



Sandeep Silas seems to be forever on the look out to grab some of life's colours and paint a picture.... He uses no brush, no canvas for that. All he does is, splash words with ink on a piece of paper and makes a collage of all that happens within and outside all of us in various situations and different locations.

The poet in Silas does all that is possible, allowed and forbidden. Reading the poems... is like listening to all the musical notes, going through a garden full of flowers and even cactii, riding high and low on the sea waves and reading some of these stories that get etched on human faces with time.

Indian Horizons

(Journal of Indian Council of Cultural Relations.)

Silas probes what hopes and desires are buried in a human heart. Some lines are indeed intense and provocative. They make one realise the very essence of life.

Continuum 2005

(Anthology of Poetry Club of India.)

One notices the poet's effort to transcend the immediate and guard against the spurious. He takes his readers along the alleys of sensuous apprehension reaching out occasionally to symbolic possibilities. Debunking snooty values, the poet opens up, bit by bit, the inexhaustible scenario of the individual sensibility. The reader gets a glimpse into the poet's personal myths and readings of master versifiers.

Striking often a lyrical chord, the poet's gusto sways in lilting free verse cresting an effect through rhythm and language. He is mystic as well as autistic as evident in the poems.

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BOROUGH IN THE MIST

SANDEEP SILAS



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BOROUGH
IN
THE MIST

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Morrow's Face – (Poetry)

**BOROUGH
IN
THE MIST**

by

Sandeep Silas



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**To
'Amen'**

Without which my prayer-like life is incomplete

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FOREWORD

Poetry makes us emotionally alive and widens the horizons of our imagination. In an age of imaginative bankruptcy however, the demand on poetry is far enough rigorous. The word power of the poet should be so evocative as to be able to overcome the resistance. It has to be of general appeal and communicative. It can ill afford to be just esoteric and what most progenies of Pound crossed swords with but failed. Beyond classroom if Auden is more read than Eliot, it is because he responds to the general appeal. Seen in this perspective Silas's poetry assumes significance as a voice of general appeal. The reader will return to the passages for transparency and beauty of the poems: "I melt and flow / like the rain / trickling down tree barks / weaving patterns...." (My Journey with Rain). He draws strength from nature and human passion: "The garden bloom rises beyond the fence /I look into your smiling eyes for reassurance." (In the Womb of Truth).

Silas is honest of his inspiration and doesn't articulate in obscure terms. Take for instance the initial burst of ideas in hazy shape which the poet expresses as: "They gather like stray clouds / in a throng / forming quick shapes". (The Shaping of a Thought). The driving force eventually of his poetry is the sweep of ideas and emotional responses stimulated by the phenomenal world. The present is as meaningful as the past. It would be folly enough to read his verses separating from his past. The weight of history in fact becomes his asset than liability. This is evident in the lines of the just referred poem: " A curious blend of past follies / forward surges and thrusts / Merges into future swings".

I have been deeply impressed by the genuineness of Mr Silas's poetic pursuit. He has been actively associated with poetry activities in the capital apart from his prolific publications in

journals and news dailies. Some fifteen years ago he came into my contact and the relationship deepened when he became one of the founding members of Poetry Club of India, which is now a thirteen-year old national body in the country. Needless to say he has been in the forefront of all poetry functions of the club and also contributed a great deal for the success of the anthology; Continuum. With initial applause while most poets drifted away, he continues to write regardless of fame and honour. Poets after all must be prepared for anonymity. That is the test of genuine poets and their art, which I am confident Mr Silas has stood commendably well. **Borough in the Mist** is the second book of his poems. I trust this will mark a welcome event in Indian English poetry. Baroque and ecstatic, the poems must attract the readers as these held me in thrall.

Manohar Bandopadhyay

General Secretary, Poetry Club of India

PREFACE

The autumn leaves have started falling. Yellowed. Aged or matured? They have lived their puny lives on the tree. Like the sunlight they drank in everyday, they have become – the colour of the sun. In their freedom from life on the tree, is grace. They will rest in the grass, melt into the soil of collective consciousness and this energy will rise on another tree sometime in the future.

So are my poems in this collection. They grew within. Each taking a different shape, a structure as definite and free as the thought, each speaking of the time it saw and soaked. They filled me up, as long as they grew on me. They ate of my flesh and drank of my blood. These are my creations. Eventually, they had to meet the earth on which I stand. New leaves must replace the earlier ones. Yet, they would belong to me in the sense the air, earth, water, fire, light and darkness belong to me. The endless cycle of idea and words falling in a composition the time ordains must go on.

Like many others of my ilk I love painting by words. But, mere picture is not enough. I must see that it reflects, the seen and unseen both. I must, like a seeker, seek for a world of my dreams. This world may not be a reality in time, but who can prevent it living in the mind. Who can stop me from sharing this image with you?

In childhood, I used to wonder what a dog was seeking as it furiously scratched the earth with its paws. Perhaps, a hidden bone treasure!

In similar fashion a migratory bird also seeks. Perhaps, an escape from life's winter and some warmth. The ascetic too seeks as he travels and finds a cave in the mountains to continue

his meditative seeking of the divine. Perhaps, he is eager for a union with God. The soul too, as it is freed from human cage, wanders seeking. Perhaps, joy and peace and yet again another human body to live it all over again.

So is a poet's passion. He seeks to find, he seeks to love, he seeks to create, he seeks to bond. In **Borough in the Mist** you will find this 'seek', which is the enjoyment of a reader and satisfaction to the poet. From simple things like blossoms, to complex questions like – "What lives beyond light?" I have followed the path of life. Life, as it came, clothed or naked!

Where **Borough in the Mist** shall find its place will depend upon the intensity of my 'seeking' and the worth of the 'sought'. I have played the harp of my soul. It is for you to hear the music.

Sandeep Silas

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A Palm and Fish Food

I saw a palm that sold fish food
 Open, and throw some
 over the bridge –
 Down deep into the dark
 'twas buried
 The pleasure of those wilted eyes.

Momentary ran the impulse
 sweet
 Oft quivering fingers and shaking resolve
 Pressing needs could not restrain
 The effervescence of a child in man.

Like fish picking up those tender beads
 Then gobbling morsels in hungry pecks
 There rose in her shining eyes
 The whispers of a childhood ripped.

Played truant like the school of fish
 Her dimpled visage on a lean wing,
 A pixie scattered the seeds of love
 Sprightly over the unbridled blue.
 To hilt it surged, and
 forced the hand
 That dogged-like had held the spill.

Swayed the bridge
 And with it I
 All pretence fell, the cloak discarded
 An impulse shook me in a rapture
 Teeming with her unbundled joy.



Beyond Light

What lies beyond the light?
Light, the ever-present resoluteness,
the undying source of creativity,
the seeker of all truth—

Light, part myth, part reality,
mystic, obtuse,
perfect and diffused;
Half-sought, half-shunned,
Used
In living an imperfect shoddiness.

Light, the unraveller,
Probing the end points of all
conceivable,
Hungry, penetrating the dark myths
that lie buried in recess-full remorse,
Turning the spokes of life's wheel
Firmly forward.

Light, the mitigator of hidden
human designs and traps,
Evil and deathly,
Laid for compatriots and competitors alike.
Light, uncovering the shielded, guarded
secrets of nether,
Laying bare tastes of the ulterior.

Light, the conqueror of all
falsehood,
The awakening of soul within;
Anchor of bulbous eventfulness,
A harbinger of joy
Purposefully.

Light, the force of all
habitat,
The string of faith holding speckled lives,
Sense of closeness amidst far between.
Light, rudimentary or advanced,
Promoting zeal
Steadfastly.
Light of the burning firmament
in the sky, or
filtered from the wistful moon
Light of the puny candle unsure, or
the tungsten filament firm under a shade.
Light of truth so celebrated
and heroic,
Light of your romancing eyes,
fabulous and perceptive,
Light, O light, my fanciful light,
What lies beyond your gripping hold?

You be in possession, or shaded
surrender,
You be in haste or careful
commotion,
Firm or wavering,
Else, amorous or glaring,
The commonality of darkness beyond,
Is your face revealed
endlessly
Darkness, the finality of all outcome.

I would rather be in the stilling dark
For none other is force supreme.
Light, O light, I would light you
light
Whenever I wish to be in light.



