

Poetry Series

Seema Aarella
- poems -

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Seema Aarella(19 Mar 1979)

B.E graduate in Electronics and communication d as a lecturer for some time,
Later went on to do MTech in VLSI at Jain University, Banglore India, now
studying my second Master's Degree in Engineering Technology at University of
North Texas, Texas, USA. Enthusiastic towards life and its g to view life
optimistically, accepting challenges and looking forward to new turns and
ssionate towards all animals except man.

Believer of God and y for me is just an outlet to my thoughts.....i feel good when
people who read my poems identify themselves in any of the lines.

I have brought out my first poems book called
'Letters From the heart'

Publisher: leadstart publishing

imprint: Virgin Leaf Books

To buy:

To review my book:

To read my blog:

Love
SEEMA

!!!!Sigh-1

Have you ever drunk?
Through my eyes, the desire's
Cup, full and overflowing...
Touched my skin in places unseen,
Felt the tremor of virgin pain.
Have you ever wobbled and got
Lost? In the night
Of my tresses, its tangles
Knotting you tighter.
Have you ever whispered in secrecy?
Your breath tickling my ears,
The words of pleasure at the altar
Of satiation.
Have you ever kissed my ecstatic lips?
Parted in anticipation to
Spill and flood your veins
With passion's most intense drink.
Have you ever held me...?
In your squeezing grip,
And asked hushedly to intoxicate you...
With love and love only!

Seema Aarella

!!!!Wounded

Who wrote the soulful songs,
On night's tattered papyrus,
With dripping bloodied words,
From a slaughtered young heart.

Chased the moonlight,
Back into gloomy seclusion
Hung the moon to death
Orphaned the sky and stars.

Read the codes of doom
From the shrewd book of hell
Secretly crowned the Satan
And hailed the devil's law.

Scrapped the designed dreams
From inner walls of my eyes
Whitewashed them with tears
And nailed back eerie frames.....who?

Seema Aarella

!!!! ...Sigh-2

Have you ever felt?
with heightened ecstasy
the chill and freeze of
the 5' o clock rain in
the streets of your
sorrowing city, whose place
i yearn to take and
drench you in the torrent of ardor.

Have you ever touched?
With your trembling fingers
and felt my texture
in the satin of young flower's
softened lips dripping
pearly droplets after an episode
of shower in your backyard garden.

Have you ever heard?
My husky voice speaking,
my warm breath stroking your cheeks
when the morose air gets
playfully excited at your sight,
leaps across the table and
whispers in your ear
the words of love and love only.

Seema Aarella

!!!! ...Wheel Of Time Turns

And...
the wingless bird
pleads
the sky
For once
you descend
.....for me.

Seema Aarella

!!! ... Rain At 4 Pm

As if my old memories are bundled up
And delivered to me in instalments
while I try to engross my mind in the
Temptingly pleasant 4 o' clock rain.

Sinking deeper in his thoughts
The more I tried to hold back
And subdue the popping question
'Do I love him? '...i don't think so!

What if I had made friends with
Eternal silence? To let his voice
Resound so that I could memorize
The typical baritone and manner
Of the only few words spoken by him.

What if I had disguised my love
As vengeance and continued
To hunt for him time and again
In an emotionally evident search
And hoped to stumble upon somewhere

What if I had always blamed it
On my limitation but still
Had his name boldly etched
On my heart in plain text of passion
And internally bled with pain of futility

What if I denied lied and ridiculed the thought
And dismissed the popping question
Under the veil of vanity,

What if my restless psyche
Prods me again and again
'Do you love him? '.....No, I don't think so! ! !

Seema Aarella

!!!Extreme Cataclysm-1

I am nailed to the crucifix,
and set on fire,
am bleeding to death,
and the poisoned water
burns my throat,
a raised gun aims my heart,
arrows crisscross my torso,
an axe is raised to chop my head..
leave me alone,
without all these too....i am already dead!

Seema Aarella

!!!Extreme Cataclysm-2

Having drunk from
The chalice of love,
Relished on the
Unleavened bread,
By the closing nightfall,
Final prayers being said.

'This, my body uncut,
This, my blood unspilled'
Toast raised to hail
The smooth betrayal,
Baring my chest to
The hastening blade

I Passover to you
The codified discourses
Disperse my songs in the
Mount Zion's air..
And leave my loving heart
In the upper room's foyer

I bled not when severed
You cry not, if am gone
Death hurts not; but the truth
That the stifling hands were own,
Let the guiding star
Testify this passing too

I believe you will
Resurrect me....until then i remain undead!

Seema Aarella

! ! !Missed

From the time that wish
Was meticulously set afloat
On the dark-ocean's
Inanimate waves,
I had been standing on its
Impossible shores,
Weighing my puny luck.

I had seeked in each star
The perennial light of life,
That would detach and
Turn up in my hands,
Secretly one fine night,
Defying the science of sky.

I never believed in luck
Until i stroked the vision
With my open eyes,
Darkness yielded, stillness stirred
Finally, wishes rained,
But I had caught the wrong star.....!

Seema Aarella

!!!Monologue-1

I, plead the wind
To describe your touch,
Beg the night,
To reveal your dreams,
Ask the stars to descend
In your yard,
And tell u in numbers
How much i miss....!

I, plead the moon
To describe your sleep
Beg the sky
To watch you breathe
Ask the dews to land
On my lips,
And with their wetness
Demonstrate your kiss....!

Seema Aarella

!!!Monologue-2

Do not allow me
To sleep for so long
That my untamed dreams
Outnumber the stars.

Wake me with an
Early kiss and i will
Domesticate a wild dream
For you, then and there.....!

Seema Aarella

!!!Monologue-3

The cold in my room
Craves your warmth

Night wishes to stay
Moon remains to sneak,
Stars are but shying away,

Lantern dies hastily
Desires lie naked
Breaths swirl, music won't play

World stirs to life
Skin of the sky reddens
As night meets the gentle day

When the cold in my room
Craves your warmth...

Seema Aarella

!!!Monologue-4

I know This...

How much ever i had lived
in the glory of ephemeral days
in the lap of brittle dreams
on my closed eyelids
rambled across in futile strides
looked for love within without...

I know this....

How much ever i had loved
In the name of obligantion
quoted, recited and revealed
in proses and poems line by line
during the lonely nights, waning twilights
yonder in my private world

I know this...

that i had lived and loved in vain! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Seema Aarella

!!!Monologue-5

On that creative night
I had burst into a plethora
Of such fine expressions
That could put a doting poet's
Erotic prosody to shame.

Trembling to your touch,
In your hands I had become
A novice's innovative poetry
Slithering in lyric and tune,
When u kissed my cheek, my neck...

Seema Aarella

!!!Sentenced

I am lost in the riddles I wove,
In the lines I drew,
In the walls I raised,
In the spaces reserved...
where I am confined right now,
and it is not a nice place....
where knowingly I had placed you,
now I fret to be!

Seema Aarella

! ! !Sojourn Here...

Later, the day transformed
Into barren core of
A pillaged bloom,
Its luminous petals
Ravaged during my wait.

I pledged to silence,
When the evening
Breathed its last,
And the pyre was lit
In the mellowing west.

My desire abandoned
The artless sky, and joined
The fading crimson streak
To seek ethereal refuge,
Sans reincarnation.

The flower I chose for you
Had asked for one touch
One everlasting touch...
Before following the evening
Into night's pearly gates.

Only to get pinned up
Forever, on its morose wall
Among the hoard of
Many aimless stars,
Deprived of recognition.

Later, night unwrapped
Its celestial cover
And flipped the dog-eared
Pages of prosaic book,
That I left wantonly unread....and returned! ! !

Seema Aarella

!!! ...A Journey

There i stand at the end of highway
Facing the endless bare horizon
That seems to gulp every path and road
Wishing to trace the fortunate means
That leads me to your doorsteps
Before my wait is added the onus of one more day!

There I chase the wind in the meadow
That still has a faint resonance of your voice
Sticking to its wings, that seems to echo
And stimulate the silence in me
Each time I inhale and exhale
Again and again forcing the utterance of your name!

There I curse the prolific gardens
Their opulence unbearable and sick
I hide my swathed feelings within
And envy those flowers and vines
I know they all will lament and die
When you arrive more enchantingly than spring!

There I laugh at unfortunate time
Marching towards its grave as past
I know your touch shall heal my age
Vanish the wrinkles of depression
And crumble the bloated ego of time
When you recreate my world with your eternal pleasing smile!

Seema Aarella

! ! ! ...A Strange Relation

I burry the thought of writing,
Because I miserably fail to describe
This strange phenomenon
For I feel the pureness of the script
Is in the words virgin and unstated
Which I hope you will read in my eyes
When we meet during an auspicious communion

The loud vibrations of vocal chords
And roaring waterfall of speech
Irks the stream of subtle Feelings,
And I prefer not to speak
But convey more than thought and said
Through the soothing comfort of silence
Which I hope you will hear during my extended sighs

Do you know what eyes observe
And perceive does not belong to them
Why then pine for mere sights and scenes,
In the darkness of your secret dream
Won't I appear as an eternal moon?
Flaunting beauty and radiance
That will be savoured by you and you only!

It is strange the way we feel connected
We notice the earth, feel the rain
But can't touch or see the emanating whiff
I am not wrought of soil, you are no rain cloud
But our world is fragrant with nameless smells
About which we both contemplate
Identically In our individual solitudes!

Seema Aarella

!!! ...A Wakeful Night (Haiku)

I kept counting sheep
indefinetly till dawn
as sleep fell asleep!

Seema Aarella

!!! ...After-Shocks!

A bookmark of memory
Guides me again and again
To the same chapter, that reads
Not more than a single word

I churn in the whirlpool of tears,
Tossing from crests to troughs
Of the rampant memory wave
Caught in circles of pointless ripples

Adversity strikes, time relapses
Taking me back to that single moment
Where thoughts trivial and vital both
Were frozen into an eternal landmark

Driven to the cusp of bliss and tragedy
An involuntary thought reaches out to
The instant when we both had met
And departed in a momentary 'Handshake'.

Seema Aarella

! ! ! ...An Episode

Soaked in the scent of carnal darkness
Faint streaked crescent moon lingers
Seductively on its celestial couch,
Amid the hymn of nature
Sentient and insentient become witness alike
To the union of now christened cravings... on a drunken Night!

Nomadic fingers rove all over
Sinewy strings of body-harp
Crafting a symphony of quivering excitement,
He touches, she ruptures into
A sonata of whimpers and moans,
Those are contained note by note, in his hug... on an unrestrained night!

He relishes the taste of her skin
Savours her femininity that now
Gets adorned and disrobed only by him
Palms grasp, release, scurry
And quench the heaving desires
Created, sustained and dissolved in the trembling ecstasy...on a brazen night!

They mull over in coy amusement
About the intrinsic gist of motifs
On the creases of the ruffled linen
She fondles and describes her
Unintelligible poetry of nail marks
On his chest, word by word, shedding modesty...on an artistic Night!

Bodies' rock, yielding rhythmically
To the hard kiss and gentle caress
Of obsessed lovers juvenile courtship
Kindly enough, muffled dreams
Involuntarily hurry without perturbing the
Deep slumber of perfectly satiated souls... on an insatiable night!

Seema Aarella

!!! ...An Evening Walk

For the first time in many days
I decided to bestow myself a gift
Of long and lonely stroll in the
Neighbouring park

I felt drawn into the cycle of
A huge rotating apparatus
As soon as I joined the obligatory walk
Of self absorbed localites

The cool evening fresh with
First sprinkle of monsoon
Imitated a perfect soggy dawn

A bunch of unknown pink flowers
Cuddled closely and stay put in their
Bush, like a group of gossiping girls.

Noise from overjoyed children
Made me glance with concern
As their screams tugged my motherly impulse

Rows of seated elderly pair□
Looked alike my aged parents,
I walked past them watching affectionately.

Every ingredient was present to
Make my evening, which I enjoyed
Nonetheless and exited the little park
Pretending that only your thought never
Came to my mind...no not even once.....!

Seema Aarella

!!! ...Chasm Of Night

Smitten, a star craves
To flee the square of Pegasus
Desiring the proximity of moon

Saboteur of my dream rests.
Apathetic moon glides furtively
Grooving to the night's immortal songs

Desire to wrap myself around you
Sans guilt and elucidation
Impulse finds a motive to sustain

Raking the mound of mangled prose
Groping the crutch of excuse
A statement suffers in silence

Rebel the sleep of compulsion
Unleash your lies, moisten my eyes
Ravage my heart, bestow me death

Consecrate a poet's dream
Redeem the object of thought
Heal me off the poetic convulsion

Admonish the venomous night
Liberate my dissolved dreams
I am committed to this sin

Seema Aarella

!!! ...Did I Tell U This?

That night u asked

'which is ur happiest moment? ',

Not knowing that u were

Just then giving life to one.....

That night I said

'I was never been hurt'

My heart was being immolated

Just then in the sacrificial fire....

Seema Aarella

! ! ! ...Distant Lights...

The static air incubating
A faint tone of the wish
Spoken in confidentiality,
Is ruffling softly to set free the
Resonance secured from ages.

As you have come revisiting
The big and small landmarks
In those forgotten lanes
Of a rustic countryside
To hear the whispering wind.

Within the worn pages of
The personal diary, a clandestine
Confession fights the stifling
Space and dust of eons,
To materialize and divulge.

When you search the old rack
For an interesting book
To charm you out of boredom
In a gloomy evening's
Restless silence and aching loneliness.

A short visual of memory
Flashes again and again
With loud declaration of a
Promise, that only we both
Are consciously aware

Hands had touched softly,
Hearts collided with force,
Emotions tied a conjugal knot,
Undertaking a secret pledge
That remained undisclosed forever.

Seema Aarella

! ! ! ...Do You Know?

The music of silence still throbs inside
But Love no more belongs to my heart
World is still bright with a lasting radiance
Light no more belongs to my sight

In a furtive night's heavy darkness
A surfacing vision has no figure
And the brilliant midday's short fantasy
Has no obligation of profound slumber

From its slender vine the jasmine's scent
Has no shyness to foray my yard
But to observe and savour its splendour
Somehow my empathy has no time

On the frenetic stretch of abundant sea
The pouring rain has no worth
To mock and tease the ineffective drops
The precious new pearl has no pride

My existence facing its waning twilight
Has no craving for the blue skies
An eternal sleep by itself that comes
Has no urge for the blanket of dreams.

Seema Aarella

!!! ...Home Alone

The malicious wilderness is still
Like a dead body in icebox
Enfolding the life and the lifeless
In shrilling cold of a torturous morning

A sense of duty awakens the
Dozing mother bird, she leaves
Her nestling at once, her slender wings
Tearing the fog, like knife through solid cheese

Deadly cold teases the lone chick,
A cobra silently slithers towards its nest
Scared it squeaks' a dry whimper
A distress call no mother did hear.....ever!!!!!!

Seema Aarella

!!! ...I Can....I Will

Pump my heart and nimble legs
With strength to wait and stand
Right through the summers blaze,
Until spring returns to the land.

Undo the pain thy leaving time
Unbreak my splintered heart
Return to me my pen and rhyme
For the good when you depart.

Tamper me not, nor do mock
Play not the deception game
Smash not the mould set in rock
I may be weak, my will is not lame.

Let thy rains lash and storm
And sweep my dreams away
I shall ricochet and reform
I may stumble, but give up nay!

Seema Aarella

! ! ! ...I Love You Too!

Yes, I want to see for myself
The stern madness involved in
Trying the treacherous, which
You had done with your barefeet
And treaded the scorching trails
Of impracticable desires, the wrath
Of which did not thaw your honest wish.

Yes, I want to believe for myself
The magic involved in privacy of
The starry night that drives you out
Onto the porch of imagination
Where you watch your dreams
Coming alive on the darkish canvas
In entire variety of your intimate thoughts.

Yes, I want to touch for myself
The warm texture of virgin tears
Treasured in the cove of stateliness
That you had so copiously spilled
In full abandon at moments of
Silent grief, yet keeping
Your fragile heart wet with undying love.

Yes, I want to scar myself with
The decoration of your name
As you did without pause, and
Witness the beauty of unfathomable
Fondness which you had displayed
By immortalising me on the
Bloodied skin of your bare chest.

Yes, I want to feel for myself
The extreme pain involved in the
State of self hostility, which you
Had gone through while facing the
Acid rain of rejection in complete
Emotional nakedness that scalded
The skin, flesh and every inch of

Your tender heart which did not give up hope! ! ! !

Seema Aarella

! ! ! ...Last Lines

'Here are those desires,
Silenced forever,
Born helpless and dead,
In what is now a futile womb,
And congested graveyard.'
Thus reads the epitaph.....imprinted on my heart!

Seema Aarella

! ! ! ...Message En Clair!

Do not shoo off the harbinger of love
Approaching your imperial yard, with a
Coveted message gently pressed to its fluffy chest.

Scribbled hastily in language of heart
And dispatched by frolicsome
Damsel struck deeply by cupid's reserved arrow.

Do not ridicule the message en Clair
O debonair poet! There is no vehemence
In the plain synopsis of her sweet nothings.

Do not ignore her naive disposition
O vagrant sun-chaser! There is no
Appeal in this lovelorn firefly's faint shimmer.

Do not appraise her beauty
O sassy celebrity desired by angels!
She is a devoted gardener's venerable periwinkle.

Do not sneer at the fallow ambience
O roving rain cloud! Descend upon
And sanction an apparel of vibrant spring.

Do not introspect the omnipresent
O hesitant lover! Involve and discover
The whimsical beauty of this underlying enrapture.

Thus reads the little message en clair
O chagrined man! See with impartial eyes
And recognize the world ample with signs of love.

Seema Aarella

! ! ! ...On Invisible Waves

Where shall I hide my dear secrets?
If my contours itself betrayed me,
By leaving a visible trace of emotions
With shape, smell and colour in total,
Standing out like a perfect rose
That could never escape your admiring glance.

What novelty shall I express to you?
If you started reading my feelings
Through the crystal ball of
Your insightful mind, and
Embarrass my deeply thought out poems
By simply saying I knew that before.

How shall I keep pace with you?
With my shaking hands and cold
Fingers that are still learning to
Hold the pen, while you have
Already reached the pinnacle
Of talent with your sheer brilliance.

Why should I make a rendezvous with you?
If every living moment of my
Vibrant days and silent nights
You are attentive to everything
From intense sermons to feeble
Whispers, within the citadel of my poetic heart!

Seema Aarella

!!! ...Origin Of Solitude

In the process of internal alteration
The uncontrollable urge of speech
Got refined and transformed my
Sweltering tongue into a warm
Source of teeming tranquillity
Shaped in the mould of limitless silence.

Every forked and intangible fiery desire
Got twisted into a halo of sinuous brilliance
By self immolation of nameless cravings
And their multitude got merged into
An intense flow of single passion
Endlessly glowing with astute flame

With resolve I endured the agonizing pain
While ripping umbilical from family ties
To give shape to my personal solitude
Discarding opulence and pride
Like the fallen redundant leaves
And braving time with stern transparency

I had broken the deterring bonds of
Reluctant involvement and escaped
The sticky web of material happiness
With flawless proficiency, Manoeuvring
My weak self through a metamorphosis from
Harlot of circumstances to the queen of destiny.

