

Poetry Series

Reshma Ramesh
- poems -

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Reshma Ramesh(20th April)

a Ramesh is a bilingual poet writing in English and Kannada. Her poetry book 'Reflection of Illusions' (Writers Workshop) has been presented in the International Read and Share Conference attended by Asian Countries in Malaysia in April 2017. She is a member of World Congress of Poets and has presented her poetry in the 37th World Congress of poets Mongolia and Pulara 7and 8 International Poetry and Folk Song Festival Malaysia. Her poems have been presented in World Poetry Radio Show in Vancouver also have appeared in many international anthologies, journals and have been translated into Bengali, Turkish and has been a guest lecture at the Narayana Engineering College Nellore for poetry and creative writing and has been a speaker at the Bangalore Literature Festival 2017. A distinction holder in BFA Photography KSOU she practices Dental Surgery in Bangalore.

***and I Remember**

Do you think I have forgotten?
How just ever so slow your kisses
Unfurl the tender mornings
On a day that doesn't arrive
All I think about is how
your body glowed
In the moonlit curtains
As you slid against them
Undeserted are my hours
As each one of them
Lonely but ever so much
In remembrance of your
Nascent mood or the arrogant
Tears that outlines your eyes
Those uneasy whispers
You dropped at my foot
The splintered warmth
From your bosom
Even the ruffled faith
Like a broken bamboo
Here I loved you
And I don't know if it is true
Now I am sad
And you are far away
Absent as the rain
Still as the desert
Never a sign, nor a word
Just like how you lay
In my engulfing arms
Now I remember
Like always

Reshma Ramesh

***as Beautiful As Me"**

You cant resist my golden curves,
my haughty angelic reserve,
I am the colors in a painter's palette,
the irresistible Charlotte.

My eyes look like the sun in twilight,
fields of carnations smothered in sunlight.
I am as warm as sand, cool as dewdrops,
skin like the desert sand, making your breath stop.

I am sorry, you cant take your eyes off me,
Lilly of the valley, coral drops, potpourri
I am as true as a prayer, beautiful as a painting,
pure as mother's milk, ethereal beckoning.

It ain't my fault you fell in love,
my voice rings like bells, treasure trove,
as hot as a kiln, wet as a paint brush
lustrous hair, satin sheen, poetic hush.

I am as refreshing as water, I bring out the best in you
blazing star, trust me, you have the best view.
I am as plain as vanilla ice cream, crafty labyrinth
as dreamy as bed time stories, merely Jacinth

Don't blame me if you cant stop the feeling,
you were warned of the bolt of lightning
as bubbly as champagne, truthful as a mirror
I can read your thoughts, sexy conjuror

I am as kind as music, as witty as a child,
I cant help it if that drives you wild
tough as armour, brittle as toffee,
I am one of a kind, only as beautiful as me.

Reshma Ramesh

'Daddy's Darling

She blew five candles
On her cake, angel
In a pink dress, hair
In little pigtails
Bound in pink ribbons

She was daddy's
Apple of the eye,
They had little
Secrets and stories
Tiny, tattles and tizzies

He tucked her to
Bed every night,
Kissed her forehead
As she slept, .
Lovingly fondled
Between her legs

Bittie body bruised,
Small soul soiled,
Little heart hurt,
Bambino bosom bled,
Dainty dreams dead.

Little one is scared,
It is all her fault
Or so she is told,
Daddy wont love her
If their playful
Secret is let out

She bleeds inside,
Cant play on the slide,
Childhood denied,
Crayons cast aside,
Daddy and demon coincide.

Terrified, eyes open wide,

Home colder than winter tide,
Nightmares she cant brush aside,
She has everything to hide,
Who the hell is on her side?

(This does not come from my personal experience..I felt I had to write these lines when I read this in the ated to all the little souls who were raped by their father....my heart goes out for them)

Reshma Ramesh

*letters To The Unknown

In all these dried mornings
And clear untold evenings
With My rambles and scribbles
My laments and stories
I pressed the nib to paper
With my nails wrote on the mud walls
Pulled lines with the chalk on the floor
But I never knew
My poems would be one day
Letters to the unknown

Inspired by the poem 'letters' by poet Sadiqullah khan

Reshma Ramesh

*love In The Time Of Cholera

Love they said looks like Gucci
Feels like carbon, breathes like a cotton candy
Stings like cocaine, breaks like silence
Hunts like power, soothes like caffeine,
Yet love, he said, love me not
At least not now, never, maybe then
In decaying time like this
With wilting crystals, pneumonic silk,
Ambushed night and gangrenous stars,
Speak not of love, speak not of fondness
Like we did yesterday, when the night was white
And love felt like my own,
Even the roses were the colours we chose
Like a sepia maybe.
Hush! Hush! Morbid ruins of my love
Sing not your love song for
Love in the time of cholera
Is destined to die a painful death
Laid in coffins like poems,
To be buried in books as graves
And yet love, just this once
Like the putrid remnants
Wrap me in your shadows
Let me suckle on your breast
And
Love in your demise
Please just let me be you.....

Reshma Ramesh

*momma's Darling

As I sit on my high chair,
My mother, she feeds me,
With a tiny silver spoon,
Mashed carrots and potatoes,
Spoons full of love,
Wipes the tiny corners
Of my mouth tenderly,
The wind chime moves,
Swinging in the wind,
The honeybees buzz
In and out of the flowers.

There are tears in
My mother's eyes,
I know not why.
She hugs me tight,
Brushes my curls aside
Whispers sorry and brings
Her trembling hands
To my dainty neck,
I look into her eyes
Filled with tears,
I feel no pain,
Other than the one
In my heart,
She took what she
Gave me 'life'

As I sit on my grave,
Looking at the grass shake
Merrily in silence,
Sifting mud between
My little fingers,
My loving mother lies
Next to me
Refusing to wake up.

Reshma Ramesh

***perfect Recipe For A Bite**

Tender skin seized with teeth
magnetic rush, poetic hush,
Little bit of pressure,
Crumbs of love, slight pull,
Then released to be nibbled again
Finally caressed,
With moans in between
Is the perfect recipe
For a passionate tease
Made complete by a kiss!

Reshma Ramesh

*ramblings Of A Drunken Man

Drunk is the night,
Drunk with rain,
Drunk as I am
With ur kisses insane.
Now I cant talk,
Can't even walk,
Forget about the pen,
Can't even count till ten.
Drunk is the poetry,
Drunk with rhymes,
Drunk as i am.
I think it is a good time
To tell you how I feel
Just confess,
That the way just one
Wisp of your hair how it
Curls over your cheek,
And strays over your lips,
Makes me mad about you.
For tomorrow in hangover,
With a frightful headache,
In the afternoon
When I wake,
I can laugh and dismiss,
My words
And the sloppy kiss
As the ramblings
Of a drunken man

Reshma Ramesh

river Hooghly

She hooked her fingers in his like pegs to the clothes line
"Roller coaster?" she asked. He shook his head
She looked disappointed
He relieved.
Have I ever told you that u remind me
Of a river called Hooghly? he asked
She smiled
Your hair like my grandmother's fan
Lulling me to sleep
Your eyes like the brown marbles
That I hid in my pocket
Your long legs like the poems I wrote
In the candle light
Your blushing cheeks like my nephew's feet
That stuck out of the joolah
Your soft hands like my mother's stories
Soothing me
That bronze skin like the familiar path on the
Sultry afternoons I used to walk back from school
Hungry
Your breasts like my soft bed where I found
Comfort every night
Your laughter like the kites in the September sky
And your tears like my father's silence.
He sighed
And I want to kiss you
When the sun sets in the river Hooghly'

Reshma Ramesh

***speechless Conversations**

Your hands on my skin
Speechless conversations! !

Reshma Ramesh

.love Goddess

I am the Love Goddess,
Wearing a Grecian robe,
My skin like marble
White, bathed in milk,
My breasts proud
Drenched in honey,
My waist curves
To meet my hips,
Love nest waiting,
Legs long, end
At feet so pink,
My face like child,
When I grin, when I blush
like that of a bride, like
peace when I sleep, like
Sorrow when I am sad,
Like beauty when I laugh
My eyes so captive,
Can tell you everything,
And nothing, brown and black,
Among their glorious shades
They tell you tales
Of happiness and
Betrayal and bruises.
My eyebrows high arches
Fingers, long and graceful
Curvy exquisite back
tugging at your heartstrings,
The Cupid can't resist me,
Kiss wants a date with me,
Aphrodite is love sick
Kama wants to make love to me
For I am the Goddess of love!

Reshma Ramesh

300 Grams Of Aryan

The little one
only 5 years old
my cuter half
big saucer like eyes
chubby fingers
brave his soldiers
trained his horses
strong his elephants
clever his chariots
protect the king
fast his queen
faster his mind
I must confess
he beat me
in a game of chess! !

p.s.-author's note.....300grams is the weight of the brain

Reshma Ramesh

A Sigh In The Night

On the beloved's broken embrace
The chilly wind spread her warmth
The cold night swept the lonely streets
The frigid moon shimmered away
The dark shivered and shuddered
Even cursed the sleepy sun
I remember on such a night
The plunging skies wrote our name
In silver on the dark skies
Chattering clouds they hushed
To listen to the sighs
That spilled out deep from my chest and
Were left strewn around my naked skin
Like leaves in autumn, shells on the sand,
With fingertips you picked them tenderly
Your lips lingering where they lay spent
Sometimes they sounded like music,
Sometimes just a whisper, they quiver,
Then hungry, now sated, fervent sighs
You pick them up with your fingers gently
Brush them with your breath slowly
Feel them with your eyes shut
Press them in the pages of your heart
To be shut and opened years later
To remind us of this cold November night

Reshma Ramesh

A Thousand Years More

I have lived life a thousand years
at that one moment
when i hid in our arms,
as i looked in your eyes,
i saw a million doves
in flight towards peace
and all that had to be said and
realized now unknown
all the memories of yesterday
faded into the oblivious
if i had another moment
only if i had another minute
to be loved like you loved
me yesterday
then i would have lived a
thousand years more
i would have died a
thousand deaths more.

Reshma Ramesh

Abhra

And I grabbed a handful of his cloud
Stuffed into my empty pocket and hopped
The November evening didn't give me away
I was pleased
I tiptoed into my summer room,
Stuffed some of the wistful cloud in my vase,
The roses I thought needed some colors
The thorns anyway needed the pain.
Some of them I placed in my box of spices,
The mustard they said was not to be broken
But splattered like rain on window panes,
I would then sprinkle a few around
A pinch of you with the turmeric
Honesty is good my mother had said.
A dropp of you I added to the shower gel
The smells of the vanilla and philosophy
Witty notes spread across my skin,
Dusky beginnings ending at the toes,
A little love rubbed into the pores.
Tiny bits of the cloud I spread on the book
Rubbed you into the pages, plutonomy?
Poetry? In every wrinkled page, I looked,
Fables and fantasy he wouldn't dwell
Nonfiction? I said, sure I could not spell.
An inch of the cloud I placed on my bed to lie with me,
To talk about everything that I did not like,
Like the scary thunders and green vegetables too
And that was the last bit of you,
I had with me that I held tight in my folded palms,
In case morning came and you were gone,
I would know exactly where to look.

note Abhra= clouds

Reshma Ramesh

Agony And Ecstasy

Under the broken bridge,
On that one silent night,
In acute misery, Rhapsodic agony,
Enraptured tunes
Which caught my ears,
I sharpened my vision
And straightened my back in attention
I listen
In stillness of the night
Tormented wind hushed,
The moon transported
With spirits to devour
The darkness in hand with black,
Who is the master and who is to judge?
Who is the spectator who is the abator?
I reason not
But it was buds of agony and ecstasy,
Of that I am sure
It was them who were making love,
On that one silent night
Under the broken bridge.

Reshma Ramesh

An Ode To The Watermelon

Bold round watermelon
ripe
as a woman's breast.
Born in
the deserts of Africa
placed
in tombs of pharaohs
as sustenance
in the afterlife.

Succulent, luscious, watery,
icebox
growing on a green vine,
crimson sweet
pretty black beads for seeds
jubilee,
the best part is in the middle,
allsweet
subtle thirst quencher, slake.

Red juicy green baby
slice it
it falls apart revealing
half moon
dripping on my white dress
crumbly
quenching my thirst
on my lips
i can taste the summer.

Salsa, cool drink, smoothie
fruit salad
every bit of it is very much
a delicacy
vivid pink flesh, simple sweet
Agua Fresca
fresh, cold and straightforward
sounds of summer
crunch, slurp, yum and gulp.

moons and stars
every summer i wait for you.

Reshma Ramesh

And Then There Is You

And then there is you
like slumber in the morning
like spring in winter
like a bird in flight
like the raga of the night
like white in the black
like core of the mountain
like tears in joy
like music in dance
like Oum in chants
like whistles of train
like the colours of the sun
like caffeine in coffee
like a child in the rain
like wind in the storm
like me in my mind
of course then there is you.....

To my dear friend Kiran

Reshma Ramesh

And Who Is That?

When I slowly peeped
In your eyes
I gaped
At this beautiful lady
A devilish angel,
You made of me!

Reshma Ramesh

Are You Eros Himself?

My mind in desertion,
the Illuminati i seek,
the wait, i wait,
beyond aeon,
your phantasmal presence,
like my translunary dreams,
bliss! bliss! i feel
shed i have the temporal joys,
after the ascetic practices
and the penance and the prayers,
after the contemplation
circumcised ego,
dualism shed i beg,
my whim and fancy,
my fetish for your love,
are you Eros himself?

To my dear friend Sadiq who gave me wings to fly

Reshma Ramesh

As Beautiful As Me Part 2

It aint my fault you call me The temptress
They say 'beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder'
Thoughts of love why do you smolder?
It aint my fault you walked this way
I am as lull as the break of day.

