

Poetry Series

**Khairul Ahsan**  
**- poems -**

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# Khairul Ahsan(13 December)

# A Beauty Unseen

She is a distant dignified beauty  
That constantly beckons to me.  
Her ethereal words reach my ears,  
Coming like the music of the spheres.

Love and peace, her poems' highlight,  
With an olive branch a dove in delight.  
Her songs and coos are so melodious!  
As love and peace are so harmonious!

Music, flowers, seas, waves and tears  
Are but a few of her chosen spheres.  
When she writes on freedom and liberty  
She whips the politicians for their insanity.

Sometimes she is quiet like a brooding dove,  
She broods over acts and thoughts of love.  
She is humble, modest, caring and elegant.  
Music and poetry are her real entertainment.

She is indeed a very private person  
Who praises others' works but not her own  
If asked about her life, she like a sensitive plant  
Keeps herself folded till you have gone distant.

Dhaka  
23 August 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# A Bubble

A bubble erupts on the turbulent water,  
Unaware of the vastness  
On which it rides,  
Dancing on the high waves,  
Braving the winds.  
Innocent in its mirth  
Happy since its birth,  
Undaunted, by the threat of sudden burst.

Dhaka  
05 July 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

# A Capricious Soliloquy

I have some inherent problems with love,  
Contrary to the most natural human feeling,  
I seem to be quite fine and okay, up and doing,  
When love that I seek doesn't surface in my viewing.

Unloved, I can soar in the sky and fly like a bird,  
I can sing, I can grin, I can write, I can imagine.  
Flow from the mountains like a natural stream,  
And sleep peacefully, can even catch a dream.

But my problem starts when someone loves me.  
My voice chokes, pen dries, imaginations disappear.  
As my wings feel heavy, I cannot fly or float on air.  
Grounded, I walk like a winged penguin, that's so queer!

Love and me are not like hand in glove.  
But like a remarried mother, and a forlorn child,  
Who wonders at random, tricked and beguiled,  
By the charms of missed opportunities, stray and wild.

Love blurs my vision, stops my rhythm, makes me deaf.  
It stops the music within me, makes my voice quaver.  
It suddenly turns a flowing natural stream into a glacier,  
The Amazon inside me becomes a Rio Hamza, the slowest river!

And so I am happy without love.  
Never give me a soft whisper, I may swerve.  
Never give me an affectionate look, It may unnerve  
Me and my psyche, as there is no love that I truly deserve.

Dhaka  
26 June 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# A Cuckoo's Songs

There lived a cuckoo in a distant land,  
She used to sing Good Morning songs  
To her amused listeners off and on.  
Only for herself, she sang at midnight,  
And sometimes through the night,  
In the dark alone, companions gone!

Her voice was sweet and melodious,  
Angels, birds and butterflies  
Stopped by to listen to her songs.  
Her notes were a message of love,  
Love that transcended ethereally  
The distant shores, lands and valleys.

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07 July 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

# A Gentle Touch

When you touch me, I can say it's you  
Even if my eyes are closed.  
For your palms are like text books  
That I've read so many times over,  
And so they appear so familiar.

When your breath falls on my back,  
I can say it's you, without turning around,  
For my back has known no other warmth.  
All know a soft touch gives goosebumps,  
Who knows a silent breath too can do that?

When we hold each other lip locked,  
Our tongues do the talking and explore  
Like an adventurer to an unknown land.  
No force can open your closed eye lids,  
Until the tongue talking is over.

A gentle touch, yes a gentle touch!  
Can spark two bodies afire.  
Neither wants it to remain gentle,  
As they want to explode in unison,  
And gently cool like an extinguishing fire.

Khairul Ahsan

# A Picture

Some pictures  
Are more than just pictures.  
They can speak,  
And tell a hundred stories.  
Yet still,  
A picture is just a picture.  
Can be gazed at,  
Wondered about,  
But not spoken to.

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16 August 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

# A Poet And Love

The Mississippi-Missouri may dry up one day,  
But not a poet's heart. Streams of unrestrained  
Feelings continually meander through his mind.  
Though, not always, may they produce a poem.

Love, or lack of it, manifests in a poet's works.  
If he has known love, he soothes the parched  
Hearts of the lovelorn with a sprinkle of it. If not,  
His yearnings beat the cry of a lonely, distant dove.

Dhaka

08 March 2014

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Khairul Ahsan

# A Poet Understands

A Poet understands their language of pain,  
Who shed a drop or two of their tear,  
Silently, here or there,  
And wiping off their wet eyes,  
Try to look composed wearing a pale smile.

A poet hears the silent sigh  
Of the woman in the kitchen,  
Who thinks of her beloved one,  
While cooking for others, and  
Wishes she could feed him.

A poet can see the colorful dreams  
Of the maiden who draws  
Her beloved's face on her note book,  
And thinks of it as a colorful kite,  
While doing homework on a solitary night.

A poet knows the reason why,  
The dare devil youth in the neighborhood  
Suddenly becomes quiet and composed,  
Recites poetry of Rumi or Kahlil Gibran,  
And behaves like a polished gentleman.

A Poet understands who a man might think of,  
When he pauses for a while buttoning his shirt,  
And gets lost for a moment,  
But comes back,  
Gets ready and drives away to work.

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20 December 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

# A Poet's Dilemma With Truth

Whatever the poet's eyes see,  
And his mind imagines,  
And his pen elaborates,  
Or whatever is written,  
In his unseen note book,  
Are all true and beautiful?

The poet knows deep in his heart,  
The colorful lotus that dances afloat,  
Has her root anchored in the dirty mud.  
Only above water she blossoms from the bud.

'Beauty is truth, truth beauty',  
Poets glorify beauty with truth.  
knowing or not, the root of beauty,  
May lie buried in ugliness, in sooth.

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06 July 2013  
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# A Poet's Heart

A poet's wandering heart is precious  
Only to a few eager souls, who hear  
Their heart's songs echoed in his words.  
That's why to them, the poet is so dear.

A poet's heart cannot be possessed  
By a single soul mate entwined or not,  
For a poet's heart is free to wander,  
From heaven to earth without a thought.

Poets enjoy a unique friendship  
And fraternity at home and abroad,  
Their words can cheer wistful minds  
And bind by friendship's invisible cord.

Khairul Ahsan

# A Poet's Recharge

When a peacock dances,  
With its tail and plumage spread out like a fan,  
Oh! Does he at all care about where he began?

When a cuckoo coos,  
With all her ardent passion poured into her song,  
Oh! Does she care whether she is right or wrong?

But when a poet writes,  
And the poem falls flat on his indifferent readership,  
Oh! His morale takes a nosedive and goes into a dip.

When a reader loves a poem,  
A poet's heart dances with his appreciative words,  
And soars high in the sky, just like the flying birds.

His poem is like his child.  
So, when a poem is delivered to the readers at large,  
Please applaud, and give the poet a delightful recharge.

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23 May 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# A Secret Prayer

Oh Lord of the Worlds,  
If you permit me,  
I wish to make a solemn prayer,  
That I wish to take my laptop  
With me to my temporary abode in the grave,  
In absolute loneliness,  
In absolute darkness.

Punish me not if I err,  
If I disclose to you a secret desire,  
That in the grave,  
I wish to be granted a regular recess,  
When I can communicate at my wishes  
With my family, friends and loved acquaintances.

Like the solar charger that we have here,  
Grant me a device that will charge in darkness,  
And some plugs and sockets in the walls of the grave.  
Grant this favor to all the graves,  
And connect with a wifi that never goes to sleep,  
Where the dead have been lying in eternal sleep.

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08 February 2015  
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# A Solitary Flower

Among so many different flowers  
In the hilly slopes and the valleys,  
Stood a solitary one in the corner,  
That singularly caught my eyes.

All the flowers gently swayed alike,  
But not all had the same merriment.  
Some did it with sprightly dance,  
Some like a ritual, as if in a trance.

Butterflies, bees and the dragonflies  
All came in groups with no surprise,  
Singing their own serenades of love,  
To the bright flowers, hovering above.

When all others were frolicking in fun,  
Distinctly different was the solitary one,  
All the while she was looking at the sun  
To collect her nectar, no one had come.

A poet proceeded to her in easy gait,  
To take her picture, he couldn't wait.  
He knew one day his memory would blur  
So he wanted a picture, to archive her.

This picture became a symbol to many  
Who were lonely, without a company,  
To them it was but a symbol of solitude,  
Of a lonely soul marching with the multitude.

Poet's Notes: The idea of this poem came when the poet saw a solitary flower while visiting Nangolkot, Nepal, in April, 2012

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13 November 2013  
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# A Tribute To A Fellow Poet

Marie Shine,  
A very dear poet of mine!  
Her words inspire  
Her poems I admire.

When our poems she reads  
Her heart reaches out to the seeds  
And a wonderful analysis she brings out  
That tells what all a poet has thought about.

Her comments are a poet's pride.  
They adorn their poems as they provide  
An analysis with an insight  
That makes even a dim poem shine bright.

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09 February 2017  
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Khairul Ahsan

# A Wish

When it will be my time to go,  
I won't bother about what you owe,  
To me in cash, kind or measures of love,  
I'll forgive you before my soul goes above.

When is the time for me to go,  
I wonder how I'll come to know!  
I want to requite before I go,  
Everything that to you I owe.

Till my last days, I wouldn't like to wait,  
So come and take the best from my plate.  
Your care and concern I'll never forget,  
Your eternal love is my perpetual debt.

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20 October 2014  
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# Across The Continents

Two birds lived continents apart,  
Both in the last quarter of their lives.  
When one flew out from its nest at dawn,  
The other returned home just the same time,  
After a day's hard work. They had their own language,  
But one of the two could speak the other's language too.

Though while one slept, the other worked,  
Yet they used to have some kind of connection.  
They conversed at leisure through submarine cables.  
Despite their antipodal locations, they stayed in touch.  
Suddenly one lost contact with the other, which was  
Not a very unnatural thing to happen, so it happened....

Then what? ? ?

Khairul Ahsan

# Aerial Signature

Those days of my teen years!  
Remind me of a sweet name,  
That I used to write in the air,  
In deep devotion, with my finger.

When I wrote that name, I would  
Hardly mark if anyone saw me do  
This aerial exercise. When caught,  
I would quickly put my hands down.

Keen onlookers used to ask me,  
What was it that I wrote in the air?  
I was solving a complex maths problem,  
I used to reply with a semblance of innocence.

So many names I've since then known,  
Not one figured in my finger like that.  
Now I am long past those years, Still I sign  
That name in the air or secretly in my pocket!

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15 March 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Am I A Cynic?

I can hear a suppressed sob  
Behind every exhibited smile.  
Am I a cynic? I wonder...

I can hear whispers of trepidation  
Subdued under every loud laughter.  
Am I a cynic? I wonder...

Distant dark clouds lurk in my thoughts  
Even on a beautiful, bright sunny day.  
Am I a cynic? I wonder...

The sweetest of the songs to me  
Are the ones that make my heart feel heavy  
Am I a cynic? I wonder...

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26 November 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# An Embroidered Quilt And The Woven Dreams

On the foot side of his bed  
Was neatly kept folded  
An embroidered quilt.  
As the poet gently lay down  
He pulled it up and spread  
Over his body, toe to head.

As he closed his eyes,  
Layers of thoughts thronged his head.  
He wove them in an invisible cord,  
As a poem to be later garlanded.  
The soft, cozy warmth of the quilt  
Brought dreams to his slumberous eyes.

The maiden who embroidered the quilt  
Had also spun some subtle dreams  
When she hand stitched those lines.  
Her impeccable needlework reflected  
Her love for drawing nature in stitches,  
And spread out as poetry of some kind.

She poured her passion into her work.  
Every piercing of the hand held needle  
Was meant to portray an work of art.  
She fancied her fiancée to sleep under it,  
But alas, she couldn't give him this as a gift  
As she had to sell it to others for a living.

Khairul Ahsan

# An Epitaph

There is no sub soil cable here,  
There is no wifi or ethereal connection!  
If ever you remember me and drop a tear,  
Please leave your solemn prayers in affection!

Dhaka

12 December 2016

Khairul Ahsan

# An Ode To The Predecessors

When I hear an obituary announcement  
Over the Public Address Equipment,  
I no more feel keen to know who passed away;  
I just accept that it must be one of us  
With whom I walked, jogged or simply talked,  
Or exchanged glances when we passed by.

I take preparations to attend the funeral services  
And bid good bye with the most solemn prayers.  
I think not of how good or bad s/he was.  
When the soul leaves the corpse  
The latter is incapable of doing any good or bad.  
All children and corpses are above any prejudice.

I offer my best supplication to God for the deceased  
Who was a co-passenger with me in the sojourn here  
And has just become a predecessor in the next life,  
The life that we call Hereafter.

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18 June 2018  
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# An Unsent Letter

To my love I could not send  
The letter which I wrote  
To tell her how I wished  
To touch her slender neck.

How passionately I longed  
To brush the back of my palm  
Along her neck and throat and  
Rest her chin on my finger tips.

I wished to draw a small moon  
At her mid-forehead and see  
How it outshone the larger moon  
In the autumn sky outside.

I wished to see how her cheeks  
Would turn crimson from pink  
At the touch of my parched lips  
That would shut her eye lids.

I wrote her how I wished to see  
Her shy looks at me, and that  
My ears would wait till eternity  
To hear her say 'I love you'.

Dhaka  
29 March 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

## And Softly Silence Speaks.....

When love flows between two yearning hearts,  
Gods and angels listen,  
As softly silence speaks,  
And softly silence speaks.....

When the loving couple walk hand in hand,  
Along the banks of a flowing river,  
Even the lapping sound slowly ceases,  
And softly silence speaks.....

When the loving duo sit in the dark woods,  
The nocturnal birds and animals listen,  
Their whispers travel miles away,  
As softly silence speaks.....

When the lovers take a moonlight stroll,  
And divulge their secrets to attentive ears,  
Even the crickets stop their evening songs,  
And softly silence speaks.....

Khairul Ahsan

# As The Evening Falls

As the evening falls,  
Birds return to their nest.  
The twilight clouds wander around,  
Leaving a floating chiaroscuro of lights and shades  
Of an array of colors; white, golden, purple and blue.

Here I watch you fade away, oh damsel clouds!  
I know not who has tinged you with such nice colors,  
I know not where you would wander away from here!

But I do know, that you are free to wander away  
To wherever you want,  
And here I wonder behind my window grills,  
As a captive in the cage of happy domesticity,  
Watching you wander away at your will!

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26 July 2017  
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# As The Green Leaves Turn Gray

The green leaves that begin to sprout today  
Will grow bigger each day  
They'll dance to the tunes of the whistling breeze,  
And merrily to their right and left sway.

As they gaily sing the songs of their life,  
And day by day turn a little gray,  
They will eagerly wait for the call  
Of the soil down below, as and when it may!

As the Winter sets in  
Their youthful life will begin to end.  
The boughs and the branches will leave them quietly,  
The earth beneath will beckon to befriend.

With whispers of good bye from above,  
They'll fall to the lap of the mother earth  
And merge with her in eternal love  
For the next journey, who knows, of agony or mirth?

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06 December 2017

Khairul Ahsan

# At Poemhunter

At the age of twenty three,  
To my great delight I discovered  
That I was on a gleeful spree  
To love and be loved.

At the age of twenty three  
She came in my life,  
With promises to be a good wife,  
With lots and lots of love to share  
Forgiving my failings, without a stare.

She was a great story teller,  
While I was a good listener.  
Though I was all ears to listen  
I would respond quite often,  
To whatever she would say,  
With just a simple yea or nay.

She didn't like a brooding listener,  
So she quickly changed her partner,  
Who would jump and dive with her  
And always keep her in good humor.

