

Poetry Series

Bindu Borle
- poems -

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Bindu Borle(1st January 1969)

A Day In The Office

Gray, white, gray white
Cabins and rooms and a division within
Unfamiliar faces, chaos everywhere
Languid souls striving for survival
Routine calls, unlimited excuses, nagging calls
Fast moves with slow pace
A feeling of uncertainty.
A perpetual fear of the pink slip
It is haunting the mind endlessly.
Nausea, work pressure and monotonous schedule
Each day drags on...
For a new tomorrow
Attendance register, absence and late comings
A hard day ahead
Survival of the fittest in this jungle
Back-biting, rumors, gossip and office romance
Endless cups of coffee and rounds of cigarettes
The evening has set in.
The day ends for some
Its time to leave the cabins and rooms
Gray, white, gray and white

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A Day With My Soul

Conversation began.
Soigné of thoughts, attentive.
Prepared for any question, ready with every answer.
The grilling session between the two.
Cross questioning among the equals.
A perfect mirror image?
Both offensive as well as defensive.
Perfect stillness.
I fail to understand the implications.
Eerie silence.
Then the day ends.

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A Desire

My mind has nothing
But some old memories
Each one having its own color and fragrance
My lonely eyes dream
I try to put together some thoughts
I look for nothing
But a solitary desire
I nurtured it the most
A figment of my imagination, is it?
It's your thought
Your reflection all around me
The craving, the need or a desire
To have you with me
Forever.

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A Game

Once I lost all hopes
Then someone came along
Put his arms around me, gave me faith
Told me to trust him in bad times, good times.
I sat all confused
Thinking to believe or not
So very skeptical
Weighing the pros and cons
Deciding not to doubt anyone
Life is not always a dirty game
The moment I looked up
My eyes started to search for him
I was brutally brushed aside
Emotions don't exist
And sentiments belong to weak
I was told
You should be more business like
Curt and rude
Dry and unapproachable
There I stood
Trying to synchronize the two things
What is the value of sentiments and emotions
I said to myself
It is a part of life
The black and white...

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A Masquerade

Innumerable faces with a character of their own,
Emphasizing the meaning of life.
Like the puppet and the strings, suggesting relationship
Between the creator and the created,
The mortal human being.
The good, bad and the evil human being.
The time defined soul on the earth.
Masquerading to hide the true self, the vulnerable inside.
Concealing the naked truth to avoid self identification
Life goes on a like a film on the projector
Each clip moves faster and faster.
The unfamiliar images leads to confusion.
The curtain falls.
Epilogue
People change sooner then the images.
An act of pretense,
Disguised participants move on life's stage carrying their own cross.
No one knows what will happen next.
False images with unsure moves.

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All I Want

Is there anything which is not desirable?
Simple desires, unfulfilled promises
On a sheet so white, a pristine need.
For gathering stars way above
A million perhaps that can bring forth light!
Or maybe love so unlimited
That I live in stupor forever like a drunkard
Enjoying life and gulping down troubles with each sip
What my mind wants my body doesn't desire
What my body wants my mind doesn't aspire
Nothing but chaos between desired and undesired!
Am I asking for more? Or is it my requirement
Not able to define I am stuck between my need and greed
Where one ends and where the other begins...

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Being Alone 1

Sitting on an uncomfortable chair,
I just look around,
My things still remain untouched and uncared for.
There is pain in the heart.
It makes me cry and I close my eyes.
It just tears me apart and leave cold.
I can feel something
A damp feeling penetrating my body
I can still smell yesterday around me
Wondering was it bad or good
My papers carry yesterday on them.
The last day's ink.
I think of nothing.
My mind goes blank
With the last night's sleep I start to work
I tell myself
Escape is there
If only you want
From this and everything around
Close your eyes and start with a dream

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Being Alone 2

I can hear voices all around me
People just come and go
I hear someone walking by
I hear someone calling my name
Some I don't know, a stranger
In this place- known yet unknown
Mood, music and magic
Shiny dance floor, feet all over
I turn around to look
To find faces so many of them
Trying hard to recognize
A face amidst this chaos
I think I lost him
Or was it my imagination
Or did he really was around me
Once again I am alone.

