

Poetry Series

Gagan Khurana

- poems -



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Gagan Khurana()



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My Pole Star

When you smile, my world lights up.

You carry sunshine with you, and it spills quietly into the lives of those lucky enough to be near.

Not a single morning breaks without you in my thoughts and not a night falls without your memory resting beside me.

You live there now, quietly, like a tune one hums without knowing.

The time we spent together in Gurgaon those simple, golden hours, they are my most treasured memories.

I return to them often, like an old man returns to the view from his childhood window.

And still, I wait. I wait for your phone calls, for the chime of your name lighting up my screen.

When you text me, the world around me disappears. The noise, the work, the worries, all gone in a moment.

And your messages, oh, how they disarm me.

One simple text from you, and I lose track of time, of duty, of everything else.

Your hug is my holy grail something sacred, something rare.

And your absence, your absence stings in places no one sees, like a tear that never reaches the eyes.

You are the brightest star from the days I miss most, still glowing in the twilight of my thoughts.

Thank you for being there,

There is only one you,

And there will never be another.

With all my heart,
Gagan Khurana

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Gagan Khurana

My Liver Knows Her Better

Tonight, again I drank too much,

I drank because remembering her hurts less with whisky.

Every peg offers a confession, a curse and her.

Each sip tore apart what I had stitched badly with my ego.

Each peg brought a different bastard to the table-

First Peg

For the first time she said, 'You are Special'.

Second Peg



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To forget what dignity tastes like.

Third Peg

To piss on the song, I once wrote for her.

Fourth Peg

For every time she said, 'Gagan you are overthinking'.

Fifth Peg

For the tattooed boy, she introduced me to as 'Just a friend'.

Sixth Peg

For the hour she said, 'I need space and filled it with him'.

Seventh Peg

To Convince myself, I never mattered to her.

Eighth Peg

To delete all her messages and photos.

Ninth Peg

To tell the bartender stop asking me if I am okay.

Tenth Peg

For every time, I chose humiliation over choosing you.

Eleventh Peg

To poison the hope that one day she will realize.

Twelfth Peg

To black out the memory of holding her.

Hey, what happened, the damn whisky bottle ended, but the damage isn't.

Bartender bring the bloody tequila shots now & keep them coming,

Let's see if this Mexican piss has more guts than the scotch that just surrendered.

First Tequila Shot

For the blessed day, she handed out our personal secret to the very man, she swore meant nothing.

Second Shot

For letting her turn my career, my business, my bloody sweat-built empire into collateral
fucking damage.

Third Shot

For the insomnia she gifted me.

Fourth Shot

For mistaking manipulation for affection again and again.

Fifth and the last shot

For finally raising a glass to myself, not her

Because if I survive this, I swear, I will never drink in someone else's honor.

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Why So Depressed

Let me begin without drama; I am in depression.

The illness no one respects, too soft for hospitals and shameful for the society.

It is a business for motherfucking custodians of God's like Babas, the clerics and the priests, selling salvation in the bottle of holy water, while I am already drowning in cheaper whisky.

So here I am half drunk, half broken, fully fucked up. My prayers only answered by bartender.

My friends?

'Bloody cheerleaders of tragedies'

See we told you; 'she would leave you' and patting themselves on the back for predicting her right.

Upon hearing my loss in relation, by next morning my friends flooded my Whatsapp with porn, think Sasha Grey would help me with her half-baked MILF script.

Sorry Sasha your fake moans cant repair my soul.

My lust is crying from the corner, while my eyes are still fixed on your big boobs.

LHS=RHS.

One more advocate friend dropped his wisdom

'Bro there's no shortage of fish in the ocean'

First, I looked at him, yes, my dear Einstein, that may be true, but there is also

no dearth of fishermen. every bastard is holding his rod, everyone is chasing his mermaid and finally settles for whatever floats their way, but my girl, she isn't just a mermaid, she is the queen of damned ocean. Poseidon's own blood. The one who controls the wave. Tides shift when she walks. Could drown you with a single glance.

Now later on just like every other lonely prick with a smart phone and a fading will to live, I tried distracting myself with the digital sewer of Instagram reels, where half- naked women's showing cleavage in 4K for all the miserable fucks like me.

I swiped, one video of bouncing tits after another. Then after 7 or 8 reels of dopamine bath, Instagram algorithm decided, it was a time for my fucking intervention.

