

Poetry Series

Emma Rose
- poems -

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Emma Rose()

A Girl Named 'Asha'

I met a girl named 'Asha'.
The light brown eyes of her
don't let me sleep at night,
keep haunting in my mind.
Then i pause, and think
no, no, its of the light brown eyes
which are chasing peace of my soul.
And then i realize
It is just her dream
to have a dignified life.
It is her childhood
which wants to play and enjoy.
It is the hope
she holds in her eyes.
It is the hunger
she carries in her stomach.
It is the painful wound on her innocent childhood
she bears every moment.
It is the scratch just below her right eye.
it is love that we feel for each other
even when we don't know
who we are.
it is her sweet words
it is her Asha
that keeps asking me
'didi aap kal aouge? '

Emma Rose

A Tear

A tear
rolled
and trickled
down my cheek;
touched the ground
(no sound!)
with it
shattered
and scattered
was my heart
which became part
of the dust
you tread upon
so mercilessly!

Emma Rose

Balloon Of My Love

This is balloon of my love
I caressed it gently, softly
Painted it with emotions
Filled it with my affection
Stuffed it with lots of warm hugs
and
A tender kiss.
Then i set it free
To touch the sky.
A thread is tied to it
Connecting me to high,
High where you reside.
It endured wrath of ruthless sun
and eclipse of gloomy cold nights
But transcending the clouds of time
It is coming looking for you, my love
Just to explode itself.

Emma Rose

Dreams Are Everything

Dreams are Dreams
Dreams are nothing.
But they keep me alive
They keep me walking.

Emma Rose

Endless Waitings

Waiting for a Ray..

A Way..

Which would take me along with it.

But waitings are Endless

Unlike my life.

So i have to go through pain

as i m tied in Numberless Chains

Emma Rose

Eyes

Eyes, i can never forget.
Eyes, which don't let
me escape from prison of emotions.

The eyes of hope.
The eyes filled with anger.
Eyes full of sadness.
Eyes wet with tears.

The brown eyes
The black eyes
The eyes cutting me
deep down inside.

Eyes of a sister
red and teary;
filled with distress
questioning her existence
looking for a home of her own.

Eyes of a father
small and weary;
captured by anxiety,
trapped in dilemma
of social status and happiness of his kids.

Eyes of a mother
always trying to hide
her emotions and pain,
her urge for more freedom and respect
but all in vain.

Eyes of a lover
i blush looking into.
The penetrating ones
making me conscious.

Eyes of a friend
filled with laughter and joy

sharing my life and convictions
the supportive ones.

Eyes, Eyes, Eyes.
full of colours.
the colours of emotions.
only thing
i remember today.

Emma Rose

Heart

This heart.
This criminal heart
The wicked one
idiot and crimson
wants to go
far away
somewhere
which it itself don't know!
where? ?
oh! my sweet little heart
you, the silly one
with big big eyes
holding small dreams
of an ideal life.

Emma Rose

Her Existence! !

She knows no Sunday
Everyday is a Monday
No fixed official working hours.
Every hour - An emergency
She employed in such a busy agency
Kitchen, Kids, Husband
Everything She knows
But not Herself!
She is lost
or
They made Her invisible?
you don't exist - you are a wife!
you are a mother - you don't have life!
Ah! where are you My Lady?

Emma Rose

I Found My Strength

I met those unfortunate destitutes again,

talked to them

and was feeling proud.

Everyone was looking at me

wondering what I was confiding in.

I was happy today

And all those moribund souls deprived.

They tried to show their sympathy.

Instead of calling him "oye"

they addressed him "chotu"

Wow! It was an achievement,

Life time honor for him.

I was standing alone with the unfortunates

but the irony, we were the only fortunates

have become the center of attraction

in that busy market of busy world.

Then came my guide, my mentor

To provide me with strength.

And every single being present there became alert.

Now here's a thing for you to laugh at

It was not she

It was her car

which became immediate cause

of their 'Renaissance'..

Now they gathered around us

like honey bees

listened to the sorry tale.

One of the bees

showered the sprouting love.

He was the one

who just a minute before

standing turning his back on.

Now he was addressing 'Asha' his doll.

I felt a sigh of relief

people haven't become that indifferent.

At least they took the pain

to steal some time

from their busy schedules and non-stop life

to pause and think for a while.

