

Poetry Series

Abhay Mishra
- poems -

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Abhay Mishra(27-April)

Childhood Days

Those days of deep unconcern,
Without anxiety, no fear
Those days when sun was sun
And the water crystal clear.

Those days so easy and free,
Every morsel tasted great,
Those days with mother-divine
Rubbing love on my cheeks wet.

Those days of true immaturity,
Only mother-wit by my side,
Those days when the inner being
Dreamed to whoosh and glide.

Those days of pretty ignorance,
No speculation of future and past
Those days when biting about
Every bit spread in the vast.

Those days- months of Sundays
Laughter fell clear and plain
Those days -extravagant days
Plentiful in every grain.

Those days of sheer amateurishness,
And chimera by the gray-haired,
Those days topped with tales
And riddles for the bread.

Those days nor dark nor bright
But blatantly spoke what's what
Those days smile from the easel
Deriving 'something' from 'the not'.*

Abhay Mishra

Grudge Not Those Weet Dreams...

Took me completely by surprise,
Appeared she or eradiation at sunrise.

Austerely beautiful-undoubtedly I can claim,
Florid cheeks -Rose upon you, Oh! shame.
Seeing her in choir my heart sung,
Crispy, silky, aromatic ringlet hung.

Vivaciously stepped she in my clime,
Rhythm, her voice gave to the chime.
Oh Poor! Oh Innocent! -upon myself-I pity,
Earrings rustled, when walked in beauty.

Red hot flames - was that a caution?
Stood she as the tides cessation.
With the fragrance from her body did spray,
I was lost in a land - completely fey.

Submerged in her, an Insanity it seems,
A celestial Damsel-My Love Of Dreams.
In vortex though lost, I dared to chase,
Moonlit face that had tuned me craze.

Fogs have dispersed, now I just scream,
The fancy fairy has become -My Love Theme.

Though your beauty Ineffable, Delusive and fake,
Grudge not those sweet dreams-For God's Sake.

Abhay Mishra

How Can I Then Agree?

Still invigorates me,
The fragrance of that touch
From the pages, that you scribbled
From crysthemum
That you loved so much
That you kissed so gently
And now tied knots
forever with my words
And from the bed, you slept.
Often I see you smile and
hold my hands
In the mirror, the way you did
Seldom a night goes by, when
I dream
I sleep sound
Your bangles rhyme together
and....I wake
The intoxicating feel of your touch
runs into me
parallel to the blood,
and the gorgeous laughter
I have treasured everything
I have with me
every feeling.....
How can I then agree?
Why shall I then feel?
That you are no more
That you are no where.

Abhay Mishra

Nomads

Nomadic life-like fleeting breathe
Exhaling-inhaling
With joyous moments on piggyback
And exaltation trailing

For a moment, over the moon
The next moment wailing
What made you come? For where you go?
Folks kept on hailing.

Ask not where do I go?
For I have to keep on sailing
Picking up something from the world
And bestow, without failing.

Two words said and two received
Giggling and bawling
Sipping happiness and sorrow
Wrapped up in one feeling.

In this world of scroungers
Enroute happiness tilling
And like a mark on heart, we run
With dark failures stealing

We cared not for respect, or despise
But were seen freely twiddling
We greeted and embraced the death
In open air, arms stretched wide, kneeling

We have no notions of bad and good
Changed our course, without complaining
Throwing our wishes in the cell
And over the heart, jinx ruling

Friends and strangers, whoever be
We wish they keep on blooming
We threw our hands across in care
Now-we take-off from their ceiling

Abhay Mishra

Should We Drown To Meet?

On this bank I,
On that bank you,
Should we bleat?
Or, Should we drown to meet?

Through the flames you touch,
And through silences I thunder,
Should we fear?
Or, Should we clasp? Oh! dear

This world between our world,
It's more dark than light,
Should we passive lye?
Or, Should we ram into and die?

Think, Just one.. breathe to spare,
And then a myriad of.....dots and gaps,
Should we run back again?
Or, sever for eternities in pain?

On this bank I,
On that bank you,
Should we bleat?
Or, Should we drown to meet?

Abhay Mishra

Silence

Silence woke up
and disturbed my calm
Pulled my years
Bothered all night
I could not sleep

It screamed
When I slapped hard
But, it bit my hand
And sucked the red, but
I could not weep

Abhay Mishra

The Farewell To Love

That street stood silent,
Lonely and dead,
Lamps flickered,
In dreary-night's bed.

