

Poetry Series

**Anita Atina**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2008

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Anita Atina()

My poetry seeks clarity, hope and humour.

On some days, a poem is 'given' and what a wonderful feeling it is to receive.

That joy grows as I share this precious gift with fellow poets who know what it takes to write poetry that makes us, the poet, happy.

I am an imperfect poet and choose to convey feelings, and the many discoveries of our life's journey, with clarity rather than over-compliance to form.

My output is, of course, subjective. I love hearing responses to it both sympathetic and contrary, for this is the nature of art.

Thank you for reading, and perhaps commenting, on my work.

# A Parrot And Three Squirrels

A noisy disagreement had broken out  
Between a parrot  
And three garden squirrels,  
Who were up and about  
On the high walls of an old monument

The parrot loudly complained  
About trespassers of his domain  
'It isn't even safe, any more  
To store ten feet above the ground  
The nosy parkers find out! '

The squirrels protested in unison  
'It wasn't even our intention  
To intrude on this private dominion'  
The treasure they beheld  
Was too precious to leave, o well!

So a loud argument ensued  
Doing much to amuse  
The watching birds and dogs  
Who inserted their opinion  
With timely squawk and bark!

'Twas amusing to see  
A growing gathering, with such glee  
Summer's abundant frills  
More precious, with growing winter chills  
Every animal worth its salt was about  
Oh humans, they never find out!

Anita Atina

# A Question Of Fantasy

Fantasy how art thou

Lust where do you go

Passion what do you grow

Ecstasy when do you blow

Anita Atina

# A Question Of Living

Just another day of living,  
Alone among a crowd,  
Questioning the sanity,  
Of living so far from love!

Yearning for the simple acts of companionship,  
Does keeping the body alive,  
Have to demand so much,  
Of the spirit?

Looking for that one word, one act,  
That responds to the spirit that moves in us all,  
And not just the world weary mask that we carry,  
Reacting to the utility of the other!

Calculating the response, to be doled out,  
In measures that sometimes reflect the others worth or not,  
Chasing mirages that hold the promise,  
Of a better life, but do they really?

Can life be better when you're drained,  
Of all that brings joy to your heart,  
Are the mechanics of making a living,  
The anti-thesis of what it means to be truly alive?

Anita Atina

# A Second Life

You have given me a second life

Now I have begun afresh, to dream again

Back from the void, the black emptiness where I had withdrawn

As you hold my hand, and lead me to the vale of hope

I look at you and wonder at this blessing

A second life that now lives in me.

Anita Atina

# A Sense Of Grace

A gang of young horses, jawing around  
A carpet of pigeons, pecking a-ground

That graceful white bird, was racing the wind  
While a pack of bullocks, ruefully grinned

Swaying canopies of red flowers, teasing the blue sky  
Pregnant pink flowers, winsomely shy

Carts laden with juicy fruits, flirting with the sun  
A river to eternity, glistens as it runs

A group of bees, buzzing with joy  
A sense of grace, hovering close by

Anita Atina

# A Strange Christmas

Ever since we were little  
Christmas meant holidays  
Huddled with mom and dad  
Decorating the crib and tree,  
Special dishes, whose heavenly aroma  
Meant the special season was here

After father passed away  
A few years ago, Christmas changed  
We did what was possible  
It was quieter, but still joyful  
Huddled with mother  
And my children

This year, mothers' absence, was a first  
Christmas felt empty  
Yes the decorations were in place  
So were the crib and tree  
But the joy that marks this special time  
Felt as fake as can be!

In its place, was pretension  
A new house, gleaming this and that  
Guests who came to ooh and aah!  
At this shell of pride  
Fond memories fleeing with  
The joy of Christmas.

Anita Atina

# A Strange Romance

We knew what we wanted, when we first met

Our hungry eyes revealed, all secrets quietly kept

As we kissed we knew, that finally we've snared a catch

And rarely do we meet another, who plays equally matched

Proud and independent we were, dueling to score a point

Our passions grew till every layer and mask, stood naked, to a side

And finally we stood facing each other, man and woman, in the light

Sated and triumphant, both lost in a trance

For we had touched life itself, in our energetic grasp

We knew this was just the beginning, of a strange romance

For we kissed like teenagers, in the first blush of chance

But since we're older and pretend we're wiser, we've built walls around our hearts

Both of us know, our secret desire, is to explore this strange mystery

Will it take us to a bittersweet end or mark a new beginning,

Only time can tell if this strange story, has love revealed in the end.

Anita Atina

# A Stranger At Home

Feel like a stranger at home

Alone though married

Guards up, sabers drawn

Ready to duel

Till first blood drawn

Long vanished is the hope

That marriage

Will be a sanctuary

That nourished the soul

Instead despair made a permanent home

Past expectations blind

To the beauty of what could be

Chasing the chimera

'Who we married years ago'

Is fatal as death can be

Pulling in different directions

Evolving parallel lives

Alone in their misery, united in strife

It takes two to get married

And just one to see, how lonely it can be!

Anita Atina

# A Tale Of Two Strangers

There were two strangers

Who met by the sea

She saw the light in him

And so did he

They said hello

Soon became friends

They talked of their lives

Till it was time to go

They took their boats

And each rowed away

Thinking of the other

And what was left unsaid

He took the high river

That traveled the cold lands

It was cold, gray and miserable

There was no one at hand

She took the low river

That traveled the wide plains

It was hot, dusty and humid

Every day, a drain

Soon there was a dark storm

That lashed o'er the lands

The dark lord's fury provoked

The rivers in turmoil

He rowed with all his might

But the current was too strong

The oar was soon broken

And the sails were torn

She rowed with all her might

But the current was too strong

The boat tossed, hit a rock

And the hull was blown

So both drifted along hurt and worn

Till the river calmed down

Soon the sea was approaching

But rescue there was none

As the high river and low river

Both merged with the waiting sea

The friends saw each other

With great relief

The currents drew the boats together

And it made sense to see

That his boat could use the oars from hers

And together they could reach

So they rowed together then

And rowed with delight

With the sun's warmth on their backs

To reach land, now in sight

Anita Atina

# A Talisman Of Love

Journey on dear friend

Our paths diverge from here

In our hearts, we both share

A talisman of love most dear

Your dreams wait across the oceans

To unfold as you live them

And in those dreams a quiet reality

Takes the shape that you give them

In our quiet moments, we'll long for each other

Smiling at memories of long walks

Over meandering conversations

That almost always ended with sinful desserts!

And even though we may be

Far apart from each other

In our remembering

We shall meet, and be together, forever.

Anita Atina

# A Thousand Cuts

A thousand cuts, radiating pain  
Pearly red drops quiver, at some places  
Angry red gashes, close at others  
Each, an agonized story untold  
Every move, hurts.

The only choice is the degree of pain  
Not in the physical plane which is,  
Masked by a cheerful masquerade.  
But when the heart bleeds from a thousand cuts,  
Sometimes, the pain is, so real.

Anita Atina

# Accidental Love

We could not have met,  
Going by any statistical probability!  
And the possibility of us  
Falling in love, were even lower  
But we did!

Which makes me wonder if,  
The nature of love is accidental,  
With transient ebbs and flows.  
Does receiving love start the countdown,  
To when it will turn away.

Love magically appears to  
Alter events, and change the way  
We understand our journey.  
Soon, we're soaring on dreamy wings,  
And start feeling the heat, on getting too close.

The opposite force  
Of rejection, grows stronger!  
After the haze fades,  
Realization dawns,  
With the realities of living after love.

So is the journey, the silent truth,  
Companions come and go  
We trudge on alone,  
To forever,  
Shedding layers of make-believe.

Giving evidence with our hearts,  
That must be open to joy and sorrow.  
Only then do we begin to understand,  
This, most tender and strong of all creations  
Of the universe.

Anita Atina

# Adrift

Hope drifts away  
An empty cloud  
Over parched land

Anita Atina

# Alive Again!

Crushed, crowded, drowned by people  
Escaped to freedom, off the train!  
Homeward bound, paradise calls,  
When you reach home, the warmth forgives all.  
And finally when the talking is spent,  
Sweet quiet descends with hushed footsteps.

The rustling wind gently sways the trees,  
The chirping birds call out to heed.  
Listening to my heart beat in harmony,  
I wonder if there is a place closer to heaven.  
And so my dear, when you meet me again,  
You'll find my soul, refreshed anew.

Seeking you with all its passions unbound,  
To renew, burst forth and to be alive again!

Anita Atina

# Altered Reality

I have often wondered why

People who are in love

Say and do the things they do

Walking on air

Soaring like an eagle

Inspired and playful, they feel

How does love inject

That expansive feeling

Making the world feel just right

Colours glow brighter

The breeze aromatic

Everything animates the soul

Freeing life from ordinary shackles

To soar on the wings of imagination and feeling

In this state of altered reality

And now, I know why!

Anita Atina

# An Afterthought To Your Affections

Do you really feel anything for me?  
Or am I just an afterthought to your affections  
Familiarly there, tolerated like old furniture

Do you really see me?  
A sunless flower shriveling  
In the absence of nourishing light

Do you really hear me?  
Calling out for the love we once shared  
Empty echoes are all that rebound

Do relationships have a discard-by date?  
To be junked once well-worn, and familiarity inbreeds  
Careless contempt, for what is, in exchange for what could be

If what we shared is over, then lets give it  
A decent burial, and move on  
Instead of living in forgotten afterthoughts

Anita Atina

# An Eagle Watches Over Me

I can hear it again, the shrill distant eagle's cry

Tugging at my soul

When I look up, there he is

Hovering gracefully in the sky above

And sometimes perched on a tree nearby

Perhaps quietly watching my life go by

What do you see from afar

What secrets do you hold

Your presence everyday is a mystery

Are you an angel or a messenger, sent to watch over me

Do you tell the master above

What games on earth are played

Or do you soar to open skies

To escape an earth defiled

PS: Keen to hear about any mythological/ cultural connotations; beliefs or symbolism associated with eagles! Or even your favourite eagle story!

Anita Atina

# An Everyday Hero's Farewell

I don't have words today  
Just silence  
As I sit here feeling  
How much I will miss you  
Everyday

I don't have words today  
To capture the million stories we've shared  
Over laughter, and sadness  
More than a little, madness  
And each brought us to this day

I don't have words today  
That will hug your heart  
Always, with love  
So you'd know that I'm never  
Far, from you

I don't have words today  
That convey how proud I am of you  
Of your many acts of kindness  
Of humour in the face of sadness  
You are a hero, to me.

Anita Atina

# An Ode To Being Drunk!

Wobbly headed, seeing double, slow to react,

Will my head float away if I don't hold it down?

Speech tripping, tongue thickened,

Can I drink anymore!

Eyelids threaten to close as I walk,

The worlds in slow mo,

Sleep beckons with seductive charms,

Can I drink anymore?

I thought drinking was a panacea to forgetfulness,

No one told me that I would remember more vividly,

What brought me to this state in the first place!

Can I drink anymore?

What joy, what sorrow, what bliss,

Is this it?

Drinking to forget and remembering more,

Can I drink anymore?

Anita Atina

# An Ode To Joy!

Today I feel an incredibly deep glow

As though an ocean am I, warmed by swift currents

Today I feel like singing

Wave upon wave of joy

Birds calling out to the morning

May not have such a sweet song to sing

Sunflowers watching the sun

Have not such a happy face

The wildflowers in the meadows

May not have danced with such glee

And the morning breeze

May not be as glad as I

For now I know, that our love is secure

And today I feel free!

Anita Atina

# And The Celebrations Began Anew

Green earth with arms outstretched

Caressed the fingertips of a warm azure sky

The sky and earth embraced

While a half moon gazed happily

The sun's warm light waned

As stars appeared to twinkle

A celebration was just beginning

Of a union that was eternal

And the next morning when the sun came up

They kissed each other goodbye

Going about their business all day

And returning when all was done

Green earth with arms outstretched

Caressed the fingertips of a warm azure sky

And the celebrations began anew

Of a union that was eternal.

Anita Atina

# Anger Fades, The Hurt Stays

The unstated question

Are you angry?

Belies how deeply hurt I am

An undercurrent to polite conversation

Strains the talk, to uneasy jerks

You know it wasn't right to cut me off

Without saying why, and yet you did

Leaving me wondering, what did I do wrong?

'It wasn't you it was me' you say

Stuck is a grave dilemma about the future

I grimace a smile

The unknown future, matters more

Than the reality of me, today

I turn away knowing, you don't understand

Anger has long faded, the hurt stays.

Anita Atina

# Another Day Awakens

Another day awakens  
Shade my eyes, laden with unshed tears  
Against the harsh glare

But the warmth does feel good  
Tells me, I am alive  
And haven't given up the good fight

Exhausted sleep makes it so tempting  
To crawl back and foetally embrace  
Instead of rising to another bleary morn

What the day will bring, I wonder  
Rough and rushed tokens of hidden agendas  
Or stolen moments, of light, love and healing.

Anita Atina

# Another Poetic Vigil Starts

Another poetic vigil starts  
As the days' manic pace quietens  
The perception of my own space  
Expands singularly

At first I listen to night sounds  
Children blissfully breathing deep  
Homes wrapping up tight against the cold  
And the dark nothingness that roams windswept lanes

When the quiet has settled in  
Music whispers to my heart  
Naughty secrets that only I relish  
At this magical midnight hour

Tender messages to a faraway love  
Friendly chats with friends who're up  
Browsing poetry and songs  
And other knick knacks

Oh my, I do feel like a snack!  
I'm tempted to partake  
Some of that rich plum cake  
With coffee, what a treat that would make

Now look at what's popped in  
A lovely comment on that poem  
I lobbed in, well well  
Some poetry sites do have their uses!

Yes, the world does feel closer now  
Wrapped warmly around a few poets  
Who share stories of their hearts  
Around this great campfire

After this midnight soiree  
My heart feels more settled  
My world's now set right  
Sitting by this electronic campfire night

I yawn and stretch  
And smile  
Now that its time  
To curl into a warm bed, goodnight!

Anita Atina

# At The Brink Of

Sometimes I feel at the brink of  
Finding my life's calling  
As if, revelation waits  
In all its resplendent glory  
Just round the corner

When I do get there, almost stumbling  
Over a smelly garbage dump  
Maybe its just life telling me  
Wrong turn! Stop!  
This is not your way

On some days, incredible journeys unfold  
To faraway lands, whose people show  
Spirits of old live forever more  
For the songs of their heart  
Aren't subdued by the tongue

On some days though, darkness prevails  
Rough lessons ensue, on the light's travails  
For every day, of beauty and song  
There are countless more, lost in a dark throng  
So a little more I learn, of life's bittersweet song

Walking and watching  
Waiting at the brink  
To know why my spirit,  
Was given a soul this lifetime  
And one day, I hope, I will divine!

Anita Atina

# At The Cross Roads Of Life

You move through me like sea breeze

I drink in your warmth

Before I know it you're gone

Leaving me tantalized, never sated

You show me the sun rise and set

A million stars and the moon glow around you

As you hold me in your arms

The cares of the world drop away

For a few quiet moments

You are a wise traveler

Resting in my quiet tent

Pitched at the crossroads of life

There are many paths

Leading away from this crossroad

Which one is for me, I wonder

Still searching for the right answer

Waiting for a sign, or someone

Maybe the alchemist who will release

A missing element into my life's cauldron

Turning me, to the path I seek.

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Anita Atina

# At The Point Of Intersection, Are We One?

It's the middle of night here, but its high noon for you

You face the sun, and I gaze at the moon

Worlds apart, but spiritually one

You look back on life, with wisdom to share

I look ahead, with much to learn

But at the point of intersection, we mirror each one

Your heart overflows with love, mine longs for some

You give love so naturally, where my heart fails to lead me

But when you needed to receive, I gave as one

The future dances before your eyes, I grope ahead

You tolerate life's meandering, I thrash at it wondering

But when life through you a tough one, I saw we were one

One as you looked into my soul,

And tenderly caressed the loneliness you saw there

And tried to shield me, from the pain that you everyday live with

Anita Atina

# Be A Man! ! !

If you're moved to tears

Don't be afraid, to show you care

Be a man

If you'd rather strum the guitar

Than play football, that's all

Be a man

If you don't want her anymore

Gently tell her face to face, don't hide

Be a man

If you'd rather teach school children

Than be a bank minion

So be it, be a man

If you'd like to write a song

Then do go on

Be a man

And if you like men or women, think clearly

Its your choice really

Go on, be a man

If you're about to be brave

By gods grace

Be a man

Being a man or woman, has only to do with gender

And nothing to do with being tender

Go on then, be a man!

Anita Atina

# Behind The Fountain

Behind the fountain in the garden

Is a love seat

A mosaiced wonder crafted by you

How wonderful to sit there

In the cool shade, on a hot summer day

Sipping tea from your lips

Letting our fingers meander, with thoughts

That turn to innocent mischief

Seeing your eyes twinkle

I smile, yes

We kiss tenderly

Playing with the sun and the shadows

The garden's warm breeze

Infuses the evening flowers

With the sweet scent of our longing

Behind the fountain

Anita Atina

# Besides You

And so the warm day finally quietens,  
Into a dark nights' waiting arms;  
I nestle into dreams, sliding into,  
My favourite place, besides you.

Companionable silence blankets us,  
As we reach out, warmly reassured,  
By the presence of the other;  
Allowing curiosity to take over.

While uncovering a new mystery,  
With provocative twists and turns,  
Surprisingly delightful challenges, en route  
To a treasure that unfolds, before dawn.

Anita Atina

# Between A Dream And A Prayer

Is there a dream waiting for me  
To manifest into the world  
Is there a destiny waiting  
To fulfil what was written  
Is there a hidden path  
That opens up as I walk

If so my humble prayer is  
That I may recognize the dream  
And live it fully  
Upholding the truth of what was written  
Creating a humble path up a trellised mountain  
Knowing that I have to walk down the same way.

Anita Atina

# Beyond Words!

We don't need words any more

To express the infinite, the unconditional, we feel

We don't need eyes, to see each other

Nor ears, to heed our hearts beat

We don't need hands, to feel the joy, the pain and the tenderness

Beyond the simple tools of eyes, ears and hands

We have found a stronger will that takes us further

Through a door that leads to a garden, waiting to be discovered

With new hopes, new desires, new ideas

That gently unfold, as we meander through life's path

Seeking each other and seeking the infinite

And becoming one.

Anita Atina

# Butterflies And Football

On a sunny day, that warmed the winter breeze  
Running with laughter and children,  
With butterflies flitting o'er bobbing heads,  
Coily swaying grass,  
Smiling up to clear blue skies!

Little sparrows twitter startled,  
From their gentle snooze in the shadows.  
Happy shouts play pass, with stomping feet  
Arms waving, jumping  
This way, this way! And goallll! ! !

Anita Atina

# Butterflies In My Heart

What is it about butterflies, that draws out our sense of wonder?  
Why does the child in us run free, seeing their sun-filled existence?

Dancing in the breeze, why do they evoke a sense of light-hearted freedom,  
Of living in the now, that few other experiences allow.

Could we live with butterflies dancing in our heart,  
Knowing life's brevity is matched by the vibrant colours of our existence.

Anita Atina

# By The Humming River

You're climbing icy mountains,  
Prepared for bracing cold air

I'm at the onset of spring,  
Awaiting the rising warmth of days

The contrast in our daily lives,  
Couldn't be greater

While the love in our hearts,  
Grows stronger, each passing day.

