

Poetry Series

RAJ VIKRAM
- poems -

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RAJ VIKRAM()

A Life

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In the dessicated pages
of life I struggled to find
intelligible words or thoughts
to coalesce together that
rather abstract notion that's me.

In the deserted alleys of
my fading memories I
yearned to cobble together
bits and pieces to erect
a monument of despair.

Gobbling up these dry
moments with perfunctory
raptness I try to gouge out
the pervading prescience
of the impending doom.

This last page extends
interminably or rather my
words dry up the moment
they are written and may
be that's veiled immortality.

Intangibles mushroom around
and the indefinite thrives as
I stand shorn of all pretensions
of right, wrong and the neutral.
Like a unique mendicant.

The book of a life unlived,
a tale of promise untold.
A procession of inanities
that extend from the infinite
past to the indefinite eventual.

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RAJ VIKRAM

A Plea To Time

Time stay put where you are
don't always move inexorably
Don't always be delusional
about your omnipotence.
For there are times when even you
fail to exercise your excesses.

Don't always be condescending
when you are on a conquering spree
There are realms which are
beyond even your metronomic
and delusional supremacy.
Just halt at times and reflect.

You can wither away the excitement
of youthful exuberance and can
scythe through our dreams which
are in flesh and blood and concrete.
That's your strength and you
reign supreme there eternally.

But in spaces where bonds
transcend the seen and the known
you will meet your adversary
and you will know defeat.
There lies the key to eternity
and where warmth thrives veritably.

Some emotions do inhabit
those spaces and they are
beyond your limits and powers.
Time be limited at times and
know that eternity is
not your exclusive fiefdom.

RAJ VIKRAM

A Preamble To Love.

Trembling fingers felt the urge
To touch the curly locks
that wafted in the wind with fragrance.
To caress those lovely cheeks.

Sprouting emotions in the heart
made the moment pregnant
as pangs of love rushed through
the veins with recalcitrance.

The seed of love that
made its way into the womb
of the heart ages ago
is now full grown and itching to be born.

Birth pangs now made cracks
in the nerves chilled with love
the moment stood still
as the pain of birth arrested the being.

Trembling fingers was the outlet
that the oozing love sought to flow out.
The enigmatic presence made
him tremble again and again.

At long last love flowed out,
in torrents and those lovely cheeks
knew caress of the sort
never known before.

Satiated it became,
but more remains to come
This is just a preamble
to the love that knows no end.

A love that will never be fully told
constrained as it is by
the confines of time.
Now, let this preamble amaze.

If the time allows the love to flower
For now savour this preamble
the first droplets of love
O satiety never rear your head.

RAJ VIKRAM

A Requiem

Tied to the pole of life
in the midst of prohibitive
winds of the grime
of time in garrulous form.

Emaciation became
the norm as the winds
blew with bludgeoning
vigour and heathenish bustle.

It was just a whittling
down of unstoppable
momentum as dust
from the being burst out.

The winds are sustained
ravenous and relentless,
that the being got pared
down in implausible fashion.

The skeleton only remains
as a remnant of the hopes
fizzled out, life not lived,
and urges brushed aside.

Now only the pole is left,
as a memorial of a life
that once wished to flower,
only to see the very bud nipped.

RAJ VIKRAM

Acclimatization

Bottom less depths, invisible summits
the world as we see parades
its paradoxes before
our awestruck eyes and puzzled being.

Being in consonance with the
variances on offer is the hurdle
that will keep coming up
if one decides to proceed with life.

Acclimatization is no stroll
it is like an ascent into rarefied
heights without the requisite gears.
But acclimatize one must.

Gear up one must, to adapt
to the delinquent ways of merciless
life that will mock by shifting
the goal posts at its will.

Acclimatization is what life is
all about, there is no such thing
as immutable here, just an inexorable
process of irreversible damages.

Transform on and on and be
just what the time demands.
Accede to time and acclimatize to until the culmination without fulminations.

RAJ VIKRAM

Adieu(A Tribute To A Retirement)

It is not pleasant to be
left behind, but it is indeed,
pleasant to feel fulfilled by
a presence of inexorable inspiration.

Adieu, is a matter of
routine for us and it is the
time's way of reminding that it
keeps tab on every movement of us.

Every moment that ticks on
is registered with metronomic
accuracy that is beyond
us humans, the insipid impostors.

But when you exited from the
castle that has invisible tugs
which ties down the most liberate
it could only be a matter of joy.

From now on when you indulge
with gay abandon, devoid of
strings this change of phase could
only be deemed as freedom unbound.

Soak into the new phase
with elan and move up the levels
that yearn to be scaled by
your colossal abilities.

And we will watch from the
sidelines with awe, and applaud
with glee and just for now
we just stand up and bid adieu.

RAJ VIKRAM

Aftermath

It is not a wallow in
the shallow of ordinariness,
it is a dive into depths
which leaves bruises
galore on the very being.

Love for the sake of it,
shed the addendums
that have made you,
the real you to disappear into
the cushy oblivion of reality.

Come out of the cocoon
be a butterfly, a multi hued
being with emotions galore.
Let us soak in myriad
colours and disappear.

It liberates to cease to be
normal, crushingly mundane.
Let us crisscross zillion times
with uncertainty and become
a lump of intangibles.

Then we can turn blind to
the aching sights of reality,
deaf to the sounds to
platitudes and paeans about
the scum of normalcy.

Let us raze those boulders
of prohibitive righteousness
and race ahead with heads
held high into the realm of truth
of neutrality and liberation.

Let us become miniscule
too miniscule beyond the
scope of the lens of reality.

Like bacterium and then eat
into each other and be nothing.

RAJ VIKRAM

Album

Capturing the moment
and then incarcerating it
forever immune to the
vagaries of time.

It is an exercise that
can exorcise the demons,
that consign the being
to relentless feel of being
inadequate to measure up
to the rampant merchant
of annihilation that time is.
As moments chip away
from life every emotion
and feeling, there is nothing
at all that's abiding.

Every impending micro
second gives birth to a
stranger utterly unknown
to the gobbled up being
of the evaporated moment.
Evanescence is life and
seizing a moment,
pulling out anything static
by the scruff of its neck
is an exercise in infinity.

To cease and then seizing
a moment will prick the
time which is haughty
about its grip over eternity.

Transience trample our
wishes and the quest to
leave an imprint is quelled
by intimations of mortality
that every next moment
keeps it in its recesses.

Thwarting the designs of
time is an exercise meant
for the alert beings who
show the audacity to lock

horns with the formidable
adversary that time is.
Gouge out moments
stealthily from time and
assemble it and preserve
it to feel a hollow yet
fulfilling sense of having
vanquished the invincible.
An album of such moments,
keep it close by to the being
and delve off and on into
its innards to feel immortal
till that inevitable moment,
when the being is no more.

RAJ VIKRAM

Anarchist

There was that anarchist
who hated the limits,
but was bogged down by them.
Cringed, cried, lamented
yet end of the day remained
the boring same.
Escape routes were there
dime a dozen but
couldnt move even a wee bit.
Stuck in the rut of
stymieing constance,
the urge to move on has
disappeared into thin air.
There was that anarchist,
who was still born.
Now there is that conformist,
dragging on hopelessly.

RAJ VIKRAM

Antique.

I got an antique
while I was traversing
the long paths of life
I didn't know its value
as I hated to evaluate
anything in life.

My instinct told me
that it was an antique
because it had a
timeless beauty about it.
Though I doubted my
ability to gauge
beauty of any kind
I parroted Keats
'A thing of beauty
is a joy forever'

I felt rapturous as
the antique rested in
my uncouth and rugged hands,
my antics changed and
I seemed a born again man
to the sceptic world outside.
I didn't try to value
this hallowed antique
and hid it from all
but its beauty pervaded
my being unknowingly.

What is this antique?
Why did it make its way
into my hands of all?
Questions welled inside
Then it dawned upon me
this antique is a
golden moment stolen

from the shores of yore.

That golden moment
in the infinite past
gave me fleeting glimpse
of the intransient.

Then it was golden
and throbbing with life

Now it is an antique

But I know its value.

RAJ VIKRAM

Be In Love

I sought the limit
in you my love,
I yearned to make
our love a rendezvous
with relentless risk.

In love what else
is there but a leap
to the unknown.
Call it love and then
seek secure pastures?

Then it becomes conditional
unconducive for the ethereal
and enrapturing elation,
slumping into an unedifying
slugfest of barren minds.

Summon the wares
to surmount the hurdles
of the enervating
extraneous and the
muddles of self doubt.

Liven up and levitate
to the level of
the limitless harmony
of tumultuous togetherness
and claim to be in love.

Tethered to the shores
of safety and comfort,
then yearn to be gobbled
by love is a loathsome stroll
in the finite plains of futility.

Love is but a terrain
untamed and a road that
winds into the dizzy levels

of transcendence and
not a wade in the marshes.

Masquerade into myriad
forms and bequeath
the buzz of the infinite
to the being and be
in love, really in love.

RAJ VIKRAM

Be Religious

Adhere religiously to norms
imposed by an abstract entity.
wage war, take vow to shed blood
or even sacrifice life
Yes, be religious, unerringly so.

Let the blood boil with passion,
allow oneself to be wounded
easily for even perceived insults.
Adhere to the principles with
severity like a possessed being.

Be proud about your religious
identity even when you feel
embarrassed about all other
attributes that are yours.
just be religious day in and out.

Never ever allow reason to
raise questions to you.
Mangle sceptical thoughts right
at the point they rear their head.
Be a prisoner of indoctrination.

Religion is the sole means to
salvation and never ask oneself
what exactly salvation is.
take pride in being in an idiot
flaunt your idiocies with vigour.

Don't pause a moment to reflect
why you became religious.
Just believe in the supremacy
of your own religion and look down
upon other religions and opinions.

Be aggressive, be furious to those
who dare to pose doubts.
Pause not even for a moment

till the world is torn to shreds,
Yes be religious, relentlessly so.

RAJ VIKRAM

Be There!

Be there as the next word
when the page is turned
to go on writing.
Be there on the top
so as to continue the climb.
Be there as the wind
As I crave for you.
Like the rustling leaves.
Be there as a path
in the woods of life.
Be there as silence
in irritating cacophony,
Be there as order
in ever present chaos.
Be there as the dawn,
to wake up from
the never ending dusk.
Be there, just be there.

RAJ VIKRAM

Beautiful

In the presence of
multifarious hues and
beauty ensconced in
all its regal splash
I am enamoured
I am lost for words.

Oh! I am struck down
by beauty like a lightning
from the recesses of the sky
This lightning spread light
And my spirits soared
And I became gladdened.

Beauty rejoices beyond words
And when beauty enhances
itself, it defies definitions.
I am awestruck and
Oh! if this moment stood still

I wish to be laid down
Without being able to pull
Myself up, I want to witness
Beauty from the skies
I want lightning to strike
Me again and again.

Beauty mellifluously blended
In myriad avatars
But in elevating totality.
This is beauty in all its
pristine elegance.
I will stay here looking on and on
Forever and ever
Who cares if time moves ahead
For I become one with beauty
What else is this life's calling.

Beauty And Love

Love lorn souls come unstuck,
unable to gauge the profundity
of beauty in its essence.

Inane selfishness makes
even beauty seem transient.

Being in love with beauty
can transcend the transience.

Possession punctures
beauty and makes it just
a laboured adjective.

Devote to beauty,
devoutly allow to be
churned by its ebbs and flows.

Falling in love with beauty
is salvation, not being in love.

Love, don't be misled by
its vagaries and let the eyes
not pop out yearning for
dawns that are false.
Love beauty, by not being in love.

RAJ VIKRAM

Before It Is Time

Before the time,
time is called,
gurgles out all that
you have kept
in abeyance fearing
the very time
you always found intrusive.

Time is always ripe
for this soul
ripped apart by
the winds of this
very time with
designs inexorably
and partisanly merciless.

Be benevolent
as only you can
at this very time when
time may seem
inappropriate.
We will appropriate
these moments
as purely ours
and make momentous
mementoes to cherish.

Plant those lips
on these cheeks
made rugged
by moments of
chaotic insignificance.
And purge me of
this aching redundance.

Cross the bridge,
this is the time,
this is the only moment,
let us wander like

mendicants from
the mundane to the
peaks of dizzy liberation.

RAJ VIKRAM

Birth

Take birth, take birth
Moment to moment
And go beyond calendar and dates.
Be in self renewal
Mode and get out
Of the womb of
the static and
And open the eyes
To freshness
Spread light
From those gleaming eyes
Which has depths
that are unfathomable

Take birth not
Just for your sake
Take birth freely
With a smile
Uncluttered by
the umbilical cord
Of the past
We are in the womb
We return to the womb after each
moment.
The womb of renewal, the womb
of omnipresent hope

Take birth, take birth
Because some
resurrections happen in unknown
corners without
knowing, the buried
souls will transmute
and spring to life.
And some births
have a purpose
that go beyond
the conspicuous
Such a birth as this

When you are born
anew, in the far flung
and seemingly obsolete corner
There will be a cry
of joy of being
resuscitated
to life, to a new birth.

Take birth, take birth
Every moment
To infuse life into
a soul afar.

RAJ VIKRAM

Circle

Like a concentric circle
I wish to be encircled
by million circles
I want to be inside
and want to be the
last circle that circles on.
Then I can feel at ease
Feel away from the
sound and fury of
the outside and
be cocooned in my
zone of comfort
Like an embryo I can
then lie alive but aloof.
And draw sustenance
from the million circles
encircling me.
I am in a womb
with million layers around me.
I wish to be the last tip
of a concentric circle
that goes on and on.
I feel finite still infinite.
Mortal yet immortal
I am a circle myself
with no beginning or end
I am minuscule yet endless.
I am a concentric circle
And I am in touch with my core yet not out of touch
with the world.

RAJ VIKRAM

Clause

If closing my eyes is the
clause to see you.
Then know, close I needn't
for you are my very eyes

RAJ VIKRAM

Compliment

No empty platitudes
the heart knows what to say
and it has said and it will
say the right words when it
is the right time.

My compliments will
complement my unbound
affinity for you that knows
no crests and troughs
and which are
uncomplicated and unfussy.

But when I say them or
rather when the words leave
without even my
senses in the know
I have a feeling of lightness.

No word was said in vain.
And all words were just the
blood in my veins which
nurture me every moment.

My words for you transform
into compliments
but I still complain about
words left unuttered.

Then like an unlettered
and artless folk I feel fettered
and look for the best possible
words that I can summon.
Beyond the blood in my veins
what else is there in my coffers.

Then I feel I am incapable
to convey what I feel
my words being left wanting.

Then I wed silence in fits
and starts and in hesitation.

But when the bustling moment
arrives I return, the words return.
Then I will utter the best words
I ever knew, I ever could muster.
Is this that moment?
Let the heart decide.

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Conspiracy

The elements didn't
like it at all it seemed
to him always.
His shrill voice
was absorbed by
the sea that stood
as if in a state
of constant intoxication.

He told her, beware
Be aware.
It is a conspiracy
And only you and me
need to know it.
The time has drawn
a plan for us
he again blurted out
at the height of
his voice that again
disappeared in the sea
of separation.

The gulf has to remain
then he told himself
as if to calm his
nerves frayed by
constant inner tussle.
He knew the sea that
which is lying like a
mischievous scandal
monger is hearing it all.

And he knew his
voices, pleas, entreaties
never reached the shores
of that island that

he knew from the
moment he knew
he was existing.

He knew too, that
the island that gleamed
across the gulf
pre-existed him.
Then in his never
ending floating in
the ocean that contained
him and the species
across the gulf,
It dawned upon him
that islands will
remain apart
the sea's mocking smile
told it all, he felt.

How can islands come
together unless
continents shift.
And how many summers
would elapse before
that happens.
He explained it all
to himself to make
the heart content.

There and then
emanated the
theory of conspiracy
of elements, time
and people.
In the deep recesses
of his conscious mind
he knew they were
islands separated
by existence, by life.

And the species far
across the sea nodded
once and it seemed as if
it was an assent
for his conspiracy angle.
The sea that sucked
everything seemed
amenable to let
that nod reach him.

And he smiled aloud
At the height of his voice
How aloud can an island
Smile, the stunned sea
Looked on and the
waves stood still.
Conspiracy it is
A well laid out conspiracy, he
blurted out and smiled on
and on and the puzzled
Sea too joined
his smile.

Don't know what the
Island across felt
when it heard the
deafening smile,
the combined smile.
It too smiled and
then all was well.

RAJ VIKRAM

Continual

There are phases when
I gasp for a whiff of breath
when you quell the me
in your quiescent being.

Wanton is my quest
vis a vis you and no stone
would be left unturned to
have you in entirety.

No half measures I know
and not half boiled is my
enrapturing passion for you.
I will pour in torrents and hurt you.

I will hurt you with my love
in the same manner as you
hurt me with your cultivated
indifference to my entreaties.

