

Poetry Series

Azitej Anand
- poems -

Publication Date:

2020

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Azitej Anand(08/04/1990)

Mr. Anand from India is a poet and a play writer. Deep rooted in Indian customs and traditions, Mr. Anand wrote many poems and a play "Hard knocks of love". As being of 26 year old he has been working hard to renovate the essence of new world by the spark of fecund mind. His poetry luminates several themes and concepts and a play embarks a true sister love and is fabricated on the frail floss of economic paralyze of family due to severe heart rendering disease of cancer.

A Pen

For me, it's nothing;
As I add roots to air:
For me, it's mere a game;
As, I even glance the clouds behind the sun:

To me, the rosy dust on petals,
Is sheer shadow of My holder's imagination:
To me, kissing the paper,
Is to fuse the duly essence of My holder's perfection;

As you, not wandering other's truth by me,
Is that you hovering yours own;
As you, a flashing eye on me,
With floating arms:

Not me, it's My Lord;
Only you, who adds me a blue wings,
And enables Morbid like us to sing:

Especially you,
Who loves to shape our imagination;
And gives gate to your unconscious perfection:

Azitej Anand

A Tale Of Heart

In the market of terms;
In the shops of fire,
I am Heart
With my wife named 'Desire'.

Life of mine;
A string in the hands of thine,
In the lofty world
Our colors and speed are same, I foretold.

My shape, a token of love;
My sweat,
Tears flowed from the eyes hove;
I sob with pulsing beats,
When someone dearest to me cheats.

I have no eyes:
Only my speed, senses me to guess the world price;
I always praised at valentine; And, then grazed by human factual sunshine.

'Desire' my love always with me;
I am morbid without her glee,
She always told me: ' My love, we
Always persist inside mortals
Neither is a part of burial'.

I (Heart) asked: 'How my dear?
Feeling of parting suffuses my beat with fear';

She soothes my ear;
Her voice as soft as pear: 'Listen my dear
You are my love named 'Heart'
I am your fiancée 'Desire' sweetheart,
It's you that keep mortals alive;
And It's me who alter their mind vive.'

Azitej Anand

An Umbrella Girl

An Umbrella Girl by Azitej Anand

An Umbrella, in little perky hands;
Twinkling eyes, in search of native lands.

Rain as a pearl;
Fading the luster of the girl.

Eyes show her deep fear in cloudy weather;
She is groaning, ' Father and Father', everywhere.

Passers pass away, as they pretend rain and storm;
Strong wind bashes on her face as a worm.

I was also there;
Her voice brought me there.

I hold her hands gently;
She called me, Father quietly.

She is trembling and unable to speak;
Grasp my hands after a long shriek.

I was standing outside an Orphanage;
She is so cute, around four or five in age.

Her voice, always soothes my day;
She is an orphan now no one say.

Umbrella damsel is about eight years;
She is now my daughter; and, is dearest to my heart
Beside all fear.

Azitej Anand

Aroma Lassie

Descended from the 'Cluster of stars',
Petals of flowers embrace her soul;
Fragrance hatched on Earth,
Tint of touch induces her soul.

'Aroma Lassie' creation of MIGHTY,
Girl ascended from the flower world;
Knows her power after crossing puberty,
Fauna mesmerized by her fragrance as a marigold.

Soothing Damsel enforce even plants to talk,
Animals to sing;
Animal kingdom always there,
Like a loving heart seventh layer.

Always seeks a 'Wicked man',
Extra intelligent person with hidend mind;
'Lassie Blood' with revival dynamism,
Rejuvenate wicked man in brisk lad.

Firm bond foster,
Love a layer of ocean for them;
Fell in love with each other,
'Holy Matrimony' was there.

Fragrance suffuses at night,
Day after, Black clouds wandering on her life;
Aroma beauty seems to be diluted,
Loving fauna deteriorated by her choice.

Extra intelligence retrograde the muke creature world,
Wicked man developing technique strangle natural plant;
Aroma regret,
Why her love decision was so bold?
Fragrance only seeks animals and plants dead soul.

My fragrance never revive my friends(Flora and Fauna) ,
My blood is my death,
I expose at the end;

Azitej Anand

At First

Sense seems to touch my bleeding soul;
When someone calculates my words:
When it comes on questions:
'How much it pays you? '
I squeeze my lips with piercing sword!

' Have you written it by yourself? '
The suspecting literate eyes,
Of the higher world;
Exclaims my art at lower brisk;
At there, I squeeze my heart with repentance tie.

'Oh! A writer;

One, who lives in fantasy;
One, who never tastes fact!
Who always lives in ecstasy;
I squeeze my eyes!
Have you got anything from this stuff?
As being of 24 years;
Not earn a penny with your art
In such a way they inject in my blood
the future fear'

Hard voice of business realm
mocks at me;
Literate one scans my mind
And comments 'Its not your creation, a vague,
you are too small to write'
Such dialogues imparted on me.

I squeeze my head and my hair;
Echo of such sound
Piercing,
Oh! piercing
my heart, poetic layer.

At there:
I wept lot,

I wept,
I wept there a lot...

My soul traps and got squeezed;
My heart there bursts!
I lose my all senses; And, wants to be free.

At the end voice suffuses:
' Oh! Writers
They all are a veil
A veil of imaginative mirror,
All the miniature in my funeral grabs fear'

They Said..
They plead..
Oh Lord!
'Soothe his soul and brain wash all his poetic words!'

Poetic and create World never ends.
In future there will be Shakespeare,
There will be Keats:
Although, I Will not there
But such an art never beats.

Azitej Anand

Black Star

Last sunday,
In a car accident, I lost them;
as Maker roots descend to earth,
my wailing sound, fuses the darkness:

My Wife, with my daughter,
evaporates from the bosom of life;
Me, with my son questing here,
watching sky so as to being parallel in there eyes:

The above 'two Stars' are on my gravity circle,
For me to take care;
and, the gravity of mine, is to hold
the 'Blue star', My loving son:

'Black star' on earth,
I am a 'Black' one, alone on Earth;
I know the rain is your tears;
My gravity is still moving for them:

I am a linking 'Black Star' on earth,
who is now having gravity more than them:
The 'two stars', i know,
both my Stellas are moving for my son:

I want them, to be part of my life again,
as there is ours son;
and, for the sake of whom,
I always be a 'Black'..'a Black' one;

Azitej Anand

Carbon Pig!

I was there as a carbon pig,
to be in a lot with other black twig;
I am black,
so, the language of ours is to be added by white slack;

They were having a game,
alcohol in hands, 'White race', being there name:
I am a scapegoat of, one of the white men;
rest five on another, total count to be ten;

One of us being burned out by Flashy one,
Now, I am here to be burnt by white men's son;
They muses the game,
I am a part of white's meta-game:

Weeping, as being a part of a black chain,
Alas! The white boss of mine lost the game in vain;
The deal is to burn, we Negro,
White callar shrieked, chase that Carbon pig as a hero;

I run that speed, that produces spark,
My lord save me, as the White one is on embark;
I tried as being trained by Mamma,
but caught, and to face the trauma;

My pants, deepened and got wet,
petrol matches with my sweat;
The sound effaced, as skin melts in organic sent,
See how, here the the black son of God, is burnt;

Now, I see the progeny is in liberal air,
Bold voice of we carbon pigs, now on care;
Race of Racial game is on end,
Carbon pig now humans, nothing to be pretend;

Azitej Anand

Chameleon And Basil

It was here, I lost my friend,
Basil was always holding his weight;
I at first, moved to pluck some petals
He was stuck to let himself change, at late:

I noticed him down,
And finally after having leaves, I got on stairs.
Next morning, on same path,
He was there gleaming in layers:

He was an inch before,
I plucked leaves in a same manner;
He put himself as neutral,
But eyes in a sense of loosing control afore:

It was on a repition cycle,
My daughter and me be his favourite;
She plunges him, awakes me down;
Soon the closeness was generate:

Time the greatest power of all,
Before autumn leaves start kissing down the earth;
He was not able to hold,
And I got busy in daily perch.