No warning, no lube just a reel sliding in,

'Six signs you are in depression & by the time the reel ended all six signs weren't just matching my situation. They were my fucking situation.

So finally, my sister convinced me to see a psychiatrist. Next thing, I know, I found myself on a ridiculous overpriced couch across from a woman, whose job is basically to listen to madmen.

She had beautiful eyes, which is again a red flag.

She opened her notebook. So Gagan how are you feeling today?

'Happiest man alive Doctor and just come here to rub my happiness on your face.

Those sweet eyes flickered. He practiced smile didn't move a millimeter.

Doctor, I began, 'My girl left me, my love life is a graveyard. All the time I think

about her. My sleep schedule is sponsored by insomnia. My business, my so-called empire- collapsed like my last erection.

'She shrugged'. So what? You leave her too.

'Maam', I said, 'If it was that easy, I would be in Thailand, having a full body to body massage with a Russian chick on a bed, not having this mental breakdown session on your couch.

After hearing this masterpiece, she leaned forward. Suddenly I noticed her cleavage too. Perfect timing! !

She then opened her pristine notebook & wrote, probably 'Pervert' in elegant cursive.

She added, 'Have you ever had suicidal thought Sir'.

'Yes, I said, all the fucking time'. Thats all I think about.

She nodded and handed me a suicide hotline number 'Call them every time you think like this'.

Wait, what the fuck? So why I am even here?

The room fell silent for few seconds. Then she stood up & delivered the final blow.

In your next therapy session, we will talk about your sex life. So see you same time day after tomorrow.

'Best ?3000, I have ever spent.

Later that night, after half bottle of scotch, I thought, well my girl blocked me from everywhere, so let's try the suicide hotline.

'Your call is important to us. Please hold while our executives are assisting other users.

What the fuck, I am literally trying to exit the human race and even these cock suckers dont have time for me.

Thirty minute later, the line finally clicked.

'Na? u?ka?ukku eppa?i utava mu?iyum'?

Hello Sir! Can I suicide in English?

Operator- Sir suicide is not a solution

Me- I don't need a solution, I need an exit button.

Operator- Sir please calm down think about your loved one's.

Me- My loved one blocked me. Even my suicide note would end up in her spam folder.

Operator- Sir life is beautiful.

Me- Where? Please show me on fucking Google map.

Operator- Sir, don't lose hope, I am with you. For just ₹499, I am offering you a stress ball.

Me- Wait, Are you seriously upselling me at my lowest moment.

Operator- Not upselling Sir; Healing. This ball is clinically tested, when you will squeeze it your anger and sadness melts away.

Me- Bro, if squeezing solved depression, half the world be cured by masturbation.

Operator- Sir, shall I add it to your cart. I have one offer for you if you will purchase it in next 5 minutes, you will also get free pdf on '21 reasons to live'. isn't it exiting Sirr.

Me- Yes very tempting.

Operator- 'Please hold Sir, I am connecting you to my senior for more better offers.

Suddenly a new voice boomed.

'Congratulations! You have just unlocked our 'Platinum Death Prevention Plan. Here's what you get.

1- One scented rope (For Yoga purpose only)

2-A Himalayan salt lamp for positive vibes.

3- A premium stress ball.

4- A fridge magnet that says 'Dont give up'

5- Lifetime subscription to calm sutra; guiding breathing exercises with erotic ASMR

6- One T-Shirt with slogan. 'Alive out of spite'.

7- Subscription to Tinder gold for 1 year.

8- Glow in the dark rosary.

9- Limited edition fidget spinner.

10- A friendship band

11- And a certificate 'Member of exclusive survival club'

Sir this entire package plan with 10+ items is just for ?9999.

Sir we also offer EMI option.

Me- No EMI bro, just RIP. I ended the call.

Even the death is overpriced these days. May God forbid the capitalism.

I never thought depression could be this 'Hilarious'

It stripped me, mocked me, billed me & still left me breathing.

So what do I do now?

Laugh back and live harder than ever.

I survived the storm,

Now I will dance in the thunder...

I will dance in the thunder...

I will dance in the thunder.

