

Poetry Series

swatee sripada
- poems -

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A Tanka

All men and all women

everywhere jostling and bustling

But what I listen

Is the age old melodies

Scraping the silent senses

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A Triplet

A vacant life

a cup of concern

A beautiful resort

.

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Anguish

When I slink a look in to the past

Verve of agony lugs me in to a pit of depression

I feel chocked, throttled and misty

With a fear of nothingness

I leap out in to the present.

I could not continue longer in now

I trespass in to the future with all ifs and buts

Endlessly I dream of all ambiguity

Something suddenly thrusts me up,

as if tossing me out from a black hole.

I remain as a fluid condensing, remelting, evaporating

Struggling in the vicious circle of life,

waiting for a new dawn.

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Anticipation

My thoughts fumble the empty lands of voices
For your sweet nothings and sweeter feelings
Years retrograde pulling out the buried memories
Cold breeze call back the soft first touch of yours
As if a love trodden bee perching on rosy lips
Uninvited and unexpected trespassing,
Of shy smiles of introduction and silent looks of
Arrows that went through the very existence,
And to do or not to do Hamlet confusion of life
Every reliving anecdote knocking and tapping
Sleeping delicacy and inviting wetness of soul
Each and every living wisp of life lingers around you
Most of the time living in your life but not mine
I can not go back into past and you can't come forth
Stretching your wide spread soul as you did once
The unseen wall of life between you and me
Washes away every dream dragging
And throwing me down in to this hellish anguish
Why do I wait and what for my anticipation
No one has a reply to cuddle me
Except a cruel laugh to call me
A crazy head strong mad head
The tears that subsided behind the eyelids
Talk of the unspoken fragility of mine
Limp mind that can not accept any thought
Dumbly reflect the listlessness of my loss
But a vague and veiled feeling touches my soul
And says, 'Anticipate, he will be there for you.'

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Chew The Cud Of The Memories

As dots and dots

Then drops and drops

Turning into continuous flow

Years as rivers and ultimately oceans

Swallow the horizons

throwing smiles carelessly

Like sleeping mass of Water

As a piece of silent ice

You are on this side of the bank

Myself on the other side

As a dumb book

Which can not utter even a word

Time as a frozen world of tears

And a volcano in deep slumber

Adjusting the lost feelings

Consoling the broken dreams

Balancing the love and its absence

As a frog in a well

Between the unseen walls

Carrying life on shoulders

Swim and swim there itself

Ascending slimy steps and

Slip down and down

Suddenly the walls disappear

Relationships grew wings

And fly away busily searching a nest

And decorating it

Liberty as a new born child

crosses the oceans of wilderness

to perch in the premises of past

And chew the cud of the memories.

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Don'T You Worry!

Don't you worry

How do I live in this cruel world?

As repeated again and again

When you worried about me

I was transparent as clear as a crystal

spotless and without a minor scratch

My immaculate soul used to fly

Ups and downs

With only a great armor of honesty

Truthfulness and sincerity encompassed me

From the vague and subtle fears

No, you don't worry

I learned many a things

To keep my feelings locked in

to any one else unknown and unseen

A smile let it be a pretence or real

Dances forever on my lips

I snatched these two weapons

from you as you left me

Then where is the need to worry

Your invisible patronage

Keeps me invincible

If anything goes

Beyond control

Everything I leave to you.

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Ever New

Yes

I know that

In a state of stillness

When I freeze myself,

As a summer sun his arrival

Melts my soul into water

to flow like a stream,

a river and a flood

When my anxiousness surrounds

As the glisten on the delicately perched butterfly

And a slight bent of the lip reflects

On the edge of the look from eye corners

In the wave of unmoved lips

Rehearsing tune for a song

Drinking the nectar of it

An immortal I became in rapture.

A century as the drizzle of scented water

In layers after layers

Moists soul's inner thoughts

An experience as a breezy young girl

Cuddles the exhausted heart

It creeps in every nerve

Generating a new power

A greeting in the valley of mind

Changes into a chanting

The soul that entwined

with unseen feeling

Memorizes the age-old stories.

