

Poetry Series

Ravi Kopra
- poems -

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Ravi Kopra()

[sonnets Are Full Of Love, And This My Tome] A Christina Rossetti Mother Day Love Poem In Hindi/Urdu Translation

BaDay geet pyaar k likhay gaye hain
mere pyar ki geetoN ki pustak main
ye ek aur pyaar k geet hai
jo main ne us ke liya likha hai
jiska dil mere dil k ghar main hai

Apni pyari maaN k liye
jis ke ghutnoN pe baithkar
pyaar karna main ne seekha hai
jis ki sewa karna mera faraz hai
jab main bhool bhalanda rasta kho baithta hoon
meri maaN dhruv taare ki tarah raasta mujhe dikhati hai

Aye meri maaN, kyuN k tu mujhe pyar karti ho
aur main tum ko pyaar karta hoon
main ne tere liye apni kavitaon se ek taaj banaya hai
jis se main tere naam ko ujala kar dalooN ga:
kam se kam assi saloN tak tumhari pyaar ki ujala
jal rehi hai jiski roshni zamaane main
samahe, badlaav aur maut par ab tak ujala daal rehi hai.

Ravi Kopra

A Beautiful Night - An Italian Poem Of Giuseppe Ungaretti In English Translation

What song has risen tonight
that echos my pure
clear heart to stars

What a spring festival
of marrying hearts in love

I was a steady
pool of darkness

Now I bite space
like a baby biting
his mother's breasts

I'm now
in the drunkenness
of the universe

Ravi Kopra

A Book Of Verses Underneath The Bough, A Rubaiyat Of Omar Khyyam In Hindi/Urdu Translation

kisi beea-baan main
peD ki shakha k neechay
agar kavita ki ek kitab mere paas hai
meri surhaee main khoob shraab hai
khaney peeney ka kuchH samaan hai
aur gaaney gati hue tu mere paas hai
to tHukraooN ga main jannat ko is beea-baan k liye

Ravi Kopra

A Boulevard In Bangkok

A thousand Thai ladies on the shady boulevard
prance stop light to stop light near midnight
Their sandals' heels 6 inches high with extra 2 inches of spikes
in case they have to use them in self defence sometimes

The boulevard shines with red blue neon lights.
The bars are full of people loaded with liquor.
They smoke, they talk loudly in the deafening music
and exhale clouds of white smoke in the air

When you pass by the high healed women
Their steps soon start matching yours.
They come closer to you by your side and
try fixing their bra straps a little loose.

For you to have a peek on the melons and pomegranates
to assure you, you could savor them fully.
They lean near your ears and whisper softly -
2000 bahts, I'll show good times, yes? yes?

Ravi Kopra

A Boy Is Raped In Kehrore Pakka, Pakistan

A nine year old boy
hides his face, ashamed
his clerk teacher in the madrassa raped him

He is sitting on a cot, his crying mother beside him
his aunt stands behind him against the wall in disbelief
a helpless, voiceless man, perhaps his father

Ponders near the window if to lodge a complaint
fearful the cleric will file threaten him with blasphemy
to get him beheaded and himself go scot free

Mom asks

Did he touch you? yes, says the son
did he hurt you when he touched you? yes, he says in low voice
did he rape you? He buries his head in his scarf and nods, yes

His pants are soaked in blood.
He cries, unstoppingly.
She sobs and chokes when she tries to talk.

Ravi Kopra

A Brother Comments On Poems

"Such a powerful poem
such a lovely poem
such an excellent poem

such a fine poem
such a good poem
such a well penned poem filled with love

such a poem full of love
such a lovely poem full of love
such a poem filled with faith, hope, and love

such an excellent and powerful poem
such a fine poem
such an exciting poem

such a powerful poem
such a touching biblical poem
Such a profound poem"

- all copied and many more such and such comments

Ravi Kopra

A Clear Midnight, A Poem By Walt Whitman In Hindi/Urdu Translation

aey meri rooh
ab tera waqat aa giya hai
azaadi se chup chap uD jane ko
din khtam ho chuka hai
kitaboN se, art se tum ne sub seekh liya hai
ab bharpoor ho, chup chap ho, dekh rehi ho, soch rehi ho
sab kuch apni dil pasandgi se -
raat, neend, maut aur asmaan main taroN ko.

Ravi Kopra

A Comment On A Poem By Gajanan Mishra: In X-Ray At Poemhunter

Mishra ji, I like your passion for writing poetry.
But it is entertaining nevertheless!

And many a time your poetry brings smiles
For obvious and not so obvious reasons.

X rays can tell you more than your words
for your belly pain, for example.
Or breathing problems, or broken bones.

You will say - pain pain and cry
X-rays will say - broken bones

you will say - cough, no breath
X-rays will say - pneumonia, bronchitis, asthma

and all your confusions will go away
you will come home from doctor's office with medicine

and your wife will make you some coffee
and tuck you in your bed under a warm blanket

lie closer to you to give you more warmth
and perhaps give you a kiss or two

when at your Indian home
your kids, your parents are not around

and you will heal in no time
and say to your wife - I love you.

Ravi Kopra

A Comment On The Comment Of Savita Tayagi On A X-Ray Poem By Gajanan Mishra

X-rays don't reveal everything
says Savita Tayagi ji.
Then you go for a cat scan
or for an MRI scan.
If they fail
go for the doctor's knife.
And if it still fails
go to Hanuman ji temple
in your neighborhood and pray -
O, the king of monkeys!
You can remove mountains
and fly with them in your arms
from Haridwar to Sri Lanka.
Now my dear monkey god,
please, please remove my pains!

If your pain is in the pelvis
better go to the temple of Shiva.
He protects all yonis and lingams
if you are in true pains
and you are not feigning the pains
of young boys and girls
who are just coming of age
and think of nothing else
except yonis and lingams.
Their pain is such no body can heal
except another yoni or lingam in pain.

Ravi Kopra

A Couplet After Kabir

pagla dohay likhan chala, uski chaploosi main sab khoay
pagle aise dohay likh ja ki sansaar ka bhalla hoay

Ravi Kopra

A Dead Man Says This

On the cremation grounds
The body of a dead man was turned into ashes
Except his skull, his hips and knee joints.

The large eye cavities
Stare at the mourners standing by and say -
You too one day will end up like this
Be virtuous and live a loving life.

Ravi Kopra

A Difficult Discourse

Before I finish what I have to say
she starts interrupting me
and disagreeing with me before
I finish what I was going to say.
If I make her agree with me
she does not want to listen to me
and starts saying things that
are not relevant to what I was saying.
If I let her speak and keep myself quiet
She gets angry that I am not listening
and neither agreeing nor disagreeing
what she is saying to me.
Our words make fragments of sentences
that fly and hover over our bed
and disappear in the darkness of night.
While we move to our favorite corners
of the bed to rest and catch some sleep,
she complains: I think you no longer love me...

Ravi Kopra

A Dog After Love, A Poem By The Israeli Poet Yehuda Amichai In Urdu/Hindi Translation

tu chali gayee muj ko choD kar
haaN, iska bhi hai ilaj mere pass

main kahuNga apne kutte ko -
sooNg le teri sugand achi tarah
mere pait aur meri cHaati se

bhar jaeNge jab us k faifDay teri khusboo se
cHod dooNga usay teri talash main

rakhooN ga ye umeed k vo cheer kar le aae ga
tumare ashig k fotay aur azoo tanasul ko
kam se kam teri chudi aur jangiay ko

fotay= undkosh, testicles

azoo tanasul= ling, penis

sugand= smell

pait= belly

pHayfDray= lungs

chudi aur jangiay= panties

talash= khoj, find, search

cHaati= chest

Ravi Kopra

A Donkey Poem, Inspired By I Am What I Am, You Are What You Are Poem Of Gnrao Rao

Donkeys, camels, horses, giraffes
do deserve human love
though donkeys the most
the beast of burden
no matter how humbly
he serves mankind
he is still a donkey, an idiot!

Dear donkey
you should have been a cow
the people would have worshipped you
even would have sipped your urine
would have used your droppings
to warm their huts, to cook their food
to plaster their floors, temples' floors
to live on it, to worship on it
how come your droppings are not as holy as holy cows'.

You must like Gandhi ji
march with fellow donkeys in the streets
go on hunger strikes, have satyagrahs
and protest not to be called a donkey
as a paki doesn't want to be a paki.

You must demand donkey worship
you must demand equality
you are not less than a cow
though a coward you might be
taking all beatings of your master
whom you serve faithfully
and he still calls you a donkey. What shame!

Not even once he puts flower
garlands around your neck,
nor ever puts a tilak on your head,
sometime in this kal-yuga I wonder
if you are a donkey or your master is.

Ravi Kopra

A Drinking Song, A Poem By William Butler Yeats In Hindi/Urdu Translation

sharab ka pyala jab aata hai
to hont us pe lag jate hain
mohabbat jab aati hai
to ankheN takrati hain
ye buDape aur marne se pehle
jawaani ki kya sach baat hai!
main sharab ka ek ghoont lete hue
tume dekhata hoon aur kehta hoon -
hey bhagwaan, tu kitni khoobsoorat hai!

Ravi Kopra

A Feeling Of Love

Your voice gave me joy
in my chest I could not contain
I clapped my hands and danced
like a young boy dances

getting a pair of new shoes
from his mom and dad
as a Christmas gift.
And I got my gift of you

for the whole of my life when
I heard your voice asking me: do you
hear me, do you hear me?
Yes, I heard you as clear as

the fresh water of a still lake
making gentle waves under a vast
blue open sky of an early spring.
I felt warmth rushing in my skin.

Ravi Kopra

A Haiku By Basho In Hindi/Urdu Translation ?????? ?????

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Ravi Kopra

A Hand-Mirror Poem By Walt Whitman In Hindi/Urdu

Zara sheeshay main apna chehra to dekho
(kaun hai ye? kya tum ho?)
acHay khasay bahr se tumhare kapDay hain
aur andar raakh aur gandh bhara paDa hai
aankhen ab chamakti nahin
aawaaz sureeli nahin
chalana dawaN-dol hai

Moonh se sharab ki badboo aati hai
chehra nikamma sa hai
jism main aatshik-sozaaz hai
phephDay barbaad hain
pait main peeDa aur phoDay hain
joDoN main dard hai
aantrion main gandh bhara hai
khoon kala sa zeharila hai
awaaz buD-baDati hai
cHoona, sun-na haram hai
dimag kaam nahin karta
dil khoon nahin chalata
ling ki kashis barbaad hai

Marnay se pehle sheeshay main
ek baar apna chehra to dekho
aise hi tum paida huay the
aise hi ab tum mar jao gay

Ravi Kopra

A Haynaku Love Poem

She
said, good
night, my love

I
wished her
good night too

She didn't sleep
Nor did
I

She
kissed me
on my neck

I
kissed her
on her breasts

She
liked it
said, yes yes

I
said, let
us make love

We did for
hours till five
a.m.

Then we slept
till two
p.m.

Ravi Kopra

A Haynaku Poem - I Love You

Hindus
worship gods
made of stones

Muslims
worship Allah
always facing Mecca

Buddhists
worship Buddha
squatting on ground

I worship none
I love
you

Ravi Kopra

A Haynaku Poem- Love

Your beauty captures
my broken
heart

My heart isn't
broken, it's
Shattered

Your heart's like
a cold
stone

My heart burns
in your
love

My sweet heart
I love
you

You don't love
me. I
cry

Kiss me again
make me
happy

Mi
carino, without
you, I die.

Ravi Kopra

A Hindi Haiku, ?????????? ???? ???? ?

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Ravi Kopra

A Hindi Haiku, ????? ???? ?

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Ravi Kopra

A Hindi Haiku?? ??? ?? ????? ????

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Ravi Kopra

A Hindi Haynaku - An Incantation

Om

Shanti shanti

Om shanti shanti

Ravi Kopra

A Hindi Haynaku - Badmaash

dafa
ho ja
badmaash kahin ka

Ravi Kopra

A Homage To D.H. Lawrence

Today I read Lawrence's poem
On breasts like Gloire de Dijon.
I saw the golden shadows
Of swung breasts swaying
Like full-blown yellow roses
On the panes of showers.
Now as I sit down to write
My daily poem, I cannot concentrate.
My lines pale against the yellow roses,
Against the glistening silver shoulders,
Against the sluicing sounds
Of rain disheveled petals.
I desire now my day white lilies
And my evening jasmine.
Someday I'll celebrate them in a poem,
But now I pay homage to Lawrence,
Wanting swung breasts swaying
Like full-blown yellow roses
Like Gloire de Dijon.

Ravi Kopra

A Homage To Hansmukh Amathalal After Reading Smile To Greet His Poem Of The Day

After seventeen thousand
two hundred twenty five poems,
a never ending smile rises,
the readers meet and greet him
here in thundering applauses.

Someone asks -
have you lost your English primer?
Another one says - you got for yourself
your own six comments and a big ten!
Wow, wow, what's wrong with it or with them?

Pidgin or Oxford English
Pay no attention to them
A penny by penny ad
You draw in millions.

Your poems put together will
surpass all pages of Bible, Koran
Mahabharata, Gita and Ramayana
all put together - a guinness world record.

Pay no attention to them, Hansmukh Amathalal.
Let them cry amma amma, if they don't like your poems.
No body can master English, even the English poets,
(they are not English English, they are Indian Angrez)
And the light never shines in the dark souls.

Ravi Kopra

A Homage To Harley White, A Poet At Poemhunter

Unique poems from unique Harley White
Nobody can match her
With so much knowledge of
Art, astronomy, poetry.

A scientist, an artist, a poet
She soars high in the skies
and leaves ancient angels, fairies
deities for ancient minds behind.

Congratulations!
You wizard. You intellectual
Show light to the dark minds
What the universe is, help them find.

Ask them: where are their fairies and angels
Where is the dome upon which their God lives in heavens
And under which the warring man lives, brain-washed
by his son's followers, messengers, paigambar.

Ravi Kopra

A Homage To Tokonishiki Yasoichi

What can you not do? You can
crush an advancing elephant
in your bare left hand and
squeeze the hell out of it
silencing his raging trumpets
till Jesus descends from heaven
and raises the dead.

You can face a pouncing lion.
With a single hit from your fist, you
can send him tumbling down to the ground.
He sucks his roaring sounds and the
monkeys and langurs from tree tops
jump down, cheering you, dancing around.

With a single kick of your right foot
you can send a jumping leopard spinning
up in the air, never to come near you.

You can uproot the Mount Fuji
and carry it in your arms
to roast a thousand Chinese chickens
ten holy bulls from India
a hundred bakra-e-id Pakistani goats
an ibex from Abbottabad, a Saudi camel,
to make your evening dinner

to gobble it all down with
a truck load of milk from Texas
two tons of cheese from Denmark
a thousand bottles of Russian vodka
and two drums of white rice saki.

Konishiki Yasoichi, six feet four
six hundred thirty pounds
a mountain of a man,
I humbly bow before you
a thousand thousand times.

A Laborer, A Hindi Poem By Raj Swami In English Translation

A laborer works
Hard for a loaf of bread
He is sad.
He sheds tears of poverty
In his loneliness
He puts his children to bed early
And tells them -
In their dreams they will see
Jesus with armfuls of buttered bread.

Ravi Kopra

A Lament, A Poem By Percy Bysshe Shelley In Hindi/Urdu Translation

hae ye dunia, hae ye sameh, hae ye zindgi!
main kis raaste pe ab chaloON
jidhar bhi dekhta hoon kaampne lag jata hoon.
kya kabhi fir se vo khushioN k din vapis aaen gey?
nahin, nahin, kabhi nahin!

har raat har din
khushi ka namo-nishan nahinhai
sardi, garmi, bahar k sub mausum
mere dil ko ab dukh dete hain.
aur khushi ki koe bhi baat?
nahin, nahin, ab koe nahin!

Ravi Kopra

A Letter, A Love Poem By The Polish Poetess Maria Pawlikowska Jasnorzewska In Urdu/Hindi Translation

khat us ko aaya hai
dil uska machlaya hai
saib k peD phooloN se ladday huey hain
wahan ja kar paDegi vo apnay khat ko

khat paDti hai
haath galley pe le jaati hai
paoN us k phisal jaatay hain
hawaa main Ud jaati hai

Ravi Kopra

A Little Frightened Is My Heart, A Hindi Poem By Raj Swami In English Translation

A little frightened
is my heart

Still it hopes
you will come

I've a lit a lamp
For your arrival

For me to be awake
Not to sleep waiting for you

I hope not to breathe my last
Before I see you for the last time

It is my last wish to show you my love
It is my last wish to pass away in peace

While telling those all around me -
How much I loved you all my life

I pray my waiting does not come to an
End before I see you for the last time.

Ravi Kopra

A Love Date

She lives in Naples, Italy
She's sweet, smart and curvy

That's what she says openly
Greet me with coffee in the morning in bed

Take me for breakfast to the Tiffany
Tell me I am beautiful, you love me

I'd return you all your favors
With every flavor you've on mind

I love seeing the moon rising
On a beach blanket in late evening

A bottle of fine wine, two glasses
Red grapes and you, all naked

Full play is best on the first date
With lots and lots of love kisses

That open your heart and wallet soon
To buy me diamonds, cars and jewels

Diamonds are forever and ever you know
I will be forever yours, you must know

Till all the diamonds mines in S. Africa are empty
And you head to the court to file your bankruptcy

Someone who greets me with coffee in the morning, tells me I'm beautiful and tells me that he loves me! I would be grateful and return the favor!

Ideal Date

Beach blanket, moon rising, bottle of wine, two glasses and grapes! ! Naked first dates are always the best! ! Hopefully lots of romantic kisses!

Ravi Kopra

A Love Letter Of A Poet

The whole of myself, my love
Is lost in you
I feel always you are with me
I see and hear you
And feel your touch, so soft.
You are my whole being
I am yours, my love
My soul misses you.

Ravi Kopra

A Love Poem

In this cup of tea
I smell flowers of jasmine

My love, have you sneaked in here wittingly
To give me the fragrance of your love?

How can I forget
When we walked together

In Tampa in the garden of flowers
I picked some blooming buds of jasmine

Made a little circle of them
And put it around your wrist

While you lovingly twirled the circle
I planted on your rosy lips a kiss.

Ravi Kopra

A Love Poem By Susan Wheeler In Hindi/Urdu Translation

meri maaN wahaN baithu hi rehi
mere bahr aane k baad
baap ne darwaza bund kar diya

jab main tere darwaze pe paunchi
tum bhagte bhagte muje milne aaey
mera haath apne haath main le kar

choomne lagay, gaanay lagay
jaise k mera bazzo
koe ek bansoori ho aur tumara geet -

bhool ja bhool ja, jo ho chuka hai, ho chuka hai
O meri jaaN, meri jaaN
jaane ki ab zarrorat kya hai!

Ravi Kopra

A Love Poem In A Haynaku

She was angry
shouted at
him

You cheated, you
slept with
Suzy

You did too
he said
Remember?

What Tom told
me yesterday.
Liar

Liar
he's liar
I never did

You did, you
did, I
know

But you did
first, admit
admit

No, you did
first, admit
admit

No one did
nothing. Just
jealousy

They made up
They made
love.

Ravi Kopra

A Love Poem In Punjabi With English Translation

"teriaN yaadaN aandiaN nay
tera pyaar kaday nahin bhulda"
eho jhiaaN jhooth-mooth diaN galaaN
log kyon maarday firday nay?

jadon tuhanu koi naveeN aurat mil jaandi hai
jo tuhanu chahndi hai
mithian-mithian galan kar k
tuhanu fasaandi hai

ya koi ik hor kuDi jis dian
akhiyaN neeliaN nay
waal sonay wargay nay
tay chamri chitti hai
dhup wargi hai, dudh wargi hai
taaN saaray jhooth-mooth saabat ho jaanday nay

tay tussin aapni naveeN sahele nu
fir o hi gaanay gaanday ho -
"terian yaadan aandian nay
tera pyaar kaday nahin bhulda."

I cannot forget you
I cannot forget your love

Why people go on telling
lies like these?

When you find a new women
who wants to screw you

And talks sweet things to you
to entrap you

Or

When you meet a blond

whose eyes are blue

Whose skin is as white
as milk or sunlight

All your lies then
prove to be true -

You sing the same old love song
to your new girl friend -

I cannot forget you
I cannot forget your love.

Ravi Kopra

A Love Poem In Urdu And English

Don't tell me stories of Ram Sita
don't tell me stories of Mahabarta

inko sun chuki hoon hazaarON baar
shudh ho chuki hai meri atmaan

tell me some story of love
holding me in your arms

sunao mujhay koe mohabbati dastaaN
dil behlao mera apni bahoN main

lagao mere khoon main aag
jaltay huay aangaroN say

Put my blood on fires
Like burning pieces of charcoal

I am waiting for you
get on top of me

intzaar kar rehi hoon main tera
aa jao chaD aao mere oopar

ghuma dooNgi main tujay
ek bhambeeri ki tarah

let me twirl you like a top
you spin and see the stars

aur dekhnay lag jao gay
aasman main chamaktay taray

dig into me deep, deeper
the bushes are shorn off

let flowers grow in this garden
like crazy glue, glue us together, forever

the soil is dry and pretty arid
wet it, whet it with your streaming love

O meri jaan, let me be your Parvati
Be my ghan-shyaam, mera Shiva

Ravi Kopra

A Love Sting And A Prayer To Allah

Who is he who put
a spell on me?
I can't sleep
I sigh all night.

Who is he
who has stolen my sleep
and my heart burns for him?

ye kya tilism hai kyuuñ raat bhar sisakta huuñ
vo kaun hai jo diyoñ meñ jala raha hai mujhe

SAQI FARUQI

- -

She's so glamorous
So beautiful, so graceful
Every youth in the city
Wants to marry her

Still

How wonderful would it be
If it is 'Ravi'
The poor guy, so far
hasn't be so lucky

If he is

He would go to
Every mosque in the whole of the city
And thank Allah five times, nay ten times
A day, praying facing West where Kaba is
And rubbing his forehead on the floor till it sores
To show to the people what a believer he is.

A Lover From Palestine

Teri aankhen mere dil k kante hain
dil main dard daltay hain
phir bhi main unay pyar karta hoon
hawa se bachata hoon
jism main rakhta hoon
dukh aur raat se bachaye rakhta hoon
in k zakhm diye jala detay hain
kal aaj paunch jata hai
meri aatma se bhi pyari hain teri aankhen
jab kabhi main ye bhool jata hoon
aankh se aankh mil jati hai
mujhe yaad hai ek bar darwazay k peechey
sirf hum dono hi khaDay thay.

- -to be continued

Ravi Kopra

A Meeting, A Hindi Love Poem By Raj Swami In English Translation

My soul will merge into hers
when to my house she comes
as my bride for the first time
sitting in a carriage carried
by four men on their shoulders.
Our hearts will be beating fast
Desiring and greeting each other.
On my head now is being placed
A crown showing my love for her.
Soon I will be seeing her
No more can I wait to be away from her
My patience is running out to be with her.

Ravi Kopra

A Moment

Time moved on like the winds
Somewhere it brought cold
Somewhere to someone it brought
the feelings how hard it is live life
Somewhere to someone it brought
storms in the turn of his life
destroying everything in its wake.
It made my moments of happiness to remember.

Ravi Kopra

A Monkey Poem

O you naughty monkey,
what are you upto today?
Sitting on the tree top
playing with the coconuts,
eating a bit and then hitting
our heads with the cannon balls!
You know, the coconut was
the fruit of choice of our sages?
They drank its cool sweetish water
The ate it's fresh flesh
They used it in their pooja
while marrying couples in love.
They made rasam with it
adding pureed leaves of mint
and enjoyed their dosas sitting
on mats made with its shells.
Anyway, you are the ancestor of our rishis
if we hit you back, they won't forgive us.
Maybe we should worship you
like we worship our holy cows.

Ravi Kopra

A Moth A Poem By X. Z. Shao In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Ek Fatinga

Ek kagaz k varke par
mara hua fatinga
aise laga k is main jaan ho
main ne manzil k chatey farsh se
isko haw main jhad diya

Ye subah ki roshni main
ek komal chotay se phool ki tarah
prithvi ki gravity main
chakkar lagata, hawa main ghoomta hua
apni khushi main ud pada.

Kitni sundar the iski antim yatra
anant kaal paunchenay k liye.

A moth

By X. Z. Shao

A moth,

dead on a piece of paper,

seemed alive.

I dusted it into the air

from my sixth-floor balcony.

It flew in the morning sunlight,
whirling downward,
swaying in the wind,
like a light flower,
hilarious and happy,
under the magic of gravity.

How beautiful
its last journey was
towards eternity.

Ravi Kopra

A New Version Of Luo Zhihai Poem: Are Tired And Lazy

Spring breeze is light
Several peaches are red
Swallows whisper
One willow green

Smoke from the chimney wavers in the wind
Trees are smiling with new buds and leaves
Orioles are back, singing
People are tired and lazy
Basking in the sun.

Ravi Kopra

A New Version Of Luo Zhihai's Confucian Classics

Oh! it's so cold and icy today.
My boat sails for home tonight.
I bought some bottles of wine
to warm myself before I leave tonight.

Meanwhile, I am living in the moment
as Confucius would -
I am doing some calligraphy
while sipping my red wine.
I will later chant some poems loudly
and read his classics in silence.

Ravi Kopra

A New Version Of Luo Zhihai's Poem: Quiet Mood

Upset, you feel down, drowned?
the world is against you
your boss is firing you
your wife filing a divorce
threatening you for alimony
worry not, uplift your spirits
says Luo Zhaihai like this:

Watch green grass, walk barefoot on it
look at the orchids, colorful, fragrant, free
go to the red plum trees up on the hill
watch the full moon rise

fill glasses to the brims with wine
hold them in your hands
lift them to your lips and sip
or drink or gulp it down
the way you like

and then go to a far off temple
hidden among hills' pines
and write an inscription there:

Let bad boss be bad boss
let bad wife be bad wife
you take care of them
I pray to thee, my Lord
uplift my mood, my spirits.

Ravi Kopra

A Paki Way Of Life

With bellyful of meat of goats, cows, camels, donkeys
In new dresses, shoes, topees in bazaars they saunter about
Eid-mubarak, eid-mubarak they greet, red-paan-saliva they spit out
They rush to masjids in hoards for pray when muezzins shout out.

Ravi Kopra

A Peaceful Chair

I sit down in a rocking chair
I try to meditate
but don't know how to start with
I think of murmuring brooks
I can't hear them
I think of tall mountains
all I see are rocks, nothing interesting
I think of oceans, deep, wide and blue
get scared I will drown down
while sailing there
I do not know how to swim
I think of seasons, gardens, flowers,
hoping they will help me meditate
nothing happens, on nothing can I concentrate

But when I think of you, my lover
my sweet, heart warming lover
my heart fills up with pleasure
I see you clearly
in your hands a bouquet of flowers
you, smiling, walk to me slowly
look into my eyes
give me the flowers
hug me tightly and whisper
into my ears softly -
darling, I love you

I hear it again and again
I see you again and again
sitting on a rocking chair
eyes closed, trying to meditate
only you can calm me down
only you can give me peace
all I need is you, my lover
you are my meditation.

Ravi Kopra

A Pleasant Sunday Morning With My New Bride, A Hindi/Urdu Love Poem

bahar ka mausam hai
aitwaar ka din hai
main bageeche k pavillion main baitha hoon
taza taza halki halki hawa chal rehi hai

paani ka phawara apna geet gatey chal raha hai
phool muskra rahey hain
peD par baithi oriole ne gana shurru kiya hai
do faakhta mere pairon k pass a kar baithi hain
aur apni guttar-gooN guttar-gooN laga rehi hain

pichlay haftey main ne doosri shaadi ki
(pehli bewee ek chuDial thee, har dam peechHay lagi rehti thee
sar apna bhoD bhoD kar mera bhi phoDtI rehti thee)
meri dulhan sundar hai, gazab ki hai, pyaari dulhaari hai
main sunday ka akhbaar paD raha hoon, kaafee pee raha hoon
meri dulhan nashta bana rehi hai
hum dono milkar naashta pavillion main khaeN gay
aur fir honeymoonko baar baar mana-nay lag jaeN gay...

Ravi Kopra

A Poem After Adeline Foster

O dearest love
you have left me
but your heart is in my heart
your dreams are my dreams
it is so dismal
the sun appears dim
I'll wait till your wanderings end
and you ring my door bell
in my arms you will be
to end my yearnings, longings
at home we'll dream again
till then my dearest love
I wait hearing your footsteps
you know well I know
Liza, our poor poodle
will know first it is you
ringing the doorbell
she too misses you, much.

Ravi Kopra

A Poet Comments On Poems

Touching expression with nice theme
A brilliant poem shared astutely
Touching expression with great theme

A brilliant poem shared
An intensive expression with great theme
Marvelous poem you have shared

A beautiful spiritual poem shared here astutely
A brilliant poem has been presented startlingly
A beautiful philosophical poem shared
Thanks and congratulations for being selected this poem as the poem of the day

Touching expression with nice theme
It is really a brilliant poem relating
To life that attracts me for second time

This is an amazing poem shared here
Haunting expression with nice theme

A brilliant poem on love, life and wind
Has been presented startlingly
This poem is definitely excellent.

- all copied excluding "collocations";

Ravi Kopra

A Poet Makes Up Things, After Fernando Pessoa

A poet makes up things
that they are not there
his mind mirrors thoughts
turning fancy into things

into feelings that feel
so real, you start feeling
love pains, love stings
anger, joy, cravings...

he sees the unseen scenes
hears the unheard melodies
and you see what he sees
hear what he hears

his pain, his pleasures
touch your heart, you wake up
from deep sleep, look at the
world afresh as another being

his nostalgia for things
takes you far back in the past
and you start missing your mom
at every thanksgiving

and your sweet heart whom
you married and after two years
kills herself and the baby
in the postpartum depressing.

Ravi Kopra

A Poetry Challenge To Poemhunter Poets

The sounds of slow steps
tup tup, tup tup
scared me to death in the darkness.
I turned around. No one.
My heart raced. Was going to wet my pants
And then I heard a slow soft voice, melodic to my ears...

Dear poets, please give a try to complete the above poem any way you like and have fun reading what your fellowpoets do with it.

Ravi Kopra

A Poet's Wife, A Amy Lowell English Poem Into Hindi/Urdu Transaltion

tu ne hamari mohabbat
chaandi k sikkoN main badal dali

meri mohabbat ki nazmain likhne walay lekhik
tu ne sari nazmain ab bech dali

sara kamaya kamaya,
tu ne shrab k pyalon main kho dala

bhagwaan karay tum moorakh ho jao
aur koi bhi kavita na likh pao

kyonk sharab ne hum dono ka satyanash kar diya hai

aur tumahari mohabbat ki daastanaiN ab har roz
shenshah ki rakhailiaN karti phirti hain

Ravi Kopra

A Poison Tree, A Poem By William Blake Translated Into Hindustani

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apne dost pe mujhe baDa gussa aa gaya
dil khol kar usko main ne sub bata diya
main sab gussa bhool gaya

apne dushman pe mujhe gussa a gaya
sub dil main rakha, kuch na bataya
har din mera gussa baDta gaya

din raat ro ro kar
isko apne hanju pilata raha
is pe muskrata raha
chalaki se dhoka deta raha

har din ye baDta raha
aur ek din ek pukka chamkata saib is pe lag paDa
dushman is ko pakte chamakte dekhta rehtatha
us ko pata tha ye saib mera tha

ek din raat ko wo mere bageechay main aaya
saib chori kar k kha gaya
main subah aate dekha
wo peD k neechay mara laita hua tha

Ravi Kopra

A Poor Boy In Love With A Rich Girl, A Hindi Poem By Anushka Suri In English Translation

She has an iPhone
Her jeans from Levi Strauss
Well dressed with all make-up
She is out of her home for a walk

Her beauty was stunning
Instantly I fell in love
I thought I could not live without her
Next moment I sent her a friend request
She rejected me the next instant

How do I make my move now?
I do not know what to do
Should I send her a red rose?
Or some funny spicy book?
I cannot get her out of my mind
I do not know how to make her mine.

Ravi Kopra

A Prayer To Allah

Muslas hide their women under burqas
No matter how ugly or pretty they are

What would happen, they reason, if
Someone's lust steals their women

Everybody in the town will then say:
You are not a man, you're neutered!

This musla hiding effect is so strong
The readers here are now hiding under pseudo names

Some are 'not Apus From Seven-Elevens'
Some call themselves just 'Comments'

And now this evening a 'Punctuation' has emerged
Uses full stops for periods with the British flair

They are not aliens from outer space
They have been for long in the Poemhunter space

But what are they afraid of to show their face?
O my Allah, please reveal to me with all thy grace!

Ravi Kopra

A Prayer To Orgasm, A Spanish Poem By Dina Posada In English Translation

Oblivious to me
you fled to a chaste silence

Today
I long for you
and whether I beg or throw my blows
you do not come to me

You remain alienated
harsh, dark, supreme
like a dark long convent hall

You are an angel of hard delight
apathetic, orgasmic rebel
you give me hair raising tremors
you make me burst in pleasures
like inflaming gun-powders

Come back to me, you rebel
and annihilate me forever.

Ravi Kopra

A Prose Poem - Amaryllis (Thomas Campion)

I do not care for those ladies who must always be begged for love. I like my kind Amaryllis, the wanton country maid. Nature does not like artificial beauty. Her beauty is her own. When I court and kiss her, she cries and says: "Please let me go." But when I want to make love to her, she never says, 'no.' When I love my Amaryllis, she gives me flowers and fruits. But to those other ladies I have to give golden showers. They sell love for gold. I only want my nut-brown Amaryllis. When I court and kiss her, she cries and says: "Please let me go." But when I want to make love to her, she never says, 'no.' These ladies might have pillows and beds, custom-made by the strangers. Give me a bower of willows, of moss, some fresh leaves, milk and honey for my sweet Amaryllis. When I court and kiss her, she cries and says: "Please let me go." But when I want to make love to her, she never says, 'no.'

Ravi Kopra

A Prose Poem - The Indian Serenade (Percy Bysshe Shelley)

I arise early from sweet sleep dreaming of you all night. The winds are soft and the stars are still shining bright in the sky. I arise after dreaming of you with springs under my feet. O sweet darling! I do not know how, but I arrive below your bedroom window.

The wandering airs are slowing down. The stream is silent and the scent of pine trees is everywhere like thoughts in a dream. The nightingale has stopped complaining in her heart. O my beloved! let my heart be upon yours for me to stop complaining.

O darling! lift me up from the grass below your bedroom window. I die! I faint! I fail! Let your kisses of love rain on my lips, and on my pale eyelids. My cheeks are getting cold and white. My heart is beating loud and fast. O sweetheart! press my heart against yours once again. It is going to break there, at last.

Ravi Kopra

A Punjabi Bridegroom In Love With His Wife

ey meri pyari wohtiey
main tere te marda marda janda haan

tera rung
dudh varga, dhup varga

akhaN, kaliaN, kaliaN
mere dil wich chukoo mardiaN

tere gaall, laal laal seb vargay
tere hont, gulabi phul vargay

tera badan
chita, chita, naram, naram

tera hasna
chameli de phullan da varsna

tere chehra
chumian maar maar main na thakaN

teri chaal
matwali, dil jittan wali

ey meri sohni pyari wohtiey
main tere te war war jaawaN

mar jaawaN, mar jaawaN
meri pyari wohtiey, main mar jaawaN

Ravi Kopra

A Punjabi Haynaku - Kiss

hey
pyariey, hik
chummi de ja

Ravi Kopra

A Punjabi Haynaku - Liar

khasmaN

khaDna, jhooth

mooth bolda hai

Ravi Kopra

A Punjabi Haynaku - Love

pyaareya
tere moonh
wich mithay ladoo

Ravi Kopra

A Punjabi Haynaku - Mayhem

haaye
rabba! keh
pitna piya hai?

Ravi Kopra

A Punjabi Haynaku - Worry

boloji
kuj taN
bolo. fikar lagdeh

Ravi Kopra

A Punjabi Lady Misses Her Lover

My heart shattered when
he left me for a far off city girl
and said - do not shed your tears
I will forget him as time passes

Many springs have come and gone
The son he gave me is now a young man
He looks like him and bristles with laughter
at the silliest of the things

I cry happy tears when I see him
in his long moustache and pressed beard
under his blue dastaar. He dances bhangra
in a vest and long kurta, his feet in murgabeez

Yesterday was the basant mela in our village Dharian
Every one was in the festive mood. The music was loud
beating of drums, wajas, cymbals and chHainaas
Your son danced in the fare and I missed you.

The village damsels in cholis and churidaars
colorful as they are, wearing jhumkas and bangles
danced with your son in circles. I remembered our
first basanti mela, and I missed you, my sardar.

Ravi Kopra

A Punjabi Poem Of A Punjabi Couple Making Love

zara holay holay ji
bachay jaag paoun gay

itna jor na maro
manji choon choon kardi pehi hai

cheekhaN na maro
gali de kutay bhonkan lag jan gay

tuhadiaN mucHaN vichon sharab di bu andi ae
zara moonh door rakho ji

hun cHoDo na tussin
kal chal nahin pawangi

keh khada hai tussiN aj
kidre bakray de kapoore te nahin khaday?

hae rabba hun so jao
apaN kam te kal jana hai

tusiN condom nahin lagaya
nahin chahi de hor koe bachay

acHa hun choDo ji
mainu son diyo ji

keh khada hai tussiN aj
kidre bakray de kapoore te nahin seeN?

O 'Ravia' tu chinta na kar horaN di
teri ghar wali teray intzar which pehi hai

Ravi Kopra

A Punjabi Short Poem Of Pal Singh Arif In English Transaltion

O lover, it's all madness here
Love bears me no fruit
It does me no good

If I tell the secrets of my heart
I may lose my life

I long to be with you, my lover
It's better for me to die than live away from you
The world is just an inn for people on a journey.

the original in Punjabi

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Ravi Kopra

A Random Chinese Poem By Wang Wei In English Translation

You come from my home town,
you must know the news down there.
Is it still cold there?
When the sunshine comes
to the silk-window in the morning,
do you see the plum trees in blooms?

Ravi Kopra

A Ravi Kopra Poem: You Can Destroy All Relations In Spanish Translation By Isi Alvarez

Puedes destruir cualquier relación,
en un momento, al no ser cuidadoso
y luego pasar toda la vida enmendándolo.

No saques conclusiones rápidas
y piensa dos veces
antes de decir algo.

El silencio es divino,
la mayoría de las veces.

Ten esto en cuenta
antes de decir algo.

Note: It is a Isi Alvarez translation

Ravi Kopra

A Red Red Rose Of Robert Burns In Hindi/Urdu Translation

O meri pyari jaan, tum ek gulabi phool ho
gulabi phool jo aaj subah subah
mere bagiche main khula hai.
tu ras bhara sangeet ki mere dil ki ek lehar ho.

kitni khoobsoorat ho tum meri jaane jaaN!
doob raha hoon main tere pyaar main
doobta rahoon ga jab tak
saray sagar uD jatay nahin hawa main.

bye bye kartay ab main jaa raha hoon
oh, mere dil main basi tu meri ikloti love.
bye bye karta main kadam aagay rakhta hoon
dil kheenchta hai mujay har lehmay tere paas main.

main ja raha hoon thoDay sameh k liye
dil chod k jaa raha hoon tere liye
jaldi se wapas aaonga tere liye
door agar hua bhi hazaron meel tak.

Ravi Kopra

A Rendering Of Li Bai's Chinese Poem: Amusing Myself

So much wine tonight
It got dark and I did not know.
Flowers are falling on my clothes
I am drunk, I fall down, stand up again
and go to see the moon in the stream
The birds are in the distance
Few people are here.

- from the following literal translation and original poem
taken from the web pages.

Face wine not aware get dark
Fall flower fill my clothes
Drunk stand step stream moon
Bird far person also few

Ravi Kopra

A Rendering Of Li Bai's Chinese Poem: Thoughts On A Still Night

My bed is flooded with moon light tonight
I wonder if the frost has crept in
I raise my head and see the shining moon
I lie back in bed missing my hometown.

-Rendered from a literal translation from web pages:

Bed before bright moon shine
Think be ground on frost
Raise head view bright moon
Lower head think home

Ravi Kopra

A Rendering Of Luo Zhihai's Chinese Poem: Go On A Spring Outing

We go on a spring outing
to the treasure place near
shan-shan green hills

We go up the hill where
swallows follow the west winds
and fly in air like waves

We see ducks in the pond
down below in the valley
sailing with their babies
chuckling loud in laughter

We see tourists in the
nearby peace garden clicking
camera shutters in hurry and heading
to the garden of orchids full of
spring flowers' fresh fragrance

Enchanted with nature, I sit down
on a bench near a fountain under
the cherry blossom tree and start
writing poems from noon till evening
when the moon shows up shining in the sky

And my wife shouts at me: listen, Luo
Stop writing your nature poems now
Or I will leave you forever
We have to go home soon
to feed the goats and milk the cows
without money you will starve
to death, eating all your poetry.

Ravi Kopra

A Rendering Of Shel Silverstein English Poem Into Punjabi For Punjabis

main dhaabay te giya, hairaan ho giya
uthay baitha si manohar lal aapni mehbooba de naal
manohar lal jo arab-kharab patti aey
jine 18 saal di bollywood actress naal shaadi keeti aey

main usnoo kiya -
is paindan de naal tu ithay ki piya karna aey?
eh kitni buddi, ugly te pugli aey!

o kehan laga, "Ravi, tere wich ajay jawaani aey
baith jaa, main dasdaN tainu -
jadon ansi chohariaN bharia dud kafi der pee lainde haan
murg-musal bhujia bhujia khoob khaande haan
tay whisky dian botlaan khali kar dende haan
taan mukki di roti lassi naal tay sarhion de saag di yaad aandi aey."

main ohnu dekhda reh giya eh gal koi dheek kainda aey.
oh agay bolia -
duniya eh baDi ajeeb aey
hamesha badaldi rehndi aey
jadon sharabaN naal dil bhar janda hai
mithi lassi di yaad khoob aandi aey.

Ravi Kopra

A Rendering Of Thomas Hood's Poem 'autumn'

End of autumn
dry leaves
old man with tons of gold
weeping, sighing, dying

His end near, no happiness
night with no evening
day with no morning
cold winter says:

river water very cold
red sun no more.
I very old
my life no more

Sad sad my mind.

-Ravi Kopra

The Autumn is old,
The sere leaves are flying; —
He hath gather'd up gold,
And now he is dying; —
Old Age, begin sighing!
The vintage is ripe,
The harvest is heaping; —
But some that have sow'd
Have no riches for reaping; —
Poor wretch, fall a-weeping!
The year's in the wane,
There is nothing adorning,
The night has no eve,
And the day has no morning; —
Cold winter gives warning.
The rivers run chill,
The red sun is sinking,
And I am grown old,

And life is fast shrinking;
Here's enow for sad thinking!

-Thomas Hood

Ravi Kopra

A Rendering Ofthe Cloud Heart- A Poem By Luo Zhihai

A thousand miles of green trees from one night of East wind
A thousand copper wisps of setting sun floating in the running stream
Setting sun beyond clouds on the Tai mountain, how heart warming
A boat in the Han waters, the spring is coming

The Cloud Heart - Poem by Luo Zhihai

One night of east wind, thousand miles of emerald
Thousand wisp of setting sun, one river of red
Tai Mountain setting sun, the cloud heart is charming
A returned boat in Han Water, the spring mood is thick

10/13/2017

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Two Pairs of Couplets ? Seven Words of Quatrain by Luo Zhihai

? Chinese Text

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Luo Zhihai

Ravi Kopra

A Resentful Spirit Grows Into A Terrible Burden After A Poem By Dr. Antony Theodore

If you have the will
forgive you will
you may or may not have heart

you don't want to be merciful
(remember only god is merciful
and you are no way any god)
to whom who has hurt your heart

for example
he wants to steal
your love from you
and leave you loveless

while relishing all your love
and your love does not mind
as he is practical
and does all love things

keeps her happy all times
not like you who talk of love only
and give her no nonspiritual love

but the problem is
there is a burden on your soul
that grows and grows
and you can bear it no more

and so you forgive him
and you are happy
he is happy
your stolen love is happy
God is happy

Amen!

A Rural Home, A Chinese Poem Of Mei Yaochen In Translation

The rooster crows three times
the sky is almost bright
someone is fixing a bowl of rice
with a bottle of tea
the peasants are in hurry
to plough their fields early
and I go by the window, pull up the curtains
and look up for morning stars in the sky

-rendered from a literal translation on web pages:

Chicken crow three sound sky almost bright
Someone row rice bowl with tea bottle
Common people still fear hurry plough early
Self pull wicker window look morning star

Ravi Kopra

A Scene - A Telugu Poem In Translation

A Scene

Pouring rains
she in the street
can't cover her child
only her bare bosom.
Winds tore off her pallu
the child is hungry, cries
hugs her breast.

Based on a Telugu poem of K. Sareermulu
translated into English by T.S. Chandramulu
and B.B. Sarojini

Ravi Kopra

A Sea Of Love

aalingan ek khinchav hai
jo tum ko
mohabbat k sagar
k paar le jata hai

mohabbat ka sagar
tumhare sab rogoN ka
sab se baDa ilaj hai

raat ki bechaini door kar deta hai
acHi khasi neeNd tum ko data hai
jab so kar tum uthtay ho to
mohabbat se tumhara dil bhara hota hai

Ravi Kopra

A Short Love Story

We met
We liked each other
We dated
We made love

She said she loved me
I said I loved her

In her presence
I talked to another woman
And found she had a pure heart
That I praised from my heart

She got jealous
And said I flirted
"Don't touch me" she blurted.
I said to her 'Goodbye' in my heart.

Ravi Kopra

A Short Punjabi Poem On Money

paisa kaisa hai

jo kamandain hun
kharachday nahin

jo karachaday hun
kamanday nahin

Ravi Kopra

A Single Wound In Your Heart

I thought you had
a single wound in your heart
when I look into it
I see wounds after wounds.
I am stitching them one by one
I hope they heal soon.
They look so deep
I look at them and weep.
I pity your poor heart
who could take all this.

But tell me this
Why do you always go
after women who are shitty?
I give you an ultimatum -
if you leave me just once
and go after bimbos again,
you will be sorry.
I have had enough of you.
I will follow you and
eat you alive.

Ravi Kopra

A Small Moment, An English Poem By Cornelius Eady In Hindi/Urdu Translation

main ghar k pass bakery main giya
vo bhathi se paneer k toast nikal rehay the.
Main ne pooCha: ye kis cheese ki saugandh hai";
Main kavi hoon, kavi poochte hai.

Bakery main khaDay log bhi yahi pooChana chate the
lakin vo pooCh na sake.
Do aur log bhi yehi toast kharidna chahte the
Jo aurat cash k register pe khadi thee
main ne us se pooCha: kya koi paisa
ban jata hai is kaam main. Kya main us se
cheDkhani ka raha tha? Din baDe ho rahe the
aur khushi aa rehi the mere dil main.
Usne kaha ye mera kam hai:

Main acHay se acHay double roti k tukray
dheere dheere ek taraf karti hoon.
Aaj April 14, bahaar k pehla din hai.
Mausam bada khul raha hai. Kisi din main kehti hoon
kaam karna mera farz hai. Aur kisi main kehti hoon
mera kaam mujhe pasand hai.

Ravi Kopra

A Song For Myself

When I do not feel like
doing things with friends

I do nothing. I want
to be alone, be myself

Preserve my sanity, my peace
not do their hee-haw with them

They may call me antisocial
they may call me a snob, I don't care

I want to be myself
I care first about myself

Before I care for them
They may say I am selfish

I don't give a hoot
Let them call me what they will

My will is my own will
I will not bend to their will

I will always be myself
Let them call me antisocial

Let them call me anything else
But I always want to be myself

When I do not feel like
doing things with friends

I do nothing. I want
to be alone, be myself...

Ravi Kopra

A Song From My Heart

A song from my heart
spiced with happiness

a sorrow seasoned word
from my lips, I leave

behind for you to sing
long after I am gone.

Ravi Kopra

A Strange Day Today, English Translation Of A Hindi Poem By The Indian Poet, Kunwar Narayan

I was wandering out all day today
Everything went well
Nothing unusual happened
I came across many people
And spoke truth to all of them
No body took it in bad stride
I trusted everybody
Nobody deceived me
The most wonderful of all this was
That when I came home I found that
Nobody except me had returned home.

Ravi Kopra

A Tamasha Of Indian Poets, A Poem In Hindi

ye kavita ka mela hai, kitna sundar swehla hai
kabhi Haq sahib aa jaatay hain, dus-pandra
ek se ek oonchi apni kavita jhaD jatay hain

aur kabhi koee upday-wupday walay aa jaatay hain
apni hindi k mohabbati doay lagaey jaatay hain
dus-pandra nahi, beesoN, teeson, pachasoN turant turant doay

phir kisi sharma-varma k kya kehnaay
updeshe pe updeshe diyay jaatay hain
kuch kami nahin inki unkay paas
unkay updeash kaafloN jaisay aatay hain

aap kabhi poorvi head-master ji ko na bhoolaiN
bhool gaye bhi to vo tumain yaad karvatay rehtay hain
k vo kitnaay mahaan kavi hain
unki har baat main bhagwaan bhaagtay aatay hain

aur apnaay 'Ravi' ki to kuch baat hi nahin
bechara kabhi kabhi dil lagi ki ek kavita likh jaata hai
aur is melaay main aa kar apna dil behlata hai

Ravi Kopra

A Tanka By Ishikawa Takuboku In Hindustani Translation

ek poorvi sagar kay
chotay se jazeeray
ki safed rait ki beach pe
main ek kekDay ke saath
khel raha hoon
aur chal rehi hai
meri ankhon se
ansoo'n ki dhara.

the original in English translation

On the white sand
Of the beach of a small island
In the Eastern Sea.
I, my face streaked with tears,
Am playing with a crab

—Ishikawa Takuboku

Ravi Kopra

A Thai Snake

O my chick
My sweet fowl
The moment I saw you
I loved your boobs
Hidden
Round hard boobs
For me to coil around
And keep your love secrets buried.

And you loved my feet
Hidden
Long feet made your guessing
How long were my hands and
How long will I please you.

O my chickful love
Don't tell no one I love
If you keep my secret
I swear by my red hot heart
I will keep yours.

Ravi Kopra

A Translation Of Antonio Machado's Poem: Memory From Childhood

One afternoon on a chilly cloudy wintery day
the students are studying
in the monotony of rain against the window panes
On a poster in the class room
Cain is shown running and Abel, dead
next to a blotch of red
The teacher, an old man, dry and withered
dressed badly, carrying a book in his hand
in a sonorous and husky voice is thundering
And the whole choir of children is singing the lesson:
One thousand times one hundred is one hundred thousand
One thousand times one thousand is one million
One afternoon on a chilly cloudy wintery day
the students are studying
in the monotony of rain against the window panes

-This is my translation

The original is in Spanish

Recuerdo Infantil

Una tarde parda y fria
de invierno. Los colegiales
estudian. Monotonía
de lluvia tras los cristales.
Es la clase. En un cartel
se representa a Cain
fugitivo, y muerto Abel,
junto a una mancha carmin.
Con timbre sonoro y hueco
truená el maestro, un anciano
mal vestido, enjuto y seco,
que lleva un libro en la mano.
Y todo un coro infantil

va cantando la lección:
"Mil veces ciento, cien mil,
mil veces mil, un millón."
Una tarde parda y fr'a
de invierno. Los colegiales
estudian.. Monotonía
de lluvia tras los cristales.

Ravi Kopra

A Tribute To Baba Najmi, A Punjabi Poet From Lahore, Pakistan

I am like a buffalo bull
whose eyes are blindsided
a yoke is put on its shoulders
and asked to move in circles all day
to draw fresh water from the ground.
Where does the water go?
To water my neighbor's fields? No
It will go to the cotten fields of
major general Mohammad Hamid Khan of
the mighty army of Pakistan.
He controls all wealth in Lahore.
He controls all of us.
We sweat for him every day.
His job was to fight the enemy
and keep Pakistan safe.
He chose to make us his enemy
and keep himself safe.
This is our Pakistan
the pure land of Muslims
says a follower of Baba Najmi.

Ravi Kopra

A Valentine Proposal

Warm bubbling jacuzzi
in lenai

in my backyard
in Sarasota Florida

lit jasmine candles
goblets of wine

or

fireside in your house
in freezing Maine

your mom snoring downstairs
and we up in bed intertwined

all night

up at noon next day
late brunch at Tiffany

with champagne

roses, roses
a bouquet of red roses again

Ravi Kopra

A Voice From The Dungeon, Tears Of Sadness Of Anne Bronte In Hindi/Urdu

Mera dafan ho chuka hai
main ne zindgi se ab koi lena dena nahin hai
sab nafrat, badlay, dukh dekh liye hain
khusiaN, umeedaiN, mohabbataiN dekh li hain
jo meray oopar chal rehi hai duniya ki halchal
main ne usko bhi sab dekh liya hai
is vilap bhari dukhi aur nirash jagah main
main arsay se reh rehi hoon
mujhe sab log bhool chuke hain
main ek akaant aur dukh bharay zamin k andar kaid khanay main hoon
ye meri kabar ab bun jaani chahiye

-to be continued

Ravi Kopra

A Way Of Life

God god god
everywhere is god
in poetry and music is god
Never ending god
but where God is needed
in hunger, poverty, mercy
in all third world countries
India included, the country
of most God fearing people
there is no trace of God
except in the idols made of clay or gold
and in the temples like those of Shiva
where a phallus is God, the ultimate Lord.

God, gods
The more the selfishness, the more the gods
A god for every act of selfishness
Want wealth, pray Laxmi
Want knowledge, pray Sarawati
Want wisdom, pray Vishnu
Want strength, pray Hanuman
Want libido, pray Shiva!

But do nothing to help the poor
the downtrodden, the hungry, the sick
Well, it is their Karma. Who cares!
They have a way of life, so tactful!
Everything falls in places, so beautiful.

Ravi Kopra

A Widow Bird Sate Mourning For Her Love, A Sad Love Poem By Percy Bysshe Shelley In Hindi/Urdu Translation

ek fakhta k ghar wale ka
jaDay k mausam main
swarg-was ho gaya

bechari bathi hai akaylee
darakht ki ek shaakh pe
baraf jaisi dhandi hawa main
vo gham-e-gham hai
baraf sa dhanda dil uska udaas hai

shaakh par pattay nahin hain
zameen par phool nahin hain
har taraf sub sun-saan hai
sirf pan-chukki ki halki si awaaz hai

Ravi Kopra

A Withered Rose, A Poem By The Romanian Poet Nina Cassian In Urdu Translation

gulab ka ek murjhaya phool
murjhaya phool hai, murjhaya phool hai

sog main sar jhuka leta hai
iski halki halki gulabi pankhrian
aaNsooN k dariya bahati hain

mera sar farash ki taraf jhuk jata hai
ugta jahan kuch bhi nahin hai.

Ravi Kopra

A Wonderful God-Thing

If God exists
It exists, has existed, will exist
It does not need a G, an O and a D to exist
Or to prove it does exist

And if it doesn't
It never did
Unless it committed suicide
For no one could kill God
Right?

Moreover

Imaginary things are just imaginary things
They could give you protection, peace, solace, happiness, hope in your mind
Or could even scare the shit out of you depending what your imaginary thing is
Imaginary things never appear in 3D forms except in dreams, in temples and churches
Like God never did appear in 3D form, though he could to prove his existence

But he sent his son to be killed to prove how great he is -
To wash the sins of sinners and bless every other imagined thing.
Man is wonderful to have imagination and with his imagination he could
Even imagine what a wonderful imaginary God-thing is.

Ravi Kopra

A Young Wife Could Be Blooming

A Young Wife Could Be Blooming
- Rabindranath Tagore

You don't know
What has become of me.
Every moment I think of you
I go sleepless, I go crazy.

Your voice is melody to me my ears.
Your face, an angel face to me
Your smile stirs my soul
Your tresses twirl my heart.

My would be blooming young wife
Could it be you?
In the season of honey under the full moon
I will love you in my arms.
Thinking thus I go on fire
You kindle my desires.

You touch my inner self
whosoever you are.
I'll seek you wherever you are
risking all I have.

My souls is yours.
My fears are gone.
I'll love you, love you till you know
No one can love you more.

-Ravi Kopra

Tagore sahib, the Noble Laureate, farmatay hain -

meray dil main dhadkan lane walay, tum kaun ho?
har lehjay ki tum roshni ho
sadha teray saath main rehti hoon

surali bansari say
kaun meethay-kouDay geet gaata hai?
geeton ko sun sun kar koel bhi gaanay lag jati hai
aur meray dil ki madhu-makhian icHa se bhar jaati hain

shahid bharay mausam main
chaand dekhti hue ek jawaan beewi bhi
kshan bhar main tumain apna dil day baithti hai

Radha ko zara chHoo to lo, tum jo kuch bhi ho
teray paun pe vo kaambhti hai
har lajja chHoday huay vo tum ko paana chahti hai.
Guru, tum hee ho na?

Uski aatma ab duhkhi hai
usko kisi ka ab dar nahin hai. Tum kaun ho?
teray komal pauN pe vo roti rahegi
jab tak tum yeh jaan na lo.

- tr. Ravi Kopra

Ravi Kopra

Aankhain Khulay-Aam Na Mara Karo, A Ghazal In Hindi

tumtextkartay ho, maintum se pyaar karta hoon
paDtay hi mere dil main hal-chal lagaey jaatey ho

main likhti hoon main bhi karti hoon
kya hota hai tumaray dil main, ye nahin batatay ho

jab tum shaam ko gali main niklay, main bhi peechHay nikalanay lagi
maan ne kaha: beta, chai ka waqt hai, kahan bhagay bhagay jaatay ho

sach batao ye sacha pyaar hai, jhootha nahin
acha nahin lagta agar hanshi mazzak kiye jaatay ho

aankhain khulay-aam na mara karo
maan-baap se mujay jootay kyon marwatay ho

wo kehengay, kis lafangay k saath paDi hoon main
kaisay bataaoN tum lafangay nahin, mere devtay ho

salaah lenay main 'Ravi' k pass gayee, haey rabba main kya karooN
bolay: beta dheeraj rakho, dimag apna kyon khrab keye jaatay ho

Ravi Kopra

About Those Whom I Do Not Know

I go to bed very late at night
Sometime it is not till early morning
I walk around on the wooden floor at night
That makes soft step sounds on the floor
Down on the first floor, he hears this lullaby
That makes him sleep fast and see his dreams

I do not know his beliefs, fears, darkness
Or what he is striving for in his life
But when I hear him cough, gasping for air
I feel as if my whole body shivers in fear
And when he goes silent, I stop walking
And try to listen if he's still breathing or dead already.

We cannot stop certain things from happening -
Thoughts, words, phrases, lines
Moments of laughter, anger, joys, miseries.
When we try to go to know strangers
We get closer to those whom we already know
Feel comfort in their company.
And knowing them a little better
We wish them peace and love in life.

Ravi Kopra

Account, A Poem By Czeslaw Milosz In Hindi Translation

meri bewakoofi ki history se
baDay granth likhay ja sakte hain

kuch honge mere moorakh-pan k
jasiay bhonwray ko agar pata hai
k jal jayega shamaa ke sholay se
phir bhi wo uski taraf chakar lagata rehta hai

kuch hon gay chinta main shanti lanay k liye
aur kuch isharay-e-hidayat-e-na-andazgi k

main alag se likhooN gi apni khushi aur ghamandi k daastaN
jab main logon k saath un main doobi hue the
aur log chalte the la-parvahi se ucHalte hue apni tees mar khani main

un sab logon ka ek hi mool mantar tha - khawaish
haey! un sub main main hi akeli aisi hoti
main un logon k saath un jaisi hi ban-na chahti the
aur darti the ki mera khumar theek nahin hai

meri bewakoofi ki kahani ab na likhi jayegi
kyon k main ab budDi ho gayi hoon aur isay likhna bahut mushkil hai

the original poem

The history of my stupidity would fill many volumes.

Some would be devoted to acting against consciousness,
Like the flight of a moth which, had it known,
Would have tended nevertheless toward the candle's flame.

Others would deal with ways to silence anxiety,
The little whisper which, though it is a warning, is ignored.

I would deal separately with satisfaction and pride,
The time when I was among their adherents
Who strut victoriously, unsuspecting.

But all of them would have one subject, desire,
If only my own -but no, not at all; alas,
I was driven because I wanted to be like others.
I was afraid of what was wild and indecent in me.

The history of my stupidity will not be written.
For one thing, it's late. And the truth is laborious.

Berkeley, 1980.

Ravi Kopra

Acrostic Love

L-loudest cries

O-of hurt hearts

V-verily show the

E-empty words of lovers' talks.

Ravi Kopra

Acrostic Sex

Super

External and internal acts of love but not

X rated

Ravi Kopra

After Long Nights, A Rendering Of Spanish Poem By Sonia Bueno Into Hindi/Urdu

Sari saari har raat k baad
wo hosh main aate hain

- pehli raat ki tarah rung lagaen
ya agli raat ko chaleN

Siraf ek hi hai lafaz
uniki zabaan pe aata hai -

Uski tawacha aisi lagti hai
k bhoron ne khayi hai

Har parat-parat se
taDapti goonj aati hai

Ravi Kopra

After Monsoon Rains In Indian Villages

Rays of sunlight
after days of heavy rains
Ganga and Jamuna overflowing
pools of water everywhere
village talabs full to the brim
frogs croack incessantly
on slimy muddy roads
people slipping, falling
bruised, breaking collar bones
tibias, pelvises, femurs
rehri-wallas come selling
mangos, ghias, toris
dogs wander everywhere
children play and run
birds alight from trees
parrots chatter in laughter
drop pricked green mangos down
koels in groves sing songs
crows caw caw in air
vultures patrol skies
searchingfor cows
swept away in waters
wait till the evening comes
moths surround your lighted lamps
burn in flames there
drop down in your bowl of curry
drop down on your chapatis
you are having for your dinner
swarms of mosquitoes
buzz in your ears
hover over your head
and give you compamy
moving in circles wherever you go
you go for a walk after the dinner
exchange pleasantries with your neighbours -
barsaat chungi hoee hai, kaafi chungi hoee hai.

Ravi Kopra

After Rain - Another Version Of Luo Zhuhai Translation Of A Chinese Poem By Zeng Jifan

After the rains on a sunny day
I went out for a walk,
The snow had finally
melted at mountain tops,
Orioles and butterflies
danced in the thickets,
they asked me: where was
I going to pour out my heart.

Ravi Kopra

Against Winter, A Ghazal In Hindi/ Urdu After Charles Simic

bund ankhoN se sachae dikhti nahin
sardi main parinde geet gaate nahin

kin se poocho ge apne swaloN ka jawab
parinde ghar se bahr nikalte nahin

sara din dekhte raho ge tum maayus asmaan ko
jism kaampta rehe ga jab tak bahar aati nahin

aa raha hai jaldi jaldi se ab sardi k mausam
haare fauji ki tarah apne adday se tum hato gay nahin

jab baraf tumare sir pe aa k giri gi
paDosi kaheN ge, kya tum pagal to nahin

(An added couplet as below)

siraf 'Ravi' hi hai jisay sardi k mausam se koi aitraz nahin
kush rehta hai saheli k saath raat bhar, use kisi ka gham nahin

Ravi Kopra

Agar Angrezi Tumari Tooti-Footi Hai

Tooti-Footi Angrezi Main Poetry - Poem by Ravi Kopra
ey mere kuch bharti bhaeeo (some not all)

agar angrezi tumari tooti-footi hai
to kyon likhtay ho poetry angrezi main
kyon nahin likhtay hindi main, punjabi main
gujrati main, bangla main, marathi main
tamil main, telgu main, urdu main, malyalam main

kya bharat main bhashon ki koee kami hai?
kyon be-izzati karaato ho apni aur bharat ki?
kyon batatay ho angrayzon ko tum kitnay anpad ho?
likho poetry apni bhasha main jisay tum samajhtay ho.

acHi acHi poetry likh kar, bharat ka naam acHa karo
tooti-footi angrezi main likh kar bharat ko badnaam na karo
angrazi main hi likhna hai to pehlay isay kuch seekh lo
angrezi ki laatain na toDo, is k katal main tum lagay ho

ye baDa ek paap hai

bahut bahut danya waad
khuda tumain angrezi sikhlaey
sirif yehi hai ek meri dua
khuda hafiz, namaste, ram ram, sat shri akal

Ravi Kopra

Age, Age, Age, On Reading Shakespeare

Age, age, age
May make you a sage
Sane, calm, peaceful
The peace inside hails you

Or put you in a crabby rage
To devour every youth around you
A curmudgeon deranged
The bitterness inside kills you.

Ravi Kopra

Ah! The Bootlickers

Ah! the bootlickers
sycophants, toadies, lickspittles
flunky flatterers, lackeys, spaniels
yes-man, yes-woman doormats
brown nosers, suck ups shower
their praises on the rich dimwit dotards
dullard dunce idiots, blockhead bonehead dolts
for minor favors by boosting their egos
I pity these people, I pity their culture,
For centuries the nebbish were trodden by foreigners
And now by their own they love to be trodden.

Ravi Kopra

Ah! The Hurting Ingrown Toenail

Ah! the hurting ingrown toenail sends
pain to your ass slowing you down.
You cancel your concert tickets
and your late rendezvous.

You dip your foot in warm water
stirred with powdered epsom salt
watching hopping sparrows through
the window in your lush back yard

and forget the pain for a moment.
But you cannot bend down to
clip the softened nail, your hurting
old back won't let you. You are alone.

And wish your lover was with you
who could clip the toenail, dry your
foot, rub triple antibiotic ointment
on it, holding your foot in his hands

gently like he holds your face
when giving kisses of love to you.
And saying - darling, take rest today all day
I will make lunch and dinner for you.

Ravi Kopra

Ah! What Love Is!

"Love is more- Eternity!
Love is more - predestined! "

-from

Romantic Love - Poem by Dr. tine Raj Manohar M.D. at this site

Love is not this or that
Love is not here or there
Love is not up and down
Love is not near or far
Love is not bitter or sweet
Love is not hot or cold
Love is not body or beauty
Love is not heart or soul
Love is not flowers or fragrances
Love is not full or empty
Love is not slow or fast
Love is not short or long
Love is not light or heavy

Love is a long list of thingies
that you cannot see, hear, smell, taste
It has no touchy feel
It cannot be felt with senses
So a nonsense thing
Nay, never say like this
Because a doctor can tell
You what love is
But he has to be a doctor of love
A doctor of eternity
A doctor of predestiny

Eternity is infinity
You can only think of this
You can never get it

Predestiny is an humongous register
so huge a zillion mounts of Everests can disappear in it

In that register is registered
Your name, your parents name
Your wife's name, your childrens' names
Your address, your occupation
Your convictions, your inflections
Your heart, lung, liver, spleen, bowels, brain
And a lot more...your sins, your charities
But you cannot find that register
You are lost till eternity
And that is predestiny

And that is love, love, love
Nothing but love, pure love
One hundred percent love
Purest of the pure love
Dripping from above
And yet it is not below or above love
How full of wonders is love.

But remember don't fall in love
Swim in love, float in love
Sink in love, die in love
Live in love
Live in predestiny
Live in eternity
And you will be God himself
Herself, Itself, God of all gods.
And that is Love, fully, absolutely
Undoubtedly, totally defined
In the doctor of love poetry.

Amen!

Ravi Kopra

Ah, My Beloved, A Rubaiyat Of Omar Khayyam In Urdu Translation

aye meri jaaN
bhar do thala-thal
sharab se is pyalo ko

mere saray pachtaway ye bhula rehi hai
daroN ko door bhaga rehi hai

aur kal main ye kahooNga k
kal ka din mere liye
saat hazaar saal ka tha

Ravi Kopra

Akhtar Jawad Sends Vish Khopra ???????? To See Allah, A Omar Khayyam Like Rubaiyat

"Why are you here? " demanded the most reverend Allah
"Allah Sir, Akhtar Jawad sent me here, " said I humbly
"Bastard, soor ka tukhm, who is he, what is he? " exploded Allah
"Jannat is for muslims. Go back to holy Ganges, I'll take care of the SOB,
" said Allah.

Ravi Kopra

Akhtar Jawad's Vish Khopra ???????? Explains God Positioning System, G.P.S, A Omar Khayyam Like Rubaiyyat

God blessed Vish Khopra ???????? with some scientific knowledge
To guide Akhtar Jawad like true believers from graves to heaven -
Look for the Star in the Crescent Moon that's where God in Jannat is
That's where you'll find wine, whisky, rum, music and virgin women!

Ravi Kopra

All About Love

Love is the
preservation of self
It is not selfless.
The problem is
you cannot
preserve yourself
you need
somebody else.

To preserve yourself
you have to
preserve somebody else
and that is
what love is.

That's why
those who only
love themselves are
the most miserable ones.
They are loveless.
They cannot preserve themselves.

Ravi Kopra

All I Want Is...

Apne mehboob ka baazu
jahan raat ko sar tika sakoon
hamesha vo mera saath de
aur agar thoda gussa mujhe aaye to sahem le
ye hi sab chahat hai vo mujhe pyaar kare
uska jawaani zaroori nahin
lakin us main dum khoob ho

Mujhe pyar kare
raat ko chumiaNde
aur subah ko apne bazooN main le le

Main chahti hoon us achay aadmi ke saath
hamare pyaar ka sangam hota rahe
aur vo mere dil k zakhmoN ko jaan le
vo apni guitar se baD kar mujhe pyar kare
susheel ho aur kathor bhi ho
us pe mera vishwas ho
vo dhokay baaz na ho

Ravi Kopra

All Learned Pundits, Fake Fakirs, Reincarnations - Rendering Omar Khayyam

All learned pundits, fake fakirs, reincarnations
Of this or that god died saying this or that all life
What did they deliver? Nothing. Just frustrations
To already failed frustrated masses struggling in life.

-RK

XXVII.

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly, are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Works to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

- Edward Fitzgerald

Ravi Kopra

Allah Cusses Akhtar Jawad And Smiles At Vish Khopra ???????? In Paradise

Akhtar Jawad carries his
Prayer carpet to heaven for his daily namaz

Raises his ass up in the air and
Bends down in reverence, his face towards Kaaba

"What are you doing, Akhtar boy? " asks Allah
"Praying to Allah" answers he humbly

"Why? " "Because my mullah told me so"
"Oh, yes! brainy brains! " says Allah

And smiles at Vish Khopra ???????? who is busy
Drinking wine and fondling houris in heaven.

Ravi Kopra

Allah Got Old. He Assembled His Followers, An Omar Khayyam Like Rubaiyyat

Allah got old. He assembled his followers
And thanked them for being true believers
Asked them what were their wishes. All clamored:
Whisky and wine. Whisky and wine. Virgins and women!

Ravi Kopra

Allah Grants Virgins To Vish Khopra ????????? And Calls Akhtar Jawad A Khusda

"You are no good, I'm sending you to Jahannam, " said Allah to pussy face Akhtar Jawad

Allah, he cried, wailed and begged, please don't, please don't, I want my virgins " You're rotten SOB, Akhtar" said Allah, "I'm giving your virgins to Vish Khopra ?????????

"You are impotent, anyway" added Allah, "they don't like a KhusDa, what will you do with virgins? "

Ravi Kopra

Allah Has Blessed Akhtar Jawad's Vish Khopra ????????, A Omar Khayyam Like Rubaiyat

Vish Khopra ???????? Allah ka pukka musla hai
Allah k sub hukum sar jhukaye pooray karta hai
har din 5 baar namaz, varat, be-sharab, magar
4 kalay burkay waali begum ghar main rakhta hai
jannat main muft sharab aur chaand jaisi khoobsoorat
parioN ko soch soch kar baDa kush rehta hai.

Ravi Kopra

Allah Has Blessed Akhtar Jawad's Vish Khopra ?????????, A Omar Khayyam Like Rubaiyyat

Vish Khopra ????????, a true believer of one Allah

Fulfills all Allah's orders in full reverence -

Namaz 5 times a day, fasts, no wine, no rum,4 women in his harem

Waits for Jannat for free moonshine and moonlike beautiful women!

Ravi Kopra

Allah Is God. God Is Allah. What Difference? A Omar Khayyam Like Rubaiyyat

Allah is God. God is Allah. What difference?

So long we get our fare share of whisky, wine and women

We bow down and pray for distilled pure love in reverence

We believers only believe in Him in open or in anon.

Ravi Kopra

Allah Might Get Angry With Akhtar Jawad, The Musla Friend Of Vish Khopra ????????

aye mere muslay Karachi k dost
kahaN ho, kya kar rahe ho aaj kal

bakra-e-id mana rahe ho
ya gau mata ko kha rahe ho

oont aur gadhe tum khate ho
har roz do baar kam se kam

ya bhuna murga khate ho
gurday, kapooroN k saath

tumhain pata hai na jo gau mata khata hai
ek dum jahanum main jata hai

na to wahan nangi pariaN hain
na hi hain sharaboN k dariya

Karachi main chooay, soor, keeDay-makoDay bahut hain
kyon nahin tum khate unko bhoon bhoon, taDpa taDpa kar?

unka halka sa gala kat kar, taDpa kar, namaz tum zaroor paDna
nahin to halal ka jhatka ban jayega aur Allah naraz ho jayega tum par

aur kahey ga tum ko: gali k soor k tukhm
halal karna nahin seekha hai tum ne aaj tak!

Ravi Kopra

Allah Punishes Akhtar Jawad And Praises Vish Khopra ????????

"Why do you hate Vish Khopra ????????, " demanded Allah of Akhtar Jawad, "and what junoon has gotten you? "
Allah Sir, answered Akhtar, he hates Karachi and praises his Mumbai's Bollywood
"Vish Khopra ???????? is right, " said Allah, "Hindi muslas live
in Karachi, not a single Wahabi there"
"You're a Kafir, no true musla, I order a hundred lashes and for a week no
food for you."

Ravi Kopra

Allah's Akhtar Jawad Barkhurdar Envy Vish Khopra ???????? In Paradise

Allah granted the most dazzling, beautiful thirty two virgins to Vish Khopra
???????? in Jannat

Akhtar Barkhurdar of Allah complained: I prayed 5 times daily, never had
alcohol, never gambled

How come I got the oldest, the ugliest virgins no one wanted and ???????? got
the best ones?

"I want my virgins to be happy and you're impotent. You're lucky to get
even the ugliest ones" Allah retorted.

Ravi Kopra

Alone

The dinner is ready.
The lamp is lit.
She is at the dinner table, alone.
Waiting for her adulterous
hubby to come home.

She waits for an hour.
No sign of home. No phone call.
She turns off the light.
Leaves the table, food cold.
Goes to bury herself in the bed, alone.

Ravi Kopra

Alone, A Ghazal In English

In misfortune, they always leave me alone
In darkness even my shadow leaves me alone

You need family, friends, lover(s) to live in this world
You will be miserable if you wish to live alone

Who will take you to the doc when you have a heart attack
or call 911 when you fall down and break your leg if alone

If you do not have a wife or a sweet heart who loves you
There will be no warmth in your bed at night if alone

Well, no body will stop you if you watch all night your favorite porn
You may feel some heat but will burn in it if you are alone

To be alone or not to be alone is a matter of choice in life
To live with someone is a full life, it's empty if you are alone

But be careful. Never ever live with a bimbo in your life
She'll bamboozle with nonsense and you'd wish you were alone

'Ravi' is a wizard. He knows all this first hand
Trust him. He will never misguide you if you are alone

Ravi Kopra

Amor Eterno, A Spanish Love Poem By Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer In English Translation

Clouds may cover
the sun forever.
Oceans may dry up
in an instant.
Axis of the earth
may break down any instant
like a delicate crystal.
It may all happen.
May my death be covered
with his funeral crepe.
because the flame of
my love for him
will go on and on for ever.
Never will it die.

Ravi Kopra

An Accident

Traffic barely inched ahead
an accident on the highway
a short while ago
a dead deer, two babies unborn
bellies smashed, fresh blood, bones, entrails
glisten in the mid-day sun
cars, rvs, trucks windows down
people peer out, smell exhaust
buzzards buzz overhead
in the distance blaring sirens.

Ravi Kopra

An Apu From Seven Eleven Writes A So Called Poem - An Omar Khayyam Like Rubaiyat

An Apu from Seven Eleven writes a so called poem
It is made the poem of the day to make some bucks
Apu's like only Apu poems. All day they praise the poem
They celebrate their fame throwing parties at home.

Ravi Kopra

An Ekphrastic Poem, She Sees Rainbows Only

Losing three babies in a row
even before they were born
dashing all hopes of motherhood
putting aside the new crib
tiny mittens, scarves, clothes, toys
in a box opened and sealed again,
the chosen pretty names
sarah, sheila, david. robert
slid back once again in memory lanes.
How heart wrenching, how saddening!

When the full term rainbow baby comes
in a bundle of love, crying
what joy it brings to the mother,
there's nothing in this world to compare.
A feeling of blessings, a fulfillment
a sudden emotional surge hard to contain
brings tears to her eyes
holding the baby gently
and guiding her to her breasts
for the nectar of life.
The baby starts sucking. She opens
her eyes and sees the rainbows only.

Ravi Kopra

An Example Of Happiness

When you and your
spouse fight day and night
no matter what you do
doesn't make her happy
her demands never end and
she sucks your soul dry
it's time you say her good bye
and find a new love in your life

It could be him and not her
Do not dwell much on it

But it so happens
your new love turns to be like the love you left
and you wonder why, why!

Doesn't misery love misery
and the like like the like?

Sure it does
That's what Confuscious says.
So look into your soul and find
where does the solution lie...

Ravi Kopra

An Experimental Hinglish Poem

boobs boobs boobs
O mehbooba tere boobs
khoob se khoob
baDe se baDe boobs
kitne khoob!

mumme mumme mumme
mummy k mumme
mamma k mumme
tere mumme
meri jaan k mumme

mere moonh main mumme
tere moonh main mumme
mehbboba k mumme
madam k mumme

boobs boobs boobs
khoob khoob khoob
kitne khoob!

Ravi Kopra

An Ode To Chalk

Brittle
easily powdered
you come in all colors
pink, orange, red, blue
yellow, indigo, all hues
I use white to write and prove
theorem of Pythagoras on
black boards for my students
kids use it to color their books
artists use it to draw nudes
in all shapes and sizes -
the pleasant plumps
with huge butts and boobs
and the skinny like bamboo shoots
all bare bones no flesh to hide
no boobs, no butts, no nothing
just pretty faces with smiles
all luster and lust, nothing else
but chalk, O dear chalk
all of them, you immortalise
glory to you O chalk
they live on and you
only a short life.

Ravi Kopra

An Old Demented Star Steed Mullah Dreams Of Komodo Dragon (?????????)

An Old Demented Musla Dreams Of ?????????? (Komodo Dragon)

An old demented mullah his hair all white
saw a Komodo Dragon wandering at night
he wet his pants, full of fright
It was his prayer time, he missed namaaz
Mullah thrashed him asked him the cause
how could he tell mullah how it all was
that he peed in his white pants because
the Komodo Dragon was a fearful sight
Since that day the musla was never alright
He dreamed of the Komodo Dragon every night
Once he dreamed the dragon hit the tree
where he thought it would be danger free
and while on the tree he could steal the eggs of a dove
to make an omelette and feed himself with Allah's love
The dragon shook the tree, the musla came down tumbling
He was going to be eaten alive. In fear he began trembling
that woke up his young begum wife number four who said:
I know Komodo Dragon is after you, you're peeing, your face's red.

And by the way, the musla afraid of the Dragon who peed and peed
Is called 'Star Steed' translated as 'Akhtar Jawad' in his creed.

Ravi Kopra

And A Kiss On Your Mouth

A cup of tea with you
Gives me a thousand flavors

Three glasses of wine with you
End all sorrows of mine

A stroll in the garden with you
Mellows my heart forever

Sailing on a mountain lake with you
Soars my spirit high up in the winds

And a kiss on your mouth
Brings back all my youth

Ravi Kopra

And I Became A Living Soul

And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

-Genesis 2: 7

When I saw her for the first time
My heart leaped out of my chest
Stunned was I with her beauty
I kept looking at her...

She passed by me not knowing
What had she done to me
I did not know who she was
Nor did she know who was I

I wanted to immortalize her
lest I forget with the passage of time
just how a single glimpse at her
made my heart dance in delight

I opened my notebbok and started
writing my poem: So Beautiful Is She.
She breathed endless love into me
and I "became a living soul";

A poet of love poems.
Some call it a miracle
Some call it a chance encounter
I call it love that makes us human beings.

Ravi Kopra

And I Missed You

When you called me yesterday
in the evening, I was looking
at your photo in the golden frame
sitting on the table beside my bed.
I was thinking of you.

Your golden voice was music to my ears.
It brings me relief. I walked to the pavillion
in the backyard under the full autumn moon
and sat there alone.

The breeze had brought in purple plum
leaves scattered all over the the floor.
Two doves came to splash water on their wings
and flew back to their nest in the pear tree.
They coo cooed there, and I missed you.

Ravi Kopra

And In An Instant You Become An International Poet

Not everybody
could be a singer
a musician or an artist.
We do not have the talent
and we admit our limitations.

But to be a poet,
How facile!
Just write some gobbledygook
in your second or third language
and put it on a poetry site that
makes bucks from ads;
your chamcha -sycophant- friends
or so called compatriot poets who also
write gobbledygook in their
second, third or fourth language
will read your poems and make
comments in adulations such as -

Such a beautiful poem
A poem full of wisdom
A well penned poem
I see God in your poem
God is love and love is God
What a nice inscription
Congratulations for the poem of the day
A very nice collocation
Wonderful rhyming of said and dead head,
So nice, so interesting, so remarkable;
And in an instant you become an international poet
writing in a language you hardly understand
with 500 words in command and no grammar whatsoever.
How wonderful!

Ravi Kopra

And Lately, By The Tavern Door Agape, Rendering Omar Khayyam

The angels could not resist the taste of wine
And to see how happy it made man's life. One night
The head angel entered the tavern through the open gate
And stole bucketfuls of wine for other angels to taste.

XLIV.

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came stealing through the Dusk an Angel Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas - the Grape!

Ravi Kopra

And That's Love

When I ride my horse
white with dark brown patches
over his mane, sides, eyes
he knows me well
my body, legs, weight, posture
smell and what I am thinking that day.

When he senses I am sad, he strides slow
takes me under the shade of trees overlooking
the lake that has roses of Sharon trees
along its borders blooming with red, white, pink
bunchy flowers where humming birds hum in the air,
and where the wild ducks, fish and geese
swim in the still lake calmly,
he pauses there, waits for my clues.

And when he knows I am happy
my lover is coming to see me from Paris
and stay with me from Thanksgiving
to Christmas till New Year Day holiday, he trots
gallops around and walks like a billionaire.
Perhaps he senses my hormones too
they always change when he is coming to see me.

We are in partnership. We know each other well.
We give each other company. Solace in grief
happiness in merriment day to day.
And that's love. It is magical.

Ravi Kopra

And The Moon And The Stars And The World, A Poem By Charles Bukowski In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Raat ko gali galochON ki sair main
aatma ko shaanti mil jati hai -
logoN ki khiDkioN main jhankte hue
thaki-thakaae aurtoN ko dekhte hue
apne sharabi khawindoN ki
peet pataae se bachte hue.

Ravi Kopra

And This Delightful Herb, A Rubaiyat Of Omar Khayyam In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Ah! ye hari hari ek neyi shakha
nadi pyaar se ise choomna chahti hai
jhuk jao is pe pyaar se, choom lo is ko dil se
kya pata kis ke hotoN pe chupa hai zindgi ka maza!

Ravi Kopra

And When Summer Comes To An End, A Rumanian Poem By Nina Cassian In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Aur jab garmiaN khatam ho jati hain
lagat hai jaise sab jahan ka anT aa gaya hai
biyaban aur dahasht - har taraf

Din cHotay honay shuroo ho jate hain
yahaN tak k sab shaan guzar jati hai
bheegay kaDay hamare badan par chipte rehte hain
hanare coat mayoos se laagte hain.
Aur fir sardi k mausam main hum kaampte hain
idhar udhar galioN main girte phirte hain
lagata hai har cheez ka beDa gark ho raha hai...

hum hamesha bahar main raheN
ye kahaNka, kiska vichar hai?
kya kisi bhyanak adarsh lok ka khyaal hai?

Ravi Kopra

And When We Do Make Long Long Love

Eyes are at rest
Lamp light is dim
Soft music is slow
Outside it's raining.

We, in the bed are holding
Each other in arms, kissing
Cuddling, fondling, caressing
Desire you, desire you, we are saying.

We may or may not
make love, we do not know
But we do know this -
We are to each other a gift.

Our union was made in heaven -
So peaceful, joyful, blissful we feel
And when we do make long long love
Heaven on earth we feel!

We only want each other then
Closely clasped to our bosoms
Nothing more, nothing more in this world!

Ravi Kopra

And When You Tell An Idiot He Is Wise, A Hindi Poem

Moorakhta bahut tarah ki hoti hai
akalmand ko moorakh kaho
to tum moorakh ban jato ho

Aur jab tum kisi moorakh ko
mazaak se akalmand kaho
aur vo apni akalmandi tum ko
dikhane lag jaata hai

To tum hairani main
maaray jatay ho k
moorakhta ki koe
seema na hai

Main ne aisi seema
kuch bharti kavioN ki
yahan bar bar dekhi hai
aur vo daaktar, paDay likhay kavi hain.

Ravi Kopra

Another Couplet After Kabir In Bhojpuri

uski dilruba bhaag gayi, wo sar pakDay rona dhona hoay
raam ka naam ab jap le. rona dhona sab smapat hoay

Ravi Kopra

Another Fresh New Year, A Poem By William Arthur Ward In Hindi/Urdu Translation

naya saal ab aaya hai
ek saal ka jeevan aur dene k liye
chinta, dubida, dar bhagane k liye
pyar main jeene, lene-dene, hasne k liye!

khushi bhara naya saal mujhe kehta hai -
har din dum bhar k zinda raho
har din baDo, koshis karo
achHi se achHI bulandi pe chDo

muje ab ek aur moka mila hai
sab unyaye door karne k liye
shaanti ki prarthana karne ke liye
peD paudhe lagane k liye
khushi k geet gaane k liye.

Ravi Kopra

Another Version Of Luo Zhihai's Poem: In Lonely Bloom

At the end of the gulley
Fresh fragrance from orchids in bloom
The village shines in the moonlight
The East wind blows drunkenly
Though the spring feels good
Time for the red lichtsies
Summer is back.

Ravi Kopra

Apocalypse

Why don't
they quit
talking of
the apocalypse
day and night

if they complain
so much
living
in this
beautiful world

why don't
they
commit
suicide?

Ravi Kopra

Apu Poems

Every Apu poem is 'well penned, full of wisdom', so and so forth
And also 'such a lovely poem, such a wonderful poem of all poems! '
Their plastic pens are fake, their scatty wisdom always springs forth
Early in the morning in restrooms and gets wrapped in their new poems.

Ravi Kopra

Are You Married?

Back stage I congratulated
the distinguished speaker
who spoke for an hour on
the virtues of marriage

quoting philosophers
and poets dead and alive
showing a horde of slides.

Suddenly he asked me -
are you married?
I said no with a smile.

A great choice, said he.

Ravi Kopra

Arranged Marriage, A Hindi/Urdu Poem

jo kuch bhi wo kehta hai
karta hai
pagla sa pagla lagta hai
kya karoon main raam
shaadi unon ne meri kar dali
ab sar phoDuN pathar maar
us k mere beech hai ek baDi deewar
ek baDa baDa pahaD

jab kahoon
badan main aag lagi hai
baraf ka thanda paani le aata hai
Jab kahoon
neend nahin aati
choD kar
doosray bistray pe so jata hai

jab kehti hoon
kuch thand si lag rehi hai
zara jism to chuo mera
kitna thanda sa hai
razzaii kambal le aata hai
mujh pe daal deta hai
kahDay ki chaey banata hai
pee lo isay ghoont bhar bhar
aur jao so jao bistray par
sab thand door ho jaey gi
chaey ka hai ye chatmatkar

main lait jaati hoon
kambal razaii k andar
bahati hoon aansuon ka dariya
poochti hoon kya ye meri kismat hai
karmoN ka phal hai
ya duniya ka purana bandhan hai

hey pita, hey maata
kuch to mere liye socha hota
main tumhari beti hoon

kaise main tumhain na na karti
dukh seh rehi hoon ab
tumhari khushioN k liye...

Ravi Kopra

Arranged Marriages, An Ekphrastic Poem

O damn the conventional
Parents' arranged marriages!
I don't want to see his
Face. Nor does he mine

No feelings. Zilch
Our kiss, if you call a kiss
Is a parchment rubbing our lips
Our tongues suffocate

I block him. He blocks me
In frustration we suffer
Castrated, neutered we now both feel
And yet we both could not rebel

We are utter strangers
In a cornered nightmarish union
Love by prescription
A marriage made in hell

Imprisoned, oppressed
Our lives out sucked
In the dry sahara of love
Clad in shrouds we're dead.

Ravi Kopra

As You Have Come

As you have come
the orioles are singing in trees
the cuckoos are cooing

the parrots fly from tree to tree
they never stop chatting

the rivers are flowing full
their waters are laughing

the flowers are blooming
the peacocks are dancing

the skies are clear blue
the stars shine brightly

why do I smile all the time?
they always keep on asking

they don't know you will
forever, be staying with me.

Ravi Kopra

Asifa Bano, An 8-Year-Old Girl Gang Raped And Murdered

To stop such crimes, the rapists
Must be punished in public thus:

Slide down your pants, you beasts
You odious, wicked, heinous bastards

Here comes the saw man with his
Rusted blunt hand saw in his hands

He will saw off your penises bit by bit like musla halal
Slowly, and feed to the dogs and coyotes waiting earnestly

In line, and the remnants to the flying vultures
On your wounds, he will spray chillies and salt

And leave you crying, bleeding in hot sun to death
You scum of the earth, we will make you rot in hell

Ravi Kopra

Ask Them, A Punjabi Ghazal By Baba Najmi In English Translation

Have they priced down any item? ask them
Have they done any thing new? ask them

In the gathering of the members of the assembly
Who among them wear brand new suits? ask them

They take loans against our properties
Where does the money go? ask them

They take pride in their new suits
Why am I in rags? ask them

They could travel by bicycle only. now they have millions
Where does their money come from? ask them

When we gave the chair to our 'Baba'
Why did they then shun us all? ask them

the original in Punjabi

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-Baba Najmi

Ravi Kopra

At Night, A Swedish Love Poem By Georg Trakle In Hindi/Urdu Translation

meri ankhen aaj raat muskra rehi hain
mere sonay k dil ko
laal-laal kar k roshni aaj jala rehi hai!
teri udasi meri udasi k saath bhag rehi hai
tere laal-laal hont zabardast ho kar
mere hontoN pe juDeN hue hain!

Ravi Kopra

At That Moment

In the early autumn morning
The rooster sat on the top of the barn
And started his cock o'doodle doo

My basenji dog yodelled back loudly
I cussed them both. I wanted to roast the rooster
And throw my dog in a dungeon

Or send him to sub-zero Siberia to learn
How not to wake up the master in the morning
At that moment

The moon was shining through the window
The plum flowers were smiling at me
I smiled back, went back to sleep

Forgiving the dog and the rooster.

Ravi Kopra

At The Airport Terminal

When I went to the airport today
with you to say goodbye to you,
your eyes welled up at the gate
and tears fell on your cheeks

Keep heart my love, I said
How lucky we are we are in love
and it hurts to hear a goodbye
even for a short while

I held back my tears at that moment
I wanted to show you I am a man
as men do not cry at parting
lest they show their unmanliness

It was a moment later when you had
entered the gate and was out of sight
my heart could not contain my tears
my hanky was wet on leaving the terminal

I just wanted to tell you
how hard it is to hide love!
I have been thinking of you since then
and searching flights to fly to you.

Ravi Kopra

At The Touch Of You, A Poem By Witter Bynner In Hindi/Urdu Translation

jaise hi main ne tum ko
apne haathon se chHooa
aise laga k teri teer-kamaan k khushi k teer
mere jism ko lagne lage

aise laga k tum ek pHawara ho
main neeche ek chtaan par baithi huee hoon
aur tere pani ne muj ko pani pani kar diya hai

Ravi Kopra

Autumn Air, A Chinese Poem By Li Bai In Translation

The autumn breeze is clear.
The moon is bright.
Falling leaves gather and scatter.
A jackdaw perches, all startled.
We think of each other and wonder
when will we meet again.
This hour, this night, I feel
very queasy - can't say in words.

-rendered from a literal translation at web pages:

Autumn wind clear
Autumn moon bright
Fall leaves gather and scatter
Jackdaw perch again startle
Each think each see know what day
This hour this night hard be feeling

Ravi Kopra

Autumn Love Songs Of Chinese Swallows

Late autumn rain. Cold breeze.
Flowers withering.
Stamens and pistils dying.

Swallows danced gracefully in the air
And sang autumn love songs -

He: I left fragrance of heart petals for my lovely wife

She: I played three notes of love music for my pouting husband
I am so high on love, I will dance all night
I will not stop singing till my husband smiles

Both: We are going to have babies. We are going to have babies
Our nest is ready already.

Ravi Kopra

Awake! - Rendering Omar Khayyam

Get up, get up, it's the end of night
I already heard the roosters' cry
The sunshine on the Sultan's turret is bright
Let's head to the tavern. Don't ask why.

I.
Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight:
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light.

Ravi Kopra

Away, A Love Poem By Pamela Dietz In Hindi/Urdu Translation

meri jaan
tum mere pass nahin ho
mera dil dukhi hai
mere hont akele hain
tere honton ki talash main hain
mere haath tere hathoN main nahin hain
thundh se jukaD rahay hain
mera badan, tere badan k saath nahin hai
ye ab peeDa main paDa hua hai
meri jaan, hamesha mere pass raho
Allah se ye meri dua hai.

Ravi Kopra

Baby Adam Coming To Life. An Ekphrastic Poem

God created the heaven and the earth
and created the baby Adam
out of the clay of volcanic ashes
with all elements in it

And he put his mouth
over the mouth of baby Adam
and exhaled out souls

A tiny tiny soul slipped
in the tiny heart of
the baby Adam. He checked

the baby Adam's pedal pulse
and lo! he cried out aloud.

'What's the matter, little boy? '
asked the all mighty Lord.

'Where is my Eve? Where is my Eve? '
The baby Adam demanded
in a shrill heart wrenching voice.
'I feel so lonesome without her.'

He was too tired creating the universe
that day. He didn't want to mess with the fresh clay.

God set out to making baby Eve
out of the hanging baby Adam's left rib.

That's why all men now
have a missing rib in the chest
and have a cold cold heart
unlike women who stole men's hearts
and have all the warmth in the world.

Ravi Kopra

Bamboo, Pine And Willow After Luo Zhihai

Bamboos, willows and pines
high on hills sway
in the early morning autumn winds
in the Schweinchen valley

It is calm, quiet, still
moon is hanging bright in the sky
the villagers still asleep, restful

Air is fragrant with scents of plums, chrysanthemums
a crow suddenly starts caw cawing
what's wrong with the poor thing so early in the morning?

Ravi Kopra

Baozi, Dim Sum, Montou, Wonton

Late in the autumn
it's cold on the Lu mountain
down below in the valley
chimney smokes curl up in the air
people making bird nest's soup
baozi, dim sum, montou, wonton
zongzi, cong you bing, shaobing
congee, tong sui, hot pot, xianbing
that entice even Buddha the middle
path man who cannot resist the flavors
of the cuisine of the chinese men
and begs door to door like his
followers now for baozi, dim sum
montou, xianbing, shaobing, wonton.

Ravi Kopra

Be Gentle And Patient (Kabir)

Be gentle and patient, O my mind!
Everything happens in right time

A gardener might squander
A hundred buckets of water

But the plants will bear
Fruit, only in the season.

Ravi Kopra

Be Still, Calm Down

Flush greenery did not stop
The fierce torrents of rains

Streams of tears did not stop
The sorrows of the lonely hearts

The fragrance from half a pillar of incense
Calmed down a thousand thoughts

Still water in a spring pool
Reflected a thousand falls

Ravi Kopra

Beautiful Ladies

My eyes wander
away
from you
when
I see
beautiful ladies
in the distance

I love you
my darling

If
you are
zealous of them
cover my eyes
with your fingers

But don't take
my balls out.

Ravi Kopra

Beautiful, A Love Poem By Pablo Neruda In English Translation

My love, you are so beautiful
Like from the stone of a fresh water fountain
the water springs forth in a wide flashing foam,
so is your smile on your face, my beautiful.

Your hands and feet are thin, like those of a walking silver poney.
I see you like a flower of my world, my beautiful.

A nest of the color of copper on your head, a dark honey
colored nest is where my heart burns and rests, my beautiful.

