Poetry Series

abhimanyu kumar.s

- 110 poems -

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abhimanyu kumar.s (31.12.1988)

Born Abhimanyu Kumar.S (S.Abhimanyu Kumar Vaishnaw Ramavat 007) in Venkatgiri Kota, Andhra Pradesh(31/12/1988) , Completed his early education in Kolar gold Fields, Karnataka. He was born in a Marwari, middle class Vaishnaw family, is the youngest son of Shrvwen dass Vasihnaw and Godavari Devi. He is a native of Rajasthan and is a multilingual. Since his childhood he has been very hardworking and sensible towards his tradition and culture. At a very young age he headed the family responsibility by being a salesman on one hand and pursued the education on the other.

Most of the poems written by the author are based on his observations on society, culture and education and he has a deep routed insight into the various facets of life. The author has experienced the life from the vantage point of poverty to the high esteem richness of life. The poetic stuff produced by the author speaks for reasoning and the depth of emotion, which intensifies the whole poetry and shapes it into metaphysical poetry.

The wide range of topics on which the poet has focused, the thematic concerns covers the whole of humanity and spirit of human living.

His love poems have the purity and sincerity, which are experienced by poet himself in his part of life, his love poems speaks a struggle between love and tradition.

His poetry is sometimes difficult to understand, because it is filled with striking irony, satiric tone, colloquail usage, emotional depths, highly imaginative and also has signs of vulgarity.

INFLUENCES: -

The poet was inspired by his father and his brother Rajesh Kumar, who pursuaded him to take up Literature as optional at the master's level. And infact was also responsible to inculcate the taste of reading literature.

The poet is very voracious reader of literature and was influenced by great writers like Arnold, Eliot, Yeats, Tagore, Aurobindo, Emerson and others.

Man of Tradition, He has been very much devoted for its truth and maintained at his worst moments and levels.

The poet has always been indebted to his friend Khaleelulla, who has supported him in publishing his poems.

The poet has written a novella titled '19-09-2010'/Life of few hours.

The poet completed his master's degree with a rank in Bangalore University, Karnataka.

The poet is presently working in Don Bosco Institute Of Bio- Sciences and Management Studies, Bangalore.

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Works:

'My World Songs Of Experience And Love'
'19.09.2010'
' Love Songs Of abhimanyu kumar.s

' I '

I am a soul
Your life force
I am the driver
Really just a pinpoint of life
My throne between my brows
Detach from the world around me.

I am a ruler
Ruler of all my sense organs
In the problems of days
Your changing ways
I remain as I am, as
I am just a peaceful soul.

I feel far away from you
Away from the physical world
I am beyond your world
Beyond from intellect and traits
I am peaceful here
I am a meta soul.

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A Captive Wing

Never before I imagined
Pushed down and removed
Suddenly it raised in my actions
Pushing slowly and silently
Ask the missing owls and dark nights
How I get dumb departed
From such mysterious elements of love.

Few cracks and sparks
With rocket speed pierce and
Form a substance in my distance
Far it goes in her proceedings
Ceiling my imagination over searches
Perceptions and distress treatments
All at a naked eye and life.

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A Critical Span

Life is guided by fate
Fate is guided by her talk
Fate can wait for her
She has the divine gift
To make you sleep in few seconds
As its she who can
Take your life in a span
I swear on her
She never knows about herself
But i have a doubt
Wheather she thinks well
Or goes only with worst.

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A Farewell To Idiots

Come on, come on
Join the party
Mingle with our fools
A farewell to your bloody rules.

Colourful dressings and settings
Personal emotions and conflicts
Smiles and cries
We miss you, please forget us.

Calling for a presence of masters
Insulting them before some idiots
Bloody minds and capabilities
Fit for nothing, nothing in reality.

Sweet hearts miss you all
A farewell to you all
Out of all from idiots
We respect you with heart.

Deadly talks in walks
Greeting and wishes on surface
Curse and slaps in depth
We know you are ready to fight.

We miss you one and all
Name sake our love and all
Its a farewell to you fools
We mean farewell to idiots
Get lost and we begg
Never come back.

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A Lonely Heart

To the moment I can write
In presence of my breath
With evidence of my veins strength
That I feel lonely on earth
Under the roof of almighty
I miss her to the extent
The very extent of my existence.

How to express this moment
Were I am hungry for her
I feel a pain in my heart
It seems to shatter my nerves
I want her in this moment
In this painful moment of tranquility
But she is far as I am.

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A Mystery

Mysterious growth in my lines
Deep words drafting over and over
Had an impression of poetry
Have a will to do it.

Chapters carve a chapter
By order replacing new
My thoughts over love
Most profound pages
Imprinted voyages and wave
Build my poetry of mystery.

I never knew that I will
Become one day
A poet of love in love
A poet of society for society.

Still am not a recognized one
Not as my best Eliot
But have faith in almighty
That, a day will come when
I and my mysterious lines
Will strike the heart of one and all.

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A Need I Need

For instance, I open my doors
Give you reasons for why
Why I need you
No measure for stances
No measure for reasons
I be in her stances
Working with circumstances.

I halt in dark, with
Pursuing the darkness of your light
You are a need as the space
The space between you and me.

I get cold in summer
In the absence of you for
Which I need you
I ask you for your living
The living in my living
Compare nothing, for instance
The birth of you
And death of mine.

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A Pain

Noiseless break of nerves
You find many life curves
Little you speak but
Never you speak it.

Try is what you try
To feel free as tree
Tree of forest and street
Free at one lonely at another.

Expressing it is never done
Till the date I swear never
Everything happens patiently
Indeed happens noiseless.

Blood and breath, life and death
Hi and hello, bye and good bye
Gets one and becomes two
Me and myself

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A Pleasant Day

Everything is laughing singing,
All the pretty flowers are sprung.
See the campus in your fun,
With your knowledge in the blank sun.
You and I may sport and play,
For it is a pleasant Day.

Bring the hoop and bring the ball,
Come with happy faces all.
Let us make a merry ring,
Talk and laugh and dance and sing.
Quickly, quickly come away,
For it is a pleasant Day.

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A Request

As a man from nowhere
I speak on behalf of myself
I wish to see the truth
The truth in all ways
I don't say, what I say
Is the only truth of man
It is just a request
A request to return
Return from this brutal development.

A land is waiting for us
The land which we can establish
Imagine, the love and birds
The freshness and we-feeling
Think of the greens and water
Where all wish to say something
Something of lord and everything of them.

As a person like you
I feel to express all this
Which few may think
But am sure others will blink
What I wish may be too foolish
But in fact no one is wise.

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A Silent Wave

Silver coins beside the origin
The eyes of pearls in margin
Wearisome looks over me
Originated a margin we.

Petals of pink on brightness
The sweetness in darkness
Wholesome wave of her explosion
Stopped at once after our inclusion.

Image of pointed silence
A breath's pointed violence
Never the easy of air in me
Washing helpless changes in me.

Unarmed war of her
Beyond the scraps of our love
I am empty in this world
Splitting empty in emptiness.

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A Special Appearance

It emerged in my 20's
In the morning of spring
The sweet voice
The clarity in her eyes
Here, at this juncture in my life
Earth was established for me.

I really don't know why
Even how it emerged
But fortunately it emerged and developed
It developed to the peaks and veins in my body
Today when I survey
In her absence and presence of my life
It grows unspeakable
Silently in my life.

However, what I feel the feel is
It emerged, developed
And have a feel, which wilds
It will remain till last ceremony of my life.

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A Start Which Never Started

From where shall I start
The song in which I got into
The wave which I followed
To the pain which I entered
To the pain even in happiness.

From where do I notice
Myself in a corner
From a corner to core
I get a stuff to notice
My wounds on soul.

From here and now I say
I started it of late
Ended it up very early
I don't have anything to say
As nothing remains to start.

