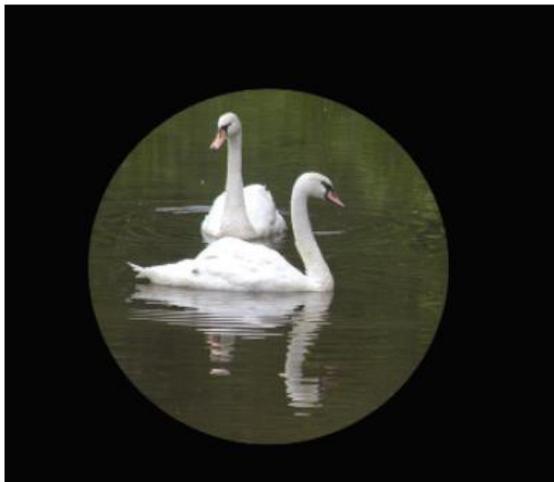


Moments
of
Our Lives
A Collection of Love Poems



Babru Bahan Samal

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Introduction

In Search for Intimacy

A desire becomes a wish

Then a lovely image

With time, it gets a name

And then a voice

A touch of a distant but intimate soul

With time it takes a human form

To care for

And

To shed tear in joy

With time

It again becomes

A distant voice

An image in pixels

A thought and a desire

That evaporate in thin air

Never to be seen or heard from.

...

Baby sitting

Relationship is a baby
That never wants to grow up
It is conceived
Sometimes by chance
But
Pleasure and pain are the derivatives

After the birth
comes the hard part

For its sustenance
For its long life
It needs constant
Stream of love
Patience and discipline
Lots of understanding
Lots of forgiveness
But
Very little greediness

...

Eventuality of Things

Sometimes things happen
As if there is a season for everything
In the heartland of Sahara
Spring appears with all its gifts
An angel occupies my mind
After taking it over
With only a smile.

Sometimes things happen
As if it is a destiny
To be honored and followed
Like a maple leaf on a stream

Sometimes events flow
in myriads of blind alleys
Punctuated by turns and twists
Where the future tricks or treats me
Turns a wasteland to a Garden of Eden

A moment of pleasure
Wipes out the agonies of ages
Inscribing beautiful memories
In the book of my life.

...

Love Is A Fire edit

This fire
A self-immolation
A divine one,
A mundane one
A magnet
An eternal pain
An intoxicating pain
I touch it to burn myself
And feel the warmth of pleasure
At the same time

Miracles Do Happen

In the rushed galaxy of life
We move in our own orbits
Inside our air tight cocoons
Secluded, scared and sedated
Never winking at the neighbor
Never wondering
Who they are

Then
Out of the blue
A distant star
Moving on its parabolic path
Comes closer and embraces us
We suddenly find the one
We were looking for a long time
And wonder
Was there life before this?

...

Pandemic Infection

She is thin

Thinner than the legs of a heron

He is fat

Fatter than the Happy Buddha,

Her eyes are hidden under coke bottle spectacles

His hair on his head could be counted

With fingers on one hand.

Her hair is hidden from the view in public

Tucked under the black head cover

For private viewing only

He has a beard

A garden, not attended for ages

She has a limp

A twisted foot due to a birth defect

He is stuck in a wheel chair

After loss of both legs

In a mission ill conceived.

She can barely speak
Thanks to a stroke on one side
He can barely put food in his mouth
Thanks to Parkinson's.

She was in penitentiary
Thanks to a crack habit
He is on a watch list for terrorism
Thanks to a mix up in names

Both are infected by the same bug
That honors no barriers
Man-made or otherwise
The symptoms are generic
Lots of smile, tears,
Heart ache, trembling voices
Waiting and cuddling and waiting again
This incurable disease
Makes life worth living.

Paving the Path to Ecstasy

People meet in all the odd places
After a talk on healing by music
In a memorial after a terrorist attack
In an airport or in a corridor of a college
Over an internet chat
Somehow something clicks to make
Two hearts beat synchronously.

Then every barrier
Those societies created
Country of birth, language,
religion and culture
Color of the skin
and even social bondage
Fall like dominos
To let two free birds fly
in the open sky

Against All Odds

Romeo and Juliet

She is a Muslim

He is a Christian

Never met before in life

But during their run from the violence in Syria

The refugee camp was the place

To convert them to soul mates

Religion, parents, siblings

The final goal where to take refuge

Became the obstacles

But the love persisted and overcame

All these mundane but powerful forces

Wedding celebrations

One Islamic

The other Christian

Tying the knots

To be together again

Against all odds.

**

The Discovery of the Interior

It took a while
To listen to the voices
Of the desires and dreams
Against the back-ground noise
Overwhelming all my senses

The voice was there
But really choked
Hidden inside
The body, trashed by
Age, weather and stress
By the kinkiness of the culture
By the cacophony of signals
But in the interior
Lurking in the core of our self
The eternal wish
For love is alive and well

**

The Tale of Intimacy

It starts like a few snowflakes
sticking to few blades of grass

After a while

If time, person and situation are right

It takes a life of its own

Becomes a snow storm

With time, we discover

Who and what we are

What we wanted all along

But only discover

Through an intimate stranger

The connection gets stronger
And the conversation becomes longer
With time there is a craving
For a sight
For a little touch
A looming desire
To drink nectar with trembling lips

With time, the intensity is in charge
Enriching the life
With the lava flow of the Vesuvius
Filling the life with
The pain and pleasure of implosion
But never satiating,
Never enough.

Anticipation

A Monster Named Desire

My desire
A bottomless barrel
Hungry like a new born baby
Always eager to up the void

I am a puppet
Dancing to its tune
Joking, smiling, crying
And cajoling
Sprouting wings
To cross the seven seas

I bang my head again and again
On the Himalayas
Only to fall and bleed
On the tundra of reality
Even then
The thousand headed monster rises
Tempting me to be with you

Before We Met

Before we met
I had dreams, dread and what to do's
All combined in an amazing swirl.

But our meeting happened
Without a fan fair
The moment got etched
As the epitome of my life

That moment stays fresh
In my mind's sky
Like the North Star
Ever bright
Untarnished by the tricks of the memory
Unshaken by the storms of time
As if we are meeting right now
For the first time.

Cherry Blossoms of The Spring

Love blooms in my bosom
Like the cherry blossoms of the spring
Dancing rainbows of wishes
Inebriate me
To love without pretensions

I become the canyons and hills
Filled with the fragrance of the wild rose
Of having it all
Only to feel the chill of the winter
By becoming a void again

With the myriads of clouds
I swim, looking for
Flowers of the paradise
Following its trail of the fragrance
To love her forever

The Inter-Soul-ar Search

I am looking for you
With a lifelong anticipation
Amid chaos and calamities
In the lab full of chemicals
In the never-ending void
In my multi-faceted life
To talk to you
To look at your eyes
To connect for the eternity

The search has been hard and long
Full of traps, full of surprises
Full of emotional black holes
But I cannot still find you.

You are somewhere
Beyond my wishes
Beyond my imagination
Beyond my computerized
Search and touch program

Shapes blind me
Beauty attracts and entices me
While
Languages create barriers
And emotion carves you out of my reach

I am still waiting and wishing
Someday before this body dissolves
You will come and say "Hello".
Were you looking for me?"

