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

Pulakesh Upadhyaya
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