

# Anthology of spilleronsheet

Presented by

*My poetic side* 



## summary

Lost belonging

What matters

A new faith, a new vigour

Rewind

Withering

I Envy

About today

I chose

Distant lovers

I told them

Tell me O moon

The funeral

Wish upon

A letter of complaint

Trust a mirror

Confusion lies

The wrong train

Heart cried but tears didn't fall

It's painful

Misunderstandings that grew

Silhouette

It's okay to not be okay

Falling the cliff to fly

Festivals

Walking endlessly

The lady

Rosy shades

Smoker

Dandelion

Oh mother! What a plight!!!

The mask

On my side

Visit to outside

Where shall it end

Two squirrels

The invisible hands

Late night

Trust in thyself

First meeting

Only if

I wonder

The king, his kingdom and its fiefdom

Rewrite the slate

Wandering, to just find dismay

Living with a scar

I asked myself

Mere Carbon

If can?t wade off, be the brook

Innocent rain

Bereft souls

A painting on the wall

Tears of joy

A circle of confusion

Two fragrances

Amber light

The letters

Sheep or blacksheep

Reel may not be real

To the cheers I hold

USP( Unique Selling Price)

Time a slave or master

Wandering and searching, yet resting

A disease called overthinking

A journey with deceptions

Some truth better be untold

Wish all my dear friends Happy New Year

Motivation, what it is to sleepy eyes?

Watch out for and look out for

The cycle of life

Cold are the days

Where are you Mr. Sun

The shout of courage

When journey is savoured more than goal

Calamities of life

Running time

Let the game begin

Flowers are flowers, to grow and bloom

The lonely lane

Unkind letter

The one percent that matters

The well

The king

The bridge

Petunia

The deal

Shallow me or shallow thought of your life

The wooden plank

Misconception of position

Closed

The yellow-orange fruit

Taking the next step

A blot on sheet

The end

Absence

Re-engineering

Tea/coffee, cookies and a book

Pause

Untold

The hundredth

Lost and unfound

Alloy

Hide and seek

Fishing

The so called sheep

Confrontation

Past, a moment to look upon

Flip

That one

Missing

Unsettled

In their

The hypocritic

The glimmer

An ode to thyself

Silence

Bend and blend

The greatest player

Rare the sight

Lines

Slow burn

A note

Chasing time

Black and white

A million times

The song

Greed havocs the brain

Black rose

Power and money

In silence speaking with winds

Blooming under the sky

Lingering

Infinite desires, less opportunities

Hope, a blooming flower

Knowledge, the golden orb

Wings of dreams

Scar

The breaking dawn

Dreams

Warning colouration

Waiting

Memory palace

Searching the silver line

Sleeping eyes

Remote control

Blackboard

Watching and working

Slowly slowly?.

The two sides

Cape

Dead corpse

Bitter

Blossom

The starting

Balancing

A tune to ears?.

Thorns

Do you regret now ?

Cold heart

Acorns at fall

Does sky have space ?

The string that pulls back

Sand and stones on shore

Unwanted miseries

In ruins

Luxury

Loosing a bit

Knock

Abandoned warmth

Slumbers

It?s been long

Delusions

Finding

Invisible hands



Tropical easterlies

## Lost belonging

To the lost  
childhood of times  
dangling under the blue sky  
streets filled with chaos  
yet calmness resides inside  
to the lost  
weary unkind  
often questioning the mind  
how can kids run unrestrained  
what happiness surrounds them inside  
to the lost  
childhood  
holding adult outside  
we lost the most precious of time  
often to the running time  
grow up and progress  
behave yourselves  
those were the words heard outside  
to the lost  
innocence holding inside  
how to enjoy the worldly pleasures  
the mind seems chaotic inside  
wondering about uncertainties in life  
to the lost  
happiness without reason  
why it chose the reasonable wisdom  
to be only saddened with grief  
what seems good in growing up  
what seems empowered to hold papers  
papers in green  
stuffed in pocket inside  
alas it can't buy the lost time

## What matters

What matters

Is a dream

A dream of fantasies

Or dream of weirdness

A dream of reality

A dream of insanity

What matters

Is to live a dream

A dream of childhood

A dream of adulthood

A dream of moment

An everlasting dream

What matters

Is to continue to dream

To believe a dream

To make it reality

To stop dreaming

And live the harsh reality

A finite boundary

Of whether to make it real

Or stop in the lest

Believing it was a mistake to dream

What matters

Is to continue to dream

To do what you believe

Irrespective somebody supports or not

Be the boss lady

Cause no one is there to shoulder upon

You stand alone for your dreams

Your wish list of thoughts

Your desires to unravel  
To write and travel  
To picture and capture  
To relish the beauties that scattered around  
To witness the beauty of nature  
To feel the wilderness of life  
To unravel the adventures of life

## A new faith, a new vigour

Unable to calm  
The chaos inside  
The night lingers with revenge tonight  
Days lie in dilemma  
Where the dawn questions  
Questions the existence  
And the sun raised high  
Despite its glow  
The mind keeps glooming inside  
The past wounds seems engraved  
But who knows the new storms  
Brought the wound on surface  
The insults of those time  
The failure left in past behind  
Haunts the lady all time  
With such burdens inside  
How to find motivation to win  
It was a belief yesterday  
That belief broke me  
The intellect tells me  
Make a new faith  
Let go of past mistakes  
Make a new determined faith  
Faith to win  
Engraving winner on face  
Revenge has just began  
Nobody is omnipotent  
Apart from God residing in heaven  
Stitch the weakness  
Cling them together  
And throw them deep in the river beside  
It's time to strengthen  
And fight with all might

## Rewind

When people lose purpose in their life  
When your use is lost  
It's easier to get disposed  
Don't attach to emotions  
Don't attach to anyone  
Don't attach to results  
Don't attach to criticisms  
Stand for yourself  
Stand for your loved ones  
For your dreams  
For your tales  
For your legacy  
Even if you grow old  
Don't loose for anyone any more  
because love isn't about losing  
it's about sharing the connectivity

## Withering

How fruitless life is  
How stupid is to be alive  
Everyone tells me to own your mistakes  
But did anyone allow me to live it once  
Why rules were made  
Why regulations were laid  
Why abide means faithful  
And choosing sounds deceitful  
Is the length of life a possession of others  
Why should I colour the canvas  
If I don't wish to  
Why should I colour the canvas by the colours of their choice  
How much more the tree should bend  
Bending  
And stretching beyond a point  
The tree broke  
And the elastic tore  
I wonder why should one be alive  
Why should I laugh  
When all my eyes have  
Are nothing but tears  
How long should I fake smile  
It's been years of hopeless  
And hapless existence  
Wonder this fruitless journey could end  
A journey nothing but pains

## I Envy

I envy

Envy the dandelions

Who are free to travel

I envy

Envy the birds

Who can fly as far as they wish to be

I envy

The flowers

Who can bloom as they want

I envy

Envy the kids

Who can play freely in the playground

I envy

Envy the pilots

Who soar up without wings

Travelling higher in the skies

I envy

Envy the radio jockey

Who can speak clearly of their mind

I envy

Envy the creepers

Who can move anyway

I envy

Envy the weeds

Who can grow anywhere

Without caring about

I envy

Envy the waves

Who doesn't care about retreating

Or a fall

I envy

Envy the oceans

Who meet different continents



Chat with enormous fishes

I envy

Envy the butterflies

Who can swoon upon the flowers in the garden

Carefree

Praising the beauty

So much to be envious around

I wonder

When did nature turn so attractive

Why was I lost in chaotic world

Since when I am running in mad race

That I forgot the beauty lay beside

## About today

day felt long  
when suddenly you realise  
a platform where you can reach upon  
seems shut overnight  
day felt long  
when you couldn't read the poetries by  
where the stage of shows  
you can't see the curtain rise  
day felt long  
when praises not felt  
to the shows  
that you put up for test  
day felt long  
when comments not read  
to the string of words that you laid  
day felt long  
and so empty  
when suddenly you realise  
the password not working tonight  
maybe at times digital happening can be an addiction  
playing with your mind

## I chose

I chose  
to be a butterfly ?  
to fly up high  
to swoon upon flowers ? beside  
choosing the colours of my wings on side  
abandoning the caterpillar ? of my life  
maybe breaking of cocoon takes some while

I chose  
to be an eagle ?  
though I am a little sparrow at home  
to stay courageous  
And soar in sky  
with small wings playing with air on side

I chose  
to be a dandelion  
travelling vast lands  
riding on the breeze beside

I chose  
to be a tree ?  
standing amidst the garden  
watching the kids play  
and lovers hooked in arms

I chose  
to be all  
but alas it was morning ? light  
the dreams' gone  
it's time to wake up from bed side  
Finally  
Living the day as humane tonight  
Lighting firecrackers ? at night  
playing by the streams beside  
planting the flowers by the window side

## Distant lovers

Heaven  
and earth witnessed  
their friendship  
their love  
across the season  
one in sky  
the other in fields  
one saw the world  
For the other he was the world  
heaven  
and earth witnessed  
even when it was short  
their love across the oceans  
one above  
the other below  
one raised high  
told stories to another  
while the other looked up in sky  
waiting for its lover  
high above he told stories of travel  
one below  
moved his face always facing the lover in sway  
heaven  
and earth witnessed  
their stay  
one lived forever  
for other it was just a season  
many years passed  
the sun stays  
looking at the field  
for his lover dressed in his days  
the other could swoon him  
while the below followed him

listening to stories of heaven and earth in dismay....

## I told them

Though they take  
my words  
my dreams  
my tales  
my stories  
my pains  
my sufferings  
as mere jokes  
yet I told them without hesitation  
I told them  
I needed time  
to own my dreams  
I dreamt since childhood time  
I needed time  
to pursue my desires  
which I lost recklessly  
so many times  
I needed time  
to live the way I wanted to live once for last time  
I told them  
my weakness  
my strengths  
my shortcomings  
my mistakes  
yet they ignored my words I heed  
I told them  
I opened my heart  
to get over the tears that stained my pillows overnight  
I told them  
I don't need a Prince on horse/  
I don't need a princes dolled up in rose  
I told them  
I needed time

to reign the power of the lost kingdom of mine  
to live the legacy of my life  
I told them  
to trust my plans  
if they didn't  
I still had me to trust in me  
and I willingly will lead a simple life  
that I make out of my hand

## Tell me O moon

Tell me O moon  
Do we have a destiny  
Will we be happy in future  
Can we smile as we used to be in past  
Can I be free like I used to be  
Why it feels shackles run  
Why time seems to sting  
Tell me O moon  
What's good about growing  
Is it fun to play in the sky  
Revealing yourself at night  
Hiding behind the clouds in day  
Revealing your pretty round face  
Wonder when desires will unite  
When I can be like the past life  
Tell me O moon  
Will we travel not only the world  
But also travel to unite with our loved ones  
Spend moments together not only online  
But offline too  
Tell me O moon  
When will we have time, to gaze each other  
Without worrying about next schedule  
Tell me O moon  
When can I capture the world with my lens  
When I don't worry to make green notes  
While I keep asking you moon  
You look beamingly at me  
Waning in passing days  
You tell me in silence at your please  
Days and nights not be same everyday  
Some day it's new moon  
Yet times of full moon too



Tell me O moon  
Will we live on you too....

## The funeral

A kind man died  
It was his life  
lived by others the whole life time  
a poor man died  
rich with ambitions  
buried alive  
an introvert died  
though he talked a lot  
but never could speak his mind  
a socialite died  
with no one to attend his funeral beside  
no one to shed tears  
no one to put soil  
he attended others funeral  
but was alone in his last rite  
a man with immense dreams  
with high virtues  
but less achievements died  
leaving with most of his desires  
he attended his last rite  
was buried deep down in grave  
with remorse and pain  
with plenty of emotions within  
no one came to console  
no one to praise  
no one to say  
that he was a great man that day  
a man in his teens  
died in his dreams  
with no one to speak  
with no one to cry  
with no one to pray beside  
reduced to ashes in life

now is the time  
he chose to return  
to rise from ashes  
to reign the lost kingdom of his  
to awaken  
he still has some time left  
to make a legacy of remaining days  
to live all his dreams  
with no regrets  
it was time to take control  
of the lost kingdom  
And find the lost paradise  
it was a resurrection of dead soul  
it was awakening  
and enlightenment  
to not be controlled anymore

## Wish upon

Wishes are like bubbles on street  
Rise up high  
but break on a single touch of mine  
wishes are like helium filled balloon  
I strongly hold  
but a sudden gush of wind  
blows it over side  
holding courage inside  
I wish upon  
wish upon a fallen eyelash  
wish upon a flying aircraft to deliver my message to Almighty  
wish upon a shooting star  
wish upon a birthday candle  
wish upon an auspicious sign  
wish upon a coin  
wish beside the wishing well  
wish upon the knots of thread  
wish upon the locks on sacred places  
wish upon stones  
wish in a church  
wish over a full moon  
sometimes wish upon scared thread  
for years  
to meet my dreams  
I wish upon numerous things  
years pass by  
my wishes don't come alive  
suddenly my adult self  
laughs over the child inside  
don't wish upon  
start working hard from tonight  
I stop wishing on anything beside  
I start to work again

alas my wishes still drift away  
like fluffy clouds in air  
the child inside shakes hand with the adult outside  
now I decide  
to work hard  
now I decide to wish upon  
all things again  
lest live it all  
for God to decide  
To grant my wishes overnight

## A letter of complaint

A letter of complaint  
was addressed to God  
Addressed to heavens  
in a sealed envelope  
a letter of complaint  
waiting to be delivered  
the petitioner wrote  
about the complaints to the judge  
where the judge was accused  
complained why was he always screwed  
a Complaint of loosing a job  
a complaint of loosing the loved ones  
a complaint of betrayal of trust  
a complaint of being bankrupt  
a complaint of mistrust  
a complaint of suffering the pains  
that almighty had entrust  
a complaint of refusal by his love  
a complaint of having no food  
a complaint of being in poor health  
a complaint of diagnosed of a rare disease  
All he asked was a simple life  
all he wanted his lover beside  
all he wanted was a cosy home  
all he wanted was a bit of food

alas why is he screwed  
since childhood  
thrown on roads  
ending up in orphanage too  
to all those worries  
to all those remorse

he walked on the deserted road  
meeting his eyes  
he saw a hospital entrance beside  
a child in dismay looked at the open door inside  
he paused to have a conversation with the child  
the child was orphaned  
The rare disease plagued by world  
took the child's world  
yet the child wasn't in cry  
he just replied  
I wish we could come sooner here  
I wish I could see my angels inside  
the man shook inside  
he burnt his letter of complaint  
he asked for forgiveness inside  
you gave me pain  
I understand  
but I am thankful  
you gave me the hope to fight  
I could stand while losing my world  
I will find a new job  
I will find home  
I will work hard  
I will look for a sweet lover outside  
these words he shouted at sky

## Trust a mirror

Trust a mirror  
meant to be broken by others  
I trusted  
trusted the process  
trusted myself over it  
I trusted her  
but in return mistrust became my fortune  
Years of togetherness  
lost in a moment of heat  
moment of heat  
or was it betrayal  
betrayal in a friendship  
I trusted  
trusted in their decision  
only to be known  
I was never meant to be  
their choices  
over which I trust  
brought me to a halt  
never to return  
I trusted  
my fate  
Though it was nothing  
but a dead end  
trust is a mirror  
meant to be broken by others  
so many a times the mirror broke  
it became unrepairable  
no adhesive could stick it together  
trust a mirror  
became irreplaceable



maybe it lost its charm  
maybe it got secluded in heart  
trust a mirror  
who could repair ?  
among the mirror I held  
I saw broken mirror  
could reflect  
Colours in different hues  
Wonder if my trust could reflect  
it reflected too  
One who could heal me  
I could heal them too  
trust maybe a mirror  
but it doesn't matter if it breaks too  
use the broken to reflect  
someday a miracle could happen  
you may clink  
with another shattered someday

## Confusion lies

Confusion lies  
at doorstep tonight  
tomorrow's a big day  
maybe a result that counts  
months of hard work  
whether it would repay  
maybe fate will play again  
a devil in my life  
months of awaiting  
will flowers bloom tonight  
just a day before  
confusion lies  
dizziness when I close my eyes  
maybe the nervousness  
running in my veins  
making me blurry in life  
maybe a nervousness  
causing a flu beside  
laid down on a bed inside  
months of hard work  
will it play tonight  
Adding to dismay of time  
sore throat rings inside  
lookout for temperature  
it rings high  
confusion is high  
body plays along with mind  
insanity runs in poetry of mine  
what stays  
is confusion in mind

