

Poetry Series

Bhartesh Kaushik
- poems -

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Bhartesh Kaushik(29/11/2000)

I speak less, but all my poems speak more than a thousand words.

34th Year Millionaire

We know our greed,
We know our breed;
We are the lone survivors,
We know how to lead.

You think people like us are all fake ;
And found everything in a lucky lake.
Though your words are correct
But you uttered them wrong,
Through our hard times we have found a way;
We call ourselves our destination's prey.

Although we don't like losing,
Still winning is not our trend;
We try to give our best shot,
That's why we are called the 1 percent.
We were also bullied a decade ago,
But in spite of messing around;
We decided to let it go.

Never try to push people out of your track;
Rather, Improve them in the area where they lack.
Grab every opportunity, respect every person,
respect every path,
Because you never know through which one you are going to learn;
And you know what never give up and be a Stubborn.

The Tales of Ineffable Hiraeth

Bhartesh Kaushik

A Frenchman's Talk

He will never find it but it's still right there,
Love only finds you when you stop lookin';
gaseous, invisible but detectable,
Curable,
Deductible.
He know where he failed,
called her up on a date;
finding something nice while looking for something else.
It's been 3 years,
Her yellow gown,
Their flashy talks,
Midnight Memories that were famous in town.
Her love was engraved beautifully,
in the walls of his heart.
you know what, destiny has its own way,
and against the current they can't be apart.
Wake up little Jericho,
the time has arrived;
your card is torn,
the edges are burnt.
You need to buy a card,
A bottle of wine, aged for years;
the taste need not to be good,
but your drunkenness should be enough;
to let your heart speak from grave.
He went to Keukenhof Park,
waited for a while;
things didn't go in vain.
'She arrived'
He was shocked,
it was the yellow gown;
The beautiful borders, yes it was the same gown,
but what was adding beauty to her face
was her prince's Crown.
they both remembered,
their Midnight Memories happened in the town.
I was right back then destiny has its own way.
This time it was not a date,
but a gathering,

with a few relatives,
a father,
and a cake.
They both were blessed,
and the blessing was from Heart;
The ceremony went well,
they headed for a fresh start.
Four decades passed by,
not a single fault could separate them;
The two birds are still hinged together,
having two sons and a daughter.

Bhartesh Kaushik

A Rendezvous With God

And then Mabel asked
"Why all this hatred? "
to which he replied,

Human soul is so as light,
shadows appear where soul is ignite.
Bless the person, even if your hands are tied,
bless your heart, because that's where I reside.

Lynne smiled,
"Why don't we have powers like you? " she asked.
he said,

My powers are merely a toy in front of yours,
you have far more to explore, but you always ignores.
Unleash the sealed prowess with a pair of secateurs,
master your fate, and hate saboteurs.

A little noble voice was heard,
"Why are we here? " Ellie asked.
He replied,

You are all my children, you can't live in dirt,
I had to find a beautiful place, and that's planet Earth.
Earth has mountains, Earth has deserts,
this planet is all yours and you are there to unhurt.

It was Norah's turn,
to which he asked, "Why is religion full of hypocrisy? "
In a brittle tone, he answered

I didn't make any religion, I was never this cruel,
don't divide yourselves, unity is your fuel.
Human made brands, to which selling me like jewel,
Love humankind, because any fool can make a rule.

~Tales of Ineffable Hiraeth

An Irish Vibe

It may sound like an Irish Vibe,
when I woke up in a nightmare by the time;
road was red and Rose was black,
my navigator broke I lost my track;
grass was blue and the sky was green,
I got plenty of chocolates in my jeans;
I never thought harbinger sings so sweet,
I wonder where is the tattoo on your feet.
You my lagniappe alluring woman
My alluring woman
I got my hair done from an Irish barber,
He tricked me for no reason he came out to be a farmer;
He shaved my head and made me bald,
He was the first Irish not to be palled;
Christopher found the place where he lived,
It wasn't easy as he was disguised;
Hobbiton was dancing with Hobbit in whisky snow,
I don't know what it meant before the Gandalf show.
It may sound like an Irish Vibe;
When I woke up in a Nightmare by the time.
My pen fell down my Nightmare gone,
I dreamt of a woman that I never won;
I never saw an elegant ingénue like you,
It was like a question of false and true;
I was left with nothing to regret,
It was guaranteed a dream I can bet;
By the time leaves started to shred,
The road was black and the rose was red.
you my lagniappe alluring woman
My alluring woman.

