

Poetry Series

**Randhir kaur**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2020

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Randhir kaur(9/2/1997)

I am one a kind, m very proud to b my own version... Singing is my hobby and poetry is my passion..! I am a girl, belonging from a very beautiful soothing state of Assam (Jorhat) ..Completed my schooling at I school and currently studying at D.C.B. Girls college, honors in English literature; which is the NAAC Accredited &quot; A&quot; Graded Institution in the whole of North East India...

I am a very enthusiastic person. I keep keen interest in everything which gives me pleasure and hope.... I adore and respect three things in life- TEACHERS, MOTHER and FRIENDS..Teachers is first because I respect her more than my mother, I have one of my favourite school teacher who is seriously my lucky charm, idol and my biggest inspiration, while my Mother has always been a guiding star all through out my way and my Friends who r as crazy as like me..

LIFE without  
FRIENDS is just like  
WATER without FROG..  
ROCK IT, SPIN IT and  
LIVE IT cz u r d DJ of ur  
life..: -)

## A Dastaar, Turban, Pagg (Punjabi: ???)

Turban is not a piece of cloth. It is the self crowning of the individual. Hair on the face is not a decoration. It is an acceptance of Akal Moorat, to live in image of the infinity. Guru Gobind Singh said &quot;So long as you shall be 'Niara' specially exclusive, I will give you all the light of the Universe.&quot; To be a great teacher means to be the most perfect disciple, the most perfect student. This is the space age, the platinum age. Our society is a mess. Forget your neurosis that you do not know who you are. The slogan of the Platinum Age shall be &quot;ENDURANCE UNTO INFINITY.&quot; The goodness of the heart shall win and men of God will prevail. Everything has a price, and infinity has an infinite price.

It is presupposed that you are the men of God. You have your beard and you have your turban and you look divine.... but you don't act divine... people get very disappointed. Therefore the situation demands that you live it.

Sikh is nothing but identity. Without identity there's no Sikh. Sikh is nothing but an identity of reality; without it, there is no Sikh religion. The Guru took us from the mud, the rituals, waste of time, and said &quot;live 'niara', exclusively identified.&quot;

Turban - Gift of the Guru

The turban of a Sikh is a gift given on Baisakhi Day of 1699 by the Tenth Master, Guru Gobind Singh. After giving Amrit to the Five Beloved Ones, he gave us bana, the distinctive dress that includes the turban. It is helpful to understand the historical context of his action.

Randhir kaur

## A Memory...

I am a person who Welcomes a smile,  
A believe that the feet can walk a mile..  
Some things have really made it uneasy,  
Those who are special then there is no word called, 'busy'..

Today is such a day I will remember twenty years down the line,  
When for sure will make my life shine..  
This is not a flaunt but my respect towards you all,  
Its not just for today but never will my words create a shortfall..

There is nothing to share much about you,  
The above is what which proves your hue..  
Things will never remain the same,  
Because this a picture and pictures do not change..

Randhir kaur

## A Race Of A Losser...

One more day along the world to go,  
Old days r clinged to me to and fro.  
Not today but there will be a day,  
When crowd will call me a star in fey.  
Lame scum people do win at last,  
U cant change time, it is time to change ur past.  
I have looked beautiful because I have friends as reward,  
Success hurts, when u dont have friends to celebrate with award.

Randhir kaur

# A Tale

I didn't meet you, but you called me your 'daughter'. So I met you in the words that felt like my fathers warm embrace.

You had bountiful knowledge about the world, astronomy, science and literature. Telling me how at tender age I am good at philosophy. And that you loved Bhupen Hazarika's melodies and people of Assam. I followed what you said, you were a true teacher that I found ever.

I remember the tale that you narrated on Singhs and Kaur, that India has gems.

His stories are inspirational, he said about his work in NASA and living life in the streets of India was a nightmare.

We almost had a good conversation mostly of life and he shared his contact telling me, 'If I die, confirm it on this number'. And I could do nothing at all for this great human.

Ramesh loved Germany but was a trapped soul tethered with his sister's conspiracy. And I wonder why on earth Ramesh Kompella informed me about his happening life. He had a lot of life to live and serve but his life has been taken by means.

I am sorry dear distant lost father,

Kaur has nothing to offer you.

But whenever I remember you, I read you in the words.

I meet you in the poems that will never fade away.

Happy Teachers Day Hero, Sidhartha Montik

Randhir kaur

# Alive In My Poems

Counting down the years brings me affliction. Your name, voice and remembrance ain't dwindling. Your memories are stirred in my soul like a principal necessity that builds up a body. The difference is I am perhaps not growing but just adhere to past, to you, in your silhouette. Everyday I try your number with a hope of 'Hello' which is a hallucination in a mirage. But it never dies. It never kills my fingers to run back to you, even though it is mere starless. Letting others know about you led me to this point in life that I regret trusting the idiom 'blessing in disguise ' into human personification. I have enveloped you anonymously in my words that the world will never know till it ends. And that you are so much safe now. But very, very sadly rescued after losing you. Alive in prosody.

Randhir kaur



# Ammi

Teri har gal menu aundi yaad Ammi,  
Apney-aa nu chad main kese hor vich rangi.  
Kash tu menu eh vi keha hunda ki yaar de naal duniya lagdi be-rangi,  
Te menu teri har gal aaj yaad na aundi Ammi.  
Kuj surat-aa pyaari hogayi wa menu,  
Be-wakif banda vad khas hogaya hai jinu,  
Kali baithi onu lagdi mai changi.  
Kash tu menu eh vi keha hunda ki ishq vich aurat hundi mandi.  
Te menu teri har gal aaj yaad na aundi Ammi.

Randhir kaur

# Architectural

The way she contrived her life was not the way life was going. Like every independent girl she too wanted to feed her every need, she too wanted to finance herself. Dreamt of being an architectural but life dragged her to the parents orthodox and conventional way of lifestyle. Her parents never allowed much to attend any pub, coffeehouses, parties or get together's with pals. These gigs were considered to be in the name of those who were uplifted in the bed of gold. Such words were not accepted by the respected and sober reputed family but she wasn't a credence of typical values, though she knows to stands in the society, to face the horde. She never bothered even to ask her parents if they would allow her to attend the shindig of her best crony because she knew the straight answer by her mother, 'NO'. Maybe that was her dread. She was scared from her family rituals. She endured but never questioned or argued. And this was the reason perchance that she abhor to make best comrades. She feared to be loved. She feared from getting attached because even if she wanted to get close she would fail to do so due to the bogey. Terrified from the society. Terrified from the family believes. Terrified from the questions of her mother, question of why she is into love.?

She was nursed with utmost horror. She cannot speak her heart out. She is living in timidity. She cannot burst her emotions. She cannot spit the rage out because she would get a cuff on the phiz or in return she would be taught to control her antagonism.

She played hard with the utensils to thrust her soft hands. She hurt herself daily by this or that. The rain made her leaves arid.

She was in way to explore her life, to give a high flight to her dreams. But the journey lead her to the graveyard.

Indeed, she was an architectural. She is designing a dark house and the day she flourishes her foundation is the day she will perish.

Randhir kaur

## Awaited October...

And today I read your excerpt. I could not hold myself writing this to you that I miss you so much. I read your every word of glory and pain over and over again to find myself some where in the words of blue. No matter how hard we try to pretend but this overflow of emotions allow us to eject the sadness from skin to bone.

Everytime when I am low, I read your letters to make myself normal to act but this terrorist life took your letters away from me and I could not find it again, I tried hard to look you in every hole which smells like you, Alas I failed. I weeped in the memory of our love. I weeped in the memory of you. I called out your name several times and the voice echoed in the sky leaving me faded in the oblivion like after the death.

