

Poetry Series

Abhilaasha Singh

- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

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

Abhilaasha Singh()

A Rose

The rose he gave me one day,
Was the first I had ever called mine.
Even though it came with its share of thorns,
To me there was nothing more divine.

I overlooked the thorns that day,
And made the gravest mistake.
Little had I realised that,
A prick by it my life could take.

Yet I preserved the rose
In a hidden corner of my heart.
Only to be told repeatedly that,
It was foolishness on my part.

Days, years and months went by,
All I did ever, was wait for a sign.
None of my love was ever returned,
Which grew upon me in stinging time.

The rose was dying and falling apart,
I held on tight hoping it would never depart.
I traded to save it what I loved most- my soul,
As it regained lost colour from the blood of my heart.

Abhilaasha Singh

A Shade Darker Than Black

(Extracts from 'Black'- Pearl Jam)

I seem to enjoy solitude much more,
now than I did in the past.
I lay on my pillow, eyes wide open,
trying to make sense of what I saw in the dark.

You, with a look I didn't seem to recognize,
shattered my only ray of hope for the future.
Not saying a word, as expected from you,
but there was something in that look,
I knew, but couldn't decipher.

To "turn my world to Black" wasn't something,
That I needed to ask for.
You took along not just light,
but even colour.
Leaving me alone stuck with,
nothing but your memories.

And an otherwise perfect life,
but without you, devoid of meaning,
and over myself no power.

"I know that someday you will have a beautiful life,
be a star in someone else's sky."
But I'd still be standing by the window pane,
wondering why you couldn't ever be mine.

Abhilaasha Singh

An Un-Named Passion

He said that he felt safe in my arms,
I wish I could say it aloud too.
He swept me off my feet yet again,
Like no one else can do.

At that instant I felt my heartbeat race,
my rational mind dumbstruck.
Its probably why he called me a moment spoiler,
When he said 'I love you' and I 'Uh-huh'.

A million thought clog my mind,
and yet another million, my heart.
I've fallen for him, over a million times,
ever since our beautiful start.

Our love is as vast as a clear blue ocean,
who's depth can be matched by none.
A union that'd bring forth a glorious new age,
even though named after an old, powerful one.

I looked into him eyes, as he lay by my side,
with feelings un-named and rare.
In response he mounted himself over me,
with his perfect, beautiful flair.

I lay in place with my mind a haze,
over what happened next.
All I know is that I want him to be mine,
through this world and the next.

Abhilaasha Singh

Captain My Heart

Captain my heart,
Steer my soul.
Take me with you,
Wherever you go.
Through calm and stormy seas,
We will row.
And live together,
Even if the world turns cold.

Hold my hand,
And show me the way.
Let this go on,
Day after day.
No one can stop you,
'Cuz im nothing but yours.
Let's set our hearts free,
And together break all laws.

Captain my heart,
Steer my soul.
I realise that im high,
As I look down below.
U numb all my senses,
And make me feel weak.
All this feels too real,
To be just another dream.

Abhilaasha Singh

Damnation

Our kind is cursed to realize not,
What once was had until its gone.
Our people would know not
what is needed until all is lost.

We bet it all on a game of cards,
Our living, breathing, pawns.
All to unconsciously please a Ram,
Our desire as sharp as its horns.

We play dice, with devotion,
Ever ready to gamble away
Honour for ambition.
Seeking to reign we often forget
The love that had once
Saved us from perdition.

We journey across great valleys, dark,
On damned expeditions.
Only to find ourselves half way through
With the image in the looking glass
Beyond recognition.

We will know not what sustains us
Until all the worlds food is fed.
We will know not how we are quenched
Until all red rivers are dried to dead.
We will persist through day and night,
Through fire and snow we will tread.
For supposed honour we will tear all down
Unceasing, till the last heavy breath.

Abhilaasha Singh

Dandelion Fields

Near the country side
in a Dandelion field.
I looked into his eyes
as he lay next to me.
We heard the birds chirp
and the trickle of the stream.
As he held on to me
till infinity.

