

Poetry Series

Arvind Srivastava
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

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Arvind Srivastava()

I got the opportunity to play the lead role in a film being made in Germany - The Sound of Friendship: Warm Wavelengths in a Cold, Cold War

A film by Anandita Bajpai (ZMO) which is based on India's relations with Radio Berlin International. The said film was screened at the Technical University in Berlin, in which I also got the opportunity to participate, in which important media persons of the world and famous personalities of the radio broadcasting world participated. This film is based on my days from 1980 to 90, when the world was divided into two camps during the Cold War and radio station was a powerful medium of ideological struggle. I was also a member of the DX department of important broadcasting centers of Eastern Europe - Radio Budapest, Radio Prague (Czechoslovakia) and Radio Berlin. You can include this in my literary activities! Got many national level awards, last year I got the opportunity to visit Singapore and Malaysia and now Germany in 2023 for literary and cultural tour..

A total of six poetry collections - Kaid Hain Swar Sare, Ek Aur Duniya Ke Baare Mein, Aafsos Ke Liye Kuch Shabd, Rajdhani Mein Ek Uzbek Ladki, recently 'Yeh Prithvi Ka Premkaal' and 'Prem Mein Kapas' have been published. Published in important literary magazines and newspapers of the country such as - Hans, Vagarth, Jansatta, Doaba, Parikatha, Pakhi, Friday, Aksharparv, Janpath, Saaksha, Dainik Bhaskar, Punjab Kesari, Hindustan, Prabhat Khabar etc.! Has participated in the events of Sahitya Akademi, New Delhi.. Writing continues unabated!

Between Us

Between us
A tired sigh remains

Step by step a sad evening

Like an old freighter moving slowly on the chest of the sea

A beautiful rose of memories
Withered in the campus
A broken button of a shirt

Like a boring life moving
Towards acceptance!

© Arvind Srivastava,
India

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I Will Come

Your love is flowing in my blood
Despite the vigilance of the rulers

One day I will come to meet you
In your city full of fireflies
I will take speed from the flowing winds
I will gain velocity from the sea
The stars will show the way to your house

I will come
Tracking the trail of feelings

I will come
And join your thoughts!

••

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Footnote Of A Sad Evening!

O Earth
I have nothing here of my own
Except a few breaths
And dreams

...
I just want you

That's all I have!

This is my status!

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Ideas Don't Die

Ideas don't die
They stay alive
As memories in the heart
Just like fire is hidden inside ashes
Seeds inside the fruit
Pearls inside the shell
Juice in sugarcane
And in the eyes of common people
As hopeful dreams

Ideas don't die..
They burst forth even in the desert
As life-giving water sources!

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On The Body Of Darkness

We will carve stars on the body of darkness
We will compose songs for lovers
We will blossom in the autumn season
As buds of hope
We will sow seeds of compassion in hearts that have turned to stone

We will be around you
As a bonfire in the harsh cold

You keep your eyes open
Do not fill your eyes with tears
Because I have carved stars
On the body of darkness!

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Thumb

Tell me,

Where to stamp
Where to mark
On your white paper
We will grow perfectly oval

Or become some amazing artwork
Without any soot, ink
And pad

Thumbs are dirty
Smearred in mud
Baked in fire

In the ink of sweat!

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Rain

It was the rain of a dark night
The moonlight had got lost in the embrace of the clouds
It was an open field
My body
was in its full glory
The sky was celebrating
It was a heavy rain

The rowdy children of the entire colony had fallen asleep out of exhaustion
Unaware of the world

This was the fun of the rain
And the rain of fun

This time was not liked by the troublemakers!

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Thanks To This City!

Every time
Breaking all the protocols
I want to come to you
Stars
I want to hand over to you
All the rotis cooked by my mother on the stove
Hungry children all over the world
Are looking towards you
I make my intellect sharp everyday
To reach you
I regret my foolishness
My father was also a part of this chain
In search of bread
My grandfather came here
He established a temple
While travelling from village to town
Today the crowded malls
Have forgotten me in our city
My pet dog
Drove stool in the neighbouring compound
I was informed about it on the internet
I was embarrassed
This city also taught me the secret of solving problems
An economist and a psychologist
Earned respect here with their knowledge
I thank this city
Which gave something or the other to everyone
Some got luxurious things Bungalows and bulletproof cars

Some have tears

Some have pens!

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Indistinct Voices

Even in the bad times of long-term dreams
I did not let the cup of love overflow
A pearl inside an oyster
Kept waiting on the shore for centuries
An iceberg kept wandering on the sea floor for a million years
A star breaks and falls in my memories
A still evening
Has a bad effect on the unbridled nature..

I do not ask for any heaven from the sky
A piece of cloud quenches my throat
My soul is not a slave to any order
We will drive out imperialism from the world,

Before I issue any statement

My indistinct voices have dissolved in the atmosphere!

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An Iceberg In Antarctica

It was standing right here for a million years
on the body of the ocean
silently watching us

Defeated and tired, it broke in a flash
melted
and within minutes it got lost
in the ocean.