Now I wonder how to take ride with my dry heart which seems so sound when asked, 'Howdoing'? Maybe I would listen to your voice thrice a day and cry on your every dedication towards me which is still evergreen like your name I scribbled at the back of my dairy. I know that you hurt yourself by walking barefoot on the terrace with iron nails tickling your fingers and sitting under the sun for hours till it burns your skin. I know that you smoke and intoxicate your veins. I know that you no more visit your favourite places where I and you had spent hours of the day talking about how love gave us wings to fly.

I know every bit of I even know if you read this you would die a little more from inside being peculiar for another one week trying hard to flush my memory again. But my darling, you and I know the truth of our togetherness which won't ever leave till we cease. I still find myself standing in the ocean when somebody asks me if, 'I ever loved somebody truly' or 'Did anybody ever loved you with his heart in the hand'?

This is not a is still my first 'Hii' to your 'Hey', letting you know that you are completely in me, I saved you in my gallery and now my heart sings a song of your name.

I miss the vibe of October every year willing to find you in the temple where I caught your sight, wishing to meet you again in the hymns of Devi, but that doesn't happen. I satisfy myself with the excitement that 'October will be back again without you'. It cuts me deep but the only thing that I have today of you is the attendance of this month every year.

Randhir kaur

## Bandhan

Aur tum jante thai ki mai masoom hun, pyaar mai doob jaungi aur doobne ke baad fir kabhi tair ke sahil ke kinare nahi ja bhi kahan hai? Shadi koi khel nahi, par shadi koi samjhota bhi nahi, shadi koi dikhawa bhi nahi. Aur jo tum kar rahe ho wo mujhe na hi tumse dur kar raha hai balki mere andar se pyaar bhi khatam kar raha kya karun masoom hun na toh doobey rehne ka mann karta hai chahe pyaar ka piyaala jitna bhi garam ho ya thanda. Suna hai, 'Shadi se pehle pyaar ek haseen khwaab lagta hai' aur main bhi, der se hi sahi, par ramta jogi bann gayi, pakiza ishq mai. Bhot bhole thai tum, duniya se alaag, bhot apney thai tum, tumse milne ke baad maine jana ki mujhe tumhari nahi, tumhare bas pyaar aur nawazehein ki talaash thi. Tum sabar ka wo ek loata tarif thai ki tumne mujh mai bhi sabar bhar diya. Tum uns ka wo mala thai jise mai shaam-e-subah apni zubaan pe ek namaz ki tarah rooz padhti thi. Mera koi maqsad nahi tha mahobhat ki azaan mai qaid bhi kiya wo tumne kiya. Tumhare ye jahan se alaag hone par ye duniya bhot rangeen lagne lagi ki har mard ek jaisa nahi hota. Ab toh mai bhot aage bardh chuki hun. Aur tum muje kahin nazar nahi toh neend mai bhi baatein hazar hoti thi aur ab akele baithe bhi baat nahi tumhara mann bhar gaya ya mai purani hogyi? Kya tumhe shikayatein hai ya mera likhna tumhe pasand nahi?

Takleef toh bhot hoti hai ki ab toh mere ansun aur shabd bhi bayan nahi kar pa rahe jo mujh pe guzar rahi hai wo kaise bahar nikaley?

Dang toh reh gayi bhi hairat ki hayat mai hi jee rahi hun.

Itna hi alaag, dur aur anjaan bann kar rehna hai, toh tumhe wo azaadi bhi hai, mujhse dur jane ki, bas dobara agar kahin bhatak jao toh mere kareeb mat ana. Dobara agar akele ho jao toh mujhe pyaar mat tutta hua dil hai jaan, jaan hoti toh yun jaan na lete.

Randhir kaur

# Bikhera Hua Dil

Hum sab dard se guzarte hai,  
Aan aur shaan mai sab yahn wahn bikhere padhe hai.  
Ye jo jhuthi hasi ka libaaz pehn k 'M fine' kehte ho na  
Ye Sare sab kch jnte hai par ajaan gazab ke bnte hai.  
Kya hogya h ajkl humhe?  
Gairon k sath dil mil rhe h aur apno se dur ho rhe hai. Shyd iss zamane ko avam  
ne abhi takapnaya nhi  
Isilye imandari aur rutbate mai reh kr bhi sab tuute padhe hai.  
Jab tavaju kahin bahar se mile toh ghar pe padha heera bhi nikali Igne Igta hai,  
Aye khuda k bnede, khash iss zamane ke badale masum k sajde karne seekh liye  
hota toh aj phone ko apna dushman na manta.  
Ye samaj ne toh mera insaan hona ka gurur bhi chin liya hai,  
Ab mere namaste na bolne k badale hasi dene pe mjhe sau parde daalne padhte  
hai.  
Humhri zaat mai ek aur ek zaat bhikhari hai,  
Jahan talhk aur adaamat k alawa kch ranjish hai kahin.  
Bhot si galatiyan hai humhari ki humne apni awaaz mai ek shabab awaaz kyun  
nahi daali,  
Duniya ko dard se riha krne k liye humne baazi hi ulti mari.  
Ab toh hum dikhawe ki zindagi jee rhe hai,  
Kisko kya lena hai dil ke dard se,  
Sabhi ko acha dikhna h pyaar se reh k,  
Kabhi ye mehengi duniya se pare ho ke aam saasti cheez toh bano,  
Yahn tumhe aate jaatein sab dekhenge  
Tumhari surat se tumhe khushi se yaad kremge.  
Tohmatein lagane lakhmil jte hai,  
Waadein krne wale hazar jhuth bol jte hai,  
Par kya khoob shaahkar bnya hai rab ne inn insaano ko,  
Haar aur jeet ki aatish mai nawazihein krna bhul jte hai.  
Yahn baithe bhot se loog anjaan hai par apnikahani k hisse jaisa lg rhe hai,  
Iss mehfil mai jhuthi kavita keh kr sare gehre raaz keh rhe hai.  
Yahn baithe bhot se loog koi dard se juj rhe hai aur koi dard se aage bardh gye  
hai.

Kya tumhare bhi dil jaise ghar ko raato raat nilam kiya gya hai?  
Tum akele nahi ho nanhi si jaan ye jaan lo,  
Tumhare sath puri fauj hai jisne dil pe tumhari hi tarah rifu kiya hai.  
Yahn sab tuute padhe hai,  
Naam aur kam k chakar mai pyaar se loog dur ho rhe hai.

Agr pyaar diya nhi jta toh kisi ki azamat toh mat chino,  
Avaam ki tarah bnoge toh kal fir tumhare bare mai meri hi tarah kch zyda sach  
likhega,  
Mai toh fir b lihaaz kr rhi hu tumhari hui tauba ka.  
Aye khuda k bande mai sharminda hu tere hone mai bhi na hone mai,  
Aakhir tere hote hue kaise yahn sab tuute padhe hai?  
Jisne rab ne humhe banaya ussi se hi ruthe padhe hai.

Randhir kaur

## Blue.

I never knew I would fell for blue,  
It was the first tinge that painted me temporarily.  
You exited from the threshold of my kernel,  
And you made me blue permanently.

Randhir kaur

# Change Your Brain

Even after the schism, he confab with me. He talked to me like before. I talked to him like before. The disparity was that even after the partition he felt for the common in an uncommon I even after the separation distanced myself from his sick mentality.

My nature was unalloyed. His nature was spontaneous which ailed me more not to live my life with a blithe person and so I lost all the respect for him in one stroke which made my life smooth and worth.

I never allowed a third person into our relationship but that day he blew the trumpet so hard that now 'respect' turned just a mere word on my lips for him. I thank my Lord for making the separation so basic that I broke up without regrets. I always said, 'I hurted a pure soul'. I carried my heart with the most care. But my dear, am I not a mortal. I forfeited my life in the name of you and thus learnt that love is not enough to grow. I didn't loved you even a bit of you and you knew that very well. You did every effort to impress your lady but instead of opening my arms I crossed my hands because that raged me even more, that was extraordinary. It was so much 'over' that it made it 'over'.

