

Poetry Series

Afzal Juneja
- poems -

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Afzal Juneja(18/12/1994)

A Lady And The Whispers

A man walks with smile for his scars,
And misery for his soul,
The guard in the yellow armor whispers,
While lady in the dark howl.

Every dawn he climb the same wall,
To hunt, stories to be told,
But ends up following the same lady,
To seek a shop, where his regrets can be sold.

As lady and the guard walks on opposite paths,
Now, the whispers have begun to faint.
And the wall gets taller every day,
So the lady became his best friend.

Afzal Juneja

A Ninja In My Dream.

I saw a ninja in my dream,
A ninja unlike a ninja, I guess you might've seen,
He questioned, 'How are you? and Where have you been? '
I replied, 'What? ? Who are you?? ? and what do you mean? '
He said, 'Think! you know the answer?, as? it's your dream.'

In a while, the conversation began to build,
The background keeps on changing, but he was still,
Then he called his sword and calmly offered me a deal,
He said 'I will kill you millions of time but you won't feel'
I was scared, then he said, 'Don't worry, that's my skill.'

I watched myself having millions of death, with a grin,
I wanted to give a triumphant shout, but couldn't scream,
I said ?gratefully? 'Maybe, you are my soul's twin'
He smiled with last words, 'Wisdom, that's what I was hunting.'
'But now, it looks like he shelters in your dreams'.
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Afzal Juneja

A Path Through The Woods

?There's a path through the woods,
Where the sun may weep,
But will never be replaced by the moon.

There's a path through the woods,
Where the winds are free,
But unaware of worldly desires.

There's a path through the woods,
Where you may starve for days,
But a rare imagination will fill you for years.

There's a path through the woods,
Where reality, is disallowed in dreams,
But what you dream will surely turn real.

There's a path through the woods,
Where love and hate may have fractional meaning,
But been felt, is out of options.

There's a path through the woods,
Where you may bleed and die,
But that's what you will be waiting for.

There's a path through the woods,
You might have seen it, might have wished it,
But never dare to choose.

There's a path through the woods,
Beyond the explanatory meaning of isolation,
And over the graves of bond, and hesitations.

There's a path through the woods,
If you will reach the other end,
You will share the laughter with seraphs and God.

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A Search For An Eternal Sunset

A search for an eternal sunset,
Horizon cherished and blinked; a shift, immortal
Appeared, threw a spear in the chest.
A search for an impeccable love,
Flowers bloomed and carpeted; an autumn, trees
Shattered, birds left— empty nests.

The words from the lost phrases,
Rhymes flaunted and winked; an ellipsis, tomorrow's
Indistinct, found are still lost.

A trade with the river of time,
Lips curved with greed; shipwrecked, current
Faded, lone trader wept at the riverbank.
A trade with the ocean of devotion,
Fate longed with motion; surface still, waves
Frozen, ship survived— faith sank.

The lives from the breathing corpse,
Worships born and cried; divine mistake, motherhood
Died, misery inhaled— flesh, a host.

A hole through the whispers of thoughts,
Mirror cherished and blinked; then night, voices
Screamed, a blessing perceived to curse.
A hole through the distance of eyes,
She's an exemplary and bliss; a thousand knots, lake
Freeze, nomad proceeds— unfilled thirst.

Afzal Juneja

An Adorable Flame

I see you in my dreams,
I see you in my book,
Ohh my,
I can feel you, in every single look.

.
The day we first met,
Since then, your thoughts are ruthlessly riding my head,
And I know, I am in mess,
But, i feels so great.
Is it insane?
Or is it mundane?
Because theres something burning inside my heart,
And it's wildly reflecting on my brain.
God, this feeling is really hard to explain,
But I call it as,
An adorable flame.

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-a.

Afzal Juneja

An Enormous Grey Sea

An enormous grey sea,
On a path to flee,
flee from medicority,
madness is her secret,
While,
Output is spiritual glee,
But plunging in,
Is like,
Losing every thread of me.

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-a

Afzal Juneja

As He Closed His Eyes.

As he closed his eyes,
The world gets better,
And mirror act wise.
From all the words, he has thrown,
And every phrase, he had lied.
Hunts a spurious meaning,
In the dark enigmatic sky.
Soon, his pillow turns into the nest,
Which he nurture but hides,
Where the wings of thoughts,
Chirps and flies.

