

Anthology of spilleronsheet

Presented by

My poetic Side 



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Blooming under the sky

Lingering

Infinite desires, less opportunities

Hope, a blooming flower

Knowledge, the golden orb

Wings of dreams

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The breaking dawn

Dreams

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Waiting

Memory palace

Searching the silver line

Sleeping eyes

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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

Validation

Awaiting

Solemn nights

The lopsided

The sky, the stars and the waning moon

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 lose 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
mustered 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
mustering 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

betrothed 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

Validation

Everyone accepts
accepts a gracious past
a rare gem
a shiny bling
a bulge pocket
and a successful present

wonder who accepts
a broken misfit
a trodden self
and a deviant soul ?

Awaiting

Lingering were emotions
nervous was state
lied under beneath a senseless death

sorry were emotions
off late
results lingering mind

Stood stuck in time
past regrets playing
future uncertain remains

why give all that ?
why still remain laid ?
why to even begin with ?

how to rewind ?
how to restart ?
why continue ?

questions puzzling in mind
killing its own time

Solemn nights

When the clock strikes
when the burning nights meet
Dreams won't let anyone sleep
on those lumbering nights
Wishes perch
'hollowing and wishing to carve
carve the beauty of success

to those hustling night
meets the burdening eyes
wishing to watch the sky
siding with morning light
a pale morning strikes
completing page by page
are the dreamy eyes

cheers to those struggles
cries to those warriors
A Peaceful wish
to the beginnings of Autumn
Welcome October
despite the inked being late

The lopsided

From the body
that holds
from the mind
that soars

often I witness
the lopsided me
'my miseries hanging one side
the other managing its life
from a broken leg
to a broken tooth
from a broken smile
to a broken whole

connecting the events
are ambitions
from broken window panes
scatters the rain
the ceiling it drips
telling its own takes

while the broken me
'writes its broken destiny

from a lopsided
mind
To a bent smile
From headache mornings
to passing time
yet another deadline
Broken sleeps
telling its own caffeine

laces the excel sheets

from a lopsided life

to a broken faith

we await wires , that connect

The sky, the stars and the waning moon

Under the vast sky
i often lose my self
staring above
looking beyond
the sky which belongs to none

despite It being free
claims and claimed by many
from lovers to rulers
from snatching
to buying
the sovereign loses its rule

i get lost
in its wild
Which doesn't belong to me anytime

clueless yet searching
a soul watching
reflecting soul above
the sky is me
And I to him

in your wraps
of blue, pink and black
i cling my hopes
in your sceneries
of no moon
i hope for glowing sun

to me the sky
becomes hope
to the world

becomes its home

missing as i reside by

i look above in sky