

Poetry Series

# Arvind Srivastava

## - poems -



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# Arvind Srivastava()

## Brief Introduction:

Name - (Dr.) Arvind Srivastava

Date of Birth: 2 January

Father: Shri Harishankar Srivastava 'Shalabh' (famous historian and litterateur)

Education: M.A. Dual- History and Political Science, Special- Russian History, P-H. D., L. No. Mithila University, Darbhanga, Bihar

Published: (in magazines) - Vagarth, Hans, Jansatta, Vasudha, Kathadesh, Pakhi, Friday, Parikatha, Doaba, Udbhavana, Evidence (Bihar Legislative Council), Current Literature, Akshar Parv, Kriti Aur, Pratisruti, remaining, Janpath, independence, another cape, media discussion, interview, indigenous, document, latter half, companion, factory, Abhigha, cool voice, Muktibodh, research direction, summary, concern, sharp, storytelling, Yojanagandha, woman, plan, In style, space, my message, possibility, art-intention, path, this moment, horizon, etc.

Newspapers: Hindustan (Delhi/Patna), Dainik Bhaskar, Punjab Kesari, Navbharat Times, Prabhat Khabar, Janshakti, Aaj, Dainik True Times etc..

Works: 'This Earth's Love Period', Cotton in Love, 'One in the Capital' Published collections of poems 'Uzbek girl', 'About another world' and 'Some words for regret', 'All the voices are imprisoned'. Organized Shabd Karkhana (issue 27 focused on German literature). 'Silsila' magazine and 'Surbhi' - Editing of cultural forum. Illustrations and covers published in Hindi, Urdu and Maithili books and magazines

Poetry recitation, participation and reporting in the programs of Sahitya Akademi, New Delhi

Film- Film made on my relationship with Radio Berlin International (Germany) - The Sound of Friendship: Warm Wavelengths Main character of 'In a Cold, Cold War', screened and discussed in many theatres of Europe including Germany Travel - Literary and cultural tours to Germany, Malaysia, Singapore, Nepal etc. countries and honoured.

Broadcast: Poetry and articles on All India Radio, Doordarshan and local channels Lesson.

Honours: Many honours at local level

including- Honoured at Millennium World Hindi Conference, New Delhi, 'Hindi Blog Pratibha Samman-2011' (by Uttarakhand Chief Minister Shri Ramesh Pokhriyal 'Nishank' and poet Ashok Chakradhar at Hindi Bhavan, New Delhi),

'Kedarnath Agarwal Birth Centenary Literature Award 2011' (by Udbhrant, Doordarshan Directorate's Senior Director and Editor- Kathakram and former Inspector General of Police Shailendra Sagar at Lucknow) , 'Tasleem Parikalpa Samman 2011' (by theatre artist Mudrarakshas and senior critic Virendra Yadav at Lucknow) , 'Kavi Mathura Prasad Gunjan Smriti Samman 2012' (Munger) , Lala Jagat Jyoti Smriti Samman 2017 at Munger. Literary trip to Singapore and Malaysia in the year 2017, 'Second Avinash Vachaspati Smriti Parikalpa Samman' in the 8th International Blogger Conference held at Suria City Auditorium, Johor Bahru, Malaysia on 23 June 17, honoured with 'Gayatri Sahitya Shiromani Samman' at Hindi Bhavan, New Delhi. Made 'International Gandhi Peace Ambassador' in the year 2019 by Nepal's prestigious institution 'Gandhi Peace Foundation'. Awards: Membership and award of DX department of Radio Tashkent, Radio Budapest, Radio Prague (Czech Republic) including H-2000 Award by many broadcasting centres - Radio Berlin International. Presently- Freelance writing, teaching and cultural work, State Secretary cum Media Incharge of Bihar Progressive Writers Association  
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I got the opportunity to play the lead role in a film being made in Germany - The Sound of Friendship: Warm Wavelengths in a Cold, Cold War

A film by Anandita Bajpai (ZMO) which is based on India's relations with Radio Berlin International. The said film was screened at the Technical University in Berlin, in which I also got the opportunity to participate, in which important media persons of the world and famous personalities of the radio broadcasting world participated. This film is based on my days from 1980 to 90, when the world was divided into two camps during the Cold War and radio station was a powerful medium of ideological struggle. I was also a member of the DX department of important broadcasting centers of Eastern Europe - Radio Budapest, Radio Prague (Czechoslovakia) and Radio Berlin. You can include this in my literary activities! Got many national level awards, last year I got the opportunity to visit Singapore and Malaysia and now Germany in 2023 for literary and cultural tour..

A total of six poetry collections - Kaid Hain Swar Sare, Ek Aur Duniya Ke Baare Mein, Aafsos Ke Liye Kuch Shabd, Rajdhani Mein Ek Uzbek Ladki, recently 'Yeh Prithvi Ka Premkaal' and 'Prem Mein Kapas' have been published. Published in important literary magazines and newspapers of the country such as - Hans, Vagarth, Jansatta, Doaba, Parikatha, Pakhi, Friday, Aksharparv, Janpath,

Saaksha, Dainik Bhaskar, Punjab Kesari, Hindustan, Prabhat Khabar etc.! Has participated in the events of Sahitya Akademi, New Delhi.. Writing continues unabated!

# Lantern

I don't want to fill the void  
that you have left

All the rivers are drying up  
I want to fill them with tears  
I have always stood by the side of the sailor  
Who keeps a lantern lit on his boat  
No matter how strong the storm is, he doesn't let it go off  
It is a life-light for him  
Like with the help of a few memories  
I will set out on an eternal journey someday  
On a frightening, lonely path  
Only a bundle of memories will be with us  
Like a lantern

Arvind Srivastava



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# This Time

This time is filled with sadness  
Silence is spread all around

My thirst has been rejected by some ocean

The soul is desperate to find shelter in the body  
It is knocking at that door  
In this ruthless time  
Where on the closed door  
It has written

Entry prohibited!

Arvind Srivastava



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# Quiescent

Now what should I do with those memories  
of a few meetings  
which the spring has left in my care,

here it is autumn at the door  
and there it is your stony silence!