## The wrong train

A cold day  
fortunately greeted with sunny afternoon  
as usual the protagonist was late  
rushing after the metro train  
so confused was she  
she boarded the wrong train  
or was it the destination wasn't the same  
the one with her intention to go  
she sat patiently looking out  
to change the metro at next platform  
a guy similar to her age  
also boarded the wrong train  
the two strangers started the conversation  
about the right destination  
to take the right train  
Their conversation proceeded  
with the weather outside  
to politics running the newspaper inside  
the regions they came from  
turned out that they were miles apart  
yet the strangers shared some accord  
they talked out about their dreams  
one wished to be a change maker  
while the other wishes to be writer  
they talked and debated all while  
only to notice they have to go a long way  
So engrossed in each other  
they forgot to change their way  
continued to wrong destination  
sometimes wrong trains can take a long way  
  
and one finds right person on the wrong way

## Heart cried but tears didn't fall

Awaiting few days  
it turned up eventually  
years of dreams  
awaited to be reality  
alas  
it was same again  
like a spiral wheel  
back to the same hall  
Like a tornado  
it swept against  
Washing the shores of her vivid dreams  
wishes were not granted against  
while hair turned white again  
looking at the fall  
she exclaimed  
why doesn't the spring knock her door  
some called her lazy  
some insincere  
nobody knew how hard was it balancing  
broken up by fate  
she cried so many times again and again  
that by the morning  
when she saw the numbers on the wall  
it didn't take over her a toll  
even a speck of tear didn't run in eyes  
her heart was tearing inside  
shame and embarrassment  
somehow ornamented her eyes  
years again she was back  
back again to the same spot  
where she questioned  
which route she should take upon  
again the inside cried

even if it's a mistake  
she would try again  
gamble again  
for the same spot  
bet all on dying dream of all  
her heart cried  
she would stand as a warrior tonight  
struggles  
would meet the results soon  
She chose kensho and satori as her teachers anew

## It's painful

It's painful  
when dreams shatter  
it's painful  
when bubbles you make  
burst at the touch of reality  
it's painful  
When your desires  
appears to be mirage soon  
it's painful  
when those who praised you  
suddenly depart and runaway leaving you behind  
it's painful  
when your loved ones  
don't believe in your ambitions  
it's painful  
to stand all alone  
mustering up courage  
to those who stood for taking claims  
claims in your win  
but the same abandon you  
when you fail  
why should one bear  
the burden of fall  
all alone  
why this hypocrisy dear world  
Is aloofness the only solution  
maybe not  
maybe the key  
The key is detachment  
to be spiritual  
to not acclaim the fruit  
but concentrate on blooming instead  
maybe it's not atheistic

it's about necessity  
that keeps the heart throbbing inside  
finding the purpose of life

## Misunderstandings that grew

Scoldings greeted him morning  
he thought they never cared about  
in covers of scoldings  
their care was ignored  
they cheered him secretly  
coveted were their emotions  
which he never saw  
those were his parents  
who were busy making him sleep comfortably  
he awaited her return  
looking patiently at door  
she didn't turn up  
he took it as a betrayal  
he never knew she met an accident  
Lying unconscious  
battling with life  
Misunderstandings grew as a sprout  
He awaited a bonus  
it was a festival around  
didn't get a bonus, no gift around  
but he never knew his colleague lost a job  
Grievances arose as a sprout  
while driving on roads  
he met an accident  
he blamed his misfortunes  
his car got tampered  
but he went without scratches  
while the other car lost lives around  
Only financial burden he saw  
misconceptions and misunderstandings  
became his words  
never did he knew  
God was protecting him



with his angels around

Somewhere

someone

was more misfortunate around

## Silhouette

Catching up the train  
being late again  
it was the same story  
everyday again and again  
but this day was different  
marked to be different  
rushing past the security gates  
swapping the travel card beside  
rushed to get into the metro inside  
hope she could catch up the missing train  
it was already late for college again  
As the doors closed by  
she closed her eyes  
the gates would hit her shoulders  
she thought  
and felt a shiver inside  
though the gates would retrieve  
but readers you know  
how hard the door hits  
lost in her thoughts of being hit again  
a hand pulled her inside  
she still with closed eyes  
heard the stranger's deep voice  
he was giving her a lesson  
to be careful in life  
she nodded in embarrassment inside  
in two minutes of travel  
she couldn't look at his eyes  
lost in his deep voice  
the time she mustered up courage  
to thank her saviour  
he was already gone amidst the crowd  
leaving for his destination

all she could see  
was a silhouette  
a broad shoulder  
with a loose school bag  
a beanie cap  
and grandma's knit sweater  
that was all  
That could be seen  
Of her saviour  
Getting down the next station  
Alas to be never seen again  
was it a dream or a reality  
she questioned herself inside  
But that silhouette remains afresh  
In hopes of finding him  
she still misses the train  
maybe a hand might pull inside  
but the silhouette  
was never seen again  
time passes by  
While the silhouette fades with time

## It?s okay to not be okay

Is it insanity  
Am I loosing my mind  
or is it alright  
to not be okay every time  
at times empowerment reigns inside  
feel king at heart inside  
I shout with all my might  
I will be the ruler of my destiny  
and let no one choose for my life  
Then feeling of overwhelmed shadows  
a plethora of emotions play  
suddenly I feel manipulated all the way  
they chose the colours  
they chose the canvas  
they chose the scenery  
and the brush  
while I was told to paint all that  
it wasn't my choice  
I wanted to make heaven and earth meet  
they told me to paint a horse instead  
they said it never meets at horizon  
what if I wanted to let it meet  
is it okay to not be okay  
they call the emotions worthless  
they say it's weak to be ruled by emotions  
to them mental well being is scam  
why they never chose peace  
is war desirable  
why should we fight  
Peace don't calls for fight  
why in garb of peace they chose to fight  
let mankind hurt humanity inside  
is it okay to think like that

they question my curiosity  
they question my choice  
my friendship with nature  
they call it insanity  
I chose to speak  
they call me stupid  
is it okay to not be okay  
I may be ruled  
or ruined by my emotions  
but I won't deny my emotions  
that makes me special  
that makes you special  
and yes  
it's okay to be not okay  
we can't decide the situations  
but we can decide our actions  
we can't change the storms  
but we surely can sail across  
let the waves come  
we shall surf upon

## Falling the cliff to fly

If pride had not been crushed by billows of reality,  
how can we profoundly realise how painstaking it is for us to reach the target afar?  
if a dream has not suffered, the extremes of falling off a cliff,  
how can we know who is actually endowed with invisible wings?  
swallow the tears into your heart,  
So they grow into a stout flower  
at the time of exhaustion we are able to smell  
smell the way with our closed eyes  
As if we have slumbered soundly till dawn  
still singing and walking with brisk pace.....

## Festivals

Once upon a time  
the festivals meant holidays  
the festivals meant meeting long lost families  
the festivals meant gifts  
the festivals meant colours  
the festivals meant light  
the festivals meant delicious foods  
the festivals meant sacred rituals  
with time passing by  
festivals got new meanings in life  
now festivals mean only a ritual  
that burdens the mind  
adds the aloofness  
and questions the intellect of mine  
why does they pop every time  
now it only means a national holiday at times

## Walking endlessly

I have been walking  
endlessly to somewhere  
started with hope in the air  
in the beginning there were friends around  
suddenly journey made me alone  
the journey of my dreams  
which was started with high spirits  
made me aloof  
the passion to reach became stronger  
and I turned insane  
fighting with all to stand for my dreams  
walking endlessly  
Don't know where to reach  
where to stop when I reach  
from dawn to dusk  
walking endlessly with a weeping heart  
to a singing soul  
from a tired smile  
to panda eyes  
walking endlessly  
for some milestones on the way  
Walking endlessly  
to somewhere



## The lady

Lost in thoughts  
to whom we were  
she looked at herself  
the reflection sure was her  
but it wasn't her  
it looked as if it was a stranger  
running back to the rituals  
she glanced at the news article  
it talked about a lady  
a lady who worked for public  
with some void  
she engrossed in herself at art  
looking at the lady  
she exclaimed  
may be generations ahead  
but she resonates  
looking at the mirror she exclaims  
the reflection isn't mine  
the one in newspaper  
similar to me  
One painting the canvas  
the other spilling ink on sheets

two souls generation apart  
why so alike  
both sad in life  
got engrossed in the books at shelves beside  
to them the books were friends  
who weaved so many stories within  
about fantasy lands, festivals at corners  
about delicacies of folk  
about traditions and art  
why that soul resonates me

the lady in the newspaper  
hides her grief  
in her iconic smile  
generations apart  
dreams they hold are same  
one accomplished  
the other aspiring to be  
the lady in newspaper is like me  
the reflection in water isn't me  
it's a stranger  
looks like lost myself years apart  
happily could find another soul clinking afar

## Rosy shades

To the eyes  
it looked normal  
there was pain  
there was happiness  
there was truth  
there was lie  
a smile was just a smile  
to the eyes  
maybe perception meant nothing  
then one day  
we wear our rosy shades  
now a smile  
is not only a smile  
it means million things  
alas why was life easier before  
when was the empath born  
now that smile of yours  
isn't simple anymore  
It's full of praise  
At times it's smirk of satire  
it's a love farewell  
At times its full of hatred  
it's smile of cheer  
at times it's vengeance  
it's a covert smile  
hiding tears in the eyes  
at times it's a fake smile  
why did you wear the rosy shade  
did the education grant you  
did experiences teach you  
or is it an after effect of adulting  
when did rosy shades became your choice  
Life was simpler in black and white shades

yet the rosy shades helped to see the vibgyor around  
noticing the shades of life  
watching the sunset with different shades of life

## Smoker

A city of smoke  
a city of smokers  
some cars that smoke  
some industries that smoke  
I live in a city of smoke  
the smog plagues the air  
its been long since the sun rose high  
the white smoke covering all night  
They ask  
when did, I start puffing  
It takes time  
to recall inside  
when was the first time  
I was small  
small indeed  
to understand smoke  
Have been a smoker since long  
not active though  
a passive smoker  
living in a city of smoke

Once crystal water beside  
as clear where fishes swarm  
today it's poison flowing  
with dead fishes rowing  
the glaciers run wild  
the river floods, the Nile  
there is draught on other side  
and we question  
why Mother Nature, you run havoc ?  
with shamelessness in eyes  
we dare to urge her  
Urge to stop the mayhem

but, did we ever realise  
who was the culprit  
acting lame  
making the city plague  
Hiding the beautiful face  
Behind the masks with lace  
Days pass by  
only with pledges as a passer by  
while some cities vanishes side by  
people loosing their lives

## Dandelion

A dandelion  
belonging to this world  
bounded by no field  
known for its freedom  
dancing and singing with winds

a dandelion  
belonging to this world  
swaying its way  
to far off places  
from farm fields in day  
to roads on cities  
criticised for being swayed in youth

a dandelion  
belonging to this world  
blamed for its freedom  
nobody cared  
it dispelled it's duty  
even when abandoned by all  
to do it's duty connecting offshore with onshore  
Carrying on inheritance to all nooks

a dandelion  
belonging to this world  
some decided to be one  
Enjoyed being a dandelion  
while some yearned to be one

some born dandelion  
some evolved dandelion  
A bliss in disguise  
or curse to be one

choosing duty to travel  
or enjoying to travel  
leaving its root to travel  
or simply swaying with wind to travel  
its not easy to be a dandelion.....



## Oh mother! What a plight!!!

Oh mother! What a plight!!  
white pearls shining inside  
beaming with pride  
hosting flags of cheer outside

Oh mother! What a plight!!  
I inherited the white pearls inside  
used it carelessly  
wasting its life  
only to loose more than I gained outside

Oh mother! What a plight!!  
Those white pearls  
shining all time  
only to mourn with passing time  
plagued with darkness beside  
to my desire of sweets inside

Oh mother! What a plight!!!  
I didn't care when young  
now I loose it at doctor's end  
I try harder to make them survive  
My glorious smile  
with beaming white pearls inside....

## The mask

The mask  
it was a cartoon  
where the yellow suit  
played heroic

the mask  
yes, the people wore  
all time  
hiding their emotions inside  
carrying a smile  
inside frowning all time

The mask  
changed with times  
from invisible  
to visible now  
with all colours and shades beside

mask, the new norm  
without it  
one, gonna be fined  
visit the museums  
mask on  
visit the theatres  
mask on  
watch the artists  
mask on  
praise or cry  
with mask on  
who cares  
whether you smile or cry

the mask  
tangible  
or intangible; you wear  
my heart shall leap upon  
in your glaring eyes  
read the soul through the window of yours  
with mask  
or without a mask  
it hardly matters to the loved ones beside

## On my side

While walking  
in daylight  
Trodding by the park beside  
lost in thoughts  
as usual every time  
under the shades of huge blue  
worrying about uncertainties in life  
questioning the possibilities of life  
Will life bring surprise  
will tomorrow be a fulfilling sight  
or a glaring nightmare to fight

under the sun  
walking in no shade  
only she was beside  
without leaving  
she walked together  
following the actions of mine  
we looked in dismay  
this opportunity gone  
shall we stand again  
stand again to give a fight  
thanks to the glaring sunlight  
or the bulbs glowing at night  
she was beside  
holding myself together along  
we walked in respite

alas,  
the night crept in  
where was she ?  
she wasn't beside

I looked for her  
with darkness around  
she was gone  
why in dark,  
I was left alone.....

## Visit to outside

Year of indoors  
staying in a room  
watching the flat ceiling  
changing its colour  
visit to kitchen and bed  
that became a ritual

Days of aloofness  
now the world of mine  
questions when shall you take a peek  
mustering up courage  
one decides to venture out  
what if the germs attack  
the feet stop  
with beating heart inside

alas  
one day  
the time is ripe  
they finally greet the morning starlight  
only to dismay  
the visit to doctor beside  
for a slight fever  
in a curiosity  
what it shall be  
which germ attacks oneself

ahhhh  
relief  
Its the changing season  
subsides back to bed  
glaring at the flat roof instead  
few days pass

as receding waves  
days of illness are back again  
now it's a visit to a dentist instead  
dental affairs start  
with new experiments

shall all the visits be a hospital instead?

## Where shall it end

Roller coaster of emotions  
blind the eyes  
wish the sky; could paint with only blue  
yet again the fingers clenched by  
hearing the neighbours smirk  
why does the mind cry  
he lived as a sage  
Ordaining and shutting inside  
with no tides surging inside  
yet again the fingers clenched  
tears shed from heaven  
In anguish and pain  
though he knew  
he was a lion  
he kept fighting  
to stand over toes  
while onlookers laughed  
laughed at his continuous mistakes  
days were counting  
once the ruler  
now in seclusion  
taken for granted became a ritual  
today sun rises for all  
why is it sunset for him  
when shall darkness depart  
when shall he sail  
he sacrificed all  
what he wished to acclaim  
no, his desires weren't simple  
Walking through fire  
cause competition was intense  
did he lack competency  
he questioned



for a moment; he swayed  
Swayed by their criticism  
decided to end  
end the insanity  
which cried in his brain  
he shouted  
he plead  
for the noise to end  
what if the chaos could end  
end with only settling them

why does the sky not reflect blue ?  
why does the poetry not rhyme ?  
why did the river dry ?  
why does the savings quenched ?  
where shall it end ?

## Two squirrels

Two squirrels  
hopping around  
merrily on a thin wire

two squirrels  
jumping around  
caring nothing at all

two squirrels  
maybe friends  
jump and play as acrobats

two squirrels  
Looking like acrobats  
jumping and flying

two squirrels  
maybe siblings  
Singing inside  
Don't know which tune about

two squirrels  
Maybe soul mates  
caring where to live  
yet playing around

Appear as adorable children  
jumping, falling, singing , circling around  
are they serious ?  
don't know  
are they jumping? ; attracting attention  
don't know

in their seriousness  
they never forget to have fun around

## The invisible hands

while under the vast sky  
the insignificant me  
gave a sigh  
a sigh of sadness  
a sigh of being stagnant  
it was all  
but not a sigh of relief

wonder when shall problems end  
wonder when shall tides reside  
wonder when shall storms pass  
wonder when shall winter pass  
Will the flowers bloom

all thoughts dwell  
without any action  
cause peace unfound  
the mind astray

looking at the vast sky  
the heart sighed

who knew  
invisible hands were working beside  
the stagnant me  
felt a plunge  
silent cheers emerge  
the push, the mind needed  
those silent cheers came along

somewhere under the vast sky  
I existed  
along with burdens unknown

but thanks to hands of invisible unknown  
they held me behind  
telling me stories of life  
weaving poetries of all kind  
teaching me to stand up all time

thanks to invisible hands  
I say  
they lent their shoulders on way  
teaching me life lessons on way

showing the daring nature beside  
showing the heaps of strength inside

chaos still remain  
yet again  
I find peace in their lullabies

under the vast sky  
I am not alone  
with unknown burden of mine  
thanks to invisible hands beside

## Late night

Late nights  
with loads of coffee beside  
desk full of papers  
how shall a soul rest beside?

late nights  
with grim silence outside  
while chaos test inside  
how shall a soul sleep this time?

late nights  
With no one beside  
mind plays it's dirty tricks all time  
how shall a soul be at ease this time ?

calming the mind  
Focusing on breathe  
thats what the yogic said  
inhale and exhale every time

suddenly the night  
looks lovely outside  
the cricket plays it's music  
the owl hoots outside  
wind blows with screech  
the window vibrates each time  
Is the night playing orchestra outside

late night  
is it a special show  
for the lonely soul watching the night

the moon sets the scene

the wind plays like a dream  
there seems a violin playing  
far somewhere  
is it a dream or reality  
Mozart seems playing

Late nights  
a lonely soul  
witness a screen  
a play  
a music orchestra it seems

was it the effect of yogic's chant ?  
is it a dream or reality....

