

## Poetry Series

# Anoop Lokkur

- poems -

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### **Anoop Lokkur (22/01/1985)**

In a Vessel of Dreams  
I sail across this mortal Infinte Ocean.

I am a dropp in the Oceans,  
A whisper in the Winds,  
A grain in the vast Deserts;  
For I too am,  
Like you  
A god's wonderful creation.

I developed a habit of writing lyrics which later inspeired me to write poems with my first one called WOMEN followed by Beautiful little stranger. Inspired by nature, unfound love, pain, joy, anger and other emotions.I sit to write poems to express myself almost every night. Reading poems of great poets like pablo neruda, william Butler Yeats, Rudyard kipling and many others inspire me to be a better poet everyday and make me realise how much I am yet to learn from this mystery called life.

## **A Haiku**

Japanese poem  
Five-Seven-Five syllables  
An art called Haiku.

[19.30 10 oct 2006]

Anoop Lokkur

## A Love Story

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Love: it has different meaning to each and every individual. Love, they say can make people do foolish things but when you are in love you don't care as long as you are happy. Love can indeed make you a better person but very few people know that love can not only give you happiness, power and a meaning for your being but this love can also be very dangerous. It can make one life from pure bliss to misery, from powerful to weak. It is so powerful that if controlled or misused it can destroy you.

This is a story of a boy, a girl and their love. Everybody wants to know the good stuff about being in love but not the aftermath. Our lives is filled with so much hassles and worries that we want to read a book with a happy ending or watch a movie that ends with the hero kissing his girl. But has anyone wondered: what if things didn't go smoothly afterward or what if there is a whole new beginning after the end.

What you want is not what you always get, but what if you did get what you want and then realize it would have been better if you didn't get it at all.

### Chapter 1

He had been studying in Mt.Zion for eleven yrs now, this was his final year. Mt.Zion was one of the most prestigious schools in simla and he was really fortunate to be studying in such an esteemed institute. He was like any other boy in school. He loved sports; he was in the swimming team and the basketball team. He liked watching movies, eating out and having fun like you and me. All his friends had girlfriends, some who really loved and some who just wanted to have fun. Just like all of his friends he too wanted to be in love. His name is Sebastian and this is his story.

School has just finished and Sebastian's on his way back to the pool for his everyday practice. After a severe training for 1 hour, on his way back to the dorm, outside the principal's office he sees her for the first time. She was the prettiest girl his eyes had ever seen, innocent small black eyes, and straight black hair like a crown on her fair complexioned skin, smooth like porcelain. At that exact moment he knew what love at first sight was.

Sebastian was no more exhausted from the intense training but in fact full of energy. He saw her everywhere: in his text books while he struggled to study, in his mind when he closed his eyes to take a nap. He got up unable to sleep and started playing his guitar, thinking of her, playing every tune for her. Sebastian knew for certain she was the girl he wanted to be with, but how?

He didn't know her name, who she was and what she was doing in his school coz he had never seen her in the campus before and knew she didn't study in Mt.Zion. One week had passed and Sebastian still could not get her out of his head. Love is a virus and the antivirus for it is, love itself. He wanted to see her just once more. How he wished she was studying in his school, that was all he prayed for and she was all that he desired. And then one day his prayers were finally answered. Sebastian was outside his classroom talking with his friends when he saw her walk down the stairs in a blue skirt, a white shirt and a red and blue striped tie, it was Mt.Zion's school uniform. Sebastian now knew that she was the one for him. There was nothing in this world that could stop him from having her. He went back to his classroom smiling and knowing for sure that soon she will be his and they will be one.

[This is one of the many stories im yet to complete let me know what you all think]

Anoop Lokkur

## **A Promise**

A poem I shall write  
This promise I make to thee,  
Until the day we meet  
Poems to you I shall read.

And on the day we meet  
The stars will gleam like celestial lamps,  
And the winds will whisper sweet nothings,  
For on that day, we shall be one

A kiss we shall seal  
For our hearts to heal,  
Under the beaming moonlight  
Our love we shall consummate.

Laying besides me  
Your glowing naked body,  
Inspiring me to write  
Verses divine;

For your eyes,  
Deep as the ocean  
For your lips,  
Sweeter than honey

For your hair,  
Denser than the forests  
For your scent,  
Exhilarating me to ecstasy

For you, poems I shall write  
And this promise forever I shall keep...