Today, I have many stories to tell,  
Stories resembling both heaven and hell.  
Alas! Now I have no avid listener,  
But a few good friends at Poemhunter.

I know, here I have some distant ears,  
Eager to listen to what appears  
To be a poem that tells stories,  
Both of love and soulful miseries.

Everybody has some untold story  
That wasn't shared with all and sundry,  
A poets' forum is the best possible place  
To provide such stories a little space.

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26 December 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Barter

Give me a loving look for once,  
I'll ask the full moon to spread  
On your face her soft ambiance,  
Just if you take this as a trade.

Come and enter into the fold  
Of my long outstretched hands,  
You'll feel the warmth I hold,  
Your body so quietly demands.

No need to tell me you love me,  
For me it's just enough if you be  
With me, for I know when you agree,  
You cannot just go without loving me.

Give me your little doll,  
And be just a dolly yourself,  
I'll be doing nothing else at all,  
But playing with you and myself.

Dhaka  
09 November 2013

Khairul Ahsan

# Be Natural, Do Natural

Nature has its own laws.  
Do not violate a single clause.  
Just be natural, do natural,  
If you want a youth eternal.

Deep within her,  
Nature has set a receptacle  
To collect the jets  
Of the produce of your testicle.

A safe pouch, to mold and develop,  
It's nature's job to protect and envelop  
The embryo, your posterity, your scion,  
Unless you resort to a sinful abortion.

So, be in love, and do make love!  
But do not do it too wantonly,  
Follow the natural route.  
Not the one meant for 'EXIT ONLY'.

Dhaka  
22 September 2013

Khairul Ahsan

# Beauty And The Body

When the body was strong and stout,  
The mind was soft and fickle,  
It was indifferent to seeking beauty.  
It was complacent.

When the mind is eager and strong,  
To appreciate and glorify beauty,  
The body gives in, but it is the mind  
That matters.

Khairul Ahsan

# Because You Would Smile...

Because you would smile,  
The high sky dispatched some clouds  
To descend and stay above your head,  
So that your smile wouldn't soon be dead.

Because you would laugh,  
The crying baby took a break,  
So that her cries wouldn't muffle your laughter,  
The acoustic of which is so much sought after.

Because you would smile,  
The thunders and lightnings paused for a while,  
So that the woods and the oceans would gleam  
With the soft rays that your smile would beam.

Because you would smile,  
The full moon quietly hid under the cloud,  
So that the glow of your lustrous smile  
Wouldn't be hidden under the lunar shroud.

But alas! Despite all these, you didn't smile.  
So the clouds precipitated, the baby resumed  
Its fits of cries, the thunders roared and the  
Lightnings flashed, and the moon ball eclipsed.

As soon as you would again smile,  
All these flurries would rest for a while.  
Your smile has got a very unique style,  
To humans and nature it is equally versatile.

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07 October 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Behind Darkness There Is Sunshine

When darkness invades a poet's mind,  
He quietens himself, yet seeks light.  
Though he may feel utterly resigned  
Yet he sees things beautiful and bright.

Yet he seeks to read the beautiful poems,  
Yet he seeks to love the merrier moments  
Poems that he had once read or written  
Moments he had fancied being love smitten.

His heart feels heavy, yet he wears smiles,  
Sitting at home, he wanders a million miles.  
Quietly he reins in his wandering thoughts,  
Scribbles them down to chart his poetry plots.

Himself dull, yet his poems spread sunshine,  
Here and there, cheers many a sombre mind.  
To all the unhappy poets I have this to opine,  
Read and write poetry leaving sorrows behind. □

Form: ABAB, AABB, AABB, ABAB

Dhaka  
21 May 2017  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Biography Of A Poem

Where speech fails, poetry takes over.  
As if like a fetus in the womb, a poem  
Is born in the brain's chamber, where  
It sleeps and sometimes moves about  
For an exit. Finally it finds its way out,  
Silently through a computer keyboard  
Or the nib of a pen, to the open world.

Where speech fails, poetry takes over.  
Small poets eschew big pandemonium.  
When in limelight, they feel like a hare  
Caught by the beam of a passing Lorry.  
They avoid noise and crowds, but join  
Small groups with eloquent speeches  
And share episodes of sorrow and joy.

Where speech fails, poetry takes over.  
A poet's thoughts are umbilically linked  
To the rhythm of his heart, harmonized.  
He toys with them at the dead of night,  
And wanders away to a dreamy world.  
His thoughts spread their fanciful wings,  
And fly out as a poem, in rhymes or not.

Dhaka  
13 October 2013

Khairul Ahsan

# Blue Feelings...

I am feeling blue...  
Trying to busy myself,  
But every sunrise,  
Every beautiful bird,  
Every beautiful thing  
In my chequered life,  
Makes me think of him.  
Makes me feel unloved.

I am in a dark place  
Feeling lonely.  
Alone, unloved.  
I've lost everything  
I wanted in life.  
I need to just go  
To a far away place,  
To escape from this pain.  
It's easy for me to just  
Fall into a deep depression!

Alas! It's very painful though,  
There is no place far enough  
To hide from the pains of life,  
And the pangs of love!

You need to endure it  
Through a different kind of love.  
Loving a child, a beautiful bird  
Or a flower or the nature around,  
Or seeking love of God to forget  
The thought of being 'unloved',  
Will that help me?  
I am not sure!  
I am lying on the beach alone!  
Of course...I'm not myself, anymore!

Dhaka

07 September 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Bon Voyage!

Life has many contrasts,  
Many twists and turns  
Many unanswered questions,  
Many unresolved mysteries.

Yet life goes on,  
Sometimes fast, sometimes wearily,  
Leaving behind visible or invisible trails  
That we can never, ever tread again!

Dhaka  
26 June 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Chemistry Of Tears

Nitric Acid dissolves iron  
And many more hard metals.  
A woman's tears dissolve  
Men's strong iron minds.

A man hardly sheds tears,  
But when he does, quietly,  
His tears can only wet a pillow,  
And not even the softest mind.

Dhaka  
15 March 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Combustible

I am combustible,  
But not by all flames.  
I smoulder under  
Ashes of subdued passion.  
So many naked flames pass by,  
Yet they do not kindle me ever.

But you do not need to come near me,  
When just a thought of you flashes in my mind,  
I rise as a flame, I blaze up, I flicker,  
And that's so queer!

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09 January 2015  
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# Compatible Feelings

When I hear a cuckoo coo,  
With that I can hear you too.  
When you see a bird in flight,  
Do I too, fly into your sight?

When magpies chatter,  
I hear your laughter.  
When drops of rain patters on your window,  
Do you gaze, to find my shadow?

When a gentle breeze, sways the trees,  
I hear you hum, like the buzzing bees.  
When the approaching squalls, dash on your walls  
Atop the noise, do you hear my calls?

When the bells jingle and the brooks babble.  
All I can hear is your random gabble.  
When at midnight, a lover mute, plays on a flute,  
To your eyes, does my semblance take a route?

Khairul Ahsan

## Concurrent Confabulation

On a bright, sunny morning, I was gossiping,  
With a devoted sunflower. 'Don't you get  
Tired of looking at the sun All day long?  
Go get some rest and let me stand for you',  
I said. She smiled and asked, 'How long can  
You look without batting your eyelid for once? '  
I had no answer, I really didn't have any!

On a silent, solitary noon stroll in the woods,  
I heard a sad, mournful dove cry her heart out.  
I rushed to her and asked, 'Hey angel of peace!  
Why so sad? Where's your spouse? ' Shedding  
A drop of tears, she said, 'You'll find him tonight,  
On the hunter's dinner table.' I wanted to lend  
My voice to her melancholy, She didn't let me.

On a sombre afternoon, I saw a bright butterfly.  
Rushing to her I said, 'I want to borrow some  
Red and yellow from your beautiful colors! '  
She said, 'Twilight approaching, what will you  
Do with the colors now? Come next morning! '  
When darkness fell, I kept counting moments,  
Till the dawn. Sadly, I saw her not once more!

On a rain drenched evening solemnly I stood,  
Before the nest of a Weaving Bird and prayed  
For a shelter in any corner just for the night.  
'Oh poor fellow! ' She said, 'Tonight is our first  
Anniversary. We'll sing the sweetest songs tonight  
And dance and make love. Come tomorrow, our  
nest will be yours! ' I came back, never to go again.

Khairul Ahsan

# Cool Quietness

When my emotions overtake my head,  
Someone has to pull the reins.  
I am glad you did it,  
With your cool quietness.

Dhaka

23 January 2016

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Khairul Ahsan

# Crown Extraordinaire

Your crafted words of appreciation  
Adorns my humble expression  
Like a crown extraordinaire!

Dhaka

14 January 2016

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Khairul Ahsan

# Damsel In The Cloud

Oh, the damsel in the cloud!  
A poet built a home in the layer  
Of the fleeting patches up there,  
Just to catch your glimpse and be proud.

You came afloat and stayed a while,  
The poet's gloomy face wore a smile!  
Then suddenly you fell quiet,  
Unannounced, you took a secret flight.

Drifted away to the Eastern sky,  
That made the poet drop a sigh  
And fall back to this dusty earth,  
And wonder what was his real worth!

Dhaka  
04 February 2016  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Dear Poets

Dear Poets,  
Peace be to you all!  
Just returned home after  
Dropping my daughter at work.  
As I sit here with my laptop, am wondering,  
What a great bondage I have developed with you!

So many of you  
Have moved me by your  
Heart touching poems, and  
Your messages, that left me pensive  
After I had read them. Helped me discover  
The meanings of life, that were hitherto unknown to me.

Thank you, dear poets,  
For sharing your wisdom, your love,  
Your understanding, your compassion,  
Your language, your culture, your beliefs,  
Your pristine feelings collected from the depth  
Of your hearts. I've been enormously enriched by you all.

Here I've read many poems,  
That were written 7/8 years ago,  
Or even earlier. I wonder if all the poets  
Whose works here I've loved so passionately,  
Are still alive. Some of them may not be, though  
It's just a guess. Their works will remain ever alive, I surmise.

Will someone still read my poems,  
Or re-read some old ones, when I'll be  
No more here to add a fresh one regularly?  
For how long will my poems, the mute speeches  
Of my sensitive heart, remain here? Will one find in my  
Poems, something to relate to one's own life and experience? I wonder!

Khairul Ahsan

# Dilemma

Your extended hands touched me,  
But take no offence on me,  
I couldn't touch those on a spree.  
Though my hands were free,  
My feet were chained with a tree.  
You were warm but I was not,  
As my thoughts were distraught  
With moral questions they were fraught.

Dhaka

13 June 2015

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Khairul Ahsan

# Discovering Myself!

That The Congo River took its depth from my heart,  
Well, hardly did that I know!  
Until I started fathoming it to show,  
How deep my love for my country does flow.

That I had a Vesuvius hidden in my chest,  
How would I know?  
Unless someone had curbed my freedom,  
And threatened to put me in woe?

That among you I am a likeable person,  
I am beginning to know,  
Standing before you, a thousand mirrors,  
I see the love upon me you bestow.

Dhaka  
16 December 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Distraught

There come some moments in our mundane lives,  
Laden with whims and emotions of the wrong kinds,  
When everything seems distraught and disarrayed,  
Everything gets murky, and we feel so dismayed.

Our possessions lie scattered at sixes and sevens,  
Our thoughts belie our minds and fleet in heavens,  
From the tongue's edge, words are lost before spoken,  
Thoughts disappear, as the words are not found again.

Memories play hide and seek, before we manage to speak.  
Losing things routinely becomes a matter of habit.  
We look for our spectacles, when they sit right on our ears,  
Pickpockets gleefully prey on us, amid concealed cheers!

Even the best of the known people look somewhat queer,  
Like strangers that we had never seen, never met anywhere.  
Even the jovial friends look emotionless, as if like a ghost,  
As we embrace them, we feel as though we hug a light post.

There come moments in life, when nothing seems right,  
Yet we carry on, with sincere efforts, without sitting tight.  
Life goes on with some hiccups here and there,  
Mother nature gives us the confidence, with lot of care.

Khairul Ahsan

# Diurnal Rhythm

Anayah, my little bird has flown away  
To a land far distant,  
I know she is sleeping now  
While I am awake, at this instant.

The sun and the moon alternately  
Share their light with us.  
While we have mid-day here  
She's asleep there without a fuss.

I wait here while I prepare  
To go to bed and silently retire,  
For her to rise, and open her eyes,  
To wish her 'Good Morning' before she cries!

Dhaka  
17 February 2018  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Dragonfly

I was then, a boy of barely seven,  
One day I was sauntering in my garden.  
While I watched and touched the flowers,  
Saw a beautiful dragonfly with multicolors.

It had two pairs of transparent wings,  
With pigments tattooed in colorful rings.  
It had six long legs that remained folded,  
Beneath its beautiful wings tinged with red.

The legs unfolded as it perched itself on  
The flowers, the petals or the grass of the lawn.  
It had a brown head with multifaceted eyes,  
That could rotate at will though so small in size.

I made several attempts to catch it by its tail,  
Twice I aborted but the third time I didn't fail.  
Stealthily moving, just as I grasped the tail's tip,  
I realized, it was my forefinger that he quickly bit.

A trickle of blood on my finger tip oozed out,  
Not much pain, yet I wouldn't let it go without  
Studying the detailed anatomy of its body parts,  
Its sheer tininess made me release it with no hurt.

Khairul Ahsan

# Dreams And Smoke

Curls of smoke spiral away  
From tea cups,  
And disappear,  
I know not where.  
They vanish before reaching the sky.  
The subdued emotions of a speechless mind,  
Disappear, I know not where.  
They fade away in the blank gazes.

Only the dreams of an inconsolable mind  
Pierce through the seven skies  
And find an abode in the realm of serenity.  
On a tranquil night with the drops of rain,  
Do they return,  
Bringing refreshed dreams to the weary eyes!

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17 June 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

## Drifted Away...

I wanted to give her a sky,  
She opted for just a cloud,  
A patch of soft, white cloud,  
In the azure sky. Then, she hid  
Herself behind it, and with it,  
Right before my two eyes,  
Rode away in a graceful glide,  
Slowly drifting away, to obscurity!

Dhaka

14 March 2014

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Khairul Ahsan

# Eternal Fantasy

When the two hearts connect,  
The distance reduces to nought.  
The fog may blur the two eyes,  
Not the inner eye of the heart.

When the yearning of the hearts  
Sets in motion a silent dialogue,  
The process could be mysterious,  
And to a miracle may be analogous.

As the dialogue stops, it kick-starts  
Monologues of fanciful possibilities.  
Capricious thoughts defy flow charts,  
And take a flight to perceived eternity.

Forget the submarine cables,  
Forget the internet connectivity.  
Even when they go to the graves,  
They connect through telepathy.

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08 April 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Fantasy

I know, it's only a fantasy,  
Yet, just for once I want to see her,  
Just for once I want to walk with her,  
With hands held together,  
With pauses here and there,  
Exchanging whispers,  
Polite questions,  
Inquisitive looks.

If there is no room for me  
In her heart, I would still smile,  
And look at her eyes for a while,  
With a warm hug, say good bye,  
And part our ways,  
Dropping a sigh!

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19 December 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Feel My Heart's Calling

If I call you by words of mouth,  
You won't hear.  
If I beckon at you, you won't see,  
Because you are not near.  
So, feel my heart's calling,  
Through telepathy, oh my dear!

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16 January 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Flowers Of Dawn Do Not Blossom At Dusk

Flowers of dawn do not blossom at twilight,  
One who isn't a poet at twenty, how he might  
Be one at sixty, when his vision is marred  
By the blemishes of life that he cannot discard.

