

Poetry Series

aigis nalian
- poems -

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aigis nalian(27-03-1985)

A Bird

True lies upon my mind,
Thy wonders, O Lord above...
Of all wonders, is a kind
That fearless soaring dove.

Free such a bird, none has yet seen
A flap, a second, and lo Behold!
She soars onwards to conquer
Her own way of life untold.

A chirping, tittering, sonorous song,
Merry, mellifluous, melodious, long
My lovely bird, its feathered plume,
Drives away my dreary gloom

I I sit astride and learn anew,
The causes of happiness, one among few
How sings the bird so, though its cage
Confines and holds it for all its age

Each day i hear another song,
I have a guide, all along
That though te world be good or bad,
Sing i must a happy song

If I had a winged pair
It'd be my solemn vow
I'd fly unseen to lands of yore
And rid mensfolk of troubled sore.

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A Journey Through Hell...

A warrior's cry erupts
The quarry is sighted from afar
Each breath held in avid anticipation
As each soldier readies for war.

Forward goes the surging swell
Of humanity, maddened in its rush.
The train arrives, awaiting the crush
Of an early morning hell

Each person gasps, held in a vice
A stranglehold, endured each day
A slip away from death, he holds on
Limbs askew, he rolls with the sway

This sea of humanity, unforgiving, whole
Shepherded towards a common goal
Returns again, to endure in pain,
A journey in tomorrow's train.

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A Little Angel...

I was driving down the highway,
My mind was a bit distraught,
When I met a little child,
My attention she caught...

The little child smiled at me naughtily,
she held out her hand a little haughtily,
Beckoned me to her side
And she asked me for a ride...

I took her along, amused by her bravery,
Amazed by her willingness to trust a stranger so,
She saw it in my eyes, though how i do not know,
She just smiled, and sat right next to me...

And as we drove through, she showed me the blue sky,
She showed me the green grass, a beautiful butterfly...
She showed me how my troubles were too little to care,
And that I was in need of a moment to spare...

And when she got down, she smiled, waved goodbye,
I shed a little tear, I don't even know why
For that little child had shown me, what life truly meant,
For she was my angel, that for me God had sent...

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A Poet

Poetry, that language of the soul,
That indeed should a poet speak
To express, to put forth, or indeed impress
For him to sing out, make life whole...

A poet's dreams, they are his life
He puts them on a little piece of paper
He puts in his joy, he puts in his strife
For himself, and for the world to remember

His inspiration is the world outside,
Yet, his canvas seems so small
But with the words he paints inside,
The myriad colors of spring and fall...

Oh how i wish I was one today
I'd be the best poet there could be
But thats not possible in a way
'Cos I could never rhyme, you see..!

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A Walk By The Beach...

By the blue sea, run a hundred faces,
Their hearts aflutter, paunches held aloft,
While the lovers blend into the unseen places
With their cuddles and kisses, sweet and soft...
And the sun in a rage,
sets on fire the sky
In a riot of colours yet unseen by man
The last moments of a warrior, in a blaze of glory
To lend life to a canvas, as best as it can...
And the aged wise men sit, awaiting,
Deliverance, from a life so full of weariness;
And the children play, in all innocence, hating
The elders who grudge them an hour's happiness...
And the youth look in vain for just a little love,
To the sea, they tell their troubles, a shoulder to cry on
While birds laugh at them all, from high high above,
Such ends another day, and another day is born...

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About Writing A Poem...

With pen poised high over paper plain,
I sit awaiting an idea to write,
And yet my mind just searches in vain,
For an idea, as it hides just out of sight...

What shall I say, that yet I have not said
In verse, I have put my every thought...
And still at night, just before bed,
I yearn to write of another thought...

Of demons, goblins, fantastic lore,
Of a poor traveler's travails, achy and sore
Of love and nature and earthly delight,
I've written them all, some or the other night

Is it all over, my poetry dead?
I ask myself in horror, It just can't be,

Oh dear me, i have been misled,

'Cos here's another poem, how silly of me!

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All I Wanna Do...

All I wanna do is talk to you...

All I wanna see is you smiling at me...

All I wanna hear is your sweet voice divine...

All I wanna touch are your lips with mine...

And every day I know when I stay alive,

Don't wanna let you go; don't wanna miss your smile...

All I ask of you is another chance...

To set the record straight, with another dance...

I keep you in my dreams; I keep you in my heart...

And if you wanna see, just tear me apart...

'Cos all I wanna do is to be with you...

'Cos all I wanna do is to just love you...

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An Ode To You...

The words spill out in a rush,
For a million thoughts run through my mind..
Each a different hue and tone,
Each painted with a different brush.

