

Poetry Series

Vikram G. Aarella

- poems -

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Vikram G. Aarella

I am from Kolar Gold Fields, a small city situated deep in the heart of South India. I started writing poems for fun and some of my poems were very popular in my college. Some situations or things make me write a poem, though not always a good one. I will appreciate your comments and advise. Take a minute to rate them, so that i can get an idea about how good or bad my poems are.

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Works:

'Oriental Views' - A collection of Poetry.

00 - Bangalored

I have lost my livelihood,
I can't stand where I stood,
I feel like I have been gored,
People say that I have been bangalored.

Like a missile it struck my heart,
Shattered and tore my life apart,
As the cost of labour soared,
They got me bangalored.

Thousands of jobs have been lost
Many more are loosing them fast,
My company has been floored,
And I have been bangalored.

My job is being done by a stranger
As he is cheaper and smarter
I have become lazy and bored
Because I have been bangalored.

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Vikram G. Aarella

00 - Bingeing Britain

The Binge drinking youth of Britain,
Filling the pubs in every corner
Drinking all night until morning, for certain
By Friday night, decency is effectively over.

Young men dressed in their best
Girls in their bare minimum, advertising their assets
You can imagine the rest!
No one can stop them in spite of best efforts.

Vikram G. Aarella

00 - Blew my worries away.

I am doing, what I am supposed to
Accompanying life, where ever it takes me,
I have blown all my worries in thin air
Thinking about failures is a waste of time,
In fact, I am celebrating my failures
And cruising along my way in life,
Whatever I found in my way
I thought of it as my destiny,
Whatever I lost in my way
I forgot about it straight away,
Where you cannot feel the difference
Between sadness and happiness
I started pulling my heart
Towards a place of such likeliness.

CR VGA
3/7/06
Rdnr

Vikram G. Aarella

00 - Buddha – The Enlightened

He was born in a royal family
Destined to be King and Emperor,
On the day of his birth, an astrologer
Predicted what he is destined for.

The day's star constellation
Paved way to the prediction,
That the child would become great
Not by war, but by worldly renunciation.

His father got worried about him
He gave him all pleasures and happiness,
He built a city within his palace
Imprisoned his son, for his selfishness.

Siddhartha, the young prince
Knew nothing about the outside world,
He was already married and had a son
But was desperate to see the outside world.

His father had to finally oblige
He went out with his royal troupe,
To see the country, the people, their life
He was anxious and full of hope.

On his tour, what he saw
Changed his destiny forever,
He saw the people and their sufferings
He saw the dead, diseased, old and poor.

He started questioning the meaning of life
The purpose of suffering and death,
No one could answer him, so he renounced everything
Went in search of salvation, peace and truth.

Became a monk, preached non-violence and love
Treated everyone as equal, forgave the bad
Lived a life of a sage in the forest
Attained nirvana and truly became a god.

CR VGA
Rdnr 21/7/06

Vikram G. Aarella

00 - Canadian Girl

Dark clouds had just burst into rain,
I was alone, travelling in the train.
It was just beginning to gain speed,
I had with me Sunday newspaper to read.
The girl sitting opposite to me, started
To complain, as her seat faced backward.
I offered to exchange seats for her
In return I had to accept her offer.
Of buying coffee for both of us,
Friendship with this girl began thus.
I thought, she must be an American,
From her accent, but she denied to be one.
Her father was Scottish and mother Hungarian
But she considered herself as a proud Canadian.
We talked our way through the long journey
On drinks, it was my turn to spend money.

CR VGA
Rdnr 30/6/06

Vikram G. Aarella

00 - Come back home, soldier

Come back home soldier
Throw your gun away,
Your child is waiting for you
Bring her some toys to play.

Throw the medals, throw the uniform
Head back to your home land,
Your wife is struggling without you
Give her a helping hand.

Killing innocent people is not war
It is manslaughter and murder,
Your mother is worried about you
Don't make her last days harder.

This war has no moral or ethics
Being fought for greed and money
Your pet dog is missing you
Give it your love and company.

Crops in your field have grown taller
No one is there to harvest them
Your friends are short of a player
Come home, come back to them.

CR VGA
6/7/06 Rdnr

Vikram G. Aarella

00 - Daffodils, The

They are seen just for a month or two
But what a wonderful job they do,

They change the mood and atmosphere
As they start springing up everywhere,

Heralding, the end of gloomy wet days
Bringing with it the hope of sunrays,

As the days pass you see, them more and more
Emerging from the hiding in the earths core,

With joy and happiness your heart fills
When you see the splendid daffodils,

They grow fast competing with each other,
As if to attract the first bee of summer.

Slowly they start changing colour to red,
It's not long before they are all dead.

Thank the daffodil and shed a tear
To see them again you have to wait another year.

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Rdnr 14/5/06

Vikram G. Aarella

00 - English Friend

Been living in Britain for three years now,
Haven't got an English friend, don't know how,
I have an Italian, a Welsh, an Irish even a German,
But, don't have friend who is an Englishman.
Is something wrong with them, or is it me,
I tried my best with them, I have to agree.
It is difficult to break into their closed circle,
If you manage, to keep it going needs a miracle.
Their wavelength, their frequency of thinking
Their stiff upper lip, casual sex and drinking
Is it a complex? That they have to contend,
Just gaining friendship is what I intend.
But, it's a waste of time and effort to spend
To, find an Englishman as your friend.

CR VGA
Rdnr 30/6/06

Vikram G. Aarella

00 - Gandhi – The Mahatma

Latest to arrive, in the line of holy men
Your beginnings were very humble
No one knew the power within you then.
You made the British Empire crumble.

Hard to imagine, a man like you lived
Two thousand years after Buddha's death
You poured life into his teachings and revived,
Non- Violence was you mantra, your strength.

Like every human being, while young
You did things that were really bad,
But soon realised that, it was wrong
And corrected the evil mind you had.

Then dedicated your life for achieving freedom
For the ancient and richest country on the Earth,
Which was being humiliated and exploited by some
For patience and courage, in you there was no dearth.

You achieved freedom through Non-Violence
Empire came to its knees; and fell at your feet,
You forgave the sinners and taught us tolerance
Your coming on this earth has made our lives replete.

CR VGA
23/06/06 Rdnr

Vikram G. Aarella

00 - Hair's breadth from death

Has it happened to you?
When you felt you were,
So close to being eliminated
From the existence forever.

When we sit and think
Think about all the incidents,
When we have had close shave
With having fatal accidents.

There are so many of them
Which we tend to easily forget,
And do the same mistakes again
Though not always with intent.

We forget about these things
Because nothing has changed,
Saved many times by the split second
On which life and death was gauged.

Life is so fragile and delicate
Extinction is always at arms length,
We live a life of uncertainty
We are hair's breadth from death.

CR VGA
Rdnr 26/7/06

Vikram G. Aarella

00 - In Mad Stampede

Life is difficult indeed
Race of very high speed
And of mad stampede
Among men trying to succeed.

I am lost in the proceed
None is paying me heed
Over me i don't have cede
I am like a lost sea weed.

Emotionally, how long i have to bleed
In the struggle of life, shall i concede?
My self confidence is on the recede
For a micracle, i am in desperate need.

CR VGA,10/6/06
Mrcp1 Rkwd

Vikram G. Aarella

00 - Its Kannada, not Canada

People confuse it with Canada,
I say, no its Kannada,
Canada with an extra N, and starting with K
They give back the expression saying, no way
There are sixty million speakers I say,
But, the expression puts stay.
I ask them, ever heard of Bangalore or been Bangalored,
The word making waves around the world,
that's where people speak this language, and are proud.
And i hope, concept of Karnataka and Kannada is finally sold.

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Vikram G. Aarella

00 - My Lovely Love

Like the twinkle of the star,
Like the beating of heart,
Like the flutter of wings,
Like the blessing of god,

Is the beauty of my love
Without whom i cannot make a move
The atmosphere around is looking fine
Which was not, until she was mine.

I fear for the day
When she will be away
Can i live without her
Will remain a question forever

Let the day never come
Tomorrow never dies, but we do
Her bodies flowering scent,
Can show the way she went.

Many eyes, some good, some bad
Are on lookout for her, which makes me sad
To me, she always remained faithful
Which made my life wonderful.

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Vikram G. Aarella

00 - My Mother

In life's ups and downs, good or bad
She's always with me happy or sad
I will always long for my mother's blessings
No matter which way my fate swings, .

Just ask her for help to do,
And she'll sacrifice everything for you.
If you ask me, have I ever seen god,
Yes, it's my mother for me, I'll say with a nod.

Happy birthday Mother[14/5].
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Vikram G. Aarella

00 - Return of Count Dracula

When the clouds descend on the land
Covering every tree and every inch of sand
Flesh and blood is what dark forces demand
And the count holds on to his command.

In the darkness of night when sunrays retire
Emerges the sharp teathed vampire
Sucking out life against one's desire
Dracula has unleashed the evil of his empire

Army of wolves howling in the forest
Lying any faith in god to rest
Putting every man's courage to test
Has come Dracula, the blood sucking pest.

The last of the living evil
Someone should stand up to him and kill
Waiting for that person with strong will
Our lives are at Dracula's mercy until.

CR V.G.Aarella
Aber

Vikram G. Aarella

00 - She's Married

The girl with dark and beautiful hair,
Her eyes are lovely and her skin fair.
She is like a full bloomed flower
With beauty, I can't bear

I want to be her lover,
I will die for her, I swear.
But alas, my friend, my dear
She's married and it's her husband that I fear.

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Vikram G. Aarella

00 - The Ruins of Hampi

Stones, stones everywhere
They look at you and stare
If you have some time to spare
Each stone has a story to share.

They stand naked and bare
Carvings so intricate and rare
On its beauty one can't fix a fare
Nothing can match it, I swear.

Each stone carved with extra care
On which dancers and musicians flare
Statues of numerous gods glare
And the demons make you scare.

Beauty is felt in the air
If you ask me to be fair
With head held high, I can declare
Place like this you can see nowhere.

Hampi is a World Heritage Site, the capital of Vijaynagar Empire in South India. Its most famous sculpture is the Stone Chariot. It has thousands of statues and temples spread in an area of 26 square kilometers and everything is carved out of Granite stone, one of the hardest stones.

CR VGA
Rdnr 289/7/06

Vikram G. Aarella

00 - The Split Second

In that crucial split second
So many people's destinies rewritten,
So many lives have changed
So many things forgotten.

The split second is the difference
Between life and death,
Between victory and defeat
Between heaven and earth.

Difference between beginning and end
Between coming first or second,
Between bright day and dark night
Stands only that crucial split second.

Unimaginable things can happen
Ground can shake, volcano's can erupt,
Tsunamis can rise, meteors can strike
Time is what, no one can interrupt

CR VGA
Rdnr 27/7/06

Vikram G. Aarella

00 - The Vijayanagar Empire

The brothers were breathing fire,
With their hearts full of desire
They built the greatest Hindu empire,
Which, the whole world would admire.

Kingdom of peace and heaven, the plan
Put forth by a learned man
Carried out by brothers of the Kuruba clan,
Empire, was built within a short span

People as brave as they were
Fought their enemies without fear
Till peace was brought to Vijayanagar
The 'City of Victory', as they called her.

Her enemies were torn apart,
Peninsular India in its chart
She lived in peoples heart,
The golden age was about to start.

The city was full of diamonds and gold
In the bazaars and streets they were sold,
Might of the empire began to unfold
Nobody could keep it on hold

The legend spread far and wide
Like a mighty colossal tide.
Now, long gone is the empire of pride
Changing history, for us to abide.

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Vikram G. Aarella

00 - Without Her

Like a desert without rain,
Like a mother without child,
Like a temple without god,
Is my life without her.
I will survive with her support,
Like a parasite in a host.