You may barge into me like
a violent wave in high tide
and mangle my essentials and leave me as a port in shambles.

And after being bludgeoned
by your indifference I will become
a challenged being needing
the crutches that you are.

Still my love for you will
remain and it is akin to the
urge of the hopelessly starved
being looking for crumbs.

I know, I definitely know that
you are a drizzle continual and
not continuous but then the
desert does deify the oasis.

Crowded Out

In the midst of a crowd
and amidst cacophony
I still found the silence
to connect with you.

The crowd's wont is to
haunt the cliques and
wantonly tear apart
delightful camaraderies.

Not falling prey to it
is the task that tests the
resilience of the most
harmonious relations.

The crowd will seek to
destroy the togetherness and to drive a wedge in relations,
that seem beyond reproach.

But sometimes the crowd
will get the better of you
and hound you out
Be the crowd or disperse.

When crowded out inevitably,
hold on to the invisible tugs
that link the minds,
which even the crowd can't touch.

RAJ VIKRAM

Death Is Not An Option.

Death is not an option.

No I am not a prisoner
condemned to death,
for me to tremble
and shudder about
my impending non existence.

I do fear death just like
any being with that
unnecessary faculty
called ability to reason
But I have died many times.

When I am not able to speak
When I yearn to do it
I consider it something
which may be akin to death.
For I know not, what real death is.

I observe my funeral rites
every time I find myself
suddenly sidelined
for apparently no reason
and disdainfully ignored.

But I have found as if
in serendipity something
beyond death and pain.
A place, a space where
death holds no terrors.

Death may strive to erase me
When it feels like doing
And I for one is not naive
enough to believe that
death shall not have its dominion.

But I can say with strong conviction

Being where I belong now,
that death is not an option
I know death won't agree
and will have its way.

But I can be proud that I knew
what eternity is may be fleetingly,
Also I have died many times before.
I will say with pride
death is not an option for me
Whatever death may think.

RAJ VIKRAM

Death, Thou Are A Winner.

Death you are a winner
You never fail in your plans.
You disdainfully upset our
well laid out plans
and wreaks havoc in our
lives with a cheeky nonchalance.

We never agree that you
are a looming and invisible
presence as we chug on
with this endeavor
someone named life.
But death you know.

You may or may not give
any inkling about your arrival
And you have your own designs
and plans which you
bring to life with the suddenness
of bringing a curtain down.

Death, when you spring
to life, life is snuffed out
with consummate ease.
You simply are a ruthlessly
efficient craftsman who
knows only success.

When we hapless humans
rejoice on occasions
when we seem to have
obdurately resisted you.
We know it is not our victory,
it is just that you let go.

Being a winner always
you could afford to take rest
and allow the ever beaten life
to have its own victories

however small they may be.
But knowing you we know
it would never materialize.

Death you are a winner
You have always been one
And you never feel monotony
in your relentless victory over
life we never challenge your authority,
we just yearn for your
mercy day in and out.

But death thou never feel
a tinge of boredom
And life has become tired
of losing to you always..
You keep on winning
and ends up disparaging
the desperate life.

Death you are a winner
A champion who brutally
annihilates your badly beaten
adversary, life, the hapless life.
Death you are born to win,
Just as we are born to die

RAJ VIKRAM

Designs.

Designs.

There was time
There was space
And words were starting
to appear from the
hidden corners of mind.
They were lying dormant
Resigned to their plight
of being consigned
to the state of being redundant.
You never know when
time allots time for you.
Time is a tricky customer
who flays our best laid plans.
I never imagined that time
would show magnanimity
as to allow the dead words
spring to life and dance
to my gasping tones.

But then time showed
its real colour and
made me realize that it
was flattery in deception.
Time didn't want the words
to come out and it
detested togetherness.
How slyly it made you
disappear from my sight
Reasons I know were created
by the murky designs
Of this envious merchant
which continually
upsets equilibrium and
thrive seeing misery.
I know you are domineering
I know I can only dance
to your devious designs.

You are time and deception
is your nature.

RAJ VIKRAM

Desire

Dealt with desires
that poured in torrents
upon me day in and out,
once and for all, so I felt.

Trumpeted about my
rooting out the obstacle
to the desire less state that,
I naively felt was mine.

Mind weaved visions myriad
of fruits of tranquility that
enlightened state ensured,
And became levitated with rapture.

Desire took root about
the yearning for tranquility.
Awash I became with
the urge for immortality.

By and by derision
decimated the insubstantial
elements of tranquility
that appeared in the horizon.

Desire for a desire less state
overwhelmed the being.
And now I desire just for
the original state, and some peace.

RAJ VIKRAM

Despair

Blues bleed and makes
one a weed wedded
to writhing pain that
induce a grin of self pity
that seem strangely
enjoyable as if it is the reality.

When in the throes
of overwhelming blues
pain seems the mantra
and no effort is spared
to wallow in valleys of despair
with a sense of fulfilment.

Lines of self pity
or the saddest lines are
written by the greatest poet
when he wrings out of it
and turns an observer
of nonchalant keenness.

When in pain,
when in blues, words cease
thoughts clutter and
despair drills a hole of
no hope, a black hole
where thoughts disappear.

No poet wrote of despair
when in despair.
disparate thoughts don't
cobble together into paper
they gobble you up,
before being aware.

When in blues
you turn into despair
and despair has the dominion

and when you write
of despair, you are out of it
well and truly so.

Don't feel sad reading
the saddest lines from the
greatest poet.
But know, sadness is
no inspiration,
nor words are borne of it.

Despair was never described
when in the clutches of it.
Just as pleasure is not
written about when in it.
Can't have it and
make note of it in simultaneity.

When blues bleed
allow the profuse shedding
of emotions, and when
out of it try to note it
then knowing will descend
that you are out of it.

RAJ VIKRAM

Dilemma

What is love for you?
A passive exercise or a
quest for a temporary
trance from which you slyly
saunter away with a mischievous
parting smile time and again.
What do you derive by
craving my presence,
albeit temporarily and with
the kind of transience that is
as routine as the switching
of an electric bulb.
I burn to shine for you
and whittle myself down,
knowing clearly that the
exit door from this world is
getting closer to me
with every passing microsecond.
Know that my effulgence
drains me and it is not a
pleasant feeling to fall down
with a thud from the heights
that you take me to with your
transmuting dalliance.
I fall every time for you
inveigled by your behemoth
like significance.
From a bare metal of prohibitive
and brazen insignificance
I turn to gold or an even more
precious metal unaware to man.
Like an alchemist you alter me
into forms that I was never
aware that I was capable of.
You are a daunting proposition
everytime you withdraw from
me with an elan that's your
omniscient characteristic.
I inhabit the valleys occasionally

and the plains mostly
plagued by my pestilential
and contained existence.
The peak that you are,
is inaccessible until you
turn benevolent just when
prodded by your whims.
But then this waxing and
waning propels me
sustains me and I exult
rapturously and then pine
like a tormented soul
and alternate like a bipolar
being beyond the scales
of the norms of normalcy.
This dilemma makes me a
hotchpotch entity neither
here nor there but in a bargain
I would settle for this
confused state and will
stay put here till that
day you may become
perennial and permeant.

RAJ VIKRAM

Dissent

Defend your rights and
be marked as a dissenter.
A stain it is not and strive
to stand your ground even
when you are stifled and smeared.

Ascent to heights of conviction
fuelled by the determination
to differ and dissent.
Descent not amid the threats
of making you fall in line.

Cowed by the crowd dont
ever count yourself out.
Dither not and differ for the
rights that demarcate your
being in strife and calm.

Tear apart the voices that
seek to storm your being with
shrill threats of making you sterile
by the abhorrent majoritarian
takes of righteous indignation.

Dissent and stand for the
convictions with inextinguishable
passion and relentless self belief
dither not in your dissent
and ascent to your rightful place.

RAJ VIKRAM

Don't Fear.

Never feel fear dear
I am just around,
never feel hollow dear,
I have a world with me
just for you,
a world which is
populated by you, me
and just our immensities.
Fear not the deluges
for they are the assemblage
of zillions of drops
that my being is torn into
yearning for the totality
that is you.
Fear not the deafening
silences enveloping you,
they are just my words
at their shrillest levels.
Be near me my dear
in strife and in myriad
mayhems that make
our togetherness just
a dampened squib,
that is just an obstacle
that will be quelled
by our effervescent duopoly.
Flourish in the possibilities
that we together have,
fullness is our togetherness dear.

RAJ VIKRAM

Don't You Miss

I miss those moments
stolen stealthily by
our minds spurred by
rampant yearning for
fleeting togetherness.
Don't you miss them?
Now that moments
conspire to deny us
what's due, those glimpses,
those gestures, those
levitating glances.
Don't you miss them.
Now that you are here
but still not here,
I can't bear to miss those
beauteous beats of
your melodious footsteps.
Don't you miss
those yearning eyes of
mine gorging without urge
on those eyes that
tell tales galore that
better fables of the most
liberating kind.
Don't you miss my
presence, my presence
shorn of all addendums.
I do miss, miss you of yore,
Don't you miss me of yore?

RAJ VIKRAM

Dream

Closer than ever before,
in the vicinity like never before,
a touch away, a whiff away
and wish away never would
for that's harakiri.

A moment of madness
it indeed may be,
but life giving it is
nurturing it is of hope
in its myriad hues.

Subsumed by its
sentience and by being
like a strange sentinel
stood guard to its sway
with reverberating effervescence.

Kisses danced with
gay abandon on the lips
parched by eons of
dreary droughts of
emotional vicissitudes.

So close, yet so far
the yearning to plant
the life in its essence in
those manes of eternity
mangled the senses.

Stood on and on in trance,
in levitating eternity.
Grasped by the power of
the moment in intransient
coitus with ecstasy.

RAJ VIKRAM

Eaten Alive

Thousand fingers barged
into the body that trembled
with extreme trepidation
Like a hounding dog
she was pounded inch to inch.

Now lay in tatters like
a crumpled flower
she burst out a shrill plea
not to snuff out the
life out of her battered body.

Pleasure wasn't sought for,
it was an urge to annihilate
to assert the primeval instincts
and penetration by that
elongated organ wasn't enough.

The last drop was squeezed out
And again the animal got battle ready, vanquished she was
for she was beyond thoughts
of all hues by now.

Like a scythe, animal instincts
ravenously gulped her
And now nothing came out
and life had bid adieu to her.
The elongated organ stood steady.

Now it is the time for bestiality,
the rod rode roughshod over
what was dismissed as a hole
And now as a whole she was
gobbled, entrails out, eaten alive.

RAJ VIKRAM

Erection

Love is like an erection
that comes up suddenly
like a bump on a road
that is glazing smooth.

A speed breaker that takes
the pace of a breakneck
journey man in wild
pursuit of wilderness.

Take a pause and be
conscious for erections do
prompt a bit of reflection
and makes one self conscious.

An erection that causes
a stutter of sorts in that
gasping push towards the
seemingly close horizon.

In the midst love becomes
a baggage that mounts on
the back of the racy nomad
who knows no pause.

Erections are strong
prominent and conspicuous
and seldom do they vanish for
love brooks no inattentiveness.

Fondle oneself while in
the pause and feel the pleasure
of being in love but don't
drain out and stay put.

Erections are like milestones
and each tryst with love will slowdown the nomad who gets dismembered at
every pause.

As the horizon gets away
inexorably as it is its wont,
love would have turned the
runner into an ambler.

Even the whittled down being
should remain erect and even
dysfunctions should be hidden
or be covered up nimbly.

Don't be ever lost in a love
and no erection must empty
the being wholly for swallows
are for the whole summer.

RAJ VIKRAM

Essence

Scythe brazenly,
scar mercilessly,
raze without a halt,
tear apart relentlessly
toy disdainfully,
blast without a trace.
If I still remain,
or if there are remnants
then it will be the
essence of my existence.
Don't need encomiums
or vigorous platitudes
to thrive or prosper.
Only the bare I need
survive shorn of all
transient addendums.
Rest of me is a sham,
Only the I matters.

RAJ VIKRAM

Explosion

Bid adieu to senseless ways
of the timid and myopic who
find solace in transient explosions
of joy that come with a price
that may be your life.

The time will run out itself why try
to beat it and vanish into thin air
with fallacious audacity
Explosions outside leave
behind mangled remains
of unkept promises.

Expel with vigour the damp squibs
in the mind and fill the mind
with inflammable fresh thoughts
Ignite and let it explode.
But keep the slate clean and
fill it with hues of hope.

Expunge old emotions and purge
the mind and make it
a slate that is spotless
and wait for the next explosion
of never ending emotions.

Fill the slate with hues galore
borne out of the newest emotions
not seeking to differentiate
good and bad or hapiness and pain
Just fill the slate with hues.

Go about pouring cold water
on the powder kegs left open for
explosions that destroy.
Cease the tryst with the old and
explode inside into a new dawn.

Extend Thy Hand

Extend thy hand now
for I know not how
long I can keep it in
the air defying gravity.
Hold it tight as if
it would crumble by
the power of togetherness

Who knows how long
the benevolent heart
will send blood into
my scarred veins.
And existence is a chance
and not a choice.

I won't dangle my hand
in the air seeking to hold
any hand that may be
in my vicinity and that's
not its won't at all
This moment these hands
can resist the pull from
below to rest on ground.

But like from a slightly cut vein
Energy is oozing out by and by
And the hands may
become dreary and then
hit the ground with a thud.

I would rather have my
hands crumbled and
disintegrate into million parts
In the powerful lock
of your hand, than being
slowly devoured by
the ever eager merchant
of death, the time.

And when I keep my tryst
with the inevitable destiny
How I wish if my arms
looked incomplete without
the hands that crumbled
into non existence
When life found life
And held it with passion
that only life knows.

Who cares if I am
incomplete when life
ceased its embrace
and let me go into the
World where it
has no dominion.
This dangling hand
has life now
It is alive now
Hold it tight, as tight
as the embrace that the
Life is holding me now.
Who knows when life feels
Like letting me go.

RAJ VIKRAM

Eyes

I saw the world as I blinked
and opened my eyes
after aeons and miles
through dreamy nights
and dark days.

The world opened upon,
my eyes and I felt dazed
I don't know when I closed
my eyes or whether it was
blinded by hands of destiny.

My eyes, oh my eyes it
knew only darkness
pitched darkness which
I thought was what the
world is made off.

Light came in trickles
as a drizzle of hope
I didn't trust my eyes
I didn't trust even the
blood that sustained me.

Satiated soul that I am
sad satiety that pervaded me
made me feel that darkness
is what is and light
I did find strangely unfamiliar.

Blinked and blinked I
opened my eyes as
I had no other go
And I never had any go.
I saw light and was taken aback.

Light more light and only light,
darkness my eternal comrade
disappeared as light launched

an onslaught of
wild intensity.

Then I saw the eyes in
which I saw an image
which an unknown voice
told me is mine.
I blinked and blinked
as light pierced my eyes.

Then I opened my eyes fully
and found the light
turning into a soothing companion,
opening a new world, new hope.

I knew paradigms were there
around my eyes,
And I could see only those eyes,
those lovely brown eyes
I anchored my vision in
those eyes forever.

Then that voice murmured
See yourself, only see yourself
in my eyes forever and ever.
For seeing anything else
is akin to darkness that
was my second nature.

I am seeing myself
I am seeing my brown eyes
in those brown eyes which
remained open ceaselessly.
Eyes now speak, silently.

I won't close my eyes
I will not blink even.
I don't know whether those eyes
are seeing themselves in my eyes.
If not so why did I open my eyes.

Who threw my eyes open

Who showered light on my eyes
It must be those eyes.
I will keep my eyes open
I don't fear darkness
But I want to see me
in those eyes and live timelessly.

Between the eyes let there
be a world, a world unto itself.
When I see the world
the whole world.
I need no prodding to keep
them open eternally.

Eyes, mine and then those
And that is the world.

RAJ VIKRAM

Falling In Love.

Falling in love
bequeaths the life
a flow of seeming
flawlessness that is
a fallacy in essence.

Yet fall in love
and seek not meaning
in it at all and move
from the lows of reality
to the peaks of fantasy.

And when in love
let go the lid of reality
that limit love.
When in love, let the
genie of fantasy out.

Flower in love
fall in love to be beyond
the fickleness
that life is fecklessly
loaded with.

Ride the crest of
the tide of love
and crash into the
sands of reality,
and repeat it eternally.

When in love, be in love
devoid of denials
to rise relentlessly from
the lows of biting reality.
Fall in love, and flow in life.

RAJ VIKRAM

Falsity.

In the end only feelings remain,
the consummated and the
half baked obsessions.
Challenge is to sieve out
satisfaction which is miniscule.
Fulfillment which rears the
head only to disappear
after being annihilated by
reality, the bitterest reality.
Tedious it all becomes
and numbing the life turns to irretrievably and irrevocably so.