[09 oct 2006 10.09 pm]

Anoop Lokkur

## Aryans Gumptions

Aryan's gumptions  
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Prologue

Aryan

Aryan is an Indian boy from Bangalore, 21 years old and in his final year of college. He is pleasant looking, tall, fair complexioned. He has a passion for cooking and loves to play his guitar. By nature, he is an eccentric, hypocrite and egoistic. He comes from a low middle class family, father has a business which is at loss most of the times and so is in a lot of debt. His mother is very pretty and hard working and ambitious but stuck at home as a housewife. Aryan has had only one girl in his life till now whom he thought he loved but realized it was all just infatuation after it ended. Now that you know about Aryan lets take a look in his life and his mind and his thoughts.

BARISTA

'One cappuccino, one cheese tomato sandwich and a bottle of mineral water please' ordered Aryan.

Aryan went and sat in one of the empty tables, he liked coming to Barista. You could always find him there after college. He found the place serene and found peace with himself.

'Aryan, Mr Aryan' the waiter called.

It was mostly the same order every time a cappuccino, sandwich and mineral water and only sometimes would he order an iced tea or a blue Curacao.

He just could not drink his coffee without a smoke, so he lit one and started sipping his coffee. He looked around, not too many people and he thanked god since the place was not infested with the Arabs. He just couldn't stand them; they were always there from the moment it opened till it closed. He couldn't help but think...what do they do here all day long? Why do they come here? Didn't they feel guilty spending their father's money, 'cos he certainly did. He would feel guilty every time he came here and spent a hundred bucks, went drinking with his friends or the occasional dance bar visits. He had been to a dance bar only twice, first time coz he wanted to experience it and second time coz his friends forced him. The first time he entered a dance bar he was really excited and it was worth it, the girls were pretty in their gagra-cholis with long

silky hair and pretty faces with a little excess make up. He fantasized it to be a king's court and the girls dancing for the king. Oh! It was just marvelous. But the second time he went he did not feel the same way he felt sad for them dancing and trying to please men for money. He wondered what they had to go through, how would their life be? A group of college girls attracted his attention, he believed beautiful girls were his only weakness and Bangalore is filled with beautiful girls. He noticed a girl in lavender salwaar kameez, long black hair, fair skin and quite attractive. He felt a desire for her, she seemed nice and pretty but he changed his mind as soon as he saw her light a fag. He didn't understand why women smoked, it didn't look good on them. For him ciggis weren't an addiction it was more like a companion when he was alone. With a fag he had something to do besides persistently thinking profoundly about things a normal person wouldn't. It was ironic how people here are becoming more western and people there travel thousands of kms here for spirituality, find their inner self. If it was one thing people knew of India, it was its vast culture and spirituality and also kãma sũtra. You could count the no. of people who were proud to be Indian these days. All that people want to do these days is get a degree in B.E get a job in the great US of A and get settled there.

Aryan knew he would never work for them even though he didn't consider his country great he would forever be loyal to it and do his part of making his country a better place to live.

The vibration of his cell phone brought him back from his thoughts.

The message read 'wer r u? u were supp 2 meet mi@ d mall 10 min ago'  
He quickly replied 'I'll be there in 10 min, Im stuck in traffic'. That's one excuse everybody bought in cities.

## CONSPIRACY THEORY

It was a Thursday morning and Aryan was eating his breakfast while reading the ET. He came across an article about Nixon's view of India and late Smt Indira Gandhi. Nixon and Kissinger met in the oval office on the morning of Nov 5, 1971 to discuss Nixon's conversation with Gandhi the day before. 'We really slobbered over the old witch' Nixon told Kissinger. The U.S was allied with Pakistan and saw India as too closely allied with the Soviet Union. "The Indians are Bastards anyway" Mr. Kissinger told Nixon.

"While she was a bitch, we got what we wanted too" Mr. Kissinger said "she will not be able to go home and say that the U.S didn't give her a warm reception and therefore in despair she's got to go to war".

Reading this made him dislike the so called great country more, he even started thinking if the U.S. had something to do with the assassination of Late Smt I. Gandhi. They always solve their problems by elimination, maybe the CIA was ordered to assassinate I. Gandhi and the CIA is one of the worlds best intelligence agencies, they could have done it and nobody would ever find out. The U.S didn't want competition; they just want to rule this planet in their own freaking way. But it won't be long before China, Russia, Brasil and India will empower them. It will happen and in the near future he thought.

If its one thing he couldn't stand, it was people spitting on the road. People on bikes, cars and even buses don't feel ashamed to spit on the road not even looking back to see if people are there. Aryan had always thought of congregating a few people whom

he would choose personally and go to a far off island and start a new world. A world filled with peace, love and nature. Rules which made sense, a disparate religion where only one god existed, that doesn't forbid certain joys in life, a religion more logical and practical. A world with no politicians or war, no Bush or Laden, no greed, no hunger, and where money is not important but other joys in life are. A world so perfect that it can never exist. Aryan always felt that civilization was a failure. Look around; there is hunger, poverty, greed, bloodshed, and war. Is this what we want? Is money everything? Does nobody value the beauty of life anymore? Does nobody realize the power of nature? Our eyes might be open but we are all blindfolded inside. Human race will be destroyed by humans themselves.