## Trust in thyself

Trust in thyself  
a past caresses the mind  
some may call it a mistake  
Some address it as obsession  
some regard as the stubbornness of the protagonist in say

trust in thyself  
you did best  
what you could do at that moment  
the past maybe a mistake  
but learn to never encounter again

trust in thyself  
about the colours you choose  
about the choices you make  
one isn't a future reader  
nor a tarot reader  
to play the cards according to mighty fate

trust in thyself  
about the sceneries you make  
not thinking what you could do better  
not repenting the decisions you made  
the past already gleams in gold  
it surely can't be erased

trust in thyself  
sooner realise to hold the reigns  
Don't let the noose loose  
or swayed by winds around  
cause the decision of trusting others  
for the priceless life  
should be your greatest mistake



trust me

or don't trust me

trust in thyself.....

## First meeting

They met  
on a blind date  
setup by elders  
where they only ate

they met again  
on a beachside  
on a summer noon  
only to say no  
but who knows, how to say no

the beautiful beach had its own view  
yet they were captured, in their own hues  
the tides kept playing  
where they gaze met  
and shy adorning the eyes  
as they ate

Breaking the silence  
he asked with courage  
which flowers she liked  
she answered with smile  
the one which isn't plucked over time

years passed  
Separated by continents apart  
one in army  
the other in an international company  
none could say no  
cause none wanted to separate  
hooked by a thread  
the flowers keep dangling by the beachside

the un- plucked flowers of time

## Only if

Only if  
the moment could halt

only if  
the time could stop

only if  
the winds subside

only if  
the moon stops waning at nights

only if  
his hand could be held all night  
only if  
her smile won't be fading with time

only if  
one didn't have to depart

only if  
sun won't tell the retreating time

only if  
we could witness the spring bloom

only if  
we could walk the aisle

only if  
The distancing steps could be stopped

only if

the call could be unanswered

only if

just for once, we could be selfish

But for my mother

but for your mother

you couldn't stop

for our mother

and her children

you chose her

only if

the time passed soon

but

when time passed

it was never same again

alas

the words of "only if" stayed....

## I wonder

I wonder  
if the universe so large  
how many other earth there would be ?

I wonder  
if time dilation  
like interstellar exists  
where I might age at one place  
but remain constant other place

I wonder  
if there is a gravitational redshift  
where the envy of green  
shall be perceived as red love for me

I wonder  
if I could tumble upon a wormhole  
go back correct my mistakes  
go to future  
so I don't make mistakes

I wonder  
If there is a black hole  
maybe one day we may drown upon  
so that prior we are dropped  
I could do, all I want to do

I wonder  
how dark the universe is  
is it darker than the feelings a human hide

I wonder  
if light travels and bends

telling me to sever the ego for the loved ones I chose

I wonder

if there are cosmic jets  
travelling faster than light  
maybe I could ride over it  
travel the universe around

so many wonders I store  
maybe the child isn't suppressed anymore  
some fantasies aren't fantasies  
but a reality hidden in clouds....

## The king, his kingdom and its fiefdom

the kingdom  
of the king and his fiefs  
living happily  
till God made them alive

the king  
with so called 32 fiefs beside  
normally it had to be 32  
but somehow  
this king had a different story

two unborn fiefs died  
two were still sleeping, to be born some night  
left were the 28 fiefs in this life

alas  
childhood passed  
the king relishing the youth  
living the ambitions of life  
who knew in his carelessness  
he lost another loyal soldier of his  
parting was one of the fiefs

Story shall prolong  
to tell the story of 28th fief  
one of the crucial protagonist  
not chronologically  
but higher up hierarchically

This fief was loyal  
serving the kingdom  
living the best  
grasping the last breathe to live



but yet lost in prime

For others it took the toll  
had to sacrifice his life

27 fiefs remain  
the king realises his mistakes  
vows not to let them go  
while other two are in making

though who knows  
how many shall live

in the life of king  
while he lives  
the fiefs may die  
those with money  
may replace the fiefs with passing time  
or may they be buried  
along with king

may the fiefs be buried with king  
resting beside

the king, the fife and the stories of their lives

## Rewrite the slate

Forget the past  
Build over the present  
Forget what others tell  
You can't waste your limits proving them  
Ultimate goal is not to define them or you  
But for you to reside at higher pedestal  
For you to attain your nirvana  
Your peace rests within you  
Cherish and don't let others trample you  
And even then if they trample  
Don't value their tramples  
Don't let them create a hype  
If somebody tells to work  
Don't be obstinate not to work  
But work more  
Shine sharper and louder than they think  
No marks no remarks define you  
They never did  
No other soul can understand you  
You, my dear your on your way  
To make a beautiful fort  
Your special  
Don't let others mock you to be a commoner

## Wandering, to just find dismay

I travelled so far  
wished to travel more  
the journey continues  
like a never ending ray  
don't know when it began  
don't know when it will end

I wandered  
To look for the questions  
to ponder all alone  
the curiosity kept high  
kept me awake all night

I wandered  
to answer my mind  
looking across the brook  
dazing the sky  
counting the stars at night

I wandered  
I travelled so far  
they questioned my travels  
they questioned my journey  
so intruding they were to me  
to those eyes prying  
to those voices piercing inside  
the closed ones went ignorant  
ignorant to the pearls I stored  
that laced as it flows

I wandered  
Broken in dismay  
with no savings

with no investments  
all but nothing  
I store  
to the mere wisdom I hold

maybe I was looking at the wrong place  
maybe I was finding the wrong person  
maybe there was no one to comfort  
maybe there was no competitors ahead

all answers  
lay within  
all questions aren't questioning me  
they are mere exclamations  
that can be ignored  
may the hard work shine  
and the glory return  
glory of the fallen soldier  
Whose lost in desert  
searching for an oasis  
as it moves astray

## Living with a scar

It's a never ending cycle  
a cycle of pain  
a deep seated scar resting within

thought, the soul healed  
healed of the scars  
the scars of missing opportunities  
the scars of betrayals  
the scars of failures  
the scars of not matching expectations

Thought, they were not anymore  
thought, they heal with time  
The scars of humiliation  
still left behind

the wounds can be stitched  
the surgery heals  
but some scars tended or untended  
never heal

thought, to let go of them  
thought, not to respond them  
thought, to turn a blind eye  
not to acknowledge with passing time

years passed  
the soul survived  
mustered up courage inside  
Alas,  
who thought the scars would resurface  
the wounds opened again

sure the scars never heal  
there were no healers  
spectators called her weak  
dwelling and wasting emotions on monsters of mind

but,  
have those spectators lived in shoes of that soul  
the soul with scars

how could they even criticise ?

they called her weak  
they called her, one who blames  
they called her insane

maybe the soul's only problem  
was persistence of living  
was her mistakes not believing  
was her dilemma to never step out  
in contours of others she kept dreaming

only one thing she dreamed  
but, even in her dream  
they never left; to bat an eye  
calling her insane overnight

the scars never heal  
you live with them  
until they get buried beside

## I asked myself

I asked myself  
At corner of my eyes  
Why does tears roll of my mind

I asked myself  
at the wretched smile  
Why do I worry all time

I asked myself  
At the broken strands of time  
Why everyone moved  
While I laid behind

I asked myself  
Why so much sounds outside  
While there is noise of insults running in my mind

I asked myself  
At my tired mind  
Why do you write poetry all time  
You spend doing nothing about  
but they forget  
it's my feelings  
that roll over the sheet  
if not me  
at least my words can be free

Well did I allow others to spit on me

I forgot in millions of cells in me  
I am their only hero,that makes them survive  
So for those,I can't fade away  
A superman can't escape the way

Even if hopes gone  
I will continue to fight  
There is no point caring about nuisances all time

I asked myself  
Why should I hold regrets upon  
They say I don't smile  
I reply, unable to hold a fake smile anymore  
That I had been carrying for a long while....



## Mere Carbon

Neither a coal to leave a dark impression  
to fuel the inside  
Nor a diamond to sparkle on finger

nothing but a sack of carbon  
Wonder this composition of carbon with so much around  
sparkles the diamond one day  
a mere carbon, I must say....

## If can't wade off, be the brook

It's true  
I forgot  
The way I used  
The ways to crack the puzzles  
To join the jigsaws of life  
That's what I used to do  
Then why,  
why am I in dismay?  
Why I feel the stars don't align  
Maybe that's what life is all about  
There are hills  
There are valleys  
There are ditches  
There our glitches  
There are turnarounds  
There are cliffs  
Life keeps everyone at tenterhooks  
If can't wade off  
Then be a brook  
If can't lift off  
Then surrender to be willow  
Moving with flow of wind wherever it goes...

## Innocent rain

Teary are the heavens  
as the drops fell by

looking the pages  
that swept the mind  
smudge today  
but point clear yesterday

the splashes heard  
heard in dreams  
when it blew through teens  
Reality yesterday  
Fantasies today

the rains swept by  
chaotic and dirty playing through lanes  
why was it innocent yesterday

as they washed my feet  
everyone screamed  
but yesterday everyone was sailing boats  
the showers disclosed  
their hands at me

they came  
and they went by  
such short showers visiting the lanes sometimes

the honeycombed flowers greeted  
greeted the short showers on lanes  
but humans  
disgusted at the sudden change

tears fell down  
not of joy  
but of remorse

yesterday praised  
today seems unknown  
unknown with disgust in eyes

wonder what was it all about this time...

innocent tears  
painting the sky....

## Bereft souls

Festivals around  
the season turning at its peak now  
frozen are my feet  
numb the fingers  
wonder what I write around

the season of gifts  
the weather of surprises  
the friends gonna meet  
though the pandemic  
made us distance apart  
but the sticky fingers glued  
as the screens connected the distanced souls

packing the gifts  
turning a santa  
a child who waited with stockings  
never knows would wait for Santa  
or should turn a santa

with season freezing at peak  
the roads swept  
with those who laid  
under the bare sky

wonder will warm milk  
bring warmth to the distraught souls

Maybe festivals are at peak  
for some seasons don't turn around  
new year approaching soon  
yet for some its just adding a candle to life

what season

what festival

calls the heart inside

bereft some souls dry

## A painting on the wall

An abstract  
adorned the wall  
nothing but a play of colours

the painting, as people called  
to some it's an art  
to some a thought  
to some it's a muse  
what did it mean for me ?

gazing at the vast expanse  
a canvas stood by  
thrown with colours of all shades  
strokes that played  
wild and bereft  
strong yet powerless

captivating the interest of others around  
photos clicked  
sounds filled  
but I stood there  
gazing in silence

many a times  
I visited  
to understand the canvas that was displayed  
initially  
couldn't understand  
why so many attracted  
slowly got the feels  
the colours told their stories

fantasies play

when an artist meets another  
colours display  
when they play cosplay

such strong was the muse  
how they played in harmony  
the colours wed  
strangled  
sworded  
talked  
and left

those were the words they displayed  
the canvas adorning the wall  
spoke a millions in silence

maybe the artist took the toll  
and kept everyone stalled

painting, no more a painting  
but a harmony of emotions  
a child embrace in mother's care  
a sibling teasing  
a father being strict  
all those daily rituals  
When did it end with so many emotions

the canvas on the wall  
or the canvas of life  
the colours you chose to paint



## Tears of joy

Why cry

When tears dried

To the past

Which already occurred

Tears can't wash their mistakes

To the future

Which hasn't occurred

What could tears do about it

So let's keep,

keep tears of joy

Make tomorrow joyful

By efforts today

To have only tears of joy...

## A circle of confusion

A circle draws upon itself  
standing by the shore  
watching the horizon next

some things not to liking  
yet essential enough  
should the process matter  
or the final destination  
all set  
circle of confusion draws upon itself

the words sound bitter  
the efforts too hard  
every moment is liking drowning  
yet one day, shall laugh upon next  
why worry for the process  
maybe the goal seems big itself  
circle of confusion draws upon itself

insults and critics heard around  
the heart deprives the ground  
the brain tells to retreat  
yet in the name of big picture  
one wishes to linger itself  
circle of confusion draws itself

wish to surrender  
yet a dream of childhood  
is it worth to stay  
stay in hard arena itself  
circle of confusion draws upon itself

some loops never end  
some circles never open  
some knots untied remains  
to those circles  
see the rectangles of vision  
to those confusion  
watch the stars  
fixing the glaze on the vision itself

alas  
circle of confusion rests upon itself  
when rectangle be drawn  
the eraser of fate  
shall diminish the circle soon....

## Two fragrances

Two fragrances surround  
with two personalities around  
contrasting and conflicting  
merging and submerging

two highlights in air  
when spectators look in awe  
two fragrances bottled  
different when seen  
two fragrances atomising  
different when feeling

one musky and sweet  
sensational in its spirit  
causing the mellow in air  
setting upon dusk itself

other sweet and earthy  
humble to its ground instead  
wishing to bloom in a wild part instead  
the freshness it instils  
minty as it stays

these two different apart  
yet so sweet mingling in every part  
combine and recombine  
who could say  
two different fragrances surround the air

like a glass  
Half filled with water  
like a glass  
half filled with air

the water and air mingling instead

two fragrances

dated in different eras

yet so profound when mix in the air

Praised by all

when fill the air

those two scents dwell the minds

stealing the souls in respite

## Amber light

Slowly the forest surrounds  
the darkness veils sight  
embracing the amber night sky  
hoots and creeps switches by  
a simple soul walks the night

crouching under the night sky  
a shadow engulfs the lonely soul  
the greed it stores  
the seed grows as it lores

looking at midst sky  
a portal opens tonight  
a lonely soul peeps inside  
trying to find the amber light  
will it find  
or will it hide  
will it search  
or will it perish

the darkness  
or the flickering of light  
as the scene passes by  
a spooky hand shakes the simple soul  
admiring the beauty that it stores

creeping behind the fallen feet  
the broken hand with sheet  
blood dripping slowly by  
Tainting the river beside  
a scoop full of water to quench the thirst  
Alas the quench is gone  
cause the soul is choked

choked in misdeeds

the crawling night

as amber weeps

## The letters

The long gone letters  
in black and white  
on a coarse sheet posted at night

from faraway lands  
or the countryside  
Visiting from the farm side  
or carrying the air of beach sky

from a parent  
with love and care  
with worries and questions surrounding the air

from a friend  
separated by miles  
who haven't seen in a long while  
from a lover  
whose apart for some reason  
not willing to depart with season  
carrying the flames that lit up under the sky

from a sibling  
who wishes to question the curiosity  
who inspires from their duty  
from a soldier  
with concern

That may turn as a will of no return  
from a son  
asking the old age about how many rungs  
asking about the meals they have  
having some concerns not showing beside  
telling about homecoming that summer night

from a daughter  
missing the embrace  
the pleasure of having been born that day



telling the worries she has  
sometimes hiding the tears she have  
from a grandchild  
asking about folk tales  
asking when will old grandpa meet  
will they have hot chocolate at nights  
will they be pampered by grandma beside  
from so many others  
in the list  
a letter in black and white  
connecting to lovers beside  
connecting the closed ones in envelope or so  
carrying the business transactions somehow  
maybe a letter may disappoint  
breaking a few heart in go  
with a notice in black and white

the long gone letters  
sitting in the post box outside  
with technology at its peak  
where once an alphabet is typed  
reaches the receiver on other side  
who types the letter now  
who calligraphs it's inside  
who laces them outside  
who leaves the coarse sheet drenched with their smell inside

the long gone letter  
used by few  
people may dwell in technology too  
Using all kinds of social media too

alas  
who understands the yearnings  
the feel of emancipation  
from a sender to receiver

the love that builds the long gone letters  
the letters in black and white

## Sheep or blacksheep

clouds hull over sky  
the canary sits on a branch beside  
choosing the melody of yearning under the sky  
neither far nor near  
no horizons to rely

the sea seems calm  
the seagulls flying high  
the young on cliff  
dazed by choices of time  
whether to plunge or hold back for sometime

the morning seems bright  
the lark should be on time  
yet the shiver keeps it back  
what shall it choose this time

these birds prey upon duty  
running in cycle of life

wonder what dwells  
A call of duty  
or stop at blanket of rhyme  
Wonder to take the instructions  
or turn a blind eye  
sincere since long  
never a rebel born inside  
a bloom  
struggling to open as flower upon branches high

wonder will the rebel hurt  
was always a sheep of a kind  
is it okay to be a black sheep sometime?

## Reel may not be real

When all's sad  
and anxiety crosses the street  
the news filled with grief  
is it wrong to rely on some reels

we know those may not be true  
we know they may never come true  
a moment of smile  
the gush of fantasy  
the sugar coated words  
is it wrong to rely  
on some dreams of fantasy

they tell me  
look in water and reflect  
they tell me  
to work and stop making clouds of thoughts  
yet I wish to believe  
believe in mirages of miracles

a snap of finger  
a dust of shimmer  
a fairy god mother protecting me  
telling me to revive  
dance in boots over the cloud nine

those Disney movies  
may be reel  
yet an inspiration  
to face real

the prince and pauper  
Maybe siblings

the Aladdin

flying and visiting the world

is it too late to go back to fantasies?

