

Poetry Series

**.Pd. is here
- poems -**

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.Pd. is here(17/09/1987)

AsSile wWuld hHve mMde mM dDy

A bouquet of flowers
An expensive gift
A lavish dinner
Was there really a need for all this?

I appreciate every efforts of yours, but
Will it break your heart if I say,
That even a Smile
Would have made my day?

A smile that says 'I love you' and 'I care'.
A genuine smile to melt me
A smile to take me to the stars
A smile to make me all yours.

For love has no measure, it's a poison of pleasure.
For love is not what money can buy,
It's an emotion, an emotion that makes you laugh and cry.
And I say this again, that I appreciate every effort of yours;

But don't go breaking your heart, when I say
That even a smile would have made my day.
For you don't need to bother much, with you I will forever stay
Because you've already taken my heart away.

Your Smile has made My Day!

(! 6 April,2006)

.Pd. is here

"""" Everyway

I think of you at random hours
I wish upon the falling stars
I imagine you just the way you were
The man who made my heart stir.

I strum the broken strings
I weave magical dreams
I long to flah you my sunshine smile
The one you yearned for, the one that made you mine.

I wonder what we did was right
Or should we have given our love some more time?
As I close my eyes, I picture you-
A perfectly impect man dared to be loved by few.

But if only you knew
That I still feel for you
Just the way I used to
And just the way I would-

In every waking moment
In every surreal breath
In every unsure lament
And in everyway.

(c) Preeti Datar
Conceptualised - 5/1/08
Writen & Edited - 6/1/08; 3: 15 PM

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"" Consciously Unconscious

No, I take no drugs
Booze isn't for me either
Yet, I find no answer
To how my life chugs.

Wide awake,
Yet deep in sleep
I sow
What I don't reap.

Walking in a trance
Puppet strings attached
Never seizing a chance
To do my own dance.

Wide awake,
Yet in deep sleep
Consciously unconscious
Is my truth cheap!

(20 February 2008)

PS - Something I've been thinking alot lately!

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"" Again

When I walk in through the door
With the day's account needed to be told
Will you smile and patiently hear
The things on my mind and all my fears?

Just the way you heard me then
Will you do it again?

When you see me doing a wrong
That can become a pattern lifelong
Will you scold me and make me appreciate
The changes that I need to make?

Just the way you corrected me then
Will you do it again?

When I come home teary eyed
With a need to free the sorrow that's inside
Will you hold me and let me cry
And grin and call me a 'strong girl' in reply?

Just the way you cheered me then
Will you do it again?

When I am having a sleepless night
With fearsome thoughts on my mind
Will you offer me a spot on your bed
Cause I love to sleep with you and dad?

Just the way you did it then
Will you do it again?

When I doubt my worth, like I always do
Will you say that I'm good and mock me saying, 'scared and you? '
While in response I chuckle and re-install my potential
So that the mountainous task turns into a mole

Just the way you told me to keep faith then
Will you do it again?

While I don't live with you anymore
But I still I long for the family shores
Will you promise you'll always love
And cherish your little girl?

Just the way you treasured me then
Will you do it again?

When I'm older and you're older still
I'll be your strength and lend you a hand
But don't thank me, thank your own will
For you're the reason why I stand-

Just the way I used to then
The way it'll be time and again

© 29 January 2008

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"" Contemplation

If the breeze could whisper
If the flowers could talk
If the ocean could sing
If the clouds could scream
Hell, what'd become of me?
Cause I ain't fond of competition, you see!

(c) Preeti Datar

Written - 6/1/08; 4: 15 PM

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"""" Driving Force

The wind propels the giant wind mills
Refined fuel impels the car uphill
A void may propel a warm friendship
But what's the force that has me in grip?

It's the feel of the sunrays
When it's a bright sunny day
It's the feel of the droplets
When the rains are incessant.

It's a caring word in this cruel world
When you need a hand to hold
It's a loving embrace
When sorrow you're trying to replace.

It's the sheer will power hypnotizing me
When I'm trapped and yearn to be free
It's the zeal to prove my mettle
When I'm written off in total.

It's the hate that runs in my veins
When I want for myself a better place
It's the support from family and friends
When the future holds staggering ascends.

But one thing that drives me more
Than any of the reasons named above
Is the creator, the almighty
And the faith I have in him.

Because he is the force
Behind each of my drive
And he is the source
For helping me survive-

Not just as another human
Not just as another puppet
But as a person who's here
To make a difference!

-22/01/08

.Pd. is here

"" Hindi Poem: Mazak

mazak karte the
mazak samajhtey thi
mazaey lei thi
aur mazey lene deti thi

phir kuch yun hua
mazak ka ehसाas saccha sa laga
duri sahi na jaane lagi
tumhaari yaad vakahi aaney lagi

pyaar ke phool khilne lagey
na milke bhi khwaboон mein milne lagey
mazak mein hum humse hi khone lagey
yadon mein hi mulakatein saaji

par darti hu
ki ek din tum kahogey
'sab mazak tha'
aur zor se hasogey

hass to main bhi dungii
par dil phoot phoot kar royega
ek aur baar pyaar pe
mere vishwaas khoyega

mazak ki kartey a rahe ho
to aaj keh hi do
par iss dil ko keilona
banakey to mat khelo

khilona to bikau hai
ek aur aa jayega
par yeh to mera dil hai,
na naya khareeda jayega
na chipkaya jayega!

aur agar waqt ne gaddaari ki
aur taaro ne saath chood diya

to hum dono hi mehej
ek mazak banker reh jayengey
phir ek saath to hass payengey!

(18 march 2008)

.Pd. is here

" I Can

I can sink in your eyes
And bathe in your tears.

I can feed on your lips
And drink up your sorrows.

I can dance to your heartbeat
And be charmed by your words.

I can be safe in your arms
And create a home in your heart.

I can glow in your passion
And rhyme to your love...

..Only if you promise me
your mind, body and soul.

(29 May 2007)

.Pd. is here

"" I Wouldn't Learn

Hold my hand
Guide me a while
Prepare me to walk
For endless miles.

Swim with me
Into the strong tide
Leave me to float unaided
When I begin to get it right.

Fly me on your back
Into the soaring sky
Then depart from my side
So I learn to fly.

Fuel my ambition,
But restrict your help,
Because I wouldn't learn
Till I do it myself.

(1: 00 am – 26 April 2007)

.Pd. is here

"""" Juvenile Delinquents: Cause Or Symptoms

Everyday newspapers are
Column to column full,
With the stories of crime by youth
Without any lull.

What has gone wrong?
Why do they ridiculously behave?
In the land of Mahatma,
Why such state do we have?

Is today's youngster
A born criminal?
Or is he a victim
Of neglect parental?

If they had received complete attention,
Due care and timely correction.
If they were guided with love and affection,
Would they have become persons of bad intentions?

Nobody is ever born a criminal or delinquent
If and only if their parents cared to teach them good values
These juvenile delinquents would have appeared
Once again on the frontpage, for their intelligence and flair.

Criminals are what they are called.
They starve but for love and understanding.
They may be the symptoms of neglect
But surely are not the cause.

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''' Lead Me To Heaven

Standing in the frigid ice,
I shiver at the gust of cold daggers.
Why shall I pay the price,
When traitors were my so called brothers?

Fighting for my dearest country
With my fellow brothers, all so bravely
That's when enemy bombs struck our bunkers
Drained were my captain's colours.

Conspiracy, that's what it was
Who had sold our war plan to the dogs?
When the shots died and so did soldiers
Captain held me by my collar.

Someone had played a dirty game
Secret papers were leaked and I was blamed
They called me war hero and now I was despised
All because of a bundle of lies.

Convicted for a crime that never was mine
I'd rather have died in fire's line.
I rot in the jail and wait for release
But I have a few days life on lease.

I hope for the law to favour me
I wait to be proclaimed 'not guilty'
Badges taken and uniform shredded
Oh god, please end this dark ballad.

Everyone hates me, except my wife
For she knows I can never betray.
I know you can see the truth too
Then please send angels to my rescue.

Let the angels lead me to heaven
Play the trumpets, draw the curtain
I want peace and want to be respected
That I shall find only when I'm dead.

I will feel bad about leaving my wife
But she'll be fine in a matter of time.
Lead me to heaven, end my life
Cause I haven't slept well in a longtime.

(13 August 2007)

Prompt: Written for the title prompt 'lead me to heaven'

.Pd. is here

"" Lonesome Tear

One single tear plummeting from the eye
Like one shooting star across a clear sky
Lonesome tear on a diminishing journey
Oh, what a poignant beauty!

- Preeti Datar

(19/01/2008)

.Pd. is here

"" Lyrics - Little Too Late For Goodbyes

Verse 1:

Slowly, steadily from a tiny fire
We both warmed up to each other
Slowly, steadily scorched desires
And we became passionate lovers.
Slowly, steadily you became a habit
Ruling my body and spirit.

Chorus:

Now you say it's time to leave
For my commitment what do I receive? -
A broken heart and an empty soul
I think I will lose control.
No, No, No, this isn't right
How can you leave your own life?
You can't break this bond
No matter how hard you try
Cause it's a little too late for goodbyes.

Verse 2:

I'm closing my eyes in a hope
To see the sunrise on your face
I'm casting a magic spell
And hoping all turns well
Cause I want things to be the same
As they were before your unreasonable game.

Chorus:

Now you say it's time to leave
For my commitment what do I receive? -
A broken heart and an empty soul
I think I will lose control.
No, No, No, this isn't right
How can you leave your own life?
You can't break this bond
No matter how hard you try
Cause it's a little too late for goodbyes.

Close:

Our love will conquer, of this I'm sure
You may leave this home, but I'll never be gone
I'll be waiting beyond eternity, waiting forevermore
For the man I love the most.
Forget me, give it a try
Try and leave your own life
Break this bond, see the love die
But it's a little too late goodbye
You'll soon realize why.... (fades)

(12 Aug 2007)

Prompt: the title 'little too late for goodbyes' was a prompt for Lexi Poetry Challenge. Instead of a poem, I used it to write a song.

.Pd. is here

'''''''''' Moment's I Couldn't Save

The crystalline tear that slipped away
And words that didn't help them pause.
Hands of the clock that sashay
When you want to hear the endless applause.

The stir of the lips-the whispered word
Overwhelmed with sensation previously unheard.
Brain and heart working in tandem
A vision is born glorified by anthem.

A certain wrong, and a certain right
The train chugs on, of this life.
The musings of yesterdays - burnt away
Turned into ashes of fancies for today.

Nostalgic moments I couldn't save.
To snatch them back, I so crave.
But I'm glad that these moments were mine
For in my heart they're engraved-

These moments I couldn't save
Or maybe have savoured them too vividly
To even begin to forget!

(10 December 2006)

.Pd. is here

"" One Last Kiss

In the summertime
when the sun scorches bright
the heat will get to us
and we may fight
but before the heat
gets the worst of us
I warmly ask you this
can i have the pleasure
of one last kiss?

In the autumn
when the earth is orange
ur love will take the test of seperation
you may fall off like the leaves
drifting away, away from me...
But before you float away
like the autum leaf
Can I have the pleasure
of one last kiss?

When the world will glow
in the winter snow
our love may freeze
and give us cold feet
But before the cold winds
begin to hiss
Can i have the pleasure
of one last kiss?

Springtime, and the flowers will bloom
Birds and bees will whisper to you-
'Seasons may come, seasons may go,
but love will last forever more...'
So while the love blooms
I ask you this
Can I have the pleasure
of my first kiss?

I'll treasure it for

summer

autumn

winter

while i beg you for my last kiss
strangely feeling like its my first
while i wait again for the spring to burst
and satiate this lover's thirst! !

(21 March 2008/ 1 am)

.Pd. is here

"""" Reasonable Favour

Run me and errand, will you?
Talk to my foolish heart, if you could
make me see the truth, please do
Shatter my heart, once and for all
Do me a reasonable favour
Cause I can take no more,
No more at all!

Written - 6/1/08; 4; 05 PM

.Pd. is here

"""""" Timeoff

As the alarm rings, a new day begins
Welcome to the same boring routine.
You spin around like a wooden top
Being turned around by one and all
There's hardly a relief and no way out
Until your body and mind shuts off
And only alternative is to stop.

