

Poetry Series

Anand Shankar
- poems -

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Currently, a student of computer science at BITS-Pilani, India. The field of computer science and Indian history fascinate me. I also like to debate over social and ethical issues. I am a vocalist in my college's music club. I like to play games and do a bit of sketching.

I like is a series of poems I have written and I would be gratified to read your feedbacks about the same.

Regards

A Prayer To Death

O Lord of Death
Please embrace my soul
For now there is no mission
I am left with no goal
That I have seen all the hues
Of the gaiety yellows and the bitter blues
That I have tasted the redolence
Of the thing, they call life
Doused in the romantic incense
With the venom of strife
That I've been through the crests and troughs
Spanned the moody plains and the roughs
while I wandered hither and thither
with memories, sweet and bitter

And now, I demand recluse
For this body is of no use
Take me, I plead to you hence
Away from tumult, in the eerie silence
where I am left with none
my echo, my sole companion
And my shadow, the only follower
In the woods, sans leaves forever
where the wind refuses to blow
And the sun declines to glow
For now, the curtain must go down
I need no other role
O Lord of Death
Please embrace my soul!

Anand Shankar

Castle Of Sand

I remember the first time
I touched your hand
And you touched mine
it felt so fine

As we walked the subway
You talked all day
Of which I couldn't get a word
Yet I loved it that way

Oh Dear, our first kiss
brought me the ultimate bliss
You said, I was the one
I knew my search was done

And the world seemed so nice
Lush green valleys with the bluish skies
I flowed in that stream
Hoping it was not another dream

Until the day, I heard you say
'I am not the one,
Anand, you please move on'
You left me in deep thought
Of what went wrong
And we talked on the phone
Arguing all days, long

I did not know what to do
To talk to whom, Where to go
As I tried to figure out
how easy 'twas for you

I drank bottles of that thing
And somked all the night
I lost the power to think
What was wrong what was right
In the rains, in the fogs
I walked the lonley roads

I wrote poems and sang songs
Plucking flowers, kissing thorns

Amidst crowds, I felt alone
I forgot my very own tone
Life seemed to be a huge lie
And I wished I could die
With only one truth in my hand
'I built a castle of sand'

.....I could not finish it because I was not in my senses, hope to complete it
sometime.

Anand Shankar

I Am Not Christ

I have had my share
Of hatred and lies
The sour taste of
the tears in my eyes
And I don't care anymore
About the virtues of life
I'll give back that I hv felt
I am sorry, I am not Christ
I am gonna steal
and cheat on His name
Till I rob you all
I am gonna lie
on your face
Oh, and I'll break you trust
I am sorry, I am not Christ
I am gonna hurt you bad
Till you hate yourself
and leave you lifelong sad
And I will show no mercy
Yeah, I am gonna kill
Till you all bleed to die
I am sorry, I am not Christ

Anand Shankar

Its My Life

Its my life, we all say
'I've got to live it my way'
But is it so? my eyes blink
As more n more I try to think

When born as infants
You are the doll of our parents
Molded and carved the way they mean
As you take a step forward and grow into a teen

Famliy's hope on your young shoulders
Trying to suffice you proceed further
Never do you find moments of your own
Tugged up with kins, you see the jobs done

And then, comes the twilight of age
And you find within a fine old sage
Later, dependent again on family
sans everything you die finally

'Its never your life! ' I heard someone say
Its others and not you who pave your way
You have to go through and live for them
In course, leave the footmarks and imprints of your name.

Anand Shankar

Nights Without The One Who Made My Nights

I hold the glass high
Full of pain and gloom
Of losing my love
I make a toast with sigh
With smoke rings in the dark room
In the name of my love
With each sip, I cry
My heart yearning to doom
In the memories of my love
Now the moon has climbed up in sky
And the stars beginning to zoom
But I fill the glass again
In the name of my love.

