

Poetry Series

**Raju Krispa**  
**- poems -**

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still living so not needed  
or not going to write of myself  
place of living Italy

# Afganistan

Do not show me any photos  
Don't tell me the truth  
How many innocent died  
Don't count them or their homes  
Don't show me their blood

Don't show me who killed whom  
Or write what they said was wrong  
And we had to do more.  
Don't tell me about their children  
Don't tell me how they died  
just tell me how many million dollars we must give  
to make me feel human still.

Raju Krispa

## Back To

To this and to that  
I get attached and detached  
I am watery and nothing  
Ashes and smelly skin when burns  
I end up always but considering me  
To this and that  
I play my trick and find them in  
I am this mind and nothing  
Keeping my shadows on thirsty walls  
I show my shirt unstained by this Dark Age  
I end up always in happy story  
To this and to That  
I expect nothing neither allow  
Do you want me like this  
Watery and hallow

this winter the snow filled forest  
May burn white and those ashes  
they bring sorrow and faith  
A solitary tear inside this growing city sea  
To This and that  
I just want to avoid  
But then I must die to be sad  
Or to be happy  
All the same, this or that.

Raju Krispa

# Glorify

Let it be  
Suddenly the fate yawning draws a sign  
Death or reborn, templates of same design  
They turn into fading useless frames on long walls  
And the rhythm do you hear it stalls,  
Hung in all these spaces of empty time  
Remain pauses, years, winter and spring  
Caught in the spider web of your limited love  
Gaining quarter smiles look out for a straight line  
Let it be  
This life uncertain  
Unclear, lifeboats running to waterfall.

Comes to my mind or shall I say soul  
Is the ending already framed?  
Those lines they are always slant where they end  
served all purposes, am I born not be born.  
The dark black canvas with water frame  
Change shades like monsoon clouds  
Fill two colours and after the pour, blue skies  
Like when my body will burn  
Precisely that's when you should smile

Colour with brushes of entangled memories  
Pour the sweet love as my last poison  
Hum sounds of those blue songs  
Before the fate decides on your next design  
Glorify you my soul this last stop ...  
Death

Raju Krispa

# My Sentence

Write my pen my sentence  
Let the words be music or my nook  
No lies neither truth, just melody filled ink  
Write my pen  
My poems of dark sun on a white day

No home to return and no sweet heart  
Wind drying my tears on this non-stop train  
Write my pen  
Let this be last song  
With memory of my dad's hand  
Caressing through my hair

Write my pen my sentence  
To let him go  
Words will be music or some harsh noise  
And when everything slows down to stop  
Let him go.  
Night falling on my pathway  
Don't wish for day anymore  
I am letting me know  
That he is no more, anymore.  
Hey you who is asking me, my ticket  
I am here with another man  
Not seen by you and long gone.

Raju Krispa