

Poetry Series

**Catastrophe KING**  
**- poems -**

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# Catastrophe KING(30 September 1965)

This is the pen-name or alias for

## 928: Confusion

I never felt like I had worn out my passion;  
Instead, revered within me that obsession!

To love her, I never craved she be next to me,  
My memories she engaged, and that just to be!

To memorize her face, I never needed her snap;  
But, could see her; whenever I would take a nap!

I had amassed her smiles in my thoughts, for later  
And, had built the castle in the air, just to feel better!

Then another year had passed, I just hadn't known  
In my trance, just see where my worship had flown!

It was an abstraction, but to be soundless was my fate;  
This adoration is my pleasure and thus today I'd narrate!

I spent some lonely years, cherishing her every moment;  
Nurturing all those memories, how wonderful and pleasant!

I had dedicated some space & time, in my life, to this devotion;  
That passion is alive but dormant & life's a lopsided commotion!

Catastrophe KING

## 929: Family Day Out – Into The Desert

Mountain tops, those uncut yet chiseled rocks

Stunned by the sculpted contours, which shocks!

Gentle winter breeze, swayed in sweet zests

Riding the barren on tandems, are desert fests!

Dusty old trails on the sand, those ecstasies

It was just wonderful, beyond our fantasies!

Thank you family,

You got rid, my fear of the unknown, now I sway

From mysterious shackles; watch me break away!

Catastrophe KING

## 930: I Had This Vivid Castle In Spain!

Bulldoze a desire; that's crime!  
Like nick the bud, before time.

I had spent some time without grunge.  
Why cut my feathers? Oh, to plunge!

That lexis had me rammed to gloom.  
Now queasy of love; I will not bloom!

I had this vivid castle in Spain!  
Then, why detach and give me pain?

Catastrophe KING

## 931: I'd Write To Kill Grief!

Ah! Never will! Why should I fib?  
Why should I even break my rib?

Isn't life, journey of many spars?  
Wrangles we have, are just farce!

Some just play it often, as a game,  
I'd write to kill grief & follow fame!

Catastrophe KING

## 932: Let Her Think, That.....

Let her think, that.....

I'm rogue & just the villain of a man;  
I filch the heart and that's all I can!

Let her think, that.....

I'm felon & just the twinge of a man;  
I strip the belief and that's my clan!

Let her think, that.....

I'm a slink & just the wanton of a man;  
I ravage all hopes and deem to abandon!

Catastrophe KING

## 933: Charade

My kinds are charades you can see  
Always, found lingering in murk!

As someone's prayer get answered –  
Within some mist of new-found love!

That ardor lost was never there;  
Thus, I did depart sometime back!

But even then, respect was some grime,  
That was thrown over my grave!

I did fancy some life for me, but  
Always burst like a bubble in the air!

Catastrophe KING

## 934: Nowadays, I Burrow Deep Into My Heart!

Nowadays, I burrow deep into my heart;  
To find some courage to live another day!  
Deep within me, I bowed to be superficial;  
Because, that is all what I wish to be seen!

Beforehand, I used to be just bountiful;  
I loved affluently but now so impoverish!  
My heart was copious and swelled for all;  
Look at it now; it's a zilch – beyond repair!

Nowadays, I find that I'm not endearing  
Just tainted to be insipid and hackneyed!  
Today, I implore that I be callous evermore  
Or just snuff my heart and be freed forever!

Catastrophe KING

## 935: I Mask My Life; I Dance On My Own Dirge!

I am a master of the feeble and klutzy;  
I mask my heart and thrive on soul-felony!

I pleasure in being a dodger to my life;  
I mask my feeling and titivate on core-strife!

I am the magnate of much tribulation;  
I mask my face and flourish psyche-frustration!

I am a whopping debtor in a bond loved;  
I mask my status and brandish in the love-need!

I am the backer of love smarting & twinge;  
I mask my life and thus, dance to my own-dirge!

Catastrophe KING

## 936: I Am Alive, For You Are....

I am alive, for you are the blowing wind;  
Caressing my weathered skin your way!

I am alive, for you are the ray of sun;  
That warms my quilt in darkness, too!

I am alive, for you are that dropp of wine;  
This mixed my body and did enshrine!

I am alive, for you are the fragrance;  
That spread an aura of love into my soul!

I am alive; for you are the lovely spring;  
That has blossomed into my lonely life!

I am alive; for you are the air, I breathe  
I am alive; I am alive; I am alive!

Catastrophe KING

## 937: The Sigh That Escaped Your Lips

I may be a lampooned sigh, off your crimson lips;  
I may be an obscured moon, yet your face glimmers!

I may not be a flaring passion, desired by your heart;  
But, I have been your shadow, and yet you distanced!

I am not that dew that could adorn a withering lawn;  
I am not a shroud for your heart or the night foregone!

I am just the perfumed flower, filling the night with love;  
And, I recede into void when the day begins fame for me!

I am a shocking wave that overwhelms devoid of caution;  
I am the haze and the mist in a burning summer day!

I was always a dream that you never dream at night;  
And, I kissed to evaporate myself, when dawns arise!

I can be a light of the sun on which dances your dreams;  
I can play havoc with my excellence, you be ready to flounce.

