

Poetry Series

Ashwath Islampure
- poems -

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Ashwath Islampure(14-06-1995)

Chess & Checkers: 2

In bedroom
when we play chess
I easily checkmate

you usurping the queen
in my dustbin
and you demand a pawn

Blackmailing me
your emotional atyachaar
is its cause

it's nothing luminous
and it is the silver jubilee
of your behaviour

I get inflicted and slap you and fight
when you address me a cheater-
a homonym of different meaning

just cares for the two kingdoms
standing in 64 squares
as they don't enjoy

your silver jubilee celebration
wasting their precious
time.

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Fortune Tellers

They come when
your legs
start oozing in your thoughts-
in reality they are entering
the silt on the lake
banks of a health resort at dusk;

Your Saturn is revolving awesome
than your Venus, they say when you neglect,
listen to your spouse, you get enraged
and ask(but couldn't) : have you
listened to your wife, at least once?
to fix forever the wavering nonsense,

we intend to move forward,
they are still following
I wonder, who made them a
fortune teller, who was the counsellor?

a fanatic-a brainwasher-a youth spoiler?
whose existence and destiny
was never told by any planet.
who never discovered himself,
ever told any one to do so

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4 January 2015

Secret is the fate
which appears abstract;
no one can sense it,
only can bear its violence in harsh times,
while, everyone dislikes secrets
they want them to unravel

exposing is easy, creditable, but,
the fate of its shocking circumstances
is still a
secret.

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Hunting For Personification Of Love

Keats saw autumn, he's witness
to careless presence on granary floor
the hair lifted, dian skies
were poetic even then

the word of four letters
two vowels and two consonants
has pricked emotions
even without grammatical punctuation

I cannot find or may find after penance
a thing personified like a leaf
to reap yellow or to fade in season
but glorified words are there to haunt

always with new mother from varying pens
moisturized essence in Teasdale's quatrains

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Jovial Bride

Inside the bride's quarters
She sits ornamented
between the ladies of her forum
necklaces are heavy enough
For the heart that beats now in
other surname;
they crack jokes on romance
making her laugh without compulsion
she blushes for blush's sake
But doesn't pray for tears to evaporate
She has to cry for a tradition of
seperation from her parents-
God knows how worth is her spouse
before anything goes awry on honeymoon
or promises agreed in seven rounds
sidelining the rice hills and areca
The mind is now writing
Something in silence
a memoir of adjustments or
a novel of foulplay....

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Poet In Love

I wrote some poems
for her
falling in Love

like expectationist

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Robert Frost's Letter To Helen: Widow Of Edward Thomas, 1917

My contemporary,
from Lambeth, London
Was four years younger to me,

He was brought up there
He went to St Paul's school
then read at Oxford

he was a busy figure
and his life was busy
even then he was with you

your romance
blossomed into marriage
till this day and forever

Yes, I saw him, struggling,
Yes, I met him
we talked many things poetic;

obviously not a complete poem
similes of hard life
metaphors of WWI, Russian revolution

and many realistic
hunky-dory personifications
before I left Britain

Without anything in pocket
Without anything on paper
nothing in printing press

I had no visions of future
what may happen?
with full condolences

Such a thing

has
taken place

I would like
To add
some truths

who was ever
So completely
himself right up

to the verge of
destruction, so
sure of his thought,

So sure
of his
Word?

I want to see him,
to tell him something
What I think he liked to hear from me

That he was a poet....

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Sonnet

Like a rift in the breeze
your voice comes bit by bit,
at the end of the day
no sign tells where I keep it,

the next day I set again on race
its my work to listen with a gaze,
it never breaks the silence as
outside the sun has made it ablaze,

anyone can help me to find it
but, never can being the exact retreat,
the retreat that throws me in scrutiny
which may continue to play with the beat,

I don't know whether I will find or not
but, I listen your echo bit by bit.

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The Bank Of Absurdity

On the tiny bank of the mudpool,
the rainwater penetrates inside,
the lawn looks like thrown pyre
nothing remaining outside

the quill of a bird tells a tale
that it was here before it died,
the hailstones murdered it
while the electric pole got it fried.

a hungry cat grabbed its corpse
before anyone spot it with treason,
the blood stains were washed by rain
the lawn looked as it was every season.

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The Princess Who Bathed

The pretty princess comes out of her bath-
rejuvenating her royal blooded body,
covering it with a royal towel,
recitings of hymns in a prosody,
Several sprigs of Gulmohar lay in her bath
floating upon the waters for a long time,
get twisted after a while, letting beauty go,
her eyes observing it like a mime,
the bath is over to an extent
the temple looks gloomy,
she walks for her palace standing in midst,
witnessing the march of her army,
then to listen the melodies of court Mozart
with a minute inch of terror in it.

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