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Friends

When I squeeze

myself in to a squash of depression

Closing the doors of my mind,

locking myself in a lonely cave

wandering aimlessly

in the aimless thickets of life,

a cool breeze gives a knock

at the door; I usher

friends as sweet fragrance

to turn every bit of life

to a festival, a celebration.

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Friendship

My dear friend

I am not a stone or crag

Not a mannequin in a showcase

With transcribed splendour

To display in all

I am neither a gorgeous expensive sari

Nor a diamonds studded nose-ring

I am not happiness on sale in the market

My dear friend

Entire night when it melted the moon

And smeared it to the fog- veiled dim light

When thirst quenches

With melted expressions and emotions as a flow

As enjoying the elixir and achieving the eternity

-I appear

This is not a chapter where

You can change the paragraphs at your will,

It is not a document to rearrange overnight

It is not the chair
That can move mountains
Without even moving a finger
Silently gathering the emotions
Without even a hint
The inner Tsunami that
Fuses the souls-
In the fire of emotions when it burns
And germinates as dream of pure gold,
Then
The long travel of two souls together
At the end the Taj Mahal -is the friendship.
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It's My World

This is my empire

Without any limits and limitations

Unforeseen thunderbolts and

Unimaginable cruelties

This is my territory

Where love and sentiment stroll hand in hand

From the corners unknown a fleeting greeting

Nudges the snoozing soul

Cuddles it and consoles it

Resplendent thought moves

On its wingless journey

Silently sharing the untouched fields of life

This is my era

Eternal and everlasting

As a phoenix that relives

It lives and lives centuries.

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Let Me Be...

A silent dream of imprecision

A restless fatigue of unknown destination

Life is not a spreadsheet of soft flowers

It's neither a bed of thorns

But a feeling that keeps alive with laughter and tears

A pinch of missed treasures, a bit of pleasure as spice

A wandering spirit moving every corner of tastes

Grabbing elegant fragrances a while

Whiling away time in targetless ocean of tears

Craving for sharing of thoughts in a world of ups and downs

Loneliness speaks on mind recalling the drowned talks

Bygone days never leave haunting as beautiful devils

Words dance on black and white screen of mind

Leaving their immortal impressions as fossils

Preserving the riches of thoughts

Prosperity of love and affection

Let me be a lamp spreading the brightness of affection

To the worlds- known and unknown,

Let me be a torch dispelling the darkness of inner world

Let me be a fragrance drifting from soul to soul.

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Let Me Go Back To My Golden Era

Let me go back to my golden era

where I had hidden gems and jewels

where every word was a song

dancing on the red carpet of my heart

Every letter - be it math, science or history

Moulded as a poem in my mind,

Moved silently from my note book to answer paper

Sneaking past from the searching looks.

When I designed my world with love and care,

my aggressiveness was transformed

to peace, soulfulness and fragility

making me a delicate frame of sensitive deity.

Into that world where I can see my reflection,

where I can hear the echoes of my whisper,

to that paradise of my childhood,

the land of peace, let me go back.

Let me go back

to cast away my inhibitions

to break the tethers of submission

to come out of the pit of ignorance

to reflect the world in me and me as the world.

Let me go back to that bliss.

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Life- 2

Not just mixing in some proportion

Or grafting or cloning one to one

It is not an experiment of biotechnology

It's not a virtual lab

To have the animated figures

To speak the recorded lines

A simple touch of silken thread – the love of mother

That infuses lively feelings of care and cuddle

Sharing the flesh and blood a supreme creation

The birth starts mortgaging life to love.

The commemoration of hiding

Coyly my face in mother's pallu

Have I groped for sanctuary?

Have I racked the heaven and hell

To burrow my face in the unseen shoulders

To reassure myself that I am secured

This is not a veiled fact– the philosophy

This is not a drama with preludes and interludes

This is life it surges and makes path

It will not flow in excavated chunks and bits.

This is life it lives and enlivens the world.

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Life-1

As if pushed down

From the heaven of light

The day takes forth a step

As a coy girl of sixteen

Fragile glassy looks

Wander here and there

Fluttering and fleeting

The wings of imagination

The night glides down

Slowly inch by inch

Venturing the advent

But finally encroaches every thing

Silently sneaking and snoozing.

