

Poetry Series

**Kamal Prashar**  
**- poems -**

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## Kamal Prashar(20.09.1989)

I am a doctor from professtion, although it has never stopped me from fulfilling my dreams of expressing me and my thoughts by the humble means of poetry.

It has indeed taught me the value and the way to express my mind by the means of heart.

Wishing luck to all the ones out there who do the same and wish that someday this all will be finally 'achieved'

# A Truth Within

Him

Amidst the lanes of dust and grey  
From a land of moving curtains of white  
Walks he straight with the wrinkles astray  
Nay, he looks the muddy cribs in sight

“O Feet of Poison, fangs of prey  
Shower on me thy love with might  
A Jewel of mine in was lost in play  
I come to thee with the hopes of height”

Her

Amidst the frigid homes of clay  
Looks of gold, no deluding fright  
The vision went out that woody bay  
That soul of will in the moonlit light

“O man of flesh thy Steels display  
The song of hope sing I in night  
With eyes of coal set in silvery spray  
No Tombs of folks come to thy spite  
Tears thy eyes they blow dismay  
No fist they put no manly fight?  
A dash of hopeful songs portray  
Thy soul revives in the peacocks bright  
No pies in the skies lay waste in hay”

Him

Those ears of keen to the voice he lay  
Thumbs of sorrow his heart did bite  
In realms of dark he walked but away  
An oration of hopeless pearls was right

“O Lady of trust with words polite  
No games of fun this globe will play  
Stay free a bird or the blue shade's Kite  
Me wish no pain in thy life delight”



# A Wish To Conjure

He-

Lil' by the side, looking at the rail  
Sitting on and by like a being so frail  
Moans to her where her 'oughts stay  
Großwardien, Brindavan along the sail?

She-'

Come back to me you being of sweet  
In Dunarea-n land again we meet?  
Like times of sands where the fishery lay  
In cradles of snow and the beat of heat'

It-

Hark said the thing with a lovely galore  
An Anayan land is where we soar  
In the twelfth's flakes or the buds of May  
His life of late, a gray or a color you bore

Him-

'Me, the Time or the Earth's black cheek  
Be a jerk of color or the dark man's geek  
Advent to my Loka will a great Time say  
For the Element is find and ye' shall seek

Kamal Prashar

# About A Boy

Know you not O' lovely maiden so long

But that is not the way I feel

For "her" sings my tongue sweet song

Feelings within those secrets conceal

A gaze of silence into "her" eyes

The 'rest' of blood it skips a beat

A smile bright as the light blue skies

Lips of silence with passion they meet

"Bleiben Sie bitte" in soul of my mind

For "her" is the one I always think

Stay in my thoughts so pure so kind

Part of my eyes each second they blink

They say me act so foolish and dumb

They say as well to act as I want

Again in the realms of "her" I hung

A life with her as a sweet croissant



# An Ode To Success

What is good luck and what is success?

I care not now what I say

For they wear no visible or elegant dress

But I pray you find its door and way

Never was it being the best I know

Or being an 'else' in his shadow so deep

For it is the ego and proudness you throw

The 'role' you play, the 'model' you keep

Seldom has it said 'I know and you don't';

For it means to be the best together

No grudges you keep and I know you won't

For it says to learn from each other

Never has it measured the fame or fortune

Never has it asked your sex or your age

It seeks just happiness like an old cartoon

You hug it tight and stand upstage

May you be blessed with success and luck

For it shines in the lives of brave

May never come a time for you to sulk

For hard you work and make it your slave

Kamal Prashar

# An Ode To The Departed

He sleeps besides her in the bed

Upon her trust she holds his head

Words of love come out instead

For he departs away in the Morn

&quot;O Lord you're mine so good and kind&quot;

He came a storm in her mindless mind

A gem so true she never would find

For he submits to Her in the Morn

A feel of the gift in her motherly womb

She weeps a fall in the time of his doom

Their life to be dreary, dark and gloom

For he fares her well away in the Morn

&quot;O Lady you're mine forever I court

A smiling adiós' just bit of a sport&quot;

His lips conjoin with curve of a sort

When he departs away in the Morn



# An Ode To The Fall

There we burn the dreams who stay dead  
In this wood of mind with a funeral spread  
Alas, do I light this solemnly pyre?  
The petals of fallen on that drunken Sire'

