

Invocation

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Coalesce

Look at my eyes
And hold my hand
And lead me
Close to your heart
Tight,
Tighter
Tightest
Until I become part of you.
Let us sway like the tendrils in a cool breeze
Like the cobras to the command of the snake charmer
Lifted by our passion
Engulfed and entombed in it
Let us feel the beat of our hearts together
Let us coalesce by the spell of the music
Like water drops on lotus leaves
To be together as one,
Individual
Ever and ever.

BACK

Adam's Chronicle

I am in my mohini dance
Just for you.

In a rainy night
When the wind sings and
The drunken trees swing side to side
I become a frog and
Blow bubble from my throat
Just for you.

In a day
When the clouds hide the sky
With dark satin cloth
I become a peacock
Spread my iridescent feathers
And dance in circles
Just for you.

When the heart of the plants
Opens up as flowers
To make the hillside smile
I become robin
And display my red breast
Just for you.

I collect twigs
I collect leaves
And make a nest
And decorate it with fireflies
Just for you

For you to come
Touch me
Hug me
And be one with me
And inscribe the moment
In my heart forever.

(Mohini means that can put one in trance).

BACK

A Night Full of Dreams

Last night I dreamt of you
I think it was a dream
But how it could be a dream?
If I am still inebriated
With the scent of your body
And If I can still feel the warmth of your kiss
Resurrecting every sense in me?

In my dream
We were on a meadow
Sitting and talking
Not noticing
The tired sun going down to sleep
The noisy birds returning to their nests
The crescent moon rising and winking
And then falling of the horizon

As the soft breeze brushed against us
We cuddled up and fused like
Two drops of water
As I stroke your hair
And kissed you softly
And shielded against all sorrow and remorse
To let you sleep in your cocoon
With a smile scintillating on your lips

Did u know that?
We told each other lots of thing
About our sorrows
About our wishes,
About our suffering
and about our brushes with the harsh reality
We shared our imagination and despair
But without a word
Because we need not talk
We could not talk
The mouth can only be used
For one thing at a time, you know.

Was it dream or real?
It does not matter to me at all
The fulfillment got tattooed in my heart

Then dream and reality
Are all same to me
How about you, my sweetheart?

BACK

I Feel the Desire

I feel the desire
To be close to you
And snuggle with you
To be overwhelmed
With the scent of your aroma

I feel the desire
To mine the moments
We are together
Selfishly, shamelessly
Like the pauper collecting the pennies
Like the birds collecting the grains
For the winter.

I feel the desire
To hug you tightly
To feel the warmth sip into me
Like rain water on a dry river bed

I feel the desire
Cupping your head around your head
Kissing you very softly on your
Red velvet lips
Like as if I have not kissed you
Ever before.

I feel the intense urge
To be with you

Close, very close
Like the moon and the clouds
Come on, my love
Where are you??

BACK

Looking Glass

Look
Look at me
Look inside me
with your dancing eyes
Look at me
Like Yashoda looked
in side Krishna's mouth

Look at me
and see the child inside
crying for your love
crying to be hold
to be hugged and kissed

Look at me
Look at the youth
that desperately
wants to love you
to be loved in return
laugh and laugh the worries away
and to run in the beach
hand in hand

Look at me
lover in me
wants to spend time with you
alone and alone
watching sunset
full moon
and listening to the breeze
through the coconut leaves

Look at me
the dreamer in me
trying to escape
from the jaws of living
to run away to a land
far away from the traffic,
greed, violence and politics
and be on a lonely beach front
with you hand in hand

Look at me
the man in me
helping, providing and protecting
worrying about your future
your health
your life
and your dreams
filtering through the strainer of reality.

Look at me
Look at the desperate
the wishful
the juggler of eggs
scared to drop any of them

In me
you reside
as a perpetual wish
as a perpetual escapade
as a precious gift
as a perpetual dream
like that of Vishnu
when I wake up,
it is dissolved.

BACK