Your eyes have no place on your face, they do not match the terrain.
In your eyes exist countries and rivers, my homeland, my existence.
They shine light on the world where I walk with them.

My love, you are so beautiful
Your breasts are like two breads made of the earth cereal and golden moon.
Your waist made my arms feel like a river where you spent a thousand years.
No one has hips like yours in this world. Perhaps the earth has somewhere
a secret place for the scent of your body and your curves, so beautiful.

My love, you are so beautiful
Your voice, your skin, your finger nails, your being
Your shine, your shade are all mine, mine, you beautiful.
When you walk or rest, sing or sleep, suffer or dream
Close or far, always, always, you are my mine, my beautiful.

Ravi Kopra

Beauty

When you walk into the ball room
All heads - young, old, middle age- turn toward you

When you walk with me under the full moon
the moon hides behind the darkest clouds

When they look at your face, they forget their lovers
and ask their lusting hearts how could you be their lover

When they see you walk in grace with a little swing at your hips
their pants start making tents to offer them cool shades

When they hear you say anything, even in anger
it is music to their ears, your voice, their hunger

When in your bikini, you lounge at the beach
people say- what mounds, what curves, what shades

Near the ocean in this fragrant fresh spring breeze
the most beautiful woman in the world is here, here.

Ravi Kopra

Beauty In Blue Eyes

Main ne jab teri neeli neeli
ankhaiN dekhi, tu sharmaai, muskraii
main mar gaya, mar gaya teri ankhaiN dekhay dekhay

Ravi Kopra

Beauty Is A Liability

What will you do with your beauty
if you become a liability
and have no brains
to be self dependent?

A flower that withers the next day
A painting that soon shades
A candle that burns in an hour
A storm that passes in seconds
The lightening that dazzles
For an instant and then, gone, gone, gone...

Ravi Kopra

Beauty Lost All Its Lure After My Death, A Urdu Ghazal By Ghalib In English Translation

Beauty lost all its lure after my death
My enemies are now at rest after my death

No one could be the king of love after my death
No one now knows how to love after my death

A candle ends up giving off smoke
The flame of love is now dark after my death

In my grave I pity them. Now they paint their nails
with henna, not with my blood, after my death

Beauty leaves those who have no heart
Their eyes don't love kohl after my death

In the frenzy of farewell, my lovers
Will tear off their clothes after my death

Who will rival him losing himself drunk in love?
Asks the bartender again and again, after my death

I am dying with this grief in my heart -
No one will mourn the death of love, after my death

'Ghalib' is sad over the helplessness of lovers
How could they living in shocking grief after my death?

Ravi Kopra

Bees Talk

Meticulous English bees are nuisance, they buzz
In Germany they are mighty, 'summ summ' they speak
In Russia they are cold, they only zh-zh-zh
But the tiny Japanese bees so interesting
They sing: booN, booN, booN
They remind you of the Indian little babies
When they are angry and cry, they hooN, hooN, hooN!

Ravi Kopra

Before I Pull The Trigger

Bursting in anger with foaming mouth
face, eyes red. Hair disheveled,
shouting loud, body shaking
voice intelligible, incoherent,
a man in midlife puts his gun
on the temple of his kneeled down
friend right in the middle of the road.

He had disappeared with his
young daughter over the weekend.

You hear such fragments -

You son of a bitch
you mother fu...
you rotten rat from hell
you stinking bastard
you worthless shit
utter your last words
before I pull the trigger

Red flashes of lights
sirens, loud.

Ravi Kopra

Between You And Me Is A Bridge - A Punjabi Love Poem

tere mere wich
ik pul hai

chaD ja is utay
tur pai jidhar chaaeN

idhar aansaiN
mare dil wich aasaiN

udhar jaasaiN
mere dil wich assaiN

kyoN ke
tere dil wich mera dil hai

Ravi Kopra

Beyond The Night, A Hindi/Urdu Version Of A Spanish Poem By Sonia Bueno

raat k paray
raat
chalti hai
kishti waloN se
aur door k taroN ki roshni se

deewar main aala {tooti hue/ dariya ki mrig trishna/ jaane/anjaane/ wo dono samajhte hain/ lakin kaun peeta hai paani mrig trishna se}

Ravi Kopra

Bible Reading Christians

'Time to love, time to hate'
Says Solomon in the Bible

So hating is permissible
To the Bible reading Christians
only when the time is right for hate
Neither early nor late
just right at the precise time
Not during the loving or any other time

If you are not proper, precise
and start loving during hating time
and hating during loving time
you will not know what Solomon is saying
and you'll be in big trouble all times

You will be so messed up in life
And will no longer be a Christian
Some sort of heathen or whatever
But certainly not a Christian

Hate could be interrupted by love
But love could never ever by hate
Hate should be kept apart from love
But love can go wherever it wants
Even to the most fully hateful ones

How could you call a religion
a religion if does allow you to hate?
I asked the preacher of love and hate
who blindly teaches from holy Bible?

'You do not hate a person' said he
'You hate only his evil actions'
emphasised he with a broad smile
spreading all over his shaved face

Wonderful! said I
Let us invite the Boko Haram

who kidnapped and raped
two hundred innocent school girls,
for seven course dinners
and rice pudding made with the camel
milk for their favorite dessert,
and tell them we love you
love you, from our hearts
O Boko Haram wonderful people!
because we are Bible reading Christians
we only hate your evils actions
of kidnapping, murder and rape
and making innocent girls pregnant
over and over with your Boko Haram semen.

More hateful actions you do
the more we will love you
and many more times to our homes
for seven course dinners we'll invite you
because we are Bible reading Christians
we love you, we love you.

Ravi Kopra

Birds Calling In The Ravine - Translation Of Wang Wei's Chinese Poem

Aimlessly wandering
on a quiet and empty hill
in the spring, I see
falling osmanthus flowers.
And hear the constant calling of
birds startled with full moon
down below in the ravine.

Literal translation from web pages:

Person idle osmanthus flower fall
Night quiet spring hill empty
Moon out startle hill birds
Constant call spring ravine in

Ravi Kopra

Bitter Bitter Cold, Not Too Bitter To Be Playful

Bitter bitter cold
I stand like a wax mould
In my arms you fold
I hug you in a tight hold
You warm me up
take away my cold
I give you deep kisses on your mouth
that no body ever heard of in north or south
I give you kisses on your breasts
that nobody could imagine in east or west
you take away all cold
when in my arms you fold
and I love you in my hold.
Our love story for ages
again and again will be told
to the shy lovers
who never feel bold.

Ravi Kopra

Bitter Cold Night In Winter

Bitter cold night in winter
on the Dal lake in Kashmir.
Water turning into ice
the moon shows
its full face on the lake.
Seeing it I say -
Oh my, its mine, mine!

Ravi Kopra

Bitter-Sweet, A Poem By George Herbert In Urdu Translation

Kaisay ho tum mere gussay se bharay khuda
humain tum pyaar kartay ho aur maar bhi daaltay ho
chutti hamari kartay ho aur madad bhi karaty ho
main bhi aisi bataaiN karooNga

main karooN ga shikaitaiN aur shabashi bhi dooNga
main maarooNga dutkaar aur maan bhi looNga
aur har khattay-meethay din zindgi bhar
main rona-peatna karooNga aur pyaar bhi karooNga

Ravi Kopra

Black And White

White

expells all colors
reflects them back
and wants to remain pure
as a white lily
and frowns at others in delight.

Black

takes in all colors like a black hole
white, yellow, brown, black
warm them in its heart and smiles
but when enraged in too much heat
it explodes, burns itself
burning everybody, everything in sight.

Ravi Kopra

Bliss We Have To Gain - A Kind Of Prose Poem After Kumarmani Mahakul

"We are fortunate souls in Earth" says Kumarmani Mahakul.

Poems of Kumarmani Mahakul inspire me to write my poems for enlightenment of the poor souls living in darkness with wide open eyes wondering day and night about the bliss and blessings of God on the pious and the not so pious ones.

This aside, we are fortunate to be alive despite the ongoing horrific terrorism all over the world. But "in Earth", under the ground, and not 'on Earth', I am not sure of!

Where else would we be if not on Earth? Surely, "in Earth", six feet under or in har har ganga mata! (in the holy waters of the Ganges) .

And yet, jab khuda ne jahaaN banaya
kambakkht aadmi ko dhika de kar zameen par giraya
kehte hue - daffa ho jao, daffa ho jao, mere jannat se

(And yet, when God made the heaven and the earth
He pushed man out of paradise
Man came down tumbling on earth
While god kept on saying -
Get out, get out, you cursed man
Out of my pure paradise!)

Even khuda (God)does not want us to be fortunate on Earth. How is Mahakul's God different from khuda?

Ravi Kopra

Blooming Roses - Rendering Omar Khayyam

Look! what the blooming rose is
saying laughing - I bloom for a day
And once my silken petals wither
Into the garden dump they throw me away.

XV.

Look to the Rose that blows about us - 'Lo,
Laughing, ' she says, 'into the World I blow:
At once the silken Tassel of my Purse
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw.'

Ravi Kopra

Blue Sky Blue Music

Blue sky beautiful
Blue music so sad, sorrowful

What about blue music under the blue sky?
Sorrowful, more sorrowful

And the blue sky over the blue music?
Hopeful, hopeful, always hopeful

Ravi Kopra

Body Of A Woman, A Spanish Poem Of Pablo Neruda In Translation

Body of a woman, white hills, white thighs,
You look like a world in your posture of surrender.
My body of a brute laborer digs in you
And makes the son leap from the depths of the earth.

I was only a tunnel. From me the birds fled
And in me the night entered its powerful invasion.
To survive myself I forged you like a weapon,
Like an arrow in my bow, like a stone in my sling.

But the hour of the vengeance falls, and I love you.
The body of skin, of moss, of avid and firm milk.
Ah the goblets of your breasts! Ah the eyes of absence!
Ah the roses of the pubis! Ah your slow and sad voice!

Body of my woman I will persist in your grace.
My thirst, my anxiety without limit, my road undecided!
Dark river beds where the eternal thirst follows,
Weariness follows, and the pain is infinite.

the original in Spanish

Cuerpo de mujer, blancas colinas, muslos blancos,
te pareces al mundo en tu actitud de entrega.
Mi cuerpo de labriego salvaje te socava
y hace saltar el hijo del fondo de la tierra.

Fui solo como un túnel. De mí huían los pájaros
y en mí la noche entraba su invasión poderosa.
Para sobrevivirme te forjé como un arma,
como una flecha en mi arco, como una piedra en mi honda.

Pero cae la hora de la venganza, y te amo.
Cuerpo de piel, de musgo, de leche ávida y firme.
Ah los vasos del pecho! Ah los ojos de ausencia!

Ah las rosas del pubis! Ah tu voz lenta y triste!

Cuerpo de mujer mía, persistiré en tu gracia.
Mi sed, mi ansia sin límite, mi camino indeciso!
Oscuros cauces donde la sed eterna sigue,
y la fatiga sigue, y el dolor infinito.

-Pablo Neruda

Ravi Kopra

Break Up, A Poem By Jill Alexander Essbaum In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Toota Hua Rishta

sangtra
thand paDne par khatta ho jata hai

phool
jo khilna nahin chahta kabhi bhi nahin khilta

sippi
loot k motioN se bhari hue kisi ko chune na deti hai

dil
chotaiN kha kha kar hamesha k liye bund ho jata hai

Ravi Kopra

Breaking Morning Silence

Early this morning
In my pad, all silence

The clock strikes six
Bong, bong, bong...

Ready for breakfast

The toaster pops up the toast
S..h..r..r..u..k just once. Stops

Between my teeth corn flakes
Crunch, crunch, crunch

Tea kettle whistles with steam
Twee, ...

My cat comes to my feet
Sits there and purrs, purrs

Ready to go to work

I close the swishing curtains
I move the squeaking chair

I turn the lock
It clicks, shut

It starts raining
Tap, tap on window panes

Sudden heavy rain
Water gurgles in drains

I get wet, get into the car
The engine starts: vharoom, vharoom, vharoom..

Ravi Kopra

Breaking News: Unwanted Whores Of The New Year 2018

USA sends new year greetings to pakistan -
Listen, you pure pakistanis of pakistan,
you put wool in our eyes for long enough,
no longer will you fool us, no more.

We gave you 33 billion dollars to kill the enemy
we did not know you were our enemy
you little rotten wolves in clothes of bakra-e-id goats,
you gave us nothing except lies, excuses and deceit.

Now go to the top of your minarets,
beat your chests, pull your hair and call your Allah -
Allah, Allah, our lies, deceits, back stabbing works no more.
We will now die O Allah, soon we all be unwanted whores!

Ravi Kopra

Breasts, A Tamil Poem By Dr. Kutti Revathi In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Mummy

mummy bheegi daldali main
ubarte bulbulay se hain

jab mujh par jawaani aane lagi
main ne dar se lakin sahmati se
in ko dheere dheere baDte dekha hai

ye har kisi se sharmate thay
lakin mere saath mohabbat k
khushi k, dil dukhi k geet gaate thay

bachoN ko doodh pilatay waqt
ling ki chahat se uttejti ho jate thay

jab har mahine tapasya ka samah aata tha
wo gubaray ki tarah phool baithay thay
aur zor laga kar azaad ho jana chahte thay
aur jab sambhog ki gheri khwahish dil main aati thee
lagata tha mere mummy anand bharay geet gatay huay
hawa main uD jayeNge

jab mohabbat ki jhappi marte waqt
pyar ka ras in main bhar aata hai
aur bachay ki paidaish k waqt
na bhari mohabbat k do aansu in par aa jate hain
jo kabhi door nahin hotay, jaise wo kisi dukh main hoN
beshumar k beshumar aatay hain aur fir behnay lag jate hain

Ravi Kopra

Broken Heart

I dreamed and dreamed of love
I dreamed of living a life with you

You didn't care, and any time

I approached you, you retorted -
Get lost buster, go on your way

I am worn out

I am packing all memories of love
and leaving my dilapidated house

I am worn out.

uTha laaya huuñ saare ?hvab apne
tiri yadoñ ke bosida makañ se

-from the Ghazal "kahan jate hain aage shahr-e-jaan se" by Rasa
Chughtai

Ravi Kopra

Bulls And Pigs Eaters Of 2017

You came a year ago
we celebrated.
We promised we would lose
pounds and pounds of lard
stuck in our bellies, torsos, butts.
But we could not resist french fries
big thick juicy burgers made of
murdered bulls and pigs mixed with
their shitful ground guts and powders
of their femurs, butt bones
skulls, rib cages and shoulders.
They made us look like pigs and bulls
And the pigs and bulls celebrated
they made us look like them.

Now you are leaving us for good.
Good riddance, we do not mourn your passing
We welcome two thousand eighteen
another year of life to eat more fries
more fatfull bulls and big pig burgers
to become fatter and fatter with lard
and turn into bigger bulls and pigs.

We have done it every year
we promise, we will keep on doing every year
till we drop dead.

And then there will be a grand celebration -
the pigs and bulls will sing and dance
and kick burger cooking gadgets in our backyards
and thank god their eaters are gone forever.

Ravi Kopra

But Dead For A Long Time

My wife died yesterday
at home in labor
with our first child

I am an illegal
being sent home
tomorrow

No money, no friends

¡O Dios! , ¿Dónde estás?
Why don't you listen to me
Have mercy. I want to stay here
and visit graves of my wife, my son
when I have time off
on the birthday of son of mother Mary

He heard a distant voice coming
far off the alfa alfa fields -
I am here, I am here
But dead for a long time.

Ravi Kopra

But If You've Ever Adored Your Lover

When I am at the beauty salon
I think of you, call you and ask you -
dear love, what style of hair on me you like
what color on my nails you like
what sort of kohl on my lashes you like
what lipstick shade on my lips you like

When I am done there
I go shopping for my dresses
and wonder if he would like
me in the blue or green bikini
high heeled shoes or plain sandals
short skirts, pant suits or leotards
and what style of bras will turn him on
black low cut see-through bras or strapless bras
or no bras hugging my two loving doves

I wonder many other things about him
they are all private for him and me
but if you've ever adored your lover
you will know what I really mean.

Ravi Kopra

But No Body Is Happy, Always Wanting

Never ending Indian summer
burning heat, dust storms
people camatose on road sides
birds dropping from the sky

bands of kids in the evening
with their improvised tin drums
go from street to street chanting
beating their drums -

rabba rabba meenh day
sadi kheti daanay day
(give us rains, o god
give us grains in fields)

God listens as intensely as
they beat their deafening drums
pitch dark clouds, dreadful lightening
never ending monsoon pours down

no sign of sun, deluges
flooded rivers, villages wash away
houses fall, bridges collapse, thousands die
washed in holy ganges with sewage and garbage

when the merciless rains stop
here come the bugs, mosquitoes, flies
diphtheria, diarrhea, dengue, malaria
those who survived floods, now die

and people pray, O God of gods
we are drowning in water
please, please stop the rains
please stop the rains

God is merciful, almighty
he gives you what you ask
he wants his creation happy
but no body is happy, always wanting

something or the other, rains or no rains.

Ravi Kopra

But Trust You Must

Trust that there is Allah in Jannat
With wine, music, houris and virgins

That has never been seen and will
never ever be seen by human eye

Some may not believe in it
But trust you must

Trust that one day all Allah lovers
will covert every human, every rat, cat
cow, camel, kafir to their religion

A million years it might take
But trust you must

And that

That Allah says every man can have four women
But no woman except a whore can have four men

And Allah is Allah, the only one, the Supreme
Like the supreme mullah is above all mullahs

Like the Pope in the vatican is the hope for all citizens
of the world that by his holy prayers your sins will be forgiven

And you rotting in your graves for eons of years
One day by Jesus to heavenly father in heaven will be risen

Some may not believe in it
But trust you must.

Ravi Kopra

But You Are Not Here With Me, A Punjabi Poem Of Amrita Pritam In English Translation

The spring has come
Flowers, for the spring festival
Shine everywhere like silk
But you are not here with me

The days are getting longer
The grape vines have red buds
The wheat is ready to harvest
But you are not here with me

Thick clouds sail in the skies
The rains have quenched the earth's thirst
The trees have cast spell on forest winds
Beehives drip with honey
But you are not here with me

It is a pleasing season
The moon shines brightly
The skies are full of stars
But you are not here with me

The stars like tiny lamps shine
as they have been shining for ages
In our deep sleep at night
they come, sending beams of light
But you are not here with me.

Ravi Kopra

But, A Poem By The Persian Poet Azita Ghahreman In Hindi/Urdu Translation

hum roothay hue hain
hain to paas paas
magar nazar nahin milaate
kali raat ko dekhte
barsaat ki rim jim sunte rehte hain

barsaatein bund ho jati hain
naye mausam main nazar milaye
bahar k barey sochte hain
lakin lagata hai aise k
hum ab ajnabi hain

Ravi Kopra

By The Sea-Shore

"How well I know what I mean to do"
When the snow melts and the spring comes,
We get out to the beach, you rub sun lotion
on me and I on you. We lay all Sunday
afternoons in the sun by the murmuring sea.

And at times, inspired, I open my notebook,
You move closer to me and start peeking in
when I write a love poem for you saying:
How lucky am I in my life to have found you

My fragrant flower, sweet love of my life,
Your voice is music to my ears, your touch,
so soft to my skin, and your body of a
heavenly fairy, I want to eat, the whole of you

Instantly, when I give you a kiss on your
lips, you close your eyes and whisper
in my ears: Oh God, what a heavenly pleasure!
I love this man with my heart and soul, so dearly...

Ravi Kopra

Calm Down The Taoist Way

Can there be light without darkness?
Happiness without pain?

Calm down, be patient

There will be light
There will be happiness

Yin follows Yang and
Yang the Yin, always

You may have to wait.

Ravi Kopra

Calm, Quiet, Peaceful Awakening

How tranquil
calm, quiet, peaceful

smooth sailing
no turbulence

mind, body
eternal balance

a flat smooth boulder
facing east on a mountain

no body around me
all nature

away from the maddening
world of degradation

sitting there in the morning
watch the sunrise. I close eyes

to get in me
the beauty of nature

I open eyes to see the river
calmly flowing in the ravine

in the valley below
where wild quiet animals

gather for sip of water
and quiet birds on boughs gather

to look for morning bites
I imbibe the sun's warmth

its light, its shine
on my face, my body

in deep meditation
to fill my soul

with the wonder
of creation

to feel alive
and be not dead

in body, mind
soul of mine...

Ravi Kopra

Caresses, A Spanish Love Poem By Manuel Altolaguirre In English Translation

What music do you play when
you touch me with your caresses!
What deep chords you play at my heart!
The scales of your tenderness, hardness
bring me tremendous joy.
Our deep love in the silence of night
takes us soaring high
to the distant eternal stars.
What music do you play when
you touch me with your caresses!

Ravi Kopra

Carnivora, A Poem By Raven Leilani In Hindustani Translation

shikari tumain nahin dikhlatay apna chaku-churi
apni be-gani ankhon se vo dekhtay hain tumari ankhon main
aur day jattay hain tumain dhood.

jab main dus saal ki thee
meri maan ne bataya kaisa hai mera shreer
kisi sharam-waram se nahin
saaf-saaf khul kar bataya mujhay
ta k main achi tarah sama jaoo'n

kehnay lagi, dekh

yeh hai tera moonh es nayee haddi k neechay
yeh hai tera ghar tumari jhangon main
jis ki devaaron se nayey nayey ang bun jaatain hain
ya wo apna darwaaza khol bethi hai mohabbat main.

main baDay saal na na karti rehi
meri na na shikari sunta na raha
mera na na us kay liyay haan haan banta raha
yeh na na aisa lafaz hai jo meri zuban main
kabhi kabhi haan haan kehta raha

the original in English

Carnivora

PREDATORS don't go around showing their cutlery,
they will look through borrowed eyes into yours,
lend you milk. When I am ten years old
my mother and I revise my anatomy
into the appropriate schematics until I am fluent,
can take the nomenclature raw, like a glass of egg.
This is my mouth, furnished with new bone.
This is the hacienda between my thighs,

preparing to fold limbs from its walls
or fall lank with moon.

I work on saying no for years.

This word can refract
around the shell of an ear
into dual translation.

This word in a woman's mouth
is spliced with mist.

- Raven Leilani

Ravi Kopra

Castile, A Poem By Louise Gluck In Hindi Translation

santray ke peD phooloN se laday hue thay
Castille main bachay paisa mang rehe thay

main mili apnay mahoob ko eksantray k ped k neechay
kikar ka tha ya santray ka, iski yaad nahin mujay

ye paDtay hi khawaboN main paD gayi:
kya jab sapna tootay ga to ho jaega gaib mera mehboob?
San Miguel church ki ghantiaN baj rehin theN door main
bikhray hue thay us ke baal sundar cheray pe

main ne ye sapna dekha. kya ye sach nahin tha?
kya mujay sach-much mehboob se milna hai
apna sapna poora karnay k liyay?

har cheez main ne dekhi is sapnay main
ye kahani ban gayi meri kahani

main uske saath lait gayi
merey haath ne pyar karnay lagay us ke kandhoNko

dopehar chali gayi, sham a gayi
aur door se aa rehiN theN awazain chalti rail gaDi ki

lakin ye asliat na thi
asli duniya main asal main sab hoti hain batain
jo zehan seedhi samaey rehti hain

Castile: nuns joDi kiyay ek baghchay main chal rehi hain
bagichak pass hain church ki deewarain
aur bachay maang rehain hain paisay

jab main sapnay seuthi, ronay lag gayi
kya sapnay main kuch bhi nahin hai asli?

main mili the apnay mehoob ko narangi ke peD k neechay
main bhool gayi hoon kya hua asal main
par yaad hai kya dekha main ne -
wahan kuch bachay thay, ro rahey thay paisa mangtay

main ne sapnay main sab kuch dekha
aur kho gayi is sapnay main hamesha k liye

rail gadi phir humain
Madird main wapas le ayee
a wahan se fir Basque main.

Ravi Kopra

Cat Lying In Wait, A Dari Love Poem By Shakila Azizzada In Hindi/Urdu Translation

ye shub
shabad nahin hain

muje na khena k jannat ka darwaaza
tumare hotoN ke beech khulta hai

khuda ka paoN bhi
mere mammoN k beech fisla gaya tha

main aaoNgi

ek bar fir tumare saans mere saansoN main mil jayeNge
tumara dil bhar jaey ga meri khusboo se
tumari jeeb mere badan par baarish lagaey gi
aur is barish main khud barish ban jaey gi

tum le lo gay mujhe

aur jab tum kwahash bhri ankhoN se
baghair kisi shuk se
muje jeetnay aate ho to aise lagata hai k

tum ek kaalay billay jaise ho
jisne apni chupi jagah se nikal kar
mera rasta kaat kar tumhare darwazay par
ek chiDiya ko pakaDne k liye chHallang lagae
aur bechari chiDia hairaan huii hil na saki
aur usko apna jeevan de baithi

Ravi Kopra

Cats

All his life and still
He has been catching cats

And bragging about it.

Someone asked shame
Where were you?
Were you not ashamed?

You cannot shame
the shame, it answered

I am immune.
I love this game.

Ravi Kopra

Cause And Effect, A Poem By Charles Bukowski In Urdu Translation

behtreen apni zindgi
apnay hathon se
le jatay hain

vo yahaN se
door jana
chahtay hain

jo log vo peechay
cHoD jatay hain
kabhi nahin samajtay

k vo kaisa insaan hai
jo unsay door hona
chahta hai

the best often die by their own hand
just to get away,
and those left behind
can never quite understand
why anybody
would ever want to
get away
from
them

-Charles Bukowski

Ravi Kopra

Celebrate Our Diwali

Celebrate our diwali - can't you see
tonight the lamp lights are shining everywhere
on house tops, on roads, on rivers and streams
and people hugging each other offering sweetmeats

Plenty of harvest this year, wheat, grains, rice
Abundance of fruit, plums, apples, oranges, grapes
Lots of rains, rivers flowing full to brims
Air is full of roses, jasmine, sandalwood scents

Lovers are walking in streets, in shopping malls
Women dressed in colorful sarees, all bindi, kajal and surkhi
And men in their long kurtas, pajamas and chappals
holding hands they saunter under lights of diwali

The elderly with flower garlands and packets of
sweets in their hands are going to temples
for offerings, thanking gods for blessings -
sons' daughters' marriages, grandchildren newborns

Laughter, gaiety, festivity every street corner
people exchanging gifts, greeting each other
a little gup-shup, guft goo, some neighborhood news
like, do you know Laila and Majnu of our street got married!

Rama with Sita and Laxman have come home
Exhausted in long war, killing evil Ravana in Lanka
The monkey army of Hanuman is also back home
You see them everywhere everyday in Delhi and elsewhere

They too celebrate Dushera, Diwali and Lohri
hopping from roof tops to roof tops
jumping from tree to tree stealing food, goodies
teasing people, grinning, showing their teeth.

May the good gods kill all demons
May there be no more Ravuns
May all old Indians be blessed with grand kids
May all Indians have tons of gold at home.

Ravi Kopra

Chagall Loves Bella, His Teenage Wife, An Ekphrastic Poem

Love comes flying in
Our feet defy gravity
We are lifted up, up
And up we fly in the sky
Our hearts enraptured
Overflowing with love

She's my angel
Mine, mine, mine
I am hers, always hers
Joyful, blissful we are
In everlasting love

I adore her wildly
Love her tenderly
Love her beastly
She's my soft flower
Love of my dreams

I want to kiss her
Lick her, caress her
Suck her, drink her
Eat her alive, all alive

She's my love, love
All mine, mine, mine!

Ravi Kopra

Chocolate, A Poem By Rita Dove In Hindi/Urdu Translation

mulayam phal, aalishaan chokray tukray
main tum ko angoothay aur ungli
main le kar soongti hoon

agar main jaldi se tumhain na khaooN
to tum meri sab suj-buj le lo gay
apne pooray aapne-pan main

mazay lete huey tum meri hatheli
main pigal jao gay, agar main na rokooN
to har taraf pigalte jao gay

duhaiN se bandhay huey
zameen, raat aur ek pattay k kaley tukre
kya mazey ka hai tumhara swaad!

aur sab aurtain mohabbat main
tum ko paa kar chakna-choor ho jayengi.
chalo ye kafi baat hui. main tyaar baithi hoon

doob rehi hoon teri mohabbat main

Ravi Kopra

Cielito Lindo By Pedro Infante, A Spanish Love Song In English Translation

O my lovely heavenly love
Come in my arms, do not cry
Come to me with your black eyes, do not cry
Sing a song of love, they will get happy
Do not cry, my love
Singing they will get happy
Do not cry, my love

Ay, ay, ay, ay,
Sing and do not cry
Because singing they get happy
O my heart, my sweet cute love
Ay, ay, ay, ay,
Sing and do not cry
Because singing they get happy
O my heart, my lovely love

That mole you have
next to your mouth
O my love, give it to no one
It touches my heart so much, my love
That mole that you have
my love, next to your mouth
Do not give it to anyone
It is mine and mine forever
I will keep it in my heart forever
M love, sweet love, it touches my heart a lot

Ay, ay, ay, ay,
Sing and do not cry
Because singing they get happy
O my heart, my sweet cute love

Ay, ay, ay, ay,
Sing and do not cry
Because singing they get happy
O my heart, my sweet cute love

Whenever you fall in love,
look first, look first
where you put your eyes, where you put your eyes
do not cry, my love

Ay, ay, ay, ay,
Sing and do not cry
Because singing they get happy
O my heart, my sweet cute love

Ravi Kopra

Circumcision, An English Ghazal

Opposition erupts as Iceland eyes banning most circumcisions

REYKJAVIK, Iceland (AP)— Icelandic lawmakers are considering a law that would ban the circumcision of boys for non-medical reasons, making it the first European country to do so. Some religious leaders in Iceland and across Europe have called the bill an attack on religious freedom.

How come the religious freedom for some could be circumcision?
How come the hooded ones are no good but only after circumcision?

If their spouses ever tried the hooded ones
I bet, for ever they will forget circumcision

They have gone bonkers, aren't they?
How come their God forbids circumcision?

A phallus is a phallus for peeing and conception
How come it is best or better after circumcision

Hindus worship phalluses in Shiva's temples
They give damn to circumcision or no circumcision

Why do Allah's men say circumcision is religious freedom?
Is it like having four women as wives is a religious freedom?

The barbaric bedouin in the arabian deserts had no soap and water
For them to keep their phalluses clean, they performed circumcision

Their Allah is merciful, they have trillion tons of gasoline
and still no water. That's why they still want circumcision

'Ravi' teased his girl friend he was going to undergo the circumcision
You better not, she said, I will divorce you right after the circumcision

I like your hooded one, she further said with pleasure. You will have to
Find a burka clad woman as a girlfriend if you ever undergo circumcision.

Cliff, A Poem By The Russian Poet Mikhail Yuryevich Lermontov In Hindi/Urdu Translation

chota sa sunheri badal ek din
baDi chtaan k pass aaya
thehar gaya vo wahan aur
uski chati pe so gaya

subah subah vo uTh paDa
aur apne pankhoN par
khulay neelay aasman main
dheere dheere uD gaya

lakin chataan k pathar k dil main
vo apna nishan laga giya
chtaan uski yaad main rone lagi
dukh k aansu bahane lagi

vo ab raat bhar soti nahin
udasi main doobi akeli veeran main
pehara lagaey rehti hai

Ravi Kopra

Climacteric, A Spanish Love Poem By Dina Posada In English Translation

Soon the cadence will be broken
that holds my lunar days.
My veins will become old
My waist will have the voice
of an ending summer.
Hot flashes will start
visiting me all hours
- I will not be overwhelmed by the gesture
my universe goes beyond
the limits of my body -

Hurry
We still have some time left
Come, drink me, bite me
Run over me without a brake
Run your fingers on me
touching me to climax fully.

The light of my slow dusk
will be the lighthouse of your strong arms
in the wrinkles of your breath.

Ravi Kopra

Closed Path, A Rendering Of A Rabindra Nath Tagore's Poem

I thought my journey was over.
No further road was left to follow.
Exhausted I was. No strength, no
provisions were left. I thought my time
to slip into silence had finally come.

But I know my God sees no end of me.
When the old music dies
new melodies spring forth my heart.
And when the travelled path is lost
stunning vistas of a new country are revealed.

The original:

I thought that my voyage had come to its end
at the last limit of my power, - -that the path before me was closed,
that provisions were exhausted
and the time come to take shelter in a silent obscurity.

But I find that thy will knows no end in me.
And when old words die out on the tongue,
new melodies break forth from the heart;
and where the old tracks are lost,
new country is revealed with its wonders.

-Rabindranath Tagore

Ravi Kopra

Cloud 9, A Poem By Lyn Paul Translated Into A Urdu Ghazal

Zindagi ki bulandi main pauchana koi asaan baat nahin
aur wahan par hamesha rehna bhi koi asaan baat nahin

us oonchaee par hum khushi main doob jatay hain
wahan se utarna bhi ki assan baat nahin

dheeray dheeray ya ek dum hum zaroor girtay hain
girnay se seekhna bhi koi asaan baat nahin

beshumar tareekon se tum bulandi pe ja sakto ho
lakin fisalte kadmoN se seekhna bhi koi asaan baat nahin

Ravi Kopra

Clouds, A Hindi Poem By Pushpa P. Parjia In English Translation

Somewhere they're spreading their wings,
Somewhere they're running around,
Somewhere they look like poor holy men
Standing still in deep meditation.
Somewhere they're playing games
With their little cloud brothers.
And sometimes on mountains they make
Colorful beds of fluffed cotton.

They sail peacefully in the skies.
They bring us joy and tranquility.
They playfully lift our spirits and
teach us quite a few things humbly.

They take water from the earth
and give it back to her.
But we hoard and give back nothing.
So miserable are we.
Their shade makes us happy.
They pour down rains relentlessly
And disappear instantly asking
in return for nothing.

Their existence is not for themselves.
They live and die for us without complaints
except they say they cannot live now
among so many plants burning coal. It is
hot out there from the global warming.
They will die and so will we with the GOP
without clouds, shade, rains...

Ravi Kopra

Cold Heart

She did not like my love poem.
It made her sleepy, she snored
She didn't want love deep inside her.

Her heart cold as the heart of
a cold stone buried under Alaska
That never saw a ray of light.

How could she see the stars
in the sky with her lover?
When the eyes are shut for long

One must not open them suddenly.
Flashing bright lights can make you
lose sight permanently. Burn your retina.

Ravi Kopra

Cold Love (Ishq-E-Sard)after Samar Shadad, A Persian Poet

In Allah's world
Allah always wanted hot hot love for men
And for women, nothing but 'ishq sard' - the cold love

With three other wives to compete in the field of love
Her bed is always cold with loads and loads of cold love

Woman was never happy but now is dead in Allah's world
Did Allah ever care for her?
He granted one man for four women
And never four men for one woman,
Perhaps heavens don't want any women to have fun

Her flying zone was always a black burqa
It still is, and forever will be in Allah's world

She was never honored always forgotten in Allah's world
Her flower garden was her husband's bed shared with three other women
She was never a sun, nor a moon, she was meant to make babies in Allah's world
And not even allowed to pray with men in the holiest place of worship

What she gets for kisses are lashes on the back and on the ass in Allah's world
If lashes won't work, lover's axe would surely work in Allah's world
Her life unbearable for her on earth, and in paradise no place for her -
Only houris, naked dancing women, bar tenders with jugs of wine for men -

“Will that day come when the hands of love fondle her face?” asks
Samar Shadad

Everyday, everyday, man fondles her and three other women in bed in Allah's world

Allah is all merciful, graceful. He blesses every man with many women
At least four women in marriage in his world. Many more if he so desires
For Allah allows plentiful easy divorces to marry women after women.

Allah blesses man but not woman!

Cold Mountain, Han Shan's 9th Century Chinese Poem In English Translation

The road to the cold mountain never ends
Valleys are long, the rivers deep
Piled with pebbles, stones, huge rocks
Tall grass grows on sides of wild streams
Moss is slippery though no rains
Pines sigh without the wind
Who can escape the world's maya
and come to sit on rocks with me
among the white clouds passing by.

Ravi Kopra

Colors Of My Heart

Colors of my heart

Black

Sad, sad, sad

Lost in sadness

My lover has gone

It has its funeral crepe on.

Red

It was when I was newly wed

When I met her in Madrid, Spain

It got hot, very hot

it turned into red

if it fades a little

a little thought of her

makes it again hot, hot, red.

White

White, pure white

as white as white lillies

as white as evening jasmine

my heart is pure

as a virgin's bride's gown

no blemishes at all

I become a one woman man thereon.

Pink

When it has been in a slumber for long

after all women left him for long

and one morning when it sees a single

women in red, smiling at him and saying hello,

it suddenly turns from black to pink in no time at all.

Ravi Kopra

Come Before Me, An English Translation Of A Punjabi Love Poem By Aftab Gulzar

My dear handsome man
I yearn for you so much
I pass sleepless nights
every second during the day
you are on my mind
how sad we are not together

you are half-fulfilled
so am I
I am helpless
please find a solution
and come back to me
don't give me sadness, no more.
I trust you

O my lover Aftab Gulzar
please don't hurt my heart, no more.

Ravi Kopra

Come Rain On Me All Your Love

I love thundersorms
I love too moon, sun and stars
I love rains, tornadoes, hurricanes
But most of all I love you

Come visit me this Friday
I am free for you till Monday
Come rain on me all your love
Show me the moon, sun and stars

Bring tornadoes and hurricanes with you
Tear me to pieces and fly me in the air

But before that

I will eat you alive in my bed
Every inch of your body I will digest
You will become mine, mine in the shrine
of my love, my tender heart that loves you

So much.

Ravi Kopra

Come Walk With Me, A Love Poem

Come walk with me
I have been waiting for you
You are buried deep in snow in Spain
And It is warm here in Florida
Come warm my heart. Come, be with me.
We will walk on the beach on winter nights
see the moon and the stars in the sky
and woo back our old delights.

Come, come my snow bird
Come, spend the winter with me
With you I will spend the whole of spring.
I will make pancakes for you in the morning
and serve you a cup of house-blend coffee,
while you still are in the bed and I am freshening myself,
putting balm on the hickies you give me passionately.
We will linger in the bed together. My head on your shoulders,
my hands caressing your chest softly.

What would you like to do today? you will ask
To lie in the bed with you all day, I will say
and make love to you again and again
since one time is never enough for me.
I want to take all of you in me -
your heart, your soul, your whole being...

Ravi Kopra

Come, A Ghazal In English

After the darkness, the night of my sorrows has come
Before the evening of sorrows a new morning will come

I had hoped the new year would bring me love and luck
Hardly I knew how cold the new year would become

My ex promised to be with me in the new year
She found some other lover and did not come

Some times I feel lonely and want a lovely woman
They make promises to visit me but do not ever come

I came. I saw, I won, said a warrior once
I never win anything whether I go or come

My wife made me angry, I left her alone for the night
She begged me to come back home, still I did not come

She was not pretty. Anyhow she seduced me
I spent with her the whole night but not once did I come

Nothing is forever. Things come and go. But the priest says -
When everybody in the world is gone and dead, Jesus will come

Ravi's enemies gave him hard times. They almost killed him
To haunt them mercilessly, he promised, in their dreams he'd come

Ravi Kopra

Come, Cool Down The Fires In My Heart

Your love has awakened
the kundalini in my groins
it is awake day and night
it does not let me sleep
it yearns for you

My heart burns in flames
I feel I am leaving my
body and flying to you
across the plains.

Since I met you
I have not been myself
Come, cool down the fires in my heart
Come, cool down my kundalini.

Ravi Kopra

Come, Fill The Cup, And In The Fire Of Spring, A Rubaiyat Of Omar Khayyam In Urdu/Hindi Translation

aa, bhar de mera pyaala shraab se thala-thal
ye mazzay ka bahar ka mausum hai, bhool ja sab sardi k din
waqt ab bahut kum reh giya hai meri zindgi main
jo thoDa sa bacha hai, bhag raha hai jaldi se har din

Ravi Kopra

Come, My Ravished Mouth Flutters, A Spanish Love Poem By Isi Alvarez In English Translation

You are the raging ocean
I am the boat losing its way

You are the painter of my loving dreams
I am the canvas for you stroking brushes

You are my wild colt
I am the tamer of your rage

You come as a dark night to tickle me
I rise as full moon to kiss you

You are a brute peasant from my village
I am the soft soil you dig in relentlessly

You plant roses in the summer
I bloom with fragrance in the spring

You are my huge banyan tree all over me
I am the red breasted robin that sings songs for you

Come, my graphic painter
Paint my heart in seven colors

Paint me with you lips
Paint me hard, my love

Come, my ravished mouth flutters
I want to suck all your love

Ravi Kopra

Come, New Year And Bring Love With You! A Spanish Poem By Hermanos Quintero In English Translation

She is sitting behind the iron barred
green window, looking at the winter flowers.
A prisoner of the spring
She is dreaming, weaving a delicate lace.

Her hands like little doves without plumage
they do patient, long lasting work.
And her soul is a loose butterfly
flies freely from place to place.

A year of dead illusions.
No love of a lover nor of a friend.
Where are the lovers' hearts? she wonders.

Saddened and alone, no one to talk to
deep in her secret emotions, she welcomes the new year -
Come, New Year and bring love with you!

Ravi Kopra

Compromise, A Poem Of Fara In Translation

Some words are so loaded with messages
We cannot tell what they convey
Some unsaid words remain unsaid
Saying them will lessen their significance

Some dreams never come to an end
When they do, they make no sense
Some journeys never end
As they have no place to end

When we are left with
Some words...
Unsaid things...
Unfulfilled dreams...
Long journeys without end

We then bury our selves in ourselves
And find new ways to live lives
That is what we call compromise.

The original in Urdu

Kuch lafzon kay mafhoom kitnay wazni hotay hain
Hont unko kabhi ada nahi kar patay
Kuch un-kahi baatain hamesha unkahi rehti hain
Keh dainay say unki qeemat nahi rehti
Kuch Khuwaab kabhi pooray nahi hutay
Kay gar pooray hu jayain tu tabeer nahi milti
Kuch safar kabhi khatam nahi hutay
Kay inki koi manzil nahi huti
Jab zindagi k hasil,
Kuch lafz... unkahi baatain...
Adhoray khuwab... aur ek taweel safar reh jata hay
Tu loag apni zaat ko apnay andar dafan kerkay
Zindagi guzarnay ki ek nayee rah nikaltay hain
Jissay COMPROMISE kehtay hain!

-Fara

[http www dot paklinks dot com/gs/? t=251328](http://www.paklinks.com/gs/?t=251328)

Ravi Kopra

Congratulations And Adulations To Kumarmani Mahakul

A great poem of the day
for celebration and deliberation
it inspires and fires all emotions
all great poet deserve admirations
king or queen of poetry is just the ween
in a generation of innovation
worry not much bury the fury as such
as the jury is out you are the best
and for the rest a day will dawn for their bequest.
it's just a thought and ought to be
considered in poems original or rendered
one can go over the globe to probe
suffering from strife in life
and finding love in a dove
coo cooing all night
(in love, nay not in fright)
each day as they say
and ring whatever they sing
and adore it from door to door
saying not much, just a simple touch
of emotion with motion of love
of course.

Great job, Sir Kumarmani Mahakul. Congratulations! Adulations! Keep on the good work.

Ravi Kopra

Coolness, A Yosa Buson Japanese Haiku In Hindi/Urdu

shanti, shanti
ghantay ki ghanti
bajti, bajti

Ravi Kopra

Countless Are My Desires, A Urdu Ghazal Of Mir Taqi Mir In English Translation

Countless are my desires still
However I keep them still

Like lightening has no patience
Impatient is my heart still

Some stranger is going to win your heart, it seems
Believe me, I am in love with you still

He has not yet promised you in writing or in speech
So I can call myself your lover still

I cannot sing happy songs to you
Though my voice has the tone still

The hearts of beloveds are not big, it's well known
So I keep on living in this faith still

'Mir' sahab still goes on falling in love
Though he is young, he can control himself still

Ravi Kopra

Countless People Live In Us, A Portuguese Poem Of Fernando Pessoa In Translation

Countless people live in us
I think or feel but ignore
who is he that thinks or feels
I am simply the place
where thoughts are felt or thought.

I have more souls than one
There are many I's than myself
I always exist
indifferent to all these
I silence them: I speak.

The opposing impulses
that I feel or do not feel
struggle in who I am
I ignore them. They dictate nothing
to the one whom I know: I write.

Vivem em nós inúmeros;
Se penso ou sinto, ignoro
Quem é que pensa ou sente.
Sou somente o lugar
Onde se sente ou pensa.

Tenho mais almas que uma.
Há mais eus do que eu mesmo.
Existo todavia
Indiferente a todos.
Faço-os calar: eu falo.

Os impulsos cruzados
Do que sinto ou não sinto
Disputam em quem sou.
Ignoro-os. Nada ditam
A quem me sei: eu escrevo.

- Fernando Pessoa

Ravi Kopra

Daddy Love

My three year old
daughter said -

Daddy, please
don't go away

Stay at home
I love you

Please, please
I love you.

I wrapped her
in my arms

Held her
to my chest

I kissed her
rosy cheeks

Called
the day off

And said -
I love you, love you

My precious doll.

She put her small
arms around my neck

Sobbing she said -
I love you daddy. It's true.

Ravi Kopra

Dark Soul

You bitch
You witch

You shriek
You friek

You grumble
You mumble

Your mutter
You stutter

You complain
I refrain

You weep
I sleep

You tearful
I peaceful

You insane
I sane

You shout
I say - get out

Ravi Kopra

Dating

She senses a gold mine
In a lonely widower
Not knowing his estate
Will be his heirs'.

In her best dress
In her best make up
She meets him in an
High end restaurant.

She lures him, seduces him
Offers all of herself
But when the cat is
Let out of the bag

She excuses herself
Goes to the restroom
And calls the next single
Widower/divorced millionaire.

Ravi Kopra

Days I Enjoy, A Hindi/Urdu Poem After Victoria Sackville-West

jab sara din mera apna hota hai
dil main shaanti bhri rehti hai
jab koi bhi muje milne nahin aata
koi bhi meri shaanti nahin churata
koi bhi dimag mera khrab nahin karta

mere dil k sheeshay ko nahin toDta
main tootay sheeshay k tukron main unki
hazaraiN shaklaiN-kartootaiN nahin dekhti

aur jab un k chalay jaanae par
main apne aap main samah jaati hoon
aur jo halla-gulla le kar vo aatay hain
us sab ko jaldi se bhool jaati hoon

mera jeevan mera apna hai, unka apna hai
jeeaiN vo jaisay jeena chatay hain
main apna jeevan khud jeena chahti hoon
shaanti bhray dil main rehna chahti hoon

Ravi Kopra

Dear Divine Souls Of A Dear Poet

"Many fine matters are not visible to us.
We take help of cameras and microscopes
To see them, this physics clarifies nicely,
Physics is related to all matters of the universe. "

- Kumarmani Mahakul

anu parmanu hamain dikhtay nahin
lakin vo hain to sahi
bhotic vigyan hamain dikhlata hai
microscope se, cameray se

aatmaan dikhlaee nahin deti
bhawan dikhlaee nahin datey
dharm camera hai, microscope hai, bhotic vigyan hai
is ke raastay par chalo, aur dekho apni aatmaan ko, bhagwaan ko

ek din jab tum so kar utho gay
dekho gay tum apnay samnay bhagwan khaday hue
dhoti pehnay, kurta nahin, lambi darhi, lambi moochnay rakhay
haath main ek karmandal liyay, ishanan kiyay hue
mathay per laal laal teeka lagaey, apna naam japtay hue

aur bhagwaan ji tum ko kayengay

utho beta utho, tumari neend ab poori ho chukee hai
main tumain lenay aaya hoon
chalo mere saath mere swarag main
magar chalnay se pehlay
chalo mil lo apni beevi se
aur day do usko akhri pernaam.

Jai shiv parvati, jai sita ram
kush ameed, namaste, ram ram
koe bura mat maan na, hey bhagwaan
ye to siraf ek kavita ki comment hi hai
koe bair nahin, sub dosti hai

Dear, I Do Not Know

Dear, I know nothing of
Either, but when I try to imagine a faultless love
Or the life to come, what I hear is the murmur
Of underground streams, what I see is a limestone landscape.

- W.H. Auden

Dear, I do not know much of
Love. But I love myself first
Before I love anybody else.
She will then know I can
Take care of her.

Dear, I do not know much of
Charity. First I am charitable
At home. If not kind to
Myself, I can't be to others.

Dear, I do not know much of
Success. I am rags to riches
All by it's hard to
Find what you are good at.

Dear, I do not know much of
Help. But I do know all need
A helping hand when sliding
Down in a never ending cave.

Dear, I do not know much of
Religions. All are groundless.
That makes me an atheist, godless.

Dear, I do know atheists are
more intelligent, brilliant, not dumb
they reason, they do use their minds.

Delhi, India Metro Stations

The train packed with people like sardines,
stops at a Delhi metro station,
nameless bundles of bodies alight in scores,
in scores nameless bodies get on the board
rubbing, brushing, hitting, prodding each other
in a rush of just thirty seconds.

The ride for few minutes.

At the next station and the next to the next station
the routine continues all day and night till
four a.m. in the morning -

nameless bundles of bodies alight in scores
nameless bundles of bodies get on the board

They come and go, they go and come
dizzying like apparitions, not quiet but clamoring.

Body to body contact in the train and sometimes the stench
of their curry flavored clothes and beetle-nut 'paan' breaths
sends you to the hell of disproportionate proportions.

Ravi Kopra

Deserted, A Poem By Turkish-Armenian Poet Karin Karakasli In Hindi/Urdu Translation

akhbaar main ne sari na pDadi
hazaroN se hazaroN lafzoN se bhari
aur saikDon tasveeroN se juDi
is k na paDay warkoN ke saath mera din guzar gaya
main bhool gayi main kya kehna chati the
aur kuch keh bhi dooN bhool jaoongi main wo bhi
kya ye ajeeb baat nahin k hum ne diNon ko naam diya hai
grahoN k naam par jo anant kaal tak aasmaan main hain
(is liye k hamara ek ek din anant kaal k hoN?)

tumhara kya vichar hai
kisi bhi bhasha main jo hum kehna chahte hain keh nahin sakte
aur hum har bhasha main bechain hain

masumiyat ka lafz kehne ko hamare moonh ko bahut dukh hota hai
kya ho raha hai china main?
har masoom bachay ki zindgi ko tabah kiya ja raha hai
kya socha tha kabhi tum ne k is vishav main zindgi china main banti hai

main chup chaap hoon jaise sub pariksha k din kaksha main chup rehte hain
main kuch kehna chahti thee ya sharma gayi kehne se

mere dil k andar ek baDa dubacha hai
bahar sansaar main bheed hai
mera dil beea-baan hai

Ravi Kopra

Devadatta, An Erotic Ekphrastic English Poem By Shazea Quraishi In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Us ne mujhe chameli k chotray pe bulaya
jahan wo neelay, laal, narangi kapDon main lipta hua
mera inteazar kar raha hai

Wo sondasi nokrani k sath hai
jiski nazar sharmali hai
uski nazar sondasi k mammoN pe hai
jahan khuli choli par ek phool khil raha hai

Uski kamar patli hai
us k putHay oonche aur coDey hain
meri jhaNgon ko ek taraf kar deta hai
jab mujhe maarna shuru karta hai

Ta k jo wo us ko dekh rehi hai
achi tarah dekh le jab wo mere andhar ghusarta hai
wo mujhe nahin dekhta, uski nazar mere kandhe k paar
apni dilruba ki shakal pe hai

Ravi Kopra

Diaphanous (Ahmad Naseem Qasimi)

Screws and Turns of Body and Soul

How diaphanous was your
body when you passed
by me yesterday!

I saw the calmness of a
lake spread all over your
face, and when I turned my
glances to your heart,

I saw the
upheavals of hell,
as if struck by an
earthquake.

Ravi Kopra

Do Not Be Disappointed

Do not be disappointed
by the news on hatred, bigotry, racism

Supremacy, fundamentalism
misogyny, decrying feminism

Swept in this vortex of delusion
One clearly sees a calm shore coming

By the dragon infested raging sea
The dragon will consume itself in its

Roaring rage and will be buried at sea
In an unmarked grave for no one to see

Man always takes a step backward
in order to leap forward in time.

Ravi Kopra

Do Not Desire Me So Much

I know you desire me
But don't desire me so much
That I get heart broken someday

I know you think
Love is God for you
But do not make me as your God today

You lure me by telling you love me
Whatever you say brings smiles to me
It isn't necessary that you include me in everything you do
It too isn't necessary that you include me in your future plans

Don't take it granted that we will be together always
By being close to each other for few days
We may not always stand for each other
It is better to be on our own now
Better that our shortcoming be our own too
So that your sorrows won't get me down when
We aren't together someday.

Ravi Kopra

Do Not Stand At My Grave And Weep

Do not stand at my grave and weep
Let me enjoy peacefully my sleep

I have taken blow after blow
from you, friends and foe

In my ass you were all pains
year round, come snow, winds, rains

I hated you from top to bottom
To me you were all stinking rotten

Now you come here in rush
knee deep down in snows' slush

You read eulogies in my name
You phonies, what a shame!

Leave me alone, go to your homes
no crocodile tears, no false moans

Do not stand at my grave and cry
Your hypocrisy so high, my, oh my!

Ravi Kopra

Do The Fools Know They Are Fools?

Every time they write a poem
They need a bunch of sycophants
Flatterers, ass kissers
backscratchers, bootlickers, fawners
to come and read and praise their poems,
praise them and make them feel great.
They become ESL, ETL, EFL poet laureates
and in their laurels, their poetics they disseminate.
When they write the same poems in their native tongue, they stagnate.
Ah! what power does the English language have to make someone disown his
own language.
And I wonder: do the fools know they are fools?
And why do the fools feel happy seeking praise from fools?
And to be a greater fool, does one, at will, has to surrender one's own language?

Ravi Kopra

Does It Matter How Long

Does it matter how long
You pray to your Lord?
Does he ever
Answer your prayers?

Does it matter how long
You read your Bible daily?
All you learn of the dead -
Some true some false stories.

Don't fool yourself, you mystic
Some God loving man.
Nothing will you get by prayers.
Don't lose, use your head.

Give up the horse shit of
God, religion and mysticism..
Get into doing creative things like
Your God who created the world.

And happiness will be yours.

Ravi Kopra

Don't Bother The Earth Spirit, Rendering of A Prose Poem By Joy Harjo

Don't bother the earth spirit. She
Loves writing delicate changing stories.

She will invite you for a coffee, if you so will
She will give you warm bread so you stay to listen

You will have to endure earthquakes, lightnings, hurricanes
And the death of those you love, the most blinding beauty

That's how she traps you, the spirit of the earth
That's why you never ever want to leave her

See that stone finger over there?
That is the only one who ever escaped.

Ravi Kopra

Don't Call Me An Idiot, You Crook

Don't call me an idiot, you crook
I know your ways
I am a god fearing man.

And you money hungry good for nothing
A cockroach, a bat, a pig, a worthless scum
We sweat for you, you suck our blood
You live in a mansion and we in huts.

You call yourself a smartie,
You wise-ass, may Lord Vishnu
Reincarnate you into a dumb ass
We ride on you and whip your ass.

Ravi Kopra

Don't Cry Little Girl

Don't cry little girl
I'm poor I want money
for daal and roti
-for bread and lentils-
I can't save money
for your dowry

You may be a Laxmi
to someone but to me
a drain on my money
I wanted a son
when he grows up
makes money - the real Laxmi

The sun is about to set
The full moon will soon arise
I have by the holy Ganges
a little grave dug up
I cannot strangle you
I'll bury you alive
Don't cry little girl

Goodbye.

Ravi Kopra

Don't Go, A Turkish Poem By Nuri Can In English Translation

Don't go
My tears will fill the seas
The rains will stop falling
The winds will stand still in solitude
Branches will break on the trees
Wild flowers, butterflies will die

Don't go
The stars will disappear in the skies
Children will not take their breaths in
Winds will not know where to blow
All springs will go dry
Flowers will fade in my heart
I will be saddened in despair

Don't go
You are everything to me, my northern star
The morning breeze that kisses your hair will become an orphan
Cranes will not land here, the nightingales will not sing
The flowers will not grow in my garden, oh my love

Don't go
Do not leave my heart to pains
I cannot bear this separation storm
My memories of you and loneliness will kill me
My head will bend down in desperation
My eyes will get wet hearing old songs
I cannot take your absence
It will be a death sentence to me

Don't go
My journey will come to an end
My train will stop on a station buried deep in snow

Don't go,
Stay with me, do not leave me
Do not leave me in desperation,

All the forests will go on fire
The birds will fly away
The city will burn down to ashes
And I will die in your absence

Don't go
All the forests will burn down
The birds will fly away
The city will turn into ashes
And I will die in your absence.

Ravi Kopra

Don't Hide Your Hurting Heart

Don't hide your hurting heart
By smiles on your face.
Why are you so silent?
Why don't you tell me something?

It is another matter
I can't do nothing even if I want to
But when your wounds hurt, they hurt me too.
Don't be disheartened, say something
Why are you silent? Tell me something.

I may not live for you, still I will die for you
I can feel how hurt are you
With your sealed lips, now you are hurting me
Why are you so silent? Please tell me anything.

Ravi Kopra

Don't Look To Strangers For Love

musafiroñ se mohabbat ki baat kar lekin
musafiroñ ki mohabbat ka e'tibar na kar

-UMAR ANSARI

You can talk
of romance
with the passersby
But you cannot
trust them.

Don't look
to strangers
for love.

Would you have
a stranger walk in
your house for dinner?

How can you
let him walk
into your heart?

Ravi Kopra

Don't Send Me Roses

don't send me roses
don't send me perfumes
look into my eyes
and whisper three words -
I love you

and give me a kiss
when you go to work
when you come home
and whisper three words -
I miss you

don't use high falutin phrases
of love I do not understand
I am a simple woman
I believe in true love
caress me and tell me
my darling you are

that's enough
I will know you love me.

Ravi Kopra

Don't You See?

He calls me an old man
No way
I will bring him to senses
I will call him
Rocket man Short man Fat man

See!

I am Shiva
I have the code
I will annihilate him

And annihilate ourselves
Don't you see?

Ravi Kopra

Don't You Want To Live To 100?

Don't you want to live to 100?
my doctor asked me seriously
when I presented myself
with a major illness

I want if I live in dignity, said I
so long I can take care of myself
and not if somebody has to wipe
my ass after the bowel movement

And I further told him

I am not afraid of dying but afraid of
what makes dying harder, lingering in death bed
while you fruitlessly try to make me live to 100

who has the ownership of my life?
I lived the way I liked
I will die the way I like
when I am ready.

Ravi Kopra

Do-Rag, A Love Poem By Phillip W. Williams In Hindi/Urdu Translation

O meri dilruba, chaand ne tumhain nanga nahin kiya hai
tum sharab k nashe main jab hum rugDayi kar rahay thay
tum nangi ki nangi hi so gayi

jis pe chao jalaam laga do
lakin mera bistra har mohabbat main maari
aurat ko khush amdeed karta hai

chayay vo sapne main ek phool ho
ya chahe koi dhokhay daar chuDail ho
kisi bhi album main uski tasveer ho

us ke chootar oonchay uthay huey hon
aur hum ek doosary se lagay hue hon
lafzon ko toDnay-moDnay se main ne kya lena hai

jab tum mujh ko kehti rehti ho
k main sub tera hoon jab tera ghar wala
tere har main nahin hota hai

koi bhi hamari ghantoN tak mohabbat ko nahin dekhta hai
aur tum mujh ko apne ghar main le jaati ho
halaN k mujhe koi khaas pyaar nahin karti ho

kuch logoN ne apni mehobboba ya mehboob ko
maut k darshan dikhlayey hain kyon k
wo apni khufia mohabbat ko cHipa na sakay thay

begumoNne khawindoN ke shuk main ghalay ghont daalay hain
sewadaar k andar aane pe mandiroN main logoN ne phus-phasaya hai
iski hum ko koi bhi chinta nahin hai

hilal chaand aadmi ko ka moonh teDa sa kar deta hai
ta k jab wo bolay to uski baat kisi ko samajh na aaey -
jab tum ko mujh se maza aata hai tu mujh ko khuda kehti ho

aur jab main tumhare darwaze se bahar nikal jata hoon

tab tumhare liye meri zindagi ka koi naamo-o-nishan nahin hota hai
tum apne kamre main sirf tum hi hota ho

koi doosra nahin hota hai
aur tumhare sar ka rung birangi rumaal
tumare moonh ka andar juDa hua hota hai

Do-rag
BY PHILLIP B. WILLIAMS

O darling, the moon did not disrobe you.
You fell asleep that way, nude
and capsized by our wine, our Bump

'n' Grind shenanigans. Blame it
on whatever you like; my bed welcomes
whomever you decide to be: thug-

mistress, poinsettia, John Doe
in the alcove of my dreams. You
can quote verbatim an entire album

of Bone Thugs-n-Harmony
with your ass in the air. There's nothing
wrong with that. They mince syllables

as you call me yours. You don't
like me but still invite me to your home
when your homies aren't near

enough to hear us crash into each other
like hours. Some men have killed
their lovers because they loved them

so much in secret that the secret kept
coming out: wife gouging her husband
with suspicion, churches sneering

when an usher enters. Never mind that.
The sickle moon turns the sky into

a man's mouth slapped sideways

to keep him from spilling what no one would
understand: you call me God when it
gets good though I do not exist to you

outside this room. Be yourself or no one else
here. Your do-rag is camouflage-patterned
and stuffed into my mouth.

Ravi Kopra

Dr. Nikhat Bano's Poem Of The Day Waiting To See Daybreak Set To The Tune Of A Bollywood Song

Dr. Nikhat Bano's poem of the day Waiting to see daybreak set to the tune of a bollywood song

awaara hun awaara hun
gali gali main ghoomta
awaara hun awaara hun

galli ki seema par khaDa awaara hun
nervous bahut hun kahaan dekhun kidar dekhun
awaara hun

dharti suraj gallian sub milkar so rahin hain
mere sapnay pooray nahin huay, meri manzil bhi so rehi hai
awaara hun, awaara hun

wakat, din, raat khatam ho jatay hain
main khaDa gallion ki battian dekhta hun
awaara hun, awaara hun

jab abhishaap hota hai to wishev ghir jaata hai
jab kismat khul jaati hai to fakeer ameer bun jaata hai
awaara hun awaara hun

ghoomta rahun ga har galli main sar apna oonchay kiyay
dekhta rahun ga har baadal barsaat k liyay
bharosa rakhun ga har raat din honay k liyay
awaara awaara hun awaara hun

gali gali main ghoomta
awaara hun awaara hun

Ravi Kopra

Dreaming Of My Deceased Wife On The Night Of The 20th Day Of The First Month, A Chinese Poem Of Su Shi In Translation

Ten years now separate us
since my wife's death
I do not often think of her
still I can't forget
She lies cold in a grave
a thousand li away
Even if we could meet
we would hardly know each other
her face covered with dust
and my temples frosty grey.

In my deep dreams at night
I suddenly find myself back at home
I see her sitting near a little window
in a pretty dress and all make-up
We look at each other, do not speak
tears flow in torrents.

Must it be that every year
I will be thinking of that heart breaking place -
the moon shining brightly and
the thin pines guarding her grave.

-rendered from a literal translation from web pages

Ten years living dead both boundless
Not think of capacity self hardly possible forget
Thousand li alone grave not place say wife cold
Even if together meet must not recognise
Dust cover face, temples like frost
Night come deep dream suddenly return home
Little window properly dress make up
Mutual look not speak, just be tears thousand line
Expect proper every year heart break place
Bright moon night thin pine guard

Dreams

Some days when I get up in the morning
I remember my dreams -
Flying in the air
Running away from realities.
Other days I see you
Sitting in my lap
and I embracing you, kissing you
Loving you a lot.
Am I living my dreams that
I could not live in reality?

I do not know.

But I would love to wake up everyday
not remembering my dreams
to have a fresh start in my life
or better never to wake up ever from my sleep
for I do not want to live an unfulfilled life.

Ravi Kopra

Duet, A Love Song By Duy Doan In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Ek Yugal Geet

"raat ka samah sohana hota hai..."

- Ray Charles and Margie Hendricks

wo lagi mere saath car main
geet gata main laga us ke saath main
lagay hum dono fir saath saath
mandir se pehle, mandir k baad
aur pooja k beech main

khiDkian se us k sub mool-mantar
(haaye rabba, haaye Allah, O God, God, God!)
muD muD kar aanaay lagaiN
hamari ckeekhoN se hawaiN garam hone lageeN
do chotiaN milkar ek hueeN aur doob gayeeN badloN k neechay

lagay hum dono fir saath saath
mandir se pehley, mandir k baad
aur pooja k beech main
us ka pait baDhne laga, logon ne kaha
ab na aao is mandir main
do chotiaN milkar ek hueeN aur doob gayeeN badloN k neechay
har din har raat har baat badalti rehi

- - -

us ka pait baDnay laga, logon ne kaha
ab na aao is mandri main
mere janam k din meri maaN akeli thee
har din har raat har baat badalti rehi
aur radio par dukh bhare geet aanay lagay

mere janam k din meri maaN akeli thee
khiDkian se us k sub mool-mantar
(haaye rabba, haaye Allah, O God, God, God!)
muD muD kar aanaay lagaiN

aur hamari ckeekhoN se hawaiN garam honay lageeN
aur radio par dukh k gaanay aanay lagay
wo lagi mere saath car main
geet gata main laga us ke saath main

Ravi Kopra

Dur, This Is A Translation Of The Poem Fear By Hans Raj Sharma

main ek chooay ko dekhta hoon
pehalwan bana ek billi ke samnay baitha hai
naach raha hai, kood raha hai
idhar udhar bhaag raha hai

ab main ek billi ko dekhta hoon
ek kuttay k pichay bhag rahi hai
uska kaan is nay cheer liya hai
har taraf hai khoon hi khoon

ab main ek sher ko dekhta hoon
bada sharmila hai, kuttay k pechay pada hai
bhed k peechay nahin, usay choota bhi nahin
chup chaap sher fisil kar door bhag jata hai

ab main ek bhains ko dekhta hoon
seengon par sher utahay khadi hai
door phenk deti hai sher ko
aur bechaara sher dar kar bhag jaata hai

ab main purshon ko dekhta hoon
jaldi main bhaag rahain hain
dur main mar rehain hain
kisi khaufnaak baat se nahin
fizool ki baaton see, be-khatray ki parchaon se

- a humble tribute to Shri H.R. Sharma Ji

Ravi Kopra

Dusk Of My Life

Let me keep
the sweet
moments of
our meetings -
in hiding -

Who knows
which alley
is waiting for
the dusk of
my life.

ujale apni yadoñ ke hamare saath rahne do
na jaane kis gali meñ zindagi ki shaam ho jaa.e

-BASHIR BADR

Ravi Kopra

Early Morning Coffee

It wasn't not Meryl Streep
the lonely house wife
in the Madison county
with spanning bridges over the river,
telling the lost photographer
where to find the covered bridge
with red panels he was searching for,
it was you in the white gown, front open
with your bulging breasts half hidden,
making an early morning cup of coffee
for your lover -me- and I clasping
you in my arms and giving you mouth
to mouth kisses and telling you
how much I loved you that made you blush,
the goose bumps ran over your body,
warmth enveloped you and the hair
on your arms stood on their ends.
You closed your eyes and were
going to swoon in my arms when
the coffee mate blew the whistle to tell
it was ready to pour for me and you;
I took sips of coffee and nibbled
not on scones and cookies but
on my sweetest cupcake - you.
We had made the bridge and
underneath flowed the river of love.

Ravi Kopra

Ej Bekot

I am tired of you
Everytime I see you
You talk nonsense
You blow little ducks
You tell lies
No more pust pilites
Go pick mushrooms
Ej bekot
Go away, leave me alone.

Ravi Kopra

English Translation Of A Pushkin's Poem: I Loved You

I loved you

love is still in my soul

but let it not bother you.

No more will I sadden you.

I loved you silently, hoplessly

tormented by shyness, jealousy.

Sincerely and tenderly I did love you.

But if it's God's way, may another man love you.

-Ravi Kopra

? ??? ?????: ?????? ??, ??? ????,
? ??? ???? ?????? ?? ??????;
?? ????? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ???????;
? ? ???? ?????????? ?? ?????.

? ??? ????? ?????????, ?????????,
?? ?????????, ?? ????????? ?????;
? ??? ????? ?? ?????????, ?? ?????,
??? ?? ???? ???? ????????? ????? ?????.

-Pushkin

Ravi Kopra

Ephemeral Life - A Japanese Haiku In Hindi/Urdu Translation

ek jugnu mere kaan pe aa kar
fusfasate poochne laga -
kya main kal mar jaon ga?

Ravi Kopra

Epithalamium, A Pablo Neruda Spanish Poem In English Translation

"Epithalamium"

Do you remember when
in winter we reached the island?
The sea raised itself up
offering us a cold drink.
The vines whispered on the
walls and dropped green
leaves on our path.
You were also a green
leaf trembling on my chest then.
The wind of life had put you there.
At first I did not realize that
you were with me, walking with me
till your roots pierced my heart,
united with my blood, spoke through my
mouth and flourished with me.

-contd.

Recuerdas cuando
en invierno llegamos a la isla?
El mar hacia nosotros levantaba
una copa de frío.
En las paredes las enredaderas
susurraban dejando
caer hojas oscuras
a nuestro paso.
Tú eras también una pequeña hoja
que temblaba en mi pecho.
El viento de la vida allí te puso.
En un principio no te vi: no supe
que ibas andando conmigo,
hasta que tus raíces
horadaron mi pecho,
se unieron a los hilos de mi sangre,

hablaron por mi boca,
florecieron conmigo.
Así fue tu presencia inadvertida,
hoja o rama invisible
y se pobló de pronto
mi corazón de frutos y sonidos.
Habitaste la casa
que te esperaba oscura
y encendiste las lámparas entonces.
Recuerdas, amor mío,
nuestros primeros pasos en la isla?
Las piedras grises nos reconocieron,
las rachas de la lluvia,
los gritos del viento en la sombra.
Pero fue el fuego
nuestro único amigo,
junto a él apretamos
el dulce amor de invierno
a cuatro brazos.
El fuego vio crecer nuestro beso desnudo
hasta tocar estrellas escondidas,
y vio nacer y morir el dolor
como una espada rota
contra el amor invencible.
Recuerdas,
oh dormida en mi sombra,
cómo de ti crecía el sueño,
de tu pecho desnudo
abierto con sus cúpulas gemelas
hacia el mar, hacia el viento de la isla
y cómo yo en tu sueño navegaba
libre, en el mar y en el viento
atado y sumergido sin embargo
al volumen azul de tu dulzura?
Oh dulce, dulce mía,
cambió la primavera
los muros de la isla.
Apareció una flor como una gota
de sangre anaranjada,
y luego descargaron los colores
todo su peso puro.
El mar reconquistó su transparencia,

la noche en el cielo
destacó sus racimos
y ya todas las cosas susurraron
nuestro nombre de amor, piedra por piedra
dijeron nuestro nombre y nuestro beso.
La isla de piedra y musgo
resonó en el secreto de sus grutas
como en tu boca el canto,
y la flor que nacía
entre los intersticios de la piedra
con su secreta sílaba
dijo al pasar tu nombre
de planta abrasadora,
y la escarpada roca levantada
como el muro del mundo
reconoció mi canto, bienamada,
y todas las cosas dijeron
tu amor, mi amor, amada,
porque la tierra, el tiempo, el mar, la isla,
la vida la marea,
el germen que entreabre
sus labios en la tierra,
la flor devoradora,
el movimiento de la primavera,
todo nos reconoce.
Nuestro amor ha nacido
fuera de las paredes, en el viento,
en la noche,
en la tierra,
y por eso la arcilla y la corola,
el barro y las raíces
saben cómo te llamas,
y saben que mi boca
se juntó con la tuya
porque en la tierra nos sembraron juntos
sin que sólo nosotros lo supiéramos
y que crecemos juntos
y florecemos juntos
y por eso
cuando pasamos,
tu nombre está en los pétalos
de la rosa que crece en la piedra,

mi nombre está en las grutas.
Ellos todo lo saben,
no tenemos secretos,
hemos crecido juntos
pero no lo sabíamos.
El mar conoce nuestro amor, las piedras
de la altura rocosa
saben que nuestros besos florecieron
con pureza infinita,
cómo en sus intersticios una boca
escarlata amanece:
así conocen nuestro amor y el beso
que reúne tu boca y la mía
en una flor eterna.
Amor mía,
la primavera dulce,
flor y mar, nos rodean.
No la cambiamos
por nuestro invierno,
cuando el viento
comenzó a descifrar tu nombre
que hoy en todas las horas repite,
cuando
las hojas no sabían
que tú eras una hoja,
cuando
las raíces
no sabían que tú me buscabas
en mi pecho.
Amor, amor,
la primavera
nos ofrece el cielo,
pero la tierra oscura
es nuestro nombre,
nuestro amor pertenece
a todo el tiempo y la tierra.
Amándonos, mi brazo
bajo tu cuello de arena
esperaremos
cómo cambia la tierra y el tiempo
en la isla,
cómo caen las hojas

de las enredaderas taciturnas,
cómo se va el otoño
por la ventana rota.
Pero nosotros
vamos a esperar
a nuestro amigo,
a nuestro amigo de ojos rojos,
el fuego,
cuando de nuevo el viento
sacuda las fronteras de la isla
y desconozca el nombre
de todos,
el invierno
nos buscará, amor mío,
siempre,
nos buscará, porque lo conocemos,
porque no lo tememos,
porque tenemos
con nosotros
el fuego
para siempre.
Tenemos
la tierra con nosotros
para siempre,
la primavera con nosotros
para siempre,
y cuando se desprenda
de las enredaderas
una hoja
tú sabes amor mío,
qué nombre viene escrito
en esa hoja,
un nombre que es el tuyo y es el mío,
nuestro nombre de amor, un solo
ser, la flecha
que atravesó el invierno,
el amor invencible,
el fuego de los días,
una hoja
que me cayó en el pecho,
yo una hoja del árbol
de la vida

que hizo nido y cantó
que echó raíces,
que dio flores y frutos.
Y así ves, amor mío cómo marchó
por la isla,
por el mundo,
seguro en medio de la primavera,
loco de luz en el frío,
andando tranquilo en el fuego,
levantando tu peso
de pétalo en mis brazos
como si nunca hubiese caminado
sino contigo alma mía,
como si no supiera caminar
sino contigo,
como si no supiera cantar
sino cuando tú cantas.

Ravi Kopra

Eulogy

You become the best man in the world
When you are dead -

A loving man who loved his wife and family
He went to church every Sunday and loved his community
A kind hearted man who would give his shirt to the needy

They do not utter a single word of

Your infidelity
For years you had affairs with your next door neighbour

Always late in child support and alimony
You spent all your money on the neighborhood whores

You spent years in prisons
For stealing and robbery

Death is so great
It makes us the best, suddenly.

Ravi Kopra

Every Day I Pass By This Alley

maiñ roz idhar se guzarta huuñ kaun dekhta hai
maiñ jab idhar se na guzruñga kaun dekhega

-Majeed Amjad

Every day
I pass

by this alley
who watches me

I do not know
And if

I do not pass
by this alley

who will miss
watching me

I do not know.

Ravi Kopra

Every Love Thing, A Hindi Poem By Ahatisham Alam In English Translation

Every love thing
reminds me of you

My eyes
desire to see you

Whether or not they mention you
my heart remembers you

And it sheds tears of love
remembering you

Ravi Kopra

Every Night I Have My Sweetheart

Music and art consume
Andrew Atroshenko's life
so do they mine including love

I can have her
for dollars nine hundred and twenty five
no, I will not. never

Every night I have my sweetheart
more beautiful than hers
not in dark clammy caves Atroshenko paints
but in the warm satin-bed she makes
puts love notes under my pillow
lights rose scented candles
dims the lights and lies down there
in her blue silky robe with ribbons
and waits for me, smiling.
She has been reading recently
Fifty shades of grey
will it be soft and slow, then crescendo
or sudden burst of sparks engulfing me in flames
I do not know.

- see the painting on the web: Andrew Atroshenko - Intimate Thoughts Gallery
Product: ANDIN3

Ravi Kopra

Every Woman Looks So Beautiful

When In Varanasi, India

I drink milk with mashed leaves of bhang (marijuana)

I feel high, like flying in the air.

Everything I say is with a flair

Love verses flow from me,

Love glows all around me.

My friends think I am a Majnu

in search of my Laila.

Everybody seems to be laughing, smiling

as if it were a punjabi basanti mela -

gaities, festivities all around,

people singing, dancing bhangra,

every woman looks so beautiful

no matter how old or young

and I desire all of them.

I get none.

I go to sleep in the burning Indian mid-day summer sun.

And when I get up in the evening, I feel headachy

my temples throb, I see blurry, my body aches, memory fails.

I walk like a zombie.

People ask: Oi, Kavi Kotra ji

ki ho giya tuhani, raazi khusi taaN ho na!

(hey, poet Kotra, are you feeling OK?)

I say: fine, thank you.

I am suffering a little from flu.

Ravi Kopra

Everyday I Wake Up And Say To Myself

Everyday I wake up and say to myself:
Oh God what another dreary day!
I have to pee, shit
Brush teeth, take my bath
dress up, rush to work
on way to stop by Starbucks
for a cup of hot,
black, bubbling coffee
to wake myself fully.

At work the same old grunting pig boss,
the same old routines, phone calls,
lunch and coffee breaks for a bite and pleasantries,
all silly senseless chat of colleagues.
Same old dreary evenings, same old sleepless nights.

Love for the loveless wife!
Brain-washed children by the wife!
Love begets not love. No where is kindness.
Everyone is using others in selfish flight.
In such thoughts I lose myself wondering
What's all this bullshit life.

Ravi Kopra

Everyone Asks For My Spouse, A Hope Ajagun Inspired Poem

"Everyone asks for my spouse"
I say, she still lives in my dreams
I haven't yet found her.

May be one day
I will come across her -
a fair spotless damsel
with rings around her neck,
standing in a street corner
licking her ice cream...
Seeing me suddenly
She will call me out -
Hey Abdul, is it you?
Where have you been?
I come to you every night
in your loving dreams.
Come close to me
but do not touch me.
If you do, I will disappear
from your night long dreams.

I could not resist.
I was dying for her.
I touched, and lo!
There was no trace of her.
My two empty hands were
groping the air, foolishly.

Ravi Kopra

Everything Forbidden, Life Dry As A Desert

Allah forbids me - I can't have whisky or wine
Allah forbids me - I can't listen to music, only to a muezzin
Allah forbids me - I can't watch love videos
Allah forbids me - I can't go to casinos
Allah forbids me - I can't see the nudes, only those in burqa
Allah forbids me - I can't see no photos, no porn, no nothing

But Allah is merciful
He does allow me to have four wives anytime
So I have four wives ages sixteen to sixty
No more minimum age of nine, it was long ago
My eldest is older than my auntie, my chachi, my mosi

I get rid of others anytime I choose and
replace them with the younger preetier ones
but not gave me the job of a merchant
in the camel caravan enterprise of the desert.

Ravi Kopra

Everything Is Absurd

Someone toils all his
life making money saving every penny
but has no children to give to.
And no hope the heaven will
bring him the riches after his death.

Another one labors to be
famous, to be remembered after death
but doesn't believe his soul will
live to tell him of his fame.

And another one wears himself to
death, doing things he abhors.
And there is someone who.....

A rendering of a page from
Fernando Pessoa's 'Livro do Desassossego'
pp 113 (163)

Ravi Kopra

Ex Wife, A Rendering Of A Turkish Love Poem In English

I see you night after night
in my dreams

Everynight the satan
tempts me on the white sheets

Do you know why?

I still love you
I miss you everynight

You are the kind of a woman
hard to find

If you change your mind
call me, text me

Come on skype or better tweet me
I will be running to you

Instantly.

Ravi Kopra

Face, An Italian Poem By Umberto Fiori In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Ta k main sharminda na hoon
aap sab k samne
main bahut kuch nahin bolta

Is liye pareshan na hona
har baat ab apne aap hoti hai
is k liye main koi paisa dhela nahin deta

Main ye bahut arsay se kar raha hoon
khoob gambheerta se kar raha hoon
agar tum is ke baare muj se poocho
k wo asal main kya baataiN theeN
aur kya main uno karna chahta tha
to main kabhi bata na paunga,
mera zehn un sab baatoN se ab khaali hai
yahaN tak k unka khyaal
kabhi bhi mujh k nahin aata.

Aur main wohi hoon jo kehta hai mera chera
Dekho isay: mera chera ab hai sab tera

Ravi Kopra

Faith

Like a hard core musalmaan
who prays 5 times a day,
slaughters holy cows for dinner,
slaughters goats for bakra-e-id,
steals doves' eggs for his omelettes,
does oozu before prayers
to be sure his salwaar is not pee stained
or else Allah will not accept prayers -
so good to have a hygienic Allah
who checks your pants are not pee stained -
who would do anything to spread his Allah faith
like killing kafirs, stealing their wives, making them muslimas
marrying them and and making many more little musalmaans
and even sacrificing his life for Allah,
is a dog that comes to mind
who would protect his master at no cost
and even sacrifice itself for him.
This is loyalty extraordinaire.
This is faith hard to compare!
But it tells a lot what nonbelievers
can't comprehend and are amazed when
they set bombs bound to their bellies off
to explode violently in flames.

Ravi Kopra

Faith - A Japanese Haiku In Urdu/Hindi Translation

mujhe us par bharosa hai
jugnu ki raat main usay
patli si saree pehne miluN gi

Ravi Kopra

Fallen Leaves And Withered Flowers, After Luo Zhihai's Chinese Poem

Heaps of brown leaves and withered flowers
cold winds in late autumn everywhere
Floating snow flakes in the air
cold water flowing in the rivers

On the winding trails of Wu mountains
smokes spurts out of the chimney of Chen's tavern
Heavy fog hides the river in the valley below
and the Wu mountains in the far off distance

A lonely swallow flies lazily in the air
Full moon is rising early in the West
Watching the moon I miss my lovely wife
It was full moon on our honeymoon night.

Note: The poem is based on the original but
is not a true translation.

Ravi Kopra

Falling In Love

When you see her for the first time
your eyes meet, you both smile
and you feel a stirring in your heart
an uncontrollable urge drives you crazy
to get to know her and have her in your arms
feel her hair her body with your hands
and feel like giving kisses on her mouth
that's lust and love mixed together -
the passion - you feel for her is marvellous
the elixir that renews your life
takes away all your weariness
you are born again in love for life.

When you walk, you bounce up in the air
her love birds make a nest in your heart
their slightest flight your heart can't bear
and feels empty like the vast sky.

Your eyes shine, skin is bright, you smile
for no apparent reason, and your friends
ask you what has happened to you
as you exude sweetness all around you.
They don't know yet the love has stung you
that love birds now coo coo in your heart
and every moment she is in your thoughts,
you see her smiling face, her bright eyes
her body you desire merging into
and dream of seeing her again, soon.

Ravi Kopra

Falling In Love On Facebook, A Love Poem In Punjabi/Hindi

asiiN face book te milay

tu mainu chunggi lagi
main tenu chungga lagiya

tasveeran sirf daikhiiyan
galaan baatan keetiyaan

thoDi yaari paaii
kuj gaaney gaaey

na main tainu milya
na tu mainu mili

pyaar sada ho giya

main maan baap nu likhya
tu maan baap nu likhya

pehle o nahin mun-nay
ansii doaiN ro peay

fir o mun gayey
sada vyah ho giya

Ravi Kopra

Famous Fatuous Comments On Vacuous Poems

"Touching expression with nice theme
A brilliant poem shared astutely
Touching expression with great theme

A brilliant poem shared
An intensive expression with great theme
Marvelous poem you have shared

A beautiful spiritual poem shared here astutely
A brilliant poem has been presented startlingly
A beautiful philosophical poem shared
Thanks and congratulations for being selected this poem as the poem of the day

Touching expression with nice theme
It is really a brilliant poem relating
to life that attracts me for second time

This is an amazing poem shared here
haunting expression with nice theme

A brilliant poem on love, life and wind
has been presented startlingly
This poem is definitely excellent."

- all copied excluding "collocations"

Ravi Kopra

Farhat Shahzad Wants To Get Drunk

Let's get so drunk
As to banish the sense of

You and me where we break down
The barriers that keep you away from me.

itni pi jaa.e ki miT jaa.e maiñ aur tu ki tamiz
yaani ye hosh ki divar gira di jaa.e

-FARHAT SHAHZAD

Ravi Kopra

Final Letter, A Poem Of Dina Posada In English Translation

I want to die
in your lustful froth
wrapping my heartbeats in dust

The pulp and juice of our personal goodbye
will trace the smile on your mourning lips
that you will repeat

While the clock will
remember you passing

Ravi Kopra

Fine Weather, An English Rendering Of A Turkish Poem By Orhan Veli Kanik

Fine Weather

Beautiful days of spring ruined my life

I lost all virtues -

I lit my first cigarette in spring

I fell in love in spring

One day in spring I forgot to bring bread and butter home

And it was a day in the spring when I started writing poems

The fine spring weather once for all has ruined my entire life.

Ravi Kopra

Fire And Ice, A Poem By Robert Frost In Urdu Translation

kuch log kehtay hain
jab duniya khatam hogi
har taraf aag lagi hogi
kuch kehtay hain
har taraf baraf paDi hogi

mere khyaal se aag lagi hogi
agar mujay do baar marna hai
jantay huey yahan kitni nafrat hai
barbaadi k liyay mere khayaal se
baraf bhi aachHi hogi.

Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.
But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To say that for destruction ice
Is also great
And would suffice.

-Robert Frost

Ravi Kopra

Fire And Sleet And Candlelight, A Poem By Elinor Wylie In Hindi/Urdu Translation

is k liyay tum martay rahay
bahadhuri kartay haartay rahay
phatay burkay ki tarah
tere aasmaan k ab tukDay paDay hue hain

is k liyay tum ne j
haseen jawaani kho thee
aur pee liyay tum ne
such k ghoot

sookhi zammen se tum ne
moDtay rassay banaey
aur bina apne ko bachaey
CHupi talwaron k raatay main chaltay rahay

-to be continued

Fire and Sleet and Candlelight

by Elinor Wylie

For this you've striven
Daring, to fail:
Your sky is riven
Like a tearing veil.

For this, you've wasted
Wings of your youth;
Divined, and tasted
Bitter springs of truth.

From sand unslakèd
Twisted strong cords,
And wandered naked
Among trysted swords.

There's a word unspoken,
A knot untied.
Whatever is broken
The earth may hide.

The road was jagged
Over sharp stones:
Your body's too ragged
To cover your bones.

The wind scatters
Tears upon dust;
Your soul's in tatters
Where the spears thrust.

Your race is ended—
See, it is run:
Nothing is mended
Under the sun.

Straight as an arrow
You fall to a sleep
Not too narrow
And not too deep.

First Came The Wine And Then Rains, A Ghazal Of Faiz Ahmad Faiz In Translation

first came the wine and then rains
what followed later was all pains

the moon arose from the decanter
and the sun from my saki's hands

my heart was getting on fire
and she walks in all naked

I was counting the sorrows of my world
you came to my mind countless times

your absence gave me heartaches
stirring my heart day by day

whenever I left the gathering of lovers
I always left broken hearted

the echoes of my silence
answered me from all directions

straightforward were my destinations
I reached there always with pleasure

the original in Urdu

aa.e kuchh abr kuchh sharab aa.e
is ke aa.e jo azaab aa.e

bam-e-mina se mahtab utre
dast-e-saqi mein aftar aa.e

har rag-e-huñ mein phir charaghañ ho
samne phir vo be-naqab aa.e

umr ke har varaq pe dil ki nazar
teri mehr-o-vafa ke baab aa.e

kar raha tha gham-e-jahañ ka hisab
aaj tum yaad be-hisab aa.e

na ga.i tere gham ki sardari
dil meñ yuuñ roz inqalab aa.e

jal uThe bazm-e-ghair ke dar-o-bam
jab bhi ham ?hanumañ-?harab aa.e

is tarah apni ?hamushi guñji
goya har samt se javab aa.e

'faiz' thi raah sar-ba-sar manzil
ham jahañ pahuñche kamyab aa.e

Ravi Kopra

First Date

My eyes already touched you
You were standing by the fountain in the park
And I, far ahead in my thoughts of you
I said to myself: she is my love

It gave me a new life of love
Even before saying hello, how're you
I was feeling one with you, in love with you
A wind of love blew, swept me off my feet.

Ravi Kopra

First Date With A Dear Sir

If you want to be my friends, tell me the truth Dear Sir
What kind of man your are? Faithful? Honest? Dear Sir

You cannot hide lies. Your face will tell the truth Dear Sir
Do you cuss? Drink? Smoke? Drugs? Gamble? Womanize? Dear Sir

Did you hurt your ex wife telling lies? Dear Sir
Why did she divorce you in two years? Dear Sir

Can you keep straight face? Look at me, Dear Sir
What made you contact me? Why do you like me? Dear Sir

Do you have a job? Car? Money? Yacht? An aeroplane? Dear Sir
Or you are after swindling innocent trusting women? Dear Sir

Are you a con man? Or an honest gentle man? Dear Sir
What do you expect from a gal on the first date? Dear Sir

I ask you so many questions. You answer none. Why? Dear Sir
I guess you must have hidden something in closets Dear Sir

So I think this is our first and last date. Right? Dear Sir
I will pay for my own drink. Good luck. Good bye Dear Sir

Ravi Kopra

First Kiss, A Hindi Poem By Lalit Kaira In English Translation

Two petals of a red rose
came together
and left a mark on my cheeks.
Since this morning the rose scent
has been with me.
And I have been hearing
a new song all day along.
How can I pay her back?
After the first kiss
I lost everything.

Ravi Kopra

Five Couplets In Hindi

sundar patni dhoondhan vo laga, koe bhi istree sundar na lagay
jab mukh aapna sheeshay main dekhan laga, karoop us jaisa koe na lagay

char beewi k bawjood bhi, bacha koe na hoey
hakim dekhte hi kehne laga, haey! bachha kaise hoey

Dilli ki dulhan k dil main sixty nine baar baar aey
Gorakhpur main to teen beesoN aur no sixty nine hoey

jo kisi murakh kavi ki prashanshakare us se bada murakh koe na hoey
jo shaanti se gyaani ki kavita paDe, vo gyani kshan bhar main hoey

moorakh ki gati, moorakh hi jaane, moorakhta har kshan kareN
moorakh jun to aapni prashansha main hi khoob khush raheN

Ravi Kopra

Five Lines, A Turkish Poem By Nazim Hikmet In English Translation

Mother's lullabies, street talk, books, heart
newscaster reports, may all tell you lies.
But understanding what has happened
and what is to come, O my love,
how great and wonderful it is.

Ravi Kopra

Five Roses, A Turkish Love Poem By Enis Batur In English Translation

Apropos of nothing, my dear love
I have brought five blood red roses for you
Five white roses as white as milk
Five yellow roses like golden leaves of dawn
My love, I have brought five pink roses for you.

Some other hand picked these roses for you.
My cowardly hand only knows how to touch
Your body from your toes to your head to make
You body become a blazen land with coal like
Fingers of my hand, my five black roses for you.

I am proud of all the words, soil, touch
on the blank paper I have written for you
I have torn the thorns and am leaving a lament
on the snow, I am leaving five fresh roses for you.

Ravi Kopra

Flash, A Heart Wrenching Poem By Hazel Hall In Hindi/Urdu Translation

main apne aap mein kam hoon
sooraj ki roshni si kuch zyada
is jeevan se main thak chuki hoon
sochti hoon kuch bhi nahin hoon
lakin maut ki mahima main nahin hoon
jo zinda nahin maut unko kaise aayegi

akash k bhookHay jabDe muje khaane ko aate hain
aur waqt k panje mere jism ko cheerte hain

is zindgi ki ghaD-maDi main
main mari nahin hoon zinda bhi nahin
saansON ke bhaar main phal bhogte huay
na main uthi hui hoon na soyi hui

Ravi Kopra

Flirtation, A Poem In Punjabi

tun pehlay mainu akhan mardi ain
tay jadon main tere pichay lag jaanda haan
tun muskratan mardi ain
jaldi hi tainu dar pai jaanda hai
he rabba eh koe lafra jiya no hoey
tay nasdi nasdi bhaj jaandi ain

in translation

you flirt winking at me
I start following you
you start smiling at me
soon you get afraid that
I might be a real chaser
I might kidnap you
you take to your heels.

Ravi Kopra

Flowers And Man - Rendering Of A Pushto Poem By Pir Mohammad Karwaan Into English

Flowers feed on ashes, soil, fertilizers
and mostly murky water, clear only sometimes.
Still they are beautiful. sacred and send
sweet scents into the breeze.
We love seeing their colors. Our hearts feel pleasure.

But look at man.
Once angels bowed to him. He enjoys flowers
drinks water purer than tears
and eats dark red apples. Still, he is ugly.
I wonder why!

Ravi Kopra

Flowers, Tides, Winds, You And A Girl

Flowers are blown in winds
Duckweed without roots
Floats in water.
A girls leans against the window
Thinks of her past lover.
You go to the shore near banyan trees
And look at the rising tides.

Ravi Kopra

Fly By Night Lovers, Rendering A Poem By Rumi

I was so happy with
Fly by night lovers

They drank all the wine
No flaming candles now. Everywhere is darkness

They left me and went far off
I can't see them even with my squinted eyes

One by one they left like
Pigeons in flight fluttering their wings

I am bitter now
What I had gained is all lost now

But I feel great joy with those
Who surrender like me

And are like tailors who tear
into pieces the beautiful dresses they make

And like birds that fly from nests
Into no where and eat grainless seeds.

Ravi Kopra

For You, For You

You are the mate of my soul
the book of its verses
only you can read
what's on it's each page
only you can understand its poems

You are not in dark now
my souls is in your hands
drink its nectar
every drop of it
it is for you

I say this all silently
to my heart
and in this silence
I offer the whole of
myself to you

Sip my love sip by sip
or suck all of me as you please
or have it all in one instant
and if some of myself is still left
decimate me, eat me whole heartedly

The whole of myself will vanish
and I will become a part of you
we will be united as one
I will have no self left and
will always be for you, for you.

Ravi Kopra

For You, For You, A Love Poem In Hindi/Urdu

tum meri rooh k saathi ho
meri aatma ki kitab
sirf tum hi paD sakte ho
har warke pe kya likha hai
sirf tum hi jaan patey ho

kuch nahin chupa hai ab tum se
meri rooh tere hathoN main hai
pee lo is ka ras ab,
har boond is ras ki
har boond tere liye hai

main ye sab chupke cupke
apne dil ko kehti hoon
aur mera sara badan
is khamoshi main
pani pani ho jata hai tere liye

pee lo mujhe ghoont ghoont main
choos lo mujhe jab chaho
pee lo mujhe ek dam main
agar kuch bach jaey
to kha lo mujhe dam bhar main

main tum main ja samaouNgi
tum main mit jaoNgi
tumhare ek saath ho jauNgi
tum main khatam ho kar
naya jeevan pauNgi

tere liye, tere liye

Ravi Kopra

For You, O My Love

Come, let's be lovers together, indissoluble
We'll make the most beautiful babies, the world has ever seen
We will have families, friends lifelong to be together

We will plant flowers, trees of love in our gardens
in our neighbor's gardens, in the next city's gardens

Our children will grow in love playing with children of neighbors
They will grow, prosper, love their spouses with arms around their necks loving
each other forever

You and I will be an ideal family example of for the whole nation
O my love, come, let's live in love forever
I am writing this song for you to show my love for you forever.

Ravi Kopra

Forgiveness

I do not remember what it was
but it angered you so much
when I was in the junior high
that you said -
I know how much you love me
I now when I die, you will come
to the cremation grounds in the
morning to defecate on my ashes.

Mom, I've flown here from the USA
I am collecting your ashes
in a large silver vase, and putting
your large bones in a sack made
of silk shining like gold
I will let them sail in the holy
river Ganges at a ghat in Haridwar
when I wake up in the morning.

I ask for forgiveness for
what I said to you eons ago in my
foolishness you could not take.

Ravi Kopra

Free Mind

Strange!

Those who are

free

do not like their freedom

And those in chains want

to be free

Look at

marriages, divorces

Blessed are those

who know

what being oneself is.

Ravi Kopra

Friendship

If it is
just for your ego
that you know me
I extend my hand
of friendship to you.

But

If you want
to use my friendship
to influence, threaten, swindle
and blackmail others
you will be the first to get
the red carpet welcome
in the high secured prison
and rot there forever.

