

Poetry Series

aryaindia india

- poems -

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A Prayer

to religion (Islam)

Fasting by day and praying by night
Humble and patient truthful and right
Kind and forgiving to all in sight
Feeling the need to work with real might

The month of blessing peace and mercy
Blessings of fasting drawing to here see
Building trust and fortitude clear
Feeling for poor and hungry dear

Unheeded wants felt so extreme near
Fasting by day not praying for fear
Refraining food and water that's near
Causing no hurt or room for a tear

Enhancing the spirit to do what is right
Reward in heaven will seem so much bright
Controlling temper and abusing a sin
Abstain backbiting, lying that's grim

Hurting and quarelling morbid a run
Giving as charity a good deed quite done
Increasing sustenance to work as THE one

The best of days and those of nights
Of every hour minute, second, right
The rise to spirituality so quite quickened
Conscious souls enlightened and reckoned

By aryaindia

Author's comments:

"I believe that discipline is the source of inspiration. Its very important. And discipline is sought by every religion" Every religion has its own tenets and good preachings. But, mankind has decided to use this as a tool to divide humanity. Let us, as poets, be open in our love for the search for the ultimate truth and peace that shall eventually be ours for eternity.

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Aged Beauty

To beauty that is ageless

Surrounded by distant tapering shadows
He, like an old frozen starved crag
Looking gone to earthly viscious eyes
Sees beauty in her artless staggering form
As she touches his forehead lovingly

Only her tapestry weaving colorful shades
Of youth that stayed distant as age advanced
Her charm still beautiful in his radiant eyes
Least of charmed looks himself he sees her
As wine on a warm sultry enthusiastic day

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
'What belongs stays so and beautiful too'

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Angst Never

The mind of a terrorist - filled up with a feel against the world

I kill, torture, enjoy the pleasure
Of seeing others in writhing pain
They must not die but be in agony
For I'm appeased by their grotesque anguish

The rotten stretch of clinging imagination
Bleeds the wounds with abhored stench
For I care not caress the infliction
Nor try even by chance to make life easier

For, I celebrate the untold suffering
The destiny of mankind that rots like plague
Reeling in depths of insecurity of revenge
I am the very anger in my bloody veins

Yes, my gushing blood is thick jet black
Go ahead tell, yes, tell them who think
Think that my blood runs red
Go tell them it is thick jet black

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
I put myself in the shoes of a terrorist

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Arrival

The drama in the sky through my window

The pink spread amid the blue
Behind grey clouds imbue
Enchanting, looks entirely new
As day breaks surreal through
Streaks of color amaze not few

Bright pink and orange greet the eye
Adorn the scene light up the sky
A lone star watches magnificent true
Its subdued presence stunning cue!

The winds by now sailed clouds afar
The sun's begun his play to mar
For the day so appears to greet
For he has sprung his display so neat
His arrival grand yet no new feat!

In minutes that follow close by
Hints of blue just meet mine eye
Speck the clear spread as birds dot it
Chirping true, they're sprint and fit

Nature has begun its drama slow
While most of humanity fumbles low
Missing the grand yet silent show
They slumber lie till can no more

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
Oh Nature! Grace man with your wisdom

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Ashamed

Whatever our actions be, they must make us happy

Looking back on memories of yesterday
Yet to chill the agony of those moments
Perturbed unintelligible thought's sequence
Alters perplexity beyond ravage of silence

Spurious sacraments pledged in honest betrayal
Squash intentions of renewed alliance
That brings succour to the ravished shrieks
Of betrayed emotions to spiral unleashed

Crystal conscience breaks barriers of souls
Opening undaunted understanding that preens
Vengeful solitude becomes the assumed self
Undeterred in its final judgement of zest

Natural folly of mankind streaks painful
Unjust in its unrestrained frivolous restlessness
Beckoning sacrifices that emerge undoubtedly
For then is sufferance delighted in its glee

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
Consequential thoughts when we aver paths that do not bear conscience.

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Awe-Sun

to the Sun God (Aditya) - Hinduism

Standing on the high peak of a mountain
I gape in awe at the yellow rising sun
The golden colors meet my refreshed eyes
Which twinkle in amazement at his spread
Of dawn I rise to greet the early morn

A little later, I feel the rising heat
Rays so striking but very gentle and neat
He pierces through my soulful inner being
I gasp with exasperation quietly seeing
The change in nature I perceive true

Evening merging sun so tames self true
Inner radiant with illuminating beaming hue
At horizon, the blend considerable flush
The radiance sent so makes me naturally blush
Ending his array of brilliance thoroughly lush

Next, westward does he merrily go
To capture hearts like mine that overflow
Yonder with such delight that no one really knows
In truth he fills the space, some other mind to blow

By aryaindia

Author's comments:

'Without the sun, there would be no me or you on this divine earth'

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Belief

God saw that man had inner faith-
Belief in what he'd see
But lesser scope in what he meant-
With machines they would be

Invented finds that bogged the mind-
And sanctified the race
Inverted questioned so man found-
He'd never kept up pace

So, in a find we must compare-
The older and the spent
With newer opportunities galore-
Man never must repent

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Bursting

To that wonderful feel called spirit

This wonder that's called spirit
She tugs at me quite true
And if she's not in season
My feel is so quite blue
I know there must be laughter
To ease away the pain
But when things are so joyous
The spirit she visits again

This wonder that's called spirit
She fights me when I'm low
Though left alone to ponder
Sometimes she makes me glow
In fact there must be solace
In knowing she's around
At times when I neglect her
She fights me to the ground

This wonder that's called spirit
She unfolds worth inside
In fact she pleads within me
To let go time abide
But when she is so constant
I feel so high and ride
To keep her close within me
I bind her well inside

By aryaindia

Author's comments:

This is to the wonderful feeling of knowing how the spirit within rises when we feel wanted and loved. Thanks to all the wonderful people here on this site

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Can I

soulful endearments

Can I touch just where you hurt?
With words that spread as balm
The kind that soothe and seal within
Deep scars so healed and calm

Can I speak the words you wish?
To hear my ardent feel
With rapt attention hold the truth
That spins to make you reel

Can I write those notes to sing?
That duet gently sung
So etched in minute memory
That tune so often rung

Can I read the lines on brow?
Some worry stings so new
Speak it out, just share your thought
Erase it while it's blue

Can I sing that song we know?
Of wishing through the best
I know for all we'd do that well
In future and in zest

Can I dream that wishful thought?
In being close in love
As angels bless their spirits felt
So bright and seen above

Can I send my thoughts on wings?
To lessen pain in you
If I so pray to take them on
My wishes so be true

Can I run this sprint of life?
With pure joy in my heart
If you will send your truest best
It's success from the start

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
If I could.... I would..... touch you..... with my words

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Casket of Dreams

to realize

Wading past the waters of spent yesterday
Today's murky slush of soiled clay
Edges towards a brighter silhouette of tomorrow
That shines predominately in its shade

And there within lies my casket of dreams

Throwing care to winds of destiny that blow
Caressing the unmindful vision of future dreams
Probing a self analysis that may unwarranted be
Life tackles brazen its own piercing scene

And there within lies my casket of dreams

Triumphant truth in all its gracious blend
Does futile attempts to rectify falsehood
Like tadpoles in rivulets that beautiful gleam
Trappings of unglorified nature in life's stream

And there within lies my casket of dreams

Surreal shades of superfluous chiming sorrow
Gratify the yearning to unlimited happiness
Yet within the boundaries of earthy desire
Justification holds a threadbare conviction

And there within lies my casket of dreams

Capsuled in the depth of innermost longings
Fine streaks of despair lie embedded
Like inseparable conjoined pathetic conditions
They lurk luxuriously increasing their girth

But then too within lies my casket of dreams

Freak spins of dazzled decorum that lie
To be owned and embraced in its glorious form
Unfettered and unleashed are bold drapings
That hang from the mind's eye that is unmoving

It is then within that lies my casket of dreams

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
I hold in my heart, a casket of dreams