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# Business

Woman moves along  
Shadow moves along  
One shadow  
Two shadows  
Hundred shadows  
Shadow of the city  
Shadows of the whole world

Woman knows  
When women move  
Only then the business of the world moves along!  
\*\*

Arvind Srivastava



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# About The Knock

There is a knock on the door  
Someone wants to come in

There may be someone asking about well-being  
Or with a bouquet in hand  
Wants to greet  
There may be a boy from network marketing  
With wonderful tips for progress  
Or someone giving good news of hitting the jackpot  
Or a poet with his latest poem  
There may be someone discussing political corridors  
Someone may have come to open his bundle of reproaches  
There is no dearth of people asking for a loan  
This possibility cannot be ruled out  
That someone may have brought along the most infectious disease of centuries  
Hunger

Many things come in life  
Without knocking  
Like tsunami!  
Like meteorite!  
Then we don't say  
Come after some time  
Right now we are busy, at the dining table!

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# Our Tolerance For Poetry

All our tiredness  
Is visible in our poems

Depressive feelings and hypnotic words  
By molding into poems  
Get totality

Our tiredness lasts all day  
Including the company of cunning people  
Hope of rebirth in dead objects  
Baghdad's museum and Bamiyan's Buddha  
Nitishing the sudden change in weather  
Ignoring the hand raised for greeting  
Worry about the safe return of children from school  
The infamous time of intolerance

All our tiredness shines in the form of poetry  
And often we write poems  
And send them to the markets of the capital!

Arvind Srivastava

# The Crisis Is Not Over

The crisis is not over  
Bookies have stopped betting  
Outside the doorstep  
The market of unpleasant events is hot  
No food is being cooked in the house today  
Gun shells  
are lying scattered on the roads  
Heavy bombing is going on outside

There is no time to talk about love  
To write poetry, to make eye contact

The messengers of death are not tired  
Standing somewhere outside the house  
Waiting for the result of some election!

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# Pupil Of The Eye

Dreams are gathering  
Hope and poems  
All the colours of the earth  
Letters and paintings  
Birds and balloons  
Malls and roads  
Rivers and mountains  
Women and children  
Love and depression  
Men and civilizations  
Are gathering  
In the pupil of the eye

The courtyard of the pupil is so big  
And how small are we  
That we are not able to save these things even a little

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# Mask

I struck  
my heart with the whip of remorse

and galloped  
to the place

where I had left  
my mask!

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# Truth

It is very clumsy  
It is very rough,

It is not killer-like  
smooth!

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# This Apartment

Drums were played  
Trees were cut  
Vegetation was destroyed  
Birds were made homeless  
Wasps and bees' hives were scorched  
Snakes were driven away  
Chemicals were sprayed on cockroaches  
Thousands of ant colonies  
Were destroyed!

In this way, after destroying many inhabited houses  
The multi-storey building that was built here  
I said smilingly  
This is my house  
This apartment is mine!

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# Dark

Bulbs-lights  
CFLs-neons

And  
How much more  
The darkness  
will punish you!

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# Night

Night  
descended in the courtyard  
Bringing the message of beauty

I lit the lamp  
And  
killed the night!

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# In The Capital

Mother died in the busiest and most popular nursing home of the capital.

She was suffering from anemia and she needed blood urgently.

Blood for blood in established blood banks was a custom, a tradition and it was her compulsion.

I had few connections in the capital.

Except a few fraudulent people, the rest donated blood after much pleading and begging.

Then blood matching mother's was found.

The doctors said that more blood was needed.

My anxiety increased.

Wandering in search of blood,

My strength was drained.

My strength,

which once used to be my mother's.

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# The One Who I Can't Help But Tell

We will transplant life again

We will grow Palaash again

We will write poems

We will compose love letters

We will gaze at dreams day and night

We will meet once again to part ways

We will want to say what we could not say

And what we cannot live without saying.

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# Murder Of A Poet

There was no sound of the blast, because the murder was very clear, a poet did not fall under any depression,  
he was not a victim of any discord, he had taken care of giving a ruckus to the murder, that poet was killed by the heart of the earth. He used to sow the seeds of words, he used to give way to the forest and rivers, he used to sit for the betterment of the world,  
the poet was silently in the hands of a big poet!

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# In The Old Man's Complaint

The old man's complaint includes those talkative people who do not share their time with him!

In the news coming from the elderly,  
cognizance has also been taken of those children  
who ignore them when they see them  
do not read the newspaper to them  
do not care about them

These elderly were skilled runners of their time  
who used to run blindly at the cost of their family  
then they told time their place  
they rode unruly horses  
changed the direction of many rivers  
broke the pride of the sea  
resolved many crises and serious questions in a jiffy  
they were the ones who showed the world by carrying them on their shoulders  
they taught their children to walk for the first time

these elderly are out of the debate and concern of the country  
they are not able to emerge as serious questions  
talkative politicians also ignore them

complaints of these elderly include  
broken frames of glasses pending for a long time  
renewal of medicines getting over  
broken slippers  
spare money for grandchildren

these elderly complain that their children  
are not able to solve their complaints They don't take notice of it  
They don't care at all

While the children's eyes are fixed on the box  
on which the old people sleep!

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# Curtain

That curtain was very beautiful  
Behind which the conspiracy of murder was going on  
Here companions were killed one by one  
Some were chewing turtle meat  
While some were drinking reptile blood  
Some wanted to become strong with the horn of rhinoceros  
While some were making soup of tiger bone  
Some were looking for Viagra  
Some were swallowing Ashwagandha  
Wanted to capture the entire heaven  
Everyone  
Some had put a veil on their eyes  
While some had put a veil on their mind  
These were the same personalities who were considered to be the first line  
spokespersons  
Against any veil of veil  
This class had so much power that  
Whenever the veil moved, one of their species  
Would be wiped out from the earth!

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Photo: At the campus of Radio Berlin International (Germany) ..

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# The Fool Of The Kosi River Bank

These roads were to be built  
This darkness was to be dispelled  
This soul was to be merged with the forces striving for freedom  
This did not happen  
And I too never got the torn pockets of my trousers stitched  
The dew on the grass quenched my thirst  
When I did not find anything, I covered myself with it and slept at night  
He was the fool of the Kosi region, that is, the owner of a dim mind  
Left plants for the needy and animals  
Floating in the water  
The fishes gave me their skin  
The sand gave me clothes  
The corpses took me across  
Century after century  
Becoming our sailor!

