Poetry Series

Gulsher john

- 77 poems -

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Gulsher john (sometime in FUTURE)

I, (a weird specie, may be a Cynic) am blessed with misfortune and obscurity(like Hardy's Jude)
however trying to verse my anguish, solitude and melancholy in a 'naive' strain. Though love 'greek hellenism and english romanticism' but new age uncertainty, cultural chaos and mantel repression are most favourite themes to be penned and read.

A child`s Cry

Could my words
be rooted in your hearts serene
to host my woes and screams;
And sweep off
those nightmares,
And to bring me
some lovely dreams.
Ah! late in the night,
when the whole world gets quiet,
and the distant stars
Take on the darkness
with meek and feeble light.
I pray:
O lord of the heaven and earth,
Why have I been so fretted since birth.
Could I be secured
From the life obscure?
I am a flower, distant to be bloomed.
I am a child,
save me from doom.

Gulsher john

A Doggerel

Heard from sages,
that only
words can change;
the world and ages...
but my tongue
has been fettered
and pen got banned,
and
words those often resonate
in minds
die in freezing dark.....
yet
nobody knows
where heaven lies?
in a painted smile or
in a heart, gone wild.

Gulsher john

A dream

Adieu! Adieu! O my sweet fellow,
It's time to part our pillows
with kisses four for melancholy sore.
The tyrant sun is up in the east
And calling for, to cease the night's feast.
The fragrance and charm of that night
stirs my heart and passions ignite.
And i wish to have you as
the Helen of Troy, that will turn me
immortal in love and joy.
Lo! her coral lips and blue bright eyes
taking my love to the seven skies.

Gulsher john

A Living Inferno

i am-myself -disbanded
from new cultural norms,
like petals bear off by wind
or sands by gale,
as the life has turned
as hell, that kills
my vibrant will,
and i listen echoes
of unheard sounds.
The adverse effects
of such bruising cockney are
dislodging meaning- from life-
and draws man to ferocity
with refrained curiosity.
Ah! a living inferno
i carry beside...

Gulsher john

A phone call

Last evening,
Over the phone i heard
A hasty sound:
Is this Mr.John? Yes i am.
Was response from mine.
The ' One' who posted those dirty lines? Next she roared.
And call it ballads and hymns? Aaaaghh...
Got confused and furious too.Grounded
my cup of tea,
And threw my paper, caz she poured out her
all stinky pee. (frustration)
Who the hell you are?
Inquired I angrily...
hehehe... and then in a bursting sound-
She blessed my auditory perception-like a lady-Hound-
'Go to hell john with your slum-lines
And for heaven sake cease
Your pathetic and stale rhymes.'
Oh! I felt 'something' fractured inside my bosom.

Gulsher john

A Portrait

Took
some sparkling tears
from her eyes fair-
to paint
'my love'
on
her dimples sore,
with kisses four,
like
the twinkling STARS
in moonless nights
paint the sky.

Gulsher john

A Reverei

A reverei happend last night...

JOHN:
what poetry is or what it should or should not be.

MOUSAI:
Glad to see John, at least someone remembered the heavenly Muses.
Poetry is
a symphony in the solemn temples,
or a painting- of Angilo and Vinci-that's felt.
it is emotions sweetly express in meters.
inspires souls and culture.
and John
it veils in beauty,
begins in delight and ends in wisdom.
john:
But what about the new(contemporary) one,
as many of My DEARS love it, adorn it?
Mousai:
Ah! its nothing but volleys of non sense, a chaos in FORM.
that
sparks annoyance among heavenly muses.
this is no art but
a swings of
slangs
in a tortured and fractured tone.
and defies norms
as deaf to Beethoven's songs.
And their rhymes, Ah
adorn with words, hard to wade.
that defies all
poetic worth and trade:
full of scorns.
John:
but we have some 'great minds'
who creates some fabulous rhymes
Mousai:
Never mention them please...
their ART is abhorrence to the mind,
with flippant rhymes,
And how daringly they fashioned it as a
contemporary NORMS.
And deems themselves as sages.
John:
 u mean
' Writing poetry is discovering
the conflict with ourselves'
an echo, a rhythm, make nature to dance as well.
Mousai:
yes, and yours...ah!
nothing but a 'gore' hosting scuzz.
And buzz of bees;

snarky and fusty.

Gulsher john

A Scared Fairy

Sweet and melodious as Homeric rhymes,
But had a life of tragedy prime.
Faraway from vanity
She was as sacred as Trinity.

In a harsh countryside
from a barbaric tribe;
She was like a wild rose
Deprived from her repose.

What ail thee O! Fairy Queen?
Such woes and sorrow I had never seen.
Upon my plaintive query
At once her face got scary.

'Since got conscious
Immersed into this life noxious
Never had a second of sweet willing,
Always been threatened of honor-killing.'

'Neither joy nor certitude, I had
but been blessed often with fortune bad'.
In sobs and sigh-many a time
She had versed her past in melancholy rhymes.

Alone and distant as a polar star,
Helpless was I to wage a war,
And her wild wide scary eyes,
Made my dreams full of cries.

Gulsher john

An old man's saga

PRESENT

At dusk
when twilight falls
and dyes the sky
with stygian view, and turns
the blue and white into
an Orange hue;
till the darkness declares,
the night's feasts and fears.
(surely a teasing play of Nature,
where all feelings and fears of man
are figured like in a theatre)

PAST

'This often travels me back- in time
when we used to sit or thrashing around
(in such state of frenzy)
sweetly we hymned
some loving rhymes.
(like a tickling breeze, caressing your reddened cheeks)
But don't know how and when,
we got our hearts
cracked and coiled;
and had masked our smiles.
(who cut that string and
let our passion spoiled)

END

Now that
all those revelries had gone
that proved our flirting wrong,
(in these yawning hours,
sitting alone by the fire
and staring at the dying embers)
i find myself, only talk to myself,
and i wish
to resurrect the past
and wed again (my heart insane)
to those 'listless' sights and strains'...
(what else an old man can do
on such cold, misty eve)
Nothing but echoes the past.

Gulsher john

Art Poetica (Quintus Horatius)

(To emerging poets) .....

Did not hear about Quintus Horace?
Who descended the laws to Verse in grace.
On unity and harmony
On meter and versification
On invention, imitation and on the art of characterization,
Perfect were his laws as mathematical equations.