'Yes change indeed is necessary but in you my twerp. I wish you get the best hausfra. May God bless the women, she will be fortunate though. But love her in every way. Not just love in a lovely way'

Randhir kaur



# Comedy And Tragedy Of Life.

Do you know the tragedy and comedy of my life? ?

Randhir kaur

## Conversation On Woman..

When God created woman he was working late on the 6th day.....

An angel came by and asked.' Why spend so much time on her? '

The lord answered. 'Have you seen all the specifications I have to meet to shape her? '

She must function on all kinds of situations,

She must be able to embrace several kids at the same time,

Have a hug that can heal anything from a bruised knee to a broken heart,

She must do all this with only two hands, '

She cures herself when sick and can work 18 hours a day'

THE ANGEL was impressed' Just two hands.....impossible!

And this is the standard model? '

The Angel came closer and touched the woman'

'But you have made her so soft, Lord'.

'She is soft', said the Lord,

'But I have made her strong. You can't imagine what she can endure and overcome'

'Can she think? ' The Angel asked...

The Lord answered. 'Not only can she think, she can reason and negotiate'

The Angel touched her cheeks....

'Lord, it seems this creation is leaking! You have put too many burdens on her'

'She is not leaking...it is a tear' The Lord corrected the Angel...

'What's it for? ' Asked the Angel.....

The Lord said. 'Tears are her way of expressing her grief, her doubts, her love, her loneliness, her suffering and her pride.'...

This made a big impression on the Angel,

'Lord, you are a genius. You thought of everything.

A woman is indeed marvellous'

Lord said.'Indeed she is.

She has strength that amazes a man.

She can handle trouble and carry heavy burdens.

She holds happiness, love and opinions.

She smiles when she feels like screaming.

She sings when she feels like crying, cries when happy and laughs when afraid.

She fights for what she believes in.

Her love is unconditional.

Her heart is broken when a next-of-kin or a friend dies but she finds strength to get on with life'

The Angel asked: So she is a perfect being?

The lord replied: No. She has just one drawback

'She often forgets what she is worth'.

Randhir kaur

# Dard

Ena dard menu kade nai hoya,  
Jina dard kale seh ke eh dil roya.  
Apney vich main gair hogayi wa,  
Gairan vich main kali reh gayi wa.  
Menu hun pata hi nai lagan deya,  
Ki ess uljhana vich mera rab kithey koya.

Randhir kaur

## Difference And Pain..

Friend-Hey, what do you say?

Me-Nothing (passing a smile)

Friends-What nothing? (Pulling my sleeves) . You have to say. We are all have some past and stories. We have read your poems where you are saying about so many things. Discuss here.

Me-So many things? For instance.

Friend-Hindrance, frustration, life, suffering, hatred, etc..

Me-That is me. So what else to narrate..? ?

Friends-But we wanna hear some from you right now(every ear was attentive) .

Me-Then what is the difference between writing and speech..?

I write because I can't speak. I speak because I can't write. You all have only read my poems with the eyes(sighs) Alas! ! !

(I had little tears in my eyes) .

Randhir kaur

# Drop My Pen

Why writing is bad?

It says thousands of emotions in a fourteen lines.

Why do you consider writing as a tedious work?

Because you cannot write. Poor luck.

Why am I not suppose to write?

Because my family doesn't seeks this profession to be worth.

Why I cannot portray my emotions?

Because I will be questioned.

I do not love to write today. I just want to die wrapping my clothes stain with crimson ink, the red language. I want to paint myself like the tricolour of our flag. I am not seeking encouragement from the world. I need my family's prod. I am a winner but the biggest failure. Either they fail to understand me or they abhor me for my uniqueness. I am happy to be a stooge because I am different. I love to be what I am. I will remain a writer of my own. I drop my pen.

Randhir kaur

# Eyes Crying Without Tears...

Taboo is d world with utmost rugged.  
One tyre n one leg still they stroll with swag.  
Their transfiguration changes my notion.  
None can replicate their outlook.  
People fail to realize that they're d true definition of LIFE...  
Bleeding knees made me cry n their yell is jst a lie.  
That is wat we think becuz ur sadness is nly one, their sadness is their  
profession..? ..?  
Broken toys made me cry, falling down made me cry, getting hurt made me cry,  
hurting my heart made me cry, laughing made me cry, crying made me cry.  
I beholded who not had eyes n hands who did made my eyes dry and laugh at  
cry.  
Now n then my eyes r weeping without tears...

Randhir kaur

# Final Goodbye

As I walk down the streets that remained the witness of our love, I hear several voices calling out your name.

People laugh at the way I smile, they act odd when I talk and walk through the woods with you, their eyes behave insane. Two of them didn't closed the door as I followed your voice through the areca trees.

I heard them discussing 'black magic'. They don't believe my insanity for you, they dont believe the love I hear in those moist leaves.

Even though you are not with me, I often sit here and write our story under that tree but with no stain words on the pages. I go home with the silences.

The silence of the final goodbye..

Randhir kaur



# Flaw And Beautiful

There is something wrong  
That I know it well,  
Its okay if you tell me that,  
What hurts you, let it not hurt.  
When I am here then a throw a burst.  
You have a regret that is deep,  
Years are passing but still you keep,  
Untouched, inaudible and incredibly covered.  
You are beautiful to know,  
But I am sorry you are a puppets show.  
If they are hurt, you are sad,  
If they yell, you are mad.  
Then tell me how you're bad?  
They don't know you my dear,  
You are a fearless fear.  
How beautifully you let them murder,  
Your art is treacherous, my lover.  
That kills them but with love and care,  
So poetry loves things which are rare,  
Untouched, inaudible and incredibly covered.

Randhir kaur

## Flowers Are My But.....

He said, 'I can watch ur dedication bt nt ur duty, With tight lip I stood there making d morning mre silent... He said, 'U luv ur wrk bz u respect beauty, In a blub way I resumed with Adam lily calmly to nascent... He said, 'I luv these flowers bz it is a symbol of peace; I inhaled d fragnance with a woe thought dat it is also a symbol of luv; He said, 'Which is d thing I swine d most'? ? ? ; Turning my face n saying, 'The plucking of flowers, will it cease'? ? ? ; He said none, looked in my eyes with my problem unsolve; It is a reason to smile, same time, I m groaning cause its branch is my stove, my life of worst...

Randhir kaur

# Help! !

Oh please help to get me.  
Hey whipper-snapper be my vestige again.  
Those trees are obscure, be my mirage again.  
Far-flung from my kernel, be my chain again.  
Oh please help to get me,  
Be mine and my again.

Randhir kaur

## Her Attitude Makes Her A Mother...

Since the day I was born,

Is the day my mother won.

A mother who gives birth is born again,

Because she is a mother she lives in vain...

Randhir kaur

# I Love My Life...

I realized, Oh, there's something to be shared with, Always who made the capacity to lift my moods out of gloom and despair... I realized, Oh, The Days and Nights seems to be equally brighter now, Always who has enliven and inspired me even in the most pensive and melancholy moments... They realized, Oh, Now Randhir is not like quite before, They realized, Oh, Now Randhir's smile is quite wide than before, They realized, Oh, The real magic of Love can only happen to change her, They realized, Oh, This would be fair to say that she found the only feel of LOVE, But Wrong are the Intentions of the people & sayings of the legends, that, 'Love makes life'... I say, that, Is Love everything in Life? ? .? I argue, that, Does Loves brings to you infinite prosperity or support? .? I have realized, Oh, LOVE makes all things beautiful, But, LIFE is the biggest

Teacher, Experience and  
Happiness itself... I  
found everything in my  
Life and thats what  
makes me realize today  
to say that, \I love my  
life\...