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Vikram G. Aarella

A Bollywood Love Story

The Movie-

He sees her in the temple
Immediately falls in love with her,
She has come with her mother
He waits for an opportunity to meet her.

He follows her, day in and day out
Everyday he waits outside her home,
She knew him as a local yob
Who did nothing but roam.

He manages to stop her one day
And expresses his love for her,
She was waiting for it all along
They start going out thereafter.

They break into song and dance
Whenever they feel like,
Sometimes in Australia, sometimes Switzerland
Sometimes in a car and sometimes in a bike.

Dressed always in designer costumes
Even though they can't afford it,
Because it's just a dream not reality
They can afford to totally enjoy it.

Meanwhile in the cinema hall-

People in theatre start to clap
When Hero starts dancing with Heroine,
Some go out of theatre to have a fag
Some get a snack in the canteen.

Then it's time for the interval
When the toilets are fully clogged,
Some wait eagerly for the movie to restart
In the sea of humanity some get bogged.

Movie continues-

The movie becomes interesting in second half
As many thousands of movies before,
The girl's parents don't approve of her love
To win their hearts, hero has to work more.

The rest of the movie has plots and subplots
Where the girl's parents put the Hero to test,
In every task he emerges a winner
In fights, dance, emotions he proves to be the best.

The hero prevails against all the odds

Which only Indians can understand,
His in laws are forced to give in
The movie comes to a happy end.

CR VG AARELLA
10/7/06 Rdnr.

Vikram G. Aarella

A Night In Newcastle

There was a storm brewing
In the west coast of England
When I began my journey in train
To the last city before Scotland.

I thought I did pretty well
By moving away from the storm
But Newcastle was no different
Cold and rain was the norm.

So I headed straight to Novotel
To the cosy room and double bed
A bit dissapointed that I as alone
When the room could have been shared

CR VGA
Rdnr 15/3/06

Vikram G. Aarella

A Philosopher And A Poet

Philosopher said,
Women are a liability and poison,
Who will lead you to a,
path of self destruction.

The Poet said,
Women are the most beautiful,
and graceful, In her company
I will find a way to heaven.

Philosopher said,
Life is full of pain and emotions,
Where sanity and happiness is
difficult to sustain.

The poet said,
Life is boon, in the never ending
quest for peace and solace
If I cannot find it now,
I will in my next life,
When I am born again.

CR VGA
Rdnr
30/12/07

Vikram G. Aarella

A Poet Can See

A poet can see
What the sun cannot.

Vikram G. Aarella

Aarella Bhai is with you - let the dogs bark

Few dogs barking at an elephant
will not cause it any bother,
Instead of chasing them off
it would do its job rather.

For some, racism is innate
don't argue with them or fight
ignore them like dirt,
they will meet their fate.

With the use of words like yours
you are a real poetry shark,
some are good, some really bad
but, they talk about reality stark.

Let the foxes, wolves and hayenas
along with the dogs bark,
Aarella bhai will be with you
my words you can mark.

I am really dissapointed and fed up of these attacks on a fellow Indian, stop the bullying at once.

CR VGA
11/12/07

Vikram G. Aarella

American Invasion of Iraq

I am beginning to feel sick
Of this policy of carrot and stick,
When oil runs low in your stock
You start attacking Iran and Iraq.

You appease them on one side
Take them on a mad ride
And hit them from behind
Without any fault to find.

Today you have got the power
But it can't save you forever
The world is quite because of fear
It may one day turn against you my dear.

CR VGA
Rdnr030706

Vikram G. Aarella

Vikram G. Aarella

An Old Women With Split Personality

There is a mad old women
Living like a rat in her den,
With no manners and unaware of reality
Living with herself and her split personality.

They come out in turns to foray
Hank and Charlie of Jim Carey
Like in the movie Me, Myself and Irene
there is no go between.

They both want to be on top
Like celebrities they hop,
from poet to poem, making fixes
Voting themselves to success.

A resemblance to a person living, dying or dead is purely coincidental. especially an old lady with grey hair and glasses.

CR VGA
29/12/07
CDMH

Vikram G. Aarella

Another Year Gone - Goodbye 2007

Another year is gone,
New one is about dawn,
I cannot talk for everyone,
But, my achievements are none.

I have grown a year older,
My head has turned a bit balder,
My girlfriend gave me a cold shoulder,
Alone I am left to smolder.

Hoping for a change in new year,
Of my fortunes and fear,
I make my motto very clear,
Come what may, I will not
shed a single tear.

CR VGA
26/12/07
comproomUHW

Vikram G. Aarella

Arabisation of Malayasia

In a land, where ancient empires ruled
where Hinduism and Buddhism once thrived,
Which should be proud of its culture and heritage,
the evil of Arabisation has arrived.

The bumiputra Malays are now
bowing towards mecca to pray,
Saudi Arabia is their new idol
no non muslim has a say.

Destroying Hindu temples and shrines
built by their own forefathers,
the one who does not respect history
will they have any future? .

Abusing, opressing, persecuting Hindus
showing the intolerant face of Islam,
Malayasia, i really pity you
you are stirring up your own storm.

CR VG Aarella

9/12/07

http:

//timesofindia.indiatimes.com/Hindraf_appeals_to_India_for_help/articleshow/2608713
.cms

Vikram G. Aarella

Ashoka – The Great

He was young, handsome, and strong
Powerful, ambitious and aggressive,
He fought and won many battles
He was always on the offensive.

He became great, within a short period
The Emperor of a great stretch of land,
Like his father, who defeated Greeks
Rival kingdoms he couldn't stand.

One last tiny kingdom stood
Between him and ultimate glory,
On the eastern border of his empire
Kalinga, controlled its own territory.

Scene was set for a great battle
Never heard or seen in the history,
Ashoka, was merciless and ruthless
He slaughtered his way to victory.

There was complete and total destruction
Of Kalinga's people and its kingdom,
Victorious was the great emperor
The cost was innocent lives and freedom.

As he surveyed the battlefield after battle
He saw the dead men and their grieving wives,
Saw the spilled blood, flesh and scavenging vultures
Saw the ghosts of the dead, the cries of dying lives.

He asked himself, what did he achieve?
In grief and sorrow his heart sank,
He renounced everything, for his sins
Found solace in Buddhism and became a monk.

He became truly great, for what he did
Not for his victories or for his empire
But for his renouncing of all pleasures
Living, rest of his life without desire.

Ashoka was the second emperor of the Mauryan dynasty which ruled India during 2nd Century BC. He became a buddhist after the battle of Kalinga. He was the person who spread buddhism to rest of Asia.

CR VGA
Rdnr 6/7/06

Vikram G. Aarella

ASININE RACISM

It stays in them,
dormant, all the while
waiting for a chance
to show its ugly face.

Like a wild beast
ready to pounce
on unsuspecting prey
when it goes astray.

Everything will be fine
if you are the hunted
and if you are tame,
if you are obedient
and do as they say.

But, any attempt
at changing roles,
will bring it out,
in attacks,
with a burst of racist bout.

Don't ever be fooled
it is still alive,
if not as in old days
they have found new ways.

Read the article below published in Indian Express,

CR VGA
16/12/07

Asinine white rubbish is still rubbish
Saturday December 15 2007 23: 39 IST
By TJS GEORGE
<http://www.newindpress.com/sunday/sundayitems.asp?id=SEC20071215141319&eTitle=Columns&rLink=0>

Vikram G. Aarella

Australian Cricket

They are bullies like in a brainless herd
they claim they play the game hard
their players have no decency or shame
they are just after records and fame.

they will do everything to win a game
sledge, abuse, call you racist and lame
you just have to shut up and listen
if you rebel, then you are a racist without question.

They fix the match with the umpires
not to disturb their batsman, until he tires
and walks out of ground on his own
but, you cannot talk but only frown.

Shame on you and your players Australia
you suffer from complex form of necrophilia
rudness and cheating is in your blood
its has covered your country in a great flood

CR VGA
Rdnr223
8/1/08

Vikram G. Aarella

Back To Square One

In the race of life I ran
With others competing in turn
On the way I had my share of fun.
But goals I could achieve None.

I lost my happiness in return
My loved ones I did shun
In the process no favours won
Now I am back to square one.

Cr VGA
Rdnr 10/3/08

Vikram G. Aarella

Bangladesh of Bengalis

The little dark Bengalis
living in the forests and marshes
once out of reach of vedic civilisation
now aligned to Islamic notion.

Blessed with fertile lands
full of crops and greenery
threatened by the rising sea
life is as hard as it can be.

They are forced to the edge,
but, killing innocent minorities
for their fortune and future
will not pacify mother nature.

I take the blame partly
for not defending them
from the marauding invaders
and from hatred breeders.

CR VGA
16/12/07

Vikram G. Aarella

Baragalophobia

The land is parched
the lakes are dry,
Not a cloud in sight
Just the clear blue sky.

People are desperate
emotions are running high,
Drought is not faraway
can sense the wind sigh.

They fear the deadly drought
rain is what no one can buy,
Rich and poor, old and young
without rain all will die.

Phenomenon of Baragalophobia
is making people vie,
For the scarce resources
to give life a last try.

Baragalophobia is the fear of Drought.
CR VGA
6/10/06 EWWW

Vikram G. Aarella

Being Indian

Once in India lived a statesman
He was a teacher by profession,
Like both my parents, sincere and dedicated
His simplicity was very much appreciated.

He once said about the skin colour
White people are like half toasted bread,
Black people are like over toasted bread
Both these breads are neither tasty nor good.

Perfect toasted bread's colour is brown
The colour of the people of his land
He taught them to be proud of being Indian,
He was India's second president Radhakrishnan.

CR VGA
28/6/06-Bday29

Vikram G. Aarella

Brahma - The Creator

Brahma, you are the lord of creation
Born from the navel of Mahavishnu
You have four heads for each direction
And you created the first man – manu.

Your consort is saraswati, the goddess of learning
Considered as the first god among the trinity;
You create life and do the churning
Of time, of space and of infinity.

You rest as your work is complete
When you are awoken, everything is recreated
For another kalpa you make it replete
It's because of you everything started.

In front of you, I bow in respect
Everything is yours in every aspect.

Kalpa- is an era.
CR VGA
15/6/06

Vikram G. Aarella

British Food - Angrezi Khana

Angrazi khana humko jumta nahi,
Par kya karen,
Khaane bine dhimak chalta nahi,
Dil keliya to tera pyaar hi kaafi hai,
Par pet keliya nahi.

Rough translation

British food does not suit me,
But I dont have a choice,
Without a meal my brain does not work,
Your love is enough to fill my heart,
But not my tummy.

CRVGA
Rdnr
8/7/08

Vikram G. Aarella

Bush and Blair

Bush and Blair
Went to the desert fair
To fetch a pail of oil

Blair fell down
And burnt his crown
And bush fell critically ill.

This is silly, but still,
Its my spoof on 'Jack and Jill'.

Vikram G. Aarella

Caerphilly Miners

The once mighty coal mines
Of this forgotten little town
Stands as a testimony of sacrifice
For the glories of English crown.

A generation of young men
Toiling inside the dark pits
Supplying the black gold
To power the empire of the Brits.

Today they have grown old
All the coal has gone
Left are only the shafts
Memoirs of the time bygone.

The men cannot breath
Their lungs clogged by the dust
Years of hard work in the mines
Like the shafts has left them to rust.

CR VGA
Rdnr 15/3/08

Vikram G. Aarella

Calling 'Monkey' is racist in Australia

They pride at calling themselves as Kangaroo
but, about other animals, they don't have a clue,
you shoudn't call anyone a monkey
as they don't have one you see
there, marsupials live in the tree.
so, if you call someone an ape
you have committed a racist rape.

CR VGA
Lib UHW
08/01/08

Vikram G. Aarella

Candle and Cake

You are my Aishwarya
I am your Abishek
You are the candle
I am the cake
Lets celebrate our lives
I will shower you with love
Are ready to take?

