

Poetry Series

Lost Poet
- poems -

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Lost Poet(10july1989)

Do what u love, love what u do...!!!

Alone Alive

The child in my heart is yearning.
just like d fire in dis sky is burning
as i learn d truth abt u
d way u drifted me away from u

blowing d winds through mah soul
as nothing left inside me now
nvr ending cries
dats held mah heart high

bt its over and all gone for a pie
up in d sky
n i will wonder y..?
d clouds r fluffy n white

down on d ground
its all d safe sound
out on d sea
i wish i could be
with u or without u

when i am in me
my dreams oftem roam
n i am quietly alone
bt i am alone together
ARISH

Lost Poet

Another Scolding.....

another scolding.....

last seat, dats what mah favorite feast....
no pen, nor i got d books
teacher enter, given me her fav look
cute smile on dat dewil's chin.....

altruists or gauche, hav to face, being dextri...
was lost in mah own world
laughing, crying, lying at d last corner
sucking databases, format of journals
y i hav to mug it.....wen i dont wanna to hav it.....

mah mind close in shakepeer's love
or its wordwoth another crush
suddendly i laugh wid kippling's humour
'GET OUT' d another word i hear
another scolding,
add to mah cv; s
pack mah bag ford class shake
hoping i may find a better place

ARISH

10: 45AM

27 JAN 2010

Lost Poet

Beauty Being Insane.....

beauty being insane.....

ders a beauty in every part
myth or a twist
ders a beauty in twinkling star
ders a beauty in blinking eyes
ders a beauty in every lie.....

m an insane people says..
phsyco dats what ma name
bt ders a beauty being insane.....

people laugh wid blushing lies
i laugh widout a pie...
no one to trust
no one to answer
loner or insane dats what mah name.....

if sanity lies in loosing ur dignity
if sanity lies in loosing ur name
if sanity lies in loosing ur heart
if sanity lies in loosing ur smile.....

than, insanity is a gift
an angel's poke
m an insane unlike d divine johens
yes m insane
bt m allways d same....

ARISH.....

1: 00PM

6 AUG 2009

Lost Poet

Being A Joker

being a joker.....

m a joker, people says...
charming laughing innocent heart which bears a wild tame..
dats a joker
n dats what i m.....

people laugh in dis bloody game...
i laugh to make dem tame....
i made dem laugh forgetting dere sorrow
i made dem laugh, forgetting dere ditching love
i made dem laugh carving d innocent smile on a greedy heart.....

they laugh on me, being stupid
i laugh when being asked
ask for love
ask for light
ask for life
i laugh at every path

m a joke
dats pokes, ever rope
i laugh, being a joker
.....
.....

ARISH
13AUG2009
111: 55AM

Lost Poet

Birthda~~y~~ Gift.....

birthda~~y~~ gift.....

i still remember, dat stary nights...
which i used to spend on mah roof...
still remember counting d star...
one night i name dem all
2 r mah best friend....
one is shyam so one is rohan, , , , , ,

whole night awake under d glittering star...
used to sleep, seeing d mars at red..
getting late 4 every class...

still i remember the day,10 july 1994
ask d da what d preasant i beg
its mah 5th bithday offcourse
i want d moon i said
a smile on his face..
yes i know it best
given me d kiss
i still feel d warmth, benath his face
yes mah boy definately u will...
dats d answer i get....

next night benath my bed
dere lies a black bag
i opened it without a lag
its a rod, wid glassy whole
oh mah god what is dis...

my father replied its ur moon beta....
i wonder it must b round
might d gift wrap make it like dat....
dats what i guess.....

my father said....its a telescope, son
go hav ur moon..
i ran on roof...
but mom said its school time lad....

ARISH

3: 30 PM

14 AUG 2009

Lost Poet

Burning Tears....

meaning to fall asleep
but instead i fall prey
to some force
which thrusts me violently
into a million different blue eye
wid eyes full of tears, i lost all fears..
burning to ashes, fire to flame.
no matters hw hard u will gonna try,
i am d one who will gonna fly....