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Closed

to that feel of turning full circle, left to wonder

The fog yonder encloses
The serene scene high above
Like a closed arena
I seem to have no escape
For my emotions somersault
into nothingness as I stare
for I am shortly to bade
It seems bid adieu for keeps

My inner urges spite my present state
Wrenching at my very core
Their existence without sleep that lulls
Peace eluding my calm exterior

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Color Red

to everything that life stands for in this color

Red is the color of my life
Still stop at cross roads may
Not knowing to proceed or go back
Look to God to show me the way

Red is the color of my passion
It wills that life screams new
A wish that dreams are fulfilled
If really, god did wish it true

Red is the color of my search
For the intelligence crackling few
They confidently take the path
I wish I also just knew

Red is the color of my dreams
They stand alone at sway
I beckon them within my reach
They will, to be far away

Red is the color of my hope
It cries to me to just trust
How do I, the world's so bad
If I do, I feel I just must

Red is the color of my faith
I hold it strong, in awe
I fail at every cornerstone
I breathe, not knowing how

Red is the color of my strength
It overtakes the weak in me
But when it comes to deciding
I feel so weak, you see

Red is the color of my belief
I feel it true but strange
The will to make it my own
For anything, it shall not change

Red is the color of my blood
It spills, in spurts through me
The pressure, it seeks release
It's God's wish, true must be

By aryaindia

Author's comments:

There is no doubt about the effect of the color red on our emotions.

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Comfort

to being owned so closely

What can be greater than this sweet thought?
That winds its way just through our art!

What can be softer than your soft touch?
The kiss of the rain I like so much!

What can be kinder than your gentle look?
The kind of warmth seeps every nook!

What can be better than the wisdom in words?
I soar the sky with the flight of birds!

What can be gentler than your words of love?
The verses you write as a dove from above!

What can be lovelier than my trust in you?
With quick responses you wring out the blue!

What can be more rapid than your stream of thought?
Well construed in love you seem caught!

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
There is comfort in your smile

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Crime in the Temple

To The Almighty

The temple in the body
You said it was the mind?
So filled with dirt and clustered clear
Revelled in thoughts unkind!

The temple in the body
You said it was the heart?
It claimed to feel for only one
So lying from the start!

The temple in the body
Said you it was the lung?
It breathed both good and bad alike
Then exclaimed 'I am stung'

The temple in the body
You said it was the soul?
It fluttered somewhat consciously
In truth creating (w) holes

The temple in the body
You said it was the liver?
Devastating bile uncontrollable
The fact so makes us shiver

The temple in the body
You said it was the stomach?
Churned all without some rest
Unwilling to chuck the muck

The temple in the body
You said it was the drive?
It lent vibration to the feel
And then hands up when hiv(e)

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
Respect the body and it shall listen to you. Disregarding the body is a crime!

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Darkness

Finding the light within the darkness
Reveals the sunshine in murky waters
Everlasting peace within shines
As pathways lead to a rosy future

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Disharmony

to the underprivileged

Dead with the absence of sound
Silence slithers internally
Caring for the dried conscience
And continuous denial in starvation
The morn's appetite disregards
The ambience of nature's bounty
Instilling the chequered awareness
Of receipt of lifeless bitter morsels
That weaken the discord right from the start
Toward the dragging phase of enmeshed enmity

aryaindia india

Enchanted

You, my ray

Unravelling the mystery of birth
That is predestined and amazing
I cringe from the fact of the strength
Of knowing the beautitude of a human

Yet deeper down within the understanding
Enlightening the path as I travel along
Destiny places its foot upon my chest
The burden to be carried hence unmistakable

Following the breeze of pregnant knowledge
That so inspires to create unending
Treasure troves that leave me ecstatic
Spreading joy within the confines of secrecy

Emanating worth in every moment of richness
Humbled and sanctified by each experience
Seeking the power to withhold the pleasure
While always knowing I am conquered totally

Allowing emotions to interact freely
Spin do I at the thought of unfair allegiance
Some misunderstood phases unconstrued jealousies
They breathe whiffs of doubts and inconsistencies

Yet when silence hangs heavily clothed
Hope beckons the curiosity of tenderness
As life runs through day after day uneventful
Wrenching spasms of missed and felt endearments

Pleading to hang on to the explicit peace
That so enchants me as I realize humbly
It is you who do upsurge me to greater levels
Of inexplicable self amazing satisfaction

By aryaindia

Author's comments:

Thanks for the beauty that is you....ever enchanting and you shall always be.....for me

aryaindia india

Enigma

to inspiration that lies within all of us

Mysterious strands of energy
Fascinate my inner soul
Bequeathed with unlimited zeal
Courage instilled within to bear

Selfishness exudes shame at a point
No further can worthiness exalt one
Circumstances compelling exaggerate the need
For one to look inside, their conscience

Linking surreality of depth with happenings
With divinity and grace benign
Of individual goal setters who excel
Self realisation and understanding
Need to be owned in essence

Generating a hope for unimaginable platforms
Of thinking exquisitely on higher levels
Unequatable to the power of divinity

Amazing the onlooker of the hour
To deduce his inferences and appeal
For all that humankind oft reels under

By aryaindia

Author's comments:

When inspiration is there within us, a little self analysis is required to keep us going, tapping out our own potential and inner worth. Nothing is impossible. We have to rise like the phoenix from any situation to follow our hearts and souls.

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Escapism

to avoiding the cruel realities of circumstances

Stark reality beckons the plight
Just as odd circumstances do
Tethering one to insane thoughts
That wisdom prevails to abstain from
That gravity of the split second
When decision irreversible seeks
To a situation whence vultures may dare
Instilling their precious wrath
On any suitable prey that succumbs
Then, one would rather gather courage
To indulge in escapism unlimited

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
I've been thinking and thinking

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Eternity

To you that knows who you are a part of

Like a drug that drowns
Pulls into a whirlpool
Yours is a love that
Shall ne'er forsaken be
For keeps it must
Flower and bloom
Come what may
May not be flawless
Human you are
Yet possess the art
Seeing the better
Sidelining the rest
Indeed the way
To be happy ever
Into another world
I trust there be
In whatever form we be
If you too wish that
I for you, you for me
None between us
We wait to eternity

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
Being sincere always keeps one happy ever

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Evergreen Shadows

to knowing and learning

In thoughts dallying not knowing how
Closer in thoughts fathoming now
Not speaking what inner mind felt
Tongue tied bound and so through dealt

Wasted moments regretted so
So much to tell yet little let go
Faltering around beating anew
In maze caught so a colored hue

Knowing another takes so many years
Trying to know a path filled with just tears
Price of a diamond myriad in hue
Valleys so fine cut and also so new

Memories linger when time stands so still
Elixir to brain no run of the mill
Living in the past so unto the last
While fond hopes chance so fondly cast

By aryaindia

Author's comments:

'Thoughts are common place and in every loving heart" Evergreen are the thoughts, speech, moments, knowledge, valleys, memories, time and hope which are continually casting their shadows on the present.