Ravi Kopra

Friendship, A Poem By Henry David Thoreau In Hindi/ Translation

jab main soch main paD jata hun k pyar kya hai
lagta hai yehi muje k pyar hi sab dunia hai
sab khana-peena, sab sharaab, sab daroo
raasta jo hai zamin aur swarag main

main jaanta hun ye, mat poocho kyon, kaisay
meri behad, beant kushi mera pyar hi hai
agar mar bhi giya apni kehfiat kartay hue
bata nahin paoonga tumain kyon, kaisay

Ravi Kopra

From Love Letters Of Famous Poets And Writers

All my soul follows you, love -
encircles you - and I
live in being yours.

- Robert Browning to his wife Elizabeth Browning
January 28,1846

You have absorbed
me. I have a sensation at the
present moment as though
I was dissolving.

- John Keats to Fanny Browne
October 13,1819

Oh God! for two days
every moment I have been
asking myself if such
happiness is not a
dream. It seems what I
feel is not of earth. I cannot yet
comprehend this cloudless
heaven.

-Victor Hugo to Adele Foucer, his future wife
March 15,1842

I will cover you with
love when next I
see you, with caresses,
with ecstasy. I want to
gorge you with all the
joysof flesh so that you

faint and die. I want you to
be amazed by me and to
confess to yourself that
you had never even
dreamed of such transports.

When you are old, I want you
to recall those few hours,
I want your dry bones
to quiver with joy when
you think of them.

- Gustave Flaubert to Louise Collet
August 15, 1846

Ravi Kopra

From This Kind Of Longing, A Love Poem By The Ukranian Poetess Oksana Zabuzhko In Hindi/Urdu Translation

meri chahat itni baDi
mere jism ki haddiyaN bansuri ban kar
ab pyaar k geet gaati hain

har taraf jidhar chalti hoon
har cheez ko aag lag jati hai
ye jaan kar mujh main jaan paD jati hai
aur pairon k neechay sholay jalne lagte hain
bumb phootne lagte hain

- -

- -

hamari joDi ghazab se poori poori hai

- -

- -

agar ye mohabbat nahin to kya hai
ye ek chamakta tara tha
jo aa laga meri ankhon k beech
gir gayi zameen par ek dum
aur mit gayi usi kshan
agar ye mohabbat nahin hai
to khuda ne ye jahaan nahin banaya hai

- -

- -

aisi chahat main
rait main bhi phool khilne lagte hain
aisi chahat main baandhoN main dariya chalte rehte hain

aur pahaD ek doosre ka haath pakaD kar khaDe rehte hain
agar ye mohabbat hai
to is ke siva aur kuch bhi nahin hai

Ravi Kopra

Full Moon, A Spanish Poem By Juan Ramon Jimenez In English Translation

The door is open,
the cricket is singing.
Are you walking
naked in the fields?

Like eternal water that
enters and leaves everything.
Are you walking
naked in the air?

The basil isn't sleeping,
the ant is working.
Are you walking
naked in the house?

LUNA GRANDE

La puerta está abierta,
el grillo cantando.
¿Andas tú desnuda
por el campo?

Como un agua eterna,
por todo entra y sale.
¿Andas tú desnuda
por el aire?

La albahaca no duerme,
la hormiga trabaja.
¿Andas tú desnuda
por la casa?

- Juan Ramon Jimenez
Nobel Laureate 1953

Garbagey Poetry

If someone writes garbagey poetry
And his followers cluster on it like flies
Like they swarm over a heap of turds,
Finding what they have been feeding on for centuries
And relishing turds as their finest delicacies,
What will you make of his poetic words?
What will you make of the followers like flies?
Compatibility of the likes. Right?

Ravi Kopra

Gayatri Mantra In English Translation

Let us worship him who made the sun
The self-luminous one
Whose wisdom flows like water
Who gave me the intellect
To live my life further.

the original in Sanskrit

tát savitúr váre?(i) ya?
bhárgo devásya dhimahi
dhíyo yó na? prachodayat

Ravi Kopra

Get Out Of Here, Shouted Reverend Allah At Akhtar Musla

When Akhtar musla reached heaven. "Get out of here," shouted Allah

"All your prayers are cancelled". Why, Reverend Allah? Akhtar begged Allah

"You leaked, your shalwar pee-stained always. You never did your 'wuzuu' before prayers"

"Look at Vish KhopDa ???????. How sparkling clean is his dhoti washed in holy Ganges!"

Ravi Kopra

Get Up And Look

Get up and look at the the bright night sky
and dream of the wonders of this world -
galaxies, stars and planets in the sky
people working day and night
for shelter and crumbs of bread to satisfy
their everlasting hunger in this life
while the billionaires who suck
the blood of the poor are sleeping
dreaming of luxuries, women and concubines.

Ravi Kopra

Gita Govinda Of Jayadeva, Chapter 1, Verse 1 And 2 In English Translation

1

"Hey Radha!
Dark thick clouds are gathering
in the tamala tree woodlands,
it is going to be dark soon
and he is getting very fearful,
please take him home."
Nanda thus asked Radha.

On the way back home
she leads Mahdva
in her plays of passion.
She stops under trees in the grove
on the banks of river Yamuna
and starts flirting with him.
They get amorous playing games of love.

2

I, Jayadeva, the king of all poets
am going to write Gita Govinda
the romance of Radha and Krishna
like the murals on house walls.

Saraswati, the deity of speech
has colored my soul with stories.
I worshipped at the feet goddess Lakshmi
who blessed me with the gift of poetry.
My beautiful wife, Padmawati, put rhythms
to my lyrics dancing before me.

O graceful people,
if your hearts yearn for Krishna's love
and you want to know how women flirt with men

then listen to the kingly poet Jayadeva's song
how he praises Krishna and pleases your heart.

Ravi Kopra

Giuseppe Ungaretti Immense Space Italian Short Poem In English Translation

M'illumino
D'immenso

- Giuseppe Ungaretti

Ah! immense space
My soul uplifted
Shines

Ravi Kopra

Glances, A Hindi Poem Of Kavya In English Translation

I can't help but cast
glances on you.
I was going to end it all
but fell in love with you.

Your drunken eyes drown me.
I was going to have a drink
but lost my head on the way to bar.

I say nothing
my eyes tell all.
In my silence, they send
you, sweet words of love.

Ravi Kopra

Go To A Garden And Sulk

When you are down in dumps
Go to a garden and sulk

See there white lotus flowers in the pond
Where Buddha meditates seated on them

Clad in loose garments, bare footed
Hands on knees, eyes closed, lips smiling

Peaceful, tranquil, blissful, making
Mantras in his mind for us to be worry free -

Do no swing to highs
Do not bow to lows

Live in moderation, be simple
Be steady, do not to and fro

Be yourself, don't give up under pressure
Keep your head high, don't let anybody kick you around

Take care of yourself, family, friends, others
Be kind, be gentle, fight always for justice

You will walk out of the garden, blessed, afresh
Smiling, ready to live life in peace and happiness.

Ravi Kopra

Go To Your Women, Not Whores An Ekphrastic Poem

Looking like devils from hell
who are they -
veiled from head to toes,
with open slits for eyes to see
bamboo sticks in their hands,
raised high to thrash men
and their ladies of pleasure.

Women students from a madarasa
in Islamabad, Pakistan
protest against prostitution
slamming shut a brothel,
taking prisoner the owner,
his pimps and his whores
with two hoary policemen.

Islamic men of Islamabad, beware!
Go to your women, not whores
Or else...

Ravi Kopra

God

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

-Denis Martindale on poemhunter on 3/3/2018

How strange!
If there is God like described in scriptures
Why would he need your/our blessings?
Why should he be asking for mercy or for anything?
Either we do not know him or he is just an imaginary God-thing.

And why blessing one country over the other we are blessed?
Does God not like all human beings, all countries, all birds, all animals and everything else in this world including those who think God is an imaginary thing?

And why do we advertise God on radio, on TV channels?
He is God, can he not do it all by himself?
For example, he decides to do it one day
And precisely at that moment God hijacks all TV channels all over the world and appears like a

An old old man, with long long grey beard and long long moustaches and two long long eye lashes, long long hair coming out of his nostrils
Wearing a long white robe and stooping on a staff made out of the apple tree wood in the garden of Eden and declaring -

Here I am
I am God
And if you do not believe me
Here are the Houris (they appear on the screen with the flip of his fingers)
Scantly clad, with jugs of red wine in one hand and lyres and violins in the other, and some with their tablas (drums)
After they pour wine into your goblets, they get busy singing, dancing and playing music to God's tunes...

And every child, every grown up, dumb or so called wise stands up from his chair before the TV screens and starts singing -

Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
Oh our heavenly Father is here
Right on the TV gospel channel number one
Let's pray and sing the holy hymns for him...

Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
Clap you hands, start crazy dancing
Move you big butts, twist your huge bellies
Sing loudly, loudly for
God is a little deaf. He cannot hear clearly...

Ravi Kopra

God Among Us

There are no gods, but Allah
The only one Supreme
Like the supreme mullah of all mullahs
And no mullahs greater than him

Who, if someone displease him
Will declare it a blasphemy
And in an instant will issue a fatwa
For one hundred twenty leather straps lashes first
And then a noose around his neck to be hanged in the city square

Mullahs' God, Allah is the only true God in the world
All other gods are fake and false like US Fox news
Believers crave for wine, music, and all virgins in the world
They cannot get on earth, will do anything to be in heaven to get them.

Ravi Kopra

God And His Son, Jesus

Statements in parentheses are lifted from a poem by Dr. tony Brahamin, aka Dr. Antony Theodore. His poem can be found in the story section below - an appropriate place. He informs me that today is Good Friday and he is praying for me. I thank him to save the souls of sinners, an indefatigable task!

"God created the heaven and earth"

Who told you that? The Bible writers?
Did God tell them in person?
Or in their imagination?

"and all human beings in His image."

Ha, ha!
One head, one nose
Two eyes, two ears
One mouth, two lips, two arms, two legs
A chest, a torso, two hips, genitals
Yes, yes. He needed them
For immaculate conception.
No?

"He formed Adam and Eve"

And told them
You can only fondle
Yes, that is the limit
No sexual act of penetration
That is forbidden.

And still he sends them a snake with an apple.
How cunning, how luring, how playful is God!
He plays games when it comes to sex, like us

That why he has an image of us.
No? Yes?

"Jesus the Messiah was sent from heaven";

Naturally

That is the secret behind immaculate conception.

How can you, otherwise, explain a son being born to a virgin.

There were no Roman soldiers there after virgin or non virgin women

And everybody else was pious and god fearing even before the son was born.

Moreover, no DNA tests then. Even if God willed to donate his sperms

No where could he have been found, for no God was there.

So the case must be justified, Jesus came from heaven.

I wonder why did he have to spend nine months in mother Mary's womb

God could have sent him down to the earth in a diamond studded gold chariot.

But who am I to argue this with God? God does whatever he wills!

"to shed his blood till the last drop";

Parishioners, take this with a ton of salt.

Did Jesus shed blood happily?

Why did he cry on the cross?

He cried and cried till he dropped dead.

And where was his father to come help him?

Did his father enjoy seeing his son suffering?

He must be a sadist of all times, if he did.

No? Yes?

- - -to be continued
stay tuned.

Ravi Kopra

God Begged Me For Two Shillings

I have been in search of
God, off and on wondering
that the almighty who
created this wonderful
world and made us precisely
in his image, one day might
come around wandering
looking just like us
checking how were
we doing in his kingdom.

It was just a matter of chance
I would stumble upon him some day
and stumble I did
on the steps of a catholic
church near george square
in glasgow in scotland in the
winter of nineteen seventy two.

He was sitting there howling
I am god, I am god
I could not believe my eyes
our glorious god, father of jesus
had a stinking greasy grey coat on
made of scotland wool over his dirty
musty torn shirt and pants, wearing
muddy boots and a wolverine checkered
red and black cap with holes showing his
long unwashed greyish tangled hair!
he had a short beard and moustache
saliva was dripping from his mouth
he had a half empty bottle of some liquor
in his right hand, a cigarette in the left.

Hello sir, how are you today, I say
I am not a sir, you bloke, I am God, he says
and then suddenly, can you spare two shillings?
O my poor god, I say, take these four and have a nice day.

God Does Exist

Do ghosts exist?

Unlikely

Do humans live on Mars?

Unlikely

Do tea kettles circle around the sun?

Unlikely

Do cows eat humans when hungry?

Unlikely

Do virgins wait on certain men in heaven?

Unlikely

Do green bucks grow on trees?

Unlikely

Do farishtas carry Allah's messages to caves?

Unlikely

Do immaculate conceptions take place except in Bethlehem?

Unlikley

Do virgin Marys roam in cities untouched by Roman soldiers?

Unlikely

Do rational minds believe that God exists?

Unlikely

Except mullahs, muezzins, kazis, popes, preachers, priests
For their own existence, power and influence, God does exist.

Ravi Kopra

God On A Sunday Morning

It is Sunday morning
I want to sleep late
Last night I partied

But woes to mullahs, muezzins
They're shouting out aloud
On the top of minarets, turrets -

Allah is great, Allah is great
It is time for namaaz
Come to the masjid soon

Bend down on the floor
With your asses up in air
Ask for dua in your prayer

O Allah, my dua is this -
Shut up these idiots
The mullahs, the muezzins

I doubt if you exist
But if you do, you know
You must be really great

To kill people in wars, in famines
To let rapist rape young girls, women
To let kazi, clergy rape young boys

To kill people with cancer, cholera
To let hurricanes, storms kill us
To let volcanoes burn us alive

Allah you are great, we know
You never let us live in peace
You hate us, you hate us, we do know.

Ravi Kopra

God Tells Us To Love All

God tells us to love all - all humans, all animals, all nature
But he does not love a son, a holy son of christians
who still live in delusions to be pacified.
He lets him die on the cross, does not save him
while he cries in pain hung on the cross by Romans
blood dripping from his arms, palms, torso, feet
his head bends down with the glorious crown of thorns
his father thought befitted him well for his vagrancy.
He cries, he lets out shrieks in agony
his heart stops beating, he breathes his last
his soul goes out flying to God who gives damn
to everything except a fairy told lyrical poetry book
to be published by the Desert Cave Press
in the searing desert heat of Arabia near some jackals
howling at the moon in the bushes and the shady date trees.
He is always busy with his virgin houris, his home made wine
fountains, gardens and the buzzing bees making sweet honey.
He can beget his own real son, any time he likes.
For him a son fathered by some soldier from Rome
somewhere in the Bethelham night is not worth a penny.

Ravi Kopra

God, Be A Man And Not A Sissy Hiding In The Heavens

God, be a man
and not a sissy hiding in the heavens.
Tell man once for all
that you do not exist at all
as depicted in the Bible, Koran or Upnishadas.

Tell man once for all -

That you did not give Mary
a son by immaculate conception.
It was just some immaculate conception
of some immaculate story writers of Bible
themselves to become immaculate, above all
for fun, like Jesus rode a donkey in Bethelham
and to get some attention, declared himself as your son.

That fairies do not live in the heaven
you did not send them to the desert cave in arabia
they cannot talk or sing, they cannot carry any messages
that the cave was full of bats, the little dark night creatures
hugging the moldy walls and making creaky noises that
to some epileptic sounded like sweet songs from heaven.

That brahmins sitting on mountains or at the banks of river Ganges
were full of fanciful thoughts and created innumerable gods,
for example, a fire god, a rain god, a wind god, a food god, a birth and a death
god
to solve all puzzels of nature their heads with chotis could not solve
Poor brilliant brahamin scholars of their times!

If you do these three things for christians, muslims, hindus
there will be no wars, terrorists will not blow themselves up
there will be no churches, no mosques, no temples, no mundirs
they will all become schools of higher learnings.
People will find they are the amazing organic matter living
that can unearth the mysteries of the universe and make
everybody live in love, peace, harmony.

But poor mullahas, fathers, priests, preachers, pundits, rabbis!
What will become of them? They all will be sacked. No body will listen to them?
Well, we scientists will do functional MRIs on their heads to find out
what nosensical neurons they have that make them so thoughtless morons
and keep on propagating lies after lies told to them by their equally dumb
morons.
And we will pay them for lending their heads to us to find out the truth once for
all.

chotis= a thin long strand of hair worn on the top of the otherwise shaven head.

mundir= a hindu temple

brahamin= a member of the highest caste of hindus

mullahs= scholars of islamic studies, muslim preachers in mosques

upnishadas= ancient religious hindu texts in sanskrit

Ravi Kopra

God. Who, What, Why

God is big, huge, humongous
God is capital letters
He does not want to be missed
By the unfortunate illiterate

God is where fear is
A protector of the weak
Who pee in their pants
by the bite of a flea

God is many things at once
A father to Jesus on earth and in heaven
A spouter of volcano fires
Master of tornadoes, hurricanes

God can create anything anytime
A twit to tweet the half minded
The terrorists to make tombs for zillions
Milk out of water. A lion out of gator

God can play magic of all kinds
He can enter the skull of a learned
Philosopher of philosophy and turn
Him to a skunk or a turtle

God is not born. God does not die
God cannot be heard or seen
Only by the preachers, monks or imbeciles
Or the brainwashed who lost their mind

God is multifarious, multihilarious
multitudinous, multinefarious
omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient
Unseen, unheard and yet unforgettable.

And much much more. Hard to explore
Lots and lots of lores. Like God's son's
Wife, a whore. Don't deny God, faithfuls will roar.
If you deny Allah, you will be no more.

Ravi Kopra

Gold In The Mountain, A Poem By Herman Melville In Hindi/Urdu Translation

sonay se bharay pahaD
sonay se bhari vaadiaN
aur dil main bhara lalach
jannat ko in sab se kya waasta
aye naraz insaan.

Ravi Kopra

Good Bye, Old Uncle Valentino

I do not tell her
Once a year I love her
And give her fresh roses
And boxes of chocolates

She is my sweetheart
My flower, forever
I love her with kisses
embraces everyday, always.

She is my heart, my soul
The reason of my being
I have no self
I am hers. She is mine.

Good bye, old uncle Valentino
Go tell the disloyal, the unfaithful
To show love to their lovers. I tell
My love every day I love her dearly.

Ravi Kopra

Good Morning, A Turkish Poem By Necati Cumalı In English Translation

Good morning chickens
Good morning roosters
I feel so happy with my life.
In the morning when I get up
I have greetings from you.
During the day I have my work
I have my friends.
And at night I have the stars
But best of all my lovely wife.

Ravi Kopra

Goodbye, My Bride

You fight over nothing.
Pack up, get ready to go
back to your parents where
you lived all your life. You
wave in the air a goodbye.
You smile as if you're a victor
and I sigh as if I a victim.
Goodbye forever, dear?
You have been a good girl
a good daughter, but do not know
how to be a good wife. So be it.

Once you find out how much
of myself I have given to you,
listening to your every whim
and scruple, how much I have
loved you opening bare my
heart to you, you will realize
there no one in this world
who loves you more
than I do. You will want
me then, and I, who knows
where will the winds will take me.
Good bye for now, my dear
goodbye forever, who knows.

Ravi Kopra

Good-Night Poem By Percy Bysshe Shelley In Hindi/Urdu Translation

good night? kaisi good night?
tu apnay kamray main ja so ja
aur main so-oon yahan akela
kaisi hai ye good night?
soaiN hum jab ikahDay
to ho gi ye good night

kaise main keh dooN good night?
kya teri saari icHcHa bhaag gayi hai kahiN?
main khul kar nahin kehta - tum khud samajhti ho
tab hogi hamari good night

jab raat bhar hamaray do dil
saath saath lub-dub kareN gay
to hogi hamari vo good night
meri jaanay jahaan,
kyon k dil kabhi nahin kehtay
good night, good night

Ravi Kopra

Grandma And I

I had a boo-boo
on my pinky. Grandma kissed
it. All pain went away.

When my mom gave me
time out, my grandma brought
me ice cream. I smiled!

When my grandmother smiles
Parrots talk, honey bees hum
Doves say: we love you.

My grandmother smiles in
The garden. Cherry blossoms
Smile back. Fill her lap.

My grandma so cute
She loves me. I love her. We
Both very happy.

Ravi Kopra

Grandma's Wedding Shoes

I'm getting ready
For the garage sale tomorrow
My grandma passed away
A few weeks ago
She was a collector of things
You would never know.

I am thinking to sell
Her pair of wedding shoes
She wore one morning
Sixty years ago
Walking slowly
In a long tailed wedding gown,
Holding a bouquet of flowers in one hand
While her father held the other
Soon to be given away to her beau,
Walking beside her proud and smiling
In a wedding tuxedo.

Could she have wildly imagined then
That Thirty years later
Her unwed daughter
Would give me up for adoption
Shortly after I was born?
My mom, a poor mother
Could not face raising me up.

I look at the pair of shoes
They still look like new to me.
She saved them as a treasure
In the original shoe box, tucked
Under her wedding gown
In her old leather suitcase
Made in some small
Now a non-existent Texas' town.

The shoes are high heeled
Light brown, each with two leather straps
To go around the ankles

Some sort of a hybrid
Of dress shoes and sandals,
High fashion luxury of grandma's days.

I look at them again
And change my mind
I will not sell them
They are worth a fortune to me.

Sixty years ago
After I do, I do
The choir boy rang
the wedding bells
On the top of the steeple.
That moment, my grandma
Was wearing these shoes.

Ravi Kopra

Grief, A Punjabi Poem In English Translation

In this mild breeze,
I am standing all alone.
The winds have changed directions.
My lover has left me
My life is now empty.
I grieve my loneliness
And see no point in living.
What for should I be living now?

Ravi Kopra

Gulzar - Departure

After your departure
I realized
living without

you is not hard
nor is it hard
to die instantly

Life has no
meaning for me
since you left me.

Ravi Kopra

Gulzar - Immanent

There is nothing
immanent, nothing
within pervading,
and if it is
it is myself,
the I in me
that moment
by moment keeps
on changing.

Ravi Kopra

Gulzar - Man Is Like A Water Bubble

Man is like
a water bubble
that sails
on the surface
of flowing water,
gets drowned,
rises up and
gets sailing again
with the flow.

Ravi Kopra

Gulzar - Sweet Lips

Since my lips
tasted
your sweetness,
my sorrows
are sweet
and so is
my loneliness

Ravi Kopra

Gulzar - Turmoil

Among the hoards of people
Among their maddening clamor
Among their day and night chatter
You hide keeping your silence
In the depths of my mind
At a certain level, and I
Feel your cool presence there.

Ravi Kopra

Gulzar- Lonelines

In my loneliness
I often get lost
thinking of you

I see you
in my mind vividly
and feel better
that you are with me.

Ravi Kopra

Haiku

Samurai guy got gut
cancer, asks oncologist
When I thrust my sword?

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - A Sad Valentine Day

Me no love now no
Love. She go some rich man fast
My heart sad. Very bad.

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Blue Eyes

I look into your
Big blue eyes. You smile coyly
I drown, drown in you

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Chilling Autumn Rains After Matsuo Basho

Chilling autumn rains
my darling in bed with me
we make love dearly

Chilling autumn rains
my darling says again and again
let's go to bed early

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Cold

He is sitting by
the side of a tall stone wall
shivering in cold

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Cool Breeze

Burning Indian sun
People under peepal trees
in shade. Cool, fresh breeze.

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Cuckold

The mother bird knows
Where's pretty chicks real dad's nest
Her mate, a cuckold.

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Dark Chocolate

My sweet ebony
Dark chocolate. I love you
Eat you, my candie

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Desires

I love you and you
me, till the end of my life -
my only desire.

My dreams, my desires
fulfilled when you said: yes, yes
I will marry you.

When we lie in bed
and you hug and caress me
I desire you...you...

On long long weekends
My desire is to spend each
minute loving you.

When I saw you for
the first time, you smiled at me
And I desired you.

If all our desires
were fulfilled right away
will we be happy?

My desire: to have
you every night in bed to
become one with you.

My desires: peace, love,
prosperity, wisdom, no non-
sense. All happiness.

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Grilled Cheese Rye Sandwich

Grilled cheese rye sandwich
my love made for me today
Delicious like her!

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Happiness

The rainbow once wrapped
me on a river bank. I
thought it was heaven.

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Happy In Love With Wife

I marry thirty
Year. I love wife. She go one
Day, my heart cry much

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Happy In New Love

She my new love to-
day. She beautiful. My heart
Love her. Love her. Much

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Her Breasts

Her breasts like sweet cool
oranges, made me thirsty
all evening, all night.

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Her First Born

Her first born dies
her eyes
tearful

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Horny

I haven't had you for
a long time. May you feel hor-
ny all night tonight.

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Husband

So you want a hus-
band. Why don't you get me soon?
I am a good husband!

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - I Heard The Doves' Songs

I heard the doves' songs
like your whispers sweet and soft
fill with joy my heart

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - I Was Coming

I was coming and
shouting: I want to eat you
eat you, now now now!

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Indian Summer

Summer summed up -
hot dry dust drought thirst, brains burst
no water, ass pains

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Jealous Wife

Me husband love she
Not Me. I kill she. He sad
Me much happy. Very

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Kiss

Your rosy cheeks, lascivious lips I kiss and kiss
and close door behind

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Love In Spanish

She was all Spanish
She finished shouting aloud -
O Dios! Mierda!

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Make Love

Long winter nights. We
Kiss, caress, make love all night
Wonderful delight!

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Man

An organism like
Any other - birth, living, death
Only man has God.

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Marriage

They married after one
date. Must be so delicious
or both idiots

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Nagging Wife

Nagging wife gets drunk
She sleeps in her bed whole night -
Peace till next morning,

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Older

As I get older
I will care less and less and
smile and dance and sing

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Our Bed Warm All Night

Cold dark windy night
we interlocked intertwined
our bed warm all night

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Pee

Two ten year old boys
talking - how does she pee in
toilet? hee hee hee!

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Sad Love

My love, winter has
come. Nights are long, dark, dreary
Miss you. I am sad.

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Sad Valentine

Me no valentine
Love wife dead four day. Very bad
I cry day night. Bad

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Scary Thunderstorms

Scary thunderstorms
Blackout, you and I in bed
Make babies all night

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Still Loving Bad, Dead Wife

My wife bad. Dead two
year. But I love she. I go
grave. Snake bite. Me dead!

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Swallows Peeh Peeh

a flock of swallows
flap wings like an air ballet
singing peeh peeh songs

in cool autumn breeze
flocks of swallows flying and
singing peeh peeh songs

when you hear peeh peeh
look up in the sky, flocks of
swallows flying high

swallows have tails like
a pair of scissors cutting
off air as they fly

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Tears

Heart in sorrow, joy
empathy, speaks in tears in
our eyes, silently.

Crocodile sheds tears
to win empathy. And next
moment, devours you.

My wife died. I cried
Shed buckets of tears for years
I loved her dearly.

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - The Old Pond

The old pond
A crane comes flying
Catches a fish

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Valentine

Too busy no time love
Wait valentine love day love
Rest time write phone love

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Virgin

white lotus virgin
bride, how could you stay away un-
stained from city's young filth?

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - You Bastard

You cheated on me
Tell me you love me. Listen
Buzz off. You bastard!

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - You Still Do Not Come

My fingers ache, lips
dry, peter waiting all night
You still do not come

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Your Breasts

Your cheeks - red apples

Kisses - honey sweet. Lips - soft

Breasts - two doves in love

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Your Eyes

Your hair - soft, long, blonde
Eyes - shining blue sea for me
Face - angels blessed me!

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Your Hands On My Breasts

Your hands on my breasts
Melt my cold cold heart so fast
I could not resist

Ravi Kopra

Haiku - Your Looks

Your looks - soft, curvy
Gait - graceful, stylish, steady
Eyes - brown that kill me

Ravi Kopra

Haiku- Blond

I never saw a
lady so beautiful like her
dreamy blue eyes blond

Ravi Kopra

Haiku- So Cold Is Tonight

so cold is tonight
I cannot do a good pee
halfway it freezes

Ravi Kopra

Haiku- So Cold Wintery Night

so cold wintery night
you cannot hear my words
they freeze as I speak

Ravi Kopra

Haiku- Still Pool's Reflection

Still pool's reflection
Tranquility in its soul
A bullfrog jumps, waves

Ravi Kopra

Haiku: A Robin Sings Songs

Fall, red plums on trees
Butterflies dance on flowers
A robin sings songs

Ravi Kopra

Haiku: Birds Quiet On Trees

East wind brings dark clouds
Thunders, rains, lightening, storms
Birds quiet on trees

Ravi Kopra

Haiku: Cool Breeze In Winter

Cool breeze in winter
Orioles sing on birch trees
My heart full of joy

Ravi Kopra

Haiku: The First Snow

The first snow
My puppy wonders what it is
Runs inside the home, scared

Ravi Kopra

Haiku-I Can't Wait To Kiss Her

A rose bud opens its
petals, my lips quiver, I
can't wait to kiss her

Ravi Kopra

Haiku-I Want You All Night

I want you all night
You push me hard, turn away fast
Done with estrogens?

Ravi Kopra

Haikus - Bumblebees And Breasts

A bumblebee high
on blooms' scents, stings a woman's
blooming breasts in spring.

A bumblebee flies
high in her flowery skirt
in search of honey.

She says red marks on
her breasts are bumblebees' stings
Not her lover's bites.

A bumblebee mis-
takes her breasts for flowers, alights
searching for sweet honey.

Ravi Kopra

Haikus - Making Love

When I play with her
Two soft doves. They flutter in
My hands. I kiss them.

When we make love, she
Says: I love it, love it. Don't
Stop, p l e a s e! Fast, fast, fast...

When we kiss. She feels
My bulge. We can't wait. We rush
To bed. Shut doors fast.

Ravi Kopra

Haikus - Moonlight

Awash in moonlight
we sip irish coffee by
the pool, all in nude.

While my wife and I
skinny dip, our chihuahua
serenades the moon.

Full moon. She and I
on the beach; warm kisses flow
when cool breeze blows.

On cool moonlit nights
we sleep on cots on roofs and
count stars in the sky.

Ravi Kopra

Haikus - Moons

I see full moon in
the sea. I miss my
Drink three jugs of wine.

Midnight. Full moon. I
walk alone by river Ri
Look at moon and cry.

I married full moon
night ten years ago. She died. Full
moon tonight, I cry.

My moons are for my
lover, none else. I want his
soft hands, lips on them.

My lover loves my
moonlike mellons. I like
when he kisses them.

Ravi Kopra

Haikus - Nude Beach

Women in hot sun
Lie on towels on the beach
Naked without bras.

Braless women on
beach in sun. Their boobs sway wild
in air as they walk.

Sun tanned braless
Blondes on beach smile when aroused
Wild men look at them.

Naked women bodies
Look so pretty on a nude
Beach in hot hot sun.

First time on a nude
Beach, he feels aroused. People
Look at him and smile.

On the sunny nude
beach, women's huge boobs dangle
when they walk slowly.

Ravi Kopra

Haikus - Swimming In Nude In The Sea

Come to me. I love
you. Says the moon in the sea
I jump to kiss him.

I see my moon in
the sea waiting for me. I
jump to swim with it

My full moon wants me
in the still sea. I
catches me. Hugs me

I, nude on the sea
shore. Moon in the sea
Waiting to kiss me

Full moon in the sea
My bulging two moons with me
They merge instantly.

Ravi Kopra

Haikus For My Love

I swim in your eyes
I soar high seeing your love
Is real, from your heart.

Your sweet, soft kisses
Your hands sliding over my body
Arouse my desires.

Our bodies in bed
Merge, merge, so fast, so fast when
We make love in dark.

Before you said: Let's
Go to bed, I had a bulge
Throbbing for your love.

And you said: You were
Getting wet when I kissed you
On your lips, softly.

Ravi Kopra

Haikus In Praise Of Allah

A man of Allah
hallucinates near death: I
Want, want virgins now!

An old Karachi
Allah poet sees virgins in
Clouds and salivates.

Allah lovers smile
When they see henna painted
Hands of veiled women.

Allah is so great -
Promises virgins, wine, music
To all believers.

Second thought: I become
A believer and have four
Wives. Thank you Allah.

Allah, could we please
Have sometime a sip of wine?
Why wait till jannat?

Praise be to Allah
For young virgins, wine, houris
In the paradise.

Ravi Kopra

Haikus On Beauty And Lust

I feel you your beauty
When you whisper love to me
in the bed at night.

No one had said I
Was beautiful the way you
Said: pure heart and soul.

I was beautiful, you
said with pure heart and soul. I
Fell in love with you.

Her beauty I can't
Forget - chubby, blond, blue eyes
I see her in dreams.

Beauty is not what
you see. It lives in your heart
and soul. Like my wife's.

My heart flutters when
I see a beautiful lady
I want to love her.

Beauty is every
where. If you can see and feel
In nature, in life.

She's so beautiful
Charming, wonderful, I make love
to her every night.

She's lustful So am
I. We make love every night
Six or seven times.

I lust her, she loves
me. I love her, she lusts me.
Beautiful is she.

When we skinny dip
we get lustful, we rush to
bed in real hurry.

Her bare breasts make me
horny when they sway in air
making love in bed.

Lustful she gets she
says, when she sees me in nude.
Wants me instantly.

And I oblige her
unhesitatingly with
my pure heart and soul.

Ravi Kopra

Haikus On Dew

Shining morning sun
On green grass dew, makes seven
Colors of all hue.

Dew drops drop from green
Grass leaves as sun rises and
Breeze blows from the east.

Dew - angels' sadtears
Seeing our plight at night. How
We are animals like.

Ravi Kopra

Haikus On God

God, an atheist
Does not go to Church. Nor does
read Bible, sing hymns.

God showed no miracles
Only his son of a virgin
And died as virgin.

Jesus had no wife.
Other women? Virgins?
Only his dad knows!

Jesus finally
Found his father. He was God
Who liked Mary once.

Why God wanted a
son, not daughter? Is he a
misogynist or...?

Man, God's image
Woman, whose image? His wife?
You mean virgin Mary?

God adulterous?
Got son with virgin Mary.
Why is he single?

God murderous?
Did not save his only son
Made with his semen!

Allah has virgins
in heaven. God found Mary
And fathered son. Great!

God never married
Why? Misogynist? Or what?
Tell us God, we pray.

God knows not he's God
Only blind bible readers and
ignorants say this.

Who told God he's God?
Himself? What an arrogance!
And we worship him.

Ravi Kopra

Hailku - You Love Me

You love me. Bull shit!
Dick yesterday. Me today. Will
Wong be tomorrow?

Ravi Kopra

Hair Raising Conscious Raising Prayers In Hindu Vedas

Om, shanti, shanti, Om
God, give us peace, give us peace please, O God!

O God! Give birth to the noble people
Who know arts, science, literature
Who are friendly and admirable
Who know how to administer
Who can make us prosper. (Rig Veda 1-31: 8 & 9)

May we listen with ears what is good
May we see with eyes what is good
May we speak with tongues what is good.

O supreme supreme spirit, Mahadeva!
Teach us how to heal our souls
They are ill with ignorance
They know not light
They are in utter darkness.

O Indra Deva!
Make the corrupt a mote of dust
Make them vanish in the air.

O Manyu Deva! Please make me angry
I want to eliminate with fury
All social, physical, moral evils.

O God!
Knowingly, unknowingly
We violate paths of nature
Have mercy on us
Put us on the right paths.

O Visva Karma!
The grand architect of the universe
Guide us to keep your
Wondrous design intact.

O God!

Cast aside vile men
Who pollute people, air, rivers, waters.

O formless, nameless, ineffable God!
Help us create peace everywhere
Peace on earth, in air, in sky
In animals, plants, humans, waters
Let the peace itself be peaceful. (Yajur Veda 36: 17)

O God!
Let us all live in harmony
Let us help, help each other
Let us be friendly and kind
Let us love each other as
The cow who loves its calf
Let us store our water for all
Let us share our food amongst all
Morning and evening let us
Have loving hearts in all of us. (R.V 10-191-2 to 4) , (A.V 3-30-1 to 7)

O God!
May everyone be friendly to me
May everyone be friendly to each other
May we all be be friendly to each other
May I be friendly to every one. (Yajur Veda 38: 18)

I pray to you Usha
Please wake them to action
Who repose in slumber
Raise their consciousness
To do what they can do
To their fullest.

Ravi Kopra

Half Of The High Shangtzu Hill

Half of the high Shangtzu hill
is covered with emerald bamboos
the rest with wild flowers
red, yellow, violet, pink
wherever I see in early April
My shoes are dyed with the fragrance of flowers
The swallows are singing in the air
the orioles on branches of trees
I am drunk in nature
I feel like writing an early spring poem
but I left my pen and paper at home
I am bursting to recite the Tang poems of spring.

Ravi Kopra

Hand Burning

Come, come
sweet love, come
Without you
I feel lonely

When I see anything
I feel as if
there is something
missing

My mind wanders to
that dusky autumn night
by the beach in late evening
when you slipped your cold hand

in the pocket of my pants
to warm it a little and then
said suddenly - O ghosh, so hot here
my hand is burning...

Ravi Kopra

Happenstance, A Love At First Sight Poem By Rita Dove In Urdu/Hindi Translation

Achanak-hi

jaise hi tum mere samnay aae
aisa laga k do lo-chumbak k beech
saari hawaa saaf-suthri ho gayee hai

aisi muskrahat main ne kabhi pehley na dekhi thee
na hi dekhay they hawaa main lehraate chaandi jaise baal.

ek aurat jis k baal bhi chaandi jaisay they
vo tum ko bye-bye kiye jaa rehi thee

mujay pata hai tum ne muje nahin dekha
main ne chupke chupke tum ko pukara tha
k agar tum muje nahin chate
to kya faida hai jawaab dene ka

main ne tumain ek baar fir pukara
tum ne darwaaza khola
roshni main tum khaDe they
bhoole huey apna naam!

Ravi Kopra

Happy In Love, A Lawrence Ferlinghetti Inspired Love Poem In Hindi/Urdu

bahar k maheene
rung-barangi phooloN se sajey
shehar k baDe buleywar main
mehbooba k saath baithey
cafe k bahr
peD ki cHaouN main

mehbooba ka haath, haath main liye hue
pyaar se usay chOote-malte hue
uski pyaari meethi-meethi bataiN suntay hue
logon ko buleywar par sair karte dekhte hue
aur dheere dheere coffee peetay hue
apne sapnoN main dubay hue
mehbooba ko kehte hue -

hey khuda, kitni khushi tu le aae hai meri zindgi main
tere maaN-baap na maaney agar teri shaadi karna muj se
paagal main ho jaaONga teri yaad main...

Ravi Kopra

Hardly A Day Passes By

Hardly a day passes by
once again you see on telly
some crazy shooting innocent people -
toddlers in nurseries
kids in schools, church goers
casino players, party boozers, passers by.

Has the kal-yuga dawned upon us?
Has there been too much yin everywhere?
Is the golden age in the offing?
Is the yang soon coming?

Like when the republicans are in power
the democrats are surely to take them over
Too much stupidity, ignorance, drugs, sex, guns
bring down the world's wealthiest nations.

Nations rise and fall
Rivers change directions
Mountains burst in volcanos
Seas churn in hurricanes
Winds turn into tornadoes
Where are we heading to?

Ravi Kopra

Haynaku - Goodbye

You are my
rose during
day

You are my
jasmine all
night

In my heart
you live
always

Don't cry when
I die
Goodbye!

Ravi Kopra

Haynaku - Hell

I
said: go
to burning hell.

Ravi Kopra

Haynaku - Husband

Want
husband? Marry
me. I am!

Ravi Kopra

Haynaku - Leave Me Alone

Parrots
chatter day
in day out

You
chatter from
morning till midnight

Please
God, give
me some peace

I
want peace
of my mind

Leave
me alone
for some time.

Ravi Kopra

Haynaku - Marriage

Married! ?

Congratulations. Congratulations.

Misery now begins.

Ravi Kopra

Haynaku - Mess

Shit!

What a

mess. O God!

Ravi Kopra

Haynaku - No Hope

He
is lost
case. No hope

Ravi Kopra

Haynaku - Pain

You
pain in
ass. Get off

Ravi Kopra

Haynaku - Stupid

Stupid!
Get off
my back. Period.

Ravi Kopra

Haynaku -Life

Life
if useless
Better kill yourself.

Ravi Kopra

Haynaku -Married

Happily
married! ? What?
Lost your mind?

Ravi Kopra

Haynakus

Haynaku
is not
a japanese haiku

Haynaku
is three
lines six words

Syllables
do not
count in haynaku

Haynaku
lines - one
two, three words

Reverse
haynaku- three
two one words

you
can write
poems with haynakus

Haynakus
express anything
in the world

You
laugh like
a drunk hyena

You
cry like
a pussy cat

When

I make
love, you explode!

When
you hug
my heart smiles!

Now shut up
no love
today

Love you more
tomorrow than
today

Be
careful. My
heart is fragile

Want
lust? Go
to a whore

Want
love? Come
I am ready

O
man! she's
hot, hot, hot!

Her
looks, put
me on fires

She loves me
But I do
not

She's
after my
money. Not love

She
cheated. Forget
her for ever

I
cheated because
she cheated first

She
said, I
still love you

I
said, goodbye
no more love

Ravi Kopra

Haynakus On Holy Cows' Urine

Cow's
Urine is
Medicinal to Hindus

Hindus
Drink cow's
Urine as medicine

Cow's
Urine: Panacea
For all ills

Holy
cow's urine
is so medicinal

Cow's
Urine, not
milk, more expensive

Holy
cows' pee -
Ambrosia to Hindus

Drinking
Cow's pee
Prolongs life forever

Drink
Cows' pee
To cure cancer

India's
Prime Minister
Drank cow's pee

Morar
Desai drank
Holy cows' pee

Don't
Eat cows
Drink their urine

Don't
Drink cows'
milk. Only urine

Cow's urine
better than
Milk for health

Heifer's
drink cow's
Milk. Hindus, urine

Cow
Is holy
Drink its urine

Cow's
Urine gets
Rid of ills

Cows'
Urine purer
Than Ganges' water

Cows
Fresh urine
Refreshes many Hindus

Holy
cows holy
Hindus, love each other

Cows
Laugh when
Hindus drink (their)urine!

He 1 - An Erotic Poem By Max Temmerman In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Wo 1

Wo saans na le raha tha
uski twacha le rehi the

Main ek but ban kar
uski jhangoN main lipti hue the

Garmi ki dopahar main
sonay jaisi shaam dhal rehi the
aur purane wasiiatnaame ki tarah
us se sookhay ghas ki saugandh aa rehi the

Main ne kya iski koi parwah ki? Bilkul nahin
College ki cHe saal ki paDhai mein main seekh chuki the
aaraam se shanti ke saath apne aap sub seekho

bartan main doodh daal kar
aag se ubalay laga kar
is main khud ujlo, ublo.

Ravi Kopra

He Always Loved Making Love In Monsoon Rain - A Ghazal

hot sun in June, parched land and no rain
dust-storms, clouds in the sky and no rain

cattle cud under shades no sight of rain
clear bright skies, no clouds no trace of rain

wisps of wind from the east made people happy
it brought no clouds, no thunders no rain

monsoon is not here yet it's stuck in Bengal
it's lazy, not moving fast, we are without rain

old age brings weakness and joint pains
do not walk outside, you might fall in rain

a leak in the roof, the piano's getting wet
I move its legs on the day of falling rain

the cat is hungry, no chow mian for her
I can't go shopping, outside is all rain

a day comes when you forget your name
time close to the grave, sunshine or rain

at Jungpura station, why so late is the train?
because train tracks are flooded in heavy rain

how old are you Manohar Kumar Sharma ji?
I don't know. But I was born the year of heavy rain

Of brother and sister, came to US to live
they miss monsoon in India in heavy rain

in monsoon when it rains, it rains for days
parrots fly from tree to tree, they love rain

writing this ghazal was lot of fun for 'Ravi'

he always loved making love in monsoon rain

Ravi Kopra

He Got Lost On His Way, A Rajnish Manga Hindi Poem In English Translation

He who wanted to show us the way
got lost on his way.
He could see the unseen, we thought
and poured our praises on him.

But his designs, politics, slogans
are as good as hooligans.
What does he know is how to deliver a speech.
When he speaks, everyone is spellbound.

Ravi Kopra

He Leaves. I Cry

Death came.
Rattled the curtains.
Near her bed I stood silent.
Staring at the ceiling, the door.

The doc in white steps in.
Puts his stetho on her chest.
Listens, Shines light into
Her eyes. Checks pulse. Says:
Brave lady, she fought for life.
He leaves. I cry.

Ravi Kopra

He Looked So Strange, A Urdu Ghazal By Ibrahim Ashk In English Translation

He looked so strange, I should have thought about him more
His meeting was so strange, I had wanted something more

His face did not show what was on his mind
His silence was strange, his speech even more

Every few seconds he would change the topic
strange was he while here, on leaving even more

You will be mistaken if you think you know him
as a stranger he is different, as a friend even more

Don't know if I should accept him or send him away
hard if I lose him, accepting him even more

An enemy, a confidant, a stranger, he is all in one
'Ashk' thought he was different, but turned out to be even more

Ravi Kopra

He Loves His Wife

A lonely crow is sitting on
a tall lamp post in front of a post office
in the posh city center, watching the posh people below.
It opens and closes it's round black eyes
and goes in a trance of some deep thoughts
beyond Buddha's understanding:
I have my belly full
I know all starlings' nests
to go for lunch, dinner, breakfast
I have my own nest, my own mate for life
(by the way, her name is Cathy
it is easy to caw caw Cathy
though she will still be my mate
if I call her by some other name
Shakespeare told me that
but not among humans
I will come to it later but just imagine
someone calling his wife Cathy when
her real name is Susan)
my chicks, my friends, my enemies
and look at the humans in the street below
they don't know if their chicks are their own
who are their friends and enemies
always in a hurry
mailing letters, calling on phones
crowding roads in cars, planning wars
carrying guns, shooting innocents
in schools, churches, apartments.
They must have some higher purpose in life
It thinks over and over and quits, saying
well, how do I know, I am just a crow
and happy to live longer than them.
It flies away caw cawing, calling Cathy
He was missing her, he loves his wife.

Ravi Kopra

He Never Grieves

He likes fresh eggs
his heart is never broken
he never grieves

You put all your eggs in one basket
they become stale they stink
your heart is broken
you grieve.

Ravi Kopra

He Said, A Ghazal

Ghalib turned his sorrows into poetry, he said
When asked: why are you sad? I am not, he said

You can't hide your love. I see hickies on your neck
They are mosquito bites, not love, he said

Admit. You murdered your wife. The evidence is there
No sir, that's not true. She was angry. She hanged herself, he said

Hakim sahib, your daroo cures all EDs, How come?
it is made with rams' balls and shilajit, he said

When people asked 'Ravi' why is he so happy
I have now my fourth wife, he said

Ravi Kopra

He Stands Beside Her And Puts Flowers In Her Braids

He stands beside her and puts flowers in her braids
Leans forwards, holds her in his arms and kisses her on lips

She closes her eyes, rests in his arms, smiles opening her eyes
Looks into his eyes, melts in love and starts floating in air

She hears his soft voice whispering love into her ears
Her heart flutters and she whispers: I love you, love you too

She feels infinite pleasure walking hand in hand on the boulevard
Where in glittering cafes and bars lovers are with their dates

She is no dowdy dresser, she is a high fashioned girl
High heels, short skirts, her long hair with curls

Women envy her, men envy him, they are so much in love
Doves on boughs move closer, coo coo and preen each other

How handsome, beautiful, charming they both look together
Moon bends down to kiss them and gives them its splendor

They move like the movement of a calm river in the spring
She leans on his shoulder, it's love from heart, no fling.

Ravi Kopra

He Was Rich But Asinine As An Ass

He was rich but asinine as an ass
he asked her out again
she said may be in the next reincarnation
yes yes I believe in angles don't you
so next friday OK if pigs fly that day
she said I will ask my dad he has a pig farm
and I after that I see you each week
will the hens have teeth by then
It's possible they are still little
chicks so lets go see movie next week
do the lobster whistle on the top of a
mountain in the movie I think so
I saw the trailer there was a sea and
a mountain in the movie find out if not
then I will see you when the cows
dance on the ice yes yes that will be fun
I will dance there too be sure to come
in a long coat and a dunce cap for it
will be freezing cold on the ice...

Ravi Kopra

He Went To A Rose Garden

He went to a rose garden
All he saw were thorns.

He went to the distant, alluring mountains
What he saw were mountain lions sitting on bare rocks
ready to eat him alive.

He went to the green pastures
What he saw were stinking, dirty sheep
cows, cowherds, cow boys, cow dung.

He was dying of thirst in a desert
Oasis after oasis he chased
he could not find a single one.

He carried within him a desert
a barren desert it was,
nothing could grow or thrive in it.

Ravi Kopra

Hearing A Flute On A Spring Night In Luoyang City, A Poem By Li Bai In Translation

Who is secretly playing
the jade flute in his house?
The music is lost in the spring
winds in Luoyang City.

In the middle of this
night love song, I hear
a willow's cracking sounds.
Who will not miss his home
hearing this nocturne?

-rendered from a literal translation from web pages:

Whose house jade flute secret fly sound
Lose enter spring wind fill Luoyang city
This nocturne middle hear break willow
What person not start home feel

Ravi Kopra

Heart, After Rumi

Heart, I said
What a gift it has been
To have her love,
To see beyond myself,
To reach and feel
Behind her breasts.

Ravi Kopra

Her Anger

Whenever you sense
she is going
to throw a fit,
you flatter her.

Be careful 'qamar'
you might make a
monster out of her.

zara ruuTh jaane pe itni ?hushamad
'qamar' tum biga?oge aadat kisi ki

-QAMAR JALALVI

Ravi Kopra

Her Ex

I fall in love with her
We go to dinner
We go to movies
We go to a bar late at night
We come home, we make love
At the moment of coming
She comes with -
O Michael, f... me hard, hard!

Ravi Kopra

Her Eyes Show Modesty, Her Manners You Must See, A Urdu Ghazal Of Momin Khan Momin In English Translation

Her eyes show modesty, her manners you must see
She is a slave of passions, her cruel grace you must see

I bargained my lust for a Houri for this beautiful lady
My love has a happy ending, its beginning you must see

Do not mistake my madness for her, my dear advisor?
How coyly she throws her glances, you must see

They bet their lives for lust they could not keep in check
Those brave unfortunate lovers, you must see

Hearing my arrival, he stood up instantly in the meeting
The status of lovers with notoriety you must see

It is alright in a meeting to look at a stranger secretly
But the secret should not remain hidden, you must see

My tears are witness to the shirt's hem's purity
The miracle of merciless Joseph you must see

Alas! 'Momin' did not see the beautiful women even in heaven
The tyranny of his discriminating death, you must see

Ravi Kopra

Her Lover

He is so different
not an ordinary lover,
I could hardly imagine of -
in the middle of the night
when I am asleep as a log,
he starts playing love to me -
his hands move all over my body
they rest on my thighs, slowly move
upward softly, gently and then there
in between, his fingers restless all times.
he gives kisses to me on my cheeks, lips, eyes.
he rolls over me, I get him inside of me, he moves
gently, all in, he bends down, holds his loves in his hands
tips touching tips, held in his lips, his tongue flits like
spring butterflies rushing for nectar to flowers flitting their wings.
the whistle blows, the engine starts, picks up speed fast, at full throttle
it goes, it goes, thunders strike in skies, hurricanes topple trees, tornadoes
darken the
skies, wipe out everything in path at the lightening speed while he throttles me,
throttles me
and I am annihilated, turned into ashes in the heat of love in his arms around
me, kissing me, caressing me.

Ravi Kopra

Her Promises To Come Back Were Empty Words, A Chinese Poem Of Li Shangyin In Translation

She vanished without a trace
her promises to come back were all empty words
The moon is now slanting on the tower
the bell is ringing the fifth watch
In my dreams I saw her too far to call
I got up hurriedly, tried to write
but the ink was too thin
The candle shines on my bed cover
half gold, half emerald
On the embroidered lotus there
her scent still lingers on
Young Liu regrets already
Pengshan was too far
but I feel separated
by more than ten thousand Pengshan hills.

- a rendering from a literal translation on the web pages:

Come be empty word go without trace
Moon slant tower on fifth watch bell
Dream be far part call hard call
Write reason hurry achieve ink not thick
Candle shine half cover gold emerald
Musk vapour tiny degree embroider lotus
Liu young already regret Peng shan far
More separate Peng shan ten thousand times

Ravi Kopra

Her Wounds Will Never Heal, A Poem In Urdu

Zakham us k zindgi bhar
kabhi heal na ho paaEN gay

stove ki aag k na they vo zakham
vo they khaavind k expletives se

din raat vo usay kehta tha
tupagli hai, tu ugly hai

tu khoti hai, tu moti hai
tera baap mota hai, maaN moti hai

dimaag tera khukla hai
jaan meri roti hai

hey khuda kya karoon
mere karmoN k phal main tu hai

vo bechari kya karay
din raat baithi roti hai

ye saDa-bhooja gharwaala
likha hua tha us k karmoN main

usko danada maar k ghar se nikal na sakti hai
amreeka main nahin, apnay upmaan bharat main rehti hai

Ravi Kopra

Here I Am! Here I Am! Your God

What kind of God is that
Who goes after virgin Mary
To do his immaculate conception?

And centuries later

Sends some of his farishtas hidden
As small birds to a bat infested
Dark desert cave to send his messages?

If there was a God
Why would he not one day appear

In the Yankee stadium while the ball
game is on, the TV is on, pick up the mike
and declare to the world loudly -

Here I am! Here I am! your God
I look like you, Jesus is my son
Born by my immaculate conception

And I did send farishtas as small birds
To a desert cave to a messenger who formed a
Religion that will overtake you one day. Just wait!

Ravi Kopra

Herpes Waltz, A German Poem By Nora Gomringer In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Main ne tum ko chummi maari
tu ne mujhe maari
ye dono k lag gayi

mujhe laga k ye tere paas hai
tujhe laga k ye mere paas hai
hum dono k saath ye reh gayi

tujhe khujli hui
mujhay bhi hui
ab hum kya karein

main tujhe ek pankti likhat hoon -
"ab tu meri ho gayi hai"

hum dono ki chuti ho gayi hai

Ravi Kopra

Hey, That's No Way To Say Goodbye, A Poem By Leonard Cohen In Urdu/Hindi Translation

main ne subah subah tume pyaar kiya
milkar hum ne meethi meethi chumiaN mareeN
tere sunheri baal sarhane pe tab bikhar rehe the
hum pyaar k koe neye deewane nahin hain
hazaron saloN se log sheroN main, beeya-ban main
hamari tarah muskrate mohabbat kartay aa rehe hain
chalo mil kar koshis kareN hum ab bichuDne ki
teri aankhoN main ab gham k aansu aa rehe hain
hey, aisee baataiN nahin karte al-vida hone main

Ravi Kopra

Highfalutin Poetry

I break a staff.
I break the tough branch.
I know no light in the woods.
I have lost pace with the winds.

-H.D. in Orion Dead

Hunting foreign poetry -
Poems written by my compatriots in ESL -
I see so much naivety, hoity-toity, mediocrity

I'm amazed they call themselves poets
Call each other poet laureates
Shower them with flattery, praises
Like never ending Indian monsoon rains

I try to break a staff
I try to break a tough branch
I see no light in the woods
I lose pace with them

But I will not lose heart
I will keep on reminding them
What they write might as well be crap
Don't revel in your highfalutin poetry

Your ignorance is your bliss.

Ravi Kopra

His Ears Are Big, His Eyes Are Beady, He Is Ugly

His ears are big, his eyes are beady, he is ugly
He is bald, and wears an orange wig, he is ugly

His hands are small, but claims they are big
He's rich but no woman wants him, he is ugly

He boasts of catching pretty cats in the world
But his prettiest catlike cat abhors him as he is ugly

He made his money, all by hanky panky
But claims to be a financial guru, he is ugly

He looks like a pig, fat and filthy
He does not realize he is ugly

Because he is a narcissistic
Loves only himself, he is ugly

'Ravi' thought no women would like him, he thought he was ugly
Truth is, all women want him and ask: why he thinks he is ugly

Ravi Kopra

Honeymoon In Bordeaux. France, A Love Poem In Punjabi

kaalay kaalay baddal
angooraN diaN hariaN wailaN tay
Bordeaux de khetaN utay
udthay firday hun

eh bahaar day aakhri din hun
howli-howli thandi-thandi hawa
jism nu cHundi-cHundi
jaan paandi jaandi hai.

laal-laal, bhooriyan-bhooriyan guhghian
udian phiddian hun
tay kuch khetaan wich
aapnay coo-coo de geet
gaandiaN nachdiaN peyeeaN hun

aj meri honeymoon di doosri shaam hai
main bunglay ton nikal k
etHay angooraN de khetaN wich
ghuman phiran leyi aayee han

kal pooran masi di raat si
tay ohnay mohabbatan paan ton pehlan
patta nahin champagne si
botlan tay botlan khatam kar suttian sun

hun taan o tHakay-tHakay sutay payey hun
aj fir raat nu khoob mohabataan karan
dian taakat-taaN joD rehey hun

etHay Bordeaux de wich hi
main unna nu pichlay saal milli saN
us shaami barash shuroo ho gayee si
tay assiN dono ek dharakhat de haithaN

iko hi rain coat de haithaN
kol-kol ho kay khaDay ho gaye saN

unna nay holi-holi aapna huth
meri choki day andar paa liya si
tay main unna nu ek mithi-mithi chummi maari si

jadon baarish bund hoee si
o meray uttay si, mere haitHan raincoat si
haray-haray gilay-gilay gHaa tay
assaN khoob mohabbat keeti si.

Ravi Kopra

Honeymoon Night

First frightening dream
on my honeymoon night
My lovely wife in bed
is fu... her boy friend.

Ravi Kopra

'Hope' Is The Thing With Feathers, A Poem Of Emily Dickinson In Urdu Translation

umeed apnay pankhoN k saath
hamari rooh main baithi rehti hai
lafzon ba-ghair hamesha
gaanay gaati rehti hai

aaNdhi main is k gaanay baDay meethay hotay hain
aur toofaan main dukh se bhar jaatay hain
ye chota sa prinda jisnay kitnay logoN ko araam se rakha
ab sharam main paD jaata hai

main ne tHanday se tHanday mulkoN main
ut-pattay samuderoN main, baDi-baDi prayshanioN main
kaan laga laga kar suna hai -
lakin kabhi bhi is ne muj se
ek roti ka tukDa nahiN maaNga.

Ravi Kopra

Hot And Cold - A Poem By Roald Dahl In Urdu Translation

meri maaN ki ek jaani-pechani
hamaray ghar aae
aur kapDay utaar kar
nangi KhaDi ho gae

main koe baDa na thaa
main ne kaha
hey khuda, tumain dHand baDI lag rehi hogi

vo boli, nahin, nahin
main to aag main jal rehi hoon

A woman who my mother knows
Came in and took off all her clothes.

Said I, not being very old,
'By golly gosh, you must be cold! '

'No, no! ' she cried. 'Indeed I'm not!
I'm feeling devilishly hot! '

Ravi Kopra

How Can I Be Gentler Than This?

aur kya is se ziyada koi narmi bartuñ
dil ke za?hmoñ ko chhua hai tire galoñ ki tarah

JAAN NISAR AKHTAR

How can I be gentler than this?
I touch the wounds of my heart
as I touch your soft face.

How can I be more soft spoken?
Everyone already complains
I speak in whispers.

Why do you speak in whispers?
asked the honorable Ali bin Jinah.
I am buried deep down in sorrows
My voice can't escape the grave.

Married last month
and now divorce. How come?
She was a gold digger, I did not know.

I hear your wife shouting at you loudly,
more recently. And now your dog and cat
are dead. I hope all is well with you.

Thank you for asking. By mistake she
fed my food to the pets first.

The weather is crazy these days. One day
burninghot, the next day freezing cold.

Yes, I know. Just like my poor heart.
All on fire when she smiles at me and
minus twenty celsius when she scolds.

How is your life these days, mullah 'Ravi'?

Allah has given me everything - homes
hawelis, silver, gold, camels, goats except
women in my harem. I have only four.

Ravi Kopra

How Can I Tell, An English Rendering Of A Swedish Love Poem By Karin Boye

How can I tell your voice is sweet?
Well, it enters my heart and takes me
off in the air where I dance like a leaf.

What do I know about your body?
Well, you shake me when you are with me
And I get restless till I see you again.

And till I see your body is for me
Always for me, over and over, again.

Ravi Kopra

How Can You Ever Erase From Your Heart All Of My Memories? A Urdu Ghazal By Aazim Kohli In English Translation

how can you ever erase from your heart all of my memories?
try it and see if you can forget me

lovers in pain do not feel lonely
if you get angry with me, you will be hurting yourself

you will then recall all our past love stories
sometimes you'd laugh coyly, other times you'd cry

the lost moments never come back, you know
where from will you then get the lost moments of love?

how can one breakup with someone whom one loves?
if you leave me, you will know it by yourself

If one day you distance yourself from 'aazim'
whom will you tell the aches of your heart?

(an added couplet)

If you ever leave 'Ravi' he will never stop you or beg you for love
He knows you'll be back soon for nobody can love you more than he does

Ravi Kopra

How Could My Heart Be Happy, A Urdu Ghazal By Jaleel Aali In English Translatin

How could my heart be happy
Were I to forget her?

A room looks desolate
if a piece of furnishing is missing

How restless am I now, how do I desire her
I cannot tell in words after a glimpse of her

A desert does not get wet
after two rain drops

Her smiling eyes shoot arrows of love
Flowers envy her, they wither

Night passed watching stars, morning came with the rising sun
Light from my little lamp is dim now and I am waiting for her

Unfinished love poems and stories stir longings in our hearts
They lose luster when told fully this much says 'aali'

(An added couplet)

Ravi's romances are different than aalis'
He finds a new love when the old one departs

Ravi Kopra

How Do I Love You? Trying To Simplify Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Sonnet

How do I love you? Let me count the ways
I love you wherever my soul can reach when you're not in sight
I love you no matter how long I live
I love you daily silently by day and night
I love you freely as men strive for right
I love you purely as they turn from praise
I love you with the passion to forget my old griefs
I love you like I have a heart of a child
I love you with the love I used to have for my old saints
I love you with the breath, smiles, tears of all my life
And if God wills, I will love you better after I die.

How do I love thee?

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right.
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

- Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Ravi Kopra

How Great My Grief (Triolet) - A Sad Poem By Thomas Hardy In Hindi/Urdu Translation

ab sub dukh hi dukh hai kushi kahan hai
meri badnaseebi thee tu mere paas aayi hai!
waqt guzarta nahin har taraf hi dukh hai
ab sub dukh hi dukh hai kushi kahan hai
puranee yaddaiN bhi khushi laati nahin
pyaar nawaazi se bhi tum badalti nahin
ab sub dukh hi dukh hai kushi kahan hai
meri badnaseebi thee tu mere paas aayi hai!

Ravi Kopra

How Lonely Is The Moon, A Mourning Poem In Urdu By The Pakistani Poet Sara Shagufta In English Translation

Even the shadow of the cage is an imprisonment
and I am becoming a shadow of the dress I put on.
My hands serve others
And I feel like alien dust.
Why did the solitary river flow into the sea?
A resolve it made in its loneliness.

I sulk among the mortals
and wake up when the flames are to devour me.
My echoes come from the hearts of stones.
The earth is pulling me in.
I don't know what tree is ahead to lean onto.

I mourn my child
In my hands are his torn toys.
In my eyes a sea of humanity.
Many ask for donation of my eyes.
I don't know when to set
foot on my new journey.

The skies haven't lived long as I
I need no landing when in flight.
My hands follow someone's else commands
Please be ready to bear with my lies.

When you free the birds from the jungle
the flame of the lamp flutters.
On the mound of my womanhood I
hang my clothes to dry. I
distance myself from others.

I wear my sorrows on my sleeves.
My dress is made of fiery flames.
Still you want to know what I call my shade?
I offer to you the moons of all my nights.

How Love Flies

How love flies?

Fast

You fall in love at first sight

You cannot wait

You want her, want her, want her...

As fast as it makes

Your heartrestless

You become sleepless wanting her

It can leave your heart

Fast

And you wish you had never

Fallen in love

It bewitches you

But is a witch thing sometimes

Love that comes naturally

At its own pace

Stays with you for long

So don't be a looney

Struck with a lightening

On a moonlit night

With your new found love

It might annihilate you.

Ravi Kopra

How Mad Are Our Hearts!

How mad are our hearts!
They feed fire with fire.
They throw gasoline on cinders.
They incite insanity.
And when we burn in flames
We douse them with water fountains.
Every day our hearts think
one or the other foolish thing.

Hearts were made for love
not for thinking.
But when our heads are empty,
Our hearts go awry.
They do foolish things.

Ravi Kopra

How Many Tears (Gazing At The South) A Chinese Poem By Li Yu In Translation

How many tears
Fall on your cheeks!
Calm down, don't speak.
Leave you flute aside.
When your eyes well up
It will break your heart
More, no doubt.

-Rendered from a literal translation on web pages:

How many tears
Cut face repeat across cheek
Worry not with together tears speak
Phoenix flute not to tears time play
Heart break more without doubt

Ravi Kopra

How Strange

How strange!
The one you know well
they say is no good

And the one
you know nothing about
are not familiar with
have never seen him
they say he is
God like.

Familiarity
breeds contempt is
what I don't understand.

samne hai jo use log bura kahte haiñ
jis ko dekha hi nahiñ us ko ?huda kahte haiñ

-SUDARSHAN FAAKIR

Ravi Kopra

How To Be A Chopra Like Guru

Take some tantra-mantra stuff
take some karma dharma stuff
from Ancient Indian writings
and claim the stuff to be

Original, your very own and
write books in gobbledygook
for the illiterate Westerners, mentioning
quantum and physics here and there.

And since they like money
tell them spirituality brings in money
and since they like sex, invariably,
tell them Kamasutra is good, spiritually.

But always talk of love, love, love,
consciousness and compassion,
God, souls, beauty and kindness
and searching self in meditation.

Those who read, recruit even more
and famous you'll become overnight
as a new age guru of wisdom
and mucho dinero you'll make.

Ravi Kopra

How To Become A Poet

To be a poet is like
to be a doctor, a lawyer, an engineer
you have to learn the tools of the trade.
Everybody has feelings that touch us
but if you can't express the feelings
and touch others, you cannot become a poet
you need the tools of the trade -
language, emotions, expression, empathy
understanding, perception, intuition
sensitivity, creativity and skill
in bringing all these together
in neat clean cute fresh fragrant packages
that please our souls, our hearts, our thoughts
that appeal to us deeply at the core
that tell us the ultimate truth
that is all.

Ravi Kopra

How To Eat A Poem

???? ?? ?????? ???? ?? ???

bilkul na sharmao
dil bhar kar is ko kha jaao

utha lo isay hathon main
choos lo iska joos

niklata joos giray ga
tumari tHodi pe

jahan bhi tum ho
ye rehti hai tyaar

tumain chukoo nahin chahiye
kanta nahin chahiye

na hi chahiye chamcha
plate, rumaal ya mejposh

iski koi
gidik nahin hoti

na hi koi chilka
koi guthli ya koi beej

phenkne k liye

bilkul na sharmao
dil bhar kar is ko kha jaao

Ravi Kopra

How To Love Her Secretly He Found Out, A Urdu Ghazal By Faiz Ahmad Faiz In English Translation

How to love her secretly he found out
But it tortured his heart a lot he found out

What more is there left to find out?
Falling in love with her, everything he found out

She was in love with him but he could not get her
Making her to fall in love with him, he found out

He was looking for her today
How to see her secretly he found out

Faiz' sorrows of failed love are never ending
Trying to fall in love with her he found out

Ravi Kopra

How To Write A New Poem

Do not write a new or an old poem
Never ever in your mother tongue
For everyone will know in no time
what you write is all garbage
and you are a bull shitter number one

Write always in the pidgin English
with no grammar and only
Five hundred words in command
of which one hundred or so
relate to karma, dharma, gods and God
and never forget incarnation, reincarnation

So write down -
Your dharma is karma
or karma should be dharma
without dharma no karma
No karma without dharma

With good karma you are reborn
as a cow or a bull but never a snake
with bad karma nothing but snake like a cobra
karma is the duty of man, said Krishna to Arjuna
And Arjuna killed his cousins, uncles, aunts all kins
Won the war and went to heaven as promised by Krishna

So children, be good, never tell lies
Do your karma dharma, God will bless you
His grace will never leave you
And you will have big cool watermelons in the summer
sky high roller coaster rides and water slides and ice creams
and red pink yellow snow cones and colorful cotton candies
you name it, you will get it only if you do your karma dharma

See, here is a new poem. No? I better stop it. Or you will not read it.

Ravi Kopra

How Was God Born? A True Story

"God was born from self and all souls were born from him."
-Kumarmani Mahakul

God said to his self -
Let me be born
and lo! there was God
Standing in the heaven
(God does not like hell. Who does?)
wearing a kurta and a dhoti
all white like the sun, like the
holy cow's milk, like the whitest of
the white complexioned girl
for whom every Indian man will die to win her love.
God was smiling at himself how great he was
He could be born out of himself.

So himself of God was born as God himself
Himself became the God, and the God, himself
So when we talk of God, we talk of himself
And when we say himself, we actually say God.

Dear children and dear godless people
Do you know now how God was born?
If not, let me know for God, I mean Himself (not myself)
has blessed me with Himself and I am the only one who knows
how God was born by God.

So God chops off tiny tiny pieces of his huge humongous infinitely large soul
and keeps on sending these souls, like photons of light into the wombs of women
who are just going to be pregnant
(because God likes watching the coitus between a man and woman, What kind of
mind he has, now you know)
and as soon as the sperm enters the ovum, the tiny tiny soul enters the sperm
and the ovum combined
and soon after that a tiny boy or a tiny girl starts developing in the mother's
womb depending what was he color of the entering soul
red souls make boys and blue souls, girls. Now you know why boys are boys and
girls are girls
Forget about their X and Y chromosomes. There are no such things. They do not

exist. Only red and blue colors!

That's why the Republicans in the red states in USA think they are the machos and all the blue states Democrats are just sissies!

to be continued -

only if you want to know further from me how God was born. I will surely comply with your wishes, and enlighten you a lot even though I am not as learned about God as the sage poet who knows everything about God. I know just a little, but you will understand well and never ever ask the silliest of the questions...

Ravi Kopra

How Wonderful It Was To See Him Today, A Urdu Ghazal By Rajendra Nath Rahbar In English Translation

How wonderful it was to see him today
It was like the rain came to sahara today

I spent the whole day in the deserted places today
When the night came, the jungles were silent today

Falling in love is like this sometimes -
Gazing at her in silence I fell in love today

This cruel world defeated me today
I lost in the game of love today

I dare the darkness to swallow me now
The moonshine already befriended me today

I was so lucky to go the mall today
After so many years I came across him today

Ravi Kopra

How Wonderful Would It Be!

It has been ages
Since you came to my city
Oh, how I wish
I could see you
How wonderful would it be!

We could be together for sometime
For our hearts to talk to each other
Oh, how I wish
We could do so
How wonderful would it be!

What I say, only you listen
What you say, Only I see listen
No one else would there be
To hear what we say
You ask me openly what you want to ask
And I will answer back sincerely
We will then cast aside all nonsense
That has been bothering you and me
If you have time
Let's get together
How wonderful would it be!

Ravi Kopra

Hurting Hearts

I do not regret
that
our love
did not last long

I feel
sorry
there was
no help

Our love
might have survived
if
there was someone
who salved
the wounds of our hearts

Only hurt hearts know
the pains of hurting hearts

No one else.

Ravi Kopra

I Am A Vendor, A Poem Of Rahi Masoom Raza Translated From Urdu

I am a vendor
I sell memories from my cart
cheap-costly, true-untrue, clean-dirty, multi colored memories-
tears dropping to lips
smiling eyes' new appeals.
I am a vendor
I sell memories
memories of colorful balloons,
yellow, blue, pink, red,
play at the ends of colorful threads
They will cry if you hit them
and will end up clinging to threads
I will then attach new balloons to these threads
and pass through the markets,
pass through the streets and
in front of falling or sturdy doors of houses
call out selling cheap-costly, true-untrue, clean-dirty memories.

The original in Urdu

maiñ ik pheri vaala
bechuñ yadeñ
sasti mahñgi sachchi jhuTi ujli maili rañg-birañgi yadeñ
hoñT ke aañsu
a.ankhoñ ki muskan hari fariyadeñ
maiñ ik pheri vaala
bechuñ yadeñ
yadoñ ke rañgin ghubare
niile piile laal gulabi
rañg-birañge dhagoñ ke kandhoñ par baiThe khel rahe haiñ
Thes lagi to chi?h uTheñge
dhage ki gardan se chimaT kar rah ja.eñge
maiñ phir in rañgiñ dhagoñ meñ yadoñ ke kuchh na.e ghubbare bañdh ke galiyoñ
bazaroon se

kachche pakke darvazoñ se
avazeñ deta guzruñga
sasti mahñgi jhuTi sachchi ujli maili yadeñ le lo
hoñT ke aañsu
a.ankhoñ ki muskan hari fariyadeñ le lo

-RAHI MASOOM RAZA

Ravi Kopra

I Am Afraid, An English Ghazal

He is too simple a man for you, I am afraid
He may not know how to adore you, I am afraid

He is not pretenious, he does not show off
You may not later like him much, I am afraid

He drives a camry and you a mercedes
He has no aeroplanes, I am afraid

You live in a palatial home in Paris, France
You may not like his Paris, Texas home, I am afraid

You have class, you move in high circles
He is a cowboy, rides horses, I am afraid

You love calamari, squids, raw oysters, crabs
He likes only roast and barbecue, I am afraid

You have a noble British Baron Lord heritage
His dad was a gangster, a drug lord, I am afraid

He is eloquent and charming but no substance
He may not be your man for life, I am afraid

You go to church, pray and sing holy hymns
He does not know what God is, I am afraid

You wear diamonds, jewels, rolex watches
He doesn't care for riches, I am afraid

How long your love for him will last?
It may not last too long, I am afraid.

Ravi Kopra

I Am Afraid, An English Rendering Of A Turkish Love Poem

You love rains
but carry an umbrella

You love sun
but stay in the shade

You love the wind
but keep your windows shut

You say you love me
I am afraid...

Ravi Kopra

I Am All Yours Now, A Hindi Love Ghazal By Deepti Mishra In English Translation

Whatever I've become but not what I used to be that now I am
After meeting with you perhaps like yourself now I am

What fragrance I have now, that fragrance is not mine
This perhaps is your all fragrance rapt in which now I am

Every story I tell, every poem I write, I mention your name
In every aspect of your life perhaps bound now I am

I wish I could write poems writing your name over and again
It feels like perhaps a true lover of yours now I am

When I see you, a blush rises and spreads over my face
Like the glow of a flaming lamp that I feel how I am

When you aren't with me, I desire you so much that my soul
Flies out of my body to merge with you, I feel that's how I am.

Ravi Kopra

I Am Cool

You say cool! ? You
Left school. You

Sell crack. You
Hire chaps. You

Inhale cocaine. You
Cut throats. You

Use drugs. You
Are a thug. You

Father babies. You
Have no shame. You

Say cool! ? You
A damned fool.

Ravi Kopra

I Am Hungry For Your Mouth, Your Voice, Your Skin, Love Sonnet Xi Of Pablo Neruda In English Translation

I am hungry for your mouth, your voice, your skin
I wander in streets quietly, without food
Bread does not sustain me, dawn disquiets me
All day I search for the liquid sounds of your feet

I am hungry for your silken laughter,
For your hands the color of savage harvest,
Hungry for the pale stones of your nails.
I want to eat your whole skin like an almond

I want to eat the sun rays burnt by your beauty
The royal nose of your proud face
The fleeting shadows of your lashes

And I come hungry sniffing the twilight
Searching for you, your hot heart
Like a puma in the solitude of Quitratue.

Original in Spanish

Tengo hambre de tu boca, de tu voz, de tu pelo
y por las calles voy sin nutrirme, callado,
no me sostiene el pan, el alba me desquicia,
busco el sonido líquido de tus pies en el día.

Estoy hambriento de tu risa resbalada,
de tus manos color de furioso granero,
tengo hambre de la pálida piedra de tus uñas,
quiero comer tu piel como una intacta almendra.

Quiero comer el rayo quemado en tu hermosura,
la nariz soberana del arrogante rostro,
quiero comer la sombra fugaz de tus pestañas

y hambriento vengo y voy olfateando el crepúsculo
buscándote, buscando tu corazón caliente
como un puma en la soledad de Quitratúe.

Ravi Kopra

I Am In Her Thoughts But My Lover Is Someone Else, A Urdu Ghazal By Saleem Kausar In English Translation

I am in her thoughts but my lover is someone else
Before the mirror I am my image, behind someone else

She begs for my love but who prays for my love is someone else
I am her good luck, but the one after my love is someone else

Trusting some and doubting others I live my life
She is close to me but the one who knows me well is someone else

Apparently we seem to be similar in thoughts and manners
Come close to me, let me see if you are real or someone else

You were unaware of the enemies, I did not know who my friends were
Your story was somewhat different, I appear to be someone else

What to make of the law, what to say of the judgements!
My crime was a different one, my sentence was for someone else

Don't question him if he comes back, but pay close attention to him
Midway when he finds out he went astray, the path was for someone else

Saleem's midnight prayers were not answered by the morning
He finally surmised - Allah is not Allah but someone else

(An added ghazal)

Whatever he did in his life, 'Ravi' was always a failure
He never blamed himself but said - behind his failures was someone else

Ravi Kopra

I Am Not I

I am not I
I have within me
people living in scores -
parents, siblings, friends, foes
teachers, tutors, my wife, my children
children's friends, their parents, their foes
my colleagues and most of all
the rotten, despicable boss of my mine
if I could, I would bury him alive.
So what I wish, think, do or do not do
is not dictated by me but by one or the other
soul that always inhabits me
and so if one day I hit my boss to send him to hell
or strangulate the s-o-b back stabber coworker of mine
or break the neck of my wife's suspected lover
or tell my parents to shut up and stop giving orders
or visit a woman of pleasure to relieve my tensions
it would not be me, the I, in whom lives my soul
but the soul or the ghost of a soul that invaded my body
like the preacher's who went to women of pleasure
to spend the church money and claimed it was not he
who did all this but some ghost who had possessed his body.

Ravi Kopra

I Am Not I, A Spanish Poem By Juan Ramón Jiménez In English Translation

I am not I.

I am this:

the one who walks beside me without my seeing,
who, sometimes, I go to see
and he whom I sometimes forget.

The one who's serene while I talk,
the one who pardons sweetly when I hate,
the one who goes for a walk somewhere
where I am not present
and the one who will remain
standing on feet when I pass away.

Yo no soy yo.

Soy este

que va a mi lado sin yo verlo,
que, a veces, voy a ver,
y que, a veces olvido.

El que calla, sereno, cuando hablo,
el que perdona, dulce, cuando odio,
el que pasea por donde no estoy,
el que quedará en pie cuando yo muera.

- Juan Ramón Jiménez

Ravi Kopra

I Am Possessed

I am possessed by poetry
and you, none else, only you

whose presence I feel
every moment around me

whom I see even when
you are not near me

whose sweet voice I hear
all night in my dreams

who makes my heart flutter
when I see her in reality

who has made a love
nest in my heart already

and I am afraid if
ever it gets empty

It won't be able to bear
loneliness and shed tears aplenty.

Ravi Kopra

I Am Sad You Are So Far Away, A Spanish Love Poem By Leo In English Translation

I am sad you are so far away
I crave for you beside me every single day
I look for you in my dreams I do not find you
I imagine you lying beside me and I kiss your face
I try to caress your skin through the the face of my damned pc
I do not feel you, you are so far away.
Come, come to me my love, do not delay
Even if you come to say: I love you
And then go away.

Ravi Kopra

I Am The Fire Of Your Life

I am the fire of your life
I will leave my glow behind

When I set in at the end
There will still be twilight

You will wander in darkness then
Missing my sunlight

Sweet darling, don't part ways with me
Be with me till we are alive

You are the fruit of my life
I want to eat you, drink you every night

Whose body will you sink your nails into every night
And let out your screams of ecstasy every night?

I remember them well as well as mine -
O God, O god, now, now, mierda, mierda!

*

suraj huuñ zindagi ki ramaq chho? ja.uñga
maiñ Duub bhi gaya to shafaq chho? ja.uñga

IQBAL SAJID

Ravi Kopra

I Am Your Extended Husband

I am your extended husband
When in town, you come

And live as my wife with me
and say you love me more than him

To him, I am just your colleague
No love is between you and me

But our hearts know they beat together
Without you, myself I would not be

Let him take care of your children
Give him motherly love he craves for

But in my arms you are my love
My heart loves you dearly

I won't show jealousy when I see you with him
A cuckold husband for husband's sake

But you will know from my eyes
How my heart cries for you

You aren't my wife, yet my wife
My lovely flower, you are my life!

Ravi Kopra

I Asked The Rich, A Hindi Poem By Ahtisham Alam In English Translation

I asked the rich-
What are you proud of?
What you called humanity
is now all lost in you.

What will you get
sucking the poor?
Dead is your humanity
So is conscience and honesty.

Ravi Kopra

I Aspired So Much, A Poem By Fernando Pessoa In Hindi/Urdu Translation

main ne kya na chaha
kya na sapney dekhe
chaht aur sapnoN ne
muje bilkul tabah kar diya

chahat ki kash-makash main
ab dhanda hua baitha hoon
kuch bhi karne ko jee nahin karta
sari umeedain choD chuka hoon

mohabbat ki tailash main tha
jis k mazay main jeeoonN ga
ab kuch bhi muje nahin chahiay
dhanda hua baitha hoon.

Ravi Kopra

I Came To You In The Night

I was burning in passion
all aflame
I came to you in the night
your hands caressed my thighs
gently moving upwards
you'd stop for a moment
and look into my eyes
I could see the boy in you
flirtatious, mischievous
with a teasing smile
and before I could realize
I was in your lap
you were spooning me
kissing my neck, my shoulders
my heart melted
I could not resist.

We changed positions
we took our turns
exhausted, we'd not stop
Pull my hair harder
slap my derriere faster
I'd say over and over
and I'd bend on the ledge
kneel on the floor
lie side by side as we pleased.
I remember that night well
Those moments are still with me
All sweet memories.

-inspired by Dominate Me, a love poem of Shakira Nandini at this site

Ravi Kopra

I Can Declare Now, An Urdu Ghazal Of Faiz Ahmad Faiz In Translation

I can declare now
Heart's affairs I can manage now

My madness is limitless now
My mood is so high now

My tears show color of blood now
My grief has changed its garb now

The candle flames are dying out now
It won't be the night of separation now

Many messages I receive now
The morning breeze is blowing now

All you stars go to bed now
My night of sorrows is ending now

The original

baat bas se nikal chali hai
dil ki halat sambhal chali hai

ab junuñ had se ba?h chala hai
ab tabi.at bahal chali hai

ashk ?hunab ho chale haiñ
gham ki rañgat badal chali hai

ya yuñhi bujh rahi haiñ sham.eñ
ya shab-e-hijr Tal chali hai

laakh paigham ho ga.e haiñ
jab saba ek pal chali hai

jaao ab so raho sitaro
dard ki raat Dhal chali hai

Ravi Kopra

I Cannot Wait

Your lips, rose petals
Smile, jasmine flowers

Your eyes, blue oceans
Wink, lascivious

Your kiss, delicious
Body, curvaceous

Your thighs, high
Behinds, round

You angel face
My pleasant plump

Look at me
I cannot wait

I want you
I love you

Ravi Kopra

I Can't Manage My Affairs Now, A Urdu Ghazal By Faiz Ahmad Faiz Into English Translation

I can't manage my affairs now
I feel much better now

My craziness is at its peak now
I am in a great mood now

The lamps are being turned off now
My night of separation is ending now

A hundred thousand things have happened already
A wisp of morning breeze is coming now

Go to your sleep you all stars now
Sorrows of my night are ending now

Ravi Kopra

I Carry Your Heart With Me, A Love Poem By E.E. Cummings In Hindi/Urdu Translation

tera dil mire dil main hamesha rehta hai
jahaN bhi main jaata hoon, tum jaati ho mire saath, meri jaanay jahaN
jo kuch bhi main karta hoon, tum hi karti ho mire saath, meri jaanay jahaN

muje kismat se ab dur nahin
tum hi ab meri kismat ho
muje kuch bhi nahin lena is dunia main ab
tum hi ab meri dunia ho
aur chaand ki tarah meri sub kuch ho
suraj jo gaanay gaaey ga vo saaray gaanay tum hi ho

aur ye hai ek raaz jise jaanta koe nahin -
ye ek jaD ki jaD hai, ek kali ki kali hai, aasman hai
zindgi ka ye raaz pyaar hai jo rooh se, soch vichar se bhi ooncha hai
is k hi karan sara jahan chal raha hai

aur tera pyaar mera pyaar hai
ye hamesha mire dil main hai

Ravi Kopra

I Committed Adultry

I have sinned, my Lord
I robbed a poor man. Cut off my hands.
I saw adultery in action. I did nothing. Make me blind.
I heard blasphemy. Cut off my ears.
I smelled a man being burnt alive. I did nothing. Chop off my nose.
I committed adultery with the next door widow. Neuter me soon or cut off my dick.

Or

Please forgive me, my Lord
I promise I will be a good Christian. I will come to the church every Sunday
and sing songs of glory of your son.

If, somehow, by chance, the devil possesses me again
and leads me to the bedroom of my next door widow
and I lose myself in temptations, I hope, O Lord
you will again forgive me.

Because

She is so beautiful.
And I want her to be happy, to be blessed with my love.
Why O Lord, you would deprive her of love?
Was it her fault you made an early call
for her husband to come to you in heaven?

Ravi Kopra

I Contemplate The Silent Pond

"I contemplate the silent pond
Whose water is stirred by a breeze.
Am I thinking about everything,
Or has everything forgotten me? "

-Fernando Pessoa

The silent, calm
un-stirred pond

sees the sky, stars
the moon, the sun

hills, trees
passers by

and you, if you
sit nearby and contemplate it

how transparent
reflective, meditative!

and still
how boring, how unimaginative

peaceful?
for sure, for nothing happens

everything forgets you
you forget everything

full isolation
final freedom

deep sleep
death?

I Cry With Tearless Eyes, A Hindi Poem By Ahatisham Alam In English Translation

I cry
But my eyes
make no more tears
Everybody has turned against me.
The world seems now like an empty dream.

When they need me
They become my friends.
When their needs are met
They shun me.
I cry with tearless eyes
and see how selfish the world is.

Ravi Kopra

I Did Not Molest Women

He says

I want to be your leader
I did not rape teen agers
I did not molest women
I know the law
I will sue them

Don't listen to them
They are all liars
All fake news makers
Believe in me
Vote for me

Your will pay no tax
You'll be a high paid tech
With less than high school education
And hackers will make an havoc
running around amok
they will wreck the election
and I will be your leader

And he becomes a leader

Who voted for him?
Rapists, molesterers
liars, lawyers
fake news makers
red scarfers, blue browsers
laborers, janitors, money launderers
church goers, lord lovers, bankers
bakers, quackers, faith keepers
race lovers, face lovers, hackers
villagers, pillagers, dotards.

We must be all the above
in our democratic world

Else, how did he win the election?

I Die, I Die, O Lord

I love you
because you're beautiful
graceful, thoughtful
your brown big eyes
your lusty wide lips
your teeth pearl like
your hair straight waves
in breeze touching your cheeks
and when you smile you shoot
arrows straight into my heart
And I die, I die, O Lord
in my desires to have you...

Ravi Kopra

I Died

Misery after misery
haunted my life
My eyes got welled up today

I felt lifeless
so helpless was I

I wanted you so much
my heart cried

I tried
to be on my feet
I couldn't. I staggered. I died

My ghost now tortures me
I dictate and he writes
this eulogy to free me.

Ravi Kopra

I Do Enjoy Whisky And Dream Of Pretty Women

Green and violet dressed angels on the sea shore
gobble up all food - beans, biscuits, candies, samosas
soy sauce, wheat rolls, bread crumbs, ladoos, jalebis.

People on the beach can't do anything
for it is pitch dark right at dusk, and
the sky is overcast with dark clouds and thunderings.

Two little lighted lamps sit on a table
where I am sitting alone drinking whisky,
cussing my fate as my fourth wife Saleema

left me for a sultan in Aurangabad in India.
She was a bimbo any way. Why should I care?
I give hoots. A dog comes near my boots

To have crumbs of bread left by fairies
who with their fellow farishtas are on their way to
a cave to give birth to some barbaric faith in Arabia.

No. My poem is not true. I am not married.
I have no wife by the name of Saleema. Though,
I do enjoy whisky and dream of pretty women.

Ravi Kopra

I Do Not Care For You, A Urdu Ghazal By Shuja Khaavar In English Translation

I am not for you, nor for the world now
Please leave me alone for a while now

Do not ask me to explain what bothers me now
There are no words for my sorrows now

I have been suffering for long from your neglect
You cannot hide behind your facade now

Your presence urges me to sing my sorrows now
I was going to sing alone, not with you now

My loneliness will not hide my pains
What use telling them in words now?

(added couplets below)

'Ravi' has been hurt more than 'Shuja' could ever think
His wounds are opening again reading this ghazal now

To heal his wounds he often writes poetry
And has taken the vows of full sanyas now

Notes:

sanyas= the last phase of life when Indians in ancient india would go to live in jungles and meditate in peace away from the back stabbing civilisation after money, sex, pride, ego and greed.

Shuja= Shuja Khaavar, the poet who wrote the original urdu ghazal as given below in the story section.

Ravi Kopra

I Do Not Know How To Shyly Admit The Failures Of My Heart, A Ghazal Of Yagana Changezi In Translation

I do not know how to shyly admit the failures of my heart
I do not know how to accept others' crimes as mine

I do not have to show my face to anyone, O sailor
I do not know how to lie to get off the boat alone

A mountain of my hardships someday will go away
I do not know how to kill myself, hitting my head against a chisel

I am afraid my heart will give up with just a little blow
I do not know how to suffer in grief, I cannot hold back my tears

A mystery myself, how can I tell who am I, what I am
I do not know how to make it understand though I understand it myself pretty well

the original in Urdu

mujhe dil ki ?hata par 'yas' sharmana nahiñ aata
paraya jurm apne naam likhvana nahiñ aata

mujhe ai na?huda a?hir kisi ko muñh dikhana hai
bahana kar ke tanha paar utar jaana nahiñ aata

musibat ka paha? a?hir kisi din kaT hi ja.ega
mujhe sar maar kar teshe se mar jaana nahiñ aata

dil-e-be-hausla hai ik zara si Thes ka mehmañ
vo aañsu kya piyega jis ko gham khana nahiñ aata

sarapa raaz huuñ maiñ kya bataoñ kaun huuñ kya huuñ
samajhta huuñ magar duniya ko samjhana nahiñ aata

Ravi Kopra

I Do Not Love You Except Because I Love You -A Poem By Pablo Neruda In Hindi Translation

main tuj se pyaar nahin karta lekin karta bhi hoon
main rehta hoo lagataar pyaar kartey huay, na kartay huay
tumain chatay huay, na chatay huay mera dil baraf se aag ban jaata hai

main pyaar tumain karta hoon
kyon ki keval tum hi ho jisay main pyaar karta hoon
main tuj se nafrat bhi karta hoon
lekin nafrat pyaar main badal jaati hai aur main tumain
na dekhay, na samjhay-soojay pyaar karnay lag jaata hoon

shayad january ki rangeeli ratoN main
aa paeygi mere dil ko kuch shaanti

hamari is kahani main siraf meri hi maut hogi
kyon k main hi akela pyaar main mara ja raha hoon
kyon k main hi tujay pyaar karta hoon
pyaar jis ki aag main mera khoon ubalta hai

the original in English translation

I do not love you except because I love you;
I go from loving to not loving you,
From waiting to not waiting for you
My heart moves from cold to fire.

I love you only because it's you the one I love;
I hate you deeply, and hating you
Bend to you, and the measure of my changing love for you
Is that I do not see you but love you blindly.

Maybe January light will consume
My heart with its cruel
Ray, stealing my key to true calm.

In this part of the story I am the one who

Dies, the only one, and I will die of love because I love you,
Because I love you, Love, in fire and blood.

-Pablo Neruda

Ravi Kopra

I Fear

I fear I will fall sick
Bedridden, will lose my work
Who'll feed me, my family, my children

I fear monsoons will never stop
My house will be swept in a flood
No house will be left to live in

I fear the school bus will be hit by a truck
My kids will be badly hurt
How will they, how will I, take their suffering

I fear, I fear many misfortunes
To befall on me and my family.
I pray. That's why I need God.

Ravi Kopra

I Fear Unless I Have Her Soon

It has been a while
since I had my woman.

Now heart thumping
head spinning

All restless, hopeless
dizzy in a tizzy

Man I am
always thinking of her

I can't sleep, can't eat, can't drink.
I fear unless I have her soon

I will be becoming
from bad to worse

From worse to worst.
She is my towering thirst.

Please come,
the fires in my groins are flaming.

Ravi Kopra

I Feel It Is You, A Urdu Ghazal By Jaan Nisar Akhtar In English Translation

When I hear the soft footsteps, I feel it is you
When I see a shadow moving like a wave, I feel it is you

When gently touching a tree branch in the garden
it shyly shows its softness, I feel it is you

When a wisp of sandalwood scented breeze
touches my face, I feel it is you

When I see the shining sheet of moving stars
in the still lake, I feel it is you

When through the night a ray of light
silently sleeps with me, I feel it is you

Ravi Kopra

I Feel Like Buddha

Between winter and summer
I feel like Buddha in the spring
Neither cold nor hot
I tread on the midway path
Calm, serene, peaceful

So do I do in autumn
Between summer and winter
I shed away all lost luster
Get ready to be renewed
Calm, serene, peaceful

Ravi Kopra

I Feel Like The Lightning Has Struck My Soul Today, A Urdu Ghazal Of Abdul Hamid Adam In English Translation

I feel like the lightning has struck my soul today
I feel like crying from the depths of my heart today

How pleasing for the thirsty lips to touch a jugful of wine in a tavern!
The flowers are blooming in pleasure to show their happiness today

My delicate heart faces the flames of sorrows today
How inconceivable! I laugh at the ways of the nature today

We know for sure we are going to die one day, my friend
Then why does my soul worry so much the sorrows of life today?

Go to bed now my poor bruised heart, it is already late at night
The stars, everywhere in the sky, have already gone to bed today

'Adam's' heart has no major complaint today
Except its pulse seems to halt for a while today.

Ravi Kopra

I Had A Feeling I'd Be A Failure Earlier, A Ghazal Of Kishwar Naheed In Translation

I had a feeling I'd be a failure earlier
I still think I will as I thought earlier

Desires remained unfulfilled, I'm old with wrinkles now
Wounded heart remained hidden in my chest earlier

Tears now come to my eyes for anything
I used to be too calculating earlier

A thorn seems to have been pulled out of my heart
Tears used to flow from my eyes earlier

The gathering these days are just show off
We used to meet in good faith earlier

My thoughts seem like frozen now
I used to be fiery in speech earlier

My loneliness now never leaves me
It never was like this earlier

the original ghazal in Urdu

Ham ki maghaluub-e-gumaa.N the pahale

ham ki maghaloob-e-gumaa the pahale
phir vahee hai kee jahaa the pahale

[maghaluub-e-gumaa = defeated by suspicion/doubt]

Khvaahisheau jhurriyaa ban kar ubharee
zakhum seeney meh nihaa the pahale

[jhurriyaa = wrinkles; nihaa = hidden]

ab to har baath pe ro detey hai

vaaquif-e-sood-o-ziyaa the pahale

[vaaquif-e-sood-o-ziyaa = aware of profit and loss]

dil se jaise koe kaantaa nikalaa
ashk aankau se ravaa the pahale

ab faquat anjuman-aaraay hai
aitabaar-e-dil-o-jaa the pahale

[faquat = merely; anjuman = gathering (place)]

[aaraay = decoration]

[aitabaar-e-dil-o-jaa = those who had complete faith]

dosh pe sar hai ki hai barf jamee
ham to sholau kee zubaa the pahale

[dosh = shoulder]

merree hamzaad hai tanhaa-ee merree
aise rishte bhee kahaa the pahale

[hamzaad = born at the same time]

- Kishwar Naheed

Ravi Kopra

I Have A Concern

I have a concern concerning
Your personal hygiene
You stink like a skunk
On Monday mornings.

What do you on the weekends?
Go skunk hunting?
Gutter cleaning?
RV poop dumping?

Moonshining
Eating raw pigs' guts?
Fishing
Eating raw livers?

Or like Fridays and
Saturdays nights awake all night
Drinking, eating fucking, farting
And no time on Monday mornings
For a shower and tooth brushing?

Ravi Kopra

I Have Fallen In Love, No Body Knows My Pains, A Song Of Mira Bai In Translation

I have fallen in love, no body knows my pains
In my suffering I wander from place to place
no where I find a healer

I do not know the rituals of worship
how to turn around the idols
little lamps held on a plate
My eyes adore the the idols

To know the pains of the wounded
you have to be wounded first
like knowing the worth of jewels
you have to be a jeweller first

My neck is in the gallows, how can I rest?
How can I see my Lord who rests in the heavens?

