

Poetry Series

Anurag Tiwari
- poems -

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Anurag Tiwari()

Black, White & Colored

What if you're white!
But live in same plight
What if you're black!
Living life in an old gunnysack
What if I'm colored?
Sub-limed subdued, and disfigured

Yet, we'll face the same menace all over
From the fire of hunger
The same frustrations at being have-nots
The same impotence in being scapegoat
The restless anger suppressed deep with in
Tasteless clothes on our hanger

On being abhorred by women of many
Have we not thought of similarity?
While living life with differences of many

You get a ruler
He gets a suited seducing, shallower
I get a leader
 Wherever we might be
 But aren't we the same
 Hell bent follower

O power looms in old citadel
You be awake
Empty stomach's in flame
Holding red flag in hands
Are coming to break the ice of indifference
and to cut you into pieces as birth day cake

Anurag Tiwari

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Anurag Tiwari

Blood For You

Feeling ashamed of myself
That didn't helped you in blood bath
Strong hands out of country lanes
Once struggled with mud of farms lands
Blood poured out from tiny tentacles of rose buds,
Who'd unsung martyrdom in one corner
No one remained alive Except for stones to cry alone

In empty village, Archival mystery surrounded an old tree
Dust of your feet's, now over my foreheads to bless
Nevertheless, to remember how you felt with canes on your back
To see your gloomy surmise, doomed every one's
Long unending spread, sprinkled with your mute blood

On young blooming flower, an old yellow beetle
Mud and sand soothed with leaves but lost their color
However, to keep you in their heart have imbibed your color of Red
Blood, yearning for Melancholy, echoed from the mountains
When for every single drops of your blood?
You yelled for independence
Why Haven't I spared my blood for you?

Anurag Tiwari

Do You Love Me

Whom do you Love

Whom do you want to love?

Me or not me

Soul, heart, and body the trinity triangle

Grey life never takes an ugly turn

For black and white with grace honour or shame

But in passion why we burn

So closely fused as fuel, heat and flame.

Have you ever loved, who gave the body

And kept heart ungiven

Have you ever remembered, who yielded the soul

And killed the body.

Have you ever tried, who promised everything

And guarded nothing.

Love means giving up the whole

Spreading high as heaven, as ocean deep

Wide as the realms of air or planets curving sweep,

Still you think you love me

No..... Not me.....

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Don'T Delight Me Anymore

Cynic smile for a while
Bestows life to beguile

But the chase for overblown costume
Tastes good, with misplaced chastity
While I confess, Love doesn't be light me anymore
Pair of legs, brushed up yet haggard cheeks
Don't delight me anymore

With out caring for dirty grounds
Emptied skies by any means
Hovering long with all for whole
But no one sees my bleeding wounds
Not fond of existent solitude
In stained eyes attitudes
Let me try with soul and heart
To avoid mechanized affection
An offshoot of a morbid love
for mercantile admiration
Don't delight me anymore

Anurag Tiwari

Don'T Tell Any One

Don't tell anyone

As I was the one

Who made wood from charcoal?

Who laid moon from roof's hole

Left out was the one, been forgotten

Dived in the pond, covered by those

Who've grown out of proportion?

Don't tell anyone

As I was the one

Who danced over hanging belly?

Who feared from sagging valley?

Noticed things you hear them now

But said scenes unseen unheard in row

Still had share of skin, shrunken, swollen

Don't tell anyone

As I was the one

Who smoked under broken table?

Who bruised fingers, holding cable?

To hold you and me together

Over no money, but working

Decaying, back-broken, starving

Rest of non-denim India

Murmuring hardly the already loud slogan

Don't tell anyone

As I was the one

Holding the torch, flaunting my muscle

Raising those arms, aiming for tussle

Whispering words ready to alarm

Police sticks waiting for the charm

Beating retreat was my whistle

While they heard me saying in brittle

For respect, allow death to bow down

O martyrs, swallow bullets for heaven

To come down for "me", was unheard

Raised from far, the last part of slogan

Don't tell anyone

As I was the one

I Sing My Sorrows

Leaving desires at the rear
Drinking cusp full of tears
To set you dance for tomorrows
I sing my sorrows