Though was rational in form and style
But honored all the 'Aesthetic considerations'.
In spirit he was purely a Roman
But ignited the passion for Art and sensations
As was fashioned in ancient Athens.

To attain brevity and avoid obscurity
To Him was the key for poet`s security,
Devised the rules for versification,
And forbade Mediocrity and blind imitation,
That could Spoil all the pure fancies and romantic pulsations.

If you want to be a man of Art and Letter,
Compose well or don't rhyme either
And if ignorant to a word 'decorum and meter`
Then respect Horace and absorb the classic literature.

Gulsher john

Basic instincts

Like shark's frenzy,
my hunting instincts
go WILD; when
see around
BEAUTIES
hot and mild.

Gulsher john

Before God`s grace

After a mournful funeral
My soul was summoned before God`s throne
Bewildered, abject and all alone
uncertain of my sins to be atoned.

God unveiled in harsh rhymes
All my guiltless crimes.
So Mr. John
You claimed that sin is nothing but ignorance
Followed that old fellow of Renaissance*.

'What I revealed unto Mortal minds
Are desperate thoughts of Hearts' confined,
Those sacred letters to you were hoaxed
Just for 'gentles' to coax'.

You'r blamed from a Satan`s clan,
And was found rude upon my Holy men.
You have had an evil spirit, John
So was vexed, weird and wan.

I, John as humble as dust
Raised and phrased like thus:
'Almighty! I had never lost faith in you
Let me confess what was true;

You made me born free
But was enchained by heaven's decree,
I wished to say my heart
But my lips were sealed and soul apart.

You said my laws are unchanged
But thy blessed One made them estranged.
If those were not suited me so
Should not be taken them as low?

Those were not thy Holy words, My lord;
Revealed unto mortal souls,
But some evil in disguise sacked it whole.
Thus my anguish spake in my silly rhymes
And I was ranked with the old Faustus prime.

Ah! thy true love was taken as crime'
Mercifully gracious O my Lord
Unveil thy Mercy and grace sublime
Beyond every space and time'.

Gulsher john

Born To Die

In a white night
After a dark day,
I was jogging around the busy streets.
When got a glance. Of stale
and weary creature:
Bare footed and dressed
in tattered threads.
Dirt shrouded his white stinky skin
That hosted dust and flies' wings,
Had chapped lips and sore eyes.
For an onlooker he was:
A walking dead.
(Was ripped off by mercy of an angry god)

For him life is nothing but
wound uncured.Like a bird
engulfed by storm or a butterfly:
for a child's charm.
So was he: fettered and bound.
A roving vagabonds.
(pity that mocks our handicapped world)
In response to my childish quarries.
He smiled and voiced:
Our life story ends in words two:
'Born to die'
(An irony of the cultured being)
.....

Gulsher john

bride of the sky

Sleep, sleep O! Bride of the sky
Thy wakening light from hovering height
Rhyming a carol sweetly recites
that winged my fancies and passion ignite

Go now! Thy lofty looks are gone dry
As my love phrased me bye,
Once she had me closed and Conquer
All my wit and wild wild temper
When I sealed my face in her bosom
Squeezed her charm and fragrant blossom,

O bride of the sky
Come close and listen to my cry
Bring me back in this sweet July
The vanished charms of my Helen of troy.
O! Heavenly symbol of love and purity
You lead a broken love to maturity
Make me whole in love and sincerity.

Gulsher john

Bright Star

Ye unblessed being;
Born in despair,
Afore blooming fully
Was eclipsed by death cruelly.

Though had a little past in poesy Art
Yet Great and Grand, ceased to be lost
Ah! Grief came to you as luxury
Indeed 'beauty dwells with melancholy'

You're wrong when you stated
'My name was write in water'
Behold! Like a Polar Star at night
That Make sensations dark, illuminated.

A Dime-god of a sensuous claimed;
Bereaved, bereft and lost.
Words those you sweetly glossed
Mistook by many and harshly exclaimed.

Your sweetly tuned phrases
Are symbol of high Romance
That brings every soul in trance
And halt thousand gazes.

An ardent lover and a true Romantic
You are termed
As Sappho of modern times
How enchanting and enthralling are yours rhymes.

Gulsher john

Candle in the wind

In a dark gloomy night
And the around was blessed with fear and fright
Rain, lightning and thunder storm
snatched away the sweet night`s charm

A child of ten and two
Was dressed in red and blue
Lapped by a mother tight and close
A last hug of her dear son, she knows.'
In her tender but shivering arms,
Try to make him calm.

Her love Faith and tears
All were melting in despair
Helpless to ease her child`s pain
She prayed but all in vain.
The mother was sure
That her son`s curse will never be cured
And he will never see and hear
The next rising sun and the morning cheers.

In his meek broken voice
The boy stated last his choice
'But why heaven cursed me so?
Like storm engulfs an exhausted dove
Did I do any wrong that much? '
That spared my soul for devil`s touch? '

'I just followed the butterflies
And echoed the singing birds cries
Wandered around the daffodils and lilies
And was friendly with every living species
Loved the colors of rainbow
And always versed in a gentle lingo, '
Then why my cursed not ceased?
Deprived from all fun and feast'

Ah! His poor broken heart mother
Kissed him hard and Burst into tears
'O heaven send thy mercy
Spare my child from such harsh tendency
He is just two and ten
And never did any sin.
My heart is bleeding
And you're even not heeding
Bless his soul and ease his dying breaths
Be kind O lord! In these hours of death.

Gulsher john

CASTAWAY

Can’t you see my strong pulsation?
Beating in persuasion
And longing for for lost
Sensation.
I
Once
Thy pride
A sweet loving bride,
My swollen breast and rosy cheeks
Coral lips and hazel eyes
And a fairy's charm
Ah! Sank and
Gone.
By a stroke of fate
Lost my faith, in love, in care,
And now I host a never ending fear.
Don’t know how and why
Like a fallen angel
Cast off the sky.
Now
Thou art gone
And I have nothing
But few solemn tears
and leading steps to doom
for my love and for my groom.

Gulsher john

Come Close

Come close,
and look into my eyes
Scan my soul and soothe;
my fear and cries.
How could I savour a life`s boon,
As been fooled
like Delilah's groom.So
lured my fancies and verses undone,
As Samson
in the temple of Dagon.
Wrinkled, wane and wailing
Desolate, distress and have been ailing.
Dream of days;
spent with you,
When sorrows hewed and joys grew,
With the rising sun till the evening dew,
wandering far hand in hand and
never adieu.
Ah! Soon my soul is ceased to be
Wish thy mercy
have on me.

