

## Poetry Series

# Pramod Khilery

- poems -

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### **Pramod Khilery**

My poetry has been published in IOTA (Warwickshire, UK) , Istanbul Literary review(Turky) , The International Enchanting verses(issue May and October) , online cultural and literary journal "boloji.com" and poetry section of 'ndtv.com'.Two mainstream Bangladeshi English dailies 'The Bangladesh Today' and 'The Independent' too have carried my articles.Some of my prose pieces can be read at 'Boloji.com' and 'merinews.com' and India Pakistan joint venture 'chowk'. I am also the member of United Minds for Peace Society.

## .....Distance

We do have a sense of harmony between us.

So no one seems to be saddened  
about the dissonance buffeting the distance.

A day here which I call my day  
And a day there which I call her day  
look like mirror images of each other,  
with laws of refraction and reflection playing spoilsport  
and laws of attraction groping for the subjects.

The voices, the sounds, the sighs, the yawns, the laughter,  
when meet with indifference of earlobes,  
make the eyes, a fodder for a sensitive artist.

The power of distance  
playing second fiddle to power of path  
waits for consecration of those sights  
which are yet to be uncovered of rainless clouds.

I hope this wait would last for good.

Pramod Khilery

**.....Foot: A Swift Runner**

If only few mirrors had  
Refused to fall in line  
The pace could have had  
Some cue to let the speed go of its madness.

Now sweat holds  
The hard feet responsible for  
Making the dryness seem so asinine.

Miasmic goings on  
Have a way to have their way.

Ask a mirror,  
Has reflection made peace  
With height?

Pramod Khilery

**.....Foot: Anchored**

It was from within the dream  
That he used to see through.

An eye  
He would often say  
Panders only to the spangled beads.

I know its constituents.  
And I let my feet befriend them.

A few pebbles  
That he was so fond of  
Loved the warmth of his palm.

No longer  
Would they talk of the kicks  
They endured on the road.

Now road outside is not a scrum of feet  
But sounds of time.

Notions have it in them  
To corrugate the pace and wheedle the path.

May be that had him  
Become the ultimate wafting  
Holding the invisible depths, skimming the diaphanous  
And letting the gossamer become an abode.

How long will he be remembered  
Only feet know.  
I still believe  
Soiled flannels never get old.

Pramod Khilery

**.....Foot: Listening to Footfalls**

The depth of the crater  
Listens to footfalls.

If it were to jump out  
How long would it  
Celebrate the freedom  
Before having to wilt and shrunk.

The sun that is so bright  
Bestows the blackness upon  
Its embracers.

For the depth of crater  
I have a piece of advice.

If you ever come out  
Become the mugginess  
If the other choice is  
To be an unshod foot.

Being human is  
Unlike pacing  
And more like being bee.

Pramod Khilery

**.....Foot: Without Heels**

Behind the words  
She remained  
All through her life.

The reflections  
She had sought after had  
Water in them,  
Potable yet sour.

I remember  
When she said to me,  
"I had never been  
More than an idea."

After having felt a fleeting  
But maddening emotion  
To clench her tightly in my arms  
I responded and acted

As if the air of my city  
Believed more  
In footfalls of callused feet  
Than in her innocent eyes.

Pramod Khilery

## .....His Growing Shorter

Back.  
Is it my back?  
That has made me look shorter.  
How come it possible?  
No, it is just an impression.

The road that I had been treading for years,  
the only road that I had been set upon, once  
had never been shorn of trees and shadows,  
though of woes, worries and wolves too but  
I had not set out untrained and ill equipped.

Yes, sometimes dust afluttered, smoke billowed  
and asphyxiation set in  
but not long before I chanced upon a brook or  
left the throttling hypoxiated, almost, always.

I never did forget to bow my head to  
temples I passed by.  
Some of the passer bies I ran into  
greeted me, sometimes mechanically  
and sometimes, hefting their necks a bit.  
I am not sure what eyes were doing.

So far as I remember  
I never scuffed.  
I had always had another pair of chapplas  
in the sack I let my back carry for me.

I remember once a street dog  
had begun to follow me, accompanied me for a while  
and I, don't know why, had felt a sense of owning him.  
I pitied everybody else  
crossing me from either direction.

Once when day grew dim and clouds pervaded  
I had the wits to say.  
Let's walk together and match strides.  
I drew a memory from the puddles of water  
and let my tittupping image play with it.

Sun never bothered me.  
Herds of cows and sheep  
I pierced my way through often  
had shepherds instructed.  
With feet and head covered, I too  
had my herd, my own.

I often contrasted my back  
with those of the farmers  
working alongside the road in their fields.

I slouched and then straightened.  
I thought walking on road was my farming.

Every pace of mine sowed the layers of time  
sneaking in so womanly in to my masculinity  
and harvesting the alcoves entailing an entire  
idea of spending a night together  
giving life to an unknown destination  
which I was sure  
will seek its beginning from my paces.

How long had I been walking and  
how much had I walked were the  
kind of questions I feared  
though I knew no one would ask.

I could sense a different language in the air  
in which my sack was referred to as  
something else, a word not only unknown  
but even difficult to pronounce.

I never used another pair of chapplas  
and some eatables I had earned on my way  
went rotten and thus insulted.

Every time I came across a brook  
I washed my face and drank enough like a camel.  
But did not carry a bottle  
like they do nowadays.

The reality of so many paces behind me  
had my sack swollen.  
As the walk became swifter  
and the legs and feet disowned me  
I carried on and on like the road I had been set upon  
silently discovering a friend in mirage.

If only  
it were not for my name.

Once again I was rejoiced having had a name,  
having rediscovered name, my own name.  
Calling, bellowing and hollering,  
I never paid much attention to.

And then, one day  
when perhaps though it is not easy to admit  
I too was waiting for an excuse to take a pause

Luckily  
ears struck a sound.

It took me a while to make out something  
of the patterns around which the sound  
had been conceived and then formulated  
and then finally..... made.

Before it struck my ears it must have traveled a lot.  
As much the distance as I had traveled, in the least.  
The thought embarrassed me.

I began to see a mangled name following me.  
The jubilation at hearing a name  
that I thought was mine gave way to  
a sense of arrogation towards few letters  
arranged in sequence in a language  
I had never ever neither spoken nor heard.  
But I knew sequence was right.

The next sentence I heard was my own but  
it came borrowing a pair of lips once I had longed to kiss.

My hands were sliding down a bamboo stick,  
the lubricious nature of which I had  
always known but never feared.

Before I could sit down to gather my breaths  
the flotsam and jetsam of the sack burdening my back  
devoured my chapplas and gobbled my rotten eatables  
and then in collusion with  
the waves of my newly discovered but now feared name  
cemented my hands to the stick, right in the middle.

And I was looking shorter than I was.

Pramod Khilery

**.....Just a didactic and slightly presumptuous thought**

Does water allow  
Tsunamis and floods  
To become phlegm of its emollient throat?

Does air allow  
Thunderstorms and blizzards  
To become dust of its balmy eyes?

Does soil allow  
The aridity and deserts  
To become niggard-ness of its large heart?

Does sky allow  
The hours of the night  
To become the insanity of its visible mind?

Does sun allow  
The clouds of rain  
To become the drooping of its radiating visage?

Then

With

What right

Does life allow  
Even the quotidian niggles  
To become the fetid of its twee tongue?

Pramod Khilery

## .....The Land of farness

Far away from home  
I come to revere the distance.

I created it out of longings  
the needles of which thread it.

I have trodden it  
lending my foot steps with  
the measure of its might.

I turn to it  
and sweep memories into my fold.  
They must be looking at it  
to have their eyes be seen by me  
and mine cherished by them.

It doesn't frighten me  
with the farness it has couched in its arms.  
It makes me smile by baby sitting  
the long terrain on its lap.

Sometimes it is pensive and ruminating  
in its disposition  
and tells me, the land of farness  
can't afford a draught.

It makes me see  
What had always been there before me.  
It makes me forget  
the trivialities  
even waste bin no longer does need.

I have a habit of calling it  
very often  
and like an intelligent pupil  
it always has an answer  
big enough to surpass the long miles  
or small enough to be subsumed  
into the atom of my thought.

It sprawls itself  
to be trodden again by me  
lest I forget the great art of pacing.  
It thrusts itself  
to anew the seeping ordinariness of  
extraordinary relationships.

It is like kohl  
applied in eyes at the hands of mother.  
It makes eyes beautiful.  
It is like a dialogue with father.  
It makes heart unburdened.

It is an idea  
that illumines the mind.

I know back home  
the allegories of distance  
must have been amusing lullabies of proximity.

Pramod Khilery

**.....The Whole**

The process is illusory.  
The death of the speck is only truth.  
Present can't be friends with past.  
But future is its destiny.  
The curves are scattered.  
They come together and make the whole.

Pramod Khilery

## .....Transformation

Some tables knew the weight.  
Histories they have to bear.  
Chairs are stifled.  
Walls have seen it all.

Those who left legacies  
Will convulse at seeing entrance.  
The measure of freedom  
They will have to gauge.

Pramod Khilery

## .....What Gandhiji Replied

One night, in my dream  
a visit, he paid.  
Of whom, I talk about first,  
to Gandhiji, I said.

He replied, whose feet  
tread, the oozy pathway.  
Whose head, carries,  
the heavy stack of hay.

Whose attire, almost  
resembles mine.  
whose fate, keeps  
confronting, .. famine.

Pramod Khilery

**.....What Occurred One Day to a Bespectacled Old Man Living in a Far Distant Remote Village**

My spectacles will tell you  
how far can they go  
and how near can I stop  
when the vision of my eyes  
mediates between illusion and reality.

The sights meet my eyes  
and asks the day long eye lid.

How come are you so big?  
Look, we had a world once  
to look after us.

Now we have shrunken to  
the size of the screen of your mobile phone.

Thank God, we live in a world  
where people find it easier to buy a color phone  
than I kg of tomato.

Eyes ad sight look squarely into each other  
unable to discern the coruscating adhesives  
keeping the eyelids from baiting  
and sights from leaving an impression.

Its not when vision of my eyes  
returns back empty handed  
that my spectacles are prone to measure the distance  
between them and eyes  
but when sights begin to suckle  
the footprints of my empty handed vision.

Pramod Khilery

## .....A Little Girl

Voice:

The narrator sought the girl's hand  
And doodled something.  
Story had to be moved forward.

Silent lips began to sing.

Eyes:

The village that was stuck  
Saw some images coming alive.  
In the deep pit she took as her home.

Everyone ran to take a dive.

Ears:

The poet lost his way with words.  
Sounds scattered unevenly, naked-bare.  
A poem loves the touch of the tongue.

Only she could hear what was in air.

Pramod Khilery

### .....An Official Meeting

The babbling went for meeting.  
Directions issued looked confused on their ways.  
The scattered rumblings battled emptiness.  
Hopeless conclusion was caught scuttling through nays.

Words never found the dignity of tongues.  
Only the glisten of glass weighed in.  
Time was mistaken to be a peon,  
Relegated to being a corner dustbin.

Tea, coffee, cold drinks and slurps.  
Between swallowing wandered the prowling gaze.  
We run this office, proclamation fluttered  
And demanded an affirmation from a pretty visage.

At last, finally, came the dispersal.  
Forsaken table and chairs heaved a sigh.  
Look at these paintings on my walls, said room  
You are not the only ones to have stifled an outcry.

Pramod Khilery

## .....**Emptiness**

Few inhibitions played spoilsport  
And story was frozen.  
Some wildly sought after moments  
Were the first to fall victim.

Stuck between the conflict of distances  
Myriad images got uprooted.  
A silence around frozen story  
Hurls a deadpanned look at emptiness.

Pramod Khilery

**.....Exodus**

The memories burn  
In their eyes.  
How far have they come  
They have left to milestones.

Pramod Khilery

## .....Good Luck

No longer are they  
one Class.  
They are Individuals  
now  
seeking their space under the sun.  
Streets, bylanes, alleys, stares,  
gazes, glares and words  
of the world will embrace them in their tight hug.

No longer will they  
get their identity  
from a number.  
Every deed of theirs will be a soil laden finger  
of a sculptor  
carving  
the statuette of their personality.

No longer will they  
get to hear  
the homilies and sermons  
sprinkled in syllabi.  
Every ounce of wisdom  
will have to unlock the door  
before letting soiled experience in  
to have its clothes  
fresh and immaculate.

No longer are they  
innocents  
playfully hiding  
behind the shield of grin inducing excuses.  
The truth of their selves  
will have to look squarely  
into the eyes of the reality of the world.

No longer are they  
words of the story I loved reading.  
I wish them  
to become  
the titles of the songs  
people love to croon  
in saccharin tunes and dulcet voices.

Pramod Khilery

## .....Her Distance

The distance that was destined  
Did not come out of blue.  
A long stretch rode itself  
But who would wish to think of parting?

The distance that she had anticipated  
Did not let her down.  
But who would want to believe  
When delusion runs deep inside the touch?

The distance that had disguised often  
As nearness to prepare us  
Could not have commiserated  
But who gives a damn to the truth  
Languishing in the crepuscular cell called reality.

If distance had its way  
Then she too has lost herself.  
People allude to my loneliness  
When they say  
She is happy with her distance.

Pramod Khilery

**.....Hollow Pits**

I soak in the silence.  
She knew this habit of mine.  
The peculiarity of sound  
With which she had a secret pact  
Traveled the road  
Overlooking my being  
Trying to perturb my senses  
Tempting me with the destinations  
She had always wanted to go to.

I seek out her.  
She trawls who she could be.  
The pretensions of her engagements  
With a day she claimed to be part of  
Traveled the inodorous recesses  
Overlooking her innocent heart  
Trying to take out the essentials  
Tempting her with the hollow pits  
She had always been busy filling.  
Pramod Khilery

**.....Howl**

A moment  
That is increasingly becoming past  
Howled at the loutish policeman.

Touch me,  
Feel me,  
The squalid alleys I wander in  
In the dead of the night  
May lead to your house.

Pramod Khilery

**.....If Only I Could...**

If only I could  
make the tranquil ocean of my heart,  
a restless river.

If only I could  
gift the stagnant wind of my soul,  
with nimbleness of quiver.

I only I could  
scatter myself in the light of,  
her resplendent sight.

If only I could  
make myself visible to her,  
even in the darkest of night.

If only I could  
make her see how much her footfalls,  
the land of my soft soul, savour.

If only I could  
get past my shyness,  
and have her with me forever.

Pramod Khilery

**.....Improvident**

A past threatens to spillover  
The frayed edge of present.

The future will have no idea  
How it was taken for a ride  
By those moments it was busy dandling.

The time swings in the cradle of history.  
The thoughts float between the centuries.

If only a few kings and few queens  
Have had the ability to  
See beyond the resplendence of  
Their regalia.

Pramod Khilery

**.....Love in the throes of love**

My love wanders  
Between two blank spaces  
That she and I represent.

My love wrangles  
When few of the glances that she casts  
Cringes her own self and  
Mistakes her for a quisling.

So behind the façade of a puzzled poker  
And sangfroid pace of day  
My love totters.

She does meet an insomniac  
Often in her dreams  
And worships the distance before  
Embodying the sanctity of the dawn.

When told she is not a parallel line  
My love frightens.

If the days can go by  
So can the vegetation of the eyes.

If the warmth of the innards can burn  
So can the frigidity of the outside.

Before I go  
To these pages of thoughts  
And read them aloud  
My love vanishes.

Pramod Khilery

**.....Michael Jackson: A force of nature**

A force of nature, he was  
Not just a boy with talent unlimited.  
He was to unleash the way he did  
Regardless of who and when blew the lid.

Studded with the diamonds of music  
How else could he have expressed him?  
Words were in awe of his lips  
Beats chased to catch up with his vim.

Demons rose and besieged the mortal  
But ended up pricking only the skin.  
The giant had been endowed immortality  
Long before, emerged the fetid din.

Beneath the bizarre, was the pain  
None did see the breaths buffeting the cage.  
Up in the sky, moon must be fortunate to have  
Given the moonwalker's magical feet a new stage.

Pramod Khilery

## .....Pain

One size of all pain.  
What is my pain?  
What is yours?  
The swinging of hammock,  
The strain of ropes  
Never stops mid course.

The contours that come last  
Have labyrinth quip,  
This is the way out.  
Pleasure longed for its blank  
Spot to be filled.  
Relieved when a fiber of pain sprout.

The seizure could be illusory  
If the size had locked  
Horns with the nucleus.  
Whose pain will it be  
If blindness penetrates into  
What always had been vitreous?

Pramod Khilery

### .....Prelude To A Love Story

Everything is good.  
Everything is rapturous.  
A pretty lass and her stares.

Those who know heaven  
Sought to call her name  
As answer of my prayers.

Everything is good.  
Everything is rapturous.  
Watering the furrow of draught,

Splashing the dust off doors,  
Trying to impugn squiffy eyes,  
Looks the other way, when caught.

Everything is good.  
Everything is rapturous.  
Gathered in a mid-waist plait,

Hair, worn center-parted.  
An enviable frame in simple attire  
Willing to submit, before stranger fate.

Everything is good.  
Everything is rapturous.  
Sounds, silence and ignorant gales.

Innocent whites of our hearts,  
Seek light from the stars  
And blessings from the wounded tales.

Pramod Khilery

## .....Supreme Being

We are supreme being (on earth)  
We claim with pride and conceit.  
We seek life from sun and  
Blame earth for groveling to heat.

We ride the road  
And let speed hoodwink us.  
We bluster for hours  
And demolish bridges that link us.

We light the light  
And rob the ideas of their day.  
We moan the hubbub  
And keep the silence at bay.

We go to universities  
And remain stuck and same.  
We adduce the exemplars  
And dread the fire of the flame

Pramod Khilery

### .....**The Whole**

The process is illusory.  
The death of the speck is only truth.  
Present can't be friends with past.  
But future is its destiny.  
The curves are scattered.  
They come together and make the whole.

Pramod Khilery

**.....Two Worlds: so Near, so Far**

Nakedness lost to shadow  
in the quest of,  
winning over the sun.

The queen of disguise,  
darkness, being brazen-faced  
assert her rights.

Night has two love letters,  
written on the paper of distance,  
in the handwriting of impetuosity.

The words are eager to shower kisses,  
if darkness can clothe nakedness,  
with her unabashed and amorous advances.

Shadow and sun, lives through the day.

Pramod Khilery

**.....Victim**

Look,  
Your doorstep has no threshold.

Inside the victim's head  
The blow rattled the wine.

Look,  
Clear your eyes,  
There is a blurred line.

Pramod Khilery

### ....A Vow

I take a vow  
To sieve out lessons and  
Remove past from my life.

I take a vow  
To free my heart  
Of devilish ego and ill strife.

I take a vow  
To have a second look  
At everything around me.

I take a vow  
To begin journeying from  
What I am to what I should be.

I take a vow  
To let the questions show me  
The path and guide my way.

I take a vow  
To let the answers blossom  
And have their full say.

I take a vow  
To build once again  
What has been torn apart.

I take a vow  
To endow life with  
A refreshing revitalized new start.

Pramod Khilery

### ....Actors

We give our flesh  
To vacuous characters  
And forget our being,  
Still what it is?  
Only acting.  
They wear mask  
And act in full view of public.  
Mouths falsehood and  
Enact outlandish scenes.  
And yes,  
That is reality!  
We renounce ours  
To wear a different skin  
And take the pain  
To convey what is around.  
They conceal their own fat skin,  
Let alone feeling the pain of someone else's,  
Behind whiteness  
And serves us illusions.  
At the end of the day  
We are just actors  
Inhabitants of a dream world,  
Simply amusers.  
They are the realists,  
Rulers of a real world.  
Has reality forgotten  
The art of being real or  
Has it lost its heart where illusion  
Used to reside?

Pramod Khilery

### ....An Apology of a Prime Minister

'Sorry,  
I apologize for Mumbai attacks'.  
Said Prime Minister.  
A soft spoken sound emerged  
From the crevices of the rubble  
Waiting to be magnified  
So that every pore and every atom  
Could be seen and scrutinized.  
'Sorry', a word  
Which has an alienated connotation  
In the high echelons of power  
Doesn't wear as white as  
They all are so fond of.  
Sorry is black, grey, bare, naked  
And cadaverous.  
Sorry is malnourished, slovenly and  
Behaves like a peon  
Who is never spoken to,  
Never a man to be taken seriously but  
Still, can be equally indifferent  
To the plights  
This word wishes to dress on.  
But our Prime Minister is different.  
His lips can't be  
Desiccate branches of trees  
Dropping nothing.  
His tongue can't be  
Stuck in the traffic jam  
Where honking is deemed the best way  
To scar others.  
Never ever did a word like this  
Wrapped in such mellifluous voice  
Drop before when  
Scattered limbs of bodies flew into air.  
Thanks Prime Minister.  
We feel included.  
Now,  
The job begins.

Pramod Khilery

### ....Beyond Self

Every tear has a story.  
He knew it for he recounted many tales.  
Poor as they were,  
Shock value was not much beyond few gales.

Wayfarer loved the contours  
Of pathways and enjoyed the turns.  
He did have, his way  
When he had met many wrong ones.

A brook he passed by, to hear,  
'Dip your legs and stand quite.  
Ask your eyes to stay serene,  
When strikes the miraculous sight'.

Between recounting, he had listened some  
And traveled the distance.  
Will he find the key to liberate those tears  
Whose stories are locked behind the fence?

Pramod Khilery

### ....Can We? Tell Me

Can we  
Be the waves of the sea?  
Can we  
Let our desires free?  
Can we  
Walk together for just a mile?  
Can we  
Have a talk for a while?  
Can we  
Try to become friends?  
Can we  
See ourselves holding hands?  
Can we  
Go on to trust each other?  
Can we  
Then take it further?  
Can we  
Become... The one?  
Can we  
Have the gumption to shun?

What?

Whatever  
Comes our way.  
Can we?  
What do you say?  
Tell me,  
Before we part our ways.  
Tell me,  
What your heart says.  
Can we  
Have a future together?  
Tell me,  
I am waiting for your answer.

Pramod Khilery

### ....Civil Society

Some stand divided.  
Some boast unity.  
Along the wall,  
A shadow travels,  
Barefeet, with eyes closed,  
Sounding out every alcove,  
It could shrink in.

Some stand silent.  
Some stand crying foul.  
Waits for the farmer,  
The glebe soil,  
Furrowed and wounded,  
Looking up towards sun,  
It could hold guilty.

Pramod Khilery

### ....Corners

At every corner  
Lurks a good surprise,  
Eagerly waiting for  
A pair of open eyes.

If only we touch  
What is beneath eyelids with soul  
And let the life ride  
On the wave of spirited stroll.

At every corner  
Lurks a sight beyond our vision  
Asking the curves  
To make way for a direction.

If only we feel  
The ground beneath our feet  
And let sun be known  
Of smile showered on heat.

Pramod Khilery

### ....Degrees and Diplomas

The school had a haughty laugh  
When someone offered it  
His scruples to be baked.

Questions had their jaws dropped.  
Answers had their eyes rolled.  
Between them stood a classroom, bare and naked.

Degrees and diplomas  
Prowl the streets of cities and mofussil alike  
In search of perspective prey.

I have an issue with  
Days rolling into nights  
Without letting hours come along the way.

