

I dreamed a dream

Poetic persona aka Ananya.n

Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

To Agha Shahid Ali , a poet who's poetry touched my heart and soul

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With a fleeting mind

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Galloping in the wind

As the sun sets on the mirthful moors
I see a herd of horses
Galloping in the wind
Like waves of clouds
Whisking past the world

Flowing manes and thundering hooves
Treading the fiery earth
Fierce and free
Racing like a raging fire
Into the sunset

A fleeting mind

Piles of paper lie scattered
Crumpled and wordless, they're blank carpets
Awaiting the taste of my intellectual ink
Demanding to delve into my mental landscape

The expansive emptiness of darkness
Blankets my drowsy mind
Dark clouds of cluttered thoughts
Huddle together in wait of a tempest

A pondering tree bends over
Creating a sheltered path
For a musing poet
Consumed by the landscape

A sudden gust of wind
Brings in a raging storm
And cloud-spun yarns
Drizzle onto the sweet smelling earth

I see dreamy butterflies basking
In the gilded sunshine
I see the vibrant hues
Of my cloistered thoughts

'Set them free!' cries my creative mind
'Don't chase them away' retorts my rational mind
Yet I can no longer bottle my dreams
So I let them fly

Fly, fly, fly across gardens in perpetual bloom
Only to return with nectarified ink
As I wield my pen

To compose a poem on my fleeting mind

A flower

A distant flower
Blooms like a distant dream,
Withers away

A Kite's flight

Kites soar high
In hazy blue skies
As threaded spools and human hands
Hold them in aerial orbits

Hovering over
Gleaming glass threads
The winds fight for a place
In the kite race

A sharp strike
Severes the stubborn thread
I break free onto open blue skies
As shards of glass fall

The buoyant breeze blows me
Through the clumping clouds
Cloudspun strings
Shall chase me

Stringed dreams
Sail by my side
As I fly amongst
The hues of the sky

When the wind no longer
Winds me up
I plunge into a sea of clouds
Like a sinking ship

I fall into the hands
Of stumbling, toddling life
As I awake from my dreams

I'm a child's dream come true

She holds me up with her tiny hands

As a wisp of wind wafts me

And I fly like a bird

Into the sunset

A Starved Soul

Sodden skies of my soul

? Shun the shining sun

Coveted clouds of my dreams

Drift apart with the weeping wind

?

Waves of misery

Drench my being

Tormented by storms of silence

I drown in a sea of discontent?

?

I seek solace in a poem

?Painted on my soul

The music of my mind

Serenades my soul

?

?

A Web of Words

I spin a Web of words
Weaving wondrous worlds
In delicate intricacy
Proof of my infallible efficacy

I entice you
To be entwined
In this web of mine
To be a part of its eternal shine

Wounded words shielded
By verses wilfully wielded
Like Winged verse
Woven into the Web of the universe

An ode to a dreamer

I dream I'm the only one left in this world
To drink from the waters of shimmering rivers
To lie under the open skies dreaming of then and now
Living dreams that I dreamt of
Drifting past the shady glen
Past the gates of the world
In paradise my heart dwells
Oh! If only I could dream forever

Atopy or Atrophy

Every itch demands a scratch
Every scratch breaks my skin
Leaves a gaping wound within
Tears swell from broken skin

Only steroids can calm
The cytokine storm within
And tie invisible threads
In a final stitch to save my skin

Eczema isn't a disease or infection
It's a chronic affliction
They say "No pain No gain"
I say "All pain is in vain"

The complex cause will startle you
When your body resolves to destroy you
Life's reduced to an indomitable rash

Chameleon

Crouching chameleon
Cloaked in green
Awaits it's prey

Basking butterfly
Palate of vibrant hues
Awaits floral brush

Chameleon captures
Fleeting ,fluttering life
Lights up in flames of hue
As colour transcends life

Chasing The Sun

Drenched in dew
Dawn dreams of dusk
As the day begins anew

The sun rolls over the clouds
Stealing dreams of the drowsy earth
Shadows cast over those he beclouds

The earth chases the sun
Until his fire is doused in the ocean
Stars dream of their stolen son

Crystal Ball of Love

In a glistening glass garden
Gleaming with showers of snow
Dancing dolls dance
To a timeless tune

In a world of their own
Where walls become mirrors
Dancing dolls dance
Like lovers under the moon

Like the song of the ocean
Rippling in a seashell
Dancing dolls swoon
To a resounding tune

With time held still
In their tied hands
Puppets of love dance
On a gyrating globe

Fragmented crystals of glass
Shimmer in the summer sun
Love breaks free
To dance on air