Many moons have waxed and waned,  
As we've journeyed together, my prince

Come and meet me by the humming river,  
Whose sweet waters once touched your lips

And flowed to my waiting heart  
Bearing news of your arrival

Anita Atina

# By Your Light You Are Known

Your true raiment most refined

Is not made of silk or satin or lace

But the colours of your heart

That the finest clothes can't disguise

The many colours of your aura

Invisible clothes that truly reflect

Who you are and how far

You have journeyed within

For the soul doesn't lie and the body can't cage

The colours it was painted with

Shifting form and intensity

With the seasons you're in

Vibrating quietly to the universe

The body's temple song

High and low, soulfully ululating

The light by which we are known.

Anita Atina

# Celebrated Christmas On A Beach

Basked in warm sunshine,  
A virgin beach, where the river meets the sea.  
Salt and sweet, gently merging,  
What an incredibly beautiful confluence.  
Sun rays reach out, over waves gently caressing,  
Sand running between feet, pebbles and shells adrift.  
Remind you that change is the only constant,  
And life must be lived like each wave, happily rushing to the shore.

The sun sets.  
An orange flaming sky, smiles sated,  
At another wonderful day, that was Christmas!

Anita Atina

# Conversations With Time

When conversations seem  
Distant echoes of the past  
Is it time to let thought slip into words again?

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Talk is easy, words tumble out  
Glued in the ether, recall impossible  
Potent catalysts of emotion unleashed

\*\*\*

Blink  
Time lasts  
Forever

\*\*\*

You're never too old to find love,  
You're never too young to loose love.  
Love seeks a heart steadied by hope,  
After walking through fire, time and again  
Permeating the cycle of life,  
With the one eternal emotion, love.

Anita Atina

# Death Becomes Her

Quietly stalking every move

Laughter, sunny days

Playing in gardens

Tender loving

Seeking the path

That would take her

From nothingness

To light

Transience is constant

Our coming and going

A blip in time's

Movie on life

Life's short, live fully

She said, smiling

Sliding into her grave

Death becomes her.

Anita Atina

# Death's Relief

He lay there quietly waiting

Eyes fading with constant pain

Vitality sapped, into a black hole

Of pain radiating from a diseased hell hole

Crouched foetally

No position relieved the ache

No doctor, no medicine

Relieved his agony

Alone, beyond the reach

Of any belief

He waited with eyes open

For death's relief!

Anita Atina

# Delicious Madness

Delicious madness, soulful delight  
Now entwine, day and night

A secret glow, gracefully adorns  
Her and him, wonderfully haloed

Dreams now soar, at reality's door  
Embracing life, with winsome hope

The past has gone; future, undefined  
What matters is in the now, we feel divine

In giving and receiving, the best of ourselves  
We share a gift most precious, a love most pure!

Anita Atina

# Dinner For Two?

Are you cooking up a fine dinner?

A dinner date for two

Will a red wine precede the cooking?

Delicious sipping as we do

Get all the vegetables together

And the meats and bread

The aromatic spices and butter

Oh its all going to my head!

Umm your kitchen is so pleasant

Aromatic and warm

The food's ready by now

We must eat, while its hot

Let's quickly set the table

And light candles two

Gazing at each other seated

A pleasant dinner for two!

Anita Atina

# Discordant Notes

Why is it that we remain tied down in pain

To relationships that have turned cancerous

Is breaking away so difficult

Does fear keep the choice at bay?

Fear of loneliness, what will the neighbours say?

A child's innocence that you shield from pain

Drifted apart spiritually

But caged in the same home

Attacking each other at the slightest provocation

Scraping a bloody sore, doesn't change a thing, only deepens the pain

Tried counseling, staying apart, and coming back again

To the same refrain, so what's to gain?

Accepting that we are different

Not bad people, but may be unsuitable for each other

Even though we fell in love, ages ago

Our differences haven't melted away, but come to the fore

We are two prongs of a tuning fork

Vibrating at different frequencies

Even if we hit the same base over and over again

We won't sound the same

These discordant notes

Aren't going to change

Is breaking away a new beginning

Or just a one way ticket

That sets you free from one cage

Into another lonelier place?

Anita Atina

# Disdainfully Delicious Saboteur!

Why do you mockingly gaze at the world  
After breaking another rule  
As if to say  
Now what do you have to say to that?

I will get away with it, again  
Because you don't want to  
Stand up to me, and be questioned about  
Blindly following society's rules

Why do you flash that sardonic smile  
After another irreverent statement  
Makes the audience gasp  
Did he really say that, standing up on stage

As they look embarrassed at being  
Cooped up in an audience  
Where make-believe principles  
Parade with lies!

You're pushing at borders constantly  
As if to tempt fate, with a red flag that says  
Here I am, come and mess with me  
If you dare!

Disdainfully looking at fate's attempts  
To pull you down with  
False accusations that do hurt  
But you don't let them lower your glare

So are you experimenting with life  
To strip away pretence  
Is this discovery  
The sole purpose of your journey

I know you revel in being independent  
Living it up, everyday  
And yet, do shadows lurk,  
When you're alone

Will you let faith and hope  
Prepare the bed  
For when love  
Seeks you out

Will you accept love at all  
Or turn it away with that  
Worldly-wise cynicism  
You wield like a honeyed knife

Courteously slashing away  
At ideas and people who make the mistake  
Of getting in your way  
Do you want to live, alone?

Anita Atina

# Distant Love

thinking of you  
listening to the blues

does this make sense  
when you don't know

how close i am  
yet so far

oceans, multitudes, lifetimes  
keep us apart

yet what is it  
that makes us seek each other

even if we can be together  
only in thought and spirit

even this is, to be  
not completely alone

and for now  
it will have to do!

Anita Atina

# Does Hate Replace Love?

Hate doesn't replace love,  
Even after the realities, of 'being in love', change.  
Unless love was conditional!

Then hate is a measure of anger  
A reaction to being robbed  
Of something that can never really be owned

Love is an unfettered spirit,  
That soars on free wings,  
In unconditional light!

We may grieve and hurt, but if hate should defile,  
The temple where love once stayed,  
Then the meaning of true love has eluded us.

Anita Atina

# Does It Matter?

Does it matter that I sit here waiting

Worlds apart, not knowing

Whether I should sleep or wait

Will your silence break, before I reach the grave?

I may be dead and gone before you realize

Its been so long, since we connected.

Why can't I be angry and walk out

Instead I wait with heartache

Why do I still cherish every moment spent with you

Nor fight as others do?

Why do I feel that my life bleeds away?

Does it matter that I still love you.

Anita Atina

# Dreams Reborn

The fabric of society needs to be reborn  
Woven from new threads of hope  
With fingers that honestly fold  
Every spin, every fold

Till a new cloth is cut for man  
Who needs to grow, beyond the paradigms  
Of the past, to create the new ways of the future  
Unprecedented and bold

While harsh lessons must not be forgotten  
Now into new dreams we must go  
Dreams that will reality, one day be  
With hope, we will get there you see

For hope and new dreams must guide  
Acts that will regrow  
A new fabric of society  
That lets every man, live free

Anita Atina

# Dreams Seep Into Reality

Dreams seep into everything  
Seductive psychedelic thoughts  
Flashing across, slumberous reality  
That plays a movie, within a movie

Sometimes carrying images we know  
But don't quite understand  
Almost as if they speak in a foreign language  
Familiar from a past life, yet forgotten in the now

Portending the future  
Or restoring a lost past  
Creating for a few moments  
Those slivers of bliss that last!

Nightmares too thud across  
Anxiously beating hearts  
Rudely awakening our fears  
Of loosing what we love the most

So do those precious visions  
Of love and light  
Appear when the greyness wells up  
Quietly anchoring a despairing heart

Yes the analysts have jargoned reasonings  
That are countered by dream readers, of every hue  
But the simplest explanation perhaps is  
Our dreams make us, anew!

Anita Atina

# Dreams That Live With An Inventor

Dreams that live with an inventor

Creating new widgets and thoughts

What kind of dreams are those I wonder

How do they work?

And what colour are they?

Does the inventor dream, of changing the world

Or does he have fun and is this play

Can I visit that magical place

Where dreams are made

To borrow just a bit

Of that special inventor magic

And work up a dream for me! ! !

Anita Atina

# Dust Devils

Sometimes our thoughts chase each other  
Like dust devils, twirling  
Growing with harried friction.

Clinging to the empty husk of fear,  
Gaining mass at the speed of conjecture,  
Rising on inexplicable warm winds.

And just as suddenly, collapsing into the nothingness  
Of dust, from whence they rose  
As soon as cool winds blow in.

Oh those wicked dust devils  
Plague thoughts, and  
Don't let us see clearly.

Anita Atina

# Escaping A Lovely Prison

Bashing against the cushioned walls

Of his lovely prison

Bloodless agony escapes

Quiet lips

Knowing that a blue sky waits yonder

With torn wings, on a sinking ship

Drowning in a bitter sea watching the breath of life

Escape in pretty bubbles

Waiting for the escape hatch to open

Knocking desperately at the door

Escaping a lonely prison isn't easy

When its cushioned and pretty!

Anita Atina

# Escaping The 'maya' Of Individuality

Away from the confusion of logic

Not blinded by ego's thrall

Escaping 'maya', illusions that keep us fooled

What does it take to break free

From the isolation of individuality

And step into the stream of consciousness

That holds all that we know

The ancients say we are all reflections

Of that glorious energy

We call by different names

God, Allah, Mother Nature

Borrowing from this generous sky

A repository of all that was

And all that will be

We must give back, what we receive

Behind different masks

And colourful personalities

We create, to define who we are

Rises the essence of what we may give back

Yielding another layer, to the pearl

Of the eternal world's oyster

© 24 May 2008, Anita Atina

Anita Atina

# Even Warriors Need Guardians

When the burden gets torturous,

And our hearts scream for relief

We are sent guardians in disguise

To share in our grief

The universe moves in mysterious ways

Manifesting guardians

Sometimes in you and at others,

In me, everyday

Quietly reassuring

Our desperate plea is heard

Do not despair, draw solace in the knowing

You not alone

Our world won't change overnight

There is much to do

For the burden you bear

Is for me to share

So leave your burdens, in my safekeeping

Gather soul energy, as you rest

For the world needs brave warriors

To take forward the quest

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Anita Atina

# Everything It Takes, To Be Me

Love and nothingness

Reside within me

I decide what I see

Joy and sadness cloak

Our eyes, in their own way

Everyone is lonely

Why should I seek another

Mirage that shimmers away

The more I yearn and long

My social being might be needy for now

Yearning for you, for love's chimera

My inner soul doesn't need you

When I am quiet

I know, that alone

We come and go

So for my journey

I have everything it takes

To be me!

Anita Atina

# Expectations Weigh Us Down

When the journey changes from discovery  
Where joyful surprises, wait at every turn  
To one of expectation,  
We slow down

As we start to weigh and ponder  
Every experience, with seriousness  
That belies our understanding of situations  
Often led by factors, beyond our control

This journey towards a more aware, and perhaps  
A more truthful way of living, becomes difficult  
We are then a beast of burden, flailing and toiling  
Under the weight of our own expectations

Not realizing that to break free, we must travel light  
Stay unchained to false expectations from people, from situations,  
From the world, and even guard against the false belief  
That we need to take ourselves seriously

Walking unhindered, free to make mistakes  
What if we tumble and fall,  
Bruised bodies and even hearts  
Eventually heal

For the meaning of life  
Isn't found in the airy concepts  
Of awareness, oft spoken but rarely lived  
In esoteric explanations of the universe, both old and new

The meaning of life lies hidden  
In plain view  
Showing up in how we live, everyday  
In loving unconditionally

And even in what we choose to be our legacy  
For by the choices we make  
While discarding false expectations  
We honour the gift of life itself

Anita Atina

# Eyes Are A Window To The Soul

Eyes are a window to the soul  
Hmmm, let's test that, shall we!

Eyes averted, hiding from the truth  
Eyes glazed over, is life over?

Distracted daze, lost your way  
Darting away, what are you hiding anyway

Oh those dreamy ones, fantasies indulged  
When anger boils over, a flashing cleaver

Pain flecked eyes, yet open to the world  
A rare gem of strength, a treasure to behold

Blue, black, brown, green, and everything in between  
This fascinating study of diversity reveals

Emotions rippling across the sea of life  
Some honest, some open, some torn with strife

A few exude, that elusive calm  
Healing souls, with quiet balm!

Anita Atina

# Fade To Black

A dark uneasy fog hovers  
Loneliness gnaws carelessly

Strong undercurrents of sadness well up  
To wash away the unsuspecting

A sense of foreboding envelops  
Unnerving the soul

A barren wasteland, the soul wanders  
Banished from the light today

Aching to break out of  
The rotting outer shell that drains

Yearning to know if this darkness  
Will last forty days or forty years

Is there a path that leads  
Out of this ceaseless meandering

And will the light bathe  
The seekers soul again

Anita Atina

# Faking It, Is Easy!

Faking it, is easy

Life, love, happiness

All prey to a mask we adorn

Faking love

When its too difficult to say no

Or accept that you've grown apart

Faking happiness

So the neighbours won't know

You're not feelin' great, anymore

Faking joie de vivre

Or loneliness would break your heart

Faking it, is easy

The price of not faking

Is to feel the pain

And not hide

Is to open your tender heart

To rejection and abuse

And still not loose faith

And believe in the hope, that you will

Find another who isn't faking it

Faking it, after all, is easy, we all do it!

Anita Atina

# Fear: : Haiku

Fear

Dissolves reason

Weakens resolve

Anita Atina

# Fickle Companions

Words come and go  
Fickle companions  
Like time, that changes  
Without warning

What remains constant  
Is the deeper knowing  
That what we feel  
Is true

Unfettered by words or time  
Nor counted in lives  
That once born  
Must, pass on

Our story shall continue  
From the past  
Into the future, even when  
The present, meanders away

Anita Atina

# Finding Solace

Emotionally spent  
We find solace  
In small things

A quiet day  
Soulful music  
A child's smile

But most of all  
In tending to our heart  
With the quiet salve of acceptance

Allowing us to travel onwards  
Unhindered by the burdens of the past  
Or mirages of the future

Finding solace in  
Being attentive to  
Life's everyday offerings

Anita Atina

# Fly Away, Dear One

You're ready to fly with wings now strong,  
What if your feathers aren't green and gold,  
Or glossy as they used to be!

Healed from cruel blows,  
You're now strong enough  
To face high winds, and soar away free

This parting will hurt I know!  
But still, I'm happy to see you  
Touch the cerulean sky once more

Dipping in currents warm and cold,  
Fly away to your family,  
Around a waiting hearth!

And when you reach,  
Their bosom warm,  
Think of me, far apart.

Forget me not, O worldly traveler  
As you mingle with friends, new and old,  
I will, miss you.

In another time,  
Another life awaits,  
Perhaps, we'll meet again.

The longing joy,  
Of that sweet dream,  
Makes our parting less forlorn.

Anita Atina

# Fly Away, To The Place Of Dreams

Fly, fly away dear one

To the place of dreams

Where angels wait

To receive you

With, their peace

To sing to you a lullaby

Of secrets divine

To rest your soul gently

So rest and

Revive

When you awake

Refreshed from this heavenly sojourn

You wont remember the specifics

But you will feel

Reborn

Anita Atina

# Frolicking With Nature

Light rain drizzles  
And the garden empties  
We run for the now empty swings  
With each gush of rain soaked breeze  
Swinging higher, tasting raindrops

Squealed delight  
Echoes across the garden  
That delightfully welcomes  
Rain and children frolicking  
With nature.

Anita Atina

# From Wanderlust To Stillness

If you know  
The chasm between yearning and reality  
You'd know there are days, very little bridges  
The dark valley

I don't watch my step too carefully, these days  
When it means looking down at the dark  
Instead I gingerly step ahead  
Facing the sun

Knowing, if I were to fall  
The light would still shine on me  
An earth angel would find me  
Bruised, but still there, ready to walk the way

What is life then  
But this journey  
Of light, of continuing with  
Discoveries perched on the horizon

Expanding with every sunrise  
Beckoning at every sunset  
Sowing wanderlust since time immemorial  
Immersed in calls - of the wild, of the mountains!

Different names for the same yearning  
Seeking hidden meanings  
That play hide and seek, when we look for them  
Becoming evident, when we find that still place in our hearts

For in that stillness there is light  
The whole world of meaning resides  
Or maybe nothing does!  
And may your path be different from mine

For when we meet in the great hall  
Of love and life, we may have rich offerings  
By living full lives; we bring the gift, of serving well  
The purpose of life!

Anita Atina

# Great Teachers

Light and shadow, laughter and quiet  
Stillness trapped in constant motion  
Great teachers all

\*\*\*

The state of grace  
And the fall from grace  
Teach us more about living

\*\*\*

Less is more  
Travel light  
Ready spirit

\*\*\*

Silent conversations  
Wordlessly embrace  
Distance

\*\*\*

Anita Atina

# Half Truth

We are afraid, only when we love, for those we love  
But we often hurt those we love, the most  
We are often hurt most, by those who lay claim to our love  
We sometimes reveal only half truths  
To get closer to what we desire  
And when respect outweighs both desire and fear  
We learn to be honest and speak the naked truth  
Doing the right thing is not always easy  
And sharing the truth doesn't always leave you happy!

Anita Atina

# Happy Birthday [a Modern Ditty! ]

Happy Birthday <name>

<age eg.56> is a good age to get a fix, on how life has been

A proud father you must be, to see the future grow up so beautifully

A proud man you should be, to do the right thing, so graciously

As you look back on your life,

The highs and the lows, that made you laugh and cry

A life well lived, aye!

And today renewed, for life ahead has much to unfold!

Dreams set aside, will come true

The light in your eyes will shine through

Brighter and stronger, you will lead

And learn to receive what you give

Life is a funny teacher

Tough and tender

Throwing surprises, in a harsh winter

And welcoming you to love and laughter

When summer bursts round the corner

So let your light shine through

There's someone waiting for you

There's another chapter waiting to unfold

And this time, in your arms you will hold

Life and love, tenderly so

So happy birthday <name> dear

May you live long and happily so

Remain true to who you are,

A gem of a man, a shining star!

Anita Atina

## Hate: : Haiku

Hate

Corrodes completely

Putrifying life

Anita Atina

# Have I Gone Too Far?

Does my intensity bother you?

Does my longing make you step back and wonder why?

Do my words choke off yours?

Would you prefer the coy, make believe of convention,

Or have I not understood you at all.

Am I projecting my desires onto you?

And are you being a mirror, when it suits you,

Turning on the charm at will, or turning away,

To keep me wanting and waiting.

Or is my soul mistaken that what we share is special,

And what lies ahead, a barren desert of wilted desires.

Tortured soul, questions abound, soundlessly fall away,

Do you hear, will you answer,

And what will your hearts' desire be.

