

Poetry Series

Jahid Onik
- poems -



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Doubt Me If I Can Read

I don't really like writing ALL ABOUT ME. If you could jump right here into my keyboard and write some of your lines. That would make a Couplet of YOU and ME.

Doubt me if I can read. It had been so many decades since someone wrote to me. So I forgot to read. NOW I only can write. No, NOT reading. It won't be nice if you don't see me reading your letters.

Jahid Onik



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Overparted

Everywhere; You put your fingers
First the index, then the middle finger and later the ring finger;
What do you touch?
Over the unused floppy disk
On the top of the bookshelf
Inside the pen holder!
What do you touch?
What do you sense?

You touch the dust,
Dust of particle, the dust of light, the dust of wintertime.
And you touch a little body of yourself;
Your own passed and overparted life.

Jahid Onik



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I Can't Tell Much More

I can't tell very much how the day was,
I remember I had some hot beverages a couple of times on an entire day.
I had a warm shower, where I wanted to play with subs, but I gave up!
Am I growing up? Or something else is happening to me!

At noon, I talked with a few imaginary birds,
I kept myself safe beneath their soft wings.
I can't tell very much how big the birds were or how many of them were there at
my den,
But I do remember, they were not regular birds who can fly.

I can't say much more how the afternoon was
Like other days, I didn't visit the grove,
I didn't get any nap under my soft comforter.
Maybe I was doing something.
Yes! I was playing the Oboe.

Lately, I've been doing all the pieces of stuff that are not naughty but not any
more mentionable.
Maybe I was wishing to watch a meteor shower at night.

I genuinely can't write much more how days are going here in the south,
I'm sure I'm not drunk.
but I can't feel my fingers much more.

Maybe that's all I wanted to write
That's all I wanted to let you know.
I can't say for sure that you won't find yourself here into my words,
Probably you will.
But I can't say much more about how I am doing!

Jahid Onik
22/12/2019

Jahid Onik

Beneath The Sky

Beneath the sky, all I see is love!
The sky is loving and holding air and dust.
Most nights are pensive but they are always young!

Sometimes don't know why -
Only some comets fall down!
Atrocious! atrocious!

(17/12/19)

Jahid Onik



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Last Night, It Was All About Me

Last night the man who saw me crying
The friend of mine, the witness of my pain;
I saw him passing me very fast-
He saw me, hiding stupid tears.

Last night
I wrote a chapter of an Untitled book
Last night
I was at the top of hills
Last night
I was in the middle of a riddle
Last night,
I wished if I were a wild wolf!

Last night the man who saw me crying
And
The man who made me cry;
No one knows why I cried,
No one knows why ice melts-
No one knows why clouds gather.

Last night,
I saw myself crying,
last night I made myself cry.

Jahid Onik

Walk

I was looking for shelter
I was looking for food
I was walking all alone through the journey of life,
I was pretending not to be unhappy.

Maybe it was fateful
Or a conflict between two dimensions of time,
You found me.
You spread your kingdom inside me
You ruled me like a queen.

You taught me how to walk
Taught me how not to walk.
Whispered into my ears
'Walk like a stranger
Walk like a stranger so that nobody can recognize you
Walk like a stranger so that another stranger can recognize you.'

Jahid Onik



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Winter Love

At the northwest coast, nights are long in winter
How long?
Sailors can cross the Pacific over a night
A writer can complete his last unfinished novel
An eighteenth can discover herself falling in love for the third time.
The world can be changed over the night,
That big a winter night can be.

Go and find yourself at the middle of glaciers
Feel the beauty the Alaska,
A gentle breeze is blowing and you remember
You missed the last night dinner.
Perhaps the most pensive and lonely winter night
Ever you have passed, was the last cold night.

Freezing over the suspension bridge
Recall the man who loved you,
Remember the small river you crossed together by aquabus;
That was in last winter.
This is how a long winter night comes and freezes every second!
This is how love comes secretly in winter.

Jahid Onik

Classical Beats

When You wake up early before the first light
You're faster than time -
You go for a walk to the north
Maybe to hills from the downtown.
Shining red sun makes your curly hair brown,
You walk with music-
which one? Perhaps Country music?

You walk along the hillside
And then your fleshy body sweat,
Every single footstep of your beautiful leg
Plays piano chords deep inside my heart,
It sounds like the keystroke of a very fast typewriter,
Your footsteps are like a piston; intake and exhaust
It goes up and down.

Your footsteps make me woozy-
I stay alive, because you walk
I stay alive, because you run-
My heart impulses, because of your harmonic walk.

Jahid Onik

Who Is To Burn Her Lips At My Funeral

At the end of the day
we who look for a safe shelter
Simile of ladylove or mercy of God.
Trust me,
Neither God nor the beloved one,
None is responsible for our fate.
Remember,
None but some spineless half-dead animals are going to join
at our funeral.

Life, River, Woman!
Come! get closer!
The earth is burning
Who is to burn her lips at my funeral?

Jahid Onik



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Call Me By Name

Another glass of wine
Another question and so many answers;
Many people and so many small talk,
And then,
You call me by name.

Say, you hate me and cross your heart
Walk far away from me.
Next morning, may be at the seashore -
You remember me,
You call me by name.

A twenty and two pound cake and a dinner for two
A month, a very long month,
A boat journey or soda of central bar
All my chewing moments of life that i gathered by time -
Maybe come true in next early spring.

Say, you hate me and cross your heart,
Hasta la vista.

Jahid Onik