

Poetry Series

Mukesh Parmar
- poems -

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I'm a Student pursuing my mechanical engineering(final year)

I started writing poem because of a girl to be made me to write poems..

My favorite quotes is,

'the cave you fear to enter holds the treasure yo seek'

I follow the above...

Hail In My Heart

Abandoned in this vast pelagic world

Isolated in my own dream

Trying to be gracious in the fellowship.

But She came from skies

on a rainy evening

between those Swarming clouds from the heaven

like thousand butterflies together

she was one of the immortals

she gave me friendship,

taught me love.

i felt 'A hail in my heart'...

Standing in 'moonlight always'

Now 'i stand before her'

drenched in her amiable words,

i felt 'A hail in my heart'...

I asked the skies

I asked those bounty backlogs

Is this love!

there was a hail in my heart...

The withered leaves,

The morning sun,

The fragrant autumnal flowers,

The long empty days,

Told me 'she is yours'..

i felt a hail in my heart tat moment

Love was thriving every moment

I felt, she was my destiny.

Unremitting thoughts palisaded me...

she took me to the world of eternity..

I felt, a hail in my heart....

As if my geezer hood would never come

Haunted by the senility of love

Gifted my every moment to her.....

Life seemed to be a novel(from tat moment)

i felt, a hail in my heart(tat day)

Mukesh Parmar

Into The Wild

Peaks painted white, Below the gallant purple clouds,
snow fields patched with green trees,
withered leaves meandering in the rough wind,
And I'm roving alone on the road.

I'm Alexander supertamp June 1992

clouds hiding behind peaks slowly,
the voice of the wind touched my ears like a melodic line,
I saw, a Big river coursing tardily
and a lonely road weaving a route.

I'm into the wild

I'm off the land

I'm into the woods

My paths asked me truth, nothing else
but my past told me something else
i walk alone to the ending in obscurity,
In search of eternal verity.

Rivers to paddle,
And Roads to waddle,
Moonless nights to await,
And stunning seasons to bait.

The orange clouds,
The evening sunshines,
The skying birds,
took me to the buried memories.

Sopped in roaring rainfalls,
mooning about my path always,
where I've been feeling warmth,
And where i found truth.

I'm into the wild

I'm off the land

I'm into the woods

Snow poured like rain some-days

I've been tramping through grass-fields

playing with horses..

sporting with rivers..

And tattling to birds and big mountains..

I heard guitars soaring

like the sound of the wild

I'm starving

No game in the wild.....

A life without prospects....

A life without reason....

A ultimate freedom...

happiness in isolation...

'The midnight moon

A solitary sail

the euphony of wind

the evening seashore

And the flavor of thundering rain'

take man to ecstasy....

I love not man the less, but nature more

'the pith of life lies in nature not in love'(sometimes)

(inspired by lord Byron)

Mukesh Parmar

My Best Friend

On a dull evening in the winter

I was walking to the seashore

Zephyr was blowing from the shore to streets

A single withered leaf kissed me on my face and flew away

I could feel its pain tat moment

The pain of detachment

The pain of missing its part

The Same feeling which i had missing my friend

My best friend....

I reached the seashore

I stood before the vast ocean

waves just kissed my legs and went.....

My first tear dropp fell in the sea

Sweet memories of friendship

My mind just flipped the pages of my friendship book

Falling from the top without any aspire(in life)

Like a stone rolling from the cliff

A perfect being stopped me

Like a pedagogue brought me up

When i looked in to his eyes

Trueness just sparkled

My best friend! ! !

Awaken from the agonies of aloha

Spending my days with him

The days of felicitousness

God made him for me

He showed me 'life'

A real world.

My best friend! ! !

He was Peculiar.

He was different.

Gave his hands for tears,

Gave his shoulders for Grief,

At last, gave his life for me.

My best friend! ! !

Hands tat wiped my tears,

Is invisible now.

The words tat sounded love,

Is silent now.

The heart which carried my views,

Stopped now.

The soul tat lived for me,

died forever.

My best friend! ! !

The Shadowing trees,

The empty roads,

The pleasure grounds,

Cried for him.

I fall in deep torments

I fall like withered leaves every moment

I Give my tears.....

'i love you friend'

My best friend! ! !

Mukesh Parmar

The Elegance Of The Elegant

On a dark red purplish eventide,

A white lily stood with its elegance

Like the dark stream mirroring the blue moon

killing the hearts of heavens and worlds

Painting, moments of infinite pleasure,

Even Rainbows colored with the silence of love

And Dewy blossoms revealing joyous...

Thou(she) , glints through the passing river,

like the star shining in the heaven.