Gulsher john

Contemporary Verse

My contemporary verses
need not to make any sense,
nor map
any heart's feelings or aesthetic worth.
May be these unrhymed sounds
reflect Oxymoron and Enjambment,
and(perhaps) no metaphor at all.
and possibly full of nonsense: weird
And must not hoity - toity.

I don't care
If my verses (contemporáneo)
twitch and fret
Your poesy sense
Or fail
to elate your sabiduría.(once it supposed to)
And behold!
it's all personal narración:
may terribly please you
Or
Leave you pissed.

Gulsher john

D`wine

Mistaken by the subsequent races
The STORY of god and His traces;
From Solon to Solomon, and
from Moses to Marx, and of course,
From necromancy to theocracy.
How can He only be a Semitic,
and mute in Gallic and in Attic?
THESE are nothing but fancies, and
an aura of Romance, that brought
humanity in trance, to cease their peace and
Freedom with an uncertain attitude;
And fool the Mortals as a child.

How graciously marked by a Renaissance`s soul, that
there is no sin but ignorance, and
count religion but a childish toy.
Isn`t THIS a fable or old wives` tales?
Priest, monk, Saint, cleric and rabbi
These are but heralds of heaven and hell,
Claimed to be revealed with
scriptures sealed, that deluded
the truth that was 'cognate' to man.
The mysteries of life and death
Of good and evil, Of heaven and hell,
Aren`t illusions and mantal repressions?
That viciously drafted to hail their worldly vision.

Gulsher john

Demons reign

This havoc of the century new, burns
my wondering eyes; and
slowly taking on all the glamour of alluring life,
but still i host resistance from the glutton bellies:
often they babbling sillily.

I pass and pause, but
two steps forward drag me miles bak,
Ah! no asylum in retreat.
How can i wipe off
my (teary) eyes with hollow smiles?

behold! the golden sky turning dark
and dyes heaven; and the demons reign
begins, that incessantly showers
fortunes false, upon the wrecked hearts,
immersed in dark.

Gulsher john

Evolution

Isn't that inglorious
to deny the FACT that
'we are fostering a devil inside'
And secretly abide
The villainous creed
And adorn our evil deeds
And envenom the world around.
Let's embrace
Those forgotten pages
Taught by the ancient sages
From Cro-Magnon to Homo-erectus
“We slaughtered our fellows and dined on their flesh”
Ah! We the Homo sapiens
A savage creature
Evolved through ages,
Veiling our ignorance
In words rhymed in rhythm
And dress our nudity
In Gucci, Lacoste, Armani and jack n Jones
Ah! the truth hardly known.

Gulsher john

Exodus

Flight of the reason and values
left our cultures sterile
and brains barren:
a proven PERILE that takes
man into wilderness.

The evil temptations
(like a gentle breeze)
luring the minds, and carry
souls to the Pluto's shrine.
The innocence of man
has transformed into iniquity,
that digitising his pure romance
(once was in Nature's trance)

From Buddha to Jesus
and from Nile to Olympus;
the 'VISION' that always had enlightened the hearts, now
enthralled by Lucifer's charms...

Gulsher john

Fall of Troy

Learnt from Chapman's Homer,
A story full of grace and glamour.
Killings of Royals, warriors and multitude
Fall of Troy is
A melodrama of ancient attitude
Sans merci, sans certitude

War that was waged in heavens
Amongst deities of love, wedding and wisdom,
To be crowned one
The fairest of heavenly kingdom.

Poor Paris from Trojan race
Chose to settle that celestial FACE.
Ah! This sin of Prince was un-forgiven,
Brought thousands ships towards Trojan haven.

The wall of Troy
Besieged by savage and sages
For term of ten years ages.
Prince Hector the decent, daredevil
Embraced Achilles` wrath and kissed the peril.

Days and nights, round the clock
Trojans and Achaeans clashed like a giant rocks
Hector, Aeneas, Paris, Agenor and Sarpedon,
Achilles, Odysseus, Ajax, Patroclus and Agamemnon.
For worthless love and fairy
Troy lost her grace and glory

Gulsher john

Fancy`s Wings

How I praise thy sweetness and charms
That ever grows in the ancient rhymes
and never failed and keep up climbs.
Thou art blest
Since that great Homer got to rest,
Thy fragrance and frolic effect alcoholic
Made my soul melancholic.

How often you are assumed
In falling dews and in the rising sun,
In joys and grief, we have belief
In thy lasting relief
Ages gone but mortals` praise never eclipsed
Amorous notes always adorn thy lips.
O good nature! Let my fancy gets wings strong
To make my rhymes sweet and prolong.

Gulsher john

Heaven and Hell

I don't need any heaven,
where I'm to fly with
clipped wings,
but I love that hell
where my FANCIES let free
to sing.

Gulsher john

How little i understand

In the god's realm of love and care,
I am blessed with mighty fears.

Of His infinite blessings
My share is too little.
Few smiles and some cheer,
And lots of cries and tears.

How little i understand
His stance, His plans.

Gulsher john

IMF and the WB

Rabble of the filthy folks
from different walks, roaring out in the streets:
 to be fed, clothed and for equall treat,
but in the booms THEY forget, that social contract-
signed with the HOAX, (that) their souls and freedom
be cuffed and chained for pennies few and bucks.And
(like Faustus vowed to lucifer) they too, have GIVEN IN their consent.
Ah! I don't see your darkness will ever be dawned.

Gulsher john

Immortal death

How can I escape you
O immortal death!
A horrid being you are fancied
But more i found u
A mercy in disguised.
Warmer than the mother's lap
And soother than beloved's breast
Like a crying child
You welcomed all smiled
Lighter than the morning mist
And enchanting than the Venus view
Where every breath could find
lasting peace and tranquility,
A lullaby of immortality
A tribute to mortal's life
The end of every strife.

Gulsher john

In our time

in our time
-of reason-
i saw the broken bonds
of rusted cultures,
where
feelings subtle once we had,
are imperceptible now.
don't know how?
Like an eastern stoic, i saw
time has not stood still
-and never be-
and it washes
the true 'Art' away,
and has abandoned
philosophies to dogmas
and
beauty to obscenity.
In our time
day starts at 7 p.m,
without sun- in darkness-
And man, like a careless child
has left by water alone, and
the wises gone wild.