In the end it is all about
adapting to the abruptness
of it all, on and on.
The gulping down of the
bitterest potion that life has
kept in store for eons.
It renders the entrails of
existence a mound of dust.
And then it is all about being
self deceptive as to feel
that nothing at all is wrong.
And it is existence in your face.

Suspending disbelief helps,
helps a lot, a means to sanity.
Insanity, redundance lies ahead
wooing with sensuality,
to lure into a coitus of the
most enervating and dreary kind.
Falling prey to it is easy
the rosy path ahead is a trap,
seemingly benign but
horrendously scarring in reality.
But then life is such, a bit by bit
assemblage of soothing falsity.

Fidelity

Emotions once posed
a question to him
to know whether he
was faithful to them.
Answer was hard to come
for he lived with them
since the senses of
him became sensible
on a dateless day in the
unknown and distant past.

He moved ahead through
unregistered days,
he felt obliged
to nothing but his
sweltering emotions always.
He let go everything else
left unattended every baggage
that cried for his glance.

Eternally faithful to his
emotions he had always been,
and his fidelity to them
left scars numerous
in his psyche that
festered with wounds.
Now these emotions
have grown up to pose
a question to him.

He didn't let any answer
emanate from his aching lips.
Bereft of his attention
Emotions crumbled and
oblivion beckoned them.
Without his fidelity
what identity does
these emotions have.
Now they knew their folly

of questioning their master
they joined together
and became servile to him
And his fidelity to them
remained intact as always.

RAJ VIKRAM

Final Line

Writing down lines on
the invisible pages of my being
on and on, if only that
elusive culmination is reached
I could heave a sigh of relief.

Words came in torrents and
lines filled the pages of being
but not the right words
and my search went unabated
but I can't call it quits.

I am in search for that elusive
word which will spur me to
write the right line which will
incite a passion which I seldom
knew in this stretched out life.

Dry words from a parched
and sterile mind won't jump out
from my being and spread fire
in which I want to be engulfed
so that I know contentment.

Bequeath upon me a tinge of
the nectar of inspiration
so that my being soars into
the heights which it never knew
Hesitate not, for I may be truncated.

And if my thoughts don't reach you,
I will take out that sole line now
which I have reserved for liberation
my final liberation; about you.
Yes I will write that line and that's it.

RAJ VIKRAM

Frozen Memories

Memories became invisible
as they disappeared in the cold now.
The enveloping mist of,
spine chilling, shocking now,
drowned the memories which
used to guide him on
in troubling times.

As he froze with the aching now
the light of yesterdays
the breezy yesterdays
gleamed through the opaque panes
of the frozen now.

The immobile him, yearned
for the melting of his woes
for him to stand up and
bulldoze past the walls
that stood between him
and those memories which
once lighted his life.

He craved to rekindle
those moments, the lack
of which blighted his
moments and made his
existence a piteous immobility.

He wondered whether it was
he who froze
or his yesterday which froze.
As he suffered in the
ice cold and sterile now,
he longed for some warmth
to melt his woes
for him to merge with yore
once and forever
To freeze in the past.

Fulminations

If there is a space
where your silence will
soothe me let me know it
I would instantly be an inmate
of that place and be silent.

Or else I will be chirpy
and unfasten my being,
for I know not to keep
my lips tight and words
dammed for too long.

And if you know a word
or a deed of admonishment
do let that go in full throttle
so that I am muzzled.
Be merciless in doing it.

And if you know to
knot me down with your
words do it without
holding back for I yearn to
be bludgeoned by them.

Or if you know to pour
your silence in trickles
make an incision in my
being without my knowledge
And choke me into silence.

Don't tell me ever that silence
speaks a million words
for I don't know the magic
that you may be adept at
to speak in silence in myriad ways.

If all this are beyond you
bequeath upon me those olden
moments of golden hue

when I bled words gladly
goaded by your presence.

I don't want to remain
like this here with fulminating
words gouging out the
dear life out of my being
stifled by aching silence.

RAJ VIKRAM

Gift.

Wrapped in an overflowing smile
A hallowed gift loomed ahead
in the long road ahead.
The interminable paths had
drained the last drop
of hope from him.
The battered soul never
found solace or quenched its thirst.
Blandily blending his blankness
and painful plight
dragged on in arid lands,
hope merged into hopelessness
seamlessly and voluntarily.
Still chugged on and on
for there was no other go.
Once commenced every journey
got to continue and
the dishvelled mind of his
tried to pick up from the pieces
of hope that laid in tatters.
The hallowed light sparkled
with inviting luminosity in the path.
Hesitation held back the tired soul
still he approached diffidently.
Overwhelmed he became
as words rose and the throat
dried up in unison.
But hope still thrived.
Yes, that was the gift
that time kept for him,
His gift which hid in the path,
now unveiled itself
with sprightly elan.
Blinded and deafened in that sparkle
in that shade of limitless succour
he was fuelled to move on.
What to give back?
Add light to sun, drops to ocean?
He just smiled and moved on,

the unwrapped gift followed him
showering its hallowed light
brightening the paths ahead of him.

RAJ VIKRAM

Golden Moments

When moments that prompt me,
to mark life as a priceless
treasure worth holding on to,
are stolen away by merchants
of hate with designs devious.

I become a stealer of sorts,
a stealer of moments oneself,
and a midas touch takes
genesis in the fingers that
turn dull moments golden.

Thus the moments that are
golden in spirit and feel are born,
The stolen moments may have
turned golden by a sleight of hand
but I couldn't care less.

Though impermanence of these
moments ache the being as
sustenance of these moments
is beyond my capacity dear one,
but spare not I will in my efforts.

These golden moments move
the being from the stagnant
pool of despondence.
Golden moments that gladden
our being are ours alone.

Let us just be glad and don't
be gluttonous in expending
these moments with gay abandon
Let us savour slowly and
unknowingly become golden forever.

RAJ VIKRAM

Gulf

Between us a gulf may have emerged, gouging out the glee
of unbridled and seemingly insatiable togetherness.

But transient it is,
for that is against the flow.
Together we are for all
times and vicissitudes.

Lest we be misled into
the belief that this trough
is the truth, keep going back
harp on the glorious past.

Gulp down the girth of
gluttonous expectations
of those around and glibly
elevate into the zone of rapture.

Together we are always
despite the dessications of
disparate emotions galore.
Shorn of shams we are always.

Merge in the merry of
timeless camaraderie and
unbound joy of togetherness.
No gulf, no glum only glee.

RAJ VIKRAM

Happiness-On Death

He threw it away
with the ease of
throwing a stone into
a gorge without bottom.

Life is precious
I told him everyday
moment to moment
even between moments.

In pits and peaks
In strife and surge
I told him that life
is precious and to treasure it.

My entreaties often
disappeared into the
crevices of his wry smile
which adorned his face.

I too didn't know
why I told him that
life is beautiful
every now and then.

He seemed to gauge
the emptiness of my
enduring entreaties
which amazed even me.

If life is happiness
then death too must be
that was his belief
that was his being.

Where is happiness
after all in this
dishevelled existence

he asked me once.

Yet I persisted like a
motivational speaker
delivering cultivated nonsense
with non-chalance.

Then once he told me
that he found where
happiness was hidden
though I didn't connect.

The inviting death
the hidden death
beckoned him, he told me
time and time again.

I kept repeating
my conditioned response
to my friend who
did find the treasure.

At this moment when
I know that he
disappeared into
his happiness.

I just feel light
He just threw away
his unhappiness
To become eternally happy.

RAJ VIKRAM

Hiatus.

Harked back to
the rich days of yore,
unyieldingly stoked
the fire of hope
to kindle the belief
that this hiatus is
just an interlude
to a return to glory.
Reined in the penchant
to hurtle to the valley
of hopelessness,
as this hiatus drained
and hampered that
seemingly inexorable
march to sustained joy.
Now heaving a sigh
of relief as the hiatus
is slowly merging
into togetherness,
with the fear of more
hiatuses dangling above.
But for now salvation.

RAJ VIKRAM

Hoodwinked

Craven life beseeched me to lie
in its cushy cradle and flaunted
its promise of tranquility.
A moment's interruption in
determination did me in.

I went against the grain
And I vaulted hurdles galore,
I knew I had to be on guard
without a moment's interregnum
To thrive as per my whims.

I didn't want to dance to the tunes
that are set by this merchant
of uninterrupted menace.
I felt I would rather disappear
into thin air than be fallible.

But I let myself down and
before a blink I was in the trap
And now I am in the cradle of
crumbling expectations with sleep
devouring me into non existence.

RAJ VIKRAM

Hope

Devour the dour moments
whittle down disappointments
Pair up with this moment
the moment that matters,
paring down tenuousness.

Be open when unhappiness
is bequeathed upon you as if
it was kept gift wrapped
exclusively for you.
Fizz up spirits not fizzle down.

Appear when called for that,
to face the music
take the blows on the chin
with stoic indifference.
Then pick up and move on.

Devious are the designs
of course but whom to complain
as the designer is invisible
and inviolably precise.
But destined to doom none is.

Endeavor to find the space
however non descript
or far flung it is from the senses
Beyond the senses
beyond the intelligible.

There is that space of peace,
press ahead holding on
the tugs of seemingly invisible
but fleetingly present hope.
Don't check though it's chequered.

The zone may seem far
But the incentive is peace,
not piecemeal but sustained

disappear into it once and for all.
without leaving any imprints.

Disappearance is beyond death
a coitus with the unbound being
Beyond descriptions and judgments
Know your zone, know the place
and vanish with satiation

RAJ VIKRAM

How Far Will You Go?

How far will you go
You may not know the
power of my eyes.
they can decipher
the undecipherable
when it is about you.
And you are incarcerated
in the recesses of my mind.

You can go and feel
that you have moved
beyond my limits
But do you know
how powerful my eyes are.
Like the eye of a microscope
I will trace you out
however insignificant time
may seek to make you.
And the memory of me
will hold on to you like
a clutch of straw.

I am like a satellite hovering
above the earth up
above in the infinite space
And no corner in the world
is beyond my eyes.

And who can fathom
the distances to this mind
can travel in pursuit of you
And I needn't make use
of my felicities when it's you.
As you are always within.

Where can you go
I can see you in absence
Presence needn't be physical
at all when it is you.
When it is you
transience has no meaning.

The more you move away
the closer you get to me
I wish to become the world
And it is no task when
you are the world itself
How far you can go
You are within
always within

RAJ VIKRAM

Hues

Alight from the blue skies
to any branch of this
ancient tree standing tall
but with shaky roots.

Oh the multi hued being
with wings that flap as
if in symphony with the
breeze that wafts my leaves.

Standing amidst ruins
of aeons that passed by
leaving me in a tranquil
transcendence of sorts.

Rooted to where I opened
my eyes in some past
when I was a seed in the
recesses of earth.

Seasons changed as I
grew relentlessly through ages
My branches were my pride
and they never ceased to extend.

I was feeling immortal
and I endured tempests
and lashing rains and scorching
summers with unyielding endurance.

Birds alighted flew away
And I couldn't care less.
Birds of this world, of hues
of all kind, but not worth a glimpse.

I knew colours but my
existence was colourless
as I stood resisting the
elements and the scythe of time.

Then I saw you, you the being
from the nether world
of sparkling hues and glitter
non pareil hovering in the skies.

Oh how I wish if you came down
and sit on any of my dwindling
branches gently flapping
your gorgeous wings.

Or else rotate around my
head ceaselessly and let me
forget my impending mortality
and let my roots hold together.

I will crumble and fall
headlong to the ground
on which I assertively stood
for ages with iridescent pride.

You are not of the sky
but has all the hues known
to me beautifully spread
over your enamouring wings.

Spread your colour heavenly
being over my lifeless leaves
which once made even
nature green with envy.

But as I stand awaiting my
turn to tumble down to
the ground I feel unfussed
for I could see you up there.

Come close and fly around me
even if you keep away from
alighting on my branches
which are dating the doom.

Rains are coming, I can see

the dark clouds above me,
I will not see another rain
I am sure about that.

Oh heavenly being infuse
your hues to the drops of
this colourless rain and let
me get drenched in riot of colours.

And then when I tumble down
let me hear your wings
flapping mellifluously with
the melody of rain.

Then I will merge with earth
spreading colour all around
then you can fly away to your land
undiminished even a bit.

Oh being you are of nether world
Immortal and impervious to all.
The rain is coming, let my plea
not be drenched in it's sound.

I still could see you amidst
the drops, between the drops
I can see your hues, oh the rains
My eyes are now blinded.....

RAJ VIKRAM

I Am

Incensed I became
as incessant thoughts tied
me down with intensity,
torrent of thoughts seemed like
boulders falling on my head
from up above.

No inkling I had
and I became a weakling
in the seamless existence,
played into the hands of
the designs of thoughts
and entrapped I became.

Tormented by thoughts
I became encapsulated
in their frightful prison.
flummoxed I became
and then I mistook
myself for the thoughts.

Then it dawned upon me
why should I pander
to their devious designs
Let them come, let them go
I am not the thoughts
The ever present now is here

Let the rest rust away
then I am.

RAJ VIKRAM

I Am Here

The distance that I
cover or feel have covered
is zero or null when
measured from you
How can I move away
from my source
A source that sustains
provides perpetual succour for me.

I will be here, just around you,
just a stone's throw away,
how can I throw
myself away from
this source of succour.

What's life if not this
perennial source of solace that
keeps radiating warmth soothing
my frayed nerves and
disjointed senses.

My scattered being gets
organized when I am
around this source
Would I thrive if I
tear myself to shreds
I will stay around
Till time brushes me aside.

RAJ VIKRAM

I Am Tethered

I am tethered.

Tethered to a pole that
ran deep and high
with chains that bruised
I longed to cruise
But to no avail.

I ran and ran but only
reached where I started.
The more I wished to move away
The tighter the tethering became
I was bleeding as chains
brutally bruised me.

I didn't know that I
was being drained of life
I kept on running around
the static pole which
seemed to symbolize
the stagnation which pervaded.

More troubles were teething
as tethering became tighter
to an extent that it could
never be loosened
But like a man possessed
I ran furiously around and around.

Culpability is upon me
I mistook transience for
permanence and tranquillity
I allowed myself to be tethered
to this pole that looked
anything but prohibitive then.

How quickly moments changed
And now my movements
are revolutions around this pole

The longer I revolve
the greater I am drained.

Now I have ceased to look
at the spot where I am tethered
I know I will shudder if I look.
I will keep running
And will increase my
Circumference so that
I can get away from the pole.

I know I would not be away
once and for all
But at least I can believe
I am trying I am running
That I am moving.

Let the string that tethers me
elongate and let it loosen
I know it won't break
But I wish if I can run on
on and on till the last drop
of blood leaves my veins.

I know I am tethered
I know I can't get away
But I won't yield for a moment
I would go on till last gasp
Yes I know I am tethered.

RAJ VIKRAM

I Want To Soar

Sour moments, sores galore
if only I could soar
into the zones of
unmitigated tranquility.

Soar how would I
bogged down as I am by
baggages of yore and the
bondages of the present.

Resent to whom and
rescind to where to unwind
and unload to remain
resolute in face of redundance.

I want to soar from the
surly to the surreal
world where surely I would
drop my anchor and stay put.

Platitudes of transient peace
could no longer befool me.
I want to soar or else
surely I will despise despair.

And will slyly pass on artificial
dreams of a soar into my being
and will remain intoxicated forever
in that hallucinatory world.

RAJ VIKRAM

I Will Let You Go

I will let you go
I will indeed let you go
When the wind stops
And I am close
to the shore
I will let you go
When the symphony
submerges cacophony
once and for all
I will let you go
when I find that the
road goes on.
I will let you go
when the last dark
cloud has become
a rain drop.
I will let you go
when I find words
dancing to my tunes
I will let you go
when even scorching
summers resemble
enchanted springs
I will let you go
When I know that
castles are not of sand
I will definitely
let you go
when I know
the end is around.
till then, till that day
I won't let you go
Yes, you can go
But where can you go
Do you know
how I measure
distances in my mind
Still you can go
But I will still feel

you in my mind
like the sound of
the flapping wings
of a winged enchantress
And I know you
are just a rain away
just a rain away.
You can't leave me
in eternal summer
I know you can't do that
Still I will let you go.

RAJ VIKRAM

I Will Tell You Once More

I will tell you once more.

I will tell you once more
That which I told you once.
In the not so distant future
Or is it that far away?

We never know when,
as in the present moment
we are being consumed by time that is obsessed with itself.

In the long life how many
moments do we feel alive
When alive I muttered the
most beautiful words I ever said.

Defying definitions and
pre conceived notions
I let my emotions free and
they assumed the form of words.

And I let them go
I was a bit shuddered
but you knew emotions
you knew my words.

What I said was absorbed
And nothing came back
But you didn't complain
Neither did I, for I knew you.

The words that I said
still resonate within me
in myriad forms and at
times even in silences.

Between you and me
I find my spiritual solace.
Each time I break down

I draw energy from this reservoir

The words that I had the courage to let loose to those lovely ears
Still dance on my lips
They urge me to let them go.