CR VGA
Rdnr 15/6/08

Vikram G. Aarella

Cardiff or Jamica

You are my destiny
You are my love
You are my Aishwarya, you are my Deepika
Whether I am living in Cardiff or in Jamica.

To my beautiful fiancee
CR VGA
Rdnr 23/6/08

Vikram G. Aarella

Carmarthen

The valley town of Carmarthen
Heart of the country of Wales
I have fond memories of you
In spite of the rain and gale's.

How can I forget the friendly people
The city centre, the crumbling castle
The countryside, the farms and the sheep
Life goes on here, without a hassle.

I did not feel alone or different
Among the sea of caucasians
You were like a shock absorber
For me on many occasions.

CR VGA
Rdnr 15/3/08

Vikram G. Aarella

Century of Poems

Who would have thought?
That I will reach this milestone,
A collection of hundred poems
All written on my own.

Am I a full fledged poet now?
My critics, you the readers should tell,
Few words of encouragement from you
Will make my confidence swell.

Or am I just wasting my time
Trying to be a poet like you guys,
Writing, what I think is poetry
Or do you think otherwise?

Hope to hear from you people
The visitors of this site,
What you think of my effort?
Should I continue to write?

I want your opinion friends, regarding my poems, Am I good enough to continue
posting my poems on this site? Please do reply.

CR VGA
RKwd 27/7/06

Vikram G. Aarella

Dilemma

Which is better, this or that?
I am bad at taking a` decision,
I wish I was like some genius
Who can hit target with precision.

But, I do always fumble
And live on to regret,
Till I forget about it
And find some new target.

Is it the same with everyone?
Does it happen to all?
Where in life they make blunders
And their fortunes make a fall.

In the modern day world
With the options wide open,
We never know the right choice
But it's always worth a risk taking one.

CR VGA
Rdnr 27/7/06

Vikram G. Aarella

Drastic Steps

Time has come to take some drastic steps
To make some decisions, which I have been putting off
For the fear of consequences, for the fear of failure
But this dilemma has lead me nowhere.

I am stranded in the big bad world
Alone, not knowing what to do
Without a clue where to go
Just living day by day
Living in a dream world
Hoping for the best.

Time is short for my loved ones
I can go on like this for some more time
But they cannot wait that long,
Even a day is like a year for them.

If I quit now, all my efforts will go in vain
I have to start my life from scratch.
I better, mentally be prepared
As some drastic decisions are about to be made.

CR VGA
Rdnr 9/3/08

Vikram G. Aarella

Drink Like The Irish

Drink like the Irish,
don't mind if the beer,
is cold or cool.
Fight like the Irish
be it Scots or English,
man or a fool.
Spread like the Irish
to the new world
or to the moon.
Work like the Irish
not waiting,
for the boon.
Dance like the Irish
even if the music,
and party is dull.
Live like the Irish
head up and with
pride hearts full.

CR VGA
Rdnr223
16/12/07

Vikram G. Aarella

Escapism

I just want an easy way out
From the struggles and miseries
That I am going through
People may say I am a loser.

Who failed to achieve
What I Intended to
But in the fight and struggle
I am losing my sanity, my health.

Are my goals and achievements
Worth more than my health, my loved ones?
I may quit but never give up
If not here, I will try elsewhere.

I may lose this battle
But will carry on the war
I may be escaping battlefield
Only to fight an other day.

CR VGA
Rdnr 9/3/08

Vikram G. Aarella

Fatal Attraction

Why is this wall between us?
Created by humans like us
Haters of love
Creators of class and creed.

But, still I have this attraction
Which is fatal and unknown,
Neither did I knew about it
Now, even if I try, it won't go.

It keeps happening all the time
You are coming in my dreams
Sometimes in my sleep and
Sometimes, when I am fully awake.

Is there an end to this?
Will it be a happy one?
Or end in total destruction
Either way, I want it to happen.

CR VGA
18/6/06 Rdnr

Vikram G. Aarella

From My Secret Admirer

Cutest face ever seen
Warmest smile, ever felt
Vibrant as a rainbow
Your presence is like sun

Look for the presence of love
In the horizon of your life
A little heart wishes to be yours,
My sweet dream remain in my eyes.

Feel the love in blowing winds,
Hear my song in the rain
Think about me in every thought
Which passes through those loveable grey cells

I wait by the dawn
I wait by the dusk
I wait by the gate
For you to answer my fate.

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Vikram G. Aarella

Golden Pen And An Old Women

Once their lived an old women,
With glasses, grey hair and a golden pen,
She wrote poems about everthing one can,
Marvelling at her talent, god given.

She wrote some serious poems and some for fun,
But could not write a good one always, amen
Everytime she wrote a poem, sitting in her den,
She wanted others to read it and grant a ten.

She wanted to be the top poet amongst men,
But, ideas running out, she scribbled like a hen,
Writing with her golden pen, grief stricken,
Hoping, if money could buy her fame and heaven.

This character is fictional, any resemblance to a person living or dead is purely coincidental.

CR VGA
Rdnr
26/12/07

Vikram G. Aarella

Gone By Days

Memories of gone by days,
every moment of it.
Stays fresh in my heart
unable to leave me in a fit.

Memories,
Some happy, some sad
some good, some bad,
Reminds me every day
about the past that I had.

CR Vikram Aarella
Rdnr 27/11/07

Vikram G. Aarella

Govind Singh – The Last Guru

You were an ordinary sage
Fed up with the atrocities of your time,
You rose up to take revenge
Against, the intolerant Mogul Regime.

You gave Sikh religion a shape and aim
Created warriors out of ordinary men,
To fight the Mogul engine of crime
You took the mantle of Guru Number ten.

For the sake of religion and country
The sacrifices your people made were great,
They became the guarding gentry
Of the people of the Punjab state.

Khalsa, is like sword to us
I accept you as my Guru,
You saved the country from abuse
You are the son of soil, true.

Guru Govind Singh was the tenth and last Guru of Sikh religion; he created the Khalsa-
the Sikh army, to fight the intolerant Muslim Mogul of India.

CR VGA
9/7/06 Rdnr

Vikram G. Aarella

Hanuman – The Powerful

You are the monkey god, the real superman
Son of Vayu Deva- the god of air,
Epitome of strength are you lord Hanuman
There in none equal to you in power, to compare.

The greatest devotee of lord Rama
You showed the world what devotion is,
You fought a war to uphold dharma
And gave the good people, new lease.

Oh monkey god, give me courage and strength
Ages may pass and generations of people may die
Let your legend live on for infinite length,
And among gods may your place be high.

You taught us the lesson of devotion and friendship.
With respect and love, I bow to you and worship.

Rdnr 13/6/06
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Vikram G. Aarella

Heart in Kolar

My ambition has no bounds,
I earn in dollars and pounds
In life, I have come too far
But, my heart is still in Kolar.

I go out with the Brits
who enjoy life to the bits
I cannot live as they are
As my heart is in Kolar.

I have met many women
Blonde, Brunette and Brown,
Even if it sounds bizzare
I want a girl from Kolar.

Kolar is my home town and i miss it dearly.
Copyright V.G.Aarella
Rdnr10/5/06

Vikram G. Aarella

Heart Of Steel

I know what you know
I feel what you feel
I Have a loving heart
Its soft and not made of steel
Each part of me loves you
From my head to heel.

Cr VGA
Rdnr 223
16/7/08

Vikram G. Aarella

Heart to Blame

After reading my love letter
Please don't get angry
You are my life, you are my destiny
If I have hurt you, I am sorry

It is my heart, which is to blame
It will do anything for you
If you take me as your slave
It will happily accept that too

CR VGA(3/6/06)
Caerp

Vikram G. Aarella

Heart to Blame Again

I can't stop liking you
It's not me, but my heart to blame
I cannot keep it in control
It keeps beating for you without shame.

(CR) VGA[4/6/06]
Rdnr

Vikram G. Aarella

Heart Will Sing

My heart will,
Always sing.
In memory of you,
Our love song.

CR VGA
Rdnr 18/6/06

Vikram G. Aarella

Her Mesmerising Smile

I couldn't sleep whole night
Something with my heart was not right
It haunted me all the while
It's her mesmerising smile.

Those luscious red lips
Those striking white teeth
Her face has got its own style
Because of her soothing smile.

I have become her admirer
I wouldn't mind marrying her
I am her desert, she is my Nile
Will she flow in me with her smile?

It has somehow touched my heart
Thrilled is my body's every part
I want to live in a lonely isle
With just her and her smile.

Dedicated to a girl who has got a beautiful smile.
CR VGA
Rdnr 17/7/06

Vikram G. Aarella

I am a Hindu

I am a Hindu
And proud to be one
Combining the forces of nature
Hinduism is a way of life, rather than religion.
Of course it is not perfect
Got its own drawbacks and defects
It does not invade or convert people
On your life and mind are its effects
You can do what ever you want to
And still be a Hindu, you are always welcome
There are no strict rules or compulsion
Home itself is temple for some
Just be sincere, honest, do people good and do your duty
Everything is acceptable in Hinduism and that's its beauty.

CR VGA(3/6/06)
Rdnr

Vikram G. Aarella

I AM THE AMERICAN- Dare stop me

I am the American
and, I am the king
with pride I sing
I own everything.

In the Atlantic, I go fishin
In the Pacific, I go surfin
In Europe, I go travellin
In Latin America, I go huntin

In the Middleeast, I go fightin
In Asia, I go stealin
To the Moon, I go flyin
To the Mars, I plan visitin

Everyone is at my mercy,
I dare anyone stop me,
Any opposition, I don't foresee,
But, people see me and flee,
They hate me and my country,
For reasons, I cannot see
They may be scared,
and they better be.

CR VGA
18/12/07
Rdnr

Vikram G. Aarella

I Failed Again

Why does it always happen to me
Why do i miserably fail sometimes
The logic in it, i can't really see
I am failing when everyone else climbs

Keep trying you will suceed, they say
and If you throw many stones, one may hit target
I have been doing that almost everyday
Failed person like me, i haven't yet met.

What is wrong with me? i don't know
I put in all the effort, work hard and struggle
But still my success doesn't seem to grow
My mood is low, I wish i had someone to snuggle.

I am not going to accept failure and live
I will keep on trying untill i am alive.

CR VGA 10/9/06
Reslts, Rkwd

Vikram G. Aarella

I Remember the Day, Dad

I remember the day dad,
When you chased me around, to get me to hospital
For the treatment of fever which I had.

I remember the day dad,
When you scolded me and hit me
And later how you felt bad.

I remember the day dad,
When for the first time you took me to school
Leaving me there, how you felt sad.

I remember the day dad,
When I got into medical college
And with happiness you went mad.

I remember the day dad,
In your village, in front of your elders
How you behaved like an obedient lad.

I remember the day dad,
When we both felt upset
As India lost a test match in Trinidad.

I remember the day dad,
When I was feeling low and had lost all hope
But you always had a word of encouragement and advise to add.

I remember these entire days dad,
I cherish the memories of us together
To have had a father like you I am really lucky and glad.

I remember each and every day,
When you had so many things to do
And I always learnt something from you.

A tribute to my father, who is great person and his birthday is today [01/06]
Copyright V.G.Aarella
Rdnr 16/5/06

Vikram G. Aarella

I was not a poet

I was not a poet
But, since I saw you
I started writing poetry.

I was a pessimist
But, since I spoke to you
I have become an optimist.

I was not a dreamer
But, since I touched you
I have started dreaming.

I was an atheist
But, since I kissed you
I started believing in God.

CR VGA
Rdnr 6/7/06

Vikram G. Aarella

I WILL HOLD THE FORT

Never mind if I am alone
Abandoned,
and left to fend on my own,
I wont ask for reasons
I will grow stronger, with
the change of seasons.

I will not let you down,
my friend,
I will take on the enemies
and fight them alone.

