

Poetry Series

Sunil Varma
- poems -

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Sunil Varma()

Fear

O stranger, afraid in a world I never made,
Prisoned heart, guilty of fear,
As flocks feareth the wolf,
the crops the storm, and the trees the wind
I crouch in agony, fearing fear, devoid of life

O, how vain and vile a passion,
Kaiser of hell, master of a wraith
What maketh me you do?
The concessions of the week the ordain of fear,
Chiseling strangers of blood, from the yarning of kin

Thy can't hurt me more than a dream
Shall take your council no more
Thou can't kill me from the fear of thee
In a vacuous life, lies there no hope
Vanquish fear, for there is not anything to hope

Flowers bloom at the edge of darkness
With the smell of love, free from you
Lieth in the womb of my imagination
You shall lead my life no more
O, the fire of icarian wings, Burn me not, and let me free

Sunil Varma

Forget The Times

Forget the times we walked the trail,
The gentle grass, the leaves falling,
Peeping flower and its drowsy leaves,
The lazy owl, the moonlit stream,
Aah! , no road is long when I walked with thee.

Forget the times we played the wind,
The gentle spray, the rain pouring,
Gloomy willow and its flashy grain,
The sullen clouds, the roaring wind,
Aah! No Storm is strong, when I walked with thee.

Forget the times we played the time,
The gentle touch, the smile gleaming,
Walking dream and its silent smile,
The envious time, a losing race,
Aah! No hour is late, when I walked with thee.

Forget the times, you say...Forget the times we were one
The broken heart, soul shrinking
Unimpassioned grief and its melancholy soul
Looming mist, a life galore
Aah! No life is life, when I walk without thee.

A tardy promise.... I will be through,
Broken heart, a tragic wound,
Denies life, forbids death
As soon as eternity is through, I promise, I will be over you.

Sunil Varma

Life As Is...

Life As is.....

Life so curt, it would seem to pass,
the flowing sand in an hour-glass.
Like the promise of a day-dream,
a bubble in a nimble stream,
I try to hold, but I never can,
my little tyke, oft you ran.

Rope your fiery pace I did try,
you wouldn't stop, I sorrowed why?
Blooming years but of so short length,
all those years and my fading strength,
As friends and kin leave my sunset bay,
I have but nothing more to say.

With my heart weak wet and ceding
wish me leave, as I lived speeding

Sunil Varma

New Life

New life

Psychedelic colors, Mint cooled air
Life, just, true and fair
Soft the zephyr blows, Dream a dream,
Basking on the banks, the nimble stream.

The auster sky, apposite maquillage
Calm hesternal excitement, thrills of yesterage
Oasis of nugacity but that was yestereen
Now I lie whispered by the wind, robed by a halcyon mien

I see her amble the sandy bank,
the gambol of a nymph, before a prank
her Soft wet steps and the sway of the gentle hand
as Stars gild the evening sky, like the beads of a broken band

I ne'er was struck before that hour
her face it bloomed like a sweet flower
With love so sudden and so sweet
awake I sleep my heart complete

I pray she hears my silent voice
flowers blooming without choice
for I have never seen so sweet a face
my heart has left its dwelling place

As I stood there before
in a place I can return no more
as my blood burnt my heart
my life is about to start

Sunil Varma

Odious Warren

Benevolent sky, a falling kite,
Swaying in blue a triangle white
Free as child an insouciant sway
Played the skies, its playful way
Bid the wind on each swing
Now it falls like a king
There is beauty in the fall

Beautiful vista, small though
Spirited garden, a growing tot
Teetering in green a yellow dot
Spirit of eagle the arduous search
First ten steps, the adulation of church
Treads the ground the operose path
Now it falls, aah! ! the mud bath
There is beauty in the fall

Beautiful vista, small though
Oakly door, a budding tear
Budding in the yellow a silver sphere
Love of the lover, the clinging hand
The golden glow of a eternal stand
Heart is full, for it is a wedding ring
Now it falls in one string
There is beauty in the fall

The setting sun,
The autumn setting,
The falling river,
The snow falling?. There is beauty in the fall

So why should I live a life like this
Stringed to machines, life amiss
With a beautiful vista but a small door
Can not feel the warmth of the wooden floor

I lived like a soaring kite
Twenty years a great sight
When there is beauty in the fall

Why confine me to this wall

Sunil Varma

Perils Of Harmattan

I

The silent night, it 's dark quiet naught,
Prolongs my pain, my wary thought
From the painful travails of yesterday,
To what maketh your heart, so bitter today.

II

Four seasons of lore `n suffering,
Icy mountains to melted springs,
Thou in arms I did begin to cherish
What did I do...? You let the dream perish

III

Forget not whence it first began,
From the perils of harmattan,
Cimmerian love for Narisah, my love
Tear's baneful tryst, with shiny lambent glove

IV

Did i not buy those lips a smile?
Hath my fears made it oh so vile?
Is it aureate stone that you seek, my love?
Shame! I have none sunk, on a long lost cove.

V

Did I not sing with a mute fife?
Pledged thee my risible life,
Pardon my grief of your oh so grieved soul,
My heart bleeds watching the fag end of scroll.

