

Poetry Series

Abhimanyu Raman
- poems -

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Abhimanyu Raman(30-3-1992)

I was born, i live, and someday i'll die.

All places, even this one, are temporary sanctuaries for my wandering soul.

Read my works if you really want to know who i am.

A Cup Of Tea

Strangers,
living in strange houses
Invite me,
for a cup of tea
They invite me,
to their boredom
For the load,
is lightened
When the bearers,
Increase....

Abhimanyu Raman

A Million I's

A million I's, live and die
in me, this moment
Each seeking,
the path to one another
So that in the end,
despite what history may pretend
The world they made,
will remain
As a reminder,
to all who might come this way
The difference,
a man can make

Abhimanyu Raman

An Elegy To A Perfect Mother

Sleep well, oh! Mother,
Thou hast won thyself, a ghastly prison
Even as life blooms all around thee,
As the good earth nourishes, all that is hers
With the remnants, of thy well lived corsage
Thou sleepest unconscious,
to this bliss of new life

The pain yet remains
in my heart, dear mother!
For i am still alive,
wilst thou, sadly, are dead
Survivor's guilt, I do so dread
Yet gladly suffer its pangs, I will
For I know, thou hast risen,
to a better life, a better station
Yet why is this pain so unbearable, dear mother?
Tell me why.....

I weep for you mother, you know I do
You have died for me, I know
Do not curse me now
Whatever I maybe,
do not curse me.....
For I still weep for you

Sad, our ways must come to part
here, Today, Forever
We all come to this world, someday,
So go back, we must
You precede me,
And I, shall follow you
For thy absence,
makes life, all the while,
unworthy of living

Leave us not forget the memories,
Our memories..
As thy blood drains to sand,

and all that is unborn in you, lies dead
I would not have our memories die,
I would not have them fade away
So remember you, I shall, Every day
Although you lie imprisoned, within this vast sepulcher
I shall remember you.....

Sleep well, mother
Thy dreams, are still now,
as thy son's are today
Sleep well, unflawed progenitor,
for thy journey hast seen, a fruitful ending

Someday, we will meet again
though you may not remember
Me,
Nor I you
Yet someday, we will meet again,
and that, is my supreme consolation.....! ! !

Abhimanyu Raman

Arrows Of Word: Projectiles In Time

My arrows travel deep into the night,
piercing frescoes of thought at dawn
Travel further, they shall, these shattered shards,
to intone lethargic delirium at midday
Now slow down as eventide comes to claim
spent worth of carrion's goods
from my weary eyes, the bow

Still the journey be far from over

Move on
Into the abysses of needless dissection
of day's measure spread, into happenings too wide to be read
But will prove legible in days to come

And with that,
its cycle completed
Arrow returns from target to bow
Only to be spent again,
to tread the time line of another day.
Born from the corrugated breath of dying sun,
a hymn cast, without crest nor breaking
for what appears to be eternity
a day's eternity, as can be,
a lifetime's

Abhimanyu Raman

Broken Chrysalis

Broken Chrysalis, I observe
The wings emerge
First, the rest follows
From the womb that is not flesh
Nor sown by man, it is change in motion
Metamorphosis, we pass varying multitudes
Before we are born
Into a world without dialect, without notion
Or obsession, the idea is that we continue to survive
Sometimes we crash
On the invisible frontier, mistaking the wall
To be a growing expanse, and like the butterfly,
We soar, knowing not our pathetic insignificance
In the world's eye,
Yes, dreams are so pure, they lead us on
On bloated wings they let us climb the ladder
That isn't all there, we know this not till the end
And let us catch a glimpse, of paradise
Then the wings break, they negate,
Our rise, and we fall into hopelessness
And we keep searching for that view, time and again
Only to find the rotting ground around us,
And us, rotting in the middle
Until we see another chrysalis break open, and its sole inmate soar
Into the sky, that we fell from
And we hope, against all dying hope
That this butterfly may not plummet to the ground too

Abhimanyu Raman

Closer To You

My love
I cannot see,
how you seep into me
Your light
Rainbow song,
Churning, Melancholy water
of all our wrong

I see,
that you too,
can see me
Now let's be
Together
And see, this world,
from each other

You articulate
Hands, digits, hair, eyes
All dance,
to some ephemeral tune
I stand beside,
Greeting happiness,
to which thou art,
The conduit
I draw nourishment from you

I see bliss,
in our aftermath
For once,
let's not think of ourselves
Let us sink, into ourselves
And raise,
all that need be,
Raised to life

From depths,
let all dissolve
And allow firm resolve,
to develop, within

To hold, each other,
Again.....
For, although unrestrained,
life has been
I wish, you hold me,
Closer,
To you