They are bloodthirsty
want everyone to obey,
any revolt or resistance
will be silenced with force.

Let them come,
with their crosses and crucifixes
let them come,
with all their might,
god knows that,
they are wrong and we are right.

I will not let,
our thoughts and our views die,
let come the doomsday,
I will not back away
I will not for a minute abort
I promise you, as long as I can
I will hold on to the fort.

Dedicated to a peson who stood for himself and his country, waging a lone battle.

CR VGA
Rdnr
13/12/07

Vikram G. Aarella

I Wish I Have a Dream

I wish I have a dream
Where people lived like brothers peacefully,
Used and shared everything equally.
Free of hatred and jealousy, loved each other truly,

It cannot happen in reality
Because human genes are faulty
And, every one of us is guilty
That's why; I wish I have a dream....

CR V.G.Aarella
Rdr10/05/06

Vikram G. Aarella

If Only Democracy Could Bring Peace

They say democracy
will bring peace,
Killing, looting, bombing
will all cease.

But, democracy in Kenya
is like slippery grease,
Pakistan without it,
has terror on the lease.

You decide what is right
With hatred and dislike on increase,
Is it democracy or the militancy to blame?
But one thing is quite obvious
Faith in the system is on decrease.

CR VGA
2/1/08
Rdnr

Vikram G. Aarella

If You Come Today

If you come today, you are too early
If you come tomorrow, it's too late
You pick the time, Tick, Tick, Tick
Darling!

Did you say morning?
No, no it's not good
Did you say Evening?
No, no it's too bad
Did you say noon?
No, no it's not the time

What did you say, hey?
Coming? Oh, it's all right
You pick the time
Tick, tick, tick, tick
Darling

If you come today, you are too early
If you come tomorrow, it's too late

Million terms speak in my heart
Million dreams haunt my heart
Million desires ring in my heart
Million memories seize my heart

You pick the time
Tick, tick, tick, tick
Darling
If you come today, you are too early
If you come tomorrow, it's too late
You pick the time, Tick, Tick, Tick

This is actually a song in a Kannada movie, its been beautifully Indianised into a song.
Follow the link and u can listen to it.

http://www.musicindiaonline.com/l/18/s/movie_name.2791/

VGA
Rdnr

Vikram G. Aarella

In Pursuit of Happiness

I thought money will give it to me
But I was so very wrong,
I thought success will give it to me
Again I was wrong.

I thought if I struggle now
I can be happy later,
If I earn now,
I can enjoy it later.

But it seems not to come to me
However hard I try,
It keeps going away from me
My priorities were probably wrong.

Happiness is in the outlook
Happiness is when you keep others happy
There is no point in the pursuit of happiness
It is always with you, just need to see it.

CR VGA
Rdnr 15/3/08

Vikram G. Aarella

In the light of your love.

To the beats of your heart,
To the rhythm of your breath,
In the light of your love,
which is always rife,
I will sing and dance
through the rigors of life.

CR, VGA
15/6/06 Rdnr

Vikram G. Aarella

In Your Shade

I have suffered a lot in life
I am exhausted and tired,
Like the sun, before I fade
Take me into your shade.

In this world of crime and sin
I am standing lonely and disturbed,
No way out, of this plot self made
Please, shelter me in your shade.

I cannot last like this for long
There is no strength left in me,
Cruel game my fate has played
Only you can give me some shade.

CR VGA
Rdnr 18/06/06

Vikram G. Aarella

Independence Day?

Independence day celebrations for some
As they torture and burn dark mens bum
Real freedom for many, may never come
Untill there is supremacy of imperialistic scum.

CR VGA
Rdnr 4/7/08

Vikram G. Aarella

India and China

Like a crouching tiger and rising dragon
Are the two countries of India and China
Development and progress their common slogan
Giving rest of the world heartache and angina.

Their strength is in their history
Remnants of surviving ancient civilisations
Now rewriting every man's story
Astonishing is the rise of these two nations.

Reminding us of the changing trend
Slowly shifting the centre of power
Putting the dominance of west to an end
Let the two giants last forever.

On them may Buddha bless and smile
Let them walk together many a mile.

CR V.G.Aarella
Rkwd

Vikram G. Aarella

Indian Taming of Australia

They cried foul,
calling someone a 'Monkey'
became a racist crime,
not aware of the consequences
they pressed on the charge
against Indians.
Little did they know
about the might of Indian nation,
colonial days are gone
when we were abused
and humiliated,
New India is on the rise
prosperous, confident and strong
you will get blow for a blow
eye for an eye
don't get me wrong
The Indian counterattack
the unprecedented backlash
shook the Australian establishment,
It was not just about cricket
it was about self respect and honour
The message was conveyed
to perfection,
Australia felt ashamed
Australian arrogance was tamed.

CR VGA
Rdnr
11/01/08

Vikram G. Aarella

It Happens For Good

Everything happens for good
Whatever has happened in the past
Whatever that is happening now
And whatever that will happen in future.

There is always a reason behind it
An unknown force directing things
Our lives will be much happier
If we face whatever challenges it brings.

CR VGA
Rdnr 26/7/06

Vikram G. Aarella

Jesus – The Shepherd

Oh, my shepherd lord
What are your followers doing?
They are playing the money card
Luring men into their fold and converting.

You endured so much insult and pain,
You will suffer for people's sin, you said
But, the question will remain
Have, people taken your sacrifice for granted?

They think if they do a sin and confess
Their sin's will be washed and erased
They are ignorant of creating the mess
In the ancient lands, that you once roamed.

You never taught anyone these things,
Nor did you put them in writing
Everything is being changed for convenience
Which is so obviously striking.

CR VG Aarella
RdrShilp 20/6/06

Vikram G. Aarella

Jinnah – Of Pakistan

How can a man as cruel as you
Lived in the land of Sufis and Sages
Your act was no less barbaric
Then that of Hitler's savages.

How could you cut your motherland?
Into pieces and bleed her
You ate her food, drank her water
How could you destroy her soul forever?

Millions of people died during partition
Separate homeland is what you sought
In the process innocent lives were lost
It is hell on earth that you brought.

The flame of fire that you lit
Is still burning in your land
People are still killing each other
Revenge and destruction they demand.

CR VGA
Rdnr 4/7/06

Vikram G. Aarella

Just one mistake - Iraq

Iraq, my fellow poet says
is just one mistake.

But, it just takes one mistake
and only one my friend,
to destroy your image
you carefully built over time.

Just one mistake it takes
to fall from grace,
to turn from hero to zero,
to turn life into misery,
to turn good to evil,
to ruin your life forever.

But, is it really one off?
Afghanistan, Korea, Vietnam
the list goes on,
Not to mention the fate of
native americans,
used like game for
hunting practice.

You have taken a path
of no return,
only time will decide
your fate,
But, atleast be careful with
your next turn.

Cr Vikram.G. Aarella
Rdnr
2/12/07

Vikram G. Aarella

Kamikaze Bombers of Japan

They were on the retreat
loosing their hold in the war
Fighting their enemies upfront
in the jungles and sea's far.

Japan had risen like a phoenix
defeating the Asian colonial masters
British and Dutch chased out of East Asia
saving these parts from ruin and disaster.

Their victories did not last long
imperial powers joining hands
To teach Japan a lesson and to
guard their own supply and demands.

The brave soldiers of Japan
fought the war till the end
They formed Kamikaze bombers
for their country's honour to defend.

They were brave in every sense
they killed soldiers in warfront
Not the innocent civilians in cities
like the bombs which Americans sent

CR VGA
Rdnr 18/01/08

Vikram G. Aarella

Kolar Gold Fields

The blue sky, the blazing sun
The heat, the dust and the rain,
The people, the buses, the only train.
The land, and the rough terrain.

The walk to the city temple
My friends, our meeting place,
The ground where we played
Our neighbours irritating face.

Kids playing in the streets
Shouting and screaming in joy,
Stray dogs scavenging for food
Crows and sparrows flying by.

The odd cow walking by the road
Goats and Pigs roaming free,
The Bikes, the Bicycles, the Autos
The potholes and the lonely banyan tree

Felt like I was in my home town
Where we live and let live,
Where everyone is kind and friendly.
It was a beautiful dream I believe.
And a very familiar one too.

CR VGA
20/7/06 Rdnr.

Vikram G. Aarella

Krishna – The Cowherd

Miracles were born with you
Your legend spread far and wide
Godly men like you were very few
You set the rules for us to abide.

You lived the life of a human,
You were a womaniser with many wives
You sacrificed your abode in heaven
To change the destiny of many lives.

You thought us the essence of life
Bhagavad-Gita, is your book
Much needed in the time of strife
To save the good, many lives you took.

You will remain the king of cowherds
Your followers are spread world over,
And will flock your temple in herds
Your verses will remain immortal forever.

CR VGA
15/6/06 Rdnr
28/06/06-30?

Vikram G. Aarella

Leave firoze shakir alone

Leave firoze shakir alone
He does harm to none
Write's his bits, just for fun
Never claimed he is a poet in return.

Indian at heart to the core
Can play with words therefore
With poems like others, he dosent bore
Firoze, keep writing we want more.

Vikram G. Aarella

LET HIM BE

I can see all the hatred, being
spewed against him on this site,
all the accusing and abusing going
on in the forum is not really right.

He brings a bit of humor and fun
between the boring poetry you write,
especially an old woman from USA
begging for support to fight.

Just because he talks the truth, and
uses words that are not very polite,
you cannot ask him to to leave, that will
only make him to hit back with all his might.

CR VGA
9/12/07

Vikram G. Aarella

Like A Bird

I want to
be like a bird
so that I can fly
into the horizon
find new frontiers
new world
and start my life
afresh there

Vikram G. Aarella

Like a Pack of Wolves

They gang up
like a pack of wolves,
like scavenging hyenas,
looking for a weak prey.

When anything remotely
against them is said,
They attack you, their predator
instincts coming to play.

Discussing issues of the world
In the forums and pubs
As if they are deciders
of all human fate.

You need to bow to them
and agree what they say
There is no freedom of speech
You will face abuse all the way.

CR V.G.Aarella
1/12/07
rdnr

Vikram G. Aarella

Long Lasting Date

As the monsoon rains
starts its magic,
Breaking from heavens
trying to reach the land quick.

Awaiting it is every living thing
on the eastern part of the earth,
To burst back from near death
and give life a new birth.

Like a lonely young girl
waiting for her eternal lover,
The land waits for the rains
to satisfy desires of her.

Like a newly wed couple
waiting eagerly to mate,
The rain makes landfall
to keep its long lasting date.

CR V.G Aarella
Radr223
27/11/07

Vikram G. Aarella

Lost Heart

I have lost my sleep
And my peace of mind
Can someone find my heart for me?
I have lost it, and know I can't find.

How can I explain my condition?
I am finding it hard, to continue
Can somebody find a cure?
I am suffering from a new disease.

My heart is more to me
Than anything else in life
I cannot live without it
My body is suffering in strife.

What sort of pain is this?
Which is hurting me, and Killing
All I know about it, is that
I need my heart, which is missing.

CR VGA
Rdnr 18/6/06

Vikram G. Aarella

Love Me

I want you to kiss me
I want you to hug me
I want you to cuddle me
I want you to love me
because,
Its only you that my eyes can see
Its only you with whom I want to be
Don't ever leave me, is my desperate plea
I am a rusted lock, you are my golden key.

CR VGA
Rdnr 20/6/08

Vikram G. Aarella

Mad Race To The Top

There is no value or ethics
in this mad race to the top,
You just want to be there
never mind if you write crap.

You can vote yourself a tenner
with joy sing, dance and rap,
And hope others will follow
put their hands together for you and clap.

In the form of multiple identities
marvelling at their own scrap,
How miserable can one get?
waiting for freefall, into their own trap.

Dedicated to the rating and voting mad people.

