

Poetry Series

# **Lost Poet**

## **- poems -**

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# Lost Poet(10july1989)

Do what u love, love what u do...! ! !

# Alone Alive

The child in my heart is yearning.  
just like d fire in dis sky is burning  
as i learn d truth abt u  
d way u drifted me away from u

blowing d winds through mah soul  
as nothing left inside me now  
nvr ending cries  
dats held mah heart high

bt its over and all gone for a pie  
up in d sky  
n i will wonder y..?  
d clouds r fluffy n white

down on d ground  
its all d safe sound  
out on d sea  
i wish i could be  
with u or without u

when i am in me  
my dreams oftem roam  
n i am quietly alone  
bt i am alone together  
ARISH

Lost Poet

# Another Scolding.....

another scolding.....

last seat, dats what mah favorite feast....  
no pen, nor i got d books  
teacher enter, given me her fav look  
cute smile on dat dewil's chin.....

altruists or gauche, hav to face, being dextri...  
was lost in mah own world  
laughing, crying, lying at d last corner  
sucking databases, format of journals  
y i hav to mug it.....wen i dont wanna to hav it.....

mah mind close in shakepeer's love  
or its wordwoth another crush  
suddendly i laugh wid kippling's humour  
'GET OUT' d another word i hear  
another scolding,  
add to mah cv; s  
pack mah bag ford class shake  
hoping i may find a better place

ARISH

10: 45AM

27 JAN 2010

Lost Poet

# Beauty Being Insane.....

beauty being insane.....

ders a beauty in every part  
myth or a twist  
ders a beauty in twinkling star  
ders a beauty in blinking eyes  
ders a beauty in every lie.....

m an insane people says..  
phsyco dats what ma name  
bt ders a beauty being insane.....

people laugh wid blushing lies  
i laugh widout a pie...  
no one to trust  
no one to answer  
loner or insane dats what mah name.....

if sanity lies in loosing ur dignity  
if sanity lies in loosing ur name  
if sanity lies in loosing ur heart  
if sanity lies in loosing ur smile.....

than, insanity is a gift  
an angel's poke  
m an insane unlike d divine johens  
yes m insane  
bt m allways d same....

ARISH.....

1: 00PM

6 AUG 2009

Lost Poet

# Being A Joker

being a joker.....

m a joker, people says...

charming laughing innocent heart which bears a wild tame..

dat's a joker

n dat's what i m.....

people laugh in dis bloody game...

i laugh to make dem tame....

i made dem laugh forgetting dere sorrow

i made dem laugh, forgetting dere ditching love

i made dem laugh carving d innocent smile on a greedy heart.....

they laugh on me, being stupid

i laugh when being asked

ask for love

ask for light

ask for life

i laugh at every path

m a joke

dat's pokes, ever rope

i laugh, being a joker

.....

.....

ARISH

13AUG2009

11: 55AM

Lost Poet

# Birthday Gift.....

birthday gift.....

i still remember, dat stary nights...  
which i used to spend on mah roof...  
still remember counting d star...  
one night i name dem all  
2 r mah best friend....  
one is shyam so one is rohan, , , , ,

whole night awake under d glittering star...  
used to sleep, seeing d mars at red..  
getting late 4 every class...

still i remember the day,10 july 1994  
ask d da what d preasant i beg  
its mah 5th bithday offcourse  
i want d moon i said  
a smile on his face..  
yes i know it best  
given me d kiss  
i still feel d warmth, benath his face  
yes mah boy definately u will...  
dats d answer i get....

next night benath my bed  
dere lies a black bag  
i opened it without a lag  
its a rod, wid glassy whole  
oh mah god what is dis...

my father replied its ur moon beta....  
i wonder it must b round  
might d gift wrap make it like dat....  
dats what i guess.....

my father said....its a telescope, son  
go hav ur moon..  
i ran on roof...  
but mom said its school time lad....

ARISH

3: 30 PM

14 AUG 2009

Lost Poet



# Burning Tears....

meaning to fall asleep  
but instead i fall prey  
to some force  
which thrusts me violently  
into a million different blue eye  
wid eyes full of tears, i lost all fears..  
burning to ashes, fire to flame.  
no matters hw hard u will gonna try,  
i am d one who will gonna fly....

