

Poetry Series

Jatinder Singh Aulakh
- poems -

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Jatinder Singh Aulakh()

Drops Of Life

Let me know about my Suffers?
where Should go any homeless?
who is crying in Street?
what is break Inside me?
will lonlyness gain me?

Let me know?
where I gave up all my dreams?
and why someone wandering in Search of Death?
Foutian falling from hill to Sucide?

Who's the Diety?
cursed milky Luminious moon?
whole world turned in to Dark Cave?
wake the ray of hope?

convey me across the Sea.
I want to live.
give me some Drops of life.

Jatinder Singh Aulakh

Lost Travler

a painfull Legend passes through my eyes
I See an lost travler Stumbling at night
He is crying with pain and thrust
who is break down his heart
Darkness pervails and no ray of light

Some times he Sway and push by air
his eyes weard dust layer
his life cut off from thread as kite

No one Can trace his sign of feet
an motionless chill will grab his boady heat.
In search of love he will lost his Life

he always being wanting for Smile
and Sent with mercylelessly on excile
Not a Single word of sympathy will write

at the day break, Storm will calm and still
and lost travler found dead at hill
no one mourn at the sight
: written by: jatinder aulakh,

Jatinder Singh Aulakh

Ruined Civilization

what is buried
in to big hillock
whose were dweller here
whose momentum converted
in to heap of Earth

Scatters vessels and
their arms made by Stone and Earth.
we see when it excavation
but are useless now

people call us foolish
what are we doing
with this bored and useless past

How kind of you researchers
many things are
matter of concern

I living world
write about Starvation
and also about Salvation
write about films
and also about Cricket.
But I think about the time

When our civilization
will changed in to heap of Earth
let me look at post

I want to see
How Future
convert Into past.

Jatinder Singh Aulakh

Toward Sky

my eyes always see
toward sky
always i have
in my mind
await for clouds
when black and thunder clouds
acquire entire sky
it is a vamp scene
when black coverlet
covered sun light
the same trend repeated
in my mind
when a dust storm
from desert of mind
blow with velocity
a puff rise from
my willing
and covers whole sky
of mind
my eyes starting on raining
a lukewarm water begin to fall
this water wash your obscure portrait
and i can see you properly
face to face
for some minutes
in this holy time
i exchange some dialect with you
through your portrait
when i want to meet with you
i rise my head toward sky

Jatinder Singh Aulakh