Days passed on,
I again to have leaves,
Still I was waiting
To get that relation,
Again to get that beliefs:

Azitej Anand

Colour The Canvas

Still our eyes glitter with tears,
that drop on white canvas,
Will turn transparency to red;
The phase our loved ones,
Polish the canvas with white, some with green,
and some saffron;
Tribute the canvas,
that reflects the pure soul;
Held the canvas on the firm base,
Embarks the clotted blood that imparts brown fumes;
The rectangular piece having four edges of Geographical India,
Uplift the piece of brown fume on high Swadeshi aspirational Gandhian Lathi;
Fuse the dimensions in the liberal air;
where canvas sparks salutation in the sky.

Embellished canvas with 24 pyre sticks,
Anointed inside the Mahatma charka,
Stretch the rope, that reminds Bhagat singh;
Let's wave the three coloured canvas in liberal breeze,
Stretch your arms and body,
In the 1947 air,
Let's add the fumes of thanks;
With stagnant body and deep voice,
Forms group and row,
To show unity,
As same as Subhasha INA forming dignity;
For a moment,
Let's Join hands to feel the feeling of fraternity,
Where the colour blends to spark Indian purity:

Azitej Anand

Debt

Debt..

Oh! the stuff.

25 years ago,

Cursed by debt:

I was born;

An Indian debt:

Stubborn to shook It!

Mere my hands,

blue clouds howeling in my eyes;

Shun this debt, blessed on me by nation:

I proclaimed my soul;

To turn down each arrow of emotions,

Each arrow of love,

Each arrow of materialism;

I need to be called out by liberal name:

I have fully furnished it!

So, Liberal:

Not to shook the debt of my heredity;

The debt that nation Surcharge on each one born in our country:

At that time:

I suffuse not to get debted by any thing:

Now, I am a liberal man:

But I was wrong!

We all furnished with several bonds:

It's easy to get emancipate from it.

Isn't it?

Clouds that howels around me, enforced me:

Flora and fauna that always alot me a lap,

enforced me:

The things that supposed to be set on non living mode,

animated and enforced me:

Our ancestor and, the air that luminates my cell,

enforced me.

Enforced me;

To proclaimed

That,

I am an indian

And it's being our duty to serve it!

Respect it!
Either you Are muslim or hindu,
But the foremost thing is that we are Indian.

Azitej Anand

Do Come With Me

Do come with me,
Go inside, deep inside, upto the groove, upto the blood, to cells:
Still far to have a defination of yours.

Do come with me,
close your eyes, feel yourself,
Right, then left, now open it,
see, Is there a Mirror or Glass:

Hold on, now come with me
how plain God created you, glass at birth,
Transparent, asyou pass every ray that falls on you,

Do come with me,
Do you find any reflection there in glass,
Yes, it's that paint that painted at birth,
As same silver paint to glass, of culture and custom:

Don't get perplex,
be calm, be human to understand:

Do come with me,
you get painted deep inside,
At first you started refracting, now reflecting:
bounces back every streak of moral light projecting on you:

I am here to help you,
come again,
Reflection is yours, the paint that painted you deep inside is same of mine,
Somewhat, not like mine ego, attitude
or social frame:

I got tensed!
wait

look inside you,
You are a glass now painted to form mirror,
Isn't strange,

mirror standing in front of another mirror:

Don't ever come with me,
we both are same,
But creation is somewhat some time better than creator:

You created me,
But you onself get created,
I even in broken shakles refelct rays,
but you at broken,
dispersing other ways:

Azitej Anand

Dumb World

'SHE' is a braced base of a house,

'SHE' is a sister,

'SHE' is a wife,

Oh! Dreadful carnal-ism world;

'SHE' is a life.

If an eye can survive without an eyelid,

Then

I am an eyelid;

If a word loses fame, value and power

After disengaging from the mouth,

Then

I am that word.

Why?

'Blue eye' preference towards me!

Am I not, the part of this world glee.

I am a lovely, feeble creature of GOD;

Save me, Mom, from this world, materialism 'bloody sword'.

I am an X sperm;

In this materialistic world,

I am mere a drastic germ.

After pacing millions of sperms,

I became the part of my mother's womb;

I am a cell,

Now

I am a tissue,

I am germinating;

I am originating.

So perfection, calmness, tenderness inside

My mother's womb, I bear;

Never anticipated and speculated

I would be an impending tear.

Tissues strengthen me in a skin;
I attached,
Speculating that attachment is a firm
But is a feeble, frail and infirm.

I am originating in this'
..... 'DUMB WORLD'.....
How soft that two legs, I bear inside,
How soft those hands about,
I am so much fear aside.

Days and Days passing on;
I would be 'HE' all they reckon.

I am going to be checked

I would be happy
Or
I should be happy

Never mind!

A white creature (doctor) checked me
He said....
Alas!

' 'XX' sperm is there.
'SHE' is there,
'Female' is there.
All the happiness, blazing faces seems to shrink and close here.

A drug penetrates me,
I get bloody and detach from my Womb.
All of my skin gets dicey,
I convey:
We are welcoming a world of GAY...
Where 'HE' only with 'HE' lay.....

Body temp.! I feel;
Unconsciousness! I feel;

Fear that I feel;
This one is the first time, all that feeling I conceal.

First time, I got strangle inside the womb,
First time, I got a real picture of this degrade-full world.
Water droplets on my hand
Becomes the tear of my Motherland.

How? I blame My Mom for this sin;
Who is the part of my skin.

Let me spare! Oooo white creature,
Let me spare! All 'HE' miniature.
Let me live! Mama;
Let me prove myself! Papa.

I am a future wife..
I am someone's future life.

No one sees my Mother tear;
No one sees my piercing fear.
It seems I am standing on the verge of my Mom's heart to hear.
Speculation sparks, made it clear;
My Mom says
Would you like to live a life of 'SHE'
Just like me.

Mom:

I would be a rainbow of this ' HE' world,
Seven colors I want to show this illiterate world;

Fame, Power, possession, I bear,
I would be a doctor, engineer, scientist: I swear.

Mom,
I am suffocating..
Save me!
Save me!

Suffocating!
I am strangling inside!

Tear not of mine,
Tear not of this 'HE' world;
It's My Mom tear,
Saving me from this wall street is her fear.

When I disengage from there
Carnal matchstick going to burn me here....

Matchstick is the 'HE' world
Burning, fiercely
Is a part of this disparity world.....

Blazing temperature, I am feeling
Illiteracy piercing fire, make's me broiling.
I lose my sign
I loose my value....

Even 'HE' world would blaze me;
Or they broil me considering mere a crop.

I would be again in this world
In the form of rain
May be,
In the form of storm in vain;

I am waiting for that moment
When,
There is no antithesis that grasp our society,
'HE' or 'SHE'
Both stand,
 On the firm base of literacy.

Up to that moment,
Up to that prosperity time when earth becomes heaven.
I would be a drop.
NO,
I should be a drop.
You have ended my life.
Not my relationship,

I carry my heart with my soul.

