

Poetry Series

Abhinav Maurya
- poems -

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Abhinav Maurya()

A Glimpse Of Thee

Bright side of thee - beguiling.

Dark side of thee - intriguing.

Stains on thee - imperfections.

Thereby, in my world thou art a perfection. A resemblance of the moon. Envied by clouds and mighty stars. Though in distance, thou art so far. All I need is, a glimpse of thy sweet light. Coming out of thy soul on my face, night.

Abhinav Maurya

A Morning Thought

Words have both life and soul and they touch thou to thy core.

If I could send mail through air. I would write 'the words' on the aroma of Night-blooming Jasmines, in the ink of moonlight. And I would send them to you in the morning breeze, pearled with dews and packed in mist of twilight. Setting the notification tone in birds sweet singing voice.

Abhinav Maurya

A New World

Diving deep into a new world. Explored by a handful of people from our herd. It's so beautiful in here. Solitary, but a different kind of happiness and peace. The feelings are out of my words reach.

Seeing new plantations, meeting new creatures everyday. Desires and mortality have gone at bay. Seems reaching close to my salvation, far-far away from hunger and starvation. 'Mercy' to the people, who were here before me. Who left their notes to give us prospect and vision that we strive.

My obligations to mortal world are calling me out of this trip. I don't have there any grip. For now I am going out. Just to come back again and thrive. Hope one day I'll get here 'a permanent life'.

Abhinav Maurya

Dam Of Thoughts

The rains of words were being accumulated in dam of thoughts. Not even one was getting passed through the flood gates, were no leaks there. Level of words was swelled, passing the red mark. A destruction was inevitable. So I decided to open some doors a little. Just a little I opened, and they passed with such a ecstasy that I opened a little more. And in procession I forgot the little house of mine near the bank of river. Now I have got no place to go.

Abhinav Maurya

Door Bell Rang

I was drinking my tea, looking out of my window, searching in someone else's.
And door bell rang. I opened the door. There she was, standing with a bowl,
asking me in her entrancing voice; if I have got some sugar.

Abhinav Maurya

First Love, The Crap You Sold Me

You said to me that I'm young and I have a future to look after. I accepted, though I was devoured.

Now I see the point, and 'future' crap you sold me. It was the fear of social acceptance that you never told me.

I have come a long way since then. I have seen many in this rain. Some enjoy it with their open arms. Some run away to find a shelter. And here I'm, still stuck on your chapter-numb and dumb.

Abhinav Maurya

Happiness

Happiness is the smile of the eyes.
Happiness is the every little moment of life.
Happiness is the peace in the middle of silent sea.
Happiness is the moon bleaching nights spree.
Happiness is the warmth of the sun in freezing winter.
Happiness is the colours dancing on canvas of a painter.
Happiness is the cool morning breeze in hot summer.
Happiness is animals grazing in pastures with their herds.
Happiness is birds twittering in their flocks.
Happiness is when thou art not bothered about time of thy watch.
Happiness is the coziness in love ones understanding.
Happiness is the feeling of a explorer's finding.
Happiness is bloomed sunflower.
Happiness is daisy bathing in rainy shower.
Happiness is twinkling stars in desert vast.
Happiness is the pursuit of life, and never lost.
Happiness is all around us.
It's the song of life; sing by nature; in profound devotion to us.

Abhinav Maurya

High In Love

Somewhere something went right, I met you and you made my life a gleaming sight. Before I felt nothing, now I feel like an earl.
All of this 'coz of you my pearl.

You came like a morning breeze; shivering my inside, giving me goosebumps, making my heart a stormy tide, rushing through my veins, reaching everywhere, et suddenly time paused. Unblinking eyes, gazing at you, all possessed. Had one expression, stunned brain couldn't suggest.

In background, it was autumn, raining leaves. Warning of winter was falling off cliffs. I ignored, was too much to read. Now I'm confused, are you real or just puffs of weed?

Abhinav Maurya

How Long Can I Wait?

I can wait until the universe expands so much that all the attractions stop. I can wait until the light from your face takes billions of years to reach my eyes. I can wait until everything freez and fade, never to seen again. Yes, I can wait until the time stops(If I could) .

Abhinav Maurya

I Love The Way You Respond - A Love Day Paradox

I love the way your face responds when I look into your eyes.
I love the way your hairs smell when I kiss you on your ear.
I love the way you close your eyes when I kiss you on nape of your neck.
I love the way your fingers respond when I kiss you on small of your back.
I love the way your cheekbones respond when I kiss you on your forehead.
I love the way your hands respond when I kiss you on your lips.
I love the way your hip bones respond when I kiss you down there.
I love the way you are.

Abhinav Maurya

I Slept All Alone

I slept all alone. But woke up in smile, sharing my pillow with someone known/unknown.

To be continue...

Abhinav Maurya

Life And Art

Life is an art, art is life.

Sense it; my ears, nose and eyes.

Hey! brain don't fickle, admire and love smooth like a pebble.

Calm you tides, be like a tranquil bay. In the end, it's the only ray.

Abhinav Maurya

Love And Lust- A Cool Fool

A deep craving, injected in hormonal drive. A lust pumped by heart, beating fast, reaches to veins, stuns the brain. And in strain it passes the control to eyes, to face and fingers doing the rest. No words here, only the signs, an automated process, an ecstasy divine. A touch weights mountain here, determination and coldness of a mountaineer. Destination is to mount the body and the soul i.e. the top. Thou, thy, thine, I, my, mine... All the persons end here. The things that go further are love, respect and care. Though, there's one more dimension, called no strings attached in my mansion. Sounds kinda cool, eh? Fool around, but don't be fool.