Lost Poet

# Commitment.....I Can Give

i know what ur mind think....  
commitment is something dat i cant give....  
just like dese waves over d ocean....  
i may pass by u....  
dont even noticing u....  
time may come n i will change too....

just like this sun....mah love may lost...  
n may lost forever...  
i love....ders no doubt in dat..  
whether its infatuation...  
or something dere in mah unworthy word...

for u commitment is d lifetime trust....  
for me its might b d game of words..

on dis valentine day....  
u may found a thousands ways....to get rid of dis unworthy guy...

on dis 14th feb...i wana to make u sad...  
commitment is for me....its sumthing i cant dig..  
what i promise it to u...  
its mah arm, mah shoulder, mah heart....n mah every unworthy words....  
dat i cant cheat .....

i will never make u cry..  
i just wanna to see d smile on ur worthy face.....  
m dere to help u at every moment of life...  
dats d commitment....i hope from mah side...

ARISH  
31 JAN 2010  
4: 30AM

PONDI.....

Lost Poet

# Crime Is D Beauty Invoking Mah Heart.....

CRIME IS D BEAUTY INVOKING MAH HEART.....

life; s dragon, leads me to d darkest wagon  
searching for light, i lost even d twilight  
into d land, of d noman's vein  
i walk d road to gets d harbour insane.....

lossing mah shadow in d nature game  
this darkness aside can only bring me fame  
yes m notorious being insane'  
bt yes m d same...

clunches of past,  
invoking me last  
crime is d beauty, invoking mah heart.....

dere was a time,  
even i got d past  
son to d mother  
lover to d brother

burn d childhood into ashes,  
i lost my chilhood into bashes  
life become curse  
crime becomes d only worth.....

first for life,  
den for light  
i made it  
now dis crime is mah life

breaking d past  
chasing mah laugh  
yes crime is d beauty invoking mah heart.....

ARISH

15 SEP 09

2: 48PM

THIS POEM DESCRIBE MAH ENCOUNTER WID ONE OF D MOST FAMOUS  
DACOITS OF RAJASTHAN, INDIA  
EVEN HIS HEART BEARS AN INNOCENT SMILE....NOW ITS UP TO U.....U LOVE  
HIM OR HATES HIM

Lost Poet

# Crippling Heart.....

why we all are crippled...? ? ?

crippled by heart...  
or crippled by part  
we all are crippled even if u try it hard.....

m d one crippled by heart  
where d veins digging mah rootless part  
m d one worthy of dat worthless lies...

love is d game  
dats givs a marks in its pain..  
loner is mah name n dats d destiny of everyone insane  
bt still insaner is d name of everyone in dis game....

pain in d crippling heart  
while smile on dis grigling part  
dats d deal  
dats d game  
play it wid all ur sane....

.....all d best  
.....ARISH  
.....11: 45am  
.....6 aug 2009

Lost Poet

## D Dawn I Beg.....

every morning i look for light  
i beg d twilight to come as bright  
so, d brightness fills mah every sight.....

light dat fills everyone's insight  
light dats fills us wid trust  
trust to love,  
instead of lust.....

i beg for dat day...  
i beg for dat light.....

ARISH  
3: 58AM  
16 SEP 2009

Lost Poet

# Dogs Will B Dogs.....

Watch-dog's dishonest bark  
At some noise that draws near  
His eyes will mark  
The intruder's fears...  
weeping eyes...begging for mercy....  
wid every tear.....u hav to care..  
care for dere heart, care for dere soul.....  
forget dat fact, how much u care...? ? ?  
dogs will b dogs.....n dats always fair.....  
sooner or later, he will gonna piss.....  
piss into ur ears.....dats d truth to all mah dears.....

ARISH

12: 05AM

2SEP2010

Lost Poet



# Dont Quit.....

DONT QUIT.....

when d road i walked, its all up...  
nothing down, i can found d ground.  
ground of trust or ground of love.  
in d dawn of dis midnight trouble  
deres a hope dat i cn found d love  
i never quit becoz i belive,  
beneath d cloudy shine, dere lies a wining wine,  
and u never knows, how close u r from d shore.....

sucess lies in d eyes,  
who dont belive dat they have to die...  
do for ur life, run for ur pride...  
in d battle of world or life  
dont quit dats what mah tide....

troubles or sorrow r d part of life  
drint it like a sites...  
in dis sprit, trouble r ur wife..  
but never quit, its ur life.

tears r high, smiles r low  
funds r none, dpyhs r at bow  
i m standing against d deadly foe...  
bt never quit in a go.....

enjoy d life, enjoy d ride  
bt nvr quit, its ur life  
sucess lies at ur side.....

so nvr evr quit.....