CR VGA
21/12/07
Rdnr

Vikram G. Aarella

Made For Me

Are you the heavenly Maiden?
Or the gem among women.

Are you the shining new moon?
Or the glittering diamond.

Are you the love in air?
Or the goddess Venus's heir.

What ever you think you are.
It's me that you are made for.

CR VGA
Rdnr 18/6/06

Vikram G. Aarella

MAGNIFICENT RESPONSE

Just the usual convincing
might not be sufficient,
when the crowd gets hostile
response should be magnificent.

VGA
12/12/07

Vikram G. Aarella

Me, Myself And My Ego

How much ever, I try
I cannot let it go,
In the life's ups and downs
when going gets slow,
When cornered alone
and energy running low,
My ego comes to play
makes me and myself glow.
Makes me feel better
gives others a blow,
My ego is my identity
doesn't allow me to bow,
to anything or anyone
it always wants,
just one man show.

CR VGA
Lib CDMH
3/12/08

Vikram G. Aarella

Vikram G. Aarella

Memorable Day

Never imagined it would happen,
I felt like i was in heaven.
Cold wind blew through the window,
And, i was covered by a shadow.

It was a perfect situation,
Beyond my imagination.
Never knew how time passed by,
As i was just looking at her eye.

Both of us shared our secrets,
Without any regrets.
Cold breath of her, made me shiver,
Like in the wind of winter.

But, fate has its own way,
We must follow without a say.
She made my day a memorable one,
For a long time to come.

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Vikram G. Aarella

Mumbai Terrorists

You spend money in the millions
To kill innocent travelling civilians
For all your violence, crime and sins
Do you think you will go to paradise?
And get your seventy seven virgins.

Among the dead are mothers and children
Also among dead are your own brethren
The cry of Innocent, when in air it rings
Do you think you will be accepted in paradise?
And get to enjoy the beautiful virgins.

You have tried to destroy our life
But you cannot destroy our spirit
Remember you can only blow up things
In our country in death new life begins
You keep trying to get your virgins.

Do you think your god is pleased?
At the sight of the dead and diseased
Is manslaughter is what you believe in?
Do you think you will still go to heaven?
And your god will grant you a virgin?

You think you have died for the sake of god
That you are a martyr and you are odd
But you are like the dirt in the bin
You will rot in the dungeons of hell
So keep dreaming about your virgin.

CR VGA
12/7/06 Rdnr

Vikram G. Aarella

My French Connection

This French girl from Nantes
With a strong French accent
We met in the Coffee shop
Chatting that evening we spent.

She spoke about France and Nantes
And how proud she was to be French
It suited me as I was in good mood
My thirst I desperately wanted to quench.

So off we went to have dinner
In this lovely Thai restaurant
But the French crap continued
And so did my night of torment.

CR VGA
Rdnr 15/3/08

Vikram G. Aarella

My Girl

Deep in my heart
In my body's every part,
Is a place for my girl
Who for me is like a pearl.

I am mad about her looks
About her body
About her beauty
Both inner and outer.

No robber can enter
Through a closed door,
Which she has done
With my heart for sure.

Life will be fine
Untill she is mine
She will make me shine
Like the sun in the rain.

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22/5/05 Rdnr

Vikram G. Aarella

My Lazy Sundays

My mom wakes me up
With a cup of hot tea,
Dad has already kept ready
Sunday's newspapers by me.

Sipping the spicy hot tea
I go through the latest news,
First in English then Kannada
Make a note of my views.

Then I go to the living room-
If my sister is watching TV,
Then it's my turn to take bath
As bathroom will be free.

After having a relaxing hot bath
I pray to god for strength and peace,
Mom will get breakfast ready
Usually my favourite 'Lemon Rice'.

I eat as much as I can
Take some beetle nuts to chew,
Out I go of home for the day
To chill out and do something new.

CR VGA
19/7/06 Rdnr

Vikram G. Aarella

My Life Partner

As if touched by a golden brush
she looked young and glistening fresh,
Nice smile and slim body to boot
Enthralled my every nerve root,
A mild blowing of wind starts
Moving the saree covering her body parts,
Giving me a glimpse of her navel
made me take notice of that marvel,
Her bosoms moving in and out
Dreams in me began to sprout,
I approached her, desires running high
My moves, made her blush feeling shy,
After few intimate words with her
She agreed to be mine forever,
Deciding to spend our lives together
I finally choose my life partner.

Rdnr
24/11/07
Dedicated to my wouldbe wifey.

Vikram G. Aarella

My Little Nephew

He is bustling with energy
He runs, he shouts and he cries
Not staying quite for a second
Always under watchful eyes.

The joy he has brought
Into our boring lives
Our home is his playground
And we are his stooges.

All the mischiefs he does
Bringing angry looks from his mother
But he knows he can find support
If not from me, then from his father.

The prank he plays everyday
To avoid going to school,
His pestering little questions
Makes it hard to keep our cool.

I can just sit there watching him
Getting through his day
Doing all the stuff
In his own little way.

When he calls me - uncle
My heart pumps up in pride
I forget all the worries in the world
With my little nephew by my side.

CR VGA
22/12/07
Rdnr

Vikram G. Aarella

My Lovely Lover

Words cannot describe her
Blooming like a young flower
With her mesmerising power
Made me love her forever

I wonder why she was
Like a flower in a vase
Doing the job sincerely
Making my life lively

A women with soft heart
Gave me the love i want
She was not very mean
Which made her my hearts queen

There is loss before gain
There is thunder before rain
There is darkness before shine
There is she who is mine.

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Vikram G. Aarella

My Right Girl

I am waiting and waiting
With patience and control
Prospects are frightening
Can I find the right soul?

Who can share my life with me
Love and look after me with care
Be my friend, be my enemy
Who can be faithful and fair.

Who can fight with me and cry
Make a joke and laugh
To understand my feelings she should try
Whom I can proudly call as my other half.

Judgement day is nearing
Will I find the right girl in my life
Or will fate have bearing
In deciding my future wife?

CR V.G.Aarella
Rkwd 29/5/06

Vikram G. Aarella

My Wife My Life

She is my life
She is my wife
Our love is rife
In happiness and in strife.

11/6/08
Rdnr
CRVGA
I am in Love

Vikram G. Aarella

Nehru – The Statesman

Jawahar Lal Nehru was the first prime minister of India.

They called him as a brown Englishman
As he was educated in far away England
That's where his amazing journey began
And against the British he took a stand.

His stand of freedom for India was so strong
The British had to give into it, in the end
Assumptions about him, went totally wrong
For India and its people, he became a legend.

He followed Mahatma Gandhi's every step
Their relationship was like father and son
Together they made independent India rise up
Hearts of millions of Indians they together won

He became independent India's first premier
The pioneer of Non-Alignment Movement
The burden of a young nation he did bear
For Indians he was a person god sent.

CR VGA
25/6/06 Trn stirling

Vikram G. Aarella

Netaji – The Leader

Netaji Subash Chandra Bose, is my favourite freedom fighter, who believed in armed struggle to achieve freedom as apposed to Gandhi's Non-Violence

I am blessed to have been born
In the same land as that of yours
British, were your enemy sworn
As, they exploited the land of ours.

Beyond your age, you were a great visionary
Took a stand, that some thought was wrong
You built a rugged army of Indian mercenary
To join your National Army, people did throng.

They say enemies, enemy is a friend
You allied with Germany and Japan
To bring British rule in India to an end
Hitler did promise you, all the help he can.

In short time, you achieved great victories
Indian National Army, did start its movement
Reoccupying the eastern Indian territories
Your solution seemed simple and permanent.

But, your ambitions were cut short
By death of yours in a plane accident
Ending with you, the dream of victory at Delhi fort
But, a strong message you had already sent.

To the imperialist rulers of the country
That, they won't be tolerated for too long.
Your countrymen will have the final victory
Which was waiting to happen, all along

CR VGA
25/6/06
Scot

Vikram G. Aarella

Obama In Presidential Race

Amid Hillary's tears and drama
sunk and lost is Barak Obama
is he loosing his support base?
or is the drawback his race?

CR VGA
12/01/08
Cp Hall UHW

Vikram G. Aarella

Of An American Cow and Stupidity

She calls herself as amberlee sp**ling
In her brain's place, tes****es are dangling
Her display of stupidity is dazzling
She is dumber than a cow, poor darling.

But doesn't know, how dumb she is
Hope her role model is not Bush, please
With stupidity on display like his
She thinks she is a brainy miss.

But her brain is in wrong place
You have to strip her to find its trace
Situating around her big smelly base
Like her presidents, that's where it stays.

sorry if it offends some of u, but this b**ch is openly insulting India and Indians and i had to reply in her own language.

Vikram G. Aarella

Oh American Stapling

Don't think you are word smart
let the holy cow, on your face fart,
You are just an american dirt
who has brains under the skirt

Vikram G. Aarella

On Badger Trail

The hoardings were all along
They showed us the direction
As I drove through the bendy roads
Between the valleys intersection.

The wildlife park on the hills
Where you can go on badger trail
We reached the place safely at last
My back was stiff and my legs frail.

The day was very dry and hot
Sun was blazing down on us
Showing its power and strength
On pale skinned people thus.

Went on lookout for the badger
There were no sign of them anywhere
We walked for about an hour
We were tired, sweating and bare.

Met two Caucasian men, on the way
I asked them, did they see anything
Only flies and butterflies, they said
In the heat they were struggling.

We went to the river, to the marsh
No sign of badger, not even its dropping,
Told my friend to stop the stupid search
We made our way back sulking.

CR VGA
Cardgn 17/7/06

Vikram G. Aarella

Only You

My heart just pumps the blood
But beats only for you,
I only breathe the air in
But my lungs are filled with you.

I can be happy in life
Only because of you,
I can shine like a diamond
In the presence of you.

I can have family
Only with you,
My life will be barren
In the absence of you.

I have faith and confidence
Only in you,
I was a lonely nomad
Before I met you.

Not for a single day
I want to be away from you,
I pray to god daily and
Ask only for you.

So don't leave me my love
You are my sadness
You are my happiness
You are my goddess
You are my life and no less.

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Rkwd 29/5/06

Vikram G. Aarella

Pakistan is Dead

In a moment of madness,
A fanatic fired his gun,
Bhutto was shot, but
Pakistan is dead.

Vikram G. Aarella

Pat Yourself On The Back And Sleep Well

Sleep well,
for not everyone is lucky enough
to have a good nights sleep.

All the things you have done in the day
Comes back haunting at night,
the misses, the mistakes,
the blunders, the lies,
your future, your life
All the worries will hit you
when you are on your own
trying to sleep.

How wonderful were those days
when your mother told you stories
and took all your anxieties away.
People now pray and pay for pills
to pardon their faults and ills
and to get some sleep.

For if you are the lucky one
pat yourself on the back
and sleep to your hearts fill.

CR VGA
21/12/07
Rdnr

Vikram G. Aarella

Peace of Mind

Peace of mind
Is hard to find
When memories of mistakes
haunts me in rewind

Vikram G. Aarella

PLAGUE OF PESTS

They pillage everything civilised
that comes in their way,
spreading everywhere are terrorists
like a biblical plague of pests.

Breeding like pigs
in ghettos and slums,
funded by oil rich nations
bombing others,
to attain salvation.

Kafir is their target
be it man or a child,
by killing they seek heaven
and for virgins seventy seven.

They still believe in the old norm
written by some mad nomads,
kill and rape a kafir, and get
what your sword in
the right arm can hit.

Terrorists are ill informed
non-violence and peace has no say,
their rules we cannot obey
we have to fight them
in their own violent way.

CR VGA
13/12/07
Rdnr

Vikram G. Aarella

Procession of Memories

The procession of sweet memories
Has started coming from my heart
Dreams of my sleep time
Have started to remind me, of old days.

Let never change, the love of ours
Let us never get separated in life
We cannot go too far, without each other
Together, we can save us the grief.