Abhimanyu Raman

Day Break

Day breaks!
My life consumed by lies
follows in its wake
Someone tells me, there is light
Real eyes, mesmerised
by the light that is not their own
Watch me, even though blinded
As i search through the dimly lit corridor
For me
Only to find,
there are brighter objects to seek
Down to where the light bears darkness' child
The bright shadow, that is the sun

Abhimanyu Raman

Forgive Me

It has been so long
I have forgotten the words i said that day
Forgive me if i was wrong
In leaving you, for better trade
The roads i have followed since,
were rough, some not even there
I wish i could come back to you
But even if i tried to
things will not return
to the way they used to do
It is no more my concern
what happens to you
But sometimes i still wonder
whether you remember the days,
we spent together
Even if you do not, it is beyond
my right to blame,
for even i do not remember
those days now lost
in memory's lane
Forgive me love, for leaving you
It was a mistake, i swear i will not make,
again
But to reach back through time,
For your arms,
Would mean only mean more harm,
For us, forgive me, for deceiving you so
Even though
we have ended, i hope
someday, we will find a way
back to us,
When you can raise the burden
of my sin
Away from me
And even if we don't
forgive me

Abhimanyu Raman

From Your Days To Mine

From your days to mine
Time does not lag behind
We go in step, and when I say
The rest is dust, I mean it so
The rest is indeed dust
And the words that slip off,
My sharpened tongue, are indeed
Pain, burning in intensity,
Eating my strength away
My heart feels pain too
I must stay,
Miles away, from your side
For even in existing so, I hurt
You, whom I should never,
Have hurt
My tongue is steel, yours sadly
Is flesh, they remain burned
From whatever grievance your pain
Has given shape to
And the bitter taste stays
Behind, flavoring thus, all your
Remaining days
My tongue is charred, yes, I replaced
Its throbbing breadth, with metal
I would not have you do so too
I can swallow anything, regurgitate it,
With twice the force, I was made so
But not you, I would not have that
Happen to you, my time was shaped
Thus, by the hands of a larger time, and whatever
Feeling of warmth you left, would pass
Into void, leaving me cold again
I would not have myself sap away
That much of what is yours, for I would
Abhor myself, if I do so,
Your days are vibrant, filled with color
And life, mine is stone, cold from
Immobility, numb from breathing
Drying pain, memory's bane

Into me there is a passage, there
Is none from me to you, save yourself
From the trap that is my soul,
Or hole, I care not to categorize
Inside is emptiness, fill me
And it would empty you,
I cannot replace
Your lost warmth, with mine, for
There is none left in me
Yes, I am deception, I deceive
Even though I choose not to, touch
Me, and I would inevitably touch
You, the pangs left behind would be
Too much to bear, for us both
Your intentions are good, mine are not
I would sway too much from this,
And it would sway you too
Even though you don't want to,
I cannot ask you to remain, nor can
I push you away, for I do feel for
You, even though you cannot
Feel for me, my madness would
Infect your world, and you would
Hate me forever, or however
Much of forever, you survive, I would
Still be left behind, and I don't want
That, I cannot have that, so I will
Leave you to your peace, and hope
That I will find my peace too
Remember this pain, the wound I made
Is word, the essence of it being so,
A necessity, I cannot change, I love
Nothing, need everything, and so,
I am cursed, but for this once I need
You, I cannot explain
How or even why, literally speaking
My brain is on fire, my heart
Drowning, or so it seems
The body I live in, is sweating
I cannot breathe, I never knew I could
But now I need it the most
The source of time, instants ticking by

The chime, of some gravity bound clock
Speaks within, I sleep
In wakefulness, my mind
Is a sea in spite, oil wont do,
to curb its waves, bring forth
The sun, remove the wind, evaporate
The innumerable reasons that make me,
A lunatic and I will finally say I have
Loved you, and will always do
But the real question is,
Whether you love me too

Abhimanyu Raman

Hell's Child

Your lot
may call me,
Hell's Child

But i shall tell you this

Hell and heaven
are simply,
constructs, of the mind

Abhimanyu Raman

In A City Without Lights

In a City
Without Lights
I walk
Hoping For Answers
to Come My way
None Do
Even So I Walk
Hoping For Something
To Carry me Away

I Look Up
The Sky Cries Grey
Tears Of Rain
Falling On My Face
My Face Upturned
Towards The Clouds
For I Know
She Suffers
My Pain Tonight
Dreams
Caught
Within The Amber Of Time
Come Back To Me
Tonight
However Close
My Reach Cannot Encompass

To Suffer So
I Cannot
Walk Alone
Anymore
Desperate
For Company
I Cry My Words
On Mouldy
Paper
Mad Beyond Raving
For Someone
To Hear My Voice

To See, To Feel
To Understand
The Tenderness
That has Left My Grasp
And The Insanity
That Claims Its Place

Abhimanyu Raman

Interlude

I walk upon his grave,
again...
The epitaph reads
'The man who would not submit,
to his dreams'
I reminisce,
Poor soul!
What could have forced him,
to live hence?
I cannot tell.

