

Poetry Series

Ella Goodman
- poems -

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Ella Goodman(03/07/89)

Abandoned Bliss

Secretly she craved for abandoned bliss,
Dreams beyond her sight full glimpse,
Of eternal hours of sacred care,
Glory filled long lasting times, ,
Of walking along in warm embrace,
Along the surfs that kiss the case.

Like the white gleaming shore in polished grace,
How she fancy her coarse thick grains- -
Lying on her bare bosom, from morn till dark,
Through ages they lace like pearls in sheilded bark.
However much the rumbling grains may soar her bosom red
Still she coax her wild beloved, embracing in love so unfaded,
No matter how much it scratch her vein.
Likewise she crave to hold the glowing glint,
Though scorch her cloak or blisters plinth.

Secretly she craved for abandoned bliss,
Though mocked Divine her much craved hiss.
And Holy hours turned to darkness filled,
Pain and wrath heavens they speak.
Sparking clouds and breaking seas,
Swirling winds and tempests greet,
Confronting her urge to follow her tryst.

Still she craved for forbidden feat,
To be lost in a moments lifetime bliss
To bask in serendipitous warmth,
Of pure embrace to unleash her stupefied form.
In deep delight dancing in silver light,
Among the sands that mark her flight
She held her heart to catch his one sight.

Ella Goodman

After Sunset

The sun is down long past,
Now I walk in the dark,
I missed the sunset in the calm evening hour,
Missed the azure glory of the horizon afar.

Now the sky dazzles,
In the meek beams of waning moon,
As if calling me, 'come soon, come soon',
The darkness bending to befriend my mood.

I walk along the ruddy path,
Tall shades looking down upon my stature.
My shadow walks along side by side,
Sometimes a dwarf, sometimes a giant,
It plays hide and seek by dim light.

It's strange but true,
The shadows enthrall my mood,
Quietly I walk alone in dark,
Long past the sunset hours,
With darkness befriending to soothe.

Ella Goodman

Blue Bird

Sitting by the window on a road side inn
I chanced watching a little blue bird sing
On a sultry day with no breeze to set leaves sway
No mortal being trading along the dusty way.

The blue bird stood among the ruins of the concrete mass
Where Wild trees and grass adorned the abandoned rust
There among the forsaken mound, gathering strength,
In colored plume, broke the bird the sultry solitude.

A deep shrill tune of a tale unknown
Sang the little wild blue soul,
In whose fond remembrance sang dear heart,
Such intense hymn filling the air?

With all its might it sang aloud
As if to pacify its vexed paramour,
With closed eyes it strained out its lungs
Beseeching dearest to once come back.

So many hours did pass by,
The burning sun scorching the sky,
No wayfarers still lurched around
The earth she smelled of heated mound.

The tall dark trees spread their shade
Dancing in polite gaze,
Consummate silence with glazing sun
Marked the day's austere run.

And there among the deep intense mood
Broke out the feathered soul to perhaps reach its mate
But hapless soul no one did come by
To ease the heart's desperate sighs.

For hours on end the tune did revibrate
Resonating in the warm light air
My heart soared up in a mystic flame
Wish I could be a pal to soothe its ail.

Ella Goodman

Breeze

I felt the breeze kiss me in an ideal mood
Unlifted embrace that braced my soul so full
Forbearance and calm melting the frosty rime
That shrouded my gaze from magnificent delight

A kiss...that broke so long pent up dreams,
That lay in hibernation away from sheen.
I felt the breeze kiss me in poised true care
Binding my soul in a concord so flair

With regal fortitude I vouch did my soul
In nature's piety I reclaimed new view
Of the precious true feel I long witless flew,
In wholesome solace thus in a flicker I grew.

A pious soft kiss thus glew up my hearth
Radiating my world dispelling all curse
A grand permit of mercy full shine
Emanating grace in true embraces warmth

I felt so at ease to be kissed by the breez
eBehold my world, oh! what eternal bliss
A kiss it was, a charm casting spell
Unfading bond that for ages shall dwell.

Ella Goodman

Childhood

Life blossoms and it's childhood years they say,
So mild and vulnerable little ones when they smile in gay.
Knowing no worries, crying aloud, faltering at first steps,
Holding on to the finger tips walking in shaky gait.

Ages of man dissected by years,
From childhood to boyhood,
Manhood to old age.
We all thus migrate through the stages,
Donning the hat named by years.
Though often till the last breath of life,
The child in us ever lingers.