Up to that time.....

Let me live in the form of clouds

Soothing, Shadowing the uppermost soul.

Azitej Anand

Earth On Scientific Tongue

Science grabs father face;

Science is now mother's tongue:

Hard to elaborate, by poetic word;

I tied veil on face by scientific chord.

Insulate my tongue by scientific bitter taste;

Aim to elaborate drastic world state:

Each Human heart is an atom;

Proton, Electron, Neutron are sibling inside heart womb,

Proton for positive feeling,

Electron for negative one,

Neutron embrace a neutral touch, no need of someone

or a humble one.

Proton and Neutron form the heart core(Nucleus;

Core's vacant place for God presence:

Electron(-ve feeling, revolve around Nucleus(Core of heart):

bounded by nuclear force(God) :

Each Human bonded with other;

by sharing and transfer of electron(Money) :

Atom(Heart) gains positive charge,

In the same way:

loosing electrons embark Humanity charge.

We all are in a container;

Container is our world,

and is blazing by scientific fire;

Human's agitate by knowledge desire.

Colliding with each other

leads to an evaporation, a scientific germ;

and, results in 'red color blood', in Humans term.

Intensification of scientific fire;

Exalt modernization, strangling of an Atom(Heart) :

Collision turns in vain,

Inducing so much pain,

Heart core is Nucleus:

It's womb Proton and Neutron,

Let's not induce a materialistic charge(-ve)

by gaining electron.

If the spike of scientific fire;

Escalated by intellectual knob:

Soon, the Container(Earth) grasp bleak and doom face

and we lost a happy life,

which in a real essence is a bloody chase.

Intellectual Knob should be set in the way:

it forms molecules rather than vapour;

Knob should be in middle,

So as to, foster balanced bond

between nature and science,

in a real essence which is yield able.

Azitej Anand

'Eyes' On Skeleton!

Save me, was on lips,
but we were there with cross hands;
the blood, the flesh,
were on a way to touch the Earth;
The shriek to be spared,
clothes were stripped off by the brother, there:

Her pace to get save, sparked the road,
the kins were chasing, to loose down her flesh;
and pebbles were directed towards her,
bones pierce out of skin, to had a glimpse mere;

Running, 'a naked red body',
Ah! 'XX' by the sex,
the sin is to have 'Cross cultural conceal Love',
the pebbles clearing off flesh, so as to blood sprinkle out its best.

It seems, some plan was fabricating in Father's mind,
all family members swarmed around a Pit,
The red naked 'She-body' with smeared flesh,
Eforced and dragged to sit.

The only spared flesh on body, were eyes;
eyes were spared, mob whispers the words- 'Eyes on Skeleton',
Eyes opaqued the existing world, as the blood drained out in a pit:
Kins quest there, 'Let it to be hang' not to shun:

The naked one hang on a Bunyan tree,
The Skeleton having eyes, was ashamed of being.
Pure conceal love was viewed in this way;
And finally a girl changes into 'Red Filthy', so is to say;

Azitej Anand

Fantasy Fictious Bet!

A fantasy bet of skies beauty,
Shows Moon's arrogancy for aesthetic fame;
Stars with silk light,
Joins the fame of moon's beauty game:

Bet to be loved by humans,
'So much care and loves me', flutters on Moon's lips;
Out of many stars, a Star descends to play the bet,
Came at same altitude, for deteriorating moon's adamant grip;

Humans, a mamal inside materialstic skin,
To proove this to Moon, Star engarbs earth's blanket of surviving skill;
Human eyes start floating on Star sham outward look,
Start praising and calling Star a 'New Moon' for aspiration drill:

Soon they adapt on fake Star,
And to keep it safe they start throwing nuclear waste on adamant Moon;
The whole universe claps on it,
Either a Venus or a Mars starts laughing soon:

The king Sun here roars,
Miniature are humans, I had already lost my daughter earth;
You are a babby moon,
there was also a time,
when illusion, 'to be loved by humans', persisted in earth mind that still evokes
her for last breath;

You have lost your deal,
As per rules you have to serve stars, our ancestor;
A laughing voice said,
'Just take my words and me as a consultor:

No need to serve us,
Just empowers your self and blows everything in future projected on your surface
directly;
And My love, for your safety,
I made holes on you, so that in future you never trapped again in the claws of
lofty adamant beauty.

Florets

Seven clouds;
 Seven world;
Grab seven faces that kisses the lord.

Seven fame rainbow possess;
 Flying birds in its illumination chase;

Dawn open,
 Bid morning to us;
Dusk veil, busy wind, whistle to suffuse
 Good night to us.

Seven world,
 I persist:
Eternal soul departing flesh reside in us.

Alliance of two heart,
Two facet for allocating love;
for:
 Devotion, affection, dedication
 and
 for mortification!

For:
 funeral;
 for
 burial;
I partake my different cast;
 I persist.

Ramify on cadaverous bone;
I engulf it, impart into a new color:
All we en-grab divine soul:
we are not only FLORETS(Flowers):
but, different color bounded by divine soul.

I belong to no one:
Divinity, only that suppress me.

Fall on carnality world by heinous,
I live to fall;
Or, Love to fall:
So as to bind bridge between
hectic and hearty world.

Azitej Anand

Future Imputation!

Inventions and discoveries are,
Child of human lofty intellectualism;
My arms are floating on, to grasp emotions:

I stare sun for tears, even I pinched myself;
Tears flowed down, mere sweat rather than my emotional creations.

Standing on the future sword;
The sword tip, pierces my bare foot; as my mind tossed with factual aspiration.

Wordsworth Said: 'Poetry got radiance from emotions'; Keats led: 'Man like
spider spin from his own inward airy citadel';
I need such splendid legends five senses; for my poetry words accumulation.

I thought; although in a Factual world of 2050, a poem, besides intellectual
tongue is impossible to be penned!
I stare sun, for tears: and, drank it for inducing a tint of emotions, that adds in
me poetic perfection:

I am a poet, mere a spider trapped in an intellectual web;
My factual net is firmly fabricated; and my emotions diluted with facts is the
cause of my poetic amputation.

Azitej Anand

Goodbye!

I was asleep lying on the floor,
And adorned with lovely flowers;
Peculiar things were there,
When with a core heart they bathed me in a blessing showers:

I don't know what the strange things were going at my house;
Like an infant, I was upraised on shoulders;
Each and everyone was there,
All those who loves me, were with lots of loving rose to bid me Goodbye, mere:

Indeed each and everyone who loves me was there; .
Still, I was called by their mouth
 with shriek diluted with deep torment fear;
All of them flowed tears,
 Causes profound calmness instead of fear.

Who never wants to pluck my face, on that day was there;
 With an embellished loving heart;
How can I be loved and tributed by thy mouths and hearts?
How can I? This induces in my eyes materialistic fear.

I don't know, why they had stunned by my calm face;
 Why they astonished by seeing me asleep? ;
Oh! With a groaning and deep torment, Why were they awaking me from my
dreams of peep? :

Each phase and soul,
 Starts wobbling there, by seeing me;
Where I was made asleep forever;
 Those who have a strong love for me,
From those hands, I was made buried forever and ever!

Azitej Anand

Hands! My Hands

Oh! Mighty hands empower me
 Serene parting, engraving me for world glee.....
Up most soul with diamond finger,
 Mold me in golden creature!

Hands! My Hands
Get Goldy by thy departure
Hands! My Goldy Hands!