I know your ears won't
eject what I say for sure.
But I will keep them
under the wraps of my mind.

To say that once more
just once more
as a parting obeisance
for being you, just being you.

RAJ VIKRAM

I Will Wait

I will wait, I will remain here
Go wherever destiny takes you
Needn't spare a thought
or do anything for me at all.

I can remain rooted where
I met you, where it all began
I may be sneered at by passers by
who may flood me with profanities.

Little do I care about them
And unsolicited advices are
unwelcome for me as always.
And none can smear or touch me.

I know why I wait here
and my profound convictions
make my soul overflow with
the belief that you would be back.

I know the farther you go
the brighter my memories will shine
in the inner realms of your mind
with depths unfathomable.

One day my devotion will make
my memories in your mind to come
alive and then as if in a trance
your path will surely lead to me.

Till that day, however distant
it may be, however far fetched
a dream it may seem now,
I will stay put with unyielding hope.

The fire that you lit in me will
remain undoused till I exist and
my devotion is inextinguishable
Just come back one day.

I am waiting here, I am here
just graze past at least
with your abundant grace
for me to continue my wait.

RAJ VIKRAM

I Won'T Let You Age.

I won't let you age
I will never let you age
In my mind there
is a spot where
there is a tinge
of elixir which I
discovered as if
in serendipity.

I don't want that
elixir for myself
I don't want to
stretch myself for
no purpose.
I would love to
remain what I am
destined to be.

But I won't let you age
I will never let you age
Slyly I passed on to you
that elixir without
your knowledge.
Why should you age
Age has to disintegrate
before you.

I deftly passed on
that elixir to your being
You can't age
You won't age
Thrive and weather down
age you must
For that's your wont

I won't let you age
I won't surely let you age
I want you to be green
forever and forever
Coz green never looked
more beautiful
when you are it.

I will then wither away
I will fade away
Into that recess of
termination that
time has kept for me.

Still I won't let you age
Even when I fall into
that recess I will look
back and feel elated
seeing your eternal
youth effulgent as ever.

I won't let you age
In my mind there is
only one you.
Untouched by ravages
of time and elements
Let that radiance
permeate me.

Let me be light
and travel past you
Without your knowledge
O time thou let
your vanity crumble
Let you be beaten
In my mind you
never can let her age.
You never can

let her age.
I won't let her age.

RAJ VIKRAM

If

If you go sometime,
ensure that your footsteps
don't rustle the dry leaves
lying all around the place
where I am asleep unaware.

I courted this sleep after
wrestling fruitlessly with
obdurate moments which
kept my eyes open always
as if to let me know something.

I know you may go after all,
for whatever we say,
impermanence is what this
life is all about always
and enigmatically so.

And I can't prevent you
for there is an inevitability
to the things that we experience,
though we may conjure up
dreams of immortality.

But in the if lies everything
the world of possibility
Amidst all the talk of helplessness
there still lies that threadbare
presence of hope.

You can decide not to go
Even if destiny strives to
make you a mere kite
which moves with its painfully
playful strings that are tangled.

Let us leave the intangibles
and for the moment think of
your staying back in

close proximity to my
being that throbs with your heart.

I may be asleep now,
but you know it is with a gut belief
that you will be here always,
when I open my eyes
and return from the gorge of sleep

At this moment when I hear
leaves crumble I realise
in my half awake state that
it is the time that is beating
a retreat with diminished pride.

If it comes and it is a surety
to take you aboard
hold yourself together
with the same intensity of
unyielding belief in permanence
of our age old togetherness.

RAJ VIKRAM

Impossible

It is impossible I know
But there lies the beauty of it
If it is possible then it
all becomes regular fare
I yearn to make it extraordinary
I know it is out of the world
I know it is peerless
And there lies the beauty of it.

When it is possible
When it is accessible
It all remains a straight line
And a uniform motion
Then there won't be a shred
of inspiration to live on.
I want this to remain impossible
Yet within my realms.

To be with always without
ever being really so.
To look and be amazed always
by doing so sparingly
in reality's aching experience.
Let it be impossible always
But I will think that it is
indeed possible in my mind
And that keeps me alive.

RAJ VIKRAM

Incarceration

Behind the bars and barred
from moving ahead with time
I allow myself to be imprinted
inside the confines where
I exist aware about everything.

Interred in my head are the
skeletons of my notions
about myself which never tallied
with the world's ways.
And I felt sullied by life.

Around me inside the space
where I belong since the day
I woke up to my existence.
I loiter around returning to
where I began like a caged tiger.

I have no distance to cover
And no path to traverse.
the writings on the walls
of my mind remain unintelligible
like the fading bars of my cage.

I don't know if my eyes are fading for I don't see the bars with
the same clarity when I got
detached from the umbilical cord and obviously landed
into the lap of incarceration.

Intangibles appeared the moment my thoughts began
to decipher themselves
and began to question me.
I knew I am jailed the moment
I was told that this is life.

I don't know who passed me
that knowledge in some indefinite but surely infinite past.
Till then I was enjoying the bliss
of being unaware and unknown.

Like an animal I am following my tail relentlessly as if in hot pursuit, knocking
occasionally
on the bars that bruise my scarred nerves.
Incarceration is my state.

Inside my head I remain in spate
having known that outside
world matter little at all.
I am caged yet I don't feel cagey.
Imprisoned I am but mind
is now impregnated with an
embryo which dislikes freedom.

RAJ VIKRAM

Independence

Devoid of the burden of
strangling ideological
baggages of all hues,
it takes a lot of wherewithal
to feel light, really light.

Aligning with alien
or the familiar sucks out
the lifeblood from the being
through million pores
of stultifying compromises.

Not dependent on mores,
and not losing in the
maze of preconceived
notions of righteousness,
it is arduous but rewarding.

Ineluctable the choice isn't,
but iridescent is the
resultant feeling of fulfillment.
Incandescent is the feeling
of the being when independent.

Tangibles are within grasp,
tumbling into the depths of
falling in line is just like a stroll.
But defying gravity, the pangs borne out of resistance are bound to ache.

Independence is not just
reserved for mendicants
who resolutely court emptiness.
It is just a low lying fruit ripe for
plucking but only for the deserving.

Choices are galore redundancy
is omnipresent and inviting.
In strife, in stillness, in churning
be dependent on the being and feel infinite in the lap of independence.

RAJ VIKRAM

Inebriation.

They said inebriation seldom
produces poetry,
don't know what produces poetry
at all.

Then I got confused

what is inebriation

Never got the answer.

Life seemed a seeking.

Meanings are hard to come by.

Who can say the final word?

What's finality?

Explain to me in essence

and totality what life is,

Then I will pursue such

a path which

takes me to me.

Paths till then are ugly, dreary

and shallow.

I will exist, I will exist,

for I know not another till then are ugly, dreary

and shallow.

I will exist, I will exist,

for I know not another path.

RAJ VIKRAM

Inspiration

As always it never dried up
oozed like a relentless geyser
that made thoughts sprout on and on
which kept on guiding him
in tumultuous times
unaffected by ravages of time.

But still one fine day
the words ceased to come
as if they never existed
unwittingly the inner churnings
quelled them with
condescending abandon.

The inspiration stood on
urging him to chug on.
He tried to purge himself
for the splurge to return
To be himself day in and out
to make him relentlessly relevant.

Then he found out a moment
when he became aware that
the inspiration was very much
within himself
in the hidden layers of
his unexplored being.

And when he found that
it guided him on as before,
he felt that it was just an
internal extension of
the external source of inspiration
that he relied upon in strife.

He know now that
both are same

the steady beacon of light
that remained eternally present
He now found the analogy
between inspiration within and without.

RAJ VIKRAM

Intolerance

Indelible images in the mind
makes one to mutter
or wax eloquent about
what is right or wrong
or what is perceived
as right or wrong.

There are no clean slates
in anyone's minds except
in those infantile days
which constitute infinitesimally
little time in one's existence.

Reactions come forth
from the minds jettisoned by
experiences of all forms.
Minds maimed by the currents
prevailing around it react in
myriad dimensions.

Tolerance is relative
there is nothing rational or
irrational about it,
only the invisible indebtedness
to one's perceptions.

Predilections are predators
which bar one's sensibilities
and imprison the being
forever in the hole of
compromised existence.

Tolerance of one's being
is the ultimate challenge
And to liberate oneself from
perceptions and of course
precepts of right or wrong.

The battles in the mind

make or mar a being's
sensitivity to what prevails around
Beyond the realms of right
or wrong there has to be a place.

Erasing what experiences
slyly write in the slate of
one's being is an arduous task
and it carries in it seeds
of self annihilation.

Tolerate the imponderables
in the recesses of mind
and then complain about
intolerances around
A paradox that defies answers
Just like this existence.

RAJ VIKRAM

Intruders

Intransient emotions,
transient moments,
intransigent intricacies,
ineluctable intrusions
into the being craving
for finding its moorings.
Thus are born the
beings who wander
yonder for their place.
Thus are intruders born,
the sidelined beings
who inexorably infiltrate
into territories not
meant for them at all.
Intruders may be outsiders
out to usurp places
not rightfully theirs.
Yet indelible are the marks
they leave behind
in strange territories.
And incredible is their
indifference to inattention.
they are there,
theirs is the world too.
Intruders are iridescent,
infinite is their impact,
irrational is the notion
that they can be kept away.
Intruders will come,
they might leave
but in the end
it is their place too,
the terrains of love.
the very life itself.
Perpetual succour is
theirs too, not just of
those who identify
themselves as the rightful
claimants of righteousness.

RAJ VIKRAM

Journeys

Sojourns through terrains myriad
memories past and present
commingle with the present
and the mind is a bustling place.

Landscapes that keep changing
people who appear and disappear
leaving behind impressions
which leave indelible imprints.

A journey with destination
within the larger journey without
rhyme, reason or a destination.
Journey that enlivens and lights up.

Mining into the mind's recesses
unknowingly is the only thing I do
as the body rushes on and
on through territories unknown.

I left nothing behind as I embarked,
and is untroubled by sense of loss
or elevated by sense of any gain
I just am and now the journey itself.

Making imprints on the shifting
quick sands of time is not my wont
I just float soaking in everything
before I resume my original journey.

RAJ VIKRAM

Kisses

The lips that hid million kisses
burned with unearthly passion
what can douse those flames
but those throbbing cheeks.

The kisses that danced
to the tunes of a wild symphony,
the kisses that emerged
from an unshackled mind.

The kisses yearned for
their resting place as they danced.
they wanted to storm out
and merge with their resting place.

The kisses had million
tales to tell, that the inert lips
never had the gumption
to utter or reveal.

The kisses may herald
a new life, a new beginning
when they merge
with those inviting cheeks.

Those cheeks may
absorb them like an ocean
and take them into its bottomless depths,
into its unfathomable ranges.

The dancing kisses
will rest, rest in peace
tamed as they become
when they reach where they wanted.

Until then they will burn
the lips that forgot
to tell the words that the
mind craved to tell.

The dancing kisses are
not of this lips' at all
eventually they will jump out
to their liberation, their salvation.

RAJ VIKRAM

Language

Just for a moment,
less than even a moment
when you sat beside
I felt like being myself.

Why do we need a bridge
created by words
when our souls meet
without our consent.

Then you will ask
Why do you need me beside
you when I am
with you always.

I would struggle to answer
for I don't know the
language of soul you
know so well.

Till I learn that language
till my soul becomes
intelligible to me, come
and sit beside and entrance me.

RAJ VIKRAM

Legitimacy

Being intelligible to oneself
a no mean task itself,
then how flimsy would it be
to make oneself intelligible
to all and sundry.

Legitimacy is being intelligible
to oneself if not time
and again, at least in moments
that fleetingly barge in and then
disappear without a trace.

Illegitimate one will always be,
when allowed to be viewed through
prisms of myriad hues and shapes.
In words, deed, actions strive
to be legitimate for others at one's peril.

Make oneself clear to the being
A lifetime may not be enough
for that, for ephemeral beings.
Convince oneself and take the tug
and move ahead with aloft head.

Transient legitimacy may engulf
one with a pyrrhic sense of comfort.
But within no time one will rue it.
Be intelligible and legitimate
to self, nothing else matters.

RAJ VIKRAM

Life

Flirt with solitude
it will be an everlasting
romance devoid of all
the cumbersome conditions.

Be with the solitude
feel its unencumbered
magnificence and get
enslaved once and for all.

Trustworthy aide is solitude
myriad are its mesmerising
machinations which make
life worth living.

Solely trust solitude, traverse
the paths it has kept
hidden to take the explorer
in the self to its rightful place.
Flirt with solitude
it will be an everlasting
romance devoid of all
the cumbersome conditions.

Be with the solitude
feel its unencumbered
magnificence and get
enslaved once and for all.

Trustworthy aide is solitude
myriad are its mesmerising
machinations which make
life worth living.

Solely trust solitude, traverse
the paths it has kept
hidden to take the explorer
in the self to its rightful place.

Living On The Edge

On the precipice
a slippery slope making
me jittery to the core
spine chilling cold
pierced through my
nerves like needles
with blunt tips
I cried aloud
I screamed from
the depths of my
scarred throat.

In the mist that
cobbled together
with vicious haste
and darkness that
swallowed the twilight
like a monster
with a mouth that
is deeper than the
dreadful gorge below.
My shrill sound echoed
in the mist heavy air
And they came back
and struck me like
Ice blocks with
edges sharper than
the sharpest of knives.

The slippery slope
sent shivers through
my porous legs
into my maimed brain
Yes living on the edge
I am forever and ever.
Harangued and chained
to this precipice
with a gorge yearning
to gorge me into

its darkness.
I don't try to move
I won't try to move.
The slippery slope
Will push me into
Non existence
And in the darkness
and the mist ahead
Where do I find light.
Yes I am living on the
edge and will
continue to be so.

RAJ VIKRAM

Longevity

Longevity.

Relation whether love
Or camaraderie need
longevity and it should
defy fizzling out and transience.

Transcendence don't
come about on its own
Careful nurturing and
Caressing by mind is needful.

Life is not ephemeral
Like the few moments
In a plush lounge of
a seemingly beautiful arena.

Life is not ephemeral
Except in a mundane analysis
It is a long haul that
Goes beyond what is seen.

Every fine morning
or in a unexpected quarter
You don't find love or
camaraderie in serendipity.

You have to wait patiently
In the lounge of everyday life
To find out what you seek
In the journey of life.

Longevity is what I
would grasp and not
those transient moments
Of instant gratification.

I will mollify those
moments who turn their

back on me for not falling
for their instant insisrences.

I am here for the long haul
I want to sustain
I want to enliven and enlighten
myself on and on.

Moments of madness
are not for me.
I am malleable, I am prone
to ebbs and flows.

I don't want to be plain.
I don't want things to disappear
at a single go.
I want to sustain.

Longevity is my wont
Trials and tribulations
In between I can bear
With a contented heart.

I am willing to experience
the draining of boredom
If I am assured of longevity.
Longevity is life for me.

RAJ VIKRAM

Makeshift

It is temporary
a template of sorts.
But still the urge overrides,
to be prominent,
to be relevant.

Why be relevant at all?
why seek importance?
Like the cirrus cloud
up above the world so high,
answer remains beyond.

Day in and out
the craving remains,
and life stays on track
owing to this urge,
owing to this feeling.

Remaining as at least
a remnant matters.
That's life, if at all
there's something called it.
Life matters, life.

RAJ VIKRAM

Martyrdom

For a cause he parted ways
with his dear life that
he steadfastly held on
with attention, care and caution.

The cause that he felt was
his life's calling,
a cause that was made
his life's calling by destiny
and by a concept called nation.

He was referred to as a martyr
peans were sung for him
respect and adulation flowed
in all forms and manners.

Another martyr he became
for a cause that was noble
in the eyes of all and sundry
Death for once seemed welcome.

As the corpse as every
body devoid of life is,
got honoured with a cloth
that was referred to as flag.

And the guns sounded
the parting signal of adieu,
the mourners dispersed,
and memories floated in thin air.

The cause that made him
a martyr became the focus.
And patriots fired word canons
that annihilated the enemy.

But ultimately it became death
just a death, a disappearance
and then just a number

and then insignificance.

Martyrdom glorifies death
albeit transiently
and makes every other death
seem patently absurd

Let patriotism thrive
let spirit of onepmanship
prevail so that there will
be more martyrs.

And then death will become
glorious and legitimate
and not an exercise in futility
it has always been dismissed as.

RAJ VIKRAM

Memories

Don't ever depend on memories
to thrive or move on in this
exacting exercise that is life.
They are bound to let one down
for they are like lines in water.

A bundle of lies that like a canker
gouges out life, but unknowingly
we nurture them with the false hope
that they will stand with us when
we need a past to justify present.

Delink from the past and its
hoary and horrific images and
connect with the moment that is,
dilute the seemingly thick and
gluttonous past and float in freedom

Purge the memories and make
the being a clean slate and
let this moment be a celebration
of overwhelming transience.
Move over memories,
be in trance of the transient now.