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Black Night

The chariots of golden sun are on the way home,
The horses of black night speeding fast,
Black night- deeper than any sea
Seems to be getting her hold over this world
Her veil spreads all across to cover everything
The world which was covered in mystical golden hue
Now lies under thick, unpenetrable forces of dark,
Night, like a mother embraces all what comes
The crimes, secrets and problems
The kohl of sleep makes us forget our tensions and pain
And prepares us for a new tommorrow
A day which overflows with happiness and joy
This day once again comes to an end
Enters night dressed for the occassion
Like a beautiful woman, it glitters and shimmers
To allure thousand hearts and capture each mind...

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City Life

Hustle-bustle
Shimmering artificial lights
Ear deafening music
I know no one and recognize no one
Homes or just houses! What are they really like?
Who lives inside these?
Inside, languid bodies striving to live
Carrying on with their pseudo life and
Pretentious relationships
Relations that are rotting and stinking
Yet, going together and preserved for the reason unknown

Time running faster than the clock
Love- existence unknown
Hate- no nook or corner spared
Rivalries, jealousies into each artery and vein
Into the main stream
Human being full of acridity and no humanity left
A feeling of abstractness
Vacant atmosphere, killing silence
Each person lost in an oblivion
Trying to go beyond the everyday schedule
What remains in everyone now is
Nothing but evil
Trying to unleash itself with each given chance
Evil is the ultimate now
A dangerous obsession or a possession
What is the end of all this?
I ask myself
Maybe some goodness – a last value
Lying in the city junkyard
Waiting for the pickup by some kind soul
And be a part of us sometime...

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Defining Truth

Stranded among unusual thoughts
I wonder about the definition of trust
From the cluster of ideas
I try to choose one
To define trust
Is it an undefined emotional out burst
Or a truly rational, logical output
Maybe a conception not unknown
I keep trying to find a synonym
But fail.
There is authenticity in meanings given
No, the dictionary doesn't do the justice
What do I do?
Whom do we blame for losing trust and faith?
We have always been petrified of it
For our own convenience we revive it, now and then
At times we flush it down to escape it.
Each one of us is responsible for it not being there
We have always used as a mere pawn to play
In our own dirty games and gains too,
Making others learn by it
Changing meaning
As a matter of fact.
Can anyone define it?
Truth has been choked to death,
Betrayed by all of us
And now is no more
No one comes, no one goes and absolutely nothing happens
Life goes on as usual
Without thinking about truth
It now lies stranded, isolated and uncared for.
Under the things not required board!

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Dream

Expected yet unexpected feelings
Cruising through
Mind in dilemma
Trying to synchronize each movement
Closed with unfamiliar images
Frame by frame. Cut to present
Its six in the evening
Travelling along the reaches of the road
Streets illuminated by lights
I hear strange whisperings
Kind of incantations
Dissolving the walls of memory
An enigma it seems
My heartbeat plunges, the mind goes blank
What remains now is
The notion of infinite gentle strange vibrations

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Emptiness

Perfect ambience, whispers
Dim lights, slow movements
Coffee mugs half empty
A sign of pessimism
Or is something else?
Hollowness inside.
Conversations barely heard
Unfinished topics
Everything reminds of hours spent
Shapes yet shapeless.
Shades yet colorless
Standstill
Haggard bodies
A concave figure
Paralytic beings reaching out
But fail
Cavernous souls. Stony images
No emotions
No responses
Just gray all around
Nothing envelops but sadness and nihilism.

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Faraway Call

Far out in the wilderness
The woods, the hills echo a voice
A voice calling me to come closer
To embrace the mysteries of nature
To know her deepest secrets embedded within,
Nature- the immortal beauty,
Like nymph Calypso with all her charms
tries to imprison me forever
So that I may never back to where I belong
The concrete jungle of mine...