'Cast thy Sins in the whistle that blows  
O Man of Leisure where the Ganges flows  
Wistful thee stay on a shimmery night  
Alas, no thoughts on a deed or its resulting plight?  
Or a sin of gold to the peasant of Dark  
Or a sin of mud to a Shaft of that Bark?  
Or the Moon of Light where the Beaks adore  
Shalt thee be vanquished with a Heavenly tore? '

'O Mother of Sins and Deed stay bold  
Me say that homage net yet been told  
Shan't thou be seen of a virtue taken?  
The Deed stayed Thine and I was shaken  
Indeed for a treacherous Globe me stay strong  
As the Born stays still, Mate mutes her song'

'O Man of Leisure where the Ganges flows  
Or in the grains of yellow with the deadly crows  
A life it was not a perverse game  
A man will lose, why a mist of shame?  
Ask and shall thee be enlightened  
In a spit of hurry maybe a new life brightened  
Alas, no slave or king in that book I chose  
In a Land stay deep where the Ganges flows'

Kamal Prashar

# Back In Time

As a wave of splash from the mighty sea

Comes along that perfect mate

Rooting the hearts like a banyan tree

With emotions of love from the heaven's gate

Touch of the hand, taste of that kiss

The way they look into anxious eyes

A hug so warm, Aphrodite's bliss

Falling in love in the morning sunrise

Moments of hours, days or years

This mind stays dull in rain or snow

The song so sweet in the rear appears

Me skip a beat with a low blood flow

Share with me the talks unsaid

In shade so bright with devotion and care

Be slow be steady and caress my head

Kisses of love we do and we share



# Confessions Of An Autumn Shower

Time it is for a summer too long

Lay down dear shadows in dials of Autumn

Dusk on the bushes so green and strong

On the cake of grass unwoven at bottom

That song of Hope sung loud that Cur

Those strokes of Fire on his shaft so crazy

In the parasol hid that lovely black fur

A thirst of aqua quenches that daisy

As the winds sail on ships of speed

With the rains of hope in rails ahead

As the drops of splash on windows precede

&quot;I come to you dear Mother&quot; she said! !

Kamal Prashar

# Déjà Vu

Deep down moor lay souls of morrow'

O' Man of height or Lady I say

Deep be held that plight of sorrow

Up travels a voice of I if May?

Worthy stayed that fault of being

A being of Love, undone bright day

No sign of Kind or Human it said

The Pieces of Flesh upside on hay

In stars went lost some dreams of Them

No loss or boon, no time for pray

A touch of gold was all She yearned

Be Fjords, be cots, be Sphere's Bay

Stay the one, with pens and swords

From Globe to feet of Thine' they play

A look divine strings 1000 chords

Meek of truth or triumph they lay



# Feathers Of A Heavenly Tear

He wish he had a million things to say

On how she made him feel so true

In skies so deep of the unknown way

There came the might of lover in blue

Melody it sang that bird like creature

With feathers of joy and vibrant flare

Tears of Heaven bare his dancing feature

A Queen unnamed though strong she stare

A gracious display of shimmery colours

Goes wild Peahen with a sutra of thoughts

Confession it held, or a prayer or hope?

Her trance He found the view He spots

Proud She felt on that feel of doting

The eyes of honour intuitive profound

By window They see that game of mating

To her cries ardour, Peacock was bound

The warriors in blues and greens showcase

The making of love is clean undraped

In moments of lights They both embrace

The hearts of hate they both escaped

Kamal Prashar

# From The Blue

A passion penetrating deep as a root

And glad on finding a love of her life

Beauty illuminating inside of a suit

A feel so sharp as a blade of a knife

A curve of her base stuck in his mind

Taste of her lips in a world so dark

Sweet not sour was it one of a kind

A melody of sound like song of a lark

Lost together in thoughts embraced

Best friends & lovers with souls so true

Souls were mixed and hearts misplaced

Together they live & merge in the blue

Kamal Prashar

## He Said...

This love for her more than life  
I think does she remember it all?  
The words intact within her mind  
Like that misty wind of fall

Those endless hours and days  
My heart ached for a Soul so dear  
The flame was on, its light so bright  
That life so dull, filled with fear

Scared to smile and to be close  
Scared to love, scared to win  
Living so long on hopes and dreams  
A life so dull, a cradle of sins..! !

