

Celebration

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The Wonderful Vision of Being Together

Once we talked
The wonderful vision of being together
And having it all
Desires soaked into my body
Like water into sandy soil
For ever changing its life
In my waking and dreaming state
Only thing that flutters in front of me
Is you and the images of having it all
Again and again.

Like a computer script
With “no breaks”
The desire and execution
Repeats itself infinitely
I see it
I feel it
I realize it
As my worlds collapse
Thoughts
Wishes
Dreams
Reality
All becoming one

Life as it was
Got hijacked
By the thoughts about you
About the wishes to be with you
After we talked
The wonderful vision of being together

BACK

Minute of a Moment

Suddenly there was a rainstorm
To drench the desert floor
To make small puddles of water
Where the tumble weed seeds
Imbided water
Smiled in the form of green leaves
Danced in the form of
tiny, fragrant flowers
pollinated
and buried the void of the past
in the laughter of the moment.

Then as the rain clouds ran away
The puddle dried
The petals fell off
The green leaves wilted
And curled
To cover
To protect
The seeds of pleasure
Waiting
For the next rainstorm.

BACK

My Tulip of the Winter

Hey, come
Sit close to me
Touching me
Letting me sample
The flavor of the smile of your eyes
Let my hands get lost
Tangled in black forest of your hair
As I struggle to move them away
From your eyes and forehead
Let me feel the blood rushing
And hear the gushing
Of hot air thru your nostrils
As your lips fumble
In search of words.

Come, closer my dear
To tangle my feet with yours
By mistake of course
And say with a smile
'sorry, I really did not mean it'
as you pull my hand close to your chest
to feel the throbbing bosoms
let me be in microcosm
Nourished by your touch.

BACK

The Long and Lazy Night

One day,
The night was long and lazy
Like the palm trees
On the oasis
Trying hard
Not to let the full moon
Be stolen by the clouds.

Then,
There was a fountain
A sweet fountain
Trickling down
As it kissed the shy sands
To absorb them
To make a memory
Linger at least
Until the sunrise.

Suddenly
I woke up
Feeling the cool breeze
On my face
I opened my eyes
To see what is happening
There was no oasis
There was no fountain
Only there were you
Whispering to me
And
Giggling softly
Like a sweet fountain
Trickling down
As it kissed the shy sands

BACK

Stories in Your Eyes

Come
And sit down with me
But don't speak a word
Let your beautiful brown eyes
Be the chatter box
Telling me the stories
Of your life.

Tell me about the time
When they got kissed tenderly
With love and care
And you melted
Like ice cone in summer sun.

Tell me about the time
When you were sad
Very sad
Tears did not stop
Accumulating in them
Like a monsoon
And you wept
Again and again

Tell me about the time
The rainbows danced in them
In anticipation for me to come
And be with you for ever

I want to look at them
The windows to your pounding heart
The passport to the ocean of your mind
And hear the chirping of wishes
And fears
And be lost
In the thought of you.

BACK

Our Journey

You strike the match
And lit the candle
And hold my hand

We are on the move
Inside an one way
Turning and twisting
The dark tunnel
To experience

Scary, exciting
Heart throbbing
Heart breaking
Never seen before
Episodes

In the simmering
Dancing flickers of the candle light
Our eyes tell the story
Of us
The Colorado Rivers
Yet to meet the ocean

BACK

Reflection of the Full Moon

I never saw the full moon
Just heard about her
And imagined a lot
How out of the world it is.

Then one day
As we were sitting
In a park nibbling each other
I saw its reflection
In the emerald lakes
of your eyes
So amorous
So sweet
And giving
And so forgiving
It was frightening.

I wanted it
All of it
The real thing
But did not know
Where to go
And what to do
Once I got her.
I ran and ran
Combed each corner of the mind
Of each one I saw
And looked into their eyes
Young and old
Ugly and pretty women
Innocent and vicious men
They had all had it,
But only the reflection
not the real thing.

I asked them
And all of them said
They are looking for it too

BACK

The Lazy Afternoon Tryst

On a lazy after noon
when the winds lose their ways
in the casuarina needles.
let us go, my friend!
and scare the tides on the sandy beach.

Let us run
let us race across the white sands
puling our feet from the sandy traps
and if you fall down
I fall on you
and we roll
like the tumble weeds
until the wet sand
licks our cheeks.

Let us run
to the waterfront
and tease the waves
as it comes
opening its mouth
full of froth to bite us
we jump and run back.
if you fall
I fall on you
and we roll into the waves
like the sea weeds.

Let us run
sayang
away from the world
to the sea
and become mermaids
play with the colored fish
and swim with the dolphins
and sneak into the turtle's shell
and sneak out before it closes on us,

it you fall in side
I fall on you
and we roll together
like a twisted serpents
in eternal embrace.

BACK

Rain, Wind and Fire

Lightening
Bright and beautiful
Scary and powerful
entered the house
and lit the candles.
Two of them.

The rain drops
instead of playing in circles
on the swallow pools on the street
became waterfalls inside
rapid, but elusive
wild and demanding

The cricket on the wall
gave the signal to start the party
of the heart and the body and mind
the frogs sent approval by hundreds
and the male cat on the porch
wanted her, the elusive one
sleeping just there.

The soft current of the fan
the soft touch of the pillows
led to the soft touch of her
all over
Like two swans
like two snakes
like two rivers
they mingled
intertwined
merged
and lost the identity

The hours stood still
the days shied away
the weeks forgot to march
the work load
the pain of living
got swept away
by the spring of passion.

The song of the body
the meeting of the heart
the mingling of the desires
the throb of the lost and found lovers
got written in the sway of the burning candles
like the incense
burning and burning
in the altar of love.

BACK

Lazy Flower's Chronicle

Some times,
I feel like the lazy flowers
Just living and watching
The winds rush by
Like the office bound workers.

I want to watch
The visions of you
Stroll in me
Your smiles,
Your eyes
And your soft fingers
I imagine them
Probing me
Loving me
And not leaving me

I like to watch
The fireflies
Dancing in the darkness
To the rhythms of my
Thoughts about you
About what you could be
Doing now
May be watching the full moon
Through the window
Playing hard to get
With the desperate clouds.

Darkness
Clad in nothing but
Soft winds
Aloft with the images of you
Becomes my joy
My intimate friend
My connection
To YOU.

BACK