The Serpent Back in the Basket

As the night crawls in
My body and mind
Worn out from the chore of living
Become weak and weaker
Reducing me to a slave of my wishes

The caterpillar of my wants
Become butterflies
To wonder and wander away
In search of you but in vain

At the end
The serpent returns
to the snake charmer's basket
On its own
Only to curl up with himself
For one more night

Invocation

A Dinner Invitation

With all my heart
I would like to invite you for a dinner
There are no other guests
Only you.
The special you
The unique you

When you come in
You will be welcome with
Open arms
Open mind and a very hungry heart

The dinner will be served
At snail's place
And unlike an Indian dinner
We don't rush to the main dish
But enjoy it in the French style
Plenty to eat but leisurely

Don't be surprised
If you don't find

Drinks, appetizers
Or exquisite dishes on shiny plates.

This dinner is extempore

Drinks, appetizers

And main course

Appear de novo

Let us first have a drink

Pouring it

From one to another bottomless glass

To savor it

Along with the appetizers

Visible

Edible

Delightful

Eager to come out of gift wraps

With care and adoration

The expedition continues its pace

Step by step

To mark and cover the territories

Mind you

Appetizer

Usually tastes better with drinks

In between.

Now the time is ripe

For the main dishes

Take time to savor the taste and flavor

No need to hurry

As the whole night is fully reserved for it.

With the help of drinks in between

The guest and the host

Become the main course

Of insatiable hunger

The more we eat

More we can eat

And feel

More we should

The delicious desert of sweet nothings

Stuffed with belonging and dreams

Can last until the next meal.

Everywhere I Go I Look for You

Everywhere I go
I look for you
To build a world to live in
Not as a cocoon
But as a paradise
Flooded by the full moon rays and
Caressed by the soft breeze of the evening

With you
I inhale the incense of my dreams
See you in the color
Of the roses, orchids and coral reefs
The veil of imagination
Shrouds me
Caresses me
Embraces me
Loves me
Just like you do
Everywhere we go.

Idol Worship

I offer myself
To the icon
To the idol of my dream
All of me
My soul
my mind and body
to discover me by losing me
to enrich me by giving all of me

With the warmth of my heart
With the stream of my tears
I invite the moments
to be mine forever.
The fire burnt away
all my typos, taboos of darkness.
Fills me with love and life
To live the life all over again.

My Loving Distraction

Amid my slavery to my mindful living

I am a willing captive of you,
My loving distraction.

Thoughts about you are nothing
but a treasure trough of temptation
To sneak away to be with you
Ignoring my piled-up chores
Even for a short while

Your allurement
Sips into the crevices of the walls
Of my San Quentin
Uplifting me
Like a red balloon
To be with you
To taste the forbidden fruit.
Even for a short while

Think of Me and I Will Be There

When the spring knocks at your door

With all its gifts

When the breeze touches

Your cheeks to make it bloom

When the tides try to touch the moon

Through your lips

Using the bridge of desire

Think of me and

I will be there.

When the whole world

Seems not to care.

When the tears bubble up in your brown eyes

With the tsunami of despair

Think of me

And I will be there.

To offer myself to you
To give you a shoulder
A hug
A hand
A heart
And an ear
And even
Some tears.

Thoughts of you

Every morning
Thought of you
Decorates my heart with
The aroma of an evening primrose
Of senses and sensations.

Thoughts of you
Bath me in a crystal clear
Ever flowing stream of love
Fed by the melting snows of past
Mishaps and misfortunes
And missed opportunities.

Thoughts of you
Kindles the candle of a flower
On the dry tumble weed
To listen to the cries of the heart
To live in the world
Of imperfections.

Tumble Weeds

Hello, the scented breeze of the spring!

Lift me up with your arms

And play with me as you wish

Permeate me

Enrich me

Entangle me

In your sweetness.

Let your gentle touch

Rejuvenate

the dried twigs in me

on my trodden path.

Under Water Volcano

Fire burns down under
In the heart of the ocean
Under the fog of darkness
Under the mask of serenity
Under the shield of logic and civility

Fire burns down under
To give warmth during the harsh winter
Harmless, sweet, tender and caring
Like the soft and warm kisses
On supple places

Fire burns down under
Away from the eyes of the world
Away from the sighs of the world
Away from the cries of the world

Fire burns down under
With no need for fuel
With no need for an alarm or need
To wipe it out

Firs burns down under
For the eternity
It burns in silence
It burns to compose
The melody of life

Wish You Were Here

In the early morning
When the soft breeze of the spring
Permeates me
Like a sweet dream
I think of you
And wish
You were here

You Made Me Do It

I do my amorous dances
just for you.

In a rainy night
when the wind sings to
make the drunken trees dance
I become a frog and
blow bubbles from my throat
just for you.

In a day
when the clouds hide the sky
with dark satin cloak
I become a peacock
spread my iridescent feathers
and dance in circles
just for you.

When the heart of a plant
opens as flowers
to make the hillside bloom
I become a robin
and display my red breast
just for you.

I collect twigs and leaves
To make a nest
Decorate it with fireflies
just for you

For you to come to be with me
and inscribe the moment
in my heart forever.

Manifestation

Aftermath of a Meeting

Once I met you
Time relaxed under an old banyan tree
No more hurry, worry or apprehension
Of being overlooked or
A sense of lagging behind
To gather
More and more of everything

Moon overtook the scorching sun
The icebergs of my past melted
To sustain me
One more time
I looked at life
Looked at flowers
Looked at clouds
Looked at mountains in the Death Valley
And saw beauty in all
Life in all

Music in all
Even in the stark dire winter nights

I became a kid again

Back to the basics

Seeing

Feeling

Listening

And

Smiling

The way I am supposed to do

Awaken Self

Hello my unknown
Unseen icon
Thinking of you
I dance like a butterfly
And then I cry in joy
And despair

After a long time
The ice has thawed inside of me
Just because of you
All the senses have raised their heads
And opened their eyes
And demanding your attention

The tiny crack in the prison wall
Expanded and revealed
A hidden undercurrent of desire
Never acknowledged
Never nurtured
But drugged with
Work, morality, accolade and fear.

Now the Berlin wall has fallen
The snake of Eden is awake in me
To be a part of
Many alluring possibilities.

In me
The newly hatched bird
Trying to cross
The vast turbulent ocean
Before it learns how to fly.

Awakening of the Serpent

There was no need
For the love
For a touch
For a smile
I was in a deep slumber
As if forever

Why did you wake me up?
Lit the candle
To induce in me the hunger
For a touch
A smile and a kiss
A dream for a pie in the sky?

The fire storm within me
Glides in the desert in serpentine motion
To touch the mirage
To hug an abstraction
Of all wishes

**

The Bird of Paradise

Slowly and surely,
The bird of paradise
Of emotion, passion and desire
Opened her eyes
Cracking the egg
Of analysis, data and
A yearning for afterlife

The shell of isolation
And meditation
Got thinner and thinner
Then broke and spilled life
Spelled life
In warm hugs and kisses
To strengthen the wings of
Heart throbs and passion to belong
Even if, only for a moment.

Now it is maya's reign
A hallucination
To experience pleasure
Amid a deluge of pain!

Connecting Through the Fingertips

Do you remember the moments
When we were planting the seeds of love
And connecting for the first time
With no pretension?

Memories of these moments
Overwhelm me
And I feel
As if it is happening for the first time.
The first closeup look at your dream filled eyes
The first savoring of your succulent lips
The first sensation of tasting the cherries
The first simultaneous beating of the hearts
And the first feelings of being together
At the point of no return.