His skin was as rugged
as a path untraveled.
His eyes were dreamy
as a story it unraveled.
His hair fell softly
on a strong forehead.
His path I would travel
and find out where it lead.

Near the country side
in a Dandelion field.
I looked up at the sky
the stars and the stream.
Hoping that this moment
would never pass.
As we moved in symphony
each others, at last.

Abhilaasha Singh

Days Long Forgotten

I wonder what our land was like
Two thousand years ago
When the moon showered on us peaceful sleep
And the sun filled us with hope.

When love as pure as nectar
A beautiful seed had borne
And laughter filled hearts to the brim
Where pain was a thing of lore.

When humans didn't fight their kin
Over things apart from deeds
Where hearts understood another's sorrow
Instead of making them bleed.

When we felt a sense of one-ness
In every place we'd go
I wonder why hearts aren't the same
As they were two thousand years ago.

Abhilaasha Singh

His Wicked Ways

Her silent screams tear through
the air,
While the world lies asleep
She stifles cries, holds back weeps
While eyelids shut in
the care of peace

This battle she must fight alone
A battle with the demons in her head
Even if it to murky places takes her
With an unending, unforgivable stench

She refuses assistance from those on her side
Fearing for their own sanity
Hers was lost but she wouldn't risk
For their sake, their humanity

She rose to face for (unknowingly) the final time
The tormentor of her being
He was a marvelous king, but of frost
Who with but one look had
Her fate sealed

She fought him as her heart would approve
Slaying the demons of his illusions
Putting an end once and for all
To remaining passions and delusions.

She would emerge victorious, she thought
Before he struck his last blow
A life outside of this torture, now
She would not know

Shes beyond saving, she believes
Too far gone to be assisted
Death seems like the welcome cure
Which she had thus far resisted

Letting Go

Walking down memory lane,
I look at things that once were,
but now have changed.
Walking again through your gates,
Wondering what could have once been,
But now is far too late.

I don't remember your smell,
I don't remember what you feel like anymore.
Forgotten that look in your eyes,
and the promise that you'd rather die than let me go.

Seeing you across the street after so long,
had brought back memories, I thought had perished.
Your gaze no longer made my heart swim in joy,
even though it was something I'd long ago cherished.

I don't believe in your love,
I don't think you can be faithful anymore.
I don't seem to know who you are,
because you were someone else,
before I'd let you go.

Abhilaasha Singh

Love, Pain And Hope

A little bit of love is what I asked him for,
But pain is all he gave.
I waited for him down below,
Through the storm and the rain.
I cried and screamed throughout the night,
But he did not seem to hear.
Death was what scared me before,
But its life that I now fear.

It was he, who taught my heart to love,
And he who has broken me.
All I pray for is just one chance,
To show him how, my love is deep.
And when that happens id tear my heart
Right out of my chest,
To show him how I have impossibly survived,
Loves fiery test.

Abhilaasha Singh

My Wish Upon A Star

I stand by the window,
counting stars in the sky.
Look for a shooting star,
Make a wish that felt right.
Search for your face,
in the vast space above.
Hope you'd be dreaming of me,
Somewhere, right now.

Wait for the moment,
when I'd be by your side.
No place for question,
No doubt shall ever arise.
I'd be your star,
You can be my shining light.
Living in a dream,
with true love personified.

Abhilaasha Singh

Sapphire

He with eyes blazing like the blue of a sapphire,
Came riding towards me out of the storm.
His hair was unruly and mouth grim,
and a complexion resembling the sky before dawn.

He dismounted his horse beside a pole,
and walked majestically into the inn.
He was tall and slender I imagined his touch to be tender,
as he sat in a corner sipping his gin.

He looked up at me with those piercing blue eyes,
his expression more unreadable, with every moment.
He was attractive in a mysterious way,
I thought, as his lips curled up in a grin.

I stood still as I watched him,
hiding myself behind the screen.
I had broken rules to be there but didn't care,
He looked like he had stepped right out of a dream.

The tall stranger with strong hands,
had unexpectedly swept me off my feet.
I felt the wind toss my hair and tickle my feet, bare
while my heart inside my chest skipped beats.

