

Poetry Series

**Sunny Chopra**  
**- poems -**

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# Sunny Chopra(30th January)

Recompense

Don't mourn my brethren  
in effect you must rejoice

The cause of contention  
lies silenced forever voice

Futile is moving penance  
it's just a transitory phase

When hated my presence  
then why play up of praise

Worthy never deemed living  
now made out as paradigm

Forever in past castigated  
denying vivacity of my time

If this what the deal serves  
I feel lot better of removed

Where upright my intent  
stood always disapproved

Duplicitous societal facets  
never once cease to amaze

The living they try to bury  
and dead from grave raise

# A Bissful Day

Streaks of tepid sunshine  
with magical golden spell

Provoke latent indolence  
for fresh fervor compel

Scatter of nomadic clouds  
of varied shape and form

Reflect strokes of artistry  
nature aiming to perform

Trees full with mangoes  
heralding in joyous time

Cuckoo cooing in concord  
singing some choir sublime

Distant sight of goat herd  
led to the vale to graze

Reflecting innate beauty  
never ceasing to amaze

Fortunate I'm to witness  
and appreciatively behold

Old saga being replayed  
letting minimalism unfold

State of indulgent basking  
on such a day is required

With fishing by the brook  
and little tipple is desired

Sunny Chopra

# A Chronicled Marker

Build up to a landmark  
remote deemed in past

Far seemed to reckon  
but came ever so fast

Future was in distance  
now I am at threshold

Stringing past memoirs  
of knotted plots untold

Had fair share of frolic  
in joyous times of yore

Wish though nurtured  
but zest is dead at core

Canvas of varied colors  
some cheery, few blue

A picture of perfection  
but absent is main hue

Accidental mask put on  
now I just can't remove

I have learnt to live on  
as nothing I've to prove

Sunny Chopra

# A Definitive Shade

Been so long ever since  
for the stimulus to ignite

Caught in odd trivialities  
sans anything to excite

Deep amidst the muddle  
even tried couldn't avoid

Despite conscious labors  
failed to abridge the void

Long deserved dividend  
now seems taking form

Where all expectations  
to realization conform

The winds seem shifting  
rather favorably aligned

Perfect for a final thrust  
on set course as defined

In familiar sort of setting  
with similar magic recast

Removed from ordinary  
bit atypically in contrast

Time's ripe to repossess  
all deemed lost with time

Stake yet another claim  
& seek glory of old prime

Sunny Chopra

# A Fantasist

Often dubbed dreamer  
to illusions since belong

An escape from reality  
for surreal feel strong

Seeking all indefinable  
of future yet to be seen

Transitory are nuances  
so from realism careen

In world full of charade  
its escape to break free

Being one with fantasy  
to extent of any degree

All deemed improbable  
it may though not occur

Your dream to envision  
none can possibly deter

A realm of the unknown  
has surprises in spare

Where story gets told  
of past and new share

Sunny Chopra

# A Notion

Ditching past identity  
to don another avatar

Starkly plain divergent  
rather peculiarly bizarre

Diverse may seem from  
how earlier was meant

To carve afresh a niche  
and new persona reinvent

I may play role pivotal,  
but in atypical sense

Beholding what's around  
but from across the fence

Hopeless will turn probable  
in slow rotary cyclic time

What is now disregarded  
would turn apt paradigm

The night is yet at darkest  
dawn has not broken light

Means may not be plausible  
but end would shine bright

Each day a newer challenge  
situation averse to contend

With past reserves depleted  
awaited is deserved dividend

Sunny Chopra

# A Perceptive View

Paths at times converge  
then go a different way

However much is desired  
but situations interplay

Past and the imminent  
flip sides of same cent

Though bound together  
contra faces represent

Nothing is permanent  
with time must elapse

Sturdiest of foundations  
amid upheavals collapse

Must ditch dame misery  
lot options are in store

Most of those oblivious  
and never sensed before

Shed no tear on bygone  
all lost none can repeal

Realign your objectivity  
for new vistas to reveal

Sunny Chopra



# A Stray Notion

Apathetic forever responses  
just try being bit concerned

Readjust to sense of giving  
for volumes to be returned

Get rid of limiting blinkers  
to view all what surrounds

Delights ripened for picking  
where bliss always abounds

In vain quest of inexplicable  
old bridges which get burnt

Prove means to an inapt end  
for lessons in life learnt

Seemingly secure closeting  
a haven around that's built

Very base of self deception  
validating some earlier guilt

Tenacious assumed persona  
deprives one of genial verve

None there to stand beside  
what intent will then serve

Penitence notwithstanding  
never late to make amends

Restore whatever possible  
before all ultimately ends

Sunny Chopra

# Annoyance

Confounds very purpose  
in end what it ensues

Logic macabre nurtures  
and irrationality accrues

Those closer tend to shun  
all unknown you befriend

Despise meant well being  
disinterest just pretend

Time soon pass you by  
feeling sorry to repent

Unaware you're of perils  
insecurities it'll present

Wonder current situation  
accidental or by design

End rewards would justify  
apt relevance thus assign

You're wished all the best  
in vain efforts to deceive

For all callous investments  
fitting end will so receive

Sunny Chopra

# Atypical Persona

Get branded as an oddity  
to edicts I don't conform

Mundane most practices  
in routine I can't perform

Cosseted in nothingness  
bonds me with innate core

Drifting in surreal abyss  
not since explored before

Often get sneered upon  
for choices past made

Some fueled by passion  
few had ominous shade

It's about perceptions  
for right deemed wrong

Most may or never learn  
as who I were all along

What seen is illusion  
from reality far apart

I am sort of a paradigm  
resolutely living my part

In moments of reflections  
from all I stand removed

Some see me just vegetating  
but light years I've moved

Sunny Chopra

# Best To Come

With all of self denial  
and phases those glum

Sure I am of prospect  
my best is yet to come

Apathy and disregard  
brusquely I did sustain

What read as my frailty  
was controlled restrain

None of any reluctance  
even a backward glance

Seeking newer alliances  
with touch of tad romance

Deserved was lot better  
from odd peculiar deal

It's matter of new balm  
for older scars to heal

Sunny Chopra

# Break Free

Ones ought to be in misery  
bask in indulgent success

With ignorant nonchalance  
shown to other's distress

Weary I am of hackneyed  
and many a wily attempt

□

Since improper to let go  
I just choose to circumvent

Too long has the time been  
for winds to slowly amend

Brave one must odds now  
break away and up ascend

It would change hence on  
for older myths to quell

Such doers will be victims  
of their own devised spell

Sunny Chopra

# Conflicting Contention

One of desolate moments  
sans anything going right

Game all set for match  
but intent for a fight

Objectivity in shambles  
expectancy seeming glum

Anxiety of chosen choices  
foretell the end outcome

As one feels bit cheery  
new facet comes to fore

Inducing varied irritants  
unexpected since before

Whatever be the outcome  
of now appears unknown

Awards awaited patiently  
for all good in past sown

Sunny Chopra

# Daybreak

Rising to crack of dawn  
a feel refreshingly pure

To behold nature's awe  
at best appealing allure

Apt for corporeal regimen  
ridding of residual stress

Be one with the elements  
and challenges address

Dew from trees high above  
casts rinsed sort appeal