Bhartesh Kaushik

Maybe

I was quiet, I was silent,
you asked me to care when I was numb.
I'm sitting in silence for day and night.
I needed you then,
I need you now.

You still own my heart,
You still own my soul.
Now you're dancing with the devil,
befriending demons,
and your suitor is still praying.

Why couldn't we pretend,
that we're still in love.
Maybe we could laugh,
Maybe we could dance,
Maybe we breath,
Maybe we care,
Maybe for the last time,
I need you to stay.

Bhartesh Kaushik

Rise

To the mountains touching clouds,
a staircase I'm making on.
Blood, tear, bruises
and sour water I'm drinking on.
Push me down, pull me deeper,
I have started liking pain.
The throne is already mine,
for which I'll make blessings rain.

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Squirrel By The Lake

It was quarter past five,
that time of day,
when I went in woods to play.
With the brisk breeze, flew my cape
I ran down the grass,
Found daffodils for grandma's vase on the way.

I found a tree standing by the lake,
On which a squirrel was sitting,
holding my beautiful cape.

You are standing in my castle,
Hey gentleman,
if you are here for this cape,
Then I will not listen to any fable.

I can't hear you,
you are standing at peak.
Hard to believe but,
this squirrel could actually speak.

Return back to your place
as this cape is now mine,
It came to me half past five.
You are too ugly to wear this cape,
Said the squirrel, standing by the lake.

I needed my cape, I needed a recipe,
I was pensive
to befool this sweet little enemy.

Listen little squirrel,
you are smartest of the smart.
You can't wear that cape,
with it I cleaned my cart.
You are princess of this tree,
Standing by the lake.
I'm your servant,
I'll clean your cape.

The next moment, I saw her two teeth smile
she came down the tree,
handed me the cape
saying it's fragile.

My lady, please take your throne
and wear your crown,
You are the mightiest squirrel,
you can't stay down.

Listening this,
she started climbing the tree
I had my beautiful cape,
and those flowers for free.

I ran from there,
her eyes blurred.
For the next few seconds,
I was the quickest child in world.

Came back home,
running through woods.
Took a deep breath, there I stood.
After this hardship,
I had my cape.
Bluffed that little squirrel,
standing by the lake.

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The Rebeccapurple Menace

Girl I know my love faded,
and it won't be aided;
You took me back in your lightest shadow,
where we first dated.
On 14 I waited there for you,
hoping for you to come to eat the same fruit;
Just to heal the wounds,
and to whistle the same flute.
My dictionary ain't working,
it is not having your name now;
You forgot my love when I drove you in my car,
and measured your rain in my empty childhood toffee jar.
Years back my heart got drunk,
when we got high together;
From then on it never pumped blood,
it started pumping your soul in me like a flood.
Your words stopped,
I started feeling;
Your ears stopped,
My eyes started working;
Your buried love stopped,
I started digging.
You left me for no reason;
Your love in me stopped,
and my faith started burning.

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The Voice Of A Charmcaster

I was hearing bombinating song of melodious Bees,
I was walking through the CAVES OF HEAVEN which were illicit;

The beautiful vineyards I saw, were ethereal,
The petrichor I was smelling was giving me immense pleasure;

I was out of my solitude,
The way the Grasses were looking at me, I was a bit worried of being chewed;

The BEAUTY, The ENCHANTMENT was ineffable,
It can't be described, can't be believed, It was 'Unbelievable';

I know, this pleasurable sensation is not Everlasting, as it is an epoch,
I was hardly believing it, that there's still a place beautiful than tepic;

' Your Mind ', still you think I was not reading it,
I was busy Feeling it.

Tales of Ineffable Hiraeth

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To Your Heartbeats

To fix my rhapsody,
and the one last talk to make him stay.
We only met and now you are gone;
you made me strong crafting my metal,
and now you're gone I feel incomplete.
Words repelling between you and me,
now everything is set in silence;
sometimes quiet is violent.

Our promises hand rolled carefully,
and now I am a monk of my own destiny.
Eyes aren't blinking, shredding tears
your son is still delicate you're wrong calculated.
and now your song is on guitar,
and I am singing to your body.
The Bagpipers are a way cheering,
still your words are not heard.
I just wanna see you at my destiny;
holding my hand, and not let go.
Crawling on a deep sea shore
just letting you know I will always be your child.

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