Lost Poet

Commitment.....I Can Give

i know what ur mind think....
commitment is something dat i cant give....
just like dese waves over d ocean....
i may pass by u....
dont even noticing u....
time may come n i will change too....

just like this sun....mah love may lost...
n may lost forever...
i love....ders no doubt in dat..
whether its infatuation...
or something dere in mah unworthy word...

for u commitment is d lifetime trust....
for me its might b d game of words..

on dis valentime day....
u may found a thousands ways....to get rid of dis unworthy guy...

on dis 14th feb...i wana to make u sad...
commitment is for me....its sumthing i cant dig..
what i promise it to u...
its mah arm, mah shoulder, mah heart....n mah every unworthy words....
dat i cant cheat

i will never make u cry..
i just wanna to see d smile on ur worthy face.....
m dere to help u at every moment of life...
dats d commitment....i hope from mah side...

ARISH
31 JAN 2010
4: 30AM

PONDI.....

Lost Poet

Crime Is D Beauty Invoking Mah Heart.....

CRIME IS D BEAUTY INVOKING MAH HEART.....

life; s dragon, leads me to d darkest wagon
searching for light, i lost even d twilight
into d land, of d noman's vein
i walk d road to gets d harbour insane.....

lossing mah shadow in d nature game
this darkness aside can only bring me fame
yes m notorious being insane'
bt yes m d same...

clunches of past,
invoking me last
crime is d beauty, invoking mah heart.....

dere was a time,
even i got d past
son to d mother
lover to d brother

burn d childhood into ashes,
i lost my chilhood into bashes
life become curse
crime becomes d only worth.....

first for life,
den for light
i made it
now dis crime is mah life

breaking d past
chasing mah laugh
yes crime is d beauty invoking mah heart.....

ARISH

15 SEP 09

2: 48PM

THIS POEM DESCRIBE MAH ENCOUNTER WID ONE OF D MOST FAMOUS
DACOITS OF RAJASTHAN, INDIA
EVEN HIS HEART BEARS AN INNOCENT SMILE....NOW ITS UP TO U.....U LOVE
HIM OR HATES HIM

Lost Poet

Crippling Heart.....

why we all are crippled...? ? ?

crippled by heart...
or crippled by part
we all are crippled even if u try it hard.....

m d one crippled by heart
where d veins digging mah rootless part
m d one worthy of dat worthless lies...

love is d game
dats givs a marks in its pain..
loner is mah name n dats d destiny of everyone insane
bt still insaner is d name of everyone in dis game....

pain in d crippling heart
while smile on dis grigling part
dats d deal
dats d game
play it wid all ur sane....

.....all d best
.....ARISH
.....11: 45am
.....6 aug 2009

Lost Poet

D Dawn I Beg.....

every morning i look for light
i beg d twilight to come as bright
so, d brightness fills mah every sight.....

light dat fills everyone's insight
light dats fills us wid trust
trust to love,
instead of lust.....

i beg for dat day...
i beg for dat light.....

ARISH
3: 58AM
16 SEP 2009

Lost Poet

Dogs Will B Dogs.....

Watch-dog's dishonest bark
At some noise that draws near
His eyes will mark
The intruder's fears...
weeping eyes...begging for mercy....
wid every tear.....u hav to care..
care for dere heart, care for dere soul.....
forget dat fact, how much u care...? ? ?
dogs will b dogs.....n dats always fair.....
sooner or later, he will gonna piss.....
piss into ur ears.....dats d truth to all mah dears.....

ARISH

12: 05AM

2SEP2010

Lost Poet

Dont Quit.....

DONT QUIT.....

when d road i walked, its all up...
nothing down, i can found d ground.
ground of trust or ground of love.
in d dawn of dis midnight trouble
deres a hope dat i cn found d love
i never quit becoz i belive,
beneath d cloudy shine, dere lies a wining wine,
and u never knows, how close u r from d shore.....

sucess lies in d eyes,
who dont belive dat they have to die...
do for ur life, run for ur pride...
in d battle of world or life
dont quit dats what mah tide....

troubles or sorrow r d part of life
drint it like a sites...
in dis sprit, trouble r ur wife..
but never quit, its ur life.

tears r high, smiles r low
funds r none, dpyhs r at bow
i m standing against d deadly foe...
bt never quit in a go.....

enjoy d life, enjoy d ride
bt nvr quit, its ur life
sucess lies at ur side.....

so nvr evr quit.....

