

Poetry Series

Sagar Patil
- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Sagar Patil()

A Window

Once 'twas a special dawn, as gazed I through a frame
Outlines of hills were calmly swaying ocean waves
An afloat ball's ablaze with gleaming flames
Lyrical dulcet chirps I heard in slow octaves
As joyous unseen birds sang merry songs
My mind then wander'd in a sea of thoughts
The day grew older, (and a temper strong) ...
'We lose today what we had always sought! '

The hot noon sun had bounced o'er the house
I wash'd my hands in sunshine on the sill
As tangent rays peek'd behind nimbus clouds
Invisible painters coloured heavenly skies until
The seasons chang'd and rains came down through mist
And splash'd my soul as if to give a bath
Then I embrace'd it with an open fist!
'For thou now were engaged with me till death...'

Life's changing seasons are HIS way to be
As Death ensnares and tries to claim my only Love
All battles I can win if you art beside me
With thou in shaking arms, I beg the Lord above...
As through the window I look out(in) time and again
And always see 'love-fire' ignite from ashes of a coal
'My mirrored image I then saw in your face, when
You clos'd your eyes and shut the window to thy soul'

...

...

...

As long as stars can shine or Gods can be
Thou always shalt live in my heart...

I follow thou now and'll till eternity
Death is just too weak to do us apart...

(A second window closed)

Sagar Patil

Foresight

What's ever unheard by the ears
Need not be, unseen by the eyes
What's evasion for the seers
Can be fathomed, by minds that're wise

Future thus belongs, to he who can think
For he who can act, is he who has thought
'Being' he can enslave, in less than a blink
In sculptures of time, thus a legend is wrought

Sagar Patil

From The Child's Eyes

What is the night?

A canvas painted black
with an absent mind
leaves tiny bright patches
of illumination behind...

Diamonds, pearls from the broken
bright necklace, spilt and enrich
a limitless dark blanket
mysteriously out or reach...

The rain...

A giant builds a bathroom huge
unseen, up and above, ... over
but I am not sure peeing he is
or taking his uneven quarterly shower...

maybe his mummy scolded him
and now he is aloud crying
poor soul, loud thunders - his sobs...
grieved he is, I should not be prying...

Mountains...

Have giant ants build their abode - an anthill...?
O, none to be seen... so... where are - many an ant,
only their silhouetted hill stands frozen and still
they must be stealing sugar from the giant! ! !

The sun...

Each morning some mad boy
throws balls or mangos in the sky
or an apple in the eve, when he found
the RED nose of an invisible Giant clown...
but like all other heavy things around

why does it never fall down...?
..maybe its glued by some Giant being
to the ever changing colossal Room's ceiling

or maybe the Giants caught the apple
and like a child plays in a cradle
they play throw-ball while watch you and I
is that why it keeps moving in the sky...?

Or is it that...

two giant kids, one big and one small
are playing catches with a tennis ball
but the kiddo in the west never catches any
so eastern guy throws apples'n mangoes many

A strong breeze

the giants child is like my friend Joe...
by annoying us, what does he ever gain?
why does he, winds on our faces blow
Stop he must or mummy will scold again!

The adults

These grown up children are very absurd
some busy, some at ease, but none ever plays...! ! !
always and ever they want to be heard...
I don't wanna grow up, my mind now says...

Clouds

The giant kids were having a pillow fight
the pillow was torn in all joyous delight
all cotton spilt and is flying away, and the giant Joe
perseveringly annoys, always blows and blows...

The Sky

O fo, whats got into this giants huge
They keep on painting their ceiling and bemuse

does it even matter really...

most of the times it is blue
but sometimes crimson, actually
a multicoloured random hue

Aeroplanes

This absurd adults have raked their brains...
jealous of the birds have created the planes
or maybe they don't like the giants endures...
and want to bug them, put flies in their ears...

The Earth spinning

A giant Harbhajan in the adjacent galaxy
thinks the cosmos is a cricketing patch
bowls an off spin, to impress the celestial referee
the ball keeps spinning, with no wicket-keeper to catch! ! !

Sometimes, when the teachers mar my pleasure
'Let the night be the day, to avoid things ugly'
the school in the dark, will be a bliss for sure
just hope Harbhajan had bowled a googly...

My dear little brother in my soul
has told me all this, in secrecy
he who lives and plays in every role
Inside the mind-home with within me,
... dwells in our dormitory named - thoughts
and occupies most of the space
actually the secret that hasn't been caught...
Is -'He is his elder brothers pleasure and solace! '

ssssssshhhhhhhh! : -)

Sagar Patil

Solitude - My Friend

In some lone corner of my house,
A fish-tank does stand still
A lone fish without pals or spouse
Life breathes it, through it's gills
Lone, watches through glass cage
Lone, he will swim, and alone he will age.

.

In some lone corner of my mind
Sits a vagabond thought
No emotion with it, ever entwined
In solitude, solace it sought
If my 'being's book, I ever envisage
Will that lone thought, get a lone page?

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A ball of fire burns the sky
His aura shall last, an eternity
Under horizon sleeps, as night draws nigh
He is the father, of all humanity
His ablaze flames, appear so heavenly
Yet, amid Zillions of Galaxies, he too is lonely.

.

He who has been said to've made this universe
That God who commands all 'being'
Is he or is he not, is but a moot obverse
All laws - his slaves, an emperor of each king
If there's a fair Lord; then why agony we see?
And even if he is; he is the most lonely.