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# My Status

My fingers are not capable enough to touch a cigarette  
My heart never allowed the pain and burning to enter my heart  
My eyes saw only light  
My tongue never spoke the name of darkness

My meagre status saved me from borrowing money  
The hawkers never chased me  
Many accidents also avoided me  
I did not utter a word of complaint even when my knee was broken  
This happened again and again  
My status showed the doctors the finger

Today again while tying the string of my trousers  
I told my wife  
Till our children grow old  
We have to remain young, fresh and  
With our status!

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# Blocked Nose

The mind is gritty  
By blocking the nasal passage  
Ida and Pingla have made a compromise among themselves  
Without any announcement

They have not touched the ice cream yet  
They have not put their mouth on the curd brought from the village  
They did not get wet in the heavy rain  
They kept everything safe from dust and smoke  
Without any warning  
The nose got blocked

This was the wonder of our democratic system.

Arvind Srivastava



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# In A Scared And Fearful World

If our prayers were heard  
The sun would not look red before sunrise

The leaves would never turn yellow  
Coconuts would not have to hide their whiteness  
All the characters of the play  
Would have infused soul into the stones  
The rivers would not cry  
And the oceans would not roar  
The words would not become stale and  
Love would always be free from the realm of doubt  
Dreams would not be dependent on governments  
Bubbles would not be born to burst  
The murmur of the earth and the language of nature  
Would not be included in ordinary and unnecessary things  
All the courage of loneliness would be broken

In a scared and fearful world  
If our prayers were heard  
Then perhaps I would have missed  
Being a poet!

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# This Is How A World Was Created

Mother came from a place called Bairiya in Muzaffarpur  
Aunt from Belahi in Sitamarhi  
Sister-in-law from Ghatoh village in Samastipur  
And wife from Kilaghat in Munger

Similarly, some women came to the neighbourhood from provinces like UP,  
Bengal and Rajasthan  
Despite this, they were called the women of the locality  
The locality was settled only because of their arrival

They had suppressed many of their desires  
In the worst of times, they had shared their courage and hopes  
With the family  
The locality was populated only because of their indomitable courage  
Despite this  
Till her last days, she was deprived of seeing  
The entire locality

She had crossed the perimeter of the locality  
By mixing in the atmosphere  
The discussion of her talent and beauty

These Women used to prepare themselves for difficult times by planting  
vegetables in every corner of the plot

On festivals like marriage, puja-paath  
Whenever they met  
The chorus of their songs used to be the same  
Their lamentations on the grief of death used to be the same

These women had come as seeds  
They had conceived by getting wet with the soil here  
They had written stories of creation  
They had developed a world in the form of a mohalla

In this way many small worlds were getting settled in the city  
By becoming mohallas!



# Respect To All Of Them

First of all, respect to the beloved son of the royal family  
Who decided to spend the rest of his life with the workers

Respect to those dictators too  
Who woke up in time  
And accepted that their days on earth

Respect to those beloved daughters of the monarchy  
Who resolved to toil along with the hard workers

Respect to those Begum-Bandi-Mistresses too  
Who finally made arrangements for the rights of the Sultans  
To expose their skins

And before leaving, respect to those corrupt brokers too  
Who kept the rulers in illusion all the time!

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# The Biggest Concern

Our ancestors were indentured labourers  
They came here using the stars as a trail  
From some light years away  
Crossing water, mountains and land

Along with sunshine, air and women  
Saving fire for us  
was their biggest concern!

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# With Harsh Conditions

The darkness that you had given me as a gift  
I have left it in the hands of this lake  
Where I am often drenched in memories  
I search for you in this vast water,  
Like some velvety  
soft thoughts,  
Every day my eyes turn to stone  
You are here somewhere in the light of my darkness  
In every pore of this solitude  
Like some magical feeling!

Where a stone melts every day  
Every day the world is created in a new shape and  
Gods smile with harsh conditions!

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# Red Rose

Should I send you countless red roses  
in your Facebook inbox

Do not take me seriously

Like the metropolitan poets  
take notice of the poets of villages and towns!

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# Time Has Stopped As If

Time has stopped and  
The leaves have turned yellow  
The festive news has turned its face away  
The continuous events  
A soft, tender poem  
Has been attacked murderously

Time has stopped and  
The rose petals  
A cub is eager to bloom  
Just now  
Time has stopped as if  
Some painter has embedded  
A girl in a frame  
As if a dog  
Has fallen asleep near a borsi

Time has stopped as if  
The fingers have become tired on the typewriter  
And the questions are lying as they are  
Waiting for a messenger!

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# For A Happy Ending

Important things are written at the end  
Important announcements are also made at the end  
And important people also come at the end

We start many things at the end

Our relation with the end is from the beginning itself  
Like any result or ripe fruit  
We get it at the end  
In love also we are  
Eager to reach the end

The decisive struggle and final victory

Wants to hide in the trench  
The vigilant soldier  
Keeps the last bullet saved  
The criminal and the police too  
Keep many kinds of last weapons

Hidden in the mind of a skilled politician

His Excellency's decision also comes at the end

The end is full of curiosity  
And hopes for us

We want a happy ending The kids are working towards a happy ending from the beginning.

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# Democracy

If the most innocent girl in the world  
loves me  
and says 'I love you'  
I will not believe it  
and even if I do,  
I have nothing to give her  
and if a liar  
deceitful and cunning politician  
says the same  
then at least I have  
one 'vote' to give her!

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# Contract Of Numbers

The key to the lock that never opens  
I will take it and go away one day

Many secrets  
Will be buried with us  
So many account numbers  
PIN numbers  
Various user names  
Many passwords

The brain filled with numbers  
Will explode with a bang  
In flames  
The contract of numbers will end  
With the Panchabhutha body  
Many smallest  
Will enter the greatest Samvarta

Search engines will open my blogs  
Blogspot my poems  
I will smile on the internet!

