

Poetry Series

**Tina Ashok**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2010

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

Tina Ashok()

# A Billet-Doux

This is about a lass whom I love -  
Who, for me, is as dear as dove.  
She is a girl so clever,  
Only I know, how much I love her!

She could dope me up by her wit,  
Being with her I never worried - even a bit.

She was a staunch supporter of mine,  
But now she launches a heavy fine,  
And keeps aloof; Alas! I pine.  
Why doesn't she come into my line?

Without her I'm all of a dither.  
The flowers in my little garden wither.  
Before the world I wear a glossy garment -  
To conceal my inner torment.

What does she feel? I'm not sure.  
I have no tricks to lure.  
She sickened my heart that was pure.  
No one but she has the cure.

Will she heal me or hurt further?  
The answer is - in the future, and with her.

Tina Ashok

# A Strange Feeling

'I feel as if floating over clouds in the sky.  
Whenever I walk, I cannot feel my feet.'  
I ask myself with surprise, "Did I die?  
But then, how do I hear my heart beat? '  
I stop someone, who passes by,  
'Maybe he'll help me, if he's sweet.'

I tell him about my strange feeling with regret.  
I must find, what's wrong with me, somehow.  
So I seek him, "Is this because I am dead? "  
He looks at me and replies thus: "No, not now.  
This is not it. You are far beyond death.  
This is what you feel when you fall in love."

Tina Ashok

# I Am A Cannibal

I Starve. I haven't been fed.  
But I hate butter and bread.  
I'm hungry - I need to eat.  
And I prefer only flesh and meat.

For Today, my meal is You  
Because you're fresh and new.  
I don't want potato finger chips  
But your eyes, ears and lovely lips.

Have no doubt. I am a Beast.  
I shall take you up as my feast.  
I'll start by gobbling your neck at first.  
I'll drink your blood - to quench my thirst.

Arms, chest, abdomen and calf -  
Part by part - I'll finish you off.  
You can't escape my hands, as you're tender.  
I think, now it's better for you to surrender.

Tina Ashok

# Milo Is My Pet

Milo is my pet.

"She's a crazy cat, I bet."

When she was small,  
I had thought she is a 'boy'.  
So fixed her the name.  
Now she is plump like a ball,  
Still my lovely toy.  
Amongst my friends she has great fame.

She hides into a cover  
When scared of my dad.  
She seems so clever,  
But sometimes turns mad.

Does all sort of mischieves:  
Jumps over the roof,  
And walks upon the shelves.  
Hard to tame, oof!  
She makes me on to my nerves.

I love her though,  
And can't let her go-  
She has a role that is rife.  
She's a part of my life.

Tina Ashok

# My Heart's Wish

My heart has a secret wish.  
I need to know what it is.  
It wouldn't tell me if I ask.  
Who could help me in my task?

I get kindled in an inner fire  
Without finding my heart's desire.  
I must know it and then decide,  
Otherwise, the fire will never subside.

I might be an odd fish  
To question my heart - "What's this? "  
There is yet no reply when I ask.  
So, I do - simply, empty a wine cask.

Every night I sleep - on a pyre -  
Only long after my eyes tire.  
I loiter and let things slide,  
Wondering why my heart should hide.

My heart has a secret wish.  
I need to know what it is.

Tina Ashok

# Procrastination

"Tomorrow."

"Later..."

"Day After."

"Why Haste? "

- are the keywords  
to Procrastinate.

Tina Ashok



# The Girl Who Loved Her Shadow

Once there lived a little girl  
whose heart was as pure as pearl.  
She fell in love with her own shadow.  
Why did she love him, no one could know.

For choosing him as her love, she had some reason:  
He stayed with her through life's every season.  
He did not leave her alone, not a single day.  
In no way he had been the cause for her dismay.

Autumn, spring or hot summer –  
He always strolled beside her.  
Whatever she did, he never complained.  
Slowly and steadily, her love he gained.

He listened with patience, to her sorrowful song.  
When all had gone, it was only him that came along.

He was her companion, and her soulmate.  
Her passion for him did not abate.  
She did not hesitate to lip on the sand,  
so as to bestow her kisses upon his hand.

She used to walk under the moonlight,  
wishing to meet him even at night.  
She could give him in return, only her tears,  
for being her lover in all her years.

He was god's gift that she got since her birth.  
And so they both made 'heaven on earth.'  
They wept together, they laughed together,  
They were simply, 'made for each other.'

He would be with her, till her last breath.  
Nothing would part them, except her death.

Tina Ashok

# The Hidden Treasure

In those days, I felt so lonely and helpless,  
My life seemed to be with no gust,  
Where I, whiled my time away being restless.  
Oh! Now I find that my heart was full of dust.

I longed for a rain from dawn till dusk -  
Had in mind that it would clear my heart,  
And the seeds of my thoughts could be free of husk;  
Still I was worried, since the shower stood apart.

Right, I regret I was not right:  
It was of no use to mope,  
To live life lifeless, and without hope.  
Later I learnt: 'one has to make his own self bright'.

True, for no reason I had put myself in pain,  
Tired my days, and awaited the rain - in vain.

Today I'm revealed - of the hidden treasure -  
I had looked not for the dawn, neither the rain,  
But for the light and the bloom that comes after;  
I have those both run in my blood and vein.  
Though I spent some time to discover, and some to loiter -  
I found myself, yes, there is no greater pleasure.

Tina Ashok

# The Magical Power Of Love

Love has the power to turn water into wine.  
It can weave two souls, together in a twine.

Love is like a Magic Mushroom;  
Once you eat it, your dreams begin to loom.

Love causes you an uncontrollable addiction;  
Due to which, you are subject to hallucination.

Love helps you forget hunger, thirst and pain.  
It tempts you, to sing and dance in the rain.

Love makes you simply, float in the air;  
It takes your heart - to everywhere.

Love teaches you all, to talk to the stars;  
Even the whisperings of breeze - you can parse.

Love brings you dreams, all the while.  
It lets you face death, with a smile.

Tina Ashok

# The Way To Your Heart

Behind your sparkling eyes,  
I found a way - to your heart -  
Throughout which were a thousand butterflies,  
Fluttering with joy that would never part.

To enter into your heart someday, is my strong desire -  
To walk in, through that beautiful way.  
Perhaps you might find it to be so bizarre,  
But I'm sure - In my life, that will be the finest day.

Tina Ashok

# To The Barehanded Burglar

You broke into my heart,  
Not weaponed - with bare hands.  
Just a careless glance that you dart  
Had the effect of a hundred magic wands.

My dispersed dreams were funnelled,  
As my shallow mind was full of you.  
From my eyes towards my heart you tunnelled,  
I can forgive this, only if you are ready to rue.

Tina Ashok

# When Our Eyes Met

I fell into an abyss - when our eyes met -  
The bottom of which was at unknown depth.  
I kept falling. But my soul was in his debt.  
For Each time I fell, I was done to death.

Tina Ashok

## When Will We Meet Again?

When will we meet again? We do not know.  
But my love for you, I will never let go.  
In the course of your life, you shall see,  
Many who love you, but not like me.

Tina Ashok

# Your Eyes

Powerful eyes you own -  
Much sharper than a sword.  
A damsel at your glance alone,  
Will offer you her accord.

You should never look a woman  
Straight in the eye.  
Your sight is a lethal weapon.  
It can make her die.

Tina Ashok