I can be a blizzard that rant and rave your psyche in fire;  
But, I can just expire, with the change of the weather!

I should have nurtured your mind, as drops of rain does earth;  
I should have rinsed your essence and just left it cosseted.

I should have been that instant that could carry your spirit;  
But, only from curtailed to absolute and dimness to radiance!

Catastrophe KING

## 938: You Move On. I Weakened My Luminosity!

I tried to delve into your mind, whodunit;  
But, my gentle hands cannot swirl like it!  
Your soul's clandestine, yet I just disrobe;  
And, I sap from a tree in the Godly abode!

I had; in every stratum, myself exposed;  
Yet, you thought my splendor is imposed!  
You wish, I rise and entangle our specters;  
But, I fail to blend my vigor in your stars!

I am soundless. Yet on music, I am drunk!  
Yes, I gyrate! But, flutes drive me to funk.  
I am the dark smog that obscures the sun;  
And, the stars just quiver when I do burn!

I would not terminate my path to perpetuity;  
You move ahead. I weakened my luminosity!

Catastrophe KING

## 939: If You Die, You Take Me Along.....

Even if I would get my strides hobbled;  
I would pull you out from your barrenness!

Even if I would have had to lug you along;  
I would take you beyond your somnolence!

Even if I would have to traverse some obscurity;  
I would steer clear off the path of my demise!

Even if I would have had been distanced wide;  
I would just reappear on your beckon, into life!

O where would I hide? I simply falter on a lie!  
You take me along to the other side, if you die! ! !

Catastrophe KING

## 940: Just Vicious - A Song

am just vicious  
have forever flawed  
tried to make me victim  
when you pained

always shoved emotions down your throat  
and told you not to make me the world

am just vicious  
have forever flawed  
tried to make me victim  
when you pained

you were so blind, anguished and buoyant  
you couldn't see I was just that dark hollow

am just vicious  
have forever flawed  
tried to make me victim  
when you pained

I was just too selfish and continue to be that  
yet, you continue to teach me so much...  
like not to hate anyone else more than I hate myself.

are just vicious  
was forever flawed  
just to make me the victim  
you just always pained.....

Catastrophe KING

## 941: I'M A Devastating Catastrophe..... Move On....

It all seems such a long journey with an arduous quest;  
I was egocentric, arrogant and that may cost me the best!

I'd been imprudently searching for love all my life;  
and, she seemed like a blessing, a key to my strife!

But, I am unfortunate... and, I do not deserve to be loved!

In my prudence chose to hurt her and have paid the cost,  
Oh God! I just pray she doesn't absolve me, else all is lost!

It was once that she was all I wanted, she was all I needed,  
but, now I've pushed her away towards freedom she warranted!

I am aware of an agonizing remorse that I've caused on my own,  
And, I know I have cut her deep inside, just straight to the bone!

Now, please tell her that I need her to outlive my love & survive,  
And, if she's still gloomy after me, then I'd be more dead than alive!

Catastrophe KING

## 942: I Am Lonely Now

Having written this poem in 2007, I felt the need to re-compose as per my experiences thereon..... Please also read poem# 968

I wandered the dry deserts, mere lonely now;  
Resembling the burning sun, like a brilliant light but!  
I am my own specter, just frightened how;  
Resembling the gleaming moon, like a shining night but!

I wandered the dry deserts, alas lonely now;  
Resembling the falling star, like a lightening flash but!  
I am my own felon, yet perilous how;  
Resembling the scheming barb, like a shooting dash but!

I wandered the dry deserts, Oh! So lonely now;  
Resembling the drowning shark, like a weighty might but!  
I am my own charade and repentant how;  
Resembling the howling snivel, like a flying kite but!

But, I still wander those scorching sands of dry deserts;  
To burn my desires and rip my heart, yet in comfort how!

Catastrophe KING

## 943: Just Balk - I Poisoned My Soul

My voice is forever so malleable,  
I call out a name to create an aura!  
Avoid that call, my aura is hoaxing  
I have the veneer of scoundrels!

My glance is forever so defying,  
Those fleeting looks are just pretence!  
Just take heed else it will impair  
As I am just the portrait of glitch!

My skills are forever so villainy,  
I am a conflict to the image of love!  
Just balk, I have poisoned my soul  
Now, even my breath is infectious!

Catastrophe KING

## 944: Tear-Down..

I allayed all those placid craves -  
And planned to trample callously!

I severed those embryonic squirts  
And unsown the cupidity of my heart!

Catastrophe KING

## 945: Her Other Half... Still In Search!

Its' misfortune that she languishes  
She waits with wonder to be satisfied!

He was there with her –  
Yet, she craved for closeness..  
Yet, she desired that touch..  
Yet, she yearned to feel him!  
She deceptively strives to end her chase!

She feels her heart rips  
In this superfluous separation!  
She wants to jostle the miles for him,  
And, wishes to swab the rain-clouds away!

He was in sunshine with her –  
Yet, she was blinded of his presence  
Yet, she just wanted to rather die!

He hoped and did pray  
To bring her thoughts into sunshine  
For she was still his love..  
Yet, she was still in search!