Randhir kaur

# I Wish.

Maybe, I was blind to know that 'Love is a fairy tale which looks nice in movies'. You're like a song, an animation, beautiful and temporary.  
I wish I had lost stars. I wish I was not a writer. I wish God made me normal, detached, mature, hard and a real woman.

Randhir kaur

## In Sojourn To Discern..

My innocent princess your glowing eyes dictate  
It seems that you want to cut straight to my heart  
Let your beauty be straight and frank just to state  
That love and beauty are same and not poles apart  
Your graces and intuition make you great to declare  
That you have been created in paradise with a glow  
That your flair and glare definitely makes you rare  
God has sent you to the world, His beauty to show  
So you are not part of this world but a light in trance  
Through the centuries like a candle you burn to turn  
Every darkness from the face of earth to give a chance  
With modern pattern to the world in sojourn to discern

..

Randhir kaur



# It Conquers All

Every song that I hear and every book that I read wails the problem but the elucidation is love. In the end every pallid bird, every beautiful heart, every beautiful tree needs 'Love'. Everything that I film around me conveys the voracity for endearment. I realized this fact when love smited me and I was raptured with mystic things. I have learnt that love is the solution of every problem that we face. Everybody is in a dilemma of dispute and when I figure my relationship I even Love the fact of I and You handling us in a beautiful manner that every story must sustain it.

Legends hoarded wise sayings and I was tiresome with the words in my ears having no knowledge of how it feels. Believe me, I feel so fascinated now that I am a leftover of love and for me the malice is just a funny talk to tease hatred. I am thankful love has happened to me and that I am able to love and be lenient to everything because in the end 'Love' conquers all.

Randhir kaur

## It Creates A Story In Me...

With your satiny hairs,  
You amble without a normal foot.  
But with a pristine look,  
Your big eyes shines luminously.  
Dear, Maybe people call you a handicap,  
I call those bullocks a madcap.  
Interestingly, what, I am a handicap mentally, here I reveal.  
Everyday I fight inside the close door when night falls.  
A few days ago your eyes have cried a lot,  
Let me clear here, you are a daring person.  
It gives me a reason to fight with his servants openly.  
You are a bizarre, I don't know you Monica Sharma.  
Though we did not shook our hands at all,  
But whenever these eyes squints you,  
A new story creates a History...

Randhir kaur

## Izzat... (Respect)

Itni izzat hai humre dil mai aapke liye  
Kam pardh jate hai shaabdh  
Aur Jo izzat shaabdh mai bayaan ho jaye  
Wo izzat ki koi izzat nahi...  
Baate to sirf dikhawa hai  
Fitarat toh ghar pe choar ke aate hai  
Humhri toh aap mai basi hui hai  
Aapko khush dekhna humri aadat ban jaye....  
Aap chahe toh humhe aazma ke dekh lijiye,  
Meri sari umar apko lag jaye.  
Zinda reh kar toh koi gawa nai dai paye,  
Shayad jaane ke baad aapko wo izzat yaad aye....

Randhir kaur

# Kavi

Na dil hari,  
Na dard ki maari.  
Fir bhi takleef ka lehza mai samajh paa rahi.  
Mai kavi nahi,  
Bas kavitaon ki maari.  
Jisme dikhey mujhe apni duniya sari.

Randhir kaur

# Leave Me In Pang!

We are thousand miles away.

Still I say, 'stay away'.

People meet either because they are meant to be isolated or to be in their life forever.

We know we want each other, knowing that it won't happen.

Are you here to lessen my soreness and increase my sprits. Let me tell you dear, I am in love and relationship with lugubrious. I am the most propitious and wealthiest person because I had had ever you in my lifetime, a cache.

What are we meant for?

For schism or forever?

When we are meant for nix, then let us not give each other unfulfilling expectations.

Randhir kaur

## Let Us Watch...

Some are blue with hits,  
Some are dumped in shits,  
Some where there is black-white conflicts,  
Some are breaking the wall of heart brick by bricks...  
No remedy to cease it,  
Because zilch can be it,  
Nothing makes everything in it...  
Let us watch my brother's and sister's,  
It is a film to cry, a saga which is not parable as History,  
Because there is no one who will give their today for our tomorrow.....

Randhir kaur

## Letters..

I am happy but there is a pain in this gaiety.  
The mosses and thistle have turned their tint on the threshold.  
How more eon to be created, these collection of azure are getting shrivel.  
How more shall I live on the basis of this white papers.  
Everyday you are slaughtering me not with your aura but your letters.

Randhir kaur

## Life (An Echo Verse Poem)

Who'll nt stop its work with any try?

Echo-I..

I am rich in taste, and bright,

Echo-Might..

Make me a challenge or a adventure,

Echo-Venture..

I am a strange like a heave,

Echo-Live..

Make me a tear or call me a mess,

Echo-Test..

I am a curse and charm of a youth,

Echo-Truth..

Make me a mirror or be away,

Echo-Way..

I am strict than a Teacher and a lesson to thrive,

Echo-LIFE...

Randhir kaur



# Life Replied...

A real parley.

-How's life?

-You are my life.

-Then won't you ask your life how it is going?

-My life tell me how it's going on?

Life replied, 'No matter if there are ups and down, I will go on by any means '...

Poetry technique-Colloquy, Micro-tale.

Randhir kaur

# Love Of A Father And Daughter.

-Why are you shedding tears? (raising the eyebrows)

=Why are you being dunce? ..you are(choking) departing dear(helplessly) .

(The former passing a beam and holding his fingers) .

-No, you are being dunce, (by wiping the tears of the latter) my hero.

(Embracing) .

=I love you(the former heaving a sigh) . There you go, your Prince is waiting for you.

Daughter-I love you too Papa (clasping the hand of her partner, took a seat in the car, bidding farewell and the matrimony ends) .

Author~Randhir kaur~

Poetry technique-Colloquy.

Randhir kaur

# Main Na Teri, Na Meri.

Main na teri, na meri,  
Duniya vaste bani.  
Koi tordh de, koi jordhde,  
Bas aysey jogi bani.  
Koi ucha keh de par hasa chehre che rakhin,  
Koi dil dukha de te kese aage na kahin,  
Tu aurat wa 'randhir',  
Bas aysey jogi bani.  
Tu bhot kuj kardi wa,  
Kaley likhan che mashoor nai hoyi.  
Tere bakshaya hoya pyaar da mol kiven chukavan?  
Ve challeya, Mai te duniya vaste bani.

Randhir kaur

# Me In The Name Of You.

For me you are like my neighbourhood friend or my college mate booster. I am going to say any dialogue to prove my love for you.

You are the love of my life and I am going to dedicate my every success in the honour of you. Why shall I treat you the way I treat my wacky friends or like my 'Salla'(Stupid) crony?

For me you are the most balmy lady with a bonker lot of talks expressing mirth and trying to deceit me from the concept of rueful state and clamping me towards joy.

I am going to spend my entire life not leaving you alone despite of the fact that we cannot stay together and no matter how many precedences my life handles, you will always be on my brow.

I reckon you snag your answer of being who you are.

This accolade glorries your presence in my life is unmatched and it will always be because your love does not workship all. I stoop before you because you are so so special and have given me a new life and made me complete with your mettle.

Randhir kaur

# Mohbhat!

Kabhi jaan kehte ho

Toh kabhi jaan le lete ho,

Jab mann kiya pyaar dete ho,

Mann jab bhar jaye toh 'bas' kehte ho.

Mohbhat bhi wafat ka furmann hai,

Mohbhat ke bhi osul hai. Ye maine tumse jaana hai be-khauf doob ke.

