## **Poetry Series**

## Punamjyoti Dessai - poems -

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Punamjyoti Dessai()

## Writing On The Walls

Loud and graphic
Shouting out for attention
I ignore the writing on the walls of my Soul.

Colours vividly reminding of stories That haunt the halls of those rooms

Who can boast of this art
Gruesome and yet dignified
Scratching away at the emotions
In the wee hours of the dark nights.

Sometimes neurotic
Sometimes hopeful
Many times passionate
Memories resound from their depths
Clanging and blasting
Into the silence that my soul resonates.

Can silence be loud
Asks my mind
To the weathered tattered soul
Searching for an acceptable response
My soul sits in a transcedental state.

PS: Rise above your scars and tell your story. Mine is a beautiful stained glass.

Being PU ??

Punamjyoti Dessai

## **Screws And Drivers**

A screw with a head but no brain
A driver with a point but no self direction
Both born out of the need of eachother
And yet complete in their own existence

My mind feels mostly like a screw With a niche carved, Waiting for a driver to turn my thoughts

My heart listens quietly to my internal turmoil

And send the feelings to drive the chariot of thousand thoughts

The union of mind and heart has never happened Who has been able to make them work in tandem The decisions of heart versus the logics of the mind Have they ever conceded defeat or agreed with eachother?

Soul of mine rises above the Chaos they create Levitating to merge with the universal energy source It calls upon the darkness to step up the game For the light of a rising soul Absorbs all negativity and blames.

The heartbeat drops it's pace And the mind drops it's ego As both bask in the warmth Of the light of my soul.

Union of the trio
Heart, mind and soul
An amalgamation
That echoes through the cosmos.

Be You, Be the Beautiful mess you are meant to be.

Being PU ??

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