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At A Newborn's Funeral

Butterflies were yet to communicate with flowers

The balloons were yet to be filled with air

The teddy bears in the toy houses had yet to reach out

The rattles were yet to make a sound

The chocolates were yet to be tested

The joy of the leaves sprouting in the buds

The new words were yet to be crafted for the dictionary

The daggers were yet to be snatched from the hands of the butchers

And the locks of the prison were yet to be opened

The devil was yet to be caged

So many curiosities and mysteries were yet to be revealed

The infinite mysteries of space were yet to be solved

In these very scenes

We had to join

The funeral procession of a newborn

There was no noise of truth and motion

The tradition of burying the newborn gently in the soil

Had been established for

In that deserted place I had seen

A cruel commander

Crying,

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Ventilation

The birds were talking

That our pleasant days of laughter and happiness

Are coming to an end

I am worried

Looking at this century

Meanwhile many of our relatives

Have broken their ties with the earth

This earth is no longer safe for us

The birds were talking

Without any pomp

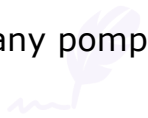
Without any manifesto

With the hope of living

That even in big buildings

At least a ventilation should be kept!

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The King Is Sad

The king is sad

His daughter

Did not commit any murder today

Did not sip water with blood

Did not imprison the moon and stars

Did not play musical instruments,

Did not cage the seasons

Did not take the 'honour' of the inherited armies

There is a commotion in the monarchy

Why did the daughter go to the workers' colony yesterday

The aroma of roasted cashew nuts is not coming

From her dung today!

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Remembering Things That Are Lost

Some things do not become part of folklore, legend or rumour

All things on earth work in turns

Like all the letters of a type-machine do not come on paper at the same time

Like we cannot see all the scenes of a play at once

Soldiers do not destroy their ammunition at the border at once

A juggler cannot show his tricks at once

Beauties also have to walk on the ramp again and again

Just as all the seasons do not arrive at the same time

Mountaineers have to walk behind the mountaineer

Sequentially in different ways

Everyone has their own roles determined

Many things do not become transferred traditions

Like the letter-box hanging at the door

This box waiting for messengers from the postman

Sometimes introducing an enlightened and elite family and which the owner of the house opens

At least once/again and again according to his restlessness

Because letters are used by S. There was no MS then!

Among the things separated from time, the race of laughter also stopped

Which used to fly from the paan shop fifty-hundred meters away

Whatever the topic, why would we not like it

Those who used to laugh used to laugh in groups, loudly

Not like now, thinking that someone will see!

In the same way, the weather washed away

The traditions of quarrelsome women who used to fight for hours and sometimes, for many days

In our place, the brave women of Tintoliya and Pachtoliya were once considered experts in the art of fighting by waving their hands

Before TV reached every home!

These few things are not vanishing from our lives all of a sudden

Many such traditions have travelled a long way

Like stories of lovers writing letters in blood

Like long curly hair of poets

Like crickets in silence.

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Metropolitan Poet

A poet from a village, town or district

undertakes a long journey to meet a metropolitan poet

and feels happy

and considers himself blessed

while a metropolitan poet

in return for reaching the village, town and district

wants to receive a warm shawl worth a lot of money!

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In Love

In love

Many wrote letters with blood

Many wrote poems

I rode my bicycle in the field

Took a round

Many times

Letting go of the handle!

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..As If

..as if
time had wandered in pitch darkness
as if a squirrel
had been caught by a hunting dog
as if a cockroach
had fallen on the ground
and just now an innocent
was crushed while crossing the road

when you softly asked me in the language of the market
what else do you do
besides poetry?

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The Dictator

The dictator listens
In the roar of tanks
The melody of music
Refreshes his lungs
The smell of gunpowder smoke
Brings sleep to him
The sound of explosions
The dictator eats
Sings
And smiles
When the dictator smiles
People gather
On maps
In search of some Tibet!

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A Time Full Of Dangers

How can I wait..

When there is not a single penny in my pocket

In the name of ancestral heritage

A broken roof and a few torn and tattered books of poetry

The most useless books of today

A lot of spit to choke down

And inertia such that if someone riddles you with bullets

You won't even utter a word

A hollow mask of respect

Her forefathers have left

So that the generation stays away from immorality

A rag of advice

But pretending to cover herself in a long sheet

With the wishes of some royal dream

How can I wait,

When the whole century is locked in a laptop

And the life system

Mortgaged to the traders

Rulers of the whole world are after

Against love..

So this time is not free from danger

For the expansion of love or for waiting!

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In Bad Times

Intellectuals searched my head
Critics shook my body
Activists pulled my hair
Poet friends laughed

A girl
Who was about to pass through this street
Also changed her path!

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A Boring Life

A tired sigh remains between us
An ant-like feeling crawling on the body
Step by step a sad evening
An old freighter moving slowly on the chest of the sea

A rose of memories withered on the campus
A broken button of the shirt
Like a boring life
Moving towards consensus!