Demented Minds

Dreams of deception

Delve into depths of despair

Forlorn figments deceive

Dormant minds

Myriad of memories

Intermingle in reveries

Maimed mindfulness

Moulds madness

The scent of sweet smelling blooms

Familiar fluttering of feathers

Reminiscent Ripples of nostalgia

May reawaken minds again

First Snow

A frozen silence descends
As a frigid sky meets the glaciated earth
As Pearls of snow drizzle
Painting the earth a pallid white

A blooming iridescent flower
Reawakens the blanketed earth
It's sweet smelling blooms fill the air with hope
Hope of an eternal spring

The forebearers of a colorful spring
Remind me of the evanescence of winter
Hear me out, poor heart of ice
I am merely a brittle flake of snow

Forest of Ashes

In the sweltering heat of midday
Shadows of black smoke cloak the blue sky
As a crackling fire sets ablaze
The burning earth

A piece of wood ignites the flames
That burn an entire woodland
As a human hand stokes
The merciless wildfire

No branch remains for birds to rest their wings
Nor nests to croon for their fledglings
A breath of air
Chokes the lungs of the earth

The ashen woods burn until dusk
Marred by the charred remains of innocent life
Ashes fall from the leaden sky
Onto the smoldering fire

A patch of forest glows
Amidst the dying embers of the petulant fire
Fireflies illuminate the scarred woodland
All that illuminates doesn't burn

Ghostwriter

In the dreary dark
By the flickering lamplight
A writer awaits his inner flame
Like moths drawn to light

A voided mind
Spells no words
Paints no verse
Delves in somnolence

From the depths of the dark
Emerges a shadow of hope
A ghost of words
Cloaking his worth

The wrinkly writer
Writes a borrowed dream
Copied calligraphy
Of words strung by another

Fame knocks at the door
Looking for the author who signed the book
Not for the one who dreamt of it
Rented creativity looks charming

Fickle fame cannot blemish
Words woven into the fabric of the World
All praise and applause will never be his own
But the words were his alone

Gulmohur Spring

When trees wed
Flowers are shed
Colored deep vermilion red

Incomplete Verses

I was drowning
Drowning in the stifling air of the night

As I fought back tears
And lay gasping for breath

As starlit dreams flashed before my eyes
And I felt myself sinking into the darkness of oblivion

I painted our verses on the skies
Alas! I couldn't rewrite our stars

It wasn't long ago

It wasn't long ago
When nestled in his arms
Like a whorled flower bud
I felt his warmth

It wasn't long ago
When he taught me to ride a horse
To ride over my dreams
And chase the stars

It wasn't long ago
When he was called to action
Bereted in olive green
The honor of the land pinned to his chest

It wasn't long ago
When he told me he was only migrating
Like the soaring swallows
Who return with a new season

It wasn't long ago
When he wrote to me
Of cheerful cherry blossoms
Blooming from Earth's bosom

It wasn't long ago
When he forgot to mention
The perishing petals
And sodden snows

It wasn't long ago
When he fell
Like a withered chinar leaf

Onto the red earth

It wasn't long ago
When he told me all wars could be won
If past faults were undone
With the advent of flowers

It wasn't long ago
When his voice was drowned
In a sea of shouts and salutes
As a floral wreath buried him

It wasn't long ago
When I saw him scaling the skies
It won't be long
Before we meet again

Life's a Mimeshow

Life's a mimeshow
And we're merely Mimic Men
Born in the shade of other men
Holding mirrors upto them
Dancing in their shadows
Singing in their silences
We mute musicians, mimic men
Who wrap their lives around them

My Feverish Mind

When a burning fever brews within
Fear of deserted dreams looms within
What on earth, between heaven and hell
Will cure this dreary spell?

A fresh mountain breeze
Will melt my mental freeze
The calm of a mountain stream
Will animate my empty dream
Is fever a state of mind?

Polar Bear

Bleak black fur
Glazed with ice
A slice of the sunlit moon

Strolling iceberg
Over sea of ice
Eyeing seal dives

Dancing the night away
Under bickering auroral hues
Flashing across stellar skies

Melting seas of snow
Submerge snowscapes
Burying bears in snow

Bereft of the thawing Tundra
Stranded on a tropical isle
You wouldn't know a polar bear from a black bear!