Whatever happens in future?
Is determined, by our fate
But today is for celebration
And, will keep celebrating every year.

The moon and stars will descend
To, dance and sing in our garden.
Let us make more days memorable
Create new memories, new dreams...

CR VGA
Rdnr 18/6/06
28/06/06-29completed

Vikram G. Aarella

Pushed To The Wall

I am being pushed to the wall
Feeling lonely and stressed
Life is playing games with me
I have lost hope and depressed.

But, I have a great family
Which makes me feel blessed
Acting as a shock absorber
For all the things that I have messed.

CR VGA
Rdnr 223
12/2/08

Vikram G. Aarella

Racism, its alive and kicking

Normally i woudn't write this
But people are taking a piss
Writing poetry with imperialist zest
Proving their inborn mentality as racist

One is this american white crow
Who has proven she is a dumb cow
Hell bent on creating a row
Dumping her racist words on show.

And then there is this british guy
Whatever the cow says, he is ready to buy
Trying desperately to prove he has got a fly
Racism on their list is always high

Vikram G. Aarella

Rugby

Men going mad
Fighting like animals
For a funny looking ball
To take it across the line.

Heads and shoulders
Bashing against each other
Battling it out in open
Like wild beasts.

The crooked noses
The broken bones
The clotted bruises
And paralysed legs

Testimony to the mad game
Watched and admired by people
Like modern day gladiators
And we live in a civilised world.

CR VGA
223, Rdnr
21/3/08

Vikram G. Aarella

Rumble In The Stomach

How embarrassing it is
rumbling in the stomach,
before or after you had dinner
some say its due to the spinach.

I dont know what my tummy wants
Usually fed three times a day,
all good healthy and organic feed
I keep alcohol and fast food at bay.

But it still keeps rumbling
whether its at work or play,
my doctor says, its just saying
its happy, in its own little way.

CR VGA
22/12/07
Rdnr

Vikram G. Aarella

Satiation

As fire is never satiated with wood,
As ocean is never satiated by rivers,
As sky is never satiated by light,
Love is never satiated by lust.

CR VGA
Rdnr 24/6/06

Vikram G. Aarella

Scotsman and Kilt

Was sitting in a pub gulping beer,
Saw a girl in a skirt, entering from the rear,
To get a view, gave my drunken head a tilt
Only to find a Scotsman, standing in his kilt.

Rdr 12/05/06
CRVGA

Vikram G. Aarella

Scotsman's Kilt Again

Was having fun dancing in the ball
Saw someone who was fair and tall,
I was expecting a girl with good built,
But, it turned out to be a Scotsman in his kilt.

CR V.G.Aarella
Rdnr Afbal 21/5/06

Vikram G. Aarella

Scottish Lass

In Edinburgh, I saw this Scottish lass.
Curvy, tall, blonde, and dressed in wool,
Without staring at her, I couldn't pass
Like her land, she was really beautiful.

CR VGA
Edinbgh 26/8/06

Vikram G. Aarella

Sea Weed

I am like a lost sea weed
For love I am in desperate need
promise me that,
You wont let my heart bleed
that, you will sow in me love seed
that, you will do me only good deed
that, you will not fall prey to greed
that, you will pay me special heed

CR VGA
Rdnr 223
16/6/08

Vikram G. Aarella

Sharper Than Knife

My darling wife, love of my life
Your looks are sharper than a knife

CR VGA
Rdnr 13/6/06

Vikram G. Aarella

Shiva - The Destroyer

You are the supreme, the powerful
Destroyer, among the holy trinity;
You beg for food in human skull
And live in Himalayan vicinity.

Fear is dead, if we call your name
There is no hell for your devotee
Thandava dance is your game
It shakes the world and makes evil flee

You hold the moon and the river Ganges
On your head and your matted hair
Opening the third eye heralds changes
And brings in new life with flair

Shiva my lord, help me and save
Its not mine, the life which you gave.

CR VGA
Rdnr 10/6/06

Vikram G. Aarella

Six, Six Zero Six

Today is 6/6/06
People are in a fix,
Worried about the bible links
Of the triple six jinx.

Watchout for somerthing evil,
Three sixes signify the devil.

CR VGA
Rkwd[6/6/6]

Vikram G. Aarella

Sri Devaraj Urs Medical College

I still remember the day,
standing in a row,
I first saw the college
with my dad in tow.

I was full of hopes and dreams
of a new life, new begining,
It did not disappoint me at all
set me on a path of learning.

The buzz in the campus
listening to the boring classes,
the tea shop and the canteen
the highway and whizzing busses.

The beautiful junior chicks
ragging them for fun,
bunking classes to play carum,
playing cricket,
in the hot midday sun.

The games in practicals,
our college day celebration,
travelling to the clinics,
and our village vacation.

The tension of exams,
the good and bad results,
the fights and friendships
the various groups and cults.

Night outs in the city,
the parties and drinks,
the new relationships, and
our underworld links.

The mad professor,
the mistakes and blunders,
our class holiday trip,
our marvelling at medical wonders.

The patients, their relatives.
different languages spoken,
and the kinds of people seen,
our feeling of home sickness,
lonely evenings spent, umpteen.

Our graduation day,
when we all wept,
those memories are still fresh,
like a storm that time swept.

A tribute to the college that made me into a man.

CR VGA
10/12/07

Vikram G. Aarella

Stirling - Of Wallace

I finally reached this place
Amid all the journey's tussle
The home of William Wallace
Away from the city's bustle.

Where I could sense a temporary truce
Between the Scots and the English
Preventing their emotions from cutting loose,
Superficially united in the name of British.

Stirling is a small town in Scotland.

Vikram G. Aarella

Sudan - New Whipping boy of West

In news for wrong reasons,
as always with all other countries
unless you are a western one,
There is a hue and cry
in support of an
insignificant woman.

Hitting headlines all over
Asking for a change of law
of an independent country,
poor and predominantly black
but surviving with dignity.

Is it because the culprit is british
What about Afghans and iraqis
 Guantanamo bay,
Children massacred,
women raped, men humiliated
is it not news for you?

Is it because they are not white
and so cannot be right,
But two week jail term for
a miserable old lady,
Is all that you care for.

who went to sudan on her own,
without invitation
if only she had tried to learn
the sentiments of her host,
if only she had tried to respect
the law of the land,
put an effort to assimilate

But no, the superiority complex
comes to play,
west is always right,
the rest need to follow it
any opposition and you will
be bullied into submission
or ruthlessly put down.

CR Vikram G Aarella
1/12/07
rdnr 22.00

Vikram G. Aarella

Sun Cannot

A poet can see,
what the sun cannot.
I can see my love,
whats in your heart.

CR VGA
Rdnr
16/7/08
I know she loves me

Vikram G. Aarella

Swetha, The Filmstar

She is my Aishwarya Rai
She can make me fly high,
She is an eternal beauty
Like that of Shilpa Shetty,
She has made my life rife
She is my Katrina Kaif,
She looks beautiful and raw
Like the lovely Priyanka Chopra,
I was like a small time rowdy
She dealt with me like Sameera Reddy,
I was like a Bollywood movie villan
She came into my life like Vidya Balan,
My heart was strong like the Berlin Wall
She melted it with her smile like Kajol,
I knew how to break things, but never fix it
She showed me how to do things like Madhuri Dixit,
Away from reality and life I used to run
She made me stand my ground like Jiya Khan,
All I knew was how to sin
She cleansed me of it like Asin,
I used to eat crap food and never was a veggie
She made me good food like Rani Mukherjee,
She is my life, she is my honey
Swetha, my wife is my destiny.

CR VGA
Ansari 33
02/01/09

Vikram G. Aarella

Taliban Raising - Assasination of Benazir Bhutto

Long beards, guns in hands
Roaming streets, threatening men,
Their fight is against changing times
Against modernisation and women.

Spreading the message of hatred
First in the hills of Afghanistan,
Now engulfing its own creator
Is the fanatic tribe of Taliban.

Benazir Bhutto is the latest victim
A courageous nationalist leader,
Who knew her days were counted
Threat to her life she could not counter.

She has now been eliminated
Pushing her country into turmoil
God save Pakistan,
For sure its going to boil.

CR VGA
CDMH
27/12/07

Vikram G. Aarella

Vikram G. Aarella

Taming of Sudan

They tried and tried
to tame the rebel,
he stood defiant,
facing them all upfront.

Dafur, drugs factory, janjaweed
Attack from all quaters,
Country rich in oil and gas
largest in the African land mass.

They waited and waited, for
another reason to attack,
the news of a women in distress
for being stupid and ill informed,
came as a gift,

To humiliate the defiance,
Attacking from all quaters,
Human rights in question
Forget Iraq and Afghanistan
Its all for a silly women in Sudan.

No one else was allowed to
have a say,
West in the end gets its way.
The defenceless poor rebel
has been shamed,
Sudan,
has finally been tamed.

CR Vikram G Aarella
Rdnr 3/12/07

Vikram G. Aarella

TARGET 'IRAN'

The next target is set
its definately Iran, I bet
no reasons given yet
but its considered a threat
to the world peace from outset
lies are flying like a jet
about the Iranian Nuclear net
Iraq, is still dripping with blood wet
USA is already begining to fret
to keep happy its Israeli pet
killing a million more their target
making sane men to sweat.

CR VGA
Comp Rm UHW
11/01/08

Vikram G. Aarella

Tasi - My Cat

It brought us so much joy
Was very hairy and was like a toy,
Cute, chubby and a little fat
Its name was tasi, it was my cat.

It had a majestic walk
It was white as a chalk,
Very beautiful to look at
Was tasi, my cat.

Everybody loved it, i bet
For my mom it was really a pet,
She gave it the best food to eat
So adorable was tasi, my cat.

It just disappeared one day
Don't know where it went or which way,
It can't catch even a rat
I was worried about tasi, my cat.

I felt very sad and sorry
Left with only its sweet memory,
Thinking about it i sat
I really miss tasi, my cat

8/5/6radnor,
CopyRight V.G.Aarella

Vikram G. Aarella

The Age Of The Aged

their numbers are growing
people are living longer
a disabled and pathetic life
childhood revisited
crippled by advancing age
dementia and disease
finding its hold in them
their dignity depleted
people who fought in wars
struggled to gain independence
seen glory at their peak
now, desolute and weak
dependent on others for care
with one leg in the grave
awaiting the release from torture
new medicine and technology
has increased the life span
delaying the inevitable death
prolonging the pain and suffering.

Vikram G. Aarella

The Banyan Tree

It stands at the junction
Where three roads meet,
It is a real massive tree
Going up in air several feet.

It has a very big trunk
And many hundred ariel roots,
Which have touched the ground
And grown into new shoots.

It gives shade to the travellers
Seen from many miles away,
When the wind blows strong
It's a joy to watch it sway.

There is a pond in front of it
Providing water to any thirsty throat,
Where pigeons and sparrows bathe
Where dozens of lotus flowers float.

The area is named after it
As a tribute to the Banyan tree,
It is the oldest living thing
In my home town to see.

The Aalada Mara(Banyan Tree) is a big tree in KGF, i was fascinated by it.
CR VGA
24/7/06

Vikram G. Aarella

The Biggest Sin

If you think you are clean
Can overcome your karma, prevail and win,
You are mistaken my friend,
Being born as a human itself is the biggest sin.

CR 13/5/06 V.G.Aarella
Rdnr

Vikram G. Aarella

The Cardiff Scavengers

They are everywhere, on hospital, on temple, on castle
They spend their time terrorising innocent people.

They fly around and harass you for no reason,
You cannot avoid them no matter what season.

They should be out in the sea fishing
Try to build a nest, and make a living.

Instead, they have become bold and gritty
And adopted themselves, to a life in the city.

They scavenge for food like vultures,
And behave like fearless alien creatures.

The largest colony of seagulls in the country,
Has chosen Cardiff as home, reason? remains a mystery.