## To the cheers I hold

To the lonely souls  
to the fallen self  
to the holding backs  
to the confined rooms  
to the closed windows  
to the closed doors of opportunities  
to the orthodox world  
to the uncertainties of life  
to the stares  
And to the questioning glares  
to the looking down  
to the smirks of satire  
to the irony of fate  
to the gilded dreams

a cheer of my dare  
a cheer of my favourite song  
a cheer of my courage  
a cheer I won't go down  
cause the greater the thrust  
the greater the buoyancy I hold  
maybe Archimedes principle working through  
maybe the elasticity of stubbornness  
to revive and get what One deserve  
seems greater than your pushing down

no, I am not a fighter  
no, I am not a wrestler  
but a survivor  
a warrior's blood raging  
No, I am not a winner  
I am a struggler  
wishing to thrive and strive

to only merely survive

lucky to survive

but daring to fly high

## USP( Unique Selling Price)

Ebbing of waves  
to and fro  
what's the USP you got in ?  
Without a delay  
without hindrance  
without procrastination  
it swept in  
recedes and comes back without fail

rising in and setting of sun  
what's the USP you got ?  
supreme in sky  
all alone  
playing hide and seek amidst the plenty clouds  
it rises and sets in  
being supreme  
is it arrogant  
why doesn't it wake up late  
cause it has numerous sunflowers to face

glowing at nights  
only to die when sun reaches high  
is the night which sweeps  
why does it care to creep in  
maybe telling all to take a break  
to listen a music  
or hear a story tale  
to write a poetry  
or witness a dream  
an abode for creatures to weave fantasies

too late to strive



running after a deadline  
what's the USP you got ?  
the desire to never quit  
the ambitions of winning  
The desire to learn more  
to understand more and more  
to make souls smile  
or simply share their woes....

seasons change  
there may be no reason to smile  
yet smile at challenges life seeps in  
cause the breathe keeps you alive  
that's the USP you got in....

## Time a slave or master

Mind plays it's own game  
the sun sets and rises as it's own pace  
yet why heart feels the time's running  
as if the sand is falling too fast  
like the hourglass got infinite holes

mind plays it's own game  
the clock runs at its own pace  
yet why heart desires if a second could be a minute  
a minute an hour  
maybe the deadline's approaching too fast  
while people wish for time to change  
stagnant it is  
yet heart desires for it to stop  
maybe the future is uncertain  
who knows what colours it shall paint  
maybe present is precious  
the heart seems to live in past  
yet wishes the future to be delayed

The seconds passed  
so did the minutes and hour  
and so did the years of pleasant moments  
the race was there  
so were we  
for a moment can you stop please

the good times stop  
the bad times run  
time are you an archer shooting arrows  
arrows of goal

Time are you a knight ?

what is actually time ?  
maybe defined by you and me  
maybe ancient citizens didn't care about time ?

time a wanderlust  
time a falling sand  
time which isn't in;  
In anyone of our hands.....

## Wandering and searching, yet resting

An excited mind  
a curious soul  
a hearty stomach  
a broken heart  
a wary body  
and an empty pocket  
walked as whole

On way to a platform  
On way to catch a train  
on way to another city  
on way to gain another opportunity  
on way to overturn the wrongs  
on way to fate; doing it's dance

to watch new scenes  
to hear new talks  
to view new places  
to learn new songs  
to speak new languages  
to eat different delicacies  
to make new friends  
to earn dignity  
to develop new bonds  
to strengthen heart core  
to be a part of human library

walking  
singing  
dancing  
went on and on  
manoeuvring  
hiking

galloping  
went on and on  
painting  
drawing  
calligraphing  
went on and on

what did the soul receive?  
a revival at peace  
a new inside  
is it reborn this time  
is life wonderful  
is life beautiful  
will the story be new  
there are no heroes and no villains  
only  
but only puppeteers on stage  
the stage of drama called "world" on play...  
the heart broken no more  
glued to its core  
A chaos outside  
a melody inside  
hearty it was  
hearty it is  
marching on its way to world peace....

## A disease called overthinking

An over thinker sat on a crouch  
looking high up in clouds  
is it a mathematical equation  
or life posing numerous questions

an over thinker walked amidst the crowds  
people chatting by  
he thought he was criticised  
they were looking at the streets  
but he thought there were stares all along the streets

An over thinker overheard a conversation  
eavesdropping maybe was his nature  
he learned some one was sad  
someone was fired after gone mad  
he wept  
he cried  
no it wasn't his job  
yet he got connected with the soul

the over thinker was advised  
to close ears  
to close eyes  
to shutter the over racing mind

the over thinker replied  
my tears can't elevate the poor soul  
my solutions can't bring a knocking door  
the over thinker cried and smiled  
a dilemma running over his clueless mind  
those with limited thoughts your lucky being your way  
while i am overthinking on my way

but in lost humanity i am trying my way.....

In deep thoughts

in deep insights

Do you know what did the over thinker conclude?

take a guess.....

to the closed doors of opportunities

people say new doors open again

but in my crumbled and jumbled thoughts

a window of world shall open

not all doors are meant for me

maybe a sympathy and empathy of window is required

a doorbell of understanding

a greet of warmth

a hug of happiness

a smile of cheers

and simple words

"its okay to overthink,

but don't dwell too much in words

You thought a lot

Now take rest"

with cold air of breathes

I sleep with thoughts and rest

## A journey with deceptions

The road to success  
everyone claims  
everyone cheers  
and so does everyone fantasise

a young child  
looks up at the star  
wishes to be a star  
a young student  
looks up at a scientist  
and wishes to reach the moon  
a young teenage looks up at high buildings  
and wishes to be an architect

a young girl  
sees the plane in sky  
wishes to fly  
a young boy looks at the industry  
wishes to make money  
a young lad hears the speech  
wishes to be a leader next

so we are told  
told about the road to success  
everyone tells us it's hard  
you must work hard  
everyone tells us to read  
without worrying about bread  
everyone tells us to be focused  
rather distracted



they say there is a win  
on the mountain next  
All trials are just a moment of time  
you shall soon chime

Alas  
success isn't easy  
the road is tough  
it's lonely  
it takes up your rest  
sooner you realise your walking alone  
rather too much alone  
no one knows for how long

the journey is boring  
while you are snoring  
the journey is tiring  
even though you are trying  
maybe success can take away all your pains

but till zenith is reached  
the reality is  
journey isn't poetic  
it's not mesmerising

at moment of distress  
close your eyes  
whisper slowly to your mind  
you move towards success  
so is your zenith moving towards you  
it's a journey  
a journey of challenging yourself

write a poetry or two  
sing a song when down  
cause your not a clown

a joker can fake a smile  
but the question is how long can it keep while  
smile when you wish  
Be sad when you wish  
the journey is yours  
sing a song and make the goals yours

keep moving  
keep raging  
keep hustling  
to the tunes of trials  
Dance to the journey of success

it's okay to take a rest....

## Some truth better be untold

Truth is harsh  
Piercing the ears that hear  
Blinding the eyes that see  
Sometimes critics are hard to please

Praises heart wish to see  
To beat to the tunes of appease  
But ballads are sung for heroes  
Not for the fallen warriors  
Not for the strugglers  
Not for the survivors, who hardly breathe

To those critics  
Let them smile today  
Let the last laugh be for you

Surrender to higher being  
Embrace the universe  
Watch the stars  
stars which despite dying  
Continue to shine  
Those stars let them be your guide  
Even though those stars not fated to be  
Continue to thrive  
And strive

The universe is a part of you  
Your the part of the universe  
Maybe just an iota of the whole

But an essential part....

is it really the truth to be untold ?

## Wish all my dear friends Happy New Year

Some stepped in New year  
some going to in few hours  
to the world around  
the dates shall change  
so will the fate  
a new glory awaits you  
write a beautiful story  
in diary of your life  
a new morning awaits your smile  
pass on the confetti  
dissolve the cubes of sorrow  
mix the spoon of happiness  
and submerge in the espresso next

rainbows shall form  
cause the rains of grief have passed

skies blue above  
awaiting your embrace next

keep writing my dear friends  
cause your the brightest stars shining

no rhyming in lines I write  
just wishing you  
a prosperous  
a healthy  
wealthy  
happy new year ?

## Motivation, what it is to sleepy eyes?

The scary Mondays take a toll  
the weary eyes take a stroll  
Wonder what will next bring at all

to the uncaring souls  
running with bowls  
to make money  
to have honey  
keep running  
where is motivation at all?

to those moments of listlessness  
to those seconds of restlessness  
to those running breathlessness  
wishing to find light in heaviness

keep searching  
hands keep reaching  
reaching to catch the fallen heavens  
where does motivation resides

catching up some instant feeds  
watching a few reels  
looks like buffet made green  
or Tesla went flying high heel  
Where does motivation inhabits ?

in those motivation talks  
or in those success books  
in those morning sessions  
or those climbing high in succession  
wonder which house motivation lives across ?

deep within  
catching the trains of life  
fighting every moment for a wanderlust beside  
amidst the hard work penning about  
suddenly the sleepy eyes realise  
no thoughts on scroll  
no books at all

motivation is nothing but a deadline  
deadline is the motivation in mind  
Guiding the inner light  
racing the inner self inside

## Watch out for and look out for

A new year begins  
wishes and hugs you receive  
blessings and smile  
count them  
since your lucky to receive

but as days on calendar shift  
don't tell me  
I didn't warn you enough  
you take it as a passing reference  
Beware of green glares  
beware of red satires  
beware of blue shoulders  
beware of orange stabs  
beware of violet hits

but among those colours  
spread the love of pink  
confuse them with a rosy smile  
have a peaceful white  
create a black and bold attire  
don't fall for their satires

lastly  
isn't being a RAM being better than ROM  
at times not storing everything at all  
embrace the wonderful memories  
revisit them at your please  
keep writing the beautiful laughs  
store and keep them in chits  
in the jar called life



and evaporate the thoughts that hold you behind  
not suddenly but slowly  
slowly try to revive  
And read the positivity so many poets hold in their pen beside

## The cycle of life

Is the story of lion king  
is it something new  
no, not at all  
the stories are same  
the philosophy age old  
continuing forever  
without any change

This is what is called life

The guest visited my garden  
a predator at heart  
ate the pet of my life  
yet what sorrow shall be expressed  
such is dilemma of life

is this what is called life ?

the day  
a new seed came  
grew into a beautiful sprout  
into a small pot  
with lavish green  
shining under sky  
wishing to live its youthful life  
the leaves green gleaming under the sky  
with sunlight sparkling the water falling over anytime

this is the youthful life  
Living the dilemmas of life

the day I was born  
fated one day I will die  
perish and mix with soil  
The days are fixed  
the seasons counted  
but how should I live  
isn't fated or pre-described  
its simply a matter of choice  
sometimes I stitch and sometimes I hold  
playing the kite of life  
flying with sky  
this is simply the cycle of life....

## Cold are the days

Cold are the days  
gloomy is the sky  
staring up high  
Grey and navy strands glare seemingly high  
looking in displeas  
it may rain  
why a sudden climate change ?

cold are the days  
the orange ball seems playing nine  
not getting up  
even when cock sings nine  
gloomy are the sky  
maybe showing shreds of crying all time  
why a sudden change of breeze beside ?

cold are the days  
smitten are the cheeks  
hands shoved in  
finding heat  
smoking and blazing fires at sides  
small puppies running beside  
kids running every time  
fighting for only pair of gloves lying on street side  
gloomy is the sky  
maybe a few drizzles  
will make it cooler beside

cold are the days  
breeze gushes inside  
glasses in fog  
shades misty and eyes shut by

broken are legs  
swollen the eyes  
bluish cramps hitting over nine  
why does the sky look gloomy all time

cold are the days  
sweet popcorn adores the smelling eyes  
appetite is less  
why does mouth drool by  
sugar candies selling hot  
kebab seekers lining by  
gloomy skies don't shed tears all time

cold are the days  
car skidding all time  
Stuffed passengers in sweaters of all kind  
listening to music running by  
while the radio speaks of the blockage by  
will the sky dry  
will the orange ball return on time  
will the passengers seep in hot blankets  
munching hot potatoes  
sipping hot coffee  
beating the cold by

cold are the days  
the tap runs dry  
no water slips  
all becomes ice  
cold are the ears  
sore the throat  
frost bites lace the toes  
and headaches chorus all time

lazy lady  
attached to the blanket  
sleeps by  
not willing to greet the morning sky  
be alone you gloomy sky  
no time to spare to the cold dries  
running over the spine  
Munching sweets  
drinking coffee all time  
sucking the peanuts inside  
cold days become hot days soon  
maybe the rhetoric shall continue  
complaints of summer days to continue

## Where are you Mr. Sun

The lazy sun  
not got up again  
missing its arrival  
the soul took its trail  
and ventured back in dreams

lost in thoughts  
it awake at noon  
to have dinner this afternoon  
isn't it early to have dinner ?  
the friend asked over phone  
the soul replied didn't remember when had dinner last night

clumsy in his work  
it dropped the pen  
lost the only pair of glasses  
kept searching and hauling  
only to exclaim it got choked in drain  
slid while washing as it rained

To those sunflowers watching the field  
alas the sun wasn't around  
merry go rounds  
wondered in crowd  
Will it screech on ground

The rooster ran  
ran in dismay  
there was no sun to greet today

the houses lit  
not with sunlight  
but burning coal all night

ohhh dear fiery ball  
where are you dancing tonight  
don't wish to come back on duty again

the skies looked angry and grey  
as they seeped their way  
cause they didn't miss the warm sun  
they were angry to do duty again

the souls prayed  
let their fiery ball up again

the sun which draped the sheet  
smiled and smirked  
well you called for the cold days  
so I took my rest  
Now keep searching  
I will keep doing stitching

when the sunflowers sang  
the sun finally soft hearted again  
while sneezing and snorting  
it replied  
a matter of few months  
I shall come again  
look I got a flu  
locked up without clue  
in self isolation to heal  
Looks like corona got me seal  
shall meet you again, its a deal  
then we shall have a meal

bless you dear sun  
return to heavenly earth .....



## The shout of courage

There were words of critics  
Words condemning  
words complaining  
words glaring  
words striking  
actions of hate  
figures of zeroes  
question of accountability  
duty of responsibility  
against those the heart lived  
against those the tree stood  
against those plant sprouted  
smiled even though cried inside  
rebellious soul continued  
on journey of thriving

then one fine day  
there were words of praise  
words of applauds  
Action of cheers  
season of claps  
but why sudden  
the soul felt heavy  
the emotions burdening  
to carry on responsibility  
of working through the words of appreciation  
the burden of doing better  
it felt overwhelmed

then to feel the moment  
the soul calmed  
heaved a deep sigh

and exclaimed  
shouted at the sky  
ohhh Man you survived so far

You truly can do it  
if not you, then who could do it  
you vast sky  
I am a star  
meant to shine ....

## When journey is savoured more than goal

A song stuck in mind  
the grey cells singing it's own lullaby  
never knew the match was so addicted  
years of working hard  
where shall it end

initially the mind fixated at goal  
not looking beyond  
but only set at its goal  
to reach there, the heart greatest desire  
yet there came a time  
we fall back in life  
the first failure came as heartbreak again  
recounting those memories brought tear inside

yet the soul shoved the dirt  
tried hard to resist  
And to rise again  
gone was a year of fallen apart  
it was time to face the storm

came back a new leap  
with strong courage it leapt again  
longer was the jump  
yet larger was the ditch to cross above  
to heart's dismay  
Life was too short  
to save again  
The fall came back  
maybe the spring was far off  
the poetry started again

the rhyming of words  
the cheers of lines  
the abstract versions inside

then again came the chance  
the soul focused on goal  
with all might  
stuffed air inside  
Ran with all might  
it did reach the finish line  
but alas it wasn't about reaching  
it was about reaching the first  
so again a disappointment shed over  
who knows what will happen next  
self criticism and sadness grip inside

yet the soul  
a total stubborn soul  
shoved off the dirt  
wiped the tears  
bandaged the wounds  
carefully analysed  
back to travel  
leap or crawl  
never to stop  
until reaching the goal  
praises or critics hardly matters  
destined to where it should be

all maybe same  
what was different this time  
maybe the persistence  
maybe the journey became warmer than desire to reach the goal

not always the end matters  
the means matter too  
the process turned sweeter  
may or may not be goal soon  
leave it aside  
loving the process of knowing the one inside

## Calamities of life

A chaos hit  
a tornado rocked  
a cyclone hit the shore  
volcano of emotions erupted  
The little butterfly was stormed  
the flower was blown  
the plant uprooted  
the sweet home disappeared  
after the calamity was gone

all was good  
all was healed  
at least it appeared to eyes  
upon the visions seen  
maybe, it was the time to dream

alas  
all wasn't okay  
alas  
not really like before  
when nightmares could disappear  
after the sun shone  
when memories could fade  
over a bar of chocolate

Was everything alright  
it retrospected  
words of courage were bore inside  
it wasn't time to reconsider the actions tonight

amidst those moments of dilemma beside  
it was realised  
the mind was wild  
yet the body was mild  
fragile and broken  
tired and heavy  
loosing its capacity  
Ebbing on waves of challenges that hit the shore

though the mind wished to conquer the world  
yet why was soul overwhelmed  
why was it scared  
why questions layered  
why did everyone glare  
why did strangers stare

to those apprehensions  
to life's unseen comprehension  
lets make some compositions  
to sing some voices of opposition  
to the world who labels  
let us be rebels  
for a second of recommend  
lets make minutes of amend

one second at at time  
one task at a moment  
one question in mind  
one answer to find  
lets take the opportunity  
to solve it once at a time

to prepare for unseen calamities

to build and get over those past calamities.....