Never wanted accolades as a promising poet,  
But always marveled at the poems that would whet  
My appetite for seeking beauty and the bounties  
Of nature, and fill my heart with its endless charities.

When my mind is filled with unspoken emotion,  
Words flock around just to give an expression  
To the feelings, thoughts, dreams and desires,  
As my poem forms with whatever that transpires.

Shy I am since my childhood, as shy also now,  
Always avoided limelight in life, just anyhow,  
Words of praise make me very uncomfortable,  
Since I always look for a way just to be humble.

Praise me not, my dear poets and friends,  
I know at this stage I cannot make amends  
For not blossoming at right time, the dawn,  
Weep not, mourn not, when I am silently gone.

Khairul Ahsan

# For Auld Lang Syne

I hear the bugle blow,  
Oh I hear the bugle blow!  
At reveille I hear the bugle blow,  
At retreat I hear the bugle blow,  
Who blows I do not know,  
But I hear the bugle blow!

Days gone by speak to me,  
Friends fallen, speak to me,  
Today we stand wherever may we,  
Will be laid tomorrow wherever be we,  
So for old time's sake let's all rhyme,  
On bugle or pipe, our 'auld lang syne'!

Dhaka

11 October 2015

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Khairul Ahsan

# Forbidden Fruit

My Guru forbade me  
To touch you, ever!  
But I was allowed to  
See you, talk to you,  
Stand close to you,  
Less any maneuver.

So did I do, got close to you  
And talked my heart out.  
Didn't touch you,  
Though I wanted to,  
As you kept smiling at me  
All throughout.

My Guru forbade me  
To come near you and  
Stand close.  
But he gave me an allowance  
Of just a yard's distance,  
From nose to nose.

I was still much happy  
As I could communicate  
Audibly and visually.  
But my Guru was not willing  
To allow a romance so thrilling  
To go on indefinitely.

Finally, my Guru forbade me  
To be in your proximity,  
Even to see you from afar.  
So in my dreams I started  
Seeing you as I wanted,  
With no Guru standing near.

Khairul Ahsan

# Going Away

On this holiday afternoon, on my bed as I leisurely lie,  
Through the Southern window as I look at the azure sky,  
I can see the split patches of white clouds trailing across,  
And floating away...afar...to some unknown destinations.

Very often our overhead sky, as the airport is nearby,  
Is traversed by aeroplanes streaking across the sky.  
Their colorful tails adorned with flags of varying kinds,  
Like flags of nations, or just with the logo of the Airlines.

I keep gazing at those like a child as they fly away,  
Sometimes burying themselves in the cloud and  
Sometimes piercing through the patches right away,  
As if playing hide and seek, like the children at play.

Whenever I find a transport carrying people,  
To distant destinations by air, road, sea or rail,  
My mind likes to follow suit in right earnest,  
And to the passengers I send an imaginary request.

I request them to carry my good wishes, wherever they go,  
Strangers they may be, but I develop an instant friendship,  
And with that relationship, want to say good bye to each,  
So that their distant destinations they may safely reach.

As I stand, sit or lie motionless, and gaze at them,  
I feel sad to see them go out of my sight and away,  
I feel as if a piece of my heart has gone with them,  
And soon I return to reality, to do the things mundane.

Dhaka  
05 November,2013

Khairul Ahsan

# Happy

Who is happy?

Look at the bee,  
Singing and drinking nectar  
Of the sweet, smiling flower,  
To her heart's content, forgetting all hardship,  
Filling her small tummy and quietly falling asleep.

Who is happy?

Look at the baby,  
Sucking her mother's breast,  
With tired lips, in between, taking some rest.  
Stopping at will, to cast a smile at her mom's face,  
Who smiles back, with dancing eyes, happy at God's grace.

Who is happy?

Look at the mother,  
Humming, as she suckles her baby, though weary,  
Looking at her angelic face, basking in the glory  
Of motherhood, indulging in thoughts that run deep,  
With love overflowing, and together they fall asleep!

Who is happy?

Haven't you heard of the couple,  
Always longing for a kiss and a cuddle,  
Who come home weary after a hard day's work,  
Jointly prepare a quick dinner and go out for a walk,  
Hand in hand, sharing private jokes and the gossips they heard.

Dhaka

16 November 2013

Khairul Ahsan

# Happy New Year!

To all my friends on this auspicious day,  
May I earnestly say,  
That may you wake up happy this morning  
And stay that way,  
Throughout the whole day.

And when you retire to bed at night,  
May You sleep with some memories bright,  
Of love that your friends have showered on you,  
From far and near, old and new.

Dhaka  
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01 January 2016

Khairul Ahsan

# He Will Come Home Tonight

She woke up gleefully at dawn,  
With barely a half night's sleep done,  
As her husband skyped her last night,  
To tell her he would come home tonight.

He had left home on a tour of duty  
Six months ago, to a place called Djibouti.  
Djibouti has a long tradition of poetry.  
On themes like Praise, Romance and Elegy.

Her husband is also an admirer of poetry,  
A lover whose fidelity is above coquetry,  
A warrior-poet, he fell for her beauty,  
As she was, the prettiest girl in the city.

Quickly she chalked out a 'What To Do' plan,  
As time was short, a few errands she ran.  
She cleaned her home and made it look festive,  
With welcome festoons that were quite suggestive.

She cooked biriyani which he loves to eat,  
With chicken roast and kebabs of meat.  
Russian salad would go well as a delicacy,  
Some yogurt is good after taking food spicy.

She chose the ornaments that she would wear,  
The nose pin he gifted would really glare.  
To select her dress, she had no clue,  
Red was his favorite, though hers was blue.

Busy like a bee and humming like one,  
She readied herself, got everything done.  
She checked herself as she stood before the mirror,  
Her hairdo, her facial, make-up and her manicure.

While she bathed she closely looked at herself,  
Checked one by one the toiletries in the shelf.  
Wanted that he should see her in her best.  
Quivered palpably, as she thought of the rest.

A woman always loves to give her best  
To her man she loves in right earnest.  
It's for a man to know her secret wishes  
Wonders may follow after touches and kisses.

Khairul Ahsan

# Head Versus Heart

My head is strong but the heart is weak.  
The head is a dictator but the heart?  
Soft, submissive and a follower meek.

My heart is easily moved by the slightest passion,  
It wants to side with the lovelorn, the forlorn, but  
The head comes into play and controls the motion.

The dictates of the head are hard to ignore,  
When the soft, errant heart cries in silence,  
The head comes in and shows it the door.

Dhaka  
04 May 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Her Eyes

In her pupils smile, as though,  
Stars of the night sky, aglow.  
Her silent looks, often,  
With her eyes cast down,  
Wouldn't speak much then and there,  
But would keep on beckoning me later.

Each of her facial smile is preceded,  
By waves of smile traversing her eyes.  
Though at times, her speech may be bitter,  
Sweet is the language of her eyes that glitter.  
Even when the sky outside is sunny and bright,  
Unexplained streams of tears may blur her sight.

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15 January 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Her Nails

She was sitting there, watching a show,  
Talking to her peers, laughing and joking.  
She was tall and slim, gracefully dressed,  
Her beauty enhanced, by her fashion sense.

As she talked, she showed her hands,  
Hennaed, her slender fingers adorned  
With ten beautiful nails, each gleaming,  
Beautifully manicured, deftly displayed.

She polished her nails in matching harmony  
With her gorgeous saree and tinged lips,  
And dug around in her bag for her lipstick  
To redo her smudged lips, now and again.

Her nails were not too sharp and pointed,  
But shaped like Reese Witherspoon's chin.  
Weren't a threat, or even good for self defense,  
Just good to claw one's back, in moments tense.

Khairul Ahsan

# Hide And Seek

In our childhood days, remember, we used  
To play Hide And Seek? You hid yourself  
Behind a bush, or in a ditch or on the branch  
Of a tree, but I could always find you out.

Later when we grew up, you hid yourself  
Quietly in my heart. When I cast my eyes  
All around, you were nowhere to be found.  
For my sight didn't reach inside my heart.

But just like a genie you used to pop up,  
Whenever I closed my eyes, and be right  
In front of me, asking why I couldn't see  
The love you always so fondly held for me.

Dhaka  
29 March 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Hope

To a mind in despair,  
Hope is a foggy, misty unending enigma.  
Once broken, no repair  
Is possible that can erase the stigma  
Of the sorrows suffered.  
Hope can only,  
Momentarily,  
Keep the painful stress buffered.

Dhaka

26 November 2014

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Khairul Ahsan

# Hopes Spring Eternal Though...

When you appear, in the midst of others,  
I keep looking at you,  
I like looking at you,  
A glow of warmth connects us.

When you still remain while others are gone,  
Trepidation begins,  
My timid heart palpitates,  
At the thought of losing you.

I love to think I love,  
I love to think you love,  
I fancy our chances, knowing  
We are but parallel lines unending!

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19 July 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Horizon

He and she are like  
The distant horizon.  
It appears as though,  
The stooping blue sky  
Meets and embraces  
The stretching blue sea.

Their colors match,  
As they seem to meet  
Like absorbed lovers and  
Silently discover together,  
The meanings of life.

As one goes nearer,  
They begin to disappear!  
Love is at its best,  
When seen from a distance.

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03 May 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

## How Much You Would Unfold...

How much you would like to unfold,  
I do not know.

The tender leaves and the pink purple flower  
Of the Touch-Me-Not resemble you quite,  
Fresh and green, soft and open, but  
Averse to touch.

How much you would like to unfold,  
I do not know.

Would you unfold if I sing at midnight  
A serenade of love at your window?  
And stand beside you with a rabbit's ears  
To listen to you?

Dhaka

27 June 2015

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Khairul Ahsan

# I Come Back

I feel angry, I feel upset.  
I argue, I protest.  
I talk loud, I go mute,  
Yet I come back,  
'Cause you are so cute!

My dreams are distant,  
My wishes kept dormant.  
My pride is trifled with,  
Yet I come back,  
Your whims to live with!

The shadow lengthens,  
The twilight hastens,  
The darkness threatens,  
So I come back  
And our bond strengthens.

Dhaka  
30 May 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# I Have A Corner

I have a soft corner in my heart,  
For the quiet, unobtrusive child,  
Whose talent is often rated low  
'Cause he is unassuming and mild.

I have a small corner in my heart,  
For those whose kindness I enjoyed,  
But couldn't return the favor in kind,  
A pity that often gets me destroyed.

I have some space left in my heart,  
For the boy whose dad passed away,  
Ominous fate looming large on his mom,  
Her malignant tumor causing fast decay.

I have an empty corner in my heart,  
For the girl who held a lifelong crush,  
But couldn't disclose it to her man,  
'Twas her grace to blame, for the hush.

I have yet some corners in my heart,  
Vacant for the uncomplaining lovelorn,  
Who've been pining with unrequited love,  
Yet love they always would like to adorn.

My heart will always find some space  
For the mourning bird that lost her mate,  
Fallen to the gunshot of a happy hunter,  
Whose wife wanted it be served on a platter.

Still my heart will have a lot of space,  
For all those of you who might agree,  
To have a peek at this beating heart,  
And tap your toes in a rhythmic spree.

Come one and come all, if you think,  
You would be happy with just a piece,  
And not be bothered by who got what,  
With everyone shall we live in peace.

Dhaka  
10 March 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# I Miss Her

I Miss her all the time,  
Her tender body clung to mine,  
With tear dew'd eyes, her looking at me,  
Her soft, slender fingers poking my tummy.

Before going, she sang her songs  
Through her cries for love.  
When I sang my childhood rhymes  
The goddess of sleep descended from above.

She has left my home with her parents,  
For their own home in town,  
My home is now empty without her,  
Though she was our tiniest member.

Khairul Ahsan

# I Remember

You told me  
The story of a short story.  
I do not remember the short story,  
But I do remember vividly  
That scenario of story telling,  
Coinciding with my heart's calling!

Dhaka  
04 February 2016  
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Khairul Ahsan

# I Seek Your Love

I seek your love, I seek your love,  
I am down under, you are above.  
I seek your light, I seek your light,  
When I err, you are there to right.

Without your love I'm incomplete  
If you aren't with me, I'm obsolete.  
The world would love me if you do,  
I'll glow in glamour, if loved by you.

Dhaka  
19 April 2017  
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Khairul Ahsan

# I Still Remember Them

They were once here,  
They used to write on 'PoemHunter'.  
Now they are not here;  
Can anybody spot, as to where they are?  
Oh God, where have they gone?  
Leaving us here, forlorn!

Quite often I remember them  
For the comments they left on my poem.  
In my memory, Lento Maez still exists  
Who was a retired Professor of linguistics.  
He used to write in small rhymes  
The rhymes used to repeat several times.

A sweet girl named Cassandra Jasmine,  
Who was at that time aged barely fourteen,  
Used to read my poems and comment on each  
Her magnificent thoughts I still fervently beseech.

A poet named Aftab Alam Khursheed,  
Was always very eager to read  
As many poems as he possibly could  
And make earnest comments that sounded good.

Lasoaphia Quxazs was a senior old lady,  
Used to advise me, as if I was her baby!  
I used to admire her, a great philosopher  
Who took lessons from life, from here and there.

All these friends who have gone quiet, I miss a lot  
From them, heartfelt appreciation I always got.  
May God keep them safe from any lurking danger  
Hale and hearty may they remain, now and forever!

Dhaka  
20 July 2018  
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## If I Were With You Now

I can see clearly, you are in pain now.  
I wish I were with you, to hold you  
In my arms and give you a big hug.  
To look at your eyes and assure you  
Of my friendship, and ask you to look  
At mine and read the letter of solidarity  
That my seeking eyes behold for you.  
And with my parched lips I would  
Dry off the pearls of tear that hang on,  
And whisper some words into your ears  
That would instantly turn the heavy sob  
Into waves of light laughter, thereafter,  
Holding hands we would walk miles and  
Miles, to a secret destination, together!

Cheer up, baby! I know it's not so easy.  
You have only one life to live, one only.  
For how long more do you wish to live  
In a world of despair? You are honest,  
Forthright, warm, open and passionate.  
Your love is intense and overwhelming,  
Your emotions run deep and you have  
Deep obsessions too. As you search  
For truth, you find the beauty of pain.  
And that God cries for you in the rain.

Khairul Ahsan

# Ignored

When my questions fall flat,  
I feel ignored.

When those are swept under the carpet,  
I feel ignored.

When words disappear even to acknowledge,  
I feel ignored.

You know I have so many reasons to feel ignored.  
And when I feel ignored, I feel frustratingly forlorn.  
And that turns into anger,  
And makes me take a resolute vow never to return.

Dhaka

11 April 2014

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Khairul Ahsan

# In Cold Spell, Just For A Little Warmth!

My city, Dhaka, is in cold spell now.  
As in most other countries,  
January is the coldest month here.  
Yet, our cold is nowhere near yours,  
My dear friends, who are now reading  
This poem in snowing lands, far and near.

Our day-night temperature varies  
From 15C-8C or 60F-45F, which,  
by your standard may not be cold,  
But this much cold makes us shrink  
From some of the routine chores.  
Yet I much prefer this to hot humid days.

In these days we get an array of good  
Winter vegetables, like cauliflower, tomato,  
Culinary herbs, cabbage, carrot and potato.  
Parsley, coriander and onion leaves add flavor to  
Vegetables curry. Cold date juice and hot, smoky  
Rice cakes will be there, as morning delicacy.

The mornings are dense with fog, the sun is hardly  
Visible until noon. As the days are short, a day-nap  
Is not easy to afford. Morning or evening walks are  
No more comfortable, as cold air passing through the  
Nostrils causes tonsillitis. Room heaters are not used,  
So the bed gets cold, but not so much, if you are here.