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## 946: A True Love Message

Do not get slashed for love -  
For that will always be afar!  
Do not get crammed for nothing;  
Better be spaced from love, thus! !  
The sun never meets the moon, but..  
When it does, either has to eclipse!

Do not get embittered by those eyes  
Smiles often in love are illusionary with time!  
Do not let any soul touch your heart  
Those caresses can strangle the joy with time!  
God's own valley of flowers, thus cradles beneath  
Many a barb and much anguish, all with time!

So, let none fill you or your life with lies....  
With some fantasies of beautiful or joyous love!

Catastrophe KING

## 947: After My Death!

Oh! Do not feel sorry when I would go to meet my maker;  
I could be a content soul, just mocking the soul-stealer!

Do not say goodbye, when I would lie still on the pyre;  
I may just surround me with some forged flames of fire!

Do not garland my picture and do not wail my dearth;  
Had been an aimless dart, just faking a golden rebirth!

Catastrophe KING

## 948: I Made Girl Friends!

I had known some lasses in my life;  
And, few were very close to my soul!

I did folly! Put my heart at stake many times;  
Every time I would break, yet to revive again!

I had never loved any one less than the other;  
Yet, one by one all of them had left and gone!

I had never deceived, with none of them;  
Some left for money and others for men!

Some did repent, and tried to retract their steps;  
Now, they would not leave! I made them friends.

Catastrophe KING

## 949: I'd Take My Heart.... When I'd Die! !

I'd take my heart with me, the day I'd expire;  
And, rescue this world from dismal and dire!

I had, in my life-time spread enough misery;  
And, I regret that lexis in my feeble poetry!

You will not lament the day I depart this life;  
And, desist to hold my heart, so full of strife!

I'd take my heart with me, the day I'd expire;  
And, rescue this world from that awful mire!

Catastrophe KING

## 950: And, I Lost Her!

I twisted a beautiful maple leaf into a cup;  
And, collected those morning dews of life!

I conquered those dark & dense forests;  
Could see her shining brighter than the night!

I had waited for her, much beyond the after;  
But, I lost her just before I could touch her!

Catastrophe KING

## 951: A Rose For .....

A rose for you,  
A rose for me.  
Between, thorns so filthy  
Let those ever be, as is rosy!  
A rose for me,  
A rose for you!

Catastrophe KING

## 952: The Thoughtful Print

I would like to gift you the print of my mind!

When you are much old and gray;  
Trying to hold the fall, when full of sleep!  
Just nodding by the fire-side, take down this print,  
And, hold it in your soft hands.  
Slowly read through those lost memories, which –  
Your eyes had not seen the shadows dark & deep!

How many loved those youthful moments of your joyous charm –  
They admired your beauty & grace with love - false or true!

Now, do look into the dark shadows of this print and recollect –  
But, was there one man who loved the pilgrim soul in you;  
had he loved the sorrowful contours of your changing face?  
Did he get void into the background - in the dark oblivion?

Just when you were beside those glowing charmers of youth!  
Murmur, did he never? A little sadly, how love fled his life.....  
Did he run away from you, into the deserts far away?  
Did he? And, did he hide his face amid the sands of time!

Today – please read in between those lines  
Read in that print – that you have today, in your hand.

Glorious more, you never actually have been –  
Precious more, you could never have been –  
This piece of print is the journey of your shadows,

He is still admiring today, the pilgrim soul in you and not the glory gone.....  
Today, I would like to gift you..... only that print of my mind!

Catastrophe KING

## 953: A Baffling Journey.. ~ Life!

Listen to those strident sounds that my heart makes;  
Or just hear my shattering silence, how nicely it fakes!

Watch me put-on the phony face on my wrecked self;  
Or just rejoice with me, the despair of this solitary elf!

Now, read those depressing lines that talk my awful life;  
Or just visualize a vacant page, painted of my grim strife!

Just peek at me put-on a façade on this screaming page;  
Or just celebrate with me, the gloom of this delayed age!

And, walk on those paths that my dazzling soul smoothens;  
Or just watch a perfect sight, as my compelling mind softens!

Now, foresight me fake this misery on my wrinkled face;  
Or just delight with me, as I conclude my abstract chase!

Catastrophe KING

## 954: My True Confessions!

Today, I had just felt like a turbid mirror;  
And, messed the dreams I long did hoard!  
I did feel, I failed those thousand notes,  
The notes that I cherished long in stealth!

Today, I have let you down so dreadfully;  
And, crashed those hopes I always admired.  
I did feel, layers of rime on my blessed soul;  
The soul that I nurtured with complete pride!

Today, I am dressed complete yet feel nude;  
And, I carry my nude in shame for this view.  
I do feel mortified for all these veiled sins;  
The sins that I pledged for reasons unknown!

Catastrophe KING

## 955: If Only I Had You .....

I know some orchids in the valley of flowers.  
I know some tropical flowers with the long names.  
I know the birds that fly miles to migrate for comfort.

Those orchids did not have to shine in the valley of flowers.  
Those tropical flowers wouldn't have to bloom during summer.  
And, the birds do not have to fly the miles and migrate for comfort.