## Running time

To the large canvas  
to the only grey left  
what is there to paint  
to limitless scenes  
where did they disappear from eyes  
watching the vast sky  
why does it seem heart wrenching at times

to the fallen dew  
to the withering leaves  
why going out as you please  
to the dimming light in streets  
to the waning moon  
why do you keep playing hide and seek

to the foggy screen  
to the soggy noodles  
to the dry winds  
where to warm in the cold spree

to the starting year  
to the black sky wedded with tiny lights  
where hiding the moon tonight  
to the glow worms playing in the side  
Come light up the goofy house beside

to the ebbing waves tonight  
why drench dry sand all time  
why do you hit the shores every time

the sea gull wishes to fly this morning that side  
can't you be simple for sometime

to the Sunday  
if you exist  
where did you finish  
did all days became Sunday  
or all weekends vanished in drain  
the calendar seems up  
it looks high  
cause no one has time to spare by  
to the running hands of clock  
Forgotten is the childhood  
can you please go  
bring back the gone time  
no you can't  
no none can  
until someone calls Einstein  
why Einstein ?  
he mentioned about travelling in time  
isn't it  
maybe  
maybe not  
where is the time travelling machine  
wish to catch up running time

Once for all can the universe stop please  
maybe we can take a groupfie  
instead of just a selfie

## Let the game begin

A game of gamble  
thrown a dice  
dimes woven on betting lines

the stakes seem high  
but riskier it may  
can't call of the day  
one not risking  
might keep drinking  
drinking the conscious life  
why not make a dive

thrown all are insecurities of life  
the stakes seem high  
diamonds and gold  
what to hold  
maybe in future meant to be sold

The clouds seem covered  
lets make it blind  
you guess  
play it right  
cause in a game  
maybe chances more  
but in life  
only have once to score

stakes seems high  
counting the nights  
how many days of playing high  
dont know what's left behind

in race of reaching peak  
don't forget; why you started please  
the game started with caution  
yet over enthusiastic self  
ignored the genuine notion  
now it blames on loosing lines  
leap and dive  
after knowing rules

Health complements wealth  
everyone says  
must remember everyday  
but not to forget  
to keep that health alive  
unfortunately  
you need stacks of green  
cards swiping on streets

play the game  
stay in game  
and may all rule the game  
its not surpassing others  
but living with others everyday

## Flowers are flowers, to grow and bloom

Vast fields  
with daffodils singing  
flying petals in air  
Filling the sight

a paradise  
to eyes  
full of blooming roses  
in all its hues  
pink, red, orange, white, yellow  
defining the measure of bonds

a garden  
full of tulips  
talking to bees who hover by  
closed and opened elegantly  
standing tall and strong as the bees hover by

a pond  
serene and calm  
out blooms a beautiful queen  
with petals blooming layer by layer  
pink with dew glistening  
a lotus with green pillows around

a backyard  
full of blushing poppies  
smiling facing you  
telling gossips the aunties were talking

a sideline  
a branch of bougainvillea  
pink and white  
talking about the growing young lady  
whom they saw since childhood  
keep staring the lanes

a street  
filled with fallen petals  
brushing the lanes  
clicking the pictures are lovers on street  
the shade of pink fascinating to eyes  
the cherry blossoms mixing and blowing with winds

a canopy  
trees swindling by  
elegantly a branch sticks by  
on its a creeper  
drapes the green  
on this beauty  
a beautiful orchid fills the scene  
captivating the birds and the bees

what other flowers bloomed  
who knows  
who cared  
Maybe they plucked  
maybe they praised  
to those beauties

who bloomed and withered as their duties  
an applaud  
a praise  
they kept pleasing eyes of aesthetics  
and passing the heirlooms as they grow by

## The lonely lane

On the streets  
Where the car screech  
passes a lane  
where a lady stands  
under the vast sky  
lost in thoughts of unknown  
looking in dismay to the grey sky  
no soul meets the eye  
though the shops filled by screen  
Upon which kids used to lean  
show the savouries  
but no stories  
the lady watches the lane  
a few pass in the rain  
coughing and sneezing

as they near by  
she realises the runny nose beside  
In seconds she leaps  
outside her story of displeasure  
look the cold is enough  
but who would be rough  
grieving a moment ago  
how could sneeze bring her out  
out of memory lane

a moment ago she was teary  
but that runny nose  
brought her in store  
a medical store



buying the medicines  
a pack of sanitiser  
a box of masks  
and checked her score  
she prayed in mind  
hope they are vaccinated by

a sneeze can have huge power to say so  
those teary eyes  
who saw no one close by  
suddenly realised  
she wasn't walking alone anymore

have faith in almighty  
your not alone  
look around  
germs are knocking on the door ...

## Unkind letter

the wind blew  
the sea shores hit  
those were the sounds pleasing the soul  
to an uncanny silence  
it was the only music to hear

along those waves travelled the worries  
hitting the doors of heart inside  
beating were the questions  
flowing were curiosities of life

Riding the coat tails of wind  
was a broken leaf  
in pleasure or displeasure  
carrying as the wind pleased

to the soul  
who gave up  
to the soul who was crazy  
what thoughts hidden  
what questions embroidered  
pricking the skin were life's desire  
Satin the luxury thread  
too expensive to sew a stitch  
hemp of necessities it borrowed  
covering the hopelessness  
In those shades of nature  
trying to find itself

singing with winds  
whistling was hollow pipe  
on the sails an open boat  
with no passenger, boarding it tonight

The horizon that stretched  
told the stories of lovers that met  
long was the eyes set  
finally settled by an estranged letter

the long letter  
much awaited  
opened with salutation inside  
the eyebrows knit with worries  
Eyes searching the answers for question  
as they glanced by  
Will it be alright  
when shall reunion be announced  
those were the letters  
that reached late by months  
carrying the news of closed one instead

the hemlines of worries were closed  
the blanket of hopes stitched  
the pillows of reunion formed  
and the bed sheet of luxury spread  
satin the dress  
draped the evening  
the letter arrived a bit late  
the dinner beside the shore set

wind whistling and humming  
the sea singing in joy

alas

what conclusion shall heart sing tonight

the letter was late

the heart missed the desired mate

alas

the worries that bordered the line

clueless in letter

the spirit had left

## The one percent that matters

The pricking needle of reality  
Pricked the life  
the glares,  
the stares,  
the epidemiology of criticisms spread....

another day  
started with counting of days  
days of doom  
when greetings of fall listed

maybe the sprout thought  
it would be strong  
not waver  
with those words  
the so called unkind words

alas  
who thought  
the medicine of meditation  
still couldn't shove off the day

a book  
of thoughts recounted  
small things subsided  
the breathe was alive  
looked up at sky; sky of visions  
thanked the heavens for keeping alive  
counted the finite galore heard in life  
sticking up fingers in remembering the few friends...

took the dose of forgiveness  
surpassed those;  
those negligent of pain  
burned the letter of fall and failures  
took the vaccine of ignorance; to those needless criticisms  
immune to blames  
immune to stares  
immune to counting of flares  
immune to stress caused by thoughts

disease  
or not  
shall continue to live health of happiness  
painting the sky with hopes  
just one percent more better than yesterday  
dropping just one percent worst of yesterday....

## The well

A canopy was woven  
lush were the greens  
on surface flowers bloomed  
washed with rains so soon

dense was canopy so  
no light reached the floor  
from the hawk's eye, who could see the dark below

amidst the dense forest  
in centre of all  
lay a dilapidated well  
aloof and in corner so

no light reaching it  
no life around  
still and silent  
with an eerie silence around

dark and hollow was the well  
too deep  
to see the floor  
no water  
no light  
and no life inside it to sound

the well was old  
dilapidated and in its ruins  
damp was the smell  
no life to screw

such was the well

who could be well after seeing it in ruins  
back then it chattered with life around  
animals fluttered around  
who made this well  
God knows  
for whom it was  
Only God could tell...

in the midst of darkness  
and aloofness the well lay  
but all in its gloominess  
a fantasy blew  
lay a seed of dandelion  
a creep of weed gathered around  
hugging the damp walls  
who knew life could grow  
it peeped from the deep hollows  
hugging and embracing the old well  
telling it will come back to life again

So was the tale  
the revival of old well.....



## The king

The fire pit  
the dragons hovering in sky  
dark demons with fire blowing in sky  
its night  
but their violent screams make it dawn  
a castle below in lawn

the Warrior all enamoured  
holds a sword  
the sword issued from God  
must yield  
must wield  
bear the duty  
of holding the crown

since childhood  
it was predestined to be  
a dream sprouted inside  
but to bear the burden of society  
it let it be

hidden are the desires  
flaring up at nights  
in the day  
the knight cannot laze beside  
what pen  
what sword  
don't have random thoughts  
strict were the rules  
strict were the lessons

no soul understood  
all they saw was a golden spoon  
neither he could tell  
nor did anyone wish to listen  
roses maybe roses  
bed be made of them too  
but with those you have thorns  
to stab and scathe you....

burning was his desires  
in the altar of duties everyday  
living diligent and on their whims everyday  
they still put on blame  
the aristocracy debated everyday  
In disguise of advices they scolded him everyday

tired was the knight under the violent sky  
fighting the demons hovering in sky  
pleasing the nobles and aristocracies every time  
loosing his health  
loosing sleep  
and loosing peace inside

what was the solution the knight asked?  
while looking up at the blazing sky?  
the universe maybe listening to him  
the time traveller might be passing  
the angels may have heard his cry

so as to solution  
there was  
simple o sound

but difficult to arouse around  
duties you live  
why should you abandon your dreams?  
become too powerful  
so as to stop living on others please  
shut the aristocracy  
write your dreams  
rule the kingdom with peace  
tell them the stories as you weave

don't deny the heart beating inside  
let it be rhythmic and powerful everyday beside....

## The bridge

A bridge  
separates the two worlds  
one with all colours  
the other one sucked with no colours

a bridge  
Separates the two emotions  
one lost in happiness  
one lost without any happiness

a bridge  
separates the desires  
and the necessities  
One with running behind  
The other chasing it's dream

Below the bridge  
a soul reaper lives  
watching the soul  
switching between the two

when the world  
shall collapse  
alas  
a new door shall open  
all curiosities shall die  
and eerie silence shall reign

alas

the two worlds seem separated

a merchant resides on the bridge

a traveller lives on the bridge

who wishes to hold the two

cause no two sides of coin holds

there is one

and only one

in which both happiness and grief resides

the roses and thorns dwell

and the soul lives above the soul reaper

grinning and smirking at the soul reaper

telling the tales of mountains and valleys

he goes through day and night

## Petunia

Risen were the waves  
Risen were the praise  
those days  
when petunia bloomed  
strangling up the balcony  
the feathers played  
chirps heard from the lanes

the petunia bloomed  
hanging up behind the curtains straight  
but one day  
It all ended

the bloom withered away  
gone were the praise  
trampled and thrown out on same lanes  
the fallen petals of petunia  
Swept across the lanes

## The deal

A sudden chill surrounds  
something is eerie around  
a young sprout is born  
peeking from realms of ground

it looks up with hope  
with dreams blinding the eyes  
it carries duties and dreams inside  
those were the emotions boiling on that side

it was naive to believe  
the more it fights  
the more it has chances to survive  
it thought it could make the world acknowledge it with time

was this the end of the story ?  
was it all about domineering of bigotries  
will it surrender to it

there is chains of rules  
there is regulations strangling the soul  
there is duties and norms to hold  
yet it will live  
it will fight  
to reign according to its meritocracy

the dreams it held  
will not vanish at their whims  
its the challenge  
the soul locked with its desire

you made the deal

now it's time to seal



## Shallow me or shallow thought of your life

What is wisdom  
what is knowledge  
what does the books lay  
what did the professor said  
when did the ageing start ?

to all that he learnt  
To all he recited  
to all that he followed  
to all that he mugged  
and to all those essays he wrote

those hard work  
those late works  
those overnights of stay  
those burning of oil  
laughed by others  
smirked by strangers  
slanged by the passers  
and ridiculed even by the loved ones

knowledge didn't matter  
books read didn't matter  
grades once mattered  
now no more  
marks listed in eyes  
shallow their perception  
shallow is their idea of life

lost characters  
lost soul

what mattered  
limited to green stacks in whole  
what's your pay check  
what's your insurance  
what's your status  
which car you drive  
how many wardrobes you carry over  
what luxuries lay beside

One with knowledge  
if doesn't bring cash  
you will be laughed upon at last....  
why such shallow thoughts mend inside  
why do you bend the reality of life

## The wooden plank

Blue were the skies  
white fluffy clouds playing around  
sometimes like cotton  
Sometimes like feather  
moving around

under that vast sky  
A dark blue grey ocean survived  
so much salty water flows by  
enough to quench the thirst of generations by  
ebbing upon its surface  
a loose wooden plank

the wooden plank  
don't know when left upon  
don't know from where it abandoned upon  
clueless to its origin  
clueless to its thought  
rocking and moving  
drifting apart  
the oceans took it  
the storm drenched it  
the winds chased it  
and it slowly moved apart

On the whims of waves that carried  
on the sounds of wind that it heard  
on the guidance of lighthouse it moved

this lighthouse lay upon the rocks  
the plank finally saw a light  
years had passed by

lost its identity as it flowed by  
what dreams  
what ambitions  
what desires  
and now even what duties  
after so long it finally saw the shore of life

pleading the waves  
praising the winds  
it slowly giddied over to the lighthouse  
the lighthouse was telling tale  
tales of mariners  
who were late

as it hurriedly went across  
excited to hearing voices around  
it forgot to listen to heeds  
heeds of lighthouse to be cautious  
alas  
wrecked on the reefs  
sorry was the lighthouse  
but finally the years of drifting could stop  
the story of little wooden plank  
that it was  
was it a part of sea  
or ship  
a bid adieu without a formal funeral around

## Misconception of position

The vast desert welcomes the traveller  
The golden sand glistening and blazing  
with no life around  
searching for oasis in surrounds  
mirages were seen  
for the quench of thirst  
oh!!! Behold ...  
the dancing princess was nothing but smoke  
the sand moved on tune  
drifting with the winds  
changing its score  
as the traveller heard the folklore  
when did he start  
and where shall it end  
where's the origin  
where's the destination  
all eyes could see was a river of sand  
a compass screwed  
lost in its own magnetism  
to the mornings that lured  
to the dying sand  
was there any solution  
maybe the moon could guide  
guide to a beautiful caravan  
For sole and soul to rest

a gust of chimera opened  
when nothing was found  
traveller transported  
transported to the shore  
boarding a wooden boat

as he pranced to dwell in boat  
his leap unsteady  
made him fall  
every one step ahead  
why took him behind by two  
was life teaching him  
you would loose  
on the noose  
upon singing a lullaby  
the heart leaped  
placed in lap of boat  
to travel the journeys of world  
wonder when the chimera shall show up  
or when reality may creep in  
will the travel seem funnier than destination itself ?

## Closed

Wonder

what struck in mind

never were it said

Alas

you were never bothered

bothered to read

read

those eyes

those silent lips

and

the tired face

## The yellow-orange fruit

Empty was the stomach  
devour were the eyes  
a cupboard full of appetite  
eating with open eyes

hanging above  
looking bright  
fruits bestowed from heaven  
running in the mind

lying on basement  
ambitions grew in smiles  
reach a bit high

walking and climbing  
panting in breathes  
just a bit more  
the hungry stomach said

reaching the ground floor  
arms stretched  
no, it was still beyond  
the open arms said

just a bit higher  
the mind shouted inside  
devouring it with soul  
but stomach still empty inside

a floor higher  
grasping and groping the tough rails  
don't know what trails left



ambitions making the mind slave  
cheering the fallen self

who knows how much more  
the palms are bleeding  
shoulders tired  
and eyes drowsy

does it look like a monkey  
gazing a mirror on so called mobile  
insanely, saint became monkey in disguise  
alas  
how long journey should continue ?

is it an evolution  
or devolution  
human to monkey  
I suppose

climbing and falling  
while reaching high

only to know  
what sad truth  
as it glows  
the fruit turned  
too high

playing peek-a-boo  
while the branches screw  
it's an orb  
burning the mankind  
as they close by

## Taking the next step

The room is locked  
the doors jammed  
the window is shut  
Dilapidated walls, paint worn out  
the torn curtains motionless as dead leaves  
the air hardly any brief  
the shoddy light greets the visitor  
for whom its an abode  
lost is the key

on a broken street  
with no beginning  
no end  
motionless and lifeless is the street  
a clock running its own time  
with no stopping by  
hurried is the gaze  
looking for a friend on streets

when was it  
a year ago  
two years ago  
three years ago  
or many decades  
when no sunlight greeted the abode

its not heaven  
nor the hell  
who has the time to comment upon

disdain are the looks  
disappointed the worker who lived  
struggling and baring around  
empty to the ground  
no flowers  
no breeze  
did he ever try to unlock  
how does it matter if there is no key ?

a shoddy light  
with no breeze  
an existence with only a name  
no world to greet  
what shall he write upon sheet

closed is the world  
Scolded to open around  
the counsellor for first time  
asks him to put his mind out

tears lace the yes  
dumbfounded as he is deprived  
but no words to speak by  
was he a mute?  
no  
he never spoke  
and build a wall

the kindness that cherry blossoms move  
as the plant that shoves  
he tries to change

breaking the walls  
moving the abode  
to Baker Street  
or the Wall Street

time kept him struggling  
but he is determined to leap  
even if breaking the only limbs left ....