Love and live until you disappear
Like less lovely people on earth to bear
Cry not if to be or not to be there for me
I sing my sorrows
To make you dance for tomorrows

Don't wanna let you build
Heaven in dark
Mayhem when dogs bark
Roses all the way to shield
Then why,
Firearms only for you to guard
Don't wanna let you walk
On sands with untraceable mark
As you sing the songs of tomorrows
I Promise to carry all your sorrows

To set you dance in heaven
Before the end has to borrow
I sing my sorrows
To make you dance for tomorrows

Don't ask me, don't think for me
Blessed you be for making dreams believed
Created world at will for the personal bliss
When city slept in death made it be praised still

Dwelt in the shadows
Fought the world from your windows
Fearless in solitude
Triumphant with attitude
Blessed you be
Don't ask me don't think of me

To set you glance in heaven
Before the end has to borrow
I sing my sorrows
To make you dance for tomorrows

Why are you there?
You be what you be
Sand, snow or sea storm or flooding river.
Don't you dare to come very near?

As I love to be and its hard for me to flee
The bleak field of sowed wheat
To wear the down pour
Of gifts in rage, you bring
As you sing the songs of tomorrows
I sing my sorrows

Its earth
Like mother's womb, o dear
Don't hurt, else wont bare
The food
For me, not be of liking to you
Still there will be bread
Along with vegetables and milk
For you and me in supper tomorrow

I sing my sorrows
To make you dance for tomorrows

Soft suave sensuous skirts on signage
Speaks of satire on seldom seen orphanage
Fingers holding glass, lips with holding class
Silken touch lost a while
Drunken lust frost fragile
Welcoming you with open arms
Broad smile, vivid in beguile

As you take the step to hold sparrows
I sing my sorrows
To make you dance for tomorrows

Thirsty you, world is water

But not a single dropp for you to pop
With raised arms, standing on your toes
What will you ask?
O barren field
You can't offer crop to shop
Nor will you get mob to rob
But don't you cry as world is not yet over
To set you glance in heaven
Before the end has to borrow
I sing my sorrows
To make you dance for tomorrows

Anurag Tiwari

Life After Tsunami

Now fear even don't act like weapons
An angel making the toxic ting attempts
As if the town has not yet made any
Significant seizures on lives of many.

Empty streets holding abandoned houses
Blank windows looking at shadows
Of chimneys standing against silvery cries
Of blue moon running through black clouds

The ghosts walking over dead bones
Tears being burnt in sweating fire
Screams for cheers on worn-out attire
Silent at gunpoint to choose bread clones

Abused, ashamed yet innocent feelings
Ruined along the way of laughing soldiers
Marking their world by raping slowly, a starving country
Slaughtered silence, limitless choices, as if whores in plenty

Considering the fact that noise is sanctum venoms
No refusals to say, which will never even matter
No rituals to claim, that we meant to end up here
Forgiving the re-act, savior of city's tantrum re-runs

Anurag Tiwari

Life Will Arrive

Unknown it's to know when, from which direction
Who will arrive where and greet
Dusk or at dawn, whether ready or not to meet
That's the way life is
Can meet anybody anywhere.

But, while taking steps forward
Along with graying hairs and burning skin
Taking shades under those mango trees
With intense smell of henna
In the arrangements between gate to the door
You set aside the dreams
And sit down under that grave banyan tree
To tantalize and unfold your mind
Let it connect with any chord anywhere
Then compare those burning experiences
To let them mix and fuse in ...

