

Poetry Series

**Yash Shinde**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2014

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

Yash Shinde(09-28-98)

## .....Never Look Like One...

Beyond the tattered window pane,  
A gruesome, dominant world lies.  
Facing the broken reflection of mine,  
In the broken pane I meet my eyes...

"I see-

- Trodden hopes and weakened thighs,
- Shoulders down with my soulful cries...  
Beyond the visible sneer command on my face  
A mournful shattered visage lies....

But must not I reveal my forlorn eyes,  
The woman that hides in me in guise,  
The world won't let her to live  
Trodden under feet, never to rise....

Am I, too weak to reveal,  
Or am I not that strong to conceal,  
Do I make you wonder about  
The secret I hide under my veil? -

- I hide glitter of my eyes,
- the innocence of my face.
- My pristine soul,
- the unparalleled grace...

...Is it this modesty that the world detests,  
Or is my virginity world's bequest,  
Or is it a tribute to the womb that conceives,  
& the hand that feeds by the hands that molest?

...You may burn, harass, pester or stun  
...But the hands that assault shall be praised by none.....

..... " Says to me my pessimistic voice,  
"Be a woman but never look like one"

Copyright © Yash Shinde 2014

Yash Shinde

# Behold Her

Behold me!  
And the beauty of my soul.....  
Descry my eyes!  
And the message they hold.....  
I am the one who nurtured you  
Played in your life your mother's role.....

Behold me!  
And the love in my eyes.....  
Contemplate my face!  
And the beauty it hides.....  
Filling your life with the essence of love.....  
I was the one with whom you allied.....

Behold me!  
And my charming smile.....  
As I caper in your abode  
And move through the aisles.....  
I lived with you, as your daughter  
Then departed to the far-off isles.....

Behold me!  
I am the creation of god.....  
Bestowed with the power.....  
To nurture, in my pod.....  
I held your hand in your race of life  
And left my home to join with your bod.....

Cause I am a woman, unique from all  
Because the power to create rests in my thrall

Copyright © Yash Shinde 2012

Yash Shinde

# Love Never Ends Sans Soul, Sans Body, Sans Heart

Once upon a time in a ferry  
Sailed a lovely dyad  
One was the prince of verna  
Other was the princess of Syad

Behind them raised a large wave  
Breaking the stillness around  
Oh! The sea is raging white  
nowhere appears the ground

Mercy Mon Dieu mercy  
The lady cried aloud  
But neither the sea became calm  
nor cleared the clouds.....

the maiden held her lover's palm tight  
the sea to raised it's hand  
'My life can go my soul can go  
but never will go your hand

but could'nt escape from water's wrath  
prince too was lash'd to the land  
princess was seen nowhere  
storm too strong for human hand

'Left her heaven  
she went to heaven  
sans soul her body lay  
and here ends the lay.....'

But wait where has the prince gone  
With his heart broken apart?  
Oh! his blood stained the earth  
He plunged his epee into his heart.....

But thank dieu their souls met  
Even after being separated apart  
Because love never ends sans soul,  
Sans body, sans heart.....E(20 Aug, Bhopal)

Copyright © Yash Shinde 2012

Yash Shinde

## Sonnet Iii-Ocean Of Life

In life's illusion I am lost  
Unable to make my boat row  
In vast ocean of world's desires and pleasures  
I go with the life's flow.....

Born free yet everywhere in chains,  
Life is mine, but not in my control  
Bound to chains that don't let me go  
Along the path to my dole.....

Tried hard to reach that heaven of peace  
The place inhabited by my lord  
but Janus closed its pearly gates,  
and took away the bosom of my god.....

and the ocean swallowed me, like a clod  
ceased my beats, and hid me under its sod.....

Copyright © Yash Shinde 2012

Yash Shinde

# Sonnet Ii-Truth's, Truth Revealed

Truth never held by barriers  
Finds a way to rush out  
The same truth sets barriers  
Between friends, turning them lout

Fears no questions, same to everyone  
This god's voice, the immortal's word  
Though its virtue higher the skies  
Has no value in this liar world

Truth, as sharp as sword  
, though abrasions it heals.....  
But awful for those  
Whose secrets it reveals.....