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Cosmos Is A Bitch

The cosmos choose-
One blessed, One bypassed

One demand reform, One demands bread,
One learns in Oxford, One learns on street,
One fears Cholesterol, One fears Starvation,
One eats lobster, One lick plates,
One drink Single Malts, One gulps sewage,
One gets surgery, One gets prayers,
One calls it legacy, One calls it debt,
One counts profit, One count pills,
One feed dog, One buries infant daughters,
How did we get here?
Who signed the silence?
Not you & me
It was always I & I,
The chosen and the discarded,
The voice and the void,
The guest and the ghost.

The cosmos choose-
Leaders & common people (Statesmen & Subjects)

One sign papers, One sign petitions,
One lives in bungalow, One dies in drain,
One changes law, One gets jail,
One offer condolence, One counts the dead,
One gives speeches, One give birth,
One cut ribbon, One cut veins,
One files nomination, One files for aid,
One plays the victim, One is,
One cheers in rallies, One tramples in stampede.
How did we get here?
Who made this sacred?
Not you & me
Never was
It was always I & I
The elected and the exploited,

The campaigner and the causalities,
The elected and the expendables.

The cosmos choose-
The liar & the loyal

One lies with ease, One trusts blindly,
One plays a part, One lives a role,
One speaks in riddle, One answer straight,
One keep scores, One keep his vows,
One asks for space, One keeps waiting,
One flaunt rebounds, One studies pattern,
One is inconsistent, One is always the same,
One keeps secret, One give soul,
One says 'he is my good friend', One says 'you are only one for me',
One dance at clubs, One couldn't stand,
One sends emoji's, One writes poetry,
One tells lies, One tells no one.
How did we get here?
Was I ever seen, or just conveniently used?
Not you and me,
OfCourse not,
It was always I and I,
The mask and the mirror,
The con and the corpse,
The butcher and the believer,
The trap and the truth,
The end and the enough.

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Unloving You, Starting Tomorrow

I tried to walk the so-called path of God,
Hoping Salvation would scrub away the muck you left behind.

Even tried to lose myself in other women arms,
to anaesthetize the wounded residue of your memory.

Every night, I celebrate forgetting you,
by remembering you even harder.

Every night, I tell myself a lie, I have memorized well,
'She is gone now, and I shall forget her starting tomorrow.

I have traverse same cafes/ sidewalks, we once inhabited, thinking geography
itself might provide flashback upon which I can re-read the script of our former
intimacy.

I sit where we once laughed, hoping the air still remembers your voice better
than I do.

I wanted to stop you, to halt your exodus from me, but alas, it appears, I was the sole gladiator armored with hope and delusion, fighting shadows in an arena, you had quietly deserted long ago.

My old friends still ask about you and I just manufacture a fresh fiction each time, raise my glass and sip on something stronger than my pride and change the subject before my voice start shacking.

Then again, I lie myself with the conviction of a drunk preacher that I shall forget you starting tomorrow.

I pass my day juggling shares, in the dealings of my liquor business and nodding through the corporate crap,

But when the light gets off and the bottle is half empty; damn it, it's still you in my head.

You wanted space,

You got galaxies, the whole bloody cosmos to breathe without me,

But I am the one still stuck in a city, full of strangers and not one, I am craving to call a friend.

You finally got everything you ever pined for- the distance, a clean escape, a life scrubbed clean of my name,

And about me?

I stayed back in the ruins, still picking the shards of 'we' that clearly only, I

believe in.

I write verses soaked in cheap ink and cheap whiskeys,
no rhyme, no meter,
just words that sting like unspoken slaps,

Each poem is a wound, I reopen,
every line bleeds a little more of what you left in me.

They say time heals,
but time has only taught me to fake a laugh and nod when someone say, 'Move on'.

And so today, just like hundreds yesterday, I whisper to myself the most practiced lie,

I shall forget her, starting tomorrow,

I shall forget you starting tomorrow,

I shall forget you starting tomorrow.

Checkmate

He conquered every game much effortlessly,
his Mother thinks, she blessed with a prodigy.

He played cricket in his younger days,
a boy who could spin the ball both ways.

In Football wars, both his legs speak,
each pass, each strike, each shot seems so unique.

In Rummy and Poker, he chose 'Stu Ungar',
the legend, he studied, when he was quite younger.

For all his friends and siblings solving Rubik's cube was cloaked in mystery,
but even before 11, he saw through chaos and knew exactly where each cube
block should be.