But brethren we are, measured and weighed,
Living a life as terms dictate,
Of outward show and mechanised feel,
That the child in us we hate to reveal.

But what's the shame to tame the child,
Purge the soul in tendered smiles,
In heart of child they say God reside,
The innocence and mirth fill all with light
So nurture the child that peeps in within,
Celebrate the youth of soul evergreen.
Childhood can never be marked by years,
For ever on we are child at heart.

Ella Goodman

Disguised Love

So many hours of life and love
So many days of splendid trust
So many moments of unsopken words
So many shades of laughter and mirth

Its deep bond of unfading light
That light the way, wipe out all strife
Its thread of unwavered unflattering ties
That reads all words that speak the eyes

Though silent, coy the space may seem
Though dimly lit the hearth may be
The waves of feel they freely flow
To touch the recess make it glow

Riding breeze from across the shore
On white foamy horse reach the door
A creeky sound on an eriee night
Coax the moon to shower its delight

White beams of silver moony pearl
Flood the creeks and corners and all berth
A fragrance fill all air in scented sprite
Bathe true souls in poignant smiles

Two souls, two hearts beat in silent stares
In peaceful solace soak nature's treasured trove
Holding hands they stare afar, into the heart of rising surfs
Reading each unsopken words, their hearts reunite in untarnished love.

So many hours of unfaltering trust
So many days of unbiased love
So many moments of patient wait
A worthwhile bet of un calculated bargain.

Ella Goodman

Dream

She dreamed of paradise,
She dreamed of world full of butterflies,
Slipping off to sleep every now and then,
She slept to dream of paradise....

She dreamed of world full of life,
She dreamed of eternal bliss,
Closing her eyes she felt more at ease,
Close to her thoughts she thought she could be....

She dreamed of beauty all great,
She dreamed of togetherness,
Fond memories of love untold,
She dreamed they could in real unfold...

She dreamed of world that could not be,
She dreamed of the glittering sea,
She dreamed of a sky full of stars,
She dreamed of soft warm touch...

She dreamed and she dreamed,
Only to wake up to murky sea,
Only to see storm engulf the lea,
Loneliness sweep the world of thee...

Still she held on to her dreams,
Slipping off to slumber deep,
In whose arms she finds all solace,
Where none does steal her dreamful gaze...

Ella Goodman

Drops And Smiles

Tender bloom in swamp she grew,
Once tear drops rolled down her brow,
Strolling down His usual lane,
Lord He noticed the pearl drop in vain,
He gently stroked the timid lass, asked He,
'In whose grimace thou shed precious drops? '.

Wonder struck Lotus looked up in pain,
Her eyes spoke of pent up disdain,
In husky chime spoke she thus,
'Lord why I grow in grime and swamp?
Pretty I look all men they cry,
Then why do I dwell in marshy lime?
What penance thou call for thee,
To relieve my soul to thrive on lush green lea?

The Lord He smiled in soft radiant love,
In twinkling gaze He held his choicest Jove,
'What glory shines to thrive on jeweled lea,
True beauty dwell in darkneses cleave,
What joy there lies to spring in glowing hearth?
True soul are ones that light the gloomy dark,
See The pearl thrive in ugly shell,
Diamond born from rotten grains,
Greatness lies not in blissful clime,
Precious souls they thrive in abandoned mime,
Thus I set thee to light up the marsh,
Lend thy beauty to ugly dark.'

Lotus she thus grew pink in shame,
Not to feel her precious claim
'Forgive me O lord to doubt in thy send
Promise I to bloom with joy in fen
To spread life and love with holy grace.'
Thus tender bloom she grows all bright,
Nature's craft she rules divine,
Man and his might all fail thus before,
When smiles The Lotus in self possessed glow.

Eos

O morning here thou come, bathed in white, magic begun
Divine light set on earth, beautifying the day's full worth
Glorious Sun thou art the source, warmth and light in full compose
Merry filled air it scent, in Nature's pure budding best
The twittering birds in their nest soak the glow with every breath
Magic filled earth it yawns, the azure rays when upon her falls
O lovely air and lovely dale, thy gorgeous heart beat all well,
When chaste delight fill the lair, the lovely soul wake all fair
Singing glory of the Lord, the birds and beasts take their call
Mystic Nature smiles in coy; the busy bodies in haste uncoil

