

Poetry Series

M.. ROHITH
- poems -

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M.. ROHITH(MAY 12TH)

I am a to write as much as i can.i write and write and second i love to write.I
breath ng charges y loves i write.I write on a a mission to know who i a
mission.

When i stop writing it hurts i stopped i don't stop.If i am tired, poetry gives me
power.I can live days with out food and not even a second without poetry.

I WANT TO BE A POEM, MY LIFE TO BE A POEM.

I LOVE Y LOVES ME.

A Boy Or A Man

Thorny mustache
irritating beard
thats all i got with age.
No one said
I should do that
but just scolded if i did'nt
as if am old.
I lost my reputation
being a small child
and became center of attention.
When i was a boy
society acted as i wanted it
but now i became society's toy.
They thought im a man
but they must remember
Im gonna be a boy with beard and mustache.

Yes i lost
and at last
i no not
what
it
want
me to be
a boy or a man.

M.. ROHITH

Ah!

Closing the window,
inviting darkness into my room
i sat with a lost heart.
Silence killing imagination,
loneliness entered my heart,
fear singing some melodyless songs,
darkness telling cruel jokes,
forcing me to laugh.
Vapourised soul!
I'm dead! !
AH! ! !

M.. ROHITH

Bells Of Poetry

Ruined love
deep in my heart
ringing the bells
of POETRY.

M.. ROHITH

Dance

I

saw
you
naked
dancing
lonely and wildly
on the bank of a river
in the darkest corner of
my heart where my love is ruined.

M.. ROHITH

Darkness

Dont drag me out
of this beautiful darkness.
I am here breathing
freshness of life
in the darkness being an unknown to most.
Let me sleep here for ever
do not wake me up from my sleep
trying to help me or to make me heroic.
Let me get killed here
not known to any one.
If possible dont make any tomb for me
it will make you sad when ever you see it.
Its all time that has to take me
to the light.
Until then let me live in this darkness

M.. ROHITH

Empty

Empty around.
Nothing visible.
Very scornful, irritating intense.
Its very lurid.
It seems to me as if
World totally perished
Or playing hide and seek
With innocent I.
Very violence explodes inside my heart.
Silence the missionary of loneliness
Playing with the fear within me.
Seems to be a sin
To destroy that mood of mine.
Sensing some kind of havoc in front.
I became lighter, weak and inspid.
its intoxicating.
Hey,
I'm being dissolved in darkness
Melted by silence
Eaten by emptiness.

Who am I?
Where am I?
Do I really exist?
AH!
Its calm again
More emptier than before.

M.. ROHITH

Energy Of Life

That mid-night
darker than any midnight
lit a spark in my restless heart
brought a change within
burnt my love
gave a new energy to my tired feet
made me bounce back in my life
to catch the velocity of time.

M.. ROHITH

Evil Dancer

In the darkest corner
of my heart
where,
i took the whole power
of me
and started painting her
with my tears
when she was dancing
to sacrifice herself to my soul
awakening
the evil within me.

M.. ROHITH

Hallow Dreams

My hallow dreams
in my lively dead eyes
darkness becoming darker
on the edge of sadness.

No said words
for the feeling
static tears
cooling eyes
sinking sweat
empty time
dead dreams

M.. ROHITH

I Am An Atheist!

Im a dreamer when all the dreams ended.
Im a lover when love is perished.
Im fog in heat
wave on fire
a pungent smelling acid
a sculpture burning in a church.
Im a nude ghost
roaming in the ruined city of love.
Im a forced thought
i my poem.
I am a shock
which treats you when you read my poems.
Im fire in the eyes of phoenix a new energy
in heart of soldier.
Im a creator
a destroyer.

Im even vacuum
Im nothing in universe
Im a beggar, a king, a slave, a teacher

I am a!
I am a?
I am a.
Im everything
that existed.
I AM THE GOD
because i am an ATHEIST!

M.. ROHITH

I Cry

Melting heaven
breaking dreams
darkening desires
unknown fears
rocking tears
seeing the depths of
vaitarini
Frozen eyes
I cry.