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For My Love

Sitting on the bench in a beautiful garden
I am all alone yet surrounded by some memories
Known yet unknown
It is quite difficult, I know
But still I want
You will call it as madness
I will call it as longing
The passing moments of life
The timelessness of time
Look nothing but tired
Faded colors
Dying breathe
Things have to change
But I know
Your thoughts will always be there
And be there for me till eternity
In my mind, body and soul

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Hippo

I always wondered, if a hippo was my pet,
How will he climb the stairs and not sweat?
In his room will be a very big pool,
To make him happy and to keep him cool,
I will feed him fruits, veggies and some bread,
I will read him stories when he goes to bed,
We will go together for everyday walk,
Meeting and greeting people around the block,
He will be attending all the pet shows,
Doing new tricks for people, I suppose!
I went to the pet store for more details,
The shopkeeper listened and turned pale,
He gave a look of surprise and shock!
For a moment, he simply couldn't walk,
He pointed at a board hung on the nail,
As a shop policy, "No hippos for sale"!

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I, The Woman

I am the eternal truth and hope,
I am the infinite, unconditional love,
I am the one who molds and shapes,
And nurtures the soul within each,
I kindle the passion and longing,
The desire for being together,
I dream your dream and make it real,
I know not only what I want from life,
but what I have to offer in return...
I am happy when you are happy,
I share your sorrows and grief,
I color your world with happiness,
And paint each moment with mirth,
I, am you and you are me,
I, make your life complete,
I, am the woman...

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If I Could Give It A Name

The insatiable desire,
The greedy need, the want
What is it that I crave for?
This is the question I ask myself
When alone or with among people
I feel there is depravity within me
You may call it as a vice
I term it is a my simple fancy
Of having you forever with me
To be a part of my mornings and evenings
And to make my nights more desirable
I am no saint, but an average being
With ruling of heart and not mind, this time
You will ask to name it,
I have no name for our relationship
Except it comforts me and makes me feel
Our togetherness, pure bliss. Eternal joy

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Illusions

In the total darkness
There came a ray of hope
And I thought it was real and true
But that was in vain
I got bedazzled by the brightness around
The light was nothing but an illusion
Coming from the source unknown
I am once again lost
As to what I should believe
My eyes see nothing
My heart feels nothing but gasps
For a prayer.
Do it for me
I cry out in despair

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Innocence

Only you can paint the grass red and the water pink!
The flowers will be of your choice only,
The sky doesn't seem to but will be one with the earth,
Your laughter fills each page with life.
The shapes are shapeless yet so close to being alive,
Only you can give a rainbow more than seven colors
The sparkling, joyous and beautiful shades of unlimited love.
The birds fly in an orange colored sky with clouds hanging,
The sun, moon and stars are all together,
Only you can give color to the blowing wind...
The river flows out of nowhere to touch the garden in a house
The little boats go upstream and downstream all at once
There is nothing black in the world you paint
It is so similar to the master's stroke that made everything
Everything so perfect, but we tainted it with our greed...

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Invisible Visitor

With the pen in my hand
And the thinking cap on my head
I wonder, what is reality?
The light kept flickering
Suddenly, it came into the room
Through the window bars, swiftly and softly,
Disturbing the calmness around

Making way itself through the things lying around
Whizzing past the furniture
Whispering from the curtains
Then no noise except for silence
It came stood beside my table
Touched my face and introduced itself
Touching and retouching
Leaving no traces, no clues

It bid adieu
And as a valedictory gift
I saw my questions answered and a message given
Scattered sheets of paper were bare no more
The invisible visitor left its mark
And thus began my day.

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Its All About Love

I have seen it all from the close quarters,
Seen the glimpses of love touching life.
Love defining relationships, stringing hearts.
How unlikely it seems at times, so unconvincing.
Yet it is true, the love story.
I wonder is love all pervasive, surprisingly it is.
Tried to humorously put away the love thoughts
Of people falling in love and not rising.
They say love takes you to heights.
Ignorant fool that is what I am.
No one has been able to ever define love, the eternal love.
Maybe I lack romanticism, completely untouched by love,
Too practical and blunt
For beautiful unbinding and timeless love
I am yet to feel the love or maybe I never will
At times it seems too complicated for a simpleton like me.