From the way to destiny
A wave from shore I board
On the lines of my destiny
To shower the best
From the never best in my life.

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A Way Of Memory

Concerning the smile of her
I form my senses in her
Though she is away from me
I sense her with all memories
Never I miss my love
Never the happiness she gave
I pause on every charm
Every moment spent with her
And raise my arms lightly
To capture her in me tightly
No longer than her eyes
I see my life in it
What a presence of her
Makes everything a pride
How to say of her beauty
Goddesses! yes, my goddesses.

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Absurd

So will I live
Like a half lizard
I should live in
With a space of snake.

I must live because
I have come, not
As a man or a being
For all tell to live.

I live not because
I should live
I live only as
One day I have to leave.

Living not for my sake
Just living for I am alive.

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All for Love

An honest cry touched
And sparks movingly searched
A love in all its smart
With a womb of wicked cart.
I am realizing the life.

Sheer silliness, I do see
From the bodiless eyelashes
I get alert at the sight
The very sight not right
I am realizing the life.

I hastily retire from the sands
Very late at my Lands
Tiredly I seek for Love
That Love of Real Love
I am realizing my Life.

Pure heart bordered by greens
Waits for a flower to centre the scenes
Do Hear to Your son, who
For at once bends his head
I am expressing You.

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Am not Sure

It's afternoon or evening three
And I long to see thee
An ever charming face
Splitted by earthly space.
Why I remember you?
I am not sure
But I remember You.

It is sunday to be clear
Having a part of tear
May be because of her
May be because of them
But, Why this at my heart?
I am not sure
God! Am not sure...

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An Account

I am alone, I wait
Under my hairs of heir
For to make a decision
Should I move right or left
Left to the ardor of hope
Right to the weeping hollows
Parallel or vertical in circle
I am caught in a oval plane.

My watch is slow, I see
Around my land and people
I think to move from all
To the edge of death
I wish my time and clock
Be stolen and said
My child it's time up
Come, I am waiting for you.

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An Appeal

Wrought with the colour
Day by day, absurd chain
Change to the at most best
In all features and nature
I see the change as a change
In living and being for change.

At the height of evolution
In all forms of life
You have surrendered all
Your self respect, identity
Moreover soul of purity too
Which never belongs to you.

Wherever I see around me
I feel what life is
And why such life for you
Where you live meaningless
Imitating all which is not yours
Indeed living in light under dark.

When I go with such queries
All are ready to question
But no one ready to answer
They say we are born
We have all rights to change
Why do you indulge in our life.

Those fools don't understand me
You don't even hear my words
I stress to this extent
Because when I compare
Our past and present.
I Feel our living is not a living.

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An Elegy On Her Trust

A hope was noticed in my laws
Hours before, months before in her claws
I was curious for this re-test
And found she captured my rest-best
Hours of my tranquil life.

Beautiful promises, words were acceptable
Very soon all the senses countable
I felt vast in her Mars care
But Venus arrived and didn't spare
Hold! I was still in on her.

Air of spring from no where
Suddenly I found happiness everywhere
I wished to take a new birth
As I saw her capturing my earth
Prohibited! child am in on her.

Every moment was her movement
A word, word for new pavement
All of all was on her trust
The very breath thirst on her trust
Trust! strictly shattered my birth.

Am dead as she is dead for me
She killed me when I was about to live.

Dedicated to my material love.

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An Urge

Today I declare the things
Once of her with me for me
Is not mine but with me
The frozen fire love of her
Today heats my heart and mind
Still I will love her for myself
For her love of once in one's life.

I hear the drizzling in my love
Wet me in melting my love
Though am strong enough to hold
The memories and picture of her
Sometimes I feel exhausted
Exhausted with her moving away
Moving away from me and once love.

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Beloved King

Good morning masses
News for all classes
Wheat prices are rised
Household products are hiked
Birth rate has increased
Am happy to convey to you
Your death is very near.

Good afternoon masses
News for all classes
Our weapons have increased
Our military forces ready
I will protect your family
Get a win for me
Your death and my growth please.

Good night masses
News for all classes
We are good at technology
All are developed
High growth in slums
Heavy taxation and debts
2G's and 3G's my partners
I want to lead from front.

I assure your health and sanitation
I will always be loyal in exploiting you
Don't protest over me please
Am damn good in killing
You all belong to me
Democracy is in my dictatorship
Good night sweet dreams humma
May your soul rest in peace.

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Better Luck Next Time

A day will come
Will you come that day?
The day far beyond days
A day long like arabian nights.

When will that day come
When will I meet you
Will you meet me?
Or will I meet only day.

I know, that day will come
You may also know that
Will you be possibly pleased
Or will you be probably displaced.

The day will come
When you will search me
You will search
Which you didn't
When I was with you.

Far you will go
Far your promises
That day you will realize
Importance of me
I will wait for such day.

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Birth Love

My love is like a birth
Happens once, once for a soul
Cute face and tiny structure
Loved by all as a child
Even I got the care and love
All the joys and happiness on earth
But only for somewhile and sometime
As a man passes his infancy and gets adult.

All I know is my love remains in me
As an infant child of innocence
As the essence and childhood memories
It comes before me when I think
Think of myself with them and her.

Going with Keat's and his dogma
Beauty is truth, truth beauty
Love is birth, birth love
This is all you know about birth
This is what you need to know of love.

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Breathing further with You in You

Don't be ashamed!
I love you in all
In all possible ways
Exactly, How should I begin?
It was never to happen
Your voice and shadows
To quench my thirst of years
Who can be sure?
Am I Sure?
Yes I am.
I love you in true sense
Not on material states.
Have Love, not the grounds
As material never sounds.

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Broker

Flat and fat creature
Nonsense speech a dirt
Slowly he moves around
To poke matters here and there
Giving a sign of intellectual
Begging for material gains.

I observed him closely
Do respect for his age
Realization not a soon one
Stately bought the truth out
Bloody creature assigned for some
Cruel mind for security
He assumes as only loyal
Loyal to institution and head
Fact reveals around is that
Pointing one shows four for himself.

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Chapter 21: An aftermath

Spinning eyes, pretty lips,
Golden strip
Presence sign of purity,
In the Closest of divinity,
Gave me a sound completion.

She was an Angel
Appeared, rendered and disappeared.
Clouds here and there
Tension everywhere, meet nowhere
Love, waiting for love not for love.

Beauty is culture, tradition truth,
Keats with Art, here its for love.
Dilemma in mind,
Split in personality,
Physique in love, psyche in tradition.

Neither can I leave,
Nor can I live,
Leave can live my actions,
No one can solve my fractions.
Oh! Lord of seven hills how shall I tell you....

Those were the pearls,
Which were her eyes.
The autumn leaves fall,
They say nothing at all.
Broken heart, addicted in disorder.

My heart dissolved within,
Like butter on a hot pan.
Emotions felt in tranquility,
Tranquility experienced reality,
Reality gave nothing; off course nothing dear.

Happiness She gave,
Buried me in a grave.
I found happiness, filling my emptiness
Seeking to nothingness
Toughest chemistry darling.

Day and nights pass in memories,
Bogus start and unpolished ending.
Hours spent were few, still
Eternal happiness
I knew from new.

Her smile, vision and utterance,
Cherish and nourish my destiny.
Name in veins, remembrance in strains.
Yet, far I feel till my last breath

One man, one Name one love.
Only and only one love.

She haunts and hunts my nights,
With her giggling and fragrance of air,
Such images are in cage, in care.
Nerves working in dual stand,
Punctual tradition, sincere love.
Who is She? Who am I?

My soul sounds, rounds and bounds,
'To Knit Fate's thread
I can't chop tradition's thread'.

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Come Lets Love Again

Let us become again strangers
I not knowing you
You not knowing me
I want to sleep again
For you will see me
Chocolates, smiles, flowers and photos
Lord! again, again please.