It aint my fault you looked my way
I am as lovely as a cascading bouquet
I drip like wax when warm, slip like ice when cold
It aint my fault you want to surrender your soul
Velvet flower, curvy geometry, you lose control

You say 'I cannot be nothing without your gaze'
But I am as flamboyant as maple tree in autumn ablaze
If you only knew I can be nothing without your love
and I need you to be is my angel from above.

Silver ribbons, cinnamon roll, it aint my fault you sigh
Eternal truth, eyes like impala, in my arms you want to die
It aint my fault if you want to kiss my pout
I am rare to find, a limited edition
I am only one of a kind, only as beautiful as me

(A sequel to 'The Temptress' by Poet Sadiqullah Khan)
19/9/2008

Reshma Ramesh

As Beautiful As Me (Part 3)

You say you find me in the gathering stars,
Evanescent beauty, iam no shooting star
But I am as beautiful as the midnight sun.
You say you find me in the roses.
Fugacious blossoms, iam no flower of an hour
I am the quintessential wild vanilla

You say age is my foe but he is my confederator
Because with age I spice up like pickle.
My dear, you better not dwell on my verses
For it ain't worth your tending and musings
They are only my thoughts taking a stroll.

I make no pretenses what so ever
For I wear no veil, I am as open as the sky
I avow my beauty is nothing
In front of the beauty of my mind
For it is as truthful as gospel
It knows great fortitude and love

I can't help it if you find me amusing
I aver I am as strong as courage,
It aint my fault you cant stop laughing
I am as clumsy as an oaf, neotic Venus
I am one of a kind, only as beautiful as me.

(A sequel to 'The Temptress I' by poet Sadiqullah Khan)
23/9/2008

Reshma Ramesh

As I Bind You

As I bind you with the plaits of my hair,
The twists of my white veil,
With the golden pallu of my saree,
I bind you with the tears in my eyes,
And long, long sighs
In continuation and sequels
My friend, I find our words equals
The affection we feel and
Escape and return to ourselves and beyond! !

Sequel To Poem 'Endless Love' By Poet Sadiqullah Khan

Reshma Ramesh

Aubade

Train chuffing, prayer in the mosque, milkman's calling,
Albarado playing, slumberous moans, water running, ,
Newspaper tumbling, , eggs frying, phones ringing,
Crows cawing, hymns chanting, leaves rustling,
These are the beautiful sounds of early morning.

Glasses clinking, breaking news, women praying,
Birds chirping, old lady sweeping, joggers mumbling,
Alarms chiming, toilets flushing, babies wailing,
Peaceful, melancholy, matinal silence
These are the beautiful sounds of early morning

Reshma Ramesh

Balcony

I stand at my balcony
Where the stream
Merrily rushes by
In the distance
The Peacocks walk
Lazily around and
A Pigeon perches
On my hand, brings
News from my beloved,
Words written in
Blood and tears
Of longing and fears
I read them with
Feverish breath and
Clutch it to my
Bosom, wet eyes
And wish you were
Near, whispering
These loving words
Tenderly in my ears.
The day my love,
You are in my arms
Will be the day the
Flowers will bloom
In my Balcony
(A sequel to poem Balcony from poet Sadiqullah Khan)

Reshma Ramesh

Because You Love Me

My darling, you are the source,
You are reason these lines flow,
You make the poet in me grow.
I could not be better than this,
It is pure heavenly bliss,
Everything you say and do,
I find my poems in you.

They run across my mind,
colorful lines aligned,
Flying across my fingers,
On the nib they linger,
Land on the paper so white,
Fill the pages with light.

And then I look at them
In awe, surprised, wondering
Words happy, sad and amusing
Where did they come from?
I know not where they were
Born, born from you my dear,
From the faith you feed me,
Born from the seeds you sow in me,
From the love you made me see.

Reshma Ramesh

Between Our Hushes

The moment you fill the emptiness,
I shall remain no more
In the gaps and hushes,
I shall fill me in the brackets
Of your thoughts and sate
The spaces between your blinks,
The time between you pick the
Goblet and take it your mouth.
The veil of distance between us
I lift every time, I find you
Pondering about our conversations,
Filling every white blank sheet
With phrases of affection and love.

Sequel to peom No More by poet Sadiqullah Khan

Reshma Ramesh

Black Rose

Blooming night suckles the moon,
Small hours seeking to be lenitive,
Born from truth to numb thorns,
Exaggerated is her beauty,
For to nothing you can compare her,

Black rose
she makes me weak at the knees
Black rose,
she smells like my last day
black rose
she tastes like my anguish

Daughter of the dark, she wrote her name,
with sable heart, ruptured agony,
shimmers bright her proud lips,
exaggerated is her glory,
for mercy could be her middle name.

black rose
she makes me cry out her name
black rose
she feels like my first orgasm
black rose
she will never be in love with me

Reshma Ramesh

Blame Game

Now now look the rain stopped on its way
'From the sky somewhere in between
Passing by are the winds blamed as well
Just because they whispered and yelled
The wet brown earth with our foot prints
What about them they gave us away
Blame not my white veil that lifted in the air
And swept across your flying hair
The stillness of the night rode the sight
Laughed and cajoled, made us blush
The dreams that was seen by the open eyes
Fitted and framed into the white sheets
Slipped into black of the night
And into the wet edges of the moon
The water that drips from the edges of my hair
Onto the puddles at your feet are they spared?
Why blame the crickets for their melody
Guilty as charged is the rain I am sure
My friend the poetry did nothing Of this I assure

Reshma Ramesh

Blame It All On The Rain

Then with the fall of every dropp of rain,
From nimbus with a grudge,
Into the lap of lush green trees,
Splash my mother's green roof
Onto my out stretched hands,
Wet are my palms, wet is my soul,
Every enviable note these walls
Must have heard, alas! none like
Your voice, like the raga of the rain
In harmony with the pitter patter,
Tuned with the drums of pelting,
Humming with the drizzle,
Blending with the sounds of the shower,
Whispering into the thunder,
From distance it appears like sweet music,
From near it is sweeter than that,
Like the strike of the lightning,
Like the coolness of the shower,
Your aroma from the wet earth makes me fonder,
The puddles now which have formed at my feet,
With the dusky drops from the roof,
Remind me of the muddle in my heart,
As I innocently hear your voice on the other end,
Blame it on the rain, Blame it all on the rain

Reshma Ramesh

Break Me

Break me and I will break
Burn me and I will burn
But Love me not because
I cannot Love you in return! !

Reshma Ramesh

But I Will Get You Back

Fly fly away my eagle
from the sacredness of my love
hold you not, i let u go
free you are from
the invisible strings
off you go like a camel
in the hot desert sand
the storm wipes the footsteps
the dark hides the shadows
the heat hides my desire
and then i will search for u
again and again
from every grain of sand i will seek
your foot prints
every dew i will ask
for your sweat
in every inch of the salt
i will seek your sweetness
from every oasis will seek
the shade in which you rested
and i will wait for the rain
in the desert with songs of bane
bare my feet, bare my heart
my love but i will get you back.....

Reshma Ramesh

But What Does It Matter?

After all, tears will dry
time will fly
wounds will heal
memories will fade
agony will perish
despair will choke
sorrow will sigh
grief will drown
anger will starve
feelings will numb
on my death bed
my pain will die with me
until then
what does it matter?

Reshma Ramesh

Candle In The Sun

She limped at the gates,
' Who goes there? '
Said I, voice clear and loud
'Mother earth' muttered
The hag in brown,
Beyond death and rotten
Was her flesh,
'Such excruciation!
Who did this to you? '
whimpered I,
'My children, ' said she.

With meaningful glances
I hurried her around,
pulled her veil down,
contused nouns,
She squats on the floor,
Drifts off to gnided dreams,
Beyond repair is the womb
that sleeps in the
pregnant souffle.

Her broken head on my lap,
Drops of water on her lips,
I poured from my sterilized
hand, 'Please' she prays,
'Ask my children not to burn me,
for they know not they
burn themselves,
they know not, they can
never be the candle in the sun.'

Between the creases I saw
an angel, who was once beautiful,
As she eased on my lap,
My soul mourned for the
innocence lost, beauty branded.
Her children, you and me,
Can you hear her plea?

Reshma Ramesh

Can'T Escape The Cooking

Television took my family
Into a world of fantasy
But why is dinner served
Only in the real world?

Reshma Ramesh

Cant Hold Myself Together

Can u hear the squeals of laughter,
the laugh i laughed when i was a little girl?
The princess i wanted to grow into
The prince i would never find.

I never learn my lessons,
I gave up looking for reasons,
rushing by me are all the seasons,
cant hold myself together,
breaking into a million pieces.

I always wanted the sun to shine
I never wanted to cross the line
but baby u left me without the sun
and tied my laces so that I could not run.

I laugh when my heart cries
the sadness I feel it denies
the truth is like a dream
that would make anyone scream

In all this nightmare is a life
which I live now and then
I dream of love and happiness
tears of joy running down my eyes

I dream of kites flying high in the sky
which I cant reach no matter how hard i try
iam a little girl scared of the monsters under my bed
somehow they crawled up and got into my head

'god you are so beautiful' they say
I am gonna love you all the way
but darling cant you see

you love yourself more than me

I bleed where you have cut me
I hurt where you have hit me
you wipe your hands and look surprised
when I lay broken and bleeding by your side

Wish I could run and hide
reach a day where there would be no tomorrow
believe me when i say
please please please don't go away

Wish I could make more sense
build up more in my defense
wish I could turn off this living
that would end this heart's grieving

And when I am gone the world will move on
at my grave the flowers will dry
the earth my mother and water my father
I am safe and my soul heals in the tomb.

Reshma Ramesh

Change

If change were permanent
then
we would stop changing

Reshma Ramesh

Claustrophobic

Nut in a nut shell! !

Reshma Ramesh

Colours Of Beauty Unfolds

Like into a kaleidoscope I peeped,
One eye squeezed shut
And the other one open wide,
Mouth open agape
My ears to your heart,
Your love unfolds,
In patterns and rhythms
In colours and contrasts
sometimes single sometimes together
Moving all together, iridescence,
They twist and turn and become butterflies,
from the edge of your white sleeve
they fly into the blue sky,
The wind blows dreamily by
Eyes half shut in your arms,
Unspoken are the words
That I must say to you now,
The thoughts seems quite too
Read them, read them
Left on my lips
Take them, take them
That tender kiss,
In red and oranges, yellow and gold
Black and white, songs untold
Colours of beauty unfolds!

Reshma Ramesh

Confession

It is time for me to confess,
Confess, my Lord to Time,
I bow and I am on my knees
I beg you for forgiveness
Time, when I left you hanging,
Banging my head on the wall,
When I blamed you, I lied,
I only had myself to blame.

Time, you lead me from the
Broken path, but I blamed you,
You, always for my wrath,
At the back of my head,
I bled and my skin shed,
Time, I am sorry, I know not
You were my healer, my mother
Timeless time, my only NOW.

Reshma Ramesh

Dark Chocolate

Wrapped in shinny wrappers,
golden, red, silver and brown,
chocolate, the king of sweets,
everyone's favorite treat,
dropp it in your mouth,
it slips and melts,
bitter sweet with nuts,
lover's gift, chocolate kiss!

Born in West Africa
bred by little hands,
little feet walked three days,
on stale porridge and water,
sweets they have heard not,
schools they know not,
only cocoa farms.

With machetes in their hands,
they chop the pods,
often, when they swing too high,
they strike their leg,
often when they swing too low,
they, strike their hand,
hospitals they have none,
muddy clothes they tear
and tie the bleeding wounds,
continue to collect the beans,
for a child in the city
might be throwing a tantrum,
for his favorite sweet.

Hungry hearts, candy bars,
snakes bites, valentine's gift,
gift of blood, spraying pesticides,
dark, white and milk, pleasure trip,
horror, blood and tears, cartoon strip,
Easter egg, child labor, dark treats.

When the men in uniform they arrive,

the children hide the machete,
and pretend to play, how can they
for they know no games.

The cocoa bean from black, muddy
bleeding hands sit on the shelves
of the finest stores where tiny
soft pink hands pick them up
From hand to hand the chocolate
travels, sinned on the way
bitter sweet, the chocolate's way.

Reshma Ramesh

Dark Desire

You gave me no killers for,
you want to feel the way,
in this game, my love, you have no say,
you want to feel the pain
but i am bound by chains
or so i feign
where the roses are boring
lust is pouring
the melting candles are a shame
and we do not fit in the frame
foreplay is forgotten
love is no mood
my fingers don't fondle
my arms don't cradle
they welt till you wince
for you are my dark prince

when the bed is warm
emotions are a storm
this is no lovers night
your juices flow
like a virgins blood
with every kiss you bleed
your pain i feed
on the dim lit walls
shadows fall
and when in orgasm
you call my name
your dark soul i claim! !

Reshma Ramesh

Don'T Ask Me Not To Cry...

How would you know how many nights i cried
choking, suffocating, life denied
how would you know what i felt
when my heart was being welt

have you ever have someone turn a knife
in your soul, feelings of love and hate strife
have u ever been lovingly abased and mortified
belied, broken, buried and brutified

how would you know cause you haven't been there
asking you to feel my pain would be unfair
I have no wounds to prove the pain I feel
guilt, sadness, tears, hopelessness I conceal

you want me to pretend everything is alright
laugh and love when there is no hope in sight
close my eyes and kiss the cleaver which cut me
forget the pain, forgive and be free

how would you know how difficult it is to laugh
could u live one day on my behalf?
so that u understand the torment inside
what u preach to me could u abide?

how would you know how tired iam
tired of promises, advices and sham
tired of waiting, wanting and enduring
tired of explaining, defending and mitigating

I dont need to prove nor vindicate
I want no counselor no merlin
for no one can fathom the distress
from loving my self and living i digress

Iam angry, drawn, confused and jaded
Iam critical, turned on and faded

Iam screaming for help cant you see
open your ears hear the banshee

why do you ask me not to cry?
the pain i feel should i deny?
why do you ask me not to swear?
the things i feel i should not share?

why are the fingers pointing at me
all you are getting is what you want to see
how would u know my wants and needs
for you are not the one who bleeds

I don't want to comprehend and amend
I don't want to straighten the bends
all i want is to be free and free
be happy and go on a laughing spree

don't ask me not to cry my friend
don't ask me to fix and mend
for you cannot fix broken hearts
and not mend burnt parts.

