

Poetry Series

Saberi Roy

- poems -

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Saberi Roy

Saberi Roy is a poet-writer-analyst. She writes on various topics and loves to travel. She has degrees in several subjects including Philosophy, Psychology and Consciousness Studies with physics. Her works have been featured on discussion forums, websites, curricula and online magazines.

Cerebral Music

Within the broken tomorrows and frozen yeses
Tail pins of sunken bass pricked out in silence
The swollen haiku met my desperate cleavage
of brain boxed dereliction and I wondered past
the 1 am stringed metallic madness for a real time
carved and caved in emotional catharsis. Waking up
thrice to the sounds of a trumpet in my ears, the winged
jazz of my feels was hell bound and I swivelled
on edges of love and hate for life. Faces stared hard
at my cappuccino eaten smiles and my feet with weary edges
lost the early blisters for the more
experiential, existential notes on I.

words twisted on lines of dilemma
and emotional sobs filtered out the essence of
recursive trials of sin and the random expressions
broke like midair collisions of speeding jets.
So the morning looked rather dry in its uncloudy
starkness of wintered predictability
as my dead cells played the drums.
I like to dip hard in the dived secrets of ocean's peels.
Life rolled within my socks freed itself for yet
another round of gaming. I stepped in.

Saberi Roy

DNA

Tiny speck of dust blew up rippling strings
intersections in molecular bits coalesced storms.
syrupy magic through oceanic sunkisses
cerulean sequences and pulled out lava from mountain
smothers. Earthly masks and heavy hot dreams, so comes
a piece of twisted life.

Tiny bit of seed tearing through gates piercing
interaction in gluttonous beds conjured flesh.
senses grow through cords caressed movements spelt
when pulled out of blood and sheets drape red.
Eager faces watch in curiosity the fragile moves, of
a piece of twisted life.

Tiny dropp of fluid smudged on raiment dissected
manifestations on screens through symbolic codes.
the fingerprints dug through cell fluids and synchronization
pulls out the hidden face in the crowd. Barred
bleedings and death gallows in prospect hang, and then
a piece of twisted life.

Saberi Roy

Eternal

stretched mind terrain
out wide
like the ocean
I dip the feels
in manifold spaces
separating mustered strands
the fibers of reality
the love that was meant
to be
but never been
frame sucked
in leviathan universe
the soul a diminution
pressing on
the vortex of time
the moments, an eternity.

Saberi Roy

Fading Colours

Dried leaves strewn on the ground
Rolling like balls in motion
When the breeze hits the holes
In the veins pass the air
In drops and the dead breathe to laugh
Like a circus clown on a roller coaster

Dust restless on the cement floor
Settles on the grooves and the garden sands
Move on to the beaches where
Dogs crawl over their masters' footsteps
Digging holes to defecate
Throwing a shower of yellow around in circlets

Boat shaped petals hang in hesitation
On the branches not knowing their present
For colored days have passed
To the soil because it sucked juice through
Roots and licked the wind as syringes
Educe blood that dry in ruby drops

Clothes thin out in sheets like an anorexic
And make the first holes when stretched
Like rubber bands and the water makes them
Softer so they wear out like parts of a machine
Cells of hair, grey streaks bring nostalgic visions
To the eyes, lost songs to the lips once again

Saberi Roy

Gypsy Veins

Life peels like skin of fruit and I sate on
the core smoldering within me. The pains
are anonymous whispering yesterdays. I dance
in the nakedness of Rubicon within wildlife beats
the music with some broken tunes. The hushed tones
mouthed through jaded figures and the tethered traps.
Trinket wearing like fated chains around the body
and identity is a misplaced word.
I've entered within the rugged edges
of broken bones.

Yesterdays and tomorrows pull on the Bedouin strings.
The desert songs draw me in and I sit on the sands with
the wandering musicians.

Stories on my lips.

Last time the fire cracked
I whipped my cells and bled
I knew the lines of my body paths created
stealth cries like swollen history. Hearing through
the lips of the sages, words lost me somehow.
I ran away once again.