Nights wouldn't have to turn into days, the sun wouldn't have to burn,  
The summer nights did not have to be cooler, nor the sky bluer...  
..... if only I had you.

No longer must the orchids shine or the flowers bloom,  
and honestly, the rivers could stop flowing or the wind could stop blowing.

If only I had you..... the world could go do however and whatever;  
Because we'd finally be together... but the sky doesn't have to fall!  
The sun doesn't have to burn the night and light the world,  
nothing has to be off beam and nothing has to feel right.  
If only I had you.... I would care less, the world could stop spinning!

Catastrophe KING

## 956: Silence In Love.

I yearn for an expression of your love for me, but quiet are your lips.  
Your lips blush readily with the essence of rubies.  
They breathe life, they tremble and quiver,  
Yet they are silent - with the words I want to hear.

Have they nothing to say? They have, I know.  
Love governs them, but in silence!  
And I wouldn't have them any other way  
Because, now I feel there is no need to say.

You love me but your feelings you suppress  
What your heart feels your lips cannot express  
It's true, words often cannot reveal the true magic of love's potion  
for words don't match the deep density of emotion

My heart tells me your heart needs me and you are happy, without lament,  
for it is not a bondage but a devoted bond that cements.  
Your smile shows the love in your soul and my soul glows  
I am content, I need no words from you anymore of your consuming love for me.

Catastrophe KING

## 957: About My Going Memory!

I was rootless, nomadic, drifting and roving;  
And, I knew many in this journey of strife!  
Many assert are friends and many skirmishing;  
Here, I was learning the intricate ways of life!

Into the transparent layers of blistering memory;  
Just, I saw reflections of my shortened feeling!  
Many had just disappeared and many still spry,  
And, I was standing amongst thousand, cheering!

Oh! My days are afresh, I am not nomadic or drifting  
Drowned all my memories in the fiery lake of thought!  
Today, I am not recklessly rootless nor am I roving;  
Blissful, how I am narrating here an expressive ode!

Catastrophe KING

## 958: A Musing (There Was A Reflection)

It sometimes is a droll, atypical how life is;  
It's quaint to remember, words you did not say!

Oh! How I remember the times we did not share;  
And the way, you could never wipe my brackish tears!

I did not know, for me if you were the person who cared;  
Why did I adore those words, which you never expressed?

I commit to memory; we never had the world in our hands;  
How can I never forget the days we never had spent together?

I cannot remember the days when you were just everything for me.  
It's amusing thus, that my mind used to say – you would be mine!

Whatever I have, are impressions of my memories in the desert sand.

Now, when my days exhaust, I wanted to realize them as a big dream;  
And yearn to confess, of those abstract smiles that lit up my illusory days!

Catastrophe KING

## 959: Ageless Love For You!

I was never there, when you had laughed;  
And, nor was I there to give you happiness!  
I was not there, to excite your life with fun;  
Neither there, when the sun had shone on you!

Where was I, when the time was right for you? And,  
Where was I, when birds sang thousand melodies?  
I wonder where I was. Wandering the roads away;  
Oh! Where was I, when youth had kissed a glorious age?

I may never have been there for you, however  
But, I want to be there when you would be cheerless!  
I have not been there, when life had excited you;  
But, allow me to be there, when the day is gloomy!

I wish to be there, when the time would be off-beam;  
And, if the birds would stop singing those melodies!  
I just want to find my way back home; our sweet home;  
And, kiss you when you could get that ache, due to age!

Catastrophe KING

## 960: My Love Song .....

I could not love you, dear so much  
Loved I not, my honor more!

For a happier lot, it never have been  
Nor shall ever be, unlike this!

Catastrophe KING

## 961: My Dilemma

For me, the sun could stop shining.  
Would I care if it stopped raining?  
I had not asked for these pains –  
Oh! Why should I get this twinge?

I had never realized my love for you  
Then, why is it that I can't let go of you?  
Honestly, I never had had shed tears  
Never thought, for you I could fall apart!

But, it's not your fault, my dilemma  
You hardly knew this affection, fondness!  
This obtuse liking of mine, reaching nowhere  
Was strange to you, how I had loved you!

I remember all those sweet things I did –  
The way I worshipped your thoughts; and  
The way I decorated every string of memory!  
I remember not any time I needed to cry.

Oh my God! Why should the sun not shine?  
What's wrong, if it showers a million droplets?  
These memories were always sweet and not pain;  
I can fight that twinge and let my thoughts fly!

Catastrophe KING

## 962: Just Through My Eyes!

If, she would have caught the sight of me,  
And, she would have seen the genuine soul!  
I am sure of the fact that she would understand,  
That her sheer presence would send shivers to my nerves.

Just through my eyes, if she would have seen herself!

Truly if she knew, that only she did glimmer my soul  
How I desire she had known me the way I had wished her!  
None else, but only she could have claimed my soul  
No one else, but only she would have arrested my heart.

Just through my eyes, if she would have seen herself!

And, if she would have known all this then, who knows  
She may have given up her wealth to hold my hands.  
She may have sacrificed some sham moments of content!  
Just through my eyes, if she would have seen herself!

Just through my eyes, if she would have seen herself!