I go from place to place, I find no healer
My suffering will go away when I find
dark Krishna, my healer,

the original in Hindi:

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Ravi Kopra

I Have Found You

Like the sunset in the evening
Like the dreams I see in sleep
Like the fragrant air I breathe
I have found you, you are my
Everything. You are my God!

Ravi Kopra

I Have My Umbrella Up When I Leave The Home, A Ghazal Of Wali Aasi In Translation

I have my umbrella up when I leave the home
How careful am I when I leave the home

Never was I so smart as I am now
Why am I so careful with each step I take now

I get sorrowful in the afternoons
When the sun says it is getting down

It is not that I am like ice
Still I feel I am melting now

There is no need to look into the mirror
I am changing it is so clear now

No body will believe it today
I am being roasted in smoldering fires now

If you ask me the truth, I don't know it really
Seasons have changed, so I am changing now

Ravi Kopra

I Have No Desires Left To Be A Scholar, ??????-???? ??? ?? ????? ????? A Poem Of Dr. Navin Kumar Upadhyay In Translation

I have no desires left to be a scholar
I have no desires to engage in dialogues

I just want you to look into my eyes
So that I keep on looking into yours

With my head in your lap for hours
That's all, I want nothing more in this world.

the original in Hindi

?????-???? ???? ?? ????? ?????, - Poem by Dr. Navin Kumar Upadhyay
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-Dr. Navin Kumar Upadhyay

Ravi Kopra

I Kept My Ego High Today, A Urdu Ghazal By Iqbal Sajid In English Translation

I kept my ego high today
I insulted his handsomeness all day today

I thrust sharp knives in his ego today
I used every bad word I could today

I could have praised how handsome he looked today
I could have had fun tonight, but I lost it today

I made him cry to my heart's content today
I showed him down, listened to no one today

I went for a walk by the river later in the day
I enjoyed by myself the colorful skies at sunset today

(An added couplet)

'Ravi' has no ego. He is not cruel as 'Sajid'
He was so happy praying Allah five times today

Ravi Kopra

I Kept On Thinking Of You All Night, A Urdu Ghazal By Makhdoom Mohiuddin In English Translation

I kept on thinking of you all night
My wet eyes kept smiling all night

The flame of my pains was lit all night
I was drowned in sorrows all night

The pleasant memory of the melodious flute
Kept creeping in my mind all night

I remembered our pleasant meetings all night
The moon was bright and shining all night

Someone lost in love wandered in streets all night
I kept on hearing voices from the street all night

(An added verse)

Ravi's love left him for good last night
He could not take it. He cried all night.

Ravi Kobra

I Kissed On Your Neck Gently, A Hindi/Urdu Translation Of A Love Poem By Md. Ziaul Haque

main ne bijli bund kar di
ek mome batti jala di
mohabbat ki halchal chala di
tu dressing table par khaDi thi

main tere pass aya
itna k tum mera saans sun sako
pressure cooker ki tarah garam garam!
pyaar main marte marte main ne tujhe pakDa

teri neck par ek naram sa chumma mara
tu mere hathon main ek patingay jaisi thi

Ravi Kopra

I Know, A Ghazal

When I am early and you pretend, I know
When you cannot wait any more, I know

I wait so that you want it more
You want to see the stars, I know

When I praise pretty women
You don't like it, I know

You light candles, put flowers in the vase
You want me in the bed early, I know

You want me to take a day off
To be with me in bed all day, I know

You saw your friend's new baby
You threw away your pills, I know

Your lustful glances tell me all
What you desire tonight, I know

You don't have to tell me anything
What's on your mind, I know.

Ravi Kopra

I Lie Down On The Grass, A Poem By Fernando Pessoa In Hindi/Urdu Translation

main hare ghas ki lawn laita hua hoon
aur sub kuch bhool raha hoon jo ab tak paDa hoon

jo kuch bhi muje paDaya gaya sab bekar nikla
sardi aur gharmi main, main hamesha ghabraya riha

jo kuch bhi muje kaha giya bilkul bekar nikla
jaisay ki jaisay cheezaiN theeN, vaisay ki vaisay hi rahiN

jo kuch bhi muje dikhlaya giya, sub kuch bekar nikla
jaisay main pehlay dekhta tha vaisay hi dekhta raha

Jo samaj muje dayi gayi thee vo samaj kahin na thee
samaj duniya ki the, vaiasy ki vaisay hi rahi

Ravi Kopra

I Love You A Little More Everyday

I love you a little more everyday
Yesterday we walked hand in hand
for hours in the yellow mustard flower fields

And talked of our lives together
and lives of lovers across the world
and felt blessed how happy we're together

We lay in the fragrant flowers fields
It began to drizzle by the evening
Birds flew to their nest on the trees

And I lay my rain coat among the flower beds
for you to lie down there saving you from rains
and I lay on top of you to love you a little more

You got scared when it thundered a little
and clung to me closely, your arms around my neck
I entered into you softly, and then thundered boldy

In synchrony with lightening bolts in skies
The rain drenched me, I felt cool and rained
inside you fully to cool you down in falling rains.

Ravi Kopra

I Love You Because

I love you because
You are cool, you are beautiful
Everytime I look at you
Doves coo-coo in my heart
Come flying to my hands
And urge me to hug you
Kiss you, caress you.
I see your doves flutter
To be in my hands too.

Fires lit up in my heart
My tongue gets restless
My lips want to rest on yours.
I feel a fast rising bulge
That wants to merge with you.
I want then nothing else
In this lousy world
Except you. Only you who
Become my life, my soul and
My heart melts for you...

Ravi Kopra

I Love You Dearly

for PHD

I get up, she's already
awake, hugs me and says:
Honey, I love you
I don't want anything
to change between us
I love you dearly
I love you

She moves closer to me
starts kissing me
mouth to mouth and says:
Oh God, I am so lucky
You are a gift to me
I love you, I love you

She gets out of the bed
Makes coffee, brings to the
bed in a silver tray with a
red rose fresh from the garden
We sip coffee, hug and caress
and start our new day of living
and she says: Ravi
I love you, I love you dearly.

Ravi Kopra

I Love You, A Hakan Savlı Turkish Poem Rendering

I love you
You sing spring songs to me
You are a dove under blanket every night with me
I forget to get off the train when you are in my thoughts
You are music to me and I, a melting snow man
I am a sunk ship loaded with violets for you
I search for you in hollow trees looking for your hands
You are my pure light, my sea gull, I love you.

Ravi Kopra

I Love You, A Turkish Poem By Adnan Özer Translated Into English

I love you
Like gushing water
Like raging winds
Like wild growths on ripe soil
They are all witness to me

I love you the Turkish way
Like the earth is flooded in summer rains
Like winds swirl in dust at noon
They tell me be careful it is you

When I love you
I see clusters of red ripe grapes on vines
Ripened plums hanging on branches
Birds exhausted singing their songs
They are all witness to me

I love you
Like summer gardens lusting for sunshine
Like sulfur dust in vineyards in full sun
Like sweet honey in rolls of figs
Like birds with orange necklaces
Like a letter my friend brings to me
Written in alphabet of red roses

I love you
Like dreams fulfilled
Like rose water in the walnut chest
Like emerald birds in stone pillows
They are all witness to me.

Ravi Kopra

I Love You, A Turkish Poem By Nazim Hikmet Into English Translation

I love you

Like rushing to a bakery to eat the fresh bread

Like waking up in a burning house at night

Like drinking gushing water from a hose at my mouth

Like opening a mail package not knowing what's in it

Being careful, joyful, suspicious

I love you like sailing on the sea for the first time

Like eating soft candy in Istanbul

Like my body is in agitation.

I love you fiercely and say this -

My goodness, am I still alive?

Ravi Kopra

I Love You, An Adnan Ozer Turkish Poem Rendered Into English

I love you
Like water getting excited in splashes
Like winds turning into raging storms
Like earth offering its spring harvest

I love you
Like the river flowing, singing its songs
Like the falling rains in summer
Like the sun that warms me up in the spring

I love you
Like sweet grapes on the vine
Like red plums on a tree branch
Like a bird getting tired singing love songs

I love you
Like the sun that puts lust into the seeds
Like the spring foliage emerald green
Like the oriole that sings love songs
Like my friend who brings your secret love letters to me

I love you
My fulfilled dream
My rosewater of youth in the walnut chest
My stone pillow engraved with your portraits.

Ravi Kopra

I Loved You

Many complaints
Many dissents
But I never reproached you

Many truths
Many fallacies
But I never was angry with you

We walked hand in hand
You cheated me too
But I never questioned you

Do you know why?

Because I never doubted you
I loved you much
I loved you. I loved you

Ravi Kopra

I Make Up My Mind, A Urdu Poem By Hafeez Jalandhari In English Translation

I make up my mind -
I am surely this time
going to do this
and also going to do that.

Then I start thinking
and thinking
and do nothing.

Afraid If I do this
that may not happen,
and if I do that
this may not happen.

And so I live my life
thinking and doing nothing.

Aey khuda give me some 'akalmandi'
and take out all 'ballah' from my head.
Let me live my life like other sane people.

kuhda= Allah, God

akalmandi= wisdom

ballah= nuisance, confusion

Ravi Kopra

I May Stop Desiring You Somehow, A Urdu Ghazal By Nasir Kazmi In English Translation

I may stop desiring you somehow
My heart may forget you somehow

I see you today after a long time
The day will pass finally somehow

You don't let your lovers enjoy your beauty
I am afraid your beauty will fade somehow

I wish you come and be with me
And then you stay here forever somehow

My heart cries when I think of you
All futile. It may stop crying somehow

'Nasir' a failed lover, wants to cry now
He's afraid his tears might dry somehow

(An added couplet)

'Ravi' too failed in love all his life
Frustrated as he is, he's retired somehow

Ravi Kopra

I Met Her Once, A Ghazal In English

I met her once. She likes me. I am hopeful enough
I will woo her and one day she'll be my wife, I'm hopeful enough

And if she doesn't, I will be heart broken
I might kill myself. Hope not. I am fearful enough

If somebody else wins her love, I swear by Allah
I will put dagger into his heart, I am dareful enough

I will love her, adore her, take care of her
To see she never gets hurt, I'll be careful enough

She is not a houri from paradise, I know
But I love her. She is beautiful enough

I will buy her hijabs and a dozen burkas
To be safe and secure, I am insightful enough

If one by one I get three more wives
I will ask her first, being artful enough

If Allah calls her to paradise first
I will wail and cry. I'll be sorrowful enough

We will live our lives in luxuries
I hope I will be successful enough

I am a staunch musalmaan, she is a staunch muslima
Bless us, O Allah! you are always merciful enough

Ravi Kopra

I Moved My Bed To Another Room

This spring a starling made a nest
in the bush of yellow berries facing
our bedroom window

and laid four pale blue eggs
looking like marbles I played in my childhood

We were happy
expecting soon to see the little chicks
waiting for their mama to bring food

I told my girl friend
it would be fun to watch the chick grow
and take their first flights on tiny wings

We planned to set
a camera in the window to see
them daily on the tv screen

A crow came stealthily and ate the eggs
the starling chased
poked the crow in the air
it was late, too late

Mom lost the babies before they were born
it never came back to the nest
the crow vanished after the hurricane
my wife died in a car accident

The nest is still there in the bush
that bear the yellow berries
I moved my bed to another room
and may soon sell the house.

Ravi Kopra

I Often Get Lost In You

All by myself
Thinking about life
I often get lost in you

Then
I am not my self
I become you

What is it
that you have
that attracts me to you?

I do not know except
When I am away from you
My heart wants you

And starts making pretenses
of what to tell you
To be near you.

Ravi Kopra

I Opened His Letter

I opened his letter
in black ink, thick big letters
few words, saying -
I am marrying my
high school sweet heart tomorrow.
Good bye. Please write me no more.

A shattering earthquake befell.
My hands trembled. Could not breathe.
Knees gave out. All black out.

Hours later Susan came home
from classes. Panicked!
Raised me up from the floor.
His letter was in my hands, crumpled.
My heart sobbing, crushed.

She wiped tears from my eyes.
Gave me a hug. I sat in the sofa.
Stared at the ceiling, shocked!

Ravi Kopra

I Remembered You, A Hindi Love Song By Priyo Hazra In English Translation

Waking up dreaming in the early morning
In the dusk light of the setting sun
Under bright stars in the sky at night
I remembered you...
I did love you

Hearing the nightingale's song coming from far off
The music in the concert hall
The waves hitting the sea shore
I remembered you...
I did love you

Seeing the calm ocean
Feeling the spring breeze kissing my face
Reading the stories half written
I remembered you...
I did love you.

Ravi Kopra

I See A Beautiful Teen Aged Virgin In You

"A Cloud withdrew from the Sky" and
An old paki musla poet literally named
Star Horse in Karachi cried:

"Oh no! Oh no! " he wailed
"Please stay, stay a little longer
I was seeing a lovely virgin in you
With you goes away my virgin! "

His one foot is in his grave.
He writes poems on clouds, rains, flowers, trees
And sprinkles them with a little dash of love.
But worst of all he cusses others calling them animals
Like lizards, native to his Allah loved Arabia deserts.
Readers think he's a gentleman musla full of love
But rivers of lust and hate flow in his musla heart.
For him the only test of beauty is virginity.
Read his poems carefully. Here's one for you to relish.

But first some quotes for "wetting your lips":

"April clouds! I see a beautiful teen aged virgin in you
I read so many dreams in your deep eyes.
invite (me)to taste the forbidden fruit
Surrender(ing)virginity to the graceful lover."

So on and so forth he rants
like this, on and on in his poems
full of musla love for nature
But he can't hide his heart's hidden lust.
Freudian slips slip from his lips in the broad day light
Even during the time of his five times namaz
When he prostrates before Allah and keep his ass high up in the air
And when he or one of his mullah, maulana, kazi, wahabi friends farts
The whole prayer is nullified as Allah does not like prayers with farts.

(Someone alluded it's truly explained in hadiths, no joke, no fun, no pun!)

I Shall Eat You Alive In Punjabi Translation

Main Tenu Kacha Kha Jaansa

main tenu kacha kha jaansa
bhujan di zaroorat na hosi
j tuN mero maaN honsi

j tuN apniaN ankhaaN
daan dedevaiN

toon taaN dhundi-mandi
ik baraf di pahaDi varon haiN
zara vi taa tere which nahin
tere sir which, khoon wich
baraf hi bhari huii hai
toon haddiaN da hik pinjra haiN

terian akhaan wich roshni taan hai
par tera moonh kaala hai
terian hotaN toN
nuk wichon khoon hamesha tapakda hai

tera moonh chupaan leyi
main niqab aape hi bana laisaaN

main lai jasaan tera bhaar
mukkay main isnu maarsaan
chuknachoor jiya kar desaaN
j meri marzi aaii te

tere sare ungaan nu khatam karne waaste
mere kol sab hathiyaar hun

terian akhaan deyaan ghadiaN
nu main chungo tarhan jaandi haan

Ravi Kopra

I Shall Eat You Alive, A Norwegian Poem By Monica Aasprong In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Main Tujhe Kcha Kha JauNgi

main tujhe kcha kha jauNgi
han kcha khauNgi
agar to maan hai to

agar tu apni aankhon ka
daan de do gi

tun zinda ek barf ki pahaDi ho
Tere khoon main barf hai
tere sir main barf hai
yu haddiyon ka ak baDa pinjra ho
tum aisi jeeti ho

teri ankhoN main roshni hai
moonh tera kaala hai
tere hotoN se, naak se
khoon tapakta hai

tera moonh chupane ko
niqab main khud bana looNgi

main le chlooN is bhaar ko
maaroN ki mukkey is ko
kar dooNgi isay chakanchoor
dil chaha to

sun ang nasht karne ko
sab hathyaar mere paas hain

teri aankhon kghaDoN ko
main khoob jaanti hoon

Ravi Kopra

I Speak Straightforwardly And I Love You, A Hindi Poem By Raj Swami In English Translation

I do not beat around the bush
I do not ramble evasively
I speak from my heart
I speak to you plainly

Since I met you
You are always in my thoughts
Whatever I do I feel I am lost in you
The hard disk of my heart has uploaded you

Wherever I go I feel you're with me
I do not do double-talk
I talk from my heart
I tell you always what I think of you

Like you I am lonely too
Don't know what has overtaken me
I try to get some sleep, I can't sleep
I try to eat, I can't eat, I do not feel hungry

I do not listen to what people talk around me
I keep on talking to myself with you on my mind
I do not do doublespeak. I do not mince the words
I speak straightforwardly. And I love you.

Ravi Kopra

I Step Outside Of Myself, A Poem By Ingeborg Bachmann In Hindi/Urdu Translation

jab hum apni rooh ko
jo hamare ek ek ang main basi
acHae aur khudae hai
ko dekh sakte hain,
tab hi hum apne shaitan shreer
ki baazi ko jeet sakte hain

Ravi Kopra

I Still Feel Your Fragrance On Me, A Hindi Ghazal By Ved Mitra Shukla In English Translation

Like a moth that flies
To the flame to burn itself in brightness,
I come to you, my love, with my heart full of love
To burn in the passion of our ever flaming love

I write my love for you
in couplets in my ghazals of love
I did not know what was I upto
Till I was labeled your lover

My love praises were all for you
Like the flute of Krishna
Making melodies for his darling, Radha

Your glances cast a spell on me
My drunkenness is now your love
I need not visit a tavern now
To forget the worries of the world

Seasons come and go
But you always stay on my mind
I still feel your fragrance on me
Like fresh spring flowers in a bouquet.

Ravi Kopra

I Tell My Darling To Pour Some Wine

It is late autumn
a little frost in the evening
cold breeze, cold water
willows flying, chattering
a bright moon rising in the sky

Flowers whisper by the window
sending soft waves of love
I tell my darling to pour some wine
before warming up in the bed.

Ravi Kopra

I Thank God For Your Wife

She was bored with you
Jesus Jesus all the time
With your sermons all the time
A leopard in sheep skins

She knew your double life
she saw you eying the altar boys
she heard you talking in your dreams
wishing you were with your concubines

You gave her no love, brushed her aside
treating her like your house maid
while she is an angel from paradise -
beautiful, shy, soft spoken, kind

Clean, fresh, neat, simple yet elegant
her voice music to my ears, flutes, cymbals, clarinets
her looks sublime like mother Mary's, so pure, so innocent
my heart went for her when I saw her for the first time

On that lovely spring warm day when I joined your church
and you introduced me to her and left us alone talking
her handshake was soft, gentle, yet it lingered for a while
I looked into her eyes and sure there was a loving smile
not you, not God but in me she saw her saviour

I could hardly wait till Sunday to come to church to see her
every little thing about her would keep me awake at nights
her long curly tresses, her dresses, her big brown eyes
her lingering first handshake that sent stirrings to my spine

I thank God for your wife to be my wife in a short time
after I met her on that warm lovely day in the spring
in your church after hearing your sermon on heavenly love,
She is my worldly, heavenly love. She is all love. Mine.

Ravi Kopra

I Think Of You, A Turkish Love Poem By Nizam Hikmet Translated Into English

I think of you
and feel the fragrance of my mother
the most beautiful woman in the world.

You are on a merry-go-round in my heart
Your skirt and hair dance in the air
I lose your face each second and see it again.

You slash my heart with your knife.
I hear your voice when you are far off.
Why have I lost all of myself for you?

I kneel down to look at your hands
I want to touch them but I can't
You are behind a wall of glass.
I find myself so lost today
Going through this in the evening.

Ravi Kopra

I Thought The New Year Will Bring Me Love, A Hindi Poem By Ahatisham Alam In English Translation

I thought the new year will bring me love
But my wounded heart still cries to this day
I cannot go finding another love
Your memories will haunt me.

A wanderer does not find love
If he staggers on the ways.
What will I do with another woman?
You will be always on my mind
I thought the new year will
heal the wounds of my heart.
It is still wounded and cries in pain.

Ravi Kopra

I Want No Women In My Life Now, A Urdu Ghazal By Ahmad Faraz In English Translation

I want no women in my life now
It is better if I forget you now

I was all alone in the desert of my life
I have been hearing my own voices till now

Who is so fortunate to live a carefree life
Do not talk love all times lest I forget you now

You weren't drowned in love when I met you the other night
So why should I be sacrificing all I have, for you now

Where are those today who told 'Faraz' yesterday -
God forbid! we could have made you cry in love by now

(An added verse as below)

'Ravi' was not so wise. He chased women all his life
They enjoyed all he had. He is all and all penniless now!

Ravi Kopra

I Want To Be With You, A Turkish Poem Of Zuhal Olcay In English Translation

I did not believe in love
I used to laugh when people talked of love
I used to tell them we make our own destiny.

Now I go crazy when I see you
And what I used to say was all in vain.
Reason plays no part in love. It is all heart.
I want to be with you, my sweet heart

Ravi Kopra

I Want You, You, You...A Love Poem In Urdu

jab tum kabhi is gali se nikalti ho
log khiDkioN par aa aa kar
tumaiN dekhna chahte hain

haey kitni khoobsoorat hai, kehte hain
chaal uski matwali hai
chehra doodh jaisa hai

aankhoN main kaisi chamak hai
chaand use dekh sharmata hai
taare aasman main jagmagate hain

jab hasti hai to phool
uske moonh se girne lag jate hain
main tumhaiN dekh aaheN bharta rehta hoon

agar dua maangte waqt khuda pooch baitha
bataao beta, aaheN na bharo, kis cheez ki zaroorat hai
to kahooNga - tumhari hai, tumhari hai, tumhari hai...

Ravi Kopra

I Was Better Than Angels Before Bad I Was, A Urdu Ghazal By Anwar Shuoor In English Translation

I was better than angels before bad I was
She was happy with me before angry I was

What did I not talk to be with you all my life
But when the time of parting came, not so bold I was

Thoughts are better than reality, dreams better than awakening
It was all imagination, to face the reality, unready I was

Though to make the hidden things appear there's always some delay
You ask: whatever exists today, whether before creation there it was?

It seems unlikely for the lost one to ever come back
Without any sort of experience, in grave doubt I was

'Shuoor' gives damn what would happen to the world when it ends
The worst he could imagine would be, what before the creation it was

(An added verse)

Time moves forward, what if it starts moving backward, 'Ravi' asks
The universe will turn into nothingness, like before the big bang it was

Ravi Kopra

I Was Biking In The Evening Today

I was biking in the evening today
I gazed in the sky and saw
beyond the tall trees
a huge moon in the sky
It looked very heavy
not rising as if falling
down under its own weight
yellow and hugely bright
it could not hide its pocked face

One cannot hide ugliness
I kept wondering how true
women look more beautiful with make up
in the shade of evening or at nights
and not too close but at a distance
like the mountains in the spring all green
but full of running streams, rocks, boulders
bears, boars, lions, leopards each one of
them could gobble you up alive

Well back to the beaver moon tonight
a month after the harvest moon
It is close to the earth and looked
so fat and heavy, I thought
perchance if it couldn't bear
its weight and fell on the beach
between Venice and Punta Gorda
where mudden truken people live
waving their confederate flags
what would we call their city
moony city or a looney city
and what would we call the USA
with the moon sitting on the beach
the land of the loonies! Sure?

Ravi Kopra

I Was Patient, A Urdu Ghazal By Gulzar In English Translation

Often I give a damn but I was patient
For you each time you were late

You made promises habitually
Habitually I accepted your promises

I waited for you by the road you come
I waited for myself, you did not come

I will never ask for another life, O Allah
I committed this sin once, no more, O Allah!

Ravi Kopra

I Was Thinking Of You All Night - A Ghazal Of Faiz Ahmad Faiz In Translation

I was thinking of you all night
The moonlight tortured me all night

Sometime blazing sometime dying out
The flame of my sorrow flickered all night

Someone's dress had different scents all night
Some photos went on singing all night

Someone sitting under a branch of flowers
Kept on telling the tales all night

If nobody came to the locked door
On any sound we answered the door all night

In anticipation I remained calm all night
My desires though nagged me all night

The original in Urdu

aap ki yaad aati rahi raat bhar
chañdni dil dukhati rahi raat bhar
gaah jalti hui gaah bujhti hui
sham-e-gham jhilmilati rahi raat bhar
koi ?hushbu badalti rahi pairahan
koi tasvir gaati rahi raat bhar
phir saba saya-e-sha?h-e-gul ke tale
koi qissa sunati rahi raat bhar
jo na aaya use koi zanjir-e-dar
har sada par bulati rahi raat bhar
ek ummid se dil bahalta raha
ik tamanna satati rahi raat bhar

I Will Be Your Balthsar Tonight

I will be your Balthsar tonight.

On my camel I will ride to Spain from Arabia

I will look for the hill where you live in the white washed house

and look for your shoes near the bundles of hay you leave for our camels.

I will tell Gasper and Melchor to wait at the gate for I have a special gift for you.
I will knock at your door. And as soon as it opens, I will rush to embrace you in my arms.

I will give you all myrrah and incense and baskets of sweet Arabian dates.

"Is this all? Is this all? you will ask

And I would say - No, no, my sweetheart. Here is my heart. All yours. Keep it warm, close to your heart and never lose it.

I will be back soon when I have given all the candy to the village kids,
and stay with you for days and days, months and months, years and years in love with you...

Ravi Kopra

I Will Die

You have been alone for long
So have I been

Feed me little by little
Don't smother me at once

I will not know how to take it
I will die in abundance.

Ravi Kopra

I Will Eat Twelve Grapes Just Before New Year Midnight

I will eat 12 grapes just before midnight
as they do in Spain to sweeten their love

I will listen to the distant steeple bells
ringing 12 times at midnight in my town

I will then blow 12 kisses in air to my love
who is coming to see me from Spain by plane

To be with me in the winter this year.
Damn! it is so freezing cold these days

Words get frozen in the air, I cannot hear
My pee gets frozen stiff in the air

Like a white bent stick it curves down there.
Water turns into ice I cannot drink

Air turns so thick I cannot breath.
I will make an igloo of ice, I think

And we will spend our winter inside there
Each moment in warm warm love together.

Ravi Kopra

I Will Return Home To My Darkness, A Urdu Ghazal By Parveen Shakir In English Translation

Commending him to the moonlight
I will return home to my darkness

He will never know my heart's longings
It will cry with smiles in my eyes

He left and all the fun of friendship went away
With whom will I break up and with whom will I make?

Though our relationship has now no name
I will offer myself to him if he so indicates

I lay myself where the roses were
I will gather the ashes of my dreams when he awakes

He has skillfully charmed someone else
What song will I sing in my somber loneliness?

He would not tell me why he loves her
I will forget him someday, he said

I hear the dark callings of dense forests now
Never will I hear his voice again.

Ravi Kopra

I Will Suck Your Tears

Tears running down your rosy cheeks
start a hal chal in my dil
how they yearn for your tears
my dry parching lips!

I will suck them
and lie down on the road
when you get out of your home
the moment you come near me

I will put my head upon you feet
say sorry, please forgive me
I want to marry you, my darling
You are my dreams, my paradise.

Ravi Kopra

I Wish I Could Give Him The Moon, A Zen Story In Verse

Watching the Beautiful Moon He Mused
Near the mountains
far off the city, the Zen
master lived a
humble life in a
plain hut.

A thief sneaked in
when he was away one day.
He searched and searched
but found nothing valuable.

Seeing the master returning,
in panic he was fleeing.
"Wait, " he heard
"A long way you came,
you will not go empty
handed."

Undressing himself he
gave the thief his clothes
and sat on the floor naked.
Watching the beautiful
moon he mused:
'Poor fella, I wish
I could give him the moon.'

Note: This is a rendering of a story
in Zen Flesh, Zen Bones, p 27, Tuttle
Publishing, Boston,1998.

Ravi Kopra

I Wish I Had Someone Like Her

I wish I had someone
Hidden in my heart
Whom I could see in my dreams
Who could make my heart flutter
When I see her in reality
Who would drive me crazy in love
Who I never get tired of being with
Who I could wait for all my life
I wish I had someone like her
Like her I wish I had someone

Someone for whom
I could sing my love songs
Whom I could feel in my heart
Someone whom when I see
My eyes never stop staring at her
And my heart flows in the waves of love
Who never gets out of my mind
And I keep on thinking of her all time
I wish I had someone like her
Like her I wish I had someone

Someone whose name
Comes to my tongue's tip
I could know all desires of hers
I could fulfill all of them
Whose life could become mine
And I could die for her love
I wish I had someone like her
Like her I wish I had someone.

Ravi Kopra

I Wish It Were So

Whom do I read
Whom do I listen to
Whom do I keep in my heart
Whom do I worship daily
I wish when we all were born
of the same religion
neither a hindu nor a muslim.
Everyone I wish were a human in heart
who always spoke the truth
who never wanted to divide the land
who never wanted to keep families apart
who had such a noble thought in his heart.

Ravi Kopra

I Would Even Give Up My Chillum

A piece of cloth to wrap around the loins,
A staff, a begging bowl, a chillum
to smoke bhang that was all that was
needed to live in retirement in India years ago.

You give up all possessions.
You cut off all connections.
You go to some jungle to live in a sanyas ashram
and pray for happiness for all
pray for peace in the world.

How simple to be bare minimum!
How lofty to be human!

Now no such ashramas.
And before I set to pray
I will be a prey for a hungry
wolf, a jackal, a leopard or a lion.
No natural habitat left for them
To live on wild life.

Well, I could become a monk.
But I could not chant chants. I am an atheist.
I would not mind being called a wonk,
I would even give up my chillum if
I could find a camp of atheists.

Ravi Kopra

I Write For You My Love Song

I write for you my love song -
I will fulfill your wills
the will that I be yours forever
the will that we live in love forever
the will that we have no ills for each other
the will that we be happy and prosper
the will that we keep our heads high
the will that we never bow to injustice
the will that we have the will to give, not take
that tells all how humanely human we are
we love ourselves, our families, our neighbors
and we will that our love lasts forever
in happiness, calmness and peace!

Ravi Kopra

I Wrote Her A Poem

I wrote her a poem
she and me on a white sand beach
walking together holding hands

under the full autumn moon.
she asks me where is the palm tree
a beach without a palm tree! ?

I tell her, my love
palm trees are everywhere
but the palms of your hands I like

their soft touch on my face
on my body soothes me
and when you rub your palms on my palms

and look deep into my eyes
with a naughty winky smile,
it sends me to higher planes

I find hard to descend
lest you get into me
and I in you eternally.

Ravi Kopra

I'd Like To Eat This Woman, Toshio Nakae's Japanese Love Song In Hindi/Urdu

main is aurat ko kha jaoonGa
poora ka poora kha jaoonGa
kach-cha kha jaoonGa
cheeni k bagair
bina paakaey hue kha jaoonGa

--
--

uske sab geet kha jaoonGa
us ke gehoon k khet, us ke ped
us ke phool, uski bahaar
sub ko kha jaoonGa

--
--

jis shakhs se mohabbat karti hai usko maar daloonGa
is aurat ki rooh ko main choos loonGa
uska chaand, aasmaan, us k baadal, taare
sub ko pakaD loonGa

main us ko apna bana loonGa
main us ki raksha karoonGa
uske maan, baap, bhai, behno
sub ko ek ek kar k kha jaoonGa
us k bhagwaan ko bhi khaonGa
jise jitni bhi koshish karoon
kabhi poora nahin kha paonGa

Ravi Kopra

Idioms

Young man, what is wrong with you?
Do you have tomatoes on your eyes?
Or you only understand the train at the station?

Don't you know people are buying cats in sacs in Berlin?
Pigs in pokes in Pittsburg?
And seeing cows on ice in Sweden
while a snake is eying the boobs of a hen
and the hen, the feets of a snake in Songkhla, Thailand?

Ravi Kopra

If I Die

If I die

Bury me if you have some money

Cremate me if you have little

Donate my body to the docs

They may dissect it to see

What was in my heart no body loved

It will cost you nothing

But save many shattered hearts

But do not feed it to the birds

They will spread grief and sorrow

In this already wounded world

No love, no world.

Ravi Kopra

If I Die Before You Do

If I die before you do
I do not want you to be alone
Sulking, sitting in dark at home
Crying for nothing in vain for me.

I want you to be happy
I will ask my friend Suzy
to give you daily lays in pleasure.
She always loved you in her heart
and will make your heart burn in love.

And when you finally both come to me
We will in heaven have three or foursome
if her husband does not mind partying with us.
What else is heaven for if not for love!

Ravi Kopra

If I Had Only Loved Your Flesh

If I had only loved your flesh
And cared not for your wallet
I would have left you after
A one night stand and never
Would have looked back at you

But I know your wallet is fat
You live in a mansion
You have a fleet of cars
Your yachts are in docks
And you have me in your bed
Night after night

I give you what you lack
And I want from you
What I lack
What is wrong with that?

Love is fun
So is luxury
So is wealth.

Ravi Kopra

If I Love You

If I love you
that you will protect me
throw me out in the street without food

If I love you
that I will live in luxury
lock me out of your house

I love you
with my heart and soul
love me with yours.

Ravi Kopra

If It Hadn't Been For You, A Weslee Sampel Poem In Hindi/Urdu Translation

agar tum na hotay
to main mar gayi hoti

agar tum no hotay
to main kuch bhi na hoti

agar tum na hotay
mere dil main khushi na hoti

agar tum na hotay
meri zindgi kahan hoti

agar tum na hotay
mujhe pyaar ka patta na hota

agar yum na hotay
main mehbooba kabhi na banti

added couplets -

agar tun na hotay
main pagli ban gayi hoti

agar tum na hotay
mujhe pyaar ki samajh na hoti

agar tum na hotay
sari umar main kanwari rehti

agar tum na hotay
main rul-khul gayi hoti

agar tum na hotay
main shaadi kabhi na karti

agar tum na hotay
main mohabbat kabhi na karti

agar tum na hotay
main saray jahan main tumain dhoondti

agar tum na hotay
main khuda se tumain maangti

tum ho to main hoon
tere liye zinda hoon

Ravi Kopra

If Not Love, Let Madness It Be, Mirza Ghalib In English Translation

If not love, let madness it be
Let my madness your fame be

Do not drop me from your life
At least, let there hatred be

Why do you reject my love?
If not in open, let it in privacy be

I am not your enemy, if you are
in love with a stranger, let it be

You are what you are, if unaware of
my love, your ignoranace let it be

Life passes like a flash of light
To fall in love, let there some time be

I do not play games in love
If you do not love me, my misfortune let it be

Show me some love, you biased one
If no love, listening to my plea, let it be

I will follow all customs
You care less, let it be

Now you are teasing and taunting 'Asad'
I can't get you but let there a longing be

(An added couplet)

She didn't like 'Ravi' and went with a stranger
Said he: it is your loss baby, let it be

Ravi Kopra

If That Apparent Part Of Life's Delight, Sonnet 2 By Fernanado Pessoa In Hindi/Urdu Translation

चहने पर जो हमारे जism को जुनजhanat से lagti hai
aur oopr-oopr se zindgi ka maza sa aata hai
isko agar hum reflex aur jismki khushi ki nazar se na dekhhain
aur koi aur matlab nikalne lagain to khushi, badan aur zindgi
k sab maene bilkul ba-krar, be-arth, be-hudaho jaate hain.
by chance, sachaaee to ye hai k hamara jism koe khoobsoorat cheez nahin
aur jo kuch bhi hum oopr oopr se dekhtae hai andar se kuch aur hi hota hai -
jaise ankhon main bandhi patti ke beech beech kuch dokhlaee deta ho.
to fir kahan se zindgi kya hai, iska khyaal aata hai? kahin se bhi nahin
jo kuch bhi hum duniya main dekhte ya to be-matlabi hai ya kuch aur hai
jo hamari asali akal ko bigaD deta hai.
jab main ye sochta hoon to jism ki gheraeeoN main rooh k khilaf bechani silag
jaati hai
k hum kya chahte hain aur vo na paane par kyon dukh main paD jaate hain

Ravi Kopra

If You Die Before Me, A Dr. Antony Theodore Inspired Poem

Just imagine
his wife eighty seven dies
her husband, eighty nine
jumps into her grave
and cries, not that she's dead
but his hips broke down.

(no orthopedic surgeon is there
at the funeral)

the mourners try to pull him out;
he resists
and gives kisses to her lips
so passionately that her breath

(dead wife's breath! ?)

becomes his own breath
the embalmer's lipstick
becomes his own lipstick
and his soul becomes her's

the grave digger standing by says -
what a pain in the ass!

Ravi Kopra

If You Forget Me, A Poem Of Pablo Neruda In Hindustani Translation

main tumain ek baat batana chata hoon
tum jaanti ho vo kaisi hai-

agar main chamkatay chaand ko dekhta hoon
patjhar main kHiDki se ek laal tehni dekhta hoon
aag k pass be-mehsoos raakh ko ya peD ki sikuDi
hue kisi log ko dekhta hoon
to har cheeze mujay teray pass keenchay le aati hai
har cheeze jo is duniya main hai -
roshni, khusboo, dhaat, pani main behti Choti kishtiyaN
sabhi muj ko teray intzaar kartay jazeeron pe le aati hain

-to be continued later

I want you to know
one thing.

You know how this is:
if I look
at the crystal moon, at the red branch
of the slow autumn at my window,
if I touch
near the fire
the impalpable ash
or the wrinkled body of the log,
everything carries me to you,
as if everything that exists,
aromas, light, metals,
were little boats
that sail
toward those isles of yours that wait for me.

Well, now,
if little by little you stop loving me

I shall stop loving you little by little.

If suddenly
you forget me
do not look for me,
for I shall already have forgotten you.

If you think it long and mad,
the wind of banners
that passes through my life,
and you decide
to leave me at the shore
of the heart where I have roots,
remember
that on that day,
at that hour,
I shall lift my arms
and my roots will set off
to seek another land.

But
if each day,
each hour,
you feel that you are destined for me
with implacable sweetness,
if each day a flower
climbs up to your lips to seek me,
ah my love, ah my own,
in me all that fire is repeated,
in me nothing is extinguished or forgotten,
my love feeds on your love, beloved,
and as long as you live it will be in your arms
without leaving mine.

-Pablo Neruda

Ravi Kopra

If You Swoon In My Arms

If you swoon in my arms
I'll give you breath of life,
pouring my soul into you.
Your soul will meet mine
and say: hey sweet one,
welcome home, I've been
waiting for you so long!

Ravi Kopra

If You Want A Lover

"If you want a lover"
I will fetch the moon for you
Till the end of the world I will love you

If you want a sidekick
I will kick you
better leave me now

If you want a friend
call me anytime
I will be there for you

I will be your lover
your bosom buddy
your inseparable confidant.

Ravi Kopra

If You Want Love

I may not buy yachts
to sail on the seas
I may not buy you planes
to fly in the air
I may not buy you gold
gilded with emeralds

I wish I could

(I am a poor man
I only have a Cessna
ten thousand heads of cattle
twenty oil fields in my fifty
thousand acres ranch in Dallas, Texas)

But if you want love
I promise you this:

I will fetch the moon
and give you.

Ravi Kopra

If You Want To Fall In Love

If you want to fall
in love, fall fully in love

There's no shortcut
or halfway around

Either yes or no it is
No waverings, no half between

And if you don't take it
seriously, the punishment is abandonment

A lonesome, deserted life
Worth what? Nothing...

mohabbat ki saza tark-e-mohabbat
mohabbat ka yahi bhi hai

- WAMIQ JAUNPURI

Ravi Kopra

I'm In Love With You, A Raj Swami Hindi Love Poem In English Translation

I'm in love with you, I realise your despair
When you do not see me eye to eye.
And when you do see me, you smile
And confess this to your dear friend -
How hard it's to live with an aching heart!

But see how faithful I am to you
Keep my trust in your heart
And always think of this-
I'm in love with you, I realise your despair.

I'm in love with you, I do not blame you
I will keep the bouquet of memories
Always for you, in my broken heart.

Ravi Kopra

I'm Now Day Dreaming Of You

Went to bed at four in the morning
thinking of you

got up at noon all dazed
thinking of you

the madness of desire has taken me over
thinking of you

if there's an asylum for new lovers
let me know soon

I may need it in my junoon (madness)
always thinking of you

Our meeting will be delayed today, I'm afraid
I'm now day dreaming of you...

Ravi Kopra

Imagine! Imagine! A Love Poem

No body can take away my imagination of you
I think of you close to my heart and feel good
I think I am riding a horse in the amazon
and imagine as if I am rding you
I think you are hugging me from behind
and imagine you are kissing my temples
and you softly sucking the lobes of my ears
while you caress my breasts with your hands
and then give me kisses of love
on my mouth, breasts, thighs...

O love, when I think of you
I become beside myself.
My thoughts go from riding a horse
to my breasts galloping for you.
Your lips tremble in anticipation and I bend a little for you
to feed you my love for a sec and then move away to tease you.
I imagine sailing on the blue seas embraced in your arms
lying in your lap on the ship's deck under the full moon
while your hands move in my hair in gentle waves
and your lips softly wishper in my ears -
I love you, I love you, my sweet heart, I love you, for forever...

Ravi Kopra

In A Word, A Polish Poem By Justyna Bargielska In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Ek Lafaz Main

main unse phir puchooti hoon
kya tum ne us saalay ki laash abhi behji hai ya nahin?

wo kehte hain kharab mausam ki wajah se dair ho gayi hai
agar budwaar tak na aae to shikayat karna ya poochna
k kya hum tum ko kisi aur ki laash bhej dain

mujhe nahin pata main kya karoon
aglay budwaar tak mere paas sochne k liye waqt hai

ek keeDay ne doosray keeDay ko dhokha diya
aur bacha kiDa dukh main rota hai, har jagah rota hai,
us ke khwab bhi dekhta hai

main school ki library ki khiDki par khaDi hui bahar dekh rehi hoon
lagta hai mera bachpan ek pathar ban chuka hai
aur kehta hai: hey aurat, kyon ro rehi ho, halan k main ro nahin rehi hoti
honsla sambhalo, bhool jao is bhoot kaal ko
bahar dekhnay ko kuch nahin hai, kuch bhi nahin hai.

Ravi Kopra

In Appreciation - In Urdu - Of Muzahidul Reza's Love Poem: Love Is Love And Love

Ishq k kya kehnaay
ho to khoob ho
har jagah ho
har atom, molecule main ho
har haddi-khaddi main ho
har dot main ho (ye dot kya balla hai Reza sahib?)
har cot main ho (cot ka matalab hai bistra, chaarpaae k oopar)

agar na ho
to kahin bhi na ho
kya lena hai hum ne ishq se
khuda k ghar to jaana hi hai ek din
jahan hon gi mere liye
tees (30) khoobsoorat pariaaN
apnay kapDay utaray huay
nanga jism dikhatay huay
shaarboN k bhaaray pyalay
apnay hathoN main liyay huay
khush amdeed, khush amdeed kartay huay
le jaeNgi mujhay baar baar apni cot par
garam garam pyaar karne k liye

ab laga aap ko pata
k main kyon jaata hun masjid har jumay
aur kyon karta hoon namaaz har din paanch baar?
chahat hai muje un parioN ki
jin k sapnay main dekhta hoon hazaron baar!

parioN ki baataiN sochte sochte
'Ravi' ka bhi dil thoDa sa fisil giya.
kehne laga, sunno yaar- is dunia main to
virgin pariaaN milti nahin
kya jurm hai ban jane ko musalmaan?

Ravi Kopra

In Cold Spring Air, A Poem By Reginald Gibbons In Hindi/Urdu Translation

bahaar ki dhandi hawa main
ek khambay pe baitha kawa
kaw kaw karta hua
apna geet gaa raha hai
jab uski saans bahar aati hai
dhuaiN si ki tarah lagti hai

kya keh raha hai ye kawa?
ankhon main patti baandhay
hum sochtay hain jaante hain
lakin patti k beech se
dekh nahin paatey hain

Ravi Kopra

In Defense Of Poetry

"Poetry is not today every man's cup of tea,
many love coffee"

-me poet yeps poet

But when pee, holy cows' or arabian dromedries'
is served as poetry in a cafe
What would you do? Drink the pee! ?
Sure, if you know no difference between pee and poetry.
Shun the cafe and go to some 'goshala' for more pee?
Or go in search of Arabian dromedries to serve here more pee?
Some will defend poetry for the sake of poetry. Do you now see?

goshala = place where cows are kept

Ravi Kopra

In Every Aspect You Are In

In every sorrow, every thought, every aspect, you are in
Whatever we plan, we both are in

In every sight, every journey, every friendship, you are in
Whatever way we travel, we both are in

In every longing, every desire, every prayer, you are in
Whatever we do, we both are in

In every gesture, every call, every affection, you are in
Whatever we desire, we both are in

In every moment, every drop, every feeling, you are in
Whatever our problems, solutions, we both are in

Ravi Kopra

In Front Of Our Farm House

In front of our farm house
papaya, mango and lychee trees were
swarmed by green parrots with red beaks
coming down from mountains in Haldwani.
Scalding hot summer heat at noon
but cool evening winds and smiling moon.

Glow worms in darker nights flitted
filling the air like falling stars from skies.
Early in the morning the roosters calls,
the parrots chirping on mango trees
and mom coming to my cot I slept in
in the front yard under open skies
and telling me: get up you lazy bum
it's time for prayer and morning walk.

Ravi Kopra

In Love, A Ghazal

My love, you gave me so many hickies in love
I wear high collar, tell no one I am in love

When you opened the door for me, you were in gloom
See how happy now we are together in love

You bring me coffee, make pakoDas for me
I sit here looking at your beauty, I am in love

When I am away I think of you always
I call you, write letters, falling in love

Darling how can I now live without you
I am already drowning in love

People envy me, colonel Khan envies me
But only 'Ravi' is lucky to have you in love.

Ravi Kopra

In Love, A Turkish Poem By Behçet Necatigil In English Translation

You held back love till tomorrow
Shy, respectful, restrained you remained
All of your kin knew you were in the wrong.

You were too busy doing your things
(You would not want them unfinished)
The feelings of love that filled your heart
Always remained in your heart.

You were hoping you would have
More free time for love,
A short time with a lover
Wasn't enough for you,
But the years past fast.

At night in your secret garden
The flowers were blossoming.
You were alone and you thought
You hadn't enough to give
Or it wasn't the right time.

Ravi Kopra

In My Thoughts, A Hindi Poem By Raj Swamin In English Translation

So strange are
Your thoughts

You are my destiny
What do I call my desires in my loneliness?

My faithfulness or your sulkiness
That makes me desire you even more

How will I end up thinking of you?
Why don't you come to me sometimes

Why don't you fulfill my desires
With the depths of your heart, sometimes.

Ravi Kopra

In Praise Of God

God kills us in wars
God gives us syphilis, cholera
God gives us rapists, burglars, murderers
God gives us hunger, disease, death
God takes away all reality, all sanity

And makes us wretched monsters
after greed, money, women... (remain tuned if you want to hear more)
And still, the demented, deluded man worships his God.

Ravi Kopra

In Praise Of Poetry, A Hindi/Urdu Poem

Apna naam chamkane k liye
kya tum kavita likhtay ho?

Tum ko angrezi aati hai
ye dekhane k liye kavita likhtay ho?

Mohabbat bina dil bahut dukhi hai
kya aisi kavita likhne aate ho?

Bahut tum aqalmand ho
apni aqalmandi ki kavita jhaDne aate ho?

Ya hum bhi koe kam nahin hain
Is liye kya tum kavita likhtay ho?

Mujh ko is ki koe samah nahin
lakin itna zaroor pata hai -

Kavita-vavita tum ko na to
likhnay aati hai, na hi koi samajh paate ho

Apni aur apne desh ki moorakhta ko
tum kaafi log yahan din raat chakar lagate ho

Mere desi paki bhaiyo, behno, ek baat fir se kehta hoon
likhne se pehle, kuch paDo aur samjho kya kavita tum samajh pate ho

har kavita tum ko samajh main na aaye gi
kyon har kavita ki prashansa main apni bewakoofi dikhla tay ho?

Ravi Kopra

In Search Of True Love

Search...yes, it is the search
My search is for true love
It is lost somewhere
That's why I am in its search
Perhaps you too are in its search

This damned search never ends
Perhaps there is no true love
It stays in my thoughts always
And pricks my brain without end

Search...yes, it is the search
My search is for true love
The search is for two and a half words of love
(love, prem in hindi forms 2 and a half letters)
That is why it is not a thesis, just search

The search has already tore my heart
No longer it feels like a heart
But something that keeps on pulsating in my chest and never stops
I feel I can breath but my pulse is going weak...

Ravi Kopra

In The Evening, A Love Poem By Fenton Johnson In Hindi/Urdu Translation

I

sham k sameh mohabbat lout aati hai
jaise videsh se lout aata hai piya ghar main
sham k sameh mohabbat lout aati hai
gulab k phool liye apne hathoN main
sham k sanmeh zindagi ek geet bun jaati hai
aur sab khet haray haray ho jate hain
aasman main taray taj pehan lete hain
aur khuda hamari rakhwaali karta hai

II

sham k sameh suraj k dhalne par
kam kaj k dukh door ho jatey hain
sham k sameh anand aa jata hai
jab din ki jhoom khatam ho jati hai
sham k sameh shehad bhri chummiAN
mohabbat ki bel par hansti hui a jati hain
aur sham k sameh tum muj ko kehte ho -
O meri jaan-e-jahan, main tera hoon tu meri hai

Ravi Kopra

In The Library, A Touching English Poem By Jean Valentine In Hindi/Urdu Translation

hum dono library main the
roshni badal rehi the cHat pe

aur aise laga k hum dono
doob rehe the paani main

-jo bhi tumay milnay aaya
tu ne badal diya usay

aakhri baar jab hum milay the
tere dono haath mere coat k collars pe the

-terei zindgi k aakhri ye din hain, aisa ye laga muje
-tere laal-laal hont tab laal na the, aisa ye laga muje

tu ne mere haath pakDay
aur de diya jeenay k sahara muje

Ravi Kopra

Innocent Heart

I kept a close watch
at every turn of my life
I would never give up hope
till the apocalyptic night
I lived with smiles on my face
Always hoping I would land in the garden of happiness
Being innocent I never realized the oppression in this world
At the last turn of my life I found there was no one for me
I was just a guest here for everyone else here
So innocent was I, I never realized cunningness of my friends
Nor did I realize how selfish they were
It became hard to put on a smiling face
Everyone quit me saying I could smile alone
No one was there to listen to the sorrows of my heart
Hearts of people in this world are dead like stones'.

Ravi Kopra

Insanity Or What

He calls me a dotard
a war monger, a lunatic
a mentally deranged beast

And now an old man!
I cannot take it any more
That's it. Ultimatum? !

I only call him a rocket man
I never said a short or fat man
I want to be his dear friend

What could it have been
if the crooked one had said -
you cat grabber dotard old man!

Who wants to go to
a theater on Broadway
in Pyongyang or Pyeongchang?

And just for tit for tat
no one is left alive
Jesus descends from heaven

To put our arms, legs, bellies
lungs, hearts, livers together
not heads, we need new heads.

Ravi Kopra

Instant Love

She looked at me
And smiled

O my God!
She, so beautiful!
She must be in love with me
I am going to tell her I love her

It was a little windy
He did not know the winds
Had fallen in love with his toupe.

Ravi Kopra

Is Love A Bloody Bundle?

Is love a bloody bundle,
snow chewing, that comes and goes without a reason?

-Mustafa Koz, a turkish poet

Is love madness
that turns sane peoples' heads
into muddy mush
or just rush of androgens
and estrogens that
drive them to lust
veiled as love in madness?
Whatever it is, it seizes them
and without it, there will be
none of us except bastards.

Ravi Kopra

Is This Poetry?

Poetry, a Rorschach test?
Scatter some words on pages
Squeeze them with forced rhymes and let
Readers make what they want to make of it?
(A wonderful poem or murder of poetry)

And let readers full of flattery come
And praise and praise to get back flattery
When they write their awesome (!)poetry.
They do unto you, what you do unto them.
Is this poetry?

Inspired by -

This Is Poetry - Poem by Robert Murray Smith

We are users of language invented by others.
Using language we express meaning in many ways.
Ask not what you write or speak to be.
Let it be in the minds of others to see.
This is poetry.

Robert Murray Smith

And the comments therein.

Ravi Kopra

Is This Your First Time In Bed With Your New Love?

Is this your first time in bed with your new love?
She will soon find out if you are real or just shit.

Pay heed to these -

Your huge belly protrudes to your pelvis
you stink of onions, garlic, turmeric and heeng
you smother her with a ton of weight, she cannot breathe
your tongue makes a pulp of hers when you are in heat
your nails dig furrows into her skin, she bleeds
you don't wait for her, you are in hurry as if
getting late to attend your mother's funeral
you thrust and thrust, become breathless, get off her
like a dead man lie down motionless beside her.
Wide eyed she looks at you and says - what an idiot! A fool.

Ravi Kopra

It Does Not Matter At All, A Ghazal In English

If you do not know what love is, it does not matter at all
Lift her burqa, make love fast, rest it does not matter at all

Go kill a non believer, steal his wife, make her your own wife
Allah allows it, what the worlds says, it does not matter at all

Work Monday to Thursday, Friday is jumma pray day, Saturday you play hookie
Sunday is an off day. How much you work per week it does not matter at all

If you do not like your neighbor, no problem at all, charge him with blasphemy
Let mullahs beat his ass, let them hang him in the bazaar, it does not matter at all

If one of your wives bitches, refuses to make love to you, no problem at all
Divorce her just saying 'I divorce you.' Kick her out of house, it does not matter at all

Thirty two beautiful virgins, wine and music will be waiting for you in paradise
You brutally kill all Kafirs, all non believers in this world, it does not matter at all.

Ravi Kopra

It Feels Good, A Love Poem After Deepti Mishra

Accha Lagta Hai

A Poem by Deepti Mishra from India at Poemhunter

Tears from my eyes still
fall on my cheeks and pain my heart
since you left me weeks ago.

I miss your hugs, kisses, caresses
I take the arms of your shirt
wrap them around my neck,
the body of your shirt I press
against my heart when I miss you.
I take the legs of your pants
and let them fall on mine
to feel close to you.

I lie to my heart and tell it
you are still with me here
and love me passionately.

I miss you, my love.
Tell me when will you be back
in Bangalore from Kalamazoo, Michigan
salting out all damned hacks
all breaks from their sick computers.

-to be continued, possibly...

Ravi Kopra

It Is Hard To Find Love

Lovers do not
go around talking

of their love
they keep their

love in their heart
they may suffer

in loneliness
but are always

immersed in love
it is hard

to find
a lover

the world does
not allow it

though they
pray they

have a lover
but don't

see you
eye to eye

your beloved
must never

be defamed
even if

you suffer
in loss

let your heart
keep its passions

we never get all
wishes fulfilled.

Ravi Kopra

It Is I, You Women - I Make My Way, Walt Whitman In Hindustani Translation

hey mahila
main hi hoon jo aagay baDta hoon
main kathor hoon, kaDa hoon teekha hoon
apni hi baat karta hoon
lakin tum se pyaar karta hoon

be-zaroorat peeDa kabhi na doonga tumain
lakin loonga tumain zaroor betay-batiaN bananay k liye
jo chahiaiN humaiN apnay mulk k liye

main lagooN ga tere saath,
sikoDooN ka tumain dheeray dheeray
koe fariyad nahiN sunu ga
cHoroON ga nahin jab tak nikala jaata nahiN
jo bhara hua hai mere andar baDay arsay se

tere andar main khoolooN ga mere rukay hue dariya
tere andar main cHipaoON ga aanay waalay hazaroN saal

hey mahila
main hi hoon jo aagay baDta hoon

Ravi Kopra

It Is Love, Real Love

It is love, real love
It is not a joke

It has its ups and falls
In the heat of a moment
Never make a call

Once lost
It may not come back
You will hold your head in hands
Will sit stooping down in a chair

May cry missing her
May slap your forehead and say -
How stupid you were!
It may by then be too late

For love has its wings
May fly too far
Where it gets love
For love in return.

Ravi Kopra

It Is The Color Of My Heart - An Urdu Poem Of Faiz Ahmed Faiz In Translation

It's the Colour of My Heart

When you didn't come,
things were they should be -
the sky was as far as I could see,
the road to travel by was a road,
the goblet was a glassful of wine.

And now, a glassful of wine,
the road to travel by,
and the colour of the sky,
are like the colours of my blood,
flowing from my heart to my liver.

Sometimes golden, like the
shine of your eyes when we meet.
Sometimes grey and saddening like
the sickening feelings of partings.

Other times like colours of old
leaves, of trash, of dry grass,
of red flowers in flower-beds,
of dark sky, of poison, of blood.

Now I see the sky, the road,
the glass full of wine, my wet
robe, my aching nerves in a mirror,
changing moment by moment.

Since you've come, please stay.
May the things - the colours, the seasons,
stay as if they were in one place.
May everything be as it used to be -

The sky, as far as I could see,
the road to travel by a road,
the goblet, brimming with wine.

Ravi Kopra

It Looks Like An Old Philosopher

I do not know its name
I do not know its habitat
Nor do I know its personality

I saw it on an Afrikaans poetry site
sitting on a fence near a dead flower tree
thinking some philosophy

It's tiny, has a fat belly
white and brown feathers
sharp black eyes, a sharp beak

it looks like an old philosopher
thinking of birdie life -
insects, grains, buddy birds, predators

nest, rain, water, winds
mate, eggs, little chicks
ravens, crows, vultures, hawks -

it lives peacefully
among its own kind, minding
its own business daily

unlike humans
philosophers or not
plundering nature.

Ravi Kopra

It Visits You, A Love Poem By The Persian Poetess Fariba Shadloo In Hindi/Urdu Translation

humay iski koi umeed nahin hoti
ye achaanak aa jati hai
park main
bookstore main
aur yahan jahan main ab khaDi hoon

mohabbat tumhari kameez pe lipit kar
aasani se oopar chaDti hai
ek scarf ki tarah gallay main lag jati hai
aur hamara sardi ka mausam kam ho jata hai

Ravi Kopra

It Was Her Birthday

It was her birthday
I woke up early, sneaked out of bed

To serve breakfast to my queen in bed
Coffee was brewing in the pot

The toaster was toasting slices
of her favourite asiago bread

I was turning eggs in the skillet
Suddenly I feel her full breasts

against my back, her hands on my
shoulders, her lips on my neck

My body shuddered.I turned. She smiled
I gave kisses on her mouth, forehead, eyes...

I served her breakfast in the bed
and pulled over the downey, entwined.

Ravi Kopra

Japanese Cats

In India, he hides his dagger in his armpits
But first says Raam Raam before he utters a word

In Japan, he wears a cat on his hand
Be careful wherever he is, in India or in Japan

He does not want to do anything himself
He always borrows paws of a cat

He has thousands of acres of land
But says he has only a cat's forehead

He has a cat's tongue
He does not take a morsel till it's an ice cube.

Ravi Kopra

John Keat's Love Letter To Fanny Brawne, A Found Poem In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Main sub kuch bhool jata hoon
lakin kabhi nahin bhoolta
tujh se milnay ko
dooba rehta hoon main
teri yaadoN main

Mujhe abhi abhi aisay laga
k dum nikal jaeyga mera jaldi se
bahut dukhi ho jaunga main
mil na saka agar marne se pehlay

Mujhe hairani hua karti thee
k log dharam pe jaan de datay hain
ye soch kar main kaampanay
lag jaya karta tha
nahin, ab aisa bilkul nahin,
main ab de sakta hoon
apni jaan dharam k liye -
mohabbat mera dharam hai -
mar jaunga main mohabbat k liye
mar jaunga main tere liye.

I am forgetful
of every thing but
seeing you again -
my Life seems to stop there -
I see no further.
You have absorb'd me.

I have a sensation
at the present moment
as though I was dissolving -
I should be exquisitely miserable
without the hope of soon seeing you...

I have been astonished that
Men could die Martyrs for religion -
I have shudder'd at it -
I shudder no more -
I could be martyr'd for my Religion -
Love is my religion -
I could die for that -
I could die for you.

-John Keats

Ravi Kopra

Just Leaving My Home, What Could I Do, A Urdu Ghazal By Parveen Shakir In English Translation

Just leaving my home, what could I do
Travelling in the evening, how could I do

I already knew all your engagements
Telling you I am coming, how could I do

I could not even get the stars
With the sun and the moon, what could I do

He always travelled in the sun
In the shadows spread by trees, what could he do

The beginning and the end were nothing but the dust
With the pearls growing out of particles, what could I do

You had already made your mind against me
To tell my heart to stay with you, how could I do

Love had blessed her beauty in all forms
With the make up sets, what could she do

Ravi Kopra

Just Think Of It

What you like today
may not like tomorrow
next week, next month
years later
even your husband
your wife you madly love.

Just think of it.

When my penny pinching
friend got old
really old, could hardly
wipe his ass
he once told me:
Ravi, I want nothing
no gold, no women
no fame, no friends.

Just a bed to sleep on
and three meals a day
to feed my tummy.

Just think of it.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - A Cloud Of Love

A cloud of love
Rained on saint Kabir

His soul got drenched in love
Everywhere he saw, it was love love

Everything was emerald green
Loved enveloped him.

???? ????? ????? ??, ?? ?? ????? ?? ?
????? ????? ?????, ??? ?? ????? ?

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - A Rare Glimpse

The road to the
destination is long,
is hard to travel on.
At each step you find
imposters and thieves.

O dear friends, tell me
How can we have a
rare glimpse at God.

???? ???? ???? ??, ???? ??? ??? ????
??? ?????? ?????? ?????, ??????? ??? ???????

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Arrogance

O ye men full of arrogance!
Your heads are in the clutches of time

You never know where
at home or in an alien land
you will stop to breathe.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Awakening

When it was
always I, I, I
There was no
God for me.
Now I seek God
and there is no I.
Darkness has
disappeared
He shows me
the light.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Birds Came

You did not keep watch
over your fields

Birds came
and ate your grains

Some are still left
Take care, if you can.

??? ?????? ??????? ??????? ????? ??? ?
??? ????? ?????, ????? ??? ?? ??? ?

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Body

???? ?? ??? ??? ?? ??? ?? ????? ????? ?
???? ????? ?? ?? ????? ?? ??????

Your body is bound to end, says saint Kabir
Take care of it as much as you can

Your lakhs and crore of rupees will
stay behind. Empty handed you will go.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Come Within My Sight

???? ???? ?? ??, ?????? ??? ??? ???????

?? ??? ?????? ?? ?? ? ??? ????? ??????

-Kabir

O Love

Come within my sight

Let me imbibe you fully

And then close my eyes

I will see none else

And no one else

Will see you.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Compatibility

Rains fell tap dancing
on a huge boulder

The soil took in
all water

The stone remained
bare faced.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Counterfeit Pleasures

Your flawed senses
take counterfeit pleasures
as real ones and your
heart dances in joy

But

Time loves to chew up
the whole world
Some in its jaws already
and some waiting in its lap

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Criticism

Welcome your crits
keep them close
they'll wash up
your shortcomings
sans water sans soap
and you will be a better man.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Desires

O my heart!
Give up your grand
desires and thoughts
They will
never be fulfilled

If one could get
butter out of water
No one would have
a dry toast.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Everybody Is Selfish

???? ????? ??? ????? ?? ??????? ????? ??? ?
?? ?????? ? ?????, ??? ?????? ? ??? ?

Everybody is selfish
No one is there to hang onto

Till you realise this
You will not live fully.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Friendship

Birds now live
in people, Kabir so thinks
Wherever they wish
they fly

They become like
the company
they keep.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Give Up Garbagey Things

Think of life and death
Give up garbagey things

The path you have decided
to tread on

Keep on following
that path.

????? ??? ?????? ??? ????? ??? ?????? ?
???? ?????? ??? ?????? ??? ??? ?????? ?

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Greed

Poor souls!
So many spent all their lives
hoarding money
They could not control their minds
Their hopes, their desires had no end
So many times, Kabir has said this.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - I Am Somebody

I am, I am somebody you say
With pride all the times

Kick it out of yourself
As soon as you can

It like a sleuthing flame
In a small cotton ball

Ready to burn you down to ashes
Whenever it wants.

??? ??? ??? ???? ??, ??? ?? ????? ??????
?? ?? ?????? ?? ???, ??? ?????? ??????

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Laziness

Day after day
You lazied away
You did nothing
You did not pray
To God even

No use repenting now
It is too late
Look at your fields -
You did not reap the harvest
The birds came and ate
Every grain of it.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Love Your God

The temple of your body
is in ruins

All its bricks
have fallen down

Love your God
who made this temple

Save it from ruins
the second time.

???? ????? ??? ?????? ??? ?? ??????? ?
??? ??????? ??? ????????? ?????? ??? ? ????? ??? ?

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Loveless Hearts

Those who have
in their hearts no love,
have no taste of love
and their tongues cannot
utter a word for God's love,
their birth in this world
of what worth?

???? ?? ????? ? ?????? ??, ????? ????? ????? ?????
?? ?? ?? ?????? ???, ????? ?? ?????? ?

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Loving Lord

?? ?? ?? ???? ???? , ???? ??????? ????
???? ??????? ?? ???? , ?? ?? ????? ????

I will turn myself into
A little lamp made of baked clay
Put a wick in it as my soul
And some oil like my blood.

I will lit the lamp
And in its light will have
a glimpse of my loving Lord.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Man, A Bubble Of Water

Man
a bubble
of water

is what man is

one day
he will disappear

like stars disappear
in the morning

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Morals

If somebody shuns you
let him go on his way

If you keep your moral high
everybody like in the Kevat's boat

who gave a ride to Lord Rama
on the holy waters of Ganga

will come back to you.

???? ?? ?? ??? ??, ????? ??? ? ????
???????? ?? ????? ?????, ??? ????????? ???

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - O Love

???? ???? ?? ??, ?????? ??? ??? ???????

?? ??? ?????? ?? ?? ? ??? ????? ??????

-Kabir

O Love

Come within my sight

Let me imbibe you fully

And then close my eyes

I will see none else

And no one else

Will see you.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Pearls

(Not everyone knows the worth of gems)
An ocean wave brings pearls on the shore
An egret gives damn to them
While a swan gobbles them one by one

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Possessions

A day will come when
you will leave behind
everything you now hoard

O kings, O rulers of states!
This also applies to you

?? ??? ??? ?????, ?? ??? ??? ??????
???? ????? ????????, ?????? ??? ????

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Reincarnation

Man is lucky
to be born in this world

To be reincarnated as a man
again after death is hard

Like a leaf fallen
from a bough remains separated

and does not have a second
chance to get back to the bough.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Restless Mind

O mind!
You gave
And listened to
Many discourses

You were restless
In the beginning
You still are.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Restlessness

We pass our lives
listening to sermons

And then talking
what the sermons say

But the restlessness
in our hearts still stays

It never leaves and we feel
the same as on our first sermon day

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Rosary

You die
moving beads of your rosary
but your heart is a hard rock

move your heart with love
touch others' hearts

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Sacrifice

When man is asked
to give up
a part of what
he has

It seems as if
a flood comes
and his greatness, dignity
his loving kindness
are all swept away.

???, ?????, ????? ??, ????? ?? ??? ?????
? ????? ????? ??, ????? ?????? ??? ?????

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Sainthood

Saints do not
leave sainthood
though they
come across
countless people
with nonsense

The snakes
wrap around the
trunks and branches
of the sandalwood tree
but cannot take away
its cool essence.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Sleep

You sleep all time
You do nothing
You do not get up
And pray to God even

Get up you lousy bum
Do something
And pray to your god sometime
Morning or evening

The day is not too far
For your eternal sleep
Of doing nothing.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Speech

Speech is priceless
if you know
how to use it

Don't blurt out your thoughts
measure them first in your heart
before you open your mouth.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - The Working Of World

What is born, dies

What flowers, withers

What goes up, falls down

What goes away, returns

(That's how things take
turn in this world)

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - The World Changes

????? ??? ?? ?????? ??? ??? ?????? ??? ?
?? ?????? ?????? ??? ?????? ?????? ??? ?

Even in those temple like homes
Where seven days a week

They sang holy songs
They are abandoned now
Only crows live there

The world changes - happiness
And sorrows never ever last.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Think

????? ??? ?????? ??? ?????? ??? ?????? ?
????? ?????? ??? ?????? ??? ??? ?????? ?

Think of your birth
Think of your death

Give up bad things
Whatever way

You want to live
Live it fully.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Venture

Those who venture
do get something

Like a diver
who dives in waters deep.

But a sissy sitting
by the shore gets nothing

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Virtue

If someone senses your virtue
everybody goes after you

When no one is after virtue
you are not worth a penny

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Watchfulness

??? ?????? ?????? ?????? ????? ??? ?
??? ?????, ????? ??? ?? ??? ?

Without any watch
The wild birds flew in

And ate up your harvest
You can still save some

If you make haste.

Man, keep watch on
Your belongings

If you want to keep them
Or in no time you'll lose them

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Water

A living tree knows
water is life line

Dry wood knows not
what water is.

A living heart knows
what love is

And for a dead one
love doesn't exist.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Wealth

Stacked in a bundle
you carry your
valuables on your head

What use?
Everybody sees it
You may soon lose it

Carry your wisdom - valuable
in your head
it will last for ever
you will never lose.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Yogi

Anyone can don
a saffron robe
to look like
a yogi

What for?

Let your heart
first be a yogi

You will get
everything.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Your Body

Your body, an unbaked earthen pot
you carry it with you wherever you go

A little hit to it
will reduce it to mere dust
You will have nothing left in this world.

?? ?? ????? ?????? ??, ????? ????? ?? ?????
???? ????? ???????, ??? ? ??? ?????

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Your Body Is Priceless

Your body is priceless
Worth more than diamonds and rubies

This toy of yours
may last for four days only

It might not
even last till tomorrow

Take care of yourself
you have but one body.

???? ?????? ??? ??, ?????? ????? ????? ?
???? ????? ?? ??????, ????? ?????? ????? ?

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Your Bones Burn

Your bones burn
like dry wood

Your hair, like hay

Seeing your body
going up in flames

Saint Kabir
feels sad

Ravi Kopra

Kabir - Your Eyes

???? ??? ??????? ?? ???? ???? ? ????
????? ?????? ?? ??????? ???? ???? ?

In the sandalwood paste
there is no place for kohl

If God rests in your eyes
none else can stay in your eyes

Ravi Kopra

Kabir -Grabbing By Hair

Kabir never found
a preacher
who could preach
the populace

And save them
from drowning in
the maya of
this world
by grabbing
their hair.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir In Translation - A Cup Of Love

Lift a cup of love to your lips
Sip slowly drinking love

It will enter into
Every pore of your body

You will forget everthing
Immersed in pure love

Ravi Kopra

Kabir In Translation - A Foolish Friend

Better
just to see the ghee
than to have
oil in your cuisine

Better to have
a wise enemy
than a foolish
friend.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir In Translation - A Prayer

I pray -
please
give me
enough
to feed
my family
and myself.

And a
little more
to share
with a
hungry holy man.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir In Translation - A Sage

A sage must be
a winnower

that blows off the chaff
from the thrashed grains

and tells us the truth.
Not the one who piles

nonsense on nonsense
and leads us astray

Ravi Kopra

Kabir In Translation - A Water Lily

A water lily loves water
It stays in it

The moon loves the sky
And makes its home in it

Whatever you love, try
You will have it

Ravi Kopra

Kabir In Translation - Best Wishes

Kabir stands
there in the
market and
wishes
everybody
the best

He has
no enemy
nor has he
any friend.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir In Translation - Caste

Do not ask
to which caste
a sage belongs

Ask always for his wisdom

The worth of
a sword is not its sheath
it is itself in the sword.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir In Translation - Contentment

My desires went away
with them went my worries
I felt content
Peace flowed into my heart

Those who want nothing
Are the greatest kings.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir In Translation - Criticism

Never criticise
even a speck of straw

You may trample on it

But when it flies
into your eyes

You will cry mama.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir In Translation - Ego

You lose your riches
So what?

Losing your ego
is the hardest feat

Many sages
died in ego

Many people
still today

Ravi Kopra

Kabir In Translation - Forgiveness

Great men forgive
The lesser ones are unforgiving

What did the Lord lose
when Bhrgu kicked him?

Ravi Kopra

Kabir In Translation - Greatness

What does it matter
if someone
is great
like a
tall
date tree?

It gives no shade
to anyone
on a journey
and its dates
hang
so high.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir In Translation - Guru

You will get lost
not following
your guru

If the lord is
angry at you
you have the guru

But

if your guru is
angry at you
there's no one to turn to

(God first listens to your guru
he is closer to him than you)

Ravi Kopra

Kabir In Translation - Guru And God

My guru and my God
Whom do I bow to first?

My guru
for he is the one
who led me to God.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir In Translation - Happiness

Man feels happiness
in foreign lands

Not knowing in his own land
happiness has no beginning, no end.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir In Translation - Love

Reading books
full of
knowledge
no body
got wise
ever

He who knows
just one word - love
got all the
wisdom
in this world.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir In Translation - Praying To God

When in trouble
man prays
to God
but when on
merry-go round
he forgets Him

If he prays
while well
and happy,
no trouble
there
would be.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir In Translation - Pride

Do not be
proud of your
high rises
says saint Kabir

one day
you will be
six feet under
and above you
will grow the grass.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir In Translation - Procrastination

Do today
what you have to do
tomorrow
Do now
what you have to do
today

Do it as if
any moment
the world
might end,
What would you
do then?

Ravi Kopra

Kabir In Translation - Righteousness

When you came
into this world
you cried
and everybody laughed

Be upright
so that
after you die
no body makes
fun of you.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir In Translation - Sages And Snakes

A sage
is like a sandalwood tree
The world
is like a snake

That wraps
itself around the tree
But cannot
alter its essence.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir In Translation - Self Discovery

I went out
looking
for
bad
people,
I found
none.

I looked into
myself
and
found
the worst one.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir In Translation - Speech

Speak
as if
you have
no
ego

So that
it calms
you
and comforts
those who
listen to you

Ravi Kopra

Kabir In Translation - Steadily, Unhurriedly

Steadily,
unhurriedly
you can
achieve
everything

A gardner
may water
his plants
day and night,
they will
bear fruit
only when
the season
is right.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir In Translation - The Clay And The Potter

The clay
says to the potter -
why do you knead me?

A day
will come when
you will go
to dust
and I will
knead
you then.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir In Translation - The Hand-Mill In Motion

Seeing the
hand-mill in motion
the heart
of Kabir cries

Between the
two
grinding
stones,
no one can
survive.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir In Translation - Where Is God?

Like the oil
in the
sesame seed,
like the spark
in the flame,
your God
is
within you,
wake up
and
find him.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir In Translation - Worry

Worry
is such
it cuts open
your heart

Poor medic
What can he do?
What med can he give you?

Ravi Kopra

Kabir In Translation -Joys Of Love

Joys
of love
cannot be told
in any story

Like a mute
who cannot speak
but smiles
on eating
a candy.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir Like Doha - Dharam

tu bharat main paida hua, tere dada pardada har bharti samaan
kaala moonh karo tu apna arbi dharam lagai bun baitha musalmaan

Your are born an Indian
Your forefathers born in India were Hindus
You look, live like an Indian Hindu

But have adopted the desert religion of the barbaric bedouin
You eat holy cows, you torture your women under black burqas
Let people of dharma blacken your face with dark black soot
Make you ride the dumbest donkey in the town and shame you, shame you!

Ravi Kopra

Kabir Like Doha - Religion

hum na hindu, na muslim, na isahee, hum ek insaan
mora jeevam bahut shudh hoee, hum japoo bhagwaan naam

I am not a Hindi
Not a Musalmaan
Nor a Christian
But I am only human
I live a pure life
And pray to God.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir -Lord

The Lord of Hindus is Ram
Muslims' Lord is Rehman

They fight with each other
till death

And still
no one knows the truth.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir -Our Bodies, Our Deeds

?? ?? ?? ?? ?? ??? ??? ?? ??????? ?
?? ?? ??? ????? ??, ??? ??? ? ???????

Our bodies are like woods
Our deeds make an axe

We cut down our trees
Using our own axe

So is the light of humankind
Says the helpless saint Kabir

Ravi Kopra

Kabir- Worthlessness

You passed the
nights sleeping
and days, eating

you were a
priceless gem at birth
everyday you are becoming
a little more worthless.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir -Worthlessness

You spent
nights sleeping
days eating

When born
you were a
priceless gem
and now
not worth a penny.

Ravi Kopra

Kabir Would Say This In Bhojpuri

jap lay pyaare raam ka naam yadi swarag tu chahay to
bhoot khaaeN gay tohra shreer naam uska tu bhoola to

Ravi Kopra

Kabir-Talk

Do not blabber
Yet do not keep your silence
Talk as you must

No body likes unending rains
No body likes scorching heat

Ravi Kopra

Kali, The Blackest Of All, Is My Name

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. Now the earth was formless and empty, darkness was over the surface of the deep, and the Spirit of God was hovering over the waters.

Genesis 1: 1-2

In the beginning it was time force
and darkness was everywhere
no earth, no moon, nor sun, nor planets were born
I am born of darkness and time force
Kali, the blackest of all, is my name.

People in fear worship me
I chop off necks of the evil and drink their blood
I wear skin of a lion, with cut arms of men I cover my pelvis.
I ride lions. Snakes and a jackal are my constant companions.
I have for arms and three eyes and a blood red tongue.
My black hair is disheveled, my white teeth long and sharp.
I carry a sword, a bowl to collect blood, a cut head of a devil
and a blue lotus in my four hands.
I wear a garland of one hundred eight skulls around my neck.

When people see me
the children run to their mothers
the valiant soil their pants
the birds stop their flights in the air
lions in jungles run to their dens
all animals shake and tremble
dogs can't bark, people stammer and bumble.
Time stands still.

Don't mistake me for a devil
I kill the devils
I eliminate the evil
And I bless with my blue lotus
all those who are good and pious.

Lord Shiva is my consort
His wife Parvati is jealous of me
I trample on Shiva's chest
when he does not listen to me...

Ravi Kopra

Kalidasa's Ritusamharan, Spring, Chapter 6, Translated From Sanskrit Into English

O dear, the green leaves abound
in the beginning of spring
on the branches of mango trees,
the bees swarm there and hum,
the cupid thus awakens the desires of lovers
to get ready to make love. (6-1)

The trees sway with flowers in the spring,
lotus flowers float in ponds full of water,
fragrant breeze blows in the morning and evening
and the lusty women can't wait to be with their lovers.
How pleasant is this, the season of spring! (6-2)

Everything prospers in this season -
Swimming pools brimming with water,
Mango trees full of flowers
Clear skies glow under the moonshine.
The women glow in their lust and wander around
showing off their lovely bodies adorned with shining
jewels on belts, tied around their slender waists.
These lusty women are pleasure to behold in this season of spring. (6-3)

They cover their sexy round plump behinds
with short silk skirts dyed in red,
and their full bulging breasts in see-through silken bras
dyed in brown, yellow and red.
They make their lovers hearts throb
walking around thus flimsily dressed. (6-4)

-to be continued

Ravi Kopra

Kalidasa's Ritusamharan, Winter, Chapter 5, Translated From Sanskrit Into English

O ladies with lusty thighs
the season of winter will please your hearts
with field after of field of paddy and sugarcane
with red cranes screeching in fields
bringing you to orgasm sooner
when you are making love (5-1)

It is cold. The winds are chilly.
People shut their ventilatoers.
Sit near the fire places, in the sun
or with their hot women to warm themselves. (5-2)

It is not the season to cool you off with the sandal paste
or go to your roofs under the bright moon at nights
or walk in the chilly winds. (5-3)

Still the landscape at night is wonderful -
tons of snow shines under the moonlight
and clusters of stars twinkle in the clear skies. (5-4)

Women chew fragrant betel nuts,
put garlands of fresh flowers around their necks,
rub scented lotions and creams on their pretty faces
and after a drink or two of liquor, enter the bed rooms
where their husbands are eagerly waiting for them. (5-5)

Some husbands are grouchy. Want to pick fights.
But their beautiful wives melt their hearts.
The wives forgive them for their faults
lest they lose the chance of making love. (5-6)

Lusting young couples make love all night
so much so the women can't walk straight next morning,
their thighs and busts hurt for long hours of making love. (5-7)

Their bras squeeze their bulging breasts.
The ornaments on the silk bands on the top of bras dangle as they walk

They put fresh flowers in their hairdos. Their big boobs sway as they slowly themselves become the winter's decorations. (5-8)

Women rub cinnabar vermillion on their breasts and bosoms to look beautiful
It is rubbed off onto the chest of men when they hold them tight in their arms coming to orgasms night after night.
They warm themselves with the hot bodies of their women all winter, While the lusting ladies relish it every second, every night in delight.(5-9)

Before the couples get ready for the night They have drink after drink of aphrodisiacs with petals of lotus dipped in for fragrance, This, and the fragrance of their lotus like ladies makes men high. They rush to bedrooms for the next session.(5-10)

A lady consumed in love with her man rises in the morning and sees her boobs flat against her chest. She smiles thinking how her lover pressed her tight to squeeze every drop of love-nectar out of her. She leaves the bedroom for another chamber.(5-11)

And another delightful beauty with slender waist and plump derriere rises in the morning to see the flowers in her hair-bun all withered and rumped. Her fragrant hair falling on shoulders all ruffled. She leaves the bedroom to brush her hair. (5-12)

They wash their golden lotus like faces
Brush hair falling onto their shoulders
Their catlike eyes seem meeting their ears
These ladies are like goddess Laxmi who brings property to our homes.(5-13)

Some plump ladies have huge breasts
They would bend down with weight
if they didn't have heavy behinds
to balance and thus stand straight.
They walk slowly and stand nude
changing their night wear to day dresses.(5-14)

They have love bites at their full lips
Their breasts are marked with crescent moons
left there by their lovers' sharp nails.
They rejoice looking at them and hide them
under all sorts of make up to look beautiful. (5-15)

In the winter, markets abound with new sugar candy
new sweetmeats, fresh sweet juice from sugar cane.
This sweetness adds to their sweet love makings.
But alas! The lovelorn suffer too without love mates. (5-16)

Ravi Kopra

Karachi Is A Dungeon, Mumbai A Palace

Karachi is a dungeon
Mumbai, a palace

If Mumbai is an elephant
Karachi, only a rodent

In Karachi, live chaprasis
In Mumbai, Bollywood stars

Karachi, a kabristan of pakistan
Mumbai, the heera of hindustan

Karachi women live under burqa
Mumbai women in full freedom

Karachi stinks of raw sewage
Mumbai with underground sewage system

People ride donkeys and camels in Karachi Bazaars
In Mumbai they ride in Mercedes and in bullets trains

Karachi full of filth, misery, poverty
Mumbai full of mirth, wealth and modernity

Mullahs and Taliban rule over Karachi
Mumbai the most progressive Indian city

Karachi poets die for a look at the henna painted hand of women
Men in Mumbai walk hand in hand with women and love them in their hearts

In Karachi, people slaughter cows, chickens, goats in their backyards
In Mumbai they grow flowers, vegs and children play in the backyards

Morning and evening muezzins shout with loud calls in Karachi
Industrial machines roar day and night everyday in Mumbai

The only music in Karachi is their wailings at funeral processions
Music is made day and night everyday in Bollywood and elsewhere in Mumbai

Karachi is regressing back to the bedouin desert life of arabia every single day
Mumbai is leaping forward with modernity keeping with time every single day

Karachi is full of thugs, thieves, cheats, mullahs, mauvis, masjids and jihadis
Mumbai is bustling with business, soon to be the financial capital of the world

O you idiot Gorakhpuri folks, Lucknow wallahs who left India for your rotten pak
Rot, rot everyday there. We will in no way accept you back in our bharat mata

Unless you give up your pak, a part of India anyway, and promise to live with us
In peace and prosperity giving up your barbaric beaudoin desert uncivilised way
of life.

Ravi Kopra

Katrina, My Golden Honey

Katrina, my golden honey
my happy swallow
my daffodil in the breeze
in her blue bikini,
meets me on the brown
sands of the golden beach
in Bali, for the first time.

We say hellos
we say how are yous
a little nervous at first
we watch gulls
we see the setting sun
the people passing by
while in my heart I keep on saying
Oh my God, how beautiful is she.

We walk by the shore
not holding hands but leisurely
each wondering what next will we say.
Suddenly, she asks me -
you are a doc, aren't you?
Yes I say, nonplussedly.
'My ex gave me herpes
is there a cure for it?' she asks

Oh God, what a crap!
I say to myself and hurry
back home to write poetry.

Ravi Kopra

Kiss - A Couplet Of Akbar Merthi In Translation

Take your kiss back
What for are you fighting with me?
You sound as if
I have plundered the master's land.

The original in Urdu

le lo bosa apna vapas kis liye takrar ki
kya koi jagir ham ne chhin li sarkar ki

Ravi Kopra

Kiss 1, A Spanish Poem Of Dina Posada In English Translation

Kiss 1

A pleasing idea
is hiding
behind my lips
for you tongue
to reach it,
to raise
the confused
sensations
of our alliance
we are just forming.

Ravi Kopra

Kiss 3, A Spanish Poem Of Dina Posada In English Translation

Confused beginnings
Hell raising voices
Hidden desires

All sometimes disappear
the moment the two tongues
meet with consenting desires.

Ravi Kopra

Krishna Appears Darker (Mirabai)

I hear a note from a
flute coming down the
river. O my enchanted
heart! what doubts the flute
player has not yet
erased in your mind?

In dark trousers near the
dark Jamuna waters,
Krishna appears darker
than ever before.
A single note from his
flute makes me lose my
mind. I stumble and ask
to be free of these
torments of mine.

Ravi Kopra

Krsna Replies To Radha's Letter

I will give up all Gopis
I will wait on you day and night
But I cannot give up my duties

I am born to protect
all living and non-living things
birds, mountains, rivers, valleys

and all celestial things -
sun, moon, stars and galaxies
I make them shine for you

You are in me
I am in you
my loveliest gopi

Your heart beat
Krsna

Ravi Kopra

Kudos To Domino Dominici

Some dumb Domino Dominici
who delivers pizzas
by order to Apus who make
more than him, his dad and mom
all combined, and lives in
some ramshackle shack in some
god cursed neighborhood of
a god cursed poor, filthy
city comes here as a critic
of poems, makes 4 letter comments
befitting his brilliance and
intelligence. A poet laureate
he calls himself.
He deserves good tips
for his pizza delivery.
As for his poetry, he
knows he's a poet laureate.
Kudos to Domino Dominici
Good boy of good parents.
One day he'll be in literature
a Nobel Laureate.

Ravi Kopra

Kumarmani Mahakul Lectures Children On Consciousness

Dear children! pay full attention
Don't have a lot of body consciousness
Always have soul consciousness.

-Kumarmani Mahakul at poemhunter

Child:

Mom, what does it mean?
Does it mean that
I do not wipe my ass
When I use the restroom?

Mom:

No dear, do wipe it
But don't be aware of it.

Child:

O mom, you are crazy.
How can I wipe it
If I don't know I am wiping it?

Child:

And what is soul consciousness, mom?

Mom:

O dear, you are too much for me.
To me it is all nonsense. Utter nonsense.
Nevertheless, I am sending a letter to Kumarmani Mahakul
Who will precisely explain that it comes from God in the skies.
And besides him only God knows it!

Ravi Kopra

Kya Cheez Hai Ye Ladki (What A Beauty Is She!)

?? ???????? kya cheez hai ye laDki

uski aankhon se dhuaN nikal raha hai
jab wo unko dekhta hai
uski taraf thandi hawa chal paDti hai
aur wo baraf sa thanda ho jata hai
isko kehte hain mohabbat
jo tum ko baraf bana deti hai

jaise pani jam jata hai
ek jagah ruk jata hai
na hilita hai, na fisalta hai
ek thandi moorti ban jaata hai
uske hont laal laal tamatar jaise hain
laal laal chADpher se hain
wo unko khana chahta hai

jab wo bolti hai
uska dil pigal jata hai
sureeli ghantiaN bajne lag jati hain
dil main sitar apne aap taron par suraiN bajati hai
aur uske dil main hal chal machal jati ha

jhaDpher jaise us k gaal hain
jab vo hansti hai to us k hilkoray
usko ek pahaD par utha le jate hain

us k phailay baal chamakte hain
reshmi jaise mulayam hain
khushboo se bhare hue hain
jab vo usko dekhta hai
us k dil main chaku lag jate hain
aur vo kehta hai -
usay dekhte hi dekhte mera saans bund ho jata hai

Ravi Kopra

Language And Poetry

In your ignorant early years
you begin to think that
all poetry written in English is great
and poetry in your own language is third rate.

Your thinking is not right.
Leave your foolishness and write
poetry in the language you can
read, write and understand and make
others understand what you write.

Language has to do much with poetry.
You are a lost soul, a fool without it
And your admirers are lost souls and fools themselves
Except for what lies in your head you can't express.

Ravi Kopra

Language Of Love In India, A Hindi/Urdu Poem

jab main hindi main likhi
koe pyaar ki kavita paDta hoon
baDi sookhi sookhi si lagti hai

is main koe rooh nahin hoti
ras se bhari nahin hoti
badan ki haddiyon se bani dhanchi si
anjar-panjar si lagti hai

lakin bollywood k urdu k mahabat k ganoN main
doodh aur shahad k dariya chalte hain
gulab k phooloN ki muskrahatain aati hain
dil main baharain chalne lag jati hain

urdu ki ghazlon ka, nazmon ka,
hindi ki kavita se kya mukabla!
agar mugli urdu na bolte
to bollywood ka namo nishan na hota
arboN-kharboN k filmi karobar ka naam na hota

urdu zuban dil lagi ki hai, mohabat ki hai
aur hindi hai panditoN k jantar mantar ki
hindi main mohabat kahaN hai?
urdu main mohabat ka jahaN hai

Ravi Kopra

Language, Nizar Qabbani's Poem In Hindi Translation

mahbooba k saath mohabbat main khoobi se lagay hue
kya aadmi ko yoni-ling k alfaz bhool jane chahiye?
kya mohabbat main doobi aurat ko
vyakaran, bhasa-karan wale logoN ke hi sath sona chahiye?

apni jaane-e-jaan ko main ne kuch bhi na kaha
lekin uske sab dulte dulte dil-chahat wale lafzon ko
main ne apne suitcase main daal diya
aur kuch na bolay, bhagta chala gaya.

When a man is in love
how can he use old words?
Should a woman
desiring her lover
lie down with
grammarians and linguists?

I said nothing
to the woman I loved
but gathered
love's adjectives into a suitcase
and fled from all languages.

-Nizar Qabbani

Ravi Kopra

Last Love

What other women can I love now?
It is better if I forget you.

My heart was broken when I met you
it is all chakna-choor - powdered - now
Some sticky paste pulsing in my chest now
What will it be tomorrow, I do not know.

No heart-mender can mend it now.
You used to say - kiss as if it's your last kiss
Dance as if it's your last dance and love as last love.
Yes, you were my last love. Absolutely, forever, last love!
Do not call me. I have had enough of your love.

Ravi Kopra

Last Night The Wind And Rain Together Blew (Crows Crying At Night) A Chinese Poem Of Li Yu In Translation

Last night the rain came with winds
the crows cried
curtains on windows rustled
singing their spring songs
the candle died
the water-clock stopped
I got up and sat thinking
Restless all night
I could not sleep

Our affairs are like running rivers
our life, floating dreams
I should drink more often
in the country taverns
I could die otherwise.

=Rendered from a literal translation on the web pages

Last night wind together rain
Curtain curtain sough autumn song
Candle die water-clock exhausted often oh
Rise sit not able calm
Human affairs everywhere like flow water
Consider come a dream float life
Drunk country road sure should often go
This outside not able continue

Ravi Kopra

Last Poem By Alfonsina Storni In Hindi/Urdu Translation Before She Committed Suicide By Drowning Herself In The Ocean

Main Sonay Jaa Rahi Hoon

Mere datoN main phool khile hoNgay
mere sar par hogi shabnam ki jaali
hathon main hoNgi jaDi butiyaN
ay meri bheegi dayi
tayar kado mere liye zamin ki ek chaddar
aur kail se bhari ek naram razaii

Aey meri dayi
main sonay jaa rahi hoon
muj bister par le chalo
mere sar ka pass ek lamp jala dena
ya aasman k tare la dena
jo kuch bhi tum karo, mujhe pasand hai
lakin roshni kuch dheemi kar dena

Mujhe akela choD dena
tum ko pulte phooloN ki awaaz aayegi...
aasman se aa kar ek paer tumheN daba deta hai
aur ek pakhi tumhara swaroop kheench deta hai

Tum mujhe aise bhool jaana
bahut tumhara shukriya
zara ruko, suno meri ek prarthana -
agar uska telephone aaya
to usay keh dena: phir se karna
kyon k main ab chali gayi hoon

Ravi Kopra

Laws Of Love Of Inertia After Nikki Giovanni

Sometimes I want to touch you and be touched in return. But you think I'm grabbing and I think you're shirking and Mama always said to look out for men like you

So I go to the streets with my lips painted red and my eyes carefully shielded to seduce the world my reluctant lover

- from The Laws of Motion - Poem by Nikki Giovanni

Sometimes I want to touch you and wish you touch me in return.

Sometimes I want to kiss you and wish you kiss me in return.

I wish to walk close to you and say: hi,
how are you?

Unbeknownst to you I have been closely following you.

If I do not approach, I do not think you will.

And if I do, and you reject me

What will it do to my dil?

Will my dil be doomed for love forever?

I do not know even though it says:

Go ahead, don't be a
coward.

But I do know this:

Heart unmoved in love, always stays
still.

By Nikki Giovanni's laws of love of
inertia.

dil= a hindi/Urdu word for heart

Ravi Kopra

Leaders These Days - A Poem After Subhas Chandra Chakra

Leaders these days
We elect them in good faith
They break their promises
They break our faith.
May Lord Shiva break their necks!

Ravi Kopra

Lemon Tree, A Spanish Poem By Jennifer Clement In English Translation

If you climb a lemon tree,
feel its bark
with your feet and knees,
smell its white flowers,
rub in your hands its leaves.
Remember,
the tree is older than you
and in its branches,
you might find stories.

Árbol de limón

Si te subes a un árbol de limón
siente la corteza
con tus rodillas y pies,
huele sus flores blancas,
talla las hojas
entre tus manos.
Recuerda,
el árbol es mayor que tú
y tal vez encuentres cuentos
entre sus ramas.

- Jennifer Clement

Ravi Kopra

Let Him Come

Let a little dissent not
Dishearten you, let him come

To see you to have a drink with you
And let him tell you his point of view

Let him come to be with you
To see if he really loves you

Let the afternoon turn into dusk
Wait for him in earnest, let him come

He may come with a bouquet of flowers
Bare handed or with a bottle of champagne

Let him come and be with you and see
If he was at fault and apologizes to you

What will you gain by letting him not come?
You may lose him and never see him again

Be wise, beautiful, charming one
Let him come to be with you.

Ravi Kopra

Let Me

tum mujhe apne khoon main zinda rehne do

tum mujhe apni ankhoN main nachne aur ganay ki ijazat do

tum mujhay apni haddioN aur paslioN main sonay do

tum mujhay apne aap main samah lo

Ravi Kopra

Let Us Get Out And Enjoy The Rains, A Hindi/Urdu Poem By M. Nasim Nehal In English Translation

Let us get out and enjoy the rains
let us relive our memories

to walk in the mud a little
to touch wet soil with fingers

to sail the paper boats in lakes
to save them when they drown in waves

to taste the raindrops on tongues
reaching out far off our mouths

to put on our raincoats after
fritters and hot tea at home

to put canisters on floors under the leaking roof
to get wet escaping the gushing gutters flowing

to save the rain drenched birds
drying them up, feeding them grains

holding umbrellas sideways in rains
saving your love from rains walking with you

carefully shutting umbrellas, taking off our slippers
holding them in hands and running in fields in rains

lets get out and enjoy the monsoon rains
let us relive memories of childhood in rains

Ravi Kopra

Let Us Lovingly Kiss

As if each kiss
Were a kiss of farewell,
Let us lovingly kiss, my Chloe.

-Fernando Pessoa

It may be my last walk with you
Let us hold hands
Walk along the shore
See the gulls, see the sun
Setting behind the orange clouds.

It may be my last dinner with you
Let us pour the bubbly champagne
Into the empty goblets
And let us have our fill.

It maybe my last night with you
Let us get into the jacuzzi
Let us get our showers
Lit the scented candles
And dive into the bed together.

Tomorrow will always come
For me, for you, who knows
And "if each kiss were a kiss
Of farewell" my dear sweet love
"Let us lovingly kiss."

Ravi Kopra

Let Us Relish The Pleasures Of Life, Rendering Omar Khayyam

Let us relish the pleasures of life
Whenever wherever we have a chance
You'll be buried with your strife
One day anyway. Eat, drink and dance.

XXV.

Ah, make the most of what we may yet spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie;
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and - sans End!