Soul fabricated for humanity
 Hands get gallant by thy essence
Carnality worlds need you,
 not for cruelty.....

Hands! My Hands
 Amends for serving humanity
Hands! My Human Hands!

Doom!
 Gloom!
Bloody fleshy frenzied tip of the sword.....
Gentle!
 Serene!
Humble core heart,
 Outright welcome thy hands in the realm of drastic world....
Hands! My Hands
 Sinless, Innocent
 Mount for illuminating the doom under the lumpy world....
Hands my sinless hands.

Sex determining, Speculating world touches me.....
 Warm, Intense cold thy perplex touch
Folded vexed by hard and soft blood of my parents glee.....
Hands! My Hands
 Routed for zeal, intimacy
Hands! My perplex softy Hands!

A year later,
 Ascend to height by my friend(legs)

I bears humanity fragrance up to infant time
soon get diluted in fame of becoming lofty end...
Hands! My Hands
Diluted in the poison of grabbing wealth
Hands my materialistic wealth Hands!

Forget!
I forget thy soothing touch
Preached me for 'humanity'
not for wreath.....
I get diluted
blue stream 'wealthy hands' touches me
Forget fragrance once in heaven suffuses on me....
Hands! My Hands
oh!
Molded by spark of 'seven deadly sin'
Hands! My appetite Hands!

'Seven deadly sin' Faustus, imparted on me
'Seven stage of life' Shakespeare, sprinted by me....
How can I?

How can I?

Deteriorate my life for 'Helen's beauty'?
Bloody myself as 'Alexanderian spirit'?
Head on plate, as 'John de Bapist'?

How can I?
Freckled dehumanization.....

I late stood
Now, I am the king of wobble wood.....
Intoxicate soul change my color
From white
then red
Now, I am bleak... I swear.....

Fabricate 'cow-web' as a happiness stream
Power, fame, possession I dream!
I attained all these forgetting humanity
Spider web wipe away

At last in doom flossy world, I loose my eternity.....

Azitej Anand

Heal The Miniature

Hatred a Word:

Humanity should be fuses on Earthly black character

Oo my Lord.

Some petals withered;

Some buds need water for germination;

Furious blood clotted for humanity notion.

Life a 'Sprinkling star':

'You and Me',

is this, to prove in a war?

Skin and bones;

Earth red peel of human blood made us alone.

Insane we are;

Frantic too:

'Love for Nation', overlap 'love for devotion',

We all are,

Creation of upper hand

Tint of love that embrace our soul;

Purity by preaching word of upper soul.

We are,

from same embryo,

Same world:

Having

Same appearance

but

distinct heart.

Some black heart needs to be dampen;

Lofty speculated mind ascend for illumination.

Where black grave tangle on humanity sword;
Sanity should purify by Embracing God.

We loose Purity, Sanity, Chivalry, Care.
'Blood and Gore' always there!

Azitej Anand

Human Infatuation

Closeness is what,
Where your expectation is zero;
Where you act as a solvent,
and so calmness that you dissolve all insolent:

The negativity that hinders you,
Is what an oil film;
Humanity sword is to measure the cold blood,
Work on your piercing word:

Perfection is an essence of giving,
Is what that ignores attachment;
That liberate shackles,
Of being adding sourness with humanity pickels:

Happiness that float,
Like lather exist for some time to carry impurities;
Embark of being lightness,
What you feel here is the real human brightness:

Bubbles adhere seven colours,
The world with seven fame; I
Pride, envy, gluttony, wrath, lust,
greed and sloth are our deadly sin,
are the ways to swim with materialstic fin:

Love and acceptance,
Is the reality of survival:
To dominate the humanity infatuation should be bold,
Shower the rain from the patriarchal cloud:

Azitej Anand

I Loved

I loved,
I loved, to be love, as my love is one;
For human and nature both to be one:
Love to be token for those one;
Whose love for nature is dear one:

To be loved, as a matter different one;
For those whose love is natural one:
Love has purple wings, believe by some one;
No matter, I loved to be love as my love is one:

The skies behold love for everyone;
You and I are same, as fumes of love suffuses to deep one:
As stars gleaming not for everyone;
Reflection of stars only radiates by some one:

Layer above than love is only comparison one;
In reality, it is a mythical one:
You make out of it, as you relate to no one;
No matter, I loved to be love as my love is one:

Love as a soul to heart, not a stupid one;
But stands as stupid for future one:
Grip looses as roots pulled down, for everyone;
Quest of love vapour understood by no one:

As it same on earth for all one;
But bless to some special one:
To be lucky as soft as rose petal, is an impossible one;
No matter, I loved to be love, as my love is one:

My words touches some one;
as to that some one I need no one:
For those it is an empty one;
Forgetting, Still there is land, and other creature breathing one:

Stop it, what it be called a pollutant one;
I need air, not other but oxygen one:
Stop, let it stop to be nostalgic one;

No matter, I loved to be love, as my love is one:

My love is you, rather than anyone;
Come Close, so that our sense be one:
Stop degrading nature, as an alien one;
Feel it, so to always connected to other one:

To be responsible, as sustainable one;
or be prepare for creamtion with all one:
Clock is ticking, now it may be anyone;
No matter, I loved to be love, as my love is one:

Azitej Anand

If I Can....

If I can....

If I can be a raindrop

I always remain in the love clouds of your heart.....

If I can be a star

I always there in each twinkle of your eyes!

If I can be a word

I always a soothing voice of you.....

Let me....

Let me.....

Embrace the loving moments

Love the decent comments.....

I love you

I love your firm grasp

I love my head on your lap....

Fragrance of your soul suffuses a feeling of love in me.....

I can be you

If my heart let me to do....

I can be your tears

If it would remain in eyes forever....

I can..

I can be your smile

If a feeling of despair never let it to go.....

I can be your soul

If it would remain with flesh after death.....

I can be clouds in a blazing day

If it would not kisses earth in the form of rain.....

Love that binds relation

That intensify renovation

Unexplained word - 'God Creation'

Give a tribut to love

That binds....

Brother with sister

Love with lover.....
Friends with friends
Offspring with their parents.....
How..?
How...?
Love still prevails in many realms...
Love of humans with animals..
Love of humans with nature.....
Love of humans with God....

Breath needs air
Soul needs a flesh
Speculation needs a mind
In the same essence
Love
Or
True love
needs pure heart.....
Love is the way
Love that germinates a peaceful society.....
Love that grasps our society.....
Four powerful words
If in real sense it be followed.....

'Our world will unite in a single soul of peace within a profound lovable body'

Azitej Anand

Imaginative Face On The Floss

Aspiring 'Imaginative Face On The Floss':

Some called Eco-Friendly and some worse.
Day star gleam there face;
They too surviving in carnal human race.

Eyes in the search of GOLD(Rag):
Bleeding heart resemble to be bold.
Mind for lofty speculation;
Needs our corporation.

PEBBLE..

Soft legs drop on me;
I get swelter by sun glee:
'O Mighty' give me the power;
I would shield myself with hydro peel.

SUN..

Blaze, sear, scorch I possess;
Not to bake lovable creature,
Made me! Powerless;
Made me for a moment blaze less, freeze:
'O Mighty' give me the power,
I would be powerless for thy skin,
Who is a part of my kin.

RAIN..

Pearls drops from eye;
When I fierce by wind:
'O Mighty' Give me the power;
My pacing shower get slow,
When wind let me blow.