Anita Atina

# He Lay Down After A Long Day

He lay down after a long day

Of decisions, meeting obligations

Of doing the duties of this world

Oh it felt so good to lie down

Finally, he thought, pulling off his shirt

Stretching out languidly in bed

And then turning over, to relieve his back

Sleeping on his stomach

With lights dimmed

And he wondered

What was she doing

At this late hour, drowsily

She quietly tiptoed in

After a warm shower

Feeling delicious

She poured her favourite

Bitter orange & cinnamon oil

Rubbing her palms

With gentle relish

As the oil warmed

She touched the back of his neck

He smiled half asleep

He was waiting for this

And with a sigh, settled in again

She poured warm oil

Down his spine

While her right hand traced the oil's flow

And the left followed

Kneading in circles, fondly touching

Every muscle and bone that held him up

Sitting astride

She stroked over

His wide back

The shoulder blades

Down the middle

And then lower down

Firm hands, fanned out

Kneaded the base

Where the days' stress had accumulated

Absorbing it through her hands

To herself, from him

And letting it go

He felt a deep relief

And shifted again

Into deep slumber

She smiled, she knew

He was there already

And she would join him soon

In a healing interlude

The quiet haven

Birthplace of our souls

Anita Atina

# Her Feet

Her feet are now as long as my hand  
Was it just yesterday, she was so tiny  
Her feet smaller than my loving palm

In these hands have I seen her grow,  
Feet and hands, nose and eyes  
Her chatter follows everywhere I go

As wonder now lights up her eyes  
Laughter tumbles in ample delight  
Her world a discovery, as she grows

Anita Atina

# Her Ghost Passed Unnoticed

Her ghost passed unnoticed  
Craving tenuous form

She gave up so quickly  
As if she didn't belong

She now wanders the land  
Looking for a host

To connect spirit to soul  
A body to behold

Too often she had looked down  
Upon the body that was hers

Treating her sacred temple  
Like a hotel, to use and go

Even temples need upkeep  
Stones, a mending hand

Or wind and rain do wear down  
Your temple into sand

Shifting sands soon bury  
Memories that do not sing

A song of life, a song of love  
To the spirit that lives in thee.

Anita Atina

# Heralds Of Spring

A warm evening  
Traffic buzzes over  
An endless highway

The bare kesu tree sighs happily  
As white storks alight  
Folding noiseless wings

Orange flowers bedeck  
Winter-stripped branches  
Storks rest, nodding at the hardy tree

As birds return to colder lands  
This humble tree, flowers early  
To herald the onset of spring

Note: The humble and hardy Kesu tree [Coral/ Butea Monosperma] is commonly found on roadsides in India. Kesu flowers are bright orange or purple, with long and thick petals - look like semi-spiralled daisies!

Anita Atina

# Holding On To Hope

I try to hold on to hope, but unclenched  
My hands are empty, bleary eyes  
Gaze over a barren desert, my fingers reach out  
To meet swirling emptiness and fall back, at a loss!

Where do I find that hope,  
Which infused my being, not so long ago,  
How do I guild this broken throne,  
When its foundations have slipped away

How do I hold on to hope?  
After love's eternal river, has changed course  
And now flows, away from me  
Hope, yes hope is what I need!

Anita Atina

# Honey, I'm Home!

Its quiet now, after a long day at work  
Phones finally hushed  
Lights domino out  
Black roads snake away  
In a wide arc from the city  
Bright lights glitter through the night  
Cold comfort, from the daily grind!

The car's subdued hum feels companionable  
The absence of chatter, a relief  
Allowing the mind to wander, in aimless circles of thought  
People whizzing by, everything looks so .... everyday  
Glad this road has many exits, to different destinations  
If everyone wound up in the same place  
The world would go mad!

Exits allow an escape to the beyond, something for everyone!  
I look up to ... black skies, hmmm might rain tonight  
A distant lightning flash, races delightfully  
In stark contrast to a plane, impatiently flashing lights  
To reach firm ground, and disgorge people  
Cooped up for hours in the other guys bad breath and nudgy elbows  
I wonder if chickens feel like this too!

Finally I reach the exit I was cruising to  
And ease into parking, relief washes over me!  
As I leave the cocoon of my journey, turning off the car  
My almost-ritual of light and sound; stillness shivers before I step out  
Into a cold night, Honey I'm home, to an empty house I call  
But glad some journeys,  
Lead us to places we know.

Anita Atina

# Hot Chocolate Overtakes Iced Tea

Wind chimes now tinkle in a rising cadence,  
As doors shudder and creak,  
More leaves twirl lazily to a leaf-carpeted garden,  
As a cool autumn breeze whispers aloud,  
Winters' coming around!

The sun now rises lower every morn,  
And evening shadows gather early,  
The warmth of bright sunny days,  
Feels like a fading memory,  
As hot chocolate overtakes iced tea!

Anita Atina

# How Do You Feel Today?

Sometimes I feel like an eagle

Seeing the big picture, soaring afar

On other days a mouse

Scurrying around for crumbs

There are days when I flow like a river

Young in places,

Eternal in others

But ever moving on!

Dark turgid waters close over

Almost sinking belief, on some days

Until it rises flailing

For another breath of life

The best days are when I feel transparent

Not soaring, scurrying or moving on

When the flailing stops,

Aglow in the warm stillness of life and light!

Anita Atina

# How Do You Navigate The Unknown

How do you navigate the unknown,  
As it unfolds around you.  
Do you judge from past experience,  
Which falls short of the current tide,  
Do you push through, with a devil-may-care attitude,  
To see what gives?

How do you find answers to questions,  
That weren't asked of you before now,  
Where do you evolve new contexts,  
That aren't apparent or even clear!  
With fragile, moving thoughts; form changing beliefs,  
Defying labels and life structures.

Yes it requires faith to persist,  
But where does faith live now?  
While you're asked to walk on water,  
Suspend the knowing, thinking, belief system,  
And to go by the whispered promptings of ...who is this?  
Oh yeah the soul, to do what feels right!

Anita Atina

# How Many Lives Does It Take?

How many years pass by  
Before knowing we haven't lived  
With purity of purpose  
That gives true meaning to life,  
Hollows our spirit

How many times do we give in  
To greed and keeping up  
Setting aside dreams  
For another time that  
Slips by, ignored

For how many reasons do we succumb to fear  
Shrinking from the roughly-hewn path of light  
It feels easier to bow down  
To say nothing, do nothing  
While our silence, lets the killing continue

How many fields of blood will we sow  
Before we reap a violent harvest  
Jumping back frightened  
At the ogre we've created  
Now ready to devour us

How many lives does it take  
To turn this dark spiral  
Back into realms of light and love  
And to see life's purpose  
Dance with joy, on being found again!

Anita Atina

# How's It Going?

How's it going, he asks  
Fine, I calmly reply  
When I want to rend this veneer  
And speak my heart

Yes life is fine,  
It moves in fits and starts  
More smiles than tears  
Laughter lines, passing years

As life, moves us on  
Whether we like it or not  
To the next station  
Half way, to the last stop.

Anita Atina

# Hurdles At 36

36 and fit

Jetting between cars and planes

In the hot seat of success

Never careless or drunk

Eating carefully

Gymming regularly

On a regular evening

Minor discomfort

Escalated rapidly

From treadmill to the operation table

Angioplasty and clots removed

In time to save his life

Is this what he was running for?

At 36 a serious heart condition

Has thrown up a surprising hurdle

Anita Atina

# I Am A Great Passion!

I am a great passion!

I want to reap your soul to mine

Know that I am a great passion that will consume your mind

Your senses aflame with the fires I light

You will desire me so, do you see any point in flight

Throbbing, breathless till I relieve your sweet agony

I decide, to hold or grant the ecstasy

All this and more, your dreams will come true

Only if your soul longs for me too!

Anita Atina

# I Am The Daughter Of The Sun And The Sea

I am the daughter of the sun and the sea

And I proudly stand ashore

The earth steps up to receive me

As I land luminous, at her door

I look for great spirits

Wandering o'er this land

With them I want to share the stories

Of sun, sea and my land

For where I come from

There is only light

And every being a form of energy

To spread word of the good fight

And in my land, my mother sea

Gathers in her deep folds

Every feeling, every emotion

That man or beast could mould

When my father sun and mother sea, joyfully greet the day

They hold in their loving hands, the secrets of all creation, that day

To reveal what has been

And what will soon be at hand

They sent me from this wondrous land

To share the light afresh

With the soul of every man

Whose eyes long to see, the light that shines in me!

Anita Atina

# I Can't Sleep!

My body's tired, my minds' racing

My eyes hurt, my hearts' pacing

I can't sleep

When I close my eyes, I see us talking

And reach out, to feel ... the tangible warmth

Of an embrace, and grasp blindly, cold air

I can't sleep

Wandering around in a wakeful slumber

Unfamiliar milestones, wordless conversations

In a language I don't know, but seem to understand

I can't sleep

Entered a new forest that I didn't know existed

Perched atop a mountain

It's a steep climb, but a joyful ascent

I can't sleep

I cry no more, my soul weeps

I laugh aloud at my agony

The irony doesn't escape me

My soul's awake, and I can't sleep!

Anita Atina

# I Dream With My Eyes Open

I dream with my eyes open  
Of the life I wish to live  
And myself, I must believe

I dream with my eyes open  
For the lover far away  
Whose words of love, with my heart do play

I dream with my eyes open  
Of journeying well on this path  
'Though stones and thorns will scrape o'er some parts

I dream with my eyes open  
To walk under a benevolent sun  
Feeling warm and mellow

I dream with my eyes open  
To find the reason I'm here  
And in that call, relish every day, my dear

I dream with my eyes open  
That when its time to go  
I bid adieu, when I've done what I had to here

Anita Atina

# I Like Poems That Are

I like poems that are  
Technically flawed, imperfectly unique  
When everything doesn't rhyme  
To convention, and there are  
Surprising turns that zip

Capturing journeys of the spirit  
Raw emotions of the heart  
When laughter and delight  
At play in dappled sunlight  
Cast their spell, with deft word-art

Inspiring stories of everyday heroes  
Ironic legends of mountain-men  
Tragic stories of love and war  
And the delightfully universal  
Everydayness, of wicked puns!

I like poems that innately rhyme  
To the special music imprinted  
In every soul, its almost like listening  
To a fascinating fable  
Around a warm campfire told!

Anita Atina

# I Like Rain [a Poem For Children... And The Young At Heart! ]

I like rain

Lots of rain

To splash in the puddles

And jump, again and again

I take an umbrella

And twirl it around

See the raindrops whirring

And splash to the ground

I like running in the rain

To shout with my friends

When we are wet

And look like clowns!

Anita Atina

# I To You, And You To Me

No sword, no crown

The strength of humility

And the understanding

Of exactly one's self-worth

Measured in the depth of soul

Cast away the ego

Of attributions too

Delight in only what you are

The beauty that is essential

Not the make-up, nor the finery

I delight in you

For only who you are

Not who I am, nor wish for you to be

And you, delight in you

For all you truly are

No more, no less

That who you're meant

And called upon to be.....

I to you and you to me

As we walk along

Outward shells remain, empty

You and I frankincense infused, celebrating

To be I to you, and you to me

Our cup overflows

With wine that flows

Unending from the celestial cup

To be I to you, and you to me

Infused with Frankincense, from a special soul!

Anita Atina

# I Will Sing

I sing at my shrine, and if you join with me

Our spirit songs shall reach the Goddess,

Pleasing all who swirl in the melody.

I dance to step away from pain

And tired, find joy creeping into my being.

If you don't come to the shrine,

I will still sing and dance!

For its better to let this offering,

Ululate with the universe,

Than not to sing at all,

Shrouded in a deathly pall.

Anita Atina

# I Wonder What You Are Doing Today

I wonder what you are doing today

Did you walk in the sunshine, and think of me

Or feel my touch when you looked in the mirror

Was there a moment when you wished you weren't so far away

That we were looking into each others eyes

My hands hungrily caressing yours

Drinking in our warm conversation

Your laugh, that faraway look, makes me smile

And think of the next crazy thing to make you laugh again

The exquisite tenderness of your embrace

Astonishing absence of tension or distance

Opens up fluid pathways of sharing

Almost as if you've understood, before my words you hear

And we were waiting for this conversation to happen

I sense your desire before we embrace

Intimate yearning

To measured pace we move yet

Knowing this tango leads to a place where we want to be, together

Anita Atina

# If Life's A River

If life's a river  
Flowing on a course  
Long proven to be the best way  
To reach the sea, then flow on

If the rocks and boulders  
Are the cross  
Each one of us is given to bear  
Let our river flow around rocks

Over time, the sharp edged rocks will  
Be rounded by the rivers flow  
Ever there, but not so jagged  
As they were before

The ever changing banks have seen  
A trickle grow into a youthful stream  
And swelling into a mighty river  
That sometimes mingles with another

Every river looks for a path  
That's less rocky, a shorter way to the sea  
Ever quietly flowing  
Ceaselessly searching

Until one day, when it is time  
A new path opens  
The river changes path  
And yet, every river pours into the sea.

Anita Atina

# If You're Given An Angel Of Love

If you're given an angel of love

And use her like a whore

Who has lost heaven on earth?

Whose misfortunes have you bore?

You want her passions, unbound

But not her love, to the fore

Do you realize with what you're playing

And what bliss you may forego

She offers herself completely

And you see only her body

You're happy lying by her side

But don't trust her, inside your head

You let ego rule your heart

And your mind is fogged by logic

You choose to ignore what your heart tells you

What is it that you dread?

She asks not for any promises

Of material wealth or to be wed

She only asks for the truly precious

The warmth of your heart, instead

So run along, truant stallion

Roam the world as you please

In your silent moments

Find your inner peace

For when the roaming is done

And the world has lost its luster

You will look for the angel of love

But woe, she will be six feet under!

Anita Atina

# Imperfect Woman

She was an imperfect woman  
Deliciously flawed  
You could tell right away  
She was no wax doll

She got herself into  
Impossible situations  
And then got out of them  
With strange machinations

She smiled and laughed  
Some said, way too much  
But it was better than moping  
And being stuck

She was awkward and reserved  
With new people  
But with friends she loved  
Caring and wild!

She sometimes moved sideways  
And stepped out of the race  
The perspective she gained  
Had its own special place

She often felt alone  
Amidst a throng  
Searching for the one  
Who would share her song

She was a daughter  
Of the sun and the sea  
And in her quiet moments  
Would often believe

Though she was imperfect  
Her song was special  
And this path of discovery  
Would be her quest!

Anita Atina

# In The Rainforest Of Desire

I wait in the rainforest of desire

For the prince of light

His eyes caress my soul already

And I thrill at the thought of his embrace.

Aflame, astir, a stream of fire

The rainforest can barely hold me

Will my heady wine of passion please him, I wonder?

As he touches my energy!

When will I burst forth, a happy river,

Ready to receive the mighty sea

When will we relish the sweet-salt of our imagination

Sprinkled with reality

Anita Atina

# Innocent Mischief!

She's just turned 4

And grins, wide eyed

Full of innocent mischief!

She's just turned 34

And feels angels at the door

And seeks to understand

With eyes alive to mischief!

He's just turned 6

And believes the world he can fix

With his hands ready to explore

And find more mischief!

He's just turned 56

With blue eyes that have seen the world

That twinkle with joie-de-vivre

Full of not-so-innocent mischief!

Anita Atina

# Invisible Man

Invisible man  
Where art thou  
Has your heart  
Turned away now  
All the words  
The time we shared  
Was it nothing  
Just a moment of dare?

Have you moved on  
To the next new thing  
Was this just a passing fancy  
A careless fling  
It would be courtesy  
To just say so  
But if this isn't the case  
How would I know?

Anita Atina

# Invisible Whips

Leaving behind  
Disappointment and the loss  
Of what could be  
But has not come to pass  
Is difficult

These invisible whips  
Lash unforgiving  
Till we accept the pain  
As a natural outcome  
Of the choices we made

No one is to blame for the pain  
But ourselves  
For refusing to see  
What now seems obvious  
But was fogged out, with love

Anita Atina

## Is Life Fair?

Life's not fair, we mumble  
Still we work hard, party hard  
Play by the rules,  
And still be fooled.

Be good, do good  
And still we brood,  
When life deals us  
The usual, unfair hand.

But again, is life about fair play,  
Or having your way  
Are winners, those who win at all costs?  
Are losers, those who refuse to play false?

Is it about being given fair opportunity?  
Or just making the best of, what maybe your best chance  
In this tragi-comedy – and who's to judge  
What's fair and what's not, in this sublime plot.

Anita Atina

# Is Life Is A Predictable Emotion?

With ups and downs, you laugh and cry

With life, as time goes by

There's a bit of sunshine before clouds gather

There's a bit of rain to wash away the pain

Longing and living, that's how it goes

But its not long before the pace slows

And you start wondering, did I do justice to this great opportunity?

Or did I retreat into predictable folly

Was my life a predictable emotion?

Predecided with me playing automaton

Did I really play a role, as every being was foretold!

Or was my life another predictable emotion

To dissipate into the great energy

That's the source of our big story

Anita Atina

# Is This What Was Meant To Be?

Coiled in the dark biding time, it lay  
T'was not long before the lonely snake  
Struck back, releasing deadly venom

Paralysing hope, leaving the victim  
Swinging between reality and escape  
As life ebbed away

The venom throbbed  
In ruby red veins, as the pulsing slowed  
Each breath, an escaped sigh

Eyes that didn't know, anymore  
Thoughts that didn't see, anymore  
A voice that would echo

In the void  
Forever  
Is this what was meant to be?

Anita Atina

# It Feels Like A Pause

It feels like a pause

As my life waits for the past to catch up

And the present to fully engage

To inner truths that our souls know

But our mind doesn't recognise fully

So at this pause

Where past and present converge

A rich tapestry of feelings

With rays of hope, repose

Waiting for the dam to fill

And on reaching fullness

Will the floodgates open

Will life, burst forth

Sweeping away the past debris

And finding a new path ahead

Treasures too it will carry

To the next destination I'm told

But for now

I wait for the pause

To quietly unfold

Anita Atina

# It Is Time!

It seems as though we met once long ago, formless energy

And life meandering took us afar, on separate roads

To live, love and seek the truth

Life planned another meeting, at an intersection of the future

And now life itself has brought us back again

For it is time!

Anita Atina

# Its Not About...

Its not about ...

Procreation but recreation

Erotica not porn

Arousal not refusal

Foreplay not delay

Touch not grope

Relish not savage

Connection not detention

Engagement not boredom

Coitus not caution

Orgasm not spasms

Duet not solo

Its not about you and me, but us

Anita Atina

# Its Time To Let Go

Shaken to the roots, the clinging gets undone

Its time to let go, and follow the sun

Find a new resting place, grow roots somewhere new

There may be a new forest, just waiting for me

And in that shift, I pray to find

The answers I seek, the elusive kind

Letting go, of all I cling to

Pray lead me to the one

My soul longs for too!

Anita Atina

# Journeying Down A Path That Opens Up As We Walk

Journeying down a path that opens up as we walk

Where will it take us, as we talk!

The mystique of our meeting beckons, invitingly

And we walk on, trustingly

Holding hands, under a clear blue sky

Through a verdant garden, that history stopped by

As eagles soar above, approvingly

We step towards each other, confidently

We barely know each other

But still feel close

As if words, and their meaning

Are wrapped in comforts fold

The sun made me luminous

And you a smouldering flame

Our eyes speak a language

Our souls seem to understand

The rules of the game fall by the wayside,

As we walk hand in hand.

Anita Atina

# Judging Ourselves

We dislike in others, reflections of

The dark shadows of our soul

We want to escape

Judging others

Criticizing, fault finding

In reality condemning ourselves

Unable to face the truth

Rejecting the reality we may find

Forgiving ourselves too easily

While transferring blame to the other

He did this to me! Look at what she did!