## YASMINE

It's 6 in the evening and Aryan is in barista drinking a blue Curacao when he realizes that a girl is noticing him. She has a wheatish complexion, pretty, alluring eyes and an innocent smile. They gazed at each other for a couple of minutes. Aryan is attracted to her but he has never approached a girl before. Even if I approached her what would I say? He thought. She looked at him and smiled this time and he returned her smile. He built up his courage, he told himself you can do it, she is just a girl and besides she smiled at you, so that means she's interested in you, so get your ass up and go talk to her. He gets up to go talk to her when he sees her friend get up as well. Are they leaving? should I just forget about it? He sees her friend heading towards the counter and so Aryan proceeds, his heart beating faster then ever and mind blank as a white sheet.

"Hello! How u doing? "

"I'm fine"

What should I say next?

Aryan: "err.."

"So you are all alone" asks the girl

"Yes, I like coming here on my own"

Damn it! I should have just said yes

"Ok"

"May I have a seat? "

"Sure"

"So, what are you studying? "

"I'm in my 12th"

"Oh! Really? Science or commerce? "

"Science"

"That sucks! "

"Yeah! Tell me about it"

"I took science in my 12th as well but shifted to commerce for my degree, it's much better"

"Yeah? "

"I'm sorry I'm Aryan"

"Hey Aryan I'm Yasmine"

"That's a nice name"

"Thanks"

"You know you are very cu...": Yasmine

"Hi, who's your friend? "

"Hey Nisha meet Aryan, Aryan meet my friend Nisha"

"Hey, how u doing? "

"I'm fine"

And the rendezvous went on for an hour. It was dark now and he had to get back home. He went back home happy and with Yasmine's number.

## THE DATE

It is a sunny Saturday morning. Saturdays are usually very mundane for Aryan since he has all the time in the world. He had no college on Saturdays and so he usually has nothing to do on Saturdays other than sleep. This Saturday, although was different since he had a date with Yasmine.

He spent the whole morning thinking as to where he would take her, what they would talk. It was still only eleven am 6hours more to go. He met a couple of his friends and came back and slept. When he woke up it was 4 already, with the time left he washed his face gelled his hair and put on a crisp white t shirt and a pullover.

Yasmine was already waiting for him to pick her up. Aryan decided the best place to take her is barista as both of them are fond of it and that's where they met.

The date was going well, she was very interested in what he had to say and he couldn't take his eyes off her. She turned out to be a good speaker and Aryan liked girls who talked a lot. Girls who talked sense and not non sense. They talked about college, past relationships, music. The date was a success so far, although Yasmine turned out to be exactly the opposite of what he had expected. He had thought of her to be an innocent, decent and a shy girl but she was exactly the opposite but that didn't matter cos he was attracted to her physically and not emotionally. Atleast not yet. The first date went exactly as he had expected both of them were excited but didn't show it, they enjoyed each others company and looked forward to seeing each other again soon.

## Passionate Terrace

It had been two days since Aryans first date with Yasmine and he could not wait to see her again. So, he called her and asked her out. Bangalore's weather was perfect today, it had been drizzling since morning; the roads were damp and one could get the earthy smell from the ground. They met and went for a walk nearby her place and Aryan was doing his best to hold her hand but had to finally give up in vain. They came to a halt in front of her house and Yasmine said" do you wanna go hangout in my terrace? "They walked up to her terrace and sat on the tank, the view was beautiful; on one hand there were buildings and on the other hand there were houses all around and trees green with yellow flowers and the sky painted with the sun's orange rays hidden behind a few cumulus clouds. They sat there in complete silence, it was so blissful. But after a while the silence seemed uncanny. It was finally Yasmine who started talking and Aryan thanked god for that. He could sit there and listen to her all day; it was like listening to coldplay to him. Their songs could always soothe his mind and right now Yasmine talking to him soothed his mind, he completely forgot about all the usual worries he had and his mind was calm.

Yasmine talked and talked while Aryan slowly put his hand around her, she realized his hands over her but she continued talking being oblivious about it.

Aryan then slowly moved his arm towards her face and started caressing her soft creamy face and played with her silky black hair.

Yasmine stopped abruptly and looked at him

Damn I shouldn't have done that, is she going to yell at me? ?