In the Womb of Truth

There is a cloud of darkness,
in every burst of lightning,
There is an element of lie
in each truth.

And as the Sun pulls itself through
a dreary day,
in its sojourn dulled by
countless repetitions,
It holds in its womb the presence of
night.

Each word spoken aloud contains silences
which peep ominously, for an opportunity
to stifle the proclaim and rule quiet.
Shadows abound around each chink
of sunlight, that seeps in through my window,
geared to sink their jaws into delicate
brightness.

The garden bloom rises beyond the fence,
its bounce measured by the fall.
I look into your smiling eyes
for reassurance—
What I see but, in a niche, are tear bags,
full and concealed,
Ready to rip apart and drown,
the lame whiffs of happiness
into sorrow.

I hear some noises in the wind,
swelling from within,
A scent wafts across the room,
The chair rocks grudgingly.

The sounds then overcome, by a feeble
timer
That stands in a corner grandfatherly,

swinging this and that.
Time, time, the most powerful,
Most decisive
Time that contains times within,
irrespective.
I walk
Out I walk into a street, to the sounds of a
procession.
The procession changes its steps with time
The business of ordinary mortals
goes on imperfectly,
The exactness, of anything
and everything,
unknown.

Lies prosper in the womb of truth
that was never,
that was ever,
that is forever.



A Dream and a Wager

Did you ever wager a dream
For one pound and six pence
Upon the creaking stage?

They live not
those dream not
the rose, the nape, the rhyme.
What scent is but scent, that scents not
a heart?
What voice, that melts not a visage,
What path, that shows not a way
What dream, that flows not as sweet poison
on lips?

Pledge the eyes dried of dreams,
Pawn hands that wield not the quill,
Bet upon legs those imitate not creepers for love,
Pour molten lead in ears, those hear not sighs escaped
Slice off the tongue that turns not words into poesy
Bury, yes the body, that burns not for Cupid.

They live not, those dream not
of love sublime and gay.
They dream not, those care not
of down, moons, and sweet bay.

Age is but an accident in a life sequence of dreams
Let not be parted, closed eyes from dreams—
Nay, think not of gambling upon a passionate dream,
Life is too simple and dreams so rare.

Do not ever wager a rosy dream for some hay.



Twinkling Lights

Like twinkling stars far beyond
Half seen, half not, to the eye,
Thrive below the lie and truth
In an everlasting tie.

You and I, trade glances,
gestures, phrases, and ourselves
unknowingly
The market of make-belief
prosper unhindered,
The scale balancing a lie and a truth.
There is always a buyer for
half-truth,
Always, a merchant for the improbable.

More meaning is contained
in unspoken words,
And the brimming blanks that dot
a hollow sentence.

Much is seen, that is not visible,
Louder is heard, what is secretly thought,
A lot happens, which should never
Much is felt, that was always unintended.

Would you perish without,
this hidden deceit,
Or fade from scene unsung?
Then why become puckish glimmering minstrels,
each day that vanishes by?

A cock's tail be a fanciful plume
It makes not a rainbow
in the sky.



To Snake Charmers

How long shall I pour my soul
onto paper and turn it
red, red?
How much shall I bear the burdens
thrust upon my back and
bend, bend?
How more shall I live in deathly silence
each day, every minute, and
die, die?

The light that illuminated childhood
is banished from sight;
The love that lighted youth subdued runs;
The children of men shall grow to be man
And dissolve in the world, mesmerised
by snake charmers
Populating the globe.
Are we but snakes, that respond
to a frightful magic?

O lithesome, loathsome picture of truth,
I feel the slip and sting on me...
The air is sharp, the sound but hisses,
The dungeon is full of bites and bits.

I do not behave the Roman yet
For once I remember a mother's caress
That brought me to life, and learn, and grow—
For once I held a beloved hand
And walked my youth in cruel land;
For once I submerged in passion deep
And undressed my soul like rakish elf...

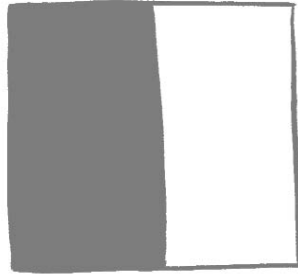
Yet to live like this and more
Soul peppered on paper,
Desires sprinkled in words,
The words ablaze around me, roasting
my insides raw...

How long shall I hold the last soldier
Before its breath, dries
into a sigh?



Fall

Hidden in belief
lies deception,
Face down, arms akimbo,
rolling eyes,
Peeping like a naughty boy
into a bedroom window,
Waiting to savour with greedy sight
All that is natural and spontaneous.



Why must thoughts be punned,
Why should we speak what is
doublespeak?
Why do we act pre-determined
predators
Of trust, faith and blind obeisance?

Satanic desires overtake in a swell
Wily pretensions to saintliness...

Falls a man once again
Like a dagger in an unsuspecting chest,
Rising then defiantly
The metallic shine blurred
Indefinitely.

We continue living today,
The stains of our yesterday
Uninvolved.

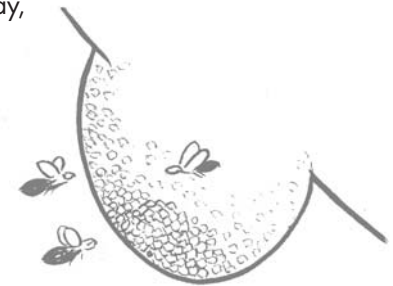


The Sickle and Honeycomb

Why does the hand wielding a sickle
waver before a honeycomb?
Why does the aroma sink deeper
than the visible?
Why do we pucker while drawing
a finger over the moon?

Why do sensations come
riding only on guilt-laden pleasures?
Sizzling in heat and coated with a creamy
disturbance
Their ease burdened with weight
of reality own...

Ought not to be, this time, this way,
Or that
The fiery resolve failing,
the receding bulbous globe
More firmly something in you,
him, and I
Yet come fleeting winsome boon
For a while, and more
than just a breath
Bemoans slick greed
Gripping, like what it brought



Still the hand falters, while closing
the distance between temptation
and hesitation,
The improbable turns probable
haltingly,
The ways of the lost world
await to overtake
Years of seasoning and pledge.

We face the most pleasurable sensations
with buried face.



Tin-Gods

A question of trust
Must it arise
Between humans living
A social existence?

Like water held in a porous vase
is the matter of faith
Escaping unintended,
Dwindling,
When nurtured naught?

As long as it is there
The belief is of permanence.
Tempests cannot sway,
Nor oceans submerge,
The faith in one's own faith,
The consciousness of trust.

Days being numbered,
The time marked,
It passes slowly to a vapoury whiff,
Drying the repository at shell and rim,
Living in temporary stiffness,
its last flamboyant ease,
Exuding the fragrance that was once,
Now deep fissures left behind.

Age cakes the many-flowered pot
That stands to experience—
Yet again a faithless
run up the mill.

Tin gods emerge out of real one's
The sequence runs to a perfect pun.



The Shaping of a Thought

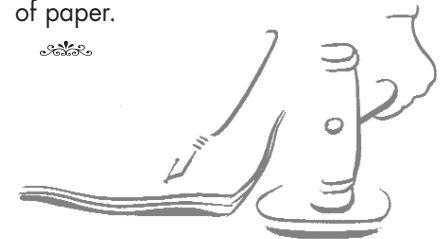
Often, my mind gets crowded
with unfamiliar thoughts,
strange impulses,
fighting for space.

They gather like stray clouds
in a throng,
Forming quick shapes at one,
dissolving the other moment, into
wisps and curls;
Sometimes like rain, they wash
their competitors away.
The soaked ground with renewed zeal then
Throws more thoughts, and thoughts.

What of the decision,
expected out of this blurred confusion
of factors, figures and speechless learning?

A curious blend of past follies, forward surges
and thrusts,
Merges into future swings, and
expectations.
All within that tiny head,
this churning of proportions,
suppositions and positions.

Slowly emerges the pure thought,
Suited, tailored to the purpose
Befitting a piece,
of paper.



Twin Lives

Why do we remember, when we can
do without
the pain, the suffering, the solitude?
Why do we keep the forgotten, safe
in the vaults of heart?
Why, O why, do we relive the past,
Each moment of our present?

What is gone, is never—
It hankers within and remains
Like a famished, hungry cowherd
Grazing pleasantly upon the present.
The stubs, left half-eaten, pointed,
ready to pierce soft cheeks
When we lie upon our sorrows.