A best of luck  
best and warm wishes those leading the lead  
those following  
those struggling  
those striving  
and those trying to make ends meet.....

## A blot on sheet

Where it emerged  
was a dab  
from a fully loaded cartridge  
living in the family of inks

the pen  
the mightiest sword  
stored the talents of history  
Contributing and creating galore of praises

sudden  
a rebel  
the blot fell  
not being like other in crew  
maybe it was born screw

the blot  
a rebel  
wanted to create a new show  
for all to bow  
it can't sing the parody  
Was it a tragedy ?

spilling through the stylus that hold  
while everyone in clan of ink scold  
none, understand its cold

Manipulated  
commanded  
criticised  
and abandoned  
was the lonely blot on score

it wanted to created a song  
it wanted to write a story,that's long  
it wanted to venture the world  
to see what beauty it held

the blot decided to be free  
to write songs at spree  
it shall create a history of its own  
which none of the inks could do, on their own

the blot  
spilled on the sheet  
to be a dandelion on street.....

## The end

The story stretched too long  
With no results  
No endings  
And it wasn't fair  
Guesses are made  
Estimates calculated  
That now it should end  
Regardless of what ending it may have  
Regardless of what stance it stood  
Cause the limit is reached  
No scope of Negotiation  
No future of its association  
The end

## Absence

Midst of summer  
spring  
autumn or winter  
presence was around  
but never missed

alas  
who knew  
absence  
created a hole  
a habit of missing  
and finding presence in unobvious things

like a star  
natural it may  
but what if one day they vanish away ?



## Re-engineering

Walls were built  
For the security they told  
but the land was chained  
no vast landscape to withhold

dams were built  
to make the bulb light  
storing the water inside  
but one who could move  
move freely as they want  
how long can you stop  
stop her from wishfully flowing

doors were built  
for security they said  
for people or things inside  
separating from the world outside  
but how long can you close the poet inside

rooms built  
with four walls  
and a roof  
they said it's a luxury to have it so  
well, the convicted was locked  
how long can you stop her from looking around  
alas  
a window that stands high  
could be the place  
where gazing eyes  
Met flying birds in the sky

locks were made  
to make it secure  
secure from the deprived  
to those with lots inside  
to contain the greeds in the eyes  
alas  
locks can't stop the greedy eyes  
it could only lock the victim inside

no matter what you built  
its intentions that matter  
the desire that counts  
and the soul whose perspective meets the eyes

so no doors  
No dams  
no walls  
and limited locks  
windows to open the world  
locks to keep the sadness in check  
and bridges to connect  
the old engineering to amend....

## Tea/coffee, cookies and a book

Stressed  
anxious  
nervous  
the three Greys shadowing in greens  
an addiction  
to relieve the pains

a sublime taste lingers  
over the cold tongue that it tastes  
the one  
a bitter as it lace  
A strong flavour to senses  
bringing the mind back to its train  
when all seem strained

they say a lot can happen  
happen over a cup of coffee  
with some cookies on plate

but simply coffee  
or tea  
brings back the trained mind  
to relax  
maybe an addiction  
playing with mind  
playing with tongue  
hitting the nerve with bitterness as it please

the rolled leaves  
the crunchy beans  
mixed with lukewarm water  
plays with aroma on streets  
a book to cover beside

telling its tale overnight  
of the warriors who fought  
of the battles they lost  
yet determined to fight

the tale of tea, coffee and book beside  
with cookies bringing sweetness in life  
a normal evening waving to goodnight  
another day running in cold mess  
rushing with moving hands of clock  
ticking it's own time....

## Pause

The oak table  
on which rests  
Slowly and hastily  
as it flows  
the sand in hourglass as it moves

watching in dismay  
disappointedly as it flows  
the good times rush away  
as it moves

How long shall doomsday last?

the heart wails  
the mind cries  
and the head aches

gazing through the hourglass  
Wish it could stop  
pause; for me to breathe

a moment of rest  
maybe to escape  
on a hilltop  
witnessing the breeze  
kissing across the cheeks  
as the sweetness reeks

just a moment please  
On a beach  
as the waves play

while the seagulls screech  
swaying by the sea breeze

dilemma runs across  
at times heart stops  
a petition keeps filing  
the victim or the perpetrator  
who knows  
it files as wishes,  
not to be alone

aloofness kills  
but how contrary  
this aloofness has its own scheme

later the heart desires  
to be on a hilltop  
without no one around  
to just feel the surround

don't need anyone to tear the peace  
just a moment please

on a busy street  
people running to catch in spree  
plug in the music on  
sitting beside lane  
watching the streets  
maybe people looking  
and praising their aloofness

What a pleasure  
to control the hourglass  
then the ego shall speak  
it took a lot to reach

to sit by the beach  
just a moment please

please reverse the hourglass on the streets  
on the beach  
on the hilltop  
a moment of vacation  
as the seagulls screech

a button of pause,  
on a remote  
could life be that remote ?

## Untold

Across the ocean  
miles away  
skies apart  
lies a lane  
where the heart rests .....

across the junction  
facing the moon  
watching the stars  
welded in sky  
the amber sky turns red  
red to blue  
blue to black  
as pair of eyes searches for you....

You who rests in heaven  
watching below  
Where ivy grows  
Counting the roses planted for you  
watching the honeysuckles as it sings  
a daffodil misses you

the vast fields  
planted with tulips  
looks up above to heavens  
maybe a shower shall greet  
maybe the wind shall carry  
carry the envelope of love

upon the oceans



vast in hue  
carries a deep blue

on its waves  
laces the tears  
the tears of mermaid  
lost in love  
yearning in thoughts  
lost in emotions  
greed in eyes  
for a simple answer

half a day  
half a cake  
some cookies  
and an undelivered letter

a letter  
rests on the burial  
Gone is the lover  
gone the love  
yet so sad it wasn't delivered.....

## The hundredth

As the words flew  
as the rhymes grew  
a small sprout lied in hue  
to the unknown world  
where poets took her hand  
started with lost childhood  
where many emotions grew  
many of reflection  
few of sad  
some genre of love  
and rare of science and horror to count in few

A soul stood  
wavered by challenges  
upon cheers and hugs of dear teddy and dear Vamsi  
upon positivity of dear Andy  
on guidance and encouragement of Dear Mek  
Guided as sunlight and led by dear dusk  
supported and cared by dear Rozina  
love shown by nature by dear rose that bloomed  
inspired by dear Fay  
Inspired by deep insights of dear Neville  
Humoured and smiled on words of dear Paul  
Applauded and cared by dear Robert  
always awestruck by tales of poetry written by dear Neil, reciting a story  
new friends made and glowed dear Auburn, dear Lorna and many more  
sung to God with dear Orchi along  
a new poet around, listening and resonating emotions, dear Rocky rhyming about  
joined on group poetries with intriguing titles by dear fallenangel  
and thanks to all who make me today  
if a poet can write  
it's not only the pen  
he holds

but also upon the support  
If a person can speak  
its not only speech  
but friends whom one can lean upon  
and care  
care to hear the woes  
and cheer the fallen self

it's the hundredth  
and many more shall come  
cause luckily the sky is studded with jewels  
where one can read so many beautiful creativities  
thanks to mps  
and to the beautiful community.....

PS: if I missed anyone  
I am really sorry  
and I am grateful in tons for hearing me  
teaching me  
advising me  
supporting me  
cheering me  
and helping me

## Lost and unfound

On the crowded streets  
amidst the packed local buses  
In the stacked classrooms  
In the lists imbibed on zoom links  
where is she?  
besides a window  
watching the budding flowers  
under the shade  
feeling the wavering air  
within the closet  
counting the numbers  
not to be discovered  
but lost  
the soul and her muse  
thats about all

in the markets  
in the opening shores  
besides the tram  
inside the trains  
carrying the passengers  
on a journey called life  
He is lost  
lost to his own self  
who is he ?  
undiscovered  
and unknown to all  
even those beside him  
since he was born  
he and his muse unfound

Vagueness and ambiguities

mirages and illusions  
curtained  
what's the show about  
She and the sceneries  
he and the backgrounds  
wish cherry blossoms fill the street  
with no mayhem around  
lost is the soul  
missing the muse  
contact if you meet them about  
earnest is the find  
to look about

on the pole  
a notice taped  
a reward for the poetries said  
a magnanimous prize for the one  
like a lottery hung  
" Find the soul ,  
the body is present  
but the soul moved up in heaven  
heaven or hell  
who knows?"  
soul and muse  
lost  
lost in ambitions and norms  
caged in past  
a prisoner of desires  
blinded by dreams  
gagged by rules  
lost and unfound....

## Alloy

The cognised emotions  
dwelling upon  
upon a delirious moment  
an infatuation of kind  
hitting the sparks on line

the obscure environment  
that made  
the pure sane born  
to the unsettling environment that bore  
an alloy replaced

like stainless steel  
durable and strong  
hard and flexible  
connecting and bridging upon  
upon its rail  
the journey of life carries  
the heart made of steel  
not pestering to unceasing obstacles

like a medal of bronze  
awarded and accorded; the third  
though it wasn't her mistake  
neither gold  
nor silver  
how tragic the soul gave all  
Yet beautiful

it wasn't last at all  
wish if it could be  
either a bronze ?

like brass  
ringing the bells  
Shrilling and shouting it's mind  
in a sonorous tune  
kinder to ears  
for nobody to sneer  
it continued to make sounds  
even if, no one was around

An amalgam of emotions  
an alloy of reactions  
like a student before exam  
anxious and nervous  
like a lover in romance  
excited and anticipating  
like a professional in interview  
scared and stressed  
like an athlete in a marathon  
stiff and flexible

born as pure  
So were we once crude  
when did it turn alloy ?  
maybe fate makes us alloy  
maybe situation trains to be alloy  
it's better to be alloy  
to get updated and advanced as alloy....

Higher power as alchemist

refining our soul  
greatest creation defined  
nothing but  
just a  
piece of alloy...



## Hide and seek

carefree kids  
across the lanes  
middle of garden  
beside the big fountain  
play the game  
called "hide and seek" once again

those kids mature day by day  
as nature progresses its reign  
starting of school it is  
playing "hide and seek" in school again  
Teasing the friends  
hiding from teachers while forgetting assignment

days pass  
so are the similar lanes  
preparing to enter high school again  
playing and teasing  
running and resting  
playing "hide and seek" from exams again

years pass  
maybe to some maturity lasts  
Gone, the days of high school  
entering the race of competition  
esteemed colleges to make through  
many a times living the dreams of the gardener who tendered them

in their hard work  
in their youth

finally comes the most enjoyable time  
maybe it shall be, last streak of leisure life  
playing "hide and seek" with friends and professor  
bearing those memories inside  
for the rest of life

seasons pass by  
like the golden days  
the college ends  
clock ticks by  
stern is its face  
now it's time to grow up again  
entering the office life  
or going for value addition  
no more "hide and seek" for fun  
now hiding from problems  
now hiding from chaotic mess  
now hiding from scoldings of boss  
now hiding from loan sharks  
and seeking the answers  
seeking the lover  
seeking the lost happiness  
seeking the meaning of their existence

Looks like "hide and seek" changed its game  
it's no more the "hide and seek" of past again  
cherish whatever era of "hide and seek" you belong  
maybe hiding from doom  
and seeking peace  
thats wonderful too....

## Fishing

Dull seems the season  
boring since no reason  
watching as idle by  
nothing  
but holding a rod by

to yesterday's Sunday time  
when did it become lifetime  
hooked is the bait  
bait for the ticking fate  
when shall fate be kind  
to catch a wealthy fish passing by  
to catch the prawn of success  
to catch the fish of gold  
do I sound materialistic ?

fishing as idling by  
guessing the best strategy to catch by  
patience is the key  
a patience of lifetime  
be diligent to mankind  
fishing with numerous thoughts in mind  
how can you hold the steady line ?

come to the pond of fate  
the pond of divinity that is laid  
but remember to leave the burdens at home  
cause happiness can't live without peace on its own

holding the steady ink of rod

placing the brush in strokes  
while the arms pain for standing all the time by the lane  
writing on numerous sheets  
reading and remembering the screen  
like the fish in the pond  
the marks on the sheet  
heart wishes to catch as by as it can please  
the more fishes in basket  
pleases the stomach  
the more marks on sheet  
appeases the ambitions

the one with highest fishes wins the deal  
makes up high on auction list  
the one with highest recommendations  
wins the race  
makes on the Forbes list

only difference it seems  
yesterday you were fishing  
today those MNCs  
seems to fishing you, it seems

the predator turned into prey  
beware please  
now what remains to speak...

## The so called sheep

A moment of indecisiveness  
a moment of pause  
a long haul

Negligence and so aloof  
never to speak  
Deep inside were words of displeasure  
obedience of years  
tagged as sheep

middle of somewhere  
in sudden breeze  
the rebel broke out  
frustrated lion roared across streets  
docile was it ?

a mere act of sheep  
no longer the hauling cries  
but howl of victory  
amidst the quest  
in the jungle of conquests  
to conquer the heart and rest....

## Confrontation

a moment of self introspection  
the sudden volcanic eruptions  
sooner to realise  
what was lying inside

the magma of anguish  
the lava of grief  
what was beneath ?

never too late,  
comprehend  
the passion driving inside...

euphoric moment,  
when sudden passion arise  
that was the soul  
hidden inside  
or ignorant to times

the bookworm  
who loved to read  
read novels  
and read mind

never too late, to realise  
the hidden us  
adapted to outside .....

## Past, a moment to look upon

Penning emotions,

In blue black strides

When confusion surrounds the eye

Storms engulfing

With waves of curiosity

Sandstorm of nervousness

A windfall of anxiety

The sudden apocalypse

The divination of weather forecast

Revealing the cherished self

A soul simply asks, " who looks in the past?"

But the past

Like a chapter of history

Has its own mystery

Finding the real you

You, who played with fire

Bloomed in a furnace

In wrath of flames

Not to brittle

But ever last with fame

Look back

You realise

You were curious

A voracious reader

A bubbly singer

A joyful dancer

Maybe a writer

Or a cheerful leader

Maybe a follower of Guns and Roses?

The past isn't that bad?



## Flip

Sunny the noon  
with pair of wings flapping by  
two butterflies  
lost under sight

astonished the heavens beside  
Upon the canvas painted tonight  
with dark grey clouds surrounding the sky  
tears like downpour  
dampening the earth beside  
loose are the emotions  
that flow by....

## That one

As time passed by  
was it years aback  
when our eyes met  
where were you ?  
those dark eyes  
gazed  
looked straight

well  
its been years of struggle  
buried deep inside  
fell wanted to escape at every night

suddenly realised  
the reflection  
that caught straight one night  
fell in love with the younger inside  
voracious and curious  
clumsy and audacious  
shaky and determined  
Flowing with the winds

## Missing

Red adorns the ground  
lonely lady moves around  
Missing are her dreams

## Unsettled

listless autumn leaf

On whims of oceanic breeze

Where destiny leads ?

## In their

Youthful her days  
in full bloom  
wearing the tiara  
tiara of dreams  
the gown of vigour  
and the heels of speed

she moved in full sway  
Assisted by her state  
holding the sword of peace  
The book of liberty  
as she reads  
ramming the environment on screen  
the managing of money in accounts  
here goes away her teens

scarred are the feet  
broken are the heels  
torn the attire  
blemishes with struggles on her sleeve  
burning is the flame  
the flame for survival  
tiara which mounted  
turned to be pricking

lost is her health  
lost the book of liberty

in the myriad of ambitions  
on a complex path  
She holds the war on peace  
louder are her screams

nothing;  
but just a moment of breeze  
to sway in full moon  
dancing on her feet  
the black swan on streets....

## The hypocritic

Sand dunes across the desert  
the monsoon rains across the south east  
the insanity of tyrant  
the so called well wishes  
And the bows without arrows

are nothing but only letters  
without spirits  
like a flip  
she moves across the statements

in her heart  
she covets the strongest resistance  
but overtly a sweet smile  
in her hypocritical mind  
One goes crazy overnight

as a cliffhanger  
Lie at tenterhooks  
who cares about how one looks  
who cares about how you feel

your nothing but empty words I see....

## The glimmer

It was dark  
it was fading  
the faint line that kept missing

on a canvas  
Vast as sky  
while the colours dried  
Why suddenly the palette seemed empty by that time ?

no colours to paint  
no emotions to show  
no glitter to shimmer  
no hopes to wean

The courage  
like ebbing of waves  
suddenly dropping low  
who should tell, to hold moon ?

in those thoughts  
in those memories  
who knew ?  
there could be glimmer  
an up thrust from somewhere  
Binge of cheer  
someone gave hope  
One who earlier laughed and teased  
Could give a hand to support

in the garden of blood



water seemed thicker  
those who seemed nothing  
appeared one day  
to tell you to chase dreams

" indeed  
stars may align  
trust in process  
each moment is different "

awaiting for the miracle to strike  
that's called patience in life....

