

Poetry Series

Pulakesh Upadhyaya
- poems -

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Pulakesh Upadhyaya()

A Few Newborns

A few newborns
do not even get to realize
that there are better people
in this world than the ones
who killed them.

Pulakesh Upadhyaya

A Poem Travels

A poem travels

From the dusty lanes of the small town

To the games of hide and seek

Of grown-up bodies.

A poem travels

To the humid lanes of

The drunken city

With no night life

But rum and music

Where people tell secrets to themselves

Only to forget it the next night.

A poem travels

From the guilt of passion

To the exuberance of youth

From the strike of first love

To the sudden disappearance

Of the second.

A poem travels

By the sidewalks of a big city

Where kisses taste like

Some old digestive medicine

Although, sometimes, out of the blue

Some permanent ties get woven.

A poem travels

To the land of everyone's dreams

It smells like

Some old American deodorant

Every time it gets written

It gets stuck at some new virginity.

Pulakesh Upadhyaya

Ad Nauseum

We are not the tanks of battle,
We are miniature splinters
That cut through slender tissues
And create ruptures beyond repair.

Yet, we are never to be seen.

Our unseemly behavior,
Does never become
A part of any museum
Though we kill ad-nauseam.

Pulakesh Upadhyaya

Dead Love

When love drips out drop by drop

From the mouth of the dead lover

It becomes difficult to find out

The poison from the blood.

The blood that flows through the heart

Turns blue and red in turns.

The heart skips a beat every minute

And then consoles itself that it is not dead yet.

Every wing seems clipped for a second, and then

The flight of imagination suddenly stops.

Pulakesh Upadhyaya

My Regrets Are Over

Is it a child's play

That thoughts are a secret

That purity has no parameter
of judgment and degree.

I am happy it's pure.

But, you cannot judge it,
for the world is too much inside you.

You are but a slave
of this rhetorical world

You do not have the lens
to peep into it.

It is you who might regret
my regrets are over

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Noise

Noise is necessary

To make man aware of

The value of silence.

Sometimes,

when the world is stunned

into a deafening silence

The heart craves

for some deafening noise,

some good noise

which symbolizes man

which symbolizes life.

Pulakesh Upadhyaya

Poetic Ego

We do not talk of poets anymore.

We just talk of nuances,

Of the subtleties of verse,

Of random poets of fame

And look down upon

The gentry of the

Classless class.

Pulakesh Upadhyaya

Satisfaction

The storms will feel our calm,

The rains will cry in elation.

Our heartbeats will resonate

Our lips will tell

A thousand stories in a second

Yes, we made love to our souls

Our bodies will now sleep in satisfaction

Pulakesh Upadhyaya