

Poetry Series

Kiran Prasad
- poems -

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Kiran Prasad(26th July 1973)

Reluctant writer, sometimes hit by flash of desire to write.

A Colorless Journey.

The fields rush past
A swoosh of green
A patch of blue
A colorless milieu
To the waterborne lenses

Red and brown
Mortar and soil
I stand alone
Amongst the spoils
Sinew, blood and tears colored the same

The blooms bend low
Sunflower and mustard
Yellow and ochre
Uncertain in hope
A future lost for sure.

Kiran Prasad

Abort

I walk on never to look back
Every future is a step from the past

I dream on. that tomorrow I will stand,
move on, but Hope, hasn't found its feet

I abort my thoughts of you
As once I did of you, my child.

I think my stars foretold
That this pain will outlast the wind.

Kiran Prasad

But At Last, It Would Be The Two Of Us Together.

Maybe we fight
Spit fire
And with words
Pounce on each other

but at last
to bully one another
it would just be
the two of us, together.

Say the things
You want to say
Action the thoughts
You dwell upon.

But at last
To search for mislaid bifocal glasses
It would just be
The two of us, together.

And at times when we
Are cross with each other
We should take turns to
cajole one another

For but at last
To use terms of endearment
It would just be
The two of us, together.

When our visions
Would blur
And our memories
Fail us.

Then at last
To find ourselves in one another
It would just be
The two of us, together.

When knee joints
Begin to hurt
And the back
Refuses to bend

Then at last
To cut each other's toe nails
It would just be
The two of us, together.

To state that My reports
Are absolutely
Normal.
I am alright.

but at last
To thus lie, cheat one another
It would just be
The two of us, together.

When at last
We do part
When time to say
Goodbye does draw near.

Then
To forgive one another.
It would just be
The two of us, together.

translation of a gujarati poem, poet: anonymous. I hope i have managed to do justice to the feelings that are portrayed in the write.

Kiran Prasad

Chasm

We stand across, face each other
Its been some time since we
Looked at each other

When did the river make
Its path, how did it grow
So wide between us.

I stand rooted where
We last had met, now
A chasm, however.

I am a stranger to myself
Do you, Remember me?
Put the puzzle together, complete me.

There are threads
That binds us together
We hope to unravel in leisure

For now, we stand
Face each other
Try and recognize each other.

Kiran Prasad

Dated With Expiry

Dreams and love
Are sisters two
Dreams, a sleepy lie they weave.
And love, a constant lie it seeks.
But every night, a day will break
Every sleep, its slumber shake
For dream and love, both,
do come, dated with expiry.

Kiran Prasad

Death

Today i looked death in its face,
Much sedate.
We spoke of yearnings true
Of passion, dancing to unsung tunes
Of childhood lost
To corporate blues
Of life stuck between cubicle, target cycles
Of things that meant, nothing too

When all was said
He rested his head on me
And spoke in lonely whispers
Why must i seek Your death, why me.
Your death has been slow, I agree
But nevertheless a death it be.
I am tired of bringing grief
On such dead souls
When will this world awake
When will it live?

Bring the pleasure back
Of taking a rich soul To seed. Live, please live
So i may rejoice
A world of living beings

Kiran Prasad

Deja Vu

I have seen you somewhere before
It is a little difficult to believe

It is a cheesy line to say
But hold on, I do mean every word of it

Was it your smile that made me miss a beat
Was it your flashing eyes that made my heart regain it

No you are not the kind I would have loved
No you don't resemble my dream lover

But you and me are similar
We laugh and love without fear

We walk the forbidden lines like children
Jump the raised eyebrows together

See beauty in inane frosted window panes
Huddle in the corner seats like teenagers

Do you think I should begin to believe?
That there is some truth in resurrection?

Did we in our previous life woo one another?
Or is this just déjà vu?

Kiran Prasad

Duel

She stops
Looks back
Her eyes sparkle with mischief
Happiness holds her words afloat
Piercing my heart's very core.

She doesn't stop
This mirth and revelry
Her eyes are weary.
Teary, she hides it all
Behind her pearly whites

I breathe the very air
She just exhaled, her shadows
Fight to overpower mine
She looks like me and yet
It isn't a reflection of me.

My fight is a lost cause
This attempt to corrupt her soul
Be a fiend, be a rogue
Lash out and hurt this world
A devil in your heart, please sow

Sometimes she acknowledges
Her goodness does hurt her more
And when alone, she humors me
Raves and rants at world and mourn,
Alas she leaves me at morn.

I am her and she is me.
And she wins every duel we compete
I shall conquer all, chip by chip
Break her down, replace hate where
Love now grows.

I am her and she is me

Facebook

Facebook prompts me to share
My status to update
On these pages to bare
My thoughts and disdains
So i adorn my funny gear
Hide my silly jitters
Tell the world its alright.

