

Poetry Series

Praveen Ranjan
- poems -

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Praveen Ranjan(17th November 1980)

Hi

I am Praveen. These poems reflect my feelings and emotions experienced in the past couple of years....please go through these poems and send your comments at np@.

Praveen Ranjan

A Little Sunshine

Looking out of the window
I see a bruised heart...

Walking on the pavement
Stumbling and perspiring
Struggling and striving
Bleeding and surviving

Tired of the journey
He looks back to gauge
In the distant past
And the long sojourn

Pristine memories
Priceless moments
A price too heavy to pay at the end

Pondering upon the achievements
 And mistakes
The impossibilities and the uncertainties

Each wound witnessing a fight
Valiantly fought, justly lost

Each wound had a story to tell
A journey of its own
A cause to justify

The only weapons that he had
Were honesty and courage.
Lethal they had then proved
Blunted now by overuse

Introspecting and analyzing
Questioning and speculating
'has the journey been worth the fight'

The wounds have multiplied
The energy subsumed

With no desire to move ahead
He decides to stand and wait

The day bows to him
The dusk brings respite
The pain sinks into his soul
The heart now in a ghastly plight

There lies the innocent heart
Lying on the pavement
Tired to resume
But far too proud to surrender.

"God must I continue! "
With feeble hands he prays
Proud soul he was
Now lying scattered on the floor

The unbearable pain
The ever-seething wounds
Making him weak
Forcing him not to move

The dawn appears
The sky hue
Gathering himself with dignity
Collecting himself with pride
He stands and resumes...

A little sunshine was all that was required
For the proud heart to stand and move.....

Praveen Ranjan

A Stranger In The Town

For years I have walked in these lanes
I know each brick and each pane
The same paths and the gardens
But today I am a stranger in the town

I see the same faces
Same people, same personalities
Walking, talking, stopping, scheming
I say hello and move on
Because today I am a stranger in the town.

I want you, I feel you
I desire you, I admire you
But today when I see you
I pretend otherwise
As today I am a stranger in the town

Praveen Ranjan

A Whisper Of Light

Someday

A whisper of light
will fall on this desolate stretch
bringing with it Life and Love

On that day

I
With cupped hands
will nourish it
with nectar of integrity
and
Honey of honesty

Caring it with unflinching devotion
nurturing it with unbridled love
protecting it with violent ferocity

That very day

The same whisper of light
will bring back
the lost sparkle
into my vacant eyes,
shine to my pale lips,
and spring to my tired soul.

Till that auspicious day

I
Must wait
endlessly
with divine patience
and parched lips

Till that auspicious day

I
must absorb the dirt and grime
that chokes my soul
and embrace pain and sorrow
and watch simple desires
die a valiant death

Someday
A whisper of light
will surely fall on this desolate stretch
bringing with it Life and Love.

Praveen Ranjan

I Stood By.....

I stood by all the while
Watching the events unfold
Trying to decipher the words
Of love and life
Grappling with the emotions
That they invariably bring
Watching sadly as they stroll by

Solitary acts of bitterness
Momentary lapse of tongue
Few words laced with insensitivity
Forgotten moments of togetherness

I stood by as they scarred
Watching helplessly being stabbed
With weapons of words and sentences
Made sharp with apathy and indifference

I stood by
As tears rolled
Eyes forced to dry
Lips smiled with pain
As life rolled by

I stood by and wiped those tears
As they dissolved the trust
One sentence haunting me now and then
'I can't support you time and again'

I stood by and asked myself
Where did I go wrong?
Was it too much of love
Which made me weak?
Or too little of it
Which made thy strong?

I stood by and got no answer
For the feelings god gifted
Destiny with its unknown wisdom

Contrived and conspired
To force me into your life

I stood by and remembered
Those promises
'Of cherished friendships'
Whispered with softness
Bonded by infinite trust

I stood by in solitude
Amazed with the wounds
How quickly have they festered
How rapidly have they progressd

I stand by in gratitude
For the time spent with you
And pray for your happiness
As life goes by.....

Praveen Ranjan

Life

Life

A bed of Roses
Thorns underneath
Roses bud and blossom
Thorns lying dormant
Roses wither and scatter
Thorns resurface on platter

Life

A series of happenings
Blank spaces, empty milestones
Perforated happiness
Disguised laughter
Brewing discontentment
Tranquil souls

Life

A sum of probability
A game of dice
Souls at stake
Floating dreams
Series of misses
Plethora of accomplices

Life

Constrained choices
strangled embraces
sum of parts
infinite void
winsome smile
pyrrhic victories
sad happiness

Life

constant wait
fulfilling disappointments
accumulated losses
invisible hand
thwarted temptations

salvaged souls

Life

appealing vices
fleeting friends
loyal enemies
contrived situations
stranger soulmates
complex simplicity

Life

living to die
perplexing wisdom
real mirages
true lies
half baked love

Life

continuous flow
flowing rhythm
organised chaos
chaotic Life
unifying chasm
divisive bonds
futile strength

Life

with all the above
enchanted enough
to live.....

Praveen Ranjan