

Anthology of SacredSoul

Presented by

My poetic Side 



summary

Poet's Paradise

I'll Wait

Spring

An Indian Afternoon

The Leaf

The Three Empty Chambers

The Bully

The Nazi

A child's dream

And when the sun sets

Stargazer

After Us

Where the Wind Whispers

Poet's Paradise

Poet's Paradise

He sits beside the river deep in thought.
The yonder moon in the sky shines, lavishing the landscape with its silver light.
The stars are all awake, twinkling brightly as if accompanying him in the loneliness of the night.
A gentle breeze caresses his cheeks. Somewhere a nightingale sings its melodious tale.
The nature's harmony compels him to write. His thoughts, aching to flow onto the parchment in his hands.
The gentle lapping of water against the boat lulls him to sleep.
A beautiful sleep in this poet's paradise

I'll Wait

Here I sit in solitude,
Staring blankly at the deck of cards.
An empty seat across from me beckons, a silent companion yet unclaimed,
a throne of camaraderie awaiting its rightful occupant.
The cards remain untouched and still, for there's no one to play along.
Met a few, forgot a few but no one did fill the seat and here I sit,
Alone and atone, a solitary player forever waiting for my partner's move.

Here I sit, a silent witness to the ballet of wine glasses,
each one perspiring with the allure of shared moments.
One is filled, its richness beckoning to be savored,
while the other lies free, an upturned vessel, kissing the table's cheeks.
For there's no lover to clink glasses and share the symphony of sips.
I've met many, forgotten even more, but none embraced the glass.
Here I sit alone and atone, still waiting for an ethereal love to materialize.

Through the tapestry of my life, I've encountered countless souls.
"Friendly" faces that faded away, leaving me stranded in the silence
of country clubs, in the emptiness of group chats, and the stillness
of untouched playing cards, each deck a repository of unplayed stories.

A heart unclaimed, a love unshared, a connection unrealized.

It's challenging to discern between never having loved and never
having been loved when the heart has turned to stone.
Yet within the fortress, there lingers a tender spot,
a residue of a mother's love, the unwavering pulse that sustains.

But maybe I'll meet them all one day.
In a bustling Boston bar or a lonely Paris Street.
Maybe we'll make the same mistakes or laugh over a pint of beer.
Maybe I'll meet her one day, sailing in a gondola on a quiet day.
Our eyes will meet on a winding street, and with a single look, our hearts will sync in time.

Until that destined day, I'll linger in the present,
Alone and atone, an observer of empty seats and sweating glasses,
Patiently watching for the script of life to unfold its next act.
I'll Wait

Spring

Beneath our feet, a quilt of leaves ablaze, Within my heart, a fluttering embrace.
Her gaze, a reflection of the springtime sky,
A gentle breeze whispers through her hair, passing by.
Her tresses, radiant embers in the vernal light.

Her smile, a sunbeam that warms my soul,
Thawing winter's grip, making me whole.
Hand in hand, we stroll a winding lane,
Towards a hill where dreams softly reign.
Seated, we witness the sun's fiery descent,
Painting the heavens with hues intent.
She leans into me, and in a hushed decree,
I murmur words unspoken, set free.
Spring was finally here

An Indian Afternoon

Beneath the air heavy with the hum of bees,
Laziness, a new pandemic, whispers through the trees.
People retreat to the darkness, a quiet Earthly fold,
For the oppressor stands high in the sky, where tales weave both life and misery.

Animals lay, adorned in the cool mud's embrace,
As people seek solace in the cool hut's grace.
In the heart of the day, a hot summer's tune,
She goes, riding on her bicycle beneath the sunlit dune.

Her bell rings loud, echoing through the air,
Children playing by the riverbanks, a joyous affair.
The paanwalla fans with a banana leaf's gentle trace,
Sweat pours like a waterfall, a fervent embrace.

Village elders gather, under the mud roof's shade,
Empty ghadas refilled, a ritual displayed.
Nature and life entwined, a vibrant symphony,
On this hot summer afternoon, in sweet harmony.