Randhir kaur

# My Love On Its Heights For You!

You are my centripetal. You are my catharsis. You are bonafide. You beckon me. How shall I eulogize my Yahweh that he forged a human like you. He contrived you for me so that I must caress you with the profound love.

Randhir kaur

## My Pen Will Insult You.

I will and I will write again today.

What is right and wrong will eject in a poetry way.

Is there any might which can terminate or put me away?

You can but this height can erase my lofty thoughts to say.

That you are the plight to my repugnance and I will affront you like a play.

I will and I will write again today.

Randhir kaur

# My Shadow..

A footstep was heard at the door and  
I turned back, was amazed, quite surprisingly.  
All I see is My Shadow...  
Wanted to let it go, Wanted to shut the door.  
My inner soul wanted to tell me about the situations...  
I look back where I stand still and frozen.  
Today I live my life in glee, while thinking.....  
Alas!! What the days were before...

Randhir kaur



## No Good.

You speak the murky secrets when the night falls, like a tipler losses his mind when he drinks. Kindred the words take the purest form of 'Halo' in the dealiest silence. And as soon as it is dawn we act oddly as if we did not mutter a word the previous night. What frightens me more is not the night but the day. It is because people dont have time to stare and talk about their lives.

Even my father when he reaches home from his work, I am almost slept and the same rountine is maintained the next morning. And we hardly talk and get beautiful time together.

Now the daylight scares me so much that I want the night to last forever. And the subconscious zone foretells me a alas news that, 'the nights will no longer remain gloomiest anymore, it is going to change and the world will become a robot. The phoniex will rise'.

Ask the good if it has been good to anybody? ?

Randhir kaur

# Ornamental Pidgin Letter

My mother is an abstruse person yet simple like 'Bindi'.

I listen to her tall tales telling the hapless condition she had faced with growing three sisters.

She is hidden behind the ornaments and tells me to conceal my adjacent palm lines with 'Maindi'.

Imbibing the skin of 'Maa', I too have become a lady of embellishment and now my 'Leere' talks to hide my paunch and to grab a 'Chunni'.

Today I have three pairs of 'Churiyaan' covering my white 'Kalayiaan' that says my mother's tongue.

And my garden's purple roses doesn't promise's any relationship to my 'Got'h'.

While my anklets no more sigh 'oh my.. blisters' which was frictioned by my 'Valiati jhuti'.

I am a rhapsody of mother's carmine 'Saree' and a ginger-bread of this 'Kaur'.

I am rhetoric person yet a ringing 'Payal'.

Randhir kaur

## Paigam...

Har saal ki tarah yeh din firse agya,  
Ek aur naya pal lambha banane ko aya hai,  
Zara dekhiye yeh shaam purani nahi,  
Kyunki har baar ki tarah paigam kuch naya aya hai.  
'Aap toh humesha mere liye khaas ho,  
Na jaane kal ayesa waqt shayad hi mere pass ho,  
Isilye kar deti hun shayari mai aarz, na tolne wale mere alfaaz,  
Mai toh sajde karti thi, aapne toh zindagi ko hi ibadaat bana diya'...

Randhir kaur

# Papa

Its hard for you,  
It is hardest for me.  
Holding back myself,  
To watch thee  
Do not cry when I leave,  
I am no more small only if you believe  
That your little girl is now a bride,  
Last night my mother said that you cried.  
My red bangles and henna choked me, Telling me how my scars and innocence  
will be,  
In crowd of unknown faces,  
Will I be able to see my father in all places.  
I am heavy with memories,  
Finding a way till it buries.  
But this heart of mine,  
Fail to rhyme,  
The sweet lullaby chord of lovely times.  
Sometimes I think my papa is an accordion. When he looks at me and smiles and  
breathes, I hear the notes.

Randhir kaur

# Philosophy Of Life..

Ocean of glass, walls of water,  
It's an illusion, a chimera, this world of love.  
In this world, whoever went,  
is just gone..  
Stay of fireballs on sands of snow..  
Story of softness in hot deserts..  
Where the mirror of memories breaks,  
shadows of truth can be seen everywhere..  
The clouds are golden and there is a rain of stones..  
It's all illusion, this world of love.  
In this world, whoever went,  
is just gone..  
In this world of heart, there are no boundaries,  
In the eyes full of pain, respite doesn't sleep.  
All the feelings that are there, is an unquenched thirst.  
The philosophy of life is hidden in the refuge of love.  
Winds of sunshine, gardens of thorns,  
It's an illusion, this world of love.  
In this world, whoever went,  
is just gone..

Randhir kaur

# Pyaar

Bhot pyaar hai tumse,  
Pyaar zinda hai mera najane kabse.  
Rehne do peeche mujhe,  
Jhukne se risthe hai suljhe.  
Par mera haarna tumhe pasand nahi,  
Mjhe toh rehna hai tumhare kadamo ki zameen banke, wahin.  
Jahan mithi bhi guroor karti hai,  
Ki aaj koi dheema chala hai sukoon se mjh pe.

Randhir kaur

## Real Story Behind 12 O Clock...

For all of you who thought 12 o Clock is a joke for Sardar.

During 17th Century, when Hindustan was ruled by Mughals, all the Hindu people were humiliated and were treated like animals. Mughals treated the Hindu women as there own property and were forcing all Hindus to accept Islam and even used to kill the people if they were refusing to accept. That time, our ninth Guru, Sri Guru Teg Bhadarji came forward, in response to a request of some Kashmir Pandits to fight against all these cruel activities.

Guruji told the Mughal emperor that if he could succeed in converting him to Islam, all the Hindus would accept the same. But, if he failed, he should stop all those activities. The Mughal emperor happily agreed to that but even after lots of torture to Guruji and his fellow members he failed to convert him to Islam and Guruji along with his other four fellow members, were tortured and sacrificed their lives in Chandni Chowk. Since the Mughals were unable to convert them to Islam they were assassinated.

Thus Guruji sacrificed his life for the protection of Hindu religion. Can anybody lay down his life and that too for the protection of another religion? This is the reason he is still remembered as 'Hind Ki Chaddar', shield of India. For the sake of whom he had sacrificed his life, none of the them came forward to lift his body, fearing that they would also be assassinated.

Seeing this incident our 10th Guruji, Sri Guru Gobind Singh ji (Son of Guru Teg Bahadarji) made a resolution that he would convert his followers to such human beings who would not be able to hide themselves and could be easily located in thousands.

At the start, the Sikhs were very few in numbers as they were fighting against the Mughal emperors. At that time, Nadir Shah raided Delhi in the year 1739 and looted Hindustan and was carrying lot of Hindustan treasures and nearly 2200 Hindu women along with him. The news spread like a fire and was heard by Sardar Jassa Singh who was the Commander of the Sikh army at that time. He decided to attack Nadir Shah's Kafilas on the same midnight.

He did so and rescued all the Hindu women and they were safely sent to their homes. It didn't happen only once but thereafter whenever any Abdalis or Iranis had attacked and looted Hindustan and were trying to carry the treasures and Hindu women along with them for selling them in Abdal markets, the Sikh army although fewer in numbers but were brave hearted and attacked them at midnight, 12 O'clock and rescued women.

After that time when there occurred a similar incidence, people started to contact the Sikh army for their help and Sikhs used to attack the raider's at Midnight, 12 O'clock. It continued and became a known fact that at midnight, nearly at 12 O'clock, it is very difficult to fight against Sikhs as the Sikhs get some Extra

Power to save Religion, Nation and Humanity.  
Nobody can fight and win against them at midnight; this continues till now.  
Nowadays, these 'smart people' and some Sikh enemies who are afraid of Sikhs, have spread these words that at 12 O'clock, the Sikhs go out of their senses. This historic fact was the reason which made me smile over that person who say 'sardarji 12baj gaya' as I thought that his Mother or Sister would be in trouble and wants my help and was reminding me by saying off 'Sardarji Barah Baj Gaye' All those shud feel ashamed of themself who used to click and enjoy the jokes on Sikhs and too made fun of them. The truth is that these Sikhs are born for others and they are real patriotic to Humanity and Religion. What are we all doing to these great Saints and Soldiers? ? ? ? Instead of thanking them, we all are making fun....

