

Poetry Series

Ritika Nahata
- poems -

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Ritika Nahata(27-01-1986)

Anathema

Unborn and uncovered by the layer of derma,
In a bag and surrounded by the plasma,
Under the aegis of progenitor's bona,
The worldly glitter and clamor was an anathema.

Juvenile, in the world full of spectra,
Mirthful, inquisitive, and avid I was gonna
Living life, no full stop, no comma,
Calignosity was the biggest anathema

Ripened, in the society full of dogma,
Jousting fiercely to find penuma,
Éclat was what we were yearning to be wanna,
Oblivion was an enormous anathema.

Impending towards greys, now a middle-aged fella,
Fortuitous but still working on my villa,
Wanted to ace the parental diploma,
Withering in vain was tremendous anathema.

Moribund, fading and counting my Karma,
Lacking vigor, docket or any agenda,
Sentient, aware, conscious, and alive; Viola!
Holding anathema is my solitary anathema.

Ritika Nahata

Beginning Of The Eternal

She was beautiful but blind as she was born,
Everyone couldn't stop but adorn.
A sight of her would make anyone delight,
The baby was so adorable to make anyone's day bright.
No one ever understood her plight.
She never had seen any vision,
So she knew no expression.
Nor that she hide, but no one ever tried;
For two years to make any move right.

And one day he arrived,
A few days old and ever so bright.
Dark skinned and doe eyed,
Eyes so gorgeous, no eyes would ever glide.
Even when he cried, even when he smiled,
The voice so melodious would make dead come alive.

Wherever he visited a fragrance rolled,
In the legend as it is called.
With his charm and he altered the aroma,
it would make all folks forget their trauma.
Even before people would see, his charm was felt;
Such was this baby boy's impact..

And as they entered the home in the hall,
Suddenly the atmosphere changed, as if there was some ball.
The girl realized this in a jiffy,
as she could feel the butterfly in her belly.
She knew at once there was someone in the vicinity,
whom she had known since eternity.
She wanted to know him even more,
but there was a helplessness that she wore.

In a room on separate cradles they lay,
But without a word having to say.
The boy could see the girl and this made him contempt,
She wanted to know him and for it she made all attempt.
She wanted to touch him and feel,
As this would maybe make her heal.

And to do the same from her bed as she fell,
There was sudden lightening and it sounded like hell.
From her eyes the tears rolled,
To be near him as she crawled.
With every wriggle made towards him,
There was an amplification in her whim.

As she reached the bed where he lay,
Every single moment passed like a day.
And as she got closer and touched,
Within her body her heart felt clutched.
And there was a huge desire,
Which got her inside burning like fire.
She knew somehow she had to see,
Someone she has connected as deep as sea.

The ache, the crave, the hunger for which she yearn,
Made her will profoundly burn.
It is so true like they say,
With will one can do what takes a lifetime in a day.
Such high was the depth of her desire so bright,
Within a few moments she got her sight.
With a single view of him her heart started to beat,
Without which she was so incomplete.

As the people living around came to know,
His fame and glory began to grow.
They had witnessed a sort of miracle,
That brought the girl's life out of debacle.
It was because of the village leader's scion,
That the girl gained her vision.
The city and country began to worship him like a god,
But Krishna became god because Radha took him as her lord.

Ritika Nahata

Dare

Dare to fear

Dare also to face your fears

Dare to put yourself in fifth gear

Dare to run like a deer

Dare to be content

Dare yet to unrelent

Dare to be jubilant

Dare also to lament

Dare to let off any grudge

Dare not to always judge

Dare to be clean, and yet sometimes smudge

Dare to indulge

Dare to break the rules

Dare also to go by the rules

Dare to be un-jeweled

Dare yourself to be a jewel

Dare not just to be existing

Dare rather to be living

Dare to be innovating

Dare to be daring.

Ritika Nahata

Everything Has A Purpose

About a man named Lorenz, I read somewhere in may,
He calls it 'butterfly effect', this is what it say,
Something as little as a butterfly's wing's sway,
Can create tornados lightyears away.

We all read the stories, and what the legends say,
We've seen the superheroes, how on the field they slay,
The future that is to come, a base they lay,
The stories whack my brain, and with my heart they play.

Facing the final frontier, standing on his sleigh,
To save the mankind, with remnant army, a king once lay
His men's eyes filled with fear, they weren't at all gay,
To drive them all to action, these words he'd to say.

When the courage of men would've fallen,
there may come a day.

