

Poetry Series

**Arvind Anathakrishnan**  
**- poems -**

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**Arvind Anathakrishnan(14/10/1989)**

# Admiration

Lost in my thoughts  
lost in my anxieties  
through the twists & turns of a bus  
I'm struck by the poise of a woman

She smiles to herself  
Catching on to the pole  
In pink and radiance she stands  
in the crowd yet all alone

My eyes linger on her face  
Her eyes, her lips, her radiance  
All seems beautiful  
And i'm lost in it all.

Can't tell u how it feels  
to just look on such beauty  
just to loose it again  
but it dosen't matter  
I'm the hopeless admirer.

Arvind Anathakrishnan

# An Idea

Bang strikes ingenuity,  
swift strikes the thought,  
quick strikes the spark,  
that lights up the dark

That how an idea works,  
Act on it immediately  
Inspiring is its language,  
Pasionate is its goal...

Arvind Anathakrishnan

# Beliefs

The foundation of your mind and heart,  
The sure footing on which your thought starts,  
The thrown on which your mind sits,  
It's beliefs on which your mind lives.

Strenght and courage it gives to you,  
Some believe it while some believe its untrue,  
Hope to the hopeless, direction to the clueless,  
Belief is what gives you that progress.

Belief is what makes the medicine work,  
Pushing us through life's grime and dirt,  
Martin Luther had a dream and he believed in it too,  
So why not believe, it'll be good for us too.

Sceptics and cynics will come and go,  
But believers belong here to change and grow,  
So along you go and believe oneself,  
Your the creator of your life so believe in yourself.

Arvind Anathakrishnan

# Humour

A day with books glum is my mind,  
But along it comes and brings happiness divine,  
Humour everyone calls it, always warming my heart,  
Threatening thoughts it drives away clearing my path,  
It clears my throat and fills it with laughter,  
All have plenty only usage is the matter,  
It is in everything depending on your view,  
Satisfying and medicinal, sometimes insulting too,  
Sarcastic, lapstick and cheesy are its types,  
All are fine with me, of course if you have the time.

Arvind Anathakrishnan

# I'M Glad That I Amuse You'LI

With a style of my own I strut,  
I try so hard I need to shut up,  
I make jokes that ain't really cool,  
So you guys laugh out and think 'Oh! what a fool! '  
The laughing hurts a lot and the comment really haunt me,  
But just then I stop, console and think,  
I'm glad of it all,  
I'm glad that i amuse you'll.

When with emotions I speak you find that stupid,  
Your trash you throw at me like I'm an old statue of cupid,  
When I stand you find my demeanour humourous,  
My countenance you find meek and downright dubious,  
With all of this going on I must say, I don't find you'll amusing at all,  
But I'm glad of it all,  
I'm glad that I amuse you'll.

None of it really matters,  
I should keep myself strong,  
My uniqueness intimidates you'll so I'll try to get along,  
My hearts a lot bigger I won't hurt your pride,  
Still I'm glad of it all,  
I'm glad that I amuse you'll.

Arvind Anathakrishnan

## Someone For Everyone?

I walked down the street dreamily as I always do,  
Along I see a darkman short stout and thin,  
With him is a lady fair tall and beautiful,  
Completely in love with him as is so plainly visible,  
They hold each other tight looking into each others eyes,  
Words mean nothing to its all done through their sights,  
A sudden sadness creeps within me 'Is there nobody for me? ',  
Then why for so long have I been lonely I can't see,  
Consoling my heart I take another turn,  
And there I see another couple walking on the road...

Arvind Anathakrishnan



# Travellers In Life's Journey

They hurt me once I set them free,  
Who are they and I but travellers in life's journey..

They judge me once I disagreed,  
Who are they and I but travellers in life's journey...

I helped you once you felt you owed me,  
Who are you and I but travellers in life's journey.

I have a score to settle,  
I feel venegence burn through me,  
Who are they and I but travellers in life's journey...

I needed her now,  
I felt I connected with her,  
But who is she and I but travellers in life's journey.

I sought love from them they spurned me,  
Who are they and I but travellers in life's journey..

I learn to let go,  
That's all I seek,  
Who are they and I but travellers in life's journey.

Arvind Anathakrishnan

# Wickedness Of Mind

Wicked thoughts of twisted minds,  
Scheming and plotting all the time,  
Working tirelessly to achieve their sordid goals,  
They bore into other's minds with the greed for more.

They twist and turn in sleepless nights,  
Hurting oneself and destroying peace of mind,  
Not easy to find and tougher to know,  
They don't come in front of you and say 'hello'.

They might be your friends, they might be your foes,  
Or they might just be living next door,  
They might be charming at first or stupid too,  
But beware my friends they can curse you.

Stay away from them it'll be good for you  
Or burn your hand and you'll be sorry too..

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