

Poetry Series

**Anushna Satapathy**  
**- poems -**

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Anushna Satapathy()

# A 50 Paisa Coin

The dust gathers,  
All around me.  
Its settling on me,  
Making me sneeze.

There is no one with me,  
I am so lonely.  
Have I been forgotten?  
Or does nobody care?

I have forgotten,  
My life before.  
The only thing i remember,  
Is being dropped into the darkness.

The others, they come sometimes.  
But they never stay.  
A day or two,  
And then they are always used.

But me,  
No one remembers.  
I have been here,  
For who knows how long.

Its dark, I am waiting.  
I've been waiting, hoping.  
Somebody, someday will take me out,  
And I will see the sun once more.

Anushna Satapathy

# Confusion

Waiting for the unknown,  
Struggling with my composure.  
Why am I so anxious?  
Why am I so restless?

What am I waiting for?  
What is it that I look for?  
When I'm lost deep in my thoughts,  
Oblivious to the outside world.

Lost in myself,  
I am idle.  
On the surface I appear thoughtful  
But inside, my thoughts churning in confusion.

I try to think,  
But cannot.  
Does happiness elude me?  
Or do I elude happiness?

Anushna Satapathy

# Death Took You

We were happy, we were free  
Two sole creatures, you and me.  
But it didn't last all that long,  
Why was it not meant to be?

You had an accident,  
It was my fault.  
Because I didn't run fast enough  
to shout 'Stop! '.

I cursed and I cried.  
It's not what i usually do.  
But without my permission,  
Death took you.

It was wrong,  
Or so I think.  
I went to the funeral,  
I did my bit.

Your favorite flowers were there.  
I said a prayer, I said it softly.  
I wish you heard,  
It was not your fault, It was mine wholly.

I cursed and I cried.  
It's not what i usually do.  
But without my permission,  
Death took you.

Anushna Satapathy

# Died Another Day

I never knew how it felt,  
To lose someone close,  
Until that day,  
That made my life, like ice, to melt.

One minute I was sure,  
Of my life, of my reason to live.  
The next, it was so no more,  
But like a river, it changed directions every second.

It was devastating,  
It was like hell.  
I went into depression,  
I went into an abyss, I fell.

Nevermore to rise again,  
Smile i never may.  
But i just wish he had,  
Died another day.

Anushna Satapathy

# Falling For You

I see you,  
You see me.  
We look at each other,  
And just keep on staring.

I want to hear your voice,  
But I cant start  
Because I cant find courage,  
To open my mouth.

As if you've read my mind,  
You start speaking.  
You ease the tension,  
You remove the awkwardness.

You crack jokes,  
I laugh at them,  
Even though they aren't funny,  
But I still do it, for you.

You say my name,  
It sounds so sweet.  
I am falling hard,  
And I'm falling for you.

Anushna Satapathy

# First Kill

I hear the hiss,  
Of the knife, whistling  
Through the air.

My stomach goes numb  
As I feel the slash.  
And then fire!

It burns! Oh, how it burns!  
But it lends something,  
Clarity and anger.

It helps,  
More than I can say,  
To overpower my opponent.

The adrenaline gone,  
I feel the pain.  
It is draining.

I see the blood,  
So much of it.  
All mine.

My head feels heavy,  
I am sinking.  
So much for my first kill.

Anushna Satapathy



# For You

What did I ever do,  
To deserve this punishment?  
Why am I forced,  
To keep going on?  
And for who's sake,  
Yours or mine?

You ruined me, you broke me,  
Like a shattered mirror.  
You cannot fix me up.  
I'll never trust again,  
And its your fault, all yours.  
Yet, you say you still care,  
But do you really?

When you said you loved me,  
Did you laugh as soon as my back was turned?  
Because those empty promises,  
That floated in the air,  
Have been blown away,  
By the gusty wind, oh so far away.

My steely exterior,  
Is just that, an exterior.  
While inside, I cry tears,  
Tears that no one will ever see.  
Like your promises,  
They too, will go away.

You were never real,  
Fake as the smile you gave.  
Like coal, your soul is black,  
Inside and out. You have no heart.  
But one difference, between you and the coal,  
Is that the coal is at least true. Because you never were.