Seema Aarella

!!! ...Repressed

I could never decipher the
Unintelligible musical notes
Composed by an early spring
Which my garden sparrows
Decoded with effortless eloquence

I could never admire the blackness
Of clouds, or muse my soul
With blaring thunder beats
And dance with my thoughts spread
Into multi coloured feather spectrum

I could never follow my dreams
Or find its buoyant footprints
On the canvas of a special night
When my desires silently wandered
Into the patio of someone else's eyes.

I could never respond with resolve
Or praise the challenging beauty of life
Never did I pine for moon light
Nor did I become a sunflower
And stared the mighty sun in its face

I could never render my heart
Abundant with strange emotions
By glorifying it's grandiose
In an epic of vehement cantos
But I ended penning just an odd verse.

Seema Aarella

!!! ...Reunion

In many years of estrangement,
The sun is shining again, more candidly,
As I finally lift the solid blinds of contention

I can see the enigma dissolving,
And words gaining an unusual eloquence
As I discard the need to converse in riddles.

I touch the hand of friendship,
And the world congregates in my palm
I am recreated again to relive the past.

Freckles and wrinkles smoothen
To Impersonate the elapsed youth
Clad in those old trinkets, blushes the desire, anew.

It is an uncontainable enrapture
And I am hallucinating an ancient dream
Do not resuscitate me from this comatizing madness.....I plead!

Seema Aarella

!!! ...Season's Drift...

What in mind did winter think?
When coating whiteness on their pink
Covering gardens and roses beneath
Cloaking beauty with its icy sheath

The sleeping splendour ruffled her veil
Sprang out in glory, over dead hail
Glint and glamour blended, that miss,
Blushed softly at her lover's kiss.

Did the summer sulk in remorse?
While scorching spring's green course.
Drained saps and twitched the sprout,
Earth but stomached sun's hard clout.

Brooding deeply, helpless she stood
Raising her bare divested hood
Doleful autumn's inherent grief
Doubled with every detaching leaf.

Seema Aarella

!!! ...Shall I Speak?

Inspired by poet Arkay Das's new poem 'Silence Please'

I ruffle the sleeping silence with
The melodic voice of my secret desire
That is now complete with lyric and tune
Ready to stroke and alert you
Personally, when you are all ears
Searching the stillness for a jingle of love!

I break the barrier of silence deliberately,
Smothering its dewy fragility with
Torrent of my surging desire,
Ready to flood every space of your fear
Yet keeping you consciously afloat
On the rising waves of an amorous tide!

I barge into your private silence rightfully
With an impromptu oration
Of my most revered desire
Ready to impede every other entity
To fill your hushed living space
With the sensuous rumble of my endless ardour!

Seema Aarella

! ! ! ...Sleepless

It hurt me with the pain of
Thousand bee stings, your
Plain thought soaked in the
Jasmine mist of my garden
On a deserted summer evening
Adding extra agony to my apathy

Alienated from myself I watched
On my unused shabby table
The tango of dust and light
Streaking through the window
One final time before the dark
Inviting the intolerable lonely hours

From the punishing comfort of
My house I walked out as if
Impatient feet themselves lead me
From beneath the boring roof
To the kiosk of full moon sky
That reminded me a bitter sickness pill

From the terrace of my suburban home
I searched the celestial vastness
Madly, for the thirteenth sign of zodiac
To kill the monotony of restlessness
That besets me often in your absence
On these sleep deprived unpleasant nights!

Seema Aarella

!!! ...Story Of Stillness

"I had heard sometimes
The frivolous whispers
Of the wind, when it breathed
Carelessly in the quiet freedom
Of unpopulated still valley.

I had touched the skin
of moonlight with my palm,
While chasing fire flies
On a tranquil full moon night
In the paddy fields of my village

I had lent my heart's ears
To the revelling poppy buds
Dauntlessly asserting their
Individuality in the orchard
Rich with swarming variety,

I had seen through the groggy
Eyes of earth, the visible
Beauty of this brisk cosmos.
When early dews rinsed my face,
On a freezing winter morn.

I had heard the screams
Of hunger, seen famine of words,
And parched lifeless thoughts
When an emotional drought
Paralyzed my vigorous mind

I had seen with my inert eyes
The birth of a tender dream,
Youth of a private desire
And death of an aged love,
From a stone bench in the Leisure Park of life!!!

Seema Aarella

! ! ! ...The Final Four

Brought to this earth by people two
Will be laid to rest by four
The two I know and loved them so
I know not the final four.

On slender feet I slowly stood
And stumbled towards the door
But left behind my home and town
When desires began to soar

From place to place in search of life
I crossed every land and shore
In hot pursuit of a distant light
Overlooked my glowing core

Money and wealth a frail froth
As good as spongy spore
That held water but quickly seeped
When I squeezed it more and more

Tangled in web of love and heart
I made worse my living lore
The game of life had kicked start
But I returned without a score

World moves on, and I just sit
On the futile earthen floor
Digging a ditch six by six
And awaiting the final four!

Seema Aarella

! ! ! ...Those Flowers

They lie there, on the chipped slab
Where no one sniffs its smell
Its beauty does not rouse a talk
Since the dead can't see and tell

Thronging the shrine of sacred stone
Each element in service of him
Endorsed with holiness unknown
They gleam with a hallowed vim

Laid with care, designed to excite
Gracing the boudoir of newly wed
Squashed, squeezed through the night
While a life begins, they are dead.

Seema Aarella

!!! ...Unforgettable Dream

Tear my aged loneliness
Into bits and unfurl a fresh leaf
On which I can write again
A new song and recite it
While relishing in your arms

Hold my hand in yours
As one and lead me
Into the euphoric throng
Let's get lost in the carnival night
Like young lovers on their first date

Break the prison of darkness
Show me the dawn
Coming up in your eyes
Flashing keen desire beams
Drench me in the insatiable light

Scan me like I was a book
Every inch of me you read
If I fail to speak a word
Just lift them off from my lips
And become familiar with me

Touch and burn me to ashes
And dissolve me in the Ganges
Of your love, grant me deliverance
In your squeezing embrace
And release my caged feelings

Return me to my usual sleep
On the bed of seclusion
The daybreak is nearing
I will soon be awake
From another unforgettable dream.

Seema Aarella

!!! ...Words Ensemble (Haikus)

One ugly scare crow
Shooed off the gathering dreams
A scary nightmare

One veiled black sheep
Marred the whole innocent breed
A disguised sinner

One beautiful word
Healed the hurt of dreadful lot
A well said excuse

Seema Aarella

!!! ...Worthless Artist (Haikus)

Balmy talk outside
Odium loaded inside
A clever disguise

Preaches politeness
Conjures venomous words
The two headed snake

Defends own notion
With the dagger of sarcasm
His blinded Justice

Emulates a bard
Empathy dry and parched of wisdom
A pathetic fool

Seema Aarella

! ! ...A Beautiful Metamorphosis

A radiant new moon appears
On the proximal firmament of
Kohl blotched sleepless eyes
To animate a virgin desire
That keeps her awake night after night.

Even a slender thought of him
Stirs her frigid consciousness
Instantly denuding her senses
With an ecstatic touch of shyness
that emphasizes the pink of her cheeks.

An added weight slows her gait
As she becomes fuller with youth
And takes each step in hesitancy
As if moving into his embrace
In an imagined moment of closeness

Every inch of her skin raptures
With a newly invaded excitement
Invoked by the intoxicating smell
Of the rows and rows of fresh flora
Blossomed In her undisclosed boudoir

A swell of desire in her heaving bosom
Makes her restless within the comforts
Her body pines for the bed of damp grass
Where lying in stillness she can discover
The beautiful change from youth to womanhood! ! ! !

Seema Aarella

! ! ...A Different Captive

On one fine day unexpectedly
The encampment of sorrowing
Barrenness In the mundane interior
Of my home and heart was invaded by a
Lightening fast renaissance brigade

Reluctant gloom was at once
Vanquished by a strong contingent
Of desires, that marched in their
Shining armour and liberated my mood
With a kaleidoscope of million suns.

I never remained the same
Ever since I gave up fight and got
Imprisoned in their lustrous cell
Where I was granted a daily banquet
Of creativity and dream enriched siesta

I preferred the life in chains of desire
Holding me in undisturbed solitude
Allowing only the just essential urge
To feel, ponder and brood before
Penning the unedited songs of my heart.

Seema Aarella

! ! ...A Pigeon On My Roof

Our eyes met, atop the fifth floor
We exchanged a glance of pain
I could not comprehend it more
As she came, she flew again

Now perched on a higher roof
Occupied in her personal woe
Amidst the heartless a heart aloof
Stalked by wolves a frightened doe

Tears rolled down my pale cheeks
Her pain ebbed in a hidden clot
A firm plea her muteness speaks
For wars of time, she too had fought

A gloomy blue descends from sky
And coats our fragile mind
I think of home and silently cry
Her home was an impossible find

I can sense what ailed within
As she looked beyond the town
A common tide took us in
For our home we pined intone.

Seema Aarella

! ! ...Amateur

I do not manipulate words
As you may suppose,
I just copy them
As they appear on my blank mind,
Like an ardent pupil
Noting a passage from the black board.

I do not play with words
I lack the competence of a maestro
I am just an overjoyed child
Playing on the beach,
Trying to make an odd pattern
With a handful of seashells

I do not interweave my words
With brilliance of a famed poet
I am just learning to darn
The off centred emotions
Into a legible new fabric
Only to dress my artlessness.

Seema Aarella

! ! ...Amongst Us (Haiku)

In their privacy
Brooding in Personal pain
All are a Devdas

Given to customs
They veil love, hide tears, and suffer
Many Parvati

Courtesans of fate
Entertains all, self in pain
Some Chandramukhi

Seema Aarella

! ! ...Dead Tree

I try to steal a chunk of sleep
From the eyes of a dozing infant
And reinforce my fading dreams

I try to lure the ethereal stillness
From the site of his cottage
To set an ambience around me

I carry the onus of desires
One by one, like the army of ants
And stack it safely before a storm

Soaring with my slender wings
I scan every garden for bright tokens
And tuck it along the twigs of my nest

I walk along the shores of time
Watching the ebb and tide of emotions
To learn the art of constant resurgence

Some nights I plead the stubborn sky
To dropp off a star at my every wish
In a state of juvenile madness

But it did not happen
The carnival of love never came
To the cheerless town of my heart

Still the spring of my desire waits
On the divested branch of time
Just lingering there, around that dead tree.

Seema Aarella

! ! ...Deformed Rose

I cover in the murky cleft
Like an ugly owlet
Frightened by the neighing
Steeds of sun, that foraged
My garden with its lofty hoofs
Leaving behind a debris
Of mutilated dreams

Quandaries mushroom on
The mossy floor infected
By virus of doubts cultivated
In darkness of my mind
Dispelled of sunlight,
Confiscated off the basic
Aeration of positive beliefs

Insanely enough my feelings
Plunge to untimely death
Crashing on the boulders
Of toughening fortune,
Dumping my broken heart
To wail in unbounded grief
Like a parted mourning dove

In the thick congestion of
Surfacing wrinkles on
The face of my proud youth
Pain draws an unchanging frown
A tear breaks out insignificantly,
Unnoticed like a deformed rose
Disregarded by the flashy world.

Seema Aarella

! ! ...Desire

(Inspired by Das's wonderful poem 'Desire')

My desire, in tandem with feral pleasure
Tidally rises, falls, and rises again
On mortal body bow, a pointed sin cursor
Soulless and weak, slips, fails again

On ice capped mount an austere pleasure
Mutates, revives and refines again
Lying on thorn bed, in penance posture
To crush his desire, by hammer of pain

A newborn desire of immature pleasure
Reaches fails and reaches again
From within the cradle, cosy and secure
It strives to touch and feel its domain

On crutches his desire, sans all pleasure
He limps and stops and limps again
Until the shadow of death in usher
Detached the bond of desire chain.

Seema Aarella

! ! ...Forbidden Desire

The enchanted dance of
A lonesome peacock
Ended in the affectionate
Pecking of love between
His just arrived mate

On a bright midday under
The shade of a thicket
They lay in twisted ecstasy
Hissing in pleasure, driven
By scents of bodily embrace

A bee content and weary,
Rested on the soft petals
Of a gorgeous flower,
To relieve the euphoria
Of a passionate courtship

The long and lonely hours
Of the day ended in a splatter
With the skies blushing
In advance to the forecast
Of human love through the night

Soon the clouds of forbidden desire
Clustered on my lonely skies
Discharging a current of
Your intense thoughts
That kept striking again and again.....

Seema Aarella

! ! ...Friend Unseen

(Dedicated to dear friend 'Ahmad Shiddiqi' a fellow poet on PH)

It binds the Inactive flute and tune
Both strangers to each other until
An unknown ocean reaches for moon
Forcing its waves in unseen thrill

A shapeless cloud clutters above
The plush green fields of heart
And lifeless earth smells of love
When the boundless affections start

A faceless emotion swells within
I get united by an invisible link
When a nameless rain sets in
Its water, the unseen roots drink.

Seema Aarella

! ! ...Fruitless Expectations

Like a fish escaping my grasp
Leaving a faint tickle of its scales
To linger on my gentle palm
A dream slipped through the
Moist edges of my eyes,
Leaving me to sulk through
In soreness of an infertile sleep.

Like the last gravel of sand
That left a hint of its earthly scent
As it slithered through my clasp
An untimely desire perished
As my heart hastened its birth
Leaving me to silently brood
In colossal pain of early abortion.□

Seema Aarella

! ! ...Hang On!

(To the woman, mother, daughter, wife.....in me)

Endure this, just another thorn
Hard, sharp, unavoidable,
Just one more sting, in your bleeding
Bruised feet, few more steps and
The journey will end....please endure this!

Endure this, compromise is no shame,
Stripping your naive persona in the
Crowded halls of vanity, whipping
Your innocence by keen insults
Will end in a moment....please endure this!

Endure this, the agonizing sleep
On the bed of arrows, their tips
Will wane by abrasion of your bones
And there will be no more pain
During the long rest....please endure this!

Endure this, the burden of pledge
It's a noose around your neck
Yet don't tighten it, they need you
In blood and flesh, toil for them
Sweat and tears are the same....please endure this!

Endure this, till god moves,
Faith and tears will rock the heaven,
He will descend and confer justice
But when and how is an unknown fact
If you are true and pure by soul...please endure this!

Seema Aarella

! ! ...I Knew Not Where Love Was Sold?

I bought some flowers
Lovely bright
With hue and tint
Blended right
Gave a penny
To vendor old
But I knew not where love was sold?

I bought some chocolates
Sweetie delight
Soaked in honey
Feast for sight
Wrapped in silver
And foils of gold
But I knew not where love was sold?

I bought an outfit
Silky white
With pearly beads
Hemmed tight
The perfect fit
Each pleat and fold
But I knew not where love was sold?

I bought a card
With a love quote
Just as I thought
Someone had wrote
On a red heart
In letters bold
But I knew not where love was sold?

I bought a dinner
'Candle light'
Sparked talk
On winter night
Bodies warm
Heart but cold
But I knew not where love was sold?

Seema Aarella

! ! ...Jaded (Haikus)

On a waning night
Sadness kills the growing moon
Regret kills moonlight

In ease of tired sleep
I prevent a lively dream
From hazy eyes deep

Holding on to props
I lag over my speedy youth
And the musing stops

In my aging hands
Griping a fading fabric
I discard silken strands

Seema Aarella

!! ...Love Letter

A plethora of words
Disappeared forever
Carrying with them the
First proposal of unsaid love
Like a shooting star,
That fell from sky and
Got lost in the oblivion

A chaste desire that
Bloomed like a lotus
Of million petals, sunk
In the placid pool of dilemma
Unable to endure the
Strange ambience of
The unusual starry-eyed season

Every word got messed up
Into a formless smear
Of mushy blue, in the
Tight grip of my sweaty palm
Like the asters of my yard
Decolouring in grasp
Of the gruelling sun and dew

An unseen heaviness stifled
My throat and crushed my dreams
Leaving me dumb and helpless
When in my tight hold,
I secretly crumpled
My first love letter to its silent death!!!

Seema Aarella

! ! ...Melancholic

My eyelids flapped like
The wings of a frightened bird
At the sudden intrusion of
The long forgotten past,
Guised as an unbearable dream.

I squirmed with discomfort
Amidst the fair of humanity
When I happened to confront
My concealed primeval sins,
Embodied as a despised foe.

I succumbed like the heap
Of clay on the potter's wheel,
And lost hold on my life
As circumstances seized it
And modified every facet

While I slouched in exhaustion
Fresh inspirations tiptoed into
My momentarily quite hall
And darted out in hurry,
Completely ignoring me.

Days passed unproductively
As agony snowed heavily on
The precincts of my stimulus,
Wordless and insensate, I sat
Staring at the barren white pages.

Seema Aarella

! ! ...Memory

Do not follow me into the chambers
Of my highly guarded silence
And evoke the desire to hum
The sad tunes of a forgotten song

Do not appear on my barren lips
Deprived of the springs of smile
And mend the pain of deserted life
With formless reasons and lies

Do not dig the grave of my past
That conceals deceased moments
And drop the remains on my bed
When I retire to a forsaken sleep

Do not mess up the yards of heart
With crumbled vestiges of love
And introduce my bleak eyes to tears
Washing away my petite dreams

Do not stick to my dangling roots
Like the desperate particles of earth
And follow my soul into its journey
When death harvests my corporeal life

Do not cling to me oh! my desolate memory! ! ! ! ! !

Seema Aarella

! ! ...Mosaic

Love like dew embellished some orchards
For some a snowy carpet it made
His currents of love rushed seawards
On my palms like rain drops it played

The wordless concealed it in heart
But some created expressive verse
He scripted his love in mastered art
I scribbled mine with inept rehearse

Some reckon its beauty to full moon
A timeless spring for budding desire
Others deem it to blazing sun of noon
That scorched their flowering empire

What eyes observe of love is deception
Heart yearns for fidelity unrevealed
Gaudy exteriors of untrue affection
Concedes to the ardour concealed.

(Inspired by Syed ri's poem 'There is no love'...)

Seema Aarella

! ! ...Paper Flower

Within his heart his desire
Struggles to break out
From the chains of silence
Tries to outgrow the
Gather of clichéd words
To declare its presence
With a passionate discourse

Her desire frail and brittle
Like a paper flower
Wrought by inhibition
Colourless and scentless
Fails to muse his eyes
But trembles in ecstasy
Just by the touch of his breath

Seema Aarella

! ! ...Passionate Musing

Do i belong? I question myself
One more time anxiously, while
Waiting for permission to script
A preface to passionate musing
Called life..! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

My maiden flight into the
untitled world of desire
Lands softly on the
Flowerbed of compassion

Nobody knows how long
I am going to stay here
And now at the level crossing
Of the dream road.

Like a few drops of dew
Frozen in wait for
The perennial touch of dawn
That is yet to dissolve the
Substantial shadow of doubts

Ah! You didn't know? Asks the time
As i stood visibly confused
About the fading life-line
Caught in the cycle of rebirth
Preparing for its return journey

On the canvas, new and clean
I watch the interplay
Of sun and shadow
As they traverse the nothingness
Of a dispassionate earth

Between the covers i lay
In silence, trying to get
Accustomed to its variety,
From ugliness of the cactus
To insignificant beauty of

The grass flower

Unlike a wordsmith
I grope for alphabets
When i am assigned to
Draft the facets of love

Thousands of other emotions
State "I plead with you
Not to strip us in front of
The insensitive crowd and drown
Us in the sea of futility".