Like drunkened, unbalanced,
Stumbling on way,
Lifeless and grave,
Not a word to say.

Roaring and crying,
Accompanying the gale,
Meandering and lingering
Alone to bewail.

The sky was mourning,
And hopes too cold,
Something not heard
What the hour told.

Devoid of radiance,
The mawkish smile,
Driving in gloom,
For another mile.

Giving a cold shoulder
The breathe was found.
And the heart of a stone.
Carried the ground.

Sobbing and wishpering
In fancy's realm,
Attending and singing
The dirge of damn

Someone did meddle
Into my smouldering solitude,
Fired a thousand questions
It was really rude.

Running back into the things,
Was salting the lesion,
Enkindling the fire,
For an unhealthy reason.

Walked in paradise,
Showing me hell,
For so easily she bid,
Love's farewell.

That hour so painful,
And silence all around,
With tears as buddy,
Home-ward bound.

We parted away,
In pains and tears
Half-broken hearts,
To sever years.

Lips laid frozen,
Dew on the brows,
Cheeks so cold,
Passionless: top-to-toes.

From the break of the dawn,
For a long trustworthy,
Now the same face
Shys away from me.

No reason seen ere
To perform so wise,
Relations now end
In a sudden demise.

I was but there,
With flowers to greet,
To lament is all left,
As she did not meet.

So easily she said,

Let's kiss and part,
Pack up and no more,
You abode in my heart.

Thousand times I asked,
But she laid doggo,
Lips lay frozen
With dew on the brows.

No friendship, No love,
No promise, no vow,
Betrayed and denied,
Prepared to go.

Traced back the path,
My eyes quite far,
There was but silence,
Only pains and scar.

Had she hailed!
I could get their straight,
Though passion lies speechless,
Forever I'll wait.

Now love's last breath,
And love 's last gasp
And its now all final,
We'll never clasp.

With the farewell of love,
Innocence closes eyes,
Faith kneeling down,
In the open skies.

Abhay Mishra

Today

Today,
A tear dropped,
Then tears dropped
Onto the surface of my face
Then a thousand tears dropped
Then a million tears dropped
From the flesh to the surface of the earth
And amalgamated into a river
I brought some logs
A canoe I built
Set the oar and liquid in debate
I rowed on and on
Into the endless miles of moor.

Today,
Alone, while
Sitting under a solitary tree on horizon
Twice the world spun,
No more I was alone,
Thumping and thundering,
Solitude approached,
In thousands it reproduced
Into one, all of them fused
In another incarnation I was lead
They created a world of their own
No flesh, No life,
An unknown zone
Nothing but silence, I could see
Nothing but nothing, I could hear
Enshrouded life, Far and near
And in equilibrium,
Set the pleasure and pain,
Elected me they, to rule
the world on the other side of the door.

Abhay Mishra

Wake Up!

There is more work
Than one can remember
Wake up and abandon slumber
There are a million doors
That lead to victory
Just open it and see
What is life? Like numberless melted dew
You shine, perhaps, if you do something new

Abhay Mishra

When I See

When I see the roses, swaying in fresh air,
Remember I, that graceful face
I used to stand and stare.

When I see the nest-ling, twittering in the nest,
Remember I, those golden moments,
Which I had treasured best.

When I see the sun, at dawn in blood red,
Remember I, sunk in thoughts of you,
While sprawling in the bed.

When I see the night, stealthily drawing close,
Remember I that tough hour waiting,
For you-with a rose.

When I see the showers, after the burning sun,
Remember I, In stretching fields
With hands in hands run.

When I see the ecstatic air, go with a swing,
Remember I, your mere presence,
Blossoming climes bring.

When I see the nature's, beauty widespread,
Remember I, two hearts too close,
But, weaven with a thread.

Abhay Mishra

You Will Leave

You will leave
And will leave nothing
You will walk away,
With the earth in feet
With the dust and heat
And never to retreat
For eternities it may last
Only shadows to cast
With hours they'll turn weak
And the future bleak
You will leave
And will leave nothing

The bridge that we've built
Slowly it will tilt
The other end unreachable
And all that would be our fable
Known to you and me
Oh! HE will also see
You will leave
And will leave nothing

My soul will seek the sand
My hours will, but you demand
My shoulders will feel your hand
My life will look for stand
My days would become
nights brimming with stars,
My ways
endless desert hours,
You will leave and will leave nothing
Only a song to sing,
And to fly back some memory wings.

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