

Poetry Series

**Krunal Pandya**  
**- poems -**

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# Krunal Pandya()

# Augmented Reality

Heartbreak and a computer  
She was there so near  
Motionless lips and dry thighs  
Altered beyond the attractions of the eyes

His apple is rotten and the bee is dead  
Mother left and useless is his dad  
Complete is his family now with "e-dad"™ and "e-mom"™  
Lislonza is his "e-sister"™ and "e-brother"™ is Tom

Pimple and ugly acne scars all complete  
His ugliness by far  
He sexed up like Tom Cruise in the computer  
Believing him to be a hero and a martial art tutor

He mended the broken leg of his dog Joshua  
And reduced its size like a Chihuahua  
Gave it a new scarf and new bone  
So that all its hunger is forever gone

Girlfriend he hated the most is now a boy  
The girl he could not win is now his toy  
Teachers now respect him and principal is fun  
Bank balance is full and poverty all gone

All could he not do is to alter his emotions  
Misses he still is mom and dad  
Who left him in between when the clouds were fair  
Girls are there but love can not be augmented  
Loves still he going to church with a whole hearted flair

Krunal Pandya

# Burden

Bearing the burden of her greasy teen  
She walks nearer to the lovely shore  
Her mind weaving a satin nest of fantasy  
Uncertain and lost she gazes at shells, sand and its shinny core

If the flora of her bosom is the gift of heaven  
Then why does her heart flees away like a bird quite clever?  
Harmful are not those enticed eyes that tease her temper  
But the honey soaked tickle that makes her moral feeble

Morals, ethics and godly status of virginity  
All her mother taught and she pondered  
If the lessons were complete then what is  
This strange feeling that mother never taught?

Whose silent woo doo is this that prevents her from falling asleep?  
Are they that lean boy's eyes or her own cribbing?  
Something better from the childhood has surely happened  
Or this was too is her starry notion before those pinkish nights?

Krunal Pandya

# Darling Infinity

Why do my lucid eyes survey  
You vastitude through the window of my mind?

Why do every end seems so incomplete and futile  
As if something is yet to conquer and begin?

Why there is no boundary for these  
Hippy and wandering planets?

There is something always visits me from beyond this mighty sea,  
Something calm as a winter's wave and sweet as sunless asphodel  
Perhaps it is love's sweet melody from the radius of eternity  
Which I could perhaps never know,  
And the time will preserve it,  
Till I come again and reopen that window of my mind

Krunal Pandya

# Grapes In The Brain

Her skill of potion making was par excellence  
Laces of her dress however were quite loose  
Cumbersome were her ways of persuasion  
And lonesome were the swings of her mood

Dogs envy the craft of her notion less crimes and  
Philosophers participate in the debate of her mind  
Big Horses are carefully kept, breed before she selects them  
With her husky voice mostly mere a noise of its own kind

Joy of kindergarten pick and dropp was  
Torture for her strange mind  
Her step- dad was a drunkard, notorious,  
Loved to break kitchenware of all kind

If brain is her power then why does it not allowing her to sleep?  
Does the grapes that she ate as a child went till the brain?  
Her knives were all useless and blotted red  
Question still remains - where she did she use them?  
Better refrain.

Krunal Pandya

# Ignorance

A black zone with nobody to dwell  
Something sleeping, not quite well  
The bright sun of knowledge never rises there  
A shying support of lies always lurk somewhere

It exists in the realms of non-existence  
Claiming its presence through its vengeance  
Neither a sin nor a vicious threat  
It is a part of us that keeps us unaware

A false brocade over soul's truthful form  
It riddles the knowledge by puzzles of its own  
A God's appointee to preserve the myriad  
Mysteries of the universe so secretly mould!

Krunal Pandya

# Mashanka

Upon the table of extreme exaggeration, Mashanka stands tall  
Shivering, biting the pink lips of her own  
Perhaps the circus of her tender age or a focus of her unique mind  
She senses love beyond the strengths of lovers of any best kind

High like tides her feelings rise and then suddenly  
Fall over her heart like a butcher's knife  
His love for her was constant and monotonous like plain sunshine  
Her hopes for him were myriad like a rainbow in the sky

Nightmares were so warm and painful that she could not close  
The dreamy shutters of her chocolaty eyes  
His trained biceps were hindrance in her search  
For tenderness of love like baby rabbit's eyes

Quarrels and difference were slowly raged the routine of her life  
World for her was different than the perception of his manly eyes  
Love has many shades and moods as myriad as the types of wine  
Mashanka felt her man did not sense even after many remainders despite

Relationship is responsibility and economical stability- His version  
Relationship is love and love's multifold insanity -Her version  
Clashes of their versions - daily, weekly and for months  
Her hugs were all futile, he disliked all, it took her by surprise

