

Poetry Series

**Sundar**  
**- poems -**

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## Sundar(17.09.1987)

I am a simple guy with some good thinking power cultivated by God. The passion towards the language made my intellect to sink in this work of composing poems where my hands will go on a ride with my mind to accomplish what I wanted to express. So read my poetic pieces with an open mind set without having any expected levels of preconceived notions.

# A Longing Soul

A soul enters the earth  
Lightens the body of world,  
Grows like a tornado,  
Runs like an ocean,  
Feels that everyone is away  
Needs a wall to hug and cry,  
But there is no one in the desert,  
only the sun, sometimes the passing clouds,  
Thinks someone will give their hands,  
Like a rain once in a while,  
One day the soul leaves this materialistic globe without getting any kind of  
affinity,  
Showing some kind of affection to your near and dear will not under cast you,  
Because untold emotions and feeling will only live and crave for affinity  
Though the soul leaves the body,  
Don't make them to feel that they are thrown into a cell in a hell,  
And there is no heaven better than this world,  
we can make this world a heaven.

Sundar

# An Inclined Status But Friendship Is Beyond The Blue (In Rak's Feel)

Sky opens up to read a soothing verse  
There appears a beautiful queen of this piece,  
A blue-blooded girlish of the time,  
With all the name and the fame abundantly in her face,  
The prime focal axis of all the people  
Shouldering the job of performing in Trans media,  
With a feel good factor of presence,  
Facially and intellectually, a care-free girl having all things in a right slot.  
Having said so, there will be an exclamation in your mind,  
About where this poetic verse heads to?  
A red-blooded and a lay manned feature take the debut,  
It's me, not extravagant and extra-ordinary like the female part.  
I fixed a wholesome role for you in my life,  
Became crazy in watching your performances,  
And gifted my words for you in a praised manner through a social network.  
This happens to be an exordium  
Which began to develop like a forest fire in my mind,  
Longing to experience a rain in a deserted land.  
Frozen by your thoughts and pre-focused your presence around me virtually,  
Wants to walk along with your legs,  
My mind yarns to tell a couple of words,  
Finding a key to unlock your heart to enter into it  
For the sake of showering my fondly affection,  
Will protect the friendly relationship with you,  
Like saving all the rain drops in my house,  
Without missing even a single dropp to kiss the soil,  
Of course it's a rarest rainfall in my lifetime.  
I will toil like a clock's beat as your sincere friend,  
Till the death takes the toll on me.

Sundar

# Blithe And Bliss Can't Be Earned, Feel It

Swaying from right to left in small streets,  
Laughing and crying for unusual symptoms,  
Bidding good-bye to air birds in the sky,  
Springing and vanishing with our kith and kin,  
Eating white calcium sticks which is a writing tool,  
Wounding our legs to become a good cyclist,  
Craving for window seat in any mode of transport,  
Checking the time as like a hectic busy man,  
Kissing chocos and ice bars,  
Hiding the eyes with a fine crystals,  
Longing to go a daily short ride in father's vehicle,  
Disguising like the cartoon characters,  
Trying the stunts which the gentlemen performs in Trans media,  
Hindering mother from doing her household work,  
And getting regular scolds from her,  
Dressing rich to visit a friend in his nest,  
Rehearsing in front of the mirror for smacking seniors who ditched us,  
Rising hands for an unknown situation,  
Making the most out of the sun which stays stagnant for our sports,  
Maintaining the innocent face when we are wrong,  
Mocking our close ones with an abundant amount of affection,  
Going for mid-night rides to resemble like a professional racer,  
Crossing the road intentionally when some vehicle is about to pass,  
Flying across the town to curb whether all roads lead to Rome,  
Holding the casualness even when the need has come to pull our socks,  
Sneaking some valuables and hoarding it,  
Competing with our friends in contemporary fields,  
Conversing with our pets and plants in the garden,  
Habit of day-dreaming and going into the tunnel of sound sleep when the moon starts its play,  
These are small things which we do  
But are really pretty for our hands and legs to be a part of it,  
Some brainy may think it's out and out a waste of time  
Life is a culmination of experiencing every tiny joyous moment  
This can't be gained by even laundering tons of currencies,  
Feel with utmost bliss and blithe which will give satisfaction than our work which we perform for our breads and nuts.