Reshma Ramesh

Don'T Be Angry

Don't be angry, Joanne,
I cant be anymore,
Be the man you want me to be,
Oh Oh! ! please darling,
Let us end this hence forth,
Call me a fool,
You can't rule
This broken heart of mine,
Baby, Baby be my slayer,
As I say my prayer,
Dont be angry my love.

Just wave good bye
Save the tears
For another man
who is worthy
Of your plan
Oh Joanne, darling
Time will come
When you can see
What I was all about
Then you might
Look for me
And when you find me
Only in your memories
Darling don't you cry
My love and don't you be angry

Don't be angry my love,
I cant be anymore
Be the fool you want me to be,
Oh Oh! ! please baby,
Kiss me bye bye and let me go,
Call me a loser
You have made me wiser,
Don't be angry my love.

Don'T Think Thrice

Baby, darling, love me, love me
don't look up at the the stars,
they are on to us, just love me
honey, sugar, it feels right
don't think thrice,
don't think twice,
Baby, darling, love doesn't come
every morn, my luck is reborn,
everything is on my side,
honey, sugar, be my pride
don't think thrice,
don't think twice,
Sweet darling love me, read me,
be my weed, my balm of Gilead,
all the strawberrys are red
so is my love, true and unwed
don't think thrice,
don't think twice.

Reshma Ramesh

Drops Of Shame

In this tradition of hypocrisy,
Rich sea of shams,
Virtue hides behind sanctimony,
Watch dogs are drooling at the prize,
The sins dine on a golden platter,
Simplicity lies shattered,
Truth bound in iron chains,
Chained to the legs of blind rats
Love lives in schools
Patience in monastery
Compassion in the books
Innocence is lost at birth
Sex is sold for ego
Lust is sold for cents
Honesty lies six feet below the ground
Farmers weep, worms they reap
There is no beauty beyond makeup
It is December before June
Racism hides below the skin
Friendship wears a pacemaker
Children are born out of mistakes
Freedom grins in an invisible cage
Greed rules the day
The saints don't have a say
Bitter is the sweat on failure's skin
Death dwells in denial
Beyond this and that
In this empty world
There is nothing more
And nothing less
Of course Other than shame,
Drops of shame drops of shame.

Reshma Ramesh

Embrace

I clutch your embrace
To my bosom, ripe,
With youth and love.
I know not how,
I can live without
The warmth
In your arms I find
Myself hungry
Every now and then
The shores
Of your embrace
So inviting
I could not resist
Such an open
Heart as yours, where
I make my
Humble abode till death
Do us apart

Sequel to poet Sadiqullah Khan's
poem unending embrace.....
thank you Sadiq

Reshma Ramesh

Everything Hurts

Everything shines in the morning,
they shine and whine and hurt me,
the Sundays sit sly and wait
they hurt me baby, they mock me

The water in the shower, cold
our love making on the wall,
distant memories, they meet,
my love down the drain, they cry

The rug on the floor bleeds
our love making seeps in the floor
they hurt me, darling, these scents
our raw hunger painted, they hurt me

baby my darling, the love you gave me
the prayers i prayed for you,
the kisses you took, the roses i picked,
everything burns, everything hurts

Reshma Ramesh

Fear

I Only Fear
The fear inside me!

Reshma Ramesh

Final Curtain Call

In the oblong sky,
I hung your tears to dry,
There is me and you
And the seeds you sowed
In the ethereal sunsets,
Thinking about last night
Me broken in your arms,
I cried baby and showed you my soul.
From four directions
They are gonna get me now
Do your tears sate you now?
Do your screams soothe you now?
No remorse, Never, never

We run in circles baby,
There are cracks on the soles,
Pounding on the wall
Do you feel the pain?
But my love you said
I am your gain,
Now you want to throw it all away,
Bury our love,
Yeah, yeah,
Never, never
No remorse,
Now your love,
Is the final curtain call.....

Reshma Ramesh

Fool

Do not make a fool out of me
I am already one!

Reshma Ramesh

For The Ecstasy

For the ecstasy you want
I pour from my soulful eyes
Unending love
As you lower your gaze
Now and then to look
At my quivering lips
And then rush back
To the eternal script

For the ecstasy you want
I pour from my lips
Unending kiss
As you lift your head
Now and then for air
And then rush back
To the parted dips

For the ecstasy you want
I pour from my soft bosom
Unending warmth
As you lift your head
Now and then to plant
The kisses they beg
And then rush back
To the rounded eclipse
For the ecstasy you want
For the ecstasy you want

Reshma Ramesh

Forbidden Path

The forbidden path I walk
The rain heaves and the sun leaves
Gloom, looming beyond my back,
In the twilight of life,
I am on my knees, praying in Lassa,
For the horizons to meet,
And I wait for the ascension,
Sighs and tears proscribed
My love for the cocoon, verboten
Under the tree of knowledge, I rest
Pandora's dreams, I dream
My lips and your kiss in a collusion
My moans covets for those hands
I trust in variance,
Passion effuse, I am frazzled,
The moon hides and refuses
To walk with me on the forbidden path,
on this forbidden path of love

Reshma Ramesh

Foreplay

Streams of honey
Lined on the contours,
Trickle down
As the beloved murmurs.....

Reshma Ramesh

From The Good And The Bad

.....I hid my love in a trinket box
From little red riding hood and the fox!

Reshma Ramesh

Gift

When u gave me the moon as the ring
I never wanted the real thing.....

Reshma Ramesh

Glass Of Water?

He grabbed her by her hair
threw the glass on the floor
pushed her to the door
banged her head to the wall

He laughed while she sobbed
he read a joke while she bled
was angry that she was mum
she could not speak she was dumb

Everything was gonna be okay
he had made sure she did pay
for asking him a glass of water
she should have known better

Reshma Ramesh

God In You

As you sleep
and you turn around
wrap your
tiny arms around
my neck
your tiny breath
on my cheek
I look up at the
stars
I made for you
on the roof
hoping they will
protect you
and I
thank God for coming
to me
in every bit of you.

Reshma Ramesh

Grains Of Sand*

Grains of sand
In the hour glass
Drop one by one,
Time sifts in the sand
You holding my hand,
The hour glass fills
Like your love
Filling my heart.
The hour glass empties
Like the sadness
Leaving my soul

Reshma Ramesh

Guide

The guide in me
Is blinded
By the beacon light! !

Reshma Ramesh

Happy Birthday

Happy birthday to you,
Happy birthday to you,
The number of candles you blew,
And the number a years that flew
All the strength that you drew
And the happiness you knew
All the old things and new
The love you found so true
The dreams you did pursue
Coffee and chocolate fondue
The white hue and morning dew
All these makes you get through
Thirty two years in the que
Happy birthday to you
Happy birthday to you

(Dedicated to my friend Nilesh who celebrates his birthday today)

Reshma Ramesh

Happy Birthday Jathin

The icing on the cake,
The bow on the gift,
The wishes that you made,
The birthday songs,
All sing thanks to your
Mother Dear, the day
For her, you were born
surely must have been
a lovely morn,
Where the angels sat forlorn,
As you made them love lorn,
Knighthood Capricorn!

happy birthday jathin

Reshma Ramesh

Happy Diwali

The sky is bright with colors,
lights up like a lover's eyes,
stars watch them in delight,
the grand festival of lights.

Every house gleam with burning diyas,
small lamps light the doorways,
sweet aroma welcomes the loved ones,
Diwali the festival of lights

Sparklers in tiny hands, smiling faces,
rockets rushing up into the sky,
flower pots gushing out lights,
fiery wheels go round and round.

The smoke rises from little crackers,
finds its way into the lungs,
keeps my little one coughing all night,
his eyes is now not so bright.

The air heavily smoked tumbles down,
heavy with lead, zinc and nitrates,
the sky is choked, stars are teary eyed
Diwali the festival of the rich.

Lamps lit on the moonless Diwali night
signifies the end of darkness of ignorance
and the beginning of light that enlightens all
but on this bright night we burn like fools.

Reshma Ramesh

He Shall Judge Me

He shall judge me,
Only,
He shall judge me,
Who has never been judged before!

Reshma Ramesh

Heaven I Have Found

Sounds of love
have you heard
in silence, so profound?
Astound, Astound!
The colors of time
work around.
with this passion,
To you, I am skin bound,
Timeless aura,
Spell bound, Spell bound!
I am downed in this
cacoethes, this is my
burial ground
Your love for me
unbound, unbound!

My arms
your playground,
in this sea of
warmth, I am drowned
the salts you taste
on my skin,
the salts of life,
as you break me
with heat inbound
baby, this is
your anchorage ground
as we make love
darling, my heaven
I have found, I have found

Reshma Ramesh

I Love You

Bite by bite
I taste you

Kiss by kiss
I bare you

Touch by touch
I feel you

Part by part
I take you

Thrust by thrust
I posses you

Minute by minute
I devour you

By the by
I need you

All in all
I love you

Reshma Ramesh

I Am Home

I have reached a place
place i have always known
finally i am home
finally i am home
there are no bends
there are no baits
all the roads are straight
the doors are always open
food on the table,
warm water for bath,
i am home, i am home,
the woman folks laugh,
the old men advice,
little children ask
for gifts, sweet scents,
everything is free
and nothing is spent
i am home i am home.....

Reshma Ramesh

I Am So Alone

I am so alone
So alone so alone
Outside my window
I hear voices
Down the stairway
I hear noises
No one can hear me
Can't anyone help me
I am screaming
I want to die
I got feelers
No concealers
I am drained
Dead as ever
Cold and numb
I have to cut
Open my skin
Watch my blood
Warm and ardent
Running thin
Fleeing from
The blue veins
Soaking my skin
Now I know
I am extant
Breathing
Beating
Somewhere
Alive.

Reshma Ramesh

I Can Be Good

If God is looking at me right now
I better turn the lights out! !

Reshma Ramesh

I Clothe

I clothe my chasteness with
your innocence

I clothe my coyness with
your modesty

I clothed my nakedness with
your skin

I clothe my crispiness with
your dew

I clothe my breathlessness with
your gasp

Reshma Ramesh

I Don'T Care

But we care enough
To say 'I don't care'!

Reshma Ramesh

I Pout

I pout and I pout
when u say u are in doubt
whether u should kiss me or not
darling! my lips are waiting, you better act out! !

Reshma Ramesh

I Search

I search myself
in the lines on your palm
in the the warmth in your arms
from the depth of your eyes
to the heart felt sighs
in the sketches that you draw,
the colours of the ink you pen
from your laugh lines
to the glint in your eyes
I search for myself

I search myself
in the sculpted chest
water, pure, that trickles
around your strong
contours, expressive eyes,
skin so smooth.
in dreams that you dream
the reasons you smile,
from the love that you feel,
to the love that you give
I search for myself

I search myself
in the folded palms
prayers that you pray
in the redness of the
wine that you sip
in the stem of the
goblet that you hold
in the whiteness of your shirt
the curves of your feet
I search for myself

Sequel to poem; I search myself' by poet Sadiqullah Khan

Reshma Ramesh

I Think Iam A Little In Love With You

The morning sun rays in my kitchen
Bring news about you my dear
From the other part of the world
Where you read my lines with affection
Like the steam arising from the pot
Our love fills the air, as lovely as
The smell of rice, the sizzle in the pan,
The warmth of the bread I cook
In the sweetness of milk I boil
Dear everything reminds me of you and
My friend
I think I am a little in love with you

(Sequel to the poem Love by poet Sadiquallah Khan)

Reshma Ramesh

Iam Made Of You!

Me, I am made of little things,
choc o chips, stems of tulips,
made of pages from a book
sure, come and take a look!
I am made from tunes of a love song,
probably from everything wrong,
I am made of grains of cereals,
made of little bits of commercials.

Made of bits of hope,
shiny bubbles from a soap,
I am made of glitter in the gold
or so you were told!
I am made from scents of the vanilla,
whites of cyrilla, spin in the twirl,
made of pink in the pearl,
the hulas in the hoops,
made of creme in the soup

Maybe I am wrong, but baby, it is true,
I am made of the fire in you,
made of the love you give,
I am made of timeless time,
surely Darling, I am made of YOU! ! ! !

Reshma Ramesh

If God Was A She

What makes you always think
that God is a He?
For all that matter
He could be a child with a glee
or simply be a She!

If God is a child
Then he would be playing
with the clouds above
Every now and then looking
at us people fretting and slogging

He would laugh at our betises
and excuse our follies
For no heart can be
benevolent than a child's

He would hug us when we are deplorable
Smile at us when we are huffy
and deliver us from the atrocities.

For all that matter
It could simply be a She
A lovely lady who looks
At us as she dries her long hair
as we plod and trudge

She chuckles as we trip
She nurses us when we slip
and hugs us when we flip

For no heart can be kinder
than that of a woman
No eyes can be as forgiving as her's
She is the one who procreates
She could be the mother of us all.

Reshma Ramesh

If I Don'T

If I don't kiss you tonight,
Let it not be
If I do, then let it be forever.

If I don't love you enough,
Let me not be
If I do, then let it be true.

If I don't see you tomorrow,
Let it not come
If it does, then let me be gone.

Reshma Ramesh

If Life Was

If life was gentle and sweet,
I would have cradled it in my arms,
Alas it is bitter and a beat,
It is a path, full of deceit,
And at the end I get no receipt! !

Reshma Ramesh

In Between

There are thoughts
That we must think,
We must not think,
And some in between.....

Reshma Ramesh

In Silence

In silence my love i live in you
hush! hush! love notes i hear
shush! shush! be quiet my heart
in the silences my love lives
in lull it sleeps, scare it not
in tranquility it grazes
and when my love he is quiet
it whispers in his ears
and as he closes his eyes
my love, it sighs and sighs.....