Size of the tongue is too large.  
Width of the eyes is too narrow.  
Clothes are hung on a nail stuck in a painted wall.

Gone are the times  
When walking was easy and flying an ambition.  
Now each one of us struggles even to crawl.

Pramod Khilery

### ....Does Life Give a Second Chance?

The bones have a reason  
To be white.  
They, in collusion with  
The flesh  
Concoct the cramped phantom alleys  
Which life uses to  
Get along with shut doors.  
But humbug bones also feign  
A sense of disgust for  
The dirge  
They hear and they sing themselves.  
Once in a while  
They also pretend  
To gorge on the gnashing of teeth  
And jangling of  
Ambitions lay out in an iron framework.  
Breaths look at  
All what bones played with  
All along the years  
And wait for their turn  
To turn halitosis and rot the air  
Busy reading a fairy tale.  
A blazing hoop of fire awaits  
The last jump.

Pramod Khilery

### **....Hanging in The Balance**

The rounds of the wheel  
Have lost the count.  
Stuck in the ooze  
Issued out of neighbor's fount.

How far is the wetness  
From parched sand?  
Some questions have sprouted  
From the arid land.

Some talks of an alliance  
Between chalk and cheese.  
Forgive us for our passivism  
We have seen a city under seize.

Caught between being  
Either spectator or dead.  
What air now  
Will breaths be fed?

Pramod Khilery

### ....His Analogy

His fate is sealed.  
In a dimly lit room, sitting alone,  
He remembers Ricci,  
(A poor man with a job that required  
The possession of a bicycle  
In worst of the times when having a meager job  
Was nothing short of a luxury)  
Who had, somehow, on his own  
Tracked down the thief of his bicycle  
And hence succeeded in what he had set out to  
But had to face snubbing and browbeating, in return  
Not even the sight much less the possession.  
It was the success of his effort  
That robbed him of  
That hope  
Which had him  
Moving and alive.  
Today  
He too finds himself in Ricci's shoes,  
One difference apart.  
Ricci's feet took him to what he was after  
And had him meet  
The end of the hope.  
While in his case  
Future had been brought  
Down to his present.  
A strip of future tied to his eyes  
Rendered him blind.  
A noose of the lasso of past put in his neck  
Rendered him breathless.  
'His future' now  
Gropes for a pair of eyes  
And meets  
The end of the hope.  
Like Ricci  
His fate is sealed.  
What was not worthy of envisaging  
Had devoured  
The vision of his eyes.  
What was not worthy of visiting  
Had devoured  
The pace of his feet.  
Different times have different definitions.  
He had wished to cast his eyes on  
Every grain of what he was to spun  
With all  
What breaths could have showered.  
But he had to learn,  
"Future is like a coat hanged on a nail  
To be worn if cold grows beyond endurance  
And to look smart, ....sometimes"  
His fate had been sealed

With so hot a sealing wax  
Which should have burned him  
Let alone feel cold.  
But I see him everyday, shivering,  
The only mark of his being alive.  
He will have to confess,  
He was too tardy on a trek  
Where mud has the habit of turning monster anytime.  
He again thinks about Ricci.  
Ricci tried stealing a bicycle.  
Could he?

Pramod Khilery

## ....Home

Arms had always been too small  
To embrace or even touch  
The speck of the dust  
Ever to have been settled  
On the walls of his home.  
The reading  
Of the tome of the farness  
Where pages refuse to flip even  
Before the might of whirlwind  
Crystallized only one thing,  
Homes are never near.  
If they are near  
They cease to be homes  
And become abodes.  
He can't help existing on  
This doctination.  
He says,  
Homes love to be far.  
Far from the reach of bellies  
Where food devours  
The dream of home.  
Far from the reach of the eyes  
Where dreams devour  
The crepuscular sight of home.  
And far from the chimera of the dreams  
Where lust devours  
The remote possibility, fluttering  
When winds manifest some mercy.  
Growing up holding the finger of distance  
He swam waiting for edges.  
How many strange fingers  
Will he have to travel  
To reach the hands of nearness,  
To touch the warmth of home?

Pramod Khilery

### **....I Am Selfish**

Under subjugation of my nights  
Whose existence seems hung in balance  
And dominance, mitigating  
I, clandestinely invite the slumber.

And we begin fondling each other.  
Dreams, scowling at me  
For they are neither pristine nor wanted,  
Mistook my closed eyes  
For death sitting alive.

They had their memories only  
To be drenched with tears.

Pramod Khilery

**....Illegible**

I simply could have said  
'Come, let's talk'.  
But I didn't.  
I kept parroting the glares  
And left the commune alone.  
The next day  
When I had her chortled  
Out of my tenuous jokes  
I can't recall now,  
The day ended leaving  
Behind an emptiness,  
Flood of years won't be enough  
To drown in.

Pramod Khilery

### ....Incongruity

To have been borrowed of  
An idea flung by  
Some obscurantist element  
In the furrows of a field whose  
Harvest is in eternal wait for the farmer,  
He never felt at ease  
With the orders like  
'Don't go too far'.  
Somewhere the tree had  
Left its root  
Open and above  
The ground of real realities  
For everyone to see and  
For everyone to get amazed  
At how real things are so startling  
Sometimes, may be most often  
If seen.  
The usual conversation  
Which never  
Veered off the track since few generations  
But often skedaddled back into the  
Smallness that surrounded him  
Had made him roll his giant frame  
Into the time limits  
Of which  
Even the day itself was not allowed  
To have  
Its scheduled number of hours to it.  
The fear of farness,  
The anxiety of having to meet it  
If farness ever came at doorstep  
And the worry of losing the ground  
Caused more concern than  
Veins of the affinities  
Carrying the lassitude in toxic blood,  
Lupine diseases stunting growth  
And machetes of false assumptions  
Swaddled with fog  
Carrying sometimes visible and sometimes  
Even all too visible blood and soot.  
Soon he grew a despise  
For whatever followed or preceded an 'order'.  
A life,  
Running alongside  
A river, polluted but yet  
A quencher of thrust for so many,  
Stumbled upon a stone  
And fell down.  
The echoes of 'don't go too far-2'  
Must have followed him to some distance  
Only to lost track,  
This time,

For good.

Pramod Khilery

### ....Indocile Dust

Those who rode camel  
Know the magic of waving path.  
A path that borrowed its undulation  
From the strides of wayfarers.  
Some of such sights are hung now  
Arrested and fettered,  
Singed and dimmed,  
In a frame on the wall  
The ruins of which remind me  
Of a swiveled old woman holding on to  
The days she had long lived.  
She is not going to die  
For her immortality owes her this extant.  
Yesterday I saw an emaciated camel  
Merging into to the mirage.  
His wobble was collecting  
The dust of the path,  
His ancestors used to  
Swagger on and fling around.

Pramod Khilery

### ....Innocents

The size,  
The shape,  
The colour,  
The origin,  
The price,  
The warrantee,  
Shall we ask the fingers  
The length of their reach?  
It is not very often  
That quagmire lets everyone  
Plumb the recesses.  
Flesh lightened what  
At the break of the dawn  
Will head  
To dissect The Light.  
Never before had  
An innocuous conversation  
Been eavesdropped by death.

Pramod Khilery

### **....It Is Too Small Now**

Size of the dusk has reduced  
Over the years.  
Now evenings easily pick it up  
And hand over to the night  
To be devoured.  
Somewhere, someone  
Lurked beneath the  
Broken breaths of the day  
Flounces.  
I have had strands of crepuscular darkness  
Explain to me  
Why have they stopped  
Responding to voices  
Emanating from pulpit of transformation.  
No longer do they see  
The osmosis night used to  
Shower dusk with.  
It is too small now.

Pramod Khilery

### ....Let my touch be mine

From the  
Distance of  
Length of  
Hair of  
Modern girls,  
I run into everyday  
I lost the touch.  
I must ask the couch,  
The story it writes every dawn.  
I must ask the distance  
If it ever feels the void.  
I must ask few of my favorite walking spots  
Why are they so indifferent  
To the footsteps  
They should have fallen in love with?  
I must ask a night,  
Who does she long to touch  
When dreams and nightmares run amuck?  
But then a melancholic and  
Nauseating feeling envelops me.  
Their answers won't be mine.  
Let my touch be mine.  
Let my touch be mine.

Pramod Khilery

### ....Lost Touch

Its been a long time  
Words went past me.  
That was a thorn on the road  
Which had the message voiced.

A clue had thundered once  
To let the cobbled road get ready.  
But the parchness remained undisturbed  
And eyes still needed the shade of hands.

Its been a long time  
I saw lightness pirouetting.  
Lest the eyes need a strenuous effort  
To have their lashes lifted.

The one who tiptoed  
To catch the smudgy idea  
May have his hands still empty  
But the memory of fleeting touch will linger.

Pramod Khilery

### ....Mishmash

All human endeavors  
Illumine the empty chalice.  
Tastes,  
Soaked in the aroma  
Of sweat  
Burned the water.  
The ash  
Drained of its colour  
Seeks the blessings of urchins.  
Life did not save  
For itself  
The cloak it wore  
When death bid adieu.  
Mishmash ruled.

Pramod Khilery

**....Mr. Mathur**

In one way,  
What is wrong  
If the passage of years loves quietude?

Some of the past  
Tends to be ahead  
And jibes the moments for being so prude.

"An arresting spectacle was it  
When he pleaded  
His son to fall in love and build home."

Stuck, lost and brooding  
At this line, Mr. Mathur  
Took off the spectacles and set aside the tome.

Pramod Khilery

## ....Mumbai

My wrath is noble.  
My ire is sane.  
Don't go on my eyes.  
Ignore the gaze that seems profane.

My heart pounds.  
My soul is tensed.  
But I would be the last one  
To see, the rationality fenced.

My hands tweedle.  
My lips mumble some verses  
From the poem, a few words of  
Which fell prey to those curses

Which had never been said  
By anybody to anyone.  
Which came to my shore  
Carrying in the minds, hate-gun.

Pramod Khilery

**....Once upon a time they were alive**

Findings were hard.  
The songs had their cadences broken.  
Do they have time enough  
To rewrite sheets before throats are frozen?

Neither despair nor the rage,  
It is the pity that will caress the corpse.  
Deceased is often spared the castigation.  
Let them become a faint memory of sorts.

Pramod Khilery

### ....Poem And Poet

Only the pen knows,  
The course it will take.  
Only the nebulosity knows,  
The thought it will make.

Only the elasticity knows,  
The shape it will acquire.  
Only the honesty knows,  
The intensity it will fire.

Only the words know,  
The images they will construe.  
Only the signs know,  
The directions they will lead to.

Only the poet knows,  
That he knows not.  
How did he enter the citadel  
How did he cross the moat.

Pramod Khilery

### ....Status Quo

I knew I will have to,  
Such are the compulsions of time.  
Capitulation does cost,  
Everything left at the mercy of ignorant dime.

Which way which side,  
Tears will turn to be called dead and bereaved.  
Humbug of the haze,  
Gratuitously heightens the lost cause of peeved.

End of the day  
And everyone will have a reason to be so.  
Soil will embrace seed,  
Who do I ask, how many of these will grow?

Pramod Khilery

### ....The Consecration

The senses weighed down  
As he nodded his ascent.  
A glass of milk had been spilled  
On the cobbled road  
In an effort to make it seem white  
If not crystal clear  
So as to endow his revered feet  
With consecration of apogee.  
Hymens were chanted alongside  
The blowing of conch shells.  
The bells clanged to give  
Rise to a day bathed in curlicue  
Of rituals and tradition.  
Meanings gathered from the words  
Mouthed by Pundit ji  
Scurried for the refuge of tongues  
They could sit on, intact and vigorous.  
Still the association of sanctity and subject  
Hasn't lost much of what  
Transpired between them  
Before it became apparent that  
Revered feet had been treading  
A different path, so far  
From where they were being consecrated.  
Senses seemed to be in a conclave  
With the flesh.  
Flesh had immaculate clothes  
To be taken care of.  
Whiteness was alone.

Pramod Khilery

### ....The Potter

The hand asked the doer  
"What was the price?"  
If you take pride in my deed  
"Then why trust in dice?"

The doer had lips sealed  
And eyes measuring the skin.  
A soiled horse was ready  
To be consigned to dustbin.

Beginning and end, beginning and end  
Took most part of the day.  
He is yet to welcome the adorned steed,  
Reminds him, a strip of gray.

Pramod Khilery

### ....The Price of a Glance

Few broken glances  
Wrote their first poem  
On a rumpled piece of paper.  
Unread as it went,  
Got raped by the garbage dump  
Before being read by a rag picker.  
The poem learnt  
The price of a glance in full measure.

Pramod Khilery

### ....The sacred womb

Of all the images  
I had carried all along  
With me  
Some are still left.  
An old fashioned name  
Has a resounding echo effect  
Not only from the corners  
Of this desolated town  
But even from the centre  
Which represents only the memories.  
Some singed roads which  
Have known all the secrets and subtleties  
Of days and nights  
From close quarters  
Ask a question.  
Does transformation copulate with  
Anyone like a harlot?  
Who does have the answer  
But the scared womb?

Pramod Khilery

### ....The Village

Let the fabric of barefaced tradition  
Become diaphanous attire before my eyes.  
I had known no better acquaintance ever than  
The leaves of this hoary people tree.

Scattered over the thoughts and ages  
In equal measure, the sanctity has days smeared.  
A tweaking was never averse to  
Course through a flecking of grayness.

In the night when slumber reins  
And cattle try to harden the skin,  
The heresy descends down from the hoary branches,  
Impersonates an insomniac and ventures out

Into the streets and in alleys  
And runs into the fetid of the progress.  
Finds the darkness too scary and prevaricating  
And scours for a lantern to be back.

A shriek of a dog alludes to the heresy  
That insomniacs are vulnerable to the teeth  
With which the gait of the dawn  
Is limped here everyday before anyone is up.

Pramod Khilery

### ....What Does Water Drink?

If water had mouth  
With what it would have  
Quenched its thirst?

Would it have drunk  
The ideas floating in the air  
Buffeting the oligarchies?

Would it have asked a  
Bohemian braving the banality  
To become a wine?

Would it have bathed  
With fog to purloin  
The drops of dew to its lips?

Would it have allowed  
Tsunami and floods  
To become saliva of its tongue?

Or

Would it have simply  
Committed suicide  
To be splashed over itself?

I don't know the answers.  
But if water had mouth  
I am sure  
It would have died  
Sooner or later  
Of bellyache.

Pramod Khilery

## ....Yen

Yen of a heart has its own share of clichés.  
But it pounds and lives these clichés.  
It knows not the decorum set by its owner.  
Even if it had known  
it wouldn't have given a damn to it.  
It pounces on a pair of eyes  
and whatever is behind the  
age old practice of being seen  
gets lauded by it.  
It devours a door of night  
bent upon being locked up  
to save itself from being slammed.  
It spurns the vacuum of a busy day  
feigning de regueur to strangers.  
It licks some left over moments of dawn  
before the sun comes  
bringing along with the ogreish normalcy.  
It gnashes at the sight of  
feet walking in tandem.  
It fashions the art of insanity  
by titivating it with sporadic bursts.  
And it tries too hard to be sane.

Pramod Khilery

## ....Zero

A lie lurks in this truth.  
Both were infallible  
But fell prey to the utopia  
They had been promised.

Does difference matter?  
Pen asked the ink being battered.  
A slight nod was redolent  
Of the futility, the questions are so bored of.

Pramod Khilery

## ....Zilch

What corner,  
Here or there.  
What color,  
Day or night,  
This life is.  
Ask a peripatetic  
Whose hands touch  
Myriad facets  
And feet remain  
Devoid of the ground  
Worth their size.

Pramod Khilery

**...Away**

He had everything.  
Now he has a car.  
That runs at 120km/h.

Pramod Khilery

### **...Conundrum**

History says:

When one begins to demur at the established conventions,  
Roads too begin to swaddle themselves with  
Satin fabrics, beautiful, anodyne, appealing but slippery.

Heart says:

When a crude ridicule chuckles like an awaited encomium  
Distances are inevitable but they would never be servile  
To might of schisms, pain of parting and intransigence of banks.

Mind says:

Those who want to seek are too busy seeking.  
Then where do the clashes come from that makes  
Them look like warriors of a desolate battleground.

Soul asks:

Who do I share with?  
The truth that is singed and still aesthetic.  
Eyes wander around the world and returns meekly  
To slumber to contend with nightmares of the truth.

Pramod Khilery

### **...Distance and Wait**

A distance of few inches,  
asks me derisively.  
'What you are doing on a land,  
that is yours,  
but doesn't belong to your feet'.  
I say,  
'I am waiting for the moment  
when my feet  
would be bestowed upon with  
the sacred touch'.  
The distance, disparagingly retorts.  
'Wait is futile'.  
I said,  
'I don't know but  
you seem to be fearful of wait'.

Pramod Khilery

### **...Distanced**

Days are beautiful and amusing  
but moments don't seem  
to be enjoying their wit.

Words have betrayed  
their depth only  
to fall in a dark pit.

I know for sure  
whose fault it may be  
but fear runs amok.

Who was in the habit of  
sounding like a temple bell  
has taken to a gibberish talk.

In my whole being  
I do feel the journeys of roads  
as if they are the senses.

Whose walls people talk about  
when I can't see  
more than a few broken fences.

Pramod Khilery

### **...Double Standards**

He had been at the wrong door step.  
Years later someone told him.  
The door had been opened by a girl of seventeen.  
Before she could ask the usual question,  
'Whom do you want to see? '  
He ushered in  
Gazing at her voluptuous frame, after savouring  
The dark attention drawing face,  
With an inquisitive look.  
Taking off his goggles,  
As he stepped ahead,  
He guessed,  
The old man looking a cadaver with grizzled beard sitting  
Cross legged and staring at wall must be father.  
He guessed,  
The old woman sitting on her haunches holding a  
Phoonkni (wind pipe) before a dry chulha must be mother.  
He guessed,  
A skinny boy, seemingly about 10, busy playing with  
A wooden toy tractor must be brother.  
This parsing had left his eyes  
With enough scaffolding for his ilk.  
Before he could walk any further to break the news  
Of their ostracism from the village  
All three vanished  
Leaving behind  
A purr of putrid wind.  
Girl was still standing akimbo at the door.  
The moment he turned back, girl closed the door  
And ran away,  
Leaving her face  
Behind.  
He, panic stricken and drained of his feat,  
Scurried towards gate and found it closed.  
He tried hard to jump over the tiny mud wall  
But his hands skidded and toes slipped.  
He screamed aloud but couldn't listen anything but silence.  
The face of the girl remained as resplendent  
And as intrepid as it ever was.  
Never did eyes shirk from staring at him.  
Lips threw a scary smile.  
Hair woven itself into a beautiful plait.  
These were his only companions.  
Everyone else did forget him; blood in his veins  
And even death.

Years later the door opened.  
A young man walked in and at the sight of an old man  
He guessed,  
The old man looking a cadaver with grizzled beard sitting  
Cross legged and staring at wall must be father.  
He came nearer and rested his hands at his shoulder.

He said,  
You had been at the wrong doorstep.  
This home was not our home.  
My mother did not open the door.  
She is still waiting for you at the right door.  
Will you come?  
Face of the girl was nowhere in sight  
Nor the old man.

Pramod Khilery

### **...Erogenous Caprices**

The utter disarray, I was in  
found a new sense of order  
and a well found decency,  
seeing her, being wrapped with  
flesh of nubility, apparel of amatory,  
and a demeanor of femme-fatale,  
by hands of my eyes.  
The veins that carry blood  
not only hides hedonistic monster  
but also keep it well fed,  
to the utter relief of, reprobate flesh.  
I knew, I had to be with her  
for she did not know  
the measure of satiny  
she carried in galore and flowed to me,  
for she did not know  
whom to be blamed  
for paeans of desires,  
floating at the mercy of naked words,  
in a naked world,  
being so mellifluous and so clanging, as well.  
Whether I listen to these paeans  
or salivate them,  
it doesn't make a difference to the world,  
outside the width of my narrow eyelashes,  
owing to its own burning sensation  
arisen out of metallic lives  
it must put up with.  
My circumscribed being  
took no offence of the hypnotism  
when it overwhelmed me  
with an obtrusive display of gravid embers.  
I did not or say could not resist,  
thinking that the heights of the aches of her heart,  
wailings of pangs of her soul  
and the acuity of the longings of her flesh,  
are the only causes of our scourges.  
I had never seen before  
the sorcery of beauty doing  
the dance of erogenous caprices,  
being acquiesced to the cravings of  
few moments, so adamant on purging  
the pilgrim of Life.

Pramod Khilery

### **...I Am Keen To Meet A Poem**

I am keen to meet a poem,  
Which can become a pair of eyes,  
To shed tears in guise of my lies.

I am keen to meet a poem,  
Which can be bought for a hefty price,  
To represent/cover image of my cowardice.

I am keen to meet a poem,  
Which knows the art of interpreting colors of kamikaze,  
So as to feed the thoughts of breaths lost in prickly maze.

I am keen to meet a poem,  
Which can tread a path without ever setting a foot,  
To set an example before me of "living without root".

I am keen to meet a poem,  
Whose imagery and metaphors can laugh away the core,  
To help me, unabashedly, bang The Neighbor's door.

Pramod Khilery

### **...Lust**

Excavations carried out on my brain  
brought out a spark of thought  
that charred the reverie  
I was so besotted with.  
What it was whose  
wild nature engulfed courtyard of my eyes  
and whose seething anger  
when boiled in cauldron full of  
what looked like blood of my nerves, my moments  
metamorphosed into an exquisite damsel  
wrapped in just single impatient cloth  
which was eager to be slipped down.

Pramod Khilery

### **...Made-up Truth**

If I had allowed vacuum  
which now is, at last, home  
to singed views of this world, I hold  
to make up with footfalls  
busy pacing up and down  
or pretending to be doing so,  
the illusion or the image I have  
chiseled for myself, of my being  
buoyant to buffeting gusts of  
winds of the world  
could have been put to rest for good.  
Now the realities seem to be  
only part of a made up truth.

Pramod Khilery

### **...Madman**

"I am depressed.  
will you please talk to me? "  
All of a sudden,  
out of the blue,  
the man stood him right before me  
and blurted out.  
His tottering frame looked  
limned on the emptiness of thoughts.  
In the middle of the night  
his was the only voice  
that stirred the trance of  
moments and serenity of my solitude.  
Before I could realize  
he caught hold of my arm  
which I extricated from his grasp  
the very next moment.  
Same was the frequency  
with which my paces went  
swifter and swifter  
and his voice,  
louder and louder.  
"I am depressed.  
will you please talk to me? "  
He kept repeating his fortissimo  
and I,  
cursing the darkness  
whose tranquility listened to me  
when I had implored in the similar manner  
a few moments before,  
did not look back  
until I was far enough to  
regain my solitude.  
The madman was nowhere in sight.  
Once again I was alone.  
No moon, no stars, only a black sky and me,  
And yes, a dog, huddled in himself.  
"I am depressed.  
will you please talk to me? "  
Again I heard the same voice,  
loud enough to pierce my ears.  
I ran away with all the cowardice  
I could gather.  
Barking of dog was  
all that I could heard  
incessantly since then  
till day came and took me to the world  
they say, I belong to.