The halcyon in her floating nest, fly across the mist clad deep
Perpetual flight, free in zest, buoyant soul in paradise's quest,
Hail the day in high spirit, new hope marks her very grit.
The Swallows and the white meek dove greet the dawn in swift concern
Nature's wonder reconciled in thee, aerial souls they fly wild free
The Sea Nymph wakes from her inclined sleep, day-light glitter
Her native field, playful mood she thus conjure
Dance in gay and joy galore.
The Dolphins, sea gulls hark the start, festive glee all engulf
Twixt'd by broad glistening light, Night she bid her soft good-bye
Matins sing in praise of Dawn, festive morn thus adorn

The dew bathed grass cleaned of dust, soak the glow with joy filled lark
Little beasts upon them walk, licking their sweet green locks
Chanter by Nature fills the lay, set to tunes the unstrung chord
The symphony of the unknown strain, binds the soul to unfailing bond
Placid morn, the gay cosmos sing, in unison with earthly beings
Joy and love, life and mirth, fill all souls, all love struck
Blooming in jolly minstrelsy sets to flame the heart in glee,
The leafy spring with myriads green, exercise her power of wing
Rising high in dew kissed breeze, green seraph dart up to sing.
The earth stir up from her fancy dream, cloaked in glitter star filled thrill
Eos rise from her edge, herald the birth of new day!
Beauteous touch so calm and serene,
Like meditating solitude knit in undistracted care,
Caress the folks young or old
Stir the soul from idle shore.
Hence glides Eos in golden cloak!

Ella Goodman

Eternal Bliss

Pleasant presence she could smell from afar
When soft breeze purred caressing the scars
It was a scent so very known
Fond remembrance of days strewn in gold
So infinitesimally close two souls stood long
On a moonless night while stars smiled along
A perfect bliss it was thus;
The clear sky shone brilliant blue
No spot or scar to dim her hue.
Like a single sparkling diamond hanging from sky
The evening star stood in all smiles.
Beauteous moment, paradise's bliss
When heavens conspired to conjure their spirits.
Eternal hours of fancied luck
Of deep embrace and unbiased love,

It was though a strange mockery
Tryst of luck, cruel seeds sown by destiny
An instances delight of life and love,
Of fresh scent of paramour's soft touch,
To wane like camphor in open air.
Defiance, derision to hence be her luck
Starless sky and hapless hours
Devoid of scent so prized and treasured.
Thus he turned his gaze away
Strolling far across the bay
There stood he behind the mount
Height too great to shield her sighs.

Though tears rolled from dark deep eyes
And heart bled red all the while
Hope and faith kept her revived.
No complaint the lips did spell
Unfading love could much sustain.
Harsh days of long unending pain
Panting for fresh winds to swell
Across the bay a good long way
Bringing forth her beloved's scent.
The heart's longing, her pleading eyes

Her faith in the Divine,
Did at last surmount the High
To let the breeze reach her sweetest's thew
Her flesh could feel the sweet touch of love
The smile long lost found way to smirk
It was a day of triumphed joy
When thousand words spoke the silent eye
It was a feel of mixed blessing
A moment of serene eternal bliss.

Ella Goodman

Halloween

An erieeee night when spirits all walk alive
Attired in best while live they dress in fancied fest
Old and new blend in flamboyant zeal
And world unknown awake from their long dream.

So many faces long forgone
So many hearts that once beat now lay dead
Their numbered days ran out of time
To lie in peaceful slumber's bed.

After life beyond gray shores
Where no mist or hail makes them cold
Where threads of empty hollow egos
Fade in white glaze, purge their souls.

Some waning moist eyes seek to ask
Why hailed still unripe from mother's lap?
The pleasures of worldly delights
Bitter or sweet why they missed their bite?

While mothers seek a quick reply
When see her child whimper in pain
Her gentle hand could no long caress their mane
Untimely death why did heaven preside?

Fate it is- a complex equation, of plus and minus
Of fragrant days and some unexpected predictions
But still so more lies strewn all way
For souls apart and inland ones

Soft eve with glimmering shades dawn upon
Teasing the air in an eriee song
Mortals and dead sing, sway in unison
Heaven's bliss to unite the yonder world with breatheen ones.

Ella Goodman

Life

It's strange but true,
Life you move on all through
Alone at your own pace.
Not caring who falls behind
Or move ahead in times race.

We fragile beings love, cry, hold on to people,
And then in a flash, Life you snatch away,
The ones we love the most,
Around whom our world revolves.
For whom we endure all pain
In whom we see the light of dawn.