Let us start again
The chatting and exchanges
Your ring and eyes
All the cares and love
Everything am ready to start
Again to face loneliness
Again to miss you every moment.

Atleast once again i want
But you can't which i can
Fine, lets not love again
As, love happens once and remains
And remains till we live
Possibily till we love
So no need to start it again.

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Death By Dream

How to sleep when
You dream of your death
Sleeping will be meaningless
Certainly death with meaning.

Better you find a love
Get to her arms and heart
Make sure that love be with you
I bet you will get a sleep.

Dream of her and dream
The death in her arms
However the death is certain
Then why not in her arms itself?

I don't say it is the only way
But it is the only way for me
As I dream of only her
Not being with her in reality.

Atleast want to get her in dreams
And dream death for for once with her
Dear it is difficult to find a love
But pursuing and not having is worst.

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Death By Grace

Past was a gift to be alive
But to be now is a very hell
By secondary means of pursuit
The visible animal activities and all
All are framing under death.

The shines and flowers
Dream land and hard toil
Peaceful sleep and joy
Mocks the life of present
Were no rest rests.

The round ocean and pure air
Sparkling lives and peaceful mind
A life of past in a grace
Everything gold for a touch
Now remains old and old in new.

A passion for work and deeds
Graceful bliss and solemn images
All were pleasures and treasures
Everywhere the love and kindness
Now it's the emptiness in a living corpse.

Much said of the past
Present, what to say and hear
All remains barren in all
All the lives are a curse
We need a death and only death
A death which is a grace.

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Death, Death And Death

I see the death everyday
Death in relations
Death in religion and faith
Death of man in man
Everyday, everywhere, every moment
Death, death and death.

I experience the death around me
Millions and billions of ceremonies
The smoke on maps of mankind
Death in temple and streets
Death in clubs and parties
Death, death and death.

I foresee the death of humanity
Harassment, discrimination and hatred
Death in purity and sacredness
Death in broken mirrors and home
Death in king, death in masses
Death, death and death.

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Departing

In and around me
I failed to see any
True devotee, true heart
Chanting Hare Rama, Hare Krishna.

I hoped for a vision
Fortuned with a commotion
Hi-tex, multiplex, complex
Aiding Hare Rama, Hare Krishna.

It seemed as a market
A perfect commercial market
As though contract
Contract with Rama, Krishna.

Spritual game is over
Athiest are on move
Breaking the centre
Centre of Rama, Krishna.

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East Land

April is the cruellest month,
Infalliably all the 12 months.
Traditionally demise, spritually feeble,
Materially firm and culturally parched.

Morning dark, night bright,
droughts, storms, muddle in monsoon.
Legendary roots got detached,
Forming a new trend of hybridism.

Subjects face anarchical tendencies,
Bones speak and stones still.
Folk got restored by alien melody,
Science replaced customs and values.

Everything in turmoil and chaos,
Occult mind and Orient body.
Nothing is constant in Orients,
But absurdity, not change.

Imitations work here on grand scale,
Respect to ancestors in small scale.
Men powerless, others meaningless,
Life is savage, absurd in nature.

Here nobody hears nobody,
Everybody hears nobody here.
Theories and reservation on screen,
Stucturalists, some, others in green.

Life hapless and listless,
Masses reveal gist in nothing.
Examples speak no definitions.
Writers speak only of imagination.

The sun comes and goes,
Lives come and go, dead and gone.
Genuine love a piligrimage,
Material love a bin drainage.

High rise in crime and sufferings,
Science, -isms, hunger, fashion, unemployment.
once served spritual messages to the world,
Awards in physics and chaste in metaphysics.

Eliot traverrsed with his barren land,
Sterilized his land at sheer Ganga.
Presently this land itself is dry,
Dry in culture, wet in cries.

Incarnations, 'DA DA DA' doesn't work here,
Demons and devils can do hell of heaven.

Two faces work in Orient Spritious Mundi,
One being progress and the other poverty.

Music should stop and dance start,
Days, centuries and ages should restart.
This art is impersonal, but tone personal,
Personal or impersonal, life is hellish.

Hopes are to the weakest and most degraded,
I've been born, and once is enough.
Westernization, Modernization, Globalization.....

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Endless Words

The earth stops and
Sky bows at a point
When your memories come before me
Our meetings and departs
Delighted hearts and loneliness
Just my soul wants to be
In your arms and eyes.

I want to get the sight of
Your depth ground wings
Sometime, somewhile, awhile
Without you, dear I swear
Beats don't beat in heart
Without you.....without you
Just a living in a not living.

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Evil Mind

Together they are
Together we are
Sweet wires on you
Bitter results for you.

You never speak to us
we never speak to you
How much pain you bear
We never understand.

You are attractive
We take your attraction
And spoil you, infact
We thrash you both.

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Eyes

The eyes are here
The pearls are here
My love is here
Black lines
Artificial pencil
Your feathers
On your marbles
Love you jaanu.

I get captured
Find myself in it
Striking stares
Stares I swear
It makes me yours
When I see your eyes
lord I feel that
My eyes are not here.

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Forgetting You! Nay

I love you dear
Today I submit
You will remain in me
Don't even think at worst
That I can forget you
Forgetting you! nay

On edge on love
You made me new
On me in life
You took me in care
Never will I forget your love
Forgetting you! nay never

Love, what a love in you
Knowing it's just a part
Still to your core you did
You had a hope you will
Yes, I did I accept
Forgetting you! is it possible

Let I be away from you
Gone shall the days
I am always with you
Never ask will I forget
Not in your dream too
Forgetting you! nay nay never.

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Hard To Believe

Its very hard as rock
Soft as butter
To respect your teacher
To wish a teacher
May be its right
May not be its right.

Teachers are with variety
Personal variety, proffessional sequence
Thinking, Finding and Rewinding
This is how some are
Hardly difficult to respect
Softly to quite from teacher.

A teacher is ultimate
Supreme to any power
They are the over soul
Life ends or trends
By the immortal souls
Such teachers are rare.

May be you do with
Sometimes you don't
Prepositional elements can end
When a teacher of a kind
Like the catcher in the hell
Hard to believe such teachers.

Teacher is the only truth
He or She the only belief
Trust and belief the other name
When that trust itself is broken
From and by a teacher
Can you believe?
Am sure its hard to believe.

Wish and love and care
Must be submitted to a teacher
Surrendered with respect
Become subaltern under teacher.

Disciples are free from Karma
Liberated after their submission
Recieving with honour, love
Is the only Karma of a teacher.

She kicked me for submission
She insulted my wishes
She bombarded me for my Karma
Gave strong pain in my -.

Is She a teacher?

Is She a mother?
Is She should be regarded?
Is She should be rewarded?
Its hard to believe her.

No student forgive her
No one believe her
No one should wish her
I hope you wont.

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How Shall I Describe Thee

Limitless of pilgrims
Not a day without them
Running, walking and counting
Timing their breath
Chanting and fainting
Widely whispering slogans
Govinda Govindaa.

No one is an exception
Not even the infant
Physically challenged
Mentally disordered
Everyone you see
Everywhere you see
Shouting Govinda Govindaa.

Tradition is accepted
Even modernity too
No discrimination
No heavy weights
No slim weights are special
Say to his highness
Govinda Govindaa.

World at a sight
Majestic hills
Mighty and swift
All for a glance
All for Karma calling
Govinda Govindaa.

He is The versatile
For practice and sweat
Entertainment and truth
No truth can be hidden
All are open
All are willing to say
Govinda Govindaa.

Newly couples, newly born
Teen, adult and old
Will for resolutions
Kum Kum, Haldi, Karpuram
Reach Sri Vari Gopuram
Put your hands up and scream
Govinda Govindaa.

Giggling, watering, murmuring
Voice from all
Refreshments at hold
Ornaments and gold
Sold at a piece

Sold at a glance
Go on Govinda Govindaa.