VI

Did I not bleed enough for thee?
Does it not have enough glee?
If i am unable to give you more,
Sad...! These arid veins have a dropp no more.

VII

Did i not care you with warm sway?
Was it a debt I failed to pay?

Call me a naive oaf, so little i know.
Guide me through these last drops of melting snow

VIII

Darkness glooms the sorrowful skies,
Bitter I stand with barren eyes,
Ravaged by hoards of my savvy mares nest
So Moored to ground entwined by a broken swær breast.

IX

Obdurate stone, soaked, wet, going soft
Warm it feels, maimed heart gushing oft
Mute sway of Osiris, my pard behold,
Feel no sand under my feet, stars unfold

X

Choose not I, this vain primrose path,
Curse of Hades, draped as polymath
Judge nay by soul of a captious eye
Thy wit be jury, love vouch, I don't lie

XI

I implore my love; spat the secret of this Augean sorcery,
Thine dagger to lancinate me, from the blinds of an elder tree,
Fight was I not for you and me...though it was your cherished kin,
Why hath you speak not of hale kinship, beneath your soft mellow skin?

XII

Oh wish thou Hath spoken, my love, a rejoiced heart would smile in his hands,
But bleed on thy blade; I die a thousand times, ...in this foreign land.
Grieve not my love... my last wish, in the sandy mists of Harmattan
I die in peace and still in love, at a place where it all began

Sunil Varma

Song Of A Mute Piper

How do I sing a song unheard?
I have no art in the spoken word.
She is a painting stuck close to my heart
and I but a lame painter, with no art.

The innocence of dawn that you are,
gracing the austere sky, lone star.
Soft glow of radiance on thy chaste face,
aureate than the glow of a regal mace.

Was thy sculptor, Skilled at chisel?
Blameless art in morning drizzle
or is it just depth of your clarion eyes?
Moored there my heart dwells, mute, until it dies.

Thy love for me, an endless sky
oft wonder...in vain, reason why
the endless passion of a maid in love
my heart numb, silent coo of an emerald dove

The gentle caress, the soft hand
enchantment of a magic wand.
Endless hours of silence, nay the rumbling streams
nonchalant banter, locked hands, weaving dreams.

Beats my heart for that sanguine smile
thought of walk along the aisle
in thy happiness does my soul rest
my life... chirpy bird in a cozy nest
Was i lord of amaranth's time,
grace thy world, with a single chime
want no more but thou my angelic bride
need no more, but tranquil warmth of your side.

BUT...

Dreams are streams that end in the number sea,
and life, a bound scroll, no redwood tree,
I look in mirror to a somber haze...

just a little more in this world, to graze.
A little more may be to a druids grace
but it is an end of a reckless race
how do i let you know, Oh...my patent soul
that i reached the far end of my scroll

Can rant of my heart, stop thy fear
Can i watch those eyes so dear
Can I abjure a promise i once made
plea of a torment soul, about to fade
that i shall live by you and make you smile
last vow made, walking the rangy aisle
How do i sing a song unheard,
I have not art in the spoken word

Gloomy skies, fading dusk, my life
would it sing from a long mute fife,
with pitiless time sparse and much to do
regret not i, a breath, i once had you.

Here I stand amid the silent roar,
alone on a tormented shore;
the simple broken beads of my aureate band.
I watch them flow, away, from my hand...

Sunil Varma

The Child

Gloomy dawn and heavy skies
A dying mother and a weeping child?..
How important few more pounds can be? Ask the weeping child not me!
For a few more pounds can save his mom,
Take the grief of the weeping child and the pain of a dieing maid.

He runs house to house for few more pounds,
Pitiless rain makes it hard,
As the soft feet cut on the obdurate stone
How chilly can the December wind be? Ask the shivering child not me
But few more pounds can save his mom,
Make his life shine with joy and bring a smile on the dieing maid.

On the street is an apparatchik lord,
?10 pounds a day, to yell and tell how great the mayor is?..
Stick the flag on the shirt and run the city for a fee?
How do you stick a flag on a shirt? Ask the shirtless child no me
But a few more pounds can save his mom,
Let him be a child he is, on the warm hands of the dieing maid

?Don?t have a shirt my lord, but for half the fee I can yell and run
The good sir read, all his rules and gave a look at the little boy?..
?My poor boy! Flag has to be?
How do you stick a flag on your chest? Ask the bleeding child not me?
But a few more pounds can save his mom
Take the pain off his chest and the tears of a dieing maid

All day long the child has run,
with a flag on his chest and smile on his lips
Yelling how great the Mayor is?..
How does one yell with a bleeding chest? Ask the smiling child not me
But few more pounds can save his mom
Bring some light into those rident eyes and a life in to the dieing maid

As sun simmers down in the west the west
And rain is tiered raining, the child runs to the lord and says?..
?Six pounds is going to save my mom and four let there be?
The mayor calls the child and shows, a banner on the tree
Stick the flag on the shirt and run the city for a fee

?How can one pay without a shirt? ? Thou shall not ask me

As the sun sets and birds return to the nest?..
The child lies with a wounded chest
As his mother lies in a wooden chest
I ask ?How important few more pounds can be?