Pramod Khilery

### **...My Love**

Like a day, like a life  
it is infant,  
it grows,  
it reaches senility  
and it dies  
only to come again,  
grow again,  
be senile again  
and die again.  
My love is like this  
too busy birthing and dying.

Pramod Khilery

### **...Obama**

Obama,  
see yourself.  
Obama,  
show yourself.  
You said to people,  
'bring change'.  
You said to people,  
'yes we can'.  
Obama,  
now,  
say to yourself,  
bring change.  
Say to yourself,  
yes I can.  
Obama,  
save yourself.  
You rode on change  
which always looks pleasing  
from afar.  
Now you will have to  
confront the nearness.  
Don't get down now,  
don't rest content  
with color change in White House.  
Tame the change,  
make the change.  
Let people say,  
'yes he did'.  
Let people say,  
once more,  
four years down,  
'Welcome again,  
The Same Change'.

Pramod Khilery

### **...One Day**

One day  
You must say  
A goodbye to me  
Taking along with you  
All the possibilities  
And leaving behind with me  
All the realities.

One day  
I shall dare  
To ask a question  
To the words being said  
And heard,  
'Will they ever be faithful  
To their meanings? '

One day  
We will  
Let the this day  
Drown us into its kernel  
To lend it  
With the spark  
That will eclipse the sun.

Pramod Khilery

### **...Skepticism**

Before the boat reaches the shore  
It has to glean all the drops  
That sea sprinkled on it, alive or dead.  
Before the sea retires to tranquility  
It has to look into the eye of littoral sand  
And talk something euphonious.  
To live in such illusions  
At the mercy of those raptors  
Who think they rule the times  
And own every ounce of it  
Is like making a knoll wear the green  
Right before the fury of the sun.

Pramod Khilery

### **...The Realist**

He was blind.  
Images didn't cheat him.  
He told to the world  
He left behind.

He tried hard  
But gave up.  
Too interventionist  
Turned out, the mind.

Pramod Khilery

### **...The Simplest Word**

Everyone is listening.  
The simplest word has this dreaded habit  
of being heard.  
Ears hard of hearing  
throws up a falsifying realm.  
Reverberations run through standstill and  
stagnated impressions, expressions  
and impaired trysts.  
And everyone is silent.  
Slit throats talk about the poetry,  
dagger writes on them.  
The world bears less resemblance  
to their poetry  
and more to their throats.  
But yet they long  
to see and meet a pair of eyes  
which has seen its own tears.  
The simplest word travels along.

Pramod Khilery

### **...Thirty Years**

A dead story, buried years ago,  
Instantly sensed his tiptoes.  
But characters remained absent which once  
Livened up even at the sight of crows.

Questions, first needle him and  
And then hands him the healing balm.  
In one corner of woes and guilt  
He looks broodingly at lines of his palm.

Whose roots were they,  
Which got watered by an unborn?  
Whose footfalls were they,  
Which left only sand behind to naked morn?

Whose sight it was,  
Which he often claimed unseen?  
Whose eyes were they,  
Which when floated in air seemed only has-been?

What name should he pronounce now,  
To hollow desolation of thirty years?  
Two pairs of eyes  
Or a couple of held back tears.

Pramod Khilery

### **...Unpared Nails**

I know,  
The layers whose cracks I wish to get into  
love the touch of my fingers.  
I also know,  
they are dying to be explored,  
to be given a novelty,  
to achieve a sense of meaning  
and above all  
to be just touched.  
Then who does hold them back?  
May be my unpared nails.

Pramod Khilery

## **..About Her**

A moment,  
That I had sought out for her  
Sought out in return, my absence.

Lifeless,  
Couldn't have been seen or spoken to  
Without the mercy of darkness,  
Being in service.

A moment,  
Rose from bed of my eyelashes  
To seek her one glimpse.

If only,  
She had been clothed  
In vacuous thoughts,  
My heart was lost in.

Pramod Khilery

## **..Apology**

I had wished my ears  
To become blessings of balmy breeze  
Nonchalantly playing with kites in a sky  
With severed ties from horizons.

I had wished my eyes  
To become fulcrum  
Upon which will hinge days  
As they had wanted themselves to look like.

I had wished my breaths  
To become wind  
To make these days flutter  
Above enough from the ground so as  
Stench and sounds remain at bay.

If only I had implored my senses  
To hear the hubbub of silence and shock  
To see the solemn colors of my land and  
To breathe the air pervading through hapless inhabitants.  
I owe an apology  
To my ears, eyes and breaths.

Pramod Khilery

## **..Colours of Blood**

Colour of blood knows the  
Difference between being alive and being dead.  
Sardar Sadhu Singh had  
Learnt this fact before he took to bed.

Today he is no more, his diseased bed is  
Unoccupied and requiems are being sung.  
Of the two sons, one is busy being polite,  
Another is in funeral ground, trawling for burnt tongue.

Pramod Khilery

## **..Death of a Musician**

The bars of requiem's sounds  
galls the leftover physical fragrance of once alive.  
Dead bears with the intrigues,  
of an art, so different from his, bedecking the beehive.

In the minds of empty hands,  
lingers those days of clappings, sunk in sublime.  
Revitalized wings produced  
dulcet sounds, before they flapped, one last time.

Pramod Khilery

## **..Dilemma**

Once house saw itself being desolated  
It did not say a word.  
Neither to door nor to lock.  
It simply died.  
Now a happy family lives in this dead house.  
Door and lock are in quandary.  
Shall they wait to be opened or to be died?

Pramod Khilery

## **..Divorced**

We live in different houses.  
Divorced, as we are,  
My life and I  
are looking for partners.

Pramod Khilery

## **..Father-Son**

No father would want the relationship to die,  
One can't fathom, why.. did he cry?  
Role reversals have been in practice for years,  
Was it too heavy on heart, too acerbic.. to ears?

No son would want the relationship to end,  
If only for selfish reasons, he needs a friend.  
Often reality gives ingénue eyes a run around,  
What is to be exhumed before love can be found?

Pramod Khilery

**..I**

Let me confess.  
My belief is Firm  
and I know  
this is Truth.  
I believe in it.  
When I say  
I believe in it  
I don't know  
whether 'I' that believes  
or 'I' that knows  
that I believe  
are same  
or on same side of A divide  
or in conflict with each other.  
When I say 'I know'  
I don't know  
Which part of me  
I am referring to.  
But still  
I assert, I know and  
I know  
this is truth.  
This truth is my 'I'  
a capital 'I',  
I don't believe in small humble 'i'.  
This might smack of narcissism,  
this might be construed as  
self aggrandizement,  
this might be interpreted as  
my being selfish  
or I may run the risk  
of being labeled egocentric but  
I will always believe in my 'I'.  
My this 'I' is not alone.  
This is just a mask of or representation of  
countless 'I's that I carry within me.  
These 'I's keep dying in me,  
birthing in me,  
solving my riddles,  
presenting me with conundrums.  
They even remain entangled with each other.  
These countless 'I's  
are like sky,  
a million sparks, I see through them.  
If any of these 'I's, like fog,  
blinds me, sometimes  
another 'I', comes forward  
like a straight path, without any bends  
and shows me the direction.  
If they hold fast in snare at times  
then sometimes they set themselves  
in an anodyne legible order.

If they behave childish  
then before one realizes  
they get coloured in the guise  
of a seer.  
If sometimes they are like a shrine  
being visited by sacred thoughts,  
another moment they are like tavern  
intoxicating my nerves.  
Like chameleons, they change colour,  
but they never desert me.  
I am nothing without  
These 'I's.  
I love my 'I's.  
These 'I's make me.  
Without even knowing  
whose ('I') 's voice this is,  
which 'I's are responsible  
for what is good in me,  
which 'I's are accountable  
for what is bad in me,  
I will keep saying  
that I believe in 'I'.

Pramod Khilery

## **..I Wish I Had Said Goodbye**

Lost to my sin,  
my gravest sin,  
lurked in a preposterous chuckle  
and an absconded goodbye,  
when he begged for,  
his parting to be honoured,  
he lost.

The rights, the dues,  
the decorum, the de rigueur,  
the affection, the love,  
the duties, all knew,  
his eyes were too cold for tears,  
by then.

And mine, too callow to apprehend them.

Lost to my sin,  
my gravest sin,  
he never did appear again,  
to say or seek  
goodbye.

Pramod Khilery

## **..Indolence and I**

In the least, I do,  
In the least, I say.  
Only indolence and I,  
Night and day.

Big is small,  
Around my flesh.  
With in my grasp.  
Without any dress.

The jangled streets,  
Comes once in a while.  
To enquire after,  
To show new face of a mile.

Eyes remember,  
Some long queues.  
When feet had  
Quotidian tussle with shoes.

Being at home  
With breeze of open door.  
A cup of tea,  
Going all the way to core.

Takes me afar,  
A book at hands.  
Transcending my flutter,  
I savour strange lands.

We both are romantics,  
Indolence and I.  
World claims all the truth,  
We blithely embrace our lie.

Pramod Khilery

## **..Looter**

Some voices reverberate.  
Some shadows wander.  
I wish these silent moments  
Strike up a conversation with me.  
Why do they want to escape me?  
Am I a looter?

Pramod Khilery

**..Mr. Hawa Singh**

I douse afresh his inadvertent claims to be taller than  
The illusory frame might suggest.  
The talk, which never gets mouthed  
Know the answers  
To those often asked and almost vapid questions  
Which are eager to be answered  
on the answer sheets of absence.

Pramod Khilery

## **..Outsider**

Seeing me outside,  
She says.  
How do you do?

Seeing her inside,  
I said.  
Like oldness of new.

Seeing me outside,  
She says.  
Come inside.

Seeing her inside,  
I said.  
I had tried.

Seeing me outside,  
She says.  
Still, you are same.

Seeing her inside,  
I said.  
Like, my own name.

Pramod Khilery

## **..Rustic Credulity**

Those who claim to know the truth  
Know only one thing.  
Whatever is not suitable to speech,  
It had better be sing.

Clapping hands are too busy being religious,  
Waving heads forget their ears.  
Dry lips try to croon some lines,  
Yellow eyes are shedding tears.

Pramod Khilery

## **..Slippery Path**

Were it not for slippery path  
I would have carried on doing mundane things.  
Sliding down,  
I came across the sorcery of  
satin skin and intoxication of  
sensuous sighs whose  
colluding schemes  
devoured me in the cavernous warmth.  
Life said, "In whose womb will I see the light  
and recite poetry? "  
Before I could rack my brain to  
manage a fake answer,  
slippery path slid me further down.

Pramod Khilery

## **..Sometimes**

Sometimes I love simplicity.  
Sometimes I adore the twirls that complexity brings with it.  
Sometimes I feel an urge to dig deeper and forget myself.  
Sometimes I have a desire to float on a tranquil surface to feel every pore of my being.  
Sometimes I make my heart shed tears to welcome lightness.  
Sometimes I have brain leading words and images to their proper place.  
Sometimes something strange comes to me uninvited and becomes endearing.  
Sometimes everything jilts me leaving an emptiness shaming the vast horizons.  
Sometimes I want to speak and share.  
Sometimes I retire to a corner of a silence whose darkness is too thick for light.  
Sometimes I struggle to piece together the vignettes of memory knocking on a nostalgic heart.  
Sometimes I roam freely in world that people say, has become ghost now.  
Sometimes I see slippery land disguising as a moment of future.  
Sometimes I wear the shoes of past and run over that slippery land and see a contented rain kissing me abandoning the pulchritude of jasmine.  
Sometimes I believe the pastoral song will never break its rhythm.  
Sometimes I fear drowsy eyes of hermitess may eclipse the jocund elves.

Pramod Khilery

## **..Talking.... Comes To Me**

Talking comes to me, ....easy  
When I talk with  
Every-Thing around me.

Talking peeps into my head, to see  
What is handcuffed  
And what is free.

Talking clothes me into a stupor  
And becomes redundant  
The trenchant question, who I am for?

Talking lends me a voice  
And I put burning sentences  
On to a piece of carrion ice.

Talking and I  
After having measured every corner  
Return back to bid bye

Did Talking feel the heat of fire?  
Who it was with?  
Dumb lips, deaf ears or an intense desire.

Pramod Khilery

## **..The Lecture**

Without a single word being heard  
The lecture sat through me.  
To the salvation of obtrusive silence  
Came few slurps of tea.

Words, images and sounds  
Usually enchanting and enthusiastic,  
Did not raise them from bed of lips  
and seemed emaciated and sick.

We stared at each other  
With embarrassed empty gazes.  
Mind still fluttered haplessly  
In the ever closed cages.

Pramod Khilery

## **..The Road, the Friend**

My favorite film  
Plays inside my being  
But I can't keep pace with images.

My favorite book  
Rolls inside my head  
But I am alien to its phrases.

Shelters play a game  
That is not my favorite  
And bores me no end.

A road loves my feet,  
Helps me walk,  
And seems to be like friend.

Pramod Khilery

## **..The Romantic**

I take a ride on left over signs  
When dreams bid goodbye.  
I know I am the fortunate one  
Amongst those who drops by

A sight of radiance hurling a trap  
To know them from close quarters.  
A romantic in me leaves me alone  
To taste, the strange waters.

Pramod Khilery

## **..Who He Is?**

Homeless and alone,  
combination can't be more fatal.  
Days, months and even years  
whisper  
'who he is?  
so detached from us'.  
Being flailed around by colorless winds  
this sight,  
is busy looking up  
towards the sky.  
Will miles of distance succeed  
where the proximity of nearness failed?

Pramod Khilery

## **..Will The Light Come?**

The poem depicts flightly how my ancestral village grapples with darkness and mosquitoes in the night and excruciating heat in the day for want of electricity thanks to the misdeeds of venal employees. Villagers are too meek to stage even a protest.

A person disgusted with the ways of villagers and venal employees throws the question back at a first time visitor when he asks just usually, "will the light come? " and begins to croon scornfully.

Will the light come?  
Will the light come?  
Will the light come?  
Will the light come?

A million dollar question answer it in yes or no.  
No one in this village has been able to do so.  
Will you be the one who will like to have a go?  
Say yes or no.

Will the light come?  
Will the light come?  
Will the light come?  
Will the light come?

Don't keep your heart and mind pacing to and fro.  
But before you say a word think of con and pro.  
Will you like to be labeled swan or a crow?  
Say yes or no.

Will the light come?  
Will the light come?  
Will the light come?  
Will the light come?

Ok, ok, ok.  
Let me help you little with a limit of high or low.  
From an hour or two, I am yet to see it grow.  
So that makes for just two hours out of twenty four.  
Now say yes or no.

Will the light come?  
Will the light come?  
Will the light come?  
Will the light come?

All that the first time visitor could come up with was a petrified look.  
He was to spend a week in this den of darkness and heat waves.

Pramod Khilery

## **.A Cuckold State**

Some rusted cheeks of an empire,  
Ruled by a king  
Whose cuckoldry couldn't be  
Kept clandestine  
Owing to sudden schmaltzy effusion  
In an otherwise frigid queen  
Have at last  
Begun to render the tears of  
What they now call "people's state",  
Their due reverence and place.  
One can only hope  
The brackish nature of tears  
Will get along well, with rust.

Pramod Khilery

## **.A Longing For World**

Shards of the glass are relieved  
to finally see the world of images.  
A longing for world has come to an end.  
The pangs of being a prisoner  
to beauty of quotidian rituals  
and made subject to ogling of primitive sides  
lost to war within.  
Dust devoid of chemicals  
will write their poems now.  
Somewhere along a self effacing path  
street urchins will sing them.

Pramod Khilery

## **.A Man**

A man fills the chalice  
And breaths spills out to wet  
The easel of the artist.  
Lying unattended, uncared on floor.  
A man speaks the pidgin  
And words laid out themselves  
In the open to get dried.  
The torrent loves the courtyard.  
A man tastes the sweat  
And hours find themselves hung on the wall  
Gathering dust of shibboleth.  
Guffaws rules the ruled.

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Pramod Khilery

## **.A School Pole**

Rose from the floor of assembly ground  
just in the face of corridor,  
a pole  
grounded in the depth of earth  
and towered above the canopy of range of eyes.

Usually bare and unobtrusive  
sans one day in whole year.  
when it hoisted the national flag  
and saw the rose petals coursing down its length  
to finally rest at its feet and play with tufts.

On normal days,  
it listened to morning prayer,  
thought of the day  
and speech of headmaster with rapt attention.  
as if it too was a student,  
though never addressed to it.

It liked the gathering, loved the reverberations  
and savoured the savoir faire.

Children segued to teenness  
and teachers saw themselves turning wrinkled.

Nascent careers bloomed in its proximity  
and Government declared senile careers saw their farewell.

The doors which always opened to darkness inside  
wore layers and layers of paint only to be bared again  
by pattering of rain and shadows of lives.

The walls whose confinement could never become as tall  
as wide it was, covered themselves,  
with new colours, amateur graffiti and oil of the manes.

Witness to every single moment of nurturing,  
and ageing of some rooms, some corridors and some trees  
and emergence of weeds  
from the ground and cemented floor in equal measures  
the pole feels the burden of age now.

The rain bathing is no longer joyous,  
and tinnitus almost unbearable,  
the frenzy of clouds alludes only the inevitable  
and the storms which once razed every thing  
barring its robust presence and its home's modus operandi,  
seems harbingers of some putrid moments.

The peeling paint layer reveals the rust underneath,  
craggy surface and sun burnt skin.

Sun was never as scalding as it seems now,  
dawn and dusk devoid of the cycle of beginning and end.

These sights of cocked students  
being flogged off on their buttocks,  
the shouts of "do dooni char (two into two four)  
and teen dooni chhai (three into two six) " amidst  
the prattling of a quintet of teachers sipping tea,  
the twaddling "behanji'es"(madams) always knitting,

These sights of stray dogs  
comforting themselves in one corner,  
mooching about students mouthing local fouts,  
and the office of headmaster consisting of three creaky chairs  
and a rickety table right under the Peepal tree  
making the most of Natural air conditioner,  
thanks to favorable 'Weather',  
brings with them a sense of ennui ness and perfunctoriness  
no longer bearable.

School waits for 'learning' to arrive;  
'learning' learns, the closed doors.

Only a 'sparrow''s song  
sculpts a few moment of amusement,  
the innocent warbling otherwise lost and dead.

When new is longer new,  
bludgeoned into old,  
and old is no longer old,  
when sameness has got a bashing from change,  
when maze of streets around, leads to newer paths,  
why should school still look same?

But the pole is wrong,  
doesn't it remember the days  
when it used to be the cynosure of all eyes?

"The day of hoisting of flag" once a year,  
which garbs the robe of just another Sunday now.

The days when speech of headmaster and thought of the day  
began the day as sun announces a new dawn.  
"Attendance Call" now sifts the defaulters  
with sun infuriatingly chucking the rays of rage.

The days when teachers would act wayfarers  
and rutted road took pupil to the aimed at,  
now the abyss is too deep and wide to be bridged over.

Will it ever see something  
which could never become hollow

by the termite of ennui ness?

Will fenugreeks ever give their glimpses  
and winding down days get their breeze back?

Will the old, in whose womb grew today grow again  
in today's womb with a desire to wear immaculate clothes?

Whilst the pole was lost in his thoughts,  
oblivious of the cabalist ambience,  
the sparrow perched itself on its top.

Before she could turn herself into an ingénue  
and begin crooning in mellifluous voice,  
a sudden violent gust of storm  
took the sparrow in dark wilderness  
and the pole to its fate.

Erudite pole thought 'it was dying' on Sunday.  
If only, that was true.

Pramod Khilery

## **.A Walk With Jain Sahib**

A walk down the mess  
and million talks.  
When feet tread the path  
lips too walk over the distance.  
Standing at the edge of chasm,  
leaps know, they are unwanted.  
Cacophony of dissent,  
In whose ascent, he waffles,  
before giving an uneasy silence  
a few moment's breaths.  
Agility of lips and  
sluggishness of thought,  
experience of senses  
and obduracy of stick in the mud,  
finds the waterfall, too light  
for a bare back to struggle against,  
for ingenuous eyes to find romance in.  
It is a moment's rain,  
of a bright sunny day, he says.  
Garrulous, sometimes galumphing even,  
Jain sahib, at 63,  
Loves to walk young and talk old,  
Likes to buy heat and sell cold.

Pramod Khilery

## **.A Wrong Definition**

There is a term in Hindi  
That is called 'Atithi'  
That stands for someone  
Who turns up all of a sudden  
At someone else's house  
And becomes a cause for grouse,  
A troublesome presence and thorn in eyes  
For whom he had wished to be a sweet surprise.

Pramod Khilery

## **.Accustomed**

"Let me spend the day with my clothes on.  
I was naked all along the night."  
When the unrequited wait  
made this polite request,  
to its own stubbornness,  
it was the nakedness that pounced and  
whispered in the ear of the wait,  
"who do you ask?  
Let the night come.  
I will give you habits.  
Clothes will have to be taken off again  
to be washed.  
Habits will hide your humiliations for ever."

Pramod Khilery

## **.An Artist**

"Let me put everything aside  
and caress you."  
These words  
when dropped from artist's lips  
knew the religious sanctity  
they were cloistered in.  
Ceased to be alone,  
the lines and colours  
resting on canvas  
forgot their momentary wetness for ever  
to seek new drowning.  
World outside was same  
only the artist could feel difference  
who, no longer was part of this world.

Pramod Khilery

## **.Awakening**

In turn, we, the people, read the book  
Emerged from the pages  
The firmament, the beyondness of which  
Rested between our eyelids.  
Before we could touch, our being and  
Before we could submit, our selves  
It disappeared; with the book.  
We were on our own, now  
As we were, always.  
But this time, eyes were not wayward  
And we, were not, that lost.  
The lacunae ridden mind and  
Neonate heart itself  
Will pave their way, to another book  
And then another book.  
Only the firmament would see us,  
Through its being, through our being  
By and by, blow by blow,  
Now, we, the people, know.

Pramod Khilery

## **.Be Happy Be Wise**

Finally, at last, somehow  
she found her way out  
from marriage-pandal.  
Through the labyrinth of conventions and mores  
which seemingly  
she had had a tough time with,  
when she heaved,  
her first, innocent sigh of relief  
of the last two months,  
came, the real calling.  
Amidst the gloomy faces of her parents  
and chanting of sad farewell songs,  
the sight,  
by her side,  
from her own samaj  
so dearly chosen by her parents and  
so emphatically approved by her well wishers  
of what she had,  
in a rare fit of irreverence,  
called, a compromise,  
whispered in her ear,  
'be happy, be wise'.

Pramod Khilery

## **.Carcasses**

Even the gobbledegook  
of phalanx of stalwarts  
from the repose of dais,

feels stench at the sight of  
blackened carcasses oblivious of  
death of what dies

inside one, when one is  
naught but a piece of  
flesh hung in scant attire,

selling his charred nakedness  
overbaked in bowl of unshamed effacement  
looking for a prospective buyer.

Pramod Khilery

## **.Chasm**

Like the heavily over(down) cast day,  
He enjoys the company of clouds.  
Tears, when offered him the wet hours,  
He gulped them without sounds.

A few streets and a few corners,  
Of the city he grew in.  
Chugs like a goods train,  
Lost in its own din.

Pramod Khilery

## **.Come To Me**

Come to me,  
See, here, I implore.  
I can't hold,  
On my own, anymore.