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Expression

Vulgarity of expression
For which, I dont throw blame
On you, that thoughts like these
Should cease, to burn your inner flame

Spiritually elevated, arya, whose soul soars
Towards the ethereal mystery of knowing the self

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Fascination

to one - so special in so many ways

I have thus far, never evinced
A keen perception of such genius
In another, so lofty in magnificence
In that scope that is unsurpassed
The genuineness in upsurge of passion
For the art of implied self comprehension
Undulating in its sense of achievement
Criticizing the faintest upheavals
These, derived in such subtle forms
Through revolutionary constant behaviour
That digests even the surreal images
Enabling the disintegration of old mind sets
To gain uninhibited access to newer pathways
Of thinking beyond that which is imminent
Tangible and outstanding in truth beyond reasoning

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
Fascination beyond reasoning...the truth that is you

aryaindia india

Forget

to the wonderful ability to forget and be calm

I've heard that some forget easily
While others never dare
But know for one that's clearly true
That if you do, just share

The need to forget, to live
It's something so divine yet true
Releasing all the crammed up junk
That puts you right, not blue

Don't ever think it's something wrong
When you forget some things
Everyone does share this trait
It's that, that cheer does bring

By aryaindia

Author's comments:

We get anxious when we cannot remember. It does bring about frustration and embarrassment

aryaindia india

Galaxy

to introspection

As become stars across pathways true
Such centaurs cool ends cling to last few
Budding garlands are flowering new
As they become tuned with time on cue

As perseverance brings results neat
Honing skills is awakening souls sweet
As becomes winged an insect in flight
So did anxiety retreat upright

Making stronger to fly unhindered
So like stars do dreams start to unfurl
So does man, continue his pursuit
Into the unknown, yes, unknown route

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
"Some people leave behind a fragrance in spirit unkown"

aryaindia india

Gather

Gather the light in the sieve of a shine
When brilliance weaves a heart like mine

Gather the joys in the frill of delight
While happiness folds into its sprite

Gather the dust of drawn on praise
When what so lasts is scuttling age

Gather your dreams in the basket of love
There's sure to be a treasure trove

Gather the mirth of a babies sweet cry
It's sure to surface in bliss that can't fly

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Goodbye

to dreams

Goodbye to the awakening
Within the soul that you exist
Have not accomplished them
Those goals I set forth resist

Goodbye to the inspiration
That rocked the being in mirth
Some desperation kills the moment
Perhaps just being imaginative by birth

Goodbye to the understanding
Craving to be thoroughly owned
I've pushed you well to the distance
For me is the need to reach home

Goodbye to the rarest friendships
They last while all is withheld
Come closer and its been harder
To bid tears when I say farewell

aryaindia india

Heritage, You Spin

Beauty is verily rediscovered
In nature's resplendent hues
As she taps spaces in my lonely heart
Those that have not yet been awakened
To the langoured looks of her sensuality
As she lies untouched and waiting
To be embraced and owned as one more
Of god's creation, unrivalled jewel since time

Culture is fruitfully unfolded
In mankind's channelled behaviour
As she rips spaces in my bruised heart
That has only often seen her cruel side
As painful actions of her ruthlessness
Beam larger in comparison to her appealing ways
To be endorsed and sanctified as yet another
Of the Maker's endowment since mankind's birth

Tradition is carefully unveiled
In bountiful streaks of concern
As she clings unwittingly to my heart
In those ridges that grope for miracles
While bounden immaculate mercies lie unharnessed
As they zoom past as if on flying wheels
To be accepted, unsuspected and unchallenged
As His mastery spans creatures great and small

In time we shall decidedly know!
That beauty discards its mask to be rediscovered
That culture instills spirituality to be unfolded
That tradition abandons its scent to be unveiled
In time, we shall surely come to know!

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
The value of beauty, culture and tradition should never be underestimated

aryaindia india

Hope Never Dies

to that beautiful woman - Benazir Bhutto

Enchanting in her charming style
She faced the stiff grim world
Gathering courage to stand alone
Her dreams and hopes died with her

Cruelty of man leaves me in tears
Can love for blind beliefs be so blind?

Adamance of humans sees no reason
To cut short a life brings no regret
Her innocence and naive stance exposed her
And hopes of a free land eluded true

Cruelty of man leaves me in fear
Can love for political power be so blind?

A loving daughter, wife, mother and sister
Above all motivated as a charismatic leader
She stood by principles ever so dear
To her the family hovered quite near

Cruelty of man leaves me in tears
Can love for the self be so blind?

===!!! ===!!! ===!!! ===!!! ===!!! ===!!! ===!!! ===

May she be reborn
As love in the hearts of her enemies
As peace in the homes of her homeland
As dignity in the bosom of friendship
As solace in the hearts of the unjustified
As truth in the bosom of the undaunted

By aryaindia

Author's comments:

What a brave woman! I salute her courage and stubbornness. Whosoever is the cause for her death, forgive them my lord and master, for they know not what they do in their unending madness.

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Hues Unparalleled

To colors that affect me in every way

Lilac, the color of my dreams
Pale hue, virtually a maze
Quivers the brilliance of rays
That strike fascination my craze

Silver, the color of my hopes
Beg me ever not to give up
The clouds they bestow succinctly
Clairvoyance sure their cup

Purple, the color of my lust
Creeps dipping within me I find
Reminding me if time and again
That I am so vulnerable found

Green, the color of my vision
Satiates success in endeavors
Looking beyond the horizon
I, eager for greener pastures

Maroon, the color of my love
Glow in crimson shades
Romance brightens the feel of my soul
To carry on for yet another day

Blue, the color of my peace
Within me deep she reigns true
Touching the depths of the calm sea
Highest peaks of sky does she scale

Yellow, the color of my sensitivity
The pallor she mysteriously dwells
In crevices of my alert brain
She does find comfort in stealth

Orange, the color of my desires
They spurt in directions wide
They fail often in culmination
Too many for me to channelize

Red, the color of my blood
Craves to gush intermittently
As heart beats on relentlessly
Pressure she maintains continuously

Indigo, the color of my fascination
For all that is naturally found
The God above, he rules the world
Observing my delight on the ground

Violet, the color of my happiness
In shades she splashes her mirth
I kind of slip out of her hold sudden
Still, she holds me in her girth

Grey, the color of my sorrow
Presents herself in seeming bouts
She reminds me of her presence
Of that, I never have doubts

Cream, the color of my tastes
Sophistication in all they scream
I wish rawness to escape their hold
But, they pull back into their realm

Mauve, the color of my anger
She spits fire as if really mad
I calm her senses, if only I can
Sometimes she leaps out of hand

Brown, the color of my conscience
Hangs heavily on my brow
I grapple to keep her within bounds
I only wish, I could know how

Pastels, the colors of my integrity
Striving to remain seen
They yell at me to keep them strong
Like them, I have seemingly been

Dark or light, my inconsistencies
I desperately keep at bay
They attack me ever so often
Eventually I escape, having my way

Black, the color of my frustration
She impales me in speechless sprees
I delve to scan her intentions
From her, I can never be free

No color in vision his fate
For life it clings like a mate
If I could through my words sate
Such dream your heart could so rate

THEN, White, the color of my solitude
I retreat oft into her realms
She's packed with all the colors above
In her presence, I can realise my dreams

By aryaindia

Author's comments:

Color - the visual appeal that stirs imagination and brings forth the best in us\ that affect me in every way

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I am back

to all of you who showed you care

My love to you dear poets here
Though very far yet so very near
Your prayers I could always quite hear
Steadfast I did rise with no fear

To everyone of you who so knew
My thanks I do send though not few
My wish to work once more out here
My thoughts I shall unleash so dear

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I need

to the orphaned and unfortunate

I need your love
To know that I am cherished
To feed the hope that tomorrow
Shall be a day I can own

I need your look
Of recognition to understand
That I too belong in this
Our world that differentiates

I need your acknowledgement
To bind my contribution
To the world at large and
To those less fortunate than I

I need your encouragement
In all I do to prove
That I too am a part of parts
Whose sum leads to the whole

I need your involvement
To spur me to accomplishment
Knowing full well that my dreams
Launch unblemished in this wonder world

aryaindia india

I saw you

to the semblance of a thought

I saw you in the sunlight
So bright and amber lit
It touched my soul to soften
In ways it so thought fit
So tarried with the burden
Sequeled I ventured right
Alas! A harried thought to rule
It wounds my feel to fight

I saw you in the twilight
The stagger in your voice
I fretted for the pain in you
Unknown to all the noise
The greyed and harassed looks
They frittered as a spell
Alas! A wounded thought to phrase
Resounded in so well

I see you in the darkness
Around so homeward bound
In close and secure quarters
Uncaring to the sound
The brighter days have sobered
And all that remains now
Are kind and trusted hands that show
Your way before a bow

If life has shown you're wiser
It is so often said
The realms of tell tale thoughts
Weave clusters fore we're dead