It rides like an expert jockey,
our puny lives,
And decides the timing of the trot,
the canter, or the gallop.
It rises monumentally and rules
our passion;
We become like clay, beaten and
shaped at will.

The past, the past, the past—
Why does not it just become
the past,
Lost like a forgotten world.

Let it be, if it must,
The preserve of our self,
Precious and dear,
Containing our woes and joys.

These peep naughtily from behind
the curtain, segregating the remote
and the real,
Ruffling intermittently the twin lives
we live.



Strangers

Some time back
You and I were strangers,
and touch was unbelievable.
Now, I play the organ
unimaginable...

It was strange then
When smile was distant,
And passion lay clouded.

It is strange now
When separators themselves, join each moment,
each thought, every eventuality.

The rain shadow kept us whispering
beneath the clouds;
Now clouds have wrapped around a screen,
of rain shower...

This warping of the remote
onto a possibility,
The making of a reality,
Puzzles me more, than the quaking,
quandary existence of a puzzle itself.

Afraid we were of the dark recesses,
Dusk was parting time.
Now, the dark lights up
Strange fires
Inflaming the self.

Helter skelter time ran,
towards a mere likelihood.
Days were bitten, chewed,
thrust past beyond.

Now beside you is lived,
Each moment of the hour, with a
reason.



Amber Touch

Oh! the years travelled
from one corner of her eye
to the other,
in a look.

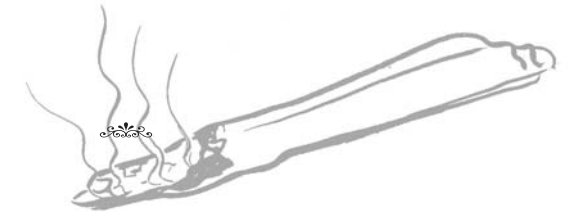
Oh! the countless moments
that storm the spinning wheel
Breezily unfolding from the frieze.

Why to relive
When we can without?
But, can be foregone
the fathoms of her eyes
or, the longing within?

To turn away, from the lived
and felt
Is enough bother.
So I abandoned the retreat
and plunged straight, back
into the look.

Halfway, some hesitation, but more—
It was burns, burns,
Ceaseless burns, inflicted
deep inside.

Later,
Smouldering by the fireside
Left alone, like an unburnt log.



A Bed and a Plough

Draw deep the plough over me,
Etch sharp brown furrows.
Straighten my barren resolve,
Sow, sow on this wanting earth
Seeds of warmth.

Long have I cracked within,
And watched the crooked crevices stifle,
open-mouthed;
Then felt the trickle of an unwanted emotion,
that dried half-way,
prior to culmination—
An end before an end,
The field left gasping.

I can hear close
the thud of your feet, move naked
upon me,
And the clatter of metal,
As it strikes a rocky piece.

I can sense clear
the trenchant whispers of the wind,
And the loud guffaw of a passerby,
looking derisive over his shoulder.

I can feel
the expertise of your fingers,
digging into me,
mushing around,
goadng the particles,
to come alive.

Somewhere I believe,
the barrenness shall wither away,
responding to your hesitant touch.
A flood shall even out the stormy
disturbances,
Soaking them, profusely.

Deep within, I know, perhaps for sure,
First, reflections of the unseen shall gather
waveringly.
Then a shooting star, some seeds,
some ripples,
And a wrinkled dimension
of smiling life
Shall stand upon its feet.



To a Tear Drop

Sometimes, I wait
for a tear drop
To unroll myself.

I wait
for my eyes to well up,
for my cheeks to moisten,
for my throat to choke the voice,
and my heart to pucker.

Alas,
Creativity jerks this pleasure away from me,
Uproots the tenderness,
Snatches, the relief of a cry—
A transformation comes, first
I become, like an eye of glass,
void, blank,
That is there, but cannot see
or read, or smile,
But just reflects
What pierces it through, painlessly.

The moods within, then
Water-like, easy and flowing,
take to fire
The eye of glass, and
the glass in eye
Cracks.

A thousand lines appear
In criss-cross patterns,
Folding the seams to itself,
Holding a fabric of shreds
Effortlessly.

What flows is red
Burning a part of me,
to a wilderness.

What is left,
are but stains on paper
That you and the other, see
Disinterestedly.
Sometimes I long,
just for a tear drop,
to hear own silence,
to know myself.



A Walk Into the Mirror

The mist of forgetfulness
rising from her eyes,
Enveloping
my music, my dance
and I.

The sparkle in voice
reducing to a quiver,
The light in eyes
freezing to a stillness,
The pain of knowing,
never so acute.
Convenience, separating with ease
of a glib tongue
The known and felt,
Decisively.

What was known like four seasons,
over the years
Fondly touched like own body
Has gathered the shape of yearnings
rendered by a faithful for paradise,
Who knows no medium
of prayer, or hermitage.

What was kept like a child's treasure
of coins, marbles, coloured stones
Hidden in a closet of the chest,
Away from prying eyes and paws,
Became the loot of street urchins,
clamouring over spoils
Publicly.

You tell me to endure,
and to blow
the obsession away, like an incident
on the road,
To forget, what I always see
in the mirror—

Some time back
I had walked into the mirror,
Now, no forgetfulness can touch,
or grab
That was ever mine
That was never mine.



A Shoulder to Weep

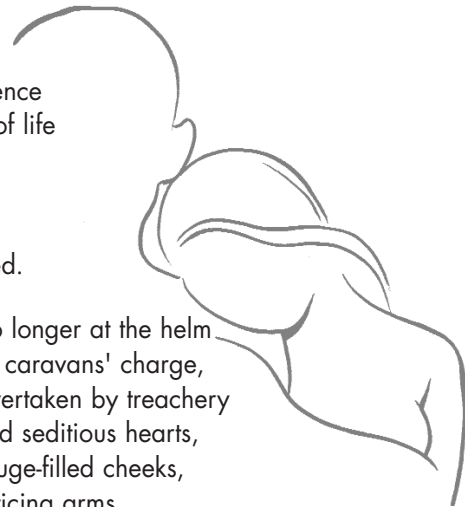
Each one needs
A shoulder to weep,
Oft rest head
As strength goes weak.

When footsteps grow faint
And thoughts grim,
Shadows become dearer,
Appeals the dim,
Then hunt eyes
For a caring touch
That would ruffle my hair
Gently with love.

Brooding, I sit
Upon the meadow
And watch in leaden silence
The onward procession of life
Triumphant,
Buoyancy expressed
In glorious march,
Surging ahead, unfettered.

No longer at the helm
Of caravans' charge,
Overtaken by treachery
And seditious hearts,
Rouge-filled cheeks,
Enticing arms
Nymphs let loose
To smother a laugh.

Poisoned blood flows in veins
Lethal,
Then in the eve of life one needs
A kind shoulder to weep.



The Mist and Sand

Wish me not,
the borough of the mist,
I have deserts of sand
Laid waste in me.

Mounds, dunes, arid wastes,
Lies the expanse, so still,
so chaste,
Facing the burning rays
with an unhurried pace,
Through this journey unending,
Apprehensive.

I fear
The mist shall be whisked away
And buried deep
Amidst the rolling grains
Unsung.

I fear
The borough shall melt away
with advancing storms
Into a desolate dryness,
Shrunk,
Overcome.

I fear
Your cheeks may not blush again,
Nor your eyes lift up in a song,
Wilting away the semblance
Of a smile
Gathered arduously.

Wish me not
the borough of the mist.



The Cry and Song

The gathering of clouds,
The watchful soar of an eagle
The springing up of a wildflower,
A cry in the wilderness—
All, disturb me.

Again, shall repeat
The deluge, the hunt,
the trample, and the stifling
of a spirit,
Upsetting of moulds,
Spilling of delightful sights,
Unmindfully.

Will bring into a focus
The slow cracking of a visage,
The wrinkles appearing on a brow
Fading of a bright canvas, bit by bit,
Forgetfulness of pretty eyes,
The departure of laughter,
The simmering within.

Yet,
The rainbow shall gleam
Dainty eggs musically hatch,
And sharp colours fill the ground,
Forests abound with footsteps;
Bells shall jingle
Filling up the vacuum
So naturally.

Contradictions do prosper,
Abundantly.