ARISH

11: 35 AM
10 SEP 2009

Lost Poet

Enquiry Desk.....Day1

enquiry desk.....

sitting at d enquiry desk..
thinking of u in black
i rose d toast, wheather its a coffee or a bloast
the doars open, dere lies a man wid cherry blosom face...
his eyes r dark, moustage r big....
i wonder wheather he is a ghost
or a deadly fish.....

room close n m all alone....
mummy save me...he will gona kill me...

anyway i collect mah nerves faces its bleady curves...
asked d the first question.....or rather a answer...
mah friend committed dats m d man.....guilty for d deadliest crime...
harshing a woman dats what mah crime.....
oh god.....why m alive listening to dat fucking lines..

anyway i collected mah nerve a asked him rather....do i luk lik a rappist sir..
mind ur language...dats d answer....
den d battle gona to start...
if dis is a battle, den i will fight wid all mah nheart...
gathers my nerve...
answered his every word..... y i hav to worry....
wen at d innocent tusk.....

for his every question i got more than a answer...
after 2 hrs of torture....
he led me free....for 1 more day....
has to come again on monday....
but m ready for their every game.....
m d one dat will make u tame.....

.....

.....

ARISH

10: 30AM

07 sep 2009

Lost Poet

God R U Dere....? ? ? ?

wid d crippling pain in heart,
limbs f life, when darf to write
starving child which may b bright
wid every tear. f d blind
made me think, dese lines
hey, god r u dere....? ? ?

hey ram! d gandhian name,
people killed on ur land
gujart wen being insane
where is d god, was he dere....? ? ?

suddenly an angel, poke mah nose
joe n hyder, dats dere name
working 4 d divine game
some call dem a christaninty fog
while 4 others dey r islamic rock

they r d one devoted their life
serving d innocent kite
which left alive in Gujarat riots

don't know their religion or there path
dey r Indians or angels of heart.....

yeah god u were dere.....! ! !

.....

.....

ARISH

Lost Poet

I Hate Her.....

I hate her

"I hate her! ! ! "

By the sea I saw her stand all alone,

I saw my fade shadow next to her.

What was I whispering to her?

I wish I knew me better,

My memories are fading, as I am dying,

My memories are fading, but why is that sweet heart,

I still have her memories, bright all night, safe apart,

Did I ever love her? Can I hate her?

Could I ever kiss her lips for one last time,

But I know, such a dream is a crime.

Even today, with my eyes closed,

I feel her next to me, I feel her breath.

Wish I could hold her close, read her eyes.

Would I be able to? Have I ever been able to?

But today I swear my eyes would say,

"I hate you", won't it?

Didn't she know I betrayed me,

Didn't she know?

She is a gift of god, an angel,

She should be loved and cared.

Who is the one for her?

Who is the one to be loved by her?

But why is that I hate her... I hate her! !

When did I see her first?

When did I see her last?

Days, weeks, months have past,

Did I forget her? I wonder if I ever be able to?

But I should "I hate her"

.....ARISH

Lost Poet

I Walk Alone.....

i walk alone.....

just like the sun, the moon, i walk alone
i walk alon, inspite of dis crowdy road i walk alone
just like the monn who walk alone in d midst of this star filled night...
but still he walk alone.....

wearing faces is ma game,
one for light so one for life
but to search my actual face, which i lost a year ago,
i walk alone.....

to say i hav thousand of friend but still i walk alone

on dis road full of thron, m searching,
searching for dat lost face,
searching for dat lost personality,
searching for dat lost smile,
searching for dat lost love,
i dance alone

dancing on d music of life.....
i dance alone.....

hoping for dat, and forever a hope.....
on one night while walking alone.....
got ma original face
so i walk alone.....

.....

.....ARISH

.....2 JULY2008

.....11: 40AM

Insomnia.....