But the heart was full of love unleashed  
Like a candle with a mighty glow in the dark  
The light was soft but grew slow and bright  
Love at first sight, a question so mark

Yes was the call and gold was that day  
Her eyes so shiny as the paradise of lands  
Her smile so sweet as the sugary pie  
Love at first sight in my heart expands

The heart was her and hers was mine  
Like that river on that crystal waterfall  
The gush of happiness with cherished desire  
Our Book Of Love had it all

Kamal Prashar

# Just A Handful Of It

That tiny shell of sea she sees  
Sits comfort on grains of sand  
A glowing color of honey from trees  
A wish she made for a lift in the hand

Stayed she still an admiring gaze  
A wish to possess with a great desire  
Alas, my precious ways with a blaze  
Trembled that hand with a blink of fire

A murmur's sail, her soul it breezed  
Echoed it past her heavenly fears  
A look aloft her shoulders teased  
A ransom of love those torturing years

Were shadows, were thoughts or words in a jar?  
Were moons of days or the crystals of eyes  
His palates of love do stay but far  
That surge of faith but no glorious cries

Kamal Prashar

## Just An Inch Of "it"

She knew it was an inch so hard

To praise that Love, unmoved as Stone

Life like of a squirrel unchained

The feel of Yearn unchanged was sown

Even though she may or not see

The Yearn from Him is hidden or shown

She knew it was an inch so hard

But heart within her being was blown

The eyes so dark as a night's black wind

Drinks of Lust in her Cones were thrown

Eyes or bulbs of Heaven they were?

Eyes of Lord or dreams unknown?

Eyes when bent for a view to a kill

Eyes when arched were bless on its own

She knew it was an inch so hard

To stay atop on the Love's big Throne

Never was seen so an action alluring

The shaft so fair as the Lisa's cone

A soul like as of the vision conjuring

A soul as a rhyme but is sung alone

A soul as a bud of the rose blossoming

A soul as the Light's first red tone

She knew it was an inch so hard

To her the grasp of Pain was known

Kamal Prashar

# Never Say Never

A wonder of thought where that secret lied  
In that stagnant stream of blood it feels  
A vigor of shaft in arms was tied  
He saw her there but nowhere he kneels  
Yet long with moanly words he cried  
The silence drops down the cheeky peels

A moment of pain that never could  
Make an end to unspoken deal  
With two ogles of gold erect she stood  
A warmth together of one soul they steal  
Few tears of a form divine they could  
&quot;Fare well my love, yet us never will heal&quot;

Kamal Prashar

# One More Time

The first time we spent together

An array of sparks in my heart ignited

Bodies of fury in steam-warm weather

Lamps of shame and lust were lighted

The sweet and gentle kisses on hold

With arms of faith and trust surround

The looks of fire like a gold so old

The feet of kama get off the ground

Stay on my trunk or on its soul

Me caress your "trust" your face delight

Then kissed that shiny dark black mole

Baby you gave up with a pleasury plight

Step up the bed and ease on the floor

The thighs of flesh were bound to other

You scream you moan, we both want more

In a place so small for a passionate smother

A feel of shiver and tenseness easing

I feel some chills your spines contain

Let's cool a bit in the cold so freezing

But the eyes say &quot;jump on the bed again&quot;

Kamal Prashar

# Paint Of A Bridal Morn

Though he was Him, and she was Her

They lift the cover of a darkened moon

The call of night, no light if were

The shimmer of face it seemed a boon

The eyes of God and laps of fur

They wished to sliver, love and swoon

&quot;Thee yearn to hold A shaft O' Sir? &quot;

&quot;The whim O' Lady will fulfill soon&quot;

The sins of Sacred were taken await

That hand of gold Her face caressed

The smile of grin with pleasure He ate

The Curve of lips, She stuck and pressed

Two Forms engraved with visions of fate

They stay so keen, unseen, undressed

&quot;To thee I pray my Lord of Date&quot;

&quot;Thy shape arise my heart be blessed&quot;

Kamal Prashar

# Prayer To The One

Leaves have fallen from the tree

Occupied little fool or the cunning sun

In the cool shade of the bark I see

The jiffy of thoughts the seasons run

Charmed the old bright Beast to He

&quot;No shimmer I give to thee for fun

A dawn allured and weather so free

I wish do years and had been done&quot;

&quot;O mighty ball of flaming sea

Freed you mortals burying the Satan

A talk of wisdom I do agree&quot;

End he brings a debate well begun

To a river sporting a flowing spree

And the mountain bearing sands of ton

Lucky we stay in Its shady marquee

Curves be rise but no falling stun



## She Said...

Those eyes so dark with a light profound  
That sight of her face as a sun's red heat  
The look of an infant with a sleep so sound  
And a kiss of Love with her lips so sweet