Gulsher john

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

Once i felt you in my blood and bones and
your silence screamed in me,
but now I no longer have anything to fear, so
why and what do i care about Jupiter, Zeus or lord the Savior?
you are the king of gods- you say- of stars, but you are not
the king of man
any more.
Do you ever feel the sufferings of others? No, but i do,
and it is a painful secret that men are free
and yet you don't know it.
I know justice is human issue and i don't need
any one to teach me it.
Don't you see what i m feeling: the rage and revolt,
not to obey the foolish rules that humiliated me long.
I am not virtuous but our sons will be, if
we shed enough blood to give them the right to be:
i know the sin, the remorse and the mighty anguish
and i will take upon myself but first
let me claim my kingdom and my will,
without it I wonder if I really exist? .
O, let me embrace my freedom,
if i fail to satiate this urge, it will surely infect my soul,
and i will not be a MAN any more.

Gulsher john

Keats was wrong

Keats was wrong

A thing of beauty is not joy forever
Nor its loveliness increases,
But it brings only woes and despair.
Tho' it blesses some lovely feelings,
And aching sensations.
But It stings badly,
Like a frost that freezes soul and heart,
Or like a distant Rainbow
Looks ethereal but when touche
Melts in mist.

It's a time Tyranny
And Nature`s revolt
To bring down man
From the state of god.
Isn't 'love' a baby of idle brain?
Touched by Aphrodite's strain,
That incites feelings of lust, and
Seduce a solemn heart,
And begets nothing
 but fantasies vain.

Gulsher john

LAROSH JAN

On a frosty morn of 2,26
my stoic heart got sick and sore(as if venom
been sprinkled on a skin)
and that moment; goodness my!
poisoned every wind
(when she was called in) .
In frustration i felt
my patience evanesced,
like a winter sun- glowing cold.
At 10 a.m
(besides swash of rain and wind)
i heard;
a cry of a child
though meek and mild(a sign of life)
appeared from the frozen walls
of the 'Country Hall'. And after-while
like a lil hare wild,
he opened his eyes and was welcomed
by the seven skies.
Once a spirit, he is now from us.

Gulsher john

late night vision

In a half-moon night,
a noiseless, chilling wind horribly tuned: the hymn of Nyx.
The tiny, little, bright spheres, some static and
some were floating in the air; hyped and
played hide and seek with the roaming clouds,
the view was in the lap of mystery,
causing lot of misery; so,
sleepless, I lay on my couch and
was counting the tickling sounds of the silent hours.
And like a disillusioned romantic, tried to seek-a loved one-
in my conceits, to share my loneliness and growing boredom.
but, the pending horrors (of night) hail
my fears, and cease my pen to paint my dreams
upon the twinkling sky;
and dimly i heard a voice, saying:
'you'r strong but wrong,
Don't revere your stinky thoughts, worthless they as old wives tale.
behold! those clouds that may not shower any rain, but (at least)
will color your sunset sky, so,
sing your dreams, you are not done yet.

Gulsher john

Life

A mystery yet unfold.
they say it's a science
But i see it as a proven art.
And should be termed
Beyond good and wrong.
Life is a road, leads to nowhere....
Trodden by armies: dark and dare.

And remember
What Genesis has claimed:
'Man is a fallen god'
Limited in nature but has infinite dreams.
Who longs for heaven- a beau ideal-
But despises art. And less certain
About aesthetics.

Gulsher john

Life's Lesson

Plain living and
high thinking
are no more...
What a pity that
in life
we only get our lessons
when they are
of no use...
to us.
let's
Accept the pain,
cherish the joys,
resolve the regrets;
then can come
the best of benedictions.
If
I had my life to live over again,
I'd do it
all the same.

Gulsher john

Literary Terms

A cliche in the form of Meiosis
but avoid any hyperbole and lampoon.
Ah! these literary terms made me
totally blank to verse any line
or trim any of rhyme, so better to draw
some images in figurative language
or speech in metaphors.
To me
life is not a conceit nor comedy
but a juxtaposition of myth and truth;
and actually a paradox
that planned spontaneously.
a Pun! no way...
but a sarcasm, to chastise
the poets' Art (including of john) .
and sorry to forget
all the sweet meters and couplets.
so, here I
intentionally employed a trope and
a verbal irony but no Deus ex Machina.

Gulsher john

Live Life...

love, that dwells
in you as fragrance or tears
in eyes,
and it comes only when you
gets hurt and forlorn, but this loneliness
sometimes feels good but never feels right.

This heart only be filled with unforgotten
moments of pleasure and pain:
love and not to be loved? or
to be and not to be...
(then WTH my heart swarmed with,
that smeared all the beauties around) .

We all are here my dears
to laugh at the odds and
never complain, and should
live our lives,
as to ponder even a Death,
if it dare to take us.

Gulsher john

Lost in love

Did you hear a rhythm divine?
That was tuned in the forsaken shrine,
so was that bashful virgin
Dressed in a pure blue and white linen.

Come and listen to her rhymes
in a sad, foreign tune-yet sublime-
sings a story in a plaintive tone
try to sooth herself but in vain.

Might she had a misfortune past
That ignited her passion and seized her heart.
look! her pair of blue eyes,
Yielding nothing but tears in prize.

Though I passed her silently
Yet it stirred my thoughts violently.

Gulsher john

Lost Paradise

Swat, Dwelling of the scented and angelic souls

A land, once was a country`s dear
now passing through turmoil years,
Where health and beauty cheered the gaze
and how often her charm was praised.
Her snowy hills and rosy land,
The never failing brooks and smiling springs,
the enchanting breeze and the lovely scene,
People called it heaven on the land.

But I tell you now.....
These were her charms and all are fled,
By divine writ her luxury cursed,
Those lovely bowers once her pride
Now lust and lies instead abide.

Rivers serene storm in anger,
Sky hills blooded and too danger
The land is trodden by armies' dark
Guns roar with a question mark.
Behold that mountain`s fairy
Her wide eyes full of quarries
Searching for her love and peace
But uncertain to get her ease.

Where dusk terrifies and hurting dawn
and the starry sky is wailing.
Sages are quiet and the young abstain
O never step into this fairyland
But pray to have our serenity again

Good Heaven!
What sorrow dooms that parting regime?
Why Nightmares reigns our lovely dreams?
and shattered the hearts serene.
To whom I blame,
Soldiers of the god…..?
Or soldiers of Land...?

