

Poetry Series

Aashish Kalra
- poems -

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Aashish Kalra(15th-october-1992)

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And it made me walk past any lie.

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Never I made a sound of grate,
And found for logics in all my whiles.

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Saw I all, joys and deperssions,
But I never stooped and always made another try.

Jot I used to in eccentric times,
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But was one there who cherished my ideas compiled.

Relations I made some full of love,
And some of disappoints.
In any time I tried to be a dove,
And hated any people's banquet joints.

Practised I an ecstatic silence,
My eyes speak more of me.
Less I made moments of trivialence,
To make myself a better see.

~~~~Peace Out~~~~

# A Lover's Story

From this corner of life,  
After my all accomplished strives;  
I lay on my last moments,  
Jotting down my mirths and laments.

In my days of hot blood and zeal,  
I was alien to love as it was an unserved meal;  
It struck me hard like an arrow,  
And filled the unanswered and starving heart furrow.

She,  
Wasn't a mere mortal with true beauty to me;  
Her beauty comes to me when my sight is closed,  
It is a cool, a tree provides in its shadow imposed.

The eyes in all said,  
Talks began and worked the lead;  
In a few days vows and promises were made,  
And on the grass with her I laid.

The world seemed to be full of warmth,  
Everything seemed in tranquility with mirth;  
Her love was a fountain,  
Whose warm water raised this cold mountain.

Seemed it as if,  
There was no cliff;  
We saw a horizon of love and content,  
But vindictive Times act and give the painful rent.

Spurred she with pain,  
I panicked and the vows, and the promises seemed to be in vain;  
Held I her hand,  
Though I cried in solitude, but bid her that she will remain on the land.

But her disease improved,  
And she to heaven was approved;  
To give me highest euphoria and deepest anguish was she sent,  
She gave me a promise to meet again where she went.

I cried all day and all night long,  
Seemed as if all verses were empty songs;  
The sun was dark and the winds were slow,  
The streams dried and the mountains stood low.

She was my word when I was dumb,  
And she was my sensation when I was numb;  
My tears drown me in her presence,  
Which is in the heart, as a phoenix from her absence.

With the hope for her to meet,  
I desire for an infinite sleep;  
Did I all the works correctly without happiness,  
And only one thing ate me, her emptyness.

Made I no other relation,  
She remained alive in my day and my imagination;  
My end will be my best start,  
As will I meet the one who went away in the brutal past.

~~Lovers go away,  
But the love, pain and joy maintains a stay~~

Aashish Kalra

# A Warm Winter Afternoon

The season of drowsiness clouds over,  
Making all the jobs go slower.  
The warmth of the sun has gone,  
And the ritual of winter shows its thorns.  
Around the big day cold is on its high,  
Making the rising star to shy.  
The white cover has got its winter state,  
And the graceful creatures hibernate.  
But the warm passion of sun comes,  
While the cold wind of last night harms.  
Flowers bloom in the way,  
And spread the essence even on the hay.  
But it all goes as its minute,  
Which came to the cold day as a tribute.

Aashish Kalra

# A Weird World

THE SUN IS DROWNING,  
AND THE WINDS ARE FROWNING.  
THE LEAVES MINGLE,  
AND THE CHIMES JINGLE.  
THE CALMNESS IS BREAKING THE HEART,  
TO FIND THE END OF THE START.  
THE MORTAL DOES ITS JOB PROPERLY,  
BUT ITS HEART IS STILL LONLEY.  
THE AMBITION IS OVER POWERING,  
AS OVER THE WORLD THE SKY IS LAUGHING.  
THE WORK WILL ALWAYS PAY,  
BUT THERE'S NO ONE TO SWAY.  
THERE'S A HAPPINESS IN THE PAIN,  
CUZ ALL THE SUCCESS IS IN VAIN.

Aashish Kalra

# Before I Submerge

Ye Heavens,  
Thou madest a tough rule;  
That mortal wouldn't live long.  
I fear,  
That rule now seeks my presence;  
To take me away from my duties.  
My body,  
Seems to be maimed and numb;  
Incapable of making a last speech.  
I fear not of Thy call,  
But of the duty;  
Which I decided to fulfill.  
Thy name O' heaven,  
Comes automatically;  
Neither to pardon nor to gift.  
But to beg help for Thy cocoon,  
To make silk faster;  
And to depart silently and steadily

Aashish Kalra

# Birth, Pain, Love, Happiness, Sacrifice And Death-A Life Quoted

Penning down the fantasy,  
