

Poetry Series

Priya Yanambaka
- poems -

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Priya Yanambaka()

Impressions

Waiting in a dark room for your love,
I scribble your promises on my hand,
Breathing and dying like a trapped bird,
I fight with time again and again,
Will you let me write your story,
Will you let me bury my soul,
That screams your name on deaf ears,
And paints love for the blindfolds,
Will you let me write my story,
Will you let me bury your soul,
That crawls at my feet and cries,
To allow forgiveness to unfold,
In the dark room,
Where my impressions are incomplete,
And love will never repeat

Priya Yanambaka

Like A River

Like the random splash of water on a window,
Like the untimely breeze on a lonely shore,
We move through dimensions,
That are written and confined,
To the limits known only to the unknown,
And roll and suffice to the moments of each other.
Like the red riding hood walking on snow,
Like the ginger ale served in a brown bistro,
We dance to the tunes of happy and wise,
Who never sleep until midnight,
Waiting for the sunlight to rise bright.

Priya Yanambaka

Mallow And Mauve

When I was a child,
My father scribbled lies,
On houses that we painted blue,
And preached us anger and felony,
To fight with our mothers decency,
Of sharing and borrowing,
Of smiling and deceiving,
The truths of her entranced love,
That named us Mallow and Mauve.

Priya Yanambaka

Overlapped

Hues overlapped the seasons of smiles,
When you walked away,
Clouding minds with denial,
Swinging hearts with a sway,
Searching for lands and deserts so far,
To assemble mountains and lakes,
And make her forget the scar.□

Priya Yanambaka

The Topography Of Your Body

Like solving the mystery of a stranger,
The topography of your body unwinds,
Letting me outline your smooth hands,
Reflecting an endless journey of lies,
Carried by the curve of your shoulders,
That stops me to plunge deep inside,
Your heart beats resting,
Breathing and believing,
In my passion, so tender,
Filled with devotion and surrender,
Will calm down the ocean in your eyes,
Changing the game like an urban spy,
You tiptoe with smooth innocence,
Unlocking doors to my every defense,
And lead me to the planet of sensuality,
With the topography of your body.

Priya Yanambaka

The Universe Is Busy Tonight

Like the blend of arrogance in a symphony,
Crossing paths and diving deep,
Never falling sleep,
In the arms of solitaire,
They tricked and traded us,
For the land of mistakes,
To welcome planets,
And fill the gamut,
With lanterns and feathers,
Performing with poise,
To celebrate love,
On orbits above,
That merge into a turquoise,
For, the universe is busy tonight.
fantasy

Priya Yanambaka

Winter Comes Again

The snow melts away like it never belonged here,
Although I kept caressing her like a child,
She said she wanted to finish her vengeance,
On the other side of the wild,
Not long ago had she promised to never come back,
To the island of rogation,
Of imagination,
Of isolation,
Where they had destroyed every particle of the white,
That was never a threat, but a promise of the knight,
To protect the lands that stretched beyond the boundaries,
From the rulers of the dead who walked free,
From the signals of the civilized thieves,
Who only stole from the poor and poverty,
But, justice was waiting to perform,
On the minds of the deceitful wise,
With swords made of snow,
And words that cut like ice,
Making them wonder if winter had truly disappeared,
Or was simply beginning to uncover her beautiful fear.

Priya Yanambaka

With Hands Like Seasons

Sipping coffee and reading papers,
I let the years of memories rewind,
Like winter and autumn,
You held me so close,
Like spring and summer,
You let me unfold,
Those were days of joy and tears,
With every minute captured and feared,
Never to be forgotten in the winds of time,
Because you framed my soul,
So delicate and cold,
Wrapped in ribbons of golden,
With hands like seasons,
You covered every outline,
In directions, they had assigned,
And when some stranger would uncover me,
He would find a picture of a woman so blur,
Sipping coffee and reading papers.

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