He with the eyes as deep as Sapphires,
looked rugged but had a royal touch.
A man who had all the pleasures of life,
and was loved by his people just as much.

I was but an ordinary maiden,
Hoping for the much coveted love of a Prince.
This love would never be fruitful, I thought,
As I saw him mount his horse,
taking off for his unknown province.

Abhilaasha Singh

Scars

Time has exposed your battle scars,
The ones on your body being the lightest.
The darkness within reflects in the glass,
But still doesn't dim your brightness.

Marks on your body may heal themselves
But wounds on the soul may not
Time may heal all sore bonds
But some relationships are forever lost.

Yet you try, again and some more
To be the person they wanted you to be
Even though you know they may never return
You wait for centuries, letting your eyes bleed.

When the darkness within threatens to take over
You long for light and to be freed.
Fight the reflection in the mirror,
Before you sink far too deep.

Abhilaasha Singh

Someday, Maybe In A Different Time

Someday, somewhere in a different time,
The world grew faint as he became mine.
The waves began soaring under the moonlights shine,
As we listened intently to the songbirds rhyme.

The rain began pouring and lightning struck,
He held me tight as we tried to duck.
While rainwater the sand began to suck,
Him being mine was pure sweet luck.

He felt me shiver and wrapped me tight,
I held on to him with all my might.
In him I found love and no trace of fright,
To him I surrendered and it felt so right.

He looked into my eyes, while he played with my hair,
He promised me that he would always be there.
A moment apart now we couldn't bare,
As strong flames of passion began to flare.

I was his soul and he was my heart,
Though not the same not truly apart.
Memories were made but the way of life is to part,
Despite our promise that we would never depart.

Someday, somewhere in our own sweet time,
Raindrops will dry and rainbows will shine.
Till that day I will wait for a sign,
For the world to grow faint as he becomes mine.

Abhilaasha Singh

Storm Before Spring

You could be like snow,
Cold and beautiful
or you could be like fire,
Warm and full of life.
You could fear for hate,
with all your might.
Or you could live in love
glorious, sanctified.

You could hold his hand
and not know where to go
Or together chase dreams
till the end of the road
You could trade for laughter
inherited pain
With due course of time
Feel whole again.

Trust the stars
to brighten your way
Grow together
Make new mistakes.
And if the world falls to darkness
let your heart guide the way
You'd be the same, tomorrow
Yet different from yesterday.

Abhilaasha Singh

The Ice Princess

As cold as snow,
And as hard as ice.
She made her old life seem,
Like a sweet disguise.
Cold and lifeless,
She lay on the stone.
All was well till she became,
A frosty winters prose.

Warm with passion,
Eyes like fire.
She used to get the whole town burning,
With forbidden desire.
Everyone wanted,
To her their love confess,
Till she became the Ice Princess.

The sky is white,
Just as everything below.
No traces of a sign,
Of what she'd been before.
Through all of the whiteness,
I still saw the dark.
That was hidden within her,
And made her this sharp.

The Ice princess captivates many,
But is loved by none.
She once used to shine,
Like the brightness of the sun.
She lived solitarily,
And made her own rules.
In her deep dark world,
So cold and blue.

Abhilaasha Singh

The Ice-Princess; Part-2

The ice princess lay,
in her coffin of ice.
While in a parallel world,
was a man young, but wise.
Who had heard of the princess' spell of doom,
and wanted to bring her back,
to the world where flowers bloomed.

He mounted his horse,
set off on his quest.
To the place where the sun rose,
not in the East, but West.
He had hope in his heart,
and dreams in his eyes.
To bring back to life,
whatever there might lie.

He reached for her hand,
so cold and blue.
And wherever he stepped,
life sprung anew.
The frozen blades of grass,
The wild Gooseberries.
The once frozen river,
and bright red cherries.

The ice Princess lay,
in a cave by his right.
He ran to her side,
as though he were her knight.
He touched cheek,
as he carried her out.
She opened her eyes,
and out of joy,
he let out a shout.