Let's hail the shedding blood
of the poor innocent being,
they are suffering but never complain,
And sing a coral in melancholic strains,
No beauty adorned their fairy eyes,
truth decays and false arise.

O, tears from the depth of divine despair
Rise in the heart and turn into fears,
But my faith never disappears,
Have vision that dazzles my eyes
And behold a lost paradise.

Gulsher john

Medusa, The Myth Unfold

Suspend for a while your sense of query,
I am to tell you an old tragic story
Revealed unto my solemn heart
A myth that was wrongfully taught
In a far land of ancient Greece
Dwelt a highland lass in peace,
Fairer than Helen was she, in appearance
I, in lines few reveal unto you
Her virtue and her acquaintance.

Gentle to all young and old
By heaven and earth she was extolled,
In youth she served the goddess`s temple
From soul to heart was innocent ample,
Vanity and vengeance from a heavenly figure*
Eroded the life of this maiden fair,
For the sin of temptation of heavenly race**
She was cursed and horridly deface
With venomous vipers, rattling around her neck,
That turned a being into rock
With her noxious gaze and look.

The anguish that never had quenched
A fragrance that turned into a stinky stench,
As she refused the gods to be wench.
A rustic figure with crying heart
Ah! Demon and monster she was thought.

Her cheer and bloom
Melted like a mist and made her gloom,
Her sole recreation in that dreadful park
Was to scrub and scratched dust from rock.
For years of infinity
She was blest with malevolent charity
Till Perseus the Demi-god
Beheaded her and ceased her life odd.

Gulsher john

Mickey mouse...

A kook in the valley:
a 'knock out 'and foxy Salley,
with knocked up belly,
lil bit junkie and acted as
just off the boat.
Had a tragic line, (she assumed so)
you had heard many a time;
her only fashion is
to 'make waves' for folks, and
Always trying to 'put the moves on;
like a rag; full of trash or a dirty flick.
An easy mark for
making bucks.
such was Sally- weird and silly

Gulsher john

Modern schooling

A voyage from the womb of 'darkness;
they say
into the world of dazzling lights,
but often see its glare robs
sight and insight, and
yields nothing but
yawning and envy.

Like Frankenstein's illusion-
who dint know how,
to spend or live this life?
so employed an unending strife,
and his mind's sterility led him
to a stark bestiality.

And bethink!
we are born ignorant not stupid
but 'this' turns us the latter.
but who cares...

Gulsher john

Modernism

Like
an Arctic wind
that makes the southern shores
barren and bald;
so is the new dawn;
eclipsed by Eris' charm.
Now
I can't hear those night wind songs, but
the swash of retreating hope and
of overwhelming fear.
In such uncertainty i draw;
some broken images
in a phrasing stark.
As our fragmented sight-
in this alcoholic haze;
could not accomplish the blessings
of ART,
neither in rhymes nor in rants.

Gulsher john

Monotony

The phantasms
of my filthy fancies
breed
an exquisite boredom; and
this monotony
when tuning,
swabs all the vivacities,
and
screws up my Art.

Gulsher john

My love story

Wanna listen my story;
Though attempted by many a time
but its charm has never declined.
A story that will melt your heart
as it is full of melancholic thoughts.
Mind! Not just hear these rhymes
but feel what it reveals onto your heart sublime.
I was blessed
In love with a sweet gentle fairy
Well versed and gracious and best for marry.
As sacred as a holy shrine, but
she was ignorant of a Valentine.
Her rosy lips and dimples' bright
and hazel eyes sparkle like stars at night,
Chasing the sun she all day long
And sung some lovely songs.
Thus passing days, months and years
Full of love, in fun and cheers,
And then turned Heaven His holy writ
distress and bereft
Forlorn as Keats, Romeo and Tess;
The rainbow of my love got eclipsed
Before blossom got buried that lovely bride
Sans HER grace, the world looks dull and dried.
Nothing seems important to me, any more
but to grace my love with her rhymes four.

Gulsher john

Mysterious Nature

Across the window's pane,
in the monsoon rain,
i saw my 'lil angel' was playing with a lil kitty- Tom,
-well behaved and tame-
cut off from this vicious world;
they both were wrestling and roaming awkward.
chasing the joys and forgetting the pains.
A thunder voiced and lightening flashed
and
equally they embraced
the nature's mystery
without care or complaint; and
communicated too, sensations
in a lingo strange.
In them i found no difference at all.
how
the two be different, if
play and act on the tune same?
this bewitching scene -of course -muddled my mind and faith.
what then we are?
a specie evolved or created by lord?
Is not it confirmed
the grandeur and austerity of nature's Art,
violated by humans all?
if yes, then
let 'It' to design
-our life's plans -
of such grand scale.
So
in nature we should trust
to secure and to reform
our 'cultures' false.

Gulsher john

Old Nick

life
like a mirror
reflects
unlike colours and shades, some
shine bright and some go fade;
but sometimes
a mislead refraction ripples
its FORM and grace;
as shadows behind the mist.
This spectrum often drives
the constipated minds
to despite (militantly)
LIFE and its NOVELTY
with all wet planes.
Aren't they like an Old Nick
-raised from the Hades-
and threaten
the angelic calm
that survives only
on the margin
of space and time.
_____

Gulsher john

peace be upon...

peace, an unbaptised hope;
made off in furtive manner
'the Father's land'.
And left behind curse and chaos
that leads to
havoc and harm.

'i was waiting to see
thy journey end,
and welcome you back,
but found you as...
a mirage
that feeds
on the masses' ignorance. And
an 'irreducible complexity'
these petty prejudices are.'

such is my land:
bruised by filthy 'norms'
like a tender skin
when touch by winter's wind,
and sweep away
her fairness and charm.

.....

Gulsher john

Poetry

Let`s verse and rhyme
Words and phrases enough sublime,
That could ignite passions and stir emotions,
Something new and novel
From hearts pure and loyal
Will enlighten all the minds obscure,
And could turn a smile oblique into a gentle speak,
And embark the scared humanity
Into a state of peace and serenity,

Let`s pen melodies those O Mighty souls!
That could lead
The air of pathetic pride and prejudice
To a solemn pardon and indemnity,
Let defile those
Who, In the name of Race, Region and Religion
Blurred and barred the mortal`s vision.

