

Anthology of J.Rai

Presented by

My poetic Side 

summary

Freed

A year gone sour

Still, keep lying to me

Shes always been the smarter one

A race with no winners

Valentine's

No salvation

Freed

"Has she been freed?"

Cried the bluebird.

For he, was not sure.

And his wings yet to be healed

Unable to figure if he should

Sing with joy;

or saudade

And rise, he did;

Upto the highest branch

With wings on each sides

The little bird took off.

There she was,

A tiny glimpse -

With her pretty feathers

shining in the moonlight

"She's Beautiful"

The little bird thought, as he laid down

In his own pool of blood.

A year gone sour

A year gone sour, the 23rd in the lineup,
Possibly the bottom of the barrel.
Time ambles at a sluggish pace,
Yet haste lingers, escaping notice
Not catastrophic,
Yet laced with devastation,
The everyday mundane
The specials.
It's bad.
I think it's gonna get worse.
I think it's gonna get even worse

Still, keep lying to me

Still, keep lying to me
until the very day the lies wont hold up
for that is the absurdity,
of the coming times I shall face;
alone.

Keep feeding me with nothing but lies.
the very ones that guide me to the top,
until the day I inevitably fall
like Icarus.

Too hot to get close to,
But I still crave your warmth.

Melt my wings off.

Let me find despair.

But until then,

please

keep lying to me.

that is all i know.

that is all i shall ever know

Shes always been the smarter one

The cigarette will burn away
The ashes left upon the table
It leaves the marks on the tray
Pleasantries concealed
She sits there,
Wide awake, than ever
Her cup empty,
Another by it's side
Filled halfway
The coffee, cold
Crumbled cash on the side
"It's done", she mumbles.
"I've done it"
Relieved, her eyes glistening.
She's held her tears.
Too much
Too much.
Her pocket was too small
For intertwined hands to fit anyway.
It had to be done,
He may not understand
But she does,
She's smarter
She's always been the smarter one.

A race with no winners

.
He and I, we struggled
Till I put the blade in his chest.
One.. two... three.... four... fi..'
The sounds of his ribs piercing,
Still echoes.
His grunts with every hit,
Clear as a summer sky, free from clouds.
His hands holding me back,
begging for his life.
Not him, only his hands and his limbs and his body.
I too, was only begging to live.

I stabbed him again, and again and again
till I was tired and scared and afraid and afraid.
His blood and coughs, together as one
Still alive, but barely.
Shivering like a wet dog,
in a cold, rainy day

The blood stains on my hand,
The breaths, and the monotone.
I realized now what I had done.
As I see him lie down still struggling to breathe
Sinned, and sinned. And sinned.

I went up to him once again,
With the blades in my hand
The poor man, his eyes gleaming
with death and pain
He only wanted to live.

He had a wife and a daughter,

Oh my remorse, what had I done?
He was only a family man,
Not a fighter;
and he's now gone
He's dead.
Broken to no end like the glass;
He and I, the Frenchman and the German
we both played our parts
in a race to the knife
With no winners.

(Inspired from all quiet on the western front)

Valentine's

In the quiet intimacy of dawn,
Words often feel inadequate
and silence speaks volumes -
has there never been any need for grand declaration
Nor of rehearsed lines.
Only unspoken understanding between two hearts;
Each sunrise becomes a canvas,
Where our love paints it's masterpiece

Love is but a dance to us
A delicate balance of give and take.
It's there,
In the way our gazes meet,
that I feel, it traces the shades of our shared memories.

All the whirlpools of chaos and uncertainty-
fill the world;
And yet, here we are,
Finding solace in the sanctuary of our love.
Here's to us, to the quiet moments and stolen kisses,
To the laughter that echoes through the halls of our hearts,
Thank you for being with me.
I love you.
Happy Valentine's.

No salvation

Blood splurged out,
The houses set on fire.
The sounds of blade as it passes through the flesh of the innocent
Children, women, and men alike.
Good men, bad men,
all set their courses to afterlife
Cries enough to chill the very bone marrows
while the dark men in robes torched down the village,
on their hideous horses that trampled the skulls of many

They all wore masks
And not one knew where they came from
But they did come, and they did destroy
It must be the work of the devil himself,
And his minions.
There was no salvation
There was no God
Only desperation and wailings from the children being skinned alive
There were no morals, no pity, and no love
Neither was there any hatred.
It was no more than an action.

When the cries were dwindled down to nothing,
The men in dark robes simply walked out the gates
Laughing, bringing with them no loot