From what he has done,
To where he has been.
From what did they say,
To what do they mean.
So faith in God,
To greed and endless sins.
Through empty tries,
To forlorn dreams,
Missing that love,
Which left, unseen.
And all those songs,
Once he used to sing.

As he rest his soul,
Serenity of night fades out,
So beep of the dark, howls.
He, hopes, memories, and beliefs,
Not too far, to call.
But sweet dream such a traitor,
So the nightmare crawls.
Though he craved to wake up,
And open his eyes,
Face the mirror on the wall,
And be that word; wise.

-a.

Blanket Of Silence.

Door unlocked. And entered my room. All alone,
The cold blanket of silence, wrapped all around me.
A Mirror. Reflections. My beard looks overgrown,
Vision is clear still, obscurity sneaks; wherever I see.

Waves of feelings, miserably gathered; so rising tall,
The satisfaction, wants, memories and regrets.
Each has whisper to scream, but holds a sigh to fall,
A wish. Patience, hope, love or a switch to reset.

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Afzal Juneja

Drowning Sand.

The sea was dark,
So the night too.
I can feel the water,
But can't see my hands.
I was standing straight,
But on the drowning sand.
The sun was burning,
But not on my side.
I was afraid of darkness,
But not of tide.
In a while, I was flying in water,
The vision was still dark,
But my view changed.
Slowly and steadily,
I've been pulled towards the core.
Maybe, I am floating,
While the sea asks for more.
But the good news was,
Darkness doesn't scare me anymore.

Afzal Juneja

Garden Of Solace (Villanelle)

Behind the giant gate, is an old gardener, reason to live,
Astonishing, vibrant, blissful—garden of solace, indeed, ??
With thousands of flowers and millions of leaves.

?Every glance is a pure love without a doubt to deceive,
Across the paradise of colors, a soul has been freed, ??
?Behind the giant gate, into an old gardener, reason to live,

Treasure of splendid aromas in every breath one breathe,
Like a glimpse of heaven has bestowed to one as a treat, ?
Enfolded with thousands of flowers and millions of leaves.

Into the freezing dawn, most alluring sight he gives,
Where the droplets grin, as the yellow rays meet, ? ??
"Art of nature", is an old gardener, reason to live,

The Gardner strive to see, but blessed? ?with ability to perceive,
Before planting, he whispers a prayer to every seed,
"Blossom into charming flowers and entralling leaves".
??

Elegant butterflies are his present, for passion he conceive,
Certainly curious for patterns but colors are, not his greed,
??Behind the giant gate, is an old gardener, reason to live,
Not less for flowers, but more for unique structure of leaves.

Afzal Juneja

Her.

For me, the scenario of,
Those sky kissed, snowy mountains,
And that sun settling, in an endless sea,
Were the only natures exquisite sight.
Until I saw " HER ".

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Her gorgeous smile,
Makes you wonder,
That the beauty of rainbow is a glorious lie.
And for its single glimpse,
I can travel thousand and million of miles.

.
Her splendid presence,
Makes you dream,
The life with no worry and without any tense.
And it seem like,
Growing old with her amiable scent,
Is my only craziest quench.

.
Her sparkling eyes,
Makes you fall,
Deeper and deeper every single time.
O' if I get a chance,
I can stare, in those black diamonds for an eternal life.
And if I was the god,
I would have never created tears for such glittering sight.

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Yupe, she is my only favorite girl,
It seems like,
God has gifted our world,
With an angel, having prettiest soul.

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-a

Hold My Hands

Hold my hand,
Walk with me,
On a fluffy sand, besides a raging sea.

Hold my hand,
Walk with me,
On a path, where love is set free.

Hold my hand,
Walk with me,
And be my comrade for eternity.

O' hold my hand,
Walk with me,
Kiss my cheeks,
Feed your love,
And complete me.

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-a.

Afzal Juneja

I (My Vision, My Way)

I walk a path which seems to be,
Obscured and blurred.

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I see a dream to which I am,
Obsessed and keen.

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I hold a heart which is,
Fragile and clean.

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I want her love where,
I am a dreamer and she is my dream.

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I believe in him, who is my,
Socrates as well as my king.

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I see their eyes, not as a vision,
But a mirror in disguise.

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I have a hope which is,
Despaired but not yet fallen.

