

Poetry Series

Madam Anonymous
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Madam Anonymous()

An Architect of the soul, a lover of life, a creator, an atheist and a woman.

3 Husbands

Numero Un:

To have and to hold,
A Midas, □
Replete with gold.□

Lord of mountain hideaway, □
In Aspen, □
For family play.□

Manhattan penthouse
Zooming Ferrari, □
Moneyed clout.□

Powerful and homely,
Spawning ground, □
Socially comely.□

Numero Deux:

To have and to hold, □
A Casanova,
The force behold.

Sleepless nights,
Expel,
Monotonous rites.

Playful fun,
Two bodies,
Orgasmically one.

Always game,
For another round,
Of the same.□

Numero Trois:

To have and to hold,

An Aristotle,
Intellectually bold.

Philosophy spewing,
Questioning,
Tradition chewing.

Brainwork overtime,
Soaking,
Prose and rhyme.

Original mind,
Prejudices, immorality,
Left far behind.

3 husbands,
Heroes all 3,
All with virtuous qualities.

Ahh..... fantasy,
3 rolled into 1
Can it ever be?

Madam Anonymous

A Declaration Of Independence

Give me a mighty, world pivoting lever
Watch me do it with a possessed fever

Don't shackle me with rules shallow
Don't confine me in spaces narrow

Don't get in my determined way
Don't demand that I hope and pray

See the birth of pride in my chest
See my energies never put to rest

My right to be, do not suspect
Shower me with love and respect

Glimpse my unadulterated mind
Like a man, my actions, stand behind

Heroically, what I achieve, see
Happily, join your hands with me

We will blow the trumpets tall
We will make the loud clarion call

Make this world a better place
A more magnificent, than heaven space

Madam Anonymous

An Immigrant Hymn

Must be difficult, to break all ties
To separate the truth from the lies
Of your comforting cradle of birth
Toward a far land, set forth.

Must be difficult, to unlearn
Everything you once knew
The new speedily in your mind burn
A different thinking accept as true

Must be difficult, to get used
To faces white and black
To wish self-protective skills fused
Master the alien with an easy knack

Must be difficult, more than the ways
To tragically leave behind
The feel of rainy tropical days
Neighbors and friends kind

Must be difficult, to restart
From the bottom of the ladder
With your strange foreign ways part
Keep the homesickness from making you sadder

But, yet you do it
With great joy and pain
To keep the internal fire you once lit
And pursue happiness, not in vain

Madam Anonymous

An Obituary: To Love

The night under the heavenly moon
We walked hand in hand
The night we shared raging passion
And believed it would never end,

The morning in our young home
At the window to the world we awoke
The morning fresh in our new lives
Words of eternal worship we spoke,

The afternoon I gazed at you
Breathing the power of your pride
The afternoon I imprisoned you on paper
Yearned to be forever by your side,

The evening you set me free
From shackles of lifelong slavery
The evening I knelt womanly before you
Helpless always at your masculine bravery,

Where did it all go?
Why did we let the love slow?
Why did we let it fly away?
Why did we let our love sway?
How did I let it die?

When you were my universe,
My sun, moon and the vast sky!

You will go on living
As before, a heroic being
But I fear I shall die

Deep inside, where you are
My sun, moon and the vast sky!

Madam Anonymous

Blackberry

It wakes me with lilting opera melodies
Without a luxury to snooze
Blatantly flashes across the screen
Day's corporate appointments to schmooze

"Play the Tetris game", demands
In the subway ride, my little princess
However, alone with crackberried strangers
I would rather play mind-chess

I whip it out, for an extempore picture
Of the art installation in the park
In between appointments, I surf
Sid's poetry for a lark

With little beeps throughout the day
Emails keep pouring in
Making me realize
Living mindless in a rat-race is a sin

Indispensible for searching
A Zagat restaurant rating
An amazing bible of wonders
Absolutely crucial, while dating

"See you in 5", I text
"Big O in 10", is his reply
From this little black gizmo
Its flashy round knob, can I shy?

It is my knight in shining armor
My tall dark handsome paramour.

Madam Anonymous

Fashionista Files: Lucky

I marvel at the sophistication of dy/dx
In Mathematics' passage
However at heart,
I remain a peacock
With a dazzling plumage.

Lucky, the magazine
About shopping and style
Has me smitten,
Fascination with boots and clutches
Has me feverishly bitten.

Did Shakespeare not wisely state
'Do not judge the book by its cover'
As this ideal female
Is also a Juicy Couture lover.

Lucky shows how to mix
Maiden with Vamp look,
To become a fashionable girl
Editor Kim France it took.

How could I live without
Chanel's red lipstick,
How could I learn the look
Without Lucky's trick.

In this city girl
It has caused transformation,
Blessed this Eve
Due to its creation.

In Archemide's 'Eureka'
Limited, I was bound to live
To Hamilton's capitalism
All delight I was headed to give.

Lucky,
In honor of your existence

I can wax poetic forever,
As a dedicated reader
Gladly pose nude on your cover.