Ravi Kopra

Let Us Talk Of Things Of Mystery Today, A Urdu Ghazal By Minu Bakshi In English Translation

Let us talk of things of mystery today
Let us talk how beautiful she looks today

She told us everything about her lover smilingly
Let us talk about her smiles and manners today

Was it childhood or young age when we heard about love?
Let us talk about the strange ways of love today

I still remember how subdued I was when I declared my love for her
My eyes were shut and I was slurring. Let's talk of such things today

I am tired of being duped in love for the sake of others
Let's talk what my heart has gone through for years today

My heart is disappointed what love has done to me
Let talk what made all of us hopeless today

My beloved is gone. We agreed to be apart
Now it is so beautiful. Let us talk of things of mystery today

Ravi Kopra

Life Does Not Run Smoothly

Life does not run smoothly.
Little hurdles - sometimes huge -
come our way everyday and one way
or the other we overcome them
and go on living.

But sometimes, for no reason,
or over some minor trifle
we feel uneasy and queasy
and want some time off
to get it off our minds.

And if someone in the interim says
we are stewing over nothing
and it is foolish to not let
it go off instantaneously,
to me it is condescending
talking down, belittling.
And I say to him: buzz off buster
go live with your own reasoning.

Ravi Kopra

Life Has Loveliness To Sell, A Poem By Sara Teasdale In Hindi/Urdu Translation

zindagi khushioN se bhari hui hai
shaandaar, khoobsurat cheezon se bhari hui hai
sagar ki neeli lehroN ko pahaDi se takrate dekho
neeli neeli lehron ko safed jaag main badalte dekho
hawa main uchalti aag ko naachte gaate dekho
aur bachoN k cheroN ki hairaani ko dekho

zindagi khushiyon se bhari hui hai
snehri lachakti music ko suno
devdar peDon ki barsaati khushboo ko soongho
ankhain jo tumhe pyaar karti hain zara unko dekho
baazo jo pyaar se tumhaiN chahte hain zara unko choho
aur aatma ki shanti ke liye aasman main taaron ko dekho

kharch kar dalo koDi koDi pyaar k liye
poocho na kabhi pyaar ki kya keemat hoti hai
zindgi bhar mehnat main mar mar kar kamaane se
shaanti se ek ghanta ganay gana behtar hai
aur ek param anand lehme k liye
de do, de do jo kuch bhi tumhare pass hai!

Ravi Kopra

Life Is Like A Letter

Life is like a
letter written by
an illiterate man
from a foreign land

No way you can
read it, no way you can
understand what it says.

zindagi kam pa?he pardesi ka ?hat hai 'ibrat'
ye kisi tarah pa?ha jaa.e na samjha jaa.e

-IBRAT MACHLISHAHRI

Ravi Kopra

Life Is Not A Joke

Life is not a joke. Take it seriously
Whatever you do, do it diligently

If you are a shoe shine
Shine the shoes no else can

If you are a ruler
Rule with compassion, pride

Do something for yourself
Do something for the humanity

Bring water to the thirsty
Bring food to the hungry

Show light in darkness
Guide the blind on his way

Do something for the mother earth
Don't plunder and loot it

It breastfed you on birth
It will take you in at death

Once its ship sinks
It will not rise again.

Ravi Kopra

Life Is Strange

Life is strange in many ways -
To some you give happiness, to others all sorrows
You smile even when someone is in pain
And bring sorrows when happiness abounds.

Strangers sometime wound our hearts
Well wishers sometime give us troubles
Sometime you sooth aching hearts
Sometime you pain happy hearts.

Sometime you bless us with full heart
Sometime you bring all ill wills
Sometime your drink is very sweet
Sometime you taste like poison bitter.

Sometimes you brings laughter among us
Sometimes you tell us to live on sorrows
Sometimes you gently heal our wounds
Sometimes you smile and we forget our wounds.

Why do you in your strange ways remind us of our past wounds?
Many pass all their lives in sorrows, and still
Why do you never give them a single happy spring to live?
Why do you promise us that everyday we will live in spring?

Ravi Kopra

Life Of My Life, A Love Poem In Hindi/Urdu

Aye meri jaan-e-jahaN
halaN k aaj tum mujh ko
kuch murjhaee si lagti ho
tum maalda, safedi aam k peDoN
se ladi hue meri meethi aam ho

Tum khali khoobsoorat hi nahin
har andaz se tu meri gul-e-bahar ho
chahey kabhi sharmeeli si ho
ya ek sherni ki tarah mujh pe lipti hue ho

Dil mira hamesha chahta hai
k choos loon dil bhar kar
tere ras bhare meethe maamoN ko
aur kah looN tera sara badan kacha-

kacha jab lait jate hain hum ikhdhay dono
raat k andhere main naram garam bistray pe
ek doosre k jhakDay hue, aur bachay dekh rahe
hote hain sapnoN main apne khilonoN ko

Ravi Kopra

Life Without Hope

Planets are moving around the stars.
The stars are shining, are dead, becoming dwarfs.
The moon will show up its face in the evening.
Lovers will walk around hand in hand in gardens, in parks.
Some will be born, some will die, the world will keep on moving.
And I, homeless, hopeless, helpless will strive somehow
To live my life scavenging food from fast food dumps,
Sleeping under highways bridges and aimless wandering without an end.
Hope makes you strong to look forward. I desire nothing.
I have no hope for nothing. My life, natural. Will end its
Cycle from nothing to nothing. And in between the
Beginning and the end, I am what I am - nobody, nothing.

Ravi Kopra

Life's Fun - Rendering Omar Khayyam

Before the sunrise, the drunkard dreams
At the bartender of the tavern he screams -
Wake up, wake up and fill to the full my cup
Before I feel thirsty and life's fun dries up.

II.

Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky
I heard a voice within the Tavern cry,
'Awake, my Little ones, and fill the Cup
Before Life's Liquor in its Cup be dry.'

Ravi Kopra

Lips, An English Ghazal

Your lips on my lips
so sweet are your lips

You drive me crazy
let me kiss your lips

When you get angry
don't suck your lips

So rosy they look
I love your lips

When you get herpes
sores appear on your lips

I will not kiss any
herpes infected lips

I love the black mole
on the left near your lips

I get restless if I do not see you
But feel thrilled when my lips are on your lips

Don't smear too much red lipstick
light pink looks sexy on your lips

Don't smooch me hard on my cheeks
seeing the mark they will ask: whose were these lips?

When I met you for the first time
my heart said: O God, how lubricious are her lips!

You will be sorry sometimes
if you make the log too slippery with your lips

My wife found my collar was looking somewhat reddish
She roared in anger: who is that bitch with red lips?

When you meet a new love
her eyes will tell a lot, so do her lips

Looking at you I feel so sexy
my lips crave for your lips

When your lips are dry in the summer
rub a vaseline stick on your lips

Sometime we languor in bed at nights
caress and kiss lips on lips

When you are eating barfi and jalebis
don't smack your lips

O 'Ravi' don't go crazy thinking of lips
Your love is waiting to lock her lips to your lips

Ravi Kopra

Listen To The Old Uncle Khayyam, He Is The Only Wise - Rendering Omar Khayyam

Listen to the old uncle Khayyam, he is the only wise
The rest give useless long sermons full of lies
Don't wait too long to have fun in life. Prize
Yourself with pleasures before your soul flies.

-RK

XXVIII.

Oh, come with old Khayyam, and leave the Wise
To talk; one thing is certain, that Life flies;
One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown forever dies.

-Edward Fitzgerald

Ravi Kopra

Listen! We Are Too Much In Love Now, A Urdu Ghazal By Khalid Moin In English Translation

Listen! we are too much in love now
Our ways seems to have diverged now

The well wisher was best at wishing us good luck
But our love-wounds seem to be too deep now

Love is limitless. It has no boundaries
How come we seem to be so far apart now?

For days I kept this hidden in my heart
I cannot but help. It shows all over my face now

Old wounds are not yet healed
New wounds are showing up in glory now

Though he's taciturn, he is not now
Untold stories tell everything now

Ravi Kopra

Living, A Turkish Poem By Nazim Hikmet In English Translation

Living is not just
Passing through life

It must be taken seriously
Like a squirrel, for example

Waiting for nothing
Always looking

Always working to
Preserve its survival.

Ravi Kopra

Lo! Some We Loved, The Loveliest And Best, A Rubiait Of Omar Khyyam In Hindi/Urdu Translation

zara socho! jin jin premi janoN ko hum ne pyaar kiya
waqt aur kismat ne le li unki sub shan-e-shauqat
peeaey the unoN ne bhi bhar bhar k sharaab k pyaale
ek ek kar k sub paunch chuke hain kabroN main aaj tak

Ravi Kopra

Lonely In The Lotus Garden

Lonely in the lotus garden
Lung Shuo drank a pot of wine

The moon was full and low, the breeze cool
He sang a thousand Chinese songs of love

Thinking of Shi Lu, his soft, slender, lovely wife
A thousand tender feelings of love crowded in his sad heart

Ten thousand willow trees rhymed with his love songs
And two thousand small turtle doves sang with his songs

Translated somewhat literally such as -
Lovely doves, low full moon, willow trees

Cool autumn breeze, flower garden, butterflies
Orioles, sweet orioles singing on litchi trees

And I thinking of you by the Wu's monastery, drinking
All alone two pots of red wine sitting under a tree...

Ravi Kopra

Lonely Lee Leaned Against The Railings

Lonely Lee leaned against the railings
The green mountains were in the distance
King butterflies flitted together in the air
The fragrant grass was so very luxuriant
Candles flickered in the the straw roofed hut
But Lee was in the gloomy mood
His wife had left him for good
He missed her soft body in bed at nights
He missed her golden voice, her tender beauty
He would rush early in the morning to his in-laws house
Beg her to be back to be his lonely hut
Ask for forgiveness when he bitched at her being damn drunk.

Ravi Kopra

Long Distance Romances

Long distances romances do not work
my friends often say
Find a girl in your village
who knows you
you know her ways
fall in love and marry her
my grandma says.

Yet my hippie self wanders
heart wants love
soul wants merger
mind intoxicated wonders
I fall in love with women on web
hundreds of mile I go to finally find:

Many are heart broken many times
some alcoholic, others on drugs
manic depressives, sickos, psychoes
with myriad disorders of mind
on surface pretty, high flatun professionals
deep inside illusional, dysfunctional
Like attracts like, I then realize.

Who's perfect? All wabi sabi
I head to my village, all ready.

Ravi Kopra

Look At Her, How Sad She Is!

Look at her, how sad she is!
Hair disheveled, no make up
Doesn't raise her head up
She stares at floor all times

Maybe she is lonely
No boyfriend, no husband
Maybe she lost her job
Knows not how to pay the bills

Maybe she is sick
With ectopic pregnancy
Chest pains, high sugar
High blood pressure

Maybe she is heart broken
Her lover left her for another woman
She would not give him freedom
She was jealous of other women

Maybe her husband's alcoholic
He beats her black and blue
She has no one to go to
She knows not what to do

Maybe she has a secret
No one she wants to tell to
The pimp watches her all times
Knows not whom to turn to

Maybe her boss raped her
Maybe some stranger raped her
Maybe her neighbor raped her
Rape, these days, is so common.

Maybe, maybe...
But it is true
She is sad and gloomy
May there be someone for her to talk to.

Ravi Kopra

Look To The Rose That Blows About Us, A Rubaii Of Omar Khayyam In Hindi/Urdu Translation

gulab k khila phool kehta hai -
dekho mujemain kitna khoobsoorat hoon.
aurkal jab vo murja jaati hai
to kooDay k deher par paunch jata hai.

Ravi Kopra

Lori -?????? ?? ?????? ?? ??? ???

gulabi
gulabi

gulabi shaam
gulabi raat

gulabi angoor
gulabi langoor

reshmi shaam
reshmi chaand
reshmi tere baal

gulabi tera chera
gulabi tere hont

raat aa gayi
nindia aa gayi

so ja mere baal
so ja mere baal

mummy loves you
too much too much

Ravi Kopra

Love

Love brings
pleasures
when
your
heart
merges
with the
lover's.

The problem is -
they
often
remain
strangers.

Ravi Kopra

Love All The Time

Who is so fortunate
to have a peaceful life
that he has time to think of
love all the time.

Please do not remind me of your love
all the time telling me
how much you love me
and then asking: Do you love me?

Give me some time
to think to be myself
to see what
love has or not has done to me.

I do not want love as a disease that
clings to me and I become sick of love.
Enters my head and I become a loony in love
I want to be sane when I love you

If not, I may forget all about love.
I do not want to lose myself in you
Nor do I want you to lose in me.
To love I have to be myself first.

Ravi Kopra

Love And Beauty - Rumi

Wherever beauty is
love finds its nest
seeing a rosy cheek beauty
love lights up in flames

Seeing her face hidden
by her long dark tresses
in the folds of the night
love finds its heart

Loses patience, parts her
tresses, kisses her face
enters its heart softly
love becomes beauty

Beauty becomes love
They dive into each
other, they become one
The law of beauty and love -
Always together...

Ravi Kopra

Love And Life, A Punjabi Poem

zara holay holay ji
manji choon choon paiyi kardi hai
bachhay jaag pehan gay

kal teri maaN
mere pichhay lag jayey gi
sara din mera sir khaaey gi

kehndi rahey gi -
eh chuDail saade ghar wich aae hai
saari raat son nehi dendi

pata nahin ki khaandi hai
mere putar nu ki khwaandi hai
dihaDi raateen uday pichhay piya rhenda hai

mainu hun takda wi nahi
punj paise denda wi nahi
eh keDa kal yug aa giya hai

Ravi Kopra

Love And Lust, A Urdu Poem By Amjad Islam Amjad In English Translation

O evening, be my witness
When lips smolder under
the sweetness of kisses,
when moon melts in
the warmth of breaths,
when her hidden
treasures restlessly
open under the
softness of hands,
no difference remains
between love and lust.
-surely for the moment -
when bodies talk,
even rivers stop flowing.
I tell no lies.
O evening, be my witness.

Ravi Kopra

Love At First Meeting

One touch looking in your eyes
No words except your pleasing smile
Your hand lingering on mine when we first met
Melt my heart that said - my, my, how beautiful!
She's is my fairy from heaven, I'd love her to be mine.

Ravi Kopra

Love Bubbles In My Heart

Struck by your beauty
as lightening strikes the ground
I stood there looking at you

My heart wanted to run to you
my soul wanted to fly to you
but my head said to say hello to you

But I waited
I did not know how you will respond
I knew my response-

I was sinking
the ground under me caving
I was falling in love!

Just looking at you
just seeing you walk
coming towards me

I wondered who you were
with bright brown eyes
a heart warming smile

Dressed up so elegantly
in blue silken sari
and silver stilettos

You stand before me and ask
Are you Rahim Rasmukh Rasmathalai?
No, I said with a smile

I am Kavi Kotra
a gujju from Gujrat
love bubbles in my heart

I write love poems
for poemhunters dot com
Ram, Ram! How are you? Namaste ji.

- inspired by a love poem of Mehata Hasmukh Amathalai entitled 'New Energy'.

Ravi Kopra

Love Came

Love came
flowed into my heart
emptied me of my self
filled me with glee
till I glowed passionately
and became hers
She was love
pure love.

Ravi Kopra

Love Comes Quietly, A Poem By Robert Creeley In Hindi/Urdu Translation

pyaar chup chup sa aaya
ruk giya mera paas
paD giya mere oopar
purani saddioN ki tarah

kuch samaj nahin the muje
khoey hue apne vicharon main
kaise guzarooN ga apni zindgi
apne akeley-pan main

Ravi Kopra

Love Enters Again And Again Through Cervices Of Rocks

"Again and again-
Through cervices of rocks. " - Savita Tyagi

When crevices in rocks
become their cervices
they become pregnant very fast
and give birth to hundreds
upon hundreds of babies-
little cute shapely pebbles-
that grow and grow
and become big rocks
some male and the other female rocks
and like Indians living in crowded houses
they make love when every one is asleep
and give birth to babies in 9 months
Nay! not nine months, they are not human rocks
They do in nine seconds to ninety seconds
depending how fast, how big the fetuses grow.
That is why there are more rocks than human beings
everywhere in the world except china and india
where people outnumber rocks
even when they have no privacy
in their overcrowded homes!
This is the miracle of lingam god shiva in india
and whose miracle is this in china only God knows!

"Love find(s)its way around, " says Savita Tayagi
Even in rocks through their cracked "cervices"!
How sneaky, how forceful, how lusty is love!

Note: This was posted as a comment to Savita's poem but Poemhunter refuses to accept comments larger then 300 characters. So it should be taken as a comment and not a poem by any means.

Ravi Kopra

Love Explained, Chapter 1, A Circle

A Circle

Love is a golden circle
on your next to the little finger
It puts you in a prison
makes you a slave for life.

You move in circles
you chase one another
It has like God, no beginning, no end
It is a circle you move around all life.

If you move fast
to get away from the circle
Its trajectory is straight
will throw you in a ditch for life.

And if you move slow
You will be stale, and stink
The stench will suffocate you
You may end your own life.

Love is a circle in red ink
drawn on a pink paper with
roses on its borders.
The circle could be like a leaf

of the people tree with an arrow stuck in it
Nevertheless a circle, an unbreakable circle.
You save the paper, the pink will fade away
the roses on borders will wither and die away.

What you cherished so much once
You spent sleepless nights without her
is nothing now but a circle on a faded paper
with withered rose flowers, and you a prisoner.

Ravi Kopra

Love From Heart

Don't look for love
in the back alleys

Bring love home
live with her

Fleshy love flashes
just for a moment

Love from heart
never lasts.

Ravi Kopra

Love Is Like God

In love
Hearts merge

Souls soar
Minds lose themselves

Speech becomes longings

We cannot tell what love is
We feel it

The one who feels
Knows

The one who says he knows
Knows nothing of it

You cannot put
Form on a feeling to describe it

Love is like God
Formless

To feel, to be bound, to loose freedom
To be attracted, attached and become mindless.

Ravi Kopra

Love Leaves Mecca For Medina

kya ho gaya ise ki tujhe dekhti nahiñ
ji chahta hai aag laga duuñ nazar ko maiñ

ISMAIL MERATHI

What happened
She turns her head away
And does not even look at me

Haye Allah, what qayamat!
Why so much nafrat?
Why does the mohitrana
Thinks of herself so high?

I feel like fleeing
Back to Medina and
Leave her in Mecca
To do her haj everyday.

Ravi Kopra

Love Sends Signals

Love sends signals
Look for them

It will not light a thousand
lamps on your path to find it

Still, you will not find
if you are blind to it.

hazar sham.a farozañ ho raushni ke liye
nazar nahiñ to añdhera hai aadmi ke liye

- NUSHUR WAHIDI

Ravi Kopra

Love Should Be Put Into Action! In Hindi/Urdu

"Love should be put into action!"
screamed the old hermit.
Across the pond an echo
tried and tried to confirm it.

Elizabeth Bishop

Sadhu ne bandook nikali
hawa main ek dum goli chalayi
peD ka patty kampne lagay
murgi uski chook chook karne lagi

"Mohabbat sirf baatoN se nahi hoti
badan mila mila kar hoti hai"
buDay sadhu ne chilla kar kaha.
talab k a paar se awaaz baar baar goonji -

"Mohabbat sirf baatoN se nahi hoti
badan mila mila kar hoti hai"

Ravi Kopra

Love Sonnet Xi Of Pablo Neruda In English Translation

I am hungry for your mouth, your voice, your skin
I wander in streets without food, quiet
Bread does not sustain me, dawn disquiets me
All day I search for the liquid sounds of your feet

I am hungry for your silken laughter,
For your hands the color of savage harvest,
Hungry for the pail stones of your fingernails.
I want to eat your skin like a whole almond

I want to eat the sun rays burnt by your beauty
The royal nose of your proud face
The fleeting shadows of your lashes

And I come hungry sniffing the twilight
Searching for you, your hot heart
Like a puma in the solitude of Quitratue.

Original in Spanish

Tengo hambre de tu boca, de tu voz, de tu pelo
y por las calles voy sin nutrirme, callado,
no me sostiene el pan, el alba me desquicia,
busco el sonido líquido de tus pies en el día.

Estoy hambriento de tu risa resbalada,
de tus manos color de furioso granero,
tengo hambre de la pálida piedra de tus uñas,
quiero comer tu piel como una intacta almendra.

Quiero comer el rayo quemado en tu hermosura,
la nariz soberana del arrogante rostro,
quiero comer la sombra fugaz de tus pestañas

y hambriento vengo y voy olfateando el crepúsculo
buscándote, buscando tu corazón caliente
como un puma en la soledad de Quitratúe.

Ravi Kopra

Love Sonnet Xi Of Pablo Neruda In Hindi/Urdu Translation

main bhookha hoon teri awaz ka
teri twacha ka, tere moonh ka
chup chaap, bhookha, ghumta rehta hoon galiyon main
tere halkay pairon ki awaz ki talash main
khanay pani se ab zindagi nahin chalti
subha ki roshni se ab baykali si hai lagti

teri reshmi hans ki sun-nay main mara ja raha hoon
tere ghion rangi hathon ko choonay ko tadpaDa raha hoon
tere safed nakhunon ko khana chahta hoon
akhrot ki tarah teri twacha ko khana chahta hoon

tere husn se chamakti suraj ki kirnon ko khana chahta hoon
tera ghamand bhara naak moonh main chubana chahta hoon
teri palkon ki chhaon main rehna chahta hoon

sandya k aatay hi teri talash main
teri dil ki jagmagati mohabbat main
ek sher ki tarah chup chaap aa pauncha hoon Quitratue ki gali main

Ravi Kopra

Love Stories

Love stories
never come
to an end.

People die
living them.

ye mohabbat ki kahani nahiñ marti lekin
log kirdar nibhate hue mar jaate haiñ

=ABBAS TABISH

Ravi Kopra

Love You, A Spanish Poem Of Isi Alvarez In English Translation

Outside, a thunderous hurricane,
dark skies, lightening, furious
rains. Tree branches in the air.
Splattering sounds from windows.

Inside, curled up in bed against
your chest, your arms around me,
hands caressing my skin. I hear
your heart saying - love you,
love you, love you...

Ravi Kopra

Love Yourself

Love yourself. It is important to stay positive because beauty comes from the inside out.

-Jenn Proske

I love you
he says to you

Ask him why.
He will tell you
all things you want to hear about you
you'd love it and say and I love you too.

Listen, young girl/failed in love lady.
Instead ask him -
Do you love yourself?
I don't mean in a narcissistic way.

You will find out lies
If your head is on your shoulders
and not on his pant's buckles
blinding your sight.

Ravi Kopra

Love, An Everyday Valentine Poem

Love is a heavy stone
If weak, you can't lift it

It is an ocean
It may drown you

It is a fire
May burn you

It is a wind
May carry you everywhere

It is an apple tree
Eat one daily - apple, not the tree!

It is a bed sore
If one of you is heavy

Love is kisses, hugs, embraces
All to fulfill your wishes

Love is lying entwined in bed
For hours and hours with no end

Love is in arms, legs, lips, faces, graces
In many other pleasing lovely places

Find, find, find
But don't be rash

Be loving, gentle, kind
It will stay in your heart, soul, mind

Always.

Ravi Kopra

Lovers, A Poem Of Lust By The Colombian Poet Jorge Gaitan Duran In English Translation

All undressed, when we are together
bursting with desires we become monsters.
We grope each other blindly
We leave hickies and scars that show our desires.
The boredom, the suspicions that we cannot see
tie us together as two adulterous gods
after a long absence glue to each other.

Enamored in love like two lunatics
like two blood thirsty ferocious hounds
like two hungry dynasties
settling a dispute over a kingdom
for justice to be served,
we cheat, we deceive, we hurl insults
that will even hurt the heavens
to see us thus in love.
And so we burn a thousand times
in our long long embraces.
And a thousand times we die each day in love.

Ravi Kopra

Love's Secret, A Poem By William Blake In Hindi/Urdu Translation

kabhi bhi apni mehbooba ko
mohabat k bekar k vaide na do
jo tum poore nahin kar saakte ho
kyon k bahar ki dil behlati hawaa
chupke chupke bina dekhe dekhlaey chalti rehti hai

keh diya, keh diya!
de diya, de diya main ne apna dil mehobooba ko!
kaampne lagi vo ek dum ek bhayanak khof main
aur bhag gayi muj se vo jaldi jaldi main!

jaise hi vo chali
ek ajnabi aa pauncha
aur chupke chupke bina dekhe dikhlaey
le gaya vo usko apne saath aaheN bharte hue.

Ravi Kopra

Loving Working, A Naomi Shihab Nye Poem With New Line Breaks

"We clean to give space for Art."
Micaela Miranda, Freedom Theatre, Palestine

Work was a shining refuge when
wind sank its tooth into my mind.
Everything we love is going away,
drifting - but you could sweep
this stretch of floor,
this patio or porch,
gather white stones in a bucket,
rake the patch for future planting,
mop the counter with a rag.
Lovely wet gray rag,
squeeze it hard, it does so much.
Clear the yard
of blowing bits of plastic.
The glory in the doing.
The breath of the doing.
Sometimes the simplest move
kept fear from fragmenting
into no energy at all,
or sorrow from multiplying,
or sorrow from being the
only person living in the house.

-Naomi Shihab Nye

Ravi Kopra

Lucille Clifton's Admonitions

boys
be straight
turn off the tv
don't sit there
giggling foolishly

listen to your big mama
go do your homework

or I will
whip your black ass
and you will
plead and cry -
mama, please, no mama

girls
when a white man
asks you for a date
look at his hands first

if he has
little stubby fingers
say eh! no

and send him back
to his trashy bimbo
some lass without class

"children
when they ask you"
why is your mama
so fat
say
every day
she sits on her ass
eating dorritos
writing poetry
and add
she is odd

and going crazy

Ravi Kopra

Lunch At The Ripe Red Tomato Restaurant Today

At the ripe red tomato restaurant today
a wretched lady across the table sat
with her equally wretched husband,
a perfectly matched bitter couple
both in late sixties, worn out fully
carrying the cluttered weights of life.

No word between them.
She dips her fork into food
lifts it up to her mouth
looks into the air and gobbles
down her morsels, fork after fork
while casting hateful glances at us.

My love and I are enjoying lunch
telling stories of family and friends
of trips abroad to Paris and Rome
to Costa Rica, to Machu Picchu, Peru.
We are having fun, we laugh.

Now she casts a nasty vile glance
opening her mouth, showing false teeth
with her half chewed cud like a fat cow's.
Her fork dangles from her grip in the air
as if she's getting ready to thrust at us
were we on a table a bit closer to her.

What pissed her off, we do not know
but sure we were the wretched lady
was not happy in her own wretchedness,
and couldn't bear our happiness.

We ignored the bitch. Paid the bill.
Tipped the waitress. Got up and left.
But I turned my neck back a little
for a moment, and smiled at her.
She was going to scorch me instantly
in the burst of flaming fires, in her

red eyes socketed in her ugly face.

Ravi Kopra

Luo Ming's Loneliness

Cold, dark rainy evening
end of autumn coming
streets outside empty
like his lonely heart

Flowers in his garden
sad, withering
Luo Ming still single, lonely
cries and writes poetry.

Ravi Kopra

Madness

My heart is mad
everyday it plays games of innocence

It puts gasoline on fires
and then runs to look for a fire hydrant

It must be deserted
wants some excitement

Do people who go on rampant shootings
have such deserted desperate hearts?

Aloofness kills their hearts
killing might revive theirs'

That could be in their thoughts
if not, what else then?

Ravi Kopra

Making Love

Oh come, come,
Come closer to my
bulging breasts
hug me tight
squeeze me tight
tight, to take my
breath out in your arms

You are glowing
I am glowing
Don't slow down
I am waiting
Biting you
come, come, come

I am b-r-e-a t-h-l-e-s-s
Can't breathe. I clench my teeth
Can't hold longer
Come, come, please come
Come now, come

O yaa, O yaa...
You did
I did

Finally

How are you
Sweet honey?

How do you feel
My love?

Can you breathe?
Can you breathe, honey?

I'm OK
I'm OK

Thank Lord
I was going to
call the ambulance.

Ravi Kopra

Making Love To An Old Woman Is Like

Making love to an old woman is like
entering a house shut for years on sale
dry in the center, the walls all moldy
the air every where pretty musty
the wrinkled plaster falls on the floor
cobwebs hang from the crusted ceiling
the closets cluttered with trinkets and junk
the plumbing is clogged, the taps are dry
the toilets do not flush, how hard you try
the furniture is dusty, the doors are creaky
the power is off, you can't see in the dark.
The brochhre says it is worth the price
you can fix it and restore its past glory.
I walk out and say - no baba. I can't live here.
I would rather rent a newer condominium.
And walk out any time I like.

Ravi Kopra

Man Gets Setbacks In His Life Sometime, A Urdu Ghazal By Josh Malihabadi In English Translation

Man gets setbacks in his life sometime
No matter how careful, he does stumble sometime

No matter how deep he looks into the reality
When faced with choices, he is worried sometime

I know the consequences of not compromising
But after getting advice I change my mind sometime

Winds may try hard to turn into raging storms
But after a fall, man does change sometime

Do not complain, it is the man's nature
When in trouble, man recalls past pleasures sometime

The flowers wither all the times
But the buds do face bad times sometime

The flowers can't escape the nature's hand in their fate
When morning comes, petals always smile, not sometime

Ravi Kopra

Man Meets Man, A Urdu Ghazal Of Jigar Moradabadi In Translation

we meet people everyday-strangers, acquaintances
we keep going our ways, our hearts do not meet

but when I meet him I forget his outrages
since he is forthcoming to me, so natural

what happened today?
your laughter shows the colors of flowers

when the meeting ends without intimacy
the breaking heart desires merger

affairs of the world get into place
when one embraces oneself for others

love pleases the soul
when heart is there

the original

aadmi aadmi se milta hai
dil magar kam kisi se milta hai

bhuul jaata huuñ maiñ sitam us ke
vo kuchh is sadgi se milta hai

aaj kya baat hai ki phuloñ ka
rañg teri hañsi se milta hai

silsila fitna-e-qayamat ka
teri ?hush-qamati se milta hai

mil ke bhi jo kabhi nahiñ milta
TuuT kar dil usi se milta hai

karobar-e-jahañ sañvarte haiñ
hosh jab be-?hudi se milta hai

ruuh ko bhi maza mohabbat ka
dil ki ham-sa.egi se milta hai

PS: the fourth couplet was hard to get and was not translated.

Ravi Kopra

Many Scatter Heads

Many scatter heads
all deluded, all lost
create all foolish thoughts
of creation.

Reason escapes them
(their heads are pin heads)
befuddled buffoons resort to
one thing - one Being.

Ravi Kopra

Marriage - A Japanese Haiku In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Shaadi kar li na?
aa gaya hai ab tumhare haath main
tumhari maut ka suchna-patr

Ravi Kopra

Marriage (Wrecked In Disaster) , An English Poem By Nicole Callihan In Hindi/Urdu Translation

shaadi

aur is k baad kya hua main itna hi kahunga
k barish itni hue ghaas bahut baDa ho giya
aur meri saari chahat kam hoti chali gayi

aaj subah main baraf se laddi sarak k kinare
chandani main chamak raha hoon jaise shaadi se pehle tha
aur araam se prem se chalta firta tha
lakin kal main yudh k raaste pe tha
aur bhankar jaanwaron ke paon k neechay tha

tu ne meri aankh main doohaN dal kar shaadi main fisaya
chalo main aaj tumain aasman main spacewalk k leay le jaoon
aur tumare moonh main guD aur laddo daloon
aur tumare naakhooN se ghoDon k baal door karoon
jo phas gaye the un ke neechay farm house ki honey moon raat main
main ab miluN ga tume chooni ki devar k cHaey main
saloon tak meri kamar main kuch toDa sadard tha
aur ab mere safed badan pe kali berrian dikhai deti hain
ab main pioneer hoon, ek un-dekha purush hoon
meri lassi si bun gayi hai, main chup chap hoon
ma ki tarah hoon, aasmaan main khoee koi aatma hoon
maaf kanra muje tabah karne wali, mujay khatam karne wali
meri moti beewee tu ne muje kapde nichoDne ki machine main daal diya hai
meri kabar par ab ghason k dher ugay hue hain
main ne tume pechana na tha
main ab ek anday k chilke jaisa ho giya hoon, pani main ghulne wala rung ho
giya hoon
paani ka khali pipe ho giya hoon aur albida albida hamesha mere sonay k kapDo
ko
ab main har raat seahorse ki tarah tumare garam badan ki parat k andar jata
hoon
aur lakDi ki frame main laggi ghaDi tick-tick karti rehti hai
aur tum ek gambal se moorakh meri sar dard ho
tum meri peeth ki sub se neechi haddi ho, meri saji rooDan ho, mera khata
nimbu ho, jelly bean ho

meri chllak, mera jawaab katoti, mera kinara chnakaD karne wali
main ne tuj se shaadi ki hai aur karte samay kaha hai - main tum se shaddi karn
chata hoon, chata hoon, chata hoon...

Ravi Kopra

Mediocre Poets, A Poem By Noa Shakargy In Hindi/Urdu Translation

??????

main ne nachna chod diya
main koi sadharan nartaki na hona chahti thee

main ne sangeet chod diya
main koi sadharan sangeet kar na hona chahti thee

main ne padhai likhai chod the
main sadharan na rehna chahti thee

aur ab main ye kavita likhne
ka kaam kya kar rahi hoon!

MEDIOCRE

I left dance in order not
to be mediocre
I left

music in order
not to be
mediocre I left

my studies
in order not to be
mediocre. And now all this
business

of poetry.

-Noa Shakargy

-Translated from Hebrew by Lisa Katz

Ravi Kopra

Meeting At Night - A Love Poem By Robert Browning In Hindi/Urdu Translation

I

sagar dhundla sa tha
zameen door se kali kali si the
chaand dharti pe girta hua lag raha tha
sagar ki lehreN uchhal rehiN thee
jaise abhi abhi so kar utHi hoN
main kishti dheere dheere bandargah main le aaya
jab geeli rait aae wahaN main ruk gaya

II

fir ek meel lambi khusbu bhari hui
beach ko paar kar k, teen kheton ko paar kar k
ek farm main jaa pauncha
sheeshay k khiDki pe tup-tup bajaee
andar se ek kharach si awaaz aee
usnay machis ki teeli se neeli si roshni dikhlaee
khushi aur dar se bhari vo halkay halkay boli
hum dono k dil dhadak rahe thay
hum ne milkar jhapheeaN mariN.

Ravi Kopra

Meeting, An Ekphrastic Hindi Poem By C.P. Sharma In English Translation

The moment of meeting
The bride in waiting
Beautifully dressed
Aware, alert

Joyful. Still
A little afraid
A little giddy
Young lady.

Ravi Kopra

Meghan Markle, Half-Black, Half-White

Meghan Markle, half-black, half-white
the future princess of Wales
sits with Prince Harry and the royal family
for her first christmas dinner at Buckingham Palace.

There, there in the royal crowd
is the old Princess of Kent wearing
a brooch of a bust of a black woman
fetischising the blacks of their past colonies.

Heat rushes to the skin of Meghan Markle
She lowers her gaze in grace to temper down
her rage for the old princess whose presence
made it hard for her to breath in the palace air.

You cannot iron out the tails of dogs
They are born with twisted tails
The only thing you can do is
to cut them out from the roots.

Ravi Kopra

Midnight Song Of Wu, A Chinese Poem Of Li Bai In Translation

In the Chang'an city
there is a full moon
in ten thousand homes
there are thumping sounds
people are beating
the clothes against stones
the autumn wind
is blowing relentlessly
and I think of Yuguan pass -
when will we put
the pillager Hu in the prison
for my husband
to end his long journey
and come home.

- rendered from a literal translation from the web pages:

Chang'an one disc moon
Ten thousand households pound clothes noise
Autumn wind blow no end
Always jade pass think
What day pacify Hu prisoner
Husband end long journey

Ravi Kopra

Mirza Ghalib In Old Age, An English Poem By Arvind Krishna Mehrotra In Hindi/Urdu Translation

uski nazar kamzor ho gayi
lakin us k hathon main jaise
koi jawaan talwar pakaDta hai
sheroN ka ek sheesha rehta tha

har daak main doston k sher aatay they
Mirza zara en ko theek kar do
lakin uski maala ka har manka
karzay se lada hua tha.

Ravi Kopra

Mirza Ghalib In Punjabi

kitni muddat ho gayi hai mehmaani yaar di kiti si
bazm wich baitH k shraab pyaalaN wich piti si

kalaije de lakhaN lakhaN tukariyaN nu hun main joR riha haaN
waqat baRa guzar giya jadoN tereeaN akhaaN nu dil bhar k dekhye si

the original couplets in Urdu

Muddat hui hai yaar ko mehmaan kiyay huay
Josh-e-qadah say bazm chiraaghaan kiyay huay

Kartaa hun jamaa phir jigar-e-lakht lakht ko
Arsaa hua hai daawat-e-mizhgaan kiyay huay

-Ghalib

Ravi Kopra

Mirza Ghalib Talks Of Simplicity

Her simplicity, O God
Is beyond my words!

Who would not die for it?

She gets so angry at me
As to murder me

And still
No sword in her hands!

is sadgi pe kaun na mar jaa.e ai ?huda
la?te haiñ aur haath meñ talvar bhi nahiñ

- MIRZA GHALIB

Ravi Kopra

Misfortunes

I was never
happy all my life.
Misery after misery
always followed me.

I was sitting
counting
my misfortunes
when the cops come

knocking on my door.
I am Abdul Rahim, I say
You are lying, they say
You are Abdulla Ibrahim.

Lie face down on the floor, they shout.
Now put your hands on your ass.
Stay still, don't move.
We will shoot you down.

Ravi Kopra

Missing

To be with me
Used to make you happy once

We are together to be happy again
But the smile on your lips is missing today

Sweet teasings that you once enjoyed with me
All those somehow somewhere are missing today

I search your heart always
You used to desire me once in your heart
But I see you have no more longings for me today

Now you see nothing to praise me
Whatever used to put your heart on fire
Perhaps that is missing today.

Ravi Kopra

Momin Khan Momin In Love, Part I, An English Translation Of A Urdu Ghazal By Akhtar Jawad And Ravi Kopra

See, how she looks
How she shows her true shyness
her modesty, when she looks at me.
I am her true lover. I will die for her.
But when she looks at others
who are full of lust for her
she pretends her shyness and modesty.
Still I cannot take it.
My heart dies in jealousy of others.

How beautiful is she!
I would have her and forget the fairies in the heaven.
It's just the beginning of my love, wait and see
how will I end up in bed with her later.
To get her, I would forget all morals, all ethics
and even God in the heaven.

- to be continued as Part II

Ravi Kopra

Moon Festival, A Poem By The Chinese Poet Bei Dao In Hindi/Urdu Translation

mohabbat main doobay ashik
moonh main ghidkaiN leeay huey
ek doosray main maza lete hain

jab tak unka neya bacha paani k under
unko periscope se dekhta rehta hai
aur janam le leta hai

bina bulaya mehmaan meray ghar k darwazzay pe
khatak khatak kar ghar main aa jata hai aur fir
har ek meri androoni cheez ko jan-na chahta hai

peD hanste hain

ruko, ek minute ruko
chodweeN ka chaand muje bechain kar raha hai
aur mere haath ab kaam rehey hain
sochte hue ab hoga kya
muje thoDi aur der andhere main baithne do
mere dil-e-dost par baithne do

barf bharay samundar main shehar ab jal raha hai
bchaa sakte hain hum kya isay? bchana zaroori hai isay
lakin tuti main paani nahin hai
tapak tapak kar aa rehi hain boondaiN is se
aur tuti ro rehi hai paani k khali tank pe

Ravi Kopra

Moon, We Call You Cool, Beautiful

Moon, we call you cool, beautiful
Yet your face is stained

You are not perfect
Only God is perhaps, if he does exist

Still we love you
Like we love our lovers

Even with imperfections
To us they are beautiful

Love's powerful, hides all imperfections
Makes everything beautiful

It has no eyes, yet it
Sees, feels love everywhere

Lives in lovers longing hearts
Makes them immerse in eachother, forever...

Ravi Kopra

Moonchild, A Poem By Lucille Clifton In Hindi/Urdu Translation

ThoDi Pagli Si Aur Jazbati Bachchi

us june k maheenay k khatam honay k dinoN main
jo kuch bhi meri maaN k kamray main
us k pate par khat-khat kartay andar chala gaya
main gol-mol sar liyay bina mukratay hue bahar a gayi
mere abu muskratay hue apni gode main jhulate hue
kaha kartay the - kya ye chaand hai?
haan, ye chand tha, magar iska kisi ko pata na tha

chaand andheri jagahaiN jaanta hai
is k dil main bhi khufia baataiN hoti hain
aur jitni roshni sambhal sakta hai apne paas rakhta hai

hum tab dus saal ki bachiaN theeN
baDi behnoN k purane kapDay pehnay hansti phirti theeN
jhooth mooth sochti theen k hamaray mummy hoN
hum sub apne mummy chahti theen
aur choli k neechay kagaz k tukray rakh leti theeN
ella ghamand se kehti the ray johnson mujhe sikha raha hai
kaise jeeb se jeeb milakar chummiAN maari jaati hain
tum ko kaun sikha raha hai?
main kaise kehti, meray abba muje sikhlatay hain

chaand sab ka raja hai
ye samudroN, dariyaoN, barsaatoN pe raaj karta hai
jab log mujhe poochtay hain teri aankhoN main aansu kis k hain
to main kehti hoon, ye chaand k hain
main chaand ko dosh deti hoon

Ravi Kopra

Moons

I used to hear songs
like this-

tu meri chaand ho
aur main hoon tera sooraj

(you are my moon
and I, your sun)

It was in the old days
times have changed now

Now the dewaany (lovers) sing
like this-

When I look at you
I see your lovely moons
I desire them so much
Don't know how to tell you.

Ravi Kopra

Morning A Thousand Roses Brings, You Say, A Rubiayat Of Omar Khyyam In Hindi/Urdu Translation

subah subah hazaron gulab k phool khilte hai
lakin kya hua un phooloN ko jo kal khile thay?
kya hua Jamshyd aur Kaikobad shehan-shaoN ko
aur phooloN ko jo un k zamany main khile thay.

Note: Jamshyd and Kaikobad were great legendary Persian kings but their greatness did not save them from death

Ravi Kopra

Mountains Of Snow, A Japanese Haiku In Urdu/Hindi Translation

dheroN k dher baraf paDI
usne muje cHati se laga liya
main sans na le saki

Ravi Kopra

Mourning Loss, A Chinese Poem Of Mei Yaochen In Translation

It was seventeen years ago today
we became husband and wife.
We never got tired
looking at each other.
What will bring us a big loss?
My sideburns are already grey
I'd rather my body finish its time
In the end we will share a grave together.
I am not dead yet, still
the tears are flowing from my eyes.

-rendered from a literal translation on web pages:

First marry become husband wife
At now seventeen years
Mutual look still not enough
What situation be great loss
My temples already most white
This body rather period complete
End at together share cave
Not die tear flow flow

Ravi Kopra

Music To My Ears

When I heard her voice for the first time
I heard an orchestra playing
clarinets, pianos, trumpets, drums, cymbals
it did not start slow and went to the crescendo

It was bang bang in the beginning
my soul shivered
heart leaped out of my chest
and I was drowned

to the bottom of the ocean
I saw bright lights
shining as white pearls
and changing colors fast

tingling sensations all over my body
shocks going down my spine
hair stood on its ends
my body trembled

goosebumps, yes goosebumps...

it was music to my ears
sweet songs of love
echoed long in my ears, like
I love you, love you, my love.

Ravi Kopra

My Bed Is Near The Window

After years of self exile
I go back to India to see my sister
in Tilak Nagar in New Delhi

it is the monsoon season
rains, hot and sultry
mosquitoes, bugs, flies

my bed is near the window
that opens to the street
for a wisp of cool air, if any

I cannot sleep all night
I feel like choking
and when a wink of sleep

dawns at dawn
the street hawkers call
selling fruit, vegs

buying old news paper
old clothes, shoes
glass bottles, plastics

each hawker calls with
his own personal tune
singing like this -

kailay, sangtray, kharboozay
aaloo palak, ghanday
lay lo gi tazay tazay

(melons, bananas, oranges
potatoes, spinach, onions
all fresh for sale)

or, kabaadi kabaadi kabaadi
sell your bottles, rhudi
a rupee a kilo, hurry hurry

(or, dealer of junk, rags
sell your old paper, bottles
a rupee a kilo, hurry, hurry)

or, the pious ones
going to gurdwaras, temples
go on chanting incessantly

wai guru ji wai guru ji
ram ram ji ram ram ji
radha ji krishna ji sita ji

I cannot sleep at night
cannot sleep at dawn
try to sleep during the day

if beggars don't ring the bell
flies don't hover over my head
rickshawalas don't hoot toot toot.

Ravi Kopra

My Beloved, After Rumi

I see women
in many shapes and forms
sometimes I feel a bit aroused
I must tell you the truth
I cannot lie
I cannot even tell a white lie
for I love you

But when I see you
look into your face
your eyes and you smile back at me
I melt, I am blended with you

I feel your fragrance, your presence in me
my soul smiles, my hearts longs for you
I cast all those women aside
they are not for me
and you, only you
are the woman I cherish
I will never leave you

Everything mine is yours
My heart, my souls are yours
Keep them with you till
the last breath of my life

Ravi Kopra

My Bugatti Chiron

I retired and moved a year ago from
Hamptons, NY to Sarasota Bay, Florida

It was quiet and peaceful until
I parked my Veyron on the driveway

The young postal lady used to put the mail in the box
Now she rings the door bell for delivery everyday

Neighbors sit on their front porches
To look at the women who drive by

Their wives complain in rage
And I hear their shoutings routinely

The kids changed their route from
The school. They linger for hours at my gate

The sightseeing buses stop in the street
The tourists stare at my lousy Veyron

I think I will park it in the garage
And park my Bugatti Chiron on the driveway

Ravi Kopra

My Chant For Living In Peace And Love

May I have the peace of mind

May I live tranquilly

May I love my family

May I love all beings

May my wife know I love her dearly

May my children know I love them dearly

May my friends know I am a true friend

May my soul know it is not the only one

It is just a tiny sort of a thing of the whole universe.

Ravi Kopra

My Ex-Wife, A Turkish Poem By Orhan Veli Kanık In English Translation

Every night you enter my dreams
Every night I see you on white satin sheets
Every night the satan brings me to lie down with you

You know why

Because I still love you, my woman
Even though you left me
You are a very special woman
So hard to find.

Ravi Kopra

My Fair Lady, A Ghazal Of Love

Among many fair ladies, mine's enough
My evening glory on the vine's enough

I want no other women, I want no nonsense
She is my flower, her beauty fine enough

No fine cuisine, no Bordeaux champagne
When we dine, a glass of wine's enough

I love always to make love to her
How many time a week? Nine's enough

She is so charming, so glamorous, so radiant
To enrapture me in ecstasy, she shines enough

Her blue eyes, her blond hair, her thin waist
I die for her. I swear by Allah. His design's enough

Mine, mine, mine, always mine
How wonderful! My love mine enough

If anyone looks at her with desirous eyes
I will kill him instantly. A swine, enough.

Ravi Kopra

My First Kiss

Tuesday morning in Tampa
in the gardens of SFU,
I will give you my first caress,
my first kiss
You will be my spring, everything
our lives will begin

The birds will sing in trees
butterflies fly on lilies
you will be in my arms
my darling, sweet darling
our lives will begin
you will be my spring, everything

Come fly away with me
to our paradise
Let's be together, ever
I want you every morning, my darling
I want you every evening
I want you each moment of day
I want you all my life

Tuesday morning in Tampa
you will be my sunshine
you will put my heart on fire
you will be my desire
I will give my first caress, my first kiss
my life will begin
you will be my spring, everything
my darling, sweet darling.

Ravi Kopra

My First Love

In the uproar
of this
new world

all
old voices
are drowned

but
all women
I had
after
my wife died
no nobody
could match her

she was
my first love.

Ravi Kopra

My Friend, A Punjabi Ghazal Of Shiv Kumar Batalvi In English Translation

My sorrows took away my life, my friend
Sorrows of your fake friendship doomed me, my friend

I do not blame the floods in the monsoon months
I blame the winter dew that wiped out my crops, my friend

I do not blame the darkness of the moonless nights
The ocean was restless on the full-moon night, my friend

Who is he decrying the death all the times
It is the man's birth that dooms him, my friend

The sun rises and goes down surely
It is not the West that brings it down, my friend

I agree sadness prevails when dear friends pass away
But it is the lame mourning that brings shame, my friend

The executioner is not my enemy, I say rightfully
Capricious whims of 'Shiv' put him down, my friend

The original in Punjabi

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Ravi Kopra

My Garden Of Flowers

You are my garden of flowers

My rose

You sting me with pleasure

My sunflower

You bring me smiles

My violet

You stir my heart

My jasmine

My love, hurry up to bed

My morning glory

My day full of love

My evening glory

My love in waiting

My hibiscus

My desire at night

Ravi Kopra

My Greek Goddess

Thinking of you last night
I tossed and turned in bed
could not sleep.
Opened my PC to see you again -
deep blue eyes, big smile,
silky braids to your waist -
oh, how could I now wait
when seeing flowers
she finds herself talking
to me. I will circle her
braids around her head
with roses white and red
to make her look like
my Greek Goddess.

Ravi Kopra

My Heart, A Love Poem By Pamela Dietz In Hindi/Urdu Translation

jab main kehti hoon
main tum se pyaar karti hoon
lafz mere dil se aate hain

tum se baat karte hue
yera chehra dekhte hue
mere dil ko shanti milti hai

jab tumhari awaaz sunti hoon
mera dil khushi se bhar jaata hai

jab main tum se mohabbat kerti hoon
teri ankhon ko dekhti hoon
mera dil pyaar main naachne lagata hai

jab tum mere samane
kisi aur aurat main dilchaspi dikhate ho
yo mera dil aansu behlata hai

jab tum kehte ho
k khuda wuda kuch nahin hai
mera dil dukhi ho jata hai

Ravi Kopra

My Heart, A Punjabi Poem Of Loving Memories With English Translation

Mera dil

O amritsar da dhaba gurdware di gali wich.
O lachhian bharia khusboo da lassi da glass garmiaN wich.
O makki di roti makhan tay sarson de saag naal.
O ghoDe te baithya lawaN fereaN lain wich.
O pehle putar nu pehli waar dekhia aapni beewee di goad wich.
O jadon maan de pairaan te matha tekia,
maan ne sir te hath rakhia, te keha -
jeenda reh tu meria putra hazaaraN saal wich.

Ravi Kopra

My Heart, A Turkish Poem By Cenk In English Translation

One day my heart is on fire
Other day under heavy rains
Somedays it is buried in snow
Other days flooded with water.

But when it sees you it feels happy
When it hears your voice it gets excited
An orchestra starts playing music
And your name echoes in my heart

One day my heart is on fire
Another day in your palms, warm.

Ravi Kopra

My Heart's Desire, An Urdu Poem After Nushur Wahidi

mere dil ki tashangi
meri naseem-e-zindagi
tere mujassam main dilkashi lagti hai
tere kale gesu-e-pur-Kham main
husn ki khushi cHupi lagti hai
is kali raat mere dil main
kuch aag si lagi dikhti hai
mire dil-e-bimar ka mudaava
ab tere hathoN main hai
diya to jal chuka hai
magar mera dil baar baar jalta hai
dunia ab kuch aalam-e-diigar si lagti hai
'Ravi' ka dukh kisi ko maluum nahin
khamosh hai bolta kis se nahin
uske moonh se ab aahen nikalti hain

Ravi Kopra

My House Is Deserted Now

How strange
I could cut open a brain
look into hippocampus
pituitary, amygdala
frontal lobe, hypothalamus
optic and auditory nerves
name any nook or cranny
I could dissect all
but I could not detect
your lies when you said
you dearly loved me

you left me
without a trace
my house is deserted now
where there were roses in vases
swarms of mosquitoes fly

we loved Mozart and Ribaldi
now when I come home
I see our poodle sniffing
your slippers, circling the bed
and wondering why are you not here
he runs to me and howls

I loved you dearly, honestly, sincerely
I do not know where I went wrong
be happy with your new lover
forget me, my life will move along
I cannot forget you though
your memories will remain with me
forever, forever...

Inspired by 'You and I' poem by Fabrizio Frosini posted at this site

Ravi Kopra

My Indian Poet Friends

My Indian poet friends
you have great poetry themes
but only few of you write good poetry
at , your favorite site.

Sorry to say that.
I can't claim to be a poet
I mostly write for fun
let me know if I can be of help.

Please don't go on making
statement after statement
in every poem you write
tell something and show the rest.

And please don't bring God
into your poems line after line,
an ancient concept, so boring
unexciting, sickening.

It turns the readers off
specially those like me
and they are there many.
Happy Holi. Happy Diwali.

Ravi Kopra

My Innocent Heart, Ghalib In English Translation

O my innocent heart!
You are suffering from heartaches
What is the matter with you?
What cure is there for your malady?

I had hope
He would be faithful to me
But I'm heart broken now
He does not know
What 'faithful' means.

I am anxious and keen
He is cold, gives damn to my feelings
Oh God! what is this mystery?

- to be continued

Ravi Kopra

My Italian Princess

Lost in you I dream of tomorrows
Sailing on seas in my yacht
On our honey moon to Rome.
Where you were born.

My Italian princess,
The moon envies you.
It hides behind dark clouds
When people gaze at you.

Ravi Kopra

My Laptop Is In My Lap

My laptop is in my lap
I stare at the blank screen with my blank head.
Today I want to write a poem for someone
who touched my heart
filled my soul with love
made my life worthwhile
dragged me out of ditches
gave me a shoulder to lean on
lifted my spirits from dumps
to make me soar high.

It is you, you, my love
I would have withered in the desert sun
had you not been my life line.
All what I write is for you
All what I do is for you.
Heer, in hunger, stranded with
her Punjabi Ranja lover, did not know
he made a meal for her out of his thighs.
I will cut open my chest and give my heart to you
for love you give me day and night.
My life is yours, will always be.

Ravi Kopra

My Life Is My Rival

My life is my rival.

When I swim
in the ocean,
it sends
sharks after me.

When I am
heart broken,
it sends
a bulldozer
to make
a paste of it.

Ravi Kopra

My Life Moved So Fast, A Hindi Poem By Gulzar In English Translation

My life moved so fast
I really did not learn much
I did not learn how to contrive artfully.
In my heart I feel I am still a child
I laughed whenever I wanted to
I cried whenever I wanted to.
Now when I smile I have to be careful
that my smiles are acceptable
And when I want to cry I have to hide
somewhere to shed my sad tears.
I see my old photos today
and remember the days when
I could smile freely.
Come, let's go somewhere where
we can throw the manners to the winds,
laugh whole heartedly and smile indifferently.

Ravi Kopra

My Love

Hand in hand when
I walk with her in the garden

I do not look at the flowers
I do not look for their fragrance

I feel my flower in my hand
Her presence fragrance to me

The skies open up, clouds disperse
The moon shines brightly

And in the distance I hear
the doves coo-cooing

I lose myself in her
Joyous bliss dawns upon me.

Ravi Kopra

My Love Was A Total Failure, I Cried, A Urdu Ghazal Of Shakeel Badayuni In English Translation

My love was a total failure, I cried
Today she came to my mind and I cried

My evenings mostly pass keeping my hopes alive
Today all evening, I do not know why, I cried

Sometime I mourn my luck, sometime I blame the world
I never could get my love, I cried

My grief was so huge
And my luck so bad, I cried

Whenever 'Shakil' heard about love in this world
He could not take failures of his heart, he cried

(An added verse as below)

Reading Shakil's ghazal, Ravi remembered his own love affairs
His fate was worse than anyone's, he wailed for hours and cried!

Ravi Kopra

My Love, How Can I Ever Leave You?

By all means they try to hold me
secure who love me in this world.

- Rabindra Nath Tagore in his poem Free Love

They keep you secure
To keep on sucking your love.
They spy on you, they read your emails
They snoop into your credit card details
They search for clues in trash cans for infidelity
Checking every single penny you spent on coke or coffee
With no confidence, they feel insecure themselves
They hold you as a prisoner for their own security.

But love you are not like them
You are stronger than them. You have confidence
You give me all freedom, You trust me
You make me love you more than I love myself
I know no one will love me more than you do
What more can I ask of you?
My love, how can I ever leave you?

Ravi Kopra

My Lover Discovers Things, A Spanish Poem By Isabel Fraire In Punjabi Translation

Mera Mehboob Ik Jadoogar Jiya Hai

mera mehboob ik jadoogar jiya hai -
usdiaN ungoolian wichoN
reshmi titliaN nikaldiaN nay
ohday lafaz tariaN di tarah
mere te aa aa k girday nay

jadon rateeN o mainu hathaaN naal
cHu-cHu k pyar karda hai
kaalian raataN which wi
taaray aa aa k chamakday nay

mera mehboob mainu o dunia dikhlanda hai
jisde wich sup heeriaN waangu chamakday nay

dunia jis wich geet geet te wajay wajde nay
te har ghar wich swayray swayray shanti ay

mera mehoboob ik pagal jia sooraj-mukhi da ful ay
jo khamoshi wich chaDi dhup nu bhul jaanda ay

Original

Mi amor descubre objetos

mi amor descubre objetos
sedosas mariposas
se ocultan en sus dedos

sus palabras
me salpican de estrellas

bajo los dedos de mi amor la noche

brilla como relámpago

mi amor inventa mundos en que habitan
serpientes cuajadas de brillantes

mundos en que la música es el mundo
mundos en que las casas con los ojos abiertos
contemplan el amanecer

mi amor es un loco girasol que olvida
pedazos de sol en el silencio

- Isabel Fraire

Ravi Kopra

My Lover Has Left Me Alone In This Season, A Hindi Poem By Amir Khusro In English Translation

The sky overcast with thick black clouds
Saddens my heart today.
The peacocks are dancing in the forest
and rains have started to fall
in all four directions.
Cuckoos are singing songs on the trees tops,
Papeehas are clamoring in the air,
Peacocks are dancing fair and square.
My lover has gone to a foreign land
leaving me alone in this season.
I hear the birds singing in the wilderness,
I miss him and cry, all forlorn.

Ravi Kopra

My Lover Is Like A Magician, A Spanish Love Poem By Isabel Fraire In English Translation

My lover is like a magician
Silk butterflies fly from his fingers
His words like stars in the sky
shine on my body

When at night he touches me
and love me from his heart
the dark skies look like
full of shining stars

My lover shows me the world
where the snakes shine with gems
the world where the music constantly plays
and every morning at home peace prevails

My lover is like a loony sun flower
that forgets itself in the full sun of the day.

Ravi Kopra

My Mom, A Mother's Day Love Poem By Raj Swami In English Translation

Dear mom, you love us
Bring us up, guide us
When people chide us
You protect us
Even though you might
Later later slap us.
And when we cry, you bring
Us out in the courtyard and
Show your love to us.
You fulfill all our desires.
You get us through our ordeals
You do all household chores.
Sometimes you become our teacher
Sometimes our dear friend.

Ravi Kopra

My Murder, A Shakira Nandini Poem In Urdu/Hindi Translation

main ne dil ka dard teri aankhoN main dekha hai
main ne teri mohabbat ko dushmani main badalte dekha hai
kaun kehta hai k mere marne k baad mujhe shanti mil jayegi
Jeete jeete hi tere saath meri maut ka janaza nikal raha hai

Ravi Kopra

My Other Heart, A Translated Poem In Hindi/Urdu

Kahin aur bhi ek dil hai
jiski chahat mere dil majn hai

rota hoon to rota hai vo
hansne main hansta rehta hai

kahan hai kidhar hai vo
mujhe uski chahat hai

dhundne ki usko koshish to ki
kya ye the meri kamzori

k dund usko na paya hoon main
kahan hai kidhar hai iska pata nahin hai

khul k ab tak bataya nahin main ne logon ko
magaar dil mere main uski bahut chahat hai

Ravi Kopra

My Self

I also have my crochet.
It dates from when I began to think.
Stitch on stitch forming a whole without a whole...
A cloth, and I don't know if it's for a garment or nothing.

-Fernando Pessoa

I have my mouse
it needs no wires, it has its blue tooth
I move it freely, it does not squeal
when I move my fingers on its head
fingers move on the keyboard
keep on hopping spot to spot
words, clauses, phrases, sentences, stanzas
grow effortlessly from them not knowing
if they are worth anything or just trash.

It does not bother me, I keep on writing
whatever comes to my mind in a flash
and disappears next moment with the blink of eye
leaving something for posterity in black and white
I kill my time, else time will kill me
I have nothing of significance to tell
for in everything I see nothing
and there is nothing that has something for me.

I pass my days in this haze and so I pass my nights
awake all night and asleep all day the next day.
And one day I will not get up at all
My body will go to the elements it is made of
and my soul - what soul! - there is no such thing
My soul is me, myself, I am my soul in being
My awareness of my own world and the world I see.

Ravi Kopra

My Son Is Dead

My son is dead.
He died for our freedom.
He ran in the battlefield
with a hot gun on his shoulder
to gun down the enemies who
do not want us to live in our freedom
of free speech, beliefs, democracy.

They want to impose their beliefs on us
Anyone who doesn't believe
what they believe in is their arch enemy
preordained by Allah, their almighty.
What an archaic old belief is this
propagated by the Allah's chosen one
who heard it from fairies flying down
to a hot desert cave right from heaven
where Allah lives in the fountained gardens
with houris and music and drums of liquor!

I tell my enemies -
Your life on earth
is worthless, you scums.
All time you dream
of houris, music and wine.
We have all this
on the earth for us
but you don't
you miserable ones.
So we will give you
what you want.
Throw away your arms.
Come stand in a line.
Let us shoot you one by one
and send you to your heaven
where you will have everything
that you don't have here
on the earth, you scums.

My Son The Man, A Poem By Sharon Olds In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Mera Beta Ab Gabru Ho Giya Hai

dekhte hi dekhte
mera nanha sa baita gabru bun giya hai
uski cHati Houdini ki cHati ki tarah lagti hai
jab log uspe lohay ki gazanzeeroN daal rehe the
Llghta hai jasay ye kal ka din tha jab main usko paalne main sulaati the
uske paun pe garam jurabaiN pehanti the
hawaa main ucHal kar apni bahoN main pyar use karti the.

main ab bhi use apna cHota sa baita samajti hoon
nahin, nahin vo ab jawani se bhara ek nojawaan hai
aur jo bhi dar muje manush jaati se tha
vo ab sub door ho giya hai.

aisa main kabhi bhi soch na tha
k jab vo mere andar Houdini ki tarah
ek buksay main lohay ki ganzeeroN se bandha hua
Hudson dariya ki baraf k neeche dooba hua
zor maar k aa baithe ga ek din meri bahoN main.
ab vo muje aise dekhta hai jaise Houdini ne
buksay se bahar aaney se pehle us buksay ko acHi tarah dekha tha.
muje dek kar vo ab muskrata hai
aur apni shaadi main bewee ki ganzeeroN
ki bandhan main kaidi ho jaane ki baataiN sochta hai.

Ravi Kopra

My Wife Is In Menopause, A Poem In Urdu

patjhar ka mausam hai
halki halki tHandi hawa chal rehi hai
meri beewee menopause main hai

so nahi pae bechari raat bhar
garam garam lehrain chal rahiN
theeN har jagah us k badan par

subah subah uth behthi
kaDi ho gae khiDki k pass
dekhnay lagi girtay pattoN koN

kehnay lagi apnay aap ko
y pattay mujhay kuch bata rahey hain
utha dala usnay mujhay ek dam bistray se

main ne kaha -

hey bhagwaan wanti
meri zindgi bhar ki dulhan
ab suno meri katha -

haray haray chotay se komal se
pattay aayey thay spring main en peDoN pe
ab peelay peelay bhooray bhooray laal laal

nayey lubas pehn kar ja rahain hain
hanstay hanstay alvida kartay is duniya se
kushi se aayey thay khushi se jaa rahey hain

aur dekho ab manushya jaati ko
rotay rotay aatay hain rotay rotay mar jaatay hain
sirif itna hi nahin, dekho apni ovarioN ko

abhi mari nahin, chilla rahiN haiN na jaanay ko
sar apna peet rahiN haiN, aanso baha rahiN hain
tumaray jism main aag laga rahiN hain

ye kitni chulayDain hain, jeenay nahin deti kisi aurat ko

jawaani main aag lagati haiN dewanoN se milnay ko
buDapay main aag lagati haiN dil chata nahin unka jaanay ko

Ravi Kopra

My Wife Piece By Piece Slices My Heart, A Hindi/Urdu Poem Of Disappointment

Meri dulhan, meri dharam patni
tum sundar ho, meri jaan-e-jaan ho
magar meri cheer-jwaar ??? ?????ho

Jab khush hoti ho baDa maza deti ho
dhul dhul kar mohabat karti ho
meethi meethi baatoN se dil main bahar laati ho
mere dil ki gulab subah subah khil uthay hain
chameli k phool sandya sameh is main muskratay hain
aur raat bhar pyaar main bhari mujhe sonay nahin deti ho

Lakin jab gusse se bhari hoti ho
aandhi toofan a jaate hain
darwazay khulte hain, band ho jate hain
khidkiyan cHan-cHananay lagti hain
mera beta meri gode main a baithta hai
hamara bechara cHota sa puppy tum se dar
kar gusal-khanay main chala jata hai

Jab tum bolti ho, hawa main talwareN chalti hain
teri zuban se kaman k teer chalte hain
mere dil k tukDay kar dete hain
barchiaN teri jeeb se nikal nikal kar
mere seene main aa paDti hain
mere jigar ko cheer deti hain

Teri zuban k aaray chalne lagte hain
jo pathar k diloN ko bhi cheer dete hain
mera to dil itna nazuk hai
halki hawa aane pe uDne lagta hai

Jab tumhari awaz oonchi hoti hai
lagta hai gagan main kaale badal takraiN marte hain
aasman main bijliaN chamak lagne lagti hain
aur kabhi kabhi hamari bechari padosan
aa kar darwaze pe ghanti bajaati hai
aur poochti hai: beta, sab theek-thaak ho na

chaho to mere ghar aa jana, chahe tumain pilauNgi
bilkul na ghabrana, kabhi na sharmana
main usko danya-waad deta hoon
pyaar ki izzat se us ko namaskar karta hoon
aur apne dil main kehne lagta hoon:
hey bhagwaan, kash tera dil-e-dimag-e khayal
hamari pyaari pyaari paDosan sa hota!

Ravi Kopra

Neck Tilted To The Left

Neck tilted to the left
Eyes closed, arms straight on sides

With the black rope tied to a long branch
Of the banyan tree, he moves a little to and fro
When the gentle autumn breeze blows

The park service guide guides the people
Heaps of leaves under feet crumple
And rustle as they approach him

No swallows in the air
No rose-breasted grosbeaks
No myna, no koel, no canary
The world, detached, at stand still

They stand in silence, almost
Stare at him

The guard asks-
Does any one know him?

Ravi Kopra

Negotiations, A Love Poem By Rae Armantrout In Hindi/Urdu Translation

mohabbat ka sab se acha kissa
us waqt k hota hai jab
hum dono ek hi andaaz main
kuch thake thake se hote hain

apne parion main pair dal kar
bistre pe lait jate hain
halaN k thakawat ki baat
koe baDi nahin hoti hai

jo kuch bhi bhoot kaal
main hua vo ho chuka hai
hum purani narazgi ki
sub baataiN bhool jate hain

sub purane gillon ko bhool kar
bina kuch kehe
fir se mohababt ka
ek neya sa kissa kholte hain

tab tak
jab hamari jaan main jaan
dikhaee nahin deti
mareez aur buday ho jate hain

lekin aaj bistre main latey
hamaray pairon k unghoodeh
aapas main langDraane lagte hain
aur hamare shreer main ek bijli ki current

chalne lag jati hai
sub duniya ko bhool bhal kar
mohabbat main doob jate hain
sharat-varat ki sab batain bhool jate hain

Ravi Kopra

Neighbors, My Lover Is Leaving, A Bulleh Shah Poem In English Translation

My lover is leaving
What do I do now, O Lord?

He doesn't stay, he's ready to go
What do I do now, O Lord?

In my cold heart, a bulbul is rising
Is seeing forests in the wilderness
What do I do now, O Lord?

Bulleh Shah now without his lover
Is stranded at neither bank of the river
What does he now do, O Lord?

Ravi Kopra

Neither You Nor I, A Urdu Ghazal By Khalid Ahmad In English Translation

On the day of separation neither you nor I
cried. Still we couldn't sleep at night, neither you nor I

The circumstances had turned us into heartless stones
We didn't get lost in past memories, neither you nor I

The signs of discord were evident from the beginning
But we could not speak out differences, neither you nor I

Our lamentations were our own, we both grieved alone
We shed no tears bidding good byes, neither you nor I

We didn't see eye to eye, we looked at the sky
We were both sad but did not cry, neither you nor I

(An added couplet)

I had to leave for the war over Kashmir between Pakistan and India
You a muslima, I a Hindu, could not hold back tears, neither you nor I

Ravi Kopra

Never Make Friends With A Crow, A Swedish Poem By Tua Forsström In Hindi/Urdu Translation

kauwoN k saath kabhi dosti na daalna
ek vaigyanik ne radio par kaha
kauwa jaldi se khoob gehri dosti daal leta hai
tumhari khiDKion k sheeshon par har waqt kut-kut karta rahega
in ke dimag main rog jaldi se lag jaata hai
un k bina sab shanti rehti hai
bagheechay barish main sundar lagtay hain
nimboo chandni raat main chamakte hain

kal raat ek khandar se woh hazaron ki taidad main idhar uDay
logon ne dhuaN suljaya, ghantiaN bajaeeN
ek baar main ne ek bachchi ki aankh badal k neechay dekhi
jis ka ab koi ilaj na tha, bilkul na tha
badal uski baigani rung wali aankh ke upar beh raha tha
aur aaista aaista aankh ki putli k andar ja raha tha
aur phir vo gayab ho gaya, vo badal.

Ravi Kopra

New Year Eve's Dark Hard Ebony

Thank you my dark hard ebony
for your company on the new year eve.
I had white lilies year after year
but never had an ebony so hard and tight.
I had you all night
your almond eyes as the night passed
made me forget all lilies.
The aroused blackness of my heart
entered your entire blackness
and your hardness melted in the heat of desires,
the mother Kali in you turned into soft dark clouds
in which I lost my way and floated in the skies all night.
My dark dark chocolate, my almond eyes amaretto, my dark sweet syrup,
I sipped you, nibbled you, I had you full the night of the new year eve.
I will never forget you and hope on the new year eve next year
in times square in new york, you happen to stumble my way, again.

Ravi Kopra

Nida Fazli In Remembrance

Your words were simple
Yet they carried weight.
They will light our dark path.

Your poems delighted our hearts.
Each word brought us love.

We will remember always
Your ghazals, couplets, songs
Whatever you said captured our hearts.

Godspeed, Nida Fazli.
Rest in peace.

Ravi Kopra

No Body Can Be More Handsome Than You

No body can be more handsome than you
You stand for hours before mirrors to admire your beauty

No body can be wiser than you
You preach Bible though you cannot read

No body can be more humane than you
You feed poison to stray dogs running in streets

No body can be more richer than you
You borrow money to buy fake jewels and jewelry

No body can be more pious than you
You steal church money to buy food for you

No body can speak better than you
Your 'butter on toast' sounds like your 'butt on toast'

Everybody, you think, loves and respects you
Unaware you are, you are the most hated one in the community.

Ravi Kopra

No Body Did Ever Notice Me, A Urdu Ghazal By Hazeeb Soz In English Translation

No body did ever notice me
with all the eyes in this world.
I was a gypsy though I had a home.

Someone brought and left me near the
banks of a river, vortexing in rage.
Lucky was I the river did not engulf me.

Is this a revenge or is it a protest?
What is all this about standing in the
burning sun while there is shade all around?

Give me a two yard of space anywhere in this world
I will stay there and go no where else.

If this is not bad luck, what else is it then?
I am alone in this world though I have a woman at home.

Ravi Kopra

No Body Loves Me, After Fernando Pessoa

No body loves me
no body feels my pains
if there is someone who does
it is hard for me to believe

For not believing is my nature
I am not certain if they are sincere
or just say things to please me
or lessen my suffering and appease me

Only someone who has been wounded
will know how deep are my wounds
and the one with a broken heart will
know the leftover pieces of my heart

Nobody gives a damn what poems do I write
how lonely is my heart and sleepless are my nights
I pour my heart and soul into my poems
but people give damn if they exist or not

They are after bread and butter, the matter
the matter they care means nothing to me
I am after heart and soul, the very existence of me
O my poor heart, why were you born to suffer all this.

Ravi Kopra

No Highfalutin Talk, No Nothing

I thank God I'm not good
But have the natural egoism of flowers
And rivers that follow their path
Unwittingly preoccupied
With only their flowering and their flowing.

-Alberto Caeiro of Fernando Pessoa

I don't know no philosophies
Philosophers live in their towers
all windows closed
and theorize what is and what isn't
without knowing a single simple thing.
When they open windows and see outside
they find what they say is horse shit
but are men not enough to admit it.

I am a country cowboy
I know my rope, my herd of cows
I love rodeo and my bonnie lassie
No technological, no nothing
except cell phone to talk with my honey.

I ride horses, I ride bulls
but no bull like city folks
No highfalutin talk, no nothing
just a next door country folk.

I like flowers and enjoy their flowerness
rivers and their riverness with fish and flowing water
I like nature, country openness. Beauty here is ineffable.
No high rise city towers. If I don't do nothing
what I do in the country, city folks will have
no red meat on plate, no milk, no cheese, no nothing.

Ravi Kopra

No Matter How Pretty She Is

No service to man, only to nature
serving myself to be happy and healthy
living a private peaceful life

my dream is to be like this
but better with a partner I love and like
sleep under the moon in open skies

hold hands on a beach
and for breakfast have two organic eggs
lightly fried in coconut ghee

I love the smell of coconut oil
it is an aphrodisiac to me
I love to chew fresh coconut from the tree

I want to see my love in dreams
no ghosts, no fairies, no lanky blonds
no blue eyed ones with whacky tastes

only her, only her the way she is
absolutely natural
no matter how pretty she is.

Ravi Kopra

No Moon, No Stars, No Skies

I love you
I give you my heart, my life
I expect nothing in return
No diamonds, no pearls, no riches.
No moon, no stars, no skies
I leave them to the poor poets
whose hearts cry without love.
Just hold me tight in your arms
and simply say to me this -
I love you too, my sweet heart.
That's all I want, love, love
I live on love.

Ravi Kopra

No New Land No Sky They Ask For, A Urdu Ghazal By Manzoor Hashmi In English Translation

No new land no sky they ask for
Only refuge and peace they ask for

the sun is so hot these days
the shade is all the trees ask for

I have to make a request to you now
But safety of my life first I ask for

how can I accept the verdict of these people
I must go against myself, they ask for

If you want to shoot me, my rival
why my bow and arrows you ask for?

how self indulgent are the birds these days
flying before growing wings they ask for

(an added couplet as below)

'Ravi' is happy writing and translating poems
Only french cuisine wine and women he asks for

Ravi Kopra

No No Never

God does this, God does that
God can do this, God can do that

But when you break your neck
You go to hospital for help

When your libido goes away
You run for the blue pill

When you lose all money
You file for bankruptcy

When your wife cheats on you
You kill her, kill her lover

Or kill yourself. To no one
You show your face. Ashamed!

You pray to God then for help?
Does he help you? Ever? Does he?

No No Never
But you are dumb. You still pray

Ravi Kopra

No Tender Feelings Of Heart

For certain men of Allah, raw sex in bed at night is love
No tender feelings of heart, no thrills of romance
In Allah's blessings of 4 wives, at least, they dance
Seeing henna painted hands of burqa clad women, they prance.

Ravi Kopra

Nobody, No Nothing

Planets are moving around the stars.
The stars are shining, are dead, becoming dwarfs.
The moon will show up its face in the evening.
Lovers will walk around hand in hand in gardens, in parks.
Some will be born, some will die, the world will keep on moving.
And I, homeless, hopeless, helpless will strive somehow
To live my life scavenging food from fast food dumps,
Sleeping under highways bridges and aimless wandering without an end.
Hope makes you strong to look forward to. I desire nothing.
I have no hope for nothing. My life, natural. Will end its
Cycle from nothing to nothing. And in between the
Beginning and the end, I am what I am - nobody, no nothing.

Ravi Kopra

Nor Did You Change - A Hindi Love Poem By Deepti Mishra In English Translation

The hours change from one to the next
The days change into nights
But my desire for you did not change
You are my destination still
I remember you year around
My pains did not change
I did not change. Nor did you change.

In those unfortunate days of my life
They took you away from me. I could not help
There were restraining me every day
Years have passed and nothing has changed
God is still the same old gold
My prayers did not change
Why I pray for you did not change
I did not change. Nor did you change.

The flames of desire I lit in you long ago
Are those flames of passion still alight in your heart?
The palace of memories that we built together
are there still some memories left of me there, my love?
I will not complain if they don't exist altogether
But I only want to say this to you -
My heart is still the same
My love for you did not change
I did not change. Nor did you change.

Ravi Kopra

Nostalgia

Was nostalgic to places I grew up.
Moved away from them
one by one scores of times.
They were fixed in my memories
like scenes in movies.
They formed the background
the landscape of my life
for those times.

I visited some of them
years later. Many I could
hardly recognize, transformed
completely. No trace of what they were
when I was there growing up.

And some resembled to what I had in memory
but were in absolute decay, fully dilapidated.

I looked at the places and looked at myself.
Am I the same what I was then?
I changed, the places changed
I am with the world, so are the places.

My desire to be in the past evaporated.
A burden lifted.
Old places had held me a prisoner to be back in time.
After visiting them, I grew new wings and left the old nests
houses, buildings, people, places and soared high in the sky- free
and never suffered from saudades.

Ravi Kopra

Nostalgia (Fernando Pessoa)

Life, an experiential journey taken involuntarily
the spirit travels feeling the world
sitting in my chair, contemplating
I see the world vicariously

I've lived without ever having lived
I've thought without ever having thought
I've danced without ever having danced
taking stillborn adventures calmly

I am sick of what I never had
or likely will ever have
I am sick of gods
always just about to appear

My body bears the wounds
of battles never fought
my muscles are weary
of efforts never wrought

Great unknown lassitude
engulfs me today
I suppress my helpless tears
born of my sick soul

I look at the sky
dull, dumb and empty
as it never ever existed
or will never be there

I sleep when I think
I lie down when I walk
I suffer feeling nothing
my suffering is for nothing

My nostalgia is for nothing
like the sky above
that I do not see
but gaze at impersonally.

Ravi Kopra

Nostalgic Love

Those were different times
These are not the same

I'd wait till evening to be with you
I'd be awake all night listening to you
I'd leave everything and run after you

Those were different times
These are not the same

I'd write ghazals of love for you
I'd know when you looked in a certain way
I'd know your mind without saying a word
I'd know you wanted me by how you looked at me

We lived in a different world then
Our lives are now not the same

We would quibble over trivial matters
And would still be in love though a little angry
We used to wrap our selves onto each other
After a few moments of sweet disagreement

Those yearnings were of another kind
Our loyalties now have too far shifted

I used to light fragrant candles for you
I used to believe in every promise you made
I used to sail on rivers of sweet love
I used to thirst for your loving touch

We were always close in hearts though miles apart
Now the separation of our hearts is another matter.

Ravi Kopra

Not A Single Woman I Could Love Did I Find, A Urdu Ghazal By Makhmoor Delhvi In English Translation

Not a single woman I could love did I find
A lot of trash, not a single heart did I find

Nothing to sacrifice for love was there to find
My eyes did meet with some, but love I could not find

It was the beginning of my sorrows when you became angry with me
It has been ages now, yet to have someone to love I could not find

I have gone to all corners of the world to find love
Still no one better than you to love could I find

Whether we go to Kaba or go to a temple
if our heart has no place for God, God we will never find

A traveler enjoys on reaching his destination
What joy is there if no destination exists to find

'Makhmur' is drowned in sorrows amongst the revelers
No one to pull the strings of his heart there did he find.

(An added verse)

Makhmoor, you are not the only who has no love
Ravi is still single, nowhere real love did he find

Ravi Kopra

Not Happy In Marriage

Not happy
in your marriage

For Allah's sake, do not
have any children

They will not solve
your marital problems

You are ruined already
Why ruin lives of innocents.

Ravi Kopra

O Flaming Candle!

O flaming candle!

The way you spend the night
The way the night weighs on you
Sacrificing yourself for others
I have spent my whole life.
Burning in love when young
Giving my heart away for love
Raising my young children
Toiling away for family, friends
And now burning in anger when
Every body around me says -
I am too old, too old fashioned
What do I know the ways of the world
and they shun me!

Ravi Kopra

O Hymen! O Hymenee! A Poem By Walt Whitman In Hindi/Urdu Translation

aey yoni cHid! aey yoni cHidi!
mujhe kyon tarsaati rehti ho?
kyon sirf ek hi pal k liye mujhe dank marti ho
aur fir hamesha k liye gaib ho jati ho?
is liye k agar tu mujhe dank marti rehi
to jaldi se hi meri jaan le lo gi?

Ravi Kopra

O Love!

If minds
could meet
as do
the hearts
there would be
love and peace
and no wars.

O love!
you bring
hearts together
why not minds
sometimes!

Ravi Kopra

O My Fragrant Flower!

Love, drink me as you desire
Give me your delicious fruit
I will drink your sweet milk

O my fragrant flower!
I will soak you in pure love

We will be together
Sealed in love.

Ravi Kopra

O My Innocent Heart - A Ghazal Of Ghalib In English Translation

O my innocent heart! What ill's you?
What med will cure you?

I thought she would be faithful
But faithfulness she never knew

I want her, she does not care
O Allah, what's the matter with her?

I can tell her my thoughts
But she ignores, she never asks

I love her, no one else
O Allah, what's the matter with her?

These women with faces like fairies
I love their love glances, their graces

Their tresses full of fragrances
Their kohl laced eye lashes

I love nature, the emerald green
The clouds, the winds, the seas

I will give my life for her
What else is in her prayers, I ask?

Do good, the good will be done unto you
Sure, this much the dervish do say

I agree 'Ghalib' is not a great guy
But he is free. Why does she not get him then?

Ravi Kopra

O So White, O So Soft, O So Sweet Is She! Ben Jonson In Hindi/Urdu Translation

ujjal lilly k phool ko khilte
kya kabhi dekha hai aap ne?

saaf safed baraf ko aasman se girte
mitti ka daag lagne se pehlay
kya kabhi dekha hai aap ne?

udbilao ki oon ya hans ke pankh ko
kya kahi chHooah hai aap ne?

junglee gulab ki khushboo
ya jatamansi ki jalti khushboo ko
kya kabhi soongha hai aap ne?

madu makhion ke chHatoN ke shaid ko
kya kabhi chakha hai aap ne?

O itni saaf safed, itni komal, itni meethi hai vo!

Have you seen but a bright lily grow□
Before rude hands have touched it? □
Have you marked but the fall of the snow□
Before the soil hath smutched it? □
Have you felt the wool of the beaver, □
Or swan's down ever? □
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier□
Or the nard in the fire? □
Or have tasted the bag of the bee? □
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she!

-from The Triumph of Charis
By Ben Jonson (1572-1637)

Ravi Kopra

O Sweetheart, Hear You -A Poem By James Joyce In Hindi/Urdu Translation

meri jaan, suno ab apne yaar ki daastan -
doston ka dhokha khane par kitna dukh hot hai

tab lagta hai usay dost kitne dhokay daar hain
aur un k sab shabad khaak hi khaak hain

lakin mehbooba jo usko chati hai pyaar se us k paas ayegi
aur meethay meethay pyar se uska dil behlaey gi

us ke haath mehbooba ke gol gol mammon pe hon gay
uska sab dard door ho jaeyga, araam usko sab ayeN gay

Ravi Kopra

O Unwary Traveler!

O unwary traveler!
Go and see the world
You have but one life

If you do live
A long life
The youth in you
Will not be left.

sair kar duniya ki ghafil zindagani phir kahañ
zindagi gar kuchh rahi to ye javani phir kahañ

-KHWAJA MEER 'DARD'

Ravi Kopra

O Urduwallah Paki Brothers!

Hindus speak Sanskrit
Derived Hindi
Their holy books are in Sanskrit and Hindi
They pray in Sanskrit and Hindi

Sikhs speak Punjabi
Their holy book is in Punjabi
They pray in Punjabi

Christians speak English, French. German...
Their holy book is in English, French, German...
They pray in English, French German...

They all know who they are,
What they are
What they pray for

Pakis speak Urdu
Their holy book is in Arbi - Arabic
They pray in Arbi - Arabic

Do they know who they are?
What they are?
What do they pray for?

A block of humanity
lost, lost for ever in oblivion

When they visit their holy land
Their assumed forefathers' scions
Do not accept them as true believers
and call them 'Hindi' believers

So much insult they bear
Still to their belief they adhere
They speak Urdu and like
Their holy book in Arbi - Arabic
They do not understand
The Arbi insults hurled on in Arabic.

So much for their faith they bear
Hear, hear, hear, hear
When Arbi men on them jeer!

Urdu is derived from Hindi, Persian and Arbi
O Urduwallah Paki brothers!
Why do you go to Arbi people who insult you
And not to your Hindu brothers who love you?

And remember, all your forefathers were Hindu
They became believers like you under coercion
Or too poor to pay the non believers' tax- the jazia
But you call yourselves the bedouin barbaric scions

Is it shameful, disgraceful?
If not, what is it?
I will not call it camel shit
Unless you first admit it.

Ravi Kopra

O You Crying Face

O you crying face
You do not know
how to
cry gracefully,
to let your tears
fall
or keep them
inside silently,

We don't have
to put them
on our sleeves,
they can speak
loudly
in our sad
hearts and tear
apart the heartless
hearts shifting
ground under their
feet.

Ravi Kopra

Oceans, A Spanish Poem By Juan Ramon Jimenez In Urdu Translation

Samundar

mujhay kuch aisa lagta hai
k meri kishti
ab sagar ki gheraarioN maiN
kisi badi cheez k saath lag gayi hai
har baat ab ruk gayi hai

kuch bhi nahin...
har taraf khamoshi hai...
lehraIn hi lehraIn haiN...

kuch bhi nahin ho raha
ya sub kuch ho chuka hai?
aur kya main ab khaDa hooN
shaanti maiN
ek nayey jeewan maiN?

Ravi Kopra

Of Cooches And Phalluses

“Neelachal, a sacred hill, situated on the southern bank of Brahmaputra in the outskirts of Guwahati (India) , houses the famed Kamakhya Temple. According to Hindu Mythology, the female organ of Shiva's consort fell on that spot and became a major pilgrimage center visited by millions every year to offer Puja to the Goddess of fertility Kamakhya.”

-Syed Ahmed Shah

When their hands folded
they stand bowed before
Parvati's cooch or
Shiva's phallus and pray.
I wonder what they say -

O Lord Shiva of the humongously huge, the longest, the strongest phallus!
Please make my phallus like yours
It has gone limpid forever
It sleeps, sleeps, sleeps
Please awaken it up
Make it to work

O Lord Shiva of the humongously huge, the longest, the strongest phallus!
Please make my husband's phallus like yours
does he have one? sometimes I doubt
Or, O phallus Lord! guide me to some immaculate way

O Goddess Parvati, make my yoni like yours
Where the ganges could flow when the mountains strike
Mine is like a dry desert river infested with cacti

O Goddess Parvati, make my wife's yoni like yours
When and if I am ready I could sail, find my way
It's a cob webbed dry narrow alley with shut gates

O Parvati! O Shiva!
Take us in your embrace
Bless our cooches, bless our phalluses

Make them work again
Or once in a while, at least. Please!

Ravi Kopra

Of Love And Cyanide, A Linda Maria Baros Poem In Hindi/Urdu

Mujhe ghar se ya cHat k cHote kamaray se
telephone mat karna
main apne aap hi tere paas aa jaoNgi

Aur apni cHati ko cheer kar dil bahar nikal looNgi
apne dantoN se is ko kaat dalooNgi
ansuoN ko toothpick laga kar jo namak
main ne chuna hai usay dil k tukron par bikhhar dooNgi
aur inko jaise chukee chalaii jaati hai
apne hathoN se tum par maar dalooNgi

Ta k tumhari bahoN aur laatoN ki haddiyan
tukray tukray ho kar toot jayeN
ta k tumhare moonh se jo peshab ki badboo aati hai
tumhari bHathi main jal jaye
aur tumhare sar main jo bhoot baitha hai
hamesha k liye us k tukDe tukDe ho jaayeN

Ravi Kopra

Of Love Andcyanyde! , A Linda Maria Baros Poem In Hindi/Urdu

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ta k tumhari bahoN aur laatoN ki haddiyan
tukray tukray ho kar toot jayeN
ta k tumhare moonh se jo peshab jaisi badboo aati hai
tumari bHatti main jal jaey
aur tumhare jaanwar jaise sar k
hamesha k liye tukDe tukDe ho jaayeN

Ravi Kopra

Of Many Reasons I Love You, A Love Poem By Craig Arnold In Hindi/Urdu Translation

tuje pyaar karne k mere pass hazaroN karan hain
un main ek ye hai -
k kaise tu muje airport se likhti ho
k main keh paonN har cheez tHeek-tHaak hai

tu ne likha k terminal main ek parinda pHasa hua hai
log us se be-parvah hain
jante nahin kaise bachaeynN uski jaan ko
apne hi dar main bechara mar jaega akela

tum dukh main doobi hue ho

chahti ho ko parinday ko terminal se bahar
nikal kar hawa main uDa do (agar nahin to)
uski jaan bachaane k liye
kisi pakshi-samajdar ko bula lo

tum kuch nahin kar sakti
siraf pakshi ko hi dekh rehi ho
us k dukh mehsoos kar rehi ho
aur muje likhti ho
k kaise likHuN ye dukh
jo lafzon se bahar hai

tum bilkul galat ho

tum mere se bhi acHi pakshi-samajdar ho
teri bataiN aisi oonchi hoti hain
apne aap gaane se bun jaati hain

ye sub tumare lafaz hain
tum har cheez ko saaf saaf dekhti ho
aur apne dard ko keh deti ho

tu ne muje apna dard bataya
main tum ko apna bata raha hoon

meri yehi ek kamna hai
k tumain bata sakoon
hamare dard bekar k nahin hain

Ravi Kopra

Of Men And Birds, A Poem By Sara Ryan In Hindustani Translation

daal do apni hook us ke kulay main
aur latkaao usay dil bhar hawaa main
ta k khel sako tum apnay dono hathoN se

uski gardun ka khyal rakhna kahin toot na jaey
bikhaar do uski jhangon main zahar k bulbulay
bachta rahey ga vo keeday makoDon se

bhar do usay rooee say
sookay patar, ghaas-phoons, kuchlay
kagaz se, sookhi hue lakDi ki cHaal se

dekho usay achi tarah ghar le jaa kar
ek naram naram sarhana sa lagay ga
ek bhaDi rail jaisi lambi hogi uski choonch
gazab se bharay us k paon, us k paankh hoNgay
jo tum nay na dekhain hoNgay sapnoN main

tumaray sapnon main vo ek jung-laga bhooDa hai
ek purana kawwa hai, bhara hua hai baDi akal se

ek anghoodhi bahra zahar hai
uski aankhain kali kali, kali shihaee jaise hain

us pe taankay lagaany wakat dyaan rakhna
vo ek khush kismati parinda hai
koe greece se bhari bhatakh nahin hai

uske peentd par kaanatay kum laagana
zyaada nahin, iska matlab saaf saaf hai-

tum nahi chahogi k vo ek pagla sa lagata hai

the original

thrust your hook into his pelvis

and suspend him in midair. this
is so you can work with both
hands.

be gentle with his neck. give his legs
a coat of arsenical soap—it protects
him from insects. disjoint his bones carefully.

fill him up. with cotton,
dry leaves, grass, or
crumpled paper. wood wool
is driest and best.

when you take him home
notice his body: like a great
downy pillow. his bill
as long as a fence rail.

and what wings! and such feet!
you have never seen such a bird,
not even in your dreams.

in your dreams, he is an old,
rusty, second-hand crow. he
is some good genius.

a thimbleful of arsenic. a pair
of eyes black as ink.

when you back to issue
next: icarus' father builds the wings
thrust your hook into his pelvis
and suspend him in midair. this
is so you can work with both
hands.

be gentle with his neck. give his legs
a coat of arsenical soap—it protects
him from insects. disjoint his bones carefully.

fill him up. with cotton,
dry leaves, grass, or

crumpled paper. wood wool
is driest and best.

when you take him home
notice his body: like a great
downy pillow. his bill
as long as a fence rail.

and what wings! and such feet!
you have never seen such a bird,
not even in your dreams.

in your dreams, he is an old,
rusty, second-hand crow. he
is some good genius.

a thimbleful of arsenic. a pair
of eyes black as ink.

when you stitch him up
make sure to treat him like
a lucky bird, not a greasy swan.

he should have a few stitches
at his back, but not too many.
for obvious reasons.

you wouldn't want him
to look a fool. him up
make sure to treat him like
a lucky bird, not a greasy swan.

he should have a few stitches
at his back, but not too many.
for obvious reasons.

you wouldn't want him
to look a fool.

Ravi Kopra

Oh Mom, I Did Not Eat The Butter, A Poem Of Surdas In Translation

Oh mom, I did not eat the butter
Early in the morning you send me
To the jungle to look after the cows.
All day long I play flute there
Only in the evening I come home.
When could have I eaten your butter?

The cowherd boys are jealous of me
On my face they smeared the butter
O my mom, I did not eat your butter.
I feel like you are hiding a secret -
You are not my mom, just a foster mother.

Yashoda laughed and hugged young krsna, so says Surdas
Her eyes welled up with tears.
She said -
O my little darling, my sweet dear son
I know you did not steal the butter
I was just teasing you.

No mom, I did eat the butter, said young krsna.

the original in old Hindi

Maiya mori main nahii.n maakhan khaayo
bhor bhayo gaiyan ke paachhe tune madhuban mohe pathaayo
char prahar banshi bat bhatkyo, saanjh pade main ghar aayo
re maiya mori main kab maakhan khayo.

Maiya yeh gwal-baal sab bair pare hai.n, barbas mukh laptaayo
O ri maiya mori, mai.n nahii.n maakhan khaayo

Maiya jiya tere kuch bhed upaj hai
Tune mohe jaanyo, paaro jaanyo
Surdas tab hasii.n Yashoda

Le urkanth lagaayo, nain neer bhar aayo
O lalla moro, kanhaiya moro
Tai nahii.n maakhan khaayo
Maiyya mori mainehi maakhan khaayo

Ravi Kopra

Oh, Come With Old Khayyam, And Leave The Wise, Omar Khyyam In Hindi/Urdu Translation

aao bhai aao, baat cheet karne k liyay
apne old uncle Khyyam ke paas aao
fooloN ki tarah maut to hamari ho kar hi rehegi
aur baaki is sansaar main sab jhoot-moot hai

Ravi Kopra

Old Age, Sooner Or Later

Old age, sooner or later
Takes over you stealthily

And sometimes takes
Mericeless revenge and punishes

You by stealing your memory
and self for you to rot and rot

Bedridden you don't know who
You are. A half dead organism

An old man who gave all his
love to all, every woman he knew

Has his heart now blocked
Stented to let blood flow

The punishment he got for
His overflowing love for all

If it isn't your head or heart
The old age snatches from you

It may break your bones
Shut your kidneys, you can't pee

Make you breathless with asthma, pneumonia
And worst, breathless when you see a pretty lady

And it steals forever your ever rising libido
You rush for the blue pill and it doesn't work

It doesn't work and you sit alone with your head in your
Both hands and say - Allah, why do you punish me, such?

Ravi Kopra

Old Woman Nature, A Poem By Gary Snyder Translated Into Hindi/Urdu

prakriti ek buDhi aurat
ki tarah hai
jo haddion k bharay
thailay
kisi kamre main chupaye
rakhti hai

kaDi lachili haddian
aur bikhre baal
jungle main
rakhti hai

lomDi k gobar main
baal aur daant,
zamin pe khole teele,
haddion k chote chote
tukray nadiN kinare
rakhti hai

koi myuN myuN karti billi
chooay ka sar
pehlay khati hai
uski sar ki haddi
daantoN se chubati hai
aur chark chark awaaz aati hai
aur wo dheere dheere chooay
ki poonch par
khane ko paunch jati hai...

ek pyaari pyaari buDhi aurat
baDay pyaar k saath
sukhi lakDian
jalane k liye
jungle main
ikhadi karti hai

ghabrao nahin

darò nahin
wo tumhare liye
soup garam kar rehi hai.