RAJ VIKRAM

Mindful

As the yelling mouth
unyieldingly ranted,
unaware of the ramifications
that lied ahead.

Unsaid things gurgled out
and worries compounded.
wilting woes welled inside
every passing second.

Mouth lost the plot
and forgot that it is just
a channel, a medium of
the bungling mind.

The idiotic rants
came out in a shrill and
relentless manner.
And things turned turtle.

The mouth assumed
authority and maimed the
mind into a comatose state
as calumnies poured forth.

The mind still knew
what will be if mouth reigns
on and on and has
its way forever.

In hopeless state too
the mind rose somehow in
its defence and asserted
over the rampant mouth.

Mind made the mouth to
tender apology for its
vagrant ways and
all is indeed well now.

RAJ VIKRAM

Mirrors

Mirrors galore all around,
in every nook and cranny
visible and lying hidden
they spread images
of all sorts and hues and
one shudders to tread on them.

Images of life in its myriad
forms and avatars
Reflections of life in
its essence and rabid forms.
Mirrors are there everywhere
be aware of their presence.

Don't overlook images
for you never know whether
they seek to convey the
truths that you conveniently
brushed under the carpet,
just for the life to thrive.

Life is shorn of the designs
that you manufacture to
make it palatable and acceptable.
Life is life and it has a life
that makes your calculations
about it redundant.

Mirrors are there all around.
It is life's way of reminding you
of bruising truths that you
overlook to make the life
appear a remarkable drama
that appeals to your senses.

Step on the images and
shun them with disdain
and move on with the
inane belief that life is

what you make it day in
and out with gay abandon.

But remember images bite,
they tell the truth.
They don't belong to this world
or the nether world
They belong to this moment
the only moment that matters.

If images appear scattered
step on them as if they are
broken parts of a mirror.
It may hurt, it may bleed
but don't step aside
because that's your life.

RAJ VIKRAM

My Silence

Inhabit the vast territories
of my silence which
starts but dont end.
Whole of it is yours
where you can reign supreme.
I wont come anywhere near,
or claim even an inch of it.
For I dont believe it is mine
or anyway related to me.
I dont have a place of my own
and how can I have extensions.
It is your place, yours alone.
Just listen to the silence,
the silken silence prevalent
there and if possible try
to assemble the crumbs
of mine scattered in silences.
It is my monument,
my being which is for you,
scattered, scarred but
alive and kicking.
Inhabit the vast territories
ofMy Silence
Inhabit the vast territories
of my silence which
starts but dont end.
Whole of it is yours
where you can reign supreme.
I wont come anywhere near,
or claim even an inch of it.
For I dont believe it is mine
or anyway related to me.
I dont have a place of my own
and how can I have extensions.
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Just listen to the silence,
the silken silence prevalent
there and if possible try
to assemble the crumbs

of mine scattered in silences.
It is my monument,
my being which is for you,
scattered, scarred but
alive and kicking.

RAJ VIKRAM

My Spring

Spring was unknown to me.
springs would've come
But to know them
there had to be a
flower inside me.

And the unknown
never bother you
I was cushy in the
oblivion as always.
But spring is sprightly.

And it slyly got inside
and made me too a flower.
The eternal spring
the unwavering spring,
my eternal grace.

Flower I too am
spring is mine too,
the belief is now rooted
And I have flowered and won't
fade till this spring is around.

RAJ VIKRAM

New Year

Begin anew for what?
whats in the bygone
that should be
brushed under the
veil of forgetfulness.
What to rue about
what to fret about
Ruminations wrangle
the mind as time
ticks away and
I sit wedded to my
static chair that seemed to halt the
movement of moment.

If time is ticking
I dont feel it
I just dont feel the
weight of the bygone
and the craving for
that uncertain future.
Newness springs
unknowingly in every
fraction of second

I am astride lightness
unbearable lightness
If the end of the year
is a spring board,
how good it would be
to dive into future
which this moment
is pregnant with.
The Newness
the ever present newness.

RAJ VIKRAM

Night

Woke up in a daze
as day gave way to night
the mighty night
the inviting night.

When did sleep come
to the weary eyes?
was it when the dreary mind
fell to the charms of sleep.

Dreariness is not draining
if it is second nature.
I want to wake up to the night
the mighty night.

Bidding adieu to the
shallow day, the hollow day
Let the night suck all
the melancholy as only it can.

I want to escape the shallow day
I just want to embrace this night
In this awake state, I know peace
peace of night, the mighty night.

RAJ VIKRAM

No Man's Land.

Some things can't be quantified
A few footsteps away
still miles separate,
some emotions can't be defined
for they go beyond
the perceived realms
of what is normal.

Words well inside
but they all can't be conveyed
even when the listener is around
Some pains can't be explained
though one knows what it's about.
so close yet so far,
the distance that can
be covered with a few footsteps
will remain distant.

What to do when the being
is paralyzed into submission,
emotions are quirky as always,
and I realize that some
distances are better not covered.
Better to stand still
and let the emotion take charge.

Let the distance remain.
I too will remain
wedded unwaveringly to
where I stand
In this no man's land
where distances are insignificant.

RAJ VIKRAM

Obstacles

Obstacles make moments
obsolete and tear apart
the identity into shreds.
Constrictions control the self
and one becomes an apology
of one's existence.

No flow is unrestricted
obstacles do come and that
makes the exercise called life
a definition for imperfection.
Ideally obstacles must be
an exception than a norm.

But actually they maim the being
as one confronts bruises galore.
When succour is visible but
denied with relentless vigour
life becomes a riddle
that relegates one to sidelines.

The quest for the next letter
the next word and next sentence
run into boulders
of all hues and shapes.
And one loses the urge to register
oneself in life's book.

When one ardently desires
to get over them with
manufactured confidence,
the cunning life fleetingly masquerades
as our confidant only to deceive.
obstacles are life's warriors.

They do their duty diligently
failing to fail for even once.
Life knows it is perfect
in its designs and deceptions.

And we know our lives
are punctuated by imperfections on and on.

But one can't call it quits once and for all.
Because life is incremental
and losing to obstacles can only
drain life slowly out of you.
But you will live to fight
another battle and move on.

Obstacles are inevitable
they would spring up
again and again
lose to them and pick up
oneself to confront the next
one waiting around.

Choice is there for all
to pull the plug summarily
and become obsolete here and now,
or else stretch on till
the final wall quells your urge
to fight, the end of all ends.

RAJ VIKRAM

Pain

It benumbs, shatters soul
but scars are always like lines
on water which disappear
with no trace whatsoever,
for those striving to pacify.

Task is to live, absorb
and chug on without
betraying even a trace of
the pains that left craters
of odious emptiness.

Pains are intense, stifling
and enduring but
there is a life to be lived,
purposes hard to be found,
but cant call it quits nevertheless.

Personal is pain of any hue,
digest it with a bravery,
that is as brittle as a facade,
but be an impostor of
first rate perfection, that's life.

RAJ VIKRAM

Patriotism

The nation is what?

Is it a mammoth whole where
the parts melt and become
a rock of redundant stagnance.

Or an edifice which like
an imaginary God needs to
be worshipped and sung
peans and platitudes about.

Or is the nation a brittle entity that can't
withstand dissent and that
which crumbles at the beck and
call of self-anointed patriots.

Nation isn't a nascent entity
that needs nurturing by offering
blood of individuality as craved by
apostles of dumb divisiveness.

A patriot needn't trumpet from the
roof tops about his identity and patriotism
is not a craven worship at a
non-existent sanctum sanctorum.

And a patriot needn't parrot lines
of inane and hollow sense of identity.
Nation is for the individuals
and not the individual for the nation.

Brush aside without trace the
notions of nationhood that tramples
upon the individual and spit out
potions of poisonous deviousness.

Thrive as individuals and liberate
the spirit of pluralism from the
bruising hands brandishing hatred.
Be a patriot devoid of patronages.

RAJ VIKRAM

Pedestrian

The escalator of life moved
ahead in full throttle.
There was no hurry
at all and didn't desire
to reach the acme or
even a higher pedestal.
A pedestrian who yearned
the steadiness of the plains
was prodded into the
exacting journey upwards.
As steps merged into
one another the incorrigible
pedestrian gasped for breath
and yearned to stay put.
There is no such thing
as steadiness in life but
just that taxing journey to
the inviting highs,
mumbled many in those
ears attuned for years to the tranquil sound of the plains.
Escalating worries of the
thinness of the highs
bludgeoned the senses.
The inexorable upward
journey continued and the
grumbles of protest
disappeared into thin air.
The lover of the plains
reached the much vaunted
heights where more escalators
where chugging on to carry
the ambitious to even
greater heights or even the
acme if there is such a place.
The doughty pedestrian
refused further scaling
and heaved a long sigh
of relief being pedestrian
amidst yells for excellence

exasperating excellence.

RAJ VIKRAM

Phases

Far from becoming deflated,
phases of passivity
pushed the limits of
endurance and kindled
the flame of hope.

From the lows,
from being encumbered,
facing the low phases
with stoic resolve,
stymied the flow of pessimism.

Active may not be the
enduring nature but passivity
wont fester beyond a point
when the belief in the transience
of it transcends the templates.

Phases are to be faced
phases of all sorts will pass,
phase out the past of lows
to be the now, the phase of
the pervading of tranquil permanence.

RAJ VIKRAM

Profusion

In the midst of plenty,
in the lap of prosperity
it may seem profuse.
An unending saga of
ineluctable infinitude.

Profuse it is when
it all is within grasp.
Relentless it all is in
days of iridescent
exactitude of plentitude.

But when the going
goes astray,
when steps falter,
it all will look
irrevocable and irreversible.

Brace for the bad,
keep back up for
patches that are lean,
listless and endemic.
Truth is trying and tiresome.

Profusion is just
but a hallucination
in myriad forms that
life is all about.
Reality is just scarcity.

RAJ VIKRAM

Promise

Hard to keep it was
but still gave assent to it,
To the lamp that glowed
without smoke and heat.

To the soothing presence
that waived the agony
and poured words that held
million meanings.

Now it just demanded
my silence, just my silence.
I owe it to the guide
that aided me in strife.

A lifetime's onus fell
upon my frayed being
to give the promise of
silence that was sought.

A tinge of silence in return
for an eternity of succour.
Now, this promise takes
nothing away from me.

The silence is just my state
And I need just be what I am
to keep my promise
which will keep the lamp burning.

Here is that promise which will
stop the lamp from flickering.
and keep me happy continually
Here is my promise, my silence.

RAJ VIKRAM

Purist

Purists are there
dime a dozen,
everywhere and
in everything around.

The obsessed folk of
self perceived perfection,
those who yawn at
deviations of any hue.

Imperfections abound,
and the quests for
perfection are bound to be
bundled into despondence.

Being pure in perceptions
lessens the urge
to pander to hollow
notions of completeness.

Endeavours of us are
doomed to dissipate into
laments laden with sighs
of being not good enough.

Prise out the purist and
harmonise the self to being
human and gulp down
the reality that ideals are ideals.
Purists are there
dime a dozen,
everywhere and
in everything around.

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RAJ VIKRAM

Rain Fed Words.

She came in a twilight
when the rains were pouring
with vigour akin to a scythe
that rammed through the
invisible atmosphere.

She was not drenched in the rain,
may be she herself was the rain.
the hesitant words which
stood still till then poured out in
that twilight like an ode to that rain.

After that twilight
how many rains came and went
and there is a rain that
lies hidden now even in the white
clouds that stood motionless
in the infinite skies up above.

Even now in twilights I await
that rain or even a rain
that is emaciated by aching
times that I live through.
In the rain from the rain
if only she emerged again.

Rains that I saw after that
unreal twilight poured not as
drops but in her form
the formless form which
seemed like the foam that
the rain germinated on the
rugged grounds around me.

The words that I wrote about her
got washed away in rains
leaving behind traces which
I try to decipher day in and out.
like lines in water the words

about her,
thoughts like the
ground in orgasmic lethargy
that the libidinous rain left behind.

After that I never wrote about her
or the rains that I saw.
How can I write about the rain
or the rain that's she,
which like an impish child
dissolved my writings into
non existence.

But the words that spur me now
the words that I owe my being to
were born in that twilight
when she came as a rain
when the rain and she played
hide and seek before my
eyes that blinked a million times.

The twilights are
when I am alive
when I look for that rain,
that rain which fed words into
my veins, and which is now the
blood that sustains my being.
I know that rain was her way of
infusing life into a still born.
Twilight, rains and rain fed words
Yes I am alive to write only to write.

RAJ VIKRAM

Rain You Are Enough

Rain you are not rain enough
You drop from the clouds
curtailed you are
transient you are, even in
your torrential avatar.
Rain you are not rain enough.

Can you be like her?
Of the nether world,
can you be like her love
that ceases only to return.
You're continuous, not continual
Rain you are not rain enough.

Rain you will be reined in.
you're of this world
with limits that are like
our lamentations,
that we swallow when
sleep gobbles us every time.

Rain you are not rain enough.
Rain is not your name,
rain that I know
and call rain know no
limits like her love that
splatters when in spate.

Rain, but don't return
to the clouds and just stay put.
In these lows, in this interlude
when her love isn't here
before her inevitable return.
Rain you're not rain enough
But for now you're enough.

RAJ VIKRAM

Reality

Never had her in the
way I wanted her,
but that yearning for
her yelled at me and
made me believe that
it wasn't true at all.
That I am in her
and she is within me
was ingrained deep
in me which ingratiated
that relentless urge
to have her beside me in surge, strife, steadiness
stillness and emptiness.
And that belief propelled
me into the that cocoon
of comfort akin to
the cushy oblivion
of a nocturnal slumber.
But wake up I do
and fall down with a
thud to the burning
wicks of reality leaving
my being scalded.
Now I have learnt that
art to be suspended
in sustained disbelief.
I inject in my frayed
nerves the most
intoxicating thoughts
about her alluring
presence and in that
trance I find her in
the myriad ways
that I wanted her.
Reality it may not be
but what's real
for me without her.
Unreal, real, virtual
abstract and concrete

all merge in that
kaleidoscope where
my hues merge
seamlessly with hers
and now there is that
eternal feel of endless
and enrapturing orgasm.

RAJ VIKRAM

Rebirth.

Time to be born again,
for life, this life has
torn us apart into
territories eons apart.
Apart is our beings,
just like we were
in the timeless past,
when moments
seemed ages.

Then when it
came along,
that moment,
the pregnant moment,
and then the birth
into the valley
of reassurance and
relentless togetherness.
Life took baby steps.

Then we grew up
and then wedges
appeared as is the wont
of life in essence.
The mundane usurped
the effervescent
highs and then it
hurtled down and
paused before dissolution.

Let us not dissolve,
for death is inevitable.
Let us at least resolve
to be reborn into
a featherbed of hope
and then we can thrive,
just as we did in
that infinitesimally
small time in our past.

Time is ripe to be reborn,
before being dead,
before the
impending dissolution.
It is rewarding to
be reborn before we
die, for we can carry a
trace of the mesmerising
memories of yore.

Born again, reborn
before death, before
dissolution smothers
our memories.
Then we can be like the
toddlers we were,
and just wade callously
into the depths of hope.
Then death will impend.

Then we can take
birth again and then
the cycle can go on.
Just taking birth
growing up a bit.
Taking birth just before
the snapping of the
cord that binds us
together through ages.

Rebirth before death,
love before hate,
highs before lows,
hope before despair,
harmony before chaos.
Just before the
inevitable eventuality,
let us take birth again
Thus we will never be dead.

Reciprocation

When entreaties fell on ears
that seemed deaf by choice
or by design I was enveloped
by an urge to consign myself
to the inevitability of disintegration.

Reciprocation must be there
for we are beings living on
borrowed time who thrive on
inspirational strokes.
In this wide world I wont be alone.

Reciprocation needn't be
an approval of my entreaties
nor an acknowledgment
of fantasies wild or otherwise.
Reciprocation is acknowledgment.

And when disintegration set in
and I resigned to my fate of
being scattered into shreds by
gusty winds of unforgiving life.
Reciprocation proved elusive.

But then it happened and it was
as if my time had arrived.
My words found resonance
my angsts were shared and
dreariness got pared down.

I was in tune but the resonance
was not a promise of eternal
harmony but it was enough.
Not unqualified reciprocation
but acceptance of my being.

There and thence emotions
sprouted in my clogged veins
and I sprang to life and is still alive.

Yes just the nod of approval
was akin to reciprocation for my being.

RAJ VIKRAM

Recognition

Crave, beseech for it
and learn the hard way
that it is not forthcoming.
Recognition it keeps
eluding but quietly
numbs the senses
into a quest of inessential.

Cram the head
with information galore
on the animate
the inanimate and even
the metaphysical.
Pursue the paths to perceived
glory and be redundant.