Sequel to the poem 'In Silence' by poet Sadiqullah Khan

Reshma Ramesh

In The Eyes Of God

In the mirror
In the eyes of God
When I looked,
And spoke nothing
Nothing But the truth,
I saw me
Like I never
Saw myself before!

Reshma Ramesh

In These Pages

In these blank pages
I fill up words
words of love,
words of pain,
when you read them
do you feel the same?

Reshma Ramesh

In Your Fist

Hold me
In your
Fist
Like
The wind
I will
Only
Then
Remain
Yours
Forever!

Reshma Ramesh

Joy

When you gave me the whole world in a lollipop,
I licked it with glee!

Reshma Ramesh

Just Like A Man*

in the black suit when you lean
against the wall, shuffle your hair
that is when i know it all
dark deep eyes, will never be mine
you smile oh! so sweet just like a man
but you seek my love just like a child

of all the love you promised
under the broken skies
and of all the hundred roses
i left on your doorstep
you make me feel special, just like a man
but you play games just like a child

when we make love, you and me
all the sweet nothings you whispered
in my ears and you called my name
the little bit of you, you spared for me
oh! you show me love just like a man
but when iam gone you cry just like a child

Reshma Ramesh

Just Think

And just think
had we not crossed path
had we not glanced
just a chance
in the waiting lobby
among the sea of people
had we not locked eyes
had we not felt the warmth
just in trance
like robots
just think
before the green light
before the flight
just think
with no remembrance
what so ever
with no clue
with no emotions
we would have crossed paths
and left with nothing
but nothing.....

Reshma Ramesh

Kiss

the kiss you beg
to part from
my lips, sits there
laughing haughtily
and asks 'will u take
good care of me when
i land on your lips?

Reshma Ramesh

Lap Of Love

Dead flowers
Call me,
Beckoned,
Their scent
So sweet,
Lure me,
As I walk,
In the air cold,
As cold as death,
Red flowers,
Red as my
Bleeding feet,
Feet in the air
The grave I lie
Grey with ashes,
Wet with tears,
The flowers
Die in my lap
Lap of Love

Reshma Ramesh

Letters To The Unknown(3)

In the palaces where curtains made from pearls
Shone with light white like milk
Humbled sun read the lines
Written by the depths of the dark
Night less night rusted away
Into the fume less fire
The wind hid in the petals
In the temple of love
With ashes of the evenings
And silence of ages
On the stones carved
With chisels and hammer
With songs and tunes
The grand procession with
Thousand elephants
A hundred trumpets
And ten conchs blew in the air
And when the princess on her knees
Hair open flying west
Frantically dug with her nails
On the earth wet with her tears
She found in silver wrapped
Letters, letters by the beloved
Addressed
Letters to the unknown

Reshma Ramesh

Letters To The Unknown*(Part 2)

The falling stones
Like dew drops break
When on the mirror dropped
As the candle flickers
And shutters taps fiercely at the window
Trembling at the oncoming storm
The naked plant bends
The scents of the flower moved
In the opposite direction
And then remained no more
On the body where wounds are deeper than bones
And kisses deeper than the soul
On the skin letters written with eyes as pen
And emotions for ink
Unknown to love was his own address
Then to whom shall these letters be sent
Unspoken, unread, unwritten
Tossed into the wind
Letters to the unknown

Reshma Ramesh

Life

Life at any point of time
Is just as real as
Our state of mind!

Reshma Ramesh

Life So Precious

As you lie on the sheets so white,
I thought about the day we flew the kite.
I hold your hands old and wrinkled,
In mine, smooth firm and freckled,
These were the hands that stroked my hair,
Stitched up my life when it did tear.

I look at the wisdom filled eyes closed,
With mine bright, teary, nerves composed.
The doctors tell me you will be fine,
Very soon u are gonna rise and shine.
I wish you were at home snoring
Getting on grandma's nerves, annoying.

I stroke your soft aged fingers,
With my shaking hand, cold lingers,
Between these sterile walls i realize,
Life is too short to wear a disguise,
As I sit and pray you move and mumble,
I am relieved, overjoyed and tears tumble,
Oh God! Thank you and u made me humble.

Reshma Ramesh

Lines For You

Dearest darling
light of my eyes
how can I tell
you how much
my being cries,
for you and me
to be together
in each other.

It is almost
painful this
long wait you
make me wait,
seems forever
Oh! my heart
how it aches
for your tender
touch, in the
middle of the
night it makes
love to the
poet in me
and makes me
write these
lines for
you

Reshma Ramesh

Lioness On Prey

What do you say, Oh! my wandering prince?
I see you among the moving shadows
You come to me in these lines,
And pour me your unending kiss
I respond to your touch like
The sizzle when water falls on
Hot plate, I answer to your
Kiss like a flower that opens
To the sun, I reply to your moves
Like a dancer to the music,
I react to your whispers
Like a child to the mothers,
And I greet your loving looks
like that of a bride,
And I respond to your love
like a lioness on prey

Reshma Ramesh

Little Soldiers

Picked up from the playground
cornered,
stolen from their dead mother's lap;
sisters raped,
orphaned they are now, orphaned
human shields
mamma's little boys they are no more.

Now they belong to the lord, fight they must,
for their brothers,
brave heroes, armed are they for their nation,
or so they are told
no rhymes here but chants of destruction
fear, no fear
grenade and a gun on their tiny shoulders.

In air conditioned rooms, the law makers in designer black suits,
cry ' foul'
greed has had them, few more bucks to make,
children after all
in some god forsaken place, they can wait.

Whipped, scared, confused, without another way
they become little soldiers.
With the little one's blood the men clean their hands
Sleep, how can anyone sleep?
in the land where little soldiers have laid their lives

Inspired by the movie 24 Redemption which reduced me to tears.
May another child never be forced into war again.

Reshma Ramesh

Lonely Day

Baby I lay alone in my bed
Thoughts of you run through my head
All the crazy things you do to me
I am so in love with you, cant you see

I close my eyes and you come to me
Arms wide open I will take you to the sea
Make you mine, tear you apart, fill you up
My darling, sweet heart, scarlet cup

I want to grab you from behind
Kiss your hair, neck and in you be entwined
Turn you around and look into your eyes
Kiss your lips see the tender sunshine

I set your hair free to feel them flow
Little toe, to your gracious beauty i bow
Skin like marble, I cant let you go
Pastry dough, head to toe golden glow

I open my eyes and you aint there
With whom this love can I share?
You left me stranded and now I am alone
And this lonely day, to me, you have shown

Reshma Ramesh

Looking Down From My Balcony

As I sit on my bed
Golden orange sheets,
Made of silk, my head
Tilted, combing my hair,
The wind pushes the
Wooden door of the balcony
Slightly ajar bringing
In the melancholy tunes
Which you sing for me,
The ivory comb drops
To the marble floor
My white veil touching
The floor, rush to the
Door pushing it apart
With my pink hands
And enter the balcony,
The peacock dances
In the lush lawns,
Roses bloom, Nightingale
Sings and there I see
You my handsome Prince
Standing with arms folded
Over your broad chest
Looking up at me with
A smile as I look down
From my balcony

A sequel to the poem Balcony from poet Sadiqullah Khan

Reshma Ramesh

Love

In love, I shall love you whole,
In all, I shall love you to bits,

I shall love you bits and whole
Beyond time, eternity and soul

Reshma Ramesh

Love Dont Come With Instructions

love made me cross and made me red in the cheeks
not for me i said it is for losers and freaks
all i want on a rainy day is chips and steaks
a dog and a plumber when my tap leaks

it laughed and mocked and sang all day
I shut all my senses June till may
you cant resist me it cried what say
believe me i will make you happy and gay

baby love don't come with instructions
it could be all i have and all i need
it could make me or break me
it could be my only cuppa tea

(me) i have friends who will catch me when i trip
(love) but who will fall with u when u slip?
(me) i have friends who will tell me right from wrong
(love) but who will be there to face the song

(love) i will be the roses on your doorstep
(me) i only want my newspaper
(love) i will be the breeze on your window sill
(me) oh reminds me i have to water the plants

baby love don't come with instructions
what will i do with it?
who will teach me to do the fractions?
how do i deal with this?

(me) i don't need love i was hurt too many times
(love) but u didn't do it with one who rhymes
(me) i don't need love iam broke
(love) but baby u need the right stroke

it followed me through april may and june
i had to get rid of it very very soon
i was loving it with guilt like jamoon
if i didnt deal with it it was gonna make me swoon

i tried all the tricks of the trade
i got labeled miss hard to get
but i was as easy as the jelly which was set
i could have been the most easy person to get

baby love don't come with instructions
it lingers on my smile and my twinkling eyes
well it did conquer me and my sighs
i love it more than my egg fries

i don't know if it will leave me again as it always does
i don't want to kick up a huge fuss
i just want to bathe in this bliss
if it is gone tomorrow i would let it go with a kiss.

Reshma Ramesh

Love Fever

The burning embers of love,
Giving rise to warm fever,
On my lips, the words of love,
On my heart, my palms of devotion,
Your name a thousand times,
With rosaries, angels in heaven,
Blowing conchs and chant,
Eyes closed, open heart
The truth of love that I held back
I rise with my head proud
Throwing back my hooded shroud
I look straight into your eyes
Oh! Angel of love,
Please I beg you, tell me the ways,
Of love, the ways of devotion,
Like a lion I roar, like a peacock
I dance, like a child I cry,
Dark are the days, dark are the nights,
when I find only my shadow by my side,
Looking for you, my love, among the roses,
Few more days and the warm fever spreads,
Love fever, I feel it deep in my soul.

Sequel to Poem "Fever Of Love" By Sadiqullah Khan

Reshma Ramesh

Love Goddess

My hair like waterfalls
Flow till my hips
When I push them behind
My ear they peer
Into to cheeks
Pink as pearls, they
Blush as the sun rays
Kiss them, my nose
So perfect, turn
Red when cross,
I am a piece of art
From bottom to start,
I am the love goddess,
Not because of the
The way I am made
It is the love I pour from
My heart, compassion
I give from this soul
Only for you, forever
Because of you, the love
You shower on me, like
A mirror my dear for
The goddess to see
I am your mother, child,
lover, secret liaison,
You can't fall in love
With me, you only rise
For I am the love goddess

A sequel to poem 'Love goddess' by poet Sadiqullah Khan

Reshma Ramesh

Love Goddess(Part 3)

I wear the sounds of the wind,
and the scents of the roses,
as I descend from the floating clouds,
my bare skin feels like satin hive,
provocation and confidence alive,
do you seek the place where
love and lust divide?

The hair that curtains my breast
when you part, peaks of pleasure bold,
hips that roll like unchained melody,
slender legs and the treasure they hold,
pleasure tip between the willing folds
they seek your lips to be cajoled.

My eyes brown like honey,
feast on your handsome smile,
question not my motive and my guile.
I have the perfect recipe for you
of the passionate love in making
in the secrets you seek and
the wonders you want to find.

In my hands the living love I hold
your trust and soul I seek you are told,
For the love Goddess I am, beauty bold
I am an angel of protection, sign of perfection
I am a mirror with your reflection
tender sweet sweet addiction.

Reshma Ramesh

Love Me Till Eternity

I find your love
Among the groovy grass,
The newspaper clippings,
slippery soap flakes,
And speckled mosaic

I find your name
Inscribed on the tea strainer,
Level crossings, straw flower
And on the wedding band
Paint box, slice of mango

I heard your whispers
Among the whistling marmot
Angel falls, African violet
In sweet sultan, the wild oats
Midnight sun and skipping rope

Come to me darling everyday
In butterfly rays, wine i sip,
In the sentences incomplete,
In words unspoken,
In tears unshed
In moments passed by
And love me till eternity

Reshma Ramesh

Love My Mom(By Aryan,5 Years Old)

i love my mom
too much
and she also
loves me
i love her hundred much
and when
she gives me ice
to crunch on
i love her more
in the night
when i sleep
she sings me lullaby
when i wake up
she hugs me tight! !

aryan

note: today morning my son Aryan who is 5 years old jumped on my lap and wanted me to read out my poems.....when i did, he wanted to write too and he asked me to type as he sat and made up this poem with his finger on his lips and eyes on me...and this is it, unedited version.....

Reshma Ramesh

Love*

something that we feel
and do not know
what else to call! !

Reshma Ramesh

Lovely Taj

Oh! Lovely Taj,
This is where you stood once,
Beaming with pride,
Your beauty you cannot hide

To early November light
You woke
Stretched and yawned
Found a gun in your face

Now you are in shambles
Broken pillars
Cries of people dying
Bodies frying

Frozen faith, Shattered panes
Political sympathies, Booby trap
The invisible man, Pot shot,
Fagin's day, Boman, Last dinner

Crumbled under barrage
'We will build a new Taj'
Carnage, blood collage,
Can we bring back the entourage?

Reshma Ramesh

Love's Bouquet

From the sleeping sun you rose,
Like an infant in slumber,
From the whites in a tulip,
Like the sweetness in sugar,
the beauty spots on my skin
that you counted gently
fingertips lingering
on every inch of my skin.
From the brown honey filled gaze,
you seek the music in my eyes,
like the water fall in the background you
take me to a place where ego is unborn
my heart like chocolate in the sun,
With every moment that passed between you and me
blue in the ice and the green in the apple
in the remembrance and forgetfulness
in real, in a dream, i know not
but i know that when you came to me this day
I saw every colour in the love's bouquet

Reshma Ramesh

Make You Thine

The moon sweetly poured over the window sill
and said 'Ye pretty maiden, say, what is your will? '
'The stars twinkle, the sun shine' said I
'Cherubic moon, you dine in your milky light.'
'Then why is there darkness in my humble abode? '
'Ah! that my lovely lady, open your eyes to beauty,
open your heart to love, your ears to music,
open yourself to God and then you will see,
light will shimmer even when the sun don't shine
and the stars don't twinkle and my dear lady
that is when I will make you thine.'