So what if they are not ready to act

because simply this attention

gave me strength.

Strength and Support

Which I need badly.

(Chottu, Asha's younger brother)

Emma Rose

I M A Woman

You call me someone's wife
or address me a prostitute
Both are not given rights
And respect.
Being a woman itself is a crime here.
crime is her enlarged womb
crime is her breast
But you call her 'a devi'
to keep her at rest
in state of hypersomnia.
Whats the meaning of being pure in such society
where she gets raped at every sight?
She is killed, she is molested
But you call her 'a woman'
to keep her arrested
in false notions of an obedient daughter,
a sister
who should behave like a Decent one!
and then you play with her womanhood
mocking at her.
BUT, i m not your Chattel!
your Cattle!
who would follow you mindlessly.
I will not let you snatch
My Rights, encroach My Freedom.
I will do what i want to.
Because i m a Woman.

Emma Rose

My First Love

It all started in air
a sweet-little
ten-day long affair.

Oh! the feelings, oh! the emotions
the craving!
the longings!
the desires!
to be with each other
all day and night
holding each other tight
close to the heart.
Heart or hearts
we fail to distinguish.

That meeting of eyes
your deliberate attempts
those love signs.
Your coming near to me
whispering in ears
holding my arm
making others doubt clear.
oh! my nervousness
oh! my fear

The moments we spent together
the moments we were alone
only birds and winds were there
and we two lost and gone.

Your looking my eyes
me looking into yours
oh! me blushing
oh! my sighs

We both sitting together
side by side
teacher delivering lesson
and we drinking wine

oh! that wine of love
oh! that wine of your sight

Me pushing you back
your coming more closer
oh! that sensual love
oh! that sweet little exposure
of your wet lips.

So fresh! !
i remember everything.
that sweet-little
ten-day long affair
and every single moment
i spent with you

Emma Rose

My Lost One

i still could not laugh the laughter in me
i still could not laugh wholeheartedly
yes, now i too have friends
other than you
but
i still could not love the love in me
i still could not love wholeheartedly

if it means that i miss you?
you, the lost one! (deep sigh)

Emma Rose

My Pain

Days are passing
but i m counting even minutes
and falling more
and more
in love with you.
But there is pain,
there is fear
of uncertain future
which may not be favorable to me.
I have not seen you yet.
so i will n't let
me die
before i meet you once
in this useless life.
Till then
Waitings...and waitings
And only waitings..

Minutes are melting down
But i am counting even seconds.
oh! this pain i am enduring
with every passing moment
is now becoming impossible
for me to bear.
i am loosing my strength dear.
Give me
the medicine of your sight
otherwise i will die.
But i have not seen you yet.
so i can't let
me die
before i meet you once
in this useless life.
Till then
Waitings...and waitings.
And only waitings...

Emma Rose

No Trees Left

once on a early winter morning
i picked up my scooty
was riding on the city roads
i saw..
there were buildings
houses, schools, shops, palaces.
there were vehicles
cars, trucks, bicycles..
then i suddenly looked at the sun
the rising one
who was waiting for my glance.
he smiled at me..
i gave him a flying kiss.
we two fall in love.
there were trees along the way
so we started playing hide-n-seek
but play couldnt last.
for on the way ahead
there were no trees left.
Alas! no trees left.

Emma Rose

Only Love

Its only love,
Only Love..
that i can give you.
It is Immortal, Endless
Unconditional and Boundless.
That is all i can give you.
my Happiness, my Joy
Every moment, Every pal.
Yes, nothing
but Only Love
Is all that i can give you

Emma Rose

Reflection

you carry diamonds
in two cracked open balls
which no one can see
except thee
and me

Ah! i was looking into the mirror.

Emma Rose

Set The Stakes High

I felt offended.

I felt disgusted.

Like someone slapped me in a packed-courtroom;

Someone spitted on me in public.

I file a case in your Court

But no one is read to be my pleader, My Lord.

Which provision you would apply, sir?

Which section of IPC fits here?

If there any section

Incorporated in any law

Of your sacrosanct legal system

To save me from such filthy remark?

What evidences you would like to Examine?

My soul?

My heart, or,

My bleeding wound? ?

As there is no one ready to be my witness.

If you would conduct a fair trial? Or,
An ex-parte judgment would be passed? ?
And you would hold me guilty
Of opening this defying mouth?