But this sword blunt by lie's shield  
Is defeated today in world's battlefield.

Copyright © Yash Shinde 2012

Yash Shinde

# Sonnet I-Searching Eyes

Eyes waiting for her swain's arrival  
Peeps through moon lit paths  
in the midst of solitude  
eyes seek his glance.....

years passed since she laid eyes  
for her whole her life though she thrived.  
Her body laid still, still laid the heart  
her soul yet not revived!

But her lover never came  
to bring her life  
shutting her eyes  
still she lied.....

Copyright © Yash Shinde 2012

Yash Shinde

## Sonnet Iv-Sad Strain Of A Mother's Heart

He rose from Earth  
As an idol of clod  
A child of virtues  
A creation of god.....

He mewled in my arms  
his smile made me glad  
Has now grown up and  
Turned into a cad

has forgot his mother  
the one who nurtured him  
and broke away all relations  
from his kith and kin.....

the day he did so he broke my heart  
No reason to live after being separated apart.....

Copyright © Yash Shinde 2012

Yash Shinde

## Sonnet V-Almighty's All Seeing Eyes.....

Hidden behind the curtains of mystery  
People live in today's world  
Innumerable number of faces they show  
But the real face yet to be unfurled

Which lies hidden under the sod of lies□  
Weaved by a man in his whole life  
And yet the sod, not complete  
Will continue to grow till he thrives□

But, while he trespassed against others,  
he forgot the one who lives in the skies  
He unfurled his face and a trident he stroked  
And no one could hear his mournful cries

So no matter how hard a man tries  
Can never, ever hide from almighty's eyes.....

Copyright © Yash Shinde 2012

Yash Shinde

# Sonnet Vii- I Carved Your Name On My Heart

My beats ceased  
When you left me alone.....  
My heart cried  
In a monotonous tone.....

Conveying the state  
Of my heart to thee.....  
Come back my soul  
Heartily I plea.....

I searched for you  
In the roses and dews.....  
I wandered through the gardens of love,  
Just for a little clue.....

And in grief of being separated apart, in my body I plunged your love's  
dart.....  
And carved your beautiful name in my still heart.....

Copyright © Yash Shinde 2012

Yash Shinde

# Sonnet Viii- A Letter From My Beloved

From the farthest of Hebrides  
A letter came all way through the sea  
I opened its flap, read the name  
Oh its for me!

She wrote it with her seraph hands  
The words revived my soul  
Oh she embedded her heart for me  
Hidden in the lovely verses of the scroll.....

Sent a call for me  
from lands she nested  
of the lovely maiden  
whose beauty she manifested.....

And I followed the scent she left behind  
To discover the beauty that charmed my mind.....

Copyright © Yash Shinde 2012

Yash Shinde

# Sonnet Vi-The Fantasy Of My Dreams

I saw her as she  
moved down the sky  
her glittering face  
I captured in my eye.....

She touched me with softly  
With her seraph hands  
and softly drifted over the barren glebe,  
building a paradise on arid sand.....

And I searched her  
As she hid behind the stars  
Tried to catch her  
Before, she could go far.....

But the blaze of the sun scorched my paradise  
And my fantasy disappeared as I opened my eyes.....

Copyright © Yash Shinde 2012

Yash Shinde

# The Rosy Lay

Ready for a kiss did sun rise,  
gleaming, shimmering in the April sky,  
had set to bloom bouquets of love,  
a rose among them caught my eye...

And made me notice for the first time  
the alluring blooms of Angoora van,  
and the dew drops running down her curves,  
glistening in the golden sun....

They evanesced in the air, left her crimson petals free  
a fragrance in air did she spread,  
the mist left bare a blossom of love,  
...covered in carmine hues of red...

And I did feel with my hands,  
the seraph, seraph touch of rose  
In blooms, in showers in waning crescent  
...made she place in every prose.