Randhir kaur



## She And Her Time.

And the epoch, in the year 2016, somewhere in the middle of the way she started to struggle with many things at one point of time. Being a college student and a responsible daughter she never thought of facing unfair things played by her fate. She was lost in the world of vagueness when she was tied in a relationship which lasted for 6 months. The daily status on social media that her beau shared tagging her and by exposing her name with his name in public was the most embarrassing moment she had to face. She was not like other girls who liked to express her heart out and moreover, she neverdared even to pen her secrets in her social diary. But with the arrival of this unnamed relation she was choking in and out, but the scream was not heard. It all happened suddenly, very suddenly when she got disturbed by his every action via social media, she never loved him but liked him. It happened in a fraction of seconds, she was sitting, he was sitting, family as well. In the name of meeting, his family made her their 'daughter-in-law'.Rituals were done, her family was still while she was numb sitting infront of her sister who was a spinster, who was quite elder to her. That hour was the most awkward moment for that girl of 19, who was fooled in the name of meeting by the was petrified by such actions where she and her family was not allowed to halt anything when everything happened so soon infront of their eyes. They remained quite. But she remained quite for 6 months because she didn't know how to stop everything. His family was on cloud nine to have her, they called her, 'Golden girl'. But alas, she never felt loved.

And months passed, meetings were held, pictures were clicks and she accepted her fate but love was totally absent rather there was a feeling of reluctancy and unwantedness. But she had no option to live in it. She feared to speak even a word to her parents, whenever her parents asked her, 'Are you happy'?She nodded a yes. She feared to be judged by the society in which she lived. She was afraid of the consequences and the faults which society would stamp on her back. She was horrified by the thought that her community will criticise her and disrepute her family, afterall our gibberish society never blames a 'man'.

She never had any affair in her entire life and this secret affair was also made public by him even after telling him not to do because she was not comfortable with the social platform. The more things are concealed, the more better it , he was just a practical guy, but not a responsible man. Being seven years elder to her, he behaved like a kindergarten kid and she handled him with care, like a mother behaves with a son. She felt more grown up, matured and sharp than her so called 'fiance'. And time flies when she came to know that she need to speak, when she realized that family is important than society. Society has a big mouth, they are blessed with so many criticism and judgments that a single person with broad views cannot change a bunch of bigoted people. We can change the course

of society but the irony is that we are not able to change even a bit.

She realized that did he really loved her. How can a person fall in love with a stranger when he knows nothing, is that the face attracted him to say a yes to her or did the tale, 'Love at first sight' turned true. Well, fantasies are truly a fantasy. She didn't believed in fairy tales or illusion.

How can you fall in love with a person at first sight? How can you fall in love with a person by his/her smile? Will that last forever, will this be a definition of your love?

Slowly she was thankful to her Lord that she didn't fell for him. She noticed the amount of Obsession he had for her. And one day she had the courage to say her parents, 'I cannot spend my life with a person who like a toddler holds my finger'. And at that time, she didn't paid attention to what her relatives will say or what the society will say, at that point she only spoke what she saw, she only uttered the things which was presented to her as it is. She thought that she didn't deserved the obsession, she didnt deserved that unnamed ache at all.

How does that feels when you do every good thing to others and the others kick your butt?

How does that feels when you sacrifice every hell for just one smile and then you receive a sack full of burden and wrong blames. It hurts. Yes, it hurts when those people take advantage of your innocence and kindness.

That was all she faced, she now shed everything off from her shoulders. And after the decision of separation she got 52 calls and received more than twenty follow request on social media by different names, when everything failed, he started to expose her identity, though she never spoke nothing ill about him or his respected family, he had nothing to expose, but only and only the pictures which were clicked together and hedeclared on social media (fb, insta, wtsap) that 'We are in an open relationship '. He tried to offend her self respect and dignity to such a level down that he lost all the respect from her heart as a person in mini affronted her like a papers in the air, like a toy, her feelings are crushed for a person like him. Even today he continues telling people that 'This lady is my love'. Even today he posts every status and story for her with her pictures and with her name. He even started to write poetries on her page, he tried to follow her on every poetry site. While she feels annoyed and helpless by such acts again and again.

What should we name this? Did he really loved her? He wanted her. He didn't needed her.

And today people call her, 'The Culprit '. The fear which always haunted only she knows the tough phase she went through.

Today she doesn't blames him for such rueful condition, she never want to blame him. She believed in the real was her 'Destiny'.

Randhir kaur

# Shukran! !

Yaad nahi karne ka ilzaam lagate thai aap.

Dard kya hota hai ye humne aapse jana hai.

Aaj agar hawa bhi chuti hai palko ko toh ye halke se surror ko bhi mera kalam iss jazbaat ko bayan karta hai.

Aaj agar falak tak nighah jati hai toh wo bhi mera kalam taare zameen pe utaar deta hai. Itni shidaat hai aj meri syahi mai ki rang neela ho ya gehra bas har ek ka baat ka gawa hai mera kalam.

\*Hadhih laysat hadiat mmin allah sclyqy. Kunt alma whubin li hdha al'alam. Ant mwhwbny hdha alsher, walaysallh\*

(This is not a gift from the Jehovah, my friend. You gifted me this pain. You gifted me this poetry)

\*Shukran\*

(Thank you)

Randhir kaur

## Sikh (Senryu)

Hey, I am a Sikh.  
We have heart as huge as lake.  
My KHALSA take pride.

Randhir kaur

# Sky...

I  
am girl  
with a heart  
who want to fly  
high, no aim, but just want to touch that sky..

Randhir kaur

# Smile-Pain

I don't understand this life at all,  
There is no sorrow but my eyes are always filled with tears.  
What is it which makes me down in dumps? ?  
I don't understand this pang at all,  
There is no complain but I keep blaming my Waheguru.  
What is it which makes me down in dumps? ?  
I have learnt that everybody have a smile and happiness but one is disturbed to  
see that on the other face.  
Because one's smile becomes someone's pain...

Randhir kaur

# Strange Healing

Pen in my hand,  
Door on my side.  
Been two hours I simply am sitting.  
Could walk off by shutting my copy and breaking the tip of my pen.  
But what is it that I want to write but still can't.  
I have so much but still unable to portray.  
I realized that I really cannot reveal my pain through my writings because I don't  
want this world to fall in love with my melancholy.  
'Let me live in pain. There is a strange healing'.  
And I walked off by shutting my copy...

Randhir kaur



# Taste The Journey

The Days & Nights  
are silent,  
Only the tears seems  
to be violent..  
I gave them love and  
respect,  
A bit of something  
least I suspect..  
The moments  
passed are in glaring  
frames,  
Some loved me &  
others said the  
clumsy names..  
The dear ones turned  
me into aggressive  
flames,  
My heart warned me  
but I did certain  
claims..  
An irreversible regret  
and an unheard  
request,  
An unspeakable  
secret and an  
unreachable quest..  
Still life is being about  
happy anyhow,  
So simply summed  
up in words, 'LIFE  
must go all the way  
rest'..

Randhir kaur

## To Love And To Be Loved...

Today somethings hve turned me into an inspiration.

Today others hve made me a inspiration.

Today somethings hve given me an answer.

Today somethings hve made me a question.

Today few person hve known a heart.

Today a heart made few a person.

We gather strength frm sadness.

We gather joy becz we hve known sadness.