Before his voice had even changed,
he'd checkmate men thrice his age.
While his classmates played with toys and clay,
he studied games, the chess grandmasters play.

In 'Antakshari' also, from retro hits to modern beats,
he always crushed his opponents and claim all seats.
From Kishore Kumar to Arijit,
he ruled 'Antakshari' almost every bit.

Not just a prodigy of mind's bright glow,
he also ruled his college fields with the game of hammer throw.

So, as you can see,
He knows the trick behind each game,
yet his life outplayed him with just the same.

Every game he played to win,
but life out moved him from within.
Life out moved him from within,
Life out moved him from within.

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Gloomy Indian Love ????

In the darkest corner of my shattered heart..

Lies the remnants to my love torn apart..

Like a hurricane, it came and it went..

Leaving behind a trail of discontent..

But I am not the only one to fail in love..

My land has witnessed many broken heart since sky above..

From the ghats of Varanasi to Western ghats..

Many historical heart breaks being taught..

From the banks of Ganges to the field of Green..

Indian love tales, ever so serene..

Right from our childhood we heard Devdas and Paro tale..

Of a love that fought against every odd, Finally prevail..

'Paro' the epitome of charm and grace..

'Devdas' a spoiled rich man, with a supreme race..

Their families saw divisions, different fates..

Bound by customs and social debates..

Paro was wedded to another, against her will..

Devdas drowned in liquor and MDMA Pills..

Paro lived her married life in a silent regret..

But her heart beat for Devdas only, her soul forever beset..

Devdas can no longer endure the Parting pain..

Finally God blessed him a Peaceful death in Paro's lane..

Partition of India also broke many heart..

A land once United, now torn apart..

In the land of Ancient punjab, where love blooms so true..

We can find A beautiful tale of Boota Singh and Zainab too..

Boota Singh, being a Sikh men and Zainab a Muslim beacon of love..

Throughout the bloodshed their yearning grew strong like two turtle doves..

They fought for their love, against all odds..

Defying traditions, they even went against the Gods..

In the face of adversity, they stood hand in hand..

As if they believe, only love can heal their wounded land..

But fate had its cruel hand in this tale of love..

An irony in sorrow state, watching all this from above..

Zainab forced to flee Pakistan with her Family in tow..

Boota Singh left behind with his heart in woe..

But destiny united their path once more..

When Boota Singh crossed the border to find what he ever longed for..

Zainab wed another..

Boota Singh left in despair..

Amidst all the sorrows, one last time Boota recited Zainab's name..

And jumped in front of a running train..

In the realm of love, I too have Lost...

You can also put me in stalemate, already shared by most..

My love story too, will echo through the ages..

A story of sacrifice and vein ultimately failed in all stages..

Let the pen meet the paper, giving voice to the pain..

Transforming my gloomy days, into the words that sustain..

With each passing generation, my tale will also be told..

A love so profound, a love that was never sold..

A love that was never sold..

A love that was never sold..

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A Night At Kasol ??????????

Escaping from world shit and mother fuckers around,5 friends went to Kasol..

Just to fix their fractured souls..

A small town tucked away, amidst Mountains high..

where soul seek refuge under a starry sky..

with few toasts of whisky our voyage begin..

A symphony of flavours and corrupt thoughts, breeding chaos within..

As the dawn break, in the realm of rave, we sought refuge in dim lit tavern..

Craving the thrill for a forbidden fern..

In lavish halls, where gratification thrives..

we left our morals, our civilized life..

In swirling darkness when the influence of substance started to dance..

one tipsy Israeli girl approached me and I didnt miss a chance..

Lost completely in the haze of intoxicating lust..

I surrendered to her allure and broke my beloved trust..

Dancing in the flames of decadence and sin..

Indulge in salacity, until the night grows thin..

Metaphors blend with fractal dreams..

As I sail through cosmic stream..

That was the moment of pure chaos and wild delight..

Too high on substances, I fucked her the whole night..

Next morning when I met my friends in Kasol town..

I was almost ₹35000 down..

The trip was like escaping from our people embrace..

That night I truly found myself, in boundless space

I found myself in boundless space..

I found myself in boundless space..

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Cyber Frauds And Awareness Month ???????

2 days back I got a call; 'You wanna earn thousands daily'

I said 'Lol' ????

She said 'Sir you just need to subscribe only, so do you wanna give it a shot? ?