"I talk a lot. Don't I? " said Yasmine

Yes you do but it's like music to my ears

"Yes you do but I know how to make you stop talking"

"Really, how's that? "

Aryan tilts his face goes a bit forward and says "do u really want to know? "

"Hmmm I think I do"

He looks into her eyes deeply goes a bit more forward, she closes her eyes and starts kissing him. It was a long passionate kiss. He could taste her sweetness of her lips. As their tongue's explored each others mouth he lay her on the tank slowly and carefully not to hurt her. He ran his fingers across her hair while they kissed. He was now on top of her but didn't put all of his weight on her. He was very uncomfortable at the same time excited. He put his hand on her hips slid her shirt a little up and felt her tender skin. She immediately took his hand up to her shoulders.

"You are so hot" said Yasmine

"So are you"

As he goes to kiss her again she stops him

And she asks with an innocent sly smile "can I bite you? "

"I guess"

As they are kissing she softly yet gently bites his lips giving him a little pain and a lot of pleasure.

They kept kissing for a while when she cut him off and said "you are so big"

"Does it matter? " and he continues kissing her

What did I just say? Stop thinking and continue kissing.

They lay on the hard stoned tank kissing for almost an hour.

It was past 8: 30 and they both had to head back home. They kissed as they descended the flight of stairs. He would grab her by her waist and kiss her while they walked down and as they came across somebody's door they would stop.

They could not keep their hands off each other. They finally came to her door, they kissed their last kiss for the night and he left.

As he walked back home it started raining.

Back home, Aryan pondered about Yasmine and that magical evening. After a while he concluded that all bollywood movies were not full of crap, coz what happened to him that evening was exactly like it did in a bollywood movie...

From the lines he told her to the talks they had to the kisses and the pouring rain after everything was over. Yes! This would make a good scene in a bollywood movie. He fell asleep lingering about her kisses, bites and that innocent smile.

## The Break Up

This process of meeting up in her terrace and making out continued for a week, one long passionate week. He would never forget the day when they were sitting outside talking and all of a sudden they started kissing, it was not coz the topic was boring but the attraction among them was so immense, and while they kissed sitting down it started raining. Aryan rushed back inside.

"Why? Are you scared of rain? Come on out n join me said Yasmine

"Oh no I'm coming all right I just don't want my shoes to get wet" said Aryan while taking off his shoes.

He comes out the rain heavier now and so were their heartbeats. He looks at her...there she was that innocent smile those almond eyes and her black hair soaked in rain she could not look more beautiful he thought. He grabs her by her waist pulls her close to him and they kiss. They kissed while the rain poured on them. He lifts her up and continues kissing. This continued for a whole week the kissing and the rain. Sitting inside in his arms and looking out at the rain in the dark. One whole week! ! !

As the saying goes nothing lasts forever and this certainly could not last forever. Was it him or her? ? He will never know. They hardly met and when he called she was either busy or didn't want to meet up in the terrace and that was when he lost interest in her so the day when she called him to the terrace it finally happened on the last day of the 2nd week

"So, how was your day? asks Yasmine

"It was ok... how you have been?"

"I'm fine"

"Soo" says Aryan

She looks down playing with her hairclip.

Come on you can do this tell her, tell her don't be a wuss you know you have to do this now. But she told this is forever. Are you really that stupid?

"Ummmm Yasmine"

"Ya"

"You know you are a very sweet girl n..."

Look at her I can't do this ahhh what the heck there's always another one ill get it over with

"I like you but this is over"

"What do you mean? "

"That is as clear as I can be ITS OVER"

"OK"

"Ok I have to go now"

"Why? ? Stay for a while please"

"No I have to go I have to meet someone"

They walked down the stairs the same stairs where they kissed every time they walked up or down. They reached her house

"Goodbye Yasmine"

She kisses him on the cheek and says

"Bye Aryan take care"

He walks out and waits for it to rain.

Looks up and then starts walking back home

Cure?

It had been a day since he broke up with Yasmine and he could not help but to think if he had done the right thing. He woke up in the morning thinking whether he should call her but then decided against it. He knew she would not call him since he broke up with her and he would not call her since he is very egoistic. So the day went by thinking about Yasmine and when the afternoon arrived he decided to go buy some groceries. On his way to the store he came upon Yasmine. Should I smile? Should I stop and say hello? ? . Yasmine looks at him and smiles and he smiles back, she smiled but why did I smile back I shouldn't have.

Anoop Lokkur

## **As Good As It Gets**

[another song i worte]

I am not what you think i am  
I am more than an ordinary man  
I've a vision I wanna share  
But it seems like you dont care

CHORUS:  
No matter what I do,  
where I go  
I guess this is  
AS GOOD AS IT GETS

I started looking in the wrong direction  
now wont you please give me your magic potion  
think i'm on my way down  
So why dont you take me to another town

(CHORUS)

I've been a fool not to look around  
everything i was lookin for is now found  
and this wild chase  
to bring a smile upon your face.