Madam Anonymous

Feminine Mystique

Curls of golden hair streaming down oval face
Venus daintily ascended the shining sea
On a delicate oyster shellacked with lace

Rode Lady Godiva on a white stallion
In pure fearless naked beauty
Against injustice making the call clarion

She may be as she deigns
Eve, the child of heaven
Born for a self reliant reign

Love and softness radiate her visage
Or firmness and strength are her backbone
As need arises, she may reflect the required mirage

She gazes into your eyes during ecstasy
Or creates a pseudo world
Around an irrational fantasy

Readily she will submit to her master
Or like a Phoenix rise from the ashes
In fiery deathly disaster

Meekly she will sob on your shoulder
Or effortlessly rappel off a cliff
And revel in her adventurous side bolder

Matronly she births with stoic pain
Or with razor sharpness
Lead corporations to a worldly gain

Her qualities and visions are many
As are her moods and the forms she personifies
This is the Feminine Mystique

Madam Anonymous

Home

As the evening dawns, I can't wait to go home
To my own little square of earth, under my own sacred dome

I am eager for the day's care to be erased
To be blanketed in love, to be embraced by a friendly face

I feel solace when the warm familiar sights meet me
I am myself again when the cheerful homey sounds greet me

The slippers on the floor
The flowers by the door
The whistling of the kettle
The jingling of the rattle

I can't wait to hear child's feet patter
I am restless to hear the sing song chatter

I am the Queen of the Castle, ruling with a Lord
Both tied by love, both tied by life's happy cord

This is my world, the universe that relaxes me
When the demand of the other taxes me

As evening dawns, I can't wait to go home
To my own little square of earth, under my own sacred dome

Madam Anonymous

Men

I confess

I am an incurable lover of men

Their physique of linear muscularity

Their squarish determined jaw

Their arms covered in hair

Their masculine strength raw

Their technique scientific and logical

Their arrange neatly in head four by four

Their methodical analytical mind

Their goal always score

Their silent screams when they withdraw to their caves

To lick their wounds quietly

Their need for a woman's admiration

To nurse them to health rightly

Their dreams big and grand

Their length and breadth of scope

Their volitional ignorance of obstacles

While plunging in with a positive hope

Their ability to achieve their wish

Move straight as an arrow

Their independence and self reliance

Shunning of rules narrow

Their stability in keeping their head

When everything goes wrong

Their persistence of their dreams

Building on to their vision strong

Their generating feline bodily tingle

In a warm sensual embrace

Their manly wistful glance

Scanning me for womanly grace

I confess

I am an incurable lover of men

When I am sinking in an emotional mire
They swoop me up and pull me higher
They show me the world through rose colored glasses
Even after a million hurts, million losses

To be with them, is an injection of fresh energy
An opportunity to achieve, in a teamed synergy
Their intellect sets me on a path to conceptualize
Their sexual ardor pushes me to sensualize

I confess
I am an incurable lover of men.....

Madam Anonymous

Paradise Road

This poem captures a real life event from the 1997 movie 'Paradise Road'. A group of English/Dutch women survived the atrocities in a Japanese camp in Sumatra, during World War II, by forming a vocal orchestra (not choir) . They presented over 30 classical compositions during 3 years of their captivity.

The purple haze settled over the mangroves,
The singing cricket came out in droves,
In this Sumatra of thorny fences,
Alert to the cocked guns, stood the senses.

The violins and pianos were unneeded,
The starved ragged bodies were unheeded,
Voices were melodiously raised to a majestic task,
In the gentle glow of life, the women basked.

When upon them, injustices and indignities were hurled,
The symphonic grandeur of Dvorak's New World, they unfurled,
With music in their hearts, they shrugged the poison asinine,
Peacefully hummed mesmerizing tunes sublime.

Helpless and beaten by life no more, they strode,
Toward their ample blissful silken abode,
Proud to have walked the Paradise Road.

Madam Anonymous

Past, Present And Future

Stand on the ruins of the past, but rebuild
It is deceptive, not all is destroyed yet
Take joy from the barren fields you tilled
Even if no visible results you get
All adds up in mysterious ways
Where as a sum total in your mind it stays
Pushing you ahead, if you have tried before
If you haven't, then inertia shuts life's door
It is better to have tried and failed
Than without trying, at life to have bitterly railed

Thus you arrive at the present
To enjoy or curse the moment
After trying labor you may be spent
But with a will unbent
Or you may be calm but dead
With no desire to move ahead
Best is to be cheerful and gay
Enthusiastically seize life's another day
Still look around with dazzled eyes
Always wanting to win the prize

The future beckons with fascinating allure
Wonder what for you is in store
The energy your successes have given
As equally, by failures you have been driven
All will be invested in what is yet to come
Toward it, as a veteran you will run
The future will one day become your past
To feed life's undying fire and make it last

Madam Anonymous

Serene

Like a whirlwind, like a lightning bolt
With her curious questions, with the energy of a colt
Captures my mind, captures my heart
Serene

Rushing like a brook, rushing like the sea
Learning with her spirit, shooting up like a tree
Energizes my dream, energizes my being
Serene

Smiling with innocence, smiling pure
In the moment of hurt, through her tears
Beckons my love, beckons my protection
Serene

Loving her mom, loving her dad: the man
With steadfastness of heart, giving her soul only as she can
Softens my world, softens my mood
Serene

This giant of a five year old,
Rules my world
Calm and serene.

