

Poetry Series

Sandeep Dongre
- poems -

Publication Date:

2018

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Sandeep Dongre(5/8/1983)

A Call.

May be you don't know but I am alone,
You must be busy, I know but just use your phone,
A phone call will be enough for my afflicted heart,
A few balmy words to remove the poisonous dart,
This dart of loneliness has cleft my heart apart,
And it bleeds profusely seeing the faces that depart.

If I am wrong,
Then beat me like a gong,
But don't delete me from your memory like a trash song,
For I do feel alone even in the throng,
Forgive me as you have noble heart,
But never forget to give me a call.

Sandeep Dongre

A Land Of Wonder

Lets go away from here,
Away from the world of tears and unwanted fear,
To a place where love flows like a river,
And the water of which heals all physical fever.

Lets go there where man is known by his virtue and not by his color,
Where religion is humanity and God is not dollar,
A place where nobody knows hunger and thirst,
Where self is last and service comes first.

Lets go to such a land of wonder,
And if it is not yonder,
Then, lets go to create such a land of wonder.

Sandeep Dongre

A Social Product.

Somebody, please tell me, what am I doing?
Is this the boat on the river? I was born for rowing,
Where does this river flow to?
Am I the captain or just a member of the crew?
Really, there are things I need to know,
How long I have been flowing with the flow?
And now here, I am thrown like a garbage on the shore of time,
I am laid crippled and baffled like a scum that can't shine.

I had eyes but I didn't see,
That the life I had been living wasn't mine.

Now I don't know, where do I stand?
Life revolves around just like this ceiling fan,
Am I what I always wanted to be?
Where is the dream that my eyes used to see?
Oh! look there that dead fish floating on the sea,
That is my dream, now look, how it has been gnawing by the sharks of
expectations and by the worms of circumstances.

My dream is no longer mine,
It is rusted and it doesn't shine,
I am not where I wanted to be,
Instead of jungle I have become a garden tree.

Lost in the alleys of suffocative customs I find myself nowhere,
My eyes can't see what they should see,
While they see what they have been shown,
I act and dance before 'them' like a social clown,
I thought I was Almighty's product,
Never realised when I became a social product.

Sandeep Dongre

An Interview.

Yes! I did get a call letter
The only chance of my bread & butter
I was more than happy
Just like a small baby in a red nappy
I thought that I would get the job
And thus my fingers would be at fortune's knob
Soon everyone came to wish me good luck
And that over enthusiasm literally sucked.

A taxi took me to my destination
And when I entered the lobby I saw long faces with gesture of meditation
Everyone was trying to look smart and alert
But a peon at the office door was grinning as if he knew the result
After an hour he called out my name
He observed me from head to toe as if I was a shame

I asked, ' may I come in, sir?
'Yes please', a cold voice greeted my ears
The man in black coat smiled
Indeed, he was very vile
There were three of them
I answered all the questions which from them came
Suddenly, a soft voice stroke my ears, how much you can give?
I baffled, like a snake rattled because I nothing knew
That I needed money to get a job
I began to sweat as if I had been robbed.

They began to smile
Using as a fan my documents file
He asked, ' son, why are you sweating? '
'The same word repeating'
'We didn't mean you to cow'
'I think you are a good guy, why don't you somewhere else try? '
The other said, ' you will definitely get a good job, now please don't cry'.
The man in black coat said, ' I know you will hate,
' But our candidate is already set'.

Sandeep Dongre

Behind The Ruined Wall.

Do you remember the night I made love you behind the ruined wall?
Oh dear! our love seems to have metamorphosed into the flowers sweet and small
And they sway dreamily as the gentle breeze plays through them
Exactly the way it was playing through your hairs with your earnings gem.
Small flowers of different colours have grown along ruined wall where we met
This wall protected us from the world of hate
Once this lifeless, desolated place had harboured a budding love within us
Its corroded bricks helped me to build a bridge of love between us.

But then the place was just a barren land with heaps of sand, bricks and stones
I had never seen there a flower that shone
Today here is a small nursery of flowers different colours and types
Once again my love for you have taken a huge hipe

Once again those memories have awoken in my mind
You should have been here to the place which had been to us so kind
It was ruined yet it harboured young minds
The minds which were unknown to the passion and emotions their hearts were beating with
It was this ruined wall which in balmy moonlight availed them a place to harness their Carnal heat.