ARISH

11: 35 AM  
10 SEP 2009

Lost Poet

# Enquiry Desk.....Day1

enquiry desk.....

sitting at d enquiry desk..  
thinking of u in black  
i rose d toast, wheather its a coffee or a bloast  
the doars open, dere lies a man wid cherry blosum face...  
his eyes r dark, moustage r big....  
i wonder wheather he is a ghost  
or a deadly fish.....

room close n m all alone....  
mummy save me...he will gona kill me...

anyway i collect mah nerves faces its bleady curves...  
asked d the first question.....or rather a answer...  
mah friend committed dats m d man.....guilty for d deadliest crime...  
harshing a woman dats what mah crime.....  
oh god.....why m alive listening to dat fucking lines..

anyway i collected mah nerve a asked him rather....do i luk lik a rappist sir..  
mind ur language...dats d answer....  
den d battle gona to start...  
if dis is a battle, den i will fight wid all mah nheart...  
gathers my nerve...  
answered his every word..... y i hav to worry....  
wen at d innocent tusk.....

for his every question i got more than a answer...  
after 2 hrs of torture....  
he led me free....for 1 more day....  
has to come again on monday....  
but m ready for their every game.....  
m d one dat will make u tame.....

.....

.....

ARISH

10: 30AM

07 sep 2009

Lost Poet

# God R U Dere....? ? ? ?

wid d crippling pain in heart,  
limbs f life, when darf to write  
starving child which may b bright  
wid every tear. f d blind  
made me think, dese lines  
hey, god r u dere....? ? ?

hey ram! d gandhian name,  
people killed on ur land  
gujart wen being insane  
where is d god, was he dere....? ? ?

suddenly an angel, poke mah nose  
joe n hyder, dats dere name  
working 4 d divine game  
some call dem a christaninty fog  
while 4 others dey r islamic rock

they r d one devoted their life  
serving d innocent kite  
which left alive in Gujarat riots

don't know their religion or there path  
dey r Indians or angels of heart.....

yeah god u were dere.....! ! !

.....

.....

ARISH

Lost Poet

# I Hate Her.....

I hate her

"I hate her! ! ! "

By the sea I saw her stand all alone,  
I saw my fade shadow next to her.  
What was I whispering to her?  
I wish I knew me better,

My memories are fading, as I am dying,  
My memories are fading, but why is that sweet heart,  
I still have her memories, bright all night, safe apart,  
Did I ever love her? Can I hate her?

Could I ever kiss her lips for one last time,  
But I know, such a dream is a crime.  
Even today, with my eyes closed,  
I feel her next to me, I feel her breath.  
Wish I could hold her close, read her eyes.  
Would I be able to? Have I ever been able to?  
But today I swear my eyes would say,  
"I hate you", won't it?

Didn't she know I betrayed me,  
Didn't she know?  
She is a gift of god, an angel,  
She should be loved and cared.  
Who is the one for her?  
Who is the one to be loved by her?  
But why is that I hate her... I hate her! !

When did I see her first?  
When did I see her last?  
Days, weeks, months have past,  
Did I forget her? I wonder if I ever be able to?  
But I should "I hate her"

.....ARISH

Lost Poet

# I Walk Alone.....

i walk alone.....

just like the sun, the moon, i walk alone  
i walk alon, inspite of dis crowdy road i walk alone  
just like the monn who walk alone in d midst of this star filled night...  
but still he walk alone.....

wearing faces is ma game,  
one for light so one for life  
but to search my actual face, which i lost a year ago,  
i walk alone.....

to say i hav thousand of friend but still i walk alone

on dis road full of thron, m searching,  
searching for dat lost face,  
searching for dat lost personality,  
searching for dat lost smile,  
searching for dat lost love,  
i dance alone

dancing on d music of life.....  
i dance alone.....

hoping for dat, and forever a hope.....  
on one night while walking alone.....  
got ma orignal face  
so i walk alone.....

.....