Human bodies are good conductors of heat.  
When I slide under the quilt, my cold feet search  
For yours. As they touch, I turn and stretch out  
My left arm, which you gently make your pillow.  
The bodies are set in warm embrace, in the dark.  
Our heads covered by the quilt, yet our eyes meet.

As I embrace you tight, I can hear the dew drops fall  
On the leaves of trees outside. I can hear the muted  
Conversation of the birds in the trees. They have no  
Warm quilt, perhaps they too share their body warmth.

The distant woofing dog, the screeching bat, and the  
Hooting owl, they all crave just for a little warmth!

Khairul Ahsan

# In Parallel Ways

I miss my brief spell of childhood  
That I spent in my village home.  
The gentle breeze causing waves  
In the lush green paddy fields, the  
Unmetalled country roads that I  
Leisurely trod, roadside vendors  
And petty pedlars, who I would  
Stop by to listen to, all beckon to  
Me for a revisit. Miles and miles of  
Trodden country roads, so familiar!

We all tread on two parallel roads,  
One we take to run errands of life,  
And be back home after each spell.  
The other we take only to advance,  
We can turn and look backwards,  
But can never go back. We can set  
A clock's date and time back, but we  
Cannot walk backward on this road.  
We can change directions and still  
Move on, till we reach the end of it.

Dhaka  
06 April 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# In Privacy

Sometimes I fancy,  
I had some absolute privacy.  
I know not who I want to be with,  
Proolly a beauty queen, that's real or a myth.

Shall I find someone who would listen to me,  
On her eyes, reflection of myself shall I see?  
Someone with a very pretty face,  
Someone with an elegant visage.

I want someone to be in my absolute privacy  
To share my pleasures and bask in my ecstasy.  
One who'll sing me a song or two,  
With the melody of a sweet cuckoo.

One who would command my respect,  
And know exactly what I would expect  
In the freedom of nature where only we two,  
Would dwell in seclusion, as if a couple new.

I want to be with someone who would  
Explore me till I would be fully understood.  
Smile generously and watch my obsessions,  
And hug me off and on during my depressions.

I want to be with someone who would walk  
Miles after miles with me and stay in my bivouac.  
Stay with me in my sojourns wherever they are,  
Sharing our life stories and caring for each other.

I know such a person would be difficult to find,  
Who would be willing to give me peace of mind.  
If ever I find one, forever I shall hold her hand,  
All the storms of life we shall together withstand.

Dhaka  
07 September 2014  
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# In Reflection, In Reclusion

Some teardrops are meant to be shed  
Sombrely  
Softly,  
Silently,  
Secretly.

In solemnity,  
In sobriety,  
In reflection,  
In reclusion.

No one can be a witness  
To these dropping tears.  
No one,  
Never the one for whom they are shed.

Dhaka  
14 October 2017  
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Khairul Ahsan

## In Search Of A Poet

I sadly announce the disappearance of a poet  
From the pages of 'Poemhunter'.  
A forum that provides the poets of all corners  
A happy and peaceful shelter.

Like the Malyasian Airlines MH 370 missing flight,  
She disappeared, being well on course, despite.  
She loved to call herself as Beauteous Victory,  
This name now seems to be a part of the history.

Her poems truly did justice to her name.  
She was indeed beauteous,  
She was indeed victorious.  
Her honest expressions quickly earned her fame.

She soared like an eagle and sang like a nightingale,  
She braved turbulence, wasn't baffled by the gale.  
She wanted love, she got it, and also lost it prematurely,  
Cried like a baby whenever she thought of it compassionately.

Alas! The Poemhunter's radar cannot now spot her place,  
If clicked, the search button says, 'Poet Not Found'.  
I wonder for which land is this soaring bird now bound,  
Wherever, I only wish she enjoys her flight and be safe.

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06 June 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

## In Time

If there is a sudden desire,  
To kiss her,  
Oh young hesitant lover,  
Kiss her then and there,  
But with restrained fervor.  
Otherwise, it may lie  
In arrears for ever!

Khairul Ahsan

# Just A Hello

I was all ears!  
To hear a call from you,  
To hear your soft whispers,  
To hear your sighs you let go.  
To listen to the sweet melody  
That used to ring in my ears  
Whenever you spoke to me.

Days came and days passed.  
Nights came, nights passed.  
I heard the breeze gently blow  
And the dew droplets caress  
The sleeping blades of the grass.  
The mournful leaves say good bye  
Fall on one another and gently lie.

But yet I didn't hear your call,  
Nor did I hear your whisper.  
Or the quiet sighs that merged  
Gently with the passing breeze.  
Even with the noisiest cacophony  
And the rowdy crowd all around,  
My ears lie in wait for just a hello!

Khairul Ahsan

# Just A Teardrop

Just a drop of tear,  
Appears to be a fathomless ocean  
If it hangs from a mournful eye  
Of someone special,  
In deep pain  
Perceptible only to special eyes.

Poetry, dreams and reflections  
Appear on that teardrop.  
The songs of a flowing fountain  
Resembling the poundings of a sobbing heart  
Are sung in silence,  
And a history, writ large on just a drop of tear!

Picture Credit: Google

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06 October 2017  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Just For You

If ever your tear drops keep falling like rain,  
Let them fall on my chest, before they drain.  
That is the catchment for every drop of tears,  
That may fall due to sorrows, pains or fears.

I have given my shoulders on perpetual lease,  
For you to rest your head on, as you please.  
If you ever need a hug, my arms will be there,  
Always wide and open, for comfort and care.

If you need a hand for nothing but just to hold,  
Mine will be yours, so you'll never fall overboard.  
If insomnia keeps you awake and stings like bees,  
Call me, I'll rush to sing you a few sweet lullabies.

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22 September 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

## Just...

Just a spark can kindle a fire  
That can consume a forest,  
Just a touch can spark a lust  
And create a Mount Everest.

Just a whisper into the ears,  
Can stop a baby from crying,  
Another kind can send a man  
Atop the Himalayas flying!

Just a smile can change a thought  
It can untie the toughest knot,  
It can mean a signal shot,  
To make a cold bed sizzling hot.

Khairul Ahsan

# Last Night

Last night,  
Did someone flash in your thoughts?  
Did some wavering ripples reach  
The distant shores of your wandering mind,  
After you had said 'Goodnight'?  
When the eyelids closed, did your  
Mind's windows open apart,  
To look for a prying poet's face?

Last night,  
Was it only he that passed a sleepless night?  
And counted the ticking seconds of the clock,  
And patiently heard the lizard's wisdom speech,  
And the night guard's cautionary whistle?  
Or, was it you too,  
Who had the butterfly effect,  
Of a simple whisper of love?

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13 January 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Life- A Stream Of Water

A narrow stream of water rolls down  
Silently, like a reptile homeward bound,  
Where, unsure!

The outspread land tells her  
'Go over me as you wish'!  
She proceeds, breaking silence,  
Expands as she moves, collects pebbles,  
Holds on her wavy chest numerous bubbles,  
Many of those burst, many hold on for a while.  
She flows on, to an uncharted destination, unknown,  
With pebbles on her bed and bubbles on her chest!

Dhaka

24 January 2017

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Khairul Ahsan

# Life Geometric

When we first met, back in those good old days,  
We were as though in an isosceles triangle,  
Two equal sides, with equal height,  
Standing on the same base.

As days passed, we gradually became a scalene  
Right angled triangle, where sometimes I was  
The perpendicular, sometimes the base and  
Sometimes the hypotenuse.

And now I've discovered that we are again  
Equals, but no more within a triangle,  
But as vertically opposite angles  
Formed by two intersecting straight lines.

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08 August 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Life, A Void Circle

Life is a void circle,  
I am at its center.  
So, it's no matter  
If the circle is  
Bigger or smaller,  
I remain at its center.

At no point can I  
Intersect its circumference,  
As I am equidistant  
From any point on it,  
And the distance is constant.  
Big or small, same resultant.

So I better quietly lie  
At my predestined position,  
And build my home in void.  
Now, no point asking myself,  
What kind of a home is this  
That I've built in emptiness!

Life is a void circle.  
I live in its emptiness.  
Life revolves around me,  
Me, its center of gravity.  
Life is a journey,  
From here to eternity.

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15 August 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Light And Darkness

I love the golden sunlight preceding a twilight.  
Before the golden sun on the Western horizon  
Turns crimson, I move to my Southern window  
And stand aside, gazing at the green tree tops.  
I marvel at the flocks of parrots that come flying  
And merge with the green leaves and branches.

I love to see the last light of the fading twilight.  
The nature coordinates marvelously the transition.  
Like men trudging wearily, the birds fly back home.  
They sit on the boughs and sing serenades  
As if in chorus to appreciate God's kindness,  
Before they enter their nests with mates at nightfall.

Who knows, just like the quickly disappearing twilight,  
I too may vanish in stealth, on the wings of eternity.  
Human abodes are lighted by lamps at nightfall,  
While the nests of birds quietly lie in darkness.  
When life's murmurs are muted in the dead of night,  
That's time to know, where lies darkness and where lies light.

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02 May 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Lighthouse

A poet's thoughts  
Are like a cruising ship on a vast ocean.  
It has its own speed, own compass,  
Even when it moves in the right direction  
The captain looks up to the lighthouse  
To guide it to the right harbour.

A poet too looks out for a lighthouse  
To guide his thoughts and feelings,  
To the right destination, called a poem.  
For him, this lighthouse could be  
A face that inspires, a song that enchants,  
A cuckoo's coo, or a fancied voice, unheard.

Khairul Ahsan

# Like A Lost Child

The one that I seek  
In weal and woe,  
At high or low,  
Unaware I am though,  
That He lives within me,  
In my bloodstreams,  
In the brain and veins,  
And in my dreams.

I seek Him in my heart deep,  
Awake or asleep,  
I seek Him day and night,  
In darkness, in daylight,  
Whether I'm strong or fragile,  
Whether I weep or smile,  
Just as a child seeks his mamma  
When he gets lost for a while.

Dhaka

29 June 2017

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Khairul Ahsan

# Like Siberian Birds

Like migratory Siberian birds,  
You flew many a thousand mile,  
And settled in my orchards  
To be with me for a while.

Over the mountains and seas  
You flew for warmth and sunshine,  
And I had plenty of these,  
So for me, it was just fine.

Together we shared a nest,  
And some moments of rest,  
And some grains,  
And some pains,  
For months a few,  
And then you flew,  
Back to your homeland.  
So here again, lonely I stand.

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17 February 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Like That Cat

I never had a pet.  
One day on my return home from work,  
A stray cat came near me and mewed  
Till I looked at her.

I couldn't but cast a compassionate look,  
When she lay down at my feet  
And kept on mewling.  
She was not clean, yet I patted her.

So many years after...  
Today I fondly remember that cat,  
And oh! How wishfully I long to be  
That cat that mewed for love and purred.

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21 May 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

## Limerick-1: Railway Minister's Freak

There was an old man who became Minister for rail,  
Many thought, at sixty seven he was weak and frail.  
But he proved everybody wrong,  
Proved that he was still so strong!  
In four years, he added three new scions to the trail!

Dhaka

20 May 2018

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## Limerick-2: Easy Way To Escape From Writer's Bloc

There was once a poetess of great repute,  
When she couldn't write, she remained mute.  
She suddenly found a trick  
She wrote a funny limerick  
Seeing her success all others followed suit!

Dhaka  
20 July 2018

Khairul Ahsan

# Long Forgotten

Oh! Please do not ask me,  
When I last felt like  
'Being in love'.  
Truly,  
It's long been forgotten....

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31 March 2015  
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# Lost My Way

I seem to have lost my way,  
At this time when I'm turning gray.  
Can some one take me home, by the way?

If you ask me which way to go,  
I'll tell you sorry, I really don't know!  
My head is broiling, with ideas uncoiling, though.

Meek souls all around dampen my spirit too,  
Acquiescent and compliant, to whatever they're told to do.  
These sacrificial lambs, unaware where they're being led to!

Khairul Ahsan

# Love And Forgiveness

Love once lost, is lost for ever.  
Once it goes, it comes back never.  
It leaves back yearnings deep in the heart,  
Released as sighs when it quietly falls apart.

Poetry is an abode, for the yearnings to remain,  
The thought of lost love for ever causes pain.  
What causes the failure, we fail to perceive,  
Our egotist minds do not allow us to forgive.

And what causes the pain, is a puzzle we cannot fix,  
The desire to love, or to be loved, or both in a mix.  
The moon too has its blemishes we hardly remember,  
The spirit of forgiveness gives love much of its splendor.

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14 October 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Love Burns

From the night sky up above,  
A star drawn by intense love  
Shoots to earth at a great speed,  
Leaving its own elongated orbit.

Drawn by the earth's intangible,  
Elusive charm, enters the feeble  
Star into the earth's atmosphere,  
Turns into ashes, never to reappear.

This self immolation is dedicated as though  
To love eternal. The ashes bury themselves,  
Here, there or wherever, in silence, perhaps  
Leaving a quiet message, that love burns!

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28 July 2014  
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# Love Is

Love is, listening to her heartbeats,  
Imagining her assurances with every beat.  
Love is, touching her like the softest feather,  
Going to sleep touching together.  
Love is, past midnight doing pillow talks,  
stretching them till the morning walk.  
Love is, to awaken her with a gentle touch,  
To kindle her desires before making love.  
Love is, to smile while watching her asleep,  
Seeing her innocence running deep.  
Love is, pulling the window curtains aside,  
Just to moonlight her face at the dead of night.

Khairul Ahsan

# Love Is A Beautiful Flower

Love is a beautiful flower.  
A symbol of affection.  
A symbol of attraction.  
A symbol of melting power.

It can smile, it can weep.  
It's like a piece of fine art.  
It sprouts from the heart,  
Where its roots run deep.

Tenderness is its stem,  
Soft sensitivity its frame  
Humor, its natural radiance  
Compassion its fragrance.

Love is a beautiful flower.  
Care and touch nourishes it.  
Ego and selfishness wilts it.  
Anger and hatred burns it.

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05 August 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Love Your Spouse

Love is the essence of life.  
Life is beautiful, because love is there.  
It's we who mess up our lives, unaware.  
Then we cease to see love with our eyes,  
Fail to see even when it comes not in disguise.  
Our hearts fail to pass the cognitive test,  
Our ears do not pick the tunes in right earnest.

All poets glorify love.  
As I read the poems on love,  
By teenagers or those even sixty and above,  
I can only see flames of passion  
Run through their body and mind in unison.  
Memories of silent, untold and platonic love  
Also haunt some minds who mourn like a dove.

Love your spouse.  
If half the love that I see in the poetry,  
were ushered on our spouses, sung like serenades,  
Our homes would be just a heaven on earth  
Love and compassion obviating all our dearth.  
A loving look, a warm smile, a generous gesture,  
Are some of the things that they always desire.

Language of love is universal.  
Saying 'I Love You' is not always essential,  
As long as the message is pure and original,  
Body language is enough to convey the feeling  
And spouses can read the language with true meaning.  
When spouses love each other, the children know it,  
Angels of peace descend on their home, with candles lit

Khairul Ahsan

## Love's Edict

Every bosom has a depth of love,  
Yet, not every bosom can share it.  
Every bosom yearns for love,  
Yet, not every bosom gets it.

Even when a dry leaf falls on a lake,  
The water ripples.  
When just a look of love is cast,  
The bosom quivers.

Ripples are caused not by gravity,  
But by a surface tension.  
Quivers are caused not by a force,  
But by an unknown attraction.

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25 February 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Lyn

Lyn! How are you now, Lyn?  
Wonder which world you tread now!  
What your fleeting mind keeps thinking,  
Who your blurred eyes keep searching,  
What thoughts do make you grin, for a while?

