

Fragile Anthologies

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Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

Dedicated to all those who have inspired me to write these poems...

Ever since grade 9, poetry has been something that always provided me with solace...

I feel safe and home while writing poetries ...

Acknowledgement

Primarily I would acknowledge poets such as Maya Angelou, Walter de la mare and many others whose poetic elements maybe resembled in my poetries...

These excellent writers have inspired me and deeply influenced my writing...

No one can complete their acknowledgement without acknowledging their parents and nether can I.... Thank Ma and Pa for all the support and love and even my bro...

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My friend and critic Ayantan has also a major part or role in my writing...

THANKS TO ALL

About the author

Hailing from Sikkim, a small state in India, a shut-in poet, I would consider myself an intermediate or mediocre poet....

I have been writing since the age of 15 and generally poetry has played a significant role in my life!

It shaped me as a person..

I suffer from severe inferiority complex and poetry is the only thing that gives me a sense of belonging and appreciation!

summary

A Love Beyond A Heart

A Quarrel of the Senses

As the meadows! As the star field! As the graveyard!

Engulf

Farewell O' Maiden

The Visions of A Gentleman

Icarus

A Love Beyond A Heart

A Heart that beats for you, A mind that thinks of you,
What a pleasure to the eye, such a wonderful sight !

A Mind that dreams of you, A Heart that blooms for you What a pleasure to the ear, such an angelic
might !

A Heart that desires you, A Mind that fantasizes you
What a pleasure to the soul, such pure presence, uptight
A Mind that visualizes you, A Heart that reeks of you
What a pleasure to the senses, such vastness of the soul, wide !

An arrow that shoots at you, A quiver that holds it
I envy the quiver and the arrow, my rage-unfit
The wind that reeks of you, the breeze that waves at you
I envy the wind and the breeze for your heavenly view
The raindrops that fall on you, the dew that it leaves
I envy the raindrop and the dew,
But all I can do is sigh- In fact, HEAVE !

A Quarrel of the Senses

There erupts a quarrel between the five senses,
Who among them has the most significance,
Is it the eye who is the preserver?
Is it the ear who is the observer?
Is it the nose who is the moisturizer?
Is it the skin who is the sensor?
Or is it the tongue who is the taster?

The Eyes says it's him who is the mightiest!
He sees the beauty, preserves the stars; the shiniest!
Sees the flowers, trees, bugs; even the tiniest,
However, he lies, he says he sees the inner beauty,
But we know, he's after the external; he's guilty!
He can't see purity- limited is his duty.

The ear goes next, she is the master of interpretation,
She gives us pleasure, the sound of nature and it's creation,
The calm sound of streams and birds without filtration,
However, she is not perfect, she prefers to hear gossips,
She is the reasons for dispute and strains in friendships,
She is evil and intrigued to break relationships.

It is the nose's turn, he gives us sensory pleasure,
He identifies odor- sweet, bitter, lovely-All flavors,
From flowers to soaps, ranging to natural odor,
However, he fails to smell the foul in the air,
Gives us dissatisfaction, sensitive to anything near,
It gives up instantly, as soon there is something it can't bare.

Skin's turn is up next, she comes in all colors,
Unique and special in it's own tone, like flowers,
She senses all natural gifts, she senses nature's showers,
However, she is unruly, she is a distinctive status,

Only favoring some, it becomes an inferiority apparatus,
Between sensory love and physical lust, towards the latter it is gratus.

Finally, it's the tongue's turn, he presides over taste,
Gifts of God- fruits, edibles, he engulfs without haste,
Anything that gives him joy, he never throws it to waste,
However, he is highly defective, he likes drugs,
The taste of it, puts his adrenaline high- sugar rush!
Verbal abuse is his thing, after this don't expect for hugs.

Hence, we conclude.... All the senses have their pros and cons,
The eye with blindness for internal beauty,
The ear with deafness to morals,
The nose with blockage to nature,
The skin with insensibility to hugs and love,
The tongue with nullness to moral taste....

As the meadows! As the star field! As the graveyard!

