kindle
A cold desire to flames.

□

Dhaka
30 March 2018
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Khairul Ahsan

Will You Tell Me?

Thirteenth year is the first teen year,
And that's a very crucial year for all,
From here begins the first step towards
Adolescence, whence comes life's turmoil.

You said everything started going crazy,
From this eventful turning point of life.
You said every night you went to bed,
With drops of tears rolling from a strife.

You wished tomorrows would just go away,
But tomorrows came, and came the miseries,
With pretensions of happiness you moved on,
Ignoring the sadness, and your life's vagaries.

'No one to really call my own, no one to care'
Were the words that fell heavily on my heart,
Wanted to hug you, and listen to your story,
Will you tell me? From miles and miles apart?

Khairul Ahsan

Wisdom Of Life

If you've known sadness as a child,
It's not too bad, for how would you
Have known the difference between
Sadness and happiness, otherwise?

A drop or two of the silent tears that
Rolled down your chubby cheeks then,
Dried away soon, giving you a glimpse,
Of how it hurts, so that you do not hurt.

In adolescence, if your heart ached
In silence, in solitude, 'cause you didn't
Have anybody to confide in, to share
Your feelings and thoughts, that's okay.

Heaves of heavy sighs that merged quietly
With the gentle breeze, left your lungs
Refreshed with the lighter ones. Now you
Know, why to listen patiently to the teenagers.

If your heart was ripped apart, most
Unkindly, by the rejection of your love,
Oh isn't that just a matter of the past?
You have learned to move on, so well!

At the advanced stage, if you know grief
And sadness anew, well that's a boon.
It makes you familiar with the pangs of
Sadness of all ages. That is wisdom of life.

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13 March 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

Womb

You nurture seeds of mankind,
Nurture it with love and passion,
Hold it within your confines, and
Provide it with a safe sanctuary.

Afloat on a fluid chamber, you're
A perfect bed for a human fetus.
Dark, warm, soft and shockproof.
Solidly protected even on move.

Carrying a fetus for forty weeks,
You deliver it as a human being.
Whether conceived in love or not,
Equally you see their well being.

Oh the eternal cradle of mankind,
How can we be enough grateful!
To you and to your age old carrier,
The womenfolk, mothers for ever!

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01 January 2015
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Khairul Ahsan

Women

Women bare their breasts,
To suckle their babies and
Fill their tiny stomachs
With their body nectar.
Unconditionally, whenever
They want, affectionately.

Also they do so, to oblige
Their lovers' fervent desires
Or of their own, for a touch
That kindles intense passion,
A love of some different kind.
In both these acts, women's
Breasts represent as though
Mother earth incarnate, that
Strengthens the humankind,
Nourishes and helps procreate.

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12 August 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

Yea And Nay

Men and women quite often may,
Mean the opposite when they say,
Those simple words yea or nay,
While in a courtship or in a fray.
So weigh these two words every way.

Just to be polite, women may say
A feeble yea which in fact is a nay.
Before they say a certain yea or nay,
Of pros and cons they make a survey
Keeping their real intents held at bay.

When men ask their women out,
To a date, a stroll or a dine-out,
Often falter when they go about
Taking a yea or a nay sans doubt.
And lose the fun of the cosy hang out.

Khairul Ahsan

Yellow Flowers

In the bright yellow flowers
And the dark green leaves
I see your cheerful visage.
The sky seen through the
Openings cast a gloomy
Spell on my mind though.

The sweet fragrance of the
Fresh yellow flowers, arrives
Wafted by the cool breeze.
It reminds me of your aroma,
And body heat, which I only
Fancied but never basked in.

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23 December 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

You

It's always a pleasure to read your poems.
They usually come to me like pieces of gems.
They leave a lingering delight in my mind,
Of soft feelings, so soothing that's hard to find.
You are a poet of peace, of love and clarity,
A poet of pristine serenity and of beauty.
You are an admirer of nature,
Admirer of the fleeting seasons,
You enjoy the seasonal changes,
Without looking for good reasons.
You 'always carry a song in your heart',
And always appreciate all that's a fine art.
You love dancing, singing, songs and music,
Yourself can produce a magnificent lyric.
I love your poems, and love your thoughts,
As also the greetings of peace, quite a lot.

Dhaka

02 October 2013

Khairul Ahsan

You And Me

You and me,
Passed thirty years and three,
Through Spring and Winter, rain and shine,
Enjoyed our life, barely with a hint of a whine.

You and me,
Like birds on a tree,
Built our nest, with endless zest,
Hardly caring about taking some rest.

You and me,
Went on a spree,
To adorn our sweet little hut,
Not much knowing, what was what!

You and me,
Started a family,
Before realizing what could be,
The meaning of life, entwined, not free!

You and me,
While sipping tea,
Made our plans, like a bumblebee,
To gather pollen for 'our youngs to be'.

You and me,
Passed days windy,
Have weathered many storms,
That came in many forms.

You and me,
Both heartily agree,
That we have lived our eventful life,
Singing a chorus, without much strife.

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06 October 2013
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Khairul Ahsan

You Are Not A Poet

When hurt, a person cries.
When bereaved, a person wails.
When broken down, a person sobs.
When cheated in love, a person weeps.
You are not a poet, if you cannot understand,
All these cries, wails, fits of sobbing or silent weeping.

A drop of tear may look
Like a pearl when it hangs from an eye.
The beholder knows how difficult it is to hold
Or suppress a falling tear. Desperately s/he wishes
The tear to dry off before it rolls down or is seen by others.
You are not a poet, if you do not see the pain behind the pearl.

When the voice is muted, the eyes speak.
When both are lost by distance, a person writes.
When the pen stops, the piano lends voice to the
Feelings of the heart. The unspoken words are then
Narrated through the variations of the musical notes.
You are not a poet, if you cannot translate the tune.

Khairul Ahsan

Your Corner At Home

There is a secluded corner at our home,
At which I look everyday and quietly watch
How deftly you have built a world of yours.
With your own neat hands you have stacked
All your 'own' commodities in perfect order.

Sometimes I'm curious to know what all
You've kept there, your own 'possessions'
That you fancied to possess and preserve.
When you are alone, at times you open
This world to yourself and tidily rearrange.

Your slender fingers search through the nooks
And the corners to reassure things are alright.
Between the layers you touch and look for
Not some currency notes nor some jewellery,
But my thirty some years old scribed letters!

You have a chest for money there, and some
Secret chambers for jewellery and valuables too.
More than those you love to touch, feel and read
My old letters and some of yours as well, edited,
But never posted, just read and folded back in place.

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15 April 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

Your Face

On a corner of my mind's canvas
When your elegant visage flashes,
Everything around seems lustrous,
Radiating all around so much love
And affection. So nice and coveted!
And up until your face does appear,
Everything looks so dull, lustreless,
That I keep waiting and waiting,
Gazing at the sky in search of a moon,
An ambient moon that your face is.

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01July 2015
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Khairul Ahsan

Zero

One plus one
Is equal to two.
Two minus one
Is equal to zero!

Dhaka
21 March 2014
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Khairul Ahsan

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Khairul Ahsan