Sun aft wild stray clouds  
silver lining does reveal

Little nestlings in frenzy  
chirping for morning feed

Older combing infinite sky  
for daily subsisting need

Goat herd of a magnitude  
being led to vale to graze

Panorama of chaste magic  
that never stops to amaze

Little nip and mist shroud  
reflect mystical type feel

Sans any of human strains  
in space chaste and surreal

So much there of bounty  
to appreciate and realize

Sheer wonder of environs  
we often miss to recognize

Sunny Chopra



# Deepavali - Festival Of Lights

Dispelling of all rancor  
and settling past debts

Air rife with festivity  
with few indulgent bets

Goes to offers new start  
with purging of the old

Harking to the folklore  
repeatedly being retold

Dusk brings in excitement  
with myriad colorful lights

Sky is set ablaze with  
with multi-hued delights

Bejeweled seems setting  
akin to newlywed bride

Confirms sense of cohesion  
most animosities get belied

Known as pure manifestation  
for the righteous to prevail

In warding off all depraved  
and their wickedness unveil

Sunny Chopra

# Deja Vue

Often talked of in bygone  
a feel is being returned

Opponents honing rapiers  
for tables thence turned

All those inconsequential  
to milieu were consigned

Now standing vanguards  
as redeemers combined

With shallow the intellect  
they are unable to gauge

What's deemed as finale  
is interval at this stage

No wrath is being foretold  
or kind of suggestive cure

It's all a tested foresight  
and practiced skills mature

Position may seem feeble  
but dilution persists strong

Future would record a saga  
of right and what was wrong

Sunny Chopra

# Dilemma

Few of irritable nuances  
which disturbingly appall

Have had lot of blaming,  
am not so awful after all

I forever toed the line  
despite how I did feel

Fending most oddities  
for someone's ordeal

Viewpoint had to follow  
was brusquely on me thrust

Presumed was my assent  
regardless of disgust

Life own and me master  
to plot and to contrive

Just for me to decipher,  
and it's core gist derive

Valued are all opinions,  
most stances and advice

Best if few refrained from  
leaving me to own devise

Dictates no manuscript  
stricture or even ordain

To get walked all over  
even after due restrain

Beleaguered I am often  
blamed for many a crime

With doings not personal  
and faults none of mine

Introspected I've aplenty  
thus attempted being nice

Gambit always returned  
with me paying the price

Took it upon personally  
lest caused another pain

Endured losses in private  
all contenders got to gain

Apathy one must adopt,  
to whatever others think

Shouldn't matter slightest  
if sail safe or were to sink

No empathy for irrelevant  
ones branding me a fiend

Expelled they all stand  
from my life quarantined

Sunny Chopra

# Disenchantment

It's been almost a lifetime  
in gyrating spiraling flow

Defying constant onslaught  
of getting pulled far below

Each time tried resurfacing  
in a new vortex got caught

Adding on presented misery  
to existing scene distraught

Tired of repetitive challenges  
testing every bit of strength

Wonder extent of all trials  
and of tribulation's length

Little placidity is yearned for  
the current struggle to end

With a little let up in effort  
as respite in ongoing trend

Nastiest of any situation  
eventually gets to abate

Perseverance lone resolve  
coping with ubiquitous fate

Hope this skirmish exertion  
positivity goes to project

With apt awards for labor  
expectancy which reflect

Sunny Chopra

# Down But Not Out

Caught in boundless spirals  
with imminent full of doubt

Must accept unkind reality  
of being down but not out

All dreams in past nurtured  
now appear so far removed

Resolute earlier perspectives  
for now stand disapproved

Transient phase of ambiguity  
will eventually get to abate

Where most of expectations  
with conveyances correlate

It's hard but not astonishing  
was known since all along

For trudge to be demanding,  
tad muddled and overly long

Perseverance with patience  
with dogged kind of resolve

Plain means to an apt end  
where puzzles on own solve

Time would stand a witness  
vindicating current stance

The very logic of this ordeal  
in challenging circumstance

Sunny Chopra

# Ephemeral Passages

Current events are conducive  
with nonchalant seeming pace

When future springs surprises  
with time will learn to face

Cheery current subsistence  
hence freewill I propound

Confines once start stifling  
I might've broken new ground

Perceptive mind still active  
with inspirations all about

If illusions start dissipating  
then new pastures I would scout

Resources just about adequate  
for me to earn my daily bread

In probable days of utter penury  
accept all fate has for me spread

Traversed I have vast distances  
to seek tranquility for the mind

Treks in future if improbable  
then peace within I would find

Environs are lush and verdant  
with magic for one to behold

Even autumn spreads enchantment  
with different shades of gold

Reality a perplexing passage,  
through many an abyss and ridge

Each nuance to be contented aptly  
while coming to cross any bridge

Sunny Chopra



# Expressions

Pathos and vivaciousness  
have similar hues of tint

Feelings both go to evoke  
towards rationality hint

Living works as a palette  
with emotions as a brush

Imagination props easel  
to paint life's canvas lush

Crests few, abyss a many,  
my drive continually stoke

Zest to keep on bettering  
and vie for finest stroke

Sunny Chopra

# Forever Young

Peering over the shoulder  
certain sadness does ensue

How rapidly does time lapse  
move on without any clue

Wonder all carefree epochs  
where along got mislaid

What reflects in the mirror  
is of what you were so afraid

Got embroiled in trivialities  
in attempt to somewhat attain

Fighting all diverse oddities  
for the subsistence to sustain

Affiliations picked enroute  
few stayed and lot didn't last

Few facets were as expected,  
most others were in contrast

Images of all known earlier  
on meeting again get belied

As ravages of the time-lapse  
have metamorphosis applied

Enfolded within each heart  
an interminable child exists

One with immature nuances  
where impish streak persists

Whatever appears outwardly  
inside old self remains clung

The body may though wither  
but soul remains forever young

Sunny Chopra

# Fruit Of Labor

Nearly on the cusp  
of what was embarked

Time to seek returns  
on all tasks earmarked

Seeds sown long ago  
its time to check yield

If efforts of bygone  
what in future wield

Done all as expected  
way beyond known edge

Fate hangs precariously  
balanced on a tiny ledge

Laurels or notoriety  
flip sides of subsistence

Win if you may or lose  
still part of existence

Gambit is set in place  
to a point of no return

Unsure if proves pleasing  
or curve for one to learn

Whatever be final outcome  
will take with bit of salt

Not blame any of nuances  
but take on as my own fault

Sunny Chopra

# Full Circle

Slow but sure turning  
cycle of life is in view

Fixing a few oddities  
of living gone askew

Hues since blemished  
now reflect vivid tints

Shade seems evident  
of new color it hints

All blues to be daubed  
with strokes sanguine

Wary of the apathetic  
which tedium outline

Wait though eternal  
is approaching its end

As fruit to past labors  
with deserved dividend

It was no odd accident  
but an ordained design

To stand tall yet again  
and old verve realign

Indebted to all caring  
ones who stood beside

Bearing storm face on  
waiting for it to subside

Sunny Chopra

# Gratification

Most seems pre ordained  
celestially thus contrived

Time returns to bewitch  
for all one had strived

Destined courses charted  
on trying can never deter

Sans any of attempting  