Sunil Varma

The Search

For long time it seemed to me
That life is yet to be
Life I would Say..
Just 'round the corner, it lay
But for this small, Debt to pay
There is no more traverse en-way.

Blissful Gloss.. amorous way
Bright and Shining, no cold day
Life is like the leafy sway
No more tempests, just the breezy bay
Life would begin I would say,
Just around the corner it lay,
But for this small, errand on way,
It is going to be happy and gay.

Crimson red, butterfly ray
Chaste Trance is there to stay
Life is like an exultant play
Without restraint, like the Chinese clay

Life would bloom I would say
Around the corner it lay
But for this small, job today
It is going to be the just belle(t)

Sandy beach...Cherry sorbet
Clement spring, no harsh May

Life is like that Easter day
No more dolor, just a amaranthine holiday

Then it dawned on this day..
MY life started a long time away
In search diamond, Ah! The charcoal grey
what I missed, prismatic display
Real life is a cafe au le..

Bliss and galore in one bouquet
Ambers and cambers are here to stay?
Crusades are going to wanton away
For this is life, and it started when I was born one fine day

Sunil Varma

Tiny Droplets

Tiny droplets shine and jostle, Windy night
Whispers `oft, as the light flickers, to tease.
a smile,
from the tumult of your eyes, like the smell
of clove, in a strepitous bazaar.

Tiny droplets shine and jostle, Aureate dawn
Recreant darkness, as the flowers bloom, to steal.
a smile,
from your saturnine heart, like the scarlet blush
of nymph, in a sequestered hallway.

Tiny droplets shine and jostle, Clarion noon
drowsy mute, as the bee buzz, to squeeze.
a smile,
from your sanguine soul, like the anxious wait
of bride, in a tranquil aisle.

Tiny droplet shine and jostle, mawkish dusk
marching seas, as the birds nest, to nudge.
a smile,
from your crimson lips, like the yearning song
of canary, in a hermetic wood.

Tiny droplets shine and Jostle, windy night
Whispers `oft.

Sunil Varma

Two Lone Tykes

Long vacant corridors, gloomy underworld
Antediluvian bench, serpentine walls,
away from the crowd of the heathen city,
which preys on souls, my sanity,
I search for peace, alone, on the benches of afterworld

Iniquitous banks, bizarre politics
Worthless paper, wretched stocks
Another day in the cellars of glass and steel
I grasp my soul, my slippery eel
Here I crouch in peace, alone, my own narcotic fix

Two lone tykes, shepherd behind,
Saccharine demons, devil incarnates
Cacophony from the entrails of blazing hell
Cracking my soul, my oyster shell
As I watch in horror, alone, with my thoughts entwined

Lone shepherd, dory eyes
Absonant love, wanton pride,
Watching his herd and the execrable menace
The Silent stare, his only penance
There I lie aghast, alone, under the twilight skies
Solitary smile, mistress of pleasure
Bitter happiness, from unruliness
Sheepdog in love with the amuck sheep
Solitary tear, soul deep
I wonder in awe, alone, with my mute zither (musical instrument)

With a long sigh I call my foe,

"Wherefore hast thou serv'd me so? Was I thy foe?
How then have I deserved this of thee? I comprehend it not!
That thine heard shouldst rob me of my solitude
The fault lieth with none but thee
For heard is as good as the shepherd is"

The Shepherd gave a somber smile,

"I am thy slave by the act of guilt,
Thou shouldst punish me as thine wisdom pleads
Pardon the lads, the fault lieth with none but me,
The tyranny of their sorrow ist their life afore
Fate hath robed their mother,
I just had to have her buried
Three moths is all I have before, I meet her sanguine soul
as thinkest I, to do whatfore, thou shalt let their spirits live?

Two lone tykes, angel eyes
walking with their Shepard
on these benches of the underworld
As my eyes brim in horror, I am but myself all alone

Sunil Varma

Wait

Wait?.

Mother waits, neonate grins
Flowers wait, the bees spin,
Dew drops wait, pristine dawn,
Groom waits, bridal lawn,
What is life, but a string of endless waits?

Beetle waits, spiders? claw,
Innocence waits, corrupt guffaw,
Widow waits, bygone way,
A grey beard waits, judgment day,
What is life, but a Sting of endless waits?

Bliss and dolor, the cross of Lorraine
Like the leaf and the thorn, on a thicket vein
Each can?t stand one another
One is imperfect without the other

I stand await to ask you straight,
?What is life, if there is nothing to wait? ?

Sunil Varma

Words

As words fade.....intentions, dazzle my eyes.
As words sear.....convictions, sting my nostrils.
As words intoxicate...adulation, assault my senses
As words thunder.....abomination, split my eardrums.
"Words words words"

As words slowly drip, and their meaning slither my back.
These tiny winged words, perched on my lobes
urgent relentless whispers
"Words Words Words"
What are they but grimy patina, on a gleaming surface
scrub hard
and you will yourself feel...
the chaste emotion laced with hard nut shell... "

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