Life breaks out flutters and fleets

Like floods of thoughts it slinks and shrivels.

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Lines...

Fairies of snow

angels in veils

Glide down the sky

So what

we have snow flakes

and ice sheets

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Love

It's not a pressure to pump it up

It's not a right to demand as per law

It's not an in vitro fertilized baby

when and how you like to have it

It's not at least a thing of beauty

To buy and decorate your corner

It's not a tool to do some thing

Believe me

It's an unseen flower

sent by a secret sender

and an unseen hand receives it

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My Christmas

It's neither night nor dawn

As myself

Not in slumber not awake

A knock on the door

Unwillingly my limp spirit

Got up from my supple body

Lo! Look at the miracle

The door unfolded without even a touch

A smooth swift entrance of some

Cool breeze and cooler smile

With a long silvery floating beard

But a very firm love of moonlight

Spreading fast the glinting eyes

The long white robe reflecting

Light and dazzle

My eyes closed but my mind could see him clearly

A touch of eternity

I quivered as a song

No words to express the eternal

Feeling of unknown strength

His lips never moved but the words reached my soul

My little sweet girl

Have a present from me

Ask your whim

Have it to the brim

My closed eyes portrayed

The suffering of the world

Agony of troubles

Whimpers of old and young

My lips parted bless them all

I folded my hands. He smiled and vanished

A note read on my mind screen

I blessed you with all the love

In turn you give it to them.

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My Space

So cosmic this space is!

I never imagined

What I could?

Just a puff of air

That could crimson the life

That could lay a carpet to dreams

That could invite thousands and thousands of steps

To traipse forth all through the existence

The space doubled up and proliferated

Multifaceted and vivid with vibrancy

I have my own space to treasure

My surging feelings as high waves

To etch them on the silky soft marble minds

With fragrant thoughts that hang about for ever

My low moods shape themselves

As solitary moons

Hiding their heads in the lap of darkness

Sharing the ebbs and tides with other similar fanatics

Swabbing the welling up emotions

With a soft touch of human friendly

Wipes from the books I love

An inner space!

It's exclusive and confidential

As an unopened blossom

The thoughts never come to encounter

Any rays

Let them be from moon or sun

It starts with me rests with me sleeps with me

As breath it shades me

From birth to the grave

It's unseen and unknown to any

How can I expose it?

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My Words

As if the blooming of a flower

I flourish myself in to a melodious fragrance

Skipping and skiing on the snow of infancy

I play now with memoirs of flurries

Like young beautiful girls

Dreaming in the lands unknown and

Lands unseen

Jumping over the walls of minds

I recall the memoirs of abstract thought

And recreate it in to

A flow of nectar

That oozes out from the slits of my

Unquenched depths

It solidifies as letters and

Arranges as a gracious angel of feelings

Speaking out the reflection

As swag of memories

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New Year Introspection

Swiftly like a veiled song

At midnight, ambling on its toes

Emerged the newborn era

Like a silent flow of seawater under the feet.

With Welcome bangs some scared it

Wishes and whims brooked in thousands of streams

Aspirations and ambitions mounted high

On unknown zeniths of dreams

Hugging as if they share love and life

Lips utter lighted words Happy New Year

But mind mumbled- this year let me see you

Artificial facial gestures thought

Officially they sprinkled smiles successfully

But the flowers what they thought smooth

Hurt others as shingle stones on their heart

Bustle and jostle hand in hand in a swing

Danced and sang even after late midnight

As the new born had its whimper

Every one slept in to deathly sleep.

Then the young guest all alone

Walked in the bare streets

Looking as barren lands

With past scars of cruelties

Unhealed injuries of prejudices

With an endless sigh the days

Moved on and on as usual with no deviation

Selfishness and prodigality

Lulled the youth with a snoop of rest

Again a big bang for the forthcoming time

Not even a look at the old- no introspection at all

Years will come and years will go

But ask a question

What is a mile stone in my life

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New Year Morning

New Year Morning

Flowers and colours

With all their smiles

Squat in a sequential way

To greet every threshold

A welcome to New Year

Fog and flurries amidst the way

Gossiping a while as usual

Hurry a bit and hang

To greet every bit of air

A welcome to New Year

The music on the cell phone

Restricts to a single tune

Without even switching it on

Brings the wishes of near and dear

A welcome to happy New Year

A new plan a new dawn

Every inch of my soul

Drag me up and pinch

Left out time is too meager

A welcome to happy new year.