Madam Anonymous

Sex,24/7

Sex is the source of life, pulsating with vigor
Sex is the culmination of life, sleeping in peace
Sex is the breath of life, the driving force
Sex is the desire of life, hunger ever increased

I love his mouth on mine
I love his hand in me
I love his self grasp mine
I love his face, for his passion to see

Make love to me, my God
Make life in me, my Love
Make thought in me, my Hero
Make peace in me, my Angel Above

Give me sex,24/7

Madam Anonymous

Solitude

Flying high, on the pinnacle of life
Soaring
In contentment and peace
Such is
State of perpetual solitude, of ease

When the path has been chosen
Deliberately
With thought of right and wrong
Then surely
I am entitled to sing the joyful song

The journey has begun
Excitedly
Toward the goal of immortality
Nothing less
Will guide me in this righteous morality

Stuck with clarity to that vision
Vigorously
The dragons on the way have been slayed
From
Undying devotion to my life never strayed

The smiles have accompanied me faithfully
Rewarded
Me with this state of mind
With a promise
That solitude I shall eternally find

Madam Anonymous

Sunday Morning

A happy twitter, a ray of golden shine
Sunday mornings are for waking up at nine
Open your eye
Drink in the blue sky
Sneak in with the little sweetie
Surrounded by little dollie cuties
Sniff the aromatic tea
Gaze at the blooming spring tree
Soak in the laughing book
Capture the feel and the look

Of this carefree Sunday morning

When the world is serene
When life is the best it has been
When all is perfect
When all has a calming effect
When you are at peace
Another joyful day you seize

On this carefree Sunday morning

Madam Anonymous

The Hermit

Over the clouds sailing along the mountain top
Far from the world, in an austere abode aloft
Lived the hermit

Tranquil amid books and art
In a pine hut, center of a pristine alpine heart
Content with lone majestic thoughts and deeds
Aloof from society's frivolous needs
Solitude was the goal, solitude was the reward
Life was fulfilling, life was satisfyingly broad
Thus lived the hermit

Her contributions to the world were none
But the freedom from others' oppression was won
If living a full life was the sole purpose of her birth
She had achieved it
In the fierce light of her solitary hut's hearth
The hermit

Madam Anonymous

The Moment

The hunger of his lips wakes me, the longing in his eyes strokes me
The breadth of his broad back, in my arms
In a moment, I succumb to his charms.
The weight of his body comforts me, the winning smile on his face curbs me
The length of his strong legs, wrapped in mine
In a moment, I shall be thine.
The rhythm of his hips captures me, the whisper of his voice raptures me
The hardness of him, in me
In a moment, I will be set free.

Words fail me as the world fades, sublime overtakes
The lasting tremor of the earth, the brilliant dazzle of the sun
This is the Moment, we are forever ONE.

Madam Anonymous

The Monsoon

With a lighting crack, a deafening thunder
Unleashes nature's fury and wrath
The monsoon, a glorious wonder
Strikes along the Himalayan path

The wild winds gust with all its might
Flatten the scrub, uproot the trees
Turn the calm azure waters in sight
Into restless brutal tidal seas

Mercilessly blow all in its way
On hills, valleys, plateaus and plains
To bless all with richness another day
As the watery monsoon supremely reigns

The cottony clouds effortlessly glide
Laden thick with miraculous power
In its long continental ride
At will release the colossal shower

The thick glassy sheets of rain
Soak all with playful delight
In its yearly cyclic journey again
The monsoon is the king of right

The earth as a new bride preens
In lush green vegetation everywhere
Dressed in rich emerald sheen
An answer to the poor farmer's prayer

The blossomed tree alit in scarlet fiery flames
The peacock resplendent in blue, dances gracefully
A bevy of insects and frogs in the nature's chain
Hum, croak and applaud the monsoon lustily

All around crystal pools magically spring
Awakening children's play and laughter
Causing young maidens to sonorously sing
With a tender dream to live happily ever after

Madam Anonymous

Togetherness

I wish

To be
Every morning
With you and see
Your undying yearning

For me
For our perfect life
Of its meaningless be free
By being your wife

Be one
When troubles shower
Bathe in content light of the sun
By being together

Build new
Exciting years ahead
Fresh as morning dew
Together we tread

Know always
Forever we are true
In life's passionate embrace
I am together with you.