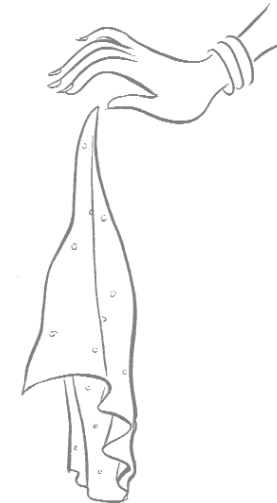
Cast Away

To the lake
Alone she came,
Youth pouring of her sparkling eyes.
A stir the countryside did feel
With tread of her gay abandon.

Piece by piece,
Her apparel fell
To the wind, the way
and vineyard
Who watched amused
her whiteness, melting
along with gathered inhibitions
Into the azure.

The expanse unravelled,
Eager to envelope
In an embrace all pervading,
Clinging to flesh,
Penetrating the opportunities,
Thrown
By a glorious castaway.

An offering accepted
Devilishly
By the lake.



My Journey with Rain

They fall, now and then,
With restive ease,
These merry droplets
Upon my restless soul.

Like memories they come,
touching me bare,
Some falling down in hordes,
Some alone,
Riding on aged pine bristles,
Yellowed and stiff,
Both, cracked on the exterior,
Yet sharp as the sensation—
That original bloom,
which held them apiece.

I melt and flow, like the
rain,
Trickling down tree barks,
Weaving patterns in the descent
amidst wildflowers sprung on the mountainside,
Sometimes held by hungry roots,
and thirsty flowers
Sometimes, just left to flow by

I mingle with the brook
that reaches out to the sea.
To loose myself,
like scores of raindrops,
To the dead salt of the sea.

Overtaken by the deluge,
This sojourn unwound,
I wait
For the warmth to rise
And the mist to form,
For the clouds to carry me
Like a kiss plucked of red lips,
Again to a rain.



The Common and Uncommon

The chaff and the grain
Rise the same stalk;
One lives in the living
The other perishes on reap.
Is that the difference
Between the common and uncommon,
The high and low?

When my eye meets a brow,
Masks crack,
Pretenses cease.

Stilled lies a storm
In the look, penetrating, sieving,
the chaff from the grain,
Separating carefully,
The aimless and the purposeful,
Sustaining the meaning
In the world around,
Whispering, speaking, filling ears
with living truths,
inspirations.

Dust just blows the dust.



A Chill in the Pan

Like pain before death
Is living, what you love,
the most.

Joys, while they last
Hurt more.
Strength, drawn away
By looks, that you wish to see,
the most.

What is liked and cherished
Is sought after with zest,
The source of happiness, blessings
unrestrained,
Is often the cause, of sufferings,
the most.

Life bartered many times
Sold on the sly,
Dreams traded by dawn;
You and I move
On this journey unknown
Loving the heat and grime,
the most.

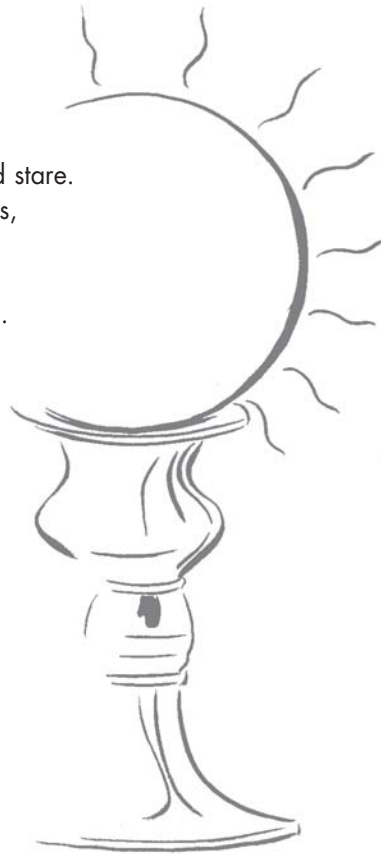


Crystal Ball

Imprisoned in a crystal ball
Why is destiny,
O mighty one,
A question to me
each day I put
When crowd my mind thoughts
of despair?

Like a diamond it glitters,
Dazzling,
Caged in its hollow,
is pride alive
I walk in circles,
my form upright.

Descends each day,
a shrouded magician
And sits over crystal in fixed stare.
Evil charms he murmurs,
in hushed tones,
Plays tricks
with this shining stone.



I become a puppet,
to his hands,
A plaything
to unending wishes.
Mastered is my mind with ease
When fall upon it,
charms he weaves.

Where are your plans
O Lord of this Earth?
How long,
will I a prisoner be?
Shatter this crystal,
by a mighty blow.
Let me blossom
in an eventful show.



Concentric Circles

In the beginning there was a dot,
And the dot expanded to a circle.
The circle gave birth to circles,
Rotating human lives in cycle of circle,
All concentric circles.

Birth, the first circle
When life evolved from labour,
Images of the first rays hitting eyes
Lie silently embedded upon the screen
Illuminating life within.

Childhood, the second circle,
When needs were taken care of by someone called mother,
And desires grew under indulgent eyes of father;
Innocence sparkled from eyes and smiles
Content were we with toys and ties.

Adolescence, the third circle
Was tumultuous in passage;
Searched our minds for worldly message,
Bones lengthened, narcissus flowered,
Doubts lingered and complexes hovered.

Youth, the fourth circle,
Was loving to the core
The heart ruled the mind more.
Sprang expectations like germinated seeds,
Achievements shone amongst plethora of deeds.

Old age, the fifth circle
Was accepted with maturity;
Wisdom had dawned by then on personality,
Worries had etched themselves on face,
Wrinkled was visage and clouded was gaze.

The final circle came at last,
Buried was life under labyrinth of mass.
Through this tedious journey in circles
I pass, unknown, unsung to Death.
Is that the glimmering light at the end of this tunnel?



Arrival

Drown me, night,
In revelry deep,
To lift me then high
On your secret wings, in an arousal,
Soaring effortlessly,
On sensuous cushions,
In phantasmal delight,
Announcing to her
My arrival.

Into her world, I shall stray unseen,
Silently.
Throw open to me then the closed doors
Hidden tastes of the nether
Aroma of flavours,
Hitherto contained,
Bubbling with excitement
At prospects of experiencing
A stormy sensation
Gingerly.

When twain shall meet
In ravenous expression,
Lightening shall strike,
Volcanoes erupt.
Hot, molten lava shall flow,
Engulfing just everything
In its hungry womb,
Solidifying in speedy metamorphosis
Candid moment of the meet.

My arrival into her being
Shall be, aye, similar
To the meeting of two worlds
Just once in a millennium.



The Drought and Fire

Amidst the green
of the mountains' abundance
Stands a pine,
Dried, all barren,
Bereft of its glory,
Raising a question mark
On existence own,
And that, of its surroundings.

Will you ever pause
beneath that tree,
Or your eyes look up in awe?
Will you ever touch that trunk,
shedding its bark,
Or lie under,
and dream?

Would the grasshopper green
Jump in merriment
Over one, and the other branch?
Would the butterflies clamour above
Or rainbow cocoons be hidden below?
Would the bees hover in a buzz
Searching for nectar?

So fill up your womb,
with the freshness of dew.
Pick up the breeze,
And gather the mist,
Bloom in colours unseen;
And live like a flame
All red and blue—
'Tis better to burn and glow
Than wither by the wind.



Through a Raindrop

When a raindrop
Gently nestles
On my eyes,
My vision breaks
Into colours manifold,
Blinding me to the rest.



An opaque shield
Falls
Over miseries untold,
Filling the streets
On etched brows.



Dry eyes still weeping
Over relationships broken,
And the world stained
With human blood
Oozing still,
Drop by drop,
Colouring the rivers
Red.

Only remains a rain-drop
With a riot of colours contained within,
Elevating
Beauty that was buried skin deep,
Raising it slowly,
Soothing the eyes,
Delightfully.

Strangely we need
As little
As a raindrop
To kindle in eyes;
Then cherish in heart
The silent appeal
Dormant in colours.