Low creature(Dog) on thy way:
Draft them away,
No one to give tender touch,
Speculation for survival is so much:

Illuminate dream to fly over the rainbow;
Lord! Let spark their future glow.

Beam of Moon light..

Exasperate mind:

Disintegrate body:

Let me to soothe thy diamond heart;
Faint beam of core-touching rays inert;
Dream suffuses in mind,
Some eyes in dream for royal life,
Some eyes for delightful wife,
Some for mother,
Some eye for impending marriage of sister:

Let me give the power!

'To en-grab their heart with golden layer ';
Indulge in dream forever,
Fulfill there gleaming delusion ever.

Non-Living things too swear:

Humans soul still unable to hear!

Have some hands of care

'SERVE HUMANITY SERVE GOD' let it to be share.....

Azitej Anand

Insaan!

Insaan!

Insaan aj kaise najuk daur p khadha hai,
Khone ko uske pas apne hai,
Par aj veh fir kis mukam k lie ruka hai!

Samaj ki is ret ko hath p lie veh chalta gya..
Soch k tarakki k manjar ko,
veh samay k vasvik roop me khudh ko dhalta rha..

Kya livaaz,
Kya vacchan,
Jhaa insaan ne,
sirf khudh ko gumnami k takht k nichey paya!

Daur badla,
Aj smay khudh khada yha insaan ki gunj sun ne!
kash, Kuch pal aye,
Jha maut k in hathon se jude sb apne!

Vo yadein..
Vo yadein,
dil ko zin-zor jati h,
Jab insaan ko suli p dekh,
insaan dvara hi tali baj jati hai..!

Azitej Anand

Jeevan (Hindi)

Un hatho se chhoo lo..
Jisme pyar ka ehsaas h..
Un lafzo se zikr kro
Jisme pyar ki ek ek fariyad h!

Havon ne zinda rkha h,
Un hvaon ki khusboo me tera ehsas h!

Un manzilo ko pa lo,
Jiske kone p sirf mohbat ki emtehaan h!
Un gehraiyon ko chum lo,
Jiske gunj ki buniyad sirf dil me h!

Saanso se alfazon ko mehrum kraoo
Jinke sattey p teri ye tasvir h!

Un hotho se gun gunaoo.
Jiske hr lafz pyar k sagr me dube h..
Un badlo ko bikhero
Jinke lie hum hmesha se besub h..

Sagar ki gehrai napnengey aj hum..
Le chlo us tali ko chhune jiske lie aj tak jiye h hum!

Un muskurhaton ko bikhero,
Jo mujhe saans de...
Us mitti me sma jao
Jo hamme sukoon de...

Aj asmaan bikhra h,
Sagar ko aanchal dene...
Le chlo hamme yha se,
Jha jeevan ko jeena, mano mukhote p ansuoon ko sinche....

Jis saanch me dhala h,
Chlo ussi saanch ko pingla de!
Shyad aa gya vo samha,
Roshni k takht p, jha sannch k drpn ko jla de.!

Kis Baat Ki Ghamand!

Sukun pane k liye zindagi ki rahon p chala,
Kuch rukha pan sa paya isme;
Ghr se niklte smay bhut prshno se ghira paya khudme.

Darpan dekh k nikla tha,
Socha tha dekh lia khud ko;
Fir na jane har kadam par,
Kyu jhank rha tha khud ko:

Sagar k kinare pahuncha,
To lehro ne pero ko bhigo dia;
Aisa lga,
Jaise ghamand ho mujhe me;

Samunder ne kha:

'Mana tu do gaz zameen se uncha hai,
Par asman se tu aj bhi nicha hai; '

Apni aukat smjha to baith gya,
Samunder k kinare me nichey:
Samunder se maine sikh lia,
Jo na sikha darpan se,

Shant rehna,
Mauj me behna;
Ek lehar jo tut jaye,
To tute lehro ko sang chlana;
Sang rehna,
Andr si tuti hui lehro ko asman tak uthana:
Har ek k andr us sahil ko chumne ki himmat,
Kuch rahe na rahe,
Sahil tak pahunchne ki attot si sukuniyat:

Har boond apne jeevan me mehaus krega usse,
Or sath ho sbka to ek sin ufnega us se:
Sang chale hum to par lga dengy,
Insan ko chodh k,

Sbse sikh lengy;

Chavvi sagr ka khud p bnata,
Sache astitva k sahi mayna sikhlata,

Tu na tha or na hai-
Fir,
Ghmnd kyu h;
Kya khoja tune,
Bs smjha hi to h:

Hva pal pal sikhati chlana,
Badal yu garzna;
Surya dikhaye tujhe zamana,
Raat k andhkar me maut ka yu ithlana;

Abhi to tu smjha h sirf ek ansh ko,
To kyu dikhaye ghamand;
Abhi to ek panna tak ni smjha,
Fir kis baat ki ye ghamand,
Fir kis baat ki ghamand.

Azitej Anand

Let Forget!

Let forget your own
Embrace a loving hands
On the head of another
Like your own!

Let forget your love for your own
Love that heart that needs you
Like your own!

For a moment
Freeze all emotions of your own
Let forget your own blood
For a moment
Let forget!

Too much you have
You own!
Have some hands for appetitic eye
Tears when your own weeps
Feel that tears of under gown
Let have a helping hands as same for your own
Let forget your own!

Let forget your relation
For a moment
Let became parent for someone
Someone.....
Who feels you
And
For a little moment
See there Mom and Dad in you
Let forget for them!
For them
Let forget!

Let forget your shed
Get clouds for someone
Who can't earn it by dream and sweat
Let forget shed for them...

Let forget!

Let forget your fashion style
Donate clothes to a girl child
Let her safety by your clothes
Like your own ward!

Let forget your taste
Add taste to an appetitic stomach
Who have never been a bread for many days
Let add salt to them
Or taste to them!
Let have a care for those
Who had lost there dear ones
Let forget our pain.....
Put your golden hands on them
Let suffuse happines and sell it to them....
Let forget!

Let tomb to shine
An illumination that blinds an eye....
Have some hands!
Let forget
And
Pledge by putting hands on fire
Let change the way!

Azitej Anand

Life, A Twig!

Life, a twig in air,
to feel the sensation and to share; Bends down, and shook all again to rise;
Rain let it to feel the earth,
the fragile search, not shows dearth;
The time of support needs and be there, the nature is to match mere;
curl down to touch the brim, and is moving to touch their relation trim; embraces
the new log, mixes their cell to entrap a new soul,
Leaves for another log,
Kisses the way for another log,
Another log?
Isn't it a foul?
but esence is to move,
that sparkles the non living sensation;
Twig knows,
How to move, Ah! it matters;
Stars are apparent there, not to shatter!
not to shatter!

Azitej Anand

Maa

Ek aahat si thhi,
Aisa lga 'Ma' tu fir se zinda ho gyi;
Ek anchal si thhi,
Aisa lga 'Ma' jaise tum chhaya(Shadow) ban k aa gyi:

Ek khushbu ayi,
Tham gye ye kadam;
Apne baccho ko dekha 'Ma' bolte hue,
To 'Ma' tu usme aa gyi;

Do kadam agey badhe,
Ladkhda k bhot bar gira;
Suna h maro(dead) ka naam ni lete
Pr tu juban p bar bar aa gyi:

Mausam yu bdle,
Ek din me char pehar dikhe;
Shyam ki pyali
Teri khoobsurti ki lali si chah gyi;

Ek awaz si ayi,
Yu muda shayd tu h;
Pr yaad ayi ek 'Ma' mere pas h,
Jo mere apno k juban p aa gyi:

Amar kon khta h ni hote yha,
Na jane kitne vardano me manga gya;
Shayad unhe ye baat hoti pta,
Dekh tu aj hum sb me amar ho gyi:

Mom, Mummy, kya 'Ma',
Sab lipte h mamta ki mom(wax) mein;
Baati(wick) ka kya,
Aj bhi dekh meri beti tere roop me aa gyi:

Jana sbko ek din h,
Aj avaz mere pas bhi aa gyi;
Teri masumiyat ka kya,

Aj meri akhri saans me bhi tu chali aa gyi;
Tu chali aa gyi;

Tribute to Mother

Azitej Anand

Miss You Dad!