Come to me,  
To endow me with life.  
Before the stream of breaths  
Impersonate an incisive knife.

Come to me,  
To overturn my parched fortune.  
Before I get devoured,  
By desolate and heat-spewing noon.

Come to me,  
And see for yourself, your power.  
How your fragrance,  
Makes me bloom and flower.

Come to me,  
And stand by my side  
To make others jealous  
And imbue me of haughty pride.

Come to me,  
I am so lonely.  
Fill in, what is blank,  
What is, yours only.

Pramod Khilery

## **.Complaint Or Compliment!**

The touch of the hands  
roasts the satiny moroseness.  
Dung smeared fingers  
leave their impressions on the courtyard.

Preparing mortar,  
comes easy to,  
the woman of the house.  
Says,  
the house of the woman.  
Complaint or compliment!

Pramod Khilery

## **.Conundrum**

When I talk to her  
I feel elated and helpless.  
When she talks to me  
she feels elated and helpless.  
When we talk to each other  
we feel elated and helpless.  
Whose help do we seek?  
Each other's?  
Why do we feel helpless?  
Is elation too heavy, too incisive or too sozzled?  
Or  
Is helplessness a signboard at a crossroad?

Pramod Khilery

## **.Cordite And Charred Vacuum**

Closed eyes have their nightmares,  
Opened eyes have their dreams.  
Are doors that far or feet clung?  
Or illusion is more real, than it seems?

However much early one rises,  
One never gets to see the dawn.  
The wind along the pavement is sozzled,  
My heart goes for papers strewn in lawn.

Pramod Khilery

## **.Diseases and Cures**

Diseases and cures,  
lord over signs of ill health.  
When day waits,  
with anxiousness of a father  
for silent and scary signs  
to emerge out of  
operation theatre of endurance,  
Night,  
like an inconsolable mother  
gropes for that supreme light,  
The womb of moon,  
not to be sparkled but  
to ask questions of it.  
Sadly,  
even mothers  
find their voices, go unheard often.  
Diseases and cures,  
lord over signs of ill health.

Pramod Khilery

## **.Escape**

As I wander alone in the alleys  
the sight of questions,  
floating on the smelly and filthy water  
of the drainage  
waiting for a fierce sweeper,  
along the dilapidated walls and closed doors,  
singes my neo-urbanity.  
A downward slope of the concrete road  
takes me to a general store  
where three kinds of pen are shown to me  
to select one from.  
I select the most 'modern',  
as told by the shopkeeper,  
a boy of 11 or 12.  
Invisibility induced by the fog  
writes some words,  
I don't want anyone to read  
as the modern pen looks on.  
The feet knows the difference,  
I know the sameness,  
winter hides from me  
neither the difference nor the sameness,  
but only the hands could tell me,  
why the 'modern' pen  
doesn't write, only looks on,  
when something is being written,  
when they stopped feeling warmth  
in the insides of the pockets of my coat.  
Who did tell feet?  
"pace fast, pace fast".

Pramod Khilery

## **.Finding Refuge**

Tongue tied, I braved their deadpan expression.  
Words when refused to come to my aid,  
I scurried to take refuge in ogreish desolation.  
A few moments after, I emerged, Yet... Alive.

As I move my tongue and cast words out,  
I wonder what language my spewing comes from.  
Since poker ness is all too pervasive and  
Soliloquies listens more, than it says.

Pramod Khilery

## **.First Rendezvous**

First witness to our first rendezvous,  
was.....the humble tea.  
"Anything with tea?" I asked.  
"No, thanks", she said lowering her eyes.  
"Then make my talks dip into tea  
and eat them". I said in jest.  
"I would love to", few words swaddled with  
blush saw themselves getting naked.  
"What would you listen to, then? ",  
I asked trying looking into her eyes.  
For a few moments she let silence and me  
savour her pretty visage and kept her stare  
at leftover tea in the cup.  
"The longings of this rendezvous",  
her words coincided with the last sip of tea.  
"You finished before me", I said.  
"I did not want tea to grow cold".  
She said with a sense of quasi-intimacy and  
a little distanced proximity.  
"Who does?" this unnecessary and stupid question  
popped out of my mouth.  
I took the last sip before she could utter,  
"most people do".  
"Mine too is empty now", I said feeling assured.  
She smiled.  
"Tea did not last long because we did not  
want it to grow cold.", she said again.  
"What difference does it make,  
after all it could have been anything,  
some other drink or eatable,  
just to keep the moments of nothingness at bay".  
I retorted.  
But she was right.  
First rendezvous couldn't have afforded,  
the tea growing cold in beautiful cups.  
Trying to hide my displeasure  
over the sight of empty cups that had been  
refilled with silence, I saw her sipping silence.  
It took me a while before I could say,  
"does silence too grow cold? "  
"Perhaps, if our lips are too scared of getting burned",  
she doled out the answer with a nonchalance.  
"I am not scarred, nor are my lips, so... now? "  
The twenty five minutes of our first togetherness  
gave me the impetuosity to say "now" with an aplomb.  
The twenty five minutes of our first togetherness  
gave her the courage to keep herself sitting  
along with the moments of nothingness  
waiting for me to answer, my own question "now".

Pramod Khilery

## **.Hanging Bread**

"My son was as strong as four men  
but he died in search of bread".  
Mohammad Ayaz's father said,  
standing near his son's unmarked grave.  
Amitava Kumar writes about a stowaway.

Rants of global village jibes the bier of someone,  
where the good or bad is taste of a diseased fruit.  
The bodies and dreams though entwined with  
the modern means of transportation, but finds  
"the roar of an animal in rage"  
(as Tagore puts it) a metallic sheet stuck in  
the throat of movement, which was so used  
to gushes of wind pushing the back.

The bird when falls prey to catapult  
tries to flutter and behind clouds,  
the destination stretches the hand,  
before the lacerated flesh tumbles out.

The taste of bread is worthy enough  
to deserve a poem  
but scary metaphors and alien similes  
may make the miasma ridden air,  
ministering the breaths in quintessential fashion,  
afloat like a toy gondola,  
which is only a toy at the end of day.  
And that too, for children to play with.

How different is the straphanger from a stowaway!  
The mere possession of 'ticket'  
gives one a name to be called by,  
what if enervated legs are on the mercy of a loop  
hanging above the head?

Barefoot wallowing braving contemptuous glances,  
the air of bread leading to sneeze and  
meeting of dreams with graveyard parks,  
would not make the earthen oven,  
being surrounded by father back home,  
stop emanating innocuous soot  
and begin produce deafening sounds of explosions.  
Only the dough would never get baked.

Pramod Khilery

## **.He Will Never Die**

Dedicated to my Nana(maternal grandfather)

I never ever saw him lying dead on the floor.  
I always see him sauntering inside, through door.  
I never ever saw him behaving like a dead.  
I always see him draping turban on his bald head.  
I never ever saw him coursing down memory lanes.  
I always see him entangled in the web of restrains.  
I never ever saw him trespassing dreams, once in a while.  
I always see him hiding pains behind that infectious smile.  
I never ever saw him bidding, The final goodbye.  
I always see him asserting he will never die.

Pramod Khilery

## **.Hear My Voice**

Hear my voice,  
Oh zephyr of May nights.  
Don't unfurl the strings of my romantic heart,  
Don't take them to soaring heights.

Slacken your pace,  
With your royal inhibitions, walk by my side.  
Imbue me with your soothing touch,  
Endow me arrogance with a tinge of pride.

Hear my voice,  
Oh fog of December dawn.  
Don't let dew droplets dry up,  
Don't gloss over my invisible fawn.

Let me walk through you,  
Wearing the clouds of your moist eyes.  
I won't let day touch your flesh,  
Before you grow to its size.

Pramod Khilery

## **.I Am Walking**

I am walking.  
I know it,  
Ever since those who happens to run into me began to avoid me.  
They love me.

I am walking.  
I feel it,  
Ever since the index finger of simoom began to warm my palm.  
Her shoulders know me.

I am walking.  
I am taught,  
Ever since the depth of plunge began to pique the minke.  
She is ignorant.

I am walking.  
I tell myself,  
Ever since the path began to find flaws with my gait.  
I see, journey, countenancing.

Pramod Khilery

## **.Ideas Rule**

The surrealism of world of thoughts  
prefers to resort to self-flagellation,  
discarding the self promotion.  
Ideas know their boundary so  
they scour for arms with sleeves rolled up.  
The real world is caught unaware  
when they notice  
these thoughts and ideas  
ruling their lives like despotic kings.  
Enslaved world do,  
as dictated.

Pramod Khilery

## **.Inspection**

Inspection team,  
Some stodgy, partially bald geriatrics,  
Guided (to keep them from falling off the path)  
By administration,  
Inspects,  
From behind bespectacled eyes,  
By some clichéd questions  
And an affectionate but artifice mien,  
To be inspected.  
It might be  
Other way round, who knows!  
Bespectacled eyes,  
Refusing from being recognized  
From behind the glasses,  
Knows, how to get along,  
Without bridging, the Distance.  
Clichéd questions,  
Find their voices, on their own,  
And meet,  
Clichéd answers.  
They too, find their voice, on their own.  
Hollowness fills the gaps  
And makes for a spectacle, so richly missed.  
Inspection,  
Was scheduled on, A day.  
Inspectors and inspected  
Knows the way.

Pramod Khilery

## **.Invisible**

Sitting around a few pieces  
Of wood, on fire,  
They were prattling.

One asked, 'Have you ever heard of a tablet  
Which can make a person invisible'.

Another replied, 'no, that's impossible'.  
They were too innocent to fathom,  
Their own invisibleness to others,  
Who were passing by,  
Wrapped in warm shawls,  
Feeling at ease.

While, scantily clad, bare-footed,  
They were shivering in cold breeze.

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Pramod Khilery

## **.Kiss Of Time**

Kiss of time,  
Dipped in words of thoughts  
Or thoughts of words,  
Prone to run astray,  
Produces a sotto voce.  
Would words be loyal to  
The pleasure of kiss?  
Asked a poet,  
To himself.  
Came the answer,  
Yes, as long as  
The pleasure of the kiss,  
Is being ruled by,  
Even a speck of bliss.

Pramod Khilery

## **.Life**

Signs are there, abound.  
If only we can hear, the sound.

Exists, with in our sight.  
If only we can see, the light.

Beauty, lies in every soul.  
If only we can learn, to unroll.

Enslaved, will be the youth prime.  
If only we can touch, the time.

Heart, often tells us the right way.  
If only we are ready, to pay.

Fragile frame, is nothing but concrete.  
If only we can feel, the heat.

Life, is a monumental edifice.  
If only we can realize, its true price.

Pramod Khilery

## **.Mudwalls**

In that desolate home,  
the excruciating heat  
perches upon her hoary shoulders  
like a child,  
and she makes it a point  
to show her, the horizons of desert.  
from above the mud walls.

Devoid of customary mornings and evenings,  
her day relishes  
the luscious "aaloo ki sabzi"(cooked potatoes)  
cooked on choolah(stove)  
in an old silver vessel,  
provided the blowing sand  
embraces the fire under vessel.

Three cups of tea,  
she keeps in the side pockets  
of her traditional attire, clatters.

But she has chosen to be deaf  
to their guttural sound.

Then I am told,  
from above a cemeted wall,  
ten years ago she was younger,  
when she was like all of us.

How untrue.  
darkness in certain corners of her home  
and few spots of faeces,  
let her remain busy.

Only the other day,  
she prepared a cup of tea for me.  
Between us, the sand stricken cups  
sang their grizzling songs,  
as her hand brought them  
out of her pocket.  
A smile on her face,  
in the midst of a morose desert.  
Will she ever grow old! I know, never.

Pramod Khilery

## **.Nothing Short of An Ocean**

Sun could have descended gracefully  
but drowned,  
in the half filled glass of water.  
In the roasting heat,  
the golden shadow of beams,  
disguised as lucid brushes  
invites the painter.  
Right in the middle of desert,  
abound with sand of vexatious songs,  
these drops of water think of themselves,  
nothing short of An Ocean.

(Published in Istanbul Literary Review)

Pramod Khilery

## **.Oh My Sudden Stutter**

Would I want you to do it  
Again to me?  
Mish mash and hotchpotch,  
When you dance unabashedly  
Between my lips.  
Like school kids  
You can't wait for gates to be opened,  
Before forming a deluge  
All set to pour out at once.  
Like habitual dangles  
Of private buses  
You don't enjoy the comfort of seats  
Supposed to park you  
And obstruct other passengers  
Get off at their stations.  
Like some marriages  
You try to write on scrunched pages, exactly  
What already had been written there  
With the pen of impetuosity.  
Like ink of an old pen  
You spill out and  
End up spoiling the very fingers  
You were to help write.  
Like ring tone of a cell phone  
You don't hold any place  
Worthy of some reverence.  
I want to get relieved of you.  
Oh my sudden stutter,  
Will you show some mercy to me?

Pramod Khilery

## **.Oneness**

Her eyes lead me into her  
And then we are one.  
Such is the intensity of our oneness  
That the underlying fractions of time  
Forget the divisions and  
Cement the cracks  
And envelops us with its interminable continuity,  
Devoid of even a single sign of  
Any beginning or any end.  
Dreams of her eyes floating around  
In the cradle of my eyes.  
The poem of her beauty  
Being touched inadvertently by my soul,  
Like words kiss the lips of time,  
And gets ensconced in its lap for ever.  
The longings of her distance  
Lets my consciousness  
Touch every pore of our oneness to lend it a sozzled  
And romanticized demeanor.  
And the compulsions and bindings,  
Implores me to become hers for ever,  
To never let hollow and cannibalistic reasons fill their innards  
With the vestibules of our oneness.  
The robbed identifications, the purloined senses and  
The forgotten selves often conspires  
To endow one with nothingness  
But with oneness, emerged out of love, around,  
The same triumvirate  
Bestows this "oneness" with life  
Which puts immortality to shame.

Pramod Khilery

## **.Putrescence**

The factories, the products, the welfare programs.  
Rich industrialist when begins holding forth,  
the words emanating from mouth  
impersonates the black poisonous smoke  
rearing from inside the chimneys of his mills,  
blackening the soul of zephyr  
and feathers of freedom.  
Audience to which he directs  
his swooped verbiage, is choppy ashore  
perennially stranded  
to witness, the ogreish current of scurrilous waves  
and feel, the asphyxiation of desertion, devouring  
the sand ridden breaths.  
Everyone... Else is busy,  
looking suave, applauding, .. spas..modically.

Pramod Khilery

## **.Shadows**

One shadow of life  
which was after me  
ever since I gained consciousness  
hid me behind curtains and disappeared.  
Another shadow of life  
which caused me speak silence  
lost to darkness of Years.  
Shadows claim to be eternal  
as long as they see us  
grappling with the sun of our own heart.

Pramod Khilery

## **.Simple Lives**

Simple lives,  
being led in simple clothes.  
Pillaged dignity,  
bites the dust of darkness.  
Restrain,  
robbed in too small an attire,  
somehow manages,  
to hide nakedness.  
Questions,  
neither asked nor raised,  
bring the death,  
with acerbic answers.

Pramod Khilery

## **.Submission**

A door and a knock  
Titillates the stranger.  
Shenanigans vent out  
The rumpus and ghoulish desolation  
Of charlatan night.  
Knows he, the dystopian hunger  
Is a slave flogged often.  
Lest the length and breadth  
Of the road ahead  
Drapes itself around the neck  
Too tight, yet he believes,  
Blood might find its course.  
In connivance with this sly belief  
A door and a stranger  
Titillates the knock.  
Yet to be heard, but anytime....

Pramod Khilery

## **.The Book**

Minds, leafed through pages,  
Lived through decades, come for a price.

A significant sum, would not part me,  
If I opt for a cover, that is not, that nice.

Content, can be read,  
For free, online, as well.

But what rivals, feeling of cup of palms  
Housing the book, that I can't quell.

Pramod Khilery

## **.To Some**

My lips speak a little less than I do,  
Life has taught me this art.  
To some, a charlatan trying to be genuine,  
To some, too naive to be smart.

Pramod Khilery

## **.Vagabond**

The poetry suckling the images  
doesn't feed them.  
The images quoting the imagined  
doesn't read them.

The words winning the power  
doesn't shake pure hands.  
The power enjoying the coitus otherwise  
doesn't trust the curves and bends.

The romance of utterings  
doesn't feel the touch of lips.  
The utterings soaring above forms and sizes  
doesn't grow beyond petty pips.

The evasion ridiculing the chanced upon  
doesn't like rhythms and songs.  
Though ridicule when ends up singing paeans  
doesn't shy away from celebrating wrongs.

Pramod Khilery

## **.What Makes Him Confide To Us?**

A trenchant cause  
Offers me the heat to purge me  
Of my equivocal vocalizing of an ideology  
That I claim so dear to my heart.

A hostile ambiance  
Offers me the push to send me  
Into the realm of "known by face  
And incomprehensible by language"  
To make me learn the art  
Of weaving a familiarity around the bust of strangeness.

A common man  
Offers me the comfort of chair  
Whose back is acclimatized  
To limpets and termites  
But legs remain clean and bathed  
Shaming the ooze.

A poor country  
Offers me with the sights  
For my eyes to play with  
And intimidated stares  
For my mouth to feed upon.  
Talks are made around my talk.  
Pairs of legs are bought around my walk.

A democracy  
Offers me a chance  
To evince my keen interest in mathematics  
That I missed out in school.  
My children learn it at home.

Pramod Khilery

## **.Who cares?**

Before our eyes,  
stands, with their chest broadened and swollen  
grey mountains  
playing witness to  
nights of abandoned  
half complete buildings.  
Between them are vehicles  
(ferrying spineless and oblivious passengers)  
producing enough noise and smoke  
to deafen the ears  
and blind the eyes.

Pramod Khilery

## **.Yet To.....**

He is yet to ask his own self,  
Those "whys" which he never did ask.  
He is yet to find what the truth is,  
What is before him or still lurked behind some mask.

He is yet to say that magic line,  
That she is world to him.  
Will he ever be able to say,  
Before her audibility go dim.

He is yet to feel pangs of parting,  
He is yet to feel longings for her.  
Will his heart ever throb, if yes  
After how many miles he will have walked further.

He is yet to savour those moments,  
He had longed for all along his life.  
He is yet to nod assent,  
Answers elude him, questions are rife.

He is yet to accept and concede,  
To what has happened.  
He is yet to know,  
Has it only begun or has it all ended.

He is yet to discover,  
The consequences of an arranged knot.  
Will it be able to offer him,  
The dreams, the desires and the feelings he had sought.

He is yet to see that,  
Where does his timidity take him.  
How would he deal with this,  
Over the years, what it would make him.

But at this point of time,  
That's all what I can say.  
Still he is what he had always been,  
Deprived of proximities, lonely and far away.

For he is yet to fall in love with her,  
They are yet to match their pace.  
He is yet to look straight into her eyes,  
They are yet to bring their alliance, its august grace.

Pramod Khilery

## **.Youth Astray**

No words,  
the lips sing  
burden of quarter century.

No path,  
the feet tread  
the reeling and sozzled loss of sight.

No way,  
the eyes see  
the work of blind artist being raped.

No tears,  
the bier know  
end never held beginning in reverence.

Pramod Khilery

## 10 Days

10 days,  
May not always equal to 240 hours.  
I was told,  
Even before, the clock started ticking,  
By pure white and unblemished shadows  
Of my wanderlust.  
The first "hello",  
May go beyond a mere greeting,  
Conjoined with lips burdened with a smile.  
The first "cup of tea",  
May be too hot to drink  
Boiling inside a clamoring cup.  
The first night,  
May insinuate arrival of dawn,  
Even earlier, than the firm grip of  
Darkness, over moonless night.  
I agree, I too think somewhat on similar lines,  
But if ensconcing of moments might shriek  
It may sing also.  
If ambience of visages might ask wind  
To take leave,  
It may invite zephyr also.  
If sereneness of selves might be robbed off,  
It may gleam with the resplendency of  
Noon as well as moon also.  
If 10 days might cling like a limpet  
To open eyes,  
They may get seized by, the desire of  
Puffing away the measurement,  
Of duration also.

Today, this 10th day, reminds me of  
Her "goodbyes", every morning  
Which did not forget, to sweeten my lips,  
Even before a word was dropped.  
Their, serving me tea, in,  
The golden cup of silence.  
The endless prattling  
which ended up drawing meanings,  
For my kaleidoscopic mien and mood.  
The claustrophobic heart's  
Friendship with hermit ness.  
And yes, the aquarium of walls, soothing eyes.  
Thanks, Oh my 10 days,  
You did not let hours, dictate the terms.  
The number 240 had seemed,  
Never ever so strange.

Pramod Khilery

## **A Barefeet Girl**

Stole, lying loose  
On her young shoulder  
Turns into a sack.  
Hard knot  
With soft fingers  
Make shrunk reveries  
Suffer asphyxiation.  
A barefeet girl,  
On her way to home,  
Pleads to cracks in the road.  
'Become chasm,  
Keep me away from my abode'

Pramod Khilery

## **A Big Void Greet Me**

Neither I want to be faraway,  
Nor there where my abode is.  
Neither I want to be called a traveller,  
Nor a native confined to his place.  
Neither I want to be in midst of all,  
Nor I like my hermitness.  
Neither I want to feel detached,  
Nor I want to cling to my roots.  
Where do I belong to?  
A big void greets me wherein I live.

Pramod Khilery

## **A Boy and Cold**

When the cold sought consent,  
the boy refused.

When the cold trespassed,  
the boy abused.

When the cold brought fog,  
the boy ran barefooted.

When the cold brought chilling breeze,  
the boy skulked behind a ragged tunic.

When the cold ran after him,  
the boy climbed up a tree.

When the cold beaten its brow,  
the boy served, A cup of tea.

The boy remained ahead,  
of the exhausted and tired cold.

Everyone could see now,  
the severely perspired cold.

Pramod Khilery

## **A Child**

A child,  
grew up away from home.  
An adult,  
finds the world stranger.  
Yearnings,  
blazes the life breaths.  
Voices,  
too gibberish to make sense.

Pramod Khilery

## **A Cup Of Tea**

I am too poor,  
To afford.  
Will somebody buy me!  
A moment,  
A cup of tea,  
With conversations free.

Pramod Khilery

## **A Few Pieces Of Earth Around Me**

A few pieces of earth around me  
doesn't make me feel inhabitant.  
Will these pieces let me exhume them.  
Will these pieces let me create,  
an illusion of tunnel leading me somewhere.  
Will these pieces find pace of  
my feet in sync with their heart beat.  
Will these pieces ever get rid of  
cerulean sky whom I see terrorizing them.  
A few pieces of earth around me  
grows only fuchsia.  
A few pieces of earth around me  
are serving a life sentence.  
A few pieces of earth around me  
doesn't make me feel inhabitant.

Pramod Khilery

## **A Fountain**

Emerges,  
a fountain,  
from heart.  
Soaked wet,  
the shack,  
of my world.  
An oasis.  
The blessings,  
of scorching sun,  
will keep,  
the wetness,  
everlasting.