Madam Anonymous

Top Of The World: New York

Perched atop the Universe's cutting edge
 Beckoning dizzying heights at tethering ledge
Nestled between vast ocean and rivers
 A human eruption of energetic quiver
A celestial cathedral of everything manmade
 Entrenched nobly by liberty and trade
A thirst for bettering life made it such
 Of sophisticated minds with the Midas touch
They challenged the ordinary by standards high
 Willingly fulfilled aggressive demands to live by
Created giant industries of publishing and fashion
 Were consumed by virtuous money making passion
They danced on filigreed monuments soaring the sky
 Their entrepreneurial aspirations reached mile high
A city with mysterious teeming bowels of earth
 Where wine flows in bathtubs, ermine rugs decorate the hearth
It wields the galactic sword of mighty power
 Blazing trail for other Garden of Eden's to tower

New York, shelter me in your golden harbor
 Shower me in your delicate blossomed arbor
I will gladly pay the price for your decadence
 Liberate me with body's luxuries and mind's opulence

Madam Anonymous

Undaunted Courage: Lewis And Clark

Let me tell you a story,
A story of 28 great lives,
Of hope, of enterprise,
An inspiring story,
Of adventure, of glory

Clark, hero of Kentucky
Lewis, loyal to the President
With a melancholic strain,
Sallied into the unknown
The Corps of Discovery's
Body and brain.

Commanded by
The Son of America
Equipped with bravery,
A Giant,
Who dared throw off
The yoke of King's slavery.

Lured by a dream
Of the virgin land,
Set forth to discover
The Northwest Passage,
This ragtag band.

Armed with
Gifts, guns, stores
And Rush's thunderbolt,
Barrels of Whiskey
To quell shiphand revolt.

They sailed
The mighty Mississippi
Christening from the start,
Madison, Gallatin, Jefferson
A young republic
Honored from their heart.

The journey into the unknown
Was fraught with surprise,
Would they ever win
And claim their prize?

The west was
Pristinely beautiful
Rockies, Prairies, Great Plains,
With death as their friend
Persevered without complaints.

Many a times voted
In American tradition,
Strengthened by discipline
Their leaders' demanding condition.

Enriched science with
Idyllic flora and fauna,
Won over the
Mandans, Lakotas, Crows
With their gentle persona.

Sacagawea, the Shoshonee
Stood with many a males,
York, the slave
Was devoted to the cause
Of keeping the Corps a-sail.

After long patient winter
And portage over their backs,
They finally stood atop
The Continental Divide
Gauging their stocks.

Dumbstruck
At the expanse ahead,
They pressed on
Into the unknown
And chose starvation instead.

Finally, at Fort Clatsop
In misty Columbia Gorge

The Shangri-La was claimed,
Thanks to the defiant few
The Wild West had been tamed

It took 4 years
For this momentous journey,
Of adventure, of enterprise,
Of great lives,
Of glory,
That inspires
With its singular story.

To read about this glorious adventure, visit:

Reference:

1. Unhdaunted Courage: the title has been borrowed from Stephen Ambrose's book of the same
2. 28 lives: I am unable to confirm the number. They lost only one member of the expedition, to a burst appendicitis
3. Loyal to the President: Lewis was part of President Jefferson's staff
4. Melancholic strain: Lewis was plagued with depression all his life and committed suicide after completion of the expedition
5. Corps of Discovery: The just name given to the expedition
6. Son of America: President Jefferson who fulfilled his long cherished dream of exploring the west
7. Ragtag band: The expedition comprised of soldiers, civilian volunteers, frontiersmen, gentlemen's sons, one slave and one Indian woman with a child
8. Rush's thunderbolt: A potent purgative prescribed by famous Philadelphia doctor, Benjamin Rush, as a cure-all
9. Whiskey: An essential part of everyday ration, to be drunk instead of unpotable water
10. Madison, Gallatin, Jefferson: Lewis and Clark named rivers, hills, plains in the virgin land after the President's cabinet and other American ideas. My favorite: Independence
11. Sacagawea: The wife of a French trapper, more intrepid and resourceful than many male members of the expedition
12. York: Clark's inherited slave, baffled the Indians who had never seen a black man before
13. Gauging their stocks: With no wildlife in the high Rockies, the expedition faced starvation. Many even ate their shoes to keep hunger at bay
14. In progress.....

Madam Anonymous

Woman

Woman,
Ceaseless tenderness, beauty and grace
Is your name
The chaotic world is held firm and steady
In your affectionate brace

With an everlasting need to love and give
To those around you
You exert yourself each passing day
Thus you die and thus you live

In the face of indifference and hate
Your undiminished fervor
Makes its mark on unheeding souls
Always, perhaps sometimes a little late

In the role of a daughter, wife and mother
Men and children look up to you
For inspiration, devotion and nurturing
For a heart of radiance, as a mankind's lover

Woman,
Untiring labor, patience and deprivation
Is your name
In this cold world you carry on
The burden of compassionate feminine tradition

Madam Anonymous

Work Of Art

My life is a work of art
Sometimes moving backward, but mostly forward
A difficult life, for not one faint of heart

First I think, then I do
Little by little, every day, every moment
To myself always be true

That joy of success
Many times I find it, many times I don't
But still feel truly blessed

To have ultimate freedom
To live my life, to live my way
I can make it exciting or I can make it humdrum
I can curse it or I can praise each day

I choose to make
My life a work of art
To be mine alone, of good and bad parts

My life is truly a work of art.

