

Poetry Series

Vishwas Anand
- poems -

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I love soothing, soul-stirring poetry. I am also a writer who loves writing on abstract themes.

If Only

If only I had known my problem then,

I would have reaped my fortune with added ken.

If only I had known my problem then,

I would have changed the place of my den.

The ocean of knowledge has sucked me in,

Tossing me about in a bid to desperately sin.

I experience the tossing in mind akin,

Outdoing the tossing in the oceanic din.

Titanic doubts were cast on me,

Whether I could swim or pretend to be,

Or dance to the sounds of melancholy,

The virus was spreading pandemically free.

Is greatness a choice for us to leveragingly keep?

Hidden in inhibited fear to benignly seek,

When weakness is all there is to seep,

Given the dormant potential so ineffably deep.

The voices keep prodding me to start,

Is it too late to do myself apart?

Re-discovering form in a deadly dart,

To hit my target with all my part.

Vishwas Anand

Kindling Romanticism

The stage is set for a drama so tense,
But the players aren't willing to revel in the suspense.

There's many a tide that makes hardly any sense,
Taken at many a flood viewed through a deeper lens.

The placid waters have taken a notorious turn,
As we drink in the drops in our attempt to learn,
What lies beyond the ocean we tend to discern,
Is an eternal drama uncovering plenty of urn.

The fun of it all is in the judgments of art we take,
To confuse plotted journeys for reality's sake,
There ain't a mask we're ready to make,
Dripping with abundant emotion to make a deserted lake.

When Naturalism plots a plot-less path of laze,
Romanticism entwines it to form a startling maze,
Burdening our mind in a scurrying trauma of craze,
And blowing the cobwebs in a frenzy to amaze.

The choices we make have a massive stake,
As our lives leap in flight in the closing wake,

And dance to the romance of a terrifying make,
As Romanticism cuts the cake we've set to bake.

Destiny's shape has taken on a darker twist,
As it's now covered in glory in a heavy mist.

'Twas not hitherto defined in my weirdest list,
But my life is now dotted with bountiful tryst.

Vishwas Anand

Motioning Destiny

You strike with a subliminal force that would defy,
Staring me in my face as you vividly imply,
'Take me if thy soul quenches in a cry,
And melts with the agony of a fate so scorchingly dry'.

As the sands of time make patterns adrift,
You can change its path making inroads so swift,
Dealing blows to my mind in a gruelling rift,
That weighs down in turmoil with the impulsive shift.

I cede to the reins of my train of thought,
As tracks plot their journeys to change my lot,
I halt you dead in your track in a fearsome knot,
Adding fuel to my mind that seems fraught in a clot.

'Twould need feline grace to fill my voids with lace,
Lest I miss my chance by a whisker of space,
A hair's breadth counts in almost ev'ry race,
As my mind craves for space at a better pace.

Ev'ry dot speaks to create a bigger picture,
I thus train my mind in a valiant fit of composure,

Connecting dots that would define the breadth of my future,
With a monumental frame that would complete the picture.

Vishwas Anand

Stilling Journey

The smell of rain has dawned upon,
The flowers are ready to blossom yon,
Time has stilled on in a somber foregone,
The break of dawn is cracking into morn.

Light spreads on our petals as we glow,
Resonating with nature as we go with the flow,
A tranquil blessing while we start to grow,
And breathe life into the seeds we sow.

We stop our journey on the ladder of success,
And observe the veil of what we possess,
Caressing the art that we've carried to assess,
Musing upon what we cannot access.

An artist would look at his stark contrast,
Stalling creation as he takes a repast,
Thinking about the world he's wants to go past,
In a ship driven by his creative mast.

Nature's beats go on as before,
A pause is what we would like to have more,

To dream of casts and carve them to store,
Fulfilling our dreams as we head to the shore.

Vishwas Anand

Wide Awake

I'm consigned to a world of my own,
Other characters standing mightily alone,
"Have I skipped a beat", I ask my clone,
I'm resigned to be prone to a different zone.

Situations fold and unfold to a varying sew,
I thread wherethro' with hardly a clue,
Normalcy appears to have many a skew,
Shrouded with the surreal and the mundane hue.

The world changes with a passing fright,
Beckoning me with all its fanciful might,
As reality is distorted with frightening sleight,
We are pushed to the edge to take the flight.

When awareness crosses its tantalising brink,
Our lives dance to the predestined link,
Conjuring untrammelled without a blink,
As lives are transformed in barely a wink.

A bearing so trivial yet an effect so believable,
A sense of realness yet containing the inconceivable,

I brace myself, losing control to your enticing label,

And wake up with a start as I destroy your cable.

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