.....ARISH

.....2 JULY2008

.....11: 40AM





# Insomnia.....

## INSOMNIA

its caffine or its ur shine  
overactive mind,  
or tribulation f divine  
alibie of sleep,  
i march instead of being creep

sleep eludes mah eyes  
vandering mah lonely lines

dream dream dream  
dats d azad voice  
and m dreaming wid open eyes

sleep eludes me wid d shine  
dreams r now mah life  
i dream being insomnic  
i write being insomnic

ARISH

9: 25AM

16 DEC 2010

Lost Poet

# Last Night I Dreamed Of Mah Childhood

LAST NIGHT I DREAMED OF MAH CHILDHOOD

last night after d sun, lost in its twilight..  
i dream...  
dream of my childhood  
dat happy days, lost in blaze.....

i dream of a day, start wid d morning hug..  
dad kiss, on d breakfast try  
den comes d auto bab...  
n we left 4 school.....

running, singing, dancing whole assembly...  
dats laughing widout a pie..  
wid no sign of a lie....

den start d classes..  
dere comes our mam in black  
mom save me, i hate her every glaze...

next period start the english  
wid every A B C D  
I love u plee...  
first love, yeh she was..  
i told muma, yes she will be your \_\_\_\_\_

den d alarm rung  
broking mah smoking lung  
got mah fag....started d another fate...

ARISH  
5: 30 PM  
14 SEP 2009



# Let It Go.....

let it go.....

love or lusr  
both spell wid same word  
bt when it becamas a curse  
then better let it go.....

i wana to hold  
hold u forever  
but to to compel someone who is not ur foe  
den its better let it go

d way we met a year before  
love in eyes  
beauty in every sight  
hands to hands who will know dis will come to an end.....

u drunk widout a holy grail  
an innocent child or a blusty drinker  
mah God, bt i love u for dat.....

memories r fading  
as m dying  
crying heart wid innocent lieing  
i love u still m dying

better to leave'  
then to fed on dese crippling memories  
let it go, d crippling heart  
let it go, mah crippling pain  
let it go, wid ur fade shadhow  
may u leave, and finds a new love.....

.....

ARISH

13 AUG 2009

11: 15AM

## Lost Poet

# Lies..

its started with a smile....

a i lost whatevr dats was mine..

ending in a gloming mist of tears of d lonly crying..

aching heart still pains for ur every lies...

ARISH

11: 11AM

10 march 2011

Lost Poet

# Life.....

standing all alone  
in crowds of thousands  
and mind occupied wid thoughts  
thoughts of sumone close.....

a ray of light  
strikes mah eyes  
and brought me back to reality  
the reality of life.....

.....

.....

RUPSI

(rupal jain)

.....

really a heart touching poem written by one of mah friend....

Lost Poet

# Live Ur Dream....Ma Love

live ur dreams.....

whenever i dare to see in ur eyes.....  
i see a blind dream  
dream to dare  
dream to care  
dream that put ur imagination appart.....

i think i can  
can listen to dat unspoken tear in ur eyes  
dream of dat path wid unknown terror  
dream of dat sucess wid ma broken heart....

ur sucess is ma dream  
which ma every tear depart  
wishing u all dat dream  
m leaving for n another cart.....

just forgive me.....  
n forget d time, i pass by  
forget d time i made u cry  
forget d time i said..u r mine  
n remember now n remember always  
u r now not d same

.....

.....

.....ARISH

.....12march2009

.....11: 20am

Lost Poet



# M Lost Again....

Lost and found bt lost again  
I learnt the art of smiling in a pain.  
Nightmares scared me.... in absence of light  
, just like your th8 are making me wise.....bt m burning inside...  
Lasted till the passing of night.....  
Lost and found bt m lost again.....

Lost Poet

## No Longer.....

No longer will I miss you.

No longer will cry.

No longer will I put out effort to makw you wanna try.

No longer will I wonder were you could be.

No longer will I worry who you may see.

No longer will I wonder who your with.

No longer will I worry who you may kiss.

No longer will I give my all, to only be disappointed by stall.

No longer will I love with all my heart.

No longer will I be sad that were apart.

No longer will I hope and wish.

No longer will I long for your kiss.

No longer will I play this game.

No longer will I feel ashamed.

No longer will I let you rule.

No longer will I let you use me like a tool.

No longer will it only be you and me.

No longer will I even try to wait and see.

.....ARISH

Lost Poet

## Not A Poet Which I Was.....

bird now, dont whisher their song...  
music dont herd me anymore  
not d jerk, of the thirst  
i listen to d envirement word  
now m not d poet which i was...

torture staTr,  
from morning light, to evening twilight...  
lost mah fame, lost mah Name....  
lost d poet which i was....

time lost,  
rhyme lost,  
slaughtering mah word...  
slaughtering mah love,  
slaughtering d poet which i was.....

now m not a poet which i was.....

