

Poetry Series

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- poems -

Publication Date:
2017

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Ronson fernando()

Creative

Gimme some time I'll will be back,
want to discover the lil kid inside me again.
He wants some candies I purchased a full box,
he's smiling now and is full of joy & singing.

One minute sir I will be back
sat on a stair case gazing at the busy traffic,
these horns inspire me to write a song,
Typed it on my touch screen phone added my own music.

Okay honey I will be back in a while,
went to a nearby garden wrote a letter,
mentioned how much I love her
returned home gave it to her & made love.

Ronson fernando

I Spoke

I spoke for the never ending words that sticks to my head,
I spoke for the emptiness of the distance, between my heart and mind.

I spoke for the seed that is still not born,
I spoke for the oceans that doesn't dissolve,
I spoke for the birds that never sing,
I spoke for the light that has never been seen.
I spoke for the earth, which revolves without any meaning,
I spoke for the air, which is suffocated inside cold drink bottles.

I waited long for these words to arrive in my head,
But here they are, behaving like guests.
How often do we speak of things which we like,
It has become a habit to fake every alphabet.

Let's not talk about civilization,
Let's forget the thought of expressing thoughts,
Now it feels better, everything is dark.

Ronson fernando

Let's Dedicate This Day For Grumbling.

Grumble grumble grumble,
Let's dedicate this day for grumbling.

Pull a chair, cardboard box or newspaper to sit in circle,
Let's face each other without any group ism and together grumble.

Like valentines day, April fool day, saint's day,
For generations call this day as grumble day.

Grumble about street lights, thefts and traffic,
grumble about dead soldiers, rapes and terrorist attacks.
grumble about the adult content in kids movies,
grumble about young singers going naked on the streets.

grumble about the trains that's never on time,
about the bus that breaks down in between.
about the big cars that keep honking,
about the fake beggars on traffic signal who keep troubling.

The jobs that are outsourced,
Talents which has no recognition.
dirt which sticks to Ur clothes,
uneven roads that make you jump like a monkey.

Fresh water, garden's, schools, hospitals,
Parking space, senior citizens, pensions, salary hike,
allowances, perks, vacation trip, new clothes & shoes shopping,
Technology, designation, inter caste marriage, money laundering,
lost ships & airplanes, militants, work pressure, murders, blood pressures,
marijuana, cocaine, earthquakes, tsunami, hurricanes overcrowded cities,
starvation, food wastage, obesity, college fees, concession, mental issues,
psychology problem, old age home, orphanage, child abuse, train accidents,
bomb blasts, divorces, debts, and grand funeral.

Ronson fernando

Light

The light that will break away everyone's sight,
the cloud which would cover every worm & beast.

so will he come in glory to judge all,
punishing the living & dead before your eyes.

you will wait & watch till your turn comes,
revising the good deeds surrounding your memory.

Now the moment has come to face the real light,
remember your heart won't beat
your forehead won't sweat
forget diabetes or heart attack
no blood pressure high low,
none of the earthly diseases surrounding you.
time has stopped for eternity,
Listen carefully you are not getting late,
You won't be narrating these things happening to anyone,
coz now you don't have father mother sister brother husband wife or cousin.

There won't be any mirror around to look how your face looks,
there won't be chairs furniture's computers or land below if you look.
no malls, shopping, functions to attend,
no meetings, appraisals, increment or job change.

no longer will you be cribbing upon new manager,
government, pollution, broken roads, late bus or train.

worries of remembering purse, keys, makeup kit, hair comb,
cigarette packets, credit/debit cards won't haunt you.

You won't feel anything, physical or mental,
happy, pleasure, excitement, sad nervous or asleep.

You will find your life graph before you like a spider's web,
which will fall apart, if kissed even by a lightest wind.

your ears will be shut & mouth numbed, only your eyes will function,
as you will see, hear speak and move around by tition.

only you, your truth, your faith big as a mustard seed,
will be picked from the moistness of your eyes to be tested.

Ronson fernando

Mind Thoughts

What mind thinks at the start of the day,
how the night comes is mystery.

Money has become the only priority,
Fake smile on faces carved for eternity.

Nobody is happy everything is show off,
can't believe how it became so important.

I wish of a town that's full of trees,
Birds flying and fresh flower scent in breeze.

Everything is packed inside bottle with preservatives,
even my words, thoughts and emotions have become slaves.

On weekdays you long for weekend,
on weekend you long for a good time,
that good time doesn't lasts forever,
Getting up again on weekday for work,
cursing the sun,
blaming the moon,
spitting on the ruling govt for price rise,
comparing caste, religion, district, state, nations.
Nothing is better.. nothing will be better.. grumble that things should be better.

Ronson fernando

She's Sitting By My Side!

When the first time I sat with her side by side,
I could feel her calm spirit as holy as heaven,
My heart started beating as if it's placed on a horse ride,
And my forehead began to sweat like kept in a macro oven.

She adjusted her wonderful hair behind those smooth ears in every ten minutes,
The breeze of the shampoo she used made my senses completely dilute.

Her athlete long legs were perfectly carved which ended with maroon nail paint,
At times she holds that strawberry tongue in between those milky teeth making
her look more cute.

She's as tall as a waterfall and I used to spot her from unknowing distance,
But here she's sitting by my side, making me record her every move and real
existence.

Ronson fernando

Some Days

Some days are well remembered,
while others less forgotten,
some like the morning sun
some as dark as midnight moon.

All are similar if calculated mathematically,
Many are lived as if they don't belong to us.
The days spent in sickness,
The hours spend recalling memories.

Of all the things that made us what we are,
Are more of people than days if we remember.
Times spent preparing for festivals,
Days realized above everything god played a imp role.

Many will come many will go like days,
which one is more yours, you have to decide.
Giving much importance to the non living clock,
We are only ticking and it's clock thats living.

Heart has become a place of jealousy, hatred & lifelessness,
It has become more of others day in my life than me in mine.

Ronson fernando

The Idle Time

The idle time spent,
where does it go?
It's not counted in,
Nobody want's to remember it.

Here out of nowhere comes an open hair long legged angel,
She maybe half naked but don't stare, she ain't a bitch.
throwing feathers on your lusty smiles,
Wipes your mouth which has watered for miles within seconds.

you remove yours to flush inside her,
she vanishes looking at your unshaven part,
crying aloud you shave whole body making it shine like a diamond,
suddenly comes your wife who looks at you gets excited after a decade,
she forces you to flush inside her tapping your every portion.

You end up forgetting how idle and satisfied you were a minute ago! !
Respect The Idle Moment's....

Ronson fernando

Wow Its Sunday!

Wow its Sunday,
Its not like any other day.

Its meant for me,
I can be whatever i want to be.

Won't let this day slip away,
Gonna live each and every moment like my last day.

Clicked few photographs, walked without knowing where,
covered few km and sat below a huge banyan tree.
The breeze is cool, a cuckoo above is encouraging me to write.
This place is good, no workload, target or hard things difficult to manage,
Gone are the days when used to wait for good times to come.
now i believe, that you've to select them on your own.

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