One in a while when the buzz is dead
And you sit idle for a change,
There's a blank expanse in your head
And the feeling is rather strange;
For free time is a rare commodity,
You have only yourself to keep you busy.
And yet, you find joy in nothing,
Perhaps you've forgotten to enjoy your own company!

(19/01/2008)

.Pd. is here

"" Untitled

I don't want you to be like spring
Which makes the garden bloom
Eventually fading into cold winter
White, long and full of gloom.

I don't want you to be like a flower
Spreading fragrances, tickling the senses
Eventually turning into shreds
Dry, ugly and useless.

I want you to be just like you
Drowning me in love, just the way you do
Eventually to turn into gold
Still sparkling, still passionate, as we get old.

(17 April 2007)

.Pd. is here

"" When I Fell In Love With You

When I fell in love with you
The sky took a lovelier hue
The breeze caressed gently
The songs sounded merry
The moon shone brighter
The stars seemed nearer.

When I feel in love with you
My senses felt oh-so-new
My eyes saw the beauties around
My ears enjoyed the crows sound
My tongue tingled at the flavours many
My skin took a tone glossy.

When I fell in love with you
Days seemed brand new
I noticed things that I never knew
Perhaps being in love
Can do that to you
Temperory blindness bids adieu;

And you see the same world
Through love struck eyes
And notice it isn't quite
What it seemed before
Everything seems to have got a wonder-fuller contour!

A happier world came into view
When I fell in love with you!

.Pd. is here

"" Why Can't You?

Through the shifting sands of time
I waited for you to be mine
And I saw the rain
It washed away my pain
If only for a while.

The summer turned to winter
And the roses bloomed and wilted
But you still didn't turn up
At the doors of my heart
And said the three precious words
That I yearned to hear.

Don't you feel my love?
Can't you hear my heartbeats?
Can't you sense my heart speaking?

The blind can feel love
The deaf can hear heartbeats
The dumb can declare their love

Then why can't you?

(29 May 2007)

.Pd. is here

"" Will You Dance With Me Again?

Will you dance with me again?
Like we danced beneath the stars
Swaying in each others arms
To the music of a thousand guitars.

Will you dance with me again?
Like we danced the first time around
When breaths mingled and cheeks caressed
And all we heard was the heartbeat loud.

Will you dance with me again?
Like we did when we kissed
Gently first, and then with passion
When two lives got woven into one.

Will you dance with me again?
Just this one last time
For I want to feel loved
Before the end of lifetime!

(29 May 2007)

.Pd. is here

"""" Winds Of Depression

Twilight declares its arrival

The waves crash against the rocks

The traffic moves slowly

The crowds buzz by

We can't look eye to eye.

The mood was light

Now silence hangs low

Thoughts create a tornado

From him to her and her to him

Suddenly melancholy spurts

And words follow.

The winds of depression

From the fathoms of the ocean

Swayed-

Our mood

Our talks

Our thoughts

Our love

For a while

And no more.

Lights glowed bright

Waves calmed

Traffic smoothed

Crowds did not bother

Luckily,

Oceans have a shore

Winds changes course

The winds died down

Depression sucked out

Eyes found the strength

To look at another of their kind

Only you were around

With a heart full of love.

(28 April 2008)

.Pd. is here

"""""" You Are The Reason

Feel me; I'm velvet
Drink me; I'm sherbet
Play me; I'm your flute
Taste me; I'm a passion fruit.
Ignite me; I'm burning ember
Wear me; I'm sparkling amber
Cuddle me; I'm warm
Unleash me; I'm the storm.
Consume me; I'm poison
Love me; I'm one in a zillion.

I'm your every season
And YOU are the reason.

(17 April 2007)

*Where are YOU?

.Pd. is here

!!!!!! My Love, I Shall Meet You There

Where The River Mingles With The Fathomless Sea,
Where The Moon Floats Between The Sky Starry,
Where Wishing Upon Falling Stars Can Answer Every Prayer-
My Love, I Shall Meet You There.

Where Tears Turn Into Precious Gems,
Where From Every Word A Poem Stems,
Where We Complete The Picture Of Unmatched Flair-
My Love, I Shall Meet You There.

Where The Rainbow Sprinkles Colours Around,
Where Nature's Splendor Will Leave Us Spellbound,
Where Coyness Bows To A Sensational Affair -
My Love, I Shall Meet You There.

Where Sealed Lips And Exploring Hands Suffice,
Where The Blazing Fireworks Of Heartbeats Melts The Ice,
Where Time Is Ceaseless And Souls Lay Bare -
Oh My Love, I Shall Meet You There.

(31 August 2006)

.Pd. is here

.....What Are You Waiting For?

God didn't gift
The twigs to the crow
To make his nest.

What are you waiting for?

God didn't carve out
The meandering path
Of the Ganges.

What are you waiting for?

God didn't work
On caterpillars behalf
To help it become a beautiful butterfly.

What are you waiting for?

God didn't gift
You a cushioned butt
To sit on it and create castles in the air.

Then what are you waiting for?

(28 August 2006)

.Pd. is here

=deaf, Blind And Dumb

Deaf Ears To The Various Sounds
Shredding Apart The Unwanted Songs
Selectively Recepting Only Your Mellifluous Voice
Heart's Gathering Just The Words That Your Mouth Drops
Lucky Are My Deaf Ears – For They Have That Choice.

Blind Eyes To The Various Paraded Spectacles
Frosting The Sight's They Abjure To See
Experiencing Lovely Blindness On Seeing A Man Of Miracle
Yearning To Trace The Structure Of His Face
Sinking In The Azure Eyes – To Witness The Warmth Rise.

Lips Stir, But Words Desist To Formulate
Hoping To Utter 'The Three Romantic Words'
In Marvel, To The Stars My Thoughts Catapult
Unable To Express Love, While Contrasting Are The Feelings In Me You Evoke
Senses Surrender To You, A Rather Sweet Surrender.

Intrigued By You I've Turned
'Deaf, Blind And Dumb'
Wishing My Charisma Has Had Your Senses Churned
Have You Also Become - Deaf, Blind and Dumb?

(4 September 2006)

.Pd. is here

00 Writing On The Window Pane

Sitting by the window
Just a while ago
I bask in the beauty
Of the glorious snowfall show.

Every falling snowflake
Had been assigned a unique make.
Even I was unique, more so different
No one heard my voice, my world was distant.

So taking a deep breath
On the window pane I exhaled.
The clarity of the glass disappeared
A thin sheet of fog did appear.

With my index finger
I wrote on the fog.
My outlet of feelings were these
Mere writings on the window glass.

The silent voice of my writing
Lingered for a while,
Then it faded
Faded became my smile.

I wanted to reach out
To get my words heard
I wanted to voice my opinion
But I was always shunned.

For some, writing on the window pane
Is just a fun game.
But for me it was a way
To ease my pain.

Because my voice was suppressed time and again
But I could always go back to write on the window pane
For the window pane seemed dear
And the only one who would care to hear.

(! 9 April,2006)

.Pd. is here

Aids

AIDS....

It only happens to someone else
How can it happen to me?
Isn't this what all of us usually think?
If you nodded your head
A change in your perspective
On aids is imperative and long due.

AIDS....

It can happen to anyone of me or you,
because AIDS is caused by a pathogen
who knows no discrimination
or dosen't bother about whose who,
it just takes one off-guard
and before you realize it, you are marred.

AIDS/HIV fancies young lives
it takes in mostly young adults as captives.
Spouses pass on the virus,
Errant bafoons and drug addicts pass it on too.
New-borns contract it from their mothers
and are orphaned soon after
thus disappears their laughter
isn't is so criminal?

Modern man forearmed with education,
is practicing wretched ignorance
and alienating AIDS victims
who need our love and support,
and not being ostracized
which just adds to their problems.
Love them in their moments of pain
for a little love from man to man
never goes in vain.

AIDS..... epidemic are the dark clouds
but there is a glimmer of hope
open you eyes to the silver lining,
AIDS is preventable & this fact is soothing.

A little precaution can keep
this scourge at bay
So take a positive step today!

(17 May,2006)

.Pd. is here

And Now That You'Re Gone...

Now that you're gone,
I'm searching for some familiar faces
Trying to listen to known voices
Nothing's like it was yesterday
Without you, how can I live in today?

You are a dream within my dreams
Holding my hand, so it seems
Your adorable face, the loving embrace
Everywhere I look, I find your trace.

Which way do I go? Where do i turn?
Life's a confusion, someone help me to return.
I'm broken, deep down inside
A thousand deaths I died.

Trying to run away from these feelings
To you my heart still sings.
Thinking of you.. my heart aches,
To let go off you, I'm doing all that it takes.

Teach me to forget the sweet words that you said,
You're still on my mind, Oh how can i forget?
And now that you're gone...
.....Days seem so long,
And nights seem to go on & on.....

(7th April 2006)

.Pd. is here

Ask Agony Aunt

Aunty, I need help
How do I stop thinking about him?
(Oh! Good heaven
You are in love,
You've been blessed from above
Go take help from Love Guru
On this matter, I cannot help you.)

Aunty, I need help
How do I manage my finances better?
(That's a vicious circle you're caught in
Have you been spending like a king?
Or been a gambler?
Go see a Personal Finance Manager
I can be of no help on this matter.)

Aunty, I need help
My grades at school are dropping.
(My Child, that is an area of concern
Tell me, if you've been wasting your time,
Hanging with pals and just shopping?
You need a tutor, the best one in town
He'll raise your grades, hence this offer to help you,
I'll have to turn down.)

Aunty, I need help
In finding a good cause for donation.
(Now, you're talking sense
I can suggest a wonderful cause option.
Drop your money in the box on that bench
I'll give it to cancer patients,
Orphanages and some for my own pocket...
Oops...Did I say my 'pocket'? ?
I meant to say 'for other ailments')

Agony Aunt, You were of no help
You want to take away the donation money
And eat tummy full and the riches to flaunt.
Suggesting me to go to Love Guru,

Personal Finance Manager and a tutor
You are a cheat, your help I do not value.
You didn't live up to Agony aunt name
Now I'm aware of your game.

(No, No, My child you do not understand
There are problems in life to which
I cannot lend my helping hand
But for everything else
There is this Agony Aunt)

(10 July 2006.)

.Pd. is here

Belief Poem (1)

~Dancing To My Own Tune~

~Looking for An Oasis Amid Sand Dunes~

~I've Built Castles In The Air~

~They Won't Stay Forever There~

~But They'll Stand Tall On This Earth~

~For I've No Dearth Of Talent And Hardwork~

September 01,2006.

.Pd. is here

Belief Poem (2)

She Was Average
She Seemed Content.
Disregarding Her Failures
Preferring Stagnant Life To Changes.
She Faked Happiness.

She Too Was Average
Triumph Was Her Intent.
Struggling, Falling, Staggering And Recovering.
She Compelled Belief To Partner Her
And 'V' For Victory Came The Answer.

Have Belief To Partner Progress?
Or Just Appeasing Averages?
Take Your Pick.

(September 10,2006)

.Pd. is here

Belief Poem (3)

Cracked
Parched
Thirsty
- Soil.

Burnt.
Naked
Eroded
- Fields.

Faith
Bound
Strong
Willed.

Drought
Phase
Fades.

Green
Are
Fields
-Again!

Because
They
Believed - 'They Could'.

September 11,2006

.Pd. is here

Bluie, My Octopus Friend (Children)

I'm a human and Bluie's an octopus.
If we're friends what's the fuss?
I have two legs and two hands, but
He's got eight limbs to listen to his commands!

He's a genius at school, you know?
I do only one subject homework at a time
While Bluie can do four times as much!
Don't tell, but he also does the homework which is mine!

I'm a human and Bluie's an octopus.
If we're friends what's the fuss?
Are you jealous that he helps me with schoolwork?
- If so, get lost your jerk!

(21 December 2006)

.Pd. is here

Buried Dead

When Two Pieces Of Broken Heart Cannot Be Glued,
That's When I Die Waiting For You.
Bury Me, Like They Do To The Dead,
But Don't Put Me In A Coffin
Bury Me In Your Heart Instead.

