Poetry Series

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

- 92 poems -

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Tribhuvan Mendiratta (22 May 1959)

Primarily a poet, artist, writer but
with age mellowed down to an educator
with a desire to share life's secrets
so that they don't stumble in dark stairs
Met many travellers during the journey
Some understood yet why they so unsecure
Life is a mystery now it appears clear
situations may be same but reactions vary

Works:

English Guides
Class X - English communicative - CBSE
Class XI and XII - English(Elective) - CBSE

A Day Is Too Long

A day is too long
as in an empty station
when the trains are parked off
somewhere else, asleep.

Don't leave me, even for an hour
the smoke that roams
looking for a home will drift
into me, choking my lost heart.

may your eyelids never flutter
Into the empty distance.
moment you'll have gone so far
I'll wander hazily over the earth,

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

A LIFE LIVED

Life of spite and defiance
To watch people tooling around on Mars
To celebrate the end of the last war
To attend the funeral of corporate personhood
76th wedding anniversary walking across the dry Ganga
Hundredth birthday drinking my age in pints of beer
Why don't you join me? Consider yourself invited
To throw a bushel of rose petals from the space elevator
Zero emissions ambulance sweeping me to the hospital
And I'll saddle up my Horse for the ride home
All bad things must one day end and so will I

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Be Real My Love

Skin so smooth - nearly translucent.
I wonder if she's really there,
Or will dissolve at the slightest touch.
I never risk it. I must make sure.
I whisper things into her phantom ear.
I whisper what I want.
I whisper what I know she wants
And cannot or will not say.
The blush begins in her cheeks,
A rosy, frosted red.
It flushes her entire face
And down her neck.
That's where I want
To kiss her first,
Even before her lips,
To feel her pulse.
To know she's real.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

butterfly

fly as a butterfly,
breathe as a kid..
hold only the love and the memories...
not so special i am,
only feel and read the pains of the others..
to take off the pains from the others, , ...
and to give them the love which they always dreamed about..
that is the poet whom you see inside me...
nothing more...
not so special...
only human, i am

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Captive of Words

A captive of words unsaid
And lonely feelings
Trying to keep quiet.
What to speak,
Better stay silent.
A Hard day – a tough
Reformatory of words unsaid.
But I'm a fighter.
That's what I am
Grating for a piece of myself
For peace in myself...

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Come Anonymously

Don’t dress me up
Don’t Cover me up
Leave me about with details.
Come to me and anonymous
Shimmering like far off sails
Gliding where the wind has blown.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Dancing in Peace

Alone in the darkness
On the edge of an uncertain real
I steal my Peace
long, chaotic days
too tired to remember
I steal my Joy
my power to create
is more than I am aware
and knowing that
I create the chaos
the darkness
the unrest in my soul
I understand
and reclaim my power
and fully aware
I paint the light
I dance in peace
I sing with joy, ! ! !

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Empty heart

Shut out of my heart
My love is far from me,
None can fill its hidden empery:
Dawn of my dream has won,
The riches out of Fairy lands;
All are buried with bridled sun.
I am in a narrow place,
And all its streets are cold,
Absence of her face has robbed
The sullen air of gold.
At times I see my heart glistening
With a flowered odor of undying spring:
Living alone though in a crowd,
Sweet madness of the springs I miss,
Shed beyond that clear laughter,
My lips feel that elusive kiss:
And from me my joy parts,
I wait the key of my heart: -
Oh! I am shut out of my own heart
Because, you are far from me.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Endless Heartaches

Heart Says
No heartbreaks today
But it lets me down
And heartaches find their way
I never kept score of
Number of heartaches
Or nights laying awake
Nor the tears that would fall
And whispers that heart would call

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Fading Reality

Reality fades
Fiction becomes truth
Birds hum
An enchanting lullaby
The sky melts
The rain washes
Away tears from my eyes
I hear the colors
Closing my eyes
Making me numb again