Let`s invite again the heavenly Muses
And confess our incompetence and excuses,
Let it be sure
Only poetry enlightens all the minds obscure,
And will soothe and harness
Our lust and instincts morbid,
And will constrain the Satan's claim
That veiled humanity in shame
Remember!
Poetry is that holy domain.

Gulsher john

Procrastination

Is this the fault of heaven
or destiny mine;
that i never shone(for my mistress)
like a sun of every clime.
but you smiled and phrased:
'you are a sun- of darkened sky
and will sink
in your 'beauteous bride,
and whatever betides,
you are always be my pride.'
Since than
I'v been waiting
'to be shone like a bright star;
around which your love revolves
and my flares surround you...
Now
i am fading fast
and soon to be 'a memory lost.'
O gracious maid!
come and cease
this eternal damnation,
and your PROCRASTINATION.

Gulsher john

Prometheus in chains

My life
is not done yet, to resign and surrender,
to the unexplained wonders and myths
untold, let me conquer this titanic strife;
I don't wanna be a devil`s pride.
Am I nourishing an evil spirit, Or deaf
to some celestial hymns? but
I have found these ideals
Hideous and hectic, that
echo in-man's holy shrines.

Time and space has taught me well
how to cope these enchanting spells.
This ever changing life fair.
How could I frame my Will In those
old divine spells? After knowing
the truth and all wise sayings.
Is it fair to lame my inventive brain?
Isn`t it a weary pain to embrace
such fairy tales? Then...
Let your Prometheus unchained.

Gulsher john

Prophetic vision

Night;
With a thousands sparkling eyes
Is watching and listening
the wailing and cries.Of
suffering beings:
Faraway from Heaven`s bliss.

God sent many a time
The mighty souls
with glowing minds:
To teach their fellow men
The lesson of love and hate from sin.

His mercy to save men
from false crave.But
for our lewd hearts
In vain all
such holy thoughts.

Gulsher john

Prosody of Free verse

Often see in poetry council
an innocent quarry,
is Free verse is realy verse or merely prose chopped into lines?
and what might be its Meter?
beats of ten, nine or a couplet rhymes;
or any other pattern undefined?
Notion of Free verse is:
alien to many more and would mystify the numbers,
as in poetic persuasion
there is ubiquitous influence of Romance and ballad 'convention,
-beats, meter and in stress-
in which we often confess,
but have seen
from Chaucer to Morlow
and from Pop to Pound
something keep stirring our minds.
So is the Free verse;
no certain form or melodic structure
and is less conform to a classic culture.
yet metrical feet may garland
our 'verso libre 'but not a
metrical lineation,
or a whole composition.
such verse could be turned as a quagmire
if its 'cadence' is not admire.
As Prosody
is strongly agonist to any 'missing-measures-
'tis another form of rhythmic pleasure.

Gulsher john

Reasoning dark

suddenly my steps were halted by
some whispering sobs, and saw some scattered petals
trodden on the ground, as
kissed by frosty wind, that
had ravished its charm.
i asked: what ail thee, O bonny boon!
she teared and sadly tuned:
'you humans claimed to be the only one;
where god's spirit dwells,
And sent by Him to shun
the Evil and the miseries of your fellow one;
But instead you'r multiplying
their agonies and frustrations,
and call it your wild sensations.
O! you enemy of the righteousness;
full of all deceit and villainy
how dare you hoping for a heaven
if follow the will of Satan!
'prudent though you are
And foreseeth the Evil, but
the blindness of your heart
making your 'reasoning' dark.

Gulsher john

Rise Of The Fallen

Raise……
O forsaken and dejected but libertine souls!
Tho`r beaten badly afore,
And blessed with death on the farthest shores,
But the world is not yet done
behold! the celestial bodies stick to their restless turns.

We are the souls, dare to challenge
The heavens' heights-
And trampled all the fears and fright,
Let’s stand and ride the rainbows,
And stretch your wings
Beyond heavens and hells,
And to roam in the skies.

And to seek salvation
-For those who`r condemned-
With our mighty swings.
Let’s wage a war of another Troy,
To destroy
The deities and the demigods,
And their pseudo reverence
That seduces our hearts,

Stand united my fellow brethren!
And pour out all
Your wrath, vengeance, insult and hate
And strain all your nerves,
Unsheathe and raise your swords, spears and bows
And march to the heavens` gates.....
The eternity belong to us
The Armageddon is just begun.

Gulsher john

Rose Petals

The darkness is drifting slowly away
and made her alarmed in sleep
 and dismay.
Dreams that made her charms
more radiant,
But now melted it as mist at day.

It's a miserable poignancy
That reflects a lover`s tendency
And can only be rejoiced
If it blessed as a beloved choice.

Ah! How hypnotic was that scene
That amused my heart serene,
When her dazzling smile
Caused a dimple sweet for a while.

Let my heart be bloomed
in your love,
With those bosom peaks and rosy cheeks;
to hold them close
As petals of rose.

Gulsher john

Sanity or Insanity

Is this sanity or insanity
To wish a death in obscurity?
Death that might bring calm and ease
As my life deserted by joys and peace.
Life that seems in a solemn attire
But for me all her charm and glory
Busted and melted in despair.

Once for me it was a lily in bloom
Like a rainbow and floating clouds
Nothing but a sweet Nature's boon,
And dawned my morn with glistening dews
And glamoured each Eve with Venus` view.

Ah! But now all these engulfed in gloom,
An insignificant soul I turned to be
Wrinkled and freckled,
Gripped by pangs and pains.
Hard to bear this jealousy and hate anymore,
Come O peaceful death and cease my wailing breaths.
Now for me;
The union of joy and pain,
Sorrows and shame,
Love and lust,
Caring and fear
Cheers and tears
Pride and prejudice
All meaningless, all senseless.

Gulsher john

Scripture vs. Culture

A fascinating idea to define
Divinity in terms of humanity
-Either by Scriptural songs
Or in scientific norms-

Religions are cultures` repetition,
Veiled in divine sensation
Graciously it shapes and retains
The life`s string,
From Indus to Nile and from Euphrates to Olympus.
For ages it blessed
this savage world
with guidance, morality and compassion
And consolations for horrid temptations.

Scriptures though sacred and sublime
surely Yielded from ancients norms
and from old cultural rhymes.
A highly effected mechanism
That Synchronized and structured
Our dreams and visions,
And yielded
Rituals around such feelings
Having the power of healing.

Neither hell nor heavens,
Nor mysteries nor surmise, b
Armageddon nor doomsday
But all fancies and scribbles
that fret if play.