Thou, Glimpsed even in the skies,

like an estuary reflecting the yellow sunshine.

thou, came like the glossy moon,

shinning above the dark grave.

this is for you,

this is for the elegant,

this is the symbol of 'infatuation'...

I Walk a misted road of fallen roses,
Envyng the silver sphere held in the black carpet.
once tried to hold it in my palms,
but now i see it as a symbol of my 'past'.

falling like the muted droplets from the leaf!
moving like the shadows of clouds,
smiling like the emblazoned rainbows.

But the butterflies started anguishing! !
Moonshines are in deep suffering! !
And Red roses, peaching something towards her elegance.

this is for you,
this is for the elegant,
this is the perfect symbol of 'infatuation'..

Guitaring her thoughts, till i bleed.
i send my shadow to u,
crossing the gloomy days
and the dark moments,

send it back to me with your love.

'feel the silence of love again'

Mukesh Parmar

The Lovely Lovable Love

Black tinted clouds were ready to spill,

Bold thunders reminded the times of fright like never before,

Distant trees waved like green paintings gleaming in th dark,

And moody ravens added more flavor croaking through the skies,

Near the river there sleeps a shore with chicness

where two footed butterflies were making love in the cold

like the one, from the garden of past times of betrayal

And he stood like a scarecrow to put away his wings of mentations.

like the loury skies facing the earth,

like the withered leaves frowning at the blooms,

like the horned owl gazing at the halo of the moon,

he stayed wordless before eternal verity.

He fell into the vast ocean of regrets,

where his tears filled more than his guilts.

Swayed by the memories of present and yore,

where his trait is unleashed.

but still searching for his 'perfect love'.

He glimpsed the haunted moments of perfidy
in the paths of his dreams,
Where truth was yelling in yonder.
but his skies of memories were vague without the 'moon'.

like the heaving waves of the ocean,
like the rage of the wafting wind,
like the rising morning sun,
he waswhelmed by his retentivities.

He contemplated the tales of life and love,
where love remains a mystery always.
started to hear piccolos rendering his melancholia,
taking him to the hillocks and caves of departed world

He scratched his griefs with the love of artistic nature,
And falling into the days of aesthetic artwork,
which helped him in serenity.

like the lyricking of a mariner,

like the sad tune of a piper,

And like the voices of wrecked canoe,

he always lives with the memories of lovely love.

because it is the lovely lovable love....

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The Shining Moon And The Ending Love

Some wiped the dark spots in the moon with their tears

when they started loving love,

And some lived with memories of white lilies and dark fishes

when they started hating love,

he is the lonely barge shivering in the cold forlornness,

Waiting for the moon to be his beacon.

he is the bohemian locked in memories of dark evenings,

and haunted by the bewitching love of love,

like the dry riverbanks holding the memories of winter.

Akin the bird singing in the middle of the rain with yearning

and like the drenched grave wailing in hurting

the coward living with the dream of love has something to say

yes it is 'i love thee'

It is the hanging withered leaf in the dark oak,

It is the dazing wingless white butterfly,

yes it is the yonderly white pearl, it has something to say,

O! it is 'i hate thee'.

he believes,

that the other side of the moon would be pearlescent someday

but he even knows that's never going to happen

because the other side of the moon is dark.....

And that's why 'he lives, in the dark and for the dark'

Mukesh Parmar

Treasons And Betrayals

Sometimes u never keep your words

When the fear bells ring

When u are haunted by something....

when your nights are filled with undesirable dreams...

I am walking alone to nowhere!

with my heart, rumbling in fear

where love calls again for pain

And life ends with no gain

this is

My little dream.....

My little happening.....

My little evanescence.....

When I'm envious about others faith

I Stopped in my path,

And looked for a company

later, i felt nothing stands for eternity

When i am drifted towards misery
only death sounds filled my memory
when dead roses filled my garden
I Heard voices from the eden

Where my trust doors closed!
And betrayals palisaded
Where my Soul is living for its fate
And i felt a hail in my heart

this is

My little love.....

My little happening.....

My little evanescence.....

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When Withered Leaves Fell On My Guitar...

Hammered with sorrows when i was alone,
creamed with joy when i was with my second love,
walked alone in the rain crying for someone!
but I've been always waiting for the regal moon's words of love.

sometimes you live with the pride of your love,
breaking the dark walls of your life!
sometimes you get twined by manipulated love,
stopped even by small hindrances of your life.

I feel my life is imitation of others,
where only red roses felled on my guitar(when i was in love) .
but some days my guitar played the song of lovelorn,
like the sound of the November wind.

when dull violins touched my ears!
when love letters burned in front of my eyes!
when you expect trueness!

when your love becomes evanescent,

when you are departed,

Mukesh Parmar