

Poetry of the Heart: Reflections on Life and Love

Chandan Kumar

Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

This book dedicate to my Mom & Some of my Friends.

Acknowledgement

Writing a book (basically a collection of my own Poem) is harder than I thought and more rewarding than I could have ever imagined. None of this would have been possible without my best friend, Sumit.

He is the first friend I made when I moved to Himachal. He stood by me during every struggle and my all Successes.

Also thanks to Jyoti (means Kishno).He is very Naughty , he always calls me from different-different Names, but he is also good Hearted Person.

Also Thanks Some Friends (Whose Suggestions is very important during Preparation of this.)

Also Thanks my Friends who is no more.

About the author

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summary

Do Sachhe Dost hain Mere

Hostel Life

I'm Happy Now ?

I Miss U

Prasann man se Jeevan Jeena

Do Sachhe Dost hain Mere

Do Sacche Dost hain mere,
Mera Khayal Rakhte hain bahut,
Mere Chehre ko Dekhte hi,
woh has padte h mujh pe.

Ham logo me koi bhed nhi,
Bhai k jaisa yarana hai.
Koi puchhta hai toh batate han,
Woh Bhai k jaisa Pyara hai.

Pyaar Se Mujhe "Motu, Genda" Bulaate hain ,
Ek Ko jara si Chot lage,
Ham milkar Dard Mitate han.

Mere Yaar Bahut khaas hain par,
Mujhe mitha khaane se mana karte han.

Jab ham ek saath hote han toh kab Din,
Se Raat Gujar Jaati hai pata hi nhi chalta.
Unke saamne mera koi Bahana nhi Chalta,
Ek ko Football toh dusre ko PUBG se Pyaar hai.

Sumit hamara raat bhar chatting karta rehta hai,
Toh wahin hamara Kishno hamesha Soya rehta hai.
Din Bhar, Din Bhar ye words bolte rehte hain,
Lekin pata nhi kyun hamesha Udaas rehte hain.
Kishno hamesha ghar jaana chahta hai Lekin,
Sumit ko ghar jaana achha nhi lagta hai Kyun?

Bhaiyo jitna pyaar hai ham me, niswarth Prem lutate hain,
Dukh sukh me saath Nibhake Ham Yaaro ki preet nibhate hain.
Pyaar hamara bana rhe ham Dil se Yaari sacchi nibhate hain,
Khuda Dosto ko khus rakhna ham unpar Jaan lutaate han.

Hostel Life

Hostel life hai badi mast,
Chuti waale din rehte hain sust.
Subah 8:40 ke baad Jagna
Phir College ke liye bhagna.

Anatomy lecture chhor ke room me sona,
Ghar ki yaad me woh Chhup k rona.
Jaana woh lecture me 10 min baad,
Padhte toh hai lekin rehta nhi yaad.
Raat ko 2-3 baje k baad sona,
Phir Sundar sundar Sapno me khona.
Raat ko sabke ke room me jaana,
Phir Pagalon ki Tarah Khana Khojna.
Mess ki woh line Bhul nhi sakta .
Tumhare bin Yaaron reh nhi sakta.

Doston ke saath mil baith Kar Khana,
Aur saath me Oogy and the Cockroach Dekhna.

Phir mess se Bahar aakar kehna,
Sala ye kya Bakwaas khana tha banaya.
Karna woh Warden ko raat me tang,
Aur kehna unko Ye Karnel Ye Karnel
Aur Phir Rakshaso jaise Hasna.

Hostel me Padhai lekin Masti bhi Sang.
Raat me Parth ka aana,
Aur Der Raat tak Corridor me Cricket Khelna,
Aur Zayed ka Batting ke liye Rona.
Oven me Raat ko Maggie Banana,
Doston ko raat me Oreo Shake Pilana.
Saath Baithkar ek dusre ka kaaam karna.

Padhne likhne ka yahan naam nhi,
Exam ki Chinta Satati nhi,
Girlfriend ki yaad me Aryan ko neend aati nhi.

Room me hoti hai Yaaron ki mehfil
Jinke Saath hum Yaaron jaate hain Ghul mil.

Dhona woh kapde Chuti waale din,
Kaise reh paaunga Mai tumhare Bin.
Room ki safai , Sang me Padhai.
Mess me jaate hi Ghar ki yaad Satai.