Reshma Ramesh

Moon Of The Fourteenth

Behind the clouds when the moon slipped
The light then hid in the shadows
I felt your lips then on my cheek
As you lifted my finger to the sky
We wrote our name on the stars
Not for luck but for us to remember
On lonely nights someday
Things that we did in the moonlit nights
When u turned my face and touched
Those pink lips again the moon rose from the east
Like sun your eyes shone with passion
The tear now I shed was long gone
Whispered the moon of the fourteenth

sequel to poem 'moon of the fourteenth' by poet sadiqullah khan

Reshma Ramesh

Moth To A Lit Candle

In the palanquin of Illusions
Humble Love passed by,
Holding the lantern the Four
Bearers, the four brothers,
Trust, Tears, Betrayal and Sorrow
Stepped softly on the grass
Green like the parrot's feather
With envy for the daughter of beauty
Who sat in the lap of Astrid,
Hair in plaits, tied with gold ribbons,
She gazed intently at the sky blue,
Blue like her lips cold, in a rush
She lifts her silver gown
Dropped her jeweled crown
She sailed away from the world
Towards the shore, shore of love,
Paddled with rapid strokes
Red her hands she stopped
The four brothers, Trust,
Joy, Compassion and Devotion
Four bearers of palanquin,
She seeks to be Love's love
With nothing but a promise
Of a moth to a lit candle

(Sequel to the poem 'A MOTH'S PROMISE' by poet jathin aka jesuzz)

Reshma Ramesh

My Plane

I took my little plane
With its dainty wings
Batteries full of life
To fly it far and high

I went to the place
Where I kissed your lips
Tender and sweet
Where my heart missed a beat

I placed it right at the spot
Where our smooches got pretty hot
As I press the magic buttons
The miniature plane took off

But something was wrong
It would not fly high
It scampered around
Before it fell to the ground

What was the matter?
My plane was shattered
Did it not want to fly
In the air that did not
Have your blissful sigh?

Reshma Ramesh

My Sweet Glance

When your tears flow on my cheek,
Wet and salty, they grow
Fond of your skin so warm, our love
Like the smell of incense
Spreads from house to house in the wind,
Like the song of our passion,
My name you have written in every line,
Our love penned in gold
When you hold my hand for your lips
To kiss, I hold yours to my
Eyes and my heart for you to feel the cries
The blood laced sword you place
At my feet, Oh! Conqueror of the world,
I will place in your hands,
The sword will turn into a rose red so deep and
Then it will turn into a dove
Which flies away as we watch hand in hand

In sequel to poem cruel glance by poet Sadiqullah Khan
(Thank you Sadiq for bringing out this is in me)

Reshma Ramesh

Name Of Your Destiny

On the page of destiny from the heavenly tie
when names were read out aloud I asked the God
he said 'ask not of me oh! maiden, the name
of your love but ask me of the one who
will never bring tears in your eyes,
ask of me who will bring peace and joy in
your world, look into the mirror of love
and there you will see him in your heart
that bosom which he kisses and the lips
where he left the sighs will be yours
forever and ask him of his name
the name of love he whispers in your
ears is the name of your destiny'

Sequel to the poem 'Balm of your love' from poet Sadiqullah Khan

Reshma Ramesh

Narcissist

How to be the ultimate narcissist?

BE ME! !

Reshma Ramesh

Need Your Spell

Down into the dark alley way,
Oh baby! I know not where to you walk,
I am so mesmerized by your looks
Oh baby! lead me lead me,
I am so lost in the sounds of your footsteps,
Enchanted by the hair that swishes,
Maybe you are taking me down,
Maybe I can never get back
From this dark dark dungeon
Heaven or hell
Oh baby! as you lead,
My soles they bleed,
Me, I am high, I am low,
Oh! darling please please
Never let me go,
Captivated by your eyes,
Baby baby you haunt me,
Lead me, lead me, I will follow
From heaven to hell,
I am at your mercy,
Baby baby take my heart,
And if you leave me down here,
Never to come back darling,
Please remember this soul
Needs your spell to
Come back to life again.

Reshma Ramesh

Never Meant To Be

if we were not meant to be
to be my love, why did u agree?
if we were not meant to be
why did you meet me over the red sea?

how does your arm fit my waist so perfect?
every time i see you, why do i resurrect?
how does your mouth fit the nook of my neck?
why iam ready to fly at your every beck?

why did it have to be u and me?
why did we have to be standing under a marquee?
when you held my hand didn't you foresee?
you and me were the ones not meant to be

if i ever meet God i will ask him
if it wasn't meant to be, then why the prelim?
where was my angel when i cried all night?
why did you make us fall in love at first sight?

if i ever meet the devil i will ask him
in the shadows of the night you grin
why did u make me wait all my life?
now i find him between these strife

why is it so bittersweet and tragic?
oh why it so beautiful full of magic?
baby u and me were never meant to be
with tears in your eyes i see
you waving good bye to me.

Reshma Ramesh

Never Mind

My nose tangled
In your curls,
Never mind,
Love the way
Your curls
Smell

My love jangled,
at your feet,
never mind,
love the
anklets
jingling

My soul spread
at your door,
never mind,
love the
dust
waiting

Reshma Ramesh

No Answers

where the rivers
turn into clouds
and then rain again
fueled by the heat
of your desire
i shall take
my love there
i have no answers
and i have no questions

Reshma Ramesh

No Hope At All

In the corners
where the white lines meet
torn spider web
the broken roof
held by crumbling walls
wide open floor agape
i cling to myself
broken sky
dreams trudge
passion asleep
hope bleeds
minutes don't evacuate
reasons aren't valid
the whole world spinning
and my fingers stood still
i breathe
empty
empty
seems like forever but it is now
seems like never or this minute
it feels like now there is
no hope at all
no hope at all

Reshma Ramesh

Odor Of Femininity

The aroma that rises
When the olive like shades
That lurks in the corners
Glazed, seek the honey like browns
They melt, the greens, giving life
Sifts through the hungry bones
Neither furious nor kind
They whiff across
Like a kitten amused by the
Gushing fountain
Like a child, sleeping
In images the white I wore
The black string in my flying hair
I wrote on the wind my name
I left on the glass my perfume
Trail of scents that followed
Appetizing and sweet
Your sleeping senses they greet
So maddening so foolish
With matted air
He breathes
The odor of femininity

sequel to the poem 'odor of femininity' by poet rengeth

Reshma Ramesh

Only Memories Remain

ages and ages of loneliness
decades and decades
of walking alone
tired soles
thirsty lips
red eyes
returning
home
to an
empty
house where
you and me sat
on the porch and ate
cashew nuts and sipped wine
now all gone, only memories remain

Reshma Ramesh

Paint Our Love

For the painter that you are,
Brilliant painter of my love,
The colors you mix gently,
On the palette, palette of passion
The shades and the spectrum
You choose looking into my eyes,
My love, when I laugh, yellow gold,
Pink, when I blush as you
Gaze hungrily at my bosom,
Burning bronze, your skin
In the golden sun,
Crimson flush as
Your lips find mine.

Tones of white and blue
The moods of the
Clear October sky
Which shelters our love,
Streaks of green and olive
The grass which we tumble on,
Tints of black, brown and
Crimson in my fiery eyes,
My orange dress pushed apart,
Faded pastel beyond your back,
My reddened lips from your bites,
Silver chain broken as you tug at it.

The leaves tintured with saffron
Shakes merrily above our heads,
My hands caress your wild body,
Aquamarine eyes look into mine, dapple
My nails on your back draw lines in carmine
As we blend with the colors, colors of life
Passion so vivid as you paint me
You give me life with crayons of love,
Slices of agony, pencils of pleasure,
Sketches of longing, brushes of devotion,
Strokes of warmth, paints of passion
You, my darling, you paint our love

Reshma Ramesh

Part Of Me

This is the part of me,
You want to love,
This the part of me,
You want to take,
That part which I am ready
To share, ready to bare.

This is the part of me,
You prayed for,
This is the part of me
Which you slayed,
Now that it is all yours
To care, to tear.

But darling, the part
Which I saved for myself,
I aint gonna let you touch,
Will protect it and let it grow,
While the other one dies,
In your thorny tending arms

Reshma Ramesh

Party In The Sky....Everyone Invited! !

Party in the sky

You are invited to a splendid party, high in the sky
It is the best of the season you cant deny
Ladies in organza gowns and men in bow tie
There is going to be spirits, in ample supply

The Stars are going to strip and dance
The Mountains are going to steal a glance
The Moon is wearing a designer halo from France
The Music and Dance are going to romance

The Planets are arriving at eight
They all have a pretty celestial date
Ready to sing and dance to recreate
Together they make a bright constellate

The Rainbow tosses its brilliant colors
The Clouds throw its splendid showers
The Black Sky showing its magical powers
The Morning Star and Twilight kiss in the towers

The Dark, dressed in lustrous diamonds, shone
Air wore his aviator and his best cologne
The Wind laughed as the trumpet is blown
The indigo Skies gossiped on their own

Aquila and Orion merrily dance hand in hand
Morning star walks with Sirius on the sand
Humble Crux kisses brilliant Vega softly offhand
The music, light, lovers unite making the sky grand

Dinner is served on a golden platter
Music is drowned among the busy chatter
Cider, vodka, gin, liqueur, sweet and bitter
Laughs, conversations, songs and twitter

As the noisy night turns into a dreamy day
The guests reluctantly retire to the milky way

The twilight patiently guides them all the way
Into deep sleep the tired night slips away
The sleepy sun wakes into the sky, silver grey

Reshma Ramesh

Peace

I see u walking in the clouds watching the children play,
You cry for the their sorrows, sorrows on their way,
Your thoughts so beautiful, wanting to protect them all,
But that is not how it is going to be resolved.

You, dear friend, write with all you heart,
Maybe one day it will tear the devil apart,
The Gods will rule and there will be peace,
With your words ruling, the legacy of war will cease.

(For my dear friend Randy Hogan on PH)

Reshma Ramesh

Perspective

On the mud walls
The ants climb
Mountains scaled
Only one feet
from the ground!

Reshma Ramesh

Poem To Santa

Many a Christmas poems I read,
Many good wishes spread,
Greetings and kisses for all
Holidays, hugs and beers,
Shopping, fun and cheers,
Prayers, presents and dinners, ,
Bells, holly and candles,
Turkey, treat and dandles,
Many a Christmas poems I read

But the one I didn't read
Was the one you never wrote,
Saint of children,
Where is your wish list?
Kriss kringle,
Lost in the snow mist?
I wait in the Christmas tide
A little gift I made, I hide
For you, by my side.

Father Christmas be my guest,
and let me see your list
I insist I insist! !

Reshma Ramesh

Primal Desire

Sliding fingers
in my hair
gripped and let go

your eyes on my shoulders
lower down
to feast on the roundness

tips that taste searching
hurry around
slow down, fast they go

fingertips traces my lines
hard and soft
out my love secrets

sharp lines on my back
sway and sway
till you pin me down

in my mouth your whole
moan and groan
fireworks in the sky

fiercely beautiful
tender
vaguely animal

breathed have you
life into me
my skin red alive

like a lioness
in heat
fiery flame, combustion

primal desire
this is love
this is soul

Reshma Ramesh

Questions And Answers

When the answers that hooked the questions
All aligned in a strange way
With the numbers, even and odd and in between
Somehow then arises doubtful and firm thoughts
Thoughts to segregate and temper those reasons
Like pepper and salt, tested and tried, solutions
Rises answers like smoke from the hooka
The troubled mind interrogated
The answers are always unquestioning
And the reasons are always amusing

Reshma Ramesh

Quotation

What does not kill you
Will surely bankrupt you

Reshma Ramesh

Rainbow

Colorful wedding band
From the proud sky
To the blushing earth

Reshma Ramesh

Real Or Fake

A single kiss is all it takes
For me to know
If you are real or fake

Reshma Ramesh

Reshma(From Aryan)

Reshma you are so lovely,
you have chubby cheeks,
you have soft hands,
and i love them.

When i love you
the stars are blinking
and all the shooting
stars are going home.
when the stars are
home reshma hugs
me and i will sleep.

Aryan

p.s author's note: encouraged by all the comments 5 year old Aryan received for his first poem he has come up with another one.....I want to thank everyone for reading him.

Reshma Ramesh

Save Water

Drinking Water Here
drips on the ground
Drinking water no more!

Reshma Ramesh

Save You From The Guillotine

I leave my whispers
On your ear whispering
I leave my kisses
On your lips
Lingering
The time has come
For me to save you
From the guillotine
Of life
Sadness
And make you free
Like the wind
Flying where your
Heart wants you to be

(Sequel to poem Guillotine by poet Sadiqullah Khan)

Reshma Ramesh

Savior

I arrive for your last will,
Rushing the wind along,
My white veil brown with mud,
As it drags along the ground,
Wet with rain and my tears,
I push the men in arms aside,
I am kneeling at your side,
Grief from my face retreat,
I am happy to be by your side

.
By the power of love I hold,
The arm of cruel guillotine
Before it falls on our love.
Warmth of devotion and the
Smile on our lips, the song
In our heart stops the arm
In midair and he bows,
Angels he can see dancing,
Around the bundle we are in.

The multitudes now cry
For in the sky there is a
 Brilliant star
For the savior on the day
 The judgment day
The promised Day of Judgment

Reshma Ramesh

She Believes In Me

The snow capped mountains

Climb on me

The Tigers in Siberia

Know my name

The fish in the ocean

Look for me

The rivers gushing by

They bank on me

The forests of Amazon

Grow on me

The falls of Victoria

Drops on me

The deserts of Sahara

Walks with me

The moving clouds

Rain on me

The dancing Dolphins

Whistle for me

Beautiful Mother Earth

Believes in me

(Mother Earth believes that we will save her.....so people wake up!)