At Least I'll Be Dead And Have Peace Ahead
Knowing I Sleep In The Very Place I Always Chased.
Because All I Ever Wanted Of You
Was To Give Me The Key To Your Heart.
And I've Got The Key Today, But...

...The Love Is Silenced And I'm Buried Dead.
Spiritless
Buried Dead...

.Pd. is here

By The Sea Shore

Soft sand
Whispering winds
Sky & Sea
Hand-in-hand.
Salty waft
Mist hangs
Shells galore
Mysteries untold
Seaside allure
Leaves me
Wanting for more...

(20 April,2006)

.Pd. is here

Career Demolition Drive

Gazing at your image in the mirror
You see your past, your dreams and aspirations
And compare it with the
>>Present You<<
But the picture isn't how you had
Planned it to look.

You look at them-your kids,
And you see the younger you in them.
Influencing their mind
With your aspirations and unfulfilled dreams
They succumb to be your mere shadows.
>>Stuck up with a career choice not as per their wish<<
They live on, knowing things would have been special
Had they heeded their heart's desire
Rather than following the
Path you wanted them to aspire.

Through their success, you-the parent
See your dream coming through
You did not achieve it, but they did it for you.
>>Parents, a hearty Congratulation to you<<
You've successfully defeated your defeat
By defeating your child's dreams.

Your child is naïve no more,
From their conditioned mind of yesterday
The brainwashing has been washed away
And the repercussion is coming true.
>>You are happy- They aren't, <<
For you realized your dream through them
Demolishing the one they wanted to garner.

Your child's child may suffer now, for you killed
Your child's aspiration for your own one;
Maybe they'll do the same
And get their dreams fulfilled via their daughter or son.
>>Another 'Career Demolition Drive' is underway<<
Break this drive - Stop the demolition

Free your child from shackles of
Your dreams, your aspirations
And to let them live their own.

(6 August 2006)

.Pd. is here

Connect (Internet Series)

Two lonely hearts
Searching for an invisible soul
Ready to shoot their love darts
Waiting for love to go on a roll.

Wire-to-wire
They log on to the internet
So close yet so far away
Two souls waiting to connect!

(19 April,2006)

.Pd. is here

Desert

Amaranthine of sand
Camel hump dunes
contours of waves
formed by wind.

Arid, dry; vultures
lurk high, snakes hiss
mystical whispers
picture this.

Snake charmers
kalbelia dancers
showy camels
bronze, yellow visuals.

Intimidated by desert glory
feeling like a tiny speck
leaving footprints
on sand of time.

Footprints today, gone tomorrow
becoming a part of this sand
life comes a full circle
while funeral song is played
by God's band!

(30 May,2006)

.Pd. is here

Early Morning Treats

Sunrays disquiet your sweet slumber,
As you twist in bed, coiled in bedspread.
Your arms settle on my body
Perhaps, they were searching for me.
Wrinkling your nose, you turn to face me
Our cheeks caress, ever so gently.
Your stubble tickles me ample
As your eyes open with a twinkle.
You say, "Nice sunshine we got there
But it broke my dream - how unfair! "
I say, "Honey, just lounge between the sheets
Close your eyes and go to sleep."
You fall asleep and your face reflects peace.
And what do I get in lieu? –

Being able to endlessly gaze at you,
And enjoy my early morning treats!

.Pd. is here

Family Love Forever

Have u ever thought actually
What it would be like, without a family.

Family is the only one,
Where one experiences best of fun.
Family is an elegant necklace,
Whose bond may appear broken
But deep inside, their hearts are still one.

When the unwanted sorrows seem longer than a mile,
Your dear old family makes you smile.

When because of a mistake no event
Works out for your sake.
When life refuses to mend
There comes a sharp bend,
Family gives necessary amends,
To the family all worries can be sent.

In a fraction of time,
Your sorrows will leave
It may sound absurd
But you've got to believe.

Wherever you may be,
You belong to the pack.
And to them you can always go back.

.Pd. is here

Feeling Worthless

Hark at work
Each day of the week
Time constraints met, yet
No appreciative word he speaks.

But the criticism is hard to stop
It seeps into my mind
Drop by drop
Taking over my leisure time
Entrenching my mind
Building up into negative thoughts
Then anger, then hopelessness
Then sorrow of sorts.

Those harsh words
Those cold eyes
That superior attitude,
Almost being rude;
It all gets to me
Like a devil upon my peace.

The amassed anger, sorrow and fears
Creates a pool of tears
That is shallow as compared to a puddle
But not shallower than how I feel
Cause inefficient and worthlessness
Are the shallowest deals.

(8 February,2008)

.Pd. is here

Finally I Confess (Internet Series)

Electronic transmissions
establish the connection.
A few words exchanged
Over yahoo messenger
and they find a friend in a stranger.
Words bridging distances,
Words dripping with sweetness.
And there goes the boy
his love for the girl he confesses.
The girl says(types) - you are just words for me
faceless man as my lover how can it be?
I know I love you but I want to be sure
I want to meet you and know you some more.

The boy says(types) -
If you are not sure,
It means you love me no more.
Now that it's over with, you just let me be.
Don't chat with me,
no e-mails from you I want to see.
For I will find another internet princess,
I will find a lover in her and share virtual kisses.
Kisses to blow you good-bye,
Kisses to celebrate that
whatever I said to you today was
just a big fat lie.
A plain little game
a game to get this
young girl(thats you) back to your senses.
there I go - finally i confess!

The boy types on-
I want to hurt you no more
So here is something I want you to know,
Internet is just an illusion,
Carry on with your life girl
Love won't find you

log off from this virtual world
And let the reality strike.
I know I love you so much and I do care
because I see my elder daughter in you.
(I am 45 and not 18, that was a lie too)
She was caught in a situation like yours
(You may even know her, you know)
it was the same maze of love and
tangled emotions, just to end in tears.
I don't want you to suffer her fate,
Stop this virtual journey today,
it's never too late.
And if you are wondering
Why am I being so sweet to you
I am none other than your father-
Mr. Seth.

(21 April,2006)

.Pd. is here

Friendship

Have you ever wondered what friendship is?
Friendship is a strong thread,
Which can never be broken.

Friendship is everlasting,
And can only be destroyed
When death comes by.

Friendship is like a delicate leaf,
Which once destroyed
Can never be got again.

It is a thing which connects,
Two human souls,
With a bond of love.

Friendship is unbreakable,
It strengthens with
Love, affection and care.
It is the greatest GIFT OF GOD FOR MANKIND.

.Pd. is here

Fulfil Your Need, But Not Your Greed

The history of Earth dates back to millions of years ago,
When a perfect engineer, 'the God', created this world.
He made life in forms of plants and animals,
And for all gave them Earth - the abode.

The plants and animals lived in ideal harmony,
And there was no trace of agony.
Everybody sought merely what was required,
Nothing superfluous anybody acquired.

The man came at the end
And learnt expeditious for himself to fend.
Soon he realized the powers he had,
And it drove him nearly mad.

For others he had no regard,
With nature he remained forever at odds.
He amassed much more than needed,
"Be Cautious" - the nature pleaded.

Soon the environment was left degraded.
Animals and plants slowly faded.
Towards catastrophe the world headed,
And hasty correction was severely needed.

Mercifully, man has now realized,
The world has sufficient for everyone's' need
But if overexploited
It would succumb to man's greed.

Today he is trying to reverse the cycle
By protecting Mother Nature so vital.
Almighty forgive mistakes of your creation
And give him strength for positive action
To prevent this world from extinction.
AMEN

.Pd. is here

Gandhi Ji's B'day (Children)

Mom pointed to the sky and said
That's where Grandpa Poe's gone.
He on a star, far far away
Here it's night there it maybe a day!

Then I ask her why is it a holiday today? -
She said it's 2 October, our Bapu's B'day
Then I ask her where did Bapu go? -
She told me the same place as Grandpa Poe.

I knew it! I say; they're going to have fun today
It's 2nd October, Bapu's B'day!
Bapu invited Grandpa Poe for his party
And left me here to stay.

I begged Mommy to send me to the party
I also promised to be a good girl.
She said I have dreams to achieve now
I can go there when I'm old.

God, when will I be old?

(21 December 2006)

PS – Inspired from a real life incident where my cousin was told that his grandpa (who had expired) went to live on a star. Coincidentally it was 2 October, Mahatma Gandhi's B'day and a national holiday. He wanted to know if he could also go to the b'day party. So my aunt told him that Gandhi's also on a star. He was shocked and said, 'that means Grandpa went to celebrate Gandhi Ji's B'day!'

.Pd. is here

God

You made this beautiful world,
You gave us the trees and the birds.

You gave us the things we need
And the crops on which we feed.

You gave us the parents so fine,
And friends as well nice.

So to thank you God,
Is a duty of mine.

.Pd. is here

Guess Who I Am! !

I am inside you,
I am around you,
I am on your mind,
We both are entwined.

I make you think
I am an important link.
I can drive you crazee
I put you in a frenzy!

I define you,
I refine you,
I am always with you
I've given you enough clues.

Now asking you to guess who I am,
Don't ignore me, you ouuta give a damn.
Here now, to reveal myself
Mark my words, 'On me you dwell'

.Pd. is here

Harassed / Sensitized

We discussed about 'Sexual harassment'
In class the other day.
Every guy present there vowed to
Never harass a girl, as it was unethical and
Because they were asked -
How would they feel if the same happened to their sisters?
They answered - 'Bad' - in unison
And said they were a sensitized bunch.

Minutes later, just outside the college
Unruly and cheap guys
And some of the guys present in the class
Whistled as she passed them by
Dropped sleazy remarks and
Ogled at her assets.

Some of us girls
Tried to help the poor girl who had tears in her eyes,
But we too got brushed aside
And had to bear the shady comments from cheap guys.

And what did they, the GUYS do?
- Just enjoyed the scenes unfold.
Their feet stuck with fevicol to the ground
And eyes and ears feeling the sadistic pleasure
They didn't do a damn thing
NOT A DAMN THING!

Their conscience isn't conscious enough
About the right and wrong
Male chauvinism is a mere bluff.
If that girl were their sister, would they still be so nonchalant?

And they call themselves 'sensitized'
(Yeah right * smirking *)
Try putting yourself in our shoes
And you shall restore your values.

(23 August 2006)

.Pd. is here

Hindi Poem: Ek Jannat (Heaven)

If Love Is Heaven, And Sadness is Hell
I'm Used To This Sadness And Seperation
Heaven Is Far Away, I Accept Hell Today
I Have A Belief That A Thousand Flowers Will Bloom
And Then, This Hell Will Turn Into Heaven
Only When God Will Give back
My Dear One
My Destination
My Love.

Hindi

Agar Pyaar Ho Jannat, Aur Tanhai Ho Nark
Mujhe tanha karke judaai ki ho chali hai ek aadat
Jannat Hai Meelon Dur, Nark Bhi Hai Aaj Kabool.
Vishwaas Hai Mera ki khilemgey Saikadon Phool
Tab Nark Ban Jayega Jannat
Jab Mujhe Eshwar Lautadega
Meri Amanat
Meri Manzil
Mera Pyaar.

.Pd. is here

Hindi Poem: Rakshak Hone Ka Inaam

Har kadam pe rehta hai unka pehra
Unki badaulat hai jeevan ji rahe hai sunehra.
In sabme hai bharat ma ke liye pyaar
Yeh kehlate hai rakshak urf suraksha ki deewar.

Oonchi wadiya ho, Ya ho gehra samundar
Yeh rakshak khatrey ke liye rehtey hai satark.
Bhookh, pyaas, dard ko bhulakar
Karm bhoomi mein ladte hai yeh jumkar.

Barsaat inke hausley ko nahin bahati
Aandhi inkey desh prem ko nahin dagmagati
Apne parivaar aur ishwar par vishwas ki badaulat
Yeh dushman se bhidney ki paatey hai himmat.

Jab lakhon sipaheey shaheed hote hai, hum bhula dete hai inka naam
Kya yehi hai in rakshak gan ke kartavya nibhaaney ka inaam?
Aaj main unn veero ko har bhartiya ki aur se karti hoon salaam
Aur unn veero ko deton hoon ye dhanyavaad bhara paigaam.