Anushna Satapathy

## Haiku # 1

The cold biting at my legs,  
I deep in thought.  
Wondering and grasping at straws.

Anushna Satapathy

## Haiku # 2

I wonder where you are,  
Stifled in this cold silence  
As my life drains.

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## Haiku # 3

Frustration gnawing at my insides,  
I wonder when it will end,  
I am caged, my freedom outside.

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## Haiku # 4

I dont know what to do,  
I am helpless.  
I'm spinning out of control.

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## Haiku # 5

Love is an illusion,  
Peace is fickle,  
What is real?

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# Hate And Anger In Me

Why is there so much hate  
Brewing inside me?  
Bubbling and boiling,  
Threatening to spill.

Why is there so much anger,  
Burning inside me?  
Hitting and shouting is,  
All I seem to do nowadays.

All around me there are people,  
Busy with their lives.  
Why does it irritate me so,  
To see them?

Is isolation what I want?  
But i don't like being alone.  
How do i get this feeling,  
Of crying all the time to go?

Anushna Satapathy

# Heartbreak

Tears burn my eyes,  
Wetting the deserts,  
Which have for so long remained dry that,  
It feels almost peculiar to feel the wetness,  
Though as to why I have no answer.

Hurt sears my heart,  
Melting the chambers,  
Which have for so long remained stone that,  
I almost did not recognize the agony,  
Wreaking through me, it was heartbreak.

Inside, cracks appear on stone,  
From which poured lava,  
Boiling and bubbling,  
Forcing me to do things,  
I'll regret later.

Anushna Satapathy



# Innocence

Oh weary traveller,  
Hush now and listen,  
To the high notes ringing,  
So sweet in the air.

Like a nightingale she flits,  
From place to place,  
A cascade of melody,  
Pouring from her mouth.

She picks a flower,  
And inhales deeply.  
Then laughs a tinkling laugh,  
Like bells singing in harmony.

And when her mother calls,  
She runs to her,  
With child-like glee,  
Her face as bright as the sun.

Anushna Satapathy

# Insanity

Eyes that are heavy with sleep,  
Stare unseeing, at the world around.  
In a land far away, they are lost,  
Where nightmares alive, are found.

Empty hollow eyes plead,  
For deliverance from their hell,  
Paranoia and fear reign supreme,  
In those deep dark bottomless wells.

Times when sorrow seems sweet,  
Life receives but a parting glance.  
Longing warms the broken eye,  
And death seems, like its only chance.

Insanity is, but a word.  
Yet by itself it condemns.  
What is real and what is not, who knows?  
Society is insane, it only pretends.

Anushna Satapathy

# Life Like A Candle

Life is like a candle,  
It burns itself out.  
But oh! How it burns,  
In the short time it does.

And the flame of that candle,  
Flickers so bright.  
Wavering, like a tree in a storm,  
From side to side.

Easily blown out, its never stable,  
In this world,  
Where peace is scarce,  
It dies out. Poof! Just like that.

Anushna Satapathy

# Life?

Life manifests in things,  
That often go unnoticed.  
Her humped back,  
Akin to a camel,  
Roams the desert,  
In search of salvation.  
The only real thing,  
Is the phoenix of hope,  
Which rises from the ashes,  
Again and again and again.

Anushna Satapathy

# Magic

Head pounding,  
Heart beating,  
Blood boiling,  
Breath rushing.  
I feel it in my veins,  
The world goes silent.  
Its slowing down,  
And everything is crystal clear.  
I know now,  
And i wont fight it.  
This is my destiny,  
This is me.

Anushna Satapathy

# Me.

I am not perfect.  
I am not who you want me to be.

I have my faults,  
I'm at peace with them.

You ask the impossible,  
You ask me to change.

Its not easy,  
But I wont give up on me.

I am who I am,  
Even if I dont know who that is yet.

I wont change, I will remain,  
And you wont stand, in my way.

Anushna Satapathy

# Poison And Hate

Poison is deadly,  
But what does it do?  
The answer is obvious,  
It kills the person its given to.