It's true that you've always walked
To bridge burning distance against chilling winds
Facing currents from all sides
Pointed and poignant to make you stop
Still you walked those miles over
Sleeping volcanoes, keeping feet's firmly
Over shaking stones and burning sands

Nevertheless, all these moments became bearable
When life met like a friend, holding hands

However, it meets with different names
But relationship takes shape
It nurtures and spreads shade
To save you from sun and rain
Makes you swim against tides
Then in your deep eyes, dream shelters
Where one can see, touch and feel
Absence of pain over the vast terrains
Inner desire will make you admire
Pleasure and you to pragmatism of what you dear

For a human cause, a sigh and a cry
Is so unforgettable, that it will see
You with million eyes
That brilliance in residual attire
So, intimate like sitting under red-horizon
Spread like an aanchal
An intricate rain of light
And smiling sea becomes chanchal
Against its true self of gravity and intensity

Face is merely shining or eyes too
Which are continuously fathoming the depth and dearth?
So deep in your thoughts
That the whole existence gets shaken up and shivering
As if being caught in unknown theft of unnamed jewels
Feel like beholden fast to usher in and tied down

Then you'll feel all of a sudden
A statement of a talent, every heart felt
Like a fire dwelt chakravuha at inscape
There seen layers of cold sheets
All of a sudden shakes, cracks, and breaks
An internally preserved clay lamp appears out
With a ray of light comes out and falls on Pond
Reflects and unbundled lotus to make it bloom
Is it an event of reality, or creation of a dream?

Over that full blossoming lotus
A powerful man appears with divinity
Holding sky in his raised hands
He's coming close very close
Impatient but scared you are
With a small swift movement, He takes you in his hands
Puts you over his shoulder, and carry you for a long journey
Yet again, that travels to far distant lands
Once again, that loitering hunts baffles
As if that self exploratory inner possibility
Of uncountable skirmishes with danger in sight
Still life thrives very well on this vast land

In your heart beats

There rests sweetness of over spread pains
Or uncalled for age of self-enunciation
While listening to buzzing slogans of growth
In silent amazement, you too will run wildly
Just for becoming running track
For all those super in-human demagogues
All these beliefs and faiths
Will make you beg, while removing
Last pennies, from your fist and last clothes from your body
While you'll still fall pray for devil some consumption?
With every bite, you too will surprise pleasure
While achieving exclusive engager
But for all these while,
A self less intimate figure will make you roam
And with annoyance
You will again scream to surmise
That its' life
Unknowingly untraceable is its' direction
How much you try, but will never know
...When, who, where, which way it will arrive.

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Nirvana

And when
Heads in no mood to take further
Fogs and fumes with me alone
Critically taking steps upstairs
Like encircling fauna

When I see ...
A flesh like me, dead, lying every stair
Tactically assassinated, my old existence
Past, posthumous, and multifaceted
"I", "Me", "Myself"

When I move while
Keeping my own firm feet's
Over those full or half dead bodies
With whom not just time
I too have expired

When I again transpire with
Assiduously dreaming eyes
Voluptuously dealt eatables
Refrain and restrain me from
Over consumption, for unending
Refining of uninhibited innovations

In continuation,
Till now, breathless surrealist
In mind, mapping shaking universe
Counting twinkles of falling stars in
Traumatic darkness of continuity
With more answers for insanity

With more questions to reply
Tired, yet to make with waves
Toddling, fumbling yet taking steps
To move ahead or to go away

Yelling continuously of brutal killings
In deep encounter with egos

And in clash with wounded innocence
Half remains of crushed desires
Effervescent smiles and strokes of
Half cut legs
Equality and similarity in favor
Of creating deep solace
And residual hatred or omnipresent monotony
For disliking "I" and "Mine" in others.

With closed doors
In upside down heart and mind
A fog of anger, darkness in lanes
At dawn, everyday, like money mongers
Or an agent to destroy
Demanding interest for staying alive
Unknown debt not known but paid by many
Collects installments as breaths
Devastated me with painful strokes of night
Manipulating for deep rooted add-ons
To handle daily turmoil's and a new tremor

Unfulfilled, incomplete human casting
Disturbed thinkers, philosophical outburst
Everyone has his own share of secret sufferings and,
In pure whiteness, ashamed uterus for unnamed travelers
For half baked solutions
Embryos breathing first and fast in utter darkness
For the sake of creation only – a daily ritual
Acquisitions and spread for power only
In heart, cruel and mocking dance of truth
To brutally torment themes of nirvana.

In the same voyage, in between stones
Nearing a bending dusk, I got, enlightenment
Not like Buddha's non-violent love for peace.
But electrified homes and leaves
Around those of the darkened trees
Seasoned to spree dense, too dense
With bigger wounds, bleeding woods.
Sudden appearance out of a house
Big headed, innocent, talent
Malnourished kid-face!