He asks me, what is humanity? I tell him;
We are as vast as a field of meadow,
Like the countless flowers that bloom,
Each of us, a different variety of flower,
Some, like the roses- Beauty with thorns,
Some, like the sunflowers- Guided by direction,
Some, like the tulips- Beauty with diversity,
Some, like the daisies- Innocent and jolly,
Some, like the lotuses- Adapting in harsh floras.

He asks me again, what is humanity? I tell him;
We are as spread as the distant Star field,
Like the countless stars that radiate,
Each of us shine and emit our own power,
Some shine brighter, their beauty we adorn,
Some are black, some white, all beautiful- God's creation,
Some morph into comets! Such complexity,
Some are never discovered in the vast void- Not Golly!
Some radiate excellence, Differing are their auras.

He's awestruck! Taken back by the beauty of humanity,
"However, there's a catch", I say
Humanity is as dead as a graveyard,
Such a hurtful place it is, containing a silence that kills silence,
A place so sinister, it breeds violence,
Arena of corruption, A colosseum of hatred,
Humanity is such a place which destroys the sacred,
"Who kills their mother?" Simply ? Humanity,
You wouldn't want to go there! It's a ticket to insanity,
Humanity is as dead as graveyard! They kill their own kind,
Believe me boy, It's not for your gullible mind!

Engulf

Do I fear Death? Ever so fierce, Ever so terrifying!
The maleficent amber engulfs and spares none,
Do I fear Death? Ever so sudden, Ever so inevitable!
The resting pyre and the calm silence, elevation of soul!

Do I fear Death? Ever so cursed, Ever so paralyzing!
The retreating earth engulfs and spares none,
Do I fear Death? Ever so hated, Ever so uneditable!
The Soft yet harsh coffin and the gloomy overflow, departure of our core!

Will I meet the reaper? Sooner or later,
Will I meet my maker? I wonder!
Will I meet my essence? I ponder!
Will I reincarnate? I doubt!
Will I reemerge? I sought!
Will I go blank? What was my life about?

An accident or perhaps a fight!
May end my life, my lifeless body calling off for help,
A burglary or perhaps an arm fight!
May end my life, my soul wanting to live more,
A hero or perhaps a douche, I wonder
I would die as!
A human or as a monster, I wonder
I would stand by!

I fear Death, It's cold soggy palms
Reaching towards my soul,
I fear Death, It's Horrid stature
Reaching towards my core,
I fear Death, It's demonic status
Reaching towards my door,
I fear Death, It's Sinister Odor

Reaching towards me while it roars,

Will I reach Heaven? Am I worthy enough?

Will I meet my maker? Or was it all a bluff?

Will I reach Hell? The Chamber of Eternity?

Will I disintegrate into the fire? Sinners like me in Diversity!

DEATH is beautiful,

DEATH is horrid,

DEATH is scenic,

DEATH is the TRUTH!

Farewell O' Maiden

I sailed along the sea, hopped from ports to lands,
Terrains of beautification, world and wonderlands,
Hey Traveller : Care for some fish?
Mystic Sages chanting : Traveller, come here I shall fulfill your wish!

My wish? I wander into my psyche,
Love ! Alas, something I might like
All my life, I've had this desire- A Longing,
Just the feeling of love, my heart, I feel it pumping!

On the back of my mule, I sat and thought,
Is love an accessory? No, No, No- It can't be bought,
On my journal, I wrote, the kind of maiden I've desired,
And on my notes, the traits I've aspired!

Days to weeks, Weeks to months- The feeling wouldn't leave me,
The feeling of love was gut wrenching, but something that could complete me,
I smirked! My companion- Oye, what's the problem?
If love's a problem, then I'd gladly want no solution!

And one day, On the outskirts of Sindh, I saw an Angel!
She had no wings nor a crown, but- God had sent her,
I couldn't look away, No No, A Glimpse Of A Lifetime,
I wanted to woo her, make her all mine!

Quickly, I leaped off my mule,
My companions, all stood confused,
Madam' , I reached out to call her,
She sprang away, her face filled with horror.

Oh! How was the misery? Shattering was it's state,
I stood there, froze- Of confusion, It's okay I'll wait
Said one of my companion, giving a sarcastic laugh,

Could I have done anything? Other than to join in and laugh.