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Fresh Pain

Fresh, mischievous, pretty and cute,
Vivacious smiling eyes, a Cat too.
I really want, to take your hands tenderly,
To hold and hug you and make it all right.
Your getting hurt affects me
Who you lost, I don’t know,
But you can give, that I can tell.
Your sensuous side shows when you write,
You are sure to find that again soon.
I don’t want to cause more hurt or pain.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Friendship should not demand

Friendship whether long or fleeting
thank god that we have it smiling
all colours are in its painting
whether it is sharing, loving or hating
Never make it too straining or demanding
Let it flow naturally for a smooth sailing

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Healing Wounds

An empty hand
An empty heart
A vacant look
A vacant spot
A vast void
A deep scar
PLEASE!
Don’t touch
The healing wounds.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Heartless Sleeve

Sitting here
Feeding the air
with hazy blue smoke
I stretch out my heart
and feel
what the eyes
have forgotten
before me an empty
slice of the world
slides under my chin
like moon
and slinks under my collar
tugging my heartless sleeve

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

I am a poet

fly as a butterfly,
breathe as a kid..
hold only the love and the memories...
not so special i am,
only feel and read the pains of the others..
to take off the pains from the others, , ...
and to give them the love which they always dreamed about..
that is the poet whom you see inside me...
nothing more...
not so special...
only human, i am

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

I am Happy

I am happy and it’s the best way to be.
They can make something out of nothing.
Nothing always takes something
To give forth, to yield.
Those with nothing can’t make
Anything, not to mention something.
But! who are Those?
Busy themselves courting
Nothing with flashy something.
Their trick is something indeed.
Their something is their art
Nothing is special. “Nothing can breed
Something beats Something’s heart.
From naught to dots to a red rose,
And everything mine rendering.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

I am like you

fly as a butterfly,
breathe as a kid..
hold only the love and the memories...
not so special i am,
only feel and read the pains of the others..
...to take off the pains from the others, , ...
and to give them the love which they always dreamed about..
that is the poet whom you see inside me...
nothing more...
not so special...
only human, i am

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

I am Lost

A day is too long
An empty station
The trains are
parked off Unknown place,
asleep.
Can’s bear isolation
Even for an hour
Loneliness will drift
Choking my lost heart.
Do not flutter
your eyes
Into the empty distance.
Do not be so far
That I wander as if lost,

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

I an not special

I am not special in any way
Not that a legendary lover....
Not that fabulous a writer....
Not that a stunning poet...
just a normal simple human...
with all what these words carry...
human who holds between his ribs...
a heart which beats with his feelings...
and hold a real heart to love and feel with others...
that is who i am...
flying as a butterfly, , and breathing as a kid...
Holding only the love and the memories...
Feeling the pains of the others...
that is the poet whom you see inside me...

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

I Surrender

Whispering your name,
I surrender to you, my mantra
Ravish me with
Passionate eyes
Voice like sweet flute,
Calling my soul
I answer your call.
Stargazing vast Milky Way,
I surrender

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

I wear a mask

The kids at school always ask me
Why I am always smiling
I chuckle a little and say
'It is what I always do.'
They accept that answer
But it is not the truth
I only hope I shall one day
Be able to remove the MASK
And reveal the real me.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Just Think

Do you remember when we met?
Do you remember what you thought...?
Did you thing what song to me it would be?

Would it be to town with me?
Would it be to call me Honey?
Or Share some food with me?
Or Sent an email to me?
Or share the silence with me?

Just A fun moment!
Or an angry moment?
Else A crazy moment?
I would take it all you can thing.
Just for once please think……..

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Learn Lesson of Love

Blind Yet Magical
But hard to find
A wonderful bliss
Change to be
Whatever want you to be
Unpredictable and Stupid
things it makes you do
It is strange
Ruled by
Heart and not your mind
It’s a lesson
You have to learn

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Learn Love's Lesson

Love is blind
It is magical but hard to find
It is wonderful love is bliss
Can you tell by the touch or kiss?