The Leaf

From the quirkiest bough, a leaf unfurls its tale,
In the mystical embrace of Indian woods, where dreams set sail.
Through mist-clad mountains and emerald isles,
On gossamer wings, it pirouettes, chasing sunlit smiles.
Sandalwood's hushed confidante, an aromatic ballet,
Wafting over Sri Lankan temples, in dusk's serenade.
Lakshadweep's isles, bathed in turquoise light,
The leaf twirls and soars, immersed in Seychelles' coral delight.
From realms unknown, Paris to Pisa's tender grace,
In nature's opulent ballet, it dances, leaving an indelible trace.
Storms of Seven Seas, resilient trials faced,
Yet, it endures, weaving strength through Fiji's tropical waist.
In Kyoto's heart, amidst cherry blossoms' bloom,
A symphony of petals, each note an aromatic plume.
Exotic landscapes, tales whispered under the golden sun,
Echo through the leaf's veins, a tapestry masterfully spun.
On Parisian cobblestones, bathed in silvery moonlight,
It pirouettes, a dance in harmony with the city's heartbeat so bright.
Sounds of laughter, accordion melodies in the air,
The leaf sways, entranced by the Seine's poetic affair.
Through Marrakech's markets, it gracefully glides,
A kaleidoscope of colors, a babel of languages abides.
From muezzins' calls to the spice-laden breeze,
The leaf absorbs the essence, dancing with elegant ease.
Beneath the Northern Lights in Scandinavian skies,
A mesmerizing display, the leaf embraces celestial ties.
Whispers of the Aurora, a cosmic waltz so grand,
The leaf absorbs the ethereal dance, in a moment time withstands.
Fate guides it to a collector's appreciative hand,
Its dance frozen, a prized possession, a journey's final stand.
Yet, in the hushed ambiance of the room, a rustle remains,
The leaf's symphony lingers, tales echoing in silent refrains.

The Three Empty Chambers

Thunderous echo through the still air,
Metallic taste, the stench of despair.
A life lost, seeking redemption's spark,
Son, brother, lover, a journey in the dark.
What compelled them to pull the trigger?
From brains to brawn, a soul's quiet rigor.
Red water spills on the cold, lifeless lawn,
A tragic tale unfolds, a soul now gone.
Another mournful echo, a mother's cry,
As she too succumbs, bids the world goodbye.
Triggers pulled, a somber symphony,
At the funeral, daughter sways in misery.
Her poison, a silent, deadly potion,
Loneliness and despair, a bitter emotion.
No one left for her to truly care,
A haunting void, an unanswered prayer.
Echoes persist, the gun's cruel song,
His Lover falls, love's melody gone wrong.
What force made her pull the trigger?
Secrets held tight, no one is the bigger.
The three chambers speak a silent tale,
A narrative of sorrow, a ship set to sail.
Imagery painted with blood on the ground,
A canvas of anguish, no solace found.
Metaphors echo in the shadows of the end,
Despair reflects in eyes that can't mend.
Loneliness lurks, silent and sly,
Lives fall to a mournful lullaby.
The funeral dirge, a heart-wrenching rhyme,
Echoes through the corridors of time.
Sounds weave a mournful thread,
In the tapestry of the departed, dread.
Alliteration whispers the night's woes,

Consonance echoes, a tragic prose.
Repetition tolls like a funeral bell,
Telling the story, a somber farewell.
Words whisper woes in the quiet night,
Sorrow repeats, heavy and tight.
After it all, only sadness unfolds,
In suicide's wake, sorrow takes hold.

The Bully

In the quivering clasp of his fragile hands, Lies the detonator, bearer of fate's demands, A million souls ensnared in its command, If only he'd glimpse the abyss he'd planned.

Once, a radiant mind, now ensnared, By shadows of torment, relentless and bared, A brilliance once ablaze, now by anguish scarred, In vengeance's grip, his soul ensnared.

Battered and bruised, he longs to reclaim, The brilliance dimmed, to dominate, to maim, In a pact with darkness, he invokes hell's flame, Unleashing destruction, a merciless game.

Lost in the twilight of right and wrong, A prodigy of agony, to sorrow he's thronged, By tormentors' hands, his brilliance long gone, In darkness he dwells, bereft of song.

Above, perhaps, a plea, a silent decree, To halt his descent into oblivion's decree, But society's apathy, a deafening spree, Leaves him adrift in a sea of misery.

Innocent lives, mere pawns in his scheme, Their purity forgotten in his vengeful dream, The bullies' legacy, an inferno, a gleam, As he ascends to power on destruction's gleam.

At the final moment, the button's pressed, A sinister smile upon his lips, confessed, In his shattered world, he feels blessed, To wield the weapon, with ruthless zest. Now the bully, his brilliance twisted, distressed.

This tale of terror, of vengeance, and plight, Resounds through time with its somber might, A warning to break the chains of night, And usher in a dawn, where justice alights.

The Nazi

In shadows cast by war's cruel hand,
A soul adrift in moral sands.
They brought her in, with whispered lies,
Accused, condemned beneath cold skies.
They say I am the executioner,
But I know my heart's true nature.
A barrel points to innocence,
Yet in her eyes, I see recompense.
Her face, a mirror of past fears,
Echoes my sister, gone for years.
What sets us apart, her and I?
The swastika, or the Jewish star which she wears for her life?
They preached the Swastika's vile creed,
But in my heart, it found no seed.
So as they ordered, I took aim,
But my resolve, they could not claim.
No blood stains soil, no screams resound,
For in that moment, I was unbound.
I let her go, defying fate,
Refusing to perpetuate hate.
False claims adorned with medals bright,
Yet in my soul, I am not contrite.
They labeled me a killer, scorned,
But my hands are clean, my spirit unadorned.
For when they sent the stars for me to kill.
I set them free to adorn the skies where they live.
No one sees the truth behind the guise,
The other face of war's cruel lies.
The closet monster, once feared, now seen,
A specter of hate, a twisted dream.
He came not from the closet's maw,
But from the door, as Gestapo's law.
To take my sister, then my mother too,

In the face of horror, what could I do?
I signed the pact, became their tool,
Bound by duty, but not by their rules.
I loved my country, but I was never a Nazi.
But who cares about the facts? I was Nazi scum that's all they had.
But now it's time to leave.
I put on the Swastika to fight the shameful war one last time.
I can't abandon them for my mother raised no deserter and the pact bound me for life.
As I am bound by duty but not by rules, I'll pray for our defeat while fighting our war too.
For in our defeat, Germany will live.