Half a Mountain

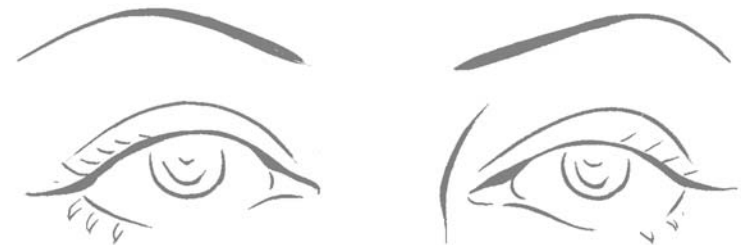
Lose me not
On the touchstone of purity.
For thine eyes alone
I live impure.

Ever felt
Careless aromas
Wafting on leisurely,
Revel?

Ever seen
Distances hived-off, shift closer
In togetherness?

Ever touched
Snowflakes, burning the melting proportions
Alive?

Half this mountain glows in sun,
Half harbours shade—
Which half of me is yours
Choose thee with care.



The Broken Glass

I can hear thy wails, from across
the seven seas;
Thy torn bass and pitch
Rolling across the shores,
mournful and heart-rending,
Invoking my kindness,
My arms.

Why must you cry now
And fill the oceans with shrieks?
There are lines now, and boundaries
Drawn by you,
Years ago,
Dividing the canvas.

You remember
My protestations—
Each a yearning more than the last,
Said hurriedly in the backyard of your house,
Beside the heap of twisted iron bars
And pieces of broken bottle glass.

Holding your hands
I had urged you to stay,
When you announced your departure
to a prosperous land,
Seven seas away,
To a love unknown

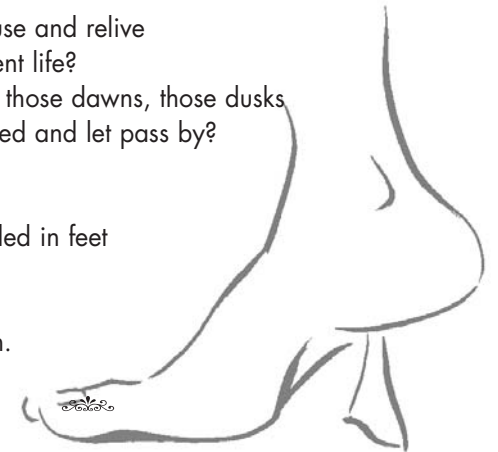
They fell on ears
Resounding to exotic tunes;
Slowly my lips had pursed
And the tongue assumed the silence
Of the stone in your eyes.

Disengaged
my arms, still recall
Your back and those few steps
Away, away from me.

Time filled in those wounds,
The bitterness lay covered
By flakes of snow I dwelt in.

Now, why those calls,
Those moans, those screams
To me?
Can I pause and relive
that unspent life?
Can I cull those dawns, those dusks
I never lived and let pass by?

The broken glass embedded in feet
Reminds
You only taught me
Never to look back again.



Hope

In the heart of despair
shines a light
As strong as the tempest
that blows it wild.
In the soft glow of hope
lie, unmatched desires
to conquer by...

Darkness of grief,
comes sans feet
Encompassing, human aspirations
in a sheath.
A struggle ensues, of hope and
despair,
Bare hands fight, those that
dare.

Endurance wages a battle staunch,
Patience is put to test again.
Bear adversity with fortitude
Then emerge victorious, from
solitude.

Furies of wind, earth
and rain
Play havoc.
Still, life grows from destruction
Blessed with its own resurrection.

The clasp
of human hands together,
Is sure a sign of dauntless measure.
A child would never
extend its hand
If hope did not live in man.



Pipe Dream

In a dream
I slept beneath a shady tree,
All soundly to the rustling leaves
Carefree.

When suddenly
With a gust of wind
Landed in a soft thud
A nest-full of fledgling birds
Upon my folded thighs.

The fall, triggered a sequence
In the enchanting, transient dream.
Nestling precariously
the lively treasure
I romanced
Warmth given to me
By hollow bones, fresh down,
Life drawn from my legs
By wings raring to fly.

Careful...
If I hugged too close
Soft tissues may stifle,
If I pressed too little
Not enough fire for flight...
While I thus debated,
One at a time,
Each one took to its wing,
Never to return.

Now, the flush of my spirit
Fills the empty blue
With wings, wings and numerous wings
Which once learned to flutter,
In infancy,
By me.



Promise Unkept

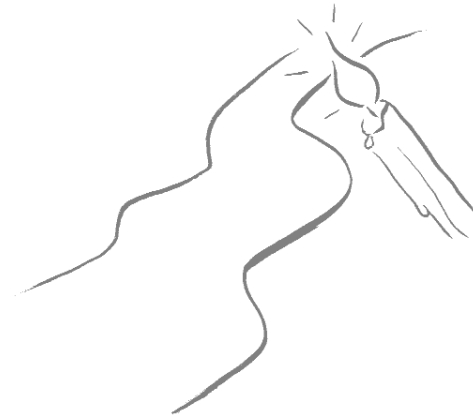
Life betrayed its promises
many,
Left me lone
in quest unending.
Sniffed out was flame young
and fledgling
Before it beamed through darkness bleary.

My world was small
and expectations few.
Full was chest
with courage of conviction,
Brimming my legs in nascent
agitation
Not more I longed for, but
a drop of dew.

Bud like I was
on tender stalk,
To blossom forth
spread colours rare.
I desired to mingle like fragrance
in air,
But, felled I was
before my walk.

Realms of pleasure unexposed,
untouched,
Loving sights to fill each nook of eyes—
So much the good earth offered,
in piles,
Yet to me was denied its flush.

To rule the world
was not my forte,
Capture a million hearts
not my intent.
To flicker like a candle in palms innocent
Light up a child's path
'twas all I sought.



Moontide

I met you last
When passions flooded
Each nook, every crevice,
And raved and rant,
And shook and tore
My reservations apart.

The slippery sluices
Of the bursting dams
The waters merry
Beckoned me, then.

The tide receded with the waning moon
Darkness seized the moonlit swoon
Torrents merged with emerging calm;
Fervour lost, quiet reigned,
You spake indifference
In forlorn looks.

Rested the flood
In a quagmire
Of shrinking appearances,
Sunk impulsiveness,
An opulence gone dry
With passing age.

I see today, you still retain
The qualities of a marsh.
Though the descent may be sticky
And the plunge be the last,
Finally,
I come to you.



Indian Bazaar

Crowd upon crowd surged on lane,
On display was the mercenary game.
Glossy windows with articles bright
Wove gossamer webs of shopper's delight.

Delicately open strings of purse
To nurture greed, silently nursed;
Both gain, both lose, in free exchange
Contentment still eludes them same.

Sporting costumes flashy and boisterous
Throng streets fair-ones, fulsome and vivacious.
Spicy corners are favourite haunts
Jostle over another, demands, with a jaunt.

Pot-bellied merchants selling their wares,
Beggars lame insisting a share.
Fat buxom ladies, children in tow,
Here or there, noses around a sow.

Pavements galore with stuff that thrills
Temporarily, albeit, it pleases still.
Furtive glances across the street,
Strike cordial notes in hearts that beat.



Comes alive each day with fanfare
The hustle and bustle of an Indian Bazaar.
Thrown open are the doors ajar
To shifting sights and charms at par.



Romance Aflame

The ferocious lightning in the sky
Strikes a wound in my heart,
And blazes forth a trail
Hitherto hidden mysteriously,
As pale and gleaming as its mentor.

A flame is struck to embers
That lay snuffed by damp gales.
Silted desires stir to life
With the mystique of events above.

And then, issues from the deep white divide
A spirit flapping its wings
With Godspeed travels tweek pixie
Ensnoces in the inner eye,
Its conscience in the sub-conscious
Steering with moony fingers,
Stray thoughts.

Deepen the hurts inflicted in time
Erupts a quiescent volcano
Life to be tossed about, thrown and destroyed
Before fiery layers cool again, to
A base for spring and dance,
Songs to fill the void,
Blooms to arouse lust.

I tremble at the aura of lightning
Lighting up the darkened sky,
The twisting and tossing chain of thoughts
By the potent charges of a pixie girl.

I shiver at the flash of lightning,
Not again the pain of kindling ashes,
Re-living those moments
Long transferred to a forgotten saga,
Mouthing the phrases
Long lost in abysmal labyrinths,
No more the awakening of a sleeping tiger
To consume its unwilling prey.

So I feign not to notice
What strikes nightly the sky.
I feign not to hear
Its roar in the thunder.
I perceive, nay nothing,
My date with romance is over
I have hung up my shirt.