Madam Anonymous

Worthy Goals

To generate and keep honest money
To smile everyday in life's journey

To work hard to laugh and enjoy
To never let the mundane annoy

To singlehandedly build a business glorious
To objectify a philosophy publicly notorious

To create beauty for the eye or mind
To always pay back in cash or kind

To invent a new exciting theory
To actualize for real a dreamy story

To nurse to life a broken heart
To be the best at your chosen art

To search high and low for a counterpart
To inspire a life to a successful start

To pour undying love on another
To constantly set your sights further

To be richer in spirit than the year before
To refuse to beg at someone's door

To add value to this immense world
To feed the youthful in a raging swirl

To admire greatness in every form it exists
To recognize evil in all forms and resist

To show the young their beacon's light
To live for everything that is right

To determinedly keep your soul
Are all worthy goals! ! !

Madam Anonymous

X An Encounter

Pushed against the wrought iron gates
Gates of joy, gates of passion
I stood waiting for his kisses
At peace, in tension

He looked into my eyes
Caressed my back, caressed my waist
I stood waiting for his owning hand
To feel my bare skin, and taste

I pulled his head closer
Locked his lips, locked his legs
I stood waiting greedily for that long sigh
Not appearing as one who begs

His soft hair gave with ease
Under my fingers, under my lips
I stood waiting to draw closer still
To be one from breast to hips

Today was not the day
To complete the journey, to completely lose
I stood waiting for more
But there would be many lateres to choose.

Madam Anonymous

X Kama Sutra

He and I, the two spiritually together
In this dance of nature, each only a half of the other
We engage in a meditative accomplishment

2,3 or 4? In this musical symphony
Deliberate cautiously, to establish a harmony
We engage in a creative entertainment

A tickle, a nip or a silken caress?
Widely open, Indrani or The Tigress?
We engage in an adventurous sentiment

A yogic posture? Sure, a head stand
Confused mass of legs and hand
We engage in a playful temperament

Curvy and beguiling, seductive in my submissiveness
Strong and dominating, virile in his maleness
We engage in a symbiotic compliment

Attentive to the other, enticing gently
Merging into one, enjoying sensually
We engage in a sexual fulfillment

The recipe is simple, to reach your potential peak
Love 'One', mind, body and soul
Solemnly endeavor 'The One' to seek!

Thank you Vatsayana and Ayn Rand! ! !

Madam Anonymous

X Norman

Laughter, now and always
Even on those jet lagged days

Airport terminals, beautiful
Spider web like, gossamer tulle

Coffee and chocolate cake
Dancing salsa, savoring sea bass bake

New York in black
Shooting thru' Blythwd. Pines, crack

Downcast eyes of a girl
In Bouguereau's charming world

Slow down, you fleeting minx
Let's play Giza and the Sphinx

Function and form
C'est tu Norm!

Madam Anonymous

X Pom Pi (A Flower)

Like the white tuft
Of a rabbit's tail nearby
Fluffy, round, alive
Stood the burst of Pom Pi

Exploding like a star
In the night high
Over Manhattan
On the Fourth of July
The celestial Pom Pi

Against the blades of grass
Dancing, prancing shy
In a fluted vase
Sat serenely Pom Pi

Intriguing souls in love
Yearning with a cry
Celebrating life
Announced hope, our Pom Pi.

Madam Anonymous

X She And He

She held his hand and said, 'Come, I will show you the world beyond'
Of stars and stripes, and feelings ripe
Where the pigeons coo, and moments flew
Where the water ripples, and the being sizzles

She held his hand and said, 'I am yours'
To take me as it pleases you
To move me as the desire seizes you
Of being one, for the eternity to come

She held his hand and said, 'You make me beautiful'
Giving joy unending, and love unbending
For seeing me, and being me
For making me whole, and touching my soul

She looked in his eyes and said, 'I will always love you'
Be all for you, and do everything I can do
Give this world to you
As my love is forever and true! ! !

Madam Anonymous

X Black Widow

Jet black and feminine
Vicious and ruthless
Seduced into the first sin
And lured the unsuspecting male
 in a gentle caress

He was marked
By his innocent gender
Timidly he harked
With colorful dreams
 of love tender

She pretended to swoon
At the show of his power
Her eyes promised him the moon
But at the end of deed
 unfeelingly him devoured

Madam Anonymous

X Bliss

Lying content
In a state of bliss
Silent as a tomb
After the body's kiss!

Oh! I don't want
Anything, evermore
Just to lie so
Moved at the core!

The world
Will go on around me
But my tender soul
Will hold on to this glee!

What I would
Not give
For this moment again
In a lover's arms to live!

Madam Anonymous

X Bombay

Bombay, of Hindus, Muslims, Christians
Cosmopolitan capitalist machinery,
Ornament of The Queen's necklace
Sometimes, my heart cries for thee.

The nihilists work to destroy
The energetic achievement,
But the street bravado lives
Free from religious confinement.

Neither Rajas nor Fakirs built it
It was teak, muslin and indigo,
Of the intrepid British Sahib
Gave it The Kohinoor's glow.

Ganesh, the god prospered
But ignorance was banished,
Confluence of East and West
Moksha of practicality flourished.

It is the Gateway of India
Valued for Bollywood,
Bhel puri a testament
To life's simple glory as it should.

The snake charmer of Dharavi
Proud in his hut of poverty,
Dreams of whisking a bride like
Prithviraj on a stallion, with certainty.