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Lost Love

Tuesday it was,
Words weren't exchanged
Cold eyes,
Air conditioning added to the coldness.
No more warmth-
Restless feelings
Tea getting cold, papers scattered
Could it be my fault?
I hear someone laughing
Rather sympathizing.
An urgent need.
Reluctance; reconciliation impossible
Why?
Self-pity, tumultuous mind
Something to fall back upon
Who cares it is over
Don't ask to define-
It was never meaning full
But a make shift arrangement for carnal desires.

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Love For You

Myriad thoughts engulfing my mind
Each trying to register itself
There is nothing but chaos.
A clarity is seen among this din
A splash in the memory lake
A concentrated view emerges
Like the way a flower blossoms from the bud
I just see you everywhere
You are an obsession for me
My untamed emotions call your name
They long for your touch, a desire unfulfilled
Eyes have nothing but pure intense love
With each passing moment in life
I thought of you and no one else
My heart feels heavy
There is restlessness in mind and body
I seem to be in a trance
Its you and me in the eternity.

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Melancholy

Morbid atmosphere hangs around.
Silence. Deep silence.
A colorless vision.
No more blinding lights.
Winds passes, stops and looks around
There is stillness once again.
Everything as it is, untouched.
Tired bodies with languid souls.
Clock ticking away fast with every minute and hour.
Except for the heartbeat.
There and yet not there.
The Blues.
Great Depression.
Gazing into the obscure one finds nothing except solitude.

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Memories 1

Looking at the ceiling
Limpid thoughts line up
My heart aches
Flashing incidents
Head bent in ignominy
But why
Trying hard to erase
But unsuccessful
Empty eyes. Regret
Silence pervades the room
I breathe in...
My past
I fail to understand why I did it
Self pity. Unrest
Tossing in bed, I try to reason
Nothing comes to me
But memories of past
Of my moments of weakness
And how I fell prey to circumstances

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Memories 2

Tired dreamy eyes
Yet thinking
Knitting stories of past and present
Painting the future
Past full of memories
Each moment nostalgic
Rewind and play, it continues the tricks
Riding through the years
The pang still remains
Even the passing time could not erase it
I long to die
But will be ever relieve
The haunt continues
Past has become overbearing
A harbinger of abominable memories
Etched deeply
On my, mind, body and soul
I cry out in pain
A memoir

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Moments

I came back having spent time with you
And along carried some precious moments
The time was unforgettable...
The evening was clad in all pink
It was like a seductress on a prowl
Shimmering with beauty
Trying hard to say something
I asked my self
And found...
Everything around is drunk
Soaked in love
I started to look for you
The breeze touches me gently
Like a lover caressing his beloved
It leaves me aroused
I feel you next to me
Your fragrance is mine once again
My heartbeats
And wants your love
The pure eternal love...

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My Thoughts

I wonder at times.
Sitting alone.
Lost among the crowd and the din.
All about life
Sometimes I wonder is it really worth a thought or should I let it go
Moments pass
Experience.
A feeling of detachment.
Sometimes it smells of a hospital
A sick man.
Who is about to die
Given up all hope.
The graph going down
Out of the screen
Its gone. Where does it go
Ruins. Dead leaves scattered everywhere
Stairs leading nowhere
Time stands still
I gaze at the vacuum around me.
Nonchalantly.

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Next Life

Long stretch of road
Life as it should be
Bland, dull and colorless
Longing for a change
A possible reincarnation maybe
An urge to turn anew leaf
Impossible! Scandalous! voices echo
Each subway, over bridge, walk way
Drowned in ear-shattering nerve wrecking sound
The sound of silence
Circle of life goes on as usual
Change comes
Rebirth, a possible next life
But can life get to that stage
A phoenix like life.
No, throughout the living period
I have seen life rotting and stinking
And struggling
To revive itself again and again
But has always been unsuccessful
Till the last breath
There has been no next life
No exit
The one which you and I desire

