

Poetry Series

Archana Rose
- poems -

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Hi, See each day as a new dimension added to your vision, Observe as though you are seeing the world for the first time since you gained your sight, feel the pleasures like a new born, and your life would be the greatest adventure yet to be explored, everyday....I am a computer science graduate from Amrita University, Kerala, India. I am currently placed at Infosys.I got a great passion for writing, and that delved me deep into my potentials for expressing my thoughts through my masterpiece words. Hope you enjoy reading my poems. Always feel free to drop in your suggestions and I would be the happiest to hear a word or two from my critics.

A Shell Of Love

An Embodiment from the ocean of love,
This beauty came sweeping across my beautiful yet calm shore,
I am blessed to have it anchored in my golden sands,
A wonderful object that tuned my stretched shore to unexplored bands
Deep under the marine blue,
That's where this beautiful shell was created to be true,
True to ones who own it on their shores,
With magical curves that sparkle with the magical touch,
Of He who had created it with so much art and swept using a splendid brush
I am grateful that it found its way to my deserted shores.
I had been anticipating from the ocean blue,
Whose breeze had nourished my barren lands,
A gift that I can treasure among my golden sands,
And guess what arrived on my sands today,
A treasure with which I may never part,
It coils around like an endless snake and has a message that I would like to impart
Each curve symbolises the unknown depth,
That beholds in the ocean floor,
And now that the gifted shell has arrived at my door,
Let us unwind to that unexplored depth,
That may stretch to fathoms untold,
Let the musical symphony resonate with the melody of the universe,
Shh.... listen to what the shell has to say,
After all it has travelled a long way to reach my bay,
So give it a chance to explore into our lives,
And provide a soothing rhythm during our troubles and strifes,
"So my friend now i place my trust in you,
Listen to my heart and I will speak for you,
I was send to spread this message that i bring along,
To care for others and make every life a beautiful song,
I have been existing from time immemorial,
From the times of grief to the times of laurels,
I am always there, awaiting to be explored,
But i play the same tune,
Strange it may seem, but every being finds it refresh anew,
I bring along a feeling that has no bounds,
I speak a language that every one understands,
Yes my friends i come with the message of love,

Delve into me and explore my heights,
I promise you that you will rise in all strides of life,
And have me along during all times of stifle and strife,
So keep me with you till the time unwinds,
You are mortal, all this i know,
But believe me, this immortal message moves on and on,
Even beyond death to the world unexplored"
So here is the message crystal clear,
So what are we waiting for, lets move on without fear,
I had anticipated that this would be the message,
From the All-knowing and glorious Saint,
And I am thankful for He send,
A wonderful treasure that i may keep anchored on my shores till my end.....

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A Thousand Times For You...

I see in your eyes, a reflection on my mind,
A love that was lost, but now you sought to find.
I can feel you reading me like an open book,
each movement and flurry and every gesture and look.
I gaze with mouth wide open wondering how you gained such a stride,
to know me so much you take great pride.
You are the earliest memory imprinted on my mind,
the first pattern in which pixels in my retina would bind.
I have seen you and known you through years,
you have been with me through laurels and fears.
Fears unknown that had crept into me,
but banish them from my mind, I am confident you make sure you see.
A jeweled treasure among my friends you are,
A pure love gushes, untainted and unfamiliar to mar.
You watch me day and night, year after year,
and when you cry, I feel thy love smeared on every tear.
Your eyes swell when I am hurt,
you hold me tightest even after pulling me out from untouchable dirt.
I don't know how you could feel so much for me,
Amazed to understand this was how love is meant to be.
My fears when I was in the womb is now dispelled,
I feared who would be so loving to hold me as his friend.
But now I cant understand how I entwined in your heart,
you nourished me in your thoughts and made me an indispensable part.
When you hold me close, I find our rhythms meet,
The truth is that we are two moving on a single beat.
I see you on rise, I see you on set,
I can't remember a moment when your gaze on me wasn't met.
You seem to have time for my every beckon and call,
And you spread your arms to hold me when I fall.
I am helpless to repay you in kind,
I grope among gifts to pick the best I can find.
But alas in vain I end my quest,
and all I can say is 'you are the best'.
I see the tears swell in your eyes again,
your love for me makes me go insane.
You look with a tender heart dilating in your eyes,
and I say you are to me very nice.
I am sorry I aroused your tears to their brim,

I wish they fill my heart and drown me, I don't want to swim.
I don't know how to thank you, again i say,
But you pull me close and I want it forever that way.
I can't bear to look in your eyes,
you garnished my life with the 'Love' spice.
And yet after all this you say,
'May I be able to give you more love every beautiful day.....'