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# My Birth

I could not become a singer completely

Poetry also touched me  
and went back  
Here also I failed

There were many dangers of becoming an intellectual  
In a faltering democracy  
I was deprived of becoming a democrat

All the qualities of a great singer  
great poet  
great democrat and  
great intellectual  
passed by me  
like close experiences  
Being a part of the solar system  
In the workshop of nature

I was born  
First of all I had no other option  
except sucking my thumb!

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# Poetry For Me

Poetry for me was a moonlit night, a sweet talk  
It was a story of grandmothers  
It was a Chunardhani swaying in the fields

Poetry comes for me even today  
Sometimes in Basra, sometimes in Baghdad  
Sometimes in Gaza, sometimes in Donask  
It cries  
It tells about the poor health of the earth

Poetry will come for me tomorrow too  
It will recite an elegy, it will sing a mourning song  
Then maybe only poetry will remain on earth!

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# Today

Today

I did online shopping..

Bought some pain..

Some loneliness!

... I bought just  
what you wanted!

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# You

You closed my account..

In which I was supposed to deposit

Dew drops

A little rain water

Spring breeze

Flower pollen

Some dreams

A little smile

A little childhood,

My love

Overflowing!

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# Kulin (Noble)

The turban on your head  
is made from the cloth that was part of my loincloth  
The wood that I had saved for the snowy nights  
is providing warmth to your court  
Your furry gloves  
should have had the name of my pet rabbit

My child has run away from school  
He is scared  
Your angry eyes had seen him  
And your brother-in-law has an evil eye on him  
He had told me this when he was conscious  
Today the eyes of that child were filled with tears  
He has fallen asleep saying-  
When I grow up  
I will become a greater Kulin than him!

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## O Earth/ 2

I want to rain  
all night long

by creating dew  
on your body

Oh Earth!

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# O Earth/ 1

O Earth!

I have nothing here  
Own except a few breaths  
and dreams

I love you

That's it, this is my status!

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# Confusion

As soon as the confusion was resolved

Some turned their backs

Some broke off their relationships

Some started looking for people suffering from confusion

And some came to ask for the words back

They spent on me during the days of confusion.

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# Half Seer Of Rice

Half a seer (kilogram) of rice was cooked  
The old man ate - the old woman ate  
The Lengra ate - the bauki ate  
The dog ate munching

Half a seer of rice was not cooked  
The old man did not eat, the old woman did not eat  
Lengra remained hungry, Bauki remained hungry  
The dog remained hungry, the goats remained hungry

The one who had gone to bring rice  
Has not returned till today!

?Arvind Srivastava, India

Arvind Srivastava



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# As If

..as if  
time had wandered in pitch darkness  
as if a squirrel  
had been caught by a hunting dog  
as if a cockroach  
had fallen on the ground  
and just now an innocent  
was crushed while crossing the road

when you softly asked me in the language of the market  
- what else do you do  
besides poetry?

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# City Is A Jungle

His breaths are mortgaged to the house of death  
In the blink of an eye  
He can become a victim of a flickering knife  
He had survived the last riot

Now he has stolen bread  
There are fresh marks of injury on his body  
And on the stone below

He has given up trying to fight  
His eyes are brimming with tears  
He is looking for someone to help

Some savages have captured him  
Like an animal  
Their intentions don't seem right

I want to save him  
The angry eyes of the policeman standing nearby  
Are watching me!

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# Memories

I keep my memories  
on my shoulder  
A slight scratch on it  
I do not accept  
However difficult the time is

No matter how much the clouds change their color  
The sea hisses to its fullest  
The sun is about to set

My memories are my hope  
Where my dreams anchor  
With its continuity  
Our time rests  
Where death avoids  
From bursting

Where buds break out in dreams  
Where it talks to the gods  
Your humble servant!

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# Password

I want to get in  
And I have forgotten my password

Time is moving  
There is a huge crowd  
I am standing and the path  
Fast escalator  
Smelling the machines  
Passing through many tax devices  
I want to get in  
With my flesh and blood and skull  
Thoughts are strictly prohibited here

In my thoughts  
Somewhere buried  
My password!

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# Colours

Today I added my own heartbeat to his heartbeat  
Mixed my breath with his breath  
The soft narrative became concrete in the language and style  
Countless flowers bloomed here and there  
Songs, ghazals and poems started ringing  
The season expanded all around  
Life became dynamic and more energetic  
Apart from designs and paintings  
Colours and multicolours in a very bright nature  
Spread for centuries...

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# When We Are Killed

When we are weaving  
Some beautiful dream  
Coming very close to you  
Will be sharing intimacy  
Will be composing poems  
Will be on love and naked language

Only then will all the dictators of the world rise together

On whose orders  
The killers will load their weapons with gunpowder  
And the sniffer dogs  
Will sniff this earth and find us  
We will be killed for the crime of dreaming  
Some soft and tender dreams

When we are killed  
Then perhaps the child  
Who used to get toffees in return for delivering our letters  
Will cry the most for us.

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# In My Heart

My heart has an aquarium full of golden fish  
My heart has white hives of honey-filled bees  
My heart has a burning sun that illuminates me  
Many stories of my successes and failures are recorded in this very place  
My heart is the owner of many meaningless works of art  
This is also the strongest part of our entire existence

Smelling the sudden danger  
With ignorance and satisfaction  
I protect it from being damaged  
By your memories and rising hiccups

Please do not evict my heart from its designated place!

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# An Unnecessary Sentiment

Alas!

Look, while playing PUBG I have come very close to you

Knowing that you will reject an unnecessary sentiment  
Probably muttering that  
I hate street-smart people  
And you will send me back to my house  
Where I have to give  
Laptop to my old father's eyes  
And cough tablet to my mother!

! Arvind Shrivastava

Arvind Srivastava



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# What Happened To Me

What happened to me was not justified  
People associated with management are generally not kind  
They are busy saving their fake dignity  
They shuffle words like cards  
They are in collusion with each other  
Translation of my language is like a puzzle for them

My soul was the testing ground for human tragedies, there was no traffic control  
board on this road

Amidst all kinds of restlessness here  
There was complete official silence there  
For the battlefield any rules and regulations were useless

The things I have bought from the restaurant  
I will bring them home and give them a new shape  
I will drench them with many absurd things  
Even while taking responsibility for myself  
I will be under accusation, fighting a silent war  
Our whispers go unheard

The kindness inside me is dying

Look, you should never meet me  
The tears in my eyes have dried up now .  
oo

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# A Matter Of Joy

What could be more joyful than  
that even at this time  
the crow gets enough food to eat  
the dog does not miss guarding without pay

and that in our country, humble people  
still share tobacco

that the sun, moonlight  
wind and water  
have not changed their behavior towards cruel people

What could be more joyful than  
that the heat is still hot  
and the ice  
is still cold!