VAITARINI river is a old indian mythological word which refers to the river flowing near the hell

M.. ROHITH

Loosing In Life

A bridge of sadness on desires
no support to endless pride
no faith on help less glory

shadows bleeding due to fear
tear is crying like never
dreams ended with blood

shadows on a corner crying
being mad without any reason
fears sounding there dolls
celebrating their victory
on a breeze of light air
dancing before crying shadows

bridges of sadness on desires
no support to endless pride
no faith on endless glory

M.. ROHITH

Lost Love

Its aching
as the love inside raised
to peak.
Shouting with pain
running confused
crying with love
in the hell.
Lost most of my life
searching her in sands of time.
Darkness painted the tomb of silence.
Suffocated
without her.
Melted soul
squeezed blood
vapourised body parts
killed.

M.. ROHITH

My Love

Oh,
my pain being blessed,
by my silent love.

Every time i see you-
my timid heart swells with fear.

My love dissolved in tears,
came out of my eyes entertaining you.

Still
I love you
and my heart loves you.

So finally i decided
to take out all my hidden love
and sculpted it as poetry
and so i love, love.

M.. ROHITH

New Golden World

Drinking the wine of youth
when working and fighting
have no different meanings
leading the world towards another world
breaking boundaries
across the deserts, mountains
oceans and forests
day and night
dreaming, creating imagining and narrating
a new world
motivating all to follow them
and questioning the old
to catch the velocity of their
New golden world.

M.. ROHITH

Night

Glorifying the night
the giant watch at the center of town
started laughing wickedly.
Everyone is awake in their dreams
and the darkness reduces the gap
between reality and fantasy.
Deadly silence raises its voice
giving power to hallucinated mystery.
Alone in front of the tomb
she was crying fearlessly
Inveterating her love.
Not able to control her self
she shouted with fury.
Tears rolled out
chilling her red cheeks.
Naked darkness
upgrading, becoming more naked.
On the edge of silence
she burried her soul in darkness
secretising her love
and became one of many stars
on the black portrait
of sky.

M.. ROHITH

Poems Of A Dark Writer

Heart wounded with drab desires
increasing dreams of independence
on a sleepless hidden mid night
where every one are trapped by dreams
except the crusader at his unlucky edge
with a lot of impotency on himself
waiting for a revolution with impunity
to face a immortal combat against truth
like the hermit but with a lot of questions
rocking his brain here and there
and forcing him to write this bullshit! ! !

M.. ROHITH

Am I?

A.I Am A Sin

Revolution,
Whispered
wearing the veil of darkness!
I trudged in troubling my forgiving eyes!
The sword within glittered
warming my soul!
Taking a maximum breath
charging up myself,
I walk forward!
My lips felt like kissing someone!
Someone very close!
Deadly silence rose its voice
giving power to hallucinated mystery
inveterating darkness!

Every molecule of air round me
became mystically evil.
The old frog started singing
with the sounds of fire within
in the dangerous moor
to impress the beautiful lotus
floating in the oasis of time.

emotions inflicting unbearable pain!
mist entered!
Eyes became very tight burst into tears!
Last drops of coffee
from tired espresso
tuning the melody of romance!
'Dont drag me out'
screamed revolution behind the veil of darkness!
'I am here breathing
freshness of life
in the darkness being an unknown to most.
Let me sleep here for ever
do not wake me up from my sleep
trying to help me or to make me heroic.
Let me get killed here
not known to any one.

If possible dont make any tomb for me
it will make you sad when ever you see it.
Its all time that has to take me
to the light.'
Scurried her!
I started sinking
on to my knees!
Millions of light rays penetrated
my image on the mirror! !
sands of my flesh started
falling and falling and falling
rhyming with the sands of time!

M.. ROHITH

Rain

Rain fell outside as I began to write...