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I see darkness as a period where,
Shadow and sincerity both are stolen.

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-a

Afzal Juneja

I Am The Only Loner

That day, i wanted a shoulder to wail like never before.
Then, i realize that I am the only loner on that rainy shore.

That day, my dreams were fading out with the brutality of rain.
that's when i desperately needed someone beside me to say, 'dear, give me all of your pain'.

That day, i truly wanted to perish my own existence.
Then, i really understood why do they say "Love is a life's essence".

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Tonight, the table has turned,
On the same rainy shore,
With the similar lightening in the sky,
With the similar tears,
Not of defeat but of victory in my eyes.
With the similar droplets hitting my palm,
Just my perception of brutality changed to blessings.
With the similar scent of rain,
but blended with marvellous scent of success.
This time i keenly wanted to hug someone so tight like never before,
Then again, i realize that
am the only loner on this stormy shore.
Yeah, the only loner on this stormy shore.

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-a

Afzal Juneja

I Wonder..

I wonder,
That mystery, of hollow sky,
Those cemetery, of undesirable lies,
The pleasure of word "My! ",
Answer to their millions "Why? "
Serenity of the wrecking waves,
Cruelty of an empty faith,
Smile of a barren wait,
Modesty of mother shade,
Believe on a despaired hope,
Relief in a silent walk,
Feeling of a triumphant knock.
As I wonder,
Damn meaning of our life,
And so on,
Settling sun, shines bright.

-a.

Afzal Juneja

Maybe, A Reply.

A pensive Sunday evening was ruined, by a blackout,
The clouds rumbled and it begins to rain heavily, in dark,
Through balcony, I took a gaze up, — filled with doubts,
I searched for awhile, but could not trace a single mark.

Seldom realization: eyes, they adapt to change, so fast.
Followed by, the chain of realizations, most were frightening.
As darkness is fatal and none of these, is going to last,
While my shadow?, ?appear?s-disappears-reappears?, under lightning.

Afzal Juneja

Music Of Dark.

A street full of hunters with empty guns,
And the birds were scared to swing their wings.
An accordionist plays polka in the corner,
But doesn't know what to sing.

A canary was freed but petrified with change,
While faces were similar, everywhere I went.
Her fingers?? still detests, the grip of a pencil,
Strangely, paint brush was her best friend.

A boy was alive with his words, pen, and paper,
But the ink-pot ran out of ink.
Curiosity and hope walks hand in hand,
While faith lies in a single wink.

As the daylight sync the rhythm of reasons,
At night, shadow-claws disinfect my brain.
Rhymes and phrases, I am not that good at this,
But question-mark always looks keen with exclaim.

Stars were glittering and the moon was full,
But the wolves were still quiet.
A board full of colors with every shade,
But all you can see is white.?

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Afzal Juneja

Reason

As reason searches a reason,
For which a reason could hold.
A brain seek another brain,
So that, that brain can be mold.

Afzal Juneja

Red Dress.

As she gets ready and walks down the road,
Everybody's eyes stuck alike the saliva in their throat.

As her hair fringes floats and teases the wind,
Every word sounds pleasant when her lips sing.

As her hypnotic red dress makes every color jealous,
The only word strikes me while she walks is, marvelous.

As her alluring eyelids blink once in awhile,
I do praise his creations, every time I see her precious smile.

As her sassy eyes wander on every books store,
The knowledge she has makes me glad, to love her more.

As she frequently turns and put her arm in my arm,
There isn't any other moment, that makes me feel so calm.

As she speaks, every other rhythm seems to be a lie,
God! having her, makes me feels blessed, I won't deny.

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Afzal Juneja

Sewing Machine

The raw materials and stinky oils ?are? ?its? intakes,
Pleasing and fabricated dress is the result; as it makes,
Stitch in stitch, beauty in beauty, single thread can't be miss,
The machine makes an awful noise, while it tailors bliss.??
??

Afzal Juneja

Sitting In Front Of This Fiery Shore

Sitting in front of this fiery shore,
Trying to grip my broken soul,
Trying to conceal my inner howl,
Trying to rebuilt those broken walls.
With our memories, squeezing my heart,
With your lies, like a hole in our raft,
While these emptiness, tearing me apart.
I miss it all,
Because this is the only place,
From where our story took a start.