Residing at the peak
All around peace
Thurst for Thee
Thee the ultimate
Thee the sacred
Come on lets get purified
Along the seven hills
At the feet of Thee
OM NAMO VEKATESHAYA.

abhimanyu kumar.s

I And My Loneliness

I and my loneliness
Often speak about you
If you were with me
By days, months and years
I would have won your heart.

My loneliness searches you
On the edges of my heart
We often think if you were
I would have been happy
Indeed never lonely.

I and my loneliness
River and the sea
Why don't they apart
When will they apart
When will we get together.

We often speak about
Your letters and memories
I rage to my loneliness
Why she gave you to me
Why only you, not her.

abhimanyu kumar.s

I And Rain

Plan was well
Promises were made
He did'nt promised
I did it later.

I forgot to tell him
The meeting and timings
But later I did
I swear I did.

He covered us in morning
I requested his highness
He accepted our meeting
We accepted the day.

abhimanyu kumar.s

I Hate You And Love Myself

Am an untold person,
Am an unread poet.
Read me, ask me, help me,
Understand or be away from me.
Be away, away from earth.
I hate you and love myself.

Hell with your jealousy,
Heaven in my silence.
I have lot to express,
About my love, my role.
Hold your words behind me.

I have a heart fools.
I mean human heart, got it?
Do you have a heart?
Do you know what a heart mean?
Nay, you don't and don't need.

You say I am broken,
Broken in love, in life.
But I say am alive,
Alive with memories, by blessings.
Very alive in my actions Madam.

Never I thought, never I noticed,
As hurt or failed in love.
Am victorious ever since,
I have won, in love too,
For still we are together Sir.

She is my strength, life
Today, tomorrow and everyday.
You may think am mad,
Ya, am mad for her, her love.
Feel it please, She is my breath.

I have plenty to say,
Plenteous to scold you people.
Judge me well, criticize,
But find justice to me.
Because am not a sinner.

You say I am changed,
Changed in words, attitude.
Changed in living itself,
Only answer to you is,
Sun has not changed, even me.

My words list everything,
Your lines spell something.
Something which is everything,

Everything to me,
Nothing for you.

What you know and will know ah!
My nights pass in thunder silence,
I live in loneliness, loveless.
Am dead, but like to live
Value me, believe me, for
We are living in one world.

abhimanyu kumar.s

I Wanna Be With You

I want you
I want to walk with you
I want to talk
I want to talk to you
My heart wants
My heart wants your heart.

Will you walk
Will you walk with me
Will you talk
Will you talk to me
Your heart wants
Your heart wants my heart.

When all is set
Why you wanna leave
My lady you are mine
My dear am always yours.

abhimanyu kumar.s

I Want To Know Why?

I hated it
I studied it
The very depth of it
Still, I fell in it
I want to know why?

I have criticized it
I have commented it
I never liked it
Yet, I have experienced it
I want to know why?

I used to condemn it
I always discouraged it
Yet, I fell and experienced it
I never knew and think will never know
But I want to know why?

abhimanyu kumar.s

I Was Dead

I had my dinner and
Slept around 10 of night
After a couple hour or so
I found myself dead
Ya, I was dead
My body had become motionless
Eyes shut, hands erect
What about my dreams and aims
All gone, all shattered
Man, I was dead
What next?
Possibly burn, bury and ashes
Suddenly I heard someone shouting
Idiot get up! it's 7 of morning
If you want to know the truth
I was sleeping.

abhimanyu kumar.s

I Won't Let Your Eye Cry

Yes, now I won't let you cry
Will keep your cheeks ever dry
See, I have widened my Eyes
To Vanish your widest cries
You being so subtle as a turtle
Having knowledge so little
Moved unknowingly for the vital.

When your reasons go beyond reasons
Clearly I will change your seasons
Will make the sorrows shorten
Till joys lead the curtain
Experience! the rays of my life
I have made the things alright.

I hear the upcoming coming
Your sweet days coming
Come, my shoulders are there
To care your tears
You may have a try
To roll smile over your cry.

Yes now I won't let your eyes cry

abhimanyu kumar.s

Identity

This is to the motherland
Where I have been born
This is to the teacher
Who taught me nothing
This is to my lover
Who turned away from me
Many are there to address
These few are to notice.

What you have taught?
Why you came in?
Why I opened my eyes mother!
Hybridity, Modernization, Temporary
You all have lost me
Lost your identity in my life.

abhimanyu kumar.s

If I Were

If I were a mickey
I would have cut
Tear my heart
I shall justify
My feelings for her
But she would not
Not because am not man
I am a jerry.

If I were a pen
I would have rested
Slept in her bag
I can justify
How I would admire myself
For being in her fingers
Sometimes in her teeth
She would, as am her pen.

abhimanyu kumar.s

I'll Not Come Back

Long, long and wide
I will walk with tide
Enough looking your side
Will despatch from your ride.

In couple and triple year
Have seen unexpected
Cried a lot on expected
Relations fear in a year.

I should have not read the past
About moral ethics
Principal epics
Which made me to think
Leaving only to blink
The absurdity of life.

I will turn out from you
Let you have the fun and joy
I had enough of it, so
I will not come back.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Impossible Jaanu

Forgetting you is impossible
Its never possible by me
Tell me how to forget you
Its never possible by you too
This crazy heart of your's
Never let you go from it.

I have got addicted
By your love and image
You give freshness in morning
Tear and dry me after that
In nights! what to say
You can't imagine jaanu
Impossible honey its never possible.

abhimanyu kumar.s

In You For Me

I will be in you, for you
Till I be in you, for me
You remember me for me as
I forget myself in you
You love me till I love you
As I love you till you love me
Love me as a part of you
As I love you as only part in my life
You breath in for you as
I breath in for you in me
You live in you as
I live in you
You feel life and breath in you
As I live for my untimely death.

abhimanyu kumar.s

It Is 'The Seed'

Turning world views
With some nonsense
Creating child like theories
Won't shackle the seed.

Laughters replacing crying
Shots replacing dresses
Offices replacing homes
Cannot replace the seed.

It is the seed
Which is dominant since ages
Its few who turn conditions
But few are few to
Make large additions
Unrecognizing the vitals
It all doesn't work, as
Patriarchy is the seed
It is 'The Seed' mind you.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Journey Of A Bard / Poem 1 Hundred

I started my journey on a road
Titled 'Road To End'
From the very start of my writings
Many writers have been glaring my consciousness
To be frank, I got immersed
Love and concern for literature
It happened so, because of few
Me, my brother and 'The Wasteland'
Yes, I was dint by Eliot
My start was with a road
A road led with no end I believe.

For few days and months later
Fortunately I emerged as an satirist
And I penned few against my teachers
Then came my land 'East Land'
A poem intertwine of 'The Wasteland'
I appeared as a critic.

A day I noticed when
My themes and motifs increased
I mean a new theme ' love '
I got captivated by a beauty
Many lines and poems were drawn
Chapter21: An Aftermath and so on
For months and days together
My poetry dealt with love
A love of happiness and joy
I found myself as a love poet
Two souls by and large
John Keats and brother Pablo
Invoked the spirit of love
The feelings and delight
Brother Pablo in particular I say
Rigged my barren heart into love
By days and between nights
Bloomed my love songs.

Under the wide truth
I got inspired by Dryden and Arnold
I left a series of lines
On society, of literature and time
Many individuals were in prey
I criticized them at my best.

The critical ship of my life
Invaded when there was a despair
Despair in love and care
An anthology of my feelings
I mean my loneliness and I
Were brought under the dark
The deep dark part of my life

My letters and words touched
My emotions to the naked truths
I got addicted to loneliness
And obviously my songs of despair
Were revolving in and out.