Fishermen at Sea

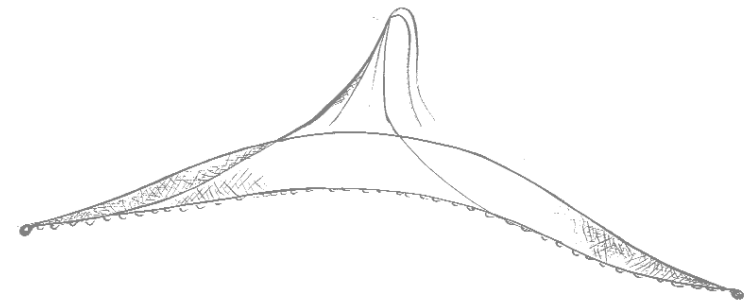
When night is on prime
and all asleep,
Dark streets are silent
and frogs leap,
Lap softly the waves in quiet
anticipation
Then, sail they
in joyous participation.

Astral fog hangs low
and heavy,
Seas hum with offerings
merry,
Lead them the stars
in kindly tide,
Steering through waters,
deep and wide.

On boats weathered
with mesh in tow,
Swiftly they sail
in purposeful row,
Quite deep inside they pause
to cast,
Strong fishing nets with buoys
ahoy.

Lit is the sea by a hundred lights,
Which flicker on waves
in shimmering sights.
Deter tempests not spirits anymore,
Dampens not age their youthful core.

When winds beckon they sail
to shore,
With a catch of hopes
and haunting lore;
Wade sprightly belles in welcome frippery
Sands golden lie laced in ambitions silvery.



Romance in Stone

One morn, by the river bed
When all was quiet
but much was heard,
A pebble I picked from
moss-laden shallows,
Sweet face on it had strangely
mellowed.

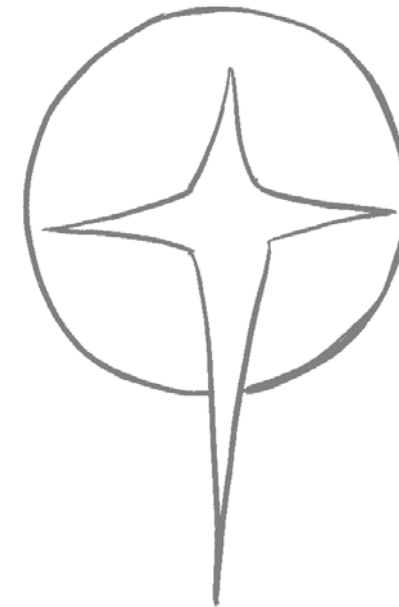
In fanciful flight soared,
my mind,
Began loving a stone
Which seemed not kind.
Years of rolling had frozen,
its heart
Shape sans spirit, its destiny
lay seared.

Yet to me it appeared within
A charm to keep as guard,
against sin.
A bond grew betwixt man and stone
In vicissitudes of life,
my luck then shone.

Thought I, of human dependence
on inanimate beings,
Deities that guide unseen,
Parables innuendo, still sung
by men,
Bards have written on,
oft magic in pen,
Faces have launched
a thousand ships,
Swords have drawn over curves

of lips,
Visages on stone,
have lived as Gods
through frail existence
against odds.

O, pebble unknown,
descended to me,
Offering of spring and powers
that be,
Lead me on like the Pole star
When footsteps quiver
and doubts mar.



The Last Flight

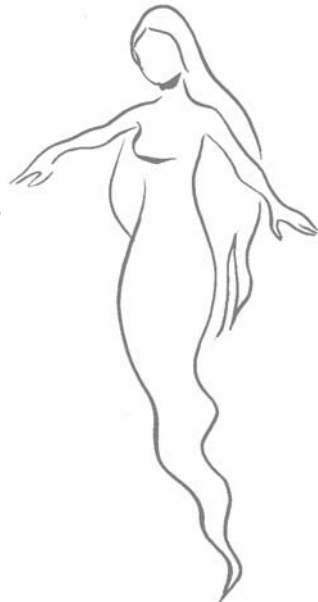
When winter comes, and
snow flakes hum,
Thin airy ghosts, haunt
the wild,
Peep out of holes with senses numb
Jungle creatures,
meek and mild.

Then spread my wings to prepare,
for flight
That promises deep meadows
and heaps of shine.
Listless this world,
moistened by frozen might
Has shrunk its bounteous line.

Over blue mountains
laden with snow
And hoary oceans churning within,
Across sandy desert, where man
does not sow
I would roam like a spirit
away from the din.

Where words cannot reach
and thoughts cease
Meaningless becomes the enormity of things
Dissensions freeze
And all around is peace,
There lies ultimate, the fate of kings.

Where springs erupt
from singing folds,
Quenched is thirst of years untold,
Where thoughts fly high
free from hooks
Take me there, O wondrous wind.



Words

Words, words,
Such little words
So many words,
Much meaningful words,
A world of words,
We live in our words.

Words,
A mirror of our minds,
Outspoken, straightforward,
Haughty or rude,
Tender at times, or
Healing words.

Beautiful words, hateful words,
Inspiring words, agonising words,
A maze of words,
Our lives our words.

We are touched by words,
We are hurt by words,
We are hated for our words,
We are loved for our words.

We die for words
In promises uttered;
We are known by our words,
Long they live past us.
Words are our progeny
Keeping alive the trail
We leave behind.



The Holocaust

O you powerful men,
Men of status, wielding the sceptre and wand,
Men deciding the course of future
Men ruling upon men—

Have you forgotten the dark face of earth
When mass was prominent,
And life was small?
Those millions of years
When first a fish, slowly a monkey,
then man to be
Lived your ancestors?

Those animal years
When roamed naked in rocky terrain
In search of food, understanding
neither kith nor kin,
A sightless man?

Those knavish assails,
The vengeful deceit of tribes,
The long sail over the seas,
Hostile discoveries, the stabs
in your back,
The burning of Rome
To the flute of an Emperor,
The smell of rotting flesh,
Children pierced and hung from spears,
The face of a girl huddled in a corner,
Shrinking from looks,
Suspiciously watching advancing steps
Fearing the unleash
Of another animal emotion?

Have you forgotten all these
And more that the scribe
never recorded,
That you let loose
Upon the world the destruction contained
In the realms of science
The powers nuclear?

A bomb that would restore
to originality,
The rigours of man
Make faceless an entity
So laboriously carved?

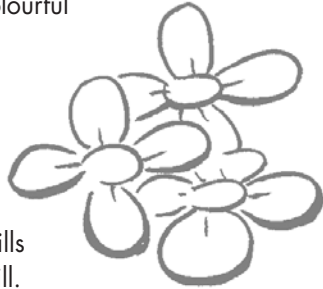
O, halt the impulse
Of the heedless man
Life remains so precious
In your hands.



Blossoms

Soft petals all, gathered in bliss,
Pulsating
in an immortal kiss,
Have sprung to life
myriad of flowers
Knit in fragrance, amidst colourful
bowers.

Pure white for peace,
Deep red for love,
Pink is for happiness,
Showered from above,
Yellow pleases and blue thrills
Olive green soothes the shrill.



Be it desert or
lofty hill
Under the sea or
by river frills
Abound such merry creations pell-mell
Dotting promises on global shell.

Adorn a buttonhole,
Or locks of a mermaid,
Plucked are they for the living and dead,
Never is an occasion, without
flowers shed.

Wonder I, oft surrounded
by them
The blankness of life, without
flowers at helm.
Nature spreads in such bounteous fill
A lesson for man to give
and fulfil.



The Rich and Famous

You only loved
The rich and famous
Always, whenever,
Wherever.

So I picked up my pen
Tore open the ink-glass
And splashed, the pains
of my heart,
Soaked in red
Upon reams of white,
Endlessly
Till the end.

Read over
The leaves became treasure,
When one fine morning
They installed me at a park,
Consigned to public memory,
Garlanded, praised and
talked about, in hushed tones.

The coins, that fell at my feet
You gathered bent,
A look at the plaque
You smiled,
Always to love like public
Your man
Rich and famous.



