

Dark Notes

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Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

To No one

Acknowledgement

The philosophy of Existentialism has always been fascinating and the thoughts cropped up into these collection of poems. Poetry can be the best way of presenting for many reasons. One obvious one is the wordplay and the ability to communicate much in short stanzas. But other reason is to give an open ended questions and interpretations so that the reader can contemplate on the theme discussed.

About the author

No one but a student of philosophy.

summary

Jouney in Winter

Revive the animal

White and black

Ropes of Nature

War

Cloudy attire

Alone

Prison

Crisis of freedom

Failures

Silence

Journey in Winter

Chilly dawn sound of silence
Fiery snow all across willow
Lush green is milky white
Started journey to road uphill

Lights are in vain but not of sun
Path got cleared with its rays
On to the mountain through valleys
Summit is far and long in sublime

Met many in the journey but fizzled
Like sand through hands, left on me
Couch from sea left for better
Away from clutter to the holy nexus

Onto the new road path unclear
Hope drives to reach the peak
For what is life without adventure
What is ocean without waves

Revive the animal

Being of layers filled with ephemeral
Slate of conscience corrupted eternal
Mirror of self messy and unclear
Shadow of mine looks a stranger

Animal of whims and fancies with no mask
Acts on merit with none to answer
Worries on present with no baggage of past
Hope of only one day not too ahead

Get away the masks and mess
Revive true conscience clear as full moon
Shackles of imaginary to be conquered
True inner innocence weeping to come out

Awaken the inner animal amidst layers
For the creative being fed up with barricades
Self of lotus in mayhem of mud
Let the Ubermensch get up for once

White and black

Either right or wrong,

Board full of white and black.

I set the premise for a battle,

Warriors fight on me to conquer me.

The fight of brains on my sixty-four,

The number is limited, but the combinations endless.

Bag of emotions stem through faces,

Who is to win is to keep calm like stoic.

Pieces fly off the board with tactics

Only to solve my game of beauty.

Tinge of mishap, I pounce with deception,

Leaving a soar of lifetime spection.

Seen ages of war cries in silence,

If only they can express the uproar.

I am the final boss of intellect,

Beauty of brain lest seen.

Ropes of Nature

Invisible they are though felt
Binds to something with its occult
Loose it seen yet tight like catapult
Free are you till reach a halt

One side pulls to truth and serene
Other to abyss and oblivion
Uphill to placid, by default to debase
Difficult to differentiate, harder to burgeon

Eager to come out, tighter the rope
If one loosens other entangles
Not to choose one over another
But reject both for utopian self

Desire of rope to be conquered
Will free up itself and make way
Extremes of abyss and glory will disappear
Reveals true nature amidst agony

War

From getting up to lying down
Not everyday but once for all
From reacting to recreating
Everything is but a war

Life fights for existence, nature for decay
Contrary they appear but complementary they are
For they can't be without another
Everything is but a war

Limited resources unending demand
Fight to exist struggle to command
Feels like winner one day loser the next
Because everyday is a D day

The game of life
The playground of earth
Warriors fighting for their team
Everyone is lost someday

Not to win not to lose
War is about experiencing
But for whom, but for why
Nevertheless, everything's indeed a war

Cloudy attire

I make my surroundings playful,
For without me, it's blue and dull.
I guide the golden ball to shine,
And feed the trees their fuel divine.

Absorb the fugitive to let the rain
Warn the mortals for thunder shine
"Why are you disturbing"- all birds cry
"To give you what I have" - I smile and reply

I travel pole to pole, a scenic parade,
To nourish and nurture the lands I've made.
I chat with the birds who rest on my crest,
While people seek heaven, though paradise they possess

Though I vanish quickly, like a bubble,
The time I spent was free of trouble.
I danced above with the best of views,
Now I'll watch you grow?that's my cue.

Alone

The bunch appears together for proximity
The lone characters still retain individuality
Form groups till facing similar abnormality
Only to disperse abruptly

Bubbles appear together till they are not
They came alone and leave alone
Time together till needs are met
Only to disappear once time ends

Groupings form to share burden
To reduce monotony to remove boredom
Problems appear small with many counters
Groups change once problem shifts

The utopian paradise of togetherness
Realise it's mythos after slumber
Eternal world opens once external closes
In both you're always alone my friend

Prison

Full of chaos, Full of arduous,
Still not realized bitter truth.
One wants to lead, others to plead,
But none wants to get out.

Darkness everywhere hiding reality
What's seen is mighty facade
Fight share care ignore resist
And repeat till boredom limit

Is real actually real or unreal
The path to distinguish both is surreal
Few realise the prison they stuck in
But others wanted to stay in

Too late to come out one feels
Too early to get up others
The boredom became fascinating
And the prison became new home

The path to get out is outlier
But so does everything great thing
The filth makes you one in long run
Come out! Lord takes care forever

Crisis of freedom

Many great things amidst problems,
Out of all troubles, there is one.
One which doesn't seem like so,
But the most dangerous FREEDOM.

Burden of freedom hefty and bulky,
Choosing one over another paradox.
At every point, decision to make,
Responsibility to fulfill and repent.

Possibility to correct the choices,
Mirage of control over my choices.
Makes one question his freedom,
Question the fate and his existence.

Man, indeed is condemned to be free.
For every act there is otherwise.
Potential of freedom in humans,
Zenith known if in line with true self.

Failures

In this vast ephemeral you're my constant
Uncovering my ignorance till it's last layer
My worth is in your presence and watch
For without you I'm just like any other

Individual flavor enriches with you
Adding new identity of imperfections
People face you when they try new
Compassionate being never rejects any

The constant even if alienated
Only true friend who keeps me grounded
Without you we're as good as ore
With your belting become gold to core

True solace who share my potential
Knowing limitations is the best gladden
Almost impossible to realize my limits
Only hope people realise your true color

Silence

Silence conveys better than any voice
Wisdom can be explored only who could hear
Infinity stored between two syllables
Nothing said except everything

The voice could be unheard of chaos
Or could be for an unwilling mortal
Lessons waiting for matured audience
Don't wait to embrace silence

The buzz of mosquitoes and crickets
Waiting and wanting for a deep talk
Needed lite ears heavy heart
The lessons of silence worth sleepless night

Came alone in silence hearing nothing
The sound of my voice feels like stranger
For the silence is my new friend
New guide for my path to nowhere