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Of Shady Shadows

I and my friend one evening did spend
under a fall-struck tree.
It was now seven years,
since we parted with tears.
And now we had met again,
me and my friend.
We talked of old places, friends and the weather.
Of the present condition of our sisters and brothers,
Of various others,
they, ours, yours, he and she.
We knew not when the shadows fell.
So engrossed were in listen and tell
That we came to know much later
of our calamity.
Because when we got to depart
Our shadows won't come apart!
I woke up and swore never again
to sleep with alcohol inside me

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One Night Stand

I lie wide awake
Aimlessly gazing at the ceiling
Ear-shattering silence, I can hear nothing but nothing at all
Brushing aside dishevelled hair
Arranging each thought
Mentally and physically
Crumpled sheets, distance and indifference
Cigarette remains telling the night tales
Of lust and passion and raw sex
Craving for more- or is it need for love?
Amorous activities
Each hour reminiscent of indulgence
Scattered clothes, naked bodies
Tilted glasses, uncorked bottles and emotions
Stains and tell tales
Cold fire, musty lingering smell of a story untold
An act caresses the affair
New day breaks. It is all over
Time to go back. Restart the routine once again
Expurgation
Obscure thoughts, blatant memories

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One Year

The year just passed
The loneliness pervades
In and around
People don't matter anymore
I can see something
Strewn among these memories
The unmistakable
The most beautiful
Thought
The very fragrant thought
Filling each quarter with magic
And leaving back nothing but love...

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Undying love and beautiful time
Those which were spent together
In the year that just went by...

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Overture

An upturned page waiting tirelessly
In the still ness of things.
I sit thinking, trying hard to begin
But the thoughts are locked.
Clenching my fists I curse myself, but nothing works.
I feel so nervous
I wait for the ideas to flow like an surging river.
Matching the rhythm of the wind
Closing my eyes I pray to the muse,
I return back and just look from the window
The page doesn't wait any longer
The impressions are already there
A divine intervention.
The prelude began.

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Pain

Each night when she tries to sleep
Her heart cries out for her family
She is helpless, lost among the strangers
Alone in this big white world
No roses to smell and begin her day
Only weird smell and nausea
Where are my children?
Did they leave me here forever?
When they were young I protected them all along
She talks incessantly to the walls around.
Today she alone on this bed in the ICU
She wants no medicine but her children
The mental pain is far greater than the physical one
She calls but no one can hear her muffled voice
In a room full of various noises.
Of the doctors, nurses and attendants around.
For them it is nothing but a routine job
Her tears are nothing but an eye infection
Each day, she tells her kids
The pain of separation is so much more
I cannot bear this pain of not having anyone with me.
The loneliness is far more fatal
Take me home, I can die peacefully with all of you around me...

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Prelude To Love

The heady scent of love and desire.

I can still smell.

On this late October evening,

I admire the nature sitting alone, the hills, the rivers and everything.

For instance.

Then sit for a while more,

I try to fill in each passing moment with memories.

Still in stupor, I try to breathe his perfume

While sipping coffee...

Felt the flow of life within.

The heady scent of love and desire.

I can still smell.

While sipping coffee...

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Relationship

The hills, the trees and the distant lands,
Though very far but still near to my soul,
Each embodies a part of my being,
Talks of a special relationship,
An everlasting bond
Between the two lovers
Love which is to be cherished forever,
the hills/symbolizes the height I want to achieve...
the trees/ fecund imagination and aspirations
the distant lands/ the oblivion where I want to lose myself forever...

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Ruins

I stand under the archway
That speaks of the past, present and the future
The tarnished floor, the vertical lines
Eight wood columns now support nothing
Two staircases careening no where
An idea receding into nothingness
Things were said and done
Stillness in the air
Just some things to be remembered
Touch a crumbling brick
Or stand in any door way
That has been framed by the day
And broken by the night
It is a place for those who have none
To relate with the souls in the ruins
It is mine
It is yours.