Did you remember darling
It all started with the touch of our fingers
Under the tutelage of a stolen moment?

Dawn of A Woman

There she comes
The dawn on a new horizon
The phoenix has risen
From the ashes of the dreadful past
From the graveyard of empty promises
From the celebration of nothingness
To caress the dreams for the first time.

At the end of the cloudy dark night
The raindrops have ceased to fall
Crimson tulips have added
Colors to her cheeks
Smile blooms on her eyes
Her lips quiver
On the morning breeze
To kiss
The dawn on a new horizon

Discovery of Fire

Before you came
I was a drop of water
On a lotus leaf
Nothing but a tiny mirror
For the blue sky to do make ups

I was serene
Like the womb of the Pacific
Not worried by the tempest
Surfing on the surface
Tearing everything into pieces

Then you came
To invoke in me a desire
An endless
Limitless
Fire storm
That smolders me
To savor and relish
Until I cease to exist

Fountain of Desire

My subject of affection
And my object of affliction
Serenade each other
Like the full and the new moon

My long time wishes
Were like the magnolia buds
Weathering the winter of sere living
To bloom with the touch of the warm spring

Wants, void and sadness
Overwhelmed my mind
With dark ominous clouds
Until you come
Then the rays of morning sun
Carved a smile on my face
To start my life all over again.

Home Coming

Slowly and surely
We move into the terrain of no return

An adobe built by us
Shielded from mundane worries
From noisy and nosy people

We move into this space
Shedding all our identities
endowed onto us by the society
We become the sere selves
Incarnated as love and desire.

To feel and play
Each other
Play and suffer in pleasure
Wishing more and more
In dream and waking moments
Again, and again.

Juxtaposition of Ourselves

Slowly and surely
Even though the distance remains forbearing
She is nearer and nearer
Molding my mind as she desires
She is the rays of the full moon
Illuminating me
Evaporating the distance instantly

Her thoughts
Soothing warm rain drops
Fall on my barren land to rejuvenate me
Sprouting dreams
while
Permeating to the innermost core of mine
Intoxicating it
with the aroma of her thoughts
Making her
Far and near at the same time.

Melting the Glacier

Before you came
I was an underground glacier

Your smile
Awakened my hidden
Suppressed, sweet, salient desires
To be alive again

The deep sheet of ice melted
To create the never-ending stream
Of desire for you
Wishing you to be with me
Even virtually
Talking, listening, sharing
Our sweet tales of
Love, lust and luster of life.

Ode to the Flood

This is prayag
where three rivers meet
my soul, heart and mind
my desire, dream and destiny

I am flowing from the subtle
hidden source of my heart
To a terrace of unknown land
The trip being the goal in itself

During the dreaded drought days
This river was a sub terrain trickle
hidden under the sands of betrayal
and cruel reality

I tried my best
to fill it with the tears of eyes
and to hide it under the cocoon of denial.
But to no avail.

Now,
after the snowcapped mountain
melted by the sunshine of your love
and overflow my brinks

This deluge
this dream
let is stay and fill my heart
and everything to the brim
and let the drought days
never come back!

Reality Redefined

What is reality?

I wonder

Is it that what I can touch with my hands

And see with my eyes

Or is it what I feel and think?

If that is not the case

If my reality is not a composition

Then how are you

Able to manipulate my body and mind

From such a distance

Inducing pleasure or pain

at the right places

Increasing my hormone levels

Giving me the feelings of

You being here?

Resident of my Mind

As the sun slides down
Below the horizon
The night queen strolls in
In blue velvet attire
Glossing all the ugliness out there

I can see nothing
but the twinkling stars
Even cannot see
the palm of my own hand

Darkness steals my world
Letting only the inner vision guide me
to the coziness of the dreams

Emerging from my mind
You touch and
Let the emotions and desires
Spring in me sparing no time.

There the distance disappears
The mountains and the oceans
 Sky and clouds
All become the playground
 To share everything
Until I open my eyes.

Solitary Confinement

I did not want to wake up
But lie on bed
In my solitary confinement
As a prisoner of you

Your name has become the mantra
Recital of a wish, a prayer
The rhythm of exhalation and inhalation
As if I don't exist as an individual
But as an extension of
You
And
Thoughts about you.

Something Changed inside Me

As I told you,
When we met
And began to know each other
Something changed inside me.

A seed was sowed in the ground
Tender and loving care
The sturdy seed coat fell off
Giving new life to
The two tiny green leaves

I was not quiet any more
I wanted to talk
I wanted to smile
I wanted to be
Myself again
Beautiful
Alive.

As we knew each other more and more

The roots started to settle

The leaves emerged

One after another

Swinging in the cool

Breeze of the spring

All my sorrow ran away

And I laughed

Then I flowered

Colors invaded me

On my eyes and cheeks

I wanted to feel

The sense of being alive

To embrace the world

It is you

Who changed

Something inside me.

The Awakening

Until you touched me

First my mind

Then my heart

And then my body

I did not know

Who I am

And what I want

The magic wand

Of your love and smile

Redefined me

To explore me

My senses

To question my goal in life

And the meaning of

Being alive.

With your love
The music is on
The ugly caterpillar
Became the multicolored butterfly
To feel the life
To serenade you

The Transformation

The beautiful marble statue

Was there,

But nobody could see her

Admire her

Touch her

Or kiss her

The ravage of the time

Left layers of gloominess on her

Rotting leaves and dust of despair

Eluded her from herself.

The tenderness stayed hidden in her

Like the sweet nectar inside a coconut.

Then he came

Out of nowhere

Touched her softly

Cleaned up all the dead leaves

Frozen drops of tears

Mosses and molds of black days

She became her real self
To be adored
With his hugs and kisses
with the touch of his body and mind
And soul

She is alive now
To dance
With the rhythm of the universe
All over again.

The Bride in The Bright Red Dress

Slowly but surely
The bride in the bright red dress
Between the two big lanterns
Opened her eyes
And looked

The rain had stopped
Even though she could hear
Lagging drops fall from the leaves
The sky was clear
The evening moon had replaced
The scorching sun of the summer's noon

She looked again
The stars
The breeze
The flowers
The clouds kissing the setting sun
The ripples on the breast of the lake

All seemed so familiar
But as if whitewashed
Given a new color
A new make over
To make her a young bride again
New hope
New breath
New way to greet the world
With no tear drops but hope.

She wondered
Why am I doing this?
For whom am I doing this?
Where does it lead?
Why for this intimate stranger
Should I smile?
Dress up
Take care of myself
Why should I
Change my life's course
Because he will never be mine
I was better off in my cocoon.

Then she looked
The stranger was nothing
But her own wish
In her each gait he touched her
In her each smile he kissed her
In her each word he whispered to her
I am yours.

He was there
Always
A part of her
An integral part of her
An eternal spirit
Of the bride
Between two red lanterns.

The First Words of Love

Initially

I did not think much of it
Even though there was a void
Waiting for someone to come

And fill it in

To become an icon
To shower me with love and affection

when you told me

that you love me

A flight of emotion

Flickered inside me

Conflicted about

What to do or not

Once I said

I love you too

Tears flow from your eyes

In joy

For me
Nights and days came
Filled with images of you.
After years of hibernation
I flowered
To shower you with
All my love and affection
Whenever I go
I have you.

The Power of The Whisper

You whisper in my ear
To wake up
and welcome the dawn.