I feel mislead in this
Topsy-turvy world
Of sundry thoughts, yet
I manage to break into proximity
And hear life whisper to me
Its unnamed biography...! ! !

Seema Aarella

! ! ...Renaissance

Just when I vaguely thought
Our journey was over,
You casually walked all over
The droning tiles of my heart
With your still soiled feet,
And beautified my emptiness
With the décor of your footprints.

After the final few utterance
You stood blank, divested of words,
Voice shriveled in grueling summer
Of silence, but before your lips
Could inarticulate themselves
They curved in a perpetual smile
As prelude to a possible spring

Every time I visualized death
Within the cramped coffin space
A frail throb of an emerging desire
Wriggled in the womb of muteness
Like when I thought the caterpillar
Was dead, it turned into a butterfly
And enthralled my private garden.

Seema Aarella

! ! ...Replay (V Day-2009)

(To my lifemate 'Praveen', this one is my V-day gift to him)

An exhale from your
Just cleansed skin
Surged into my lungs
And began to catalyse
A chemical reaction....

Few drops from your body
Got attached to mine
As you wiped off the wetness
With the end of my robe
In a romantic fondle

My heart in anxiety
Suppressed its beat,
With glance fixed to your lips
I waited for the announcement
That never came.....

My thoughts got knotted
In the tangle of your tie
One cuddled stubbornly
In your shirt pocket
Very close to your heart

As you left to work
I watched your waving hand
In kiddish amusement
Hoping you would return with roses
And gladden my evening

It's an instinctive replay
Of my private fantasy
Year after year,
Though I know... you will not say it,
Though I know...you don't have to say it.....!!!!!!!

! ! ...Sky

Infinitesimal globules of
Rain seed germinate in
The impregnated clouds
Those tread with caution
Escorted by a throng of
Equally overjoyed cumulus!

The color palette lies
Undisturbed in arched stupor
Ignored, untouched by
The painter's skillful hands
Leaving a pint of dull blue
All over my morbid firmament!

Sometimes in grip of sheer
Desperation, a faint streak
Of lightening slices through
The cordon of fortification
In a bold act to announce
The feelings of perturbed heart!

The day draws to a close
In consorted monotony
As the whirling events
Adopt an elephantine gait
And sun perishes slowly
To divulge a swarm of shadows!

He retrieves his kites,
From the region of my sky
Exits my furnished vicinity,
Ignoring signs of gathering desire
That's likely to descend on him
In uncontrolled cascades of love!

Seema Aarella

! ! ...Urban Afternoon.....Part 2

It wasn't a blessed sight
The natural conversion
Of waste to nutrition
As the revered animal
Grazed on litter and garbage
By the dirty city lane.

It wasn't so pleasing,
Caught in the smoke maze
Of blaring peak hour traffic
A butterfly choked, coughed
And Struggled for air, before
It came down in circles

It wasn't so dignified,
The hasty sprinting of weary
Working class women
Trying to catch a local bus,
The ornament of our homes
So uncared on our streets

It wasn't so soothing,
Because the nightingale
Did not sing, for the
Noise of this bustling city
Had killed its song forever
I wonder if it is dead too....

Seema Aarella

! ! ...Urban Afternoon...Part 1

A woman drags her toddler
In panic, as she negotiates
The sun scorched city road
Avoiding the mad stampede
Of beast-faced automobiles.

His liberal spray of water
Brings a momentary daub
Of freshness for the
Desiccating roses mustered
For sale, beside the dirt track.

Only a stray dog sniffed around
In curiosity, whilst the city crowd
Evaded the predicament and
Moved past the poor man
Collapsed of probable sun stroke.

The screaming siren of an
Ambulance perturbed my focus
And I abruptly became aware
Of my surroundings, resulting
In violent derailment of thoughts.

In their typical cold demeanour
The dishevelled scavengers
Prepared to dispose an extra
Clutter of now useless flowers
Taken off some nameless corpse

I walked past the cemetery
In absorbed silence, my fancy
Consumed by a growing depletion,
Caused by definite cracking of bones
And abstract of the rising smoke.

Seema Aarella

! ! ...Why?

If destiny assumes a titanic
Form, and readies to crush our
Bloated ego to ground,
Alike king Bali, who offered
his head for the third step
After lord Vishnu scaled
The entire earth and sky,
We do not submit to our fate, why?

If time fastens its stride
And prepares to redeem our soul
Transcending it beyond mortality,
Liberating it from pains of this birth.
On the grounds of his right
When the creator decides
It's the time for us to die
We do not acknowledge his order, why?

If a whip lash could achieve
Where words fail to affect
If someone of higher intellect
Punishes the impolite beast
Loitering within our traits
Instead of getting offended
And shamefully cry
We do not consider his advice why?

Seema Aarella

! ! ...Winged Fantasies

These days I rouse to the
Commotion of newly migrated
Desires, jostling and wading
All over the private everglade
Of my passion flooded heart!

They flap in rapture and excite
The gentle footed tranquil winds,
Those twirl with quivering ecstasy
As their tacit lips gets kissed
By thundering sensual echoes!

And I blush with myriad colors
Suddenly speckled on my dreams,
Incepted by second spring of youth
With countless temptations setting in
And rippling through my persona!

Love invades my covert kingdom,
As loneliness gets overwhelmed
By the coming of these flocks,
That sometimes takes a swift flight
And divinely embellish my vacant sky!

Seema Aarella

! ...A Destitutes Christmas

MERRY CHRISTMAS! ! ! ! To all poets and readers of PH!

On his parched heart
Eyes rain the last tears,
To reap another day
A faint hope scours
The shrunken acorn,
As final effort to revive
A leaf or two in green.

His eyes light up
As the streets flicker,
A dreamland descends
Around his morose hut
Nothing belongs to him but
And so arrives the festival
Into the deserted lanes.

Inhibited like a Raven
In a gathering of parrots,
Wide-eyed and stunned,
Surrounded by fantasies
And merriment new to him,
He gawks at glowing faces
With his own contour in dim,

In the blizzard of existence□
His life, a thriving crop
With no walls, no chimneys
No wishes that Santa could drop
To him no desires belong
In poverty passes his Christmas
Hunger hums his jingle bell song!

Seema Aarella

! ...A Season Between

Beneath the outgrowth
Of tender leaves of the fully
Blossomed ketaki tree,
She clasps the grass blades
Of her waning hope,
Incarcerated by the mildly
Fragranced winds.

His warm thoughts ripen
Another desire, that clings
To her wilting compassion
On a frost clinched morning
Of bedecked hemantha,
Quivering sensuously to the touch
Of her cold trinkets
She reaches with her bare palm
For the early dew that fell with all gentleness.

Alone in the dwindling
Towers of monarchy
He utters with unbearable
Pain the last words
Of consummately penned prose
Obliging the gloomy silence
For the first time

When the mutely vibrating chords
Caught breath and voiced
Her name on his trembling lips
For once hope peered past the mists
His heart ached with love
As he ran his fingers on the verse
That seems to bridge his love
By another pebble
Dropped devotedly by the words of no consequence

Seema Aarella

! ...Dead Chandelier (Haiku)

A tear dropp clings,
To the pale cheek of pathos,
A dead chandelier.

Seema Aarella

! ...Death

Under the blanket of solitude
a long slumber
of undisturbed dreams!

Seema Aarella

! ...Disappointed

My thoughts were rendered
Dormant, as my Inspiration
Refused to shine on the
Reserved spaces of
My inner landscape,
Citing the reason of expiration!

Then I hoped that time
Would compel the calyx
Of graveness to unwrap and
Animate a fashionable bloom
But it hung there in trance
Prolonging my impatient wait!

I decided to stimulate
My cadaverous senses
With the emotive tales
Of garrulous young memory,
But it did not show up for long
From the esoteric voids of amnesia!

Desires ran out of stock
Feelings stood cancelled
Foggy curtains won't raise
To reveal the lively sky
Frustrated, I preferred to sleep
A message flashed "Dreams sold out! "

Seema Aarella

! ...Dont Tell The World! (Sonnet)

This Sonnet is in the popular Petrarchan Form

I behold thy love as beautiful thing,
In my wrecked heart, a pleasure garden,
Thy revered love, a blooming Eden.
A daisy tuft seasoned by bright spring,
Surging in moments that defeats waiting,
I behold thy words as a jeweled crown,
On my worn pages of despicable frown.
And thy memory feeds my mind dying,
Daring couple disclose, but don't you tell,
About memoirs many encased and kept,
Say not thy chronicle, sweet as daisy smell,
Buried, not unseen to thy eyes except
Reveal not, the guarded stash of our love,
Lest a rational world desires to know! ! !

IA NOTE: For those who find the format unfitting to a sonnet!

(Sonnet

only 14 lines long— and has a firmly fixed form. The sonnet works best for expressing strong emotion or intense feeling, firm purpose, or great seriousness. This form works best if you want to focus attention on a single thing—a particular idea, situation, emotion, problem, observation, etc. —the sonnet gets to its point quickly and efficiently, with beauty and charm of form or expression.

The Shakespearean (or English) sonnet and the Petrarchan (or Italian) sonnet are the two most prevalent versions of this form today.

A Shakespearean sonnet or English sonnet is written in one stanza composed of three rhymed quatrains (each making one point in a three-step argument) , followed by a rhyming couplet that summarizes the argument

A Petrarchan sonnet or Italian sonnet is composed of an octave followed by a sestet with a variable rhyme scheme. The octave presents the poem's theme or problem, while the sestet offers a change or a resolution. In its traditional form, this sonnet never ends in a couplet.

Robert Frost was popular at Petrarchan form of sonnets.

sonnet's formal requirements (14 lines of iambic pentameter with a specific rhyme scheme) , method (a strong focus on one subject) , and goals

(persuasion, surprise, balance) ,
Ref:

Thank You

Seema Aarella

! ...Earth

On one fateful evening
Of our calmly fading lives
Gripped by unknown despair
With tears you proclaimed
That final flickers of light
Will be departed with the dying sun

While I sat timidly anticipating
The flow of eloquent verse
Full of emotional incessancy,
Strangely you falsified my hope
With the script of an epitaph
And surprised my sensibility

If death is your inevitable wish
To escape the afflicting domains
Believe me I will lay bare myself
As yards of benumbed earth
Infuse your concealed tears and
Integrate with your mortal remains! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Seema Aarella

! ...Evasion

Like a withdrawing Lilly
Devoid of its substantial charm
I recoil into the asylum
Of an imposed isolation

When words become a chokingly
Uncontainable extravagance,
I renounce voice and retreat
Into hibernating caves of silence

When truth penetrates and ridicules
My guarded solemn beliefs
I helplessly elude and hide
In the dark dungeons of ignorance

When the badly changing world
Ceases to inspire my acumen
I fall back on my deceased past
And fumble the relics of ashes and bones

With an inexperienced hand
When I mess up the canvas of life
I evade the caverns of existence
And begin the primitive carving with stones

Seema Aarella

! ...Evergreen

By the onset of aging season,
The flowers of my early youth,
Were rescued from mortal life,
With deliverance granted by time,
Hence I lost my primary appeal.

Body that once swayed gently,
To the touch of infant winds,
Grew old to resist all tempests,
Only to be axed and exploited,
The second chance, hence seized.

My deep rooted ageless love
Takes a third option and surfaces
From the dark bowels underground
Secretly snaking through the concrete
Lattice of your modern age abode.

Clutching a handful of dirt terrain
Left unnoticed on your window sill
Where sunlight beats the skyscrapers
And barely manages to chance upon,
I emerge as a miniscule pastoral island.

When worldly pleasures exhaust
If at all the lavish interiors suffocate,
Once bright, tinted walls begin to flake,
And you open this window for a change
You will find me waiting, to please your sight.

Seema Aarella

! ...I Dream

I dream, I dream, I dream,
Of my good old days
Of future and its pleasant ways
Hope my dream, forever it stays.

I dream of love in every heart
Hope for all struggling lot
A gift, of good, deed and thought.

I dream of man smiling forever,
Arms always raised in prayer,
Soul dressed in saintly attire.

I dream of peace and brotherhood,
Of harmless and safe neighborhood,
A friend, to share emotions, bad and good.

I dream of weapons turning to plough
With Showers of grace, from god above,
In hands, the grains of humanity, to sow.

Seema Aarella

! ...I Know You As

I know you as
The winter's mist
That creeps into my coverlet,
Tenderly shivering my skin,
Invoking a ritual of foreplay.

I know you as
The coffee's hot steam
Provoked by my gentle lips
Fondling my lethargy
With stints of sizzling kiss.

I know you as
The covert memory
Materializing in my solitude
And sculpting my oblivion
With motifs of intimate love.

I know you as
The dreamy poet
Endowing lyrical nirvana,
Converting my casual thoughts
Into sensual scripts of Eros!

Seema Aarella

! ...I Realize You

I believe I realize you,

When every tangled emotion
Deprived of freedom
In me, begins to undo
With a consoling legitimacy

When involuntary words
During a creative black-out
Appear out of my pen and
Construct an honest note.

When my emptiness finds time
to sneak into endless data streams
on invisible electronic lines
Looking for your presence

When my laden heart sings
In a blessed soliloquy
Its sublime paeans of devotion
In a subconscious worship

When I assume your dedication
To me and my thoughts only,
In that possessive helplessness
of a sneaking jealousy

I believe I realize you.....

Seema Aarella

! ...I Would Not Lie (Sonnet)

I would not want to lie, I swear by my speech,
But I can trade my life in exchange of pride.
If cheats ruled and truth was made to beseech,
I would have implored rather to have lied.
Undaunted cheaters shout aloud, their quote
I toil hard to amplify my damped voice
Some day mankind, of me, will take note
And join my murmurs to rebel that noise
At each turn of road I meet a demon
That tempts me into its palace of sin
Given to the wish of reaching heaven
My soul fights, outer vice and wants within
If known that truth kills, I will not then lie
I rather walk this path, with pride, and die!

Seema Aarella

! ...Love Game (Haiku)

Crowd exits the hall
Curtains fall, lights dim, doors close,
Their interplay starts.

Seema Aarella

! ...Martyrdom

(Dedicated to the Mumbai Terror attack victims and martyrs who laid their lives down with pride!)

I silently mourned in helpless agony
Tears of pain remained
Within realm of my eyes
I did not know where he rest
And the wreath withered in my hand.

I had seen the festooned lanes
When gods on chariots did parade
Irrespective of religion,
A procession of humanity
Observed obeisance, no god was ever paid

Every street looks as if a cemetery
So common death has become
And I dread it unusually less
With such pride the martyr died
Now death is welcomed into our home.

Seema Aarella

! ...Pain (Haiku)

Ever since I placed
The wreath of pain on my head
Thorns don't prick my legs

Seema Aarella

! ...Rain

Only a cynic can dismiss
This phenomenon as a
Rather mundane affair,
The ongoing alchemy of love,
In the lawns of sky.

When an infatuated cloud
Liquefied in the courteous tempo
Of his fiery romance
During a seductive season of rain,

While I nestled under a kiosk
A fascinated angel
Descended upon the rainbow
And forgot to return to paradise!

Seema Aarella

! ...Samhain Night (Haiku)

Ghosts from the graves rise,
Possess each kid in town,
They play Halloween.

Seema Aarella

! ...Shadows

His shadow stretches away
Impatiently from him, as
He stood silently facing the
Setting sun on his balcony...
Observing the strange play
Of diminishing Light
And emerging long shadows,
Occupied in the emphasis
Of evolving new sentiments

Her shadow wavered on the
Solid wall, as the candle flame
Swayed by her turbulent breathing,
She sat tentatively sculpting
His contours in the melted wax
Collecting on the panel,
Creating an obscure imagery of
Her uncertain conclusions
Towards his growing acquaintance

After a long commotion
They retire to rest
Their engrossed minds,
Putting off the probing light
In the collective darkness
Of their remote quarters
Their shadows break out
In secret, to become one
Under the blanket of night...

Seema Aarella

! ...Shadows (Part 2)

His feelings raced to
The pinnacle of desire
Seeking an urgent intimacy
Of his corporeal requests
And her consenting femininity,
Hormones rushed,
Besieged by her thoughts
He passionately kissed
The wet Peripherals of a bloom
As he stood in the orchard
Under the passing shadows
Of Seasoned clouds...

Her constantly mounting
Desires, had her hovering
Between sleep and restiveness
Urged by his impending dream,
Clamor of her bangles,
And pounding anxious heart,
She persuasively embraces the pillow
When a rumble perturbs her
She eagerly rushes to the terrace
In her disorganized shape
Stands probing the dancing shadows
Of swaying foliage beneath...

Seema Aarella

! ...Shadows (Part 3)

In the dim soothing ambience
Of the restaurant, you sat
Across fervently studying
The catalog of my eyes,
Searching for that glint
Of emotion called 'love'...

As I sipped the tempting soup
Satisfied with objective pleasure
Descending down my throat,
You invaded the primordial mounds
Of long buried emotions
In the sorrowing pyramid of my heart

Like an obsessed explorer
Opened the sarcophagus
And breathed life into the
Mortal remains of mummified ardor
I noticed the haze dissolving, ☐
And felt my innards stir.

You ceremoniously took me
Into the white marbled edifice
Exclusively built in your heart
The penumbra inside me
Merged with the extensive shadow
Of the everlasting monument of love...!

Seema Aarella

! ...Silence

The winds of vrindhavan
Were royally stirred
And there silence redeemed
When he held the bamboo
Flute to his glossy lips
And let flow a morning raga...

The intense fragrance of
Kadamba blooms filled
Her divinely soundless vicinity
Which ceremoniously resounded
The clanging of her trinkets
When she sprinted towards the banks of Yamuna...

The same winds of vrindhavan
Drove themselves into eternal
Sacrament of grave silence
Since she stopped to dance
For he forfeited his gentle flute
And stormed the battle field of kurukshetra...

Seema Aarella

! ...Stone Hearted (Haiku)

I cry without tears
In response to the mean world
That harms without pain

Seema Aarella

! ...Sun

On a sluggish afternoon
A prolonged rain draws
The drizzling curtain
On my chilled window

Dark sorrowing clouds
Gather on my roof
Like marauding vultures
Preying On my dying spirit

Terror arrests the time
Ticking stifled to death
The Horrified cuckoo
Conceals in the clock

Tattered paper pleads
Not to ink it anymore
Pen slips out of hand
Refuses to note my pathos

Setting gloom kindles,
Thick soot of regrets
From core of hearth
Where anger had blazed

Exhaustion takes over
And I yield to sadness,
Teary eyes fixed on sky
Awaiting a streak of SUN....!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Seema Aarella

! ...Wind

It tickled me out
Of my ageless somber mood
And disturbed my composed seclusion,

Raked the closets of my
Clandestine mind and
Forced out some hidden emotion

Dressed my naïve thoughts
Like a fully adorned bride
I blushed at the sudden ornamentation

Carried the percussions
Of my pounding heart
Through the wild city's commotion

And fluttered the pages
Of the book you were reading
Just to cause a playful distraction!