Preening love

Pigeons preening
eachother's wings, primping
feathered love
perched above
Entangled embracing
Tiny habits of love

Ravaged Lands

I walk past ravaged lands
A city of rumbling ruins
Wailing walls
And rifting earth

Into a grove of towering trees
Reticulated roots
Left no room
For catastrophe

When Man surrendered to sweet slumber
Birds resonated
Trees reverberated
The sound of nature's siren

Nature has no mercy
On unawakened senses
Man awoke
Into mortal time

Man sought to mend
The aging earth
To this end
Of a ravaged ruin

Season of Dreams

Under a placid blue sky
A dog dreams an interstellar dream
Of gallivanting on the rusty lands of Mars
Of swimming across a sea of stars

Sudden fluttering of a bird's wings
Wakes the dog from its cosmic dream
Nature's symphony lulls it back to sleep
Now it dreams a waking dream

Amidst the gentle pitter-patter of monsoon showers
The dog dreams a lucid dream

A raised human hand
A stone hurtled at the solitary dreamer
The dog no longer dreams
Of an untainted moon

Silhouettes in the Dark

An eclipsed moon
A silhouetted path
Dismembered contours of the dark
Cast me into inescapable gloom

My path meanders
Through a shimmering abode
Of undeserved riches
Avarice swells from an empty room

Drifting dusk
Blemishes the Raven sky
A shadow of guilt beclouds my being
Spells my nearing doom

I flee from the glittering mirage
Into the moonlight
Sheened in its brilliance
I paint stars on the grass

Skimming Swallows

A swallow skims past
Silent streams
Winged arrow pierces
Still water
Ripples resound
Long after it's gone

Smile

A smile
So benign in its appearance
So perfect in its radiance
Widens into a grin
Blooming from within
Smiles speak in silence

Soliloquy of a Songbird

Chirping chorus
Of mellow music
Chimes with the wind
Wafting across the wonderful world

Soaring, sailing
In open blue skies
Flying, fleeing
From predatory eyes
Or recovering
From a broken wing
The song of a songbird
Is always heard

Starry dreams

Lord in my dream i was lifted out of earth
Out of the qualms of human longing
I tumbled into the land of the stars

Tears

Drops of emotion

Trickling like reluctant raindrops

Console coarse cheeks

Bathing in ablution

Drops of revulsion

Flowing like raging rivers

Drench the revolting soul

Drowning in reprehension

Drops of exultation

Rolling like pretty pearls

Caress rosy cheeks

Blushing in elation

The Blooming of the dead

The Blooming of the dead
As the sun sets on the horizon
I trudge into a graveyard
To find a coffin lying open
To lure someone into its shrouded darkness

I see an ashen body being carried towards the coffin
Yet another cage to trap his poor soul
A coffinmaker disrupts this funereal procession
Only to cry out loud "This man couldn't even afford to buy a coffin! Bury him in the ground"
And runs away with his coffin

The dead man now nestles
In a cradle of dead leaves and moist earth
As the seed of time blossoms into spring
I return to that land of the living dead

A faded tombstone leads me to his grave
The grave of a man who lived in anonymity and died in obscurity
The human world doesn't remember him
But Earth's memory never fades

Sunbeams radiate from bowers of flowers
Colored deep crimson red
That sprung up from his earthly grave
To stage the Blooming of the dead

The Chick Cycle

A quivering egg rolls over
Warmed to life in incubator
Life attempts to break free
From a sac of yolk into a world of smoke

A sharp pip
A piercing peck
Break the shell
Breathing bubble explodes into ocean of life

Innocent life peeps out
From a broken home
Twitches it's legs
Walks out into the world

Robust pecking beak
Meets a human hand
Imprinted in chick for life
Is to follow its fosterer

Fed to enliven
Or fed to fatten
Ball of feather plumps out
Into ball of fat

The chicken cajoles
Warm human hands
That caress it
Until they wring its neck

The Flame of Erudition

Varied hues
Once imbued
Torrents of thoughts
On blank paper
Now spewed with ashes
Coarsened by cinders
From a smoking pyre

A tiny spark sets aflame
The flame of erudition
As papers burn
In fiery hues

The Photograph

Faded photograph
Nailed to the wall
is painted time

Forgotten lives live on
In forgotten time
Bound by the photograph

When the burden of memory
Becomes unbearable
The photograph shatters
Only shreds of memory remain

The Rhyme of Time

Ticking time
Is an alarming Rhyme
Tick tock! Tick Tock!
Goes the chiming clock

A pinch of sunshine
Will make the day mine
Immersed in birdsong
I shall trudge along
With nature's tellers of time
Time keepers so sublime

The Tree of philosophy

Ancient banyan in quiet solitude
With outspread boughs
Drapes tresses of a pensive sage

Vibgyor Hues

Sudden cloudburst
Rips open the skies
Spewing snow on land
When clouds roll back
With a gust of wind
Colors of the sky splatter
Vibgyor hues on Rainbow land

Washed ashore

Washed ashore
A seamless shore
A sea of dreams
beckons me closer
Undiscovered depths
draw me closer
Yet each time I dive
I'm washed ashore
Like an untouched pearl

Writing after dark

I lit a candle in the dark
To write
As the darkness slowly crept within me
I wrote
Words of woes
Verses of a void
I wrote until the last light died
And my words wept in the dark