Reshma Ramesh

Shine

Shine, shine, you summer sun
Cold is my love's home

Reshma Ramesh

Sine Cera

without wax,
my angel
i give you all
without cracks
my darling
I give you my
true self
I don't melt
in the warm
Greek sun
pure with
the feelings
I have only
for you
sincerely
yours,
my beloved
without wax

reshma

Reshma Ramesh

Slow The Love (True Whispers)

Slow the Love (True Whispers)

As the Indian princess lowers her gaze
Looks at the sand at her feet
Wet with the tears from her eyes
The wait long for her wandering prince
Who gave her his heart of gold
And stories of love he had told
Arrived not at the garden
Shimmering silver and gold
Rusted brown and black
Beyond recognition the
Palace of love dusty and grey
All the leaves unfold
The love he promised
The kisses he saved
He gave it to another
Her love he sold
The heart of gold in her
Trembling fingers melted
The wine she saved for him
Froze and the words she
Spoke hid behind the
Sorrowful eyes, slow
And slow her heart,
Heart of gold broke
(Reshma Ramesh)

Yes your heart speaks here

Well you add

That the heart he gave in gift
I shall worship all life
As one day in his city of love
I shall enter
Carrying his name
To the temple we go
All that I said

All that I heard
From my heart I shall
In the eloquence of Vedas
And books ancient
In the music
of tan sen
In the whirls of dervishes
I sing to him for my heart says
He loves me only and only me
(Sadiqullah Khan)
28/1/2009

Reshma Ramesh

Smile

the master of the sounds that you are
the rustle of the smile that hides
in my voice that you picked tenderly
with your fingertips and placed it
on the sleeve of your heart, may i
ask for it back?

and then you said no, it is yours to keep
the tunes of my smile in your heart they sleep
and when i place my ears on your chest
i can hear my smile and never again it will weep

Reshma Ramesh

So Near Yet So Distant

The day I loved you
My dear, I am all praise for
Your love and compassion,
Attentive gaze, The way you
Look for thorns on my path
The way you warm the air
As I walk in the cold
Evening, the wine you
Sipped I can taste on
Your lips, pull the curtain
Of love around us
I hold you dear, for you
Are my reflection in
The mirror of our love
I see in the depth of
Your eyes, my tears
In the depth of your
Heart, my being beats
In your remembrance.
My love, in my dreams
I see us as one
When I woke, tears flowing
Down my cheeks, your
Hands not here to wipe them
So near yet so distant

Sequel to the poem 'So near yet so distant' from poet Sadiqullah Khan

Reshma Ramesh

Some Things Are Better Unspoken

I sit with my silence
Sit down for a talk
Silence dressed in Grey
Does not want to talk
I stare intently into
Her eyes, she looks down
She has something to hide
'Silence why don't you speak'
I persuade, she shakes her
Head from side to side
With tears in her eyes,
'Hush! don't cry my dear,
You will talk only
When you want to, till then
Silence, be as you are'.

Reshma Ramesh

Stop Over

Bemused I looked
Into the mirror and it took
A few seconds to spot
The flour and the cook! !

Reshma Ramesh

Suffer In Silence

silent are the dreams
silent are the screams
wither, i will crumple and faint
silent are the tears that flow down my cheek
silent is the storm that is brewing
silent is the bleeding wound
quiet is my sorrow
grief in chains
mute and mourning
my sorrow in despair
in violence tranquil
wailful in silence suffer i will
coz that my love is your wish

Reshma Ramesh

Sweet Addiction

When you asked about me
from the flowers today
in the afternoon, did they
tell you that I was looking
for you among them?
From the happy bird I
learnt a tune of love
to sing, stories I told
the little boy who
was selling gum about
the things I did in love.
Did the soft evening
breeze give you the kiss
it snatched from me?
Did the colors of the
sunset show you the
picture I painted
in the sky around
the clouds and
all these friends
who know us smile
in understanding
because we know
life is an uneasy
compulsion and your
love sweet addiction.

Sequel to the poem Uneasy compulsion by poet Sadiqullah Khan

Reshma Ramesh

Sweet Dinner

Pasta is ready
For a sweet dinner,
Plates laid on the table,
One for you and one for me,
Candles in between,
Shadows dance,
Roses sing,
Silver gleams,
Diamond on my ring
Shines at our love,
as I serve, talking
Hundred to a dozen
Tuck my hair behind
My ear and smile,
My love, it would be
Be better if you
Did stop looking
At me dreamily,
For pasta is ready
For a sweet dinner

Reshma Ramesh

Sweet Lullaby

I wake up from deep slumber
To little hands caressing
My cheeks, I peer, half open
Eyes which he shuts with his
little fingers, kisses my cheeks
Noisily and says 'Hush Mommy'
'Go back to sleep'.

(This poem is dedicated to my son 4 and half years old
who is sometimes mothers me.)

Reshma Ramesh

Taken For Granted

The audience that sleeps
The women that weep
Dog that guards the sheep
Should not be taken for granted! !

Reshma Ramesh

Teach Me Your Ways

Teach me your ways oh! mighty Rivers
how you course so blithely?
You neither quetch about
the sharp stone you tread on
nor about the torrential waterfalls
you reach your destination certainly.

Teach me your ways oh! mighty Mountains
how you ascent the sky so steadily?
You never complain of the heights
or the bleak winds which blow relentlessly
you reach the stars bravely.

Teach me your ways oh! mighty Deserts
how you wait for the rain so patiently?
Neither complaining about the trapped heat
nor the way you are abandoned
you prevail and ponder peacefully.

Reshma Ramesh

Teary Advice

Teary advice

A dropp of tear
Rolled down my cheek,
Grumbled all the way down
Landing on my frown.
No fingers to wipe them,
No tissue to dab them,
It rolled and dropped
On the floor, cold and
Dry, it was not happy anymore!
It thought about its home
Warm and safe in the glands
'Why do you cry? ' it asked me
'I am sad today' said I
'Have pity on me' said the tear
'And keep me in your pretty eye.'
'Please' it begged,
'Be happy for my sake,
'I aint meant to be dropped
Down in sadness, close your
Eyes and try to see, all
You have lost is
Your smile and me! '

Reshma Ramesh

Tell Me Some Secrets Of This Life

In the hangover of the dawn late after the sunrise
the breeze silent like it is asleep
like the hush in a toddler's cradle
quiet is the approaching afternoon
in dwindling faith you return
after the walk in long broken path
where women have wept silent tears
children have carried broken homes
the servants have laid their backs to rest
and the kings have put their sword down
with faith in one fist and peace in another
you knock on my open door
I will fill oh! Beloved I will fill your cup
With old wine from the brown cask
Faith and peace you give me as alms
I sit at your calloused brown feet
Tell me some secrets of this life

Reshma Ramesh

Temple Of Love

In the temple of love,
she hovered around impatient,
frowned brows and pouted lips,
white veil floating behind
touching the holy ground,
the goddess of love
she waved her hand
the colors maroon, red and
the yellow in her heart
came to life and sprinted
across, colored the flowers,
with a sigh, she sat,
the sweetness of her love,
and the beauty of her cheek, mellow.

they know not how her being
cries for the prince,
her trembling lips,
her sweet hands, reaching out
for his lovely kiss
to taste the wine on his lips
in soft undertones she spoke
to the stone she picked from
the path, 'Have u seen him not? '

To the peacock passing by
said she, 'In the temple
of love when the prince
stopped, tired from the ride,
the water he quenched his
thirst with, pouring from
her hand, his eyes in hers,
traveling down to her lips,
then to her bosom, the
colors that then leaped
from his eyes, golden and
silver dashed across
the garden and colored
the springs and the fountains,

have you heard from him not? '

The temple he left
that night colored with
gold and silver
with his back to her
tearful eyes, he lives
in her dreams forever.

a sequel to poem 'Temple Of Love' by Poet Sadiqullah Khan

Reshma Ramesh

The Addiction Of Love

Ahh! ! the addiction of love,
like ice cream in the rain,
hugs to teddy bears,
pebbles in the stream,
bubbles in champagne,
like the red of the watermelon,
like wine with love potions,
big blue eyes of a doll,
like the white of a lace,
like the warmth in friends,
salt in the porridge and
cream on the cakes,
like peaks of mountains,
blue of the oceans,
petals in the flowers,
muah muahs of the love birds,
cry of the dolphins
like your little smiles
that you hide in your eyes,
like the strong grips,
in which you grab me
and then kiss my wrists,
like the diamonds in the tiara,
like the sweetness in sugar,
ah! the addiction of love! !

A sequel to poem 'Addiction of Love' by poet Sadiqullah Khan

Reshma Ramesh

The Dawn And The Dusk

Beyond this dawn is the light of the morning,
before dusk, the songs of the evening,
between the dawn and the dusk, my love,
in the blue hour, my wait for you complete,
i gather you ain't gonna come,
but for you i wait in the twilight colors,
magically, they remind me of the power
and the color in your eyes,
before they leave the skies,
my wait wasted none
for i see you in them
the dawn and the dusk.

Reshma Ramesh

The Day I Met The Polka Dot

Once i saw a pretty polka dot
which was prancing in the parking lot.
'what troubles you? ' said I, sitting trot
it cried 'I can't find my canister shot'

I took pity and said come with me,
let us look in the cranberry tree,
you have to pay me the legal fee,
if we get bitten by the killer bee.

'Oh thank you' said the dot happily,
'help me and we will find it easily'.
Thus began the search rather noisily,
for the canister hidden saucily.

We looked and looked without luck
in the pond, under the fire truck,
under the snail and dabbling ducks
polka dot's dotty dots did get stuck.

we finally found the canister shot
hidden among the dot's yellow spot
the polka dot cried scot and lot
we sang, danced and drank egghot.

'Why would a dot need a canister shot? 'i pry
When the dot confided it was a Northern spy
on a secret mission called the dragon's eye
I a robber fly fled without saying goodbye

Reshma Ramesh

The Day I See A Purple Cow

The day I see a purple cow
Is the day I will know how
Every dog and cow can have his day
And it was never another silly say

The day I see a snake stand up straight
Is the day I will put up a fight
To prove my theory that birds too can crawl
And that is the reason the trees are tall

The day I see an alligator fly
Is the day I will know why the birds cry
They can't see a thing with alligators in the way
The birds are building flyovers in a single day

The day I see a hen riding a bike
Is the day I am asking for a hike
That is when I take home a car
I could pick chicks from near and far

The day I meet a fish out of water
And especially when it aint a starter
Is the day I would shake his fins
And tell him how fishy he looks when he grins

The day I meet a man with a tail
Is the day I will send god an email
Asking him of this world he created in zest
He would say 'my dear it is only a test'
'If only your imagination would sit and rest.'

Reshma Ramesh

The Eagle

The eagle flies
high, looking down
wondering
two legged man
how he walks! !

Reshma Ramesh

The End

Cold toes,
Feel like I am drowning.
Need you around me,
Arduous breathing,
Heavy eyelids,
Shutting like a trap door,
Blood is thinning,
Bed is sinking,
Heavy limbs,
Try to call your name,
Baked throat,
Stop the air,
Lungs tear,
Imploding like a light bulb,
Ever so slow.
You, with the seraphic face,
Take me, cut me,
Show me I am alive.
I am not afraid,
To look into your eyes,
What is that you,
Threaten me with?
After all it is life,
Which was never meant to be,
I look straight,
Into your eye,
I ain't done no wrong,
I walk to you
Head held high.
Stop your leaden
Conversation,
Don't dig deep
Into my conscious,
There is nothing for
You to sell,
My body, you will take
From deep, wake less sleep
Setting my soul free
Bringing me to

THE END.

Reshma Ramesh

The Indian Princess (Heart Of Gold)

The Indian princess that I am
The stars for my earrings
My warm gaze melts the snow
on the Himalayas,
From the water in the ganges
I seek the path of my love
Draped in silk my broken heart
Clutching to my bosom the
Pink Cashmere shawl
I seek from the mahout
The prince's path
I open my palms seeking
Alms of love, they said to me
"look in your heart of gold"

My heart is not mine
Since the prince passed by,
By the palace of love,
His back turned to me
He left me alone with
His heart of gold
the dust from the sandalwood
i smeared on my forehead
i looked for his name in the
Oranges of the mehandhi
in my hands, from the yellow
of the turmeric on my cheek
I seek his warmth.
with the black of my kajal
i wrote my songs

my prince when he returns
from the seven seas
with the Persian dancers
at his feet
the warmth of Africa he
will bring for me and
love from his heart
heart of gold

and the love that he brings
and the love that i give
so pure like a child
only for him, truest of true
only for him

Sequel to poem Slow The Love (Indian Princess) by Sadiq

Reshma Ramesh

The Lioness I Am

the Lioness that i am, in your love
i seek your eyes only for me
but like the wind you roam free
my love follows you subtly behind
like perfume around the charm

Reshma Ramesh

The Longest Poem

The longest poem I wanted to pen
in your love
but
I could not find that much ink.....

Reshma Ramesh

The Mountains Have A Memory

A memory of silence, slow rain,
Of a damp violet, unwritten poems,
A shepherd's call, the laziness of the falling snow,
And a wind taking birth among sleepy pines.

The mountains seem to have swallowed
The cry of every dawn, a soldier's bones
And the distance between a falling leaf and the ground.
Yet they are calm as if you were absent

Like nothing has walked past their burning valleys
and no one has wept
Not even a black bird for her unborn child.

Sometimes, suddenly they come alive
The mountains breathe through wandering horse trails,
Wet honey bees and the faint bleat of a lamb.
No sooner they get quite like a cemetery
Than they drown their solitude in my tiny palms.

Perhaps someday they will wake up on my breasts
And remember that they too have a heart

Reshma Ramesh

The Pen I Hold

The pen I hold
Sweet and bold
My soul it sold

Reshma Ramesh

The Reflections In Illusions

The reflections in illusions
like music in water
when the colours in white
write about the night
where the eyes behold
mirrors in gold
kisses like crystals
in wrappers sold
like in maya
when red eyes closed
a peacock's dance
the moon's prance

On such a note
the slow slow kisses
long and longer pauses
mercurial fever
skyscraper desire
haunting moans
searching fingers
behold such passion
like natures own
the colours in black
stood naked
with trembling hands

The intensity of love
was the pain
in separation together
that leaning mouth
on the lips of the beloved
there are songs of passion
for us to behold
of the unseen

Reshma Ramesh

The Truth

The truth
However truthful
It may seem
Is after all a point of view

(To my dear friend Jathin)

Reshma Ramesh

These Rustic Tears

These rustic tears
when they drop,
time and place
they know not,
sophistication
they can spell not,
all they can be is
themselves
and the path beyond.