After receiving all pains and stones
My heart stood erect for something
I was driven into metaphysics
A world established in me by
Tagore, Aurobindo, Emerson and others
All together gave a new life
I found my happiness regained
Totally absorbed into spirituality
The wholesome physical beyond
The meta forces ruled my nerves
As a person in disappointment
Appointments were at large
All time truth and chastity
I acknowledged after a long time.

The liberal law I have learn t
Is not worry of past, but
Bring the past in my present
Bring all memories and worries
And install between myself and the force
All the pains and strains
That of love and despair
Were and are gradually declining
I am no worried of anything
And today I submit the truth
That everything is controlled
All is in fact molded bold
Bold feelings and loneliness
Everything is set with poetry
And I can assure that
Till the day I write
Till the day my lines go
I will never mind of worries
I will get out of all miseries
As I bring the words
The words which takes out
Takes whole living of myself.

Nowadays, I am on a new theme
I mean theme of death
Which is weaving a thread of my life
A thread which is so strong
Considering life and death as one.

This is a journey I started
In between many up's and downs

Traveling many subjects and people
Still I go and go on
I go and be in, in lines
As my journey says,
Live as a bard and die as a bard.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Judgement

Where we are
Do you dare to speak
Are you natural in here
Where is your so called identity
We are feeling the feelings
Of others not ours
We speak for others
Not for ourselves
Where is our naturalness
We are just imitators
Imitation, Imitation
Silence!
I hear the court is in session
Can't you smell 'His' way
Yes, yes
We are experiencing it.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Language Of Love

Emotions and imaginations
The tranquility hours
Sweet pictures and cruel strains
Everything sounds when
Language of love utters
The memories
The silence
Aparted moments.

Love goes beyond emotions
Words flow under feelings
Bleeding ink covers
The ocean of poetry
Saddest phrases are drawn
All is out in lines
It's the language of poetry
Which fulfills the language of love.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Last Days, Pardon Lost Days

I was ready to start
We were curious to move
I and we wanted to move
Something hit us deeply
I was in tears
My lord! we were in tears.

Strange things touched us
We doubted everything
What will happen?
Where will life lead us.

All are asked now
Memories and golden days
We and I in last days
How to start the things
How to last the things
We lost the days
But not ourselves.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Life or Love

Define if you can
Live if you want
Love if you can
Which you can take.

Life has breath
Love have life
Life takes love
Love takes breath.

My life is ambivalent
Life or love
Love or life
Both needs me
Certainly I need both
But I am optional.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Lightening

It comes and disappears
You too resemble it.
You do strike as lightening
In my heart always sparkling.

The day you entered in me
My days were in light
Till my beats work
No one can get you away from me
You are my brightness.

You and light
Me and darkness
When you leave me
Its the darkness remains
Only darkness darling.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Lines For You

Just a mark of care
For the one's of one land
The ravishing care
Seeming your nature of life.

Something dares my care
The ruthless development in you
Further your unseen future
Avoids the mark in my care.

Your avoidance of roots
Matured standard of living
Mistakes me for your care.
I wish you to return
To the rules of nature
Your nature to our nature
The everlasting feeling of past
Indeed true standards of living.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Lost One, Have One

Everyone have a dream
Some go, some withdraaw
I went and went far
I had a dream
I have a dream

I dreamt with open eyes
Dreamt with two
One for heart
Another for family
One dissolved, another resolved

One dream happens once
Once in life, once for all
Fortunately it happend to me
Unfortunately was broken
Lost one, have one

I had a dream
To defend her at heart
Be in her arms
Set her in my eyes
Spend an age for her

I had a dream
To live with her
Make a family of her
It was a whole half
Remained only with half

Dreamt her to become
My piece, My sprit
This was a heart dream
This was a lost dream
Dream of every second in a minute.

I have a dream
Get a good name
A standard fame
Rank in the starta
Obidient son extra

I have a dream
Making my brothers proud
Being high in crowd
Hearing my talks in class
Name in mass of every class

I have a dream
Be loyal to my mom
Glad to be a son of her
Pleasure to be a son of my dad

Satisfied as a son of them

I have a dream
Be with my family
Respect my family
Tradition what has changed in others
Let not change for me forever

I have a dream
See my dad happy
Feel my mom, s love
Be under my brothers care
In one home till the end

I have a dream
To become the best teacher
To become the best friend
To become the best citizen
To my students, Friends and nation

I have a dream
Regain the tradition
Decentralize the vulgarity
Bring back the chastity
Let the birth have naturality.

I have a dream
Make my lost dream alive
Set her in my growth
Experience her in my growth
Measure my beats in her

I have a dream
To still her with me
Spear my hear in her heart
To fulfill my left dream
Being in her, with her

A dream is designed
By many hopes and desires.

A dream is built.
With true emotions and Feelings.

A dream is a teacher
To a student.

Dream is a beauty
Where charm never departs.

A dream is a lover
To a true lover.

Dream is a timer
Felt when aparted.

Dream is a talent
Possesed by few.

Dream is a substance
For a every art.

Dream is a dream
When it is fulfilled.

Dream is also a dream
When it is broken.

Dream is a colour in ones life
Dream is happiness.
Which can be persuaded
Only persuaded not have.

I had two dreams
Lost one, have one.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Lotus, Formation

Second time I entered
Unknowingly I entered
The lotus formation
In a formation by a lotus.

You may very well be aware
With my name and knowledge
I just couldn't do it there
Indeed not even here.

Past is always past
But my past always lies in present
I was not out years ago
I am not out years after too.

Weapons were not with me
Words are not in me
I am unarmed dear
Please break this formation.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Love Me, Love Me, Love Me

Love me, love me, love me
White says love me
Never, Ever, Never
My heart say nevermore.

White gives peace
White gave me pollution
White sowed purity
White spoiled my chastity.

White is superior
It made me inferior
White is cultured
It destroyed my culture.

White is all
Who said this all
You, its only you
Not I, never will I.

White says love me
I say I don't
White asks why I wont
Because you ruled at my own.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Lovers Of Blood

Shut the door my lord!
Shut the door of birth
Shut the very door of mankind.

I discovered the pace of human steps
All over the body and blood
A thirst for hollows of weeping
A sobbing of distant blood
A black tenderness of progress.

I hear the sinking legends
The past glory in heaven
A mystery of lightening and birth
The green garment and beings
And a long moon like a major air.

Steps which I feel in
Are the riders on mankind
Ghostly seeking even deadmen's bones
Foot stepping on the honorable past
Again and again on the mourning ashes.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Mass Lecture

Where are you man?
I love you
I miss you
Have you read the text? .

How are you son?
I know you will do it
I want you dear
Why don't you speak? .

You should read
You should feed me
I am hungry
Its time for lunch.

Man, how many I should
How many lectures at once
Which to do, which to not
Mass lectures in mass voice.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Missing Someone

The heart gets calm
Memories become warm
Eyes start sprinkling
When something is missing
Someone scratches your nerves
Make you walk
Without a talk
Gets you in an ocean
Ocean of memories
Where you can either be in
Or be out from it
True happiness, or sadness
Comes from deep part
When you truely miss someone.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Mother! Oh Mother

Mother! oh mother!
Where are your children?
Where have they been?
Where have they lost?
Mother! oh mother
Am on you
Yet can't see you
Is you don't like me
Or you don't like us
Mother! your children
Some on edges
Many at peaks
Why are all not equal
Are all not your children?
Maa I understand you
You have lost your children
You are been polluted all over
Maa my mother
Please batter your creation
Batter and make it new
This is a humble request
From one of your children.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Multinational Area

We are developing
We are dancing and adopting
We are producing
We are producing reproduced things.
There is a Sun
There is a family
There will be a Sun
There will be no family.

You are lifting
You are adjusting
You will lift
You will never adjust.
You want him
He wants you
He wants us
He wants all from us.

I am alone
I am alone with you
I and you
You and I
We and world
We and other world.