Anoop Lokkur

## **Beautiful Little Stranger**

As I walked down the steps,  
my eyes caught your innocence.  
The moisture on your lips  
inviting to be kissed.

Your firm supple breast  
could not make me rest;  
And as you walked towards me  
all I wanted was us to be alone.

As I see you bid farewell,  
I wish to see you again.  
But in my mind you shall remain forever  
as my beautiful little stranger

Anoop Lokkur

## Confused God

One day when a man is walking down the streets out of nowhere GOD appears in front of him.

Man is astonished, he could not believe his eyes and is very happy to witness god.

So, the man tells God

Oh God you are great but what brings you to earth?

God replies: son when ever you humans are scared or sad or confused you come to me so today i come to you.

Man: but why? ? you cannot be scared or sad or confused..r u?

God: yes son i am confused

Man: really? god? ? the almighty god is confused? ?

i dont believe this

but tell me god ill do my best to help you what are you confused about?

God: when i created this world it was to be my masterpiece i created animals mountains rivers sun trees air everything but something was missing and that is when i created you..this was a paradise But then you humans ruined it look what you have done to this place..

Man: ok god but what is the confusion do not tell me the whole story just tell me your confusion

God: Son i do not know who i am

Man: WHAT? ? ! ! !

God: Yes, my son, you humans are so foolish and stupid that you have made up so many religions now i am confused as to which one i belong to..

Moral of the story: god is one...hindu, muslim, christian, jews, ec etc we are all one so why fight?

(well this is supposed to be a small joke i came up with this joke while talkin to a fren so i thought ill make it into a story n post it i hope u enjoy reading it)

2007-02-11 14: 01: 14

Anoop Lokkur

## **Dead World**

(This is just a thought i came across one day)

We are living in a dead WORLD! ! !

2007-02-15 11: 40: 56

Anoop Lokkur

## **Dog Without A Bone**

[song]

You were once a king without a crown,  
Now you walk the streets with a frown  
People used to tell beware,  
whats there today's gone tommorow and now,

Chorus:  
how do you feel?  
with no one by your side  
with no place to go  
like a dog without a bone

You were blinded by the luxuries and riches  
now how do you feel in rags?  
You made a deal with the devil  
with the God by your side  
and now,

Chorus

The devils laughing with delight  
now youre all alone in this fight  
You closed your eyes and sold your soul  
your life doesnt look so good  
and now,

CHORUS

Anoop Lokkur

## **Dying with a smile**

[wrote it for a contest..contest was to write a poem on cut, cutting...suicide, I personally dont slit or encourage ppl to slit.]

As the razor edged blade slit his arm  
As the blood trcikled down  
He knew this was his last night  
His last fight,  
His last sight  
Of this brutal world

On the floor,  
With his arms stretched out  
Under a puddle of blood  
He lay dying with a smile.

His pain inside forever will be gone  
And he will be on his way home.  
For life to him was a hell  
And death, he thought will take him to heaven.

[16.00 11 oct 2006]

Anoop Lokkur

## **Dying with a smile edited**

As the razor edged blade slit his arm  
As the blood trickled down  
He knew this was his last night  
His last fight,  
His last sight  
Of this brutal world

On the floor cold as his eyes  
Arms stretched out  
Under tiles of crimson  
He lay dying with a smile.

His pain caged in his heart forever will be gone  
And he will be on his way home.  
For life to him was a hell  
And death, he thought will take him to heaven.

1.41 15 oct 2006

[I had written this for a contest...a contest to write about cutter, cutting n suicide...i dont encourage ppl to do it nor do it myself]

Anoop Lokkur

**ear-hear-fear-here a haiku**

In ur ear, voices

You hear, but do not fear, for

I am always here.

[11 oct 2006 21.09]

Anoop Lokkur

## **Leave Me Be**

[i wrote this song in just about 5 mins when i was waiting for a friend]

Can you stick with me even if i whine  
will you hold my hand and say you're MINE  
can i trust you or will you leave me too? ?  
Do i need lots of Money n a car to Woo?

Am i a LOSER? So dont you use me  
Dont say you love me and confuse me  
I cant give you what you want but what you need,  
but that need will lead you to GREED

Dont! just go before its too late  
leave ME...Leave me...Leave me BE! !  
I'm a Loner still on her  
So leave me...leave me...leave me BE! !  
I DONT NEED YOU, NO I DONT! !  
Let me DIE in my own arms

Anoop Lokkur

## Life as we know it!

LIFE as we know it!