events on own will infer

Doesn't stop us mortals  
from wishing and to aspire

All metamorphic Delusions  
for the objects of desire

Pondered more than often  
what one can ask or seek

With fate being generous,  
each attempt a lucky streak

Pointless is to nurse rues  
and for old bones to pick

Believe in self achievement  
striking balance key trick

Rise way above ordinary  
from most trivially inane

Separate to stand solitary  
and own individuality retain

Sunny Chopra

# Impediment

Build up to such situation  
near impossible to defuse

Most convictions of earlier  
sense uncertain now infuse

Defying palpable rationale  
to point radically extreme

Sane logic where rescinds  
past any credible scheme

It hits akin a thunderbolt  
hard shot out of the blue

Keep searching for trigger  
sans slightest visible clue

All visions since nurtured  
seem shattered and lost

With imminent prospects  
of an insurmountable cost

When scales start leveling  
balance again goes awry

As a setback to progress  
to start all over and retry

Patience gets put to test  
in a forever testing fight

However may be darkest  
but end will shine bright

Sunny Chopra

# In Retrospect

A bit of a while it took me,  
to admit and openly divulge

How misery stoked subsistence  
whenever I tried to indulge

The unions are providential  
with celestial accorded consent

Some seem daubed with torment  
and primed with devious intent

None of any emotional bonding  
or an enthused social connect

Caring considered a travesty  
sharing treated a touch suspect

Sunny Chopra



# Inverse Strokes

Unsullied pallid canvas  
propped on easel again

To paint picture afresh  
sans any of nasty stain

Imagery to be sanguine  
with cheery kind of feel

All gray must dump now  
for new vibrant appeal

A multicolored palette  
of vivid shades baroque

For using in abundance  
with each brush stroke

Milieu daubed ebullient  
theme blissfully inclined

No space for any lapses  
all facets well defined

Upshot will be spot on  
a sort of masterpiece

Devoid of any shadows  
or an insensible caprice

Switching past dark tints  
streaks tainted in blue

With verdant landscapes  
fresh verve which imbue

Sunny Chopra

# Likely Changeover

Haze would finally scatter  
for light again to gleam

Like stirring from stupor  
from endless nasty dream

Illusion since envisioned  
project nothing as of now

Good harvest is awaited  
that bygone saw me sow

Perseverance is precursor  
for the destiny to amend

Where bliss is in harmony  
with a laudable dividend

Sunny Chopra

# Lonely Only

Amidst of joyous merriment  
sitting lonesome in solitude

Own shadow as company  
at a tether's end fortitude

With none of any inclination  
for any indulgence to ignite

Reminiscing all times of yore  
with so much there to excite

Am sure all the ones cursing  
for me to be in such a state

Are not any better removed  
caught up in a similar spate

Wishing me the incarceration  
burn themselves in distress

Penitent of caused anguish  
but can't rise up to confess

Current phase just transitory  
and so the inhibiting situate

Just means to ultimate end  
for lost verve to regenerate

Ticking of clock being cyclical  
once again will turn around

The present notwithstanding  
would've broken new ground

Fresh unions and space anew  
intrinsic zest which enhance

The day where is full of magic  
and eve with touch romance

Sunny Chopra

# Loney Trudge

All deluding visions  
impact those portend

To be dealt personally  
singularly to contend

Journey yours to walk  
on many a risky bend

Dreams too individual  
if please or do offend

Laurels and notoriety  
equally must befriend

One stay, other leaves  
in cyclic sort of trend

Kinship and alliances  
unable to comprehend

Closer in times better  
afar through bad wend

Maxim does prescribe  
just on own life spend

Cherish all of conducive  
detach what can't mend

Sunny Chopra

# Magical Monsoons

Streets are akin to rivulets  
for children with paper boats

Farmers in a bit of frenzy  
in the improvised raincoats

Drop of the mercury rouses  
indolent stimulus to the fore

To paint a picture perfect afresh  
and with new hues & tints explore

The flora in wild proportions  
propagating as far one can gaze

Panoramic vista utterly unique  
that never ceases one to amaze

Twilight though turns gloomy  
needs uplifting of lowly mood

An indulgent tippie goes nicely  
as an aperitif before the food

Sunny Chopra

# Malevolent Deceit

Playing up as a victim  
having caused all pain

Feigning fake innocence  
crying foul to complain

All attempts at naivety  
are wily sham pretense

A price would be paid  
that at your expense

Empathy that you seek  
mocking other's stance

Tables will finally turn  
in cyclic circumstance

Nothing is permanent  
with time must elapse

Even great and mighty  
concede then collapse

All of exhibited vanity  
payback with revenge

Notwithstanding logic  
old apathy thus avenge

To approve or censure  
the future will project

Most of going around  
will catch up to connect

Sunny Chopra

# Manifested Rue

Midst of societal compulsions  
I truly was unable to behold

Time stealthily slipped past  
that no one could withhold

Got woken from the reverie  
it were nearly into night

Revelry over and done with  
left was a residual plight

One with practiced patronage  
stands alone and in penitence

Source for other's rationale  
is now mending many a fence

Old craving still persists  
but lost is the earlier zest

Fresh stimulus playing truant  
no intent is for newer test

The part of thence milieu  
is now rueful and forlorn

Witnessed a lot of trickery  
loads of contemptuous scorn

From cheery bygone subsistence  
to present filled with remorse

Guess whole lot needs dumping  
to embark on a fresher course

Sunny Chopra



# Mater Moi (Mother)

Farthest though you've traveled  
but in my thoughts always remain

Time tries to alleviate sorrow  
but loss impossible to explain

With undying your true devotion  
you raised me brilliantly fine

Telling what was then righteous  
and how not to pessimism resign

The placidity in disposition  
far reach of your foresight

Made me pass many an abyss  
scale pinnacle of any height

In the deepest of my slumber  
I can feel a calming caress

Dispelling nastiest of demons  
unshackling me of undue stress

Let this day be the harbinger  
of your advent on this earth

For honing my latent abilities  
to true salts making me worth

Life would turn a full circle  
with a reunion at the very end

In benign state of your presence  
till infinity which will extend

Sunny Chopra

# Meeting Myself

Seemingly forever known  
I did chance upon a face

Where I had known him  
I was not able to place

He looked little seasoned  
brow furrowed with time

Ashen whiskers of maturity  
radiating aura bit sublime

Dressed in an average garb  
with nonchalant his stride

Something looked familiar  
but I was unable to decide

My greeting was returned  
with gesture to sit beside

Prodding me to open up,  
what I was trying to hide

Curious I was to discern  
if someplace we had met

Response to my queries,  
with time I was told beget

Shared with me his trails  
and tribulations of yore

Each revelation déjà vu  
of my having faced before

So much was there in common  
I could see my life unfold

Touching on every nuance  
to none which were told

I was aghast with ability  
all the answers he knew

How naturally he decoded  
my life having gone askew

I goaded him to elucidate  
how he mastered this art

Absolve all cynics he said  
and expel them from heart

While bidding adieu I asked,  
if had known earlier about

Waved he simple goodbye  
not clarifying any of doubt

I called out behind him  
if possibly to meet again

I am you from future he said  
and with you always remain

□

Sunny Chopra