Sundar

# Dulcet & Felicity Of Love

Love is a word which uplifts the tongue.  
Gives compassion to the head,  
Horns the temple to rule it,  
Cleanses the human rock with an alarm,  
Feathers the heart with a moisturizer,  
Powers the arms like a Bruiser,  
Stills the sticks in a posture,  
Swims the eyes with colorless liquid,  
Soothes the ears with sugar coded words,  
Shrinks the chin into a U-shaped apparatus,  
Spell-bounds the jaws even to utter a word,  
Doctors the calcium accessories when they are in a hazard,  
Charms the face like a blue elephant,  
Of course the costliest in this cosmos,  
Can be viewed only once in a blue moon.  
Even blue moon is certain once in three hundred years,  
But getting a true love and experiencing it to the core is uncertain  
With all sorts of super filled contingencies.  
But at the same time one work has become the most cumbersome  
No interviews, no rivals, no lay-offs,  
No strikes, no lock-outs and no appraisals,  
Will get the due consideration along with perquisites,  
Even before procuring the offer letter.  
Wow! What a work to do when this kind of conducive configuration exists.  
But Homo sapiens are not turning-up to this job,  
What will be the pristine fact adduced and twined with this?  
No one can answer this question as like a child's play  
Which is tougher than the rocket science  
Even scientific wingers can't rectify it  
Also the humans are struggling to know their inner self.  
Some are hoarding their fondness,  
Some are intentionally blocking,  
Some are ignorant to express,  
Some will argue that they can't step down their ladder to show it,  
But the factual part is those ladders are not perennial  
Will have to be dismantled and scaffolded on the final day.  
No big shot or a ruthless person or a chill-hearted person,  
Will make their monetary path in a lonely manner,  
And nobody can stiff their shoulders or wick their brows,

Or squeeze their mouth snake or will chew their teethes,  
Rather will flood their tears like pacifices and arctics,  
When their loved ones hold their hands by uttering the words from their mouth  
that

“I need you my dear”

If somebody utters these words then realize that it is the true abundant fondness  
With no expectations implied in their red muscles,  
And that is indeed your self-realization with a primrose path.  
Showing love is not a sin because God is the prime force in doing it,  
And we will not worship Him if this is an act under the purview of sin-making.

Note: Love denotes the true affection shown by each other among the humans.

Sundar

# Egoism, Positive In All Blood Groups

Egoism is a phenomenon in a human's life  
All human being will react like a saintly being  
Clinically to exhibit that they have no ego  
But the factual part is every human will have this demonic quality  
In their body ropes and in their red water rivers  
Which will stand-up to say that "I am here" at least once in a lifetime  
Actually what is ego? ?  
The literal part of this super-structured word  
Has a bone-breaking explanation which constitutes the "sense of individuality"  
So ego cannot be regarded as a trait or a go-through behavior  
It should be crowned as a seventh sense of the Homo sapiens  
Without the labour of other senses,  
The seventh sense cannot mount the Everest head of a man  
This images out that egoistic sense is dependent on other senses  
But still there is an ego in itself  
Which the creator should have, after having been completed  
the architecture of such a beautiful world with all in a right slot  
Humans will care when their blood signs positive for dreadful diseases  
Will go to the extent of north and South Pole for treatment  
Eyes will visualize every particle as God  
Ears will crave to hear Godly things  
Nose will also sense for the same  
Hands and Legs will migrate to the world of Almighty  
The sixth sense will crave for the feel of touch from the creator for the ailment  
If all our senses can be controlled for the sake of recovery of our own bodily  
disorder  
Then we have to better set our intellect to take this egoistic nature of ours as a  
dreadful disease  
Which will combine all our senses in a rescue work and indeed the seventh sense  
can be won over by all the individuals  
Be a human as created by God till the death takes the toll rather than spoiling  
the body  
by inducting ego in it,  
When we finish our life and step the doors of His house,  
He should have the awe-feeling of proudness  
With the words "My child has returned to me" rather than having the feeling that  
"Why he came back to me"

Sundar

# Friends, Like Minded

A casual look and a pleasant smile happens to be the prologue of this relationship,

There is no confusion for what to converse, where to meet, where to go and what to do.

There is no ambit of margin drawn directly or implicated in a hidden manner,

Same perceptions and preferences, same habit and also sometimes same character,

Obviously minds will engage in the same manner of discussion with a meager percent of differentials in it.

Small meetings will be prolonged into a big one,

Tiny smiles will shape to big laughs and pat at backs and also some hard smacks with ample amount of joy and affection in heart.

Unexpected clash of words will be clarified within a fraction of second.

No hesitation to ask sorry or say thank you, a great nature of this relationship.

No controversies to have collar heated arguments.

No epilogue to end this relationship which will last long till the life ends.

Clock full of good times, mouth full of laughs and playful kidding and shoulder full of hands, a well tailored relationship without any big expectation.