When the bonds of fellowship be broken,
there may come a day.

When the age of men crash down,
there may come a day.

But this isn't that day, this ain't that day,

We fight this day. We all fight this day.

Against eight dozens, as four of us will stay,

With valor in our navel, in combat zone we lay,

For the chicken feast, after the hard day,

Till safe zone diminish to zero, we shall play.

Ritika Nahata

I Have Seen It All

I know I was a bit too late,
In the age where people can't wait,
Was still in my high school,
With an urge to be cool,
Was trying to find passion,
In the era where interests change like fashion.

And there I found my first love,
For me he was all above,
With his IQ at its peak,
This guy sure was a geek.
Wherever he went people baffled,
But he was cute and bespectacled.

In the beginning it looked like he was made for me,
It was 'hence proved', and we were 'CPCT*'
A class below and a bit younger,
For him age was just a 'number'
He kept me on my toes, always on action,
Together we'd solve the biggest mysteries through equations.

Everything between us was completely 'integrated',
We gelled so well, nothing between us could be 'differentiated'
He comprised of different chapters
Each filled with even more adventure
For the world sure he was a mystic
This guy whose name was Mathematics.

These two years with him was the best time,
It was all fun and completely divine
I loved him and he let me be,
I became him and he was me
One thing he taught me was the importance of change,
I applied it to him and we became estranged.

I moved on from school to the college,
In my life was a new relationship on the older one's wreckage.
Unlike the previous, this guy was popular and social,
Regarding all issues he was a bit vocal
He spoke a lot and had a lot of critics,
An amazing guy, whose name was Economics.

His demand was huge in the public
But the supply was limited in my republic.
I thought this imbalance was a thing of short-run
But our relationship didn't attain equilibrium, even in long-run.
For every situation he had a theory,
This definitely couldn't be my story.

He was a bit boring, despite being huge
A bright guy, but the time was scrooge
Even when we were together, I made the move,
Assuming that my life would begin to groove
I met a guy whom no one was doubting,
A handsome guy whose name was Accounting.

On first sight, I saw in him my future,
Thinking he shared religion my first love's nature.
I thought our bond would be a going concern,
My happiness with him would never take a u-turn
I decided to take a plunge, no time to waste,
It turned out the decision was taken in haste.

He was a gentleman with big digits,
My credits couldn't simply match his debits.
We lived in an elegant house with amazing in-laws,
But relationship lacked thrill, bound by societal laws.
Throughout the marriage, I saw myself caged
No scope for prolificacy, I wasn't even waged.

Half a decade passed, now it was the time to confront,
Get away with the burden and wedlock to defunct.
As I look back at time, it was a heartburn,
the time I spent with these guys wouldn't return
But the experience they left me with,

Was absolutely real and not a myth.

I am left with a life without a hero,
Positions all squared and back to ground-zero.
I am free and hold no credentials
No limit to use my muse to full potential.
No fear of judgment no societal laws
I am free to travel places or be where I was.

Though this freedom has made me a bit pervert,
With men of different names, I flirt.
On Friday, it was 'Medicine', 'Physics' on Sunday
'History' took my Monday, it'd be 'Literature' some day.
I have stopped caring about the blabber,
Even the Guy's religion doesn't matter.

P.S.: So you see, I have seen it all

Ritika Nahata

My Dream- Coordinate Zero-Hundred

Once upon a time,
I was four more than nine.
Quite short of the community of nerds,
Not pro at the game of words.
By the teachers I was swirled,
To write an essay on 'My Dream World'.
Didn't wanted to waste my day,
As it was the time for us to play.

So on the paper's upper half,
I drew a graph.
Below was the explanation
Of my dream world's notion.
The world that lays on the coordinate
On graph where the point reads zero-hundred
With 'percentage defense expense'
located on the axis-x.
And space to 'percentage growth spending'
Axis-y is lending.

Disqualified on lack of word's ground
On the bulletin board there was a place my essay found.

Ritika Nahata

Seasons

Idyllic florescence

A neonate, alluring chap blooms
like the flower

Testing summertime

A late, adolescent burns
into the fire

Southwest moist monsoon

A little, fierce youth sings
at the perfect rain

Decreasing autumn

An assiduous mortal walks
in spite of the breeze

Dour wintertime

A hushed, lit corpse escapes
for the perfect star

Ritika Nahata

The Mysterious Book They Found

In the news and all around,
I get to hear this sound,
of a story doing rounds
about a mysterious book they found.

