

Poetry Series

Krunal Pandya
- poems -

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Krunal Pandya()

Augmented Reality

Heartbreak and a computer
She was there so near
Motionless lips and dry thighs
Altered beyond the attractions of the eyes

His apple is rotten and the bee is dead
Mother left and useless is his dad
Complete is his family now with "e-dad"™ and "e-mom"™
Lislonza is his "e-sister"™ and "e-brother"™ is Tom

Pimple and ugly acne scars all complete
His ugliness by far
He sexed up like Tom Cruise in the computer
Believing him to be a hero and a martial art tutor

He mended the broken leg of his dog Joshua
And reduced its size like a Chihuahua
Gave it a new scarf and new bone
So that all its hunger is forever gone

Girlfriend he hated the most is now a boy
The girl he could not win is now his toy
Teachers now respect him and principal is fun
Bank balance is full and poverty all gone

All could he not do is to alter his emotions
Misses he still is mom and dad
Who left him in between when the clouds were fair
Girls are there but love can not be augmented
Loves still he going to church with a whole hearted flair

Krunal Pandya

Burden

Bearing the burden of her greasy teen
She walks nearer to the lovely shore
Her mind weaving a satin nest of fantasy
Uncertain and lost she gazes at shells, sand and its shinny core

If the flora of her bosom is the gift of heaven
Then why does her heart flees away like a bird quite clever?
Harmful are not those enticed eyes that tease her temper
But the honey soaked tickle that makes her moral feeble

Morals, ethics and godly status of virginity
All her mother taught and she pondered
If the lessons were complete then what is
This strange feeling that mother never taught?

Whose silent woo doo is this that prevents her from falling asleep?
Are they that lean boy's eyes or her own cribbing?
Something better from the childhood has surely happened
Or this was too is her starry notion before those pinkish nights?

Krunal Pandya

Darling Infinity

Why do my lucid eyes survey
You vastitude through the window of my mind?

Why do every end seems so incomplete and futile
As if something is yet to conquer and begin?

Why there is no boundary for these
Hippy and wandering planets?

There is something always visits me from beyond this mighty sea,
Something calm as a winter's wave and sweet as sunless asphodel
Perhaps it is love's sweet melody from the radius of eternity
Which I could perhaps never know,
And the time will preserve it,
Till I come again and reopen that window of my mind

Krunal Pandya

Grapes In The Brain

Her skill of potion making was par excellence
Laces of her dress however were quite loose
Cumbersome were her ways of persuasion
And lonesome were the swings of her mood

Dogs envy the craft of her notion less crimes and
Philosophers participate in the debate of her mind
Big Horses are carefully kept, breed before she selects them
With her husky voice mostly mere a noise of its own kind

Joy of kindergarten pick and dropp was
Torture for her strange mind
Her step- dad was a drunkard, notorious,
Loved to break kitchenware of all kind

If brain is her power then why does it not allowing her to sleep?
Does the grapes that she ate as a child went till the brain?
Her knives were all useless and blotted red
Question still remains - where she did she use them?
Better refrain.

Krunal Pandya

Ignorance

A black zone with nobody to dwell
Something sleeping, not quite well
The bright sun of knowledge never rises there
A shying support of lies always lurk somewhere

It exists in the realms of non-existence
Claiming its presence through its vengeance
Neither a sin nor a vicious threat
It is a part of us that keeps us unaware

A false brocade over soul's truthful form
It riddles the knowledge by puzzles of its own
A God's appointee to preserve the myriad
Mysteries of the universe so secretly mould!

Krunal Pandya

Mashanka

Upon the table of extreme exaggeration, Mashanka stands tall
Shivering, biting the pink lips of her own
Perhaps the circus of her tender age or a focus of her unique mind
She senses love beyond the strengths of lovers of any best kind

High like tides her feelings rise and then suddenly
Fall over her heart like a butcher's knife
His love for her was constant and monotonous like plain sunshine
Her hopes for him were myriad like a rainbow in the sky

Nightmares were so warm and painful that she could not close
The dreamy shutters of her chocolaty eyes
His trained biceps were hindrance in her search
For tenderness of love like baby rabbit's eyes

Quarrels and difference were slowly raged the routine of her life
World for her was different than the perception of his manly eyes
Love has many shades and moods as myriad as the types of wine
Mashanka felt her man did not sense even after many remainders despite

Relationship is responsibility and economical stability- His version
Relationship is love and love's multifold insanity -Her version
Clashes of their versions - daily, weekly and for months
Her hugs were all futile, he disliked all, it took her by surprise