Dad, Your forefinger, pointed towards Moon,
By how, you introduced your love, to me;
Whenever, there was rain,
you always kept, your hands above me;

Whenever, I forget my lunch,
It was you, who always scolds Mom for it;
Whenever, there were any demands,
I always found you, behind me;

When there were, low grades, in my Exams,
It's you, who stands, before me;
When, I was 18,
It's you, who fuses potential in me,

Whenever, there were tears, in my eyes,
that same liquid, rolls down from your cheeks;
For choice, of my partner,
It's you, , who permit me:

when, my brother, passed away,
its you, who at first, wept behind me;
It was, my marriage,
where at first, I found your, ever presence, , get faded;

Now, when I forgot, my lunch,
no scold, is there, in environment;
In rainy days,
I always, missed the shadow of your hands;

Tears, still flowed, from my eyes,
when, I divorced, and entitled with, "slut";;

At the end, I am staring moon,
by how, your apt love at first, conveyed to me;

Miss you Dad;

Missing, your presence!

Azitej Anand

Moral Alarm

Lighter than air, falls on human dead bed;
Sun, stimuli of aspiration,
Between the two, degrade soul loving intentions;
Strong wind enforces me to bend,
Stars and moon inspiring heart at the night end:
Shaping me to opt the path against my acceptance,
Trembling twigs, crawling for initiating the generation;
Our repenting fossils fabricating toward valiant bend:

Hoping soon that wind will change the pacing track,
Sun should illuminate the shower of deep warm;
Ancestral fossils accumulate strength, to put me on track,
Norms to sustain, having a life of charm;
Streaks of love, flowers where happiness always flack,
fragrance turns to gold, a sign of Moral Alarm:

Azitej Anand

Mujhe Bhi Pdhaoo!

Papa, mujhe bhi le chlo,
Vha jha baccho ka samah chahaya hua h;
Papa, mujhe bhi kandho p utha lo
Ek taraf jha bhaiya ko uthaya hua h:

Vo dekho sb baache aa rhe h,
Shayad veh skul h jha vo ja rhe h;
Bhiya ka man dekho kaisa udas h,
Kya vha kuch samah khas h:

Mera man h,
vha mujhe bhi pdhaoo na, Papa,
Mujhe bhi bhaiya ki trh kuch banao na, papa:
Har saal aise hi gujar rha h,
Papa yun na bhana bnaoo,
mujhe bhi pdhoo:

Ajeeb h ye dunia,
Muh kholne p ye log smjhne lge h:
Yu chuppi to mt sado,
Is dhage me mujhe bhi pirou;

Kuch akshar ajeeb se mujhse
bhi bulvaoo na, papa:
Dekho, smay beet gya na;
Is doli k bhane,
maut k mom p to mat sajao;
Papa, mujhe bhi pdhaoo:

Samj aa gya mujhe,
Ye smaj ek arthi h;
Sajana jiski zindgi chahie
Sajai prayo ki ja rahi h:

Me nhi jaungi Papa,
Jis desh me janmi,
uske lie me kuch kr na payi;
Gehna jb dena tha tb dia na papa

Ab vidai k samay yun ansu bhaoo na papa:

Azitej Anand

My Soul

My soul, how much I love you,
It's you who always there with me;
How then today, I am standing on the verge of perplexion:
My heart, you still beats there for me:
And will always be there,
Then how do, I loose my senses to hear you:
My soul,
Being pure, how lovable are you?
I was wrong at each sphere to judge you;
In judging, In aspiration, In decision and in perfection, Would, I have felt you by
intuition:
Only by intuition.

Azitej Anand

Nirguna (Hindi)

Char arthi,
Char paheer yu isme;
Ana jana nach nachana,
Bhut kuch h dunia me:

Kangan allsi, gehna vehna,
Kya maut ka tamachha;
Jabtak jeena, kya sinchna,
Kya pina ispe:

Marna varna, tu kya jane,
Jo hona so hona;
Lena kya h jo dena,
Vahi bicchona ghr se:

Daman se yu hath milaya,
Mila lia jaise khud se;
Rona dhona, yu kyu mudna,
Chhuda lia ho khud ko khud se:

Alvida kenhna, poojna poojvana,
Faltu ka kya h ismey;
Kuch mile na mile, miley to mile,
Ag lagey is putley zism me:

Tevar dikhana,
Kya cham cham kya chamkana;
Pingle loha isme,
Cham cham kannch lipte khudse khud me:

Kya sinha kya anghh,
Sab mitti h isme;
Dhool vool, hathi ghodey,
Sb milengy ek din isme:

Bhavishya ka kya,
Ateet h usme;
Pagal vagal,
Kalpana valpna ka kya h isme:

Sagar vagar, unchi unchi lehar isme,
Pyas kya bhujhe, namak h sb usme;
Dekhna sikhna bahut kuch h dunia me,
Altu faltu paap puniya ka kya h tujhme:

Azitej Anand

Ode To Pebble

Faint sun rays;
 that, soothes my curved shape:
Lad, that touches me gently;
Imparts on me everlasting rays.

I pierce wind, when he throws me;
 afflicting towards Pond:
Tender displacement on the surface of water;
My aspiration of jumping thrice induces in me glee.

I always thought;
So stupid, are those who prefer sea bed:
I there, jump at first up in air;
The water touches my core;
Before preceding second one my eyes got red.

At the relevant time of my second jump;
I got, half image of under sea world:
Some come close to me; and, some part by my ripples:
Half mind of mine is to dump.

So much love inside;
Tranquility sense its illumination:
Air now seems harsh to me;
Fragrance of utilitarian moves me abide.

At my third step;
I saw whole world;
Fish kisses me with welcome notes;
And, for the lovely sea world, I never revive my energy for next brutal step.

Only that I leave; behind, was ripples;
Will exist only for some time;
I than, fuses for my next birth;
I am much happy; than, my previous cripples.

I am now, at sea bed;
Loved by each and everyone;

World of humans factual lofty heart;
Lacks true satisfaction, I pled.

Azitej Anand

Orphans

How cute are our names,
That begin with the same alphabet by big O(Orphans) :
Belongs to same Mom
And same Dad:

No scientific history do we have,
We all have same blood group O(Orphans) :
Either XX or XY,
No one calculates sex by going sad:

Our eyes are our dreams,
No one there who stands beside O(Orphans) :
How lucky we are,
Keep on furnishing all these by getting glad:

If, Spoons and plates form a family,
How we all have a large family of O(Orphans) :
Voices of our loved ones,
Is the real essence of life, beside going earthly mad:

Tears of ours,
Swept in forming the emotional chain of O(Orphans) :
Shall, there be a canvas of our colours, Which shows the fragrance of what we
have.

Azitej Anand

Parallel Worlds Sometime Merge

Parallelism between the two worlds exist
The world of us and the world that runs parallel.....
Nature still embraces unexplored facts
Soul still an unexplained element
Supernatural power infinite times illuminated by nature.....