Oh! This was not what ought to be!  
How extra ordinary you were, oh really!  
With the mind and merit, you surpassed  
All others in caring, comforting and serving  
The critically ill, like an angel in white.

As a bolt from the blue, your brain got a clot,  
A quick surgery just set it right and quite fast  
You were recovering, to everybody's delight.  
But alas! Everything was undone! An abrupt  
Attack of Encephalitis sent you to a coma again!

Since then, as if the load of the earth descended  
On your tiny head, to confine you to a wheelchair.  
Epileptic attacks brought forth convulsions in series,  
Tearing your tender self, bruising you from the falls,  
So quickly an angel of love became just a living body!

It was just by chance that I saw you that day, lying  
On a hospital bed, awake but in a trance. Seeing your  
Old doctor lovingly touching your head, you smiled,  
Said 'sorry' as you thought your hair was greasy, untidy,  
Even in a trance you pulled the right senses to apologize!

Standing beside, was your dear mom and beloved hubby,  
Their eyes blank with despondency, worries staring galore.  
In such a sad situation the kind doctor had to break  
The unkind truth. Days ahead will be worse, chances of  
Recovery remote. You will fade into a memory, by and by.

I was an witness to that unfortunate debriefing.  
As I was hearing the doctor, I was also praying,  
To God, Who Holds the key to all the closed doors,

That may He Descend on earth and Open the door  
To recovery for Lyn. For Him, nothing is a closed chapter.

May Lyn come back to us, with her trade mark smile,  
May she again stand on her feet, move from bed to bed,  
Take care of her patients who she loves and adores,  
Inquire about their families, as she always did before.  
May our Florence Nightingale be back with us again!

Khairul Ahsan

# Magic Hands

A pair of hands that cook sumptuous food,  
And admixes those with the love of heart,  
A hand that writes heart touching stories,  
Toys with words and emotions that combine  
To blossom into a beautiful poetic flower!  
A hand that sketches fancied faces that  
Exude love but look themselves lovelorn,  
A hand that paints poetry,  
Hands that wear bangles of glass  
To produce the sweetest symphony-  
I am forbidden to touch those hands,  
But my eyes would soothe,  
With the sight of those magic hands,  
Along with the visage of their owner.

Dhaka

25 January 2017

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Khairul Ahsan

# Marriage And Love

Males and females are there in all the species,  
But marriage is meant for only the Homo sapiens.  
Sad, if it fails; sadder if it exists without love.  
For other species, marriage is not there, but love is.

Marriage is not just the union of two bodies,  
But also of two souls, their thoughts, wishes, whims,  
Desires, cries and laughter together. Their ways of life.  
Love is the hub of marriage, the kitchen is of family life.

Khairul Ahsan

# Mcc - My Alma Mater

MCC

Just three letters,  
Represent my Alma Mater,  
Momenshahi Cadet College,  
A name permanently etched  
In my heart, and will so remain,  
And shine for ever, will never wane.

It was a day of torrential rain,  
The Seventh of July, Nineteen Sixty Seven.  
We, a raw bunch of fifty six pre-teen agers,  
Set out from our home amid rain and thunders,  
For an unknown place that was called as Gorai  
With the Gojari trees around, rising very high,  
Some offshoots of River Gorai, flowing nearby.

By the afternoon our parents had departed,  
Leaving us in the care of the Staff appointed.  
We were lined up, as the NCOs got us sorted  
As per our Houses, to where we were escorted.  
When darkness fell, our Room Captains came  
And showed us our bed, a taped steel frame,  
A chair, desk and cupboard, each on our name.

After dinner we were taken to the Common Room  
Where we could play ping pong, chess and carom.  
For the news seekers there were few newspapers  
Rest of the room was occupied by just onlookers.  
Then at the strike of ten when a bugle was sounded  
The lights were put out as we were quite astounded  
To see everyone quit all and rush to their own bed.

And that's when came the discomfoting moments,  
As memories of home began unfolding in segments  
Like a celluloid tale in our tender minds' canvases.  
With subdued weeping, some counted life's curses.  
Some eyes turned red and some pillows got wet,  
The jackals crying outside made some more upset.  
Some wise souls wondered: Is this the life of a cadet?

And thus slowly came to an end our first day at MCC,  
The next day began with a rush that we didn't foresee.  
The rush to visit washroom before the morning 'Fall In'  
And to get dressed up for PT and wait to be called in.  
The first night's woes were soon to be forgotten,  
Our Houses became our home, a family we had gotten.  
And our lives got tied to orders, both oral and written!

Dhaka

15 May 2014

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Khairul Ahsan

# Me Myself

Me myself, a bemused wanderer,  
Trudging along the shores of life,  
Collecting pebbles of wisdom  
Wherever, at will, at random.

Weary at times, yet I pull on,  
Go along the shores;  
My eyes wondering frequently  
At the beauty that lies along.

I am a confused traveler  
To unknown destinations.  
Yet I have a vision clear  
Of Who charts my path along.

Dhaka  
27 November 2016  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Mercy Taken For Granted, Without Appreciation

I walk on my feet  
And go wherever I wish to go.  
Breathe in fresh air as much as I want,  
And breathe out without any discomfort.

I listen to my favourite music and songs  
Whenever I want to,  
And write poems whenever my heart  
Has something to say in silence.

I've never paused for a while  
To appreciate how easily I've done these!  
Never realized that to many of us  
These favors are not available as easily!

Oh God! To Thee I prostrate in gratitude  
For all these favors granted so mercifully!  
Guide me Oh God, to the right path,  
And deprive me not if and when I err.

Dhaka  
17 April 2016  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Midnight's Rain

When it rains at midnight,  
Whether in drizzles or in torrents,  
Whether or not the raindrops  
Patter on my bedside window,  
Whether I am awake or asleep,  
I can hear their rhythmic music.  
I can see the bow of Cupid.

When it rains at midnight,  
Heavens' secret amours with  
The earth incarnate. The rain  
Melts the Nature as does love  
Drench a lovelorn soul. The trees,  
The dry rivulets and the parched soil,  
All get soaked with the love of the gods.

When it rains at midnight,  
A surge of urge submerges me too.  
I feel like pouring myself down on you  
Not in drizzles but in torrents, in rhythm,  
Waking you up from your cozy dreams,  
And warming you up with whispers of love,  
And gentle touches that make your lips part.

Khairul Ahsan

# Moments

Every fleeting moment of our life  
Can be a part of memory archive.  
What I am thinking now  
May not be significant  
To you, (s) he or me,  
But a day may soon arrive  
When these moments may mean  
So much to each or any of us.

What we think of, say, write or do,  
At any point in time  
Can be a part of memory archive.  
When we would reflect upon these  
Later at any point in time,  
Each moment may evoke  
Feelings of acute nostalgia  
And unfold sad or joyful stories.

Dhaka  
02 June 2016  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Moonlight Musings

The moon was full and the night was cool,  
Windows were kept open, breaking the rule.  
They lay in the bed with the curtains pulled aside  
So they could see the full moon, smiling outside.

The world has many moon gazers, just as he.  
Many of them I'm sure would be pleased to see,  
The moon at full bloom, oh what a pleasant sight!  
Some will write poems and some will go quiet.

Past midnight when the outside sky was alight,  
Poured into their room the soft ambient light.  
As traces fell on their faces, she dispensed with her pillow,  
To rest on his outstretched arm, her moonlit face aglow.

They had some pillow talks, they had some fun.  
And all acts of love were lovingly done.  
Like birds they nestled under each others' wings,  
And quietly fell asleep, amid their moonlight musings.

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15 April 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Much Like The Tears I Saw In Your Eyes

As a prisoner of routine life,  
I sit in the verandah with a vacant look  
At the gloomy sky  
That bursts into downpours off and on.

As I look at the rain soaked trees,  
The drenched birds on the wet boughs,  
Their languid look and calmly composure  
I can compare with mine.

My thoughts keep floating like the clouds  
And reach the empty horizon of nothingness.  
For nought I settle my pensive prayers  
And come back to my retiring bed.

As I close my tired eyes,  
I can see the droplets of rain  
Hanging from the railings of the verandah  
Much like the tears I saw in your eyes.

Dhaka  
20 August 2016  
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Khairul Ahsan

# My Friend

I am bound in eternal friendship,  
With The Supreme, The Most High,  
Preachers taught me to call Him  
My Lord, but I feel easy to call Him  
My Friend.

I call Him my friend because He is  
The quickest to reach and respond,  
To my cry for help in all my troubles  
And that's why He is truly  
My Friend.

I am what I am, because He is in me,  
Deep within; I take my every breath  
With His, which He breathed into me,  
Before I was born. Since then He is,  
My Friend.

People love me just because my Friend  
Lives within me. When He would leave,  
So would you, burying me in a grave,  
And my mortal remains would be without  
My Friend.

I know my Friend will never leave me.  
He would just take my soul with Him,  
As He departs. My body will lie in wait,  
Until The Resurrection, to meet again,  
My Friend.

Yes, it will be the Day Of Judgement too,  
I'll be asked about my words and deeds,  
Tough will be to answer those, yet I have  
No worries. As I always sought refuge in  
My Friend.

Sure He knows of the frailties of my mind,  
He was in me when I erred so many times  
Satanic whispers got the better of me,

Whenever, by intent or not, I parted from  
My Friend.

He is no doubt the Beneficent, the Merciful,  
A faith that I nurtured and always relied on.  
Irrevocable is His promise of Divine Pardon,  
My sins cannot transcend the Forgiveness of  
My Friend.

So, oh my mortal friends! Try not scare me  
With the dreadful thought of burning in  
Hell Fire! Speak not of Divine Punishment,  
But of Love, Forgiveness and Compassion of  
My Friend.

Dhaka  
01 October 2013  
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Khairul Ahsan

# My Wishes

I wish I were a piece of blotting paper  
That would soak tears from all the weeping eyes.  
I wish my shoulders were broad enough  
For all the mournful mortals to rest their heads on.

I know how bad it feels  
To weep alone in a corner, unseen!  
I know how difficult it is  
To carry on with drooping shoulders.

I wish to sing a song of joy  
To all the melancholic, heavy hearts.  
I love to see tears run dry  
On faces soothed by soft words.

Dhaka  
01 June 2016  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Natural

A new born baby finds,  
Even with closed eyes,  
Mother's nipple, sucks,  
Without prior knowledge,  
And yes, it's so natural!

Children do not find,  
Any attraction or urge,  
In nakedness or sex,  
It's just their innocence,  
And yes, it's so natural!

Adolescents quietly find,  
Ways to deal with the urge  
Of sex and things sexual,  
Indulge in ecstatic fantasy,  
And yes, it's so natural!

Grown ups give in easily,  
To the enticing attractions,  
Proceed like winged insects,  
To the flames of passion.  
No! That's not so natural.

Spouses stealthily respond  
To the fatal temptations,  
Yielding acrimony, heartbreaks,  
Wreaking havoc in the family.  
No! That's not so natural.

They go to bed together,  
Fantasize someone else,  
More intimate virtually,  
Than perhaps physically  
No! That's not so natural.

Khairul Ahsan

# Nature's Sanctuary

Nature has been a peaceful abode to humans since ages,  
In it found peace the lost lovers, poets, monks and sages.  
It soothes a broken heart and frees it from worldly controls,  
In silence, it hears the untold stories of the burdened souls.

The predators prowl, the cannibals howl and thunders growl,  
Yet the lonely heart remains undisturbed without a brawl.  
The forlorn heart, broken apart, meditates in the wilderness  
To this the nocturnal birds, the lightning bugs all bear witness.

Amidst nature the hope is greater for the tortured minds to heal,  
The animals and birds, reptiles and insects all can make a deal  
Not to disturb a meditating soul that wishes to forget its pains,  
Jeered by men but cheered by them, the soul happily remains.

Dhaka

18 September 2014

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Khairul Ahsan

# Not On The Valentine's Day

No, today is not the Valentine's Day.  
Yet, when I woke up in the morning,  
At the call of a cuckoo cooing on a  
Nearby tree, I reckoned this to be our  
Day of love. Refreshed by the gentle  
South breeze entering my bedroom  
Through the window cleavage that I  
deliberately left open, I surmised that  
The ambiance was perfect for us to  
Celebrate the day, in love, in fondness.

Drizzling droplets stuck on the window  
Told me that the outside weather was  
Chilly, but inside we were warm. Still in  
Bed, I saw you getting down. When I  
Stretched out my two palms, a gesture  
Well known to you, gently did you place  
Your face between my outstretched palms,  
For me to caress it. Tightly embraced, we  
Felt our love in silence for some time.  
Inside love doesn't care for any Day!

I abandoned all my day's work, just to  
Spend the day leisurely at home with you.  
We spent the day together, simply being  
Together and talking. In the evening, at  
Other times I would have watched the live  
Telecast of the cricket commentary, but  
Not tonight. Busy in gossips, you missed  
Your regular evening walk, and I one of  
My irregular ones. Yet we have no regrets,  
As we spent some quality time together.

Dhaka

17 February 2014

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# Ocean Of Love

Your heart must be an ocean of love,  
Otherwise, how can it appreciate,  
Even the smallest of the courtesies,  
And return it drenched with love?

You may not be aware, but yes,  
Your words truly communicate  
your feelings of love, meant or not  
for the one to whom they are sent.

I do not know your physical texture,  
But I know for sure your inner mind,  
That softly glistens with every word,  
That you write to a friend of every kind.

Even when you say you are kidding,  
So softly is the kidding done, that  
Before one feels the tease or poke,  
You say words that soothe like a balm.

The French are great connoisseurs of art,  
Well reputed for love, food, wine and music,  
You seem to know a great deal of French,  
Is it for that we see art in all that you speak?

You reach me through the words you write,  
To me or to others, through your poems  
Or comments or by your inbox messages  
Everything you say has a touch of love.

Oh the queen of love across the Pacific,  
Whenever you write or you just speak  
You reach me in ripples and waves,  
With murmurs of love, in ethereal voices.

Khairul Ahsan

# Of Birds And Bards

When a bird sings in sheer delight,  
It doesn't care who listens to her.  
As it perches on a tree from a flight  
Its mates and peers flock together.

When it sings, at times they respond  
In kind, at times they just be there.  
A few of them might just abscond,  
While most would sit as if in a prayer.

Just like a bird I too keep singing,  
Unperturbed, if anyone is listening.  
Oh my friends, where have you been?  
Why do I not hear you too sing?

Birds and bards have often shared  
Natures delight and life's agonies.  
In their melodious choirs harmonized  
Are some of life's sweetest symphonies.

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12 August 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Of Birds And Men

Love-smitten, while I was gazing blankly  
At the distant, fading horizon, suddenly  
My eyes fell on a pair of birds who seemed,  
Smitten like me, by the signals they beamed.

While one was chirping, the other listened,  
sitting on a wire, as their feathers glistened.  
They rubbed their beaks in fond affection,  
As if that was the way of showing their passion.

I went to the river side and stood alone,  
A couple was sauntering leisurely in that zone.  
Holding hands, they were engrossed in a tale,  
With rapt attention, the male and the female.

Off and on, they paused for a while,  
To look at each other and exchange a smile.  
The woman exclaimed every now and then,  
And the man reassured her again and again.

Khairul Ahsan

# Our Lost Treasure Trove

I always loved receiving your long letters,  
My name and address written in cursive hand,  
On blue envelopes of translucent papers,  
With a wish of love, the letter would expand.

Your handwriting is etched in my heart, forever!  
While reading the letter I used to imagine,  
How you held the pen in your slender finger,  
And how the words would roll out from the pen.

I loved to reciprocate in similar fashion,  
Wrote long letters echoing my heart's music,  
On the mundane things or the purest passion,  
Whatever the subject, love was intrinsic.

