

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Living in the current age I have seen this world change around me from the slow and sultry to the fast and obscene, my poems reflect this change.If you find my poems interesting please comment on them.

A Man Fell On The Track

I am waiting at the station,
Amongst a line of faces,
It's a sweaty afternoon,
And my train as usual late.

My gaze it rests on this elder,
In a crumbled dark shirt,
Carry along a water can,
Shifting it between hands.

He seemed a bit impatient,
Pacing back and forth,
Looking again at the clock,
And kicking the dirty floor.

He looks longingly at the track,
And then in the direction,
The train will arrive soon,
Announcements sound suddenly.

I gazed around,
Letting my eyes to rest,
On the nearby TV screen,
Suddenly which came alive.

Onscreen these sprinters race across,
Dashing madly for the rope,
As the train whistled, one tripped,
And fell flat on the track.

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A Poetry Of Love

I wish I could Just sit,
With you by my side,
And watch the evening tide.

I wish I could ... hear you
As gently you creep up to me,
Those eyes shining with glee.

I wish I could lie besides you,
And watch your eyes.. sweet gems,
As sleep settles on them.

I wish you could hear me,
Sing aloud these lines to you,
Lines addressed to thee.

And I wish, a gentle breeze,
Would float it to you above,
This page ... this ... my poetry of love.

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Far From The Madding Crowd

The taxi screams at the bus,
As they compete in the rush,
From far and wide people converge,
Adding to this human surge,

Bikes and cars and buses and trains,
Congested streets and crowded lanes,
The city here, it never sleeps,
And we advance in bounds and leaps.

As we do whatever we can,
And stay ahead of the fellow man,
As pride and prestige mix together,
We see no friend, we see no brother.

Our sights are set on a dull vision,
And consider this our only mission,
And these road before us lead us ahead,
And we rather take it or be dead.

From childhood have I seen this life,
And am done with this daily strife,
Call me foolish, call me mad,
But I'll be poor rather than sad.

I am giving myself a rest,
Rural life is what suits me best,
Adieu to you oh life so loud! !
I move far from this madding crowd.

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Guess What?

Dashes of yellow make me up,
And with it shades of dark,
Again I am the same but,
After a punctuation mark,
I am what fire does to things,
And I am a doing too,
I may be associated with light,
But I am a perception too.

When I wrote this I knew what the answer is,
Now I forgot, can you guess it please.

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Homecoming

Shadows cast on paths all worn,
these paths that once lead to my home,
now these paths are all worn,
and through these paths I walked alone.

The solemn looking trees were old,
the sound of falling leaves was old,
as fallen leaves crumbled underneath,
I felt a sorrow down beneath.

The air kissed the sidelined trees nomore,
the birds they sang no songs anymore,
the house that stood there was home nomore,
it is unpopulated behide its doors.

The house is old and desolate,
It has elements the civilised hate,
but it has kept my youthful memories calm,
this house of old is where I belong.

To come back home I waited long,
I accept it as it is, for its where I belong,
in foriegn lands I felt its longing,
now I come back, this is my homecoming.

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Ideal Life

In times of joy, I laugh aloud,
and play the merry fool,
for life is a jolly journey,
which I enjoy with glee.

The tiny joys in life,
are ignored, but not by me,
I enjoy the little flowers bloom,
as well as the rattle of the broom.

My days under the sun, I know,
are few as such but still,
till my days are done, I will,
enjoy my life with thrill.

In this way I realise solace,
A self within a self,
In this way I live my life,
Which is the ideal way.

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It Had My Name

I trudge home slowly from work,
Wearing a vacant and lonely gaze,
Another uneventful day comes to an end,
In a line of similar days.

I fiddle for my light,
As I enter my dim lit lane,
Think I heard a crackling sound,
As I felt a jolt of pain.

My limbs don't hold me up,
As I crumple down into a heap,
The body it shivers a couple of times,
As it prepares for eternal sleep.

I don't know who had killed me,
Whom can I put the blame,
Death has finally found me,
With a bullet that had my Name.

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Lonely Existence

The recluse

My days are spent in solitude,
And nights in restlessness,
I oft speak to myself in,
A tongue unknown to most,
And laugh and smile and cry,
Knowing not which one.

The sound of insanity

I heard the sound of insanity,
On the corner of the street,
Leading to my apartment.

It was a howling or a cry,
Like a baby in a cradle,
Only it wasn't a babe.

I hurried when I heard,
Drawing away quickly from,
The house harboring the insane.

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The Dead

I feel today a divine bliss,
I don't know what to make of this,
I feel as light as birds feather,
And calm as seas in fair weather,
To Dimensions unknown now I float,
To Worlds and Planes far apart.

Now I look and find my place,
Through the dust, cloud and haze,
I see my body's still there,
And Vultures, Crows do pick and tear.

No feelings do I Know,
No Fear, Anxiety or Sorrow,
Father time has stopped for me,
No Knife or Sword can hurt me now,
I lie as if I sleep in bed,
Adieu, Onlookers, I am Dead.

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Unaware

I was born into the fields,
And grew along the stream,
I lived alone in darkness,
And sang the tale of light.

Days at end the birds and bees,
They floated in my air,
But I could only see them there,
Where none could ever be.

My days were total nights then,
Nights of thousand tales,
And each tale was a brighter gem,
But the brightest remained untold.

I dreamt a dream of serpent eyes,
Poisoning the dirty air,
I saw, feeding tubes come out,
From stranded Astronauts hairs.

Two colors of life I saw,
Right there in my dream,
One was red, the other green,
And both were pretty odd.

This dream I used to always have,
Until I woke alone,
All my days had by then passed,
Like sand out of my palm.

And as I sank into the murk,
I did behold the star,
Tomorrow maybe I will be there,
For now I will lie unaware.

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