(15 May,2005)

.Pd. is here

Hindi: Bas Itna Bata Do...

Dabey paav zindagi mein aakar
Ab yeh kaise shor macha rahe ho
Kya apne anokhey andaaz mein
Mujhe pukar rahe ho?

Apne shabdo se, kavita se
Kaise uljhan mein bandh rahe ho
Bas itna bata do ki yaad kar rahe ho
Ya yaad aa rahe ho?

Chor to nahi ho
Par kar baithey na chori
Meri hi soch
Ab rahi na meri.

Dabey paav zindagi mein aaye
Ab kuch apne se lagte ho
Kya tum bhi mujhme
Kuch kho se gaye ho?

Kyu mili main tujhse
Kya yeh sangam zaroori tha
Par lagta hai, bin milke nahi samajhti
Kya maine khoya hota

Hasaatey ho, rulaatey ho
Aur har ghadi satatey ho
Bas itna bata do yaad karte ho
Ya yaad aa jaatey ho?

Musibat haath dhokey pichey hai padi
Par yeh musibat maine hi ki hai khadi
Shayad maine hi sun liye
Jo tumne kabhi kaha hi nahi

Adhuri thi, par tooti nahi
Yeh sapna hi to hai, tod do iss jald hi
Laut jau uss bin mausam barsaat ki tarah
Bhiga ke mera angan, mehkakey yeh sama...

Nahi to main bikhar jaongi
Mala ke motiyon ki tarah
Baatein ghuma ke kartey ho
Aur chahtey ho seedha jawab mera?

Tumhe kya dosh du,
Jab main hi hu apradhi
Maine hi khidhki darwaazey kholkar
Tufaan ko kiya amantrit

Ab darwaazey khidkiyaan band kar dungi
Koshish karke tumse dur ki rahungi
Par kya tum unhe tod kar phir milogey mujhse
Apne aap se to umeed nahi hai, kya umeed karu tujhse...

Bas itna batao do
Kya koi galti hui hai mujhse?

(14 March 2008)

.Pd. is here

Hindi: Sochti Hu...

Takiye pe sar rakhte hi
Dil aur dimaag mein uthta hai ek bhanwar

Soch ka bhawar...

Sochti hu ki aaj kuch nahi sochungi

Par kya khud ke hi soch se bhaag paoongi?

Kya aaj neend aayegi?

Ya subah aise hi aa jayegi?

Daee mudti hu, phir baee

Ulta letkar, takiye se sar dhak leti hu

Par main tab bhi sochti hu...

Sochti hu ki tum kya soch rahe hoge

Kya aaj bhi subah hone par so-ogey?

Ya Kuch meri ki tarah...

Koi kavita likgogey uss priyatam ko

Jise taro ke bech dhundhte ho?

Sochti hu neend lupa chupi kyun hai khelti?

Kya raat andhere se hai darti?

Khidke ke bahaar

Andheere mein kuch khojti tu

Uss kalay panney par

Khwabo se tasveerey rang deti hu

Phir iss pagal pan par aap hi hass deti hu

Aur sochti hu...

Ki kal jab tumse baat hogi

To tumse yeh kahungi, vo kahungi

Par shayad kal bhi main

Khudko shabd heen paoongi

Uss chuppi mein bhi ehsaas hai

Shayad 'aur' mein bhi kuch khaas hai!

Phir neend ke intezaar mein seedhi ginti karti hu

1,2,3 gintey gintey bhi sochney lagti hu

Ki aaj raat ginti mein bhi khot hai

Na jaane kya kehna chahte yeh hoti hai?

Phir main ram ram japti hu

Pujaran si lagti hu

Aur ram ram jab mara mara sunaiye padta hai

To ek baar aur hass deti hu

Sunti hu raat ki vichitra lori

Sannata, khokhlapan

Haan main bhi hu aduri

Sapno dwakr karti hu

Dur yeh duri

Subah uthkar, tin ke chatt par

Barish ke bunda bandi sunti hu

Aur takiye ho chukar

Usse bheega paati hu

Chamchamatey motiyon ka khet

Khushi key ya gham ke

Kya kar saktey hu bhed?

Aur sochti hu

Ki tumhe yaad karke main khus hu

Aur tumhe yaad na karkey hu

To apne hi hickiyon ki awaaz sunkar

Bhi Main khush hu

Aur sochti hu

Na chahkar bhi main

Kuch zyada hi sochti hu

Par kya bolkar bhi

Main kuch bol paati hu?

Aur main dobara sochti hu...

(13 March 2008)

.Pd. is here

Honey Trap (Internet Series)

One new e-mail
Announces the pop-up
Subject: Win \$ 10,000, it shook me up.

(My eyes examined it with suspicion
I didn't let it bother me, for I was greed smitten.)

To crack the \$ 10,000 deal
I began to follow the steps
The \$ 10,000 was waiting to be accessed.

(I had the key to the treasure,
Money...for free..What a pleasure!)

I entered my bank id and password.
What happened next
Left me perplexed.

(I had been taken for a ride
It was a honey trap...I bled my pride)

The faux e-mail left my bank account at zilch
Hard earned money lost,
it did pinch!

(Mirror Mirror on the wall...
I know I am the biggest fool of all)

So well concealed was that 'Honey Trap'!
It turned me from near riches - to - rag
This insanity I never hope to recap.

('I' the 'Bee', caught in the honey trap..
But it made me grow a little wiser
And this victimsied bee
Is thankful to the honey trap for that!)

(19 April,2006)

.Pd. is here

Hope (Just A Thought)

Hope Was Hoping
That Hopefully
It would be
Able to Fulfil
The Hopes Of
The Many Hopeful
Humans But
Hope Is What Still keeps
The Hope Going.

.Pd. is here

I Ain't No Kid (Children)

John's in the army
And he calls me a kid
But I know I'm big.

I got a tank, an aircraft
And a gun to play with.
Big boys like John
Also got these things.

John's in the army
And he calls me a kid
But I know I'm big.

I hurt no one and play in peace
With all my big boy things.
So who's wiser and who's a kid,
Is it John or is it me?

(20 December 2006)

.Pd. is here

I Was It's Prey!

Admiring the bird
Perched on the tree
I envied her
for she was free.
I am in awe
of her flights.
I adore her for
the pleasant sights.

Still admiring the bird
Her beauty I harboured.
Sudently the same bird
Pooped right on me.
Neither did I complain
Nor did I fume;
Afterall it was her freedom
Her birth right I assume.

I looked up again at the bird
Perched on the tree.
With hateful eyes
No admiration, please.
Her freedom to poop
& to target anyone,
I so have grown to hate
Ever since I was the it's prey!

(Wriiten after the bird pooped on my new shirt which i was wearing to college....and boy was i mad.....)

(15 April,2006)

.Pd. is here

I Wish I Were The Tear Falling From Your Eye

I wish I were the tear falling from your eye
Gliding down your cheek
Sensing your skin
Soaking up a kiss
Standing tall on your chin
From then on falling,
Falling in a puddle of sorrow
I would suffer less
Not feel so hollow
After giving you a heart break
And ending all that I faked.

But now I am sure,
I'm not on a lie
'I love you'
To say this everyday I die.
I want to right the wrong
Sing a love song
For you I long
But I know you won't come back to me.

How I wish I were the tear falling from your eye
For at least I would have the company of-
Your cheek, your skin, your kiss, your chin
Your all
And
Together
We'll drop In a puddle of love.

I wish I were the tear falling from your eye
But even these wishes are dry.

.Pd. is here

I'M The Ocean, You'Re The Sky

Inky gear with million accessories
The - Wisps of clouds
Charismatic Moon
And Celestial bodies.
You dazzle like a jewel
In the shining carrot sun,
You're calm and poised
When ornamented by the twinkling stars.
'You're the Sky'.

Crystalline drops wetted with effervescence
The - Ebbing and soaring waves
Turbulence and tranquility
Azure brilliance.
I catch the morning light
And sketch the rising sun on me.
I shine, I glow and I feel beautiful
When complimented by the sky.
'I'm The Ocean'.

I love it when you are in a mischievous mood
It's when you stir up a breeze - And play with me.
I treasure and hold every pearly tear that you shed
Happy or otherwise - And I consume it.
I love it when you elevate the temperature
It's then that you evaporate me - And fly me to your abode.

We're so much like the 'Ocean and the Sky' -
Eager to meet,
Complimenting each other,
Sharing Secrets,
Seeming to kiss and embrace.

We're so much like the 'Ocean and the Sky' -
Summitting at the horizon -
Which is a mere apparition.

We touch,
But the touch doesn't reach

Beyond our borders.

(16 September 2006)

.Pd. is here

Ishara Ek/One Sign

Hindi

En Barish ki boondo ko dekh,
Karte hai yeh bhi ishara ek,
Apne ghamo ko paani mein bahakar,
Aa bhula de beetey pal,
Apne ghamo se parey hokar,
Ess jeevan ko jile, chal!

En Balkhaati lehroon ko dekh,
Karti hai yeh bhi ishara ek,
Apne bhay ka kinara chodd kar,
Aa bann ja tu nidarr
Apne atma vishwaas se bhi
Ess Jeevan ki pareeksha mein paale naya starr.

En suraj ki kirno ko dekh,
Karte hai yeh bhi ishara ek,
Apne andhakar ko mitakar,
Aa dekh le ujala,
Apne ujale se bhi,
Ess sama ko ujjwal bana.

En Chamchamate taaron ko dekh,
Karte hai yeh bhi ishara ek,
Apne sapna ko sakaar kar,
Aa chuu le aasmaa,
Apne chamak se bhi,
Ess Sansaar ko tu aaj racha!

(05 March 2006)

English

Look at the raindrops
they are giving you a sign
let your sadness flow away with the rain
forget the past
move ahead from the sorrow

come live this life.

Look at these dancing waves
they're also hinting at you
to leave the shore of your fears
and to become fearless
and with your self-belief
come achieve new heights in this exam of life.

Look at the sun rays
they're telling you
to shun the darkness within you
and to see the bright light
and asking you to brighten this world
with your inner light.

Look at the twinkling stars
they're hinting you
to achieve your dreams
and to touch the sky
and asking you to decorate this world
with your shine.

(translated and re-submitted on 23 August 2006)

.Pd. is here

Just A Click Away (Internet Series)

Information overload
Software downloads via illegal copies
Maps showing the roads
also tour various countries.

Chuck the letter, e-mail pops up
get gossip of celebrity link ups.
Read horoscope, book reviews
trade shares or catch up on daily news.

Choose flowers, send them accross continents
buy things at ebay with easy payment.
Share thoughts, stories, poems and more
vent out anger or just browse on when bored.

Find love without sharing a kiss
live in anonymity bliss.
Talk to someone over messeneger
marry your favourite star or learn to cook sizzler.

All this and more is just a click away
Wired World (internet) is alluring and on display.
Here you can reach for the sky or dream a dream
But you can't see if something is true or just another scheme.

(15 May,2005)

.Pd. is here

Last Laugh!

the sun
the soil
the water
the greens
mingle
in harmony.

the humans
the greed
the insensativity
the insanity
shatters
the harmony.

Circle of life
takes up the shape of an arc.
The evil human knife
Is out to kill Mother earth
making their own
future stark.

Nature pleads, No mercy indeed.
Watch out humans(the so-called superior creatures)
Nature has made a plan, the war
started by you (humans) will be won
by Mother Nature in the second half
And it will have the last laugh!

(21 April,2006)

.Pd. is here

Lessons From A Tortoise

When trouble attacks, I make no noise
Simply take on the foe with poise.
Curling into a ball
I retreat into my shell
The hard familiar territory
Makes me resolute that after this hell
All shall be well.

They kick me and toss me around.
Take my heart and break it in two.
Hurt of violence only we victims know
Scaring us to death, the oppressors go.
But I don't fear them now
As I am faith bound
For the key to survival I have found.

I learnt this defense from a tortoise
Enter your shell don't think twice,
Harden against your enemy
And plot your counter-attack.
Do not forget to take it slow and steady
It will win you the race
And your hardened shell-like-mask
Might just be the saving grace.