Love is change to be whatever
That person wants you to be
Love is unpredictable
Stupid things it makes you do

Love is strange ruled by
Your heart and not your mind
Love is a fire that burns
It’s a lesson you have to learn

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Let me be Full of Me

Thinking, breathing, praying; .
Of Life, Love and death.
Of family and friends.
Praying for time with life.
For me, she, children and friends.
To Love, laugh, share and care.
Why is God ready so fast?
Let me be full of me.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Let Me Burn Alive

I Don't want
anything ordinary
Let me burn alive
In heaven of life
Slow and easy
Till I live the life
One moment
of pure bliss
All the time
Anytime
My heart beating
so close to yours
In a dream come true

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Let Me Rise

I rise
Up from a past
that's rooted in pain
I rise
leaping and wide,
Welling and swelling
I bear in the tide.
Leaving behind terror
I rise
Into a daybreak
wondrously clear
I rise
with hopes lived
dreams alive

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Life

Primarily a poet, artist, writer but
with age mellowed down to an educator
with a desire to share life's secrets
so that they don't stumble in dark stairs
Met many travelers during the journey
Some understood yet why they so insecure
Life is a mystery now it appears clear
situations may be same but reactions vary

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Life is a Dream

Dreams do not die
Life is a bird
Broken winged
Still - dream to fly.
Dreams do not die
Don’t let the dreams die
Hold fast
Without dreams
Life is desolate
Frigid – without response

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

LIFE IS NOT A POEM

I have a life...it's an unfinished poem
imperfect picture...an unbearable truth
I am writing but my pen is out of ink
I am painting but my canvas is empty
i can't sing.....my throat is sore
I can't see colours....my eyes are all red
Salt storm of hardships weakening images before my eyes
Still strong in the hope a sweet scented breeze.
Will it come? ? ? ? I am not sure…and no one tells.
I cannot live perfect...how much I try
I love life
The more I love it, that much I lose life
Why does God hate me
Lift these veils of darkness O God!
Too late i think……
It's time to leave or time to reach….leave what…Reach..Where?
I'm going
for the search of immortality
immortality of soul
Yes beyond realm of God...longing to reach there....There.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Like Dirt I Rise

Write me down
With your bitter,
twisted lies,
trod me in the very dirt
But still,
like dust, I'll rise.
Why are you
beset with gloom?
Because I walk like
I've got billions
No- like moon and sun,
Certainty of tides,
I'll rise.
You’ll not see me broken.
Shoulders falling down.
My haughtiness will offend you.
I laugh like I've got gold mines
Shoot me with your words,
Cut me with your eyes,
Kill me with your hatefulness,
Like air, I'll rise.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Lips - Shadow of Smile

Succulent saline
Arched in a smile
Fascinated by mystery
The two
Brought together by fate.
Tryst of body and soul
Silk and lace,
In the shadow
Of your smile,
Where rainbows meet

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Little Things are Bigger

A mirror is a bad omen
It's a piece of useless glass
Like a stray thought
Is a sight of god
And sometimes
it's soap scum down the drain
Finding gold is nothing really special
But coins in the sofa are always miraculous
To find a soulmate is a dream
But a secret little kiss
In a room full of strangers
Fills me forever
With such little things there's nothing bigger

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Loneliness

Share of heartaches
no need to count
laying awake
walking those floors
tears falling till daybreak
loneliness all my way
being alone
it followed me home
Atleast loneliness is my own

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Lonesome life

Lone some life lacks luster

Let me lay lavender layer

Lest Love looks lean

Lest life leaves long lines

Life is just a Love's LOAN

Let lips linger Longer

Let LOVE Leather Laughter

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Love Happens Everyday

Why Love someone;
Who doesn't care?
You will be just crying
And never get anywhere?
Falling in Love
Doesn't pay
It hurts like hell
It causes heartache
Why then;
It happens everyday? .