Pramod Khilery

## **A Frocked Girl**

It is not beginning yet,  
but  
shuddery sweat lurked somewhere  
is visible on her unblemished face,  
as if end of the road is ogling.  
Exhorting horizons of mind and  
charming glares of countenance  
might give wrong impression.  
Long miles making insidious moves  
to her town  
would be welcomed absentmindedly.  
A world of her own,  
will born then,  
not naked, not crying  
but draped in silent and dour ornaments.  
Which will never open its eyes.  
Unharmed, unbruised  
but obliterated of the very existence.  
Deserves the words of gratitude,  
whoever has given  
this frocked girl, this much.  
This celebration of illusions  
is a little favor to her,  
on part of her kinship,  
which would  
help her survive.

Pramod Khilery

## **A Headscarf Girl**

A headscarf girl,  
begins going to school.  
Against the tradition,  
defying her society's rule.

Lurks in her heart,  
dreams and inspiration.  
And somehow keeps at bay  
the constant oppression.

Education is blasphemous  
for our religion.  
She is told, warned  
and preached often.

One day while coming home,  
carrying the degree of M.A.  
Rewards waylaid her,  
and abducted to a place faraway.

Kept captive, tortured,  
abused and then raped.  
This is how, her life  
education shaped.

Pramod Khilery

## **A Little Easy**

Rough bends, edges and curves  
Are not oblivious of their worth.  
Latent somewhere in bruises,  
They too keep,  
The place for mirth.  
If torchlight,  
doesn't greet and say hello,  
It is the uneven pathway,  
Which dodges the wayfarer,  
And keeps him busy.  
Edges, bends and curves  
Too become courteous,  
If one ceases to be  
That extra serious,  
And talk, a little easy.

Pramod Khilery

## **A Moment Of Stillness**

A moment of stillness  
hung on a wall, like a portrait.  
Shadows, ahead of the time,  
burns behind the flames.  
I was seated next to illusions  
when I had set  
my eyes on a distant star.  
Verisimilitude failed me.  
It was the darkness of night,  
which was dancing,  
somewhere miles afar.

Pramod Khilery

## **A New World**

Despairs,  
rest at lips.  
Breaths,  
indulge in jauntings.  
Life,  
come alive.  
Prayers of skies,  
exhibit impact on earth.  
Compassion,  
bend its head  
in submission before love.  
Paths,  
show modesty to destinations.  
Winds,  
find hollow starings  
no where to be seen.  
Foot,  
eager to jump in burning spot.  
Eyes,  
see A new world.

Pramod Khilery

## **A Night Of Guttural Grizzling**

Inside the anger of my peregrinating soul,  
I could have sensed the tumescent soot.  
But I fell prey to alcoves in walls,  
And lost, the sight of world before me.

The night of guttural grizzling continued,  
And everybody danced to its tune.  
The belly of earth engulfed my anger,  
And reduced me to a naked cadaver.

Darkness hewn the light of the day,  
And attired it with moribund batiste.  
Bazaar was as busy as it could ever have been,  
Sans a few voices, never to be discerned.

Pramod Khilery

## **A Poem and A Fairy**

In the night,  
Of my day,  
The softness,  
Spread and spread.  
The vast,  
Cosmos in my soul,  
Shrunken to dot.  
A poem,  
Made me anew.  
A fairy,  
Wrote the poem.

Pramod Khilery

## **A Prized Jaunt**

When turned along the path,  
Corner had a hearty laugh.

When looked in the eye,  
Sights soared more high.

When cringed to mighty day,  
Time flew being jay.

When heard sacred sound,  
Moments turned horrid abound.

When rode, the tried again,  
End seemed utter profane.

When endured torrential taunt,  
Life turned a prized jaunt.

Pramod Khilery

## **A Quandary**

The river,  
Is no longer a paradise bath.  
Acerbic water burns,  
My naked flesh.  
How would I get out?  
Where would I go?  
I know,  
Questions can be clothes, ...sometimes,  
But  
The distance might deride,  
And shore might betray.

Pramod Khilery

## **A Rainy Day, Lodestar and Me**

A rainy day, singing and dancing,  
Lodestar and me, peeved the awning.

Around the bubbles, on the drops,  
Lodestar and me, clouded our mops.

The sloping pearls, resonated the shore,  
Lodestar and me, asked for more.

The troop and rain created a poem anew,  
Lodestar and me, hued in the hue.

It rained and rained, only for my lodestar.  
How did it happen, I don't know,  
For I was only a trespasser, somewhere afar.

Pramod Khilery

## **A Speck Of Poetry**

Sounds unheard,  
Came my way.  
Blurred vision,  
Pierced a ray.

Alien world,  
Looked familiar.  
When muteness decided,  
To become mutineer.

A pious jamboree,  
Smiled at me.  
And gifted heart with,  
A speck of poetry.

Pramod Khilery

## **A Statue**

Being marooned,  
within me,  
at the farthest verge,  
I travelled  
the world over.  
Located  
one step ahead,  
of my last destination  
I found,  
a statue,  
of a pair of eyes,  
with arms  
of vehement darkness  
circling around it  
and  
the sole Path  
being the only 'tear',  
teaching the wayfarer  
the art,  
of consecrating 'the stone'.

Pramod Khilery

## **A Tenement Dweller**

Within the room there are hundreds of rooms  
Where he moochs about.  
The world, robbed of his world  
Opens its eyes through a corrugated window  
Prone to mood swinging, which  
At times just refuses to speak to him.  
The sight of disheveled filthy clothes,  
Lying loose books and a mirror, resting on  
Far left corner of naked wooden bed, with a comb  
To scratch its blind opaque skin, sheds  
The belief of yesterday and any possibility of expiation.  
The dust of jaw like suitcase, raises itself, impersonating,  
The smoke of few memories left behind  
Worth clinging to.  
Every night he retires to bed with, the door,  
Inflated wide open,  
To let nightmares and dreams loose their primitiveness  
And acquire, the smoothness and the finishing touches  
And give acicular corners the curve of palms.  
He wakes up, one another dawn of the world,  
And a pair of half opened eyes,  
Runs into, the only, but caged window.  
Doors are nowhere to be seen,  
Until bedtime.

Pramod Khilery

## **A Town**

The same school road,  
Will take you to fort.  
Standing somewhere beside it,  
You will find the court.  
Labyrinthed for years here,  
Becomes the odds, even.  
Whisks diurnal, the twilight,  
Don't wait, for a nod even.  
Sedge grown on fallow,  
Rejoices its new avatar.  
Locals stop here often,  
On their way to bazaar.  
Proximities too tunes songs,  
But only glitter gets to sing.  
Taboos run deep here,  
Amidst the younker fling.

Pramod Khilery

## Agony

Tea in the glass,  
Before my eyes.  
"Will you please touch me  
And feel my warmness".  
Her simple request  
Send me  
Into world of dreams  
Filling in the voids  
With her forgotten images,  
Smoldering, quarreling  
With the slick ice-cubes,  
Asking me to gift her  
With as much coolness  
As those ice-cubes possessed.  
And then,  
The last words,  
'Will you please touch me  
And feel my warmness'.  
Some voice brought me  
Out of the dream world  
To feel sorry about  
Breaking the glass  
and  
Spilling out the tea.

Pramod Khilery

## **An Imploring**

Water,  
Touch me.  
Too far,  
Is the wetness,  
Possessing me.  
Water,  
Touch me.  
I am,  
Neck deep drowned in you.  
Touch me,  
I can't stand,  
The sight of sidestares.  
I can't let my tears  
Coagulate,  
And become oars.  
I can't let tide  
Sweep me off.  
I am,  
Neck deep drowned in you.  
Touch me.

Pramod Khilery

## **And he Fell Prey to her**

In the thunderstorm,  
Whipping up its frenzy  
The only thing  
He looked for  
Was a shelter.  
Suddenly,  
She skulked from  
Behind somewhere  
Threatening to rumble  
But at the same time  
Ready to tumble.  
Helpless, distressed  
Against time, hard pressed  
What could he have done.  
He squatted.  
He knew it was a surrender.  
But she called it 'pragmatism'.

Pramod Khilery

## **Any Guess!**

Illumined corner of room.  
An imagination spread on floor.  
Those who are inside,  
Floats down.  
Darkness greets sword and steed.  
Easel waits for artist.  
The gravid day may deliver anytime,  
Who the father is, any guess!

Pramod Khilery

## Asking After

Conversation between two villagers.

First-Hello.

Second-Hello.

First-How do you do?

Second-I am fine, you.

First-Pretty fine, have your son got job?

Second-Yes, he is in a company, name is....Wipro.

First-Private or public?

Second-Private.

First-In big city, it must be difficult, subsisting on a private job.

Second-Yes.

First-Is salary good enough?

Second-Yes, I think around Rs 35000/month.

First-OK. Meeting soon, I guess, a lot of work has piled up.

Pramod Khilery

## **At Bay**

No, the denial was not at all biased,  
They shone themselves.  
Only the night was still waiting for day.

No, the devious smile had not wronged them,  
Lips ripped themselves.  
Only the earth wept seeing the burned clay.

No, the closed locks are not guilty,  
Insides became outsides.  
Only the core being finds itself at bay.

Pramod Khilery

## **At Mercy**

The tranquility on their faces,  
While being in coveted slumber,  
Seems to be at the mercy of nightmare.  
Who knows, ores might turn sharks  
And boat, a prey to the jaws of eternity.  
The river of time will keep flowing,  
As if nothing has happened.

Pramod Khilery

## **At Your Return**

The grandiose mountains kissing sky,  
among where you would fly.

When the vast ocean would embrace you,  
and a love affair would ensue.

Heart, upon its return in my night,  
would bring with it, the undoubtable light.

Tied with aroma, tethered with those trees,  
hope you would make me feel,  
at your return, the redolence, in your eyes.

Pramod Khilery

## **Barbecued**

The minuscule presence  
Of skeleton was scowled at.  
Wilting of his flower  
Kept... flourishing  
Somewhere.  
Labeled,  
'Seller of his own daughter'  
And was yanked out.  
Neither arrested nor punished.  
Only barbecued.

Pramod Khilery

## **Bones Don't Speak**

Bones don't speak.  
They shriek.  
Twigs,  
In the nest of tomorrow  
Are too heavy.

Pramod Khilery

## **But You Can Talk To Us**

Eyes lost but ears heard them coming,  
Those days were not home spun.  
That night, when dreams told me  
Now you are no longer rich enough  
To afford slumber, but you can talk to us.

Pramod Khilery

## **Callous Chicanery**

Suffers, 'Rights' often,  
at the hands of wrongs.  
Smothered under jarring screeches,  
gets asphyxiated, melodious songs.

Steaming roads wouldn't have  
burned the ivorious feet.  
These were the worn shoes,  
which turned out, the disguised heat.

'Kindest remarks' insinuates  
the briskly changing dictionary.  
Democracy has become,  
a euphemism for callous chicanery.

Pramod Khilery

## **Come Again**

In the dark,  
Her soft nudges  
Battled my coyness  
Only to loose.  
Oh beautiful stranger  
Come again  
With a greater ruse.

Pramod Khilery

## Compassion of Ashok

Over 200 years before Christ, King Ashok ascended to the throne of the Mauryan Empire after a familial power struggle and extended his kingdom across the Indian subcontinent through wars and battles. Legend has it that, after seeing the gory bloodshed in a war to capture Kalinga, he renounced war and dedicated his kingdom to Buddhist principles of nonviolence.

Startling colors, under my feet  
ossified though.  
At walking distance, lies dormant  
before my eyes, my foe.  
Songs of requiem, songs of victory  
I can hear.  
But deep down heart somewhere  
pyrrhic, now it does appear.  
Took possession of nerves of dead hearts,  
I should have won.  
Its all yours, now scoffs at me  
my own compassion.

Pramod Khilery

## **Confession of a State**

It all started underneath  
The ossified veneer of my heart.  
Careened from there,  
A torrid flame.  
No, no,  
It might be even a volcano.  
Burning blood scurried  
As if parasol of nerves  
Has turned ogreish.  
Really it was something serious?  
Or a simple game of hide and seek.  
I am yet to know,  
For I had lost  
Contact with my heart, years ago.

Pramod Khilery

## **Consecration of The Apogee**

The fluvial tranquility,  
Tiptoed on my insteps,  
Rose to my lips,  
And kissed me.

The petals of sound,  
The shadow of oneness,  
The fog of senses,  
Consecrated the apogee.

Pramod Khilery

## Coquette

She, somewhere blowing like a gentle breeze.  
And I, somewhere fallen like a dry leave.

She, comes carrying a genial attitude.  
And takes me high altitude.

She, chuckles.  
And I, flummoxed.

She, every bit full of life.  
And I, almost dead.

Suddenly,  
I heard in me,  
A cry of adoration.

For life, arousing a new passion.  
But then,  
She stops blowing.

I again fell down.  
She has nothing to do with the fact, where

Pramod Khilery

## Crude Kindness

He says something,  
in the language of silence.  
The people think of him  
as dumb and mute.  
He feels prickness  
of thorns of silence  
and detachment.  
and people construes  
this little movement of lips  
as his smile.  
No one meets him.  
No one talks to him.  
I wonder  
how then  
people identifies him  
and  
his every movement.  
Not he, but  
sickly are the people  
who conjecture An opinion  
and then  
evinced the fact  
that  
they treat him  
the way  
a human being should be treated.

Pramod Khilery

## **Deaf And Dumb**

Both ends of the wind  
Soared to take him along,  
But he had tied on his waist  
The wait of that untuned song  
Which everyone around him  
Wanted to produce cacophony from.  
Here he is, deaf and dumb,  
Gawping at the walls of Home.

Pramod Khilery

## **December**

At the corner table  
In the restaurant  
Steaming tea meets its own colour.  
The December fog outside,  
Helps my girlfriend,  
Lose her demure demeanour.

Pramod Khilery

## **Dream**

Before the day wakes up,  
I am on the street.  
Before the night cottons up,  
Too far, are the feet.

Pramod Khilery

## Ek Aam Aadmi (Hindi)

Main jo poochhoon wo bataye  
Mujhpe apna samay gavanye  
Main to samjhunga usne,  
Kiya hai koi kaam bada

Mujhse koi baat kare  
Chaahe do hi pal ke liye  
Main to samjhunga uska,  
Ye mujhpe hai ahsaan bada

Mujhmen kya hai khoobi aisi,  
Mujhmen kya hai khaasiyat,  
Mujhse bhi jo pade yahan  
Kabhi koi kaam kisi ko

Na hi meri haisiyat hai  
Na hi meri shakhshiyat hai  
Kyun bhala phir rahe  
Yaad mera naam kisi ko

Phir bhi waqt mil jata hai  
Hansne gaane ke liye  
Kehta hoon bas itne mein hi  
Ishwar hai mehrbaan bada

Mujhse koi baat kare  
Chaahe do hi pal ke liye  
Main to samjhunga uska,  
Ye mujhpe hai ahsaan bada

Pramod Khilery

## **Ek Bete Ki Kaamna(Hindi)**

Unke garv ka karan hota.  
Unki uplabdhion ka sadhan hota.  
Wo hanskar baate karte jahan.  
Aisa main koi aangan hota.

Safalta ki jahan-jahan baate chhidti.  
Unke mann mein khushion ki barish umadti.  
Maan karte, thoda mujh par, thoda khud par.  
Suhaati bahut, santosh ki boonde padti.

Man ki khushi ko, aansu, bahar laate.  
Bhool jaate dard apna, paanv ladkhdaate.  
Khamoshiyon ka daur, khatam ho jata.  
Sir uthakar wo, sabko, sabkuchh, batate.

Jeevan ki sarthakta ka ahsaas deta.  
Mude-tude dinon ko, thoda taraash deta.  
Mahke phoolon ki khushbu se, jo ho labrez.  
Hatheli par sazakar, unhen wo saans deta.

Pramod Khilery

## **Endurance**

I imbibed the sadness of ocean  
And became ocean.  
With waves, came storms  
And lost in my arms.  
Gondolas must be skimming  
Over the water,  
Taking with them the memories.  
I don't have an inkling  
Whether they reach my shores  
Or gets caught in whirlpool.  
Lost anecdotes,  
Forgotton dates,  
And  
The prickness of their sharp arrows  
I don't feel now.

Pramod Khilery

## **Eternity Of A Moment**

Immersed in each other,  
They squeezed the distance.  
Voyages and sojournes,  
Very fond of, they are.  
A few Miles later,  
Night forms the triumvirate.  
Eternity of a moment,  
Is more resplendent than a star.

Pramod Khilery

## **Eulogy of an Engineer**

Engineers,  
The leaps of progress,  
from gait of stagnancy.  
The flesh of truth,  
from illusion of fancy.  
The ease of smoothness,  
from web of complexity.  
The mirror of immaculation,  
from dust of perplexity.  
The success of steel,  
from assiduity of clay.  
The vision of future,  
from moments of today.  
The course of nation,  
from maze of mindspace.  
The reach of mankind,  
from obscurest of place.  
An Engineer.

Pramod Khilery

## **Feminine Paradox**

Perhaps,  
She is content  
To live with him,  
Now.  
The home is robed with  
Ornaments of desolation.  
Rhythm and sound  
At peace with each other.  
Crinkled bed sheets  
Witnesses  
Insidious aroma.  
Now she is waiting impatiently,  
For a child.  
Who might look after her.  
Perhaps,  
For a son.

Pramod Khilery

## Friend or Foe

He grew hotter and hotter  
But something inside him,  
Branched out a shadow.  
Soothing and bracy  
But innocent and callow.  
Trying to be a parasol,  
With grandness of a peepal tree.  
Finding the alcoves,  
In my heart, to fill with glee.  
But remained,  
A foe in the public eyes,  
And friend in my songs.  
Could never decide though  
Which side, he belongs.

Pramod Khilery

## **From Under The Tears Somewhere**

Criscrossing barefoot,  
Down the mazes of mind lanes,  
With the surrealism of feet,  
Osmosising The Magic Touch,  
Getting along with the road of reality,  
And the sky of imagination,

My perspired flesh tries to canoodle,  
The wrinkled clothes of questions,  
And from under the tears somewhere,  
Emerges the Poetry and starts swimming,  
Like a cygnet in my reveries,  
And ends up pleasing my whole being,  
As if the lake of reveries,  
Mistook me for cygnet.

Pramod Khilery

## **From Yesterday's Burrow**

A few lines about you,  
I had written years ago.  
Today they resurfaced,  
From yesterday's burrow.

I read them aloud,  
As if, to make you listen.  
A tear in the eye,  
Affirmed the frisson.

It was a surprise,  
Is love still there!  
I had forgotten you,  
Not my heart, dear.

Pramod Khilery

## **Gifts**

Far up in the hills,  
I sent a word for her.  
She sent herself to me,  
In a bundle of gifts.

Pramod Khilery

## **Gulzaar (Hindi)**

Though this is a genuine poem depicting the burning desire of a heart to do something for the society he lives in, but finds it difficult to come to grips with the circumstances, he is compelled to breath in, the only unusual thing about this poem is that it contains within it the 16 directorial ventures of the celebrated Hindi film maker 'Gulzaar'.And hence this title.He is my one of the favorite Hindi film maker.

Apne khyaalon ki maachis jalakar,  
koshish karoon,  
samaaj ke bigadte mausam,  
aur udti aandhee,  
se sabka parichya karane ki.  
Dilon se,  
kinaara kar rahi,  
un angoor ki khushbu si,  
magar namkeen,  
bhawnaaon ko libaas doon,  
jharnon si kitaab ka,  
aur ahsaas doon,  
mujhe mere apne hone ka.  
Lekin kraah utha,  
achanak lagi aag se,  
man ka gharondha.  
Ijajat jal gayee,  
kisi band kamre mein.

Pramod Khilery

## **Had The Quest Been Satiated**

Had the quest been satiated  
The cockles of heart  
Would have let untuned days  
Pass, singing paeans.  
At least, I think on these lines  
I might be wrong,  
But What if yearnings  
Pierces the very moments  
Which once i adorned.  
The blood blushes and  
the wounds, unabashedly  
keeps inflicting the very pain  
which once I took pride in,  
but this time in a poisonous chalice.  
Dulcetly sounds has not turned  
their back on me  
but the incessant cacophony  
of sight, I never chanced upon,  
overpowers them.

Pramod Khilery

## **Hallowing the Hollow**

Soaring the sacred,  
Derided the sacrilege.  
Ceased to be human being,  
With such an ease.

The art of consecration,  
Lost to stones.  
Way outside the hearts,  
Way inside the bones.

Pramod Khilery

## **Hanged Today**

When  
We hang our today  
On the stubble of tomorrow  
Which is pierced  
In some cemented wall  
At such a height  
That neither  
Our hands reaches there  
Nor  
It falls itself,  
Then I wonder  
What we live.  
Today is with tomorrow  
And tomorrow is nowhere.

Pramod Khilery

## **Helpless**

Looking at the neem tree,  
Right at the center of courtyard,  
He was not looking,  
At past or future,  
But just at some branches,  
Going wayward.

Pramod Khilery

## Helplessness

Heart longs for,  
What is beyond me.  
Rummaging ends with,  
showered shards, of shadow tree.

The heels yielded to,  
The colour, they were doomed to.  
The mind comes up,  
Only with pretexts anew.

The helplessness rules,  
Or nerves are cocooned at will.  
The question threatens the answer,  
With a robber's skill.

Heart mind and will,  
All stands blameworthy now.  
Sheltered under blown away awnings,  
Acquiescent enough to kowtow.

Pramod Khilery

## **Hold The Breaths**

Hold the breaths,  
Still needs to be kissed  
Shining,  
Eyes and glistening cheeks.

Hold the breaths,  
I begged to river  
Depths,  
Still to be measured.

Hold the breaths,  
Cloudy day sings  
World,  
Seems to be lost.

Hold the breaths,  
I begged to world  
Listen,  
To rhythmic moments.

Pramod Khilery

## **Homeless**

Pretends to be sky of cosmos,  
He is just a disguised clay.

Homeless owns the desolation,  
Of midnight and piggybacks the day.

The parlous togetherness sings,  
Requiems, somewhere faraway.

The vacuum stands on toes,  
And holds in hands, the sun of May.

Pramod Khilery

## Hope

Silent are,  
the questions  
or  
the answers,  
now?  
I can, t say.  
Roads,  
are still,  
wider than expected.  
Moments,  
are still,  
far from being gray.  
Black sky is turning cerulean.  
Might bring,  
the answers,  
with itself,  
the first footfall  
of sunlit day.

Pramod Khilery

## Hope Against Dead Silence

The dusk  
has fallen on ocean  
and  
dead silence  
has turned unfrightened.  
But  
who knows  
a couple of waves  
might prove  
too much for it.  
Things with which  
courtyard of home of tears  
turned fragrant  
seems to be saccharine only  
irrespective of the meanings,  
whether light or deep.  
When marks of footsteps  
even rocks can't forget,  
the moments of those mornings  
turns  
golden than gold.  
If only a speck of silence  
drops from  
the sack of dead silence,  
sounds would be heard  
even by  
the deaf since yore.

Pramod Khilery

## **Horrifying Date**

Hijacked emotions,  
Incarcerated minds,  
Wear the mask of hate.

Darkens ambience,  
Bludgeons people  
Into a gratuitous fate

And we are left with,  
One another, horrendous  
And horrifying Date.

Pramod Khilery

## **I Can't Say**

Pushed me out of bed  
And laughed,  
Night went bacchanal.  
Parochial sleep,  
By then had decided,  
To slaughter me,  
But sans dreams.  
Its own or mine,  
I can't say.