Old Woman Nature
BY GARY SNYDER
Old Woman Nature
naturally has a bag of bones
tucked away somewhere.
a whole room full of bones!

A scattering of hair and cartilage
bits in the woods.

A fox scat with hair and a tooth in it.
a shellmound
a bone flake in a streambank.

A purring cat, crunching
the mouse head first,
eating on down toward the tail-

The sweet old woman
calmly gathering firewood in the
moon...

Don't be shocked,
She's heating you some soup.

VII, '81, Seeing Ichikawa Ennosuke in
"Kurozuka"—"Demoness"— at the Kabuki-za
in Tokyo

Ravi Kopra

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Ravi Kopra

On My Daily Morning Walk

On my daily morning walk
She says good morning and smiles
I say good morning and smile
We pass on

I look back and wonder
Why no more words from her
Too shy to break the ice?

No love, no romance
No nothing going on in life
Life dull or fulfilled already?

Ravi Kopra

On Parrots And Carrots

Carrot
Eating kid
Wants an apple

When parrots eat carrots
They prattle and
Rattle the cattle in fields

The bunny was sad
The parrot brought him a carrot
The bunny beamed smiles

Guess. What parrots like
That bunnies like?
Carrots. Of course, carrots!

Carry a carrot in one hand
And a stick in the other
Said a famous politician

Wrong, wrong wrong
Carry a carrot and a parrot
Your enemy will drop arms

A parrot on a bough
Eats a carrot
A hungry hare below wants it

One carrot
Many parrots
They battled for bites

When parrots eat sugar
they get high and fly in the sky
and laugh and laugh and laugh all day all night.

Ravi Kopra

On The Extraordinary Beauty Of The Ordinary Nightfall, A Poem By Sabina Messeg In Hindi/Urdu Translation

???? ?? ??????? ??????? ??

Saanj Sameh

bhookhe geedar karhanay lagay hain
meri smapti ab ho sakti hai

Haray Khet

haray khetoN ki tabahii k
baad yahan aur khet ban jayeN gay
hamari aankhoN main aansu laaeN gay
vo chahte hain k aaj un k liye
ek kavita likh di jaey

Kabristan

saal k be-ant garmi k din main bhi
yahaan patjaD lagi rehti hai

Acha Din

Ek aur din
jab barish k jhakpanay main
lohe ko zang nahin lagta

Anand

hum hawa k khambay
jannat ka shamayana uthaey nahin dekh sakte
lakin yahan har cheez doosri cheez se
shaadi karti phirti hai

Lapait

atma ko pukarne k liye
main sar par rumal rakh let hoon
prarthana ki shawl lapait leti hoon

ON THE EXTRAORDINARY BEAUTY OF THE ORDINARY
NIGHTFALL

Now that the jackals
begin to whine of hunger
I can cease

GREEN FIELDS

The fields we'll soon build on
the fields we'll soon weep for
demanda poem
now

CEMETERY

Even on the
hottest day of the year
it's autumn
here

GOOD DAY

One more day
when their onof reality
doesn't rust...
under the rain of whims

BLISS

You do not see the columns of air
holding the canopy
of heaven but
everything here
is marrying everything

WRAPPINGS

I put on a headscarf
against the wind
and a prayer shawl
to call in
spirit

- Sabina Messeg

Ravi Kopra

On The Nudist Colony Beach

O my peach
juicy and sweet
let's go to the beach
and each other we teach
how to be happy in love
how by the shore
on the nudist colony beach
being natural in nature
our ecstasies of love
we can soon reach.

Ravi Kopra

On The Wedding Night

I see flowers blooming on her breasts
I hear doves cooing in her breasts
I smell my youthful desires
She is my houri on the wedding night
I am in heaven forever tonight.

Ravi Kopra

On Writing Poetry

The poet laureate does not tell them
with only a thousand or so words of
a foreign or native tongue in their skull
they cannot write poetry

He does not want to hurt their feelings
they may come to him with a bagful of expletives
with loaded pistols, guns or AK47 ones
to teach him a lesson

They write master pieces of their own
and litter the web to their delight
telling what love is
how desperate they are for it

What beauty is, only they can tell it
what poetry is, only they can write it
what wisdom is, only they have it
what God is, is what God is

They will tell you everything in their poetry
understand it or not, who cares
but they have heard, read, imagined it
sometime, somewhere who cares

That has touched their hearts, minds, souls
so much so they cannot contain it
their hearts burst, souls burst, minds burst
and pour forth undying love with broken hearts

Lost, lonely souls touching such souls
and mindless wisdom to enlighten the world
thus they get happy, they get Nirvana
they write poetry and litter the web

And why not?
they mend their broken hearts
they heal their wandering souls
they empty their cluttered minds

They tirelessly write poetry
day and night littering the web
in pursuit of their happiness
like it or not, who cares.

Ravi Kopra

Once Again Today At My Fate I Cried, A Urdu Ghazal By Shakeel Badayuni In English Translation

Once again today at my fate I cried
Looking into my hurting heart I cried

Bound in love by chains I still had some hope
When hopes left me, at the chains I cried

I had beautiful dreams while in love
Waking up seeing the reality I cried

My heart was calm when her letter came
Reading that she didn't love me, over and over I cried

I gave away my heart and still didn't find love
I was doomed to have no love, at my fate I cried

'Shakil' was happy his prayers for love will be answered
But when he met sorrow after sorrow, at his life he cried

Ravi Kopra

One Day Barefooted I Imagined

One day barefooted I imagined
Walking by the ocean on a sandy beach

On another day I dreamed of
painting a masterpiece

And yet on another day I dreamed
I sang my love song to a my sweet audience

My footprints were washed by the imaginary waves
My painting was hung on an imaginary wall
And my fans heard my love songs in my thoughts.

Ravi Kopra

One Day I Will Go To The City Of My Dreams, A Urdu Ghazal By Idris Babar In English Translation

One day I will go to the city of my dreams
and become dust in the dust of the city streets

Day dreamers for life
live such a life

When did I leave the home?
Well, what home am I heading to now?

The first thing of death, my dear sir
is the death of feelings

Without being too close or too aloof
if you want to go, you must go

In the sad and noisy streets
your heart will travel silently

Ravi Kopra

One Day Just For Nothing, A Hindi Poem By Rajnish Manga Into English Translation

One day where
two rivers meet,
I was standing by
the bank and wondering -
what is life, after all
if not just chances, coincidences.
We come across a myriad of people,
sometimes get together, make alliances.
Eventually they break down, memories are
left behind like waves making peaks and troughs
that finally merge into nothing; and then, all silence.

Ravi Kopra

Only Lovers Know The Sadness Of Heart, A Ghazal Of Rumi In English Translation

Only lovers know the sadness of heart
It is unlike any other sadness

No matter where the lovers come from
They will die for your love

I cannot tell love in words
I feel it only in my heart

My tongue fails to tell
How I feel when I am in love

When I use my pen to write about love
Love shatters it into a thousand pieces

When I use my head to think about love
I feel like a donkey stuck in mud

If you want to know about love
Ask love what love is

It's like wanting to know about the sun
You have to ask the sun what sun is, and do not turn away.

Ravi Kopra

Only Once, After Mela Ram Wafa

Only once
he smiled
looking at me.

Only once.

This is the fact.
Rest, all fiction.

Ravi Kopra

Only The Remembrance Of My God Is Coming To Me, A Urdu Ghazal By Saqi Faruqi In English Translation

Only the remembrance of my God is coming to me
While in such thoughts the church is calling me

I know very well I am just a handful of dust
How can you make me fly in the air? tell me

What spell is cast on me that I sigh every night?
Who is he who uses his lamps to start fires on me?

The more I think of him, the more I want to see him
He is making a mirage in the wilderness out of me

I stand here after a shower in my own tears
The darkness of my past ages is calling me

Ravi Kopra

Open Your Heart

Open your heart
Let love flow in
Love, invincible, intangible

Heart seeks love
Mind aspires elation
And soul wants merger

Whom are you looking for?
He may be waiting for you
High on love merging with you

When souls merge
Paths merge, and lovers
Discover life, together.

Ravi Kopra

Orgasm 3 A Spanish Poem Of Dina Posada In English Translation

The light is off
It's all quiet.

A shriek flutters
And drops its wings
In our bed.

You close your eyes
On my conquered body.
And I am in seventh heaven.

Ravi Kopra

Orgasm I, A Spanish Poem Of Dina Posada In English Translation

I am getting nervous for the flashing moment
I feel like being suspended in time.

A nameless bliss
surrounds me, digs into me, licks me.

My agonising fingers on your
sides, are lost in the world
in a sigh.

Ravi Kopra

Orgasm Infinite

Oh dear lover,
Do you feel bitter today
that you are avoiding
me intentionally?
Did I make you angry?

If I could sleep tonight
I will be dreaming of you -
I will feel your
silky finger tips
giving me goosebumps
grazing my warm body,
you hold my full moons
in your hands and bend
a little to suck honey.
Your lips kiss mine
softly and then slowly
searching for my fore
head, temples, neck.
Your arms around me
squeezing me hard.
Your legs entangled
on top of mine.
Your groins on fire
rub against mine,
moving up and down
first slow then
gaining tempo. Soon
I follow your rhythms.

Suddenly my wetness
is covered with the
coveted fragrance coming
from your beloved mass,
mixing and melting with mine.
At that moment, you release
your gunpowder deep
inside my thighs that
reaches upwards to the tips of

my breasts causing fireworks
in my universe infinite.
You send me to heavens
unimaginable beyond this world.
I lose all my senses and
find myself breathless
lying beside you in your
warm loving arms. We look
into each others' eyes,
we smile, and you press me hard
against your throbbing heart.

Ravi Kopra

Our Fascinating Minds, A Robert Murray Smith Inspired Poem

our minds find other minds
and if alike, we come allies
friends, lovers, husbands, wives

minds are racists
they like their own kinds
and dislike different kinds

white mind thinks it is the purest
may not like black, brown or yellow mind

white mind some times shines too much
In its brightness it cannot see itself and becomes blind

white mind has more flavours
see different colours of it eyes
see different colors of its hair
see different heights of its stature

it is the most cunning and creative mind
It can see more with blue, green grey, brown, black cat eyes
than just a single colored eyes
that's why it ruled the world and still goes on ruling
and knows for its own survival it has to absorb different
colors from time to time, but not too many or too much at a time

it thinks wider and broader than narrow or narrower
white mind has offered more to the world
has taken more from the world
than single colored minds

it has all colors in it like the rays of sunlight
that's why it white, that's why it is bright
and that's why it burns in its own brightness
and its brightness makes it blind...

In my tribute to the white mind I must say -

white minds make the most beautiful beauties
I desire them all the time
they are part and parcel of my life
I get drunk in them, I drink them, I eat them
and in my peasant arms I annihilate them
Without them I cannot survive.

Ravi Kopra

Our Hearts, Our Souls

Our souls
Merged as one

Our hearts
marked in love

Souls refuse to separate
Hearts love the taste of love

We are now bound to be one
One and only one in joy or despair

Ravi Kopra

Our Loving Hearts Flutter, A Love Poem

You have entered my body, my mind, my soul
Every moment I have been thinking of you

You are coming to my home for a drink today
I am cleaning my house ready for you today

I bought yesterday blue berry infused soli vodka
I am polishing two silver-gold goblets for you

I forgot to buy party crackers and asiago cheese
You can nibble me to hearts's content when we drink

'Keep you house tidy', you said, 'I am a clean lady
I like no beards, no moustaches, no facial hair'

'Neat and trimmed and groomed men I like
You maybe a little chubby I do not care'

'But clean clean, my love, you should be clean
No doggy crap, no cat scats near your bath room'

I have no cats, no dogs, no parrots, my dear
I live in Florida, little lizards sneak into my lair

And sometimes tiny frogs who croak under my bed
When it rains heavily in months of may and june

Nod bad! For when I make love to my love in bed in rains
They jump around in joy and happily they serenade

So I have been cleaning my house all day
Not letting little frogs get out of my house

For I love nature, animals cats, dogs and frogs
I want to share pleasure with them when we make love

I thought and thought of you all day long
But never thought so much while making my bed

I wanted to be sure the memory mattress was in good order
Never to lose memory when in bed our loving hearts flutter.

Ravi Kopra

Our New Neighbor, A Poem In Hindi/Urdu

meri beewi nayi paDosan ko
khushamdeed karne us k aangan main gayi
aur ghar par chai-pani ko bulaya

us ne koi dhanyawad nahin diya
ek dum kaha -
ab shaam k taqreeban saat baje hain
mere kutoN k sone ka waqt hai
acha, bye bye
main ne unko bistar par solana hai

vo kutton ko nehlati hai
bachay wali buggy main baithakar sair ko le jati hai
baal katne pet-barber ko ghar bulati hai
khansi zukaam pait-dard hone par doctor k pass le jati hai

kabhi us ne shaadi na ki
koi mehboob nahin hai
akeli hai, buDi ho gayi hai
do kuttay us k do bache hain

ye amreeka hai

Ravi Kopra

Our Sense Of Crisis In The Air

"There's a sense of crisis in the air over the notion that reason itself is in jeopardy."

-Deepak Chopra

Have no reason
Don't be rational
Don't use your brain
Do what the holy books say

Pray to Jesus
Who died for you
Pray to his Father
Who fathered him

Pray to Mary
Who allowed Father
To take away her virginity
In immaculate conception

Call a cow your mother
Become like her a coward
Drink her urine
(as some Hindus do)
To become healthy as a bull

All this religiosity
All this spirituality
Will make you holy
And you'll go to heaven

But if you get sick
Don't get medicine
Don't go to a doc
He uses science-inventions

Don't drive a car

Don't fly in a plane
Don't use your PC
All made by science-inventions

Ride a donkey
Send mail par les pigeons
Live in a cave
Like those who brought you God.

Ravi Kopra

Our Talking Led Us To Talk Further

A young man shares his
feelings with his friend -

Talking at random
something I said that
we talked over and over
and we could never
put to rest what
we had started talking
right from the beginning

We laughed at what we talked
by laughing it off we forgot
what were we talking in the beginning
we hid our feelings by talking
we did not know what were we talking

When I tried hard to get
what really was he saying
our talking took a turn
like air does when flowing

When I really got
what was he saying
then he understood
what was really on his mind
but in the beginning he didn't know
what in random he was saying

When I thought to talk further
on what was I saying
then what I talked
led me talk some other new thing
it didn't end there as I had thought
it was submerged somewhere else
and got out to take a new life.

Ravi Kopra

Pain

My loneliness gone too far
Is the cause of my scattered dreams

It is a bouquet of words
That sting like sharp arrows

The bow was however not in the
stranger's but my own hands

Always sneering loudly
Taunting forcefully

I do not know for how long
It will be like this

Ravi Kopra

Pains Of Love

If pains
of
love
did not
wither
our hearts

there would
have been
no
sorrow
in death
nor
would have been
any pleasure
in life.

Life
without
love
is a
broken life

Except
for the ones
with
broken hearts.

Ravi Kopra

Pakistan Harbors Hate In Heart For The U.S.A

"Death Is Meaningless For Pakistani Soldiers."
- Akhtar Jawad, a Pakistani poet at Poemhunter

"You (USA) blamed Iraq of having chemical weapons
you (USA) attacked and destroyed Iraq"

"You (USA) infected Iraq with the germs and viruses
of a civil war"

"You (USA) helped and encouraged the terrorists"

"You (USA) raged the Afghan war"

"Can you (USA) appreciate peace in the world? "

"Your economy depends on wars. ! " (sic)

"But keep in your mind Pakis are different persons
for them death is meaningless."

Hate mongers of the USA in Pakistan are
The mullaha, maulvis, muezzins, kazis and poets of Pakistan

For whom and the rest unlike in the West
Life starts after death where in Jannat are

Waiting for them the beautiful virgin women
With bursting butts and big bosoms, not under black burqas but in the open

With barrels of wine and whiskey and music on earth denied.
Life is priceless in the West. But worthless in Pakistan.

And

"Death Is Meaningless For Pakistani Soldiers."

Paradise - A Couplet Of Ghalib In Translation

I know pretty well
the reality of paradise
Still, this grand thinking
entertains our hearts.

The original in Urdu

ham ko hai jannat kii haqiqat lekin
dil ke KHush rakhne ko 'Gaalib' ye KHayaan achchhaa hai

Ravi Kopra

Parting Stories

My grandson at thirteen months
took his first step today, unaided.
I at seventy walk with a cane.
I wobble and fall down. I already
broke my fibular and coccyx bones.
My ass hurts when I sit or lie down
and I can't stand all day and night
slumping on my cane.

The summer is leaving.
I have lung cancer.
The doctor says I'll not
see the spring flowers again.

The sun of summer over
Venice is setting.
I am in my bed surrounded by friends.
They ask: What are my last wishes.

My wife suffers from
post-menopausal osteoporosis.
She broke her left hip a month ago.
Today she broke her right arm.

My car broke down.
I am getting burried in deep snow.
Can't call 911. Phone batteries are down.
It is a lonely mountain road in Utah.
I see no one but an Ibex with a brown beard and
Curved horns standing on a rock near me.
Stares at me and shivers in its thick coat.

Can't bleat. Its jaws are getting frozen.

Ravi Kopra

Passing Time, A Poem Of Maya Angelou In Hindi Translation

Subah ki tarah hai aap ki twacha
aur meri hai kasturi ki tarah

ek artist ki painting -
duniya khatam ho k hi rahegi

aur doosray ki -
ab koe nahin aayegi doosri duniya

Ravi Kopra

Passion

Be passionate in love
Passion kills the tedium, the weariness of life
The boredom that gnaws at you day and night

With passion
Spring flowers grow in your heart
You immerse yourself in your beloved's heart
The spring breeze lifts up your soul
Stars look bright in the sky
And your love, the most beautiful of all.

Ravi Kopra

Pc Love

He does not like me
Shows no interest in me
Whenever I approach him
He ignores me

I want him to be my lover
My husband, the father of my children.
I could have hooked him somehow
But my parents did not like him'

They married me to a computer nerd
They thought he had prospects ahead of him
He talks computerese all the time, even in his dreams
He love his pc more than me. O God, I am tired of him.

Ravi Kopra

Peace Be Upon Me, A Ghazal In English

I have ill will for none, peace be upon me
I love, not hate, everyone, peace be upon me

I fight for justice, equal rights
For both men and women, peace be upon me

I pray without fail five times a day
I pray to my Allah, peace be upon me

I have four wives as the Lord prescribed. I love the younger
More than the older, forgive me Allah and let peace be upon me

I drink no wine. I do not gamble. I ramble in holy verses
That many times I do not fathom. Allah, let peace be upon me

I will turn every non-believer into a believer, I swear
Everybody in the world will have one faith, peace be upon me

I told my mullah, the son of Abdullah, he was a fine man
Spreading our faith, may Allah bless him and peace be upon me

If anyone has a malignant wife, don't divorce, change faith
Punish her with lashes. You heard it from me, peace be upon me

'Ravi' was not happy with only one wife. He changed his faith
To have three more wives. So happy is he now! peace be upon me.

Ravi Kopra

People Would Have Pitied Me

I said to you in my heart -
You are my world.
You are my life.
I could not say it openly
But I say it today to you
in my poem dedicated to you.

You came and took my heart.
You became its owner.
You ruled it.
How can I not say now
you were the spring showers
in the desert of my life?

Without you the trees will be without
leaves in their never ending autumn.
There would never be a spring.
My life would be empty. And I,
sitting in the corner of my bedroom,
would be crying day and night for you.

Love is so beautiful.
Having you in my life, I feel
I am the luckiest man in the world.
I do not know how could have I
lived without you.

You are my flower.
I would have been a desert
flower without you.

People would have pitied me
seeing how prickly my life was
living among the dry, sharp
soul less thorns, ready any moment
to pierce my loving heart...

Ravi Kopra

Perhaps You Would Come Back, A Hindi Love Poem By Deepti Mishra In English Translation

Your tresses often flow
Go haywire in the air
To set them right in pretense
Perhaps you will come back to see me

I keep awake all night waiting for you
Afraid that people would not like in the day
Perhaps you will come back at night to see me

The threshold of my door is a witness to me
For the long hours I wait there to see if you'd visit me
Like me the whole household now hopes
Perhaps you will come back to see me

I often go and visit the places where we used to meet
I relive my past there and wonder if you do the same
And perhaps would come back running to be with me...

Ravi Kopra

Phenomenal Woman, A Poem By Maya Angelou In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Ek Beshumar Aalishan Aurat

AcHi kHasi khoobsoorat aurtoN ko
meri khubsurti k raz main hairani hoti ha
Dekhne main main khoobsurat nahin hoon
kisi model ki tarah nahin lagti hoon
lakin jab unay batati hoon
to vo sochti hain main sub jhooth bolti hoon

Main kehti hoon ye meri
bahen hain jo kahan tak paunchti hain
meri kamar ki vistar hai
meri matwali chal hai
mere honton ki curl hai
jo mujhe beshumar alishan
aurat banati hain

Main jab kisi chup chap kamray main
jahan aadmi hi aadmi hote hain jati hoon
mujhe dekh kar sab khaDay ho jate hain
ya farsh par girne lag jate hain
aur mere ird grid bhoron ki tarah ikathe ho jate hain
jaise main madu makhiyon ka koi chatta hoon

Tab main kehti hoon ye
meri ankhon ki tapash hai
mere chamakte daant hain
meri kamar ka hidola hai
mere paon ki muskrahat hai
jo mujhe beshumar alishan
aurat banati hain

- to be continued

Ravi Kopra

Pine Forest, A Poem By Gabriela Mistral In Hindi Translation

chalo aaj devdar k jangal main chalaiN
peD hi peD hoNgay wahaN saamnay
main bhent kar dooNgi tumain unay.

raat har jeev ka khyaal rakhti hai
lakin devdar ka nahin,
devdar hamesha devdar hi rehtay hain.

purany ped bhi vasant ki anant dhoop main
daytay rehtay hain apni simrid gum.

agar vo kuch jhuk saktay
to tumain utha le jatay
apni bahaiN badaltay
ek peD se doosray peD tak
jaisay ek bachcha bhagta hai
apnay ek pita se doosray pita tak.

Ravi Kopra

Please Come, I Have Lost All Peace, A Ghazal Of Ghalib In Translation

Please come, I have lost all peace
Don't make me suffer waiting for you

They promise paradise in lieu of life in this world
I may appear drunk I have not lost my mind yet

They have thrown me out of your gala gathering
Ah! I can't even control myself from crying

It is futile to show pride in hostility
There is no glamour in the dust of lovers

You may feel high when euphoric
But without flowers there is no spring

You had given your promise to murder me
Ah! your promise was not promise, just hot air

Ghalib, you took an oath to quit drinking
But we have no faith in your oaths

the original in Urdu

aa ki miri jaan ko qarar nahiñ hai
taqat-e-bedad-e-intizar nahiñ hai
dete haiñ jannat hayat-e-dahr ke badle
nashsha ba-andaza-e-?humar nahiñ hai
girya nikale hai teri bazm se mujh ko
haa.e ki rone pe i?htiyar nahiñ hai
ham se abas hai guman-e-ranjish-e-?hatir
?haak meñ ushshaq ki ghubar nahiñ hai
dil se uTha lutf-e-jalva-ha-e-ma.ani
ghair-e-gul a.ina-e-bahar nahiñ hai
qatl ka mere kiya hai ahd to baare
vaa.e agar ahd ustubar nahiñ hai

tu ne qasam mai-kashi ki khaa.i hai 'ghalib'
teri qasam ka kuchh e'tibar nahiñ hai

Ravi Kopra

Please Don't Ask, A Ghazal Of Being Lonely In Translation

How hard it was to go through the night, please don't ask
Things of my heart that I could not tell, please don't ask

For whom would I fight against the world?
Whom do I love more than myself, please don't ask

The way he walked past me a moment ago
How did I not let my feelings show, please don't ask

Man changes when things change around him
How has the bad news changed me, please don't ask

Some other woman now owns him, I didn't know
How did he break my heart, please don't ask

In a moment he turned me into a stranger
How did he let me down, please don't ask

Now I have nothing if I do not have him
How hard was it to find him, please don't ask

the original in Urdu

kitni mushkil se kati kal ki meri raat na pooch
dil se nikli hoe honton me dabee baat na pooch

mein jis ke waastay lar jaaon is khudae se
mujhay khud se hai pyaari yeh kis ki zaat na pooch

wo kis ada se mere saamnay se guzraa abhi
kis tarhan meinay sambhaly mere jazbaat na pooch

waqat jo badlay to insaan badal jaatay hain
kya nahi dikhlaatay yeh gardish-e-halaat na pooch

wo kisi ka ho bhi gaya or mujhay khabar na hoe
kis tarhan usnay churaya hai mujh se haath na pooch

Is tarhan pal mein mujhay begana kar diya usnay
Kis tarhan apno se khaee hai me nay maat na pooch

ab tera pyaar nahi hai to sanam kuch bhi nahi
kitni mushkil se bani thi dil ki kainaath na pooch

-being lonely

Ravi Kopra

Please Help Me, A Ghazal For Hindi/Urdu Speaking Poets/Readers At Poemhunter

I want to write poems in devangiri script, please help me
I want to translate foreign poems in Hindi, please help me

I want to showcase the Indian poetry to the world
I am asking all my hindi speaking friends, help me

I will give you full credit for you your help
we will do some creative work together, please help me

If you need my help to translate foreignn poetry
into Hindi, Urdu or punjabi I will help as you help me

Let's give up all misgivings, all envy, all jealousy
I will help you a lot more if you please help me

Let us put poetry of India on the world map
It will be fun and pride if you please help me

Give me your hand in this noble effort my friends
help others in literature as you are going to help me

You love poetry, reading and writing as I do
I will send you poems to type for me if you please help me

I will translate your poems into foreign languages
I will make you famous poets if you please help me

Let's join hands for Indian poetry and literature
I will do my best in this effort if you please help me

And if you don't, be happy my hindi speaking friends
Trust 'Ravi. He will help you e his 'please help me'

Ravi Kopra

Pleasure

Pleasure is black.

in Landscape by Robin Coste Lewis

Pleasure has colors has

sight and sound

Is tactile and can smell.

It pleases

Heart and soul

Mind, well

Mind does not mind

What pleases you

Its your slave

And wants to please you

Always

It's not generic

Your pleasure may not be mine

The feeling of

Well being is differnt

But same in love.

Ravi Kopra

Poem Of Love By Turkish Poet Ümit Yaşar Oğuzcan In English Translation

What I love most about you -

Your voice
it is like fresh bread
when you call me 'love'
I want to eat you then

Your hands
cool as spring water, small and white
in my hands when I wake up in the morning

Your eyes
sometimes sky blue, sometimes greenish
shining, mischievous, mirthful, flirting
their glances melt my heart

Your smiles
they grow fresh flowers inside me
they ease my pains, give me hope

Your attitude
merciful to the weak, you stand for justice
in your heart you are a tigress

Your heart
always full of love
brimming with motherhood
others sell love for a penny
you hold it above everything

Your thoughts
you live in me, you merge with me
you are honest, pure, faithful, loveful
I love you, love you, love you
always I love you...

Poem Of The Day - Daddy Love

Daddy Love
My three year old
daughter said -

Daddy, please
don't go away

Stay at home
I love you

Please, please
I love you.

I wrapped her
in my arms

Held her
to my chest

I kissed her
rosy cheeks

Called
the day off

And said -
I love you, love you

My precious doll.

She put her small
arms around my neck

Sobbing she said -
I love you daddy. It's true.

Ravi Kopra

Poem Of The Day: But You Are Not Here With Me, A Punjabi Poem Of Amrita Pritam In English Translation

The spring has come
Flowers, for the spring festival
Shine everywhere like silk
But you are not here with me

The days are getting longer
The grape vines have red buds
The wheat is ready to harvest
But you are not here with me

Thick clouds sail in the skies
The rains have quenched the earth's thirst
The trees have cast spell on forest winds
Beehives drip with honey
But you are not here with me

It is a pleasing season
The moon shines brightly
The skies are full of stars
But you are not here with me

The stars like tiny lamps shine
as they have been shining for ages
In our deep sleep at night
they come, sending beams of light
But you are not here with me.

Ravi Kopra

Poem Of The Day: He Stands Beside Her And Puts Flowers In Her Braids

He stands beside her and puts flowers in her braids
Leans forwards, holds her in his arms and kisses her on lips

She closes her eyes, rests in his arms, smiles opening her eyes
Looks into his eyes, melts in love and starts floating in air

She hears his soft voice whispering love into her ears
Her heart flutters and she whispers: I love you, love you too

She feels infinite pleasure walking hand in hand on the boulevard
Where in glittering cafes and bars lovers are with their dates

She is no dowdy dresser, she is a high fashioned girl
High heels, short skirts, her long hair with curls

Women envy her, men envy him, they are so much in love
Doves on boughs move closer, coo coo and preen each other

How handsome, beautiful, charming they both look together
Moon bends down to kiss them and gives them its splendor

They move like the movement of a calm river in spring
She leans on his shoulder, it's love from heart, no fling.

Ravi Kopra

Poem Of The Day: Your Breasts

Your cheeks - red apples
Kisses - honey sweet. Lips - soft
Breasts - two doves in love.

Ravi Kopra

Poemhunter Poets

There are poets who post their poems
that nobody reads and wonder why
no one makes comments on them
They cannot wait to be read and heard
They start commenting on their own poems -
Like it is an excellent poem on
love, nature, romance and rivers

There are poets who portray themselves
as God blessed pious poets and everything
they write, to God somehow they relate
and on every poem they make comments
God damned god of theirs creeps in

There are poets who write in English
but their parlance is vernacular
Verbs do not match with nouns, adverbs
become adjectives, and adjectives, pronouns
When pointed to their pidgin English
they throw fits, and frown and say:
language, grammar, diction, syntax
have nothing to do with poetry, only their
cup of emotions that always runneth over.

Ravi Kopra

Poemhunter's Pointed Point Earners

Twenty comments per day will earn you 100 points (and it is going on for the last one year) . Never mind the quality of your comments.

- Rajnish Manga

Ah! the point gatherers
make pointless points

on pointless poems
to put point-feathers

in their caps to laud
themselves as point

earning poet laureates.

Ravi Kopra

Poetic Pollution

There are gods
of ludicosity
laughable ridiculousity

gods of gangadin prosidity
and of poetic absurdity

of late
the latter gods

are being born in bharat
in humongously large quantity

they want to plant peepal trees
for pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis

in their polluted cities
for trees to absorb microscopic silica in the air

to become monumental silica peepal trees
good for nothing except

for them to go there in the morning
to relieve undigested curry with warm pee

to further enhance the city pollution
to keep it perfectly in harmony.

Ravi Kopra

Poetry

I eat and drink poetry
Poetry is in my blood, my soul
It flows through my heart

In the evening when I feel romantic
and think she does too
I tell my love to serve love poems
Not necessarily of Ghalib or Neruda
They could be by anyone, even by Ravi

When I am down
I want to be alone in solitude
I snack on sad poems
and find company.

And when I get lost
Don't know who or what I am
All day I drink Rumi
He pacifies my soul.

I cannot live without poetry.

Ravi Kopra

Poetry Comes To Me

I do not cook poetry
like chana masala bhojpuri
poetry comes to me
when I see a beautiful lady
see a painting in nude
a pleasantly plump one
read a poem by anyone
walk in the rain and see
roses, lilies, daffodils
the spring breeze
the blooming cherry blossoms
fragrances, hills, mountains, springs
valleys, beaches, vast empty spaces
so inspire me, poems flow naturally
from my fingers like
a craftsman makes filigree
no garam masala, no chilli powder
no cinnamon, no coriander
just delicious rasam malai, so sweet.

Ravi Kopra

Poetry Commentators

O dear poets

Come and read my poems

they are not as bad as you might think.

in fact they're better than when I used to write crap

and you would come flying as bees to the pots of honey

and praise my poems as "brilliantly penned

such a lovely lovely poem, full of wisdom and delight,

a wonderful poem, I see god and Gods jumping out of

the poem and blessing all Hindus and non-Hindus alike";

and you would give me ten with five pluses for each poem I would write.

Now you don't come to visit me and I miss all that sycophancy and flattery.

My poems are going to wither soon in your long long absence and will not survive unless

you please be kind and merciful as Allah is, as Vishnu is, as Lord Krishna is and the monkey god Hanuman is.

Please, please do come, read my poems, write your comments, give me tens with at least five pluses and spill at least a spoonful of your wisdom. Thank you. I promise I will welcome you with bhel-puris and laddoos for visiting my holy shrine of poetry.

Come be brave, don't shy away, bring your poems in bhojpuri english with you and in return for you innocent flattery, I will translate your poems into Hindi freely and would not accept a single paisa or a single koDi.

Ravi Kopra

Poetry, Songs, Ballads

Poetry, songs, ballads

How forceful, how beautiful!

Poetry can make us die for love

Songs can make us fall in love

And ballads

Soldiers will face the bombs, the bullets

and advance and advance in wars

to kill the deadliest of the enemies

and sacrifice their own lives for what they live for -

their country, their families, the land of their dreams.

Ravi Kopra

Poets Of The Floating World

The PH scholars of poetry from the 3rd world countries where English is their 2nd or 3rd language come here to write poems in English and dare to make comments on English poems written by well know poets from the Western world. With meagre exposure to English literaure they show their poetic excellence with their absurd, ignorant comments.

Ravi Kopra

Poor Holy Cows

When I see people ordering
eating fat dripping burgers
with deep fried fries,
I invoke Lord Shiva
I was a Hindu
May my Lord Shiva
whose huge phallus is
adorned with garlands and flowers
and worshipped for yonis throughout India,
neuter all the slaughterers of holy cows
bulls and their heifers!

Aryans, the herdsmen, the founders
of India, venerated their stock
It was their bread and butter
Now their cows, bulls, heifers
run amok in alleys in Paharganj, Delhi
or starve on the banks of holy Ganges in Hardwar
scavenging leftovers on stinking garbage mounds.

What better life?
Starve or be fed to their hearts' delights
or slaughtered for burgers with fries
Live in air-conditioned barns
Have people clear their crap
Be bathed, showered, sprayed,
and have private vets for bugs, disease.
Did holy sages not say, live in the moment?

Ravi Kopra

Poure Out The Wine Without Restraint Or Stay, Edmund Spencer Celebrating His Marriage In Hindi/Urdu

De do sharab sub ko yahan
bina kisi hichak-wichak se
bhar do sub sharab ke pyaaloN ko
sirf pyaalay hi nahin
bhar do sub ka dil bhi sharab se
pee lain jitna unka dil maanay
cHeentain laga do sharab ki dhambon par
dho dalo deewaron ko sharab se
pee lain deewaren bhi jitni sharab chahen
aane do nasha har aadmi har cheez ko yahan.

Now al is done; bring home the bride againe,
Bring home the triumph of our victory,
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine,
With joyance bring her and with jollity.
Never had man more joyfull day then this,
Whom heaven would heape with blis.
Make feast therefore now all this live long day,
This day for ever to me holy is,

Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
Poure out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the postes and wals with wine,
That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.

Crowne ye God Bacchus with a coronall,
And Hymen also crowne with wreathes of vine,
And let the Graces daunce unto the rest;
For they can doo it best:
The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll sing,
To which the woods shal answer and theyr eccho ring.

-from Epithalamion
BY EDMUND SPENSER (1552-1599)

Ravi Kopra

Praisesong, A Love Poem By Sarah Browning In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Coffee shop main love,
hamare beech table par
coffe k do safed mug.

jawan betaab baristas
ko ye samaj nahin aa raha
k hum dono darmiani umar wale
kaise ek doojay k
pyaar main dullay hue hain

hamari janoN k temperture
oonche oonche ho rehe hain
aur hamari coffee
dhandi dhandi ho rehi hai.

aaj tum mere pass nahin ho
lakin muje gaaney bhejte rehte ho
sexaphone ki sunheri gallay ki awaaz
aur piano ki keys ki jazz ki awaaz
mere komal pait pe aa lipit-ti hai.

ye kaise hua k ab muje
kuch bhi khauf nahin lagta
agar lagta hai to sagar ki
leheron ki tarah
jo unchay neechay hoti rehti hain
aur apne saath bahut waqt main doobey
glass k tukron ko
jo ab polish ho chuke hain
apne saath le aati hain,
aur pastic ka kooDa karket
aur purane joote jo hum
bag main bhar kar
kooDay waale ko do dete hain.

fir hum dono sagar k kinare,
hamare paun pani ke ander

aur hathon main hath liye,
aaram se khushi main miljul kar
mazze main baith jate hain.

Ravi Kopra

Pressing His Chest Against Her Breasts

Pressing his chest
against her breasts
He showers her with kisses.
Fragrance of musk, cloves
And hyacinth he finds
Under the shadows of
her tresses, and hears
the whispers of roses.

For Fakhruddin Iraqi,
His friend Rumi and
Many mystic Sufi,
God is a beautiful woman.
Love is spiritual.

For the Allah's deprived,
Lust is their creed -
Virgins waiting in paradise
And houris in dreams

Ravi Kopra

Pretty Women In His Harem

They do not elect their ruler
He is by his birthright
He has four wives and scores
of pretty women in his harem

He has may be sixty children
born to wives and women in harem
If he dies, his eldest dullest
will inherit the kingdom

Their seniors eat all day halal
copulate women young and old and fart
The dullards are loaded with dollars
And think anyone could be their slave
(including in a way some presidents)

They look like pigs though don't eat pigs,
but bulls, cows, camels and roasted quails
Everyone in the kingdom is well fed, fucking fat
They have maids for their children to play
To get trained to grow up as superb studs

They fuel the world. Their only enemy is the sun
Once well harvested will send their asses to hide
in the bat infested caves to hear messages from
heaven for directions to their final salvation.

Ravi Kopra

Primal Feelings - A Urdu Poem Of Ada Jafri In English Translation

I have this feeling of
restlessness as if waves of
confusion are overtaking me
tears fill my eyes
face turns pale
my heart gets restless
suffering sweet pains.

My hair ruffles in despair
I feel all helpless
inside my chest I feel pricking
my eyes get red as if on fire
I cannot focus, my head gets cloudy.

I wish I knew what desires
drive me to this voiceless
lamentations of turmoil
without desiring anything.

In this disquietness
I cannot breath easily
Where from in my soul
comes this anxiety?
What does my heart want
is beyond my thinking.

Ravi Kopra

Primeval My Love For The Woman I Love, Walt Whitman In Hindi Translation

aye meri mehbooba!
janam janam se chal raha hai mera pyar tere liye.

aye meri dulhan, meri patni!
tu mana nahin karti, chalti rehti ho
mere saath hamesha k liye. kya kahoon aur main tere liye.
aur fir hum ho jatay hain judha, apnay rastay.
nayey janam main, azadi se, tassali se.

aye manas! aye purush!
aasman main cHalanngaiN lagata hun main tere pyar main
tum dete ho mera sath meri banjari zindgi main

Ravi Kopra

Punjabi Haiku - Love Rouses The Heart Instantly

tainu dekhdiAN
dil pyaar naal pHar jaanda ey
chlo hun bistray tay

Ravi Kopra

Punjabi Haiku - Making Love In Hiding

kal raat kothay tay?
na ji, dar lagdeh teri
maan de cHitraan tay

Ravi Kopra

Punjabi Haiku - Sweet Kisses

teri chummi guD
wargi, makhiaaN moonh tay
khoob andeeaN nay

Ravi Kopra

Punjabi Haiku - The Night Of Love Making

shraab thoDi peena
aj saari raat pyaar di ey
khoob mzayaaN di ey

Ravi Kopra

Punjabi Love In Spring

In the fields blooming with yellow
fragrant mustard flowers for miles
and miles in Amritsar in Punjab
near the Wagah border of Pakistan,
two lovers walk hand in hand and
stand by a hut under a mango tree
by the slow stream of a rivulet

He puts his arms around her neck,
She latches onto his body,
He gives her mouth to mouth kisses
She closes her eyes as if in a bliss.

He moves his hands down onto her
breasts under her loose blue choli,
caresses them softly with hands and
tries to lower his lips to give
them each a kiss, but she resists

And says: na ji, na ji, let's wait
till evening when ma ji, pa ji
will be deep in sleep, and we
will sneak out in the backyard
under the starry breezy dark
April night of the spring festival.

Ravi Kopra

Pyaar Ka Bhoot, A Hindi/Urdu Poem

mohabat ankhon se nahin
dil se hoti hai
aur dil main phir ankhain bund kiye
ek chota sa bhoot baith jaata hai
jo raat din taDpanay lagta hai
sirf ek hi geet gata hai -
kash muje mil jaey vo
kitni khoobsoorat hai!

Ravi Kopra

Quotes Master

A spinster praises
the virtues of marriage

A blind man says
how beautiful is the world he sees

And a could have been rabbi
a broker, a mechanic, an attorney, a doctor

But now only a failed husband, a failed father and a pauper
writes day and night quotes on how to be successful in life

What would you say to him if you ever saw him?

Ravi Kopra

Rainbow - A Japaense Haiku In Urdu/Hindi Translation

jab main us se mili
aise laga k
main rainbow main the khaDI

Ravi Kopra

Rainbows

Strange
the clouds are all white
and still
hiding the sun
they spread blackness everywhere.

They rage in skies all over
storming, thundering, threatening
to take away the blackness
and still
they bring blackness everywhere.

White in appearance, black in hearts
they pour down black rains, drowning
us all
they bring blackness everywhere.

Nothing survives in the maddening rage.
They too will not survive.

And soon there will be clouds
white, red, orange, pink, black
floating in vast skies together
not hiding the sun, making rainbows
they will bring joy everywhere.

Ravi Kopra

Ramadasi, An English Love Poem By Shazea Quraishi In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Mire paas aao
mere mehboob
bitha lo mujhe apni goad main

Khol do meri gotiaN
ye bhens k siingoN jaisi
ab ho ghaii hain

Aur phero
apni ungliaN
mere kalay baloN main

Meri peti ko khol lo
meri kamar pe reshmi
kapDon ko ooncha uthal lo

Mera badan khushboo se bhara hai
tail se meri malish ho chuki hai
mila lo, mila lo mujhe ab apne saath

Jaise gulab k phool
bhoraiN ko
apne saath lagaye rakhtay hain

Ravi Kopra

Random Thoughts On A Beach

I am all alone late evening
by the sea shore on a beach.
People have left after the sunset
Gulls have gone to their nests except
a lonely one out of the pack is flying
clamouring near the shore.

In a two storey condo near the beach, I see
a shadow behind the only lit window,
all dark elsewhere in the house. I wonder
who is that person, doing what alone
at this hour in the house.

Next moment the silhouette moves.
The light is out. It's dark and still.
Early to bed? The date has come waiting
downstairs in the drive? Out for dinner?
Mom crying downstairs in pain for meds?

A myriad of things. I don't know.
But life goes on as it does
whether you live in a million
dollar condo on a beach or down
near the street under a bridge.

Ravi Kopra

Ravana Kidnaps Sita

Ravana kidnaps Sita
the beautiful wife of Rama
He wants her as his queen

He entices her-
Your white thighs so beautiful
like the tusks of my elephants

Your are breasts like two doves
please don't hide them from me
anybody seeing your lovely body

Will fall in love with you instantly
your face shines like a full moon
I cannot take my eyes off you

Even God has fantasies on you
Sita, you have stolen my heart
I feel like a helpless snake

In the clutches of Garuda
In dirty clothes you sleep on floor
you do not eat anything

You wear no make up, you look miserable
forget about your Rama, he may be dead already
you are in tatters, you live in forests

Don't be a fool, you beautiful woman
I desire you, be my queen, my wife
I will give you dresses, jewels, perfumes

Maids will wait on you hand and foot
anything you desire I will give you
you will live in luxury

You can give my riches to Janaka, your father
Come live with me on the shores of the sea
in a grove of trees surrounded by bees.

Ravi Kopra

Raw Sex Blessed Conjugal Love

A conjugal love may lack the thrills of romance,
but from dawn to dusk it's music and dance,
listen to the tune of china clay utensils,
see him, he is busy with paper and pencils,

-Akhtar Jawad at poemhunter

It is only musla marital, bridal, nuptial raw sex in bed
No tender feelings of love, thrills of romance all dead

Allah forbids music. So musla make music with dinnerware made of china clay
Hitting cups with plates, plates with cups, up and down they jump as if in a play

Allah wants muslas to pray five times a day, always do oozu before they pray
Allah does not want them to dance, if they do, in jahanum they'll always stay

Allah also does not allow sketches, pictures, photos, photographs, nudes in
special
If they do such heinous, non barbaric things, they'll get lashes by mullah
marshals

So a musla's love life without thrills of romance is like barren desert parched
lands
Sleeping with his four wives in random turns, seeing their floral henna painted
hands

His pleasure is to slaughter Hindus' holy mother cows for breakfast lunch and
dinner
Kill all Kafirs, non believers, idol worshippers and make them muslas to be a
winner

O Allah, you are so graceful, merciful, bountiful, loveful
In Jannat you grant us 32 virgins, so dazzlingly beautiful.

- to be continued after further readings of musla conjugal love

Reading Laozi, A Rendering Of A Chinese Poem Ofbai Juyi

Those who talk much show shallowness
they don't know nothing. But those who keep silence
are thoughtful, they know everything's essence
Bai Juyi heard this long ago from an old gentleman.
Now he wonders if the old gentleman knew it was true
how come he says it in five thousand words.

-rendered from a literal translation from web pages:

Speak person not know know person silent
This saying I hear from old gentleman
If Way old gentleman be know person
Reason what confident five thousand characters

Ravi Kopra

Reality, A Urdu Ghazal

jab raasta hum naya dhoond latey hain zindgi ka
purany raaston pe chalnay ki yaad kabhi aati hai

talaak de kar jab hum nayi shaadi kar latey hain
pehli dulhan ki yaad bhi dil main kabhi aati hai

desh chod kar videsh main kab tak bhi raho
apne desh ki yaad dil se nikal nahin paati hai

aisi yaadoN main paDne k kya faida 'Ravi'
jo ho chuka vo ho chuka, socho asliyat kya kehti hai

Ravi Kopra

Rear Kissing Poet Peers

It's hard
to grow up and write
novel ESL poetry
by the novice poet
surrounded by
his rear
kissing peers.
They make it
doubly hard by
making him
revel in his
fake glory.

Ravi Kopra

Reasons To Get Angry, A Turkish Poem By Behçet Necatigil In English Translation

As we grow old
Our reasons to get angry
Get multifold.
Remember, all things that
In our youth
We shouldn't have done.

For a good poem or a story
We live our youth for a while
Weighing ourselves on broken scales.

Days pass by
Time is over.

Ravi Kopra

Reckless Love, A Song

Oh my darling
When you came to me
I followed you
You followed me
Reckless, reckless love
followed you and me

I left my friends
My family
I wanted to be with you
You wanted to be with me
Reckless, reckless love
followed you and me

Only thing I wanted
To see you in my arms
On the shore of the sea
To see the sunsets together
To fly in the sky
Reckless, reckless love
followed you and me

I left my friends
My family
When you came to me
Only thing I wanted
To see you in my arms
On the shore of the sea
Reckless, reckless love
followed you and me...

Ravi Kopra

Red Lace, An Erotic Poem By The Romanian Poet Ruxandra Cesereanu In Hindi/Urdu Translation

main kyon apne nakhoonaiN se tumhare badan par ek laal jali banana chahuNgi
main kyon tumhara zehn chHoona chahuNgi
ta k main usey apne hathon main le loon aur kahun, mere ashik tum mere paas
ho
main kyun tumhare akelepan ko ek kachi machli ki tarah peena chahungi
main kyon kahuNgi apne devta ko k wo apne nakhun tez kar le
main kyon uski palkoN ko pyaar se chHuna chahuNgi
ta k mujhe ye mehsoos ho k main usko aashiqui se chHu rehi hoon
main kyon kisi saDak ki batioN k neechay, ek laiti hui aurat ki tarah bol rehi
hoon?

Ravi Kopra

Red Pretty Chappals - A Poems Inspired By Kumarmani Mahakul's Poem: Red Pretty Slippers

You wrote a poem on red chappals
thanks a million, my chappals are famous now
everybody likes my chappals
everybody's buying chappals
only in red, not yellow, blue or green,

They say red chappals bring luck -
old spinsters find husbands
girls find boy friends
poor become rich
idiots become wise
unholy, holy
ordinary, extra ordinary
morons become charming
they start writing poetry
only when they wear red chappals

Long live red chappals
Long live poetry of red chappals.

Note: Chappals is a Hindustani word for slippers
for Indians in India and elsewhere.

See a photo of red chappals at Kumarmani's posting.
A pair of them is priced US 50 cents for new
and 10 cents for old in pretty good condition.
You can find chappals at your local stores where
Red Pretty Slippers are sold. Not yet on .
Unfortunately, the owner who is a long time spinster
did not have good luck wearing them for a few days! :)

Ravi Kopra

Red Rose, A Hindi Poem By Raj Swami In English Translation

Yes, I am the sweet
scented red red
rose on a stem
with green leaves
that lovers offer
to show their love
to each other.

I sacrifice myself
in happiness for
them to prosper
in love to merge
into each other
once for all.

Ravi Kopra

Relationships

It is easy to break relations
saying unkind things and making
loved ones angry over trivial things
and sometimes it all happens
just by misunderstandings,
but it takes a long time
to build and mend relations.
I calm down and cool off
in such situations before
I utter a single word, and
it works, works every time.
Why hurt anyone?

Ravi Kopra

Re-Statement Of Romance, A Love Poem By Wallace Stevens In Hindi/Urdu Translation

raat ko kya patta is main kya raag gaaey jaate hain
ye to waisi hi hai jaise main hoon:
ye jaante hue main tum ko
apne saath dil se smajhta hoon

sirif tu aur main hi ek doosre ko
apna pyaar dete hain
aur hum dono ek bun jaate hain

tu aur raat nahin, main aur rat nahin
hun dono milkar, ek ho kar, itfaak se nahin
apne dil ki gehraahioN main ek doosray k ho jaate hain

raat to hamare peecHe rehti hai
hum dono sachae se bhri roshni main
ek doosre ko apne rung main lapait lete hain

Ravi Kopra

Restless, A Ghazal In English

Waiting to see you, my heart was restless
Seeing you, my heart is still restless

Thick black clouds have gathered in the sky
Heavy rains are coming, birds in the nests are restless

Somebody is shooting people dead at random in the city
People are scared to death, keeping watch, all restless

My lover is flying from Istanbul to be with me tomorrow
I can't sleep tonight thinking of him, all restless

It is almost three thirty in the afternoon
The school will shut down soon, all kids are restless

Jinnah eloped with his friend's daughter to Bombay
The judge is going to put him in jail, he is restless

'Ravi' has written so many poems for lovers in pain
Poemhunter isn't putting him on the first page, he is so restless!

Ravi Kopra

Risky - A Japanese Haiku In Hindi/Urdu Translation

miluN gi maiN tumhe
zaroor
zara bach bach k

Ravi Kopra

Robert Browning Shows Love To His Wife Elizabeth Browning In Hindi/Urdu

Meri pyari jaan
meri sari atma
tera peecha karti hai
tere ird-gird
chakkar lagati rehti hai

Aur main
sab apna-pan kho kar
tum main dooba, zinda rehta hoon!

All my soul follows you, love -
encircles you - and I
live in being yours.

- Robert Browning to his wife Elizabeth Browning
January 28, 1846

Ravi Kopra

Romantic Love

For thirty odd pigs, a Huli man gets
A new wife tending his goats, land, kids, pigs

She ties a rope's end to the pigs front legs
The other end is tied to the wild tree trunk

She goes to the fields to till the land, to tend the cows
Her husband hides behind the trunk and pulls the rope

The pigs give out deafening squeals, the wife turns back
The Huli husband jumps on her like a hungry leopard

Disrobes her, throws her on the ground and humps her, humps her
one two three four one two three four four four more more more

He's old. He gasps for air. She pushes him away
He wraps back the loin cloth. He goes away muttering love.

Ravi Kopra

Roses

Thorns add
beauty to roses
in the garden of flowers

Sorrows add
spice to life to live
happily in this world.

gulshan ki faqat phuloñ se nahiñ kañToñ se bhi zinat hoti hai
jiine ke liye is duniya meñ gham ki bhi zarurat hoti hai

-SABA AFGHANI

Ravi Kopra

Roses Of My Heart

This rose plant, she said
was for my heart.
The fragrance of its roses
made me drunk in love.

Suddenly a storm came in rage
broke off the branches, shattered the petals
off they went all scattered into the air,
leaving my heart sobbing, crying, all alone.

I will nourish it now
gently with love,
Will wait and see how
it blooms again in the spring.

It was so delicate.
The sudden onslaught of the fiery
storm, it could not sustain.
In hope my poor heart lives again.

Ravi Kopra

Roses Of Your Heart

In the rose garden,
there are
thorns too.

The bouquet of red
roses your lover
sent you,
maybe from a heart
still bleeding
pricked by thorns.

Ravi Kopra

Roses, Roses

Roses, roses
Only roses and no thorns
How banal, how boring!

Don't you want to be reminded
Pleasures don't exist without pains?
If you roll in pleasures always

You will not know what pains are.
They will lose their prime.
Dull will be your life.

Thorns will make you think twice
When you head onto pleasures blindly.
Thorns bring flavors, worth trying.

Ravi Kopra

Rumi - The Heart Hides Secrets In Shame

Leave your worries
and be pure in heart

Like the face of a mirror
that reflects all

Clear of all images
and yet all images in it

Man worries not the clear faced one.
Hold the mirror in your hand and look yourself in it

It will tell you who you are
Without lies not ashamed of itself

What's the difference between
the mirror and your heart?

The heart hides secrets in shame
The mirror does not.

Ravi Kopra

Rumi's Song Of The Reed In English Translation

Listen to the sad songs of my flute
How they tell you sent me away

Ever since that moment
I have been crying for you

Men and women come to solace me
Seeing me crying they start crying for me

My heart is torn into a thousand pieces
Only a torn heart will know my pains

He will know my longings for you
He will know my love for you

Ravi Kopra

Rush To The Tavern, A Omar Khayyam Like Rubiyyat

32 beautiful virgins in paradise might be a lie
Unlimited free fine wine and music might be a lie
Rush to the tavern and fill your Cup any instant
Go dance with your women till fully content.

Ravi Kopra

Sacrifice To The Cat That Scared All The Rats, A Chinese Poem Of Mei Yaochen In Translation

When I had my cat, Five White
the rats did not eat my books
Today in the morning you died
I offered fish and rice for sacrifice
I took you to the middle of the river
to say good bye
I sang songs for you
I gave you respect
Once you bit a rat
you held it in your mouth
the rat was crying
and you carried it around
to scare the other rats
to keep my cottage clean.

When we boarded a boat
you shared a room with me
Now, though the rice is
dry and scarce on the boat
I am scared shit to eat it
always afraid the thief rats were here
and left behind their piss.

Your hard work surpassed
that of chickens or pigs
People praise their horses
they drive their carts
they say no creature's better
than an ass or a steed
that's enough, I will not argue with them
but for you, I do cry a little.

-rendered from a literal translation on web pages:

Self have 5 white cat
Rat not invade my books
Today morning 5 white die

Sacrifice with rice and fish
See off it at middle river
Incantation you not you neglect
Before you bite one rat
Hold in mouth cry around yard remove
Want cause crowd rat frightened
Thought will clear my cottage
From board boat come
Boat in together room live
Dry grain although its thin
Evade eat drip steal from
This real you have industriousness
Have industriousness surpass chicken pig
Ordinary person stress spur horse drive
Say not like horse donkey
Already finish not again discuss
For you somewhat cry

Ravi Kopra

Sad Remembrance, A Chinese Poem Of Mei Yaochen In Translation

Since the day
you came to my house
you never complained
we were poor.
We would be up
each day till midnight
and have our rice
breakfast in the afternoon.
For nine or ten day in a stretch
we would only eat pickles
and once in a while some dry meat.
Easy or West we were together
for eighteen long years,
Our memories, both bitter and sweet.
We thought we'd live in love
for another hundred years.
I never expected that
one evening you will leave me.
I still remember the last hour -
you held me close to your chest
but could not speak to say goodbye.
This body of mine survives
but one day I will be
underground with you.

-rendered from a literal translation on web pages:

From you return my home
Not ever sick of poor
Night reach every to midnight
Morning rice immediately after noon
Ten day nine eat pickle
One day possible have dried meat
East west eighteen years
Mutual with together sweet bitter
Set period hundred years love
How expect one evening go

Still remember limit reach time
Hold me not can speak
This body today although survive
End at together be earth

Ravi Kopra

Sad Songs Remind Us Nothing Lasts For Ever

Sad songs remind us nothing lasts for ever
Life comes and goes. Love comes and goes

We rise to heights. We fall to the ground, eventually,
Nothing lasts for ever. Everything has its life

So while we live. Let's live fully
So while we love. Let's love fully

Tomorrow you may be dead
Tomorrow your love may end

She may throw away your ring in the gutter
and flit to her new lover as a spring butterfly

Or you may drown in the caresses of your new woman
and wonder if living with your boring wife is worthwhile

Someone will be heart broken and come to writing poetry
to remind us - love is as fickle as everything in the world is.

Ravi Kopra

Saint Kabir Speaks To Indian English Poets Through Me

Moorakh bharti manushya jati, teri bhasha bharti hoye
tu bharti khana khaye, bharti kapDe pehne, bharti jooti pehne

bharti beewee se shaadi kare
tere maan baap bharti hoye

kaam kaaj tera bharti bhasha main hoye
adaalat main bharti bolay

bharti bhasha main gaali galoch kare
apni bhasha main pooja paath kare

bharti bollywood k gaane gaye
tera rona peetna bharti bhasha main hoye

tera khana peena sab bharti hoye
tum ko tooti footi angrezi aayey

tere gyaan main koi angrezi na hoye
na hi teri samajh angrezi ki hoye

parantoo tu baith jaye din raat
angrezi main kavita likhne apna sar juDaey

kitne sharam ki baat hai, mujhe dukh baDa hoye
tu kyon videsh main bharat ka moonh kala karne lag jaye

Ravi Kopra

Salaam, Suhl, Hudna, Peace, Peace, Peace

You have converted
You did the kalaam
You are no more kafirs
All Suhl now, you are one of us
No more katal-e-aam
Erstwhile Kafirs are now our brothers
Suhl mubarak, suhl mubarak, suhl mubarak
May Allah bless you all!

Kafirs, think over
Want to be believers or not
We give you time, we offer our Hudna
Tell us by today evening, Kaaba time
Or there will be katal-e-aam during the night.

Salaam, to all believers
Again and again, saalam. salaam, salaam
But to all non-believers
Katal-e-aam, if you do not become believers
Peace, peace, peace!
Arabic Words For Peace.

Ravi Kopra

Sat Up In Bed And Shed Two Tears

How can I forget
my sorrows, my regrets?
What limit is there to my grief?
You left me as if in a dream.

I woke up hearing the rooster's call.
Sat up in bed and shed two tears.
With whom will I have my morning coffee?
With whom will I go for the ride
on mountain roads in the country?

I remember those clear spring scenes.
My life has lost its meaning now
My heart is empty
You disappeared as if in a dream.

-inspired by How Can a Man Escape Life's Sorrow and Regret? Midnight Song in
Chinese by Li Yu
at [www dot chinese-poems dot com/](http://www.dot.chinese-poems.com/)

Ravi Kopra

Saturday Morning In April

Saturday morning in April
Near the farmers market
We sat on a bench next to the pagoda
Under a large banyan tree
people walked with their pets, dogs
the swans sailed in the pond
orioles sang on the trees
the kids played near the fountain
and chased for huge bubbles of soap
floating in air made by the maid

Our first meeting together
I held your hand in my hands
We looked into each other's eyes
What brought you there was
What brought me there
Both hungry for love
True love for our lonely hearts

While we talked
You never stopped
moving on my palms
your playful fingertips,
Intertwining your fingers
into my fingers, gently
pressing my hand and
then, releasing it

Your touch sent tingling
sensations up my arms to my breasts,
I felt warmth and later I told you
Each time you pressed my hands
I blushed and goosebumps
ran over whole of my body.

Each moment your hand
slipped it, I desired it more,
I wanted to hold it in my hands
and give it a love kiss,

But I didn't
it was our first meeting
we were sitting in open in the park.
Farmers were selling fresh fruits and flowers
and you, the seller of love was selling love
stealing my lonely heart in return

You bought me a bouquet of fresh spring flowers;
I could not resist, wanted to hug and kiss you
asked you to follow my car and brought you home
with my heart dancing in love,
and since then you have been my dear
friend, my lover, my everything I ever dreamed...

Ravi Kopra

Scaffolding, A Love Poem By Seamus Heaney In Hindi/Urdu Translation

thava'i jab makaan banate hain to pehle
jaanch lete hain k machaan pukki hai

jaanch lete hain k tahte logoN k sar paD nahin paDeN gay
siDiaN pakki hain, joRoN k bolt kassay hue hain

ye sab hataa le jate hain jab makaan bun jata hai
pakkay pathar ki buni pakki deewareiN tab dikhaai deti hain

is liye, meri jaan, agar kisi sameh tere aur mere beech
hamare purane pul girte hue tumhe dikhaai deN

to ghabrana nahin. hum machanoN ko toD daleN gay
nidar ho kar k hamari dewaaraiN pakki hain

Ravi Kopra

Seduction Of Sita, The Wife Of Rama

Surrounded by ogresses
Sita is miserable, full of sorrows.
Ravana approaches her, saying:
Your legs are beautiful like

The trunks of elephants.
Do not fear me, my lovely
Cover not your breasts and belly,
Do not hide yourself from me.

O beauty with big eyes!
Your body is pleasing to me.
I desire you, O lovely one!
Honor me, be my love.

O Sita, no man or devil can
Change from whatever he is.
Fear me not. Abducting others'
Wives is the ogres' rightful right.

No second thoughts. It's simply
like this: no matter what
you may think of me
I want you close to me.

Only in lust will I touch you
O queen of my heart!
Fear me not, O love!
Trust me, I'll not hurt you.

Always in your only sari
On hard ground you sleep
Meditating in dirty dresses
And fasting you always weep.

I have for you beautiful dresses,
Ornaments, Agallochums,
Soft beds, sandals, garlands,
Songs, music and drinks.

O gem of a woman!
Put on some makeup, put on ornaments.
O the most beautiful one
I'll give you many luxuries.

-Translated from Chapter 20 of Sundar Kanda

Ravi Kopra

Seeing Silhouettes As Shadows Of Camels

Seeing silhouettes as shadows of camels
and caves as monkey faces in the dark
of vast cold desert where Lawrence of Arabia
roamed under the hot burning sun falling
into the caves' mouth with yellow stained teeth
presaging a passage to the stalactite
stalagmite was a feat, not so cool
no body would dare go there
except those who love farishtas and fairies
in caves listening to the echoes of
their messages from someone in the heavens
or those who go there alone on a dromedary
and contemplate all evening along
how to shoot down an Allah hating plane
or hit the towers in a burning blaze
using their own Allah hating planes
and sending the pilots up in the heaven
where houris are waiting with French wines
(not fries, mind you and no pig hamburgers)
and virgins as transparent as glass
made from the Arabia sands
that can show their innards
and pure pelvises from where
no monthly blood flows defiling
men's genitals making them unfit
to pray five times a day facing West
where the fairies and frishtas appeared
in a cave bringing down
God' holy messages that must be followed
otherwise his desert followers will ambush you
shoot you, cut your head with curved knives
sending you to the burnings hells of
Milton in bottomless pits with no exits.

Ravi Kopra

Self Respect

You bow down to offer
your salaams to him

it is ok

but do not stoop down so low
that your turban falls on the floor

respecting your lord, boss, benefactor
carries no harm till

you don't carry your head on your shoulders
and have no respect for yourself

being a servile servant bootlicking for favors.
Once you lose self respect, you lose everything.

Ravi Kopra

Sensible

Love is not the only cause
of sorrows in this world

A lonely night still brings sleep
but sleepless are the nights in love

It has wrecked the lives
of many women and men

When together
Roses, all roses

When away
A heap of thorns

And in infidelity
A knell of hell

Roses spring in the spring
and thorns? Year round

So pick a rose when you can
Ring a bell of pleasure

And forget hell and thorns
Be sensible.

Ravi Kopra

Sent North On A Rainy Night, A Chinese Poem Of Li Shangyin In Translation

You ask me when will I return
I cannot give you the time
When autumn rains fall on Ba hills
the pools overflow with water
So let's blow off the candle
by the western window
move closer and snuggle
and talk of night rains on Ba hills.

-a rendering from a literal translation on web pages

You ask return time not be time
Ba hill night rain rise autumn pool
When with together trim west window candle
Same speak Ba hill night rain time

Ravi Kopra

Shade Train, An English Poem By Soham Patel In Hindi/Urdu Translation

garmi ki dhoop main halki si hawa ka ek jhonka
plastic k ek safed thailay ko apne saath uDa le jaata hai
jo kuch bhi is main tha sab bikhar jata hai -
hawa ka chHupa ek vardaan is jalti koDi dhoop se.

kanwaari ek laal dhaga dhaeeN kalaee pe bandhay
intezaar main khaDi hai
dhukhi hawa rail ki patti par gir jati hai
awaaz aati hai jaise ye kisi ka antim gheet ho.

pairon ki chamDi dhoop ki garmi main pigal kar
chHayey ki tailaash main neechay mud jaati hai
jahan dukhi hawa ko panaah milti hai
aur yahan antim geet saaf saaf sun leti hai
un-dekhay anaath bachoN k sureelay geet sun kar
dopehar gaDI k har khali dabbay k liye chilla paDtI hai.

Ravi Kopra

Shani Devta

Saturday is a Saturday with twenty four hours like any other day
Saturday is not the Saturday of the Saturday god - hindus' shani devta
for offering him on Saturdaya cup full of mustard oil through the beggar's copper
pot
with few pennies, dimes, nickles or quarters to please the Saturday god
unless you are ready to have god's wrath fall on you.
What a Saturday hindu god who likes coins and mustard oil!
He must surely be fat by now with high cholesterol levels
and prone to die any moment loving mustard oil for centuries.
How come the shani devta never dies with food habits worst then man's
and is greedy for money worst than the richest of the richest Indian man!
Or perhaps he likes to take baths dipping himself in drums of mustard oil made
in India.
Why not see Saturday as the sixth day of the week making you own world
as God made the big world in six days for us and rested on the seventh?
The strangest of all things is that Saturday stands for the planet Saturn, a hindu
God
and except for its icy hundreds of rings we see no mustard oil loving god there.
Perhaps he is already dead or was neven born within, on or near the rings.
But it was surely born in the ancient minds of the lazy mystics of India
and was passed on and on for centuries to hindus who swear to its existence
and offer coins and mustard oil to beggars on Saturday to appease their devta.
India has sent space ships to Mars and may soon send to Saturn
and I wonder if it would send on the ship a few drums of mustard oil to please
the shani devta!

Ravi Kopra

Shariah Law In A Secular Hindu Nation

The UK is a white Christian nation
All others are its citizens
Said so eloquently one of their statesmen

So is Israel, the Jewish nation
The USA, France, Germany the Christian nations
And India, the Hindustan, the Hindu nation
And scores and scores of other such nations

And so, all non-Hindu Indian citizens
Must abide by the laws of the secular though Hindu nation
Be it a criminal or a civil law of the Hindu nation
No their religious laws laid by their distant fore, forefathers
In some distant past land of horrific barbaric origins.

Jinnah, the Pakis' founding father wanted Pakistan for Pakis
They can follow whatever Shariah or blasphemy law in Pakistan
There is no need of such laws in the free, secular Hindustan
If someone wants Sharia laws to be imposed in Hindustan
They should pack up their raggedy bags and head to Pakis' Pakistan.
Anytime, in any numbers, they leave India, they would be most welcome.

Ravi Kopra

Shattered Mirrors, After Obaidullah Aleem

Look at my shattered
mirrors
sometimes.

I am
heart broken.

Friends and
strangers
to me now
are all alike.

Ravi Kopra

She Admits

She admits
inside her mind
hotness of mine
lives time after time
She cannot sleep alone at nights
and calls me at two in the morning.
She knows I am on call tonight
and my patients at this hour must be restful
not asking for oxycontin or morphine.
I get up and go to her running
though her pains are of different kind
I am a doctor I do oblige
and together we heal our pains
in the wee hours of the morning.

Ravi Kopra

She Counts On Sex, A Polish Poem By Justyna Bargielska In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Mehbbob k saath sambhog ka bhrosa

Church kehta hai
mar jaane par murday ko zamin main daba dena chahiye
kyon k Jesus apne liye yeh chahta tha
Usne kaha tha
mujhe qabar se zinda kiya jayega
phoenix ki tarah raakh se nahin
lakin our log raakh se phir apna jeevan le laiNgi
is ka mujhe koi aitraaz nahin hai
Jesus church walon ko kehta hai -
dafa ho jao, mujhe gusse main na lao.

chaar ghonton main dekhuNgi
tumhare saath kya hoga?
(jala do gay ya daba do gay mujhe!)
main teen ghanton k andar
tum se miluNgi.

Ravi Kopra

She Flares Up Orgasms

Summer is over
still no rains
dark cloud gather in skies
suck out all day light
winds blow violently
dust and debris in air
you can't see too far
thunders strike in skies
birds fly in fear
my chihuahua runs inside
few drops of rain fall
we say at last, at last
but to no avail
clouds sail away
sun shows its face
nature too plays its games
she flares up orgasms
and does not come.

Ravi Kopra

She Fusses

She fusses
but has no idea
what fuss is all about
fuss is for fuss' sake
that is her idea
but nonsense to me
who wants nonsense
and on the top of it
layers of fluffy fuss
with no taste in it
words, words, empty words
to put together to say
something without
substance, without anything
to make something out of
hot humid air no one can make it
but she does, she can
she's good at it
it puts me off, I
do not know how can I
tell it better than this.

Ravi Kopra

She Is A Verse That Gods Sing In The Morning

How pleasant, how beautiful
are her looks
searching brown eyes
dark brown hair, curly and wavy
falling on her shoulders
full cheeks prettier than cherries
(I wish I give her there my first kiss)
in a sky blue blouse
in a light grey skirt
with a captivating smile
she stands in the door
for a welcome home Namaste.

The moment I saw her for the first time
the ground under my feet slipped away
stunned by her beauty I stand there before her
speechless for a moment I forget Namaste
and say hello, how are you
so pleased to be here with you.

She says pleasure is hers
Come on in, please.

My heart is dancing in joy
saying you came home finally, my boy
she is a verse that gods sing in the morning
to spread happiness in the world
She is your verse, memorise her ryhmes
She is your red cherry, red grape sweet wine
Sip her for forever, her goblets are full.

Ravi Kopra

She Is My Red Rose

She is my red rose
standing near the pagoda on the stream
smiling under the clear blue skies
on this beautiful sunny day of spring.
The mid-day bells ring there
under an ancient tree.

I ask her just one thing -
My sweet amazing Jumpa, tell me
who made you so beautiful
so graceful that even the angels
come here to have a glimpse of you.

She is shy. She smiles
and looks towards the
squatting Buddha meditating
under a golden canopy
eyes closed, so peaceful.
Her eyes suddenly sparkle.
She says - you know what, Tanzan
ask Buddha, he knows everything.

Ravi Kopra

She Is Standing There Naked, An Ekphrastic Poem

She is standing there naked
by the edge of the mantle
wearing a light skirt
that folds over her thighs.

Her right foot is on a stool.
Her two ripe round oranges
rest on oranges she has
in her hands and on her arm.

Pensive looks, soft lips
dark short hair, body slim
she peers into your eyes.
A beauty to behold.

Her oranges
succulent and sweet
invite my tremulous lips for sips
and gentle little nips on the tips.???????

Ravi Kopra

She Loves Soft Mangos

She loves soft mangoes
So I do

I buy for her by dozens
But I like only two

Her 'dudhiya malda' mangoes
Skin so fragrant, taste so sweet, succulent

I put my mouth on them
I want to eat them

They ripen as I
Suck their juice

They get warm
In my hands

Change color
Look red

I love them so much
Sometime I want to devour them...

Ravi Kopra

She Passed Away With His Love In Her Tender Heart

For the young beautiful Heather it was all David.
She loved him more than her own life.

In their courtship the deadly devil crept in
They defied him and got ready to marry to send
the devil to hell from where he came in.

The surgery, the chemo, the RT would not help
her breasts that David had held in his hands and
kissed them a million times since the day she him.

The time was running out, said the docs
She could make to the alter was one in a million shot.

Tubes carrying meds, sugar, air, salt, water from a myriad
machines to her body were rumbling, blinking at the
bedside clock where David stood with tearful eyes, taking
his vows of undying love for her in his heart...

She could hardly speak but raised her arms in the air and kissed him.
The family and friends shed tears of joy and sorrow at the same time.
The next day she passed away with his love in her tender heart...

Ravi Kopra

She Said: Listen. An Urdu Poem Of Ahmed Faraz In Translattion

Us Ne Kahaa Sun

Ahad nibhaane ki Khaatir mat aanaa
Ahad nibhaanevaale aksar majabuuri yaa
Mahajuuri ki thakan se lauTaa karate hain
Tum jaao aur dariyaa dariyaa pyaas bujhaao
Jin aaNkhon men Duubo
Jis dil men bhi utaro
Meri talab aavaaz na degi
Lekin jab meri chaahat aur meri Khvaahish ki lau
Itani tez aur itani uuNchi ho jaaye
Jab dil rode
Tab lauT aanaa

-Ahmed Faraz

She said: listen

Don't come back if
you think it is
to fulfill your promise.
People with obligations are
either compelled or
are tired of separations.
Go and fulfill others' desires
and fall in love with other women.
I will not call you.
But when you burn inside
with the blaze of wanting me,
needing me,
and your heart weeps,
you can then
come back to me.

-tr. Ravi Kopra

Ravi Kopra

She Stood There Smiling

She stood there smiling
thinking of her past lover
and I in my innocence thought
she'd have me as her new lover.

Perhaps I was mistaken -
She did love me and had
forgotten her past lover
and was happy to be with me.

It was the starry spring night
she walked with a nameless grace
her black tresses touched
her pink cheeks and waved.

'Ravi' could not resist her beauty
He approached to embrace and kiss her.
Closing her eyes she leaned in his arms
and as he kissed her she sighed and

exclaimed - O Don, my love!
I love your kisses...

Ravi Kopra

She Walks Gracefully

Her bare slender feet
in white open sandals
her toes painted red

Her effulgent blue sari's
golden embroidered border
embraces the tiny silver bells
tied around her ankles

She walks gracefully
swaying her body
with a bounce in her steps.

The bells chime as she walks -
jhan, jhan
jhan-un, jhan-un

I looked at her
She smiled at me

Years later
when I think of her
I hear jhan, jhan
jhan-un, jhan-un

I see her beguiling smile
her sideways glances
her brown searching eyes
peering into mine.

Ravi Kopra

She Walks In Beauty, George Byron In Hindi/Urdu Translation

TaroN bharay khulay aasman ki tarah
wo itni sunder hai k
us k har ang, uski aankhein
dheemi, ujli roshni milakar
usay aisa komal banati hain
jo bhagwan bhi kabhi kisi din
ko baksh nahi kar pata hai

Ek halki si aur saya, ek halki si kum kiran
usko itna lasani haseen na bana pati
ye benaam sundarta us k kalay baloN ki latoN main hai
aur us k chehre par pyar se pheli hai
uska meetha nirmal chera shudh vicharoN se bhara hua hai

Aur us k gaal, us k bhoN
kitne shaant, mulayam, sundar hain!
Uska muskurana, gaalon ka chamakna
batata hai k khushi main hua hai uska palan poshan
us k vicharon main shanti hai
ss ka dil masoom hai!

Ravi Kopra

She Was My Rose, My Flower

She was my rose, my flower
she was delicate and soft
her heart was full of love
I promised her my love
one day I don't how
I ended up in bed with Khatima
her cousin and dear friend
a milyun times more beautiful than her
a tariliun times more charming than her
she found out and her heart turned into glass
bitter and brittle, very hard, yet transparent
I could see myself there with Khatima
Allah allows me to have four wives
and twenty girl friends any time
so I did not see any sin
I thought it was all win win
but she did not take it
as hard as I tried her heart became harder
and finally it shattered like big bang
into milyun tariliun pieces, all sharp edged
I stepped on one piece and now I go see Khatima
not heart broken with bleeding heart
but foot broken with bleeding heels
I will later go back to my darling
and tell her - my sweet sweet darling
my heart overflows with love
forgive me, it was not me
it was all Khatima.

-inspired by a poem of Moahammad Maleki at this site.

Ravi Kopra

Shing Wing Wai In The Autumn Night

Shing Wing Wai breathes fresh air
in the autumn night and gets drunk
and thinks how would a woman would
feel like in the night like this

Her face as soft as the chrysanthemums
Her voice sweet as of orioles
Her body warm close to his
Her tresses falling as dark clouds on her face
Her eyes bright as stars but sleepy after hours of love
Her body lovely body slithering out of his hands
Her smell of the evening opening jasmine flowers.

The more he thinks of her, the more he gets drunk
Cannot sleep and wonders what it would feel like
to make love to her in such lovely autumn night.
He turns and turns in his bed. Cannot come up with an answer.
Finally, he yells to himself: Yes, yes, I know, I know
It will be Zen like, just in the moment and the next
moment he falls to sleep dreaming of her.

Ravi Kopra

Shining Mumbai And Doomed Karachi

"Zara hat ke zara bach key yeh hay Bombay Meri JaN"

yahan Karachi ki nahin hain jhopDian
yahan hain manzalaiN baDi aalishaan

Karachi main petrol mehnga hai, ghoDay, ghaday, oon ki sawaari hai
Bombay main har ek k paas Mercedes hai, achi khasi ek gaDi hai

Karachi main har aurat, khoobsoorat ya badsoorat, kalay burkay ki kaid main hai
Bombay ki har aurat azad hai, sari, jeans, pant suits jo chaye pehniti hai

Karachi k poets aurat k hathon ki hina dekhne ko taraste taraste mar jate hain
Bombay k poets Karachi k peots ki halat sun kar hanste hanste mar jate hain

Karachi gundgi se bhari hue hai, tutti peshab log har jagah karte hain
Bombay main safaii behad ho rahi hai, log bageechoN main beechoN main
ghumate hain

Haram khanay Krachi ko choD kar Paki ab London ko halal khanay bhagte hain
wahan angrezon k jootay khaate khaate, sar salwar main lagaye wapis Pak aatey
hain

Allah ne kaha sharab na peeo, ghaDay bhar bhar kar main tumain jannat main
doonga
Lakin Krachi k mulla bhi shrab peetay peetay madhosh hain, apne bistar par hi
mootar kar dete hain

O Pakio. tum pak nahin, paap se bharay hue ho, Lahore main ho ya Karachi main
ho
Tum ne Pakistan banaya, ab ro ro k pachtatae ho, kitne moorakh thay tum aur
ab bhi moorakh ho

Agar moorakh, bevkoof nahin to khatam karo apna moorakh Pakistan
Aao milo Hindustan k saath, raho yahan milkar khushi se, de dalo apne dil main
Jan

Bombay main raho, Dilli main raho, Lukhnow main raho, jahan bhi chao izzat se
raho
Namaz paDo, masjid jao, bakr iid manao, ghost khao, tumare baap dada hindu

thay hindu ban jao

Agar chao to, lakin hindu ban-na koi zaroori nahin hai Hindustan main, sab mazhab ko azadi hai

Paki muslon se zyada Hindustan main musalmaan hain, izzat se rehtay hain, khushi main nihai hain

Sirif pakistan k muslay har ek ko pak main mauslamaan banatay hain, unko ye Allah kehta hai

Hindustan ka Allah asli Allah hai, sub ki raksh karta hai, mecca medina se nahin aaya hai

So Pakio, agar bollywwod aao to "Zara hat ke zara bach key yeh hay Bombay Meri Jan"

yahan mohabat hai, pyar hai, azadi hai, khushi hai, har din rangeen mela hai Meri Jan.

Ravi Kopra

Shiva Of Adi Shankara

In a golden bowl
studded with nine gems
I have for you
rice pudding and ghee.
I also have five dishes
made of curd and milk,
and plantains, juices
herbal water too.
Here is some flaming camphor
and a fragrant betal leaf.
I bring all these
with utmost devotion to you.
O Lord Shiva, you are
the lord of lords.
Please accept my offerings.

-The sage Adi Shankara in Shiva Manasa Puja. Edited from the web pages at
[www dot lotussculpture dot com](http://www.dot.lotussculpture.dot.com)

Ravi Kopra

Shiva's New Wife, A Love Poem

A middle aged American woman
fully strange and wholly crazy,
is getting Indianised
seeing old Indian movies and
loving Indian love songs.
Throwing away her thongs,
she now wears a silk
floral sari six yards long,
hiding well her bulging
behind on her stump like eggs.

She got into Indian spirituality.
Shiva's lingam-worship she liked.
She bought a statue of Shiva's son,
that cute boy with an elephant head
whose favourite pets were mice and rats.

She thinks in her new Indian head
she could be the beautiful Parvati,
wife of Shiva, mother of Ganesha.
So to be in a loving family she worships
Shiva's lingam and loves her son, Ganesha.
She places on his lingam fresh red roses daily
and prays something in whispers closing her eyes.
(What she wishes you can well guess!)
She offers ladoos - Indian sweets -to Ganesha daily
to keep her son smiling for food for his favourite pets.

She had a cat, no man, a companion for umpteenth years
but the spinster cat committed suicide jumping out of window
thinking if no tomcat in this life, she would find in another.
Ganesha smiled at her cat's death going to some cat-heaven
and acquired a little white mouse with beady eyes and tiny whiskers
that came through the city's sewage pipe to find his master in the house.

Now the little rascal relishes ladoos, dances around lingam of Shiva.
It still does not see Parvati eye to eye but seems to like her well.
It does not chew her Kamasutra books nor her spiritual Vedic books,
nor does it chew that book on Kabala containing deep secrets of the world

and doesn't jump on quantum health books, nor on how to know your God.
It loves living a happy life making happy his master Ganesha and
Ganesha's father's new beautiful wife in a six yards long silk floral sari.

It's happy Christmas for Shiva and his lingam.

It's happy Christmas for Ganesha, his son.

It's happy Christmas for the beady-eyed white little rascal with tiny whiskers
and it's happy Christmas for Parvati, Shiva's new crazy Indianised American wife.

Ravi Kopra

Should I Get You Anklets With Little Bells, A Hindi Poem By Raj Swami In English Translation

Should I get you anklets with little bells
To hear music your feet make
When you walk to me?

Should I get you bracelets
To hear them tinkle
When I kiss your hands with love?

You are ready to be my bride
Should I put vermilion in the line
Of hair parting on your head?

The love-temple of my heart
longs for a lover. Should I enshrine
It with a lovely little statute of yours?

You do not like loneliness
Should I marry you and carry
you in my arms with love to my home?

My mom sees fairies in her dream
She would love to see you in her home
May I ask you to come and visit her?

Every moment I think of you
Should I tell this secret
To everyone?

Ravi Kopra

Silence

Without saying anything, it says so much
Without listening to anything, it bears so much
Without words, it tells the whole story
Without doing anything, it does many things
Without taking anything, it gives back so much
Without a voice, it becomes a voice
Without speech, It becomes a new language
Without knowing strangers, it endears them
Without doing anything, it accepts all complaints

Silence is an echo, a style
It means something -
a puzzle, a question, an answer -
If I keep my silence, do not presume
that I have nothing to say.

Ravi Kopra

Silent Lover, A Love Poem By The Polish Poetess Maria Pawlikowska Jasnorzewska In Hindi/Urdu Translation

ek khamosh lover
ek kaalay driyaa sa hai
chup-chap behta rehta hai
uski chumiaan bhi aasman ki tarah
khamosh hoti hain
apnay jahaz ko uDa nahin paata
hawaa main chakar hi lagata rehta hai
khushi uski vo bhar nahin paata

vo is hairani main zindgi bhar dukhi rehti
agar ek din andhayray main us ka bazoo
itfaak se us k cheray pe barastay
aansuoN ko na chHoo paata!

Ravi Kopra

Silly Questions

Silly people ask
The same silly questions -
Why are we here?
How can we live a good life?

Silly questions must have
Silly answers -
We are here for we like it here.
We are here for we aren't there.

To live a good life
Is not to live a bad life.
Not living a bad life
Will be living a good life.

Ravi Kopra

Simplicity, A Poem By Barry Middleton In Urdu/Hindi Translation

Sadharanpan

gautam buddha ne kaha -
jo tumare pass hai hi nahin
uski chinta kyon karte ho

aadmi maraa jata hai sochte hue
kya karoonga agar main kho gaya
jo us k pass hai hi nahin

jaise jo daulat vo ikhadHi karega
pait bharne, masti maarne k liye

ye hai buddha ji ka paigaam-
sapnoN ki dheRH maar lagana bund karo
har pal main rehne ki samaj karo

khawaish aur dar main jo pal tum ne khoey hain
vo pal tHe tumari zindgi ki khushi k liey
vo tum ne apni bevkoofi main khoey hain.

Ravi Kopra

Single And Alone, A Hindi/Urdu Poem

zindgi main khoob aishaiN kiN
sharabon k pyaley peeyey
cHokriON se mohabtaiN kiN

shaddi nahin ki
bachay na hue
cHokrian bhag gaeen

ma baap mar gaey
bhai bhen bikhar gaey
dost gaaeb ho gaey

barf bahr paD rehi hai
parvaroN main log khushi se
saath saath reh rahe hain

sir pakDae apna kursi par akela
gum main paDa mar raha hoon
koi bhi is duniya main nahin hai mera

ye kismat main na likha tha
apni kismat khud likhte likhte
ab apne ko dutkar raha hoon

kaash muje zindgi ek baar fir mile
maa-baap ki baataiN sun looNga
apna parivar bana looNga

Ravi Kopra

Sitting Alone On Jingting Shan Hill, A Chinese Poem Of Li Bai In Translation

Flocks of birds
in the distance, flying high
A lonely cloud drifts by, idly.
I look at the cloud
The cloud looks back at me
We do not get tired of each other
only on Jingting Shan hill.

- rendered from a literal translation at web pages:

Crowd birds high fly utmost
Lonely cloud alone go idle
Mutual watch both not tire
Only be Jingting Shan

Ravi Kopra

Six Landays

Pussy catcher, how many cats did you catch today?
None. I see. The tomcats tore off your balls? (1)

Come kiss me, she says. Don't be afraid
No. I am afraid of your mom's murghabis, her cHitters (2)

Making love to an old man is like
fucking a wrinkled, dry, molded stalk of corn (3)

The is variation of an Afghani landay.
murghabi = fashionable, expensive Punjabi women's footwear
cHitters = a pair of sandals, shoes

Henna shows its color when crushed on a stone
I will crush you making love till you moan (4)

You reject her - her eyes like cat's, on her head a wig
And you - body of an elephant, face of a pig! (5)

My daughter, your wife. You call her ugly
Khasma-khania, in the mirror see your face (6)

Khasma-khania = a cuss word in Punjabi= the one who is pain in the ass of the provider

Ravi Kopra

Skulls Of The Soldiers

Skulls of the soldiers buried in fields
remind us of the games their masters play at will.
Are the soldiers not like the kept animals of the past
who ploughed the fields for your wheat and sugar
who gave you milk and butter
who carried your bricks, stones and mortar
who pulled your buggies and carts
who carried you to play polo, to bull fights
to parties, to festivities and to your funerals?

Soldiers of the world, rise up, go get united
wake up, don't be slaves no more, don't be like animals
don't take orders from your masters
you don't know you have more power than them
but need a little awakening to light up your minds.
You have been used and abused for centuries by your masters.
Refuse to be soldiers, choose the noble professions.
Just imagine if
there are no soldiers in the world to fight the wars
will there be any wars?
Will man not live in peace and love one another?

Ravi Kopra

Sleeping On A Night Of Autumn Rain, A Chinese Poem Of Bai Juyi In Translation

In the third month of autumn
on a cold night
a lonely old man goes to bed peacefully
it is late, his lamp out already
untroubled, he sleeps well
amidst the sounds of falling rains
hot fragrant ashes in his fire pot
raise the warmth of his quilt and covers
when dawn comes, clear and cold
he's still sleeping, feeling comfy
he does not get up.
Outside the streets are covered
with red frosted leaves.

-rendering from a literal translation on the web:

Cold cold 3rd autumn night
Peaceful leisure one old man
Lie late lamp go out after
Sleep beautiful rain sound in
Ash long warm bottle fire
Fragrance increase warm quilt cover
Sawn clear cold not rise
Frost leaf full level red

Ravi Kopra

Smitten By Love, Translation Of A Song In Baabul, An Indian Hindi Movie

Smitten by his love,
where can she go
to tell her sufferings?

She got drenched in
colors of his love,
calling him darling

repeatedly.
She merged with him.
She became a shadow

of her unfaithful lover.
Everywhere she looked for the
roads leading him home.

Everyday she cried out his
name, she couldn't still
set straight his ways.

Smitten by his love,
where can she go
to tell her sufferings?

Ravi Kopra

Snow At Night, A Chinese Poem Of Bai Juyi In English Translation

In the middle of the night
I wondered why my pillow
and quilt felt so cold!
My window was shining bright.
Outside heavy snow was falling.
I heard crack, crack, the snapping
sounds of bamboo from time to time.

Ravi Kopra

So Beautiful Is She

When I saw her photo for the first time
I got mesmerized
Dreaming blue eyes
so beautiful
short curly wavy blond hair
a huge pleasant smile
dimples, not wrinkles
she looked so youthful, cheerful
Hypnotized, I swayed
What could happen I thought
if I kept on looking at her!

I do not know.

But what do I know is this:
If De Vinci had seen her once
Mona Lisa would not be in the Louvre.

I cannot forget her blue eyes
her face, her heart warming smile
I close my eyes and still
I see her vividly.

Ravi Kopra

So Many Fools In The World, A Hindi/Urdu Poem On Fools

- for R.M.

Har koi akalmand nahin ho sakta
is liyey dunia main bahut moorakh hotay hain
is liyey mujhe moorkhoN se koi narazgi, shikayat nahin hai

Lakin jab moorkh apne ko akalmand samajhane lag jaate hain
aur apni moorkhta aklamandi se jhaDtay hain
jo unki kavita k swaroop main bhi hoti hai

To lagta hai ye kavi mahan duniya k sab se oonchay moorakh hain
unki moorkhta se baD kar koi aur moorakh nahin ho sakta
kyon k wo apne moorkhon k jalsay main ek se ek baD kar hotay hain

Main bhi moorkh bun baitha
jab ek aisay moorakh se apna maatha laga baitha
galat fehmi se usko ek hans samajh baitha

Jab baat us se ki to us k moonh se
zahar ka ek dariya nikal baitha
jaldi se us ko raam raam keh kar

Apne khayaloN main fir kho baitha -
har koi akalmand nahin ho sakta
is liyey dunia main bahut moorakh hotay hain

Ravi Kopra

So Many Fools In This World, An English Translation Of A Poem

- for R.M.

Not everyone in this world could be wise
That's why there are fools in this world
That's why I do not mind their foolishness in this world

But when fools project themselves as wise
And show their foolishness as their wisdom
Writing in the form of poetry

It seems these great poets are the dumbest ones
And there is no poet dumber than them
Since in their party of fools one is greater than the other

I myself felt I was a fool
When I chatted with another such poet
Who I thought was an egret but turned out to be a raven

When he spoke to me
A river full of poison gushed out of his mouth
I hurriedly bade goodbye by saying Raam Raam to him

And drowned once again in my thoughts:
Not everyone in this world could be wise
That's why there are fools in this world.

Ravi Kopra

So Weak Headed Am I! So Dumb Am I! A Bijay Kant Dubey Inspired Poem

So weak headed am I!
So dumb am I!
I want glamour in my life
For it, I will even kill myself
I have no control. I have this secret urge,

Next time when I see someone
putting his neck in a noose made by
the silken, gold threaded saari of his wife,
I will do the same. I have no control over myself.
I will kill myself, I will end my life the way someone did
I will be hanging dead from her dowry's saari's knot around my neck
My body will be swinging in the air by the wafts the creaking fans
that too came to my house as dowry gifts when I married my wife.

Why die an ordinary routine death of an ordinary man?
Why not die with cancer of lung, throat, food pipe, guts and testicles
that smoking cigars in glory brings?
Why miss the glamour in life that smoking cigarettes, cigars and bidis bring?
Oh that curls of smoke, Oh that burning ends of cigars
oh that cinders that fly in the air when you smoke cigars!
How can I resist them? I will give my life for them.

Ravi Kopra

Soft Soft Lingerin Feelings Of Love

Your love is
sweet ambrosia
I drink everyday

Don't say no
I love you
let's share our bed tonight

Full midnight spring moon
I see through the bed room window
and you feel me full inside

Your head on my thighs
moves vigorously
for ecstatic delights

My hands
cup you face
my lips love your lips

Midnight monsoon thunders
Never stopping rains
you like a kitten in bed curl up in my arms

My head on your bosom
my hands hold tsammas
my lips sip nectar to keep me alive

My hands slide on your curly tresses
silky and soft they feel
I sigh in love, my soul heals

On the shore of the sea
the sun is setting behind the orange clouds
my hands around your waist, we kiss and watch the sunset

Your hand in my hand feels so soft
we saunter in the mall
my arms rub you body, occasionally

You on top or I on top
we bury ourselves into each other
time after time

I plough your field
diligently
I get my son eventually

Ravi Kopra

Some Beautiful Young Women (Kalidasa)

Some Beautiful Young Women (Kalidasa)

Some beautiful young
women fully fulfilled after
making love, still feel the

rushes rising in their thighs
and reaching up their groins.
These women dip

themselves in oils
and massage themselves,
sitting in the morning sun.

They let off the surges
still persisting after having
made love.

Ravi Kopra

Some Body Else, A Poem By Jackie Kay In Hind/Urdu Translation

Koi Aur

Agar main aap na hoti, to kuch aur hoti
Asal main main koi aur hoon
Main sari zindgi se koi aur hoon

Ye yahan koi hasne ki baat nahin hai
K main hamesha se koi aur rahi hoon:
Log mujhe koi aur samajhte hain
Main bhi apne aap ko koi aur samajhti hoon.

Ravi Kopra

Some For The Glories Of This World, A Hindi/Urdu Translation Of A Rubai Of Omar Khyyam

kuch log aah ki saansaiN bharte rehte hain
aur kuch jannat ki hurioN k intzaar main rehte hain
moorakh logo, khao, peeo, aish karo, bhool jao khuda k waidoN ko
bhool jao hurrioN k rangeeli naach aur rusilee gaanoN ko

Ravi Kopra

Some For The Glories Of This World, A Rubiayat Of Omar Khyyam In Hindi/Urdu Translation

kuch log duniya ki mahima gaate rehte hain
kuch jannat k intzar main rehte hain
arey pagley logo! khaao-peeo kushi se raho
bhool jao Allah k mohammadk wahedoN ko!

Ravi Kopra

Some Poets, A Poem In Hindustani

kuch kavi aisay hain
jo subah subha uthtay hain
aur poem of the day lekhak ko
mumbarkain denay lag jaatay hain -

kya khoob hai tumari kavita
kya khyaal hain is kavita main
kya ehsaas hain is k
kitni acHi tarah se likhi gayi hai
kitni akalmandi main bhari hue hai
mubarak ho mubarak ho
main dooNga is ko pooray k pooray dus plus

aur main lag jaata hun
videshi kavita ko hindustani
main badalnay k liyae
ta k jin bharti bhai-behno ko
angrezi kuch kam aati hai
samajh sakaiN k saray jahaan k kavi
nahin paida hotay hain bharat main
jo kavita ki har doori line main
le aatay hain bhagwaan ka naam
apna chamatkaar dikhanay main

Ravi Kopra

Some Punjabi Haynakus - Love, Romance

pyaareya
tere moonh
wich mithay ladoo

teri
chummi baDi
mithee mithhe hai

aa
hik wari
fir pyaar kariye

hun
chummi na
maar. Raat Nu

o
sohniey, muskra
de hik wari

pyaar
tere nal
hoya. keh karaN

Zyada
na stah
tainu chaNda haaN

Besharam
ankhan piya
maari jaanda hai

bhaj
Ja. tere
ghar maN nahin?

aaO
ji, baDeY
din ho gaey

oh
challa giya
main dukhi haaN

pyaar
ki keeta!
rona peena keeta

jeena
hi tan
idhar na aaeN

bolo
ji, tuhada
main sewak haan

Baad
wich. Bachay
ajay jaagde hun

raat
lambi hai
pyaar karan leyi

zara honsla

kar. jaldi
di kee hai

holay
holay, pyaar
karaNgay. dil bharke

cummiaN
maarneH taaN
muchhaN kat lae

terian
chummiaN kha
ke main mari

Wyah
na keeta
taaN jaan sambhaleeN

tunsi
kitne mithay
mithay lagde ho

tooN
kitni sohni
pyaari lagdi aeN

pyaar
ho giya
wyah kadOn hosi?

tere
moonh wich

ladoo, mere pyaariya

terian

muchhaN tay

chummiaN. Haaey rabba!

pyaar

khoob keeta

raat chungi nikli

Ravi Kopra

Some Verses From Bhagavad Gita In English Translation

Not doing evil acts
But still thinking of them
Man fools himself
And a pretender he becomes.