### CHAPTER I

It is a cold night in November, dark clouds and light rain. It is typical of Roberto to be walking alone on the soggy grimy dark streets smoking his Dunhill cigarette. He is wearing his father's fishing hat, his old rugged denims and a white t-shirt, which were wet and his boots in tatters. A physical sensation that almost bothered him when he walked, like a pebble in his boot. It was late in the night when he goes to Andy's for a cup of coffee. He sits with his cappuccino and looks at the playground outside where as a kid he used to come with his mother. He thought of the days where as a kid he used to play on the slides and the swings. His first kiss with Evelyn, long chestnut hair with gray eyes filled with pleasure and skin like porcelain.

Linda comes, tells him that they have to close and gives him the check. Roberto takes out his last \$10 folded and hidden in the corner of his wallet, pays for the coffee and goes out into the rain now heavy. He lights a cigarette with his zippo, RG inscribed on it being his initials Roberto Gales. He starts walking back home hoping the cold would not kill him. Roberto lived in a small house that could fall apart anytime. He then goes into the bathroom and looks at himself in the mirror. Roberto was attractive, he had his share of pretty girls, he had his mother's blue-sky eyes and his father's sharp nose. He stood six feet tall, lean and had long black wavy hair and a stubble. He shaves, takes off his t-shirt and wipes his face and leaving the shirt on the chair to dry, he retires for the night on his couch with his wet denims on.

### CHAPTER 2

It was 8 o'clock in the morning and the radio was playing Eric Clapton's cocaine, the song takes back Roberto to his past, the days when he used to go to the alley near his school and smoke marijuana under the tree. The first time he smoked, he did not know when he began to float, saw his friends sailing in a radiant glow, uttering words that did not come out of his mouth, laughing away all the pain inside. When he came back to his Conscious his clothes were smeared with vomit, but somehow he started to like the feeling of losing control of himself and flying away. Roberto turns off the radio and goes out. The kids are walking to the school, people returning back home from their morning walk. He takes the newspaper and goes back in. He gets ready to go look for a job. It was 2 o'clock and Roberto had had been to 3 interviews but none successful. Life has always been unjust to Roberto.

It was Sunday morning and little Roberto had gone shopping with his mother. They bought vegetables and fruits, a crate of beer for Mr. Gales and 5 boxes of chocolate chip cookies, which were his favorite. His mother drops him off at the playground. She was crossing the road when out of nowhere, a truck comes and hits her. Roberto was petrified, everything is blurry and he cannot fight those tears. He was traumatized he did not know what was going on. He could not stay on his feet because of the weakness in his knees. He could feel himself falling into an abyss of cold, dark tunnel. This tunnel turns to despair and despair turns to a need for him to put a stop to his life. Minutes later he remembers seeing an ambulance take his mother. He sits under the tree that day scared with his eyes swollen, waiting for his mother to take him back home. It's dark and he is still waiting. His father takes him home. Roberto would sit in a corner and weep until his eyes went dry. It was an inconsolable weep that lasted for several days. His father would get drunk and blame him for his mother's death. Roberto could not forgive himself for that day he lost everything: his being for life, his

happiness and the only person he ever cared for. He was only seven when he lost his mother.

### CHAPTER 3

When he was 15, his father threw him out of the house making way for his new wife. With a backpack and only \$50 in his pocket, Roberto did not know where to go, he walked and walked till his feet couldn't take him anymore. He would sleep on the bench in the Railway station or on the pavement or under a tree. He had to give up school and start working. He got his first job at Andy's. He used to see his father with his new wife at Andy's and that made him hate his father more.

It was a Friday afternoon, Andy's was empty when Evelyn walks in and orders for a cappuccino. That was the first time Roberto saw Evelyn. He saw a piece of himself which he found in her gray eyes filled with pain. He goes upto her and says 'Is everything Ok? ' but with no reply she takes a sip of her cappuccino and ignores him. He takes a break and goes out for a smoke when he hears 'Can I have a Smoke? ' he looks back and she is standing there. He gives her a smoke and they sit on the curb like two lost souls who have finally found each other and start talking. It turned out like they were two peas in a pod. Evelyn had lost her father in fumes, he was a firefighter. He lost his life saving that of others. Her step father would abuse her when her mother would not be at home. It seemed like her mother believed her newfound love than her own blood.

That night Roberto could not sleep, pondering about Evelyn, with a mixture of desire and pity for her. He felt an irresistible crave to love her and protect her.

Evelyn would emerge transfigured: in the steaming morning coffee, in the soporific air in the afternoon. Evelyn everywhere and Evelyn forever.....or so he believed.