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Inspiration

to all that I can do

I fathom the deep gorges and crevices in my heart
As upsurging waves hit the rough painful shores
Creating unsurpassed devilish yet justified musings
Of Divine creations bestowed truly on me
Merely out of pent in frustrations
Of worldly lust, desire and selfishness
They cling to me like unsustained leeches
Imposing my strange views unconditionally
To glorify my tormented endeared soul
To a vision so far inhumanly misconstrued

As poetic delight pledges raw and famished
Unconquerable quests of glorious quest lie hidden
Deep in the corridors of battered destiny
Awakening the spirit of unknown enchantment
In sanguine and comfortable refreshing ambience
To strike discordant notes thoroughly freestyle
Recorded moments in the unconstrued exotic brain
Which does not conform to religious form or structure
Much less any great skill to perfect

Just for the pleasure of recognition
By enormous giants in the same struggle
To win an identity of my own as one that lived
For else we live in this world but once
And leave no significant mark unto the grave

By aryaindia

Author's comments:

I have discovered myself.....perhaps After finding oneself, then money or material things hardly matter and then, even the outer self means nothing. Only the inner worth and beauty of a person shines brighter and the will to give and give remains the only objective in life. I wish I could be of service to humanity in every way.

aryaindia india

It is the mind

To those moments that change life if lived positively

It needs the strength for us to see
The beauty residing in you and me
Not everyone can perceive the light
That brightens day unto the night
The strength if found indeed so true
Makes all the difference in all so blue
Think out the ways in all that make
Our lives so beauteous in all we sake

aryaindia india

Joy

to spirit that lifts when nature abounds

The rose, lilies, daffodils and dahlias
Give out their scent to the sunshine
The wafts of breeze to my window meander
Creating stirrings in my romantic mind

The jasmine, tulip, sunflower and marigold
Do smile at me in glee
They find that my mind has wrought
Havoc and restlessness, in me they see

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
Flowers speak volumes of the heart and mind.

aryaindia india

Joy and Peace

There's peace and joy in knowing
That love and truth so reign
That joy and peace in sowing
Momentum will just gain
If we could all just mend our hearts
Our minds and souls shall follow
In reaping sown harvested joys
Great hearts are far from hollow

aryaindia india

Kaleidoscope

Spilled are the flashy colors unlimited
Gleaming in their light of shining frenzy
Their hues ranging from dark to light pearl
As they sweep deliriously in the mind
As the memory of your smile twinkles within

Quivering in their metallic lustre
They catch the ray of the midday sun
Frivolously streaming in sheer delight
The touch of purity truly unblemished
As the dew drops on leaves dazzle the morn

The morning's look after the kiss of dawn
Ravishes the longings of the night
Like the naked mind that is thirsty
Quenched by the fire of unmatched intelligence
As the satiated feel exerts its power on the mind

Frosty moments that linger like the dew
Appealing and inviting the softness that is you
Harbouring delights of delayed touches
Of waves of freshened feel liked so much
As the quivering breathlessness stills the winter morn

Throes of love that have scattered their dust
On salient features of hungry sugared trust
Drawing in power of one so possessed
Trappings of sorrow dispelled to be blessed
As the heart and soul blend with inexplicable feel

aryaindia india

Lift

When the breeze carries with it the waft of your feel
And the sky changes color from blue to real
When understanding lies before it is due
I know that you are by to make my life true

For, you lift me, with my spirit

aryaindia india

Light in the future

The soul it seeks to perch and pray
A tune that renders fine
Without a stop when started forth
It hopes to sing a line

With feathers wafting at its crest
Like hornets in its nest
In storm and lightning thunderous sounds
Appeal to all in zest

The warmth that beats within the chest
Is hard concealed to spin
But in the cold and on the seas
Its surely bound to win

aryaindia india

Limericks

to fun in seriousness

DUPED

Fretting for child I did carry
Engage did ayah who'd marry-
The father of the child
That was kicking like wild
Me thinks both were duped and quite crazy

HEARTY MATTER

Fate of my heart did so tally
Misgivings groaning did rally
Zapped with the feel
And struck with a deal
I'm filled with some zeal to quite dally

DOUBT

When sown are the seeds of some doubt
I know that such great ones will sprout
In knowing one's view
I'd so have some clue
It's fun to just stand up and shout

CARING AND SHARING

Some caring and sharing we find
In simple sweet hearts that are kind
If emulate we must
In somehow we trust
Sweet melodies revolve in the mind

MELODY

Where songs are sung merrily with rhyme
The sweetness imbued is not mime
When soulful in tune
At daybreak or noon
The feeling regardless of time

By aryaindia

Author's comments:

I have never tried doing a limerick...And just see the topics I've chosen to do the same.....so much fun in great seriousness.

aryaindia india

Living

to peace and tranquility

Setting minds aglow with comfort
Of peace and loving in its divinity
Just ask and I must tell true
That the one who has gradually
Entered your mind and heart
Is worthy for your honest friendship
Securing the sure place in mind and soul
Relating to the speciality of
A relationship that is free, yet captive
Bonding securely the silken threads
Of your convincing and caring
Together, in a very special way

By aryaindia

Author's comments:

: 'Special place for a special love that transcends time and space (distance) '

aryaindia india

Lost You

To an endearing soul

I lost you in the spring of our love
When flowers were full in bounty bloom
And birds sang as they chirped about
The skies their clear pale bluer hue
And earth beneath my feet was soft
I lost you in the spring of our love
But Why? Oh Why? I cannot guess!

I fretted for you in summer that year
When colored flowers questioned my soul
And birds so gaily hurt with song
The skies too wounded in colored spree
And earth beneath my feet was dry
I lost you in the spring of our love
But Why? Oh Why? I cannot tell!

I missed you in the autumn that year
When flowers separated from their hold
And birds called listless as moved about
The skies were at their strangest best
And earth beneath my feet infirm
I lost you in the spring of our love
But Why? Oh Why? Some thoughts compel!

I yearned for you in winter that year
When plants were bare and standing stark
The birds too vanished from skies laden
With mist and fog that clouds gathered
And earth beneath my feet just hard
I lost you in the spring of our love
But Why? Oh Why? The pain so hurt!

I lost you somewhere in the ravages of time
If space allowed not each our existence
I lost you sometime in thoughtless expression
Which perhaps hurt the depths of our beings
I lost you somehow in fumbling why
And whom can I ask who knows not why

But then, I lost you in the spring of our love
Oh Why? That I may hurt, you did not tell! !
Yours, indeed a greater love lost - for me
Lost in the spring of our love
Such love that no future
Spring, summer or autumn shall know to lose!

By aryaindia

Author's comments:

I just lost you so easily in the spring of our love, without words to say just why!
Sometimes, ego, pride, doubt and jealousy uproot relationships But believe me, the
other is richer than I, for not having lost me in the least. I belong forever, with all the
love and affection I have felt and will always feel

aryaindia india

Mirth

to life that holds joy and mirth if we wish it

The greatest fortune in life
Is to be understood in depth
As we do understand others
The pure content in heart
Left explained by each other's art

aryaindia india

Moonbeams

To moonshine that has no earthly rival.