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Vikram G. Aarella

The Country of Losers

Isolated in a wet island
Deperate for attention,
You want your voice heard
But, nobody cares about you
anymore.

For all that you have done,
To innocent people and cultures
Your karma has come full circle,
Yobs, drug addicts, gangsters
Grow as your new generation.

Living like ants in termite mounds,
eating themselves to death
on benefits,
Claiming anything free as theirs.
Drinking more then their stomach
can fill.

But, still having guts to complain,
about rest of the world,
For all your problems blame others,
You preach to others,
when hangs in balance,
your own fate

About the sun you complain,
also about wet weather
and rain,
about the few good men that remain.

Time is not far,
when, forever you will
go into oblivion,
Meet the same fate as,
aborigine and red Indian

CR VIKRAM.G.AARELLA
1/12/07
Rdnr

Vikram G. Aarella

The Da Vinci Code

Story of Jesus's bloodline
Made into a movie fine,
On the banks of river seine
May the sole of Mary Magdalene shine

Pope is worried in his abode
About the path that bloodline strode
Vatican is in a defensive mode
Stance taken due to the DaVinci code.

CR VGA28/5/06
Aber

Vikram G. Aarella

The Ghost In The Darkness

No size, no shape
But, they say its there
In the darkness
The Ghost, in the village

No convincing evedince though
But still, they fear
That it might hurt them
If they did anything bad

Life in this village quiet
Peaceful and prosperous
Thanks to the darkness
And the holy Ghost

CR VGA
223, Rdnr
21/3/08

Vikram G. Aarella

The Ghost of Doctor's Ground

There was a talk among us kids
About the ghost, which we believed,
Resided in the house by the playground
Where an old doctor had once lived.

The house was very old and huge
With big tamarind trees around it,
No one was living in it now
It was beginning to crumble a bit.

We played cricket by it in the day
About the ghost we would forget,
Rumours were, the ghost would
Wake up in the night after sunset.

The ghost was that of a famous doctor
Who, was the head of the city hospital,
Who, loved his house and his job
And who all his life had remained single.

His death was most unfortunate and tragic
He met with a terrible accident,
While on his way to the hospital
His body was burnt, but his spirit wasn't.

His spirit and soul did live on,
In the house which he loved,
In the hearts of his patients
And in the hospital that he worked.

He had become a local legend
People could not believe he was dead,
So probably they made him into a ghost
And through us kids, the ghost stories spread.

There was this playground near my house which we called as Doctor's ground. As kids we were frightened to go there at night times, because of rumours about the ghost living in the abandoned house by the ground.

CR VGA
Rdnr 24/7/06

Vikram G. Aarella

The Golden Horde

From the cold deserts of Mongolia
Rugged little men on horses strode,
Rampaging and plundering great lands
Leaving them lifeless and barren to erode.

From Ghengis Khan to Attila the Hun
With guts and determination they rode,
Creating the largest empire world had seen
From the humble beginings in their abode.

The greatest war machine
Always in the fighting mode,
No one withstood the onslaught
Of the marching Golden Horde.

The Barbarians from the east
With no ethics, religion or code,
Shook the foundations of civilised world
To the great warriors, this is my ode.

CR VGA
Rdnr
27/12/07

Vikram G. Aarella

The Groundnut Sellers

Don't feel lonely in the fair
We are always here
To charge your energy with care
Without making you bare.

Pepsi, coca-cola and thumbs-up
Will only make your blood pressure shoot up.
we are not looking for any merit,
our aim is to rise your spirit.

This is the favourite food of monkey's and gorilla
but, does not come in flavours like vanilla.
It is useful in many ways, i guess
one of them is good time pass.

Recommended for every person present,
for energy true and permanent.
It gives work to your finger
and makes you perform under pressure.

Kid's, boy's and girl's
make sure you eat these pearl's
if you make our pockets full
we will be very thankful.

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Vikram G. Aarella

The Hostel Mess

The dirtiest thing in the campus
For which it is very famous,
It smells like a fish market
Making it easy to locate.

For bacteria, virus and parasite
this place is a breeding site.
After visiting here, if you don't brush your teeth,
Fungus will grow on it, in the form of a sheath.

It is always eager to accommodate virgin bodies,
and make them feel the pleasure of new disease.
Test, exam or work does not matter,
Its only aim is to make you fatter.

The theories of community health,
Does not apply to this filth.
Please don't write about this to the press
as we have only one hostel mess.

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Vikram G. Aarella

The King Cobra

The king is on the prowl
It doesn't walk, but crawl
Ordinary prey is not in its mind,
Its hunts only its own kind.

It can grow up to fifteen feet,
Swallows its prey whole and neat
Like a lion hunting wild buffalo and striped zebra
The king hunts rat snakes and speckled cobra.

The king is very reclusive and shy,
But when threatened can stand up and
Look at you, eye to eye,
What a spectacle to watch, o' my
You have to see the king atleast once, before you die

.

7/5/06 rokwd CR V.Aarella

Vikram G. Aarella

The Kingdom of Mysore

Withstanding the ravages of time
And halting an expanding empire,
Stood the Kingdom of Mysore
Like a dragon in tiger's attire.

Ruled for four hundred years-the Maharajas,
Respected and loved by every man
Who brought many a glories and fame
Until it became the target of a treacherous plan.

Was considered as a threat by the British
as the kingdom was powerful and strong,
An army of alliance against it was formed
Mysore had few friends, but list of enemies was long.

Its capital was lost in a great battle
Many people died including its leader,
But the concept of freedom survived
Waiting for the dawn of new order.

The occupation did not last forever
British Empire came to an end for sure,
But lived on in the memory of people
The magnificent Kingdom of Mysore

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Vikram G. Aarella

The Little Duckling

Summer was waiting in the wing,
To encroach upon the dying spring,
In a pond I saw this lovely thing
A little brown duckling.

It was basking in the midday sun
Swimming in the water and having fun,
But, why was it alone?
Its siblings, I could see none.

As I looked around a little further
Saw a duck, probably its mother,
Watching its child play with fear
Which may well be the last surviving one this year.

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Heathpond

Vikram G. Aarella

The Medical Text Books

There is a book called GRAY
Which makes everyone pray,
For peace all the day.
But, don't suffer from mania,
We also have with us CHAURASIA.
If you read the mystery book, DEB,
You will surely be a member of Psycho club,
So go for a book called RAMA (RAO) ,
Which can bring you back to life,
Even from deep coma.
Students whose mental build up is wrong,
Will try to read GUYTON and GANONG,
Easy to digest is CHATTERJEE,
Like the biscuits of Parle-G.
Big, medium or even small ROBBINS,
Is not for your brains.
So, go get HARSH MOHAN,
Which can be completed on your own.
You will never complete one reading of ANANT NARAYAN,
When you have done it a hundred times with the Ramayan,
Bring a copy of notes which is ready,
That will make you study and steady.
We asked God for some love,
But not BAILEY and LOVE.
He also gave us his DAS,
Who will make sure that we all pass.
If you just look into HARRISON'S content,
It's hundred percent sure that you'll become a schizophrenic patient,
So, don't do anything stupid
With us is the SON of DAVID.
The very mention of the name PARK,
Is making everyone disappear in the dark,
It is very complicative
God, please send us an alternative

Medical professionals from India will probably understand this better, especially those from Sri Devaraj Urs Medical College

CR VGA
1997-98

Vikram G. Aarella

The Miracle Man

Nothing in him is strong
If you ask me what's wrong? ,
His both eyes have cataract,
Got eyelids which he can't retract,
He is deaf in one ear,
He can't see things which are near,
Has infection in the sinus
And polyp in the nose,
His mouth has ulcer,
Cheek has got cancer,
His neck is broken,
His shoulders are frozen,
He has a hole in the heart
His liver doesn't ever start,
His stomach cannot absorb food in,
His pancreas is lacking insulin,
His kidneys have stopped working
He has pain while peeing
He cannot move his hand,
He cannot walk or stand,
Hasn't got a body part without problem
Disease is like his emblem,
He has failed miserably to thrive
It's a miracle that he is still alive.

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Vikram G. Aarella

The Monsoon

When the streams and lakes go dry
Migrating birds without stopping fly by
When the temperature rises high
When there is not a single cloud in the sky.

When the land is full of dust
The grass is brown and past its best
When in day people like to rest
And the sun blazes down with zest

When people become desperate
When pressure mounts on the state
About the rains when they debate
And start to think about their fate

Then and only then does it arrive
On which the life of millions strive
Monsoon begins in the solar month of five
Precious as honey in a bee hive.

Monsoon rains begins in the month of May and lasts for four months and is the life line of the people of peninsular India, who depend on good rains for good harvest.

CR VGA
Rdnr 19/7/06

Vikram G. Aarella

The Moon is Lost

The moon is looking lost
In the vastness of the sky
I wonder, if I can get sleep?
Watching this splendour so high

Cool breeze is blowing and swaying
Like it is drunk on this night
Unaware of the drama
Unfolding out of its sight.

The stars started moving
As if to guide the moon
Helping their lost cousin
In reaching its destination soon.

In the night like this
If you were with me
I would have bared my heart
For you to explore and see.

CR VGA
Rdnr 3/7/06

Vikram G. Aarella

The Severn Bridge

The link between two old enemies
The mighty Severn bridge,
Stands above the estuary
And by the Welsh ridge.

The view is awesome from it
Of England and Wales
Of rivers Severn and Wye
Of the many ships and their sails.

I have crossed it many times
But it never fail to amaze me
I feel like I am floating in the air
With just sky and water to see.

CR VGA
Rdnr 15/3/08

Vikram G. Aarella

The Solar Eclipse

Was it night in day? ,
When nature has its say
Everyone ought to obey
It has to be that way.

Fear gripped the world
As moon moved forward,
Cutting through the sun like a sword
Giving the mighty star no regard.

Like the meeting of old buddies,
Met these two heavenly bodies.
Watch and enjoy it to the maximum,
As it happens just a few times in a millenium.

With a finger on your lips,
Watch the solar eclipse.

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Vikram G. Aarella

The Sunset

Went to a very remote place
On the west coast, with beach full of sands
Where women bathe in sun, bikini clad
And where the big lighthouse stands.

It was a beautiful and clear evening
The sun had just began to set
The tides were beginning to rise
To reclaim the land it had let.

Children were playing in the beach
Not interested in the lovely scene
Sheep were still grazing by the cliffs
The sight was like, I have never seen.

As day died and sun went into the sea
Changing colour from yellow to red
My spirits rose with the beauty of a day
Which will long be remembered.

CR VGA
Rhosali 16/7/08

Vikram G. Aarella

The Three A's of Pakistan

Pakistan's peoples destiny
Is not decided by Al-Qaida or Taliban
Its always been by the three A's
Allah, Army and the American.

Among the Mighty three A's
America is stranded in Afghan
Army has given up hope,
Only Allah can now save Pakistan.

VGA
CDMH
29/12/07

Vikram G. Aarella

The Train Bomb [Mumbai/London/Madrid]

The Great city was bustling with life
Soaking the rare warm sunshine,
The streets were busy, shops were full
Everything seemed normal and fine.

People were rushing to their work
Thinking about the coming weekend,
On their journey to and fro, they would
Cram into the city train end to end.

Some passengers would sit, some would stand
Some in the middle and some by the door,
Some would read newspapers and some novels
Some would sit quite and some would snore.

One day, a bomb ripped through the train
Some couldn't move and some couldn't see,
Some were shocked and some couldn't remember
Some were lucky and some fell dead silently.

CR VGA
7/7/06 Rdnr.