There is only one happiness in life- To love and to be loved. Follow love and it will flee, flee love and it will follow u...

Randhir kaur

## Today Is Yours...

There is no much but little words,  
You see here are lots of birds.  
Delight fully singing a thank you song,  
While repenting for the things done wrong.

Though voice not mellifluous as sugar,  
You may swine for our bugger.  
But the words flowing on this day,  
Is full of deep gratitude to express you in a way.

Singing in a row,  
One, Two, Three go,  
All we say it so,  
Happy, Happy Teacher's Day blow...

Randhir kaur

## True Love...

Siting in a cab he met  
her, she gave a squint  
look, his eyes were  
fixed for a while...

There cums a road  
with a cleave and  
both strutted...

He daub her  
image, while his  
cheeks bedew with  
tears...

Providentially he met  
her again in a grocery  
shop, she gave a  
squint look, refuse to  
give a 2nd glance...

There cums her  
comrades n both  
strolled away...

He daub her  
image, while his  
cheeks bedew with  
tears...

They happen to  
meet accidentally  
most of d times on d  
same way..(Months  
later) .....

She was\'nt a  
spinster anymre, but  
a spouse..

Destine to a grim  
fate, was woebegone  
n vexed, hitched  
up, with d sudden  
realization that there  
was\'nt love n  
realiance..

Feeling forlorn, went

out walking on d  
street, not knowing  
where...

Just den a house  
prepossessed her  
heart, she peeped  
inside, was a  
beautifull garden, she  
entered slowly n  
stood still with d  
beauty...

With d harsh  
wind, the door of d  
house slammed...

Took her steps inside  
slowly, there was  
none...

But bolt frm d  
blue, she went  
near, peered it vry  
closely n was left  
boogle...

It was dos images  
hanging on d wall  
which he painted  
sme months ere...

He heard d footsteps  
n was startled to  
see his love...

She turned n smirked  
at him n said, 'There's  
no difference in all  
these pictures bcz I  
can see a teardrop in  
ur every single piece  
of art, many may  
regard these pictures  
to b very rough, but I  
say it a Masterpiece'..

She came  
forward, holded his  
hand n spoke, 'Your

tear means d anguish  
of ur u cant  
speak I am ready to  
b ur words..I LØVE  
YØU'..

Randhir kaur

# Tumhari Yaad!

Kya dusra insaan tumhari jagah le sakta hai?  
Jo tumne mjhe diya hai, kya wo akela de sakta hai?  
Toh fir kaise soch liya ki pyaar mere andar se khatam ho sakta hai?  
Yun sochte sochte sab zeher ho gaya,  
Humhara sapna bante bante tutt gaya aur seher hogya.  
Chand sitaron ki baat nahi karungi Dhir,  
Gawah toh ye zameen bhi thi.  
Kya baat karun insaano ki,  
Roop banane wala hass raha hai.  
Falak ko chuta pairdh puch raha hai,  
Meri chao mai hasrate hazaaron behla kar kaisa lag raha hai?  
Ab ek tum hi batao mere bay-qarar hone ka sitam kitna lo ge?

Randhir kaur

## Voice Of Sexuality

I dont regret losing you and making you free from my love which has just been painful. I know that you don't admit and you will never confess that all I did was a terrible tragedy to your soul. But I know how mean I was to leave you alone in dark with the pain of forever. However, I took a step unknowingly for a huge cataclysm. You whip me every night with the song of love in my ears. I see your face in the Dark Oolong tea. You walk with me as doleful as I am towards port of call. I see you everywhere even when you are not called. I cannot slur you. I cannot. I had written letters to you all these years but they never reached you. They would have never let you live in harmony, you would have died alive alone in poetry and I know that poetry has never saved your life. If only I had the audacity to tell the world about my sexuality. We were saved, perhaps with back and forth slaughter, but we were saved.

Randhir kaur



# Wake Up...

A commence  
of dawn sinks  
at dusk,  
Ever mull  
over, why d  
earth is round?  
A ritual of  
religion and d  
splendour of  
lust,  
Ever mull  
over, why this  
found?  
A diety of  
people n a rush  
of gust,  
Ever mull  
over, why  
people's  
thought r  
bound?  
Nature is  
natural n  
believe is like a  
rust,  
Ever mull  
over, why  
falsity beauty  
is on ground?  
Today spurious  
beauty is  
immortal n  
beauty is  
scorn.  
Entity frm d  
flowers to d  
celestial sight,  
Every fair  
object will lose

its authentic  
born.  
A date of  
havoc is sooner  
near with a  
might,  
The earth's  
bosom wud  
turn in sordid  
boon with  
mourn.  
And wen  
st will  
bcum a  
constant  
shooting site., .,

Randhir kaur

## We Meet...

Get ready my friend, finally  
the vacations are to the end,  
Pack your bag with a smile  
because tomorrow we meet.  
My apology and thank you I  
just want to send.

Get ready my friend, finally  
the vacations are to the end..  
This long gap gave a  
realization that roses are red.  
So ere we ignore, let us  
accept our mistakes..

Get ready my friend, finally  
the vacations are to the end,  
Pack your bag with a smile  
because tomorrow we meet..

Randhir kaur

## What A Day? ? ?

I was elated and the whole throng,  
Girls were clamouring a cheers song.  
We frabjously watching the cricket match,  
One after one enjoyed the defenders catch..  
My team won the target,  
Hollering high like never willing to forget.  
People saw our lively craze,  
Thought we would never win the first race..  
Second was the round and fielding was ours,  
But I went fret, lost my glasses, finding for hours.  
Everything seemed unseen for me.  
Everyone thinking of how will I play and see..  
A girl lended her specs,  
Took it n gave returns on cheeks with pecks.  
Playing but thinking it was very expensive.  
And my mother will slay me, there I went  
pensive..  
Exhausted and remained silent after lossing,  
Sat down glumly with wet eyes in a way  
displeasing.  
Swagata yelled, ur opticals are here,  
There I won the match when my buddies chase  
after me for a cheer..

Randhir kaur

# Where Is The Real? Where Is The Sikh?

The five K's of Sikhism,  
Made the people Sardars from the other religious skhism.  
If the turban was just a piece of cloth,  
Then other people would have never done blind troth.  
It is because turban is a crown of a person,  
Alas but it has often been made the means of treason.  
And today there is repeatative questions,  
Why all Sikhs are not Sardars, thus, people claim an objections.  
Because during the time of India and Pakistan war,  
No offence, but the Muslims were not on the par.  
All the Hindus and Christains turned themselves into Muslims with the fear of  
being killed.  
But Islam had to face the problem while dealing with the Sikhs because they did  
not knelled.  
In order to maintain the Khalsa (unity) and not to move from the Guru's  
preachings,  
The Sikh decided to stay strong on the Akaal Purakh(Waheguru) teachings.  
But they had to save their wives rape from the clutches of heartless,  
Islam thought that it was the easy way to deceive the Sikh by their actions of  
merciless.  
The Singh and Kaur were ready to sacrifice,  
With the shout of the slogan, 'Bole so nihaal, sat sri akaal' even made their  
decisions petrify.  
The Sardars didnt vanished,  
And the Islam didnt vanquished.  
So today we find Kapoor's and Sharma's with no turbans,  
Because The Operation Blue Star massacre turned the Sikh community into  
barbarians.  
People had to cut their hairs with fear,  
1984 was the bad time of Sikh bloodshed and tear.  
People do not know the real history,  
So they think the trend of cutting their hairs was in fashion wuth no story.  
Today even the Kara (iron bangle) is in the vogue,  
You all made Waheguru's gift as the means of style, weapon and rogue.  
And it was never The English Literature which had started the ryhme,  
The Holy book, Guru Granth Sahib ji Maharaj had that chime.  
The entire Granth is written in a poetry manner,  
Which paved the path for the literature banner.  
My people, we all simply read the books which were provided to us,

But never actually tried to know the real fact whether it was fair and just.  
Even the Independence of India was not thr pure,  
Wake up and gather propaganda and make your people assure.  
Make it your suty to be loud,  
Spread this fact just as wide as the sky and cloud.