Seema Aarella

! ...Woman's Freedom (Haiku)

They all walk their pets,
Still tied to the leash and held,
In bound liberty.

Seema Aarella

Discourses With Self

I try to figure you in the vanishing faces

Of imaginary clouds passing before me

As I look through the void of time

And find among its rubble

A tattered note of a discarded poem

Written hastily by an impatient poet.

I try to hold you on the precarious perch

Of my eye's watery boughs

Encased in the orb of yesterday's dream

From where I guide not your journey

Along the inner maze of faith and felony

As is the future dwindling in haste.

I try to revive you from the ashes

Of a dead star on my gloomy sky

Bring you into glowing existence

Conjure heaven amidst fanned ruins

And discern life in the fleeting instances

Before getting sucked into black hole of death.

Seema Aarella

Floating Thoughts!

When in my memory
You radiate
In Passionate lyrical
Incandescence,
I rise and fall like sea.
Culminated by
Your lissome thoughts
Of magnetic intensity
I am flanked
Between agony and ecstasy.

Your amorous memories
Cherish my inherent
Oriental desires,
Flaunts an onyx
Like the onset of colorful season
You adorn
My bare intuitions,
Validate my madness
Venerate my rhymes
Give my nascent dreams a reason

Seema Aarella

His Sycophancy...

Musing her with
Exciting tales of
How those buds
Into blooms do change...
And why the sun hides
Behind the mountain range...

He raided her untouched
Docile emotions and
Wandering thoughts...
Pleasing her with
Stories and songs
In a rendezvous' of sorts

He deeply wished
As he poured dreams
Into her kajal lined eyes...
She secretly prayed
As he took her hand
'His words should not be lies'.□

Seema Aarella

I Could Not!

(Dedicated to all women, daughters of middle class parents who are undergoing a traumatic life in their rich in-laws house, because of status difference)

Wish I could,
Break my cage,
One last time spread my wings
Flap freely in the wilderness
Take a hopeful flight,
Out of helplessness.....

Wish I could,
Speak my heart,
One last time recite my dreams
Under the cover of brooding sky
Holding your hands
And endlessly cry.....

Wish I could,
Show my tears
One last time endure the pain
Of piercing daggers and swords
Of blatant deeds
And sarcastic words.....

Wish I could
Set on fire,
Myself as I silently stood
Saw them, heard them, let them do
I bled with pain
God didn't move.....

Wish I could
Even the divide,
Of powerful rich and the dismal poor
Light up every dejected daughter's face
When her parents come
Visiting her place.....

But I could notI could not!

Seema Aarella

Infinitesimal

A hideous heartfelt bird
Doesn't come to the fore
Between many tales he wove
I silently etched my lore

He flaunted a bejeweled robe
I hemmed a silken strand
On his land; this whole world
I asked some place to stand

He poured rains
I drizzled some tears
He is immortal; eternal
Mine ephemeral years!

Every man and his life
An anthology of god
And to his collection of sorts
I posted few letters from heart!

Seema Aarella

Let Me Tell You My Dreams...!

Neither heaven nor earth
Rim of both worlds
What it typically seems...
On the vertex of
The towering hill
Let me tell you my dreams...

Neither night nor day
When dew drops melt
And flow as glib streams...
Under the drape of
Such blossomed canopy
Let me tell you my dreams...

Neither love nor hate
An intense feel
Of both varied extremes...
When you look deep
In my brooding eyes
Let me tell you my dreams...

Neither life nor death
I am caught in between
And my desolate heart screams...
When you touch and
Revive my very being
Let me tell you my dreams...

Seema Aarella

Libido

He opens his eyes,
Sleep disturbed,
Her compounding thoughts
Strike a painful chord,
Flickering images
Held passionately
In his grieving heart...

She turns to side
On her feathered bed,
Uneasy within
Subconscious tumult,
Her anklets chime
She possessively trembles
In responsive abstract...

Seema Aarella

Men Of Honour!

Fourteen years in forests he lived
For in honesty he believed;
And 'Rama' in hard turf thus forayed
His father's words he had obeyed.

When with might he takes the aim
Puts the greatest archers to shame
His teacher showed a bird on tree
Nothing but its eye, 'Arjuna' would see.

Out in the lawns of his school
The sage had his pupils busy,
A tiger attacked, to 'sala' he called
And the tiger was stabbed brutally.

A Brahmin scholar of intensity
Faced the corrupt kings atrocity,
Undid his braid and he did swear,
'Chandragupta' rose, 'chanakya' tied his hair.

Seema Aarella

Redefining Incidents

One incident of a dismal sight
He saw sick, poor, old men's plight
'Siddhartha' thought it overnight
By dawn he left in search of light

One horrifying battle so disturbed
The mighty king Ashoka stirred
That night his aims deterred
To Buddha's realm he entered

Unable to fight his loved ones
'Arjuna' dropped his weapons
Through 'Gita', 'Krishna' summons
And the 'kurukshetra' did commence

Momentary are grief and dismay
Melting darkness reveals the day
Unruly incidents are part of his play
To sculpt our lives in a better way.

Seema Aarella

The Cactus (Resurrection!)

This body like a rose
Been a cosset of spring
Then a beautiful thing,
But the winter left me rot,
Summer withered me thin
An image the seasons wrought!

Heart was a puddle of love
Always in full effervescence,
Was left flaked and dry
An unfaithful exploit...
Of my sensitive innards
By the ever malevolent sky...

Dreams like rivers
Flowing fierce and free
Humanity but won't let me be
It sucked me whole
Weakened my strength
The worldly rules and decree

Now, I retreat to reticence
Shedding conceit for thorny skin,
I watch the season's caravan
Wearing stern and placid grin...
Hands raised in prayer forever
And my oasis secured within...

Seema Aarella

Waiting

Alone I fought, its battles till now
When peace returned I looked for love
Flowery carpets and destinations new
Awaits me...but I wait for you!

Long and lonely trip I can't make
Time and seasons passed without break
I stood there longing to see your smile
Wanting your company to walk this mile!

Wincing as castles opened their doors
Fretted to step on those marbled floors
For you I am waiting devotedly so
If heaven calls, I would say no!

Seema Aarella

When Nothing Happens

The same façade, same feature
On my roof the same stranger
Unmoved by pain, refrains from joy
Watches my trail like I am a toy
Good days came, but never too soon
So he grins, the remorseless moon.

Seema Aarella

When The North Wind Blows...

The mysterious inner spaces
Are whispering wilderness
Of magniloquent 'Sahyadri'...
I Realize 'moksha'
On its mounting peaks
In Sacrosanct serenity.

Within its ravines
The turbulent rapids of,
Sumptuously winding Cauvery...
Running like veins,
Restless... seeking transit,
Into supernal tranquility.

Pristine premises of
Kindled heart,
Anticipate a Nirvana sun...
I face northwards
And wait for it,
The messenger bird
From 'Lumbini garden'...

I embed the
Seeds of salvation
And 'manasa Bodhi' grows...
Scents of love, blend
In southern sandal woods,
When the divine north wind blows...

Common emotions meet
In courteous embrace,
In existence of sojourn Maya....
Southern expanses remain
To be redeemed,
By the northern saint of Gaya...

Seema Aarella

Learned, Loved And Lost

I used to sleep,
In her arms.
I used to weep
To be her charm.
Why did I learn?
To sleep on my own
She put me in bed
I lost her embrace.

I used to stumble,
And look so humble.
I struggled to stand
Holding his hand.
To walk he used to teach,
I lost his care,
The day I walked beyond his reach.

She taught me to read,
To write with speed
Opened a new world
Of stories and songs.
Patted my back
When I was right,
Corrected all my wrongs.
Why did I pass?
Only to leave her
What a teacher she was.

Lived like this
With many dreams
Walked alone
Along the streams.
Moving on
From time to time,
Then he came
Like a new season
Made my laugh
Made me cry,
Gave a reason to live

And nerve to die.
I fell in love
He broke his vow.

Is this what?
Life is all about,
A game of
Triumph and defeat.
With every step
I rose, and lost
The ladder beneath..

People come and go,
But will never stay,
Like a passing cloud
That rains and goes away.

Seema Aarella

The Trilogy!

I am'... a molecular maze
A passionless existence
Insensitive to birth and death
An insignificant outcome
Of successive generation
Frequently occurring on earth...

You are'...a kindled soul
Observer of karmic
Intricacies and destiny,
Wandering on riverine
Turfs, pondering, pining
Battling with inner mutiny....

He...an Inexplicable flare
An ambiguous and
Unfathomable concept
'God' as he is called,
But Seen and conceived,
By the man made precept

I and you, in cosmic Trilogy...
Awaiting the apocalypse
To discard our mortal crust
For annihilation of bodies
And alteration of souls
Into mere celestial dust.

Seema Aarella

*** Benediction Of Love

Tears didn't stir a heart concrete
Nor greed blinded eye could see
How pain be showed to a mind discrete
How to display the love in me.

Rose a luxury I bought it not
Gifts of gold I have not any
To price such love you had thought
That copiously bequeaths many.

Dressed in velvets, smelling of lilies wild
Sporting grandeur, love doesn't come
Smells purity, wears dignity, smiles like child
Blesses those sincere hearts that hum.

My heart is torched by sparks of love
Enlightened I feel, with love I burn
Tomorrow a dream and life is now
Love comes once, again will not return.

Seema Aarella

***** To The Poet*****

(To the one very popular poet on Ph...whose poems have inspired me to a large extent, whose poems I love to read and whose poems do not get off my mind, but keeps coming back in my dreams and wakefulness!)

You elevate my senses,
By words, mere words!
I can see your silhouette,
With my very eyes closed!

For long it lingered,
Words, your mere words!
Even when I was gone,
After leaving the book closed!

They swathe me like sunlight,
Words, your mere words!
And arouse a longing,
That in me had remained closed!

They surround like spring,
Words, your mere words!
And liberate the timid primrose,
Off the inhibitions that had it closed!

Seema Aarella

*****birth Of A Verse

In the aqueous placenta
Of Psychological
Feminine vitality,
The shapeless feotus
Of my virgin desire
Begins to materialize
Nourished by the
Quintessential love
Flowing from your verse!

Heart oozes sensuality,
Throbbing emotions,
Pigmented with Passion.
Infantile Stumbling
In my composition
Of Illegible words,
And I recline in your
Adoring arms
To learn love's first alphabets!

Seema Aarella

days Of 'Fall'

Feeble sounds of timeless tunes
Flowing from across the dunes
Heard, unheard....in disbelief
I stood there...felt a strange relief

Morning mists and thickened air
Measured stride weighed by despair
Iced tears flow painfully in grief
Faith held...like winters last leaf!

Concealing smallest wishes within
Sporting untrue, bemused grin
Confused between heaven and hell
I silently watched as dreams fell

That winters night came too soon
Snow cloaked earth gazed the moon
Anticipating a warmer new day
I preferred to live, I chose to stay!

Seema Aarella

*****Iaconic Voids! *****

I am not this...I am not this!
Screaming, he fell into the deep abyss,
Its silence cold, blankness dark and vast
Befitting place for incorrigible lunatics
Austere men in these voids get lost!

I am not this, I am not this!
He vied with ego, as he locked lips,
On her chalice mouth, where elixir drips
Caressed satin skin, breathed her toxic smell
An ascetic failed there, as her golden cape fell!

I am not this, I am not this!
He asserted while basking in bliss,
Baited by desire to search the hollow
Begetting Omniscience with sinister thrill
Perceived metaphors of clandestine will!

I am not this, I am not this!
Avows the baffled soul of his,
Immortality sans body, yet mind in body lives
Like a stern naked saint, who did forsake lust
Yet a morsel food he eats, until death he must!

Seema Aarella

***while You Were Gone...!

Here comes again the parting season
Bringing along the days of wait
Mind sans logic, sans reason
Thoughts hover along the bisecting strait

Thirst not of water, craving for food none
Body sans feel, sans the basic need
Days slow, night's shift seems never done
And thoughts traverse at lightning speed!

All hale and healthy, fit and fine
I cannot agree to be and behold
Alive, only to keep the promise of mine
Life sans hope, sans desires manifold!

Seema Aarella

.....Freed...

In search of new paradise I go
A land where fresh dreams grow
A step on ground, a step in the air
Transforming my gait, walking in flair

Chains of emotions that held so long
Turned into anklets and chimed along
I walked, I ran, and I sometimes flew
Shed my worries, looked beyond the blue

Evolving tears, I gathered every speck
Those glowing pearls adored my neck,
Liberation...elevation! , then a halo spread
I passed and flowers turned their head

Those papers that say I am me
That of birth, death and degree
Of jobs, and accounts of earned booty
In papers, in words why transfix my destiny?

I took them all my bundle of worry
To a sparkling stream in hurry
Like a kid who would blissfully play
I made paper boats...let them drift away!

Strolled on the bank picking up pebbles
Dropped in the pond and gazed at bubbles
Hazy harsh winds wiped off my sweat
Brushed past the dewy buds and got wet

As I strode I tossed away□
Hampering evils on tracks of clay
If Into sprouts of new dreams they turn□
Thinking to pick them on my return! ! !

Darkness fell, sky seemed a crossword grid
Filled desirable words, lent the tensions invalid
After a long sprint... to the edge of earth

I lay peacefully...like I lay before my birth!

Seema Aarella

.....Secrets Of Silence

Died way too soon
And so long gone
Adolescent love killed
Before being born
Vanished from sight
From thoughts haven't yet lost
For still those buds sprout
Their among the bushes
Our abode of past
Like always it rained this season
Earthly scent was the same
The sound of breeze
Crackling of dried leaves
Even the transformations of moon
Was steady and same
Nothing has changed
Even the seasons of my life
I laugh; I cry and melt in tears
I am the same
I am still chanting your name...

Seema Aarella

....Frozen Tears

Swelling waves hit the gravelly shore
Calmly retreat into watery oblivion
To live again, to die once more
Mind harbors such thoughts in million

Vicious, violent and dark; death and fate
Glowing keen swords of light will blaze
Dread like dust will rise and evaporate
Love resounds; faith recovers its lost praise.

And he will smile, a homeless child
Flowers of peace will bloom and dance
Happiness on the faces open and veiled
Ashes turn manure; life will take its chance.

Seema Aarella

....Silent Vows...

Do not create a symphony
Nor write poems long
Amidst many cacophony
I liked your silent song
Where words had no part
Your stillness was strong
Through the ears of my heart
I heard you all along.

Seema Aarella

~ 4 Lines ~

It is simple to live as HUMAN
And difficult to become GREAT
All the simple things we LOVE
It is difficulties that we HATE

Seema Aarella

~ Quote # 1~

(An elaboration on preachings of 'Chanakya'-The great scholar, strategist and economist India has ever seen.)

For a warrior on battle field
Life means nothing
For the forest dwelling sage
Pleasure means nothing
For the one who conquers death
Fear means nothing
For the one who conquers desire
This whole world is nothing.

Seema Aarella

~ Quote # 2 ~

A translation of Chanakya's famous couplet

In this world
The hot hell of miseries
Only three things
Provide cool relief
Good offspring
Devoted spouse
Honest friend's company.

Seema Aarella

~ Red Love ~

Red,
My heart and blood
Red,
Feelings flood
Red,
My rose and prose
Red,
Dress I chose
Red,
A ring, a ruby
Red,
Valentine's alibi
Red,
My words and vow
Red
Color of my love

Seema Aarella

.....!!!

You a mute, on your lips
I became loves beautiful word
You did not speak of me
I did not make myself heard...

Seema Aarella

A Cat's Tale

This is a story....which i know and many of u might be knowing it...in my words..just in case...if u missed it! ! !

Once there lived a lazy cat.
Too clumsy to chase a rat
Lying on roof, he used to pray
'God bring me my desired prey
Send me happiness in leaps and bounds
I hate to take these midnight rounds
Like a king I wish to live
This one wish u have to give".
God then sent an urgent mail
"Ur happiness lies in your tail! "
The cat sprung, and turned around
Stretched and went round and round
All its efforts went in vain,
The cat dropped down meowing in pain
A fruitless effort the cat put on.
Morning, noon then night came upon
That is when the cat realized
Hunger had left it almost paralyzed
He had to eat, he made a move
Walked away in search of food
Then he turned back to see
"Why is the tail following me? "
The stupid cat understood now
Laziness has nothing to give
Work hard if u have to live
On your duty if you go
Happiness will surely follow.

Seema Aarella

A Deep Thought

A message of love
Was sent to earth,
From god above
Through the wind.

It touched the flowers
Every bud and bloom,
They flaunted more color
And danced with pleasure.

It reached the trees
They sprang to life,
With exquisite greens,
And fluttering leaves.

With sweetened water
The rivers flew.
Oceans surged,
And the tides grew.

In town a man,
Entangled in worries
Lived with ignorance.
And cynical theories.

Nor sunshine or sunset
Did he see?
Nor felt the wet sand
Or the cold breeze.

When this wind tried
To touch him with love,
A nasty wind he thought
And closed his door.

Seema Aarella

A Friend Long Lost

Though our acquaintance was brief
And we shared just a little view
And now we share a lifelong grief
U had changed, like it's not new

Innocent look, a bad mind unseen
I fell for the fancy words you spoke
Promises and presents lovely and preen
But my very trust you broke

Gifted I thought for having a friend
And swelled with pride of knowing you
My little joy ride had met its end
For good people are rare and few

I still trust the people I meet
Hoping to find a lost morality
A friend flawless and sweet
Of all good and genuine quality

Seema Aarella

A Man Who Conquered The Height Of Heights

An indomitable man set his sight
On a peak of invincible height,
It was impossible to trudge
But this man wouldn't budge
Braved all odds,
Faced peril in form of snow.
Hills slippery and steep
Blizzards, avalanches, and
Gorges dark and deep.
Opposed his quest
But he wouldn't rest.
Steady and slow,
Towards the summit he would go.
It was the Himalaya Vs Hillary tiff
And his will was strong and stiff
Finally made the whole world bow
And laud this man who conquered
Everest! The highest peak of snow.

Seema Aarella

A Pathetic Being...'I Am'

Within me a saintly stillness
And raring wilderness
Within me bloated ego
And Complex of low
Within me strength, confidence
Also Inhibitions and dependence
Within me Gods dwell
Also Natives of hell
I am goodness.....in the making
I am a sinner.....Reviving
I am a riddle, a jinx
I am Human, a pathetic worldly being
To accept me god winks
And may be twice he thinks! ! !

Seema Aarella

A Piece Of Wisdom

Speak at ease,
If it could fetch a smile.
But then behold!
A ghastly truth should never be told.

Wander away,
In the tryst to seek god.
But then beware!
Walk not where angels don't dare.

Seema Aarella

A Poem For My 'poems'

There is no rest it seems
Unless I scribble a word or two
Of worldly truth or lies as in dreams
Something different something new

Words that would win accolades
Colorful poems of rainbow shades
Beauty of nature, animals and man
About love and peace I write with élan

Truth and wisdom to touch every soul
Awareness is my solitary goal
Alone and far maybe I am
Wish my words does bring calm

To wipe a tear I cannot reach
Through my poems I do preach
Loving humanity on the whole
For god resides in every soul.