As warm as spring,
as radiant as the sun.
Her beauty was rivaled,

far and wide, by none.
With a soft warm touch,
and jolly air,
She had been revived from,
the clutches of despair.

Together they rode,
to lands far away.
Conquered with love,
Whoever came by their way.
They ruled as one,
His kingdom and hers.
Brushing aside,
all that could wound or hurt.

Abhilaasha Singh

The Only Person You Loved, Deep And True

When you're reduced to a mere existence,
When your eyes look, but you don't see.
When your heart is beating solely for survival,
And you live only 'cos you're forced to breathe.

When your heart has been torn into a million shreds,
and you yourself are your only foe.
When living with yourself is your worst nightmare,
and you can't seem to take it anymore.

When you're forced to watch, as your love walks away,
and your body can't move an inch.
When you want to reach out, but can't hold on,
and you feel life's brutal pinch.
When you've been pricked as well as stabbed,
but you can't seem to let go.
When your body gives up, your soul won't give in,
screaming at you, making you hold.

When you close your eyes and they refuse to open,
you don't feel anything, except his imaginary touch.
When you've spent your whole life imagining an end together,
but in your last moment his memory is your crutch.

When you go down into the earth in your coffin,
leaving this world behind you.
Praying that he won't for even a moment suffer,
the only person you loved, deep and true.

Abhilaasha Singh

To Someone Far Away

Its been a while since we last met,
I wonder if u miss me too.
Talking under trees days used to fly,
underneath this sky blue.

In u i found a frnd, a sister,
someone who'd understand before I'd said a word.
Not having you around for so long,
makes me feel slightly absurd.

I have often found myself on crossroads,
with no one to share my hearts load.
On days like those I've missed u beyond measure,
wishing you'd stayed, to walk wid me down the road.

The fun we had, the joy we shared,
and all those bitter sweet times.
Makes me sure that we'd meet again,
somewhere soon down the line.

Its been a while since we last met,
I hope you miss me too.
'cus without you days now merely pass,
underneath this sky blue.

Abhilaasha Singh

To The Man I Love

He's the reason I breathe
But the reason I'm breathless
He's the reason I'm coy
My rational mind's distress
He has me playing the air guitar
to tunes I'd never known
He has my feet acting tipsy
and my mind blown.

He moves with my body
smooth and sensuous
I hold him, arms around his neck
His hands on me feel like bliss
We twirl in our ballroom
Moving from inside to out
Dancing till the sun comes up
or till we go down.

My toes curl up
when I think of him
My hands do their own thing
While my lips his songs sing
His words seem to be
My tonic and gin
Out of his sweet cup
I would gladly drink.

Abhilaasha Singh

To You, With Love

The night is cold and dark outside,
The winds howl outside my window.
The rain pours down my window sill,
Of their tears the skies have finally let go.

It is said that the heavens feel pain,
When the child it loves is in agony.
Its probably why tonight I don't cry alone,
Even though a mass of solitude weighs down upon me.

I toss and turn in my sleep,
a dream wakes me up yet again.
The day I first met you I didn't know,
that restlessness was a part of the bargain.

You hurt me with your words,
and push me away, torture me with your indifference.
But even if I could, I wouldn't let go,
you're a part of my being and now essence.

I live on signs that you probably still care,
a tender glance or the warmth in your smile.
Its the only reason I would walk to you, barefoot,
On a cold stormy night, ten thousand miles.

Every ship has its harbour,
and every bird its nest.
Its probably why I'll always find my way to you,
through this world and the next.

Abhilaasha Singh

Torture Chamber

Do not mistake my calm demeanor
for calmness of mind
My body has chosen to turn a blind eye
To the torments I feel on the inside.
My torture chamber consisted not
Of whips, chains and Lords.
But comprised instead of His beautiful words,
Which now behave as swords.
Scaled and sliced ten times over
Enough to last a lifetime
Paused a while to only start over
In cold blood from morning to nigh.
There's no redemption from this hell created
Hell hounds never leave my side
There is no rest or respite for the wicked
When they make a deal by the river Styx.

Abhilaasha Singh