## An ode to thyself

It's still times  
still months to appear  
still 24 hours to go  
and seven days to appear

at times to be,  
what you wish to be ?  
you have to be,  
what you never wanted to be...

is the mind playing tongue twisters?  
Is fate like that?

to reach the pinnacle,  
the dream to venture at you please  
the basics you keep finding;  
to tread the path  
you must make the road  
pave the way for a beautiful destination...

in those fallen times,  
at those dilemmas of mind  
Words one usually recite  
to live, does one need crown ?

maybe to stand  
maybe to defend  
army is needed  
not to reign,

but to protect

maybe to dream,

One needs green papers

Go seek that few

so tomorrow can be yours !

dream as you wish

but first get off the clutches of those that hold you aback,

those mocking at your doorstep,

stop giving them replies

just break the cage that kills your dream beside.....

## Silence

Behind the cold stares  
the crooked face  
and the cold hearted greet  
the ignoring ears  
and the weary face  
could you ever understand ?  
what played in her ears....  
what played in her mind

to your satires  
how she survived ?  
the years of failures  
what it meant to be alive..

resorted to face of silence...  
that silence which meant graver than fiercest storms...

## Bend and blend

Fate maybe a chance  
a moment of trance  
Just take a glance

Flip the pages  
the diary of efforts  
take the pen of imagination  
a ruler of discipline  
draw a line  
or doodle an event  
maybe that's what fate awaits  
to fulfil the desires that you write  
not always predestined

a stubborn determined bull  
may break a wall  
cling with all might  
you may wake up tall

not all realities are true  
Not all fake  
just take the strength  
they might bend  
light travels straight  
that's what we read  
But euphoric, the moment  
when they say, "it bends"

upon the night crawls  
the wisdom takes deep breathe  
upon retrospection  
a sober inside calls  
you need to start again

fire the bullet straight

oh, mule run the race....

its not the moment to regret...

## The greatest player

The hands shall itch  
while the cravings shall continue  
you might be here  
but lost somewhere

Day of tribunal shall arrive  
the swords will continue to fight  
your sword you raised  
will it fight today ?

the arrow you kept  
you honoured it everyday  
bruises were worn on thumb  
will the bow break ?

the strings are attached  
the bass seems well  
the sound seems fine  
will it be able to sing a melody tonight ?

it's a leap  
a leap of faith  
last are the moments  
the moments to prepare  
Alas  
the greatest player,  
mind watches the signal of distractions  
how will it last today ?  
the answer  
the brain receives  
simply " starve your distractions please "

is it  
the soul lazy ?  
Is it  
least nervous ?  
no  
it won't say  
it's simply to anxious to stay  
Train the thoughts inside  
last the final mile  
there is nothing to fear outside  
your fear shall truly subside....

"Mind, the greatest player of all deeds"



## Rare the sight

Soundly asleep  
was a hare  
running forever  
Don't know for how long

A race of  
hare and tortoise  
no, its not  
its called a race of life  
struggle for being a king

soundly asleep  
why do you need to poke it around  
in skin of sheep  
a lion was sleeping around

how long will you test its limit  
like a volcano it shall erupt  
like tornadoes it shall engulf  
and like a tsunami it shall swallow

beware of lion around  
even though its fall  
it is inherited to be king  
the demean it has been carrying around

if today he ignores  
let go the leap  
do you think  
it won't hunt around  
beware of the sleeping lion  
rare sight of lion

wandering in the city lights

left its jungle long ago.....

Time awaits its return one day....

## Lines

Dendrite like  
Broken apart are fate lines  
Shall mend it  
For not a predestined fate  
But a destiny created by own hands

Bleeds the line of fate  
Engraved on palm  
Not inherited  
But build by own sweats

The river that runs its own course  
Shall be the boat on that river  
Striving to reach the coast  
The coast of desires  
Built upon the dreams of childhood  
Like that teenage passed  
Wonder will adulthood fade away  
In longing desires of heart...

## Slow burn

Pace is slow  
As it slowly grows  
sleeping inside the soil  
waiting for charismatic sun  
to open the golden eyes  
slowly lingering inside soil

beneath deep down  
slumber among the crowd  
desires kept hidden  
Soul sloths as they run around

Deep down  
under the vast sea  
like a clown fish  
hidden in its reef  
scared upon big sharks  
who may eat upon me

desires of lion inside  
someone calls it lion pride  
yet the tentacles engulfs within  
huge baggage of grief swallows in  
each night slumbers  
slumbers upon dreams

every morning  
as sunlight greets  
wish to escape bayside  
catching the smell, of fresh air blowing outside  
like humidity in air

wish,  
alas  
could float freely in air

like a sea gulf  
chasing the winds  
just wishes to open wings  
not race with wind  
wish to move slowly again

a call greeted me  
wished me luck on my journey  
checked on my progress  
and said, " You could shine as stars in sky "  
maybe I wish  
I could just drift in night sky

like asteroids  
In midst of orbits  
wish to drift in vaccum  
but not dart any planet ahead

a simple existence to itself  
is it too high ?  
To think an easy life ahead  
subjective to core of eyes  
with no,  
yes and no as reply.....

## A note

To the stickers aligned  
to the to-do lists flapping with wind  
time is running  
Battling with veterans of all kind  
you, who has been a veteran itself  
Holding the mast of struggle over time

a mind of distraction  
a surge of anxiety  
a swell of fear  
an earthquake of falling apart  
Alas,  
hope you did, disaster management well ?

the greed of winning  
surpasses the fear  
can smart work of few days  
beat the long hours of sweat ?  
no,  
it can't  
or maybe it can  
shall we play a bet  
a roll of dice  
a gamble of life

the thirst for winning  
driving the soldier all night  
a mere soldier  
or a warrior in armour  
will it be praised

for its courage inside  
will it be sworn as a marquise with valour of all kind ?  
the dilemma that catches up throbbing heart inside....

## Chasing time

With sands of time  
playing it's reel,  
bound to few mistakes

a wisp of irritation  
a spur of excitement  
to catch up with fading time  
the heart singing valour of chasing lines

in those dilemma  
a dark sky  
engulfing emotions of all kind

in that aloofness  
nobody to greet  
and none to agree  
the emotions charring the wisdom  
making errr as it reeks

sanity or insanity  
blurring the lines  
why do you play trick all times ?  
a moment of breathe  
a second of present  
Just, live in the moment

Chasing endlessly  
Long buried dreams,  
they call him " prisoner of dreams"  
a slave of ambitions  
drinking wine of fantasies  
on roof of reality  
sleeping in midst of circumstances



as it breeds....

## Black and white

Questions are asked  
petitions are placed  
random papers flying as rain

black and white engulfs the scene  
where spilled blood fight  
some for blood lost  
some for missing greens  
some in garb to be heard  
some to letters mentioned at last

evidences interrogate  
crimes act  
screams silenced  
sobs muffled

some happy  
some sad  
upon the score of blood that lasts

Those black and white, isn't free  
it costs a lot

When the scores are settled  
but pleading souls vanish apart

the blood of spills  
settled at last  
only hope  
It could be faster  
Since candle lost its light  
And dark reigned over night  
no drop of blood left to settle the score at last....

## A million times

A million times  
the heart shall breathe  
a million times  
you shall breathe  
upon those beats  
upon those breathe  
the heart shall waver  
waver amidst the greatest desires  
the turning opportunities  
the valleys of despair  
the valleys of distractions

a million times  
the wisp of air  
shall move your mind  
a million times  
the sun shall shine  
light up your charms  
shade your weak attire  
but you shall  
move on

a million times  
you may linger  
upon thoughts of possibilities  
between the potentials  
like a potentiometer  
life shall tease you  
but you remember to be your best

a million times  
you may fall

but the millionth time  
maybe your game  
where you shall win  
maybe the flush arrives  
where cards play at your side  
and Lady Luck rolls

cheers to those million times  
cheers to your efforts of million times....

## The song

The song  
played again and again  
in loops over time  
it mentioned about lovers  
lovers lost in each other  
but for her journey became everything

her destination love  
her manifestations  
her yearnings

a person with no religion  
but only her deeds  
which became her religion

the song  
of passion  
the song  
of perfection  
craving of her desires

the generally satisfied soul  
lost her calm  
like shore yearning for waves  
to touch her  
to caress her  
like the breeze  
gently blowing the hair on her face

the song  
playing in loops  
again and again.....

## Greed havocs the brain

A needy in thirst  
looks over the desert in dire lust  
treading on blazing sand  
it looks over the expansive land

a student in herd  
wears spectacles and looks nerd  
he wishes to be bright  
looks over and over with half sight  
success beyond reach  
Honesty mingling on verge of breach

in those dire situations  
a mirage plays a trick  
telling him, there is water on streets  
in those wreaking moments  
a teacher plays a trick

why greed havocs the brain  
education seems lost in greed  
only few teachers left  
who preach without greed  
others are lost in heavens street  
students lost trust  
uncanny and blind by lust  
lost respect in mind  
disciples are lost on those streets

Teacher- student  
friends in circle  
colleagues in office  
neighbours on street  
friendly countries

all playing a foul game  
in the name of greed....

## Black rose

In its prime  
youth shines  
amidst the green lawn  
an aloof rose stands

Everyone wanted to be red  
they chose to be one  
red, yellow and orange  
few chose to lead  
turning violet, blue and peach  
but that one striking among the masses  
grew to slow  
admiring the environment  
it chose to be immature

now is the time  
after observing a while  
let the lion roar  
tell them you haven't forgotten how to soar,  
no memory is bad  
you just lack to sharpen your blade,  
practice makes the winner at test  
you shall lead amongst the rest

when all sleep  
in amber deep  
you awake  
you run  
you practice  
make mistakes to correct them  
amidst the whole crowd of mature  
you chose humour upon  
hiding the streak of seriousness



play with mind this deal

In order to seal

the battle deal

a black rose blooming upon a hill

watching the sea from a cliff...

## Power and money

They call it greed  
one who goes beyond need  
the word starting with P  
call it power in baton with nails that yield

they call it a miser  
even if its a loser  
cause he runs after it  
the word starting with M  
they call it money in hand

the words  
called them mean  
the people running behind  
just lean  
but those words, evil to thoughts  
who knows who brought upon ?  
they are called necessities to some,  
its not about materialistic  
called by nuns

money and power  
makes you big  
help you buy those candies and flowers  
those tickets to tours and travels

how sad it is  
money and power  
makes you family  
makes you friends  
without them you are left without anyone  
relationship and status bought

money and power

let you be at whims

Is it being to materialistic ?

I wonder some !

the words starting with M and P

wonder will you buy happiness for me ?

## In silence speaking with winds

There maybe chaos  
war ringing the ears  
storms hitting the shores  
mayhem of financial loss

everyone seems distressed  
while soul seems stressed  
amidst their pains  
they hardly see, no one gains

in pains one cry  
held stern forever in life  
held with no head high  
fallen esteem  
shook everyday in life

why don't you notice  
life has become living hell,  
have been trying  
meeting so many trials in life  
yet you despise  
fail to notice the howling cries

how to make a notice  
is it a commodity that can be sold  
if only pain could be sold  
but why would anyone buy ?  
the sufferings inside....

please  
look,  
tattered soul  
walks soulless

with brine washing the face  
what is left behind  
is a mere breathe of air....

## Blooming under the sky

Scorching is the heat  
ducked and stocked in a dense close room  
with white walls forming the corners  
while the mind soaring high

a desk to support on  
a rocking chair giving a vibe  
Timber is the desk  
mechanical becomes the brain  
typing constantly on a keyboard with some strain

a young mind  
with growing age  
with dreams vast as open sky  
stocked up in a pile  
talking about round abode one lives by

With the blazing sun outside  
with scorching heat  
and drenched sweats of hard work on sleeves  
soul doesn't tire by  
it has a dream to fulfil upon  
it is trying to bloom under the sky

negativity strokes the ceiling  
the humble ground says, "stay low"  
work in progress  
for a dynamite to explode;  
working in silence  
was the trait;

working to make a shot  
maybe a day shall arise

when the blooming shall fill the score  
those numbers shall result on sheet  
ambitions reaching its shore

A beautiful sweet smell shall fill the room  
the scent of success filling the abode.....

## Lingering

Sweet candies filling the tongue  
candy floss flying by  
kids running across the street  
catching the ice cream guy

balloons fill up the corners  
a game of shooting stars  
who wins  
who gambles upon  
the pellets  
for the hanging balloons on the cart

cherry blossoms sweeping the floor  
Sweet chocolate melting in mouth  
unwavering desires hinging by  
mind wavers upon past memories  
dwelling upon and mingling on cravings apart  
resolving the determination  
holding the weekend short  
shutting the glaring screens  
yellow pages open upon

lingering is the popcorn  
molten in caramel around  
streets full of laughter  
seems abandoned upon.....



## Infinite desires, less opportunities

Countless desires  
scarce the resources  
tireless the efforts  
less the opportunities

with such scarcity outside  
its hard to decide  
For what the soul wanders for outside  
numerous desires plague her mind  
yet alas  
the soul knows what to despise

what to choose, seems a luxury  
some awaiting the predestined life

how to protect  
and how to be protected  
depends on mankind

An armour of others can't borrow  
yield your own protection  
this luxury so scarce  
work all night.....

## Hope, a blooming flower

Amidst the pains  
amidst the glares  
amidst the stares  
amidst the slippery floors  
the cold benches  
and the windy roads  
hope bloomed

across the dark nights  
a tint of colour broke  
Pink wrapped in blue  
hope was born

to parents  
to teachers  
to the village  
to the town  
to the city  
to the country  
a flower bloomed

her fragrance filled the air  
people called her angel  
cause she brought smiles  
thats how, hope bloomed in the countryside

when the country prospered  
when people were rational  
humanity and hope grew together  
humble was their teacher

the nation took pride  
as their economy slowly rise

but hope prospered  
grew and matured

then one day  
chaos visited them  
disease stuck along  
greed carried behind  
and hope got sick  
she was breathing with pain  
yearning for her friend  
humanity was missing,  
someone had abducted her  
humble was scared; locked up at house

hope bearing her pains  
got up again  
march had ended  
it was time to bloom in April  
she called for kindness  
to search for humanity  
to stage a war against greed and misery  
they walked along with vaccines around

hope had really matured  
but still no clue where humanity is starving  
they still are searching.....

## Knowledge, the golden orb

A garden of cloves  
with vast sky gazing it  
the seeker finding its trail  
horse shoe on its wrist  
a talisman as his guard  
he continues to race

prophecies were made  
prophecies were told  
a predestined life may hold  
without any questions  
without any curiosities  
he continued to trail  
no knowing where it should tail?

Thats how it was  
thats how it is.....

But a sudden gleam of surprise  
to make his heart realise  
euphoria struck on mind  
what was the goal ?  
it didn't mater  
what was he searching ?  
was a clueless question

the question was process  
suddenly the oceans limit was examined  
with no start  
no beginning  
universe expanse was thought and analysed  
the heart raced inside

telling knowledge

The most shining orb

his goal was to know more and more

every line he encountered

added to his curiosities

maybe as a food for his brain to live

knowledge

in midst of race

what was it ?

## Wings of dreams

Colourful  
and beautiful they fly  
hovering around the sweet flowers around

a new caterpillar  
entered the town  
it was its debut year around  
walking the aisle  
it settled over the leaf  
watching the numerous butterfly on screen

his idol was them  
he wished to fly like them  
with pretty wings around  
pink, red and orange dots about  
Fantasising those idols about

it settled on a green leaf  
engulfing whatever it could eat  
he ate  
while others watched him  
mocking his fat body about

he cried at nights  
hid under the leaf  
continued to eat  
once it was enough about  
And enough with all those words carrying around  
he shut his ears  
combing a cocoon around  
maybe it could shield

done with its home  
with full sound proof  
he decided to sleep  
not to worry what would anyone speak

days passed by  
the cocoon lay as it was  
suddenly a magic was felt  
the cocoon split slowly  
struggling was a being  
calling it a metamorphosis queen  
glory about  
wings flapped around  
out came two pair of wings  
yet shocked by all  
it wasn't a butterfly  
flapping around  
the long gone to what it was  
only to realise it never could be one  
cause it was meant to be other one  
a moth in grey and spots  
yet having its own accord...

## Scar

Something lives inside  
continues to stay  
even when we age with time  
within us  
maybe protruding in our head  
sometimes in some forgotten place  
yet,  
coming back to us  
when in despair

a childhood trauma  
a bully at school  
a guilt inside  
Less score in high school days  
just the nervousness to make in college days

a day to ask out  
a day to call our fears  
an embarrassment  
or violence that may not have been heard

its a scar that stays with us....

maybe people say to forget  
maybe we try to forget  
but its not easy like footprints on beach  
instead its the marking on coral reefs  
the movement of waves on pebbles around  
embarked and leaving its trace abound

can you forget those scars ?



keep it hidden forever in heart  
tell it to people around  
you had been hurt inside out  
if they tell you to forget  
then its alright  
at least you wont regret  
not telling what made you cry that day...

its a scar  
apply some medicine  
don't covet it  
don't let it become bigger than that

a pierce  
a stab  
a cut  
a wound  
what does it tell us ?  
you will heal with those scars around...

it shall pain sometimes  
you might shed tears to deal  
but those pains aren't big, as your dreams  
those grief aren't huge, as your life  
or the next moment your going to write

in that encompassing write  
you shall write many songs  
some sad, taking some notes  
some learnings, to make better score  
some misadventures you made  
but crossed the heart to never make more mistakes

don't fear your scars  
confront them

don't let it burden your heart....

