



Khurshid Alam

I'm Slave to Myself

I'm slave to myself.

I'm slave to my desire:

My desire is boundless.

I'm slave to my fantasy:

My fantasy is variant.

I'm slave to my needs:

My needs are large.

All my slavish behaves creep upon me

To spoil me from the root.

Weave Dreams into Act

We sleep to dream
We sleep to dreams
We wake to act
We wake to facts.

We weave dreams into act
For act is fact
And to act we dream—both are twins

NEKOPIRATI

NE KOPIRATI

Unlearn the Philosophies

Unlearn the philosophies
they've failed to teach you morality
Unbuild the cities which have wiped out civilizations
where they've met a permanent death
Undraw the boundaries that divide countries
into peoples who hold aversion to others
Unbuild the bridges which bridge the banks
but they've failed to hold the water
Unlay the roads which lead to homes
but peace lost somewhere on the way
Unburn the hearth that keeps fire
leaping on the woods, eating without warmth!

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A Drop of Water

And a drop of water fell
on the dust and died away
Then the second drop fell
and killed the dust
Then the third drop fell
and grew into the soil
and enlivened the humus
Then drops began falling
and a sheet of water spreading
The fields turned green
the meadows and the farms.
And the drops grew thicker
and fell with weight
killing lives –
plants, animals and men – all alike.
And left them weeping amid hot tears.

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Addiction to Writing Poetry

My wife is addicted to writing poetry
She screams at the sight of a cockroach
and kills the flies with insecticide
the next moment she sits to write a verse
in her diary that she keeps to her bosom all the time.

She sheds tears while peeling the onions
and chops the garlic and makes fine past of ginger
and then cooks a story of them with a finger in the mixer.

I can't tolerate her behavior
She hankers for shopping and likes the hang-outs
at the college campus and recalls the old college days
Her eyes glitter and the hot water falls at the nostalgia
and then she takes out the diary and underlines the memorabilia!
How she recalled her past days, and how she howled.
Her scribbles but annoy me!

She argues with me on all issues
walks the opposite sides, sleeps in the opposite direction
and walks in sleep, and talks to herself loud
and creates a fuss. Yet she exults in writing her follies
How she loved me, and cared for me and went against!
The utter prose she says she loves too much.

Jeopardy

in winter I stood with my back
to the sun
I felt the sting in the back
and chill in the ribs

soul
without a body is spirit
body
without spirit—a corpse

without education I fear I'll lose
my earning
with education I fear I'll lose
my job

seeing me dancing in the dark
everyone laughs
when I stand by them in the light
they cannot see me at all

at my doorstep
I hesitate to go in and see
so many unknown faces
while outside are all known ones.

My Soul

Here I'm introducing my soul—
This is my daughter
The most beautiful creature on earth.
See how I laugh
how I cry
how I woo hoo-hoo...
how I speak
 blah blah blah...

See she mixes the color blue
into pink and creates a zebra chart
with white lines in between

When she waves her hands
in the air she catches it there
and suspends it for a while
and then she releases it to let it fall
without its sign behind.

She sleeps alone in the bed
does not keep side with mother
or me
She has grown and does not fear
any spirit at night.

NEK KOPIRATI

Submission Call

A journal announced
its submission call
for the summer edition –
the anniversary issue
With a smile
I clicked my PC
I've hundreds
of poems written
many would pass
the submission criteria
I rushed to find some,
the best poems
All are best –
they're my creation
but none qualified for short pieces
short of one criterion –
the journal cliché was
for short poems
I began to cry,
none can be forwarded.
Then I broke a long piece
into three small ones
each stanza became
one short poem
and a paragraph of a prose piece
another complete poem
I received awards for the year
with broken hearts
for the broken pieces.

Adult Content

How people have wittingly divided their language
into

private & public

What is public is much discussed in the open
with the eyes crossed straight

for the private they have selected the adult content
they just hint on the private things in public
most often indirectly

while they carry so violent adult content
crafted on their body.

But it is more than surprising they do not award
a gender estate to those

sans adult content

asexual they are they libel.

Why such bias to the adult content

without which they cannot even
give recognition to a person?

NEKOPIRATI

Border

Each border crafted on the land
engraves a ditch in the heart

then a heart is born
that tears the body

a terrible war is written
the divide cannot be unwritten.

NE KOPIRATI

Tactics to Win Art Exhibition

Send me your updated resume ASAP
We've an opening through which you can pass.

With a master's degree in designing he joined marketing
Someone asked why not try in the designing
Yep, I do carry designing at home as a hobby
Then he zoomed a picture out of the size
That the image appeared a vague art
And he kept it at the art exhibition
To show the *art in him* has not yet died
The audience discussed on it more than any
Thinking a new genre is in the making.

I rack my brain for a best poem without a success yet
I cannot create a vague poetry b'coz
I won't understand it myself after writing
And the explicit one bites dust among the readers
With allegation I have not yet gained mastery at literary art.

Junk Mail

Every day I wake up I'm richer than before
At least my email Inbox indicates so

I've won many prizes, jackpots, lotteries, awards, lucky draws...
I'm the richest man of the world by Fortune Junkloads Mail list.

A fe-mail friend sent me a set of her photographs
Beautiful. She is really beautiful, if she wants me to believe her
By untraceable email id: a reply to her always bounces back.
She asks me to click a link to her personal page to know more
About her that my virus protection shield warns me to.

Banks run to my Windows-doors to upgrade my account
Category. They demand me to send them my details:
My name, account no., address, occupation and everything
I'm absolutely clueless how many bank accounts I do have.

NEKOPRATI

Beautiful People Should Walk Extra Distance Together

Beautiful people should walk extra distance together
For they have beautiful mind, and walk beautifully

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever

And when you recall the days passed by
Lived in happiness with your beautiful friend
You're reborn, and you rejoice the life once again.

NEKOPIRATI

There are Things that Never Fall

Sitting under a poem-tree musing
I scratched my head waiting
For a poem to come out of my mind
A strand of my hair fell to the ground
Quickly a leaf rustled to catch the hair
Both lay so close as if they were whispering.

The beautiful girl next my door
Came running to ask me if I saw
Her panties that she hung on the hanger
She sees me look at her panties hanging
On the window with great interest daily
I smiled and nodded my head in negative
With my eyes on her bra that she held in her hand.

The old beggar was helping a blind man
Cross the road who was never tired of
Begging alms from others. He sang
A song to the blind man and made him smile
While they walked on the zebra-crossing
The blind man's eyes blinked in joy.

He Celebrates What He Has

He has a single strand of hair
left on his bald head
yet he oils it and combs it

His bald head shines
as if to highlight—his hair
is dry and needs oiling
is disheveled and needs combing

He carries a comb with him
and combs as soon as he gets
time and finds there is none around

He looks into mirror for hours
making the single hair into
tattoos, motifs, and designs of great art

His pleasure is unbound on
what he has than what he doesn't.

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