Abhinav Maurya

My Life

Devoured, but still think I am winning. The game of life, ruled by me (I think)but have been played all along. Time is laughing into my hands. Singing 'the past' song.

I have compromised for conventions. By killing my feelings on every steps. Thrown myself into this wild goose chase. In hope of something I don't even think I wanted to get.

Is it too late?

Am I long gone?

Is there no hope?

The questions I ask myself every day. In silence I sleep bidding adieu to this play. To be woken up in same, again to get slayed.

Abhinav Maurya

She Had A Bad Dream

Don't be afraid.
It was just a bad dream.
Breath slowly- and slowly go back to sleep.
Thou art not alone.
I have thee submerged.

In far away woods wind is singing lullaby with leaves.
Moon is showering it's cool white light of love on streets.
Stars are twinkling deep in the sky like your beautiful eyes.
Dews are falling off leaves on puddles, making heavenly voice.

Rivers are flowing with one aim, to meet the sea and get vanished in it's name.
Night-blooming jasmines are spreading their magical aroma, mesmerized breeze
is gone in coma.
Crickets have gone silent, like they have understood their noise- violent.
Fireflies are dancing with joy, switching on - switching off like a baby does to it's
toy.
Brooks are bubbling, singing their evergreen harmonious song.
Pebbles are busy in their life long learning of what's wrong.

Tides of sea have gone calm.
Thou sleep in my arms, my love- thou sleep.

Abhinav Maurya

The Lamp Of Night

Every night the lamp on my table lights the books of the poetries that I'm reading from ages. Full of knowledge and imaginations, while going through pages I start at random but always end up at one, the special one, about her, only her. And I read that one again and again, begin and again until my eyes give up on my heart and brain.

Gracias poetas para Creando un suplemento a mi corazón dolorido, la poesía.

The knights of peaceful sleep.

Abhinav Maurya

The Woman

Independent, Liberal, Spirited, Intelligent, Smart and Art lover; Darling you don't need any more weapons. I'm already dead. Forget 221B bakers, you're are the wonder of the stonehenge.

Dear Ms. Adler,

You have shot me at point blank range. The proud colosseum of me, is now a mere ruin. My Taj has been abandoned by the moon. Hanging Gardens of Babylonia, that's all I have been. Like Torre pendente di Pisa, now I lean.

I wish I had intelligence to read your nerves. The power of a telepathist to understand your inner curves.

To know, what intellects have you been served?

Dear herb,

You are 'The Woman' I have always strived. As the world knows, I'm not deprived. But in such a cyclonic swept away, how could I have survived?

Abhinav Maurya

To My Daughter

Thou changed my life, the moment thou hold my finger with thy little hand. While in infant sleep, how did thou understand? No worries, so peaceful, wrapped up in softness, like a fairy, spreading joy with thy magical wand. Seemed so unreal, yet real, Ah! you poor little thing 'charm'. Thy bubbly cheeks, as I flicked; jello of jolliness ticked. Thy wondering eyes, wobbling in surprise; and suddenly closed, seemed gone in deep analyze.

A kiss on thy forehead, enjoy heaven of dreams my rosebud. I might not be there sometimes. But I'll always come back. Thou shalt always have unconditional love of thy dad.

Abhinav Maurya

Trying To Explain Love

Love is neither constant nor singular. It's a changing variable and sometimes plural. Explained by nature in a clean sky tropical rainforest. Dew making drops, and fall of drops 'the sound'. Soothing to ears in one and multiple counts. It says, fascinate but don't fixate. Enjoy the life as it comes and gets. Love thyself, and thou shalt be loved, again & again.

Abhinav Maurya

What About Her?

What about her?

Everyday I see her, always the same unfamiliar character.

She always seems in hurry.

Like something is missing from her life. Something that she wants to have. Which is... beyond my brain's deepest dive.

Maybe she just wants to run away from this brute world?

Doesn't want to be the part of this chattering and battering herd.

Looking to get her own prey.

Far-far away from being a prey.

But what about me? Why am I led astray?

Am I meant to resent her (since she is unreachable to me) ?

But how could I?

There is a relief in her presence; after years of silence.

Abhinav Maurya

Who Am I To Despise Thee?

Thou make mystery envy of thy eyes. Thy ignorance puts bliss in surprise. Thy smile eclipses the sunrise. Thou art too enigmatic to Turing to device.
Who am I to despise thee?

Abhinav Maurya

Who Knows? Who Cares?

Everyday I wonder what's in her eyes. And she smiles, fake? May be not, who knows? who cares? And there it goes, ended in ignorance and despair.

Sometimes we do talk two words or maybe more, but not enough and door slammed, was she bored? May be not, who knows? who cares? And there it goes, thorn of vanity pricked before rose.

What's that fear? Yes? No? but something that resembles in similarity, have nothing still feels like losing. Infatuation? Love? May be not, who knows? who cares? And there it goes, switching between brain and heart, close.

Too many feelings, where are you binary? My rationality and sanity, Why are you so far? I need you. Lets deal in you. We need to reach somewhere. It's time to stop running and get determined. I need to know and care/let go.

Abhinav Maurya

You Beauty, Purple

You beauty, purple. What's that droplet stick with you? Shining in your colour, wanting to be with you. Unaware of your conspiracy, in collude with grave forces. He'll be drag down to his sources. His credulousness will end up in inevitable remorse, he will strive to get out of your treachery.

Soon one strikes, dragging him down. And then second, even worse; a rising horror with yellow power in the east, burning everything for it's feast. Now there is no way. Poor can't stay. Survival will end in extinction. Until the twinkling knights of love come in rescue.

You still shine. Looking sparkling and fine. But you will also become victim to these forces. One will suck your beauty and others will take you down to dust. Youth falls in front of time, so does the prodigal lust.

Abhinav Maurya