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My Soul

Your love is in my veins
Look how similar your red blood cells are to my blood
They are the same breaths that are moving here and there
We both are soaked in the same life-scent
On the wide chest of the night
We end our lonely thoughts
A river that is flooded with snow
Suppresses its warmth for centuries
A restless soul drips from a tree in the form of a drop
Your words, feelings and my dreams are gathering in this body
Your burning desires getting erased in such a way
You will definitely not like it!

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What I Did

I brighten those memories
Which have been discolored by time
I repair an image that is falling apart
A feeling that had shattered like glass
I saved it from being forgotten by keeping it in the memory

And a long silence
Which had fallen between us for years
Going close to the ear
I whistled loudly!

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I Remember You

I am the one who mends broken shoes
I have also mended thousands of hearts

I am the nightingale sitting on a stump of a crematorium
Which wants to bring its music to your ears
Light years away from you
In your city full of fireflies
I am that weather-beaten creature
Whose soul
Beats with your soft and
Extremely beautiful name
I remember you

And I join in the wait for the next spring!

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The Clouds Of Silence Will Be Displaced One Day

God has rejected your silence
He cannot see any destiny fading
The moon will be close to the earth in March and April
He has rejected this hope too
I have faith in my hard penance
An excited soul hovers around you
Dreams are crackling in the heat of memories
The clouds of silence will be displaced one day
We do not know
Except a crippled expression
What else is left
In this rented house!

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One Day

One day I will find my city
immersed in silence

When all the people of the city
Will have gone

far away from the city
in search of silence!

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Time Has Stopped As

Time has stopped and
The leaves have turned yellow
The festive news has turned its face
The continuous events
A soft, tender poem has been
attacked murderously
Time has stopped and
The rose petals are eager to bloom
A cub wants to jump
Just now

Time has stopped as
Some painter has embedded
A girl in a frame
As if a dog has fallen asleep
Near a borsi

Time has stopped as
The fingers have got tired on the typewriter
And the questions are lying as they are
Waiting for a messenger

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In Our Tiredness

All our tiredness
Is visible in our poems
Depressive feelings and hypnotic words
By molding into poems
Get totality
Our tiredness lasts all day
Including the company of cunning people
Hope of rebirth in dead objects

The museum of Baghdad and the Buddhas of Bamiyan

Nitikating the sudden change in weather
Ignoring the hand raised for greeting

Worry about the safe return of children from school
The infamous time of intolerance
All our tiredness shines in the form of poetry

And often we
write and send poems

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Rain: Five Scenes

1.

She had forgotten the address of our house
The piece of paper on which I had written my address
The rain has soaked it..
My ink was weak and
The rain was acidic!
**

2.

The rain kept
dripping from the roof
onto the canister lying in the courtyard
All night long it kept
sing out its melody
Someone kept hammering a nail
in the silence
We could not reject this knowledge of torture!
**

3.

As a precaution
Amidst all the preparations
She secretly testified to my penury
First I was identified
Then the rain kept
breaking my solitude
Dripping on my forehead!
**

4.

The stove
was in trouble with the rain
Then Borsi too
showed its face from time to time
Avoiding useless words of sentimentality

We too
never trusted fire and water
Baked rotis as per convenience
And sometimes
Quenched our thirst!

**

5.

This is not rain
These are the tears of the proletariat
Included in the protest songs
What is left on earth is the
Thunderous voice of the soldier of nature

**

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In Discussion

It was the time of celebration of drops

The drops were strutting

The drops were singing

They were dancing

In full glory

The drops touched every pore of the trees

The soil tasted the drops to its heart's content

The drops had come like a havoc at night

In the morning the rain was in discussion

Not the drops!

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Our Love

Our love

was like a coconut

Even after a million attempts

No one could find out

Many hit their heads

Many broke their heads

The market was full of whispers

It was hot

Hidden from endless eyes

Love kept sprouting

Kept bathing

My soul!

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Helplessness

He moved slowly

came closer

with a light smile

said in a subdued but harsh tone-

'Will you take smack? '

Even if I didn't say it

I would have had to take it.

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Silence

You broke the silence after years

The fragrance of your handkerchief

Like the sweat of a laborer was spreading in the air

Perhaps you wiped the tears of a crying child

The moon and stars came to earth to wish you good night

I had a conversation with them

Everyone was surprised

A river nearby which was lying dry

Suddenly it was taking me away in a flood

Perhaps a glacier had melted somewhere

When you broke the silence

The world had changed

All the stars and planets!

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One Day Suddenly

One day suddenly we will meet my love
With countless memories buried in our hearts
Like fire is buried in ashes
Like civilizations in ruins
Water sources in sand
Seeds inside fruits
Like blood in arteries and
Hopeful dreams in eyes of common people..

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Rifle

Rifles

the rustling of a leaf
in that direction
had woken up furiously
and to avert any crisis
in victory pose
The rifleman wanted to smile

which with great care
Was looking
from behind a leaf
A mouse!

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