Its easier to get by this way, but not simpler

Truth doesn't escape a knowing heart

Biding time, till we accept

That judging others is to judge ourselves

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Anita Atina

## Just As He Was Born

He's older now, and kisses me shyly  
His words now often tell me coyly  
Though he's getting bigger, he's still a boy

His imagination comes alive  
In colours vibrant; and football he loves  
Plays like a tyrant

When he flops down besides me  
And the day's work is done  
Sleepy eyes look at me, just as he was born

Anita Atina

# Just Words

Reading over and over again

The messages and letters we shared

Sudden joy and deep understanding

Places of togetherness and intimacy

All feel so real

But they are just

Words that draw us together

A rope to hold on to

While crossing a treacherous river

Till we meet on a quiet bank

Anita Atina

# Lapsing Into Bliss

He gently picks her out

Fondly holding

Making her comfortable on his lap

With his arms around her

His fingers gently work up a rhythm

And he knows which strings to touch

Creating a world of magic with a guitar

While moving to the beat of his music,

I watched, lapsing into bliss!

Anita Atina

# Lasagne And Love

Deliciously warm

With ripe tomatoes

And bright greens

Crunchy carrots

And cheese melting in between

Sprinkled with oregano

And pepper too

Fragrantly inviting

Spicy and hot

Would you have me too!

... That's lasagne talking to you :)

Anita Atina

# Left For Later...

'More later' he says

There's no later

Only the now

A moment once passed

Doesn't return

Think of all the people you missed

The opportunities let slip

Girls you didn't kiss

Songs unsung

Melodies half done

And dreams undone

All left for later...

Anita Atina

# Let Love Hold Sway

There are powerful forces of the universe  
Their wisdom beyond our knowing  
Reasons at play,  
That drew us together,  
So similar is our seeking

I don't know what the future holds  
As our hearts envelop in magical folds  
So lets stay in the moment  
In the now that we share  
Relishing each day

We both have questions, doubts and fears  
Anxieties from the past, flood our hearts  
Shy hope for the future, flutters delicate wings  
Between the past and the future  
We often stand at the crossroads

When blue eyes meet black  
And our dreams merge  
What will we discover  
The truth, we don't know  
Yet trust we must, in this hope

For this hope runs between us  
Like a golden chord of light  
That you hold during bright daylight  
And I during black nights

Let our sharing be a source  
Of joy, of strength, of hope  
Let it not be a weakness  
That hollows hope

Lets not plot the future  
Or plan, what's next to now  
Lets stay in the moment  
And discover each day

Life is mystical  
In its own secret way  
Will guide us forward, together  
On a path that awaits the day

And when we step on this path  
There will be petals strewn along the way  
Stones and thorns hidden  
May hurt our feet, for a day

Persist we must, as seekers  
On this wonderful journey  
As we travel together, we may yet find  
More of life, the eternal journey

Yea time will test us, as it must  
So we know what we feel is precious  
'Tis not a passing fashion or lust,  
It is love indeed for real!

Love has many faces, we are cautioned  
Lets not judge by the faces we know  
By past heartbreaks or rose tinted dreams  
Lets stay real and the rest will unfold.

In this unfolding we may yet find  
Love has facets untold  
Believe this sharing, will lead us  
To a place we both must find

Don't question the future, my love  
'Tis by our actions, written everyday  
Lets surrender to this sharing  
And let love hold sway.

Anita Atina

# Let Our Words Be Mindful

Let our words be mindful of feelings,  
For even when it is not our intention to hurt another,  
Words may evoke feelings, unintended,  
Or reopen wounds from the past.

Let our words be mindful of their power,  
To elevate, inspire, love and lead; as well as,  
To hurt, tear, poison and destroy the human spirit,  
Once released, words spread the aroma of our spirit.

Heed this call, o community of,  
Word writers, sharing your spirit,  
Let your words not attack and wound,  
Bring forth your light, to illuminate a world groping in the dark.

Anita Atina

# Life Feels Cold Today

Grey skies

Pigeons cooing their grumble

Crows reluctantly cawing their displeasure

Life feels cold today

People huddled, coiled in their grind

Unwilling to move, unless it's a real bind

Hearts frozen, grim faces

Life feels cold today

Trees shiver in the biting wind

Little animals burrow underground

To earth's welcome warmth

Life feels cold today

Clouds obscure the sun

Finding her beloved absent, the earth sulks

And turns away to another night

Life feels cold today

Anita Atina

# Life Revealed

O keeper of secrets

Reveal, as I am ready to receive

Varied meanings, throwing light

On the meaning of

Living a full life.

Anita Atina

# Life's A Wild Ride

Life's a wild ride  
We get in for free  
Assuming what came before us  
Has got to give

By the time we accept  
We're part of the continuum  
There's little time left  
To change the equilibrium

If a soulmate is met  
Consider yourself blessed  
A loving shade  
When much of life's a test

So till we've got time, lets have a blast  
Assuming each day, will be our last  
Oh let my ride, careen wild  
I want to go out, with a rousing goodbye!

Anita Atina

# Like A Leaf In The Wind

Her soul flutters like a leaf in the wind

Clinging on to tree of life

With nothing more than hope

Devoid of pretense

Shorn of desires

Tossed about, at the whim of a gathering storm

Dark cold has slowed the sap

But deep inside, life fights to surge through

Longing for the next sunny day

When the sap will ease through fluid pathways

Until then, her soul flutters like a leaf in the wind

On a high branch she clings alone

While the other leaves huddle

Warm in their numbers

Sheltered in low branches

Wondering how she has lasted so long

While her soul flutters like a leaf in the wind

When the storm blows harder,  
She sometimes feels close to giving up  
And sinking quietly to the ground below  
Returning to dust, from where she arose  
But something in her refuses to let go  
While her soul flutters like a leaf in the wind

So come wind, come storm,  
Blow as you might  
She will cling on to the tree of life  
This lone leaf will fight.

Anita Atina

# Little Pink Shoes

Those little pink shoes  
Hurriedly forgotten  
In the kitchen  
As she ran off to play  
Brought such a tender smile  
To my heart

She's grown so fast  
From crawling to running  
And everything pink!  
Soon sandals and high heels  
That's what she'll want  
When the boys start asking her out

But for now little angel  
When you're back from play  
I'll be waiting for you  
With a hug and some cake  
Smiling, with stories  
Of your innocent play

Anita Atina

# Living A Giant Puzzle

We are living a giant puzzle

With pieces all a-swirl

Every time we walk a pace

A few pieces fall into place

Resolving a part of the puzzle

That didn't have a face

As polarities dissolve

Our puzzle gets half resolved

The half picture that emerges

Triggers a fresh story

Created as we talk

Journeying down this path

The pieces are all around us

Putting them together, realizing the true order

Unravels bookish learning and traditions, hide bound

Learning to play well, in life's giant puzzle

Requires open eyes to look

Into our own deep wells!

Anita Atina

# Living Wonderful Hell

He has a beautiful life, they say

And everythings perfect in a way

Except that life felt superficial,

Empty everyday

Below the surface, loneliness gnawed, purpose lost

Why am I here? Where am I going?

In the dead of night, while all slept

He thrashed agonized

Praying to all that was holy

Lead me, reveal the purpose

I must surrender myself to

Living an empty shell, is tearing me in two

Time is running out

I must find a purpose

Rather than going through the motions

Living wonderful hell

Anita Atina

# Lonesome Again

Strains of an Italian love song

Linger, long after the music has quietened

On a warm summer day

Surrounded by life's humdrum

I turn to embrace the blessing you are

To realize, you're far away

I miss you, quiet longing

Settles into being lonesome again.

Anita Atina

# Looking Back, To Look Ahead

The days and nights I wandered,  
Lost in the fog of not knowing  
Aching with yearning,  
For that everyday sort of love,  
We take almost for granted, when we have it  
Grieving friendless and alone, once we've lost it.  
I hope those days and nights  
Add up to something, one day  
For if this journey was meaningless,  
Then life itself will get a bad name.

Anita Atina

# Love And Freedom

In the space between breath, the quiet moments  
Our love just is  
Not captured, by what was prior or what comes next  
Not weighed down, by expectations of the future  
But like life  
That gives each breath meaning  
By simply being there everyday

So yes let our love be like freedom  
Expanding in the open spaces of our being  
Let us also be aware that love like freedom  
Is ruefully missed when curtailed or lost  
So the freedom to love,  
and the freedom of true love  
Is a gift most precious, and a promise most dear

Anita Atina

# Love Me Today

Love me  
Today  
As I am

Not the woman  
I was  
In the shadows of the past

Nor the woman  
I may become  
A future mirage

Love me  
Today  
As I am

A proudly imperfect woman  
With all that makes me  
Uniquely, me!

Anita Atina

# Love Shines In Our Hearts

Love shines in our hearts

Why do I feel so close to you,

When you're so far away

Why do I feel you're holding me warm,

When we've never embraced this way

Your blue eyes look at me from the skies above

And every bird that flies, takes my love to you

While your words echo in my soul

Every conversation I treasure, like a precious gem to behold

Your generous heart is overburdened now, I know

And I ask not more of you

But that you keep me close to your heart

For when our time is due

For meet we must, to see the truth

That's shining in our hearts

For life is too short, to waste love, staying apart!

Anita Atina

# Lulled By Persistent Rhythm

Just the usual mush of life

Nothing dramatic or life threatening

Tomorrow will dawn, like yesterday

As day follows night

Lulled by persistent rhythm

The light feels faint

Its warmth flutters in a strange wind

Cup the flame with your hands

It has taken a lifetime to alight

Its too precious, to go out now

Anita Atina

# Memories

I often wonder what it would be like

To look into your eyes

Feel your arms around me

Wrapped in your robes of light

It would be incredible!

To be this way just once

Before the special meaning of our meeting changes

If I yearn, if I ache, if I pray

That you, who are so far, are brought closer to me

Even for a day, will I be heard?

Memories last a lifetime they say

What of memories that yearn to assume form

Shape reality

From which I may draw sustenance

For a lifetime, apart!

Anita Atina

# Memories Recoil

Memories recoil  
Unbidden snakes  
Stir lost repose

\*\*\*

Slithering doubt  
Hollows faith  
Uncertainty follows

\*\*\*

Uneasy hearts  
Disbelieve reality  
Swayed by fear

Anita Atina

# Monday Madness! :) - 1

Monday madness begins anew

The week ahead calls out to you

Dragged out of bed

Get dressed, get out and about

Hit the office, jaw around

Email by the dozen

Follows ups galore

Call up all businesspeople, shore-to-shore

After the first few hours, are spent in a tizzy

Well its about time, I wasn't so busy

So lets go out and grab a coffee, a smoke and a bite

Before we return to set everything right!

New proposals must fly

And meetings be held

To figure out strategies

And who gets ahead

And now thank god

The bosses are happy

The juniors have done well

And I feel snappy

I've done today's share

And the time sheets are done

Its time to go home now

The week's begun!

Anita Atina

# My Secret Garden

Walking around a familiar path  
I hoped and wondered if I would be  
Let in to my secret garden today  
Will a gateway open, for just a moment!  
Would I be quick enough to see it?

Then it appeared suddenly, a wish granted  
Hidden among the bushes  
Covered with creepers and thorns  
Was it always there I wondered  
Crawling in, with twigs and thorns scraping

Bleeding and scratched  
But the pain is no match  
To the beauty that I now see  
For I am within the secret garden  
That was once my playground, my special place

I wander gratefully  
Touching my garden of discovery  
Relishing the dewy fresh air, laden with bark and leaf  
Moist earth and many growing things  
For this heaven may last only a moment

I walk in the mellow light  
That filters through the canopy of leaves  
From giant trees that line  
Its meandering pathways  
And lead my steps

I relish the feast around me  
Of nature's bounty in leaves and birds  
Chattering squirrels and frolicking dogs  
Flitting butterflies and buzzing insects  
Playful and light, the day goes by

Why is it getting darker now?  
Why does time run ahead  
Taking with it, my secret garden mist

Wiped away by an inexorable hand

But shimmering behind closed eyelids  
I can still remain, immersed in the beauty  
Of what was real, just moments ago  
Before reality and light overtake  
Echoes of departing beauty and peace

Anita Atina

# My Sister And I [poem For Children]

My sisters' just four

And her, I adore

She's a cute and naughty girl

And giggles at the door

She is my biggest fan

And comes running to me

For help with drawings

Or even climbing a tree

Sometimes we fight

And get angry with each other

But we soon forget

We love playing together

Anita Atina

# Nature's Merry Dance

To ease the throbbing in my head, I decided lets go to bed

But as soon as I lay down, my head spun faster around

Soon I left my body, wondering at my shell

And then I looked up, to bright sunlight and mountains of clouds

Silver peaked nobles and snow capped guards

Guarding millions of grey ones that stood about

These titans had risen above the mortal fog

And they lived with light

Filtering, beaming and glowing white

And yes, the sun was in the know, that sun and cloud this game must play

For light and rain to greet earth everyday

And so nature's merry dance continues, even today.

Anita Atina

# Nothing Lasts Forever

Not time  
Nor tide  
Not even life  
Nothing lasts forever

Seasons go  
Flowers fade  
Colours change  
The moon wanes

Happiness gives way  
To sadness and longing  
Despair gives way  
To hope and joy

Does love really last  
The trials of life  
Or is the status quo  
A crutch to keep going

Do soulmates really meet  
Life after life  
Beating death  
At its own tricky game

Why do we try  
To hold on to  
A chimera of the now  
When nothing lasts forever

What is eternity  
The big, forever and ever  
That is chased  
By seekers and bounty hunters alike

What is the chase  
When we are to walk an unknown road  
And nothing lasts  
Forever

Anita Atina

# Nothing Much To Say

I have nothing much to say, for now  
As I watch life swirl about me  
I am the actor and the observer  
I am the journey and the pilgrim  
I know not the final destination  
The larger game plan  
Escapes my understanding

But I am here  
I feel and respond  
I receive and give  
I act and react  
But most of all  
I just  
Be

Anita Atina

# Of Pleasure And Pain

The sense of pleasure

Feeds off the sensual

What we see, hear, taste, touch and smell

The fantastic reaction these external-internal stimuli trigger

Firing off when we see someone or something that excites us

We all live, sensitive in varying degrees, to pleasure and pain

What if you found, the balance thrown askew

Your sensitivity to pleasure and pain grown manifold

And you're living a sensory overdrive

The sense of pleasure is extreme

So is the sense of pain

Throbbing waves of silent agony surround

Smiling faces that mask great pain

Pleasant conversations papering over agonised hearts

Joie de vivre glossing over loneliness

Aching bodies pumped up for action on steroids

All hitting a painful hollow at the core

When the body slumps and the soul tires

Of faking life, what then?

What if you felt this goddess of pain

As acutely as the sensual mistress?

Anita Atina

# Oh How I Long For Thee!

A moment, a minute, a lifetime

Oh how I long for thee!

In the quiet places of my heart

And in the bustling streets of art

In verdant sunny gardens, while I walk

Through velvety nights, oh so dark

Oh how I long for thee!

To drink the wine of you lips,

Instead of mortal food

To be clay, caressed in your hands

And inhale your aroma, that would be good

While my fingers linger and rest

Oh how I long for thee!

When the mind ponders anew

What brings me to you

And my soul sings a song

That tells me how we belong

Oh how I long for thee!

Anita Atina

# Oh Spirit That Lives In Me

The spirit in me gathers more to itself  
Not long ago, a withering flame was I  
Uncertain,

Hoping to be extinguished rather than go on with this painful journey.  
You sheltered my spirit, unannounced,  
Sharing your great spirit with me,

That I may burn brighter.  
Oh spirit that lives in me,  
Guide me now to the future,  
But as I walk ahead, hold my soul.

Anita Atina

# On Learning And Remembering

Remembering takes us over,

A path we once trod, but need to feel again.

Learning takes us over unknown paths,

With fresh vistas, sharp bends, stones underfoot,

That teach us, to be mindful.

Ever present, in the now,

Open to new grooves being carved into our soul.

Until the new learning becomes the old remembering

Skin that needs to be sloughed off,

Revealing a tender new being.

Created by the old, yielding to the new,

Linked to the past and the future, by you.

Anita Atina

# One Day

One day, I want to talk  
A long meandering conversation  
Without watching the clock  
While rushing to catch a flight, or a train

One day, I want to share a quiet meal  
Just the two of us  
Without bothering, about people around us  
Or watching how we behave

One day, I want to walk in verdant gardens  
Hand in hand, stopping to admire flowers in bloom  
Or feel the breeze playing with the trees  
And to feel your arms gather me in a tender kiss

One day, I want to watch the sunset with you  
Walking along a sea shore  
And stay out there on the beach making love  
Till the sunrise greets us, mio amore

One day, I want to share reading glasses  
As we smile our dentured grins  
And gaze at you with love and longing  
As life says goodbye, to meet again!

Anita Atina

# One Ray Of Light

Awake when I should be sleeping, asleep when awake

My heart waits for the moment, when this dream reality does drape

For in revealing to me, a dream within a dream

You have spoken of a desire, I never would have gleaned

Now that both our hearts know the truth as it stands

There is a place beyond our dreams, where we must go hand in hand

For there at the altar, of 'the light' itself

You and I will dissolve, into one ray of light

Anita Atina

# Orange Spring

Leafless tree

Orange blooms

Welcome spring!

Anita Atina

## Painting Reality [haiku]

Colours resonate  
Allowed by light  
Painting reality

Anita Atina

# Pattern-Seekers

We're constantly searching for patterns  
To make sense of the randomly overwhelming  
Hyper stimulating reality, we're immersed in

Lets look at brands – a shallow parade of  
A rather similar set of choices  
Unconnected people make, just given a symbol

Consider the poems you choose to read on this site  
Picking and revisiting names and topics  
Vaguely familiar, until a pattern is established

When we walk into a room full of strangers  
In a foreign land, who speak a different language  
An uneasy smile hides our discomfort, until anything familiar appears

Why are we troubled when patterns disappear  
Why must everything be ruled by precedent  
Why do we fear the unknown, assuming the worst

Is it unthinkable, that what we don't know  
Might be, a beautiful surprise  
Waiting to unfold, away from this vale of fear?

Anita Atina

# People Are Pathways

People are pathways for the energy to flow  
The unseen melody of the universe manifests this way  
Directing life with life  
Ever balancing the positive and negative

Presenting us with opportunities  
To recognise the power we are born with  
Or to let the moment dissipate  
In the fog of doubt and disbelief

There are times when the energy manifests conflict  
Even among those who are aware of the light  
Friction unfolds with resistance  
Indicating a divergence about to emerge

And there are other times, when energies complement  
Manifesting surrender to the truth  
As our hearts resonate with the glorious music of love  
Unleashing a wave of change, that creates new pathways of living

Until we recognize the microcosm of universe residing in every life  
Requires us to be mindful of our fellow beings  
We don't live completely open to the path of truth  
For people are pathways to the light

Anita Atina

# Permission To Be Promiscuous

Its as though I've passed a door,

With permission to be promiscuous,

Love, sex, and all my roles I renew,

In my new found zest!

The usual rules and society's fools,

Are all totally left off!

I live in a new plane of reality,

Just me and those I let on

So explore I do, the world around me

Attracting friend and foe

Wondering at this person they see

Who was passionately, let go

Vows and covenants don't bind me anymore

Fear has lost its constraints

I feel the sun warmly,

As winter now has waned

The old ties I filter,

Like sand running through my fingers

What is left, is what matters

And if nothing, so be it!