Anoop Lokkur

## **LIKE**

Like the flame of a burning candle,  
Like the sway of the trees to the winds,  
Like the ripples in the waters,  
Like the leaves in an autumn;  
Like the prayer of a soul in despair,  
Like the sand dunes in the vast desert,  
Like the blossom of a flower,  
Like the melancholic melody of a violin...

Love thy will be done!

[2.56am 1 aug 2007]

Anoop Lokkur

## **Loneliness**

Without love and in emptiness  
crawling like a snail  
like a shadow always behind.  
When the time is infinite  
and the wait is long  
oh loneliness!  
you are my only companion  
till i find another.

09 oct 2006 00.18

Anoop Lokkur

## **Mariam**

Mariam, Mariam, Mariam  
Aloud in my head your name resonates,  
Reflections of you, your sweetness, your innocence  
In a desert like a mirage,  
A picture of you in my eyes.  
Myriad stars on a sweet midsummer night.

Mariam, Mariam, Mariam  
Under the same sun, stars and the moon;  
Here I am away from you  
Avowing my emotions to thee,  
Miles and miles apart  
Mystical signs of love guiding you and I;  
Endless nights we shall languish with a smile, For  
Destiny shall bring us together.

Mariam, Mariam, Mariam  
Ask the stars embedded on the blue skies, shining for you;  
Susurrant words of love flowing like  
Rivers! Glistening rivers streaming into the infinite oceans;  
In this poem, your name lives.

22.30 18 Oct 2006/ 18.00 19 Oct 2006

Anoop Lokkur

## **Mariam Mariam Mariam**

Mariam, mariam, mariam  
Aloud in my head your name resonates,  
Reflections of you, of your sweetness, your innocence  
In a desert like a mirage,  
A picture of you in my eyes.  
May the stars above shine on you forever.

Mariam, mariam, mariam  
Ask the stars embedded on the blue skies, shining for you  
Susurrant words of love flowing like  
Rivers! glistening rivers streaming into the infinite oceans;  
In this poem, your name lives.

Anoop Lokkur

## **Money**

You are filled with Power  
so much that you can trigger a war,  
some have lots  
and some have knots;  
without you, everything is dry  
with you, everything is but still so wry.

They say you are not everything,  
but you make them dance and sing;  
without you, many a die  
with you, we are all on a high.  
Oh! Money, we cannot live with or without you!

Anoop Lokkur

## **Myself**

I'm talking to myself  
to the one I know best  
I need help  
My mind is full of pleasure  
Colors in my mind  
satisfy my time  
Life is just a myth  
and death to me is a gift  
life is just a myth  
and death to me is a gift  
Sitting in the dark  
thinking of the past  
tears in my eyes  
talking to myself  
Yeah! the one i know best

Anoop Lokkur

## **Peace Formula**

No Religion+No Countries+ No Money = PEACE

2007-02-11 13: 53: 00

Anoop Lokkur

## **Rain Rain Rain**

Rain Rain Rain,  
Up above from the skies  
u come,  
As drops of joy  
As drops of sorrow  
As a shower of blessing from the heavens.

Rain Rain Rain,  
Pitter patter pitter patter  
on the window panes,  
thunder and lightning fill up the skies  
creating an orchestral symphony.

Rain Rain Rain,  
With wind, sun and clouds,  
seven colors u bring together  
and joy in our hearts.

Rain Rain Rain  
A miracle to a drought  
A curse when in glut,  
tiny silver crystals trickles from up above.

[8 oct 2006 - 12.40am]

Anoop Lokkur

## Republic Day

This is a Song i wrote on our republic day 26 jan it took me a week to complete the whole piece.

This generation of a different kind  
Wasted youths with low and fickle mind  
Its time for a Rev0luti0n! !  
until there is Satisfaction

We are all just Hypocrites,  
Under the rule of Masochists! !

We are wrapped in a blanket of lies  
anything you want has its own price \$\$\$  
We are all just Hypocrites,  
Under the rule os Masochists! !

Blindfolded we walk to our GRAVE  
Peace and Insanity is what we Crave  
REBELS of today,  
Legends of tomorow  
Revolutionize or live with sorrow.

When the going gets tough  
the tough gets boring  
Dictators of our lives  
that permit the use of guns and knives.

Diplomatic bullshit leading to dipsomania  
look around this new kind of mania  
We are all just Hypocrites,  
Under the rule of Masochists! !

Political priests preaching violence  
unknown heroes left in silence  
Feeding jargon promises to win us over and so they won  
Fools we have been to keep noding in unison

Its now or never, do or die  
its better to fight than to cry  
stand up for your right dont give up this fight  
fight for what you believe!