Pramod Khilery

## **I Concede...**

I baked  
moments of my life  
on sharp flames.  
But  
every time  
life complained to me,  
'still raw, still unripened'.  
I am sure  
She would not have said this  
just to tease me.  
Somewhere  
there must be some fault  
in my ways, on my part.

Pramod Khilery

## **I Too Had Wings**

Indocile indolence,  
was always at my face.  
I too had wings,  
now not even the trace.

Pramod Khilery

## **I Was Always There And All By Myself**

I was always there and all by myself,  
Being drowned in billowy river by side and lost in squiffy fog.  
The fog, which ensured always that,  
Her visage remain visible, but to my gaze only.  
The bench on the riverside brought us those moments,  
Which breaths still deep in glebe soil.  
And the pattering of rain on the grass crooned my only love song.  
She loved me in ermine, she said once.  
My kisses and fondling may have taken her far away,  
But she never forgot to fill her urn with river water.  
I was always there and all by myself,  
Pantomiming alone and rambling along the rough pathways.  
The pathways, taking me through fallow land,  
Somewhere near her presence.  
And the sunlight brought her mute shadows to me,  
To make me hear, the sound of those moments,  
Which insinuated dying gales.  
You are in full bloom, I said to her.  
And the song on my lips left me, to be her fate for good.  
I often see soul when left alone, amusing herself with her.  
I was always there and all by myself.  
I will always be there and all by myself.

Pramod Khilery

## **In Custody**

There is a paralyzed tree  
Unwatered for years,  
Ravaged of its shadow.  
There is an empty hall  
Frightening the ruins,  
With a jarring falsetto.  
There is a vacuous courtyard  
Staring the dust,  
And masquerading serenity.  
There is a seared garden  
Robbed of its gardener and verdancy,  
Reminiscing the lost affinity.  
There is a crucified door  
Enduring shoving of wind,  
Waiting for that gentle knock.  
There is a decrepit house  
Nostalgic of dead dwellers,  
In custody of a rusted lock.  
There is a selfish street  
Quelling its desire,  
To stand on tiptoe and peek inside.  
There is a hoary parapet  
Resembling the clouded sky,  
Paying tribute, to those who died.

Pramod Khilery

## **Inauspicious Touch**

I was not immersed  
In holy chants.  
I was just looking at the  
Fabulous arrangements.  
I have no idea,  
What would have happened to me.  
Had I been in the same queue,  
As was the lower society.  
Dear temple authorities,  
Should I offer my gratitude,  
And say 'Thank you very much'  
For saving me,  
From some inauspicious touch.

Pramod Khilery

## **Indefinable**

I sent my poems  
to embellish  
your vivid features.  
They ended up  
being hypnotized  
by your becharmed radiance.  
Rhetorics failed  
in finding your equal.  
I sent my songs  
to run a thread through  
and string you  
in the cadence of music.  
They ended up  
rummaging for the cantabile raga.  
Ornaments of sound  
were at sea  
adoring your splendor.  
I sent my paintings  
to mirror  
your true reflection.  
They ended up  
doing injustice  
to mesmeric fragrance  
of your bewitched skin.  
Colors looked inept  
against your candor  
and recherche gaiety.  
My every endeavour  
to define and delineate you  
was a naive betise on my part.

Pramod Khilery

## Independence Day-the rustic way

They were all gathered  
in a veranda.  
I could  
hear the running nose  
of ill nourished infants.  
I could hear  
the loud guffaws  
of scantily clad children.  
I could hear  
the ceaseless prattle  
of unemployed youth.  
I could hear  
the praising and lambasting  
of political parties  
by frail elders.  
I could hear  
the constant muttering  
of veiled women.  
I could feel  
the entire ambiance  
turning malodorous  
due to perspiring.  
I could smell  
muck of the street  
next to door.  
I could see  
the net of loose bare wires  
around them.  
They were all there,  
to see  
on television  
grand celebration  
of 59th Independence Day,  
to hear  
our prime minister  
belaboring his Government's  
achievements for last one year.  
But  
they all were  
waiting for the light to come.  
In their ignorant rusticity,  
I could see  
enlightenment of contentedness,  
enlightenment of innocent badinage.  
What if  
the enlightenment of Independence  
still eludes them.

Pramod Khilery

## Indocile Indolence

Would the obstinate morning  
of my thoughts  
be able to  
jolt shivering morning  
of winter.

Since years,  
wishes and hopes,  
desires and dreams,  
slumbering away  
the night and day,  
with their arms  
spread around  
on the bed of my heart.

Would they  
wake up now!  
To the greetings  
of smiling moments,  
always on the run,  
they paid no attention.  
In half-wakefulness  
they gazed upon them  
and then  
put down their head  
again on pillow  
of indolence.

While  
In these very  
half waked eyes  
even now,  
some where, some one  
is rowing  
the oars of boat of dreams,  
oblivious of the fact  
that now  
the boiled water of tears,  
instead of caressing,  
burns out  
not only oars  
but even  
the boat of dreams.

Pramod Khilery

## **Inner instincts**

On the wheel of life,  
Potter of time,  
Keeps making,  
Something or other.

But,  
To some extent,  
On the nature of soil,  
Also depends.  
The art of time's hands.

Pramod Khilery

## Innocent Parasol

Everyone says.  
I admit.  
She is beautiful.  
How pretty!  
I can't say.  
I have never seen her.  
Why?  
Ask my eyes.  
I don't know.  
Is it easy?  
No, it is not easy.  
If it were easy  
I wouldn't have let rain go  
With face pulled up long.

Everyone says.  
I admit.  
I love clouds.  
But rain!  
I can't say.  
It's a long time since I let  
Droplets fall on my skin.  
Why?  
Ask my skin.  
I don't know.  
Some touches wince.  
They wince even more  
If road is wet.

My heart goes out for  
Innocent parasol.  
Always waiting  
To be opened.

Pramod Khilery

## **Its All Yours**

Panting breaths ask,  
Is there no one by your side?  
The pricked pebble commiserates,  
Its all yours, the road, so wide.

Pramod Khilery

## Jump

Trickling by stones,  
Which reached mountains.  
That very water says to me,  
Jump into me, feel my wetness.

Whose burden are you bearing,  
She herself will discover you.  
Just care for the direction,  
From where starts, emanating voices.

Breaths will realize then gentility of wind.  
And loud will be the guffaw of soul.  
When on its land, will be unfurled,  
A unique flag of dreams.

Heart has been revered, wherever.  
An identity has been realized there.  
This is what history says,  
Since the time immortal, since the world exists.

Pramod Khilery

## **Let greet the morning**

Let greet the morning  
Of breath once again.

Let write the blood  
Of hope in the name of nerves.

Let throw out the dust of duststorm  
From the heart and move ahead.

Let boil the dream in the water  
Of determination and move ahead.

Let spill this over our heart  
And make our pathway unobstructed.

Let take a shower  
In the cascade of enthusiasm.

Let make the gait  
Of steps a unshaken commotion.

Let rule the kingdom  
Of remoteness and make our aim, our slave.

Pramod Khilery

## **Let Me Wait For My Heart, To Say Something**

Jittery senses and swarthy vicinity,  
Both conspired.  
I too had my own reservations,  
Why do I get mired?  
Was I right or wrong? The question hissed.  
Diffidence too scowled at me.  
Let me wait for my heart, to say something  
To solve my riddle, finally.

Pramod Khilery

## **Let This Silence Leapfrog**

You filled the empty bowl,  
With the saccharine soul  
And sought succor of silence,  
To say  
"savour the ambrosia".  
Tongue tied I was  
And betrayal of my silence too,  
I bore.  
Let this silence leapfrog,  
I have a penchant for bridges.

Pramod Khilery

## **Little Dream of a Homeless Boy**

At the whim of my heart  
I will ask mother  
To prepare a delicious dish for me.  
And then,  
When she will call me,  
I will say,  
I am watching T.V.  
Serve me right here.  
And she will.  
And then,  
After being corrupted with  
Mother's affection,  
I will establish  
My ascendancy over younger sister.  
And then,  
If she,  
Complains to daddy,  
I will accept his rebuke,  
With my head bent low.

Pramod Khilery

## Lost in Vacuum

I stand  
with my head  
bend in submission.  
I endure  
the rebuke of my path  
which began  
being the desire of my heart,  
which fallen  
being the twilight of my hopes.  
Now  
I have become its distance.  
One stretched arm,  
then suddenly I saw.  
I tried, stretching myself  
but where was I?  
The water in bowl of sweat  
was quite saccharine  
but where was i?  
Neither here nor there.  
Without any path.  
Without any journey.

Pramod Khilery

## Love

It is lovely,  
It is sacred.  
No one's enemy,  
Everyone's friend.

Heart, if illumined  
With its light,  
Seems,  
Exquisite and ravishing  
Every sight of the world.

Fortunate and blessed  
Is the place,  
Where it abides.  
Desolated and ill fated  
From where it is shunned.

Helps us jettison  
The petty bickerings.  
Sends into slumber forever,  
The malignant intentions.

Reasons,  
Cease to be the necessity,  
To be joyous then.  
Utterings,  
Cease to be the prerequisite  
To articulate feelings.

With each other  
Confab, the hearts then.  
At distance they meet  
For there is, love always.

Pramod Khilery

## **Love or Escape**

We are nearing my destination  
She said with a tinge of gloom.  
Dew droplets on the leaves  
Couldn't have evaded their parching now.  
Who she feared more,  
The destination itself  
or  
The pain, our parting bore.

Pramod Khilery

## Lovelorn

Dusk got displeased with me.  
Dawn turned its back on me.  
All I wanted  
was to befriend a gentle wind.  
I hear  
even with closed ears  
the swift pace of those footsteps.  
And then  
a certain kind of perplexity  
encircles me.  
Why she  
ran away from me.  
Was I a plunderer?  
I hear  
some sounds reverberating  
and  
some shadows rambling.  
I wish  
the silent moments  
of my life  
now start addressing me  
and  
stir up once more  
the things  
which once  
roosted in my heart.

Pramod Khilery

## **Luminous Solitude**

Illuminated  
is my solitude  
with songs, poems and paintings.  
Dances with me  
every raga of my music  
and  
introduces me  
to lilting angels of their world.  
Flows  
in the nerves of my heart  
soft poems  
which  
tickles its every corner  
with a fragrance  
that leaves  
even most distressing moments  
with its saccharine aroma.  
Brings to me  
their innocent emotions  
my paintings  
and  
keeps accosting me  
even days after  
my return  
from the labyrinths  
of their  
undulating and wavy lines.

Pramod Khilery

## **Magic of Inspiration**

A deep sea.  
A bridge of foliages.  
Threat of drowning persists.  
But  
The ebullience of my paces,  
Is not hidden from foliages.

Pramod Khilery

## **Mere Burden On Earth**

Flames flickered and doused,  
Without singing those songs,  
Which they learned from us.  
But we kept on burning ourselves,  
In the new hearth.  
What we are left with,  
To lose anymore,  
Mere burden on the earth.

Pramod Khilery

## Millions Of Skies

My dreams  
said to sky.  
Let us,  
fill our lap  
with stars  
glistened over your canopy.  
Let us,  
also  
illuminate a little,  
our night, by your side.  
Let our aspirations  
also  
make a little sky  
of their own  
where  
every star would be moon.  
Tomorrow,  
when any other  
dream wandering in dark  
would come across our way  
seeking  
even stars,  
we would say,  
with a radiance  
in our countenance  
"take with you  
as much as you like  
moons  
from here  
but  
keep at the back of mind  
also the fact,  
like us, like you  
there are millions of dreams.  
we have to make  
millions of skies."

Pramod Khilery

## **Mirror**

I have upkept  
The basket of memories.  
Here you will find  
Every answer.  
Oh my heart!  
Ask any question.  
Darkness will  
Give way to light.  
Strange illusions  
You kept harboring.

Pramod Khilery

## **Momentary Sights**

A cloud  
Is doing a painting  
On the canvas of sky.  
A child  
Is standing somewhere  
Holding the edge of  
Mother's saree.  
An animal  
Is playing like children  
With his peers.  
A wispy person  
Is cheerful today  
On some matter.  
A bird  
Is pulling  
The bed sheet of my bed.  
An infant  
Is stretching his limbs  
Lying in the lap of slumber.  
Defeats thousand sorrows  
These momentary sights.

Pramod Khilery

## **Mother And Son**

He often empties his heart out  
before her.  
Only the word 'Mummy'  
holds itself back.  
Son, he is.  
She only has memories  
to bask in, now.  
Only the word 'Beta(Son) '  
doesn't leave the lips.  
Mother, she is.

Pramod Khilery

## **My Dreams**

Fights with the kerfuffle of realities, my dreams.  
Brawls with venomous tongues, my dreams.

By putting to sleep the delusions of heart.  
By leaving behind the false prestige of world.  
Gushes out like waves of ocean, my dreams.

By singing songs in dead silence of dark night.  
By tuning them to the rhythm of a flying kite.  
Manifests their intentions, my dreams.

By inlaying dessicate land of soul, with saccharine droplets.  
By sowing the vastness in iris of pensive eyes, whets.  
The imagination to look beyond dreams, my dreams.

Pramod Khilery

## **My Evening Stroll**

Resonating falsettos,  
In serene streets,  
Emerges out from nowhere.  
Cacophony to ears,  
But melody to soul.  
I am enjoying,  
Once again,  
My evening stroll

Pramod Khilery

## **My Reveries**

My reveries impersonates the charioteer of the wind  
and I feel every pore of my body,  
showered with zephyr of Her passion.  
She is to me, what truth is to womb of time.  
Only the dreams were born,  
but only the eyes will die.

Pramod Khilery

## **Myriad Gazes And a Face**

Chimes sound flirtatious,  
With the dance of anklets.  
The song of their ecstasy,  
Tickle hearts innocents.

Cloaked frame walks,  
And purest white sings.  
Cerulean sky misses moon,  
Sacred colours cringes.

Lost lake in her stream,  
Kissed the manicured hands.  
Finds favour today,  
With fortune, deserted lands.

The river of raven lips,  
Sprinkles the milked grace.  
Rests in quite gales of notes,  
Myriad gazes and a face.

Pramod Khilery

## **Mystic Wait**

This time,  
the time had disguised  
itself as a docent.  
I felt as if,  
I was within you,  
whilst with you.  
I was alone again,  
when mystic wait was over.

Pramod Khilery

## **Need and Love**

I do think,  
that,  
more than I love her,  
I need her.  
And this need,  
disguised as love  
brings forth with it  
the courtesy in my voice,  
the affection in my countenance,  
and the love in my eyes.  
when did this  
unconscious hypocrisy  
intrude in my nature,  
I don't yearn to know.  
But now  
straddling along  
the edges of need and love  
I find myself  
guilty of her  
immaculate and innocent love.

Pramod Khilery

## **Neither Fantasy Nor Chimera, It Was**

What if it appeared  
A little unconvincing and fanciful,  
But I am sure  
Certainly it was not at all,  
A fantasy or chimera.  
Then why did the shadow of walls  
Impersonate the darkness of a burrow  
And malodor of a cesspit?  
Then why did the trees along side  
Forget, what their swing is for?  
Then why did they become like sun  
And stretched their branches  
To blind my eyes?

Pramod Khilery

## Never Betray Her Nostalgia

Without an inkling to self  
I entered the house.  
Not for a moment,  
I realized, whose home is this.  
why I am here?  
Had lunch, had tea  
and without an iota,  
of hesitation,  
huddled myself in siesta.  
A siesta of stranger,  
In already slumbering house.  
And then,  
left it without creating  
even a slightest of noise.  
And comes,  
resting of a hand  
on my shoulder from behind  
and began,  
the film in my eyes.  
One frame comes alive  
when one dies.  
our rides on toy cycle,  
our quarrels on puddings,  
our prayers to God of light,  
our tiffs without any reason,  
her complains to mother about me,  
her endorsing of my every act.  
her swallowing of my rebukes.  
Seeing me deadpanned,  
came voice, 'I know all that'  
'She herself told me all'  
from that,  
just out of slumber house,  
which stood before me,  
posing like a riddle.  
And then, the last sentence,  
'I am your own sister's home'  
Until then I did not realize  
she has grown young,  
to live,  
in her own home, own world,  
Now.  
'Never betray her nostalgia'  
This is what only, I could say  
before, approaching,  
the newly realized,  
different from hers, my Own way.

Pramod Khilery

## **Nights of Whores**

Nights of whores  
Derides them, in their own paradise.  
Waft from window  
The carnal desires.  
Pores of body  
Blocked and cemented.  
Who can run through  
Their soul now.  
Drops of nectar  
Intoxicated.  
Pangs of fate.  
Moments of berate.  
They are not sinless.  
Excuses, who can digest.  
Ask a child,  
Lives off on either hate  
Or compassion  
And feels cheated.

Pramod Khilery

## **Nipped in the Bud**

Irrespective of  
The weather,  
They woke up in the morning.  
Wore,  
Shoes, t-shirts and knicker  
Acquired after tears.  
Reached ground  
With gritting teeth  
And  
Goose bumps.  
In next few moments  
When steps started,  
Measuring every part of  
The ground,  
The gritting of teeth  
Turned into  
Panting breaths.  
And sweat,  
Replaced goose bumps.  
As the time went by,  
Breaths squatted,  
Sweat dried,  
Without leaving  
Any mark  
Either on body  
Or on soul.

Pramod Khilery

## **No Escape**

After treading  
a certain distance,  
night had a funereal look,  
on its face.  
The hair in the eye  
bore down to her.  
The burning and the bearing  
retained their alienness  
to reveries,  
pushed to corner.  
It might seem  
all calm and halcyon,  
to another eye,  
but ask the vision.

Pramod Khilery

## **No Longer**

Those shores and those oceans,  
I would have loved to be crawled between.

And I would have made all my bruises,  
Read the poems of love to you.

When night, once forget to bring darkness along,  
We cruised past the monstrous waves.

And reached the stones, pebbles and pearls,  
You asked me to serenade something to you.

But whose voice it was, which scared us,  
Darkness stood before us with the sharpness of its absence.

Drank the ocean, then blood of my blind eyes.  
A few words, writhing there, were too brackish for its taste.

Now I need not read poems of love to you,  
The din of waves can't stifle, the wailing of few floundering words.

Pramod Khilery

## **No Longer He Returns In The Evening**

No longer he returns in the evening.  
Rests in their alcoves,  
the moments unperturbed.  
Brooding of wooden doors lies ensconced,  
finding herself undisturbed.  
That distinguished sound of cough  
reminds courtyard of its lost agility.  
The smoke emerging out of stove,  
fades in the air,  
before hearing the clatter  
of plate, bowl and spoon.  
Lied dormant, the evening.  
Kneels before slowly approaching darkness.  
Door snuggles in to lap of slumber.  
doesn't wait for that gentle push,  
anymore.

Pramod Khilery

## **Not Sure**

Shoulders,  
When bears her weight,  
Ceases to be  
The pain of tomorrow.  
How else,  
Would he say to her,  
The mudwalls of village,  
Are not too high.  
The sand and the road,  
Both are prone  
To capricious way of wind.  
Not sure,  
Whether,  
It is doubt or certainty,  
Learning,  
Her language.

Pramod Khilery

## **Now You**

Now you,  
Become a thing of past,  
Vanished with elapsed time.  
Only to be cherished,  
As a memory.  
Tomorrow morning,  
I have a new life to live,  
Now you,  
Become a never to be  
Woken up night.  
Sometimes,  
Which leaves behind a smile  
On lips of my forlornness,  
Now you,  
Oh my beloved,  
Become that forgotten thought.

Pramod Khilery

## **Ogreish Patience**

Ogreish patience frightened the wait,  
Looks straight into my eye.  
Soft touches somewhere far,  
Reproached my chuckling cry.

Ogreish patience arrested 'moves',  
Wronged life to atone quandaries.  
Angelic kisses, beaten the brow,  
Wait greeted them instead of leis.

Pramod Khilery

## **Oh Money**

Befriend me, Oh money  
You help me wipe off tears.  
Sing to me, Dance with me  
You bring me cheers.

As bad as good, you are  
I have heard, people say.  
But you are like water  
White in white, gray in gray.

Avaricious, I am not  
Its only a matter of needs.  
I promise, You won, t be  
Ashamed of my deeds.

Pramod Khilery

## Oh My Dear

Brainstormed a lot, over a thought.  
Then rolled the dice, even thrice.  
But results were same, the lame.  
Racked up brain, again.  
Is deft or daft, my craft.  
Ruminated in dark, over every quark.  
Seemed every way, went astray.  
Looked endless for a while, even a mile.  
Then emerged from within, and quashed din.  
Said the Seer, Oh my dear.  
On the path of heart, none is pert.  
Everything has a role, sad or droll.  
Sangfroid or intense, madness or sense.  
Learn the lessons, with the patience.  
And realize the dream, from behind the seam.

Pramod Khilery

## **One Another Day**

Alongside the high wall,  
He kept measuring the desiccation.  
Feet in the shadowy corner,  
Don't want to know, who was ahead of them.  
Moon and stars lingers from afar.  
No, he don't want the distance,  
To get traveled.  
Softness of earth swathed by shrubs  
Is too weak to test the patience.  
'There is one another day,  
Still left with me'  
Song emanates in the air,  
Too sweet for his sour lips,  
Echoes stronger and stronger.  
The crowd looks with open eyes,  
lying supine, someone, yonder.

Pramod Khilery

## **One Step Ahead, I Am**

One step ahead, I am  
Piggybacking morrow.  
Tilted back, too numb to be felt,  
Exchanges pleasantries,  
Sounding out the mystery.  
One step ahead, I am  
My pace roasts the path.  
Feet too, too numb to be felt,  
Aim embraces me,  
As if it is, a ritual only.

Pramod Khilery

## **Only A Street In Rustic England**

Mist,  
When fell on her visage,  
I loved,  
The idea of being marooned.  
In the cadence of waves,  
I swam with her, until  
I did not begin to walk on clouds.  
Sprawled on a knoll,  
She,  
Embraced in her arms,  
The invisible world.  
We did not say,  
A word.  
Only the parting,  
Opened to me,  
Her being, only,  
A street in rustic England.

Pramod Khilery

## **Only Then**

Now that the water has turned acerbic,  
Going to shores would be a sin.  
When taste of nectar would kiss wetness,  
Heart will have its way out, only then.

Pramod Khilery

## **Out Of Where**

Out of where,  
I bring my own self,  
To my mien and  
Arrange a rendezvous between them.  
Out of where,  
My body afloats,  
On the gondolas of stanching breaths,  
And makes shores of ambience,  
Label it otiose.  
Out of where,  
An affray affronts soul,  
And the silence gets breached.  
Out of where,  
A drop of tear,  
Falls on the deaf heart,  
Entreating,  
To set it to music.

Pramod Khilery

## **Parichya Us Pushp-Kamal Se(Hindi)**

Parichya us pushp-kamal se,  
Jaise premgaan hua.  
Phalibhoot har ras se,  
Ye mera mann-udhyaan hua.

Sinchit hui kaliaan man ki,  
Uske pratham darsh se.  
Harit hua har kona uske,  
Haathon ke sparsh se.  
Sookhepan ka har kyaari se,  
Ab chir-prasthaan hua.  
Phalibhoot har ras se,  
Ye mera mann-udhyaan hua.