Seema Aarella

A Poem Is A Lie

No wonder why
it is called a beautiful lie.
Where the rose is admired and
also thorns are praised.
Where joys are expressed
and even sorrows are phrased
and it rains when the clouds cry
No wonder why a poem is a beautiful lie.

The moon is no satellite
it is a messenger at night
what a good listener he makes
when he listens to lovers plight
until today on him they rely
No wonder why a poem is a beautiful lie.

Everest was the tallest,
but they have changed it now,
nothing stands taller than love.
Ocean lost its depths to the heart,
vastness does not belong only to the sky,
no wonder why a poem is a beautiful lie

These expressions will stay forever,
though the poet will one day die,
and i wonder why
life is not as beautiful as a lie!

Seema Aarella

A Song For Humanity

People of this world are never alike
If god created you,
Even I am his own make.
Flowers in a garden are never the same
What if I am not a Rose?
I am one of my kind.

I am made like this
And this is how I will be
Good, bad or ugly
It's my own identity
Few things should change of course
But few will not change by force

Like a river we are
Meant to end up in the sea
We know that and we flow.
This warm breath will one day chill
We all know 'we die' but still

What my brother will you gain?
By hating your neighbor
And living in pain.
What my brother will u do?
With no loved ones to care
All that happiness is of no use
When u don't have friends to share.

Though there is nothing between us
We don't care, but fate does
Our lives were all the same
You and I differ only by name

Though we never loved before
And you never came to my door
From somewhere the hatred came
Ripping us apart so hard
Blowing right into our face
With weapon of caste, creed and race

And we had no weapon to ward

The storm was too strong to withstand
It left love and peace buried in sand
In the name of religion
Came another hurricane
Even the last hope was booted
Humanity on whole was uprooted

Now in the emptiness of this world
The weird ghosts of hatred roam
When we fell, they built their hell
On the ruins of our home

When life was in our hands
We did not care much
Above all, today our fate stands
And now it cares us less

What my brother have you achieved?
When in darkness u have lived
And today you have to learn
It is not riches that u have to earn
It is friendship, the richest of all
A friend will never let u fall.

It is not battles my brother
That you have to win
To win a heart is tough
Still conquer one, that's enough
The kingdoms u won are equal to dust
When you have won a person's trust

So, on this short journey of life
As we all walk beside
Why don't we take a chance?
Don't bother if I am not your friend
Or not even known
Just love me brother, Love me like your own.

A Want In Wait

On sands of the beach treaded by many
I desperately look for your foot prints if any
In a world crowded with unknown faces
I restlessly search loves familiar traces
Standing in rain when I get soaked
I hope the same rain had you stroked

Through winds cold caress I try to sense
Your breath among a mixture of scents
Basking in sun I feel it's warm
Think of how it feels in your arm
I am a desire in wait for a need
To take me in and want me too indeed

Seema Aarella

A Warm Poem

Tears gushed in warm streams
And puddled on the open book,
I felt the evening scurry into the
Dark cave of night.

I tried to grasp a handful of sunlight
And place it upon the puffed out candle
As the sun appeared to self-destruct
In the wake of our widening distance.

Pain melted like icicles,
Waters moved, colours returned
To the wishy-washy groove
Recovering from a harsh winter.

I never felt lonely under the shade
Of your affection, lest your absence
Was announced, and the bridge
Of silence shuddered by your whines.

Believe me the curtains would never

Fall on this play, the song will never die

And I shall never quit the stage lest

The heavens conspire.

Seema Aarella

Abandoned

She drags her body, an 80 year old
Arched back, minimal robes, out in the cold
Wrinkles covered every part of her skin
She was sick and pathetically thin

Almost blurred eyesight
Crossing road, was a fight
But for help she doesn't ask
Tired and hurt though in her task

She raises her boney, soiled palms
May be she is asking for alms
Tightlipped she doesn't talk
After a while she begins to walk

To the shadow of a small tree
There she sits dejectedly
To offer some money I went near
She raised her eyes filled with tear

To take the money she refused
Inside her she was confused
She was hungry and wanted to eat
I knew...but she did retreat.

Finally I asked...what did she want?
"I am not a beggar....so I can't.
I was old and useless may be
Early today my son abandoned me"

"I am hurt and nowhere to go
To beg...I do not know,
Lying here I shall wait
Come soon death....don't be late"

I turned back holding my tears
Her words echoing in my years
Next day heard some people say
"There's a body lying down the way"

Seema Aarella

Absence

Within the dreamscape
The secret creation and
Immediate annihilation of thoughts
Becomes an instantaneous affair

Footprints disappearing
From unfixed journey's volatile paths,
Amidst the muted winter's clutter
Of fallen useless prose

Is it an extravaganza or minimal
Kindness of providence?
That I am born, dead
And reborn continuously...

Through the process of endless
Experimentation of emotions,
Some mutating, some reviving
Some self destructing!

Is this the question unknown or
The definite reply that is
Both visible and invisible at once
To my multi featured insight.

Am I aware or divinely ignorant?
Of the world around me, I prod as I
Dive into the whirlpool of thoughts
One more time with greed...

Should I happen to remember you again?
I may not be me!
Such was the severity of some casual thoughts,
As I sat alone and let my heart loose!

Seema Aarella

Across The Eastern Sky

A star falls across the eastern sky
Queen of night blooms in shy
Her beauty amplified by the moon light
She spreads and stands to rule the night

Far from woods with howling wolves
Away from tricks of cheeky elves
A tired baby soundlessly sleeps
A parted lover silently weeps

Contently sleeping people of town
Some slept worrying of the dawn
Scared by nightmare someone screams
Fairies descend and give out dreams

A prince cuddles in bed of feather
A drunkard slumps near box of litter
For every being slumber does come
When fairy of night begins to hum

Awaken people hurry out of bed
When eastern skies are painted red
The queen of night encases in bud
Fairies gone, elves withdrawn, moon is dud

The day passes in slow motion
In a new dreams anticipation
Again opens the queen of night
Elusively romancing the moonlight! ! !

Seema Aarella

Affirmation

As true as the wind that blows gently
As true as the air we breathe silently,
True as the beating of our hearts
And movement of blood in our veins,
If all these be true....yet unseen
So is my love towards you
Always true silent and serene.

Seema Aarella

After A Chat With You

It seems so near, yet so far...
Is the sweet togetherness,
It seems so frank, yet so secretive...
Is the truth we confess.
Shall I live it or leave it
Or let things take time.
Shall I call it or kill it
This budding desire of mine.
One more transformation
Among many changes,
Like this, one more day passes,
And I am taking only chances.
So far we are from a touch...
And even deprived of glances
Yet never far from mind...
is your thought,
and hope denies to leave my heart.

Seema Aarella

An Appeal

The elegant beauty on petals got kissed
By a man so called lover of big and small
The tiny blades of grass but twitched
His mighty boots walking on them all

Hundred or more cells get killed when ever
This tender body does a vigorous butt
They die an insignificant death of the lesser
Sympathy but favours a fracture or a cut

Love is not worn though given to many
Dries the river, ditch but is never cast
Fistful, heart hides in flesh creek tiny
Where from springs a love stream vast

To heave an arrow, enemy must stand
Apart, opposite with a vengeful gist
Let not doubts take the higher hand
I am beside; just wait through the melting mist....! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Seema Aarella

Anticipating Rain...

One refreshing rain
To beat the city heat
One sudden downpour
To soak my tired feet
One such outburst
To quench earths thirst
One shower lasting overnight
The sound of rhythmic dripping
On otherwise silent night

Seema Aarella

At The Temple

In its dark Inner sanctum,
Of oily stone walls,
The soft radiance of
A small clay lamp humbles
The sun of my swollen discretion

The undisturbed miasma
Of Captivating fragrance
Augmented by chosen flowers
And burning Incense
Diffuses the Fog of fears within

The rhythmic high pitched
Clanging of the brass bell
Lifts the dead devotion
From the well of disbelief
And reforms my faith with each stroke...

I took down my untamed ego,
Wavering conviction and
Unkempt austerity along
With my fragile body when
I bowed before the residing deity

Some whiteness coated
My soul, like the limestone
Of the wall sticking to my robe,
While I sat on the old portico
Pondering piety and blasphemy

The fine chanting of mantras
By the temple priest, and the
Made-up melody of a beggar
Both competed for clemency
One from god, another from me...!!!!

Seema Aarella

Between Cradle And Grave

Life in all its Luring beauty,
Dreams at their tempting best,
hopes of reaching high for stars,
carried away in this endless quest.

From the arms of affection
to the embrace of death,
Transition comes with every breath,
and i count the days lost and left.

Thriving for another chance to fight,
Fearing to disappear forever in night,
Uncertain about the tides of fate
I trudge the path of love and hate.

Life has lots to reveal, lots to attract,
Concealing the most endured fact,
presenting riches, pushing to ruins,
Unchanged in its dishonest act.

At its door, i am, a knocking guest,
With plans to stay for a while
to win, to lose, to applaud and amuse,
To seek a rank before i rest.

Seema Aarella

Bug Says To Butterfly

You are an elegant Rose,
I am a sturdy thorn!
You are a happening future,
I am the day's bygone!

You an epitome of beauty,
I am an ugly bloke!
You a marvelous poetry,
I am just a stroke!

You are Da Vinci's Mona Lisa,
I am Spielberg's Dinosaur!
You are crisp and juicy Pizza,
I am the tasteless flour!

Seema Aarella

But Failed

Within-

Ravaged garden

bleeding roses

stripped trees

crushed vines

bled unseen, mutely cried.

Without-

broken sky

crumbling cosmos

toppling moon

dying night

to redeem my star I vied!

Seema Aarella

Car'Ranged Marriage

This is a story of
Modern age marriage
Arranged of course...else
There was no room for damage.
Well it happened last week...
For the same reason... an interview
In presence of dignitaries a few,
I was cool and confident,
When I gave my consent,
Just by taking a look...
According our culture book,
My parents were all jubilant.
Days latter the time came
And my parents asked
"When to get married? "
His parents asked
"ZEN" to get married.
Things took a "SUMO" turn,
The AMBASSADOR (broker)
Had not mentioned this one.
How low of ESTEEM, it was
Trading off good qualities,
Over mere "QUALIS".
I was carried away
When I thought my marriage
was just a CAR ride away.
I was thrust in the inferno
Of battle for SANTRO & BALENO.
More than my consent
And their answers things were
Dealt between "MATIZ" & "LANCER"S
I didn't like this SAFARI ride,
Roaming like GYPSY without aim,
Playing this blindfold game.
In the name of MARUTHI,
I don't want life like thee...
God have some MERCE' (DES) on me
When they said in an ALTO
At least to grant a PALIO,

I wished they were stinged by a "SCORPIO"n.
Saying that things were good
With "ASTRA"logy,
They showed some decent,
But I hated their very "ACCENT"
Can't take them for granted,
They may come back tomorrow
asking for BOLERO.
Finally we put it to an end
When we said TATA SIERRA(CHERIO)
"Go back to your hut,
We have no money for FIAT.
May You find the girl you need
And vice VERSA,
All the BENZ(Best) to you!
And many good things too..
In the long CORSA..f life.'
I am afraid in this CARage
Marriage will end in Mirage
And car will end in garage,
How on earth a man could want
A thing that kills him on road,
Yet more than a wife it is adored,
How wishful he is of a CAR
That dies in junkyard,
And how small he thinks of
The women loyal till her graveyard,
& When he's gone,
who mourns in the backyard.

Seema Aarella

Chaotic Cricket! ! ! ! !

Now a racist slur,
Makes my nation stir.
When a game,
Into battle is made.
As a sport,
It is no more played.
Words are spitting fire
For them it's my prayer
If u burn with ire
The smoke enters,
Your eyes first.
Forgive if u cold,
Forget, u must!
Stop this chaos.
Win over inhibitions first,
Bat with new zeal,
Bowl a better deal,
Time will settle this dust,
Forgive, if u could.
Forget, u must!

Seema Aarella

Choice

Choose your goal
Before fate takes conclusions over you.
Choose your path
Before you run out of alternative
Choose your love,
Before there are no choices left.
Choose your friend
Before you are left alone in this world
Choose your guide
Before you get lost in the long search
Choose your life
Before cold hands of death touches you.

Seema Aarella

Clouds

Clusters of clouds roving high,
Parented by Mother Earth and sky,
With rivers that ran like blood in her vein
She gave birth to clouds to reap some rain
Then they were old enough
To roam about in their father's turf
Mother earth kept a watchful eye
Come what may, she won't let them dry.
Strong winds suddenly grew,
Turbulence made clouds run askew,
Lightening glared, thunders boomed,
Clouds feared they would be doomed,
Scared and weakened they started to rain,
Returning back to mother's plane.
She hugged and kissed and soaked every drop
Preserved safely, to bring them back again.

Seema Aarella

Colourfully Yours...!

What colour is my love,
my feelings and longings?
What colour is my pain,
my tears and wailings?
What colour
do you see?
in my eyes,
when you touch me.
What colour shows?
in my words,
in my silent vows.
When in anger, in lust
how many colours
had been thrust?
how colourful is
my hope and trust?
a symphony of colours
fashioned just for u
like a rainbow
wrought by many
a rain drops.
various emotions
shaped me up
colourfully for you.

Seema Aarella

Come To Me

Come to me as the cool breeze
I have opened my window
Caress the chimes make them ring
When you come I would know
Come as the refreshing rain
Or as silver flakes of snow
Come, and I will never let you go

Come to me as a song
I will dance to your tune
Come as the mounting tide
I will be your full moon
Come as a lovely poem
Become the words I write
For you I kept the pages white

Come to me as the blazing sun
Warm me with your lively heat
Come as the throbs of my heart
Become the rhythmic beat
Come as the colorful spring
I am a divested tree
Come to me as anything
But do come to me only....

Seema Aarella

Confession

As alive as life itself
As precise as death
As magical as nature
As mystical as oceans.
As close I am to myself
As far as I am from you,
As good as god himself
As bad as my devotion to him
As I am true to myself
As uncertain I am to you
As sure as my love
As certain as yours too
I am ever in love with you
Seeming hesitant in your view
If all that you see is only true
How can I then prove?
My anger is pretence
Hatred is a mere disguise
And reasons for which
I always hurt you, are lies....

Seema Aarella

Confused Being

There is no help from pretence
No hope from acceptance
No happiness in deliverance
No peace in ignorance
How to interpret my presence?
A reward or a life sentence
Or proof of God's negligence.

Seema Aarella

Contradiction

Giving hand has
No qualms to raise.
An Asker always
Showers praise.

Contempt heart,
Has nothing to spill.
Empty mind,
Flatters at will.

Dreams wander
To distant land.
Worries weigh down,
Where we stand.

Life's journey
In darkness though taken
To dawn of death
The soul shall awaken.

Seema Aarella

Conventional Jeopardy

Bounded to these conventions am I?
Have I lost in the battle to defy?
Intentions were always the same.
Now who shall I blame.
For changing me forcedly,
Me or the people of this world,
Or the customs made by them.
Whom did I fear that I concealed every tear
With a false smile,
which ghost is scaring my guts away?
That many things I never dared to say.
Who fenced my world with false convention?
Who felled my walls of prevention.?
Who blocked my path when ever I walked?
Who says so that I have no rights to go?
Why did I hold back, it was my own track?
Why do I still calmly endure?
This world and its rules obscure.
Once my courage lay dead,
I was thrust into the darkness I dread.
Many dreams I had to sacrifice
Many shattered in front of my eyes,
I take the blame for my own despair,
For ruining myself beyond repair.
What ever I am today doesn't matter a bit,
Though i feel I have always won,
At every step I know i have lost it.

Seema Aarella

Costly Cricket! ! !

Chance to see them play was slim
Now they play to the Big Shot's whim
Auctioned away like cows and sheep
Costly bids for intentions cheap
Cricket has taken a whole new shape
IPL's riches has left ICL agape
Money like mere paper is thrown
To catch the hottest and make them own
Money buying the talents, is a weird thing
Hope riches and fame won't scar the zing
Ironic to see them meekly stand
To be selected by the mentors hand
Greatest batsmen and bowlers curled
When ransom like bouncers were hurled
IPL is surely a rich man's world
Cricket is loved when played without sinning
All process excused, as long as India is winning!

Seema Aarella

Danger!

Danger is everywhere
Like deadly beast on stalk
Danger, here and there
Better watch where you walk'
Danger in peoples mind
In the words they talk
What they say is
Not what they mean
Their thoughts are polluted
But they dress up clean
Danger hidden in their mind
Hidden deep inside
We cannot find
Don't look in their eyes
What they convey are lies
Don't scream
They can't hear your cries
These people are not wise
Face them if you are strong enough
Like a stone be hard and tough
There are no easy ways
Here in this world
No bed of roses, no jolly ride
No piece of cake this life is
Its 'Dangerous' be aware of it.

Seema Aarella

Death-The Ultimate Destination

All roads end here
Where nothing really exists
Travel all the way
And reach no where.
When things dropp out
And destiny doesn't care
Everything stops here
All roads end.
This is the way to eternal sleep
Just take a step and leap.
Nothing can escape,
No one can hide,
When fate shall decide
No one can ever defend
This is battle to the end
There is no point in fear
All our lives will end here.

Seema Aarella

Desire Of Eternal Solitude

Carelessly flowing river
Never knew where it would reach
Equally carelessly life goes on
There is no one to teach.
Emptiness like a desert land
Loneliness like an abandoned island
Liberating my soul from me
Is the desire of eternal solitude

For a holy rain, until today the earth thrives
But the wishful cloud never arrives
To wash the dirt of hatred away
To grow the plants of love everywhere

The beautiful world that I saw'
Will I ever see it again?
For a better life I strive
Until that day, I may not survive

Gone with time is the beauty of the earth
Continuing to live here is not worth
Before the darkness of hatred spread
Before the slightest Hope lay dead

Let me find a new ray of light
A way out of here to eternity
Peace I find everywhere I see
A land so peaceful where can it be?

Somewhere unseen is another world
Where is the door way to the land faraway
Leaving this world behind
Bidding farewell to this creation
Let me find a way to the new station.

Seema Aarella

Determination

The world is open in front of you
Don't wait, make the move
Let imaginations fly high
Go ahead and reach the sky,
Live no stone unturned
Unless your job is done
Live such a glorious life
That it becomes a legend
Theirs will be a forgotten story
Who live and just die in the end
Your death should be remembered
Create for yourself a history
Let the world cherish your presence
Because you pass this way only once.

Seema Aarella

Discourses With Self

I try to figure you in the vanishing faces
Of imaginary clouds passing before me
As I look through the void of time
And find among its rubble
A tattered note of a discarded poem
Written hastily by an impatient poet.

I try to hold you on the precarious perch
Of my eye's watery boughs
Encased in the orb of yesterday's dream
From where I guide not your journey
Along the inner maze of faith and felony
As is the future dwindling in haste.

I try to revive you from the ashes
Of a dead star on my gloomy sky
Bring you into glowing existence
Conjure heaven amidst fanned ruins
And discern life in the fleeting instances
Before getting sucked into black hole of death.

Seema Aarella

Disquiet

When the night plays
It's erratic tunes
And the rhythm wavers
To the frantic winds

When dreams stumble
Upon the jagged moon
And fall into the oblivion
Of my fathomless fantasy

I lay unwilling awake
Meticulously counting
The last remaining stars
In my disintegrating sky.