Catastrophe KING

## 963: Her Breath: A New Dawn In My Life!

She breathed verve in my life;  
In silent and smooth comfort!  
A life, which was soaking pain,  
And many unfolded mysteries!

Now her breath brings me music  
Quiet soothingly and gracefully!  
I endured some twisters, wild;  
Those wiped melancholies of life!

Her breath has a special note;  
In silence it whispers in the air.  
And, my librettos dance silently;  
In those limericks of my passion!

Her breath drowns a pallid moon;  
And, it brings me that new dawn of life!

Catastrophe KING

## 964: My Heart Is Bleeding!

I pained my soul so deep, just torn apart;  
My heart ripped out. My chest is bleeding.  
For you, for love; and for all that I lost!

You can't see me; you can't hear me scream;  
My cries are losing you; only love that I know.  
Just, all I want is you; just to be with you!

I should not lose you to anyone, to anything;  
With each every beat, my heart bleeds more;  
But you do not see me, you cannot hear me!

Just as I become weaker, in every heartbeat  
Heart is diminished, exhausted; nothing more,  
Nothing but memory; to you & to this world!

Catastrophe KING

## 965: There's Nothing For Which To Die.

If love is at its peak -  
Please go ahead and seek!  
Why should you want to cry?  
There's nothing for which to die.

Catastrophe KING

## 966: My Mother's Birthday!

I rejoice my Mother's Birthday;  
She always feels great this day!

The sheep's did kneel;  
and the wise did feel!

Just everyone did praise,  
Celebration toasts to raise!

This great day every December,  
It's Christmas, as we remember.

That's my mother's birthday,  
The world says Christmas Day!

Catastrophe KING

## 967: A Void Mind – Now, Recalling!

Could I have; given the chance, fired my own principles?  
And yet, repent not for driving my thoughts to a zilch!  
How amazing? It feels, I did survive the deepest agony;  
Flaming memories, blazing thoughts & a lifeless spirit!

These activities developed around me facing drudgery;  
O! How I hated to be thus, to have this spirit, so feeble!  
Now, I am alive being here myself amongst the pain;  
Flaming memories, blazing thoughts & a lifeless spirit!

I had missed those million startling chances to revoke;  
All those steps which had been taken, on moist grounds!  
Today, regardless of the issue of the forgotten memory;  
Mysteries did unfold and gave away many stories of.....

Flaming memories, blazing thoughts & a lifeless spirit!

Catastrophe KING

## 968: I Am Lonely Now!

Having written this poem in 2007, I felt the need to re-compose as per my experiences thereon..... Please also read poem# 942

I wandered the dry deserts and I am lonely now;  
Resembling the burning sun, but like a brilliant light!  
I am my own specter and I am frightened how;  
Resembling the gleaming moon, but like a shining night!

I wandered the dry deserts and I am lonely now;  
Resembling the falling star, but like a lightening flash!  
I am my own felon and I am perilous how;  
Resembling the scheming barb, but like a shooting dash!

I wandered the dry deserts and I am lonely now;  
Resembling the drowning shark, but like a weighty might!  
I am my own charade and I am repentant how;  
Resembling the howling snivel, but like a flying kite!

Catastrophe KING

## 969: A Wasted Passion!

It was the wasted passion, which I had endowed upon me;  
That had just led all my ambitions slip to an evident chasm!

I had fought from the wilderness of the deepest forest;  
And, I had conquered the battle of my bizarre dreams!

It was only few moments, I had learnt the ways of life;  
Just enameling those pensive days of my painful strife!

Aching, how I had always felt, only when I visualized;  
That I would gather fallen petals, from my wishful days!

I saw me plucking those colored buds, off my going illusion;  
And, just tried to bead that garland off the falling hailstones!

It was indeed a wasted passion; now I do not hanker after  
I just let it be the way it should be, Oh! My wasted passion.

Catastrophe KING

## 970: I Never Said.....

I never said, life is an exertion of affection;  
But, I did believe love makes life a mêlée!

I never said, I love you – when I could;  
But, I did not lose hope on my love for you.

I never said, I spent a lifetime of lingering;  
But, I hoped the happiness & tranquility for you!

I never said, the state of my heart to anyone;  
But, I confess of the weakness of my essence!

I never said, that I signed her name in my signatures;  
But, I have the complaints of how life had treated you!

I never said, to anyone that my heart did bleed;  
But, I survived the mêlée of this life with your memories!

I never said, that I could give up the ghost;  
But, for you I could drag the dagger to my heart!

Catastrophe KING

## 971: I Am Aiming My Insanity

I was rambling lonely, tiny as a speck on the fiery sand;  
The smoldering heat was rising and taking all in its toll!

A little away, I could see impressions of my thoughts, and  
The amazing sight of a cool soul, like wrapped in a stole!

I saw lotuses growing among the cactus of the desert;  
They were swaying in a rhythm, attempting life forever!

I could see, there was my thought doing this concert;  
With many a bard, but now - I play my thoughts never!

I was with my treasured friends and I could titter again;  
They were hopeful, waiting the glistening dawn at dusk-time!

Yet again, I moved a little away to bask in this glorious rain;  
But, I outdid my wits and warned my mind never to mime!