Her rays she preciously gives away
Over leaf and twig she has her sway
I find it lonesome without her streak
Her art and appeal are none but meek

Her phases constantly belie her shape
She rules the night sky, no one can ape
Her beauty's true, never lacks lustre
Her brilliance to face, yonder we muster

Don't have to see her to feel her light
Her pleasantness in nature through the night
She conquers all with her sublime quiet
Never can boast of capturing her light

Only one I'm sure without a rival
Spares not her sheen on arrival
The stars twinkle in sheer amazement
So pale their light in committment

By aryaindia

Author's comments:

'Sheer brilliance of moonlit nights and their glory, soothe the mind beautifully.'

aryaindia india

My Lord and Master

At times me thinks of splendour filled in crazy colored dreams
Some other times are restless spent by crystal clear white streams
Though might is right which stands by plight in rough and painful times
Some cautious care that seeks to rare is felt and spelt in rhymes

A different kind of selfless worth that picks to dare and speak
With open mind and heart and soul the mouth it dwells to freak
The clustered feel of twilight daze so fragile and quite found
In wishes felt to reach and teach is prominently bound

In happy times the need not felt to thank for blessings true
Yet sadness streaks to make one think of Lord in every hue
We humans sure delight to find the wonders of His power
Amazed and humbled should we be to find his strength a tower

aryaindia india

My Revolving Chair

to whoever invented this simple but dangerous equipment

My dear revolving chair
You have me sit in flair
So styled to snugly fit
No size reject to quit

My stylish designed chair
You're sleek and comply fair
I move with you ne'er bend
To access files no end

Relieving stress I recline
A minute's comfort so combine
I hold on to arms of you fine
If else I on floor you would find

And then my garb fine you cling
Unknowing to knowledge you bring
Cut through my fabric you sting
My purse to refill for such thing

Long hours in brace as I sit
Your kind of siblings so fit
The games they do play with such ease
So hapless their victims to tease

By aryaindia

Author's comments:

Those posh revolving chairs have their own disadvantages which outweigh the advantages

aryaindia india

My World

to the universe - Arya's

My world so full of color
Is variant with its hue
Whose unseen hand has made it so
To this I have no cue

My world is oft quite radiant
In spritely colors spread
Which painter did so smoothly blend
Such colors never dread

My world is bright with voices
That speak of colors fair
That Providence did seek to mend
Some traces in the air

My world is filled with whispers
Such joy in colored dreams
I'd give my all to make them true
In crystal clear swift streams

My world is spent in hoping
That colors make my day
My time on site so aptly spent
Here poets show the way

My world is wet with dreams
Fertile their color true
In fairness Lord has lent his hand
That we may not feel blue

My world is rich with color
Their shades from pale to dark
The God above he meant to teach
His range of hues that spark

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
Full of colors of happiness, joy, sacrifice, sorrow, pain and hope - her world.....

aryaindia india

Mysticism

to mysticism

She lies there in her gold and white
Her hair so curled and splendid sprite
The forehead cold her vermillion bold
The scent of jasmine within her fold

The cause not known she glitters true
In varied thoughts she spreads her hue
Such kind words right dealt in time
In many hearts impress her rhyme

With blended feel caresses thought
In spirit and mist at length she brought
Unending soothed familial find
Few moments robbed a splendid mind

Least of all her work it reaches
Some lesson here and there it preaches
Enormity of generous mind
To all she dealt so far and kind

In knowing other's thoughts so true
She bent quite over to feel their blue
Yet in her heart and soul she wept
The truth intact within her kept

Of all the mercies if she found
Her humility bearing brought her round
She empathized with all she met
Consoled them all in all she set

If newer thoughts did ache her mind
The ink would flow unrestricted kind
And then with mirth she did so feel
The happiness found that made her reel

So many moments glad she faced
As tender thoughts in her mind raced
Some complex simple so to read
Her gracious comments filled her need

The sweetness of her perfumed thought
Reality and truth undoubted sought
If understood her aim to leave
Some marks to trace to sigh and heave

By aryaindia

Author's comments:

Undoubtedly mystical, metaphorical write
aryaindia india

Naked Moment

to truth and honesty

That mysterious moment draped by the blanket of secrecy
Shudders painlessly in the darkness of its depth
If only sunlight would penetrate through its shadows
Dispelling the gloom of the shrouded misery of guilt

That honest moment frilled with inconsistent frankness
Opens up larger realms of overpowering listlessness
Probing the clearer conscience that is all pervasive
Grudging philosophies of gruelling symphonies

That stiffened moment thrown to cadevorous intentions
Blows frozen with the callousness of spirited indifference
Raging through winds of unspoken delirious truths
Envisage the wrong wrought of generous mass appeal

That sacrilegous moment in its delightful dissection
Pulls apart the threadbare honest findings
To be savoured in unearthly straddled fashion
Ensuring that strife of life is easier borne

That strange moment quivers with the brilliance of its own radiance
Struggling for dearer sentiments to be expressed
The honored acceptance of beautified resourcefulness
Appeals bewitchingly in its own graciousness

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
Let us analyze the honesty and truth of THE MOMENT

aryaindia india

Not ready

to the Lord and Master of the Universe

Unimaginable things to accomplish
To scream out my thoughts for human emancipation
Give me time Lord, to accept your call
I would not like to tell you 'I am not ready'

So much yet to be done in less time
I know that when your call comes
Some more time I may plead but
God, I tell you now spare me for
I would not like to tell you 'I am not ready'

Have mercy and give me time my God
I shall have to take leave of my close ones
Tell them all I could not tell
For I always thought they would judge me
I would not like to tell you 'I am not ready'

But now when you are the final judge
Theirs would not matter any longer
I would surrender to you in totality
Give me little time to say my all
I would not like to tell you 'I am not ready'

By aryaindia

Author's comments:

We never know the final call and each of us likes to be ready when it comes

aryaindia india

Nothing Called Love

to that which never is what it should be

In all these years of my own life
Through feel and thought and mirth and strife
I've come though now to feel more sure
Love in my heart will reel quite pure
But then I know that feel of love
Is for myself - nothing above - A THOUGHT

I sympathize with them that know
Me for my thoughts that give me glow
It's in the mind that I do find
Sacred love that soothes some kind
But then I know that feel of love
Is for myself - nothing above - A FIND

I wish to raise some questions please
That will to peep and then to tease
Those thoughts may find some place to stem
In softer hearts that mend with hem
But then I know that feel of love
Is for myself - nothing above - A REALIZATION

Some answers fine I wish to keep
If thought over in dream and sleep
Then gracious thought I precious reap
With reason rhyme soulful to leap
But then I know that feel of love
Is for myself - nothing above - A FANTASY

That haze a cloud and filled with mirth
Softened vision in traversed earth
The gleam in eye of sorrowed dust
Just robs the soul of clammy rust
But then I know that feel of love
Is for myself - nothing above - A VISION

Nothing on earth can bring one peace
In smitten feel of love's own breeze
If savoured well the thought could swell
Quite often found to ebb and quell
But then I know that feel of love
Is for myself - nothing above - A REGRET

There's nothing like a word called love
It beams in streams and hides in cove
It's wondrous feel the state of mind
Permitting self to reckless find
But then I know that feel of love
Is for myself - nothing above - A TRUTH

THESE THOUGHTS, FINDINGS, REALIZATION, FANTASIES, VISIONS, REGRETS AND TRUTHS ARE UNIVERSAL.

By aryaindia

Author's comments:

Nothing above - above the love for one's own self. There are two things here - one, we can love ourselves unselfishly, two - we love ourselves in the most selfish way. Either way, it is in loving ourselves that we make or break our lives. But first, it has to be one way or the other. Of course, we have to look to god within us to give us the power to be able to love selflessly. Love is a baffling thing. It is like handling it on a slippery surface. It needs spiritual fragrance in the soul to sustain. Nothing physical or material can ever sustain love if that is a feeling. It has to rise above many realms of earthy desire to be open and factual in our committment. And rising above is not as easy as putting down on paper. Loving ourselves selflessly (it is possible) is when we can bring charm in others' lives.

aryaindia india

Orbit

to you that knows

Sailing within that orbit of understanding
I delve deep into numerous thoughts that inspire
Clinging close to those that make me beam
With the pride of knowing that you understand

Thriving within that orbit of mesmerism
I travel wide through the fantasy of my dreams
Playing conciously to my desires to allow
Myself to wallow in the happiness that you give

Swimming within that orbit of gratitude
I glean over many aspects of your expression
Straddling time with patience of my culture
Disallowing trust and faith to orphan me

Breaking within that orbit of compassion
I pity the condition of lesser souls that exist
Praying for deliverance from their present grief
That throttles their simple earthy dreams