How long you will set
How long you will follow
How you will play
How we will play.
Global world is going
We are mixing
We are going
We are perishing.

abhimanyu kumar.s

My Soul Mates

I feel my strength
Passing with the tense
Three souls never leave
Will never this person.

My eyes closed, I paint
Our hundred of times
Too difficult to open my eyes
I will paint my eyes with them.

Our beings was too short
But happenings, too long
I love them all
We are one and same at all.

abhimanyu kumar.s

MY WEDNESDAY

It was a cool and lucky day for them,
But it was hot and black summer to me.
He framed a special music for the day,
She moulded her tears in to my way.

Two solitary stars at once I saw,
Both were mixture of Beauty and Tongue.
The Beauty I knew was innocent,
The Tongue was strange and spicy.

Madam spicy levelled a compliant to authority,
With her immoral reason and sentiment of duty.
It was a pre plan for this day,
A tiny gyre formed for the black day.

It was not gyre of Yeats,
But had a vast formation of Vysa's taste.
Though the name appeared hundreds of years past,
But had the trace and face till the last.

Authority and its members were in recycles,
For the haunt tears and band of disciples.
Blind with pride and fooled by haste,
Future reserved to speechless fate.

Though I am a creature of this nature,
I have my pride still undended.
I cannot toil blindly to this nature,
Because the Almighty is still in this creature.

Every horror has tis definition,
Every sorrow has a kind of end.
Alas! till now i had not known,
My guide and fortune's guide are one,
As the revolutions work without a murmur.

abhimanyu kumar.s

My Wednesday / Last meeting

I remembered study and her
Got up at five
Day was winter
It was raining badly.

Promises were vital today
I felt it will get filled
I expected our meeting
You may know, it happened so.

The moments became special
Hearts delighted in love
It was indeed crucial
Happiest day in my life.

After some long nights
Unexpected happened
Feelings and touches aroused
We sensed each other
For the last meeting
For my last happiness.

abhimanyu kumar.s

My Witches

Witches in a row
Please me to bow
Teach me to vow
Urge me to sow.

Stupids are they
Teachers are they
Legends are they
Witches are they.

I look to doors
See barefoot witches
Living in group
Gambling within themselves.

I am confused of their play
Salted within clay
Witchcraft go together
With their work and play.

My heart comes in flame
Whenever I hear their name
Such iron bars of cage, remind me
The glories of my witches.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Name It

Bharatha, Hindustan,
India!
Pure, we-feeling, barren
Maathashri you are sacred
Maa you are protector
Mom go away soon.

Bharatha, Hindustan,
India!
Love, understanding, materialist
Every creature one
We are brothers and sisters
Leave alone, live alone.

Bharatha, Hindustan,
India!
Truth, reality, illusion
Belief in almighty
Life for humanity
Only I am living.

Bharatha, Hindustan,
India!
Mauryas, Moughals, English
English
Nehru
Gujarilal Nanda
Lal Bahadhur Shastri
Indira Gandhi
Sanjeev Gandhi, probably, next
H?

abhimanyu kumar.s

Never Love Anyone

You may feel delighted
The way you acted
Well performed in my cage
Taking it as a stage.

When you placed my heart
That was the day I thought
I pursued the happiness
Atleast for six months.

My happiness vanished
As your life cherished
I still love you
I mean I will love you.

These are the lines for you
Thanking you for your actions
For sometime, somewhile
The fact remains is,
You have lost me
May be I have lost you.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Notable Idiots

Herd with excitement
For an immense fulfillment
Loved, fought and sought
The work and time rot.

Many were to be aparted
Very few to be united
Said, asked, told, requested
Pleased, begged and tested.

From nowhere a force, forced
Forced to one for source
Bright aims and titles
Projecting light and lanterns

Things were headed by a head
A head of no less a head
Useless with his thoughts
A cat words thoughts.

Herd of innocence and intelligence
Day and night had to penance
Breathless work for one title
The title 'A' just an Alpha

Rubbish and proxies were at length
And committees with the strength
All fake and follies of man
Where equaling to a burglar's can

Head of a woman's importance
Supported by other four idiots
Where the order of days
Ruining the herd for the days

Drama was all set
Herd and head at nets
Welcomed, praised and hailed
Three judges for the play

Unexpected happened at ease
Expected things were not at ease
Much was thought of valuation
Very less, did it find a solution?

The nights of month
And the days of month
Were all destroyed and ruined
At large watered and urined
The three honorable men
Had honor but were less than women
Idiots were they, to say

As their judgment was at a pay

Nothing was measured with coffee spoon
All was done within a noon
Layers and hot topics discussed
Hot drinks and potato chips were discussed

It was just like a journey
Three idiots name sake journey
Three days were merged
Three hours a day staged

All lovely curses on three
Couldn’t satisfy the herd and thee
Titles and game plan over
The sketches and time over

Now for the drama is done
Remarking for ‘A’ show done
Shut and set for another play
And let’s be for three more idiots to play.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Nothing Is Certain

What is certain?
Life is certain
Death too
Today is not passed
Tommorrow is awaiting
Is life certain?

The years
Our tears
Certainly comes
Frequently comes
Wearing with seasons
Today and tommorrow
Is your life certain?

What you need you don't get
What you get you don't deserve
Everything is temporary
Phony things happen
Life is absurd
Nothing is certain.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Of Death

What does a death consist
And who are the one who insist
It has air, water and life
A child, children and wife.

Death appears before you think
Forcing you to accept another body
But what exactly happens is
Life is detached from the unreal things.

Death returns your balances
Eventually burns the desires
Death makes you walk and run
When you are on a sleep.

Death has the living
A living before it arrives
So, what does it consist
It consists body, flesh and few years.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Of Need

I guess the heaven is closed
For when i gaze out through windows
I find a ghost dealer
Composed with hell rhymes and rhythms
With sure for a needless heaven
At a sure of expected rhymes
Man has absurd efforts for progress
The progress in sins and fouls.

I see the dealer is observing
The matches and patches drowning
Goal of soonest for progress
Man is departing from the center
My guess becomes for sure
When i don't find man, for man
Where I find empty claw of objects
With the savage theory of man.

abhimanyu kumar.s

On Death

Today I want to touch
The most mysterious and relentless
About the inevitable truth of man
I mean about death.

Does death mean the end or
Does it merely open another life
You may say what I say
To you is absurd and phony
I question you but why?

When you can wish
Wish of becoming a president or
Wish of getting a first rank or
Wish to see Sachin's ton ton
Or many and many other wishes
Which you may or may not attain.

Then how can you neglect
A truth which is 'The Certain'
The things which you wish
Are the uncertainties of life
The only certainty is in death.

A death which is so true
But still we fear of it.

Death is an art
And a man who acknowledges this
Is the one who lives in true sense
See the death before you live
And live before you leave
Because death is a chance.

abhimanyu kumar.s

On Department

Lovely time an early step
I entered out
In department
Which meant to depart.

Two barren years I spent
From wasteland to eastland
From Saxon to Queer theory
In a sterile department.

I don't know what I gained
I know what I lost
Gained an ideal personality
Lost my love and friends.

By nature it is a paradise
By features a bloody hell
Some left a mark in me
Some a nasty dust on me.

I look before and after
And think for what is not
The tressures of delight
In way to depart.

abhimanyu kumar.s

On Dream

If you have a dream
You gonna protect it
It is never easy to do it
But still you have to mold it.

Living in a competitive world
Choosing the physical world
You have to stay in it
You ought to be away from it.

Never go depressed if you can't
As world is wide as your life short
You gonna try for it
Try to the best for it.

Suppose your dream is lost
Never you lose at it's cost
Till you live you try
If not never cry for it.

life is a life
As all live and leave
You live and lead
The dream and dream.

abhimanyu kumar.s

On Living

My dear brothers and fellows
What are you doing of you
What's between you and I
The secure border of present and past
We are living in one land
Above the death on black
You fit to seem too under
Where I live on your living.