What if he denied allegations, sir?
Then what punishment you would award me?
Under which section I would be convicted?
Defamation! Conspiracy! Criminal contempt!

What is my offence, my lord?
What crime have I committed?
Please reveal the charge-sheet
And send a warrant to arrest my freedom
And let the world know my crime
Show them my true face, my true color.
I am ready to pay any price
For the freedom of speech,
For the right to privacy.
So set the stakes high.

Emma Rose

Silent Sigh

I didn't say a word
not a single sigh
when you pierced
me with your lie.

I once dreamed of touching sky
taking you in arms i wished to fly.
But you left me cry
with tears in my eyes
and a deep sigh

Emma Rose

Simply Love You

I am a fool, an idiot.
Don't even know how to show you my love,
how to say That
I am wounded badly
by the sharp edged arrows of your eyes.
That..
your honey sweet voice
keeps ringing in my mind.
That..
your laughter is music of my life;
your thoughts, ideas are my guide;
your dreams are my vision.
That..
this life itself is a journey
and your lips are my destiny.
I am really a fool, an idiot.
Never I knew
how to express my love to you.
I m no poet
who can blend feelings with words full of passion.
I m no painter
who can fill colors in emotions.
Yes, i never known this art
except speaking my heart
and saying simply
'I love you'.

Emma Rose

Stupid Musing

Cant help writing.

So many thoughts going on my mind
right now.

Right now

i am tensed about my exams;

right now i am reading a poem;

right now thinking of what means by 'administration of justice'

and right now pondering upon the 'clock' which has been stopped.

Thinking of how to cram all the crap

Thinking why he has not replied

every now and then i open my account

after reading a line, i open my account

after pondering for while, i open my account

ah, he has not replied!

Mom is talking to the maid

i can listen to all what they say.

The fan on the ceiling is running fast

resembling the clock

'tick-tick' it say

warning me

move fast, move fast.

But i cant help writing.

But something inside biting

me..yes me..only me!

mom does n't understand

he doesn't know

the fan cant feel

only a clock is here

to make me worry

'tick-tick'

'tick-tick'

come on, girl

it is time to hurry.

So i am going to bury

these Musings.

The Tears I Cried

The tears i cried
didn't go futile
were not worthless emotions
became pearl of commotion
and touched her
stirred her inner, her soul and heart.
today came a moment
when she was not my mother
and no one's wife
she was only herself
the queen of her life;
a lady who holds pride
in her wet eyes
in her silent sighs.

Emma Rose

Till The End Of Eternity

Now i have no tears,
no more fears.
I am free to love you
the way i want,
because finally you said
u can't.
And i will never ever force you,
compel you
to love me back.
Though i'll be suffering from heartache.
But that's ok.
That's fine.
Because i regained my paradise
where every feel
i feel is divine.

And i will never ever curse you
or situations
as you were always right.
It was me
who wants to fly like a kite
and play the game of life.
But i don't regret anything i did.
I don't regret
the laughter, the talks
i shared with you.
I don't regret
the love i gave to you.

And now
I have no tears,
No more fears
No desire to own you.
But yes, i am waiting
And will wait till the end of eternity.
Because it is my fate and destiny.

Emma Rose

Unable To Say Those Three Simple Letters

Before calling you up
there's always a kind of excitement
something unknown,
something very sweet.
A tingling.
And when you pick up the phone
before you say 'hello'
my heart beat goes out of my control;
i feel sensation all over my body.
And when i hear your voice
it takes my breath away...
i feel like something has been said
something divine, soothing, soft,
the soul touching music.
Then i wait for the three letter word
waiting seems like a century has passed.
And when you just say that
the moment i cant describe
feel like i am dying...
Dying in extreme pleasure;
in a mystical land i find my self
alone but with you.
Though there are so many people around
i become numb to everything except your voice.
they call me hundreds of time
but all in vain
because i m already lost
lost..lost..lost...
somewhere in those words
you just said a moment before.
I try to be normal
but i m no more in my senses
blushing i am
anyone can see
even when i try to conceal.
Feel like i have lived hundreds of lives in just one moment
passed centuries, crossed millenniums.
but find myself unable to respond
to reply

to say that 'honey, i love u too'.
The words i used to say
when i lay
on my bed and dream.
But now i find myself unable to say those simple words.

Emma Rose