One of the biggest discovery, they say
that would solve the questions' array
about humans, earth, space and milky-way;
the questions that are unsolved till day.

Script belongs to the Mughal's era, historians confirm
the language to which it belongs, they are yet to affirm
still unable to decode the script, fonts and the terms;
but trying to get the gist through the diagrams.

It seems the discovery is a divine miracle,
that could save our species from debacle,
could also make us possibly immortal,
but to understand it they need an oracle.

I got a look of the book on a news show,
whose writer, script and text are a mystery though,
they look familiar and I think I know,
but to recall completely, my memory is slow.

Some years back, a kid saw her mother's doctoral thesis,
a research about different kind of species,
her mother was her idol, Oh Jesus,
she imitated her on all premises.

Despite the fact that her age was ten,
she'd barely started to hold the pen,
'dyslexic', as she was called by the wise men,
she made weird fonts and images then.

One fine day, when sky was clear,
her grandfather, an antique dealer
gave her a box of ink and wooden pen - a souvenir,
belonging to the yesteryears.

She was so fond of that pen of wood,
imitated her mother's book as closest she could
in front of her friends, expecting praise she stood,
instead became a victim of their laughterhood.

Won't tell others, but I know this time around;
the book, whose story is doing rounds,
scared I'd buried under the ground,
is the same mysterious book they've found.

Ritika Nahata

Their Last Conversation

As the time passed their love grew,
In every direction whose story flew.
Strong like tree and deep like a sea,
Their love was beautiful like sunshine in wee.
There was no bonding,
Their affinity set them free.

When he played the flute,
She would gaze sitting mute.
And when she did the talking,
Everything in him went rocking.
Both were young and both were naïve,
This quality made them each-other's slave.

They never knew what was in their fate,
Till the time came that awful date.
It was the time for him to grow,
And for the mankind a path to show.
He had a task to change the world,
For that he must sacrifice the one who was so far his world.

From the city the messengers came,
To explain him what would be the game.
At once he knew the task was massive,
That needed him to become impassive.
To do the same he had to change,
This would make him for his lady strange.

To reach a judgment he had to decide,
For that with her he had to confide.
He needed strength to tell the tale,
An attempt where he couldn't afford to fail.
Unsure of how she would react,
He couldn't decide how to act.

Finally he decided to face the hell,
Just hoping that things get down well.
In Madhuban under their favorite banyan tree they met,
Drenched in the rain of love absolutely wet.
He knew this might be his last,
Not wanting the time to pass so fast.

To capture every last moment they spent,
he kept staring her though he would never be content.
Then he told all he knew,
The purpose the goals all for which he grew.
He said he would first finish his goal,
And then he would take her to live together as one whole.

His words cast on her the spells,
No tears in eyes but in her heart she felt like hell.
Her expressions so were intense,
He started to feel the sense.
Are you worried that I might
Die battling in the demon's fight.

No my love, she said, I am so sure,
Against the evils you are the only people's cure.
I know your might, your strength and your behavior,
Right now you are mankind's only savior.
To stand against you if anyone has will,
Is clearly offering his kill.

He asked if she thinks he will abort,
When he promised to take her as his consort.
In no way, she asserted, I doubt your intent,
The problem however is my descent.
I am a simple cowherd's daughter,
And you will become a king on your foe's slaughter.

The guy in you to whom my love is devoted,
Is so simple, so naïve, a cowherd who is undecorated.
Your aim, your motto and your goal,
Will change the person in you as a whole.
Krishna the man, the king, the lord will sure not die,

But Kanha, the boy with flute will also not survive.

The cunning, beguiling and scheming character that you will become,
Will definitely not be your fault your foible or your shortcome.

It simply is the fault of our fate,
That our proximity is forced to abate.
This made him look relieved,
As if her rejection is what he believed.

If we continue you will also have to change,
Learn the politics and schemes to which you are so far strange.
After all you will also be a queen,
In the palace it will be your reign.
You'll have to dispose your essence which is simple and still,
Even if it is against your will.

The girl I loved is also simple and sober,
I want only her to hover my heart over.
Our love is not for what we are,
Rather it is for who we are.
And it is not important that together we reside,
But what is important is that love preside.

After these words they spent quietly the whole night,
For they knew that this might be each other's last sight.
Capturing every moment finally they wind,
A lonely life in the midst of crowd was in their mind
Though they parted they were never apart,
Krishna lived in Radha's and Radha in Krishna's heart....

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