Hate is called poison  
But what does it mean?  
For poison sickens and kills,  
But the effects of hate cannot even be seen.

But oh! Hate is indeed poison,  
As it sickens and plagues the mind.  
And of a person who nurtures hate,  
If his spirit be seen,  
It would not be white  
But black, with all the hate and negativity,  
Which is darkening its light.

Anushna Satapathy

# Random Thoughts

In the hot summer morning light,  
I stood looking from a great height.  
And to my right there was a pack,  
Of dogs, barking for a snack.  
And on the road to Naukuchiatal,  
There lay a dead man.  
But I guess I was mistaken,  
For he woke up and smiled.

What is death I wondered?  
Pain, sadness, oblivion?  
Or  
Relief, bliss, happiness?

In a clearing nearby,  
There were some rabbits snowy white.  
He neared and made a noise,  
Thinking they might like.  
But ran away the rabbits shy,  
Thinking any moment they might die.

What is life I wondered?  
Prejudice, inequality, discrimination?  
Or  
Fame, power, pleasure?

Thoughts keep coming and going,  
And so do people.  
But each has in mind what he's supposed to do.  
Obstacles come and go,  
Never fear them for you can find a way out.  
It is true, any time now we might die,  
And yet, anytime now we might perceive a moment of joy.

Anushna Satapathy



# Stone Cold Assassin

I stare at the walls,  
Lost in my thoughts.  
I don't care about,  
Whatever the hell's going on.

I am a loner.  
I don't mingle.  
I have a heart  
Cold and of stone.

Death doesn't bother me.  
Pain doesn't deter me.  
I know no emotion  
Of pity and fear.

Honor holds no meaning,  
If it doesn't get the job done.  
You ever want somebody dead?  
Call me. I am the assassin.

Anushna Satapathy

# Suicide

So ends another day,  
And I'm alive.  
I made it through,  
Atleast this one day.

Everyday I feel,  
The hopes, the aspirations,  
Pressing down on me,  
Making it hard to breathe.

I feel suffocated.  
Staying alive each day,  
It seems like a task.  
Getting harder and harder to complete.

Sometimes it feels like too much.  
I cannot handle it anymore.  
I look for solutions but,  
Only one comes to mind, suicide.

Anushna Satapathy

# The Assassin's Curse

I bury into flesh,  
Hungry for action,  
It gives way under me,  
And then it bleeds.

My victim cries out,  
In pain and misery.  
My master cries out,  
In pride and elation.

The tangy feel of blood,  
Sliding down in rivulets,  
Makes me glad, it makes me happy,  
It drives me into a blood soaked frenzy.

My master is the wielder,  
I, the instrument,  
Of death, spread far wide,  
You do not want to meet us at night.

My body shines bright,  
Silver in the sunlight.  
A savage bloodthirsty gleam,  
In the center of my right eye.

I am the assassin's knife,  
I am the assassin's curse,  
I am the assassin's absolution,  
Indeed, I am the assassin.

Anushna Satapathy

# The Circle

In a symphony of chaos,  
Death a sweet release.  
Blesses those who are worthy,  
Of its light, of its glory.

The opera still carries on,  
As night wears out,  
The fat lady graces the floor,  
And sings till all is over.

The depressing tunes the piano emits,  
Echoes all around the hall.  
As the clock ticks down,  
To a new start, a new dawn.

And as the dawn enters the world,  
Shyly throwing its light,  
Slowly, slowly she ascends,  
And then turns back to night...

Anushna Satapathy

# The Skies!

On a fine day  
Blue and white,  
The skies are at rest.  
Sleepy in their mindsets,  
Going to and fro.

But when the skies,  
In their anger roar  
And thunder.  
Mere mortals cower before them,  
None bold enough to face them.

Proud and kingly they are,  
In the high heavens,  
Watching.  
Watching us all.  
Few can hide from them.

The skies look down on us,  
Them being above.  
No limits set before them,  
No boundaries,  
Free, to go where they want.

None have the privilege,  
As those,  
Who watch us from above.  
And look down on us.  
The skies!

Anushna Satapathy

# The Unmarked Graves

The woods stand tall,  
Cloaked in darkness, uninviting.  
As you walk along the cliffs,  
Hesitating, your courage withering.