ARISH  
16-SEP-2009  
2: 34PM

DESCRIBES MAH MENTAL CONDITION AFTER BEING TORTURED BY  
DISCIPLINARY COMMITTEE, VIT VELLORE  
FOR MORE THAN 1 MONTH.....ANYWAY DATS ALSO AN EXPERICENCED,  
AN EXPERICENCED FOR LIFETIME...

Lost Poet

## Prisioner Of Time.....

time never stops, it is the ace  
it will as always run very fast  
at least, try to attain its pace  
this life is gift to you  
chance it is not the first  
dear, it is the last  
so, live your present  
don't be the prisoners of past

Present is now & for short  
memories are limitless & vast  
as you will enter your thought  
here your present will pass  
I am not telling to forget what happened  
I am not telling to leave the memories  
but neither regret nor try them to recast  
I mean don; t be the prisoners of past

Everyday some incidents ends  
& the new one starts  
someone in some moments comes too close  
and in the next they depart  
Except it, its nature & forget the pain  
neither surrender nor stop the life's cart  
no matter how you move it-slow or fast  
but don't be the prisoners of past.

Lost Poet

## Still Remember.....

every ngt counting d stars so bright,  
i keep on thinking wat u mean to mah life  
sumtime an angel of mah heart..  
so sometime a devil of mah past..

unbroken dreams, beneath dis unworthy heart...  
i love u....bt dats nt d cast...  
its started wid nw years hav past....

had nvr respected gals...  
n nvr mah mind can change dis task..  
bt u cn b d only one apart....

days n ngt...bt mah heart cnt deny ur last  
still remember d shineless past..  
still remember ur every cast...  
still love u wid all mah heart...

.....

.....

ARISH

29 DEC 2010

03: 14 AM

Lost Poet

# Teacher.....An Another Face

teacher, d light of God..  
dats what d gita taught  
i belive in dis divine trust..  
for 20 yrs, its was right.....

untill i met, one at site  
vit is d place, where she guide  
guide to path, ful of upright  
guide to path, full of bribe.....

she supported d case, which was fake  
harrashing a woman, yeh thats was made.....

torturing me, for dere sake  
if dats d teacher God had made..? ? ?

dont belive in another words...  
now m d teacher of my faith.....

ARISH  
29OCT2009  
11: 00AM

Lost Poet

# The Innocent Slap.....

the innocent slap.....

its d play school of d past  
i still remember what i was...  
might b 4 or 5, dats d age on mah part...

my mom ask to get d number of her past  
one of her friend which she lost, a year apart  
her daughter is sana, d leopard of our class

so, i got d copy  
got d pen  
and ask her for d same.....

enjoyed d beauty of silence n i got d flame  
d first slap on mah name  
yeh innocence dats what i claim.....

arish  
15 sep 2009  
4: 08pm

THE ABOVE POEM DESCRIBES ONE OF MAH CHILDHOOD EXPERIENCE, ...  
THERES A GAL CALLED SANA OR SARA(SRY M CONFUSED ABOUT HER NAME)  
....MAH MOM WANTED HER NO AS SHE WAS D DAUGHATHER OF ONE OF HER  
COLLEAGUES....N DATS WHAT I GOT

Lost Poet

# Times Moves On.....

The Times

Forget the times she walked by  
Forget the times she made u cry  
Forget the times she spoke your name  
Remember now you are not the same  
.....ARISH

Lost Poet



# Trust.....

m not d one deserved to trut  
lust dere in mah every word  
entire world state d same  
torturing me being insane.....

i dont belive till ur name...  
untill u spoke even d same  
y gals r always d same.....

is it trust or is it crime  
i just want u to b mine  
every word which i speak  
may put a smile, dat i belived...

but, wid mah every word..  
or mah every work  
trust is d thing dat got fucked.....

i trust dat beauty eyes..  
i trust ur every sigh...  
still u asked an another why's....

belive me,  
i know u cant  
everything i did, got a smile cause....

mah intention r right...  
mah eyes still wears a light.....  
light of trust,  
light of words...

but still, u belived  
m not d one deserved to trust  
lust dere in mah every word..

trust mah word,  
take mah luck....  
all d best for another crush....