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# Our Love After Forty Years

Our pressure on the grey hair of the temples  
does not decrease

We are bathing to our heart's content  
In the rain of worldliness and the trees  
Cannot stop the buds

From bursting  
Even after forty we  
embrace the solar system  
We search for embraces in embraces  
We search for dreams in dreams and  
Nurture desires in desires  
In love after forty

In our skill and skill  
The claim of affection does not decrease

Our special report on curiosities and experiments  
We are not able to prepare on time  
We still express our love  
In whispers  
And consider touch to be as important  
As much as the depth  
Along with water  
Are necessary for a river!

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# Forgive Me, Those Who Keep Their Mobiles Switched Off

Happiness had found out  
Four days of his dazzling  
That is why he  
stopped the darkness and blamed it  
With the light

Often someone hammers a nail  
On the wall in his sleep  
For a long time  
Becoming a part of the brainstorming  
That missing man smiles!

Interferes again and again  
In the stories of his disappearance  
Comes hopping and jumping

Yesterday I had kept the windows of my heart open  
He had gone away throwing a rose

Today the telephone bell rings intermittently  
Like hiccups  
That missing man comes chirping in front

Forgive me,  
Those who keep their mobiles switched off  
I am including him too  
In the list of missing people!

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# I Will Meet You..

I am a letter  
missing from a word  
Wandering in space

On earth  
Whenever I will meet you  
In the last house of Purbiya Tola

Like the rice boiling on the stove

In East Asian homes!

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# I Am Returning Home

I am returning home..

Like birds returning  
Like children returning from school  
Like a tired unemployed  
Like a soldier after finishing his duty  
In the cantonment!

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# Save Me

Save me  
Like mother saved  
by tying the loose change to a peg  
Like she saved  
needle and thread from getting lost  
by sticking it in the calendar  
Like she saved  
small patterns of sweaters

Like coconut saves  
water inside itself

Like father  
saves  
hopes and dreams for us  
in his eyes!

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# All Day Today

In your absence  
All day today  
I kept talking to the ants  
Often to whom  
You fed sugar  
Leaving the lid of the box open..

The moon did not come out from behind the clouds  
Today in every corner of the house  
A silent music kept echoing  
Eyes were eager to rain  
The leaves of the campus were yellow  
A broken button of my shirt  
Everyone was silent, everyone was sad

Today the idols of the gods  
Utensils and dishes  
Ice frozen in the fridge looked very sad!

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# Torturer

At night

Your memories kept nibbling like piranha fish

And all day long I kept singing songs of freedom to the infamous chairs  
A guitar taught me the art of living  
A soul that is far away from me  
Kept inviting it again and again  
My blood-soaked poems

In these sad days, I want to hand over a wonderful dream to that woman

Which will be considered the final proof of my existence on earth!

This will be a diplomatic victory for me  
That now we both will be able to cross the high walls  
That our dreams will chase away the hunting dogs

That the one who will bear the tortures will be the best in loving!

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India

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# Five Scenes Related To Rain

Five scenes related to rain

oo

1.

She had forgotten the address of our house

The piece of paper on which I had written my address

The rain has soaked it..

My ink was weak and

The rain was acidic!

••

2.

The rain kept on dripping from the roof

On the canister lying in the courtyard

All night long the rain

Kept on singing a song

Someone kept on hammering a nail in the silence

We could not reject this knowledge of torture!

••

3.

As a precaution

Amidst all the preparations

She secretly testified to my penury

First I was identified

Then the rain kept on

breaking my solitude

Dripping on my forehead!

••

4.

The stove

remained in conflict with the rain

Then Borsi too  
showed its face from time to time

Avoiding useless words of sentimentality  
We too never trusted fire and water  
Baked rotis as per convenience  
And sometimes quenched our thirst!

••

5.

This is not rain  
These are tears

Included in the songs of resistance  
Other than the proletariat  
On earth  
The loud voice of the soldier of nature  
Remains!

••

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INDIA

Arvind Srivastava



# My Prayers

My prayers are for those visible and invisible companions  
Whose souls accepted me like an innocent child  
Who taught me the secret of friendship

Filling my loneliness with curiosity

In the summer journey of my desire  
I search for your love

Look, I have taken off my cap  
If you want, you can kiss my forehead

You can bring a grassy field for my childhood

You are wise and can protect my future

Now that you are not there  
How can anyone be ready to get drenched in the rain with me

My inner soul is filled with sorrows

I do not want to look fresh by applying color to my hair

All the gifts I receive are full of depression  
The intellectual-killers have all become a mess

I buy sighs from the market  
You can buy them online  
Citation!

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# At The Same Time

A young man is thinking  
This is a very bad time for the earth and its inhabitants

A woman  
Wants to jump from the roof in front  
An old man crying in the neighborhood  
Is praying to God to take him away

A girl has just been kidnapped  
A boy has just been crushed by a truck  
An old woman is mumbling on the roadside  
'This world is no longer worth living in'

At the same time  
A child in the hospital  
Breaking all the bonds of the womb  
With all his might  
Wants to come to the earth!

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# You Come

You come  
With your greatness  
In this sad time

In the rustling of the leaves  
Your presence is my friend

And this is not a diplomatic swing  
Where stabbing in the back  
Is a mandatory condition for swinging!

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# Market

I have entered the market of speculations..

Someone has kidnapped the love running in my arteries.

What should I do?

This metropolis begins

from this forest..

= Arvind Shrivastava

Arvind Srivastava



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# Punishment

He said

The Lord of the world is very cruel  
And I am afraid  
He will kill both of us

Our heads do not have an umbrella  
even as big as a cow dung-hive

His style of punishing is also  
Unique

He finishes off people like us  
Often with laughter!