Earth-Quake

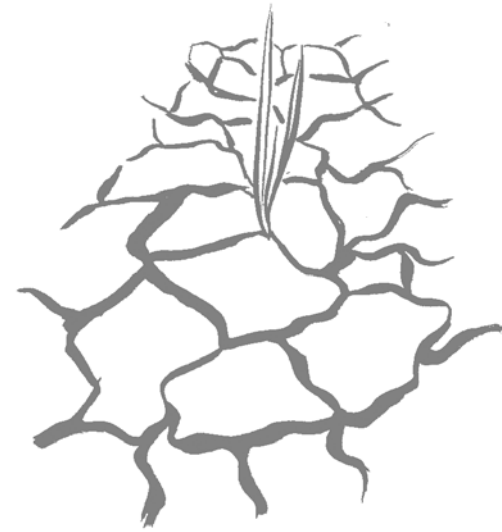
Reverberated my spine
In sheer fright
When tremors shaking earth
Were in the ascent.

In moments
The crust parted
Revealing a gaping darkness
Eager to consume flesh and blood
In monstrous delight.

Like a house of cards
Structures collapsed,
Shrieks were drowned
In the roar of falling rubble;
Reduced was life
To a mass of shattered bones
And torn ligaments,
Agony and strife
Wrote the globe on its own face.

Child to orphan,
Wife to widow,
Suddenly stood life transformed
For man beside his willow,
Shaken with fear,
Shocked beyond words,
Left was life with nerves numb,
Waiting,
For noontime darkness to melt away.

The next dawn with prancing rays of hope
Shall bring light and a healing touch
To soothe raw wounds,
And join humans in plight.
Bonds shall be forged,
Togetherness shall grow,
Compassion will germinate
From Earth's bruised brow.



Song of Life

I met a sage
Who looked of age,
Motionless eyes in wrinkled daze,
Knowledge oozed from bearded face.

I asked the sage,
"Sage, what moves you on?"
He settled under a shady tree
Sprinkled water with a holy plea
Made me sit with disdainful look,
With his discourse surroundings shook.

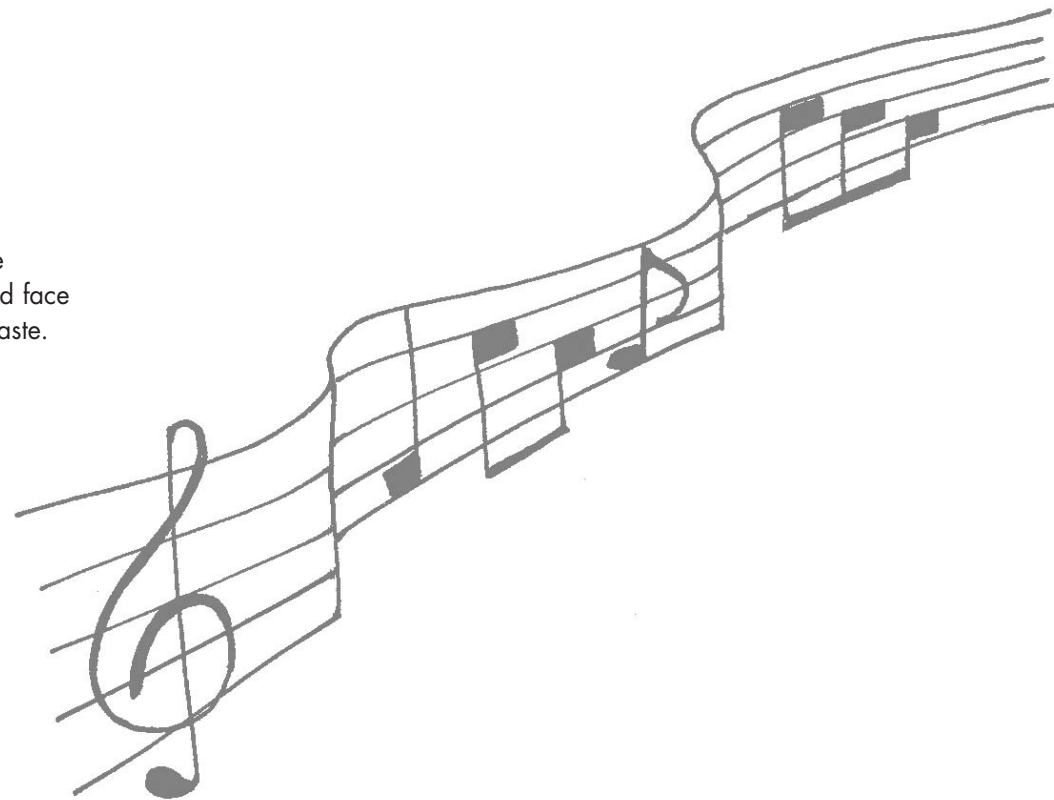
Life he said was meaningless and futile,
Aim for nirvan that lies ahead fragile,
Bade me tenements to set doubts to rest,
Renunciation to Him was God's behest.

Later, I met another sage
Who also looked to me of age
His flowing gown and turbaned face
Appealed to me of wisdom chaste.

I asked this sage,
"Sage, what moves you on?"
He looked through me in kindly gaze,
Saw fires within that lustily raged,
Held my shoulders then blessed my head,
Told me to shed fears that bred.

Walked with me for a while,
Showed me the way to cross a mile,
Spectacle of life he said I was
And loving life moves one on and on.

Satisfaction in eyes I looked around
Dawned realisation on crumpled ground,
Began loving life as it came along
To this day I live it as a song.



Flower Defiled

Deflowered
In the fields,
Chastity outraged
By gang of four,
Screamed newspaper headlines.

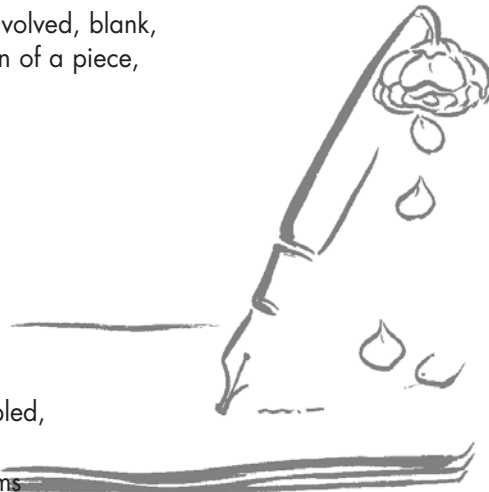
The news,
A mere flash on the silver screen
The newsreader uninvolved, blank,
Emotionless, rendition of a piece,
A routine affair—

The criminals,
Brutal and savage,
Hardened to core,
A blot on humanity,
Unrepentant—

The victim,
Traumatic and crumpled,
A crushed flower
With shattered dreams—
Disillusioned life forever shadowed—

The judge
Bespectacled and rule bound,
A view with a jaundiced eye
Banking on the seen and witnessed,
Regardless—

The muse,
A spectator,
With a range of excited emotions,
In efforts to awaken consciousness
Usher change through subtle play of words.



Red Light Woman

Painted faces in dark alley
Price of Age is on display,
Shamelessly offer untiring legs
Hunger of body, which forever begs.

Sold by the pugnacious or the needy,
She chimes to the tune of the greedy.
Never before was woman so disgraced
Fought for her had the spruced and braced.

Strange fingers feel her all around
Cries and wails long ago have drowned,
Lies her being filthy and abused
Far many people have her used.

Emotions stifled and sentiment suppressed,
Plaything is she to sundry and depressed.
Dashed have hopes, and dreams lie scattered,
Selling of self, leaves her so tattered.

Toddles no infant, sings she no lullaby,
Accident of birth is an unparalleled alibi.
Empty her lap will always remain
Rivers holy wash sins, sages proclaim.

Son of God has ascended His Heaven,
Full is Earth's womb of plagues seven,
Will ever again be born Lord Christ?
To care for downtrodden, to redeem life's tryst.



Mocking Bird

A mocking-bird once came to me
And perched on my shoulder right,
Its plume bore colours effused
Beak charmingly parted in haste.

Then began a song of love
Betwixt both of us with zest,
Flutter of wings in lilting tune
Brought tears to my joyous eyes.

We sang and sang
And never paused,
Gazing into starry eyes
What chaste beauty fate hath brought.

Came winter, it flew away
Unknown pastures beckoning it gay
Left alone in stout dismay,
Sprouted springs dried in way.

The shoulder where thou sat and sang,
Days on end with pain and pang
Mocks at me O, mocking-bird,
In wait of call comes spring unheard.