Riding within that orbit of success
I sight the goal I've set eyes on
Unable to distract the optimism I visualize
As kinder souls look expectantly for inspiration

Flourishing within that orbit of wholesomeness
I give my all in surrender to a worthy cause
Living and loving unconditionally for life
That commands and demands as much as it gives

Melting within that orbit of sympathy
I weep for the sins of the illiterate less fortunate
Crying for them to be spared once more
Their shattered dreams to be reconstructed

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
You that knows will know why I sail, thrive and swim through the sea of numerous thoughts and feelings.

aryaindia india

Petals

to life, love, sighs, lust, wisdom and spirituality

LIFE

Life was never meant to be wasted
Precious moments of strife included
Gazing past ignoble moments that faded
Leaving traits of discernable glued

LOVE

Undaunting boldness as fiery weapons
Seeking enchantment unrealisable
Wondrous fathomable upsurgings prone
Slither do factials completely known

SIGHS

Inseparable committments beam on high
Unfazed beauty surreptious nigh
Beseeching wails of subdued sighs
Fills my soul's conscience that cries

LUST

Hovering lust quite often brings
Uncanny fears of savaged things
Brutal thoughts have hate on wings
Ephemeral moment forever stings

WISDOM

Wisdom reigns the scene supreme
Unknown endurance can quite team
In knowing quite the feel that seems
Upright honesty is all that beams

SPIRITUALITY

The spirit its own joy it knows
Farther and closer to Him it goes
Joy of nature as soul so binds
Inexplicable bliss always just finds

By aryaindia

Author's comments:

Life, love, wisdom and spirituality leave one glowing when discerned well.

aryaindia india

Phobia

to fear that keeps us on our toes and the uncanny feeling that hits

On the brink of a crisis
Fear holds the key in her hand
Unlock she can the treasures
Relenting, let goes her stand

She makes the world move round
For fear of losing her place
The will she binds in strength and guts
We humans all have only to face

The doubt she does inflict
The pain, she's hard to bear
She dwells in the mind, never flees
Often she likes to be in there

The birds, they fly so freely
Freedom so high up in the sky
My human form I'd sacrifice
To soar with them free out there

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
I've put in words what each of us feels some time or other - FEAR

aryaindia india

Propelled Vision

to the view of unparalleled beauty with the touch of your love

In body and in spirit exceptional
Humanitarian kindness so reigns
Unequaled beauty in the aspirations
Of chequered design within a conscience
You bear the cross of substantial worth
Proving you are undaunted in that world
Of empathy for the unfairness that rules
Supreme in the shadow of unfettered guilt

Then does vision propel towards the destiny
That most of us are unable to see or feel?

Tapered in the dust of sacrificial lurkings
Does the emperical touch of soulfulness
Find mirth in its velvet smoothness of thought
That rips through the skeletal truthfulness
Bending toward acceptance that glorifies creation
Unending in its application to be soldered fine
You reach helplessly grappling with fiery desire
Youthful in haste as you grip fancy by its horn

Then does vision propel towards the destiny
That most of us are unable to forsee and digest?

Hailing success of unknown stirrings that lurk
Heaven at the hands but slipping through
A gateway of enormous giant thoughts flaming
You enthrall with superior finesse and stead
Grabbing the reach of the moment that stands by
Fleeting beyond expectations that swell and quell
Yet clenching the mind and heart in full throb
Peaceful in its brazen strength of insatiable love

Then does vision propel towards the destiny
That most of us are unable to realize and accept?

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
Love in the heart propels one to see the vision in the morrow.....yes so far away
but just so close too.....

aryaindia india

Remember

to life

Passing thoughts unnerve the zeal
Often constraints though make us feel
As if the light is shred within
If vent our souls often to spin

Some thoughts that flow give rise to shine
Others too so reel in fleeting rhyme
If then some heart we can fine win
Our content is sown to brim

I pluck the thought so ripe and wise
Polish and prune cut down to size
And then to touch it with my art
To you I give so fine a start

By aryaindia

Author's comments:

To each one of you who has a heart full of love for another so dear, a jewel divine.

aryaindia india

Rise to Prosper

to naked truths - acceptance

My rise and prosperity
If a problem for you!
My rise and prosperity
Posing an opportunity for you?
Then I rise further to prosper
Giving better opportunities
But finding better ways
Not to be a problem for you!

But also remember the truth
That when I once ruled the scene
You built your empire on pyres
Of civilizations that died unfortunate

So rise like a bush of roses
Present the world with better thoughts
With the fragrance of humble offerings
And be remembered for trouble shooting
Than remaining makers of wars unlimited

By aryaindia

Author's comments:

Leave the world a better place without adding to controversies This poem refers to the controversy over comments made by Rice and Bush with regard to reasons they offered for inflation. Rice and Bush said that the middle class in India and China were making demands for better nutrition and living. The difference was that Rice felt it was a problem whereas Bush looked at the situation as an opportunity to push agro products to the market. But they both forgot that their own prosperity was built on the dying Mayan and Red Indian civilisations that once prospered as India shone with prosperity at that time

aryaindia india

Sanctity

My religious sentiments seemingly dissuade
Subjecting my views of prophecies damned
Continuing to make it my untold misery
To abide within the realms of dictated scriptures

Yet, when life spells unquestionable imagery
Of disdained commitments and relationships
My only prayer to all humans on this planet
Is, that you look upon other beings
As you wish to be looked on in turn

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
Perhaps we have to own the art of living in tolerance

aryaindia india

Self - Expression

to analysing the self

Mesmerized in the ecstasy of surreptitious delight
Hovering instincts naturally find pathways
Trailing the scent of ingenious subrogation
Rendering spacious desires to be satiated
Throbbing intellect summons the conscience
Draping woven sentiments with resplendent hues
Savoring self-expressed tenacity
Fully aware of artless forms of self denial
Glistening rooftops of unexplored longings
Filling pools of salient cravings
Delirious to extents of soulful soliloquies
Bringing perplexed angst to words
Trapped in the web of complex obligations
Spreading tentacles of sweetened sorrow
That reeks with the perfume of nauseated innocence
Which smiles in its triumph of good over evil
The cleared passage to self-betrayal of mankind
Abandoned to find gracious meaningful intentions
In an aura of self imposed strangulated principles

By aryaindia

Author's comments:

We somehow know that we are always analyzing our every move regardless of trying to understand why!

aryaindia india

She left before I could

to that strong woman -body and soul

I looked at her dainty demeanor
Soft voiced and gentle too
Her actions appealing with softness
In fact I wanted to tell her so
But she left before I could

I felt the strength in her tone
That darling giggle so fine
Her smile so tuned to cheer up true
In fact I wanted to tell her so
But she left before I could

I touched the cord of her being
And wept for her totally true
The call of her soul I tried hearing
In fact I wanted to tell her so
But she left before I could

I sowed the seeds of the flowers
She gave with generosity
They've flowered in bunches fine
In fact I wanted to tell her so
But she left before I could

I reaped the harvest of her warm words
They never hurt rather consoled
Her positive thoughts I admired
In fact I wanted to tell her so
But she left before I could

Her child-like joy I revelled in
The frankness in thought I was stunned
I've wept for the tragedy that befell her
In fact I wanted to tell her so
But she left before I could

I discerned concern in her thinking
Perhaps I've not been so in return
I'd beg forgiveness for misgivings
In fact I wanted to tell her so
But she left before I could

Regrets will sure be history
For we humans lack being perfect
Someday I shall sure meet her
Those moments measured in time
Awakened to peace shall be mine

By aryaindia

Author's comments:

I lost a dear friend to cancer. She died at 8.45 a.m. (Indian Standard Time) this morning (04.10.2007) She had put up a pitched battle to the disease, giving in to it finally. May her soul rest in peace.

aryaindia india

Silence

to that experience that propels me to write more

Read the silence within as it succumbs
To know the depths of my haloed utterings
Filled brimful with empathy for have nots
Spacious in its breath that bleeds continually

