Poetry Series

Pulakesh Upadhyaya - poems -

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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.

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.

Ad Nauseum

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

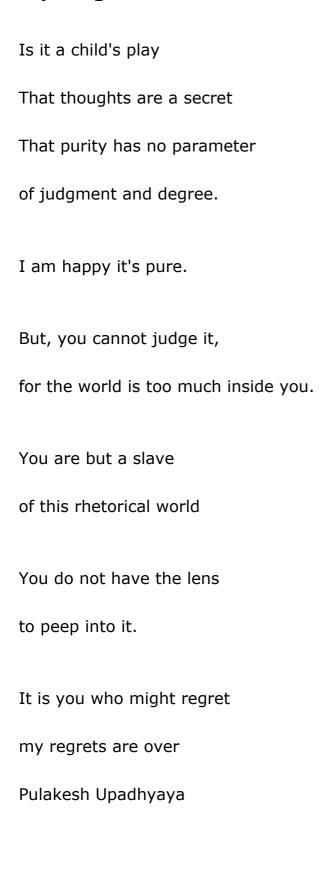
Yet, we are never to be seen.

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

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



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.

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