

Poetry Series

Sagarika Julka
- poems -

Publication Date:

2014

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Sagarika Julka()

A Happy New Year! 2012

Another number becomes history soon.
A little change in the digits is that all?
To make a heap of happenings doom,
In the pool of past, only to recall?
Every time this happens as it should,
The counting starts and stops at a dozen,
A part of the sociological cycle, ever since childhood;
Yet the mortal pains of letting go, goes on.
Habits I guess are the worst of addictions,
We love to see the new, but holding on
To the last few residues of an yesterday,
Just as we count the last seven days of December,
And the final countdown to midnight of the 31st day.
It comes but to go, only that we realize
What has been gone by the change of just a calendar.

Sagarika Julka

Am I Doing Fine?

Life was fine, good enough to make me smile and laugh quite often...
I was soaring high, dreams, ambitions, aspirations
My heart full of positivity
My body at the peak of youthfulness
Undaunted spirit of love,
Of affirmation, I was open
To whatever came across me
It seemed, I was floating in a
Sea of opportunities...
All so promising of success
Few, I thought over, others
Just fitted into my life
Without even letting me know
The deep effect they will draw
Years passed by, in a blink
I had to stop at a crossroad
Which life directed me to
Looking back, I was shocked
How drastically everything changed
People, places, and myself! !
Some faded away, some stayed as innate frames
The spotlight shifted to a new angle
What made up my thoughts then
Hardly did make any sense now
It's difficult to account for
What I lost and what I gained
But one thing is sure, my path
Took a turn, slowly and today
I reached a place unfamiliar to
My dreams
I don't know if this is quite the
Road meant for me
But something bothers me here
Why do I laugh so less, smile so little
Cry so often, sigh at everything!
Is there another path, from here
Which can take me to there
Where I can say, ' don't worry
I am doing fine'!

Sagarika Julka

Death

Death, a definite part of life,
A journey started has to end
We all know this yet we sigh
At the very thought of the final goodbye...
I saw it today, closely enough,
Not how the living turns dead
But how a name becomes just
A body, at the mercy of some mourning mob!
Life, gives no way to alterations
Moments simply slip into memories,
There is only but a today,
Yesterdays never comeback
And tomorrow will never stay.
I saw the darker truth,
Absence of someone dear
With whom a world we share,
Is a bitter blow than a deathly fear.
No way to skip the pain
Of parting away with the ones we love,
If we rejoiced the birth in pride,
We got to greet destiny's dark side
It takes a few rushing tick tocks
To cross the mortal line of life and death,
Turning now "he is" to now "no more".

Sagarika Julka

Delusion

"Reach out for the stars, "
A mother kissed the brow,
And blessed her mortal star...
He looked up high, the beautiful sky,
The mirage of a child's pristine innocence.
Riding a phantom of hope,
A 'lochinvair' went on the vow
Higher and higher, undaunted dreams
The stars were nearer, a couple of leaps
Mother' never let u down,
He promised, ... son of the speed.
Stars they are only in a poets world,
Poor lochinvar, trapped in the myth
Shattered his pride and lost his crown,
To the mighty feats of burning gasses.
"Oh mother' why not the grass?
Instead of the deluding stars? "
A mother kissed the brow,
And blessed the soul of her lochinvar'.

Sagarika Julka

For The Sake Of Love

Let me love, for the sake of love...
So what, If I have fallen down,
My poor heart has dealt with bitter blows
Of harsh reality, demons of fate...
But hail adieu, and I soar up..
Propensity of destiny, to seek the love
That would quench a thirsty heart!
The searing pains, of broken dreams
Tearful nights and fading hopes
Can simply never be a reason
To forbid the heart of what it craves
A piece of mortal, body mind and soul,
Let me love, for the sake of love!