Us par ho chuka hai nirbhar,  
Is man ka har ansh ab.  
Sah nahin pata ek kshan,  
Uske virha ka dansh ab.  
Usse doori-nikatthaa par hi,  
Ab jeevan kathin-aasaan hua.  
Phalibhoot har ras se,  
Ye mera mann-udhyaan hua.

Pramod Khilery

## **Pebbles At Shore**

Pebbles at shore,  
asks,  
the ammunition in nerves.  
Can explosion,  
engineer the cardiac fission.  
Can explosion,  
make the indifferent listen,  
to our woes,  
and ocean blows.

Pramod Khilery

## Prey

A sandy patch of land  
makes me walk a million miles.  
The infinity of bouts of time  
makes way for crispness of moments  
as acicular as  
thought of sounding out a stranger here,  
as incisive as  
setting foot on my own loggia.  
Darkness and desolation  
prevents me to some extent  
from being an item(on an exhibition)  
up for grabs,  
but doors exchanging pleasantries  
finally devours me.

Pramod Khilery

## **Pricking Perplexity**

Have I been  
just amusing myself  
or was truly asking  
for happiness  
from my dreams.  
Have I been  
just burning myself  
in scalding heat  
or was searching for  
my own shadow somewhere.  
Have I been  
treading the darkness,  
wearing the chains of  
my own paces  
or the garland of  
temperament of birds.  
Have I been  
a quiet corner  
of turns of paths  
or some brush of air  
aboard chariot of wind.  
Have I been  
reading books of desires  
like lines of palm  
or indulged personally too  
in writing something worthwhile.  
Have I been  
swaddling myself with only  
rough uncemented houses  
or was also distilling ivory  
from running moments  
to make some grandiose palace.

Pramod Khilery

## Quiter Than A Shadow

I kept crying for my forlornness,  
But did not think even for a moment.  
To make her child, disappear from her eyes,  
For a mother, is the biggest torment.  
To sacrifice, of her affection,  
No one paid even the slightest of attention.  
I kept weeping and wailing,  
But she maintained her stoic mum.  
Now in the desolate home,  
She broods, all the time.  
Too long is the muteness,  
And too short are the moments of chime.  
Years ago in her own home,  
Began the banishment.  
Still going the same way,  
Still seems, nowhere around any end.  
But neither is dejection on her face,  
Nor even a sigh on lips.  
Sorrows cloistered in heart,  
Tears vanished from moist eyes.  
And yet, She bears with a smile,  
My every imbecility.  
She is my mother.  
I see God in Her.

Pramod Khilery

## Radio

An old hindi film song  
emanating from the radio  
playing near by  
fills the void  
of those monotonous moments,  
with a kind of tactile chiaroscuro.  
The visages  
with  
the grizzled beards  
and tousled hairs  
can see the entire diorama  
at the surface of the tea  
right through the steam.  
For a few moments  
the cold waves and the hot day ahead  
forgot their hard nosed ways  
and became a part of this montage.  
As the song came to its end  
the base of the glass turned mirror.  
Everything was like before,  
then.

Pramod Khilery

## **Reared and Rearer**

Reared and rearer  
became stranger.  
The bathetic cries  
turned inaudible.  
Piggybacked scruples  
sang a song,  
untuned.  
Tears are not enough,  
to drown,  
the remnants of ruined.

Pramod Khilery

## Rendezvous

I could see  
Her restlessness  
At espying my empty glass  
At lunch table.  
I could see  
Her care for me  
The way she made  
My limitations sit  
In the shadow of her eyes.  
The straw of emotion  
Dropped in cold drink  
Of my heart  
Was enough  
To convey the simple message.  
It was waiting  
Even to be touched  
By my lips  
Else  
Housing the hundred other talks.  
Though desiccate and dry  
But still unmoved,  
Remained my lips.  
Soon,  
It was time to bid goodbye.  
She accompanied me  
Till the main road,  
With a smile deriding me,  
To show me, the only main gate.  
But  
I could see  
A torrent of gates  
Opening and opening and opening  
Around me.  
I could see  
Her parting from me,  
In a serene gait,  
Appearing to me, a commotion,  
Leaving behind only gates.  
Gates of her thoughts.  
Gates of her emotions.  
Gates of her life.  
Each gate  
Waiting for me  
To get out.

Pramod Khilery

## **Robbed**

After getting into the burrow  
He couldn't see even himself  
In the darkness.  
But could feel,  
Artificial machines,  
Looking like human flesh,  
Peeling him, cutting him,  
Hammering him, butting him,  
and  
The product was ready.  
An educated man  
was carved out  
Of an innocent and inquisitive boy.  
Labeled with a degree,  
Robbed of his soul,  
Robbed of his creativity,  
Robbed of his consciousness,  
Robbed of his very personality.  
Now,  
He was ready,  
To descend into  
The acerbic ocean of unemployment.

Pramod Khilery

## **Roots**

When morning  
Wakes me up  
I talk to her  
With such an articulacy  
As if, was already awoken.  
Then why  
Everyone finds my eyes  
Drowsy till twilight even?  
Why don't  
They see,  
Sayings of morning  
Instead?

Pramod Khilery

## **Sand of My Nation**

It discerns the signs of wind.  
It keys out every conflagrant direction.  
Careless has turned careworn.  
The blowing sand of my nation.

Now it likes to be static.  
Now it refuse to greet its own sandstorm.  
Now it has stopped bullying housewives.  
Now it has broken its every norm.

Wars, massacres and pogroms.  
It kept enduring without a sign of asphyxiation.  
But now it seems to be wailing and crying.  
Swathed in silence, parched in intimidation.

Pramod Khilery

## **Schmaltzy Nature Of My Heart**

Schmaltzy nature of my heart,  
Has it own diseases.  
Those who claims to be friends, make faces,  
When the Aroma releases.  
My eyes and my tears,  
Sees her on the swinging hammock.  
For everyone else around,  
It is nothing but a matter of joke.

Pramod Khilery

## **Shadow of the Tree.**

I could not  
Solve their problem.  
They must have gone  
With a bad impression about me.  
I kept thinking  
The whole night.  
But They came,  
Next day,  
With another question, another plea.  
Why?  
May be, sometimes,  
Fruits are not as important  
As shadow of the tree.

Pramod Khilery

## **She Needed To Complete Herself**

'No way,  
You can take my heart out of me'  
I said to her.  
'Your being heartless is a virtue, ..  
Here, in this land....for me.'  
She said.  
Still awaiting completion,  
A wooden statue of a woman,  
Said all this.  
Naked bust,  
Was yet to be given, its due 'Reverence'.  
Artist was nowhere around.  
And she needed to complete herself.

Pramod Khilery

## **She Would Try to Visit My Siesta**

Looking from the  
Window of heart  
Was never easy.  
She kept repeating  
the cliché  
"I am busy"  
Though  
Her work hasn't reduced  
Even by an iota.  
But she has promised to me,  
Somehow, She would try  
To visit my siesta.

Pramod Khilery

## **Shut The Door**

Every morning,  
Often my life asks a question to me.

Why are you becoming  
Too arrogant to listen to my plea.

Yes, the allegation,  
Wrapped in the question is correct.

But at the same time,  
She forgets the fact.

In certain situations, for life  
There is only one rule of thumb.  
To become deaf and dumb.

Pramod Khilery

## **Silence**

Everyone yearns to touch it,  
Seems nothing short of sky.  
Only few reaches that far,  
Is silence really too high!

Pramod Khilery

## Skeptical

Into some river,  
when I will throw diamonds,  
Would river  
thank me  
or  
compare their illuminance  
with that of stars?  
At some path  
when I will put my first step,  
Would path  
embolden me  
or  
jibe for being  
so tard?  
Into some field  
when I will embrace  
the first brush  
of little success  
Would that field  
congratulate me  
or  
recount to me  
the losses I incurred  
on the way?

Pramod Khilery

## **So Happy, She Was**

In those eyes when I was travelling somewhere,  
I did not come across the squalid rivers and lakes.  
Those were like the horizons of skies,  
Visible to even the blindest eyes and  
Always before me, no matter where I was.  
I kept rolling down in her direction, my fate,  
Which was nothing but a tactile illusion.  
And then, ... The contours, but so smooth they were.  
Who could have thought, even for a single moment,  
The ogreish curves would swallow her.  
So happy she was, with them  
So pretentious, they were, with her.

Pramod Khilery

## Some Bygone Tales

By keeping themselves alive  
Somehow,  
Claims their right,  
On me,  
Some bygone tales.  
Began to let fly,  
My wounded dreams,  
Once again, in the sky.  
In the spent wisps of smoke,  
Not exists suffocation anymore.  
But can be seen,  
Remains of heat, still.  
Which burns my feet,  
Walking at their own pace.  
By exhibiting  
The glitter of their  
Extinguished fire  
Tries to convey  
The hidden touch of vanquishment,  
Some bygone tales.

Pramod Khilery

## **Sordid Songs**

Voices long gone  
Wanders yet.  
The confluence  
Of horizons of two worlds,  
Write poems.  
Dementia of schisms  
Knits a layette  
For infant apostasy.  
My feet are one  
With a cloudy day.  
Am I listening  
To sordid songs  
Emanating from nowhere?

Pramod Khilery

## **Still I am a Stranger**

Still I am a stranger  
in town of my own choice.

In the maze of its almost desolate streets  
I find myself swimming,  
unable to drown in the invisible soothing water.

In the superficial bustle  
set on its feeble social ambiance,  
I spend my evenings  
ebbing away into night,  
looking at my neighbors, still as a stranger.

Raw, unmettaled roads  
and children flocking to schools,  
often barefoot  
scantily clothed  
sends me to a little home of childhood  
with old time-pillaged wooden doors  
exhibiting their shyness to a stranger like me.

In the outskirts,  
a shepherd busy with his herd  
is no less than a king  
enjoying the sense of ownness  
and magic of his tongue  
which is more familiar to sheep than me.

Crowded expensive markets  
not hesitating to mock humaneness,  
giving shelter to fake smiles,  
refuses me  
even a moment of affinity.

Still I am a stranger,  
In town of my own choice.

Pramod Khilery

## **Still...**

Still this sadness doesn't have in it the strength  
to not let me free myself from its sharp clutches.  
Still this sadness doesn't have in it the moroseness  
to not let me sing a song brimmed over with love.  
Still this sadness doesn't have in it the prickness  
to not let me swim into lake of slumber.  
Still this sadness doesn't have in it the flames of heat  
to not let me savour brushes of gentle breeze.  
Still this sadness doesn't have in it the irateness  
to not let me adorn my eyelids with charming dreams.  
Still this sadness doesn't have in it the dreadness  
to not let me raise my steps once again,  
towards my intended goal.

Pramod Khilery

## **Stubborn Sameness**

Absorbed in conversation  
with streets  
the open doors of homes  
are witness to  
the rumbling of hookahs  
the loose cough of aged  
the pranks of children  
the browbeat of elders  
the loafing of teenagers  
the prattling of youth  
the veils of women  
the filth of streets  
the oil lamps of nights  
the dust of ambiance.  
and  
all those things  
which are rooted here  
since yore.  
Days ebbs away into night  
without any inkling.  
Voices keep changing.  
Nothing else.  
In these  
far away hamlets  
even now,  
even today.

Pramod Khilery

## **Suicidal Justice**

A father  
managed to marry  
his teenaged raped daughter  
somehow.  
An accused  
managed to secure  
impunity from court  
somehow.  
One,  
paid the price of  
being poor.  
One,  
exhibited the benefit of  
being rich.  
Now,  
destiny(read court) is contemplating  
justice,  
for his daughter.  
When,  
she is at peace with her life,  
serving her husband,  
rearing her children.  
But,  
Justice seems ogre now.  
She fears her father's untimely death.  
She fears her children's trauma.  
She fears her ostracization.  
She fears her suicide.  
Would justice turn  
suicidal for her?

Pramod Khilery

## **Surrender**

I would like to listen to them,  
About how curved path they carved,  
When they would tell me  
How they chiseled their way to success,  
And stones went out of way  
To rub their backs and produce "light".  
Coarse sounds will ask deaf ears then,  
How does it sound  
When, smothered under giant feet  
A smouldering path pants?  
The aqueous hours won't let me breath  
My own breaths.  
But would insist on an oxygen pipe to be  
Tethered to my nose.  
I too would give my consent  
After my first factitious breath.

Pramod Khilery

## Taking on the World

This is a true story of a boy,  
Taking on the whole world.  
Unaffected by the praises showered,  
Indifferent to the invectives hurled.

Brought upon by feeble grandparents,  
Devoid of parental love.  
Wounded by the arrows of penury,  
Trampled under the blades of plough.

Seeing distressed crinkled faces of old couple,  
Thought of skipping the childhood.  
And dreamt of earning money,  
As soon as he could.

And then one day,  
Grandfather left for heavenly abode.  
Burdening his little shoulders,  
With barren household's weighty load.

Even before he could recover himself,  
Surfaced the swindling of his little assets.  
Both he and grandmother lost their senses,  
Felt trapped in inflammable nets.

Robbed almost of his fortune,  
Turned paranoid and psychic.  
Of everyone around him.  
Sending life into a suffocating anarchic.

And then came, from a distant relative,  
Words, emboldening and encouraging.  
What if you are a child,  
Rise, wipe your tears and jump into the ring.

Whatever he was left with,  
He invested in the litigation.  
Has forgotten, he is a child,  
Remembers only the altercation.

Now all at the age of thirteen,  
He is fighting the court cases.  
And with a broken limb,  
Runs places to places.

Travels ticketless in tattered clothes,  
Wanders at foot in blazing streets.  
Endures browbeatings and snubbings,  
And keeps mum, even when his own lawyer cheats.

Grapples with venal employees,  
Struggles with his own fragile frame.

Condone the growling of belly,  
To keep the struggle aflame.

Yet I have seen him,  
Unruffled of this strange exile.  
Yet I have seen him,  
Illuminating the ambience with a smile.

Still the struggle is on,  
Still at a far distance from the end.  
The end which might prove sour and acerbic.  
The end which might prove a gift, Godsend.

Now robbed of his childhood,  
He is torn between being a boy or adult,  
All at the raw age of thirteen.  
I know, he is tenacious enough to keep going, on his own.  
But for him, are my prayers umpteen.

Pramod Khilery

## **That Old Winter Morning**

In that long rectangled room,  
At the very break of dawn,  
Would come,  
The winter morning.  
Shivering with cold,  
Tearing apart dense fog,  
But did never forget,  
Her visit.  
It appeared,  
As if,  
By averting the eyes,  
Of whole world,  
By leaving unattended,  
The million other dawns,  
She used to come,  
Only there,  
In that very room.  
Grandmother,  
Kept ready for her  
The lukewarm tea.  
Grandfather,  
Would wrap her  
With his warm quilt.  
And I,  
Used to see,  
From nearby,  
Absorbed,  
In their confabulation.  
This morning of winter,  
Savoring their company,  
Every morning.  
As I grew young,  
The rectangular room lost its place  
And with grandfather gone,  
Even the loyal winter morning,  
Has forgotten to show her face.

Pramod Khilery

## **That Was a Favour on His Part**

Went,  
beyond time.  
out,  
in the heaven.  
Silence,  
with,  
a solemn smile.  
The purr,  
of my heart,  
saw,  
the parasol and shadow.  
Dead,  
out of a living being,  
how,  
comes out,  
to,  
bring down,  
the roof  
and  
slink away,  
the earth,  
he knew well.  
Chosen,  
to be a song,  
being crooned  
every moment,  
through my eyes.  
Turned,  
into a sight,  
with,  
an unending love  
for colours.  
'I am dead',  
he never told me.  
That was a favour,  
on his part.

Pramod Khilery

## **The Apprehension Came True**

Doors bears the wait of locks,  
Even if smoke insinuates flame somewhere.  
Earth asked with a quiver in voice,  
Will gone by times be again here.

The apprehension came true when,  
A death became a prime time show.  
Whipped humanity never thought,  
Even drawing rooms will turn gallow.

Pramod Khilery

## **The Belief**

A time might come  
when people would not  
love me, respect me or want me.  
But still  
this scenario doesn't haunt me.

Circumstances might turn adverse  
and people may find  
my ways abnormal.  
But still  
I will keep relishing  
this beautiful life's every morsel.

Fortune might turn its back on me  
and people may mock at  
what I indulge in.  
But still  
in my beliefs,  
I will keep believing in.

I know,  
the day I will embrace my aim  
may take years to come.  
But still  
my longings for it will keep  
my determination firm.

Pramod Khilery

## **The Blossoming**

Only a dream cures itself,  
Running along the mudwalls.  
Heels enjoyed the downpour,  
far from frightened toes.  
The moment he will fall,  
World will get to see  
How does a flower blossom.

Pramod Khilery

## The Bravery Medal

He had gone  
to befriend the labyrinths of life.  
He had gone  
being their only hope.  
He had  
the crispness of predawn  
He had  
the splendour of noon.  
He had  
been abounded with  
the serenity of twilight.  
He had  
gone to turn their  
acerbic breaths into fragrance.  
He was  
well acquainted with  
fumes emanating from  
fire blowing pipe of stove.  
He had measured  
the depth of  
saccharine water's well.  
Then why,  
He had gone  
when his own time  
came to have his share  
from the well.  
Now,  
they look for his name  
in their crumpled palm-lines.  
Now,  
his falsetto and screeches  
reverberates their ears.  
he had gone now  
forever  
leaving behind memories only  
and yes  
a Veer-Chakra(The bravery model) .

Pramod Khilery

## **The Burning Day**

Till yesterday,  
we were so similar to each other.  
Will only deepen tomorrow,  
this slight difference of today.  
Besetted at one end of path,  
perhaps,  
He couldn't see, The burning day.

Pramod Khilery

## **The Burning Desire**

I don't want to crawl,  
I want to fly, high in the sky,  
Far off from the place,  
Where I am now.

I don't want to run away,  
I want to fight adversities,  
night and day.

And change the ambience,  
Where I am now.

What is the meaning of life,  
If I remain there, forever,  
Where I am now.

Success lies in the fact,  
That such are my deeds,  
Which makes me a reason for pride,  
For inhabitants of the place,  
For inhabitants of the world,  
Where I am now.

Pramod Khilery

## **The Childhood And Fragility**

Hewing the labyrinth,  
the childhood and fragility  
braves the increasing reek  
of fake sensibilities of  
educated illiterates.  
The childhood ladles out  
the day's boiled outpourings  
and fragility eats up  
deeming it oatmeal.  
The childhood does  
the miracle of bringing zephyr  
from Government Offices  
and fragility roasts  
the ambience,  
with instock snubbing.

Pramod Khilery

## **The City Alive**

The city is alive,  
but with soaring ash.  
Which in turn,  
is getting blended with human breath.

Pathways which appears moving  
are actually dead since they gained life.  
The fragrance of its air  
is afflicted with some disease.  
It looks as if someone  
has ravaged its night of its morning.  
The shadow of the trees of hope  
is shrinking.

Everyone is saying,  
city is in the grip of extreme fog.  
Then why,  
everything appears to me crystal clear.  
In the serene desolation,  
someone,  
on his shoulders,  
is taking away, far from us  
every moment of time.  
And every direction,  
is following his path.

Pramod Khilery

## **The Dignity of Time Gone By**

In the time gone by  
The grass on rooftops  
Romanced with raindrops.  
The dampness of floors  
Never longed for noon sun.  
The paintings on walls  
Embosomed emotions of clouds.  
The curtains behind doors,  
Absorbed in them,  
The malicious maelstrom  
Should I not uphold,  
The dignity of time gone by?

Pramod Khilery

## **The Disciple**

Tears hurried along,  
and brought with them,  
a pair of eyes.

Ran beyond gratitude  
The hands with prize.

Chiselled mind and honed skills,  
remembers the rough edges.

And then, emergence of a poem,  
on empty pages.

Pramod Khilery

## **The Edification**

Playing around  
His incinerate home  
A child,  
Came across a saint,  
Passing through the village  
Robed in ochre.  
While seeking  
His blessings  
The child offered  
To take him home.  
Suddenly,  
The saint transformed himself  
Into a tear, with a burning sensation.  
And crept into child's eyes  
And said,  
"Lets go"  
Boy's feet were clung to ground.  
Eyes edificated.

Pramod Khilery

## **The Father**

Touched upon my wings,  
A star of sky.  
I lent him my fancies,  
In lieu of a stye.

Pramod Khilery

## **The Feeble Trust**

One trickery of his falcon,  
Led him to believe his heart.  
One dropp of his own blood,  
Ripped apart the feeble trust.

Pramod Khilery

## **The Foundation Stone**

Inscribed with gilded words,  
laid with unsullied Hands,  
glittering foundation stone,  
feels ill at ease.

Among the company of,  
blowing sand, wayward shrubs  
and uncouth weeds.

Pramod Khilery

## **The Guilt of Being a Mute spectator**

Life looks like a sin now,  
Where can I take refuge,  
There seems to be  
No such place to hide.  
I am scurrying in the  
Streets of my own mind,  
Seeking respite somewhere.  
Those pathways have lost now  
Which inspired me  
To tread, with my courage  
Tethered with heart.  
A sandstorm is throwing me  
Hither and thither,  
As if its current is  
Even faster than electricity.  
Mankind has reached its edge  
With no place to escape now.  
Even God seems to have shut his eyes,  
To drops of blood  
Clogging like water,  
In and around my home.  
I see all this,  
Squatting helplessly.  
My own eyes  
Seems to me,  
Equal blameworthy.

Pramod Khilery

## **The Healer**

Swotting up on behavioral psychology,  
Wrapped in innocence, I gift her dreary drawls.  
My slough of despond,  
Often reach her through phone calls.

She keeps a lasso to hunt them down,  
Behind her memory in a place of hiding.  
Younger, I am, in these times of warmth,  
Elder, I was, in old times of squabbling.

Pramod Khilery

## **The Human Being**

Am I just a name  
or a real individual in flesh.  
Am I complete in myself  
or just one aspect of any matter.  
Am I myself religion  
or just a devotee of my being.  
Am I slave of my own heart  
or the monarch of whole cosmos.  
Am I the cerebral prowess  
or a garbage of illusions.  
Am I flaccid and feeble  
or the reason of calamities.  
Am I a closed room since yore  
or unlimited ocean of imagination.  
Am I exist really  
or just an impression  
which deceives its own eyes.

Pramod Khilery

## The Human Fog

Debt ridden  
found,  
the sludge on the road  
worth thanking.  
A momentary distraction,  
he needed.  
The God of heart,  
he often worshiped with  
flowers,  
of an ossified  
wrinkled veneer,  
blessed him  
with human fog.  
Quests, yearns  
and his thrown arms  
around her little daughter  
went vaped.  
The flurry of friends,  
he is standing amidst  
passes through him,  
Tactility dumped,  
serenity nibbled,  
and dust devoured him.  
Unnatural, it is  
now,  
to bring  
all the senses together.  
Only,  
he was too naive,  
to know this,  
being,  
the human fog.

Pramod Khilery

## **The King**

The bivouac smirked,  
When,  
The defeated king ordered.  
'Bring me the palanquin'

The colonnades of courage,  
The panache of prosody,  
The soul of soil,  
Turned the equine.