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Love is art

Love is not art;
some say
Then Art is not love
And If art is not LOVE
There is neither Art
 Nor is there any LOVE

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Love them while they still are

Always love your loved ones
And show them how you feel
before it's too late..
You will never know
when they will be gone
from your embrace..
If you were given a time
to bestow petals
of everlasting compassion & love
 to your love ones,
today is the day.
Love them while they are still here...
TRUE AND CARING LOVE
 IS VERY HARD TO FIND...
ONE SHOULD BE LUCKY
TO FIND THAT
BUT WHEN IT IS IN FRONT OF THEM,
PEOPLE BECOME BLIND.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Love without Vision

Embracing a soul
Love without vision
Achieve a purpose
Share emotions
Confide within oneself
Breathe with a flower
Sharing its beauty
Through self expression

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

MEASURE OF LOVE

Loving to not loving you,
Waiting to not waiting for you
The heart moves from cold to fire.
Hate you deeply, and hating you
Measure of my changing love for you
I do not see you but love you blindly.
Light will consume it with its cruel ray
I am the one who dies,
The only one, in fire and blood.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Mirror Eyes

Glass so sparkling and fine,
To quench thirst,
Loving smile
A Rosy promise fades,
And sheds,
With solitude tears,
Sprinkle figment,
Love pigment In dry lips linger,
And rhapsodize,
Eyes encircled with tears,
Fragile Rosy image,
In fragile mirror,
I gaze

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Moon Cuts

Opposite my window, the moon cuts

Clear and round, through the plum colored night

She cannot light the city

It is too bright

It has bright lamps and glitters coldly

I stand in the window and watch the moon

She is thin and lusterless but I love her

I know the moon and this is an alien city.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Murder in Womb

Why you didn’t
Want me.
You didn’t even
Give me a chance
May I thank you,
For sparing me
From this cruel world.
I wish I could’ve
Been someone,
If you had given me
A chance to be me for once.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

My Chocolate

Do you about my chocolate?
Her kisses sweet like Hershey,
Rolling through me like thunder
Every touch so tender,
She is my soft teddy bear
Her embrace pours love on me like rain
Pray the Future holds my Sweet Chocolate

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

My Color Of Holi

Let me cup my palms
to gather the petals
of your laughter
that my palms flow ever
with your laughter…

Let me fill my heart
with ripples of
your laughter
that the heart gathers
the floating petals
to smear colors on my cheeks

Absorbing the perfume of
your laughter
Let me offer my
perfumed being
back to you
just for once …

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

My DOLL

The skin of porcelain
Not a blemish
Eyes enticing marbles
And hair silky soft
What an amazing figure
No imperfection to be found
Fragile but divine
Soft to eyes and to touch
Rosy cheeks and petal soft lips
To hold softly and not to drop
Pity to those who let drop
Such a doll and still do not cry.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

My Dusky Beauty

I feel relaxed at sound of her voice
A walk by the side with soul of hers
Night sneaking out from day hours
Even the face gives a light of mirth
My Dusky beauty has such a grace
Shy wind blows over her face
Evaporating tensions far to gaze
Stars slowly twinkle like a maze
Without expectations of grace
She holds my heart in a tight embrace
Hope of new rise stirs in heart
Past always taught to tear apart
Move on ever with joy and mirth
Our relationship will not be naught.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

My epitaph

here is a smell of religion
in the human behavior called murder
Speaking of which I remember a movie called
'Murder Without Passion'
My epitaph is decided
...'My life was beautiful'

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

My Motherland

I vow to Protect my Motherland
fighting
writing
for victory
with brains
...grains unity and INTEGRITY
with this knot of unity

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

My sewet friend

Welcome my sweet friend
You have strange and sensuous
Old world charm blended
perfectly with everything delicious
How fortunate to have my hand
dipped in a meal so sumptuous

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

My Smile

My smile.
Something people loved but mostly envied
It came so fast and so soon,
Full of life and happiness, .
From eyes – stretching to cheeks;
Whether bad or good day, it killed the blues
Always had it on my face anyway,
You could hear it in my voice,
Showing that I loved you and life,
I greeted everyone w with it on face, .
I showed it at any place,
Have you tried to see smile behind my smile?