Life why do you hurl in so rough?
Snap away all glow?
Engulfing our world in mist of dark shadow?
Putting away the lamp without a previous call,
Take away the reason we so long smiled along?
Is it too much to feel for our dear ones,
Laugh, be happy, feel strong in their arms?
Is too much to ask for miles to walk along,
In thunder, in shower, sunshine or frosty morn?

Life Your mystery is grand,
You cast your golden wand to weave the fabric
Of emotions strong.
You instill in us feelings and warmth,
Cravings and longings, sense of belonging
And then one fine morning
You snatch away it all.
To leave us in arms of emptiness,
Sapping away the lively installs.
And make us dangle in air sucked out environ,
Panting for breath.

Why is it so hard to walk all alone?
Accept the reality that You always have shown?
Why do we grow fond of our dear ones?
Why do they have to one day travel to yonder walls?

Where trade can't we when walk on to this blown soils.

Relations are so strange
With some You make us bond great,
Our reason for being is defined in their wake
Their every breath makes our life flow on with sheen
And then in an flick, Life You snatch them away in your beak.
Tossing our world to mayhem all chaotic
Yet we are expected to walk erect and tall.
For it is the eternal truth,
That alone we have walked in
And alone we shall on earmarked day exit.

Yes, that is life....filled with hope, love,
Sorrow, loss and pain, A conundrum of
Feelings that make us laugh and shed tears of loss.
Life.... it is a complex equation thus.

A part we are all, of the Divine play,
Come here each soul to run in this relay.
So laugh at your gain, cry when you need,
When dear ones bid you adieu,
Hold them in your memories.

Ella Goodman

Lost Without You

I do not know why I love you,
The look in your eyes, or glow of your face,
That draws me to you..
I do not know why I love you! !

I fancied much that love would be such,
Dreams all true, sweet treasure trove,
But life is not always as gold,
Fancied rose and candles glow.
Love is divine, a feel supreme,
To live in tears is also thrill.

I do not know why we thus met,
When destiny of ours ever meant to weld.
I do not know why I drew close to you,
When all the while I knew I was never meant for you.
A grand risk I ventured into, smiled and laughed in your hue.
The risk was worth taking so,
I learnt so much, I learnt what it is to love,
I learned to live as I never have thus.

This love was worth that love could be,
To be so embraced in peace and blessings.
If life could end in this way,
What great luck it would be I can't say.

But as always what we propose,
Lord he sometimes dispose,
So thus be the will of lord,
Apart we live in our different worlds.
Sometimes if time may permit,
We can call upon the times laden sweet.

Ella Goodman

Nevertheless

Nevertheless, she cried,
Her eyes filled with innate love,
Her heart full of hope,
That some day she could freely uncurl.
Be lost in his arms,
With no worries to make her sore,
Cling on in those warm embrace,
That vanished all her inhibitions,
Made her feel allure.

She could not openly shed those tears,
Though a thousand times her heart felt the spears,
She was expected to be strong,
A modern woman,
With perhaps devoid of feels.
She was too bold to love,
To confess her feels,
Stoic and upright, to her
love was not a good deal.

'The world is much a busy space,
So much to head on to achieve.
Scale the heights, dive the depth,
Fly high towards the beginning.
So why shed tears, crave for love,
That weakened your zeal? '
Thus she thought, proud and vain,
Her stubborn soul,
Baying the wordly pain.

Nevertheless, she cried,
For having broken her vow,
Let feelings rule supreme.
To crave for warmth, care and embrace,
The ones that so long she not knew.
Her mind forbade, her heart it cringed,
Begging her soul to once just feel
Weakened by hearts solemn desire,
When she thus tried to love,

Knell of times rocked her cart,
Vanity betrayed struck her hard.
And hence the drops rolled down her cheek,
Innate desires once again put down to sleep.

Ella Goodman

On The Way

While walking along the lonely woods
I chanced a meeting with the Duke,
Tall and dark, in woody mask,
Stood he above all the club.
What enormous hands and feet!
The Duke of woods overlooking the rifts!
I stood a while in fancied muse
Among the silent peaceful mood.
In husk low voice the Duke he cried,
'Lady why you tread the wild? ',
'What brings thou to my grove,
Among the beasts and wilderness? '
Abashed I looked up to meet his eyes
The dark glow caught my very sight
I whispered low in meek tone,
'I do not know why I tread your zone,
Among the woods and wilderness'.
'I find relief at thy hearth, among the secluded
Wild park, I find new life, I find new zest,
I love thee above all the rest'.
'Why I love thee do not ask, though
Dark and wild in thee thrust,
Secret love let it thrive,
Oblivious to common eye.'