Be in awe of the seen,
harbour superlative notions
about the unknown.
Stop not for a moment
to step into the present
to know the essential
and perceive the essence.

Craven acts of giving
credence to incredulous
notions militating against
credulous belief in the being.
Recognition is thus nothing
but a quest for impermanent
glory in the guise of success.

RAJ VIKRAM

Recovery.

In the feeble light
that engulfed the
room which he called
as his own dwelling
he felt as if time
had ceased to exist.

He didnt knew whether
it was dusk or dawn
and he didnt want
to know either,
bogged down by
medicines galore
and the fleeting
glimpse of mortality.

In the highway
of life, never for once
he loved stillness
he wanted to move on
complaining continually of time
that disappeared like
a racing car.

Now as he hear the
pacing of legs
of the prancing death
in this non descript
room with a chill
that smelt death.
He felt still within.
The world existed
outside, but he didnt
care one bit.

He wanted recovery

but not a rushed one.
He just wanted to
infuse real life in
his battered veins.
Mortality is a
fact but seldom
acknowledged.

But now in this dull
lit room in the
envelop of the
green blanket
he felt peace,
being with himself
awash in tranquility
He felt recovered.

RAJ VIKRAM

Relevance

Love oneself off and on
if not relentlessly,
to feel relevant in these
infinitely inane moments.

Seek approval outside
at your peril, for none is keen on
keeping you relevant except
the ever pricking sense of self.

Keep saying, keep on saying
that irrelevance is irrational,
and wed the sense of relevance
like an irrationally faithful bride.

Relevance is the potion to
be concocted to stay alive.
Redeem the self, design the self
and deign the life meaningful.

Doom is omnipresent
keep on digging relevance
from the mine of irrelevance
to stay relevant and alive.

RAJ VIKRAM

Remains

Charred remains of a
nothing day were showered
by the fan above
which rotated with a
monotonous consistence.

It was as if it was
continual and perennial.
Dusk diffused the spirit,
which couldn't liven up the body
drowned in cesspools of despair.

The switch smiled at me
as if asking me to go
and let go it off from the
clutches of electricity.
I knew I too will be spared.

Charred remains crunched
the being and I was static.
The urge was there to scamper
off from the memories of
the nothing day, but to no avail.

I just slumped in my chair
with not even a whimper
and as the new day dawned
I was charred beyond redemption
and the fan stopped rotation.

RAJ VIKRAM

Remains Of Love

Like an incandescent bulb
I need the flow of electrons
of your love to light up.
Heat up I will when you
relentlessly radiate my
being with invisible candour.
In your thrall I burn in
self effacement of
embellishing consummation.
In your electric presence
I pulsate from the minutest
points of tangled existence.
Burn I will and lose I will
hours and days from
the tungsten that my
seemingly stubborn being is.
But what is there in remaining
shoddy and inert forever
undiminished in wilderness.
Cuddle me with the current
of your love and let me burn
into a charred remain,
a monument of unrelenting love.

RAJ VIKRAM

Remember Me.

Remember me.

Remember me on occasions
sparingly and benignly
like a breeze
that wafts along
without slightly shaking
your thinnest hair.

Remember me in your vividest
dreams as a vague presence at least,
I want to be a non descript
shrub in the
inner recesses of the
woods of your mind.

Remember me when you
travel through the highlands
as an ancient rock
with unintelligible engravings.
Don't read me for I have
failed to read me through ages.

Remember me when you travel
through the plains
as a speck of greenery
dancing to the tune of
the winds in wilderness.

Remember me as a bubble
that sprung forth only
to be gobbled up by
the waves that strive to
touch you when you are
on the longest seashore
in this world and nether world.

I exist in such spaces
when you remember me

in between but continually.
And when you see rain
you may see a drop with
a distinct identity.
Yes as long as rains are there
I would exist and I want
to exist in your memories.

RAJ VIKRAM

Remembrance.

Remember I do
from moment to moment
and in between moments too.
Presence or absence
matter little,
for those are just
things of mind.

Remembrance is the essence
and it is the throbbing
heart that sustains me.
If forgetfulness submerges
my remembrance
then like a clean slate
I will look blank.

I will hold on to
the tugs of my memories
like dear life.
Forget me not my, memories.
I want to sustain,
I remember therefore I am.

RAJ VIKRAM

Reverie

When senses returned
after another binge
he tried to balance
his senses between the
conscious and unconscious.
And he yearned to return to
the shallow depths of
forgetfulness that
spirit provided.

When he loses his senses
when in the clutches
of spirit gifted liberation
he felt like being on the summit,
and the emotions danced
to his tunes
and he reigned supreme.

He traversed with the spirit
and inhabited the
sidelines of existence
with a spiritual zeal.
Fluttering memories
were stitched together
and he wore a garment
of transient comfort.

When the disappearing
memories refused to return
spirit took over the reins.
Even in his half awake state
he felt happy
to be under the reign of
intoxication.
And no qualms had he
to be one with it
It was just another reverie
He didn't care about
waking up at all.

RAJ VIKRAM

Righteousness.

Right may be your reason
to wrong and besmirch the
mind of my rugged being.
Never did I run into
your being or never
did I claim high ground.
Your rights are your right,
but how does my right
turn out to be wrong,
just because it doesn't
match your sense of
righteous indignation.
Left alone I may be,
high and dry may be the
state of my being.
But right is my way
and it is my right,
the only right I claim.
Being right in my own way,
the only right right.

RAJ VIKRAM

Search.

When I search and search
to find out me and then
fine tune me into
the reality of the moment
I struggle relentlessly.

Living a dream not
accepting reality and
flying in the wings of
pervading fantasy and
into hallucinatory highs.

I yearn not to find out
the real me, confront reality
coz the present is
so soothing elevating
and unencumbered
I needn't have felt that my
present is unreal.

Somehow my vaccillations
prompted me into
unnecessary reflections
And I developed self doubts
and was riven with confusions.

Without my consent
my mind went into overdrive
And started to wade in doubts
Now I am like a meteor
with no home.
In infinite space slowly
burning to become void.

RAJ VIKRAM

Self Talk

Yawning through now
yearning about the return
of halcyon yore.
unyielding even when
the crumbling now is
bringing only crumbs.

Thats the only way
known to man to be
out of the woods that lies
hidden in the passages of life.
Lose in the woods benignly
and no traces will be left.

But moving on matters
to oneself only and it
starts and ends with the
unyielding desire to
emerge out of anonymity
and urge to mark oneself.

Let there be a splurge
of that urge to remain in
contention day in and out.
And that self goading
shall be the only God.
In the quest for pertinence.

RAJ VIKRAM

Separation

I got detached from
the train of life and
now I lie idle in endless
tracks that looked forbidding.

Forlorn I became,
as I rusted in the tracks,
that suddenly seemed
to start where I stood.

I rued the moment in which
I lost the connection with life
I was done in by a moment
of madness that was inviting.

I was courted by it
and in no time I fell for it.
That madness which
was anything but life.

It was indeed transient
and now in forlorn lands
after an alluring orgasm
I struggle with my rusted being.

I am rusting without relent
and is being laid to rest
slowly but steadily in this track
where life left me behind.

The separated me, now
fail to fathom the intensity
of my forlornness, and I don't hear
even a murmur of the train of life.

Stuck in this rusty tracks
through which life passed by once,
I find myself mangled and odd.
And this oddity is my life.

RAJ VIKRAM

Shade

Shade.

Come back come back
with the shade that's your part
I am in the open
Exposed to searing sun
drained by elements
and storms with sand.

Sweat at first trickled
then became a torrent
and afterwards a deluge
I am drenched to the hilt
And without the shade
I am melting.

I can see you beyond
the corner but as if you
are a horizon you are moving
away from my reach.
I know I can't stay waiting
for you to come back.

Shades are there aplenty
all around me where I
can draw succour
and keep rooted perpetually.
But I scouted for the
shade that is you.

Every shade can't provide
the cover from prohibitive
elements around
And my frayed nerves know it.
I know I can't reach the horizon
But I don't believe you
are akin to a horizon.

You are a reality

And I have felt the shade.
When you moved away
One fine morning
You might have not known
Who is left behind.

Bereft of the shade
I am facing extermination
I know you would come back
For how long you can keep away
I am here waiting for the shade
I don't have it in me to
come in search of you.

Come back to where you belong
with your soothing shade
I am waiting in the open
I am waiting in the open.

RAJ VIKRAM

Shalowness

I will berth somewhere
around this port of life
I am an ancient ship that forgot
its knots and failed to cover
the nauticals of life's distances.

Braved the rough seas that
seeped in through the cracks
in my being but I became a shambles
and I just scrambled
to this port for a new lease.

As if in a vision I saw this island
in treacherous seas that stretched
on with the waves that were
unwavering in their craft of
leading journeys to wrong ports.

The port of life amidst the seas
where boring infinity rules roost
I will disappear by withering away
in the inviting shallowness of
life gulping nectar of the finite.

And in the soothing of womb
of this port where life thrives
I will take root and then be reborn
The port where I am berthed now
The place where I will be reborn.

Permeating here is life
impermenant but life nevertheless
Ships know the infinite but
finitude is peace and the
shallowness here promises peace.

RAJ VIKRAM

Shame(Rape And Murder Of A Dalit Girl)

Murder most foul
a crime most horrific
still submerged in
the flimsy mudslinging
of politicking.
Silence most deafening.

Entrails lying scattered,
blood splattered
and dried out leaving
stains that no lipservice
or undiscerning protest
can wash away.

At large remains the
beasts, the arms of law
not long enough and
the will of powers that be
in mute mode reeking
heinous culpability.

Colour matters,
status counts and
justice will remain denied
until the storm of protest
gathers albeit belatedly.
Better late than never.

Let our souls be
scarred beyond cure.
Let our hearts never get
purged of the pain
and let our minds feel
shame that eats into our vitals.

RAJ VIKRAM

Silence

In silent mode always he was
missed the cacophony pervading him
as general mode prevailed
all around him always.

Drowned in his flirtations
with his solitude
distractions of no hue
deterred or touched him.

He went on with the
levitating flirtation
that seduced his being
into a heavenly coitus

In the lap of
tranquil solitude
flirtation devoid of words
went on unabated.

Never did he feel about
changing his mode
And the silent mode
synchronized with his being.

All around there was
general mode where
words pervaded dictatorially
over the sedate silence.

The words craved him
to churn him, to mutate him
to end his flirtation,
orgasmic flirtation with silence.

Never fell prey to them
he moved along in silence
wedded to solitude
like a chaste woman.

Words failed to seduce him
fed up they became
knocked on and on
at the door of his silent being.

Silent mode relented
and sucked in the words
into its bottomless depths
Now just silence prevailed.

His flirtations continued
unabated, unaware of the
fight between modes
the silent mode and general mode.

RAJ VIKRAM

Smile

When a smile is not
allowed to be finished
its beauty multiplies
How beautiful this
partial smile is
and then how beautiful
it will be if it is complete.

Where does a smile
spring from and how
does the recipient
get the feel that it
was meant for him
No, a smile is not the
answer to any question.

It is not of the lips
but of the heart
Even a truncated smile
is a delight to watch
for smile can't be quantified
It takes a bit of fortune
to see a smile emerging
from the right person.

It has the power to
move a heart that yearns
for its fleeting presence
day in and out.
So when the lips part
and the smile emanates
where is the scope
for complaint for
it being curtailed.
And the heart has chosen
the eyes to identify
the smile meant for it.

And the eyes never miss

them when the smiles
meant for the heart
dance on the lips
Smile is a smile
small or big
extended or truncated
when it is from the heart
and is meant for the heart.

RAJ VIKRAM

Solitude

What is solitude?

I asked myself
day in and day out.
Is it a state of being
or just a passing phase.

In the midst of
a vociferous crowd
I was always flirting
my being.
In silence and
aleness also,
I was alone in my being.

I have no qualms
in being selfish
I chat with myself,
I relish the orgasm
of unadulterated
and transcending
selfishness which
pervades my being.

Solitude is the
only certitude
in this grinding existence
replete with false dawns
which give false hopes.

The distance to every dawn
that arrive after
a soul sapping dusk
is painfully equal
Solitude is the truth
the only truth.

After being thrown

out of every heights
into gorges of non-existence
I am glad that
I still remain.

I still converse with
my solitude which
never flutters
nor flickers.
And if I find existence
in this solitude
expunging everything else
Then that may be immortality.

RAJ VIKRAM

Spend A Few More Moments.

Spend a few more seconds
here in this silent corner for who
knows how many
seconds time has kept for us.

Speak a few more words
for who knows when
words will dry up
You never know the
machinations of time.

True moments do come
worthwhile words do emerge
but in between many
draining summers would.
have left us gasping.

Your presence is like a
lullaby, at least let me
be in a trance for a few
pregnant moments.

Spend a few more seconds here
for who knows how many
summers would have to elapse and
Before a worthwhile moment appear.

How many Moments
need to disappear into
the wedge of nothingness
before I am in the presence of
this lullaby again.

RAJ VIKRAM

Stave Off

Stand alone, stay put
steady and unstymied
believe staunchly
in trials and errors.

Soak up the pangs
and unleash the hope.
Summon on and on
courage from within.

No holds barred
must be the yearning
to shun the shams
that the life lunges.

Strident and astride
the unrelenting hope
to usher in the urge
to see a sliver of silver.

Stave off in style crises,
that pop up every time
to prop up the belief
that life is indeed beautiful.

RAJ VIKRAM

Still

Dissipating inspiration
impending implosion
mean emotional destitution.
Ravenous elements
running rampant all around
ramifications rattle senses.

Looming irrelevance
leaving spirits listless.
Iridescent inspiration if
only you return spawning
brightness beyond compare
which is your wont.

And it is my want,
only want in trying times
which drain the nerves
at a pace accelerating the
pounding heart's
unbearable prattle.

For now I am left with
little to do but be still
just in the hope of weathering
this withering times.
Not precipitating the
degeneration, just being still.

RAJ VIKRAM

Subjectivity

Each and every
being is subjective,
subjectivity rules roost
and it gives fools
notions of superiority.

Notions rule the being,
and naivete gets passed
off as wisdom abominably.
Ignorance is a blessing when
pitted against bloated notions.

The need to be objective
won't appeal to those who
are incarcerated in the
prisons of inflated
and pyrrhic sense of self.

Subjective thoughts provide
the cushion of perceived
superiority to the vainglorious
ignoramus who feel hopelessly
orgasmic day in and out.

Objectivity isn't objectively
laid out to get a final word
and show their place
to the idiots caught in the
web of malignant subjectivity.

Let them be themselves,
let them be in their sun
of glory and relentless relevance.
Argue not, differ silently
and sympathise with their idiocy.

RAJ VIKRAM

Summer

Winters gouged me out
from the precincts of life
Winters appeared unrelenting
And I believed in its
permeating permanence.

Life was sterile and
I wallowed in lamentations
I ceased to believe
that summers are ever
within my grasp.

I bled from million dots
in the rugged body
Wintry, chilly and I
became a frozen fossil
That bid adieu to life
Ages and ages ago.

And when I got intimations
of summer I started to melt
Then I became water
And got poured into
a shapeless container.

Then without my knowledge
I got shape or rather shapes
And I appeared in
myriad avatars and avidly
acted out with ecstasy
My chosen roles.

Is this summer also transient
Seasons are transient
I know, I know very well.
But I shudder about another
Winter which will fossilize me.

Let me have a fill of this
summer to my heart's content
I won't be satiated
And I don't want even
a bit of shade.

I want to remain in
this summer forever
Being part of it
Never aspiring to be
a summer myself.

O winter don't come back
Don't come slyly
without soundless footsteps
I will resist to the hilt
if you attempt to take me back

I will remain in this summer
Forever and ever.

RAJ VIKRAM

Surrender

Hurdles that spring
suddenly with a predatory
ruthlessness can ruin
a ruminating being and
condemn him to grinding halt.

Surmounting them requires
surmising the reasons for
their origin and knowing that
being caught in its web will
make existence perfunctory.

Knowing that there is no
grinding halt in this existence
which forever surge ahead
with irreducible momentum
is the only realization worth having.

Eternity should never be
seen through the prism of
transience and feel fettered.
Discover that feeling
which kindle the fire of immortality.

That one feeling which lies
in the recesses of mind.
Hold on to it with fidelity
of the unearthly kind.
Surrender to that feeling
wholly and with fervent devotion

Feeling that levitates one from
the stagnant moment
to timeless dimensions
of unexplainable ecstasy.
That feeling of intense subjectivity.

Falling prey to the moments
which maim the being

temporarily is the only
mistake a being can commit
See through this moment.

There is light seeping through
every plastered moments
of darkness that permeates
the being with a vice like grip
and the onus is on one to see it.

Surrender to the moment
be spurred by that feeling
to get that feeling of
permenance and enduring
stability which will make the
hurdles redundant.

RAJ VIKRAM

Synonymous

Puzzled by my myriad ways
that defy logic, rhyme or reason,
you needn't be befuddled
trying to zero in on the real me.