And then i think
When was it last, i gave you a call
Heard your laughter and
Shared gossip afresh
Felt a hug, tug as we said goodbyes
So this once, i will let facebook pass
Its time i gave you a call

Kiran Prasad

Farewell

On that final adieu
The softest bed when I find
Will you curse my stupidities?
Or glance at me with misery?

Will you remember my ranting?
My unexpected outbursts of insanity
my laughter echoing the corridors
Somehow suffocating my sorrows.

Will you remember I was strong?
When it was uphill, the road too long
That I believed it will all end
What a silly dream in my head?

Will you remember I was good at heart?
Did not ever mean to hurt
And if I did, I must have for sure,
Will you send them all my love?

Will you certify, I was true
In everything that I do
Will you speak of me in well written verse?
And agonize of a life so terse

Will you analyze why we
Went our different ways
Where our friendship lay bruised
Amongst my heavenly trousseau

And when I bid my farewell
Whisper my final truth to you
Will you forgive me?
If I say I love you, a bit too late.

Kiran Prasad

Friend

Years are a nought
A minute a second short
When friends finally meet
A century unfolds
in an hour.

Kiran Prasad

Hope

The stillness of
The paused rail
As humans to ants
Transfigured
The stream cascades
She shields him from
The fervour swell
Feeds him hope,
milk from an
Empty breast.

Kiran Prasad

Lost

My heart sinks to the thoughts
That so obsess my mind
I may be right
Then why can't I forgive
Myself; why cant I cry.

My fate, my life it takes
The turns I hate
To decipher

Hold my hand
I don't ask much
Help me understand
I am still a child.

Kiran Prasad

My House

I walk around the house
The dust gathers, invading
The creeks in my sole

The walls are endless
Broken spaces
I rush around to find succor

Every room has a tale to tell
Every corner a secret behold
I search the house to find the key.

Where is the home that I seek
A family complete,
I dust the panes, I still cant see.

It weathered through rain and shine
Sheltering four decades of history.
I embrace the beam, it crumbles under me

I wish to return, the spirit and harmony
Borrowed years ago, as I jumped off the window
But there is no one, no one to receive.

Kiran Prasad

Of You, I Remember

The thought arises
A wonder if you are doing well
The tug, deep rooted
Refuses to quell

I seek you in your voice
The love i always heard
The hug in every word
And distance melt.

Should i call, or
Drop a line
You may, mostly not
Respond, a pull rises along.

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Pain

Pain is a frequent flyer
so oft it does travel.
when you thought you
had seen the last of him
He dropeth like a shower.

Kiran Prasad

Reasonable Truth

There is a lot to say
A lot of excuses to make
Every lie in my brain
a reasonable truth derives
it should sound right when I say

she has stopped listening.
over the reasonable truths
she reaches
the lies packed neatly
she retrieves.

Surely she isn't
Herself
In the past it hadn't mattered
my reasonable truths were
acceptable.

She oft said
They hurt her but in
The end it did not matter
she lay in my arms wedged between
them; those reasonable truths.

Why does she fuss?
Why this rage?
Why has she walked away
This was just another lie
Just another reasonable truth.

Kiran Prasad

Soliloquy

off late i haven't
spoken much of you
i have turned away
to dwell on mundane virtues.

the seasons turn
yellow sun to
showers green
i still pursue
my old thoughts of you

weathered
in time, the soul
a wrinkled visage
buries the pain
for you.

Kiran Prasad

The Ring And Finger

The finger seems a little relieved
the pudgy finger can now breathe at ease
it was bound by an unending ring
decayed was the skin beneath.

years have left a paler skin
where the ring held its unending agony
while the fingers have grown
dark, ugly and chubby.

it had seen better days
when they fit more comfortably
when moments were not measured by the watch
or its worth in worthless pennies

so the eternal question is raised
the ring or the finger to blame
why did the finger grow so fat
why has the ring tried not to change?

Kiran Prasad

Unreal

Don't believe everything you hear
Or assume what you see is real
There is fear in the harshest words
And love entwined in words of deride.

You reach your death sooner
The earlier you are born.
Is it safer to be unborn?
And never fear death.

The truth you wish to hear
are lies cloaked in tears
sometimes the cheer is a reason
to shroud the unfinished beer.

I begin, I End
Alive and dead
I am written of
And erased, a life so unreal.

Kiran Prasad

Verse

Thoughts uncertain carry along
A few more tears in vain
I chance to mould my pain
In verse – and fail

Kiran Prasad

Will It Survive?

Far away are we settled
Few winds come together
To lift our sordid land

Dreariness, dampness
Are truths carved
On our 100 wooden faces

We are dried, dehydrated
Souls – Of what is left
A mere percent alive

Will it survive?

Kiran Prasad

Years Are Lost

Years are lost
In futile revelations
Sanity succumbed
To useless relations

What stood time –
But a pure heart
So tenderly destroyed
By a trusting art

Casts, we all play
Moulded by selfishness.
Time sporadically
Strips it to nakedness

The Truth
The Truth seized
Laid, Raped
Loses its profanity

Years are lost
In futile revelations.

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