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College Life In The Computers Eyes

For year =2005 till year =2009,

I am declared as an identifier with a constant value AM105CS008 that would be statically mine.

Hence from the main begins the execution of a simple program called college life,

Hopefully the return from main would be an executable file,
which I can store in my PROM memory permanently without the fear of being volatile.

But I know that I wouldn't be able to recompile the errors made along the lines,
Its fine as far as I don't ignore the comments passed along and don't confuse with the signs.

Lexical and semantic and syntax errors do arise,
But the best part is taking analytical decisions which would at the time seem wise.

Let me pass you through the loop of a routine operating day,
It is a boring method to which we identifiers are passed, is what without exception most of us would say.

When the timer displays 6: 00 I get a system call,
My system reboots and checks if all my components are alright, both big and small.

My optical scanner detects the rays on the retinal focus,
This is going to be a day where I would be involved in a lot of bogus.

By 7: 00, my system obtains resources that prevent it from deadlocks and starvation,

And soon after that, I am prepared to perform pings and a lot of animation.
The domain names of my network friends are retrieved from the DNS integrated in my processor,

And off I am to college to ping them and engage in direct transactions with my professors.

At 8: 30, the systems that have arrived participate in a common message transfer to the server named LORD,

It's a transactional process in which we send the streams of data in packets of bits and word.

Soon after that the professors log in and following the direct addressing mode the classes commence,

The timer is now programmed so that the cache resets every 10 seconds.

The class hours are scheduled on the basis of Round Robin Scheduling,

A priority based one would have done better but we prefer the Current object modelling.

Most of the systems migrate to sleep or hibernation or stand-by mode,
And they don't receive signals into their pipelines that would instruct them to
behave as they are told.

The classes have a lot of subnets engaged in packet communication,
There are printed papers labelled chits passed around with bits of information.
The chits are delivered employing the shortest path Depth First search Method,
Or to address a bulk of systems, we employ Daisy Chain or Breadth First search
Method.

Many of the other systems are interlocked in message passing addressing mode,
For this they seek the help of the telecommunication device mobile they possess
in silence mode.

This continues on till the timer displays 12: 00, a blessed priority instance.

That's when the systems again rush to avoid deadlock and starvation.

The resources are in plenty and we sort ourselves into a linked list or queue
formation.

So forth moves our system clock, and the display now blinks 2: 00 in the noon,
This is the time when we pass ourselves into switch case and once again
determine our goto mode soon.

During the lab hours we are engaged with the Systems in real time
communication,

And those are the times when an input command typed would result in garbage
value generation.

When the timer progresses to 4: 00, our systems heat sinks are worn out and
reach their breakpoint,

And we return to our hostel addresses and using cooling oils, our processor
protection cases we anoint.

Here I bring you to the exit condition of the routine procedural methodological
loop,

Hope you are quite acquainted to the method calls and goto labels through which
the college students hoop.

Thus we come to the final state of our automata- the system shut down mode,
But then tomorrow morning the journey continues without having to be retold.
Exam is the only time when the contents in the system files are compared using
the comp command,

And a critical time when the answer keys and our answers undergo worst case
operations such as NAND.

As the semesters progress we undergo normalisation -1 NF,2NF and so on till the
fifth normal form, the final accomplishment,

Since then, placements occur and we would be mapped to various other bigger
networks where we would be provided with salary acknowledgement.

Finally at the end of the four years, various run-time objects would be moulded
from the various classes they have derived,

A lot of operations would have to be overloaded into a single system and they would be linked and loaded to various locations of the World's drives.
An encapsulation of their functions and their characteristic attributes would then arise,
And this indeed goes without mention that the college life would hereafter be a long cherished precious prize.....

Archana Rose

I Wish....

I wish for a day where u can hold me tight,
And sit beside me gazing at the stars twinkling through the night.
I can feel the breeze rustling my hair,
but above that I can your feel your warmth embracing me with care.
I can feel the waves nibbling at my feet,
But more important is the soothe I attain from your heart beat.
I can see the stars sparkling in your eyes,
And more than that I can feel tears dwelling up to flow as cries.
Am I happy or am I sad?
I am confused watching the night in purple robes clad.
I feel the sands seeping through my fingers,
But above that I can feel a hand on my shoulder that lingers.
A touch, a gaze a movement that flutters,
Opens up doors that I wasn't aware had shutters.
Nature offers to cuddle me in ways of its own,
But my heart yearns each day to feel you as my own.

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