Recognized me and smiled silently
In my emptiness on my palm
The truth I found out of long
Scary pursuit in emptiness of soul search
Rays of knowledge flaming from transparent stones
Whose sharp edges ready to cut and shape up?
Me as a sculpt, a face out of half formed skull.
Holding it alone, where to go
A scene of semi finished, semi-achieved, unfulfillment
Will it again get a reject for if?
Meaning less power looms wont accept.

No, like reminiscent of my first love
I keep it hidden, close to my heart
In my old clothes, in a basket
Over my head, like an infant
Like a new born, my Jesus.

I see, standing behind trees
With million eyes, a scene
Completely built structures, envious of possessions
Riches in galore, triumphs in applauds and uproar
And my stone in his palm
A fundamental shift!
Sustaining principled continuity of spacing out
At carved palms, but it's mine too, at times.
And my new friends,
Celebrity seekers, makers or breakers.
All near that palm
Which holds birth symbol of earth?

I search,
My hidden knowingness in deep
Equally spreading and equally trading
Good but thrown not long before
A letter of love, inserted in a book
Closed unasked in black lanes
People walking past in vain
It's good to be an agent,
I realized now, for a change
Than flesh, coins, and earth

And its' better to be a revolutionary reply
In comparison to wanderers in dark
Stealing for manipulations to bark

With more preparedness, if not today
Tomorrow I will come, I assure
From uncounted mob and mere existence
That's why unseen, unknown, unheard in my flame
This burns slow, but with enough light
On copper-nickel face, sensitized intellect's shine
Raises fume vapors out of rice cooking utensils
Of dissatisfaction, truth is ambition
To be hanged on wall, to have rain over head of my sculpt
And to appear in words, in eyes of fire
To burn in a passion of her existence
Shivering class, privileged origins struggling
Money centric existentialists' finding meanings of my torch
A person from mob walking in real
Will crush them to reach heaven
Mathematical relativistic but musical notes
Are they enough to bridge the great divide and "Gap"?

Lived like a curse with changing orders
In sustaining continuity of change
I keep on trimming, meaningless verbatim
To not let be refrained, from cut-plated facial claims
We, when you all will join me, will make
A new century, separate land of no divide
Where ours is the order without fear
For mob and people in power.

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O Days Come Back Again

Loveless ness...Loneliness...Emptiness...
Coz I'm ageless for too long....
Come back o my days but not to freeze...
May not be an urban legend but zombie am I...
Hold me like a baby in your palm...
Mold me like a needy in your charm...
Make me breathe you deep...
Like a wound from quill, while dancing in April....
I bear the scarf from you still...
Hunted for all beauty but nothing went like you
Carrying the cherry in endless night on hill....
A glass of wine and smile to be mine
Is all that I need...?
But lips curled in between the line
Is a tall plate for me to tread...?
Make it it again while you let
The ageless soul to unnerve love in your eyes.

Anurag Tiwari

On A Rainy Day

On a rainy day, being in a funky night club
Amidst the cold, Smoke pours, dry thrill of suburb
Music and few big hip ladies around
Hustlers making them hot happening on ground
Bands, harmony, rhythm and rhyme
Stories and fantasies brushes my arm
Cool melodic sound to pull out the flames
Of burning desire let loose seduce so sweet. So slow...
Just a glance at your trance, pay the tab, got to go
Music and harmony all with a lady
A crazy escape from domestic grievances
Third world retaliate for all damnness
Round midnight digged trenches deep to save little more
As moment passed by, rain stopped, and all with roses
Walked past that black dirt garden
Singing the song for pleasure once more
"Betrayal" is what struck, at crack of dawn
Just before the lawn, honey seeing off
The guy who lived next door
Left her, next moment, not to come back again
And forgot to take her smell
The sound of my name the way she said it
Memoirs replaced her pitifully many times in
Rooms, beds

