

A Word With Nature

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Presented by

My poetic Side 

About the author

I love observing the acts of nature and to share my own view of them through the medium of poems. These poems are related in some way or other to my own life experiences, and I hope you find yourself in some of these.

summary

Exit

The Night's Play

Lullaby

A Dew On the Petal

A Moment's Paradise

Beneath The Black Canvas

Walking By

A Lit Up Sky

The Moon's Eyes

A Lonely Homecoming

Stairway To The Stars

Nowhere To Go

The Dawn's Spell

Under A Tree

The Dairy Air

To The Future Me

My Escape

Moon And Me

Longing For Love

Frozen Time

A Blanket's Hug

Aftermath

An Ailing Planet

A New Dawn

A Rain Of Words

A Cosmic Mosaic

A Beginning To The End

Flying Rumors

Flying On Kites

Nowhere Is Mine

A Momentous Smile

Left Out

Time Stops For No One

Exit

The darkness envelopes me,
the silence that once felt tranquil,
now irks me to death.

As I cut through the heavy, humid air,
I pant and gasp hopelessly for my breath,
and search desperately for lights' soothing care.

As I limp my way through this hell,
memories of past resurface,
Days long ago I bid farewell,
now put me in a fantasizing daze.

As I crawl out of this cave,
the light in front sets my eyes ablaze,
emotions inside me surge as I get what I crave,
And leave me in a maddening craze.

The Night's Play

the moon shies away behind a translucent veil,
blurred by floating clouds,
riding on the gale.

with the moonlight fading,
the katydid halts its tune.
I lie down on the cold tar
and stretch my hands towards the moon,
but find myself a little too far.

The stars suddenly start moving,
in utter disbelief and surprise,
I rub my eyes,
only to find tiny fireflies.

Lullaby

The cricket plays a melody in the night,
the gentle breeze joins its tune,
with the rustling grass it's flute.

The moon watching from up above,
shines his borrowed light,
onto the waves charging at the cliff.

The splashes of whitewash water that follow soon,
resonate a thunderous clap of a hundred hands,
and elevate the nights' mellow tune.

the twinkle of the stars, enchant my eye,
as I hear this nights' lullaby,
And fall into a languid slumber.

A Dew On the Petal

The first rays of the sun,
pierce through the mist.
With the curse of the moonlight undone,
it reveals the tryst,
of the petal and the dew.

As the curtains of mist unveil,
the world awakens from the moon's eclipse,
while the dew disappears without a trail,
too afraid someone might catch a glimpse.

As it turns into thin air,
It reluctantly rises from the petal's clasp,
and waits patiently for the cold moon's glare,
to someday again sit on his lover's caring lap.

A Moment's Paradise

I once was lost,
unable to find my way.

intimidating trees towering above me,
the thick, humid air choking my neck,
the constant feeling of being watched.
eyeballs appearing behind a black backdrop,
here and there.

I once was lost,
unable to find my way.

the frequent rustling of leaves,
the sounds of cracking twigs,
the frightening coos and calls of animals unknown,
give me an unnerving feeling,
as they raise the curtains of a terrible happening.

I once was lost,
unable to find my way.

the sounds of someone gargling,
directed me beyond the thick of the forest.
and as I reached the clearing,
I saw a small stream of water pristine,
with bulging eyes and shaking hands,
I took a dip and forgot my anxieties.
And lay there free,
legs dangling in the cool water,
cherishing that moment of peace.

I once was lost,
unable to find my way.

But chanced upon a moment's paradise,
in the eye of the storm.

Beneath The Black Canvas

I watch as the night bleeds a star,
with a trail of magnificent bright.

As it zips open a thin scar,
it shows a glimpse of what lies,
beneath the emptiness of the night.

Walking By

The distant mountains,
the serene trees,
and the clear skies,
I take it all in as I walk by.

The grass crumples when I step on it,
It patterns as the gentle breeze blows,
I look back,
and the footprints seem to be no more,
But I take it all in as I walk by.

The dandelions surf on the wind,
I see hordes of them fluttering across the sky,
I reach out my hand and clench my fist,
to catch some,
and I find none,
But I take it all in as I walk by.