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Sandclock

Sand of time slipping fast
So fast I can hold it in my hands any more
It has once again succeeded
This glittering, shining sand

I lost once again.
Temptation was far too strong
A mirage formed
An obsession headstrong
Bright lights coming to my mind
Illuminating or blinding my senses?
A meteor flashing its tail
I see light all over once again

I am draped in beautiful, bewitching magic
Erasing my thoughts
The light goes off, the sand once again slips
I am left dazed
A moment back it was there
But now it is no longer with me
It left a message behind
Time is no one's own
It cant be possessed by you
The slippery sand lies beside now
Left me thinking...

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Self Possessed

The afternoon is a golden yellow and
A bit lazy like a languid lover
It's getting close to a time
When evening comes dressed in grey
And arranges its finery to suit the time
The fragrant roses fill every corner
And try to go out everywhere
Go beyond and cross the threshold
Like an impatient lover
Eager to embrace his loved one
Lilacs are in full bloom
I have touched and felt each stalk myself
And the prime of their lives,
The flow of energy,
The fragrance of their youth and vitality
I can still smell it.
Standing in the porch, on a wintry November evening
I admire nature's unlimited canvas of life
Adorned with myriad colors and hues
The beautiful sky and earth merging together
To surrender to this divine eternity forever
The music flows from nowhere
I try to give it a name.
Maybe the notes from Beethoven or Bach
For instance
Then sit for an hour and more
I keep my countenance
But is it possible?
I feel romance all around.
I am nothing but self-possessed
I breathe him around, his sex and his smell
While sipping my coffee all alone.

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September Sonata

Spring. Blossoming, blooming flowers
Sound of music in the air.
Chapel bells
Each note so beautiful.
Blissful
Music is nothing but tryst with eternity
A ring of infinity
Adorned by immortal harmony
Distant sounds once again.
Maybe a pianist
Fingers waltzing over each key
A mellifluous melody
Soothing the hear and mind
The body and soul
Unadulterated intoxication
By the mesmerizing notes
Ecstasy
A song played with so much of reverence
Catharsis of each nerve
An aria in the fragrant air
Giving birth to euphony

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Shades Of Life

Did you ever see the true colors of life?
Sometimes I see a rainbow emerging on the horizon,
But it is nothing but an apparition,
A figment of imagination.
For me it has always been bleak,
A colorless picture,
Carrying the burden past and worries of the future,
And leaving the present gasping for breath.
Fools live in paradise
Counting their colored dreams, chasing nothingness.
Life weaves its magic and goes away,
Leaving just the traces around.

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Solitude

Nothing
I hear except
Silence
A love note
Beyond
Through the window
Mist and haze
Unveils
Confuses
Scattered thoughts
Depth
Words tell nothing
Minutes pass
Shadows stretch a little longer
Evening sounds fill each corner
Time to go now
To stir up a few noises
Difficult to understand
The stillness of soul
To find the reason within

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Strange Vibrations

Expected yet unexpected feelings
Cruising through
Mind in dilemma
Trying to synchronize each movement
Closed with unfamiliar images
Frame by frame. Cut to present
Its six in the evening
Travelling along the reaches of the road
Streets illuminated by lights
I hear strange whisperings
Kind of incantations
Dissolving the walls of memory
An enigma it seems
My heartbeat plunges, the mind goes blank
What remains now is
The notion of infinite gentle strange vibrations

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Swan Song

Walking on the beach, all by myself
I leave traces behind
The prelude to night has just begun
Like the synchronized moves of a ballet dancer
I walk with the wind caressing me
It reminds me of sweet nothings
Of those endless nights and wanton days
The damp smell of sand
Waves waltzing in the moonlight
I ask...
And then keep walking with a smile in my heart.

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The Game Of Life

I wonder at times sitting alone.
All about life
Whether worth a thought or not!
Moments pass slowly.
Experience and rejoice.
There is a feeling of detachment at times,
As though death is foreseen
by a patient about to die.
The graph slipping out, completely fading.
Now dead.
Where do they go?
Among clouds, they say.
Time comes to a standstill, clocks no longer needs to be ticking.
I think among nothingness about life once again.