Wanted she him to be a mad romantic, deeply drunk by purest form of love
Red roses, pink perfumes and satin white dresses favorites of her kind
He should be charming enough to confuse her with the various variety of his life
As she dreamt to lost within garden of his eyes and then found back like a prize

Perhaps he will change, perhaps he will be tender
Perhaps he will change the way he smiles or the way he disagrees
Perhaps he will hold my hand, perhaps he will sacrifice smoking
Perhaps he will bend on his knees and propose to me and say something like:
"Love for you encased in a bud from heaven, plucked by God, for you, at
morning seven"
Perhaps he will at least fight with me or even slap me - fine
Then I feel he is. He is. He is the way I want him mine.

Poison she drank was felt nothing,
Under the sleepy state of her volatile numbness
Slowly her soul liberated itself
Heart stopped, breath halted
A brief pain, a white silence,
And then she was above the rainbow- full of colors and full of love.

Krunal Pandya

Natacha's Frog

He jumps when I sit
He sits when I jump
He sings when I sleep
He cries when I sing
He winks when I cry
He sleeps when I play
O world! Kill not him!

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Parachute Yoga

He attained nirvana
With the sudden opening of his parachute
Bright air rushed, heart unfold

Krunal Pandya

Termination (From The Movie 'Moonraker')

There she comes worrying about her act
Drax had called up as he knows it was mistake

"You informed Bond! " bellowed Drax
She denied, vexed up with the disclosure

"Your employment is terminated"-commanded Drax
Dejected, she catches the way back home

Bark that she suddenly heard of hounds
Quiver suddenly felt below her grounds

Two savage hounds chasing her with a swift pace
She was numb and could not search any safe place

Ran she towards the woods in a hope for life
Hounds chased her, with teeth sharp like knife

Only two jumps and she had hounds all around
Her scream trembled against Death's grotesque sound

Krunal Pandya

The Bout

"You ruined me!" – bellowed him
She was on a sofa with a magazine in her hands
Erected she her back with a surprise on her face
He ran almost like a rat in jeans
Held her firmly from her hands
Thrashed her head on the table breaking the ash tray
Cried she with red on her face and lipstick fade
Then with a strong hold on her hair he pushed her hard
And dragged towards the toilet at the end
Tucking her head inside the bowl, he flushed the water out
Screamed she aloud with a rosy wet face stinking with grief
Inspired from the boxing bout on TV, he rammed a punch of her fair face
Kick followed right on her perfect rear grace
Like a hungry Chihuahua, he bit her on her face
Cigarettes and hard rock followed, loud enough to forget his sorrow
Her t-shirts are now his tissues and jeans shoe-brush
Lipsticks are fed to dogs and perfumes mixed in rum
Their sweet memories only survived inside their little photo frame
He kept it, loved it, never broke and preserved till the end

Krunal Pandya

The Garbled Grasshopper

Not here, may be there,
I hoped, then hopped; still incorrect,
Died
In a hope

Krunal Pandya

The Lilly By An Airport

Right below the supersonic boom of flying aircrafts
Lies a motionless water lily,
A steady, white, tranquil stability,
Floating over the breathing pond of life

Krunal Pandya

The Lion Girl

In the night drunk with the full moon
Stood she calmly, leaving naked,
With her golden hair lying gently over her lion's hard mane

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The Topaz Of Tragedy

The melancholy of mood is always a pain;
Poverty, separation, humiliation and no gain.

Tragedy was fully spread across the innocence of his childhood;
No love of parents, siblings; had friends but did no good.

A displaced identity under the crisis of personality;
A hateful social treatment of punitive neutrality.

How can he feel a normal self when all were against?
A sea of painful tears constricted and beheld.

His otiose heart went numb;
Leaving him emotionally dumb.

Everything turns dry and stony when emotions depart;
Leaving only a harsh, hard, lifeless topaz called heart

Krunal Pandya

The Water Lilly

Right below the supersonic boom of flying aircrafts
Lies one motionless water lily,
A steady, white, tranquil stability,
Floating over the breathing pond of life

Krunal Pandya

Water, Problem And Frustration

A sink of magnanimous impurity
So imprudent, vast, turbid dignity

Inside the cocktail of water, problem and frustration
Lurks a lusty dump of humanity - hard and black with temptation

Who kills a bottle of life, hanging on the thick throat of your ego
An unwanted massacre of purity and love with no way to go

An inheritance of poverty, hunger and shabby life
A multiplication of hell by the reproduction anime

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