I gaze at my shadow void of everything but my outline,
I desperately chase it to the ends of the earth,
Only to realize my own worth.

A Lit Up Sky

I stand at the crossroad and close my eyes,
The sound of a thousand marching footsteps,
Scurrying off under the night sky,
Sidestepping a lone figure standing tense.

The bright billboards overpower the dark night,
As it drowns into a maddening frenzy,
And bring the honking cars and passing crowd into limelight.
While the People passing by me, whisper, "is he crazy?"

But beneath the ruckus of the lively crossroad,
I hear the whirring of a motor,
A distant siren encroaching upon the clueless crowd
Black hawks whizzing across the sky at full throttle.

As I come to a terrifying realization,
A smirk spreads across my pale face,
welcoming tonight's orchestrated liberation,
And Expecting the mistress of death's final embrace.

And in the blink of an eye,
A million bombs light up the sky
And a million more silence the night.

The Moon's Eyes

Beneath the floating clouds,
engulfed by the dusk's citrus shroud,

By the the placid river,
reflecting the tangerine sky,
like a pristine silver mirror.

An eyelid opens up slightly.

As the crescent moon shows itself,
strokes of soft orange trail the falling sun.

An evident sign of desperation,
to not give away the night,
to the moon's opening eye.

As the black curtains draw,
A billion stars adorn the night sky,
fragments of the the moon's other eye.

A Lonely Homecoming

I walk on the barren ground,
under the grey, morbid sky,
over my fallen comrade's heads,
by the soil tainted forever red.

my eyes too dry to shed a tear,
my voice too hoarse to cry a word,
Oh, what would I give to weep,
atleast then the flood that ensues from my eyes,
would blur the horror of this day,
And my voice would obscure,
the sense of loss that I face

My legs feel lifeless,
My shoulder sore with carrying the weight,
of the rugged rifle in my hand,
how ironic, I think as I laugh at my current state,
the very thing that I cannot withstand,
I clinch to it tightly,
till my fingertips are pale white.

But I do not pay heed to these exertions,
for my heart carries the greatest burden,
the expectations and dreams of the deceased,
The innumerable, 'I leave it to you',
The countless, 'I am counting on you',
of my fallen friends as they leave me alone,
to carry their torch on this godforsaken world.

My mind cries in insufferable agony,
as my comrades fall like petals from a flower,
leaving me with their dreams,

oh, my friends on the other side,
tell me, tell me please,
how am I supposed to join you now?
when there is no one left to pass the baton onto.

But I will carry on,
for the sun will rise tomorrow,
and a sapling will rise some time after,
and birds would twirl and swirl on this sky sooner,
and this desolate land would be brimming with life far into the future.

Stairway To The Stars

I place my foot,
on the first step of the ladder,
and start climbing,
towards the space beyond and after.

I arrive at the cloud junction,
after climbing 60,000 feet.
and on these clouds I see,
an expanse of pure white,
some shaped like trees,
and some like you and me.

as I break through the atmosphere,
after climbing millions of feet,
I see a flower blooming at its peak,
its petals irradiating to infinity.

and around it I see balls,
of all shapes, size and color,
humming around this fragile flower,
too afraid to get caught,
in its fiery volcanic shower.

and in this space,
that reeks of nothingness.
I am nothing but, a speck of dust.
and my life,
so insufferably abrupt

Nowhere To Go

The ruckus of the train station,
With hordes of people passing by,
to someplace or to someone waiting for them,
while I do not have a place to go tonight.

The bickering of the passing people,
The faint announcements over the mic,
the screeching brakes of the stopping train,
and the thunderous roar of the train passing by.

I lie on the cold steel chair,
tapping my feet with apparent impatience,
hunched over with fingers intertwined,
As if lost in deep thought.

Everyone has something to grab onto,
be it someone's hand or the handle of a suitcase,
or the excitement of awaiting holidays,
but I only have the cold air,
and the overwhelming sense of loneliness,
to be with me tonight.

As the moon peaks and takes the center stage,
on the night's black canvas,
the crowd thins and the voices subdue,
But I am still here,
On the same cold chair,
hunched over,
fingers intertwining,
As if lost in deep thought.