Catastrophe KING

## 972: An Amazing Heart! !

I happened to have burnt my heart a thousand times;  
And, I have seen the bellowing smoke rise the heights!

How I had blistered my soul, wailed a thousand rhymes;  
I had my thoughts burning and seen the stinging sights!

How funny that I had endorsed my heart like a clamp;  
It had its share of the burn, blister, wail and sting!

Amazed I was, of its strength to riposte and revamp;  
As my heart was yet again ready to get the burn & fling!

My heart had climbed higher than the highest height;  
And, had also attempted deeper than the deepest dive!

However strong it may sound, my heart always had to fight;  
Yet, how astonished I am! My life still lets my heart drive!

Catastrophe KING

## 973: My Survival!

I had this intense fire in my parched heart;  
Being blazed by the winds of my thoughts!

I had this warring trial by a failed memory;  
Being prompted by many whims of my wits!

I had resisted thru million deaths of my reasons;  
Being assaulted by the power of my visions!

I had saved my sanity, in spite of a delusion;  
Being fired up by the probable of desires!

I had not given up on life and fought the restrains;  
Being voted by the prayers offered by my angel!

Catastrophe KING

## 974: With You Around; How Could I Refuse? ! ? !

With you in my audience,  
How could I refuse to perform?  
If you would clap alone,  
Sounds of millions echo my ears!

With you as my tower of strength,  
How could I not be flourishing?  
If alone, you would prop me up;  
Countless miles of burning sand I would walk!

And, with you as my inspiration,  
Could I not write these throbbing words?  
If you alone and you alone could revere me;  
Thousand tirades of many an ally, I could shun!

Oh! Without you in my abruptly reduced reverie,  
How could I refuse to meet my maker?  
If you would, just once if you would utter;  
Daggers of many, I could drive in my heart!

Catastrophe KING

## 975: You Would Read Me If You Read These Words?

You would read me if you read these words.  
These words would unveil many a mysteries;  
You would know, how often I tried in vain  
But failed! To me, you are still so pure!

You would read me if you read these words.  
Snooping into a secret – my soul's sweetest folly;  
Funny, how I caught on every word that you uttered.  
And, I suffered your absence only through my silence!

You would read me if you read these words.  
Cuddling memories that mask in your purity;  
As if, in my mind – I would seek your hands  
Holding in my palm just to kiss them softly!

You would read me if you read these words.  
If you let me in the blessedness of your memories;  
Like I let you live in my own memories, your second home.  
Though life always did hinder me for this, never to be shown!

Now, when you thoughtfully analyze these obsessed lines  
Of course, wouldn't you want to ask: 'But, Who is she? '  
The answer at that time, it may have had never come off me;  
Now, as you reappear – you have to learn, that she was you; only you! !

Catastrophe KING

## 976: I Bask In Your Love! !

I see you and my heart suffuses with love for you.  
The sparkle of love overshadows the deceitful glitter of wealth;  
Filling my hungering heart with treasures in every pore.

The blush of love overpowers the greyest of strife;  
Filling my yearning soul with colors galore!  
The intoxication of love, overwhelms the travails of life;  
Filling my hankering with fulfilling ecstasy!

Your love inspires in me, a plethora of possibilities -  
The glimmer of hope; the euphoria of dreams  
The surety of faith; respite from care  
The anchorage of devotion; the bonding of commitment  
The reverence of worship: the satisfaction of fulfillment  
Thus, I bask happily in my love for you, because .....  
.....only 'your' love makes my life worth living!

Catastrophe KING

## 977: I Had A Mirror; The Mirror Of Memories!

I had a mirror, the mirror of my memories  
Memories that I breathed with and I relished.  
I saw in the mirror, and I could just see;  
The sun is shining and the breeze swaying!  
I could see the flight of a paradise flycatcher;  
And, the incessant flow of the milky stream.

I had a mirror, the mirror of my memories  
Memories that I just lived and I cherished.  
I saw in the mirror, and I could just see;  
The ravishing beauty of her angelic face!  
I could see the cheer of thousand butterflies;  
And, the shimmer from her lotus eyes!

I had a mirror, the mirror of my memories  
Memories that I endured with and I danced.  
I saw in the mirror, and I could just see;  
Those vulnerable thoughts of my futile crush!  
I could see the disgrace of my sightless chase;  
And, the utmost depth of my lamenting eyes!

I had a mirror, the mirror of my memories  
Memories that I survived and now bemoan!  
I saw in the mirror, and I could see;  
Those sorrowful contours of her maturing face!  
I could see her wail amongst a thousand skint; \*  
And, I was there..... Yet, she was lonely!

Catastrophe KING

## 979: For The Many Children In War Zones! !

Whoever had lived to narrate that sight?  
The sight of an approaching missile!

For Ismail, he had just seen six years of this world  
And, the impression war was making in his mind!

Was he happy that day, playing in the gardens  
Had he even known what hatred or death was?

For his age it was another moment of excitement,  
A decade hence, would he be able to explain?

Uncertain of the present moment, and the loss  
Would he empathize with the loss of his family?

Would he excite again at the sight of a missile?  
Would he ever again narrate this story with pride?