Touch the silence drowning my active mind
To realize the sanctity of the divinity found
Choked erratically with sorrow for poverty
Straddled in viscous circles of enamored pride

Squeeze the silence emanating from inaction
To allow the blood in its fury spill through
Wrecked fragments of unconstrued understanding
Channelized in its optimum veracity unhindered

Melt the silence that erupts forth as lava
To cool precious on the sands of dangerous time
Unrestrained moving onward as it needless bends
Churning motive that languishes in the sadness

Ruin the silence that apparent peace reflects
To cull the ferocity dancing unabated in layers
Spread within unchecked unravelled untouched
Protecting the staid recollection of an upset event

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
I wish to break that silence to come anew

aryaindia india

Silky Breeze

Refreshing silkiness in your endurance

Like a breeze that refreshed
Soft whisper did enmesh
A mind so generous
I'm bewildered, I so guess

You seemingly, that true
My mind it thinks of you
Just sleeping or awake
Continue that dream state

And wherever I go
This one thing you must know
I fail to understand
This thought process - my mind

In circumstances new
I wobble with no cue
The rawness of your style
I cannot help but smile

In wondrous times of truth
I stand up to salute
The silken want of youth
I find it, nail and tooth

In everything I do
So much to spell a few
The agonies of mind
I set it stall behind

Then everything anew
I seek to hold, renew
The freshness of the hour
Makes nature stand cover

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
Awareness of blessings.

aryaindia india

Something

to undying feel for you

Something cries within me
It's deep and so unfolds
Unfair to blame my conscience
I try remaining bold

I struggle with my soft thoughts
If steel resolved my mind
The heavens know how plainly
I seek your feel so kind

I don't know what's between us
Is ego so the cause?
But factful seems my reason
Committed not to laws

If blind to mine own follies
I beg to be so read
None less must you have reason
Your thoughts for me if dead

I wonder if you feel too
The pull of thoughts so nigh!
In caring for their fragrance
Some feel so puts me high!

If I have so been missed too
Expressed you haven't yet
But strongly so I believe in
Silence that's broken net

Have I been so quite callous?
So pensive is my mood
I'm fully filled with thoughts of you
They make me feel so good

Something cries within me
It's sore and truly bad
Bending over to be seen
It sure can't make me glad

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
Missing you like never before. True thoughts can leave one just wondering.

aryaindia india

Sorrow

to the pit feeling when all does not go well

Why have you come to my door?
Presenting enough and some more
Have you to wrench at my core?
Your various hues, I am sore

Battled you long in a day
Struggled to act as you may
Venting ire in such ways
Beg you to please do not stay

Presenting enough and some more
Just why have you come to my door?
Your various hues wrench at my core
I am sore, really sore, very sore

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
Something makes me sad.....

aryaindia india

Splash

to touching one through mind and heart

I leaned out of my window to touch a rainbow true
It was so long I realized the wonder of her hue
So laced with lavender sweetness of which I had no cue
I touched her cord of truth so felt in ways she only knew

I leaned out of my window to touch a rainbow fine
A feel of astral closeness I wondered so inclined
Her face so filled with color her thoughts too in my mind
We blended well into the day with songs that spilled combine

I leaned out of my window to touch a rainbow neat
It merged and mixed my color I swear I felt complete
In facing today's burden I'm sure am so upbeat
My aspirations so to swell I'd lay me treasured sweet

I leaned out of my window to touch a rainbow fair
Her black strands so appealing among the colored glare
I savoured split second memory of all that was in air
The thoughts that crept in mind and heart I surely stood to bare

I look out of my window to gaze a rainbowed splash
Her mind that works some wonders in minutes of a flash
The wisdom of the truth she spells are sprite and for a dash
My soulful yearnings I'd so cling as though she were sweet rash

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
An experience on a rainbowed morn

aryaindia india

Sun-down

to the line at the horizon that increases my sorrow

Sitting on the edge of a cliff
I look far ahead where the sea meets the sky
The sorrow in my heart breaks anew
For I gaze yonder into the space
Where the sun is slowly consumed by the sea
I wish not to see this amazing scene
As it spells darkness around soon

Yet, the very splendour of the event
Lures me to absorb the orgy unconditionally
I stand up to turn away hoping
That the dreams I nurture close to my heart
Will continue to unfaze my being
For it takes only minutes to make or break
My aching heart that drools at sundown

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
'.. Still thinking... hopelessly... at sundown'

aryaindia india

Sunshine's Shade

to a new world order

All hell broke loose
No guide to channelise vent
In such agonised triumphs
Soul cleansing godly sent
It was then that
Sunshine's voice was wholesome lent

Murky waters fed the thirst
For wealth that robbed sincerity
But in those wretched moments
Truth unravelled such dexterity
It was then that
Sunshine's thirst was blissful eternity

Wickedness of powered status
Pervaded the soul's intent
Peace could not be nurtured
Evading dreams of mind content
It was then that
Sunshine's wrath was ruefully blatant

Sanctified suffering raised its head
Delving pastures of unheard feel
Sacrilege dawned on wheels of change
Making the inner soul frivolously reel
It was then that
Sunshine's strength was tempered steel

Agony filled the wronged one's heart
In leaping strides that fanned out well
Some comfort in the form of love
Consoled engulf some hearts to swell
It was then that
Sunshine's bliss was smoothened gel

Hatred offered its share of dirt
Those crumbs that fell as man-made rot
But heavens showered its choicest blessings
Slavery of soul could not be bought
It was then that
Sunshine's power was severely caught

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
Man must rise above average leanings to be able to achieve harmony and peace in brotherhood of mankind.

aryaindia india

The Haunted Piece of Lace

The haunted piece of lace
It stared me in the face
I struggled to save grace
It happened created base

The haunted piece of lace
Secured within a case
It joined so in the race
Strength mighty as a mace

This haunted piece of lace
It kept up so in pace
Swift in SO quite its ways
Left me in some few days

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
An attempt to use a haunted piece of lace in a poem.

aryaindia india

The New Dawn

to realizing and moving on

Silent streaks of energy mingle
In within the betrayal of the human heart
Constant in its surge to find an outlet
Even as it imbibes the sensitivities unsaid
It is then that life intermingles with soulfulness
Striking at the guilt of faulty endeavour
Pacing against time that singles out countless follies
Beseeching to destiny to find a better place
A new truth making its presence felt
Giving rise to a 'New Dawn'

Moving images of sorrow create
Interwoven in shards of breathless pace
Juggling within the soul's embrace
Even so as it sees fragments of truth
It is then that divinity succours the intellect
Frisking at the evil that is embedded deep
Rising above space that kindles depressed states
Pleading with fate to wrangle positive
A new truth making its presence felt
Undoubted rise to a 'New Dawn'

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
Spiritual upliftment can put one on the right track.

aryaindia india

There are those times

to those times that are unforgettable

There are those hard crude times that have been too low
Some others too trite too while feeling quite slow
Those odd times of joy found have made me just glow
There often I've found them and this you must know

There are too some fine times that so far have spun
So under the quiet and heat of the sun
My heart it has jumped up and lo it has run
At times i've known truly that it's no real fun

There are those sure times that have solemnly rung
Real old shots of memories that really have stung
Like how though my feet clammed got so stuck in dung
I've held back a breath in so deep in my lung

There are true such fright times that have so quite shocked
My mind they have hit true or fine they have blocked
If somewhere there is truth it has so just rocked
Sincere do I feel so or then to be mocked

There have been those true times when I have so erred
While wished I'd been out of one's sight or unheard
But then sure I've sorted and out with bare facts
I've luckily found my way to ease out right back

There are so those sweet times I've felt so in love
So quiet and innocent and light as a dove
The light that so shines now when pure in the stead
Has readily found its way straight back to my head

There have been some harsh times when I've felt so blue
Some upset to handle though left with no clue
Quite hardened my self so to deal with my rue
Left softened as leather which is my fair due

aryaindia india

Those three words

to be able to feel and not express those words is greater in feel

I wonder at those words they say
Mistake them not for come what may
Quite often found those words are said
In truth me finds in heart they're dead