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The Sea And The Solitary Soul

Quiet, near the sea
But miles away from the crowd
Stands the solitary figure
Whose gaze pierces the depth
The dark sea and the dark night
Appears mysterious and too frightening
But she stands un baffled and remote

The dark sea echoes within her
Remote and alluring...
Both are calm
But with a tumult inside
She is now closer to the sea
Herself the solitary figure
To be one with the sea
To share the isolation
And the alluring mystery

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The War

The realization never dawns upon those,
The insensitive hearts and minds behind it
Their hearts are filled with nothing but
Stark emptiness and uncontained greed.
Tormenting each life
Each time the war happens,
It inflicts nothing but unbearable pain,
Endless lives are lost, ravaged bodies and homes
Can anyone ever read the pain in soft brown eyes?
A small hand tightly clutches a tattered doll.
She lost everything to the war,
Home, hope and herself...
Left behind amongst the debris and the mangled bodies
There is stench, grief and death.
The fresh memories of those who were the victims,
Sacrificed on the altar of hatred and ambition
In the cold of the night and warmth of the day
My heart bleeds for innumerable lives lost
A say a prayer for a many,
No more wars for the sake of our today and their tomorrow...

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Thoughts

I lie among the sheets of paper
White and black, strewn all over like thousand stars
On the veil of black night
I uncap the pen, but there is no ink
The pencil with a broken lead
Thoughts in a hurry, just waiting
The ink bottle
Glass pieces immersed in blue
Glistening with color
Each broken piece no with an identity
Time running fast
Drops even faster
The paper looks new
Each falling dropp left its mark
They left me thinking

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Untitled

Looking around I try to fathom the darkness
The darkness which surrounds me
Overcast skies or a tumultuous day
Moonless night or sun overshadowed
The heart is heavy. Ruptured, yet...
Tiny little water drops in the eyes
Blinding vision, causing pain
This evening I have no one but
My solitary self and shadows unlimited
The setting sun is calling me
The night is embracing me
There is none around but my soul and me
Both trying to understand each other
Providing solace, sharing grief
Pouring our heart into each other
Just being true to ourselves...

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Vision

I wait
In a blue hour
(and faraway I can hear some unknown voices)
and on a page a poem begins
Something about to happen
Genesis
Memories get revived
My papers are getting dust
I pick one a letter from somewhere
With my name on it
Post marked years ago
While I wait
For the light or the dark
Contemplating over
A shape to be given
A format to be chosen
And I wait...

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Witness

I have been a witness,
Not in the court of law
But to a macabre act done in front of my eyes
A very gruesome incident,
No one was strangulated, there was no bloodshed
Nor was it a poisonous affair and neither a murder
It was a torturous happening
But will never make to the headlines
It is not an important issue for anyone
But it is important to me
For I have been the key person
My mind and registered each moment
My eyes watched it happen
My heart cried out
But no one could see the tears
My lips longed to say something
But nothing came except the sound of silence
I like a mute spectator
Just watched me happiness being killed
Step by step, not in one blow
But like a wet wood being lit
Just burning slowly.
Groping for life
And trying to survive
Nur all in vain
My happiness has been killed
Now nothing remains but memories.
The verdict has been passed.
I have lost forever.

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You

Myriad thoughts engulfing my mind.
Each trying to register itself, chaos.
Cacophony around,
Splash in the memory lake, a concentrated view blossoms.
The madness clears and steers ahead
A picture emerges- it is you...
Like a tormented lover,
I nurture an obsession, untamed emotions
It is no more a longing of romantic misty eyes.
The need cannot be defined,
Time does not heal but adds to the restlessness.
An urge to possess forever
The unnamed feelings of emotional intensity and desire,
All for you and me.

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Your Thoughts

An image comes to my mind
A reflection
A forlorn image
Rising above the listless beings
An achiever in all aspects
A man par excellence
They talk among themselves
It is about you.
My mind has nothing but your thoughts
They come wading through streams of time
An outcry
I lose your sight
There is nothing but void
I strain to hear some voices around
I think I hear your voice so clearly
The baritone voice
It is nothing but hallucinations
Each waft of wind brings your perfume
I count each dewdrop,
I count each heartbeat
I wait for you
My heart calls out your name
I am longing to be in your arms once again...

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