With Him she stays in the hug surround  
With Him she lays in the cupid's feet  
To Him surrenders Her soul of a hound  
Her mind so weak as a sausage like meat

Was it a moment or a time's test mound  
Was it a fold in the Love's strong sheet  
A Heart was lost, His life was found  
They live, they love, warm bodies discreet

Kamal Prashar

## Simplified

Come, lay by the side of the palm  
For it means a million words unsaid  
Stay a warrior silent and calm  
In bights of beaming reddening dawn

Come, smell the lily in clouds' farm  
For it speaks a million tears of hope  
Stay for a scent with means no harm  
Unlike a prick in the rose of Her lawn

Come, live in the shades of swarm  
For it shields the being ill timed 'te drop'  
Stay for a feel no cold but warm  
A sting of soft and love of a swan

Come, to you I say salaam  
For it is forever your soul remains  
Stay for your love, my work, my arm  
O' beauty thy bark my heart long gone



# Solitude

Those streaks of silver moon in thy eyes

The bright sun's rays of thy face

The fairest of fair like in the clear skies

I breathe thy spirit in our love's embrace

If only could I find a life to tell you

That feeling ecstatic so blissful serene

Those million ways to love I knew

And a "kiss of love" on your lips "My Queen";

Oceans and land so far so wide

Does a long way my love for you reach?

I stare from me to you my fair bride

To my darling Senorita my thoughts beseech

Tic tacs the clock, the moments stroll fast

And we refuge in the den of our love

The whisper so tender and sweet "du hast";

With sparks of zeal, below and above



# Sweet Child Oh Mine

O stay this child of heaven  
Like old crumbs and coins of Caesar  
Tucked in the cushions of my couch  
And the stack of ice in the freezer

Quit hiding so hard on me  
Stay in closet of my mindless heart  
For in the darkest of my hours  
Life plays cool and memories depart

As a cloud stored in the deepest of skies  
But no dreams n' screams of death n' fall  
The words of focus never stroll together  
For a scroll of the massive 'Big Great Wall'

Teaching me the two words of life  
The verbal 'beauty' and 'innocence' tied  
The lesson as true as love she says  
'Means of Innocence is Beauty Personified'

Kamal Prashar

# That Beauty's Lair

A being perfect on that mind of heart

With thoughts of fairy true personified

A priceless soul as the worthy Wall Mart

In Wagon of Reds her words she hide

To Him she taught a beauty ignorant

Not a look just on the curve of her hips

Not a breath just of sweet smelly scent

Or a touch of shiny shimmery lips

Like a flower so lovely of joy adored

But in hold so sad and weaped when held

Like a vein of red cut by a knight's sword

In beauty of Pink and Red he spelled! ! !

Kamal Prashar

# That Sealed Diary

Plucking a while to self realize  
If will or not was the worth of a find  
Stayed it Magic or a Boon or a Prize  
A Nature sustained with love but blind

He came, he stayed on a dark red rise  
In shades of dull but bright and kind  
Exist no words of wisdom and cries  
Needs profound of her soul his mind

Him  
"Angels, Demons or beings summarize  
You were the reason I've always pined  
Those eyes of Greek though were of lies  
Under bliss of Ra they spoke and shined"

Her  
"Just play no good as the good time flies  
We run, we stop as it stays designed  
Thy wish to find the Real no Guise  
Our souls of fate stay on and bind"

Kamal Prashar

# The Banyan Tree

Comes a little what known is Agony

Tis' She thought was a hair of care

A serpent to the tree of a raging belief

No grasp of care and no soul to share

Asleep she climbs the shaft on top

The thoughts lay down no cover and bare

No pillars of marble, lust and love

The winds of void her Pearls did stare

&quot;O Lord of pain, twinges and hope

To Thee implores a soul no spare

Thy sleep on mast of Tops unholds?

A song of gloomy singing prayer? &quot;

&quot;O Lady of misery, pain and gloom

A word of pledge with you I swear

No sails of mast beneath my play

A thorn of trust will your issues tear&quot;



# The Dots In Blue

Him -

Dear O' mine to thee beseech

A thought of worry in thy Pearls I lose

A shine so shimmery glow they teach

You beauty, Me beast I was confuse

The curve of lips I wish to reach

Two Wonders of Blue steal all the views

No pain it gifts thy realms of reach?

In paths of care they do induce?