From the land with mortals as scarcity,  
Every frame having its liberty,  
Where no word is struck with sterility.

The verse depicting a prose,  
As in the clouds the sun rose,  
Earning the smile of every earthly rose,  
And going to touch Lord's toes.

A flower was born out of the soil,  
Where others were in turmoil,  
Beauty of love it had in its essence coil,  
Budding out it was juvenile.

Grew it on every ray of light,  
But the days were not full of delight,  
The clouds and the floods came into its sight,  
And it slept every day as if it was a night.

Faded were the colors,  
Days it lived like counting numbers,  
But there is a God who never slumbers,  
For the life of a child He played like a gambler.

Sent He a gardener with His smile,  
Who never left that flower for a single while,  
Who would bring the showers from the flooding Nile,  
Who gave the flower a new color and went away as He's agile.

Gardener being God,  
Sent by the Lord,  
Was the only reason for the flower to make a nod,  
Made with the flower a life bond.

Nurtured he the flower and its roots to the earth,  
Never let the flower move away from mirth,

Everytime he touched it gave a new birth,  
And the flower died every night in his memory when he returnest.

The gardener had to do his service,  
This was too known to the flower's nervous,  
Told it to him, it was thrown in a circus,  
But he never completely acknowledged its reverence.

God was the supporter to the shining flower,  
Which showed like a bright star,  
The gardener's pain was its scar,  
And his hand was its power.

Flowers cursed by the Satan,  
To live until the autumn,  
But gifted by the God's solemn,  
To live ever after, by the aroma, in men.

Said the flower to his Almighty,  
"Crush me under your bare feet",  
Replied the planter to his child,  
"You are my child from the bosom  
And I would melt myself in the guilt."  
The flower with a pearl in its eye and a smile in the sun,  
"The colors of my life, the water in my roots,  
The food in my shoots,  
Are no a pleasure of Him or the earth's loots,  
But of your might.  
I would get my heavenly abode under your feet,  
By serving my God who gave me my colors,  
And my fragrance would keep you in my Light.

Aashish Kalra

# From Life To Widow

Perfect world did she own,  
All her dreams and desires into reality had grown.  
A man she loved,  
The one she only admired and for the reason she reason lived.  
Destiny gifted them beautiful girls,  
Whom they considered their most precious and priceless pearls.  
Nothing was left to be earned,  
All the burden of gold towards them was turned.  
But lives never wait till late,  
Opposite changes they bring in fate.  
One fine day turning to night,  
She, for him waited through a desperate sight,  
An earthquake befell,  
And the news wasn't well.  
He was defeated by the worst of times,  
And left his beloved into mimes.  
The news tore her apart into a million pieces,  
So sharp, which would scratch her heart and tending it to screeches.  
Her pain was all that alive,  
So deep, eyes trying to swim, but tears unable to reach the pain in any dive.  
She forgot what she was, to where did she belong,  
She stood alone hammered in the mourning throng.  
The people diluted,  
And the pain refuted.  
The night was quiet,  
Which could not have been more quiet.  
All her dreams cried,  
Her desire to love and a third boy for whom they would have tried.  
All her prayers were unanswered,  
Her eyes seemed as if they gored.  
All she had were open wounds,  
And a time, a healing; which was to be found.  
Her tongue only bade prayers,  
And while she slept, tears washed her face in layers.  
This night would never end,  
Seemed it as if it had no append.  
But the hope lied buried,  
She was all now about her pearls worried.  
Her light came from them,

She grew them walking on the thorns of realism.

Aashish Kalra

# Live Your Day...

Today, forget your past;  
Today, don't worry about tomorrow.  
Today, the life is vast;  
Today, forget the joy and sorrow.  
Today, don't belong to any caste;  
Today, fill in your prevailing hollow.  
Today, live in minute;  
Today, work in the moment.  
Today, the hero stands high;  
Today, there's no time for a sigh.  
Today, persevere in today;  
Today, is the moment.

Aashish Kalra

# My Shadow

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I had a normal cry.  
Time had kept me solemn,  
And it made me walk past any lie.

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And the bosom had the smiles.  