I am no special than you
Still I am odd from you
You change, become strange
I change which I never want
Come let's come to a point
Where shall we sit on or in?
Being on you ought to return
Being in you are well very in.

abhimanyu kumar.s

OTHERS PROPERTY

Love with a sight,
Quarrel will be tight.
Eyes were as wax,
Filtered my Berkely max.

8A to 5A,5A to 8A.
What is the game?
Where is my fame?
I am Chaste 'single time'.

Agreement of one year,
Can make my time, I swear.
Gears with fears, Fears to tears,
No tears except crocodile tears.

Girl in speed at utter need,
Ten are minimum, maximum can feed.
License to bike, license to car,
No license for her back, No for her love.

You shake, shake my tool,
Shake once to fool my tool.
I respect her belongings,
For becoming 'Others property'.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Our Class

Strange views I found
Some are true
Many are very curious
A bit of eyes with coldness
The colors and flavors.

A thought which drives me
As how far I have learnt them
And to what they have read me
I never feel alone as
I never feel am different
Something they express
Many things I do
It is my class, pardon
It is our class.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Part of Art

I a part
You a part
We a part.

I apart from you
You apart from me
We apart in ourselves.

A part apart
Apart from a art
Art a apt which aparts.

I part my art
Apart from your part
Unite you in my art.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Play On Game

Round, round and round
What's your name?
Death and crimes
Where are you from?
Is the play of man
Or the game of lord
When will i know the truth.

I think this game or play
Has the ever sports on
But still the world
Does it, rely on it
Finally what will happens
Only the lord knows.

You continue and continue
Your round round play
Crime, sloughts do it
You just continue man
Death! death! death!
Thats sure at your hands.

Play as more as you need
The game is on you
He will make you play
Till you breath which you breath.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Prize Poem

I stood were I wasn't present
The where were I was present
Three sixty five attendance
Very tense in the dense.

I was to we
We and I to society
I am looking at myself
Walking away to find myself.

I lowered to a pitch
Thinking something to stitch
A pair He and She
Which the world may wish to see.

I write this poem in blue
With all my heart is true
I never expect a prize for this poem
As it remains my prize poem.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Results Away Problems

Problems, Problems and Problems
I have one, You have one
One has many, We have many
Why do you sit as a rock
Why don't you mock at the rock
Push and Pull, Rock and move
Problems lament results.

Problems, Problems and Problems
They react by past in present
Then why do you stand and hesitate
Why don't you perish and taste
The Fruitiness of expressions
You are hurt or did hurt any
If you agree life is full of honey.

Nothing is for ever my dear
Not even the Problem
Open the heart, burst the feelings
Shatter the stones as tears wild
For your duties will fetch results
Spread a smile like never before
Many are to resist and persist you.

World is open, the key in you
Problems were, are and will be
Accept the phony knots and naughts
Life is to love, love life
For it's absurd but very true.

abhimanyu kumar.s

ROAD TO END

I see the Third coming on the Road,
Finding no answer of Second on the Board.
Road is full of Lust and Dust in this Land,
Yes, yes I want to get out of this Wasteland.

Should I hide under the Chaucer's inn,
Or else inside the Forster's False cave.
Here, the things are aparted on the sand,
Its mere ruined Culture and Anarchy on the Land.

The Kingdom of God is within yourself,
Best reach the King rest to weap.
What's that? I find something dark as Dante's hell,
Yet, we think that, he is King of Dark Chamber.

Oh! King no Road, no inn nor caves I need,
Please Find the Exit to this Wasteland creed.
Will I find the Road to your land?
Or I will ever remain in Eliot's Wasteland.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Slowly, Slowly

In my memory
Precious as ivory
She keeps floating
Slowly, slowly.

In my treasury
Remains my bravery
Passing from her
Slowly, slowly.

I see live scenes
Lovely scenes
Missing, living and loving
Slowly, slowly.

Suddenly am afraid
Will she be in me
Or get away from me
Slowly, slowly.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Sorry Honey

To be beyond my hands
To open up my heart
I see you honey
In the darkest cage.

I think you feel lonely
In the wild patches
You are in clutches
And you can't escape.

This man of yours
Feels sorry for you honey
I couldn't keep you in heaven
Damn it, I couldn't dear, sorry.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Tenses

She hits my heart
She is tearing up my heart
They are demanding my heart
I am getting no help.

She has touched my heart
They have earned my heart
She has been touching my heart
They have been waiting for me.

She loved truely
She was loving me truely
They were loving me too much
She had worried a bit
They had hoped a lot
She had been rolling
They had been slipping away always.

She will return a day
They may come
She might be thinking
They will be cursing, I know
She would have asked my heart
They should have remembered me
She might have been testing, yes
They would have been waiting still.

These are the twelve tenses
Followed by my senses.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Thanks Giving

At the surface Thank you
Thanks for coming and being
Coming into my life and
Being as part of my heart.

From the depth Thank you
Thanks for making me alive
Alive in the material relations
Thanks for getting so closer
Closer to the core and edges.

Thank you so much and very much
For giving me the joy
Joys of moment's life
Thanks for making me smile
Smile for no reason
Still meant for ever thanking.

Thank you so much
For playing a wild game
Of comfort and need
Thanks for that spark of hope
By which the play was in success
Heart felt thanks for your talks
Talks with active and lazy strategies.

Thanks for the things and time
Things for remembrance and
Time to forget that remembrance
Thanks for everything you did for me
For sometime in cult very difficult
Thanks for utilizing me at your best
And making my life at my rest
Thanks for creating a fake world.

Thanks for ruining me and my nights
Thanks for the heart killing
Where love was not willing
Thanks to admit your cause
For getting me under huge loss.

Thank you so much for stopping
Stopping my breath when it started to breath.

Oh my love

If you are rejected at the heaven and hell
Or thrown ed for destroying me
As God will never forgive nor Satan
Hold your nerves and return
Come back to me with your wandering soul
Touch my flames on my ashes

I may or may not forgive you.

Dedicated to my material world.

abhimanyu kumar.s

THE KUMPA

I struck the board and cried,
No more! I will be in this paradise.
The paradise of Kumpa's and graves,
Having steady looks and shapes.

Those who have strained to build the nest,
The nest of Kumpa's from the west.
Melted their ideologies in the east,
Diminished the traditional laws in the east.

There was a special Kumpa in the east,
Influenced by west, accent of east.
Highly qualified but minor in grave,
Deeply bound to nasty western wave.

Ideology filled without knowledge,
Views killed the students knowledge.
Empowerment were the watch words,
Awake! Awake were the code words.

Disappointment resulted to Kumpa's,
Heavily insulted and crooked by tradition.
Ossify! Ossify! , await! await! ,
Were the final words of Kumpa's.

Speaking the truth is the divine world,
Speaking untruth is the world of death.
Leading a moral life is a heaven,
Leading Kumpa's life is not less than hell.

abhimanyu kumar.s

The Laugh Of The Medusa/ A Critical Class

I began to laugh
Aloud in my consiousness
What a piece of barreness
I feel the worst
In her, near her
She can make you boring
In countable seconds
She can make you sleep
In couple of minutes.

She acts as voracious
In gender and translations
She herself forgets that
She is fit only to make sleep
Boy! you should see her smile
The bloody smile in her boring class
I assure you that
She has the ugly tastes
But its the knowledge which matters
Not her bloody smile or structure.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Time

It walks
It walks
It will walk
I will walk.

Never it gets strucked
Never it get struck
It is with everyone
Some fail to be with it.

Something is certain
It is 'The Certain'
Laugh is available
Cry is audiable
My work is prefferable
Because time is simple.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Time To Dance

Freedom we gained
brave leaders who tamed
Under endless land and sand
A dream of patriots and parrots
Was valorous and victorious.