I found the light lives in me

And I am the light itself

The answer to all my seeking,

Was found in my inner well

Anita Atina

# Poignant Hope

Now its quiet,  
And the songs of my heart,  
That liquidly flowed into,  
Words of poetry,  
Seem to have hushed.

In the silence that  
Follows, like a shadow,  
I turn to the memory,  
Of a long gone day  
Warm, as a lovers embrace.

Words flit past  
In the twilight, between two worlds.  
A seductive mirage,  
Fading into the coming dark,  
As soon as I try to fully grasp intent.

I lie back on a bed  
Of feeling, which like clouds  
Come and go;  
Homeless, uninvited  
Here for a moment, then gone again.

Ahh the warm embrace of sleep  
Approaches, as I think of  
Love lost, just when it felt so real  
Life never turns out,  
As we hope it will!

But hope lives,  
As a steady flame now.  
No exuberant gushes  
Of brilliant light, nor does  
The flame flicker, weakly.

Steadied by hope  
That perhaps, I am closer  
To that elusive core balance,

Keeps me going,  
Ahh poignant hope!

Anita Atina

# Questions At Four

Why is the moon round

And why do stars twinkle white?

Where's the day gone

And why is it night?

What's a planet

And is it a round ball of fire!

How do we stay stuck, if the earth is round

And not fall down

Questions pour

And you're just four

As we go about

Our daily walk

Anita Atina

# Random Reflections On A Humid Summer Afternoon

The soul talks  
In quiet  
Whispers

When the rustling quietens  
Stillness soars  
To light

Gods, guardians  
Spirits, angels  
All live in me

The past and the future  
Balance on the fulcrum  
Of now

A child laughing  
Relishes the moment  
Completely

Love and freedom  
Are most treasured  
When lost

We are equal  
To the tests  
That beset us

Finding purpose  
To life  
Is the Holy Grail

Magic surrounds us  
Masked behind  
Apparent logic

Anita Atina

# Reality Unleashed

unleashed  
our souls soar together  
a cascading melody  
that deeply vibrates  
at the core of our being

drawing out  
the light within us  
mirroring  
our souls  
preparing

for the time  
when blue eyes  
meet black  
and the mirror  
stands before us

when illusions subside  
into the truth  
which manifests  
in the reality  
of our being

Anita Atina

# Reality's New Robes

You have burst into my world,

Walking past my defences,

As if they didn't exist!

What magic did you unleash,

That quietly took over,

Drawing me, willingly

Into the wonderful web

Of your presence!

Why do my thoughts stray to you,

Every few minutes,

Wondering at the beauty

Of what I feel

Almost unwilling

To wake from this dream

Or has reality

Worn new robes today

Colour and light

Sunshine bright

The sky and earth,

And all things blue

Sensual and wicked

Playful too

Everything reminds me of you!

Anita Atina

# Reclaiming Parts Of Me

Trying to reclaim parts of me that have been

Crushed, twisted, or shriveled out of shape

Reestablish the contours of who I used to be

Who I am today and who I want to be

Let light into all the dark corners

Meet my demons face to face

Replenish the spring of energy

That flows now sluggishly

Find out what makes me truly happy or not

And to stand back and see

If this picture that gets painted

Is what I am meant to be!

Anita Atina

# Romancing Reality

The ability to look at things as they are

Without the distraction of a fairy tale romance

No waking dreams, no repressed desires projected onto another

But the beauty of seeing what is, in clarifying light

No delusions of grandeur

Or of running away from the world

But the courage to look into a honest mirror

And accepting who we are

Beautiful, wrinkled, deep feeling

And maybe, finding who we want to be

Romancing the world, is a hollow chase

And reality is a pretty illusion

When the only true romance, is with your own soul!

Anita Atina

# Run, Run

Run run  
You've got to run  
Now to keep up  
With every dunce!

Economic crisis  
Jobs at risk  
You've got to be  
Hard to resist

While one might desist  
From shameless self-promotion  
You're forced to perform  
Abhorrent acquisitions

The crisis has provided  
A convenient excuse  
For slimy management  
To use every ruse  
&#8195;  
To hire at low wages  
And fire at will  
This is what we have come to  
Another waterloo

While the pain is real  
The salve is esoteric  
It remains to be seen  
If anything, will fix it

While this downward spiral  
Doesn't have a bottom in sight  
There are icons of hope  
Beckoning worldwide

So till the pendulum  
Swings wildly, between  
Hope and despair  
We've got to watch out for, listless fear

And run run,  
You've got to run  
Now to keep up  
With every dunce!

Anita Atina

# Safe Harbor

From the safe harbor of our love  
To be sent forth, to journey  
In a harsh cold winter, is tough

I hadn't rested enough  
Or healed completely  
From abrasive reality

But what's the point of this now  
As I drag my weary heart  
Across this cold wasteland

Looking for warmth  
A sliver of sunlight would do  
Or a cosy inn

Where perhaps, hours will pass  
With food and laughter  
Over drunken stupor

Another lonely night will pass  
Till the cold light of morn  
Pushes me on, again

Anita Atina

# Searching For Your Song

Is this your choice?  
Its been ages, since I heard your voice

Have I erred in any way?  
O love don't keep me away

I yearn and long, alone in the throng  
And wander lost, searching for your song

A word, a sigh, any sign  
That you're nearby

Nary a chance, have I  
To last, so denied

Anita Atina

# Separated

There comes a time,

When two hearts separated, must meet.

To look into each others eyes and renew their vows to keep.

And this heart waits for when,

That wonderful day might be.

For otherwise, loneliness holds sway.

And my heart aches to grasp the warmth,

Thy heart holds for me.

Anita Atina

# Shadows Flicker

To keep the light burning within

I quietly companion myself, when I can

Away from the mind-numbing rush to oblivion

The flickering interplay of light and darkness

Captures my attention

The light sometimes grows dim

Wilting against harsh winds

Only to revive as a guardian

Cups the flame, till it glows strong again

Lending a calming stillness, of quiet comfort

Sometimes the darkness wells up

Choking all that is light, and all that sustains light

Thrashes on dark quicksand

That's when I pray for the light to be strong

For there are shadows flickering

Even under the brightest lamp, such is the nature of light

Anita Atina

# Shadows Of Desire, Mirrors Of The Soul

Oh were I the breath that you take and lived in your heart, said he

Oh were you the blood that's pounding passion in me, said she

Where I your hands that caress gloriously, he said with a sigh

Were you my lips that seek you hungrily, she said with a shy smile

Were I your fantasy, that makes you crave me, said he with rising passion

And were you the responding cry that receives me in delight, said she quietly

If this is the way it was meant to be, then who am I and who art thee

Shadows of desire, accepting each other, as we are

Mirrors of the soul, separate vessels

And one, in communion

Anita Atina

# She Smiles At Her World

Love it  
When she smiles  
At some secret  
That angels whisper  
Or naughty games  
Cherubs play  
As she sleeps

Awake her eyes twinkle  
With delight  
As she charms her way  
To every wish  
Rewarding us  
With a delighted hug  
As we helplessly smile back!

Anita Atina

# She's Taught Me To Live

I'm always amazed by her energy  
Constant buzz and laughter  
Follow her trail

Engaging with people, far and wide  
At work or in the neighbourhood  
At random parties or over travels

Picking up with ease, conversations that  
Usually lead to caring friendships  
And years of small everyday gifts

Making time to visit the sick and the aged  
Over weekends, when most of us  
Would prefer to laze and recover

Treating everyone with the same  
Friendly warmth and even blunt talking-to  
Prince or pauper, it doesn't matter what they do

She's taught me to live life  
On my own terms, and reach out  
No matter how much I work

Her philosophy is simple and tough  
You've got one life, now make it work  
With grace and a smile, even when you hurt

You never know who you'll meet  
And if they're in deeper trouble  
Compared to your usual whine

So count yourself blessed, everyday  
To have a home and a family  
And food and wine too

Don't forget to share, yourself  
That's the path to the divine  
Who tests your mettle, with misfortunes few

That doesn't mean you forget  
You're loved too.  
Thank you mom, I love you.

Anita Atina

# Should We Celebrate Christmas And New Year?

As the holiday season approaches  
Many of us wonder  
Should we celebrate Christmas and New Year  
As much of 2008  
Was marred by pain

With icons falling  
Falsehoods exposed  
Markets failing, confidence breaking  
Violence and hatred  
Seem to be holding forth

And yet, amidst this upheaval  
Sprouts hope for change  
That our sacrifices are not in vain  
As we watched the so-called pillars  
Of modern society crumble

Almost imperceptibly,  
Old values, glue stronger  
As new ones spring up  
Linking our past to the future  
Soon we will share stories of living through  
A redefinition of humanity

So let us celebrate  
The gifts of life and love  
Of friendship and laughter  
Of the way of the spirit, that links us  
To the immeasurable spirit of life itself

Let us remember  
And draw into our circle  
Those who have lost  
Love, hope, and life  
For their sacrifices are not unsung

Let us also remember  
And draw into our circle

Those who are chained  
By fear and hatred  
For their hearts to be set free

Let this be our hope and prayer  
This special season, for the primacy  
Of love, hope and giving  
Are needed now,  
More than ever before.

Anita Atina

# Signs Of Life

A quick call to say hello

I'm fine today how are you? emailed

A funny joke or an inspirational quote

Are all signs of life

They quietly whisper, you miss me as I miss you

Are signs that you are well and not down with flu

Just busy today

And we'll talk more, another day

These small signs of life

Tell me that you're doing alright

Which I need to know when you're so far away

Where sight can't reach

But hearts hold sway

Anita Atina

# Silent Conversations

The sounds of silence wrap me in a comforting hug,  
My soul leaps ahead unhindered.  
To explore the world within me and around you,  
To laugh with joy,

At the freedom that comes from innermost desires, set free.  
So let silence not deter you,  
And let talk not deafen,  
That which we know draws us to each other.

Anita Atina

# Silent Screams, Unheard

His strong arm lay torn off, by the road side

People, cars, dogs, just strolled by

Unfeeling, not a glance of compassion

Wrenched from the body, a gaping wound

Bark and sap oozing agony, a slow death waits

The trees silent screams, unheard

Anita Atina

# Sing Me A Song, My Love

Sing me a song of hope, my love  
That I may not, despair

Sing me a song of strength, my love  
That I may not give up, vigor fair

Sing me a song of beauty, my love  
That I may raise my heart, in wonder

Sing me a song of truth, my love  
That I may from it, strength discover

Sing me a song of pain, my love  
That drapes my cross, with tranquility

Sing me a song of faith, my love  
That I may go on, with equanimity

Sing me a song from your heart, my love  
So mine beats in harmony

O sing me a song of love, my love  
That I may love with soulful clarity

Anita Atina

# Snatching Solitude

Snatching solitude from sleep  
For a few wakeful hours, to reclaim myself  
From the web of relationships that define us  
And the responsibilities that dictate our days

Now that isn't such a wise thing!  
Doctors often say, while they tend to the heart  
As an organ, rarely seeing the soul  
That needs mending too

But now that stillness overcomes hurtling day  
I tend to my temple  
That stands with windows open  
Welcoming new winds from o'er the land

That quiet corner is my favourite place  
Where a candle glows, softly  
Lighting up dark corners, and freeing my spirit  
To commune with the vastness beyond

Sometimes a quiet whisper holds clues  
To a story yet to unfold, while at others  
The quiet holds me in a warm embrace  
While I snatch solitude from sleep.

Anita Atina

# Solitary Castles

People breeze into our lives  
Like seasons, some last a day  
Others for a season, a few for a lifetime

It would be foolish  
Not to embrace all  
Drinking in their light and love

Even though seasons change  
And people move on  
Layered meanings stay back with us

Our lives are not to be lived  
As solitary castles, abandoned  
To high winds and vagabonds

Our lives are to be lived  
As villages, where many paths crisscross  
Bringing travelers from distant lands

We may offer travelers  
Hearths warm and hearty succour  
Knowing, they must move on

And we must stay  
True to ourselves  
Our village moves with us

Anita Atina

# Sometimes I Wonder

Sometimes when the days and nights that separate us

Stretch out, an endless void

When the distance becomes torturous

The ache, unbearably real

And the embrace of cold air

Cuts deeper than a knife

I begin to wonder how will I get through

This day, this week, this month without you

Why do our souls entwine wondrously,

When we can't meet

Why do our bodies yearn so longingly,

When the simplest touch is denied

Yes ours is a bonding of souls

In this life, our bodies far removed

But in every life, we will seek each other

Ceaselessly journeying together

On this path, with petals strewn over stones

Finding love, as the light grows.

Anita Atina

# Sometimes, The Poetry Finds Us

Pain and pleasure  
Void and the fullness  
Anger and joy  
Discordant notes and harmony  
Light and the darkness  
All inspire in different ways  
But sometimes the poetry finds us  
When we least expect it!

Anita Atina

# Spiritual Lingerie

Journeying this path  
From cold desolate lands  
She arrives in warmer climes  
Ever closer to the light

Throwing off night's dark overcoat  
The restrictive coat of tradition peeled off  
Awash with relief, bathed in sunlight  
After a long dark winter

Hungrily she yearns for more light, more warmth  
Stripping off duality's sheath  
Dropping the masks that hid  
Her true self behind veils and shadows

With each layer shed  
The incredible lightness  
Made the journey faster  
Comforting her through paths unknown

Friends of the light guided her steps  
Joy and patience lovingly held her  
Till she arrived at the great door  
Wearing her spiritual lingerie

And once there, she stopped  
Breathing in deeply  
Listening to the silence between heartbeats  
Waiting to breathe, to renew life

Wondering if this door  
Would open to her  
Was she ready  
For the next plane

For what lay beyond  
Beckoned intimately  
An ancient mystery  
Perhaps waiting to be unraveled

Would she pick the right string?  
Or in this unraveling  
Would she return home  
To the place she belongs

Anita Atina

# Spirituality And Sexuality

Spirituality and sexuality are different sides of the same coin

The body is home to both

Why then, is one overvalued?

And the other looked at with disdain

There must be a sense of balance

That we must strive to attain

Does the pursuit of higher truths and inner beauty

Have to exclude what is most natural to man

Why must we judge one,

As a natural opposite, an adversary of the other

When both are gateways to higher joy

Arising of the passion and soul

Why should this artificial duality restrain us

When both spirituality and sexuality drive and sustain man

Anita Atina

# Stolen Dreams

I hug myself  
Waiting for relief  
Empty arms, long for sleep

Hope wavers  
Thoughts of you  
Steal into dreams

Waking up to a blank wall and not  
Blue eyes looking into brown  
As dreams escape reality.

Anita Atina

# Stop And Listen

Stop and listen to the sounds of the world

Waking, eating, growing, sleeping

Loving, laughing, and crying

So playfully tread!

Stop and listen to what is said

Stop your prattle

Listening is a short cut to learning

That's easier than being bruised and bled

Stop and listen, even when everything's not understood

But atleast you'll have the advantage

Of knowing when you're doing things right

And recognizing early, when you need to start afresh

Stop and listen to a heart that's lonely

That silent cry for relief

To know that someone cares enough, to just listen

Even though a solution isn't around the bend

Stop and listen to your soul

Sitting by the candle, quietly

Reflecting in its warm glow, the whispered truths

Between mind, spirit and soul!

Anita Atina

# Stopped At The Gates

Stopped at the gates

Of the garden I loved to visit often

I stand, feeling at a loss

What should my next move be?

I wander around the periphery

Of my beautiful sanctuary

Cut off from the expansive space

I so often relished

Questions drum incessantly

Was I undeserving of such beauty?

Or was my heartfelt gratitude not enough?

Have I been punished, left yearning for that which is taken

Or is it that the garden finds me

Too familiar with its meandering pathways

And lest its secrets get told, pushes me off

To find new gardens, with mysteries waiting to unfold!

Anita Atina

# Sun Kissed Days

Sun kissed days  
Rain drenched nights  
Dewy mornings  
Washed clean overnight  
Trees and grass  
Swaying to a crisp breeze

All these clichés  
Ring more than true  
When all I wonder  
Is will this day  
Bring you,  
To me.

Anita Atina

# Superfluous Reality

Bathed in the haze of love, we mistakenly believe  
That we are vitally important to another  
Or that we cannot live without  
The subject of our affection

Shying away from the reality  
That life presents difficult choices  
Sometimes, sowing love  
Only to set it adrift

As the outpouring of love stops  
Emptiness grows  
Creating a gap, that may  
In time, be filled by another

Anita Atina

# Tell Me Your Secrets

Tell me your secrets, he says gently

Looking into her eyes, a woman who has lived with secrets all her life

She smiles, and says, there are many secrets behind this mask you see

And there are many masks, some you haven't yet seen

So which one of these, should I reveal she asks with a warm answering smile

He holds her hands, looks into her eyes and says quietly after a moment

Let the mystery be, let me watch every mask reveal, whenever I meet you

For each adds an element of mystery and heightens your allure

And each time we meet, wear a secret and a mask of your desire

Let it be any colour or design, as long as I set your heart afire

Anita Atina

# Tending To My Garden

On this fine summer day

The grass is overgrown

And flower beds, a little astray

This delightful menagerie

Of planted ones, are playing monkey

With wild weed runs

Climbers overgrown, the bushes need a trim

Ahh this lovely tree

Could do with a little petting

A loveseat around a fountain would be nice

Or maybe a small waterfall

Would be just right!

Well there's lot to do

On this fine summer day

Tending to my garden, my cares slip away!

Anita Atina

# The Absence Of Dreams

The absence of dreams

Haunts as much as

Dreams come true

Is he more fortunate

To have dreams unattained

That drive him forward

Or is she the unfortunate one

To have dreams come true

And now a void

Suspends feelings

Grasping for new dreams

And coming up with mist and nothingness

To ask yet again, what is the purpose of this striving

Where does it lead and what does it mean

What is the purpose of life, the reason I am here

Anita Atina

# The Bridge Over Troubled Waters

The bridge over troubled waters  
Has washed away  
I look on with disbelief  
That such great strength  
Could so easily give way  
Against a rising tide  
How do I now cross alone  
These dark waters  
Of deep unknown currents

The journey was long and difficult  
My feet bled and my heart  
Almost gave up  
Before reaching this bridge  
And I drew such comfort along its banks  
As I rested awhile, basking in the sun's warmth  
Little did I know that a vicious tide  
Had already begun to erode  
My bridge over troubled waters

Anita Atina

# The Chalice

In the melodious sweetness  
Of childish, pitter-patter

In the golden warmth  
Of waking, to a sunny day

In the quiet joy  
Of knowing, that you care

In the secret passion  
Of longing, we both share

In the wondrous moments  
Of feeling, you're there

As all these moments of  
Love pure, now pour

Into my chalice of joy  
I raise a toast to you

My constant love,  
My companion dear!

Anita Atina

# The Crows' Story

A pair of crows noisily cawed their agony, agitated  
Over a small lump splattered on the pavement.  
Angrily darting at passersby,  
Bemoaning the loss of a young un,  
Who fell out of the bare nest,  
A day before it could hatch.

The dusty pavement now stained,  
With red-hued life ebbing,  
Before it saw the world.  
A hasty grave, the crows made,  
Toppling over the empty nest,  
For a life that could not be!

Anita Atina

# The Curse

The curse of loneliness

Is the worst known to mankind

Shared in equal measure

With those who abuse life's many blessings

And the seekers of life's many secrets

An ever present hollow

That spreads cancerously

Debasing hope

Denying belief

Burning joy at a black stake

Of nothingness

Allowing fear to build

Insidious walls of mistrust.