Simply mesmerised by her beautiful Voice, I whispered 'Why not'..

She said; for this you have to download one 'App'..

Pulsating inside with laughter, I told myself, lets check her 'Honey Trap'..

Immediately she shared me a link..

In her web of deceit, she want me to sink..

I replied ' In life just a love is all you need'..

'The rest is redundant indeed'..

Bewildered and entangled by my suggestion, she asked ' Sorry'! !

I said 'these deceit and corrupt tricks will never shower you with fortunes of glory'..

Clenching her soul between her teeth, she immediately cut the call..

With poetry as my Voice, to educate you all, is my only goal...

Lets stay abreast with an informed mind..

Embrace caution my friends, don't fall behind..

Don't let these Phishers, their forge schemes and plots usurp us..

Enlightening you against these digital wrongs, my poetry will find its purpose..

My poetry will find its 'Purpose'...

My poetry will find its 'Purpose'...

Writer- Gagandeep Singh

Emp Id- 229430

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???? Liver..

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Good Bye

They say its better to have loved and lost then never to have loved at all..

Being a true believer of this proverb, I let you inside my soul..

I still remember that winter night when the first time we made love in your rented house yard..

I wish you are still here with me, this stony bed would never feel so hard..

Whole night we kept the flame alive with fires of our body, simply uncontrolled..

All night we heated a love and after countless nights, its finally gone cold..

Those nights were beautiful, when my dreams were alive..

Today I wake up with no hopes in my eyes..

Finally I learn to say Good Bye...



In the naked shameless day, all day long, everyday I auction myself, make deals, I compromise to satisfy my needs, people calls it a corporate job..

But in the emptiness of night, I hide my face and still sob..

There was a time when I fought my eyes to stay awake, no dream was prettier than the way she slept..

Now I just left with a broken piece of poem drifting in my breath..

You placed your lips on mine and breathe all my sigh..

Finally I learn to say my dear one Good Bye..

8 years pass still everytime I remember her, the hooves of the horses pulsate in my heart beat..

I boozed, read books, roam streets, tracked himalyas, voyage oceans but in the silence of my words, I found myself incomplete..

See on a lavish bed lies a body, dead, abandoned, forsaken; hope she come back look and peep..

Hey you all..

Bury me..

So that I can breathe

I can breathe

I can breathe..

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'My Inner Poet'

As I was born, a poet born with me
witnessing everything, my sinless childhood

my mother love, oh! she is so good,

the dawn of eternal joy and dreams

the pop music in me that reign supreme,

my childish stammered speech

and my fast falling asleep.

As the time goes by, my twin poet saw me studying countless night

with greasy patches of light,

everytime my foot touched the football

the look on my face said it all.

Saw me supporting my family at a tender age

with zero sign of depression and rage.

My inner poet saw me hitting the proxies in the college, sweet were those days

asking our lecturers to decipher on bayes.

Friends turned brother

and I started chasing my dream lover.

Finally the college life also came to an end.

It was really difficult to say final goodbye to my dearest friends.

Years passed and I lost in a bitter cask jar,
never realised I came too far.

Seized up completely between whiskey, vodka and sake,
in life, I held back and sober up too late.

You came in my life and it was my fate,

I never needed you, I learnt it too late.

I thought she never leave me but finally she go away,

My love for you will never be frey; come what may.

Alas! Now I feel myself in some despairing jail,

with tears in his eyes, my twin poet witnessing all my painful tale.

Often I asked my inner poet 'How long this will last'

clenching my soul between his teeth, he always whispers 'This shall too pass'

I can't bear this anymore, ' I wailed and I cried'

Too disturbed by his own sorrows, now my twin poet says to me' Come let's
commit suicide'.

'Gagan let's commit suicide'

'Come lets commit suicide'.

Writer- Gagan

Gagan Khurana

Dear Best Friend

'you Were Not There When I Needed You The Most'

You hurled, we will be friend
till death do us apart!

You left me way before my
celestial depart.

Just fed up with alcohol, strolling alone on a desolate lane!

arid and truncated inside from deep pain, I was whispering
Your name.

Encumbered with the whiff of your
yearning and broken promises, unfortunately I lost!

My best friend,

You were not there when I needed
You the most.

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When depression, loneliness and anxiety invaded my canvass!

I surrendered myself on alcohol from the torrents of abyss.