Abhimanyu Raman

Murder Of My Soul

I look down at my hands stained with blood
I killed my soul, i set it free
A soul which was once trapped within me
A murderer I was, I had killed my soul without cause.
We were one, my body and my soul,
and now i will never be whole
I am just a piece of flesh and blood now
A murderer, a tag from which i cannot escape,
a gaping hole which i cannot tape
With blood-shot eyes I stared at the boatman,
carrying my dead soul to the other side of the world
Alone i sat there, with half of my dead self
What good was a body without a soul
The dry blood on my hands reminding me,
that i was responsible for my own destiny
I'm sorry god, for i have sinned
Murdering my half, what was i thinking,
now my primitive body sinking
I shudder to think of living the rest of my life without a soul
no, i don't think my life will ever be whole

At any time, of day or night
There was within me, a light
Something that showed me the way
Something that kept the darkness sane
Now it's gone, i do not know what I've done
My work, my truth, my life, have been undone
Help me God, from the high heavens
I cannot walk so anymore, among my brethren

(Written In Collaboration With Sneha Murali. She is also a poet in poemhunter)

Abhimanyu Raman

On These Broken Roads I Stand And Seek

On these broken roads I stand and seek
Too old anymore, to try and weep
What can i say?
I am a broken soul
I cannot stand anymore,
my broken home
so here i am,
on a broken road
Sitting atop, what would seem to be
a broken pole
Trying hard to take in,
the broken view
So hard to bring
my broken self to you

On my broken side, i turn to sleep,
counting a hundred half dead sheep
Then the pain torpedoes through me,
with such cliché
A million times a day,
It happens to me this way
I plunge into the icy escapade of a world
I'm broken, my heart's too
It's like someone, beat up my feelings black and blue
I wait to be picked up,
but i only lie there, wasting away,
as the sun goes up and down
Do i smile or frown?
Like sticks of dynamite on a railroad line
my broken self is placed in the centre
of the inferno that is not mine
Tell me
Do i self-destruct or waste time?
Love itself will not suffice,
to hold me together, my pain far worse
than before, tired of the same broken world
I was born in, i go
To places i do not really know
Stopping alone

To lie on the path, the broken now whole
To see my waking dreams, for once, bearing hope

I stand again,
on that broken road
For the time being,
all alone
I cannot go back,
to the life i have left
My love, my lies, my pain,
for now at rest
And so it ends

(Written in collaboration with Sneha Murali)

Abhimanyu Raman

One On One

Come now, hold fast!
For I do not think we will last,
this storm
It seems the form,
you worship incessant,
Would not prevent, our drowning
in this mist, inadvertent.....

Our love..
Solitary ache it was,
and now we ache together
There is beauty in this longing,
as we long for each other
As scorched hearts search,
relentless, for soul's remedy
I smell again,
the beauty
Of our clandestine memory

False promises of liars,
die down as we hold hands
Facing fair wind,
and travesty together
Tell me now,
will you love me, forever.....

Abhimanyu Raman

Procrastinations

I have seen too much life
One too many random lies
Even as i strive
To walk by
These things that hold me down
I cannot! Let alone see
The Ugliness that is reality
Rhyme? Yes, though it was not intended to be
I create these constructs hoping for war, not peace

I walk past many unseen horrors
bound to jump up one day, if not today
life isn't shielded with pain proof walls
it has more than a few tricks to make us all fall
we dance to its tune
cry when it tells us to
laugh when it tells us to
written in the annals of many long lost prayers of man
we can only look on as a mere spectator
to the travesty of our lives
being flushed down a whirlpool of pain.
The quaint feeling is more than just innocuous
I bite my lips, savouring every taste
of the redness that filled.
life may have killed me, but i'm too skilled
to let reality wake me
from my make-believe escapades
its all in the trades, hiding
in several different shades
And even if i wake
from my self-made dream
Nothing will change
Not the desperation, not the rage
Not even the many words i blurt on this page

Time and again,
I have tried, to move in flow to the world's design
Now i understand, the design is in my hand
I only have to reach out from this cocoon

of remorse i have made, around my frail being
For once to be strong, to act, to lose inhibition
The only question is,
Can I?
Or should I wait?

