

Poetry Series

Chaitanya Deshpande

- poems -

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Chaitanya Deshpande(04 May 1986)

"Yet all experience is an arch where through
Gleams that untraveled world whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move"

Tennyson's 'Ulysses' speaks in these words after achieving triumph over the ninth cloud. I am minuscule if watched by this grand moral fiber. Despite the fact, I want to attain a least fraction of Ulysses' 'Arch of Experience' in my life for what I would like to term myself as an 'observer.'

I like to see, to hear, to read and to experience to a greater extent. I like to interact with people. I like to know about the nature of different human beings. For this, I endlessly examine my surrounding. This observation results in sensitive creativity. So, I am creative writer, a poet, a painter, a singer and also a stage performer.

I think Creativity and Art is the reason to life since the establishment of human civilization. If our ancestors never scrubbed paintings on the walls of caves, we never understand about their existence. The beauty of an Art speaks about entire Era. The Art is immortal and not the worldly achievements. So I respect the Arts and the Artists.

Basically, being one, who loved to be in the company of variety; I consider myself fortunate as almighty created my dwelling in the land of diversity, India. Though, I would like to call myself as a citizen of the world, I must inform the fact that my Motherland is precious than paradise to me.

Personally, I am straight forward, realistic and simply frank while expressing my opinion. Though, I don't like over sentimental and romantic approach, I favor to respect other's feelings. I am witty, humorous, frivolous, music crazy, and love to be involved in a debate. I like to argue with one having different opinion. I try my level best to keep myself in touch with all the aspects of lifestyle. Yet, I possess special interests in literature, cultural activities, religious legends, film and album music, cricket (As I am a true Indian) , Indian Classical and semi-classical music, and debates.

So, this is how I am! Thanks a lot for reading.

Mother's Cry

Chops over chops
Of hammer Hard
Injecting nails poisonous
Under the Son of God,
Yes, O Yes. That is a sin
But still going on and on and on

Their thrust for blood
Ours thrust for drops
They want him dead
We want grow crops
And the killing a God-gift for blossom and lawn
Is still going on and on and on

Not one not two but billion nails
Hurting hammers, Bursting bells
Hours and Hours of endless drill
And nothing well, but a "Bore-well"

We crush, kill and destroy
Safely ignore mother's cry
We Hurt, damage and get our life
Our lips wet finally and a vampire's sigh

At last
A Christ
Hanging on Cruse
Bleeding Helplessly

And Deep
Incurable, Violent wounds
On her crying face,
Can't you see?

Chaitanya Deshpande

Ode On Mystifying Days

often enjoy your splendid gigs with mind's eyes before
By far I move in flimsy petals and secret shell's core
The mid-May sun scorched me; in Decembers I quiver
And stormy launch of long monsoon usually caused me fever.

But you never let me ride away from yours shadow of care
To share my every feel and grief, you were always there.
Our perpetual companionship was Heaven's gift for me,
But heavens gift's true value, we realize after missing thee.

For worldly zeal, for fraction feel, I lost my soul and went away
Now I realize; my spirit cries and wishes to quit the desire's play
They laugh for cash, cry for coins; commit to make the income twice
With senseless heart, an early apart, the hired skies and moist eyes.

Here they raise blossom as Arts and shower the grass with device parts
With lively statues of natural world; as brain dead man's tool run heart.
When I observe these lifeless joys on little land of grand metros
The sensuous will of coming back to you in my heart at once grows

I wish to find the old time back; I wish to re-fly in past day skies.
And want to soar with yours ally to where the eternal pleasure lies.
The wind and sun on lake's flow, crafts the moving signs of glow
I wish to revise those sacred scripts from where the divine Vedas grow

I belong to you since before the birth, and will be yours after demise
To mislay this magic for worldly wants and fleshy needs will be unwise
Being the master, the prevailing rule, you made these days so mystifying
Now end this game and make me same as my culpable spirit is crying.

Chaitanya Deshpande

Ode To The God Of Light.