Anurag Tiwari

Politician

Not letting dogs to bark,
Spitting at everything not being on my part
As if mob's in command
Old cloth's coming in demand
In games of rallies, numbers at sake
Putting unexplored myths in flake
Shouting slogans, thrown out sights
For a cause piercing eyes
On everything like women
Opening mouth like full throttle bottle
And in chorus we sing
Fearless, careless, and unashamed it seems
Walking through them
Trade-off papers beholden
In between the hands
Ideas don't fight, won't re-act
They act, as if disguised
However, will be blamed for what they do
With those notes in vegetable bags
For the votes these numbers can pack
Can't stand and wait anymore
Chairs is all that I need
Hatred is all that I feed
Greed is my seed
Won't wait until I sit and succeed
On all those chairs
Kept in every single row
Till every head finds a reason to bow

Anurag Tiwari

Son Of God

As my eyes moved over your face thoughtfully
And thoughtlessly your eyes went across the fence
Knew what I wanted to say had been said before
Left no trace! Opted to walk down the lane
An angel appearing from the fag end of lustily crowded memory lane
Came, conjured in split, and me met with a virgin called woman
Wanderer for fervor to gallop downs all those feelings!
Abrupt ending to the whimsical dreams
Unlimited at my end but she uttered –“Who are you? ”
“Me” never thought before
What to say, a toreador waiting for his turn
Left alone in front of red-eyed bull to fight to survive for
Curls of your lips, gaze of your eyes and for all that, I never felt before!
Winds to chill through, ice in my eyes
Felt to run away for that warm sunshine with a ray of hope
No, changes are paranoid for esteemed stake
Blue bedspread and moving sand beneath our feet
Dreamy eyes looking at sea shore,
Uncovering realms of water and fading stories underneath
A shark appears, gallops down water azure and dives back,
With out murmur and spending moments to sputter
I yell, said “ I’m son of god
Yeah Son of God, no stones to hurl and no coins to through away.”

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Anurag Tiwari

Thats' Not The End

Sad moments, feeling down and low
finding absence of all and sundry
unable to comprehend yet standing at cross roads
nothing mends ur way and going gets tougher
just remember to surmise that
a dawn is in waiting and dusk is fading
Come and take a step forward to whistle
and sing that's not the end, not the end, not the end

Everything to you is not sacred, dreams have shattered
even while standing on the bent knees
and raised hands for pray
don't know what's up for the day
Storm clouds gather around, heavy rains descends
even taking a step takes heavy toll
you're about to faint
And there's no one there to comfort you
with a helpin' hand to lend
stand straight, look into sky reach out for stars
firm feets on ground and sing that's not the end
not the end, not the end.

fire in belly irritates you and hands demand work
eyes are swollen askin for rest and legs wanna stretch
words you utter leaves abysmally low impact
and communication is in wild hindrance
trust is the word you are unable to believe in
perception for you has lost significance
when the fire which kept you roaring
going is not there and burning city catches u by trance
just remember that's not the end, not the end, not the end! !

Life moves on like a wheel, rotates on gold plate
and on muddy bumpy roads may not be straight
Here the spirit never dies
and soul always stores your sacred sanctity
the fire, the urge to last, and the energy
all you need is to close your eyes

look with in your reservoir
and your search never goes in vain
'cause it has never been an end
and the bright light of salvation shines
in dark and empty skies
to make u believe that though life pretends
but never heads for an end.

(Reference based upon a similar song)

Anurag Tiwari

What Do You Mean

Why do you ask me, what I mean?
In emptiness of words, it's difficult
To decipher, existence and solitude.
While looking at front, can earth
Dare to look behind, the rear of moon.
Vanished vampire of eyes, to see
The constellation of self-centered
Autocratic aphorism, to deduce the
Loner round shaped Zero.

