

Poetry Series

Pranesh Patil
- poems -

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Pranesh Patil()

Dear Sis

Ay! sis,
We will miss you..
For years you stayed with us..
Now you depart with heavy heart.
Adieu..

Pranesh Patil

Dream

I do dream, of how sweet is life...
when I see that girl..
who made my dream so nice.
A short story of you and me..unwinded itself in the midst of night,
In which you appear distinct and walk me through...
The alley lit low.. the path which you only know..
Draped in long white gown and your blue gleaming eye...
with the lace untied, while the gentle wind blows your brown hairs away...
silent and swift is the every step you take...
the closer I move the further you walk...lost again in the darkness of night.
the longing for you has never been too long...
you make me dream and take me along...
I am again in that jocund company of yours..

Pranesh Patil

Fancies Of World

How do you fancy in this world...
Sing for people, to enchant their minds..
Or dance like couple, for people who cheer..
Make an art with false colors, which people stare and adore..
Or make a sport, to get fame and some sweet money...
Make a garden where jasmine smells..
Or make a doctor, where spirit smells..
Make an engineer who makes marvel wonders...
Or make a sculpture, for minds who pray..
Make a home for that family you care,
Or just leave home if you really care..
Make a love with someone dear,
Or make people who love you sincere..
Make a life so sweet and sour..
For all the mistakes you make...
For the people who hate..
Be so selfish to lead your life..
For someone who loves..
Lives upstairs..
For all he cares of what you do..
Let him do and you just act..
Be yourself and just react..
For all this world is a fancy jinx..
Jumble and rumble with someone or none
For true love is just a silhouette out of this world..
Which we see and live.

Pranesh Patil

Green Wind

A walk along the mountain roads,
curvy ends and hairpin bends,
tarry roads and jagged stones,
pointed to sky like a never ending lane,
lush green grass on the roadside ends,
pampered by the winds and mountain breeze,
wave to me as I stood nearby,
aroma of the winter grass that grew,
tall and strong as ever new,
pearls of dew glittered on its perch,
adorned and beautiful like a marriage queen,
rivulets of water trickling down the lane,
pure and chilled by nature's touch,
flowed on my feet and refresh my thoughts,
white clouds that float nearby,
carries with it my package of cry,
and relives me with moments of joy,
everlasting bliss and empty mind,
is all I seek from nature divine,
a shallow murmur from deep inside,
swells out now and then to tell,
I want you there below the sky,
where I rest and you walk by,
always fresh and always new,
into the green wind which you flew.

Pranesh Patil

Half Mystery

In abyss of my heart, a mystery unsolved..
a thriller, riddle and abstruseness.
Blood in the veins flow a million times..
gushes to the heart like.. kid back home..
to unfold the story which happened elsewhere..
some happy and pain in a tidbit quatrain.

My heart beats a million times..
fast and furious..in a rhythmic style..
for it has to listen a while and transmit a mile,
to a friend on board, who is floating erstwhile..
foretell the worst and retain the rest..
some bitter, some spicy and sweet memories it contain.

Tonnes of data processed as it is piled,
I dont know.. what happens of me is wild,
my mind sinks in and body defused,
charming face has a fate disgraced,
mystery unsolved evolves around me,
rhetorical question half answered - only by me, only by me!

Pranesh Patil

Hot Tea

Long day after work,
tired and gruesome.
I need to rejuvenate.
Replenish my soul..
Energize my body.
A porcelain cup with some hot water..
Hanging bag with ginger-basil powder..
Dip n Dip..for a stronger concentrate.
Heal my mind with soothing aroma.
Take a sip and throat burns in..
A potion, a sedative..has gone within.
I am lost in paradise of concoction..
Now re-vitalized and stronger as new.

Pranesh Patil

I Want To Be That Child Again.....

I want to be that child again,
With the little pony and skirt of fame
I want to be that girl again..
With chubby cheeks and gleaming eye
With sweet red lips and its music rain..
I want to be that girl again...
When the world was me and all loved me,
Whilst the drops of pearls hurled over my cheeks....
I want to be that girl again...
Mumbling stories day and night..
The whole world listens and forget their thoughts,
I want to be that girl again..
Where I built my castle with sand,
And that moment of joy in my parents eye...
I want to be that girl again...
Where I have a world of my own...
With none to gain but to win,
The hearts of those,
Whose promise I broke,
The eyes of those,
Where I am lost.
I want to be that girl again..
The inner me,
Not a reflection again.

Pranesh Patil

Longing

It's a hot summer day,
Longing for a rainy day.
The sun shines hard and sets very wild..
For the summer sun, it's your turn and
we're now on a hot cauldron.
Day and night with thirsty throats..
It's a hot summer day, It's a hot summer day
Longing for a rainy day

The leaves lose color and leave them tanned.
The flowers shed and the petals refuse to bloom..
The grass turned hay and no dew drops stay..
It's a hot summer day, It's a hot summer day
Longing for a rainy day

The koyal, the parrots have stopped singing,
Thirsty birds now fly in scarce..
The rivers and streams have dried to form
An deserted land with a cracks on them.
It has now the phase for the water race.
It's a hot summer day, It's a hot summer day
Longing for a rainy day

The buildings that soar high into the sky,
The gardens of the rich still bore the lush green grass
Farmers and the poor are in a infinite wait..
As their see up the skies and hope again
It's a been hot summer day, It's a been hot summer day
Mercy on the souls with a rainy day, with a rainy day...