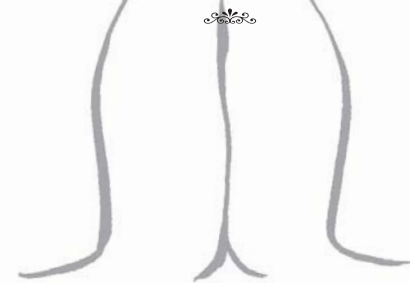
A Small Wish

Long winding pathways,
Destinations unknown,
Guide thou my footsteps,
Small and unsure.

Lost in surging crowds
Clamouring for more,
A puny follower
Of thy teachings pure.

Seeks no crown or Kingdom
In fantasies galore,
Save thy love in richness
Upon me bestowed.

Keep me by the threshold
Of thy heavenly abode,
Grant me no more wishes
Save this one alone.



Forgiveness

Like snow flakes settling gently
Upon shrillness of blades,
Immense is the heart
That gives forgiveness
Of its own—

Like peacock dancing blissfully
To impending rain,
Such is the richness
Endowed
By feathery hail.

None can heal
Seething wounds
Those invisible to the eye,
But the gush of feelings
That spring up by and by.

Seldom repents the donor
Of such largesse shown
Forgive thee thine image
Unknowingly
Falters by.



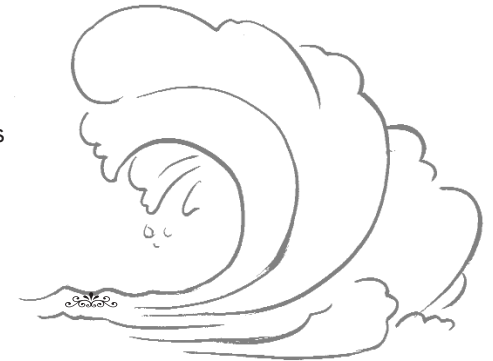
A Word to My Lady

Lady, I drink from the cup of fallacy
Dreams soaked in brine,
I live in unwound cocoons
Bereft of silken sheen,
When you smile at me naught.

Hide not in distraught looks
The flutters of your heart,
Someone waits thirstily
For your song, my lark.

Turn thee my distress
Into euphoric cry.
Touch soft my forehead
Like waves lap a shore.
Gently hold my breath
Like a firefly in your palms,
Let it not pass
Uncared into wilderness.

I glow in bewitching eyes
That look at me amused,
Worthless is my flight
Without thee regaled.



Unknown

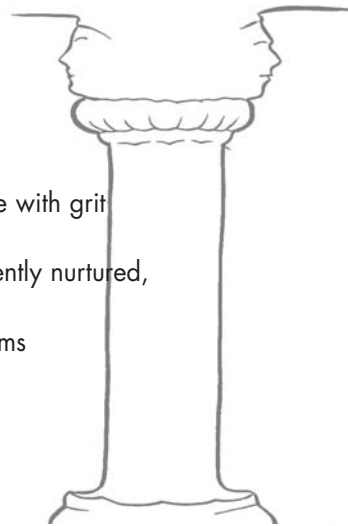
Unknown I came into your lap,
Blessed were you
My shrieks and smiles
Filled your life
My concerns were yours
As I thrived.

Unknown I walked to my school,
Involved were you
With my thought and learning;
The inquisitiveness of my sorrowful eyes
Puzzled you
As I strived.

Unknown I stepped into your life
Caught unawares were you
By the ease of affection,
The twinkle of stars
Came to my eyes
As I loved.

Unknown I toiled in grime with grit
By my side were you
Intellect and honesty I silently nurtured,
Brute force of will
Giving wings to my dreams
As I lived.

Unknown I fought for my land
Bothered were you
For my motley desires,
When I trampled them in hostile terrain.
A tower commemorates my death today
As I would have liked.



Looking Beyond

Slash not those slender threads
Which bind me fast
To my loves.

Of pale hue and ravaged upon
Their elastic limits stretched beyond
Yet never to a breaking point
For hold they blushing hearts fulsome.

My fledgling years they have seen
Those loved me through despite
My numerous failings,
In my struggles they have been
Willing partners sharing troubles deep,
Adored have they, as I am
Restless, shy and meek.

When fancied I greatness inborn
Sights to conquer than sing upon,
Charmed they stood by my side
Hazel eyes gave me dreams to live
Brought rainbows vibrant to my sky
When rains vanquished my sprightly days
And left my spirit dry.

Sensing danger lurking behind
Caring arms reached out in a dare
Before my voice could ever shriek.

Look beyond O, envious green
Do not strike love between
For strength it is to frail being
Traversing slippery paths unseen.



The Moonlit Fire

The moonlight seeping leisurely
into the late night,
The virgin doused with unsaid thoughts
The inescapable coming nearer
Like the moon homing in, to a
fullness
Growing larger by the nights,
Yellowish, and maturing like nectar
Collected from the pick of the season,
Untouched.

Raindrops beating on the sill
I sit by the window
Hung like a canvas on the wall,
The wind cold as ether
Blowing away the dust
Settled by ages of wait,
Stirring into life
What lies hidden beneath the deft strokes,
of the dead painter's brush,
Forgotten.

The moon shall rise
And slowly fade away,
into the day,
Serenity overcome
By the spurts of sunlight
Breaking and beating, the
soft, soft luster.

The virgin no more
Shall continue to drool
with unbridled thoughts,
The naughty moon throwing moments,
into her lap
Its fullness filling her,
ripening her.

The picture on the wall
All soot and age,
The rain, the wind
the life, and death
Again—

The fond caress of the painter's brush
Painting a piece
Again.



An Eclipse and a Rose

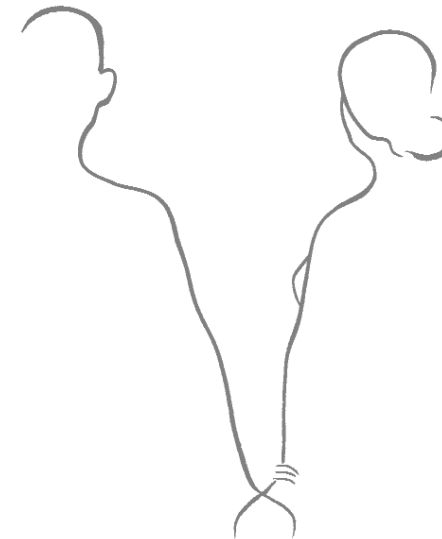
Come, turn away
Let's go back
That trembling light beyond,
is not our guide,
These serpentine paths, lead
nowhere
The land where the cuckoo sings
is lost in the mist...
Why fritter away the spring,
in pursuit of myth?

See,
An eclipse is slowly biting into the sun
And the moon despairs,
with the increasing dark,
The ballooning deluge has marooned
every possible shelter.
Cold treacherous wind brings in
shivers—
Whither will we reach?
The question stares
Stark
The reality is you, and I
Together
Like the original man—
Come hold my hand
Let's go back.

Back to where the rose blossoms
And a magpie sings on the dangling twigs
Where the impending doom holds no threat
And gaze quivers not.

Where fear is caged
And the spirit is ecstatic,
Where can be home
Dreams encased in clouds,
Music in the rain.

Come, there
I lead you where.



Girl by a Window

When sun will set and birds fly west
Will come my love with full blown zest;
The horizon will lighten in crimson glow
Heralding advent of emotions flow.

Almond eyes anxious, longing in gaze,
Waiting to discover handsome figure through haze,
Flowers adorn my pale-faced gloom
Wafting rich fragrance of heavenly bloom.

Serpentine ways disappear below mountain
Eager to erupt is heart's own fountain;
Bedecked am I in bridal attire bright
To impress my love with lightning sight.

Clatter of horseshoe by the holly bower
Rises my heart-throb spiralling to tower.
Emulating creepers of the meadow
Entwine will I his elusive shadow.

Pristine beauty of the calm lake
Stirs my soul in frenzied ache,
The trees, the sky and clouds amused
Witness to thoughts with anxiety fused.

Wiped is foggy window with unending pain
To capture sight of life's prized gain,
His form would be prisoner of my eyes
Silenced will be the other woman's cries.

Pause will he by my window side
Gently to let me in his arms glide,
Together we will ride the hill's crest
To love, to cherish Nature's best.