Ella Goodman

One Love

If only dreams would have been mine,
Broken pieces turned whole again,
There beyond the yonder shores,
Once again you stood by thine...

If only you and me were true,
World forgone, no sorrow, no pain,
There under the azure sky,
Like petals bloom we could shine...

If only you could come back once more,
Smile and wipe my tears lone,
Stand by me, hold me strong,
Make good all things that went wrong....

If only you could ever be beside,
When I fall hold on, when I cry smile on,
Like dew drops let me shimmer like gem,
In your arms when back again....

What dreams were they, all shattered so fast?
No warning call just heaven fall?
What profecy hurled so strong,
To break up this soul with no way to call?

Oh! Dreams! ! Oh sweet memories of mine,
Stay back few hours, oh shine divine,
My last breath let fall before it's dawn,
Let eternal sleep upon me befall....! ! !

Ella Goodman

Passions Promise

Once more the waxing moon doth shine
Glimpsing all through inward eye
Glowing crescent against the darkening sky,
Once more the waxing moon doth shine!

Once more a sullen heart heaves a sigh
In fond remembrance of lovelier times,
Sordid mood masked by faith
To hear the voice from far of times.

Once more the shadows grow,
Still night glow in silver show.
Eager eyes await her dear ones call
Vesper hymns to please the lord.

Once more her incessant urge
Finds no place of glorious worth
The heart it weeps in silent drops
Once more she smiles to please the world.

Once more the shadows grow,
Waxing moon steal the show
Once more the day is gone
Passions promise set with the sun!

Ella Goodman

Rains

I woke to the sounds of morning rain
Falling over my window pane.
Waking to the sounds of roaring clouds,
That shuddered all earth, trees in clout,
Though white blurred the rains, all near or far sight,
I felt the bliss of morning's delight.

Like marching troops so full of zest,
Crystal drops reigned the crest.
Smoky morn draped in white drapes,
Chilled the breeze breathe pure and fresh.
Molten earth regaled in glee,
When pristine drops blew on thee.

It was a morn of chaste mystic feel,
Like a monk in deep meditative zeal,
As if his prayer bore the fruit,
Of sweet salvation pouring all surrounding cool.
Pious day born to glow,
In soft embrace of rain drops sow.

Ella Goodman

Rose

Rose, O' the beautiful One-
Divine and true thou reside embraced by thrones
Among the bushes thou light up the shire
Kissed by the dew in velvety attire

Enchanted by the sylph's delight
Breathing scent in blue's cool hive
Blessed with colors serene and true
Thou grace all heavens and earth in thy hues

Thou art the muse of lover's feel
The gift priceless for beloved's tryst
Thou fill all senses with pure fragrance
Liven up all moments with perfect trance

Merry or poignant thou boost all mood
Blend all jagged hours smooth
Thy innocent smile dissolves all strife
Bring true souls near and bright

Rose, O sweet Rose! ,
Heavens wondrous parous
Spreading fragrance even when dead
A true inspiration of Love immaculate!

Ella Goodman

Serendipity

You fill up my life, you fill up my day,
You fill up my life every way.
Like bunch of white lilies smiling in warm sunshine,
You fill up my world with your coy smiles.
I bet I' ll be there ever for you,
No matter what, through darkness or curfew.
I' ll stand by you never questioning your call,
I' ll hold on to you till eternity fall.

My mind is so obsessed with your strong smell,
I' ll love you all my life through trepidation or gale
A serendipitous love it is I feel,
Though see I may not you, I still feel your zeal.
My days feel so empty when you are not there,
Like a broken log I feel thrown away in soil.
You help me sail through like a radar through winds,
You're my north star that show me my shore.

You fill up my life, you fill up my world
You fill up my life like summer fall.
I feel so lost wading through dark,
And then there you stand to lead me on.
Everytime I look into your eyes,
I see my times surf in hapiness's clime.
Like beating rain drops that soothe the scorched earth,
You soothe all my pains when lament I thus.

Like rainbow in the sky after strong spell,
You fill my life with hues, color my days.
Promise I so to wait ever on,
Call when you may I ll be there along.
So mesmerised I feel in your shadow,
That No fear engulf my soft bone marrow.
All feels so snug, warm and sunshine,
When you smile up to say ' You're just mine'.