How indeed do I now express,
When i write this ode to you...
That how a million words seem less
But how these lines will have to do...

What is it that makes you special?
Is it your eyes that always trap me?
Or is it your smile, or your face like an angel?
What is it that sets my soul free?

'Tis no true, when they say always,
That love does make you blind....
But instead you've shown me a paradise
With your beauty, one of a kind!

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Chains Of Solitude

Solitude, thy lonely chains
Have bound me all my life
It fetters and tightens, it pains
And lends me so much strife.

No beautiful world I have yet seen,
Because the years have passed me by;
My hands are tied but my mind is keen
As held and bound I lie...

I wait for the day, the moment dear,
When God will set me free.
I wait and wait with lonely fear,
What else but wait and see.

A single friend, a single hand
To aid me end this ordeal;
To walk this lonely stretch of sand
With friendship true and real...

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Colours

Vision, the eternal gift,
So different it is from sight
We look but do not see the light;
The colours that make up this world.

We fail to see the colours of spring
The reds, blues and purples of divinity,
The hues of life, evolving, flowering,
The pinks and yellows of prosperity.

We fail to see the kaleidoscope
The colours that strengthen, give us hope
Even in the grey, the black and the white
Of the skies where the birds elope.

Also in brown and green there is
The promise of life anew, in birth
So much there is that we always miss
And waste away this life on Earth...

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Education

High hopes we held in mind;
That day when we set forth,
On a journey out there to find,
Our future, in our own hands, took birth...
A million dreams of solid gold,
And castles in the air,
And glory, power, adulation untold,
And beauty, sweet and fair...
We dreamt of being pillars of strength tomorrow,
To hold up this world every day,
We dreamt of driving away every sorrow,
But betrayal met us today...
Education, our first hope, our light,
Left us hanging, taught us but one thing,
We've to ready ourselves for a fight,
Because our education taught us nothing...

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Every Time....

Every time i think of you,
I shed a little tear,
Every time i remember you,
I can feel you near,
I can see your smiling face,
Every time i close my eyes,
Everything else just is a haze,
and my world just feels so nice...
I could find no words to say,
What i feel in my soul today,
And every day, henceforth i will,
Regret being quiet, but still...
Every time my eyes will bleed,
I will say to myself, Be strong,
'Cos to you my heart will lead,
'Cos one day We'll meet, it won't be long...

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Feel...

You cannot feel, the night so beautiful
As she calls me to her, from afar
You cannot feel the angel of peace;
As she passes you by, resplendent, surreal.

You do not see the army of stars
They beckon to me so, and ask me to be
One with the earth, one with the sea;
One with the purity that you cannot see

I ask you to be, more than a human,
And open your soul, to the power above
I ask you to be, just like the miracle,
That you really were meant to be

I need you to feel, the cold chilly wind
And hear the stories, she wants you to know.
I want you to care, for the brooks and the streams,
I want you to be in my dreams...

And I wish you return every night, again
To show me how beautiful this world is;
To rid me of suffering, to ease my pain
To sooth my soul, with a single kiss...

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Goodbyes...

These are hard words to say, these goodbyes,
for they only bring tears to the eyes...
They evoke a picture, of lush green, a smile they bring,
And of a tomorrow unknown, no longer seen, no longer spring...
Hath but in thy hands, other words to speak, To elucidate thine sorrow, yet
lesser bleak...
A future, where our hands are no longer clasped together, All alive but in
memories, that we spent in fine weather...
Call it lady luck, cruel fate, or just destiny
For there must come a day, when we must part ways,
And choose our own path, to life, to harmony,
For there must come a day, when we choose what stays...
Though rivulets may flow, through eyes, unbidden
It doth remind us of some love, still hidden
We all die a little, inside us, somewhere,
These wounds never heal, but we pretend not to care...

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Its Been A Long Time

Its been such a long time,
Since I let my mind wander..
Across the open seas and oceans blue;
It's been a long time, since i felt so free
To go to places unknown, lands unseen,
To people whose hearts reach out to me
And speak to the birds in melodious song,
To feel at peace in the cacophony.
Its been a long time since i've travelled
To meet pharaohs and ghosts and creatures
wildy unknown;
Yet, so much a part of my childhood dreams..
To don a hundred hats, to live a hundred lives,
By the starry moonlit sky..
Like sweet honey, these memories I savour,
Revived whenever i feel lonely..
Its been such a long time since I let my mind see
The child I always wanted to be...

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Love

Far away across the ocean blue...
On either side, two aching hearts cry,
For the other's touch, to meet they try,
As lovers so often do...

Their last time together, still fresh in their minds,
They reminisce with growing sorrow,
For it is in her arms some solace he finds,
And now they find no such place to borrow...