Days went by, I could not get her off my mind,
Yes, it is true! When they say, Love "DOES" make you blind,
I rolled left, I rolled right, I couldn't sleep!
My friends were in disbelief- It can't be that deep?

I still can describe her- Fiery hair, Godly Complexion,
Eyes as deep as ocean, Her hand- Smooth as Silk,
Perfect symmetrical nose, Her face- Pure as milk
Tall yet fragile, complex yet agile!

It's better to let go, they say-
And soon enough, it was my last day,
On my mule again, dissatisfied with my visit,
Unbearable affection- Like of which I can't resist,
Atleast my friends had fun- Flexing their cheap gems.

Then,
There she was, I wanted to try again.
But-
She was with another man,
Hand in Hand, they kept walking,
Her husband he was, as I heard them talking.
I eased away, I melted.
All of my anxieties, In the pyre, it Smelted,
Well, not much can be done now!
I comfort myself with a Countdown.

If not this life, in next we shall meet,
In the next life, we shall establish a bond so sweet.
If not this life, in next I shall be your suitor,
In next life, we shall have lots of sons and daughters!

Farewell O' Maiden, I will never forget you

Farewell O' Maiden

FAREWELL O' MAIDEN!

The Visions of A Gentleman

On the periphery of Delhi, I recollect as I was on a tour,
A boundary barred the rich metropolitan society and the hellish slums,
My eyes, they landed on a barefoot group of boys- four,
Hello! I called out, they immediately scattered and greeted me with a joyous smile.
Their leader was the smartest little man I've ever encountered,
Raju was his name- full of energy, life and joy
He took a liking towards my golden watch which was a bit tattered,
I gave it to him and I swear I've never seen a much happier boy
His friends congratulated him as it was the most luxurious thing in their inventory,
Poor kids- the state and class in which they were born was pure involuntary,
I asked him, What is your dream, Raju? What is it that you desire?
He smirked and said, A lifestyle, a job, some money is what I want to acquire.
I ponder, the things we call basic necessity are their basic tools of "survival",
The things we discard and waste are their means of revival,
What do we lack? The latest devices? A less comfortable bed?
Poor fellas don't even have a roof over their heads!
I ask him, Raju, what is it that you want to be?
He says, I want to be like our Saheb- successful and rich,
I ask him, How will you do that? His eyes squinched- so titch,
He was blank and clueless about how his torn destiny he could stitch!
In retrospect, I was blank too as to what was my purpose,
I realised that I had no visions as well, I was worthless,
I gazed upon their innocent wandering faces and made up my mind,
My dream was to be an educator and teach those whom I could find!
That day a conversation changed me forever,
It changed the way I thought and saw the world,
It changed me and with my old self, I rebelled,
That day, "The Vision of a gentleman" moved me,
It changed my carefree attitude, it improved me,
It changed "The old me", it constituted "The New me"

Icarus

I am Icarus as I yearn to fly,
I am Icarus as I soar through the sky,
I am Icarus as I want more and more,
I am Icarus and the sky, I Adore!

I am Icarus as I tend to forget
I am Icarus and later seem to regret
I am Icarus and greed gets the best of me
I am Icarus and only a fall can break me free

Even when I'm gone, my absence will hurt them,
Even when I'm gone, generational will be my name,
Even when I'm gone, I will leave a mark,
My wings burnt and withered- Illuminating yet Dark!

Reliant on aesthetics, I tend to forget nature,
I can't bypass it, Afterall- Human is my stature,
Such madness over crossing human bounds you might ask,
Penetrating limitations might be my greatest task.

Damnation and Mockery- my reward for such foolishness,
Satisfaction and Idolation- I yearn for completeness

My wings might be a commodity,
But my flight is a necessity,
You might forget or might you'll remember me
The leap I took and what completed me

I am Icarus and you might call me a fool,
I am Icarus or you might think my act was cool,
Well It doesn't matter to you, Does it?
In the end I'm just a fragment in you memories!
But for me and for generations to come,

I AM ICARUS!