All these joyous and cloud nine moments can't be experienced in a relationship without a clear introduction and a deep brainstorming sessions of people who involved in it.

So friendship will make a standalone march to call itself as a sweet one.

Sundar

# Huggle, A Tribute

A tot hugs his or her mother for affection  
A lad hugs his father for a good support,  
A teen hugs his love for lust,  
A man hugs his better half to solemnize with her in all hardships,  
Our relatives will hug us for a better hospitality,  
Grandparents will hug their grandson for having their son back on earth in a  
different form,  
Friends will hug their close ones for a long-lasting friendship.  
All these hugs have some expectations and desire but also a fistful amount of  
affinity.  
Above all when our parents hug us when we stand well-renowned to this world,  
They expect nothing but only feel proud  
with the words from their heart 'may God bless you for a long-life'  
No expectations! ! !

Sundar

## I'm Employed By The Master, Of Your Memories (In Rak's Feel)

Bearing the affection is more difficult than bearing a provocation  
With open-mindedness to express my feel full fondness  
Craving for your presence with a positive sign in my intellect,  
Waiting anxiously to cast my smile on your face,  
Will in-turn have the boon to view your U-shaped jaws,  
Those smiles of yours will be the caloric energy food,  
For my mind which is in a vegetative state.  
My writing tool is stiff for servicing our fondness.  
Two specially tailored phases of my heart will not held-up in mishap.  
One, actively works for my ownself,  
And the other half pro-actively works for you.  
Longing to continue this friendly relationship with you,  
Until curtain takes the charge to shut down our lives.

Sundar

# Rhyming Delighted With Few Lines

A gorgeous single  
Ready to mingle  
Planning to bask along with a jingle  
Looking for a huggle  
Happiness made him to bubble  
But everything turned upside down into a rumble  
This moment drove him to tumble  
Stood like a humble  
Started to amble  
Landed in a jungle  
Loneliness stalled him to mumble  
A cool breeze taught him to giggle  
Fiasco is certain one day or the other,  
But we should take lessons from the nature which is intertwined with us  
Air doesn't keep its hand in its head to feel that some people are blocking or  
some are utilizing, even some are polluting and disrupting it.  
It keeps on toiling every day.  
Tears shouldn't be a full stop  
It should be a comma for renovation of our life.

Sundar

# The Same Feathered Flock, That's Indeed Friendship(In Rak's Feel)

Prologues with the self-uttering soliloquies  
With the companionship of paper and pen,  
Which are inseparable like you and me,  
Not complimentary or supplementary,  
But bonded in the slaveness of each other.  
The immediate query will be the master of the slaves.  
The protagonist of all our deeds,  
The cameo turned sempiternal like a scintilla,  
It's our sumptuous friendship.  
As perennial as the Ganges  
And as big as pacific.  
Every voyage will be special and proofed to devastate white cold solids,  
Will not get wrecked like the mammoth ship in it's bon voyage  
As you, the Omni-present feature of our relationship,  
Will foresee the pit-falls with your angelic quality  
And you will stain yourself to patch it up before it reaches or floods us  
My heart longs for you, my angel  
Not only for the sake of your presence  
As we are been inter-twined and super-glued with each other  
But thirsts for your ears to hear my words which goes unheard all the time.  
Unheard words and untold emotions are sweeter  
But when those are said and heard, it becomes the fodder for our fondly  
friendship.  
And of course which is important for our genuine and genitive relationship,  
Ending with an endless epilogue.  
Though our skinny bodies are mortal  
Our friendship is eternal and immortal  
Not like my early companions, which are being put to death by millions of us,  
But friendship tree is in the state of ever-march towards up.  
Even God will not axe it,  
The cultivator of this sugary seed in our intellect.