The night I made love you
Indeed, we must have burnt the blades of grass with our love and vaporised the dew
The soil beneath us must have been fertilised by the dripping sweat
Recall! What did you say? you said it was a sin and so thenceforth we should never meet
Nay! my love, you were wrong, it was not sin, it was love pure love
See! even nature has joyfully consented to our act, listen Oh my love

Won't now you come with me
To see how our love has transmuted into flowers that your moral eye must see.

Sandeep Dongre

Bereaved

I still wait for you,
Believing that one day you will come to me as elegantly as morning dew,
And so I sit here with eyes open wide,
That by the time sun sets you will be beside.

Tell me, oh! setting sun, when will she come?
Or, does she want me to die of rum?
The sun of my life is about to set,
My heart can but my body can't wait,
You must come now or I must come to you,
This earthly life in your absence isn't worth to live.

And here where you left me years ago,
I shall renounce my earthly ego.
Knowing now that you can't come to me,
I am going to drown myself in the love of your sea.

Sandeep Dongre

Dog's Death

On this highway which connects the life a dog is laid dead,
He has been there for a while without life in the middle of the road,
A pool of blood is being congealed that oozes from his dislocated jaw,
Everything goes on as if nothing has taken place,
Cars, trucks, and bikers pass by the mutilated body,
Nobody stops, nobody cares,
Each day a dog dies dog's death,
On one of these highways that connects the life.

Sandeep Dongre

I Drink My Own Tea.

When I wake up,
I wake up as a free man,
One who drinks his own tea in his own cup,
Without fear, without tear.

Yes, the tea doesn't stink of slavery,
It has a pure taste of bravery,
And brave we are now,
Who has the guts to make us cow.

We know how you treated us,
Our hearts are still bleeding by your cuts,
But we have learned to be brave,
Unafraid & immuned by your industrial wave.

The sun of your empire never set,
Now a stale tale, I am ready to bet,
The sun now rises for all,
It now listens everyone's call.

But it was not so easy,
That time was very fizzy,
Yes, the time when we woke up as slave,
And the tea we drank wasn't ours,
We were sold what was ours.

Those whites with black hearts,
Trode every Indian under their carts,
Their oppression taught us a message,
That one must not sleep so much that he may
appear a carcass.

It was time to stand up,
To have and to make one's own cup,
Thus, we stood up and we fought,
Until we had sugar to our cup brought.

And now I drink my own tea,
In my own free land.

Sandeep Dongre

I Met Her Here.

I met her here
As I had to make certain things quite clear
That what she thought about me wasn't fair
And wrong allegations, a man like me couldn't bear.

I was hurt by the rumours of our love affair
I wonder, who could do such a dare?
By God, we didn't talk a lot forget about meeting
We just exchanged looks and general greetings.

Gradually I began to avoid her
For who would upon oneself such thing incurred
But all my attempts were in vain
Every step I took was rumourmongers gain.

Finally the day arrived when I decided to talk to her
Indeed the time had come to clarify the things which were blur
She came all alone with downcast eyes
Suddenly various emotions in my mind began to rise.

We had never met alone
But I was stunned and blown by what she had done
She came before me and looking deep into my eyes said, 'I love you'
And she kept looking deep into my eyes until I mumbled 'I too'.

The girl is now my wife
And the ' place ' is in my heart as pierced knife.

Sandeep Dongre

Sometimes.

Sometimes I don't want to be the being I am
I just want to be the wind that from the North comes,
Like a leaf I wish to drift away on the current of the wind
Without aim, without destination, nothing in life to find,
Like a colt I wish my life to jump over the bunds of joy
So that I can hug life as baby clings to his toy.

Sometimes I do want to be the being I am not
I want to be a child who counts the stars at night laying carelessly on the cot,
Like a bee I wish to see the beautiful flowers around me
So that I can submerge myself in the nectar of their sea,
I just want to be free
Like these birds perching on the banyan tree.

Sandeep Dongre

Up Above The Sky.

Up above the sky,
When i raise my eyes so high,
To the highest peak of heaven,
Thinking what power to these stars at the zenith would have driven,
Where would He be there?
Who would be taking His care?
Whom would He be talking to?
What would He be planning to do?
My heart gets cold at His loneliness,
It throbs slow at His emptiness,
I know You are up there,
Always ready to take our care,
We humans only think about us,
Complain, whine and do fuss,
We never think about Your plight,
Thinking You are God whose job is to empower our flight,
oh God! i know Your heart bleeds,
At the plight of human creed,
And i know You too cry,
When Your child's cup is dry,
Indeed, You must really be sad,
Watching our world turned so bad.

Sandeep Dongre