The night has been a long one
Engulfing me
For decades
My senses and my true self
Wearing the mask of
Be good
Be obedient
Be virtuous
Let my senses wilt
And die.

Now with your whisper
With the touch of
Your fingers on my eyelids
The serpent is awaken
To fill me with the hunger
That I did not know I had
My thirst

As big as the Grand Canyon
Wants to have it all
Have it now
And more
All the time
The endless
Relentless
Pleasure of
Being what I am.

In my eyes
Flames of thousand candles
Sway inviting me to jump in
To feel the warmth

Let it burn
Let it burn my whole existence
But let me live
The moments
The enticing moments
The embracing moments
Of being human again.

Then She Became a Woman

The stone sculpture woke up
From hibernation
Tears wailed in her eyes
Logic, psychology and spirituality
Bowed their heads
And made way for emotion
Lots of it
To see some one
To touch some one
And to miss him before he is gone

From the deepest corner of her heart
The serpent awoke
To rule the mind
To arouse the butterflies in the stomach

She cried
She laughed
She felt again as she has never felt before
She became alive
Even sorrow decorated her
Like the snowcapped mountain
Of Kilimanjaro

Valentine's Dilemma

He never thought
This will happen to him
To the hermit
Who has disciplined himself
With mediation, fasting and rituals
With a vow to be celibate
Not to fall in the trap of love
For a mortal being.

Then out of no where
She comes and overrides all his vows
Breaks down his wall of self-control
To make him a human again
Eager to embrace the 'sin'
Eager to embrace a supple mortal body
Eager to kiss her luscious lips
Embracing the wrath of some
Those never tasted the nectar of love.

Weaving My Reality

Images

Memories

Voices I hear

The wishes I got full filled

Or the ones still in the back burner

The pictures I see talking to me

The smiles that crosses the seven seas

The sounds of the kisses that ignite me and her

The cloudy sky there or here

The flowers blooming in December

The occasional rain drops flowing uninterrupted

From her beautiful lotus eyes

All become threads of assorted colors

Weaving my reality

which becomes my world

My inner world

My only world to live in

Your Invasion of My Senses

Like the cool breeze in a summer night

Incensed with jasmine flowers

You invade my senses

I keep on listening

To a very sweet everlasting tune

An after effect

Of the first sweet encounter

Long sought and finally

Achieved

I keep thinking about you

And the power of love

That changes everything

Magically

Transforming us

And our thoughts

Our world

Whom we want to know

Whom we like to

Pull to our bosom

And keep there forever

I keep on thinking about you

Every day, as I wake up

As I go to sleep

As I work

Feeling you

Like the fragrant

Cool breeze of a summer night

Your Metamorphosis

Right in front of my mortal eyes
The magic wand of being loved
Metamorphosed you
To a sensitive, sensuous and
A scintillating butterfly

Sorrow and age
Became the ice caps on the equator
You became the lover
I always wanted
To feel your hunger
To taste your kiss
To be in embrace
Of a newly opened Jasmine flower

You became my love
The scent of the candle light
The warmth of the winter night
The simmering of the summer breeze
The aroma of being in ecstasy
Of making love
We became juxtaposed
Like ocean and the sky
Bonded in deep embrace
For eternity

Celebration

A Night Full of Dreams

Last night I dreamt of you
I think it was a dream
But how it could be so
If I am still inebriated with your scent?
The warmth of your kiss still
Resurrecting every sense in me?

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

As the soft breeze brushed against us
We cuddled up and fused like
Two drops of water
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 you know that?
We told each other lots of things
About our sorrows
About our wishes
About our brushes with the harsh reality
We shared our imagination and despair
But without a word

Was it a dream or it really happened?

It does not matter to me at all

The fulfillment got tattooed in my heart

Making the dream and reality synonymous.

How about you

My sweetheart?

A Street Corner Named Desire

Our paths meet.
Around the desolate arena
Where the lonely shabby lamp post
dressed in dust and despair
stands as a question mark of time.

You and me
Split apart
By believes
Realities
And wishes
Came to meet our alter Geist

The giant spider web of maya
Took us as hostages
Of a random act of serendipity

Come
Come close to me
And let us walk
Side by side
Our silent footsteps
High lighting the path of our descent
Into the maze called
'Nice to meet you'.

Hand in hand we walk
Crossing the mark of
What to do
What not to do

Leaving the shawl of vanity
Age and impression behind
Let us drift away
Into the silence of the night.

Slowly and slowly
Let us smell and touch
The flowers and the pollens
Within us and

Invite the oncoming tides
To swept us away

Never mind
The weeping willows,
The moon sneaking behind the clouds
The stars with jealousy in their eye
Shedding tear as dewdrops
The restless humming birds
Competing for a view
All around us.

Let us cover ourselves
With the wings of the spring breeze
Let us uncover us
To discover
All of us

Being Together

Remember the day
When courting an empty
Tiny, round table
We pulled two chairs
and sat close
Really close to each other.

We sat there
Hosting our heads
In the shells of our hands
Like the water bag around a baby.

We told each other a lot
Without speaking a word
The feelings got fulfilled
The fear was overcome
And the frustration of separation
Got swept away.

We sat there
Became one
Became alive again
Our minds merged
Our thoughts merged
Our hearts merged
And the flower of having it all
Smiled and yelled,
“That is love.
That is love.”

The Valentine's Day

Today morning opens the door
To a quiet and quite mysterious winter day
Outside so surrealist
Thanks to snow and winter mix
A perfect time to close eyes
And think about you

Or

Rather

Think about us
Where we started
How we fumbled
Into the vortex of ecstasy
Jumped over hoops
To live and let live

Our paths

Cross and crisscross
Merge and diverge

After a snow storm in June
We walk again
Hand in hand in soap bubbles.

We stride on rose petals
Spiked with cactus thorns
We drink nectar from the flowers of deadly plants
Eat fugu sushi in golden plates
To be together
To enjoy again
Today
The Valentine's day.

Full Moon Safari

In my dream
We were sailing
In the twilight zone
To the island of wishes
As the full moon
on the distant horizon
lit up our path

Slowly the streets
Began to fade away
Houses, offices
All melted away
And only thing I could see
Was you.

I could not see the river any more
Not even the boat
The sky disappeared
Along with the moon and the sun

Finally, we reached
the bottomless ocean
With no shorelines
Where I can feel, but can't express

Once you touched me
The moments
Became the blackhole
Omnipresent
Omniscient and omnivorous

Nothing existed there any more
No person
No time
Only thing I could see was you
Wherever I looked
Was only you

The gap between my birth and death
Disappeared
Some how
Somewhere in the eternity.

Nirvana in You

I dream of the luxury of
Being with you,
The cozy comfort, soft and sweet one
To snuggle in
During a very cold night
And share body heat
Feeling the warm breath on my face
Forgetting the world outside
Completely

Resident of Your Heart

I was a free bird
Soaring high in the blue sky
And playing with the infinite

No wants

No boundary

No pain

You were there
A golden color flowers
With irresistible nectar
Hidden in the deepest crevices

You enticed me to come
And I did
Leaving all my freedom behind
To taste the nectar
And to live forever

It was the best
It was the best of the best
I closed my eyes
And touched your interior
To drink the nectar, drop by drop.
While
Your petals closed all around me

Now your heart is my world
Your nectar is my only food
I am all my desires
And the prisoner of your love.