Pramod Khilery

## **The Let Down**

The voyager,  
left the oars unattended,  
and threw the net.  
Bruised words  
are out now.  
Wrenched of sea of connotations,  
for ever,  
to satiate,  
the lust of belly,  
the devouring of eyes  
and language of compromise.  
The voyager,  
ceased to be a voyager,  
lives in a burrow now,  
in the midst of sea.  
To some eyes.  
this burrow looks like  
an embroidered boat.  
Ingenous shore sand  
waits and waits.  
Watches helplessly,  
floating oars,  
suffering jolts and shocks.

Pramod Khilery

## **The Love...Showers**

Realization of walking,  
is devoid of dust.  
The invisible drops,  
slakes the thirst.  
Hands of oars,  
fondles the rovers.  
Hardwork pays,  
but, the love...showers.

Pramod Khilery

## **The Metro Look**

The acidic truculence  
The corner of a street  
The immense relief  
The unattended grief  
The frenzied fetid dance  
The soared air  
The unending trance  
The metro look.

Pramod Khilery

## **The Milk Coloured Darkness**

The dark granaries  
Of old homes  
Would frighten.  
The milk colored darkness  
Of new homes  
Dazzles in eyes.  
Whisks away with itself  
Their light,  
Leaving behind  
An alive demise.  
Of getting intimidated,  
Of getting frightened,  
Now,  
Where does,  
The question arise?

The poem is in context of organized crime.

Pramod Khilery

## **The Nightmare**

Beneath eyelids, it scars me,  
When the day of eyes trances.

Makes me sip, the sour visions,  
And clog my senses.

What this cordite is,  
Numbed mind fails me.

I hope, the worst will over,  
Before it ails me.

Pramod Khilery

## **The Nocturnal Vapours**

The snow white arms  
flinging around me,  
steams the infant warmness.  
The dulcet breathes,  
imprinted,  
on the fast paced moments,  
gifts vacuum with,  
its first tinge of heaviness.  
Arises in dew,  
the desire to embrace sunlight,  
and seeks for themselves,  
the nocturnal vapours.

Pramod Khilery

## The Old Central Hall

No longer sits there, the old central hall,  
which, with the radiance on its visage,  
and pride of its hoary past,  
reigned the household for decades.  
Polemic bifurcation brought with itself,  
venomous walls, niches and roof.  
Aroma of the morning tea,  
Which seems insipid now,  
finds hard to breath in this apathetic ambiance.  
The corner bed devoid of its occupant,  
struggles with unwrinkled bed sheet.  
No longer remains, those alcoves  
where rested, eyes of reveries,  
huddled in lullabies.  
Lying supine the pious tears,  
rubs themselves on land of weathered time.  
Walls repainted, looks down upon  
its own skin underneath the surface.  
The umbrageous inside, turns ogreish,  
even before day begins to tread its way.  
Mute insensate courtyard, indifferent to guests,  
oblivious of its bloodstained bosom,  
keeps gazing at sky irrespective of the color.  
Its a year since that old winter morning was seen.  
But etched in cerebral home, appears from behind,  
the old central hall, before me, once again,  
eager to snuggle me into those aged arms.  
The bifurcation gnashes teeth.

Pramod Khilery

## **The Old Woman**

The old woman,  
wakes up,  
at four in the morning.  
Milks the buffalo,  
and tea is shared among all,  
the empty bowls of the home,  
but get drunk,  
only by the remnants of night,  
with a smirk on its face.  
Though this momentary humility,  
pierces her heart,  
she loves the brief consciousness,  
and abandons the day ahead.

Pramod Khilery

## **The Ostracized Legacies**

Wounded anecdotes,  
inscribed on stones,  
still waits  
to get healed.  
The paeans  
seems now  
a surrendered army.  
History,  
no longer  
needs the throat.  
The ostracized legacies  
waits,  
for giant walls  
to get crumbled.  
They have,  
my best wishes.  
I don't have heart  
to see,  
the courtsey  
rebuking me.

Pramod Khilery

## **The Pangs of a Leech**

Bottled Blood now  
Doesn't give  
Strength enough  
To run, walk or  
Even move.  
Makes feel  
Pricking of needle,  
Pangs of nerves,  
and  
Just keeps  
My breaths alive  
To make it feel  
Insensate life.

Pramod Khilery

## **The Proximity**

Over the shoulders of walls,  
the resting roof,  
is compelled to pantomime.  
Veins ousted of heart,  
left to bleed.  
The proximity is hard to endure

Pramod Khilery

## **The Rate**

One court leads to another.  
Another leads to another.  
The iron finger of lawyer,  
Can carry tonnes of weight.  
Leave alone court,  
Even police station is too far,  
For them,  
Who can't afford, The rate.

Pramod Khilery

## **The Ritual is Over**

Words galore,  
fouls the evening wind.  
Bazaar doesn't have an eye.  
Crowd give impatient,  
a patient look.  
A wisp,  
becomes invisible  
but  
malodor remains  
devoid of any corner.  
The touch of sorrel,  
the cyanosis of face,  
the ritual is over.

Pramod Khilery

## **The Rope of Sand**

Feeling intoxication of my heart.  
Someone lost the pious trust.

Capped and cloistered serene blizzard.  
Full of deceit, its every yard.

The cacophonous waves of acid rain.  
Devoured my emotion, simple and plain.

Alone in my hut, lurked behind remorse.  
A dropp of heart, looks for a part porous.

The rope of sand, with both burned ends.  
Implacable to palms, unable to grasp trends.

Pramod Khilery

## **The Solitude Of Her Desires**

In the soaring wind,  
She let loose her heart's desires,  
and after being,  
the prey to eagles,  
enduring,  
the burning sensation,  
acid rain incurs,  
playing,  
the hide and seek game,  
the lightening plays,  
witnessing,  
the wing clamping act,  
darkness indulges in,  
and,  
satiating,  
the hundreds of satyrs  
waylaying,  
found,  
the solitude of her desires,  
gluttuned,  
before seeing them,  
die an unnatural death.

Pramod Khilery

## **The Symposium**

Twilight,  
ushered me straight into dark.  
I missed,  
the knock on the door.  
The vapours,  
of my own wheeze,  
turned,  
fireflies.  
And,  
once again,  
the resplendency,  
on the face of the moon  
came uninvited,  
and retired into my lap.  
The fireflies,  
The wheeze,  
The night.  
The symposium,  
continued till daybreak.

Pramod Khilery

## **The Truth Of Sweat**

Those at work, realises the truth of sweat.  
How it has in it the power, of killing fatigue  
The very first moment of dawn,  
When stretches its arm,  
Fingers are not visible, for they are in celestial heaven  
Much... much beyond, they ever imagined of.

Pramod Khilery

## **The Wayfarer**

Silence incumbent looms large  
What if feet regains lost power  
A new world might emerge  
Sight of this might lost

Pebbles and paths, craves for melody  
Dissonance sings the sacred song  
The road never looked back  
The wayfarer defeated sun.

Pramod Khilery

## The Wonder Tablet

In school,  
we had a lesson,  
in our English textbook,  
wherein a scientist  
invents a tablet  
which,  
when he eats  
makes him invisible.  
After being taught  
the lesson,  
we, the students,  
were told by our teacher,  
'This is just a story,  
there is no truth in it.  
In no corner of the world,  
such a tablet exists.'  
But  
Now I can see,  
Our teacher was wrong.  
In this very world,  
there exists,  
since yore even,  
a wonder tablet,  
which has in it,  
the power  
to make a person invisible.  
Comes free of cost  
or  
At the cost of life,  
I can't say  
but  
has a sour taste.  
Small enough,  
even for a infant  
to swallow  
and  
large enough  
even for generations  
to last.  
After eating this  
wonder tablet,  
One has no existence.  
No identification,  
Neither would he be heard,  
Neither would he be seen,  
by anyone.  
Would even cease,  
to be a human being.  
In local patois,  
they call,  
this wonder tablet....'penury'.

Pramod Khilery

## The Word 'Teacher'

The poem has been written strictly in parlance of 'Professional Teaching' keeping in mind the diminishing inclination towards this once revered, prestigious and very sensitive (in terms of its impact on society as well as pupil) profession which now has been transformed into a tool which comes in handy only when nothing gets going, and which eventually, often results into what i have tried to say in the poem.

When,  
the 'weight',  
of this 'word'  
gave way to  
lightness,  
its enlightenment,  
got plundered.  
When,  
the dream,  
of being a teacher  
gave way to  
compulsion,  
its reverence,  
got plundered.  
When,  
the sensitivity  
towards the impact,  
it carries,  
gave way to  
the notion of it,  
being a mere job  
the education,  
got plundered.  
Renounced by  
its own meaning.  
Relinquished by  
its own definition.  
The word 'Teacher'  
longs for  
regaining  
its lost weight,  
its lost glory,  
its lost deference,  
and  
its lost place in the  
eyes of dreams.

Pramod Khilery

## **They Can't Afford**

Lurks in the cradle of tongue,  
The abuses.  
Still visible shades  
Of infancy,  
Are learning, the tricks of trade.  
They can't afford,  
For the art of survival,  
To come a little late.

Pramod Khilery

## **They Were Same, But So Different**

His  
Calling him  
From behind  
Did not  
Stop him  
From  
Treading  
The deadpan path  
Which is a sort of a pariah In his world.  
Songs  
Which he never heard  
Echoed  
The roughness of road  
And  
Even screeched the rhythm,  
Sometimes.  
But his lips enjoyed,  
The process of smoothening  
The unwanted contours.  
His  
Solicitous gaze  
Did not free itself  
From  
The clutches  
Of unseen and inexistent  
Until  
He saw his feet  
Setting about the journey of his life.  
They were same,  
But so different.

Pramod Khilery

## Things Unsaid...

Things Unsaid,  
brought up in the home of the heart,  
in the hope of  
getting their dreams baked,  
burned on stove of time.

Took shelter,  
on trees of hopes,  
in the guise of a bird.

Now,  
forgotten are the moments,  
when they,  
hopped around last.

Got attracted,  
towards glittering glasses.

Now,  
quite oblivious of the fact,  
glasses has turned,  
into shards,  
and  
bottom of feat has  
turned red.

Scattered foliage,  
rests in the houses with,  
locked doors,  
with desolate wind,  
being their only company  
and  
streets of merriment  
getting annoyed.

Pramod Khilery

## **Till That One Day**

Found in sky, lost in heaven,  
Reduced to zilch, overawed the eternity.

Dances before eyes, sings to me,  
The quaint songs, as if, is in the vicinity.

For aeons, He walked alone,  
Beyond the firmament, with a smile, tiptoed

Till that one day, when gathered,  
The footfalls, and strode.

Pramod Khilery

## **Time**

Strange,  
is the vehicle of time.  
The more,  
it turns jalopy,  
the less,  
is the babel.

Pramod Khilery

## **Times Have changed**

Naani was pleading,  
On the other side.  
Receiver, not too close to his ears  
Could sense  
His coldness, to her pleading.  
The wires sympathising with  
Broken sentences,  
Were feeling  
The dampness of her voice.  
Residing in a remote hamlet,  
Languishing in forlornness,  
Not owning modern consumer items,  
Naani and her stories,  
Had lost  
Her charm to him,  
Which,  
Once he longed for.  
Times have changed.

Pramod Khilery

## **Titular Mountains**

The mountains behind the chimneys emanating soot  
Have nothing to say.  
Have they been draughty anytime!  
Indifference would never have  
Surfaced so easily,  
Were it not for our attempt,  
To make their peaks, our home.

Pramod Khilery

## **To You**

Seeking the bird,  
a nest,  
however much arboreal,  
finds the vast sky,  
osmosised,  
in eyes.  
I too, often talk  
to my almost shut lips  
about you.  
I too, has left my steps  
in, every stile of the world wall.  
I too, seek you.  
With what thoughts,  
you,  
spend your time there?

Pramod Khilery

## **Togetherhness**

Lies,  
a mysterious relationship there,  
when two confluences.  
visible,  
when eyes closed.  
paintings,  
in the soul.  
the most innard veneer  
feels joyous,  
the most superficial,  
take pride in being link.  
moments,  
dangled in cosmos,  
adores,  
the constituents, all and sundry.  
colours,  
queued up to get colored.  
words,  
sacrifices the adulthood  
to sink in womb again  
and relive  
the immaculate infancy,  
pure and sacred.  
farness and nearness  
embraces the forgetfulness  
to enlighten  
these few moments of togetherhness.

Pramod Khilery

## **Too Far**

I gaze, in silence  
Upon earth,  
Being a star.  
The bangs of my own words  
Is not audible  
To my lips now.  
People says,  
'I have come too far'.

Pramod Khilery

## Tread Warily

Steps,  
treading the surface of ocean  
amidst the cold breeze  
are the  
travellers of unknown directions.  
Pacing to and fro,  
striking against the wounds,  
the densely fogged  
evenings of ocean  
whispers in ears.  
'Beware of waves.'  
lest they prick in your feet.  
No beginning, no end  
No voice to be heard.  
But  
I doubt, if it is  
shyness of ocean  
swathed in shadow of silence.  
It sings, it tells  
something,  
in its own language.

Pramod Khilery

## **Trembled by Love**

Our love is at its peak  
I don't want to cry.  
I am waiting  
for it to die.

Pramod Khilery

## Two Questions

This time, to me  
Unkempt, tousled hair  
And grizzled beard  
Introduced him.  
Chortling face took no time  
In turning grim.  
I could realize  
The futility of my being there.  
Adored and cloistered  
Memories became  
Eager to get bare.  
Popped out from his mouth,  
The familiar question,  
'Would we ever get  
Back to our own home? "  
Ironically, my companion asked me,  
"Where are they from? ".  
How should I answer,  
These two questions.  
When both hails from  
The same nation.

Pramod Khilery

## Unduly Influence-Story of a boy

He was a boy,  
talented as well as academically inclined.  
With a good heart, pure soul  
and a sharp and innovative mind.

In one corner of his room, on table  
there always were books, lying loose.  
In another corner, old rough notebooks,  
still there, even of no use.

Never ever  
his sincerity was in slightest of doubt.  
But today,  
what he is talking about.

He is giving,  
a totally contrasted impression.  
It appears as if he has lost  
his inner self persuasion.

Looms large on his face  
is the fatigue, he had gone through  
while standing in long queues.  
And also, the frustration  
because of the failures he met  
in endless interviews.

Now he says often that,  
somewhere something is wrong with him.  
And chances of  
getting a job are too dim.

The unduly influence  
has definitely taken its toll,  
he too wants to be in the same boat.  
Drowned in the blind wish of to be like others,  
to his own true self,  
he had never given a single thought.

But,  
I assume,  
perhaps someday, somewhere  
he will find a job.  
Around which he will  
keep himself revolving like a knob.

No matter, how handsome  
or meager amount job pays.  
The only thing,  
he will do is count the days.

And in the years to come

the frustration is bound  
to go beyond the pale.  
Resulting into a life  
monotonous, mundane and stale.

What if intelligent, sincere and  
hardworking he was,  
eventually he ended up like.  
Only for the fact that  
he was not brave enough  
to follow the voice of his own conscience.

Pramod Khilery

## Unsettled

Softly, tenderly  
the steps of evening  
moves toward night.  
Growing desolation  
of streets of the city  
frightens him.  
But also  
stretches a hand of friendship  
to his vagrancy.  
He accepts.  
Now desolation and vagrancy  
hand in hand  
wanders around city.  
Dawn breaks.  
desolation leaves vagrancy  
in lurch  
and his steps set out  
without his consent  
once again, on the very path  
where the walk of  
a couple of steps  
leaves behind, fatigue of million miles.

Pramod Khilery

## **Unwanted**

From the very beginning,  
Feet were always  
In a state of perplexity.  
Either to remain  
On this  
Or  
On that side of line.  
For hands,  
Question never ever existed.

Pramod Khilery

## **Vishmta(Hindi)**

Kahin kaar, kahin riksha.  
Kahin suitcase, kahin baksha.  
Kahin bangla, kahin jhonpadi.  
Kahin table, kahin chounkadi.  
Kahin paas, kahin pare.  
Kahin sir, kahin arre.  
Kahin koyal, kahin kaag.  
Kahin saaf, kahin daag.  
Kahin bhara, kahin khali.  
Kahin geet, kahin gaali.  
Kahin bacha, kahin chata.  
Kahin guzra, kahin kata.

Pramod Khilery

## Volleyball

On the first day,  
nobody knew  
how he would play.  
He got a fair chance.  
On second day,  
everybody knew  
how well he could play.  
And  
he was relegated to  
a dead end stance.  
He kept stood there  
silent and mum.  
Impatiently,  
waiting for the ball to come.  
And when it did,  
somebody came in his way,  
all of a sudden,  
leaving his own position.  
He protested.  
After almost half an hour,  
he got another opportunity.  
He couldn't convert.  
everybody said, "it is OK".  
But  
he could sense,  
it was time to come out.  
He left the court,  
in a state of shock and perplexion.  
With eyes almost moist,  
and heart feeling indignation.  
Unconsciously,  
by then, he had learned his lesson,  
in the name of volleyball.  
There are times often,  
when you would not be spared,  
even your first fall.  
Beware,  
'world is really not flat'  
especially,  
when you have tasted,  
the success once.  
And  
you don't have  
the courage of perseverance.

Pramod Khilery

## **Wanderlust**

This is a consented decision  
of rifts within me  
and rifts with me,  
to ostracize me.  
When yearnings ran away  
and hid behind mirror,  
the heaviness of heart  
became a tree.  
Helps me sob musically,  
a firmament of musical notes,  
lying let loose on my soul.  
Alone, I am, on my path,  
trust only the wanderlust,  
of my thoughts when people cry foul.

Pramod Khilery

## **We Still Have a Song**

Nowhere from the station,  
I could have taken the train.  
The monster was too big,  
To be shackled in chains.

To my own feet then,  
I asked a simple question.  
Will you please take me to,  
Lost patience and defeated passion.

Burned coal of hearth,  
Bursts in with a puckered brow.  
'Sprinkle the seeds, sprinkle the seeds',  
Fine tuned is now, the time furrow.

Courage jumped from somewhere,  
And took me along.  
We still have lips intact,  
We still have a song.

Pramod Khilery

## **What I am Scared of**

Not the anticipation,  
of carrying me along that rough edge.  
Not the sighs,  
emanating from the songs of my pre dawn.  
Not the intimidation,  
of entwining the twilight with dimming beams.  
Not the blizzard,  
erupting over the divinity of my soul.  
It is the triviality of those moments,  
which once entrenched, pushes me away  
and runs away with my inner being,  
I am scared of.

Pramod Khilery

## **What I Want to Lay Bare**

With soft paces,  
She strings her stroll.  
Kisses my heart,  
Poetry of her soul.

Behind this stealth,  
There lurks a stayer.  
Hinges upon serendipity,  
What I want to lay bare.

Pramod Khilery

## **What Wrong Do I Do?**

I steal some moments from time  
and give them to my life.  
what wrong I do?  
If I try to keep my joy jovial  
and happiness happy.  
Lurks some ambivalencies  
behind shadows of time.  
Now it comes upon me only  
to talk with them,  
by taking life at a little distance,  
from the moving wheels of time.  
I am not oblivious of worldly affairs  
nor of my path,  
which progresses like a chariot of merriments  
on the track of sorrows.  
I know, I am the charioteer,  
with a silk cord in my hands,  
and blazing sheet under my feet.  
what wrong I do?  
If I stop sometimes, somewhere  
under some tree, to take a breath.

Pramod Khilery

## **When Music Cried And Poem Serenaded**

When music cried,  
ecstasy exulted  
When poem serenaded,  
ecstasy made love to dreams  
on cuddly sand.

Pramod Khilery

## **Where Are The Questions Now?**

Subdued wait has hit cul-de-sac,  
The heart is tongue tied.  
Woken long after the dawn,  
The bustle is already died.  
Disguised serenity is poker faced,  
what should I draw out of this?  
Where are The Questions Now?  
Where is that once scary hiss?

Pramod Khilery

## **Which I Mistook For Life**

I would see, in sea  
The waves smiling.  
It was only a silence,  
Which I mistook for heart.  
When bloomed like flower,  
I dream t of singing.  
It was only a dead word,  
Which I mistook for song.  
Came shadows along with sunlight,  
And cloaked my feet from their path.  
It was death,  
Which I mistook for life.

Pramod Khilery

## Which I Mistook For Silence

I had known her  
For so long now,  
That I had begun,  
to believe in false pantomiming.  
Her words,  
when dashed past me  
without speaking, without greeting  
I did not realize,  
For a second even,  
My own inaudibility.  
So strong,  
The affinity was  
At least on my part,  
That I had forgot  
The virtues,  
Of sporadic separateness  
And singing her name  
From under the shadow of  
Passionate desire  
To immerse in oneness.  
Under the impression of  
Being her friend  
I mortgaged the affinity,  
To silence  
In exchange for  
Illusion of vacuous love,  
Which  
I could never ever regain.  
Now I and illusion,  
Try to wear a jovial mien,  
And sing to each other,  
To create a cacophonous ambience,  
After being woken up by reality  
And betrayed by.. The desolation,  
Which  
I always mistook for silence.

Pramod Khilery

## **Who Am I**

Who am I?  
A friend close by.  
Wear the wings of words,  
and meet me in hued poetic sky.

Who am I?  
A bashful boy.  
Peel the slippery layer,  
and savour the inner nigh.

Who am I?  
The rain of july.  
Feel the droplets beneath skin,  
and share my cries and joy.

Pramod Khilery

## Why Do I Wait for Rain to Come?

Let sun distance itself from its own rays  
let moon nod its assent  
to the currents of world  
sun may have its own compulsions  
moon may have its own needs  
but I am hell bent upon  
bringing back the lost smile.  
I concede, every dropp of my blood  
is quashed under weight of sorrows.  
I concede, in the sky of hopes  
there is only hollow rumble of lightening,  
but rain might come  
and wash in one moment  
the flesh fouled by anxiety.  
But rain would come  
when it had to come,  
why do I wait for it to come,  
and invigorate me,  
impart me with vigor and strength.  
why do I fear lightening.  
I will myself look for my own pathways  
rough, dusty, parched, however they may be.  
Not oblivious of the fact  
that path is full of pricks and shards  
and I am barefoot  
but, wounds on my feet  
would find a new meaning for me.  
would find a new meaning for them.  
To dreams, in the lap of slumber since yore  
To hopes, resting in some dusty alcove  
every single dropp of blood  
falling on the way,  
would give,  
a vernal sweetness, to get wrapped with,  
which, they would not be robbed of,  
at the change of the season.

Pramod Khilery

## **Wonted**

People exploiting darkness  
Run the risk of  
Getting darker.  
Would they be able to  
Identify themselves  
A few moments after?  
No, they don't give a damn  
To changed appearance.  
They have become  
wonted to this comeuppance.

Pramod Khilery

## **Years Before**

Came alive,  
Banged weathered doors,  
When they peeped through hole.  
Darkness was making way  
For the light ray of sun.  
It was years before,  
When they had known,  
What it feels, like loosing one.

Pramod Khilery

## **Your Tea Is Still Hot**

You just can't be that much rude  
to snub a ragamuffin.  
Your office couldn't have been as clean  
without that corner dustbin.  
You can't be a charlatan for too long  
without being caught.  
At least say him a word of thanks  
Your tea is still hot.

Pramod Khilery