You are a postmodernalist Monalisa
to my surrealist heart.
Sitting in the pavilion made of glasses
seeing mans evolution from a monkey
dissolving love in our hearts
seeing mans evolution to a warrior
dreaming darkness
painting you with love
trying to make Da Vinci jealous
with that Monalisa.
You, being a rebel
started a rebellion in my heart
generated power and gave energy
to write this.
I read the diary of your dreams
and filled my pen with
those dreams instead of ink.
You are ever twinkling star
and im a fragrant filled flower.
Though i know i cant catch you,
i love you.
My thoughts blocked by your love
and cant write of anything other than you
and only you.
You are a spark of current that flow
in my poetry
and treats everyone that read my poems
with a shock.
I see you in my poems and
feel you in imagination.
I talk to you in my dreams
and wanna meet you on the land of lovers.
Until then
good bye.
I will be waiting for you there.

Its raining inside.

M.. ROHITH

Rhyming Nights

That night
rhyming with yesterday's.
Boring stuff
rhyming with yesterday's
emotions, sadness, curiosity
silence and loneliness.
Same dark nights
same old bed
those stars, round moon
everything no change
just as yesterdays.
Seems to be darkness
the boundary of happiness.

But when you entered my dreams
all my nights started
rhyming differently.

M.. ROHITH

Saint

On the peak of lost desires
in the temple of love
deep inside my heart
i saw you with my wet eyes
and loved you.

From that time
i was waiting in the temple
for centuries and centuries
listening to the secrets of love
said by the hanged heads.
I sang a song only for you
which i will remember till
i am burried inside your love and die.
You made my thoughts endless
and my imagination boundaryless.
i know i love you
but the problem is
you dont know i love you.
All my love letters
i wrote on air to say you i love you
made me a poet.

And now i am waiting for you
and for our love
to come back.

M.. ROHITH

Secrets Of Nights

The black nights spreading its wings
in the world of imagination
isolating me from the remaining world.

M.. ROHITH

Secrets Of Nights-1

Night laughing
showing teeth.
Digital storms
3D thunders.
Spark inside
Raining.
Fragrance of rose
setting staze
establishing dream.
Glory of nights
narrating darkness
in silence.
Secrets of nights
said by hanged heads
to my isolated ears

M.. ROHITH

Secrets Of Nights-2

Last drops of coffee
from tired espresso
started falling.
Fragrance of fear
woken my sleep
and open the door of my dreams
behind my eye-lids.
Darkness crawled in to my eyes
and night inviting me
to sleep.
A stream of darkness
entered my dreams.
Silence treating me with shock
inside!
A spark of loneliness
deep inside.
Night mares
that night
waking the explorer within me
to dicover the
secrets of nights

M.. ROHITH

Secrets Of Nights-3

In the valley of pain
dew entered deep inside.
Its raining outside
rhyming with the pain within.
Dark love beauty
aching me
melting heart.
To discover beauty
inside,
nothing but darkness.
Finally i started to write
with the help of my co-artists,
darkness and silence
making dance a cool breeze
in our verandah
forcing me to write.
Finally as i started writing
my body started sinking
dissolving
melting
in those words.

M.. ROHITH

Secrets Of Nights-4

That night,
in the valley of love
i started walking
as a thin fog of pain entered my heart.
As the rain started rhyming
with the levels of sadness within
winds started blowing from north
leaving me unconscious.
There i saw her screaming
with fear
and started running away from me.
My timid heart melted
and the hunger in my stomach
started eating intestines of mine.
The bones attached to skin of stomach
and everything became dim
except her shining skirt.
I can hear her breathing
and running.
I am hungry
but i can starve for her.
I know i am gonna breath my last breath
with in no a few minutes
still i am starving.
Starving with fear
with hunger.
That night,
in the valley of love.

M.. ROHITH

Secrets Of Nights-5

War Rocked.

The city ruined
with the silent music
of night.

The stars started advancing
more and more
and glittering more and more
as the lizards and rats
gave solace to their babies
loving the screams of dieing men.

Entertaining the
drowsy eyes
of the dieing soldier
who lied on the pavement
shouting with fear
the sky started bouncing thunders
in loosing eyes of soldier
and to make them active,
it started lightning.

The blood started flowing black
in the light of dark night
and soul boiled by the heat of war.

His isolated ears
hearing the prayers of his mother
carried by darkness with love.
His sword blazed with anger
fighting with the evil of cowardice.