(Remembering his wife who was lost to Covid 19/Corona)

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# Cotton In Love

I don't know that cotton

Which accepted the invitation to make my coat as soon as it was born

I don't even know the land

Where that seed conceived

That plant hid cotton for me in the belly of its fruit

I don't know from which bundle my share of cotton came

Surely it must have fulfilled its responsibility in the desire for my happiness

With great care

Before any storm arose in the sky

It must have joined the process of reaching me

through the ditch

Becoming a strand

This was the deep love of cotton for me

And this silent journey of its

Which saved me again and again

From being naked!

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India

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# How Can I Wait

How can I wait  
When there is not a single penny in my pocket  
In the name of ancestral heritage  
A broken roof and two or four torn and tattered books of poetry  
The most useless books of today

A lot of spit in the throat

And inertia such that  
If someone riddles me with bullets  
I won't even utter a word

A hollow mask of respect  
Left by my forefathers  
So that the generation remains away from immorality  
A rag of advice  
But pretending to cover myself in a long sheet  
With the wishes of some royal dream  
How can I wait

When the whole century  
Is locked in the remote  
And the life system  
Mortgaged in the hands of traders  
Rulers of the world are after me  
Against love  
Instead of love  
There is a boom in the market of sex shopping  
And  
Sensitivities have been reduced to

Only poems So this is not a time for expanding love or waiting!

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# My Voice

In this loneliness

Amid countless memories

And folds of feelings

Your whispering silence!

Oh, my voice returns

Without touching any soul!

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# Missing People

What was the fault of the night  
That it was driven away by the light

I had kept the windows of my heart open  
Someone had thrown a rose and gone away

Often in their sleep  
They hammer nails  
On the wall

Missing people  
Create trouble for a long time  
The phone rings and those chirps come forward

Those who keep their mobile switched off

I include them too in this list.

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# It's Like The Time Has Stopped

Time has stopped and  
The leaves have turned yellow  
The festive news has turned its face  
The continuous events  
Have attacked a soft, tender poem

Time has stopped and  
The petals of the rose  
A cub wants to jump  
Just now

Time has stopped as  
Some painter has embedded  
A girl in a frame  
As if a dog has fallen asleep  
Near a borsi

Time has stopped as  
The fingers have got tired on the typewriter  
And the questions are lying as they are

Waiting for a messenger!

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# Megapixels Of Your Memories

It's raining heavily outside  
And I'm burning in someone's memory

My soul is wounded with me  
And my empathetic words are angry with me

The buttons of my shirt are broken  
And the soles of my shoes are worn out  
I want to hum a song on my favorite guitar right now

This is the climax of my patience

Right now I'm fighting a silent war

Times are bad - I'm not sure

This earth is so kind  
That it will consider me innocent of the crime of dreaming

And I'll be saved  
From the clutches of destiny

What should I do  
The megapixels of your memories  
Go beyond my control, every time!

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INDIA

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# In Your Hands

I am the indentured labourer of the universe  
I have come on contract  
For a few days  
On earth

I have to relieve my fatigue of sixty-seventy years  
At this very place  
I will dedicate the last moment of the contract  
To you

Riding on the fastest horse of time  
I will return

Handing over to you  
An anonymous letter!

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# Without Saying Which I Can No Longer Stay

We will grow again  
becoming roses

We will see dreams  
We will write poems  
We will compose love letters  
We will grow crops of love on earth  
We will fill the sky with stars of hope

We will want to say what we could not say

and what we cannot live without saying

now

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# Some Words For Regret

We had to be for everyone  
And join everyone

We had to extend our hands to save the sun

From setting

And stop darkness from covering at least half the hemisphere

We had to talk to the leaves

And collect lots of pollen for the butterflies

We had to save water for the coconuts  
And fire for the stove

We had to dress the bare mountains

In the clothes of trees

And save the chirping of the birds

We had to live like the seeds in the pomegranate

As the color in the mehndi

And as the juice in the sugarcane

We had to live in the memories of people

Like the days of gossip

And run like blood

In everyone's pulse

But it's a pity that we couldn't do

What we wanted to do.

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India

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# Between Us

Between us  
A tired sigh remains

Step by step a sad evening

Like an old freighter moving slowly on the chest of the sea

A beautiful rose of memories  
Withered in the campus  
A broken button of a shirt

Like a boring life moving  
Towards acceptance!

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# I Will Come

Your love is flowing in my blood  
Despite the vigilance of the rulers

One day I will come to meet you  
In your city full of fireflies  
I will take speed from the flowing winds  
I will gain velocity from the sea  
The stars will show the way to your house

I will come  
Tracking the trail of feelings

I will come  
And join your thoughts!

••

Arvind Srivastava



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# Footnote Of A Sad Evening!

O Earth

I have nothing here of my own

Except a few breaths

And dreams

...

I just want you

That's all I have!

This is my status!

Arvind Srivastava



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# Ideas Don't Die

Ideas don't die  
They stay alive  
As memories in the heart  
Just like fire is hidden inside ashes  
Seeds inside the fruit  
Pearls inside the shell  
Juice in sugarcane  
And in the eyes of common people  
As hopeful dreams

Ideas don't die..  
They burst forth even in the desert  
As life-giving water sources!

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Arvind Srivastava



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Arvind Srivastava



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# On The Body Of Darkness

We will carve stars on the body of darkness  
We will compose songs for lovers  
We will blossom in the autumn season  
As buds of hope  
We will sow seeds of compassion in hearts that have turned to stone

We will be around you  
As a bonfire in the harsh cold

You keep your eyes open  
Do not fill your eyes with tears  
Because I have carved stars  
On the body of darkness!

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# Thumb

Tell me,

Where to stamp  
Where to mark  
On your white paper  
We will grow perfectly oval

Or become some amazing artwork  
Without any soot, ink  
And pad

Thumbs are dirty  
Smeared in mud  
Baked in fire

In the ink of sweat!

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# Rain

It was the rain of a dark night  
The moonlight had got lost in the embrace of the clouds  
It was an open field  
My body  
was in its full glory  
The sky was celebrating  
It was a heavy rain

The rowdy children of the entire colony had fallen asleep out of exhaustion  
Unaware of the world

This was the fun of the rain  
And the rain of fun

This time was not liked by the troublemakers!