Godhood eluded.
And I'm still human.

The rough body edges, drinking hirsute aroma,
hardened skin. Sinned blood flows
maybe desire crippled strength.
maybe wisdom followed like sepulchered crown
rinsing me in parts, making me more earthy
or maybe I just lost it all. I haven't weighed
my body with my soul.
I still walk around the edges cautious not to fall
on either side. Outcast. The cries have hit the drums.
My mind has taken flight with watery wings
grounded in real dreams. The soup of senses and
I've dented my life with pushed steroids in secret caskets
throwing away the keys. Deep ocean pours out my wounds.
Out. Through my gypsy veins.

Saberi Roy

Irony

We light a candle, we see the darkness around
We feel the silence, after we hear a sound
We drink a dropp of water and realize our
thirst
We come second in a race and want to be the
first

We perceive our ignorance after reading a
page
We say 'Youth is precious' when we reach old age
We see our fortunes when a beggar cries
We recognize a genius after he dies

We think of our happy moments as we shed a tear
We sense our loneliness when a friend stands near
We become patriotic after leaving our nation
We commit a sin and speak of salvation

We trigger war and for peace we pray
Only at night, we realize - the end of a day

written: July 1994

Saberi Roy

Latent Desires

are you still stinking of me from that
passion's night and does that tongue bleed
my bite? are you lost in the ocean of my fluids
and drowning in quicksand seeking breath?
the crumpled sheets of our unpoised fecundities
are on the other side of the universe
and you are a child lost in the folds
the paths of sunken debris and moist waves
the veins have somehow exchanged our bruises
and a me-you cuts on the river of placid voids

are you still counting the moves of our carnal bends
like the stormkissed edges sweeping thoughts?
the tryst has stolen our paths of destiny
unwrapping unknowingness withering tomorrows
treads heavy like the soiled waited breath and
you write the words of passion lost and
we etch our souls on stones of silenced emotions
I write on yours and you on mine
as we trade fantasies on rusted frescoes
on the walls that bind our worldly synchronicity

yet we have us still on the shaken bridge
unfolding time

Saberi Roy

Living

Dawn
A hominid breathes
new born sun
puerile breeze
dancing buds
happiness diffused in the air
the soul safe
the heart sane
no mysterious cries, no pain

Noon
A dog barks
burning sun
fiery sky
flowers emblazon the day
passionate desires buried in the sand
the mind stirs up
the body trapped in phial
A want and a restraint

Twilight
the mirror pale
wrinkled sun
grey returns of the winged
pettish moods of nature
foul breath of the dying
body black, cold
tender, nostalgic mind
A wait for the tryst with destiny

Night
curtains on the face
moon, coy in a mantle
night waters flow
venereous touch
oozing nectar of the breasts
the psyche dying
the soul sinned
elusive songs in a castle

surrendered living
dies in the empty
darkness of plaintive woods.

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Love's End

my lover drank a honey river
between the sands of the legs
like pillars of baked earth,
yet
the intrepid horizons missed
our whispers
on veiled Sundays and
the immutable changed.
we haven't seen through naked time
blunt profanity hidden emotions
mortified love mannequins
conquer our abstinence.
the past is not close enough.

Saberi Roy

Oracle by Midnight

I met you behind
those secret veils
our soft romance
was a disappearing shadow
yet it had iron wings
in baroque designs
when the sky
covered me like a cloth.

You were the stars
my hydrogen jewelry
my red pajamas loosened
and you laughed in circlets
those ticklish breaths
of winter leaves.

they still nestle
on my shoulders and fingertips
like checkered suns,
forgotten sins
you were tightly
wrapped in my palm
rolled capsules and sushi rice.

and when in the night
I'm unaware
or simply dead sea silent,
your voice creates its ripples
within me.

I was jazz
to your ears,
I heard your broken notes
joined them in toccatas
so you were smiling
violets of garden silt
when I choked in you.

I looked into your eyes
twinkle like a flame
and became
a fallen eyelash
in your lucid unconscious.