Gulsher john

Seizing The Wind

From womb to the grave;
i often see
the man, a vagrant wan,
and vainly he spends
ages;
in decoding the life's spells
that reigns his stoic Will.
Alas! such mystic queries
kill his calm-
like seizing the wind in palms.

Gulsher john

shall never see her again

Simple, sweet and fair,
And is ignorant
to the meaning of love and care.
Cheerful and is dispelling gloom
Truly she is a Nature's boon,
that jewels her bloom.
behold! She's flirting with gentle breeze
Among the daffodils under the trees,
Wandering far and wide
And never she stops her ride,
such is her charm and glory
Twisted badly my life story.
And blessed me with an unending pain,
Ah! adorn my love in melancholic strain.

She's like a rainbow`s hue
And more entrancing than morning dew
That fast retreating,
And melts in mist.
Her sweet gentle voice
That was so rejoicing,
Now shrinks my heart and seize my soul.
If i sing her name
And extol her fame,
Might it brings her- guilt and shame.
To refrain that blame
Now, I am
Lost and restrained
And shall never see her again.

Gulsher john

Slum-lines

Perfectly fused ideas and conceits
Of minds fabulous in lines sweet.But
Feet, meters and syllables
Often treat very strangely.
Blank verse cedes the heroic couplet
As Gray`s elegies are voiced as Shakespeare'sonnet.
Ah! All these 'Greek'to my humble wit
As an Abstract art explains with Romantic kit.
Tho` adorn with some vivid colors and images
Still hard to catch the poet's mind and messages.

Often treated we wrongly in our narration,
A pathetic fallacy and personification
that leads to widespread condemnation.
enjambment kills poetic rhymes.
Whatever the case might be
Poesy is not a cup of tea.
And truly I too don't know why
Things queerly happen `neath the sky,
All these varieties of science and arts
Cause poignant anxiety to minds and hearts.

Gulsher john

Song Of The DEAD. (By Mr. Luke Easter)

The change in the inherited characteristics of biological populations,
Passed down through successive blood lines of multiple generations,
It is inglorious to deny factual allegations for fostering a devil inside,
A villainous passport sustained as Cain killed Able he'd run and hide.

Secretly no more, the evil one openly in defiance continues to abide,
"We slaughtered our fellows and dinned on their flashes" at his side,
Admire our evil deeds embracing purposely forgotten biblical pages,
Cro-Magnon to Homo Erectus taught within historical ancient sages.

Savage creatures not evolved but created instinctly through the ages,
Immortalized in popular song, admired in books and poetic phrases,
Continuous flow of molten lava no longer presented in fixed stages,
Against laws of the Father from which He toiled in scriptural pages.

Veiling our ignorance with words rhymed in rhythm yet out of sync,
We dress our nudeness like a crying child refusing to stop and think,
In Gucci, Lacoste, Armani, Jack n Jones, ah, the truth hardly known,
Oh immortal death may any escape vengeance reaping what is sown?

A horrid idol you are fancied but will I find any less solace in my death?
That mercy is disguised warmer than my mother's lap for one last breath,
Any more soothing than her beloved breast lighter than the morning mist?
A love lullaby of immortality more enchanting than if Venus was kissed?

Might it be, although highly improbable this is simply a stage to rehearse?
And those who properly act out the script will evolve on another universe?
Harmony can only be harmonious not comprised in an out of tune quartet,
There remains a chance in this life a chosen few will be allowed to forget.

So, if not I will still pursue with diligence to fulfill my never-ending quest,
By looking not to compare as I can do nothing more then my absolute best,
As I accomplish victory or taste defeat by the score on mine & not your test,
To arise every morning with the dew of prominence contemplating w/o rest.

Shall the birth of babies & ingenuity on the eve of destruction cease to exist?
Being swallowed up in an infinite Black Hole camouflaged by an eerie mist?
Rendition so expertly touched-up impossible to label the masterpiece forged?
Once again instinctively looked over as the lie prevails while truth is ignored.

Still searching with every breath always seeking a lasting peace, tranquility,
With the end of every strife a tribute to preeminence sought in immortality,
Now one last tribute but to whom do we owe congratulations for solutions?
Well maybe no one only time will tell as we approach the end of Evolution.

Gulsher john

soul of the age

'Art' flies, and 'Form' in exile mourns.
i sing to the critics (beg their awful silence and inquires to craft 'sublime' and fill that vacant space)
that:
body of poesy has changed various forms:
And so its norms,
i pray to the heaven:
to inspire my words with gentle heat;
that could turns the muses
to dance.
I (the poet)
speak only truth
and avoid ridiculous 'rant'
but this Art is now
'a slower way being dead'
By poorly phrasing
such unheard rhymes
that batters and mocks
soul of the age,
and bless nothing but rage.
.....

Gulsher john

swine swears for the pigs' pride.

In a distant land: blessed with bounteous beauties of nature
but where gloomy wind blow and EVILS outgrow.
I saw the throwing stones, bruised the silky skins of VIRGINS veiled
and her blood spilt through her ruptured skin,
and soaked in the underneath sand.
And upon her fleshes the hovering vultures feast.
As they were blamed of sin: uttered a word of love and peace
and stepped out of iron walls; (where they were supposed to be stayed till end.
a deadly SIN in the patriarchal world) .
SHE has no man at all: brother, father or a husband
(only herself and the hideous dark) .
Since infancy, SHE was taught to kill her fancies.
In the name chastity.SHE was held in disdain by the insatiate pigs-their LORDs.
Her cries always unheard an her tears unseen. As SHE knows,
she is distend to be stoned, strangled or burnt alive;
for the sake of vanity of the MAN.
- - - - - -

Gulsher john

The song of Hypatia (AD 415)

For heresy and negating the heavenly laws
Hypatia was deprived from all honours and applause.

Let me confess my crime,
(Phrased 'she' like thus)
'That's proven wrong the biblical rhymes,
and divine creation'.
A glory of science
melted all the superstitions
and fell Alexandria into frustration.
The holy men and fanatics
Forced her to retrieve from work ecstatic.

'Could my subversion and intelligence be tolerated?
That's revealing the truth for souls emancipated!
'But I assure you O stark, idle brains,
Listen to my this cerebral strain,
My wit and wisdom shall never be restrained,
You have nothing but conflicting tales of genesis and fate,
And fables of fear and hate;
Come and bless me with your ignorance and anger.