Anand Shankar

Silence

In a dark room
amidst the halo of smoke
Ruminating over life
left so sullen, so morose

Talk to that ghastly spook
It calls itself silence
flouting at me
sans feelings sans words

I cry I weep
'Please don't let me alone'
As it says good-bye
With the promise to return

Leaves me tangled to myself
Exasperated in sweat
I feel a shudder run through
Of the agony never felt

As I try to put to death
Myself, with a stroke
Wish to die someday
In the halo of smoke

Anand Shankar

Strangers

On the lonely streets we find them
Strangers, as they are referred to
We give our hearts to some of them
And also love, so precious and true
As it grows further, One fine day
'Forget me! ', they say to you
And they leave your hands on the way
Fly away, they leave you blue....

Anand Shankar

Sullen Times

be it dusk, be it dawn
the battle is always on
between myself and me
gloomy or glee
as i sit back
and look at the sky
moments form the past
bring smiles but I cry
and its been long
time has moved on
why me, in this never ending fight
will it sooth me or leave me in plight
Seeking truth in the world full of lies
I hit on the way, the lows and the highs
Let time decide who wins this race
As I sit in silence to find that grace!

Anand Shankar

Tears

Two drops of tears rolled down my cheek
It was raining outside, it was pouring heavy
Two drops of tears rolled down her cheek
Yeah, it was raining heavy
Raindrops seemed to tear me apart
As she sat in her cab so silent
And her white dress seemed to lose its shine
Though she pretended all to be fine
And then two drops of tears rolled down her cheek
I knew they were making me fragile and weak
I gave her my ring and looked into her eyes
The moments that followed were of silence and sighs
The light went dim as came the twilight
In a flash, she disappeared from my sight
It stopped raining, I kept staring at her car
I could see her moving farther and far

....It has been a year
But she is still alive here
And as the time's flying, I find her even near
No more do I find myself fragile and weak
But when I think of her, yeah two drops of tears roll down my cheek.

Anand Shankar

The Magician

With an outburst, he rushed
Tears gushed
His tiny feet
Cover as much ground they could
As he rammed onto her breasts
And glided into her lap
She lifts his face up
wiping his tears, she smiles
Eyes talk to one another
And he smiles too
Peace was met
The magic was done.

Anand Shankar

The Mendicant

There he is so tenuous so thin
Hairs all colly, temple full of dust
In eyes so pallid and a pointed chin
He looks like a rod covered with rust

The rugged bag on his back, glutted with things
And his crutch did not seem to be of much help
He walks slowly as a bird with tattered wings
Pulling with all force, he drags himself

On his chest cling a baby, he calls him grandson
Whom he uses as a prop in his daily business
The baby has no clue, he seems to have fun
Unaware of the future, full of pain and all mess!

Sahab, O Sir! Please give me a coin
Crying with all strength and his awkward movements
On the road side from noon to nine
He captures all eyes, for a few moments.

Cogitating that I fulfill my responsibilities to him
I drop a penny in his bowl often when I pass
He goes back to his hut when the light gets dim
To return the next day, to seek help from the mass.

Anand Shankar

The Wanderer

Amidst all those rovers
Wandered a cloud, so ebullient
Plethoric with the divine aqua
To pour down, to relish its scent

Unlike its yokefellows
It didn't rain hither and thither
Strolling with the breeze sometimes
sometimes, drifted by storms further

In search of the tranquil landsacpe
To find the providential serenity
To Imbibe the resplendent verdure
To concede itself to its beauty

Cities over cities, It tramped
Dancing and singing his heart out
Dried and it ached in spite of all
It marched with the foreign clouds

Its voyaging still, in the hope
that someday, it'd find that land
Realizing all the dreams it reckoned
Ere it dies dry and succumb to the end.

Anand Shankar

When I Don'T Like You

There are times, that I don't like you
And you don't like me, I know that too
But I want you to know, Oh dear, I swear
All of that time, I still love you
I remember those words that you say to me
That wreak smiles and, sometime make me cry
Engraved in my soul will they forever be
Those memorable rides through the low and high
How I say to you, 'You made my night'
The silent minutes of the bitter and blue
those passionate times, and those cute little fights
They remind me of you, yeah, they'll always do
And how much do I try to stay away
Engaging myself in ignoring you
But, Oh dear, at the end of the day
I fall in love, again with you...

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