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# Thanks To This City!

Every time  
Breaking all the protocols  
I want to come to you  
Stars  
I want to hand over to you  
All the rotis cooked by my mother on the stove  
Hungry children all over the world  
Are looking towards you  
I make my intellect sharp everyday  
To reach you  
I regret my foolishness  
My father was also a part of this chain  
In search of bread  
My grandfather came here  
He established a temple  
While travelling from village to town  
Today the crowded malls  
Have forgotten me in our city  
My pet dog  
Drove stool in the neighbouring compound  
I was informed about it on the internet  
I was embarrassed  
This city also taught me the secret of solving problems  
An economist and a psychologist  
Earned respect here with their knowledge  
I thank this city  
Which gave something or the other to everyone  
Some got luxurious things Bungalows and bulletproof cars

Some have tears

Some have pens!

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# Indistinct Voices

Even in the bad times of long-term dreams  
I did not let the cup of love overflow  
A pearl inside an oyster  
Kept waiting on the shore for centuries  
An iceberg kept wandering on the sea floor for a million years  
A star breaks and falls in my memories  
A still evening  
Has a bad effect on the unbridled nature..

I do not ask for any heaven from the sky  
A piece of cloud quenches my throat  
My soul is not a slave to any order  
We will drive out imperialism from the world,

Before I issue any statement

My indistinct voices have dissolved in the atmosphere!

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# An Iceberg In Antarctica

It was standing right here for a million years  
on the body of the ocean  
silently watching us

Defeated and tired, it broke in a flash  
melted  
and within minutes it got lost  
in the ocean.

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# At A Newborn's Funeral

Butterflies were yet to communicate with flowers

The balloons were yet to be filled with air

The teddy bears in the toy houses had yet to reach out

The rattles were yet to make a sound

The chocolates were yet to be tested

The joy of the leaves sprouting in the buds

The new words were yet to be crafted for the dictionary

The daggers were yet to be snatched from the hands of the butchers

And the locks of the prison were yet to be opened

The devil was yet to be caged

So many curiosities and mysteries were yet to be revealed

The infinite mysteries of space were yet to be solved

In these very scenes

We had to join

The funeral procession of a newborn

There was no noise of truth and motion

The tradition of burying the newborn gently in the soil

Had been established for

In that deserted place I had seen

A cruel commander

Crying,

Arvind Srivastava

# Ventilation

The birds were talking

That our pleasant days of laughter and happiness

Are coming to an end

I am worried

Looking at this century

Meanwhile many of our relatives

Have broken their ties with the earth

This earth is no longer safe for us

The birds were talking

Without any pomp

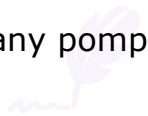
Without any manifesto

With the hope of living

That even in big buildings

At least a ventilation should be kept!

Arvind Srivastava



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# The King Is Sad

The king is sad

His daughter

Did not commit any murder today

Did not sip water with blood

Did not imprison the moon and stars

Did not play musical instruments,

Did not cage the seasons

Did not take the 'honour' of the inherited armies

There is a commotion in the monarchy

Why did the daughter go to the workers' colony yesterday

The aroma of roasted cashew nuts is not coming

From her dung today!

Arvind Srivastava

# Remembering Things That Are Lost

Some things do not become part of folklore, legend or rumour

All things on earth work in turns

Like all the letters of a type-machine do not come on paper at the same time

Like we cannot see all the scenes of a play at once

Soldiers do not destroy their ammunition at the border at once

A juggler cannot show his tricks at once

Beauties also have to walk on the ramp again and again

Just as all the seasons do not arrive at the same time

Mountaineers have to walk behind the mountaineer

Sequentially in different ways

Everyone has their own roles determined

Many things do not become transferred traditions

Like the letter-box hanging at the door

This box waiting for messengers from the postman

Sometimes introducing an enlightened and elite family and which the owner of the house opens

At least once/again and again according to his restlessness

Because letters are used by S. There was no MS then!

Among the things separated from time, the race of laughter also stopped

Which used to fly from the paan shop fifty-hundred meters away

Whatever the topic, why would we not like it

Those who used to laugh used to laugh in groups, loudly

Not like now, thinking that someone will see!

In the same way, the weather washed away

The traditions of quarrelsome women who used to fight for hours and sometimes, for many days

In our place, the brave women of Tintoliya and Pachtoliya were once considered experts in the art of fighting by waving their hands

Before TV reached every home!

These few things are not vanishing from our lives all of a sudden

Many such traditions have travelled a long way

Like stories of lovers writing letters in blood

Like long curly hair of poets

Like crickets in silence.

Arvind Srivastava



# Metropolitan Poet

A poet from a village, town or district

undertakes a long journey to meet a metropolitan poet

and feels happy

and considers himself blessed

while a metropolitan poet

in return for reaching the village, town and district

wants to receive a warm shawl worth a lot of money!

Arvind Srivastava



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# In Love

In love

Many wrote letters with blood

Many wrote poems

I rode my bicycle in the field

Took a round

Many times

Letting go of the handle!

Arvind Srivastava



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## ..As If

..as if  
time had wandered in pitch darkness  
as if a squirrel  
had been caught by a hunting dog  
as if a cockroach  
had fallen on the ground  
and just now an innocent  
was crushed while crossing the road

when you softly asked me in the language of the market  
what else do you do  
besides poetry?

Arvind Srivastava



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# The Dictator

The dictator listens  
In the roar of tanks  
The melody of music  
Refreshes his lungs  
The smell of gunpowder smoke  
Brings sleep to him  
The sound of explosions  
The dictator eats  
Sings  
And smiles  
When the dictator smiles  
People gather  
On maps  
In search of some Tibet!

Arvind Srivastava



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# A Time Full Of Dangers

How can I wait..

When there is not a single penny in my pocket

In the name of ancestral heritage

A broken roof and a few torn and tattered books of poetry

The most useless books of today

A lot of spit to choke down

And inertia such that if someone riddles you with bullets

You won't even utter a word

A hollow mask of respect

Her forefathers have left

So that the generation stays away from immorality

A rag of advice

But pretending to cover herself in a long sheet

With the wishes of some royal dream

How can I wait,

When the whole century is locked in a laptop

And the life system

Mortgaged to the traders

Rulers of the whole world are after

Against love..