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Nothing New

I wonder

why everything looks

so strange and so familiar

I know not this land where I breathed my first

But every nook and corner knocks my memory

With nebulous traces of unseen figures

With hazy colours of unknown paints

Every new word

when my tongue twisted and danced, faltered

Finally processed and filtered mastering it

The sound of the anklets of childhood

Tinkers and tinkers melodiously in my soul

Every place

When I step my unsteady feet on slithering land

Fear grips them then a release of sharp adventure

But finally every bit of the soil smells as if

I rolled and rolled there centuries before

Every part of life

Beckons me with umpteen number of names

Faces unseen look so close to my soul

Hostile and friendly feelings wrestle silently

Without any reason defeating my rational outlook

Even now

It seems nothing is new

This breath, this life and the forth coming

Unseen scene of future

Everything is foretasted

As I roll in different lives but the soul is one.

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On The Eve Of New Year

On the eve of New Year
Umpteen number of such days
Slipped away into the past
Casting their heads down
As expelled children from the school of time.
A few toddler years
With lots of gay and gaiety
Jumping and jostling
Roving and rampaging
As spoilt brats of middle school
Some more after that
Consistent and concentrate
Focusing on life's path
Reciting duties and responsibilities
As college heroes Glided
Limping and laming
Pumping philosophy into words
As if carrying the entire universe
On fragile shoulders
Came the middle age blues
Now
On this precious eve of
This New Year
Shall I call you all to this summit
With a few do's and don'ts
Leave your inhibition outside
Come in with Open mind
Accept responses and respond.
Bring with you the feeling heart
And a full toast of your creativity
Take back a heart full of liveliness

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Pain

Edge of a razor

Path of life

Cuts deeper

Everything is crimson

Pain is sharper too

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Please

No please

I locked myself

In a room with no walls

No windows and no doors

don't peep in

A glint of care in your eyes

Drags me out

As a flow of thoughts

And a river of fragrance

And a book of fragrance.

The dancing song on your lips

Silently stretches a hand

I am weak and feeble to deny

The golden chance

No please

The pull of unseen forces

Changing repulsion to charm

The smile on your lips has that power

I am helpless

I melt and flow

As a rainbow

I jump out and play

as a naughty breeze

And come out

as an ever dancing song of life

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Realization

As an ephemeral mass of floating water
As a winged soul from no where to no where
As if crazy of nothingness and nobody
Imagining myself as a substantial part of
Unseen firmament,
I went up and down, as a dry lifeless leaf
A mixture of green yellow orange and red
Light as a balloon and dancing furry
As if the queen of this unknown world, Ego stricken
And blinded with myself as cataract
After an endless journey from birth
As every thing possible
And sneaking past every bit of nooks and corners
A dawn with radiant rise of knowledge
Visualization as a rebirth
That nothing of mine exists
Every bit every tiny particle
Belongs to the universal power.
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Refurbish

No, no!

Remove not the veil

Don't send away the artificial beauty

That masquerades glimmer of the stars

The naked cruelty of life will be displayed.

As if the darkness as a robber steals of the light

In a wink of an eye thieves the jewels and

Keeps a bare statue as a remnant of

A marvelously carved deity of elegance

Time without any kindness under its thousands of feet

Tramples the helpless soul

Empty circles as a modern art

Like a proliferating cancer feeding itself

On the living thoughts and swallows

Every minute and every cell

Proudly hoisting its regime

Sustaining, supporting, and finally submitting

Life equates every thing

Leaving all misdeeds at every level

respiring experiences as additions

let it lift its face

as a new dawn.