Seema Aarella

Distress Days

Entombed within the promises
I had to myself made
Being kind, sincere and true
Never to sin ...and god to believe only in you
And the saints said this too
I was mad. I was mindless
Such became my revered life
I lay in the dark alone and restless

Should have been corrupt I think
This day I would have been fine
A lie for a lie, an eye for an eye
Should have vied for every right
But I budge in name of love, gave up fight
Gave up everything, nothing returned
Now so alienated from kith and kin
I wail for little space of mine

Then had dreams of flying high
Dipping in rainbow and painting the sky
Walking in garden touching every bud
Lying under the oak on the grass bed
Splashing the rain drops smelling wet mud
I could have made it happen but why
Barred and chained I am at awe
A butterfly passesheart heaves a painful sigh!

Seema Aarella

Don't Give Me Happiness

Don't give me happiness
That doesn't last an hour
Send me love in small parts
That I will cherish forever

Don't give me luck
Always in all tasks
Give me strength instead
I will win my own bread

Don't give me pain
When I am alone and in awe
Give me a helping hand
So that I can withstand

Seema Aarella

Euphoria...of Love

Can't you see?
There is something between us
That draws me to you
Resuscitates from a deep
Matrix of doubts
Makes me look intently
Transfers my devotion
I cede like meera
Lost in enchanting aura
Mind wavering
Enigmatically
Rise and fall....
Like meera I submit
And renounce all!
Though we sat amidst
a crowd
You were engrossed
But every second glance
involuntarily
You looked at me....
Can't u see?
I am petrified
Where I sat
Forgetting the sense
Of body and mind
I am still looking
Unaware that you are gone
Passionately fixed towards
The path you went
There is something between us
That makes me forget myself
And fill your image
In my hearts every quadrant! ! !

Seema Aarella

Eyes Don'T Lie

Eyes don't lie
Because Eyes don't speak
Eyes, you can trust
You can rely
They don't hear
They cannot speak
They see what they want
They close when they can't
They trust themselves but not thee
Trust your eyes, trust what you see
In rage they are red, when sick...Yellow
When sad they are dead,
When in love they glow.
Every emotion they will show
You can read a mind through the eye
Eyes convey truth, they don't lie.

Seema Aarella

Face Of Terror

A beast of terror with bad will
Shows no mercy on its kill
Had no claws but slashes deep
Through ripped veins blood would seep

Didn't crawl or fly...but it strode
Not in woods...it prowled on road
Eyes soft...face calm and composed
No fear it showed ...with man, like man it posed

Doesn't stalk or chase, its well within the crowd
Ticking slowly ready to explode
Innocent people of all age and race
Blown apart in seconds....this is terror's new face

Terrified I am by this new beast of fear
I doubt every man and couldn't go near
They are killing humanity on the whole
I pray to their god.....to cleanse their soul.

Seema Aarella

Falling In Love

To love someone is not easy
In love, people go mad and crazy
Love needs dedication
'To love' means meditation
For love is the only word
That can change the whole world
There is no other force
That can change life's course
It attracts people of different kind
Because love is always blind
Falling in love is a sweet dream
Rising in love is happening of the dream.

Seema Aarella

Fear

Sending shivers through my mind
Chilling the hope of life
Was the thought of Fear undefined.
Stopping my heart awhile
Sometimes speeding my pulse
The very thought of it
Reveals the face of fear.
Not seen life to its full
I had to face the fear of death,
Though it was a dream
It nearly stopped my breath
How will it be if I am gone?
A day or two people will mourn,
And rejoice when a new day breaks
Is this the difference it makes?
For this I fear the most
What else can be worst?
Though life did not mean too much
I don't want a death as such.

Seema Aarella

Few Journeys Never End

Few journeys never end.
Few memories never die.
Few wishes are still lying inside.
Unable to convey,
Few days are so empty,
Few nights are hard to spend.
Like ever rising waves in the sea.
Few passions never descend.
Unspoken words echo in my ears.
Unknown desires haunt my mind.
Few moments are lost with out trace.
Few remain forever in heart.
Few people go away so soon.
But few in life, never depart.

Seema Aarella

Finding Of A Sort

Who am I?

A fine countenance masking
deadly inner defiance.

Plenty of secrets are hidden in me,
I am really not, what I endorse to be.

Who is my Friend?

An aid lending money,
A cause of my agony,
Though far, never forgets to call,
Or who never leaves me at all.

Who is God?

One that created me
And also my misery
Who gives without asking,
And takes that, which I hate, parting.

What is Life?

Days that I am going through
Or that which I have to,
Is it a game or a race?
Should I also dash for my place?

What is death?

That which I fear or hold as dear,
With every passing day,
Am I running towards it or away?
A new beginning or end of play?

Seema Aarella

For A Girl Child

Her curly brown hairs
Like spiraling heaven's stairs
Her watery blue eyes
Challenge the skies
Her touch a feel of bliss
Honey-dip! It's her kiss
Sunrise, the color of her skin
Lotus flower it's her grin
Magic spills when she walks
Gods sway when she talks
An angel descended from sky
I will never let her cry
She who makes living worth while
I crave for such a girl child.

Seema Aarella

Forever Love

When our eyes met
We started to think
When our thoughts met
We started to like
When our hearts met
We started to love
Don't know why and how
But wish we carry on forever
Like this...loving each other.
Let us not cease this desire
Or dampen this fire.
Nor wait for occasions to confess
Or chances to express,
Spending every moment
As the last one of our lives
Living like this forever
As long as love itself survives.

Seema Aarella

Forever Loyal

Hurt by words and despicable deeds
I am beaten, my bruised heart bleeds
Broken I am but not shattered
I will not splinter and strew about
Like stones or thorns that may hurt
Though wrecked, a flower I had been
My silky petals are lifeless and pale
Still I spread them on your trail
Broken I am, but I still do adore
So I lay in offering at your door
Step on me and tread Ur way out
I was true, so I love u without doubt.

Seema Aarella

Free Will Free Wish

My luck did suddenly shine
Life became unbelievably fine
All worries ended, fiends thrashed
Wishes granted, wailings crashed
My purse overflowing with money
Had my bread smeared with honey
A sedan parked in my yard
Royal food on my card
All my old dress replaced by new
I had fine jewelry too
No problems for many years ahead
This I wished when I went to bed
I lay there and dreamt at ease
For dreams do not ask fees.

Seema Aarella

Freezing Fantasy

Time slowed, the growing chill
Froze its tireless hands as the
Frost crept to every corner and
Settled immaculately on the wall clock.

The evening turned from customary
To overwhelmingly romantic
As a we exchanged careless glances
Over a steaming potion in the chinaware.

Sun slipped from the mountain perch
Its last rays died by the table legs
And a new glow was stroked to life
That pronounced our candle lit dinner.

The tempt of nature mounted outside
With congeniality to my thoughts
And the poet within was just about to
Transcend the physical and live greater ecstasies.

But you vengefully rose from the seat,

Drew the curtains over the window

And killed a beautiful evening

With the attribute of a jealous lover.

Seema Aarella

Gandhi (A Tribute)

To walk alone he did not fret
Huge was his dream, far he had to get
To face the enemy's terrible wrath
He chose to walk the Ahimsa path
To win back India her deserving pride
He put his own family aside
He walked alone, towards freedom
To make India...Rama's Kingdom
His dreams and deeds were not small
Gandhi hence lives in us all
His ideals installed in me
A Gandhian I want to be
Dare life with Truth only
Walk the distance lonely
Live with love and simplicity
Raise my voice against atrocity
An epitome of moral courage
Gandhi the guide for all age
Silently I bow and salute
To this Giant my solemn tribute.

Seema Aarella

God And I

I walked, and he strew
Thorns in my path
I prayed to him
To subside his wrath

I lied he then
Had me caught
By being true
No good was brought

Life I assumed
Was a sweet Dream
"A nightmare" he fumed
And made me scream

Exhausted, I ran away
To a lonely place
He changed the play
Pushed me back in race

He and I, one on one
Can't stay can't run
"God" what's your plan
Let me live or get me done.

Seema Aarella

Goodnight! ! !

Let the battling countries fight
I am tugged in my bed tight
Let sinners sin, wise get it right
I am ready for a dreamy flight
Let the future be dull or bright
Wish I have my lucky sprite
Let all the other poets write
I have left the pages white
Let all qualms go out of sight
I am ready to bid good night! ! ! !

Seema Aarella

Greed And Gratitude

A royal treat was attractively set
Tasty curries, fresh salads and dessert
Juicy fruits, ice creams and cocktail
Every mans ego here it had to fail
He came a connoisseur filled his plate
To the soul's satisfaction he ate

In the dim light of kerosene lamp
Before the shapeless 'aluminium plate'
He sat and looked at 'pickle' and 'roti'
Gleamed in satisfaction and began to pray
"God I lived, toiled...This food a gift today
Thanks and tomorrow show a similar way".

Seema Aarella

Grievance

I get up and eagerly start the day,
Lot of people I meet on the way,
So many different things they say,
Wishes, whines, oaths and swears,
I hear them good and clear,
But no one utters
The lines I yearn to hear!

I hurry and finish my chores,
Close the windows lock the doors,
Make my bed, kill the light,
Then comes my tranquil night,
At the days very seam,
But never comes
My Much awaited dream!

Seema Aarella

Haunting Eyes

Haunting eyes, shattering looks
What are they searching for?
What are they staring at?
A beauty native of some wonderland
Why are they difficult to understand?
A pair of mesmerizing eyes
With lots of puzzles enticed
How many hearts might have fell?
Into the trap of its magical spell.
If I could only read these eyes
I would know the story they recite.

Seema Aarella

He Left Me

For him I came alone, became his own
He abandoned me when in need
I kept pleading, he did not heed.

For him I opened my heart
Took him in, made him my world
When he left, he left without a word.

For him I changed my very being
Overlooked myself in his labor
He forgot me...That's his last favor.

Seema Aarella

Holding On To Faith

Light surely is at the tunnel's end
It's difficult to walk until next bend
There is silence after the storm
Like solace following the harm
There is hope at every dawn
By the dusk it's blurred and gone

There was trust in prayers I said
Truth in the path I chose to tread
Gains for labor were not sent
Many days in search I spent
Holding to faith I so suspend
For light surely is at the tunnel's end.

Seema Aarella

Hope

With every shift of emotion
Life changes its conception
Then arrives a new season
A new urge, a new reason
Hope it brings, lovely springs
Into every nook of their manor
For whom now it is burning hot summer.

Seema Aarella

I Search In You...!

I search in u my identity,
In your words my Dignity,
In your eyes my nativity,
In your arms my entirety,
In your name my personality,
In your touch my sensitivity.
I search in you my complicity
My fulfillment...my eternity.

Seema Aarella

I Search My Salvation

In this deceiving forest of ignorance,
I search a place for penance.
In this world of material greed,
I search my salvation tree.
In the age of darkness, dread and fright
I search knowledge's eternal light.

Seema Aarella

If Only This Tree Could Speak

It would mimic the giggles
And laughter of the kids played
In its thick shade, of which only
A memory hangs on her aged boughs.

It would sing the songs
Of the lovers that once met
Under the cover of plush leaves
Whose whispers linger on her silent boughs.

It would narrate the tale
Of the tireless miner
Who rested awhile between work,
Moisture of whose sweat wetted her barren boughs.

It would call out to people
To pitch tents and begin life
For her roots go digging deep for hope
And life is all green again on her withered boughs.

Seema Aarella

In Memory Of That Evening

A song beats path to heart,
Heart in tune with life,

Life in step with time,
The Journey continues...

Changing scenes and air,
Colors and themes,

Clueless about the capture
I close my eyes in ecstasy

Revisiting the landscape
That preserves that memory

And travel through thoughts
Into the open spaces

Where a familiar evening awaits
Two familiar strangers.

Seema Aarella

In Search Of Peace

In search of peace I took a stride
On the pavement of the road wide
A 'screech', 'bang', and screams horrified
"An accident", ahead, someone had died.

I could not move one, I turned away
Entered a park, I found on way
It was in ruins, and kids didn't play
Littered, messed and unruly...I didn't stay.

Passed beneath a towering arch
Hemmed with lovely flowers of March
A city fit for some monarch
Riches ruled and love was parch

Further ahead a slum I saw
The stench, made me withdraw
Dark faces, smiles without flaw
Hopeless lives, in huts of straw.

Sulked and shaken I stopped
Amidst chaos for peace I hoped
In darkness for light I groped
Here my search, I dropped.

Seema Aarella

In The Million Words You Speak

A soft, warm and trusting voice
Speaking words of assurance
A voice so firm and promising
Of peace and togetherness,

Speak a word once and for all
That suppresses the cries of
A homeless child
Speak a word everlasting
That expresses never ending
Affection for all the deprived

In the million words you speak
Speak a golden word
A word that would console
Every depressed soul.
A word so enchanting let it be spoken
Now the barriers of hatred is to be broken

Speak a word that is so strong
That all drowning heart relies on it
And get along,
In the million words you speak
Let there be a few for love
A few with passion inscribed
Let there be a few to heal
A few for the hearts you steal.

Seema Aarella

Insight

heart cried to be heard
missed to hear it wail
so much i spoke,
to listen i did fail.

I dreamt of company
of someone new
to share moments
of love, a few.

I walked far
not in hand though,
came ever closer
not enough to know.

After eons spent
strangers we remain.
this far i went
only to find pain.

To return i decide
and find my peace
when i fell silent
did i, listen its pleas.

My heart my love
my dreams and desire
within myself is my world
my solace lies in here.

Seema Aarella

Interpretation

Unclear perception or unknown perfection
A solution far from confusion,
yet unyielding to presumption.
It's a game of addition and elimination
unreachable to human imagination.
From the days of dark deception,
to the years of liberation and revelation.
Each day filled with anticipation,
each moment leading to rejuvenation.
Thus passes the years of a new generation.
Thriving, struggling, learning, loving and living.....
all in this lone creation.

Seema Aarella

Into The Past

Hard it is to be alone
Away from family of my own
I miss them badly everyday
And know they miss me same way.

I miss my little sleepy town
And home where I had grown,
The pets I had raised with love
I know they are dead by now.

Are my books still neatly kept?
In those racks where I had left
Somewhere in pages between
Are the keepsakes of my teen.

How I lived no one knows
Except the walls and windows
As witness to my Dreams they stand
I pine for them from faraway land.

Seema Aarella

Irresistible Love

Never say so long
This passion never dies
Never say good bye
U cannot leave it by
Never try to escape
This is not some crap
You own it first
Later it owns you
Never surrender to stress
Life will become a mess
Just do it for the love of it
Come what may! U must not quit.

Seema Aarella

It So Happens....

He only strews thorns in the path
For unleashing his deadly wrath
I heard some wise men talk
He erased all roads, I have nowhere to walk

The sun doesn't smile on my hut
Hasty wind is a piercing shrill
Moonlight seems to blaze and gut
An appalling life has a weird thrill

It's now that I am left at peace
For no one comes and I am at ease
Nothing left but lots of time to think
When driven by fate and held at brink

My story is so enigmatically woven
I have the key, but no doors to open
Future is far misty and blue
Now my world itself is a blurred view

Seema Aarella

It's Time For Love

Love is in the air
I felt its soothing smell
Love in full glory and flair
Hearts enticed in this spell

One day to forget the pain
And elate in love's domain
One day vanquish your worry
This blessed day of February

Young girls and boys
Looking for gifts and toys
Cards that says the best
Quoting a candid behest

And let god bestow
To the craving heart its love
No one's single in this fair
Somewhere must be your pair

Love is commitment, not play
Let true love find its way
Not a day, a lifetime it takes
Love.... a long journey it makes.

Seema Aarella

Kalyug

A bud bloomed way too soon
And sun did set early by noon
In one summer cold snow fell
I found a fairy at realm of hell
Saw man with no heart and mind
I met a demon that seemed kind
A father stabs his own child
A mother abandons him in wild
Farmers did not till anymore
Teachers ceased and so the lore
I looked for men of heart and soul
Heard they were marred on whole
Only for wealth the people vied
'Kalyug' has now truly arrived

Seema Aarella

Krishna

A warning the heavens spilled
"Devaki's 8th son will get you killed"
To heed the almighty Kamsa failed
Devaki and Vasudeva were jailed

In prison, seven children were born
To kill each Kamsa had sworn
Intolerable his deeds had become
As the 8th son, Krishna had to come

Grew as mother Yashoda's pet
Krishna became Gokul's asset
Bamboo flute and jewels to adorn
Peacock feathers on his crown

The Almighty as a kid did play
Shocked his mother by eating clay
A prankster full of mischief
The Gopi's called him "Butter thief"

His days as cowherd Krishna spent
Killed each demon that Kamsa sent
Played with Gopi's on Yamuna's bank
Radha topped his fans rank

Trounced Kalinga, danced on its hood
In protection of his believers he stood
He set out to Mathura, Kamsa's town
Overwhelmingly he took him down

Released his parents from the jail
At his feat the heavens did hail
Blessings and praises rained from above
At his holy feet, the heavens took a bow

Seema Aarella

Lack Of Inspiration

I tried to write on the funny side
But what is fun I can't decide,
Why 'funny' is such a fun?
A loosely hatched pun.
On a second thought
What less wit I have got.
Then I wrote a line with love
And a line of loathe
But who is so bad or good?
I am a breeder of both.
I rekindle my dexterity
And employ my tenacity
To create something new
But I ended spilling them askew.
What new shall I write?
Every word and idea is trite
Until I am inspired again
All my scribbling ends in vain.

Seema Aarella

Lady Love

Mortality and immortality
Both in her eyes,
On rim of her lips,
Truth and also lies.
Life and death
Etched in her embrace
Riches and ruins
Outcome of her grace.

Seema Aarella

Last Wish

Where are my dreams
That I used to adore?
Where are the moments
That was before?
Where did I come in search,
Of a new track?
Did I lose something,
That I couldn't get back?
Where is my innocence gone?
Will I ever see a new dawn?
Will my heart become light again?
Will it be cleared off this pain?
My dreams, will it get colored again,
Will my desert like life get some rain?
Again my desires will they bloom?
Like a new creation after doom
Where are those days of laughter and love?
Is it impossible to find them now?
Where is the solitude
That I enjoyed through years?
Why now my loneliness
Is filled with tears?
So many prayers I have sent above
Will someone up there care to know?
A beautiful new song
Will I ever write again?
Or as the last
Will this one remain?

Seema Aarella

Life Devoid

Living in flesh and blood
But devoid of soul
Living, senses cold
Very me, you stole
Stony eyes behold
Day in and day out
One image, that's you
I am dead without doubt
My soul is trapped in you.

Seema Aarella

Like Tom And Jerry!

My brother and I
Are like Tom and Jerry
I am young and silly
He is my big bully!

Together we try to be
He says I irritate him,
And he really annoys me,
Thus starts a verbal volley!

He behaves like a dictator,
Nothing less than Hitler!
His rules, I hate to follow,
To freak out, he won't allow.

With friends I have lot of fun,
In his presence I act like nun.
Never stops pulling my leg,
Unless I give up and humbly beg.