Lonely lives torn with

A heartless ragged edge

Bloody hearts that seek to believe

In love, in hope, and in the supreme joy

Of being alive!

Anita Atina

# The Desert's Madman

He was sent into the desert  
No lamp, no stick, no compass to guide him

Just him and his trusted camel  
Turned out by a city of believers!

Though storms filled every pore with grating sand  
He could hear

No compass had he, to guide him  
But the trusted camel who led him

No lamp had he for the dark howling nights  
But he could see

As the storm pushed him back ferociously  
From treacherous quicksand

Onto other paths he trod, hesitating at first  
Thirst drove him mad

But then his pace quickened  
Some madmen find water first

Smelling it out with parched cracked lips  
A thirsty soul lighting the way

For the living waters send for those banished to the desert  
Bringing sweet deliverance to the thirsty

Anita Atina

# The Eagle's Nest

There, high up on the top most branch of that tall slender tree

Is a rough-hewn nest swaying with the breeze

How did the eagle know its just the right place

For its spartan home, that holds a tiny brood

To which a gentle breeze, sings lullabies

The oft changing winds blow through this home

And yet, this nest snuggles safe in its bower

That tree swaying elegantly in the breeze

An eagle soaring high above, lifted by the wind

That blows through its home, far below

Have learnt to live with the essential nature of polarity

Not fighting what is

But working with it

Were they not to live together

We would have ...

A stiff tree, bent with fatigue

Eagles, that didn't soar

A brood, killed before their time

A safe nest that overburdened the branch and fell

As a sad listless wind, sighed!

The truth is, even the best nests fall

But then life restores balance

And the eagle builds another tenacious nest

So why should we turn our backs

Cowering against the strong winds of change!

Anita Atina

# The Empty Space Left Behind

She had found something special  
Treasure or curse, she couldn't tell, as yet

This magical canvas pulsed with a life of its own,  
Vibrant colours adorned thick edges, hiding layered emotion

She was hypnotised by colours whirling,  
Churning and blending in a mad medley, near the centre

Forming a bright halo, speckled with dark gliding shadows  
Before tumbling and spinning again

At the very centre, white space poised still  
Its hushed presence a surprise, amidst the coloured hustle

Was this the empty space, she'd left behind?  
Or was it a door to the future, which beckoned

Drawing her in, with mystery unknown  
Tempting her to paint desires

To dream of colours that would  
Transform emptiness, into a future bold

This empty space was magical, she knew  
For as soon as her brush strokes rested

The colours would stay awhile,  
Before tip-toeing away

To join that mad medley of  
Colours whirling, churning and blending

To create a moving chiaroscuro,  
That was her life

Anita Atina

# The Eternal Chase

The Eternal Chase

Why must everything beautiful

Be so difficult to attain - the subject of an eternal chase

Day chases night to win her over

And night waits for day, for their daily dalliance

The moon longs for the sun

As much as the sun lusts for the moon

Man must climb an arduous mountain

For a glorious view from above

A rose with thorns beckons, as much as

The independent beauty of the lotus in a dirty pond

The pursuit of happiness

Leads through so much pain

The joys of success

Are sweetened by the chase

Agony and ecstasy

Both do love deliver

And its only after long, lonesome, meandering travels

That the soul learns the journey and the destination are one

Anita Atina

# The Fallacy Of Now

Tentacled existence  
Holds us in place  
Moulding dreams  
Reining in, desires

Are we really free  
To pursue our hearts calling  
When the choices we make  
Often chain us, to a reality that drains

Is being in the now  
Living current reality  
The only truth  
We must contend with?

If the past is gone  
And the future a fantasy  
Isn't the now  
A passing fallacy?

Anita Atina

# The Friday Rant!

Have my bones gone soft,  
Why do my shoulders slump,  
Why do I amble,  
With such a hunch?

Hairs' a mess,  
Skin's turned dull,  
Even a half-smile,  
Feels like a lull.

I need to run faster,  
Be like the hare,  
But the pace I'm at,  
Is slower than a snail.

My brains overloaded,  
Instructions travel slow,  
Can't feel their turgid  
Flow, anymore.  
&#8195;  
The world's buzzing around me,  
That fly I'd love to swat,  
Couldn't care,  
I'm feeling overwrought!

Eyelids drooping,  
Even caffeine doesn't hit,  
My run down system,  
Clearly needs to tick!

: -))

Anita Atina

# The Garden Of Five Senses

The garden of five senses

Welcomes with flowers, of all hues

An island of green amidst historic ruins

That pushes the urban sprawl away

And lends unhurried space

Wind chimes sway in the breeze

With fragrant plants and flowering trees

Terracotta elephants keep company

To shimmering fountains

And royal courts of rare plants

Amidst this garden stands the

The tree of life

In quiet glory

At home with the garden

Yet apart, reaching out to the sun

Fluid waterways hold shy lilies

And a green grass skirt hides the moist earth well

Birds, butterflies and bees

Fly back, to waiting trees, at sunset

As nature keeps quiet harmony

Anita Atina

# The Heart Of Love Is Indivisible

The heart of love is indivisible  
Expanding when more is asked of it

Why do we first ring fence love?  
Only to find to shriveled dying bloom

And then feel disappointed  
That love didn't live upto its promise!

When do we accept, that the heart of love is free  
Love like freedom, nourishes the essence of life

Too often, we forget to cherish love like freedom  
Until love lost or curtailed reminds us, of freedom in chains

If the heart of love is indivisible, set free those you love  
From the chains of expectation and labels of the world

Let them soar free and seek your heart  
Don't cry he left me, she left me, Rumi implored

Many more will come, hungrily yearning  
For the heart of love expands, when more is asked of it

Anita Atina

# The Impatient River

The impatient river had strained long enough,  
To burst through the dam,  
Gushing past, abrading boundaries  
Scraping bare, green mossy banks  
Discarding debris, here and there.

There was a lull,  
An almost silent intake of time,  
As she surveyed, the futility of  
What was washed away, exposing  
The raw nature, of what survived.

Muddied waters surged occasionally,  
Hiding deep currents,  
Over time these too shall settle,  
Adding another layer,  
To the river's story

Grass will soon creep over banks,  
Hiding turmoil, under a soft green veil;  
Wild flowers that sprout here and there  
As butterflies and insects flit  
Over the tasty tit bits, that muddied waters yield;  
The river will flow on.

Anita Atina

# The Inexorable Nature Of Life

Nothing lasts forever  
Not love or life, not hope or joy  
Not grief or despair  
Not anger or calm repose

The only thing that overcomes these chains  
Is time itself  
The master craftsman  
Of the fallacy of life

The charade continues  
People come and go  
The stories seemingly change  
But the essence stands unchanged

Love gained, love lost  
Living to the fullest or life denied  
Living in the hopeful fallacy that we can somehow  
Change the inexorable nature of life

Anita Atina

# The Invitation

He held out a hand  
In quiet, companionable  
Unmistakable, invitation

Warmth and passion  
A rare spirit, found  
Surprising recognition

Sublime awareness  
Flowed just below  
Conscious feeling

Gazing to fathom, why  
Energies quickly merged  
To assume greater form

Undulating textures  
Strong and supple  
Gently held together

Hands a-tango  
Courting boundaries  
Waiting to be discovered

Anita Atina

# The Journey

The journey will soon begin  
For now a whirl wind of activity,  
To be well prepared,  
For this almost feels like a pilgrimage into my past,  
To bring elusive closure,  
As well as, new beginnings.  
Mysterious discoveries waiting  
For my curiosity to find them

I feel new stirrings  
Of hope, or relief from dulled monotony,  
And the hushed whisperings of words,  
That used to run in poetic harmony!  
My stream had run dry,  
But now, there is just a hint of moist earth  
A slight trickle flows,  
In my river of joy.

Anita Atina

# The Light, The Shadow And The Emptiness

As you sit by the window

Do you see the light, or the shadows, dancing out there

Or does emptiness extend a still shadow within

Are you looking out or looking within?

There's nothing out there really

Your worlds exist, within your soul

Waiting for an honest explorer

To walk through the secret gardens

And know the treasures they hold

Everyday, the light, the shadow and the emptiness

Wait upon you

Watching who gets chosen

To be master or slave!

Anita Atina

# The Magician And The Sorceress

You have bewitched me, you sorceress

And I'm happy to be under your spell

Said the magician with a smile, that held promise

Of secret places waiting to be discovered

No sorceress am I, but of your hearts making

No spells have I, but those you cast in my hand

The magic is yours, said the sorceress

I am but a reflection of your heart

If this is so, the magic pleases me greatly

As it moves through us, the magician whispered

Drawing on our energies and leaping ahead

To merge with the Akashic knowing

Her eyes spoke, look into the still pool of your heart

Dive in and surrender to the depths

That beckon you, to go deeper

Till you find that which you seek

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# The Man Who Could Not Sleep

I met a successful man today, powerful and sure  
He was on top of everything, and the best for him was sure

He doubled the turnover and churned up profits more  
And so to keep him motivated, his targets were tripled for sure

Always at the high table, dining with Presidents and kings  
Millionaires brought him their millions, and asked him to dream

So he played with money and power all day, and stayed awake all night  
Wondering if he had done the right thing, and everything was alright

He always slept alone sadly, and got up at the crack of dawn  
And even when he could make love, he'd be ready and begone

This poor man still, hid a good soul, under the material sorcery  
And he still found time to do kind deeds, shyly, quietly

For in his heart he hid a longing, to discover paths anew  
That led to old forts, wild forests and rivers, all askew

And so, to the grind stone of success, yielded his mighty will everyday  
For material success and ego had managed to keep his soul at bay

So his soul decided to punish him, a little everyday  
And when he came back to sleep, his soul ran away

As he tossed and turned every night, wishing he could sleep, just a bit  
He never knew what he needed, was his own soul to keep!

Anita Atina

# The Mirror Saw Her

The mirror saw her  
Walking briskly

The sunlight streaming in  
Showed her warmly lit face

Framed with black hair that bounced  
With every step, playing with the light

She was glowing today  
With the joy of knowing

That she was at peace with  
Who she is

And open to what life and love  
Might bring her.

Anita Atina

# The Mountaineer's Prayer

O honourable mountain  
Allow me to walk to your peak  
There you are, timeless, elegant  
Framing the sun, the moon and the stars

With clouds kissing your hem  
Allow me to tread quietly  
Of the million paths that trellis your being  
Let me find the path for me

Wish that I travel well  
Not so fast, that I miss your wonders  
Neither so slow, that I lose all hope  
Let my steps be firm, always pressing onwards

As I climb a narrower mountain  
Measuring pace and breath  
Bless me with fellow travelers  
Who lighten my weary soul

We are on a similar journey  
And walk in quiet knowing  
We may have come from afar,  
But we now companions are

There are many people we pass  
Sitting tired by the trail  
Some who are just resting  
Others who've given up hope

As I raise my eyes to the summit  
I pray for the strength to walk on  
For this climb is my life's purpose  
And stop, I really can't

For when we scale the summit  
We are one with all who reach  
The summit doesn't care how we got there  
But unites all who did

After I have jumped with joy  
And the moment of elation has passed  
Give me the grace, to walk down carefully  
And thankfully, help others pass

For when I serve fellow climbers  
In reaching your mighty peak  
It is the only true thanksgiving  
That my soul can give

© 14 June 2008, Anita Atina

Anita Atina

# The Muse At Play

The muse of loneliness  
Imparts the ability to feel  
Like the ultimate outsider

The muse of anger  
Grips our words with  
Violence, beyond measure

The muse of love  
Resonates joyously  
Connecting the spirit

The muse of loss  
Is a difficult teacher  
Especially when it follows love

The muse of hope  
Pulls us through  
Darkness and despair

The muse of play  
Tests our faith to risk  
Being our uncorrupted selves

Each muse inspires us  
To acknowledge that living a full life  
Is reason enough for being here

Anita Atina

# The Night Of Disquiet

Gurgling, grumbling, grumpy clouds

Thrown around

Loud thunderclaps

Shudders abound

Searing lightning chooses at will

To electrify the earth, and sends a chill

It's a dark night today

The heavens are abuzz

Someone's fighting

To keep the dark forces at bay

Thunder rolls and flashes of light

Reveal for an instant, everything's not right

The night of disquiet groans along

Till its time for a final swan song

Its nearly daybreak, and the heavenly horde has won

And quiet rain, calms everyone down!

The sun rises quietly, with a bashful morn

And soon enough a pleasant spring day born!

Anita Atina

# The Nomad's Farewell

So does this mean  
We're not talking anymore?  
Now that was quick!  
But good, while it lasted

If we meet again  
As life twists in surprising ways,  
Will you reach out?  
Will I smile?

Being the nomads  
We essentially are,  
Yes we just might, or maybe find  
New ways to connect again

I wish you well.  
May discoveries delight your heart  
As your journey  
Travels new ways

Anita Atina

# The Paradox Of Being Alone

Are you alone  
Eating a meal, with only thoughts for company  
In a new city, with no one to share the discovery  
Or when the odd one out at a party, is you

Are you alone  
At a hustling workplace, where no one cares if you're gone  
At home, with masks and shields in place  
Or when sex masquerades as love, or may be the reverse

Are you alone  
From birth till death, as mistakes we call experience  
Foster the individual, denying our connectedness  
To the eternal energy, of the universal spirit

So then is the answer, to this paradoxical loneliness  
Welcoming death, as the gateway  
To entering other forms of being  
That perhaps, take us closer to the One source

Or is the answer  
Hiding within the scattered array  
We call living a full life  
Waiting to be discovered

So are you alone  
What do you feel  
Right here and now  
As you read this?

Anita Atina

# The Perception Of Beauty

The perception of beauty  
Is only the opposite of  
The perception of ugliness

Reality is different  
From the made-up images  
You see everywhere

She may be, brown or black, white or yellow  
Carrying the marks of life, happily  
Every scrape, every scar, every stretch

Children borne and fed  
Not the spring of youth  
But the sensuality of knowing, what pleases her  
And the courage to explore, what pleases him

Not the coy freshness of girlhood  
But the openness of passion unbound  
Desire fueled by two simple truths:

That souls need to rejoice in sweet surrender  
And the duality of reality,  
Rarely matches up to the perfection of fantasy

Anita Atina

# The Perception Of Love Is A Divine Indulgence

The perception of love is divine

And often self serving

Does he love more, who freely lets a loved one fly away

Or he who builds a protective ring fence of gold and silver

Is love truly unselfish?

Or does it always hide the expectation of returns

In its myriad forms, between man-woman, mother-child,

Brother-sister, father-child

Is love an equitable exchange

Can one only give

And the other receive ever more

Is love balanced?

Or are there outer limits

Is divine love infinite?

Does our love mirror a divine indulgence!

Anita Atina

# The Perception Of The Future

The perception of what is in the now,  
Leaves us wondering, about the future;  
The perception of an imagined future,  
Coloured with our hopes, our longing and fears,  
Often haunts us, unrealized.

Between the now and the future,  
Lies a meandering path,  
Through meadows and mountains,  
Over a shadowy gorge where,  
Tenuously hangs, a narrow bridge swaying.

We walk on, sometimes with eyes that refuse to see,  
Scared of slipping,  
Unnerved by strong winds,  
Desperately holding the thin ropes,  
Holding us aloft the yawning netherworld of our fears.

Gingerly stepping ahead on this path,  
Chosen, as it leads to the future,  
Where the mountains and its paths,  
Melt into unceasing togetherness,  
Of the sun and the sea.

Where all the elements,  
Fire, earth, water and air, combine in the aether,  
So too will our now and our future merge,  
In a continuum of light, as we dissolve,  
Only to be formed again, in the eternal circle of life.

Anita Atina

# The Perception Of Truth

Fact exists, truth needs to be believed

My truth is important to me

I also understand that

Your truth is important, to you

My life is not just a single truth

But a village of many kinds of truth

The version you believe, may be different from mine

And both versions are true, to each of us

The duality of truth

Fights for resolution

And yet, coexists

Quietly, when it needs to

Funny concept this truth

Does fact indeed exist?

And do we really need,

To believe the truth?

Are both just empty shadows

We chase, to play our role

In a divine comedy

For an audience of one

Anita Atina

# The Playground Of Our Souls

Our bodies will be the playground

Of our souls, wondrously playing

Open and free

Like children

Building their first sandcastle

Thrilled at their skill

Rushing away when waves

Melt away their just-built fantasies

And happily rebuilding

A new one again

Or maybe we shall be

Like adventurers of yore exploring

Lands of gold and treasures untold

And returning with news

That we may use

To set forth on adventures once more

Discovering the playground of our souls

Anita Atina

# The Quiet Symphony

If when we talk I don't say I love you  
Would you know that I do!  
When we can't talk or meet, across continents  
Would you still believe that I love you so!

Close your eyes  
And step into the quiet places of your heart  
Listen to your heart beat in symphony  
And you will find me there

In the moments of quiet,  
Between heartbeats, I am there  
A part of the aura  
That is you

And sometimes the quiet  
Is just an interlude of balance  
For us to regather vital energies  
And prepare for the beautiful symphony  
We create, together!

Anita Atina

# The Real Question Is

'There is lots of love in the world,  
But not for me'  
We've all felt this way, at some point  
But is this the real question?

For we cannot expect to receive love,  
By considering ourselves undeserving.  
Loving and accepting the myriad rainbows  
Rising and glowing in our heart, is then a pre-condition

This acceptance opens pathways  
On which love travels with speedy wings, to find us  
But also know that opening our heart to love implies  
Accepting pain, and the possibility of loss too

So love may find us, walking a path of thorns  
And lead to a secret Eden of joy  
But finding love doesn't come with a promise  
Of staying on, forever

Its difficult not to grieve when love moves on,  
Over mysterious pathways  
Finding new destinies that await its arrival  
To manifest in this plane

For the real question is,  
Do we prefer to live loveless and hurt alone;  
Or to have known a soul mate  
And unfettered love, atleast once in our lifetime!

Anita Atina

# The Real Stuff Of Life

Action not position

Motion not inertia

Grace not grasping

Truth not lies

Belief not doubt

Dreams not vacuum

Sharing not snatching

Service not shirking

Acceptance not rejection

Inclusion not exclusion

Prosperity not poverty

Opportunity not resignation

Alignment not discord

Love not hate

These are the real stuff of life!

Anita Atina

# The Second Blush Of Love

The second blush of love  
Is more careful than the first  
Searching for that rare soulmate  
Knowing that hurt lives round the corner  
And isn't worth provoking  
But also that pain  
Often precedes the joy we cherish

For the second blush of love  
Knows that attraction purely physical  
Takes you only so far  
And as the sated haze lifts  
The emptiness isn't worth living with  
And so the unconscious search for companionship begins  
That's not asking too much, or is it?

And sometimes, companions we do find  
Friends, mentors, guides and guardians  
Who enrich our soul  
And joyful do the journey make  
Banishing the curse of loneliness  
But in our quiet moments  
Returning to yearn, for that elusive soulmate

Like a mirage, our mate eludes  
And like a fantasy, lures back the waiting heart  
With hope, among a billion people  
There must be one  
Whose soul beats in harmony with mine  
In whose eyes we see stories of the past merge  
With love, this life brings

That special soul we recognize  
With every atom vibrating in harmony  
When found, tender and careful we are

Hoping this isn't a chimera  
But as real as the energies that joyfully leap  
Between us every time we connect  
In this second blush of love

□

To know this truth, makes life worthwhile  
Even if we are separated by time and tide  
Or age, culture and marriage  
Or if this relationship has no future in this life  
There are many more lives  
Born across the seas of time, we have found each other  
In this second blush of love

Assuming new avatars each time  
As mighty priest and priestess  
Or a humble shepherd and his mate  
An artist and his muse perhaps  
Or a magician and his sorceress  
Our souls have sought each other, in all the lives that were  
And those yet to come, to join in sacred harmony

Anita Atina

# The Seduction, Of Being Me

What we want, seduces the mind  
Alters perceptions,  
Blinding us to reality.