I may seem indecipherable
when trying to sort out the
greater puzzle that you are.
But I wouldn't call it quits.

The real me is beyond the
straitjackets of conformity and
in me there are recesses that
I too may never access.

But my constant refrain is to
be intelligible to you.
That has been my wont
ever to make me parochial.

So as to be narrowed down to
a perspicacity that's well
within your confines
that are indefatigable.

It is not that I construe you
as a limited being with a
possessive worldview.
But I am too overawed.

Only thing is that I should
become what you yearn in
fits and starts at least so that
I can synchronize with you.

Want to be with you in
such moments however
transient they may be.
Transposed and transformed.

But don't belittle my credentials for you may never see a more voracious being
than this soul sodden with intangibles.

Voracious is my urge to read
you in ways beyond the normal realms and I read you to become one with you in
each syllable.

Simply there is a place where
our confines overlap to
become contumacious
and then be synonymous.

RAJ VIKRAM

Tell Me About Me.

Tell me all that you know
about me, without leaving
even a grain behind.
I have told you everything
that I believe, I know about me.

And I do believe that whatever
I have left unsaid about me
are about territories in
my mind which even
I am not familiar with.

So do tell me whatever
you know about me
I am eager to know,
I may be a breeze with a
storm lulling inside me.

I wouldn't know that
I would never know that
I may be a deluge
in the garb of a drizzle
waiting to pour down
in torrents upon you.

Tell me all that you know
about me without even
a tinge of hesitance
for I may be
a winter mistaking
myself for a scorching summer.

Let me hear from you
Everything that you learned
about me during our
togetherness and separateness

I believe for sure that you
know things about me

which are beyond my
comprehension and beliefs.
Let me be total, let me be whole
Now I am only partial.

Tell me all that you know
about me, tell everything
I know you know about me.
I implore in my feeble voice
which may turn shrill
if you tell me everything.

RAJ VIKRAM

The Battle

When things were left unsaid
they became like unpaid debts
compounding the worries
day by day, minute by minute.

The interest that accrued
second by second
frightened the senses
with unbridled ferocity.

The mouth was yelling,
but in mute, as if
it was in an infinite vacuum
and no sound came out.

It forgot its true nature
that of being just
a medium of a
mind that is bungling.

When in a fine moment
that came after a
wait of ages, the vacuum
itself became a medium.

The intended listener heard
the idiocy of the
parroting mouth that
reigned unchallenged.

The mouth had maimed
the hapless mind
into a coma that was
every bit induced.

Still the mind was aware
what will be
if the delinquent mouth
had its way.

But it was too late
for the overwhelmed mind
to assert itself
over the mundane mouth.

But still even in comatose
it somehow rose to its defence
and the reluctant mouth was
forced to mumble the true words.

Before the inevitable and
irreversible slumber of coma
the mind made the mouth to utter
the apology, the apology.

RAJ VIKRAM

The Distance

Far away you are
from my vicinity,
I can hear the breath
feel the presence.
But I do know
there is distance.
I don't get away
from you even when.
I am away from you
I am the tree in
the woods that's you.
I am in the woods
I too am the woods,
But still where does
the distance come from
unwittingly into our midst.

I am chagrined to
the hilt about the
distance that exists,
the gulf that exists
between us.
Like that tree in the
the woods that you are,
I too feel rooted
unable to move.
I am inside, always inside
But can't fathom
the distance that lies between.

Like an island in
the vast ocean
I know that there
is the continental
being that's you
in my proximity
But I don't know

how to bridge the
ever present gulf that
keeps me apart from you.
I am a tree, I am an island
I am within you
yet I am distant from you.
And am painfully aware
about the distance
The Distance.

RAJ VIKRAM

The Escapist

Run away from what
Run away to where,
Does the maimed body
has enough in it to move on.

Yes, the place where I stand
is grossly intolerable
And I am not in tune at all
with the life which left me alone.

Devoid of life and vigour
and the stupefied senses
Make me a stunted being
And I can't help but run for cover.

But still escape to where
However fast I may run
However long I may reach
I can't escape from myself.

I am in the throes of the
ugly manifestation of life
I am bruised to the core
And I bleed profusely.

I don't belong to any place
Here, there or somewhere
I don't belong to the past
or the present or the future.

I will try to escape
From this moment till
a new moment arrives
I am not locked to the moment.

I escape only from
the present moment and place
Knowing fully well that
there is no time or place that's mine

It is a never ending process
And it is only the realisation
that I can escape which
give me perpetual succour.

Let me escape always
Let me be on the move
Then I will exist and thrive,
Chain me down, then I am no more.

RAJ VIKRAM

The Eternal Lover

From the confines of womb
where love was security
to an infant for whom love
was caresses and lullabies
to a toddler for whom
love was attention and care
to that kid for whom love
was sometimes harmless
admonitions and advice.

To the teenage when love
turns into another avatar
when from being loved
one starts to seek love outside.
Is it love that changed or the
eternally insatiable soul
that yearned for love.
even when it knows that
to love is to be loved.

When the seeker went out
searching for love that
turned into a conundrum,
that became increasingly
abstract and delinquent.
When love and lust
played hide and seek turning
the heart into a battle field.
When lust conquered love
it became an elevation that
flattered to deceive.

Within the confines of
the societal notions of
right and wrong there came

along the marital bliss.
What's marriage?
love feigning as lust
or the other way around.
Yes it is a pleasure being
a lover an eternal one at that
alternately waxing and waning.

Love is not a question seeking
answer just be with it
dance to its tunes and do
its proddings like an infant.
Yes be an eternal lover
and love is love's reward.

RAJ VIKRAM

The Idealist.

As ideas juggled and struggled
inside the troubled aisles
of his gasping mind,
the idealist in him allowed
no outlet for them.

The gaping hole in the
idealist's mind sucked him
into an obdurate belief
that his ideas were not ideal
and they better remain hidden.

Ideas of his, he believed
were just ruminations,
floating free, roaming around
in the corridors of mind
as if they caught fire.

He kept the vow
of not letting them go
come what may and denied
them outlet, as ideas welled up
and gurgled with vigour.

The unkempt raw ideas
breathed fire and spread around
all around him.
And they seemed ideal to all
those around him.

His ideas were now idolized.
Unaware of all this
the idle being lived on
in his ideal world
His ideas though are now idolized.

RAJ VIKRAM

The Inevitable.

It came to this pass
it all looked bleak
but it all looked normal
what transpired
in the immediate past
distant past.
And what will happen
in the immediate
aftermath of this
bleak moment
had to happen.

What any oracle
or some prophetic voice
utters matter little
It is not his discovery
He cant discover
anything or predict
the ways of the
days ahead.
Inevitable are these
happenings
inevitable are this pains.

When these pains are sought
to be smothered
by a prophetic voice
we are trifling with
the inevitabilities
that time has lay
hidden for us.
Accept the inevitable
and become an
inevitability.

RAJ VIKRAM

The Inspiration

As always it never dried up
oozed like a relentless geyser
that made thoughts sprout on and on
which kept on guiding him
in tumultuous times
unaffected by ravages of time.

But still one fine day
the words ceased to come
as if they never existed
unwittingly the inner churning
quelled them with
condescending abandon.

The inspiration stood on
urging him to chug on.
He tried to purge himself
for the splurge to return
To be himself day in and out
to make him relentlessly relevant.

Then he found out a moment
when he became aware that
the inspiration was very much
within himself
in the hidden layers of
his unexplored being.

And when he found that
it guided him on as before,
he felt that it was just an
internal extension of
the external source of inspiration
that he relied upon in strife.

He know now that
both are same

the steady beacon of light
that remained eternally present
He now found the analogy
between inspiration within and without.

RAJ VIKRAM

The Interlude

In this interlude
amidst the chirping of time
that wants to move on
I found the silence to hear you.

Tell me whatever you want,
just unburden whatever ached
that shoulders all along, to this
shoulders which are broad for you.

I am here for you, just for you
to absorb all your pangs.

In this interlude you may open out
and regurgitate all the churning
that upset you and moistened
those deep dark eyes.

I will hear whatever you say
and won't utter even a word back.

I this interlude,
in your arresting presence.
I will keep listening to you
To be with you is to be with me.

In this brief interlude
just blurt out, just open out
I am here for you, just for you.
In this cocoon of frozen time.

I beg you to flush out
all the silt in the channels of your mind
I am here just for you
wholly and completely.

In this interlude,
this birth of mine is that interlude.

The Lighthouse

In the distant seas, swaying
with wild winds and tormented
by darkness, sheer darkness,
the ship of life yearned
to escape from the anchor
that detained it to the
bottomless depths in the
infinite past.

The sea has the sound of infinity
which the wind enhances
with its ancient symphony.
The ship wished to move ahead
to the shore where it knew
that time existed.
timelessness ached its rusty being
and it looked for a tempest to liberate it.
It shuddered at the thought
of the infinite that beckoned it.

There stood the light house
in some distant shores as though
it was a magic castle that spewed hope
The light flickered offering
a glimmer of the transient life
that the rugged ship craved for.
The ship wanted to move on
to that light which waxed and waned
like the waves in the sea.

The light house that gave intimations
of mortality with its impermanence.
The ship detested its tryst with infinity
And dreamt of tearing away from
the anchor and to barge
to the light house to cease to be infinite
To be finite was its liberation.

The Lotus

I looked on with awe
as lotuses galore
waved in the wind,
the water fluttered with
ripples that swayed them.

Their fragrance
permeated the air
and I became dazed.
Lotus is more than
a mere flower.

Its roots go deep
into the ground beneath
the fleeting layer
of the water of emotions.
Water will rise or
may dry up,
but the ground remains.

Lotuses are same
with beauty of uniformity.
Lotus is a symbol
of beauty that goes
beyond the eyes.

One lotus that
I marvel at is there
hidden in the waters.
How I wish to wade
through the waters
to be on close quarters
to that one.

The wind made them
dance in a symphony.
Lotuses are aplenty
and are enticing
beyond compare.

Their beauty springs
from one source of purity
from my lotus.
the reflection of that
beauty enveloped
the air around me
And I became levitated.

I too danced to their tunes
as the courting wind
caressed them artfully.
I found my lotus in the
midst of countless
swaying ones,
And I too became one
close to my lotus
dancing with the wind's
rapturous symphony.

RAJ VIKRAM

The Me In You

Let me see, you that's in me
and then the me in you
and then we shall meander
along exchanging spirits
of thou and me.

Then let us wander in
non-existent terrains
untroubled by burdens of yore
and mayhems of now
which envelop us like mist.

Give all your sobs and angsts
to me so that
I can snap them up in my
tender and trembling fingers
to give them back to you
as joy unforeseen and insatiable.

Give your sleepless nights to me
for I do have the wand
to weave a dreamy and
cushy slumber in my lap
that yearned for eons
to fondle those lovely manes.

Let us then rise together
into an eternal dawn that
never merges into a dusk.
Until then let me see me in you
and let the you in me
be as it is.

Let us together smother this
delinquent moment
into stillness, absolute stillness,
then it can talk only
the language that we long

to hear from it,
that of togetherness
that transcends time.
That's when I am you
And you are me.

RAJ VIKRAM

The Mirror

A mirror is what this rain is
Bringing in its wake all the
churnings that lay buried
In the bushy marshes of
the being into my broad vision.

The sprinkling rain has
a tale to tell, a tale of its own,
not sparkling necessarily
But a tale of its own.

It is here for its own liking
not for once revealing
what it is here for
what it is all about.

For a soul that hid all its
agonies inside its aisles
this pouring rain holds a shock
Like a mirror it hides nothing.

Unraveling even the hideous
and the most hidden of emotions.
which were unveiled
and held naked
in front of the eyes
that shivered in disbelief.

Yes this rain is a mirror
It just furrows out all
the filth hidden inside
in the dark corners of the being
And just expunges them
into my broad sight
Yes, I shudder to see this rain.

Rain, come in your real avatar
the familiar avatar
when you pour down
devoid of designs
when you are just rain
And nothing else
I love that rain.

But alas! then mirrors
always tell the truth.

RAJ VIKRAM

The Now.

The virgin now looked
so enticing and endearing
and it invited the
paltry past to merge with it.

Irresistible it looked
from every nook and corner
and from the vantage
point of a past
that was every bit
disoriented.

The virgin now had
zillions of kisses
in its lips
the unsatiated lips of yore
longed to lock in
an eternal kiss with it.

The enticing sight transformed
into a trance of seductive charm,
the virgin now mellowed
the melancholic airs of yore.

The doughty baggages of past
which used to consternate
like a procession of inanities
now seemed much light.

Being seduced by the virgin now,
the inviting now,
I lay now mesmerized and drained
after the orgasmic tryst with the now.

The Orbit

Was wagging my tongue
gurgling out tales galore
with regularity from
a repertoire that was vast.

Revolved around and around
like a satellite wedded to its planet,
science may call it gravitation,
But I call it emotions of hues myriad.

The shrill sounds of mine
became a whimper
as time wore on and the
revolution continued unabated.

I didn't define my sounds by words
or try to mark it down
by earthly nuances,
to make them palatable.

Even when I tumbled down
I continued to revolve
in the same orbit
with a mind that is possessed.

My sounds may now be
just a whimper in infinity
but I continue the revolution
in my pre-ordained orbit.

Even when the whimper dies
and silence reigns
the orbit will still remain
And it will speak in the vacuum.

RAJ VIKRAM

The Past

When I mumbled to myself
about being humbled
by the weight of my desires
I tumbled down to the
recesses of my immediate past.

Not long ago tranquillity
grazed me and I felt
grace enveloping me.
It may have been transient
but was soothing nevertheless

The past never get erased
And it never should
as it is a repository of
one's being to which one
can look back and reflect.

May be to learn from the past
that I tumbled down
so that burgeoning worries
of present are dwindled
And I settle down to present

A past will be there always
When the present ages
it becomes the past
And then the past too ages
But the present is ever young.

If I could hold to this youth
continually if not continuously
I could be alive and kicking.
Let the past be present
in the mind's present.

And then the awareness can
dawn that present matters
Presence in the present matters

Never be past the past
Let it be contiguous.

RAJ VIKRAM

The Prelude

When delusions marauded me
like a deluge of
unfathomable intensity
I found myself off guard.

Then I lost my wares
and weared into the
ravines of irrelevance
of the unseen kind.

The inhabitants of
the shores of certitude
might find my incoherence
bizaare and brazen.

I traverse the unknown
winding paths of incoherence
and inanity which
may be unknown to others.

Still I hope that this
phase is just an interlude
before sanity reigns in my
rugged veins and troubled soul.

In future how I wish
if I were looked upon
from a different point
from different angle.

For that to happen
how I wish if this phase
is just an interlude
Let this prelude, be just an interlude.

RAJ VIKRAM

The Remains Of....

Being a witness to the funeral of aspirations is an every day game where victory is guaranteed and the prize is the charred remains of nipped yearnings interred in an urn which could be kept as a warning to posterity to be positively inclined to cultivate a negative picture of the process that gets passed of or named as life.

Maimed, scarred and sheared and left with bare skeleton, life holds no colours or hope. Harmony is a lie, symphony is a myth and cacophony is the bare reality which is shrill enough to render the ears deaf. Sights are horrendous, eyes are shuddered as to disentangle willingly and with ease from the battered remains. Skeleton too dismembers.

What remains, well just remains, unintelligible to senses, beyond the realms of cultivated understanding of the myth that life of course is in every sense. When alive and in full throttle, be the priest who mumbles mantras galore, of liberation, and along with it be a witness as aspirations are burned to ashes. Then rapturously blurt out and mock the advocates who hold life dear.

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The Spirit Of Rain

When this rain lash with
violence the child in me
reverberated with
unbound spirit.

It brought to my mind
the rains of yore
when I knew not
what melancholy was

The time when I found
the rain to be a collage
of joy undammed
and spirit unadulterated.

The rain from heavens
that made the sky disappear
that made me unsheath
myself from restrictions galore.

Then as I grew up
my dilemmas too grew
and I got groomed to be
artificial, devoid of innocence.

As summers drained me
I became passive to rains
which came sparingly
and without the life it once had.

But at this moment
I relish this violent rain
and I find my spirits soaring
like the rising water in a dried well.

I am intoxicated with this rain for now,
just for now. I know I will wake up,
with hangover, when this rain disappears
when the reality that the summer is, starts to reign.

RAJ VIKRAM

The Toss

The defeated may no
have place to claim
as their own.
Ostracised they may
be everywhere.
But exist they too do,
for no apparently
reason but just
for the sake of it.

Victors may trumpet
success as their
second nature.
But then every win
is pyrrhic and no
defeat is ultimate.
Winners do lose
eventually and losers
will see it all levelling out.

Losers are no losers
and winners are no winners.
Whine not losers,
be not loquacious about
victory, you winners.
Win or lose
just two sides of
the same coin
and it all ends up in
balance, the balance
of no return,
the final toss.