A child's dream

Head buried under the earth of soft pillows.

He drifts on a dreamy cloud to the lands where the horses of imagination run wild.

The cloud turns into an airplane, truly a wonder a child's mind is.

The engines hum, a lullaby of propulsion. The runway, a ribbon of stardust, beckons.

He is the captain, soaring high in the skies.

His fuselage gleams, polished by celestial hands, and its wings stretch wide, catching the currents of imagination.

In the heart of dawn where the sun kisses the peaks, I soar on the wings of the untamed, where the wilderness speaks.

Mountains rise like ancient sentinels, their granite spines whispering unheard tales through the soft rustling of pines.

Their snow-covered crowns touch the cerulean canvas, a celestial embrace.

And from their lofty summits, He glimpses eternity's home.

He flies over the dense forests.

Below, the emerald canopy beckons? a labyrinth of green.

Each leaf, a chapter written by the wind, unseen.

He dives into the heartwood, where moss carpets the floor,

And there, He finds solace in whispers of ancient lore.

Then come the mighty seas, a true wonder to be seen.

The horizon stretches wide, an azure expanse.

Waves, like wild horses, gallop toward infinity's dance.

He skims the crests, tasting salt on his lips,

As dolphins weave ribbons of joy, their playful flips.

He flies over the deserts of the Sahara, his wings radiant midst the heat.

The sands ripple, undulating like forgotten dreams.

Here, survival is etched in cacti's spines and sun's gleams.

He treads the dunes, where mirages waltz with the sun,

And find solace in the emptiness? a canvas yet undone.

At last, he flies beneath the waterfall, the water cleansing his spirit pure.

A wanderer of the wild he lets his imagination roam far and wide.

But now it's time to wake, for the captain's plane runs out of fuel.

As the alarm rings, he shakes dew of his sleepy eyes.

And when the sun sets

And when the sun sets,
the shadows do creep.
As howling haunts the night.
Ghosts of stars, forgotten cries,
Echoes dance, beneath dark skies.
A figure lingers, at the edge of sight,
Eyes like abyss, swallowing light.
And the fire too shall die,
For what can keep its flame alight?
Memories fade, like dying embers.
Night's embrace, cold and deep.
After sun sets,
Silence falls, the world forgets.
Footsteps echo, in the void,
Whispers blow, erasing his footprints,
That covered the sands.

Stargazer

Tell me O Stargazer!
What does your eye see?
As your mind wanders the starry skies,
your feet, bound by earthly bonds.
You long to sail that milky way,
O Stargazer,
Your whispered plea echoes through the cosmic veil,
Where moonbeams weave a celestial sail.
In stardust, your tales engraved,
As you chase Orion's arrow through the sky.
And one day when Earth lets go,
Maybe, you'll finally be home.

After Us

Silence.

Silence at the mourner's grave.

Who's left to mourn?

Who's left to remember?

But maybe the ash will remember,
who lighted the fire.

And maybe the wind will carry,
The tales of the fallen.

But who's left to hear?

And maybe the stars will whisper,
who won the war.

But charred skies and mushroom clouds blind their eyes

Scarred mother, do you seek,

Where your prodigal sons did go?

The charred moon, a silent sentinel, calls out to his forgotten sibling.

She walks on, and doesn't look back.

Not at once caring where the bustling cities went

Where the Wind Whispers

Take me where the wind whispers,
the tales of the long-gone days.
To the field where it strokes the golden ears.
Her gentle gown of velvet green,
Her wildflower musk enchants me.
The soft pink skies,
The orange glow awakens the stars.
And I sit in this beauty serene,
My guitar playing to her lullaby of dreams.
And as rippling waters, awaken the night queen.
In the light of the dying embers,
I drift off into dreams.

Poet's Paradise

Take me where the wind whispers, tales of long-gone days? To the field where she strokes the golden ears. Her wildflower musk enchants me, as she dances with the Earth, in her gown of velvet green. Under skies of softest pink, where the sun's last kiss arouses the stars, In beauty's serenity, I sink. The gentle breeze caresses my skin, As the scent of earth, rich and warm, wraps around me like a tender embrace. My guitar, playing to her lullaby of dreams. As rippling waters awaken the night queen, in the light of dying embers, I drift off into dreams.