Lena wo Doston se Study me Madad,
Dost koi Ruthe toh Hota hai Dard.
Room me baithkar PUBG khelna,
Aur Wahan Bashit Sir ka Excitement level Dekhna.

New Year Celebration bhool nhi sakta,
Without masti yahan koi reh nhi Sakta.
Faisal ka Balenciaga Wala Sweater Pehnana,
Aur Phir Party me Na Aana.

Basre ka hamesha Snap Bhejna,
Wahi Harsh ka hamesh Reel dekhna,
Ye bhul nhi Sakta.
Dogra ka woh 2 Mahine ghar me rehna
Aur phir uska Fistula ka operation hona.

Mera Chhakar kha k Girna,
Aur Awasthi ka Mujhe Hospital le jana yeh kabhie Bhul nhi sakta.

Kishno ka aajkal hamesha Chatting karna
Aur mujhe Karvi par Sacchi nashehat dena.
Ye kabhi bhi bhulaya nhi ja sakta.

Sam ko karna raat bhar aarya se baatein,

Satati hai raat ko uski yaadein.

**Hostel ki Party bhuli nahi Jayegi,
Sach me Yaaron Tumhari badi yaad Aayegi.**

**Karta hun Rab se ek hi Dua,
Hum na ho yaaron kabhi bhi Juda.**

I'm Happy Now ?

"Akele baithe baat kar leta hoon, Beete dino ko yaad kar leta hai, Log milte hain to saath chal deta hoon, Nahi to akele chalna sikh hi diya hai tune.

Haan, khush hoon. Vo khat saamne aa jaate hain, Ab bhi, Jo mahaj ab kaagaz hai, Jinki ahmiyat thi kabhi.

Haan, khush hoon. Vaise vo vaqt kaid hai meri yaadon mein, Meri kavitaon mein, meri kahaniyon mein main jab chahe use mehsoos kar sakta hoon, Magar use saath-saath joojhta hoon aansuon se, tanhai se, Us deewanepan se aur tumse.

Haan, khush hoon. Bachpan mein ishq ke kisse, Pata nahi kyun? Sunkar maza aata tha, udas hoon, unka kirdaar bankar bhi, shayad ab sab kuch samjhne laga hoon tabhi to main badalne laga hoon.

Haan, khush hoon. Tum shayad kaabil thi har uljhan se nikalne ke liye, duniya se ladne ke liye, Aur main nahi! Magar main wahi tha jab tum peeth dikhaakar chali gayi, Yaad hai haan, khush hoon.

Main khush hoon, Kyun ki maine seekh liya hai. Khud se bhagna, Jeena... tumhe bhulana, jhooth bolna ki ab tum yaad nahi aati,

uff!

Haan, main khush hoon.

I Miss U

Tere naam par gazale main baar baar likhdoo Likhni hui mohobbat toh tera naam likh dun.

Tere baare main subaha shaam likhdoo, tujhe dil ka apne aaraam likhdun.

Aur mujhe tumse kitna ishq hai main batau kaise,

Mujhe tumse kitna ishq hai main batau kaise

Tum hui agar ganga toh khud ko banaras ka ghat likhdun,

Tum hui agar jhumka toh khud ko bareilly ki shaam likh dun,

Tum hui agar baarish toh khud ko aasmaan likhdun,

Tum hui agar chaand toh khud ko raat likh dun.

Tere naam par gazale main baar baar likhdoo, Likhni hui mohobbat toh tera naam likh dun.

Prasann man se Jeevan Jeena

Har Baat ka koi Jawab nhi hota, Har Ishq ka naam kharab nhi hota...

Yun toh Jhum lete han Nashe me peene waale, Magar Har Nashe ka Naam Sharab nhi hota..
Khamosh Chehre par Hazaron Pahre hote han, Hasti Aankhon me bhi Jakham Gehre hote han...

Jinse Aksar ruth jaate hain Hum,
Asal me unse hi Rishtey Gehre hote han...

Kisi ne Khuda se Dua maangi, Dua me apni Maut maangi, Khuda ne kaha, Maut toh tujhe de den magar... Usse kya kahun jisne teri Zindagi Maangi...

Har Insaan ka Dil Bura nhi hota, Har ek insaan bura nhi hota...
Bujh jaate hain Diye kabhi Tel ki Kami se, Har Baar Kasur Hawa ka nhi hota...