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Nectar Of Love

Thinking about it all day
What to make of you
All night long
Got my motor running
Now I want to show it to you
Give it to you
Surrender like I never have before
With all my heart and soul
Mould me
Bend me
Anyway
Anywhere that you want me
Whatever it takes
For a taste of nectar of love

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

NOTHING SELF

I can't do anything for myself
Can't live myself, can't feel myself,
and definitely can't provide my own self,
like a bottomless self humiliating human being,
being brought to the world,
desiring for more, wishing for there to be more,
in my own unsatisfactory self
but even so i keep on being happy, keep on living,
Not living for better or for worse,
Being What I am is my own fault,
but i can still keep on dreaming and still keep on trying,
even though I have had my mistakes,
i can still say something more
That i have all my dreams,

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Nothing Special

Nothing is special
You won’t hear me speak, or
Notice my presence beside you
When I am gone
will my departure even register?
I already know the answer..
When you go away they notice,
If they only knew
I was already gone
I close my eyes and sleep,
the morning is no redemption
I just want to be free

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Nothing Special About Me

Stars in the darkest skies
like the flowers in the wild
the leaves that fall in autumn
from the tree
I think it’s their colors that amaze me!
thinking back on old times
I write poems that mostly rhyme
reading things with my meanings
I write poetry to express my feelings.
I dance even though I am not that good
I like to laugh and joke around
I listen to songs I love the way they sound
I like spending time with people
I care I also love going out
There is nothing special about me

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Out of Nothing

I am happy as I can be.
Making something
Out of nothing.
Nothing that sees something
I Can’t yield.
Who are Those?
Busy courting Money
With flashy something.
Nothing can breed
In me anything
That breaks someone’s heart.
Naught to a red rose,
And everything
Mine rendering.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

peom i write

My life has been the poem
I would have writ,
But I could not both live and utter it

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

ROSE SMELT ME

I smelt a rose… rose smelt Me - I don't know
My Parents said Roses have thorns
I thanked God Thorns have roses
Wow! What a bouquet!
So many roses- I can't keep all
Ouch! A Thorn - mistake of florist!
Pink roses—Red Blood…A drop..will clot.
Thanks friend for the Bouquet!
You gave me to bring cheer- brought a tear!
What you wished let me do here.
Here is rose for you my sister;
My friend dear and for a brother!
I know it will bring cheer.
Most of my Life's Roses
I prefer to give to you all
Roses are so pretty
I can't keep them all
Thorns have roses
That belong to me all

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Rosy smile

Glass so kind and fine,
To quench thirst,
Loving smile signal
I recall…
Rosy promise,
Fades,
And sheds,
With solitude tears,
Sprinkle figment,
Love pigment
In dry lips linger,
And rhapsodize,
Many words to say,
To stony lass,
Eyes encircled with tears,
With shock heart thrill,
Fragile Rosy image,
In fragile mirror, I gaze

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Score of Heartaches

We are frail;
Love will mend that
Which is vulnerable
Don’t keep score
Of heartaches
Every one has
Share of laying awake
And of heartaches
The loneliness that follows home
And the heartaches find their way
Lonesome share of heartaches
Don’t keep score.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Scream the Feelings Out

I want to be a poet,
To scream my feelings out
All my feelings brimming
The words, The passion
Stifled there.
In a tangle of words
I always felt I had it
To use words that sing
To disregard each disaster
Poetry forces me to remember
The things I really should forget.
We are living still.
To see
The heart burning in blazes.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Shadow of Smile

Lying down

On silk and lace,

I see the love,

In the shadow

Of your smile,

I may come to know,

And understand,

Where rainbows end,

I may be with you,

My love, my friend

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Silence and Alarms

What is the morning news?
Delete the headline and the views.
What a collage of violence! ,
Like the colours without the hues.
Just flesh and blood in your arms,
The mix of silence and alarms.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Silent Spaces

Life is an unconvincing metaphor
Used against me with simile
Left begging for more.
But just the silent spaces,
Sharing time with anonymity
And impressionistic faces as company.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Silent Tear

How much for your smile that I miss,
and your tender lips that you let the breeze kiss;
I visualize your angel face,
with thoughts of a loving embrace,
And the thought of your beautiful eyes,
makes me miss you my dear,
But there is just a silent tear...