Bhagavad Gita 3: 6

Do that you must do.
Better to do something than do nothing
To keep yourself going ahead in life
You have to do something.

Bhagavad Gita 3: 8

Without concern for the fruits of actions
Always in earnest doing your duty
Working without attachment
Man gets the rewards supreme.

Bhagavad Gita 3: 19

Not attached to material world
Egoless but brave and resolute
Unmoved by success or failure
You're of moral aptitude.

Bhagavad Gita 18: 26

Adhere to your moral beliefs

Don't hesitate for the rights you deserve
For no one is better than
A warrior fighting a righteous war.

Bhagavad Gita 2: 31

O Partha! happy are the warriors
Fighting such unsought wars
Opening for themselves the doors
To enter into the heaven.

Bhagavad Gita 2: 32

Not fighting the righteous war
Not carrying out religious duties
You will incur sins, indeed
And lose your warrior's repute.

Bhagavad Gita 2: 33

Speaking forever ill of you
People will disgrace you.
For a man of honor
Dishonor is worse than death.

Bhagavad Gita 2: 34

Ravi Kopra

Someone Somewhere Is Falling In Love

Someone somewhere is falling in love
someone's getting out of love
if your love has left you
what's the big deal? What's fuss?
these are the ways of world

he will find another love
if he hasn't already
so will you
what's the big deal? what's the fuss?
these are the ways of the world

why should everything last for ever
or till we die and give two hoots to the world
when you have love
give your lover, love
get his her love

love grows when you give and get
and don't forget
it does grow on trees
like plums and cherries
go pluck them, enjoy your love

seasons come and go
they don't last forever
so does love
go get it
go give it
it will multiply like
rabbits romping in your backyard

but remember, love dies
when there's too much or too little of it
Buddha says live in love
don't die in love
don't kill your love in love

love may stay

love may come. love may go
what's the big deal? what's the fuss?
these are the ways of the world
when you have love, live in love, don't fuss.

Ravi Kopra

Something Like Ill At Ease It Is, A Urdu Ghazal By Jaun Eliya In English Translation

Something like ill at ease it is
Together yet apart, as it is

The life I could not live, I did live
How unfortunate all it is

I have been homeless all my life
Now my shadow on others, what a pain it is

I cannot not sleep without you
Even my sleep seems to be yours, as it is

How can I be with you without you
My breathing tears me apart, as it is

My heart, you need not be told
Waits for you day and night, as it is

Wherever we are, together or apart
I never ever forget you, as it is

I feel fragrance rising in my heart
You must be heading here, as it is

My life has been full of bad accidents
No moment of peace ever, as it is

Be happy, you live your life fully
I have been looking for happiness, as it is

Ravi Kopra

Sometime You Want To Escape From Life - A Urdu/Hindi Poem

zindagi main kuch aisa be waqt aata hai
jab tum sichne lagta ho main kahan fansa hoon
tumhara dard tumain chotDta nahin
tum chale jaana chahte ho is duniya se
un lehmon main tumaian pata lagne lagta hai
tum kya ho, kaun cheez ho

ye koi bimari nahi hoti tumhe
koi kasoor nahi hota
ya to tum ye apnapan le kar
is jahaan main aaye they
ya aakar yahan tum ne
kuch kafi chotaiN khaii hain

ilaaj is ka mushkil to hai
lakin mumkin hai
aur tumhare apne haath main hai

tumain jana paDey ga apne andar
apni rooh ko dhundne k liye
aur ek tooti buniyad par mandir
banana ho ga tum ko apne liye

sirf wohi jin ki bunyaad tumhare jaisi hai
ya jinon ne tumhari jaise takrain khaai hain
aaeNgay tumhare pass haath baDaey madad k liye
aur sab bhool jaeNgay tumhe ye zamana zalim hai

Ravi Kopra

Sometimes I Feel Nothing

Sometimes I feel
I feel nothing
A tornado passes over me
Winds carry me into the sea
Floods drown me
Fires burns me
A mountain of rocks slides over me
I feel untouched, unmoved
I am dead
I feel nothing
Nothing happens to me
Nothing stirs me
I am a cliff, a rock
Numb, rock bottom
I feel nothing.

Ravi Kopra

Sometimes We Have To Do This, A Punjabi Poem By Baba Najmi In English Translation

Sometimes we have to do this -
to take poison to kill ourselves
to sell our blood to keep on living
to swim in the bloody rivers to reach our goals
to shed our tears to preserve others' honors
to work for the enemy to save our lives.
And at other times, when 'Baba' is visiting us
we have to bear with him.

Ravi Kopra

Sometimes You Need Time For Yourself

Sometimes you need time for yourself
to be yourself
to calm your heart, mind, soul
There is beauty but also too much
nonsense in this world
you cannot contain within yourself.
Take time off
Meditate. Reflect on yourself
Look into your soul
and flush off all nonsense -
don't fret if some sense gets flushed off with it -
if you do not want a shrink
who might very well be himself
full of junk and nonsense.
Help yourself first before you help others
you cannot otherwise.
Love grows only if you
grow it first within yourself.
Love thyself first before you love thy neighbor
and not as much as you love thyself.
Don't read Mark twelve: thirty one.
It makes no sense.

Ravi Kopra

Song Of Myself, Xvii, A Poem By Walt Whitman In Hindi/Urdu Translation

mera apna geet XVII

jo mere khyal hain
vo sub logoN k khyal hain, rehe hain, har yug, har desh main
koi mere apne khyal nahin hain

agar vo tere mere wahi khyal nahin hain to vo kuch bhi nahin
agar vo kisi paheli aur paheli k raaz k khyal nahin hain to vo kuch bhi nahin
agar vo utne hi paas nahin hain jitne vo door hain to vo kuch bhi nahin

ye hai ghaas jo ugta hai jahan bhi zameen aur paani hai
ye hai hum sab ki hawaa jo sari duniya ko ishnan karati rehti hai

Ravi Kopra

Song: The Calling-Up By Muriel Rukeyser In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Sangeet: Pukar

afwah, jawaani us pe chaD rehi hai
chahat ki mohabbat dil mil khil rehi hai
baDi halki halki pyaari pyaari si

bachchay k piadash ki pukar -
mera bapu kahan hai?
pyaar bhari maaN
uska jawaab deti hai

maut ki khabar -
pathar maro dushmano ko
dukh main waqt guzaro
yeh zindgi ki kla taambay ki
bani moortii se bhi pakki hai

Ravi Kopra

Sorrow Of Departure, A Poem By Li Ching Chao In Hindi/Urdu Transaltion

laal kamal ki khusboo
mani k pardon se ab ja rehi hai
patjhaD ka mausam hai
main akeli apna reshmi libas kholay
orchid ki tairati kashti main baithi hoon
kaun le jayega khat mera baadlon k paar ab?
keval jungli bathkeN hi pooran masi k aasmaan main
uDti hue apne kaksh bana rehi hain
aur pashchami kamra chaandni se bhra hua hai.
apni jaati k phool apas main khule rehlaate hain aur fir bikhar jate hain
pani apni fitrat se bikhar jane k bad fir ek jagah ekhada ho jata hai
jeev jant apni prakirti ke jeev jantoN ko chate hain
lakin hum bahut door hain, dukh mein rehna main ne seekh liya hai
mera dukh ab kabhi door na hoga
ek kshan ye meri ankhoN k bhoron pe hota hai
aur doosre kshan mere dil k bhoj ban jaata hai.

Ravi Kopra

Sorrows Of My Heart, A Urdu Ghazal By Sabir Waseem In English Translation

Everyone knows your name now
Every direction is clouded now

On the luck lines of my hand
A shadow has appeared now

I hid your names from people
It is all over my face now

Hearing your name in the desert
The hanging cloud has vanished now

Between me and my god
A wide gap has appeared now

When I take the new roads for a walk
The roads get lost in shock now

The joyful evenings disappeared
In sorrowful nights I grieve now

To quench my thirst I go to the river
but the river has dried up now

In the heavens and on the earth
My sorrows are everywhere now

(An added verse)

Sorrows of Ravi's heart are hard to tell
Every one knows his heart is broken now

Ravi Kopra

Sorrows Of My Life

O life!

Let me tell you
my sorrows today

Let me tell you
I want nothing to do with you

Except that
I be fairly treated by you

My wife died a year ago
My new love did not survive

My son became a hobo
My daughter ran away, I do not know where

I slipped. Broke my pelvis placing
flowers on the grave of my wife in the winter

Perhaps she wanted not to be left alone
and wished I would just slip in six feet under

Everybody is so selfish
Nobody wants me except my dead wife

But she isn't selfish, just lonely
And wants to love me, eternally

She has no patience, wants no delays
Hurry up, hurry up 'Ravi' I often hear her say.

O life
What more sorrows of mine
Can I tell you today!

Ravi Kopra

Sorry, Sorry Says Momin Khan Momin

I don't recall
what did I write
in the moment
of uneasiness

He shot dead
the courier
and sent his
corpse in reply.

kya jaane kya likha tha use iztirab mein
qasid ki laash aa.i hai ?hat ke javab mein

-Momin Khan Momin

Ravi Kopra

South Of The River, A Chinese Poem By Han Yuefu In Translation

South of the river
you can pick lotuses
they look like
a field of leaves
around them
the fish play
in all directions.

-Rendered from a literal translation from web pages:

River south can pick lotus
Lotus leaf how field field
Fish play lotus leaf in
Fish play lotus leaf east
Fish play lotus leaf west
Fish play lotus leaf south
Fish play lotus leaf north

Ravi Kopra

Speak, An Urdu Poem Of Faiz Ahmad Faiz In English Translation

Speak, your lips are free
Speak, your tongue is still free
You own your life
Speak, you are still alive
Speak before your die
This short time is long enough to speak
Speak, the truth is still alive
Speak, tell whatever you want to tell.

Ravi Kopra

Speak, Your Lips Are Not Sealed, A Poem Of Faiz Ahmed Faiz In Translation

Speak, your lips are not sealed
Speak, your tongue is yours
Speak, your body is your own
Speak, your life is yours

Speak, you can tell volumes in moments
Before you die and cannot speak
Tell that the truth still lives
Speak what you must speak.

The original in Urdu

Bol, ki lab aazad hain tere
Bol, zaban ab tak teri hai
Tera sutwan jism hai tera
Bol, ki jaan ab tak teri hai
Bol, ki thoda waqt bahut hai
Jism-o-zuban ki maut se pehle
Bol, ki sach zinda hai ab tak
Bol, jo kuch kehna hai kehle

- Faiz Ahmed Faiz

Ravi Kopra

Speech

When she speaks
vowels become consonants
consonants, vowels.
No clauses, no phrases, no pauses
No commas, no periods. no paras.

Constant chatter like parrots
Or horses neighing.
Not even them. They stop for a breath.
She does not but hesitates at every other word
it seems they get stuck behind her teeth
and she has to use her tongue
to push them out of her mouth.

Poor words come out beaten black and blue
slithered with slimy saliva not knowing
where to land. They roll over one another
and make some haphazard clauses, phrases,
and I spend minutes to make a sentence out of them
while she keeps on pouring heaps of one word,
two word, three word sentences I cannot figure out
what they stand for and ask her to please do not
muddle with the sounds of the words from the
XLZY Fifty galaxy of this universe -
Unexpected word intensities, timing of utterances,
with no rhythm, no cadence, no intonation, no nothing.

Yet she does not stutter but no tone no inflections.
My tortured ears have revolted against me now
and I am learning to hear rolling my eyes, my tongue
and moving my fingers up and down, left and right
at all angles in squares, rectangles and circles...

Could you imagine what would it be like
were you her lover?

Ravi Kopra

Speech: "Tomorrow, And Tomorrow, And Tomorrow", A Poem By William Shakespeare In Hindi/Urdu Translation

bhavish bhavish bhavish ki baatain
har roz har wakat log kartay rehtay hain
aur kya hua bhoot kaal main?
sub moorakh log chalay gaey is duniya se jaldi se
buj gae unki battian jaldi se.
zindhi ek anoDi ki stage par ek chHaya hai
jo idhar udhar pareshani main chalti firti rehti hai
aur fir hamesha k liyay ga-ib ho jati hai
ye be-matlab be-kar kahani kisi bevkooft ne sunaee thee
ye sab be-arth hai.

Ravi Kopra

Spinster Emily Dickinson Dreams Of Love, Her Romantic Poem - Wild Nights! Wild Nights! - In Hindi/Urdu Translation

romani raatein! romani raatein!
kash main tere saath hoti
romani raatein main hoti hamari aiyashi!

dil mera ab tere pe lag gaya hai
kisi aur baat ka ab kya faiyada
kishti ko bandargah main paunch kar
nakshay, hawa, kutubnama ka kya faiyada

mohabbat k sagar eden main
chalo hum kishti main jaeN
chalo hum apne badan ki kishtioN main
miljul kar aaj raat ek ho jaeN!

Ravi Kopra

Spring

is my season
of failures

it was
spring break

when I got
addicted to sex

and could not
sleep till

I lay someone
quit studying

and got an F
in every subject

I lit my
first cigarette

in spring
I fell in love

in spring
and married

an equally
delinquent woman

in spring

few jobs I
could hold onto

I quit in spring
and finally

I took to writing

poems in spring.

Ravi Kopra

Spring Sleep, A Chinese Poem Of Bia Juayi In Translation

My pillow is low, quilt warm
my body relaxed, peaceful
sun shines on the door
curtains still down
freshness of spring is in the air
I feel it even in my sleep.

-rendered from a literal translation from web pages

Pillow low quilt warm body smooth and steady
Sunshine room door cloth not open
Still have young spring air taste
Often brief arrive sleep at come

Ravi Kopra

Spring, A Poem By Edna St. Vincent Millay In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Bahar ka Mausam

April k mahinay
tu kyon, kis matlab, fir wapas a gay hai?

Khoobsoorti koi har cheez nahin hoti
laal laal chote se chipikatay patton se
tum mere mun main shanti na le pao gay

Mujhe sab pata hai -
jab main nokeen crocus k phool dekhti hoon
sooraj meri gardun jala raha hota hai
zameen ki saugandh achi khasi hoti hai
ye saaf hai k koi mar nahin raha hai
par is sab ka kya matlab hai?

Kabron main keeday
murdoN ka dimag khatay hain!
zinda rehna sab fazool baat hai
zindagi ek khali pyala hai
dari bagair ek siDi hai

Ye kafi nahin k har saal
pahadi k neechay pagla sa
April ka mahina har taraf phool
bikhartay bakwas martay aa jata hai.

Spring
BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

To what purpose, April, do you return again?
Beauty is not enough.
You can no longer quiet me with the redness
Of little leaves opening stickily.
I know what I know.

The sun is hot on my neck as I observe
The spikes of the crocus.
The smell of the earth is good.
It is apparent that there is no death.
But what does that signify?
Not only under ground are the brains of men
Eaten by maggots.
Life in itself
Is nothing,
An empty cup, a flight of uncarpeted stairs.
It is not enough that yearly, down this hill,
April
Comes like an idiot, babbling and strewing flowers.

Ravi Kopra

Stardust, A Spanish Poem By Raul Rivero Translated Into Urdu

Julia Roberts shayad galti kar bethi hai
jabhi dekho meri taraf hi uski nazar hoti hai
aur main apna muNh doosri taraf kar leta hoon
mujhay wo phisalna chahti hai
main usko sazza deta rehata hoon

jab vo kuch mujh se kehne lagti hai
main kaan apnay bund kar leta hoon
jab vo aankhain cham-chamaktay dekhti hai
main apna baazoo chehre pe le aata hoon
aur jab vo mujay haawaaee chumi deti hai
main usay dutkaar se dekhta hoon
jab vo lafaD-dafaD si bolti hai
main kamray se nikal jaata hoon
meri nafrat se vo ek but ki tarah khaDi rehti hai

main aksar din bhar laparwahi se rehta hoon
magar jab raat aa jaati hai to such ye hai k
main uski aag main taRapta hoon
aur usko main apni ek THandi hawaa
ki pankhi bana leta hoon.

Ravi Kopra

Stay With Me

You come floating into my life
coloring my soul softly
When I see your lips, I see red roses
when I see your eyes, I see blue seas
and when I see you walking, coming to me
smiling, doves dance in my heart
Your hair is shining gold, your body, white
rain on me, quench my soul, it has been thirsty
I want to visit your hills, mounds, dark caves
I want to swim in the deep oceans of your eyes
my woman, my flower, don't go
you are already here, stay with me.

Ravi Kopra

Staying Overnight With Xie Shihou In The Xu Family Library And Being Bothered By Hearing Rats, A Chinese Poem Of Mei Yaochen In Translation

The lamp light is blue
Everybody is asleep
Hungry little rats come out of a hole
stir cups and plates, make noise
Startled by noise I get up
My dream ends
I worry they will topple the inkpot
they will eat books on the shelf
The silly boy in me copies the cat-call
I start mewling
But the plan is stupid
it does not scare the little rats.

-rendered fro a literal translation on web pages

Lamp blue person already asleep
Hungry rat little out hole
Stir upset plate cup make noise
Startle din dream stop
Only worry table inkstone hit
Again fear shelf book gnaw
Silly boy effect cat call
This plan really already stupid

Ravi Kopra

Steadily Coolly Oscillate After J Sheba Anandhi

"Steadily coolly oscillate"
Be gentle, no haste
Till you are all in

Then stop for a while
To amplify all that you have
Rusting inside you for a long time

Attack, attack, annihilate
Conquer the valley, the mountains
The clogged ravines in waiting
And see the stars in skies, shining!

Ravi Kopra

Steal Love - A Japanese Haiku In Urdu/Hindi Translation

jhoole main hidole lo
bahar main
aur chura lo kisi ka dil

Ravi Kopra

Still Life On A Matchbox Lid, Translated Into Hindi/Urdu

Shanti maatchas ki dibbiya par

Dil main aankhon se zyada shanti hoti hai
rishi maha rishi jinoN ne sansaar dekha hai

Ye acHi tarah jaante hain
k aasani se kabhi bhi hum bulandi pe nahin ja sakte hain -
zara socho, kuttay ka ek baal hawaa ko kaat sakta hai

Agar tumhain shanti chahiye
to aaram se ye nahin milegi
khoob kaam karna paDega is ko paane k liye.

Bhool jao bhoot kaal ko
sansaar fizool ki cheezain apne saath rakhe nahin rehta hai
na to inka koi naam hai, na hi in main koi paigam hai

Ravi Kopra

Still My Heart Was Empty

I had all the riches in the world
I could live in luxury
go anywhere, buy anything
I thought I was the high and mighty
still my heart was empty.

I gave up everything
became indifferent to prosperity
came to live in a mountain hut
overlooking the vast sea.

I see the fish swim in the spring water
swallows dancing in the east wind
lotus hearts floating in the pond
I hear willows rhyming in the wind.

The deer come to see me in the morning
take carrots from my hands for breakfast
little bunnies bounce around in my garden
full of roses, hibiscus, chrysanthemums, jasmine.

The roosters wake me up with their calls
I don't need no watches, no alarm clocks
a murmuring stream flows near my garden
I built a Buddha shrine there under a tree.

In the deep valley below, cherry blossoms bloom
I meditate, I go for walks, I swim in the ocean
friends come to visit me, we talk, laugh, drink wine
lie down under the moon, read poetry, have good times
I find happiness here the riches could not find.

Ravi Kopra

Stop It Now, She Said, Enough Is Enough

I am not ignorant, maybe not ignorant enough
Stop it now, she said, enough is enough

I love her so much, she knows it well
I complain: her love for me isn't enough

His wife left him. He drank all night. Swooned on the floor
Heart broken was he. Drowned in sorrows. Really sad enough

The monsoon came. Pitch dark all day. Lightening in skies
My cats got scared. Ran inside. Loud thunders were enough

So mean was my boss, the SOB as he is. I lost control
Threw my PC at him. Walked out of office. That was enough

My daughter came home late. I was angry at her. She seemed
not to care. I ordered her to keep shut. Her pouting was enough

He smokes in bed and goes to sleep and dreams of his love
The bed got fire. The room full of smoke. One cig was enough

Find another women, said my friend when my wife died in an accident
For Allah's sake never, I said. If alive she'd have killed me soon enough

I was always a failure in life no matter how hard I worked
Allah was angry at you, said the mullah. You did not pray enough

'Ravi' has now taken to poetry. Day and night he reads and writes poetry
Nobody reads his poems. He pisses readers off. He isn't smart enough.

Ravi Kopra

Stopping By Woods On A Snowy Evening By Robert Frost In Urdu Translation

ye kis k peDon ka khet hai mujhe pata hai
vo gaon main rehta hai, usko pata nahin chalay ga
k main yahan ghoDay pe ruka hua dekh raha hun
uske baraf bhare kheton ko

mera chota sa ghoDa sochta hai k ye kya ajeeb baat hai
main yahan ruka hua hoon jahan sam biyabaan hai
in peDon k kheton aur jheel k beehsaal ki sab say bari kaali raat hai

vo saazo-o-samaan ko hilata hai aur ghanti bhajaae poochta hai
k main kisi galti main to nahin hoon
uski ghanti aur dheeray dheeray chalti hawa
aur halki si girti barf ki awaaz k siwaa, yahan sab kuch sun-saan hai

sab ghaanae peD khoobsoorat hain
lakin main ne apne waday pooray karnay hain
aur sonay se pehlay bahut door jaana hai
bahut door jaana hai.

-
-

Ravi Kopra

Strange, Is It Not? Rendering Omar Khayyam

Strange, millions of men died telling the road to heaven
And yet none returned even once to show us this road
If after death they themselves reached the preached heaven
Or how maggots ate them with their empty skulls left behind.

-RK

XLIX.

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.

-Omar Khayyam

Ravi Kopra

Struggle, A Poem In Urdu

main zindgi bhar
kisi na kisi kash-makash main paDa raha

ek mulk se doosray mulk main bhaagta raha
nokri ki tailash karta raha
har ek koDi joDta raha
dar se k kaam kaaj bina
kahin bhookh se na mar jaoon

kisi par bharosa na tha
sabhi log char so bis lagtay thay
khuda ka naam zubaan pe nahin tha

kartay kartay sari umar aise beet gayi
dil karta nahin ab kuchH karnay ko
daulat meri saari zindgi kha gayee
jo main chahta tha ab usay hi thukrata hoon
baDi der main samaj main aaya mujay
siraf paisa hi nahin hai zindgi.

Ravi Kopra

Sublime Prescription (Uddat Dawa Ka Parcha) , Dr. Dilip Kumar Swain's English Poem In Hindi

Uddat Dawa Ka Parcha

socho socho theek socho
peeo peeo shudh jal peeo
gao gao sureelay geet gao
nacho nacho chamak k nacho
khao khao swaadi khana khao
khwaab dekho baDay baDay khawaab dekho
so jaao so jaao khoob so jaao

Ravi Kopra

Suspicious Took Me No Where Earlier, A Urdu Ghazal Of Kishwar Naheed In English Translation

Suspicious took me no where earlier
They are still here as they were earlier

Desires turned into wrinkles on my face
The wounds were hidden in my heart earlier

Now I cry losing worthless things
I used to be too calculating earlier

A thorn is out my heart, so it seems now
Tears used to flow from my eyes earlier

The gatherings these days are just for show
We used to meet in good faith earlier

My thoughts are frozen, so it seems now
I used to be fiery in speech earlier

My loneliness never leaves me now
It never used to be like this earlier

Ravi Kopra

Sweet Moment Stay With Me, A Urdu Love Poem After Ernestine Northover

ay mere meetHay meetHay lehme
raho ek pal aur raho
is chaand ke neechay
meri yaari ki
ye pehli chummi hai
is chummi se zara aur
mere dil ko machalne do

ye jazba mera dil khila raha hai
zara isko thoDa aur khilano do
tu ne apnay ek pal main
meri duniya badal dali hai
mujay is duniya main janay do

jao nahin jaldi se
ruko ruko, ek pal aur ruko
mera dil muskra raha hai
isay thoDa aur muskrany do

ruko ruko, ek pal aur ruko
mera dil meetha meetha pyaar
dheere dheere le raha hai
isay thoDa aur lene do

Ravi Kopra

Sweet Moment, Stay With Me A Little Longer, A Love Poem After Ernestine Northover

Sweet moment, stay with me a little longer
Stay, stay for another moment
Beneath the full moon with my new lover
It is my first kiss on his lips
Let my heart relish it a little longer

You are warming my heart
Let it be warm a little longer
You showed me a new world this moment
Let me enter this world of love

Please don't go away soon
Stay, stay a little longer
My heart is smiling
Let it smile a little longer

Stay, stay a little longer
My heart is slowly
Relishing this new wonderful love
Let it relish new love a little longer.

Ravi Kopra

Sweetness, A Spanish Poem By Gabriela Mistral In English Translation

My dear mother
Tender mother of mine
Let me tell you
A sweetest of all things.

My body is yours
That you put together in a bouquet
In your lap
Let it stir a little.

You play to be a leaf
And I will be the dew
In your crazy arms
Suspend me in the air.

My dear mother
You are my whole world
Let me tell you
My extreme love for you.

Ravi Kopra

Take A Chill Pill

Speech is silver
silence is gold.
And what's making scholarly
comments on poems of well known
you do not understand?

I said: foolishness
and a scholarly commentator
at once shouted back: take
a chill pill, speak for
yourself, you aren't collegiate

Perhaps he forgot to add:
And not a flatterer, either.

Ravi Kopra

Take This Kiss Upon Thy Mouth

Take this kiss upon thy mouth
Before I head to the south,
To fight for the confederate till end
For only whites could ever be my friend,
I love you with my heart but sad you seem
And think my days will end in a dream,
Yet if I let my hope fly away
In a dark night or gloomy day,
In a vision or in none
Life will be dull, no fun,
Do not cry for me if in the war I die
My soul in the sky will fly high,
On my way to heaven on a flashing beam
Lifting me high & saying- my dream was but a dream.

Ravi Kopra

Taking Refuge In Mother Kali

I have overcome sorrows of the world
the people have embraced me

So happy am I now
my worries have gone to the winds

I was delicate, made of glass
and the world stoned me

When I bowed before mother Kali
I turned into a Koh-e-noor.

Ravi Kopra

Tantric Sex

Is it the secret wish of man
to annihilate himself?

To lose its bodily self
still keeping conscious self?

The spirit

What does happen at the moment
of climax?

Losing oneself

He disappears for
a moment, delving into
grandness, merging with it

Tantric climax
Sex

Oneness
Godliness.

Ravi Kopra

Tavern's Gate - Rendering Omar Khayyam

They waited till they heard the cock-a-doodle-doo
And starting banging at the tavern's gate
Open it, open it soon, we can no longer wait
Fill our cups to the full, it's already getting late

III.

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted - 'Open then the Door!
You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more.'

Ravi Kopra

Tell Us The Tales Of Your Romance

Listen to me for a moment
Tell us the tales of your romance

In this Allah-created world
Everyone is asking
What good will it do
If you hide the
secrets of your love.

(O ya! my 'Aatish' friend,
You think you are the smarty one.
If her mom comes to know that
I meet with her daughter
in the dark alleys at nights,
She would spare no moment
And come running after me with
A pair of her old sandals.
She would hit my scalp to pulp
Till I lose all my hair.)

sun to sahi jahañ meñ hai tera fasana kya
kahti hai tujh ko ?halq-e-?huda gha.ebana kya

- HAIDAR ALI AATISH

Ravi Kopra

Tell Your Heart

Tell your head to understand
Tell your heart to be understandable
Let your soul wander
it will come back to its nest.

Ravi Kopra

Tender Is The Night

"Tender is the Night"
Tender is she
in a see through
red gown
long black hair
white thighs
red glossed lips
big soft mounds
drinking rum with coke
waiting for his client's
knock
on her door
to welcome him
in her warm self
to give him warmth
of soft spots
till he's done
with the milky flow
of Eros.

Ravi Kopra

Thai Wisdom

When the cat callers call
"Take ears to the field, take eyes to the farm"

But when a lover calls
Rush to him with all your beauty, charms, brains

He will protect you
And keep you close to his heart

Unless he has a harem
Full of women like you and is fooling you

Then do not forget
To take your eyes and ears with you

Ravi Kopra

Thanksgiving, Two Thousand Seventeen

Thanksgiving
two thousand seventeen
bellies ballooning full of stuffed turkeys
shirts, pants, blouses, skirts, knickers
bursting at the seams, people with families
walk around half awake, walking in malls
window shopping, seeing movies, doing nothing
all over united states of america
from Alabama to Alaska, from NY to Maui, Hawaii.

Poor turkeys, what was your karma!
They slaughter you in millions and pardon only two of you!
They have a tiny bit of conscious left
Rest has gone to winds, to bank vaults, to coffers
in the cities on shining hills
from coast to coast with cut throats
and the like.

You butchered Indians now your butcher turkeys
Is it the family affair, in your blood DNA?
Oh no, your RBC is all pure, it has no
core, no DNA. It is your soul.
It is what you hoard all across the board.

And what a face to show!
You plunder their land, kill them, make them homeless
You even kill their turkeys for your roasted dinner,
stuff your selves, gobble them down with family and friends
have good times all year around and on the thanksgiving day you give
thanks to yourselves celebrating what you have done to Indians.

Happy thanksgiving to North Americans!
Should I add native Indians too who celebrate it for their killings!
What have we done to our conscience, minds, hearts, souls?
Do we have them, still?

Ravi Kopra

That Evening, A Love Poem After Jaydev Shukla

I remember that rainy spring evening
when you sneaked in like a furtive cat
and covered my eyes from behind
with a wave of your hands.

Waves of fresh fragrance of
roses and jasmine rolled from you
to my waiting rough cheeks.

That moment, your breasts
like the scent of unripe fruits,
pressed gently against
my sun burnt back.

The fish flapping her fins
in the unseen waters of the world,
left her presence on my neck.

Ravi Kopra

That Man, A Ghazal Of Ubaidullah Aleem In Translation

Said he was a rose and pricked me, that man
Said he was light and burned down my home, that man

All my dreams and feelings were colorful
He turned them all into fiction, that man

Where do I go now, where do I prosper?
He cast a net of thorns for me, that man

I cannot turn back nor can I go further
On strange paths he lead me, that man

His love was strange, so was his hate
He was like me, he dived into me, that man

He was all love, he came to soothe me
But he left me with heart aches, that man

The world is an illusion, I finally realized
But he had already made a fool of me, that man

-the original Urdu ghazal in devanagari script

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Ravi Kopra

That's All I Have To Say

Call me
And I will tell you then -
Get to know me, understand me
And I'll whisper into your ears -

I will never leave you
Nor will I chingue you
But will keep you mine all times

I'd never kiss your ass
Nor get angry with you
But your sweet voice in my ears will stay
As the koel's songs when it sings

Even though you are far off
Still I feel you in my heart
It makes me happy though
Some may say it's all looney

That's all I have to say
I will not change your way
It's up to you now, whether
You want me or want to leave me.

Ravi Kopra

That's It. He Made It So Simple

I was six thousand miles away from home
A three word message on my phone -
All intelligible.

A murmur of just three words
A male voice in such a hurry I could not make it
I had not heard such a blur in years. I could not fathom

It was my brother's voice I heard after thirty years in self exile
I listened to the message many times. Could not make it
Days passed by. I listened again and finally realized -

Kehar Singh Died.

I was blank. Felt nothing. Just stared into the clear sky
He never loved me. I never loved him.
He was born. He lived. He died. Like any other being.

That's it. He's gone. My heart is cold as it has ever been for him.
Nothing to mourn or eulogise. He made it so simple.
He was my father for fifty years on paper. Nondescript.

Ravi Kopra

The Axis Of My World

What would you say
If I tell you

When I caress you
lying beside you in bed

or when your head is
in my lap on the weekend

in the park where we go picnicking
watching ducks sailing in the pond

and when I embrace you -
holding you, caressing you

kissing you, hugging you
pouring my love all over you

I get lost in you and want
nothing more in this world except you.

You may say I am crazy for you.
Yes, I am crazy for you

The axis of my world is you
I revolve around you in love.

Ravi Kopra

The Baby Bat, A Poem By Shel Silverstein In Hindi/Urdu Translation

ek chamgadar ki
choti si beti chilla paDi-
batti bandh karo, batti bandh karo
mujhe roshni se dar lagta hai

Ravi Kopra

The Barbaric Bedouin Riding Camels

Does it matter how long
it takes for an Indian or Paki
musla to realize that his fore-fathers
were Hindus and there is tiny,
slim chance that they were from Arabia
the barbaric bedouin riding camels
in deserts, looting and robbing caravans
of camels loaded with gold from India
and silk and earthenware from China.

Yes it matters if they
keep on getting free travel
from India to visit their holy
Mecca in hordes for their haj,
keep on demanding Sharia law
in the most secular, tolerant
Hindu nation in the world,
keep on killing Hindus' holy cows
for their breakfast, lunch and dinner,
keep on making babies like jack rabbits,
keep on converting Hindus to muslims in their pak pakistan,
Keep on killing pundits in Kashmir and pushing them out of their homes,
keep on hating Hindus and siding with Pakistan in every conflicting issue.
Such muslas abusing their motherland are not wanted in India.
They better pack up their raggedy bags and head fast for their pak pakistan.
India will give them free camel, donkey, train rides to pakistan to be with their
brethren.

Ravi Kopra

The Beauty Of You Beloved

The beauty of you beloved
Is the beauty of her heart
That lifts up your soul
And you soar in the air.

If you let your heart touch hers
And she offers hers to you
Forget everything ephemeral
Forget all physical reality
Two hearts in one soul together
Will take you to eternity.

Ravi Kopra

The Bell Chimes

The clapper strikes
And the bell chimes -
Peace, peace, peace!

Ravi Kopra

The Birds Flew In And Sang

It rained all night last night
It rained till noon today
The sky cleared
The sun shined
The birds flew on apple,
pear, cherry trees
singing their songs:
choo, choo, choo
twit, twee too, twee too
kwae yam, kwae yam
chich, chich, chich
coo, coo, coo
kret, kret, kret kret
caw, caw, koo, koo
There were finches, sparrows
robins, blue jays,
cardinals, doves, crows
and there were little birds
with yellow beaks and feet.
I sat in my garden watching them.
Many came to the feeder to feast.
I copied their sounds as they sang
and shared their joy in nature's
tongues realising full well
they've been here in peace and
harmony before we came into this
world and we've much to learn from them.

Ravi Kopra

The Calm Sea

The calm sea
is
saying
to
the gushing, roaring river -

Anyone
with depth
keeps
his mouth shut
and revels in his silence.

Ravi Kopra

The Crazy Woman, A Gwendolyn Brooks Poem In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Main mayi main
khushi k geet na gaaon gi
november tak ruk kar
apna dukh ka geet sunaooN gi

JaDon ki kaali
thandi raatoN main
bahar nikal kar
apna dukh ka geet gaooN gi

Aur gali-mohallay k bachay
ghoor-ghoor kar daikhaiN gay mujhe
aur kaheN gay: ye kaisi pagli aurat hai
jo bahaar k khushi k geet nahin gaati hai

Ravi Kopra

The Day I Return, A Spanish Love Song By Isi Alvarez In English

The day I return you will see
how I bite you
I will bite your ears, your nose
for what you did to me
you left me alone to suffer

The day I see you again
I will fill you with a soft cake
pinch you hard, give you hickies
for what you did to me
you left me alone to suffer

The day I see you again,
I will let you kiss me,
have me, kiss me, have me
hug me many, many times
for I miss you, love you
want to have you again and again

The day I come back to be with you,
I'll let you make love to me again and again...

Ravi Kopra

The Dead End

I had bad headache.
I went to see my doctor.
He ordered an MRI of my head.

I come home.
She asks what the doc said.
It seems like a glioblastoma in my head
That's what he said.

What does it mean, she asked.
I will be dead in six months, he said.

She put her head in her hands
and cried and cried, loudly.

Why cry?
It is the dead end, I said.

Ravi Kopra

The Dog - A Rendering Of Rabindra Nath Tagore's Poem

Every morning, my dog comes
and sits near my feet.
He likes company.
He likes to be touched, patted
and feels happy.
Among all animals
only this creature understands man
beyond all the evil and good in him.
For love he will sacrifice himself.
He will love for the sake of love
and show to the world what true love is.
When I see his deep devotion
his offering of himself,
I fail to understand why he does it.
He must have learnt somehow
what truth lies deep in man.
By his silent anxious looks
he cannot tell us what he knows.
But he has convinced me
he knows the true nature of man.

The original:

Every morning this dog, very attached to me,
Quietly keeps sitting near my seat
Till touching its head
I recognize its company.
This recognition gives it so much joy
Pure delight ripples through its entire body.
Among all dumb creatures
It is the only living being
That has seen the whole man
Beyond what is good or bad in him
It has seen
For his love it can sacrifice its life

It can love him too for the sake of love alone
For it is he who shows the way
To the vast world pulsating with life.
When I see its deep devotion
The offer of its whole being
I fail to understand
By its sheer instinct
What truth it has discovered in man.
By its silent anxious piteous looks
It cannot communicate what it understands
But it has succeeded in conveying to me
Among the whole creation
What is the true status of man.

-Rabindranath Tagore

Ravi Kopra

The Dog Is Licking Your Lips, A Brief Latin Poem By Martialis In English Translation

The dog is licking your lips, Manneia
I would not be surprised
If you liked its shit.

Ravi Kopra

The Earth All White

Late April snow on Catskills
The earth all white
Full moon
Everything still
engulfed in white light
The owl hoots on a tall
pine tree loaded with snow
You and I at midnight
holding hands walk on the snow
We are of stillness
calm, tranquil, peaceful
quietness allures us.

Ravi Kopra

The End And The Beginning, A Poem By Wislawa Szymborska In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Har jung k baad
kisi ko to karne hi hogi safae
cheezain khud bakhud saaf nahin hoti hain

Kisi ko to karna hi hoga kooDa ekatha saDak k kinare par
ta k murday se bhari ghaDian saDak par chal sakaiN

Kisi ko to hi lag jana hoga kooDa-karkat aur raak uthane
sofe k springs
tootay footay glass k tukDe
aur khoon se bhare kattay kapDe

Kisi ko to lana hoga ek girder
girti deewar k bachane
khiDki ke glass poonchNe
darwaza theek karne

photo achhi na camera pe ayeNgi
baDe saaloN k baad

sare camray shehar se chale gayeN hain
kisi aur jung ki photos k liye

pull banane paDeN gay
railway station banane paDeN gay
aasteen k ho jaeN gay tukDe tukDe
ye sab kam karne k liye

koe haath man jhaaDoo liye
yaad karega jung se pehle yahaan kya tha
aur koee jiska sar katta nahin hai
sar hilate haan haan karte sune ga usko.
lakin ab yahaan kuch aur bhi hain
chakkar lagate idhar udhar firte hain
aur is gand mand ko saaf karna un k dil main nahin hai

bahar jaDion k neeche khudaaee kartay hue

pa leta hai koe purane jhagDoN ko
aur phenk deta hai vo unay
kooDae karkatoN ke dher pe

jinko pata hai k yaahn kya ho raha tha pehle
hat jaate hain vo unse jine kam maloom hai
ya us se bhi kam maloom hai
ya pata nahin hai une kisi baat ka

bahar jaDion k neeche khudaaee kartay hue
pa leta hai koe purane jhagDoN ko
aur phenk deta hai vo unay
kooDae karkatoN ke dher pe

hare hare oonche ghass main jisne bhula diye hai
laDae kya laee aur uski ki the kya wajha
leta hoga koe ghass ka tinka moonh main liye
aasman main baadloN ko dekhte hue

Ravi Kopra

The End, A Poem By D.H. Lawrence In Hindi/Urdu Translation

aye meri jaan agar main tujhe apne dil main rakh leta
agar main tujhe apne andar lapta leta to main ab na rota
ab tumhari har baat mujhe yaad a rehi hai
aur hum dono ki jeevan yatra khatam ho rehi hai

tumhari apni yatra kabhi na पूरी ho payegi
tumhara chehra kabhi na dekh paunga
tumhara chehra meri ankhon k samne aata hai aur chala jata hai
aur beech main meri ankhon se dukh ka dariya behne lag jata hai

aye meri jaan, main aaj raat bhar tere liye ro-unga peetunga ga
mera ye dukh kabhi na door ho ga
tum ne jo jeevan bhar mere liye kiya hai kaise main usko loat paunga ga
aaj main poorra zinda nahin hoon, apne andar kuch mar gaya hoon

Ravi Kopra

The Epic Of Sadness, An Arabic Poem By Nizar Qabbani In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Tere pyar ne mujh ko dukh sehna sikhaya hai
varshon se main ek aurat ki tailsh main tha
jis k khandon par chidiya ki tarah
apna sar rakh kar tere liyey ro sakooN
aur apne tootay hue tukron ko ikadha kar sakoon

- to be continued

Ravi Kopra

The Fears Of Mad Heart Should Not Be Taken Seriously, A Ghazal Of Akhtar Saeed Khan In Translation

The fears of mad heart should not be taken seriously
everyday is a doomsday should not be taken seriously

when their eyes show no trace of regret
the pain in their heart should not be taken seriously

if someone takes away my past
my face in the mirror should not be taken seriously

your imaginary discomfort is too much for me
my new misfortunes should not be taken seriously

living like a story feels so good
realities of life are not taken seriously

a lover's face may make someone speechless
but his unrequited love should be taken seriously

my beloved will be with me forever though she's my enemy
the pain in my heart should not be taken seriously

the courage not to end the journey is tested here
a few ahs and ohs should not be taken seriously

whenever 'Akhtar' sees a tear in the eyes
your crying with him should not be taken seriously

the original in Urdu

dil-e-shorida ki vahshat nahiñ dekhi jaati
roz ik sar pe qayamat nahiñ dekhi jaati

ab un aankhoñ meñ vo agli si nidamat bhi nahiñ
ab dil-e-zar ki halat nahiñ dekhi jaati

band kar de koi maazi ka daricha mujh par
ab is a.ine meñ surat nahiñ dekhi jaati

aap ki ranjish-e-beja hi bahut hai mujh ko
dil pe har taaza musibat nahiñ dekhi jaati

tu kahani hi ke parde meñ bhali lagti hai
zindagi teri haqiqat nahiñ dekhi jaati

lafz us sho?h ka muñh dekh ke rah jaate haiñ
lab-e-iz.har ki hasrat nahiñ dekhi jaati

dushman-e-jañ hi sahi saath to ik umr ka hai
dil se ab dard ki ru?hsat nahiñ dekhi jaati

dekha jaata hai yahañ hausla-e-qata-e-safar
nafas-e-chand ki mohlat nahiñ dekhi jaati

dekhiye jab bhi mizha par hai ik aañsu 'a?htar'
dida-e-tar ki rifaqat nahiñ dekhi jaati

Ravi Kopra

The Fond Memories Of My Village!

Travelling by train I saw
the city at a distance -
skyscrapers, bending blacktop roads
a sea of humanity -
viewing all this made me uneasy.

In my small village
there was nothing like this.
It was in the lap of mountains
roads made of stones.
My teeth would chatter in bitter cold there
I would shake in cold winds
I would get restless to leave the village.
I had seen a city and had dreamed of living there.

I turned twenty and moved into the city.
Suddenly the village seemed like a
strange place and the city became my home.

Life's hard journey unfolded on the city streets.
The cars in the distant seemed like contraptions of murder.
I felt myself as a stranger in the crowded streets.
Narrow gulleys, stinking sewage, a small house
were enough to shatter my spirits of city dwelling.

My village surfaced in my memories -
fresh air, everybody friendly, everybody feeling at home.
Times have now changed. I left my village behind.
What are left with me are the fond memories of my village!

Ravi Kopra

The Forest Sang A Song

The forest sang a song -

You be ours, we will be yours
Let's be together, let's love each other

We will give you fruit if you let us live
We will give you shade, the cool breeze
For today's dollars, you kill tomorrows
If alive,we'll give you golden times
Let's get together, give all life
Let's be together, let's love each other

Why do you destroy your home?
Why do you scheme against us?
Just invite us, we'll come to your homes
Don't steal us, preserve the nature
Let's protect ourselves all together
Let's be together, let's love each other

The earth is our mother also, we love it too
We make all fresh air for you
The clouds make rains because of us
They quench your thirst because of us
Without us you all will be helpless
Let's be together, let's love each other

Ravi Kopra

The Greater Cats (Ye Chudail Aurtain)a Poem By Victoria Sackville-West In Hindi/Urdu Translation

ye chuDail aurtaiN chamakati ankhon wali
ghar ki azaadi main araam se baithi hue
goo khana chati hai ghar se bahr
raat ko bhag chahti hain yaaroN ke saath
jahan bhi jab bhi une koe mauka mile, registan ho ya pahaD
lakin ho aasman khula khula khusboo se bhara taaron k saath.
khati hain, peeti hai, ghoomti rehti hain yaaroN k saath
ek yaar ka dil maar kar chun leti hai koi doosara yaar
jo kuch bhi unki samaj main ho, main sirif yehi kahoongi -
aadmi ka pyaar do din ko hota hai aur fir vo gaib ho jaata hai.

bhagti hain ye aurtain jagah jagah veerane main
jahan bhi pathron main phool khile lagte hain
anjaane main k mushkil hoga unka badalana
kha jaengi giddaiN unki haddiaN ko.
sochti hain vo bahut shakti wali hain
bhaagte hiran ko pakaD kar apni haikDi main hara dalaiN gi
vo kitini hi shakti wali hon, muje ye samaj hai-
aadmi ka pyar kshan bhar ka hota hai aur fir vo gaib ho jata hai.

hey bhagwaan, kaisi hain unki dokhay ki shaktiaN!
meri akal main mera vishvas hai, maut main nahin
pyaar hi pyaar se bhra hai is waqt mera andaaz
main ek seedhi saadhi aurat hoon
shakti bhari, fisil n jaane wali, jaldi se chalne wali, hamesha rehne wali -
main ek sher hoon, ek pahaD hoon, ek bhaDapeD hoon
patta hai muje kis disha main jana hai
patta hai muje main ne tera dil chahna hai
hey bhagwaan, muje kabhi na dikhla
un sheroN ko, baghoN ko, tandooN jaise jaanwaroN ko!

Ravi Kopra

The Greatest Mistake Made By God, A Poem In Hindi/Urdu

Khuda koi lasani mazedar cheez hai
jaisa kaisa us k dil main aata hai karta rehta hai

Us ne chutki bajaii
aur dekhte hi dekhte
aasman main chaand, suraj, taray aa dhukay
doosri chutki par
pahaD, dariya, naddiaN, zamin ek dum aa tapki
agli chutki par
peD, parinday, jaanwar aa khaDay huey

Bahut arsay tak khuda dekhta raha
chamakte taron ko, chaand suraj ko
khali aasman ko, pani peetay hirnoN ko
shikar karatay sheroN ko, hathioN ko
naachte moroN ko, geet gati koeyloN ko

Bore ho gaya bechara khuda un sab ko dekhte dekhte
fir us ne janam diya insaan ko registan k ek khjoor k ped k neechay
aut tab se tabhii lag gayi is jahan ko
kahin bhi shanti nahin hai, sub taraf khoon kharaba hai
dhokay bazi hai, gadhaari hai, chora-maari hai
khuda ne galti kar di par usko apne par baDa gumand hai
galti vapis nahin leta lakin lagta baDa pareshan hai.

Ravi Kopra

The Gutless People, A Punjabi Poem By Baba Najmi In English Translation

Those who have no guts, sit around all day
blaming their fate,
but those who dare, they tear apart
the hearts of stones and spring forth
doing whatever they want in the world.

Those who plan ahead,
chart out their journeys,
are the ones who reach
the destination in flying colors.

Ravi Kopra

The Horses, A Swedish Poem By Tua Forsström In Hindi/Urdu Translation

GhoDay

ghoDon k saath ek raat guzaarne k baad
main taza taza ammonia ki sugand kabhi na bhool paoNgi

na hi bhooloNgi pighalti baraf
aur na hi unki chaand jaisi hari laad baraf par

aur wo chuuu jo sardi main sookhay ghaas main cHupe hue
saari ki saari raat chiN-chiN chuN-chuN karta raha

main bhi kaampti rahi lamba coat aur oon ki topi pehne
lakin sub ghoDay raat bhar araam k saath sotay rehe

Ravi Kopra

The Hour Of Love, A Spanish Love Poem By Mariana Ortega In English Translation

The hour of love has
the color of lilacs.
Its messages are hidden
It tastes like an apple.
Your body with crazy desires
covers my body like a hydra
to eternalise the time.
At the hour of making love
we do not sing a thousand songs,
our souls sing a thousand melodies.
I hold onto you all intertwined
and I am then like
an alien butterfly inside you
that makes you keep on thrusting.
In the silence and quietness
of the hour of love, we become one,
no distances exist between us...

Ravi Kopra

The I.R.S. - A Ghazal

What I hate the most in my life is the IRS
I worry till midnight April 15 for the IRS

I do everything on time, ahead of time
Except filing tax forms for the IRS

I have fights with my wife, I forget the next day
But I worry day after day paying taxes to the IRS

I worry if I made a mistake, they will confiscate my head
Put me on the guillotine for one dollar mistake, the cruel IRS

My scholarship money I thought was tax free. But they said I owed them dollar
twenty
They were ready to send cops to auction my T-shirt and socks, pain in the ass,
the IRS

It is not that I don't want to pay taxes. I am a good citizen
It is how merciless, cruel they are, I fear them the most, the IRS

The farting rich make millions, but hardly pay any taxes
They take every penny the poor man makes, the heartless IRS

But I must praise them. They are faithful dogs of the congress
Their sharp canines will tear your guts, be careful of the IRS.

Ravi Kopra

The Indian-Ness Of My Heart, A Poem In Hindustani

"You have never been away from the Indian-ness of your heart."

-Subhash Chandra Chakra in a reply to my Hindustani translation of one of his poems in Indian English.

Jab aadmi videsh jata hai
to apna desh apne saath le jata hai
jab wapas aata hai
to desh usko bhool jata hai

BaDay arsoN ke baad main bharat wapas gaya
jidhar bhi gaya, har ek ne poocha -
'aap kahan se hain? ' kya matlab main ne poocha?
dekho mera lamba kurta, mera chooDi dar pajama
meri murghabi juti, meri narangi topi
main yahan ka hoon, dilli ka hoon
'nahin sahab, ho hi nahin sakta
dus hazar rupiya ki sharat rakhta hoon.'

Fir main ne bahut koshis kar ahista ahista kaha -
maan jao bhai, main dilli ka hoon.
'Sahab lagta hai aap Kashmir se hain'
Dar gaya o baap re baap
vo mujhe aantik baaji ghoshit kar dega
aur paDa rahunga barson tak kaaed khane main
Ek dum main ne kabool kar liya
main amreeka se aaya hoon
'Bolay na ab aap sach baat' vo bola aur muskura diya.

Ravi Kopra

The Last Four Verses Of Kalidasa's Ritusamharan's Winter

They wash their golden lotus like faces.
Brush hair falling onto their shoulders.
Their catlike eyes seem meeting their ears.
These ladies are like goddess Laxmi
who brings property to our homes.(5-13)

Some plump ladies have huge breasts.
They would bend down with weight
if they didn't have heavy behinds
to balance and thus stand straight.
They walk slowly and stand nude
changing their night wear to day dresses.(5-14)

They have love bites on their full lips
Their breasts are marked with crescent moons
left there by their lovers' sharp nails.
They rejoice looking at them and hide them
under all sorts of make-ups to look beautiful. (5-15)

In the winter, the markets abound with new sugar candy,
new sweetmeats, fresh sweet juice from sugar cane.
This sweetness adds to their sweet love makings.
But alas! The lovelorn suffer without their love mates. (5-16)

Ravi Kopra

The Lotus Blossom Mountain Immortal Tea After Luo Zhihai

One sip of tea from
the lotus blossom mountain
and you are immortal

You do not need your Allah
no need to raise ass up five times a day
to ask in your dua for donkeys, camels and women
for a single sip of this tea will send you to heaven

Allah promised houris to musla come
to this mountain for soothing vacations
and in return for their free stay there they pick
fresh green little leaves from plants of tea
and brew fresh fragrant tea with brooks' water
sprouting in fountains on the lotus blossom mountain

When asked why do you come here for a vacation
they say what a relief, O Allah, what a relief!
they are tired of filling chillums for muslas in heaven
they are tired of their Allah approved sexual abuse

We first serve them bucketful of wine, when high
we bring them goats we keep for the bakar-e-eid
they hop on them, hop on them, hop on them
the drunken muslas think they hop on us houris
but they hop on goats who scat on them! scat on them!

Ravi Kopra

The Love Once Ours, An English Poem By Dante Gabriel Rossetti In Urdu Translation

khusboo a rehi hai hawaa main
aaj basant k din hamaaray raastay main
khushi k gaanay gayeN gay
kon se? meri jaan
nahin ye nain,
aur koi aur. kyon koi aur?
hum ne ye dono gaanay gaey thay
wakat badalta rehta hai
aur hamaray gaanay bhi.
pedoN pe safed si dhund basi hue hai
nayey saal ne roshni cHeen li hai

chumiaaN to hum bahut maara kartay thay
kahan pe logi ab meri chumi?
wahan nehin, meri jaan. nahin wahan nehin, bilkul!
to fir yahan? -ha, ha, ha
wakat badalta rehta hai
hawaa chumiaaN bhi uDa k le jaati hai

assman ko dekho
patjhaD ne peDon ki tehniON ka
ek jaal sa bacha rakha hai.
aur kya hai vo baat jo hum dono
aasani se bhool jayengay?
janam din? nahin, nahin, meri jaan -
maut? nahin, ye bhi nahin, meri jaan -
pyaar jo hamara ek din thaa
lakin baDa arsa ho giya ha tab se

Ravi Kopra

The Man I Love, A Spanish Love Song By Miriam Hernández In English Translation

The man that I love
has to be a little child like
Broad smiles, soft looks with words of
a thousand men all put together
Crazy for my love
A lover, wise man and intelligent
Not afraid of anything
But when he loves me, he shakes everything
Fearless warrior in search of adventures
Strong and warm with pure hands

The man I love
He knows that I love him
He takes me in his arms
And I forget everything
He is who I want him
My lover, my own sun
He gives me joys no else can
He knows that I love him

He flies away
But comes back to my nest
The man I love
He knows that I love him

I want him to be a little crazy
But crazy only for me
The man I love knows everything

Does not know anger, does not hold a grudge
With wisdom arranges every thing
Just looking at me makes me happy
he's always alive in my mind

My only hero among many men
Plays with me with my hair down
Thief of my dreams

Elf of my pillow
The man I love
Knows that I love him

He takes me in his arms
And I forget everything
He is who I want him
My lover, my own sun
He gives me joys no one can
He knows that I love him

He flies away
But comes back to my nest
The man I love
He knows that I love him.
I love him to be a little crazy
But crazy only for me...

Ravi Kopra

The Marriage Of The Bourgeois, English Translation Of Brazilian Portuguese Song

He plays the part of a bridegroom
She to lose his head
They'll live under the same roof
Until their house falls
Until their house falls

He is a discreet employee
She puts starch on his collars
They'll live under the same roof
Until they explode the nest
Until they explode the nest

He plays the part of a restless virile man
She makes the children in heaps
They'll live under the same roof
Until the fountain goes dry
Until the fountain goes dry

He is a full-time employee
She learns how to make candles
They'll live under the same roof
Until they burn down each other
Until they burn down each other

He has a secret affair
She says she won't be unfaithful
They'll live under the same roof
Until they marry their offspring
Until they marry their offspring

He talks of potassium cyanide
She dreams of poisons
They'll live under the same roof
Until one of them decides
Until one of the decides

He has an old project

She has a mountain of outlets
They'll live under the same roof
Until the days come to an end
Until the days come to an end

Sometimes he shows her affection
She undresses herself in the dark
They'll live under the same roof
Until a brief time in the future
Until a brief time in the future

She warms up the grandson's porridge
He has amassed a fortune
They'll live under the same roof
Until they are united in death
Until they are united in death.

Ravi Kopra

The Monkey God Hanuman Rises In Him Angrily

Who is he?

a retired bank official

an idiot who counted Indian rupee notes

Sitting behind an iron barred dark window

in some dark dingy rat infested Indian bank

in some got forsaken filthy Indian city

He writes hindi poetry in his retirement

he writes poetry comments like a sycophant

the best of his kind on an Indian infested poetry site

When someone translates his poems into English

and puts life into his stagnant poetry lines

he thanks profusely, praises the translator humbly

But when he is ignored and criticised

the monkey god Hanuman rises in him angrily

and he gathers his mugdars (head smashers)and his monkey army

To come to face to face to his master Rama's enemy -

the rakshash Ravana in Sri Lanka who stole Rama wife and feels

as if his own wife is going to be violated by his critic enemy...

Ravi Kopra

The Moon

The moon thinks we are young
runaways, we are eloping
to get married without
the blessings of our families.

Well, it is mistaken.
Let it throw her full
moon beams on us tonight.
Let it record our kisses and delights.
Let her efforts be proven futile
when the whole world wishes
us best for our married life.

The moon, I think,
is a little looney tonight.

Ravi Kopra

The Moon And The Stars Today Did Not Come Out, A Urdu Ghazal By Rajendra Nath Rahbar In English Translation

The moon and the stars today did not come out
Those who helped me at nights did not come out

Some man without a gun called me out yesterday
Afraid of him at my door, I did not come out

Stay here for a while for a little more chit-chat
The desires of my heart are still in their hideout

You tell us openly the beautiful women you desire
How you see them in dreams, that secret isn't yet out

When did the lovers not lose their bets on love?
When was it the lovers did not lose out and out?

I had so much faith in them in the past
They were the ones who cheated me out

'Rahbar's' book of couplets does mean something
It is not just the words that bring the truth out

Ravi Kopra

The Most Unfortunate Man In The World

I lived as if my life
Was a staunch rival to me

I could not marry in love
I was forced to marry my wife

I wanted to be a writer
I turned out to be a warrior

I wanted two pretty daughters
I got two lazy loafer sons

I wanted to live near the water
I was posted to work in the deserts

I prayed Allah five times a day
Allah pretended he did not hear me

I never got whatever, how little I wanted
Everyone including Allah schemed against me

I wanted to stop going to the mosque
Was afraid, mullahs will hang me for blasphemy

I asked the Guinness book of records to list me the most unfortunate man in the world
They did not even sympathize with me, they just said there was no such category

When I die in my misery, I hope, my sons
Will not forget to bury me in the cemetery.

Ravi Kopra

The Night Of An Indian Honeymoon

Gently and slowly I will approach you
I will be a gentleman not a brute peasant
You will sway like a flower in my arms
You will skim like a bird on the foam of the sea
You will float like a laugh from the lips of my dreams.

Softly and slowly I will approach you
I will be a gentle man not a brute peasant
Lifting your veil, seeing your face for the first time
My heart will sing, it will be my spring.

I will lift your chin up with the palm of my hand
Look into your eyes, and kiss your lips.
You will resist and say - na ji, na ji

I will say - you are my dulhan now
cHoDo ye sab na ji, na ji...

(I will say - you are my bride now
forget all your no, nos) ...

Ravi Kopra

The Old Door, A Turkish Poem By Fazıl Hüsnü Dağlarca In English Translation

Women, don't wait too long
Tell your husbands now
What you want - the day or the night.
As they grow older, they would not know
The day from the night.

Ravi Kopra

The Only Hidden Sense Of Things, A Portuguese Poem By Fernando Pessoa In English Translation

The only hidden sense of things is
that they have no hidden sense
and it is the strangest of all things
stranger than the poets' dreams
and what all the philosophers think.
Things are what they are - they seem to be
and there is nothing more to it.
Yes, that's what my senses learned themselves -
Things have no significance, they have existence.
The only hidden meaning of things is that they are things.

Ravi Kopra

The Pain Of Broken Heart

Whom do I show my broken heart
and teary eyes in this sulking city?
I have no friend here.
Whom do I go to tell it?
No one will listen to the story
of the shattered mirror in my house.
Whom do I pray to erase
the old memories my hurt heart?

My tears are too many.
Don't know how to stop them running.
The old memories are shattering my heart
and I am getting too restless.
To whom should I return to
to tell the stories of my saddened heart?

Ravi Kopra

The Pains Of Love

What do you do when
You hurt someone's feelings
Unintentionally?

Just say sorry?
For what? You did not mean it
It happened all unintentionally.

I do not want to be the cause
Of the sorrows of their hearts
When their dreams fall apart
Because of me. I feel guilty.

I cannot carry the weight
It pulls me down
I cannot move forward
Their sadness hurts my heart.

I will say sorry and move on
As I say sorry when unintentionally
I enter someone's space. And she says -
Don't worry - and we go our ways.

What if it was the heart's space,
Now empty? It will heal, I'd say
Maybe slowly but surely when the
Innocent heart knows love's pains.

Ravi Kopra

The Pleasure Of Plains, A Chinese Poem Of Li Shangyin In Translation

I feel queasy
when evening comes
I drive my carriage
on ancient roads in plains
and love to watch
the sunset, so beautiful
But it goes down
only when the dust
clouds are in the air.

-rendered from the web pages:

Toward evening thought not well
Drive carriage ascend old plain
Sunset sun without limit good
Only be near yellow dusk

Ravi Kopra

The Pyre In Blazing Flames, English Translation Of A Hindi Poem By S. D. Tiwari

By the side of the river, in the dusk
a body on pyre was burning in blazing flames
Engulfed in flames on dry wood a dead body lay burning
The winds were fueling the fire in light and smoke
and carrying with it all memories
The night was getting dark, the river was weeping the sky was crying
and tears were flowing from the eyes of dear ones and friends

Wailings in the village were breaking the silence
and spreading like storms in all directions
Loving son to his mother, father to his children, husband to his wife
were all loudly crying around the pyre
The river in tears was entreating to carry the unburnt bones to the sea
The birds in flocks near their nests were grieving his death in their assembly.

Ravi Kopra

The Rains Too Are Just Like You

The rains too are just like you
Sometimes they fall impatiently
Sometime in pride they refuse to fall
Sometimes they fall thunderously
Sometimes they drizzle silently
The rains too are just like you

Sometimes I feel like flying in the sky
Sometimes I want to be someone's for all my life
Sometimes I feel like wandering around
Sometimes I feel like getting lost in crowds
Strange are my desires too

Sometimes they drench me fully
Sometimes they burn me like the summer heat
Sometimes they lie dormant in the wintery months
Sometimes they warm my heart like the winter sun
My feelings of love are like the changing seasons too.

Ravi Kopra

The Real World

"In a field I am the absence of field";

-Mark Strand in his poem, Keeping Things Whole

In a field
I am an intruder into
the fullness of the field

In my absence
the field is the real field

My presences assaults
the essence of the field

The field does not have the same feelings
when I am in or out of the field

Wherever I am
I disturb my surroundings
I rob the realness of the things

The world I see is not the world
that would exist in my absence

Simply being of myself
the world changes by itself

So no wonder to each of us
a thing may mean a different thing

The degree of which is how much
we rob the realness of the thing.

Ravi Kopra

The Rocks Of Humanity

I have seen the world
Where beside huge sewage ducts
Children plays with a goatlings
And they grow up together.

This world is of
Tin-sheets-shacks dwellers.
They have no mosquito nets
Nor are they afraid of insects.

The roofs of the shacks are
Pieces of plastic wickered together.
The children live there with parents
There is no ground for them to play.
The poverty doesn't make them sad.
They seem to accept this way of life.

Since birth they adapt
Themselves to live such a ife.
Some strange power gives
Them a push to live like this.

Summers come, summers go
Dangerous storms they face
Their shacks go into pieces.
But the next moment they erect
Them there once again.

These people are rocks
Of humanity. They challenge
And wrestle calamities.
To these brave people
I offer my salaams.

Ravi Kopra

The Sikh Young Lady Fatima Bibi Alias Jindan, A Punjabi Poem By Charanjit Chandan Translated Into English

This is the story of those days when
the daughter of Hira Singh from Shekhupura
was barely sixteen years old in the
Chichoki Mallian village near Lahore.
And when the five rivers of Punjab
saw a starred-crescent-moon tattooed
on the forehead of Nanak by a mujhayadin.
The five rivers rattled in rage.

The Sikhs and Hindus gave up
their differences but felt abandoned
as if they were exiles in their own homes.

They boarded a train at Kartarpur
going to India through Guru-ki-Nagri.
It was stopped at Chichoki Mallian
and the slaughter started. The young
the old were all butchered except
the young ladies, raped and sold.

A mullah, the man of God, saw Jindan
running in panic among the dead bodies.
He brought her home. Converted her to
Fatima Bibi before marrying her.
The helpless lady despised the Mullah.
She grieved and cried for years.

Later she had four sons and five daughters.
The people always called her the Sikh girl.
Her tears ran out. She accepted her destiny.
Now she waits for her death and
wishes her last breath to be sweet.

Ravi Kopra

The Sky Is Clear In Chang'an

The sky is clear in Chang'an
the autumn moon shines brightly
cool breezeflows gently

Plum flowers are in full bloom
the newly weds lean in the window
look at the moon together

Suddenly a jackdaw caws
startled, they embrace
get inside the chamber

Window curtains flew and fluttered
the moon smiled in the sky
hearing their bed's squeaks.

Ravi Kopra

The Son Of A Maulvi From Gorakhpur, India

The son of a maulvi
Settled well in Go -rakh -pur, India
Where holy cows are kept well as humans left
India for Karachi with his brethren musla friends to eat holy
Cows to be near masjids to be transported to Jannat after his death.

Now he mourns in Karachi, says it's Jahanum there, life like in hell
But being a musla as he is, he still bad mouths India at every instance
???????? Komodo Dragon found him in Karachi and served his ass pretty well
He is scared to death now, he soils his paki salwar from instance to instance.

He's gone psycho now, he can't sleep well, he can't do his namaz, he doesn't
know his name even
Every moment he shouts: monitor lizards, lizards, monitor lizards and points
towards his ass!
Once in a while he regains his self, and runs after black burqa clad paki muslima
women
And asks them to show him their henna painted hands but gets five-fingered
slaps on face and kicks on his ass!

Ravi Kopra

The Storm Of Roses, A Poem By Ingeborg Bachmann In Hindi/Urdu Translation

Kahin bhi jab hum
gulab k phooloN ki beshumar chahat main
is k toofaan main chalte hain,
is k kaantay raat ko khub chubne lagte hain.
Aur pattay jo jhaDioN main chup chup shaant the
hamare paoN main kulbulate the,
bijli ki kaDk ki tarah garjane lag jaate hain
jab un par pair rakh kar hum chalte hain.

Ravi Kopra

The Truth Comes From God. Really! ? After A Poem By Kumarmani Mahakul

The truth comes from God
Says mahishya Mahakul ji
God is Nothingness
Says maha kavi Kabir ji

One is in Odisha, the other in UP
Both states nearby
Both Hindus
Both insaans
Both believers
Both read Ramayana, and Mahabarta too
Both did not eat cows
Both disagree

Nothingness is nothingness
Nothing goes into it
Nothing comes out of it

But truth, what a strange thing!
What a revelation of a thing of things!
It comes out of God. And God is nothing.

And what is truth after all?
What is true today, could be false tomorrow
No?

No, no, no
Cry the believers -
God is true, God was true, God will be true

So I say -
As my old uncle Kabir would say
Nothing is true, nothing was true, nothing will be true
Right?

Ravi Kopra

The Universe Is Not An Idea Of Mine

The universe is not an idea of mine
My idea of the universe is an idea of mine.

-Fernando Pessoa

The center of the world was the earth
the sun, moon and stars moved around it
was the idea of the ancient man
loved by the clergy of the time
who knew God made the world in six days
so busy was he making it so fast he thought
he should take rest on the seventh day
lest he dies of fatigue and has left no time
to train the clergy to tell us the story
of creation of the world with a starry dome
under which we live and were pushed from heaven
and above which lived fairies, farishtas and God himself.

The clergy now know the earth is not the center of the world
That there are no winds, fires, rains, tornadoes, and plague gods
That there are no gods that bring pestilence, floods and famine
That there is DNA, the genetic material that makes us
That chimp and man has almost exactly identical copies of this
That beyond our dome are many more galaxies in the universe
That man has learned to cure diseases and avoid pestilence and famine
That man can change the climate by wisdom or foolishness
That it seems impossible to make the universe in six days
That dome is not the dome the ancient man thought
That the design of the universe is not what the ancient man thought
By bringing God in to explain whatever he could not make sense of.

Yet, the clergy. the preachers, the quacks, the bull shitters
still believe in the ancient ideas of the ancient ignorant man
That God made the world around six thousand years ago
and created a man called Adam somewhere in Yemen near Eden.
Adam was tall, handsome, white, with long hair any damsel would die for
But there was not a single damsel for Adam to have fun with

His bed of rocks and leaves was cold, in winter he shivered
God loved Adam, he cut open his chest, took an extra left rib
and made in an instant Eve, a beautiful damsel for him.
Both, though were stark naked, did not know how to have some fun with each
other
Adam did not know what to do with his snake like hanging organ until a snake
appeared with an apple
Adam listened to God, did not touch the apple, but Eve got horny after she bit
the apple
Adam could not resist, he bit the apple as Eve did, got horny and jumped on Eve
the next moment
And what happened in that jump, the clergy do not know except a son was born
and in another horny jump another son was born, Abel or somebody who knows
to be sure
So three male - note it down- and only one female in the very first family on the
flat earth
went on making sons and daughters, grand-sons and grand-dughters so on and
on for six thousand years
and now we have six billion people made by three men and a single woman -
note it down - in the very beginning
without any adultery of whatsoever -note it down- at that time in the world of
God's creation...

(this idea of the world will be explored further later in many other amazing
poems. Stay tuned to the RK ministry for enlightenment)

Ravi Kopra

The Way To Live Life

The way to live life
Is like flowing rivers

Standing waters become stagnant
putrid and muddy and stink

Wherever the breeze blows
It brings with it happiness like in a tavern

The boughs bear flowers and thorns too
Sorrows and happiness must go together

The snakes live on the sandalwood tree
But the tree does not lose its fragrance

Ravi Kopra

The Way To Live Life, A Hindi Ghazal By Ved Mitra Shukla In English Translation

The way to live life
Is like flowing rivers

Standing waters become stagnant
putrid and muddy and stink

Wherever the breeze blows
It brings with it happiness like in a tavern

The boughs bear flowers and thorns too
Sorrows and happiness must go together

The snakes live on the sandalwood tree
But the tree does not lose its fragrance

Ravi Kopra

The Weight Of Life Makes You A Slave, Fernando Pessoa

I sit in a chair
And forget all about life
It oppresses me.

The only pain I feel
Is the pain
Of having felt it sometime.

To be free is
To withdraw from the world.
You seek nothing.

No money, no glory
No love, no friends, no curiosity.
They do not flourish
In silence and solitude.

Unable to live alone
Is like being a slave.
Even if superior in soul,
You still are a serf-
A noble slave.

Woe betide you.
The weight of life makes you a slave.
Woe betide you.

Born free, yet you seek
Company for need.
The tragedy is yours alone
You alone must bear it.

Ravi Kopra

The Wind Of Love

When the wind of love blows
it brings your fragrance with it
How hard I try to forget you then
I never can

I pass my nights crying
saying to myself -
I live so close to you
But you are not with me
you left me and now I am
a leaf falling from a bough
You never though for a moment
how would I live without you
I get no sleep, count stars in the sky
If I do sleep sometime
you come into my dreams

When the wind of love blows
it brings your fragrance with it
How hard I try to forget you then
I never can

The letters you sent me
Bring tears when I read
You used to say you are mine
Why did you then leave me?

Why do I still save them
I do not know
You left me once for all
you will never come back
I tell you the truth -
Never will I forget you
Now I live with your memories
And will forget you as
As you forgot me

When the wind of love blows
it brings your fragrance with it

How hard I try to forget you then
I never can

Ravi Kopra

The Wind Teased Me, A Punjabi Poem In English Translation

You did not come back
Your dear friend came and loved me
I had waited for you long
My lonely heart, my anxiety betrayed me.

I heard noises at the door many times
I thought you were back finally
When I opened the door
There was nobody. The wind teased me
Your dear friend came and loved me.

Ravi Kopra

The Wind, One Brilliant Day, A Spanish Poem By Antonio Machado In Urdu Translation

hawaa, ek khulay din

ek khulay din
chameli ki khushboo se bhara
hawaa ka ek jhonka
meri rooh ko kehney laga -

mujhay tum apni ghulab ki khusboo day do
is k badlay main
maiN apni chameli ki kushboo tumaiN day doon ga

maiN ne kaha -
meray pass gulab ke phool nahin hain
meray bageechay k sub phool mar chukay hain

hawaa boli-
chalo theek hai, maiN murjaee pankhriON ko
peelay pattoN ko aur fauwaaray k paani ko
hi lay looN gi

hawaa chali gayi. main ro paDa. aur khud ko
khenay laga-
kyaa kar dala hai tunay
us bageechay ko
jo tumaray hawalay kiya giya thaa?

Ravi Kopra

The Winter Sun Goes Down

A long straight red dusty road
in my village takes you to the horizon
where the winter sun is settling down
beyond the river Nalla
The dust settles on the grove as the sun goes down
I sit by the golden rice field near the grove
under the dusty orange glow in the skies
and stay there till the stars show
The water in Nalla is dark like goddess Kali's face
Everything everywhere is dark. My heart is dark
My love left me yesterday.

Ravi Kopra

The Woman I Loved

The woman I loved
Her parents married her to you
against her will

She does not love you

I will send my terrier to your home
to tear your balls off

I will dig ditches on the road
you take to work, hoping one day
you will fall into and break your neck

I will send boxes of fire crackers
by express mail to you on the day of Holi hoping
a cracker will enter your pants to burn you down

I will pray some elephant on heat gets
loose from the local zoo and finds you
on the road to trample you down

What more can I wish for you -
May you drop dead by an heart attack
May you go forever into epileptic fits
May you drown in the river holy ganges
May goddess Kali mata thrust her trident into you
May monkey god Hanuman crush you with a huge mountain
May the bird god Garuda take you to the outer space
May the death god Yamadhoota send you to eternal hell...

So that I finally marry my love.

Ravi Kopra

The Wooden Boat

It will take the lover across
the flooded river to be with his beloved
it will take you to the next village
to see your cousin, reliving the past -
his wedding, his first look at his bride
his first child

you can sail in it on calm seas
to have fun with friends
munching Lays potato chips,
lunching Chinese noodle take outs
cold beer, bhej puri, samosas

you can decorate it with balloons
of rainbow colors and give
free rides to kids in the dewali
evening watching floating
myriad glowing lamps on the river

such pleasures it gives you

that wooden boat born of
a far off deforested forest
is moored there in the dim light
on the Ganges river, under
a pipal tree, forlorn, lonely
a craven with sharp eyes
is sitting on its hull
shitting and cawing.

-inspired by The Wooden Boat of Binaya Kumar Mohinty

Ravi Kopra

The World And The Universe And The Beings In It

I could not be in step with the world
In youth I was far ahead
In old age, far behind.

The day is not too far
When I will rot in a box
And the people would say -

I am resting in peace.
I am dead, I feel nothing.
I will cease to exist

That's what I know now.
The grandest peace of all is God.
If death is peace. There's no God.

Can anything happen in nothingness.
When nothing became unstable
The universe was created.

But how did nothingness
Entertain its non-nothingness
to leave its stableness and become

The unstable universe now
expanding and disintegrating
and dissolving into nothingness

Like God itself that did never exist.
So universe must be a manifestation of
nothingness. In itself it is nothing.

Ravi Kopra

The World You Carry Within Yourself

Home is where you were
five or six years old

when cognition dawned and
the world started making sense

that there was more than candy
and ice creams and more than

the warmth of mother's lap.
More than Barney and bikes

and more than loving dad.
You were the maker of

your own world. The world
you carry within yourself.

Ravi Kopra

The Worldly Hope Men Set Their Hearts Upon, A Rubiyat Of Omar Khyyam In Urdu/Hindi Translation

aadmi zindgi bhar neyi se neyi ummeedaiN banaey rahta hai
aur ek din khud mitti main mil jata hai
uski aasha registan main barf paDne ki tarah hoti hai
ek do ghantay k baad hawaa main uD jaati hai

Ravi Kopra

The Young Lady And Her Lover

The young lady and her lover
in their country clothes
sneak up on a hill
in an abandoned house
From the back yard near a wall
and an ancient oak tree
the vista in the valley below
magnificent, vast open spaces
They look into each others' eyes
their smiling hearts throb
He sits on a rock while
she leans in his lap
her head resting on his knees
he gently holds her face like a flower
and gives her long gentle
soft passionate kisses of love
she sighs, eyes closed in a bliss
The ivy on the wall and the
anthuriums in the pot
lean towards them and smile.

-Inspired by a Julius Kronberg's painting:
Romeo and Juliet on the balcony.

Ravi Kopra

Then To The Lip Of This Poor Earthen Urn, Rendering Omar Khayyam

I leaned on the lips of
the goblet bubbling with wine
They whispered: drink, drink to your heart
Enjoy your life before you depart.

-RK

XXXV.

Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn
I lean'd, the secret Well of Life to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd - 'While you live,
Drink! - for, once dead, you never shall return.'

- Omar Khayyam

Ravi Kopra

There Is No God

The fool has said in his heart, "There is no God." They are corrupt,
their deeds are vile; there is no one who does good.

"There is no God!"
say the fools to themselves
(from Psalm 14: 1 in holy Bible)

"There is God!"
say the wise to the world

though there is no proof of it
they are wise by Bible

but the scientists think
other wise about them

as they try proving God's existence
applying laws of physics to Him

if their God made the universe
He made the laws of science as well

so they should be using God
to prove the laws of science

and not using science
to prove His existence

how strange they only speculate
and their God proves nothing for them.

Ravi Kopra

These Buds, How Did They Bloom!

These buds
They all flowered
How did they bloom!

They were all closed
They are full of flowers now

They all wanted to bloom
Larger than any other

Full of fragrance or none
They are there in every garden

They bear strong winds
They love the sun light

Asking only for little moisture
They've brightened every garden

These buds
They all flowered
How did they bloom!

Ravi Kopra

These Formalities, These Courtesies I Understood, A Ghazal Of Ibrat Machlishahri In Translation

these formalities, these courtesies I understood
the meeting after the separation I understood

the fountains cannot quench the thirst of souls
the never ending rains I understood

my restless lips and her slanting eyes
when falling asleep I understood

I fancied my refuge in a safe household
when the house started falling, the reality I understood

the fingers know the vice and virtues of body
when the touch let it go, everything I understood

in a thousand ways I could murder him, my friend
but only a couple of them I understood

she had not discarded her formalities
when she did. our meeting I understood

engulfed in flames it was not easy to see the sunrise
when I turned myself into a flame, the night I understood

'ibrat' stands on the top of sand dunes
when the storms came, he said, "I understood";.

the original in Urdu

ye takalluf ye mudarat samajh meñ aa.e
ho juda.i to mulaqat samajh meñ aa.e

ruuh ki pyaas phuvaroñ se kahiñ bujhti hai
TuuT ke barse to barsat samajh meñ aa.e

jagte lab mire aur us ki jhapakti añkheñ
niñd aa.e to kahañ baat samajh meñ aa.e

li thi mauhum tahaffuz ke gharauñde meñ panah
ret jab bikhri to halat samajh meñ aa.e

uñgliyañ jism ke sab aib-o-hunar janti haiñ
lams jaage to ik ik baat samajh meñ aa.e

saik?oñ haath mire qatl meñ Thahre haiñ sharik
ek do hoñ to koi baat samajh meñ aa.e

kabhi utra hi nahiñ us ke takalluf ka libas
ho barahna to mulaqat samajh meñ aa.e

koi asañ nahiñ jal jal ke sahar kar lena
sham.a ban jao to phir raat samajh meñ aa.e

tum kisi ret ke Tiile pe kha?e ho 'ibrat'
uTThe tufañ to phir auqat samajh meñ aa.e

Ravi Kopra

These Poetry Translations

These poetry translations
of poets I do -
most were dead before I was born
and the rest I have never heard, seen or met -
are for both you and me.

Their words I love
Their poems lift me up
I admire what they thought
of love, world, war, peace
joys, sorrows, desires, us.

They make me look inside of me - my soul
They make me a whole new human being.

The poets I translate all strangers to me
You all strangers to me
But if the vibes of our souls start
vibrating at the same frequency,
in resonance our world a different place be -
peace, love, harmony...

Ravi Kopra

They Dance A Little, They Sing A Little

Autumn leaves
orange, red, brown, yellow in hues
float on the still lake
as cool breeze blows

they move in rhythm
they dance a little, they sing a little
smile, wave good bye, they go with grace
they know they'll be back next autumn

so natural

unlike humans
we cling to life, don't want to die
want to live forever, how un-natural
leaves have been here longer than man
they know what is natural

wake up man
look at the leaves
happy they come, happy they go
they give you shade, they give you happiness -

go sit beneath a bough
with your lover in tow
with a book of verse, a glass of wine
some crispies and dough

read love poems of Omar and Ravi
your hearts will throb, dance in love
your soul will sing, swirl in skies

but don't forget to look at the
autumn leaves floating on the still lake
moving in rhythm, dancing a little
smiling, waving good bye.

Ravi Kopra

Think, In This Batter'd Caravanserai, A Rubiayat Of Omar Khyyam In Urdu/Hindi Translation

zara socho k is koot-kataie ki sarai-e-dunia main
raat aur din hi do darwaazay hain
kaise yahan raje maharaje shauq-e-shakti-e-shaan se
ziraf do char ghantoN k liye hi rehne ko aate hain

Ravi Kopra

Thinking Of You, A Turkish Poem Of Nizam Hikmet In English Translation

I feel good thinking of you
I feel hopeful
It is like listening to the most beautiful song
in the most beautiful voice in the world.
But the hope is now not enough for me
I want to sing my own song.

Ravi Kopra

This And That

You asked
my enemies
about me

you heard
from my enemies
about me

you barely
talked to me

you hardly
heard me

only if you had

you would have
not said -

I am this
and that.

Ravi Kopra

This Is Love, A Rendering Of A Rumi's Love Poem

Love is first
to lose your self
to lift a hundred
secret curtains of
your heart and offer
yourself to your beloved

in total surrender
to walk on earth
without feet and fly
in air without wings
in the invisible world

Heart, I said
what a gift it has been
to enter the heart of
my beloved and to see
myself beyond my self
to reach her and feel
within the breast.

Ravi Kopra

This New Road, After Jamal Owaisi

This new road
is taking me
to places unknown.

I don't know
which turn will
take me
to my destination.

I want
to return home
where I know for sure
where everything is.

Ravi Kopra

This Rare And Heavenly Creature By Han-Shan (Cold Mountain)a Rendering

This rare and heavenly creature
by Han-shan (Cold Mountain)

This rare and heavenly creature
alone without peer
look and it's not there
it comes and goes but not through doors
it fits inside a square-inch
it spreads in all directions
unless you acknowledge it
you'll meet but never know.

— from *The Collected Songs of Cold Mountain*, Translated by Red Pine

Standing on a desolate cold mountain
looking into the calm skies
Hanshan wonders -
who's this one who created
the world and everywhere wanders.
Sure no one was before him
so he's peerless.
Since he's everywhere
he never through doors enters.
You have no proof of him
so to know him
you have to be stupid
first to acknowledge him.

Ravi Kopra

This Verse Is Free

This verse is free
you pay no money
but beware
you get what you pay

you will get God free
the old old commodity
tons and tons of it
bundled up in mounds

wrapped in wrappers
made in Bethelham
Ram's janam bhumi
Kuruksheetra, Medina

all holy, all pure
kind, merciful, benevolent, tolerant
life giver, life taker, soul soother
washes your brains pure and clean

and you become whatever you want
a terrorist, a jihadi, a bomb maker
a missile launcher, a butcher, a killer
a mullah, a preacher, a priest

you go see your father, you get nirvana
your neck is cut off with butchers' knives
you are killed by bullets, blown by bombs
your wife and daughter raped in daylight

such is the power of God
miracles, wonders of God
all free, as free is my verse
you pay no dollar, no dinar, no rupee.

Ravi Kopra

Those Who Saved All They Made. Rendering A Rubai By Omar Khayyam

Those who saved all they made
And those who enjoyed whatever they made
They all ended up six feet under
But want to be alive again.

- RK

XVII

Those who And those who husbanded the Golden Grain,
And those who flung it to the Winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

- Edward Fitzgerald

Ravi Kopra

Those You Know Well, Are No Good, You Say, A Urdu Ghazal By Sudarshan Faakir In English Translation

Those you know well, are no good, you say
Those you don't, are like gods, you say

Life is a gift, some people say
It's a curse for their sins, others say

It makes to live them longer and still they
call the medicines as cures. Why? I say

The moon is the blood life of leaves, says 'Faakir'
Like the henna on the lovers' hands, as they say

Ravi Kopra

Though She Would Say Hello To Anyone, A Ghazal Of Mustafa Zaidi In Translation

though she would say hello to anyone
but to me she says it with pleasure

the fragrance of her shy, sultry ways
emanates only from her self

she does not look like a rose yet
still she resembles a bud of jasmine

in the day she is like a simple girl
by night, what a lover is she!

your well being these days
I know only from my enemies

the shaikh earns his living
by the sins he commits at night

there will be further madness
as my couplets show frenzy

the original ghazal in Urdu:

yuuñ to vo har kisi se milti hai
ham se apni ?hushi se milti hai

sej mahki badan se sharma kar
ye ada bhi usi se milti hai

vo abhi phuul se nahiñ milti
juhiye ki kali se milti hai

din ko ye rakh-rakhav vaali shakl
shab ko divangi se milti hai

aj-kal aap ki ?habar ham ko!
ghair ki dosti se milti hai

shai?h-sahib ko roz ki roTi
raat bhar ki badi se milti hai

aage aage junun bhi hoga!
sher meñ lau abhi se milti hai

Ravi Kopra

Though You Would Have Delusions Of Their Love In The Past, An Urdu Ghazal By Akhtar Jawad In English Translation

This used to be me abode in the past
Here you used to be kind to Akhtar in the past

Come here, try to peer into my heart
it was a shrine to my lovers in the past

I wish she could be mine even for a short while in my life
I remember the days she used to torture my heart in the past

Interludes of our happiness seemed to last for ever
The sorrows of my heart were of innocence in the past

I engaged you in chit-chats when you would not agree
You used to be angry but not so much in the past

You used to hide your anger in front of strangers
Though you would have delusions of their love in the past

Alas! How 'Akhtar' would like to be like he was in the past
If he did torture someone's heart, it was all in innocence in the past

Ravi Kopra

Three Fires In My Life, An English Poem By Ravinder Kumar Soni Translated Into Punjabi

traih aggaN lagiaN hun
ghar diaN, dil diaN, man diaN
baDian mehsoos hondiaN hun
ghar di agg which ghar da kam chalda hai
dil di aag holay holay lafzaaN nu garam kardi hai
man di agg anant thaN wich paouch jandi hai
eh tino mainu vadhia lagdian hun
eh na hondiaN taan main vi na honda
ghar di agg mera ghar, badan tay dimag saaf saaf rakhdiaN hun
dil di agg naal main duniya dekhda haan
dimag di ag naal main jeenda haan
eh tino mil k meri chupi sachhaee dasdiaN hun
tey eh tino ek din mil k mera badan tay mera dimag kha jaan giyaaN
tay main mar jawaaN ga

Ravi Kopra

Three Haikus - Valentine Day

She I love day night
Every day love love more love
What Valentine day?

If never love time
One day one year love OK
But life bad. No good.

I love wife. No more
Women. I happy. She too
happy. Very good. No?

Ravi Kopra

Three Haikus In Hindustani Translated From English Versions

behad baraf par
rehi hai kya hoga ay-
si baraf ke baad

(Sanki Saito)

bus ka intzaar hai
sawan ke mausam
main sarak par khara hoon

(Hakyo Ishida)

ghaas kaat rehi larki
chera aasmaan ki taraf
kar khangee kar rehi hai

(Suju Takano)

Ravi Kopra

Three Kisses

That scented oil perfume
rubbed on me when I held you close to me
this morning in the garden and gave you
three long kisses of love.

You were standing still with your eyes closed
when I cupped your beautiful face
suddenly your face turned red
you whole body shook and you said:

Soft waves of warmth are overtaking me
never have I ever felt like this before
I feel my life is beginning...

The fragrance of those scents is still with me
I am not washing myself, nor taking a shower
I want to sleep with your scents tonight
to have you all night in my dreams.

Ravi Kopra

Three Monokus On Silence

A couple at breakfast - no eye to eye contact, full silence.

The teacher enters the classroom. Shouts: silence, silence. No more talking.

Came the telephone call: mom died in sleep. Tears fell from my eyes. Silence fell.

Ravi Kopra

Thus Spoke Lord Krishna In Bhagavad Gita 9: 32, A Translation In Urdu And English

in Urdu -

Oey Partha k baitey
jo mujh main panah laitay hain
haalaN k vo cHoti kisam k insaan hain
jaisay bhangi, aurtaiN aur baneey,
vo sub jannat main jaate hain.

O son of Partha,
Those who take shelter in me
even though they are born of the lower class
such as women, traders, latrine cleaners,
they too can go to heaven.

Ravi Kopra

Time Moves More Slowly

Time moves more slowly
When you are lonely
Always stuck in the past

The present has no meaning
And the future you wish
was never coming

You get stuck in the rut
Over and over moving
In never ending circles

Time moves forward
And you, backward
That is not compatible

It wears you out
And you want to get
Out of the this world.

Ravi Kopra

Time To Upgrade, Poemhunter

Time to upgrade, poemhunter

It is getting bland, dreary dry, dull, dumb

to post poetry without fonts, italics, bolds

and without freedom where to start new lines, stanzas and where to end.

It is a poetry site, a poem site not an old tarnished pom pom one.

Upgrade it. Put life into it. Let it not look like a carcass.

Ravi Kopra

To Balance The Pleasure Of Loneliness

to balance
the pleasure of loneliness
against the pain
of loving you

-Nikki Giovanni

If the balance does not
tip in my favour
I will not want your love

Why should I barter pleasure for pain?

But wait
there is a problem -

The pleasure of my loneliness
is not what is
when you are loving me

I take the pain with pleasure
to be with you now

Still, I want
no painful love
and may soon re-balance it

Ah, were human cleistogamous
what would have become of love!

Ravi Kopra

To Be A Good Buddhist Is Ensnarement, A Poem By Jenny Xie In Hindi/Urdu Translation

AcHa Buddhist hona hai ek Jaal Main Phansna

Zen ka pundit kehta hai:
main vo sub kuch hoon jo main nahin hoon

Sangharsh ko rokne ke liye
koshish karne ka kya fayeda?

Vishwas mujhe ye hona chahiye
vichar karne ka kya fayeda?

Bhookh jo hum ko aane jaane deti hai
is ko sub bhool jana chahiye

Maal ikatha karne ka kya fayeda
jab is sansar se chale hi jana hai?

Dus saal ho gaye hain
main apne mun ko bhookha maar raha hoon

Mera sharir ab ek parChaii sa lagta hai
ajnabi dekhte hi bhag jate hain, kehte kehte main koi moorakh hoon

Kisi bi baat pe ab aata nahin koi achamba
sach kya hai sach poochta hai is ka pata

To Be a Good Buddhist Is Ensnarement
Jenny Xie

The Zen priest says I am everything I am not.

In order to stop resisting, I must not attempt to stop resisting.

I must believe there is no need to believe in thoughts.

Oblivious to appetites that appear to be exits, and also entrances.

What is there to hoard when the worldly realm has no permanent vacancies?

Ten years I've taken to this mind fasting.

My shadow these days is bare.

It drives a stranger, a good fool.

Nothing can surprise.

Clarity is just questioning having eaten its fill.

Ravi Kopra

To Be A Woman Bulgarian Poem By Blaga Dimitrova In English Translation

It hurts to be a woman.
It pains when she becomes
A girl, a beloved, a mother.

But the most unbearable
Suffering on the earth is
Of a woman who does not
Know she is suffering.

Ravi Kopra

To My Dear And Loving Husband, A Love Poem By Anne Bradstreet In Hindi/Urdu Translation

agar ek aur ek do nahin ek hi hotain hain
to wo hum do ek hain
agar kisi beewee ne apne khavind ko pyaar kiys hai
to tum vo khavind ho
agar koee beewee apne khavind k pyaar main khush hai
to hey, galli mohally ki aurto, jalo nahin, main wo beewee hoon

teri mohabbat k liye
main sub sonay chaandi ki khanoN ko dutkar dooN gi
jitni bhi daulat poorav main hai, uski parvah na karooN gi
mere pyaar ki pyaas bujha nahin sakte behte behte dariya bhi
sirif tum hi tum hi de sakte ho mujh ko pyaar
aur main kabhi bhi na louta sakooN gi tera beshumar pyaar.
yehi prarthana karti hoon hazaarooN bar mile tuje khuda ka pyaar
jab tak hum zinda haiN, chalo doobay raheN apne pyaar main
marne k baad pyaar kareN gay, khuda k pyaar bharay ghar main

Ravi Kopra

To Rosalia Summers

Rosalia, you are not alone, you are unfortunate.
Everyone is not fed with a silverspoon when born.
You wanted love, were served hate.

Separated from your brother and sister at tender age
Abused in foster homes after foster homes.
I would have adopted you, you new born poetess

If I had known you. How is your life now?
Have you met your brother and sister?
Are they close to you? My heart cries for you.

Reach out to the world
Not every one is rotten like your parents were.
Many will love you, help you. But be careful.

Congratulation to you to be the poetess of the day
with your first poem at poemhunters today
May your poetry tell people how poverty ruins lives.

Ravi Kopra

To See The Fields And The River, A Poem By Fernando Pessoa In Hindi/Urdu Translation

dariya aur khetoN ko dekhne k liyay
siraf kiDki hi kholna kafi nahin hai

peDon aur phooloN k dekhne k liyay
andha na hona kafi hi nahin hai

tum koi philospher na ho ye bahut zaroori hai
philosphy main koi peD-weD nahin hai siraf ek khyaal hai

aur hum sub akele akele ek ghufa hain
kiDki bund kar baithe hain aur bahr swapnoN ka sansaar hai

swapne dekhne k liye khiDki khulna zaroori hai
lakin is k khulne main jo swapnoN main hai vo bahr nahin hai

Ravi Kopra

To Taslima Nasrin After Reading Her Poem Freedom

Taslima, your soul is free
No body can keep it captive
No body can send it to exile
No body can put it in jail

And those who try should
Look into their own conscience to see
If they themselves are human, really free
Or cowards under secularism and democracy.

Relenting to the ways of the evil
The medieval or the dark ages' people
Playing politics, telling lies
Not prosecuting those who persecute you.

You ask what wrongs you have done.
Mullahs say you are a muslima first and a woman later
They have the power to dictate for they are
The true followers of the messenger

Whom farishtas brought holy stuff from heaven.
You do not follow Shariah, they say shame on you
You do not hide your body under your black burqa
You show your face to the world in the open

You do not accept lashes from your husband
You do not accept his other granted wives
You don't lie in bed with him when he wants to
You do not polish his hookah, nor give him a bath in hamam

You do not marry your first cousin against your will
You revolt bowing before Allah five times daily
You must have no voice, no freedom, no choice
You were born a muslima, must live like a muslima, die like a muslima

Only then will Allah accept you, so will the mullahs
And so will the dotards whose minds are full of farishtas
Follow them. Come home. All fatwas shall be uplifted
Your face shall not be darkened if you hide under black burqa.

Ravi Kopra

To Walk Into The Empty Sea, A Hindi/Urdu Rendering Of A Spanish Poem By Sonia Bueno

khali sagar main chalna
wahan mohabbat karna

jis main har lafaz
sookh jata hai

wahan chappa chappa
mohabbat dhoondna

gehraee tak dhoondna
aur kuch na kehna

Ravi Kopra

Today I Woke Up, A Spanish Love Poem Of Isi Alvarez In English Translation

Today I woke up
and did not want to get out of my bed.
I wished he were with me giving me
morning kisses and asking me what were my dreams.
I stayed in the bed for a long time thinking
how warm and soft his hands would be
how would his kisses be like
how would his eyes look when he looked at me
how would I curl up with his arms around me
and listen to his heart beats...

Then I imagined we were sitting next to the
fountain in the garden full of fragrant breeze.
I feel wonderfully well when I think of him
I hear little bells ringing in my heart
I feel like bouncing in the air
I smile for no apparent reason and feel
I am half-asleep half-awake all day long.
He is not with me now.
Oh God! how would it be when he is with me!
Would I faint and he would resuscitate me?