# Memories

Sitting by reminiscing  
how was once in past

Cheery since lost epochs  
deemed forever to last

Life was full of promises  
future not cared about

None any compulsions  
not be done without

Endearments unfaltering  
of birds, bees and rest

Each day posed challenge  
to contend and contest

Carefree was subsistence  
foot loose and fancy free

Brazen sort of frolicking  
on a never ending spree

Naiveté justified slip ups  
well taken in one's stride

Few hitting where it hurt  
but biases never decried

Ending well what matters  
not how it could've been

Feel blessed for mercies  
and for all yet to be seen

Rues, regrets remissions  
time lost cannot repeal

Seek out core's essence  
and verve it does reveal

Sunny Chopra

# Misgiving

All beyond improbable  
is nearly in final stage

For rigors of the labor  
results am yet to gauge

At helm while directing  
in a muddle I seem lost

Caught in sort of vortex  
my own demons I accost

A belief in old prowess  
subsistence still directs

Belying any of the doubt  
enroute which interjects

Almost at a tethers end  
with upshot not in sight

The day brings new hope  
each night begets a fright

Every jab at my foresight  
pierces my real zest anew

To trudge upon unknown  
and walked by far and few

It may though feel eternal  
but not so bad in the end

Dark it may so appear now  
but light is at coming bend

Sunny Chopra

# Mixed Up Emotions

Exploring my core recesses  
something surly seems amiss

Attempt much disregarding  
but simply cannot dismiss

Past ravages have bestowed,  
such perplexing new stance

Incapable I am to decipher  
the uninvited circumstance

Pliability of soul's nucleus  
has since then got congealed

Earlier feelings unimaginable  
with the time have got revealed

Insignificant traits of bygone,  
to rigidity have mutated thence

Bargains are now unacceptable  
and there's no sitting on fence

Sunny Chopra

# Monsoons Again

Waking up to torrents  
of bucketing down sky

Day full of nothingness  
to only sit back & enjoy

An incessant cacophony  
pounding on the tin roof

Full advent of monsoons  
needs not another proof

Umbrellas all but natural  
old wallis & mackintosh

For an abundant frenzy  
to get wet & others slosh

Streets are akin to rivulets  
drains filled unto the edge

Rekindling of old nostalgia  
& for latent urges dredge

Weave of a natural magic  
on its own trying to unfold

A near tranquil indolence  
just to capture & behold

A feel for finding an easel,  
some colors and a brush

To paint a picture perfect  
with shades of green lush

Sunny Chopra



# Mother Teresa

Humblest of beginning  
from where she came

Tasks she took upon  
would put us to shame

Downtrodden as family  
she tended every need

Regardless of any color,  
culture, cast or creed

Altruistically committed  
to noble cause ordained

Concern for humanity  
she forever maintained

An apostle was seen  
conduit for basic trust

Stood strong against  
unfair and all unjust

Frail though in stature  
lot vigor she possessed

Deep within her heart  
had all pain compressed

Healing were her touch  
empathetic to mankind

For most of dejected,  
and terminally resigned

Dignity she personified  
and hope she displayed

Respect for all living  
and dead she conveyed

Sunny Chopra

# My Culpability

Felonious I get proven,  
trying to uphold my calm

Lending humane shoulder  
for hurts proffering balm

Got known as delinquent  
as emotions I suppressed

Stood by most of others  
in their times depressed

Aberrant too get branded,  
since to feelings I relate

Unable to twist sentiments  
or stark reality manipulate

Anomalous I got described  
when fidelity tried to pursue

Introspecting life logically  
lest it caused worry undue

If it marks me atypical  
having followed valid path

I'll humbly accept awards  
in the resultant aftermath

Best is to endure realism  
than argue other's premise

Futile would prove opposing  
if you deem it so otherwise

Deserving to be damned  
I am that living paradigm

Awaiting ordained judgments  
for many an innocent crime

Sunny Chopra

# My Father In Me

Brief look at own reflection  
was caught by familiar sight

Seemed none but my father  
with whiskers grayish white

Old chord it kind of touched,  
a connection long since lost

Urging me to accept reality  
and fittingly present accost

With void insurmountable,  
his absence not let forget

Pangs of loss will linger on  
till end as cause of regret

With me now on threshold,  
of how I remember him last

I am but him in my own way,  
not much different in contrast

Pride apart but honor I deem,  
to have come into this being

His wisdom a guiding spirit,  
for my welfare and wellbeing

Sunny Chopra

# Open Book Called Life

One's living is akin to  
a book off the rack

Distinctive in character  
but varied from stack

A plot wisely envisaged  
true core thence strived

With innumerable rigors  
slow nurturing devised

Facets intricately spun  
with stupefying intrigue

Chronicled to project  
the ultimate mystique

All pages linked with  
a part of next thread

Rancor and the amity  
get concurrently bred

In unknown it dabbles  
around doubts revolves

Posing own quandaries  
similarly most resolves

Chapters in continuity  
vie for attention rapt

Reflecting life's density  
with rejoinders truly apt

At start one yearns for  
what is after next bend

How rapidly it slips past  
on reaching near the end

Most are taken lightly  
few misjudged on face

Some leave impression  
others lost sans a trace

Substance is what matters  
not the way it gets clad

Proof is joyous continuance  
not facets of bygone sad`

Sunny Chopra

# Peace With Self

Searching in state futility  
for favorable drift of gust

Waiting for an apt moment  
to trim sails for final thrust

Weathered many a past gale  
now to placidity must align

Get rid of vain probabilities  
and to harsh realism resign

All expectancy disconnected  
disappointment amputates

Acceptance acts as panacea  
feel good truly accentuates

Challenge takes back seat  
introspection turns prime

One with unison of own self  
to find tranquility sublime

In blissful pool of immunity  
glee and pathos don't blend

Beyond the simple nuances  
existence one doesn't defend

No hostility gets nurtured  
or pointed fingers of blame

Rues, angst and penitence  
not anymore then inflame

Sunny Chopra



# Pearls On A String

A lifetime full of motley shades,  
some vibrant a few hued blue

Few transpired as likely strokes,  
while some unceremoniously undue

How ostensible to get typecast  
get served many a terse blow

With stabs in the back deepest  
with twisting motions very slow

Expected storms can be endured  
not the gusts of winds wild

One learns to ingest toughest  
but the malleable intake mild

Familiarly known are the judges,  
the jury and proverbial situate

Where awards are preordained  
judgments curtly seal your fate

Millions may be in reckoning  
with a few one gets to equate

Who believe in your objectivity  
and to your core values relate

Subsistence is greatest tutor,  
keeps guiding till the end

Few memories fondly cherished  
and all people you truly befriend

Sunny Chopra

# Pensive Evaluation

Ascribing to cluttered gabble  
amassed in incoherent mind

Trying to dissect sane logic  
apt reactions I cannot find

With sensitivity at very core  
cause prime for my disdain

Expectations all but natural  
still responses don't sustain

Apathy too were attempted  
even that didn't do the trick

Just kept on waiting holding  
raw end of proverbial stick

Each one with own stringency  
had their schema to hound

Reciprocation stayed elusive  
on course pointed outbound

Been pushed around aplenty  
to reach at such kind of point

Beyond all levels of empathy  
still maintain own viewpoint

Karma known to be cyclical  