(Written In collaboration with Sneha Murali. Her works are available in
Poemhunter)

Abhimanyu Raman

Rush Hour Realizations

Do you wait,
to contemplate
upon the puddle
Before you jump,
into its midst?

Do you see,
all around you,
rushing off with speed
Yet are happy,
with your own slow pace?

Then i say,
the life you lead,
is true
And your search will see,
an ending.....

Abhimanyu Raman

Shadows

Shadows!

Born

Of The Light and Darkness

Watch me,

As I Sleep

They follow me,

into my dreams

But for some reason,

still unknown

They disappear,

As i enter,

the land of the waking

Even though its light,

some faint hope,

holds my hand

As i make,

my last stand

For even if i have woken,

from fitfull slumber

The dreams i saw,

will fade in number

Leaving me lost

between the real and the virtual

Unable to comprehend

what's fact and what's not

I lie in bed,

my face towards the wall

In a trance,

I catch myself before I fall

In front of me a silhouette,

coloured in with black

moving in flow to my body and my self

Shadows!

My wary dark counterpart,

staring at me, us both divided

by only one brick wall

Waiting for the brink of dawn,

when light rushes in,

bringing it to total annihilation
Shadows!
The distant fly buzzing above me,
appears to dance
with it's black clone
I must once again disown,
this trance and return
to reality
Where no clones shall follow,
with docile footsteps
into the newborn day

(We wrote it together, Sneha And I, our views on shadows, children of the light
and the darkness)

Abhimanyu Raman

Strangers

We are strangers
The bond of blood survives,
Yet I know him not
Owner to that disembodied voice
That so haunted me,
In the realm of peace and solitude

I reached out to him,
He reached out to me
An embrace, guided by numbers
Reminder of the many, we gave each other,
Before the days of thought and pain

We are strangers
Time and space, separates us
Yet he knows my pain,
and I, his
Born of a thousand loves and a wanton heart,
Free from them, yet bound the same

The bond survives,
It always will
Even as we perish, It will endure
In that eternity of love, and happy souls
Together yet parted
And forever the same
We are strangers.....

Abhimanyu Raman

Tears On The Screen

I looked at the emotionless screen
I saw her face again
My Heart tied itself up into a knot
My eyes could not stand the pain
Tears welled up, eating the rot
I switched off my life
And walked away

Abhimanyu Raman

The Albatross

Everyday,
I tore away,
a piece of wind,
from my shoulder blade
But that alone,
could not stop me
The rest of my unbroken wing,
kept me aflight,
till the end of my days
I shall tell you friend,
It is a curse,
to be born,
an Albatross
For you grow so used to soaring high,
You forget how to come down,
to the blooming earth again

Abhimanyu Raman

The Eternal Search

I travel in darkness
Not knowing the destination
Time and space are relative, they say
But for me, all is constant
For hope and dreams have forged this heart
Impregnable, as steel, to vagaries past

Momentarily I stay, Eternally I travel
For soul and body are seamless now
Thus did I fashion my tireless conveyance
To trudge on, in this darkness
Of truth and morality

Hope and words, find no meaning now
As I dream on, into this darkness
Born of longings, long since past
I see the glimmer of light, calling out to me
Hidden in which is what I seek

But the flame dies, just as it was born
And I remain a wanderer
In this realm of hoary ends and memories dead
Thus shall I remain
Forever again.....

Abhimanyu Raman

The Only World

The Only World
A Place,
Where we are free
Where every measure of breath,
enlivens our heartbeats
Love would be the daylight,
and sadness, the night
A land where the sand meets the sea,
locked in eternal embrace
A sky without clouds,
but with silver linings abound
A land without war,
the soil, not yet scarred
A place locked away,
no, not from pain,
But from us, who would not learn
to love it
But would tear it apart, bit by bit
It is childish to say
we would even dream
Of such a place
But i did, so will you
one day

Abhimanyu Raman

The Peace Of Silence

The night owl sings to me,
a song of peace...
Verses of forgotten bards,
come to me, in unforgotten dreams
The pen drives on, unconscious,
only half formed words, remain.....

I am merely a puppet,
dancing to the rhythm of a dismal tune
The puppeteers cacle, from far away
Sometimes I think for myself,
do I really write my own?

I have made my peace with this silence,
Answer my deathly call,
no more.....