Seasons of Your Heart

I saw the raindrops forming in your eyes
The clouds swarming in fury
on your throbbing cheeks
The lightning sparks glowing in your eyes
And the dead silence
Before the storm broke loose
Tears were a gushing stream
As the dam broke
After the monsoon rain.
The swells from the heart
Wanted to swallow the shore in deep throbs.
And it did.

I did not run away
Wanted to get drenched in the rain
Held your hands
Put your head close to my heart
And listened to your riptides of emotion
The thunder became the soft wailing
And the raindrops trickled slowly
On your shining cheeks.

Before it dried
I wanted to wipe it softly
And I did.

I talked to you
Kissed you softly
Telling the rainy days will be over.
Have faith and
Have patience
And you did.

The sun shone
The rainbows danced in your brown eyes
And on your sleek long hair
The colors serenaded.
Jasmine flowers sparkled in your teeth
Between your deep red rosy lips
The spring came
And you danced like a wild butterfly
Running after the May flowers
Before they wither away
I wanted to save the moment in my heart
And I did.

There was a deep silence of the winter
With a sudden snow fall
All the flowers perished
Sunshine surrendered to the blizzard
As you remembered the bad days
The days when your wishes were just wishes
Your prayer remained unanswered
Everybody betrayed you
I could feel your chill in my bones
So cold, so aloof
Like the houses separated on a snowstorm
I was there
To give you warmth
By pulling you to my chest and consoling your
To forget those by gone days
And you did.

Desire, like the geyser at Yellowstone
Sprang from your bosom
Sizzled like the hot desert sun in summer
Like the lava from Mount Vesuvius
From your crimson hairs
From your red lips
From the corner of your beautiful blue eyes
From your red shoes and red skirts
From your red-hot nail polish
It danced
And taunted me
Come on
Come on
I wanted to get burnt like the fireflies
Attracted to the open flame
I wanted to jump in it
And I did.

Sweet Surrender

It feels so good
To let go of it all
And to become the fragrance of the evening primrose
Free from the specks of agony and anxiety
To become a pliable instrument
For your fingers and lips
Make a symphony
Or a feast of me

It is such bliss
To be vulnerable
And fragile
Like the flying ants after the rain
In their kamikaze attraction for fire
The world I see is
What I feel and relish
As I get
Consumed by you
To achieve
The final bliss.

Consummation

An Invitation to The Sloth Marathon

This marathon

One of a kind

Where winning is not the goal

But the pleasure of being in it

And the speed?

The slower, the better

The path is not lined with

Clapping spectators offering water bottles

But with twinkling candle lights

A celestial undulating rhythm of light and darkness

Soothing enough to drug one into a fantasy land

But not too harsh to spike the reality in

On this endearing

Spectacular journey from haven to heaven

We run at a sloth's pace

Clinging and letting it go softly

Leaving the mark temporarily

On a changing landscape

Eyes with glistening expressions
Become the starting line
Marching in the valley of grand Titans
A short and stiff fall from a vertical cliff
To land on
An ever flat and soft Prairie land
A meadow illuminated with
Soothing rays of anticipation

The marathon continues
At the slowest pace
To the temple of Eros
The finish lines
where
The sparkling stars of fulfillment
The fragrance of the unseen flowers
The aroma of the labor of love
Greet the participants
In this marathon of the sloths.

Being together again

In front of my eyes
The cork of the shaken
Champagne bottle popped
The full moon spilled over
All around
Reappearing in your smile
And in your eyes.

With clasped fingers
Your hands carved a
Circle of love
Around my neck
The touch of your sweet lips
Were the morning dew drops
On my petals.
The boundaries
Of my lips, cheeks
nose and eyes got high lighted
with your not so agile fingers

where aroma
from the champagne has crystallized.

Your smile inebriated me
The ecstasy of having it all
Danced and dazzled in front of my eyes
like the myriad colors on soap bubbles.

The lazy serpent in me uncoiled
My hands circled you above your waist
to look at your love-filled dreamy eyes
I pulled you close to me
Closer to me
To squeeze every molecule of air
From the space between us.

Then
Our eyes met
Our lips met
And I tasted
Love, life and you
All over again.

Dream of A Hungry Cat

I did not want to get up
From my cozy bed
Just wanted to stay there
Holding onto my downy feather pillow
And relive the sweet dream
I had last night about you.

In the dream
We were alone together
And you slowly guided my hand
And all my senses
To the right places
To feel, to taste and to inhale
And then to repeat it
in the magical mansion of love.

We, the inebriated petals
collapsed like a Japanese bamboo fan
And disappeared
Under the shawl of an everlasting dream

Eat and Be Eaten

Eat and be eaten,
The law of the life
The life of anticipation,
The anticipation of ecstasy
The ecstasy smeared with fear
The fear with chocolate taste
The taste of a desire
The desire of a moment
The moment to be with you
To eat and be eaten.

Ecstasy of Dissolution

In the dim light of the twinkling stars
 She is creeping on all four
Wearing nothing but the mask of desire
 Dazed by the smell of infatuation
The chocolate strawberry ice cream
Of the midnight summer's dream
 Melting and devouring
His past, presence and future.

Look!

He is not there anymore.

La Petit Mort

I am flying like a kite
A bird surfing the sky with closed eyes
Riding waves after waves
In an undulating ocean of my life

Moments become white horses
Gallop
But unable to
Keep pace with my heart beats

I am being peeled like an onion
One layer at a time
To liberate myself
No walls or shackles can stop me.

A surge
A volcanic eruption
An omnipotent geyser is overtaking me

Making me a cluster bomb
A chain fire work on a New Year's Day
Letting me
Experience life and death
At the same time.

Lioness with longing in her eyes

Lioness, with
Longing in her eyes
Looked at me
Lust, spilling over
Like hot lava, hot, humid
and humming with life.

Lioness, with dreams
Lingering on her rolling eyes, told me
Let us play the cannibal game
Losing ourselves in the
Lost world of
Lovers lane
Look for no goal,
Lessons or pros and cons
Leave the world of din and bustle
Lie there like the lawn grass
Looking at the stars on the sky
Let us make love
Like there is no tomorrow.

Lip Service

From lips to lips
The vast domain of amour
LOC, the locus of contact
Where Old Faithful surge
To submerge me in the aroma of sheer devotion.

Slowly I succumb to the ecstasy of
Serving, decorating, delineating
Savoring the flavors, colors, essence and
Smell of the lips

Those succulent lips
Are there. to imbibe
the nectar by a humming bird
That lost its direction to his home
Blinded by the myriad possibilities of
Being alive again
In the land of hills and meadows
Demarcated by the canyon and crevice of pleasure

Night Jasmine

She unfolded

Her petals

As the reality went down the horizon

We shed the tie and the laptops

Smartphone and lipsticks

high heels and Gucci bags

And smiled

And smelled each other

Aha!

Finally

The full moon

Over the bald mountains

Rose in her eyes

And the sweet spring breeze

Made the two oil drops fuse on water

Retreat in Heaven

While listening to
The music of the rain drops
The amorous calls of the frogs
The murmuring of the fan
He lies there
Day after day
Night after night
on her warm body

Being pampered
Fed
bathed
Groomed
Kissed
And loved
He lost the sense of reality
The bills, taxes and promotion
Death, disease and old age

There should be no life after this.