Gloomy nights
night mares
when came true
giving no eligibility to reality!

M.. ROHITH

Secrets Of Nights-6

Thunders and lightnings
Storms
rocking the midnight
as the invisible fires of love
rised to peak
and started raging with anger
in my timid heart.
The old frog started singing
with the sounds of fire within me
in the dangerous moor
to impress the beautiful lotus
floating in the oasis of time.
The wind is blowing
rhyming with the levels of fear in my heart.
Darkness entered my soul
to search for the lost love.
Tears started shouting with pain
eyes screaming with love
everything lost
except my life.

M.. ROHITH

She Ruined Me!

Behind eyelids
I, roaming
as a nude ghost
singing lost dreams.

That cool wind
came across the golden colour dry grass
touched me and pitied me
when im crying, remembering my love.
Broken mirrors,
silent streets,
roads.
Ruined city of love!

I can feel her
sense her, hear her breathing
and smell her perfume
but when i turn back you get vaporized
teasing me,
laughing at me,
playing some cruel games with me.
Her eyes paralyzed my heart
not looking at other girls.
But now you are gone
leaving my heart paralyzed
in course of time even my soul.
Only your love has power to cure
and so im waiting for you
to get cured.
And till then
i dont dare open my eyelids.

M.. ROHITH

Spring Entered My Heart

Bells rung in the old church
that midnight.
I in my room.
Its dark around
thoughts penetrated into silence.
Its very cool outside
but heat inside my heart.
Litting the candle
i allowed light to defeat darkness
in my room.
Still warm inside
gloomy thoughts
romance dissolved in darkness.
Raw imagination
started to flow with love.
Wild thoughts
ruined solace.
When i thought
there is nothing left for me
Bells of the church rang again
spring entered my heart.

M.. ROHITH

Tears Of Heart

Still...

im smelling that sad fragrance
of my heart
remaining me of lost love
which took me to an alcoholic state
to which i am addicted.

Still hearing that song
of yours
though melodious, a sad one
darkening the sleep less nights of mine.

Fire of your love
burning my heart
and shadows of you
in my heart
dancing
to make me cry.

I forgot her
no i didnt.
I just pretended
to forget her
to satisfy my soul.

M.. ROHITH

That Night...

That night
thin romance
entered my room.
it was raining.
thunder and lightning
killed silence.....
Inside my room
peculiar fears,
kissing heart
cruel darkness
entered my heart.

M.. ROHITH

The Ruined City

In my heart,
it was a ruined city of her
where shadows being falter trying hard
to stand up on their own legs
to get the old glory of love back
which are inflicting unbearable pain
on the red wounded flesh of dark shadows
with in the four fort walls of the city
concentrated pain
being hard to breath
as the mist entered
eyes started shivering with fear
became very tight with over flowing tears
somewhere towards the ocean of love
to experience imparted authority
of her on my heart.

M.. ROHITH

The Sword

The last seconds came
to use my SWORD
which i have
created when i first understood
the meaning of revolution.
I started modifying it from then
make more and more dangerous
more and more cruel
more pitiless!
I washed it with my tears
and tamed it with my spirit!

It glitters within
warming my soul
when i am sad!
Its now brighter than a million noons
and cruel as 1000 lions!

Now its time for my sword to come out
and rule my flesh and my land and my direction!

M.. ROHITH

This Minute

I melt this minute
to a candle
and light it with my poetry.

I will give a new colour to darkness
and make a new path
for the stream of poetry to flow.

That minute,
i will burn history
and write a new history
glorifying the power of labours
and the guts of soldiers.

I will spread peace
and love with that light
and construct a bridge
from reality to dreamland.

Then i again solidify the minute
and let the time
pass by...

M.. ROHITH

Ting Ting Ting...

Ting ting ting
bells every where
where ever life exists
ting ting ting.

ting ting ting
Dissolved in the tears of lovers
bells every where ringing
in the dreams of love.

In the heart of a boy
waiting for a girl
that night
ting ting ting
bell rings.