Abhimanyu Raman

The Pendulum

I mark my days in a clock without hands
Each hour's worth etched,
Into the metal,
My heart screams in disgust
As I paint the fabric of my days, with deeds
Not necessarily noble, nor otherwise, simply
Inconsequential, unnecessary,
Serving only to lift the boredom away
Even so, there is no definite direction, as to where I go
Back and forth the pendulum of my life swings
And I, my lies, and all that now lie behind
Follows the rhythm, neither moving forth
Nor coming back, simply contemplating in the middle
Whether to move forth or back
Nor at peace doing so, for thus I lose
My means to move beyond
As day stretches on to year,
And year, to lifetime
I find the integrity of all I established
Fading away, even as I, stubborn to the end,
Refuse, to fade so lightly, away

In the end, I find,
I never did leave for, nor reach anywhere
Simply swaying all the while, to the tune
Of the pendulum
Or was I, reverberating my way through the days
The pendulum I speak of itself?

Abhimanyu Raman

The Remnant

I am the remnant
Of wars fought and lost
For reasons, that I know not
I remain, the others have perished
Partners in my sin, yet alone am I
Facing the reaper's scythe
Neither hope nor pain do I feel
Nor fear nor remorse
I am dead to emotion
I am the remnant

I have faced a thousand enemies,
I have had a thousand friends
None remain as I do, to witness
The end of an age, an era as no other
Testimony to the final decadence of man

Only I remain,
Solitary witness to the inevitable
I am the remnant

Abhimanyu Raman

The Road Ahead

Sometimes
Its Wise
To Simply know
That The Road Ahead
Will Lead You Home
Rather Than
Ask For Directions
Listen To The Sound
Of Lonely feet
Tapping For Us
The Way To go
However Long
Be The Journey
Each Step
We Take
Every Mistake
We make
Eases The Pain
We Feel
Within Our Beings
Momentary Upliftment
A Tender Joy
That Can Only Be Found
Wilst Moving
Through These
Difficult Paths We Take
Between Each Other

Abhimanyu Raman

The Sleepwalker

A few minutes away,
from dawn's hour,
I meditate
My cellphone, still
the only access,
to your beyond

My silhouette, darker
than most things dark,
Leads me to the light
As sleepwalking morning star looks on

From an infinity away,
spanning not more than a heartbeat,
Light breaks!
And i wish,
If i could, but live in this moment,
forever.....

Now,
many years and days away
I muse,
How long is forever?

Abhimanyu Raman

The Web Of Days

Once I was afraid,
to speak aloud,
my beloved's name
Now i know not why,
I have become brave
Should I really flavour,
the aeons with her rain?

Torrential downpour, it will be,
Dousing all life beneath
I might remain dry,
For I speak not truth, nor lie
I simply remain, encaged,
within my heart's desire

Her heart beats,
within our common grave
Mine rots,
and dies,
long before its time
Nevertheless.....
Is my spirit brave enough,
to challenge her dream?

Yet now, I see it, encapsulated,
within my web of days
Woven and unwoven by her hand
Should i really dare to dream
again.....? ? ?

Abhimanyu Raman

Three Seconds-A Lifetime

It was dark in the beginning,
then came light
So many random particles exploding,
In that time, which was neither day nor night
It happened so long ago
This universe born of tumult, was not an escape
But the only way to go
Matter and energy, twin faces,
of the very same coin
I cannot make anything of their struggle
One led to the other, but still..

There were no birds or wind,
nor even a sky to speak of
Blackness all around,
and some light in the middle (Or was it Hope?)
Three seconds, and the very basis,
Of our love, our lies, our truth and our trust
was laid, never to be forgotten again

It took eons for us to form,
and appreciate the beauty inherent in that chaos
Every fold of sky is a frontier
Every star, a milestone we cannot conquer
But evolution has gifted us sight,
to look back in time,
to where the stars began
And for now, that would seem enough

Abhimanyu Raman

Who's Who?

God one day,
in a careless moment of contemplation
asked me
'Am i lost in your abyss, child?
Or are you indeed,
lost in mine? '
For which i gave,
most ready, an answer
'We be twin abysses, God, You and I,
one forever lost in the other's pall
We both do need the other to thrive,
for sometimes, not even the fittest survive! ! '

Abhimanyu Raman

Words Of The Immortal

You have won my friend
The glory you so wanted, is now yours
My defeat was your need
My destruction, your necessity

Now it's your turn
To create the utopia of your dreams
From the fallen behemoths of mine

I wish you success, my friend
For who knew you more than I
Your closest kin
Your circumstantial foe

But know this my conqueror
The truth that all conquerors ultimately learn
Thy be not the end of my world
Nor the beginning of another
But mere links in a chain so large
The chain of mankind's history

Rule well, my friend
This world is now yours,
It will be another's, someday
Until then,
Rule well.....

Abhimanyu Raman