at some stage surely return

Wait though insurmountable  
and I await for what I yearn

Sunny Chopra

# Preceding Travails

Trials mine, tribulations personal  
and umpteen delusions extreme

With path trudged in solitude  
how another can dream my dream

Sealed my lips, not once cringed  
accepted all what got dished

Most of it was as expected  
some contrarily could've wished

Joys and grief are private  
contended in different strides

While some ride and others ebb  
akin a rhythmic cycle of tides

I stop to ponder many a times  
what I seek in my quest to find

Future is where I am headed  
dead past must leave behind

Sunny Chopra

# Rains - Once More

Those expected joyous times  
are here one can tell

Guttural croaks of bullfrogs  
herald an impending spell

Rumble in the distance and  
streaks lighting up dreary night

Perk up sullen temperaments,  
infusing dose of expectant delight

It's time to find old broly and  
mackintosh with hooded cape

Just to sit on the patio  
with hot cuppa and sweetened crape

Precursor to petty indulgences  
and rekindling touch of romance

To dabble in frolicking gaiety  
in bucketing rain merrily dance

Sunny Chopra

# Rambling

Undoing personal intricacies  
vulnerably when I feel prone

I am with none but myself  
and yet I don't stand alone

While dabbling in mysteries  
with uncertainties when adrift

I go back to very beginning  
through old muddle again sift

Answers are often encrypted  
in questions which are posed

Assigning expected outcome  
not differently much opposed

Some moments reflect daunting  
end results seeming obscure

Life permeates in strange ways  
one perseveringly must endure

We try being picture perfect  
on some counts awfully fail

Must let good sense take on  
and over past follies prevail

The ramble may be treacherous  
tad arduous, tricky and unknown

Me and my shadow amble on  
taking what all in gets thrown

Sunny Chopra

# Rationality Deduced

Unyielding past convictions,  
reflect many an odd chink

Defying the palpable logic  
coercing sense over brink

All ethics turn improper  
unfair treated rightfully just

Most expectations get belied  
arbitrary on one is thrust

Line upright is seen dubious,  
plain motives as ulterior intent

Offered retorts sans validation  
the very rationale circumvent

It's not about plain strangers,  
but ones held to be your own

End harvest proves opposing to  
what in past were actually sown

Sunny Chopra

# Reality's Assign

Lest it gets forgotten  
I too have ticking heart

All ropes I try and toe  
yet branded as upstart

Didn't seem in beginning  
with time it got be known

Amongst crowds I've to be  
still mostly am on my own

Kin, allies and offspring  
have trails to be trudged

My gullibility is exploited  
and emotions get misjudged

To others proffered panacea,  
in down moments distressed

Kept waiting in expectancy  
for my hurts to get dressed

If this what deal presents  
I've no choice but to abide

Ebbing tide is forerunner to,  
next roller for me to ride

Sunny Chopra

# Reflections Reserved

Paths you venture on  
are yours to contend

Be easiest of passage  
or curviest of the bend

None takes on the ride  
or beholds a dreamt dream

Pain of a dire affliction  
you alone must redeem

Advice though offered  
panacea never received

Irritants stay constant  
but pain is not relieved

All's well to be critical  
ridicule other's stance

Not realizing the agony  
of actual circumstance

Most come in flocking  
while better are trends

Bad times go on to tell  
who all are good friends

Sunny Chopra



# Reflective Discord

Angst what most vent out,  
is sort of emotional release

A failed attempt for trying,  
but all one can't please

Limit there is to tolerance,  
degrees small can be borne

It's apt to sever unions  
those dejectedly forlorn

No matter how may seem,  
must stick to own stance

By inducting infallibility  
in a skewed circumstance

Ones enacting arduous rituals  
for divine favors who entreat

In reality indulge practices  
which in societal ways cheat

Seek out those small nuances  
in distress which stay alive

Odds to be contended with  
for positivity must strive

Sunny Chopra

# Reparation

Don't mourn my brethren  
in effect you must rejoice

The cause of contention  
lies silenced forever voice

Futile is moving penance  
it's just a transitory phase

When hated my presence  
then why play up of praise

Worthy never deemed living  
now made out as paradigm

Forever in past castigated  
denying vivacity of my time

If this what the deal serves  
I feel lot better of removed

Where upright my intent  
stood always disapproved

Duplicitous societal facets  
never once cease to amaze

The living they try to bury  
and dead from grave raise

Sunny Chopra

# Retrace

Wane most delusions  
of own personal strife

Pinched all trimmings  
with potential just rife

Reverie broken barely  
day turned into a night

Upon boarded journey  
time was now to alight

Urge though nurtured  
yet life along moved

Regrets now company  
of all values disproved

In quest for little bliss  
how the time flew past

A trail filled with agony  
got traded in contrast

Awaiting still my share  
for fate to aptly bestow

Each time tried to rise  
got pushed far below

Rummaged in residue  
for somewhat to excite

But in old dead cinders  
no fire was left to ignite

None of any alternates  
except silently behold

A devastated aftermath  
in twilight itself unfold

Sunny Chopra

# Reversability

Farthest one may traverse  
in pursuit to seek and find

A panacea for complexities  
and stimulus for the mind

Unable when to distinguish  
causes which fuel concern

End should not be looked at  
but to beginning must return

Nothing seems improbable  
acceptance most of it all

Setbacks are not impediments,  
on reversibility often befall

Let fresh canvas be unsullied  
with new easel, paint and brush

Strokes will mask dreariness  
with new hues and tints lush

Sunny Chopra

# Revisit From The Past

From the door shut forever,  
heard an unmistakable creak

Where darkness dwelled forever  
was this fleeting bright streak

Intrigued I were with curiosity  
to discover and possibly behold

Fervent to unravel past mysteries  
and old raison d'être to unfold

Most long since lost epochs  
at once came flooding back

When bounce were in my stride  
with a charming affable knack

How it is wished everlastingly  
if past could really be revived

Its cast intrinsically in each soul  
and emerges if earnestly strived

Sunny Chopra

# Revisiting Past

Myths about the memory lane  
with delusions get belied

Where expectation is opposing  
and to stark reality misapplied

As if spell caught in a vortex  
and one's life has moved along

Though part of past existence  
where anymore you don't belong

Earlier memories are hurtful,  
as all old ties have since gone

No point in grieving time lost  
and let all bygones be bygone

Victuals those earlier fancied,  
at times lose genuine allure

If prove at present palatable,  
one gets confusingly unsure

The tongue though familiar,  
but extreme of it does daunt

As if to scorn the evolution  
and your sane feelings haunt

Just focus on the nucleus  
try not to search beyond

Bitter truth can prove cruel  
to now if doesn't correspond

Sunny Chopra

# Ruminative Emotions

One may as well play a victim,  
lone persona being wronged

When choices were always open  
and pickings multiple pronged

Remorse and fraught penitence  
would prove hopelessly in vain

The end would stand worthless  
against otherwise blissful gain

Never late is to accept a folly  
and willfully make an amend

Mighty oak too gets uprooted,  
to gales when doesn't bend

Past can never be undone  
or what future might beget

Present directs the imminent  
to be cheery or in state regret

Sunny Chopra



# Shade Grey

In search of little jollity  