RAJ VIKRAM

The Walls

Do you run into walls
as your paths inexorably
criss cross with mine?
Yes I do find them,
for I found walls wherever
I sought you.

I know you would never
cease to seek me
for I know you can't,
And I know I can't cease
to seek you either.

But these walls
who erects them with
such prepossessed designs?
I don't know it at all
and doesn't hope to know
it either as walls are
destiny's bane on us.

But I hope only this,
never think that I will
ever leave that space
beyond the walls.
Keep coming back
again and again.

Walls will keep coming up,
Know that once and for all.
But we are beyond them,
we have eyes that make
them invisible, know it you must.
I have started knowing it.

RAJ VIKRAM

The You In My Dream

As I was caressed in
the lap of sleep
I felt like merging
in the nectar of forgetfulness,
dreams might have knocked
at the doors
of my being.
But I didn't open
for I never knew
where the doors were.

But the doors did open,
for you without me knowing.
You wafted in slyly
into my lulled being.
In my tranquility
I knew that it was you
who spread in my veins
with a soothing nonchalance.

You who came like a dream
when the world thought
I was awake and aware,
Then I slid into the
realm of self doubt.
Was it a dream or
the dream that was you.

Dreams do play tricks
and masquerade in
myriad forms before they
transform into nightmares.
Why yearn for dreams
I could just wake up
to the biting reality that
it was just a dream.

But this time when it is you
I didn't mind whether

it was a dream or
if I was awake.
For when it is you
reality merge seamlessly
into a levitating dream.

And as I unite with that
dream or reality, there sprouts
a dream within me,
That is You.

RAJ VIKRAM

There Will Come A Time

There will come a time
there will come a time
And I am sure about that
When all the messed up
things will be back in order
as if by force of nature.

There will come a time
When there is enough time
to cogitate and then sit down
and talk and talk
When satiety won't rear
its unwelcome ugly head.

There will come a time
when words are not at
a premium and parsimony
is not second nature
When there is little to complain
and feel dour about.

There will come a time
When even silences are eloquent
When a second of silence
Or a glimpse or a nod
will have the power to move
beyond our wildest imagination.

There will come a time
When there is little to complain
about or whine about.
When the flickering lamps
will turn steady and burn
with unforeseen luminosity.

I will wait for that moment
to arrive and am sure about it.
The time has to come
For this phase is transient.

I will wait till the last moment
Hope you will be there too.

RAJ VIKRAM

This Will Go On.

This will go on
This will go on and on
Till the last drop of
rain falls down
and disappears into
the land dried by summers.

It has to go on and what else,
No hurdle is insurmountable,
No distance is too much,
The path is clear ahead
And the belief is
ingrained in the mind indelibly.

There was a past that
left not even a scratch
In the mind's walls
And then came the time
Of self revelation
And then I woke up from
my slumber of eons.

Now this has to go on
And no power can stop it
No storm can uproot this
tree that I nurture with care.
And I move on soaking in
its shade and the pristine air.

I don't see a world beyond this
There may be worlds
but I don't see them and
don't want to see them
I know this will go on,
Till the world ends
Which is an inevitability
When I cease to be.

Those Who Left Early

Seniors can leave early
that is their right,
so we are told.
No qualms about that.

But my mates,
pals who saw the light
of the day at the same year
as me, how can they leave?

And my juniors
who spent far little time here,
how could they leave so early,
how on earth could they?

Frivolous is the logic
dished out,
to leave early, to desert
me in this isle of isolation.

I have complaints aplenty,
but won't utter even one.
Those who would've heard
have left early.

Then why should I live?
And why shouldn't I too leave.
No I won't, for I was left alone,
not me who left them.

I would thrive
I would chug on and on.
Wounded but
won't be hounded out.

RAJ VIKRAM

Thy Eyes

Eyes that speak in myriad ways,
the eyes that throb with life,
the eyes with depths beyond fathom
Can't look anywhere else but at
them as they blink in symphony.

In the infinitesimal time frame
between a blink I pause
and reflect what tales are they
trying to put across to my
rugged senses that are rankled.

I tried to sneak to that mind
through thine eyes but to no avail.
They seemed to say, try not
to know the depths, for it is beyond
my shallow sensibilities.

But can't take my pale eyes
for a moment even, so that I
don't miss the tales they say
to me, tales that go beyond the
currents that pervade us all the time.

I would make myself believe
that those eyes are open for a sole
reason, a troubled soul's only solace.
I seldom care those eyes around
me who may be like mine.

My watchful eyes would be open
day in and out and remain awestruck
at those depths, and try to remain
in blithe symphony with them
Sights around are not for me.

RAJ VIKRAM

Time.

Yearned to commingle
the past, present
and future.
But the pungent past,
was gulped by the
hollow now
and the future was left
high and dry by the
bloated now trumpeting
about its invincibility.

Future featured in
the thoughts in
full measure and hope.
Heaped hope intentionally,
to make future relevant.
Past pestered with
aching ardour.
Present mocked with
its humongous hollowness,
and future seemed fallow.

Then in helplessness
purged out the
notions of time.
Now in continuum
in ceaseless state
devoid of hopelessness
and helplessness.
Floated frivolously
mocking the naivety of the
urge to tame time.

RAJ VIKRAM

Transition

Torn apart into zillion
particles of self doubt
redemption seemed
an intractable puzzle.

When in clutches of the
messy and unyielding
internal strife, life will
all seem sewn up.

But there comes back
that belief slyly into the
being and then all will
seem within grasp.

Holding on to it now,
with hope which is flowing
out like sands through
the trembling hands.

But letting it go
I wont, I never wont
self doubt is the hope
that makes and mars.

In relentless transition,
neither here nor there,
that was life, that is life
and hope that will be life.

RAJ VIKRAM

Tugs

Tugs devoid of tensility
tugs susceptible to easy rupture,
those are the moments
in life, the collective of them.

It's a task to hang on one,
then to move on to the next,
oblivion beckoning beneath,
but looking prohibitive.

Blending the bland,
bundling the woes of
the unyielding yore
as baggage of the now.

Hanging on as the tug
stretches threatening to
snap and consign me as
the unbeknownst.

Chugging on with a sigh
as I catch hold of the next
tug, the precarious tug.
Tugging me to moment, to life.

RAJ VIKRAM

Twilight

Dusk was descending
The heat of the day
was being gobbled by
the sedate chill of twilight

Meeting of day and night
At a crossroads of sorts
Unburdening the irritants
of the prolonged day.

It is a time to relish
Being at the confluence
of light and darkness
fading light's like
a feather touch.

When souls meet in
a twilight there's
a harmony which
defy words, and
souls know no language.

In fading light and
amidst the contradiction
of hustle and bustle
outside and an
inner tranquillity inside,
souls meet and sign off.

Not for once and all
But cogitating about
the unsaid words
and thoughts that
were left unexchanged.

Twilight gave way to night
and the day seemed a
distant dream but the spirit
of the meeting elevated

the souls from the plains.

From the plains of transience
to the heights of
non turbulent togetherness.
The meeting place remains
there for million more
meetings that won't be.

Because souls needn't meet
Off and on, day in and out
they carry forward memories
and wait for another twilight
which may or may not
be lying hidden
in some distant future.

RAJ VIKRAM

Until.

Until the peak is scaled,
heights will make you shudder.
And make you explore the
depths where your mistaken
sense of being seeks succour.

Until you are scalded
extreme heat will remain
as the diametric opposite of
the bone piercing chill you
are used to through ages.

Until you transcend,
the marshes of ordinariness,
dizzy heights of the extraordinary
will remain an elusive yearning,
which causes endemic pain.

Until you face it the most
insurmountable hurdle will
remain just what it has always
seemed to be, insurmountable
plainly insurmountable.

Until you love, the pain that
maim you will remain as
just an experience confined
to the pages, where history of
love is written in golden letters.

Until you live, leaving behind
notions that pass of as life,
you will continue to harbour,
hollow inanities that fool you
to mistake life for a life of sorts.

RAJ VIKRAM

War

Wreak havoc, unleash mayhem
spill blood, dismember bodies
time to assert the might
listen to wails, time for war.
turn the tables, trumpet power,
rabble rouse, for pyrrhic victory.
deify demons in the guise of rulers.

Destitutes may flourish
and orphans may multiply,
but the nation should thrive.
Notions of superiority
should reign supreme,
and perceived might should
swallow sense of oneness.

Wars raise the bars
of national pride.
And strengthen the walls
of separateness.
Clarion call of war has erupted,
wed it and get weeded out
from plains of peace!

RAJ VIKRAM

When In Love

When in love don't be led
into inane notions
fed into the mind by
those who mistook
themselves to be in love.

When in love strive not
to blight the iridescence
of the identity to the tame
inelegance of cozy
but withering togetherness.

When in love don't pile up
conjectures that will
pass off as an inviting dawn
in the unknown realms
of a hallucinatory horizon.

When in love don't ever
measure relevance with
yardsticks yoked to the
adulatory sense of the self
which is false to the hilt.

When in love just be in love,
just don't wander into slippery
terrains of gaudy dreams.
In love just be with the self
enhanced enormously by love.

RAJ VIKRAM

When Souls Speak

When souls speak
the words never matter
no ideas need be shared
A breeze may pass through
the infinitesimal empty space
between them.

The breeze may care
and feel elated at having
disturbed the words or
silence that floated between
the two souls that drinks
the nectar of stillness.

A tempest may blow
but can the harmony
go flying with it
When they speak
even vacuum is a medium
They may have tales
to narrate and verses
galore to share.
Or they may grasp for
words as silence
holds them in thrall.

Soulless folks gather around
roam around or even
pass slyly between them
But when the two souls
find their rhythm
and mellifluous symphony
what cacophony can do
Who but them can see
the flowering of togetherness

When two souls speak
what has bodies bereft of
souls got to do
Only the souls know

what transpires between them
It is their territory
Why become an apology
of oneself by grinding
one's way into their midst.
They don't want your
platitudes even a wee bit
They speak a different language,
unintelligible to you
Let them be just let them be
Let them be still forever.

RAJ VIKRAM

When You Are Around

When you are around.

When you are around
I feel at ease and nice
As if I feel unburdened
of the weight of worries
I don't look for unbridled
joy but just a flicker of hope which kindles in me the spirit to live on.

When you are around
I feel as if in a sedate
seashore where waves
come and touch my feet
as though they join
and share my angsts.

When you are around
I feel like being in an ancient
mansion where time stands
still and where I just
lie dormant as if
there is no next moment.

When you are around
I feel I am going all around
to all the places where
I long to go simply
by sitting in cushy oblivion
of an afternoon slumber.

When you are around
I feel like moving up
the ladder of hope
from the marshes of mundane
to dizzy heights of sprightliness.

When you are around
I wonder how transformed I am

How different I am
And I just hope you
are around just as now
Forever and ever.

RAJ VIKRAM

Whole

Can you move away
can you vanish
from these precincts
where our emotions
lie tangled like a web.

They are so even and
resemble each other
and are beyond compare.
Strive not to separate them
and move ahead alone.

We are beings united
uniquely by ways of
destiny in manners
and matters that defy
comprehension.

Aren't you aware enough
that it is beyond you
to mull severing from me
though several thoughts
may sow seeds of confusion.

Know it once and for all
kneel before our emotions
look with awe at the tangled
commonality of our emotions
and find us as a whole here forever.

RAJ VIKRAM

Words

Do my words disappear in
the crevices that lie hidden
in the channels between us
that I took pains to create.

I am not in the know whether
you deem that I am silent.
No I am not silent and I can't
ever keep silent to you.

Just know that I am speaking
to you as always, like an infant
crying aloud to seek the care
of a mother who is unattentive.

Don't feel that words have dried up
inside the channels of my mind,
and when the listener is you
there is no such thing as silence.

If my words are gobbled up
by designated trenches of
the obsolete, don't ascribe them
the label of silence.

I have lot to say and little time
and with shudder I realise that
my words are being snuffed off life
to stamp me as a silent folk.

Rest assured, there is no such
thing as silence between me and you
listen for the echoes of my
trampled words in the air.

Even the echo will convey what
I have to say to you.
Understand again there is no such
thing as silence between me and you.

Words aplenty, tales aplenty
woes aplenty, joy unbound.
And if you don't find even the echo
then know I no longer are.

RAJ VIKRAM

Wound

Hounded by million
wounds I felt numb.
Unhealed ones
festered spreading
ache in my being.

Wounds that never
allowed themselves
to be grasped by
healing and soothing.

They thrived and
spread in the channels
of my body
devouring me slowly
but steadily
and with an urge
to annihilate me.

Existing wounds were
numberless and
I didnt deign it
needful to bother
about the new ones.

Wounds basked in
the glory of reigning
in a territory that
allowed them to thrive
I am aware,
yet unaware of them.
And I lay dormant
as they gorged on me

Wounds will wound up
their abominable
business once they
find me smiling

at them with disdain.
Then I would tell
all the tales to them.
I will live to tell
the tale, my tale.

RAJ VIKRAM

Yearning

Express now on,
stop keeping it
under the wraps, allow
it to bloom, make it
uninhibited and continual.

Love brooks no breaks,
and its effervescence
is like a splurge
beyond any means
of limits and control.

Dont know whether
there is still anything
left in me to express until
I discover more
as if in serendipity.

I need more of that
much more of what you
have so far expressed.
I need you untrammelled,
in more ways than now.

Waiting for what?
a time that is ripe,
or for moments that
are conducive or
for the right channels.

Love with vigour,
as much as you can
with intensity unbeknownst.
The recipient is here
with a vast reservoir.

Your love would never
fill my mind,
and it will never know

satiety and it will always
be yearning with greed.

Just let go the love,
in full measure,
in full glory and grandeur.
Let us be swamped by
a mutual deluge into oblivion

RAJ VIKRAM

Yearnings

This much ardor you had
kept hidden in those abstruse recesses of your mind,
where I always
found my entreaties
disappearing time and again.
Parsimonious you were
and may be that's your wont.
Though I knew that I am
a drop in the waves that
prostrate continually before
the sprawling sandy shores
of your being,
which constantly
yearn to be wetted,
to whet the insatiable
urge for the alleviation of
disquietude that
aches your soul.

I felt fulfilled every time
I remonstrated before you,
before my eventual return
that preceded my next visit.
My quest to disappear slyly
into that most inscrutable
place in your mind never
fructified and everytime I
returned replenished but
by feeling deficient.
I never knew that I was
the wave that you wished
to gobble up to seep into
your being for my deliverance
and for you to ignite your
valency to cease to be inert.
Splurge you needn't
in letting me know the
love that you harbour in you.
But placate me please

at intervals to soothe my
scarred self and intermittently
do hold me close to your
throbbing heart for me
to sustain and be sentient.

RAJ VIKRAM

You Didn't Become

You didn't become what
you could have easily become.
And I waited ages with hope
that knew no limits.

I knew you could become
And you were fleetingly
that, what you were always
but you didn't become it wholly.

You knew I was around
always around with flickering
but inextinguishable hope.
And insufferable I never ever felt.

You may not have become
But I would take heart in knowing
that some are like that
meant to become but didn't.

I could always tell myself
just to draw sustenance from it
that you were meant to be that
what I yearned you would be.

What if you became that
I won't ask myself that ever.
But I would hold on to the thought
that you could have become.

RAJ VIKRAM

You Will Be Loved

You will be loved relentlessly
and it is just a given.
You can't but be loved
and it is a given like
saying that rains will return.

You will be loved insatiably
and it is a given since
you are cut just for that.
Deny you may, or ignore you may
but you'll be loved nevertheless.

Like ice cold winds pricking
seemingly innocuously only
to slyly get into your vitals
you will be loved vigorously
for you are here to be loved.

You may not venture to decipher
why you are loved,
for answers are beyond your realm.
Just know that you will be loved
for you can only be loved.

You may not seek to shirk
or attempt to be inconspicuous
for you will be loved ineluctably.
Just be in love with yourself
for being so loved.

RAJ VIKRAM

You.

In you I found summers
in mind numbing winters.
In you I found silence
in deafening cacophony.
In you I found harmony,
amidst unending chaos.
You are the eternity,
I found in the barrage
of turgid transience.
In you I find fulfillment
of soothing detachment
cut off from the aching
arduousness of attachments.
In you I wish to reside
with gay abandon
unaware of time and space.
In you I find me the
inexorable, the infinite,
amidst the fidgety finite.

RAJ VIKRAM

Your Love

Trickles at the outset,
as a drizzle later
then in torrents
your love is rain unreined.

Rhyming with the
ebbs and flows of my
mind your love synchronizes
my being benignly.

Loved in ways beyond
my dreams weaved
with strands which are surreal
I stand dazed.

Spirit is in spate in the
self as your love
intoxicates the being
into cushy submission.

Your love is the crest
which I yearn to be on
for the troughs to turn
into redundance.

I lie waiting with
the lilted yearning to
be loved in your ways,
and that's my manna.

RAJ VIKRAM