Anoop Lokkur

## **Smile**

Smile,  
Everytime you think of me smile;

Smile,  
All the pain will fade away smile;

Smile,  
This beautiful world for you and me smile;

Smile,  
If your happy and cheerful smile;

Smile,  
Look around you and you shall find love so smile;

Smile,  
For no reason at all smile;

Smile,  
And let me be the reason for your smile;

Smile,  
'cos i would do anything for you to just smile.

[14.17 10 oct 2006]

Anoop Lokkur

## **So long, Take care**

You gave me warmth in your arms  
Under the icy cold rain,  
I can still taste your lips  
and I know your smell

Your softness sends shivers down my spine  
your touch, your kisses and those bites  
still inside my head

chorus:  
they will just remain as  
good old memories  
so long, take care....my friend

we were two blind souls walking hand in hand  
you could've seen the world through my eyes  
now its all over and  
you're gone without a goodbye...

Anoop Lokkur

## **Streets of shame**

Every single day,  
walk the streets of shame  
in search of love and fame  
these wasted years, waiting for you

In your tears, in your smiles  
In your heart, in your soul  
In your arms, I belong  
and you belong to me

Hanging on to your words  
Silent whispers fill my heart,  
wait till our time comes  
and forever may not be far away.

Anoop Lokkur

## Think About It! !

I am sitting in front of my computer under the fan to ward me off this terrible heat. I get to eat 3 meals a day watch tv listen to music meet people over the net i get to go to places see people meet people i get to travel on my bike my car and still i am so unsatisfied and unhappy with life...we crib about so many things and whine...and now as i sit on my chair i start to ponder about those millions of kids who go to sleep on an empty stomach dreaming about food...i think about those people who walk miles and miles to reach their destinaiton i think about those people who have a shelter above their heads and a meal a day and yet content wit their lives and i wonder what good am doing to this society how am i making this world a better place? ? a farmer gets up early in the morning to tend to his farms and it is bcoz of him that we get our bread and our wine and all we can do is eat our food which is so tasty and not even spare a moment to think about that farmer or the millions who are not fortunate like us and yet we whine yet we hate our life and we blame GOD....now i wonder arent WE to be blamed? ?

[2006-11-10 12: 44: 27]

Anoop Lokkur

## **untitled**

Looking out of my window  
I see the world outside  
Its hard to believe  
all the times I've cried  
Thinking about you  
when I'm all alone  
things we wanted to do  
but you just said no  
And now you are gone  
without a trace  
I think its time for  
me to forfeit the race

Anoop Lokkur

## untitled1

Every move i make  
I mess things up  
Every step i take  
I find myself at the edge  
I cant turn back  
'coz its too late  
I feel something pushing me  
I know no ones gonna  
be down to catch me

chorus:  
every time i think  
I find myself in question  
Everytime i look around  
I find myself falling down  
Everytime I close my eyes  
I feel the pain inside

I dont know whether  
this is the end or the start  
I find myself goin thro the pain  
over and over again

Chorus

I think Im about to break  
The pain doesnt seem to go away  
I keep falling everytime

Anoop Lokkur

## **Walking Away**

The mistakes I've made  
All the things i shouldn't have said  
Dark thoughts in my Head  
Today I'm walking away  
and not looking back  
The times I've cried  
Times I've lied  
times I've tripped  
slipped and fell hard  
and now i ask  
is the darkness within  
finally filled with light...?

Anoop Lokkur

## Women

Women,  
so beautiful and so many  
that porcelain skin  
some thick and some thin  
those endearing eyes  
some blue as the skies

women,  
filled with pleasure  
you are the greatest treasure  
you are the reason battles were fought  
O! thy beauty many have sought

women, a friend, a wife and a mother  
A metamorphosis, one after another  
and now i wonder  
are you but a mere gender?

oh! women  
I sit here waiting all day  
that someday u may,  
come and make me yours  
and to you always open are my doors.....

Anoop Lokkur

## **Your Name**

Whats in a name?

Your name is what is always in my head

Your name is with what i shall call you

Your name is not what i am in love with

Your name is not what keeps me alive, but Your love

Your name, your beauty, your heart, and Everything else about you

Makes me a beter man.

Your name forever shall live with mine.

15.40 5 november 2006

Anoop Lokkur

## Zing

emptiness building inside of me  
dark clouds gather over my head  
rejected woes infectin my bleedin heart  
fade away my pain leaving remains of sorrow

twisted fate, phases of loneliness  
crawling inside my mind  
lust to love, love to lust  
disparate reasons come together

raindrops from heaven, an orange glow  
On bed of nails, i lay  
while i lay u on bed of roses  
with you forever making you smile.

Anoop Lokkur