.

God made the sun and sun made the man
Man mad the tank, with that lone fish
In the tank of his mind, seclusion began
That lone fishy thought, was a suppressed wish-
'Albeit amid kindred and kin, my life soon'll end,
With my best pal, die I'll - solitude, my friend.'

Sagar Patil

The Richer Gifts

Has your self ever mused of being the wind
And help the moon, lift ocean waves ashore,
Outrun birds; leave the fastest steeds behind,
And ferry monsoons, sound; and much, much more.

Imagine now, you being a ray of light-
Voyage from zillion galaxies afar,
Reach earth, ingress into a nipper's sight
And make him wonder 'bout, the wink of stars.

Or being the void that fills this vast cosmos
Heedless of all the strife or glee within,
Like nothingness has been forever paused,
To teach us calmness, by that Being, unseen!

But Man! not being all these... it matters not,
For you've your mind - and richer gifts of thought.

Sagar Patil

The Train Of Time

The train of time ever runs and runs
Each one is gifted a ride on this train
Visits stations of each day, only once
And past stations, will never come again

In the Train of Time, was born the earth,
As our lone homely orb in cosmos spins
Endeavours flourish, as new time takes birth
In the tracks of lives, its 'time' that reigns

How smoothly it runs, without traction!
We demand halts, but it runs and runs
It will only stop at some future station
And each day and date it visits, only once.

Each ones endowed, with a bag of moments
Some fling the bag, out of the train's window
Few other wise men, they knew what life meant
For later success to reap, now efforts they sow

If some future passenger, writes a poem on me
The beauty of that lyric, its rhythm and rhyme
And how much that poem, shall inspire humanity
Depends on my journey, in this train of lifetime

For at my journey's end, await two flights
Gods welcome those who saw morality
To infernal regions, some others alight
In eons the time-train, goes on till eternity

Sagar Patil

Thy Reflections In My Mirror

In verse, I dream and wish you knew
Why angels shied from the beautiful you,
As in my mind-skies, few jocund thoughts flew,
I wish I could gift them to you...
Why mine eyes glisten with darling drops of dew?
In saline depths, they but treasure you.

One eve, as I gaze skywards,
and paint thine image with the brush of love
on the eternal greying canvas
With a palette of my mind, as fervour I avow
Joyous birds fly in a V to make a tiara
for you... O! Queen of all my kingdoms
Bless my mind Gardens with thy flora
The empire of my soul, thou maketh wholesome

As nimbus clouds make a scarf and rise
for you, to evade the chilling winds that flew,
Pearls drizzle fresh from moist skies
and form a multicoloured necklace for you.
(For yore, been described in pages
but The Rainbow - never did sow
Such, sublime and comely images
in mine eager eyes afore, ago)

As the days nascent moon, like a 'bindi'
on your forehead turns towards me, its face,
The twinkling stars are flowers, blithe
showered on you by smiling Lords with grace...
and as Taurus and Orion form your earrings
Grin for whom they now adore
..you smile...and love-songs my mind sings
And ever craves for thine charm and lore

Jealous fairies frown as you claim

the abode of my mind forever
Where thine painting I shall frame
To my mirth and their ire...
Before you, 'Shamed of his dullness.
farewell bid the sad and gloomy Sun
Alone, hid and sank his face
beneath the carpet of the horizon...

'On mine Life's very Last Stanza
Before HE puts the final full-stop, '
My ardour for thine beauty's fiesta...
Is ablaze with a flame of hope.
For you - do live I, say it - and I'll die at your feet
Just tell me, My Unknown Love, - when'll we meet?

Sagar Patil

Today Thou Live...

No soul evades the sword of fate
As born thou were, thou shalt perish
Nay armor there is that blocks death
Its moments 'tween that thou should cherish

Today, ye tame the fiery horse of time
On winds ye ride with royal pride
This is thy day - say 'Carpe Deim! '
Let future sing thy song that guides

Then rise and shine above the rest
As stupendous as flames that light
Magnificence thou now shalt manifest
So days shalt sweat and dream of thee at nights

And whilst at it, ye remember this
Be kind to the good and a devil for the evil
Thou worship holy prosperity and peace
All hurdles ye kill with the power of thy will

As twinkling stars smile and evolve
As Gods for anew creation aspire
And earth-sun-moon around revolve
They all shalt recall, a MIND on FIRE!

Sagar Patil

When There Is Water In My Eyes

When there is water in my eyes,
And vacant breaths smell of good byes;
Then everything does seem so blurred,
Like sight was but a debt incurred.

The sun that once had stood aloof,
O'er my distressed yet buoyant roof;
Now sank beneath the distant ale,
And left my house alone in gale.

The sun was you and when you left,
Pilfered my heart in willful theft;
My eyes then blurred saw the bright moon
As faded as a cloudy noon!

And through such watery eyes I see,
A winter cold, approaching me;
Galloping it has come too near,
And I, unwarned by times or seers.

Alone confront it sans my strength,
With weakened limbs, so tired and faint;
I fear the water in my eyes,
Shall drown my soul until it dies.

But there's hope that you shall return,
Once more shall shine, my o'erhead sun;
And in this hope lies all my life,
To help steer me away from strife.

When there is water in my eyes,
And grief of parting in my sighs!
The clear things just seem too few,
And one of them's my love for you.

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