

ALOHA LADYHOLMES!

LADYHOLMES

Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

To an illuminated life..

Acknowledgement

To all beings,for whom,i am who i am..

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A poet in disguise..

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Duty

As days rush with no time to spare
And my life draws to a near full square..
To the mighty Lord,I bow and pray
Pain,Sickness,come what may..
Pray to make me so worthy
That i fulfil,my every duty..
The highest duty being a mother
For the little being i live to nurture..

The Adoptive Mom

Born not from womb but from heart,
MA in woman is the greatest on earth.
Thus it makes you, no less a creator,
As biology here, plays the least factor..

The Risk and the Gain

Without a risk there aint no gain..
Forego the ego and forget the pain.
The bruised heart argues,
And it tries to explain..
Oh no never,
And never again..
Memories forever
Enough to sustain..

Digital Detox

One fine morning,i took an oath..
Mobiles & gadgets will shun those both
But alas..thats the biggest hoax
One ping, one poke
And memories that revoke
There goes askew my Digital Detox..

Not a poet

If not a poet, be the poem..
Be the muse, and let the words stem.
From heart to mind to the fingertips,
The poet's incessant thoughts,
The poem it ships..

Gray

Amidst a life all of it gray..
Dull, mundane & formless as clay..
In the silence of the perpetual night..
You appear
Like the flash of that neon light..
Thus my skies were illuminated
Truly i m so intoxicated..
Now in sleep or in my wake
In every breath, thou partake..

Of Dusk and Dawn

Once an evening I decided to wander
My mind being blank and yet i ponder..
A heavy heart,and my feet tired,
A ray of hope was all I desired..
And I saw the sky,a fiery amber
Of nature preparing
For a new day to usher..
Perhaps all,is not yet lost
A bright dawn awaits
Once the night is crossed..

How a poem begins..

A poem begins,as a lump in the throat..
A pain received,of an event un-hoped.
And now,this is just not a writing..
A heart unburdening and a soul healing..
Amidst all the darkness,
The only silver lining..

The Math of Life

As worries keep on mutliplying,
Tension adds and it feels so maddening..
Write a poem,to subtract all suffering
Thus divide joy, as sharing is caring..

A box of crayons

Be the summer sun,a lemon yellow,
Coral autumn leaves,fallen yet aglow..
Or the wintry wind,that chills one blue,
Of blushy spring,with flowers of all hue..
Mother Nature has the best of all,
A box of crayons,
With colors that enthrall..

The Immature Partner

A mature partner is the one all seek..
Daily life chores,who makes them tick.
But with the one,lies life's greatest desire,
U feel like a child
And double with laughter..

A poet in disguise

A poet in disguise,
Fighter lady in all eyes..
Who aims with the words,
And fires with the verse..
Kills with the lines,
Dreams and facts as she entwines..

Made In India

The universal Zero, or the Natural fibre
Inventions of India show its calibre.
Cataract, Plastic and all those surgery
Ancient discoveries, famous in history
So Bend it like Yoga,
And treat with Ayurveda
My love my country
Has the universal panacea..

Lapis Lazuli

Once in the sun gleamed so brightly..
Some scattered stones,of Lapis Lazuli
I strung them up and put on my neck,
And it felt magical though for a sec.
And then the magic,seeped into my vein
As a poem it flowed and took free rein..

Poetry-Evidence of Life

Change being the only constant,
Life flickers from bad to brilliant..
But on troubles not much i dwell,
As happy sad many emotions clash..
My life burns well,
Poetry is just the ash..

The Phoenix Women

Hurt us once,stab us twice,
Like a Phoenix,we will rise..
Through the ashes we breathe,
As the burning flames ensheathe..
And we resurrect from that pyre,
As truly,
We have faith in our fire..

Destination Addiction

The very next place is the place to be,
The very next job will make me cheery.
Oh no,not this one,
But with the next partner u see,
Blessings will be huge,and joys plenty..
All these thoughts,are only your illusion,
Makes one sad,brings dissatisfaction..
Now,here,and within me,
Lies true love,the key to be happy..

An Anecdote

In my life,from dawn till dusk
Pile on another,so many task..
And as the night creeps in,
I recall all that has been..
Good or bad,of the entire day i wrote,
And my poem became,an anecdote..

Surrogacy

Greatest gift to a childless couple,
A readymade baby to love and cuddle..
But ever wondered,
for the surrogate in question?
Who rents her womb,for months of ten..
Bears the fruit of blood and flesh,
With jabs of hormones and all distress..

Finally her belly,and heart go hollow, Lots of thanks and cashes inflow..
Like a warrior when she hatched,
But from her embrace,
the precious one is snatched..