Vikram G. Aarella

The Welsh of Wales

The place is not vast,
But, has got a proud past.
It is a land of mountains and valleys
Also, of ancient towns and alleys.
Flag of the nation has red dragon,
Revered and worshipped by Celtic pagan.
Suppressed and ruled by Roman, Norman and English.
Who could not curtail the freedom, which people here relish.
Lives in peoples heart is the last Prince,
No one has taken his place since.
The legends of Merlin and King Arthur,
Will live on in folklore forever.
They invoke the curse of Owain Glyndwr,
When threatened by foreign raider.
Hanging by a thin thread is their language,
Surviving only due to peoples courage.
Surviving the storms of history,
Is no way a small story.
I am talking about the Welsh people and Wales,
The land of thousand stories and never ending tales.

(CR) V.G.Aarella
19/4/06

Vikram G. Aarella

This Is Not My Country

I tried to blend in
Tried to make it my home
Brought my loved ones
To live with me.

But something was missing
I could not recreate what I wanted
All my attempts were in vain
My life was in disdain.

I can't be adopted
And I cannot adopt
This is not my country
This is not my home.

My home is where my soul is
Where my parents live
Where my sister is
And where the sun always shines

Let my stay here be a lesson
A trail, an experiment
Which was full of risks
with memories good and bad.

To hell with the money
To hell with the VISA
And to hell with the citizenship
I am heading home.

CR VGA
Rdnr 9/3/08

Vikram G. Aarella

Tigerophobia

The flashing of the stripes
and piercing bright eye,
Kife like sharp claws
a master of the sly.

Village has no defence
to stop it from pry,
It knows when to attack
it has watched them like a spy.

No one can stop it
when it lets an attack fly,
Rarely does it miss
and let the prey go by.

People suffer from Tigerophobia
odds against them, to defy,
The stories about the tiger
is mostly true, rather than a lie.

Tigerophobia is the fear of Tigers.
CR VGA
6/10/06 EWWW

Vikram G. Aarella

Time Tames All

The mighty kings, their empires,
their ruthlessness, their anger
the prophets who have come and gone
promising us heaven and salvation,
none could stop the time
changing of seasons,
shift from day to night,
new life is born everyday
the old just perish
no sympathies or favourism
Black, white, brown
bird, animal, man
rich, middle class, poor
scientist, plumber, doctor
all bound to meet
the same fate in the end,
its not in our hands
its not our call
nature has its way
and time tames all.

CR VGA
Rdnr
17/01/08

Vikram G. Aarella

Time to go back to my roots

There comes a time,
In everyone's life,
When you feel
You have had enough.

Enough of the struggles
Enough of loneliness
Enough of the money
Enough of the stress.

Want to have some peace
Some quite
Without any worries
And any tension.

You want to lay your head
On your mothers lap
And dose off to sleep.
You want to talk to your father
Alone like a friend
You want to share a joke
With your little sister.

Just forget everything else
Play with your little nephew.
Take some time off
And reconsider the options.

I think, I have reached that stage
Five years of struggle, loneliness
I am longing for it to end
My family needs me,
to be with them.
To make up for the time lost, away.

CR VGA
Rdnr 9/3/08

Vikram G. Aarella

TO ALL THE GREAT POETS

High poetry spinning rate
Will not make you great.

Its your attitude as well
Which makes you sell

You are a real fool,
if you can't,
take criticism with a cool.

This is a message to the poets
who think they are the best,
who are scarcastic and rude,
and have a very bad attitude

CR VG Aarella
130506

Vikram G. Aarella

Travelling Back Home[Cardiff to KGF]

Packed the clothes, chocolates and gifts
Got myself an holiday after swapping my shifts,

Said bye to the girl, I fancy
And got into a dragon taxi,

Who took me through the peak time traffic
With a speed which was quite terrific,

He dropped me at the bus station
I was dreaming of my home, my nation,

After paying the ticket fare and tariff
In the air-link bus I left Cardiff,

The destination was London Heathrow terminal four
Reached there late as the coach took a detour,

My heart broke into song and dance
When I got the ticket of Air France,

I am not French, but an Indian to the core
Was just taking a Air France flight to Bangalore,

French women are good looking if not the best, I thought
As I smiled at the air hostess and took the drink she brought,

I could see in Paris, the Eiffel tower standing tall
As I had to get a transit flight in Paris De Gaulle,

A different flight and another eight hours of journey
But you have to travel in order to reach your destiny,

All the troubles I took started to disappear
When the Indian landscape began to appear,

After sitting for hours my bum was a bit sore
As the flight landed I rushed for the door,

Thanked god for getting me away from the horrible British weather
Even if for a week, at least it's sunny and also I can see my mother.

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22/5/05 Rdnr

Vikram G. Aarella

United Kingdom Of Rain

It pours and pours
like its never going to stop
flooding homes and fields
rivers bulging up till the top.

Either drizzle or heavy
rain keeps pouring nonstop
sun peeps out now and then
knowing its show is a flop.

Just two seasons in the UK
its rainy season and winter
cold, wet and depressing
rain hits you like a splinter.

You either stay at home or work
if you venture out, you are in danger
life cannot get more miserable
there is no escape from rain fever

CR VGA
223rdnr
18/01/08

Vikram G. Aarella

Unlock Me

I am the lock
You are my key,
Do me a favour
And unlock me.

I am an island
In your sea
Do me a favour
And discover me.

You are the flower
I am your bee
Do me a favour
And bloom for me.

I am the body
You are my soul
Do me a favour
And stay with me.

CR VGA
Rdnr 23/6/06

Vikram G. Aarella

Updated Forum Free Verse - Join In

The wallpaper today is stained yellow
but smells good
my razor cuts a square piece off
cardinals sing, blackbirds mate
three ducks in flight hang on one wall
colours faded, looking jaded
Their ego stripped naked and paraded
someone lights a cigarette
smoke rings pale truth
merging to the staining
as it begins to rain
the razor now rests on the table
nearby the yellow square
ceiling drips scarlet tears
yellow fades to amber
a surge of emotion
brings the wallpaper down

Vikram G. Aarella

Varuna – The Rain God

When you descend from the heaven
You bring with you, essence of life
You combine that with energy of sun
To make the Earth green and rife.

The god of Sky, Rain and Celestial ocean
The god of law and of underworld
You display your power in rainy season
With your coming new life is unfurled.

You form the core of living things
Without you, nothing can survive
The trees, animals or birds with wings
You make the life on earth thrive.

CR VGA
Rdnr 3/7/06

Vikram G. Aarella

Vishnu – The Protector

Lord Vishnu, you are the protector
Of every living thing, on this earth
For good among evil, you are preserver.
For your legends, there is no dearth.

Each time, you took birth through ages,
You thought us something new,
And protected the earth, from ravages,
Each day, your list of miracles grew.

In the form of animal, in the form of man,
You took different forms of incarnation,
Stand up to you, no evil force can
You are the ultimate salvation.

Awaiting your arrival again
Is this world of, sinned men
To make the good, once more reign.
As promised will you come then?

CR VG Aarella
Rdnr shilp 20/6/06

Vikram G. Aarella

Visiting Scotland

All these days, I had heard and heard
So much of this Celtic-Gaelic creed
Scotland, fascinated me always, because
Of its legends, its history and its breed.

Isolated in the corner of an island
Cut from the rest of mainland Europe,
By England to the south and rest by the sea
People here live a life of freedom and hope.

As I approached King Bruce's country
I could see the change in the landscape
Villages and towns become very scarce
From the silence of highlands, there is no escape.

A land of amazing views and people
Flags of St George give way to St Andrew
Indicating that I was in the land of Scots,
No wonder, the way its legend grew.

CR VGA

Vikram G. Aarella

WATCHING FOOTBALL

With each twist and turn
And each amazing run
Controlling ball like a delicate urn
Each move giving a warning stern.

I am stuck in my chair like a fern
As for more action I yearn
More and more swear words I learn
Eyes fixed on telly, everything else I spurn.

As player's calories start to burn
Mine gets added on in return
As I drink, gulp and churn
Watching football can be fun.

CR VGA
Rdnr 19/6/08

Vikram G. Aarella

WHAT CAN GOD DO?

When we ourselves are to blame
When our lives are full of shame
When life of truth we cannot pursue
What can almighty god do?

Hearts filled with jealousy and greed
People are turning into ugly breed
When honest people remain few
How can almighty god help you?

Countries are fighting each other
Killing people without a bother
This is not the world I knew
How can god control his crew?

No one speaks truth anymore
Everyone is corrupt to the core
If what I am saying is true
God must be fed up with us too.

CR VGA
Rdnr 29/7/06

Vikram G. Aarella

When A Big Tree Falls - Bhutto and Pakistan

Usually when a big tree falls,
There is bound to be tremors.
The tree has fallen to the ground
But there is silence and murmurs.

The fire is burning beneath
Like in ash covered coal,
People are seething with anger
And praying for the dead soul.

When it finally erupts
With the force of a volcano,
Will Pakistan survive?
With its karma catching up
I really don't know.

CR VGA
Rdnr
27/12/07

Vikram G. Aarella

When you came into my life

My life has become beautiful,
after you came into it,
you taught me how to love,
you took me to a new world,
which my eyes had never
seen before.

My heart was filled with dreams
You joined it with yours,
in the ultimate expression
of oneness.

If i live, its for you
If i die, its for you,
the deals we made
about life and death,
and live forever in
each others breath.

CR Vikram G Aarella
3/12/07
Rdnr

Vikram G. Aarella

Why Did You Cry?

When I told you my story
why did you cry?
Battered and hurt was my heart
But why did you cry?

All the pain is mine
Why do you, have to cry?
It is not yours, but my tears
That is flowing through your eyes.

The fire of destruction,
Was lit by me,
So, why do you cry?

In the journey of life, I have cried a lot
But for your sake, I will not cry now,
In the process of my downfall
I cannot drag you with me.
As your admirer, I have accepted the challenge,
So, why do you cry?

If you don't stop your tears
I might also cry with you,
My tears will not be tears, but my blood
I will bleed the whole world red,
So please don't cry, my love.

CR VGA
15/6/06 Rdnr.
28/06/06-29th

Vikram G. Aarella

WICROW

You think you are great
Decider of everyones fate,
Only to lust and greed you bow
I hate you wicrow.

You massacred men in millions
Made money in billions,
By supressing others you grow
Shame on you wicrow.

You plundered distant lands
To meet your own demands,
Your morality is very low
You are really a beast wicrow.

You preach about god almighty
As if he is your property,
Steal from others and glow
You will rot in hell wicrow.

CR VGA
Rdnr 223

Vikram G. Aarella
161007

Vikram G. Aarella

WIN THE WAR

When you know you are in trouble
your enemies are advancing more,
Don't mind loosing the battle
Always aim to win the war.

Vikram G. Aarella

With Cigarettes In My Hand

With cigarettes in my hand
I felt like a man,
with each puff I took
closer to death, I ran.

Cigarettes, each one I
lit fire and let burn,
I could feel the kick
making my head turn.

Tobacco wrapped up thin
and held in paper,
flicking in my mouth
made me feel safer.

Each molecule of Nicotine
that entered my brain,
soothed my body and
took away the strain.

But I have to pay the price
for the pleasures of fag,
I will soon be weak
for fresh air, i will gag.

My lungs will be burnt
by the soot and smoke,
My heart will be clogged
and I might have a stroke.

My skin might wrinkle
I might soon look old,
small mistakes added, will
put my life on hold.

QUIT SMOKING

CR Vikram G Aarella
6/12/07
rdnr

Vikram G. Aarella

Yo, Blair

Wuf, wuf, dog barks for attention...
Can I do something for you master
Shall I go to Lebanon and
Start the peace process faster.

No, Condi is going to do that
You deal with German chancellor,

As you say my American lord
I will do whatever you ask me for
Wow, woow dog barks again with joy.

CR VGA
Rdnr 20/7/06

Vikram G. Aarella

Your Choice

You can choose what
you want to hear and see,
The choice is yours
and it always will be

CR V.G.Aarella
Rdnr28/5/06

Vikram G. Aarella