I met you
with the pink corals counting,
rain drops were nacre pearls,
your heart was still open
like a child's mouth,

and I entered it
through your skin.

so then in the night
when you are unaware,
or your eyes
are simply Pluto calm,
I sit peaceful, creating beats
within you.

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Sacred

By that midnight, I will look into your eyes
I will trace the dreams with my fingers
I will stare long enough to make you blush,
to see where your soul traverses
and I will follow it through the night.
You will not know,
you will remain asleep
covered in a blanket of dreams
and find me colored among the winds
and while you watch the clouds move,
I'll be lost among the stars.
I'll still be watching your lines
I'll still be holding your face in my palm
like a picture framed in shiny gold
and your lips will be a rose in my mouth
a sweet tasting berry
I will drip your soul,
I will enter midnight
through you, through your lost eyes
when they close to a distant moon
and you will breathe like a newborn
in that arm of innocence wrapped around
I will not know where I am from
where my footsteps
left the marks and how sand met seas,
whether I was born when we made love.
I will not know how I kissed the ocean apart
thinking that was you and I will not know
how I bathed the sun with your skin
but then by that night, you will
listen to my music, like a pond listens to
its ripples and I will be a flower
on the surface of your soul trying to enter deeper
like a diver for a pearl. I will then split open
the curtains, the windows like an apple cut
and the streams of sunbath will make you sink
in the bed of bubbles, and you will smile
through the morning scent in our naked love
so sacred.

Saberi Roy

Silence of Love

twisted in a passion's night
when slowly the lakes quiver
we owe each other pains of thoughts
that can be needle-pricks of danger
I hold on to your unclothed throbs
hair bristled on chin
dreams wisped through pleochroic darkness
and the arms breathed me in

like an angel of you

yet whispered mornings never gave
poisons of thoughts
and the yearning was the silence
of love.
your secrets filtered into the veins
I was deep in you, agonizing and
tongue wrapped.

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Surreal

Fig leaves crumbling
under flickering side streetlights
the sweat of brow
surreptitious like a snake shedding skin
on its way to destiny
counting the drops of rain
the kettle smokes the room
the window half open
like the eyelids.
drenched streets lone
between shadows
dim darkness humming
nighttunes
A pain inside and the
blood feels torn
the breath loosens slowly
in drips.

I am between reals
testing limits of pulled time.

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Saberi Roy

The Love Trilogy - Part I

Part I

LOVESTRUCK

He looked at her. She looked too.
Sparks of fire they were, rolling like
Blazing balls from heavens when
their glances mingled to drench
the desert sands, to dry the ocean waters
and what remained was an illusive world
where past became the future
and the future was the past for they
were sculpted with clay, erect
inside a magnetic circle,
that made them lifeless
like gods of stone and heavens sent thunders
and the lightning struck and yet
they were immutable with their feet
buried into the earth, their mind lost
in the cauldron of nothingness, looking
at each other for moments of long silence
so what remained were storms
on a silent planet for they were
floating on the waves of endless rhythm
that made music of souls in harmony
with nature and the doctrine of Venus
tore its pages to clothe them
with the veil of that subtle feeling for
it was the first sensation of innocence
the first song of desire that breathed out
as seedlings from the wet earth
and poured as showers from the pregnant skies
and they were lost in the woods of the rainforest
where a faint ray of light entered like an arrow
that pierced two hearts together
and when he smiled
he wanted her lips to part for they were one
on a road to destiny and when he looked at her
eyes again, her blood tingled
and the waters danced away from the reds
and rolled on her eyelashes
with a fervour that broke his heart
in pain, his mind in restlessness
and he was a tender animal ferocious in chains
and wanted freedom to sleep on her soul
like an orphan who lost the world
to live and live forever and when she stretched
her arms to touch his fingers,
he touched them too and
the icebergs of the mountains

broke to pieces to tumble all over him
and over her to engulf them in a tale
of never-ending ardour
They looked and so they looked at each other
To set the trails of eternal love.