got me into sort of a void

Nearly similar to tedium  
was hoping to try and avoid

Incapable I am to decipher  
the cause for feeling blue

The purpose seems defeated  
and objectivity has no clue

Multitude were dabbled in  
solitude even given a try

Outcome remained static  
from reality a far cry

Stimulus at tether's end  
with emotion run aground

Akin to embarked journey  
not knowing where it's bound

Sunny Chopra

# Share Unfair

Regardless of contentions  
being branded reprobate

Carried on just believing  
a share of my dished fate

Others with own schema  
never once looked behind

Kept waiting in expectancy  
but bliss was hard to find

Harsh while in beginning  
then slowly got immune

With solitude as company  
and demons my commune

No rue though is nurtured  
but emotions at times irk

For bestowed unfair deal  
due to destiny's odd quirk

At the same very junction  
where paths got diverged

Kept damned hope alive  
but no response emerged

All what surrounds now  
has got me in such state

The conducive I fuse with  
to irrelevant don't relate

Sunny Chopra

# Someone Somewhere

Where each subliminal moment  
is awaited in anticipated glee

For it to be captured eternally,  
lest quickly if it tried to flee

The silence speaks unspoken  
and unsaid is what's heard

Congruent are most nuances,  
comprehended without a word

Points are never proven or  
bartered in give and take

It is all about subsistence  
how cheery other you make

The element of this surprise,  
has eluded for bit overly long

To call someone your very own,  
likewise to the other belong

Sunny Chopra

# Stray Reflection

Yet another threshold  
to archives consigned

Not greatly different  
& equitably assigned

Peaks yet to be scaled  
troughs I still contend

Old resolve as essence  
logic even now defend

A blend nearly flawless  
but for the final whisk

That tells all difference  
& worth taking the risk

Trod virtually half way  
to old fences try tend

Some though salvaged  
few could never mend

A motley sort of feeling  
neither joyous nor sad

Nothing to drive home  
or points notably add

Informal stray musings  
sort of a link to connect

Peek into old chronicles  
in future when I reflect

Sunny Chopra

# Tapestry

Varied are all colors  
and motley shaded hues

Recalled few memorable  
some daubed in blues

Furrowed been paths,  
incredulously designed

By destiny or tragedy  
paradoxically aligned

Chase remains active  
come rain or be shine

Purpose a bit elusive  
at end of toed line

Sought amongst wilds  
where all pilgrims go

None better awarded  
than knew since ago

Introspection dipped in,  
to deepest heart's core

Chords stayed untouched  
with dismal end score

Self denial was practiced  
deprivation too engaged

Sociability thrown out  
even sanity got outraged

Then collated my thoughts  
rediscovered a new stance

Where words are my company  
and intricacies I romance

Sunny Chopra

# The Backward Glance

Youngest of the progeny  
from noble souls since gone

One propounding freewill  
metamorphosis has undergone

Bequeathed with siblings,  
having perspectives awry

Stuck with his convictions  
vain advice did forever decry

First love caught in naivete,  
got carried along the surge

Kept questioning rationale  
no answers did ever emerge

Offspring from earlier union  
became apple of pater's eye

Odds conspiring yet again  
little nestling did far fly

Other alliances proved fleeting  
with fair weather kind substance

Some stayed others trailed off,  
for the reasons most askance

Life has been a mixed bag  
with motley shades of blues

It's time that I laugh about  
past tints, shades and hues

Sunny Chopra

# The Blessed Ignorance

Pointless be the penitence,  
once bridges are burnt behind

The future could prove opposing,  
for now if one is acting blind

Call outs may never so return as  
those responding could have left

Adding to one's despondency,  
where amends are utterly bereft

The sporadic sort of proximity,  
often results in divergent outcome

Where quotient joy gets extricated  
and someone else you become

Sunny Chopra



# The Cleansing

Deep beyond inmost recesses  
the very core try and explore

Mysterious inexplicable rationale  
with unknown that is in store

Most answers are eluding  
not making definitive sense

Seeking a touch of blossom  
got entwined in thickets dense

The idiocies earlier committed  
to past must remain consigned

Pre-empt what Dame Providence  
for you in future has designed

Sunny Chopra

# The Contrition

Desecrating old foundations  
fragile facade one creates

Proves acrimonious to reality  
from commune it alienates

Logic gets thrown to elements  
in the sense of arrogant air

Inadvertent damage inflicted,  
is beyond any emotional repair

With rage seething deep inside,  
to rationality one turns blind

No point then being penitent  
once bridges are burnt behind

May or not dawn at some stage,  
what damage one has wreaked

How one's idiosyncratic nuances,  
have another's feelings piqued

Sunny Chopra

# The Craving

Blinkered kind were subsistence  
not seeking what lay ahead

Most results were as expected  
hence nonchalantly always tread

Now challenge seems defeated  
and mislaid the past enthrall

Must unearth newer stimulants,  
with fresh gusto those install

Testing are the prospects  
for final bow and having to part

Leaving a near way of life  
to an unpredictable fresh start

Forever chased rainbows,  
it is time to discover and find

The unknown sought anxiously  
or the haven being left behind

Sunny Chopra

# The Deception

Ropes you think have mastered  
is nothing but a minor part

A clumsy stroke on a canvas  
of sustained and intricate art

What need were to be duplicitous  
when at helm you held the rein

The purpose for false pretenses  
innocent ignorance try and feign

Consume you would in own fury  
for the failed deceitful plot

Past association often envied  
now would prove cardinal blot

Sunny Chopra

# The Deliberated Rove

Coerced sort of subsistence  
where soul doesn't belong

The right that was in earnest  
with time gone awfully wrong

Just a step in front of last one  
in a rather melancholic mode

Where each avenue is familiar  
most streets earlier strode

Routine at times is daunting  
with longing for spirit to sway

To ditch comforting environs  
step out in a jumbled array

The lot would try and dissuade  
for your sensibilities to deter

Difficult may prove final call  
on path which one would prefer

Expected or if were otherwise  
some point in future would spell

Heart's precedence prevailing over  
what your head was trying to tell

Sunny Chopra

# The Dignity

Starve you may of famine  
thirst for water in drought

Let freeze congeal senses  
or hot scorch burn you out

Live in penury for evermore,  
be with a roof or without

Uncertainties will accost you  
fill you up with many a doubt

Malevolent with designs devious,  
for your irritants may try scout

In vortex of utter uncertainty,  
one could just be thrown about

Can retrieve what's lost today  
with genuine earnest tryout

Preserve core trait Dignity  
as a beacon all throughout

Sunny Chopra

# The Enigmatic Eddy

Undoing intricate complexities  
one feels disoriented and lost

Panacea in past proffered,  
own sensibility does accost

A savior amongst sundry,  
himself needs redeemed

Indulging in self adversity,  
all joys for others who deemed

Life got compartmentalized  
and solitude got conferred

Contrary proved all awards,  
from one would've preferred

Glimmer in distance beckons  
with mysterious kind of sign

Aspiration at the destination  
where converge and then align

Sunny Chopra

# The Gripe

In the days of despondent crises  
none recalls who stood beside

I traversed my forlorn moments  
sans any aid or another to guide