Let's explore a glittering past moment.....

Stormy, Valiant, doomy night
Moon grabs a bleak cover....
Stars tear seem to soothe the rain at this night
It's being the two world appear to merge at this mid-night.....

A men with floating legs
stands at the front of the gate
The owner of the gate was 'Nurse'.....

NURSE.....

'Oh! Who are you..? What the hell are you doing at this mid night'

A bold shudder voice....
 'Help me'
 ' Save my wife'
'You are the savior; You are the witty'
'My wife is pregnant and I need you to do me a favor at this critical point'
' Would you please..? '
' I am pleading you
 If you serve me at this moment
 I would bend the fortune on your foot
 En-grab you with golden layer
I would pierce all the impending threaty layer.....
I wold germinate fragrance of blossoms in your loving layer.....'

NURSE.....

'I help you! I serve you!
Let me took the whole charge.....
Let me to seek the way of your wife

Now I am an in charge.....'

The men took her across the jungle

Hold her hands firmly

Parallel worlds here merge

Oh! So much pace!

The men sprints like a soul

In a nano second they would be in the front of his wife!

Something strange appears

Tint of super naturalism in the man seems to be clear.....

Something different the 'Nurse' feel

All the feeling she conceal.....

The operation should be proceeded by the 'Nurse'

The new one born...

The operation stunned Nurse

Babies are born in sequential way

One by One with an everlasting way!

After the birth they start floating in the air.....

Scene is supernatural

As it seems above the seventh layer of human mind....

.....
'Let me to explain!

Let me to reveal the fact! ! '

I am the fifth element(air)

I am Ghost (What so called in your human language)

We too have parallel world

Running parallel across your ones!

World that touches all the customs of marriage, family, love and relations

It is this fact that relate day and night creation.....

Now!

(By bursting in tears) Ghost.....

' My whole life stands on the tip of debited sword of your.....

I am your slave..

You served me.....

Now!

I would rein your life to the lofty path of success'

The men left the 'Nurse'

Soon all the scenes get diminished and fades

She found herself on the bed...

The sign was only, her hands were red.....

After that moment...

Her life after then spelled with wealth and happiness

She never face any monetary problem

If in case any...?

Her locker was automatically charged with golden coins.....

In the whole sphere of her life

She never attained love from her son or being as a wife.....

With the pacing hour of time

She start getting old

Standing on the verge of death

And unfortunately get died!

No one there to weep

All the family members seems to be happy...

There were drums

There were music;

As it seems new one born instead of death.....

The truth - 'Grin and bear it' Truth.....

A shuddering voice moans

A voice of groaning and moaning echos whole day near the 'Nurse'

Pain of the voice is so intense

If it felt by deep heart!

Something out of the world

seems to be weeping.....

Tears and Groaning suffuses in the room.....

Some facts are still indispensable truth of our society.....

That evokes or wobbles the speculation of human mind.....

Reset

If there would be a Reset button in me,
I would Reset it:
Reset it,
Reset it on my lost days;
Reset it on the day, when I was there
standing wrong for my loved ones:
Reset it for the needy hands,
That needs me, but I was not there:
Reset it on my infant stage,
When I was deeply touched with my
motherland;
Reset it on each day, each sphere;
When I wept for my loved ones:
Reset it for rectifying the wrong
judgement of our nation;
Bless me God, with Reset button,
I would like to serve Humanity,
With the essence of Reset divinity:

Azitej Anand

Road Safety

Road as slippery as glass
Lives on engines with two or four tyres
Pacing bloody wars!

Time has no meaning
will forever endure
The strongest of all the warriors
'Time and Patience' at death shore!

Careless heart, loses their beat
Overtaking eyes, their spark
Some there role
With a mere traffic foul!

Life lingers for short time
Shortcut make situation for a moment sublime!
Overhaul, show-off
Are the womb of drastic death time!

If you love your family and ride
then belt them
and literate traffic rules before ride!

Follow each symbol and rules
As an instruction
Live always happy with wholesome satisfaction!
Never give your ride a short end
As the sunset of existence generally descends!

Sprinting spoils surrounding serenity
Slow and safe drive
Is a real dignity!

Assume yourself as a magnet
And road as an iron....
Modernisation, appetite of earning
Doesn't overlap your traffic rules intentions!

Loose a second

a minute, even an hour
But never let on you the western shower!
Better to loose one second
then loosing life in a second!

'Wheel-out', by youngster
Moaning family 'doom and gloom'
Use furious youth blood
For making our Nation bloom!

Never chase speed
Never make negative decision at loose time.....
Never speed-up
In worst mind....
Trees are slow to grow
Bear the best fruit
Good things come to those
Who wait for fruits!

Keep patience
And drive slowly
Not only a slogan
But is a way of life.....

Azitej Anand

Seven Wings!

Thunder in the clouds brought the order from heaven,
Adam and Eve found earth the beautiful place, here begins the story of seven;
The bird on which they arrived,
The rough surface leads the bird shattered and deprived;
The shattered bird loses its wings,
Eve gathers it for humanity blings;

Seven feathers she grabs,
All of them luminates seven different colors that they engrabs;

One of indigo and one of violet,
She fuses to flowers,

Blue our ocean, fused by Eve's blue wing.
Green she blessed to earth beauty to let it sings;
The yellow one is our closest star,
She gave it to him.
At each turn,
At each decision,
there is hidden quest inside the Adam's precision;
'Which wing does she select for me? '
Now for orange, She diffuses it to the blush of pure soul;
Now the last turn is of red,
Which leads the emergence of men arrogance role;
A red wing..

The powerful wing
The one and only wing having supremacy over seven blooded feathers,
that in mind of Eve's Swing;
Pride, envy, gluttony, wrath,
Lust, greed and ego's worth;

Eve ' Father, It's the wing that needs to be suppressed for overarching power,
which has the most illuminating essence of devilish shower;

We can never handle or no other creature have the power to handle it!
It's only you father, who easily handle it.
It's for you! '

The insanity burns the patience,

And Adam pushed Eve and mutters the words as doing intuition;

The wing attached to Adam,

Injects red essence in form of liquid;

Here the Man borns,

Patriarchal world here sown;

The Man stands for anger, boldness, high hightness and arrogance.

And the Woman still diffusing its tribute for the sake of world emancipation.

Azitej Anand

Shadow

Nature casts me on surface
Better than God created face....

Colors posses this world
'Grasp the mirror of rainbow', in systematic fold.....

I am black
Movement and surface turns my shape into slack..
Heart has living being for their hampered ride....
I am a part of thee with a heart aside....

Light is my mother
And father is an object
Casts at anywhere
Shaped by different surface everywhere...

Neither love nor grudge
I have
Same for intellectual and for a splendid face makes me shy!

Oh!
No power
No fame, I have
Peace, I want to preach
that i have!
Love resides in simplicity
Oh! My firm bind is real dignity

Never I leave mortals
I am always with immortals
You have to learn more
How to bind with your country
Like me to you, should be sure...

Azitej Anand

Sink

How, Do I feel;
at some point, I saw the rope:
It attracts me,
No doubt, the reasons are more with mere scope;
I, in my way float there,
stupid I am, how I stuck my eye with fear.
Beats of my heart pacing like a drum,
I only trust is of hook:
Speed that i matched,
so perfect which was never in the past. With my calculating fact,
I measured inch..Circumference there:
Oh! my neck,
Balancingmy body which, i was.. taught at once.
Oh!i am now piling on;
Like a stage it resembles me,
several times at same, i was awarded,
liquid embraces my eye,
so quick to see heaven taught by many;
I look above to fit my neck,
as i was many a time trained to wear t shrt:
my eyes are loosing scene,
fading to get Success.