Sagarika Julka

Incomplete

I lie down on my bed,
Staring at p.o.p niches overhead,
They could have been better,
I often think, nah! Lot of redoing,
Let it be this way....
Another morning will show,
Today will turn tomorrow soon.
The question seems unchanged,
What next? I don't know!
The mellowed white of my walls
Has lost the plastic sheen,
Watermarks of fingers and palms,
Scratches and some weathered paint.
This time should I color it deep?
Looking good or easy to maintain.....Confused I turn myself, only to
Confront the my heart again;
What next? I don't know
Let it be as things are,
Till another tomorrow show.
My room has lost the glow.,
It needs a retouch or a lift,
But where to start, how to begin;
They all are bits of the whole..
What next? I dnt know

Sagarika Julka

Let Me Ask You

If I am lost will you look for me?
If I fall, will you hold me up?
If I cry, will you be there...
To wipe off my tears?
If I don't find a reason..
To turn my lips into a smile?
Will you be there?
To make me laugh..
And lit my eyes with yours?
If I sigh, will you lend your
Broad shoulders, for few moments
Look at me deep inside
And say "yes u can"?
If I quit and bid goodbye,
Will u stay, and raise your hand
Say u love me and make me live?

Sagarika Julka

Love

Was it love that I felt years back?
I often ask myself, in solemn thoughts
The sweet did I taste it all
Is it all over, left to the bitter truths?
No answer, or may be I am not yet
Done with it to call it off;
All my tiny pleasures of a girls heart,
haven't but grown out of love,
I crave a little of you soft and warm
I still so want bits of some more.
Don't you withdraw, neither my heart
We still have a lot more to the shore;
I crib, I cry, I fight only to try
Bring back the missing parts of a sweet pain
We stood through the seasons along
In the scorching summer and the pouring rains
Let not the autumn take away all,
There is still a green leaf on a twig,
I want the spring to adorn our hearts.
The creepy winters will die away soon,
Love `lets hold our hands, tight and strong
Because we are yet to dance in spring along.....

Sagarika Julka

Love And Pain

Why does love come with clauses
and why does it walk towards pain?
Stages of life, one after other.
Faces change, feelings change
Places change, we move on
adopting the new, the change!
Only one thing doesn't.....
We can't but be always in love
And each time we love too much...
Every time we realize that we love....
There we r greeted by pain....
The fear of a loss creeps into us
And there comes a time when we
Actually have to let go....
Sigh! Cry! Dry! But the heart goes on
In search of another reason to love! !

Sagarika Julka

Memory Lane

One night, when my window panes,
Were blurred with the monsoon rains;
I took a stroll, myself all alone.
Down the solitaire memory lane.
A path, it is, twisting here and then;
Up and down, winding in joy and pain.
Here I see moments of happy days,
From a child to a girl dozing in fun and play.
There hung few annoying frames,
Of what I would love to repaint.
Landmarks of my life stand tall,
At every crossroad of what I recall
Suddenly, here I find a little alley,
Darting out of the often-tread
Streets of my memory valley;
I dared to step into it, dark and new
My bare feet hurting, as I walked through.
Lots of broken pieces of my heart
Made up the ridged stony path.
No nostalgia' flowers blossomed here,
The air was filled with clouds of tears.

I moved slowly, taking a heed,
I rather not dither my heart, than feet!
At a lonely corner of the grey street,
Within a mist of psychotropic sheet,
I spotted a dirt-adorned grotesque chest;
Should I open it, should I not?
At last myself, temptations hardly could resist
With screeches, cackles, and clutters,
The lid opens up in distress....
I found some ashes of my dreams,
Two champagne glasses,1 with a crimson rim.
A ditty of a lovestory, some torn pages,
Of a hardbound book I read half way;
Few pieces of deluded kisses,
Scattered beads of unstrung promises.
Damp and wet feelings incessantly,

Fumed out from the chambers of the alley;
I closed my eyes, better not stoke the fire,
Let it stay in the solemn mares.
Locked inside the casket of pain,
Let me walk away this memory lane.