When TV is on, he owns the remote,
I have to wait until he goes out.
I love movies, soaps and music,
His choice makes me sick!

Cards, carom and chess we play,
All is fair until midway,
At end he cleverly cheats,
I am clueless how he beats!

Pulls my plait, calls me names,
I cry out loud, fed up of his blames,
Mom takes his side, dad defends me
And our quarrel ends finally!

My brother and I like Tom and Jerry
Always fight, but together we love to stay
When a third person interferes

Cunningly we chase him away! ! !

Seema Aarella

Little Things

Carelessly strewn dew drops
Silently melt as the sun pops
Groggy sparrows spread their wings
Far away another bird sings,
One beautiful morning
Among the myriad things
Have we ever waited to see such musings?

Plush fields fresh and green
Gurgling of water from river unseen
Bleating of sheep, mooing herd of cows,
Scent of earth deep in the meadows,
Felt raindrops only on our windscreen
But into the woods have we ever been?

A new lifestyle with new cell phones
SMS, mails, calls and ringtones,
Carried away by inane trends
Easily making overseas friends.
Flying to corners of earth in hours
But have we walked across to meet our neighbors?

Seema Aarella

Living Dead!

Do not mistake
The look in my eyes,
They speak of pain
Not happiness they contain.
If only tears could show
They dried long ago.

Do not mistake
My loneliness as strength,
With many bonding
I had lived at length.
In life like always
They parted ways.

Do not mistake
Silence to contentment,
It only indicate
My awful fate.
To speak out is tough
Words are not enough.

Thus I have modified
A living entity,
Now stupefied.
Drained emotions
Chained thoughts,
Hung by mortal hook
A living entity
Now crucified.

Seema Aarella

Love

Neither name nor fame
Nor riches of this world can tame
This storm is here to whirl
No chains can hold it still
Nor death can leave it chilled
This flower needs no water to bloom
But a heart to give some room
When god himself stands guard
No evil can see its doom

Seema Aarella

Love And Life

Height of Everest
Limits of sky
Depth of pacific
Can be described
In one word..."LOVE".

Loneliness of desert
Mysteries of jungle
Problems of hell
Can be described
In one word ..."LIFE".

Seema Aarella

Meet Me On A Rainy Day...

Meet me on a rainy day
At the corner of some café
Tell me anything u like
I too have many things to say

Over a steaming coffee
Two hearts shall rendezvous
No grumbling, no quarrel will be
As our meeting is new.

Sit with me until the rain stops
Talking about numerous things
I reach out and touch the rain drops
Fill my heart with your sweet nothings...

Don't say what u think of me
I will not convey my desire
Let us part with a friendly note
Don't spark the inner fire

Hope u remember this for long
Then on some other rainy day
When Rain drops play this song
I will meet u at the same café
The place where we belong.

Seema Aarella

Message Of Love

I have sent a message
To you my love
Through the blowing wind
And the floating cloud
Whenever this cloud you see
It reminds you of me
Hear the blowing wind say
That I am waiting on your way
With my heart on fire
With passion and desire
It is difficult to stay apart
It really breaks my heart
This will not be forever
One day we will be together
What comes in future I am unaware
But true love is always there, to take care.

Seema Aarella

Middle Class Man And His Life

His life a boat wobbling in tides
His dreams a roller coaster ride
An employee earning just enough
Leading a decent life was tough

A wife who saves every penny
For her needs she doesn't spend any
Starves herself, feeds all to content
Dedicated mother, her pains are silent

His son a spoilt brat at college
His spending high, marks average
Taken for granted his parents care
Of middle class struggles he's unaware

Her daughter grown to be married
From her birth her father was worried
Rupee by rupee he saved for her
For good groom, a life little better

Handful of salary, spent by the tenth
Credit from friends to push the month
Bills, payments and ration to be brought
He crumbles at the very thought

On way to work, outside a shrine
He stops to pray, not for luck to shine
But for strength and courage
To raise his family to better stage

Faded old dress, worn out shoes
A beedi to smoke away his woes
Swinging the box, stuffed with curd rice
Synonymous to his life that lacked spice

Seema Aarella

Misery Strikes At Its Will...

Misery strikes at its will
Unexpectedly
Like a stalking tiger
Pouncing on its kill
When everything is
Going pretty steady
Hell breaks loose,
When I am not ready! ! !
Worries shove
Upon a peaceful mind
Chasing me away from
The mainstream
Chased until I am lost
In a jungle of thoughts
All roads are blocked
In my room I stay locked
Hiding from the world,
More questions evolve
Those are obscure to solve
Helpless and weak
Loneliness I seek
Bleary eyes try to
Peer past uncertainty
Situations are far
Deep and dirty!
Shackled, and thrown
Into dingy godown,
I withdraw into
My bodily cocoon,
In the darkness I lay
Waiting to liberate
For passing of this doom
Clearing this uncanny gloom! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Seema Aarella

Murder By A Lover

In the suffocating spaces
Of an unending oblivion
I breathe in pain as I let go
Of the hand of my last dream.

Colossal dawn on the east
Consumed its remnants
The only star of my sky
Got annihilated deceitfully.

A purposeless morning
Climbed over the wasteland
Like an impious wench
Atop a moldering corpse.

An unwelcome breeze
Tainted itself with the stench
Of the fresh kill and lurked
For more like a mean wolf.

The villainous night departed
Leaving me half dead
At the mercy of the savages
Those traumatized me further.

He had shoved the stake too deep
Undead, love flickered in heart
Waiting to be killed by the breath
Of my venomous cold deceiver.

Seema Aarella

My First Love

What happened to me?
I do not know
Can anyone please tell?
Did anyone cast a magic spell?

I don't like to laugh
I don't like to cry
I cannot even sleep
Though a lot I try

My books have become
Your photo album
Every time I open them
I see you handsome

When in the mirror I see
I find you, not me
Then you make me wonder
How can it be?

Now all I do
Is dream about you
All day long
And all night through

'It's you' I can't blame
'My fault' I acclaim
For now I have started writing
Yours instead of my name

I am not mad
But I am glad
To say it now
That I am in love

Seema Aarella

My Friends

On a Clumsy day,
A cup of tea.
On a rainy day,
My sense of poetry.

On a lonely night,
Your sweet memory.
During a fight,
Patience theory.

When in fear,
My divinity.
When in cheer,
My vivacity.

When riding high,
My honesty
When slouching down,
My modesty.

Seema Aarella

My Inspirations

The sun changes position
Every second through the day
When seen on the horizon
Inspirations come my way

The garden has flowers many
A rose but stands apart
A lusty bee looks for honey
That's when Inspirations start

Friends, Family and people unknown
Don't charm me with their presence
You come with a lure of your own
Your looks kindle my inspirations.

Seema Aarella

My Journey So Far

Born, brought up
And sensitively I grew.
Dreamed lived and waited
Many years for you!

Then the stage was set
We both had met
Fondly said 'I do',
Began life anew.

Together we dreamed
Of years to come
Worries; it seemed
To be done.

From two to now three
Blessed by some fairy,
Every step holding on
More dearly to you.

Withering in pain
Drowning in rain
Together we evolve
And bloom again.

An ideal life
I want to lead
Away from strife
And worldly greed.

Seema Aarella

My True Delight

As a child and so now
Lonely beaches was my love
Feel the breeze, stroll at ease
Play with waves, search for shells
Learn to build sand castles
I yearned for this bliss
The beach I always miss
Once I went with my kid,
All the time I watched
As he enjoyed the day
Immersed in his delight
And screams of ecstasy
The oceanI did not see.

Seema Aarella

My Version

Where doubts reside
Not a word is spoken.
Truth is revealed,
When silence is broken.

Where tears rule,
Hope is shrunken.
Might returns,
When courage is taken.

When tyrannies emerge
Morals wait,
Integrity will Surge
Certainly, but late.

God has a pact,
And earth is grown.
Create and destruct
At will of his own.

Seema Aarella

Mysteriousness Of Her

Like a new leaf that opened
Silently unseen, in hue of pleasant green
Touched by impish breeze
Swaying to lose the crease

She wakes by the sleeping folk
Stirred, shaken a tear had broke
With edge of her robe she wipes it dry
No one knew what made her cry

Seema Aarella

Never Ending....

Waiting to die
But death never arrives
One after the other
As problems arise
River of tears flow
But pain never descends
There are still years to go
Before this life ends

Seema Aarella

Never Out Of Mind

In a day many times
Every now and then
While I write my rhymes
Or hear the temple chimes
In think only of you then

Somewhere in between
The chatter of friends
In middle of night
When my sleep ends
In think only of you then

When sun's first rays greet
Walking alone on vacant Street
Alienated in my own home
Lost in a crowd of unknown men
I think only of you then

Many times in laughter and pain
In seasons of sun, snow and rain
Hurt by many for mistakes none
When I cry hiding from everyone
I think only of you then

Seema Aarella

No Escape

There is no escape
From grief and strife
It is the same world
Everywhere the same life

There is no pleasure
No pride in living
A human birth is
Embodiment of sin

Seema Aarella

No Ire, No Fire!

No Ire

No Fire!

No Desire!

Makes one living
man, as good as
the one on Pyre!

Seema Aarella

Nothing Is More Important To Me Than Myself!

Nothing seems to be so sure
As I am to myself.
No one displays so much hope
Like I have on myself.
Nothing changes in my world,
All facets, with love I behold!
Only 'Me' all alone,
With pride I live in my tone!
My name, my fame and my destiny
I am surrounded only by me.
The one whose always there
To care and console in despair,
The one that really understands
In trials and turbulence
By my side who stands,
Gives moral courage when in fear
The first one to wipe every tear
The one I always turn to hold on
The one who follows me when I am gone,
Me and my soul forever in love!
Most dependable next to god above.
So strongly in me I believe,
Valiantly ever I can live,
Only 'I' 'myself' and 'me'
with what I am, I am content
And nothing else is more important.

Seema Aarella

On A Sleepless Night

Everywhere I can feel,
Calmness, silence and loneliness.
Behind the shut doors,
In their warm beds, people are asleep.
What time it is? The end of night
Or beginning of the day,
I wonder why I did not sleep?

Sitting on my bed and
Looking out of my window
And feeling the cool breeze,
What a splendor it is.
A silent dark sky above
A much quite earth below,
I wonder where paradise is?

In wide spread branches of the trees
I can see the fluttering leaves
Electrified by wind's sweet kiss
They danced to express their bliss.
Far were the coconut trees
Standing high,
Like they thrived to embrace the sky.
It was indeed a true delight
I wonder are they lovers of night?

Silence of night was broken
By the muttering cool breeze,
passing the coconut grove
With ease,
I could hear it whisper, vague words
Of some sort,
It stayed there unwilling to depart,
I wonder what the wind
Might have said for so long,
Was it some secret or did it sing a love song?
I wonder who created this magic?

Lovers of earth were at their best,

Even the sky was not at rest.
Little pieces of silver cloud
Passed through the dark road,
Like children wandering away from crowd,
I could see, one here and one there,
I wonder are they running away
From something or going somewhere?

A little one just passed my sight,
Like it was vagabond of night.
Following it came two more clouds,
Lovers they were I suppose
Hand in hand they hurried away,
Trying to hide before seen by day.
Love has enchanted every heart,
I wonder why only we are apart?

Seema Aarella

On The Shores Of Uncertainty

Every moment not just passes
but slips out of hand like gravels of sand
that i wish to grasp yet let go helplessly.

A whiff of hope blows in
and blows out constantly
and the vacuum still remains in my heart.

On a sad evening I see
my shadow on the wall
getting eaten up slowly by the growing night.

If its not now its never going to be.
One more tear dropp is not an onus
but heavens can't promise another day for me.

Seema Aarella

Once Again...

It's the same beach, same gravels of sand
I am here; the moon and stars have arrived
At the edge of restless sea, Restless I stand
Waiting once again to hold your hand.

Seema Aarella

One Rupee Coin

Very odd are the things
A rupee coin can make,
A pleasure to give and take.
Toss it up for head or tail,
Buy a stamp for your mail,
Offer it to god and pray,
It can buy you toys of clay,
Use it for a call you make,
Or to check your body weight,
Add it with a hundred note,
Make it one not one
Put in an envelope
And gift it to some one.
Far is it reach
From Swiss to piggy banks
Wanted by people of all ranks.
Drop it in wishing ponds
Hope it returns in leaps and bounds.
Buy a lucky dip, Give a miser tip
Jingling in your pocket always
All is well, as long as it stays.
Born in the rooms of RBI
Not a coffee it can buy.
Few like this and many more,
Very long is a Rupee's lore.
But when I placed it
In raised palm of a little girl
Begging for alms
She flashed a million dollar smile
And the 'Rupee' was all worthwhile.

Seema Aarella

Online Snag

Hi,
Hello
How r u?
I am fine
But who are you?
Remember me!
Yesterday,
For hours we chatted away.
Then with sigh,
I had said good bye,
Oh! Its u...
Will u hold on?
Here I found
Someone new! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Seema Aarella

Passionately Yours

(This one written long time ago..when i met my life partner.)

Long I waited for this instance,
But my very words betray.
My heart melts in your presence
How will I ever say?

Your looks pierce my eyes
I whine in this sweet pain
Rushing of the blood rise,
Almost ripping every vein.

My Heart would stall, I am scared,
Lungs strained with heavy breath.
For another glance I never dared,
Your eyes confine incredible depth.

How do you know this art?
Of captivating my mind.
Even my ego falls apart,
Soaked in feeling of this kind.

In a moment so concise
I am seized in your hold
Long before I realize,
I am estranged from this world

Magical our love would be
When passionately we meet.
Even time for a while would freeze,
To cherish the love so sweet.

Seema Aarella

Piscean Madness

A night...Lay crammed

Within the royal coffer

Of a princess, its darkness

Laden with secrets so many.

Hidden in a scroll, a private song

Penned in the ink of love.

A whiff of breath frozen in air

And the tunes of melodious moan.

A lover's infinite waiting

For her beloved, and

On the contrary a romantic theatre

Of delicate kisses and caresses.

Darkness stood still by her bed

And daylight never intruded,

It took him a moment to whisper her name

And enter the world she guarded.

A bed no bed now but a sea of passion
And bodies like ships seeking harbours so many
Sinking deeper and deeper and rising again
Within her he lay and in him she.

Lovers seeking peace in each other's eyes
In this night's romantic symphony
Every atom seeking to dissolve
As his fingers inscribed his passion's story.

Defeated he lay by the end of night,
Slain by a blade gorgeous
He dropped to his knees before the goddess
And she ripped his heart with her kiss.

Seema Aarella

Platonic

A gleaming droplet among the weed
Seemed much like a pearl bead
Played for long on the lotus leaf
Stroked but retained its purest form
Captured by spell of spiritual love
Going through feel of divine norm
No keepsakes given, no promises made
Nothing they uttered they just played
The dropp turns mist after short bliss
The leaf withdraws into dark abyss
They part, the nameless elated pair
This issue he witnessed.... the silent air.

Seema Aarella

Poor Man's Proposal

I have not, a rose
But wrote a poignant prose
If I recite it to u
Will u say "I do"?

I have not, a manor
But immense is my valor
Kingdom of my heart u shall sway,
Will u come my way?

I have not, a friend
But on god I depend
I am alone at the doors of dreamland
Will u take my hand?

Seema Aarella

Radha...krishna...And Devotion!

As she stood picking
The most brilliant of flowers
In the garden of vrindavan!
Her thoughts drifted
Away from her
Far away....looking for him
She stood stupefied
Fingers not moving
Her body went tout
She was floating
In a cosmic world
Stars surrounded
Astral entities moved
Silently past her
There she saw
In the divine ambiance
His revered face
She trembled
At that place
Awoke
Her fingers now moving
Hurriedly...
It was getting late
From far it could be heard
The divine vibrations from his flute
Radha raced holding her heart
Her thought
Reaching Krishna's feet.....
Before she herself laid there
Along with the flowers
Then the world she forgot!

Seema Aarella

Rain And Shine

The relief of laughter
Or burden of distress
A solace of tears
Or abode of happiness?
Which is worthwhile?
To sob or smile?

Like a lightening flash
When Laughter is gone
Gloom shoves upon.
Like rain we cry out
Eyes get dry
Clearing clouds of doubt.

Pain of years
Gone with tears.
Like a new dawn
Smile turns on.
When you laugh
Let there be sunshine
When you cry
Cry like rain.

Seema Aarella

Realization

God is unseen
Unheard, unreachably far
Thought I an ignorant
Until today
But a scholar had to say
God is just
A true penance away!

Love is blind
Unkind, has unstable mind
Thought I a critic
Until today
But a lover had to say
Love is just
One true feeling away!

Seema Aarella

Reasons

Man is the only animal
Who can give reasons"
Of course I can give one too
Will you believe that its true?
Man brings prosperity
Man also creates misery
Man is the source of new creation
Man is the cause for his destruction
A man is the reason
For another man's problem
But they agree it seldom
By whatever means problem evolved
Just by reasons it cannot be solved
Reasons are weakness of man
We should neither give any
Nor we should ask
Reasons are beautiful lies
They are just worn as mask.

Seema Aarella

Rebirth

Rephrase me into a new poem
of love's sweetness preserved,
deliver me from senseless ensemble
of banal life's forgotten pages
choked with words bizarre.

Recite to me a novel song
on a sacred morning of lyrical rebirth
mend my broken voice to croon
till the perennial evening
unfazed from an obvious dawn.

Replace me in the sky of
floating dreams, make me a star
of million worlds sustained,
put me to bed on the passing clouds
hush me to sleep unstrained.

Seema Aarella

Remembering You....

Forgetting some one
Is the worst thing to happen?
But more pain than that
More agony and more hurt
More of tears and more fears
Why am I feeling this?
When these days I remember you...

Happiness like before
Seems so far now,
I want to reach for them, but how?
Just your thought would light up
The world around me
Now I feel lost in the darkness
Of Uncertainty
Why am I feeling this?
When these days I remember you...

Words fail to describe,
A feeling so harsh
Heart fails to carry,
A feeling so heavy
Time is running out,
I fear the slightest hope will die
Don't ask what will happen to me.....

Seema Aarella

Renunciation

Desire of heaven
From mind is thrown
When the ultimate truth
Of life is known
Wants and wishes
And material lust
Becomes heaps of dust
For the one who renounced all
Who never climbs
The ladder of greed
Has no fear of fall.

Seema Aarella

Riposte

Come back to me my days of
Past,
In your arms my life would last,
No knowledge is divine but ignorance,
My present is blessed
with your remembrance
I want to relive in full glory
the days of childhood,
In this lustful materialistic world
Nothing seems so good.
Like a kid again I falter to speak
Creating language of my own
Better than many senseless sermon.
To laugh to giggle endlessly
Now my amusements are so empty.
To walk around hand in hand
Mom and dad on either side
With my bare foot touching the sand,
Along the trees adorned road
Now I am deserted in a crowd.
Bring back those little friends
With their radiant smile,
That had been missing for a while.
It's hard to face reality,
My life lacks the simplicity
Like that of my childhood,
For many years to come
Nothing will ever be so fine,
So comeback if you can
The past days of mine.

Seema Aarella

Rose

Sultry beauty, shyly tell
I exhume exotic smell
Where I rose...hatred fell
In my name...Love does sell
I am prelude ...to Ur wedding bell! ! !