Read those several times before I walked  
To the Post Office to get those weighed,  
Wrote your name and looked again and again,  
And dropped to the box with postage prepaid.

Alas! Long letters are extinct now,  
With them have gone the sense of love,  
Just in two decades I wonder how  
SMS outdid them, stole our treasure trove!

Khairul Ahsan

# Our Visit To Linda's Home

We have our niece, Linda, living in Binghamton,  
She has two children, a daughter and a son.  
A handsome hubby who is sincere and polite,  
With these three stars she's busy all day night.

At a city called Vestal do they live,  
A quiet place, so nice you won't believe.  
She kept on inviting us again and again,  
So we thought, we must make it happen.

On a fine morning in June this year,  
My wife and I thought of visiting her.  
From New York City to Binghamton,  
It took us three hours to reach her home.

She is the home maker to a family of four,  
Busy, day and night doing all the chores.  
Runs errands to keep the wheel moving,  
Taking great care of even the smallest thing.

They took us to Howe's Cavern and the Finger Lakes,  
To Niagara Falls and to many other beautiful places.  
We had a very good time as pleasures ran high,  
Five days were spent as if in the wink of an eye.

My poem won't be complete without a mention,  
Of Hibah and Fardeen, their daughter and son.  
Most of the time they kept us busy,  
With their playful fun, at times a bit noisy.

They all were so pleased to have us with them,  
Five days vanished, we didn't know when.  
Thank you Linda and thank you Helal,  
For the wonderful time we had, with you all.

Khairul Ahsan

# Pain

The tweeting bird has gone silent.  
In the poet's heart flows a current  
Of sad, somber melancholy,  
The pain purifies him and makes him holy.

Dhaka

07 January 2016

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Khairul Ahsan

# Pain And Pleasure

Are pains a pleasure?  
Your every poem seems  
Like tears of a painful heart  
Singing a beautiful song.  
Like ballads of fallen leaves  
Singing their last songs under the feet of Time  
Yet, why do I love to read those?  
Yet, why do you like to write those?

The Missouri flows,  
Quietly or not, I do not know.  
But I can hear the sound of gentle flowing,  
I can hear the low sound of lapping,  
I can hear the sound of your silent weeping!  
Yet, I cannot shed a drop of tears,  
Because my eyes have gone dry!  
Yet, why do I visit you, to hear you cry?

Your words may be meant for others,  
But why do my eyes glisten?  
I read your words and poignant thoughts,  
And sometimes quietly leave back my own.  
And quickly go away, because my heart aches!  
No life is meaningless, no love goes waste.  
Memories of unhappy times may at times sadden,  
But the joy of love, even if fancied, will ultimately gladden.

Dhaka  
23 October 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Pain And Pleasure Of Loneliness

In some loneliness,  
The soul unfolds like the petals of a rose and spreads fragrance.  
In some loneliness,  
The teardrops do not fall but disappear like tea cup smoke,  
Up away into the sky,  
To return someday as rain amid bustles of life.

In some loneliness,  
Words wander wantonly on a pensive mind,  
While the heavens stand guard.  
In some loneliness,  
Pain penetrates through one side of the heart  
And comes out through the other like a smiley of pleasure.

Dhaka  
26 June 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Pink Fingers

I can set out on a world tour  
On foot, holding your fingers,  
Your beautiful, pink fingers.

I can spend years in meditation  
Like a sage, if you let me clench  
Your pink fingers in my fist.

I can embark on a parachute jump  
From the top of the Mt. Everest,  
If I have with me, your pink fingers.

I can write a poem every morning,  
Only if every night I go to sleep  
Holding one or more of your fingers.

Dhaka

04 September 2014

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Khairul Ahsan

# Placidity

Beauty is inherent in quietness and placidity,  
Placidity is a prerequisite for reclusive reflection.  
When a placid pool holds on its unrippled bosom  
Quiet reflections of its serene surroundings,  
Solitary men and women seek to see in their beauty  
Reflections of memories sequestered deep within.

Dhaka

31 July 2016

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Khairul Ahsan

# Please Hold My Hand.....

Trudging along the slippery path of life,  
If I ever slip to the ground,  
Please extend a hand of yours,  
For me to hold and to turn around,  
To be on my feet again, forgetting the strife.

If I falter and stray on a wrong path,  
Just raise your hands and not voice,  
And signal me to come back home,  
Rush I will, abandoning the choice,  
Like a dumb animal, to bear the wrath.

If you want to share a private whisper,  
Just a soft touch on my hand will do,  
If words run out, hold my hand and cast a look,  
My eager ears will no doubt pick the clue,  
Then and there, from your touch and stare.

If you want to send a message of love,  
While I am fast asleep with you beside,  
Just a whisper and a soft clasp of hands  
Will make me respond, awoken fully wide.  
Hand in hand, eye to eye, we'll glorify love.

If and when I lie speechless, in my final hours,  
Darling please hold my hand, look at my face.  
With your touch, I shall smile and say goodbye,  
And slowly pass away with eternal grace,  
For you to mourn my last smile with fresh flowers.

Khairul Ahsan

# Poetic Pearls

Mother knows the pains of child bearing,  
The forest knows the pains of weathering,  
The pianist knows the pains of producing  
The sweetest notes from the saddest feelings.

The gardener knows the pains of fallen leaves,  
The lagoon that loses its water in the sand  
Knows the pains of deserting love.  
Sorrow sings in the melancholy of a grieving dove.

The deeper the pain, the sweeter the song.  
The saddest poet writes the best lyrics.  
Sometimes, the tears of pain  
Makes the best poetic pearls.

Dhaka  
07 September 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Poetic Stagnation

A poet's thoughts are like a flowing river,  
It has its own currents and under currents.  
As long as the river flows, so does life all around.  
Once it stops flowing, everything stagnates with it.

Sadly, I have stagnated now.  
Dear Poets, be assured, I read all your poems.  
Like before, your words leave an indelible impression  
In my old but tender mind. I sigh, I cry, yet I cannot write.

Alas, my river has lost direction.  
Strips of sandy land are rising up on my bed.  
No one would ever know why I stopped flowing.  
Why I hear the the singing birds, but cannot lend my voice!

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15 June 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Poetry And Pain

Poetry and pain,  
Branches of the same tree,  
Love.

The deeper the pain,  
The brighter the poem,  
The better the poet.

Even when the poet writes  
About the happier scenes of life,  
Sorrow lies buried, underneath.

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01 December 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Poetry Contest

held a poetry contest,  
Poets from all over the world joined in zest,  
Chose from their poems, only the best  
And submitted for the readers' quality test.

All the poems were so earnestly submitted,  
With love, passion and memories dedicated.  
It was difficult for one to choose the best,  
Each poet was required to vote for the rest.

I made up my mind that I too would contest,  
So requested a poet friend to kindly suggest,  
Which of my poems she thought was the best,  
'Pristine Love' she readily chose above the rest.

As she had said, so did I do,  
Submitted the poem and stood in the queue,  
To vote for the poems and to have a view  
Of the hundreds that came randomly I knew.

When I was told that my poem was counted,  
As one voted to be among the best hundred,  
My heart swelled as I was truly astounded,  
By the feat that came by, fairly even-handed.

Now with the final results just published,  
I know what my poem has accomplished.  
Though it was not something that I cherished,  
Yet, one of the top ten looks a bit distinguished.

For this, my first thanks go to my li'l friend  
Who so graciously lent me her helping hand.  
Picked the right one as also did she commend  
This poem to many a reader and many a friend.

Thanks also go to the voters, the numerous ones,  
Who looked for my poem or found it by chance.  
Grateful to the great soul who wrote me once,  
She 'searched for ages' just to have one glance.

Khairul Ahsan

# Poetry Is Immortal

From Time immemorial,  
All the poetry that have been written,  
Conceived, pronounced or proclaimed,  
In languages and signs known and unknown,  
All their letters bear  
The molten essence of the poet's mind.  
All their punctuation marks bear  
The exhalation from the poet's heart.  
All their words bear a history, an epic.

Be that poem one of immaculate joy,  
Be that poem one of perfect love,  
Be that poem one of pathetic plight,  
In all cases it comes out trampling the heart,  
And ultimately disappears beyond the horizon,  
To find a place in the outer space, perhaps,  
And hang on there till eternity,  
To vindicate, when called upon,  
As a witness to the poet's pellucid, immortal mind.

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23 February 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Poets And Mendicants

When the bar at the level crossing falls,  
Vehicles line up and wait for clearance,  
The mendicants emerge from nowhere,  
And stretch out their palms for alms.

A poet sitting in his car alone, waiting,  
Busy with his smart phone, quite absorbed,  
Is distracted by their unsightly deformity,  
Cleverly displayed for drawing sympathy.

To avoid their repeated begging for alms,  
The poet throws a dime to the empty palm,  
And moves on when the train passes clear,  
Pondering, how he and they were similar!

The beggars tried to impress the passers by,  
And did some acting to market their deformity.  
He tried to impress the woman who lived nearby  
With love poems and acting, to win her affability.

Dhaka

04 March 2015

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Khairul Ahsan

## Pristine Love

No love is as overwhelming and as pristine,  
As the maiden love of a lass, say of sixteen.  
When, like closed petals of a bud she begins to unfold  
Herself, blossoming into a fragrant rose or marigold.

She seeks a hand to hold and wants hers as well be held,  
In secluded privacy, from the outside world as if shelled.  
She wants to love and be loved, to touch and be touched,  
Promises never to leave the hand that she fondly clutched.

Standing on the crossroads of childhood and puberty,  
She seeks a soul mate, not one who is always flirty.  
She feels lonely at home, even in a crowd, or among peers,  
Unless with her soul mate who keeps count of her fallen tears.

Promises everything that her soul mate wants her to be,  
She herself also demands promises on matters flimsy.  
Not realizing that promises are easy to make but difficult to keep,  
Broken promises are hard to bear with, easy to make one weep.

Sometimes the lass' love remain held back and suppressed,  
When she is wary that her emotions will not be addressed.  
Flames of this unexpressed love burn her in slow motion  
Whenever she muses over some missed conversation.

Lucky is he who wins the first love of a lass, in solemn trust  
Pity on him who misses the offer, or throws it into the dust.  
When a life's journey is begun hand in hand with no suspicion,  
The two unsuspecting souls will no doubt reach their destination.

Khairul Ahsan

# Privacy

Everybody has a private corner  
In his or her heart. A soft, cozy  
Corner where is kept a fancy box,  
Carefully wrapped in fancy paper.

This secret box is seldom opened.  
It cannot be opened when others  
Are around. It cannot be shown  
To others, however dear they are.

Yet, One has to carry this box for  
The whole life. To open it, one is  
To wait for sadness to overwhelm  
One's mind, on a sad, somber day.

Then quietly one would retire  
To a secluded space, frequented  
Only by incorporeal thoughts, and  
Open the box to unleash memories.

Memories that are sad but sweet,  
Memories that occupy less space  
But weigh very heavily. Our beating  
Heart often unaware of their weight.

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04 February 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

## Promise And Faith

When you say something,  
Without any doubt I believe it.  
When you promise something,  
To see it fulfilled, I wait.  
When I see your promise not kept,  
Still I wait,  
Hoping it would be met,  
Someday.

Every new day as it comes,  
I look for your promised response.  
Not finding it,  
I do not despair, but choose to  
Wait for another day,  
And not allow my faith to sway.

Khairul Ahsan

# Purity Incarnate

When I feel soiled at my inner self,  
I cleanse myself with the thought  
Of a purity incarnate,  
That is you.

Dhaka

13 January 2016

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Khairul Ahsan

# Rain Driven

In your backyard the cuckoo sings,  
Heralding the multi color Spring,  
The bright flowers sway merrily  
With the gentle breeze it brings.

The fire atop the Krishnachuras  
Kindles a dormant desire in you,  
To sing to your heart's content  
Like that ardent cuckoo's coo.

In my sky loom the dark clouds,  
Laden with moisture and rain.  
Soon they'll start the downpour,  
That'll lash on my window pane.

The driving rain will drench me  
Yet I keep my windows open.  
I know not why I like to imagine  
One day you'll come rain driven.

Poet's Notes: 'The Krishnachura' (The Delonix Regia) tree is a large tree grown in this part of the world. At Spring, the trees wear a beautiful look when red Krishnachura flowers blossom atop. You can see some pictures here:

Dhaka  
24 December 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Reins

She knows that he loves her,  
Yet she wants it more pronounced.  
While she works at home in silence,  
Wants him always to be around.

This is the story of two love birds,  
Who have almost done their day.  
All their off springs brought up well  
And groomed in the best possible way.

Now the kids have matured and got  
Their own jobs and their own future.  
They have busy days with hardly a slot  
To attend to their parents in good humor.

So the home is again a nest of two,  
With ample time to be shared,  
But the two have their own worlds too,  
Yet they sometimes need to be cared.

So she wants him always to be around,  
Not within eye sight he has to be found,  
But within audible distance he must remain,  
Just for her to feel in her hands, his rein.

Khairul Ahsan

# Rude

When a poet becomes angry  
With another fellow poet,  
For whatever reason,  
Isn't there a way,  
To express it,  
But being  
Rude?

Dhaka  
30 September 2013

Khairul Ahsan

# Sensitivity

Men and women seek to hide  
Their weaknesses, their frailties  
An inbuilt mechanism seeks to provide  
An excuse for all their infirmities.

Men and women hide in the deep  
Of their own sensitive mind,  
Some secrets which they keep  
And guard like sentinels of some kind.

Men and women crave for a touch  
A delicate touch, soft, slim and smooth,  
On their frail minds, if not so much  
On their skin, at old age or at youth.

When their heart is touched by words  
Or eyes that translate feelings into caresses,  
Their spirit soars high in the sky like birds,  
Yet they shrink when love offers its embraces.

Dhaka  
02 September 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Sensual Sensory

When you gave me  
A look of love,  
Unseen ever,  
My eyes gazed at yours.

When you whispered  
Some words of love,  
Unheard ever,  
My ears lay in wait,  
In rapt attention,  
For more to hear.

When I first got  
The smell of your love,  
That I never smelt before,  
The fragrance of flowers melted  
To match your body odour  
And wafted into my nostrils.

When the first drops  
Of your nectarean love  
Fell on my desert like tongue,  
It seemed an ocean would dry up,  
Yet my thirst would remain insatiable.

When I first touched your velvet skin,  
You folded like a 'touch me not',  
Only with the warmth of heart  
Could I unfold you like a bud's petals.

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17 March 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Shades Of Twilight

As I stand in the shades of twilight  
And look back at the day passed,  
I hear whispers of love  
In the songs of the returning birds,  
Lapping of the gentle waves,  
The passing clouds overhead,  
The distant, beckoning horizon  
That ushers the setting sun.

These songs take me to dreams  
Of a world unknown,  
Where I would wander alone,  
But not bereft of love.  
The songs of love,  
The gentle waves,  
The passing clouds and the setting sun  
Will remind me of the love you bestowed.

As the nocturnal birds prepare to fly out,  
And darkness descends,  
I write my twilight verses  
While the sun sinks down.  
Some unspoken words inspire me quietly  
To write the poems that I haven't written,  
To speak the words that I haven't spoken  
In acknowledging your love, grace and kindness.

Dhaka  
25 September 2016  
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(Photo Credit: Masuma Choudhuri Rumki)

Khairul Ahsan

# Sharing Of Heart

A pizza can be shared  
With one or more.  
A bottle of water can be shared  
With one or more.  
A space, however small, can be shared,  
With one or more.  
A little laughter can be shared,  
With one or more.  
But one heart, however big,  
Cannot be shared,  
With more than one.  
Or, can it be?

Dhaka  
12 April 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Silent

Now I am silent,  
Because I think,  
I am all spent.