Randhir kaur

# Who Am I...?

Who know me?

I ask t'will nocturnal does flee.

Diurnal I wake my slumber,

And my ear hears a clamour.

I live in a house where zilch dwells,

Tell where I pertain my lord, thus everyday I ring your bells.

Poetry scheme-aabbcc

Technique-Nano-tale (soliloquy)

Randhir kaur

## Who Are They?

Sukirtia was customary for everybody but a Madonna for Rashika alone. She was broken and the same was the condition of Rashika. As both were fragmented, they were enticed towards each other so deeply that they could feel every single move and every single breath. By every passing day their relationship became deep-seated. They loved each other so much that could text talk the entire day and still feel that they had spent a very less time together. Distance was the only hindrance which tethers them from physical presence.

Sukirtia said, 'I never let people know my real intense feelings. I hide away anyway but before you, I failed. I drastically failed, as if you know me from ages. You knew everything. You felt me even after being so far away. What people failed to notice even after watching me, you did staying there. Be mine forever. Till eternity and beyond. Let me serve you forever'.

While for Rashika Sukirtia was an modest person. She always treated her as demigod. She said, 'My gaiety is related to you. If you are happy. I am happy. If you remain morose, so does I remain despondent because I feel your every single pang'.

Sukirtia once asked her, 'What relationship do we share? I give you the honours to stamp a tag to our bond'.

Rashika responded, 'People will call us lesbians. But we both know we are not homosexual. I just love you that's it'.

They were not just soul mates but they cared for each other like crony, loved each other like mother and daughter, yelled like a father, acted possessive like a brothel, played a role of a lover and it included world's so many relationships at a time. They loved each other in every visages. What should we name them?

Are they still lesbians?

Randhir kaur



## Who Is A Kaur? ? ?

Have you ever thought why Guru Ji, Guru Gobind Singh, gave the Kaur surname to Sikh women? Why did he not accept the status quo and keep the tradition of the woman's surname being determined by her family's name? What was Guru Ji trying to achieve by calling the Sikh woman 'a princess' (literal meaning of Kaur) ? To try to understand the possible reasons behind Guru Ji's decision, we need to look at the situation at the time in different cultures. In Indian society, the brides first and last name was often changed after her marriage. This still happens today. However, this tradition of name changing does not occur just in India. It is a phenomenon, which occurs across the whole world today. Why are women's surnames changed? The reason is family linkage. Surnames allow others to identify you and your family. In some cases the surname can tell others much more about you, such as your caste. For women the linkage to family is different in comparison to men. Their identity changes with marriage. They are no longer associated with their parents, but with their husband's family. Unsurprisingly, the man's name never changes. Some cultures go as far as considering the woman to be the property of others. This was so for the Hindu Law giver, Manu, who claimed that no woman should ever be independent. Christianity considered woman to be a product of man as Eve had come from 'the rib' of Adam. Psychologically, women have accepted these unjust rules. They are resigned to male dominance and allowed themselves to become second-class citizens. Guru ji changed all this with the revelation of the Khalsa. He gave women the opportunity to live life free of the chains of a dogmatic society. It was God's Hukam (will) . Once initiated into the Khalsa, Sikh women obtain the surname Kaur. The surname Singh (Lion) is given to men, but Kaur (princess) is reserved solely for women. This difference in names is not about inequality. Rather, Guru ji recognises the difference between men and women. As individuals we are all different from each other, but this difference does not imply inequality. Women and men are different but remain equals. Guru ji considered women and men to be unique. He respected the sexes and, therefore, made the distinction in surnames.

(In Sikhism 'SINGH' means lion and 'KAUR' means princess) Women were not treated

equally before the time of the Sikh Gurus, and so to ensure equality, a movement for women's liberation was started five hundred years ago with the Sikh faith. The Guru said, 'You are my

beloved princesses, my daughters. You must be respected. How can this world be without you? ' He cautioned men for being rude and bad to women. He said, 'Without women this world cannot be. So, give them the rights, and give them equal respect they deserve.'

Women are humans and all humans deserve equal rights.

Normally, when a woman would get married, she would take the last name of the family she gets married into.

Since Guru Gobind Singh Ji eliminated the last name, he said, 'You don't have to take anybody else's name. You are an individual, you are a princess, and you can keep Kaur as your last name.' It gave women a lot of self-respect..

I am proud to be a Sikh and a KAUR...

Randhir kaur

# Why Did We Meet?

We are thousand miles away.

Still I say, 'stay away'.

People meet either because they are meant to be isolated or to be in their life forever.

We know we want each other, knowing that it won't happen.

Are you here to lessen my soreness and increase my my sprits. Let me tell you dear, I am in love and relationship with lugubrious. I am the most propitious and wealthiest person because I had had ever you in my lifetime, a cache.

What are we meant for?

For schism or forever?

When we are meant for nix, then let us not give each other unfulfilling expectations.

Randhir kaur

# You Are Special

I have never seen such a person like you who hide so much.  
Who can do anything to bring a grin on a timid countenance. Every person doesn't have this beautiful quality, since you are blessed, I feel extremely fortunate that he has bestowed me with the richest gift. A treasure which I always want to store for the lifetime. I haven't met you, which makes us despair often but I exist here. The words which you are reading. I will meet you like the dry rose petals in your books. I will say my 'Hallelujah' when you will brush your hairs in the mirror. Let us say, we both are lucky enough to get each other. I lack in so many things, from courage to in expressing but the day you have stepped the threshold of my heart, you made the Hades turn into Utopia. These are not just words but my heart is actually rambling from the deepest part. Its not because today is your born day but because i always have enough to say about you as a figure. You don't have any idea how much I respect you. You don't know there are many people who read your works but they feel connected to you. I am one of them, I started like this and I felt in touch with your soul. There is your mother who loves you, who wants you to reach the heights, then there your father who supports you with everything, though at times scoldings are loveable. There is a brother despite of being hedonistic person he has taken many responsibilities, the way a son do. The way a brother does. There are your friends who wants your support, who wants to enjoy every moment with you. U see your friends are awaiting for the blast. Life is full of surprises. There are blast after blasts. Some many people hatches from one egg. This is life nurturing and deteriorating is an pivotal part of humane life. And from among trillions of people 'I', have find my happiness in you. I cannot compare you with the ordinary people who walk and turn off after their job. Though we clearly know, we aren't permanent but I know that you could never blot out from my memory. You are evergreen. You are my heart. And my heart is with you. Everyday I love you more and more. It be your anger, beckoning, love, care, trust and be it your words, which is a spell to me. You have captured my spirit entirely. You are special, more beautiful than Diana Copper. You are unique. You are an artist who paints and drafts thousands of life in one verse, in one snapshot. May you get succeeded so much in your life that one day you look from your balcony watching the noise and bustle of the city with a huge smile on your face and that day you are going to meet me.  
Our love is eternal.

Randhir kaur

## You Mean So Much Dear...

I was unattached yesterday because I loved this world. But I am attached to you today. Now I am unable to throw my infatuation to all the four corners. Nobody can feel my love because I am in love with you only. For today I am feeling loved to be acquisitive. What a thirst you are..you wake me up without an alarm. Those precious care and charlatan love of the people made me the happiest man. But you alone is the one on a par to those precious words that today I don't want to love the dupe of the Lord. Albeit they did not took any avail of my kindness and hospitality but still I feel trifling to love them now. Because of you and you only...

Randhir kaur