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The Love Trilogy - Part II

Part II

LOVESONG

He loved. She Loved.
And they were lovers forever
He printed her name on the mountain snow
On the desert sands, and she made them deeper
With her pressing fingers as she dug them to
Permanence and she wrote his name too
It was his heart she chiseled, his form
She sculpted with clay
On stone, on rocks, and he stayed
Like a limpet, like a child,
like an indispensable organ
On her raiment, on her breasts, on her mind
And she was caught, loved, bound by faith
And an unknown string that made knots
In the air with the loose ends in her hands
And in his hands
And commitments never mattered
For freedom never had wings
And what played in his mind
Were a chess of words, for he won her
with words and she with charm
and his fingers were tendrils of the climbing plants
curling around her heart
and her soul, yet the invincible thorns
somehow pricked for she felt the pain
of the satiated lovelorn blood trickling
down her skin which he drank
to quench his thirsty tongue and
he called her in solitude, an invocation
to the divine, as she sat curled up
in the invincible vicinity listening to
his inaudible words meant only for her
and responded through mysterious smiles
like roses bask in the first dewdrops
he decked her up with the ornaments of desire
the bracelet of want, the necklace of longing
the ring of hope and entwined her
with his own wreath of dreams, and
she stretched her arms to hold her eager
longing face, shining like a full moon
warm with the radiance of the majestic sun
and then they kissed their first kiss
which melted their lips and mouths
and their fluids mingled to form the ocean
of desire, where they drowned and died and lived

never to rise up on the surface of the earth again
for one breathed into the other
fresh air, everyday, every night
and they were souls of fire, making love
with tender caresses, loving glances
and gentle kisses
every moment of their lives.

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The Love Trilogy - Part III

Part III

LOVE BITES

Eternity rolls.
Pain twirls around the garden ivy
And nightlights flicker as she presses her nails
Into the bed sheets and rain drops freeze
Outside the window panes and the two drops
Of blood that he sets free from
Her shoulders, roll down her cheeks
Like tears of mirth, like thorns pricked Aphrodite
And his blood turned white roses red,
as he brushes his lips on the waves of satin and silk
to feel a shiver down his spine, and the fragrance
of fresh red roses in the garden bursts
the marrow of his bones
to mingle with the blood of his heart
as she tastes the salt of his soft earlobes
dissolving in the waters of her tongue
and the lamps vibrate with the breeze
to put the lights to sleep
and the night ceases in absolute darkness
leaves rustling as balm to soothe
their love hungry marks that oozes red
liquid of desire and their skin breathe to fly
into the heavens of freedom
that are like clouds pouring down rain
on the throbbing nerves
when she tears, bites and hurts to ruffle
the white sheets, while he kills
with the hypnosis of his piercing glance
that tears asunder the veins that make her soul
and she cries in fierce pain,
agonizing pleasure and diamonds and pearls
freezes on her eyelashes
as he rolls his eyes and his arms on the curves
and digs his fingers into the skin
his teeth into the cream flesh that responds
like an angel in want, like an animal in danger
like a child in sorrow and the whole world stops
for a moment when he senses
her slowly with the tongue of his whole self
that entwines her naked body
like a tendril in possession of a precious fruit
which remains imprisoned like gold in caskets
like treasure hidden in a lost island
and she knows that she is no more wild,
no more free like a bird for the marks of dry blood
on her skin are now mingled with the

celestial symbols of destiny on which
he sits and on which he reigns alone
like an Adonis of untamed passion
Eternity ceases here once again.