You hear me not,  
Because I think,  
I am distraught.

The queer drama,  
The weird clowns,  
Put me in a trauma.

The silence of grave,  
Descending slowly,  
On a nation so brave!

Khairul Ahsan

# Silent Weep, Silent Song

When the bird stops tweeting,  
Nature falls silent,  
A drop from a poet's eyes  
Falls on his shoes.  
None to see, none to console.  
Remorseful,  
The bird sings again.  
That makes the poet cheerful,  
So he writes again.

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14 January 2016  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Sleep

A child goes to sleep,  
When his mom sings lullabies.  
Smiles in sleep, cries in sleep,  
Wakes up when no more in need,  
Of sleep.

A young man is deeply engrossed,  
When his fiancée brushes her fingers  
Through his hairs and hum a love song.  
His eyelids droop as he feels drowsy,  
Yet cannot sleep, just to keep company.

An old man dozes off to sleep,  
When the barber in the salon  
Uses his trimmer and the scissors  
On his grey wispy hair,  
Though there is no love song to hear.

Khairul Ahsan

# Slow Moistening

The parched grasses keep waiting  
Since afternoon,  
For the evening to fall,  
For the silent descent of dews  
Upon their tiny dried up bodies,  
To rejuvenate them.

They do not want monsoon rain,  
In torrents.  
They want slow moistening,  
As it comes when the dews fall,  
As it comes when the petals of love  
Unfold themselves.  
They do not want to be washed away,  
They want love to linger on!

Dhaka  
16 October 2017  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Smile

When the moon smiles,  
Even the darkest clouds  
Cannot cover her shine.  
They make way  
For her to be seen  
By many admiring eyes.

So keep smiling, baby,  
The clouds will go away!

Dhaka  
13 March 2016  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Some Say, Some Do Not

Everybody has pains to bear,  
Some say, some do not.  
Everybody has a story to tell,  
Some say, some do not.

Everybody wants to speak out,  
Some can, some cannot.  
Everybody feels shy at times,  
Some blush, some do not.

Everybody wants love,  
Some get, some do not.  
Everybody wants to love,  
All can, if they want.

Dhaka  
30 March 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Sometimes

Sometimes, my heart feels heavy  
Without much reason or rhyme,  
When I wish to sink in a bevy  
Of poems, just to pass the time.

Sometimes, my heart does yearn,  
To be away from the noisy crowd,  
And wait patiently to take its turn,  
To fly in the azure sky as a cloud.

Sometimes, thoughts of the past  
Sneak a quick peek at my heart,  
These wandering thoughts cast  
A dark spell, from the pain apart.

Sometimes, a cheerful mind gets  
Overcast by gloom and sorrow,  
Random thoughts of life's regrets  
Render the heart quite narrow.

Khairul Ahsan

# Sound Of Retreat

The stopwatch was set,  
The finish line drawn,  
The time count started,  
The day we were born.

Since then the clock is ticking,  
The time digits rolling,  
The finish line approaching,  
Unaware, we are fast running.

The timing is fixed but unknown,  
The finish line drawn but unseen,  
An invisible end keeps beckoning  
To which we keep responding.

The Master knows the Time  
And the Space to be traversed,  
On His blowing the whistle,  
Our bodies will be lowered.

Dhaka  
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29 October 2017

Khairul Ahsan

# Still I Stand Still

Still I stand here,  
Where you had left me,  
Still and speechless,  
Immutable, unmoved.

Like a weeping deodar cedar  
I stand, mourning my lost love,  
With no bird on my branches,  
No butterfly on my leaves.

The wind ruffles my leaves,  
The rain washes away my tears.  
The moon still rises,  
While I stand alone, speechless.

Still I look for the face  
That held all my dreams.  
Still I await the compassion  
That held me in all tenderness.

Dhaka  
26 July 2016  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Strange Coincidence

When thunders roar here,  
Lightnings fall there.  
The effects are the same.

Your computer 'got hurt',  
My laptop's battery became inert,  
The same culprit is to blame.

Now a tablet is your current resort,  
A power source to my laptop's port,  
Yet, virtues of poetry we steadily proclaim!

Dhaka  
22 October 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Super Moon

Tonight, everybody is busy in watching  
The golden moon, the Super Moon.  
Supposedly, the last visible super moon  
Of this year, will tonight be in full bloom.

Here, there and everywhere, people are  
Gazing at the super moon a sky afar,  
And frantically calling to remind each other  
To view the full moon wherever they are.

My friends told me too, on phone, Skype  
And Facebook, but I ignored this hype.  
Not impressed, as a brighter full moon in lieu  
Descends on my bed when I sleep with you.

Dhaka  
10 September 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

## Tears And Smiles...

Tears dropped from her eyes,  
Like small beads of pearls.  
They didn't want to fall,  
From her eyes to the toes  
But happily rolled  
By the sides of her nose  
Down on her cheeks  
And stuck to those.

Tears that shone,  
Couldn't be blown  
By the strongest winds.  
But when he came near,  
Soon did they disappear,  
For his lips to take over  
Gently caressing her,  
And smiles spread all over!

Dhaka  
28 January 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

# The Girl Had A Dream

The girl had a dream,  
A mundane, commonplace dream.  
A dream to jointly build a nest  
And live with someone quietly possessed.  
Someone, who wouldn't find her faults,  
Or show his red eyes, or scold.  
With him she would raise children without fright,  
Children that she would conceive in great delight,  
Who would brighten her home and somber life.  
A dream to be a loving mother and caring wife.

She would never be harsh with them,  
Not too protective, nor possessive,  
She would watch, like birds watch their nestlings,  
And bid them goodbye when they take their wings.  
Yes, her dream was just this much ordinary,  
She wove this dream as a child so solitary,  
As she never found peace at her home  
Where her parents squabbled so off and on!  
Her home was a place forlorn of love,  
That made her seek love and peace like a dove.

Dhaka  
18 March 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

# The Hocking River

It's going to be two years so soon,  
Oh how I cherish that April afternoon!  
When I first took a stroll along your banks,  
With my nephew to whom I owe my thanks.

I saw long lines of ducks swimming at will,  
Their arbitrary movements along the rill  
Was a pleasure to see and feel the mirth  
Of nature's bounties on the beautiful earth.

Cherry Blossoms preparing to wither away,  
Yet their pink and white sparkled all the way.  
Students of the Ohio University strolled along  
The pavements and banks in bondage strong.

What was once known as the Hocking Canal,  
Was destroyed by flooding and broke the morale  
Of the students of Ohio University and the people  
Of Lancaster, Logan, Athens and Nelsonville.

A channelized section of the Hocking River  
Now flows gently with waves that mildly shiver.  
It's roughly paralleled by a rail trail that serves  
As a recreation source that the people deserve.

Dhaka  
04 April 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

# The Language Of Dementia

These days I am off and on haunted  
By some thoughts that keep me daunted,  
And make me sad. Often do I wonder,  
Will that drive us asunder,  
If, one fine morning I wake up to see,  
That my brain has depleted its memory!

That under oblivion my past lies buried,  
I do not remember if I'm single or married,  
To you or to anyone else. Those loved faces,  
Of them my mind do not have even traces  
Of remembrance. They all appear so queer!  
Instead of love, they bring only fear.

Your visage that once occupied the lion's share  
Of my memory, now gets only a blank stare.  
When you try to catch my ubiquitous attention  
That wanders vaguely, beyond comprehension,  
Our looks may connect but without a meaning,  
Side by side we would sit, without any feeling.

Well if that be so, I guess I know  
What should we do at such a show.  
Dementia would have a special language  
To some extent that could salvage  
Our lost communication.  
And give our memories a reincarnation.

Touch would be the language of Dementia,  
This is not at all a crazy man's utopia.  
A touch would send signals to the mind  
And vision to the eyes heretofore blind,  
As soon as you would touch my forehead,  
A flurry of activity the touch would spearhead.

Dhaka  
28 September 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# The Lost Charms

When the poet had his charms on you,  
The twinkling stars spoke of love,  
The dancing flowers sang of love,  
The twittering birds forgetting all other things,  
Celebrated amorous delight fluttering their wings,  
The gentle breeze whispered love wherever it blew.

Now that the poet has lost his charms,  
The stars do not twinkle,  
The moon doesn't smile,  
The flowers do not dance, but just  
Stand to attention.  
The birds find their ways apart to fly away,  
The brook doesn't babble but stills.  
The breeze gets too heavy to blow.  
The trees shed their leaves, while  
A shroud of melancholy covers the poet's mind.

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05 October 2015

Khairul Ahsan

# The Missed Embrace

Touchable distance is closeness.  
Out of reach even by a point  
Is a distance  
That can grow wider  
Even within visual contact.  
Beyond that  
Is only for the mind to see,  
Nurture and pray for.

Dhaka  
14 May 2018  
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Khairul Ahsan

# The Moon Still Rises...

Like those days of ours,  
The moon still rises...  
And spreads its soft luster  
Over the mountain tops,  
On the lakes, forests, deserts and  
Animal habitats and human homes.

Like those days of ours,  
Young lovers still forget their hours  
Marveling at the moon as they walk  
Holding hands, and amorously talk.

I too every now and then  
Come out of my own cocoon,  
And pull aside my window curtain  
And look for your face beside the moon.  
Once in a month on the full moon night,  
I reserve some hours to search your light.

Dhaka  
22 March 2016  
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Khairul Ahsan

# The Singing Bird

There is a sad lonely bird,  
Who lives continents apart,  
She sings melodious songs,  
That enchant my heart.

Pouring her soul into her songs,  
She loves singing at her free will  
I wonder if she ever notices me,  
Always all ears, to admire her skill.

There is no problem whatsoever,  
As long as I keep listening to her.  
The moment I ask her a question,  
Off she goes into a hibernation,  
And never bothers to answer!

Dhaka  
21 March 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# The Sparrow And The Lesson

I was then a young boy of ten.  
Was doing homework, before the afternoon game.  
The door was closed but the window open,  
When I nearly finished, came a surprise, sudden.

From nowhere came a rushing sparrow,  
Entered my room through the open window.  
Kept circling over my head, yet unaware,  
The naughty child had some naughty desire.

I closed the window and chased her a bit,  
Wasn't easy to catch, though she had no exit.  
Didn't mean to harm her, so used my wit,  
Knew, chasing will tire her out and she will submit.

I chased and chased her until she dropped down,  
Was quick to pick her up, touch her feathers brown.  
When my palm and fingers wrapped and squeezed her  
Felt her heartbeats, like those of an Olympic sprinter.

Couldn't bear her agony, so I set her free,  
She flew away quickly and sat on a tree.  
Took some rest for her heart to calm down,  
Then flew away again, merrily, just at sundown.

Thus I missed my afternoon game, chasing  
An innocent little thing without realizing,  
Not all things in life that you chase and win,  
You can keep for yourself, nor redeem.

Khairul Ahsan

# The Thought

The thought that  
You will be with me,  
Together, for ever,  
Keeps me warm,  
Awakened, longing.

The thought that  
We can talk all night  
Or all day long,  
Makes me eager  
To talk right now.

The thought that  
I can kiss you  
Whenever I want,  
Makes me want to  
Kiss you right now.

The thought that  
Our love talks precede  
Our intimate touches,  
Makes me want to  
Start the talk forthwith.

Dhaka  
05 April 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

# The Ultimate

With borrowed wings you soar high in the sky,  
And wonder how far beneath does the world lie!

On a pair of stilts you walk and catch the top of the beech,  
And feel so complacent, thinking everything is within reach.

Hey, where will you escape, all around you is the surging sea,  
You've never had the respite to learn swimming, so where'll you now flee?

Note: The original poem was written in Bangla by Dr. Humayun Kabir, USA  
English translation done by Khairul Ahsan, at Dhaka on 21 May 2014, with the  
poet's consent.

Khairul Ahsan

# Their Conversations And Monologues

Along the earthen pavement by the side of the lake  
Walks some absent minded souls;  
Some self absorbed,  
Some hand in hand with soulmates,  
Some, just aspiring poets to be, fascinated by  
Whatever the nature around them has to offer.

As they walk, they talk  
To themselves or to each other.  
To their soft conversations listen  
The placid pool,  
The mute lamp posts,  
The deciduous trees and the fallen leaves.

To comfort their tired legs and waist,  
Some empty benches wait eagerly.  
Even the birds on the trees stop their own songs  
And listen to these conversations and monologues.

Dhaka  
22 June 2018  
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Photo Credit: Ela Salahuddin

Khairul Ahsan

# There's A Bird Up There!

There's a bird up there!  
Who sings a song to me.  
And every dawn I wake up,  
To her melodious symphony.

There's a bird up there,  
Though I hear her songs,  
Yet I cannot see her.

When she starts singing,  
Whether it is noon or morning  
Whether it is sunny or raining,  
All other sounds pause for a while,  
Bees stop humming and babies smile.

Dhaka  
03 March 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Things Of Beauty

Just some extra flesh, on a shapely mold,  
Tips either fluffy, or like a chick's beak,  
Catechu color or brownish, on wheatish gold,  
Defying gravity, defiantly, so to speak!

Born free, yet cupped and strapped,  
Just to be held firm, to catch a glance,  
Spring to freedom, when unstrapped,  
What a beauty to see, as they dance!

To see is to believe, to touch is to feel,  
Things so nice, are there only to ignite,  
your strongest urge to touch, to nibble,  
The beholder loving every peck and bite.

Khairul Ahsan

# Thoughts Of A Passer-By

Never shall my feet touch this distant soil again,  
Never shall my eyes watch this placid lake again!  
God's Earth is vast and we as passers by  
Can only exclaim, what, when, how and why!

Dhaka

20 April 2018

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Khairul Ahsan

# Thoughts On Plato's Quote On Love

Been thinking for some days on what Plato said,  
'At the touch of love, every man becomes a poet'.  
What about a woman? I know how a touch of love,  
Sometimes real and sometimes wishfully fancied,  
Makes a woman feel like a princess. She fancies her  
Prince Charming, his 'gossamer shroud of gentle love'.  
Her pen keeps laying pearl like poetry as if like eggs,  
Then they hatch on them, like birds sharing the chore.

What is 'a touch of love'? A touch of nature that tinges  
The mind? Holding hands, listening to a maiden's story,  
Looking at her beaming eyes? Feel like building a nest  
While looking at birds in flight, flying to the nest at dusk?  
A touch of nature's love fall as rain and rejuvenate the  
Parched vegetation. Half dried rivers and canals get a new  
Lease of life. A touch of a woman's love makes a man feel  
Its tide not 'as a passing fancy, but a feeling he would live by'.

His rainbow mind sees colors of his choice, all around, as he  
Discovers anew the beauty of this mundane world. Looks at  
The nature with bemused eyes and appreciates. Modern and  
Country songs and the classical music and poetry, all become  
His favored pastime overnight. He looks at the ear of his  
Woman and sees a waving flower in her hanging ear rings.  
Suddenly he becomes a great story teller, a great listener,  
Sharing poetry of their life, clasping hands in moonlit strolls.

Khairul Ahsan

# Thoughts Spun Around A Nest

A crow is not the cutest thing to see,  
It hardly holds any fascination for me.  
Still I despise it not from my heart,  
As I find it clever, alert and smart.

Just the other day I saw one of them,  
In search of dried leaves as it came,  
To my backyard's line of shedding trees,  
And pulled out yarns from dried out twigs.

It was in a haste to build up a nest,  
So it was busy all day without rest,  
To collect dried leaves and grass strands  
Flying here and there, in short errands.

As I saw the crow's efforts to build a nest,  
I imagined activities it would do the next.  
Mating with its spouse and laying of eggs,  
Hatching on and on until the shell breaks.

