

Poetry Series

Ankit Srivastava
- poems -

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Ankit Srivastava(05-11-1987)

One Last Time

Come my friend and hold my hand for sometime
Enough have you walked so sit beside me a while
While the dawn is distant and the hue of dusk still sublime
There are miles to dream of yet, so are the reasons to smile

An obliterated world filled with some memories so sweet
Where roses are still intoxicated by your undying fragrance
That secluded corner of day where we used to meet
And sing carols of life among whispers of heavens

Witness in raindrops, nothing but your dripping gleam
Kissing insipid terrains and unleashing the aroma within
All this would come to an end so soon, it did not seem
Against the supremacy of fate our slender wrists couldn't win

Yes, I've tears in my heart not because we could never meet
Nor because silence always hypnotized my fluid words
But for the irony this hour's given me before the tacit retreat
When I'll become a part of sky with those soaring birds

Poignant remembrance of yours, I will keep in my eyes
And close them forever so no one can ever take it away
Love between us, unborn yet immortal on the silver skies
Perhaps will manifest itself, immaculate, some day

The restlessness of waves and their longing for moon
A silent witness of which is the solitary shore
Drenched with a taste and hope that they'll come soon
Forever in incomplete embrace, when did it ask for more?

Always content with a handful of oysters left behind
As souvenirs of a brevity, plain, wet and white
Hopeful that its voice will resonate across until the waves find
And rush for an eternal rendezvous despite the moonlight.

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Rendezvous With Life

Indefinite chaos and random destinations
All I leave behind today for you my life
Let's enjoy the brevity of time we have
Forgetting for a while the streak of our failed relations

Reveal to me some secrets from your chest
And know mine too, unspoken, unheard till yet
It's now that we sit close to each other's breaths
Perhaps we can touch the soil of our buried unrests

Some questions, complaints you have inside, so do I
For We both were denied our respective share of bliss
Sometimes from destiny and sometimes from ourselves
When on the brink of smile we were ordained to cry

But all those tears and bitterness, I have left far behind
To walk barefoot a few inches of serenity with you
Nonchalantly receding away from the lines on my palms
Into a world of your sweet hymns, which no one can find

Drops of lukewarm euphoria poured into a silver crescent
Served with the delicacy of crisp spring breeze
The romance of night ebbing away our frowns
Draped in a satin smile, today you look so pleasant

Because More than those years of undissolved separation
These melting moments of ephemeral togetherness
Deserve to be molded into memories to cherish later
Not as rusty images but as golden impressions

Ankit Srivastava