INSOMNIA

its caffeine or its ur shine
overactive mind,
or tribulation f divine
alibie of sleep,
i march instead of being creep

sleep eludes mah eyes
vandering mah lonely lines

dream dream dream
dats d azad voice
and m dreaming wid open eyes

sleep eludes me wid d shine
dreams r now mah life
i dream being insomnic
i write being insomnic

ARISH

9: 25AM

16 DEC 2010

Lost Poet

Last Night I Dreamed Of Mah Childhood

LAST NIGHT I DREAMED OF MAH CHILDHOOD

last night after d sun, lost in its twilight..
i dream...
dream of my childhood
dat happy days, lost in blaze.....

i dream of a day, start wid d morning hug..
dad kiss, on d breakfast try
den comes d auto bab...
n we left 4 school.....

running, singing, dancing whole assembly...
dats laughing widout a pie..
wid no sign of a lie....

den start d classes..
dere comes our mam in black
mom save me, i hate her every glaze...

next period start the english
wid every A B C D
I love u plee...
first love, yeh she was..
i told muma, yes she will be your _____

den d alarm rung
broking mah smoking lung
got mah fag....started d another fate...

ARISH
5: 30 PM
14 SEP 2009

Let It Go.....

let it go.....

love or lusr
both spell wid same word
bt when it becamas a curse
then better let it go.....

i wana to hold
hold u forever
but to to compel someone who is not ur foe
den its better let it go

d way we met a year before
love in eyes
beauty in every sight
hands to hands who will know dis will come to an end.....

u drunk widout a holy grail
an innocent child or a blusty drinker
mah God, bt i love u for dat.....

memories r fading
as m dying
crying heart wid innocent lieing
i love u still m dying

better to leave'
then to fed on dese crippling memories
let it go, d crippling heart
let it go, mah crippling pain
let it go, wid ur fade shadhow
may u leave, and finds a new love.....

.....
ARISH
13 AUG 2009
11: 15AM

Lost Poet

Lies..

its started with a smile....

a i lost whatevr dats was mine..

ending in a gloming mist of tears of d lonly crying..

aching heart still pains for ur every lies...

ARISH

11: 11AM

10 march 2011

Lost Poet

Life.....

standing all alone
in crowds of thousands
and mind occupied wid thoughts
thoughts of sumone close.....

a ray of light
strikes mah eyes
and brought me back to reality
the reality of life.....

.....

.....

RUPSI

(rupal jain)

.....

really a heart touching poem written by one of mah friend....

Lost Poet

Live Ur Dream....Ma Love

live ur dreams.....

whenever i dare to see in ur eyes.....
i see a blind dream
dream to dare
dream to care
dream that put ur imagination appart.....

i think i can
can listen to dat unspoken tear in ur eyes
dream of dat path wid unknown terror
dream of dat sucess wid ma broken heart....

ur sucess is ma dream
which ma every tear depart
wishing u all dat dream
m leaving for n another cart.....

just forgive me.....
n forget d time, i pass by
forget d time i made u cry
forget d time i said..u r mine
n remember now n remember always
u r now not d same

.....

.....

.....ARISH

.....12march2009

.....11: 20am

Lost Poet

M Lost Again....

Lost and found bt lost again
I learnt the art of smiling in a pain.
Nightmares scared me.... in absence of light
, just like your th8 are making me wise.....bt m burning inside...
Lasted till the passing of night.....
Lost and found bt m lost again.....

Lost Poet

No Longer.....

No longer will I miss you.

No longer will cry.

No longer will I put out effort to makw you wanna try.

No longer will I wonder were you could be.

No longer will I worry who you may see.

No longer will I wonder who your with.

No longer will I worry who you may kiss.

No longer will I give my all, to only be disappointed by stall.

No longer will I love with all my heart.

No longer will I be sad that were apart.

No longer will I hope and wish.

No longer will I long for your kiss.

No longer will I play this game.

No longer will I feel ashamed.

No longer will I let you rule.

No longer will I let you use me like a tool.

No longer will it only be you and me.

No longer will I even try to wait and see.

.....ARISH

Lost Poet

Not A Poet Which I Was.....

bird now, dont wisher their song...
music dont herd me anymore
not d jerk, of the thirst
i listen to d envirement word
now m not d poet which i was...

torture staTr,
from morning light, to evening twilight...
lost mah fame, lost mah Name....
lost d poet which i was....

time lost,
rhyme lost,
slaughtering mah word...
slaughtering mah love,
slaughtering d poet which i was.....

now m not a poet which i was.....