Pranesh Patil

Love

To talk, to see and to lie..
Ancient art of love sciences..
Splash in! just get wet.

Pranesh Patil

Metronome Life

When I..
pluck the string...
I know...
it's sometimes wrong and some right like always new..
When I..
Re-tune my strings..
I still hear a noisy hue..
An hazy tone with nothing new..
When I..
Make an attempt..
Broken..make me feel guilty now..
But all then..
I re-frame the wires..
of all the broken stings and make a tune...
This time..
I hear a tune..
of all the ones have broken..now I learned to play new...
One and many of them I held to play the blue...
Now that I learned to play you.

Pranesh Patil

Misty Window Pane

Misty window pane
woven by the silky rain,
Sparkling droplets of water
burrow down in a narrow lane.
Bokeh of colors as you look by..
gleaming and shining on my hazy pane
broken reflections inside of me, as i see
are drawn with some truth and some lie
I love to draw when it rains..
emotions, drawings and something more insane.
Wish my memories were so mortal,
erase with ease when it rains.
Just to realise life..
when it rains,
to be the same..
for loss or in gain
be it boon or bane,
i have none to give or to take!

Pranesh Patil

Morning Guests

I woke up on a misty morning..
Drooling and yawning..
And still trembling..
In a sleepy hallow..
I hear a chirp...a pleasant sweet music
I was at glee for a moment..
Not in a dream...
Neither my imagination...
I opened the door...
Ah! There I saw..

Three guests in my garden..
Hopping in the rose shrub..
At a glance I saw them three..
Glad to see those brown and white feathered little guests..

After a long long time...
In my abstruse memory..
had faded and lost the charm..
Retained its bliss when I saw the pretty guests...

I remember once seeing them I my house..
Where they sheltered below the thatched roof..
And came out once a while..
flying in the library halls..in the every noon
My heart filled with happiness when I saw them all...jumping and hopping
In a flight with her friends..
I love them all.

My friends return after a long long time...
Now in my garden had got some charm..
We all have reason to live..
My heart resents to see you more
Flying with your friends....
With some more friends waiting for your return..
The endangered charm...the sweet little bird - the sparrow.

Pranesh Patil

Mother

Modest

Of

The

Hundreds and thousands of

Earthly and heavenly

Races in existence..! ! !

Pranesh Patil

Never-Ending Love

Mother O mother, thou love lasts for ever..
How could I just not be happy
When you make we wear the little pinnafore,
With flowers on it painted red and blue

I would play with the dirt and grit,
Return home in a filthy outfit
But I know you mother and the anger in your eyes....

Mother O mother, thou love lasts for ever..
How could I just not be happy
When you make me wear the white bead
necklace,
Of glowing white and daziling beads.

I got in a tug of war with friends,
My friends pulled down the beads of the neck,
I realised the folly I did...

Mother O mother, thou love lasts for ever..
How could I just not be happy
I wish to fly in the sky high, with no limits and bounds unknown, like the bird in
the sky...

I am happy in the Lord's own land,
With happiness around and inside of me,
The eternal bliss and my mind drawn inwards,
Old dirty clothes is what I need, because I know I am pure indeed.

Pranesh Patil

Rain On The Way

Stormy winds and leaves hustling,
Dark and cold was the room inside,
Rain on the way, Rain on the way,
Sway, Sway, Sway....

Clouds of the sky wore black-grey shade,
Window pane shimmered a sharp white light,
Rain on the way, Rain on the way,
Sway, Sway, Sway....

Hustle of the leaves on the tarry road,
A mystical anthology had already begun,
Rain on the way, Rain on the way,
Sway, Sway, Sway....

Fragrance of the soil and the fresh green grass,
Some hot steamed coffee and blithe-full mind,
To wash my past and brace the present,
Rain's on the way, Rain's on the way,
Sway, Sway, Sway....

Pranesh Patil

Retrospection

One day we'll look back at this and smile,
when we walked hand in hand and prattled for a while
for the place we met near a busy market, for the world that moved and we stood
still,
sitting by the lake beside, just you and me and world aside..
swaying and singing in a sprightly dance,
with sempiternal glee and pristine love
with flowers of scent and soft gentle touch..
letters of love short and sweet..to construe the strength of perpetual love
clangorous bells on mountain top..juice of the cane at the temple stop..
stony seat on the temple lawn, we'd agree to sit and said no word,
for these moments in bliss..time just stops...
to capture those scenes..to rewind in fure..
when life is busy or our sins are done,
and if you have none..by the time then,
those memoirs come live..to keep you alive..
for the very essence of life is to cherish and nourish- the soul within and life
outside.

Pranesh Patil

Thou

Thou hast control lantern of light, Thou hast control aer we breathe....
May the sublime light shine on for ever..for the gratitude of your's is boundless
and selfless..

Tu es the master of my ship, tu es the guardian of sea...
May the ship of life sink not soon...for the modesty of your's is boundless and
selfless..

Thou rest over the cliffs and peaks, over the ridges and alps..
May the shower of love remain seamless as mountains...for the modesty of
your's is boundless and selfless..

Thou rest me in shade or burn in the daylight sun..
Tu es the chieftain of the sun, tu es the chieftain of moon.. for the modesty of
your's is boundless and selfless..

The lightening sky and the clouds that float..thou adorn..
For the boundless sky where the birds just fly....

The humming bee and music notes..
Echoes of nature...and in every soul..

for all the epics and this quatrain...
for all the faction in the world...thou lie within..
-The modesty of your's is boundless and selfless.

Pranesh Patil