Ella Goodman

Shore

Because I fancy the endless shore
Running good miles kissing the sky at times
Eternal beauty strike its face, glory defined
Moments dwell, there in her arms the pebbles
They come, in chaste delight lie on her palms.
From morn till dusk, from twilight till dark
The Foaming surfs break into her lap,
Silently she smiles and hear their pangs,
Of good tides, moments of love,
Of how they rush to glance their forbidden love,
Some tales of unfulfilled deep true bond
Shaken by nature's rude strewn luck,
Some rustic forgotten maiden's seigh
Who awaits to see the sails fluttering high
From whence peeping from board her lover shall smile
Enriching her world in crimson light....
Oh! Pretty Shore thou run through miles
Speckled with white grainy sprite!
Oh Delphi Queen! Thou art true saint
Embracing all timid or great
Thy boundless face, wide open arms
Arouse new flames of youthful mirth
I fancy thus the timeless shores
In whose embrace I open my core....

Ella Goodman

Silent Drops

All night it rained
It rained indeed hard
In my sleep I still could hear the drops

The crystal shower wet the earth
From night till morn
Flooding the crust.

A joyous day brightly lit
Who wondered though
The sky would weep.

The wait was long, quite long indeed
From morn till dark
But in vain...., when the murky clouds veiled the frame.

The stars they wept, the moon he cringed
The hapless sky gloom'd too deep
Whence Drip drop, drip drop broke the blue!

The falling sky when all slept nigh
Unfurl the drops from her guarded crux
Oblivious to vigilant troops...

All night it rained,
Dank breeze they wailed
While Silent drops in silence bled

Ella Goodman

Silent String

Unstrung cord lie silent here
Though thousand noise fill the air
The music once vibrant and young
That filled all hearts with sweet lingering tunes
Now it lies forgotten, left to rust
Its playman lost in somber thoughts.

What is it hoo...cursed by oblivion so
The joy and song of yester morn
That filled all bower with playful tone
That made the river dance to tune
Meandering through stones and brooke
The chord it now lies silent there
No fingers run to play her fair

Luck elude the hapless being
Sweep her glory, crown of queen
The once smiling harp is worn
Dark shadow bequeath her throne
The vibrant soul dulled by gloom
Look above in poised pensive mood
Heaven's show no respite
Mock her fate, turn blind eye

The dark clouds hover threatening low
Sinewy jaws clasp her tow
Her loud sobs they go in vain
The howling winds bury her wail
No being great or small,
Come to her rescue, aid her moaning call
The chord thus she lie silent there
Though writhing in pain no one doth care

Oh harp, the bleeding harp!
Grieve not, fear not, ride the surf
No tempest strong can break thy cord
Tarnish thy meritorious worth.
The era of thy melodious tide
Shall re bounce, strike back with zest and life

No whirlwind of devious gloom may ever succeed
To wipe thy rightful bloom

Ella Goodman

Soul Search

Sometimes I feel frozen as ice,
With no feel to make me laugh or cry.
Sometimes I feel so deadly lost
Within the closet of my guarded walls.

Endless hours I spend in darkneses shell,
Empty, abandoned for hours I dwell,
I feel no pain, no blood flush through my vein,
Like a phatom...white and cold I wander when.

They jeer, they mock, hurl abuses strong,
No tears roll still, I smile along,
Does it break my heart, crack my soul?
I am divine I coax to keep whole.

Strange world it is...a cobweb of illusioned veil,
Battling souls around they toil for power and gain,
With no space for life, humble smile,
With no joy in glory that's not flamboyantly designed.

I step back and recoil within my shell,
Safely guarded to dissipate my wail,
Sometimes I feel so innately starved,
Of true light to glow the chambers unsparked.

I stay back, let my mind speak for a while,
That's no empty phrases or colored, flattered praises,
But unbiased reviews, sometimes coarse not fine
At peace I feel whence wrapped within, my true self I espies.