ARISH
16-SEP-2009
2: 34PM

DESCRIBES MAH MENTAL CONDITION AFTER BEING TORTURED BY
DISCIPLINARY COMMITTEE, VIT VELLORE
FOR MORE THAN 1 MONTH.....ANYWAY DATS ALSO AN EXPERICENCED,
AN EXPERICENCED FOR LIFETIME...

Lost Poet

Prisoner Of Time.....

time never stops, it is the ace
it will as always run very fast
at least, try to attain its pace
this life is gift to you
chance it is not the first
dear, it is the last
so, live your present
don't be the prisoners of past

Present is now & for short
memories are limitless & vast
as you will enter your thought
here your present will pass
I am not telling to forget what happened
I am not telling to leave the memories
but neither regret nor try them to recast
I mean don; t be the prisoners of past

Everyday some incidents ends
& the new one starts
someone in some moments comes too close
and in the next they depart
Except it, its nature & forget the pain
neither surrender nor stop the life's cart
no matter how you move it-slow or fast
but don't be the prisoners of past.

Lost Poet

Still Remember.....

every ngt counting d stars so bright,
i keep on thinking wat u mean to mah life
sumtime an angel of mah heart..
so sumtime a devil of mah past..

unbroken dreams, beneath dis unworthy heart...
i love u....bt dats nt d cast...
its started wid nw years hav past....

had nvr respected gals...
n nvr mah mind can change dis task..
bt u cn b d only one apart....

days n ngt...bt mah heart cnt deny ur last
still remember d shineless past..
still remember ur every cast...
still love u wid all mah heart...

.....

.....

ARISH
29 DEC 2010
03: 14 AM

Lost Poet

Teacher.....An Another Face

teacher, d light of God..
dats what d gita taught
i belive in dis divine trust..
for 20 yrs, its was right.....

untill i met, one at site
vit is d place, where she guide
guide to path, ful of upright
guide to path, full of bribe.....

she supported d case, which was fake
harrashing a woman, yeh thats was made.....

torturing me, for dere sake
if dats d teacher God had made..? ? ?

dont belive in another words...
now m d teacher of my faith.....

ARISH
29OCT2009
11: 00AM

Lost Poet

The Innocent Slap.....

the innocent slap.....

its d play school of d past
i still remember what i was...
might b 4 or 5, dats d age on mah part...

my mom ask to get d number of her past
one of her friend which she lost, a year apart
her daughter is sana, d leopard of our class

so, i got d copy
got d pen
and ask her for d same.....

enjoyed d beauty of silence n i got d flame
d first slap on mah name
yeh innocence dats what i claim.....

arish
15 sep 2009
4: 08pm

THE ABOVE POEM DESCRIBES ONE OF MAH CHILDHOOD EXPERIENCE, ...
THERES A GAL CALLED SANA OR SARA(SRY M CONFUSED ABOUT HER NAME)
....MAH MOM WANTED HER NO AS SHE WAS D DAUGHATHER OF ONE OF HER
COLLEAGUES....N DATS WHAT I GOT

Lost Poet

Times Moves On.....

The Times

Forget the times she walked by
Forget the times she made u cry
Forget the times she spoke your name
Remember now you are not the same
.....ARISH

Lost Poet

Trust.....

m not d one deserved to trut
lust dere in mah every word
entire world state d same
torturing me being insane.....

i dont belive till ur name...
untill u spoke even d same
y gals r always d same.....

is it trust or is it crime
i just want u to b mine
every word which i speak
may put a smile, dat i belived...

but, wid mah every word..
or mah every work
trust is d thing dat got fucked.....

i trust dat beauty eyes..
i trust ur every sigh...
still u asked an another why's....

belive me,
i know u cant
everything i did, got a smile cause....

mah intention r right...
mah eyes still wears a light.....
light of trust,
light of words...

but still, u belived
m not d one deserved to trust
lust dere in mah every word..

trust mah word,
take mah luck....
all d best for another crush....