Wanted she him to be a mad romantic, deeply drunk by purest form of love  
Red roses, pink perfumes and satin white dresses favorites of her kind  
He should be charming enough to confuse her with the various variety of his life  
As she dreamt to lost within garden of his eyes and then found back like a prize

Perhaps he will change, perhaps he will be tender  
Perhaps he will change the way he smiles or the way he disagrees  
Perhaps he will hold my hand, perhaps he will sacrifice smoking  
Perhaps he will bend on his knees and propose to me and say something like:  
"Love for you encased in a bud from heaven, plucked by God, for you, at  
morning seven"  
Perhaps he will at least fight with me or even slap me - fine  
Then I feel he is. He is. He is the way I want him mine.



Poison she drank was felt nothing,  
Under the sleepy state of her volatile numbness  
Slowly her soul liberated itself  
Heart stopped, breath halted  
A brief pain, a white silence,  
And then she was above the rainbow- full of colors and full of love.

Krunal Pandya

# Natacha's Frog

He jumps when I sit  
He sits when I jump  
He sings when I sleep  
He cries when I sing  
He winks when I cry  
He sleeps when I play  
O world! Kill not him!

Krunal Pandya

# Parachute Yoga

He attained nirvana  
With the sudden opening of his parachute  
Bright air rushed, heart unfold

Krunal Pandya

# Termination (From The Movie 'Moonraker')

There she comes worrying about her act  
Drax had called up as he knows it was mistake

"You informed Bond! " bellowed Drax  
She denied, vexed up with the disclosure

"Your employment is terminated"-commanded Drax  
Dejected, she catches the way back home

Bark that she suddenly heard of hounds  
Quiver suddenly felt below her grounds

Two savage hounds chasing her with a swift pace  
She was numb and could not search any safe place

Ran she towards the woods in a hope for life  
Hounds chased her, with teeth sharp like knife

Only two jumps and she had hounds all around  
Her scream trembled against Death's grotesque sound

Krunal Pandya

# The Bout

"You ruined me!" – bellowed him  
She was on a sofa with a magazine in her hands  
Erected she her back with a surprise on her face  
He ran almost like a rat in jeans  
Held her firmly from her hands  
Thrashed her head on the table breaking the ash tray  
Cried she with red on her face and lipstick fade  
Then with a strong hold on her hair he pushed her hard  
And dragged towards the toilet at the end  
Tucking her head inside the bowl, he flushed the water out  
Screamed she aloud with a rosy wet face stinking with grief  
Inspired from the boxing bout on TV, he rammed a punch of her fair face  
Kick followed right on her perfect rear grace  
Like a hungry Chihuahua, he bit her on her face  
Cigarettes and hard rock followed, loud enough to forget his sorrow  
Her t-shirts are now his tissues and jeans shoe-brush  
Lipsticks are fed to dogs and perfumes mixed in rum  
Their sweet memories only survived inside their little photo frame  
He kept it, loved it, never broke and preserved till the end

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# The Garbled Grasshopper

Not here, may be there,  
I hoped, then hopped; still incorrect,  
Died  
In a hope

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# The Lilly By An Airport

Right below the supersonic boom of flying aircrafts  
Lies a motionless water lily,  
A steady, white, tranquil stability,  
Floating over the breathing pond of life

Krunal Pandya

# The Lion Girl

In the night drunk with the full moon  
Stood she calmly, leaving naked,  
With her golden hair lying gently over her lion's hard mane

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# The Topaz Of Tragedy

The melancholy of mood is always a pain;  
Poverty, separation, humiliation and no gain.

Tragedy was fully spread across the innocence of his childhood;  
No love of parents, siblings; had friends but did no good.

A displaced identity under the crisis of personality;  
A hateful social treatment of punitive neutrality.

How can he feel a normal self when all were against?  
A sea of painful tears constricted and beheld.

His otiose heart went numb;  
Leaving him emotionally dumb.

Everything turns dry and stony when emotions depart;  
Leaving only a harsh, hard, lifeless topaz called heart

Krunal Pandya

# The Water Lilly

Right below the supersonic boom of flying aircrafts  
Lies one motionless water lily,  
A steady, white, tranquil stability,  
Floating over the breathing pond of life

Krunal Pandya

# Water, Problem And Frustration

A sink of magnanimous impurity  
So imprudent, vast, turbid dignity

Inside the cocktail of water, problem and frustration  
Lurks a lusty dump of humanity - hard and black with temptation

Who kills a bottle of life, hanging on the thick throat of your ego  
An unwanted massacre of purity and love with no way to go

An inheritance of poverty, hunger and shabby life  
A multiplication of hell by the reproduction anime

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