Ravi Kopra

Today The River Was Very Sad, A Poem Of Kedarnath Agarwal In Translation

Today the river was very sad
She was sleeping in her own waters.
On her reflecting body was
A vast cover of clouds.

I did not wake her
I tiptoed back home.

the original in Hindi

Aaj nadi bilkul udaas thi,
soyi thi apne paani mein.
Uske darpan par -
Baadal ka vastra pada tha.

Maine usko nahii.N jagaaya,
dabe ghar vaapas aaya.

Ravi Kopra

Tomorrow When I Get Up In The Morning

Tomorrow when I get up in the morning
I will make for myself a cup of coffee
Coffee beans imported from Columbia
Grown in farms where women and children are
paid 10 paiso an hour and free water
to drink during the lunch and break hour
I will take the water from the frig made in Mexico
made by workers paid 12 paiso an hour and a free packet
of doritos for lunch but no free water
I will use half and half as creamer made from cows milk
injected with antibiotics and hormones and fed artificial
alfa alfa, bone meal and dried gut powder from sows and pigs
The sugar I use will be from Cuba where...

I will sit down to read the Times
made of paper from Brazilian forests, printed
with imported ink from China, run through presses
programmed by computer techs on work permits from India
News will be mostly American -

Someone bragging his catch of cats
Some movie moghul raping movie stars
Some crazy shooting innocent school children
Some policeman beating to death some jay walker
Some leader threatening to start third world war
Some lawmaker sexually harassing his staff
Besides burning sun, floods, droughts, fires, pollution
And law makers saying burn more coal it is cheaper
There is no evidence in the Bible it causes any pollution
And climate control, what nonsense, no such thing in the Bible either

It will just be the beginning of the day, like any other day in...

Ravi Kopra

Tomorrow You Will Come

Thinking tomorrow you will come
I am lost in you today

Recalling wonderful times we had
I see the love boat of memories
sailing away in the river of love

Hoping tomorrow will bring joy
I am wanting you today, no body else

I am counting my failuress
Reminding myself my mistakes

I was so happy with you
Now I am in all darkness

Hoping tomorrow will bring joy
I am wanting you today, no body else.

Ravi Kopra

Tonight As I Stand With My Wife

Tonight as I stand with my wife
On the terrace of my house

Under the full moon of the spring
Near the pink blossoms of the cherry tree

My bare hands slip over her bare skin
I clasp her in my arms, hold her to my chest

Her head leans on my arms, she closes her eyes
Her long silky hair blows gently in the breeze

I lean over her, lips to lips and give her a long kiss
She sighs, opens her eyes, I look into her eyes

I sigh and and say: O love, what a heavenly bliss!

Ravi Kopra

Tooti-Footi Angrezi Main Poetry

ey mere kuch bharti bhaeeo (some not all)

agar angrezi tumari tooti-footi hai
to kyon likhtay ho poetry angrezi main
kyon nahin likhtay hindi main, punjabi main
gujrati main, bangla main, marathi main
tamil main, telgu main, urdu main, malyalam main

kya bharat main bhashon ki koee kami hai?
kyon be-izzati karaato ho apni aur bharat ki?
kyon batatay ho angrayzon ko tum kitnay anpad ho?
likho poetry apni bhasha main jisay tum samajhtay ho.

achi achi poetry likh kar, bharat ka naam acha karo
tooti-footi angrezi main likh kar bharat ko badnaam kartay ho
angrazi main hi likhna hai to pehlay isay kuch seekh lo
angrezi ki laatain na toDo, is ka katal na karo

ye baDa ek paap hai

bahut bahut danyawaad
khuda tumain angrezi sikhlaey
sirif yehi hai ek meri dua
khuda hafiz, namaste, ram ram

Ravi Kopra

Transcendence

The feeling of my being
that I have existence

that there is a self in me
that I am an entity

never dawned on me
till I took my self

out of me
and looked at myself

I met myself
when I lost a friend

The realization
changed my life

And I looked at every other
being with a different eye

I feeling of transcendence
prevailed from that time

Ravi Kopra

Translating The Last Poem By Alfonsina Storni At Poemhunter

When I translated the poem
Tears flowed from my eyes

Traced my face, fell on my bare feet.
I was stooping over the coffee

Table with my PC on it.
They felt warm on my feet.

Alfonsina Storni, Alfonsina Storni
I share your loneliness

I share your sorrows
Rest in peace. Rest in peace!

Ravi Kopra

Translation - Lord Krishna And Arjuna In Bhagavad Gita, Chapter 2

Overcome by pity and sorrow
agitated and tearful
thus spoke Lord Krishna:

'O Arjuna,
from where does come
your vile shocking sorrow that
you will be denied entry into the heaven? '

O scorcher of enemies!
Don't be a sissy. It is not like you.
Cast off the weakness of your heart.'

'My sorrow dooms me, ' replied Arjuna
it would not leave me even if
I am powerful and wealthy

ruling over earth or gods in the heaven.
I shall not fight, ' said he
and stood fast in silence.

Lord Krishna then said to him:

'You grieve for those you should not
yet speak words of wisdom.
The wise do not grieve the living
nor do they grieve the dead.

No ruler, nor will I ever
cease to live after death.
As the soul passes from childhood
to adulthood to old body
so does it pass from body to body.
The wise know that.'

Ravi Kopra

Translation Of A Punjabi Love Poem A Thought By Najm Hussain Syed

Tonight
only this night
let me once more be alive.
Even if there's festive gaiety tomorrow
even if people rise from their graves
and show up in white new shrouds,
someone seeing another would not say:
'Show me your beautiful face hidden under your veil.'

Tonight
our bodies and souls
are side by side.
Do not settle
our past quarrels.
For tonight's sake
pay me what you owe me.
Another day you will not recall
my name, and I will not yours.

Ravi Kopra

Translation Of A Russian Sonnet By V. Lantsberg Into English

My boy, look here at my hand
It remembers all the bows and darts
It has the map to the brook of separtion
where you have come from a far off place

Hold on! I do not drink from these streams
I go to the hills to take a little rest
lying down there to cool myself
and throw my worries to the winds

By the hour and minute we left our
mark on the trails we trod on!
Where's the map of these tangled trails
we carry on our frozen faces?

Do not be afraid, here is my hand
Extended to you through the ages.

Ravi Kopra

Translation Of An Urdu Poem: I Cannot Call You A Moon By Rahi Masoom Raza

I cannot call you a moon
Because the moon dances around
the earth in all four directions.
I am a lover, I move around you
like the moon around the earth
and the earth around the moon
dance incessantly.
Still I am not a moon.
I am a slice of a cloud
lifted by your grace and
delivered to soft winds,
by your wafting hair.
Yet what's the cloud fate?
My longings in your absence
will melt it into a tear.

Original in Urdu

tujh ko chañd nahiñ kah sakta
kyuñki ye chañd to is dharti ke chaar taraf nacha karta hai
maiñ albatta divana huuñ
tere gird phira karta huuñ
jaise zamiñ ke gird ye chañd aur suraj ke gird apni zamiñ nacha karti hai
lekin maiñ bhi chañd nahiñ huuñ
maiñ badal ka ik Tuk?a huuñ
jis ko teri qurbat ki kirnoñ ne uTha kar zulfoñ jaisi narm hava ko sauñp diya hai
lekin badal ki qismat kya
tere firaq ki garmi mujh ko pighla kar phir aañsu ke ik qatre meñ tabdil karegi

-Rahi Masoom Raza
(from tashbeeb)

Ravi Kopra

Translation Of Kabir's Poem: Santo Andhaa Dhoondhi Andhiyara

Friends

It's all blinding darkness
Inside us are gardens
and the one who grants us nirvana.
The seven seas are within us
so are a million stars.
Jewels and pearls are within us
so is the one who knows their worth.
Endless music plays within us
so do the myriad fountains.
Kabir tells all his friends -
Within us dwells our Lord.

Ravi Kopra

Translation Of Pablo Neruda's Love Poem 1 - Body Of A Woman

Body of a woman, white hills, white thighs.
You look like a world in your posture of surrender.
My body of a brute laborer, digs in you
And makes the son leap from the depth of earth.

I was only a tunnel. From me the birds fled
And in me the night entered its powerful invasion.
To survive myself, I forged you like a weapon
Like an arrow in my bow, like a stone in my sling.

But the hour of vengeance has fallen, and I love you
The body of skin, of moss, of avid and firm milk
Ah the goblets of your breasts! Ah the eyes of absence!
Ah the roses of the pubis! Ah your slow and sad voice!

Body of my woman, I will persist in your grace.
My thirst, my endless anxiety, my road undecided!
Dark river beds where the eternal thirst follows
Weariness, and the infinite pain grows.

-This is my translation. The original is in Spanish:

POEMA 1

Cuerpo de mujer, blancas colinas, muslos blancos,
te pareces al mundo en tu actitud de entrega.
Mi cuerpo de labriego salvaje te socava
y hace saltar el hijo del fondo de la tierra.

Fui solo como un túnel. De mí huían los pájaros
y en mí la noche entraba su invasión poderosa.
Para sobrevivirme te forjé como un arma,
como una flecha en mi arco, como una piedra en mi honda.

Pero cae la hora de la venganza, y te amo.
Cuerpo de piel, de musgo, de leche ávida y firme.

Ah los vasos del pecho! Ah los ojos de ausencia!
Ah las rosas del pubis! Ah tu voz lenta y triste!

Cuerpo de mujer mía, persistiré en tu gracia.
Mi sed, mi ansia sin límite, mi camino indeciso!
Oscuros cauces donde la sed eterna sigue,
y la fatiga sigue, y el dolor infinito.

Ravi Kopra

Trust The Destiny, A Urdu-English Poem On Your Love For Life

Don't find your husband, your wife
Let your parents find you one
The parents make your destiny
Not you, yourself. Understand?

And a lover before a marriage! ?
lakh laanat ho tum ko!

khaandaan ka muNh kaala karwanay main lagay ho!
love to shawaagki raat ko komal komal
chumiaN aur jHapHiaN maarna shuroo karti hai.

is se pehlay, kuch nahin. sub bakwaas. bilkul.
karo apni destiny ka intzaar. Understand?
beta beti maan baap ki har baat suntay hain
unki umbilical cords abhi bi juDi huee hain.

Ravi Kopra

Tsamma, My Kalahari Love

Tsamma, my Kalahari love
My green red juicy beauty
I will die without you.

I will not take the whole of you at once.
I will relish you by slice a time
holding you in my hands.

You are all red inside.
I will sink my lips into you
drink your juicy honey

and eat your red flesh.
You are the water of my life
I will die without you.

Still desirous of you in the desert,
I will search for you again
and lift you up in my hands.

Putting your green dress aside,
I will ravishingly relish you
till you are part of me once again.

Ravi Kopra

Twelve Months, A Rendering Of Poetry Of Guru Arjun Dev In English Verse

O God, you sent us away
Our deeds were deplorable
Please have us back.

We have wondered in ten
different directions to the
four corners of the world
seeking a refuge in you.

Crops wither without water
Bring no money
A cow giving no milk is of no use.

We are restless without you
No peace to our souls
It's like living in a village
burning under the scorching sun.

Please be kind, we sing your songs
You live in a house unshakeable
We beseech you.

-to be continued

Ravi Kopra

Two Bodies Together Sometimes, A Spanish Poem Of Octavio Paz In English Translation

Two bodies together sometimes
are like two waves
in the ocean of the night

Two bodies together sometimes
are like two stones
in the desert of the night

Two bodies together sometimes
are like two roots
intertwined at night

Two bodies together sometimes
are like knives
and the night is thundering

Two bodies together sometimes
are like two stars falling
in the emptiness of the sky

Ravi Kopra

Two Haikus In Urdu And Punjabi

Urdu

hain pyaari ankhain
aur meethi si muskratain
dil dharak giya

ab ankhain na maar
aur fir chchup chchup kay na dekh
pyaar to ab ho giya

Punjabi

pyarian akhaan
tay mithian muskraatan
mera dil dharkya

hun akhian na maar
tay fir chchup chchup kay na dekh
pyaar tan hun giya

Ravi Kopra

Two Parrots In Love, An Ekphrastic Poem

I love you, my yellow rose
Here is my kiss for you
Let me kiss your pinky beaky
My heart throbs when I look at you

No white budgie, I am mad with you
I saw you this morning with muhabbet kusu
I heard what were you saying to her -
My heart throbs for you my sweet kusu
I love you. Let me kiss you.

Ravi Kopra

Two Shadows, A Japanese Haiku In Urdu Translation

beea-baan k raaste maiN
do parchHaaiaN miliN
aur fir apne apne rah chali gayiiN

Ravi Kopra

Two Short Poems By Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer In English Translation

Look

If I could just see you once
I will give the world to you

If I could just see you once smiling at me
I will give the sky to you

If I could just kiss you once
What would I give to you. I don't know...

I will give to you all
The sun, the moon, the skies, the world...

What is poetry?

What is poetry? You say
while you peer into my eyes with your blue eyes;
What is poetry? You ask me.
Poetry, you are my poetry, my love!

Ravi Kopra

Two Tears Fell On Your Hands

The sun is setting on the beach
the sky is grey, cloudy
the sea is calm, the breeze quiet
the gulls have flown to their nests
the people leaving for their homes
soon it will be dark
I walk alone on the shore
where we walked together
for fifty years till you lost all
memories and finally lost your speech
I remember the last hour
your breath was getting short
the nurse called me in fast
I held your hands in my hands
you looked into my eyes
and the next moment you were
gone. Two tears fell on your hands
as I kissed you goodbye.

Ravi Kopra

Two Words, A Hindi Ghazal By Kavya In English Translation

The lamp says, keep me on
The fire says, I want to go off

The river wants to keep on running
The waves want to take a rest

Give me more laughs, says happiness
No more wet eyes, say tears

The heart is crazy
Let it keep on thumping
Let it keep on showing its lunacy

I am in fact not a poet
I solace my heart by writing poetry

Let my pen hear what says my heart
Its true...I fee peaceful. Let it be.

Ravi Kopra

Ungodly Fools Said: There Is No God

The List of ungodly fools and other statistics:

In a study by univ. of Minnesota, more than 2000 people were asked which of their fellow citizens lacked the proper "vision of American Society"

More than blacks, gays, immigrants, lesbians or even muslims...atheists are viewed as the least American(according to the survey)

Christians make upto 75% of the US population
Christians make upto 75% of the prison population
Federal Bureau of Prisons,1997

Atheists make upto 10% of the world population
Atheists only make up 0.2% of the prison population
Federal Bureau of Prisons,1997

"No, I don't know that atheists should be considered as citizens, nor should they be considered as patriots. This is one nation under God."

-George Bush

The list of fools who said, "There is no God":

Isaac Asimov
Noam chomsky
Francis crick
Marie curie
Richard Dawkins
Daniel Dennet
Thomas Edison
Stephen Could
Steven Pinker
Karl Popper
Carl Sagan
Michael Shermer
James watson
E.O. Wilson

Marlon Brando
Jodie Foster
Seth Green
Angelina Jolie
Bruce Lee
Dave Matthews
Ian McKellen
Julianne Moore
Jack Nicholson
Penn and Teller
Christopher Reeve
Gene Roddenberry
Steven Soderbergh
Susan B. Anthony
Lance Armstrong
Warren Buffet
Bill Gates
Ernest Hemmingway
James Randi
Charles Schulz
Pat Tillman
(who went into the army, instead of NFL)
Mark Twain

"It is far better to grasp the universe as it really is than to persist in delusion, however satisfying and reassuring."

-Carl sagan

Ravi Kopra

Valentine Feast

Sit. Feast on your life.

-Derek Walcott

I wanted you to be my valentine
instead you want to go out with your ex

Well, keep the roses, chocolates
and the red chiffon dress that you so much wanted
in case he's a cheapo and cannot afford them

I am searching my shelves for your love letters
and shredding them down into pieces
I am tearing your night gown into shreds
and your house slippers, yes, your house slippers
I am packing them on your face in the frame of your photo
and dumping them into the garbage bin for pick up tomorrow.

I will sit down and feast on my life.

Ravi Kopra

Valentine Gift, Not A Red Rose Flower

gulab ka laal phool na hoga
aur na hi hoga koee reshmi dil
main dooNga tume ek pyaaz ka tohfa
bhooray se kagaz k packet main
jaise pyaar hamare dil main aata hai
ye tohfa le aaey ga bahar tere dil main

aisay-
aansu le aaey ga ye teri aankhoN main
ek lover ki tarah
aur sheeshay main jab tum dekho gi apne ko
lagay ga gir rehi ho
pyaar k dukh main khaDay-khaDay

main jhooth nahin bol raha

ye koee sundar card ya chummi ka telegram no hoga

ye hoga ek ghanda
iski ek chummi rehe gi tere hotoN pe arsey tak
vafa se bhari hue, tumaiN hamesha chahti hue
jaise hum chahte hain ek doosre ko hamesha

is ko le lena
iski platinum rung ki gol gol kundliaN
sookh kar tumara dil kush karne ko
wedding-ring ki tarah bun jaeNgi

khaufnaak
iski sugand teri unglion main chapki rehegi
tere chaakoo k saath saath rehti rahegi

Note: The translation is in Hindi/Urdu.

Ravi Kopra

Valentine, A Love Poem By Tom Pickard In Hindi/Urdu Translation

saaf-saaf, saral
ikhaday soeN gay

ya
nahaen gay

mohabbat ki
lehar main aaeN gay

tu pani-pani
ho jao gi

kya main pehle shuroo karooN ga?
ya khwab tu is ka pehle dekho gi?

halki-halki si shreer ki dhand-dhak

ay jism

duur kar do isko

Ravi Kopra

Venice Beach

Why has the whole of love come to me suddenly.
I see you with me on the Venice beach
walking hand in hand in the evening
watching the sun go beyond the horizon.
We see a plump lady in a blue bikini.
I too have curves you turn your face and say
Stop looking at her
I am with you
Look at me!
I smile, you smile
under the net of kisses.
We lay there on the beach, intertwined
till the full moon arises in the East.

Ravi Kopra

Vish Khopra ????????? And Allaha's Akhtar Boy In Heaven, An Omar Khayyam Like Rubaiyat

"Vish Khopra ?????????, you are not a musla, no 32 virgins for you, "
said Allah

'Allah Sir, I converted to a musala on the way from my grave to your bountiful Jannat, full of virgins.'

"Good, good", Allah smiled with the most gracious smile and ordered Akhtar Jawad, his lieutenant:

"Akhtar boy, I like ?????????, get him 64, the most dazzling, the most beautiful young virgins."

Ravi Kopra

Vish Khopra ???????? Forgives Akhtar Jawad, His Paki Musla Friend

Vish Khopra ???????? forgives Akhtar Jawad, his paki musla friend
For calling him un-musla, un-Allah, un-mecca like despicable names
Vish Khopra ???????? like Omar Khayaam knows that in the very end
He will be just dust. So he raises his Cup to the musla's poetic fame.

Ravi Kopra

Vish Khopra ????????, The Forgotten Friend Of The Musla, Akhtar Jawad

Vish Khopra ????????, the forgotten friend of the musla, Akhtar Jawad
Wishes you happy summer holidays for he's now enjoying the cool summer
Up north in his second summer home near the border of Canada in USA.
Go pray for wine and virgins in heaven for your life on earth is miserable.

Ravi Kopra

Visiting The Taoist Priest Dai Tianshan But Not Finding Him, A Chinese Poem Of Li Bai In Translation

I hear sounds of the running stream
and barkings of a dog
the peach blossoms are blooming
after the rains
deep in the trees I see a deer
no gongs at noon at the stream
wild bamboo divides the green mist
A waterfall is hanging at the green peak
No one knows where
Dai Tianshan has gone
On two or three pines I lean sadly.

-rendered from a literal translation from the web pages:

Dog bark water sound in
Peach blossom bring rain thick
Tree deep occasionally see deer
Stream noon not hear bell
Wild bamboo divide green mist
Fly spring hang green peak
Lack person know place go
Sad lean two three pines

Ravi Kopra

Waiting In Love

ye intizar nahiñ sham.a hai rifaqat ki
is intizar se tanha.i ?hub-surat hai

- Arshad Abdul Hamid

It is not just the waiting
It is the evening of the meeting
with my love after a long time

No more loneliness
No more grieving

Waiting for her arrival
feels so wonderful today

I am standing at the gate
for the deplaning passengers

With a dozen fresh roses
in my smiling hands

I am looking in the distance
for my love in the sky blue silk sari

The moment I see her I will
rush to her and shower her with kisses

I have been saving for her
in my heart that is all hers.

Ravi Kopra

Wake Up, Wake Up, You Idiot

Get up you idiot
She has been waiting for you too long
Why do you give up on her
when she badly wants you?

You say you are sleepy
but you sleep ever and ever

Why do you go to a chaste silence
when she chases you?
Like a dead log you do not budge
Like a dead statue you lie there

You stubborn fool
Keep this well in mind
You will miss her one day
You will plead and plead

And she will say-
Go to hell, you bastard
Go to your eternal sleep
No longer I need you...

Then

What will you do?
Repent? Regret? Cry?
Nothing will work
She will be gone forever
and never look back at you

Wake, wake up, you idiot
Has not an iota of dignity left in you?

Ravi Kopra

Walking On Tiptoe, A Poem By Ted Kooser In Hindi/Urdu Translation

arboN kharboN saaloN se
hum apni aeDi uthana bhool gaye hain
-ghode, kutte, sher ki tarah-
fir bhi vo jab tezi se bhagte hain
hamare dil main khushi latay hain
jaise ek chota sa chua bhi
jab vo kuttay k khanay ki ek nugget
ko moonh main le kar bhagta jaata hai
hamain vo baDa sushobit lagta hai

Hamari chaal ki sab uchhal ab gaieb ho gayi hai
zimmedari hum ko daba rehi hai
vinay sumbandi ab sab kaam hum karte hain
saza aur maut se darte hain
jeetay logon ne apni posteen se
hamare paon bandh diye hain

Lakin kabhi kabhi subah subah
hamain lagata hai k kaise hoga unki tarah
agar hum bhi apne panjoN par chalain
har darwaze se aage nikalte hue
jab log andar so rahe hain,
aur ek dum andhere main bhi hum dekh rahe hain.

Ravi Kopra

Walking Wet

The sky was overcast
It started drizzling
She was in the neighborhood
Street, window shopping

Their eyes were popping out
Everyone was staring at her
She was in her fine silk sari
Walking wet, bobbing...

Ravi Kopra

Wanderer, There's No Road -A Spanish Poem Of Antonio Machado In English Translation

Wanderer, your footsteps are
the road, and nothing more;
Wanderer, there's no road,
the road is made by walking.
By walking one makes the road,
and seeing behind the vista,
one sees the path that will
never be travelled again.
Wanderer, there's no road,
only waves in the sea.

Ravi Kopra

Want Little: You Will Have Everything, A Poem By Fernanado Pessoa In Hindi/Urdu Translation

lalach main mat paDo, sub kuch mil jae ga
chahatain choD do, azad ho jao gay
vohi mohabbat jis main hum jeetay hain
maar daalti hai jab iske peechay hum paDte hain

Ravi Kopra

Watching The Foxes, A Poem By Milo Gallagher In Hindustani Translation

ek laDki-maan ko kya patta
vo kaisy jeeyay apni maan bina

dukh main dhoobi huee jaanti nahin kaisay uthay
kaisay day doodh baby ko swayray swayray

aur bhi baDi batain hain jo vo nahin jaanti
kaisay banaey soup baby k liyay

kaisay karay usay mana mitti khanay k liyay
aise laDkion ko sub laDkay istmael kartay hain

uski maan dhoobi hui hai apni purani kar-tootoN main
likha nahin kuch jaata us k barey main

darwaza bund kar baithi hue hai apnay us ghar main
jis ka hai ek aur darwaza-bund-kamra kamray ke peeCHay

the original

THE YOUNG MOTHER does not know how to live
without a mother. Shipwrecked by grief,

she can barely wake herself, feed the baby.
There's still so much she doesn't know—

the recipe for meatball soup, or how to make the baby
stop eating dirt. They never did get a good volley

going on the tennis court.
Her mother is pages of a sunken diary,

waterlogged, ink bleeding everywhere.
Her mother is a locked door with another door behind it.

Watermelons

Watermelons
so juicy, so sweet
I always loved them

So big they slip
from my hands,
smother my face

I don't mind if
they love it
and do it with love

I am never tired of
grabbing them, cooling
my face against them

Playing with them
Rolling before eating them
Sucking their sweet juice

I love their heart
always red, like red
red rose, my sweetheart.

So soothing!

Ravi Kopra

Watermelons, A Hindi Poem After Charles Simic's Watermelons

Tarbooze

hare hare tarbooze
phal waley ke reDi pe
buddha ji ki tarah paDe hue hain
hum unki muskrahateN choos choos kar khaeN gay.

jab daant unke hamare daton pe tukraeN gay
ek ek kar k hum un sab ko bachaeN gay
bahar aate hi une bageeche main ugaeN gay
chota chote se haray haray se buddha ji k
bachoN ko pyar se har roz paaleN gay.

Ravi Kopra

We Are Our Dreams Of Ourselves, Sonnet 1 By Fernando Pessoa In Hindi/Urdu Translation

jo kuch bhi hum likhaiN, boleN or kareN
hum hamesha dunhdle se rehte hain

hamare lafzoN, kitaboN main jo hum hain
asal main vo hum nahin hain

kitni hi koshis kyon ne kareN
rooh apni dikhane ko

ye door hi door rehti hai
hamare dil kabhi na mil paate hain

hum jo apna aap dikhlate hain
parvah uski log na karte hain

kisi bhi khyaal, vichar, chaal se
apni roohoN ko saath saath na kar paate hain

apne aap main hum mukhtsar rehte hain
jab sochte hain shakhshiat main hum kya hain

hum apne swapne hain, apni chamakti roohaiN hain
aur ek doosre main, doosroN ke swapne hain

Ravi Kopra

We Are So Heart Broken When Our Beloved Leaves Us, A Urdu Ghazal By Ahmad Faraz In English Translation

We are so heart broken when our beloved leaves us
we hardly step out of the door we need a wall to lean onto

A little unease persists when we first fall in love
But a thousand sufferings are in waiting to befall later

In the beginning, the desires rise little by little
later it is all desires and nothing else is there

Helplessness sometimes brings us close to our friends
when we cannot let out our cries we lean onto our friends

Shreds of my sorrows are scattered all over in the streets
If I bring them home, they will make a mountain high pile

Whatever the suffering, a stifling, a heart break or losing face
They always left a deep, unerasable, lasting mark in Faraz' life

Ravi Kopra

We Are So Near

qurbateñ hote hue bhi fasloñ meñ qaid haiñ
kitni azadi se ham apni hadoñ meñ qaid haiñ

-SALEEM KAUSAR

We are so near
and yet
we are not allowed
to see other

They say we are free
and yet
they put us
in the prison

The umbilical cord
it seems
was not cut
at birth

They gave us birth
But what right
do they have
to rule over
our lives

Dharma?
Karma?
Damn them.
I want to follow
my own Karma.

Ravi Kopra

We Finally Find Peace At Our Own Place, A Urdu Ghazal By Basir Sulatn Kazmi In English Translation

We finally find peace at our own place
We cannot stay for long at another's place

Everyone must build his own place
Even if he apparently finds a built-up place

Everybody in the world is secure in his place
I also fancy for myself such a place

I have complaints still I love you a lot
All of this has its own place

You are angry with 'Basir' these days
He, in fact, is your destination and place

(An added ghazal as below)

No woman liked 'Ravi' when he wandered from place to place
Now women swarm around him when he has own beautiful place

Ravi Kopra

We Have Travelled To The Capital City

Journey to the capital city
was my holy journey to God
When I was born, a pundit ji
whispered holy mantras
in my tiny red ears
I stopped crying instantly
my mother told me years later

Blessed with god at birth
blessed throughout my life
with my children, my lovely wife
I am on the pilgrimage seeing
holy temples, crosses of Christ

For his final blessings till
one day suddenly I leave
this kal-yuga and appear
before him with folded hands
lying down on his feet
asking no blessings
but just a little touch
on my head near my choti
that pundit ji gave me
when I was ready for marrying
my lovely wife who is here
sitting with me smiling.
What more blessings
do I need?

-a tribute to the poemhunter poet Kumarmani Mahakul who
posted a poem here today with a similar title.

Ravi Kopra

We Love Each Other Because

We love each other because
we are so compatible -

We both are so dull, so morose
Nobody wants to be our friend

We both are so private
We love to keep our privates private

We are so sad, so miserable, so shunned
All day we sulk, we never talk to anyone

When someone invites us by mistake
We finish all their food, d'oeuvres in haste

We both are ill read and nerds
More boring than anyone has ever heard

We both go to Church every Sunday
We know of world what Bible says

That God made the world in seven days
And made Adam and Eve in mysterious ways

That Adam lusted for Eve after eating an apple
That's why lusty men love eating apples everyday

We both are so germ phobic
We shake hands with no one

We never make love, sleep in separate beds
Afraid our genitalia will be infested with germs

We always prayed to God to give us children
God never granted the immaculate conception

We both sometimes wonder about Jesus a little
He's the only one born of such a conception

When to mullahs we tell this story of conception
They laugh, they make fun of our foolish perception

We eat breakfast, lunch, dinner, we drink coke and coffee
We sleep, we pee, we defecate, nothing else is there to do

So lucky we are both, we bother no body, no body bothers us
So happy and peaceful we are, God has blessed us once for all

Ravi Kopra

Weather

????

thuk thuk thuk thuk
khiDki pe iski awaaz

shik phik lik wik
thukDa iska khiDki par

rim jhim rim jhim main
billi bolay myooN myoon

cHata cHata har ek k haath main cHata
ghata ghat ghata ghat aa paDi barsaat ab

geet gao, pakoDay khao, chaey peeo
whiskey peeo aa gayi barsaat ab

mendak bolay mendak bolay maDaN maDaN
mor nache mor nache baarish main har jagah

bache koodain bachay koodain pani main
bhensain tairaiN bhensaiN tairaiN cHapaD main

aur hum sab bazaar main khaDay dekhain dekhain
ek mahila ki bheegi choli aur uski salwaar ko

Ravi Kopra

Weddings, A Spanish Poem By Blanca Verela In English Translation

The hummingbird and its lover
they are in the fog.

Two stones hurled by desire
meet in the air.

The evergreen wild bush
is now burning in the fog
domiciled.

Ravi Kopra

Welcome - A Urdu Poem By Gulzar In English Translation

Suddenly
my room shook
a fierce gust of wind came in
and turned everything upside down -
the curtains flapped
hit the glassware on the table
they fell everywhere
the pages of a book fluttered
the inkpot dived and colored all blank papers
the pictures in frames hanging on the wall
turned their necks to look at you.

Come again like this
into my room

And let the room know
you are with me.

Ravi Kopra

Were It Not Folly, Spider-Like To Spin, A Rubaiyat Of Omar Khyyam In Hindi/Urdu Translation

ye moorakhta nahin k hum makDi makoDon
ki tarah zindgi k jaal buntay rehte hain?
jaante hue k kisi bhi dum hamari saans
kabhi bhi bahar na aa paae gi!

Ravi Kopra

What A Fool Am I! A Spanish Poem By Isi Alvarez In English

Sometimes I miss
You so much
I wish
I could fly to you
To give you
A kiss
And then
Return home.

What a fool am I!
Right?

I do not know

But I cannot
Live with you
And without you.

Ravi Kopra

What A Wonderful Love Is This! A Hindi Love Poem By Sonali Parida Translated Into English

What a wonderful love is this!
She swirls the world around her fingers
She makes the people go crazy looking at her
She makes them stand still in awe, amazed
Relishing her dazzling beauty.

And she accepted me.
I see her now with closed eyes.
People envy me wherever I go.

But I say to myself -
This could be a delusion.
I might be losing my mind.

The people of the world said: No
It is not a misperception
She loves you really, dearly.
And I heard the echoes of the world -
She loves you...
L o v e s...y o u...
L o v e s...y o u...

Ravi Kopra

What Do I Tell Him, He Understands Nothing, A Urdu Ghazal By Fatima Hasan In English Translation

What do I tell him, he understands nothing
When I see him, he says it is not a meeting

I have seen my dreams with wide open eyes
I dream a night with him, he says what does it mean

I lost and told him he was not a winner
I lost my bet, he doesn't understand it

The breeze at night must have kept him awake
Why could he not sleep, he doesn't understand it

He knows only ghazals and poetry
Of love and romance, he knows nothing

Ravi Kopra

What Foolishness! - Rendering Omar Khayyam

What foolishness!
To throw unaccountable nets
Of life to catch abundance of fish
Not knowing if the next moment we will live.

XIV.
Were it not Folly, Spider-like to spin
The Thread of present Life away to win -
What? for ourselves, who know not if we shall
Breathe out the very Breath we now breathe in!

Ravi Kopra

What Is Life

What is life
But an orderly assembly of elements

What is death
But disintegration of the same assembly of elements

Out of dust comes life
Into dust goes life

The cycle completes over and over
Hindus say it goes on for eighty four million times

Before you are born man again
After becoming a snake, a snail, a donkey or a monkey

Based on your daily karma
But if you are a saint, you go straight to heaven

After you pass away. Heaven for some is wine and thirty two virgins
fountains and gardens, music and dance and hookahs, milk and sweet honey

Everything they can't have or are forbidden in this earthly world
except few women in marriage - divorced, widows, cousins or the stolen ones

Life in heaven is divine
You are not born, nor you die

You ascend there not by stairs, escalators, rockets, planes, fairies or angels
Your soul carries you there in a tiny tiny bundle in a matter of a second of time

If you happen to be a chosen one or you say you are the one
You fly there on a white stallion with lofty wings in no time

Only on this earthly world made of dust
Atoms are turning into molecules, molecules into blocks of life

And what makes them come into life
Is love. Love and lust combined.

What Is Life, A Urdu Poem Of Ibrat Machlishahri In English Translation

Life is a letter
written by some illiterate stranger
from a far off unknown land
No body can read it or understand.

Ravi Kopra

What Is Life, O Friend!

What is life, O friend!
The more you think about it
The more it takes the life
Out of you.

zindagi kya hai aaj ise ai dost
soch leñ aur udaas ho jaa.eñ

-FIRAQ GORAKHPURI

Ravi Kopra

What Is Love

You cannot stop the night
Bringing darkness to you

You cannot stop the moon
Shining moonlight on you

You cannot stop the bird
Shitting on you

You cannot stop the bulbul
Singing for you

You cannot stop the planets
Moving around the sun

You cannot stop love
Gushing into your heart

You will lose your mind
If you do

And lose your mind
If you don't

It is a creepy thing
Enters your heart first to enter your mind

Love is such a thing
So powerful!

Ravi Kopra

What Is Man

O skies! I am not afraid of your God
I fear man on this earth (Anon)

Every task isn't easy, some are hard
But harder it is for man to be a man (Ghalib)

Animal like men were God's angels from heaven
Now they are devils from hell in hundreds of forms (Altaf Hussain Hali)

Man is a like a bubble of water
No one knows when would it burst (Molvi Abud-Ur-Raza Raza)

A time will come in this world
When man will search for another man (Fana Nizami Kanpuri)

Man evolved out of angels
It was a hard task to be so (Altaf Hussain Hali)

Name plates boasted of dwellers' statuses
I could not find a man in any of the houses (Bashir Badr)

Thousands of faces but not a single real man
In what a wretched world I happened to be here (Shahzad Ahmad)

You told lies. No stick by them 'Zafar'
A man should be a man of character (Zafar Iqbal)

How can you fall in love with God
He himself hated man and kicked him out of heaven (Naresh Kumar Shad)

Never ever think man is simple. He appeared
After hiding for millions of years in dust (Mir Taqi Mir)

'Mir' miyan, you could be an angel
But it is hard to be a man (Mir Taqi Mir)

I keep on changing with seasons
I am man. Don't ever believe me (Asim Wasti)

I am resting on the way. Consider me a mile stone
I will become a man after facing troubles (Bekhud Dehlvi)

What a peaceful incident!
Man has forgotten man (Juan Eliya)

Who will ever think of him as a man
He doesn't believe in God who made the world (Saba Akbarabadi)

Time never stays still
It behaves like man (Gulzar)

Here man doesn't matter, only his appearance
Give me big goblets but with little wine

Value a man only by his virtues 'Zafar'. See if he
forgets God in happiness, and in anger not afraid of him (Bahadur Shah Zafar)

Ravi Kopra

What Is That Special With You

What is that special with you
what is that attracts me to you
I do not know, Hannah
only thing I can say is
my heart wants you

I wait for your call
and when I don't hear from you
and the evening befalls
I start feeling uneasy
my heart says, call her, call her
find out how she's doing

My mind says, no
don't bother her, she must be busy
if you call her she might think
I am a mama's boy, I am needy
I should be a man. I say
let her call me first if she wants to

I don't know what, Hannah.
Call me whenever you can
but when I don't hear from you
when you are not near me
I start missing you miserably
and wish you were with me

I cannot reach you today.
I am going crazy.
Please call me.

Ravi Kopra

What Is This Vegas City?

What is this Vegas city?

It looks like a sex exhibition to me.

Wherever I throw a glance

I hardly miss a half naked lady

prancing around on high heels

on brightly lit boulevards.

Huge tv displays selling tvs

phones, cars, furs, luxuries

vacations, cleaners, creams

and for men, escort company.

And in every restroom

in every casino in the city,

machines selling condoms mostly

large size, in all colors and

shapes, plain, rough, stripped

With tips or no tips, lubricated

dry and too the fluorescent ones

in case after your heavy sin

you forget where your peter is

and has hard time finding it.

Ravi Kopra

What Justice Is This? My Allah

I love you
But you love someone else

The one whom you love
May he love someone else

You come back to me
And I say sorry. I love someone else

Keep on loving him
Keep on seeing him in your dreams

And when he leaves you
Don't come back to me

It will be too late then
and now my nights don't know what sleep is

I think of you day and night
I pass by your house in the next street

What did you tell your dog?
He used to be so friendly

Now he always barks at me
I will find out what does he feed him

He got to your heart through a dog's heart
While my heart dies for you

What justice is this? my Allah
What dog of a man her lover is?

Ravi Kopra

What Love Is This? A Punjabi Poem Of Bulleh Shah In English Translation

You think of love and fall in love.
What love is this?
Love does not need thinking
Love needs your heart.

You give your heart to your lover
And expect her heart in return.
What love is this?
Love is given asking for nothing in return.

Ravi Kopra

What Men Women Love

Suddenly he pays close
attention to whatever I say
and then, suddenly he turns away
I wonder if he's testing me

Perhaps he is afraid
of my rejection
I do not know but
his moves perplex me

A man should be a man
bold, charming, fast moving
confident of himself always
to win a woman's heart

Not someone like him
hesitating, afraid, unsure.
Man, put on your cowboy hat
Polish your belt buckle

Put on your cowboy boots
Throw away your cigars
Walk with a little swagger
If you want to be my lover.

Ravi Kopra

What Poets Do To You, A Poem In Hindustani

kavion ki bhasha kuch aur hi hoti hai
kavi hi aksar usay samaj pattay hain
komal dil walay hi usay mehsoos kar saktay hain
uski lehran main beh jattay hain
unki bhasha sub se unchi hoti hai
tumaray dil ko choo let hai
dil ki dharkan main ubar le aati hai
ankhon main aansoon ki dhar laga deti hai
gussay k toofan uda leti hai
bhgawaan k paon tumay le jaati hai
phoolon ki bahar le aati hai
tum apnay pyaray beti beta ko ghod main betha latey ho
nanhi nanhi pyaari pyaari kavita tum unko sunatay ho
aur jab vo apni kavita tumain sunnanay lag jaatay hain
unki galon pe tum choomion ki bahar le aato ho

Ravi Kopra

What She Tells Me

My breasts feel warm
when I see you

Two doves wake up
suddenly from deep sleep

Flutter their wings
and want to fly to you

They want to love you
holding your face between their wings

Coo-cooing there a little
telling how much they love you

And asking in return
a little of your love -

Touch of your warm hands and
Sweet kisses from you lips

With your tongue fluttering
on their dark beaks...

Ravi Kopra

What Women Look For In Men

What do you think, asked
my love, on the beach yesterday,
thinking of love between us,
that women look for in men?

To be desired, to be chosen
among many other women, said I.
They want themselves to feel
Special that there's no one
better than them in love in general

If they have no beauty
They say their souls are beautiful
If they have no money, they are poor
They say their love is priceless

If they are rustic, uneducated
They say wisdom is being natural
Who wants degrees, diplomas, laurels
if you don't know how to read love?

You can't argue with them
Can't reason with them in love
They want to be desirable, chosen
They love to be loved, pampered.

Ravi Kopra

What's Left Of Indian Summer Is This

What's left of Indian summer is this -
Parched lands, all vegetation gone
No grass, cattle starve in the grazing fields
Dust strewn heat waves you can see with bare eyes
All village water ponds dry, no water for the cattle to drink
Birds fall drop dead sky in the flight
Water sinks in wells, city dwellers on water ration
Thirst, thirst everywhere, people faint in heat waves
Thousands die, too hot for them to survive
Schools shut for the summer, people walk in shades
They drink salted watered butter milk, the Punjabi lassi.
Hot sun sears your skin, enters deep like arrows into your marrow
Streets, bazaars deserted of people, the heat fries mosquitoes and flies
Dust storms blow from deserts, tree leaves get brown loaded with dust
Sand rubs under your collar when you perspire and feel
The sand paper is filing your neck turning it into a lobster.

Ravi Kopra

What's The Matter, My Innocent Love? A Ghazal Of Ghalib In Translation

What's the matter, my innocent love?
What's the cure of your sorrows?

I desire you and you turn away
Tell me my Allhah, what's all this

I can speak pretty well
Would you not tell me the issue

There is no one here except you
What's all this mayhem, tell me for God's sake

How strange are these people with faces of angels
Coquettish in gestures, sultry in looks!

Why are your tresses curled up and scented?
Why have you put kohl on your lashes?

The roses on green leaves, where do they come from?
Did they come on a breeze from the clouds?

I was hoping you would be faithful
It seems you have never heard of it

Do good, the good will be done unto you
What more a saint could ever say

I will sacrifice my life for you
But don't know how to pray for your love

Ghalib would not refuse anything
What's wrong if he gets it free?

the original in Urdu:

dil-e-nadañ tujhe hua kya hai
a?hir is dard ki dava kya hai

ham haiñ mushtaq aur vo be-zar
ya ilahi ye majra kya hai

maiñ bhi muñh meñ zaban rakhta huuñ
kaash puchho ki mudda.a kya hai

jab ki tujh bin nahiñ koi maujud
phir ye hañgama ai ?huda kya hai

ye pari-chehra log kaise haiñ
ghamza o ishva o ada kya hai

shikan-e-zulf-e-ambariñ kyuuñ hai
nigah-e-chashm-e-surma sa kya hai

sabza o gul kahañ se aa.e haiñ
abr kya chiiz hai hava kya hai

ham ko un se vafa ki hai ummid
jo nahiñ jante vafa kya hai

jhaañ bhala kar tira bhala hoga
aur darvesh ki sada kya hai

jaan tum par nisar karta huuñ
maiñ nahiñ janta dua kya hai

maiñ ne maana ki kuchh nahiñ 'ghalib'
muft haath aa.e to bura kya hai

Ravi Kopra

When Do The Tears Not Flow From Eyes? A Urdu Ghazal By Mir Taqi Mir In English Translation

When the eyes don't well up with tears
The blood shows up in anger there

I was not losing my sense of selfhood
But when in need, it is wasn't there

I showed lot of patience when my friend left
It's has been ages and yet he hasn't come here

I emptied my heart of unfulfilled desires
Tears fell in torrents. There was a reason there

Love has patience in waging wagers
Else no one would have eloquence anywhere

O friend! words refuse to come to my lips. My heart
Has a lot to tell. But lies wounded deep down there

'Mir' is sitting lovelorn far off in the dust
He doesn't know what to do or go anywhere.

ashk aankhon mein kab nahin aata
by Mir Taqi Mir

ashk aankhoñ meñ kab nahiñ aata
lahu aata hai jab nahiñ aata

hosh jaata nahiñ raha lekin
jab vo aata hai tab nahiñ aata

sabr tha ek munis-e-hijrañ
so vo muddat se ab nahiñ aata

dil se ru?hsat hui koi ?hvahish
giryā kuchh be-sabab nahĩñ aata

ishq ko hausla hai shart arna
baat ka kis ko Dhab nahĩñ aata

ji meñ kya kya hai apne ai hamdam
par su?han ta-ba-lab nahĩñ aata

duur baiTha ghubar-e-'mir' us se
ishq bin ye adab nahĩñ aata

Ravi Kopra

When I Am Free Today, A Urdu Ghazal By Afzal Khan In English Translation

When I am free today, tomorrow's problems I will pursue
If solved, their results I will pursue

Meetings and separations must not go to extremes
How does my love answer today, I will pursue

People will say I go to the extremes
But lovers' fight here tomorrow I will pursue

The boaters will pay me fine if they want to cross the river
Drowning their ships in the river otherwise, I will pursue

I will meet her somewhere, that heartless lady
If not, like the potter's moving wheel I will pursue

A branch of this tree extends to the neighbor's courtyard
The problem who will get the fruit, with him I will pursue

(An added couplet)

'Ravi' had love problems throughout his life
He now says - "not a single woman I will pursue"

Ravi Kopra

When I Fell In Love, A Mir Taqi Mir Inspired Poem

I was all on fire
When I fell in love

I am now burnt into ashes
It is the end of me

Friends, love gives you pleasures
And too, the pain in your ass

Be prepared
Don't bitch later that 'Ravi' did not tell you.

Ravi Kopra

When I Kissed You For The First Time

Tears come to my eyes when I come
To this high hill in Darjeeling
It is the same lonely hill
The same old big stones and rocks
We used to sit on breathless
While climbing up the hill
Watching the swallows in blue skies
And hearing songs of nightingales from
The flowering mango grove down in the valley.

A plum tree stood here
Now it is gone
It was here under the tree when
I kissed you for the first time.

You were in the blue chiffon blouse
blue jeans and I in khakis
White fluffy clouds sailed in the vast blue sky.
Wisps of cool breeze ruffled your long black hair
You tossed them aside and I looked into
Your brown big eyes. My lips were quivering
As they approached yours, you closed your eyes
I held you gently in my arms, kissed you and sighed
We promised we will never leave each other.

I had to come to Kalamazoo, Michigan
For my tech training and your old
Fashioned father could not wait
He married you to a geek from the south
And you took it as your destiny.

My love, I cannot forget you
I cannot forget this hill, the stones, the rocks
The swallows in blue skies, the nightingales' songs
And the plum tree that stood here two summers ago.

Ravi Kopra

When I Look At You

When I look at you
Everything looks so comely
Comely is your face
Your lips, hair, eyes
Comely is your body
Your skin, breasts, waist
Your voice music to my ears
Your gait prancingly.
Always neat and clean
Always prim and prissy
Well groomed, well dressed.
You're so calm, kind, graceful
And when you enter a room
All heads turn toward you.
And I say to myself:
How lucky I am, you are
My darling, my wife, my dreams!

Ravi Kopra

When I Make Love To You

Why do I keep my eyes closed
When I make love to you? you ask

Not that you are not handsome
Not that I think of my high school crush

I see you in my every pore
You crush my heart

You take me to unknown heights
I want to float there in love

I want to absorb every inch of you
I want you to become one with you

I want to suck every drop of you
I want to annihilate all of you

You fill my heart with love
You give life to my soul

I keep my eyes closed to have all of you
Every pore of you, the whole of you...

Ravi Kopra

When I Met Her

When I met her
she was so cheerful
thrilled as if
it was love at first sight.

The next day she was
cold and indifferent
I did not know
she was lacking lamictal.

Ravi Kopra

When I Put My Head On Your Shoulder, A Persian Love Poem By Fariba Shadloo In Hindi/Urdu Translation

jab main tumhare kandhe pe
apna sar rakhti hoon

to is duniya ki sari shanti main
main sheetal ho jati hoon

radio par sureelay gaanay aa jaate hain
mausam suhana ho jata hai

aur agar darwazay par koi khat khat karta hai
to mujhe pata hai ye tax lainay wala koi aadmi nahin hai

Ravi Kopra

When I Read Your Letters

When I read your letters
I start missing you

I ask myself, how strange!

How can you miss someone
you haven't yet met
you haven't spoken to
you have only seen her photo
sent her mails
sent her poems of love?

Are you crazy, loony, a fool?

I ponder over and over
I cannot reason love

Reason lives in
head, not heart

She has opened my
heart by her smiles
she has mesmerised
me by her eyes

She has poured love
into my heart
my soul now wants
to be with hers

I have now lost all reasons
all senses, all explanations
I only know I miss her
I want her forever.

Ravi Kopra

When I See Your Rosy Cheeks, A Ghazal Of Rumi In English Translation

When I see your rosy cheeks
You make my cold heart spinning

Take off your veil once again
And let the learned lovers be amazed

They will forget what they have learned
They will lose all their intellect

You will turn water into pearls
The warriors will quit their wars

If I have you, my beautiful love
I will desire no moon. Nor care for three hanging lanterns

The ancient rusty mirror of the sky
is no match to your shining pretty face

You breathe and the world changes its shapes
O my beauty with lovely eyes, you are music to my ears!

Ravi Kopra

When I Sit Down To Write Poetry

When I sit down to write poetry
butterflies come and take my pen
to the plum trees in the valley

Cranes come and take it to the lake
where they come worn out, tired
after a long flight from north

It is their winter home
their paradise, near the plum grove
near the pavilion on the running stream

Where I found my love long ago.
She was standing there alone
watching the cranes near the creek.

When I looked at her, she smiled.
My heart throbbed, went saying -
O my red plum, my sweet peach!

Ravi Kopra

When I Tell Him, A Urdu Poem In English Translation

When I tell him -
Listen, it is the real thing
He laughs at me and says
I must be dreaming.

When I tell him
What he is doing is not the right thing
He says with a grin
I must be joking.

When I tell him
We love him so dearly
He is one of a kind, he rebuffs -
It must be coincidentally.

Ravi Kopra

When I Was Born, A Couplet Of Kabir In English Translation.

When I was born
I cried. And they
celebrated my coming.

I did good deeds all my life.

I am now dying
They are crying
and I, laughing.

Ravi Kopra

When I Will Wake Up In The Morning

When I will wake up in the morning
the first thing I will do
is to turn around to look at your face.
And if sleeping, I will put
my arms around you
kiss your hands, your arms, your shoulders...
touch your hair, your face,
move closer to have my body touch yours.
When you open your eyes and smile,
I will give you the first morning kiss.
You will say - you are mine
and I will say - of course, of course
now and for ever...
I cannot exist without you
you are my love for ever...
I will wrap you in my arms
kisses and kisses and more kisses...
touching and fondling and more fondling
till you say - I need you now
and I will be gasping and saying - yes, yes
I need you now, now...

Ravi Kopra

When She Opens Her Mouth

When she opens her mouth
the encyclopedias of the world fauna and flora
glaciers, seas, lakes, rivers, mountains, rivulets
tornadoes, volcanoes, hurricanes, storms, winds
aeroplanes, trains, satellites, rockets, spaceships
God, creation, heart, soul, mind and everything
in the universe never stop popping in.
And I ask her gently: darling, what's all this?
I simply asked if you'd like to go for a picnic
in the park, to go to the beach for sea breeze
or just stay in all Sunday in bed like on a honeymoon.
She is my love. The whole world swirls on her tongue-tip.

Ravi Kopra

When There Was Nothing, There Was God, Ghalib In English Translation

When there was nothing
There was God
If nothing had happened
God would have been there
My existence destroyed me
If I had not existed
what could have happened?

Sorrows have shocked me over and over
The shock of my beheading, why should I care?
If the my head was not cut off from my body
It would have been over my knees
Kneeling for Allah for his duas

Ghalib died years ago
But people still remember him
He used to argue always wondering
If something did not happen
It was supposed to happen
What could have happened!

Ravi Kopra

When Will Man Learn To Mind His Own Business?

We never say now war is on today
for wars go on and on everyday.
The ignoble idiots stay back in power in palaces
and send the bright brainwashed upfront
to fight the wars not needed.

Are the wars now to grab the enemy' land?
To exploit their riches? To make them slaves?
To make the vanquished work for the winners?
Nothing, nothing at all!

It is all to impose on others their own ideologies
Right or wrong, centuries long they might be.
Animals kill animals for their survival
Man kills man for revival of his idiocy.

Ravi Kopra

When You Are In Love

Fulfilling our
obligations day after day
The days of our lives
sometimes we remember

And sometimes wish
they never come back
to our mind

Unwittingly
we go on living
our lives for others
sacrificing ourselves
for nothing in return

Such love
I cannot bear

And yet love is not a business
it is give and take, they say

Love is so doing the loving of love
there is nothing more to it

You give it and take it
but in a different garb

You barter love for love
When you are in love. No?

Ravi Kopra

When You Are Old, Continuation Of A Poem By William Butler Yeats

And thank Lord he hid his face
Else he would not have a face
I'd have stuck into his face
This hot hot wrought iron bar.

I opened his suitcase, his drawers
And found, would you believe it!
Tons of love letters he wrote to lovers
Tons of love letters he got from bimbos
Unbeknownst to me he was a big rat
A rotten, rotten stinking rat and I
Thought he really dearly loved me!

God speed to hell.

Ravi Kopra

When You Said Tomorrow Did You Mean Never?A Hindi/Urdu Poem

"When you said tomorrow did you mean never? "
-John Keene

kya jaldi paDi hai
kal kar lain gay
main aksar ye sunta hoon
jab bharat varsh jaata hoon

kal bhi usne yahi kaha tha
jo aaj vo keh raha hai
aur kal bhi vo vohi kahega
jo usne kal kaha tha

vo jhooth nahin bolta
dil ka sach hai
kami sirf ek hi hai
wo kaam ka nikhata hai

ye bharat varsh hai
sab sach hai, araam bahut hai
baat hi baat hai, khushi hai
lekin kaam ka naam kal hai

Ravi Kopra

When You Send Me A Bouquet Of Flowers

darling, when you send me
a bouquet of flowers,
I think of you
and play with them for hours.

I love the anthuriums the most,
though I love tulips and roses too.
I slide my fingers on the stems
of anthuriums, moving up softly

to reach its pink petals.
then gently I move the tip
of my pointing finger to its center
and touch the long yellow projection

loaded with pollens fitting into its center.
O darling, then so much I miss you.
I feel like embracing you tight
and digging my fingers deep into your skin.

I feel tightening sensations in my groins,
goose bumps all over me and sharp sparks
of electric currents rushing down my spine.
O how I miss you my darling.

Ravi Kopra

When You Walk They Bounce, A Love Poem

Pomegranates, red ruby faced
layer by layer red ruby faced
sweet but a little sour at times
man has nibbled on for its taste
of delicious dark red juice.

The fruit of my life is you
with two pomegranates, lovely and soft
sweetest of anything I've ever tasted,
their sourness I never feel,
for me you hold them near your heart.
Dear to my heart are your two poms
I nibble and suck them as I please
for sweetness and thrive on them daily
like baby bees in the honey comb.

When you walk they bounce
but when you ride your horse
they bounce most of all in the air.

Up and down they dangle, they sway
take people's breath away
transfixed they stay on their paths
while you, prancing up and down
on the saddle, with a whip in your hand,
your hair flowing in waves in air,
your broad smile beaming as sunlight,
you come and go in an instant
on your stallion, arabian horse.

And people wonder was it a dream,
was it you or some houri from heaven
who came and went away in a moment,
stealing their hearts in an instant
leaving them there on the road side
zombie like, with wide open mouths and eyes.

Ravi Kopra

When Your Wife Dies

Death is no big deal
don't cry over you wife
when she dies

alive, a breath in and out constantly
death, the breath goes out eternally
if she was the loving one, made you happy

there is no shortage of women
go find like her some another one
love her and be happy

and if she was a bitchy one
thank god she died
you feel happy finally

and she was an in between one
still be happy, don't feel crappy
at least she took away half of your misery.

Ravi Kopra

Where Do You Go For A Nature's Call - A Made Up Poem, Sort Of

Where do you go for a nature's call?
Ramakrushna Sahu in India tells you all

'In the sunlight of a winter morning
In the late moonlit night of summer'

You go

'On the bank of a still lake
under a clean autumn sky'

Or

'Standing on silent green hilltop
Enjoying snow capped heads
Of mountains on the horizon'

And when the call is over

'I feel myself blessed'
(you feel yourself blessed)
'As a son of the Nature'

Really! You become a son of the Nature
after answering nature's call? !
How relieved, at last!

-Taken from the first stanza of Nature's Call, a poem by Ramakrushna Sahu at
this site.

Ravi Kopra

Where Is Love, A Lawrence Ferlinghetti Inspired Hind/Urdu Love Poem

pyaar kahaan hai
mohabbat kahaan hai
yahaan hai yahaan hai

faakhta ka pyaar
kavia k geetoN main hai
geet pahaDon k hain, paksheeoN k hain
umeedoN k hain, saaf suthare hain

kuch dil ki bechaini k hain
kuch meethey dukh se bhray hue hain

in geeton main pyaar har jagah hai
yahaaN wahaaN yahaan yahaaN hai
din main hai, raat main hai
har mausam har bahar main hai

Ravi Kopra

Where Love Cometh From

Heart pumpeth blood
mind liveth in brain
that dwelleth in thy skull
and thy soul, poor wee soul
liveth not. It is hot air.

then where love cometh from
where doth it go?

I sayth heart

No mister, thou art wrong
not heart, heart hath blood
nothing but blood
love hath no home
love liveth in the air.

Ravi Kopra

Where We Become One, After Antjie Krog In Waar Ik Jou Word

You let out the cry
Oh my, my...
And I catch fire.

- - -

1.

Looking for love I cross
the seven oceans and come to you

I hear your shivering blue
call in the folds of the dark
night and I stand before you
blindly bound my radiant bones

Your dark brown eyes peer into mine
Your long brown scented tresses
fall on my shoulders as we
greet each other in a loving hug

You drop your guard and I
step back letting my self
unbind the I in me, the
inseparable, the inviolable I

Bonds break step by step
separating myself from self
they unfold like the petals
of a unsundered rose revealing

in the hidden layers its beauty
yet to unfold to show its essence
for you to feel my innermost self

I lay bare my heart open to you
for you to listen how deeply

it grieves the absences of love
felt in the marrow of its bones.

-to be continued

Ravi Kopra

Whether At Naishapur Or Babylon, A Rubaiyat Of Omar Khyyam In Hindi/Urdu Translation

chahe hum Naishapur main hoN ya Babylon main
khushi main hoN ya dukh main
zindagi ki roshni dheeray dheeray kam hoti rehti hai
aur is k din har din kam hote rehte hain

Ravi Kopra

Why Are You So Wishful When You Leave Your Home? A Ghazal Of Wali Aasi In Translation

Why are you so wishful when you leave your home?
Why do you walk on fires to have your feet burnt?

Not every one is lucky to be famous in his life
Why do you show up in different garbs daily?

Thus you will not know what you are really
You will stammer trying to come across

Sure! the crimes you committed must be troubling you
Otherwise you would not be up walking all night

You must act after 'Ghalib' in the bazaar-
Why throw a temper tantrum after a broken heart?

You must not have thought of it like this -
You sit under a tree's shade, and you still burn!

Ravi Kopra

While I Live, A Spanish Poem By Isi Alvarez After Oscar Perez Translated Into English

I thought it was the night that was leaving
but it was you who took my moon
my stars, my seas, my lullaby.
The dream of your skin and the
the sweetness of your kisses
are still in my mouth.

You go and your silence knocks me down,
knocks down each star, one by one, to the ground.
It takes me to my reflection in a lagoon
of the city, where I stand alone and cry.

And the sun is all shadow and the shadow is my
misfortune, the captive nostalgia for your love.
In the sadness of your farewell, now I live.

Ravi Kopra

While I Wait, A Spanish Love Poem By Isi Alvarez In English Translation

I hope the spring brings
me back my sweet flower
now far away in Juneau, Alaska.

My garden will wither without you
roses and dahlias will ask for you.
I have been waiting eagerly

for your long kisses and hugs,
the hugs that send shivers
down my spine and black me
out every time in your arms.

While I wait, I sing songs
as if you were singing to me
feeling immense love.

Now alone in my bed I lie. I hear
the maddening click-click of the clock,
and look at the Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec's
painting hanging on my bed room wall.

Ravi Kopra

Whisper Into My Ears

"I hear little hooks popping.
A bodice unbuttoning.
A heart pounding, breathing."

-Meena Alexander

I see you winking, smiling
saying - what are you waiting for
what are you philosophising
I am your woman, take me! take me now!

Take me in your arms
Squeeze me till I get breathless
Lay me down on the bed
Get into me hard and fast

Let me see nothing but stars
Let me lose my head
Let me be looney in love
Let me see you floating above stars

You are my man. Aren't you?
What are you waiting for?
Squeeze me in your arms
Till I get breathless

Kiss me on the lips
Cup me in your hands
Bite my neck a little hard
Whip me a little on butts

Whisper into my ears -
I am your love
Your only love forever
You want no other woman.

Ravi Kopra

White Flowers

When the plant grew
To my shoulder's height
It bore flowers
White and soft
Combed cotton like
They brought pleasure to my heart
Amazed I looked at the sky
In reverence and gratitude I was so happy
What I did bore fruit finally.

Ravi Kopra

Who Created God?

Question:

Who created god?

Answer:

The ancient man.

Crappy crap

Ding-dingy-dong

This ancient concept of God is.

Those who harbor this

Are the most delusioned ones.

Perhaps with hollow skulls

Nay, not hollow, hot air skulls

And nothing else. Zilch.

Ravi Kopra

Who Is God?

God is omnipotent
yet he can't do anything
he can't stop the hurricanes. tornadoes, storms
he can't stop the Syrian war

God is omniscient
yet he knows nothing
science knows how the world works
science knows why man's after God

God is omnipresent
yet he is nowhere
out of nowhere he comes
into nowhere he goes

God is timeless
yes, he's stupid
he cannot read
his wrist watch.

Ravi Kopra

Who Is This Raj Guy? A Hindi Love Poem By Raj Swami In English Translation

She has touched my heart, who is she?
If she doesn't ask how I feel, who'd ask me?

I got lost in her love just after one meeting
She swept me off my feet, who will ever know this?

The seed of love was sown in the desert of my heart
I keep on thinking this: who will reap the fruit of love?

Whatever I speak, I mention her name
The world's large, who will look after it?

I have now become homeless, but I am at peace
She's always in my heart, who can take her away from me?

One day 'Raj' will break all boundaries of love
She will then never ask: who is this 'Raj' guy?

Ravi Kopra

Who Kills His Own Daughter?

A hindu

He cannot afford her dowry

Why not bury her alive at birth? he reasons

Why throw away money for no return, he reasons

Raising a child is just a family business.

A muslim

His daughter has a lover

He lost all his honor

Cutting her throat like bakra-e-id goat

He gets back the honor when

His friends praise: what a true believer!

Ravi Kopra

Whom Do I Tell, A Hindi Ghazal By Lalit Kaira In English Translation

He was a stranger to me, whom do I tell
He left me a prize, whom do I tell

She lowered her gaze and asked: darling
Would you like a drink? whom do I tell

My lover is indifferent to me and
I feel like I am dying, whom do I tell

The beautiful night suddenly cried and I asked
What happened in the evening? whom do I tell

The earth shook yesterday and 'Lalit' felt
He was near death, whom do I tell

Ravi Kopra

Why Do I Keep My Eyes Closed

Why do I keep my eyes closed
When I make love to you? you ask

Not that you are not handsome
Not that I think of my high school crush

I see you in my every pore
You crush my heart

You take me to unknown heights
I want to float there in love

I want to absorb every inch of you
I want you to become one with you

I want to suck every drop of you
I want to annihilate all of you

You fill my heart with love
You give life to my soul

I keep my eyes closed to have all of you
Every pore of you, the whole of you...

Ravi Kopra

Why Should I Tell The Truth? A Hindi Poem By Hasmukh Amathalal In English Translation

I am an Indian living in India
Why should I tell the truth
Telling lies all times is the norm here
I live here but my living is not worthwhile.

My wife cannot wear her jewelry
She cannot travel alone by train
She cannot have a meal in a restaurant on her own
She cannot travel alone by rickshaw if she has valuables.

They say it is democracy
Everything is written in black ink here
it is nothing but all autocracy here
Whatever the attorney says that is true here
everyone else has to give up everything for him here.

Even the banks are not safe
every place is a dangerous place
in hospitals a living man is declared dead here
you cannot pay taxes with poor wages
but are billed millions for every thing.

We will eliminate poverty
they've have been saying this for decades
but they have eliminated the poor people
and cannot replace them with riches

I too am a part of this damned corruption
knowing well it brings ill fame
without paying bribe, I cannot move an inch here

Who is not corrupt in India?
who does not take bribe here?
Whom can I spare defaming?
I want to live in peace and
not interfere with any thing.
This is India, our great democracy

Why should we be telling the truth here?

Ravi Kopra

Wind, Cloud, Snow And Moon, Rendering A Chinese Poem Of Luo Zhihai

The fierce hurricane levels
All palm trees on the coast
Their pure white souls put
Poor shining snow to shame

On a lonely mountain
A leisurely cloud wanders
In the calm flowing river
The crescent moon lingers

Ravi Kopra

Wind, Water, Flowers, A Love Poem

Wind brings fragrance from flower fields
Water in streams flows murmuring slowly
Smooths rough stones softly, gently
Flowers on the bank sway in the breeze
Birds on tree branches sing sweetly
Sun shines through the leaves and makes
Pretty patterns of light and shade, swiftly

You and I saunter by the bank of the stream
Hand in hand, we stop by a blossoming cherry tree
I move my hands softly on your body
Hold your face in my hands and kiss you gently

And you say: how sweet my love!
You give me chilling goosebumps
I love you, love you, warmly.

Ravi Kopra

Windows

I love living in a house
with windows all around.
They bring in fresh air,
I can see the birds flying
Some may come in.

Can you imagine living
in a house with walls all around?
You cannot see, you cannot imagine a thing
You lie there alone and die desiring things.

Ravi Kopra

Winter Of Love, New Verses Translated In Kalidasa's Ritusamaharan

Women rub cinnabar vermillion on their
breasts and bosoms to look beautiful.
It is rubbed off onto the chest of men
when they hold them tight in their arms
coming to orgasms night after night.
They warm themselves with the hot
bodies of their women all winter
While the lusting ladies relish it
every second, every night in delight.(5-9)

Before the couples get ready for the night
They have drink after drink of aphrodisiacs
with petals of lotus dipped in for fragrance.
This, and the fragrance of their lotus like ladies
makes men high. They rush to bedrooms for the next session.(5-10)

A lady consumed in love with her man
rises in the morning and sees her breasts flat
against her chest. She smiles thinking how
hard her lover pressed her to squeeze
every drop of love-nectar out of her.
She leaves the bedroom for another chamber.(5-11)

And another delightful beauty
with slender waist and plump derriere
rises in the morning to see the flowers
in her hair-bun all withered and rumped.
Her fragrant hair falling on shoulders all ruffled.
She leaves the bedroom to brush her hair. (5-12)

-to be continued

Ravi Kopra

Wisdom Of Kabir

1

"Jahan Daya tahan dharma hai, jahan lobh tahan Paap;
Jahan krodh tahaan kaal hai, jahan Chima tahaan Aap"

Wherever is faith, there is compassion
Wherever is greed, there is sin
Wherever is anger, there is doom
Wherever is forgiveness, there is Him

2

"Honi to hokar rahe, anhoni na hoye;
Jako rakhen Sainyan, mar sake na koye"

What's going to happen, will happen
What will not, will not
Those whom God saves
No one can harm them

3

"Boli to anmol hai, jo koy bole jani;
Hridaya taraju tolkar, tab mukh bahar ani"

Speech is priceless if it is worth speech.
Weigh the pros and cons
before you say what you say

4

"Tarvar, Sarvar, Santjan, Chouthe barse meha
Parmarath ke karane, charon dharen deh"

Trees, lakes, saints and showers of rain
All god's doings for welfare of mankind

Ravi Kopra

Wishful

main naNgay paoN
sochoN main doobi sagar kinare
rait par ghoom rahi thee
ek aalishan painting paint kar rehi thee
ek sureela geet ga rehi thee

mere paioN k nishan
mere soch ke sagar main dhul gaye
meri painting meri soch ki deewar par lipti reh gayi
mera geet mere soch k log sunte reh gaye.

Ravi Kopra

With Me Along The Strip Of Herbage Strown, A Rubaii Of Omar Khayyam In Hindustani Translation

chalo mere saath shehar k kinare
jahan hariyali k baad sub hai registaan
jahan shaoogar nahin le raha kisan ki jaan
wahan mile ga um sub ko khuda ka naam

Ravi Kopra

Without You, A Punjabi Poem In English Translation

Without you, my journey has come to an end
I searched you everywhere without an end
I am going to die now, my life has come to an end
I am all love-less now, your love has come to an end
Like an old broken tree, I am at my own end.

Ravi Kopra

Won't You?

Barbara ki aankhain aasmani neeli hain
Freddy se pyaar karti hai

Karen ek meethi meethi laDki hai
Harry ki saheli hai

Jane bhaDi sidi shreef hai
us ka apna boyfriend hai

Carol mujay nafrat se dekhti hai
Nancy bhi vaisay hi dekhti hai

ab tu hi bachi hai!
meri Valentine bano gi?

Ravi Kopra

Words Make Wonders For You

Words make wonders for you
If you know what they mean.
Goose Bumps for example -
the chilling sensation that
makes your hair stand on ends
when your lover whispers in your ears
I love you and moves his fingers'
tips on your cheeks, lips, embraces
you holding you close to his chest
and gives you kisses mouth to mouth
and traces your back softly with hands:
you feel rising currents up your
arms to shoulders, down to your tingling
breasts and then to back, running down to
your spine: immersed in romance thus
you tremble a little, move a little
closer to him, give kisses on his
lips and say: O darling, my darling
I love you, I really love you...

Ravi Kopra

Worthless Advice

if so many
words
of wisdom
in quotes
after quotes
fly from
someones' mind
to guide you

better you
shut
your eyes
plug
your ears
do not read
a single
word he writes
or hear
a single thing he says

for he is
all hot gas
if he does
not let it out
he will burst
and die

he pours out
nonsense
for himself to survive
he has otherwise
no meaning to his life.

Ravi Kopra

Would You Be Turned On If

Would you be turned on if
her lingerie has zippers and laces
licks your chest and asks you
to call her honey while
she is on top of you?

She takes your lengha off
and asks you to take off
her choli, her bras and stands
stark naked before you?

She likes skinny dipping
in warm salt water pool
under the full moon and floats
in the water with her face up
showing her thighs and mounds?

Tells you to blindfold her
handcuff her and tie her to the bed
she brought in as dowry
when she married you?

And while you are asleep
she takes off your pajama
and starts giving you
a soft massage to wake up
your pelvic chakra?

You wake up and say -
O my my, I can't wait
haey allha, haey bhagwaan
ye kya ho raha hai!

Ravi Kopra

Wounded Hearts

I have seen the cities
I have seen the wilderness
I have seen the hearts gone empty
and the ones never filled with love again.
The wounded hearts are though
the second hand hearts
but once healed they may last the longest
for they are the least vulnerable
and know how to give and get love in full.

Ravi Kopra

Writing A Poem On Beauty While High On Dope

Beauty is truth's smile
when she beholds her own face in a perfect mirror.

Beauty is in the ideal of perfect harmony
which is in the universal being;
truth the perfect comprehension of the universal mind.

-Rabindranath Tagore on Poemhunter

Everything has to be perfect
To have beauty, like:

Perfect mirror
Perfect harmony
Perfect comprehension.

Smile of truth, whatever it is, is beauty
Perfect harmony, the universal being, whatever it is, is beauty
Truth, the universal mind, whatever it is, is beauty

And

When she, whoever she is, looks at her face in the perfect mirror
And finds the perfect truth with perfect comprehension
That is the universal being in perfect harmony with beauty.

Ravi Kopra

Writing Of My Sorrow, A Chinese Poem Of Mei Yaochen In Translation

My wife is dead
Now my son is dead
My eyes are wet
My heart wants to die

Rain goes down to the earth
Pearl sinks in the sea
Dig earth, you find water
Dive in, you find pearl

Only man knows himself
and returns to his innerself
I look into the mirror and ask:
Who is he? For what I see
is an emaciated ghost there.

-rendered from a literal translation on web pages:

Heaven already take my wife
Again again take my son
Two eyes although not dry
(Disc) heart will want die
Rain fall enter earth in
Pearl sink enter sea deep

Enter sea can seek pearl
Dig earth can see water
Only person return source below
Through the ages know self (yes)
Touch breast now ask who
Emaciated mirror in ghost

Ravi Kopra

You And I - A Poem After Roger Mcgough

I say anything
you say how stupid

I talk calmly
you shout back loudly

I say I feel cold
you say you're burning hot

You get up at 6 pm
after an afternoon nap
and say good morning
I say it's evening
you say I am lying

I say I've chest pains
I am dying, dying...
you say you don't believe
you are feigning, feigning

Black out
I am dead.

She's laughing, dancing

She's my woman
How lucky I am!

Ravi Kopra

You And I (A Ghazal Of Rumi)

Joyous, blissful moment, sitting on the porch, you and I
two forms, two faces, yet one soul together, you and I

The groves' gift, the birds' songs give us the water of ever
lasting life, when we come to the garden together, you and I

The stars of the night sky witness us
we show them the moon together, you and I

You and I united as one in ecstasy and delight
cast aside absurd stories and nonsense, you and I

The parrots of the sky eat sugar when we are
in the veranda, laughing together, you and I

How amazing are we here this moment in this corner
yet we are also together in Irâq and Khorâsân, you and I

We are in one form on the earth and in another in the
everlasting land of honey - the paradise, you and I

Ravi Kopra

You Angel Face I Love You

Your lips
rose petals

Your smile
jasmine flowers

Your eyes
blue oceans

Your wink
lascivious

Your kiss
lubricious

You angel face
I cannot wait

I love you.

Ravi Kopra

You Are For Sure Dying From Cancer

You are for sure dying from cancer
in a week at the most, the doc says
No meds, no nothing can cure your cancer

But someone comes with a cure -
a spoonful of raw horse shit three times a day
with drinks of holy cows' fresh, warm urine ad lib

Would you, would you eat horse shit
and drink cows urine to cure your cancer?
Or rather die with a smile on your face.

Ravi Kopra

You Are Loving My Body

You are loving my body
and I, yours
in the bed under the satin sheets.
The light is dim, love music is playing.

You take my hands and place them
gently on your full moons
and tell me -
my doves are yours,
caress them, love them
please them, please me
drink them, they will
nourish your heart and soul,
will quench your yearnings
for love for all of your life...

I do not rush
I tease you, just kiss the tips first
one by one, I lick them, move my tongue
around them in circles, first slow, then fast
and see your face getting red in blush.

I rest my face on them
one by one, sip by sip
suck by suck I drink milk.
The more I drink the more
you want me to have
and say your jugs are always
full for me.

They welcome me all times
in the morning when we wake up,
under the showers taking bath together,
in the tub when we splash water
playing games of love,
after lunch at siesta time,
in the afternoon at tea time
and then again every night in the bed.

And when in your garden
or on the bench near the river
or anywhere when no one is near
I hold you in my arms, kiss you
and caress your doves
resting together in love...

Now back to bed again

Your hands get restless
they reach my thighs and move to
the center where your king
is in agitation ready for
the wanting, waiting queen.

You guide my hand down there
to introduce me to her in her
chamber rising up to welcome
me wholeheartedly. I accept her
invitation pleasantly
and accept you entirely...

Ravi Kopra

You Are My Everything

You are my heartbeat
Breath, soul, life

Shape of my dreams
Shore of my loneliness

My longings
Tremblings in my body

My goosebumps, warmth
Happiness, smiles

Everything.

Ravi Kopra

You Are My Love - A Poem After Subhas Chandra Chakra

The moment I met you
There was no thundering in the sky, no lightening
But out of no where it rained heavily
You were like a pure white crystal of salt
You dissolved instantly.
And I never saw you again!

Ravi Kopra

You Are Not Near Me

My heart longs for you tonight
Wants to hear your heart beats
You are not near me

My lips are lonely
Search for your lips
You are not near me

My hands are cool, want to hold your hands
Want your hands to caress my body
You are not near me

My whole body aches without you
You are not lying in bed next to me
You are not near me

I wish you were a whisper away
You could hold me in your arms
Shower me with kisses

And I could do the same to you
I am lost without you
You are not near me

Ravi Kopra

You Are Perfect For Me, A Hindi/Urdu Poem After Rebecca Wolff

tum mere liey perfect ho
mere dil ki har baat tum jaanti ho

koee bhi nahin samaj paae ga muje
jaise tum muje samajti ho

main tume kahoonga -
aao, pee lo mera paani

kitni bhi halki awaaz se kahooN ga
mera dil tumari hatheli pe aan paDe ga

le lo isay main kahooN ga
isi ki hi the na chahat tume!

Ravi Kopra

You Are So Lovely, A Love Poem By Gert Strydom In Hindi/Urdu Translation

kaisi khoobsoorti se bhri hue hai teri chaal!
chahta hoon tuje uDa le chaloon apne saath saath
teri ankhain muskrati hain
tere lubon se mere dil main chamak aati hai
teri unglion se bijli ki si current nikalti hai
tum saamne aati ho to dil mera machal jata hai
aag ise lag jaati hai tumain chahne ko
smaa jaati ho tum mere zehn main mere dil main
mere jism k har inch inch main
fida ho jata hoon teri khoobsoorti par
aur chahta hoon uDa le chaloon tuje apne paroN par

Ravi Kopra

You Aren't Here Now, A Hindi Love Poem By Deepti Mishra In English Translation

These are the same evenings, the same nights
But to accompany me in the evenings
And under the starry skies
You aren't here now.

The winds are the same, moving in same ways
They used to carry your fragrance, it's now missing
You aren't here now.

I am still in the same crowds
I look for you everywhere
But you are not to be found.
I have every thing in this world
But I could never get your love
You went away.

Whether the whole world is in sorrow
Or having good time, it is the same to me
Just looking at you, my sorrows used to go away
You are not here and my sorrows are deep
The world hasn't changed much since you went away
But every place I go, it looks desolate and still
You aren't here now.

Ravi Kopra

You Ask Me Why Do I Love You

You ask me
why do I love you

First the historical reason
Since the times
a monkey became a man
each primate specie loved you

Now the matter of fact reason
Because you are love incarnate
love is born out of you
you are love yourself
that's why I love you

I don't get it, she says
you are screwing my mind
I am not a monkey, you idiot
I am a home coming queen
blue eyed, tall, blond, sexy
that's why I thought you loved me

Good bye Harry, I'm going back to Larry.

Ravi Kopra

You Bring Me Joy When You Call Me

You bring me joy when you call me
I become as ecstatic as you are
You buy a Versac blue dress you call me
You buy Dolce & Gabbana glasses you call me
You buy a Prada purse you call me
Now you are looking for a
wedding gown and call me

Sweet heart, I love you for what you are
Not your dresses, purses, glasses
I will love you even in rags, bare footed
not that you drive Bentleys
and fly in your own Beechcrafts.

Your friends envy you
My friends are jealous of me
and I love you my darling, dearly.
I love to hear your golden voice.

Ravi Kopra

You Came, A Translation Of Akhtar Jawad's Urdu Poem Into An English Ghazal

If you had to go far off why did you come to be close to me
Ah! that was the moment when you were an enchantress to me

The clouds don't go away nor do they make rains
What life is this? Hanging over me they came to me

Just wandering around you came to see me
No calamity would befall if you often came to me

Get down from skies, I have washed the floor with tears for you
Take the wrinkles off your forehead to let the smiles come to me

These are not bad times for you to be so careful
Let your tresses down, they give shade to me

No use now to go over our old quibbles of love
Isn't it so wonderful you finally brought yourself to me?

If I stand on my ground, you stand on yours
How can I say then you did something wrong to me?

(An added couplet as below)

'Ravi' was so happy to translate Jawad's poetry
if it needs changes, I hope, he will write to me

Ravi Kopra

You Can Destroy All Relations

You can destroy all relations
in a moment by being not careful
and then spend all life in mending them

Do not jump to the conclusions
and think twice
before you say anything

Silence is divine
many a time

Keep this in mind
before you say anything.

Ravi Kopra

You Cannot Find Duality In God, I Am Afraid, A Urdu Ghazal Of Makhmoor Dehlvi In English Translation

You cannot find duality in God, I am afraid
I know I can do it, still I would hesitate, I am afraid

I have lost my desires, I will not go away
Where will I go? of him I am afraid

We fall in love. We don't ask love to make us love
Love burns itself in flames, you can't lit it, I am afraid

I am penniless. Still I do not beg. I am ashamed
I cannot ask for alms, I am afraid

O spring, you bring life to seasons
You will not make flowers to wither, I am afraid

Love is for lovers only
A song with its own music, I am afraid

Love is the secret of reality, says 'makhmoor'
You know it but can't explain it, I am afraid

Ravi Kopra

You Can't Make Up Your Mind

rasta sochte rahne se kidhar banta hai
sar meñ sauda ho to divar meñ dar banta hai

- JALEEL 'AALI'

You can't make up your mind
You keep on wavering which way to go
You end up no where in life.

Have courage, have a steel will, be dashing
The shut doors will open for you
The world will be at your feet.

Be brave, don't be a sissy
You may not win all what you play
Losing sometimes is better
Than not having at all played.

Ravi Kopra

You Come In Your New Dress Year After Year

You come in your new dress year after year
and the moment you step in we welcome you
at the zero hour with gaily, music, fun and fireworks.

We have been doing this since
we found you wandering on the flat earth
under a big blue round tent in the deserts of arabia.
Your tent pinned down to the ground
with huge pegs of mountains all around you.

Under the tent we lived with you, and above it lived
God in paradise, with virgin houris and beautiful fairies,
with music and gardens and fountains and honey and bees
and drums and drums of red dark wine made out of
the sweetest of sweet dates of the deserts arabia.

We all are happy here now, even though God
kicked us out of the heaven eons ago for eating
too many red apples and plundering his bees infested garden,
except few of his faithful, followers who still
follow him blindly and want to return to him
by blowing us first and then themselves in despair.

O dear past year, before you go back at the zero hour
to the heavenly father above the blue tent over us,
please take our message to dear Allah - what could we do
to send his blind followers to him instantaneously.
We have lighted you way with lights and fireworks all over the globe
lest you get stranded away in the dark at the eleventh hour.

Ravi Kopra

You Did Not Love Me

ab juda.i ke safar ko mire asan karo
tum mujhe ?hvae meñ aa kar na pareshan karo

MUNAWWAR RANA

What a menace!
You did not love me
You wanted to leave me
I let you go

Now you come into my
Dreams and bother me all night
Leave me alone, my darling
For the sake of Allah.

Ravi Kopra

You Do Not Come, A Chinese Poem By Fang Gan In English Translation

Your journey is long
from east to west on a far off road
and I have no one to talk to.
Winter has come. I do not know
your address for your clothes to send to.
At your parting we planted
a tree in front of the hall.
It already has a nest
but you have not come home.

Ravi Kopra

You Give Me I Take, A Rendition Of A Love Poem By Ronjoy Brahma

I only want your love
Your mind, your body, your heart
Are all love to me

You are my rose
My periwinkle, my sunflower
You are my happiness in all seasons

I can read happiness, sadness in your face
When you feel sad and cry
My heart cries with you
And in your happiness, it dances with joy

You give me yourself, your love to me
I joyfully take
I give you all of mine, you happily take
We live in the bliss of love, my love
I love you, I love you...

Ravi Kopra

You Go To A Whore Once

On these stairs climbed many
To make love to a whore
For a little money.

All came down with herpes
A keepsake for life.

Each time their sores weep
And show the raw flesh beneath
They will remember the whore
Who gave them herpes.

They may forget all women
Mothers, wives, sisters, lovers.
They will never forget the whore
Who gave them blistering sores.

You go to a whore once
And you are f... up for life.
You look at the weeping sores
And weep in your soul...

Ravi Kopra

You Lift My Heart Up, A Hindi/Urdu Song Inspired By The Lyrics Of The English Song Latch

udasi main jab main hoti hun
hawaa main uDa le jaate ho tum
mere paas agar nahin bhi hote
mera dil fir bhi dharkate ho tum

agar koi hud hai hamaray beech
gira doongi un huddoN ko
main rahoongi tumaray saath
jo bhi ho ya na ho

main dil tumain de chuki hun
main hun tumare pass pass
main chahti hun ab tera pyaar
Oh my love
le lo mujay bahoN main

jab mere pass aao gay
janay na dooNgi ghar k bahar
le kar apni bahoN main
marooN gi chumiaN hazaaroN baar

main kho gayi hun tum main
le lo mujay bahoN main
saans aati nehin tere bina
dil dharakta hai kar yaad

udasi main jab main hoti hun
hawaa main uDa le jaate ho tum
mere paas agar nahin bhi hote
mera dil fir bhi dharkate ho tum

Ravi Kopra

You Promise Them Dreams Of Virgins!

Picture an old hunched back
lilliputian mulsa paki poet from Karachi
stooping down on his PC writing his lilliputian lustful love poetry

Picture him salivating over VIRGINS
that Allah promised him in heavens together with wine, music and houris
when he sees VIRGINS in clouds "whose skirts often rise to expose
beauty."

Picture him praising his Allah when feeling lustful, blurting out:
"April clouds! I see a beautiful teen aged VIRGIN in you (and)
I read so many dreams in your deep eyes."

Picture him when he is picturing a VIRGIN pussy
in his dirty mind and writes: "I understand nature
is WETTING your LIPS and your dress fails to hide your charms."

Picture his snickering smile imagining himself a graceful lover and finally
muttering: "surrendering its (her) VIRGINITY to the graceful lover! "
Now we know Allah why musla love you. You promise them dreams of VIRGINS!

Ravi Kopra

You Respected Sir, A Ghazal In English

Do not walk in the air, you respected sir
Earth might desert you, you respected sir

Do not have wings of wax and fly high in the air
Sun will melt you wings, you respected sir

You throw stones on the neighbours' houses
Remember, you live in a glass house, you respected sir

Don't say you are pious, you always fear god
You never go to the mosque for namaaz, you respected sir

Do not be boastful of your riches day in and day out
You will be a pauper if the stocks fall, you respected sir

Do not be preaching against adultery in the church
We know you have a concubine, you respected sir

Do not be telling the world you are a genius
Your IQ score is just forty, you respected sir

Do not ever say you are above the law, Mr. President
Congress can impeach you anytime, you respected sir

Do not be saying you can catch any cat as you're a celebrity
The cat might feed your manhood to a dog, you respected sir

I mind my own business, I pray daily to my Shiva ji god
'Ravi' is a humble poet. Do not address him: 'you respected sir'

Ravi Kopra

You Sit Alone On A Big Rock

You sit alone on a big rock
near a calm pond on a
quiet sunny day in spring
and think of the things in your world.

Your mind wanders from
person to person, place to place
and you think of your self
where you fit in this world.

You are thinking and looking
you think so much you become numb
and then start looking without thinking.
If you do both, you are lost again.

A white bird flies over you
to catch the worms in the lake
and looking you are looking at it,
flies back and perches on a bough.

Wondering what, if any, you were
thinking about it. But you do not know
what the bird is thinking about you -

Is he dreaming his dreams?
Is he lost in this world?
Has he lost his self?
And what is everything, everybody
to him and what is he to them?
Is he disintegrated and assembling himself?

You turn your head to look around
and are shocked to find the bird
is looking at you, watching attentively.

You want to get the bird out of your mind.
You can't.
The bird flies away.
You go to a meditative sleep and dream -

How beautiful is the
bird in flight
though it did not seem so
when it was near you on the tree.

Ravi Kopra

You Tell Me You Love Me

You tell me you love me
You feel happy and secure with me
You desire me, you want to live
Your life with me, and then ask:

Why do you not show love to me
As I show to you?
Why don't you hug me, kiss me
Take me in your arms and tell me you love me?

You give me no time to think
If I love you enough to live my life
With you, when you constantly go on
Chattering all trivial things

That are bootless to me, and then
You go on a list of all
Things that are not good for me
And want me to live like you live.

Well, you are taking my self away from me
I am I, I myself, my soul is in me.
You want my soul like yours to see
In me what you see in your self.

You want me to lose all of my self to you
You want me to forget all about myself
You want me to be you in all respects
And I say to you this: it's time to forget!

Ravi Kopra

You Then Need A Friend

There are times when
you are fully overtaken
by work, household, family, finances
and a million trivial things

Your emotions take the best of you
you want to run away from this world
somewhere to be yourself in solitude

You then need a friend
on whose shoulders you can lean on
and let yourself go of feelings
a friend you can trust
a friend who listens to you
and you do not have to call
two seven three talk.

Ravi Kopra

You Walked With Lotus Like Feet - A Urdu Poem By Gulzar In English Translation

You walked in those streets
with your lotus like feet
When you laughed there
the dimples kissed your cheeks
When you moved your waist
the rivers would change directions
And hearing your laughter
the crops would ripen

I am no longer there
I have left those streets

When you used to walk there
sun rays would come from your heals
Now on the doorsteps in those street
there is always an evening
When you would let your tresses
fall on your shoulders
The night would embrace your hair
and stay on your pillow all night

I am no longer there
I have left those streets

My heart now aches
It is like a piece of stone
A bottomless well
A dead end street
A brief moment
that never seems to end.
I want to end its sufferings
But they never end
They keep on coming.

Ravi Kopra

You Were In Bed With Me

Last night I was dreaming
your dreams -

You were in bed with me
side by side in the silky sheets
we bought last year in Beijing.
Your arms were around me.
Our legs intertwined.
You were pressing me hard.
I could feel your thumping heart
I could feel your bulge, hard
on my inviting thighs.
My hands were on your back
caressing you gently.
I felt safe in your arms

Last night I was feeling
your dreams -

You were standing behind me
kissing my ears. Licking my
neck again and again while
your hands played with my
breasts, the tips getting
larger moment by moment.
Suddenly I felt sparks running
through my spine, making me
shudder uncontrollably.
Waves of warmth ran all over me.

When I woke up, I looked for you.
I turned around. My nest was empty
Though my heart was overflowing
with rivers of love for you.

I got up. Brushed my hair.
Made for myself some espresso.
Sat down with NY Times in my lap.
Could hardly read a word of

what was going on in the world.
I went into a reverie closing
my eyes, lost in your world.

Ravi Kopra

You Won My Body, Took My Heart, A Love Poem By Saniya Galeyeva In Hindi/Urdu Translation

le li hai tu ne meri jaan
le liya hai tu ne mera dil
main doobi hue hoon tere pyaar main
thoDi darti hoon lakin khush hoon
bhool rehi hoon apna sharmila pan

tum hi pehlay ho
dil khol k pyaar karti hoon
tum ne jeet liya hai mera badan
dil chahta hai tujhe har dum

O mere mehboob!
dil se laga lo mujhe khoob khoob
jane na do mujhe ab kahin
Kushi se bhar do mera dil
le lo mujhe ab abhi abhi
please please, abhi abhi.

Ravi Kopra

You Would Not Know - A Translation Of Shakira Nandini's Poem 'tum Kya Jano'

You would not know
how to drink wine with friends
Before you open the bottle, shake it well
Then call out your friends, saying aloud:
Come on you all broken-hearted ones
Here is the cure for the sorrows of your hearts
Come and have fun till you garble nonsense
fully drunk, fully stoned.

the original in Hindi by Shakira Nandini:

Tum Kya Jano, Sharab Kaise Pilayi Jati Hai
Kholne Se Pehle, Botal Hilai Jati Hai
Phir Aawaz Lagai Jaati Hai, Aa Jao Tootay Dil Walo
Yahan Dard-e-Dil Ki Dawa, Pilayi Jati Hai

Ravi Kopra

Your Clothes And Shoes Full Of Dust

This world is not your home
You are a traveler, a passerby
Your clothes and shoes full of dust
Sometimes you walk in the desert
Sometimes you sit under a tree
Be a passerby, this world is not your home.

Ravi Kopra

Your Ex Calls You

Your ex calls you
After a bitter divorce

He is missing you

You had sworn
You would never see him again
That SOB

But now you miss him too

Go back to him
Get him and put your high
Octane fuel to the fires of love
Burn him, burn yourself
all aflame in love

Forget trivial things like money
Forgive him for a night out with your friend
Be proud his heart was overflowing with love
And he made your friend happy just for one time

How lucky you have him whom many desire in their heart
How lucky you were their envy. They wished they had him

If you swore by God, God will forgive you
Go get him. Have him, have him. Have fun with him.
God loves those who love. And share love. No?
Time heals wounds, and too, SOB-ness. No?

Ravi Kopra

Your Eyes Solemn Green, A Sarah Louise Persson Inspired Poem

Your eyes
Solemn green
Casting glances never seen

You so graceful
All around the cosmos breaths
Blue deep in your sleep

Goodbye for now my love
My sweet moon
I promise I'll be back soon

But could be a while.

Ravi Kopra

Your Hands Stifled My Life, A Alfonsina Storni Poem In Hindi/Urdu Translation

mera dukh tere hathoN pe
pissa hua sona tha
main bikhhar baithi the tere hathon pe
apni sari zindgi
meri mithas tere hathon ki
muthi main the
aur ab main wahan khusboo ki
ek khali sheeshi hoon

chup chap bina bolay
kitna dukh main sehti rehi
meri aatma dukh ki parChai
main maroD khati rehi
usko pata tha kaise jeena hota hai
dhokabandi main
main tere hatho pe
chummian marti rehi
aur vo mera ghala
har roz ghontay rehey.

Ravi Kopra

Your Hands, A Spanish Poem Of Dina Posada In English Translation

Your hands are always grazing
my body in hidden ways
they move in frenzy to get to my
ravenous mouth for carnal lightening.

Your hands know
how to avoid the routine.
When I think of them
my memory gets wet
and I impatiently wait for them.

Ravi Kopra

Your Love

I am the burning hot desert of Sahara
Come to me, cool me down, rain on me
Sweep me in your arms, take me

I am a spring stream
running in your backyard under the willow trees
Come sit beside me, have sips of me, drink me

I am the red rose in your garden
I bloom every morning
Come, caress me, kiss me

I am the white jasmine flower
I flower in the evening
Come, inhale me

I am the rose water
Keep me in your walnut chest
Open your chest when you need me

I am a cluster of ripened red grapes
Hanging on a vine in your garden
Come pluck me, taste me

I am your pink plum, your sweet peach
The fruit of your desires
Nibble on me, bite me, eat me

Ravi Kopra

Your Prayer That I Be Ruined In Love, Take It Away With You, A Urdu Ghazal By Sahir Ludhianvi In English Translation

Your prayer that I be ruined in love, take it away with you
Your broken promise of faith, take it away with you

I had already offered my heart to you
Now kill me O flirt! and take my body with you

So that the hot roads do not hurt your feet
Take a jugful of my tears with you

The henna on your hands has my blood in it
If it is not enough, take all my blood with you

I alone will suffer the ruins of our love
Whatever you've sinned, take it away with you

Ravi Kopra

Your Slanting Glance

Your slanting glance was
agua fresca to my withering heart

the touch of your hand sent
a thunder down my spine

your voice brought
the essence of fresh flowers

your freshness felt
like roses in April showers

you showered me in love
if you go now, I will shrivel.

Ravi Kopra

Your Wife Avoids You

"Spiritual Life Is Not Mental Life"
But if you are spiritual, you are
mental, ask any leveled headed guy.

It affects you through and through.
Thoughts in your godly vacuous heads
are washed up fully by preachers

on pulpits across the lands.
It dumbs your faculties -
Your eyes see nothing except God

Your ears hear nothing except God
You feel nothing except God
You are possessed by God

And you become a moron.
Sane people avoid you.
Your wife avoids you

Unless she too is a moron.
And you two get together
making morons after morons.

Ravi Kopra

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Ravi Kopra

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At Night, A Swedish Love Poem By Georg Trakle In Hindi/Urdu Translation -
Poem by Ravi Kopra

meri ankhen aaj raat muskra rehi hain
mere sonay k dil ko
laal-laal kar k roshni aaj jala rehi hai!
teri udasi meri udasi k saath bhag rehi hai
tere laal-laal hont zabardast ho kar
mere hontoN pe juDeN hue hain!

-Ravi Kopra

Ravi Kopra

??? ?? ??? (Taking Refuge In Mother Kali) - A Poem By Shakira Nandini In English Translation

I have overcome sorrows of the world
the people have embraced me

So happy am I now
my worries have gone to the winds

I was delicate, made of glass
and the world stoned me

When I bowed before mother Kali
I turned into a Koh-e-noor.

(After I embraced Hinduism, people respected me. I am expressing that
experience in my poem here.)

Ravi Kopra