Her -

O' Lord of Heaven to thee I speak

For the glow of Pearls thy soul it shows

Shine of shimmer on its verge of peak

As a mind unlived of My master's doze

Curve of red with the digs of His cheek

My Wonders of Blue no facts oppose

A chance of pain it stays but bleak

A wish at will in the paths I chose



# The Last Resort

It, the Creature-

One of those ways scripted to the jungle  
Should Her be melancholic?  
For she doesn't diverge in all  
"Halt! What stays to those deep dark woods?  
May yes may no, liberations so far, big or small? "

A gaze of light arrived from a third  
Perhaps stands here a better presumption  
A quest to remain or a plunge with the fall  
'Tis' a better road with pastures of red?  
May yes may no, a full point to that Wall? "

Dubiety, Distrust, Disquiet from the same!  
An intellect with the caliber of Strong  
Laid in the morn little strides of gold shawl  
'Faith, Belief, Trust, what did Me gain?  
May yes may no, a peril may upon Me befall! "

Him, the One-

O' Creature of might with an opus being  
To you I reveal with an open sigh  
A way or two, perhaps the tertiary sprawl  
Farther or near was a dispute but null  
But blend they will on a decent ball!

Kamal Prashar

# The Last Wish

A Foul to I, a deed no coward  
For Tis' a paced disciplined certainty  
Power of Lord and courage of Thor  
A soul in bright short lived eternity

I soar the steps to marker each rise  
For clear a wish in my Box unclear  
But left is a wish to see bright bold  
But all's damnably well, no fear

In that line so thin in Noise and Sound  
Me feel thy heart so clear and loud  
Separation's illusion, a feel on my own  
To be & perceived in that Atlas of Cloud

A finish in a frenzy of us together  
No fluke a vision of you was first  
Unseen was the view ridiculous yet blooms  
A wish to be yours, or your feet at worst

There out I see fat snow flakes falling  
On roofs of slate and brick red walls  
A Foul, a door to the stairs of heaven  
I wait Thee there where the Angel falls

Kamal Prashar

# The Other Guy's Mourn

As it broke to a storm in the night  
In a wrath of plundering River's head  
Behold ye sire of a lightening sight  
A tempest's path was walked less said  
Mode of stealth stayed on its height  
He craved a morsel of his daily bread  
&quot;My Lord, to you is sworn is thy servant's plight  
Spite' his modes and attires bled&quot;

She never heard, alas prayed all lone  
A change perhaps were wished of good?  
Syllables of a beak well said and shone  
No Robin was there nor a scent of Hood  
Her peak of will yet laid all prone  
&quot;O Sire! Albeit must not but to you  
I should Spite' my One's days were blown  
Ye know of a shade my shaft lay could? &quot;

The One  
&quot;O beings of flesh and shimmery gold  
Likewise you stay a resolute said pun  
Shadow to light in the streets so bold  
For a sake of man thy will be done! &quot;

Kamal Prashar

# The Stone Unturned

A hundred things of mourning says

The Stone remained in bed of roses

To Them it hails its silent phase

A tale of long from time of Moses

“Been long I stay by Clock's dark shades

His portrait appeared in different poses

No crop for food or drop for maize

To be or not, a Noble chooses

The taking of Globe with cuts and spades

A moment of peace in Times' hoses?

O' Man of god your memory fades

A history you wrote in different proses

Justs no war as rich man's maids

Forever the door of peace it closes

A Man no Kind, it needs no praise

By a time of Sword and Bombs it loses“;



# The Wild One

Locked in a box of dark and red

With sheaths of flow, showers and round

Am I the one or just one more?

She dwells inside of that warm surround

Embark inside of that open door

Thoughts of him with warmth profound

With his face a mix of sweet and kind

Come Rains of pearls in weighs of pound

For there no hope, "let's kiss n' part";

There was no fear, no Love was found

If lies an hour of meet of the souls

Shake eyes forever, the feel on the ground";

I pray to Him he finds a Gold

With music of Gates and pleasury sound

Was not in the fates to tight that hold

For him I wish a life unbound

Kamal Prashar

# Up In The Air

A wish so humble for a feeling to share

A thought confusing on how to start

A promise to him like a plait of her hair

She says it comes from the middle of her heart

A thousand words've been broken

Rivers mammoth of those million good tears

Shatters in her sounds the tongue unspoken

For they came all, her gruesome true fears

Carve her life in pieces, last resort unsure

Cursed by the silence so seemingly loud

But knows her lonely longing murmur

Life is her need in this moment not proud

Kamal Prashar