

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Kairav Shah()

Deceived Consciences

It all starts with the joy of others and cries of self - our Life,
Indicating the worst welcome ever, cutting the ribbon of life's conscience with a knife,
Ends too, but with the cries of a million,
And we're so proud of not loosing up on the profit scale, even on this one!

So its between these cries, that we prove our existence,
Acceding and blind accepting the slogan - 'live life to the fullest', as a mark of persistence,
Less do we realise that every second is a matter of high prolonged sacrifice,
Well, it was just birth; later, every moment of happiness was a matter of pure compromise!

Education and degree might have set a platform for our careers,
But failed to make us understand ourselves, when we ourselves could be our greatest pioneers,
Professionalism did provide us a start of making ourselves independent,
But snatches away every other freedom, compelling us to become the slaves of it, pretty blatant!

Friendship, like music, for everyone, was something incessant and incredible,
Perhaps had even taken one stand above the family blood ties, making it all the more estimable,
But as the tempo changed to some brutal realistic tracks played by egoistic professionalism,
The music was there & the chords still struck, but the melody was gone, so was the rhythm!

Love, a thoroughly intimidating word, is in the air, and everyone did fly,
Even after knowing the brutal consequences, the vision was whitened but everyone did comply,
And as it grounded on the pillars of trust, understanding and expectations,
The vision did reveal the rainbow colours, and heart experienced a trauma of dilapidations!

No one (including me) enjoys, nor is obsessed, about highlighting the dark facts of life n its writings,
But an empty mind along with a calculative retrospection, strongly doubts the universal facts and findings,

It's a phase where destructive trance is cherished, and lullabies no more exist,
And prolonged silence is no more silent, its noise, which vividly persists!

'Live life to the fullest', 'Life goes on', 'This is life' - must be the all time favourite
quotes,

Which work for everyone, as it has been working like, since so many years,
But all these quotes hide the secret of pragmatic stagnancy, and fake assurance
is received,

Well, it might work your way, but yes, its consciences - highly deceived!

Kairav Shah

Sabotaged Minds

Bitter thoughts, reverberating in the mind like a vibrant boomerang,
Always realised lately, damaging enough and ultimately strikes with a bang,
Like an ill-fated fish left on the shores by the insouciant waves,
Life gifts you the worst paralysis ever experienced before exploring the deadliest
of the graves,
And negativity egresses in self forcefully, with thoughts pretty gross,
Rendering your doomed soul, brutally crucified on a cross!

Where every thought bleeds its words out like nails inserted in the veins,
Where every vision is damaged with collections of huge traces of dreams gushing
in the drains,
Where every sound is so perturbing that u're tired of being artificially deaf
towards the harsh decibels,
Where every smell chokes your nostrills with ashes of ur own self, exposed to
highly deceiving carnivals,
Where every taste of a morsel is not less than the required venom, needed to
keep you alive,
Where every touch is not less than getting stoned to the outrageousness which
the world offers on the drive,
Where every second of passing time is a strong interrogation to self as to why
such negations ever occur,
Where every beat of ur thumping heart is a realisation that life's gonna be a bitch
and has everything false to utter!

Friendship does give solutions, but no solution can purify the contaminated
bloods of negativity,
Love does give support, but no support can wear a wishbone where ur backbone
ought to be,
Optimism, at leisure though, surely makes its way - destroying each n every
emotion mentioned in the lines above,
But when it fails even for a fraction of a second.. it just leads to something like
SABOTAGED MINDS..!

Kairav Shah

Somewhere, Something Is Missing!

From the hustle n bustle of the daily life,
Feelings are coaxed to flow through the tip of the pen, which is no less than a knife,
Thoughts, trapped within the complex cerebral bars of the brain, vibrant and heavily rattling,
Shout, yell n scream out just one thing - Somewhere... Something is missing!

And so has begun, the initial sprint of life, with an excuse thrown to shape our careers,
Aptly taught, are the lessons of gaining maximum wealth every second, along with the fear of future arrears,
Though it definitely was, a part of our ideal dreams, short-listed into the list of our envisioning,
But there impinges, a feeling, pretty strong from within - Somewhere...
Something is missing!

Addicted were we, to flavours of friendship doped forcefully during college hangouts,
And now all of a sudden life asks to shut up, just to make us feel we're not among the left-outs,
The blue print of success seems to be vivid, convincing, but thoroughly intimidating,
Coz the reason, buried inside life's graves, strongly reverberate just one thing -
Somewhere... Something is missing!