Sundar

# The Unknown Transition Of Tolerance Into Stress, Find It! ! !

Tolerance has the base when people begin their action of spitting harmful or delicate words,  
Which is equivalent to spraying their saliva on others face intently  
The initiator will be in seventh world,  
But what about the receiver?  
He's not like a phone receiver which will stay like a wall,  
When we bash it several times  
Human intellect is not a tea bag,  
It's like a glass, hard to mantle back  
And not like a mirror which is one sided  
Hoarding all sorts of verbal injuries  
Hard to bear than physical ones,  
Trying to wipe out every nasty blows of him on his own  
Pretending to be alright in a creamy polished manner,  
Is this the extreme height of modesty?  
Or the cameos of Sacrifice?  
Don't misconstrue yourself,  
Take this an opportunity to re-discover your own self  
To find what has happened inside you  
It's absolutely a developed stage of tolerance,  
Burdening all the scorns like a long goods carriage  
Without emitting any of those to his own people,  
Even those heavy irons will have its own chemical emission  
What is the reason for this non-emission?  
By uttering his anguish, his kiths and kins will get diluted  
On the other hand this mind-pouring activity will ruin his status  
Though no human brain is on the active part to hear someone's bad times  
To the point, no brainy human is ready to take the role of an outlet,  
Though this world has become a cradle of outlets for many durables,  
Everybody wants to sense a monetary flavor for every activity  
Shall we call those fleshes and bloods as five-sensed creatures?  
Suppressing all the sensitive baggage  
Leads to a saturation point of tolerance,  
This paves the road for Stress  
This is how the stress does a heroic debutant role in a human's life  
Then it will never look back for any more downfalls rather will make us to  
tumble,

Will clear off the skins and will suck the RCBs and WBCs rapidly,  
Will squeeze our skull along with our nervous centers,  
Than any other dreadful diseases.  
There are two schools of surgical treatment  
Without any surgical equipments  
One, man has to repair himself from the materialistic bondage to hear and feel  
for their own nears and dears,  
Second is our ultimate Almighty who has the medicine kit for our pains  
The only master doctor for this cosmos holds the masters degree to cure any  
diseases whether mental or physical.

Note: 1) RCBs - Red Blood Corpuscles  
2) WBCs - White Blood Corpuscles

Sundar

# Two Aspirants Revolving Around Me With A Revolver

Both belong to the silver screens,  
Property of the craziest environment.  
Breathing to bring their thoughts to the outwardly world,  
Suffocated by the situational circle stagnantly,  
Growing like a palm tree even if rain and sun is not present,  
But palm trees need a fair amount of those ingredients.  
Charming like lotus but going to appear behind the screens.  
That's the fate of the industry,  
Which has no blessings from the creator to use them in the main slot,  
But I am fortunate to use them as the heroes of this on-going script.  
Pluralized characters are to be separated.  
In order to strengthen and have a close shot at their expressions.  
One human phase deals with the direction of films,  
And the other phase deals with writing scripts.  
These two phases has an uninterrupted power supply straight away from the  
ministry,  
But will not give an intermission for me to inhale and exhale my breath,  
Even their films will have intermissions between the two halves,  
Don't know for that I have to be an audient,  
But I am fondly associated with them,  
So I decided not to give a break for them in my poetic piece.  
Both professionals will discuss with me like anything  
About their expected future projects,  
I cannot be a silent listener at the same time  
I should evaluate their work to pin-point their pit falls.  
Indeed I am having a fear that these two will change,  
Or mesmerize my mind to enter along with them in their field,  
But I have no hesitation working for my beloved ones,  
And even that is not my cup of tea.  
These two people can be rewarded with an award  
Readers of this writing may think,  
Whether I have gone mad or eccentric regarding,  
The statement of presenting the accolades for these two mains,  
Even before they start their work.  
It's for the opportunity rolled by them on me  
And which made me to develop patience in my trait.  
As I will hear their stories for long hours,  
My eyes will be stilled,  
My ears have to move along with them,

My mind has to think with them, □  
But I will do it without having any anger in my stomach.  
I will be standing between the deep imaginator and script creator  
Of course just think for a second  
An endangered species I am, before them  
Frankly speaking they are the gems in creating stories and screen plays.  
The hearer will water his eyes as like actors does it in films.  
Surely God will place his hand on their heads,  
To accomplish what they wanted to achieve.  
My special prayer for them to glitter like a white gold in future,  
Or else surely they will shoot me,  
With endless levels of affinity in their hands,  
Even closing their eyes with accuracy,  
As they are capacitated to compete  
With bindras, bedis, rathores and patels.  
But these two guys are not the gold medalists like them.  
They are the future golden Oscar winners.  
That's not at all a matter of doubt  
This happens to be the climax portion  
They will not even rest my soul when it was about to leave my body  
Will converse with God to extend my life time  
If I am the first departing human among three of us  
You people may think how humble they are,  
And how they are attached with me to extend my life hours,  
But the hidden truth is I have to listen for their stories,  
The prime job which I cannot resign even me or God thinks,  
It's in the hands of these two guys,  
Not sure, my job of hearing and evaluating their stories  
Will even continue in heaven or hell where we all three head to,  
But the above line is the suspense tag line.  
Which the film goers will experience it in the screen plays,  
And I will not reveal it in script.  
As per our business strategies and ethics.

Sundar