Don't mock the 'tortoise' you 'cruel rabbits'
They'll make a comeback and tear you to bits.
We, the so-called meek have learnt our Lessons from a tortoise.
When trouble attacks, we'll make no noise
Entering our shell we will retaliate and take on the foe with poise
Now before you rabbits begin your brutal games
It's your time to think twice

(26 June 2006.)

.Pd. is here

Life Is A Challenge

The moonlight lit the ghostly night,
The lady cried at a jeeps sight.
Te army men came with a note
And held the remains of her husband's stained coat.

Tears rolled down from her eyes
Thinking of her husband's plight.
Her future looked dark and gloomy
Shadows of sorrow were large and looming.

She tried to be brave,
For her husband she would crave.
Whenever she remembered her past
The memories of her husband would forever last.

Her children's sight brought a hope of light.
There were many lives for her to care,
Joys and sorrows of everyone to share.
Children are to be her future
And she decided to work for their nurture.

She woke up to welcome a new day,
Bright and red sun lighting her way.
Whole life was there for her to arrange,
She sighed and thought...
..... " LIFE IS A CHALLENGE"
and it's better to face it than fade away.

.Pd. is here

Lights....

As I travel farther/As far away as can be, /I see the lights running/Running away
from me/The light that leaves me/Mid-way, /Just when I begin to/Realize the
importance/Of what is/And what can be/I lose it all/Screw it all.../...Maybe I'm
just doomed/Guess the light is you...

.Pd. is here

Like A Candle

I'll ward off the darkness
Just like candle does for a room
Not a single shade of black will exist
There'll be a gamut of stars and a full moon.

I'll tempt you and tease you
Just like a flickering flame.
I'll keep you waiting, whilst you melt
Slowly, then impatiently in love's name.

I'll set desires on fire
Just like when candle burns with a swish.
Illuminating your broken spirit,
To a spiritual love, we'll pay our visit.

I'll keep you anticipating
Just like a candle waits to glow.
If you're ready, come blow me off
Wait for –
Silence
Darkness
Beating of two hearts

And then,
Me - your candle, will begin the show.

.Pd. is here

Love

Whisper
Don't Shout
Feelings of love are for you and me,
They aren't to be said out loud.

Hold my hand
Don't let go
There are feelings in my heart
Which I want you to know.

Kiss
Don't Speak
Language of love
Is more than words deep.

Admire
Don't get into the act
A certain restraint
Can keep the passion intact.

Close your eyes
Don't break the magical spell
Let's dream a dream together
We'll create a history to tell.

Love
Don't Shy
The intensity of love will cease to die.
Come with me and we'll fly.

(13 April 2006)

.Pd. is here

Love Letters For Sale!

Distances made our relationship grow warmer
Through handwritten letters, the cards and the paper hearts
Or love grew stronger.

Destiny brought us face to face
We spent time wrapped in each others embrace
Love over flew by God's grace.

Declaration of our affair was made public
Taken by surprise our families were, but our love did the trick
We married and now happiness it is.

Doom struck in the form of empty wallet
Money you see is an important ticket
For a married life ahead.

Done with loans-interests piled-marital trouble cyclone.
Slept with eyes open, love was forgotten
We then re-established the broken communication.

An idea we fabricated, a lovey-dovey idea-
Love sells big way, it a known Ad mantra
After much debate we finally reached a truce.

So we put up our Love Letters For Sale
Auctioned it off on ebay
The letters flew far and wide but the landed again on our side.

The money rang in our bank account
Marital bliss came around
And love kept on mounting.

They say where there is a will there is a way
Our love letters took us from near bankruptcy
And marital trouble to our happy today.

Sell your belongings, memory links and more
But don't put your love on the butcher's tray
For true love finds a solution to troubles in some or the other way.

(28 July 2006)

.Pd. is here

Love Vs. Evil

I skipped and ran across the field
To find love so that this world can be healed
This world was hurt with evil's knife
I wanted to fight and bring it back to life.

□

I skipped and ran across the field and
Bumped into a man who seemed to have secrets concealed.
I asked him why the evil always wins,
He replied by saying that evil and love are twins.

Where there is love, evil follows
In matters of love evil always pokes its nose.
It envies love and the joy it brings
Hence it attacks love and cuts off its wings.

Evil may seem to be winning all the time
But love prepares for a counter attack in the meantime.
It weaves together the broken threads
And in the backfire the mammoth of evil it beheads.

The man's answer was so very true,
When evil takes over the world, the love comes to its rescue.
Convinced that the man was a genius or maybe even God
I asked him to permit me to fight evil and give me a love squad.

Mighty impressed with me he handed me a bag
I dug my hand in and pulled out two tags.
One said Evil, one said love
I took out the love and evil in the bag I shoved.

He asked me why I took the love and kept the evil hidden
I said because love is lacking while the world is evil ridden.
So I held on to love and gave a piece of it to everyone
Spreading love till evil's defeat was done.

Healed world now winked at me
Love is magical did you see?
The man blessed me with a nod of approval
And titled me his 'angel' to take on all evil.

So I skipped and ran back from the field
Believing to have met God, a last glance towards him I did steal.
Spiritually rejuvenated with this divine encounter
I decided to spread love thereafter.

Because sometimes a little love is all it takes
To fight evil and forgive all mistakes.
God is with you, just run across that field
Seek love & God, thus shall be revealed.

(21 May,2006)

.Pd. is here

Makeup

Did he say
He loved girls with
Kohl smeared eyes
A pink blush
Tint of juicy lip gloss
A shimmery eye shadow flushed?

I thought he did;
So I got to the task
at hand, the makeup-
Kohl, blush, lip gloss
Eye shadow
And all of that.

I blinked my eyes
Looked into the mirror
The face I saw, I despised.
Was it really 'me'?
Or was it the girl that
He wanted me to be?

I met him at the dance,
My crush, it was crushing me!
I stole a glance
At him, he looked back.
Crying out "from beauty to beast,
What's with the makeup, Preeti? "

With moist eyes I said
"I thought you liked girls with makeup and...."
He put his finger to my lips
From my eye a big tear slipped.
Cutting through the makeup;
He held my tear with his hands cupped.

Heartbeats quickened, Eyes dreamy
Standing close to me he said,
"unk the makeup
You are Beautiful without it,

I love you too
I have to admit."

Was it love? Or just a moment
Of attraction shared by two hearts
Graced by the stars above?
Neither of us cared to know;
Thanks to the makeup
The confession of love did flow,
And even with the ghastly makeup
My face did glow! ! !

(29 May,2006)

.Pd. is here

Mother's Kiss

Skinned knees
Aching bellies
An Ankle sprain;
Mother, your one kiss was enough
To drive all the pain away
Time and again.

Depression stricken
At crossroads
Groping for answers
Mother, your one kiss was enough
All dilemmas it did unchain
Time and again.

Unfulfilled promises
Soured friendship
Broken heart, ;
Mother can your kiss fix everything?
Can it mend these broken strings
Can it repair my hurt feelings?

Kiss me today mother,
Be my anchor of strength & hope.
Help me get through the onerous times
Help me handle the matters of mind and heart
Help me break away from these teenage trappings
Kiss me today mother, help me make a start.

Preeti Datar
(! 8 April,2006)

.Pd. is here

Music

Music touches you the most,
It refreshes you with its serenity.
Be it Do, Re, Me or Sa, Re, Ga, Ma,
Music is the soul of life.

Nothing is as divine as music.
It comes from within
And expresses joys and sorrows
Which reside in the heart.

World is full of music,
Each unique and sweet.
Whether chirping of birds, rustling of wind,
Roar of waves or the music of dolphins.

If music is not a part of life,
It would become a walk on knife.
So listen to music always,
And live some cheerful days.

.Pd. is here

Nature At Ease

Sun glows at
The break of dawn.
Trees with outstretched hands
Flirt with the winds.
Embellished with
Pleasant sounds
From birds and the bees
It's Nature at ease.

(20 April,2006)

.Pd. is here

Night

The canvas of black
On display each night.
Laced with fluffly clouds
Stars lending them a soft light.
The moon taking centre stage
Its crescent like a smile
A smile we humans have forgotten
and the appreciation for this black glory
that we never consider worthwhile.
Look around, be sensetised
feel the romance, get wrapped up in the aura
and take a magical flight.
I'll make you fall in love
with the nature's wonder called 'Night'
Come with me,
I am offering you an invite.

(8 May,2006)

.Pd. is here

No Escape

Born and brought up in a caring family,
I reached life's perfection.
I was very lucky actually
To get proper parental attention.

It is said that goodness has it's evil side,
And the evil me in could no longer hide.
I hurt my pal and told a dreadful lie,
But none of these made me cry.

The good old spirit in me was dead,
By the evil power my life was lead.
Still in me stayed the light of goodness,
Though the chances of reverting were very less.

I felt guilt creep over me,
My family's love I could see
It helped me out
And this goodness I no longer doubt.

Today I have learnt a lesson
And I want to make a confession.
Leaving the path of sins behind
The positive path I will find.

This change came in me because
Of the guilt that had taken shape.
Even after sheer efforts
I found out it had NO ESCAPE.

(Written in 9th grade, must have been the year 2001)

.Pd. is here

Oh Wonderful Teachers!

Teachers are the best gifts of god,
For them I shall applaud.
I express to them my gratitude
For instilling in me a wonderful attitude.

A teacher is like a candle,
Burning itself to others advantage.
All their life they work selfless,
To open up the world of knowledge.

They shape up our personalities,
And make us understand responsibilities.
Moral values are what they make us imbibe,
To follow their teachings, we all strive.

When they check us,
We dare not fuss
Because their guidance and zest,
Makes us better than the best.

'I wish I were a teacher',
I would have students to nurture.
This is how I can repay,
To my immortal and adorable preachers.

"THANK YOU, Oh! Wonderful teachers."

.Pd. is here

One Man Show

Diamond studded sky
Full moon's glow
Dotted by glowing fireflies
Nature's One Man Show!

(20 April,2006)

.Pd. is here

Orange (Colour Poem)

Orange is for a fruit
colour of baywatch swimsuits
its a cousin to yellow and gold
it makes a statement bold.

it stands for hope, vitality
cheer and also energy
its for pumpkin, carrot also
used to denotes measures of safety

Orange is the sunset
its fire, fire is orange
also the most vibrant colour
God dared to make.

(16 May,2006)

.Pd. is here

Package Of Love

Whoever thought that
Love is sugary sweet,
Whoever thought that
Love is easy,
Whoever thought that
Love is magic,
Whoever thought that
Love ends troubles,
Whoever thought that
Love is a end and not an means,
Whoever thought that
Love is perfect,
Whoever thought all of the above
Must have never been in love.

Because Love is not always sugary sweet
A chilli of pain you may happen to meet.
Because Love is not as easy
As we picture it to be.
Because Love is not a synonym of magic
Let the magic fizzle and it can get tragic.
Because Love is not necessarily end to all trouble
If you think so, you must be living inside a rosy bubble.
Because Love is a means to happiness
And not an end in itself.
Because Love is perfecting
To relish the flaws.
Because Package Of Love
Always comes with a Pinch Of Salt!

(18 April,2006)

.Pd. is here

Pen, Paper, Inspiration

Pen, Paper, Inspiration
To ensure that poems flow
Only inspiration will do
Pen and paper, thats for you.

For my mind has the power
to retain the words,
words that'll be appreciated today
forgotten tomorrow
my words today,
tomorrow they'll be

dead
buried
begging for attention....

will they continue begging? !

pen, paper inspiration
i just need inspiration
you can keep the pen and the paper
to write to me notes of your opinion-

on my words
my thoughts
my soul

Inspiration (full stop)
I need no more....

.Pd. is here

Petals

Pluck Pluck
Plucking
every silken
petal.

ask ask
asking
every torn
petal.

he loves me
he loves me not
he loves me
he loves me not.

petals strewn everywhere
loves me
loves me not,
the answer is
nowhere.

petals lie,
they can't decide my fate
one time they say he loves me
and then backfire
with he loves me not.

tears flood my eye
i can't believe petals lie.
i'm waiting, waiting
for my dream guy
to come by
and sweep me off my feet.

with every plucked petal
i'm hurting my heart.
i will feel special
if only they'd say
he loves me alot

if only these petals
would say
he loves me alot.