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

smile

smile behind a smile
is like a butterfly
dancing around roses
not in the least minding its thorns.....
having the dark clouds
... passed over sun
is giving its naughty smile
spreading its warmth and happiness

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

smile behind a smile

I Try to Imagine

How a smile behind a scowl looks

And I do

We have all seen that

What I would really like to see

Is a smile behind a smile

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Smiling face Rosy Lips

Sweet smiling face
Flowing black hair,
Flying in the fair weather,
Looks like an angel
When Rosy smiles she smiles,
That is the happiness of life.
No, other damsel can be so sweet
The Rosy lips with deep eyes?
In the sight as lover
She is the one none other,
Rosy lips with dreamy eyes,
Sweet echo of Rosy voice-
A bell to hear and rejoice.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

So Many Years

So many years
I've been on this earth.
What's so special about that?
Nothing, nothing that special.

Such a long period
I've been on this earth.
I have accomplished many things,
but others have accomplished more.

Quite a huge opportunities
I've got on this earth.
What's so special about that?
Not much, not much at all.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Soft as Cotton

The vibrant colors display passion for life,
A slight accent from native tongue adds to exotic style.
She struts and strides like the waves along her shores.
Her hair smells of fresh cut sweet smelling flowers
That can only be found deep in the bosom of forest green.
Oh, how I love the sight and the feel,
Soft as a newborn and silky as coco butter.
I am into a spell with those seductive eyes
That pierce into the soul, and lips that feel like virgin cotton to the touch.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Spontaneous Expression

A Smile is unique to humans.
Nan be genuine or fake, mostly fake.
Can be innocent or flirtatious, mostly so.
It can disarm without any arms.
Let it be spontaneous,
To show gratitude, not to win a favour.
It is expression of one’s heart.
It is something that is everyone’s part.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Succulent Lips

Succulent no crease lips
Saline by sea breeze
Arched in a smile
Fascinated by mystery, the two
Are brought together by fate.
Tryst of body and soul
Two pieces of one heart become whole.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Suicide heart

suicide heart be your e-name
but it is heart that prompts suicide
keep heart safe ins your cupped hands
Don't let it fall to break into pieces
Don't let it be stolen lest others break
so that you say then you are not suicide heart

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

surrender

Sweet surrender……
he folded all his fear
into a perfect rose.
He held it out
in the palm of his hand.
...She took it from him
and put it in her hair

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Sweet smile

Mesmerizing smile;
The luscious red lips
Striking white teeth
A face with its own style
With that soothing smile.
I am her desert, she is my Nile
Will she flow in me with her smile?
I want to live on a lonely isle
With her smile at every mile.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Tangle of Words

I am a poet,
Screaming my feelings out
My feelings brimming
The words, The passion
Stifled there.
In a tangle of words
Let me use
The words that sing
Disregarding each disaster
Poetry forces me to remember
The things I really should forget.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Tell me Who I am

I can’t tell you who you are to me
When I don't even know who I am... to me?
How can I say, 'I love you'
When I don't even know what love is?
How do I know what I am living
When all I'm living is the truth
And the truth is all a lie?

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Tender Touch of Eyes

Thinking all life long
I want to surrender
With all my heart and soul
You may mould me, bend me
Whatever it takes
For the nectar of love
And taste its goodness
Just r you and me
With, roses and caviar
Tender touch of eyes
To make the day bright

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

The Child within

I went to the garden of untroubled thought
I wished again to enter, and explore
The sweet, wild ways with unstained bloom inwrought,
Beneath bowers of innocence with beauty fraught,
But some purer voice I needed to hear Before
I dared to tread that garden loved of yore,

Suddenly within the gate I saw a child, -
Appeared known-child, yet to my heart most dear;
The child held my hand, and softly smiled
With eyes that knew no shade of sin or fear:
'Come in, ' he said, 'and play awhile with me; '
'I am the little child you used to be.'