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The Mirage of Music

The music of dawn opened my eyes
the birds were singing in the elysian sunrise;
my thoughts held me close to my heart
and made me a beatific dream
the bliss enraptured my existence
as I swam through the turbulent seas.
I drowned once but was alive again
maybe those fishermen on the shores
laughed at my plight when they gathered
for dinner beneath their thatched roofs

The music of dawn was pure
so soothing, so charming that I drifted
with the red earth
between the grasslands and the leaves
Daffodils, sunflowers and fresh roses
danced with the bucolic breeze
the butterflies were dancing with
the humming bees - love songs maybe
They glanced at me with a familiarity
as if I were them and they were me
But they flew away when I tried
to feel the tender touch of their wings

The music of dawn was engrossing
in the hills during spring
where horses invited me
to ride on their backs
where apples were strewn below
the snow-capped rhapsody
I was singing through the hills
in the winter of spring
but the streams never gushed nor simmered,
they were calm, still frozen and lifeless
the looming mountains sang
a frozen song of stillness and solitude

But the music of dawn was the best
in the vast, endless desert
where no stretch of verdurous touch
remained to soothe
the flowing dryness of the eyes
Yet the sands turning to a lukewarm
feverish soul after the cold retrieve of the night
sent a shiver down my spine
I saw an oasis and when I went to loosen
my fervent body
in the transparent verisimilitude of trembling waters,

I realized
that the music of dawn was actually
the renouncing elegy of twilight.

June, 1999
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When Twilight Returns

In the bud of sweet garden, a bee
swings its gentle wings, brushing against
the beatitude of breeze,
fragrance
the rainbow corner of the sky
stoops to conquer the leaves
the dust covered skin of sand....

She sings in time, in tune
a waiting too long now
a distant bell chimes the village air
the rust of the door loosens out slowly
never been closed, the entrance wide
the cobwebs are cleared, the walls dusted
the bed spread to shelter
a bit of his soul...

Fragrant oil ornates her hair
skin of flowers, smell jasmine and rose
the bee still dances in the red twilight
melting nature, a faint star
She has lit the evening fire....

Birds are restless on the horizon
homecoming solitude, a practised routine
the angels have mastered the art of earthy control,
thatched roofed huts, here there, spots of black
speckled leopard on rustic land
sides of an endless moor

her eyes wide, expecting
lined, decorated, smudged, with
black, silk kohl....

Odour of his sweat, odour of his hair
odour of his skin...

mesmerising evening sun
The kohl melts, dropping on the skin,
a grey black mole, a spot of love
slowly rolls down her cheeks, her neck and beyond, his footprints clothe the bare dry
leaves

Lost she was in the evening glory
the river has turned making its way to the sea
the birds have returned to their nests
the bee has disappeared in the vast heavens
the bed is spread - wide, fragrant
incense and ashes breathe in perfumed smoke

She has lit the evening fire
and only the fire - still burns...

January, 2001
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Winding Kisses

The tentacles of my rose buds are putrefied
and your breath deepens on my serenade
like a gossamer cover of slippery promises
I've held you close in my sauntered mornings
and dreamy evenings taking measured strides
in your arms' embrace. look me in through
the tinted mirrors kissing my body scents
like sparks of flickery flame. The fire of my lusty
songs haven't melted like winter flakes, the burns
have deep scars of watery love. But you have tasted
those with your fluid songs and roughed me in.
downed in silken truth the eyes have gone deep
into the whispered nothings and your tongue placed
a heaven in my belly, slipping through the souled
kisses in and out.

In and out....

But the tongues have met through deeper
fangs of poisoned truth and drunken obsession
and I hid the hole with my rose buds
of sweet tomorrows. The sleep was a lasting song
rolling on your body like a warm bubble bath
and went deeper like a sequential symphony.
I'm your sea draped lost mermaid
inhaling the kisses on the surface
justifying our realities like a poet,
painting pictures in the wind.

Saberi Roy

You and Me

me naked and bare like tears
that is your shirt folded
in the edges, I have drenched like
rain, in your skin of thoughts

me lost and trembling like fever
that are your arms dripping sweat
in the spaces, I have rolled like
pain, in your fire of feels

me wet and soaked like zephyrs
that is your mouth pouring love
in the corners, I have touched like
sin, in your breath of words

me brittle and broken like pains
that are your eyes searching truth
in the ages, I have lived like
saints, in your footprints on sand

me wide and forgotten like space
that are your lips painting mine
in the pages I have lived like
death, in your trysts with fate

me stolen and open like time
that are your fingers holding on
in the stories, I have told like
love, in our moments of life.

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