Today at this juncture
What have we preserved
Nothing indeed nothing
Not the sweat and blood
Not even unity and faith
At last not even our identity.

What we have is
The hatred among ourselves
The life erasing past
Needless war and power
Power in hands of traitors
Why man has lost in his victory
No answer to be detected
We are fit to dance
Come lets dance for our victory
Victory of death in all.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Tiny Army

They move in a chain
One army with zest
I just sat wondering
How tiny they are.

I really do appreciate them
For their unity
What a sound understanding
They can fear you
In a fist of time.

I and you
Even mighty mammoths
Get knocked by them
How strong they are
How weak we are.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Tragedy Of Because

I love her because
They love her
They love her because
They love me
They love me because
I love her.

I love her because
She is my love
He loves her because
She is his love
Pardon she loved me because
She was my lover
Believe me i still love her because
She is my only love.

abhimanyu kumar.s

VII Chamber of Heart (An Unseen Chamber)

The White Swan

Heard of One with One
Left at Two in One
Chamber avoiding Chamber
Heart avoiding Heart
One or Two or Seven
All the Senses are Even
Except One out of Seven!

The Rock

Threads moved to the knees
Eyes observed and Ears heard
The haunted fragrance and cursing organ
All were vanished at the end.

I

Suddenly it happened
My absent Love's present poverty
Triggered to an Ultimate Chamber
A chamber beyond the six chambers of Living
Yes! that Unseen Spiritual Chamber
The Seventh Chamber of Heart.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Waiting for Wednesday

You may ask
You may be curious
I may not be so,
Wednesday will mark
The true happiness of my life.

Waited, waited and noted
When wednesday would come?
When will such wednesday come?
It was gifted
Was a boon in my life.

Waiting and waited till wednesday
Completely eight months and few days
Frequently waited for wednesday
Everything happened in couple hours
For which I waited couple of ages.

abhimanyu kumar.s

What Can You Say

What can you say
When I say
Say of the hunger
Which I tend to seek
Say of the never ending
Which I never wanna end
Say I feel the death
Death in silence
Say about the voice
Which choose my nights
The ways of dreams and
The sand of earth.

What can I say
When I rise my songs
Brings me corn and water
I say to all and you
To the mortals and immortals
That acknowledge the hands
The invisible hands of love
Take away the hunger
If you wish breath too
But for God's sake not your love
Not your smile, your care
Not the very substance
A soul being in you for me.

abhimanyu kumar.s

What Does A Man Need

There is a fight for everything
Fight and desire for power
Fight for rights
Fight for equality
Fight for love
Fight, fight, fight!

We fight to get something
We fight to apart from the same thing
Some Leaders fight to unite
Some leaders fight to divide
All are fighting for themselves.

Who is concerned for all such rights
Go and see in slums
Go and experience the poverty in them
Just ask them what they need
Ask them whether they desire
The comforts and gold
The power or shares
Or the desire for golden plates and beds.

What I say is for what
We are fighting which is not permanent
What a layman or any man needs ah!
Two meals a day
A garment to cover strip
A roof to live
Finally six feet of land to leave.

abhimanyu kumar.s

What Of My Life

What a hell in my life
My luckless love and life
Soul with love and cares
Banish to run, wait to be undone.

What a heaven in my life
My work and tired less profession
Mind with work and students
Cherish to run, and run to be done.

What a logic in his hands
On either which He would display
The fountain joys and sorrows
Everyday's report with my fate is filled.

What a truth of my life
The unknown future and known past
Will He frame a concern over me?
To protect the what of my life.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Where We Are?

The unrest sunshine of land
Sunless land, I mean wasteland
The imagination and motion
Failing in this land of emotions.

Ideal qualities in states
Almost perished in tastes
The lovely faith in force
Turned very neatly in course.

Centuries and ages of life
Horrible experiments and tries
Lifetime awards and merits
Where are our spirits.

Advance and advanced life
Merely ruining the meaning
Do you sit and think to it
Do we have anything left yet.

The progress and modernity
Mistaken identity
The cycle of birth
The chain of bleeding life.....
Just think where we are.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Who Is Alive?

Remember who we are
We are the dead men
With black horizontal breath
Rolling on life in pressures of crime.

Remember who we are
We are the murderers
With weight of cultural deaths
Destructing all norms of life.

Remember who we are
We are the dead mask men
With blood of kith and kin
Roaring on our ancestors peace.

Remember who we are
We are the sinners of life
With perishing the values and morals
Living in submerged blood of almighty.

abhimanyu kumar.s

Who Is This?

All are born
All are perished
Only one has not
People may change
People may range
Only one cannot change.

You may wage wars
You may run in cars
But you can't reach the stars
You have ignored
You have adored
Only one is matured.

They have gained
They have lost
One has remained static
They play with it
They respect it
They sometimes follow it.

He is the king
She is the queen
All are at it
Many are against it
Many love it
Some hate it.

Can you tell me
Who is this?

abhimanyu kumar.s

Wish To Say

Wish to say tonight
I miss you jaanu
Your voice, the sweetness
The depth of your eyes
Travelling emotions
I feel lonely jaanu.

Wish to say every night
I want you dear
Your chatting and talks
Cares and love
The swears and mistakes
Making you and I
You are with me dear.

Wish to say all time
I miss you honey
Presence and appearance
The mornings and nights
Your sense and my feeling
I have to say sorry
I will say love you honey
I will ever love you
Will miss you honey.

abhimanyu kumar.s

WRITER AND CULTURE

Green was culture, Green were you.
After a revolt, after a red,
You have become black,
Your culture black.
Perhaps, I will write in black.

Hip pop, hip hop, Bi pop,
Jockey tight, body loose.
Loose is the costume,
Loose is your future.
It is thy culture.

I get up in heat,
Tightening my feet,
Empty heat, Empty Zest.
I am thirsty to change you.
Can you give me some water?

You too get up in heat,
Posing your fittings,
Around your settings.
I am thirsty for water,
You are thirsty for culture.

You forgot your origin and seed,
While you are busy to feed need.
You want a trend,
You want a mixture,
Thinking change is must.

I see a mass culture building,
At the outdoors you are kneeling.
You are kneeling with feeling,
Begging for hybridity,
For a culture of santry.

I was not a poet,
But your condition made me.
I have a query for your culture,
Will this continue in future?
I think yes; what you say?

.

abhimanyu kumar.s

You Have Forgot Me

I want to forget you
But you drive me
You appeal for an urge
Then why you don't remember me
I feel sometimes
You want to forget me
You have forgot me.

How shall I forget you
You are my breath
You are my senses
But you avoid me
You drown me, because
You want to forget me
You have forgot me.

Have you forgot all
All days and promises
You always break promises
You always swear and kill me
How many times will you kill
You like to forget me
You have forgot me.

You tell I have cheated
You rewind the same, that
I couldn't make you mine
You always remember to rewind
But never want to read my mind
You make me to think that
You have forgot me.

You can't forget me
I am not weak
Not as much as you think
I have the strength to awake you
You can't avoid me
You may only want to forget
You have forgot me.

Listen jaanu
How shall I forget you
You are my source for breathing
How can you forget me
You too have loved me
Then why you forget me
Why you want to forget me.

You can never forget me
Nor I can forget you
But your silence say
You have forgot me.

abhimanyu kumar.s

You Remain In My Writings

Love is a love
And remains always as a love
It comes and fades
It starts and remains
But where?

Love happens and where it is next?
We get involved in love
We feel our breath in it
Still we can't capture it
But why?

Deep hearted dew still wet
One perfect love
But where? but why?
Where shall I capture it?
How?

Well, She is gone and here
I must remain
In my words in her
Love will remain and grow
By poetry and songs
I capture you here
Right here in my poems
As you are a prisoner somewhere.

abhimanyu kumar.s