Unmet desires,  
Exert insidious power over,  
How we engage with the world.

Living our private world, in public actions,  
For actions declare intent clearer than words,  
Revealing signals about our state of yearn.

Our need, nay animal want  
Overflows dammed emotions, betraying  
Desperation to know, we're getting there!

Creating glass cages that seem open, a fool's paradise  
Until a failed attempt to fly out sends the victim of me  
Crashing into walls, invisible till now

Stronger than any addiction!  
We're hooked, and don't realise  
How vicious, this scheming plurality is.

The cruel master, whip and slave are one  
In this seduction, of anything goes,  
At being me.

Anita Atina

# The Shadowy Invader

Fighting the invader,  
Seen, fought, and defeated  
Is easier, when the enemy is out there

How do you fight the invader, arising within  
The shadowy streams in which it flows  
Insidiously working its will, as yours

Using your body, your will,  
As the weapon against you  
Whispering delight, with shadowy trickery

Leading down a slope, light diminished  
Will mislead, body duped  
Robbing you, from you.

Anita Atina

# The Simplest Pleasures Are Often Most Profound

A warm smile, that comes from the heart

Childish glee, at climbing a tree

A mothers' sigh, as her babe gently sleeps

A lover's tender, winsome kiss

Dancing in the rain, splashing in puddles

The ocean at night, waves a riddle

A warm spring day, after winter gray

The first stream of light, o what delight!

Climbing a mountain

On a path less traveled

Losing the way

To find the inner way

Staying sane

In a world going insane

Letting your mad streak

Not get ruined by routine

Letting your light

Get stronger everyday

The universe manifests in simple things

That yield pleasures, most profound

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Anita Atina

# The Strange Vortex

The strange vortex  
Whirls down  
Concentrating darkness  
At my heart

Throwing up a shadowy storm  
Blurring light  
Sowing doubt, fanning uncertainty  
Questions growl

Deep storms rage  
Uprooting milestones  
Why this, I wonder, why now  
And silence crows aloud

Quietly, links form  
While the storm rages  
Holding together the core  
Waiting patiently for the eventual calm

As the vortex dissipates  
Rage fading and spent  
The light grows stronger  
And clarity arrives, freshly balanced

Anita Atina

# The Sun Always Rises

The sun always rises.

Light is sometimes obscured

By unintentional objects, like trees.

The nature of light is to overcome

All obstacles, and persist with

Reaching its zenith, everyday.

Anita Atina

# The Trickle

I could feel the moist gathering  
Yielding into the uneven folds and valleys

Micro rivulets, merging to flow  
Into a single large dropp of sweat

That trickled from my brow  
Teetering precariously

At the tip of my nose  
Before yielding to the inevitable force

Of gravity that sucked into  
Hot dust, the salt and water of my being.

Evaporating in the blink of an eye,  
Licked by the merciless heat.

Anita Atina

# The Ultimate Insider

He was alone, finally  
Shutting out the world,  
Bustling at his door.

He was a citizen of the world,  
Rootless and at ease,  
In every city that reeked power.

But distanced, from all who cared  
Numerous lovers, quickly discarded  
And a family that had learnt  
To live, without him.

This game took him far, very far  
Right to the top.  
From where he now surveyed  
The final emptiness, of the power game.

A desolate empty house,  
The chill of loveless sex.  
A hollow shell of a life that started with  
A burning desire, to be 'someone important'

He was the ultimate outsider  
Who worked hard to become, the ultimate insider  
Who knew everything and everyone,  
But didn't know his soul anymore.

Anita Atina

# The Untamed

It was a dark night, she smouldered

With the mysterious lure

Of the unknown, the untamed

Playing hide and seek with my emotions

I watched fascinated by her distant beauty

A radiant calm grace that drew emotions beyond words

I stood gazing at the full moon

Or, was she, watching me?

Anita Atina

# The Vacuum

Blanked out by silence  
Have I fallen off your radar  
Or ceased to be  
Relevant  
To your scheme of things  
Does love grow or shrivel  
In a silent vacuum  
Who knows?

Are you angry  
Or hurt and disappointed  
Fashionably blasé  
Or plain bored  
And couldn't be bothered  
About this tryst  
With me or destiny  
Do you care?

Are the challenges of  
Running  
Your complicated life  
So consuming  
That there's no  
Energy  
Left for me  
Can you tell me honestly?

Do these questions  
Mushroom wildly just in me  
Or do they grow  
In your mind too  
What do you do  
With the reply  
Ignore or acknowledge  
Are you honest with yourself?

Anita Atina

# The Wait

On this journey  
We meet many  
Who pretend interest  
But really are passers-by

We wait  
Crossing milestones  
We walk  
On lush green paths, with hidden thorns

We hope  
To find someone  
Who speaks  
The secret language of our heart

With quiet words  
That only 'we' can understand  
Waiting to hold hands, and walk together  
Into the secret gardens of our heart

Anita Atina

# The Waiting Game

The call that was never made

Letters left unwritten

Songs unsung

Promises undone

A friendly hug, never shared

Deep despair, never bared

A kiss stillborn

Love waiting to be born

Pregnant hope

Empty lives

Deserted eyes

Silent echoes of the soul

The waiting game

Continues, eternally.

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Anita Atina

# The Wall Of Pretense

Now that the wall of pretense has broken down  
What do you see?

While we still present a normal picture to the world  
What do we portray to each other?

How do we hide the emptiness, that crept in day by day  
To create the wide gulf, we live with today

We don't need to hide, but clean breaks happen only in fairy tales  
Of if we choose to make reality, more brutal

Altered reality requires a change of pattern  
Not unchanged clinging to a past that's gone

That's easier said than done, when there is the umbilical  
Flesh and blood of our future generations, holding us

So that each word and act is measured in the present  
As it ripples into the future, where we may be afar, but never fully apart

Anita Atina

# The Wise Man And The Village Boor

A visitor, wise and mellow  
Visited a village below  
Where among the fields of grain  
Stood a grove of sugarcane  
Ripe and juicy, waiting to be cut  
Perfumed air at dusk

With a sweet thick aroma  
Attracting rats, who attracted snakes  
And elephants who loved the juicy cane to chew  
Who were irate if ever anyone one stood  
En route to their juicy fruit  
Thumping, trumpeting delight at their treat

The wise visitor looked at the village, smiling  
How simple life can be, theorizing  
Only if the villagers knew  
All the complexities, the universe drew  
Walking back to his high abode  
He ran into a village boor

The boor asked him, quite bluntly  
What did you learn today, quite frankly?  
The wise one said, nothing much  
You have a nice village, out of touch!  
The boor felt quiet irate, at this fate  
Not letting the wise one go, without relishing sugarcane

So this unlikely pair walked back to the fields  
And a ripe juicy stalk, was offered to his grace  
Rip the outer skin with your teeth, the boor said  
And relish the juice within

Sink your teeth into the stringy white husk  
Chew hard on it wise one, he said  
And as the juice spread in his mouth  
A sweet smile released the wise one's dread

When the husk finished its flavour

The boor said, spit out the remainder  
And asked the wise one again, quite bluntly  
So now tell me now, what did you learn quite frankly?

As the wise one contemplated which theory  
Would settle this quandary  
The boor reacted in a flash and said  
Your wisdom is trash, cant you see!

The juice is all the feelings, life gives us  
And husk the dry theory  
When we imbibe the sweetness of life  
We begin to learn, to be wise

We must extract from every bite of theory  
The learning deep within  
Quickly spitting out the useless husk  
And then, the boor went off, in a huff!

Anita Atina

# This Enchanted Garden

A lazy drizzle ceased,

The garden still wrapped in a languorous haze,

With droplets sliding off leaves.

Warm vapor rose to meet,

Moist sunlight, that filtered through,

Air laden with the aroma, of rain-washed grass.

A trail weaved in and out of a shady grove,

Shivering droplets onto walkers,

Who gingerly stepped onto this slippery path.

A hushed presence surrounds this enchanted garden,

Perhaps, the portal of magic was still open,

Transmitting a state of grace.

Anita Atina

# This Incredible Deep Knowing

This incredible deep knowing that we share astounds me  
An absence of the normal trappings of love, confuses me

That my soul's mild melancholy was a handmaiden of love, I did not know  
My soul is nourished by the love I feel and that I long for

I live in hyper reality, with every sense keenly alive  
Everything I touch seems to respond to me

Colours, sunlight, sounds, and even the breeze whisper to my soul  
Secrets that are unknown

We live in a rainbow of chaos, Paul Cezanne said  
And I feel every emotion, a vibrant colour

The many emotions we live with, love and pain, longing and fulfilment  
Enrich our lives and are keys that open the doors

And there are many doors to be opened  
Before we reach the light we seek

Anita Atina

# Through Prism Walls

'Through Prism Walls'

Jammin' with Al Ramos

Bashing against cushioned walls  
A voice one but he hears, calls  
Of his lovely prison  
Bloodless agony escapes  
Ecstasy that it drapes  
Quiet lips  
Sealed by death's grip  
Knowing that a blue sky waits yonder  
Among the dark shadows one can ponder  
With torn wings, a sinking ship  
He sets his compass for a one way trip  
Drowning in a bitter sea  
Watching the breath of life  
Escape in pretty bubbles  
Carved with a homemade knife  
From a bleeding heart  
Tiptoeing around a mind field of rubble  
Waiting for the escape hatch to open  
Because escape is better than hopin'  
Knocking desperately at the door  
Echoing despair, through the cracked floor  
Escaping this lovely prison is easy  
Close your eyes, your thoughts become breezy  
When it's cushioned and pretty  
And your thinking is done by committee!

Anita Atina

# Through The Dark Night

The moon is resplendent, so is your heart  
What a lovely pair thou art  
Glowing and bright,  
On such a cold night!

The world looks upon you  
Gazing anon  
At the beauty you share  
A treasure beyond compare!

Though the dark night  
You dazzle the world  
A beacon of light  
Holding on to hope bright!

The hope you bring  
Through the dark night  
Carries hearts to dawn  
When all is light!

Anita Atina

## Tick Tock Tuesday - 2

Tick tock Tuesday

[Sequel to Monday madness! ]

Tick tock, tick tock, goes the clock

Its just Tuesday, don't gad about!

You still need to make the numbers, right?

And this week's not yet out

So heave, ho, hum! Again

Lets get on the gravy train

If there's someone in a quandary

Get him sorted or in the ferry

Row, row, with all your might

Your boat's still got to make it, right?

End of the day is still far away

Get your stuff done, for today

Anita Atina

# Till We Meet Again

As you leave now, take my heart with you  
I reach out to touch the warmth one last time  
Before its only a memory  
To feel your arms around me

As you kiss me goodbye, a part of me wants you to stay  
And another part of my soul knows that you have to go  
And conquer challenges unknown.  
Go forth my dear, conquer all  
I will not cry, but long for you with every breath I take  
Till we are united again

Go forth, my love will shield you  
You will always be my soul

Anita Atina

# Time [haiku]

True wealth

Ultimate luxury

Supreme fallacy, time

Anita Atina

# To Be Just Me

When you looked into my soul

Did you see, a bare spirit wanting to believe

That it was possible to be just me

When I looked into your eyes, I wanted to believe

That such love was possible,

But was it for me?

As I wait to find out,

To hold your hand and look into your eyes,

There is great warmth that fills my heart,

Knowing you are there for me.

Anita Atina

# Tomorrow Can Wait [the Weekend Song! ]

Languid repose  
Piled up chores

Everything's waiting  
For my cheery doze

The appointments, the laundry  
The house is in a mess

Don't want fresh clothes  
Undressed is best

When the music curls up slowly  
In a drowsy haze

Oh its so nice to lie down  
Under the sun's warm gaze

The rushing and the buzzing  
For the week is done

And finally its the weekend  
To soak up the sun!

Anita Atina

# Transformation

A caterpillar sheds her skin, to find a butterfly within

An oyster yields tears of pain, to create a pearl so trim

A mother delivers through pain, the joy of life itself

Why should I complain, if I have to bear my cross as well!

On the path of transformation, a crown of thorns you may have

Pulling yourself through darkness, before seeing the light beyond

You're tossed about by the oceans' storm, waves of pain may lash you

Cold, crying wondering why me! But you'll be warm when the sun comes out!

The path is lonely and scary, sometimes doubt whirs up a sandstorm

The desert can be merciless, and forgiving, to those who strive on and on

So travel ahead, though your steps may be weary, o traveler

For through this lifetime's journey, begins the transformation within!

Anita Atina

# Truth And Love

The truth is harsh and real, we live it.

But there is also another truth,

Unfettered by the laws of society that binds us,

The higher truth of the heart and spirit.

When we come together, we know this is how it was meant to be

Man and woman, two parts fused into one vibrant reality.

Our spirits dance, our minds delight,

In this marvelous ecstasy of finding the right.

You touch my feelings,

My warmth quickens your heart.

You give wings to my deepest desires,

And I make your wildest dreams come true.

But to the world, two strangers we must pretend to be

Committed to others, married to trees!

Unmoving, grounded but firm in their resolve,

To hold us up, to the worlds' cold call.

And so this polarity, we must live everyday,

And seek to dissolve in each others mighty sway.

For in our hearts we know,

What we share, many live and die, and do not know.

For loving and giving is the true meaning of life

It doesn't matter if we are not husband and wife!

Anita Atina

# Turned Inside Out

Emotions leave evaporating trails,  
Thoughts... cloud around,  
And just as suddenly, disappear!  
Warm nothings, form today.

Its nice and quiet,  
No doomsday, on the horizon,  
Nor the day of deliverance, quite my way!  
But for whispered questions, that trail.

I've shed thick-skin, sometime ago,  
Soft new skin holds me together now,  
Lovely yes, but more vulnerable too!  
Abrasive cuts deep, without that thick-skinned cloak.

Turned inside out,  
I feel the breeze move through me,  
Rain, cleanse my being,  
Warm sunshine, carries me far above.

My sheer cloak,  
Doesn't shield anything,  
From eyes that can see,  
My reality!

Anita Atina

# Twilight Dreams

She stood in the twilight,  
Wind-caressed hair,  
Sprinkled with sea-salt,  
She saw him, so close  
And yet, afar he was.

The sea breeze danced her whispered song,  
Love me again with your eyes,  
Savour my passion with your hands,  
Let our moans mingle and throb,  
Reaching out, to release.

Lets dissolve into another reality,  
More intimate and present than now,  
Naked of pretence,  
Coloured with flourishing strokes,  
Of passion, responding instinctively and truly.

Come to me soon, my love  
To warmly embrace, as we strip away masks  
Finding each other, come to me soon  
Let me whisper,  
Sweet desire to you.

Anita Atina

## Two Loves

Is it possible for a man or a woman  
To love two people at the same time  
Its not a question of propriety,  
Or morals or loyalty

But one of being truthful  
And fair to the one you love  
Can one person balance two loves  
Felt through spiritual or sexual or other prisms

Without being unfair to one of them  
Or perhaps even more to themselves  
Is the distinction real  
Or rhetoric tripped over semantics

Can lives in parallel  
Be lived to the full  
When the heart is constantly tugged  
Between two ends of the spectrum

Anita Atina

# Two Roads

There are always two roads,  
To every destination.  
The high road and the low road  
We choose, everyday  
Which road to take.

Anita Atina

# Two Sides Of A Flippant Coin

When a cycle comes to a close,  
Is a good time to observe,  
What an amazing journey its been!

When you've been standing in the eye  
Of a quiet storm, that's whisked you into  
Never-before experiences.

Where you're witness and participant to,  
Nature's everyday miracles,  
Unexpected love.

Knowing the incredible high,  
That finding a kindred soul brings,  
And throbbing despair, at losing it all!

Love and loss then become,  
Two sides of the same flippant coin,  
As we keep journeying.

Holding together pieces,  
Of life and love,  
That survived the storm.

The load gets lighter, eventually  
As we step away from,  
What cannot be!

The blessings that make us,  
And teach us, who we are  
No one can take away!

When a cycle comes to a close,  
Another one gathers,  
Its contours undefined.

Yet hope survives, leading us to pray that,  
Moments of love, and  
Joyful companions will find us again.

Interspersed with the discoveries,  
That this rough-hewn teacher,  
Called life grants us.

In this big experiment,  
Called the journey,  
Of life.

Anita Atina

# Two Trees In The Garden Of Eden

This poem is inspired by and dedicated to Francis Duggan.  
For being a great poet and loving Nature so truly.

--

In a garden that I walked today

Grow two trees at the centre

One is tall, wide and straight, with branches thrust forth

From where leaves rustle and birds bustle their songs

The other tree stands side by side

Long and slender, with a beautiful sway in its pride

When the two trees sway together, filtering the warm sunlight

The Garden of Eden I remember, such is the beauty of this sight

The two conspire like playmates, to catch the naughty wind

And all three stand back together, just shooting the breeze!

All the other trees in the garden, form a protective group

Around the lovely two in the center, that their beauty should not droop

And when the moon comes out, to smile at her beloved trees

With a happy sigh of satisfaction, they all go to sleep!

For tomorrow's another day, for this happy song

Sunlight, children, lovers and laughter, around the two trees throng!

Anita Atina

# Uncynical 2008

Well hello, what an interesting name!

Are you someone I've met before?

Glad you've chosen this year to be uncynical

Coz cynical is an emotion only humans know

We're 'intelligent' you see!

Nature only thinks in cycles and seasons

Moves in the rise and fall of tides

Befriends life and death

Celebrates procreation and progeny

Gloriously widening the circle of life

For nature doesn't know how to be cynical

Nor does nature know, to feel sorry for itself

Nor does it know fear

It only has the knowledge, innate, intuitive

Of reaching out in growth, in hope

For immortal truth that is itself

And always true.

.... Thank you Frank.

Anita Atina

# Under Your Spell

Asleep or awake  
I think of you  
Why do you fascinate me so?

O I don't want to know  
How you do it, but keep me  
Under your spell, forever more

I have waited long enough  
And walked many tests  
To get to this garden, and find rest

So tease me and please me  
Tenderly hold and kiss me  
Take me to your heart, and gently release me

With your love, I feel whole  
I have finally come to,  
My real home

Anita Atina

# Unexpected Rain

An unexpected cool shower, glorious rain

After many days of intense dry heat

Makes me believe

Perhaps the heavens have blessed us

And we may journey ahead together, once more

After being troubled by sandstorms that

Made it difficult to look ahead

The tears we have shed

And many more we have withheld

Poured down today

Cleansing our eyes, calming our souls

So now we may, see each other clearly

And maybe find a path that keeps

Our souls together!

Anita Atina

# Unfinished Conversations

Unfinished conversations

Brief diversions

From digression

Or procrastination!

Lost agenda's

Thoughts astray

Goals asunder

Confusion derails!

Weighed inertia

Indecision suspends

Inaction stalls

Progress depends!

Emotional blackhole

Lifeless moles

Pained graveyard

Life ignored!