Such cruel the twists of fate, they say,
That splits two loving souls apart,
The pain, it tears, crushes the heart,
And madness surrounds them every day...

And so my friend, be warned today,
Of love, it may break you, kill you even,
Yet be not the one that knoweth not the way,
Of hope that true love hath always given...

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Midnight Melodies...

'Tis midnight, when it's eerie, inky black,
And when an owlet hoots, I'm taken aback;
'Tis pretty calming too, music that the night does play,
And yet it chills my blood to hear a lone wolf bay...

To hear the chattering of a thousand bugs,
As alive together in a rhythm,
A melody, written in an unknown hand,
Together as one they hum...

When befalls the witching hour,
And all is calm and serene,
When the stars descend, and fairies meet,
Oh, 'tis such a beautiful scene...

In an urban jungle, of concrete gray,
I live, yet tonight far far away,
I go to the lands of glen and vale,
Where stories of the night do me regale...

With witches, a princess, a midnight jaunt,
And white translucent ghosts so readily haunt;
When imagination takes my hands,
And leads me softly, softly into unknown lands...

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Monsoon Blues

His eyes on the horizon,
For a sign, he searches
A wisp, a puff of black, he needs
Some rains for his parched senses

His arid soul, a barren land
Cries out in pitiful agony,
Needing to revive, in vibrant green
A land, now pallid, dead and stony.

At last, God relents, gives in
and opens his heart, gives birth,
He provides in abundance, at last some rain
To quench the thirst of a dying earth.

He fills with a misty gleam,
The morning hours, now so pleasing
Life flowers, awakens, like a dream...
a heavenly scene, beautiful, teasing...

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My Friends

My friends, they are to me,
A lifetime's worth of joy...
They are the ones with whom i see,
In a moment, a lifetime go by...

Those sweet moments to cherish still,
Together in the rain,
Sitting by the window sill,
Singing in sweet refrain...

My friends, they bring along
sprightly spring and sweet sunshine;
And never a dull moment is known
With these friends of mine...

Fill thy boat with pleasures few,
But remember to keep a friend or two...
For it is only them that take you near,
To your goal of happiness, my dear!

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My Wish

Under this starry starry sky,
The first star i see so bright
I wished for my love, i wished for you
Only your love tonight.

You are my guiding light,
my sweet moonlight
'Tis only you that i need
'Tis for only you, my heart does bleed

Even if the stars were a thousand, a million, 'tis true
I'd wish the same wish for you;
To be by my side tonight
'cos you set my soul alight.

Every time i wish, to touch and see
That silky black night's satin shine
To grab a star, to make it mine
Though it is undeserving of me...

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Night

Ever since I was a boy,
I wondered so much about the sky.
I felt so close to them out there
And yet I wondered why...

And often have I wished at night
For a blanket with a twinkling galaxy,
From the Milky Way, what a lovely sight
Out there, just for me...

Out there may be a world unknown,
A world so right, just my own
Lies awaiting to be found,
Waiting for an omen, spellbound...

And as the night tells her tales of lore,
Of those legends on starry nights that shone
I live again in the age of before;
And I no longer feel so alone.....

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Office

'Tis my first day, in a project new....
The PC calls out to me, beckoning, inviting
No happy faces around that i knew,
how will I survive here without fighting?

I look around with trepidation, fear;
My world this is to be, now on...
My future's fuzzy, 'twas once clear
Expectations blown away, just gone....

Managers and leads, in discussions heated..
While resources toil, and feel so cheated,
Tempers flare, the fight is on....
Still, work is done be it dusk or dawn.

At the end of a long awaited friday,
They all sigh in relief,
'Enjoy the weekend! ' they say,
'Cos it all returns, thats their belief!

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Season Of Love

Spare a thought, this season of love,
For that poor little loveless soul,
Who spends the days in morbidity, and how,
For him the bell does toll...
For everywhere he turns, are twain entwined,
Doth sing out to him, the robins and jays,
But he alone is alone, says his mind,
Deliverance, for deliverance he prays...
With flowers abloom, birds in the air,
When lovers meet without a care;
Solitude envelops him, like clear blue bubbles,
And remind him so of his troubles...
For a kindred soul, he looks around,
But emptiness replies, without even a sound...
Spare him his misery, leave him be...
For his mangled heart has hurt and bled so,
The depth of his pain, for lack of a love,
Is for everyone to see, he has nowhere to go...

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Seasons...

The first rays of summer sweet,
That seeps through the winter cold
That first bit of welcome heat,
'Tis what does unfold...