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# Silence

The sound of the mist,  
From the dark forest.  
The sound of the tears,  
From a heart free from fears.  
The sound of a song,  
From the time it has not been sung for long.  
The sound of the dead eyes,  
From the body which has an ash like size  
From the heart of a deceived lover,  
Who now desires the grave cover,

IS THE SOUND OF 'SILENCE'.....

Aashish Kalra

# Tears...

The world gives every sensation,  
Sometimes giving sorrow and celebration.  
The smiles come for some whiles,  
But the tears be the everytime smiles.  
If one imbibes to learn with tears,  
Then the mortal is the king of his fears.  
The world applauds the brave,  
Otherwise one just gets the soily grave.  
Joys are some moments of adrenaline suspect,  
But sorrows give the ways to make the errands deflect.  
Learn to live with pains,  
'Cuz its all you get otherwise all are in vains.

Aashish Kalra

## Tears-II

Brawled from the womb of heavy emotions,  
Make no sound but appear in a definite notion;  
Bearers of pain they are,  
Experienced they have all the bitter and sour.

In a moment the eyes become red,  
And in a moment the drops of deepness are shed;  
The heart is pierced for the time,  
And shows the sorrow in tears in a poet's rhyme.

Tears,  
Not only manifest the laments and heartily fears;  
But also a lonely heart,  
Also a smiling face which, of late, found its start.

A dropp of eye,  
Is full of emotion and sigh;  
Through the face, which is it's decided way,  
The tears ease the heart which was swayed.

The world seems to drown,  
All seem to be in remorse and frown;  
The body seems to be broken apart,  
And the living loses its art.

Falls the tear in the worldly whirlpool,  
And is lost in the swirl;  
Heart, for a time, is relieved,  
And the faith is again believed.

Cools it the body when blood paces high,  
And crystal clears the red eye;  
The ashes are left in the sighs,  
And in the time buried the pain lies.

Coldness persists till the deeps,  
Colder than the winds over the world which sweep;  
Solitude is venom in pain,  
It deepens the color of the painful stain.

Heart is left ruptured,  
And the days are to be sculptured;  
A hole in the heart is made,  
Vacuumed it becomes and its color fades.

Dies the rain silently,  
After raining the pain steadily;  
Thoughts are the phoenix of tears,  
Which teach and embolden the Lear.

Aashish Kalra

# The Incompleted Heart

THE FIRST LOOK CAPTURED THE GLIMPSE OF LOVE,  
IT CAME TO ME AS A GIFT FROM A HEAVENLEY DOVE.  
ALL CAME OUT TO BE BETTER,  
AS I TRIED TO GET THINGS STRAIGHTER.  
IN MY DAY AND NIGHT, I THOUGHT OF BEING THE BETTER-HALF,  
BUT THE TRUTH TO OTHERS WAS A PIECE OF LAUGH.  
THE TIME WENT LEAVING ME CAPTURED IN ITS ILLUSION,  
AND THE END WAS WRITTEN IN A SPECIAL SITUATION.  
EVERYTHING FACED OFF TO BE INCOMPLETE,  
THE HEART WAS LOST IN A MISTY SLEET.  
IT WAS CUT WITH A BLOODY KNIFE,  
WHEN THE BELOVED WALKED OUT OF MY LIFE.

Aashish Kalra

## Why Bards Die Young? ..

Life,  
For a mortal is the only strife.  
Death,  
For a mortal is the only soothing breath.  
Lies there on fire,  
Resting on his reserved pyre.  
Said it is the deed which decides the destiny,  
But then why the saint isn't touched with immortality.  
Yes,  
They live on the earth,  
To the doomsday from their deaths.  
But why the bards lay down young?  
One thing or other infects their heart or a lung.  
Masses enjoy the liberty besides doing the wrongs,  
But the poets die before singing the lively songs.  
The answer comes,  
Ages of the normals sums.  
He counts the brain not the deeds,  
Normals grow to the tree from the seeds.  
But the bards grow as the tails of the lizards,  
Their minds are surprises from the wizards.  
Mental growth is the age,  
Believed by all, death comes at an old stage.  
But the brain determines the decades,  
Not the lengths of the roots and shades.  
Mortality being vital also comes to poets,  
Grow they old in their odes and sonnets.  
He, the master gives immense time to think,  
He sees every thought and blink.  
When the poet comes near to the real fact,  
The Almighty shows his heavenly impact.  
Else are coiled in home and bread,  
They think not of the life and its shreds.  
Mature is a poet at a pace,  
He doesn't bother to see the world but to see the truthful face.  
Bards, see this world and truths in a short journey,  
That's why they die early.....

Specially dedicated to poets like John Keats And P.B. Shelly  
-Aashish Kalra

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