The feel in kind we often see
Some hug and kiss and flirt so free
Some others in their feel so fine
Quite blatant say that 'you are mine'

Just sit and think how much is true
For humans err in loving new
Those words are used so common place
In later years they leave no trace

It's personal choice or so it seems
To express love in special realms
Expecting not to find this whim
In every one is factual slim

Next time these words are solemn said
Think well to know from heart if bled
Then too be sure of own heart true
That sings its love for soul so blue

By aryaindia

Author's comments:

ILU - Ask a newborn love, it knows how fragile this is - something like handling dreams in a glass case. But remember too that I too possess a heart. Arya

aryaindia india

Unimaginable Trends

to reeling under any pressure even though so slight

Hunger not recognition
It's not your cup of tea
As bides you duty bound
As far as eye can see

Hunger not for gratitude
For all there need not be
The substance of your destined feel
May cry for that to be

Hunger not for energy
It longs to so betray
So sure and soft your heightened joy
May surely be in fray

Hunger not for repentance
It's not so often felt
If its forced and made to feel
In time it shall so melt

Hunger not for soulfulness
In wishes quite so true
Harbour in the maliced thought
Are they so meant for you?

Hunger not for real comfort
It's rough though never sought
Light and soft in tender thoughts
They're somehow never brought

But hunger for the truth that reigns
In words that stammer through
If heavens were to open up
They will be no more blue

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
Believe in doing what you should and never expect returns

aryaindia india

Unspoken Sighs

to you

As I sit back and think
Travelling in the town
I think of you as you are
Simple looking forlorn

Those questions in your head
For answers you do seek
Your turn to be stunned now
I'm touched and quite meek

Your dreams of future times
Mine too are quite up beat
Your passion holds me sway
I'm turned on with the heat

I wonder solely why
Some truths so by and by
Seem stranger than be true
But surely not some lie

You stare in space and find
Some answers that you seek
I kind of stall to know
The source from where they leak

I know you sort of sigh
When feelings make you high
I know that feeling too
It's never old quite new

aryaindia india

When death came calling

Not long ago in ancient time
It seemed so fine to bide in mime
As illness wrecked an image true
So saintly filled was twilight's hue

An angry man in days gone by
Beleaguered whence in all he tried
As silver bounced on arrayed cue
He wondered why and where the rue

She wept about in sequeled gaze
For all she knew was feathered haze
Some questions asked no answer came
In queried thought her stance to name

For all who came and asked to know
How this strong man came by to now
It stood by light the reason why
How death came calling by and by

In later years when tears had dried
It came to life what had been lied
The man had lived a life so named
His precious thoughts so well and tamed

He had been told he'd live to rule
To teach and preach and run a school
And this was life when death came calling
His reasoning failed as he fell falling

aryaindia india

When money means nothing

to those blessed with the power of money unlimited

Reflecting on life as it runs upstream
I'm left amazed on how trivial triumphs
Small gestures of love, of understanding
Have etched their mark on the sands of time

Money has no place when it means happiness
Can priceless gifts bring on one, smiles?
Impossible dreams left uncherished
When sadness engulfs one in miles

Men with its power, please remember
Happiness can never be bought
It stems within to be searched out
Then you too shall acclaim that.....

**MONEY HAS NO PLACE - WHERE THERE IS LOVE
AND YOU SHALL REALIZE THAT LOVE MEANS HAPPINESS**

aryaindia india

Within the Soul

Can I touch just where you hurt?
With words that spread as balm
The kind that soothe and seal within
Deep scars so healed and calm

Can I speak the words you wish?
To hear my ardent feel
With rapt attention hold the truth
That spins to make you reel

Can I write those notes to sing?
That duet gently sung
So etched in minute memory
That tune so often rung

Can I read the lines on brow?
Some worry stings so new
Speak it out, just share your thought
Erase it while it's blue

Can I sing that song we know?
Of wishing through the best
I know for all we'd do that well
In future and in zest

Can I dream that wishful thought?
In being close in love
As angels bless their spirits felt
So bright and seen above

Can I send my thoughts on wings?
To lessen pain in you
If I so pray to take them on
My wishes so be true

Can I run this sprint of life?
With pure joy in my heart
If you will send your truest best
It's success from the start

aryaindia india

Without You

to you who knows

Without you
The earth moves so slowly
The nights stretch much longer
The days seem unending
Some hollows fill spaces
There's little I can do
For I know I can't survive
Survive without you

Without you
The sunshine is hazy
Its warmth not so steady
The hours pass in agony
Despair so just rocks me
No work do I do
For I know I can't survive
Survive without you

Without you
The moon shines so strangely
She seems to be asking
What's life that you live?
I cringe at her questions
As burn with no answers
For I know I can't survive
Survive without you

Without you
The stars twinkle subdued
The night sky just frightens
With clouds that are frivolous
Some pain fills my whole self
Your effect on me true
For I know I can't survive
Survive without you

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
You know for sure that survive I cannot, survive without you

aryaindia india

Yearning

to you that sure knows

Do you feel the yearning?
Do you hear the cries?
Do you know the caring
That spills between the sighs?

Do you dream of future?
Do you find the way?
Do you see the brightness
Of stars that light the bay?

Do you linger softly
On whispers of the night?
Do they churn within you?
Perhaps they are so right!

Do you twist the sadness
That kindles faith in you?
Do streams of sudden light rays
Inert the feel so blue?

Do you handle sorrow
In restless thoughts and pace?
Do they wrangle often
With passion in their grace?

Do you try to face truth
That is so bare and thin?
Its slender strands becoming
The strength you hold within!

Do you trust the smooth words
That circle in your head?
Do they make you crazy
From dawn to dusk to bed?

Do you just know something?
Do thoughts of yours just bend?
To find their way toward her
Her wounded heart to mend?

Do you feel the stirrings
When sensual is the night?
If passion drives you crazy
That gives you sheer delight! !

Do you wander strangely
Through fields and pastures new?
But then to find your way back
So feeling like the dew?

Do you often day dream
Of fairies of some land?
Their beauty makes your heart beat
Your passion to disband

Do you clutch some sadness
You like to make it stay?
Some memories make you sadder
It dawns on you by day!

Do you feel the sunlight
Its glorious warmth and shine?
As sets it does by evening
You know that you are mine!

Do hot thoughts so squeeze you
When she does keep her cool?
But stranger than all feeling
Is wonder of her rule! !

Do you sense the silence
Of comfort 'tween two hearts?
They beat in frenzied moments
Though distant and apart!

Do you know her soul sings
In joy so full with mirth?
Her inner feel so full of you
New thoughts keep taking birth! !

Do you know how painful
Some thoughts can trigger through?
It must be words from one like you
That she does come anew! !

Do you feel some soothing
In moonlight's breeze you walk?
Her mystery haunts amazing
She's sturdy as a rock!

Do you touch the rawness
The feel when hurt and sad?
The splendid feel of soothing
No more do things seem bad! !

Do you tense at moments
Not knowing what to say?
Perhaps that feeling creeps in
But then you are her ray! !

Do you feel some shock too

At truth she lays so bare?
You are her rock unmoving
It's why she does not care! !

Do you sense the comfort
Your head rests on her lap?
She slender moves your tired strands
In truth you are her map!

Do you know she needs you?
In pangs that break the night
In squeals of joy that make her
Surrender pure delight!

Do you reel in sweetness
Her sincere words of praise?
Her thoughts so pure and simple
She lifts you with her grace!

Do you yearn her nearness
Your passions so to dwell?
Fragrance filled herself to give
You slither in hep well!

Does she sense your eagerness
To rip and ride so strong?
Unfettered and graceful too
You satisfy quite long!

When you feel so strongly
Your love for her so true
Do you know she radiates
Her life so full of you?

By aryaindia

Author's comments:
'How much can one yearn for another? If this is any measure! ! ! '

aryaindia india