

Poetry Series

pranav siva
- poems -



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Glimpse Of A Miracle

Things that lie out of our plane of existence
With sounds that has the power to awaken your true self
Syllables that actually connote with these sounds to produce other worldly effects
Awakens the sleeping serpent of the life force within
Nothing of these can be proved under our bounds of time, space and causation
Leading to the Realm of warmth, peace and stability
Coil of bliss that unravels, remains inexpressible with words
Nothing has changed, in fact everything is different
You will learn to unlearn and bust all the myths
With the ability to perceive the world through better outlook and nobler deeds
Mother nature soothes you like never before
Sun shines with a bright radiant glow
Waves of sea will fix you like hell
With breezes humming like a pleasant melody
Twilight and nightfall gives a hope of tomorrow
Flames burn with a sacred power
Rain and clouds as a pleasant whisper
In everything we see, we look at our own selves
With our heart as the witness
Peace of mind and balance as a game changer
Process over the prizes as a new order of the day
Good and bad, Win and lose, Strong and weak, love and hate, truth and lie
Are nothing but options that the creator intended you to choose
Once these barriers collapse, selfishness departs
Selflessness prevails and you will never lose
Entity of time is just to contain and camouflage the movement of atoms,
molecules and matter
Vibes of transformation with an eternal bliss
Now wake up and go face your trials and devils at work
Glimpse of a miracle is all that you need.

-Pranav

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Exile

Time as it happens, waits for no one
Quest awaits, a projection of anonymity persists
One among many, yet you remain untraced
Camouflaged among the mob, old habits die hard
Gust of wind persists, intending to knock off your sails
Sandstorms embark, unfailingly kind to see your ruin
Glimpse of betrayals and sufferings widen the keyhole within
Mother who guides you from edge of time, and nature as a witness
Trials and sufferings that your peers can scarcely imagine
Quenched fists, yet incapacitated with neck on the line
Evils that lurk in and out, unknowingly tempers the hero within
Awakened your true self, miseries lodged at end of Mother's stare
Reborn from the ashes, death is not only once
Reloaded, yet fire burns within
Boundaries break, unlocking a new vision
Nothing has changed, but the way you see is definitely not the same
Impeccable desire to prove yourself, shines like a bright golden glow
Endure it all, you won't regret it
Exile, definitely not for every small timer.

-Pranav

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There Is No Coin

Wanderer as one of many, Loner is not one of them
Suffering as it may seem, but you will be happy about it
Dark times you might stumble upon, but light lies ahead
Despite initial laments, great peace awaits
Although jeopardy exists in us, mother earth pardons
More the horror in torments, more inward you look
Perils persist, but strengthens you to live above devils
All contrasts happen to be two sides of same coin
But we always look back to realize
There is no coin.

-Pranav

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