How quickly shattered illusion  
I naively had come to form

It's forever about giving  
to take an unacceptable norm

The point is that of no return  
on threshold of an impulsive instinct

One removing me from mediocrity  
to a persona inversely distinct

Sunny Chopra



# The Impending Year

To reinvent cheery old self  
from mundane tedium switch

Wipe clean written old slate  
and all affecting ties ditch

Let detractors mourn and fret  
none other is there to blame

Wicked plans and plots devious  
would beat them at their game

What's is now being chronicled,  
its sense future would imply

Like rise of fabled phoenix  
from ashes to soar and fly

Sunny Chopra

# The Intended Switch

Wish easier were to wipe  
old cluttered black slate

With flourish and abandon,  
a new space afresh create

None of the past drudgery  
or situational old repeats

To lead a life lot simpler  
before any verve depletes

Impediments to be evaded  
and crisis skirted around

No time for any acrimony  
that may run one aground

Affability treated hallmark  
coexistence point supreme

Caring just as much sharing  
gets held as part of scheme

Simple it were at the outset  
till complexities stealthily hit

Interchanging simple naivety  
with unalterable knotty bit

Lost time can't be inverted,  
its future one must amend

Ditch dreary for all cheery  
and life with ardor spend

Sunny Chopra

# The Mediocrity

Beholden I am for mercies  
with time which got bestowed

The apportioned fair reality  
awards that time has endowed

The ones served on a platter  
accepted as destined ordain

For all what was improbable  
I didn't once rue to complain

No space for any penitence  
leftover window seeming brief

To accept one has at hand  
and from it so seek relief

It's inane to pick old shards  
in attempt to try and dissect

Present is that lone bridge  
to future which will connect

Sunny Chopra

# The Muddle

Craving though strong  
but unable to discern

Await relevant pointer  
a call for what I yearn

Inconceivable as of now  
with time guess resolve

A purpose to existence  
and culpability absolve

Bestowed while ample  
still something's amiss

Nagging at the nucleus  
feeling hard to dismiss

Sought among throngs  
solitude even given try

Answers stayed elusive  
with outcome a far cry

Dabbled introspecting  
for an analytic rewind

Went around in spirals  
panacea did never find

Albeit all the blessings  
why then such a state

Wonder ordain celestial  
or if bizarre twist of fate

Can't help but to go on  
with an enduring quest

To rid accrued stockpile  
and seek bliss manifest

Sunny Chopra

# The One With Self

Conduit for most surroundings  
nearer edge one stands alone

Catalytic to others benediction,  
own redemption cannot atone

Long lonely paths perpetual,  
trudged somberly and on own

Seeking glimmer in darkness  
familiarity amongst unknown

Involved in chores dreary  
aiding in trying to subsist

Few proved a bit gratifying,  
others wish I'd tried to resist

Affiliations deemed amiable,  
prospects of some eternal bond

Most of those proved contrary  
to expectancy didn't respond

Inverted angst fused with fury  
found kind of subliminal release

Where self and persona conjoin  
to handle odds with simpler ease

All sought becomes irrelevant  
materialism is treated greed

Purpose of dissecting logic,  
exceeds way beyond it's need

Sunny Chopra

# The Ones Entrenched

Shown infuriating ferocity  
never means to an apt end

Vain prove all endeavors  
just alone one has to bend

Penitence for past follies,  
at times does prove futile

Victims would have distanced  
from earlier excesses hostile

Let such claimed know alls  
in spherical domain enjoy

Their equivocal philosophy  
would finally them destroy

Sunny Chopra

# The Perfect Diner

Nice quaint sort of eatery  
by the side of old brook

New it does not seem so  
by way of one's first look

Past saga it goes to tell,  
of when times actually stood

Where pace was little slower  
and prime factor feel good

Fare is simply amazing  
the true gastronomic type

Proof said is in eating  
than believe in local hype

Setting is near perfect  
perhaps a touch subdued

In echoes of the bygone  
whole ambiance is imbued

Set lot are customers  
forever returning kind

For leisurely indulgence  
or perhaps just to unwind

Sunny Chopra



# The Ponderings

Pretense of all endearments,  
in an invented sort of ploy

With fitting use of other  
as slanderous game's decoy

None did try and reach out  
in attempt to find or seek

All my emotional upheavals,  
when feeling forlornly weak

Aided and abetted building  
domains most others aspired

Couldn't save own foundations  
which providence had mired

Tried being a guiding beacon  
showing verve shining bright

But kept groping in darkness  
sans flicker of slightest light

Each hurt that I tried tending  
returned with a stabbing gash

Pain could though be endured  
but nasty & sardonic whiplash

Far too long has a wait been  
for winds to favorably align

I'll ride the next passing gust  
and to fate's final intent resign

Sunny Chopra

# The Qualm

Sustained spans of inactivity  
on ability at times cast doubts

Core riddled with uncertainty  
educate dreary seeming bouts

Phenomenon not really off beam  
the situation as such affects

Pessimism it goes to spotlight  
keen fervor tries and deflects

One may be a persona practiced  
but ambiguities still impede

Success may well be a hallmark  
but few attempts often concede

Sunny Chopra

# The Reckless Standpoint

We try and seek mysterious  
get oblivious somewhere along

All illusions deemed apposite  
with time prove ever so wrong

Easy it's is to nurse grudges  
ostensibly another censure

While mixing remedial potions  
one digresses from final cure

What's seen as affliction  
proves panacea in the end

Alliances we keep spurning  
broken fences finally mend

It's not about proving oneself  
try living up to other's stance

Each day be filled with magic  
and eve with a bit of romance

Never late to make few amends  
before most of it all is lost

No good will prove all reprisal  
at huge penitent personal cost

Sunny Chopra

# The Recompense

Trail earlier insurmountable  
is nearly reaching the end

Bright light seems evident  
after tunnel's final bend

Illusion of long bygone  
is taking tangible design

Still confounds this godsend  
yet inexplicable fate's assign

It's time to test the labors  
and final judgmental decree

To test if it were off mark,  
which way and by what degree

Sunny Chopra

# The Rethink

From chronic sort tedium  
must rise above to explore

Life beyond old drudgery  
since long not felt before

While in indulgent misery  
the core had twisted askew

Time to rid of past clutter  
to rewrite lost verve anew

Dump affecting baggage  
sensitivity from life eject

Just let in what's conducive  
all futile out-rightly reject

Far too short is a window  
to brood over any grudge

Once irritants overcome  
blissful turns the trudge

Destined and yearned for  
coincide once contrived

Attempt must be in earnest  
to beget all truly desired

Dream afresh aspirations  
new purpose thence assign

Upshot will be astounding  
and with expectations align

Sunny Chopra

# The Saga

Indeed I too breathe human  
no stone I have for heart

For all I'm one amongst them,  
but a touch stands me apart

I too did have the yearnings,  
with time I learnt to suppress

Contained my own perspectives,  
lest caused another distress

While attempting affable amity,  
inadvertently got branded a fiend

For judgments passed by others,  
had none but me quarantined

Sunny Chopra

# The Stance

The time would bear a witness,  
telling right or if were untrue

For standing by core convictions  
with values those tried to imbue

Conducting in manner honorable,  
if wrong then I am at a fault

Not calling spade what should be  