Building a home is a scene that pleases me,  
A home is the safest place one can ever be.  
It starts with two, then three, four and so on,  
Again back to two, when the children are gone.

Khairul Ahsan

# Time's Archive

Ding dong, ding dong, so goes the bell,  
Who knows, for whom it sounds the knell?  
Everybody waits, for the old age, to be pious.  
Lo and behold! For age, graves have no bias.

As the clock ticks, with it a moment goes,  
Though a new one comes, no one knows,  
When for anyone the last moment will arrive  
To put him or her, for ever, in Time's archive.

Dhaka  
27 September 2013  
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Khairul Ahsan

# To A Distant Lamp

You are a distant lamp that emits light from afar,  
Your light reaches my dark corner and enlightens.  
Your heart spreads warmth far and near,  
Your genial warmth brightens many somber hearts.  
A lady with positive vibes, a lady with sweet smiles,  
A beauty that glows within but spreads over miles.

Dhaka

25 February 2017

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Khairul Ahsan

# To A Loving Heart

When I want to feel loved,  
I think of you.  
When I want some beautiful words  
To soothe me,  
I look you up.  
When I want to see 'a thing of beauty',  
I look up at your page.  
When I want to see beauty itself,  
I utter your name.  
Knowing,  
That your face is not to be seen,  
But only the light you emit  
From your loving heart,  
Through your kind words,  
Can be seen and felt.

Dhaka  
13 January 2016  
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Khairul Ahsan

# To A Selfless Hero!

You were not called for your service,  
As you were already retired  
From Thai Navy;  
But your conscience,  
Your love for children and humanity  
Sent you to Tham Luang Nang Non Cave,  
At the base of a mountain locally called  
'The Sleeping Princess'.

You made sure that the soccer boys and their coach  
Had enough oxygen to come back;  
You placed oxygen tanks along the route of their return,  
But alas! Your own tank got depleted while on duty.  
You being unaware, unconcerned about yourself,  
Quietly "ran out of air"!

All of them returned home safe, but you.  
You set an example of supreme sacrifice  
For the love of humanity,  
In the service of mankind.

My salute to you, Petty Officer Saman Kunam!  
May you rest in peace in heaven!

Dhaka  
11 July 2018  
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Khairul Ahsan

# To A Solitary Mourner

For fourteen years,  
Winters came and Winters gone,  
The warm bed, the coziness,  
Has since been forlorn.

Now for a little warmth,  
You have only imaginations.  
Curling up alone night after night  
With imaginary cuddles and kisses  
You keep your warmth alight  
In the cozy comforter's fancied delight.

For fourteen years,  
Springs have come and gone.  
Flowers blossomed, grasses looked green,  
His face appeared at every scene.

Above the flowers butterflies hovered  
To remind you of your parted beloved.  
You tenderly touched some flower petals  
As though you touched his parched lips.  
Astride your walkway here and there,  
You saw his loving face everywhere.

Dhaka  
19 January 2016  
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Khairul Ahsan

# To A Young Poet

Words of love, softly spoken though,  
I can hear you, as your words flow.  
Nice and innocent, your wishes and dream,  
Flowing from your heart, like a natural stream.

Khairul Ahsan

# To An Unseen Beauty

Oh my unseen beauty,  
If ever I could brush my hands  
On your perfect, toned body,  
I know I would feel the touch  
Of a bird's feather, as though!  
If ever I could put my ears on  
Your soft bosom, I know I would  
Hear the lapping of a flowing river.

If I could look at your eyes,  
Perhaps I would see a warm bed  
Strewn with roses, laid there,  
And my dreams drawn all over!  
If ever I could hear your voice,  
Then whatever you might speak,  
I know I would hear a cuckoo's coo  
All the while. all the while!

Dhaka  
04 March 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

# To My Old Mother

You burned your hands and cooked my food,  
Your face was scorched by the blazing heat  
And flame of the earthen oven.  
The same two hands tremble today,  
Seeking mine to hold;  
The same face is cool today, gazing...  
Through the window,  
Towards the path of my home coming!

Dhaka  
13 May 2018 (Mothers' Day)  
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Khairul Ahsan

## To 'The Ocean Of Love'

My poems, perhaps reach you no more,  
My words come back from your door,  
Unread and unheard.

I pick them up, can't look at their eyes,  
Set them free, to fly away to the skies,  
My eyes get blurred.

My messages, too, are welcome no more,  
They are not eagerly awaited, as before,  
With as much ardor.

There is no way that I can call them back,  
As their voyage was on a one way track,  
So, they'll wait in the harbor.....

Of 'The Ocean of Love'!

Khairul Ahsan

# Uncertain

Suddenly we met again that day,  
On a railway carriage.  
Our destinations were different,  
Our glances were recurrent,  
For some time we were near  
Each other, though not together.

I had to disembark first,  
With no word said but smiles cast,  
Half acknowledged and half lost,  
While I kept my fingers crossed.  
Couldn't know your destination  
As I didn't ask about your station.

Wondered where you would go,  
Which home you would enter,  
Which bed you would retire on,  
And like your old habit,  
Would you read a poem or two,  
From the book kept under your pillow?

Would you wander to a fairyland,  
While still holding the book in hand,  
Would you see a dream wide awake?  
Where slowly appears a poet's visage,  
One that you love or not, is a mystery,  
One that creeps into the lines of poetry.

Dhaka  
24 January 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Valentine Day Thoughts

Your name and mine,  
As each other's valentine  
Shall forever shine.

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14 February 2016  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Void Feelings

A child clutches at her father's finger,  
Her hands held firmly by her mother.  
A woman wants her man's ardent arms  
Wrap her in strength and loving charms.  
A man seeks in his woman's bosom  
A space for love, peace and inspiration.

These little bonds of love and affection  
Keep us tied in complete satisfaction.  
But alas! One day we may come to know  
That we've to loosen the clasp and let go  
Our loved ones as they grow up and find  
A nest for themselves and leave us behind.

Dhaka  
30 April 2017  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Waiting

I have since been waiting  
Alone, here,  
Hoping and believing,  
That someone will  
Discover me,  
Visit me,  
Befriend me.

I have had chats enough,  
With birds,  
Butterflies,  
Fallen leaves and  
Fleeting clouds.  
I need a human  
To love me now.

Will you?

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03 September 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# What Else!

What else can I do?  
Than choosing my own way  
To hibernate and go into oblivion,  
And muse and mull over your sweetness?

What else can I say?  
Than utter whispers of silence,  
That make me half heard, half not,  
And leave you guessing what's in my thought!

All that I can think of  
Is love, nothing but love.  
The thought of love overwhelms  
And leaves much to be said in unspoken words.

Dhaka  
12 November 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

## What, If.....

What, if a singing bird has no choice,  
But to quietly mute her own voice,  
Who would notice, who would care?

What, if a brooding bard caps his pen,  
Will there be anybody to see the pain,  
And to visit his den to drop a tear?

What, if a babbling brook loses its way,  
In the arid plains, in the soil parched gray,  
Who would cry for rain, in a solemn prayer?

Dhaka

12 December 2014

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Khairul Ahsan

## When.....

When I look at an old woman's face,  
I instantly remember my grandmother,  
And remember how I used to touch  
Her soft skin and tried to straighten  
The wrinkled folds and the jutted veins,  
As she watched me do this and smiled.

When I see an old couple walk along,  
Hand in hand, pausing here and there,  
I feel like joining them, listen to them,  
Accompany them up to a segment or two,  
And patiently hear their retrieved stories  
Of wisdom and experience gained from life.

But when I look at a couple of lovebirds,  
I feel no desire of playing a goose berry,  
As they are usually so deeply absorbed,  
To be oblivious to the passage of time.  
To them, I only wish in solemn solitude  
May their stream of love never run dry.

When I look at the happy children at play,  
Boisterously frolicking here and there,  
I wish to join them, not as what I am now,  
But as a child that I was, fifty years yore.  
Unaware they are, of what they will miss,  
These golden moments, a lifetime bliss.

When I look at a new baby, just born,  
Hardly a few hours old, yet they yawn,  
Look with open eyes at their labored mom,  
Then I remember my happiest moments,  
The time when my first son was born.  
He too stared at his mother, with a yawn.

Khairul Ahsan

# Whispers

I love to hear your words,  
But more than that,  
I love to hear your whispers.

Whispers connect to the heart  
Quicker than words  
With an aura of nearness.

Warm whispers warm up the soul.  
Little by little, can also kindle  
A cold desire to flames.

□

Dhaka  
30 March 2018  
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Khairul Ahsan

## Will You Tell Me?

Thirteenth year is the first teen year,  
And that's a very crucial year for all,  
From here begins the first step towards  
Adolescence, whence comes life's turmoil.

You said everything started going crazy,  
From this eventful turning point of life.  
You said every night you went to bed,  
With drops of tears rolling from a strife.

You wished tomorrows would just go away,  
But tomorrows came, and came the miseries,  
With pretensions of happiness you moved on,  
Ignoring the sadness, and your life's vagaries.

'No one to really call my own, no one to care'  
Were the words that fell heavily on my heart,  
Wanted to hug you, and listen to your story,  
Will you tell me? From miles and miles apart?

Khairul Ahsan

# Wisdom Of Life

If you've known sadness as a child,  
It's not too bad, for how would you  
Have known the difference between  
Sadness and happiness, otherwise?

A drop or two of the silent tears that  
Rolled down your chubby cheeks then,  
Dried away soon, giving you a glimpse,  
Of how it hurts, so that you do not hurt.

In adolescence, if your heart ached  
In silence, in solitude, 'cause you didn't  
Have anybody to confide in, to share  
Your feelings and thoughts, that's okay.

Heaves of heavy sighs that merged quietly  
With the gentle breeze, left your lungs  
Refreshed with the lighter ones. Now you  
Know, why to listen patiently to the teenagers.

If your heart was ripped apart, most  
Unkindly, by the rejection of your love,  
Oh isn't that just a matter of the past?  
You have learned to move on, so well!

At the advanced stage, if you know grief  
And sadness anew, well that's a boon.  
It makes you familiar with the pangs of  
Sadness of all ages. That is wisdom of life.

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13 March 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Womb

You nurture seeds of mankind,  
Nurture it with love and passion,  
Hold it within your confines, and  
Provide it with a safe sanctuary.

Afloat on a fluid chamber, you're  
A perfect bed for a human fetus.  
Dark, warm, soft and shockproof.  
Solidly protected even on move.

Carrying a fetus for forty weeks,  
You deliver it as a human being.  
Whether conceived in love or not,  
Equally you see their well being.

Oh the eternal cradle of mankind,  
How can we be enough grateful!  
To you and to your age old carrier,  
The womenfolk, mothers for ever!

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01 January 2015  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Women

Women bare their breasts,  
To suckle their babies and  
Fill their tiny stomachs  
With their body nectar.  
Unconditionally, whenever  
They want, affectionately.

Also they do so, to oblige  
Their lovers' fervent desires  
Or of their own, for a touch  
That kindles intense passion,  
A love of some different kind.  
In both these acts, women's  
Breasts represent as though  
Mother earth incarnate, that  
Strengthens the humankind,  
Nourishes and helps procreate.

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12 August 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

# Yea And Nay

Men and women quite often may,  
Mean the opposite when they say,  
Those simple words yea or nay,  
While in a courtship or in a fray.  
So weigh these two words every way.

Just to be polite, women may say  
A feeble yea which in fact is a nay.  
Before they say a certain yea or nay,  
Of pros and cons they make a survey  
Keeping their real intents held at bay.

When men ask their women out,  
To a date, a stroll or a dine-out,  
Often falter when they go about  
Taking a yea or a nay sans doubt.  
And lose the fun of the cosy hang out.

Khairul Ahsan

# Yellow Flowers

In the bright yellow flowers  
And the dark green leaves  
I see your cheerful visage.  
The sky seen through the  
Openings cast a gloomy  
Spell on my mind though.

The sweet fragrance of the  
Fresh yellow flowers, arrives  
Wafted by the cool breeze.  
It reminds me of your aroma,  
And body heat, which I only  
Fancied but never basked in.

Dhaka

23 December 2014

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Khairul Ahsan

# You

It's always a pleasure to read your poems.  
They usually come to me like pieces of gems.  
They leave a lingering delight in my mind,  
Of soft feelings, so soothing that's hard to find.  
You are a poet of peace, of love and clarity,  
A poet of pristine serenity and of beauty.  
You are an admirer of nature,  
Admirer of the fleeting seasons,  
You enjoy the seasonal changes,  
Without looking for good reasons.  
You 'always carry a song in your heart',  
And always appreciate all that's a fine art.  
You love dancing, singing, songs and music,  
Yourself can produce a magnificent lyric.  
I love your poems, and love your thoughts,  
As also the greetings of peace, quite a lot.

Dhaka

02 October 2013

Khairul Ahsan

# You And Me

You and me,  
Passed thirty years and three,  
Through Spring and Winter, rain and shine,  
Enjoyed our life, barely with a hint of a whine.

You and me,  
Like birds on a tree,  
Built our nest, with endless zest,  
Hardly caring about taking some rest.

You and me,  
Went on a spree,  
To adorn our sweet little hut,  
Not much knowing, what was what!

You and me,  
Started a family,  
Before realizing what could be,  
The meaning of life, entwined, not free!

You and me,  
While sipping tea,  
Made our plans, like a bumblebee,  
To gather pollen for 'our youngs to be'.

You and me,  
Passed days windy,  
Have weathered many storms,  
That came in many forms.

You and me,  
Both heartily agree,  
That we have lived our eventful life,  
Singing a chorus, without much strife.

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06 October 2013  
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Khairul Ahsan

# You Are Not A Poet

When hurt, a person cries.  
When bereaved, a person wails.  
When broken down, a person sobs.  
When cheated in love, a person weeps.  
You are not a poet, if you cannot understand,  
All these cries, wails, fits of sobbing or silent weeping.

A drop of tear may look  
Like a pearl when it hangs from an eye.  
The beholder knows how difficult it is to hold  
Or suppress a falling tear. Desperately s/he wishes  
The tear to dry off before it rolls down or is seen by others.  
You are not a poet, if you do not see the pain behind the pearl.

When the voice is muted, the eyes speak.  
When both are lost by distance, a person writes.  
When the pen stops, the piano lends voice to the  
Feelings of the heart. The unspoken words are then  
Narrated through the variations of the musical notes.  
You are not a poet, if you cannot translate the tune.

Khairul Ahsan

# Your Corner At Home

There is a secluded corner at our home,  
At which I look everyday and quietly watch  
How deftly you have built a world of yours.  
With your own neat hands you have stacked  
All your 'own' commodities in perfect order.

Sometimes I'm curious to know what all  
You've kept there, your own 'possessions'  
That you fancied to possess and preserve.  
When you are alone, at times you open  
This world to yourself and tidily rearrange.

Your slender fingers search through the nooks  
And the corners to reassure things are alright.  
Between the layers you touch and look for  
Not some currency notes nor some jewellery,  
But my thirty some years old scribed letters!

You have a chest for money there, and some  
Secret chambers for jewellery and valuables too.  
More than those you love to touch, feel and read  
My old letters and some of yours as well, edited,  
But never posted, just read and folded back in place.

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Khairul Ahsan

# Your Face

On a corner of my mind's canvas  
When your elegant visage flashes,  
Everything around seems lustrous,  
Radiating all around so much love  
And affection. So nice and coveted!  
And up until your face does appear,  
Everything looks so dull, lustreless,  
That I keep waiting and waiting,  
Gazing at the sky in search of a moon,  
An ambient moon that your face is.

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# Zero

One plus one  
Is equal to two.  
Two minus one  
Is equal to zero!

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21 March 2014  
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Khairul Ahsan

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Khairul Ahsan