Ting ting ting
in the sweat of labours
and in blood of lovers.
Some ting's
In starvation of a begger
and some other ting's
in imagination of a poet.

Inside the oceans
on the hot winds of deserts
on the peaks of himalayas
in the jungles of animals
and concrete jungles of humans
ting ting ting.

Some tings of emotions
some other of humanity
some of revolutions
some of inventions.

Tings of wars in history
tings of nature on earth

oh ting
every where ting

ting ting ting
every where ting

M.. ROHITH

Untitled!

In the corner of the garbage
i sat,
playing my old rusted guitar
allowing the stream of melody
into my heart!
As i tugged a string using my whole imagination,
earth started quaking,
thunders, lightening!
My heart thumping!
The violence continued
till the string continued vibrating!
As soon as it stopped
everything stopped
including my heart

M.. ROHITH

Waiting For My Love...

On a cloth of my white love
as time passed by in my heart
with fear and anger
i risked my whole life
waiting for you on the bridge
which is connecting reality and dream
lacking power on my soul
With long beard and hair
and with a lot of dew in my hat
i, lending some cold with in me
to the cruel fire
in my heart
which became anger
and burnt me alive.

M.. ROHITH

What To Do?

Inside four walls of my room
i live forever,
fight darkness
talk with silence.

Dream the outside world
will always defeat me

I cant actually make a tomb of myself
being silence on the land of time.
But i could come out of the room
see the outside light
but i'm afraid
my eyes go blind.
Ah what to do.
As per the suggestions of my friend Edge}

M.. ROHITH

With Her....That Night

Seconds kissing seconds
producing minutes.
Silence whispered
near my ears-
'ITS TIME! '

sitting on the irritating grass
under a dim light
in the park
searching for unknown charisma
in her face
which is partially covered
with darkness like a silk veil
of a muslim women.

Romantic fear,
killing courage in my heart
wasting those minutes
which were suffused with my love.
Enthusiastic hand of clock
forcing time which was struck
somewhere in the suffused love of mine.

Timid winds
touched my cold cheeks
got the warmth of love
which boiled the guts of those winds.
Millions and millions of stars
twinkling millions of times
suggesting me
to do that and to do this.

M.. ROHITH

Wliderness Of Jungle

On that full moon night
in side the moors
across the ponds of sweat water
on the fragrance of jasmines
in the melody of love
with the light breeze of wind
I sang a song
with the wilderness of the jungle.

M.. ROHITH

World Of Poetry -Part1

A land of poetry!

The Mayor just passed orders

to municipality,

to make the roads more poetic!

Shops of ideas

on both\ sides of the road!

Cost of each idea depends upon its depth!

Pleasant poetic morning it is...is it!

I walked along the pavelion

to find my Path less Path!

There came my office!

On the top of my office,

Written on the board,

poetry organization welcomes

all the types of poets!

As i entered,

all the poets assembled at the auditorium!

I joined them, A pledge is going on!

It goes like this...

'We are to write as much as we can! We write and write and second we love to
ng charges Us! Poetry love us! So we write we write on a mission! On a mission
to discover ourselves!

Everyone dispersed

and went back to their normal works.

There are many rooms inside the office

on the top of each room

written,

which type of the poetry room it is!

I entered the room, Darkness.

The time is 12: 40: 34!

Its dark inside, empty,

lonely.

Every one is depressed

loving to be more depressed!

All the officers are busy

with their most trusted slaves

type writers!

I went deep inside,

exploring darkness!

Hey its still 12: 40: 34!
Time stopped!
I came out of the room,
time started moving as before.

Its 4 pm as i discovered the way out!
I felt hungry and started writing
writing cures everything in that land!
I started to my room, where i live.
That evening is more poetic than ever,
its the time of elections!
There is going to be a tough fight between
light and dark poetry parties!
I returned to my room,
my room is little dirty!
Black walls! Old room!
I am no longer hungry!
I slept earlier than ever before
expecting a poetic tomorrow!

=====

I wrote this poem to make you guys understand what type of a world is a poetic world!
The real poem starts from the next poem of series.
Hey i want to use the names of all you guys to write this series.

M.. ROHITH