(29 May,2006)

.Pd. is here

Pink Little Comb

There's this similarity with all the girls,
They want perfection in 2 things to unfurl.
First a set of 32 sparkling pearls
& secondly the ever so important manageable curls.

Being a girl, I noticed my curls dancing all over
Just when I had to meet my boss whose a pushover.
Help my curls...my inner voice called out
In this workspace I dare not shout.

I opened my purse
Let out an inaudible curse.
Hell, where was my pink little hair brush?
Did I have to lose it in this rush?

I decided to beg, borrow or steal
Well stealing a comb didn't seem like a fair deal.
I went around to ask for a comb,
No one lent me one, far and wide I did roam.

The search was going nowhere
I would have to attend the meeting with this messy hair.
Just then my co-worker walked by, she had something to say
I shooed her away in urgency and said tell me whatever at the end of the day.

Walking out of my room, i could feel everyone's stare
I wanted to become invisible or fly away somewhere.
They were glancing my way and laughing
To not-give-a-damn that's what i was faking.

But deep in my heart I was perturbed
Before this important meeting i was disturbed.
If only i could find my pink little comb,
Call me obsessed but I can't get over this perfect hair syndrome.

I entered the elevator, and pressed floor no. six
Turning towards the mirror, my tubelight did click.
'Eureka, i found it', the truth came out bare
I saw my pink little comb stuck between my hair.

May be this is what my co-worker was wanting to tell,
May be this was why I got all those stares,
Maybe this was what people were amused at,
After this discovery my pride fell flat!

Pulling out the comb, my cheeks went pink
To this futile chase even my conscience couldn't help but wink.
My pink little comb was no more a mystery
But this stupidity of mine would certainly go down in history.

PREETI DATAR
(13 April 2006)

.Pd. is here

R-A-I-N

Sun hides. Dark sky.
d hues.
Thunder loud.

Lightning. Pure silver.
God's clinking a picture.
Turbulent .

Little rain n's cry.
God's tears of joy.
Prayer's answered.

Trees Perfumed.
Wind r patter.
Triumphant rain.

Happy - sensation.
y. Refreshing.
Marvelous Spectacle. Magical.....

'R-A-I-N'

(! 5 April,2006)

.Pd. is here

Remembering A Friend

Children are like buds of flowers.
Nourish them with good thoughts,
Feed them on quality education,
And they would turn into a valley of flowers.

Their smile brings spring.
And their tears the monsoon.
They are the hope and future,
If they are allowed to bloom.

Very lucky we were
To have Nehru at the helm,
Who had vision for India
And a pure love for them.

He worked tirelessly
To bring cheer in their lives,
By quality health care
And made education a delight.

No wonder we the children
Remember him years on end
And we know on this Childrens' Day
Chacha Nehru was our best friend.

.Pd. is here

Rendezvous

Luscious red lips
Soft and pouty.
Lined by lip liner
Her no crease lips

Moistened by licking
Salted by sea breeze
Curled in a smile
His deep colored lips.

Lips on lips move
From gentle to passionate
Attracted by enigma, the two
Are brought together by fate.

She and he feel like never before
Sparks fly, they want more.
Rendezvous of body and soul
Two pieces of one heart become whole.

(26 June,2006)

.Pd. is here

Reunion Of Souls

Death isn't an end of life
It's a mere alteration
From one body to another
Ultimately to be reborn in a new disguise-
Perhaps as a sister, father or wife.

Only the times will differ
But I'll always return
To be by your side
So have no fear my dear one,
Cause in another lifetime
We shall be together one more time.

We have nothing to lose
But plenty of lessons to gain,
I shall be an improved soul
When I talk by your road again.

I'll keep my senses on alert
When I take a new birth
And wait for the light you shine,
That's where you and I will unite
Once again, and
Maybe the nth time
For in this lifetime and beyond
You'll always be mine.

.Pd. is here

Scared

I turn back suddenly
To stare into shadows
The wind whistling by
Rustles the leaves.
In a moment
Things are still
As still as death.
Nothing stirs,
Only my mind whirls.
I look ahead
And begin to walk fast
The sceneries around me
Pass by fast.
My hear skips a beat
And my pulse quickens
Someone, Something,
Is out to get me.
I dare not look back
For I'm real scared,
It isn't the people
Not even fury of animals
It isn't the dark
It isn't even the unknown
That I'm scared of.
But the fear runs deep
My body goes numb
It's apparent now,
I can see
I think I'm just
Scared of me.

(17 June 2006)

.Pd. is here

Search For Shambhala

Somewhere beyond Tibet
Encompassed by Icy peaks,
Insulated valleys, over looking
Gorgeous sunsets.

Somewhere in the Kingdom
Mystics are held,
Inhabitants there have excelled
In the true quest of Tranquility.

Somewhere in the Search for Shambhala
Y-zones we hit,
Is Shambhala a fantasy?
Or is it the holiest place, it is valid?

Shambhala or Shangri-la
We humans have been searching for it all
But do we ever rise above
Ram, Jesus or Allah?

As bizarre as it may seem
The mystique of Shambhala continues.
The paranormal, lucid dreams, the experiences
Have proved futile, the holy quest is just in wishes.

Abandon the search for the physical Shambhala
You will not find it in Eurasia,
But that doesn't mean its all a rumor,
The peace, paradise and wisdom will soon become clear.

Shun all negativity, think of everything positive
Ask not the religion; let unity flower.
Transform your beliefs
And do not travel far.

Shambhala lies not too far
It is located in our
Our heart and mind
Shambhala - our spiritual Bazaar.

9 July 2006.

.Pd. is here

Searching Those Intense Eyes

Those were the intense eyes
That I frantically searched
Looking for the love they held for me,
And the yearning they showed for my touch.
But as I dived deeper into them
I could fathom what they held behind-
Never before seen longing
A love so divine
They were HER shrine.

How could I be so naïve
To be searching for a lie?
Every blink of your eye
Meant my failed try
To garner love for me.
What your eyes held behind
Was the love I came to see,
But it was for her
And not for me.

I may be with you
But will never be with you.
I know those eyes never lie
Hope has me looking up at the sky.

(19 October,2006)

.Pd. is here

Self Confessed Poet/Judgements

They think I'm crazy,
Living an illusion,
High on rhymes
and on words I'm drunken.
But funny how they fail to see
the passion
behind the words beautifully woven.

- Perhaps, it's selective vision.
Shutting your eyes
won't stop the rising sun.
Fire your bullets,
go on being the judge
It won't matter much!

Because,
My spirit won't die
the words won't cease to flow
For I'm a self confessed poet
Each new poem will only Glow
- the previous one will seem mellow!

.Pd. is here

Showing Love (Children)

I kiss and hug to show my love
For mommy, daddy and my baby brother.
My little brother can show his love to
You see it isn't hard to do!

My dog is a different case; she licks me all over the face
She makes me feel slimy while she's showing her love for me.
I don't like it if she goes on to lick my toes, so
I make her smell my shoes and off she goes!

(21 December 2006)

.Pd. is here

Slaves Of Time

Pushing yourself to the limits
With Head held high
Slogging to reach the arduous targets
Before life says goodbye.

You say, 'I'm the master of me'
And feel proud to think that you're free
But we're all the same, crawling through grime
Just another slave of time.

Watching the time piece, ever so often
Always in a hurry, small pleasures forgotten.
Work, Love, Friendship all done in haste,
Not a minute to spare, lest it should go waste.

Time is powerful it has us tamed
We're puppets trying to excel in this game.
Timeless things remain, as we watch the colours fade
Lessons learnt and wisdom won in this trade.

Consumed by time, you struggle everyday
Times an issue, it's too less we all complain
Attempts to stop it go in vain
If you don't keep pace, you miss the train.

At the end of it we're all the same
Born free and shackled we became
At our every step, jump or climb
We're but mere slaves of time.

.Pd. is here

Sliced By Knife @!

proudly sitting
fear dosen't show
for fate that will follow
it dosent know.
when you slice it
and dice it
the juice spurts out,
satisfactory sound spills
from the killers mouth.

The knife tastes sweet

.Pd. is here

Smoker's Perspective

Smoking is bad for health,
Stop Smoking,
they all tell me
But I still smoke
and will do so
that is me you see.

Delving into 'me'
today I am here to give you my answer
as to why I smoke.
It's a smoker's perspective
the other side,
which no one ever gives.

I may be deluding myself by smoking
even though it is choking,
But this smoky delusion
i stand to enjoy.
Also I'm in love with my addiction
as it makes me vulnerable and more human.

Scripting my own death
leisurely with every puff
and I never seem to get enough.
Every puff is but a chance to defy rules,
to be called 'cool', I enjoy this
slow death, even if others think of me as a 'fool'.

Smokers die young, but who wants to die
old, graying and in pain?
Not me, for I am sane.
Smoking has been a friend
through every fall and rise and
to ditch a friend, that is not worthwhile.

Smoking is legal and if I make
it my physical, emotional and mental crutch
Am I a criminal in doing so?
I may be burning money, precious minutes of life

but I am happy to live my way,
with a cigarette to be my companion through every day.

.Pd. is here

Snowflakes

Snowflakes

one, two and three
many more float down now
for they are free.

Creating a bed
of serene white
the whole world glows
in the pure light.

(21 April,2006)

.Pd. is here

Spell Check

Spell receive...

[...errr

.....ummm]

(I'm thinking)

[R-E-C-I-E-V-E

Bingo...that's the spelling?]

(I'm improving)

No, No

Error Error

The correct spelling is

R-E-C-E-I-V-E

(Not again, these dumb spellings.

Complex English- I'm in a fix.)

Girl your spellings are pathetic.

Remember this rule – I comes

Before E except after C.

Easy, did you see?

(I don't seem to see)

(Yes, Yes

Success Success

I a loyal computer fan say) -

[MS Word is the best

No need to bother about mis-spellings

No need to give a spell test.]

(Next time when I need help

To spell

I'll dropp a line to 'Mr. MS. Word'

-Just wondering how Mr. Can be a Ms.-

And all shall be well.)

(15 July 2006)

.Pd. is here

Spring

It comes after the winters,
With it's own joy and flora.
The little flowers bloom with happiness,
And spread their wonderful fragrance.
The new leaves arise from the nodes
And look as if wearing red velvet coats.
The days are neither hot,
The nights are nor cold.
The sun is neither blazing
Nor is it mild.

So I think that spring is the
QUEEN of all seasons
And is the best one of all the four.

.Pd. is here

Stalker

On the full moon night that was...
...Dark, misty
Menacing shadows and clouds
Were playing games,
Hell was trying to break lose.

My legs cannot take more credence
Attempting to pull me down,
Legs conspiring with gravity.
Short spurted breaths
Heart banging against rib cage.
Signals of tiredness
Completely exhausted.
But I must run,
Faster than him – MY STALKER.
(To someplace safe.)

Pearly beads of salty water
Dot my petrified face.
Red blood leaves a trace.
Lip bleeds, cuts hurt
Thorns pierce my feet,
But ignoring it all
I scamper on, turning around
I see a bedroom of trees
Trees sleeping, world sleeping
Only me and him awake
Run, don't think, or my life he'll take.

Seeing a hut in distance
I decide to make it my refuge at once.
But the hunter is out to get me still
As my pace slows down, but I must survive
At all cost.

Hiding in the hut
Getting some respite
Seeing blackness around
And his shadow closing in

I curl into a ball
He trips over some object
And there he falls
Right in front of me.
I see his eyes
Reflecting what I'm most scared of
Heard a snickering laugh?
Such situations chop courage into half.

Pleading eyes, a whimper
And the KNIFE STRIKES....

...Blood oozes out
But it didn't hurt!

To my astonishment, it didn't hurt!
That's Odd...

What followed was...

A scream
...more screams.

And he collapses
Like a wasted lump.

Owls hoot my glory
How I made you believe
The victim was I in this story
When in reality the hunter was ME
And the hunted was HE!
(I sent him to someplace safe)

I admire the knife laced with blood,
My hunt is over - I go back in hiding
STALK you soon
On the night of Full Moon.

(18 August 2006)

.Pd. is here

Suite Yourself Terrorists!

Terrorist outfit leader
Is suffering from cancer,
Looking paler than ever,
Chances of his survival are damper.

