

Poetry Series

**pablo picasso**  
**- poems -**

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# A Lonely Road Is That I Walked

I walk a lonely road, the one and only one I've ever known.

I don't know where it goes, but I keep walking on and on.

I walked the lonely and un-trodden road for I was walking on the bridge  
of the broken dreams.

I don't know what the world is fighting for or why I am being instigated.

It's for this that I walk this lonely road for I wish to be

ALONE!

So I am breaking up, breakin' up.

It is the lack of self control that I feared as there is something  
inside me that pulls the need to surface, consuming, confusing.

being called Weird I walk this lonely road for on the verge of broken dreams.

And so I walk this lonely road and so just keep walking still

pablo picasso

# Dawn

The dawn that day rose  
Just as the mist of the night  
Subsided like a foam descending  
To reveal clear water ahead  
The Bees in the hive stirred about  
To retrieve more honey  
It was on that day that I stared into the  
Mirror of luck.  
Hours passed by just  
As flies whizzed under a scorchy sun  
The foam above the crystal water rose again  
The mist of the dusk rose high above me  
shattering the mirror to grits  
I plunged down from a mountain  
Into the depths of dreariness  
It was then that I acknowledged  
What I've been through  
It was then that I screamed  
'HEY, day! It was now that I crystallized  
your power in the mirror of my mind'  
And thence I sat in the chair of dreariness  
Waiting for the gleams of gold and silver  
To shine on once more upon the mirror.

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# Does She Know I Am There? I Doubt.

You are beauty personified. You are charm solidified.

Without you, darling, it is a moonless night. I shall go to the ends of the world with or without a fight to seek you forever. Does it matter if the infinities crumble?

Does it matter if the worlds tear apart? You are the only one important to me, darling.

My entire being recognises and responds to you. I know it when you are close by. I can almost feel the sense of your cheeks on my lips. Your hair is my forest of ecstasy.

Your heartbeat is the only sound i'd give up everything for, love! Each time our eyes meet, my heart speeds, I only wish our hearts ould join too.

Who said jealousy is green? It is fuming red. Each time I see you there, casting an ocassional glance at me, my heart pumps sadness into my veins. I regret being unable to talk to you. How should I explain my love to you?

Each day I stand so far, hoping that someday, the distance would become a bond. Your countenance lacerates me. Why am I so heavy? Oh, right! Because. I am carrying someone else inside me, my heart that belongs to you

pablo picasso

# Goodbye

I was thrown away to fend for myself in the stars unknown. Yet, there is no light there. You promised that eternity would not tear us apart. Yet, here I am, uncared for. I wanted to share my being with you. Yet, time after time, you refused me. Maybe I need you too much. Maybe you are my survival. I don't know why I still want you.

The light of the full moon is dull, for your face is not there to emphasise it. The glory of the sun is gone in waste, for you are not there to reflect it. You say it is only a matter of time. I ask, what is time? What is meaning in this world now.

Oh loneliness, come hither, I am your only friend. Let's walk together for we are both lonely. You didn't want me, you didn't explain to me. Hmpf! My stupidity in thinking I was the luckiest. One tight hug is all I need, so it seems.

I stood and suffered for something that did not exist with me in substance- You! You've carved a craving in me that is too deep to let go.

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## Grief? No, Dejection.

It was when everything was happy, plunged into the the waves of joy'  
When this life seemed to bear nothing more to me in this life, that it began  
when i thought that it was all i could demand.

You were there for me till the end, or so I thought.  
In the end, Life turned this way, leaving me without a way. now I was plunged  
into the abysses of sorrow- endless depths of grief.

My heart here cried out for you, while I was left here. Now, my heart feels  
helpless. Yet, you offer me no help. Birth and death have ceased to be of any  
meaning to me now.

Besides, what is there to consider meanings now when everything is lost?  
Please, why had life brought you into it? Now has it been destroyed? Why were  
you never what I had hoped you would be? Why is it so that I am wrong now?  
Why?

I guess I were never the right one for you. I guess there was someone  
better than me for you in this life. Why should it bother me still when I am no  
longer in your life? Maybe I am destined to be in the sidelines like I was always!

Why was my life so full of questions you were unable to answer? Why  
was it so full of things that you denied? Was it to be like this? Maybe. I, but,  
never complain.

pablo picasso

# My Love Has Withered Away

I have walked through starless nights not caring what the world cared for  
Amidst sighs of desperation and exasperation, i 'ave walked; only for you  
you were always like the fresh mist of dawn  
Yet, like the honey of the bee.

I have called out into the starless and endless nights  
Oh, My love! where are you? I have waited for you  
Wished, and wished for you.  
The mountains have crumbled;  
the winds have faded;  
My love has withered;  
Yet, I do not give up.

Oh, Love! I am tired, of calling for you.  
My feet ache, legs pain and voice falters.  
yet I do not give up;

Whatever may come, My love for you  
shall remain true and unwavering.  
I shall never give up..

pablo picasso



# No Way

One day I wake up thinking, how I would like to be free!