The Dawn's Spell

On the placid river,
a boat;
of tattered tin,
leaves swirls of water brewing;
gently within.

the creaking of;
the rusty hull,
and the faint murmur,
of the water;
murky and dull.

the robin;
and its daybreak monotone,
obscure the sodden;
iron-grey waters,
the frightening face,
of the river not yet;
caressed by sun's embrace.

Under A Tree

I lie on;
the patterning grass,
the blinding light,
falling on my squirming eyes,
grateful to be alive;
as I listen to;
the koel's dying chime.

The light dances;
on my body,
like spots on a feral cat,
as the branches;
swoop,
and the leaves;
rustle,
in the summer breeze.

The Dairy Air

the plopping gumboots,
on a muddy trail,
by the byre;
where cow's swat tails,
and frail calves are dire;
for their mothers milk.

the smell of muck,
fresh and aged.
the calves might survive;
with some luck,
good milk is all required,
so feed them full;
till their knees,
at least they will make;
a good beef.

a cow slipped;
on a freshly laid dung,
and she afflicted;
a fracture in her pelvis,
without a moment's thought,
and not a shred of doubt,
she was packed off;
to the slaughterhouse.

the fresh dairy air,
ever calm and tranquil,
hides the smell of blood;
and the untold cruelty,
of the cows that succumbed;
to our foolhardy whims.

To The Future Me

On the bedlam of roses;
that you walk,
do you feel the fluff petals;
or the prickly thorns?

Have you seen,
the blazing sun;
of success,
atop the mountain;
of hard work.
or are you still;
clawing your way up?

Hope you found;
a kindred soul,
to dress;
your wounds,
and address;
your anxieties,
someone;
you could die for.

Let's sign,
on a promise;
spanning through time;
to never regret;
the long lost yesterday,
to fully live;
the ever present today.

For now,
I bury this poem,

in the bits;
the 1's and 0's,
of the internet,
to perhaps return,
on the cold winter when;
I have learnt,
the answers to;
the questions I posed.

My Escape

As I ride on my bike,
the wind caresses my hair,
while the nearby trees scurry off,
to god knows where.

On the road I see blurry strips of white,
but in an instant;
they vanish from my sight.
I see a new one,
but it appears quite distant.

The blasting winds' thrum,
ensues chaos in my eardrums,
so I clench my fist as it makes me tense,
the sound of this deafening silence.

I lean forward as the bike speeds up,
only to find a vexing bump,
As I slow down,
the smudges of green, black and white,
convert to a scene of distressing plight.

My memories of this monotonous world,
ever so cruel and whack,
from the depths emerge,
as I realize as I was high on crack.

Moon And Me

A hand reached out,
out the window I climbed,
over the fence I jumped,
to where the white hand once was,
there I found the moon;
marble white, a dazzling bright;
among the midnight hue,
sipping on coffee;
by the crackling bonfire.

I took a seat beside,
the burning flames,
sweltering hot waves of air,
against my flushed cheeks;
yet the crater-lad moon,
and his cold glare;
left me freezing;
gasping for breath.

only later did I find;
how amiable he was,
as we talked;
the moons glare once cold;
melted to gentle round eyes,
brimming with innocence.

as time went on,
and the clock chimed;
the arrival of day,
the moon thinned;
faded to a translucent white,
we bid our farewell;

as the sun was soon to rise,
and went separate ways.

And only then;
did I realize,
I am more of a moon person,
than one of sun,
for he only ever borrowed;
and so did I.

Longing For Love

a mere fist bump;
the only contact,
we ever had,
and yet I stared;
glared for hours,
at my trembling hands.

A common route;
from school to home,
an hour in a rusty van;
is all we shared.
yet I sat in front,
to look at you;
from the hazy rear mirror.

the brief time;
a month, two or four,
I am not sure anymore,
that we saw each other,
were special,
everyday a new;
emotion I felt,
a new side of myself;
I realized.

but, was it for you?

I was not sure;
then, nor am I now,
was I desperate in love?
or desperate for love?
questions that I know;
no answer of.

Frozen Time

time had stopped,
the days all felt the same,
the monotony of living,
was too much to bear.
yet you shatter;
breeze through them.

the clock on the wall,
that had slowed;
to a laggard's crawl,
for quite a while,
started ticking;
to normal pace's nigh.

tomorrow speaks;
more of heaven than hell,
and so I sleep;
by the broken clock,
waiting for the doorbell's;
nostalgic ding-dong.