He killed the inventor of cure for cancer.
Thus killing his last chance at survival.
He put innocent lives at stake and died himself
As part of God's punishment for his mistakes.

Had he not dropped the bomb,
Burnt the homes or not collapsed the towers,
He would have lived to see another day, but for
Being the slayer of innocent lives, he had to pay.

His gang of terrorists are fighting to take his position
To be the new leader, they're killing each other.
They chop their accomplices for position of authority,
In turn most lose their life when death plays naughty.
□

Stupid terrorists! Eclipsing their own fate
Scripting their own deaths.
Had it not been for their acts, the happiness
Of one and all in this world would have remained intact.

If only the miniscule brains of terrorists,
Could digest repercussion of which I speak
Terrorism would never have
Reached this alarming peak.

So Suite yourself terrorists!

(6 August 2006)

.Pd. is here

Take Away.....But

Take away my money,
But leave my happiness.

Take away my house,
But leave my survival instincts.

Take away my property,
But leave my family.

Take away my books
But leave my knowledge.

Take away my job,
But leave my peace of mind.

Take away my eyes,
But leave the vision for my future.

Take away my ears,
But let me hear what my heart says.

Take away my hands,
But leave my art for me.

Take away my past,
But let the future be mine.

Take away my support system,
But leave my zest for life.

Take away my all,
But you know what,
This girl will never give up
And fall.

(December 05,2005)

.Pd. is here

Take My Hand

Background: This poem is inspired from a sketch made by my brother which shows two hands that are intertwined.

Take My hand
Hold me tight
Love me tenderly
Through the night.
And in the morning
When the sun glows
We'll declare our love
And let the world know
For I'm tired of hiding
Behind closed doors.

So take my hand
Hold me tight
Love me in hiding
Just one last time!

.Pd. is here

Teacher Teacher! : Madcap

Oh! That's an easy question,
England is on the map.
Teacher fumed at my answer
And gave me one tight slap.

I asked you the continent England is in
Expected Europe as you answer;
And not that it's on the map
So walk off my class and don't come back.

Ma'am I was just joking
A few laughs to this boring lecture I was adding,
Since you're asking me to leave and gave me the slap,
I'll gladly go and take a small little nap.

I said that (^ ^) in the most polite way
The class clapped and made me their heroin* for the day.
Long live the 'mad caps' like me they said
Who endure slaps and make the most
Of it by taking a naps! !

Ps – Hindi film Actresses are called heroines: P

(27 May,2006)

.Pd. is here

Tennis

One to a side or maybe two,
Tennis players are very few.
But all those who play this game,
With their racquets achieve fame.

Learning tennis is not so tough,
But at first you may pant and puff.
Fitness is what this game demands,
If you have it, you can command.

Playing tennis gives loads of fun,
But it takes time to learn.
If you invest your time in tennis,
It will take you to London, Paris or Venice.

Losing a game is no big deal,
It turns your resolve into zeal.
So friends, heed my advice,
Make learning tennis your first choice.

.Pd. is here

The Day She Began To Write For Herself

The Stage Was Set
Preparation Was Done
Lines Were Written
They Would Please, She Was Certain.
She Had Practiced Hard
To Recite Those Lines With Finesse.
Anxious Was The Actress
To Begin The Drama
And Parade Her Breathtaking Spectra.

The Curtains Were Raised
There Was Pin-Drop Silence
Heart Racing With Anticipation
To Gauge The Spectator's Reactions.
Alas! There Was Not A Soul
No One To Showcase Her Talent To.
On This Stage Finely Prepared -
She Stood In Solitude, Trembling, Not Knowing What To Do
And Along Came Her Lines, Lines To Her Rescue.

Those Lines Were Her Own
No Window-Dressing
No Craving For the Best Crown.
She Was Playing With Words,
Building, Smiling, And Reciting With Grace.
She Was Anxious To Know How It Would Feel
When She Would Create Words From Her Heart
That Would Only Be Her Private Property And
Not Having To Care If The Spectators Agree Or Not.

...It Was The Day When She Began To Write For Herself...

And She Smiled With Satisfaction,
Because-
Even She Didn't Imagine It'd Feel So Good.

.Pd. is here

The Hungry Boy

Skin stretched over his ribcage
My eyes moistened looking at his feeble image.
Sweeping the floor of Borivali Fast
Approaching me with his hands outstretched.

His palms were stroking his sucked in stomach
Emaciated body shackled by hunger.
Eyes beckoning me to help his cause
I melted by his form.

Rained a few toffees in his tiny hand
And handed a bag of grapes secured by a rubber band.
His eyes lit up like a star-lit light
His smile, Oh, It was a one-time sight.

He walked to his mother, handed the food to her
She voraciously dumped some of it in her mouth
And also fed her younger kid
While the hungry boy just looked on.

I was shocked at his mother's behaviour.
Calling the boy back, I gave him a sandwich that I had.
He sat, but did not eat.
On asking him the reason, he replied-

'They're my only family, I can forego food and my health
But I can never give up on them
Because in this big bad world,
My family is my wealth.'

'Thank You Didi*', that's the last he said
I was overwhelmed by his act
And thought that on this life's stage
He was a boy whose maturity defied barrier of age.

Butterflies must still be rumbling in his empty stomach
He wasn't sad, for I saw the satisfaction in his eyes
On going hungry for a sibling and his mother
Thus keeping his family ties alive.

Family's happiness filled his stomach to the core.
He wasn't hungry anymore.

(28 August 2006)

.Pd. is here

This Feeling Of Being...

My stomach is rumbling
With fork and spoon I am fumbling
While I stare at the diners mingling.

I waft in the smell
Of good food – panipuri,
Pasta, pav bhaji and chicken tandoori.

The waiters go marching about
Serving food to – the couple,
The firangs and to the collegians (who are way too loud)

One, two, three and four...
I need food I can wait no more
Serve me fast cause I'm about to throw cutlery on the floor.

I see a waiter walking towards me
With a plate laden with guilt food
Just the kind I need to lift up my mood.

He turns right, looks at me
Ah! That's my order
I smile in glee.

Then he walks right past me
To the table at the end
Leaving me anticipating a meal
With my mouth wide open.

I detest such situations and the emotional overplay
One moment you are sure that something is coming to you
Then it changes track abruptly, and goes the other way.

And well, it leaves you with the feeling we all so-hate
This feeling of being so close, yet so far away.

(13 July 2006)

Meanings -

firangs - foreigners

panipuri, pav bhajia and chicken tandoori - Indian dishes.

.Pd. is here

Time Passed Us By

Side-by-side we sit
In the movie hall
Though hand in hand
But the mood is peculiar.
Hands entwined, hearts scarred
The picture looks perfect
But the story is all wrong.

Holding on, yet far away.
Lost is a precious thing as we
Pretend to walk on the love way.
The trick of eyes
And flutter of heart
The sensational love is now
Playing invisible tricks.

Side-by-side we sit
In the movie hall
Though hand in hand
But something is wrong.
The movie song goes on mute
The video goes blank
And our hands untwine.

Time just passed us by
Traveled somewhere else
Where two hearts meet
While our nest it abandons.

...Time just passed us by
Oceans welling up in the eye
As we realize that time just passed us by.

.Pd. is here

To All 'gossipy' & 'interfering' Aunties & Uncles

Talk about the newest affairs
Of teenagers of our colony, and
the aunties and uncles will know it all
And this I sometimes find funny.

They hear the gossip and pass it on
Be it grades, love life or even a breakup,
And the news of their beloved teenage sons and daughters
Reaches the parents soon enough.

When a girl is eighteen
The aunties and uncles will be most bothered
About marrying her off, and will land at her house
With prospective grooms – a certain Sharma or a Shroff.

If she refuses to marry at eighteen,
They'll say, with another boy she seems to be having a scene.
My son topped/my grandson did, he's now got a scholarship;
They proclaim this to the world and label a non-topper the 'black sheep' of the herd.

Mrs. Khan, I caught your son smoking
He's joined the bad boys gang and was seen flirting.
He's going off the track, do something
Before your parent-son fabric goes slipping.

Their grapevines like tongues go wriggling about – he failed, she wronged.
We know aunties and uncles you are higher in the rung
But aren't there other 'important things' in life that need your attention?
Like, your work, your kids, and their kids and your pension?

This is a teenager's open plea; we know you love us
And care for our well-being, but why meddle in our lives?
Why spy on us and talk behind our backs,
Give our report to parents; get us marriage proposals and all of that?

We know our boundary and it will not be crossed.
If we are the 'item' of your gossip, it means you are plain bored
But even then, why find pleasure at our cost? Do pay heed to our plea,

Thus on something, at least you and us would agree.

(27 June 2006)

.Pd. is here

To: An African Mother, From: A Malnourished African Child

Born in the famine struck Africa
Living at the age of five
You told me mother,
That I was lucky to be alive.

When my friends were dying of hunger
And my health too began to crumble,
We could not afford to buy food and healthcare things,
Owing to our meagre earnings.

The day that I bid good-bye to life
Vivid memories of you I locked inside
My life conveyed a grave reality
Of numerous malnourishment deaths, indeed a pity!

Maybe God had written this fate for me,
Dying, rather than living in pain was how he had planned it to be.
I know you wished I could live a while longer
But I ask of you to find your feet and be stronger.

Mother, I know you didn't have an alternative
You dug a shallow pit & let my body rest in peace.
No Gravestone, No mark to identify my tomb by
Not even a picture of me, to look at and cry.

Standing here at heavens gate
I see you, moving on in life ahead
I have of God just one complain,
Why such short life span did you paint?

Mother, now that I no longer exist
Don't ever strike me off from your 'I love...' list!
Remember me as a glorious flower
Who happened to spread joy, though just for an hour.

.Pd. is here

Two Cities

From my city of streaming emotions,
Your city is mysteriously appealing.
My yearning communicated to you
By the phone lines of unexplained.

Magical attraction, Electric currents
Artificial flowers emitting scent
Bells ringing for the blooming love.

Echoed your voice to my yearning.
My inner city grew warmer with light
Giving me your heart,
You held me tight.

I saw what your heart held inside
The breath and length and everywhere
It was engraved-

"Preeti"

On my name, my body and my soul
You've successfully laid your claim.
My city you've enslaved
In this amorous slavery.

The fog envelops the cities
But neither is sulking, because
Adorned are the two now
In fiery jewellery.

(18 August 2006)

.Pd. is here

Unappealing Blank Papers

All the blank pages
Normally would invite
A pen to leave a mark
Wooing the writer to
Print their memories
Of good times
And otherwise.
But these pages –
Crisp and white
Hold no appeal
For me to draft out
A blueprint of my mind,
Because when the mind
Is not at peace
Its best to withdraw
Rather than to destroy
The Beauty of paper
And to make them
Messsed up just like my life-
'Where the AFTERMATH
Stretches into infinity.'

.Pd. is here

Unknown Sister

I asked for a sister and soon after -
You breathed in my mothers womb
The garden of our family seemed to bloom
A Joyous life ahead was what we all assumed.

Alas! To the dawn you never awoke.
How can I possibly remember the face I never got to see?
Tell me, how do I love the one who never got to be?
How do I mourn the death of the one who never knew me?

'Love you ', my unknown sister!
You are an angel in my memory,
You lived a life of darkness, though in a hurry
This bitterness and antagonism, how can i bury?

You Live in my dreams
A life like no one else has ever seen
My stillborn sister we both are akin
In your next birth your luck will surely grin.

Life's a see-saw of joy and pain
And for many, like you, its ceases to begin
Having lost out in the game of life, but deep within
My Portarit of thoughts - a chance to live you deserve to win.

*Not based on authors personal experience

(Written on November 08,2005)

.Pd. is here

Up On A Shining Star

Wings of dreams
And shine of pearls
Away from worldly schemes,
That's where we're perched-
Up on a shining star,
Where senses are stirred, by-
Saccharine fragrances, twang of guitar,
Taste of ecstasy, touch of skin and
Gazing at you, my sweetest sin.

Up on a shining star, the
Moonbeams shine on us
Glowing in approval of our sacred love.
The sky erupts in a show of dazzle,

Because,
Every love story is special and
Every love story is worth of
Growing wings of dream and shine of pearls.
Every love story is worth of
Escaping worldly schemes and to be perched
Upon a shining star!