ARISH

4: 20 AM

28 OCT 2009

Lost Poet

Trust.....! 2!

like d rain drop, pure n calm
trust start wid a charm
trust dat put lies appart
when u trust someone, u can see no path.....

neither d ups, nor d crusts
innocent heart, fed her every luck.....

believe d words, of dis heartless monks
never trust d unworthy word.....

every trust can shake dis world
sooner or later, d world will crush....

ARISH
29 OCT 2009
10: 20PM

Lost Poet

U Ma Love.....

u ma love.....

ur eyes speak so well
dats i cn got it all
thinking of dat lie
ur eyes can mak me die

u gone.....
ditching ma heart awake.
m still waiting for u
in d rain we wore.....
but.....

still those eyes i wear.....
waiting on my side
just like...u n me so bright.
but still....

but still....
still i love u for dat trust...
hope its not a lust...
but...

if love is not a crime.....
u r d god divne..
i love u to make me smile
i love u for dat life.....

i love.....ilove till d breath in ma heat....
u ma love.....
i love u in ma tear....
u.....ma love....

.....

.....

24 may 2009

5: 23pm

Untill We Meet

Until we meet

My nights will be a little colder

My days a little shorter

My heart will beat a little less rapid

Until we meet

I know that my arms will be empty

My mind hurting from the constant thought of you

Minutes will seem to be hours

Hours will seem to be months

While months will seem like eternity

Until we meet

The stars in the sky will not affect me

with its gleaming sparkles of life

Until I am gazing at them in your arms

And the food that I eat will not be as fulfilling and nourishing

Until it is you that I share the my food with

And Until we meet

I will not feel whole

My world will seem incomplete

Until that wonderful day

When our eyes make first contact

And our bodies and souls collide in blissful whirlwind

The words will roll off my tongue like a sweet love song

'Hello, my love, I couldn't wait to meet you.'

.....ARISH

Lost Poet

Ur Love Is Fake

Your love is fake

What else is there in life to choose from
by now i think my life is done
I'm tired of you I'm tired of me
there's not where else id rather be

Until one day i met this man
he was so cute i was his fan
he made me smile until one day
he told me that we can't live this way

He broke my heart
he broke my fall
but he won't give up the call

I hate him much
Feelings and such
he stole my love
into the wind flew a lovely dove

Was it a sign
was it a prayer
it wasn't mine
my heart dispare

Sure i can't spell
as you can see
you know i won't tell
on you or on me.

I made a mistake
that i will live
another mistake
that you will give

I'm done for now
thank god for me
I'll show you how

your love should be.

.....ARISH

Lost Poet

Waiting For My Dawn"

Waiting for my dawn"

My life is in the dark
and i m all alone
i am starving for one spark
for she has gone

With the increasing darkness
hopes for the lights have grown
as the joy is awaited by my loneliness
i am waiting for my dawn

When i think, why am i alone
why everybody has gone.
why my night is so long
i find reason as "me"

I make one, i break one
i win one, i loose one.
its due to me that every body has gone
thats why, still i am waiting for my dawn

Today even my night is crying
i can see clearly everywhere
my dead thoughts and feelings lying
i am craving for the answers i am asking-

Why my life's house is empty,
why there is no one in my heart's lawn
why i am not enjoying my night
why? why am i waiting for my dawn

.....ARISH

Lost Poet

Why I Write....? ? ?

WHY I WRITE....? ? ?

its better to wet d paper
den to wet mah eyes
dats y i write....

i write in order to make dis world bright.....
i write so dat, dis blue not haunted mah lonely night
i write to smile, even wen m not upright.....

dese r poems.....not met to b read
as once out of mah mind
i can sleep.....

dese r mah pomes....
dese r mah words...
not meant to b read
neighter meant to b told
as once out of mah mind
i can rest, like a blind.....

ARISH

8: 35AM

17DEC2009

Lost Poet

Wiyhout U.....

I really want to forget
that we had ever met
but you're clinging too tight
haunting my lonely nights
I tried to go to places far from here
yet it's still your voice I want to hear
your face and smile I want to see
it's always with you I want to be
Hope you'll be the one for me
coz' i can't afford to set you free
though we're a million miles apart
you'll still be the one in my heart

.....
.....MISSING U
.....ARISH

Lost Poet