ARISH

4: 20 AM

28 OCT 2009

Lost Poet

# Trust.....! 2!

like d rain drop, pure n calm  
trust start wid a charm  
trust dat put lies appart  
when u trust someone, u can see no path.....

neither d ups, nor d crusts  
innocent heart, fed her every luck.....

believe d words, of dis heartless monks  
never trust d unworthy word.....

every trust can shake dis world  
sooner or later, d world will crush....

ARISH  
29 OCT 2009  
10: 20PM

Lost Poet

# U Ma Love.....

u ma love.....

ur eyes speak so well  
dats i cn got it all  
thinking of dat lie  
ur eyes can mak me die

u gone.....  
ditching ma heart awake.  
m still waiting for u  
in d rain we wore.....  
but.....

still those eyes i wear.....  
waiting on my side  
just like...u n me so bright.  
but still....

but still....  
still i love u for dat trust...  
hope its not a lust...  
but...

if love is not a crime.....  
u r d god divne..  
i love u to make me smile  
i love u for dat life.....

i love.....ilove till d breath in ma heat....  
u ma love.....  
i love u in ma tear....  
u.....ma love....

.....

.....

24 may 2009

5: 23pm



# Untill We Meet

Until we meet

My nights will be a little colder

My days a little shorter

My heart will beat a little less rapid

Until we meet

I know that my arms will be empty

My mind hurting from the constant thought of you

Minutes will seem to be hours

Hours will seem to be months

While months will seem like eternity

Until we meet

The stars in the sky will not affect me

with its gleaming sparkles of life

Until I am gazing at them in your arms

And the food that I eat will not be as fulfilling and nourishing

Until it is you that I share the my food with

And Until we meet

I will not feel whole

My world will seem incomplete

Until that wonderful day

When our eyes make first contact

And our bodies and souls collide in blissful whirlwind

The words will roll off my tongue like a sweet love song

'Hello, my love, I couldn't wait to meet you.'

.....ARISH

Lost Poet

# Ur Love Is Fake

Your love is fake

What else is there in life to choose from  
by now i think my life is done  
I'm tired of you I'm tired of me  
there's not where else id rather be

Until one day i met this man  
he was so cute i was his fan  
he made me smile until one day  
he told me that we can't live this way

He broke my heart  
he broke my fall  
but he won't give up the call

I hate him much  
Feelings and such  
he stole my love  
into the wind flew a lovely dove

Was it a sign  
was it a prayer  
it wasn't mine  
my heart dispare

Sure i can't spell  
as you can see  
you know i won't tell  
on you or on me.

I made a mistake  
that i will live  
another mistake  
that you will give

I'm done for now  
thank god for me  
I'll show you how

your love should be.

.....ARISH

Lost Poet



# Waiting For My Dawn"

Waiting for my dawn"

My life is in the dark  
and i m all alone  
i am starving for one spark  
for she has gone

With the increasing darkness  
hopes for the lights have grown  
as the joy is awaited by my loneliness  
i am waiting for my dawn

When i think, why am i alone  
why everybody has gone.  
why my night is so long  
i find reason as "me"

I make one, i break one  
i win one, i loose one.  
its due to me that every body has gone  
thats why, still i am waiting for my dawn

Today even my night is crying  
i can see clearly everywhere  
my dead thoughts and feelings lying  
i am craving for the answers i am asking-

Why my life's house is empty,  
why there is no one in my heart's lawn  
why i am not enjoying my night  
why? why am i waiting for my dawn

.....ARISH

Lost Poet

# Why I Write....? ? ?

WHY I WRITE....? ? ?

its better to wet d paper  
den to wet mah eyes  
dats y i write....

i write in order to make dis world bright.....  
i write so dat, dis blue not haunted mah lonely night  
i write to smile, even wen m not upright.....

dese r poems.....not met to b read  
as once out of mah mind  
i can sleep.....

dese r mah pomes....  
dese r mah words...  
not meant to b read  
neighter meant to b told  
as once out of mah mind  
i can rest, like a blind.....

ARISH

8: 35AM

17DEC2009

Lost Poet

## Wiyhout U.....

I really want to forget  
that we had ever met  
but you're clinging too tight  
haunting my lonely nights  
I tried to go to places far from here  
yet it's still your voice I want to hear  
your face and smile I want to see  
it's always with you I want to be  
Hope you'll be the one for me  
coz' i can't afford to set you free  
though we're a million miles apart  
you'll still be the one in my heart

.....

.....MISSING U

.....ARISH

Lost Poet