Caught in my palms
and my cheeks,
in whispers they speak
glad they found a way out
now they rest;
anguish and misery
they carry with them
leave the heart clean,
dry and in peace.

Inspired by the poem 'TIME PLACE AND ACTION' by Arkay Das

Reshma Ramesh

Thin Is In

Thin is in, thin is in
Bodies like paper, thin as fin
Thin as pencil, anemic skin
Portfolio of ribs, crying within

Thin is sin, Lady in size zero
Extra extra small, she is our hero
Skinny, emaciated, walks in a bolero
Anorexic fingers, she counts her dinero

Little dainty girls what do they know?
Ain't their fault, they want to glow
Models, they are just on the show
Wearing wedding gowns that flow.

Bowl of fruits to plum the lips
Longing for tasty fish and chips
Bowl of nothing to slim the hips
The show is killing them, tidy tips

Anemic profile, not thin by nature
Tired smiles, scrawny by nurture
Bag of bones are our fashion future
Room full of applause, shame on our culture

Designers and mothers looking for fame,
Playing with little girl's psyche, so lame
Barbie dolls don't faint they always claim
Dropping dead in designer clothes, what a shame!

A lady with curves can't she hold the lamp?
Can't a voluptuous woman be our champ?
Don't they have smiles with a million amp?
Oh why? Don't healthy curves fit the ramp?

(UK News

London fashion week refuses to ban ultra-thin models...

Dedicated to all the young models who died trying to get into the designer clothes..) .

Reshma Ramesh

Thoughtless Thoughts

thoughtless thoughts

life is nothing but just thoughts flowing in our head
it is what we are thinking till we are dead
those thoughts become us and we are given a name
which gives no clue of what we became

we do things which we are meant to do
thoughtless, thoughtful false and true
we fight with all our might into the blue
our feelings, emotions subdue

cracking mirrors, hungry children
burning trees, happy dolphins
cervical cancer, beauty tips
suicide bombers, fish and chips

our thoughts are formed within a blink
does it matter what we think
the world turns around without our appraisal
as we look for light in the abyssal

as we live and continue to see
we can fight and win but never be free
from the thoughts that make us and break us
and from beauty, love and living we digress

Reshma Ramesh

Threesome

Darling you and me
as we sit,
in the cold November
wind,
snow flakes falling,
magic
me, I shiver and shake
you
wrap your warm embrace.
eyes
full of intense emotions
gazing,
letting your heat course
through
your heart and finger tips
on to
my waiting parted lips,
you bite
my skin, I fire up
darling
you, me and the cold
having
a threesome in the
crisp
November night

Reshma Ramesh

Till I See You Again

baby you are like an ocean
a train in motion
iam so in love with you
iam in quarantine

its minutes past midnight
i hear your voice but u are nowhere in sight
i close my eyes and touch my lips
that is the place where you left the kiss

u are my icing on the cake, my sweep stake
u are my recipe for the perfect bake
u are my disguise, my paradise
the absolute truth in all the lies

darling u want the world at your feet
everyone else may as well accept defeat
u spread the magic and turn on the heat
your name is there on every treat

as i hold u close to my chest
baby i give u my very best
our souls meet on our lips
our hearts meet on our fingertips

our love is like the horizon
where the sea and the sky are to meet
but the truth is that they never greet
as they trudge along parallel streets

we don't have to give our relationship a name
call it anything else it will still feel the same
minutes will turn into hours into days and years
all the laughter i laughed with u will turn into tears

in your arms i find my myself
your kiss brings me to life
so till such time comes again
i wait eagerly with bated breath.

Reshma Ramesh

Time And Time Again

Time and time again
we rise and fall
like the tides
beyond our all

time and time again
we take never to give
like the seasons
our wants renew

time and time again
we live to die
like the rainbow
our whole life a lie

Reshma Ramesh

Timeless

Our love is timeless
Then, why is so bound by time?

Reshma Ramesh

To Cheer You Up

The essence of a rose still lingers
Even though many have bent down to smell it
The gold still glitter brilliantly
Though it had been spent
The diamond still shines gleefully
Even when passed on from
Mother to daughter from time unknown
Your spirit, never dying, for
With age you spice up like a pickle.

Never doing what you are told
Maybe that is your hold
When you are cold and scared
I wrap my blanket of warm embrace around
Your slouched shoulders to keep you warm
My kind eyes light the room
Make you a cup of warm hot chocolate
And read my poems to you...
To cheer you up, will that do?

Reshma Ramesh

Trying To Get To There

With a cent in my pocket and a hole in the other
i am walking along the dusty road
where the cat has stretched and yawned
painted beauties cried at dawn
i am trying to get somewhere
somewhere, where there is no morn
maybe i am trying too hard,
trying too hard to get to there

with a broken oar and a bruised palm
i am going down the river on its
most traveled path, where pretty
Joanne washed her hair, i am trying
to get somewhere where there is
no warning, at the lull of the day begins
another night, maybe i am trying too hard
trying too hard to get there

with a book of dreams in my hand and
a broken heart in another
i am riding with the whistles of the train
where the shunt is rusted and the tracks
are worn, where sometimes i slept alone,
i am trying to get somewhere, where there
is no station or porters, maybe i am trying
too hard, trying to get there

Reshma Ramesh

Turn A Blind Eye

The gold in my ring rusts
The tears of a crocodile I trust,
In my dreams, I see the butterfly,
Sitting on my bleeding wrists,
Turning into a caterpillar,
The moon, all Grey, cries
Long melancholy sigh it sighs,
To everything I turn a blind eye.

Blinder than ever is the wind,
He whispers sweet nothings,
Holier than holy is your name,
Written in the sand, forever
The seeds you sow in my eyes,
The love that grows from this palms,
The caterpillar crawls into the pupa,
Turning a blind eye to it all

Cheated by trust, golden bauble,
Raining sorrow, parody of truth,
Mocked by a dummy, painted beauty,
Cocooned in your arms, beautiful moth,
Crawling back into the egg, poignant,
Turning a blind eye, turning a blind eye

Reshma Ramesh

Two In The Morning

sleep evades me
like the rain
evades the desert

silence creeps
through the night
wide open eyes

my breathing and
the voices in my head
is all i can hear

they are calling
gesticulating, cant help
but follow them where they lead

they scale up
into my neurons
squelch any sign of dissent

they knock knock
knock on the sentient
and question their volition

they ask not
of dreams, of triumphs,
ask not of love and resent

they think in vain
tell stories of bane
diabolic and uncompassionate

they elicit tears
inexcusably educe fears
make the night eternal

benighted, cannot battle
these thoughts that
seize my complete being

angry Morpheus
aren't you charmed with
my gentle smile and gracious eyes

all i do is
lie in wait for
the morning light to seep through

they deliver me
from the dark shadows
bringing with them sweet slumber

finally i sleep
with salty wet cheeks
when the dawn and moon speaks.

Reshma Ramesh

Two Little Wheels And Two Little Feet

I rush through the winds
taking you within
i bring a ling ling
shouts of joy i bring

i splatter water around
take you to into the town
i make you win races
break dainty crystal vases

you take me around with pride
i feel like a plane when we glide
we sweat around the hills
and course along the mills

i love it when you rub my fork
your free spirit, my torque
i love it when you pull my chains
wet puddles when it rains

i love it when you push my pedals
you and me we bring home the medals
i love it when you fill me with air
rabbits and squirrels we can scare

i will listen to your rhymes
iam your partner in crime
with love you call me your bicycle
i my little friend will call you my treacle

coaster breaks, wheely, nike shoes
scrappy knees, treadle, , juicy mangoes
little green footballs, sprocket
dents, snapping twigs, leather jacket

i will stay true to you my friend
with me no other can contend
when we are cruising together

we are happy content and free

Reshma Ramesh

Unleashed

Abandoned summer,
Hotter than the desert sand,
My bare body,
Trembles in your arms,
In the twelfth hour,
Like a rose made of salt,
Tepid temperatures,
They don't make me sweat,
Altering pressure,
Masking tenderness,
Rip open your heart,
Me, I am your assassin,
I put lust in disgrace,
Love in prison,
Senses in fission,
The bent back in submission,
The arched chest in perfection,
My sole wedged in your shoulders,
Like dense in gravity,
With scents wild entrap,
And when in balance desire stands,
In invitation the open seas,
Then in an angle when you plunge,
Like a crystal I break,
In madness and oneness,
Ablaze in rage, in eternal peace,
My love for you,
Unleashed!

Reshma Ramesh

Uplifting

He put his hands on my shoulder
And showed me how tall I am!

Reshma Ramesh

Valentines Day Poem- Baring It All

Here I am where I never wanted to be,
On the edge of the mountain,
In the depths of the sea,
Baring all that I ever had,
Removing the cloak that I wore,
Going back on the words I swore,
The hood drops from my head
On the floor, my eyes closed
I can feel your mind caress me
Your eyes upon my skin,
I am baring it all baring it all.

As I stand naked in front of you,
Like the sun you shine, rain you pour,
Maybe I did not have to show you,
What I am made of, now I am a putty
In your hands, but the day I let
You love me darling
I bared it all, bared it all
Like the love pure
On this valentine day

reshma

My love, but before I want to kiss you
I want to feel your youth and softness
I want to feel the wet soft skin
To lay you down
And then and then and then
You twist like a climber to a tree
Convulse, moan as I kiss you deep
And again and again and again
I love you
As you stand in front of me
When in the sultry afternoon
I feast my eyes with the line
That puts you together and my hands
As I sculpt you
The long thin legs with the curve

The back like hanging on your slim spine
As I touch the richness of your thighs
As you melt slowly on the edge
And your belly as my fingers move down
The line as you part your legs
The skin as my hands touch
When you push up like tsunami

sdk

Reshma Ramesh

Valentines Day Poem- Size Of It

Measure not my love
with roses and gifts,
songs and praises,
with minutes and hours
with diamonds and gold,
but darling measure my love
with the tender words
i wrote for you in the
endless nights,
the prayers that
i prayed in every temple,
measure my love like a mother
to a child, without boundaries,
with the laughter we laughed,
and the warmth we spread,
love that we shared
and gave it to others,
but surely, measure my love
with the life that we gave
to love itself, yours and mine.

Reshma Ramesh

Valentines Day Poem-Remains The Same

Valentines come
Valentines go
But the roses
Sweets and treats
remain the same! !

Reshma Ramesh

Vault Of Heaven

I was running across the fields with the wind in my hair,
Lying on the grass and counting the stars,
I was picking the shells digging my toes in the sand,
Picking up the bits and pieces of my life, looking at myself
In the shattered pieces of mirror on the floor
Looking for love in an empty urn, believing all is well
Holding on.....holding on.....

Lost in thought lost in time
While the world turned around and time did fly,
With all the things you said and did, running in my head,
This irresistible tug I felt at my heart
Through our silence we found our way
Through the memories which never existed
I took a celestial ride through our hush
Its time to take your hand and ride the waves
Waves of unending affection to the vault of heaven
Holding on..... holding on.....

Reshma Ramesh

Waiting For A Miracle

Are u waiting for a miracle?
for divine intervention
for angelic encounters
to walk on the water

When you look into the eyes of your child
you are looking at a miracle
when you smell the hair of your little one
you are smelling a miracle
when you feel the warmth in a friend
you are feeling a miracle

Pretty eyes of the impala, colors of butterflies,
Delicate flowers, sweet fruits, thorny cactus
Baby in the womb, healing hands of a doctor
Cookies baked by a mother, planes built by a father

It is the love we have in our heart
The power to do impossible and still be humble
why do u look skyward
when the miracle is in you
why do you wait for the miracle
while the miracle is YOU.

Reshma Ramesh

Walk In The Graveyard

Leaves rustle under my bare feet,
The wind howls and swishes my hair,
dark shadows creep behind,
They hide in the trees as I turn around.

Lines on the tombstones bleed,
Dark eats into the night,
broken backs rest on eternal beds.
These buried bodies of the dead.

The mournful spirits hang around,
Watching in the dark, no sound,
Wondering why I'm here,
"Come to us" they sneer.

They come close try to grab my soul,
The coldness creeps in from my spine,
I never thought an innocent walk
In the graveyard would bring me to my end.

Reshma Ramesh

War

War is beautiful
In no language.

Reshma Ramesh

We Live Forever

When you bring your
Lips to mine,
My eyes close in
Blissful rhyme,
When you slip your hands
Into my feminine
Contours, my heart skips
A beat, in the embrace
Of the your love, I grasp
Your manhood locked
In my confines.
I am your temptress
And beside your
Soulful eyes my darling
With the dagger
Of love in my bosom
We shall part,
In the depths of the oceans,
In the redness of the roses,
In the memories of lovers,
Shall we live forever

(A sequel to poem Forever by poet Sadiqullah Khan)

Reshma Ramesh

What Has Love Got To Do With It?

hey baby maybe the stars are bright
and the evening is right
the flowers in bloom
the lovers in swoon
and i am feeling so fine
my spirits are up
and everything is alright
but tell me tell me
what has love got to do with it?
what has love got to do with it?
it is just me and my mojo
yeah it is just me and the sun
it is the eggs sunny side up
it is the fresh morning breeze
and my friends trust me
love has got nothing to do with it...
nothing at all.....

Reshma Ramesh

What Is In A Name

Name is just something
For you to look up
To me in these pages,
Name is something
Which when you call,
I turn around and smile.
Whatever you call me
After all it is still
The same, because my dear
Friend, you don't have to
Call me loud, I can hear
Your whispers, I can feel
The presence among these
Lines and if you ever
Think that it ain't
Enough then sure call
My name.....