.Pd. is here

Victimized Lovers

Victimized stands the love
Thanks to the many wrongs.
Separation prolonged
As the misunderstandings came along.

Victimized lovers
Do not contemplate,
Rekindle the flickering fire
Before it's too late.

Victimized lovers
Right the wrong,
Go back to where you belong
Keep on singing the love song.

(22 May,2006)

.Pd. is here

Voice Of The Sea

Blue expanse
Stretched to infinity.
Waves create patterns
With every
Rise and fall.
Waves are the voice
That the sea
Uses to reveal
All the sagas untold
Of mermaids, sailors
And the unexplored,
Bringing to light the secrets
That every dropp of this
Infinite blue expanse holds.
In hearing the voice
Of waves, I rejoice,
I decipher their code
And find my self
Falling in love
with this blue abode.

(20 April,2006)

.Pd. is here

We Call It Faith

The dust settles and past has been locked
Roads are empty where you once walked
The veiled songs of when you were young
Never seem to be back on your tongue.

Something's changed, yet somehow it is the same
Stuck in a rut of time, yet the clocks' hands tick away
Too afraid to let the past spill on the canvas of today? -
Just look up at the sky
And he will show you the way.

Images unpleasant, your conscience will decay
You've saved the hurt for a rainy day
Changing the photo on the photo frame
Your misplaced life you're trying to reclaim.

The rain is lashing down hard, yet the sun is bright
The past re-plays before your eyes
The script is re-written and you've come clean
Metamorphosed routine-a role has been essayed
He has shown you the way.

(5th December 2006)

.Pd. is here

What To Write Here

There is so much i know,
So much to express
Ideas bubbling in my mind.
Not just now, but all the time.

Despite of all this,
I'm in a fix
Whether to write a poem,
a story, or both their mix.

My mind is going wild.
A suitable topic i cannot find.
My thinking cap is not responding,
It's just going Bing Bing.....

My piece poem is today due,
Oh someone please come to my rescue.
Confuzzled I'm pacing everywhere,
But ok people i still don't know what to write here.

-(inspired by one of my pals MSN quote which said ' ok people i still don't know what to write here ')

.Pd. is here

Yellow (Colour Poem)

Yellow are the taxi tops
the butterflies and bumblebees
juicy lemons, sunflower
and falling leaves.

Yellow is for egg yolk
a fever's name,
the colour of yellow pages directory
the warning card given to players.

Yellow is for sun
ornaments of gold,
colour of papers
that are preserved and old.

Yellow are the mustard fields
the colour of banana peel that
I stepped on and tripped
also a colour of wisdom and intellect.

Yellow is for charming smilies
for youth, exhuberence and cowardice
yellow is for warmth and inspiration
to make people smile is its purpose.

(15 May,2006)

.Pd. is here

You

My dad wrote this poem for me.
i love it! !

YOU

Years of labour and toil was there
You had very few moments to spare
To indulge into your worldly desires
In You, was burning the achiever's fire

You were calm n composed all through
We used to panic and had no clue
That in you there was a genius like few
Full of confidence of making the dream 'true'

You have done us all proud
We feel as if on the ninth cloud
If ever a greatest joy to be found
You gave us that and happiness unbound

Yes, it is true that I should have been there
But that is not the cause for you to despair
Your 'Mom' guided you square and fair
She was there at the moment of rapture

We would make up for the lost chance
Soon we would have fun and dance
You can conquer all that you aspire
May you achieve whatever you desire.

- Harshad Datar

.Pd. is here

Zzzz Beauty Standards

Don't read fashion magazines,
They'll make you feel ugly;
With polished faces staring back at you
Your face may suddenly start to seem like a cluttered view.

Don't flip through diet and exercise books
They'll make you feel fat and the fat syndrome blues;
With the sight of JLO butts and 36-24-36 figures
Your regrets will grow and depression will be triggered.

Don't measure yourself by the worldly beauty standards
They'll make you feel like a good for nothing;
With stick-like bodies labelled as perfect
Your self-esteem will dip and you'll be left to fret.

Don't go on being obsessed with your exterior
Shun the layers and discover the interior;
Grow to accept yourself and work up your charm
Make your own beauty standards Girl, take the world by storm!

(Written on March 21,2006)

(Edited on 10 April,2006)

.Pd. is here

Zzzz Confession

There's a Thought crowding my mind
Explanation to which i cannot find.
To Love or Not To Love that is the question,
Please don't leave, hear my confession.

In Love i was, but not anymore,
Listen up, my heart will pour.
You Left me, Still don't know why....
I can't help but cry and cry.

Thinking all this while our love was true,
If only i knew,
Dreams will break in time,
don't fall in love, it's a crime!

You've disapperared from my life
Though the memories are still rife.
Wish i had known from the start
that you were playing with my heart.

You are no more synonymous with me,
Don't go chaeting another woman, just coz now you are free.
Believe me, it hurts, so I am here to say,
Now that I'm outta you, I can get through the day.

(Written on November 05,2005)

.Pd. is here

Zzzz Crust Vs. Core

Learning comes in many forms
In life's open school
Even observing kids behaviour
Will help u learn lessons beautiful

We laugh at the kids
For the silly things they do
But just stop and wonder
Are there lessons for us too

A kid munching on bun
To my surprise very great
Left the crust untouched
Only the inner soft core he ate

Herein was a lesson to learn
For finding happiness we all yearn
How will this happiness be earned
When all our energies are burned
On the crust which is our concern
Whereas net sum of life's zing
Is in its softest part to discern

So friennds,

Look beyond the trappings
And look deep within
The crust may be misleading
Strive to reach the core
It is joy of simple things
Which makes your life worth much more..

.Pd. is here

Zzzzz Alone

Will a friend fly here
Among the gulls that glide and cry,
And erase all the mortification
Just to end this life's taxation?

Will a friend float here
Among the waves that rise and fall,
And break upon the rocks
To shatter lies that stand tall?

Will a friend walk here
Among the numerous passerbys
And fight for my rights
On all the days and nights?

Will a friend swim here
Among the sharks that create terror and fear
With strength and courage
Just to save my jagged life?

Or will I sit and sob
Among the winds that swirl and twirl
Only to unfurl
A life with beauty all around
But no human support to surround.
Does that mean all I can do is moan and groan
And nevertheless be on my own - ALL ALONE?

- (Written when in Std Xii)

.Pd. is here

Zzzzz Book Talk

Why are you not talking to me?
I hold treasures just come and see
Come rustle my pages
The knowledge I hold spans ages.

Look at my jacket
It's art at its best
I'm dressed to seduce
Come set the wisdom on loose.

Feel my binding with your hand
It speaks of the bookbinders work grand.
Don't fold my pages or give me dog-ears
My glory and my value it smears.

Here I am, a Book for you,
As a companion I hold vast value,
Cherish me and I'll be your friend
Will make you wiser and set your insights on ascend.

When the night is long and cold
Curl up with me to listen to tales untold.
When there is nothing better to do
Come to me, we'll talk, me and you.

(7 July 2006)

.Pd. is here

Zzzzz....Divided, But United In Grief

The British sowed the seeds of anguish
'Divide and Rule policy' was on their list
They spread their fangs using our society's cracks
Old, young and ladies,
None was spared in their attacks

The British rule over India
Came to an end
The efforts of Mahatma, Bhagat Singh
And many more
Bore the fruits of Freedom.

1947 is the year to remember, when
The demand for a Hindu & Muslim state was politically driven,
The partition left our forefathers grieve stricken.
Amidst the frenzy and the bloodshed
Both Hindus and Muslims were sent to deathbed.

The Hindus got India
And Muslims - Pakistan.
The Unity was raped
Via sentiments of differences.
Though divided by border,
They were united in grievances.

Then came Kashmir, God's own Valley,
The hostility and terror, the figure is sorry.
Terrorists with misled notions
Attacked Hindus and Muslim alike
Causing hatred on the name of religion with every new strike.

Mohammed Khan and Ram Sharma, both died
For the bullet knew not their religion
This is the irony of the great divide.
The snakes will try to divide and rule
But the survivors should learn from their blues.

Gujarat saw the burning down of Sabarmathi Express
Engulfed in fire were the innocents,

This horrific violence had many witnesses.
Riots broke out and mobs were wild
The fire was just an accident, the Godhra report filed.

Was the train set on fire by a Muslim mob?
Or did the fire really started within the train?
Whatever the cause, this looks like another case
To trigger disputes on no concrete base.
And so the naïve Hindus and Muslims again fought.

They'll divide you for their selfish reasons
They'll snap your bonds with friends
Of other regions, castes and religions.
Even though the partition of 1947
And many more dividers were strewn,

In these divisions all sang the 'mourning' tune.
The people from diversities were united in grief,
Then why can't we extend this unity
For mankind's relief?
Can't we, the God's equal children
Live Beyond the barricades - as one?

If the flame of grief can unite
Then in the candle of
'Unity in Diversity' too
We can alight!

(10 July 2006)

.Pd. is here

Zzzzzz 'beware'ation

Sharing a life together
In your marital bliss (or bliss was never?)
You kiss her before going to office.
She cooks for you, does all the washing
And bears your child.
Do you give her enough attention?
Or are you in need of this 'beware'ation?

Is the woman you call your own
Thinking of you when she's alone?
Does she see you in her dreams?

Beware you unaware husbands
While you are at work
Earning those bucks, she might be
In her fantasies with another He.

He kisses you before going to office
A Mama's boy that's what he is.
You wait for his salary and spend it freely.
And you Share a life together
In supposed marital bliss (or missing bliss) .
Does he fulfill your whims and fancies?
Or are you in need of this 'beware'ation?

Is the man you call your husband
Thinking of you when at work?
Or does he dream of another woman holding his hand?

Beware you innocent wives
While you share your bed,
Your life, He might be
Thinking of another man's wife.

Sharing a life together,
You may fake it in your marriage;
But no matter how hard you try
You cannot get inside your spouses head,
And find out whom they're thinking of

When they lie with you on the bed
So just Beware...
...Because what you see is not what you always get!

(10 July 2006)

PS - I don't think Bewareation is a word. I used it in this poem because it sounds good to me, even though it might not exist. LoL

.Pd. is here

Zzzzzz Angel

You Are My Angel
The Best Gift There Could Ever Be
Bringing Fresh Course To Life
You Truly Complete Me!

I got you, I think i was surely blessed upon
Though the wings you loved were gone
If you would still have had them
Our togetherness, How would it stem?

You Smile like the rising sun
You Cry like the rains
You Laugh like the cool air
Every Act of Yours is a Lovable Affair.

You carried my burden
And taught me they reduce when carried by two
Today when we both bid our adieus
I knew our lives would start anew.

You were my angel, need i say i really miss you?
But if you had stayed with me here any longer
Your friend's from Heaven would get eager
Cause they Would also be missing their 'ANGEL' and that's you.

(Written on November 11,2005)

.Pd. is here

Zzzzzzz Darling Computer, Please Come Alive!

Yesterday I played with my computer.
He sang songs to me, helped me simplify my work
Also confused me with his complexity;
But today it's unwell,
Oh, What a pity!

The rains came, the lightning struck
Electrical charges got transmitted to him.
Zrrrrrrr...
His electronic emotions let out a spark
And before I knew it his face went dark.

I let the rains reduce
On the problem at hand I mused.
My darling, computer was very sick
Pressing his buttons, I waited for it him to light up his face
The wall clock kept ticking, but he showed no recovery (trace) .

I called the Electronics Doctor to cure him.
Asked Doc to give him anti-virus or a hard disk replacement.
He still didn't turn on and all cures went to vain.
I guess he was too scared to open his eyes
Lest the water would pour again.

Darling Computer, please come alive
I cannot live without you, even for a while.
Either he loved and missed me too much
Or he no longer was scared of rain & lightning
For that evening he lit up his screen with the sound of 'ting'.

I danced with joy and flirted with him
He allured me to romance him and for me he did sing.
I made a promise to protect him from rain and lightning
So that he never gets mad at me and never makes a fuss
And we lived happily ever after- the two of us.

(26 June 2006)

.Pd. is here