Outside sees moon in full spread
Over the relaxing flesh of earth
After a hard sunny day's work
But can you still say, "What I mean".
Once rationalized, the hollow and artificial smile
Of moon, in dense forest at midnight
In death like moron kind of shrugged
Far, Far, miles Away, I see, A shaking, shivering lamppost

Burning in unknown redness of
Dried volcano of clotted blood.
Sighs for a subway, but tells nothing
For what I mean while unwinding,
And removing those jazzy clothes, worn
With a choice over the body of a hooker
To get seduced and sublimed into her
Woman like shyness, in a spur of manhood

By habit impersonating those rented saliva
Marked scratches on beauty of curvy moon
With those spotted for crushed bed sheets
And smiles over the sold sensuous fairy cheeks
Tales to bloom like the flowers of pious deeds
Joining that chorus to sing
"What's that meaning of the Words"
However, On Rent it's not available to say, "What I mean"

Mental state of self-sufficiency
Spider net introspect microcosm
But selfish motive hanging like locks
At the doors of devotion
And those old rotten iron staircase
Are still with out light yet
Though `ve heard the steps of burglars
Always on those stairs, with euphemism to guess who
Not for what the words coming out will mean.

Coins or papers having more to say in hell
Than passionate causes for chairs
Will strive and survive for the meaning of words
Hungry, lying beneath those mud waters of ponds
In saliva of fermented fertilized leaves for birth
Dry rhythm of crying cat's surveillance for human pain
Animal instincts in human flesh cribbing like jhingur
Still the corridor recites similar words to be meant for
Power stroking proud wolf in forest losing interest
And darkness at noon to for sun to eclipse

Cut and kiss our own wounds with teeth and lips
Defying lies of manipulating genius's mundane ways
Of miniaturization by cutting and sucking those lips
To gage the meaning of words on cheeks of simpletons
Hateful sight of Templeton maverick falls like untimely slap
To shake and rake in the soul to be asked for what do I mean?
For jealous turpitude and surpassing the self to shrug away with cactus
Usher in an era to find what the words mean.

Hide'n seek at times in the soul of good hearted
Some bad shaped selfish attire for sudden calamity
Over moonlight facing tree seeking mad fresh mango beads
And bats surpassing with chorus of wings for a great noise

In deep solace of night, just to let you tread with fear
Meaning of words then evaporates with loosening ends of breaths
Budding flowers of good-hearted souls inner weakness
For seeking places against the wishes by masses
By going behind the castle to look towards the depth in the valley
Blood sky scrapping in veins to turn into cat wet in rain
Meaning of words then

Pinnacle of golden revolution of ideal aims
Big mansions of thought provoking desires
Crafted and craved at the onset of river banks
Then at times, for a moment, blue sapphire
Immersed in white marble with moon's full spread
Larger than life walls and aims trespassing like a snake
From those dark caves, for glittering rays of hopes
Or the hanging swords of time testing ambitions

To thrive against all odds and to cross those walls
To flow through that river of charm
Delighted for abstinence yet an eyewash for a desire
To get hold of Maya and to sleep with that enemy
Curtail all her wishes when she asks for more
Thrive on her thighs to build castles over her flesh
Surpass her quest for moksha and to write
Memorable lines in her cave of galore.

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Whimsical Emotions

Windowpanes and shattering shades of curtain
Dancing in tune with blowing winds
Tingles of doorbells, a misnomer
No more waiting, some one is there
Shivering lips, hardly a whisper
Yet, to recover, lonesome but muddled with
Fragrance of lost smile and
Rhythm of chuckling,
And woman at poolside
Gaze to glare with raze
Ravish and relinquish, water marks in your eyes
And the ability to explore dreams in my eyes
Don't swallow the big burgeoning blushes
Trackers do carry milestones
Do count lamppost of dusk and hammer strokes needed
Rigmarole, you may say,

Scrap to scintillate a new odor, to epitomize a new fragrance
Roses all the way, cozy to deal with hallucinating elegance
We walk across, scrawling memoirs, crumbling prejudices
Legs moving in harmony, you in my arms, your head lying and tumbling over my
shoulders,
My whistling lips, and your half open- half closed eyes
Under whimsical surroundings,
Curvy moon trying to peep in from clouds,
Trees trying to usher in to growing bounds,
Clones and pulsating sounds of rose teasing
Lull ness, but music in thoughts and clutching,
My hands, you cynosure of my feelings,
Closed eyeballs and your shivering lips,
Sky falling over beloved lush-green land
Shrinking horizon in my eyes,
Sequencing through dreamy experience,
Winds to mould and to feel ecstasy of changing realms

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