

Poetry Series

Ayush Chauhan
- poems -

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Ayush Chauhan(15-12-1998)

Butterflies And Their Queen

Dews that Day
Were tears of Butterflies.
They met me today
Under pale blue moonlight
They Greeted me, in dismay
'We hath lost something precious'
Said their sight.
'Has't thee seen our Queen
Who made a wish & win
To transf'rm into human
To liveth a feeling hath called life'

I replied, Pleasured, pleased
Breathing chutzpah &
Drowning in love..
' I know a princess in town
She rises in night, Brighter than moon
Shines like diamonds, Gold indeed
Smelt of roses & abloom flowering
Blossoming stars, moon,
& Everything around her
With Plentiful beauty.
Posses intentions like honey
Sweet, Vigour & Crazy.'

Flattering wings
of innocent butterflies
Had Flapp'd around the world
Sailed Tired in ocean of hope
Watching TV & a daily Soap,
Caterpillars were sailing as cream
Had Glittering eyes with daydreams,
Wandered like an fernweh
Like Cab driver lost his Way, They
Raced in Endless flower gardens &
Paris city & Perfume Factories &
Bakery shop & Poetry Blogs &
Empty streets & Magazine sheets &
Music CDs & Shady Mango Trees &

Libraries within books &
Darkness in it's looks..

I Sang You again,
'She's more beautiful than any brain.
She's In Grandma's wrinkled hands,
Dancing fingers with needles
In love with a Woollen bun,
In a dog's eye
Getting ready to be loved
From His ill-fated Master,
In a Ice Cream man's cart
Children decorated around, Cover Art
In a Park bench with no stands
Two souls with knotted hands,
In Childhood insists for football
More Messi than Parents goals,
In a bookworm Wearing a scent,
Eleven mins with Licentious intent.'
They Searched for a feel like home
Yes i saw their eyes Roam.

They begged to meet you
They wanted to greet you
I assured, gather later in skies
I planned for tomorrow, for you to rise
Like a dream with your mess
Rise natural with a red dress
Greet your disciples in daylight
They will worship you
At the very first sight..

But they didn't believed me
A skinny loner with a belief toner.
I too thought they will disturb you
A princess with a Cinderella shoe
So i gave them address in a paper
Something you can compare
The paper spoke single ruled
QUEEN, My darling, Is WITHIN YOU

Endless Midnight

Dance in glee or just walk little slowly
My place is a nightclub and your is a staircase to heaven
Dance of souls knows no rhythm and your hair, leaven
So, Loud music & lights or Pillow talks in a lullaby
Moans and sighs like our Shadows embrace in moonlight, see
I've been looking for you, Nope, not like a raven
I will carry you and you, you Fly like a winged craven
Dance at your place or silent stories in eyes, Just you and me

Sprinkle stars using nail paint, Do it with your eyelashes
Smile with dimples, puddles of shyness within
So just breathe and drive your heart without brakes and light
Sit aside and stare, Intoxicate me as smoking hash
Sexy eyes, pretty lips, menacing curve with a cute grin
There shouldn't be an end to this endless midnight

Ayush Chauhan

Fly, Like Those Kites In The Sky

Go fly
With no strings attached
My wings are worn now
But you baby go and see the places
Places which exist in coldest sachets
Airtight sachets with memories within
Don't envy, neither fall nor regret
Fly Appreciate, Acquiesce and Fly
In Dalliance with winds
Write new blues and symphony
Fly with excerpts of others
Dance in Lush skies with petrichor
Lilt, groove and rave to rhythm
Like those blue kites in Coloured sky,
Fly and ravel those clouds
Steal the show before curtain falls
Exactly like those kites in sky..
Tell stories, Gossip with one another
And twinkle in midnight skies
Fly higher than reach of kids with sticks
Skip those skipping electrical ropes
Nod more often than tantrums of one
Fetch all happiness and come back..

Yes, like those Kites in the Sky
Feel and tell me what it feels like..

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Prayers Of A Sinner

Open the secret windows
& Latch the doors
Move the white Mountains
And the dense sea shores,
Let me touch you, embrace you first
Bring you the madness, lust and thirst
I will be the Wolf
Howling in insignificant rhyme
You be the Princess
With me In the sexiest crime

Make love like My heart with blood
Open the gates for passion & flood
This Disciple needs your presence
Will Worship you with breathtaking essence
Be Closer than this air I Breathe
Be Ready for pillow talks after a tease
Be winter winds in my Desert
Feel the vibe deeper, underneath

Feel the Freshness in warmth
Of our clenched hands
New scent of your silent moans
A prayer for badlands
Beg for mercy, Passion within
& feel Goosebumps under your skin
Convince your desires to be with me
Or just shut up and dance in Glee
The Dance of souls, Dirty, Lovely
Stay a while and sing me your symphony

My hands Caressing your heaven
From nine to three till seven
Kiss me, bite me with your poison
Dig me deeper with my wicked tongue
Beg for more, for being fast and slow
Flapping my wings deep down low
Your shyness will vanish within a minutes
In Clouds of intimacy over these bedsheets

My thunder over your waterfall
Let me control heartbeats, I shall

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Pretty Bye Bye

Hey drunk Hummingbird
Freezed in Intense heat
There are many words
Dead Silent than heartbeats..
Listen, Dance waiting in forms
Whiffs of you in perfumes

Loll and lie in these
Breathless whispers and a lullaby
Half closed eyes, stay Freezed
Stay till early, a pretty bye bye.

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The Puppet Show

Another day in the puppet show
Tied, entangled, lost
In these strings..
This show full of disguises
Full of masks, betrayal,
It's hard to find love
In every shade of gray..
These strings are sharp
Sharper than knives
Makes me bleed emotions..
Everyone here have crumbled brains
Crumbled like a paper
With their dreams written on it..
Everyone here has a story
And everyone wants it to be heard..
Everyone here curl up and hug knees
Cold nights lasts forever in our hearts
Never ending dreams in our freezed brains
Never had any sign of hope..
Everyone here just fell, drowned
For wrong one..
This show is named as darkness..
Darkness just keeps loosening
These strings,
Just to keep us away from paralysis, and wherever the string is lose,
We just drift in that direction..

Another day in puppet show
Will spend it dancing to the flow

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