Seema Aarella

Seeking Self

Towards an endless immortal search
A mortal soul begins its quest
Across deep sea and burning desert sand
Across the wilderness and civilized land
Until tired and beaten I rest
My soul driven by madness and zest

Towards a certain unseen death
A life wriggles, begins its breath
Every step new not perfect
But with zeal I climbed step by step
Staggering, falling, hurt but living
Glorifying life before the onset of dying

In unknown world of uncanny hollow
A dream begins to fill images of love
Unaware of loathe, cheating or failure
I blindly follow the footsteps of lure
There I build my castle of dreams
Amidst vast garden and clear streams

In the huge expanse of gloomy sky
My heart a wingless bird craves to fly
To reach the stars I stretch and strive
I sprout into colors when rains arrive
Singing my songs and dancing away
Enjoying myself, I am living today.

Seema Aarella

Solid Shadows

Scary silence crept upon me
Like a monster that swallowed
Each sound, cramped it in its
Dingy bowel and sat across my table.

Hurt flashed at the tip of the raised
Whip and my skin trembled
As I saw age old vendetta
Amass in the tormentor's hard eyes.

Tyranny like a ravenous serpent,
Dug its fangs into my mind
And poisoned every thought
That wriggled or moved within.

I had taken the wrath of providence
With bowed head and folded hands
Traded rosy life for pale death
That roamed free in my back alley.

Guilt swathed me like maggots
Devoured me from inside out
Exposing the bare bones of sin
That no confession could dissolve.

Another chapter of tryst ended
And you left with many words
Still concealed under the cloak of ego,
While I sat nursing the open wounds of love.

Seema Aarella

Some Ways Of Life

Some work, some dream
Some pray and believe!
Some sin, some steal
Some play and deceive!

Somehow we try to reach that end
Someone for help god will send
Some forget and forbid the fight
Some regret their horrid plight

Some dreams with definite end they come
Some roads into riddles they become
Some god unseen does exist in skies
Somewhere in dark his testimony lies

Sometime or other we will come to know
Sometime when helplessly we look above
Some raise their hands in complete penance
Some arrogant ignore even that chance!

Seema Aarella

Special Someone

Close to my heart, a special someone
Stays always, he is known to none
First to stroke the fire within
I kept him in, I know its sin.
Secret lover, he is known to none
My first love, my special someone.

He gave a glance, but never spoke
From this trance, I never woke
Handsome man, in mind I kept
Yearned all night, quietly wept
By the next day he was gone
My first love, my special someone.

Seema Aarella

Spring

Season's first greeting quote
On every new leaf he wrote
Touched flowers with mystical scent
Beauty flourished through the path he went.

Seema Aarella

State Of Mind

As the day crawls back
Withdrawing its chagrin,
A thought hovers restlessly
Between two minds to speak up.

Splinters of promise tear in
And I bleed on the ground
Where the vows were broken,
Trampled, killed, entombed.

Hurt by the futile search
And awed by the din of unjust
Mute pleas hide behind tears
And a silence grows within.

Time swept the trace of fight
Pain persuades to bow out
But I stand probing the choice
Between renunciation and revenge.

Meanwhile, evening died quietly
Scandalous night hushed in
The struggle begins anyway
And I tighten the grip on my beacon.

Seema Aarella

Surreal Comprehension!

A single glance tempts
for another,
The temptress thus lures further.
Deepest of gazes reveals
Nothing but uncertainty,
Swaying my fragile sanity.
More and more I look into
More and more I am confused.
Closer I come, further you go
What are you, friend or foe?
Making me laugh, at times,
At times you laugh at me.
Some moments of pride of owning you,
Some stances of being at your mercy.
Endless search to no avail,
But with in me you do prevail.
To conquer you...if I hope,
You grow further beyond my scope.
A name, a game, an illusion
or a superstition,
Are you true, untrue or a premonition?
If I lose...you wont return,
my pursuit will not be done,
lived with you or living you through
this fascination will continue,
you have always rekindled the desire
to wonder, to worry, to seek and to acquire,
'LIFE'.....What are you? ? ?

Seema Aarella

Swarna Express! ! !

KGF...Kolar Gold Fields...a small town quite and remote...where i spent my childhood, where i grew to be what i am today, the town that inspired my poems and dreams.....the serene place i always long to be.

This passenger train, KGF's Pride
20 odd bogies long, a handy ride
From KGF to Bangalore City
Carrying most people on their duty

Small station at Oorgaum, Built by The British
To travel on this train, I had a fetish
Early morning hundreds of people throng
On a small platform, they make queues long

Students, visitors, ' daily workers of all ranks
Use their best wits and pranks
Throwing towels, scarf's or handkerchief
To reserve a seat and sit with relief

Almost seven packed in space for four
Still many hanging at the door
In luggage space, over our head
Men clamber and sit with legs spread

Nudging, pushing stamping others feet
Warding scorns with excuses sweet
Groups of smiling young girls enter
Men stand for them to sit, the boys begin to banter

All at peace when the Train finally leaves
Slicing through the fog, chugging at ease
Inside chattering women, arguing men
Giggling girls, teasing boys, excited children

For KGF's people with golden heart
This train is an integral part
Binding people from different streams

Carrying commoners towards their dreams

Seema Aarella

Tears Forever

Blow slowly Oh! Wind
See that u don't disturb
And make these tears fall
Precious they are to me
As they don't speak at all.
Blow slowly oh! Wind
Caress and just go away
Not even a moment u stay
Not a second glance u see
Leave me on my way
My pains are dear to me.
Help me if u can
To shed a few more,
But see that those pearls
Can't touch the floor.

Seema Aarella

Temptation

Deep within thy lovely eyes
Certain vicious desire lies
Can sense it in the way you see
Dazed ... I feel like a zombie!

Far away from reach of mind
Some place that's hard to find
There I lost my candid trait
Blinded by greed I took the bait.

Long ago I used to be sane
A tangled life now goes in vain
Lure of love thus misled
Life is done as faith is dead.

Seema Aarella

The Drunkard

Now he cannot feel a thing
That filthy dingy surrounding
A plate of leftover rice
Beside the buzzing swarm of flies
He cannot see his swearing wife
Naked children and their cries
His sick father was gone
He cannot hear him cough
His blabbering insane talk
His poverty was gone for a walk
Now he cannot see his thatched hut

Food and clothes he had promised to get
With ease he can now forget
Gone now, his pain in the back
That followed by shifting loads of sack
Trembling, shaking, smelling like hell
At doors of the stinking bar he fell
His pains and problems are now gone
By the liquor's grace.... he slept on
Worried wife will look through the night
Finds him on footpath takes him back
By dawn leaves for work...by night looks for arrack! ! !

Seema Aarella

The Last Flight

I wish never to return
to the breeding fields and
the abandoned nest,
when my soul takes to final flight
towards the glowing horizon
of the far ethereal sky.

I wish never to fly back
to the welcoming twitters
or resident life waiting
eagerly for a juicy morsel
of the worldly prey
clutched in my bloodied talons.

I wish never to be reborn
In the watery womb
as a frail mass of ugly flesh
and grow into a plaything
just to helplessly end up
in the hands of cranky fate.

I wish never to approach
the open home of love
that took me in as revered guest
entitled me to rich feelings
and measured ecstasies
of which none was forever mine.

I wish never to enter
the boudoir of that palace
whose air reeks of pain
pillows are wet with tears
and the covers all stained
with the remains of aborted dreams.

I wish never to return
to the doors of that coward heart
which held an ocean of love within
yet denied me a single drop

when i came seeking
a generous benediction.

Seema Aarella

The Prophet

Allow me to walk,
This world is full of way!
I have so many places to see,
So many cultures are waiting for me!

Allow me to talk,
I have so many things to say!
In me burns a Nirvana light!
Let me heave it on an ignorant night!

Allow me to touch,
I have a gift to heal!
Your grieving I can sense,
Your soul, with love I can cleanse!

Allow me to live,
I am unknown to death!
Hold me in your heart and commend,
From heaven I shall then descend!

Seema Aarella

Through Windows!

Scribble, scratch, scribble, scratch,
Hide the mistake with ink patch.
I wrote, I wrote then I tore,
Paper was short for words galore.
On the table, near my window
I sat and let poetry flow! ! !
Times have changed and so
Tap tap tap tap I go,
A different book, different window(s) ! ! !
Through which whole world is seen
I type, edit, save and delete
Within minutes my file is complete! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Seema Aarella

Time

Time is what we think
We always have
But still not sure
Time is what we need
A little bit more
Time is cheap
When we have a lot
Time is precious
When we haven't got

Seema Aarella

To Do And To Do It Right!

Lamps are meant to light the night
Not worth in broad daylight
Rains are precious for parched earth
Raining over ocean is not worth
Feeding a person already fed
Is as good as feeding the dead
For the richest, donations are done
No one cares the begging one
Who will put the morals straight?
To do the deeds and do it right.
World turns into fool's paradise
Scarce are the noble and wise.

Seema Aarella

To Kill Us They Are Making Bombs! ! !

At a tender age, they kindle his rage
Tampering his moral courage
They train him to die and to kill
Thus a 'Terrorist' is born at will

Years of patience and plans hidden
To kill the innocent and hope ridden
Wrecked by nature's furious force
Death is not new for us of course

Quakes, tsunami, floods and storms
Millions are killed like mere worms
Wild fires and torrential rain
God has many plans to pain

Diabetics, heart attack, Aids and more
Diseases causing more blood and gore
Luxurious vehicles for accidental death
Over pollution to squeeze our breath

Over dozed drugs and illicit liquor
In hundreds death will occur
Open drains and borewell
Innocent kids to death they fell

Poor women has a distress story
Rapes, molestations and death due to dowry
Unborn girl child is gifted a tomb
Silenced forever in mother's womb

Greed of wealth and fame
Killing people of family same
In status and castes name
Death has no meaning or shame

It's a dog's life in developing world
Miseries are many and untold
Living with one leg in our tombs
And to kill us they are making bombs! ! !

Seema Aarella

To The Soldier On Warfront

Throw away your gun,
Oh soldier! Come back home.
Your child needs a new toy,
Come with arms full of gifts,
Come reinvent the family joy.

Bury the tankers dropp the guns.
Head back to your homeland
Where building of love is under construction
And your people need a helping hand.

Abandon the shells and bombs,
With your hands don't build graves
A childhood friend of you craves
Come back to him and play
That game you left in midway.

Comeback to roam
In the garden of your home,
No one has taken your dog on stroll,
Can you hear the church bells call?
Once again come to the prayer hall.

Deep woods, lakes and meadows await
For you to come and take a walk,
Old people at the square wait
Wont you come to have a talk
Come soon they miss you a lot.

This summer was very hot,
No colors the spring had brought.
Though it rained heavily this time,
It still seemed incomplete
For it did not wet your feet.

Even the winds that pass this way
Wonders what caused your delay,
Everywhere only silence sway,
Like this one more season falls,

Again loneliness enthralls.

Your parents are all crest broken
Your wife has hardly spoken.
Again and again she reads the quote
That says, "I love you"
in the last letter you wrote.

The crops have grown taller
And are read to reap.
So are your son and daughter
They remember you and weep.
Come back soldier they need your shoulder

Miles away your are in a fight,
Smiles on your people's faces are tight,
Come and bring them back to life,
Come back to end their daily strife.
Shred war and spread love,
Oh Soldier! Come back now.

Seema Aarella

To Winds Of West

To the ever migrant mountain winds
Flowers of spring sent a bona fide appeal
Dressed for the ball, sporting colors best
Waiting to dance, arrive oh! Winds of west.

Breathe and let go off my dewy cloak!
Sway and disperse the foggy smoke!
Stir the garden carry our treasured fragrance
On your journey, take along this remembrance!

Tell the eager men u happen to meet
Through our sensuous smell so sweet
Tell the covert lovers and the sleeping bards
Since we have come, love is on the cards! ! !

Seema Aarella

To Write Or Not To Write...?

Another flicker of thought
An undying want.
Desires emerge,
And begin to haunt.

I try to write
And put it straight
But then I fail
To match the scale.

I try to unwrap
And openly narrate
Will it be crap?
Will it raise a debate?

A notion out of time
I struggle to be keen
Line by line in rhyme
But not genuine.

Another desire killed
As I fail to express,
My paper is unfilled
Mind is under stress.

Seema Aarella

To You ...with Lol!

I am the path you walk
I am the words you talk
I am the search of your eyes
The dream you visualize.
I am to you, all that you are not...
The entirety you had sought.
As close as you are to your self
I will hence forth be
In every thought,
In every deed
I will be the love you need
I am your journey
And your destination too...
Seek me every day, every moment
As passionately as I seek you.

Seema Aarella

Tomorrow Is Not Yet Born

Let imagination be out of focus
Let the past be forgotten
All we have in front of us
Is the future unknown
Never seen, never spoken
Today's work pays off later
Try and make our today better
Future is our own creation
Not a mystery, nor imagination
Think of today's dawn
Our tomorrow is not yet born.

Seema Aarella

Touched By.....

Every memory small and sweet
Of winning a heart or facing defeat
Every moment of pain or pleasure
Of your absence or talks of leisure
Every day of dreams and prayers
Of togetherness and love of years
Every season warm and cold
Of beauty and bliss I behold
Everything in my life, now it's not same
I am transformed, as I speak your name.

Seema Aarella

True Love Comes By

Do not confine,
The bird u love
Set it free, let it fly
In the wide open sky
If your love be true
It will come by.

Seema Aarella

Under The Weather

The book stays put
On the table
Beside the unfinished dinner.

The half-read poem
Reaches out
To the other half now in my heart.

Thoughts warm up
to a romantic song
Playing in my energized mind.

No solitude could
Survive the way
You kill the distance between us.

You angered the wind
As you ran
your fingers through my dishelved hair.

I pissed off the winter
As I pulled
my feet back Into the blanket.

The helpless rain
Though, all night
Remained knocking on the closed window.

Seema Aarella

Unfaithful

He traded love for money's sake
I am left thirsty by the lake.
He gave in to sleep on a sinful night
Conscience kept me wide awake,
I tackled the dark, he stumbled in light
His deeds were false, words were fake
And I am left thirsty by the lake.

Seema Aarella

Until Death

I dreamed and dreamed
Endlessly, sleeping
In Mother's dark womb
I dreamed of LIFE only
Life that was to come....

Now living, now in Life
No dreams no happiness
But only strife
Now living sleeplessly
Scared that dreams may come
Scared what life would become

No dreams, no sleep
Not until my death
Then in the darkness
Of my tomb
Once again I will dream
Of life, that could have become.

Seema Aarella

When Is The End To My Writings?

When is the end to my writings?
When I am old enough,
Even remembering my name
Becomes tough.

When the light in my eyes die
Or blood in my veins, run dry.
When is the end to my writings?
In the name of poetry
Millions of words I have used
Manipulated them to my muse
Have I really done some justice?
Or offended the gods of literacy?
If I went wrong then I fear
Ghosts out of paper would appear
And consume me ...
An END then that would be.

Seema Aarella

Why Should I Sleep?

Why should I sleep?
After the hustle and bustle
Of a dreary cacophonous day
When calm returns
With the dying sun
Shouldn't I be awake?
To enjoy the break!

When night spreads
Its dark blanket
And wind hums
Sweet lullabies,
Slowly comes the moon
To charm wakeful babies!
Why should I sleep?

Is coming of the night
A celebration in the skies
The moon's garden is lit
With shimmering starlight
What's the theme tonight?
Glitter-glitter, glow-glow! ! !
I would like to know!

What is the night's plan?
Just be there and be gone!
Or nature's secret meeting
Serious talks and social sermon
Reports of people resting and not
Emergency service for insomniac lot
I like to sneak into their plot! ! !

I couldn't think of slumber
With a night as alive as day
Till late midnight I put up the fight
Couldn't hold on to my resolve
And the secret agents came
Cast a spell of desire for rest

I didn't know when I dozed away!

Seema Aarella

Why The Sun Set?

Blessed evening for the pair
Crimson twilight, moist sea air
The bachelor sun on his way
Paused to see the affectionate play
Stood watched and envied
Seeing him beside his lady
He reddened more with jealousy
The lover looked and gleamed
Occupied in stealing her glance
Held her hand tried every chance
He had had enough the sun
Silently he slipped and was gone
Depriving light, making her invisible
The lover grinnedMoved closer
That's what he was waiting for! ! !

Seema Aarella

Wisdom

Knowledge bears fruit
In all season
Doubts breed fiction
Destroys reason
Thousands of stars
And planets shine
World is lit by the sun.
Instead of many relations
It is better
To know a learned one.

Seema Aarella

Woes Of A Heart!

Don't stop these tears
They shall always flow in my eyes,
Don't let it fail
This heart shall never rest gain
There is a long way to go
Beating in the rhythm of pain.
Don't let it shatter
even those unbearable dreams.
Don't hold on to this heavy breath
This shall not be the last one,
There are still so many people left
Who can cause some more pain,
some more hurt.
Don't cease your thoughts
Be it of present or past
From the modest to the hardest,
There were only few that could escape,
For I have got a taste of all,
Trudging in this mindscape.

Seema Aarella

Yet Not Forlorn...is Love!

I wake in the arms
Of shattered dreams,
In the forsaken land
Of illusive love...
Where air is borne with
Painful breathe
And echoes of deafening
Screams of death.

I walked along the
Forgotten path
Strewn with bones of
Many a dead,
Painted red were the
Ruined homes,
by the broken hearts
That bled.

I write about the
Forgiven time...
After all the worse is done,
Once again it has won.
Ticking away... it's unstoppable,
So is the legend of love on earth
There is no stopping
Of the rebirth,
In the dark womb
Of a heart somewhere
love is breathing its first air.

Forbidden for me are
A few words,
Love, laughter, dream & hope
Now they are beyond my scope,
Lifeless to me are
The musings of love...

And dear are my pains.
Just when time thought
It had killed love...yet again
Throbs of my bruised heart
Declared...
"I am falling in love...
with the tears you spared."

Seema Aarella

You

For the night I await
When everyone sleeps, I awake.
Like honey flow your memories
Washing away all my worries

The first time I saw you
My heart skipped beats few.
Your eyes spoke to mine
Raising some feelings new.

Your attractive looks, your style
Your voice and sensational smile
I can never forget them
No, not even for a while

Your face, in my thoughts remain
Your name, in my heart I retain
I can lose everything I have
If only you could be my gain.

Seema Aarella

You Do Not Know...

Are they aware the sultry flowers?
Of the colors that they wear,
Clustered in hundred, they recite
But of the tale, words are unaware

Vibrating strings do they know?
Of their harmonious tune
Cratered and rocky he truly is
Only Earth sees beauty of the moon

Innocent mind cannot tell apart
Genuine men from fake
It can't sense your ignorant heart
To me, what difference you make! ! !

Seema Aarella

You Never Came To Know!

Many subtle and sweet words
I chose to make an intimate verse
But failed to form a poem and so
About my feelings u never came to know!

Many desires petite and pure
Saved in heart, kept secure
Failed to express my feelings and so
About my heart u never came to know!

Many things happened good and bad
Preserved those memories, I really had
Failed to share them with u and so
About my life u never came to know!

Seema Aarella