

Poetry Series

Vibhu Ashok
- poems -

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Vibhu Ashok(1-FEB-1985)

'All beautiful souls are welcome in my world of love and beauty. I am ready to embrace you all with an open heart.'

~Vibhu Ashok

Vibhu is a spiritual soul, born on February 1,1985 in the city of Indore, India. He has always been a mature and deep thinker, with high personal expectations. In order to fulfill his ambition of distinctiveness, he obtained his MBA and then cleared SAP certification, which is considered to be one of the most prestigious courses in the IT field. Yet his spiritual soul had a different plans.

Forever interested and involved in different paths of human evolution, Vibhu practiced past life regression. Where he discovered that not only he was an old soul, but that he had been a renowned writer in the past. From that day forward, there was no looking back.

Love flows from inside Vibhu's core, and the only way to express it is to write about it. And he writes continuously, without thinking about what to write, or how to write it. Vibhu's love of music gives him hope and enthusiasm, and inspires him to write about the beauty he feels within his spirit. Seeing the beauty of love in everything is what sparks his inspiration to write in a very natural flow. His poems are an innate expression of what is created within. He has been expressing himself poetically for four years now, and each day he puts pen to paper and effortlessly writes a new poem.

Vibhu loves to share, and believes strongly in collaboration. Collaborating gives a new dimension to all artists involved, and where a uniquely beautiful work of art emerges. Innovation is a constant aspiration. When he looks at the world, he sees love, and wishes it for everyone. His love of words to convey his true feelings have resulted in multiple verses and accolades from many friends around the world

When Love Strikes

When finally it falls on you
With full force it strikes
Makes you still like a drop
You know not...what to do
This the moment...you are alive
Waiting for it...for whole life

It is all you were waiting for
Something precious...rare
Finally in your grasp
This feeling of freedom
You are alive...yes you are...

Still wondering what is it
From where is it...
Nothing could define it
This energy is free...never bounded
But always in your grasp
Cause' you are pure...
It become yours...it is always yours

My dear ask your heart....
It will tell you whole story
The ancient ones...sung it all along
Your life depends on it....
YesYes it is Love...
Only Love....the ultimate bliss...

Vibhu Ashok