Talking Without Words

We met after a long while

In person

We looked at each other

And saw the footprints of time

Faint but visible

We wanted to tell each other

Our longings and belongings

But without words

Like all other living beings do

When they meet

When they mate

But for us

A sense of imbibing was long overdue

And missed so long

So the words were of no help

The emotional trail of dream

Woven by the fingers

The tongue
The lips
The subtle, sensitive
Sensuous succulent
Assets of our bodies
Were at work
Without a protocol or a manual
Everything
Just primal
The way it is supposed to be
When we talk without words.

The Dance of the Fireflies

The desire and quest
Peak their heads from the shells
To let
Two hearts
Two minds
Touch and
To merge to become one

The heat seeking flies
Dash to touch the fire
To lose their wings in immolation
And to be reborn
As babies of the eternity

The mute sings
And the blind sees it all
By the grace of the mirage
That devours
The dusty smog filled life of ours

To live in a paradise
During chaos and cries

The Maiden Voyage

There you were in front of me
The image of my desire
In my thousand dreams
Personifying as you
And better than the dream, of course

Once we touched our lips
For the very first time
The shock wave traveled
Down and down
Making our bodies weak and rigid
The warm breath
Melted the ice
Into sweet nectars
Only to be savored for the eternity

We became the trees of the winter
With no space between us
We became a single being

Breathing together
Pulsing together
Clasping together
Our hands, toes and arenas in between.

Two red balloons
Rose high and high to the inviting sky
Danced in the breeze of the autumn
To the music of the passion flowers

My Story of Creation

Tell me

Who can create desire in me instantly

A super-cyclone in a perfect day

Without a sound or her visual presence?

Her unspoken words

Subtle, innocuous words

Inoculate me with a want

That elaborates itself

For its instant manifestation

I become her wishes

Get swept away

In the flash flood from monsoon rain

In this thunder storm

Pulses of currents travel

In the Monte Carlo speedway

I succumb to the pulses of death
And instant rebirth
A perpetual recycling
of pain and pleasure
generating me
An uncompromising urge
to be one with her
For the sake of ecstasy.

The Temple of Worship

How do you feel
when your body becomes
a musical instrument,
to be played with tender loving care
All the right keys touched at the right time
with a lyric that only the heart can hear?

what happens when it becomes a temple
accepting all the tenderness of a devotee
A composite of the identities
of the seeker and the sought
spontaneously tending
to your unspoken needs

A temple with an idol

Encapsulated from
The surrounding reality
and void
Ruminating the loving moments
And wishing instant encores

Separation

Absence of Hiatus

Your absence

Your presence

Like the interplay of subject and the background

In a photograph

One is needed to make the other apparent

Our meetings

The long awaited short meetings

The experience of every moment

Coveted moments

Consumed moments

Smiles and touches

All instantly becomes alive

Pushing their absence to the background

As if our togetherness

Was never interrupted

Our footsteps marching to the eternity

Together, forever

Then the dream drops dead in an instance

When the background is in charge

As if whatever happened
Whatever we experienced
Never happened
But a sweet touch of hallucination
To smear a smile on our lips for a moment

Now we stroll alone again
on our trodden path in silence
Go to work,
Do grocery and eat
And text hello to each other before we sleep
As if we never left our places after all.

Clamoring Oxymoron

In your absence
My world is filled with clamoring oxymorons
A strange combination of pain
For you not being there
And a pleasure of remembering
All the wonderful time
And all the wonderful loving things
you do for me.

A sense of having you
And missing you at the same time
A void that I embrace tightly
To fill me in with pleasurable pain.

As time goes by
As your images become more surrealistic
My intensity of my love for you
Becomes stronger
Making me weaker and weaker
As if the further you go
Closer you become.

In this strange twilight zone
The sunrise and sunset become one
The night becomes
the day of redemption of exuberance
In the dream that lasts and lasts
Until we meet again

Creation of Emptiness

Did you ever wonder?
How can one create emptiness?
In some one's heart and mind?

By definition
A void cannot be created
As it is nothingness
A vacuum
A space with no life in it

But it gets created by
A magician like you
Displacing whatever or
whoever who was there
By moving in
Momentarily filling it with buoyancy
Life and love and laughter
And then going away
Even for a while

Day Dreaming is Nice

It is so nice to daydream
Staring at the sky and
Thinking about you for hours
And getting lost in the fleeting moments
We share
And wishing that moment never ended.

It will be still nicer
Much nicer
Instead
If we look at each other's eye
Sharing, caring and loving each other
And wishing this moment to last forever.
But it does not!
Too bad!!

How Do You Spend Your Winter?

Winter comes with all its vengeance
Lots of ice and sleet
Frigid nights are no solace
to a cold, hungry and lonely body
Darkness, despair and depression define me
Denial of everything I want.

You may ask
How do you spend your winter?

I spend my winter
Like the magnolia keeps its buds
Tightly tucked inside its heart
Away from frost bites
for six months
To bloom when the spring arrives

Then the winter is not even a memory
In the flow of thawed ice
The sun's ray sparkles
The flowers bloom
I become the playing field
of an eternal spring.

Looking for The Invisible One

When I go around my life
Ideas sprout in my mind
Like the weeds
Sprouting after a spring shower

When I look at
Works of art
Fill my heart with pleasure
And appreciation of being a human being
And thoughts that flow so quickly
To be told
To be shared.

Then
I turn around and look for you
But you are not there
How come?

Minute of a Moment

Suddenly there was a rainstorm

To drench the desert floor

Made small puddles of water

Where the tumble weed seeds

Imbibed 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.

The Intimacy Was Born

Before she came
She was not there for me
Once she came
I had no existence without her

Now
My whole life swirls around her
Day and night
Notwithstanding the confusions
Misunderstanding of the clues
Smiles replacing the tears
Or otherwise

But the growth continues nonetheless
Like a plant from the seed
Like the flooding of a low-lying village by monsoon rain

She fills up my life with happiness and sadness

Expressing her love

In myriad ways

Now as she is away

Her presence is every where

More intimate

As if a short hiatus is needed

To make a bond stronger.

This evening of mine

This evening of mine
Drenched with rain
Solemn, dark and desolate
Dressed in black satin cloth
As if to commemorate a sad occasion.

On the horizon
Clouds are not in a mood to move on
They just linger there
Defining the solitude
Engraving the depth of loneliness
in me

This evening of mine
Is bereft of stars
Who did not feel like getting up
From their dreams,

Letting a layer of emptiness
Devour everything
Including me
Only the soothing and sweet thoughts about you
Illuminate my mind's dark alley
Like the evening street lights.

Your Absence

Without you being there

The time moved

Like the bullock carts on an autobahn

A sudden loneliness

Shrouded me

Like icicles on barren branches

Without you being there

Silence laughed at me loudly

Ringing my ear for ever

I wanted you

Right now

Right here

Alas
I could not do a thing
Except counting the stars
In the basement
At midday.

Your silence is deafening

Your silence
So ominous,
Like the dark silent sky
Before a blizzard

Your silence is deafening
A void of indefinite dimension
Laden with innumerable whys
Even if it may be a casual reason
You are not here.

The silence is deafening
A sudden stop in the middle of a symphony
Sudden loss of power during a movie
An instant cessation of living

Your silence is deafening
Making me restless
A hamster inside a cage
Going in circles
Looking for someone,
Who is not there.

Come on
And break the ice for me.

Cessation

Nightmare of a millionaire

Why

Tell me why

amid the festivals of flowers in spring

I dread the oncoming winter.

On my colored soap bubble

thousand rainbows highlight my life

and return me to the days of my lost past.

Why

Tell me why

I fear

as if it is inevitable.

