

Poetry Series

**Abnish Singh Chauhan**  
**- poems -**

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## Abnish Singh Chauhan(04-06-1979)

Dr. Abnish Singh Chauhan (b.1979) , a bilingual poet, critic, translator and editor (Hindi and English) teaches English and communication skills at SRM University Haryana. Formerly he taught at IFTM University and TM University, Moradabad, U.P. His significant publications include Swami Vivekananda: Select Speeches, King Lear: A Critical Study, Speeches of Swami Vivekananda and Subhash Chandra Bose: A Comparative Study, Functional Skills in English Language and Literature and Writing Skills. His deep interest in translation prompted him to translate William Shakespeare's King Lear and some poems of Australian poet Paddy Martin from English into Hindi. Besides Harivansh Rai Bachchan Yuva Geetkar Samman (2013) for his Hindi poetry collection Tukada Kagaz Ka from Uttar Pradesh Hindi Sansthan, Lucknow, he is the recipient of Pratham Kavita Samman (2011) from , Book of the Year Award (2012) from the Think Club, Michigan, USA, Srajanatmak Sahitya Puraskar (2013) from Rajasthan Patrika, Jaipur, Rajasthan, Navankur Puraskar (2014) from Abhivyakti Vishwam, Sharjah, UAE, etc. Presently he edits an International Journal of Higher Education and Research () and a web magazine Poorvabhas () .

# A Blank Call

Many things were left  
to be shared with her  
since the first meeting  
in a local train.

We traveled  
in the same train  
for years.

I can't remember  
how many times  
we met  
but I can recall  
how many times  
we departed.

One day  
she left the train  
forever  
then I knew  
the meaning of a blank call.

Abnish Singh Chauhan

# A Prayer To The Goddess

Hark, Mother, hark  
Trim and harp  
Giving voice  
To my ill-shaped lyre  
O Goddess Saraswati!

Inside-out darkness prevails  
Illusion camps on my mind  
Fill me with light  
Pave the way  
O Goddess Saraswati!

Small desire I have  
To sing a song of humanity  
Live and die for some great cause  
Give me such an insight, force  
O Goddess Saraswati!

Help me to learn who I am  
What is my aim in this world  
How to practice Satyam Shivam Sundram.  
Awake my sleeping conscience  
O Goddess Saraswati!

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# Crooked Inside

Letters seem straight  
Out of the mirror  
But crooked inside  
Making delusion  
With their stage-show  
Catching the innocent mind.

Water looks pure in image  
In taste saline  
For destroying life  
Comes mercury up in the well  
Place to place sits a crazy monkey  
Holding a razor in his hand.

In a crematorium one can see  
Rotting flesh and blood  
How long could one breathe  
So much one has to think  
How many houses erupted  
The roaring-cruel sea!

Swans get down their rosary  
Now worn by crows  
From The Caretaker of the garden  
So scared is the branch!  
Visible red like blood  
Shredded beet into pieces.

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# Heed! Dear, Heed!

Heed! Dear, heed!  
The bell is ringing  
The bird is singing  
There, smiling the sun.

Come and see  
The lovely scene  
The sonorous sound  
And joy around!

Tell me dear-  
Do you have time  
To stop, to watch  
To listen to it?

Do you have time  
To know, to think  
What life is  
How to lead it?

The bird sings so  
The sun says so  
The bell rings so  
In their own ways!

Abnish Singh Chauhan

# My Silence

My keeping silence  
He hears-  
He claims so!  
He, who never liked  
to hear my words  
during my life.

He would hear  
my silence  
through my defeated heart  
when he put his ear  
on my chest  
to verify the fact  
that I am dead.

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# Pain Comes And Goes!

Pain comes and goes  
With the breath I take  
Or puff out  
When it becomes stale  
Cries my heart  
Ever churns my nose.

People see me  
As though I am happy  
I have boundless joy  
But the reality  
They do not know  
Or wish not so.

Wind awakes  
Moves with force  
Takes my tired breath  
To some unknown place  
Filling the spot  
With ever-soaring pain.

Who cares  
What is there and why?  
They care but for themselves  
Or their kids  
Or those who are close  
In blood or in wealth.

I stake myself  
Where I always board  
Where I always fight  
Trying to come out  
Sound and safe  
With some scratches on my back.

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# Under The Scorching Sun!

Walls remains tinted with  
Advertising leaflets  
We always see  
Passing through the lane  
Enhancing curiosity  
Craving for some things  
But purse allows us not.

What we earn, goes as it comes  
For arranging daal-bhat  
Or sometimes for the medical cure  
Ever rising prices of things  
Like the mouth of Sursa  
An onion more pungent than a chili  
Makes our eyes flow with tears.

Our mutual efforts couldn't save  
Food and water for the coming days  
We get what we produce in the fields-  
One third of our total labour  
Under the scorching sun  
When added cost reduced the profit  
We fail to recover.

The rhetoric on the stage  
Hides all the misdeeds  
Of the so-called greats  
The bird was hungry, still hungry  
Fun and frolic for those  
Who know how to make money  
By means fair and foul.

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# Who Cares For Whom!

Boatmen without boats  
Meet me by the river  
How long would I go with them!  
The ever flowing river  
River of misery  
River of pain  
Drowning many on the shore.

Their taunts I hear  
For the work assigned  
Wasting my body all day  
Sixty rupees are my wages  
To soothe the hunger of my kids  
Sailing in different boats all of us  
Beating our drums, as we go.

Borrowing increases day by day  
Anyhow my life goes  
Daily comes the banker  
At my broken door  
With his flaring tongue  
Everyone worries for himself  
Who cares for whom I know!

Food and water everywhere-  
What spoke the needy man?  
Can his hunger be soothed by seeing?  
Yet, his eyes dream  
Having hope  
Of seeing delight  
On the faces of the haves.

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