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Resolution On Women's Day

Crawling out from the pages of past

As an insignificant worm of energy

Frail and fragile touch me not delicacy

Encompassing the entire universe

The ultimate creative grace of the world

Looks with munificence filled eyes

At the human partiality

Which locks and keeps the magnificent power

A smile garnishes the innocent lips

On the ego of the weaker race

Supreme mother of the universe

When divided the race into men and women

To balance the forces of love and cruelty

Love is the weapon of mother

Inherited by every mother of the earth

If fathers create the race like snake

They might have swallowed half

With a prejudiced mind

Motherly love feeds the child as milk

But Manu, the great,
foresaw the boundless power
If not checked, he thought
We should enslave
So came forth with codes
As Dharma to press and compress the endless
To tether them to homes and children
With their delicate sentiments
But nothing is required for the unruly.

The blind generations follow the footsteps
To crown their supremacy
Veiled the beauty calling it protection

Now
If woman wants to be what they want
Where is the need of law and order?
Escapism is not the way
They choose the direct path
No need of reservations or

Amendment of sections

The choice is left to them

Still I choose the path of love

To spread it as milkyway to the blind in dark

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Rewinding

A sudden jolt as if a bolt from the blue
When years retreated fast in to the past
The spring of life
When it reentered as an ignored guest
I do feel I missed a lot
If I had known what life is
I would have tamed the ego
I wouldn't have missed the
Golden invitation
Feigning myself as the greatest and
Disdaining the feelings of other's heart
If I had known what delicacy means
I would have a sense of empathy
After a mammoth of experience
When I heard it again
From the same old caring and daring
We are still friends
I blush and feel
I was not a delicate doll
But let me be one now.

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Silence

Seemingly it's absolute silence

But

The world is deaf and dumb to know

What we speak without a sound or word

Flash of light in your eyes

Won't it speak of the first look of yours at me?

Unwritten epics and romantic poetry are anything

in front of your deep vision?

a ring of telephone

recalls the past

when we both day and night

awaited for a chance to

exchange sweet nothings

a glisten on your moist lips

And a rouge blush on your cheeks

Mirror the gone ages

When we struggled to have

A touch of delicate a kinship

Now silence speaks on us

We are not two

I read your mind and

You picture my thoughts

Where is the need of whispers?

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Snow Rivers Flow Here...

Snow rivers flow here...

Have you seen any where

The sunrays with only colour?

The sun hesitating to look himself

In the mirror of snow moonlight

That spread itself on entire land

He lost his heat some where

in the valleys of fog and mist

And searching it quivering and shivering

That is the reason

Here the sun light looks

as if plating silver with gold

The yellow tinge glitters and glistens.

Now and then the young ladies of flurries

Dance in between the earth and the heaven as fairies

Snow rivers flow between the houses

But

From heart to heart cordial relationships

As unseen pigeons carry the warm regards

Carry continuously

Words as jasmines

From wireless phones send the fragrances.

Amidst the get together

In the running race of parties

Tête-à-tête swings

Love and affection flow as live rivers

Let the snow rivers flow here

Thousands suns in feelings

Scatter the heat.

Have you seen any where

The sunrays with only colour?
The sun hesitating to look himself
In the mirror of snow moonlight
That spread itself on entire land
He lost his heat some where
in the valleys of fog and mist
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Snowfall

A Heavy Snow fall

thick ice blanket

hug of warmth

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The Summit

I know not anything

But myself in a valley of valleys

To where the sun could not sneak a look in

And the moon never flings his exquisite dream.

My resplendent spirit inches every iota of time

Slipping and slithering gasping and choking

Wheezing and whining Curling and cursing

I know not what made me to move forth

Not the name not the fame

Not the mirth and not the worth

When I scaled of the summit

Splendid! The enrichment and nobility

I never heard of spread as red carpet.

When I am atop I look at every thing

From the eyes of my mind and soul

I want to be at the top

and never to fall down.

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Today- This Diwali

Early morning, the throng of first rays

Painted my premises with light crimson Rangoli

The green archway of greetings,

Like lines of birds without wings,

decorated my home.

The conversations without wires silently

Greeted

And rained the elixir

as the melody of thousands of Veenas.

The affection

That never needed any words nudged me

With a warm, greet.