Driven are we, towards the etiquettes of professionalism and formality, for the life's new gains,
Thrown are we, into the luxurious greed of life, contaminating every dropp of innocent blood flowing through our arteries n veins,
Destroyed are we, in the pool of achieving fame every moment & craving for a better living,
Proud & lucky are we, to face the biggest challenges of life, but Somewhere...
Something is missing!

A riddle, surely answered by everyone during childhood, about the 3 wishes after the genie appears,
Blessed were those answers, though a few not achievable, but wouldn't roam around the vicinity of blood-sucking fears,
Matured n sophisticated, we have become, to adopt new dreams and give our

lives a new meaning,
But then, satisfaction roars bleeding its throat out saying - Somewhere...
Something is missing!

The above mentioned lines could have been catchy and rocking,
With beautiful figures of speech blended sarcastically with the best examples, to
make it appear more pleasing and rhyming,
But somehow, vocabulary surrenders, when the sweet fragrance of life gradually
seems to be fading,
Coz deep inside the hearts - Somewhere... Something is missing.

Kairav Shah

Unfathomable Silence

It's been a matter of unwanted grandness, when a primitive childhood adage -
'Silence is golden',
Gradually tarnishes the gold and contradictorily iterates some thoughts, no less
than a burden,
Exposing strange decibels of silence, pretty unbearable and inscrutable,
Perhaps making it the most heinous, thus becoming highly unfathomable ...

For, empty-night-pondering with a coffee at the balcony, provides the day's
frustration - a perfect bury,
But the crickets tuned to the silence of these nights, always reveal a different
story,
Music might contribute to a perfect day's end, almost making the concept of
tiredness quite obsolete,
But the heart hears a strange silence, whose priorities change with every rise and
fall of the beat,

A novel might be a firm reason for a temporary drift of oneself, into a silent world
of its own,
But some similar incidences, related to self mentioned there, are enough to pull
back the frown,
A photo-album slideshow might be the best movie to watch, worth Oscars of our
memories,
But the realisations of today's indifferences & silences are enough to curse the
then-being like camaraderie's...

Life might be on track, wearing the clothes of professionalism and speaking just
monetary,
But it is incapable of bribing the hindering silence, with its power, even
temporarily.

Aimless it is, to express something so abstract in the context of silence and
highlight such negativities,
But sometimes the conglomeration of silence becomes so heavy and
unfathomable, that such a type of dissipation tops the list of priorities ...

Kairav Shah

When Life's At A Standstill

Its been a matter of perpetual pondering by the lone mind,
To the areas where time just kiboshes the mundane chores of life, in search of an
answer one can find,
But since the frequent journey to a standstill moment by a restless soul recently
seems on a high,
My pen makes its way through a rhyme and life has no option than to comply!

A moment where everything seems to settle down, like dust particles in an
untouched glass of water,
And things appear pretty lucid while the rest of the world is not much of a
bother,
Where all the mixed flavours of life gradually loose their bond and seem to be
differentiable,
And the thirst of knowing ourselves, suddenly seems to be quite achievable..

Perhaps thats the only time our invisible soul takes an elevation,
With all the true colours of life slowly being visible, mask the colorless
picturisation,
Its like the life's 7 colour wagon-wheel rotating at a decent speed revealing
white,
Largely slows down and the rainbow colours appear, vivid and pretty bright!

Its like, even without its presence, you smell the fragrance of a rose,
Which emerges from the crumpled pages of life which has lost its prose,
Its like, even without being there, you hear the gentle rise and fall of the sea
waves,
And every serpent wave resembles a calm music straight from the life's dark
caves,
Its like, without a kaliedoscope, every broken bangle form attractive shapes,
And remind us about every separated friend, rewinding life's old magnetic tapes,
Its like, without being in love, you get goosebumps cherishing your first date,
And the warmth and intensity respects that very part of your fate..

But then the wagon-wheel decelerates more, to find a deeper meaning to the
above words laid,
And your heart takes you to a mind-blowing cavalcade,
Finally the dart hits the center like a perfect strike,
And you realise that happiness is a bully we all pretend to like..

You gotta digest that dead roses decorated in a bouquet are of more worth,
And you understand that the rise n fall of the waves indicate that nothin remains
constant but pretty curt,
You percieve that friendship slowly starts wearing a price tag,
And you believe that love is not that blind and life slowly takes a drag..

This is the time when everything comes to a standstill with a heavy heart that
begins to drop,
And those small things of life reveal giving answers and enhance a part of life
similar to an image crop,
Its sad to wander within these virtues of solitude over and over again with the
heart getting a lil tanny,
But as long as it gives answers, its worth - Coz most of the times, we don't have
any...

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