First time my space was met,
without clamp,
without it,
I placed 'Me', to catch the solution:
Now,
My search of self
is everyone race to themselves.

Azitej Anand

Substantial Men

Substantial man,
hold his bold attitude,

I am not bold or a model;
But in Maya Angelou way,
When I begin to tell them,
they (Girls) think I am telling lie,

What I Say,
I Say:

It's the fierce of my words,
The elegance of my hair Gel,
boldness of my fame,
is the curve of my abbs game;

I am a bold man;
Substantial,
a Substantial man,
That's me.

I swag in my way,
the heatness of my sway;
And to girls,
they stare me,
the perkness of my glee;

Girls coddle their own arm,
and stare with sexual charm;
The blueness of my eyes,
the embarkness of my sigh;

the hardness of my muscle,
and the sourness of my lips pickle;

I am substantial,
a substantial man.

Women feels apetite in their thoughts,

What they see in me,
they try many soughts;
my inner splendor,
the boldness of my pure gender;

The prickness of my belt,
the sparkness of my watch,
Highly raised confidential callar,
Upbrim black tie with upmark stroller;

Piercing button groove,
With my lashing shoes;

Now, they(girls) caught me,
Why do I can't speak aloud,
as fumes of male are so profound;

flash of my personality clan,
it's because,
I am,
a stagnant man.

Azitej Anand

Sufi - 'standing On The Verge'

I grasp an illuminating dream
oh! my reader...
In which I am the loving beam..

I am the man
I am the way...
I love the accent in which she say...

SHE REVEALS.....

' I am not that type of girl
who deteriorate there life which is like a vivid pearl..
I don, t believe in love before marriage
that adds in my life alien-age and lessen my courage...'

My Sufi line wobble my heart and soul..
Oooo futile...
My effort is my foul.....

Lord, My Lord
Who peers my love for my sweet angel..
Embraces me with sweet Evangel.....

I said to My GOD, My fate writer...
with a pure heart and gold character..

' I hold her when she begins to cry
make her smile with just my eye....
Share her hopes, dreams and fears
I wipe away all her tears..'

My line soothes God
Just like the 'blood shines on the sword'...
If your body is love
Than miracle is a soul...
Go once again and replenish your foul....

The stars suffuses their gleaming light
Meanwhile, she accepted my lovable sight....

My Sufi, My love accepted me
Does me or my friend be the part of her glee?

Chhatarpur Mandir embarks Sufi acceding love for me...
How we two embraces in a blanket in which only she and me....
Movie marks a lofty impression..
How close do we get after intermission.....

She hold
She told...
Oh! My dear, our love is bold.....

A beauty with double mind
It's hard to believe on a single mind..
I should go on which way
'I am an isolated leaf floating on the speculating river' she say...

A corpse in his grave
..... a man with vain brave
A flaw full plan is being fabricated
My love
My rosy tint is going to be deteriorated.....

Stuck by chance
Force by soul....
It, s time for all of the three to end there role....
Agony, Pain, Wretchedness My love bear
' I give my all love' On that day i swear....

Here.....

A golden ring with a diamond finger..
Let's you remember another figure....
Her first thing is her personality
Dissolves many smiles in her dignity.....

My Sufi friend
Her fascinated, greeny world is too deteriorated by that wild..
Severe pain she had to face
And I
Only I
Responsible for her devastating pace....

Her lovable life is like a rose..
Same man was the poison that was impose...
I must regret
I must convey... I am the rain.....
Things sometime must drop
before they can blow again.....
I left the villain with my love from New Year(2011)
My love fuses some word in my ear....

'SPRING LOOSE IT'S FATE, IF EVERY FLOWER IS A ROSE'
One incident here appears to be close...

.....

Sword may loose their shine
Sword may not drink 'blood as a wine'.....
River may change their way
I always there on my same way....

I PROMISE
I PLEDGE.....

Heaven must be small
If 'I love u' by my all.....

My friend, My support, My bro..
Who always puts a marriage pro...

Both of you are great couple together....
May your love will stay in your heart forever...
Forget me and my friend(FORMAL) never....
But don't forget...
That we are great together...

I say.....
I Put my concept- - - - -
My love for my Sufi is brighter than light
That is the reason on which we will win every fight....

My friend gives a smile and say.,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,

'WHO CARES WHETHER THIS IS A POEM OR A RHYME

MAY GOD BLESS YOU UNTIL THE END OF YOUR TIME'

Azitej Anand

The Air

The air we breathe;
All we waiting on the Earth,
to keep it alive:

Azitej Anand

Vidai (A Valediction)

Golden execution around my neck
11 steps to sold
and to mold!
Customs tradition enforces me to bold
Weeping tears as a pearl kisses my Soul..
First step out of my house
Shatter my heart durable bond
Foster me with my infancy world..
Cradle, immaturity that never belongs to me
Shivering Second step suffuses Parents vows
Breach that words
' My ward we love you
Never let you to go'
Second step strangle tradition fake face
I broke it...
I broke it.....
Golden execution around my neck
11 steps to sold
and to mold!
Third farewell bid to my own
Goodbye to my dreams, my room
that was never to be mine
My doll
and to my role.....
Moaning VIDAI song
A valediction Sound.....
Tear soothes air by fourth step
Let me to break my own words...
' I should base to you Mom and Dad
Lend you all my love
Never let you despair
Always with you as a pair'
Compulsive peeping eye
Heart that loose beat by my absence
Omission of sound, 'Brother, Brother'
I broke my Fifth feather.....
Golden execution around my neck
11 steps to sold
and to mold!

Sixth step precede Fifth one
Fragrance of my land
Going to be a ward of a 'Foreign land'....
Wreath of seventh tranquil layer
Embracing loving moment as a prayer...
Eighth step a facing facet
Shadow of my Family
Shadow of Culture
I have to prove there
As a penumbra care...
Weird step Ninth one
Far away from my close one...
Unknown Land
desolate sand.....
Humble and Unexplained I
Want to fly....
Golden execution around my neck
11 steps to sold
and to mold!
'Dutiful', endowed to my head
Death of one soul
and the revival of my role....
Piercing my Eleventh step
Must say or not to say this mishap
Eleventh step
My last step
'I moan a lot'
Who says?
Who says?
' Only one phase of death for mortals
.....to adapt heaven or hell for damsel'...
VIDAI....
VIDAI.....
' A death of a soul
..... and revival of damsel renovated role! '.....
Golden execution around my neck
11 steps to sold
and to mold!

Azitej Anand

Weeping Candle!

Candle light; weeps to furnish,
The transparency veil; that adds lusture;
Candle overlapped by white customs;
Ah! Standing there at middle joins the lovers:

Candle blaze adds wings to soot;
Soot an unwanted fear: fear of parting, pain;
Carbon soot to strangle bond; but, deep heart radiant to put vow!
All these burns by the candle, weeping and standing in middle there:

Eyes stare each other;
Pierce the grudge layer,
Hands put their owe by crossing there fingers,
In the purple moon light! Ah! Candle weeps to bind heart:

To revive the dead one;
Candle burns; and, at the end;
When Candle top kisses bottom;
It looses soots to fuse fiance in strong love roots!

Azitej Anand