Until it becomes a raging army,
And scorches land and soul,
Until it leaves us feeling barmy,
And our minds a blackened coal.

This play of seasons, spare us O Lord,
And give us spring and fall..
When each of us becomes a bard,
With beauty at our beck and call.

If not for those welcome raindrops and snow,
I'd wish my wish were true
But the seasons, they have their reasons,
And those i can never know.

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Some Days...

Some days I think I was born to think,

Not act in any heroic way,

Some days I think I was born to play,

And be a superstar some day...

Some days, I want to contemplate

My feelings, to get it straight;

Some days I want to sing out loud,

Some days to be a face in the crowd...

Some days, they just don't end so fast,

But not when I want them to stay;

Some other days, they just run past,

Especially when I'm on holiday!

Some day I'll know what I want to be,

Some day I'll know my destiny

Till then I'll dream of what to do,

Some day I'll make that dream come true...

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Sunset

'Tis that soothing hour that has come...
When darkness spreads her silken sheets,
And casts her spells over us, so welcome
'Tis the hour when the world retreats...

To the soothing colours of gold and gray,
That sweep across the sky together
'Tis the hour with lovely weather
Thats cool and subtle in a lovely way...

The sun retreats, to mountains afar...
Where it resides, in its abode, we were told..
As it pulls with it, its army of gold..
And just then, for a moment, we spot a star..

'Tis sunset that evokes in us, all we feel
Are a hundred emotions, each of them new
'Tis the time each day, a moment we steal
For ourselves to admire God's handiwork...

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The Sun

The morning sun sings a sweet greeting,
With golden rays to shake your hands;
And spread some cheer throughout these lands,
With some dew's presence, fleeting.

And misery floating through the night,
Disappears, vanishes from its sight...
'Tis a sweet dazzling dawn's delight
'Tis when all your sorrows become alright.

Dark clouds may come, dark clouds may go,
But the sun, always keeps returning,
Never yet could the darkest cloud keep
The sun away, 'tis still bright and burning.

There never was seen, a brighter face around
Than the sun, to awaken you and to inspire...
Never a better way to begin this day
Than to live out your dream, your heart's desire...

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The Way It Is.....

When you work, work and work all through the weary week,
While waiting for the weekend all the while,
And when it does come slow and meek,
It leaves us soon, with a smile...

Why this injustice, why this state of mind?
'Tis not right, 'Tis not right I say,
when we work, time drags i find...
'Twere my wish, that it were some other way..

'Til I find, on one fine sunny day,
That my hands are now so weak...
While my dreams are scattered afar and astray...
What was once my future is suddenly here, so bleak!

'Tis my sincere wish, as it once was,
that instead of faith in destiny's hands;
I'd painted a little more colour to the canvas
And wrought my own future, like so many on Time's sands....

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Time

It feels like I'm running, on an endless treadmill,
Faster and faster and faster to fill,
The gap between me and an unknown destination,
Yet I've gotten nowhere, to my consternation...

I've suddenly lost count, of the tiny beads of time...
Cos they're suddenly too many, they slip right out of sight...
Down the rabbit hole, my time, my precious time...
They skip, they bounce, suddenly take flight...

Like specks of dust, like sandy grain,
Like a fleeting moment of summer rain,
Exhilarating moments, now evaporated, extinct...
Some blurry images, some so distinct...

The future, my friend, 'tis a funny place,
'Cos its no more, when we get there at last,
When everyday, we run this ugly rat race,
We've lost out on our present, made it our past...

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Why....

Why indeed do we pine and yearn,
Why indeed do we never learn,
To please ourselves with a little delight,
And sleep in fitful peace at night?

Every day we rush on, fired
Forward with hopes held high in thought,
And return disappointed, tired
With our hands empty, our minds distraught...
Such a life, abhorrent, we lead today
And yet our only prayer remains untold,
That we shall change our lives some day,
And then live a better life, tenfold...
What pleasures pure life does unfold,
We fail to let our minds go free,
Shepherded on, so slaughtered, sold,
We fail to see what we want to be...

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Worries

Uncertainty, i was certain was the reason for it all,
The only true reason for my downfall,
I used to think i was pretty sure, Or maybe i was not,
Or atleast my dear friend, thats what i thought...

I thought and i thought, and i spent whole days,
In the end i gave up, and sat in one place,
I felt that i was wrong, or maybe i was right,
And thats what kept me up all night...

What was it my friend, that i kept doing wrong,
Was it just me, or fate's cruel song,
Why did a little success elude me so,
Why, oh why, i just had to know...

Till one night, in a dream God told me,
No more my son, no need to worry,
But now i'm not sure, if the dream will come true,
And that in itself is a reason to worry anew!

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