Anita Atina

# Unlabelled, Unnamed

Unlabelled what we share defies a name  
Unnamed it mysteriously draws us together  
Minds sparring  
Passions rising  
Eyes searching for answers, that lie deep within  
There are secrets that for now lay quiet

We hunger to kiss  
Yet hold back  
To feel the exquisite quickening  
That surely reaching a crescendo  
But when we kiss  
Will the magic dissolve  
Or will deeper desires be revealed?

Anita Atina

# Unmarked Bruises

We all have bruises and hurts

Some cut in deeper than the rest

Scarring us forever

A gash, a scar, a bleeding scrape

Evoke immediate sympathy

And while they hurt, in the now

They fade away, pretty often

But other scars leave no signs

On our bodies, and yet

Hurt and gnaw at our soul

With unmarked bruises, painful forever

Anita Atina

# Unspoken

I hear you  
Though I may seem deaf, at this distance  
I feel you  
Though I may seem like a disappearing mirage  
I understand you  
Though our life stories have nothing in common

I see you  
With eyes that are open to your spirit  
I miss you  
With an ache that knows love lost  
I remember you  
With a knowing that's as real as meeting

I am with you  
Even when I seem far away  
I believe you  
Even when questions besiege our reality  
I care deeply  
Even when the words are unspoken

Anita Atina

# Unspoken Energies

Negative energies  
Spread unspoken  
Seeding doubt and anger

Anita Atina

# Walk With Me To The Fruit Mart

Walk with me today, to the fruit mart

Its nice and sunny already, lets get an early start

First come the bananas, yellow and ripe

Stacked like sentries, on green ramparts

The papayas stand next, red and round

A gaggle of young grapes, a giggling green mound

The royal mango has pride of place

This golden brawny fellow, has unforgettable taste

Demure kiwi fruit sit quietly to a side

Its coarse outer self hides a delightful inside

Bright oranges bound up and down,

Tangy, full of personality, you can't ignore them, if one's peeled around

Rosy cheeked apples sat prettily with green boyish ones

Granny pears nodded approvingly, at the young `uns

Aromatic pineapples lazily scented, the warm evening breeze

T'is an evening, that's sure to please

Oh this rich fruit bounty ripened by the sun

Must be relished by the senses, and we've just begun!

Anita Atina

# Warrior Woman

Many moons have passed  
She's been dead and buried  
A dusty unmarked grave  
Is all that's left of this warrior woman!

Silence pervades  
Waiting for news of her beloved  
She died pining  
But the great release is not for her

Strung between this life and the afterlife  
She wanders, restless  
Around the places and thoughts  
That were dear to their love

Wondering, what had she done  
That was so wrong  
To live waiting  
Die unspoken

To love completely  
And die,  
Alone and restless  
This warrior woman

Anita Atina

# Was It Just A One Night Stand?

Was it just a one night stand?  
Did we just use each other?

Or did we relish each other  
Hungrily feasting  
Tenderly caressing  
Provoking, teasing, laughing  
Moaning with desires fulfilled  
And finally exploding with joy  
Into a union wonderful and complete

You looked at me with wonder  
And I looked at you with incredible joy  
Can man and woman find fuse as one  
So completely as we did

And yet, what now?  
Was it just a one night stand?

Anita Atina

# Was This Heaven's Gate?

She started life, a small droplet

Sweat off a cold glacier,

Warmed by the summer sun

Joined by another, and another and soon she was

A gurgling stream, that flowed through a steep mountain

As she became older, and jumped over the precipice

A waterfall was she, capturing rainbows with her youth!

This youthful maidens' bustle

Soon was a young river, flowing graciously

Through ever widening banks

She knew she was going somewhere

To meet someone special, but who was he

She did not know

She had traveled far, and felt tired, alone

But felt a change coming, how soon was unknown

As she flowed past, a large flat plain

She could sense a change in the air

A quickening of pace, and a new sensation grew from there

The sun grew warmer, the trees more green

And the blue over the horizon felt more intense

She could hear a distant rhythm calling to her soul

But what it was, she really did not know

Soon the rocks turned to sand,

And wait, her sweet water changed taste

There was just a finger of land left

Was this heavens gate?

Lo behold! Who was this

Magnificent, salty, blue,

Was this 'him' she thought

As she peacefully poured into

The waiting heart of the mighty sea

Anita Atina

# Watch Out, You're The First One!

Frustration mounts

As every task, falls apart

Computers fail

Power black out

Presentations stuck

Bosses shout

Juniors get dumber

Clients' lame duck

Is this work or is this muck?

Foreboding creeps

Shivers up the spine

What's coming at us

Can't see the outline

Yet feel it come

With cold feet

And untold slime

Talk doesn't matter

Stop the chatter

Listen to its approach

Feel the chill

Everything stops

Including will

Ghastly fascination

Overtakes optimism

Lurching hearts

Quivering lips

Watch out, you're the first one

Anita Atina

# Waves Of Life

A wave of emotion sweeps over

The soul's restless sea

Waves of sickness beat nauseously

When fear strikes insidiously

Waves of hope and trust

On meeting someone who understands

And of enduring passion and amore

When our spiritual lingerie match

Waves of deep delight

On discovering a soul companion

Surfing isn't easy, but we must

Learn to ride the waves of life

Anita Atina

# Waves Rush By

The sounds of the sea are now so far away,  
I strain to hear the never-ending waves come in,  
At this distance, all I hear is my imagination,  
Magnifying the wind, as it rushes by this emptiness.

Disembodied flight announcements,  
Float away, as if repelled by my thoughts,  
That long to return to the place I used to know,  
My heaven on earth.

Whether imagination or reality,  
Blend so wonderfully to bestow,  
An almost magical quality to our special places,  
I'm not so sure.

But I do know I miss the rush of waves,  
Clinging wet sand beneath our feet,  
As we walked to the far end of the beach,  
With no intention of turning back.

Anita Atina

# What After Love?

Now that you've moved on  
What after love?  
Nature abhors a vacuum, its said  
I wonder what will assume love's place

Will bitter emotions seep poison  
Draining the heart  
Or will some sweet salve  
Smooth away the pain

What after love's rainbow  
Of colour and light fades  
To a dull shade of gray  
Hiding numb, cold monotony

What will let the heart  
Believe that love is possible  
Beyond a universal concept  
Or allow another, to come close again

Tidal questions crash  
In relentless waves  
What after love?

Anita Atina

# What Are You Willing To Pay?

If the price of knowing true love,  
Is living alone,  
Among a crowd,  
It is a price I am willing to pay.

If the price of this seeking,  
Is to walk alone, for much of my path,  
Even as it weaves into yours delightfully,  
It is a price I am willing to pay.

If the price of this awareness,  
Is baring my soul to the unknown,  
Setting aside protective barriers,  
It is a price I am willing to pay.

If the price of this healing,  
Is to companion the eternal chase,  
Between love and loneliness,  
It is a price I am willing to pay.

This is my humble offering,  
To be fully present, as our soul's crisscross,  
Trusting in the truth of our love,  
To be, our shield and our guide.

Anita Atina

# What Do I Want From You?

A warm embrace every time we meet,  
Long lingering kisses.  
Love making, passionate and tender,  
Long walks on the beach,  
Interesting conversations,  
Discovering songs that move our heart,  
So lets be happy, just being together.

The past and future may cloud our happiness.  
I do not want commitments of undying love,  
Nor social bonds to show the world you care.  
Gifts and treats do not move me.

For I give a greater gift  
Of love, unconditionally  
Of freedom, so that you willingly seek me.  
For I want a greater gift  
That our minds strive to please  
Our bodies find glorious bliss

And that our souls rejoice with sweet surrender.

Anita Atina

# What Does Happiness Sound Like?

A babe's first cry, as she enters the world

Sobs of delight, greet this miracle of life

A child's happy laugh, running free

Gasps of wonder, on making a discovery

That shy winsome giggle, on a first date

Silent conversations that leap beyond fate

A moan of delight when we soar together

When souls tenderly mingle, that hushed surrender

And that song between heartbeats

When a soulmate is near!

Anita Atina

# What Fortune Has Prepared To Send Our Way

When we hold hands

I feel a deep companionship, I have never felt quite this way before

When our conversation, pauses briefly, unhurriedly

The few seconds when we just look at each other

Say much more than just words

Your embrace holds, not just my body

But all of me with a quiet passion, that takes my breath away

When you worry too much, about me getting hurt

You endear yourself to me, with every word

Your honesty, about the challenges we face

On the contrary, gives me great solace

For if we respect each other, which I know we do

And give each other space, I don't see any problem

In reaching the place, we want to

So then, it is not a question of 'if'

We will, but only when

And if this is what we want

This will be what we will get

Fortune favours the brave, they say

And the prepared mind

But most of all, an open soul

That is ready to accept, say I

What fortune has prepared to send our way

Anita Atina

# What Mask Shall I Wear Today?

What mask shall I wear?

Who shall I be today?

The mirror always lies to me

And what it tells me, I don't care

Shall I be a young woman today?

And don life's expectant mask

Or shall I be the older woman today?

With an all knowing glance

Shall I be a mother today?

A loving mask to her brood!

Or shall I be a single woman today

Who life, hasn't understood

Should I wear a sensual mask today?

And know what pleases me well

Or should I be the intellectual,

And pretend I know everything well!

Shall I be a poet today?

And write of life's emotions

Or shall I wear a corporate mask

And look at RoE quotients!

Shall I reveal a lonely woman?

And wear a mask of hope

Or should I be the social butterfly

That's get around but never home

Who shall I be?

What mask shall I wear?

I don't have anything worth wearing!

For what I want, is a new mask, thats really worth caring.

The new mask should merge together

All my previous masks

And fashion anew, to smashing previews

A happy woman's mask!

Anita Atina

# What's Your Backup Option?

We dream of many things

And set about achieving them

Not really believing, we can

Preparing, planning, plotting,

What we might do,

If plan one, fails!

We need a good back up plan

We claim!

So that's what we do many times

Planning backups more furiously

Than investing great energy

In making our dreams come true

Does the fear of disappointment hold us back?

Or perhaps, thinking we're not deserving of our dreams?

Shrinking back from experiencing truths, new to us

Sometimes all it takes, is for someone

Who's been to that enchanted garden where dreams come true

To hold up a mirror

And then we realise, often for the first time

We're investing our energies in the wrong place

Hedging over backup options!

While opportunity waits for us to lean forward

Eagerly on the front foot, faces shining into fresh breeze

Believing in our hearts, that we can make our dreams come true!

Anita Atina

# When The Flame Burns Low

When the flame burns low

We must be mindful

And trust its strength

The light dims, so we can see around more clearly

The shadowy places

Where our fears and unasked questions hide

The intermediate blur of light with the darkness

Rolls up a fog of uncertainty

Is someone betting I won't last this fight?

The quivering light yields to the dark sometimes

Only to grow back from its diminished state

Slowly resuming its steady glow

When the flame burns low

We must be mindful

And trust its strength

Anita Atina

# When Two Lives Intertwine

When two lives intertwine  
A primordial ritual begins  
Two hearts chase hope  
Pushing boundaries to see  
How far can they go  
In this love quest

They often find out  
How frail the connection really is  
And begin to understand  
How strong the spirit can be  
While seeking eternity, constrained by  
The finite nature of human life

Yielding willingly to the risk  
Of companions, who will move on  
Yet in the glowing moments  
Of love's immediacy  
Sparkling dreams  
Cast their golden glow

Spreading light, o'er days  
Often overcast and weary  
Radiating beyond two people  
To many, whose lives are brightened  
By warm smiles and  
Random acts of kindness

Seeding hope, allowing trust  
To expand the circle of love  
That casts a fresh spell  
On two random lives  
Drawing them to a new beginning  
As lives intertwine again.

Anita Atina

# Who Was She?

She was wearing a long white dress  
Gliding serenely, through the mist

I sensed rather than saw her beauty  
Along a forgotten mountain trail

Who was she?  
Why did she feel so familiar?

Was she from another life?  
Or an oracle to my future?

For a brief moment, time stood still  
As I walked past, myself

Anita Atina

# Who Will Win Her Heart?

Do I like the intellectual man?

Whose thoughts let me grow

Do I like the spiritual man?

Whose heart is like a fresh breeze!

Do I like the older man?

With an embrace that comforts me

Do I like the younger man?

Who wants to impress me!

Who do I like? Who do I want?

Who will win my heart?

Is there one who is all of these?

That would be a world apart!

For each man is a bit of this and a bit of that, striving to impress

The skirt, the girl, the woman next door, and get into her bed!

But what happens when the attraction wanes, and normalcy returns

Will love bring two hearts together, or lust, a broken heart in its wake!

Anita Atina

# Why Are Some Dreams So Difficult?

Why are some dreams so difficult?  
Testing our patience, tenacity, faith  
Taking us to the very limits of what we know  
Or what we choose to disbelieve  
Throwing up a forest of questions  
While answers, slowly grow into our being

Why are some dreams so difficult?  
Fluttering away further, just when they felt  
So close to resolution  
A dancing chimera of seductive lure  
That our imagination projects  
Image upon image of sheer delight!

Why are some dreams so difficult?  
Their magnificence, so breathtaking  
That we sometimes cower under the weight  
Of expectation, and knowing in our heart of heart  
This is what we were waiting for  
The door that finally opens into our dreams

Anita Atina

# Why Do I Wait... For The Truth?

Why do I wait so eagerly to hear from you?

When I know you measure everything you say

Why do I, who have lived so proudly alone

Now so long for word from you

I thrill at the thought of being in your arms

And yet this is not just a sensual pleasure to be

For my mind seeks new challenges to throw at you

To measure every deed that proves your heart is true

Thrust and parry we must, dueling mind and body

For in our souls we seek to find, the truth we seem to tarry!

Anita Atina

# Why Do You See Only The Ugly Me

Why do you see only the ugly me

I have the same eyes that attracted you wildly

Lips that you kissed passionately before

A heart that loves you ever more

Why do you see only the sag and drop!

As if I'm a tree that's old and warped

I still am the same heart of gold that you happily did behold

Why do you see only the bits that I trip over, and overlook what I do right!

Has our marriage become proof, that familiarity breeds contempt

And its best to stay independent, uncommitted, lived in or aloof!

Are these really options for us, lives entwined in a forest of emotions

Untangling what binds us together,

Is fraught with dark erosion

Gather or disperse, as clouds we must

Rain down and clear the skies

For overcast skies are always gloomy, and will shadow both our lives

Anita Atina

# Why Does This Emptiness Fill Up My Being?

Why does this emptiness fill up my being?  
This black void of nothingness that envelops me  
I want to do nothing  
Live invisible from the world

Within but separate  
There is a soul that needs to repair itself  
And find the energy that once overflowed  
And made everything I touched a success

But maybe this is nature's way of saying  
That after the zenith, plunge into the nadir  
Of` listlessness, doubt and loneliness  
I need to, for a short while, keep aside my share of life's yolk  
And walk on the quiet shores, of my life's restless ocean

Anita Atina

# Why Does Truth, Sound Like An Aberration?

When we are surrounded by wrong doing

Lies, deceit, a make believe world

When we're not heard, and often misunderstood

Then pure truth does sound

Like an aberration

When someone reaches out, with a pure heart

We are understood, without being judged

And accepted, for who we are

Too good to be true!

We think disbelievingly

And since truth wears many garbs

It gives opportunity, a second chance!

Of course it is upto us, to believe in the truth

Our soul whispers, or not

We all make that choice, everyday.

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Anita Atina

# Why Should Birthdays Be Celebrated?

Birthdays should be celebrated  
To respect the gift of life  
And to thank our parents  
For bringing us into the world

Birthdays should be celebrated  
So that our children may know  
That living to the fullest  
Does manifest the elusive meaning of life

Birthdays should be celebrated  
To thank our friends  
Who link us to the universe  
In an infinite circle of love

Birthdays should be celebrated  
As a carnival of life that marks  
The bittersweet passing of time  
As we hopefully, grow wiser and more loving!

Anita Atina

# Will I Dream Of You

Will I dream of you again tonight,  
And where will we go today?  
To our cottage in the forest,  
Or a café lets do it your way!

In my dreams, it always seems,  
We're so much closer, in every way,  
Distance, time, constraints all vanish,  
And we're together, its divine!

When will our dreams, seep into reality  
O how I wait for that day  
Hoping, yearning, ceaselessly searching  
For that magical doorway!

Anita Atina

## Winter [haiku... Or Not]

White dreams  
Snowed under  
Hush!

Anita Atina

# You And Me

I have often wondered about what connects you and me  
There is a golden thread that runs through, of this I am sure  
Your past seems strangely familiar  
Your present I can sense

Are you an angel, sent to show me the way  
Or am I a medium that brings to you a message  
Or are we just two lonely people who have found another who knows our  
unspoken pain,  
Words shrink, feelings grow, to a future that we must know

Anita Atina

# You Are Mine!

Let me come to you, freely

Sharing what is most precious.

Let's not put labels, on what we share

So excluding, the beauty waiting to unfold

Don't brand me, as taken

I am not yours to keep, nor are you!

Let freedom be our gift to each other

United by a chord, that's stronger than social bonds

Yes, our hearts and minds shall tango

Seeking a delicious balance

Fluidly moving, with joy and freedom

From being hostage to, you are mine!

Anita Atina

# You Are Precious

There are times,  
When things get too much,  
The pain excruciating,  
Our heart cries out for relief!

In those time,  
We oft turn to some opiate  
In the hope that, the pain will lessen  
With our senses dulled.

Knowing that our bodies,  
Succumb willingly to transient relief,  
Hiding from knowing that  
There is no escaping the truth.

So when tough choices,  
That often inhabit harsh reality,  
Must be faced,  
Know this, my friend.

You are important,  
And influence the lives of many others.  
You are not alone, and will always be accompanied  
By quiet angels, who you meet in changing forms.

You are loved, and precious beyond measure.  
A pearl in this world's oyster  
That lovingly yields to pain, and  
Grows more beautiful, rare and strong

When the pain seems unbearable,  
The temptation to withdraw into a protective shell  
Seems natural, remember your shell  
Also keeps the pain within you.

So my friend, stay open to love and light  
That pours unexpectedly, if you are ready to accept them.  
Cuddle into the womb of nature, and feel secure in the knowing  
That the universe, loves you.

Anita Atina

# You Can Run But Never Hide

You can run but never hide  
For loneliness does hideously bite  
Gnawing, scraping, dragging on  
Until the soul is raw and worn

You may hide in strangers' arms  
Whose charms claim you for a few hours  
But then the weariness does return  
Like a dark fog that chills every bone

To the world you wear a mask  
Of happiness, disgust or any other farce  
But in the quiet you know its you  
With loneliness grating anew

So what's the answer to this pain  
That drains your energies all in vain  
Is the solution out there for you  
Or is the answer, waiting within you?

Anita Atina

# You Made Me Feel So Beautiful

Your kiss, your embrace, the way you touched me  
I still shiver with delight  
You made me feel so beautiful

The way your eyes held me  
A rare feeling, when reality was more beautiful than dreams  
You made me feel so beautiful

Your soft caress  
Like you're touching the wings of a butterfly  
You made me feel so beautiful

You gave yourself to me  
And ignited my fire  
You made me feel so beautiful

We laughed and kissed, discovering we liked the same things  
Its rare to find a kindred spirit, in life's rushed living  
You made me feel so beautiful

I wish we could just lock ourselves away  
On a seashore, with no such thing as time  
And explore the world between us  
You made me feel so beautiful

Anita Atina