'I will be killed I know,
But you will never see my temper low,
And I will espouse this martyrdom instead
With due grace and honor,
And will reflect the unseen might...
Ah! Hypatia of Alexandria
Woman of bravery, beauty and wisdom.
Thus was brutally doomed;
A flower before time once bloomed.

Gulsher john

To John Milton (1608 -1674)

Let's tell you a story
Of a man
who lost his sight
But endowed with vision and sense
upright.
The heavenly muses of love, epic and poetry
Inspirited his heart`s territory.
Thou' once a pride of the Puritan Court and
Summoned the whole Areopagus in his support.
A divine in heart but Hellenic in thoughts,
Love and Liberty he did proclaim,
And Greek, French and Latin was his domain
As Greece proud of Solon
He's too, a distinction of London.
Majestic were his rhymes
And a statesman too, he was sublime.
For centuries his prose and verses,
Ignite the passion.
I wish I were born in thy poesy arms
To grace my wit and Will
 with thy lasting charm.

Gulsher john

Trinity Trade

walking at night
like stars through the sky,
my fancies too
are flying high.
though i wish my word catches
the hearts serene,
but couldn't plow my way through in such extreme.
in acid tone i am turned
'an insane,
by the 'cultural norms'
like a mist that melts in the morn.
how gracious it would be
to turn void
this 'trinity trade'
and to get
my heart's serenity
back.

Gulsher john

Two steps away

Two steps away
from the immortal land:
a dwelling of the dead and dread.
To the world it is known
As a heaven and a Hell;
The former is blessed
with hearts serene,
and the latter is charmed
With minds(didn't do any harm)
Where should i go?
Confused and perplexed:
To the 'Blessed'or to the 'Damned?
Or get back to my sweet homeland.
Where my LOVE
Across the mountains,
Is waiting for me.
Alone and scared,
But...

Gulsher john

Venus view (embodies love and beauty)

Late in the winter eve,
when a sight is hazed by mist
And the Maple leaves crack with steps
And chirping crickets are well perceived.

Above in the western zone
she reigns the darkness alone
Far from the maddening crowd*
Bright, glittering and a Nature`s pride.

From dusk to darkling dawn,
Catching the wandering eyes
Of the waning soul, that silently cries
and crave for hours those, already gone.

Abode in you, O bright star!
Treasure of poetic 'Form and conceits'
Sweet and charming and stirring the beats
A melancholy too that never retreats.

Inscribe on my unwritten soul
O goddess of love and grace:
-In bitterness she breathed life her whole-

Gulsher john

vere homo

Be human, rather than divine
living such life is truly a surprise.

the world is for you, and
seek your worth and prize

what intoxicates our minds, are
the stories of doom and demise,

so with these false theologies
let's unbind our trade and ties.

In search of god(s)
don't stare at the skies

just intuit (for awhile) and
feels others' agonies and cries.

Gulsher john

What Is A Poem...

A euphony
rhythmically composed;
through fresh Similes, metaphors, and analogies,
help readers to conjure hi- flown imageries,
but stick to cadence
like flowers to fragrance,
and it emphasises
the aesthetic nature of fellow pals
with some wild weird
conceits, that would elate
our so-so speech,
if it crafts in care; will surely
heal our untrue fears,
like a gentle breeze of the westward wind, or
a Beethoven's symphony; that enliven
lives.

Gulsher john

When Love Fails

when love fails, and
utter silence prevails,
so a swollen fear shrouds my nerves frail.
Why dreams of mine
on this Valentine eloped
like morning dews.
Is my love really waned?
will I not be blessed again
with that beguiled boon.

Ah! like the northern gale
that cherishes the southern springs;
such are feelings been pushed
into an unending frustration.
Ah! In her last embrace, i left
my whole being:
my sinking heart and fancies fair.

when love fails,
it creates a world around
where rainbow drowns and darkness dawns,
and the tears it brings are
sweeter than smiles
and surely the music wiles...
- -

Gulsher john

Where does ART go?

How can i satiate my empty brain,
(like a starved stomach, hollow and acidic)
easy to compass the 'LETTERS:
Creation,
Inspiration, and
Imitation. but
where dose Art go?
See, my frozen pen in my numbed fingers;
like an Arctic wind, sweeps,
and leaves behind, scratches
on the wrinkled pages.

Gulsher john

WHO AM I....

Who am I?
An angelic soul or Lucifer`s lamb?
In the midnight hours
When facing the fair sky,
I find my heart numbed with broken pride;
Like a forsaken bride
To whom her groom lied.
And I question my extreme sensitivity
Why it kills my calm and creativity.

All my charm and glory is gone–by
Like a darkness, wraps from the sky.
The hissing and rattling sound of the air
Pops up my fears and tears,
And echoes in an unheard melody;
Tense, distress and full of tragedy.
Why I have been stricken by worldly fame
That turned me into a devil's tame.

Ah! all my Quixote's schemes:
"To build an El Dorado upon Hades` realm"
Was a Judas` kiss.
Will I have that promised bliss?

Gulsher john

Wild instincts

(before reading plz make sure u r 18+ and not adhering to any moral values)

Summer
at Miami beaches-an earthly heaven-
where old goes young
and 'gaze gets guilty '
i - exuasted and stale- too was
snookered my age, and
-hang loose out there-
but din't see any BOO around.
only Tom, Dick and Harry
sounds like HOUND.
All at once
over the sands, a bbw (of 30 plus)
stepped in.
tattooed sinistely. geez...
like a cocke bottle-Smexy and Bootylicious
And conspicuously threads in BnB,
that pumped evey soul
with her jiggling wiggling: bust n bun.
Ahh! best for 'neck and bone. '
in provoked instincts, Every
men shot at her: lusty gazes and
might some cum.
in Bacchic frency- i too-
jeepin n jerked,
in staggered breaths.
luckily that instant
my 'blue- eyed' got some 'runs'
and was away from this 'Holy fun'.
such lines of mine- i am sure-
would kill
your strong moral sense and Will.

Gulsher john

WTH....

after a night romp and spree,
need to be laid back and
rack out too,
so get bruised
like gale, and hardly to be cut it out
but suddenly was decked
by a glance of fox and foxy stuff
especially when had a kik at keeger,
so tried to move on,
some muffin chicks, those up for grabs...
Ah i am whiz but
in such screw around,
meltdown myself.
too zapped from the show
but helpless
to cease it down.

Gulsher john