For Ismail, he had just seen six years of this world  
And, the impression war was making in his mind

Whoever had lived to narrate that sight?  
..... The sight of an approaching missile!

Catastrophe KING

## 982: I Left The Light On For You, Again!

I had said I love you! I was serious;  
You thought I would come over it.....  
You had thought it was a passing phase,  
And, you said it will only be a few days...

I counted the fingers on my left;  
Then my right hand - then again,  
..... and once again!

Spring bloomed all around me;  
Like printed flowers on the caressing sheets,  
that comforted me each night.  
Summer burned with moist air of sleepless visions;  
Long and countless, hot and restless!

Fall ripened my bed with those blankets,  
Like the growing red peas beneath the Ormosia\*\*;  
which the Chinese called 'love peas' since ancient days.

Winter whispered purity, beneath  
The blankets of snow and promises.  
Tonight, as I climbed into bed alone,  
I did leave the light on for you again.

\*\* Ladybug-Tree Seeds (Ormosia) . These seeds came from a tree called Ormosia, in the bean family. The tree grows to very tall heights in the tropical rainforest.

Catastrophe KING

## 983: \* ~ Am I A Poet? ~ \*

I still remember when my papa told me to play with words!  
Who bothered? For, I loved to play with guns and swords.  
Nor did I understand anything more than the Rubic's dawn!  
Then, as I grew I learnt the art of dabbling with castle and pawn.

And, when in adolescence, I chuckled as the age motivated;  
Grabbing the attention of lasses, kept us all captivated!

I still remember when my papa told me to play with words!  
But, was I curious more and craved for the romantic cords?  
This led me to do the obvious, when I was just fourteen!  
And, I did not stop with that; I did it again when at seventeen.

Nineteen or was it Twenty, at that age I got blessed to fulfill!  
Silence impersonate, I did keep her to myself and never let it spill.

I still remember when my papa told me to play with words!  
Now, was I ready? I had started with pains - alike the bards.  
My stillness was the felon, she was gone; and so was I lost?  
Years had passed by, my voice choked! I knew not the cost.

Just the flash of her thought in my mind, would release a sonnet;  
Then, why should you ask now, if I do recognize - am I a poet?

Catastrophe KING

## 984: He & She

Many years ago; he and she had met under common circumstances. They had met casually and knew each other for about a year. He had developed some passion but was shy and she knew nothing about that. Many years later, they met again! He was settled but she was ruffled! He had his own life and she was trying to get away from strife. Read on:

They had been together for a year,  
But now, all he can feel is fear!  
He tried to give it all that he could give;  
Without her, was just not the way he wanted to live!

But, she was gone without a backward glance,  
Gone, not even giving him that only chance!  
He often wonders what he could have done,  
To try & hold her from going on the run!

And, now that he knows, she is living all alone,  
With very little life spent - she can call her own!  
Back then, she could barely feel his heart beat,  
But now, he prays for her life to be complete.

Today, the woman of his fantasy is moving along,  
Building her courage and faith; trying to be strong!  
And, he only prays for time to heal her broken pride,  
He prays; towards the sunrise, let her heart glide!

[Re-written on 21st August 2006 and revived 4th December 2007].

Catastrophe KING

## 985: Who Am I, Without Exile? – Part One

I am a stranger on the riverbank, and  
Like the river, water binds me to your name!  
Nothing brings me back from that distance  
To the oasis: neither war nor peace!

Nothing grants me entry into the gospels!  
Just nothing! Nothing shines from the shores  
With the ebb tide of Tigris or flow of the Nile!  
Nothing lifts me down from the Pharaoh's chariots.

Nothing carries me, or loads me with an idea:  
Neither nostalgia, nor promise!  
What shall I do? What shall I do without exile?  
And, a long night of gazing at the water?

Catastrophe KING

## 986: Who Am I, Without Exile? – Part Two

The water still binds me to your name; and  
nothing takes me away from the butterflies of dream!  
Nothing gives me reality: neither dust, nor fire.  
What shall I do without the roses of Samarkand?

What shall I do in a square, where moonstones are  
worn smooth by singers?  
We have become weightless,  
as light as our dwellings in the swirling winds!

We have, both of us, befriended the strange beings in the clouds.  
We have both been freed from the gravity of the land of identity.  
What shall we do? What shall we do without exile?  
And, long nights of gazing at the water?

Catastrophe KING

## 987: Who Am I, Without Exile? – Part Three

Yet, the water still binds me to your name;  
And nothing is left of me except you!  
Also, nothing is left of you except me. Like,  
A stranger is caressing the thigh of a stranger.

O stranger, what will we do with what is left  
of the stillness and the brief sleep between two myths?  
Nothing carries us: neither path nor water.  
Was this the same path from the beginning?

Or did our dreams find a Mongolian horse on a hill  
and exchange us for him?  
What shall we do? What shall we do without exile?  
And, long nights of gazing at the water! ! ? ? ?

Catastrophe KING

## 988: Mist Of Memories

Just slipping down into solitude and reclaiming some chapters from the past; he sits lamenting in loneliness, the follies of his youth or were they blessings? He knows not, because for all reasons - his life is today fulfilled and no more could he ask for! ! ! Yet, he wants to cherish each and every word written in the pages of his fanciful memories and convey those as lessons for the youth of today

.....