Tree branches act as filters,  
To the moonshine, so bright.  
Your guilt rushes up towards you,  
Gone is the comfort, it provides.

Some distance ahead you see,  
Two white crosses, sticking out.  
Nothing special, nothing remarkable.  
Two hasty graves, forgotten about.

The graves stare at you.  
You stare back at the graves.  
The soil is still soft, still moist.  
You fall to the ground, sobbing in waves.

Sudden fervor grips you.  
You start digging with bare hands.  
You must see! Atleast once you must see.  
Dig! Dig! Your brain commands.

Pink blankets softly wrapped  
Around a child, once soft and alive.  
Maybe someone's daughter, maybe someone's niece,  
You too had a daughter. Where is she now?

She had no one.  
She needed someone.  
Anyone.  
So you run. And so you run...

Hers weren't the first tears,  
Nor were they the last.  
That the woods will ever see,  
Or have seen in the past.

Anushna Satapathy

# The Void

In a big black void  
Which i might never go through,  
Not because I'm scared of the darkness  
Not because I'm scared of creepy things  
But because I'm afraid that I'll get lost.  
Lost for good and never to be found.  
But deep inside the darkness,  
There is a small young boy,  
Small yet unafraid  
Lost but not lonely.  
For there are the birds,  
There are the animals,  
There are the trees that keep him company.  
I have to save him  
But how can I,  
When I myself am afraid?

Anushna Satapathy



# To Find Peace

anger eats away the soul,  
Until nothing is left.  
Mankind remains,  
A husk of itself.  
Its true glory,  
Never reached.  
Only in death,  
It will find peace.

Anushna Satapathy

# Unchained

Oh brothers, do not hold me.  
Do not ask me to conform,  
To your values.

Do not ask me,  
To blindly follow.  
Like a lamb to slaughter.

Remove these shackles,  
Of oppression.  
And release me from my prison.

Lift these restrictions before long,  
Because one day,  
I will be free.

And when the day comes,  
That my chains are unbound,  
I will unleash my fury.

And like a frenzied hurricane,  
Wreak destruction in my path.  
And I wont be fastidious.

I will exact my revenge,  
With a fire that'll blaze bright,  
Till the day I die.

Anushna Satapathy

# We All Will Die

We all will die,  
That is for sure.  
It is the way of nature,  
To indicate we have to go.

But let us ask,  
Why need we go?  
because it is near,  
The end of our show.

Every life's a chapter,  
And every chapter has an end.  
And it will strike you,  
But nobody knows when.

Once we die,  
What then?  
Well hell, if i knew that,  
Wouldn't i be dead?

Anushna Satapathy

# When?

I am sick of this world,  
Of this pointless existence.  
We walk through life  
As if it has any significance.  
We are born, and then we die.  
Like a movie, life has,  
A beginning, a middle and an end.  
And I am hoping,  
That the end comes sooner,  
Rather than later.

Anushna Satapathy

# Who Am I?

Who am I?  
What is left?  
Has this cruel existence,  
Broken me?  
Broken me so thoroughly,  
That like a slave who does not question, who does not think  
I follow the orders, the commands,  
And offer myself, heart mind and soul on a platter  
To be crushed and thrown away  
After I outlast my usefulness?  
Is that all there is to life,  
A broken promise of happiness,  
An empty promise of purpose,  
The idea of freewill and freedom,  
That hangs in front of us,  
Like bait in front of fish,  
Luring us in.  
And so, I ask again,  
Who am I?  
What is left?

Anushna Satapathy

# Who?

Do we even know who we are?  
Do we even know the value of this life?  
We go around plundering and looting,  
Thinking us the masters of this universe.  
Who gives us the right,  
To decide if the next man,  
Will live or die?  
Who gives us the right,  
To mow down forests,  
That have seen history unfold?  
Who gives us the right,  
To kill the roaring seas children,  
And then curse her for tsunamis?  
Who gives us the right,  
To cage free spirits,  
And then train them for our amusement?  
Who gives us the right,  
To treat others lives as a game?  
Who?

Anushna Satapathy