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Sitting under this sobbing sky,
Everything i dreamed,
You've turned it, into a dreadful lie.
For me, you were queen in my kingdom of love.
For you, i was the drink of yours vicious(lustful) thirst.
For me, Your hands were the safest place for my amiable flowers of trust.
For you, Its fragrance was nothing, but an odour of baneful dirt.
For me, your smile was the sign of my achievement,
For you, my affection was the bars of your imprisonment.

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hmm, Sitting in front of this fiery shore,
Trying to grip my broken soul,
Trying to conceal my inner howl,
Trying to rebuilt those broken walls.
Coz the gem, i trusted the most,
Is turned out, into an imitating gold.
As the sun, penetrated through the dark cloudy sky,
Tears of regrets glitters in my eyes,
And,
As the raging waves stares,
My love flooded with the tears full of despair.
Yeah, tears full of despair.

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Afzal Juneja

Theres A World Inside Me.

There's a world, inside me,
There's a world, beside me.

There's a world, believes me,
There's a world, deceives me.

There's a world, embrace me,
There's a world, disgrace me.

There's a world, cherish my dreams,
There's a world, perish them with keen.

O' There's a world, which says,
' If you can rule us, you can surely rule them. '
Then, there's a world which says,
' Try me, if you can. '

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Afzal Juneja

Through My Eyes(Reality)

- - - - Through my eyes(reality) . - - - -

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Through my eyes,
A Feeling which is called satisfaction,
Is swallowed by the feeling of greed.
Success and achievements are trashed miserably,
Under the mountains of expectations and needs.

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Through my eyes,
Angel of love is ruthlessly killed by monster of lust,
The storm of betrayal has blown away every flower of trust,
And, the failure is screwing our dreams like an indelible rust.

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Through my eyes,
There's a flame, there's a rage,
to rule this world, to touch those skies,
In everyone's heart,
But the only phrase that keeps them apart,
"If i won't get it, they will laugh".

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Through my eyes,
When the stars fade out and sun hangs high,
We masquerade ourselves with a mask of different colors and of thousand lies.
And,
The Seraph of reality has been prisoned,
Behind the bars of those glittering eyes and fake pretty smiles.

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Afzal Juneja

Time Couplet

Then they exchanged their watches
and walked away,
Trusting the thought, that their time
may collide someday.

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Afzal Juneja

What Lies On The Other Side?

A wild river passes by,
How to get on the other side?
As waves falls low, so they rises high,
Down set the sun with a saffron light.

A fish stared at birds returns,
And wished, if she could also fly,
That beak and those wings is so much fun,
Neglecting the fact, water is her only sky.

A tall tree stand beside,
A gust of wind began to roar,
As few leaves departs, so few survived,
Though they left it all, but they learned to soar.

Few of them evolved into flowers,
Since new had arrived, old were fallen,
From vibrant petals, fragrance began to shower,
A thief lays around, and the rest were stolen.

A shepherd rest under the darken sky,
The common air grasp curiosity but hides,
A sheep quenched his thirst and raised his eyes,
So wondered, what lies on the other side?

Afzal Juneja

When Old Pals Laugh

When old pals laugh,
Level of insanity exceeds,
Its Like, after a long wait of thousand years, few devils
meet.
All the sorrows perish away,
Every stress is torned apart.
And Eyes glisten,
With a flurry of bliss in our hearts.
It happens only then,
When old pals laugh.

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Afzal Juneja

Your Hazel Eyes

I have never seen such chastity ever in my life,
I see it,
When i gaze into your hazel eyes.
Your single glimpse gives a vigorous vibe,
Like a butterfly sees in a flower from a thousand miles.

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Eternity exists and resurrection seems to be a lie,
When i gaze into your hazel eyes.
Your grin, bestows a view of nature's exquisite sight,
Like moonlight shimmering on a snowy night.

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I found something to compete with those glittering of dark sky,
When i gaze into your hazel eyes.
Your presence, bring my sassiness back to live,
Like a break of dawn after an empty starless sky.

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And As i gaze into your hazel eyes,
I fall for you, yes in love with you,
Then i see a corner with a brightest shine,
My heart gets tormented and soul starts to cry,
And tears of grief flooded through my eyes,
Coz i see a picture, which was not mine.
Yeah, that picture was not mine..

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-a.

Afzal Juneja