The hand that penned ran across her curves,  
drip-drip the blood it shed...  
ran across a prickly thorn,  
through hands that never hadst wept.

Left a scar, an impression of love  
deep where no blade could reach,  
I sealed the cracks, oh fool I was,  
dug behind a deeper breach..

For the kiss awaited was never delivered,  
tears did shed O! mighty earth  
had set to fire myriad hues,  
and had shut close each bud till next birth...

There as remnant in the carmine flesh of mine,  
the deep impression of the barb did stay.  
...Love never ends sans pain,  
But ends here the Rosy lay..

Copyright © Yash Shinde 2014

Yash Shinde

## To Bosom Thee.....I'LI Rise.....

He was before his beloved,  
Kneeling on his thighs.....  
His shoulders were down,  
With his soulful cries.....

Slid down his cheeks, like shiny pearls,  
The tears that his doleful eyes had shed...  
Was held in them a vision of his mistress,  
Who lied helpless in her cold deathbed...

Bowing his head, lifting hands in plea,  
Breaking the silence, quoth he-

\_\_\_\_ "Once bound with the essence of thee  
\_\_\_\_ I'll wash the coast like a restless sea"  
\_\_\_\_ "Powered by love my heart did bore,  
\_\_\_\_ I'll trace your impressions on the sandy shore...."

\_\_\_\_ "Turning stones time does flow,  
\_\_\_\_ a model of valor, should you lie so low? "  
\_\_\_\_ "your mellow fragrance in the darkness behind,  
\_\_\_\_ tell me my precious, where will I find? "

She raised her eyes, deep as a sea,  
In a soothing voice, quoth she-

\_\_\_\_ "See the alluring florets of rose that,  
\_\_\_\_ bloom opening their carmine lips, "  
\_\_\_\_ "With a mellow scent, they invite,  
\_\_\_\_ butterflies to deliver a kiss....."

\_\_\_\_ "In blossom of rose you shall see me,  
\_\_\_\_ that blooms with the kiss of thee.."  
\_\_\_\_ "Amongst trodden hopes and dismal cries,  
\_\_\_\_ like the sun of hope I will rise! "

\_\_\_\_ "Thus like a rose dwelling  
\_\_\_\_ in the eyes of thee"  
\_\_\_\_ "In curls of petals,

\_\_\_\_You shall find me..."

With his blood hitting his veins like an edgy sea,  
In a painful voice quoth he-

\_\_\_\_"Every blossom does wither with time,  
\_\_\_\_every Bonnie creation someday declines."  
\_\_\_\_"In the withered remnants dispelled behind  
\_\_\_\_tell me my love where would I find? "

Wiping the tears his had shed.  
With calmness of a sage, his beloved said-

\_\_\_\_"If you wash the shore like a restless sea.  
\_\_\_\_in spiriting rivers you shall find me.."  
\_\_\_\_"Which through meandering turns do make their course,  
\_\_\_\_and cut through boulders to reach their source..."

\_\_\_\_"Like a river unifying with salinity of the sea,  
\_\_\_\_I lose my soul, and ally with thee.."

\_\_\_\_"If like a graceful dove you'll appraise the sky, \_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_like a breeze from the surface, I'll rise" \_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_"Like a phoenix that rises from ashes to life, \_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_to wipe your tears from dust I'll rise" \_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_"Like an angel that dwells in heavenly paradise, \_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_to empower the oceanic tides, like moon I'll rise" \_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_"In my portrait I'll live that dwells in your eyne,  
\_\_\_\_Like a fragrance that scents I'll rise" \_\_\_\_

- - -"Search me not the remnants behind,  
- - -But in the stillness of your soul, me you'll find"  
- - -Mortals do vanish, true love never dies...  
- - -To bosom thee, from dead I'll rise....

□ \_\_\_\_\_

The pearls slid smoothly over his facial curls,  
And wet the still heart that bore his name...  
The silent heart of a sacred soul,  
Dipped in the bloody tears, pious it became.....

Copyright © Yash Shinde 2014



Yash Shinde