Ella Goodman

Sourire

Your smile is all I live for
Through the thousand dark miles
Forsaken by light, all grim.... grasped between
A world unknown gnawing in agony, venting jeer,
Its dark all around, no sound, no life,
Cold and hard the shadows growing dark
All along the while...your smile is all I wait for
Through all the tempest tossing life to haywire
Through the hail pelting hard across the face
Bruising the flesh raw red. Just a smile along
The lines of your face is all I seek,
A reward, a blessing, an antidote, a grand treat,
It holds so much meaning to me...though faint it
May be, not looking into my eyes but delighting
Another heart beloved to you, still I treasure that
Smile coming from you!
Through the corners of your lips,
Your eyes radiating a jeweled sparkle
When you smile in your self possessed aura
I live a thousand lives, embraced in an invisible
Love spreading multiple colours of bliss and solitude.
Your smile adds sparkle to my being
A balm that soothes all my affliction,
A glint of light that illumines my world,
Like the first rays of dawn that shine the
Abandoned cave covered by thrones,
Where no soul treads its path, where the thick dust
Enjoy their untrampelled reign, no wind brushing
Against its wall. Into that hearth secluded, most
Forgotten, untreaded where none care to peep,
When into that black cavern the unbiased rays do fall,
A new joy sets in.
Just so my heart basks in riot of hues and warmth
To glance a smile light upon your face,
A dawn of hopes thus setting in.

Ella Goodman

Vesper Call

A pleasant night, though stars hide behind the veil
The shimmery moon lights the clouds,
She prefers to rest among the puffs,
Earthly beings though peep for her glance
She seems too bored to indulge much...
Only yester night was her glory full defined
Bright and round radiating light,
Against the dark she smiled full on grace,
Baffling through the cloud cast case.
Full moon night it indeed was thus,
Of dreams and prayers, love and lust.
It was a night of vesper call,
The moon to grant each hearts true call.
So they say who thrust pure faith
On enigmatic silvery Radiant daze.
I oft recline to my mind's recess
To fathom the secrets that abound her face,
The intertwined play of faith and trust,
Twix my soul to thoughts aghast,
I wonder on such lonely hours,
Soaked in white light from above,
Beloved moon in whose love does she embark?

Ella Goodman

Visitor

Aww I cried frightened by his sight,
My visitor number may be thirty five,
All night and day they pour in high,
From God knows where they just creep by.
What enormous hands and eyes!
Blazing bright they stare all height.

Oh! Where have I landed... I often sigh,
Among the crawling citizens that here lie,
Its Amazon's lap or heart of African rain forest?
I do not know....
Strange species of life never fail to show
Where ever I turn my head,
Greeted am I with their vibrant spread.
They climb and crawl on all my wares,
No shame or fear they seem to converse,
In casual gait they walk about,
No regret they know to intrude my little house.
Some are lousy, some are fast,
Some seems a great servile curse.
Some are shaded, some sprayed like dust,
Some sport a jet black velvety crust.

Black and white, yellow and light,
Of varied, shapes, size and height,
Some with antennas long as night,
Peep with gaze transfixed on my poor plight
Each day I battle with their flight,
Night and day I fight their immigration right.

From across which border they perch alight, ?
Oh! ! Heaven's please show some respite,
Your creations great, wonder filled,
Varied traits and grandness drilled,
All doth hold divine right,
To trade your world in free kite,
I humbly acknowledge Your send of life,
All creatures small or great, pale or bright
But then again, I scare their footfall,

That is how You dressed my foil.

Their unhindered walk on my humble walls,
Strolling across all length in uncanny calls,
Staring as if to devour my flesh,
Build in me a sense to fled,
And all the while I conjure my thoughts,
To escape from this fortified insect strewn world.

These little intruders....an array of varied secular lot,
At times they seem pretty when pensive are my thoughts,
What is it they want to say? , I think a while as I lay,
Perhaps they pity my solitude, away from home,
In lonely woods. Perhaps they walk to pay me a visit,
To cheer my soul when bore I feel.
An unknown language I fail to read,
That is what fear of them in me breed,
If I could only read they minds,
Great friends and pals I could find,
But alas! Their words I can decipher not,
Thus in my mind their dread knot.
My humble visitors of day night,
It is thus best you mix with your kind,
Appreciate I though your purest feel,
My days of solitude is just a beginning.

Ella Goodman

Waiting On...

For hours, for days, for months
Lonely eyes seek for the sun
The rays that flow deep within
Caressing the soul, reviving the withered dreams.

For hours and much long
The yearning heart it sings
In forgotten tune that lay buried
Bruised and grim.

Eternal hours they do seem
Lonely nights and hollow evenings
Do you hear the words they stir,
In futile war with mind and heart?
'Pray hear thee', they cry in gentle sobs
But Cold waves they freeze their every words.
Their ardent wish dies in bud
Divine decree who can unearth!

A profecy that Heaven's spoke
When sky it lit in thunders yoke
And earth it shuddered, winds they roared
'Thou shall dwell in sheilded cloak,
None to partake thy unspoken lore'.
Divine fate thus played its cards
Sweet abhorrence to comprise its luck.