This is the journey of joy and tears;  
Through those once forgotten waves!

In-between those thick mist of memories,  
Are concealed many beautiful Angels, like her!

The flowers churn his lonely soul of love.  
All is done; in a quiet summer midnight!

The silence is mystical and fanciful memories.  
Wondering tonight, wrapped around his love!

Reassuring feeling warms his quilt in sleep;  
But, tossing & waking up alone into loneliness!

[Rewritten on 21st August 2006 & remembered 3rd December 2007]

Catastrophe KING

## 989: Today, I Killed The Poet In Me!

Today, I took the time off to peek into my abject soul;  
And, poured my reeking sorrows into a goblet to drink!  
How I discovered now, that I was being my own mole;  
Not to mention that, I had just become my own shrink!

Today, I took some time off to touch my busted heart;  
I heard the beats being played, every rhythm very even!  
Then, I discovered again, that I had been my fatal dart;  
And, to mention that, only me had aimed my own haven!

Today, I took a lot of energy to wipe my brackish tears;  
And, waited for time to impede some dreaded reason!  
Then, I did realize that I always lived in my murky fears;  
And, have to mention that I had been my own treason!

Catastrophe KING

## 990: Imagine: My Heart; Be Apart!

Imagine my friendship and just imagine MY HEART;  
imagine me needing you, even though we may BE APART.  
Imagine your voice and the ways you make me feel MY HEART,  
I do close my eyes and sometimes imagine that you BE HERE!

I imagine a place where there is peace and SOME HARMONY;  
that place where I can imagine for you and me TO BE!  
Imagine; if that place being in one another's BLESSED ARMS;  
where no one can touch us and none bring us NO HARM!

Imagine those passionate feelings that we can TOGETHER FEEL;  
and our hearts & souls combine into one; as shared WE OURSELVES!  
Imagine us; feeling your heart beat with mine, only if WE EMBRACED;  
to that can you imagine, we shared bodies, minds and OUR SOULS?

I just did imagine totally giving yourself to me and precious YOU ARE;  
I imagined me keeping you safe, taking all of you like the PRIZED JEWEL.  
As I did manage to take all of you and capture it in MY HEART,  
now, can you imagine that in our minds, we will never BE APART?

Catastrophe KING

## 991: My Dream!

Darkness deepened within the room,  
Spreading a comfort instead of gloom,  
Her breathe could be heard,

Although she never said a word,  
Feelings of lust were felt,  
As my anxiety began to melt,

Body against body, flowing with our own beat,  
Movement exhausting until our energy was deplete,  
As the sunlight shed its first ray,  
She vanished into the dark, to my dismay!

Catastrophe KING

## 992: A Joker – The Masked Face!

This is a funny tale of the masked self I cannot forget;  
Friends were many, but loneliness seemed the target!

I always ignored the harrowing sorrows & rejections;  
I larked around simply enjoying my life's reflections!

I pasted a beautiful smile, but that was just not I  
Dressed a cheery face and the back of which I cry!

How during cool winters; I did shun those sunny ways;  
But, funny how I danced the scorching summer days!

Yes, I let her get convinced that it was just my jovial self;  
And recollect now, she pat me and said "you naughty elf"!

Catastrophe KING

## 994: Lonesome Essence Cannot Compose Poems All Night!

She thought she discovered her lover in his lexis!  
Each of them, beguiling & igniting her vivid flow.  
Her spirit blooms and clasps those thoughts so taut!  
How can a lonesome essence compose that verse?

She cursed that distance cold between them and miles!  
Assumed, cold stars could shower silvery dusts & smiles!  
True love burns, but dynamites only explode and shatter;  
So, how can a lonesome essence compose that verse?

Love, until it lasts – sure is fresh & beautiful like dew!  
But, as it sees the light of reality – then it starts to burn.  
Swallowed in ignorance – later it surely tastes like poison;  
Thus, lonesome essence cannot compose poems all night!

Catastrophe KING

## 997: But The Hands Have Changed – Destiny! ? ?

I did learn to keep me away from love  
And, defied destiny's choice to shatter  
I never crossed my path another time  
Never did I begin that story again  
My emotions are sparkles that burn  
Hence, no more a sweet poet am I!

I resigned my power to pull the desolate  
Dried my passion, there's nothing to drench  
Lexis is all that she had for me, then  
And, lexis is all that she has for him now!  
Those that were mine sometime back  
Are now given to another victim of love!

The soothing touch is still there for her –  
But the hands have changed – destiny! ? ?  
I also flew in her love – yes, together!  
Never did I begin that story again  
My emotions are sparkles that burn  
Hence, no more a sweet poet am I!

Catastrophe KING

## 998: That Righteousness Of Love!

It was my swagger; that  
I encrusted the heart tender!  
I am only the veneer on goodness;  
And, that I am the Don of all depraved!  
Honesty was my stranger, my heart nothing -  
And, that I shall never have any crumbs left on me now!

Be free! I am buried deep - in the blood soaked graves of time!

Catastrophe KING