In the midst of all these

Your silent presence assured me and consoled

Your assent that you'll be a shade

And a life-long friend

And a big shelter as an age-old tree

Before asking anything

Your unseen surprise visit

Brought with it thousand colourful springs

Then why do I bother about any other thing?

The whole area is a flood of gleam

At every threshold the lamps of my poems

Drenching my delicate fragile spirit

The depth of feelings

Without even a vacant spot

At every nook and corner

The lighted girl babies

My Diwali it's an endless

Swag of poetic flowers

I'll not compete with

Those blazes the darkness

Melt the smiles and display the ego

What about the inner murky state

Arrogance of eyes that have no sight

For whom is that demeanor

So my celebration- it's inside the four walls

let it be in a heart

or in a hearty home.

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Treasures Of Life

Blooming moonlit smiles on pink beds of roses

Dew drops falling down as white pure pearls

Winter stricken land shivering and quivering

With unseen hug of chill and fervor

The sun patiently waiting days and days

The drama and dance of ego to fall down

As flurry fairies from the mid-firmament

Suddenly fury blushes his red face

With thousands of hands as rays

As lasers striking the depth of cold

Melting it down to earth and drinking

Greedily till the last dropp evaporates

The next minute, from the ashes of the grave

Takes birth a new wish as a phoenix

With chirruping and somersault jumping

Whim for living renews as ever with sweet thoughts

Past drops and gets dumped down

Layers of the mind as a basement

Life never turns empty: It's a magic vessel

Empty it, the next moment it gets filled.

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Vacant Dream

When autumn takes a siesta

When the dusk arrived in a golden chariot

In that, warm hug, when the sun smeared all his shades

The branches of life

As if, silence had the dumbness

Stillness without even a stir of a leaf

The edges of memories turning off-white

Ripened and fallen down speckled

The seeds of aspiration, with thirst,

Waiting for the fertility of the land

Suddenly a bustle of chirruping

On a new branch at the end of the tree

In a corner a bright festival of lights

As the arrival of colourful spring

As a melodious silent song

And as an unseen display of dance

Your launching

As a suffocating tempest

The flood of imagination

New-fangled dreams as the fluttering of wings

That sudden is the exit

What else is left?

-An endless vacuum.

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Walking Together

Long back

When you were you

And I was I

We walked together side by side

Trying to keep our thoughts

Hand in hand

Fumbling for sameness

And painting for an abstract future

We walked together awake or in slumber

Holding the thought of togetherness

In the midst of a vortex

Then

We walked together

Step in step

When I became you

And you became me

We walked miles together

Having together a sip of life

Even if it was sweet or elixir

Bitter or with venom

Tasting each other's tears
imaging inner souls and
flying high and falling down to hell
we walked together

Suddenly
a thought of teasing
you vanish as a dewdropp
but still we walk together
it's not for others but I feel your touch
holding my little finger
to transfer unseen strength
to complete the journey
we walk together
my slow steps in your long strides
my tired soul
getting consoled in your unseen hands
my feathery body
leaning on your shoulder
we walk together
day and night

till the twilight of life

we walk together

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We Will Not Speak

We will not speak

When every thing is spread

as a sheet of ice for the scrutiny

As a crystal clear fluid that

Mirrors and reflects everything.

We will not speak

The crunching of the soul

When the sound that reverberates

When the breaking of a heart echoes

As an aftermath of cruelty

We will not speak

The squeezing of thoughts

When they come refreshed as words

Turning a paper black and white

And eyes big with surprise

We will not speak

We will not speak

But make them

cat walk on the ramp of life

Display them

to the world in black and white

Etch them on minds forever

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Welcome Song

When I derelict myself

In a daze of roving about anonymous spaces

When I did not know, what I need and what I did not

When the heart faltered fumbling for words

Holding the oceans in a fist

Etching the fierce water falls of my thoughts

As words –consoling myself a bit

Putting off the conflagration that burns

Even the green corners of mind

With an endless flow of tears

And grew the gardens of images and feelings

Suddenly a beautiful fairy takes shape in my words.

Now and then

When I was dazed

I know not what I lost or what I am in search of

But at the bottom of Unseen Ocean I change myself

Into a joined hands

The bright light slips

Off the gaps of fingers

The dreams slither as sand

Now and then, the clouds while giving final changes

Greet me shyly

I vanish some where in my search.