Reshma Ramesh

What Is It?

Is it my choice or is it acceptance?
It is by chance or by prayer,
Is it my muse or is it my ruse?
Maybe it is my fantasy,
Maybe it is my destiny,
Or was it my sanity?
Or was it a reality?
Is it my escape or is it my verity?
Is it my reverie or is it my illusion?
Maybe it is my denial,
Or is it divinity?
And in the reasons that evade,
They dodge and duck,
With no pity what so ever,
For my mind in chaos,
I am now in love,
Explanation doesn't come easy,
May be I should stop searching
But my mind wants to hear,
It pounds the heart
Maybe it is my naivety,
Maybe it is my rage,
I know not,
Maybe it is just you,
Maybe it is just me.

Reshma Ramesh

What Is Perfect

Perfect is the time when you call me my darling
the answer to all my questions you somehow found
perfect is the sound of silence when iam in your arms
waiting for that kiss with my parted lips
perfect is the love that my friends give me
every time i laugh with them the perfect laughs
perfect is the kiss my son plants on my cheek
those hugs he gives me every single day

Perfect is the rice my mother cooks for me
and the warmth it spreads from my plate
perfect is the night when I dine with my family
the food we eat with god's grace
perfect is the light that fills my house
the love my parents have showered on me
perfect is this life through its all imperfections
because I choose it to be

Reshma Ramesh

What Shall I Be?

The night or the day?
Prayers or confessions?
Passionate or practical?
The destination or the reason?
Future or the past?
The path or the traveler?
What shall I be?

Reshma Ramesh

What Shall I Tell You?

The day arrives with its pretty might,
Romps around like a pampered queen,
Taps running, women praying, children crying,
Land tilling, the light in my house filling
Should i tell you about these or the unfolded sheets?
The colours of the wet clothes hung to dry
How they sway ever so slow, or about the
Broken black handle of my pot, or shall I tell you
About the chilly that eagerly got into my eyes,
Then the tears that spilled in all different sizes,
And the remedy my maid began to advice
The breakfast that slipped
A bowl of milk, cornflakes in the hall
The delighted pup that licked it all
Or should I tell you how
When in hurry I told the flowers
About you today they turned their head in delight,
They, the scents in the turmeric and the whites in the marble
Your praise they did despise,
The little girl around the corner selling flowers,
She smiled at me knowingly, what about her?
As the day slowly leaves yawning into the twilight,
It is not the day I dread but the longing night
With my sleepy eyes rubbed and the kajal smudged
Unkempt hair falling on the drooping shoulder,
The rumbling house now quite and in these hours,
I look for you, my incoherent muse, my comfort
Lap to lay my bleary head on and found none
And this long, shredded, rainless night only just begun
All this and a little more, what shall I tell you?

Reshma Ramesh

When I Sat To Write

today morning
i sat down to write
the poem that was
lingering in my mind
'can i have the laptop? '
said my husband
'i want my breakfast'
screamed my son
'i want the laundry'
asked the maid'
'i want to talk'
said my sister
'call me'
messed my mother
'just a min'
cried I
now the words
in my head are drowned,
with the noises
of the household
wife, mother, sister first
the poet in me got to wait! !

Reshma Ramesh

When I Touch You Not

Some earthly love
I splash
over your bare body,
defenseless
you are to my stings,
raw and red,
swollen your lips,
kill you
i will with my kiss,
for unleashed
my passion have you
with
nothing but your eyes,
in rage
my hungry mouth
taste you,
suffer, my love suffer,
agony
you feel when I touch
you not.....

Reshma Ramesh

When I Was Little

when i was a little baby i crawled and drooled
i was the cutest thing i had everybody fooled
the only time i could make everyone wet
poopoo on without getting them all upset

when i was a little child i sat on my father's lap
put my lips to the water running from the tap
brought dirty puppies from the street home
believed in fairies, pixies and gnomes

when i was a little child i rode pretty ponies
with dreamy eyes i listen to stories
i gently bathed and carefully dressed my dollies
i smiled and got away with all my follies

when i was a little girl i loved the green fields
strong soldiers with armors and shields
rainbows, juicy watermelon, hail stones and puddles
wind chimes, baby bums and teddy bears that i could cuddle

when i was little girl i would cry for gas balloons
my favorite pink mickey mouse spoon
cry for the medicines i did have to swallow
the solution for the math problem i couldnt follow

when i was a little girl i believed in god
always anxious for my mother's nod
i believed trees had feelings and cried when cut
there was secret code in every cigarette butt

then i got a little sister who cried all night
she followed me around and we fought alright
we played home and made dresses for our doll
we sure caught each other whenever we did fall

now iam all grown up and pretty to see
every time i look across the sea
i see the little girl that was me

making mud cakes happy and free.

Reshma Ramesh

When The Adults Go To War

The children look at the fire works in the sky casually
big hungry tummies playing with blood stained mud
half widows pull them beyond crumbling walls
where bread and water is traded for weapons

They play among burnt tires and bullet ridden bodies
running after the brightly colored cluster bombs
they sleep under the broken roof and air raids
haunted by the demons of approaching death

organized violence, political intercourse
my lai, pilot less drones, midnight knock syndrome,
little boy fat man, just war, gas chambers
wheelbarrows for ambulances, collateral damage

maybe we did not start it but how can we stand it?
time does not heal, happiness and peace is not real
if children are the future, they are suffering and dying
trivializing the gift of life and the cruelty of death
if it is the adult's game, how come the children lose?

Reshma Ramesh

When We Make Love

Baby I lay serene beside you
the only time I feel love so true
as your skin clothe me
thoughts of pleasure run through me.

Your touch makes me all woozy
strong arms warm and cosy
your words randy and racy
things you would do to me sweet n spicy

My breasts crush under your chest
your love the kisses attest
your breath breathing into me
your sweat sweating onto me

Your tongue probes my mouth
as you save me from the drouth
I am myself, pure, pristine, absolute
I am frail, flawed, broken, dissolute

Aquamarine, indigo, sapphire, turquoise
blissful, golden, content, joyous,
passion, love, kama, infatuation
shangri la, nirvana, paradise, salvation

When I feel you cling to me
I am your slave down on my knee
I take you in and pull you out
mind, body and soul devout

Silky hair, waterfalls, ragged breath
soft bosom, love potion, psychedelic
velvet skin, satin rain, racing pulses
entwined bodies, million kisses, fireworks

I sublimate when you move into me
powerful thrusts you get deeper into me
reach a place where no one can ever be

making me complete, beautiful and free.

Reshma Ramesh

When You Held Me

When you held me,
To your chest,
Arms around
In embrace
Broad shoulders,
Scent so sweet,
There with you
I wanted to
Weep, bundle
Myself into
A heap, joy I
Felt so deep,
My ears against
Your heartbeat,
Our world turned
Into a capsule
That is when
My dear darling,
I was certain
God had heard
My prayer again.

Reshma Ramesh

Who Do You Think Should Win?

In my arms when you find
yourself and the kiss,
which I saved for you
could not be sweeter
than your name
that lingers in my
whispers and they fight,
The kiss and the name
to be first on your lips
who do you think should win?

Reshma Ramesh

Who Let Them In?

There is a knock on the door,
I can see the latch open,
But it was not me
Who let them in,
It was not me
Who let them in.

I hear the water running,
I can see the taps open,
But it was not me
Who turned them on,
It was not me
Who turned them on.

The candles burning bright,
The melancholy mournful sighs,
The mascara on my lashes,
It was they who let them in.

I look into the mirror,
I am wearing a disguise,
But it was not me
Who put it on,
But it was not me
Who put it on.

I feel my cheeks wet,
I see tears running down,
But it was not me
Who was crying.
But it was not me
Who was crying.

The owls hoot in the night,
Shadows dance in delight,
My blood chills in my veins,
It was they who let them in.

Why I Should Not Cry

I tuck my toes
Into the sheets
Lay my cheek
On my pillow
As tears dropp down
You catch them
With your tiny fingers
Small little palms
You press to my face
Wiping away my
Tears and pain
Big little eyes
You try to gauge
My anguish
Small little body
You press against mine
As if to absorb
All my pain
Small arms go around
My wet neck
Tiny voice assures me
He will be good
To make me smile
And he loves me
That is the reason
Why I should not cry.

Reshma Ramesh

Will You Forget That My Love?

In the strange season
That they called blue,
Where no bird's flight was sought
And every tree bloomed
and colored the sky beyond the balcony,
Where in white veil draped,
With eyes on the decorated street,
Stood the princess dressed like summer,
With the list of longings she held to her heart,
Trembling kisses wrapped in her smile,
Longing moans masked in her breath,
She spent the evening in his thoughts
And tunes that led to the beloved's path,
Where he grasped her by her long black hair
And he kissed her full mouth
As she gasped for breath, he whispered
'Will you forget that my love?'

Reshma Ramesh

With You

Lost in time
In your love
I grow in you

Lost in those eyes
In your world
I dream with you

Lost in those lips
In your hips
I explode in you

Lost in time
In your soul
I fly with you

Reshma Ramesh

Without Her

In the morning dreams like the evening itself,
with the sounds of the birds like tunes i make
in the open space with the blue filled sky
the orange disc peeping in the horizon
the worn out railway track with pebbles in between
the occasional deep throated grumbles of the cows
the fresh morning breeze like you in my arms
voices from far away leading to nowhere
the heads of flowers dancing in the wind
the wind in my hair as the train rushes by
the wooden bench on which i sit and wait
and the morning passes by and she dosen't come
the promise she made of her presence among us
like in dreams, faint memories, strong impulses
if i only knew she was not coming, if only i knew

Reshma Ramesh

Won'T Say The Word

why do you ask me not to say the four letter word
does it sound absurd or what is the discord?
it is nothing iam making up only what i feel
you are the one who told me all about being honest and real

baby what is in a word that is out in the air?
isn't it what you feel matters more than this affair?
maybe its just what i think and if that is what you meant
then baby let me say the word, heartfelt, true and innocent

if you still don't want to hear it then i wont say
but i cant stop the feeling inside, i iant a cache
if you still don't want me to feel it then i wont
i will stop myself from breathing and believing

why do you say u are scared of me?
iam a little girl with a scraped knee
don't tell me you don't feel the same as me
passionate, loving beautiful and free

if you didn't want love from me
then what is that you did see?
beautiful body, luscious lips
to heaven and back, free trips?

i tore my walls and opened up to you
now iam at your mercy that is so true
shouldn't we be scared of our emotions?
why should we hide behind allusions?

are you now scared of the fire you lit?
that might burn you bit by bit
are you scared of the hurricane?
wild and powerful, the one you cannot tame

is it that u are scared i will ask you more
good mornings and good nights have become a chore
it is alright baby iam so used to heartbreaks
i know what is gonna come, i need no retakes.

Reshma Ramesh

Yesterday, Today And Tomorrow

To Yesterday I bade goodbye
We departed with tears in our eyes
But she with a sorrowful face
Loved me dearly for all my grace
Followed me everywhere relentlessly
Reminding me of our love graciously

To Today I said hello and smiled
She was as fresh as a child
But she with a cherubic face
Made me give my dreams a chase
She my chaperon, my present
Reminding me never to be discontent

To Tomorrow I said nay
I don't have anything to say
But she with dreamy eyes
Told me stories truthful and lies
Set me up with stories of hope
And with her I wanted to elope.

Reshma Ramesh

You And Me

I have many designs on you baby
I will be the road you my sign board
I have to make you mine forever
I will be the bullets you my revolver

I cant do without you, cant do with you
I will be the analgesic you antibiotic
I want to make love to you every season
I will be your secret and you my liaison

I want to make you and break you
I am the welkin you are the zenith
I want to adore and worship you
I am the turbine you the airplane

I want to adulate and court you
I am the clavier you the piano
I want to charm and intrigue you
I am the 3-D, you the flick

i want to rush you and slow you down
iam the jewel you the crown
baby whatever i make of you and me
it is gonna be absolute paragon.

Reshma Ramesh

You Give Life To Me

From the broken twigs
Like the milk in the moon
From the clouds in the night
You shape me
With the scents of the sandalwood
From petals of innocence
With the silken threads
You weave me
From the shimmers in the sun
To the glint in your eyes
From the virginal light
You mold me
From the colors in a prism
With a breath of zephyr
Like a honeycomb
You carve me
From the green in the leaf
You pour life into me
From wet brown clay
You sculpt me
With a little from the gravel
A bit from golden dust
With the tunes of love
You make me
With drops of faith
Little bit of intrigue
Like in orange
You build me
Like a mason of love
Craftsmen of desire
Architect of passion
You give life to me

Reshma Ramesh

You Say,

God! make my embrace as warm as you wish reshma!

You say,

'Make my embrace as warm as u wish'

I hold you close and give you a kiss

You say,

'Make my kiss as hot as you wish'

I kiss you deep, and make you feverish

You say,

'Make my love as deep as you wish'

I take you in and it is pure bliss

You say,

'Make my life as complete as you wish'

I give you joy and wipe away your anguish

You say,

'Make my soul as free as you wish'

I give you my love, true and lavish

Reshma Ramesh

Your Little Things

I love the custard on your lips
sweet jam on your finger tips
I love the small buttons on your shirt
the way u smell of mud and dirt

I love the little bell on your bicycle
your tiny tongue licking cold red popsicle
I love the little cars you ride around
the twigs and leaves you magically found

I love your red, blue, green crayons
the white walls you scribbled on
I love the tiny seat on your chair
the important pages you did tear

I love the little pillow you dream on
the stories i read to you and yawn
I love the mickey mouse in your bowl
the little policeman on prowl

I love the tiny hands on your watch
your best clothes, dirty blotch
I love the tiny socks on your feet
the blue dolphins on your toilet seat

but my baby more than everything
I love you my little devilish darling
and when you are grown up and gone
these little things will be my dawn

they will remind me of my happiest days
bubble baths, rhymes, tiger shark
teletubbies, paints, swings in the park
you will come to me in every lark.

Reshma Ramesh