In this city of Untouchables
With your fate, choose anything to do,
Hoards of ambitious and brave
Slog daily, to build a life totally new.

Bombay, success is thy name
Churning with life's perpetual motion,
Your biggest claim to fame
Is to improve my situation.

Madam Anonymous

X End Of Life

When in midnight of life
What will you see?
Did you use your abilities
To be the person you wanted to be?
Did you use your mind
To better yourself from your lot at birth?
Or did you let the burden of circumstances
Rob you of life's mirth?
Did you look around you
And want to make a difference?
Or did you let the winds of trouble blow you
And give up things you held in reverence?
Did you let the beauty of life
Touch you deep inside?
Did you inspite of many failures
Resolve to have love at your side?
Did you with simple minded ease
Let yourself feel everyday joy?
Or were totally overwhelmed by life
And let all happenings annoy?
Did you commit yourself
To live with ultimate passion?
Or let your precious life be snuffed out
Without any satisfaction?

Madam Anonymous

X Give All To Love

Take their world and make it yours
Live for them and for their cause

Become one with their hopes and fears
Fearlessly, embrace their cheers and tears

Willingly on the sidelines root for them
Every worldly joy loot for them

Listen to their voice deep inside
Happily by their dreams abide

Join in body and soul in their fight
Standby them, even when they aren't right

With their person, let them inspire you
Never let the demands of love tire you

Release the unstoppable emotional flow
Do not let your feelings run low

Remember to never compromise
Victorious, you shall carry away the prize

Use this mantra, for anything you do
And Friend a satisfactory life, I promise you! ! !

Madam Anonymous

X Grand Canyon

A windswept striated cathedral
A many colored miraculous thrill
Incessant rising of vertical tiers
Scalloped peaks with precipices sheer
Sacred citadel of the silent sound of solitude
A picture painted with a perfectionist attitude
The mysterious weaving river casts its spell
In the deep dark chasm calmly dwells
Bold land with violent beauty blessed
In earthy enchanting red hues dressed
At your sight I am struck speechless
Purify my soul with your profound caress

Madam Anonymous

X In The Fast Lane

Move over brother
In my Beamer, here I come in a fast lane□
Always, somewhere else I'd rather be
A Wiz I am at playing this game

Starbucks Mocha at bucks 5 a pop□
I feel young, rich and powerful□
Corner office is just a stop
Good at my job, I am cool

□

Modest, my horn I don't toot
But popular, I blog, facebook and twitter□
In my chic Armani suit□
I leave office gals in a dither

Impressive at a gym I lift weights
I spin away to the melody of Iphone□
To complete health and happiness this is the gate□
And gotta pick a Broadway show most known□
□

After long hours, Tequila is a draw
At Nobu, over sushi with an emaciated bombshell□
About commitments why hem and haw□
Why not just ring each other's naughty bell? □

Move over brother
In my Beamer, here I come in a fast lane
What? No way! Freedom, pleasure and gratification
Shall not give me long lasting pain

When I am but a sexy fifty
I shall adopt a rebellious niece
I would have built my empire nifty
And with friends and family made peace

Life is perfect, life is fun
I am my own boss, cause I am the only one.

--

Madam's Dictionary:

- Beamer: BMW car
- Starbucks: Coffee chain
- Mocha: Coffee with chocolate
- Corner office: Coveted corporate status, office with windows/view on two sides
- Blog, facebook and twitter: ways of socializing (and popularizing)
- Armani suit: Power symbol
- Spinning: Cardio exercise at a gym, fast cycling
- Iphone: Male toy lovers, need anything be said?
- Tequila: Don't quite know since I don't do alcohol
- Nobu: Trendy expensive exclusive New York restaurant
- Emaciate bombshell: New New York standard of feminine beauty, the starved look
- Sushi: Japanese raw fish, a rage in New York (and elsewhere)

Madam Anonymous

X Internet Lover

The complexities of
Real time and real world
Are over,
Go ahead, take on
An internet lover

Either a powerful veiled Sheikh
From Arabia far,
Or a sexy stalker parked
In the next block
In a glamorous car

Be creative,
Imagine him to be
A handsome millionaire,
Shooting amorous messages
From his secretive lair

Sure, exchange some racy
Bedroom talk,
Let him your world
Of fantasies rock

You don't have to limit it to
Platonic ways fine,
Even if he is 66
And you a youthful 89!

