

Poetry Series

**Padmanabham Salla**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2018

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

# Padmanabham Salla(26-05-1988)

## After That...

After that I was alone  
And you were well guarded  
After that I did nothing  
And you seem to be touching the heights  
After that, I wished to have an another chance  
And you never ever considered that  
After that others suspected my acts  
And you were respected by all  
After that, I couldn't justify myself  
And you blamed me and moved on  
After that ...

Padmanabham Salla

# Come Back

Who should come back?

They who had left out  
have to come back

They who belong to here  
have to come back

They who know them better  
have to come back

They who can adapt again  
have to come back

They who can feel it  
have to come back

They who can sense it  
have to come back

They who can be strength  
have to come back

My dear all of you  
please come back

Padmanabham Salla

# Have No Idea

Have no idea, what to become?  
Do I follow my heart or  
Do I follow the trend

Have no idea, where to start?  
Shall I start straight from here or  
Shall I wait for the stretch in future

Have no Idea, how fit I am?  
Can I start and finish the race or  
I can't even think of it to embrace

Have no idea, why I don't have any idea?  
Isn't it shame to pen these things or  
Isn't it an act of a spineless fool

Padmanabham Salla

# Immature Is My Poetry

Immature is my poetry

As I think

As I read

As I live

But still, I love it because it's me

I don't care that I am ripe for it or not?

Padmanabham Salla

# It's Me

I know, you knows it  
Still, I doubt whether you care it?  
So what, if you don't care?  
I need to take care of it  
Because it's me and it's mine

Padmanabham Salla

# It's True

I never felt that I will be writing poetry one day  
It was an alienated habit because  
It needs to feel  
It needs words  
Moreover, it needs dare to bear yourself

Padmanabham Salla



# My Food -My Taste

This is the world of tastes

As many species that many tastes

There is a chain of tastes too...

A lion killed a deer and said, 'It's tasty'

The left uneaten corpse was feast for a group of wolves

The still remains of the feast were vultures delicious meal

And the remnants usually decayed by many million microbes

Yes, everything was witnessed by the poor deer soul...

Padmanabham Salla

# Thanks

When I gambled between him and her  
I had chosen him over her.

Not because she was unworthy to choose,  
but because he can share the love and teach to love.

At many times after that, lost in her world  
and every time it was he who dragged me back.

Yes, sometimes I was at emotional extremes and struggling to settle.  
Yet again it was he who gave the pill to calm me down.

Thanks for being, inspiring and guiding always.

Padmanabham Salla

# The Road Yet To Be Taken...

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood  
Both seemed same to me

How should I choose the best?  
As I am deaf to listen, to my own will

I have no second option to have a trial  
Whatever is my choice is fool and final

Oh! unstoppable thoughts ran in my mind  
But none of them stood to let decide

Soon after the sun started to set in the west  
The decision is yet to be taken to its best

The sun had shown no mercy and  
The moon appeared with kind looks

Now, these looks have no use  
As it has been already, late to choose

Thus I accepted the failure to wait for his grace...

Padmanabham Salla

## Thus We All Started...

On the first day when we all met,  
we knew we were not the same  
Though we had differences in everything,  
started mingling to face the raging

Then after we lost our eating plates,  
very quickly joined to the meal on others plate  
Neither hesitated nor objected,  
rather welcomed with love to share

If April and May were for sports and summer,  
then August and September were for night outs and chits  
Somehow managed the classes and labs,  
but never ashamed to repeat the exams

Not one, two or three, but all the four years,  
never read anything, never learned anything  
However, on one fine day  
graduated with flying colors

Padmanabham Salla

# What To Say About Her

What to say about her,  
That she is my life or she gave me life?

What I actually know about her,  
That she is the only beautiful or she can make anything beautiful?

Who is she to me?  
My love or my mother, the mother who gave me my life.

What to say when I knew she hates me,  
Accept the rejection and move on or find my faults and work on.

What If she loves someone?  
Should I accept her choice and respect her independence or should I fight with  
the choice and show my arrogance.

What if that relation breaks in short time,  
Do I celebrate her nonsense or worry about her innocence?

Who the hell I am to her?  
Do I am the only lover or one of those lovers?

If so, I am in the queue of them then where do I stand?  
Ahead in the row or someone in the middle.

Does she really care me?  
But why should she? it's up to her to care or not to.

Padmanabham Salla

# What? ? ?

What should I write?  
about her,  
about him,  
about them, or  
about us, I think  
about me

Padmanabham Salla

# Who The Damn Friend Is? ? ?

Who the damn FRIEND is? ? ?

When the world demands your success, he just wants your smile.

When the world turns away for your faults, he will hold on to teach you.

When the world loses hope in you, he will take your side and be your hope.

When the world celebrates your victory, he will point out your mistakes.

When the world forgets you in time, he will remind them of your glory.

When the world gets bored to you, he will be your only refresher.

He is the one who loves your presence and hates your departure.

By the time he leaves you, you can find him in your thoughts and actions.

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