The bubble bursting

the colors flying away

and I stand there

all alone again

with a memory

of a castle in the air

Paradise Lost

Stranded in the Death Valley
with no map or food
the lost soul
is on the paradise quest.

The time was borrowed
Unreal,
A large, fantastic soap bubble
Reflecting all the colors of the life
A dream walk
A fountain of nectar in my desert
Haunts me
Fascinates me
Soothes me
Tortures me

Want to lose this mind
The memory of a dream
While I walk alone under the hot sun
To the end of the eternity.

Post Mortem

The night lasted
As if forever
Killing me by inches

I lost
The sense of taste
The sense of smile
The sense of touch
The sense of belonging

I lost
The strength to walk
The strength to eat
The strength to open my eyes
And even to raise my head

now

I am a living dead

With no feelings

With no interests

With no appetite

With nothing left

But my moribund body

And an empty mind

Silence of The Winter

Today the frost was on the grasses
White flakes glistening in the chill sunshine
The breeze was cold
As the messenger of winter has arrived
I put on my heavy jacket
To protect mw
From the chilly wind
gushing between the tall buildings
This appears to be perennial
Even though it just started last night
After a long hiatus
Still it wiped out
All the memories of spring flowers
The hikes of the summer
The colors of the autumn
As if they never came into existence.

Now the sound of deep silence
Reverberates all through me
Filling my canyons of loneliness.

Silent killer

Your silence

A stiff cold ice peak pierces me

ignites the cyclone

deep down the ocean of my pounding heart

Threatens me to sweep away the foot prints

On the sands of my time.

Your silence imprisons and suffocates

the pollens of the pinecones of my bosom

in the abandoned house over the sea

A lonely sea gull in my lungs cries

And flies in circle

In the dark cloud ridden sky

In the deep crevice of the night

Your silence,

A void feeling

A cancer

A cold incessant water drop

From the roof of the dark desolate cave

eats and beats his way

and sips the life away

slowly but surely

eroding the terrain of my life

cloaked in fear

and despair

but armed with hopes against hope

David fights Goliath

A lonely little humming bird

awaits and dreams with open eyes

To sip the nectar

from the smiling flower

The Day After

Unseen sadness surrounds me

Like the morning haze

Smolders me

Suffocates me

Like an annoying drip from a faucet

Which can't be stopped but endured

Sadness

Suffocates me with

A caged feeling of being in a void

Engulfed by an undefined want

An unseen

Unfathomable pain

Overwhelms me

Tortures me

With no solace from within or outside

An unending suffering

Fermenting and paralyzing me

For eternity

The Desert Sun of Reality

Yours pearl like tear drops

Traveled in the clouds

And soaked my chest

As you wept incessantly

The monsoon has come

With dark ominous clouds

Pounding on the horizon

Piercing your heart

Demolishing all the dreams

Of you, my sweet heart

Your big beautiful eyes

With glistening tear drops

Asked me

Where do we go from here?

Your lips fluttered

As if to say some thing

That can't be uttered

Sleep on me
My baby
Silently
Let my thoughts
My caring for you
Shield you
Sooth you
Support you
From the scorching desert sun
Of reality.

The Night of Giving and Misgiving

The night was short
But long awaited
The heart was stuffed
Like a popcorns bag
Ready to scintillate the avalanches
Your lips were the wings of the humming bird
Fluttering, flirting between hope and despair.

Your heart was sobbing
Exploding, exposing, exhuming
The tomb of unfulfilled dreams
Broken promises of sand dunes
Raising their heads
In your ocean of thoughts
What it could have been
Only if....

Come close to me, my sweet heart
Soak me with all your sorrows
All the resentments,
All the evasions of 'truth'

All the invasion of your faith and fear
Let us bond with the tears of
Our despair
Our defeat at the feet of stark reality.

With my kisses
On your lips
On your cheeks
On your forehead
On your eye lids
And other sacred supple places
Let me wipe your sorrows away

Let me hold you
Close, closer
To see the morning sun
Together
For the last time

The Silent Sob

When I touched her
Pulling her to my bosom

She cried
Like the melting icicle
From a tree branch

I can feel
The silent sobs
Inside her heart
Smoldering within her
Like a firestorm

Her body started to tremble
As she saw her
Future hopes
And dreams disappearing
Into the vortex of a blackhole

What could I do
But to hold her tight
And kiss her and console her
Without a word

The Snowstorm in Summer

Out of the blue
In summer
The snowstorm came
Cold, bitter,
Senseless
Cruel
To wipe out all the tulips
I had planted
And nurtured with all my love
For year after year.

Tears froze in my eyes
The fingers trembled like
A ceiling fan in full motion
Words succumbed in my mouth
I was flash frozen
Cursed

I tried to wake up
To relieve me the pain
To stop the bleeding
To look at the sunshine
And to touch the flowers
And hold my dream
One more day
One more chance
To be with her

Alas,
I was already awake.

The Sublime Moment

I wanted
The full moon not to wane
The spring breezes
Not to stop touching my cheeks.
The flowers not to wilt
And the bees not to run away

But I had no power over any thing
The fire burns inside me
Smoldering
Every inch of the world I built
Like a spider's web

But alas
Unlike
The spider's web,
It is not mine

It is Just a mirage of having it all
until
I open my eyes.

When I look
The reality laughs at me
Scornfully
And pitying me
For being a mere human

The Winter Bud

They say

This winter is the worst in 25 years

I know for sure that is so true

Decorated with ice crystals

Shivering in the cold breeze of the December

My dear flower buds

Sleep and dream

The touch of the spring

To open their eyes and smile

Then why am I so sure?

That spring will follow

The onslaught of this winter

May be the ever-feared ice age

Will bury the bud in its grave

Forever.

To Have It and Lose It Later

Remember

The day we talked about it.

Which is worse?

Not having it at all

Or having it

Enjoying it

And losing it?

I was wrong

Very wrong

It is not a smart idea

To have it

And then lose it.

What I don't have
Won't hurt me
I won't miss it
I won't lament for it
Day after day.

It is too much to bear
Too many memories blind me
All the things we shared
All the shared moments
Haunt me
As my present empty moments.
Laugh at me.

So,
My dearest,
It is never a great idea
To have it
Enjoy it
And then lose it

Reverberation

Dreaming of You

Suddenly,
You appear in my mind's eye
Like the smell of a very familiar rose
Like a very familiar tune
That I can never lose.

I get swept away
In the ripples of my past,
In the sands of time
So many things got written
So many things happened
Short and sweet
Like the life of a brine shrimp
Like the life of a tumbleweed.

There in the horizon
Streaks of sweet dreams
The 'missing you's

The touches, the kisses
The longings and belongings
The laughter and the sobs.
The tiny tints of love
The tiny hints of love
Overwhelm me
Engage me,
Entice me
And I sit there
With eyes wide open
Dreaming of you.

Footsteps of The Past

There was the knock at the door

Hello, it is me!

It was the sound of the footsteps

on the sand of time

Almost invisible

But still beaming with memories.

Serpent woke up

Listening to the charmer's flute

Oh, yes,

I never finished

The walk we started hand in hand

Long time ago,

On a warm May day

Now
Myriad possibilities mob me.
Memories tempt me
To continue that wonderful journey

Hey snake charmer!
Put me back in the cage
Away from the soap bubbles
and red balloons
I got to go back to work now.