## The breaking dawn

When the sun is still sleeping high  
the clouds wrapped in blanket of stars  
the moon playing with dark grey clouds  
stars in their realm of shining out

about midnight  
when the world sleeps tight  
those dreams keep you awake

when the world rests  
you shall grab a cup of coffee at late  
watching the sky  
you wish good morning early at night

watching the breaking of dawn at midnight  
the moon wanes  
sets off alarm late  
calls off the warm sun  
come its your time  
" I partied enough this time"  
taking back its starry friends  
calling its breaking dawn instead

that table with books to surround  
the smell of incense, to calm the mind  
a meditation to, grab hold of running mind  
a planner to, stick to rules  
calling the day productive as it holds

writing the letters in black on white  
you settle over a resolution of childhood times

don't betray your heart

tell what you do, you love to do  
lets witness the change

make the beds  
draw up curtains of laziness ahead  
its going to be a great start  
like a cup of tea  
Filled up aroma of dreams  
a toast of loaf  
to fill your hunger

charge up the day  
with bowl of flakes  
it's definitely gonna be a great day ahead...

## Dreams

Feathers of birds keep flying  
counted sheep  
jumping here and there  
I wonder,  
how our world can ever asleep ?

disguised as light, wings of thought  
tickle my ears  
refusing me, my asleep  
denying me, that witnessed beauty  
of paradise

those dreams waiting to be unleashed  
raging inside, like a fire  
Rising up magma,  
to emotions of my mantle  
burning my feet  
scolding me inside  
keeping me awake, all night

A candy floss to a child  
a college admission to a high schooler  
a "Yes" reply, to a desperate confession  
a pay check to an adult  
Money to dreams  
opportunity to only, some  
dreams made - reality, fulfilling expectations  
but only for the few  
which one - are you?

as heavy as boulders  
upon which reality of bridge shall form  
upon the serene and calm waves of mind  
you build in disguise

hampering my nights  
shivering me with cold sweats all night  
keeping me anxious overnight  
what are these ?  
a web of dreams that keeps me alive.....

## Warning colouration

Breath taking deadly

Hovering by, green garden

Fools on its beauty

## Waiting

Painted spring curtains  
Bed sheet of April flowers  
Awaiting their bloom



## Memory palace

Void of memories

Past, present and future times

Emptiness engulfs

## Searching the silver line

A day shall arrive,  
When destiny shall be reached  
A day when sun shall shine warmly upon

Alas,  
Will existence be there to greet that heavenly morning  
Where freedom shall meet the dreams ?

## Sleeping eyes

Sleeping eyes  
dreary and tired  
close in winks  
telling lullabies of dreams

round blue  
soar with oceans high  
smoothing the visions  
telling stories of all kinds

in her pair of eyes  
lies world ticking by  
where she covers, expanse of world inside

unknown to the mayhem  
the chaos that plagues  
she weaves fantasies  
with pretty round eyes

Sleepy yet awaken eyes  
writing poetries of all kinds  
covets the pearls, she hide  
while she paints, rainbow in lives

in her pair of eyes  
lost is the beloved  
Wondering;  
what story will they ride ?

## Remote control

Replay

restart

pause

and rewind

where are these controls of life ?

## Blackboard

On blackboard  
searching for words  
screeching the chalks  
making the marks  
draws a line

on contours undefined  
paintings are being made  
yet what canvas to choose  
and which colours to draw upon  
the white canvas can't describe

searching the expanse  
the wilful words  
run around  
stopping the cram inside  
anxious and excited  
what the bird hooks upon ?  
its clutches in respite

the monument dallying  
the marble excavated  
which sculpture shall define ?  
the dream descending,  
as mirage every night....

## Watching and working

Some will soar high  
fly higher above  
enjoying the flight  
moving around the fluffy cloud beside

while some shall remain  
wiggle  
still dreaming  
and work shall be called; still in progress

at those moments  
of silver sky  
painting the sky  
believe in those streaks  
and continue to work

the scoreboard named them today  
eventually other names shall appear  
where perseverance shall make a mark  
asking, why you started after all ?

## Slowly slowly?.

Slowly slowly  
the rain stopped  
and drew the hot weather  
the gust that dried  
the only lake, that was kept alive

slowly slowly  
the drooping leaves  
hung loose by riverside  
drooping its way  
it flew with the harsh winds beside

no wonder there was no sun  
no wonder there was no cloud to greet by

on the lost hopes  
the caravan trailed by  
all lost  
all dried  
lifeless tavern,  
crossed numerous hindrances of life...

## The two sides

The two sides  
diminished by hardly any line  
sleeping side by side

one gloomy  
staring by wall  
staring to make, apple fall  
looking at sky  
maybe making efforts, to make heavens cry

other side  
rises and awakens slow  
rubbing the eyes that glows  
hit by muse  
writing and inking many a flows

One notes mistakes  
regrets streaks  
it made in flow

how sudden  
in evenings other rise  
exclaims, to win tonight  
woes to work harder this time

one decides to give up  
take another flow  
change the direction to steer

while other isn't willing to give up  
wishes to row more  
maybe a bit different approach



the dilemmas  
that fight  
mind, the battlefield  
where the warriors rise  
which boat shall soul take ?  
the new  
or one it was travelling late ?

leave it to destiny  
or ticking time,  
the traveller says, as it passes by....

## Cape

Appearance on sleeve  
So shall you be under a veil?

do clothes decide  
maybe looks decide  
No judge by cover  
why wear deception on ears?

that red veil  
that blush on your cheek  
those extra flesh  
that bulge everywhere

don't judge by cover  
a moral book of words  
actions defy  
so does your glare  
appearance on your sleeve

working all night  
with panda eyes  
Eating like a bear  
moving like a sloth  
which zoo do you belong ?  
appearance on your sleeve

moral books  
the new fantasy tales  
lessons taught for kindergartens  
only to be a seal  
never to believe  
never to abide

moral books,  
mere foundations of fading time.....

## Dead corpse

Dead corpse walking on lakes  
Don't know what emotions does it take

with eerie sound surrounding around  
it moves without sound

carries a crown  
with woven thorns around  
no rose blooms  
as darkness glooms

the dead corpse whistling about  
taking pills for some bout  
moves across lanes  
watching the flying cranes

the sky weeps with red  
as green grass withers and shreds  
dead corpse walking on ground  
moves without any sound

what sanity drives  
at bumble bee hives  
dead corpse rots about  
making diseases count

when shall it end ?  
the gloomy darkness worst than hell.....

## Bitter

Bitter thoughts, In expanding mind  
and bitter words, on tongue  
lurking on sides  
creating aura of misfits and unfortunates  
plaguing and planking all over inside

those lurking devils  
keep destroying relations in hand  
loosing the few we had  
toxicity in creation  
drifting us apart  
driving sanity miles apart

Bitterness  
shoo away,  
you need to keep away  
its not a cape  
one wishes to wear  
abandon on shores of never ever river

replace the bitterness  
Replace the sourness  
embrace the salt  
and making sweeter in every way  
the few relations in hand  
we carried as we treaded away....

## Blossom

Blossoms awaited  
Unreasonable season,  
Alas they withered...

## The starting

Once again  
life took turn  
we ended  
where we started

the battle was lost  
the soldier still alive  
tattered and tired  
covered with wounds

nobody cares  
if you survive  
the underscore remains  
you lost

mustering the courage  
hard and difficult  
but you practised not to be torn  
you wash your wounds  
leave them untended  
to remind the harshness

you must survive  
survive the storms  
to live gracefully  
one fine day  
when sun shall shine overhead  
wearing the crown of sola overhead....

## Balancing

In a troupe  
an artists goes around  
the skill of managing his skills  
balancing about

Life, like a tightrope  
holds you about  
move a wheel on thin life about

managing the words of supervisor  
hearing few honey tipped praises  
don't inflate about  
Many a packets of bitter pricks  
bursts you about  
just fly with fluffy cloud around

harmful words  
make you penniless  
when you decide to retort about  
do your counting  
Your favourite nursery rhymes  
and forget the insults that people tag behind

balancing; indispensable art  
sooner learnt  
artist rises on skyscraper...



## A tune to ears?.

Distant in grim summer  
when all wasn't good  
when pain was a daily ritual  
distant,  
somewhere far  
you played like a tune

a fine tune  
which kept playing inside  
though multitude of gulfs gone  
though tsunami still remains  
though shore keeps wrecking soul  
distant,  
that tune remains

plays in ears  
calming me  
telling me of faraway lands  
singing a lullaby to sleep  
sleep in comfort; angel's lap

light shines  
giving hope  
greeting the day  
that tune; still gives hope inside....

## Thorns

It's a pleasure  
if someone can speak  
speak their woes  
their hurt  
their scars  
their ruins

unfortunately,  
not all can speak  
keep their heart out  
because to world  
it maybe rose  
roses stitched outside

behold,  
lies thorns  
bleeding every inch of soul

to a garden full of rose  
Bundle of thorns wrap  
scarring  
scratching  
wounding the hands  
limping wings at every nook  
cutting off the flight  
before it leaps

alas,  
among the roses  
the rose weeps  
and beauty surrounds  
calls it a dew of red  
with blood all around....

## Do you regret now ?

At grave bed  
Or the plinth of pyre  
Where the funeral took place  
Who cried  
How does it matter anymore  
Who praised  
Who cursed  
Bygones are bygones  
Cause they are written off  
And can't be redeemed anymore  
Those hands of yours does it, itch anymore  
Those mouth of your does it spout nonsense  
That nonsense that drove her to pyre  
Ask her  
While she moves to heaven.....

## Cold heart

Swiftly, sturdily/steadily

Winter walked itself

Settled forever

## Acorns at fall

Waiting at 11  
only to cross hearts  
what time will it take  
for depart to come apart

walking in lanes  
never to cross by  
sincerity blooming under sky  
inflated is love  
the heart unfurling in cold breeze tonight

with all those years  
waiting;  
when shall it arrive?  
it was a talk of year or two  
when turned forever?

Life delayed its opportunity  
we grew up slower by count  
having its own plan  
as time flies by....

## Does sky have space ?

Looking up at vast sky,  
often I question why ?  
does it have space to give company tonight ?

looking at lush green meadows  
bustling with moving wind  
Often I ask why?  
do you have clove to hug me today?

looking at dark grey blue waves  
playing with dark deep oceans  
someone who lived alone  
can you give me shoulder ?

at the lawns of sunflowers  
moving about  
watching the sun in sky  
can you make me smile ?

with all earthly fairies and divine  
I ask,  
numerous times  
can I be with you ?  
am I wrong to ask you ?  
What sins won't let us grow?

## The string that pulls back

High above  
amidst the expanse  
blue, the colour  
that defined  
freedom and liberty of thoughts

amidst the height  
the soar I felt  
struggling my ways  
with rosy dreams  
defied the words, they taught  
freedom they said  
obliged were our duties

red was anguish  
blood shot hatred  
green was envy  
but yet tried to dream

alas,  
all plans fail  
when tied up at noose  
you are pulled back again  
again to where you started  
and they called it being free....

## Sand and stones on shore

Scorching heat greeted the eyes  
Blazing was the sky  
Under the roof of expanse  
Lay the land  
Filled with sand  
Built on were dilapidated past  
The story of a lineage  
Or the glory of king  
The tale of the architect  
Or the marvel of craft  
Reminiscing was me in my past  
A place with visit of twice  
Once too innocent to insight  
Other bewildered by marvel  
Yet scorching was the heat  
Unlike past years  
Cause global warming was high  
The sand that swept my face  
Told me the tales  
Touching the sculptures  
Witnessing the past  
Living the experience of mankind  
Scorching was the heat  
Burning was the land  
Under the vast sky  
Me resting with my dreams beside



## Unwanted miseries

Broken leaves

Drift with wind

Dry lakes

Looking above

Not a streak of rain lace

Cherry blossoms

Lost in season of spring

Years pass by

Passerby walk away

Season of fall

With no ends

Where winter of frozen emotions embrace

But where are you spring ?

Years have gone

Will you not visit the doorstep

Open are doors

Breeze of cold winds freeze

Emotions stale

Die away at touch of society at displeas

Winter kills, whatever breathe that laced

Missing the last tweak of scent

That musk, left behind....

## In ruins

Your sailing somewhere there  
looking and mocking at me  
did you ever look closely?

to your worries  
that are boulders  
why my seems like pebbles ?

you sit afar,  
watch over bleed  
like water flowing by  
my sweat and tears never bring you pain ?

why don't you shed even sigh ?

I sigh  
I cry  
to the words you taught,  
seems blurry with time  
that finger that took a walk  
my falls entrusted  
but now it seems insecure

every fall and rise  
seems an accomplishment  
why you call it cribbing  
stern at fall  
never looking at the rise  
a ruin yard  
a broken skyscraper  
merely dying under sky

## Luxury

A smile  
owed to time  
a cry  
owed to miseries  
scars became family  
where was healer resting ?

Chaos around  
tangled insanity  
entangling the simple mind  
How treat miseries ?

path was long  
broken the surging winds  
downtrodden the vile  
that surge and make everyone cry

betroted to grief  
where is happiness of destiny ?

## Loosing a bit

Every morning  
waking up with smile  
a real or fake  
who cares

deepfakes, making a trail  
sunrise in agonies of dismay  
who cares

setting is blue sky  
breaking the cry  
night approaching dusk  
walks with bleeding feet  
who cares

in world  
of pains and griefs  
a soul keeps searching  
for missing beats  
bits of oneself  
lost in time....

who cares ?  
the soul cares....

## Knock

Once again  
after a while  
the uncertain stranger knocked beside

it surely was long time  
Hoping that mind  
forgot this line

years back  
this stranger  
cooped up

intrigued  
nauseated  
and suffocated inside

Almighty knows  
what brings him tonight

regret,  
why you chose to come  
why knock  
when belief took place  
Mirage of satisfaction  
was never fetched

stop visiting again  
regret,  
let's meet after life....

## Abandoned warmth

Frail and fragile  
was born with wrinkles tonight  
Spring blossomed  
in her embrace

when breaking dawn  
turned its table  
looking below  
were merry cables

enveloped in arms  
were worries of mine  
soaked in laces  
of time

when dipping strokes  
healed scars  
when cherry words  
drooled in cards

Alas  
was gone times  
Worries  
remain, on sleeves of nine  
Yet  
love is lost  
in her fragile dimes.....

## Slumbers

All that lies  
is slumber of mind  
rainbows  
clouds  
and endless tunnels

wishful thinking  
tiring all night  
yet  
greatest creation of all kinds

fantasies  
grief  
and nightmares haunting  
seeps while sleeping rhymes

the rockets of dreams  
the sinking of failures  
the looks of a clown  
or the beauty of mirrors  
dazzling neurones playing

wishes perch on mankind.....

## It's been long

It's been long  
with heavy heart  
guided by glimmer light

afraid to face  
afraid to hide  
are pent up emotions on line

shivered on swirls  
mind forth and set on line

Hardly known  
if I can write

mind swirled  
Heart sank  
when emotions crashed  
and nurtured hands  
severed by

hard to accompany  
is my lost time

in Forest of time  
only regrets bind soil  
gone are winds of my broken mind



## Delusions

Not to appeal  
not to appease  
not to catch eyes  
not even let mind distract

neither the drapes of your room  
nor the vase with roses around

neither the incense drawing spirits  
nor the candles lighting the dine

neither to appeal  
nor to appease  
neither to hook  
nor to look

a mere canary  
I am none  
a mere sparrow  
I have never been

a dandelion  
free to air  
hung to none  
to all my races I am done

wishing above  
wishing below  
on heaven  
and hell cooking below

I tread the paths that grew  
the ones with no wind blew

the hardy patches  
known to all  
tainted by blood and tears  
I wish to abandon those lanes  
the one known to all  
treaded by all  
reached by some

I wish to live  
live secluded in world of mine

## Finding

To some questions  
I have no answers  
To life  
I have no replies  
Until then let's say goodbye  
Yet again I will say Hi  
Comrade let's again fight

## Invisible hands

As time passes  
March upon March comes to end  
April creeps  
with spring turning into warmth

anxiety slumbers  
anxiety crumbles  
Yet anxiety mumbles

watching above  
the invisible hands  
not only Adam Smith  
'but those fairies beside

the angels who hide  
pushes me beside  
like waves on ocean  
like breeze on summery nights  
the invisible hands  
protect me on time

maybe  
or maybe not  
we get addicted  
to invisible hands  
Cheering behind

looking out for invisible hands inside

## Tropical easterlies

Happening days  
Summery nights  
Wonder what  
Watches behind  
Clicking faith  
Gentle breeze  
Washing anxieties  
Beneath my feet  
Fated encounters  
Moving butterflies  
Petunias in my garden  
Drying by

Those gentle stares  
As sun kissed months  
The glowing curtains  
Gentle breeze playing beside  
Tipper tapper  
Smoothen souls  
Natures blessings  
Fulfilling souls