Madam Anonymous

X Love

Love is a feeling of constancy
Of simple joy and a deep anchor
Of life rooted like a tree
In this beautiful world of color

Love is a feeling of solemnity
Of deep thought and reverence
Of life lived like the unfathomable sea
In this blissful world immense

Love is a feeling of solitude
Of quiet and utmost peace
Of life's union of two
In this silent world of ease

Love is a feeling of giving
Of doing and bettering all
Of life's perpetual motion of living
In this world growing tall

Madam Anonymous

X Nirvana

I wish to tame the indomitable K2
It is my burning desire
I wish to reach the celestial sky
Like Notre Dame's majestic spire

I wish to soar like a Monarch
It is my burning desire
I wish to thunder like Bucephalus
To conquer the unknown I aspire

I wish to slash through Amazon
It is my burning desire
I wish to stay untouched by evil
Pure as Sita, emerge through the fire

Nay, I crave for things undeniably immense
Vastly challenging and huge:

Decadent enjoyment of life with every sense
Nurture my mind as a peaceful refuge
Unity of intellect, sex and emotion
A life of purpose, a life of sensation

A life where,
I create large, to immortalize the human spirit
Where triumphant love rules the day
Where I enrich the circle of life
Where elegant wealth of Zari holds sway

A life where,
Labor and rectitude is rewarded
Where truth, reason and beauty reign
Where applause and sovereigns shall be mine
Where cherished ambitions remain

A life where,
'Onward' is the battle cry
Where for it, I will willingly die
Where life is perfect, life is complete

Where I burn with passionate heat

So that immortal, when I look back
I never wonder what I lacked
Aloft the minarets I proudly call
I have achieved Nirvana, I have it all

Madam Anonymous

X Podunk

For S, at his request.3/2/08

There is no better place in the labyrinth of New York,
For a quiet conversation or enjoy husband and tea,
A restful Saturday afternoon with the family.

Than Podunk- a tea shop in the East Village,
In old English, it means 'Middle of Nowhere',
Is filled with eclectic nick-knacks and antiques rare.

Elsbeth, the charismatic owner, far from the maddening crowd
Aloof, at the far end of the cafe presides,
Amongst colorful chintz and fufu teapots resides.

Matronly and business-woman like, she conjures,
Cucumber sandwiches, cardamom cakes and cheese straws,
Caution, no laptops, dawdling or takeout teas are her laws.

Be forewarned, there are no bathrooms here,
Some think she rules with an iron hand,
Refuses to submit to the convenient Starbucks trend.

The house blended Sage Apricot tea and Rose Lavender chai,
Make this middle-of-the-block, nowhere place,
A Quaint, chic, hippie oasis in the New York rat race.

Popular to the nubile maidens and adventurous couples,
In spite of no-credit-card and self-service policy,
Perfect for a Saturday afternoon rendezvous with the family.

Madam Anonymous

X Pygmalion

White as alabaster, delicate as a snow lily
Womanly hips almost too perfect
Smile of life so gentle, so loving
He gazed at her with awe, with respect

She belonged to him, he had sculpted her
With his manly hands bare
He wished to breathe life into her deep eyes
Birth a maiden rare

He longed for her, for her musical voice
To solve mysteries of the earth
But held back with godly restraint
Human after all, he wasn't ready for an angelic birth

Madam Anonymous

X Sex, Love And Marriage

A trilogy
Of modern US of A

You may have all three
But never all at once, together
Never footloose and free
My cynical drift you gather?

One begets the other
Or has the capacity to kill
Which one would you rather have?
If this truth, doesn't give you a chill

Chronologically,
The first two precede the third
Psychologically,
The third is not for a free bird

Which is your long lasting pleasure?
Which two would you have, or would you like all three?
Sex, love and marriage is never a combined treasure
If you don't believe me, try this Molotov cocktail and see

-A temporary cynic -

Madam Anonymous

X The Glorious And The Mundane

A single lonely raindropp makes a churning ocean
The fire of a thunderstorm begins with a tiny motion

So it is in today's world of twenty four/seven
We ambitiously want to make an earthly heaven

We want the big, beautiful and the best
Are willing to do it without a moment's rest

We diligently slog eight full hours a day
For another eight we try to restfully lay

Human straphangers in buses and trains
Dash around cars and commuter planes

So that we may make our needed daily money
Along the way, meet dreams filled with honey

We cook, clean, shop, do all tasks benign
Dutifully nourish our body three times

As we live mundanely day in and day out
Dealing with divorce, death and sickness bout

Awakened with an occasional thunderbolt
Magically to its life giving power are sold

In our hearts we keep a little window open
Carry our dreams with a youthful spin

With steely determination we finally get there
Beneath the mundane, unearth the glorious fair

Madam Anonymous

Xx Phileas Fogg

Flamboyant

A man with personal aplomb, a man with big worldly dreams
Full of life's vivacious vigor and thrill, bursting at seams

Scientific

Reform Club could set the clock by his punctuality
To always be analytical is his admirable quality

Sharp

Had the entire world's knowledge neatly aligned
In that quick, deep, ravenous, cultivated mind

Unafraid

Daringly wagered his fortune, to stand by what he says
Went against Britannica, in impossible, dashing worldly race

Just

Fruitfully defeating any injustice or deviousness he meets
With dignity and fairness Passepartout he treats

Gentlemanly

Toward the fairer sex and weak, chivalrous
In his dealings with all, always courteous

Romantic

To fall head over heels for a damsel in distress
By Aouda's beauty, helplessness, chastity impressed

Virtuous

Lived larger than life, the manly honorable way
Made hard work, originality, labor of his mind pay

Capable

Resourcefully, can overcome obstacles he comes across
Circled The World in Eighty Days without a moment's pause

My Hero, Phileas Fogg, of Jules Verne's 1872 novel 'Around the World in Eighty Days'