Frozen Moments

Suddenly

The present became the past

A mummy for the future

To be thawed to weep silently

The dreamer died with the dream

The sleepless nights

The sleepy afternoons

The restless lips and fingers

Became fossils of the bygone days

Instead of being a healer

The time became a killer

It stored me in a formalin jar

Against my will

The moments

I don't want to part, departed

The chord

I don't want to cut, got severed

I lie here
Abandoned and in shock
As a frozen epitaph of my bygone days.

Frozen River

A running river is not supposed to freeze

But it did

All the tributaries to the river

Frozen too

All my wishes and emotions

Stood stunned

Like ice rain on a dead tree trunk.

Waiting for the winter to secede

Sooner

Rather than later.

Let the river be alive

Like an underwater stream

Not visible

But become alive and ebullient

For ever and ever.

At the End of the Day

As the sun slips down the horizon
As the full moon slowly opens her eye lids
Your thoughts creep into me
Like monsoon rain tap dancing
On a parched piece of land.

Silently, I sit down
And think about you
Trying to feel you
In my mind's eye.
Touching your hair
And kissing you
And doing much more

Still
Like the chilly wind of the winter
A volley of sadness overwhelmed me
Finding nothing but void
I succumb to the limits of my imagination

Realizing how much I miss you
Your touch, your giggle and
The real you.

In Memory of the Gone-bye Days

One morning, I woke up
And noticed
You were gone
Just like that.

You did not tell me a thing
Just vanished
Turning me to
A flower without smell
A flute without music
A sunset with no colors

Not so long ago
When you came
A new moon got its life
A rose bud opened its petals of
Desire, dreams and depression
I laughed, I cried
All, because of you.

You told stories
Through your eyes
You made music with your gait
You brought blossoms to my bosoms
And I dreamt, danced and dressed up
The world was the paradise.
All, because of you.

I thought
We are inseparable
Then what happened?

In the Middle of the Night

In the middle of the night
I am wide-awake
Memories
Becoming mist on my eyes
Wishing it to become
Moments again
The moments of discovery
Of me and you
The moments of acceptance
The moments of being the image
In the pupil of our eyes

The wishes became horses
Got wings and
Wanted to fly
But marooned
Tied to the anchor of time
On a desolate shore

Things Happened So Fast

I cannot still believe it to be true
But it was
That etched the moments into our hearts
As if all rehearsed earlier
What to do
When to do
And how to do everything perfectly
Without a word
Everything fell into place
Like a grand design.

Now it seems so unreal
As if it never happened
But was a dream after all
A fantasy wooing our mind and heart
Dragging us to the world of make believe

Then there are the marks
On you and me
Sweet signatures
Even though transient
Even they are already gone
Still remind us
The things really happen
Even disappeared so fast.

Prisoner of Your Thoughts

Like the rain trickling

Through a leaky roof

Your thoughts

Populate me

Entice me

To fly to the past

To that glorious past

To that unexpected past

That scary but exciting past

Where I realized

The meaning of love

And life.

That was life

Indeed

Very different

Very much a different tune

Sizzling,
Flickering
Like the undulating flame of
The candle light.

Memory Shower

Like the snow flakes
On a winter day
Your memories gather on me
Pulsating me with a smile
As I remember our encounter
From the lucky dawn
To the steamy summer noon
To the freezing winter nights
Filled with sorrow and despair

In the altar of life
We sacrificed
What we could
To belong to each other
Like the water drops and the clouds
Separable and inseparable
at the same time

Where does it end?

No, it never ends

It is a wild stream of the forest

Percolating within us

Permeating us

Rejuvenating us

Making us

Human

Fragile and immortal

At the same time.

Seasoning of Our Lives

Before the winter
The dreams sustained in hibernation
As magnolia buds
Waiting and wishing for the spring to come
And it did

We forgot there was a winter at all
The flower, the fragrance, the touch of love
Led to the steamy summer time

Yellow mustard flowers everywhere
The days were long but not long enough
To enjoy, rejoice

Did you ever think autumn will come?
But it did, with serene colors
Exposing our inner tenderness
Even from a distance
The leaves fell in droves as tears

The dreadful winter is now here

Confining us to solitary confinement

It is here to stay for the eternity

And spring

Did it really smile at us?

I wonder.

We Never Have to Say Goodbye Again

Space,
Time,
Oceans

Do they separate us?

No,
They join us
like hands across the globe.

We share the air we breath
the sun rays that make us smile
the moon that beams in the sky
and the sleepy twinkling stars

The life all over the world

One living being

The soul we have
is like reflection of one moon
on thousand ponds.

So, why do we worry?
we never have to say good bye again

The Smoldering Fire

Do you know why?
The fire burns brighter
When I try to put it out
It becomes stronger and stronger
And the flames amplify.

Do you know why?
When your voice is heard no more
It becomes sweeter and sweeter
Songs become closer and closer
Pleasing my heart
And I listen and sigh

Do you know why?
Your image becomes
So close to me
As the shackles on my feet tighten
Gags in my mouth
Does not let me talk.
And the blindfolds on my eyes
Makes you invisible

Do you know why?
You visit me so much
Laugh so much
Sing so much
Dance so much
When the doors close
One by one
Around me
Around you
But I see you more in my closed eyes

You know what
We don't need to talk to say
We don't need to see to feel
We don't need to suffer to cry
Because all have become so pervious
And I wonder why

The Story of My Life

You,
The story of my life
Birth, death and in between
Smiles and sorrows
Hugs and tears
Flowers and dark clouds
Everything and nothing at all.

As I travel alone
Vast areas of
Green meadows and mountains
Valley and sand dunes
In sand storms and snow storms
I think of you and smile away
The eclipses and the dark nights

Despite my hungry days and tired feet

I double up to touch your

Memory again and again

Wanting you

My canvas painted dark clouds

One by one, they fill up the space

In the violin's tune

The winds don't make a hiss

I stare blank at the space, dark and cold

Slow steps I take to remember the days

My head on your lap

I want you so much now.

When Moments Creep In

I don't wish to remember
But can't help it
As everything I do
Reminds me
The time nonperishable
The moments etched in heart.
Does not matter
Where, how
And why
It happened
But it did.

I don't want to relive
The moments
But it always creeps in
Telling me
That was better

Much better
That was life
That was fun
That was love
This is
Just survival

Dissolution

Mystery Reinstated

My blue rose of the heaven
Once again, you are back in my dream
A distant flickering star
Not to touch
Not to smell
Not to hold
But to imagine
Cherish and savor
Like the cherry blossoms
During the winter time

Once again
In the mist of this never-ending night
You became an icon
Without a shape
An apostle
A mystery reinstated
In my mind's sky

The Eclipse

There I was
Between the worlds of
Living and dead
Dripping like the cold water
From the melting icicles
On a warm winter day

It was cold
It was dissolution
A step towards the relief from
All calamities in life

There was nothing but
The silence of a moonless
Starless night
In the abysmal depth of the ocean
Where only peace and tranquility reigns
In the land of nothingness

The Living Epitaph

One day I died
Just like that
There was no remorse
No epitaph
No eulogy
No friends came to say good-bye
Just an abrupt end
A full stop
A period

I died
Because I wanted to live
Happily, ever after
With no tears
Fears
Or jeers

I wanted to live
Just like the maple trees in winter
Bare and beautiful

To live in the silence
No emotions
No commotions
Just supplying glucose and oxygen to my cells
Let the dormant buds of dreams
Decay in the dire dreadful winter
Because I want to live