then I am not worth my true salt

Embarked I have on a journey  
someplace I am sure will end

Being one with the elements,  
rest of life where I'll spend

Sunny Chopra

# The Standpoint

My actions are reactions  
of measures you dispense

Response in fashion mirroring  
and reflected truly thence

It's very easy to be judgmental  
and arguably simply censure

When standing is questionable  
and your logic weirdly obscure

The past were so much simpler  
had unabated frolicking abound

Ravages of time took their toll  
all lost was never to be found

Sunny Chopra



# The Tuning

Since clouded is stimulus,  
inability to aptly express

Relief is playing bit elusive,  
true feelings must suppress

The melody seems off key  
without any fitting note

Depriving one of veracity  
and what it should denote

With explicable confounding,  
unknown too becomes averse

All familiar turn strangers,  
cordiality goes in reverse

Obligation to chores dreary  
no time to satiate own thirst

Instead of indulgent revelry,  
one is putting all others first

What cause it goes to serve  
or if a simple means to end

Time would proffer upshot  
if deficit or were a dividend

I would continue as always  
doing what I deem correct

Rewards may prove contrary  
or the way I would expect

Sunny Chopra

# The Unlikely Penitence

Points be impressed upon,  
proven and put to a test

Oblivious you may seem  
but results were manifest

None permitted perspectives,  
but your personal standpoint

Dammed most of associations  
lest some offered counterpoint

What good would be penitence  
after damage has been made

Too late to darn the fabric  
with time which has frayed

All your vain assumptions  
had no substance at all

Your adamant convictions  
will play truant on recall

Sunny Chopra

# The Urge

Even for a phase fleeting,  
I long to take on a chance

To defy most detractors  
ones misjudging my stance

A prayer on the lips and  
with reticence at my heart

I play on grounds familiar,  
old game with a fresh start

The faith in my endeavors  
with unwavering kind zeal

I may or not foresee as yet  
but sure will be an apt deal

Sunny Chopra

# The Wandering Fado

Soft music proffering backdrop  
in a tongue peculiarly diverse

It were some sort of a ballad  
with the words woven in verse

Couldn't grasp what it projected,  
just felt some sense profound

It traversed beyond the restrictions,  
free spirited and totally unbound

The voice were mesmerizing,  
emanating from deepest of core

Unheard of from earlier on  
but seemed familiar from before

The song though just fleeting  
but held me in such an enthrall

I got lost in my soul's essence  
in a state transcendental I recall

Blessed be the possessor  
of the gift celestially conferred

That wanders beyond the borders  
and by language is not deterred

Sunny Chopra

# Unexpectedly Expected

In state of beleaguered incapacity  
known genus doesn't proffer relief

It is served from unpredicted order  
in measures copiously beyond belief

No good prove emotional bonds  
or many a nurtured blood tie

Ones defeating social doctrine  
common obligations which belie

It changes the whole perspective  
from how viewed subsistence before

The nonentities turn out special  
and most extraordinaire underscore

Sunny Chopra

# Unknown Quest

Once nestlings learn to fly  
farthest they want to soar

New vistas to go and seek  
and for unknown to explore

Think they know all about  
for themselves they can fend

Unaware are of dark perils  
those lurk beyond every bend

Rebuffed are all overtures,  
or proffered any sane advice

Disregard suggested counsel  
sans pondering over twice

Impulse given much credence  
logic often gets to rescind

Dominant gets irrationality  
and cautions thrown to wind

As much one may attempt to,  
show wrong from what's right

Inane turn most of endeavors  
what use is to put up a fight

Acknowledge the inevitable  
with time one must accept

What earlier were unthinkable  
how stealthy it has crept

Dreams for their well being  
and concerns those applied

Are misconstrued impediments  
and the guidance gets decried

One can't help but wish them,  
safe journey they've in mind

God speed their undertaking  
and what now they try to find

Compiled on 13/10/2013

Sunny Chopra

# Unsettling Stir

Affiliations claimed everlasting  
are nothing but of make believe

One simply must keep on giving,  
never expect in return to receive

Simple overtures get rejected  
one's intentions treated askance

Reprobate one is often branded  
in strange social circumstance

Attempt however much of undoing,  
unraveling and starting afresh

No escape there is for redemption  
sans a proverbial pound of flesh

Sunny Chopra



# Unsolicited Reward

Ceding to all expectations  
having given up on hope

Demons return to accost  
and at vulnerability grope

In self imposed severance  
there is so much I can take

Me too breathe a human  
total tolerance can't fake

Slack line flung for towing  
proved proverbial noose

Most of them stood to gain  
with me everything to lose

No logic bears a testimony  
for this paradoxical stance

Where all indulge in revelry  
and with misery I romance

My apathy deemed frailty  
silence an acceptable norm

With ignored all sentiments  
inadequacy I must conform

Strangers not referred to  
but those thought known

As rewards for past follies  
which accidentally got sown

Can't undo all old tangles  
keep submitting to subsist

To flow along with current  
and try not face on resist

Sunny Chopra

# Vanishing Sparkle

Its vain stoking embers  
sans any spark to ignite

Just societal obligations  
which no longer excite

Try seeking improbable  
for behavior to amend

Resolving acts illogical  
own sanity you defend

Coming to cross bridges  
apt end may not mean

What begets the future  
is unknown to be seen

Life is sort of a jumble  
tad motley mixed bag

its upbeat on occasions  
but often proves a drag

Captive of own doings  
one can't even perceive

It's none but yourself  
attempting to deceive

Better it is to move on  
than be in a losing fray

That robs one of verve  
with a dear price to pay

Sunny Chopra

# Walk Away

Beset with flooded sentiments  
on the final having to part

With head finally conceding  
to gambit of affable heart

Enigmatic rove precipitated,  
the upshot for such a switch

To embark upon new adventure  
old precincts secure ditch

Composed indeed one feels,  
on shedding emotive stock

Where one is onto own self  
removed from the old flock

Misgivings all are fleeting  
but natural in such a state

Akin to again write afresh  
on a recently wiped slate

Sunny Chopra

# Walk In The Rain

Overcast and drab evening  
with ominous shroud dark

Distant rumbling crackle  
akin to giant ignited spark

Adding to swelling misery  
in my moments desolate

Craving for little company  
to someone try and relate

Swallowed up with solitude  
for sane sense to maintain

With cape less mackintosh  
I step out in spitting rain

My pace though consistent  
but drizzle started to pour

Beset with strange emotions  
couldn't repress my outpour

Felt one with the elements  
water spattering on my face

Intermingling with my tears  
not leaving a visible trace

In street turned near rivulet  
I stopped to look up for sign

Lo and behold silver lining  
of a most exquisite design

Experienced feel awesome  
inexplicable thence before

New purpose got bestowed  
to seek all what is in store

Sunny Chopra

# Winds Of Change

Enough of verdant pastures  
it is time now to explore

Dabble in realm of unknown  
and what it holds in store

Each answer is encrypted  
in question that is posed

Similar to expectations,  
once it's vividly exposed

Spread must one the wings  
to winds of change align

Get lifted off in vortex  
and smoother sail resign

Sunny Chopra