O god of light
Cause of life
This all is because of you
The bright and darks
The shorts and longs
And days and nights too

Many thousand yellows
Thousand blues and
Reds are infinite
A father of colours
Loving all his children
How beautiful is day sight.

With billion hands of rays
You create mysterious days
The soft December shawls
At once get burn in Mays

At once this difference placed
I wonder who is behind
O You. You, just You.
None other I can find

Now the tired wings heading nests,
Long serving day for new little guests
Yellowish, hectic and brownish west
The lord of shades serving the best!
I behold that fiery orange beauty
He too is ending his day's duty
By serving the half
The gift of night
For giving the half
A new day, bright

I hope in my life evening,
You power me for fearless sing
As you serve all the joy of shades
At my end, I may also bring.

And in next life as a next day
I know nothing but I can pray
That I may rose a glorious new
Flourishing, brightening, lightning as You.

When I look towards the world
Keeping you in mind... O Sun!
Everything seen by me
You make you preserve and you burn.

The foam frilled waves,
The deep dark caves,
The success smiles and
Failure weeps
The music of dawn
The evening song
The huge sky kissing,
Mountain tips.

The joy of love
The cry of death
The strong atheism
And super-strong faith

Every satisfaction and every pain
Every fragment of every grain
Every dropp of falling rain and
Every word from poetic brain

All belong to you.
My heart, My mind,
My life
My soul... Too

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Proof

O God,
You also have to prove yourself many times.

Miracles, Creations, Destructions,
Disasters, Many things...
You Prove, you are in
New born beings...

Great Storm, High Waves
And Some Earth cutters
You are there when
New wing flutters

If you have to prove your power,
O superior,
Then who am I and
Why should I fear?

I also will prove to you and me
That I can overcome
Every disaster
Through which you prove
That you are big master...

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The Dawn

Come on Come on the sky is on
The master showing a beauteous dawn

Yesterday's hill tips now can be seen
Icy-cool n' soft wind, what it may mean?
O, Sun's arrival to shed off seam
Twit's sweet chirp, his entrance theme
The new day seeds are being sawn
The master showing a beauteous dawn

The golden greenery, new red leafs
Coppery water and darker deeps
The life is falling in drops on ground
It glitz and a new shade may found!
With purple yellowish and reddish brown
The master showing a beauteous dawn

Thousand, thousand O thousand shades
The life arising from dizzy beds
The sweet singing birds leaving nests
The calves searching mamma's breasts
The life Queen wearing a conscience crown
The master showing a beauteous dawn

The working zone is back with charm
A paper boy with fresh new warm
The ringing bells and men with milk
An early walk in sunlight, silk
And warming ups on flowery lawn
The master showing a beauteous dawn

The dawn starts off a new day bright
May god bless us a pleasant sight
A joy n' peace n' pleasures a lot
Wars and quarrels we may forgot
And each rivalry may just... Gone!
The master showing a beauteous dawn

The Goddess In The Forest Shrine

Each woodland morsel exists for her,
For her, nature amends flavor - from
Winter, spring, autumn to summer
Her impact is divine.

For her, sings the skylark sweet
For her, the silent swans fleet
She owns each and every bit,
Her magic is so fine.

Yet no proud, but a content smile
Not master's look, but beloved's sign,
Always with me, but she is not mine
She is the Goddess in Forest Shrine.

Her Edenic abode, on placid shore
Flaxen, fragile her dreams' wings
And brings the heaven on the earth
The soothing song she slowly sings

For her, I run 'ten thousand mile'
I want her with me all the while
My only wish to see myself in
Treasure of her sunburned eyes

My days and nights in this forest
Pass in waiting for her gaze
Although, she's not for me, I know,
Her single touch restores the maze

It's her magic that keeps me alive
It's her love, for which I strive
Though sunset makes our severance sure
Each new day comes, and my hopes revive

Mistress, I will leave you never
Will spend ages in this endeavor
As, gaining you to close, is so dull
This quest of love should go forever

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