A short apprehension

A commotion of entering myself into me

A heavy shower of memories

Just in a wink-

The footsteps of childhood

Remains of dreams of youth

And analysis of shattered affections

An everlasting chase, how can I bear?

How long can I translate silent tears?

And agonized floods into words?

How can I sing a welcome song to the silent vacuum?

swatee sripada

When Years Roll Back

When years roll back to the past

Skating on memories

If life rewinds back to the landmarks

Of sweet nothings

Blushing wrinkles on the face

Recall the glow of light onto them

Narrating myriad number of stories

Every one a new in itself

Etching every anecdote again and again

To carry it with soul

To the shores unknown

Sweet or bitter: tears or smiles

Every bit carries a weight of tons

On sharing hearts

That presses and presses

Every breath that

Sips and scatters warmth forever.

swatee sripada

Who Am I?

Two substantive mirrors drink thirstily

Every bit of scene that comes in its focus

A silky frail and fragile soul, even for

A ruffle of a breeze turns into a tune

Yellow green red and blue

shake hands with orange, violet,

indigo and all play hide and seek together

Finally turn around into a milky way

As tiny petite kids moving in rounds

When beauty flows as a melody into an ocean

And colours spray fragrances on earth and heaven

Where am I? what am I? and who am I?

Am I a drizzle of love?

Or a song of unseen mother's lullaby

Or a mixture of ultimate painter's daub?

As an insignificant infinitesimal dust particle

Why do I watch myself in a magnifying glass?

Living in everlasting clear springs

Why do I fumble for oasis?

Let me see and seek within before I

Go raking other things.

swatee sripada

Who Told You?

Who told you that I am silent?

Haven't you heard the melodies

Rolling on my unmoved lips

day and night without a break?

Who told you that I am stronger

Than a sturdy hard stone

You never touched my soul

That is as soft as tender feelings

Wet with the drizzle of love

And a well that oozes tears

And hides them as treasures

And blushes even at the

Touch of your flow of look

From the edges of your eyes

Who told you that I am still alive?

This is you who live in my body

I extinguished the moment I bid farewell,

to keep your world in tact I carry this burden for you.

swatee sripada

Why Not!

The inauguration of the wheel of life

Commences

As soon as inhaling starts

With the first breathe of air

Calculations launch

Seconds, hours and days spread their wings

The touch that provides a new dawn to life

As kith and kin like roots fix deeper and deeper

Till the fathoms of generations

Presenting a welcome address

To the foundation of a great drama

The vicious circle of life measures

Centuries and centuries

Weaves new dreams

In ever new tunes

Remodeling old stories with

Great touch ups

Silently hanging soul

Like an oasis for a while,

as a vacated spring for a bit

And collapsing as a sick feeling at some other time

'I-feeling' creeping and seeping into every cell

Every selfish possession of mine

As hot steam fogs the vision

Spare a wink of your time

Warn the unconscious soul

What right one had to wait for some one

To spread a red carpet

From the land of birth to grave yard

Why don't I myself lay a new path

Oh! What a fill of satisfaction

Till the last step of journey

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Why?

Why did the soul swerve and swoop

Like a cradle

Retreats back the distance it covers forth?

Why did it imply

Newton's definition to an infinite field

Memories and magnificence are the preserved treasures

In the layers of life

Let the seconds be centuries or centuries be seconds

Though the arrival and departure of

Autumn and spring are inevitable

Why do we quiver from head to toe

As a piece of a cotton white cloud angel

Even for the ruffle of a breeze?

It begins with life

To amass the stones for grave

Its anxiousness to search and reach shore

Though we take birth in the middle of an ocean

Turning in rounds in vacuum circles

Spreading as waves of wind

With in no time

Shrinking and shriveling

As if gathering the fallen jasmines delicately

And nestling experience as fragrance

In silken frock of heart

Dreams reward the aspirations

Entwining the dreams

Lightening streams of gleam

All these rise every second

The fire of sighs

Burn till the end as embers

When words became a walking stick
why to bother

Move forth!

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