A Blanket's Hug

As the blanket draws,
the thousand furs;
of a fluffy hand,
mellow and snug,
greet the cold fingertips,
like a cosy hug;
from an amiable grizzly bear.

Yet,

It leaves me shivering,
naked cold, like;
on an icy morning,
as the prospects;
of tomorrow,
dawn on me.

Aftermath

The fog reddens,
and the air,
pungent; sulfur laden,
spreads in all four cardinals.

the dew once see through,
crystal clear; dyes,
to a rosy velvet.

This air, it's;
murderous,
I would breathe water.

An Ailing Planet

The ailing planet,
and its woeful wails,
echo through lands ,
as a rain drop,
on striking soil bails,
an acrid, sulfur petrichor.

A New Dawn

A dark bleeding edge,
remnants of a lost night,
haunting the edges of horizon,
of a new dawned sky

an arctic sky hovers,
chunks of cloud; pale white,
with a tangerine blush,
welcome their lover

A breeze sweeps,
away; lazy yawns,
of drowsy eyes peeking,
through the window corner

the first cracks of light,
splashing mellow clouds;
ushers yet again,
a new dawn.

A Rain Of Words

The rain draws near,
thunder claps: a barrage,
of thousand hands.

the earth swells;
exhales a petrichor,
as rain riding on,
the whistling wind; drops.

ribbons descend;
upon the ground, anchored;
to hovering clouds,
and sky and earth,
once dragged apart;
meet, at last.

words seldom exchanged,
heaven and earth remain,
connected; only through
the falling rain.

A Cosmic Mosaic

A curtain draws,
pitch black;
this world becomes.

yet light seeps,
through tiny holes,
flickering; it tears,
the darkness asunder.

the breeze,
whispers; as I,
gape in awe,
night's cosmic mosaic.

A Beginning To The End

tipsy toes,
rubber bones,
held him,
atop this world.

As he took,
his first stride,
taller, than;
ever before.

The ground,
felt not so cold,
as arms grabbed;
the empty air.

this cherubic child;
walked; and kept on.

only to rest,

beneath the same soil,
he took off from.

Flying Rumors

belittling words;
slither into,
whispered sentences.
tongues click,
my image worsens,
by the clock's tick.

this air,
reeks of lies,
As rumors spread,
like galloping flames,
atop tiny fireflies.

Flying On Kites

A kite hovers,
on a stormy night,
the leaden drops;
drag it down,

the gale whispers
softly; to let go,
to give up,
to the flow

yet flimsy threads,
a thousand of em',
intertwine and entangle,
to hold the kite,
to his life so dear.

death may be;
an enticing offer,
yet I can't sever,
these threads at;
my own accord.

Nowhere Is Mine

I am nowhere,
nowhere is mine,
atop this flimsy footing,
I climb, to a dream,
I had my eyes laid on
since I was a child.

the acrid stench,
that brews within the jealousy,
of those below me, forces;
to face up and stare,
at the great void,
that lies between
me and the star adorned sky.

from underneath the mirror,
an unbeknownst face;
stares back,
yet it seems;
to have my outline,
and a question wells up,
from my intrigued mind,
"who is that?"

A Momentous Smile

As I opened the door,
to a place I call home,
I was greeted;
by my father, standing;
by the shoe rack,
busy on his phone.

he looked at me,
and the lips stretched and bent,
zipping through his wrinkled face,
his endearing smile clasped me;
in a tight embrace.

The squiggled lines;
of thought,
that ravaged my mind,
unwound;
to a single straight file.

And as I closed the door,
I left my struggles there,
to face them;
when I open this door,
again.

Left Out

grandfather collapsed,
an emergency.
yet, not a soul knocked,
not one informed me.

the distant siren;
a gradual crescendo,
halted; at its peak.

and I knew then,
tragedy loomed;
someplace near me.

months passed,
ever since; still I,
shiver at the sight of it,
the door to my room,
how cold it is.

Time Stops For No One

The powder of time
falls; swayed not,
by the weathering storm,
that is this life.

on of all us,
precisely.
equally.