

Poetry Series

Dar
- poems -

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Dar(13-08-1988)

Two persons are never satiated one who is thirsty for wealth and one who is crazy for more and more knowledge.

Attractive Innocent Snakes

A myriad of snakes all around,
Macroscopically exotic with serpentine gait,
Iridescent their skins, mysterious their eyes.
Namely, a man was lured and extended his hand;
A snake voiced loudly, and voiced this way:
"Killing by stinging, we're ingrained to respond thus.
How artfully we sting even those who feed us!
Attractive innocent snakes we're attractive innocent snakes;
No, we're not monstrous, stinging is our inherited art."

Dar

Autumn

Will you now leave the garden at last?
Some thorns, I reckon, have hurt you.
You've had the sight and scent of its flowers,
Do you forget the pleasure and remember the woe?
Why so heartless to turn your back?
You have cared it for a very long time!
Don't see you how the flowers are withering?
And this sudden change saddens the clime?
You had joined me when it was spring,
When it is past, you are going!
If your conscience follows not the seasons,
The seed of distance, why are you sowing?
There's a world inside us and another outside:
It is we cherish, that is we live in.
We step forward with our aspirations,
But sooner or later, we have to give in!

Dar

Dilemma

I do like things when at a distance.
A glimpse of them, when my eye catches,
Invests them with a charm and blinks,
Seems as if someone is willfully lying,
Or wants to rid of something;
Of something he is weary of or perhaps,
Of something he has nothing to do with.
I like the moon and do admire its beauty.
When I stare and stare, its facial stains appear!
Why do I like things only when at a distance?

Dar

Evanescence

Under the wavy trees of lush green foliage,
To his surprise, lay some yellow leaves.
"How your colour did fade away?
Once you were over heads, now trodden on! "
They retorted back (and the man was stunned) :
"Time never remains the same on this globe! "

Dar

Heart And Affection

Unaffected care of mine approaches only friends,
Surely, my adversaries can't think of it.
My tree shadows and without discrimination!
Am I worse then, even than my tree?
Nadir it is, if it is so!
Don't you think, however, a tree is a tree!
And doesn't have a heart___ a heart like mine!
Rapaciously, which craves to be craved, it craves for.

Dar

Nightingales And Flowers

How beautifully nightingales play with flowers,
Peck at their buds, flutter their wings and glide away.
The flowers are comfortable and in a trance,
As if among them their beauty holds sway.
They daily appear to dally with them,
Merrily, happily their day passes by.
The flowers respire aromatic breathes, and smile,
Like the beloveds who don't pull their faces wry.
Gallantly they meet and chat up,
And are very happy for they know;
They can find so many to make merry,
Why then stick to one and strike a row?

Dar

Scars A Sonnet

They say your wounds are still that green,
Substantial change, our eyes have not discerned.
Our eyes observe what action yours has been;
You should have cured them if you were concerned!
Your every claim is nothing but make-believe,
Because a face reveals what hides a tongue!
Respiring traumatic sighs do not relieve
A person who has been severely stung!
Why do they not believe the wounds are healed?
Why to preserve corrosive wounds entwined?
To me, when their futility was revealed!
What they perceive is nothing but scars behind.
The skin restores; the wounds do vanish away,
The scars diminish, for life, however they stay.

Dar

The Worst Of Sinners

Say, everything you feel, you fear, you conceal,
And I say whatever I feel, of mine and of yours,
A stark disparity between us two.
Saintly you are and I am the worst sinner!
How can we two, then go all along?
A faceache you are, or the most gorgeous you look,
A façade doesn't implicate what you really are.
Sycophant I am not nor ever will be,
If you can't bear with me, don't bear antipathy.
Farewell my friend, and welcome to your apathy.

Dar