Madam Anonymous

Xx Adam And Eve

In his heavenly abode, Adam reigned
Eve consorted with equal bliss
Yearned for the forbidden fruit
But was satisfied with Adam's kiss

Eve could resist temptation no more
Finally ordered Adam to pluck the fruit
The mistaken Monarch refused
Eve died, heartbroken by the truth

To fill the void, stray Adam bedded her sisters
Morn, Aft and luscious inky Night
With pleasure, ruled over his kingdom
Deft of the sunshine bright

Alas, the fruit from the tree of knowledge
Today, still unplucked stands
In man's Garden of Eden
Untouched by time's hand

Madam Anonymous

Xx An Ode To A Genius

She lives
To pour herself, every last thought
To spend herself so
Because that is all she knows.

She lives
To breathe, every life giving breath
To cause a soul to fiercely glow
Because that is all she knows.

She lives
To recede, to the ideal in her head
To hang on to the true, inspite of severe blows
Because that is all she knows.

She lives
To be seen, by a pair of searching eyes
To collect kindred spirits in her tow
Because that is all she knows.

She lives
To wipe, the already lived past
To magnanimously, precious dreams sow
Because that is all she knows

She lives
To welcome, with gentle smiles
To reap rewards, she cultivated with a hoe
Because that is all she knows

Thus Ayn Rand made
Brave and young hearts with innocent joy beam
She freed them of hopelessness, rejuvenated them with dreams
Flashed the straight path into their view
She lived to make a new world, because that is all she knew

Madam Anonymous

Xx Collector Of Souls

Little pixie, three feet tall
Chase after the rolling ball
Nurse the dolly to health
Enjoy your youthful wealth

No, firmly said she
A collector of souls, I'd rather be

An idea in the making
Satisfy life's thirst by wise slaking
Right there for anyone's taking
In the pixie's novel head was baking

Yes, firmly said she
A collector of souls, I'd surely be

How do I achieve this goal?
Can I play this difficult role?
Can it truly be done?
Can I affect a soul, even one?

Yes, firmly said she
A collector of souls, I'd successfully be

Pixie little no more
Had honed in to life's core
Truth was her guiding beacon forever
Her pure ways touched souls, in ways clever

Yes, firmly said she
A collector of souls, I'd happily be

I work to better all, teach by example
I do not crumble, press gun of misfortunes to my temple
I choose joy over sorrow, smile day in and day out
I dispense love, from a surging heart stout

Yes, firmly said she
A collector of souls, is a fulfilling responsibility

Madam Anonymous

Xx Gift Of The Gab

Spew it out, cutting, cheerful and clear
Let it be heard, without an emotional tear
Use the wit, to arrive at the statement concise
Throw it out, with calculated wisdom precise

Not a moment lost, between the remark of other
And a spontaneous, clever spiffy rejoinder
With passing years, as grey matter grows large of flab
Affect as a politician, poet or philosopher
With this rare Gift of the Gab

Madam Anonymous

Xx Mimosa

A perfectly triangular wedge
Delicate powdery pastel yellow
With neatly ruled straight edge
Crowned with floaty clouds shallow

A luscious heart of vanilla custard
Paired well with a drink of energy
Teasingly tingling my taste buds
A feast for the eyes, a luxury

Transporting me to heaven
Awakening delicious sensations erotic
Priced at a healthy dollars eleven
And intriguingly named exotic

Fit to impress a poetic heart
A pinnacle of the skill to bake
Mysterious Lady M's loving art
A slice of 'Mimosa' sponge cake

Highly recommended for 'Poets of victuals' (goes best with a cuppa Assam tea) :
Café Lady M's
E 78th St (between Madison and Park Avenue)
New York City

Madam Anonymous

Xx Shoes

Ahh..... shoes,
Puma, Dr. Martens, Jimmy Choos,
So many to choose from,
For the office, gym or a prom.

Stilettoes,
A shapely pair of leg shows,
Clogs,
To elevate those faithful dogs,
Mules,
When the summer heat rules,
Biker boots,
To exude a little attitude,
Platforms,
To relive swinging sixty reform,
Boots thigh high,
For hemlines reaching the sky,
Sneakers,
Or the health would be bleaker,
Pumps,
No fear of bunions or lumps
Black strappy sandals,
At a date, like the mysterious candles,
Oxfords,
For the brainy mind bored.

Slides, loafers, gladiators, mary janes,
For snow, sunshine or rain,
Toe cleavage, flat or 4" high,
Shearling, python or silky shy.

Ahh..... shoes,
So many Uggs, Aerosoles, Laboutins to choose,
Timid, vampy or fun,
For barbeque, tango or the sun.

Ahh..... shoes.

Madam Anonymous

Xx The Lovers

By the shimmery silvery light
Sit the lovers, entranced by
Giddiness of life at its height.
Soft and gentle was the wave
Adding to the poetry
The united minds crave.
Summery woodiness perfumes the air
Stirring the soul of two
Living the moment, without a care.
In the magic of night they entwine
Pledging eternal love
For the blissful life they pine.

Madam Anonymous