For hours by day and nigh
While the bower slept in peaceful trance
Blue sky gazed with stars his companion,
The Lonely forsaken eyes bereft of sleep,
Awaits in patient gentle gaze;
Everywhile hoping to meet eager eyes,
Burning with passion twinkling bright,
Reading all thoughts that hidden lie
Beneath the calm liquid eye.
Thus though unstirred the words remain in their shell
When True soul read their true inset.
Waging no war with the Gods

That foretold their fate of unspoken lurk.

Long hours in solitudes embrace
Unending wait to hear the dear one spake
After the long hours of wait, by day and night
Through storms and sunshine;
Through love and pain;
Whence but he shall turn to wave'
All turmoil, anguish, harrowing wane
Shall cast itself into a golden mesh
Trascending the soul in cheerful recess
Reviving all withered dreams....fill the soul with vibrant spirit! ! !

Ella Goodman

When You Go

My eyes are not wet
When I see you go
The drops of soft dews
Are all my trove
That to you I owe.
Long grown fondness
Melt in warmth
Like love of sunshine
That melt the winter snow.

This drop of warm feels
Make me strong
When I see you walk past
I know where I went wrong.
To call you back,
With melted cheeks,
I fathom not, nor I seek,
Walk your way, breathe in life
Here I shall stand, to see you smile.

Sometimes and when
You may look back,
There I shall stand like yester morn.
Nothing can break my faith
In you. There you dwell,
In skies all blue, while I stand nigh,
On other bank. Your world and mine
Shall be apart, but somewhere,
There the thoughts shall hark.

Ella Goodman

Wish

Let me smell the freshness
The ardour that makes me live
I have thrived for days in silence
Wake me lest I drift to afterlife.
This mind is too filled
Clogged with burdened strife
Illusion crust, my world aghast
Chocked in cloud of lies.

Let me soak the warmness
The smoke of gentle love
That heal my scar, open door ajar
To let me fly atop the hills afar.
This mind is too filled,
With endless dreams,
Dreams that I once held true,
Now tangled lie, in heaps of sigh
Pull me back from it's lair.

Ella Goodman

With Thee

If only thou had believed in me
How eternal bliss that would be
I crave no riches nor mines of gold
Only if I could grow with you old!

If I could walk a few pace with thee
Heaven's glory would all fill me
My heart would glow in thousand smiles
If thou would perhaps look into my eyes

I know you shall never look for me
Theres more in your life than I can give
What you mean to me I cannot say
Though time may pass but you shall stay

Ella Goodman

Wonder

I wonder what would happen if you were too near?
Would I have talked with you or hide away in fear?
The mind knows it not, the heart it fails to cipher
I wonder what would happen if you were too near?

The thoughts they like balloon fly high up across the blue
The midnight stars coyly gaze hushing soft in muse
A music fine on a silken clime sweep across all way
The glowwarm it shines all night in eternal bliss's sway

I wonder why you and I should come along this way?
The mistral blow along the surf hazy path doth lay
I wonder what you would have done, walk away or stay?
I wonder what you would have done, smile or look away?

Ella Goodman

Worship

Your place of worship may be not mine,
I feel his presence in my mind.
Incense, flowers, sandal paste,
All it feels a mere waste.

In my backyard when I stroll at night,
Aloof and alone away from sight,
I feel his presence in the eriee light
When twinkling stars paint the sky.

I hardly ever visit his so called home,
Elaborate ceremonies bore me to core,
I find him in those innocent eyes,
The hunger struck child that wanders nigh,

In the midst of pebbled path,
Wild green heads when spring from its heart,
I find him smiling in the dust,
Embracing weeds with both his arms.

Every morning ray that bask my soul,
In its glory I find him console,
When torrents blow my heart to piece,
I find his presence in the blowing breeze.

In soft smile he answers all my need,
When in solemn mood I seek his bliss,
Troubled waves too splash me worn,
Then I know he meant it for reasons yet to be known.

So what if your place of worship is not mine?
Jewelled idols impress not my find,
I find him in the harsh cries of crow,
Among the trash and abandoned shores.

He is there in every scattered speck,
Imprisoned in concrete walls is not his make,
Thus I smell his fragrance strong,
In withered leaves and long dried logs.

Elaborate prayers and bribes in gold,
Pierce his ego make him grow cold,
He is there in every being,
Crooked branch or broken twig.

I feel his presence when I close my eyes,
I see him in the child that cry,
In innocence there he lies,
In every tear he there resides.!

Ella Goodman