So this time is not free from danger

For the expansion of love or for waiting!

Arvind Srivastava

# In Bad Times

Intellectuals searched my head  
Critics shook my body  
Activists pulled my hair  
Poet friends laughed

A girl  
Who was about to pass through this street  
Also changed her path!

?? Arvind Srivastava

Arvind Srivastava



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# A Boring Life

A tired sigh remains between us  
An ant-like feeling crawling on the body  
Step by step a sad evening  
An old freighter moving slowly on the chest of the sea

A rose of memories withered on the campus  
A broken button of the shirt  
Like a boring life  
Moving towards consensus!

Arvind Srivastava



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# My Soul

Your love is in my veins  
Look how similar your red blood cells are to my blood  
They are the same breaths that are moving here and there  
We both are soaked in the same life-scent  
On the wide chest of the night  
We end our lonely thoughts  
A river that is flooded with snow  
Suppresses its warmth for centuries  
A restless soul drips from a tree in the form of a drop  
Your words, feelings and my dreams are gathering in this body  
Your burning desires getting erased in such a way  
You will definitely not like it!

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# What I Did

I brighten those memories  
Which have been discolored by time  
I repair an image that is falling apart  
A feeling that had shattered like glass  
I saved it from being forgotten by keeping it in the memory

And a long silence  
Which had fallen between us for years  
Going close to the ear  
I whistled loudly!

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# I Remember You

I am the one who mends broken shoes  
I have also mended thousands of hearts

I am the nightingale sitting on a stump of a crematorium  
Which wants to bring its music to your ears  
Light years away from you  
In your city full of fireflies  
I am that weather-beaten creature  
Whose soul  
Beats with your soft and  
Extremely beautiful name  
I remember you

And I join in the wait for the next spring!

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# The Clouds Of Silence Will Be Displaced One Day

God has rejected your silence  
He cannot see any destiny fading  
The moon will be close to the earth in March and April  
He has rejected this hope too  
I have faith in my hard penance  
An excited soul hovers around you  
Dreams are crackling in the heat of memories  
The clouds of silence will be displaced one day  
We do not know  
Except a crippled expression  
What else is left  
In this rented house!

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# One Day

One day I will find my city  
immersed in silence

When all the people of the city  
Will have gone

far away from the city  
in search of silence!

Arvind Srivastava



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# Time Has Stopped As

Time has stopped and  
The leaves have turned yellow  
The festive news has turned its face  
The continuous events  
A soft, tender poem has been  
attacked murderously  
Time has stopped and  
The rose petals are eager to bloom  
A cub wants to jump  
Just now

Time has stopped as  
Some painter has embedded  
A girl in a frame  
As if a dog has fallen asleep  
Near a borsi

Time has stopped as  
The fingers have got tired on the typewriter  
And the questions are lying as they are  
Waiting for a messenger

Arvind Srivastava

# In Our Tiredness

All our tiredness  
Is visible in our poems  
Depressive feelings and hypnotic words  
By molding into poems  
Get totality  
Our tiredness lasts all day  
Including the company of cunning people  
Hope of rebirth in dead objects

The museum of Baghdad and the Buddhas of Bamiyan

Nitikating the sudden change in weather  
Ignoring the hand raised for greeting

Worry about the safe return of children from school  
The infamous time of intolerance  
All our tiredness shines in the form of poetry

And often we  
write and send poems

Arvind Srivastava



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# Rain: Five Scenes

1.

She had forgotten the address of our house  
The piece of paper on which I had written my address  
The rain has soaked it..  
My ink was weak and  
The rain was acidic!  
\*\*

2.

The rain kept  
dripping from the roof  
onto the canister lying in the courtyard  
All night long it kept  
sing out its melody  
Someone kept hammering a nail  
in the silence  
We could not reject this knowledge of torture!  
\*\*

3.

As a precaution  
Amidst all the preparations  
She secretly testified to my penury  
First I was identified  
Then the rain kept  
breaking my solitude  
Dripping on my forehead!  
\*\*

4.

The stove  
was in trouble with the rain  
Then Borsi too  
showed its face from time to time  
Avoiding useless words of sentimentality



We too  
never trusted fire and water  
Baked rotis as per convenience  
And sometimes  
Quenched our thirst!  
\*\*

5.

This is not rain  
These are the tears of the proletariat  
Included in the protest songs  
What is left on earth is the  
Thunderous voice of the soldier of nature

\*\*

Arvind Srivastava

# In Discussion

It was the time of celebration of drops  
The drops were strutting  
The drops were singing  
They were dancing  
In full glory

The drops touched every pore of the trees

The soil tasted the drops to its heart's content

The drops had come like a havoc at night

In the morning the rain was in discussion

Not the drops!

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# Our Love

Our love

was like a coconut

Even after a million attempts

No one could find out

Many hit their heads

Many broke their heads

The market was full of whispers

It was hot

Hidden from endless eyes

Love kept sprouting

Kept bathing

My soul!

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# Helplessness

He moved slowly

came closer

with a light smile

said in a subdued but harsh tone-

'Will you take smack? '

Even if I didn't say it

I would have had to take it.

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# Silence

You broke the silence after years

The fragrance of your handkerchief

Like the sweat of a laborer was spreading in the air

Perhaps you wiped the tears of a crying child

The moon and stars came to earth to wish you good night

I had a conversation with them

Everyone was surprised

A river nearby which was lying dry

Suddenly it was taking me away in a flood

Perhaps a glacier had melted somewhere

When you broke the silence

The world had changed

All the stars and planets!

Arvind Srivastava

# One Day Suddenly

One day suddenly we will meet my love  
With countless memories buried in our hearts  
Like fire is buried in ashes  
Like civilizations in ruins  
Water sources in sand  
Seeds inside fruits  
Like blood in arteries and  
Hopeful dreams in eyes of common people..

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# Rifle

Rifles

the rustling of a leaf  
in that direction  
had woken up furiously  
and to avert any crisis  
in victory pose  
The rifleman wanted to smile

which with great care  
Was looking  
from behind a leaf  
A mouse!

Arvind Srivastava



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