I lay down in the time when the bees hum lazily, thinking,  
how I'd like to fly like the birds above?

As the sun shone over me showing me all it's grandeur,  
I felt like shouting, 'O sun, take me upon ur path and lead away from all these  
responsibilities. how I'd like to just shine above without any my responsibilities! '

The sun shined o'er me warmly and said, 'My little dear sweet boy!  
life is a journey, not a success. Risk and responsibility are a part of life.  
You can't avert and go back finish your experience. '

It was then that I learnt that life is not just enjoy but where you live  
and make live your life.

So, follow life, live and make live and enjoy.

pablo picasso

# No Words For This

For once, looking out with pure eyes, sticking out my tongue to lick my lips, I feel shimmers run down my spine for this alien feeling tickles.

Lips twitch and eyes arch as this feeling bulges in me. Nose reddens, and ears twitch. Is this the happiness? It feels so great, so calm. Eyes shine blue, gleam without so much a clue.

breeze blows and wind slows. Heart speeds unknowing these needs. This happiness is the perfect feeling ever. Bees swarm, and breezes warm. Eyes flutter and heart clutters as I absorb this feeling.

It feels like a streak of light up the dark stairs of maim. Tears well up. Yet, this is taste sweet. This is exhilarating.

Is something like this still alive?

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## Seasons 4 U

I came into this world upon his command.  
when I had stepped down, Winter had set in.  
It was shining like the angel of the chill  
giving off a dazzling hue that was penetrating  
My heart. I was warm and cosy hitherto, but now  
in a world So lonely, I had to generate my own heat ray  
For which my incapability had prevented me.  
I borrowed it from my guardian and was warm, cosy  
For the rest of angel's time.  
It was then that summer had set in  
It was radiating like shine of an armour plate.  
set against the silhoutte of a light.  
I broke the bond of the heat ray as i've got it a lot  
But later I understood it as a blazing stabbing  
Except for a few honey drops at the tip

This is how folks that I understood the  
Summer and winter to be.

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# Shores Of Joy

Across the bridges it moves, way beyond the grasp it slithers.  
too nice and smooth. Only ever does it slithers.

To the writhers it cools, and yet, to the happy it fools.  
To the weepers it helps. and never maketh you yelp.

It is vast, it is clear. It is open, nothing mere.  
It is the shore of joy, way too coy  
It springs on you, making you its slave,  
Making you wish it stays permanently, in your cave.

Like an ocean at rest it waits, waiting for the right time,  
to show what it is, till the right moment, mates

pablo picasso

# Tired Sick.

When you don't have something that is what everyone craves,  
Then the trouble begins in waves. '  
The clock loudly and soundly does tick  
While you get tired sick.

You go do something that depends on others  
Better do quick lest disagree your mothers.  
Rhyme does you no then good,  
Seems like that something is the only food.

The world beats around in their newly acquired fun  
While you sit alone there, one and only one.  
The clock loudly does tick  
making you sick; really really sick

Tired of the fun, you go sit one,  
While the music subsides and leaves you then,  
With what you want.  
The clock does tick,  
Making you tired sick.

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# Unmet Dreams

I wanna sit there, talking to you for all eternity, looking at you.  
Why do you think it is still so when you've got greater priorities?

I know you feel not the same way. Yet, I know not why I crave your company so much. You made me feel like never ever before.

I thought you were , I know not why we differ in our cravings. Maybe, because this was my debut, but you probably had many such debuts.

You asked me to explain, yet what could I when I have got no voice left to voice? Is this all then?

Is this the farewell? Strange, how I feel indifferent now. Deep down, you've always held a temple. Now, there's sadness. But, what's there new, when I've had more than my share of it?

pablo picasso

# When I See You

I have always walked forth, not wanting anything more than what I had already had. I did not need anything at all. I had scoffed at everyone when they said that my life was incomplete

That was till I had met you. You were the only one who had ever raised the feeling of loneliness in me. you were the only one who ever made me realize that my life was always incomplete; and had always been.

My heart had been always fluttering at the very sight of you. You had give me desires for the tastes that I had never known existed. My entire being had surrendered to you and your wishes the very first time we had met. My heart would skip beats when ever your proximity was precarious.

I would have gone to the ends of the world if it meant that I could have you here in my arms, in my heart till the entire eternity crumbled.

I wish you were here dear for I yearn for you. I would have left the very joys behind if it meant I could have you here, talking to me. Your breath is what interests me more than the very words.

Who are people in this equation? I see no one else save you, me and the endless love ahead. The air blows through my empty hands, and they ache with the soreness of the wind. My legs know no pain, My hands know no ache for they always wait for you, and you alone...

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# Why Oh Why?

I was thrown away to fend for myself in the stars unknown. Yet, there is no light there. You promised that eternity would not tear us apart. Yet, here I am, uncared for. I wanted to share my being with you. Yet, time after time, you refused me. Maybe I need you too much. Maybe you are my survival. I don't know why I still want you.

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