Depression and anxiety both could have been cured!

Alas, your absence was very
difficult to endure.

Loyalty and feelings are gone so scare, now this world is only own by liars

adobe!

My bestie,

You were not there when, I needed you the most.

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. .
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You left me broken like petals from some magic rose!

Somewhere deep inside my soul, your last good bye still echoes.

I know 'My chips were down' and I was dying for your one reply!

buried too deep in gloomy thoughts,
finally my subconscious summoned me 'Gagan forget her as you are destined to fly'.

So girl now do me a favour 'Dont ever come back, as you are not welcome anymore!

My small world had a way smooth run, even when we haven't met before.

Not even a single day goes by without you on my mind!

Buddy,

Still you are not here
with me and I know
our fates are no longer intertwined.

Our fates are no longer intertwined

Our fates are no longer intertwined

Writer- Gagan Khurana

Gagan Khurana

Farmers Too Have A Dream..

Mired legs, perspiring in solstice,
dark face with scars and bruises,
looking very filthy and vile...

Still a beautiful heart hides in their feigned smile..

In your air conditioned adobe try to imagine their agonies,
and listen their undertone screams...

You will see their eyes filled with liquid nostalgia,
still they too have dreams...

See they ain't as cruel and vicious as they seem...

When they bury the seeds in the ground...

The arid garden turns green and the mother nature abound...

Even after this benefaction on mankind,
they have a long history of being dismayed by the regime...

But deep way inside they too have a dream,
and I believe one day humanity will reign supreme...

A truncated life that can end up very soon...

Their demise often link with some brutal loan...

They feed all the sapiens and,
this yearning ultimately turns them into spirit realm...

And in the end they give up on life with their incomplete dream...

Sometimes their shattered life seems so extreme,
yet just like everybody else, they too have a dream..

They too have a dream...

They too have a dream...

Writer - Gagan Khurana..

Gagan Khurana

1984 Still Burning

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????? ?? F.I.R.?? ????, ??? ??? ??? ??? ???...
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406 ????? ??? ????? ??? ??? ????? ?????...
????? ?? ?? ????? ????? ??? ?? 10000...????

??? ?? ?? ????? ????? ????? ??????? ?? side...
??? ?? ?????? ??? ????? ?? Justice delayed is justice denied...

??? ??? ?? ?? ??? ?? ?????, ????? ????? ??? ?????...
??? ?? ????? ??? ??????....
????? Never Forget 1984....
????? Never Forget 1984....

Remeber, Remorse, Reflect....

?????? ????? (Gagandeep Singh)

Gagan Khurana

Imminent Breakdown

I am not a standard deviation but a drifter chose to take a stroll on a desolate lane.

No matter how hard I try in my pursuit, but fails each time.

So when I will stuck with death, I will gasp for my last,

but my last word will remain untold and I will slowly relinquish under the folds of time,

find a nice place to repose in its envelope like the flower wits and eventually surrender to the fruits of time.

Gagan..

Gagan Khurana



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Trading Of Relations

These days relations turn into an arid one, no embrace, no laughs, nothing...
Ofcourse they could get clingy, only if u r the only alternative left for them
and after sometime u will feel urself in a stalemate state,
where u already aware of the truth, but still u try to repudiate.

Frail and pale u again try to enter into this phony reconciliation
and being a master manipulator they again welcome u with their feigned smile
and along with that they will enjoy sitting at the table conversing with others,
snapping them with all ur witless repertoire"

Despicable Gagan.....

Gagan Khurana



PoemHunter.com

What I Dont Want To Lose...

My own imagination.....

What I dont want to lose at any cost....

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.

I dont wanna lose.....

- The notes of a flute in the quite of grove...
- Surging waves of aspirations...
- The dawn of Eternal joy and dreams...
- Fountains of colors like butterfly upon blossom...

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.
.



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I dont want to lose.....

- The breeze of the season, nestled in the palms of leaves...
- The sunshine on winters day...
- Delicate pearls, glinting with laughter...
- The rhythms and music of 90's...

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.
.

I dont want to lose.....

- The kaleidoscope of memories hues...
- Sleep trapped behind eyelids, where Sweet dreams abound...

- Ur Fake Care and blatant lie...
- My intricately designed Imagination on paper...

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I dont wanna lose "You";.....

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•
•

Loser Gagan

Gagan Khurana