Sagarika Julka

Metamorphosis

It was time, life gestured
To pause and hold;
Unwind and inhale a deep
Restoring breath
It was time, to pull back
interweave the without and within
In threads of realizations.
It was time, to descend,
From flights of aspirations
To the roots of earth,
And weave a cocoon...
It was time, to abound
My random scattered thoughts,
Gather them carefully
Picking the right, discarding the waste
Entwine each in steady knots
Savoring my self In a chrysalis. It was time, my heart called;
The soul seeks a nest,
The mind demands rest,
A change awaits the time
From a creature to an aerial.
An illuminated darkness,
Stimulates a waiting unknown,
To reveal the magic grown
Inside a cocooned soul.
It was time, a phenomenon
Occurred..... Metamorphosis!

Sagarika Julka

Solitude

I saw just a glimpse of him,
Dark and handsome, noble as a king;

I saw, just a glimpse of him,
Behind a window with tinted film;

His eyes spoke of a promise,
Deeper than a lusting kiss.

I saw, just a glimpse of him
Like a fragment of a surreal dream;

I whispered softly, 'what is thy name'?
And he signed it on the window pane,

I drew out a mirror, to reveal the truth,
His name spelled out as 'SOLITUDE'

Sagarika Julka

Spaces

I was deep asleep, courtesy a tiny pill.
When in my dream, I could feel.
A voice, I thought you called me amidst the night;
I turned around to hold you tight....
But something stopped me, between us.
Few inches away you lay aside, but the spaces.
Of a dreadful night drew me apart.
You hurt me once, and you hurt me twice..
You hurt me again, so much to break a heart.
My breath paced up, eyes wide open
I heard you breathe, just next to me,
Like you used to, those nights when
I cuddled into Your arm, after every dream.
Something between us today stops me..
I dare not try to unveil, reality pains
I turn around to the empty walls..
And close my eyes, till the dark to end.

Sagarika Julka

The Big-Little Girl

There was little girl,
With a sparkle in her eyes,
And joy in her soul..
She grew up like the rest of them
Played with the surf and the sand,
the mud in her hand
Washed away as she grew
The curl of her lips
And the lines of her palms
Took her on a ride through life;
There is a big little girl,
With the sparkle in her eyes
And the sun in her smile,
The shine of her porcelain tooth
She is the little girl again
The lines of her palms
Have travelled to her brow,
Freedom in her heart and
Truth in her being, she shines
Just like a young maiden...
She drank it all till the lees
Now she's the lover she thrived to be
Unbound, untied, fearless she
All for love, a dreamer lives.....

Sagarika Julka

The Breaking Of 'We'

Only a few true words,
Coming straight from the heart,
Could do wonders unsought,
But only if they were what my heart
Yearns for ... ah those blissful words.

All that were so much a part,
Of my dreams, naïve and true
With the dawn, it tore apart
A nightmare, which strongly grew
Like a cactus amidst a deserted heart.

Oh, , the truth of life,
Love, a beautiful sinister thing.
Lost its charm and beauty
Yesterday seems to die within,
Unto a darkness unfathomed.

Two souls suddenly face themselves,
With a lost truth of the yesteryears;
Suffering a deep pain of helplessness
Sinking down in a vortex of alien fears,
Left, only with a despairing cry to reverse.

The WE' split into a hateful two,
Minds working as 'ME' and 'YOU'
The eyes those who bewitched a spell,
Were blind in the shattering truth,
I died within, with my heartache's knell.

Oh, how much I wished,
How desperately I gasped,
To survive the tides of emotions,
But only, a few true words
If they only meant, may be a healing potion.

Sagarika Julka

The Tin Box

We started off, together sharing a name;
Nothing with us but each others faith
Our wallets were empty, but hearts full
Of dreams and hopes, promises and life
We had no bank accounts then
But just a box, which we filled with our little savings earned...
It was more dan just the few coins
And assorted rupee notes...
Each time we opened the lid, our eyes sparkled and our spirits high!
WE US OURS.. Was what we saw
And life went on...
Now things have changed
Our wallets are separate, adorned with various plastic cards!
Fat files to maintain our bills
But I miss the small little box...
I miss, the sparkle, the joy, the elated hearts! ! !
Money can never bring joy!
Money can never bring peace!

Sagarika Julka