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

To See You Once

How will it be...to see you once,
Till today I have not got the chance
What the expressions will be,
When eye looks into eye?
How will hello and hi sound like?
I often wonder...
Touching you, will run through
the current so electrifying.
Will the words find its way
of asking about your day?
Seeing you, hearing you and touching you,
Will I be able to do anything else,
other than just admiring you?
Will you understand,
feelings not expressed, words not said?
Yes! Your smile takes away all the fears.
My eyes get moistened with happiness' tears.
Doubts minimize, being with you is all
no matter it is dream or real.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Unsaid Song

Obsessed with the song of Life
That won’t last long.
In love with complex simplicity,
That I know is all wrong
But how to leave everything unsaid,
To tell you explicitly
I must just leave it unsaid.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Unveil my heart

I carry your heart in my heart
I am never without it
I fear no fate
I want no world
I don’t wish to unveil any secret
I can read the soul
I can enter the mind
I carry your heart in my heart

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Vibrant passion for Life

Your vibrancy displays passion for life,
An accent from native tongue adds exotic style.
You strut and stride like the waves along the shores.
Your hair smell of fresh sweet smelling flowers
Found deep in the bosom of forest green.
Oh, how I love the sight and the feel,
Soft as a newborn and silky as coco butter.
I am into a spell with those seductive eyes
Piercing into the soul, and lips
That feel like virgin cotton to the touch.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Wanna find True Love

If in the soul of men,
True love you wanna find,
Get past the beast within,
You better stand your ground.

Bred into these men,
Hormones get excited,
When they look at the lass,
She feels slighted.

For he is just a man,
Nothing very special,
Maybe she’s the one,
Make sure you hug her,

Then maybe just maybe,
You’ll find what you seek,
And hope this time,
For love you to keep.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Waterless Well

I am feeling the emptiness of a waterless well.
My eyes shed the morning's dew.
I'm very, very confused about these strange feelings.
Whenever I'm troubled and blue.
A fear caused from lack of security,
My life has never seen raindrops of purity.
Therefore, I cannot understand
What celestial being is in command,
Of my present feelings of depression.
If only I could find the right expression

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Whispering Heart

Embracing a soul
Sire a seed
Love needs a vision to
Share emotions
Confide within oneself
Kiss a fruit
Breathe with a flower
With your hearts delight
Respect all life Bring about peace
Seek compassion
through self expression
No need laying awake
Listening to whispers
That heart would make

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Words Are Nothing

The words are
Nothing but bird language
Small birds come up to me, but
Eagles and hawks just watch cautiously
With their sharp eyes from high up in the sky
Even though my language is clear
No one responds
A few did
But they're all gone

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

write me if it rains

seem bored a bit! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !
Rain depresses some times.
Where in the world has everyone disappeared on a cool Sunday? Just could not sleep. Got up and started on my journey. whew! what a blog! Any one really wants to write can write me

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Write your Heart

Mischievous, pretty and cute,
Smiling eyes, Vivaciously a Cat too.
Your getting hurt affects me
Who you lost, I don’t know,
But you can give, that I can tell.
Your sensuous side shows when you write,
You are sure to find that again soon

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

You are My Light

I’m burning up
With sweaty palms
A hazy sight
Fever all through the night
With flames inside
Help me tame this fire
I don’t need the sun
You are my Light
More so Fire

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

You are My WINGS

It's little things that only I love
Those are the things that make you mine
And it's like flying without wings
Cos you're my special thing
I'm flying without wings
I'm flying without wings
And that's the joy you bring

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Your wish

To accept your wish as a command
I need only myself to reprimand
For pestering you so often
Let it be an issue forgotten

Tribhuvan Mendiratta